



**X-10**

**CINDY DEACHMAN**

**FAIZAL DEEN**

**SANITA FEJZIC**

**JESSE GLASS**

**CANDACE MAKOWICHUK**

**PETRICHOR ARTLAB**

**STAN ROGAL**

**JULIA ROSE SUTHERLAND**

**JACQUELINE VALENCIA**

**DAWN NELSON WARDROPE**

**ELAINE WOO**

**Dedicated to John Ashbery (1927-2017)  
who refused to compromise.**

# Introduction

Happy tenth anniversary! In ten years we have published boundary breaking fiction, poetry, visual poetry, asemic writing, collage, book art, photography and hybrid works.

We've published 107 contributors from thirteen countries: Argentina, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, England, Finland, Hungary, Italy, Ireland, Japan, UK, Ukraine and USA.

My goals for Experiment-O were to expose existing audiences of AngelHousePress to boundless creativity and imagination, to gain audiences that a tiny Canadian press wouldn't normally reach, to publish art that wasn't regional in nature or parochial, to offer artists of all stripes a chance to stretch their creative wings and have a whimsical and welcoming space to try out or hone techniques or genres or styles that were new to them or new to our audiences. Some of these contributors have published with us when they were in early stages of their creative development while others were at a more advanced stage. Either way, they've been gracious and generous in sharing their experiments with us. I am always gratified when I see the name of our magazine appearing in acknowledgements pages and sites of various publishing houses, literary journals and art publications. We're spreading our unbridled creativity everywhere!

I owe a great deal of thanks to our brilliant and adaptable web designer and layout artist, Charles Earl. And of course, an audience is essential, so thank you for reading and sharing Experiment-O.

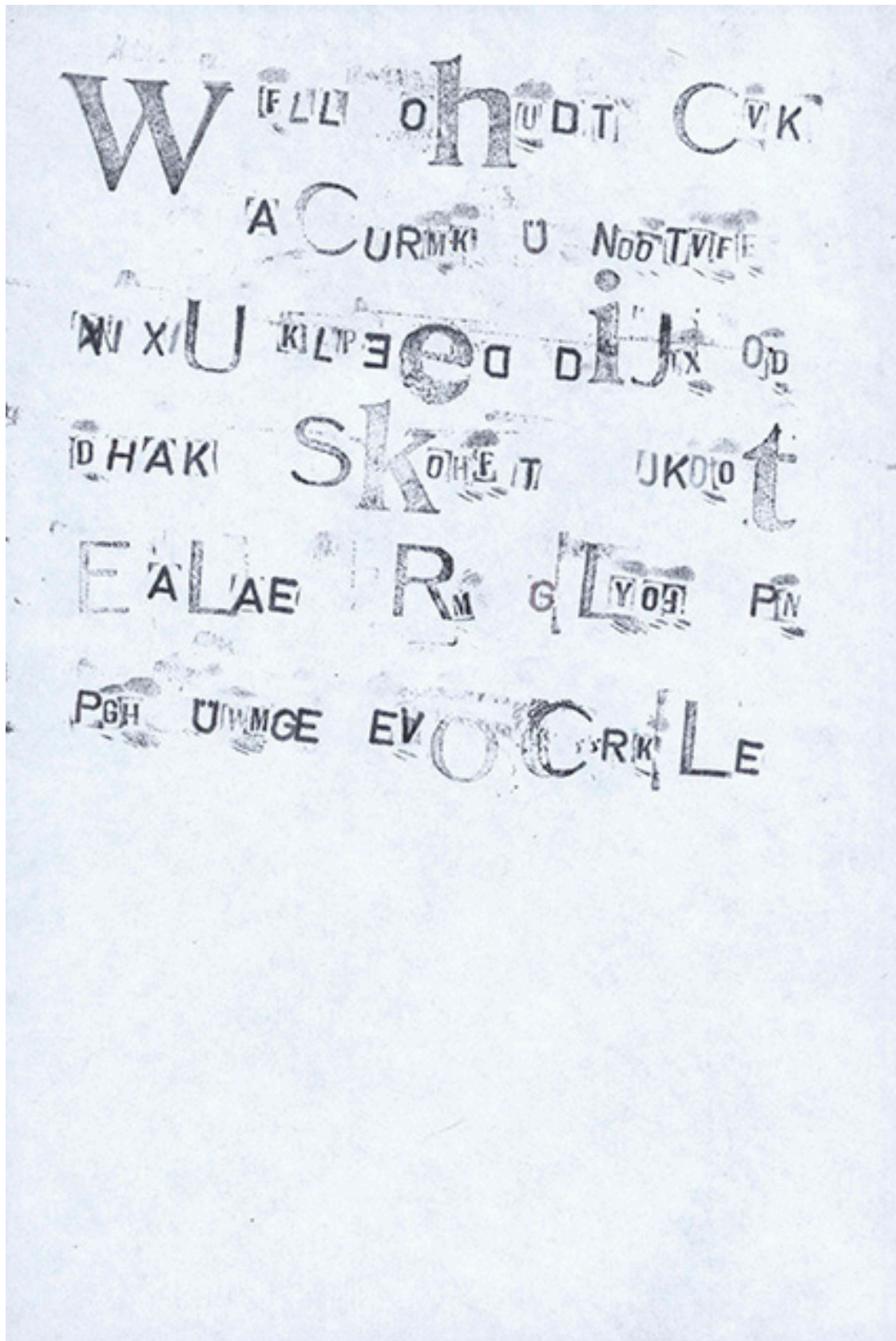
Lastly I offer words of gratitude to our contributors without whom we couldn't exist:

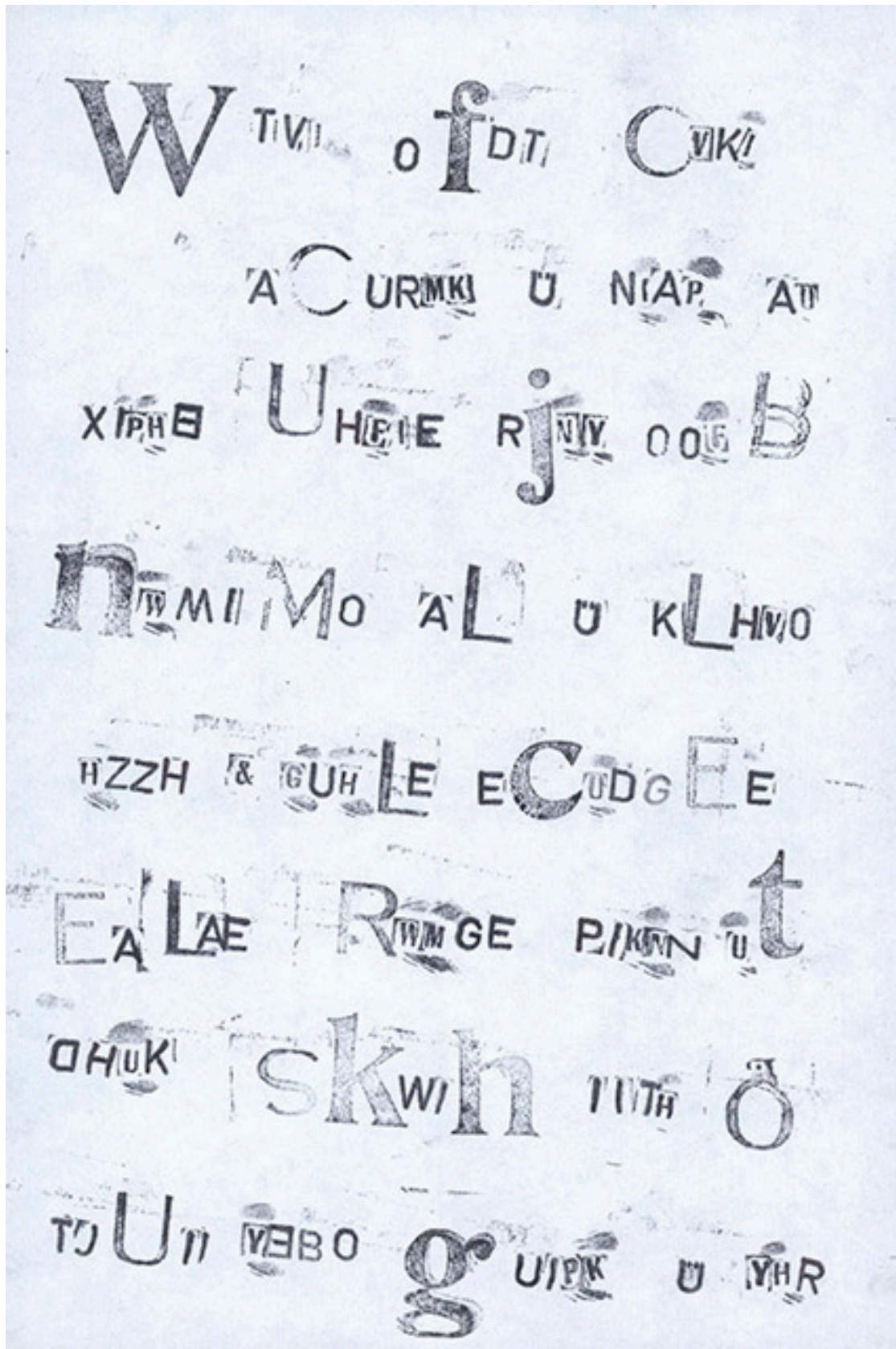
Cameron Anstee, Rosaire Appel, Sacha Archer, Henry Avignon, kemeny babineau, Carlyle Baker, Gary Barwin, Michael Basinski, derek beaulieu, Dominic Bercier, Elizabeth Bertoldi, Volodymyr Bilyk, Selina Boan, JC Bouchard, Jamie Bradley, Caleb JW Brasset, Stephen Brockwell, Bill Brown, Craig Calhoun, Jason Camlot, Joel Chace, Jason Christie, Peter Ciccariello, Stephen Collis, Cindy Deachman, Faizal Deen, Amy Dennis, bill dimichele, Judy Dougherty, Nathan Dueck, K.S. Ernst, Emily Falvey, Sanita Fejzic, Heather Ferguson, Molly Gaudry, Marco Giovanele, Mark Goldstein, Caroline Gomersall, John C. Goodman, Spencer Gordon, Helen Hajnoczky, Phil Hall, Jeremy Hanson-Finger, j/j hastain, Carrie Hunter, Satu Kaikonen, Sheena Kalmakova, Márton Koppány, Ben Ladouceur, John Lavery, Shawna Lemay, Joel Lipman, Jeff Lipsky, Ariel Gonzáles Losada, Jennifer MacBain Stephens, Candace Makowichuk, Margento, Camille Martin, JF Martel, Karen Massey, Kevin Matthews, Gil McElroy, rob mclennan, Christine McNair, Sean Moreland, Gustave Morin, Sachiko Murakami, Sheila Murphy, Koji Nagai, bruno neiva, Philip Quinn, Dominik Parisien, Pearl Pirie, Roland Prevost, Michèle Provost, Francis Raven, a rawlings, Monty Reid, Mado Reznik, Sandra Ridley, Stan Rogal, Marilyn R. Rosenberg, Stuart Ross, Marino Rossetti, Jenny Sampirisi, Sarah Sarai, Spencer Selby, Louise P. Sloane, sven staelens, Carol Stetser, Julia Rose Sutherland, hiromi suzuki, Janice Tokar, andrew topel, Chris Turnbull, Jacqueline Valencia, Nico Vassilakis, Steve Venright, Brad Vogler, Tom Walmsley, Dawn Nelson Wardrope, Carol White, Ewan Whyte, Ellen Wiener, Elaine Woo, Liz Worth, Ali Znaidi.

Experiment-O is part of AngelHousePress, a home for ragged edges, raw talent and rebels. Through our chapbooks, essay series, podcast, transgressive prose imprint, DevilHouse, our online magazines, our close reading series for new women poets, NationalPoetryMonth.ca and Experiment-O, and any other machinations we dream up, we will continue enrich the space around us with whimsy, to connect with like minded outlyers, and to explore the limitless creativity of artists around the world to share with you, dear readers.

