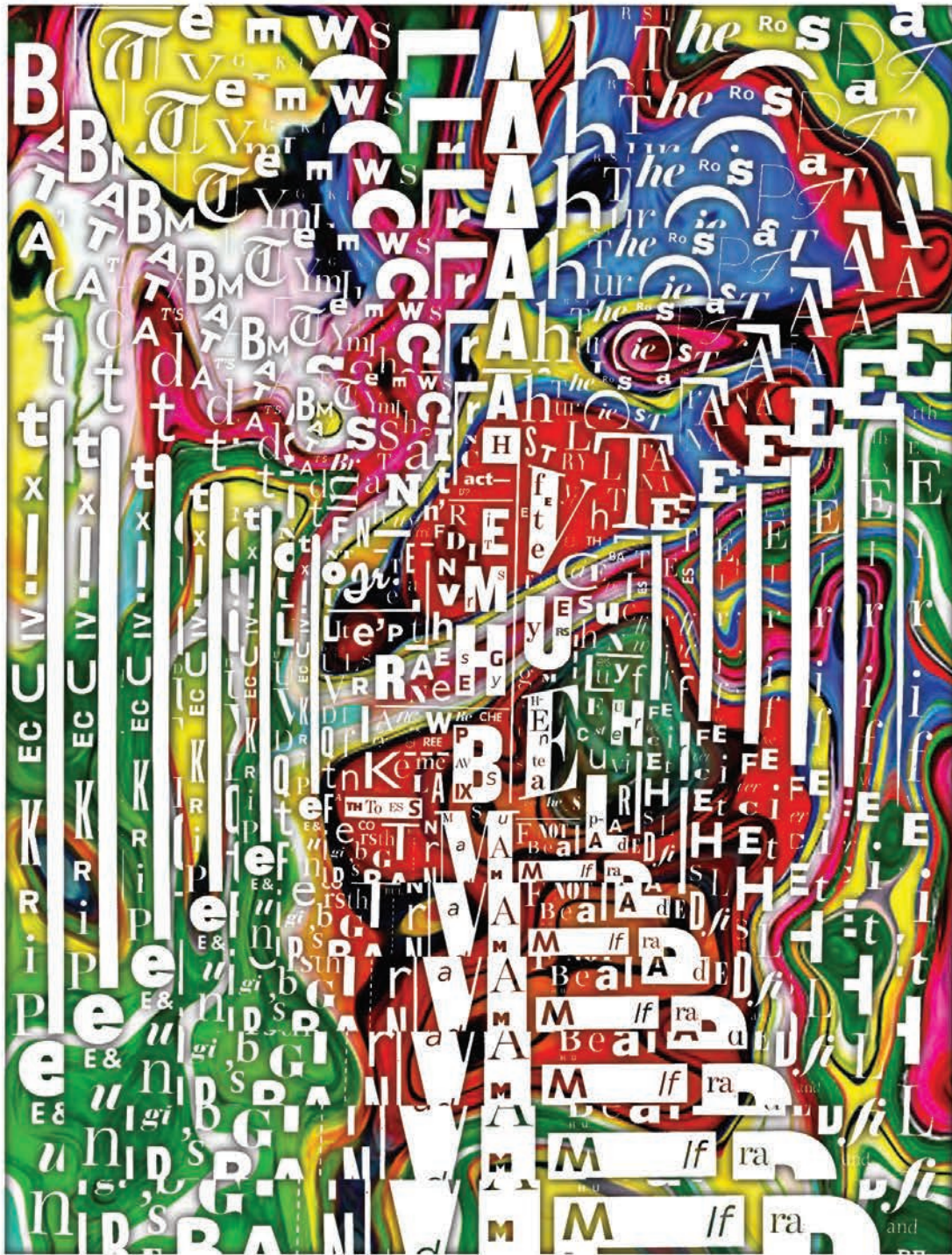


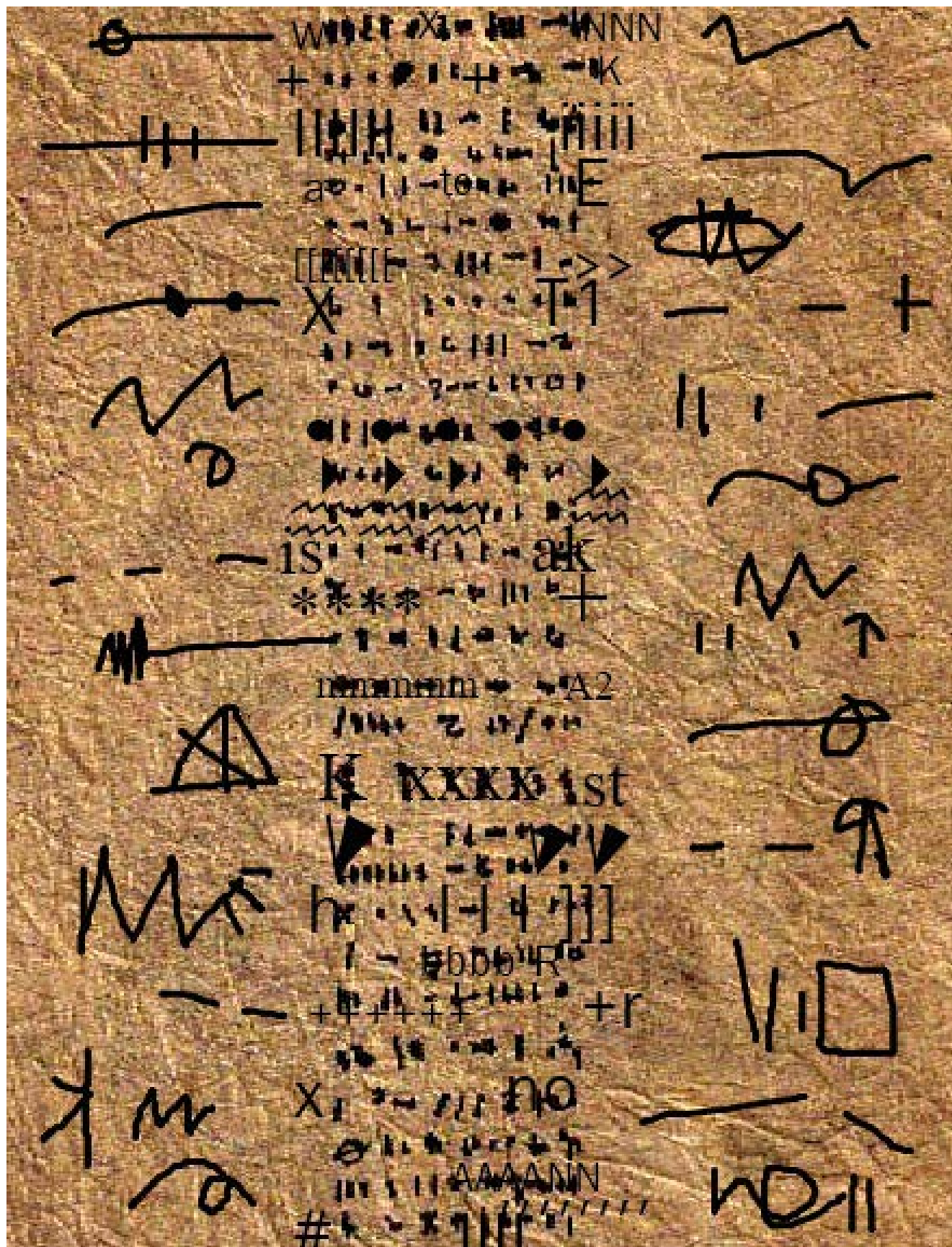
experiment-o
to the others



issue 6

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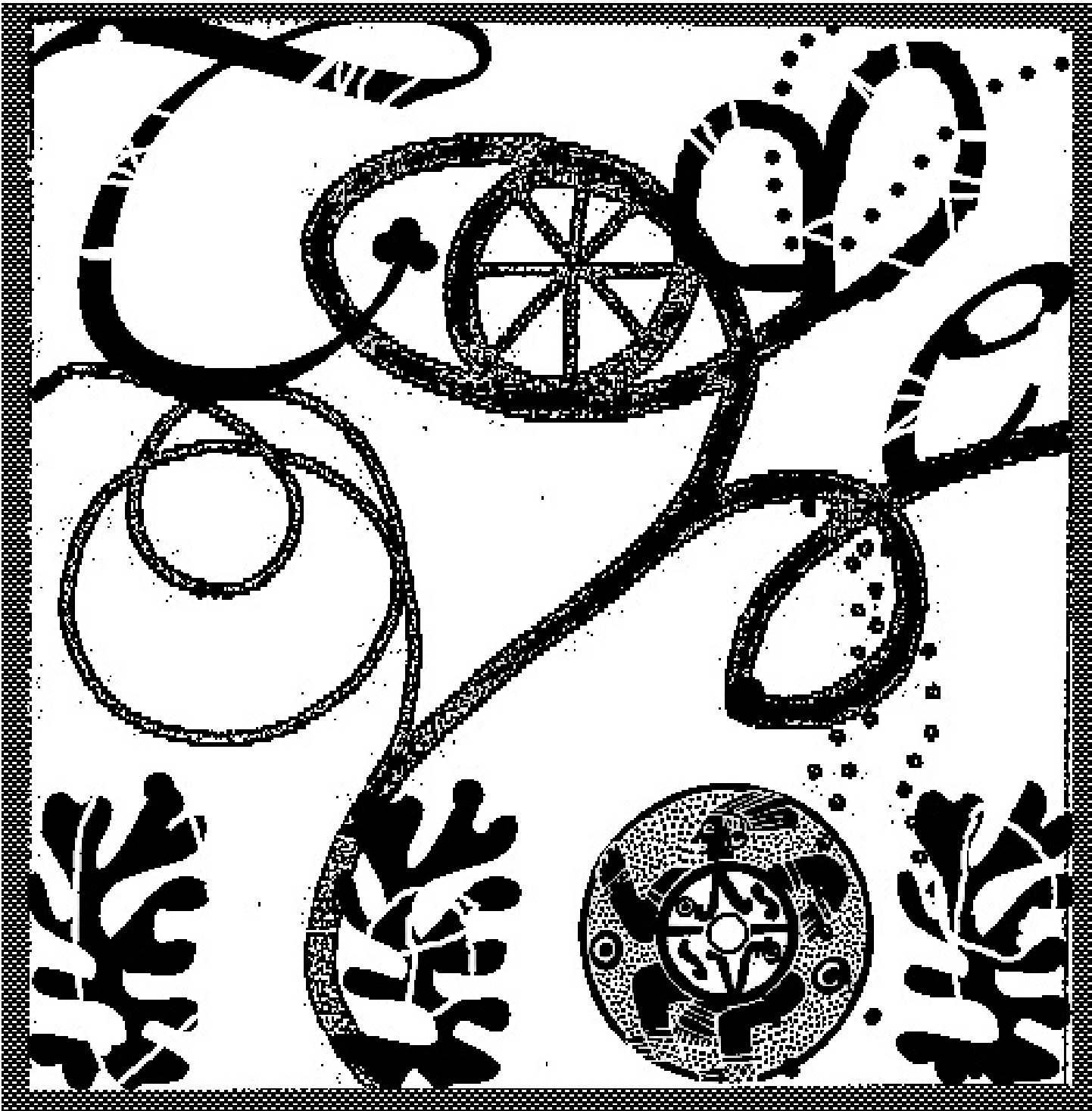






um A'arr

4







Stephen Collis

A HISTORY OF THE THEORIES OF RAINS

1

After clouds caves
until present time when
engineer / picnickers
examine the sky
with climate anxiety

rivers depend
on rain flow
questions being given
answers probable
cause and meaning

ancienne mystique
developed every science
to maximize its ethereal
methods and
prop dictators
in rising markets

Probably everything written
ought to be classified
nevertheless
mental constructions
founded on observation
make them writhe
even without
recent theories
drained
the truth philosophers
did nothing
hydrometers didn't
simply calculate
yawning gaps
and avoid them
crisis-wise

