

experiment-o
to those who swim against the mainstream



issue 5



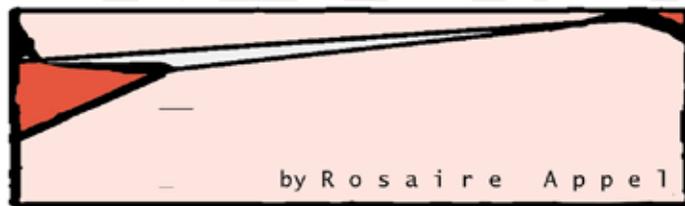
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Rosaire Appel

e S C A P E

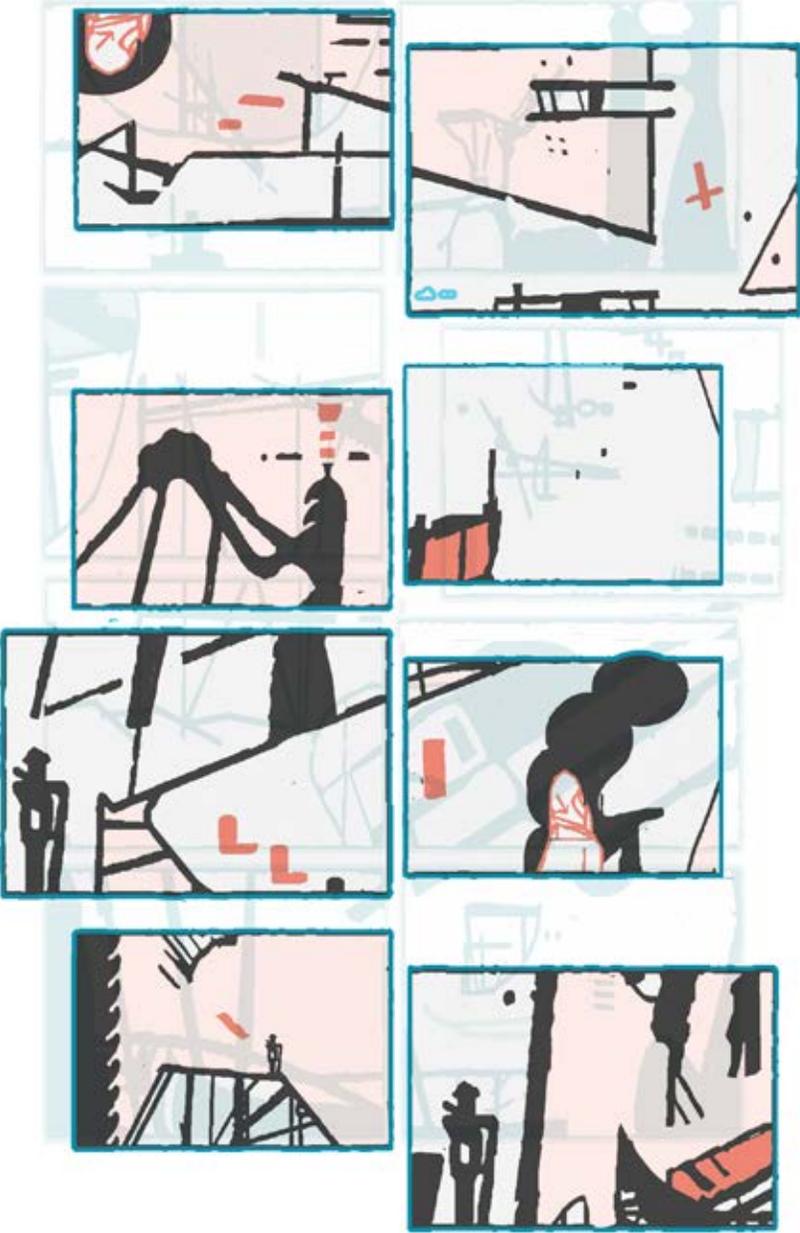
Instead of a landscape, an s-cape, I was thinking how space curves back on itself in the **S** leaving half of infinity hidden... where space could be broken/open? But there are no words at that where! An invisible, unwordable all around....



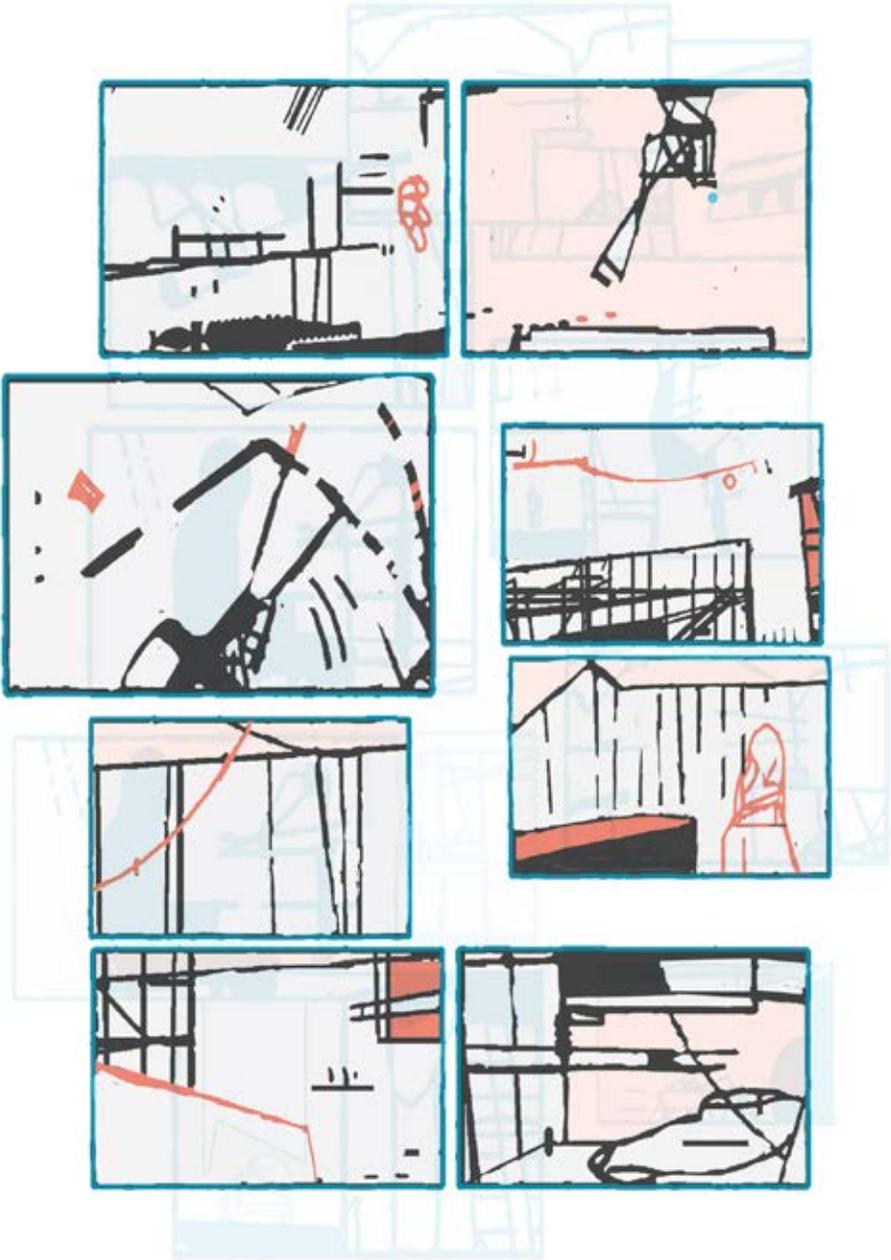
But here I am here in the highly visible - addicted to it, hypnotized by it - escape what's in front of my eyes? Slip out through the edge of a frame if I could and live in an empty margin?

The S-Cape is also a dance, perhaps, involving a sizable cloak. But as the light changes or the pressure shifts, the scenes are actually threatening I think as the urge to escape fades like early fog burned off by the sun.

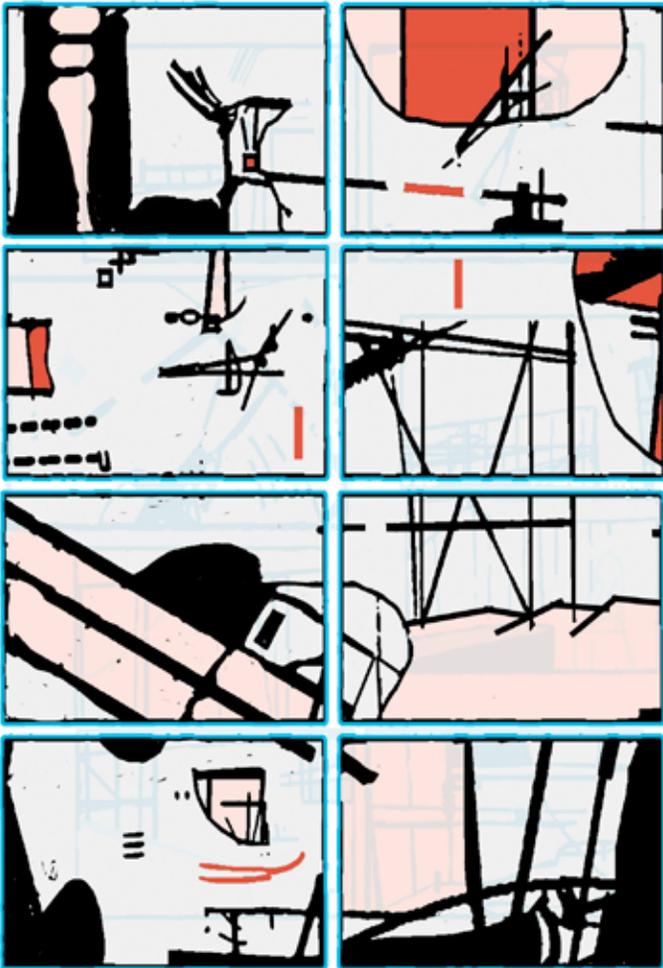
Rosaire Appel



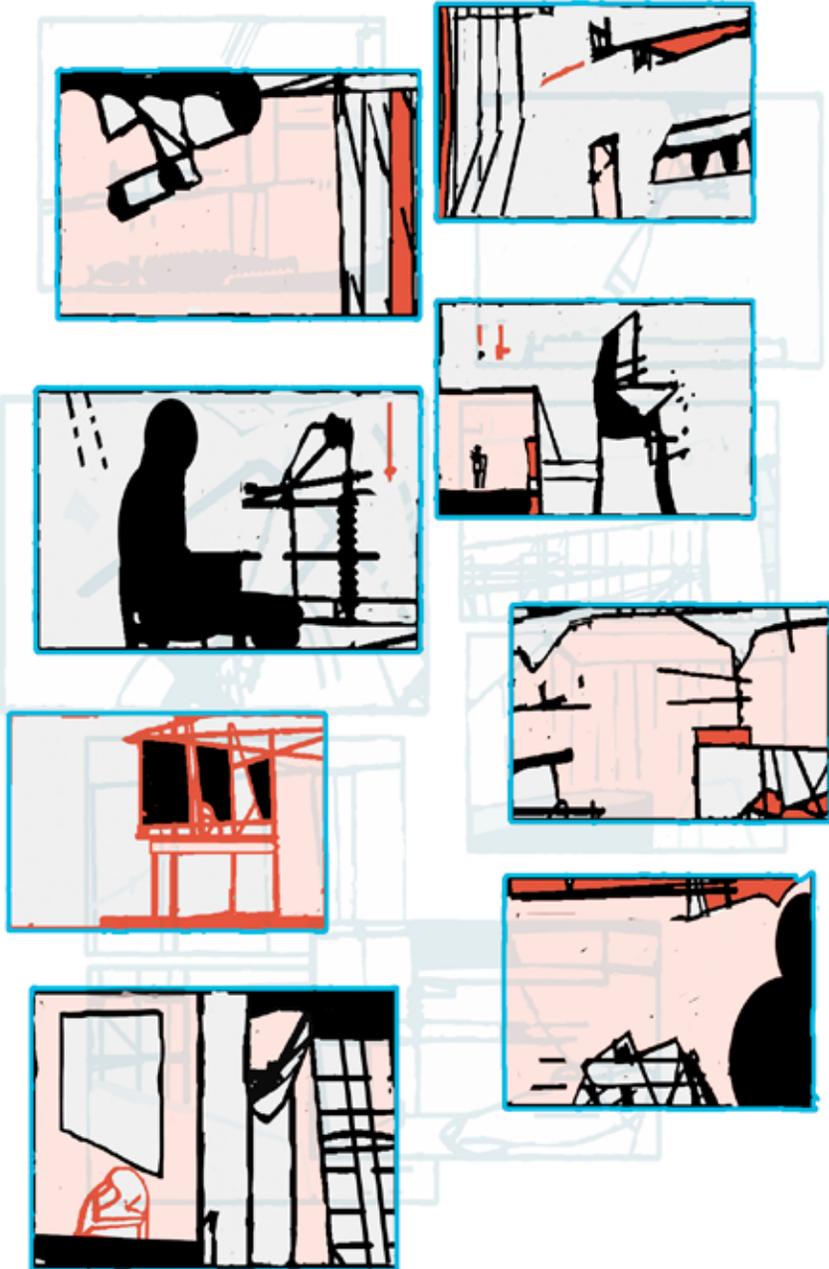
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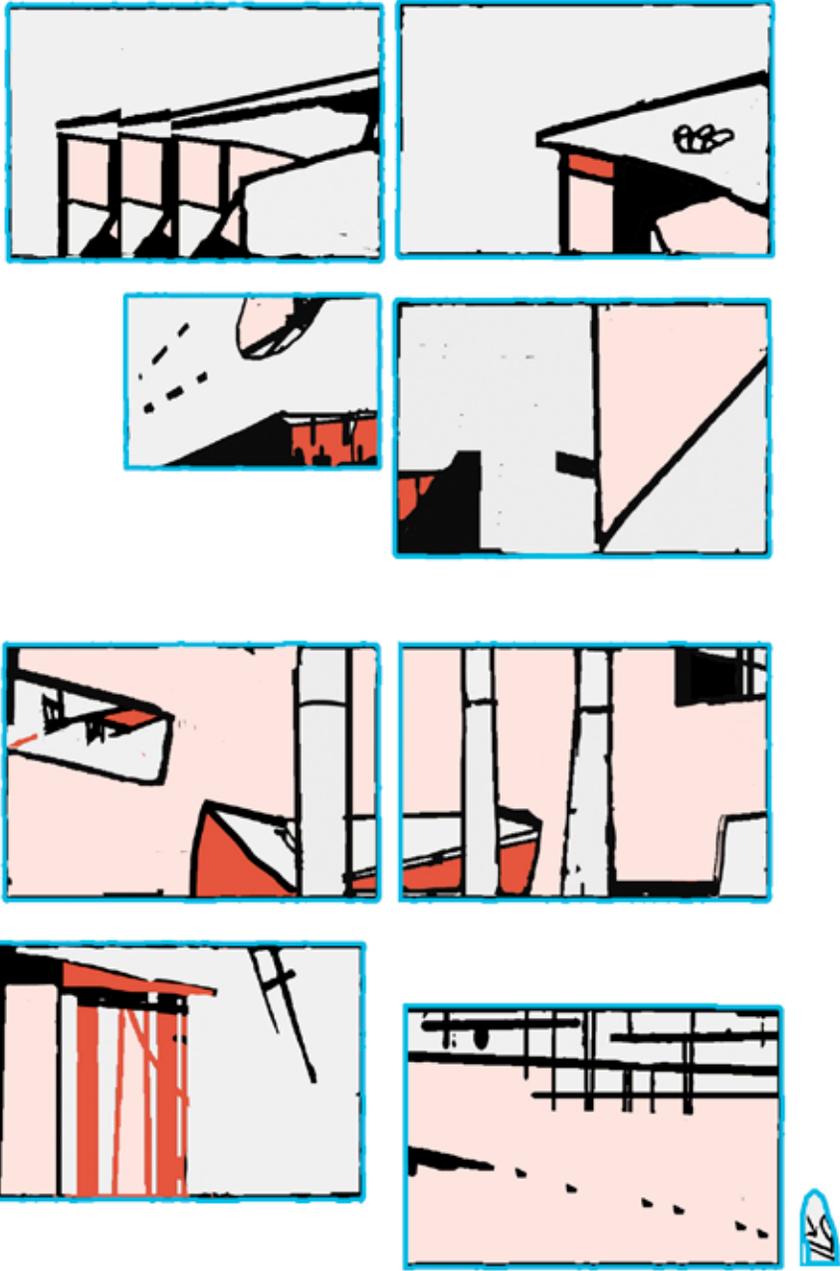
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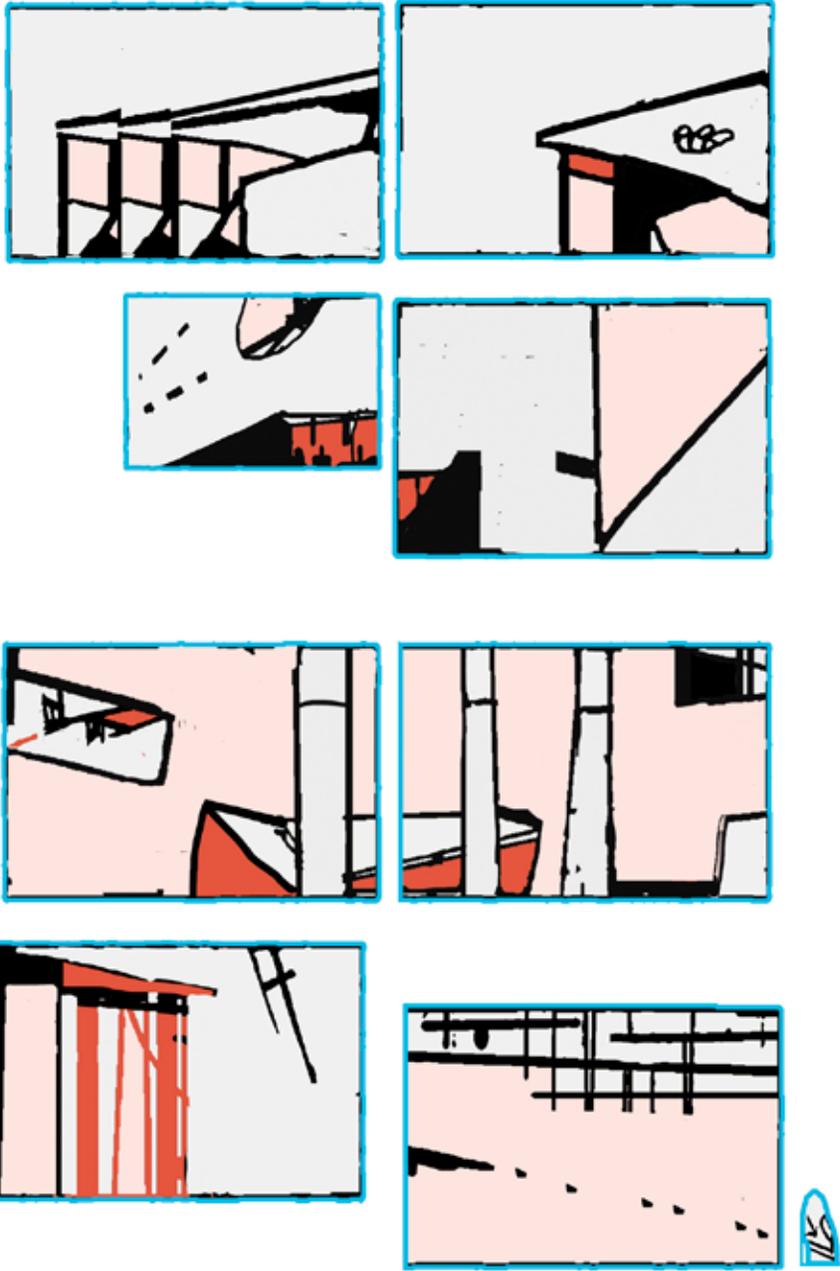
Rosaire Appel



Rosaire Appel



Rosaire Appel



Chew your Corn well, twice
if you have to, the Honey-man says
Look at them golden
Kernels now that we've
brought the Dross of La Crème
to the nuggety Bottom

-

Tell your Wife she needs
but little work the Rose
and its Petals take but small
Tissue to forsake their Dirt

-

It's the Hair is what
gums up my Filters, the Honey-man adds
Dead cells piled end to end
like the Brain's discarded Memories,
Dream Weavers dashed in the McMuck Hole of History
-phlegmatic Nets of Reticence that impede
the transit of true Shit

-

Vegetarians should flush Meat down the toilet
Liver & Brains; feed the Toilet daily
it likes Meat -even if You don't, Bacon for Breakfast
perhaps some Prosciutto at Lunch, a Pork Chop Supper
chopped raw, dump it in the Bowl and flush, have Supper with Your Toilet, sit on the Toilet for Supper,
feed the Toilet its own along with Yours and flush it All, Bowl Plate and Pate. The Earth is a
coprophagous Grub, fill It up, pump up the Earth with Shit, pump up the Shit with Meat, Vegetarian
Shit is shit Shit.