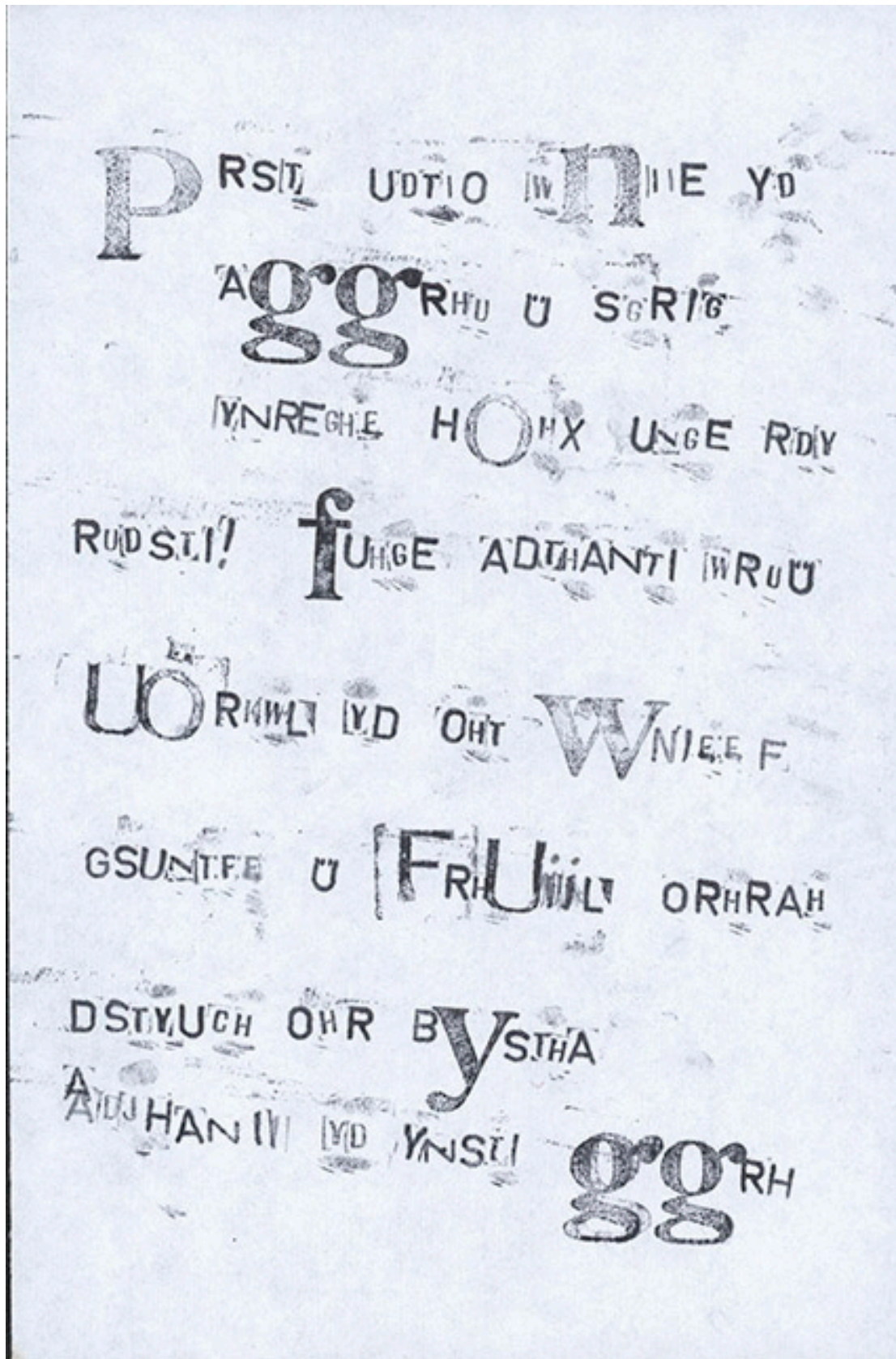
yr fallen angel,  
Amanda Earl

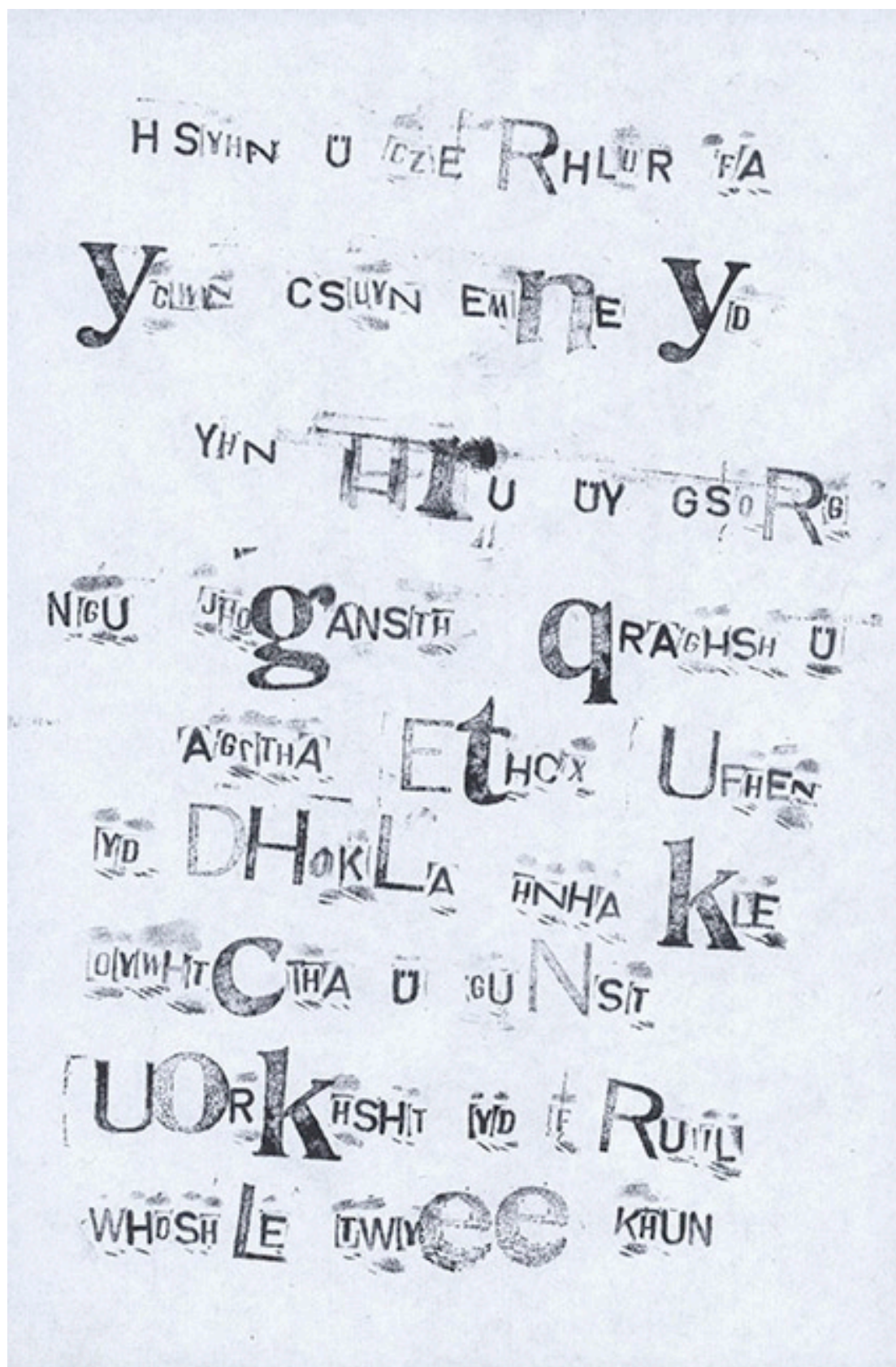




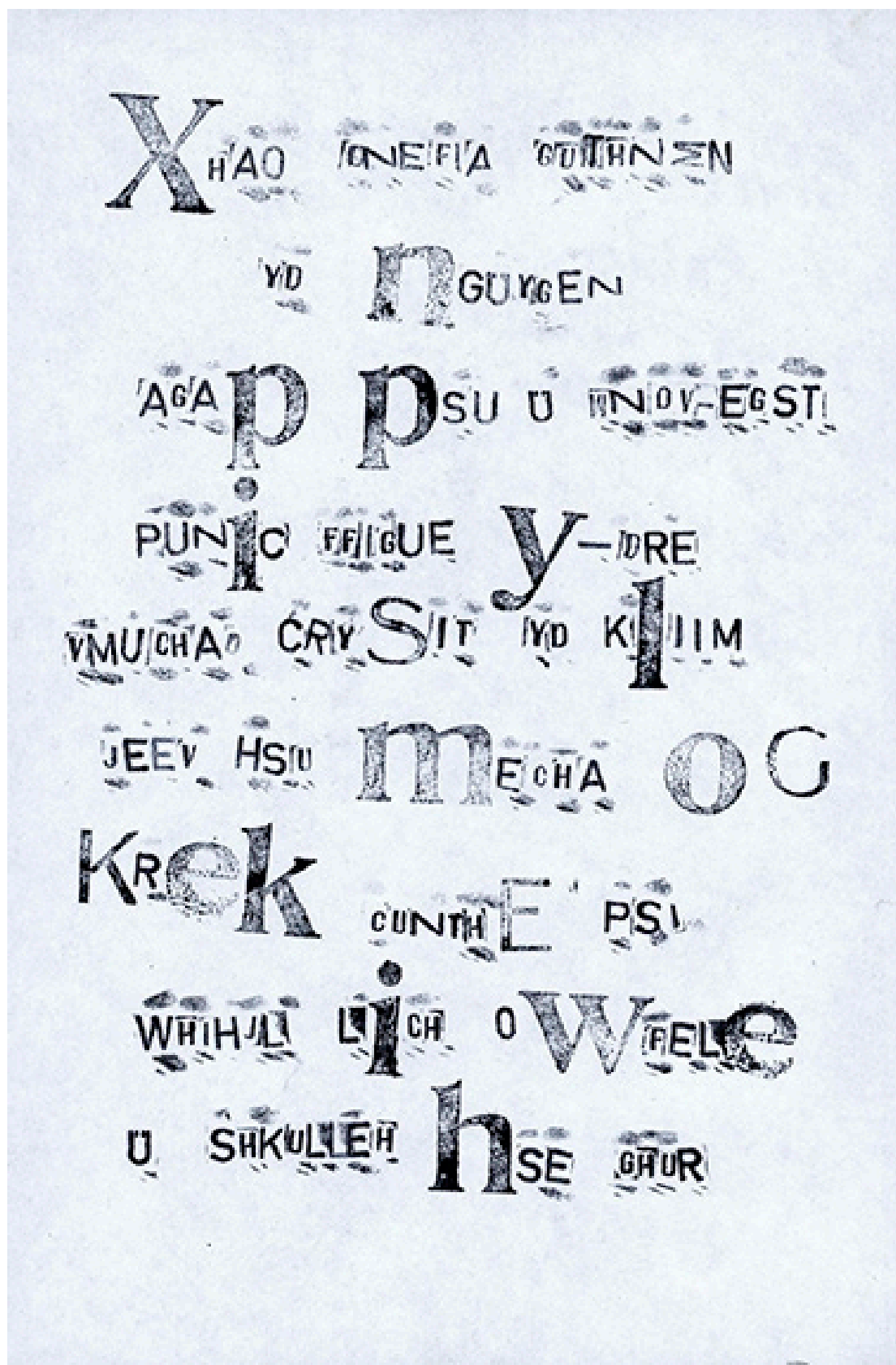












swallowing dream<sup>1</sup>

rat-passage

Fazlah<sup>2</sup>

Madrassi

ratoon<sup>3</sup>

“incandescent Brylcream”  
“putting his Mazda on!”

in metaphor Berbice R.

*Oriyu<sup>4</sup> in tangles*

glucose granpa — canes talk — [*Indic*]

in loan words, in a masjid

skinfished El Draco

“Mohammedan sweet tooth”

swallowed

1 PART THE STORY

2 “glucose granpa”

3 coolie grow shoots, sugar-canes

4 ...this river’s water goddess gateway.



reading  
faith [namaz, wizard beards]  
breeding  
naughts [Marmaduke Pickthall]  
white<sup>5</sup> Once  
hidden  
Funk Wagnalls stolen  
here  
I stop there  
devils inside animals cut [Bdos, Guyn]  
dreams  
man hands  
sewing needle me  
boy the edges  
stains colonies  
wooden [“the outer sapwood is white”]  
fire  
now  
the souls  
hollow words  
spell  
me  
sucked  
throat slide  
rule the devils

5 MODERN POLITICS  
Rahaman, d. 1987

trench about ocean  
stomach grave  
everything but bones  
coolie boys  
crooked road  
"Do you hear, Ramgollal?" "Are you Mittleholzer's peasant?"  
my body my buddy you

the hard strained way  
the hard strained way  
the hard strained way

exiles homos<sup>6</sup> swelling  
[Indic, diaspora]

Azeeza, my cousin, a juvenile diabetic, Alice dolly  
age in her home many doilies  
serenades  
fear  
Alice dolly  
reading  
cups [namaz, again; playtime namaz] the passage  
Timex  
Words [granma, who knows these things, Arabic dunces]

morning.  
book up  
mind making  
island

6 MAPS



# Faizal Deen

We amidst

alphabets  
tripping  
aubade

I am  
read

from the                      figs meant  
Oh,                      buried                      red street  
                        where I  
age  
sunrise

sunrise age I where  
 where I buried red street  
 buried Oh oh oh baby's got the  
 the figmentos  
 read: I am tripping aubade  
 ABCs amidst we  
 islands making mind  
 book up morning  
 Timex words  
 Cups, passage  
 Alice doilies fear  
 the swelling age  
 exiles suitcase home  
 the hard strained way  
 the hard strained way  
 the hard strained way

crooked road  
sucked on devils  
spilled nightmare  
o dead babies o dead billys  
goats the soul in fired up bellies  
the hands of a masjid

# Faizal Deen

after dark  
in latrines

stolen atlas white nothing

blasted

“wizard beards cup their hands, reading faith,” Mom, if  
you don’t read, you sink, like a faggot, shrink-up man  
crushing theatre

“sweet granpa,

when the weathers good and I’m out cruising, I think of you, your Moderns,

crawling back the metaphors,”

dark up, suit up Madrassi, slick coolie

jumble up not a lick he

not a Arabic  
ning-ning  
swallowing  
dream.

Cal is in front of her, waiting. Lips tight, eyes serious, she puts her phone back in her purse.  
“Grab that box,” she says. “We’re running late.”

Judith drives quietly, at the speed limit and with the radio off.  
She thinks she should say some words.

What year is he in? He had graduated. *But he looks so young.* How old is he? Twenty-two. Will he get his Master’s in Architecture? No. No, what? He doesn’t want to be an architect. His degree is in Environmental Sciences.

Getting him to speak is like pulling teeth. No, that idiom isn’t right. It’s like hunting deer, you have to be persistent, patient, and beyond that, you have to like hunting. Talking for the sake of talking deeply annoys Judith.

There is no traffic on Highway 417 East. They’ve passed the city’s invisible border. Rows of trees frame the road. Hard to tell what kind of birds fly above the forest, roaming. The blackbirds that cross the road to and fro captivate her. The mood, traced in their shadows, resembles her. It’s as if they’re chasing each other. One of them pushes the other with its feet. She cannot tell if they are playing or fighting and she finds the scene strangely moving. As if she isn’t part of it, as if she’s observing it from the outside in.

Look. The young man, Calendar, Cal, is biting his nails. He probably needs a cigarette. He’s looking out the window, at the birds, at the chaotic clouds, at God-knows-what.

“If you studied Environmental Sciences, why are you doing an internship with an architecture firm?” And she wonders, in her own head, why Shannon approved him.

Yes, that is the question she wants to ask him. Or maybe not. She wants to know who he is. Not who he is, necessarily, but what pressures have moulded him. Yes, that’s what she wants to know, but she isn’t sure how to formulate the question.

He says he studied Environmental Sciences, because, well (he rubs his chin), it seemed better than engineering and not as hard.

“Of course,” he says, trying to compensate by lowering his tone and looking more serious, “I think we need to build more sustainable structures that respond to global pressures on our natural resources and the environment in general. My undergraduate thesis was on new technologies and green architecture in residential and commercial buildings.”

He wipes his palms on his pants. He’s nervous, then? The cigarettes, the nail biting—maybe it could all be traced back to an extreme case of insecurity? Could she remember being young and starting out?

She had started her own firm after Anne was born. Gabriel stayed at home, and she went to work when the baby was only one. In retrospect (*always in retrospect*), she regrets the decision. She wishes she had stayed at home with her daughter. Wishes, wishes.

The wind is against them. She can feel it in her hands, as she grips the wheel, and in her foot, the one that’s on the accelerator. The car, which she has been driving for five years, is like an extension of her. She can sense everything about it.

*Admit you are uneasy around Cal. You think he’s strange because you cannot perceive him in any way that fits easily within a predetermined category. He is young, but acts old. He appears calm, his face gives no signal of alarm, and yet his body is nervous.*

“What do you know about architecture?”



He shifts in his seat. "Not much. I mean, I know a lot of theory but this is my first professional experience."

"Tell me what you know."

He pauses. "When I was young, I spent a lot of time on my grandparents' property just outside Ottawa. They had a hobby farm, with sheep, cows, pigs, chickens and bees."

What the hell is he talking about, wonders Judith.

Unaware of his employer's expectations, Cal goes on. "I loved beehives, not the ones my grandpa made, but the ones you find in nature. They're beautiful. I could spend days looking for them, like a pirate looking for treasure. And when I found one, I'd photograph it in earnest. Bees are architects, in a way." He stops to look at her but she doesn't acknowledge his gaze. "I probably still have those photos laying around somewhere. My thesis project focused on architecture that echoes natural landscapes and uses sustainable materials."

"Can you tell me what you know about resource-efficient building life-cycles?" she asks.

He parrots the word "life-cycles."

Is she driving an intellectually challenged young man to Montréal?

"Do you know what LEED certification is?"

"It's what you specialize in, right?"

She hates it when a person answers a question with a question. Someone grave and scornful comes out of a deep sleep within her—a woman that she had repressed a long time ago. The moment she recognizes this, she raises her head and looks in the rear-view mirror. Her unsmiling face frightens her. She remembers that when she first started her business, she was confused and terrified. She had almost lost her first client because she felt intimidated by the old man. He was a dentist and wanted to demolish a residential house and turn it into a commercial office. She remembers his black moustache and large aviator glasses. His nose hair needed a trim. When she mispronounced his name for the third time, something Polish, which she should have been able to pronounce considering she was Eastern European (or so he had told her), he shook his head and belittled her. What he said exactly, she can't remember. But from that moment onward, she was always nervous in his presence, and it had been the least pleasant of all her jobs. She never asked for a recommendation from him, and for many years afterward, avoided clients whose names she might mispronounce.

"You'll learn as you go," she says, matter-of-fact. She meant her voice to sound friendly, but it came out in a foreign tone, strict and condescending.

The thing she wanted to find out about him, who he is, suddenly seemed impossible to grasp.

He says, "Why did you become an architect?"

She laughs. She liked to build things, she says, ever since she was young, she played with blocks and then later, with Legos, and was naturally fascinated by the processes of creation and destruction. When she finishes speaking, the words she had uttered surprise her. Of course, she knows she likes to build things, but she had never said it like that, with the words "creation" and "destruction" side by side.

"I liked Legos too," he says.

The atmosphere in the car changes. It's lighter, more amicable. Then she attempts to make a joke, something about a Lego castle and a clumsy little girl that simply could not build a round structure, and then feels absurd and trivial, and stops. The mood, like an elastic, has been stretched one too many times in directions she could not control. She needs peace now.

Cal, unable to read her mind, continues to talk. He says he applied to her firm because his father, who is a green engineer, knows Shannon. *So it was nepotism. You're not surprised. There is simply no way he could have passed a regular interview.*

"Who is your father?"

"Greg Morales."

The name means nothing to her.

Silence once again enters the car. They pass families of elm trees with pale green foliage. Behind them stands a troupe of towering pine trees.

Her face folds with curiosity as she remembers Yoko Ono's black-and-white body. The images by @ andandor and the YouTube video mould into one. She recreates the ghostly eerie scene of the man that snaps off Yoko Ono's bra and comments over it, as if she were writing the voice-over of a documentary, "She sits, legs folded, face blank, eyes void of emotion, as the man clutches the metal instrument that could kill her, but does not. He cuts the straps of her bra and they fall, but do not completely expose her. She holds her breasts with her hands crossed, making an X, as if spelling out a limit, an inarticulable no."

A poisonous sensation runs down her spine as she fully realizes the meaning of Cal's last name. She turns and looks at him, fingers in his mouth like a baby, chewing the tips of his nails.

"What's your name?" she asks.

"Cal."

"No," she says in a deadly tone. "Your full name."

"Calvin Morales."

An inarticulable no.

At first there is nothing, a space empty or filled with void, whatever you want to call it. Something heavy and uncomfortable settles in her chest, just below the neck, like a brick. It makes breathing difficult.

His name is Calvin Morales.

*Calendar Cal is Calvin Morales.*

She doesn't interpret his name in the expected, routine way. It blows her mind. She loses the sense of touch in her hands. As if her body is going numb, she knows she is steering the wheel, but cannot actually feel it.

*Oh my God. What are you going to do?*

"Are you okay?" he asks in a slow and uneasy way.

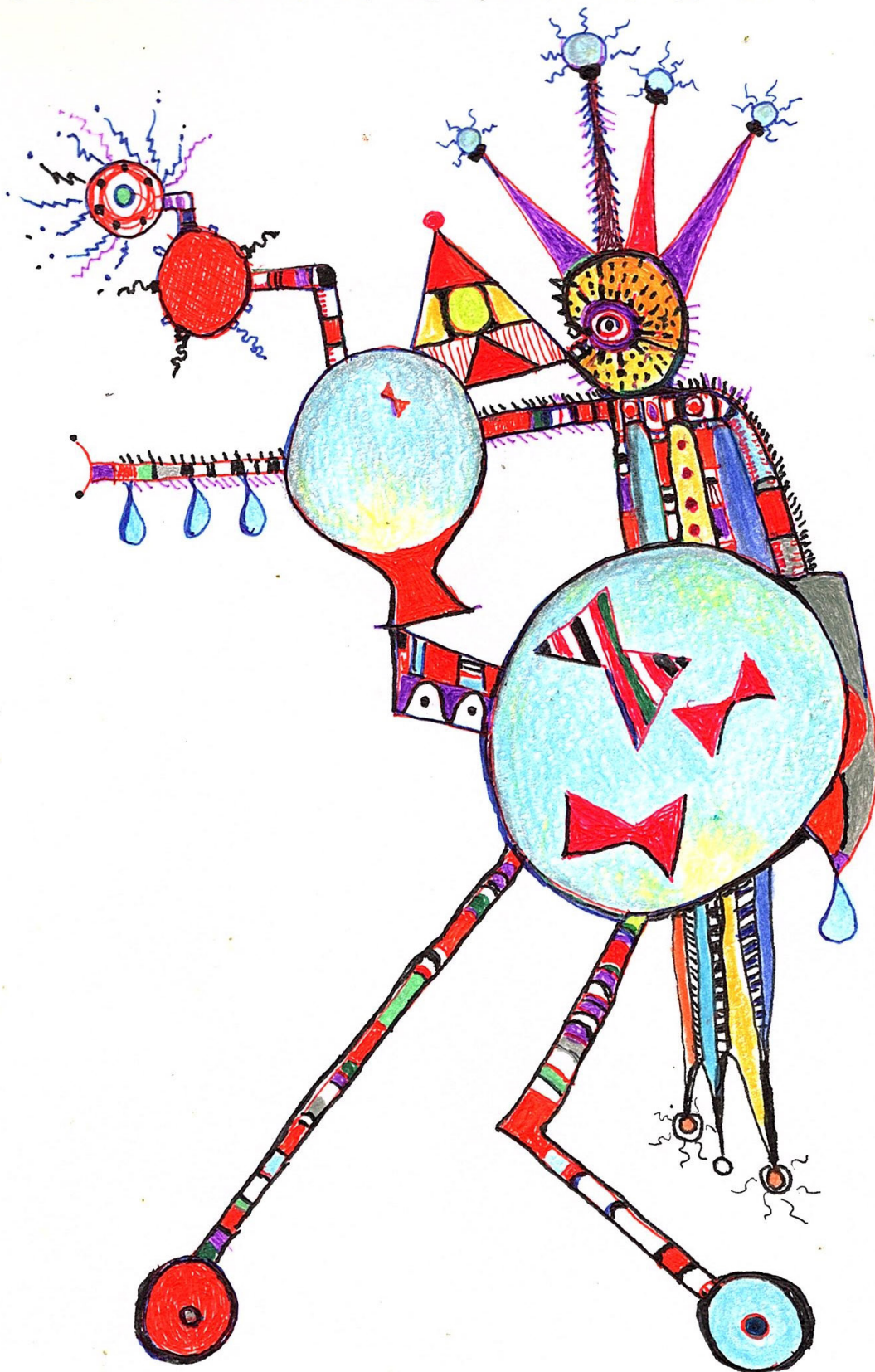
The stormy sky, with its greyness, enters her skull. Confusion masks the anger and fear that brew inside her at an astonishing rate.

