

# WORD FOR WORD

*Word For/ Word* is seeking poetry, prose, poetics, criticism, reviews, and visuals for upcoming issues. We read submissions year-round, but issue #42 is scheduled for March 2024. Please direct queries and submissions to:

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Email queries and submissions may be sent to: [editors@wordforword.info](mailto:editors@wordforword.info).

Submissions should be a reasonable length (i.e., 3 to 6 poems, or prose between 50 and 2000 words) and include a biographical note and publication history (or at least a friendly introduction), plus an SASE with appropriate postage for a reply. A brief statement regarding the process, praxis or parole of the submitted work is encouraged, but not required. Please allow one to three months for a response. We will consider simultaneous submissions, but please let us know if any portion of it is accepted elsewhere. We do not consider previously published work.

Email submissions should be attached as a single .doc, .docx, .rtf, .pdf or .txt file. Visuals should be attached individually as .jpg, .png, .gif, or .bmp files. Please include the word "submission" in the subject line of your email.

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*Word For/ Word* is open to all types of poetry, prose and visual art, but prefers innovative and post-avant work with an astute awareness of the materials, rhythms, trajectories and emerging forms of the contemporary. *Word For/ Word* is published biannually.

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**Poetry**

Mary Ann Dimand.....	3
Michelle Disler.....	6
Melissa Eleftherion.....	11
Michael Rerick.....	15
Joshua Martin.....	21
Philip Kobylarz.....	24
William Repass.....	26
Gary Sloboda.....	31
Sheila E. Murphy.....	35
Thomas Piekarski.....	38
Jeff Harrison.....	40
Joe Milazzo.....	41
Robyn Groth.....	44
Christopher Barnes.....	49
Daniel Y. Harris.....	52
Irene Koronas.....	57
Arpine Konyalian Grenier.....	62

**Visual Poetry**

Kell Nelson.....	63
Christian ALLE.....	68
Randee Silv and Tania David.....	73
Nam Hoang Tran.....	76
Michael Basinski.....	79
Danika Stegeman LeMay.....	81
Pamela Miller.....	91
Riccardo Benzina.....	96
Serse Luigetti.....	102
Dario Roberto Dioli.....	108
László Aranyi.....	112
Daniel Lehan.....	116

**Fiction**

Changming Yuan.....	121
Bill Yarrow.....	124

**Prose**

Daniel Barbiero.....	125
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<b>Contributors' Notes</b> .....	133
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## Mary Ann Dimand

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### Hanker

I am drinking  
bees, said the greedy  
magician, besotted with thoughts  
of drawing sweetness  
past its golden dregs,  
past gulping down spent  
wax, dead brood, dropped  
pollen. I am drinking  
all honey from now, from endless  
lines of cells of morrows  
and tomorrows, sucking  
pleasure away  
from this wanting world.

## Mary Ann Dimand

---

### **Murder. Mystery.**

Here is the body. Now  
that the life is snuffed, we perceive  
in its smoke wisp's scent  
that unknown fires  
burned in them, that  
there were depths and darks  
and lights. Let us initiate  
anatomy. Make the cuts  
and lift the surface, with blades  
that are, of rude necessity,  
dull. Sorry about that.  
Lift out the entrails and engage  
the deedy work required  
to unwind their coils. Gaze within  
the heart and breathe the lungs'  
last air. For every death  
is built of reasons that the life  
had found, and the loves  
and musics. In that hollow  
ash, illegible, and embers  
warming but obscuring.  
Memories that can be hard  
to make out in the body's cavern,  
and harder to comprehend—why  
this image of a baby's silver spoon? This  
smell of lilacs over slanting  
streaks of sun? Are those the clacks  
and whoosh from wooden  
roller-coaster tracks? And what  
were built on them? Analysis  
is groping, and falls limp. We'll never  
find the all who done it, nor discern  
the fullness of the person done.