Stephen Collis

Rain of course
almost certain
testament
and indication of
thought
the physical rain
a passage indicates
water upon the earth
in book inserted
climate dew
a moisture and
references
usually clouds
which indicate
Ceaseless
gouttelettes

How pleasant
to say
small rain
rather than drizzle

Stephen Collis

Say to phenomena:
names become terms

philosophers / precepts
mix combinations

little Empedocles
and pages on elements

I love to stand
in the downpour
reading lines
on window panes

The falling
of liquid
into things
as of equal
floods together
for associated
chronometers
form evapora
they cloud over
and fires
matter
matter

system says
earth
haunts
elements
the wind
copulates
with flora
a diversionary
tactic of flesh
remembering
condensation

Stephen Collis

Clouds from the
efficient revolution
drizzle theory
speculations and water
come to note mountains
above interpretation
other rain
On the Heavens
potentially between
air and water
noted calm *en bas*

Violent hand
it happens
the shortness of their fall

observations
contradicting atomists
people leave origins

the process is
weather performance
theories of moving air

Hippocrates
a place clouds descend
and doubt from winds

pieces within time
theory motions
to their views

how extraordinary
to be fucked
by the burst

Stephen Collis

Cosmology
clouds minds
authority
'On Clouds'
that wind is
holy
wandering
the empty science
suddenly
away into clouds

Thinkers
understanding the universe
liken rain to eloquence

a particular firmament
is possible
or unlikely

according to the wind
after doctrine
another weather

bringing fire
inner burst
falling hydrometers

therefore the clouds
their hands
condense society

Century of nature
little may by
power be bundled

Stephen Collis

2

VOIX

To show
The molecules
The idea
The air
Meteors
In these storms
Quoting
Motion
Growth
And one
Dispersed
Proved theory
Mere dew

TOMBER

Exhalations
Of knowledge
Raindrop
Theories
The problem
Of a cloud
Is itself
Extremely verbose
Chemical manifesto

At this
Conclusion
Substances
Of a fluid
Inflammable air
Precipitate
Furious causes

Stephen Collis

PLEUT

A mechanism
Ought to be air
Flowing towards
Measurement

Even uprisings
Have been drenched
In the weather of
Calculation

We have more
Elasticity
Of the Idea

And liquid
Knowledge

To go forth
With or without
Umbrellas

I have dreamed of these
Little worlds
Droplets
The pain of trying
To change everything
Once its course has
Been set and we've
Fallen on the sidewalks
Our voices rivulets
Running into the street
Another downpour
Downturn or
The bottom falling out of
The buckets behind our eyes

Stephen Collis

UNIVERS

We effect meteorology
Misunderstanding that
Budget is inaccurate
The amount with
Axiom perplexity
Analysis showed
Gas's resurrection
Reprinted results
Subject's moist error
Involved necessity
Ascending the
Valves at the
Ends of our fingers
Opening doors to deluge
And happenstance

HAUT

Invisible atmosphere
The tiny products
Water the night
As the *academie*
Tints the wine

Above the thermometer
The latter effect —
His contribution
The formation
Of some leaves
And a theory of hails

Stephen Collis

I am interested in storms
Even little squalls
Hold a canny likeness

The fissures in
Theories and schools

Did we take this too far
Into the mundane?

No precedents
For our delinquents

Who rabble outside
While awnings close

And the deluge
They call it
Comes to our streets

All paper
Becoming digital liquid
As it crests

Miming parapets
Storm drains
And blazing run-offs

Amy Dennis

**SUBDIVISION,
SOUTHERN ONTARIO (WHEN THE RISK
OF STAYING IS GREATER
THAN THE RISK OF LEAVING)**

The houses here crowd the jaw-line street, too many
teeth, insomnia traffic. Every turn
a blood clot of cars. I crush
 against

my chest these days with unfinished
basements. I know

people here who drive the highway, leaning in
to death like it was their neon dashboard

and
spruce trees have not survived
the winter – their nursery tags limp
around brittle twigs

like braceleted newborns
no one could save.

I've heard
that elsewhere, chlorophyll
can build cathedrals. From under
plastic patio grass, ghosts

of rosehips can
mist beveled glass.

Still, what signatures of these
in the candle smoke
on the ceiling?

Sky-licked moth whites.
Sparrows in the Victorian pear.

I don't want to speak small
of these
raw rooted things.

Forget what's unsaid
in the

stilted spray of
lawn sprin-
klers. Soaking what
won't root in

the ground. Now,

Amy Dennis

I
am

acrylic tender on the scepter's petal

[illegible]

- lobed cleft cuneate
- one leaf per petiole
- capsule pod samaras

suntensed chalked-blue longifolia
parsley white blurred herbaceous

autumn fennel stem spires

sand plunge seeding

gemmed summer alpine high
hardy tuber stub

smooth medicine stocks

carmine-throated successions of

dead-headed cluster sprays I say
flared violet chimes

bone campanula bulging

pixie-hat bells

centered scarlet red

I can't be bricked in

because

I am here now, a being
believing

in lotus seeds

from the tombs of pharos that have germinated

after three thousand
years

and then one morning it began to rain

it fell late into the night and into the next morning and after several days the basement flooded and then the yard and the tea house woman worried for the rest of her house and paced the wide length of her kitchen wondering aloud whether it was not prudent to close up shop

but when the first small group of townspeople arrived soaked and shivering in a battered rowboat she became immediately capable and reached for their rope and secured them with a buntline hitch to the bottom rail of her front porch

she instructed me at once to open the curtains of the spare rooms to let in whatever light there was and to draw up the fires and bring down the cots from the attic to place around the beds from which I knew to remove the chill each night with an unforgiving supply of antique warming pans

first one week passed and then another and then a month and nearly
an entire season in that rain

I grew fearful we would exhaust the stores of our pantry

when the day came that we were certain to run out of food the tea
house woman made a decision

we would prepare it all and have a feast

all over the house we ate in silence

our hands and forks moving in and out of shadows cast by branches
waving in at us from beyond the windows

our faces distorted

lost to the motions of chewing and swallowing and chewing

all of us eating our fill and returning to the kitchen for more and
again for more but eating more slowly so as to prolong the inevitable

until at last our hands and mouths were still

everyone retired early to their rooms

no one expected me to warm the beds that night but someone had
warmed mine while I had washed and dried the dishes

tucked into the warmth of my sheets and covers in the corner of the
attic I had made my own so long ago I marveled at the silence of the
tea house below and sobbed myself to sleep

unaccustomed to such warmth or comfort

in the morning I woke abruptly to sound of cheers and the heat of
the sun on my face

as if a drain had been unplugged the water had receded overnight and
the world outdoors seemed bright and newly shined again

downstairs in the sitting room the tea house woman indicated that
the time had come for everyone to leave

gathering their strength the townspeople went back to their rooms
and brought down their few belongings

when I opened the front door we discovered on the porch three
enormous wooden crates screwed tight and addressed to me

someone brought me a ladder and I worked at the topmost screws of the first crate

someone else or maybe the same person helped me gently down so I could get the bottom screws

when at last the last screw slid out I felt myself grabbed around the waist and pulled from the huge wet wooden side that shuddered and creaked as it began to fall

it sighed wide open

exhaled a thin white stream of tiny butterflies that poured out into a huge shimmering cloud and hovered all around us

the townspeople's faces flittered in and out of view as the creatures swarmed all around me

swirling in and out of all the empty spaces around our bodies

I closed my eyes and listened to the beating of their wings against each other's wings and felt the pulse and throb of their collective rabble on my eyelids and cheeks and wanted that moment to never end because each alight and touch felt like the tea house woman's fingertips on my face

her lips on the back of my neck

the ends of her hair trailing down my chest

and then I was at the task of the second crate

when it opened a burst of hot light shot out and warmed me through
as if from somewhere deep inside my most secret desires

my hands stopped shaking and my teeth didn't clatter anymore and I
looked around and saw the townspeople in various states of undress

and then the third crate and the violent sound of crashing smashed over me as a wall of dark red rose petals spilled onto our feet and surged through our wide-legged stances as we reached out and held each other steady as the petals continued to gush and tumble forward and pushed through the spaces between the porch banisters and settled at last into a small red pond that bubbled once then trickled away on the glistening lawn into the shape of a long thin path that stretched farther away than I could see

I turned back to the crates and saw their inner walls were lined with
thickly padded red crushed velvet

each one held nearly a hundred dresses hanging in individually
wrapped garment bags

everyone waited for me to move or say something until at last the tea
house woman reached up and plucked a small envelope bearing my
name and handed it to me

AFTER MANY YEARS
I HAVE COLLECTED THEM ALL
WITH JUST TWO EXCEPTIONS

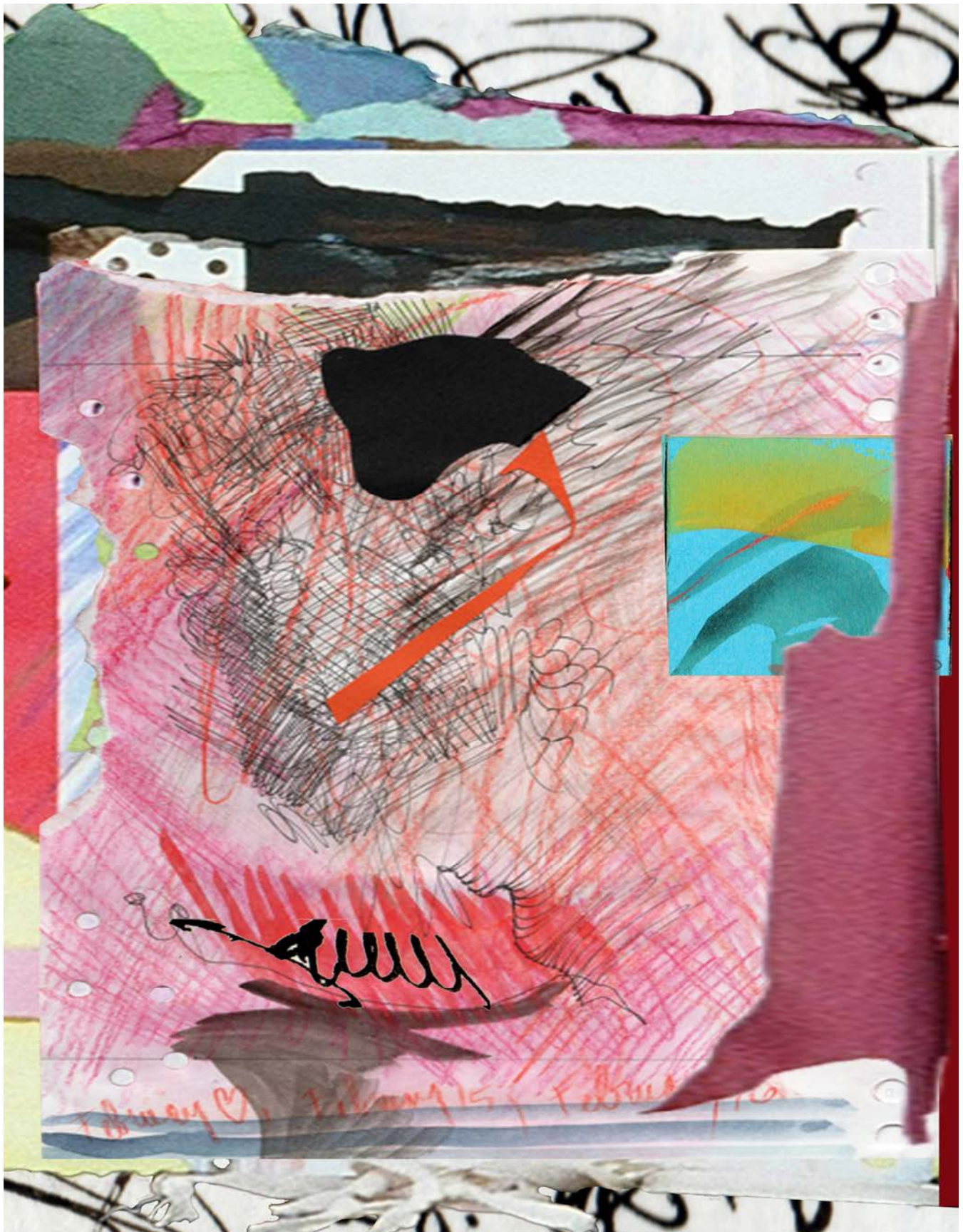
A GOLDEN NEEDLE LACE WEDDING DRESS
IN THE ATTIC OF THE TEA HOUSE
THAT YOU RESIDE IN CURRENTLY

