

①

How long

Sleep doesn't have you gone
Count. --- without a word
out loud?

A switch
is flicked
disabling
action.
Sleepwalkers
find a way
around it,
talkers
more often.

An hour?
A day?
A week?

The brain ---
creates
a vivid
landscape,
artistic,
interpret-
ations of
a theme,
to be dis-
carded like
Memories of
Burning Man.

Sleepwalkers
find a way
around it,
talkers
more often.

It's not easy. ---
The conscious mind
is a mosaic of
verbal thoughts,
a hyper-text.

Years of
silence ---
can last
years.

Attempts
to know god.
Protects for
heightened
senses ...

②

How long

have you gone
without a word?

A minute?

Five?

Thirty?

It's not
easy.

Meditation

Moves to

不确定性原理

The Uncertainty Principle

Static Tableaux
by, Jason Rezvan

A man sits tirelessly on the edge of a black plastic stool, slender forearms resting atop pantless shanks in a defecatory posture, two feet above the ground, dirty, chipped fingernails clenched together, protruding forcefully from the ends of wrinkled and sunburnt fingers, fingers which are in turn extensions of a pair of gaunt, veiny hands, blue veins bulging and seeming to pop under the pale epidermis right there as you look at them, which he is as a matter of fact not doing.

The man's focus is locked onto the cleverly patterned area rug directly below him. The rug is six feet long and four feet wide, a total area of twenty-four square feet, a maelstrom of deep blues attacking his retinas. He appears briefly entranced by the hazily patterned squares, boundaries fluid as if alive, floating as if on the surface of some vast body of water, the kind where when you stare in, nothingness stares back. He is clearly deep in thought, probably considering all the different hues of dark blue he can name:

Cobalt Blue. Denim Blue. Duke Blue. Egyptian Blue. Federal Blue. Midnight Blue. Navy Blue. Persian Blue. Prussian Blue. Sapphire Blue. Yale Blue.

There is a window in this particular room that is six feet high and stretches laterally across two more, its rain-streaked glass and tired metal frame consuming a sizeable third of the northern wall. A building with filthy vinyl siding outside restricts the flow of direct sunlight into the room. Not that that would be happening now, anyway; it is well after midnight. The window's pane is cracked open six inches, a cheap, ninety-nine-cent screen wedged into the frame behind it, theoretically designed to prevent foreign matériel from barging in unannounced. Still, enough space exists between the screen and the glass for immeasurable amounts of molecular compounds

to waltz on in, subjects of the chemical whimsy of the without:

Nitrogen. Oxygen. Water Vapor. Argon. Carbon Dioxide. Et al.

Enough space, too, for a lonesome, diminutive male housefly, eight millimeters long, to melt in, drawn by the silent siren call of a metallic floor lamp's magnificent light. It perches itself with placid abandon on the chasm between screen and glass, a vector of parasitic, bacterial, and viral diseases, dangerously undersized due to malnourishment during its larval development. This particular housefly is, not surprisingly, in search of sustenance:

Feces. Open sores. Sputum. Spoiled food.

Complicating the visual scheme is the fluorescent glow of a thirteen-inch computer screen, gently humming its own song. A single field of text is stretched tautly to the edges of the screen, filling it completely and with positively hermetic influence, a generous swath of white confined within the computer's own creamy borders. There are pulsing lines of black words that interrupt by contrast, some short, some long, all Courier, size twelve font. The text reads:

"A story, please."

"..."

"Will you tell me a story, please, for old time's sake?"

"Fine. There's this one I read once: 'This wise old whiskery fish swims up to three young fish and goes, 'Morning, boys, how's the water?' and swims away; and the three young fish watch him swim away and look at each other and go, 'What the fuck is water?' and swim away, '.'"

"..."

The computer rests atop a medium-sized cherry wood desk that offers 780 square inches of useable surface

area. There are various items scattered around, including a red 0.7 mm pen employed exclusively for annotation; three scraps of white paper that read, "Red Tavern/Star, Greenpoint Ave., G", "Doggone Soul -- Otis?", and, in heavy-handed capitals, "WRITTEN NOTICE TO MGMT BY MAY 31 RE: VACATING LEASE"; an advertisement for a recently-opened local tavern ripped with extreme prejudice from the pages of a periodical; 50 mcg of fluticasone propionate, nasal spray, for intranasal use only; one Lincoln and three Washingtons, folded neatly in half; an unmarked DVD of possibly dubious origin; a warped wooden coaster with a slightly raised edge, the better to contain a beverage within; and, curiously enough now, a lonesome housefly.

