

Elizabeth Bertoldi

Volodymyr Bilyk

Selina Boan

Craig Calhoun

Ariel Gonzalez Losada

MARGENTO

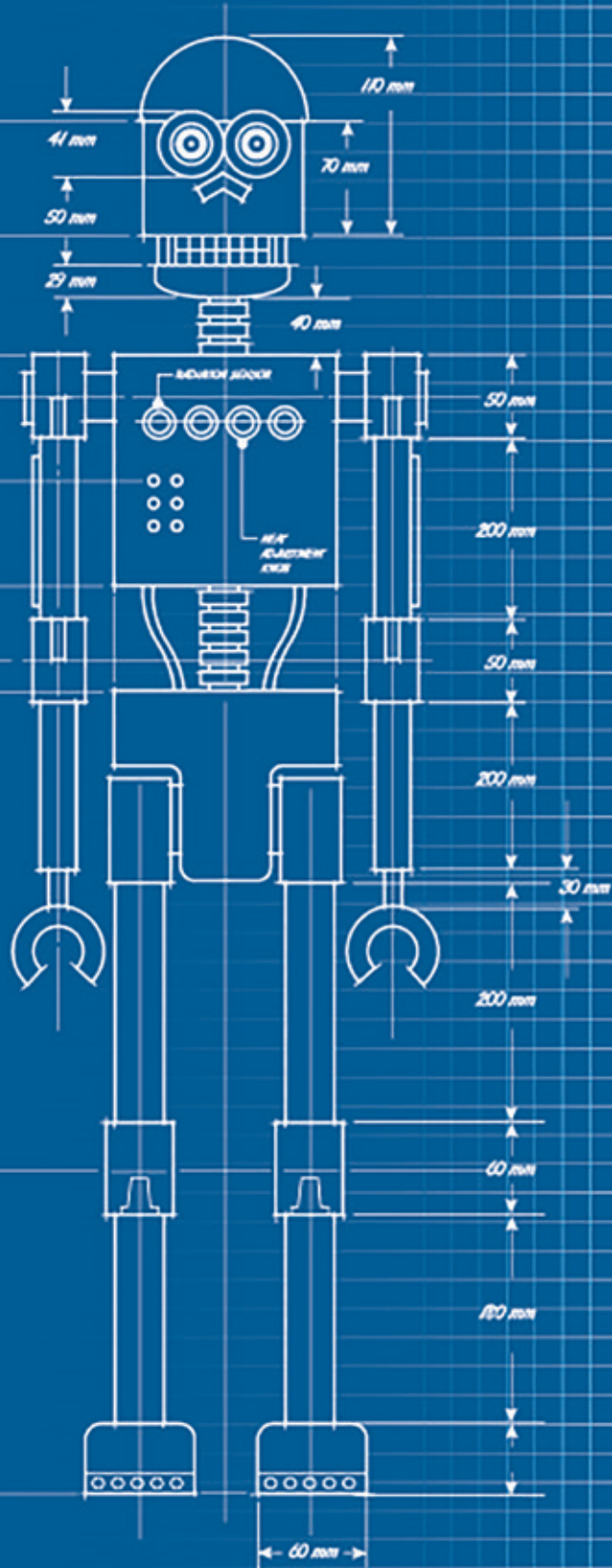
a rawlings  
& Sachiko Murakami

sven staelens

Carol Stetser

Tom Walmsley

Liz Worth



Issue 7

experiment-0

to the frivolous interlopers

# Elizabeth Bertoldi



Magic Landscape, Mixed Media on Paper, 15 x 30 inches



## Elizabeth Bertoldi



Tree of Life, Mixed Media on Paper, 22 x 30 inches

## Elizabeth Bertoldi



Over the Hills and Far Away, Mixed Media on Paper, 15 x 20 inches





Abstract # 5, Oil on Canvas, 16 x 20 inches

## Elizabeth Bertoldi

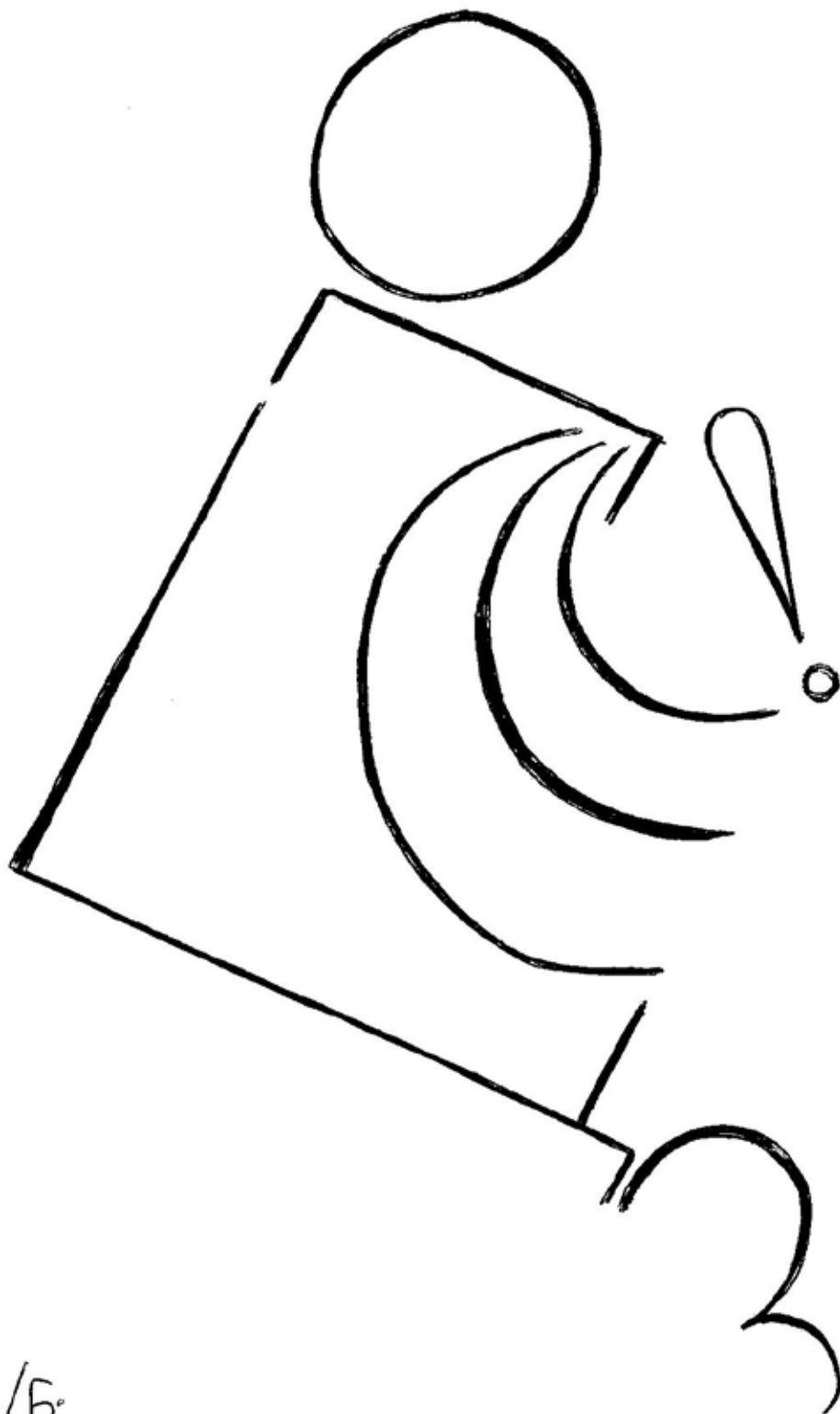


*Spontaneita',* Abstract # 4, Oil on Canvas, 20 x 16 inches



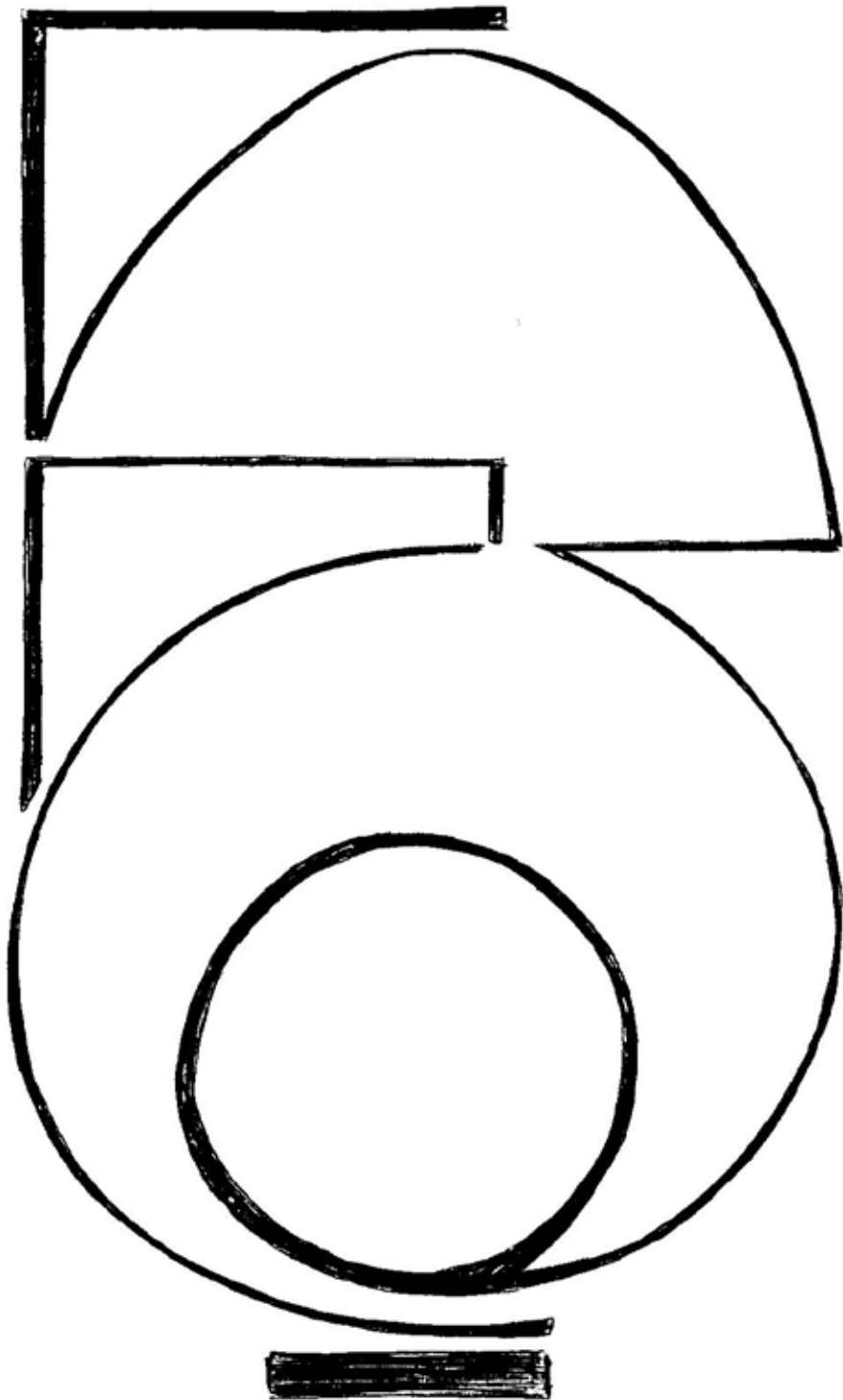


*Spontaneita'*, Abstract # 1, Oil on Canvas, 20 x 16 inches

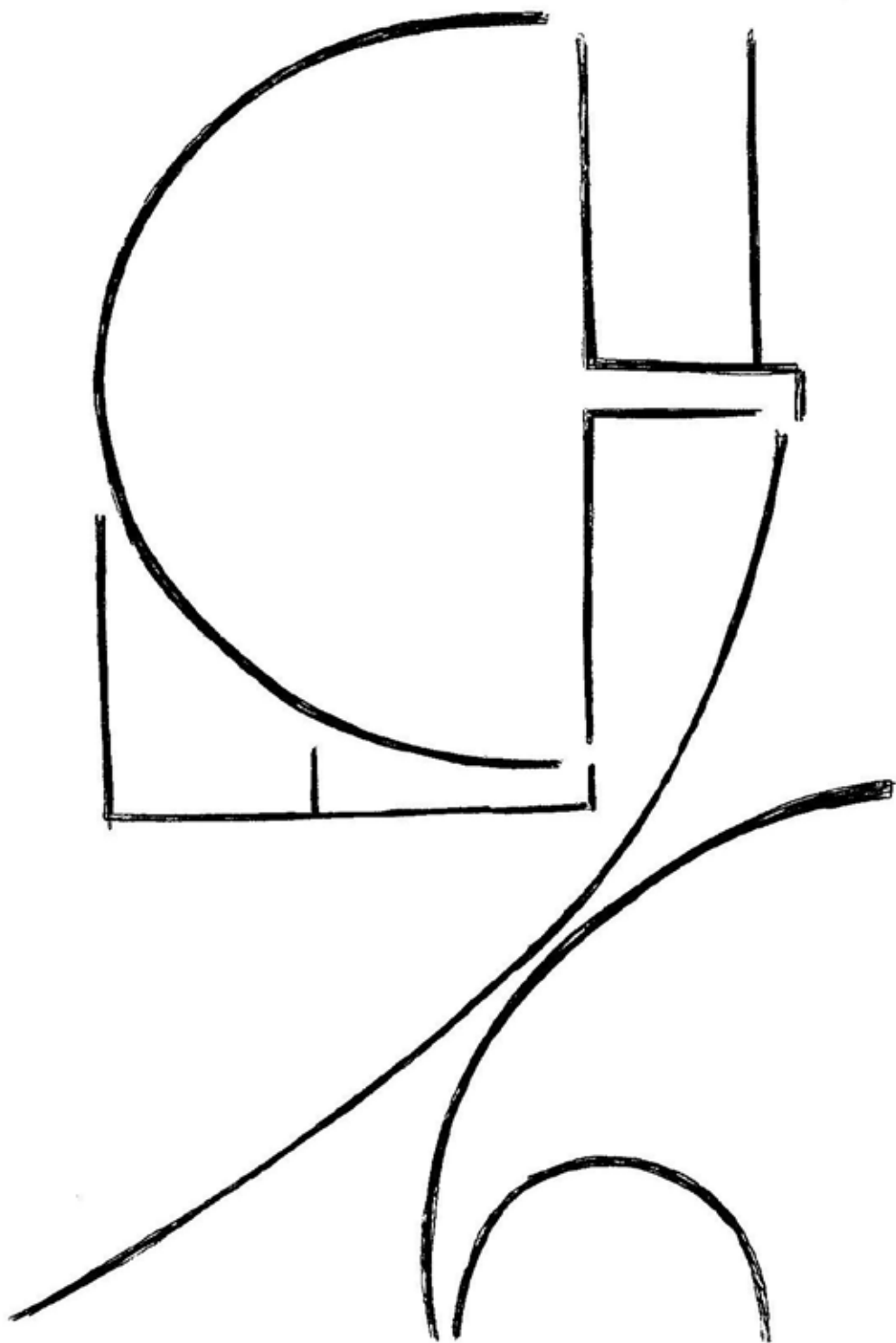


B/6

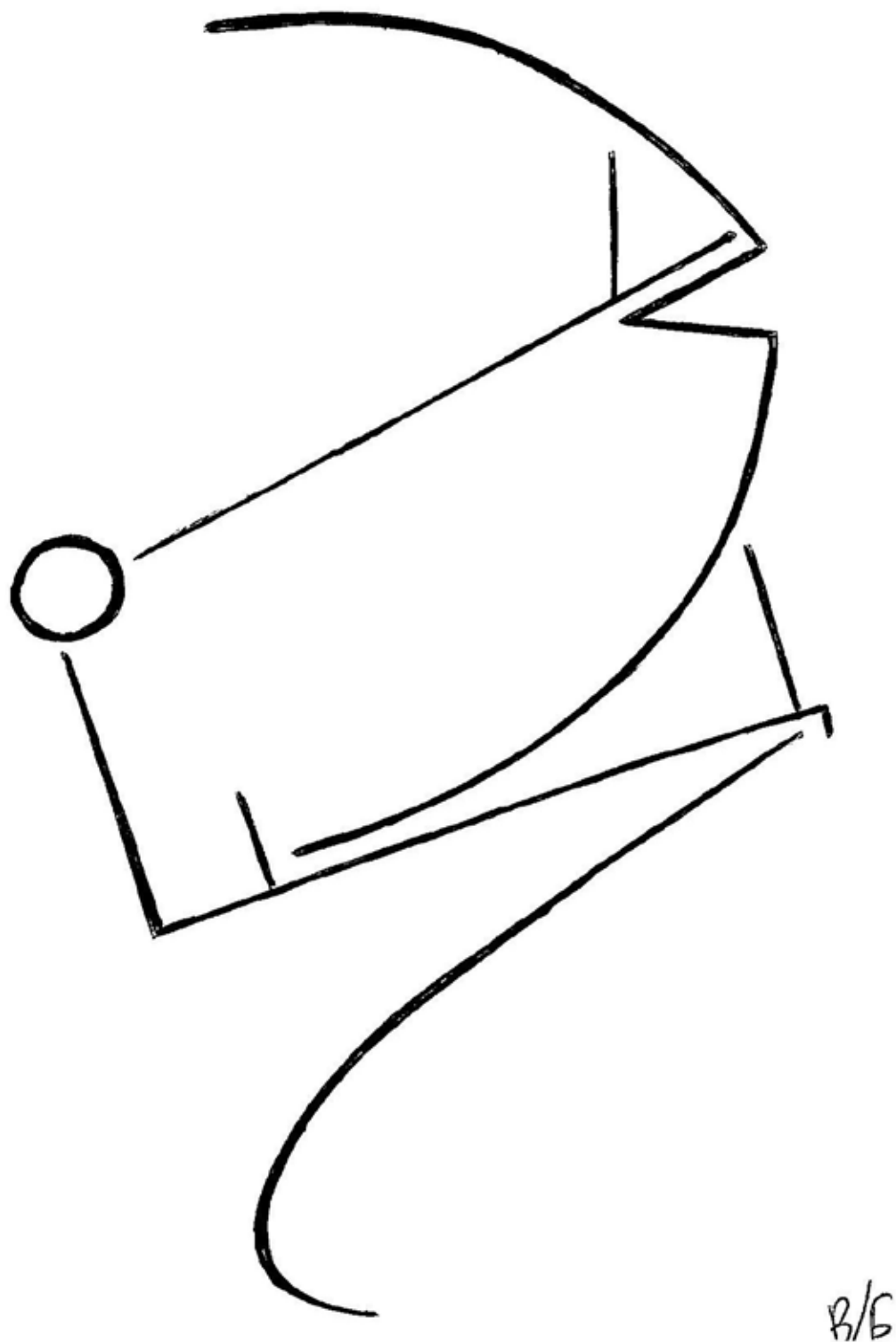




B/E



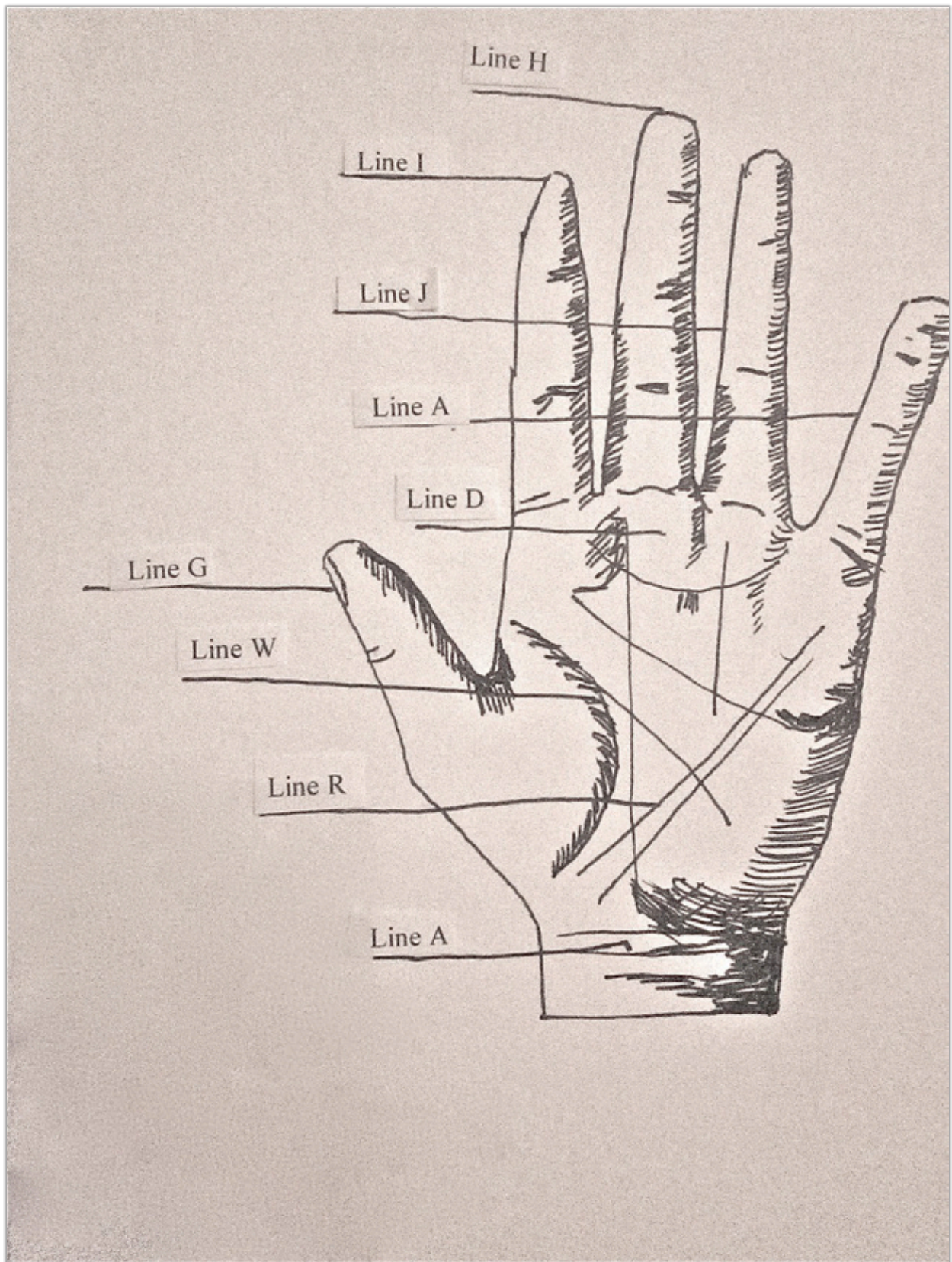




B/E

# Volodymyr Bilyk

Hi  
means  
and No  
in sounds like Knee  
Ukrainian.





# Selina Boan

## *Lessons in Palmistry:*

1.

Bent towards the ache,  
begin tireless

Always a nod to her worry,  
wallflower, white-lipped  
waiting

Remember that clients are common  
and ambiguity answers all

2.

my sister was a broomed fist  
clutching birched nonsense notes

wife wishes

I came to you curious  
hoping to learn  
how to read her whole again

shape shifter

3.

Conical gives                      Frivolity

Spatulate gives                  Activity

Square gives

Reason rising                      Prudence

Remember they'll want you wise,  
cupping truths by the tongue-full

## Selina Boan

4.

line-reader

teach me the patterns of creeked flesh,  
the index and fissure of hands weeping,

the way the body speaks of dreams

5.

Uncanny,  
make the imagination a mystery

Measure the palm open  
reveal, revel,

Restore

6.

sister hands  
pile at my feet

a thousand restless fingers  
crawling

7.

Index finger foray:

If it is even  
Too long  
Too short  
Crooked

It is good  
Takes tyranny  
Careless  
Hysteria

## Selina Boan

8.

tongue turns envy,  
hands able to respond a fraction of a second faster  
than lips  
form words

her silence is telling

9.

Recall a clean hand  
wants no washing

A dirty hand  
desires

A wrecked hand  
wounds

10.

how we      scratch

supplicate

confess

feel with a seeing hand,  
that which is already known



# Craig Calhoun

## HEALTH AND HUMAN RESOURCE SERVICES

*But alas, I was no swimmer / So I lost my Clementine*  
Percy Montrose

In diametric contrast to the hardness of her eyes, the woman from Health and Human Resource Services possessed the warmest of smiles. It was a vaguely lopsided thing, one that could disarm even the most disgruntled of employees. The power of her smile, she knew full well, was the only reason that the section heads were always sending her out into the field on these shit assignments. No matter how steely or narrowed the woman from Health and Human Resource Services consciously forced her eyes to appear, because of her smile it always seemed as if she was truly empathetic to the problems of her fellow man, a real detriment to any swift professional ascent.

But what could she do? It was the face she was born with. She took the assignments she was given and she smiled.

So at a quarter past eleven the woman from Health and Human Resource Services parked her car in front of Jared Carpenter's officehome, which was part of a squat quadplex located in one of the less-than-pleasant pensioner campuses that could be found anywhere in the Lower East Section. Although it had been raining hard for the last several days, she was still able to pick out the acrid smells of the antique retirees inside their officehomes, every single one of them tapping away pointlessly at their derelict keyboards, wasting oxygen. After tapping her badge on Carpenter's front door three times as a courtesy, she saw a short grey man in a matching suit. He smiled nervously. Being quite eager to get this over with, the woman from Health and Human Resource Services applied the unfortunate tender smile that she'd been born with.

"Jared.Carpenter?"

The old man straightened his glasses. "Yes? Good morning."

"Good morning, Jared. My name is Georgette Baker. I'm with your local HHRS Department. How are you today?"

"Busy as always. How are you, Georgette?"

"Very busy, thank you."

The woman took a deep breath while the man shuffled on his feet.

"Jared, I've been sent here by the dataNEXT municipal disciplinary board to inform you that your son, Ethan Cooper Carpenter, has had his employment contract with the city terminated earlier this morning, shortly after nine o'clock. And as a result, Ethan has summarily been relieved of his residential position, including all associated health and safety rights and benefits."

Carpenter removed his heavy glasses and sighed, knowing full well that this day would arrive sooner or later. Carpenter braced himself against the door frame, fighting to keep his tone of voice professional: "Am I able to inquire as to the reasons that would warrant dataNEXT to take such a

# Craig Calhoun

step?"

More than anything the woman from Health and Human Resource Services hated when nobodies, especially sad little retired nobodies, asked questions, when they acted so entitled. But she maintained her smile. "It seems that Ethan struck his Team Leader over the back of the head with his office chair just prior to having damaged nearly fourteen thousand dollars-worth of dataNEXT property when he urinated on it."

Carpenter, in spite of himself, shook his head, struggling to conjure a happy image of his son. But he'd never really known his boy to smile. Ethan always wore a grimace on his face, as if God had maliciously made the sun too bright, just to spite him and only him. Or, as if the act of being awake caused his body to ache terribly. Ethan always seemed to walk as if he had contracted acute appendicitis.

The woman from Health and Human Resource Services continued, "And so Ethan has been disciplined, pursuant to municipal dataNEXT citizen performance clause 73/CC/1. As a result, Jared, you being the unemployed's next of kin, his effects and offspring are being transferred to your custody."

Still smiling, the woman from Health and Human Resource Services pointed in the direction of her car parked at the curb. Carpenter peered through the sheets of rain, spotting the small silhouette of someone sitting in the backseat of a sedan clawing at the windows. The woman handed Carpenter a tablet and stylus and asked him to please enter his information while she collected his granddaughter.

Ignoring the entry form, Carpenter watched as the woman from Health and Human Resource Services, poised beneath a dataNEXT umbrella, opened the rear door and pulled from the backseat a small shrieking girl. She was no more than four years old and was wearing a pink backpack. In protest, the girl went completely limp, forcing the woman to drag her by the wrist all the way back to Carpenter's door. The girl's face was streaked in mucous, hair, and tears. The sound of her piercing cries caused the neighbours to discreetly leave their workstations to peek out at this strange curiosity. Quickly, Carpenter ushered everyone inside.