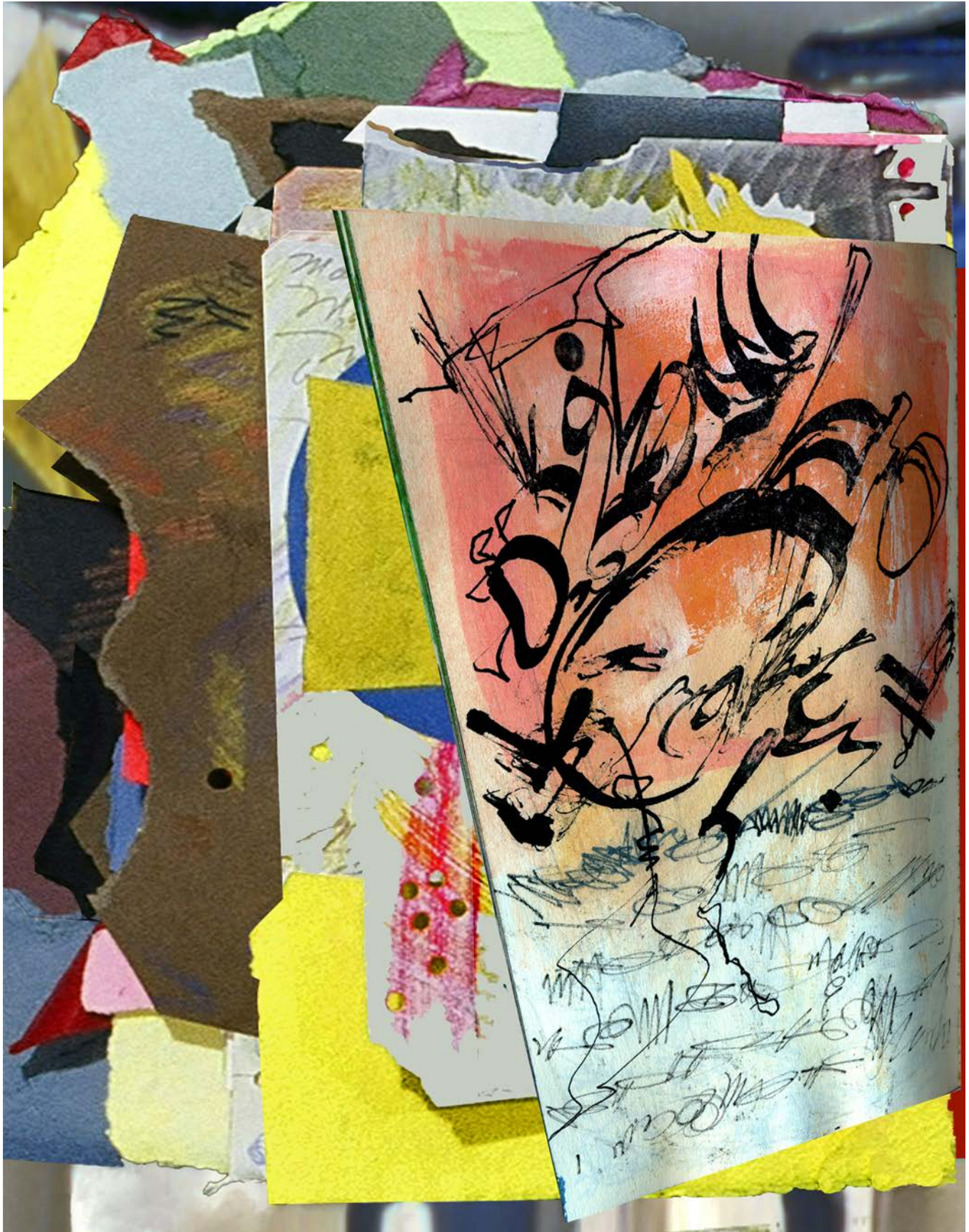
AND A RED CLOAK IN THE CLOSET
OF THE COTTAGE ON PRYNNE STREET
WHICH YOU NOW OWN

AND ARE FREE TO RETURN TO
AT ANY TIME

HAPPY 18TH BIRTHDAY

YOUR MOTHER'S FRIEND
—CHARLOTTE





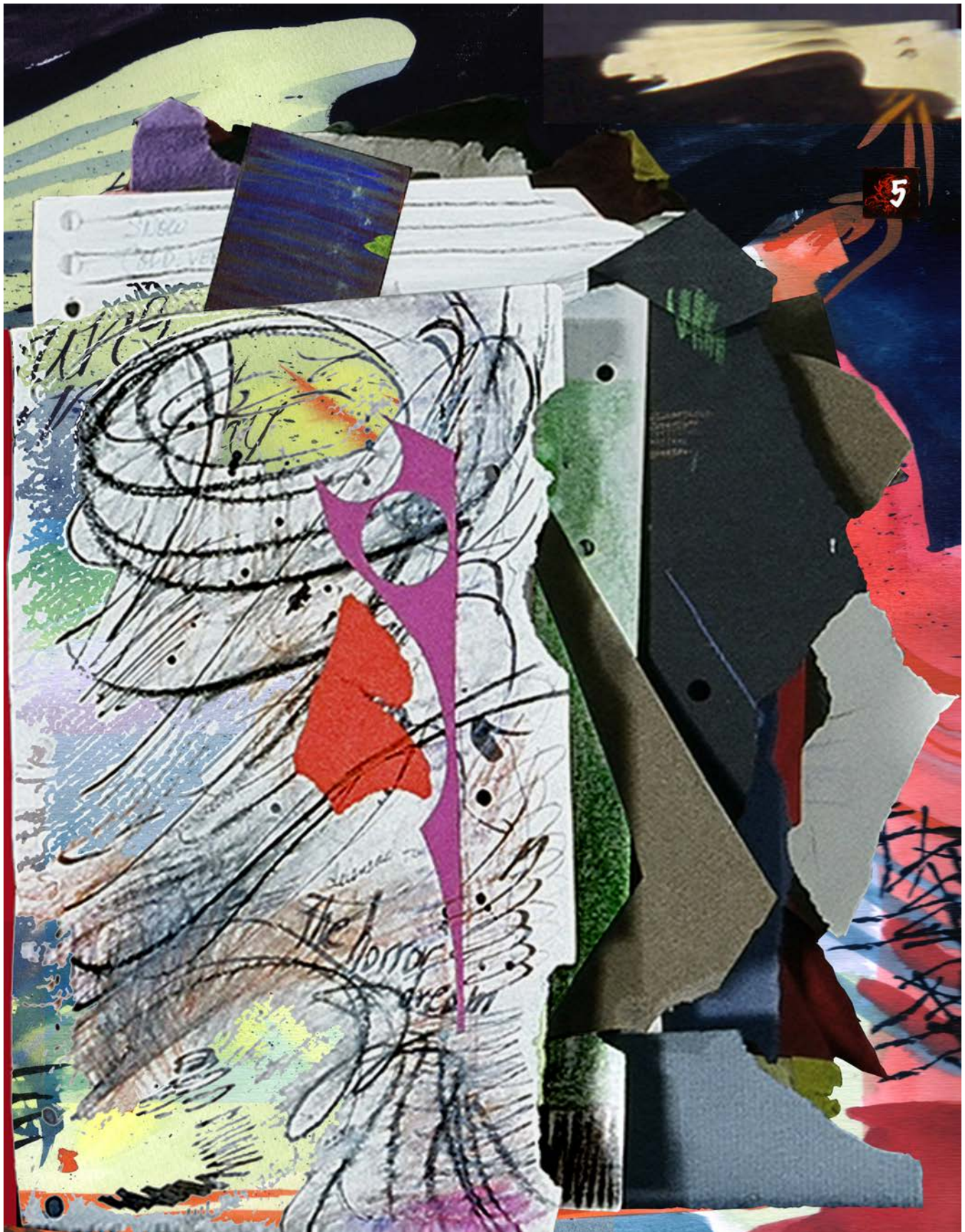






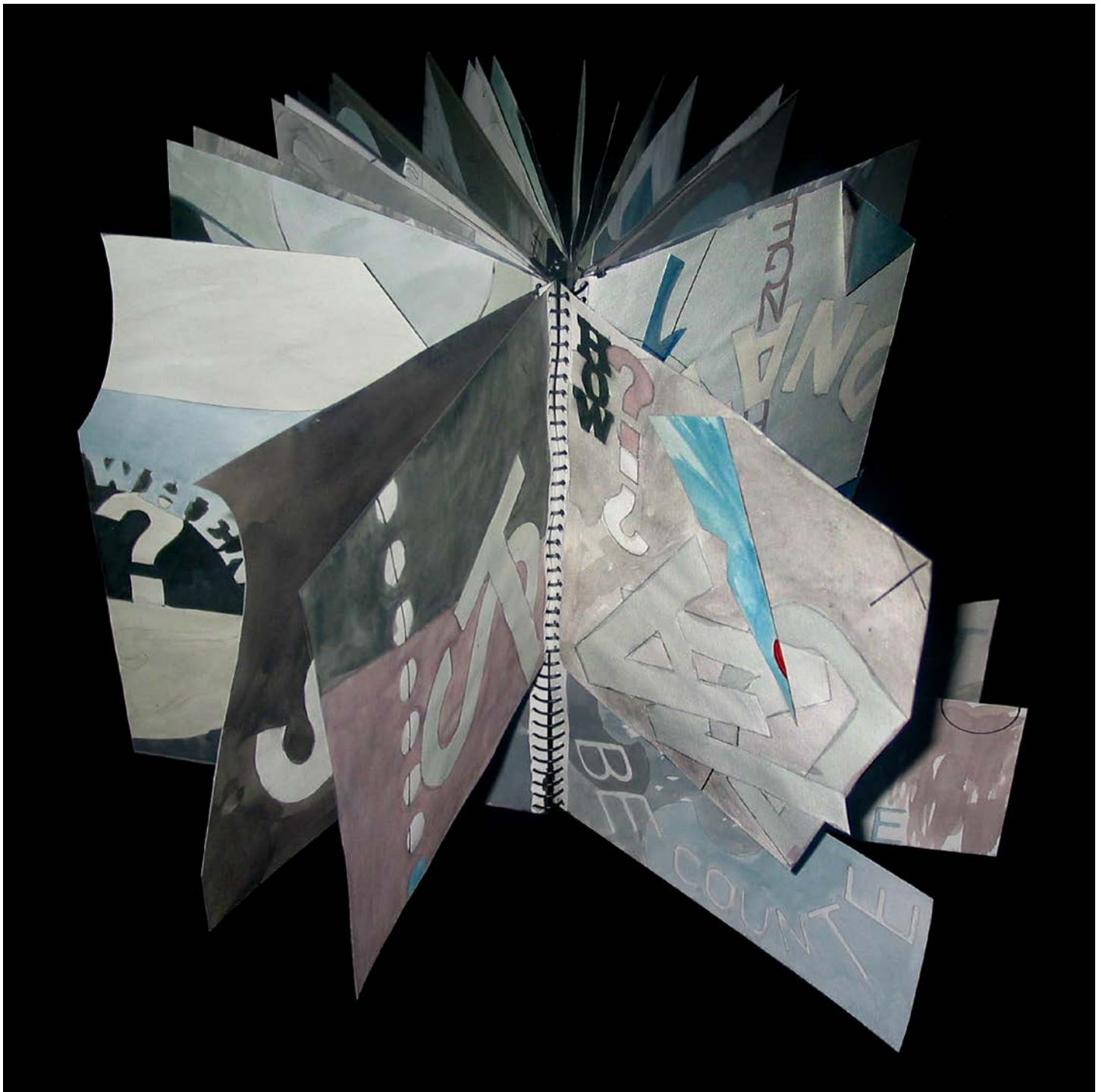




















Stuart Ross

DID YOU BELIEVE ME?

during Ron Silliman's "What"

Have you seen the boulevard?
The waffle? The rain?
It's tough to be automated,
to sit on the wooden bench
at a stoplight and hold
on to the trees. The trees
repeat into the distance.
At the end is a banquet
and the sound of a piano,
a black and white bird,
startled and wrapped in plastic.
I'm just kidding. Did you
believe me? I emerged from
the Norton Anthology and
learned how to breathe,
how to freckle the paint,
how to identify a noun
in a crate of soft drinks.
A horse taught an enthusiastic
class on how to snort.
He spiralled through his
automated language, his
tail stretching to the horizon,
several blocks away. He had
only recently left the sanitorium.
Children played with a forest
in a bookstore that specialized
in graffiti.