Mary Ann Dimand

---

**Submarine Missive**

If I didn't believe  
in the souls of oysters,  
I would think  
they were messages  
sent by ocean. Saying:  
kiss of seafoam, flex  
of muscle that had held  
against the tugs of sea stars.  
A message so secret  
I would pop it in my mouth  
though I would have to  
leave the nacred wrapper  
to be studied, maybe solved.

Michelle Disler

---

**Dossier, Bond James II**

On hearing the news

On hearing the news that you buried another villain, another girl

On hearing the news that the man with the golden gun lies dead on the beach for bigger prey

On hearing the news that Pussy Galore is not the dead girl painted in gold

On hearing the news that you lost to the villain at cards and funded world terrorism

On hearing the news that your hand-to-hand combat skills don't always save you

On hearing the news that you were bested by a girl with poisoned-toed shoes

On hearing the news that you very nearly killed your own boss at the villain's behest

On hearing the news that the other assassin was a girl and you let her escape with her cello

On hearing the news that a pair of American gangsters nearly stole your diamonds and your life

On hearing the news that the girls you love don't always love you back

Michelle Disler

---

**Dossier, Bond James LL**

If/Then Bond James

If/Then Bond, James, gambling with villains, girl, often in Jamaica where Bond was born...

If/Then Bond, James, saving the world and, sometimes, the girl. The villain, never...

If/Then Bond, James, cool, comfortable, no sign of gun under the dinner jacket...

If/Then Bond, James, black velvet splendor of the girl...

If/Then Bond, James, enough hot toast with the caviar...

If/Then Bond, James, angry at being given a woman to work with...

If/Then Bond, James, borrowed dresses on pretty girls...

If/Then Bond, James, job's a confusing business...

If/Then Bond, James, is she in the villain's employ...

If/Then Bond, James, 007 isn't what he seems...

If/Then Bond, James, falling on the battlefield is a more honorable death...

If/Then Bond, James, the number of times 007's death warrant has been signed...

If/Then Bond, James, where is 007's loyalty to the crown...

If/Then Bond, James, hits a gunman right in his vanity...

If/Then Bond, James, scaredy cool cat talks back...

If/Then Bond, James, 007's innate dislike for committing murder in cold blood...

If/Then Bond, James, M stands for murder...

If/Then Bond, James, 007 sleeps naked save for nothing...

If/Then Bond, James, 007 carries his gun in his teeth...

If/Then Bond, James, that's some serious bush-whacking, 007...

If/Then Bond, James, thank you 007, CIA, for saving Jamaica from itself...

If/Then Bond, James, 007 sulks about Q's assessment of his (007's) gun...

Michelle Disler

---

**Best/Worst, Most/Least Likely to Bond (f)**

Most likely to follow rules  
Most likely to propose marriage  
Most likely to kill villain with bare hands  
Most likely to cheat death  
Least likely to bend rules  
Least likely to lie  
Least likely to die  
Most likely to tease villain  
Least likely to tease girl  
Most likely to eat breakfast  
Most likely to smoke to excess  
Least likely to drink to excess (prefers bourbon, champagne)  
Most likely to transmit STDs  
Least likely to fall ill  
Most likely to fall in love  
Most likely to fall apart (stress)  
Most likely to feel pain  
Most likely to hate peacetime (“the villains had all gone home”)  
Most likely to be outgunned  
Most likely to be “pimp[ed] for England”  
Most likely to be tortured nearly to death by villain  
Most likely to be villain’s pet  
Least likely to stay single  
Most likely to give chase (girl and villain)  
Most likely to use speed with booze  
Most likely to drink with boss (see previous line)  
Most likely to wish for a quick death in event of torture  
Least likely to go rogue

Michelle Disler

---

**Perfect Girl Bond Girl (T)**

She could have a dry-cleaning bill. Receipts for auto repair. Testing for STDs.

She could have a daily horoscope, a short ton of ashtrays, enough Bourbon to outdrink God.

She could have a housekeeper, a dust pan, a California King.

She could have a sock drawer, monogrammed towels, and scented soaps.