An armful of fatigued books are propped up against the wall, huddled, tired. All appear with spines cracked into submission, a mountain range of worn edges and discolored pages bordering the northwest corner of the desk. Flecks of red ink peer out from the dirt-stained peaks.

The realities these books have conveyed, currently convey, and will continue to convey, are:

A story about a girl with abnormally large thumbs and an uncanny ability to hitchhike who encounters, among others, a male homosexual feminine hygiene products tycoon, a sexually promiscuous cowgirl, and a peripatetic Asian guru, on her journey of self-definition within countercultural realities.

A story about a disillusioned socialite, torn asunder by the competitive fires of adulterous romantic passion and historical maternal love, coerced into a life of complicated truth but doomed to suffer under society's gaze because of it.

A story about a small town college professor who consumes his public self within the identity of the very larger-than-life totalitarian fascist he teaches about while ironically crippled by a fear of death,

which fear is subsequently realized after exposure to airborne toxins.

A story about a teenager at an elite tennis academy who smokes high-resin cannabis with the utmost secrecy, a recovering oral narcotic addict working at a halfway house, and a cadre of wheelchair-bound Québécois terrorists searching for a lethal film that leaves viewers in such throes of pleasure they cease to function.

A story about a girl with a passive yet overbearing boyfriend and a talking cockatiel who questions whether she is real or simply a character in someone else's fiction.

The books brood.

The desk idles.

The computer sings.

The fly waits.

The window demarcates.

The blues transcend.

The man pays no attention.

The water is tepid.

*The fish story is from David Foster Wallace's
2005 commencement address at Kenyon College.*

NORTHGATE SWIM CLUB
by, Marilee Stang

June. There had never been a swimming pool in Avon before, creeks and swimming holes, but nothing so

fine as this. Yet there it was. The movers and shakers of Avon, who didn't till the soil for strawberries or tomatoes to truck to the city, all the "suburbanites," who lived in Northgate, had built it. My mother elevated us to the level of being "cool." Since she worked nights at St. John's Hospital, and wanted the house quiet during the day, she bought us a membership in Northgate Swim Club. This seemed to be the perfect solution; affordable, requiring minimal driving on her part and kept us all in one place. The moral of this story, as all good stories must have a moral, is to keep swimming until you reach your goal.

My good friend Doris Karpowicz, Dorrie K, lived in a house just in front of the Club grounds, a very advantageous spot for keeping a lookout on who was there from our vantage point out her bedroom window. We could see what guys were there, which ones we wanted to avoid and which ones we liked. We waited for the right moment to arrive, avoiding catty girls like Marianne and Merle. She and I took advantage of every lesson that was offered by the club. We took her mother's steak knives to carve our pseudo boyfriend's names in the picnic tables outside the club gates. Once she confided in me that the A. in her father's name stood for Adolph, as in Hitler, since the folks in the old country thought he was a swell guy. Her father didn't publicize that bit of gossip.

We mainly took lessons because the Bellissimo twins, Don and Dave taught them. They were super cute Italian college guys from Avon Lake, where the really hip people lived. Nobody ever called them farmers. First, we took Life Guard training, although we both walked on the bottom of the shallow end during the victim carry. Guess we figured we'd never get to be Life Guards anyway. Then, we took diving lessons. One of the twins had to hold our waists at the end of the diving board as we attempted to master the back dive. That was worth all the belly flops we endured. I got so that I could do a decent dive, a jackknife,

just couldn't master the swan dive.

Of course, by August, when Eddie was wearing my junior class ring, those lessons fell by the poolside along with the wet towels. I didn't have to make a fool out of myself any longer by asking Dave Bryant, the Big Man, to put suntan lotion on my back while he and Wally Russel snickered at me. Eddie was more than happy to oblige. You see, when Marianne and Merle decided to chase after the senior guys that left a bunch of sophomore guys looking for dates. And Dave joined the heap of wet towels even if he was quarterback for the Eagles.

Labor Day arrived. The days were still warm, but the nights grew cooler. The Bellissimo twins were headed back to school. My older brother enrolled at Max Hayes Trade School to become an electrician as his grandfather before him. The Swim Club held its first ever festivities, a poolside cookout, games and swim races for the kids; a chance for the adults to mingle with the other working would-be socialites with a beer from back home. All the stale candy and sweatshirts emblazoned with "Northgate Swim Club," that nobody bought, were the prizes. Good deal!

Doris and I went in the race for 15 and 16 year old girls. I tugged at my nose clip and tugged at my suit as I stood at the edge of the shallow end, where the race would start. Strains of "Please Don't Talk to the Life Guard," and "Pretty Woman," bellowed over the crowd. Finally the whistle blew.