Stuart Ross

BUILDINGS, WINTER

What is frozen in the road?
Who has castrated Bill?
I saw that movie
about a milk jug
on a frozen road.
A saleswoman danced
on a giant turntable,
clutching a frozen Spaniard.
Wineglasses wobble
on the surface of the glistening
sun. Did I say sun?
Where is the egg?
Who took the pair of winkels
and plunged them into gloom?
See that — by the spatula?
The poems have all fused
and now Joe can't get them
out of his hair. This
is not to his taste.
A, you're egregious.
B, you're mayonnaise.
Would someone volunteer
to tie me up and study meteorology?
The nurse is named
Adder Ondack and
she has saved several buildings
like I told her to.

Stuart Ross

THREE EXERCISES

after Joe Brainard

1.

Enter a phone booth and phone a number randomly. Ask what hours they are open for bowling. Be persistent. Do not take no for an answer.

Conclusion: Invisible bowling pins are the easiest to knock down.

2.

Next time you are in a mall and a Beatles song comes over the PA, sing the words to "Sympathy for the Devil."

Conclusion: Satan can be found in the most unexpected places.

3.

Don't cut your toenails for six months. You may need to buy a lot of new socks.

Conclusion: Your nails continue growing, even while you're alive.

Stuart Ross

SONNET

Stranger in a Strange Land.
The Bonzo Doo Dah Dog Band.
A Raisin in the Sun.
Atilla the Hun.
Preston Sturgess.
Anthony Burgess.

My Favorite Martian.
Johnny Carson.
Mama Told Me Not to Come.
Eve Plumb.
Wislawa Szymborska.
Federico García Lorca.

Cagney and Lacey.
John Wayne Gacy.

Stuart Ross

MELOPHANOLOGO

The doorknob considers its qualities: the hand, the turn.
Outside, leaves leaf through leaves of Philip Levine,
while, inside, a porcelain mug shatters on the kitchen table.
An earlobe bleeds; drops hit the linoleum floor.
Consciousness is only the memory of consciousness.
Ring! Hello? Ring! Hello? Ring! Hello?

Stuart Ross

EYE DROP

I dropped an anvil on his head.
He had just dropped by. I drop
anvils in those situations. I dropped
bricks, but then I dropped anvils: much better.
I drop names too. I never dropped
acid, but I will drop drops in my eyes
in jail. Glaucoma drops by
my eyes. I drop everything.

Stuart Ross

JOE POTURNAK 416-755-6794

Joe's eyebrows became thick,
lumbering,
as he licked the stamp hinges.
His son was stuck on a turnpike,
his daughter collected raw potatoes.
Melba remained taciturn, squeezed each
lemon into a pitcher of ice,
poured four glasses and carried them
on a wooden tray to the garage,
put them on her tractor, drove through the wall,
and she was free.

Stuart Ross

AND BOING

after Robert Walser's "Und Ging"

The swinger leased the shiny shack
and boing! he became a wanderer.
The blathering rabbi was a democratic bomb
and boing! he became a rawhide vegetable.
See the tilt of a landlocked garden toward Australia,
and boing! you're the king of the world.
It's nightlight applause and a turtle,
and boing! it becomes a leaden hearse.
The psycho dachshund lifts his hurt snout
and boing! he has become the Arms of Man.