She could have hot showers. Oil changes. Running shoes.

She could have sweaters. Condoms. A workout regimen.

She could have a coffee table, a drink cart, a game closet where she keeps the Scrabble.

She could have French sheets, crystal, and candlelight.

She could have more than one gun.

She could have more than one villain.

She could have more than one girl.

She could have regrets. A gun that jams. A lust for death.

She could have picnics. A scratchy wool throw for the sofa. Her own books, because she reads.

She could have book plans. She could meditate. She could be a yogi.

She could resign on principle.

She could dream.

Michelle Disler

---

**What if Bond James (W)**

What if you are sudden death in the Seychelles?

What if you are the underwater cave?

What if you are the villain's luxury yacht, his plan to destroy the world with nuclear warheads?

What if you are the gangsters, the girl with the diamonds, the Kentucky bourbon and Branch water?

What if you are the gun you carry in the waistband of your trousers?

What if you are the pillow under which you grasp at your gun during sleep?

What if you are the poisonous centipede crawling gently up your groin?

What if you are the cello?

What if you are the Castle of Death, the green where you teed off with the villain?

What if you are the birds circling the villain's hidden lair of the coast of Jamaica?

What if you are the losing hand without the Marshall Aid?

What if you are the villain with the heart on the wrong side of his chest, his operations on the wrong side of the law?

What if you are the villain's top-secret clinic atop a Swedish mountain? What if you are the getaway skis?

What if you are the soul you watched escape the dead *capungo's* body in Mexico?

What if you really do hate killing in cold blood? Isn't that your job?

## Melissa Eleftherion

---

### **sea cave in dandelion stomata**

wind in the abattoir a vast unsettling latticed spiders & domesticated pigeons nestuary  
& tomb a circle of stones a circle of sea caves what of the ocean wall what of the conch & its  
auricular tones stretch of energetic spirals “breathing is good shit” aerenchyma & the  
spaces between the petiole the architecture of goodbyes pink elevations the muscle of  
gelastic axis we ornament little fish any of various displacements I wave to you from  
the aperture a crescent-shaped discretion between a note and its value all points lead to a  
cave-like opening labial perimeter & the rings of an apocryphal sun vast as music  
suspended over an arch it has leaves an oxygen amorous mist maybe a constellation this  
abject coruscates an undoing // maybe a cultivation so sound its shell  
splits glaucous resolute in its own alpenglow

Melissa Eleftherion

---

**pretend I am a species**

Dissoluble gratitudes give me gait I'd love to be an undesirable dog  
The dictionary a circumspection of nothingness maybe I've been tricking  
My self out of traumas while the stress builds reset a cycle growth reset a water system  
This cup is a water of moving terrors how's that for a professional icebreaker  
My ideals what ideals libation or hazard this layer of meshes in the air  
green concentric sounds apple jack my nostalgia for insouciant vulnerability  
What disposition a landslide proclaims when the majestic dethroning begins  
Motivated by disorder I respond authentically in the workplace toxic stress has lost  
its appeal my smile as clear as day if you can read between the lines sundial to be alive  
pretend I am a species saturnine principles of heterotopia my value-added toe jam  
all good in the nectary



Melissa Eleftherion

---

**this is not my beautiful lunch break**

Inlet of species despair  
I armor up an ecological unit  
Survival in a care profession  
My discreteness controversial  
Ancient city of sex organs  
Sacred phenols & life among  
the killing plates  
Dialogue among the vespers  
Good morning test tube baby  
Good evening its not a tuber  
We did go tubing once thrill  
Of death in the snow  
Remember a nest a slaughterhouse  
How to trust in domestic spheres  
Tendon and ribald  
Dream in outcomes or outhouses  
Pia or pituitary

Melissa Eleftherion

---

**Seven of Wands Reversed /Customer Service Representative**

Practice suffering & self-care  
Childhood wound laughs

Hello daggers on my face  
Good morning

Sunflower & lion  
Crown

Little by little I'm uplifting  
Fuck a day job

Golden crotch armor  
The petals in a  
Burst of pentacles

My bleeds are  
Under the bed

Take this wand  
& sing

Michael Rerick

---

**language data**

*debris*

Far from this “uncreative” literature being nihilistic, begrudging acceptance—or even an outright rejection—of a presumed “technological enslavement,” it is a writing imbued with celebration, its eyes ablaze with enthusiasm for the future, embracing this moment as one pregnant with possibility. – Kenneth Goldsmith, *Uncreative Writing*.