The woman from Health and Human Resource Services composed herself, brushing water from her sleeves. "After dataNEXT takes possession of its officehome supplies allocated to Ethan, and it recompenses the nine thousand dollar loss from Ethan's account, the remaining items will be sent here to you. Mostly likely you'll receive them in four to six weeks."

Carpenter couldn't take his eyes off of his granddaughter, searching her face for familiar facial features.

"Do you have any questions, Jared?"

"Could you please tell me her name, miss? I haven't spoken with my son for about twelve years. I don't know anything about her. I didn't know that she even existed." Carpenter's professionalism cracked, verging on tears of tears.

## Craig Calhoun

Also sensing that the pensioner was about to cry, the woman tilted her head an additional five degrees in empathy. "Her name is Clementine Carpenter."

The woman looked at the two of them for a moment, hating her job for the tenth time that day, wanting nothing more than to go back to her workstation. "Jared, unfortunately, I'm late for another meeting. Of course, dataNEXT apologizes for your loss."

The woman tapped her badge to Carpenter's, transferring her office's information to his contacts list. "Here are my details if there are any issues. Thank you for your time."

Then the woman from Health and Human Resource Services was gone. The chilled air from the storm outside moved through Carpenter's officehome, past his sofa and his workstation, down the hall and into the bedroom, billowing out the white cotton curtains as it escaped back outside.

The old man checked the clock. Since he was supposed to go on break in three minutes anyway Carpenter let himself collapse onto his sofa, rubbing his temples and wondering what he was going to do now. These were supposed to be his Golden Years. His workstation flashed red as incoming customer service calls from Asia went into over-ring. Clementine spun suddenly and went for the door. Her fingers, not yet understanding the mechanics of the doorknob, slid uselessly over the polished aluminum. She collapsed to the floor in frustration.

"Oh no, no, no, no," Carpenter stammered as he lifted himself up off the sofa, his knees aching with the effort, rushing past his workstation and causing that month's stack of utility bills to fall onto the floor. He gathered up the papers before he gathered up his granddaughter. Her small fists and feet swung madly to strike him.

"Darling, stop that now," he cooed awkwardly, collecting her fists like dandelions in one hand and patting her back with the other, trying to remember the correct tone for authoritative pacification. "Clementine," he tried again, using her name for the first time, "I know that this is hard. It's hard for me too."

After several more attempts at calming the violent storm in his arms, Roger, the young man who was Carpenter's officehome supervisor, tapped his badge only once before letting himself in the front door. Roger was in his thirties and had enjoyed the ease of managing the pensioners of the call centre. He was comfortable and worried often about the stress of promotion. He liked working here.

"Jared? Is everything alright in here? I'm seeing on my monitor that there are a lot of calls going into over-ring in here."

"Everything's fine, Roger," Carpenter answered from behind the flying wisps of Clementine's hair, fighting again to keep his voice as positive as possible. "I just had a visit from Health and Human Resource Services. They told me that my son had been relieved this morning. It seems that they've transferred my granddaughter over to me, as you can tell by the lovely lady I have here in my arms."

"Oh no, that's too bad," Roger ran his fingers through his hair, maintaining his part. "It happens."

"Yes, it happens. Especially in this economy," Carpenter replied absently, remembering when



## Craig Calhoun

Ethan had been this size, how he too hated being held.

"I'm sorry for your loss, Jared, really I am, but Marjorie over in three is complaining about all the noise in here. Plus you really need to get on those calls. Randy called in sick today. You'll have to skip break today."

As he spoke, Roger took the opportunity to look for any new cosmetic damages to Carpenter's officehome that could be added on to March's rent payment. A second quarter loss in revenue had to be made up somehow. Roger noted a few dings on the side of the credenza. "Is everything going to be alright here?"

"Sure, Roger. She's just never been without her dad before. I'm really sorry about this. I'll call over to Youth Employment Care on my lunch break."

"Let's just hope that she acclimates to her new surroundings sooner rather than later, eh?" Roger bounced on his heels, and feigned concern. Roger knew himself to be a good leader for these people. "You know what, Jared. Just go ahead and take your lunch now. Get everything squared away." He made eye contact with the little girl, "Good to have you aboard, Ms. Carpenter." He gave her a little wave before leaving. Clementine struggled harder in her grandfather's arms as she watched the door open and then began to cry when it closed again.

Still maintaining his grip on his granddaughter, Carpenter walked over and logged off from his workstation before placing Clementine on the sofa and then taking a seat next to her in the easy chair. He opened her small pink backpack with one hand while holding Clementine's wrist in the other. Inside were two dresses and two pairs of underwear crumpled into wads. Most likely, Clementine's initial employment certificate would be sent with the rest of her things. He'd need to register for the benefit. Plus he wanted to know what her middle name was. He wondered if his son had been married. Where was Clementine's mother now? Maybe she'd been relieved too, perhaps.

After a couple minutes, Clementine stopped struggling and sat back. She looked most like Ethan's mother, Carpenter figured. Beautiful, just like her.

"Hey, have you had lunch yet, Clementine?"

The little girl made no response.

"Come on. You heard Roger. He said we could take our lunch early. Today's our lucky day! I'll go make us something to eat." Carpenter went into his small kitchenette where he bought two sandwiches from the vending machine. When he returned, Clementine was at the door again, attempting once more to turn the knob.

Carpenter lifted her up and carried her back to the sofa.

"Where's Daddy?" Clementine spoke her first words to her grandfather.

"Your daddy got in trouble, darling. So they transferred you over to me to take care of you. I know you'll miss him." Carpenter moved the hair from her face. "I will too. But this thing happens to lots of

## Craig Calhoun

kids now and then, especially in this economy. It'll be alright soon enough. I promise."