I leapt into the water. One dive I had learned very well was the racing dive. You stretched out your arms and kept your head up so you didn't so much go deep down in the water as skim the surface. So there I was swimming and swimming, not a sound to be heard except the slosh, slosh of my arms stroking the water. Couldn't see anything either. I hated getting chlorine in my nose and in my eyes. It was dark, dark and quiet where I was.

"Where was I?" "Was it the end yet?" "I'm scared."

So I decided to stand up to see where I was at. And all I heard was yelling and screaming, "Go, go, go," or things like that, people waving their arms, and then I saw how far ahead of everybody I was. Next, I saw everybody swim past me. Reluctantly I finished the race. You see, the moral of the story is that no matter how dark it is, no matter what you think you can't see or imagine that you can, just keep on swimming until you touch the wall. You just might be ahead of them all.

Where's Waldman?
by, Dave Kilpatrick

Scene One

Lights up. We see a check out counter at a grocery store. Standing at the counter is **DREW** and the new cashier he is meant to train, **JAY**. It is **DREW**'s last day on the job, which leaves him both happy and sad. He is also a bit miffed to be training his replacement. The two boys are slowly stocking Waldman's spring water on some shelves next to the cash register throughout the entire scene.

DREW: (Inspects a bottle of water in his hand) Waldman's Fresh Spring Water. Has a nice ring to it, but don't let this fancy packaging fool you. They fill these things up from a tap in the back room. (Places the bottle in his hand on the shelf and turns to JAY)

So... (looks at his trainee's nametag) JAY. You think you want to work here at Waldman's, do ya?

JAY: Well...

DREW: I mean, sure. You want to get paid. We all do.

(pauses, remembering his first day) Probably want to buy an Asian sedan or something... maybe impress a girl. I get it. Just promise me you won't try and bring that thing to the drag strip, it's just sad. Rice rockets as far as the eye can see.

JAY: Uh... I won't. I mean, I don't get my permit for another year, so...

DREW: Ah... my mistake. (Touches JAY's nametag, maybe hits JAY's nose as he looks down at it)

Didn't notice the pink name tag. That's the first thing you'll have to learn. Here at Waldman's we're only as useful as the color of our nametags. Pink: that's under 16, you guys are hardly worth the minimum wage you pull down. Turn 16 and they'll give you a yellow one: slightly more prestigious. Us 18 and over folk, we get this silver guy here (points to his nametag). That means kitchen access, job mobility, and the very real danger of becoming a lifer. Don't let that happen to you, JAY.

JAY: I'm still part-time, so...

DREW: We all start out that way, buddy. I've seen it a million times. (pauses as if to mourn his fallen comrades) Oh... interesting side note. Name tags can be very helpful when it comes to classifying the feminine scenery, if you know what I mean. Silver's great, yellow's a bit of a gray area, and pink means back the fuck up.

JAY: Okay...

DREW: But you've got a few years yet before the whole jailbait thing becomes an issue. Consenting minors... it's all fair game.

JAY: Fair game...

DREW: Okay. Now that we got that covered, I'm supposed to ask you what you want to get out of this

job.

JAY: Well, my application said a stronger work ethic, lasting interpersonal relationships, and a better understanding of the service industry.

DREW: Jesus, man... you sound like you just stepped out of the training video. They made you watch that already?

JAY: (Looks down at his feet) No.

DREW: Shit. Am I being Punk'd? (chuckles at his own joke) C'mon... let's be real with each other, I thought that's what we were doing here. What do you really want from this job?

JAY: How bout a paycheck?

DREW: There we go... what else?

JAY: Ah... maybe the chance to sell my friends some beer.

DREW: Alright, now we're talking. What about the five finger discount?

JAY: They told me there was no employee discount.

DREW: Well, we have to skim a little off the top, don't we? (Wiggles his five fingers) The five finger discount, get it?

JAY: (Wiggles his own fingers and laughs a little) Ohhhh.

DREW: (Suddenly serious) And Don't tell 'em I told you that.

JAY: Of course. You got it... I won't

DREW: Alright (nods as if to ensure the agreement). Oh, here comes Jeff. Looks like you'll get the chance

to witness a lifer in action. (looks puzzled as if observing a wild animal) Notice his gray, sorta vacant eyes. They're a dead give away, he's been working here way to long.

(JEFF enters. He looks tattered and tired, as if he has been up all night. He and DREW know each other and clearly have worked together for some time. JEFF's voice is somewhat mono-tone and absent. The audience isn't sure if he's stoned or just a little slow.)

DREW: Jeffery, how goes it, my man?

JEFF: Ah, you know... Same shit, different day.