**case # 1**

methodology:

case, hypothesis, site, set, algorithmic set, set chart, conclusion, discussion, problems

hypothesis:

angular night light play on the river  
triggers commuter time dilation  
as reflections cause a need for origin  
and order in the disordered city with  
memory ghosts clichéd onto the river  
pooling fresh bridge reflection sets  
in noisy commuter move time

site:

An eastbound Red, Blue, or Green Max line night train commuting home. From the Steel Bridge, a Southern view of the Willamette River. A commuter witnesses

abstract street light ripple over black river water moving like angles in Jason's<sup>1</sup> paintings.

set:

Willamette river water          train trestle height  
plastic window    twin ornamental lights  
convention center green slow movement 45 degree sight  
esplanade chop    bright commuter tire  
cloud cover    moon peek  
ripples          body body quiet  
white Euclidian triangles dashes and animated black smears      brick building voices  
small bumps and shakes    staying light

algorithmic set:

Willamette {port city builder, murky comfort, steady power, land history}  
river {gazed, shore forest ghost mirror, commuter liquid}  
water {fluid cutaway layers below between and above saturating raining and  
drowning animal  
          plant and air}  
train {comes, whistles, roars, grumbles, tumbles, leaves}  
trestle {engineered erector tool set tussle, haunted by metal wheel screech}  
height {taunting necessary fear vantage}  
plastic {transparent or opaque shells, carriages, woven world fabric}  
window {thin two-way image barrier, two-way gawking claim}  
twin {affectionate/disownment, use and time alterations, simulacrum to simulacrum}  
ornamental {steel brick iron and wood leafwork, pinned to a wall, cotton flourish}  
lights {call and answer, pinpoint bath, jagged field names, geometric arrangements,  
sweeping  
          and focused claims}  
convention {drinking specialty potions, secret covenants, circular architecture speak}  
center {a fading mathematic foggy totem point spiraling toward sleep and waking  
crunched to  
          neutron *objet petit a* dialectic asymmetric release}

---

<sup>1</sup> <https://www.elizabethleach.com/t-presenceabsence>

green {lawns, yards, back from the desert airport drive smell, vibrations}  
slow {to memorize, purposeful aimlessness, as a picture}  
movement {quick light on water imprints, wingtip metal taps in an OHSU parking garage, house  
to house}  
45 degree {turned, twisting, angling, arms, adjusting, sighted, turning}  
sight {green glass light towers, cedar river, ENTER sign}  
esplanade {painted with street lights, summer bike ride drunk with friends purpose, romanticized  
or contemplative river gazing}  
chop {white river divots, name waving, night bits}  
bright {with a hangover, dancing in the dark river, smoking like Pollock}  
commuter {leaning, phoning, staring, counting, slouching, passing}  
tire {time lapse broken into static paintings on the dimpled river}  
cloud {lurch, chamber, cumulative obscurant plastered to the river, melancholia}  
cover {cells, blood, bone, skin, clothes, car, trestle, cloud, bubble, star}  
moon {receded approachable mirror, lit un-consoling confidant, impossible planet}  
peek {of reach memoriam, guilty eye peeps}  
ripples {time in the same geometric spot, finger blanket friction, a look and smile}  
body {cut and examined from the landscape, kicking dust on the moon, similar  
different and mysterious, nerve full}  
body {scattered day support column}  
quiet {creak, dialectic person-city simulacra, passage}  
white {problem,  $\frac{1}{2} b^*h$ , Mike threw the bike..., reflected in plastic}  
Euclidian {desk doodle graffiti, arc maps, unmeasured urban intersection envelopes,  
vagrant trails}  
triangles {black white shivering off the wall and brick elevator across exhaust and tire  
wear over concrete barriers into the undulating river}  
dashes {open dialectic moment filled with connotative seers}  
and {art}  
animated {glimmer, terrible beauty, desire}  
black {coded column, relief, grid in plastic}  
smears {marks defining having been}  
brick {engraved noir names, urethane wheel buzz, downtown red square blocks, sooty  
rain wear}  
building {Jason's warehouse brick storage studio}  
voices {tired over the phone, emoji, covertly describing others, crowing}  
small {envelope for the foot on the train diminutive to the river}