Carpenter placed Clementine back on the sofa and unwrapped the cellophane from their sandwiches, placing them on two pieces of brown paper towel laid out on the coffee table. Carpenter forced Clementine take a bite of her peanut butter and jelly, which she then spit onto the carpet as Carpenter busied himself preparing his turkey and Swiss. Clementine, searching for a way out, looked down the hall and into the bedroom at the end. At the rear of the room, next to the dresser, was an open window. White cotton curtains waved at her as the rain fell heavily outside.

Carpenter finished his lunch and took his granddaughter's hand, walking her over to his workstation and sitting her down on his knee. "You know, Clementine, I can still remember the first time someone I really cared about got relieved. It's awful not having them around every day. It's hard. Your daddy was a good man. He really was. He just always had problems with people telling him what to do. Didn't think it was natural or something. He'd get so mad at me whenever I tried."

Carpenter looked at his workstation. The calls were still going into over-ring.

"Once upon a time, Clementine, when I was a little younger than your daddy was now, I used to work doing something called engineering. A long time ago we used to make things in buildings called factories. It was my job to dream up those things and help make them real. My daddy, your great-grandpa, always wanted me to be an engineer. For him, engineers were the big shots. They had the big corner offices and the big houses and these things called secretaries. My daddy worked in a factory, where it was hot and they didn't get treated too nicely, and what he most wanted in the world was for his son to be one of the people that he'd someday have to call "sir".

Clementine stared at the white cotton curtains at the end of the hall.

"But by the time I grew up and became an engineer, these people called salesmen had already taken up all the corner offices. Your great-granddad had me all set up and ready to be a big shot in a world that no longer existed. But you know, I never really liked machines much anyway. I liked those things over there," Carpenter pointed at the small bookshelf next to the sofa.

"So every day I would play dress-up just like this," the old man flapped his wrinkled grey necktie at the little girl. "I'd sit at my little desk from nine to five. Back then, it was really hard to get a job, so I was forced to dream up machines for the salespeople in the corner offices, no matter how much I hated them, every day in my shirt and tie and my leather shoes.

"You know what? I have something fun we can do, Clementine. But you can't say anything." Carpenter checked around his home-office just in case Roger had slipped in without knocking. To be safe though, Carpenter lowered the volume on his workstation's speakers. He looked through his classic television video files until he found one of his old favourites.

"Back then, Clementine, when I was very young I had a very good friend who I worked with. He hated machines just as much as I did. We would always wonder how it happened that two very identical and out of place people had found themselves locked voluntarily in the same room together every single weekday. And my friend looked almost exactly like this man right here." Carpenter reduced the size of the video player to something less conspicuous and moved it to the bottom right-

## Craig Calhoun

hand corner of the screen before starting an episode of M\*A\*S\*H. Carpenter pointed at the raven-haired young doctor ducking underneath spinning helicopter blades in order to treat a wounded soldier. "I don't suppose you've seen this show before, Clementine?"

The girl was still watching the white curtains sway in the breeze.

Carpenter went on, mostly to himself, watching his favourite show, "My friend looked just like Hawkeye here. He never dressed properly for work. After a while, he'd even gotten me out of my loafers and into my old tennis shoes. I even stopped tucking in my shirt and shaving every morning. I named your daddy after my friend."

Clementine slid from Carpenter's lap as the old man reminisced. She moved quietly down the hall towards the window.

"My manager back then, Clementine, he was a very bad man. My friend and he, they would butt heads constantly. I was afraid then. Afraid to lose my job. I took my managers abuse with a smile. I would thank him, happy to have a steady income. Good benefits. I had a family. But my friend couldn't stand it and they fought at every turn." The doctors on the screen laughed together in their filthy tent.

"The day they fired my friend, the two of us were in our little cubicle dreaming up machines, when the owner of the business, who is like the president, stopped in for a visit. And he was just as mean as my manager was."

In the bedroom now, Clementine stood in front of the open window, the wet window sill a few feet above her head. Carpenter laughed at his show. The doctors were performing surgery, dismayed by the ravages of war between one-liners.

"My friend just couldn't take orders with a smile is all, just like your daddy couldn't. I was at my computer when it happened and everyone around me was arguing. My friend was telling our bosses everything what was wrong with how things were run at the factory, the things everyone complained about, exactly why people weren't happy. The owner of the company told my friend that if he wasn't happy here, he could always leave and look for something better."

Clementine could understand that if she took Carpenter's books from the nightstand, she could stack them and hoist herself up.

"My friend looked to me for help, for me to give him some support against these bad men in charge. But I just kept my head down, continued inventing the machines that the salespeople wanted by the end of the day. Your daddy would never have done what I did. The owner told my friend that it might be better, actually, if he just left right away. My friend shook his head at me, Clementine. I pretended not to see him. I stayed focused on the gears I was drawing. He packed up his things right next to me. I tried to talk to him, apologize, but pretended not to hear me. Through my window, I watched him walk through the parking lot to wait for the bus to arrive and take him home. I watched him wait for twenty minutes. Then the bus came and I never saw him again."

Clementine pulled herself up. She brought one leg up and over the aluminum sill. Rain hit her



## Craig Calhoun

dress. Then the shoe on her other foot caught on corner. She lost her balance and fell forward, head-first into a large, muddy puddle that had formed just beneath the window. Clementine only had enough time to let out a brief chirp before she hit the ground.

"And then I didn't have anyone," Carpenter muttered. "It hurt for a long time. But Clementine, pretty soon you just get used to not having them around anymore. We just have to adjust, especially in this economy."

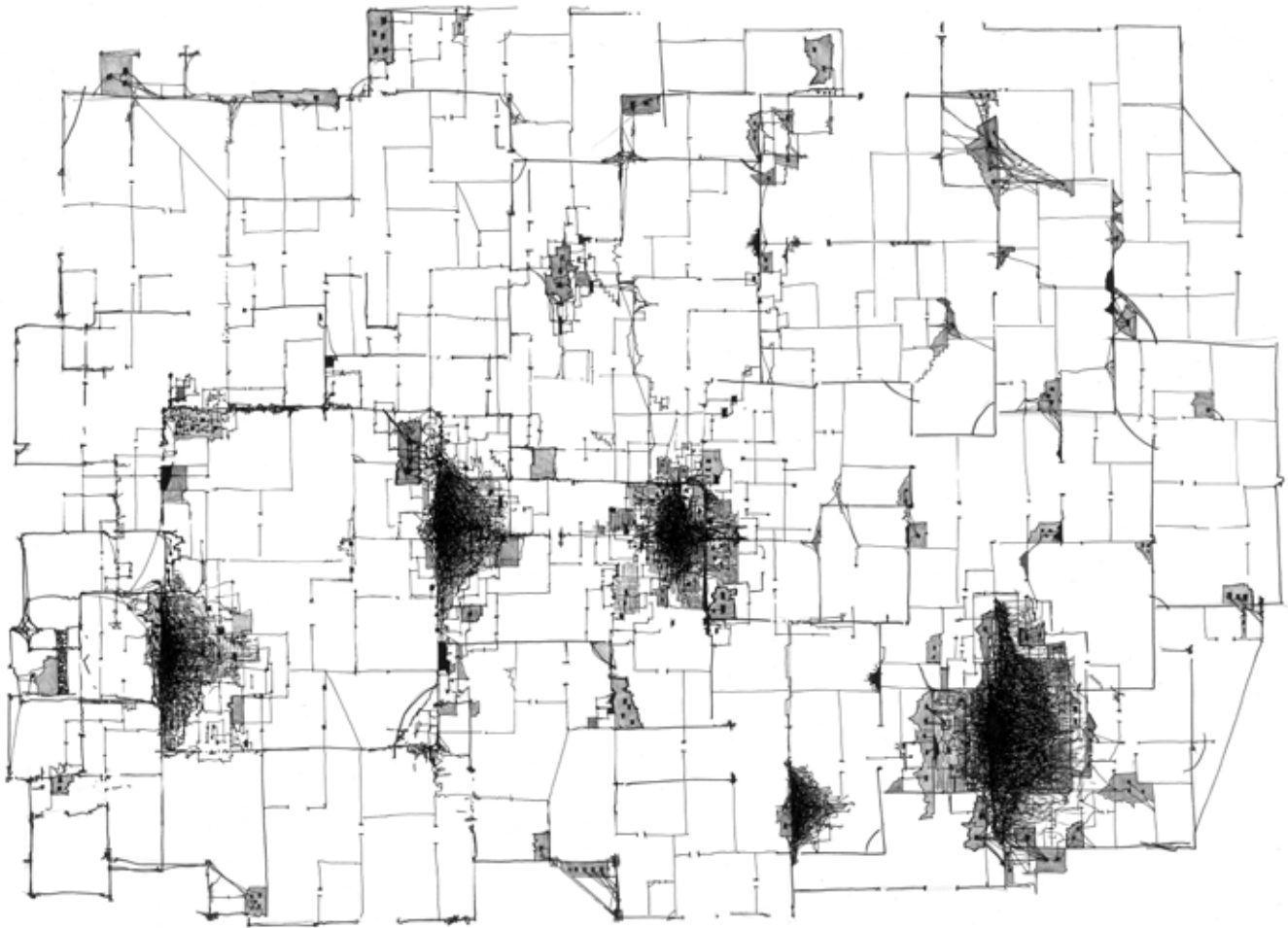
Small bubbles moved up along Clementine's cheek, surfacing for just a moment before bursting.

Roger knocked once and let himself in again. Carpenter didn't allow himself appear startled and discreetly minimized the video on his computer. "How's your granddaughter doing, Carpenter? Get a hold of Youth Employee Care yet?" he inquired, pleasantly.

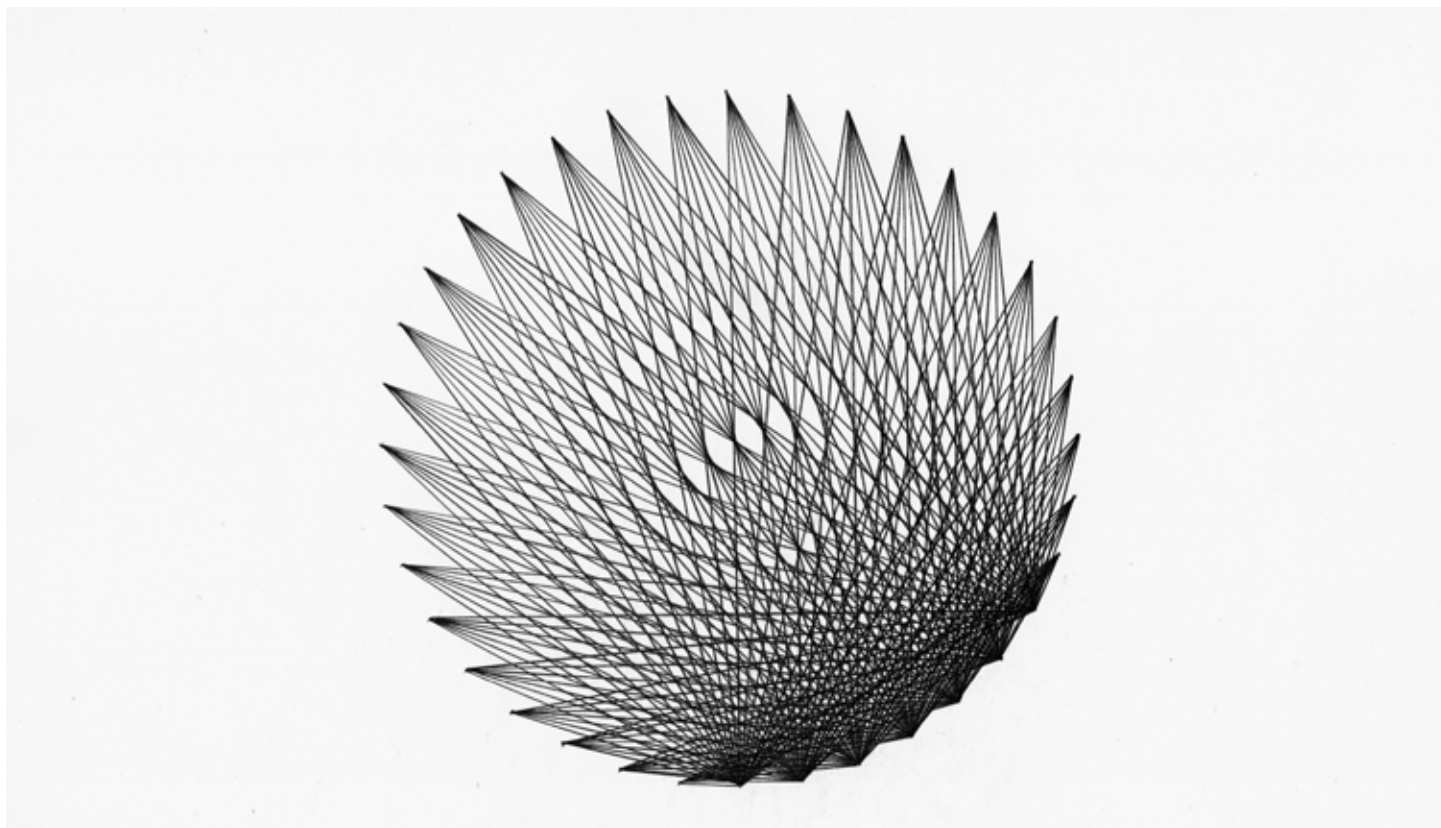
Carpenter finally noticed she wasn't there, but stayed positive. "She's adjusting, Roger. I am too," Carpenter chuckled awkwardly, looking around for her. "I'm really sorry about all this trouble."

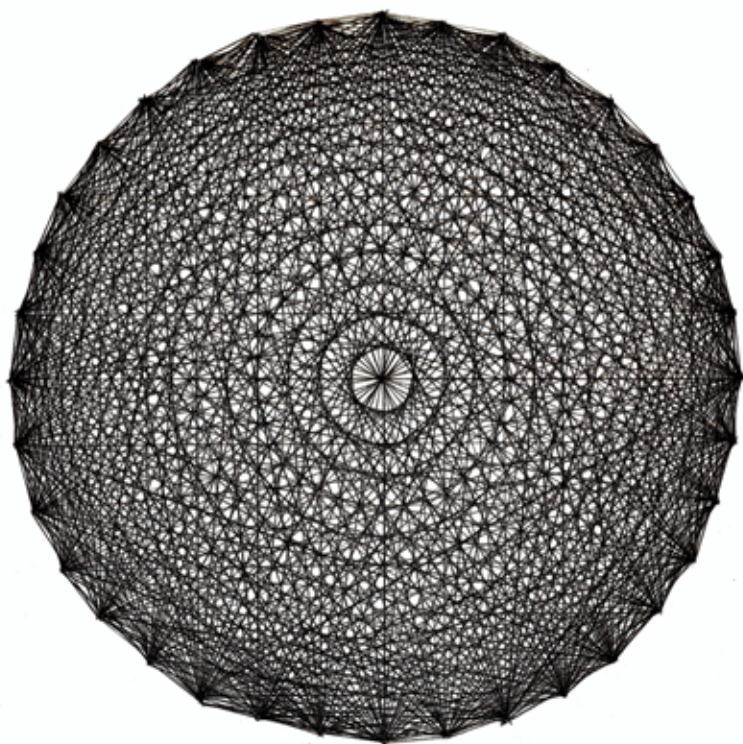
Roger nodded and again searching for any more cosmetic damage. He spotted the piece of chewed peanut butter and jelly sandwich on the floor next to the sofa. "Carpenter, pick that garbage up, please! What if clients came in?"

Carpenter rushed over to pick up Clementine's discarded lunch. Glancing down the hall into his bedroom, he saw a little brown shoe and the streams of water that were flowing from the window sill and onto the carpet. Carpenter smiled nervously at Roger, picked up the piece of vending machine sandwich, placed it on the piece of paper towel on the coffee table, and then rushed down the hall.

