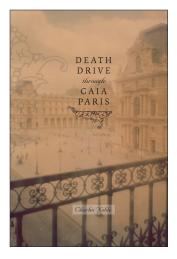


University of Calgary Press



Making you think.

CALGARY

DEATH DRIVE THROUGH GAIA PARIS by Charles Noble

ISBN 978-1-55238-664-4

THIS BOOK IS AN OPEN ACCESS E-BOOK. It is an electronic version of a book that can be purchased in physical form through any bookseller or on-line retailer, or from our distributors. Please support this open access publication by requesting that your university purchase a print copy of this book, or by purchasing a copy yourself. If you have any questions, please contact us at ucpress@ucalgary.ca

Cover Art: The artwork on the cover of this book is not open access and falls under traditional copyright provisions; it cannot be reproduced in any way without written permission of the artists and their agents. The cover can be displayed as a complete cover image for the purposes of publicizing this work, but the artwork cannot be extracted from the context of the cover of this specific work without breaching the artist's copyright.

COPYRIGHT NOTICE: This open-access work is published under a Creative Commons licence. This means that you are free to copy, distribute, display or perform the work as long as you clearly attribute the work to its authors and publisher, that you do not use this work for any commercial gain in any form, and that you in no way alter, transform, or build on the work outside of its use in normal academic scholarship without our express permission. If you want to reuse or distribute the work, you must inform its new audience of the licence terms of this work. For more information, see details of the Creative Commons licence at: <u>http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/</u>

UNDER THE CREATIVE COMMONS LICENCE YOU MAY:	UNDER THE CREATIVE COMMONS LICENCE YOU MAY NOT:
 read and store this document free of charge; distribute it for personal use free of charge; print sections of the work for personal use; read or perform parts of the work in a context where no financial transactions take place. 	 gain financially from the work in any way; sell the work or seek monies in relation to the distribution of the work; use the work in any commercial activity of any kind; profit a third party indirectly via use or distribution of the work; distribute in or through a commercial body (with the exception of academic usage within educational institutions such as schools and universities); reproduce, distribute, or store the cover image outside of its function as a cover of this work; alter or build on the work outside of normal academic scholarship.
🏽 Making a difference.	Acknowledgement: We acknowledge the wording around open access used by Australian publisher, re.press , and thank them

for giving us permission to adapt their wording to our policy

http://www.re-press.org/content/view/17/33/

TRUE TRUE CHAINS

I would not have you think that I am shut out from a sense of what is called by the Japanese "the ah-ness of things"; the melancholy inherent in the animal life. But there is a Ho-ho-ness too. And against the backgrounds of their sempiternal Ah-ness it is possible, strictly in the foreground, to proceed with a protracted comedy, which glitters against the darkness.

P. Wyndham Lewis – as quoted by Wilfred Watson with his "I shot a trumpet into my brain" (from *Mass on Cowback*).

Kate's	noisy	prairie
navel	group	stars
de-zens	in	
the	loud	over
denizens	lounge	grain
of		bins
the	thrive	
bar	on	the
	alpha	old
their	clichés	story
gaze		of
buddeth	and	pissing
out	their	
	much	in
	beta	my
	crumbs	drink

he	bit	he
wore	cross	pees
his	with	on
boxers		the
backwards	women's	electric
	gym	fence
because	shorts	
his		making
dink	crotch-	out
stuck	tight	what's
out		there
	SO	
gas		stars-
at	in	seeing
the	touch	brain
back	with	
	his	
	inner	
	cunt	

I spoke	I would	so my
right	win	escape
out	trips	from
of	cars	gravity
my		
grocery	on	gets
cart	the	taken
	phone	up
your		in
face	they're	gossip
a	tripping	circles
flock	away	
of		
shotguns	on	
	true	
	true	
	chains	

the	loud	Ι
sort	young	see
of	woman	her
guy		baby
	song	belly
who	of	
would	herself	SO
ask		kid
unrhetorically	annoys	
	the	she's
"what	unsung	in
are		trouble
friends	song	
for?"	of	she
	myself	admits
		it

who is that	I love the	Eaton's 'coy pad
blond?	weather	r
		for
Ι	woman	real
ask		
myself	but	shins
	get	
hair-		off
raised	this	the
by		
blonds	my	ice
	nephew's	in
now	comic	
they	strip	the
tell	wife	shack
the		
jokes		deked- out

playmates

trust my	on the box	I plant flowers
reportage	DOX	they
"Charles,	on	kill
it	the	
won't	ball	ho!
fit"		I'm
	in	joking
she	the	
tries	box	Ι
the		weed
Globe	talk	
in	show	hara-
the	mind	kiri
rack		hoes
	jacks	
	off	
	in	
	the	
	box	
	box	