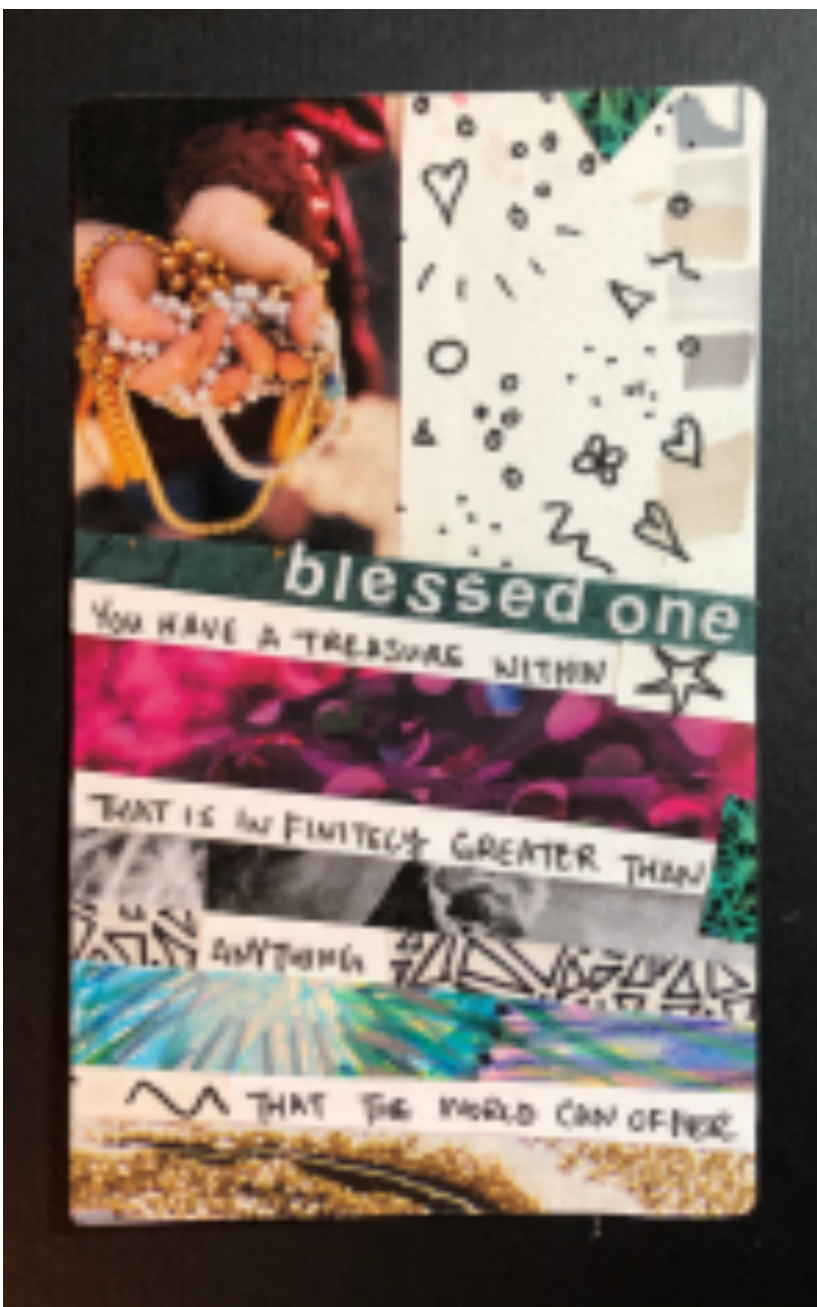


Submissions for issue 7, before Apr 4th, midnight

kNUUCklehead@marmorek.com

Creative communal time, at 8 pm April 1st (no, really!) [on Zoom](#)



Maybe is the great liberator

Maybe right now it's my job to not have a job.

Maybe right now it's my job to just be present with people and do what I'm called on to do

Maybe right now it's my job to hold the space.

Maybe right now it's my job to accept what people say and not correct them when they start raving about G5 towers

Maybe right now it's my job to love the world as it is and not try and change it into what it could or should or might be

Maybe right now it's my job to -as Mary Oliver said- *let the soft animal of my body love what it loves*, even if that includes Hagan-daz

Maybe right now it's my job to open to all the things that I never opened to before, for all the reasons that Maybe right now it's my job to ignore.