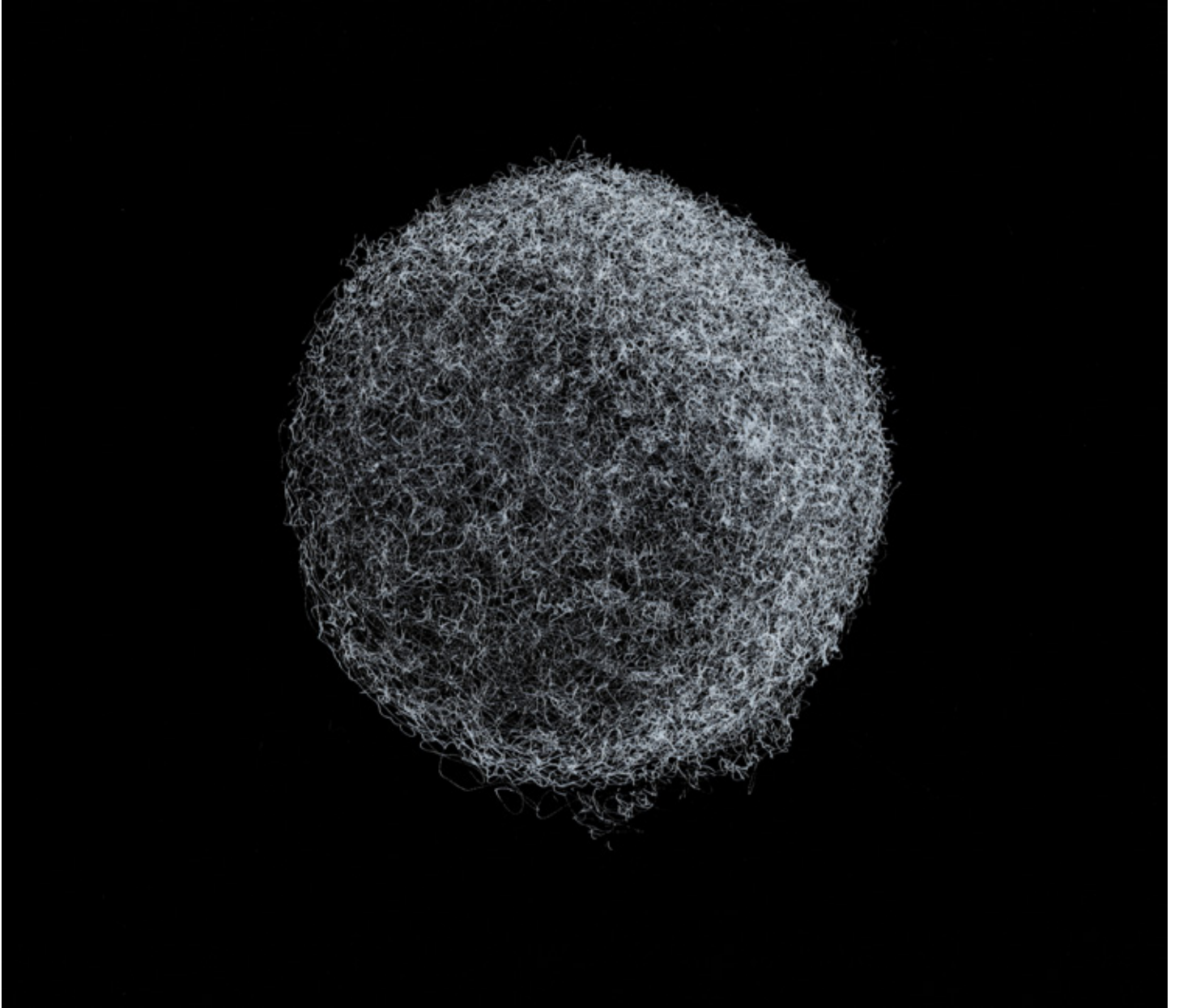


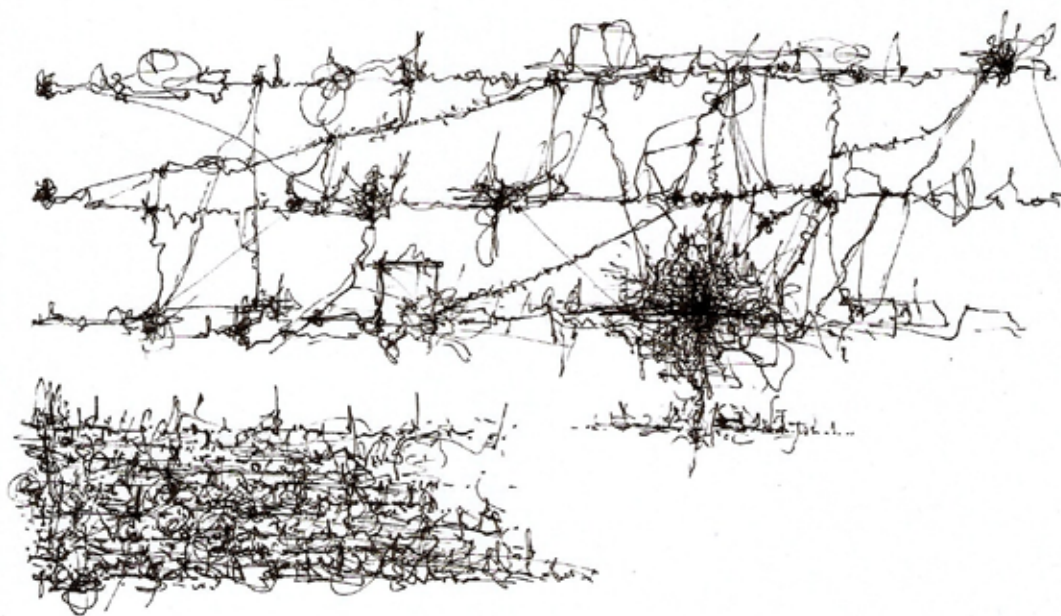
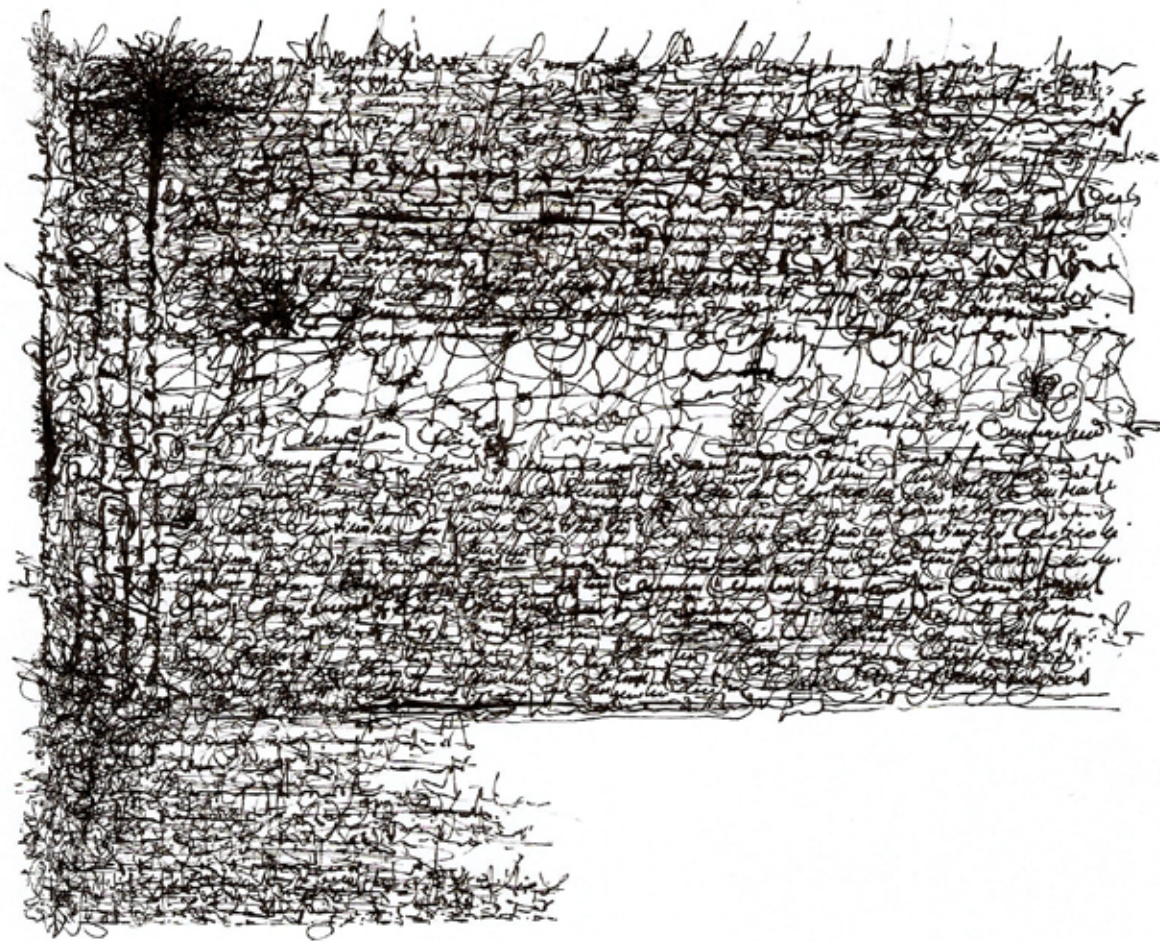
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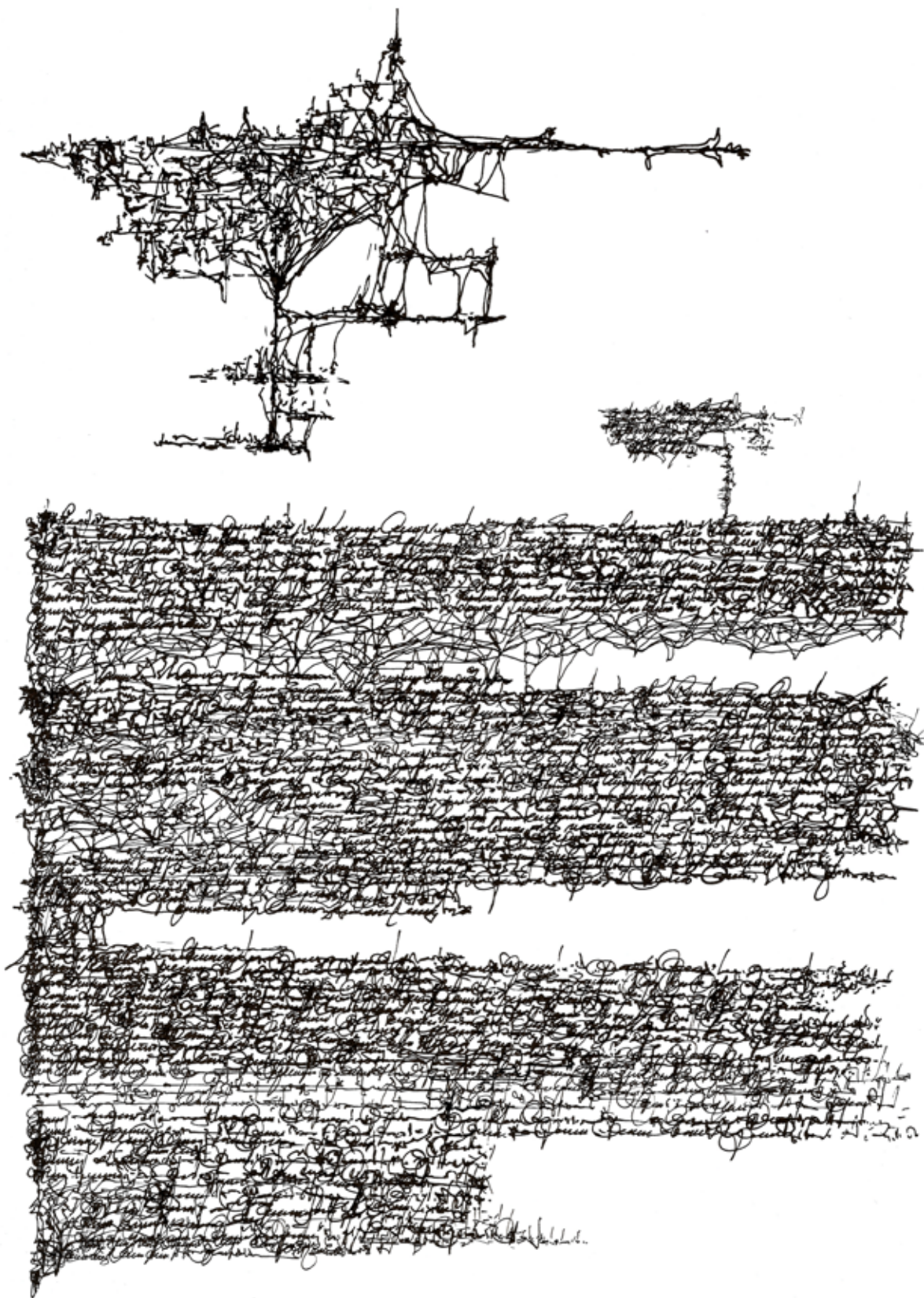




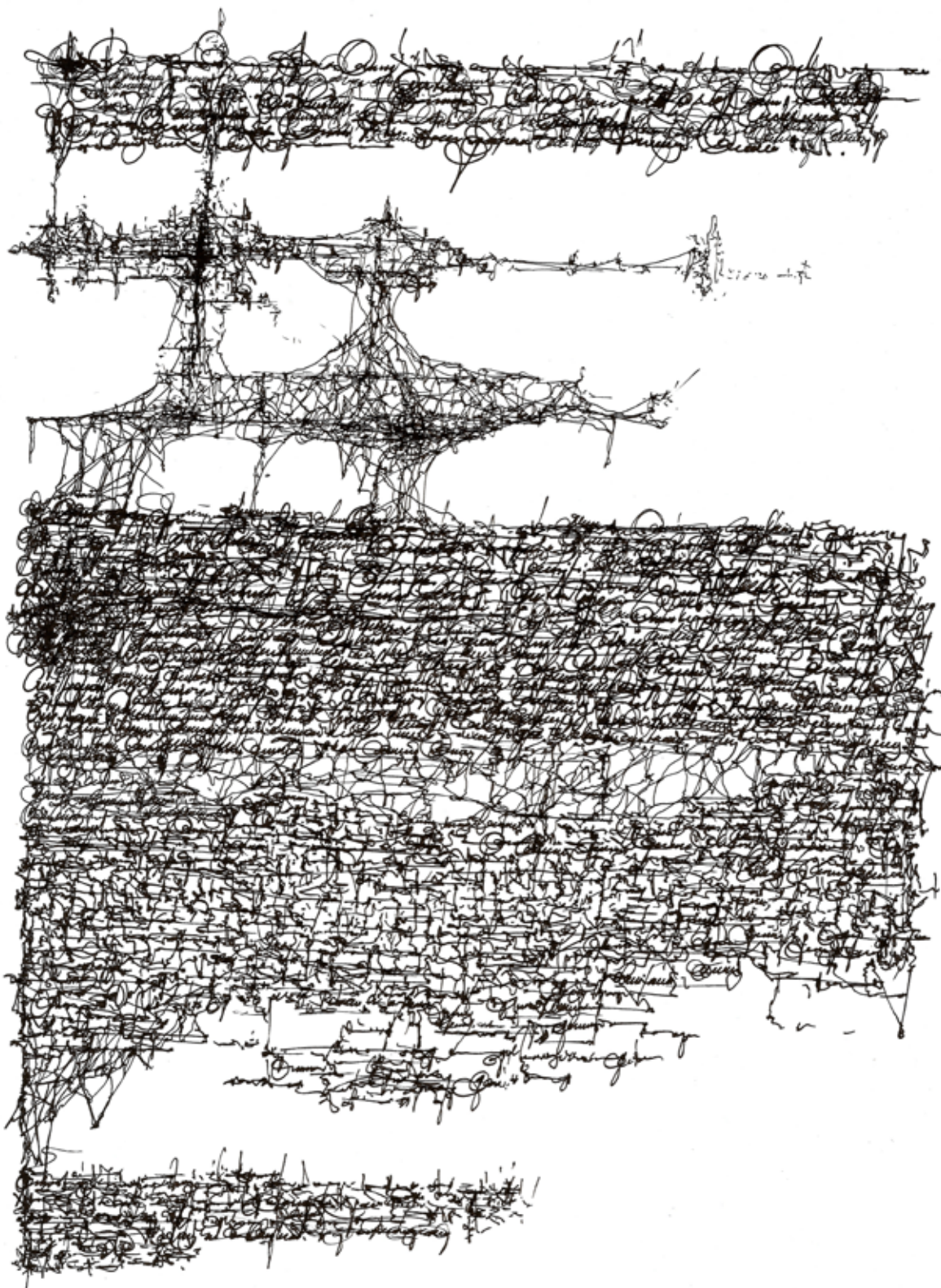


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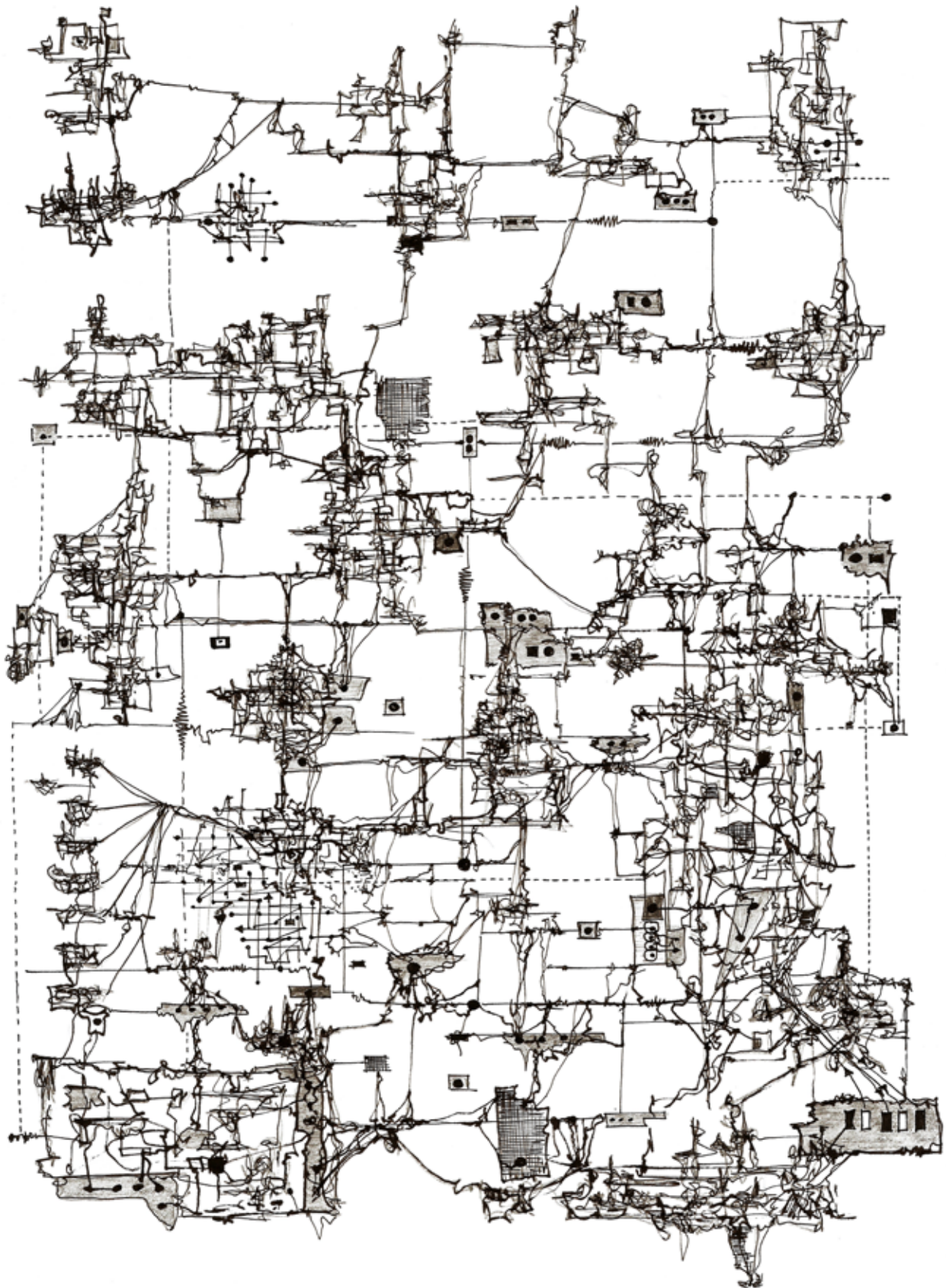












