

# Fish Piss

Vol.3, No.1

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*Les Machines désirantes* by Claudine Vachon is subtitled “un récit poétique”, but its strength is in the author's seductive narrative. Set in what seems like Centre-Sud in Montreal, we first find the author sounding somewhat bored with life in a low-budget apartment with slacker roommates. She has much time to ponder desire, restraint, and how her friends can get so worked up about social or class issues while having so little apparent concern for their personal lives. She explores, out of existential boredom or curiosity, it's hard to say, the reactions of friends and strangers to casually delivered quasi-sexual provocations and diatribes. The book's latent energy explodes later with the staging of some activist performance art, and the orgiastic trashing of a luxury loft belonging to a businessman who just laid off of thousands of workers. Filled with great lines like “La pauvreté est une bombe artisanale” [“Poverty is a home-made bomb”], her and her friends later carry out an even more explosive action. Feeling more empty than sated after watching the event from the mountain, she comes full circle, empty of inspiration and wondering what it would take to set off her “desirous machines” again. Well-written, realistic and free of polemics, the author captures the mood -and mood swings- of lots of people these days. (150 p., Les Éditions Rodrigol ).