DREW: I hear that (motions to JAY). Meet my boy JAY, They've got me training him.

JEFF: Nice... you get him to sit and stay yet?

DREW: Nah... but I'm pretty sure he's house broken. He'd better be... he's my replacement.

JEFF: Your replacement? I don't buy it.

DREW: Buy it, my friend... I'm outta here at the end of this last glorious day. (Looks out to audience, surveying the store in front of him) As much as I love ya, I'm through pushing greasy pizza and dry Chinese food to these overweight shlubs.

JEFF: Right...

DREW: I'm serious, man. It's really starting to weigh on my conscience. We've had our hands in more triple by-passes and tummy tucks than most doctors in this town.

JEFF: It's a wonder we're not paid better.

DREW: You're telling me.

JEFF: Alright, gents. I'm headed to the break room, you coming?

DREW: Why not. I've gotta show the kid the "nerve center" of Waldman's sometime.

(The trio walks off stage.)

Scene two will appear in the upcoming issue of The Uncertainty Principle to be published on August 13th, 2010.

Who are You?
by, Tigist Defaru

How is it that your ignorance is smart and your naivety sophisticated

Your softness tough and your patience fierce?

Tell me how your kindness is cruel it makes you sacrifice;

and your generosity is greedy it is not for others?

How can you suffocate me with your sweet bitter love?

Are you The Too Good to be True or The Truth itself?

A question of reality.
by, Stuart Brown

I found myself staring into space today, literally into the night sky. I often find myself drawn to the quieter areas of the city I reside and one of them happens to be the playground of my school, after hours and in the dark. Tonight I found solace from the incessant noise in China and had time to ponder.

I found myself looking to the heavens, looking to our 'creator'. This omnipotent being that many people are so infatuated with. The idea that some being, somewhere created us. At the same time as thinking and pondering the existence of a infinite deity I started to think about the great scientists of our time. We still live in a Newtonian age. That great man for whom an apple fell, as luck would have it onto, his head. I think of Darwin and of 'natural selection', of Albert Einstein simply a clerk from Switzerland who was anything but simple, Gregor Mendel who postulated about Genetics before the real discovery of DNA while hybridising pea plants in his garden, then in the last 60 years we have the acceleration of knowledge regarding the 'Human Genome' due to the proposal of the 'double-helix model' of DNA by Crick and Watson.

All these men, who are considered great minds of our time, who stood on the shoulders of previous greats and found room to shine. These men who regard terrafirma and postulate and theorise rules and regulations for the universe. These men who tower above the layman.

But what do we know? What do we really know? We have discovered nothing that gives us the answer to the question that everybody craves. Why are we here? How are we here?

We are clueless in the shadows of infinite possibility. So, after the 'Enlightenment' in which religion began to take a back foot, the 'Renaissance' in which modernity began to take hold, our Scientific 'Newtonian Era', where are we heading?

In our quest to discover we have dismissed spirituality, we have removed faith from the equation. As science dictates! Isaac Newton was, according to reports, an unorthodox Christian. Charles Darwin, according to folk lore, on his death bed renounced all of his study and cried out for Jesus. Albert Einstein's most famous phrase is 'God

doesn't play dice' a play on deterministic views and the idea that everything is predetermined - hinting at a creator, maybe. These great men, these people who have discovered worldly law in a contained formula, have in a sense created a new religion. One based on quantitative discovery. One that is perpetually self correcting. And as with any religion these people make giant leaps of faith. They believe blindly that their new discovery, their new postulation is correct. Once, the earth was flat and those wandering too far would fall from the edge into perilous oblivion, now we know that the earth is round because MTVs logo shows us an astronaut in front of a circular orb, the earth. In short - people say, we believe. So we have shifted from the so called 'dark ages' of mystification and superstition, of spirituality and belief, to the light of qualification and quantification. We have done this because somebody told us something. Usually something that we cannot comprehend because it is far too complex for the layman, for the average person. Because it is fundamentally mathematical and wholly unequivocal, well except for those fickle variables.

Whilst it seems that I am saying very little, what I am actually trying to say is that science and religion have so much in common. Neither stance has any the answers, just postulations. Most theories, whether they are mercurial or not, jump to conclusions, take questionable leaps to arrive at their culmination. And, then they are corrected when, suddenly, they do not fit the current ideology or knowledge. I used the term 'perpetually correcting' for scientific thought early and it is equally so for the ideas of a Religious nature. Religious autonomy is non existent. Each time a discovery is made a new perspective is cast upon religious text or religious thought, much the same as any scientific view and the new perspective is aligned to the new idea. An example of this would be Creationism. The idea that a being created the world in a said number of days is a wide held view which is present in many forms of religion even today. For sometime in Christianity it

has been taken as a literal event. But over time there has been a fragmenting of belief and people have adapted creationism to fit those ideas of modernity. This is also true of religion as a system, look at Christianity. There are countless forms of Christianity. All have particular view of its fundamentals. And all are splinters from the original wood.