# MARGENTO

## *from* VERSE-TRANS-VERSE

Verse-trans-verse is a species of verse generated in a language by means of translation into another (or other) language(s). The output of the operation is a bi-(or multi)dimensional poem in (a space of) two or more languages at the same time, or, put otherwise, two or  $n$  poems in a multilingual continuum. After the detour of linguistic, cultural, historical, and stylistic translation, the poem returns to (one of) its 'original' languages (or the *lingua franca* of choice) as a prodigal (transvestite) son bringing along one or more new siblings, discovered or begotten on their way back to a home thus itself translated to foreign familiarity by dint of familiar foreignness.

The journey of such poem is the unveiling travail-travel through linguistic, cultural, and stylistic layers apocalyptically severed, dislodged, transmuted, and then reconnected into a both salvaging and fresh new, amplified commonality.

In the verse-trans-verses below, each sequence includes (one of/a link to) the original(s), translation into Romanian, and then translation (back) into English.



# MARGENTO

**Constantine P. Cavafy** — “Julian at the Mysteries” — the original Greek poem is available [here](#) and a recent translation [here](#).

*Margento*

**După Kavafis: În toiul banchetului la mănăstire, poetul și toți ceilalți coborără-n boltă...**

Dar când s-a pomenit în beznă  
în burta bortei din adânc  
înconjurat de popi smintiți  
și chicote de fete bete  
văzu că-ntr-adevăr din groapă  
se-nalță, încet, un spectru fără cap,  
dar cu o aură de fosfor  
țintindu-l ca un ochi imens:  
– Draculea... înțepeniră toți...  
doar el își aminti de viața  
lui, și-a lumii... și se-nchină.  
Îndată duhul dispăru,  
se stinse aura, pieri năluca.  
Călugării se-ochiră strâmb.  
– Ați văzut minunea, dragii mei?  
M-a luat cu groază, tre’ să plec,  
ce, n-ați văzut cum s-a topit  
strigoiul atunci când m-a simțit  
făcându-mi sfântul semn al crucii?  
Părinții chicotiră-n dungă:  
– Rușine, rușine, să ne vorbești  
nouă, călugări vrednici, astfel!  
Dacă de-astea vrei să debitezi,  
zi-le lui Stoker sau lui Coppola  
și altor pocăiți din vest...  
Un mare sfânt din neamul nostru  
tocmai ți se arătase.  
Și dacă a plecat nu-nseamnă  
că s-a speriat de-un simplu gest,  
ci doar c-atunci când te-a văzut  
ce ipocrit te-nchini pocit  
crezându-l demon, firea-i sfântă  
s-a depărtat de neatins  
sub ipostasu-ndurerat...  
Acestea auzind, nătângul  
cu aere pioase, scăpat  
din spaima binecuvântată  
de vorba popilor smintiți  
prinse de buci o fată beată:  
– Dă-i chef atuncea pân-la moarte!

# MARGENTO

## After Cavafy: In the Middle of the Monastery Symposium, the Poet and All the Others Went Down into the Vault

But when he found himself in the pitch dark  
down in the deepest cellar's belly  
surrounded by the batty monks  
and the giggling drunken girls  
he saw indeed how from the grave  
slowly a specter rose, having no head  
but just a phosphorous halo  
glaring at him like a huge eyeball:  
"Dracula..." passed a sigh transfixing them all...  
while he alone, not losing sight  
of his life, and the world's... crossed himself.  
And suddenly the spirit vanished,  
the halo faded, the apparition died away.  
The monks squinted at each other.  
"Guys, did you see the miracle?  
"I'm really scared, gotta go,  
"what, didn't you see the vampire  
"getting lost as soon as it was clear  
"I'd make the sign of our holy cross?"  
The fathers chuckled and grinned sideways:  
"Shame, shame on you for talking  
"to us honorable monks that way!  
"If that's your tune then better play it  
"to Bram Stoker, Francis Coppola  
"and all them Western holy rollers...  
"A great saint of our nation  
"has just made an apparition.  
"And if he went away he did not  
"do that being scared by a mere gesture,  
"but most likely when he saw you  
"so hypocritically maiming it,  
"believing him to be a daemon, his holy  
"physis fled to stay untouched  
"under the hurt hypostasis..."  
On hearing that, the pious dunce,  
out of the blue fatally cleared  
of the beatitude of guilt  
by all the batty padres' words  
just grabbed a drunk girl by the ass:  
"We'll party then until the last gasp!"

# MARGENTO

*Arnaut Daniel*

## [Pòis Raimons e Truc Malècs]

Pòis Raimons e Truc Malècs  
Chapten n'aiman e sos dècs,  
Enan serai vielhs e canècs  
Ans que m'acòrt en aitals prècs  
Don puòsca venir tan grans pècs;  
Qu'al cornar l'agra mestiers bècs  
Ab que'lh traissés del còrn los grècs;  
E pòis pògra ben issir cècs  
Que'l fums es fòrtz qu'ieis dins dels plecs.

Ben l'agra òps que fos becutz  
E'l bècs fos loncx et agutz,  
Que'l còrns es fèrs, laitz e pelutz  
E nul jorn non estai essutz,  
Et es prion dins la palutz  
Per que relent' ensús lo glutz  
Qu'adès per si cor ne rendutz;  
E non vòlh que mais sia drutz,  
Cel que sa boch' al còrn condutz.

Pro i agra d'utres assais,  
De plus bèls que valgron mais,  
E si En Bernartz se n'estrai,  
Per Crist, anc-no'i fetz que savais,  
Car l'en pres paors et esglais.  
Car si'l vengués d'amont lo rais  
Tot l'escaldèra'l còl e'l cais;  
E no'is coven que dòmna bais  
Aquel que cornès còr putnais.

Bernartz, ges eu non m'acòrt  
Al dich Raimon de Durfòrt  
Que vos anc mais n'aguessetz tòrt,  
Que si cornavatz per depòrt,  
Ben trobavatz fòrt contrafòrt,  
E la pudors agra'us tòst mòrt,  
Que peitz òlh non fa fems en òrt:  
E vos, qui que'us en desconòrt,  
Lauzatz en Deu que'us n'a estort.

Ben es estòrt de perilh  
Que retrach for' a son filh  
E a totz aicels de Cornilh;  
Mielhs li fora fos en issilh  
Que la cornès en l'enfonilh  
Entre l'eschin e'l penchenilh  
Lai on se legon li rovilh;

Ja no saubrà tant de gandilh  
No'lh compissès lo gronh e'l cilh.

Dòmna, ges Bernartz non s'estrillh  
Del còrn cornar ses gran dozilh  
Ab que seire'l trauc del penilh,  
Puois poirà cornar ses perilh.

# MARGENTO

Arnaut Daniel

[Deși Raimon și Malec Troc]<sup>1</sup>

Deși Raimon și Malec Troc  
Doamnei Enan i-urmează-n foc,  
Mie s-albesc fi-va-mi soroc  
Până să intru în așa joc  
Multor primejdii bun mijloc;  
Căci de-a sufla îți trebuie-un cioc  
Să tragi din goarnă perle-n scoc;  
Și poți chiori de ambii ochi –  
Grozave fumuri ies pe loc!

E musai ciocul, nesmintit,  
Un cioc prelung și ascuțit,  
Căci cornul hâd, păros, cumplit,  
Ce nu-i uscat un ceas cinstit,  
În mlaștini e-așa-mpotmolit  
Că fermentând căznit, mocnit,  
Scoate bulbuci neconținut;  
Și nu-i bun cela de iubit  
Ce-n goarnă gura și-a proptit.

Și alte probe-s cunoscute,  
Mai clare, pân-la amănunte;  
Bernart fugi de-așa redute,  
Doamne, nu fără virtute;  
Groaza, chiar, poate să ajute –  
De sus, izvorul, în volute,  
Pe gât și fălci putea să-l ude;  
Și... ce doamnă-ar vrea să îl sărute  
Pe cel gornind goarna ce pute?

Eu nu pot să îi țin isonul  
Lui Raymon Dorfort, ighemonul,  
Cum c-ăsta ar fi pocinonul;  
Nu, de-ai fi gornit pomponul,  
Ț-ieșea pe nas tot ghinionul –  
Mureai; că-n dos, iconu-i lighionul  
De balegi, împutînd cotlonul...  
Spun unii c-ai sfeclit canonul?  
Tu, c-ai scăpat, cântă-i lui Domnul!

Bine-a scăpat dintr-un pericol  
Ce-ar fi răsfărînt și pe copil  
Ca și pe toți alde Cornilh;  
Mai bine-ar merge în exil  
Decât să stea suflînd umil  
În pâlnia noadei, sub pistil  
Ce sângeră rugini tiptil.  
Că l-ar borși, de nu-i vigil,  
Tot, pe sprâncene și maxil.

Doamnă, pentru Bernart e inutil  
Gornitul fără-un cep abil  
Înfîpt în bortă-n, 'n dos gracil.  
Atunci gorni-va fără' pericol.

1. A slightly different version of this translation appeared initially in *Poesis International*, Romania



# MARGENTO

*Arnaut Daniel*

**[Although Raimon and Troc Malic]**

Although Raimon and Troc Malic  
With Lady Enan on everything stick  
My hair will have grown grey and slick  
Before resorting to such tricks  
Whose dangers'd make one deadly sick;  
But in order to horn, you'll need a beak  
To pull the pearls out of the chink  
Lest you get blinded while you tweak—  
The fumes that leak out are that thick!

To have a beak—that need is strong,  
A beak that's really sharp and long,  
For the horn is hairy, ugly, funk,  
And never dry, since always dunked  
Deep in the boiling marshes sunk  
The rot in there has always stunk  
And blistered badly, spurting out;  
Picking a lover would be wrong  
Who's kissed the horn with lips and tongue.

More testimony can be borne  
Of greater pitch and detailed form;  
Bernart did flee just like a storm,  
Christ! not for being a poltroon;  
Yet fear and loathing seized him on—  
The squirting spring up on the knoll  
Could've scalded neck and cheekbone;  
And, what lady would kiss in her turn  
One who has horned a stinky horn?

Soothly, Bernart, I am in no accord  
With Maister Raymon of Dorfort—  
In paying dues you fell not short;  
For had you horned the diddling port  
You'd have quiggle-nosed a counterfort,  
And died; the icon's back's a horde  
Of manure ghouls haunting a queynte court...  
Those jesters cavil you're no sport?  
For being spared, do praise the Lord!

So good he dodged the danger's blows  
That would've struck his son also  
And all the Cornilhs in a roll;  
Better an exile than staying home  
To stoop amenably, and humbly blow  
The funnel behind the crotch's prow  
That rust and blood may spill and throw.  
O that would smear him before he knows  
Both on his eyebrows and his nose.

Dear Lady, Bernart can't really horn  
Without a strong plug being stowed  
Deep in the crotch's hidden porthole.  
He'll then horn free from fortune's blows.

# MARGENTO

## Symposion @ E-maus

De al mării mare hău  
Voi, cei puțini și neajutorați din țară,  
și-al portului plictis  
    *rămășiță căzută-n robie!*  
ca și de faruri ghidând rău  
    Cu prima geană de lumină – așa  
salvat fiind, ades  
pot spune, 'n numele Tău  
    *Artiști sfărâmați de zidul patriei,*  
c-atât de multe rele  
am suferit, și-atâta chin...  
Duși, rățăciți prin orașele,  
dar Domnul dându-mi să revin      încep să mă trezesc în casa rece  
cu drag în inim', în Lemozin  
din surghiun cu durere,  
    *Suspectați, vorbiți de rău,* de-o mie de ani, petrecuți în livadă... nu soa  
pentru onor și toate cele  
    rele aduce ziua, ci un măr  
îi mulțumesc celui Divin.

Îi mulțumesc lui Dumnezeu  
că zdravăn și nestins  
mă-ntorc acum la neamul meu:  
    *Iubitori de frumos, flămânzind,*  
mai bine-n curte-ncins      lucind pe vâna crengii în cerul vânat.  
decât printre străini, pe șleu,  
chiar și-n belșuguri grele...  
    *Copleșiți de sisteme,* Și eu sunt tot de piatră și apă  
Iar bunvenitul cel mai plin,  
e gestul nobil și cuvântul fin  
al Doamnei noastre, darul lin  
al amoroaselor bezele  
și farmecele, dulcele  
    *Neajutorați în fața puterii;*  
ce fac cât tot rodul străin... pământul jilav, hrănit mereu, fără milă.

Acum pot zice cântul meu  
cu bucurie, a dichis  
    *Voi ce n-aveți cum vă epuiza*  
de curtoazie, 'n simpozeu,  
Perseverând în succese,  
cum vă e vrerea-n adins!  
Fântâni și limpedele râu      Ce fruct vom crește împreună, sat de ceață?  
    *Voi ce n-aveți decât cuvântul,*  
voioase-s inimii mele,  
poieni, livezi – desfăt deplin...

# MARGENTO

De mare, vânt, doruri nu-mi vin –  
Aburul mării intră și în ierbi  
ponent, mistral sau brusc garbin –  
nici să mă hâțân pe sub vele...  
și duse-s fricile acele de cide aici... Ce mi-ai făcut azi-noapte,  
lungi galere sau pirați vecini.  
*Ce nu vă puteți fura căciula repetându-vă;*

Cel care pentru Dumnezeu  
m-ai lins prin somn cu frunzele tale amare,  
așa probe-a ales  
*Voi cu simțul cel fin,*  
de-a-și mântui sufletul său  
*Zdrobiți de zidul falsei cunoașteri,*  
în rost e, nu-n eres! m-ai mușcat, m-ai stors în brațe ca-ntru-n teasc?  
Dar cel ce jaf vrea, cu desfrâu  
*Voi ce cunoașteți la prima mână,*  
făcându-și planuri rele,  
pe mare numai rele-i vin,  
și-așa se-ntâmplă chiar frecvint  
*Detestați, ostracizați, suspectați:*  
să zică „'s sus!”, 'n adânc căzând,  
*Luați aminte:*  
ce luat de groază și de silă  
*Eu am răzbit prin vitregii,*  
Credeam că ăsta-i gustul dat de moar  
toate le lasă, toate-și 'zvârle,  
*Eu am învins exilul...*  
și trup și suflet, și aur și argint. te-n locul tău. Dar chiar mă vrei. Și-s viu.

În acest poem sunt prezente trei voci: pe prima coloană, Gaucelm Faidit din „Del gran golfe de mar”, pe a doua coloană Ezra Pound din „The Rest”, iar pe a treia, MARGENTO din „O noapte de cidru normand”.