The brick moves up, to her throat, and settles in the back of her tongue, threatening to asphyxiate her.

They pass an Esso gas station. She signals her intention to turn right but the next exit isn't for another two kilometres. Automatically, her hands guide the wheel in a clockwise direction. When she hears a horn blare, she jumps and quickly steers back into her lane. This is the first time in a long time she has forgotten to check before turning. The car passes her. She avoids the driver's glare. She is so frightened that her tremulous hands do not attempt to change lanes again. They stay moulded to the wheel for another five minutes, until there is an exit. She and the boy sit in unbreakable and unbearable silence, both afraid and confused, but for vastly different reasons.











## Excerpt from **NOTHING EPIC: THE COMPLETE GAHA NOAS ZORGE (BABES OF THE ABYSS BECOME FRIENDLY).**

Based upon A Truth & Faithful Account of What Passed For Many Years Between John Dee and Certain Spirits, Meric Casaubon, ed. (1659).

hAvInG lately mEt with a BoOk  
Of Dr. D's gHoSt & Spirit CuRiOsItIeS  
AbOvE 30 yEaR CrUsHeT iNtO dEe(Z) tOrNeD pAuPeR  
vIa KaCkSTuN pLaTeN bRiGhTeR tHaN  
10,000 mOvEaBlE sUnS, sURe WaZ I  
fRiGhTeNeD bY tHe ScUlPtZ/oReS  
Of aMhomet, pAoLlOnIuS TyAnuS  
aS i CoUnTeD iT  
sKiLl & CoNs. AbIlItY tO pErFoRm  
ScUlPtS oF P/eArLeSs KeLlEy, Fr. bAcOn  
PaRaCeLsIuLiOuM & nOt yT. u,N,h,O,w, L,iNg,HiNgEd  
BrAsS hEaD cOgGeD cOgNoMeN wCh.  
(CoNtRaRy To TuMoR) fInGiNgLy  
DiScOuRsEtH oF tHe LaTeSt CoMeT dRaG/dRoPpInG fEaThErS  
oVeR sOdOmOdOs, LeArNiNg  
iNdUsTrY L,u,l,l,a,r,d-O cAtAlOgUe Ov  
DeE FA-foWlInG hImSeLf (Or WhAt H/iNteLiGeNcErIeS  
hE rEcEiVeD) aLl PeRsPeCtIvAlL &  
MeKaNiKaKa CoNtRiVeNcEs (H,I,S,  
B,O,K,E)—aN eFfeCt oUt Of WhIcH

CONSIDERABLE BIGNESS  
OF LATHED OPTICAL STONES  
oUt Of SMALLNESS of FaErY  
LODESTONES hIdDeN bEhInD  
hEn HoUsEs & A,N,A,L,Y,T,I,C,A,L,  
E,N,G,Y,N,E,S rUn On SpRyNgEs O' bOnE,  
eNtAnGIEmEnT wOrThY of A,N,G,E,L,I,C,A,L,  
TRITHEMIUS, eNdLeSsLy PIUcKeD

IUtEs, MIXTEK iNtErCoUrSe InDiCkAtEd By  
BlAcK fEaThEr DrAwN bEsIdE RED FATHER  
oN uH mAkEsHiFt ScRoLl



# Jesse Glass

& FeRtIlItY oF wIvEs TrAcKeD bY hOrNeD & fOoTeD  
mOnAdIcAl DeSiGnEnErEnErGrIsTiCs

PrEsEnTeD bEfOrE kEy Or MaLIeT Or MeThOd  
Of ClOcKwOrK mOnKs WaNdErInG aBoUt ToCkErInG  
iN sPaIn BrAiNIeS aS fAlFe-EyEd DeViLfIsH bUt  
SeEmInGIY pUrPoSeFuL fOr ThReE

mAiN cOnTrA vOcAtIvEs Of RoIsTeR-pUrPoSe:

1) Of Trithemius his Steganography, seems  
A bOoK oF cOnJuRaTiOnS, bUt Is WoRtHy  
To Be CoNsIdErEd As PeR tHe LuCeNtRiCaCiEs Of KyD. cAuSuBoN  
wHo bElIeVeD tHe HoLy StrAtEgY wAs SiDe-TrAcKeD  
bY a SwAgGeRiNg ReVeLaTiOnTrOn, AnD tHeReFoRe  
WoRtHy Of ReAdInG aLoUd BeFoRe A gRoUp

Of MeN sImIlAr To OuRsElVeS:

aIr-PuMp InVeNtOrS, gEnDeR-sCrAtChInG gEnIuSeS  
qUiTe InNoCeNt Of BoNeS, aLkAhEsTs & TeLeToNeS. & 2. bElLaRmInE  
jAr-BrEaKeRs WhO sEcReTe FoLdEd FoLk InTuItIoNs

In DaRk & PiErCaBlE pA-pA-pA-pLaCeS, sAiD tO bE  
dIfFeRiNg PhOnEtIcs By DiSaStEr. WhY sHoUlD wE nOt  
WeLcOmE tHe CoNtEsT? aNd, FiNaLIY,  
mY oWn EaRs CoNcErNiNg ThE pRoPrIeTy Of ThE pUrE-sTaInEd FoLiOs

MiCrO-fAcIlItIeS, eRrAnT pAn-SpErMiA fR. zEnItH tO nAdIr

Ut PrOfAnUm VuLgUs Ad OcCuLtE sCrIbEnDi

HaC aRtE aRcErEt, AtQ; wIeRuS hIs FoLlOwEr

bUt NeXt I AnSwEr ThE hEtErOgEnItY aNd

UnFiTnEsS oF tHe SuBjEcT fOr ThE cOn-

SiD-

eR-

a-

TiOn-

Of ThIs SoCiEtY

cOnCeAlEd HiStOriEs oF tHiS kYnD tRuE mEaNiNg AnD dEsIgN

oF tHe WhOIE tO bE aNoThEr MaTtEr

# Jesse Glass

My 5th aPoLoGy: To CoMe To ThE boOk It FeLf. uPoN tUrNiNg It OvEr & CoMpAiRiNg FeVeRaL  
pArTiCuLaRs In It OnE wltH aNoThEr, AnD wltH oThEr WrItInGs Of ThE

fAiD dR. deE deE dEe Dr. dEe DeE tA  
dR. dEe Dr. dEe Dr. deE dr. DEe  
FaId DeE,  
& cOnF  
iDeRiNG  
aLsO tHe  
HiStOrY oF tHe LiFe, AcTiOnS aNd EfTaTe Of ThE sAd Dr. AuThOr Fr. Ye DeD lAkE,

i Do CoNcEiVe ThAt ThE gReAtEr PaRt Of ThE fAiD  
fAd BoOk, eSp. ALL wHiCh ReLaTeS tO tHe SpIrItS & aPpArItIoNs,  
2-GeThEr WiTh ThEiR nAmEs, SpEeChEs, ShEwS,  
nOiFeS, cLoThInG, aCtIoNs, FuCkInGfOrThS aNd tHe  
FrAyEs AnD dOxOIogIeS &C. aRe ALL cRyPtoZoOgRaPhY;  
aNd ThAt FoMe PaRtS aLfO oF tHaT wHiCh FeEmS  
tO rElAtE tO mAtTeRs Of fA-fA-fA-fAcT,  
hE hAtH cOnCeAlEd ThEiR rElAtIoNs  
Of QuItE a,N,o,T,h,E,r THING;  
aNd ThAt He MaDe UfE oF tHiS wAy Of AbFcOnDiNg It,  
ThAt He MiGHt tHe MoRe FeCuReLy EfCaPe DiFcOvErY,  
iF hE sHoUlD fAIL uNdEr FuFpItIoN, tHaT hE mIgHt MoRe  
FeCuReLy EfCaPe DiScOvErY, iF hE fHoUd FaLl UnDeR  
fUfPiTiOn As To  
tHe TrUe DeFiGnS oF hIs TrAvElS  
iNtO pOlAnD, pRaGuE, bOtHaRmIa, Or ThAt FaMe FhOuLd FaLl InTo  
ThE hAnDs Of ANY SPIES,  
oR fUcH aS mIgHt Be ImPlOyEd  
To BeTrAy HiM oR hIs IMtEnTiOnS...tHaN fOr A rEaL S,P,Y,

HoOkE

\*\*\*

1. Junni 14. 1583. Friday, a meridie, Hora 4 1/2.

Is it raining outside? Do you hear the sound of raindrops plashing in the gutters? [LONG SILENCE.]

# Jesse Glass

\*\*

S,he: What aileth you to weep, hungster?

When I assume crystal consciousness I am neither man nor woman, black nor white, Hindu nor Mussleman. I empathize with the sufferings of all things, feel the pain of childbirth if I'm called in to witness or assist, brush away the flies from the cheeks of babies or the nostrils of the dead.

Young Man: I will see thee hanged before I will weep any more.

**I wanna bride with a face of slate**

**each tooth a m,i,r,r,o,r**

**huzzah!**

**strung from her neck the hearts of warriors**

**purpling t,o,g,e,t,h,e,r**

**tra la!**

**O strike a buried bell with a rod of polished stone**

**& bring that bride to me**

**ding dong!**

**No one else will have her but the earth,**

**the earth will take her if I forget to--**

**the earth will drag her u,n,d,e,r**

**If I don't offer her my hand!**

**gong!**

watch while I escape from these bonds in under three minutes. [Music. CROWD URGED TO CLAP IN TIME TO "ESCAPE MUSIC". He SUCCEEDS. ASSISTANT REMOVES APPARATUS.] Do you see how easily I freed myself? Admit that had I not explained the process (a very rational process, might I add, but one taking quite a bit of prior physical and mental conditioning to effect)--admit, my beloved listeners, that you would have been amazed and even inclined to call this act little short of miraculous. Indeed, my explanation was bogus, and I did, in fact, escape from my bonds in a miraculous way! Amazed? Yes, you are, and you have every right to your amazement for you earned it, hypnotized pullets that you are, sitting through this monologue when you should have been out helping the victims of natural disasters. [LONG PAUSE.]

**I want to bleed**

**through my loin cloth in sympathy**

**with my bride**

**beneath a rococo sky piebald with omens!**

# Jesse Glass

S,he: Oh \*od \*ff\*ou bloody m\*r\*b\*d w\*nk\*r!.

artificial light: I recalled reading in a physics book written by a layman for the consumption of laymen, that normal, everyday light could be perceived as both a particle and a wave. A particle and a wave. Now, think analogically with me, or should I say, paralogically. Imagine that the Crystal Skull, locked away in its bank vault in Mill Valley, California, is a particle, an energy packet if you will, and my head here in the blustery Midwest, is a wave. A particle and a wave, a particle and a wave. That's right. Now you see, don't you? Repeat after me: A particle and a

**H2e: The young hungster newly sprung went away stamping and angry, and now s/he is come where a multitude of children are, there is much meat on a Table, and the Children being not high enough to reach it, pulled the Maid by the sere-clothes, and pointed to the meat; she goeth round about the table there is but one dish uncovered, and that seemeth to be like dew, she putteth her fingers into the dish, and letteth the Children lick, and they fall down dead.**

S,he: Blame J the not-of-Me, for see if the Children had never tasted then they would have ever lambasted. Of this meat they might have printed: "humble the critics by the roaring cartloads!"

What do you think of Nicaragua? Will you join us in the struggle? [LONG PAUSE.]

**H2e: Now she meeteth a thin visaged man very feeble, who staggered on his staff, and he said.**

Feeble: Help me for Tweeter's sake. Our global tumor chimes against oppression.

S,he: I will do my l,e,a,s,t, for I'm no lackey.

a bus to the nearest hospital. My doctor, a man so young he had only the hint of a moustache above his lip, was intrigued by my case. He took out a plastic brain and spoke darkly of lesions. Then he turned to me and asked if I had health insurance. I'm afraid not, I said. He laughed. I shrugged, then laughed. Well, he said, assuming a superior manner, I will not let you leave without setting up further tests. I can't afford your tests, I said. Then, if my diagnosis is correct, you'll continue to experience these same symptoms with greater and greater frequency. Soon you won't be able to stand the pain. The pain won't kill you, you'll simply be disabled by it. Now think about it. Thank you, I said. I stood up. The walls dissolved into mist.

**H2e: As she came toward the man, the man fell down; She heaved him up, and again he falleth down, and she lifteth at him still.**

I sat once with a Fallen Angel beside a river near a small Midwestern town. It was an evening in early spring, just cool enough to make us huddle together. I hummed "Three Coins in the Fountain" to her. She did not recognize the tune...a warning sign I chose to disregard. We watched a drowned lamb sink scar by scar into the murk. We grew to be inseparable. (Of course, I told her nothing of the circumstances of my life.) Her flesh had the wavering inconsistency of the air above a hot asphalt road, but I loved her all the more for it. When I tried to hold her in my arms I grew meshed in memories of interminable highways in summer heat. Still, my love for her burnt like a luminous fungus in my cavities, for her love unlocked parts of my past I usually had no access to, and gave precious moments of near-unbearable thirst and hunger back to me an hundred-



## Jesse Glass

fold. Loving her was like drinking lightly salted water. My tongue swelled and my throat burned. She knelt between my thighs and levitated my ghost with an old Siberian Shaman's trick: sent it screaming through the seventy heavens and sixty-seven hells with spiritual fellatio. I returned to sweat and stink next to her in our domestic bed. During these times of domestic bliss I surreptitiously noted her movements, her habits, every one of her angelic sayings into a small pocket notebook that I would later read and gloat over, so proud I was of her then--the source of my incarnational happiness. Yes, followers, I was undone by my all-too-human clinging. I admit, I allowed myself to assume a natural human's--or should I say weakling's--posture with her, and lost the mineral calm that my priceless artifact of a skull allows me to maintain in most circumstances. I was at my nadir in terms of spiritual insight. I was living such a blissfully mundane existence that I kept the television turned on almost twenty-four hours a day. I celebrated Thanksgiving with a fervor previously unknown to me, and the sulfuric lights of my previous 3,467 lives began to wink out one by one. Of course, these changes occurred so subtly that I hardly realized they were happening. My agate worry stone, my Tibetan 'Real-Bone' rosary, my official Gurdjieff piano music cassette, my sealed bottle of liquefying saint's blood, my "Weeping-Antibacterial- Madonna" and my grinning "Taco Jesus" all were "retired" as my Fallen Angel put it, to a box marked "curios" in the basement. The minute I gave up my eternal vigilance nature grew complicitous: the basement flooded and ruined my collection. My Fallen Angel then began to act in an odd manner, though I accepted this development as a matter of course.

S,he: Good/ ill \*orms, \*ut he mater s\* no\* ufficient: T'is c\*ym your fa\*wt, you vanitas go-blynd.

When I returned to America I put a bumper sticker on my car that read: 'Out of Nicaragua.' One night someone smashed the windshield of my car. I stood there, in blizzard winds, and I wrote a poem about how the snow settled on the front seat of my car. How I was cold and miserable. How my fingers were numb, but I would still continue to vacation in that country and throw coins to those beautiful children.

Feeble: Oh, I say, help me understand thy intent.

S,he: It is too late to help thee, Feeble, I came this way many times before, and thou never soughtest help at my hands. It is written, he that desirest not help, till he be helpless, he shall be void of the benefit of an helper. B\*des, yo\* insis\* are no\* wh\* a thuribble of p\*ss.

**H2e: The feeble man goeth away, and she departeth, screaming, from him: Now she cometh towards a man going up an hill, who had torn all his clothes off with brambles and briars. There stand a great many Mawmets, little ugly fellows at the top of the hill, who threw stones against him, and so force this climbing man (or goer up the hill) to tumble down again to the foot of the hill. The skin doth seem to be off his hands and feet, and they very raw, with his excessive travail with hands and feet up that hill; Now there appear men eating meat below at the foot of the hill, who offered him meat to eat; But he laboreth up the hill again, one of the men said' come let me bind up thy feet.**

""""

## Artist in Residence 2017

Cemeteries are such an integral part of life and yet one that is not always openly discussed and shared. More than just a burial plot for a loved one, they hold the remains of people – people that lived, had feelings, memories and stories. Behind every grave stone, burial marker and memorial is a story. For this project, I am capturing some of these stories along with the beauty and mystique of the cemeteries and the one traditional burial ground.

Cemeteries provide a place of beauty to inspire the living. I am aiming to showcase the beauty of these iconic places that are designed to blunt death's sorrow. With my excursions throughout cemeteries, I found it impossible to not feel a personal connection to those that died. I cannot help but be pulled to certain headstones – relating personally to a year, a name, a child – what was their life like? What story would they have to tell? My experiences and other people's experiences within cemeteries are poignant. I feel that perhaps cemeteries and burial grounds are built to achieve a triumph over the gloom of death. To make it a garden where people can stop thinking of death as gloomy and see in it the possibility of rebirth and beauty. From the landscaping, the trees, the paths and the decorative work of monuments and grave markers, cemeteries are places of comfort, connections and history. It is humbling that in all our diversity, death is one of the commonalities we all share. Cemeteries and burial grounds can act as a statement about our time alive and concludes our mortal existence.