One major flaw that I find with religion is that it is divisive. One religion alienates another. I find this hugely problematic. If you believe in one particular Deity or in a particular system of Deities then this completely negates every other religious idea. And all you have is blind faith. What's to say that the Religious ideas of the Inca's of the New World where any less real than that of the dominant European marauding Conquistadors, and their Catholic faith?

Science or Religion, for me holds no real definitive answers to life. One gives you the rules, at present, whilst the other gives you the fantastical. The question I have is which is which? So, as I stare into the sky, I am left feeling infinitely insignificant in the face of the unknown. And within this moment I feel the most spiritual I ever feel.

Chasing a big cat
by, Eyasu Tarekegn

Since when
cowardice made its house
Broken by
humbleness, filled up with love?

Erupted
mass of rays from eyes of cowardice,
Penetrated
Into eyes of boldness.

But ...

Cowardice,
got its arrows head's broken ahead,
Sufficient
was the thing that conquered the bold.

*Dedicated to an event: a big
cat chased by a little mouse
(Tom and Jerry cartoon).*

is ...
by, Charles Jeffrey Danoff

Reality is a sitting down in a chair and listening to a professor tell you it is not actually a chair, just the image of one.

Reality is a man getting hard touching his sexual partner, thinking about a sexual partner, or resting in front of a computer anticipating images of sexual partners.

Reality is me as a college student sitting around a lot with friends and trying to process what I had seen of life on the eve of my entrance into the "real world". Evaluating the past to determine the future, I decided only not to "sell out", loosely defined as working just for money. I held others whom I believed did so in contempt.

Three years out now, I realize the errors of my ways. I was judging a world I had never experienced, taking my assumptions for why various people did various things as facts and judging them without ever knowing why they made their choice of profession. To put it succinctly, I was full of shit.

I acknowledge that to be a member of modern society, one needs to earn a living. I have been tempted to

live off in the woods by myself, but as of now view it as giving up, too. As such, if I want to enjoy the blissful conveniences (electronic transport, prepared food, toilets, etc.), caring friends and other benefits of 21st century living, I need to make money. That is fine. There is nothing evil about money.

Looking over the scope of world history, money is a wonderful progression in human relations. Now, instead of settling a disagreement with fists, two people do it with their check books. Instead of recorded knowledge exclusively being the prized possession of the landed aristocracy, millions of people save enough to send their children to university.

Money's function as a power giver has its warts, but I believe they are less than might or divine right.

Progress.

Societies revolving around money have solved our basic problems: food, water, clothing and shelter for millions of people. Question now, is what do we do next? Money is a car whose taken us to a suitable destination, and it may be time to get out.

All of that said, I still put "real world" in quotations. It is what the vast majority of humans, including myself, have consciously or unconsciously agreed upon as how to exist at this point in history. I believe that the world we currently accept as real is a simplified version of what is actually going on inside and around our lives. I believe our focus on the temporal of material accumulation blinds us to the eternal truths dancing around us.

Does this mean I loathe every day, contemptuous of humanity's sins and waiting for the bright future when we'll all be happy and blissful. No. I acknowledge and accept my own hypocrisies. I no longer feel guilty about the opportunities I have as

an educated human being coming from a well-off, loving family. I am proud to be a member of a generation that has an opportunity to shape future human existence as the first one to go from the crib to the coffin with their hands on a keyboard, raised by people who found information technological dependence in their adulthood. Our kids born from digital natives will not be as lucky.

We are living in a time where the choices we make will have greater impact than we realize on the ages to come. I am happy to have been given a chance to exist at this point in history, and to have power, as we all possess, to shape how future generations will choose to spend their time. Will they spend it worrying about paying a mortgage? Will they spend it looking for the best way for humans to live in balance with the universe? Will they spend it figuring the best way to kill the guys who look different?

Reality is that human consciousness is the greatest, worst gift that has been bestowed upon our species. We are capable of writing books about God, killing billions, making billions, saving people from the brink of death, composing symphonies, killing ourselves and so much more. It is a tremendous burden to have this power. It would seem easier to be a squirrel concerned with gathering nuts for winter and getting laid, or grass, soaking up as much sun as possible (assuming those are thoughts of squirrels and grass), but that is not the option we have. As such, in our age of reflection and experience we must be sympathetic to those who have come before. And, sympathetic to ourselves, when we, and I, make decisions or think thoughts we know are wrong by some measure, but which we are powerless to oppose.