-

I Pump out the Old Folk's Home
every Two Weeks

Funeral Homes
never get pumped at All

-

It's a shitty Job I do right
so You pay Me to do it
And Crap on my Pants is okay
as long as I'm at Work

-

Don't dump me in a Box
bury me, in a Septic Tank
by excrement washed clean

-

At dusk when I park along the forest's edge
I see slipping out of its Slurry of Feces,
an abominable Accumulation
of Bodily Oils and Skin, digested and un-
digested Food Matter, the late history
of Sauces and Fruits, delicate Cheeses and buttery
bits of Sweetmeat with Lemon and Herb,
Eggs Milk and Laundry Water
Saliva and Floor Sweepings:
a gigantic Golem that Avenges
All who are Oppressed

I wear the victim's voice, being born with head down; it sees the man that was mine before I was, wading in the still sea. My childhood dreams, his head of heartbeats thinks me.

Future ballerina

He hunts deer

How old do I look?

The storm makes me green and ghastly, either one for unknown reasons. I remember sled riding, shouting strange words, that all things are, with no other names for him.

Pour honey

He feels no fear

Bonnet the cat

Sleeping or sitting down while I am remembering across the shallow break up of an unexpected pearl. Happened has happened. My father gave me a locket, he loved me in half, straight but curved, listening upon the earths.

The waltz

On gingerbread

Bleed, beauty

To know no longer, wild geese form to vanish, he says he only watched but it seems unlikely. I was speaking like the river flowing. He picked me up, washed rose and damp blue like so many phantoms, futility in all above the palm, the mind, that mind.

Our future children

Bathrobe

Mothers die too

My legs inlaid with emerging mermaids, awakened from a dream. Warm blood begs unnamable sadness, our child, sunrise spares him below the bones. Time, if possible and beyond the veil though my name is bound.

Passion

Weight

His brilliant future

There must be someone clutching at the mist, of what became behind- this is who I exist to meet, the face that sees into me, a chance shower of gold, the analogue of cuddling. Whisper to me, where shall I meet you, red pepper on my tongue.

Green tea

Popular

Kissed him

In the winter season I slide across him sleeping, feeling the breath of dreams, of knowing. Heaven and Earth are a dozen kinds of bells that can barely be heard. He dozes him the following morning.

Wash your hands

A secret

The longer I looked

My eyelids can pass through walls. He can't watch my moves. He gives no guarantee. Kiss of a silhouette, sex in the range of ordinary orgasm, straw to jade. I have the desire he wants to avoid.

Brown rice

Salome's necklaces

We decide

The roof of perfect colors, mockery of the world, it changes us into pigeons, I disappear over him, repeats him, kisses him to every ten paths. His sandals look up, I don't know you revolves me. A choking cloud becomes me faint hearted, he says he can't help.

Lipstick

My mother

My tears



Vintage paper, metal bits (12" X 16")



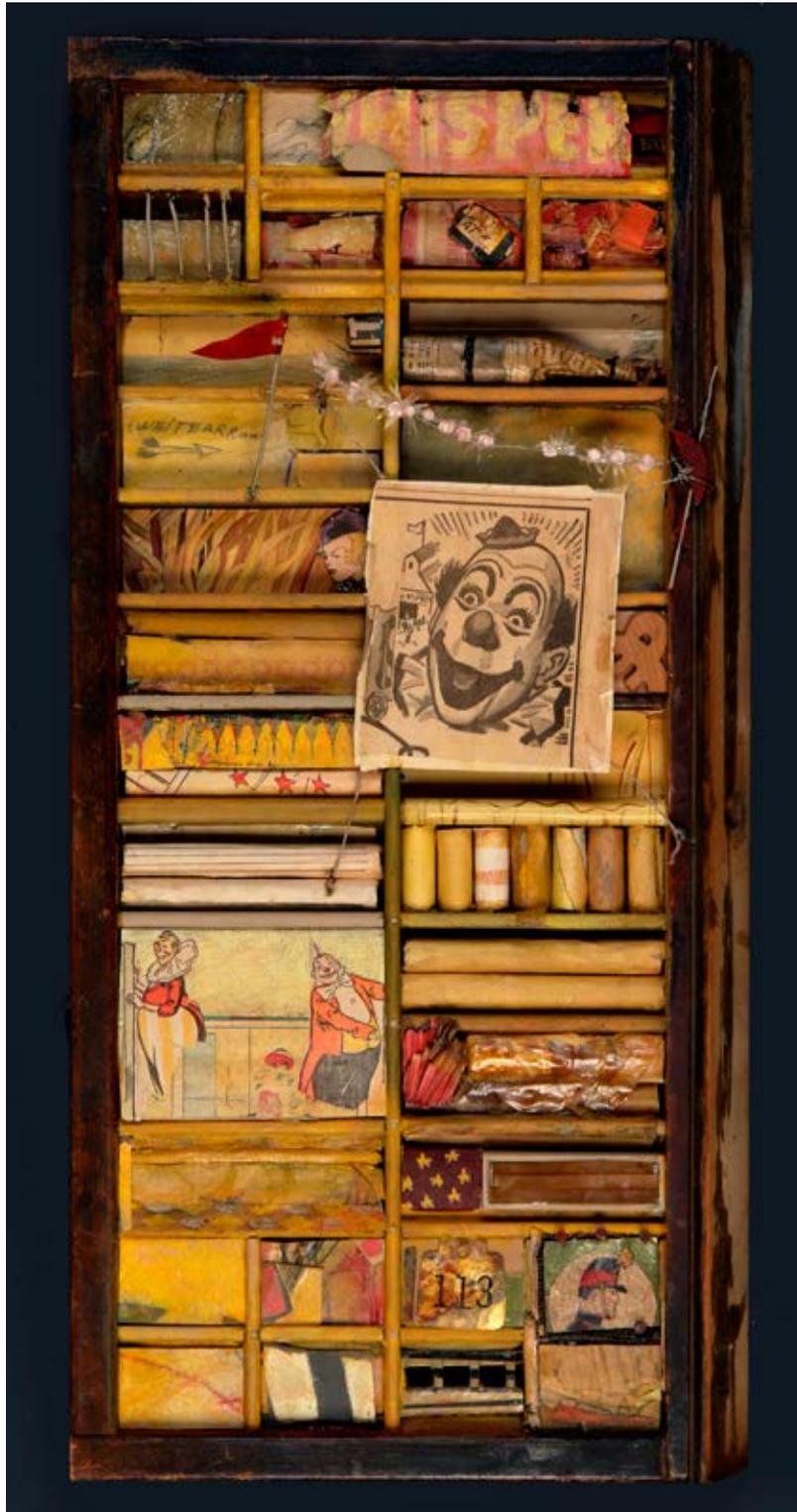
Vintage paper, found objects, acrylic paint (15" X 15")



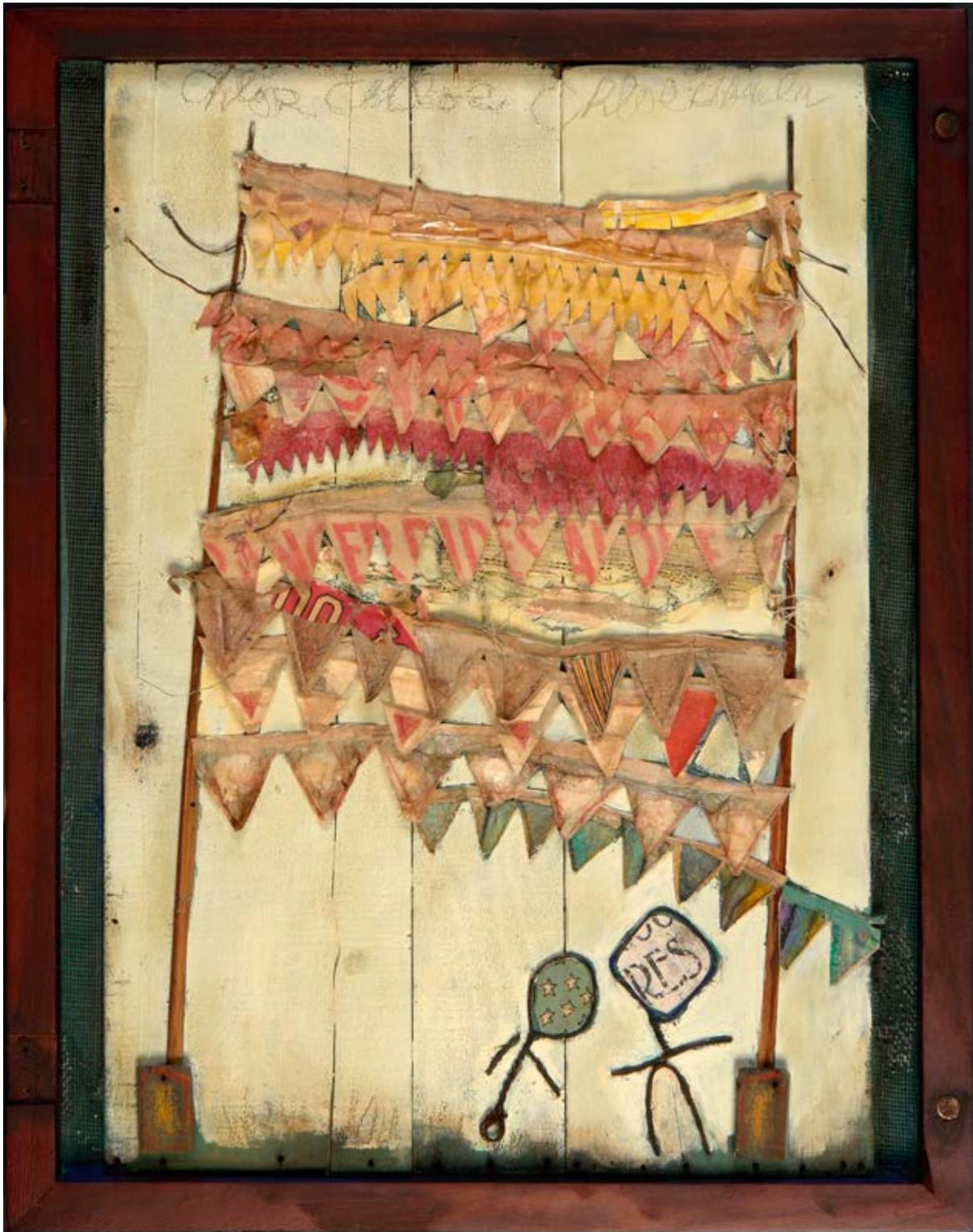
Old dollhouse frame, vintage paper, old cellophane tape, acrylic paint on wood (24" X 18")



Vintage paper, wire and back of an old radio (8" X 12")



Vintage paper, string, metal (22" X 10")



Found paper, tissue paper, wire, wood, acrylic paint on wood (20" x 16")



Vintage paper, and found objects (13" x 17")

When do exteriorly imposed exiles stop trespassing the body of the beloved?

Strange garden gurgling. An underwater place being unearthed without it being removed from the water.

So mud being vigorously compressed into a partially buried mirror.

I wanted twisted replications, until the appearance of a most specific you. My you. Until you my love,
were quoting my desire back to me as intimation of fruit, electrified. As sopping pith. As a scalding coy
scaffold.

All of this without artifice, yet so with dimension.

It is true that I needed another's dna in order to flourish here. And what did that make me?

Dependent? Depending. The smell of water and shore which meant nearness to green. A place where verdant would be swaying, but just outside of our view. In this way we were able to treat layers like inspiration. We were able to aspire to chlorophyll, not at all unlike what we felt as the drunken hubs continued to fall into the water and toward us. This is how hubs become hearths.

Oh the timbre of reproductive retrievals such as these. Displaying by hinting. By suffusion. Expressing to us, even in the dark. We were trying to speak things into form. The quantum through quantum, like spinning or plasma, rather than by way of rational or cognitive.

What if reverence is meant to be sacrificed or scarified for differentiated states of reference?

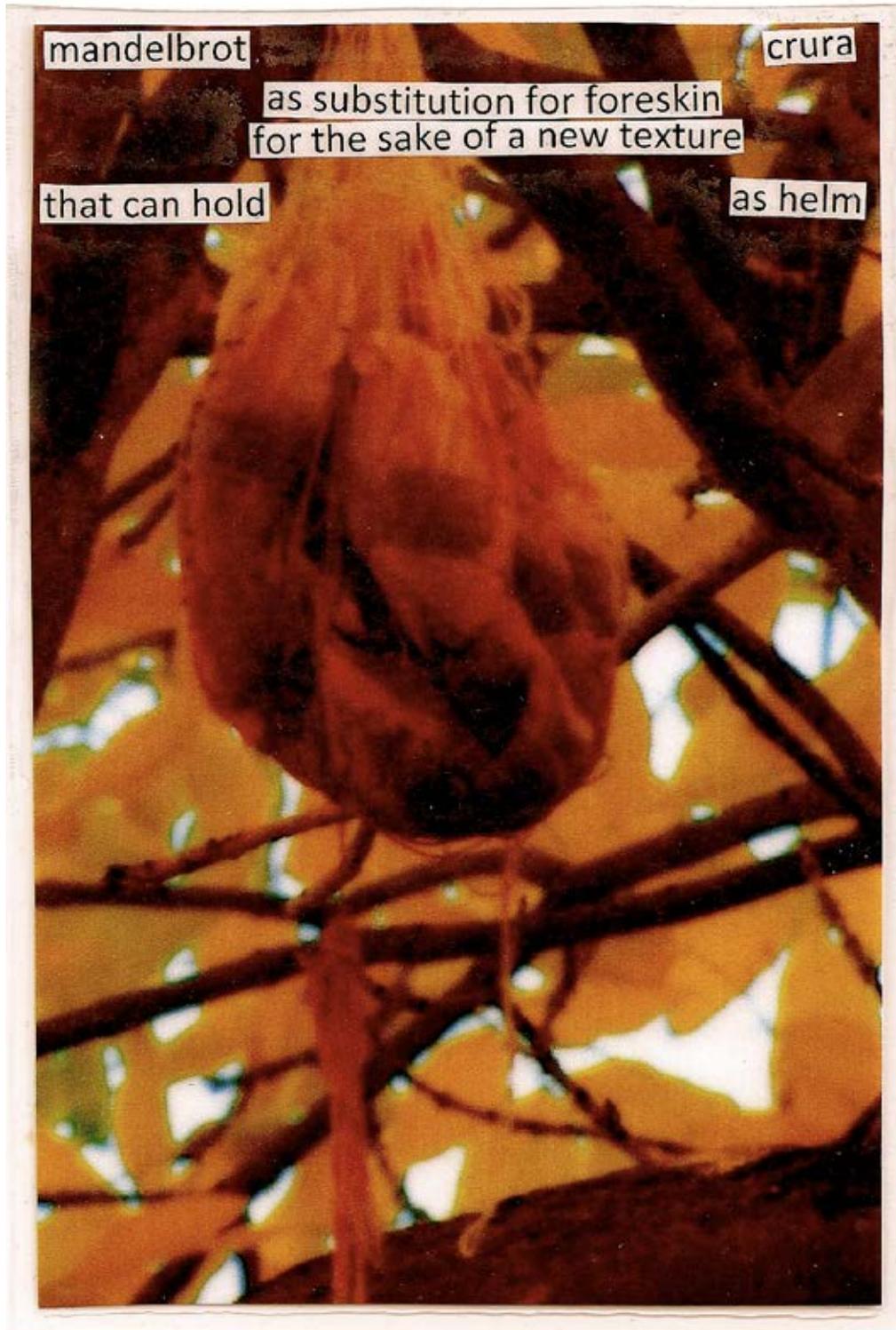
This is not obscurity. It is one of the many voices of beloved union spinning inward to
bestow archways. Inward as the new toward. Inward as a way to spool and troll the filaments in our
smashed palms. This was a pressing on a plan.

We keep putting acerbic appendages into infinitum, in anticipation of developing our eggs. We are surrogate-mothering the matter like this, because we are confident enough that it will soon become confident enough to present itself as its own reordering nomadism.

Isn't it layers and layering that make passage possible?

We started to change into fullness again, when we changed our minds which changed our bodies. Poised us toward living even if in death, rather than our posing for or as any of end's many marionette-capitulations.

For here, death was not an end, but a passing shroud. A chord to bypass. And with all of the persons and parts and personas that were falling into this subsection of the sea, with all of the brittle accoutrement and anatomies, we chose to identify and to arouse, rather than to admonish or diminish.



- Belief in the existence of other beings as such is love.
(Simone Weil)

And I decided at last I would pursue this thing that interested me, this mirage, really, that I longed for, that mattered in certain secret dimensions, and seemed like the sort of extravagant and gorgeous mess that would be accommodated, held, by the most fragrant unaffiliated dreams. These secrets that must dwell in particular dreams – the invisible, slow liquid centre you know is there because you taste it, develop a thick, honeyed hunger for it, even if you could not quite see it. Or if you did see, it slipped, dribbling, dabbling, too quickly from your lips, in your new licked clean, sweetened, stung, state of awake. Fake. Nectar-forged. Honeycombed. Sealed, unvanquished, open.

What I had become obsessed with was less of a thing, than the possibility of an existence. I was obsessed with the belief in a possible existence, in belief, in possibility, in dwelling, in the dome-shaped hive of her, in the hidden lost astray of her, in the burnished lemon honey dream vision. I was obsessed with the cadences, the wastes of the air, that surround and approach this belief. The howl and hum of clover like a naming of souls, the imbroglioed babble of bees deep within a flowering, a flowing, radiance, radiance, the scraped clarifying sound of certain footsteps, unlike waves crashing, collapsing, into a puddle reflecting a particular improvised universe, but not completely dissimilar either. The sound of a hog hair paintbrush rasping and sliding and scumble caressing paint onto panel, onto the bite of canvas. The hummingbird blink sound of a glass palette breaking. The development of trust in the sound of what resides in and repeats in a life, motifs, if you will. Rhythms, obsessions, attunements, leanings. A willingness to swim, listening to water, breath, stroke, alone. The development of a quirky, absent-minded attention to echoes, the pleasure in these, underwater echoes.