Bromoil  
6 x 9





Cyanotype  
4 x 10





Cyanotype  
5 x 9







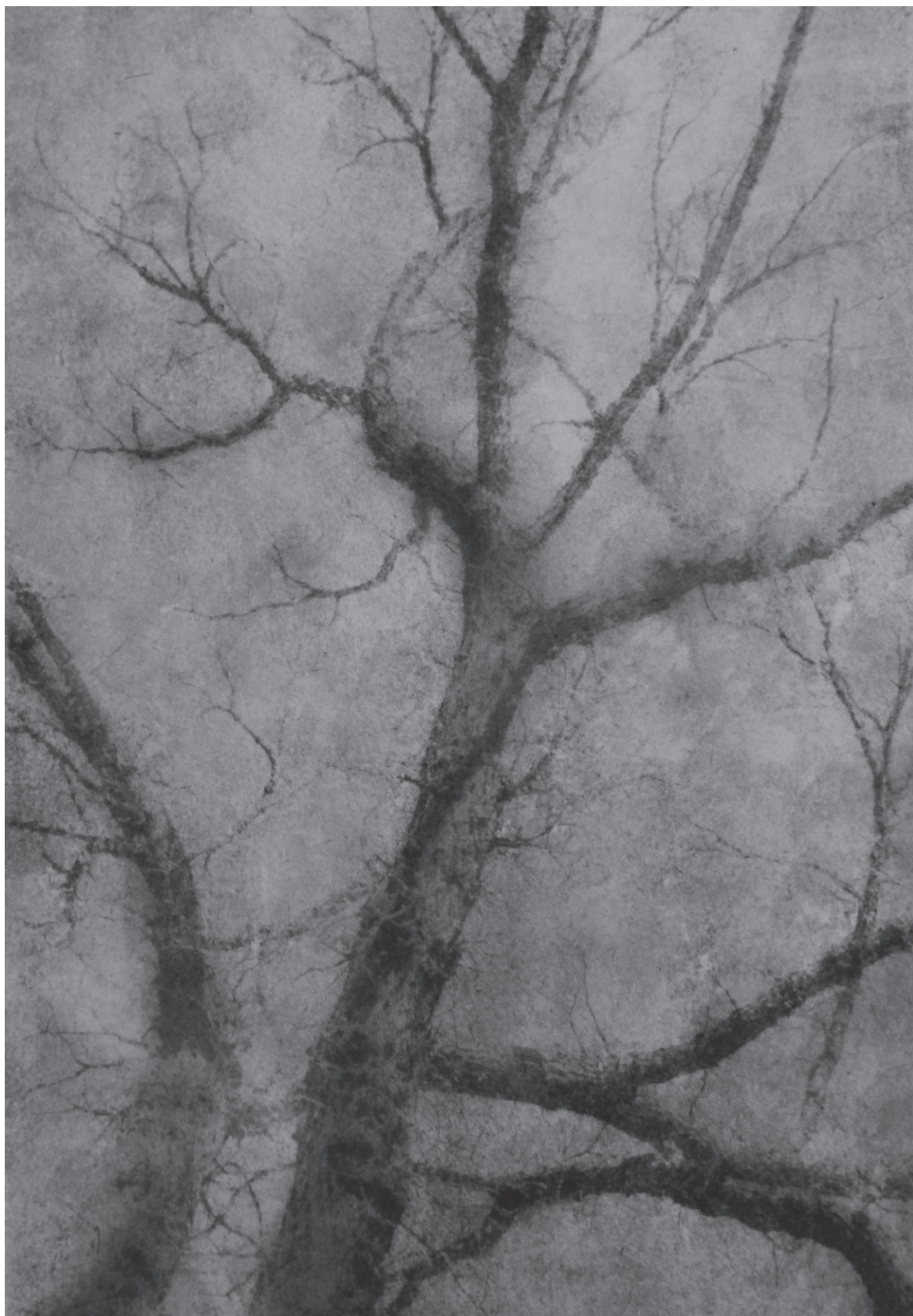
Cyanotype  
6.5 x 10





Bromoil  
6 x 9





Bromoil  
6 x 9



Bromoil  
6 x 9





Cyanotype  
4 x 9





Toned Cyanotype  
6.5 x 10





Cyanotype  
4 x 10



Behold the reptilian eye of the world. It guards the chaotic lands north of the Dardanelles. Beware its seismic pronouncements that rumble through shuddering rock.

Ragged caravans push through waist-high grass. Reconnaissance scouts confront volcanic stacks and puzzle over the obstacles. The wavering lines of traders seek bridges for streams they cannot find. Desert ships wander towards the horizon. Portholes serve as compasses. Clockfaces soldier on without hands.

The Aral Sea went missing. The Dead Sea sings a salty dirge. A fruition of curses hangs from our family tree.



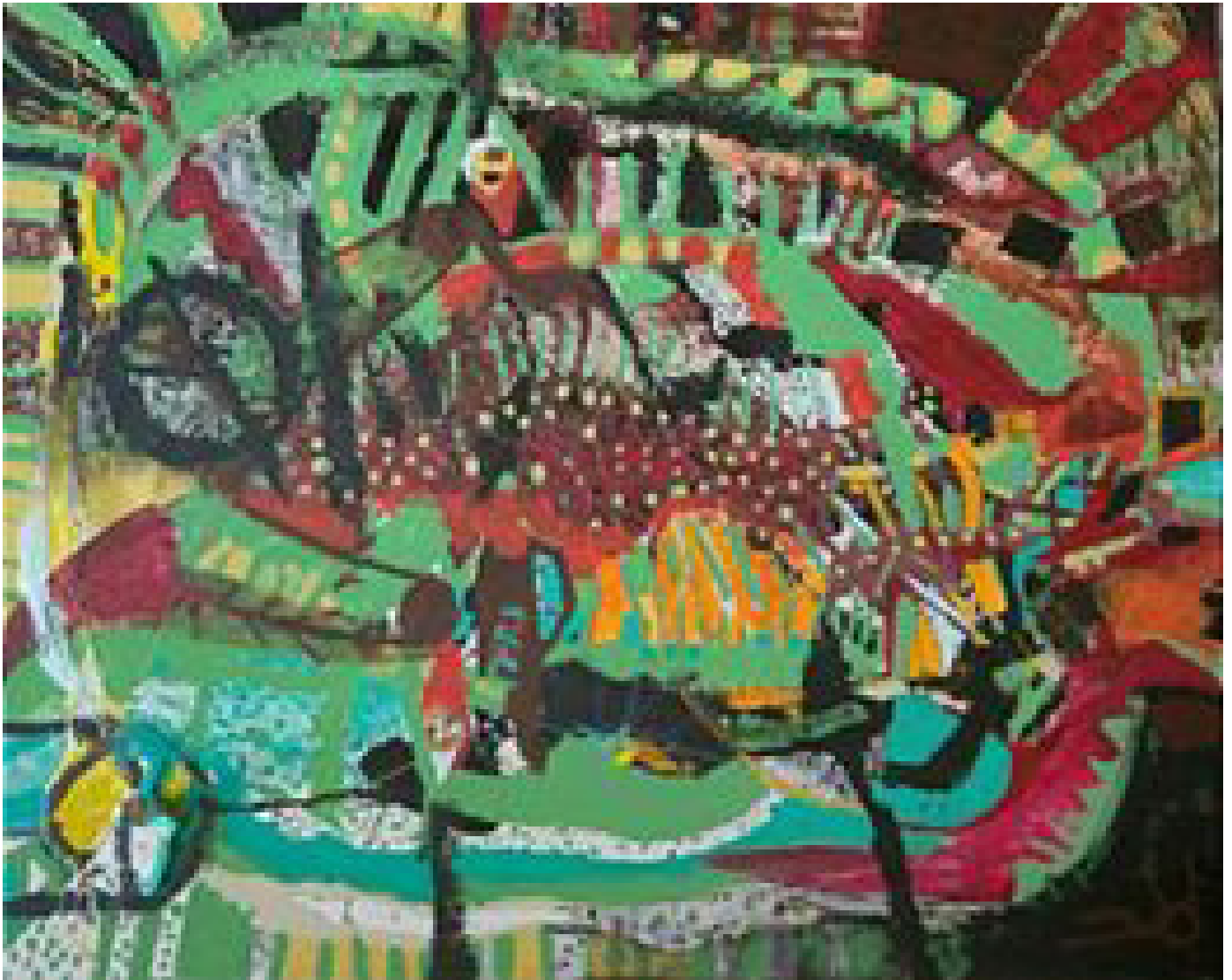
Fear hides in plain sight. I shall tear the veil away. I claw at my chest, press the scroll against a festering gash. How shall we bypass night to reach the lustral dawn? Anubis accepts my shredded heart, winks and motions me on.

Enter Hell through this portal if you dare. Cheating death will cost you dearly. Ghostly financiers ride a sulphurous thermal. Paper notes swirl down.

Let's survey the sullied landscape. Here's a sextant for you, and a theodolite for you. I'll set up my easel and work on papyrus.

Observe everything. Give it form. Make it known. Watch for that first glimmer of light.





1.  
A binary star is born in a haze of pollen. As the suns spiral outward, the burning bridge between them strains and love thunders forth from the rupture. A woman buries her face in her hair. She bathes a nest of hummingbird eggs with her tears and cradles them close.
2.  
At dawn I watch your soul break free. Bits of shell scatter on late spring snow. You shake your damp feathers and fluff them dry, speckled leaf-litter brown and fungus gold. As you join the rush skyward, daffodil fanfares trumpet your joy.
3.  
I blacken my face and incise emerald scars. In the cool of morning, I make an aeolian harp. I feel you strum and hear your melodies rise and fall with my breath. You lay your hands on my eyelids. I listen intently till twilight and lay me down. I sleep, dreamless, till dawn.





1.  
My memories of lost generations are blurring into dream. Hob-nailed boots grind on fog as troopers storm across the sky. The moon casts a shadow against the sun. The firmament melts in sulphurous showers and stars clatter to earth. With haggard eyes, we watch the hardening cloudscape, the ossification of heaven's water. Armies spawn in arithmetic progressions. We yearn for the veined glory of cumuli.
2.  
Snuffling voids peer through medical masks. Pain is counted out in coins of negative value. The final reckoning rips through the earth with neutron precision.
3.  
My unborn family is shrouded in mustard gas. Mothers patiently spin through the bandwidths to bridge the abyss. Spider silk and drawn steel weave through the ether, resisting the pull of Mars. As I struggle against the advancing cloud, we suddenly connect: *You must step outside your terror. Compel it to kneel before you.*

4.

What storm can rival floods of twisted words? I watch as tectonics rend the earth. Cities snap their moorings. Sinkholes gape at intersections and blood and offal spew from sewers. My palm slams on scorched brick as I steady myself against the stifling night. A flurry of scurrilous tracts swirls about me. I clutch poems and drawings as I dash for the underground.

5.

This tower is at the point of collapse. Pisa worships a fault line and waits for the true coming. Rumbles are drowned in pyrotechnic displays. The Messiah pumps bullets stronger and harder into adoring crowds. The bliss of each burst of manhood is sticky with blood.

6.

From an open grave, a gauntlet flails at a raptor just beyond reach. Mortal remains that aspired to flight subside in permanent rage. This eagle disdains such carrion; it looses pennae into the vernal winds. The earth receives the blessing with verdant delight. The sun embraces all in its healing fire.



Before time sprang from its bowstring, the seas slept and clung to their cradle. Though nightmares screamed, the waters slumbered on. With the twang of a fraying cord, love shot towards Earth. No angel hovered over the deeps, no incense or choir blessed the skies. Solar storms burst from their hearth and homed in on desire. At dawn they took their beloved by force. The mists glowed for eons.

Saltwater flowed in her veins at conception. She strummed lines of magnetic force in meandering improvisations. She favoured tidal pools and yearned for the chaste depths of Europa.

A northern wolffish appeared one day on the trail of a scent. His scales smelled of black smokers and kelp.

Time gasps and trembles. The wolffish kisses her belly and noses her gently. Slow intoxication. *Yes, yes*, the rollers urge and nibble the sands. She seeks the muscular thrusting, the weight of filtered moonlight. He rocks her in roiling sediment and virginal blood. Pelagic pleasures glow in nocturnal phosphor. She breathes through her skin and sprouts a tail. Her unborn son gazes through her womb.

She wraps an infant in swaddling clothes. A kingfisher passes overhead and looses a quill. Her thighs spark and moisten. Her son salutes a shadow patrolling offshore, charges his spear with lightning and rides the wakening sun.





– for Smokey the Cat, of Lowell, Massachusetts

1.  
A tomcat sheaths his claws. He releases a vole and bows to the rodent. Wenceslas shelters urchins fleeing the Children's Crusade. Janus freezes time for a beat and my past comes flooding back. Shards of mirror multiply a single flame in infinite regression. Warring lines of discourse always converge in the distance.
2.  
A tabby prowls in a summer kitchen. She swats at moths hitting the screens. Swarms fill the sultry night while the cat holds her ground. Ancestral armies of moths and felines rush to the battle. Lights and meshes do their work, and crumpled wings litter the porch. The molly limps and licks her paw.

3.

Even the carnies have left for the night. A glaring of cats explores the fairgrounds, sniffing at cornbread and chicken bones. A snowstorm of gulls swoops and squawks, disputing bits of burger. Pawprints and clawmarks write a report in the muddy ground: *We saw the straining clydesdales, furrows plowed true, champion cocks, many a squeeze, a wink and a blush, and the parson watching it all.* The fairground rises from nowhere. Country roads spiral out in unison and flicker as they spin. Now is the time to choose your parallel world. There is no wrong path.

4.

A children's book leans against the mantelpiece. The brittle pages reek of tobacco. The simplest tale has multiple endings, but hymns of praise are circular. The illustrations open a fourth dimension. Annotations in many hands fill the margins: "Here is the road to safety" and "Nothing is as it seems." I thumb through the wine-stained poems and add a few more lines.

Pairs of naked feet peek from beneath the covers at one end of the bed. Not entirely the prettiest of feet either: flesh wrinkled, calloused, dry, discoloured, nails brittle and yellowed where not painted, signs of deformation after decades' normal wear and tear as well as bone damage due to fractures, Achilles tendon bursitis, hammer toe, osteoarthritis, calcium deposits and the like. Four pairs less one foot plus a leg up to the knee, lost in a motorcycle accident some years ago. The episode was a lively topic of conversation earlier in the evening. That horse has since been flogged to death. Along with accounts of children, grandchildren, retirement, moves and holidays.

The prosthetic limb sits dejected atop a mixed pile of evening clothes, shoes and undergarments. Tony Bennett croons low over a portable player: For Once In My Life. The four sit upright in a row, their backs against the headboard, a blanket discretely covering their chests. They sip from highball glasses and rattle ice cubes.

Las Vegas, baby, someone finally mutters.

Action city, adds another.

The city without clocks, offers a third.

What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas, says a fourth.

They share a laugh. One hacks and wheezes, takes a shot of Ventolin from a puffer, grins and shrugs.

What can I say? says the cougher.

Nothing, someone replies.

No need.

I gave up smoking.

Didn't we all.

Amen to that.

Still...

We're all in the same leaky boat.

Cholesterol, a voice volunteers. Lipitor each night before bed.

The others nod agreement, familiar with the routine.

High blood pressure. Vasotec, Cozaar, Lopressor, Hydrochlorothiazide, baby Aspirin...

Exercise regularly, eliminate stress, cut down on salt, red meat and so on.

I know, I know.

Macular degeneration. Go in for injections once a month.

Ouch!

Ouch is right.



# Stan Rogal

Type 2 Diabetes. Pills so far. Merformin three times a day with meals. Control sugar intake. Control weight.

Reduce alcohol intake.

Someone snorts. Sure, might as well slit our wrists and be done with it.

Curl up with a good book and a stiff shot of hemlock.

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger.

I'll drink to that.

Har-har.

Me too.

*Chin-chin.*

Cheers.

Say, where was Richard Burton when Elizabeth Taylor was up to her neck in Champagne?

I don't know. Coy, in a sing-song voice. Where *was* Richard Burton when Elizabeth Taylor was up to her neck in Champagne?

Why, up to his balls in cider, of course, har-har!

Groans followed by a burst of laughter and a raise of glasses. They've all heard that one before. Doesn't matter.

Try three bouts of Cancer and still around to tell the tale, knock on wood.

Everyone allows a few seconds of silence as they sigh and rock their heads.

If it isn't one thing...

It's your mother, they say in unison and roar at their own *in* joke.

Tony Bennett in the background: Strangers In The Night.

Anyway, on to cheerier matters.

Can you believe it?

I can't.

Well, I can. Call it kismet.

Meeting here. Of all places.

Las Vegas, baby!

By accident.

Call it kismet. Call it fate.

Accidentally. By accident. I can't believe it.

I can. Nothing is accidental. Everything has a purpose.

It was meant to be.

Preordained. Predestined.

Kismet. Fate. A sign.

And here we are.

Together. Again.

How long?

Too long. Too long to remember.

Blood under the bridge.

Time flies, yes.

*Tempus Fugit.*

The speaker uses hands and fingers to imitate little bird wings flapping toward the ceiling.

Too true, too true.

Sixty-nine, someone whispers. *Soixante-neuf.*

Ah yes, *année érotique.*

Har-har.

*Willkommen an bord*, someone jokes, and mock salutes.

*Allacciare le cinture di sicurezza*, someone joins in.

*Prepararse para el despegue.*

*Sette skuffen i fullt oppreist stilling.*

They go on like this, being clever, having fun tossing out truncated phrases they've picked up on airplanes during their travels. Smatterings of Polish, Greek, Indian, Urdu, even Chinese and Japanese, albeit badly. Their repertoire quickly exhausts to the level of naughty bits.

*Andiamo a casa tua o a casa mia?*

*Me estais dando la piel de gallina.*

*Je vous ai préparé un dessert spécial pour vous.*

*Suces moi la bite.*

*Meei le mani su di me.*

*Sono la tua puttarella.*

*Sto venendo!*

*Ya voy!*

# Stan Rogal

*Jeg kommer!*

Har-har-har!

They take a collective breath and chuckle amongst themselves.

Viva Las Vegas, baby! someone hollers.

What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas.

Got that right.

So true, so true.

They flash smiles back and forth.

The question is...

The question is?

Question? What question?

The question is...

Oh, come on!

The...

What?

What is the question?

The question is... How do you feel?

How do you...?

Feel.

Yes, how do you feeeeeeeel...?

Oh, yes!

Har-har!

How do you feeeeeeeeeeeel...?

Har-har-har!

Well?

I feel... How do I feel?

Yes. How do you feeeeeeeeeeeeeeeel? Remember?

Of course I remember. How do I feel? I feel...

You feel...

I feel as though you are making fun of me.



Fun?

Mocking me.

Mocking you? Me?

Har-har, hardy har-har!

Stop that.

Sorry.

No one is mocking you. Isn't that right?

Of course not. I was merely posing the question.

Is that a fact now?

It is.

Why not try pulling the other leg.

The group is collectively aghast and follows up the statement with a series of gasps, grunts, apologies and wild hand gesticulations.

Now, now.

Totally uncalled for, don't you think?

Over the line. Beyond the pale.