Like an older sister watching siblings in a park, that means we must make decisions best not just for ourselves, but for all species, because at this point we are the only ones capable of making those decisions. That boy may be cute, but now is not the

time for a chat.

Reality is when a man's freedoms are taken away, it is easier to grab a gun and go fight someone than it is to take the time to phone a senator's hot line, or make consumer choices that are better for the world as a whole, even if they entail some personal sacrifice.

Reality is even if you are living in the woods as a "tribe" isolated from the modern world, living a "pure life" in balance with nature, uncorrupted by the sins of modern mankind, you will still die if the men running the world have a war and start firing off atomic bombs that strike you.

Reality is we prefer watching the flickering images on the cave walls.

Reality is we humans can do far more than we are capable of imagining.

Du rêve à la réalité
par, Afia VanHorne

J'ai un message d'avertissement à partager avec vous. Une offre de sagesse que j'ai reçu récemment. J'aimerais y enfermer des mots poétiques dans le style qu'il m'a été transmis, mais la sévérité de ces paroles ont besoin de l'honnêteté brute. En faite, ce message est bien simple : réaliser vos rêves. Peut-être ça n'a pas l'air d'être très grave, mais ça vous fera du bien d'y prendre au sérieux.

Le rêve, non seulement le suite d'images qui se présentent à l'esprit durant votre sommeil mais aussi l'idée poursuivie avec le but de réussir. C'est cette idée, ce rêve qui alimente la vie réelle. L'objectif de vie d'un être humain est centrale à ce qui lui fait une partie intégrale du monde.

Vous êtes tous des rêveurs. Vous pouvez sans doute visionner ce qui vous donne de la joie dans la vie. Mais est-ce que vous vous écartez de ces visions en disant des conneries comme << un jour >> ou << dans l'avenir >>? Voilà le problème. Maintenant c'est le temps d'agir parce que je vous dis sérieusement que des rêves qui sont remis à plus tard vont avoir de mauvaises répercussions dans vos vies.

Un rêve non-réalisé devient trop difficile à supporter; il pèse lourdement sur la tête; il entraîne des pensées comme << ce qui aurait pu être >> ou << celui qui s'est échappé >>, il mène à une léthargie mentale qui peut détruire votre esprit, inviter la dépression dans votre coeur, fabriquer un destructeur de votre âme. Ces beaux rêves d'autrefois devient les affreux cauchemars du présent avec lesquelles vous seriez obligés d'en vivre quotidiennement.



C'est pour cela que je vous implore. Ne vous convainquez pas que les rêves sont plus beaux que la réalité. Le rêve ne serait jamais aussi réel que la réalité physique. Quittez cet univers de reverie avec

vos rêves en mains et apportez-les dans un monde de réalité. Vous feriez bien de croire Hughes à la place de Vigny.

Peut-être que vous me prenez pour naïf qui suppose vous avez tous les moyens et les ressources nécessaires pour faire réaliser vos rêves mais je crois ça se peut. L'optimisme et la patience, commencer avec eux, de bonnes ressources. Le temps lui aussi est une ressource précieuse qu'il ne faut pas gaspiller parce que vous ne savez jamais. Au moins vous auriez été sur le chemin menant à cette grande réalisation.

Une dernière fois, créez vos propres réalités, nées de vos rêves et, s'il vous plaît, faites le maintenant. La survie de notre monde compte sur votre succès dans cet exploit. La pauvre petite est en danger d'être inhabitées par une troupe de malheureux et mécontents qui contamine tout ce qui l'entoure. Je ne veux pas que ça soit ma réalité inévitable ni la vôtre.

*Image created with Street Sign Generator
<<http://www.streetsigngenerator.com/>>.*

A Caddy Story
by, Charles J. D.

The 17th Hole

"One-fifty marker's a couple yards behind. Pin's in back. Wind's blowing softly with us. So, one-forty-eight to the center, ten for the stick, ten for the elevation, take off five for the breeze and I believe it's playing one-sixty-three. Green slopes from front to back, so you don't have much room to play with. I'd say a soft seven short of the green leaving you a do-able up and down, Sir."

"Give me the five, Dustin."

"Looks straight, but it'll break right. Aim about two cups outside." She says, pointing to the spot with the grip end of his driver. "And don't be shy, it's slightly uphill."

"Thanks, Suzie."

The 18th Hole

After exchanging drivers for putters on the 17th green, Dustin and Suzie mosey up to fore-caddie. "You ever use the pissing tree on this hole?" Dustin asks as they pass The Oak designated for relief.