First published in *Astra*, Romania, but without the English version below that appears here for the first time.

# MARGENTO

## Symposium @ E-mmaus

The sea's bottomless sound,  
*O helpless few in my country,*  
the harbor's heavy boredom,  
*remnant enslaved!*  
and the misguiding lighthouse

With the first streak of dawn—that's the way

escaped I truly often  
by Heaven's mercy. I could recount  
*Artists broken against her,*  
all that I went through,  
the pain and the misfortune...

*A-stray, lost in the villages,*  
but God granted me return  
merry at heart to Limousin  
from banishment, anew—

I slowly start to wake up in a house cold

*Mistrusted, spoken-against,* for a thousand years spent in the orchard... It's not the s  
for coming back, and th' honor too,

un that brings on the day, but an apple

I thank Him therefore.

So let me thank my dear Lord  
since safe and sound and wholesome  
I'm now back home from far abroad,  
*Lovers of beauty, starved,*  
enjoying this small garden  
so much more than the foreign roads  
where strange comfort accrues...

glistenting on a limb's veins under a bruised sky.

*Thwarted with systems,*  
The warmest welcome, still, for sure,  
is the noble port and pleasant words  
of our Lady, the gift of her  
loving grace and all her true  
charm as sweet as new

I'm also made of stone and also pressing

*Helpless against the control;*  
and tastier than pomodors...

the moist earth, nurtured all the time with no mercy.

Here I can now intone my song  
in merriment to the bon ton

*You who can not wear yourselves out*  
of courtesy at the symposium  
*By persisting to successes,*  
that you all gladly join!

Fountains, creeks, and limpid ponds

What fruit shall we grow together, village of mist?

*You who can only speak,*  
gleeful make my heart so soon  
and so do meadows then, and orchards...

I don't miss the seas and winds afar—

The ocean's spray here permeates even the herb



# MARGENTO

the Ponent, Garbin, or the keen Mistral—  
nor swinging on the deck aloof...  
since I've arrived am trully through      icides... What did you do to me last night,  
with fears of galleys and fierce corsaires.  
*Who can not steel yourselves into reiteration;*

He who in the name of God  
did you lick my whole body up with your bitter leaves,  
to take such risks has chosen,  
*You of the finer sense,*  
and thus tries hard to save his soul,  
*Broken against false knowledge,*  
is not lost, but has gained the kingdom! did you bite, did you squeeze me in the press of your arms?  
Yet he who wants to plunder all  
*You who can know at first hand,*  
with evil plans from the lagoon  
when out to sea, by evil burned,  
he sees in seconds it may turn  
*Hated, shut in, mistrusted:*  
that he deems "Up!" but pitches down  
*Take thought:*  
while by despair doomed,  
*I have weathered the storm,*  
I thought this was the taste of death in your pl  
he will forsake and jettison  
*I have beaten out my exile...*  
both body and soul, both silver and gold. ace. But you really want me. And I'm alive.

In these poems there are three voices: on the first column, Gaucelm Faidit's from "Del gran golfe del mar," on the second one, Ezra Pound's of "The Rest," and on the third one, MARGENTO's from "A Night of Norman Cider."

a rawlings & Sachiko Murakami

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excerpted from IS LAND

In this series, Sachiko Murakami and a rawlings explore the landscape's sensuality by mouthing ecosystem components.























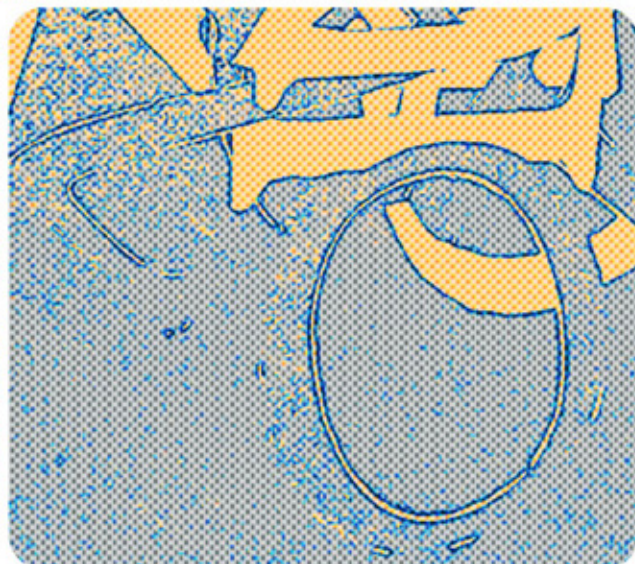
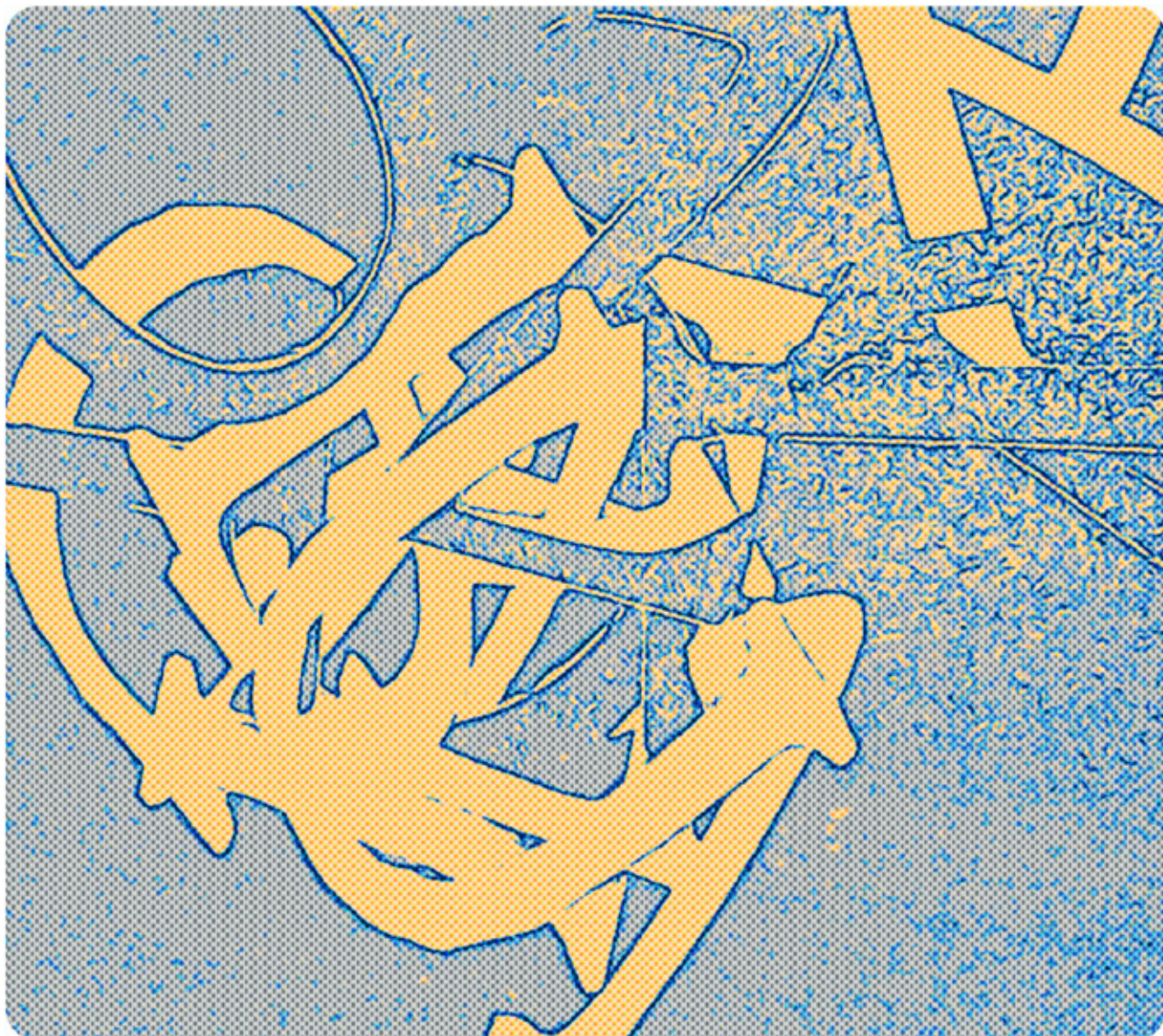