*Populous tremuloides**

Woken by spring sun
softly bursting into bud,
quiet as a Quaker
meeting.

Waiting for summer's
breeze
to stir trembling leaves
into
a whispering chorus.

* *Trembling aspen or
Quaking aspen*

***Words and image by
Nancy Vander Plaats***

Existential Envy

A. D'Agio



If you think technology can solve your problems, you don't understand technology. And you don't understand your problems.

Laurie Anderson, in concert

I admire Laurie Anderson, who has been a creative and wise woman for quite a while. But what if your problem is technology? What when you get to that point where your life, like my life, like all our lives is so inextricably involved with technology that when that technology falls apart there's no space for anything else? What then?

I didn't have time to really muse on this because too much was falling apart all around me. It began with the email from Revenue Canada, informing me that due to a slight mistake they had made, my financial records had been fatally compromised, and I would have to reregister myself on their website.

Now Revenue Canada is a notoriously favourite bait on scammers' phishing trips. I've had about 20 calls in which a robotic voice informs me that I have a major payment overdue at Revenue Canada and if I don't pay it immediately, I am guilty of a serious crime and.... I've never stayed on any of those calls long enough to discover what would happen, so I don't know if it actually has. Had I been threatened with a world-wide pandemic if I didn't pay? That would mean Covid is all my fault! A troublesome thought.

But this email said to go to their website and left me to do that without a spurious link, which increased the chances it was authentic. So I went, I clicked, I got the same abject message apologizing for their incompetence, and I proceeded to register, enter data, until we got to the point at which they wanted my phone

number, entered twice. I entered it, twice, and was told it wasn't acceptable. I reentered it twice, but the Revenue Canada program didn't like it any better. So I closed the website and went away. They'll get back to me, and maybe other people will have kvetched enough that the bug has been fixed. Probably not, but I have always been an optimist.

I went downstairs to unload the dishwasher, thinking that maybe if I laundered my money, I could avoid having to deal with Revenue Canada. But when I opened it, the dishes were just as dirty as they had been when I had sent them off, except wetter and hotter. But they weren't cleaner, which is really the one non-negotiable thing one wants from a dish-washer. In the basement filing cabinet, I surprised myself by finding the original manual for the dishwasher, and looked up the 12 step program it urged me to follow in such a case. I cleaned the spray arms, pulled out some truly disgusting filters, discovered some private parts I never knew dishwashers had, ran a cycle with three cups of white vinegar, unplugged and then replugged it into the wall, and sacrificed several savoury biscuits to the all powerful god of dishwashers. My dishwasher was now sanctified, sparkly, clean, and smelled faintly like french fries. However it didn't clean the dishes, which was disappointing.

Smile Appliances, to whom I was directed by Blomberg, the maker of my erstwhile dishwasher, asked me what I had done, and when I listed off the litany the friendly lady at the other end was very approving. She suggested that since I had done everything, there was no point to sending a technician, as they wouldn't have anything else to do and that maybe it was time to buy a new

dishwasher. I pointed out that this one was only six years old, hardly into its adolescence, and she bemoaned how much younger dishwashers were dying these days, what with the pandemic I had caused by not paying Revenue Canada on time. We parted on good terms, though my dishes remain unclean. I mused on whether an appliance that doesn't wash dishes deserves to be called a dishwasher. I don't think so.

When I got upstairs there was a new letter in my email, this one from Ingram, the company who keep my book *The Year of Living Doggedly* in print. They said that my credit card was past its "best by" date and I needed to enter a new credit card. I went to the web site, found my credit card data and tried to update the card. But Ingram wouldn't accept my new credit card because it had the same number as my old credit card, and wouldn't let me change the expiry date on the old credit card. So I left a "please help me before I die" letter in their service area, but I haven't heard anything from them. Perhaps they think I should die, based on my book's recent sales receipts.