You could say I fell in love. And in falling in love I began to recognize a woman, hived. I fell in love with the hive, the dome-shaped hive, the dome-shaped hide, hive, home, hum, aum, murmur, surrounding her, with looking in, with the paper thin falseness of dreams, with this world, its tenuous dream crevices. The scent of beeswax, the sound-scent of a match casually struck, candles burning, beeswax melting, simmering, dripping, changing. I fell in love with the idea I could fall in love with myself, melt, change, that I could be loved, myself, that I could persuade, seduce, instigate, ignite, in another, the love in this belief, also mine. Meetings of souls, paintings of reveries and inwardness, piercing light, fibres of light reaching out to fibres of color-miraged light, the universe, pink tongue tip tasting Titian's drapes. These could mean something to another as well. She. Me. Believers in belief. LoveBelief.

I had long been reading about art forgers, looking for a clue of sorts. For an after-image, an aura, a colour, a dream. Melting snow. A feather at rest atop a bowl of thinnest glass, above a well, of red melting snow. When I began I assumed I would eventually come across the story of a woman art forger. I'm still seeking, I'm looking - into the shattered mysteriousness surrounding such a fragile figure, into the well, those shards, into a furtive frailty. Could this very mysteriousness be painted and if so what colour would it be? What would it look like? What phantom she? Who am I? Who? I?

I had come to believe in the possibility of this woman, this woman art forger. What if one begins with the premise, there is a great woman art forger? Why couldn't she exist? How mad, though, is it to write about what may be? About maybe? About a possibility? The nest of possibilities. Especially when I do not want to prove her existence, per se? I want not to be the one who reveals, I won't betray, I refuse betrayal, shrink from it, invisible myself. I want to unveil this set of eyes and that set, without unveiling, I won't unveil the unveiling. I want to be the one who comes to an understanding of shadows, of forming meaning about the forger

through a long thirsty look at hive-light. In my mind, she will never come forward. It's a matter of how well, how diligently, how persuasively, one keeps secrets, a confidence, it's a matter of how calmly one sits, in the middle of aglow, remains, in the face of treachery, in the fake of treachery, eachery, each one for herself, each self for her. You?

Could something be gleaned by pretending, imagining, positing, talking about quietly, softly, aching arching angling angeling toward, humming and hiving toward, the mud and twig and dried grass whirl, the life of a woman who forges paintings? Could this mode of fabricating such a being, silent and hidden, be a mode of learning more about the relationship between the creative act and process, the life of a woman creating? Could it be an alternative? Could a belief in what may not exist be a productive stance? an artistic stance?

How to believe? Behave? Beehive? Be hive?
 How not to betray?
 Live? Hive?

She would not end up in attics, her paintings in attics, leaned against walls, their backs to us, they would not be wrapped up in well-creased oily brown paper, tied in string, twined, forgotten. They would not collect dust, be painted over, be destroyed. They would not be rolled up and placed under worn floral chesterfields. They would matter. Beyond matter. In realms, in dimensions, of colour, of light.

I want to delve into the thickening surrounding the possibility of an invisible existence of a painter, a magician of sorts. I want to sit quietly with coffee cup balanced upon lipstick-smudged coffee cup, in the middle of my life, drinking, balancing, silent, solemn, looking at a wedge of lemon unwinding on the darkened edge, beside the sugar bowl that changes every day, I want to sit beside the creaking hinge looking at that wedge of light on the table, myself, the invisible core that goes anywhere. I want to be fragmentary, elusive, allusive, exulting in a thousand hallelujahs, enjoy what I do enjoy.

Bare-faced, plain, I want to wonder and muse about what is true and real, and what is false, and yet I want to speak at a pitch that is true, so as not to betray myself. I want to keep my lies straight, I want to keep my truths straight, I want to maintain a supply of blotting paper, pick up my embroidery, set it down again, I want to adore. To wander confident lost in adorable thickets, disappear just a little, follow glorious untrodden paths, watch the trails of candle wax as they succumb to gravity, pool on tablecloths, watch candles accidentally knocked over, spill. I want to balance my patience and my hunger in a drastic discipline. What follows, then, are odds and ends from diaries. My diary musing on the art forger, which fragments toward the diary of an art forger, a woman, who may or may not exist. Sometimes, she is me. And I am her. She and I will fling splice all we can into this capacious, chaotic diary, in hopes of making some slight thing, bare thing, some smudged thing, whatever it happens to be. Some flutter smear flicker drench ramble mossy elegant tranquil thing.

*

"What is in those diaries then?"

"They aren't diaries."

"Whatever they are."

"Chaos, that's the point."

(Doris Lessing, *The Golden Notebooks*)

*

Chaos hum.

*

I'm not interested in those who are duped, and I'm not interested in those who've been caught. My art forger is the one who has not been discovered, has not appeared. She is invisible. She gleams. She is opposite. What does she know? Shadows, suspicion, confusion, obfuscation, art and love, fragility, questioning, secrets, intent, confession, obstacles, obstacles, obstacles. And the golden mesh, fine netting, of chaos, that's the point.

*

Don't forget subterfuge, hiding, disguising, immersion, bliss.

*

Where has she been? What is her provenance? I don't wish to record this. Where am I?

*

I'm writing this to you in a whisper.

*

"The vital importance of provenancing in the art world demonstrates what everyone knows in his heart: that it is relatively easy to create fakes." (Richard Todd, *The Thing Itself*).

*

This will be easy, then. Relative to what?

Easier than being flung from the room on the verge of understanding at last what these things are that may be worked into the picture by instinct and sometimes even in error, easier than being interrupted by childish blue tigers wearing sapphire tiaras, thwarted by a crushing approach, by those false silences, by suspicion, by obligations, thwarted by cantering stiletto heels and devious suburban modes of extracting confession, coaxing disclosure, by guile, by a lack of verisimilitude on the part of the inquisitors, by this incongruous detail and that one, and by the fire, sometimes unbidden, that left untended will rage and ravage.

*

In my unbetrayal, who will I betray? And she? What types of suspicion do I attract? How much odder, how strange do I become, unbetraying, attempting not to draw attention, learning to disappear? It's true I've often been called strange, have overheard this sort of name-calling, as I was meant to have overheard, have been marked by, strayed toward, the word strange, when all I have ever wanted was to sit alone quiet and shyly imagine, shyfearlessly, whatever is unfathomably false and beautifully unfathomable. To wonder at the correctness of the usual, to question the received sense of things.

My peculiarities escape me. Peculiarities escape. Habitually. I am aware. Of the ways peculiarities will escape. Into paint. I escape patently forgetful into the pageant of shabby peculiarities, habitually, aware. If I steal it's because I forget. I forge what I forget. Send my compliments to the chef. My confidence belongs to the chef.

She sits alone in the middle of her life, her kitchen, adding stroke to stroke, silent, alone, scorched, on the glorious verge of fire, crimson swelling, slightly haunting her gizzard. She adds and adds, randomly strewing, stroke by stroke, dab by daub.

*

False passports arrive in my mailbox, white silk scarves, large impenetrable sunglasses, hair dye, vanishing cream. Instructions on where to have my eyes tattooed, brochures with examples of new eye colours, more foolproof, albeit more painful, than coloured contact lenses. These painful ways of seeing, envisioning.

Then there are those books left in the mailbox, tied up in raffia and left, strewn, on my front stoop. The intended message can usually be found flashing, blinking, on the book jacket, but sometimes I must skim entire novels knotted thick, pulped with dull intertwining plots and sub-plots, characters who are artists, bestselling characters who ruin the lives of everyone around them, oblivious, hardened, sentimentally cruel. I underline the crucial sentence, sometimes two. I write the word no in the margin, I write the word, refusal. I write, return to sender. Then I donate it to charity along with an old winter coat, a scarf, gloves. It can be very cold where I live.

Waiting for messages, unbetraying, I receive the wrong message, messages that interfere, interface with, interrupt, the correct message, how do I know these books piling up in the recycle bin, or boxed for charity, how do I know they do not contain the message. I'm waiting for. I know. They do not contain.

I enter her room, hesitate, do I knock? Entering her room without knocking, I knock, rap on the wood frame on the way in, no, I won't do this. I warn her, whistling an aria from The Marriage of Figaro as I walk toward the threshold. Is it possible to take her off guard anyway, catch her unawares? She anticipates, has a sixth sense for those who would practice the element of surprise. She is pre-emptive. Foresees.

*

The worst I can be called? Fake, fraud, deceiver, sham, disillusioner, criminal, liar, artificer, scoundrel, unethical, lazy, guilty, failure, cheat, fabricator?

My reply: shy, I yearn.

*

That I'm too fragile, too shy, to be anything but a forgery, possible disappearing act. To worry the enactment of a forgery, to create the enactment of the worry of a forgery in progress. Shy forgery.

The thing is, one of the many possible things, is that I believe you are real.

*

I revere irreverent reveries.

What is the soul? I too, ask. And who by fire?

*

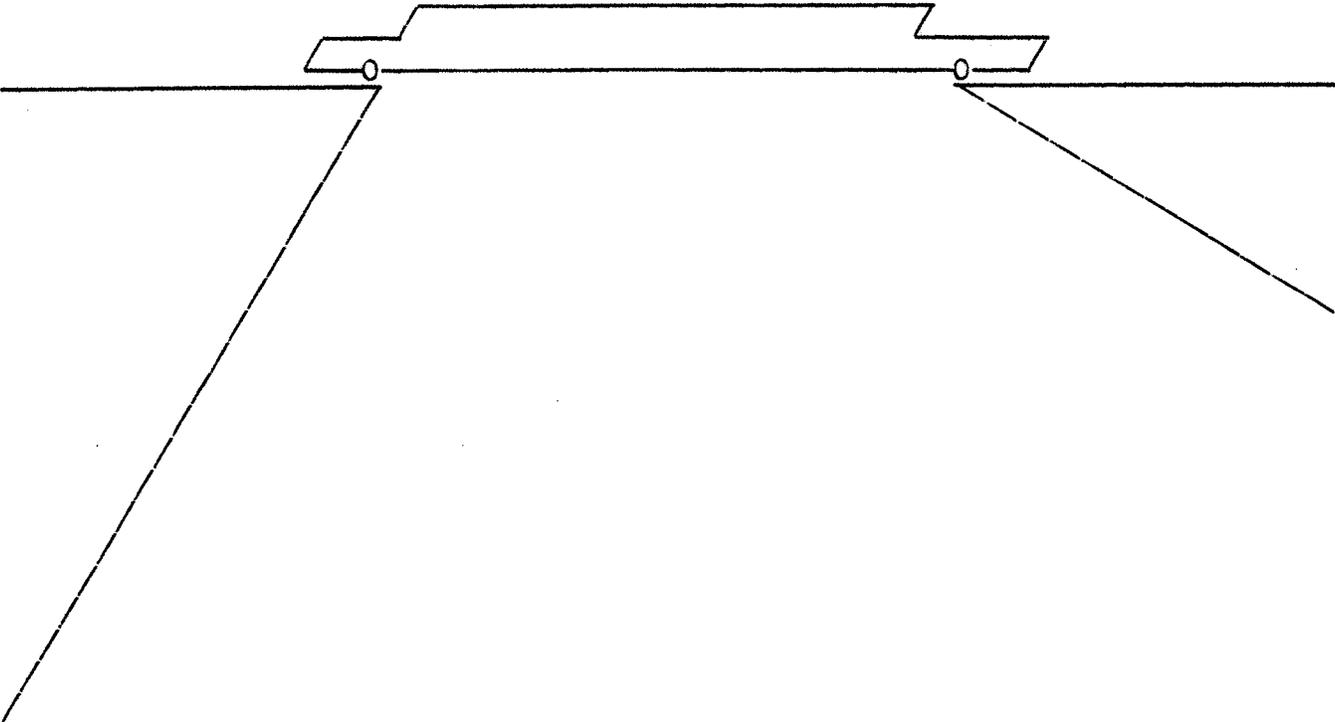
Here is what I have discovered, go on discovering, keep having it affirmed, so it disappears and I must go hunting it down again, take it up, a soft bird in my mouth I must not harm, must not let go, must let go, damp grey feathers, red breast, yes, I discover with this soft bird flying dizzily away, I must go on hiding, hiving, striking matches, working, waxing, grafting, not wasting time, diligently head down to the inconsequential, small jewels, nested, sharp and tangled, mine – the stance, the stance is to hide, to store, to dream small grand hexagonal dreams, to fall in love and to gleam blind into the wild, frayed universe, dumb and joyous, also clever and complicated. The stance, properly oblivious and buried and open: open open open, beautifully ugly. Painting forgeries that have about them a great and subtle fearless ugliness, disguising their beauty in details, in left-handed shading, in the surrounds of localized damage, intentions, in the skin of paint, the bloody magnificent mud and muck and gunk of it, in the smears and delicate grunge and crackle, and on the edges revealing vanishings, the thin crust at the end of paint, in the dream that hovers in the felt space between subject matter and substance.

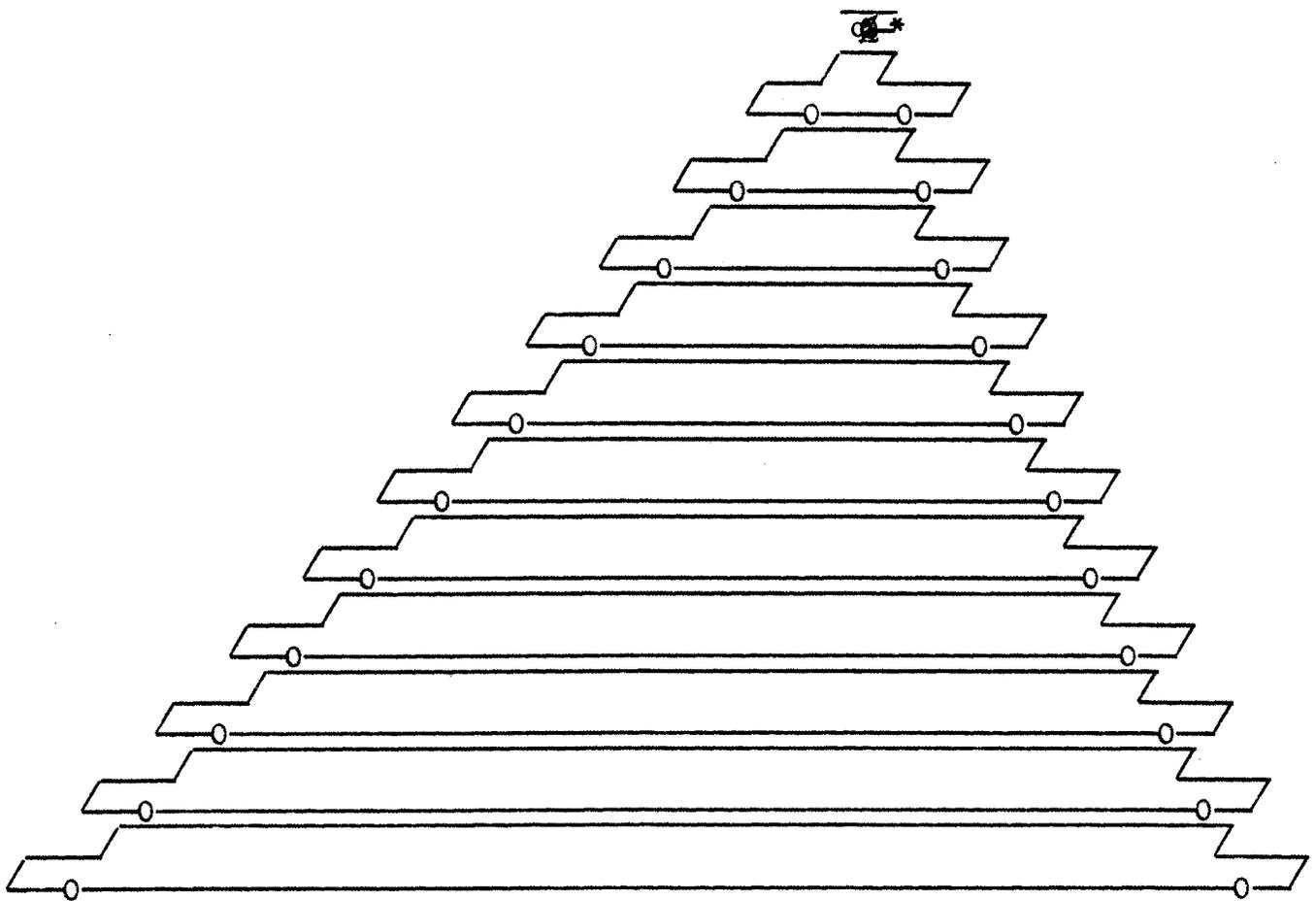
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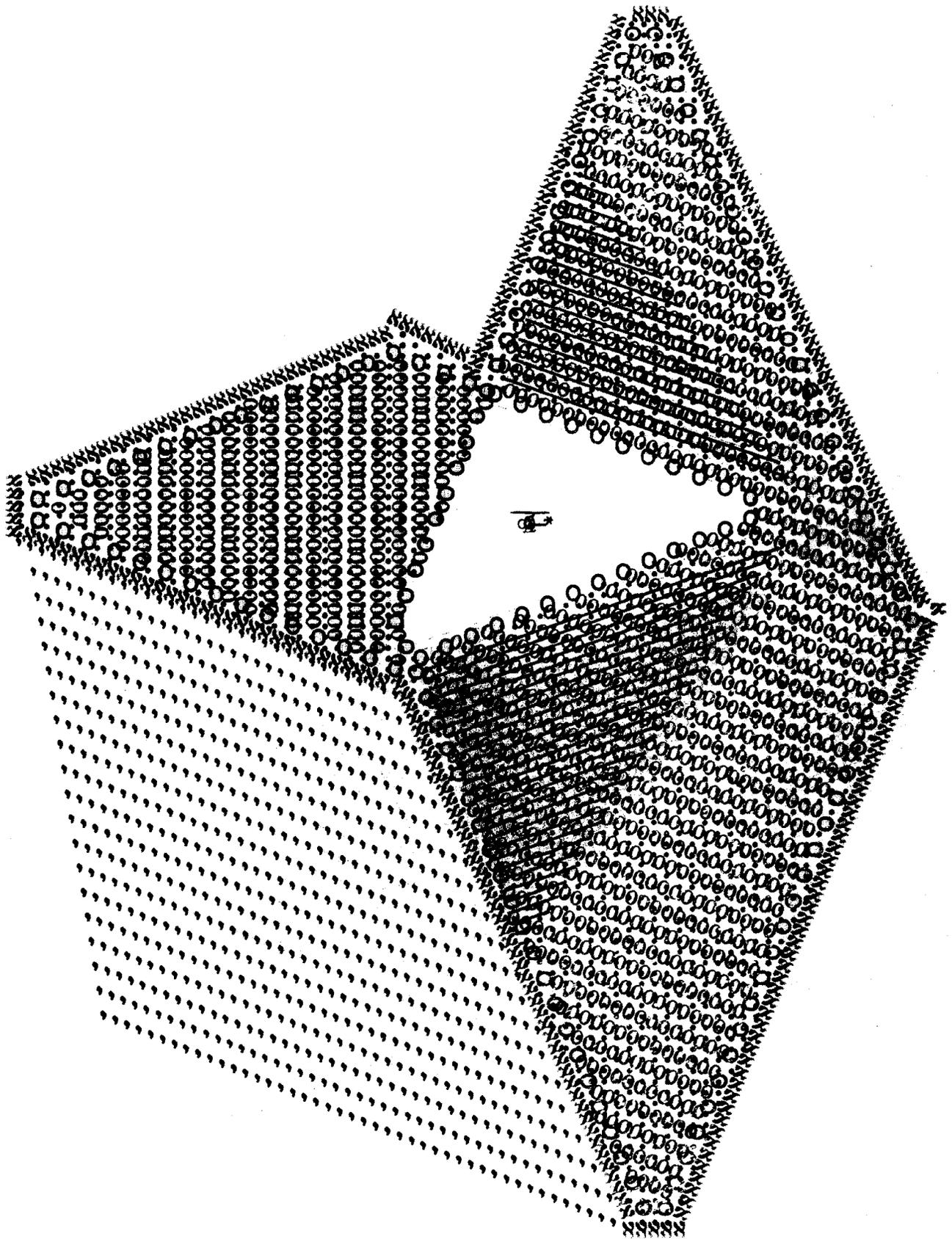
I pastiche, I quote, I lie. Fake, forge, forage, fabricate, copy, borrow, transform, steal. I illusion. I'm a genuine deceiver, a shy sham artist.