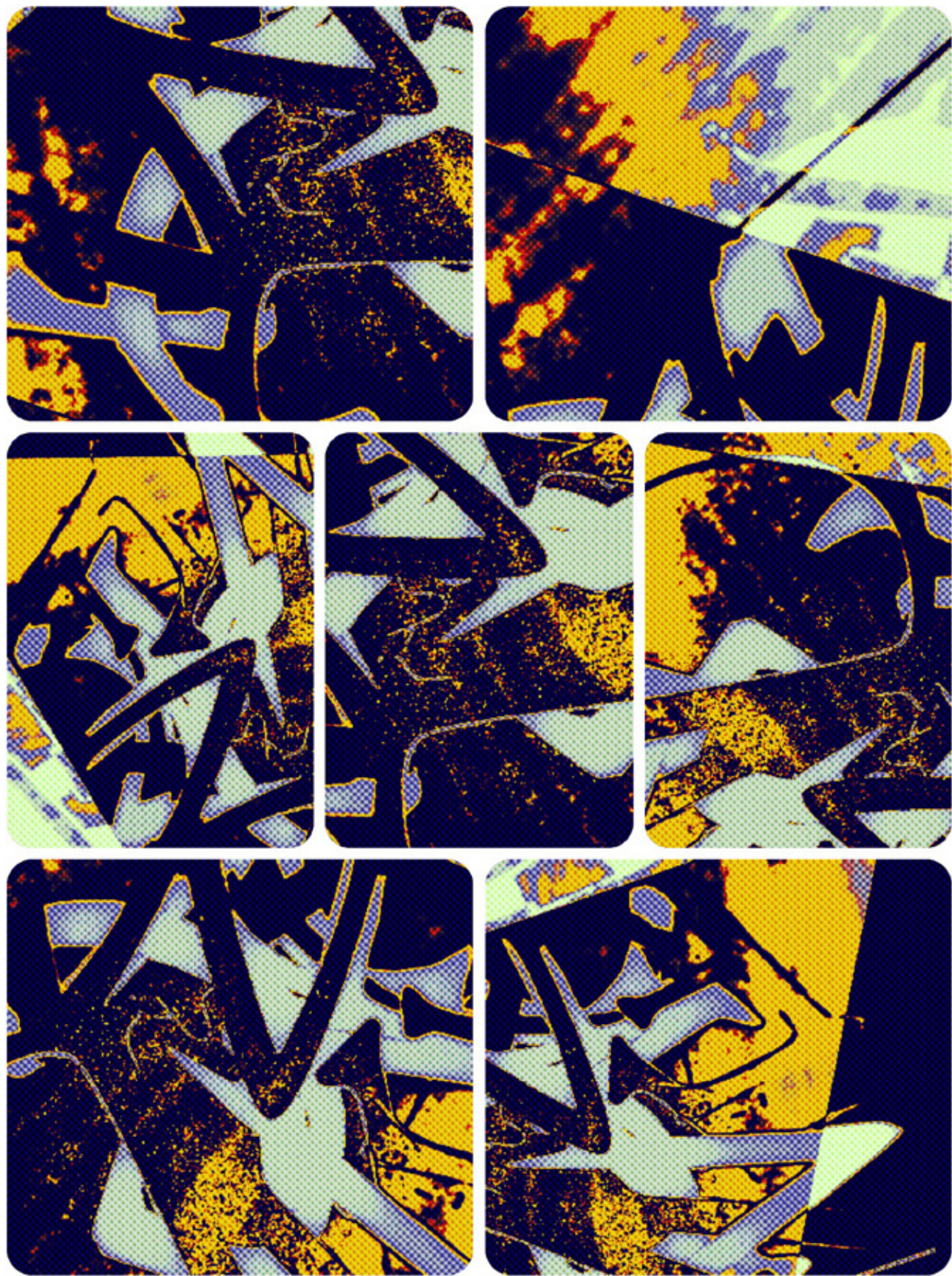




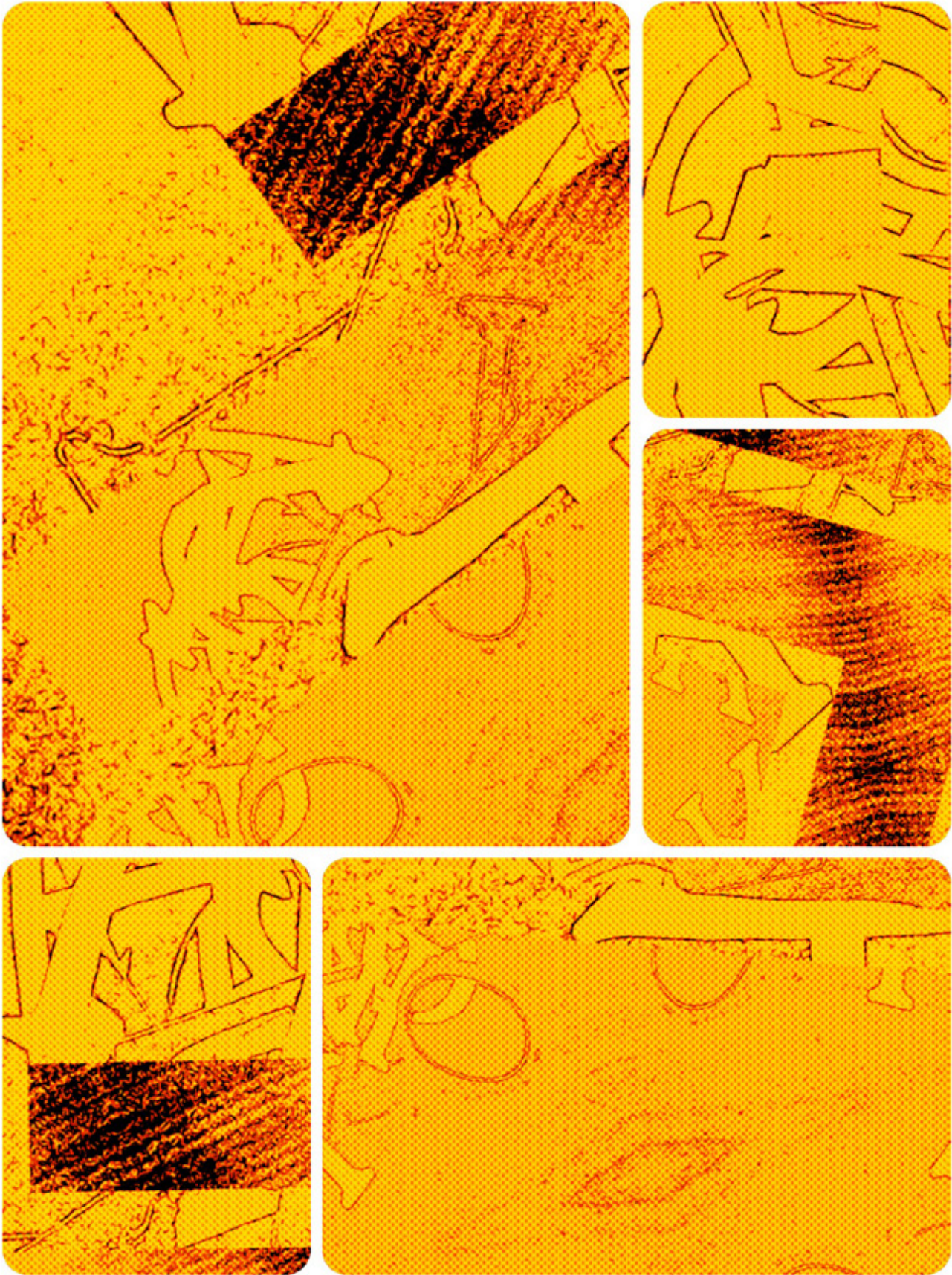




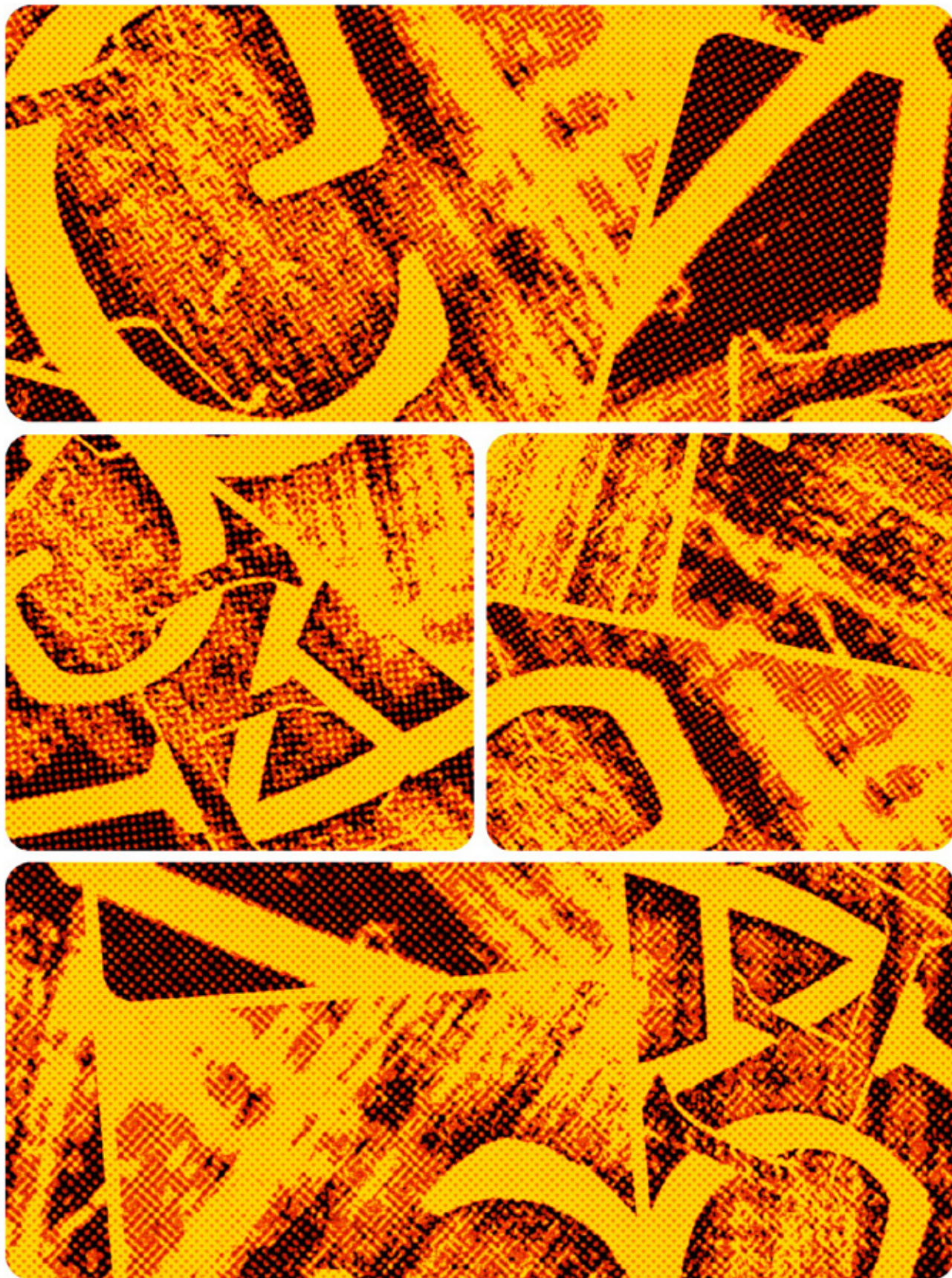




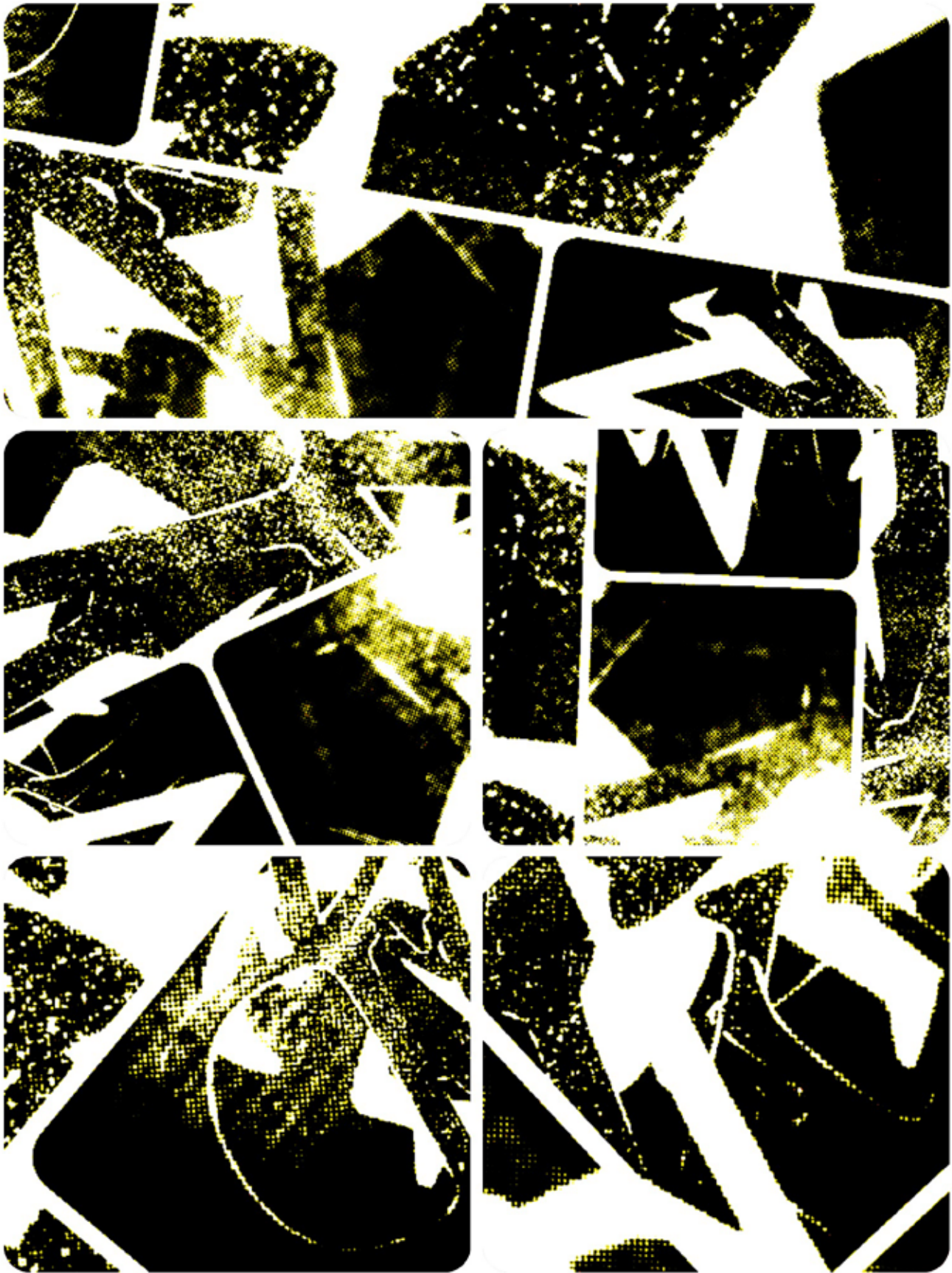




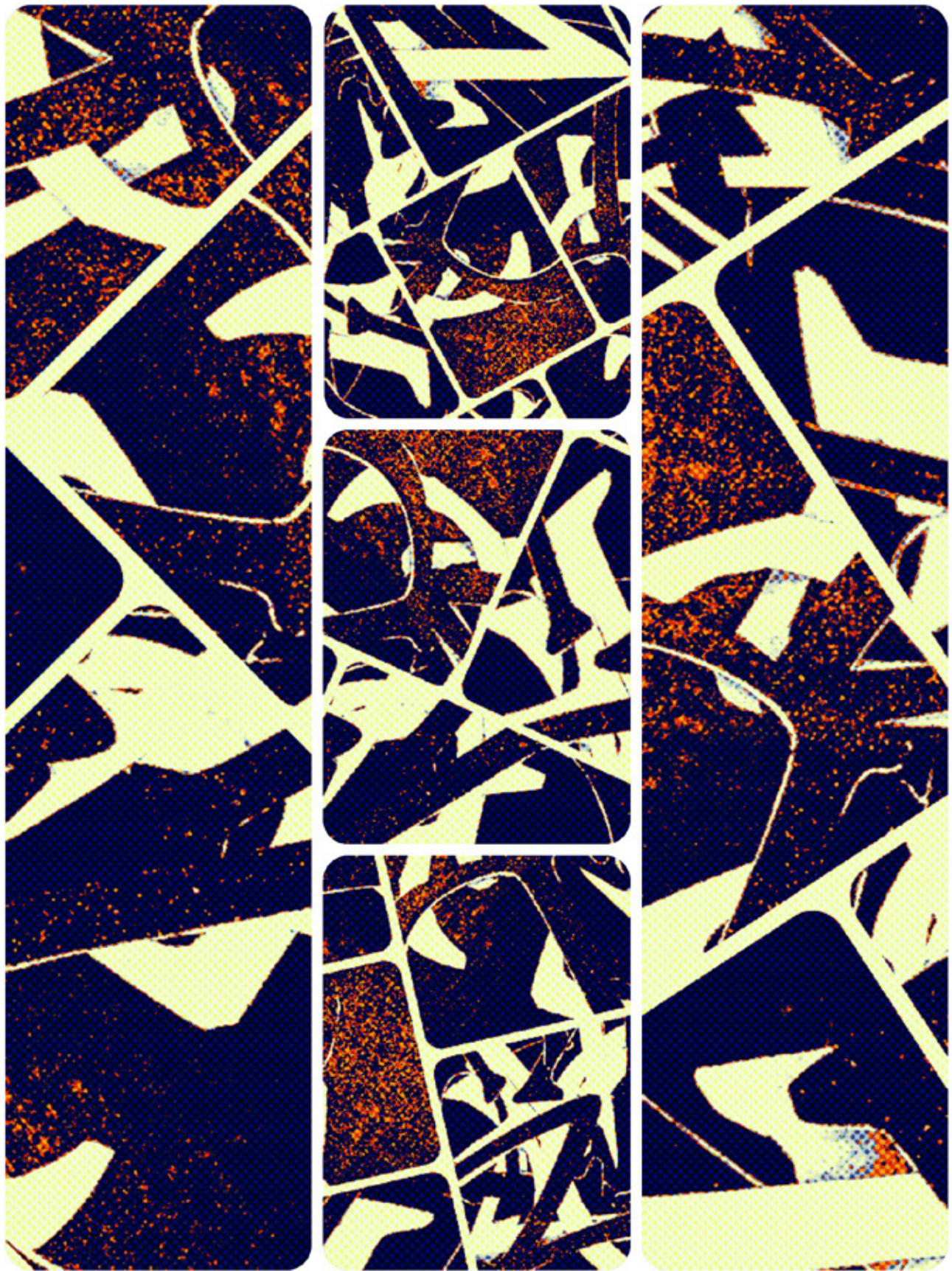
















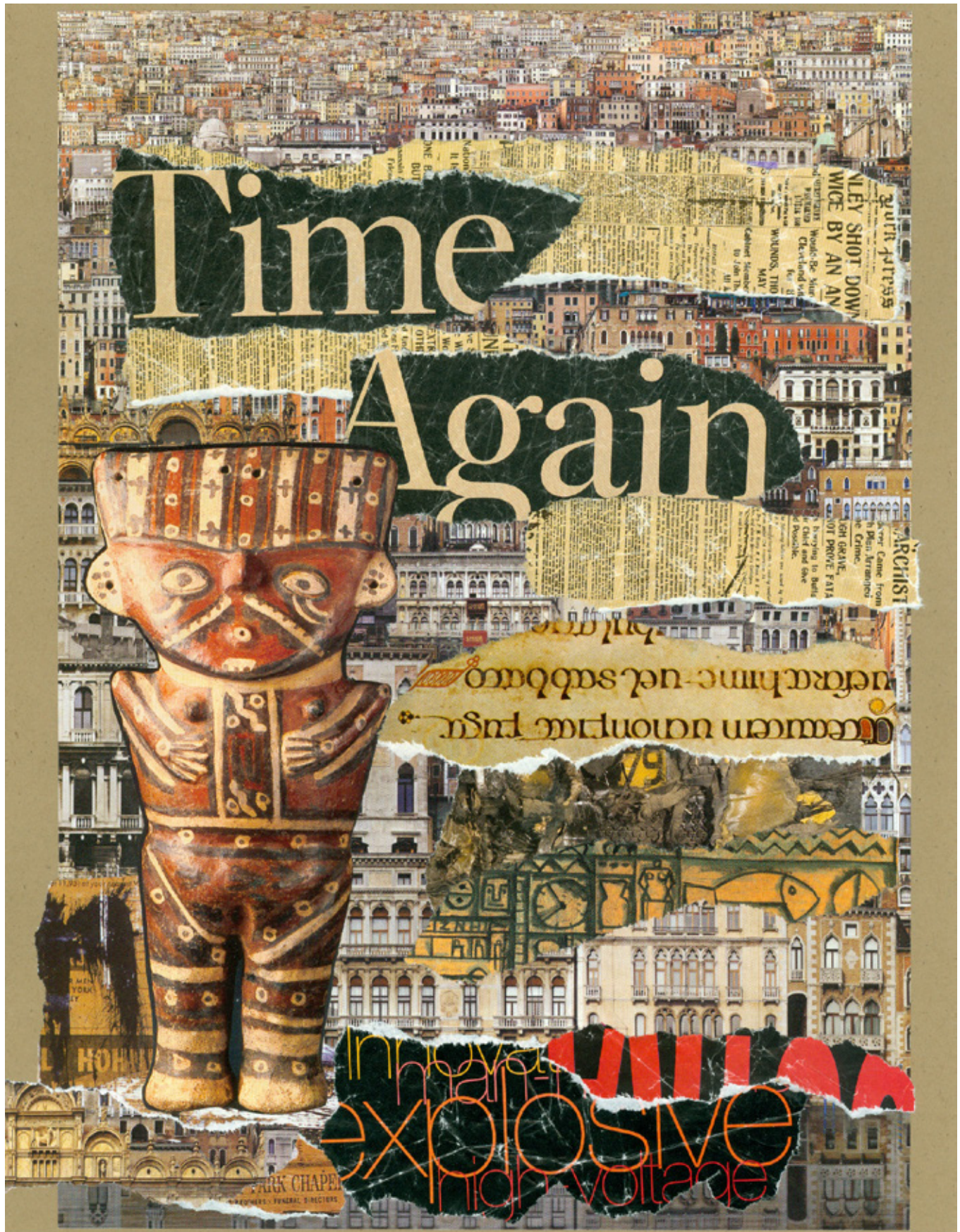












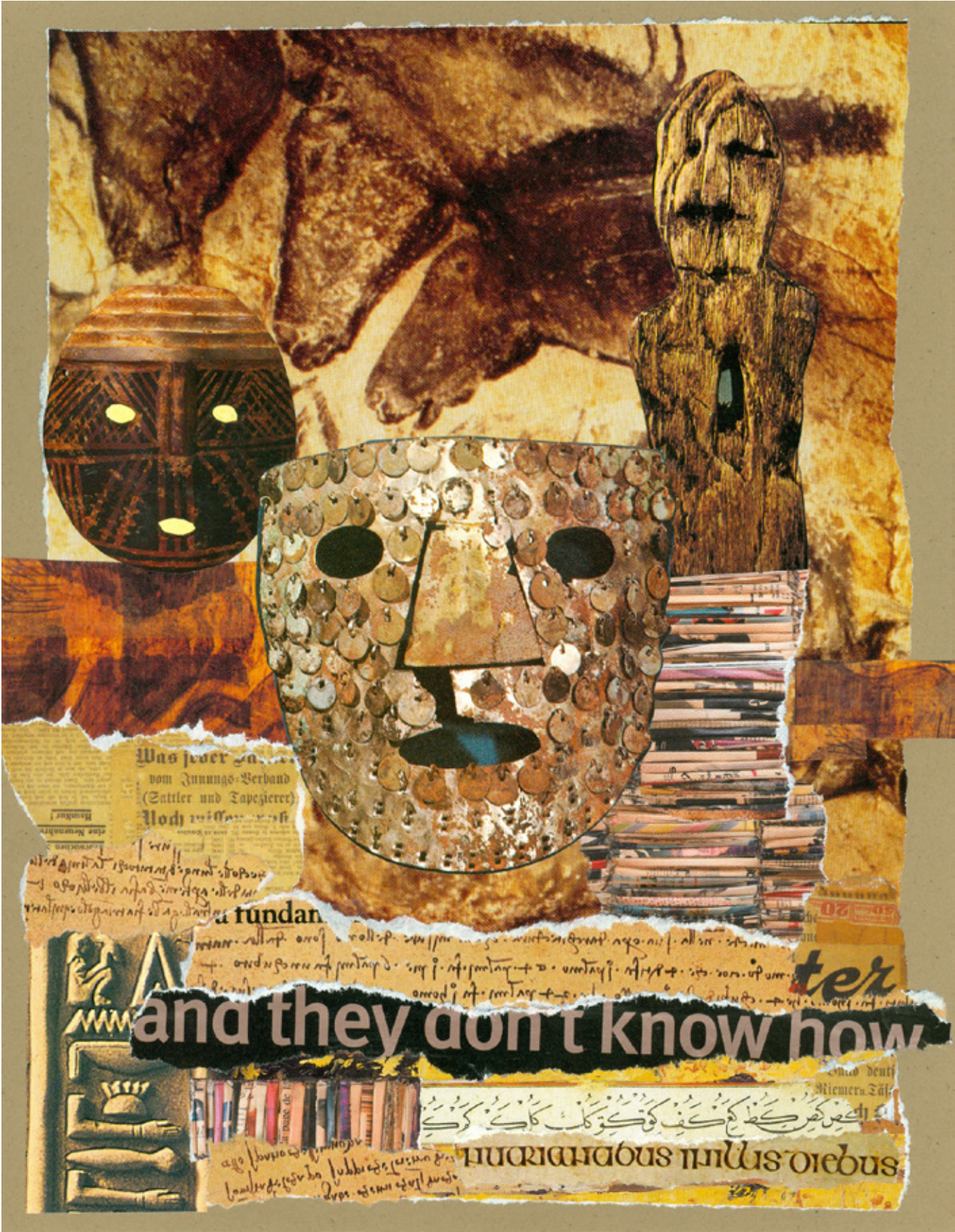












# Tom Walmsley

## from ringside

south  
paws so  
metime  
s trod on to  
es the  
y bang wit  
h the  
ir he  
ads an  
d no  
body want  
s to box the  
m no won  
der but so  
me guy  
s like mar  
vin hag  
ler be  
come left  
ies an  
y time the  
y want eve  
n mid-  
round the  
y can switch an  
d real  
ly sweet  
heart that  
s all i want.

girls do  
nt fee  
l like boy  
s the  
y did  
nt in eight  
h grade any  
way the  
y felt so  
ft no knot  
ty muscle  
s a  
cross the  
ir backs no  
t like boy  
s grab  
bing an  
d holding try  
ing to a  
void be  
ing stop  
ped knock  
ed out some  
times i grab  
bed an  
d held and i  
t felt like hug  
ging a body mad  
e of brick no  
t like hold  
ing a girl a  
t all not at a  
ll like hold  
ing a girl.