"Was really close once." she replies.

"What happened?"

"Decided it'd be best to take the pain. You?"

Dustin ahems, then rests down the two bags he's carrying and walks to The Oak as Suzie moves ahead.

Feeling refreshed Dustin joins her about one hundred and twenty yards away from the players teeing off. The 18th fairway is surrounded by a forest right and O.B. left. Fore-caddying gives the caddies a better vantage point for finding drives gone astray.

"One time, I was looping with Orlando. He was using the facilities, when Mr. Todd's drive sliced really badly." Dustin begins, resuming the conversation.

"Mr. Todd always slices with his driver."

"Yeah I know, I thought about telling him he'd be better off leaving the big dog in the clubhouse. Anyway, he lost his ball immediately, so he didn't say anything, but Mr. Dour saw -"

"Dour is sharp."

"That he is, so Dour yelled 'FORE!' I'd forgotten about Orlando, but as the ball got closer I realized why Dour screamed. I shouted 'O! MOVE!' he made eye contact with me as I was pointing behind him. He figured out what was going on and dove barely avoiding the ball." The wind shifts South, against the players.

"That's good to hear O was alright."

"Yeah ... save the wet spot on his shorts."

"Ooh. :("

"Totally sucked. Todd did him right, though. Gave him over two-hundo for the loop, and bought him a new pair of shorts."

"No he didn't."

"You're right. He didn't, because O refused the offer."

"You're so full of it."

"You're no fun." Dustin sighs, giving up.

"Not for you, no. You got a pencil?"

Dustin pauses, sniggering inside, as did Suzie when reviewing her statement, but keeping a straight face searching his memory and pockets for the instrument, finding it above his left ear. He hands it to her and she fills out her caddie card.

As she writes, monsters dancing hedonistic ally amidst a pink and purple jungle flash in and out of her head. Where do those come from? Are they bubbles floating waiting for a host?

"Grandma, about that pencil, you didn't ask if you could have one."

"What? ... Oh, yeah." Suzie mumbles, returning to their shared plane of reality. "Here you go."

I wonder where she was just then?

A phwap sound comes from a hundred yards back.

"Shit." Dustin curses, realizing he's once again neglected his duties as a caddie, failing to pay attention when his player teed off. Where's the ball? Part of the reason was he relaxed, knowing Suzie would take care of him. "Got it, headed along the left side of the fairway ... ah, rough. Not the start he wanted."

"Thanks."

"No prob."

"You ever read a story about caddies?"

"Story, as in fiction?"

"Yeah."

"There's this Southern writer whose name is eluding me now." Mr. Douglas's ball flies above them landing softly down the right side of the fairway ten yards beyond Doug's.

"Anyway, he wrote this book with a section where he streams a special" she does air quotes "man's

thoughts. Caddies play a very minor role there."

"That it?" He asks, hoping for more.

"As far as I've read."

"That's a shame. We deserve a better voice in the English canon."

"Why don't you write the book?"

"Whoa." Dustin emphasizes holding out his hands.

"I don't know about a book. We're just bit players who magnify the lead actors in one light or another. I think a short story would suffice."

"You've always been lazy." Suzie chides through a smile. "On that note, was Mr. Jones pissed at you last hole?" Mrs. Douglas's ball crashes into the woods on the right.

"What'd you mean?"

"When you were daydreaming on the left side of the fairway as he was ready to hit behind you on the right."

"Oh, that. Nah, he didn't mention anything."

"You're lucky."

"It's more he knows how I operate - we have a professional relationship spanning my whole career, starting with my first time out."

"Sucks for Jones."

"Indeed. Our first round he asked me something like 'Son, how many loops you had this summer?' I said 'Loops?' 'You know, rounds you caddied on the course?' I was like, 'Don't you mean gone around the course?' "Typical Doug form, though, I believe he smiled and said something like 'Happy to see you working, young man.'" Alice's ball skips its way to the beginning of the fairway.

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Truth is What You Make of It
by, Willy Wylie

My neighbors
attest to my veracity in
coining a sort of proverb:
"It was as true as
if Mr. Gulliver had spoke it."
Yet the Houyhnhnms are seen
alongside unicorns
as creatures of Wishes
that never grant their image.

Daily I see Yahoos bicker
over Lilliputians
to find the shiny stone
that takes the name of truth.
"The Emperor is George I!"
"Then what of his Austrian lip?"
"He is German, is he not?"
"Indeed, but that hardly makes him a Hapsburg!"

Projectors are the first to boast
deducing the stone's location,
but their explanations
all suffer from reduction.
For my travels expand
in each new set of hands.