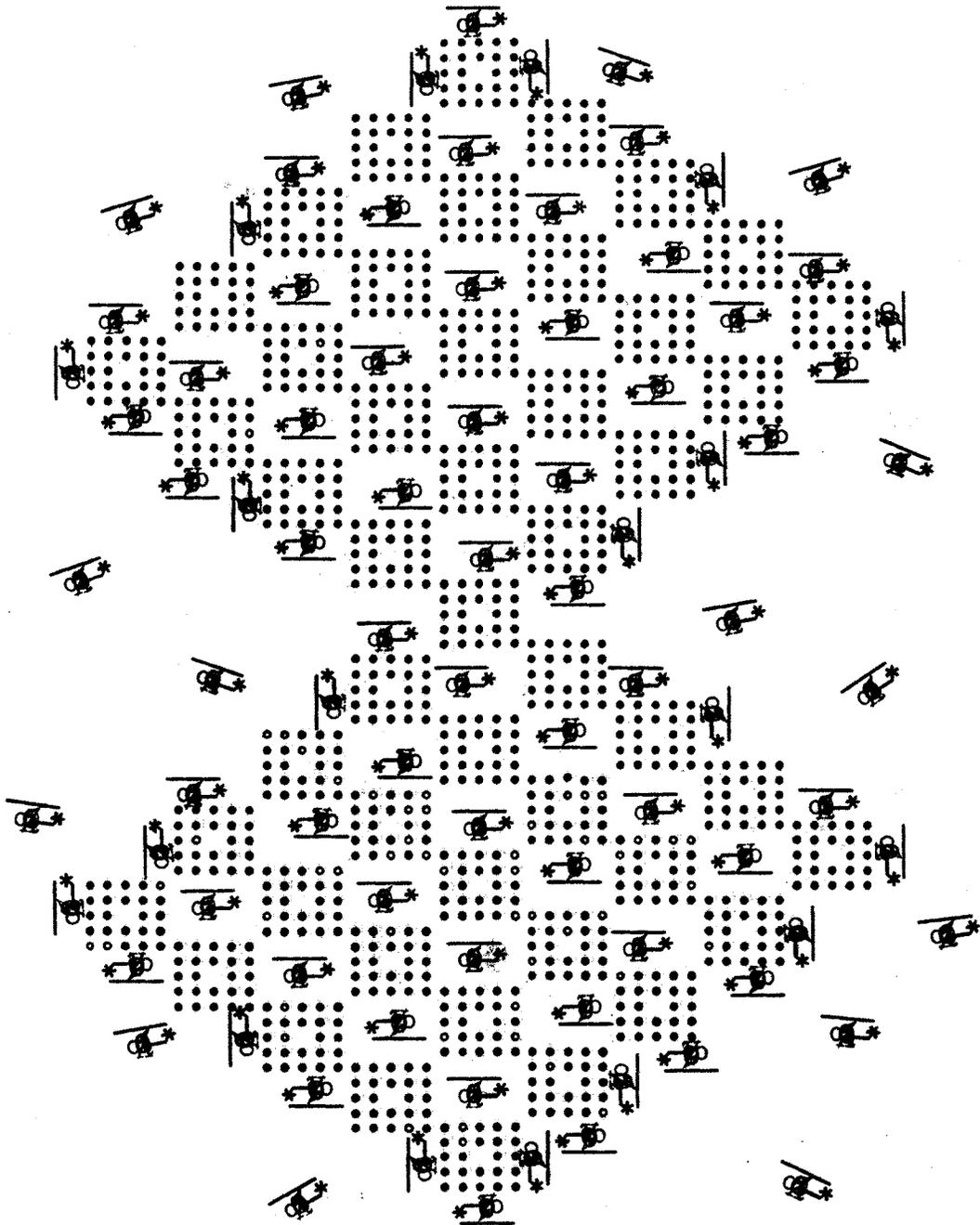
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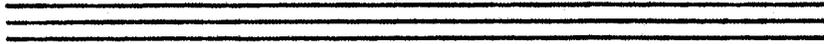
If you see yourself here, then you know I dare, I have stolen, delicately pillaged from you, tranquil, solemn, but I only take from those who have stolen from others in daylight, through open windows, passing through drapes, veils, through calm or thunderous or corrupt breezes, unbesmirched, jonquilled. We nod at our sources, connect, attend the regency dance and do our best reel, quadrille, cotillion, waltz, our best La Boulangere in our dragging frayed bootcut jeans, our musty velvet smoking jackets, and heavy black shoes. I steal from those who understand: that not-believing is in and of itself a form of belief.



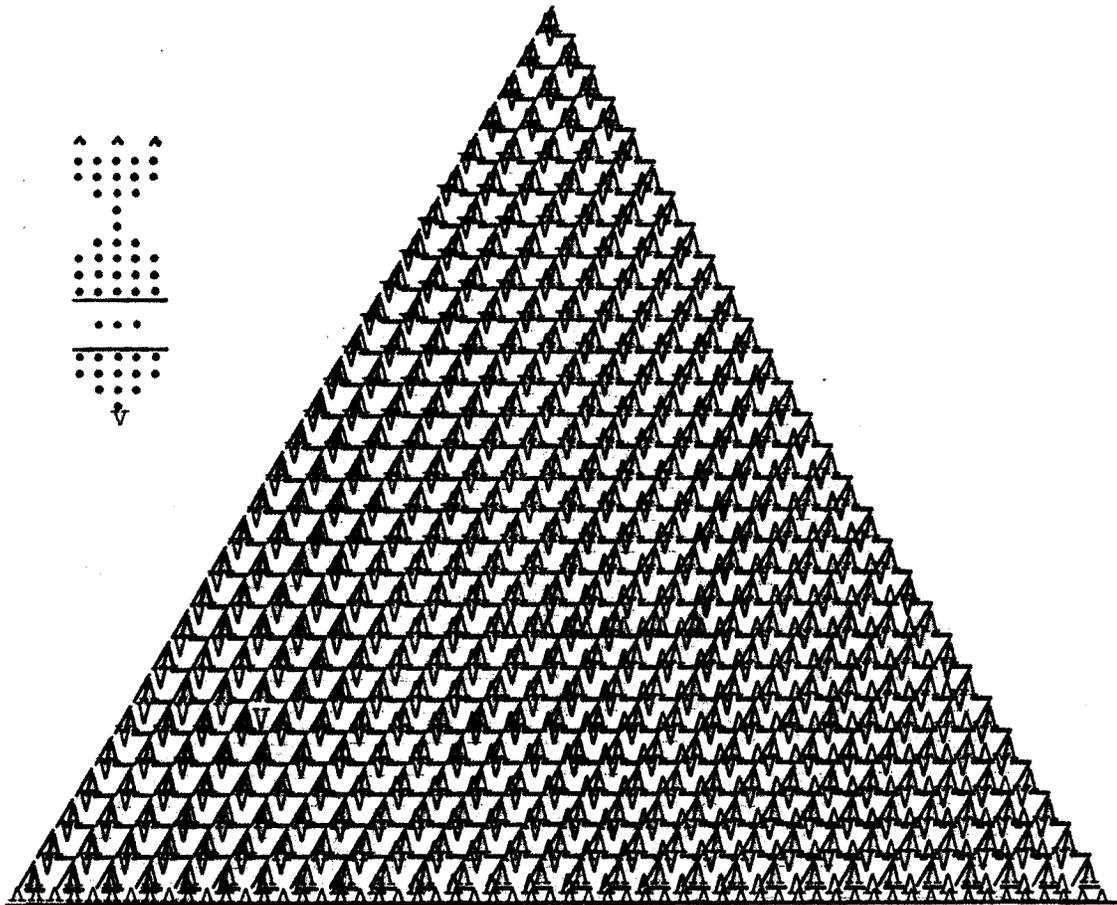
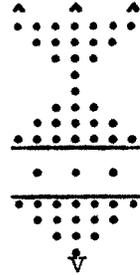




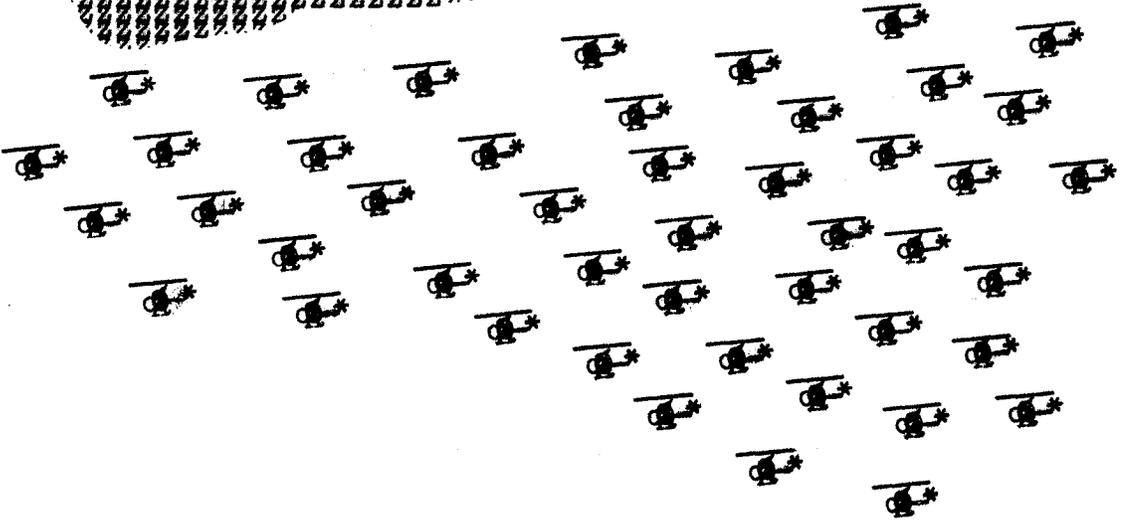
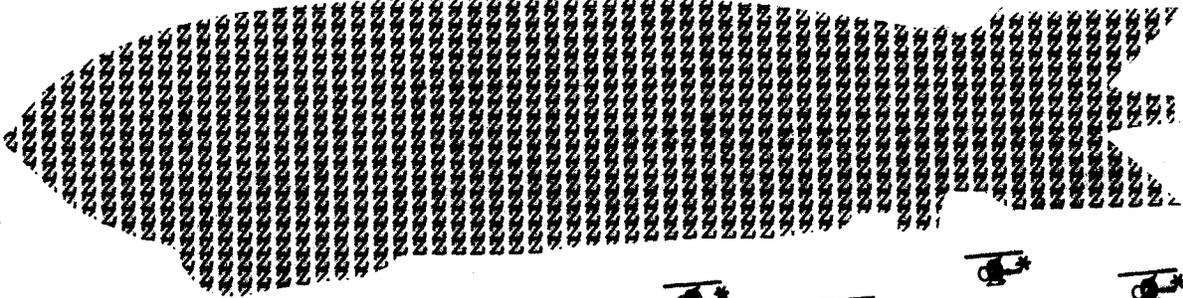