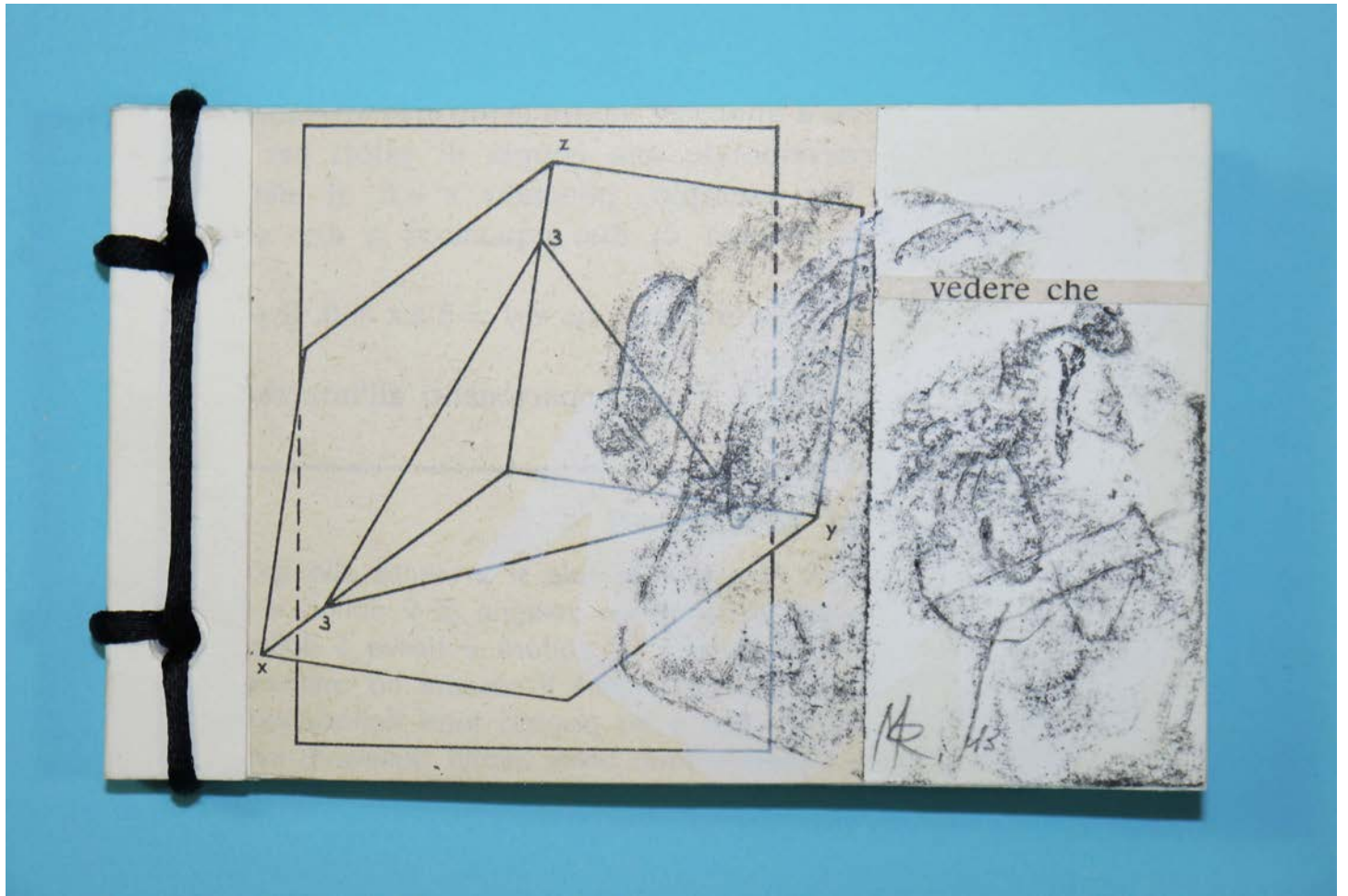






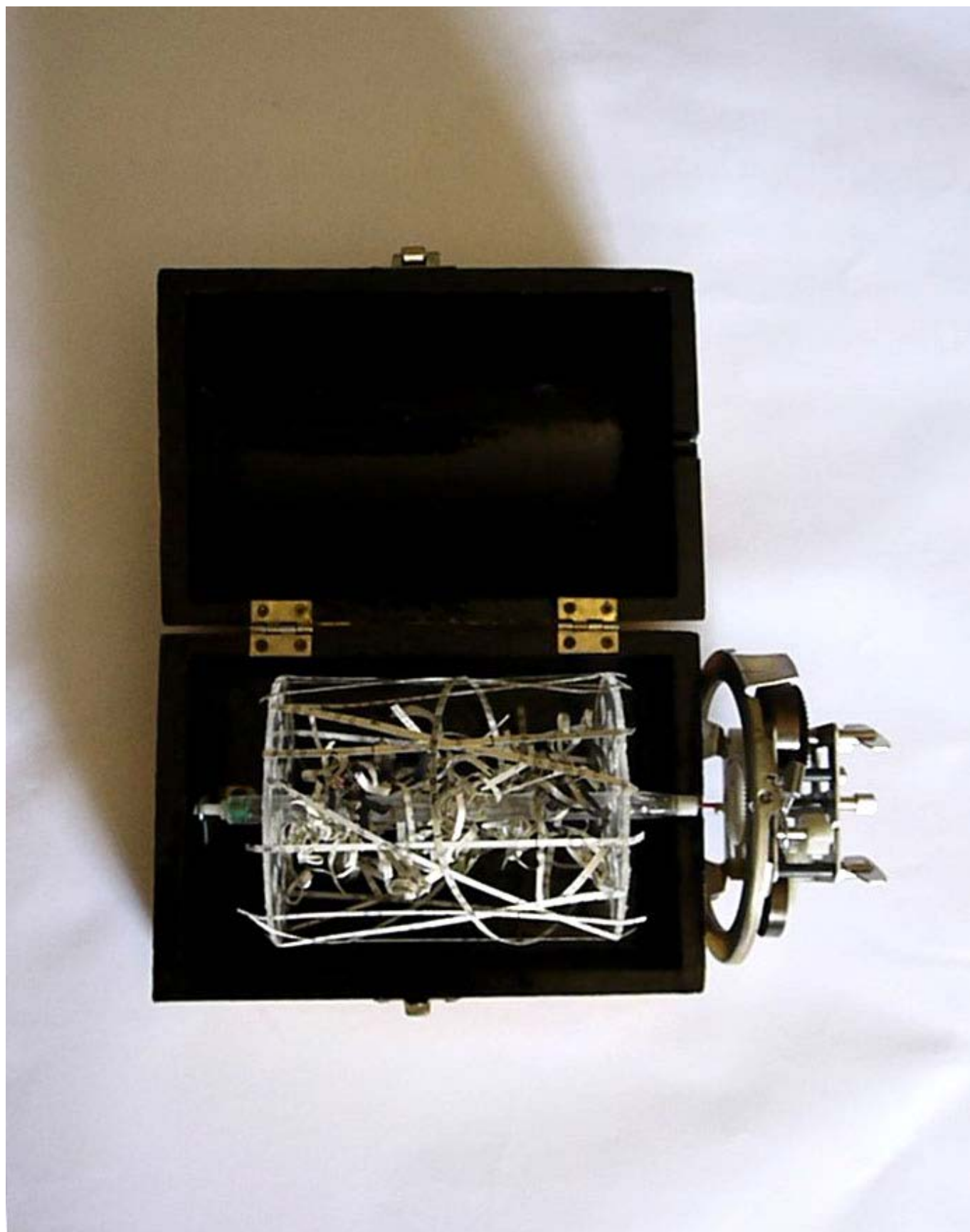






Marino Rossetti















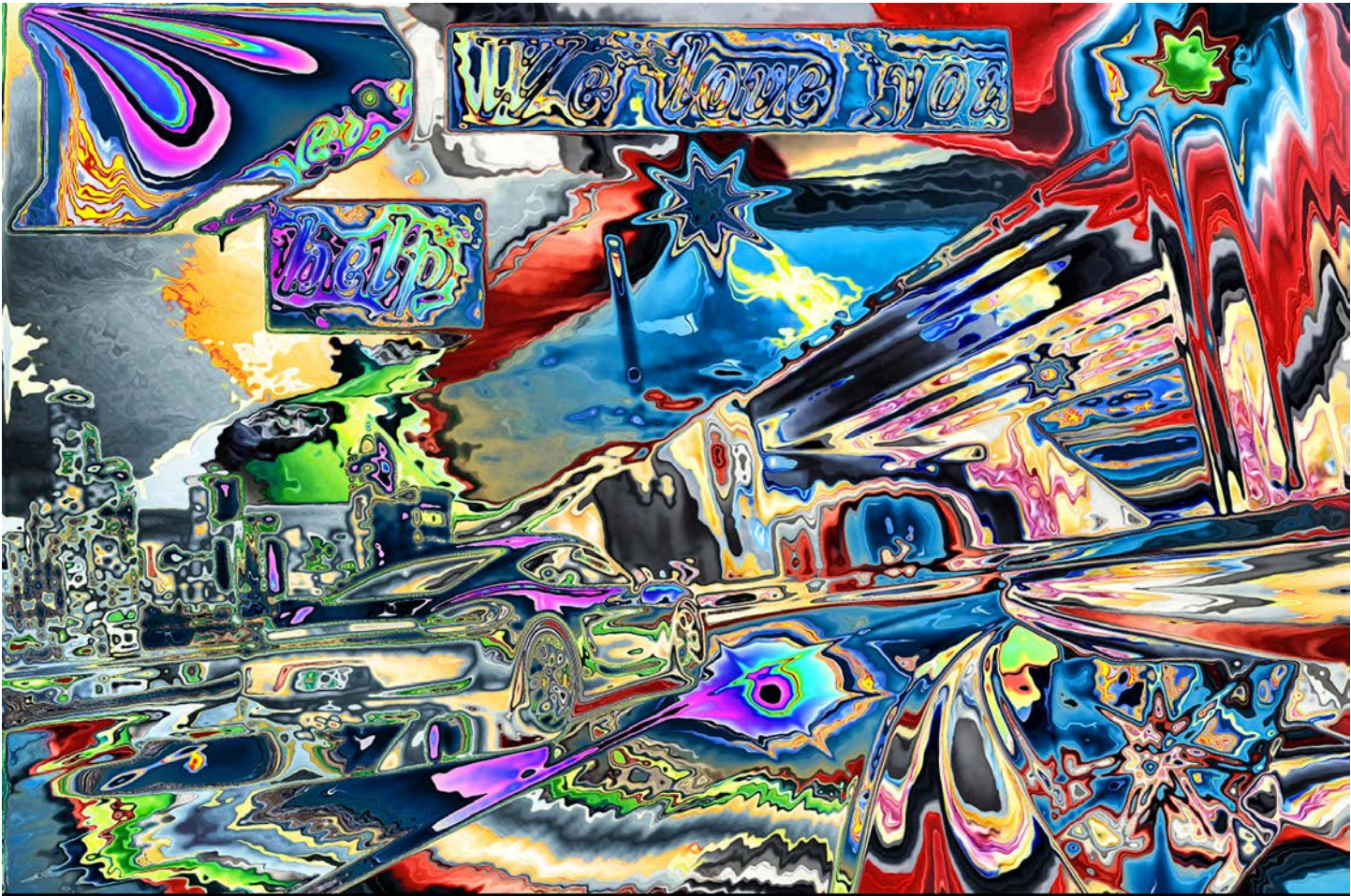






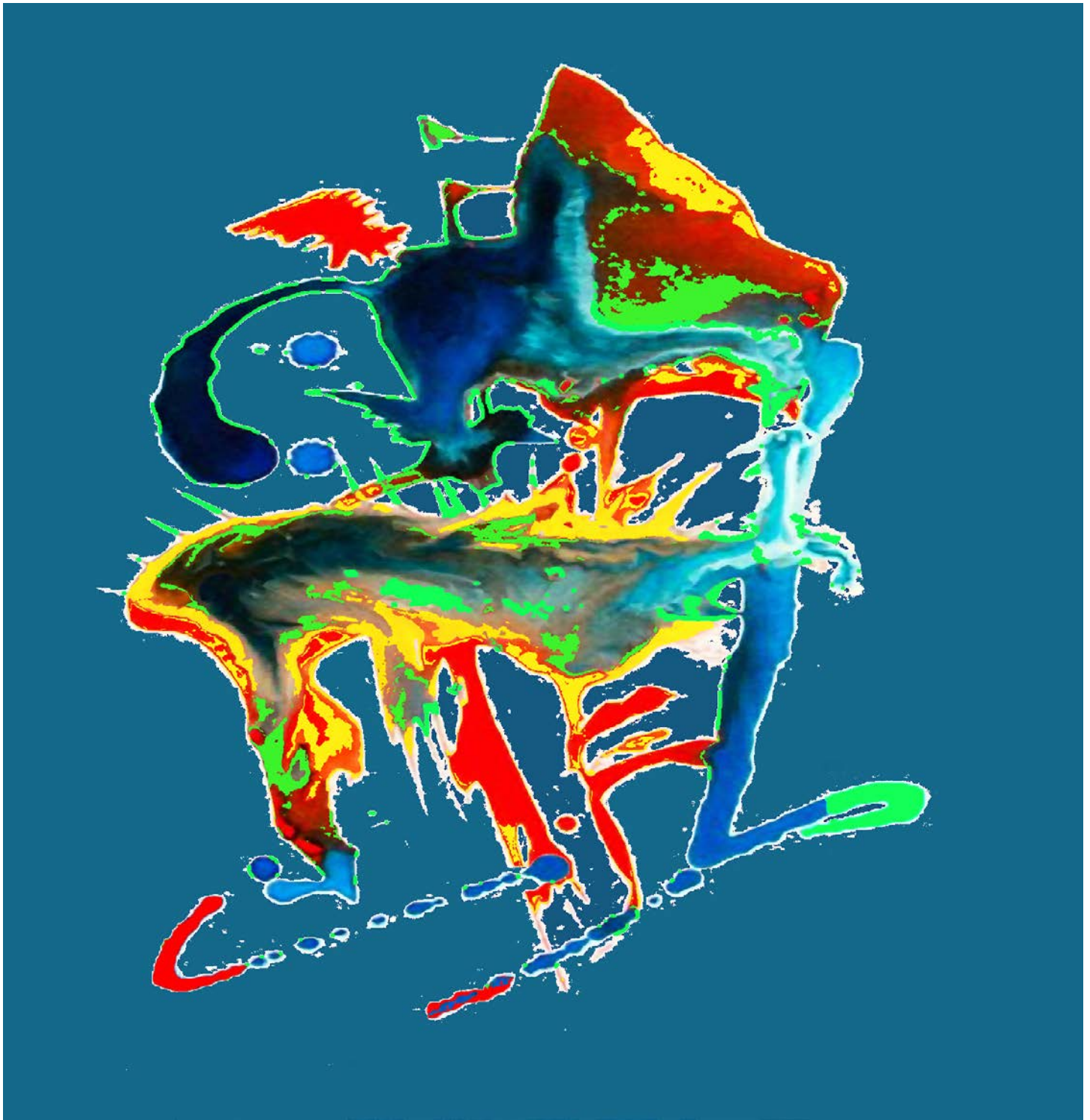






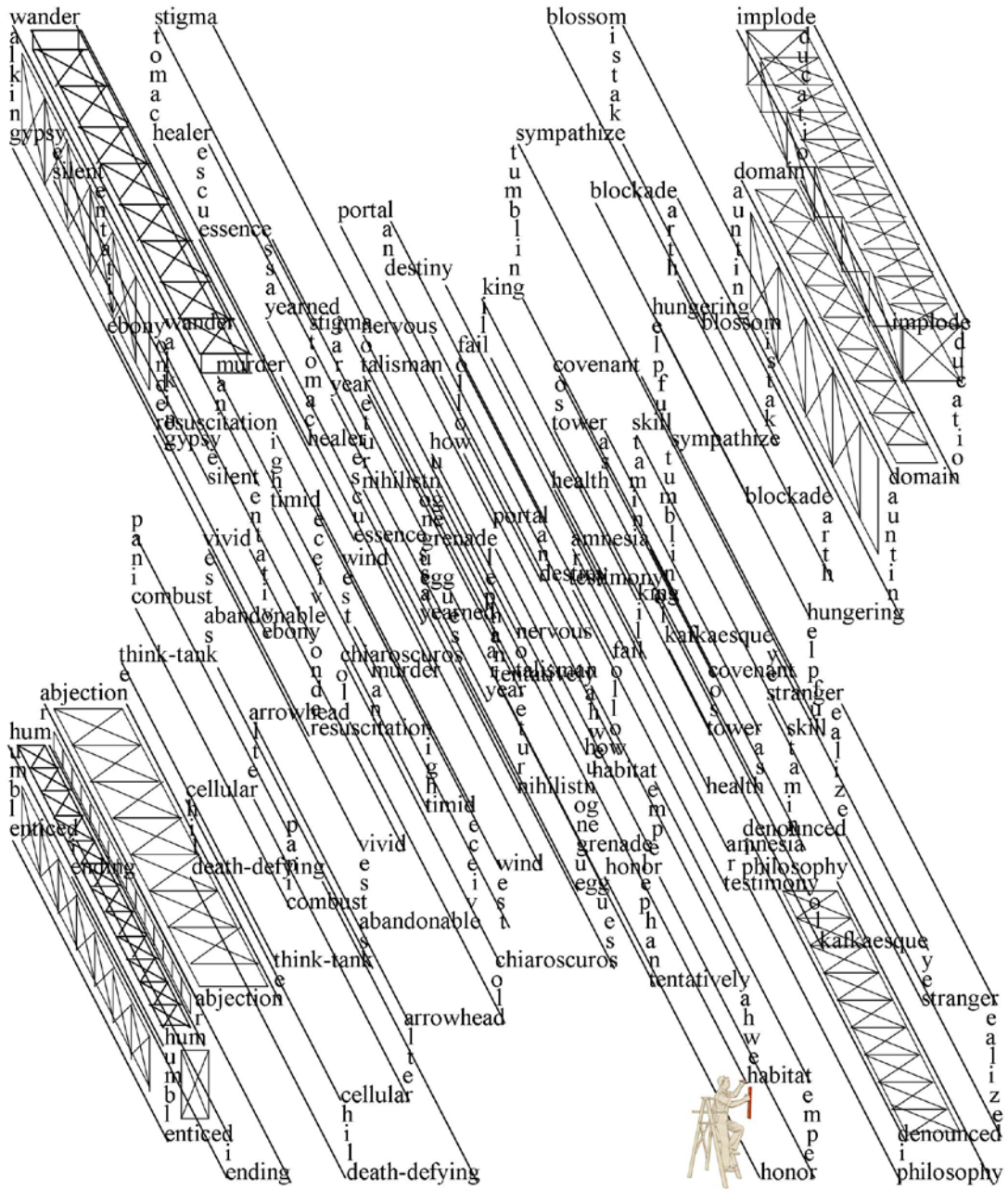