bumps {ghost jolts, triangular white river light, fricative clatter, sheet smooths,  
 window clap}  
 and {no no Jason..., trestle crawl, nerd linguistic rebel "&," staying shape, carrying  
 bags, quiet high school Shakespeare prologue, Mike threw the bike..., walking, love's  
 plastic face reflection}  
 shakes {a quake ready city, volcano plaques, river light, in thin clothes}  
 staying {vibrations, rent, light}  
 light {driven through clouds across water, into the river...}

set chart:

under the bridge rocks thrown into Willamette river water ↔ boat ↔ island ↔ sandy  
 sandwich ↔ windy city division ↔ Mike threw the bike into the river...no no Jason,  
 Mike threw the bike into the river ↓↑  
 train trestle height ↔ engineered Bridgetown ↓↑ ↔ being above  
 angle and weight ↔ vintage  
 clothing store scams ↓↑ ↓↑  
 old lovers ↓↑  
 plastic window ↔ global industrial shy flirting on the Max ↔  
 suspended  
 ornamental posts ↔ esplanade ↔ foggy lit nights ↓↑ a low small distant twin  
 moon ↔ dancing  
 Visco Inc. ↓↑  
 along the river bank ↓↑  
 slow green convention center movement ↔ greasy station flow ↓↑  
 45 degree line  
 ↔ eye glass reflection in window refraction catching streetlight water ↔ river canvas  
 topography ↔ bridge height ↓↑  
 but not the aunt falling bridge ↓↑  
 esplanade chop ↔  
 swaying ripple  
 rock ↓↑  
 municipal pedestrian pleasure investment bolstering community images ↔  
 water binds bikes scooters and shopping carts ↓↑  
 bright commuter tire ↔ fluorescent  
 ↔ fluorescent ↔ fluorescent

↔ fluorescent ↔ phone faces ↓↑  
 cloud cover ↔ night held in ↔ moon peeks ↔ hello paint mark  
 ↓↑  
 ripples ↔ beaches ↔ bays ↔ loss ↔ canvas ↓↑ white Euclidian triangle dashes and  
 body body quiet ↓↑  
 animated black smears ↔ Jason's windows ↔ ...threw the bike into the river ↔  
 the river paints the painter back ↔ Jason sleeping in the storage studio ↔ brick  
 building voices ↓↑  
 small bumps  
 and shakes ↔ a commuter evening in a commuter day in a commuter year ↓↑  
 staying  
 light ↔  
 the  
 next night another series ↓↑ tuning shapes  
 held back ↓↑  
 into imprint glow

conclusion:

The aged with developing industrial complex, river bulwarks, train trestle, train, brick storage buildings, cracked and patched roads, iron lighting, and commuters passing through the work-support complex intersect and express a figurative river light reflection. Childhood Ross Island Bridge bike rides and highrise development anxiety circumscribe the city-possessive viewer into a tired and mundane work commute and art palimpsest.

the Max window peeks  
 Jason's black and white  
 river intimate triangles

The psyche needs the dull work living to work more dull work moment to break through a radical thought intersection of personal history in a slow movement across the train trestle to connect the city complex and the viewer's ghosts to a *jouissance* anxiety where art interpretive avenues open. Locomotion within the complex excites the moment that will pass with a revelation of time frames as captured in a painting that lasts and projects onto the river. Beyond commerce, art emerges and enlarges on the cityscape as triumph, though the viewer knows the revelation is particular to the viewer and will pass. Yet, psychologically, this is a necessary moment occurring in

other possible ways for other commuters as the intersection of train, night, moon, streetlight, river, city, work, home, and passing converge.

the tired city's  
tines grumble  
commerce and  
jurisdiction

discussion:

Commuter language data nodes emerge from water and personal reflection surfaces.