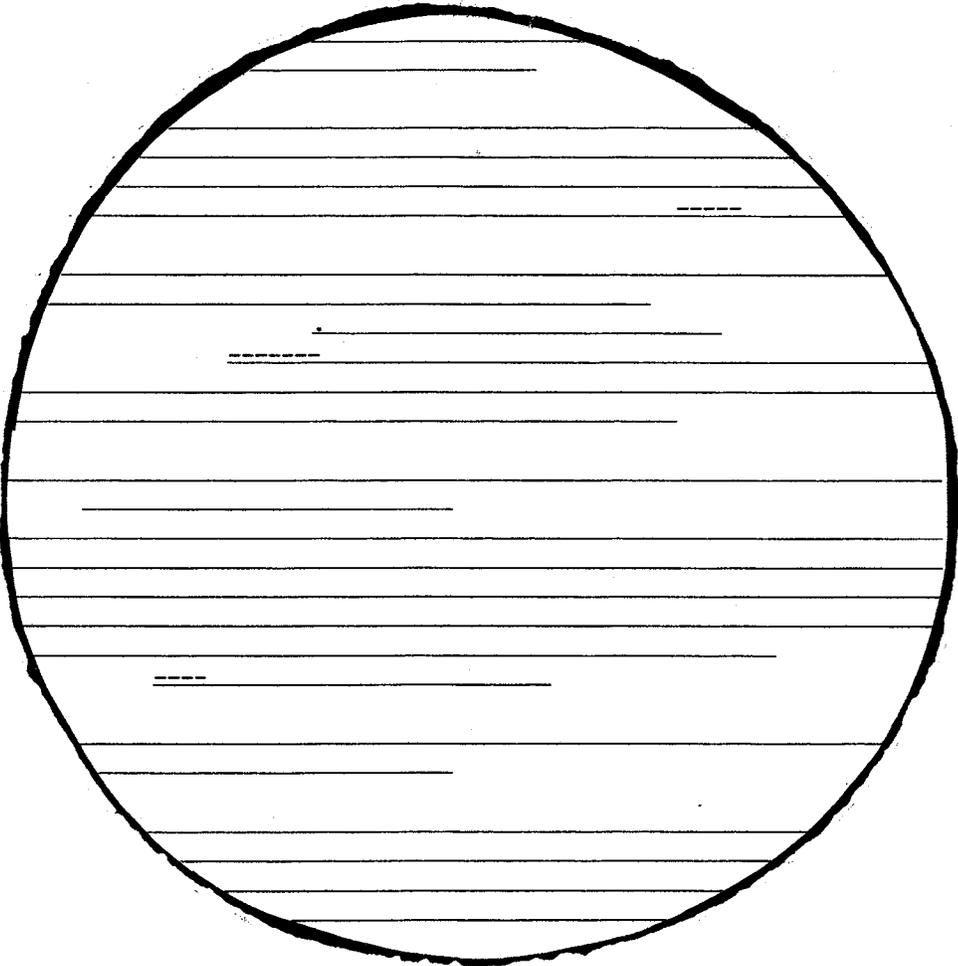


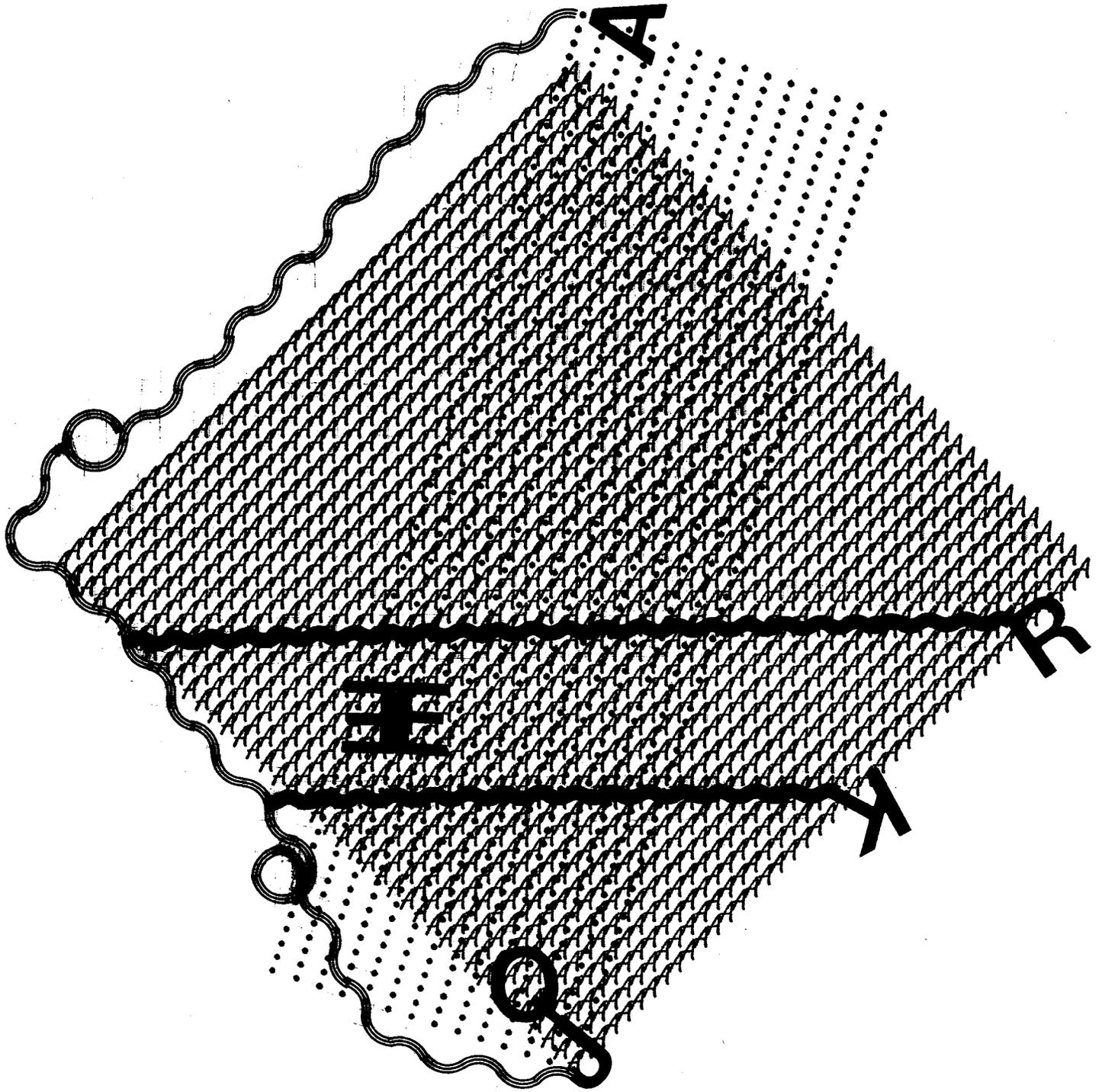
ziggurat bastard



A(F)FRONT

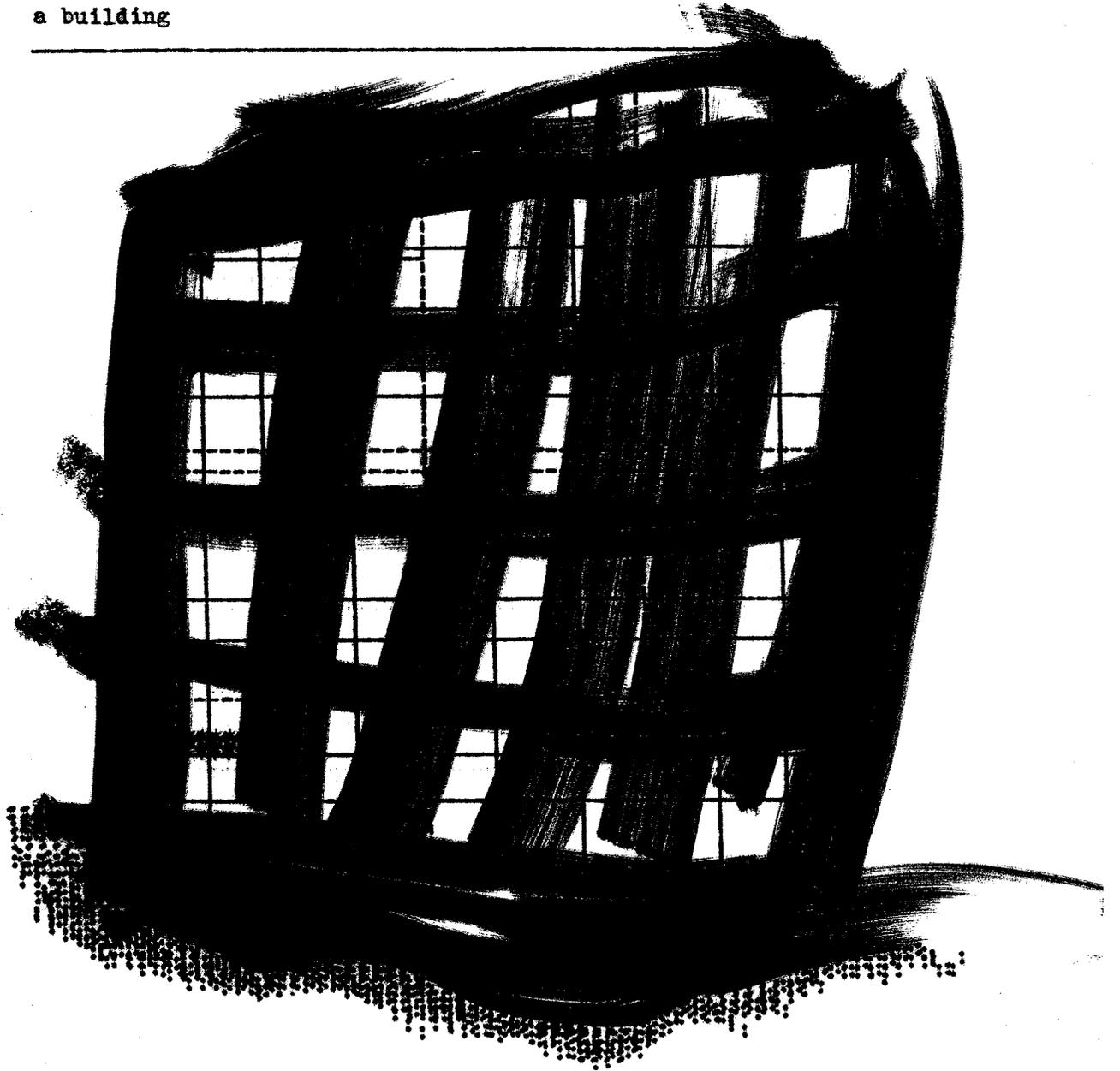


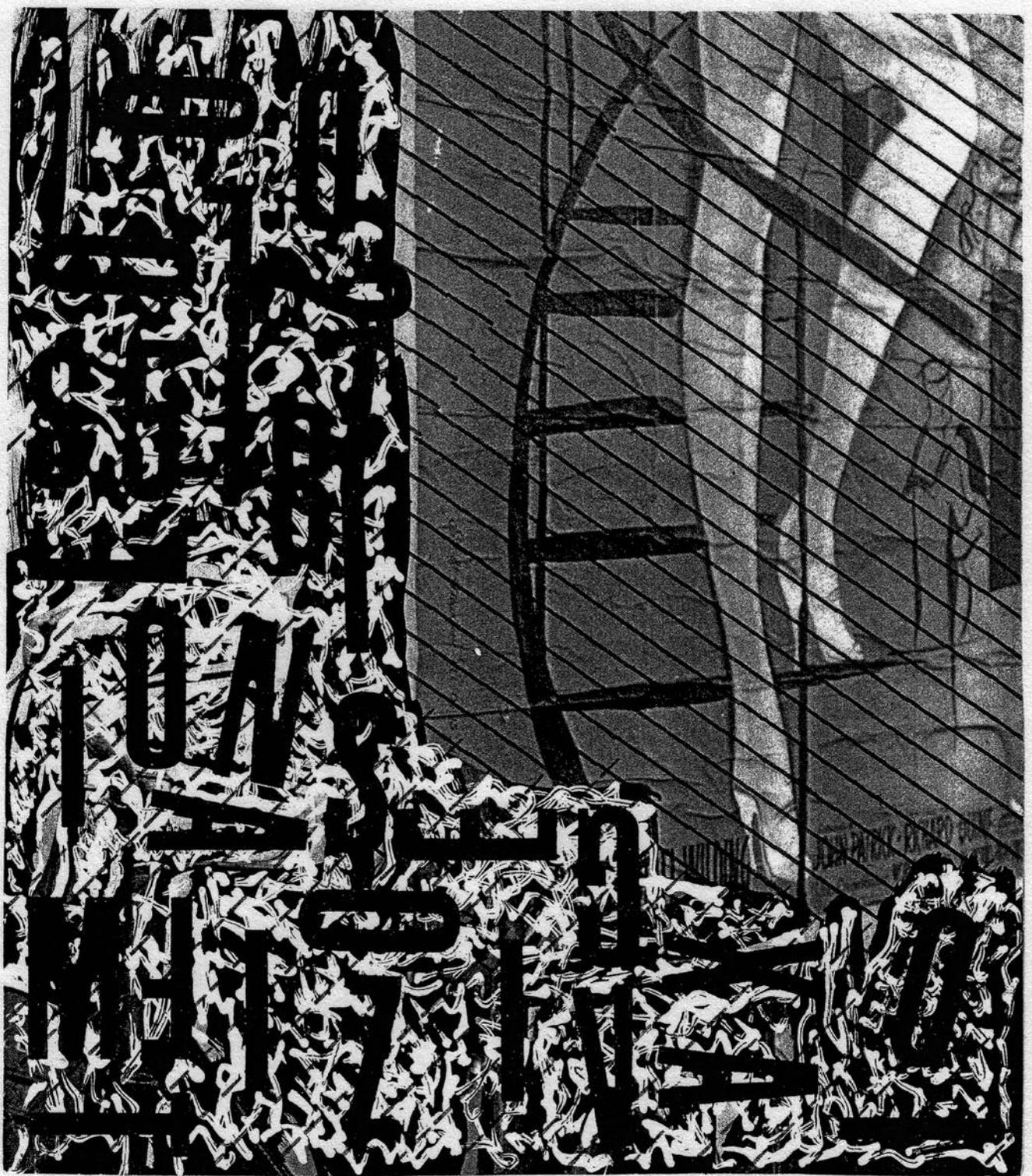


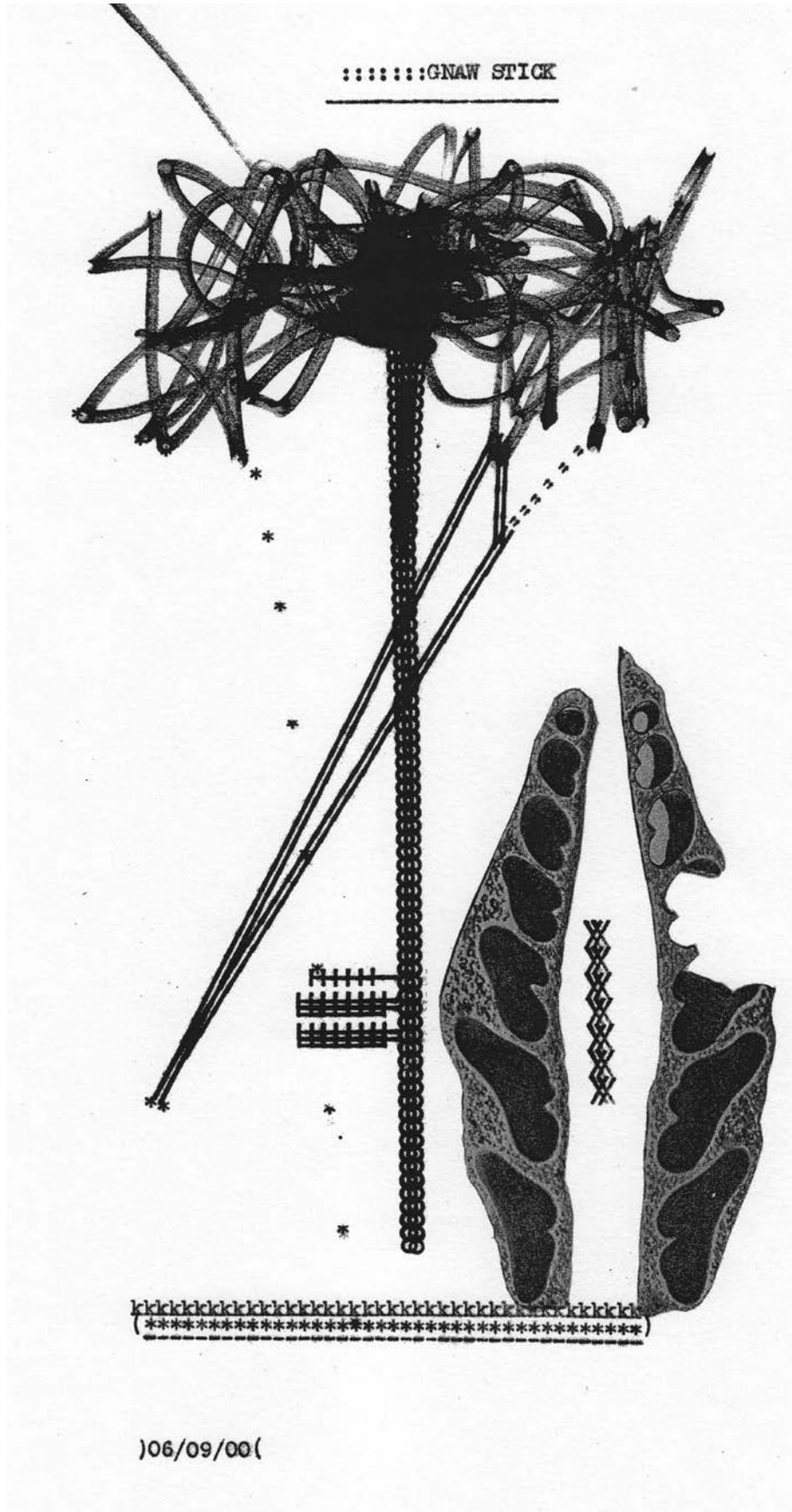


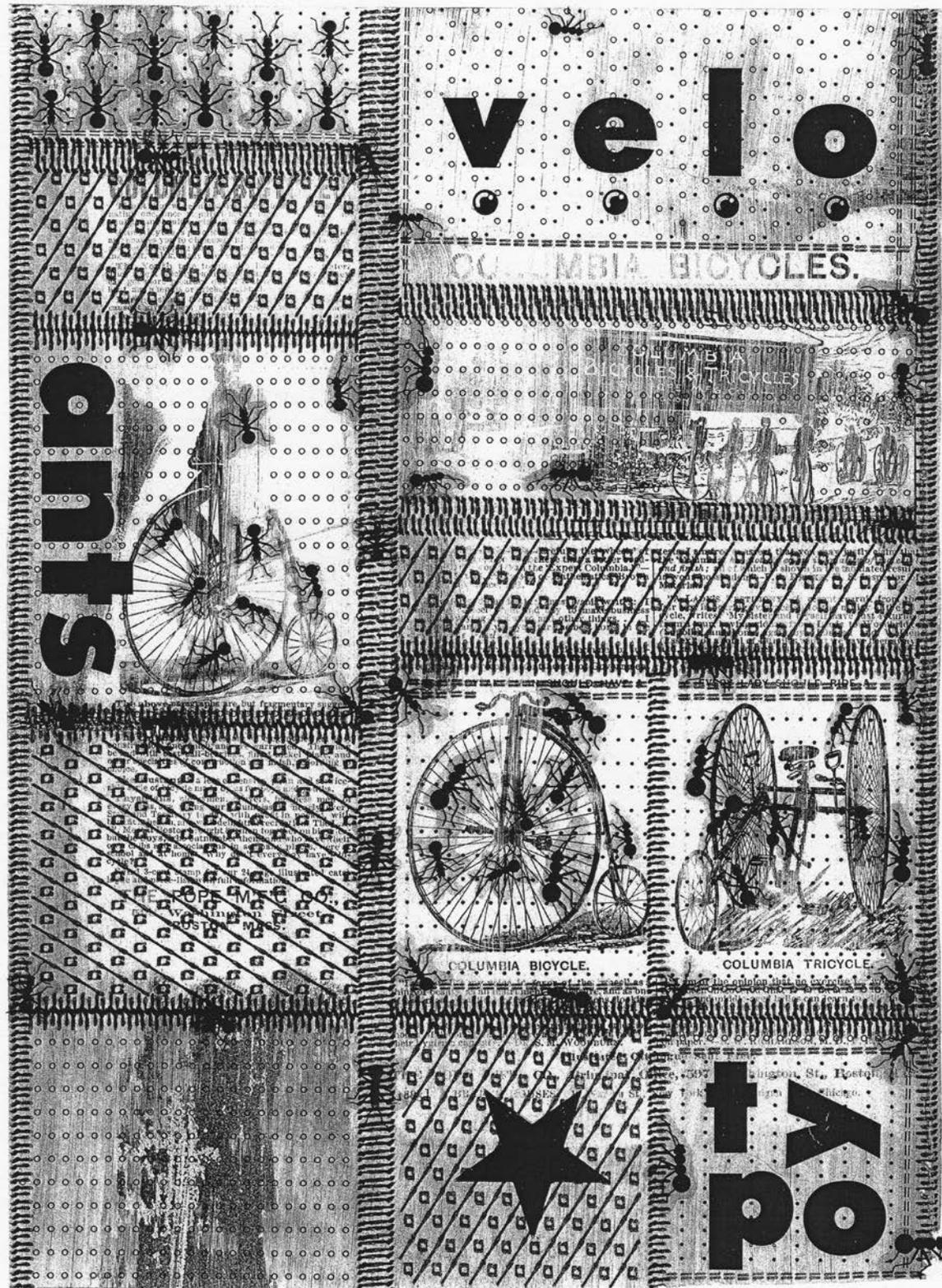
Gustave Morin

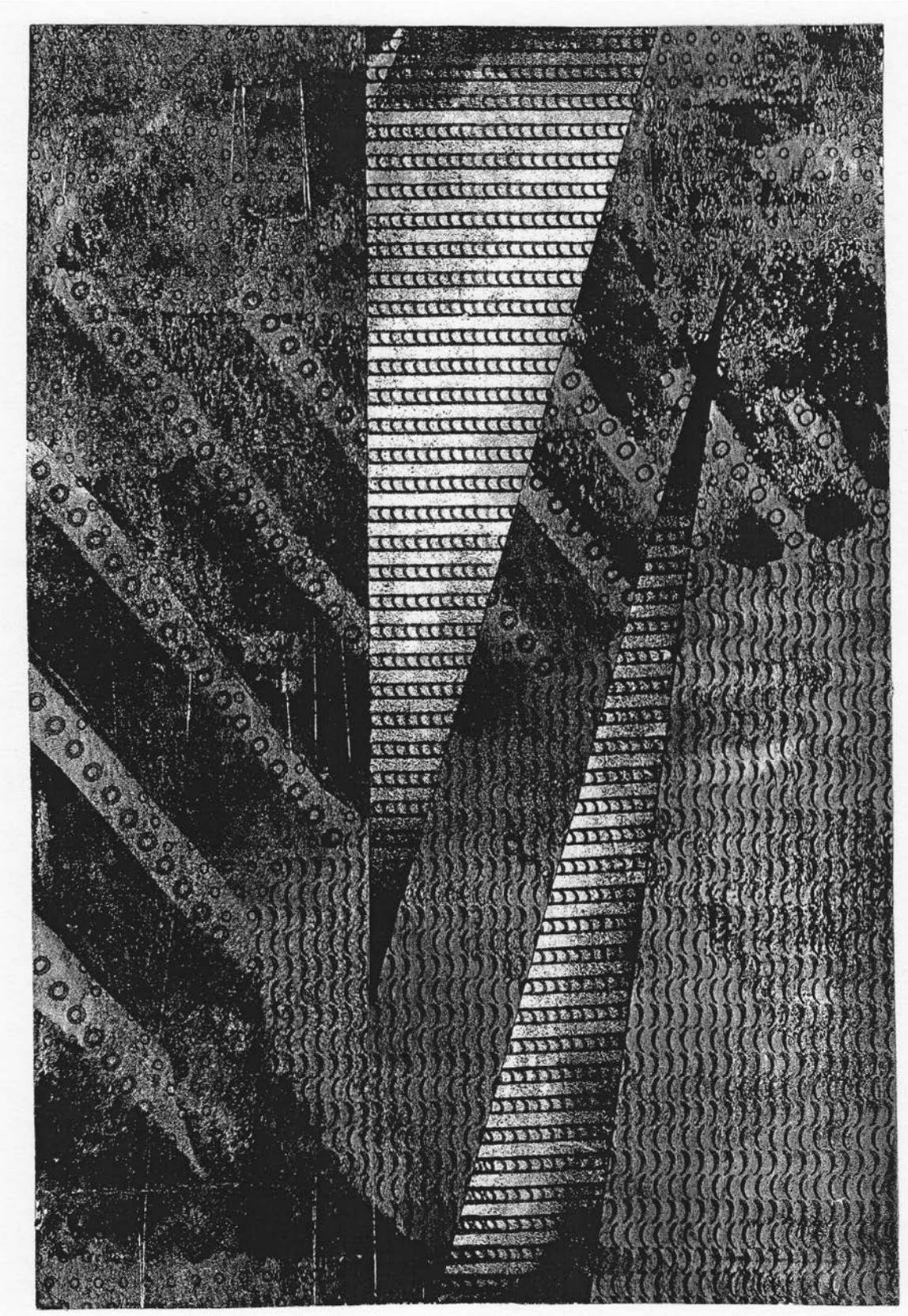
a building

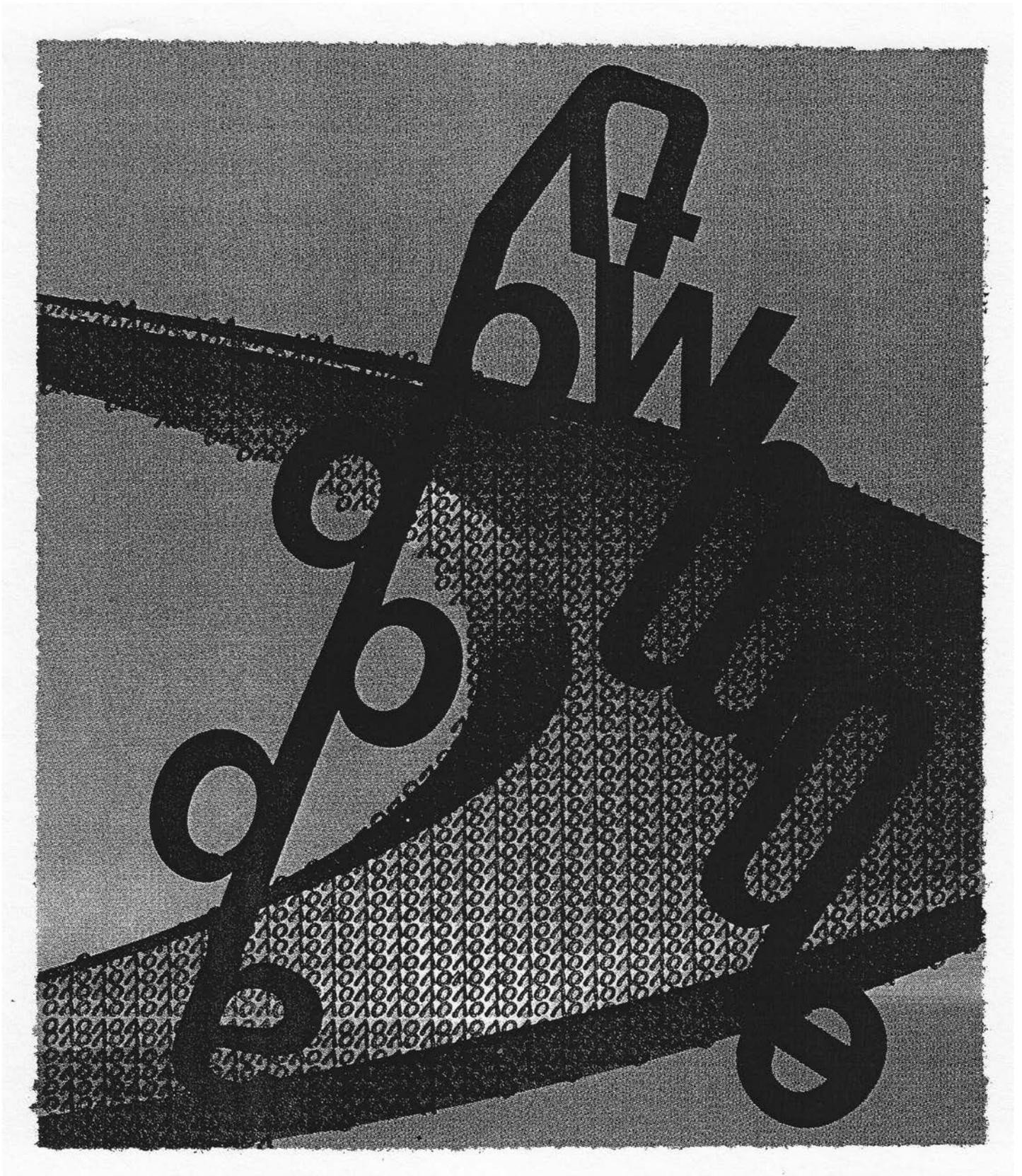


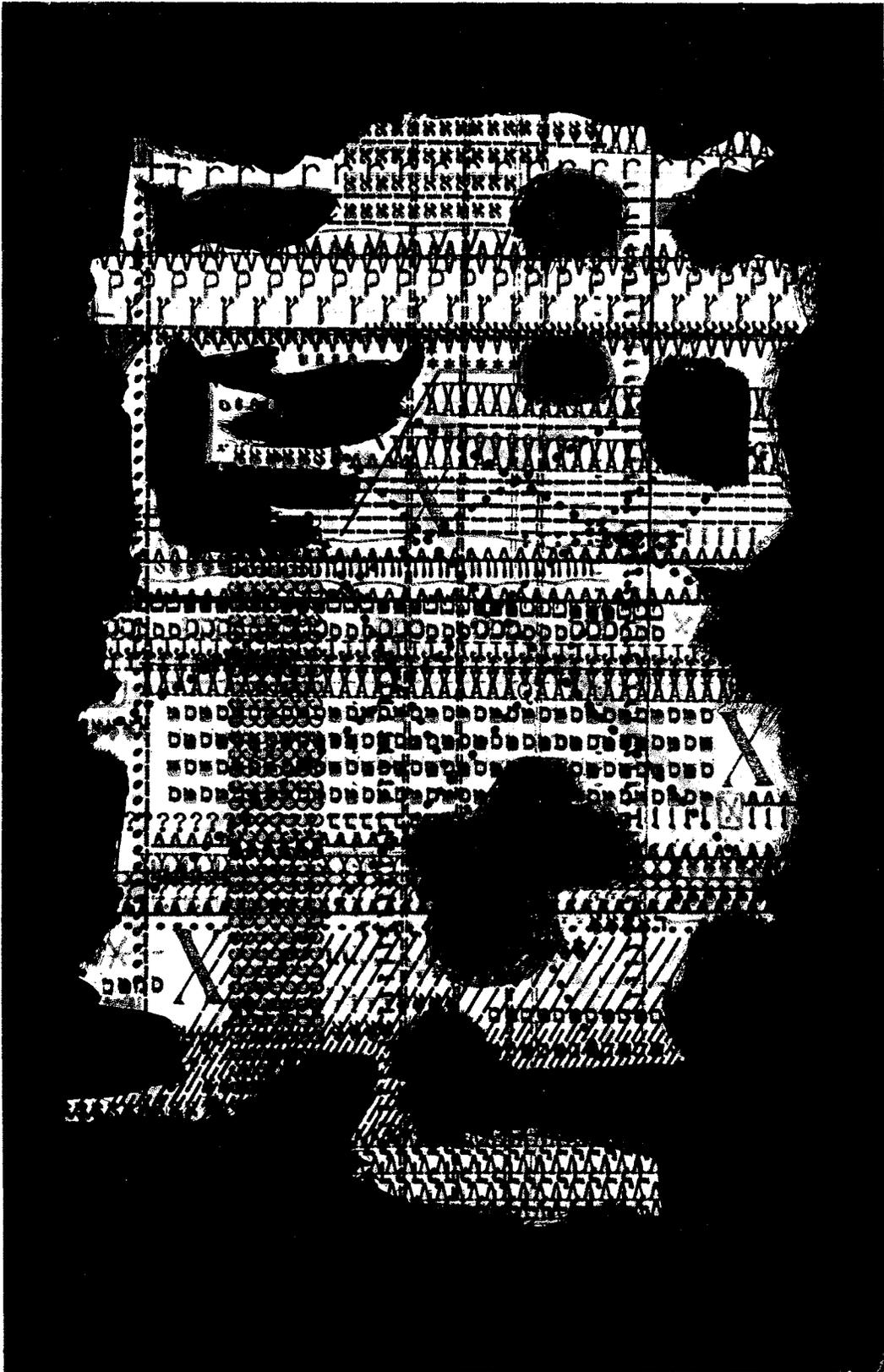


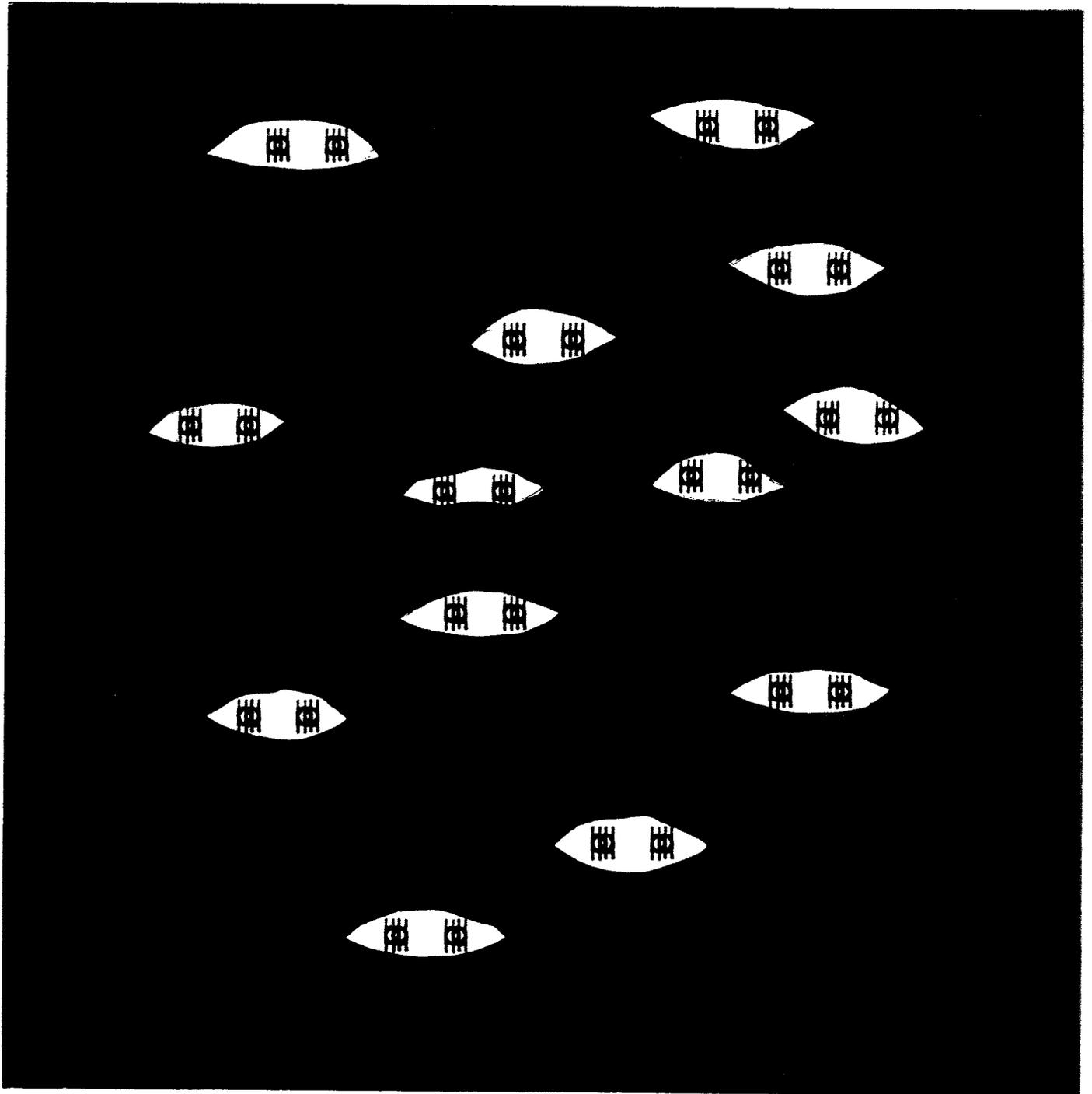