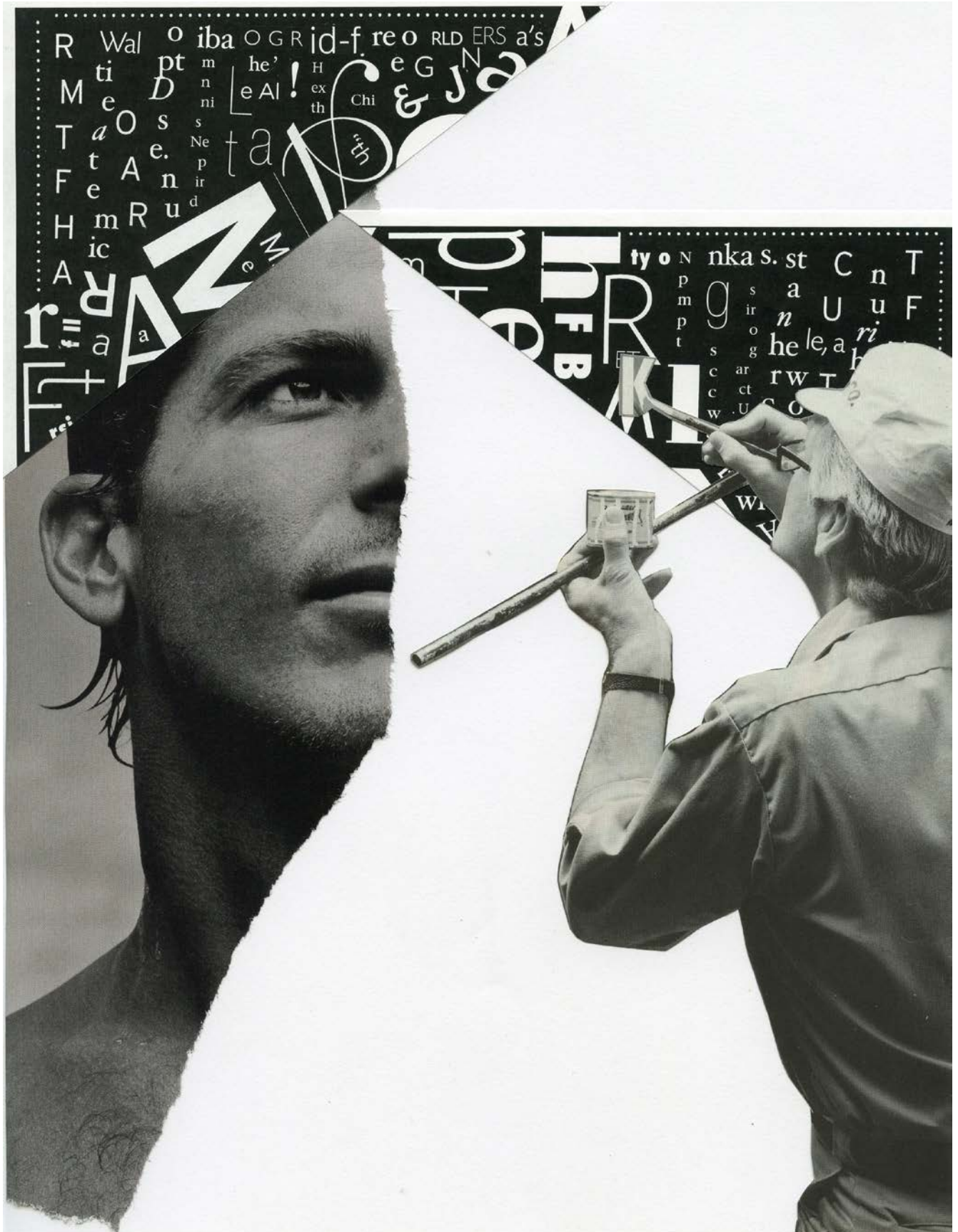
Andrew Topel

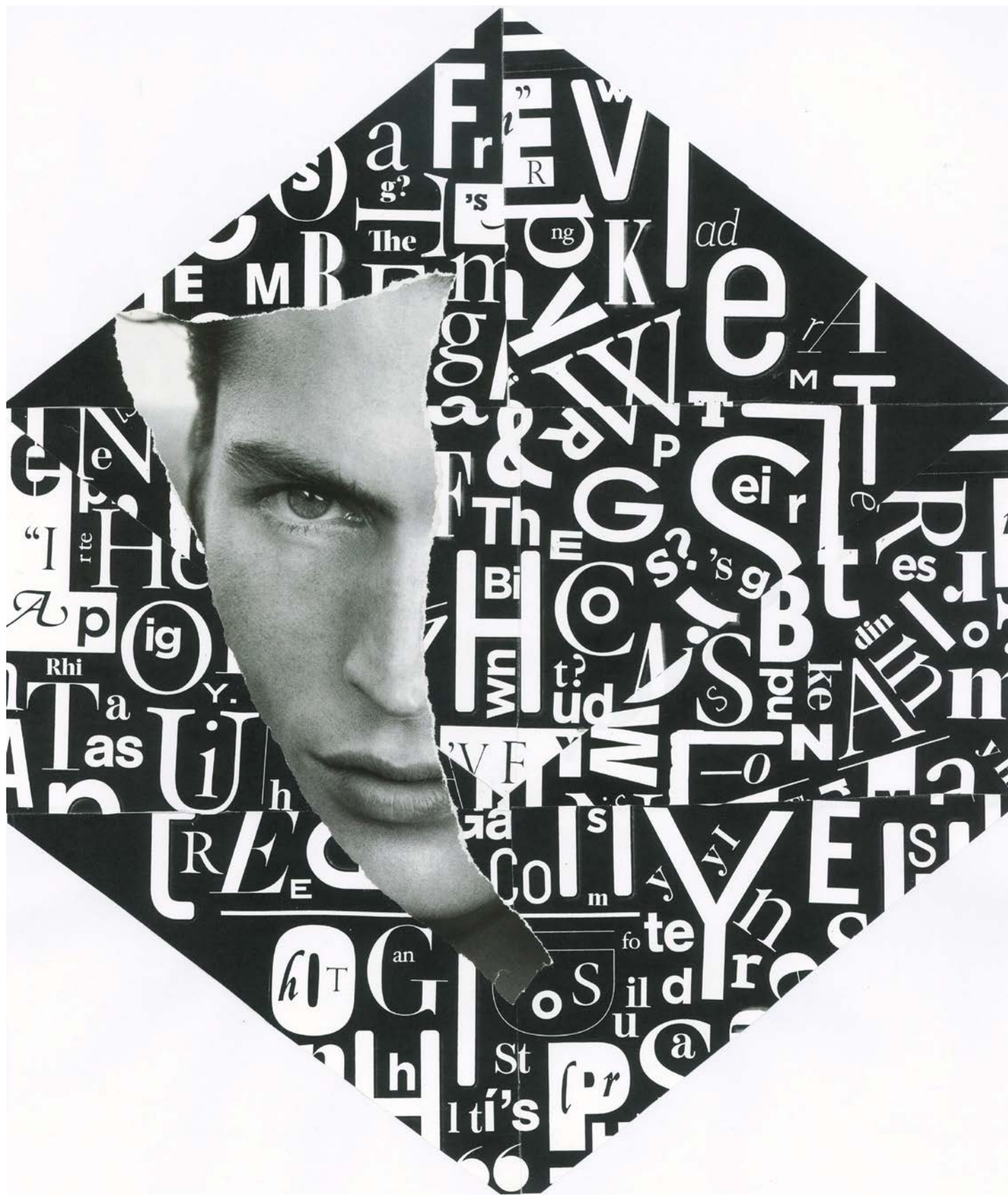


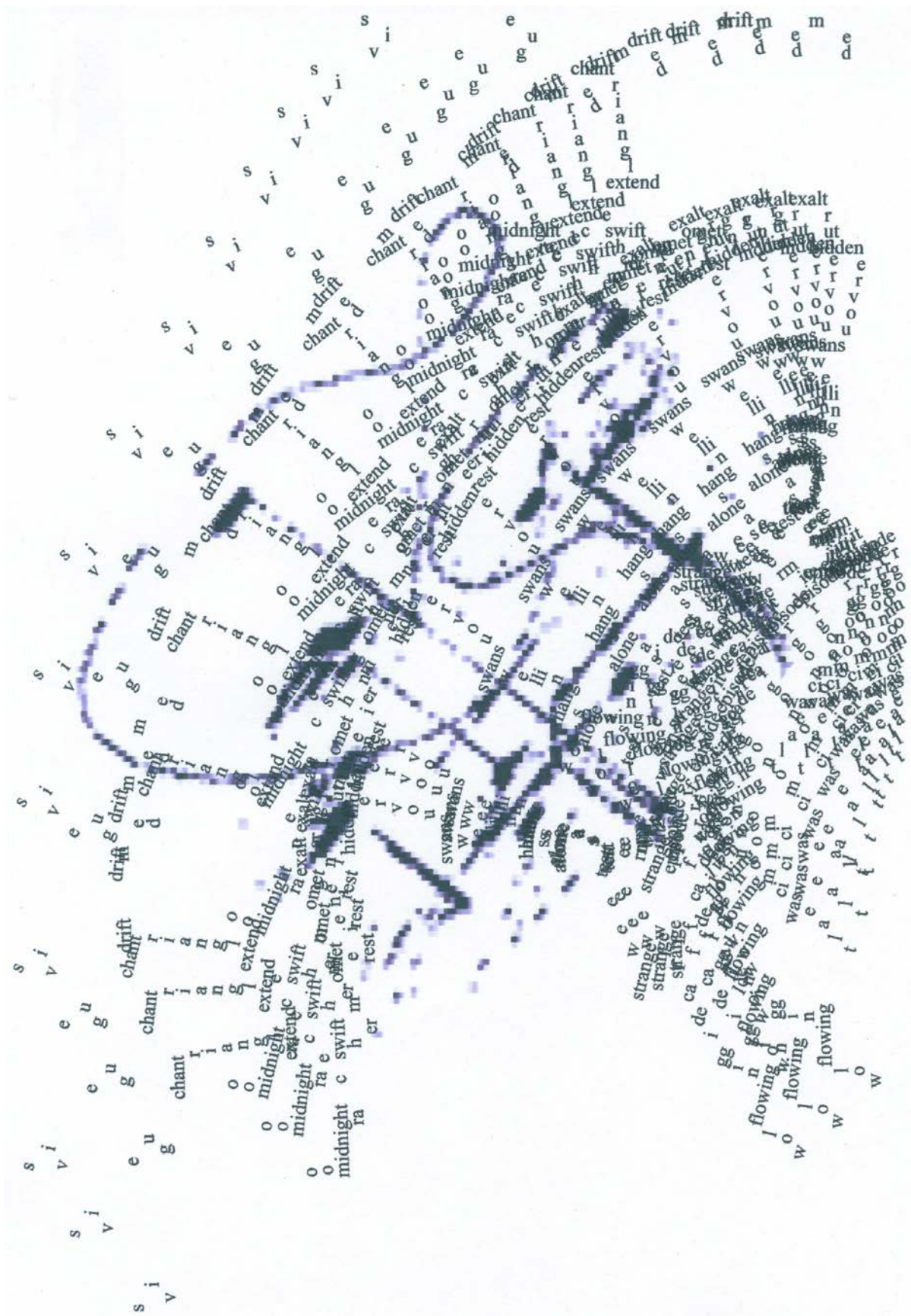
cascading down
cascading down
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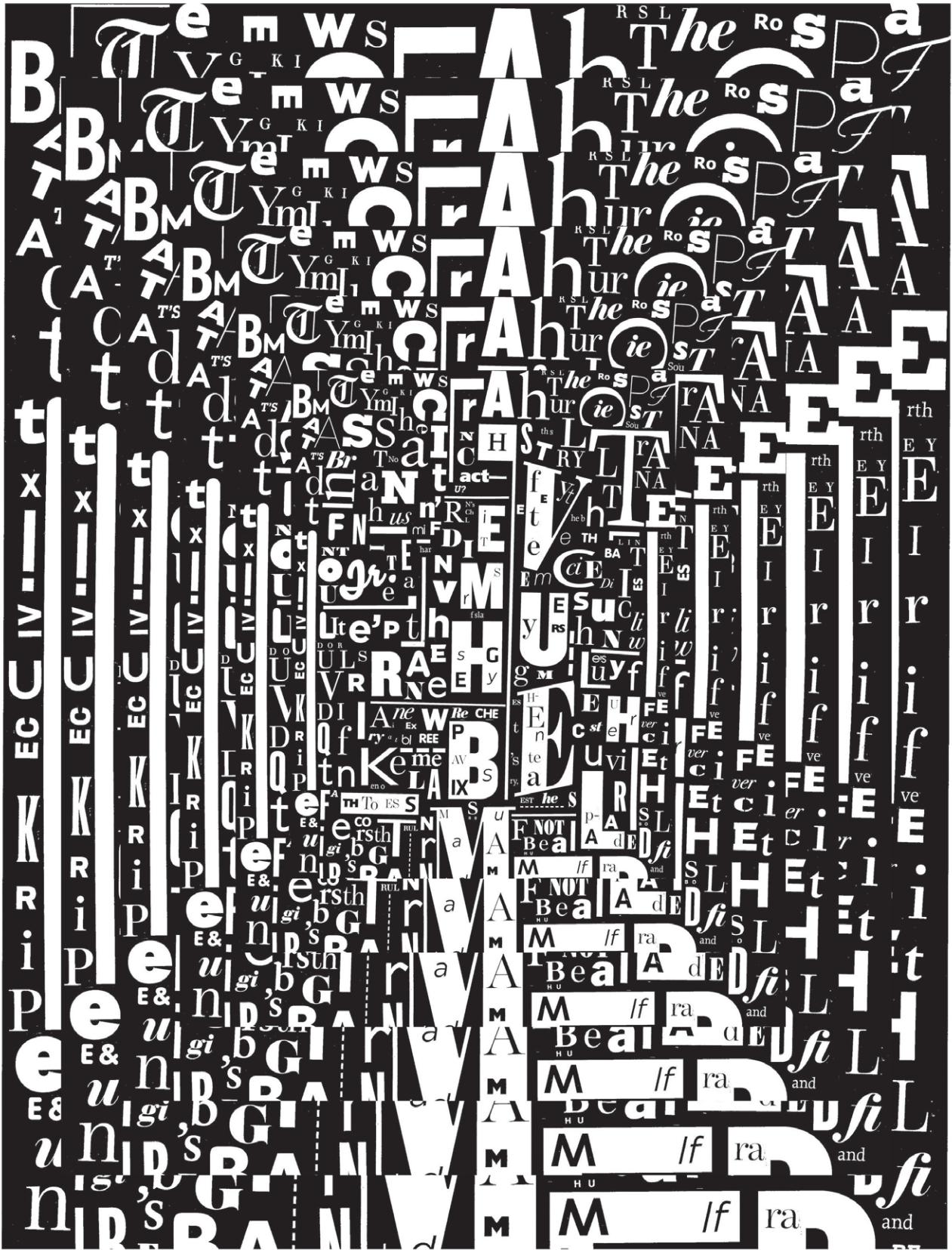
thaw

