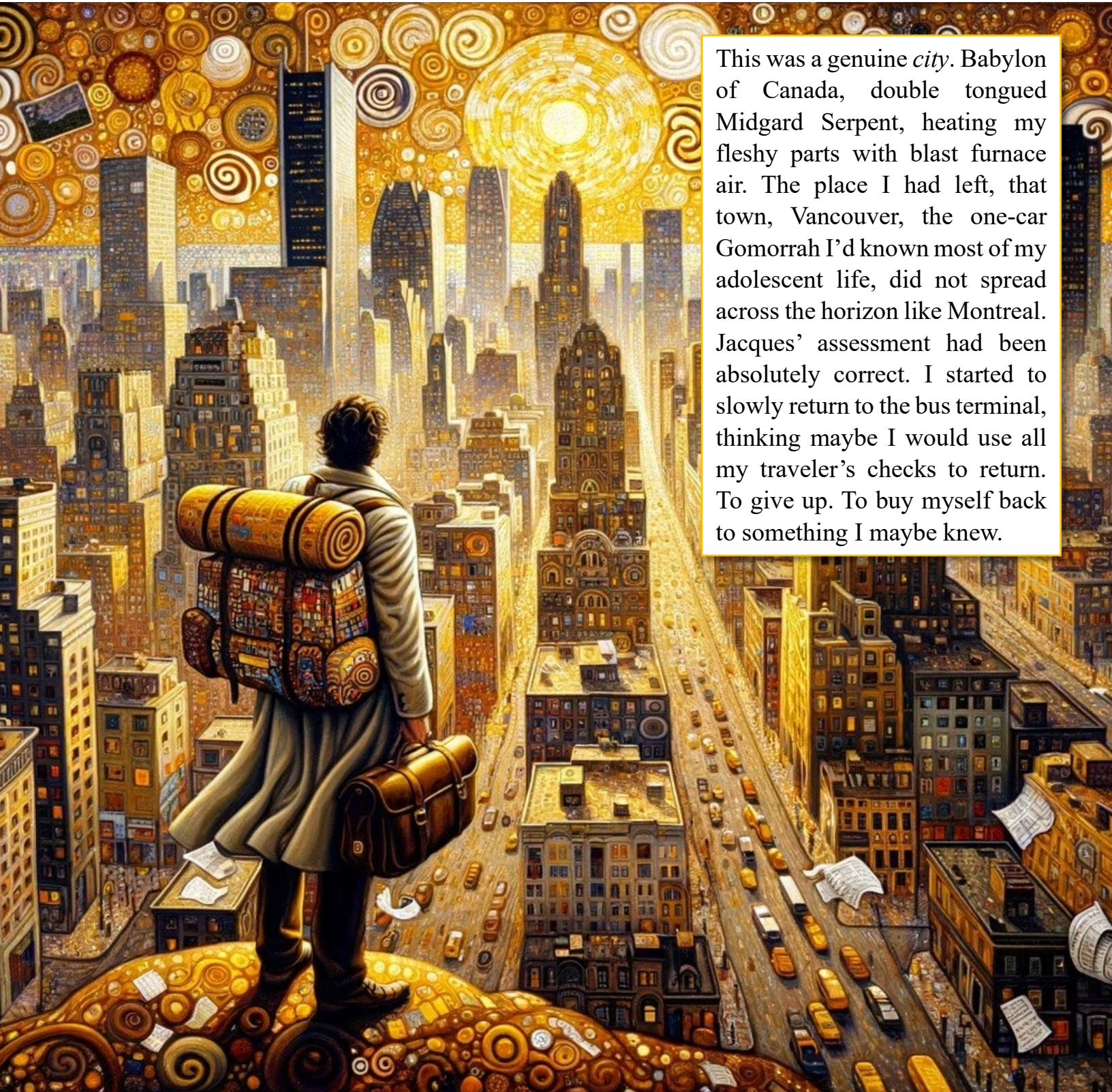


Knight Terra Press

littera manet sed lector oraculum

This ain't Canterbury, Toto ... this is ... Montreal, Early Summer, 1988

This was a genuine *city*. Babylon of Canada, double tongued Midgard Serpent, heating my fleshy parts with blast furnace air. The place I had left, that town, Vancouver, the one-car Gomorrah I'd known most of my adolescent life, did not spread across the horizon like Montreal. Jacques' assessment had been absolutely correct. I started to slowly return to the bus terminal, thinking maybe I would use all my traveler's checks to return. To give up. To buy myself back to something I maybe knew.



Midnight at the Arcanum: a monograph

<http://www.KnightTerraPress.com/midnight>