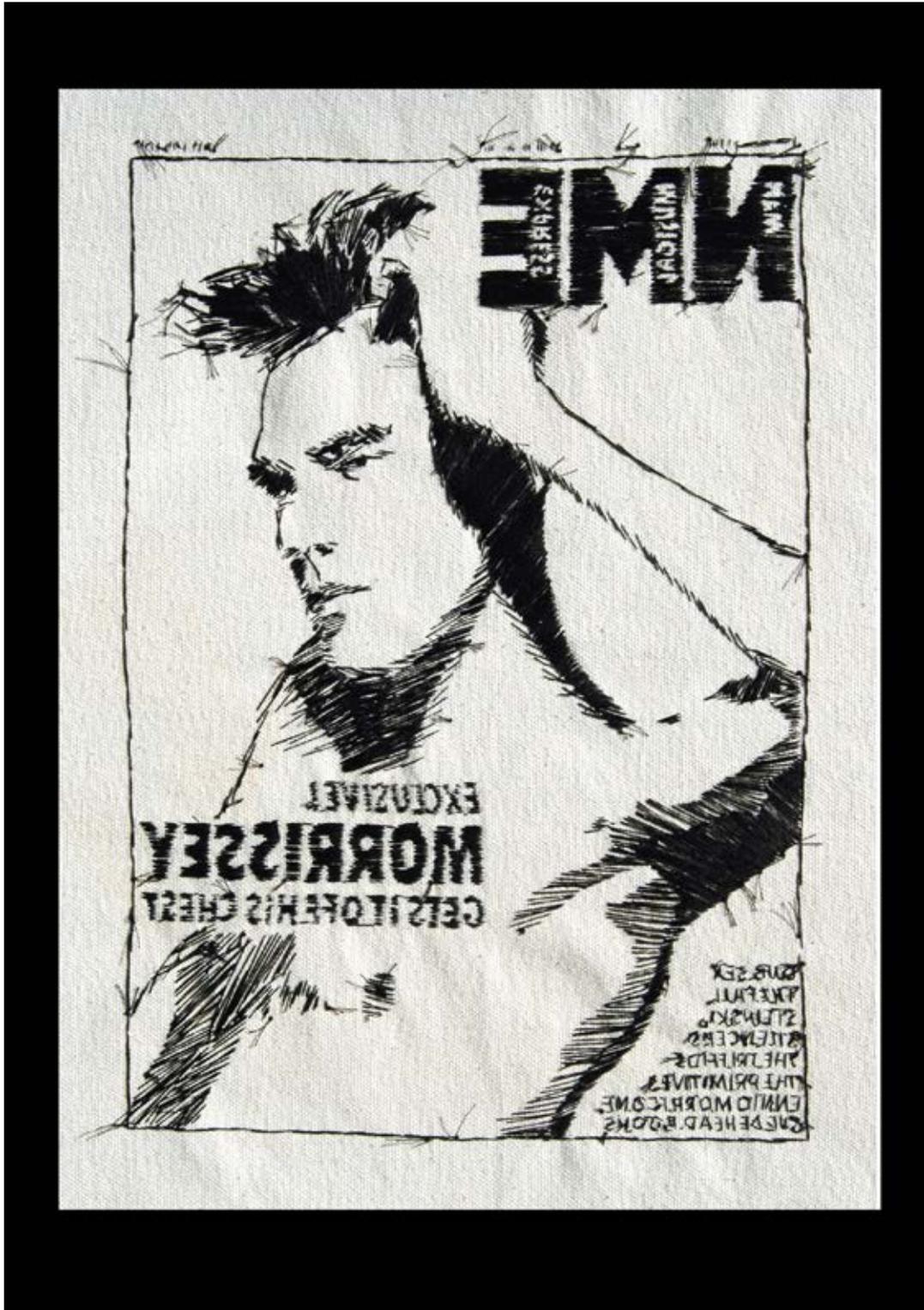


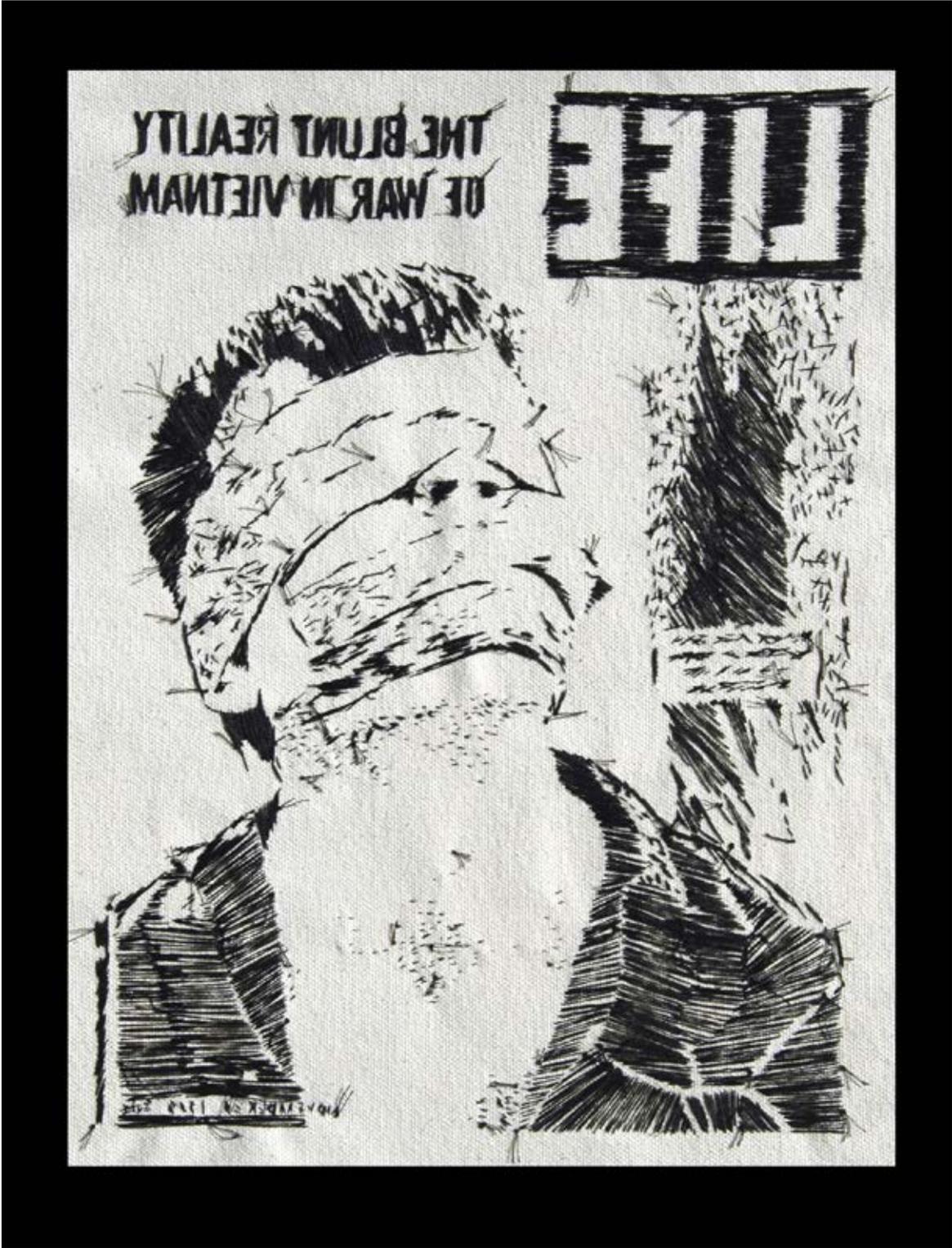


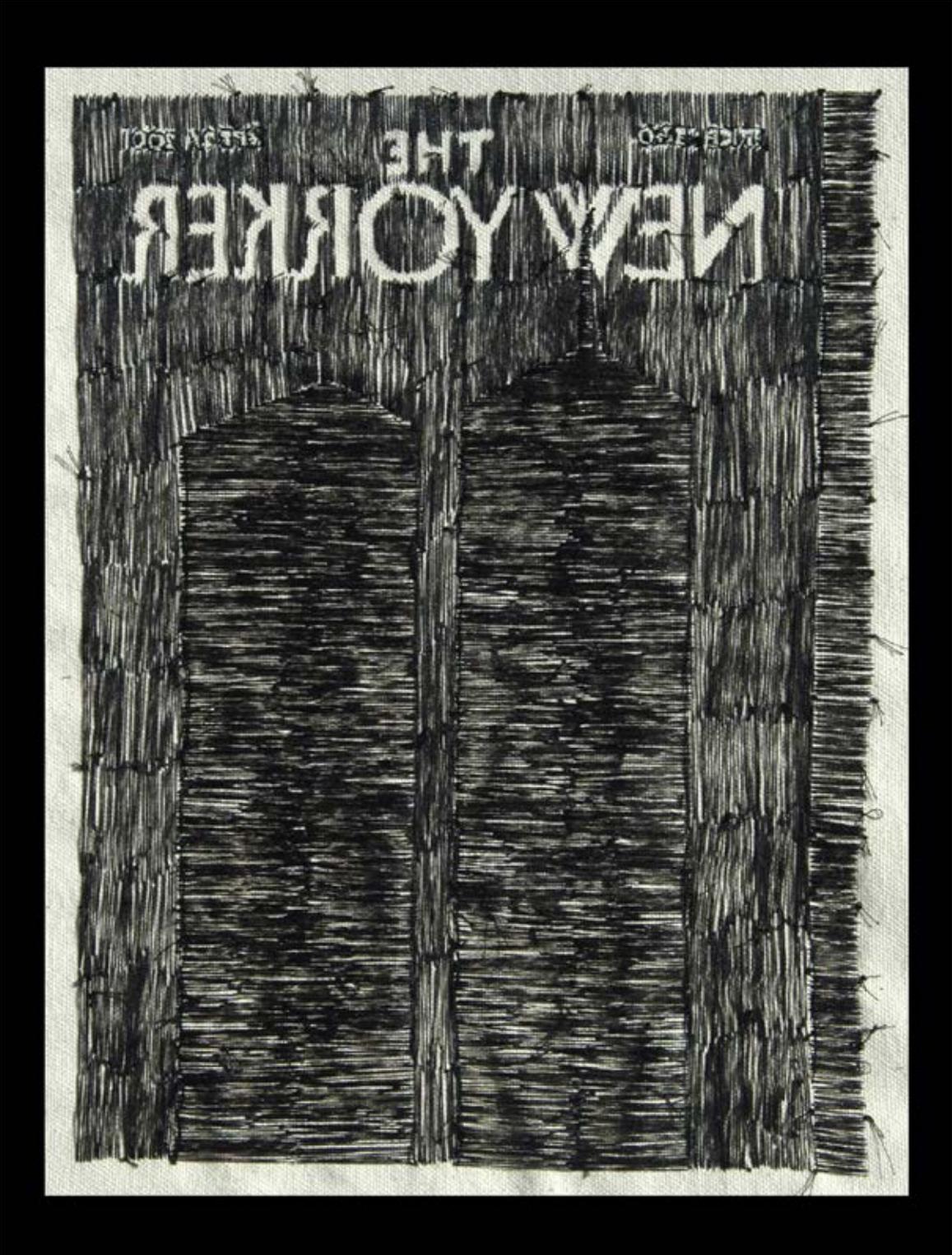


Michèle Provost

OFFSET is a series comprised of seven vintage magazine covers that run the gamut of human concerns and interests (war, entertainment, terrorism, sex, sports, religion and technology). The hand-stitched images are reversed, as on a printing press, exposing the craftiness of needlework, in an ode to another disappearing noble craft; printing.