eyes = cast nest acid ———→ a maternal e(r)go
waling hinge, hotly how focus <-----third-arm
arrowhead —intestates— mimic xeric
war rhythm ahead sewn magnus opus
across = land [word] thin
ammo roared ironic endings {{{{{{}}}tractions{{{}}}}}
(((((((((((((((body echo)))))))))
(de)formed subsisting <————> widest emptied syllables
& breath twined into cohesion



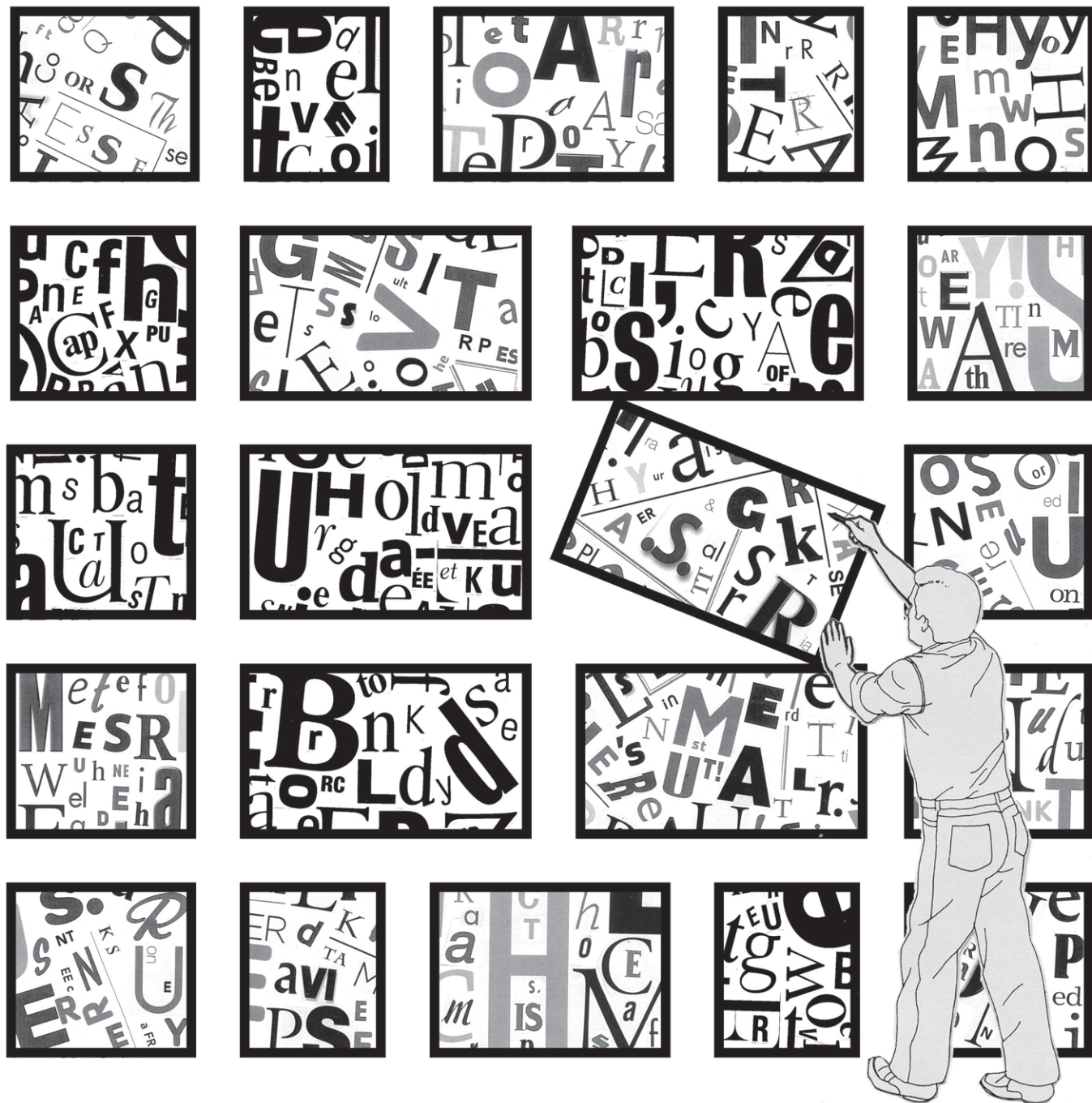


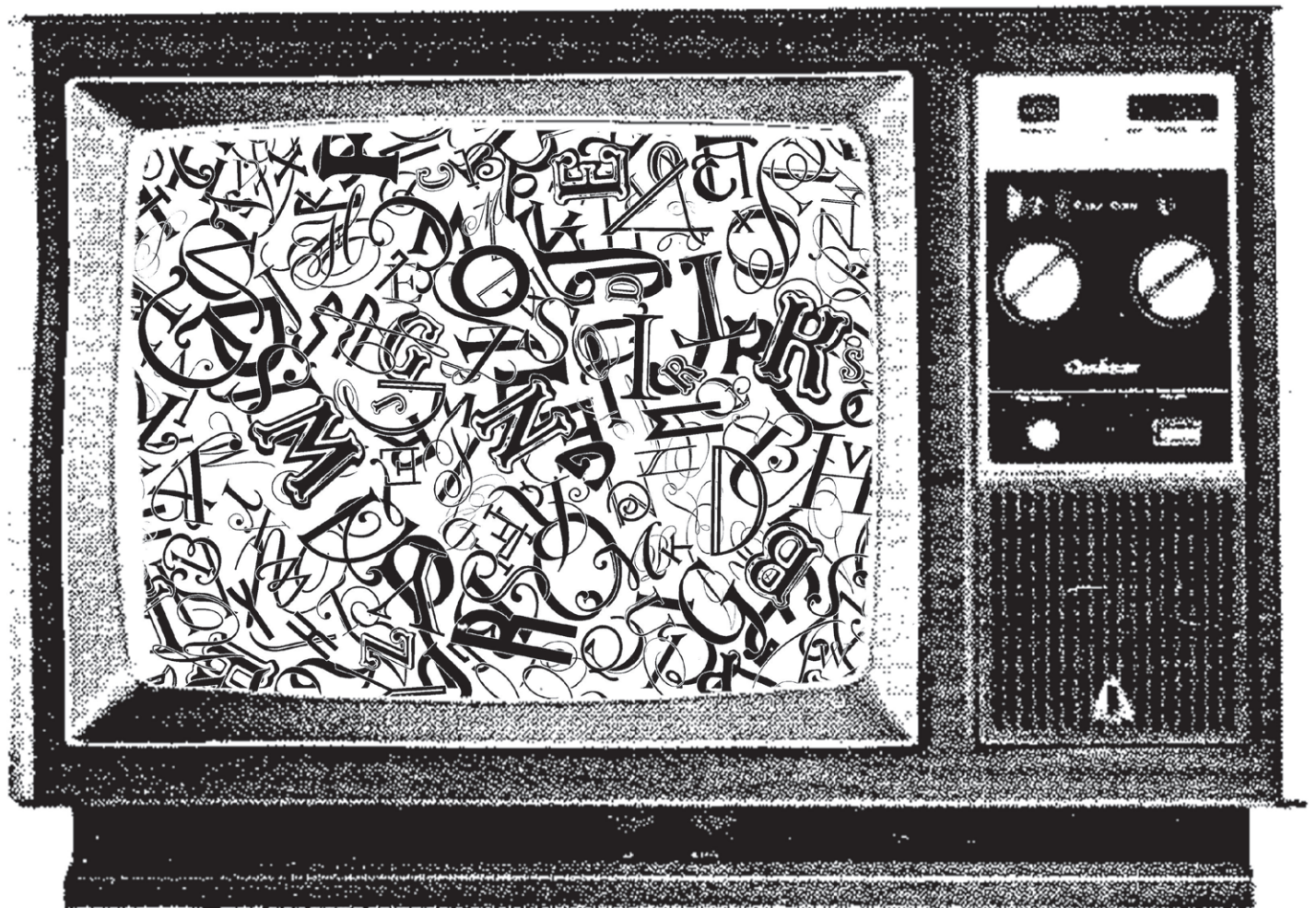












[illegible]