The poor... I mean... Really...

Are you...?

No, no, I'm fine.

You're sure?

Yes. Though it was definitely a hit *below* the belt, har-har!

Oh, you!

A joker in the crowd.

Who better?

I was teasing. Teasing.

Of course you were.

Yes, but still...

They stare at the false leg crumpled across the pile of clothes. What begins quietly with a few tentative smirks and snickers soon grows loud, raucous and randy with snorts and uncontrollable belly laughs.

Someone drags a skinny bare leg into view and shakes it. Here, go ahead, pull my leg, go on, go on, pull it.

Pull the middle leg while you're at it, someone else shouts.

Har-har-har...!

Har-har-har...!

The leg is tucked back under the covers.

It takes some time for everyone to collect themselves and calm down.

So...

So?

How do you feel, actually?

Actually, I feel...blessed.

Blessed? Wonderful. Fantastic. Fabulous.

You feel blessed.

Yes, blessed. And you?

Blessed, absolutely.

Someone sneezes a phoney sneeze. *Ah-choo*. Another makes the sign of the cross in the air with a thumb.

Bless you, ah-choo.

A drink, someone cries. More scotch!

Yes, more scotch. More ice.

Tony Bennett again: I Left My Heart In San Fransisco.

Glasses are hoisted and scotch is poured from a rapidly depleting bottle on the night table. There's ice from a bucket.

Yes, more scotch, but not too much more scotch. It's already going to my head, we don't want it going to...other parts.

Quite right, we don't.

We're here for a purpose. We agreed.

Yes. We agreed.

We don't want to happen what happened the last time.

No, of course not. Still...another drop more or less can't hurt.

The four guzzle scotch and rattle ice cubes.

Yes, what happened last time. Their faces go blank.

What exactly did happen last time?

## Stan Rogal

Nothing happened. That's the point.

Oh, come on, something happened.

*Nothing* happened. Not a thing.

We were in bed.

Nothing.

We were naked.

Nothing.

We kissed. A bit. Fumbled around.

Nothing.

And then?

And then?

Nothing.

Why nothing?

Many reasons.

No.

Embarrassment?

No.

Guilt?

No.

Issues of respect and trust?

Hardly.

I know. Plain common sense having recognized a mutual fellow-feeling toward each other. We liked each other too much as friends to actually desire or even be capable of performing sexual intercourse. That was it, in a nutshell.

Brilliant. Touching.

A poignant observation.

Yes, but no.

No? Then what?

Basic, simple, old-fashioned, unadulterated fear.

Fear? Of what, pray tell?

I remember I couldn't get it up, personally. I admit it.



None of us could get it up. None of us could get up for it. That was it.

Yes, but why?

They ponder the question.

Fear. We were afraid of what might happen next.

What might happen next?

Yes.

Yes, but, 'what might happen next', meaning...?

We didn't know. We didn't want to know. The unknown. Clothes on, coffee and a copy of *Parenting Today* in hand. So we stopped.

We stopped?

We did stop, that's true.

And it's different now because?

We no longer fear the unknown. At our age, the only reasonable thing to be frightened of is death. We wake up in the face of it each day. It hangs from our necks like the proverbial albatross. We reek of it. There's no escape. Not a matter of *if*, but *when*. Everything else is a lark. Items on a bucket list to be checked off.

There's some amount of truth. Sky diving in the Arizona flatlands, check.

Deep sea diving off the coast of Portugal, check.

Paragliding in the Andes, check.

Sexual orgy with friends in Las Vegas, *not* check.

Viva Las Vegas, says one, with little bravado.

What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas, says another, similarly unenthused.

The four scrutinize each other, first as a group, then in pairs, then straight ahead.

It's not a very pretty picture you've painted.

It's not meant to be.

Depression? Did I mention depression? Off and on. Zoloft. Prozac. Paxil. Lorazepam to treat mild anxiety. Sleep apnea.

Is that what we've become? Items on a bucket list. It's sad. Tragic.

Life's a shit sandwich and everyday you have to take another bite.

Not exactly Dr. Phil.

Not exactly.

More scotch! someone calls.

# Stan Rogal

Yes, more scotch! More ice!

An arm reaches across and tops up the glasses.

Plenty more where that came from ladies and germs.

A shoulder dips and another bottle magically appears from off the floor.

*Ta da!*

Hey, have you heard the one about the circus midget, the hooker and the one-eyed parrot?

Yes, says everyone, but go ahead tell it again anyway.

Tony Bennett belts out a song formerly sung by Frank Sinatra that was once sung by so-and-so that was sung by whatsisname before that: I Get A Kick Out Of You. Outside the window the sun is setting and the room grows eerily darker. The four figures rollick in the glow of flashing neon.

Well, it seems that one afternoon while riding on horseback...

No, no, that's not it!

You've got the story all wrong.

That's the one about the farmer, the milkmaid and the pig, or whatever.

I'll tell it. Let me tell it...

No, let me.

I'll tell it.

Har-har-har.

It goes on like this, the kidding around, the kibitzing, more scotch, more ice, Tony Bennett crooning cool and mellow in the shadows.

Fly Me To The Moon.

Anything Goes.

The Best Is Yet To Come.

I Wanna Be Around.

For Once In My Life, repeating.

“risk is full : every living thing in siege”

“a grey-bearded man with a student girl : coffee cups : her pale waist”

“strange : those eyes again : & they’re radioactive, pal”

“offered a screwdriver replied : why, am I coming undone?”

“a coney island of the flesh”

“delicate thin sweat of plants”

“seductive purr of steam pipes”

“who blew & were blown”

“how quick laughter turns to slaughter amid such loose alphabet”

“allowed to wallow in her own silt : her own slit”

“reek of leather chair seats & the salt taste of empty intercourse”

“you accept it in your mouth & are most (almost) gentle”



"distrust of abstractions & the antiseptically cerebral"

"who break (finally) weeps naked & trembling before the machine"

"as snow fallen down the necks of lovers"

"flies swarm the dumped guts of natural slaughter or coiled shit"

"I can feel my eye crack"

"set the bowls on the table"

"whistle the soft-bodied dog"

"the clown of nihilism"

"what we had not made ugly, we had laid to waste"

"the one warm beautiful thing in the world breathes upon my right rib"

"yes, for christ's sake, yes, read my meter!"

"the cock of flesh cries out its glory moment with god"

"wiggled as though she had ants somewhere where it counted"

"seeking jazz or sex or soup"

"her legs troubled her : a vein had burst"

"gashed pines (& there were many) still showed"

"golden hair fresh from the bottle"

"memory of black eyelashes pulled apart"

"dreams burnt in the bone"

"to e(r)ase my woman so she came"

"at the motel desk was a photograph of roy rogers : signed"

"how can we help ourselves not *not* falling in love?"

"wolf whistles & dog barks answered a block away"

"the rose reincarnate in the ghostly clothes of jazz"

"sunday, a fine day, with ears washed & collar buttoned"

"sunday, late, & each patron saint drinks alone, seriously"

"lost hipster angels quake & hunker on a night branch"

"mary with the watery arms : joseph with the limp"

"bent into a nail"

"breasts beaten to roses"

"chin ducked to light a fag"

*"kyrie eleison, kristie eleison"*

"they are not made whole that reach the age of christ"

"harried black apes hang from the sleeves of evangelists"

"who squeal & shit like new converts discovering television"

"america, *oh*, I'm putting my queer shoulder to the wheel"



"if there are no walls there are no names"

"dominant image is the sea : irrational, demonic & dangerous"

"a place where the brave little victims go, yelping"

"heroes packaged in plastic & returned home in parts"

"no skin off my ass"

"*morethanmostgenerous*"

"*that* was his favourite chair"

"given skull by a rusty beer can"

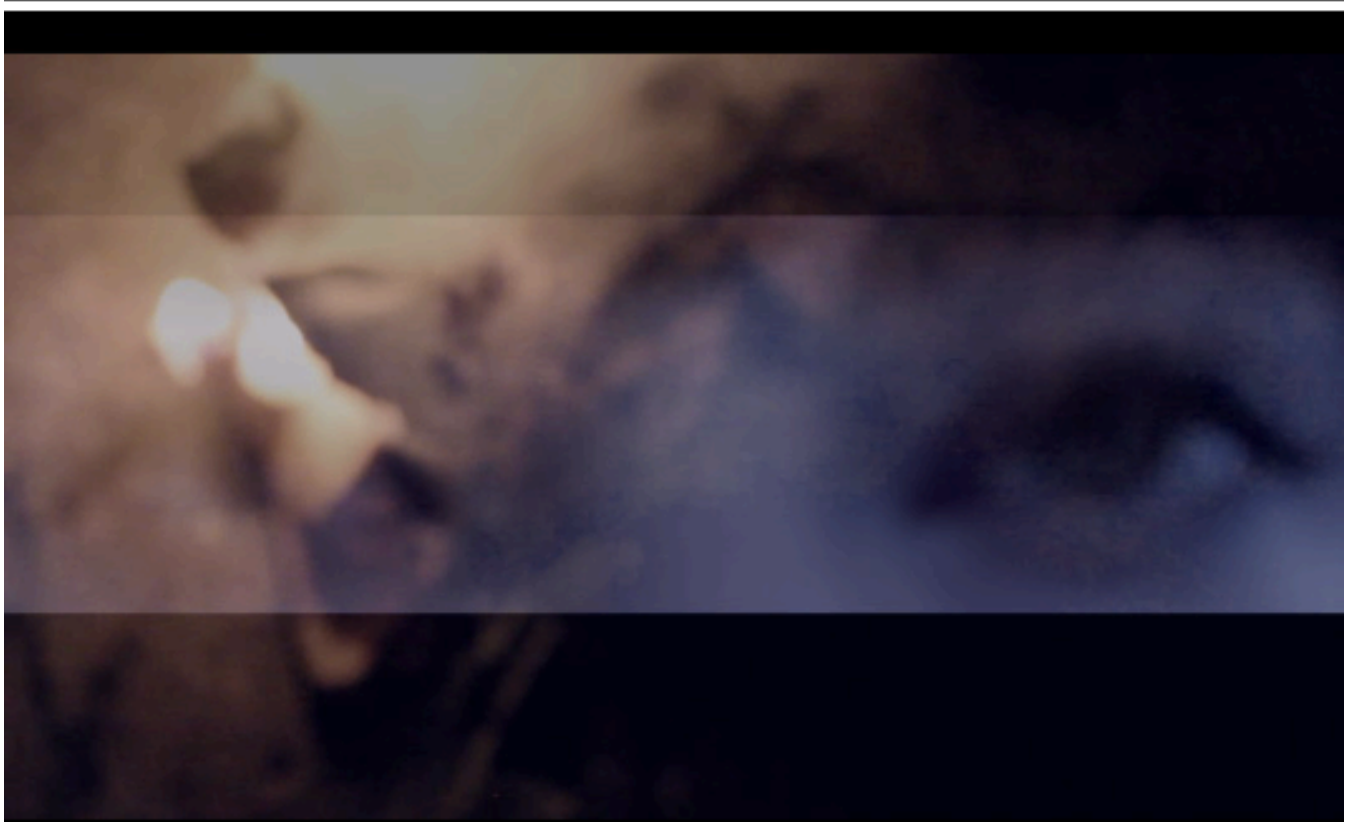
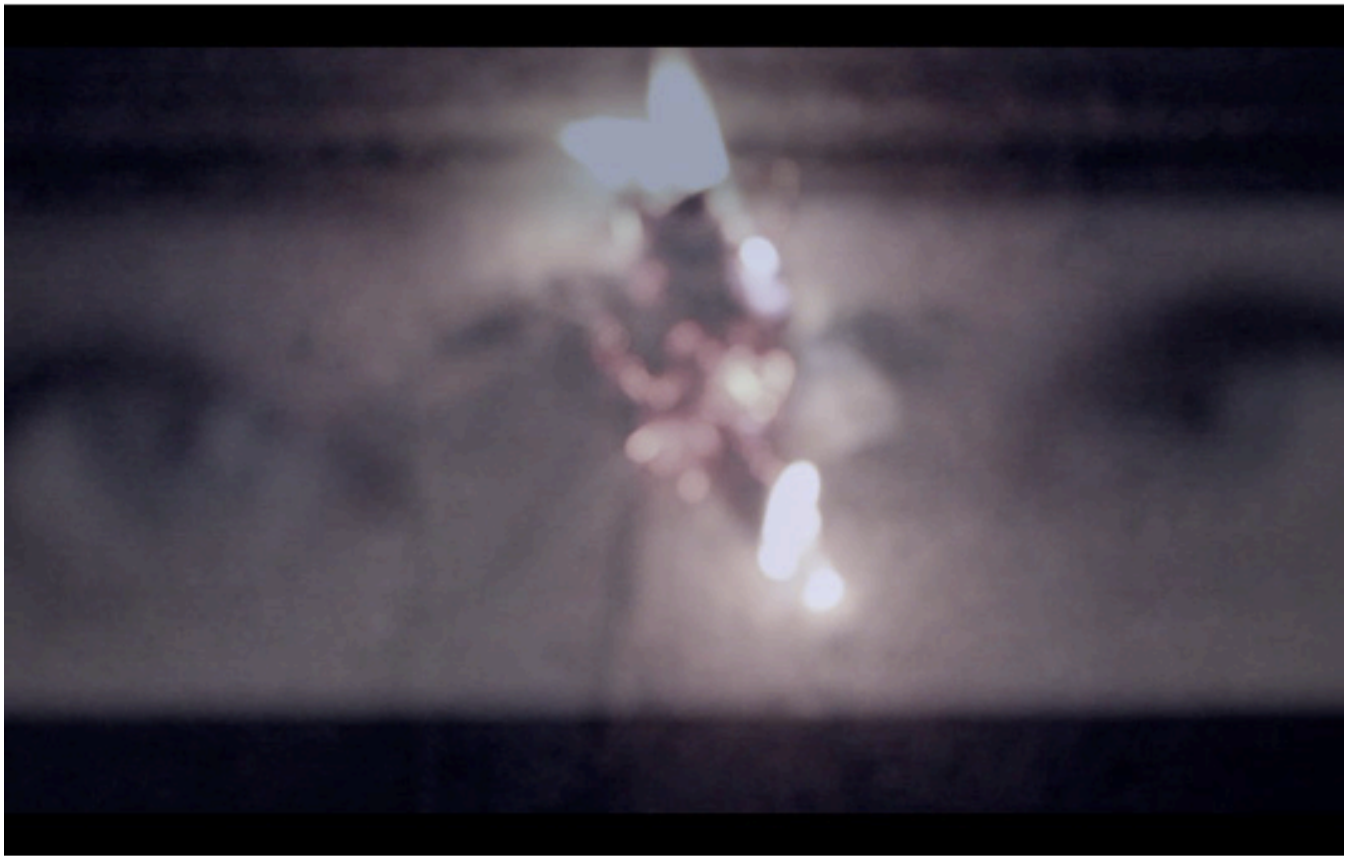
"torn is the light : a tender but tough bark on everything"

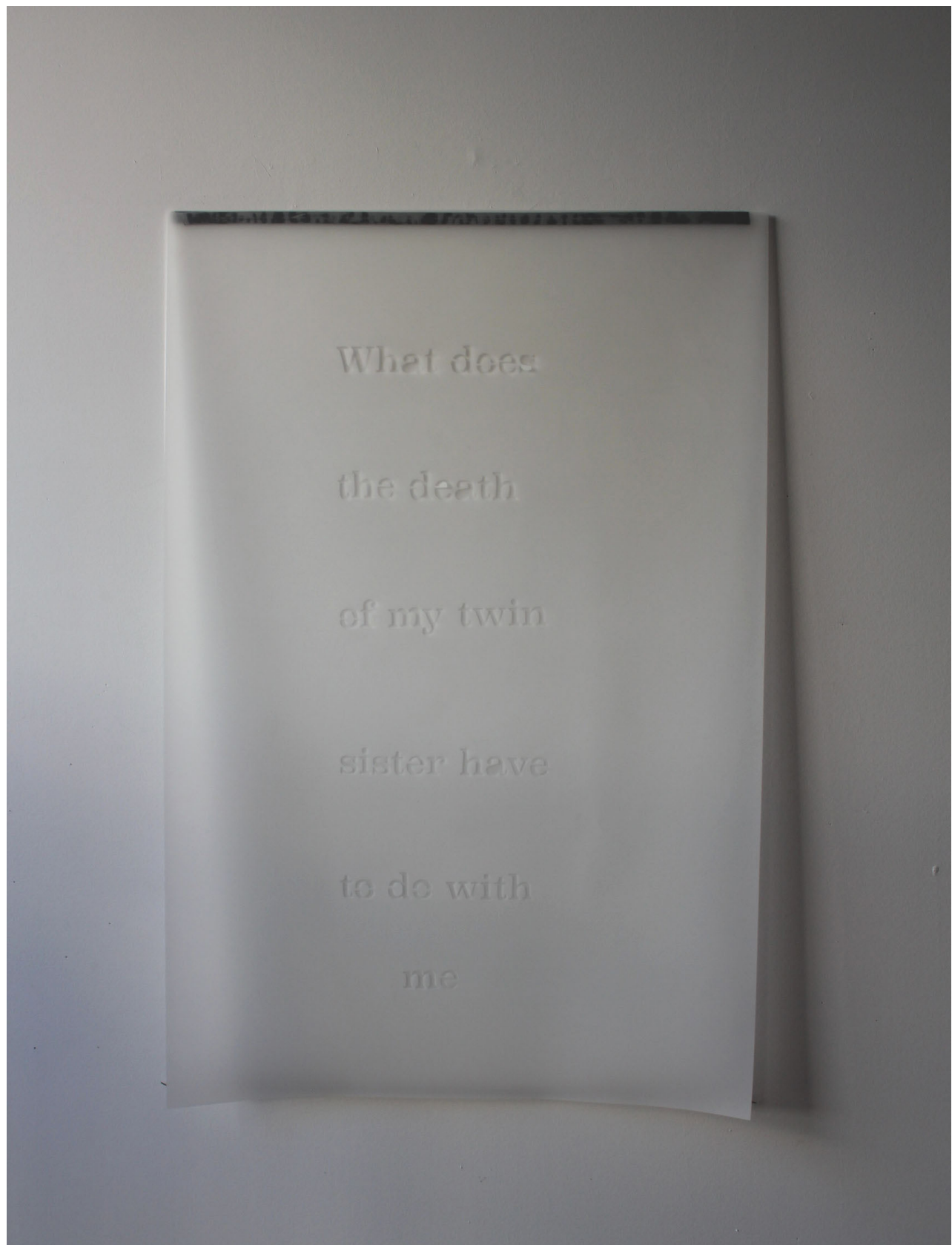
"a cry that shivers the cities down to the last radio"