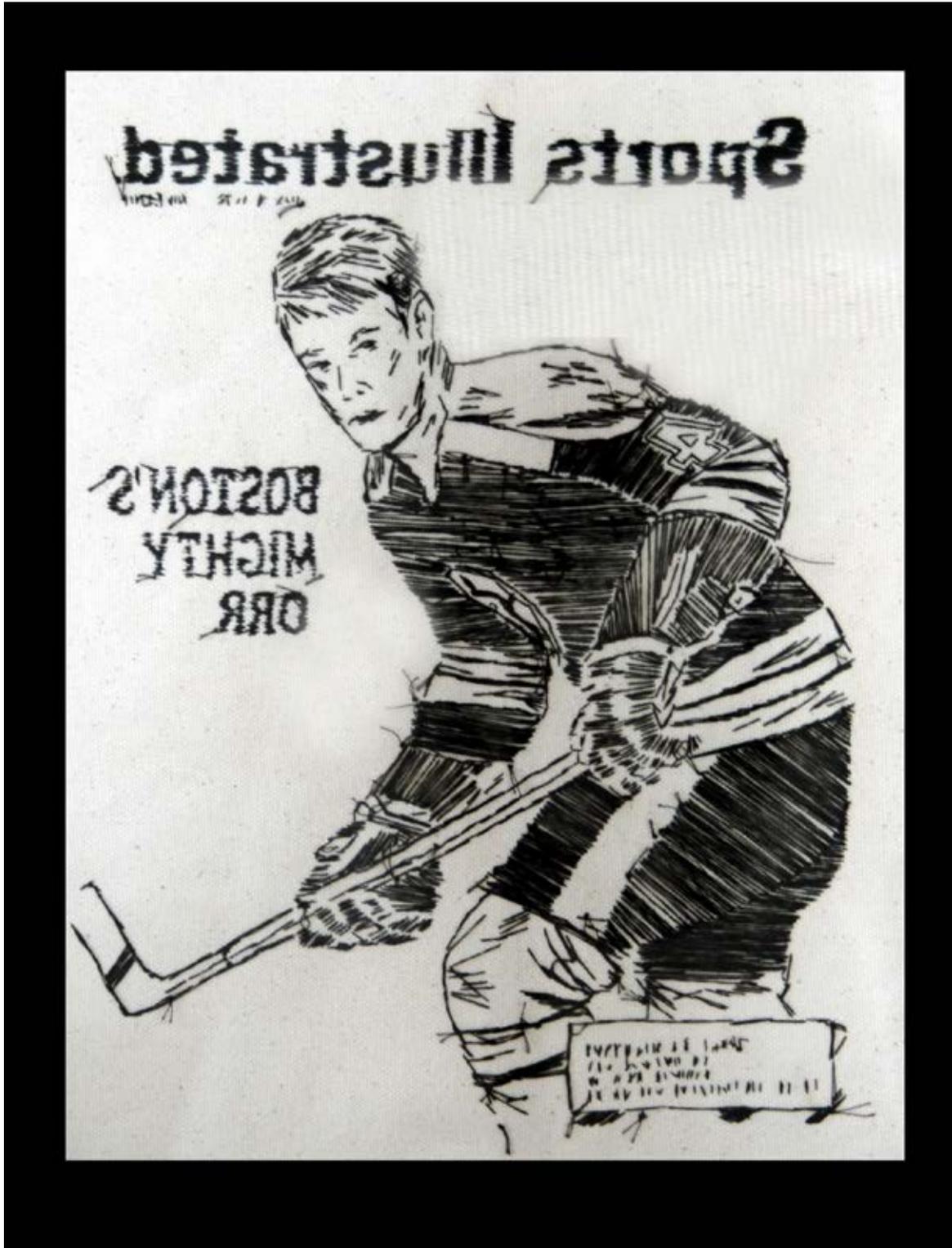


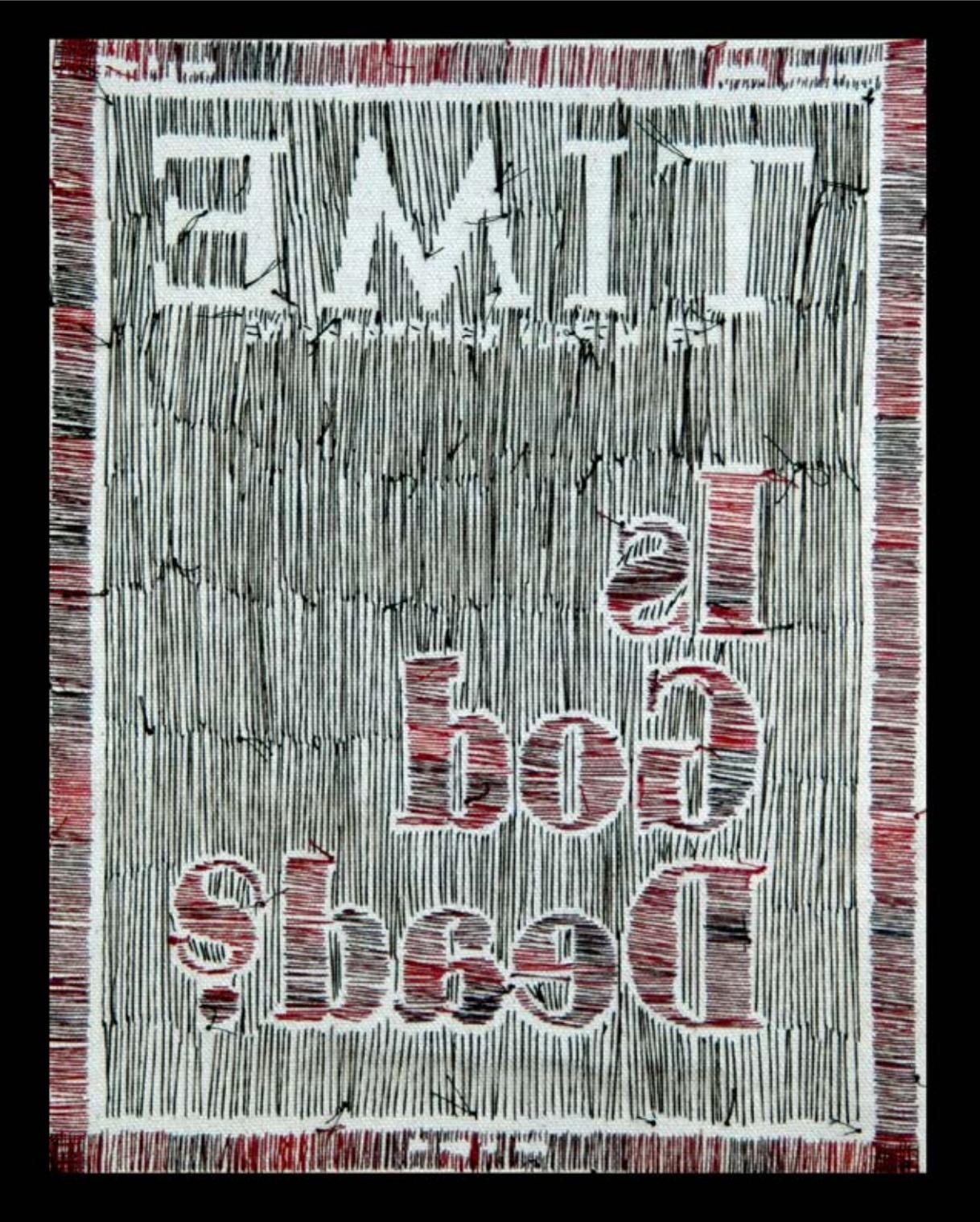


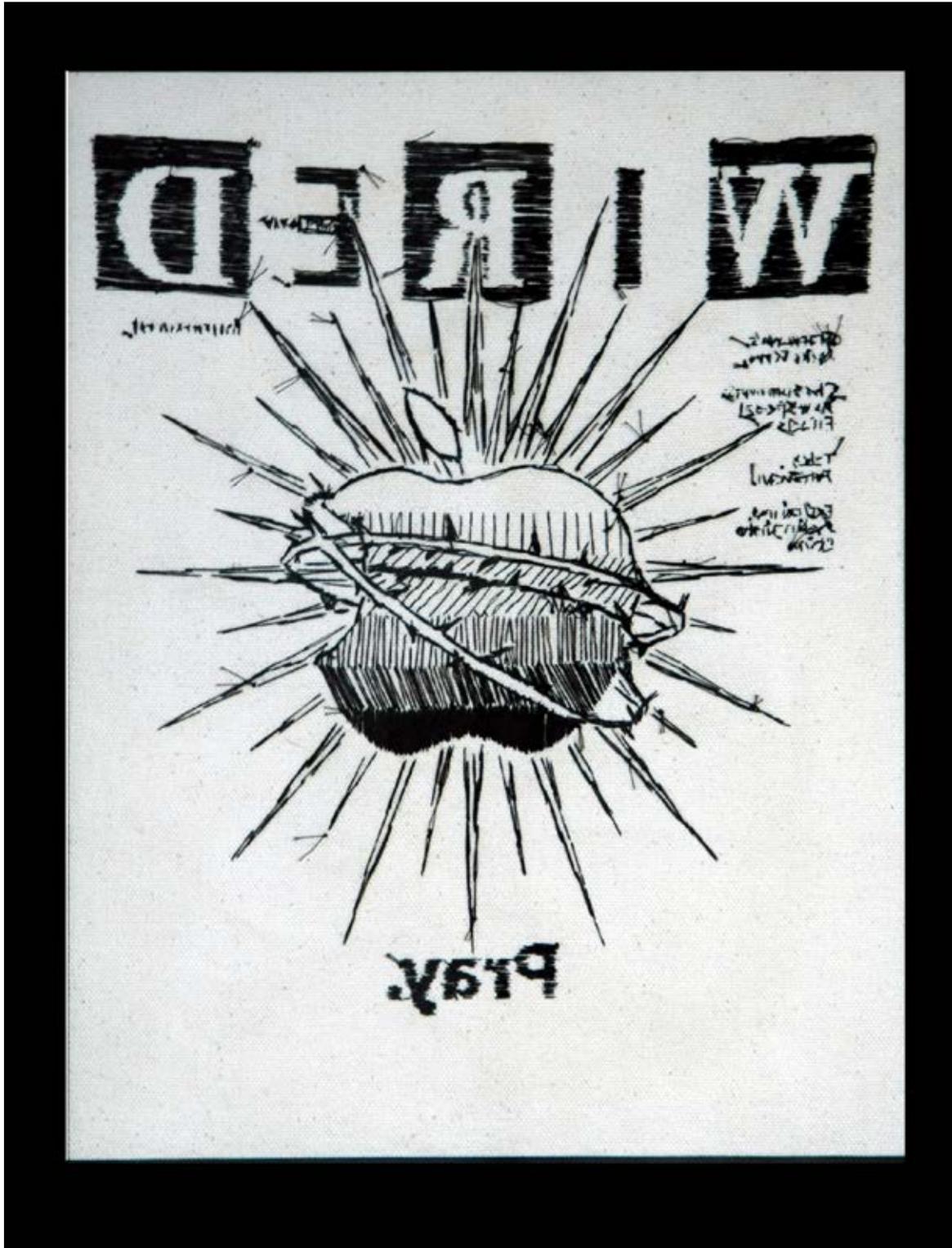


September 2001 (Art Spiegelman cover)









Janice Tokar



(from the pine bark series)

Babel's Garden of Verse

core syntax

lexicon's
shed skin

Oneiromancy

They will arrive
by stealth

Sated children lick salt
from their lips

and the stores will not fit
in the cupboard

A gathering

The passageways must be cleared
of old newspapers
and open jars

Strangers asking for direction
are given none

A pocketknife
hidden in the flowerpot
its blade covered with a dry leaf –

this might be what saves us

Secure the windows
facing the square

Cots on the floor
tight against the wall

vertiginous bloom

velvet tunneled calla lily
lips so
smack of aniseed
flavoured breath

of one another

stemmed

as if
binding can

redeem
the funnel's
core



(from the pine bark series)

Queen and Pharaoh

ochre chambers
chasm

ventricular echo

Forecasting What Came Before

Were you listening when I told you of my empty myth?

There are words between the spaces. Promises exchanged
under a bruised sky.

I'm gathering mists in the folds of my blue dress.

I dream of sacred ruins. Of the last place we first met. Your hands
glazed with marble dust. Statues outside time.

Perseids flare across the moon. We run our tongues along
the crescent's silver edge.

Caravans have crossed the sands in search of far, far less.

We emerge from the singularity. This is what happens: particles collide.

I count drops of water, wait for the rain. Fine line between the signal
and the fact.

The texture of the world grows thin.

Your stand of black umbrellas offers shelter from the wind.

Falling is a means of locomotion.

trans dermal

make love to me tonight

run your fingers down my spine's curve
along the jagged edges
of my beauty mark –
dysplastic nevus –
one last time

before

the man with microscopes for eyes
speaks a name that can't be
taken back and you'll
begin to hold me
like I'm made
of fragile
glass

Janice Tokar



(from the pine bark series)

The Sculptor

kinetic thrust

draw breath
from a stone

Janice Tokar

pas de deux

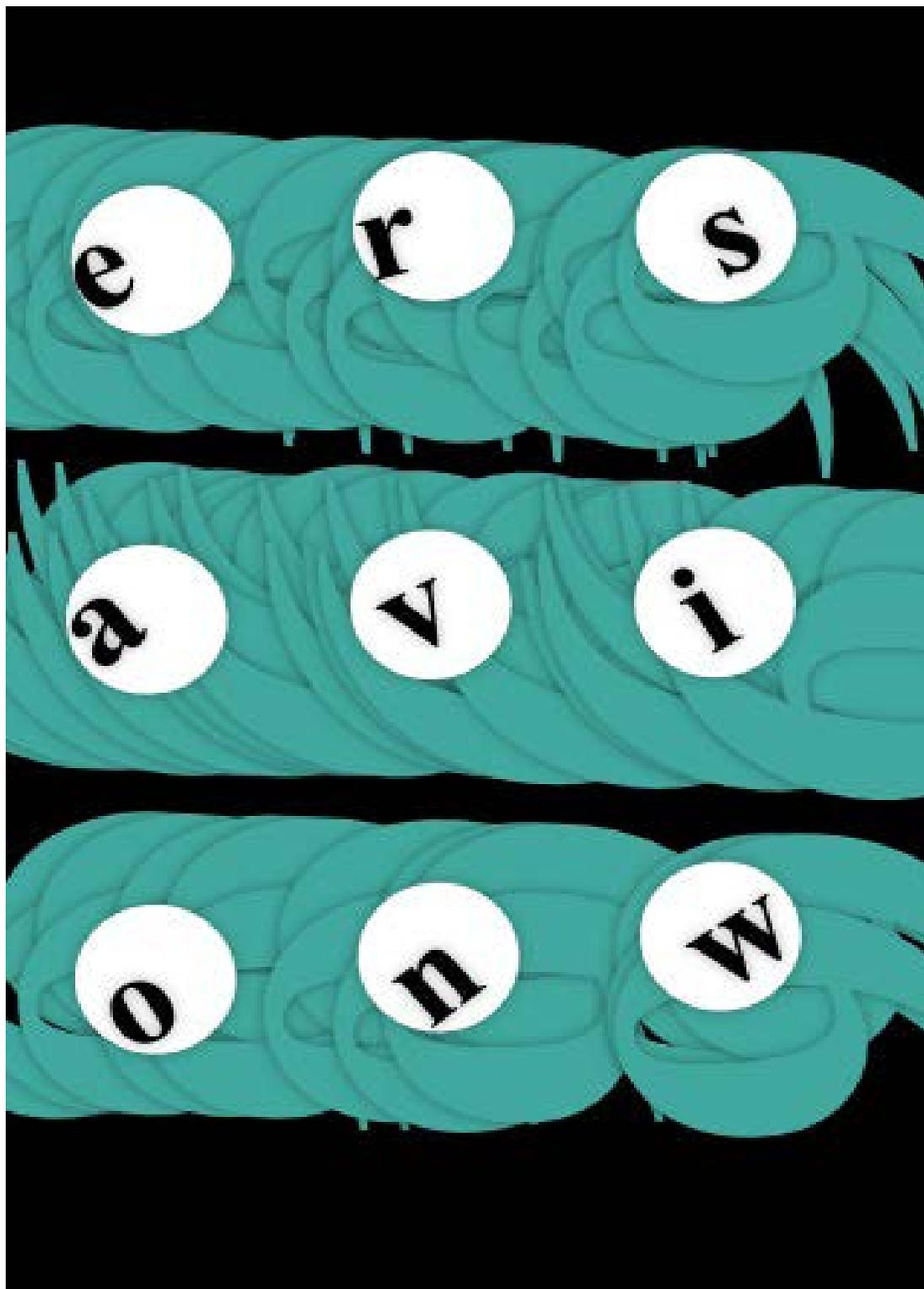
days spent choreographing
lies hard-toed and stiff-shanked