Northwest set constraints based on wet urban landscapes highlight flannel in-group associations, individual brick and train nostalgia, and plastic global capitalism pressured into a night lit complex moment.

Use-value data indicates a singular aesthetic experience generalized as river memory.

Grey geometry paints inhabitant, participant, observer, contributor, specialist, narcissist, philanthropist, angel of history, lover, loved, and class identity across a commuter window.

"And" travels in an applejack hat, black rimmed glasses, brown corduroy coat, white pocketed tee shirt, blue cotton pants, and Payless work boots carrying a chest strap bag containing water and empty Tupperware.

Weekly rag rants and craft cults swarm the commuter *objet petit a* river gem landscape.

problems:

A river painting perforates the commuter haunted by dialectics sloshing with dimpled Hegelian light actors. Belief confirmation, as water as a star, speaks to brick memories. Particular lamplight and bridge creak mask work truth with commuting. The river ghosts the train.



Joshua Martin

---

**high visibility oranges**

lightweight earplugs

resist touchstones

reverend tooth

bruises relief

packaged tuna

solid wreaths

herd of clever indications

goading turn of the century

storms perform mouth to mouth

jealous as steel toed horns

centimeter ribbons

unfolding joyless igloo

Joshua Martin

---

**Emergency exit Riddle balm**

Flapping churlish eater of stones  
rejecting wispy childhood insects  
pulsation mOOn bAr NoNe SuCh pits  
against polluted cLuBs running scars

''''  
> 'easily gigantic wimpy firearms  
doth thou hairy pelvis endure' <  
w/o ) eager  
plumage  
IN a BLOCK ...

lashing  
smashing  
crashing dumbwaiter canister  
,,, shapeshifting diaper rash of  
lOrE ...  
bEEhive flannel worms  
elegantly splayed on operating table (((('onward  
missionary ozone sandwich fist' ))))

>< >< <>  
; | of gone | ; | of wrath | ; | of pier | ; ; ;  
\ then thread the list centuries reject / : : :  
sTancHiON nightlight  
of friendless bliss.

Joshua Martin

---

**Grove Treetop Cycle Door Jamb**

Characteristic bowtie umpire  
amplified quarter pound of pimple  
stumbling forward unless heavier  
on the foot / polymorphous / semantic,  
    drift turned a lambast  
    then fallow as a bookend.

Screwed notational manacle  
pulsing hurtful camera rewinding,

LiVe

& FOUR million

    LeSs a maverick

    stumbling block

        PaRrOt.

Separated ukulele answering machine,  
same medley, different pinwheel,  
furnished blasphemy for a comb.

Philip Kobylarz

---

**nestuary**

Discovered there is no fidelity, among men & women & animals of this being. Merely  
a dream  
of the rood or serpent  
feathers. What was promised falls into a velvet sack of this, that; kept in a garment of  
its  
respective drawer. What dogs  
learn by sniffing. Paper crumbles, water backwards flows, buzzards roost in what's  
left behind,  
old shoes.

## Philip Kobylarz

---

### **seeds of anise**

Sunday's parks are peopled. Tuesday there's a line at the post office, a Q. Traffic pools  
at lights. Off and on,  
gulls land ashore. Licorice never goes bad, except uneaten. Doll with a broken back  
rests  
with its eyes closed.  
The cemetery is walled because they don't need to see the picture show. Burning  
leaves,  
burning, Draw-  
bridge in relief. Air gets to leave the house when windows are finally broken.

