

# BACKWARD

BY KENT J. BRUYNEEL

Well, I would say, if we learned anything from the proceeding 34 pages, it is mostly that Jeff Coll is totally and uncontrollably insane: The kind of madness that only comes around every once in awhile. And we are awe struck at its fiendishness, and we cower in its wake. And that I was right when I told you that that wasn't your conventional David Weale type story. Long Way From The Road. And wait until you see Boxlor, if you haven't seen it already. Because it is next. And before I censored it, it was vulgar and so you have me to thank for that. Also I wanted to comment on the snow gathering at my feet, where Bing Crosby used to be. And I wanted to share this sonnet my friend wrote. He is dead.

Last Night I Missed the Moment, Kent, to see  
If you were well in spirit and in time.  
Though I could plainly dream of tales to rhyme.  
I slept. Excuses... I have none to plea.

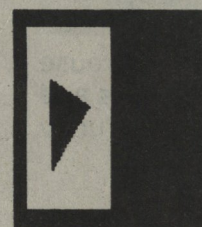
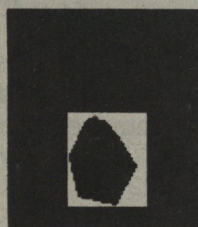
To absence I was host and company.  
And later joined by uninvited crime  
(That's not to say, "We think ourselves sublime")  
The guests: young Errant, I, and Villainy.

We lay upon the pillow soft and sweet,  
Acknowledging The Sleeper as we pass;  
Pale Ivory Gates, so true, our gaggle greet,  
An attic filled with wooden song stained brass.

I hear your voice, but find abject Intent,  
Informing me that I just missed you Kent.

And tell you it is about falling asleep when you are supposed to come and see me. And I wanted to show you, not to make you sad, but to show you that these words appeared in *The Cadre* when it was called *The X-Press* and they were written by Peter Greg Matheson; he was an excellent poet who knew the price of beauty. And now so do you. And, I wanted to show it to you to prove that beauty has been in these pages for longer than just this week.

And I wanted to tell you to blink and draw some shapes for you: They are Televisions with the screens kicked in.



This issue was to have stories about Christmas, so here are the lyrics to a song I wrote in Halifax called "How'd You Like To Go Downtown." I would classify it as an All-Belgian Alcoholic Rugby Team Fight Song:

How'd you like to go downtown boys?  
How'd you like to go downtown?  
How'd you like to go downtown boys?  
Drink us up a couple of rounds.

There's beer and they're 'll be women;  
theres bound to be some swimming;  
we might just get in some sinning;  
If we could just go downtown.

How'd you like to go downtown boys?  
How'd you like to go downtown?  
How'd you like to go downtown boys?  
How'd you like to go downtown?  
Drink us up a couple of rounds.

On the blue barn theres a sign, lady,  
says 'No Parking Anytime'  
but I know that that aint true baby,  
I park there all the time.

How'd you like to go downtown boys?  
How'd you like to go downtown?  
How'd you like to go downtown boys?  
How'd you like to go downtown boys,  
drink us up a couple of rounds.