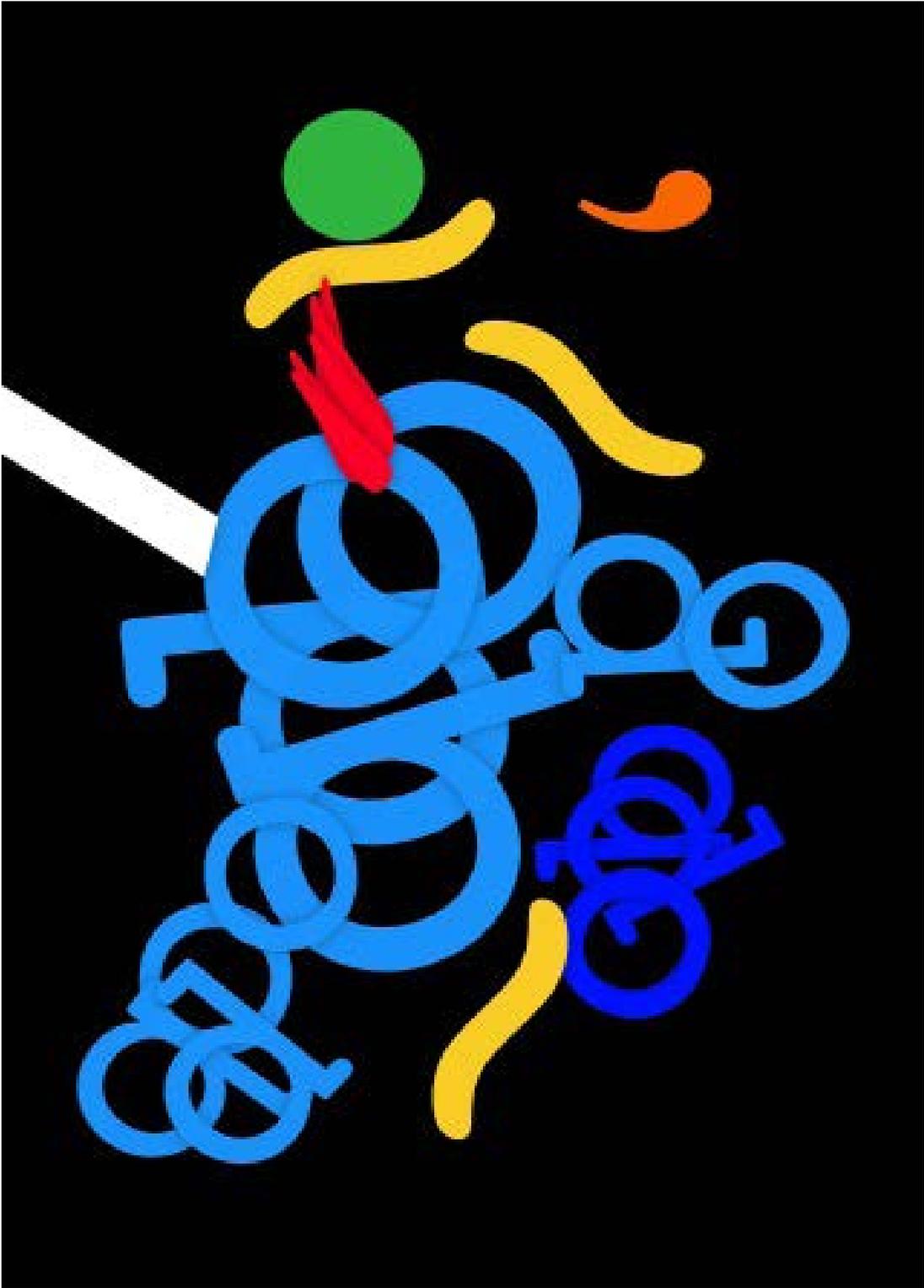
floorboards creak under shifting
 spins and pliés

we lean into each other
 opposing
walls
 exposed
 struts and beams

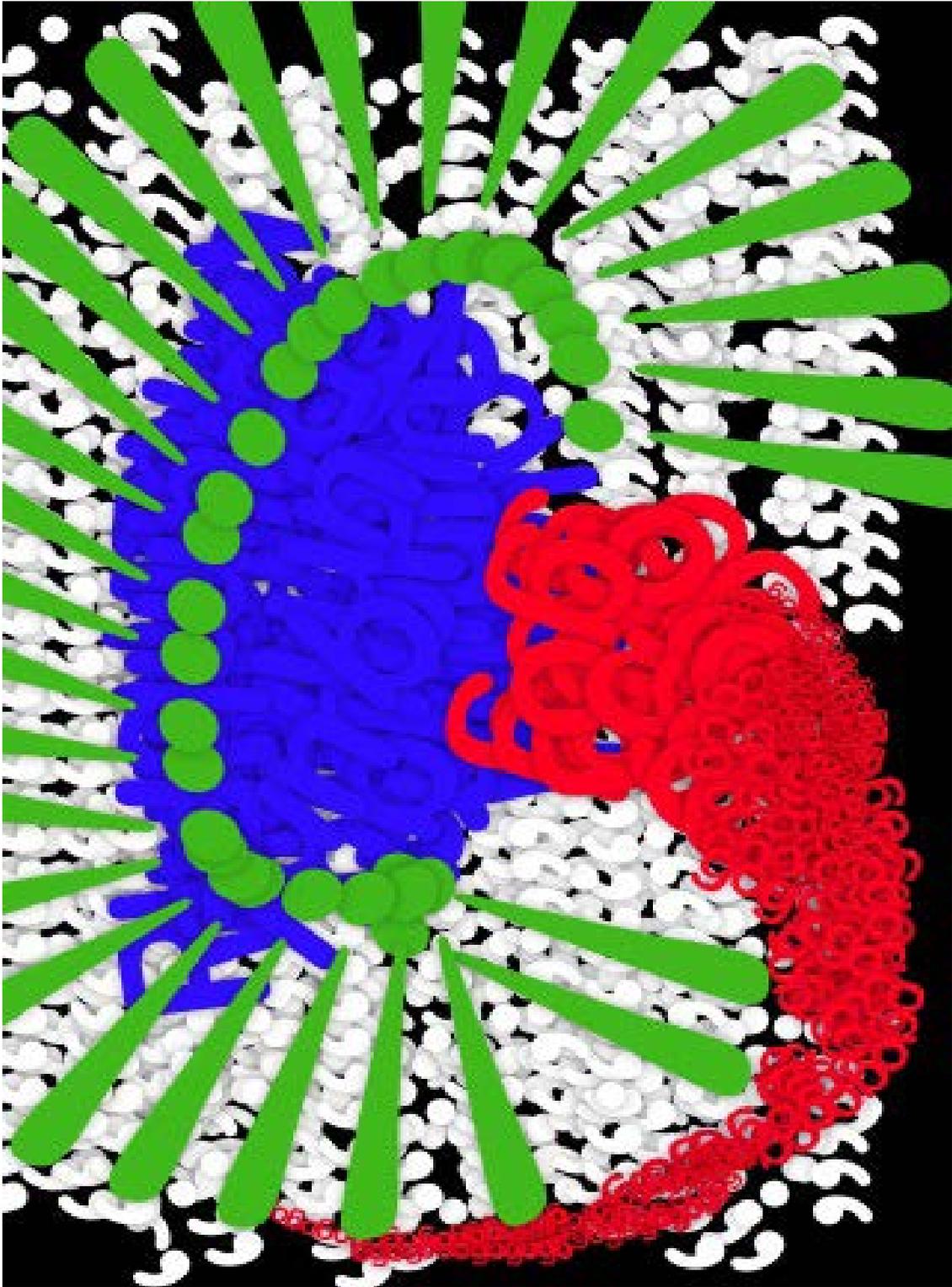
variation (1)
 he reaches into empty

variation (2)
 she empties into reach



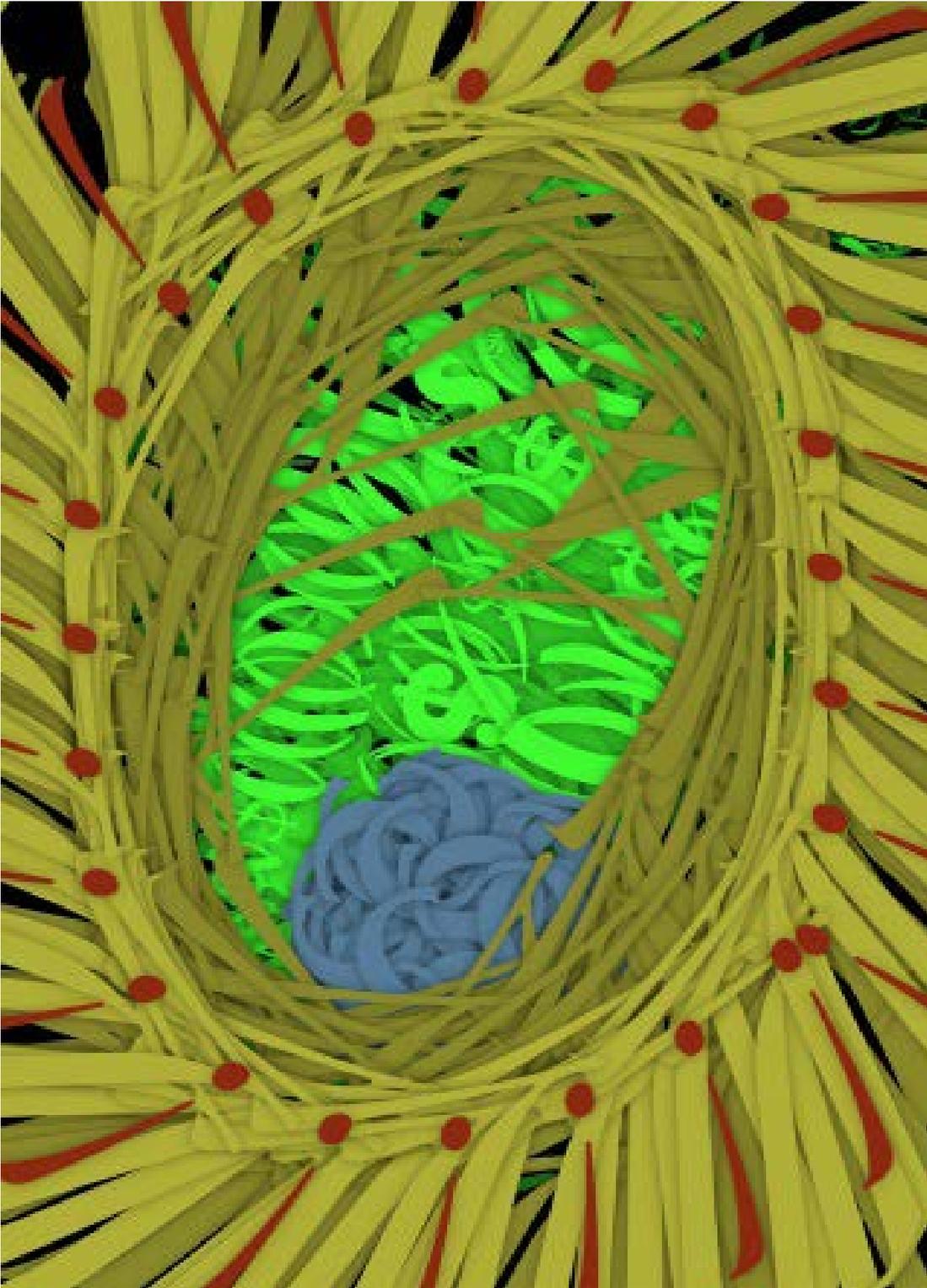




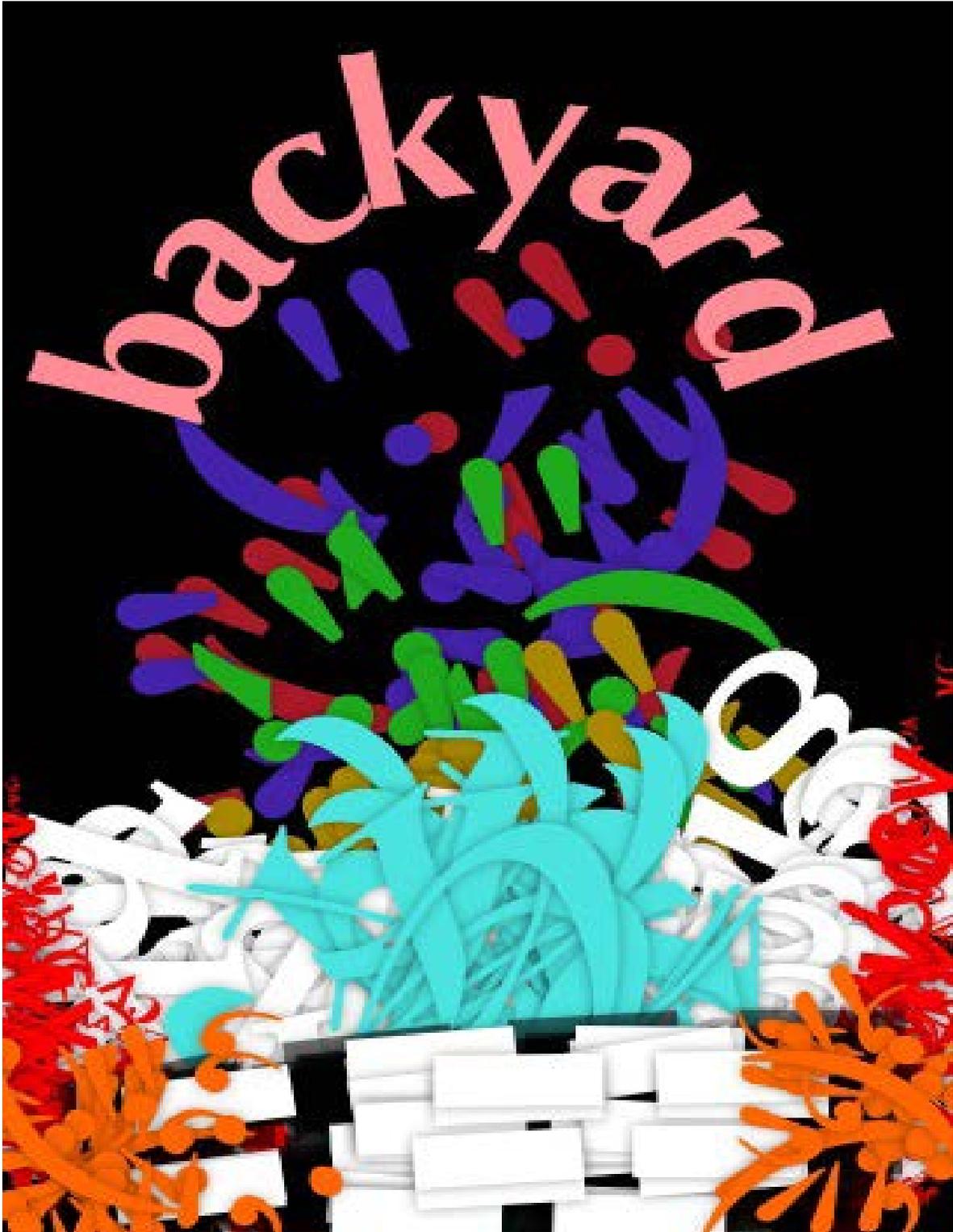












Rosaire Appel is an ex-writer who makes graphic novels and abstract comics (which utilize asemic writing), conceptual books, digital prints - and always (almost) carries a camera. "Seesongs", a book of visual music, is her most recent book. Her website is: www.rosaireappel.com

Kemeny Babineau is the author of *After the Six O'clock News* published by BookThug and most recently *After Progress* with above/ground press. He has produced several chapbooks, broadsides, and other scattered ephemera over the years as well as edit the low brow eclectic poetry magazine *The New Chief Tongue*. He lives outside Brantford Ontario with his wife and two children where he operates the virtually alternative Laurel Reed Books.

Little is known of the life of **Bill DiMichele**, the apocryphal painter/poet/musician of the early 21st century. He is said to have studied quantum physics with Feynman, philosophy with Zoroaster, religion with Akiva and art with the great Miketta. Legends tell of him learning painting from Native American shamans on the banks of the Monongahela River. On the snow-covered mountaintops of the Appalachians he contemplated the Emerald Tablet of Hermes Trismegistus, discovering the true significance of the axiom "as above, so below". The only thing that is certain about DiMichele is the work that remains. Bill experimented with various styles and media, with color and black and white, and left as his legacy *Score* and *Tip of the Knife*.

Judy Dougherty's work is the result of a lifetime fascination with the fantastic, the childlike, the sinister and the kinetic. It is inspired by children's art, outsider art, and the advertising, illustration and comic-strip art of the early twentieth century.

j/j hastain is the author of several cross-genre books including *long past the presence of common* (Say it with Stones Press), *trans-genre book libertine monk* (Scrambler Press) and *anti-memoir a vigorous* (Black Coffee Press/ Eight Ball Press (forthcoming)). j/j has poetry, prose, reviews, articles, mini-essays and mixed genre work published in many places on line and in print.

Shawna Lemay is the author of five books of poetry – *All the God-Sized Fruit* (McGill-Queen's University Press), *Against Paradise* (McClelland & Stewart), *Still* (self-published), *Blue Feast* (NeWest Press), and *Red Velvet Forest* (The Muses' Company). She has also published a book of essays titled, *Calm Things* (Palimpsest Press). *Hive: A Forgery* is her first novel. *All the God-Sized Fruit* won both the Gerald Lampert Memorial Award and the Stephan G. Stephansson Award. Her blog is [Calm Things](#). Her site is [Canadian Poetries](#). She lives in Edmonton, Canada, with Robert Lemay, a visual artist, and their daughter.

gustave morin attempts a new bio about "himself" (whatever that is!) every time he is asked, and though he tries his best to make it interesting, there is never really anything terribly new to add that hasn't already been said elsewhere. while it is true that he eschews most of the coordinates that other writer-artists pledge their lives by, it is not too much to

add that although he has formally risked his life for the sake of his art for a very long time and its barely done a thing for him in return, he nevertheless wouldn't have it any other way. his is a good life, and a full one -- with lots of play, and with lots of danger -- two elements that he has found through the years to be very healthy to both "he" and "his art".

Born in Montreal, **Michèle Provost** is a long time resident of the Ottawa area where she first studied and worked as a parliamentary translator before digressing into visual arts. Her labour-intensive artwork, which encompasses various improvised media, is part of several private and public collections, including those of the Cities of Ottawa and Gatineau, the Canada Council Art Bank and The Ottawa Art Gallery, and has been featured in numerous group and solo exhibitions, across Canada and abroad. Michèle Provost is represented in Ottawa by Patrick Mikhail Gallery.

Janice Tokar's poetry has been published in the *Bywords Quarterly Journal*, *The Peter F. Yacht Club*, *The Dusty Owl Quarterly* and *Ottawater 6.0*, as well as at *Bywords.ca*. Her manuscript, *Arrhythmia*, placed second in the 2012 Tree Press Chapbook Contest. She has been a guest reader for The A B Series, the Tree Reading Series, and above/ground press. *Forecasting What Came Before, pas de deux*, and *Oneiromancy* have appeared in *The Peter F. Yacht Club*, and *vertiginous bloom* was previously published in the *Bywords Quarterly Journal* and at *Bywords.ca*.

Nico Vassilakis works with both textual and visual alphabet. Recent books include *Staring @ Poetics* (Xexoxial Editions, 2011), *West of Dodge* (redfoxxpress, 2010), *Protracted Type* (Blue Lion Books, 2009), *staReduction* (Book Thug, 2008), and *Text Loses Time* (Many Penny Press, 2007). His Vispo videos have been shown at festivals and exhibits of innovative language art. He was a founding member of the Subtext Collective. Nico, along with Crag Hill, edited *THE LAST VISPO: A Visual Poetry Anthology 1998 - 2008* from Fantagraphics Books (www.thelastvispo.com). Samples of Nico's work can be seen at staringpoetics.weebly.com.

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

AngelHousePress thanks the contributors & in advance, the readers & dedicates this fifth issue of experiment-o to those who swim against the mainstream.

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 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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www.angelhousepress.com

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