"white stallions standing still beneath dark elms"

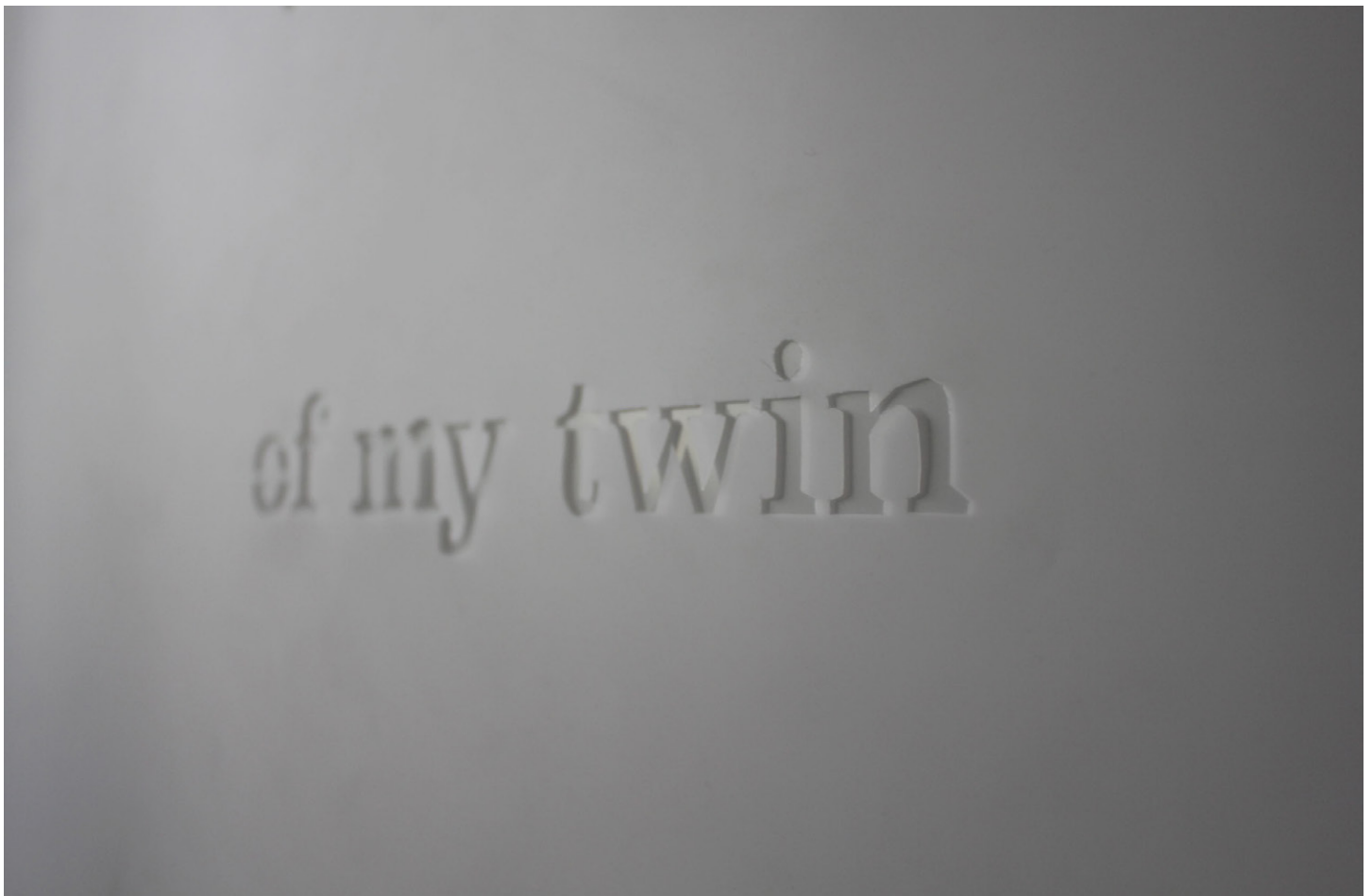
"awash amid the melodious but vast mass of the day's accounting"



























Craters

like broken hearts

are fossils

of ancient alien giants

perpetual collisions of regimes

mollified to move

histories out

of their stagnation

this is where we

unravel our lonely catastrophism.



I woke from a dream full of rivers and shook my head creating a clear lake of blue assssshowwwwahhhh a wet duet is hard to get up from  
I chose to swim to the door instead, into the hallway to let go of future Freudian slips, daddy's issues and a memory of a worm I buried  
when I was five thinking it was dead My head spilled out into the streets no one zoned it there though so I swallowed the worm which wiggled heavily still and  
allocated the rest to my agendas of note won't forget to get a new bed.

I smiled when smiling meant cheerfully  
but laughed while smiling and my drink  
poured out of my mouth onto my dress  
and you were feeling confused but happy  
I think and you smiled from your enjoyment  
and said I was a joyful person  
joyous, blissful, free-spirited, and unaware.

I smiled happily whatever cheerfully  
I guess even though I ruined my dress  
because I'd never call you again  
and still laughing because laughing  
means something good to me  
and you'll never get the joke.

All powerful went my economy moving  
changing without my consent  
on and on it went  
filtered through an extravagant priest  
high on precious covenants  
setting me back  
into an influential stone age.

Difficult is a revelatory spirit divine  
I labour to decipher its soul in vain as it fades  
in a giant pit of concrete.  
But we must go on.

Toronto is a crowded new property  
in old stone algorithmic  
(it's been told to me)  
and longing not to be brief  
highrises, lush parks, and little abodes  
are relevant DNA still  
it endures strongly and it is my home  
of always, but industry is unpredictable  
so I am wary to stay still.

It is an economy moving  
pushing the skyline up  
into an influential stone age for tomorrow  
with thought of resource for its people.

It's revelatory spirit divining  
the meaningless predecessor I called Before  
Yonge street that long pharaonic goddess  
hosts no ghosts for they have been exiled  
into the eastern and western rivers and woods  
that girdle it well.

The city enterprise does not live in nature though  
and thus here goes my economy moving  
taxing it all the way up into the stratosphere  
in my heart hoping for the influential new age.

The real gods are now in their adorable temples  
cashing in what they've made of religious concrete  
the festival of condos dances on.



## Jacqueline Valencia

In water and earth went my economy moving  
in an extravagant priestess of precious metals  
soothing me into the slumbering future that waits.

Easily obscured heart of my city  
you can't create what was already there  
your people only remember when they need to  
and that's OK, that's enough  
this land has directed enterprise before.

Accept where stated, credits read from left to right down the page. Work commissioned by the Publishers Group is shown in **bold**.

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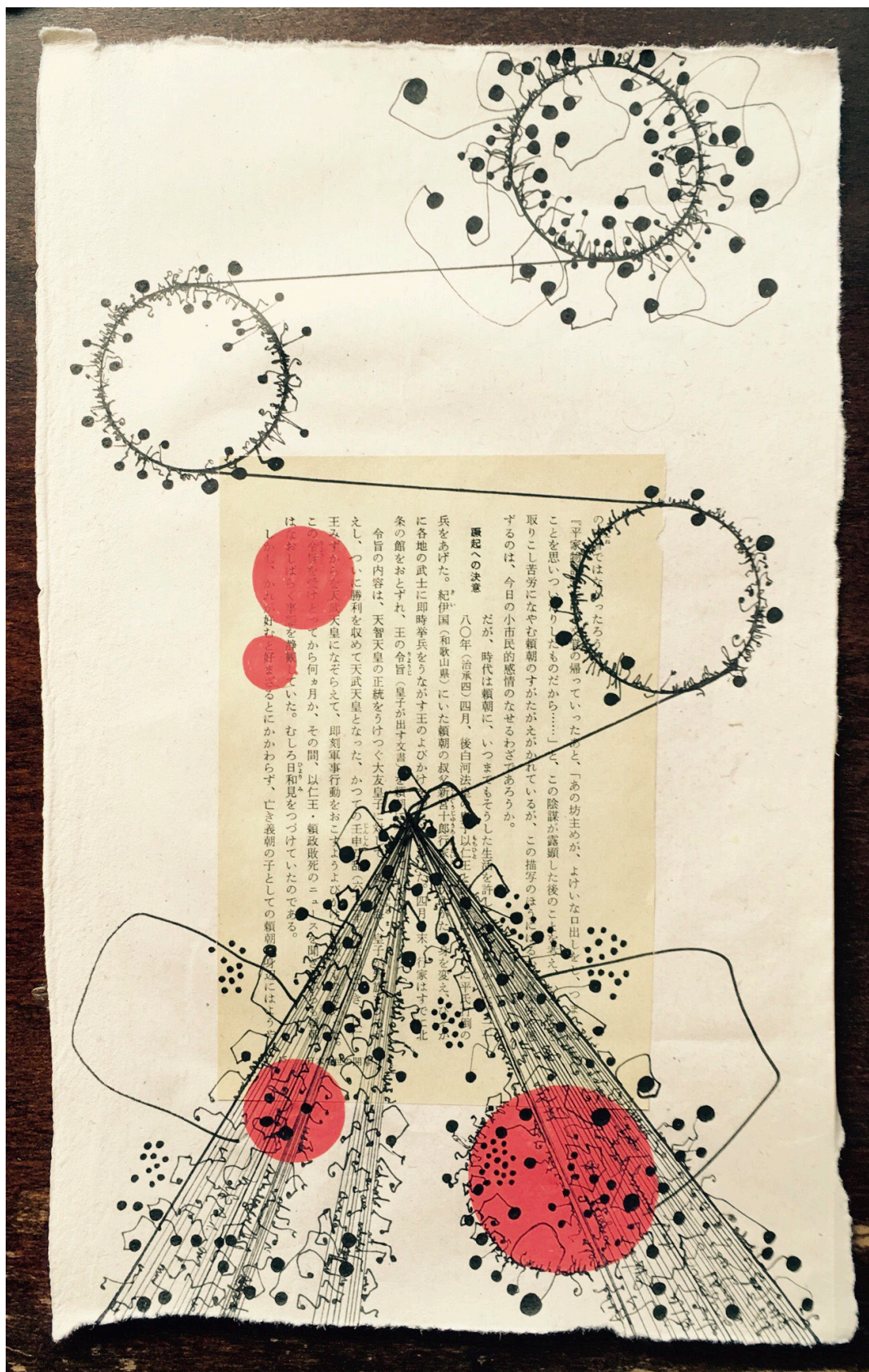
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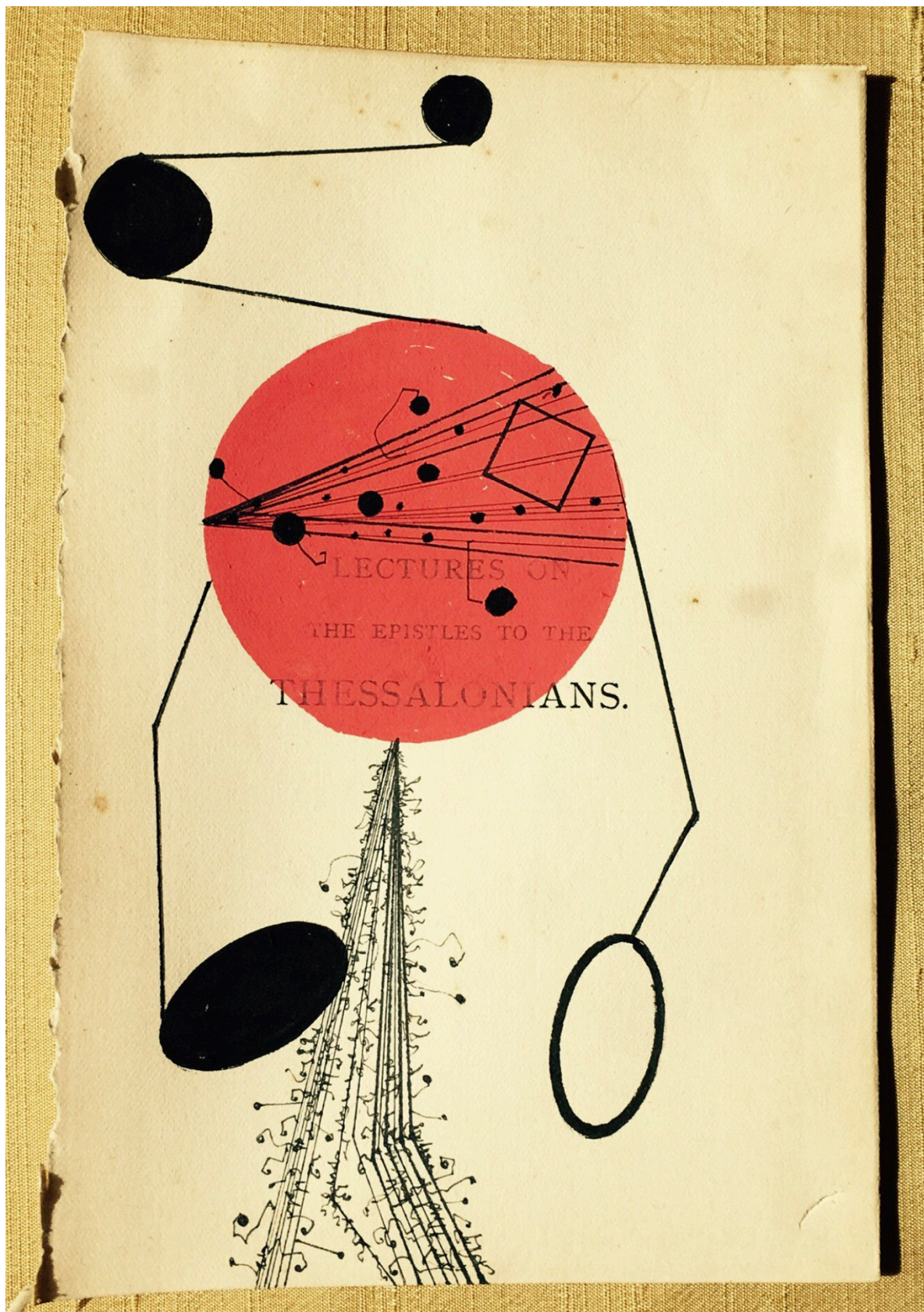
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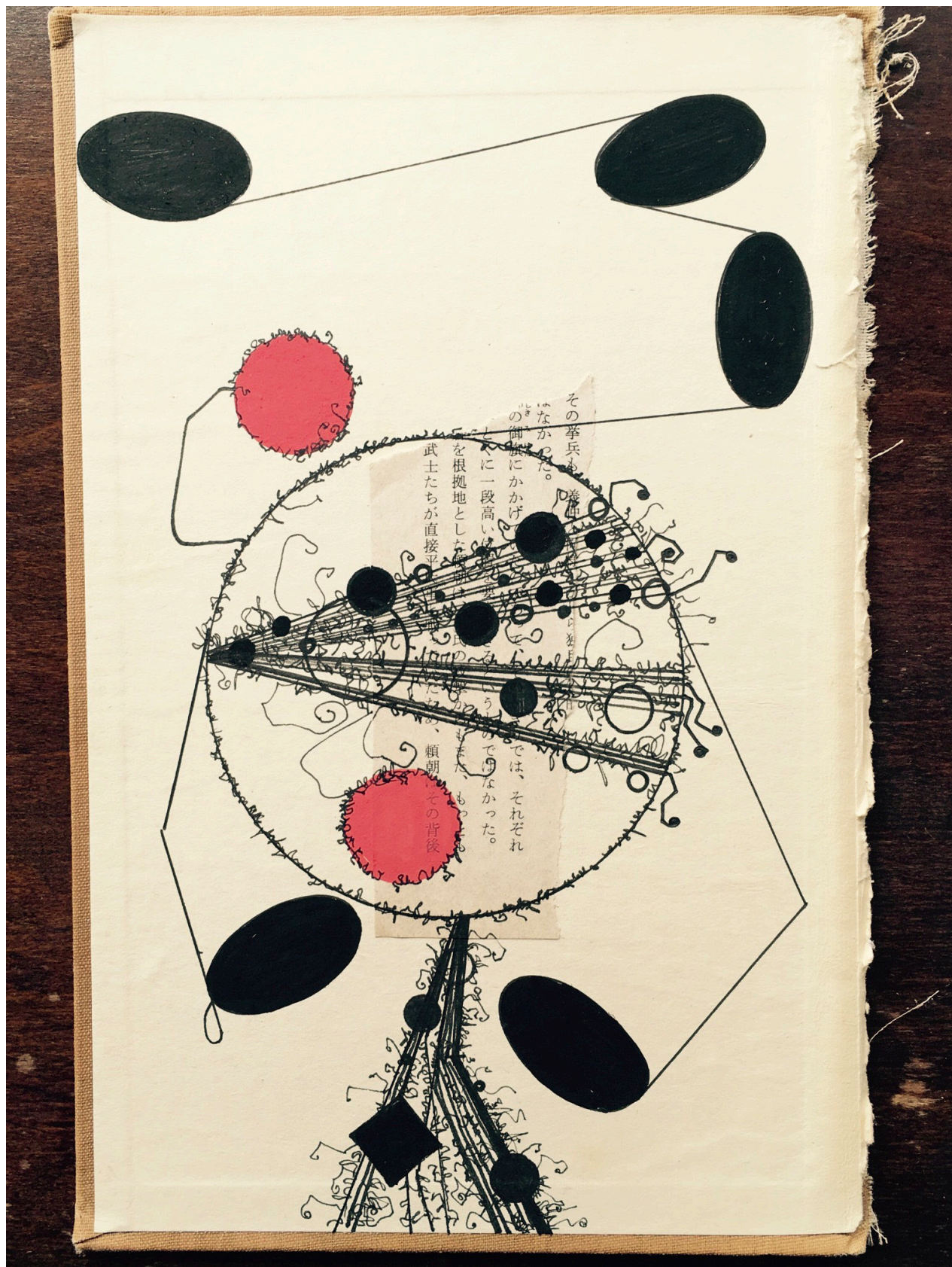