I was going to follow up on that issue, except I'd gotten a slightly threatening letter from Amazon saying I needed to return the screwdriver I had reported as defective no later than within the next week. I hadn't exactly reported it as "defective"; I had complained that the Amazon package that had arrived with a tracking number corresponding to the screwdriver I had ordered was empty when I opened it. It is difficult to return a screwdriver that hasn't arrived, though not as difficult as trying to

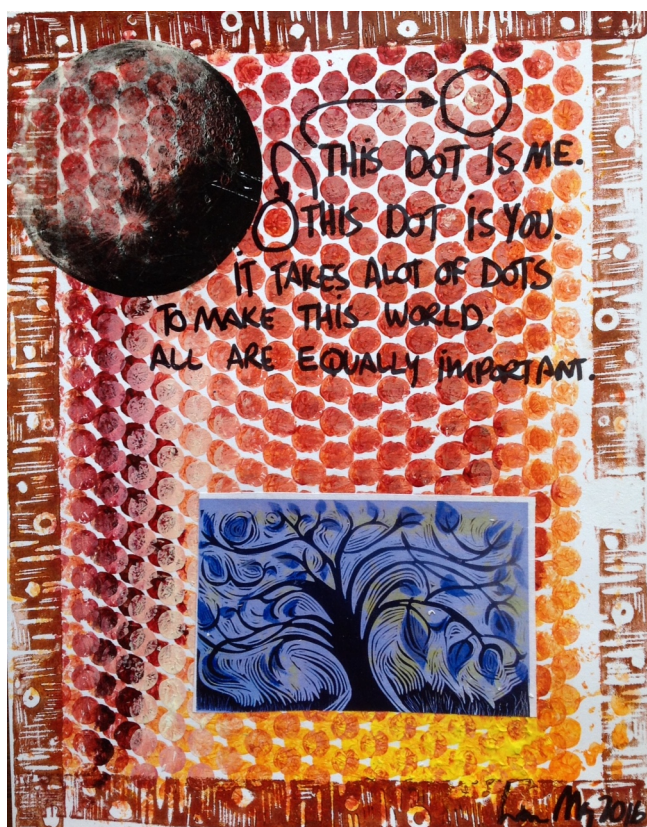
find a way to communicate this on the Amazon website, which offers severely restricted choices and no way to colour outside the lines those choices delineate. Perhaps I should just get an empty envelope and send it back to Amazon, saying it contains the same screwdriver I received from them, and wait to see what their next move is.

I have always liked Einstein's dictum "We cannot solve our problems with the same thinking we used when we created them." Perhaps the problem is that I assume that other people's incompetent technology is my problem. If I just let Revenue Canada try and phone me on a number they don't have; use my grandmother's best china, which has to be washed by hand anyway; let the Dogged book go; and tell Amazon to go screw themselves with a non-existent screwdriver, what's the worst that could happen? Maybe Anderson is right, and my problem is just that I let websites download their problems onto my unwashed plates to deal with.

And the next time I get a phone call from a robovoice purporting to represent Revenue Canada, I will apologize for my missed payments and ask how much I owe in back-payments for them to take the pandemic away. And if I do make it all up, perhaps they can share my phone number with the other Revenue Canada who don't believe in it? In the meantime, I'm off to listen to some old Laurie Anderson albums. I suspect there's more there than I fully appreciated at the time.

Peter Marmorek

Self Important Collages a series of collages made about self reflection



Clockwise top left
dots are u & me
more art collage
points of view

Lauren Renzetti

Tree and Rock

Cathy Campbell



The Sound Pages

Wind of Change

[Just click here](#)

Allison Kabayama writes: Weeks ago Susanne kindly invited me to record myself singing to which she could provide accompaniment. The first song which came to mind was "Wind of Change" by Rev. Lynn Harrison who gave us her blessing. Recorded in isolation. We miss singing with our friends!

*"Wind of change, rise up wind of change
We are watching for tornadoes as we scan uncertain skies
But a deeper part of me knows that a healing wind will rise
There is somewhere we are headed now, there is much to rearrange
Wind of change, rise up wind of change"*

The Divertissement Series

Peter Marmorek writes: Susanne and I have been collaborating on a series of "Divertissements", short abstract marriages of sound and image. While they have been seen in services, like all video, they look better without Zoom.

Divertissement 1: Speculative Notes [Just click here](#)

Divertissement 2: Pandemic Doodles [Just click here](#)

Peace Karen Richards

To hear this lovely soundscape, [just click here](#)

Peace Kurt Thomsen

What are the good ways, and the other ways we achieve this word? This is your only Warning!!! [Just click here](#)