Some go so far as to form a key,
charging for a glimpse at their maps,
to show the world
my words are symbols. They are, but
only as leaves are symbols of forests.
Print always suffers the form of
synecdoche.

Narration is not a travel.

Having seen remote nations I retreat
to my stables to converse with memories
of nobility. My Houyhnhnm masters
couldn't trust my civility
despite my reverence for their customs.
I still act on their example,
so now I fear those who I loved
because I see the Yahoos in their blood.

Question my sanity
if you so desire, or label my life
a satire. To scale
the walls of our flying city
and escape the barbarians floating
over justice for a premature glance
of tomorrow's sunrise, simply
calculate the constant, ∞ ,
of impossibility. The proof of your success
will be evident as you're relieved of yourself,
staining the Earth with your Fall.

The traveler
by, Eyasu Tarekegn

In blood souls live,
In truth dwells love
In love there is life
Every breath, every minute...

Mere chiseled words can't muffle unfading voices
and obscure unique mystery of brotherhood,
Neither can time tarnish them in its speed of flight.

I bet you are like the Apostle.
who got the scales off his eyes,
You dismounted from your horse
and poured your oil on the wounds of broken legs ...

You the Good Samaritan traveler of your own time

Let love flow richly and erode cyst of selfishness,
demolish the abysmal roots of ignorance.

May you stand on the apexes of your dream mountains
flooding unfailing kindness,
You shall live there in my heart, sealed in my bone
marrows
tangled with my blood cells.

Dedicated to my best childhood friend.

Then We Lied
by, J. Lunney

"I missed you" I say, while looking into her eyes.
She is very beautiful, but I do not mean it.

"I missed you too" she said, but I did not believe
her, not because I am one of those sad men who thinks
a woman could never love him. I know women that have
loved me, that have cried and pulled at their hair,
and flown from far away and written me letters. I
have known those women, and I do not know if their
love was genuine or just desperate and dependent, or
if there is a difference. I just know that this
woman, she did not miss me.

We are lying to each other. We lie to each other all
night. We go to a shitty sushi restaurant that I
hate because it is close to her apartment and really,
any restaurant that hits a not embarrassing baseline
of quality will do. I tell her I heard it's good.
That is a lie. I don't know if she knows it is a
lie, but it is. I know this sushi restaurant is a
piece of shit, it's the type of restaurant that
issues you a beeper before you sit down, that's how I
know. But that's not the only lie, the lies are
everywhere, every moment. I hold her hand as we wait
for the table. She rests her head on my shoulder
sweetly. They are lies. We are lying to each other.

I know this because we do not actually miss each other. I have missed people in my life; friends, lovers, a dog. I did not miss her. When she was not here, she was not here. She wasn't lingering in my mind, nothing that happened to me in the normal course of a day reminded me of her. She was not a part of routine, thinking of her was not a part of my day, so I did not notice she was gone. When she was gone, she was just gone, and when she was back, she was just here, and present.

I do not know if she knows that she is lying to me when she puts her head on my shoulder, or kisses my cheek when I get back from the bathroom. We are both tired. When we are together, we want things to be simple and perfect so we lie to each other. We entertain the possibility that in some version of this reality, we might have been right for each other, but for now we are too tired of heartbreak and fighting and life not stacking up to the grandiose promises of a liberal arts education, we are too tired of these things to dissect this thing between us.

People use this word "relationship" to talk about the thing between people, as if it were a living, breathing entity when in reality it is not. When in reality there is nothing between us, nothing that can be serviced or fixed, the thing that is between us is another lie labeled relationship to give it life, so that we feel like there is something out there worth defending, that lives and can be kept healthy and happy. We won't ever be right for each other, but right now we are good enough and we understand that.

We work our way methodically through dinner, doing the things that we know we are supposed to do. We talk at each other, not to each other, but neither is bothered because we are partaking of a ritual that we learned by watching television. We say what we have to say to get through the meal, the night, to trick ourselves into thinking we like this sushi and we missed each other because those are nice things to

think about and feel. We want to feel missed, we want to miss, and we understand that about each other, so this thing that we have is okay, it is great for right now, when I describe it to a friend he slaps me on the back and says "dude, that's great, don't worry about it."

When we got back to her apartment, we make love and it is wild in a predictable way. We claw at each other like we have many times before, but we pretend it is novel. The dirty talk is functional, procedural, a question of courtesy and etiquette, all things I have said and heard before but say and want to hear again to make this whole thing tolerable. When we wake up in the morning, she makes egg sandwiches and we eat in relative silence. The charade has come to an end and we are struggling to keep it together. I kiss her goodbye and go home to sleep. Whenever we spend the night together, I can never sleep.

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