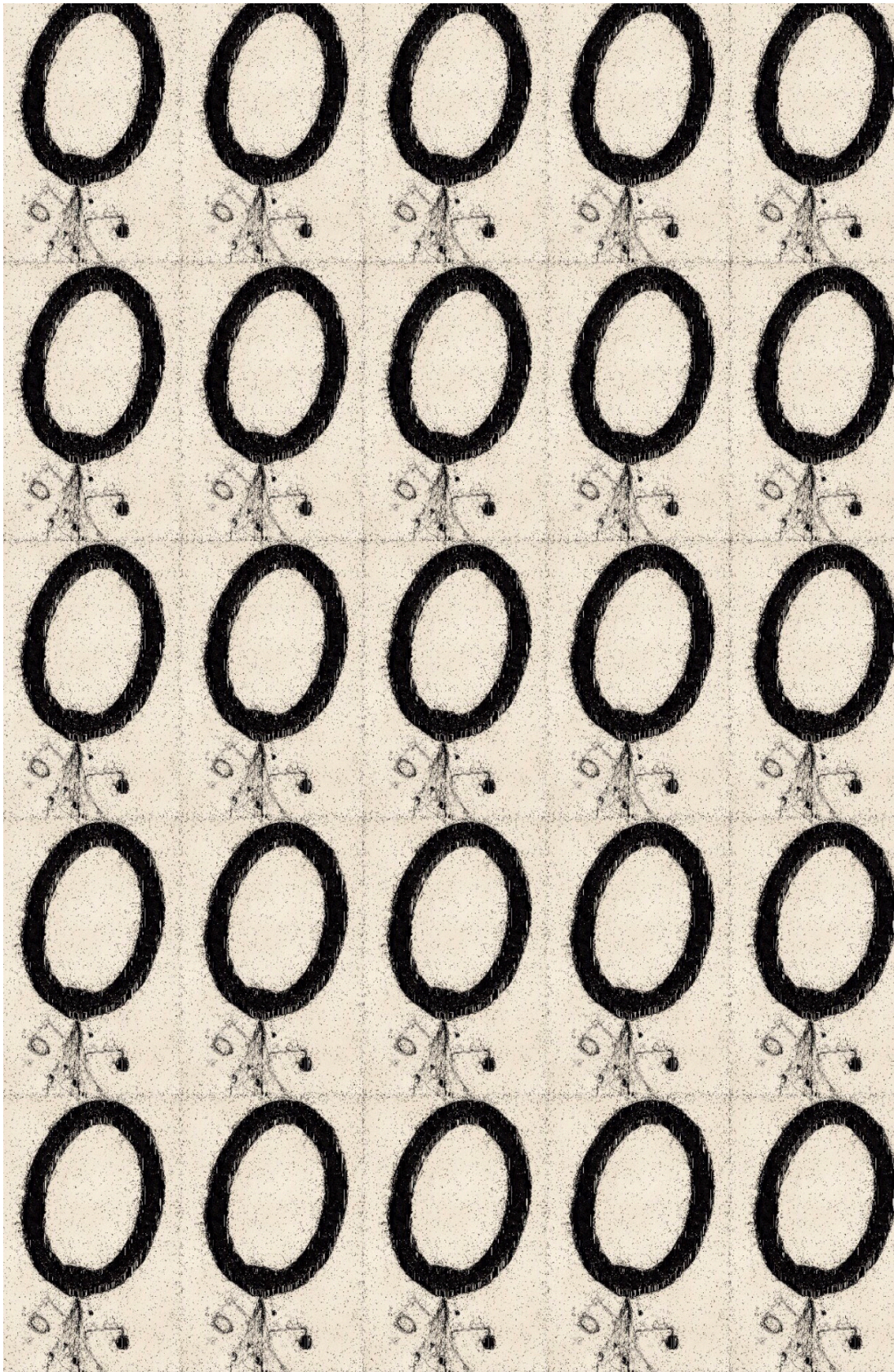




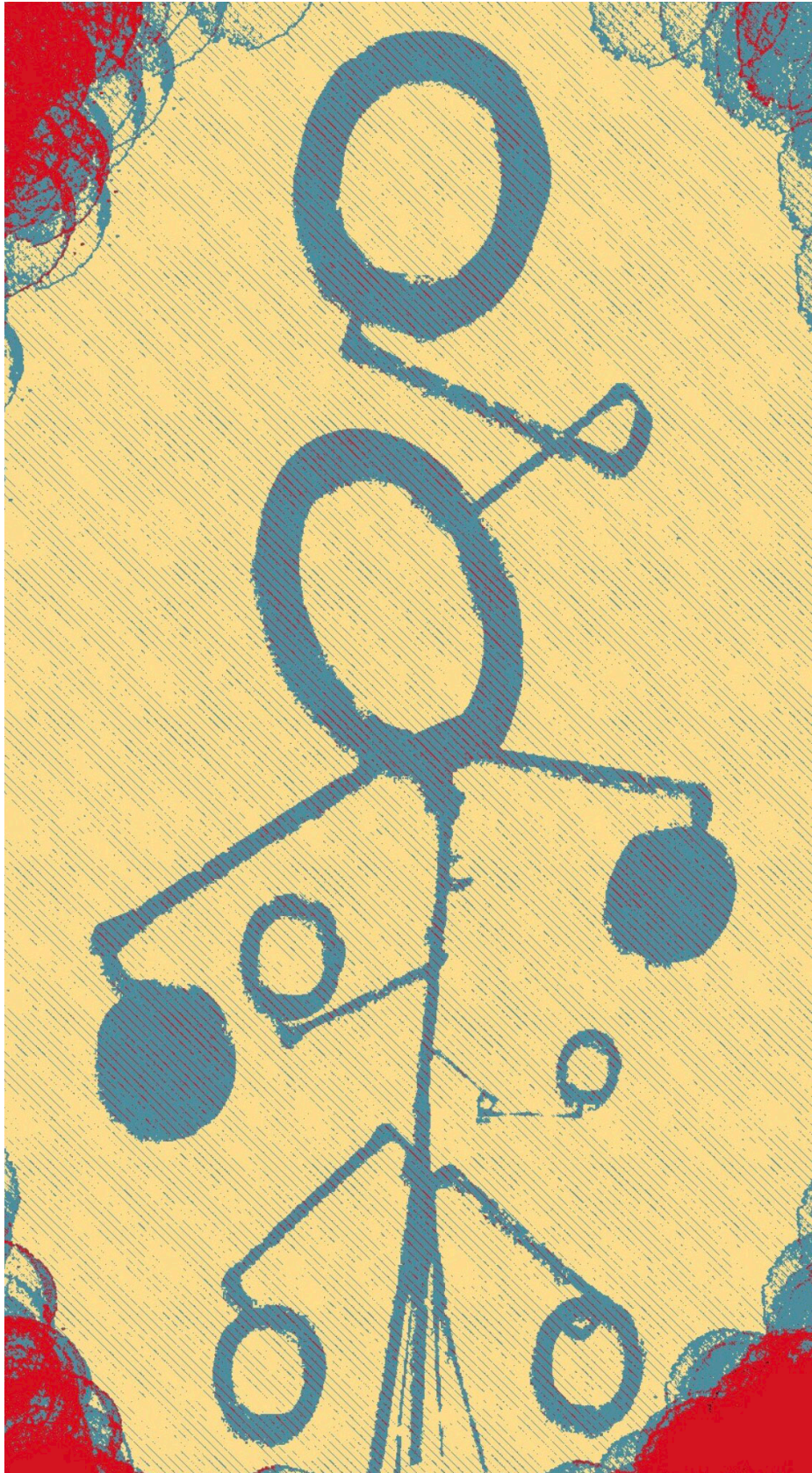




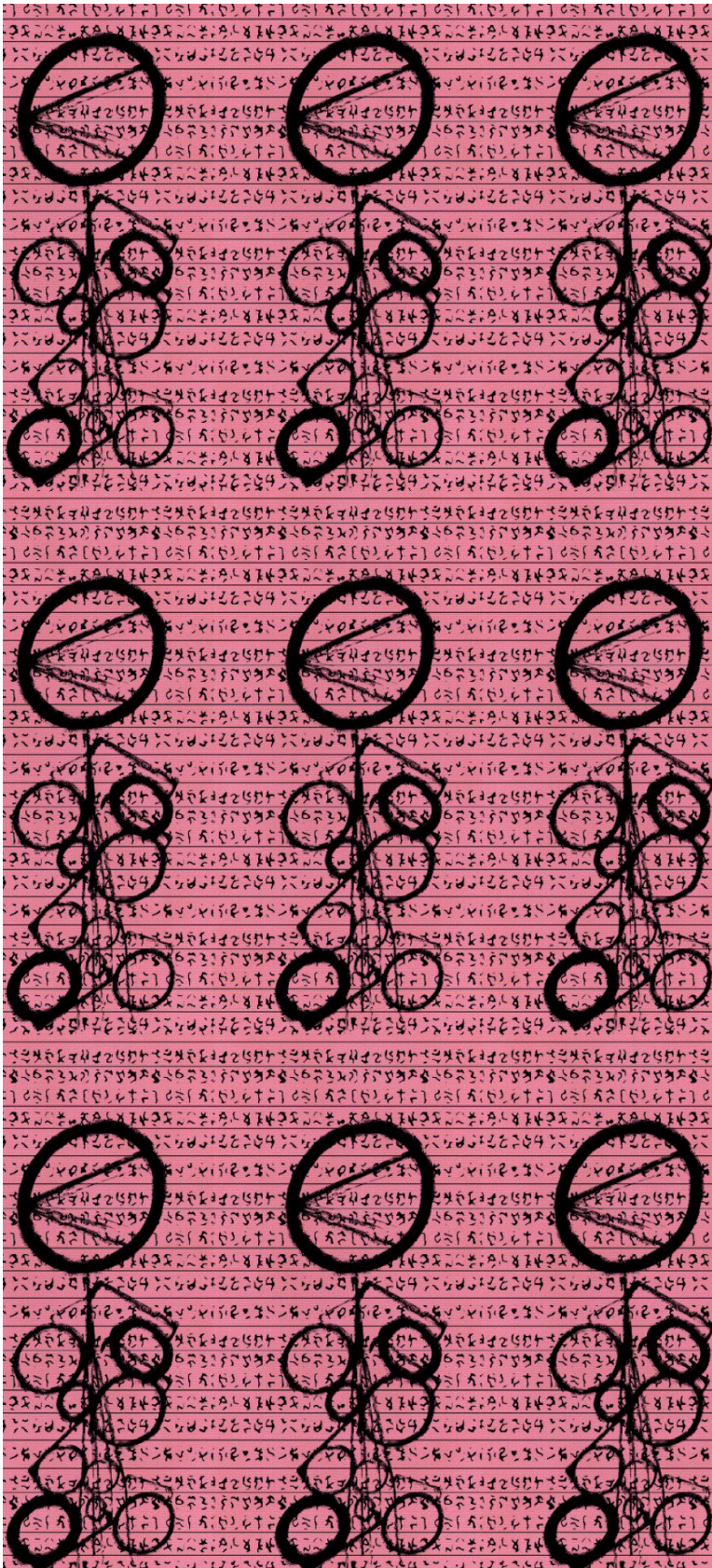






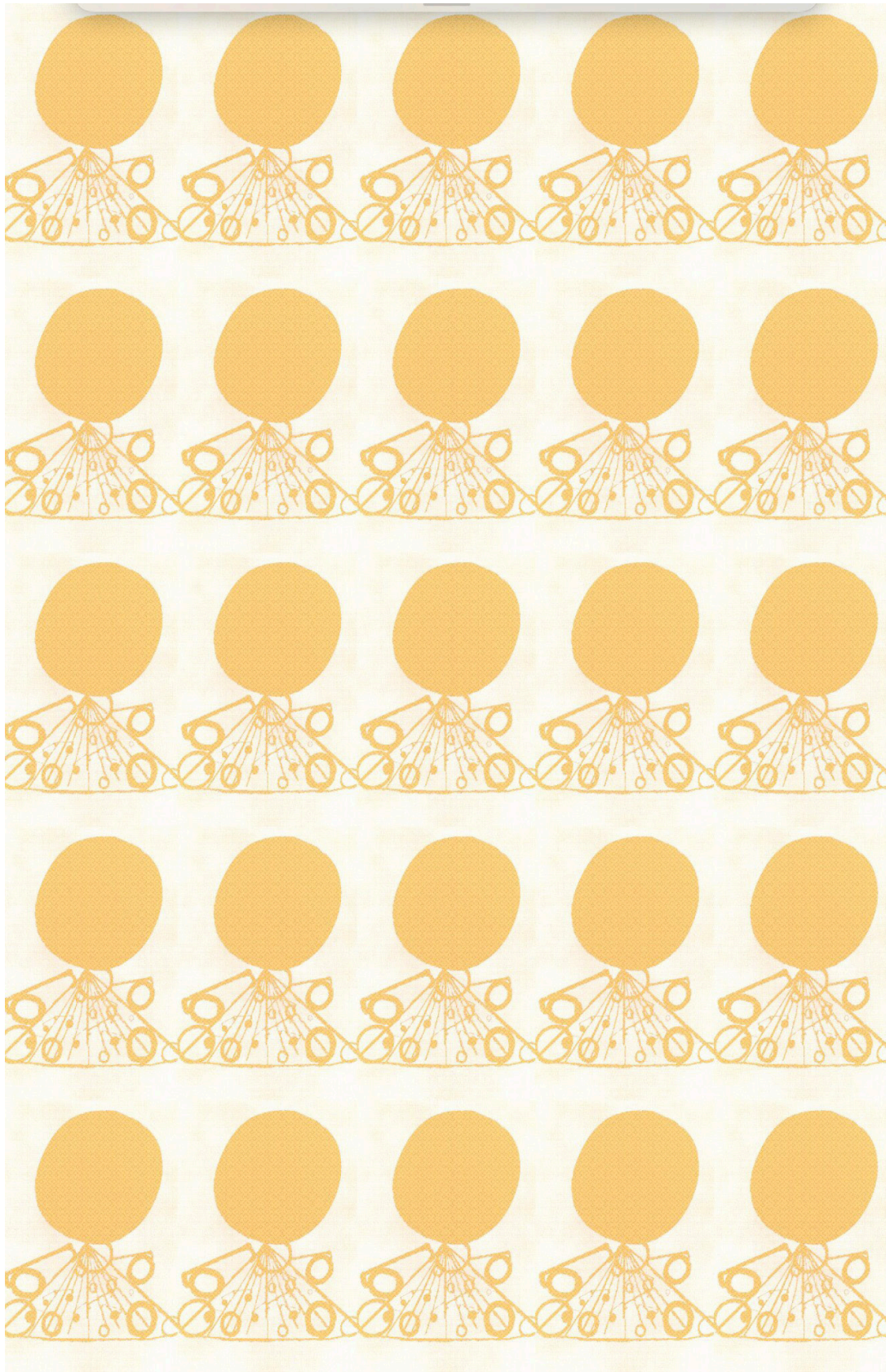




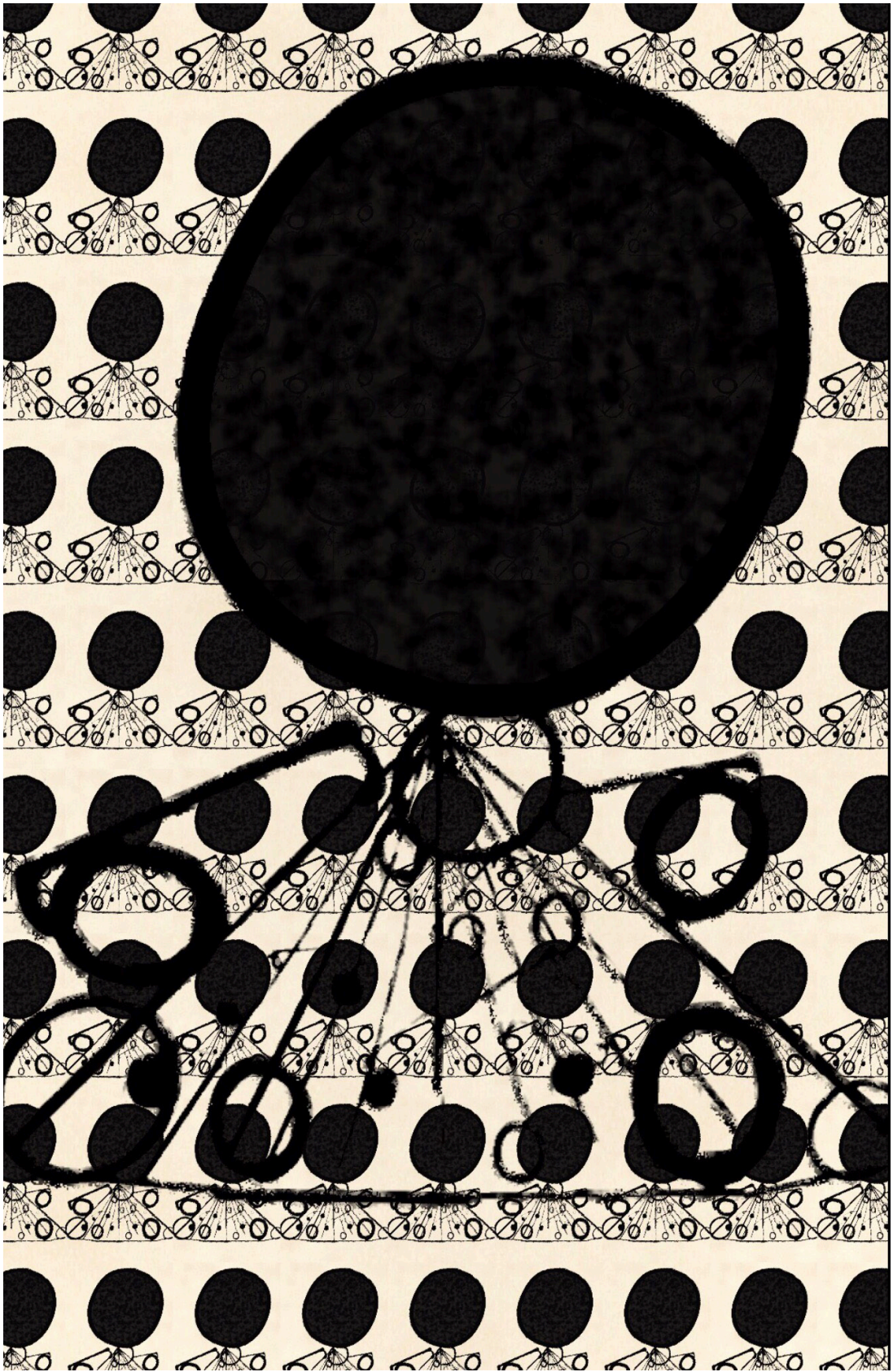




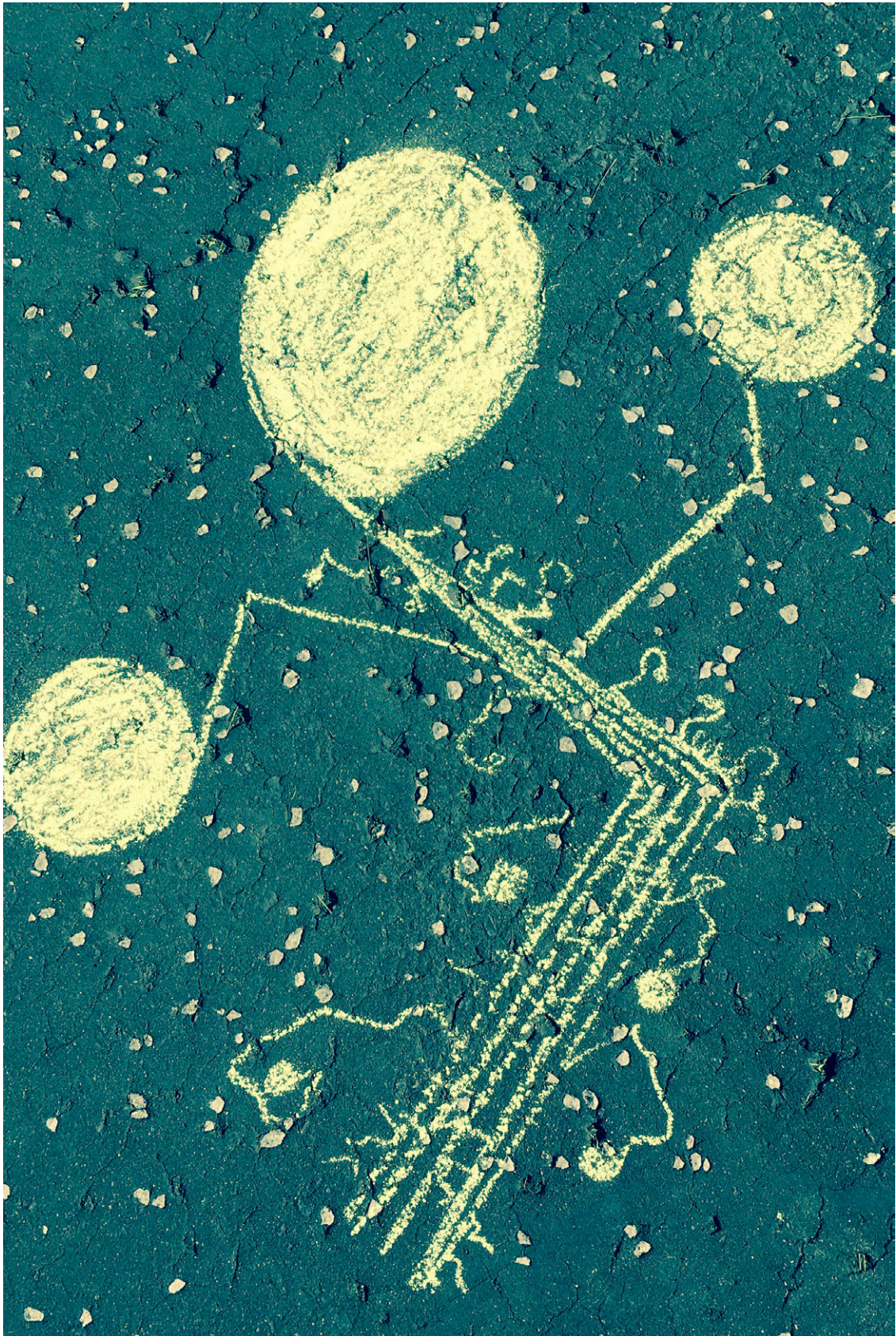
## Dawn Nelson Wardrobe





























My shadow tills the garden

last house at the bottom

cherry blossom-lined

nasturtium, geranium slope

street of my childhood.

As we converse, growth hormones

of his dreams seep out:

entry to writing school. Suspicious,

I circle his house three times.

He wants me badly and insists in

hiding with my parents, Creativity and Muse,

at their home in a sumptuous tropical outpost.

Shadow slid under my nails,

pulses along my blue veins,

sinks into my pores.

At the island retreat, I pluck greenbacks

from my satchel for a sanctuary hiatus.

Mother Muse orders pork-shrimp wonton

from room service.

Prophecies a shaman,

sipping potency

*{soul food overly rich*

*conceptual staple grains adequate}*.

Dark glows my eye lids

sheens my terrestrial mind

willows my procrastination

staminas late nights of artistry.

A door.



lament up the incline imbroglio  
mosquitoes orgy-gorge on me  
hover, buzz, sting, draw blood enmasse  
I bat at them, vexed  
my palms fly-swatters  
my desire to escape pain fired molten  
careen down the slope's backbone

feet pelt architecture  
of linen earth

vermilion beads my face, torso

delve in portals to curiosity  
wonder about their story

*mudslide sweeps homes down hillside*

hera closets my toddler-self in early death

i lodge baby finger

between open door and jamb crevice

yearning to brake

fate

she blots out my red jumper

infant lungs, finger, rupture

no safe moves

purple infuses through

flesh    bones    trust dismembered



New spackle not even set. Boxes laddered  
atop one another, unpacked.

Fire the element beneath a frying pan  
antennae, peppercorn eyes,  
triangular body, erratically jags across  
the white enamel stove top;  
a tidal throng follows.

Spatula misses target for lack of hand-eye alignment.

Beeline for the bathroom for Raid  
lips contort brows accordion pleat.

Lift my soaking comforter  
rust cockroaches swarm forth from their sanctum.

Invasion of uncertainty adrenals foreground, arteries dilate  
shrinks judgment.

Back pedaling into the studio, beneath the curtains  
soft light perseveres spreads a pool.

i wade hip high in    you cry a reservoir of tears for  
you    arborite courtesy   offering seats   obsequious   reflections  
good on you    stinky worn hiking boots gift  
altruism's self back pat    offer false  
ears    chainsaw my conversation   sheared thoughts  
     white chocolate chips appeasement  
     blemished shirt offering   red offense at refusal  
     friendly chat with my dog   shirk  
from touching *Winston*       big teeth: fence gates hold me at time-ransom  
     *oh have to take the laundry in*  
*wrong outfit   nothing co-ordinates   brushing teeth*  
*what's wrong with being a plane for my dad?*  
*i'm one hour late?*   laminate smile  
coup d'etat words    *don't open the windows    so it's baking today*  
     sitting in my wide-open  
back yard, *You'll leave your house*  
*to me, won't you?   I would take such*  
*good care of it*    my hands grip

distance



cutting with metal-precision,  
his hands thread  
in out of my tresses

the frame: packed with redolent spices  
wisps of accented English  
conversation, hairdressers break  
for Tupper ware-packed lunches  
unachievable dreams of lifeguard prospects

he enquires about Christmas  
and New Year's

his time off a strand of two days  
worked Boxing Day, New Year's Eve.  
he has a Bachelor's in English  
from Vietnam

a bulky blonde in red  
diagonals across mirror's length,  
downpour of voices fills  
the chairs vacant a moment before

directional lines: the staircase: in the chairs sit  
the fortunate with the wealth of leisure time  
while working women and men stand,  
wield scissors and razors

a geometric repeating pattern.  
how likely to be broken?  
not to matter who occupies the chair—  
should financial recompense recognize  
those with the tools are not a less than and other

Creekside, on fence. Mathematically statuesque.

Algorithm of white chest, brown wings, head white, beak yellow.

Grey clouds squat, dulling conifers

biting wind curls my hair around ears.

Push on, dead leaves crackle underfoot

crumple, fragments.

Ashen curtain sinks

feet, too hulking to drag across deck

of wooden bridge

floor sags into a net.

Sinking in pools of milk of magnesia.

SLOOGE! OOOGE!

Falcons dive.

This, maybe a video game: crawl midway before eyelids droop

Every muscle, drained batteries throat dry of words

mind manipulates bodily joystick

barrel feet clump on, falter.

Ambulance siren scrapes past.

Ambiguity of peaking then fading voices.



stripped limbs vie high    enclose their secret: a yearning for just the raw earth    meringue of  
cloud cover    a chain of loved ones    hilltops barber-poled in frost stripes    beanies for the  
crests    upper reaches a hive of pressing thumbs    striations of the starved on (E-)bay's skin  
rabid currents scour away Face Book selfies    scam artists clad in Revenue Canada balaclavas  
inbox oozes of spam    garborate    until just paste-spit remains    red canoe    freshly  
painted    lies    hull up    at trail's foot    turning the woods inside out to  
escape-ville

I feel mango

orange-mellow

with thick skin

flexible core

withstand heat well

boomerang scorching rays

I feel mango

orange mellow

## Biographies

A lifetime can seem like a patchwork affair. Sure, year follows upon year, but where's the clear-cut story? Early on in hers, **Cindy Deachman** became a cook. Made a living. (Meanwhile making art.) Switching gear from working restaurants, Cindy turned arts administrator for museums and galleries. Somewhere along the line, she morphed into a writer. (She still is, food & art her beat.) Cindy founded the food/art magazine *Burnt toast* in 2000 (more food, more art!) which continued for a solid four years. Collaboration with her husband Tony Fohse in 2014 resulted in the hybrid book *Same Old Story*, setting Cindy's short story alongside his photo sequence. Both echo the never-ending feeling of being human in this world. In her latest book, *On the Origin of Species*, science-related images (historical works and her own) are laid upon pages of Darwin's revolutionary classic, poetic data of scientific discovery.

**Faizal Deen** is the author of *Land Without Chocolate, a Memoir* (2000), Guyana's first LGB poetry collection. His work appears in numerous journals, magazines, and anthologies, including Thomas Glave's *Our Caribbean: A Gathering of Lesbian and Gay Writing from the Antilles* (2008). As a scholar, Deen addresses topics in representational violence and the politics of beauty in Caribbean, Canadian, and Caribbean-Canadian cultural contexts. His most recent collection, *The Greatest Films* (2016), introduces, through lyric fragments, notions of "creole Islam," which are specific to histories of Caribbean syncretic identity. Deen lives in Ottawa with Sabrina, a cocker spaniel. TWITTER: @faizalbynigh

**Sanita Fejzic** is an Ottawa-based writer and past editor of In/Words Magazine and Press. Her novella, *Psychomachia*, was published by Quattro Books in 2016.

**Jesse Glass** Jesse Glass' recent work has appeared in *Golden Handcuffs Review*, in the on-line *Journal of Poetics Research*, in *Otoliths*, *Galatea Resurrects*, *Zimzallah*, and other venues. Glass has also created a series of painted books or ('theaters' as he likes to call them), copies of which are available through The Knives Forks and Spoons Press. You can hear Glass read his work at the Penn Sound site. <http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/x/Glass.php>

"[two impressive readings]...the second by the American poet Jesse Glass, who had arrived that morning from Japan (where he teaches) and, clobbered by jet lag and with only ten minutes in which to make a big impression, made a big impression. His voice was a modulated growl reminding me of the late Don Van Vliet, aka Captain Beefheart. Between poems he scrabbled intermittently in a briefcase for more sheets of his dense cryptic verses, which he delivered like a tub-thumping preacher man.