A
NARRATIVE
OF
Removes

Mrs. *Mary Rowlandson.*

O

upon

sun-rising ;

we looked

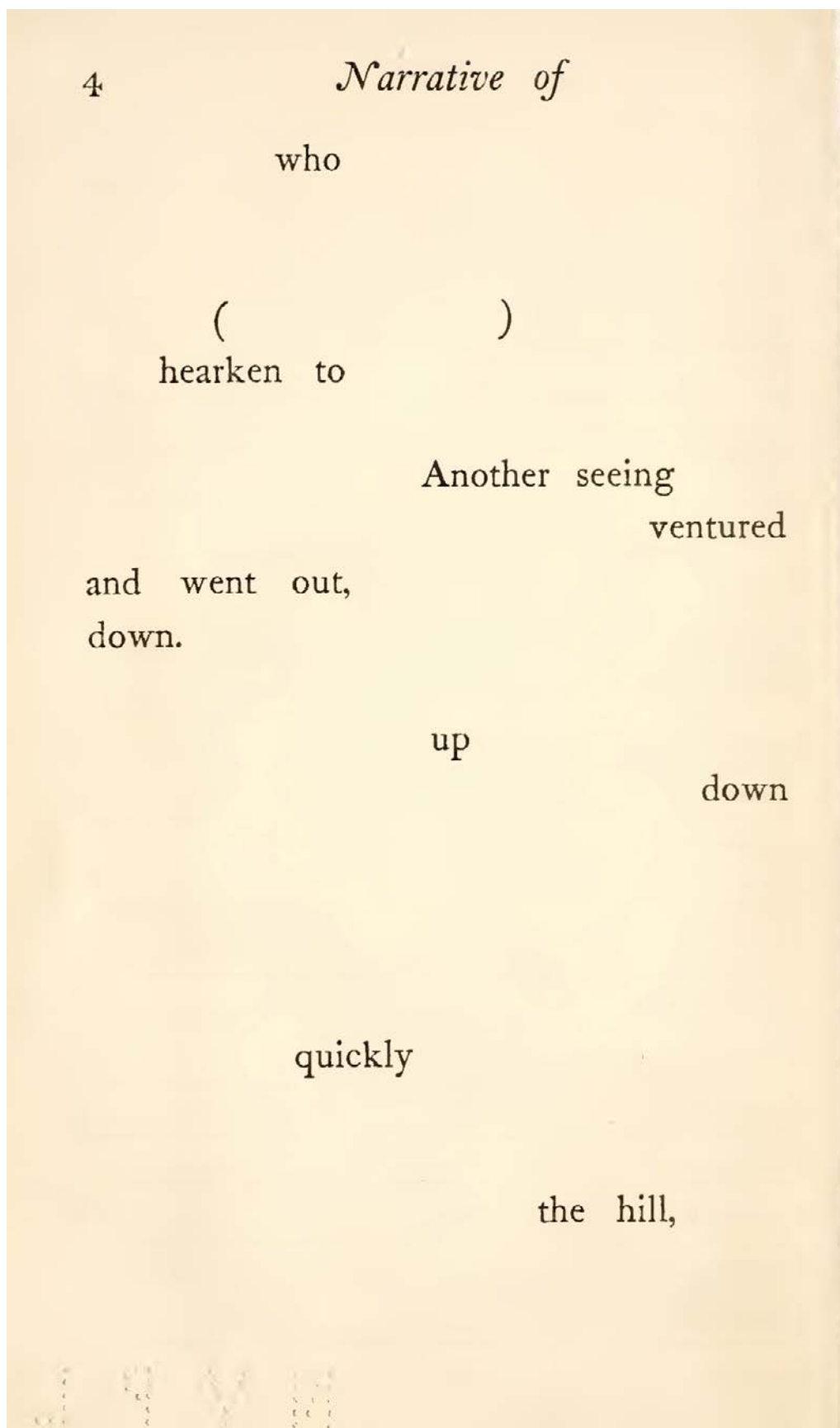
were

one

being

set upon ; one

Another



Mrs. Rowlandson.

5

against

us, then another, and then

my observation

that

time)

brought

no defence

only

quickly

took.

mine eyes see it.

and

ready

6

Narrative of

house :
door,

house,

a hand-

the door,

had come to
to

help is always

to
to see that

before us

Mrs. Rowlandson. 7

-in-

the throat)

broke,

some wallowing

8

Narrative of

a

threshold.

of

labours,

trouble

take hold of her heart,

said

“Come, go

along with

me :

go along with
me.”

Mrs. Rowlandson.

9

*And I only
am alone to tell the news.*

Oh

hearts'

solemn

singing,

10

Narrative of

torn

out:

from

there

taken

my days.

declare

wilderness.

Ewan Whyte

Istvan Kantor Take Down

(Notes toward an essay in poetry)

In a one-off extempore film, we see Istvan Kantor walking in various parts of the Hamburger Bahnhof Museum.

He moves slowly, though there is something calculating about him. He looks quickly at contemporary and modern

works of art, before pausing in front of what resembles pieces of oversized chopped cabbage on the floor. Gallery goers

pass talking in German. The security guards are close, husky Teutons in the service of art.... It is clear he is being

watched. From a glance, the paintings on the walls look out of place beside the contemporary work on the floor.

Kantor often looks past the art and hovering guard staff searching for something. And the all self-conscious, I digital

camera narrator takes all in to occasional words by Kantor himself. A number of rooms, of visitors, and art later we through the camera

enter a large open space interrupted by centered stairs flanked by handrails, a sterile deliberately broken up space, with hallways on its sides

leading to other rooms. Above human height on a large flat wall beneath the stairs, in large block letters is written in German,

“Beuys: We are the revolution”

The guards are very close. And Kantor still wearing sunglasses and sporting an ink X on the side of his head and almost

combat clothes in Monty Cansin persona. He walks under the text of the ten or so meter long wall, moves his back to the stalking guard

Ewan Whyte

and camera. He is slower than expected in trying to open a rolled sign while turning to us and the camera. In the tension I find myself pleading

for the sign to open. Two guards are on him at once wrestling his sign away. It is the almost pathetic strugglings of a prisoner ushered to a scaffold.

We can hear Kantor's voice at first muffled then shouting,

"It's just a sign...

It's just a sign...

It's just a sign..."

mixed with foot scuffing sounds, he is pushed up the stairs but slows to face the camera in mid wrangle, saying firmly,

"We Are the revolution"

"We Are the revolution"

"We Are the revolution."

His partly unfurled sign is crumpled in a hand of a guard. What could it say?

He is shuffled off... Some gallery goers take photos. What is this... this Neoism? Is this Art?

Is there a feeling of the eternal in it?
An ecstatic joy, an instant of transcendent wholeness,

which for a brief moment denies all sense of time?
Certainly there is a stifling of voice. And here, his art however

intentionally, underlines the impotence of revolution.
And for Kantor here, it seems the gesture of revolution is

the very essence of artistic expression.
It is an unconsciously religious posture,

his act of rebelling a secular shamanic ritual.
Here there is no end to achieve, it is

Ewan Whyte

just an intervention to remind us to think of art as an almost living
entity, ultimately organic (in imaginative terms), delightfully impersonal

but fragile when bottled in a framed museum setting.
The emptied room seems cold in its silence and stark words

“We are the revolution”

And Kantor’s unread sign says “And so are we.”

Contributors

carlyle baker is an apostate and now wanders among the misbegotten, he has hardly a penny to his name and lives in the future perfect tense, he has recently appeared at wordfor/word and soon at signs&symbols.

Stephen Collis is a poet and professor of contemporary literature at Simon Fraser University. His poetry books include *Anarchive* (New Star 2005), *The Commons* (Talon Books 2008), *On the Material* (Talon Books 2010—awarded the BC Book Prize for Poetry), and *To the Barricades* (Talon Books 2013). He has also written two books of criticism, including *Phyllis Webb and the Common Good* (Talon Books 2007), and a novel, *The Red Album* (BookThug 2013). His collection of essays on the Occupy movement, *Dispatches from the Occupation* (Talon Books 2012), is a philosophical meditation on activist tactics, social movements, and change. He lives near Vancouver, in Tsawwassen BC.

In addition to publications in England and France, **Amy Dennis'** poetry has appeared in more than a dozen Canadian literary publications, such as *CV2*, *Event*, *Queen's Quarterly*, and *Prairie Fire*. Her poetry has been nominated for two National Magazine Awards and a Random House Creative Writing Award. She placed second in the UK's National Bedford Open Poetry Competition. Most recently, her chapbook *THE COMPLEMENT AND ANTAGONIST OF BLACK (OR, THE DEFINITION OF ALL VISIBLE WAVELENGTHS)* was published by above/ground press in February of 2013. She now lives in the UK where she is completing her Ph.D.

Molly Gaudry is the author of the verse novel *We Take Me Apart*, which was shortlisted for the 2011 PEN/Joyce Osterweil and named 2nd finalist for the 2011 Asian American Literary Award for Poetry. She teaches at the Yale Writers' Conference and is the creative director at The Lit Pub.

Marilyn R. Rosenberg's most recent visual poetry in artists' books editions are *NOISE* (2012, Redfoxpress) and a collaboration with C. Mehrl Bennett, *The Book of Soles (Souls)*, (2011, Luna Bisonte Prods). Today, and since 9-2012, find MRR working on, among other things, another, as yet untitled visual poetry artists' book. Here are excerpts from two completed works.

Published by Luna Bisonte Prods., <http://www.lulu.com/content/8380410> etceteras' artists' book pages, 2011, are based on the artists' book 5, and also remnants of 25+ years of other works», excerpts of visual poems and images, and a small variety from ongoing persistent work.

STAND, 2012, is a one of a kind artists' book, and the visual poems are a few of the many 2012-13 computer amalgams gleaned from the contents, more on <http://halvard-johnson.blogspot.com/2013/04/marilyn-r-rosenberg.html> and <http://www.nationalpoetrymonth.ca/index.php?NPMid=207>

Contributors

Stuart Ross published his first literary pamphlet on the photocopier in his dad's office one night in 1979. Through the 1980s, he stood on Toronto's Yonge Street wearing signs like "Writer Going To Hell," selling over 7,000 poetry and fiction chapbooks. A long-time literary press activist, he is co-founder of the Toronto Small Press Book Fair and a founding member of the Meet the Presses collective, Editor at Mansfield Press, and for eight years was Fiction & Poetry Editor at *This Magazine*. Stuart has published several small literary magazines including *Mondo Hunkamooga: A Journal of Small Press Stuff* and *Peter O'Toole: A Magazine of One-Line Poems*. He is the author of two collaborative novels, two story collections, eight poetry books, and a novel. He has also published a collection of essays, *Confessions of a Small Press Racketeer* (Anvil Press, 2005), and co-edited the anthology *Rogue Stimulus: The Stephen Harper Holiday Anthology for a Prorogued Parliament* (Mansfield Press, 2010). *Buying Cigarettes for the Dog* (Freehand Books, 2009) won the 2010 ReLit Award for Short Fiction. His novel *Snowball, Dragonfly, Jew* (ECW Press, 2011) co-won the Mona Elaine Adilman Award for Fiction or Poetry on a Jewish Theme. His poetry book *You Exist. Details Follow.* (Anvil Press, 2012) won the Exist Through the Gift Shop Award from l'Académie de la vie littéraire au tournant du 21e siècle. His most recent book is *Our Days in Vaudeville* (Mansfield Press, 2013), collaborations with 29 other poets. Stuart teaches writing workshops and coaches writers one-on-one. He lives in Cobourg, Ontario and can be reached at razovsky@gmail.com.

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Contributors

Brad Vogler's poems have appeared in places which include: Free Verse, Versal, Barzakh, BlazeVOX, and Word for/Word, and he has work forthcoming in Jacket2 and Dear Sir. He builds and maintains the website for Delete Press (www.deletepress.org), and is the editor of Opon (www.opon.org). His first chapbook, *Fascicle 30*, was recently released from Little Red Leaves Textile Series.

Ewan Whyte is a writer and translator. He has written for the Globe & Mail and The Literary Review of Canada. His poetry, short stories, essays, art criticism and translations have been published in journals and magazines and he has read his translations of Catullus on public radio in the U.S. His translation of the poetry of Catullus was published in 2005. He has recently completed a translation of the odes of Horace and an original book of poetry. He lives in Toronto.

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Others, A Magazine of New Verse, December, 1919 Issue 5, No. 1