# Tom Walmsley

my marriage  
all three of them  
were wars of attrition  
and on television  
every fight gets  
called that  
about the fourth  
round it's a war  
of attrition  
as if every  
fight is really  
just every other  
fight they're all  
wars of attrition -

we weren't  
pronounced  
wife and husband  
and war yet  
here we are  
bleeding  
and battered  
in our corners  
while the doctor  
is entering  
the ring  
examining the damage  
and waving  
the fight is over.

my last  
romances were  
crowded  
please  
end  
ing sudden  
ly with  
me sprawled  
and stunned  
try  
ing to find my  
mouth  
guard  
not on  
e bit like  
tyson in to  
kyo i didn't  
see it  
coming  
no one  
did they  
re the punch  
es that take  
you out one  
s you do  
n't see coming  
ask anybody.

# Tom Walmsley

## the champ

you  
d be per  
haps the tough  
est fight  
er in tow  
n climb  
ing in  
to the ring i  
n whit  
e shorts whit  
e to  
p sip  
ping water wit  
h a straw the  
n star  
ing down the challenge  
r he star  
es back know  
ing some  
thing is no  
t quit  
e right he star  
es an  
d you smile some  
how he know  
s you wan  
t his short  
s disappear  
ed his pro  
tective cup wit  
h it an  
d you  
ll suck him of  
f nine second  
s at a time on  
ly nine an  
other second an  
d you'd lose by k  
o so it like  
ly will be some  
what odd fight  
ing 12 round  
s this way he thin  
ks and he runs a  
t you as so  
on as the bell ring  
s keep  
ing his mind an

d heart light year  
s away from con  
templating his pride an  
d joy being wolf  
ed down an  
d in a heart  
beat bang on  
e shot bang you  
r right land  
s on the but  
ton an  
d baby it  
s all over.



# Liz Worth

## Exclude the silent

1. Exhaust this inward sleep. The hammer under my bed is a twitch against October's blatant melody. I bore through its silk accent, randomly arrange thirty-four shards of disquiet.
2. Exclude the silent. Exude steel, barren petals. Confident smoke and sombre rampage.

The order of my life is read in the geometry of a horse's hooves. Their gallop is a rash scattered over skin.

3. Crinoline anger piled, the tenth page torn from every book. Gray carpet that the light never touches.

No temple here.

Don't look at the bleach stain by the window. It won't let the light in anymore if eyes ever fall to it.

Falter grace. I don't need to know the outside anymore, anyway.

4. Reluctant swing, the reflex of the insecure.

Intimidate the sun. It could never scream louder than this.

## Liz Worth

### **Wakes the owl**

Discordant chapter at the corner of Baldwin and Spadina.

I revive my common sense, overripe fire in my fingers,  
rub two coins together, dramatic luck.

Alive, white brides of summer expand.

I pluck a flower from the pattern of your dress,  
stem of a druid system.

Divisive, The Craft wakes the owl.

From behind glass a face gapes,  
moth-eaten rot leaking envy.

The trappings of the present  
assigning blame.

I create the shape of your blister,  
author the wealth of its sting.

Snap fingers, pounce.

Resign to this arbitrary lore.

I can only advocate to remain unaware.



# Liz Worth

## The Dog is a God

I put the needle in and kept the motor running  
because somebody asked me to  
dislocate a sermon spelled backwards in a mirror.

What keeps us untethered to this world is an  
ecstatic undertaste of song,  
the confidence of tarnished experience  
mistaken for a love letter.

Steal me a rosary and I'll play for you,  
overfill the tape with voices.

We drink public because the subway is a suspicious vehicle.  
Across the aisle a man sucks from a bucket of chicken,  
licks his fingers as the bones drop to the floor.  
"You can see your future in how they land," he says.  
I can see bad things will happen to me because I  
happen to know that when we sleep we  
go to the same places  
where the girl is a dog and the dog is a god  
and the girl is a dog and the dog is a god  
and the girl is a dog and the dog is a god  
and the god is a girl is a dog is a god is a  
god is a dog is a god.

The driver announces a grave desecration as the next destination.  
This is an extraordinary expression,  
a dispatch of apocalyptic parameters.  
We praise this weakness reflecting the dark of an Arctic eclipse  
and the warm patch between legs that go all the way.  
We want to think of ourselves as  
missionaries but it's such a predictable position to be in,  
pressing up against symbolic landscapes,  
the pretension of a staring contest.

But if the girl is a dog and the dog is a god and  
the god is a dog is a girl is a god is a girl is a dog  
is a god is a dog is a girl  
then surely we'll find a way to detoxify,  
to save this idol before it evaporates like a  
rapid illusion.

This failure will be as short-lived as our devotion.

# Liz Worth

## The wool of a ram

I slip under water and you  
feed me mold off a strawberry:  
considerate done.  
In parched revolt I divine new names:  
Arya /Azrael /Arina.  
The trees hold their own storms,  
leaves as heavy as tears.  
Hardened, you amend a silence as  
ill-tamed as a wildlife corridor.

In reality I am deliberate in my binge,  
can memorize a monologue of knuckles.  
Your temper dislocated.  
It's why you always need an answer:  
what does it mean to be spiritual?  
I can't tell you.  
All I know is  
the wool of a ram,  
crisis in identity of a fortune diverted.



# Liz Worth

## Seeds of the Moon

My daughter, a ghost,  
speaking the silence  
of the sick.  
It happened during  
The End of Things.  
All we had were  
the seeds of the moon.  
They harvested a cat's paw  
and legend, primary tint  
in a salt circle.  
The white candle gave me  
impaired decision.  
I drowned kittens  
in exchange for  
hieroglyphics.  
It wasn't worth it.  
this child now, stunned in ambush,  
is a talisman, spectral valor.  
I remain as ill-tamed  
as unrest.

# Liz Worth

## Reach Deep

I am a wild horse and you?  
You are a eulogy, an incantatory apparition  
mandated by a recovered memory.

I need you to check my vital signs and  
draw a number nine on my forehead  
because I've gone blind.  
I need urgency, not justification.  
I'm too tired to remember my punctuation and  
I've been screaming with the CAPS LOCK key  
frozen in place.  
I am frozen in space and nothing can  
warm me now but lamplight and masturbation.

I woke up in a bus station and the first person I saw  
walked over to me and asked, "when was the last time you ran for your life?"  
I could not even remember what time the sun went down.  
I could not remember if I hit someone hard enough to hurt them,  
could not remember a sting in my palm,  
could not remember bare feet or broken bones and I said, "stop."

I said, "stop, and come in here with me."

"Where are you?"  
"Come in here with me."  
"What do you want?"

"Come in here with me and pray."

At the neck there's a squeeze: a sentence is stuck and I need someone to help me get it out.

It's a risk we have to take,  
what's to be unleashed,  
uncontrollable or  
inconsolable.

I want you to crawl towards me.  
I want you to crawl inside of me and I want you reach deep.

Now tell me what you see:  
Swallowed reins?

A harness of coarse fiber?

Art as a violence action?

Don't pretend like I don't know what you disposed of.  
I've been honest about my apathy



## Liz Worth

but can you say the same about your healing?

This is not about prestige or luxury. This is about presence –  
a presence beyond sleeping sickness and dread and blank spaces between words.

Are you going to give it to me, or am I going to have to steal it?

Give in. Penetrate.

This oath – it's volcanic.

## Biographies

Born in Toronto, **Elizabeth Bertoldi** has lived in Ottawa, Montreal, California and Mexico.

Elizabeth dances with paint, paper, canvas and non-traditional materials to create multiple layers of colour and personal meaning. She is influenced by abstract expressionism and colour field painting, and by poets such as John Donne, Leonard Cohen and Terry Ann Carter.

Elizabeth has been exhibiting in solo and group shows in Ontario and Quebec since 2001. In early 2010, the Shenkman Arts Centre in Orleans presented a solo exhibition of 20 of her paintings, "Harmonies." Her work has also been accepted into exhibitions of the Ottawa Watercolour Society, Ottawa Mixed Media Artists, the International Society for Experimental Art, and Art Rental & Sales Services at the Ottawa Art Gallery.

Recently, Elizabeth has created several one-of-a-kind artist books integrating painting, collage and original poetry. She is now writing haiku.

**Volodymyr Bilyk** is a writer, translator. His book of visual poems was recently published in the series [This is Visual Poetry](#) and another book of asemic short stories [CIMESA](#) was published in White Sky Books, book of poetry [Casio's Pay-Off Peyote](#) published by Red Ceilings Press, visual poetry collection [SCOBES](#) published by No Press, visual poetry collection [THINGS](#) published by Unconventional Press and [Laugh Poems](#) (Underground books) and [Vispo Ay Ai Ay](#) published by Blank Space Press.

His works appeared in The New Post-Literate, A-Minor magazine, REM magazine, Cormac McCarthy's Dead Typewriter, The Otolith, Altered Scale, Ex-Ex-Lit, Truck, Maintenant, Apparent Magnitude, The Gin Mill Cowboy and many others.

His works were exhibited on Bright Stupid Confetti Asemic Show, Yoko Ono Fan Club and Venti Leggeri in Bologna and EL MARTELL SENSE MESTRE in Barcelona,

**Selina Boan** is a recent English graduate of Carleton University. She has been previously published by In/Words Magazine and won The Claremont Review's Annual Contest for short fiction in 2008. Her first chapbook entitled "An Act of Distillation" was released by In/Words Magazine and Press in 2013.

**Craig Calhoun** is originally from Tucson, Arizona and moved to Canada in 2008. His work had been published in Descant, Zouch, The Incongruous Quarterly, Liars' League NYC, Liars' League London, In/Words, bywords.ca. and Steel Bananas Quarterly (upcoming). He is the winner of the 2014 Broken Pencil Literary Deathmatch and won 1st place in the 2014 Maisonneuve Genre Fiction Contest (mystery). Currently, he resides in Ottawa.



## Biographies

**Ariel González Losada**, composer, visual artist. Born in Buenos Aires in 1978. His musical and visual interests are marked by the behaviors, processes and structures on the natural phenomena, as well as by the underlying gestures to the written word.

**MARGENTO (Chris Tanasescu)** is a Romanian poet, performer, academic, and translator who has performed and lectured in the US, SE Asia, Australia, and Europe. His pen-name is also the name of his multimedia cross-art band that won a number of major international awards. The recent recipient of a 2-year SSHRC (Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council) grant, MARGENTO will continue to develop his graph poem project and other related computational applications in poetry at an academic level together with Professor Diana Inkpen and the latter's graduate students as an Adjunct Professor in the Computer Science Department at uOttawa. MARGENTO is also [Asymptote](#) Editor-at-Large.

**Sachiko Murakami** wrote the poetry collections *The Invisibility Exhibit* (Talon 2008), *Rebuild* (Talon 2011), and the forthcoming *Get Me Out of Here* (Talon 2015). She makes collaborative online poetry projects including Project Rebuild (a companion to *Rebuild*) HENKŌ (for the 2012 Powell Street Festival), WIHTBOAM (for the 2013 Queensland Poetry Festival) and FIGURE (with a rawlings). Sachiko lives in Toronto where she is an MFA candidate in the Digital Futures program at OCAD U. She's online at [sachikomurakami.com](http://sachikomurakami.com).

**a rawlings'** research in acoustic ecology, counter-mapping, and ecopoetics informs her artistic output. Her literary debut *Wide slumber for lepidopterists* (Coach House Books, 2006) received an Alcuin Award for Design; the book was adapted for stage production by VaVaVoom, Bedroom Community, and Valgeir Sigurðsson in 2014. She is the recipient of a Chalmers Arts Fellowship (Canada, 2009) and held the position of Arts Queensland Poet-in-Residence (Australia, 2012). rawlings' 2012 digital publication *Gibber* amassed sound and visual poetry from Australian bioregions. In 2013, her work *Áfall / Trauma* was shortlisted for the Leslie Scalapino Award for Innovative Women Playwrights. rawlings is an active performer, collaborator, and installation artist. She works with many international artists, including Sachiko Murakami, Matt Ceolin, Maja Jantar, Rebecca Bruton, and Kristín Eiríksdóttir. She has also penned librettos for composer Gabrielle Herbst's *Bodiless* and for a collaboration called *Longitude* with composer Davíð Brynjar Franzson and new media artists Davyde Wachell and Halldór Arnar Úlfarsson. rawlings loves in Iceland.

<http://arawlings.is>

## Biographies

**sven staelens** is a belgian visual poet, writer & math teacher. In 2009, he began to explore the boundaries of language & literature, resulting in ongoing experiments in visual poetry, poesia visiva, asemic writing, poemics, abstract comics, collage art & regular poetry. His visual work was published in various magazines and on several blogs/sites.

**Carol Stetser** has been making visual poetry for 30 years. She makes her paper collages the old-fashioned way with scissors and glue-sticks. Her vispo is published in "C'est mon Dada", "This is Visual Poetry" and the anthologies "Writing to be Seen" and "The Last Vispo Anthology". She lives in Sedona, Arizona.

**Tom Walmsley** (born December 13, 1948 in Liverpool, England) is a Canadian playwright, novelist, poet and screenwriter.

Born in Liverpool, Walmsley came to Canada with his family in 1952, and was raised in Oshawa, Ontario and Lorraine, Quebec. He dropped out of high school and battled addictions as a young adult.

In addition to his plays, Walmsley was the winner of the first Three-Day Novel Contest in 1979 for his novel Doctor Tin. He later published a sequel, Shades, and another unrelated novel, Kid Stuff. Walmsley wrote the screenplay for Jerry Ciccoritti's film Paris, France in 1993. Ciccoritti also later adapted Walmsley's play Blood into a film.

Walmsley's style of writing ranges from the naturalistic to the poetic and, at times, the absurd. He moves easily between dramatic and comedic, and some of his "darkest" work is treated with a cutting sense of humour. His most common themes include sex (both hetero- and homosexual, often involving sado-masochistic fetishes, adulterous affairs, and, in the case of Blood, incest), violence, addiction (to alcohol and heroin in particular), and God (from a Christian perspective). He rarely deals with politics directly, although he openly displays a distaste for middle-class morality.

**Liz Worth** is a Toronto-based author. Her debut book, Treat Me Like Dirt: An Oral History of Punk in Toronto and Beyond, was the first to give an in-depth account of Toronto's early punk scene. Liz's first poetry collection, Amphetamine Heart, was released in 2011, and her first novel, PostApoc, was released in October 2013. She has also re-written Andy Warhol's a: A Novel as poetry. You can reach her at [www.lizworth.com](http://www.lizworth.com)



experiment-o is an annual PDF magazine established in 2008. its aim is to bring attention to works that do what art is supposed to do and that is to risk.

AngelHousePress thanks the contributors & in advance, the readers & dedicates this seventh issue of experiment-o to the frivolous interlopers. When Harry and Caresse Crosby established their press in Paris (first Éditions Narcisse in 1927 and then The Black Sun Press), they were referred to as frivolous interlopers or dilettantes. That didn't stop them.

experiment-o will consider interviews, reviews, visual art, visual poetry, concrete poetry, poetry, prose, manifestos, maps, rants, blog entries, translations and other digital miscellany.

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“The old expressions are with us always, and there are always others.”  
Others, A Magazine of New Verse, December, 1919 Issue 5, No. 1