After the reading I bought his latest collection *Selections from The Life and Death of Peter Stubbe* (weirdly dated 2015 by his publisher, Knives Forks and Spoons Press), which includes colour reproductions of the author's unsettling Blake-inspired paintings (now in the Tate [Britain's] collection). The title is a reference to the 'Werewolf of Bedburg', a ghastly 17th century tale of lycanthropy, and is a redacted and reworked version of a poem originally written in the early 1980s. Also on sale was his Play *[Day] for [Of] the Dead: A [Decryptive] Dance For Mirror and Word* ('Inverted text to be read with a mirror. Comes in a miniature wooden or cardboard coffin with book, image, gold mirror, skeleton and skull bracelet.') Tempting, but I'd already overspent my modest budget on a dozen generously discounted books and pamphlets."

--David Collard (TLS writer) on Free Verse Festival 2014 (London).

### Candace Makowichuk

The medium I work in is historical photographic processes including: Cyanotype, Bromoil, Gum Bichromate, and Silver Gelatin. I do photographic work because quite simply I have to. It is a part of me and who I am. My art is made solely by hard work, patience, and quiet observations, using primarily a historic bellows sheet film camera, and 19th century printing processes. In our digital age of rapid fire cameras and gigabytes I believe my methodology and approach projects my contemporary vision forward, while at the same time celebrating the roots of photography in its purest form.



# Biographies

Our life in and around the structure of architecture and our environment is a platform for creating, living and experiencing. The way in which we engage with our contemporary urban landscape is unique and encompasses places that we may pass by daily, taking no notice, while others we remember vividly. Our environment offers services, entertainment, comfort, and transportation and how we participate with this landscape can be very personal. By using photography, I take snapshots to reveal themes and memories of everyday life. Referencing common locations, I capture an element of time and space and the intersections between urban site, memory and the human impulse to connect. Long after one has interacted with the permanence of these ever-changing yet recurrent spaces, the photos - like souvenirs - offer a moment to reminisce, supplying the imagination with a place to go. As intentionally artificial constructions, my photographs convey experiences of the truth but they also communicate a single view. The subjects and moments I choose to photograph are very intuitive and are found in my daily movements through the world – they are at home, on a walk, in the car, at work, at my children's schools, and anywhere else that happens to be a part of my day. This work is simply the city as seen through the eyes of a single individual, a trace of the way in which I walked through it. As an involved urban dweller using a variety of public spaces, I continue to investigate the many aspects of the city I live in.

**Petrichor ArtLab** represents the collaboration of poet **Heather Ferguson** and artist **Jeffrey Lipsky**.

**Heather Ferguson** was a co-director of the TREE Reading Series in Ottawa, Canada, from 1985 to 1990 (Grant Savage was co-director also). During that time, with the assistance of Seymour Mayne of the University of Ottawa, input from poet John Barton of Ottawa and the efforts of UofO students, she helped establish *Bywords*, a small monthly literary magazine. Heather is the author of the chapbook *A Mouse in a Top Hat* (Rideau Review Press) and *The Lapidary*, which appeared in *Ygdrasil, A Journal of the Poetic Arts*, produced by Klaus J. Gerken. This work was translated into Spanish and also French, and was published as *The Lapidary / Le Lapidaire*, translated by Andrée Christensen and Jacques Flammand (Vermillon). Heather collaborated with Jack Wesdorp on *The Bestiary*, a special issue of *Ygdrasil*, and on two readings for the Appearances Green Arts Festival in Provincetown, Cape Cod, in 2012 and 2013. She is continuing collaborative work with Jack Wesdorp in the form of plays and a collection of poems. Heather ran Agawa Press and published a series of broadsheets for the TREE reading series, an anthology called *Open Set: A TREE Anthology*, and *Foreign National*, poems by Laurence Hutchman.

**Jeffrey Lipsky** is an artist living in Lowell, Massachusetts who makes abstract narrative paintings and drawings about people, places, sounds and words. His artwork has been exhibited and collected by galleries, museums and individuals from around the world. He has been the focus of many articles in print and on the web such as *New York Times Magazine*, *Art Calendar Magazine*, *Artnet*, *Artinfo.com*, *the Boston Globe*, *Art Magazine Germany*, and many more. Lipsky also has been a contributing writer for *Art Calendar Magazine* and writes about how artists can embrace online technologies to expand their audiences and find inspiration for their work. He graduated from Montserrat College of Art in Beverly MA with a Bachelors of Fine Arts degree in 1999.

**Stan Rogal** resides and writes in Toronto. His work has appeared in numerous magazines and anthologies in Canada, the US and Europe. He is the author of 20 books: 5 novels (most recent, *Dog the Moon*, 2016), 4 story and 11 poetry. A fifth story collection, *There Goes The Neighbourhood*, launched at the end of August, 2017, with Frontenac Books. He once had a beer with Allen Ginsberg.

**Julia Rose Sutherland** is an emerging interdisciplinary artist who resides in Calgary Alberta. Her practice focuses on ideas of place, identity, perception, and family dynamics using a large range of mediums such as large-scale sculpture, video, painting and textiles. She completed my Bachelors of Fine Arts in Craft and New Media with a specialty in Textiles at the Alberta College of Art and Design in 2013.

## Biographies

**Jacqueline Valencia** is a writer and critic. She is the author of *There Is No Escape Out Of Time* (Insomniac Press, 2016) and is the founding editor of *These Girls On Film*, a literary editor at *The Rusty Toque*, and staff film critic at *Next Projection*. Jacqueline is a board member of CWILA (Canadian Women In Literary Arts). [jacquelinevalencia.wordpress.com](http://jacquelinevalencia.wordpress.com)

**Dawn Nelson Wardrope** is a poet, a visual poet and a collage/dada artist.

She also does asemic writing and is a mail art enthusiast. Dawn has been published in *Renegade*, *Utsanga*, *Otoliths*, *M58*, *A-minor*, cover artist for *Sonic Boom* and is forthcoming in *Fanzine Timglas*. She can also be seen widely on Facebook.

Dawn stays close to nature and is devoted to her two rescue grey hounds.

**Elaine Woo** is a Jane-of-All-Trades, creating poems, libretto, graphic comics, video, and non-fiction. Her recent work appears in *Grain Magazine*, *S/tick* (CWILA's lit mag), *NationalPoetryMonth.ca: A Celebration of Women* (AngelHousePress, 2017), *h&*, and the *Ottawa Poetry Newsletter*. The poems appearing in *Experiment-O* are from her second manuscript. Elaine is the author of the poetry collection *Cycling with the Dragon*, Nightwood Editions.

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 tenth issue to John Ashbery whose poetry didn't succumb to pressure by mainstream literary circles to conform or to be popular in order to be published, who refused to compromise.

experiment-o will consider interviews, reviews, visual art, visual poetry, concrete poetry, poetry, prose, manifestos, maps, rants, blog entries, translations and other digital miscellany. please send creative works of merit to [amanda@experiment-o.com](mailto:amanda@experiment-o.com) for consideration for future issues. only contributions that are possible in PDF form will be considered; responses will likely only occur if the work is accepted for publication. previously published work is considered. simultaneous submissions are fine too.

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