Excerpts from a recent call-in radio show that sprawled over danger in paradise and curiously ear and curiously ear on CKUT-FM in Montreal. Listeners were asked to map the city's body. Callers would describe their location in anatomical terms, and then either make noise with that body part or wax poetic/schizophrenic on their carnal constitution.

...The nervous system is in the electrical and telephone wires, the brain of the city. One is necessary for the body, the other one is metaphysical. The body can harm you; it can dispense with you...

...I work near the penis N.D.G./Montreal West area, but every night I travel back to the socks...

...I'm calling from a lymph node. Actually, it's kinda embarrassing, lymph nodes are boring...

...This little spot is right where all dreams come true in the body, dreams of sunny days, and sunny ways, and walking under the willow trees, right here in the thighs in Pointe Claire...

Montreal is a photograph of a body doing a bellyflop...

...As I see it, the center of gravity for this body is right smack at the corner of St. Laurent and Cremazie...

...We're in the liver?... I know what happens to the liver when you feed it with corn. When you forcefeed it with corn, the liver gets really big and that's how you get foie gras. We could make a sound by placing a green mud pack over our liver, which would than filter our liver. Homeopathic medicine often does that. The sound of mud placed over the liver would make a kind squelching noise as it filters the toxins...

...I'm calling from a nervous part of the body, in N.D.G. I taught it might be one of the reproductive organs. Where is the vas, the part you tie up when you have a vasectomy? That's why it's very nervous. I think I'm in the testicle...

...The river's the skin which protects us from outside infection. It is our urinary tract and our mouth. It is the way we live and the way we dispose of our garbage...
there are atoms of air in your lungs that
were once in the lungs of every one who
has ever lived we are breathing each other

Sharon Gannon

OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND LET THE AIR OUT

This is the length of a breath


at 7 inches per second, cassettes go at
half the speed and hence half the length of the above line would have been
breathing. The other half awaits another’s breath. By constructing a sound
we usually mean to capture and record then to reproduce and play.
Recorded sound travels from head to head. Two heads are better than one.
The voice migrates from your head to the record head to the play head to
my head and back again until a bulk head leaves no head at all. One head
is better than none.

The technology of entrapment has taken context out of context. ‘Is it live
or is it Memorex?’ is no longer the question. Or was it ever? The voice
is always cast as a deed. Words are projectiles, projectiles have targets.
Once recorded the sound can be manipulated. It loses authorship. One’s
identity is malleable and capable of being reconstructed in innumerable
possibilities. I can exhale without inhaling. I know it is a bit stiff, ‘I know
of a masochist, but I think we should see a chiropract

The tongue of Ronald Reagan touched by the hand of Douglas Kahn
speaks: "As more than once in...

-For the first time in man’s history I am President, and I can do this with
dash and daring do.

-Ronald Reagan, you can’t see or understand the America of dirty streets
and poor people. The white thing kind of let

-The problem isn’t being poor the problem is .....um...um...as a matter of
fact a few Republican panaceas and myself and people like myself
organized a task force of people outside government and inside. Well this
little group gathered and we very carefully would open the car door with
the window rolled down and shove the man’s arm across the window and
then break it. The backbone of America cut and sc, and then break
it over the window, and then the pressure came on, that hidden longing

Douglas Kahn, excerpt from the audio piece “Reagan speaks for himself”

Douglas Kahn bespeaks a skillful scalpel, performs the disappearance.
Cuts that tape, and inaugurates the building block of sound. The touch
becomes me. I can exhale without inhaling and still live dead on the air. This is a series of exhales

\[ \text{proper edit is airtight. Take my breath away. And transmit it as a signal to an aural expanse.} \]

Dead air exhales magnetic mappings of words that never got away. The radio signal etches maps of (e)motion onto the city/body. Magnetic mappings of words that never go away. The radio is here and in enclaves of there. The organs of the radiophonic body are never stationary. Though they are always stationary, perhaps we are transmitting from your closet and staging your murder while you're still fiddling with your tuner. The razor's sharp, cutting block. Cut you into another, and cast you into ether. A fine sculpture for the ear. Perhaps the touch of you transmits less wounding, more dis-ease. The feeling is mutual. I carefully stretch my skin across your body. If it fits. I am your ventriloquist. If it complements, I am your seducer. If it jars. I am your dj.

Radio constructs time out of space. When you touch me, my space is no longer mine. Radio constructs a node. Actual sound out of space. We move from the rooms of production to the rooms of seduction. You take the words right out of my mouth. I don't like you when you are me. I have digested our conversation. The dessert traverses the nervous flesh with a profusion of fine splices, slightly sticky. You're saying things you've never said and sometimes I like you better that way. You're injuries become you. Do you like the new you? Les you worry. I can splice you back so nicely you won't notice. You're in my hands and out of your mouth. Montreal is a prison. The interplay between nervous systems can remain playful. The structure cannot be cemented. Permanently vacant. No definition is offered but no lack of the act of defining. The body of your city has a body fondling itself. Smack at the corner of St. A moan travels.

If our voices have seduced you. Maybe you would like to come hear us mouth off more words. First you must insert your fingers into our mouth. Touch that dial. Now synch your lips to the tune of the tuner. Stretch your skin across our body. Jacking in or off. Radio artisans, or sound construction squelching workers. Announce what you've felt all along. You've been receiving all stations at all times. That tickling sensation. Performing the vocabulary of a leap. We ask you to emit. Hey! Body, sitting with a deafening silence. Open your mouth and let the air out. This space is yours.

Do something and I'll eat you.
Open Your Mouth and Let the Air Out

...I'm having an out of body experience. Do you know what you had for dinner tonight? Onion soup and poutine. That's why I had to leave. I just couldn't take it anymore, so I took a cab to the airport and took a helicopter so I could have this out of body experience. Just because it's cyberspace doesn't mean that it smells any better...

The stethoscope is the traffic circle...

We've transferred textual activity to the groin...

I'm calling from a pinched nerve just below the left shoulder blade. I think Montreal's muscles are a bit stiff. I know I'm a bit of a masochist, but I think we should see a chiropractor...

Montreal has more than one mouth...

I find the whole thing kind of fetal...

I don't travel like one of the bloodcells. I travel more like one of the parasites and I'm thinking that's probably not good so I should maybe work my way down to the intestines and become an intestinal parasite. So I'm realizing that and deciding that I should migrate towards the center of the body...

It's good being on the skin as long as you can venture inside now and again. The skin has been pricked, and cut and scarred. It's been through it all. Things happen on the inside and then they bubble out and happen on the outside and you get a big zit on your shoulder and that's where I am now...

I see Laval as something that has been rejected from the body. I feel very agoraphobic. I have to move downtown. I want to confront myself with the concrete main body...