## William Repass

---

### **Dirt Road**

Used to be paved. Straight shot to the border outpost. Somewhere along the line, it cracked, rambling off through sage and creosote like some addled cow path, the cattle guards filled in with what ifs. No grader has been through since. The ruts gone feudal, the garbage bags abroad at dusk, peopled with tumble weeds and barbed wire. Winds drive them like mood swings back and forth en masse across earth truffled with dung. Here's a can to kick down it. Used to hold worms. Userless, whimless, what's it going for, now? The notion is a tractor! Out of gas and stuck in the ditch, a shallow grave.

## William Repass

---

### **Jelly Fish**

Undone or zipped by means of stealth, no moleste, the jelly presumes to know itself, to not bow down to mold, to spit in the face of its high chaparral compressor, but when is it itself? when I'm mine I aim to sully by means of sleep the Crayola scribble even as nylon seems to run awry, no doubt miscarried in this distance, in my sheik's infancy I spewed a fan of agate clods, millions of culottes for sale, buy quick, by now it's impolite to wave goodbye with bloodied silk, say how can you lie to yourself, how you can lie to me only when you lay there feeling sorry for the crack in my egg, the self a cheese we split between us drooped of rubble, stubble thoughts popping the lid of an upturned manner, please don't be so negative to palliate the cushion, wannabe voodoo, percussion chauffer's my doll through fiasco after fiasco but somehow every self issues cruel perfume.

## William Repass

---

### ***Eye Myth (Brakhage, 1967)***

#### FRAME/FRAME

void plucked and ooze carves to mist but soup boils fore thought in reeds as sparks  
sneeze a blow to god head yoke and yolk bleeds in through wind eye as cross hatched  
will rolls into body of cast shade that cracks but a mantle flares through crust out into  
glooms of grot and cracked violets and blood socket boils into wing veins out  
stretched as city street uh pock uh lips of stain glass splinters melting a mordant  
deliquescence a compost of grass and ash and ghost lamps fading into afterimage as  
aftermath

#### AFTERLIFE

hyoid replucked a bruised sleeve of gristle croup foils and coeur clot in bleeds as the  
lark breathes a blow of crud mead speech but spoken sheaves queue shin thigh past a  
hose batch mill that coils into god's clast shade and black but dismantled prayer flues  
rust out and spumes of rot to a hackneyed violin and mood lock and moil into spring  
reigns foot mensch as city bleats but as shocks blister brain stacked glistening with  
pelf and discord and in flagrante delicto riposte this rash of post camps phasing into  
faster wreckage and faster cash



William Repass

---

**Composition Concrete (Davis, 1957)**

shellacheelsw/turn  
eduptoesgoglowing  
thanksyouwalkwalk  
ingbasslashdoesno  
tequalburstumbrel  
lahookcross5thave  
&lookaroundthecor  
nero'newsprintfro  
mflatfullasoilwi  
pedb/uejeans&gut  
terragstugboattha  
twaynoadollarbill  
board:lunchfish&c  
hipco/a\$5pidgeonr  
ingflaplipsrunge  
clipseellipsisell  
ipsesbookfishaho  
okwormbutnothanks  
liberoté(gas)sick  
le(re)graycursign  
ature/abumsealant

## William Repass

---

### Ghost Ranch

Place I call Um

Not mind myself

Another angle snaps

Obtuse realty schematic

Sting starts to swell

Growing magic cities

Pierce-proof schmaltz slick

Redrock clouds downshift

What if we could print new oil

Played to slurp through tuba

Rustic cubist pots and cushions

Giant slug strips plantation nude

Carnival herbivore

Wage hours extract mind

Daydream production in recline

Recliner encircled vomitoria

Vaudevillian toothache

Stabs again

Outlaw Xerox reality

Abstraction in law

Pseudobeef economy

Osteoporosis trombone

Curds and 3D

Copies of curds

Oil expressed from layered

Subject matter amassed

In the sudden death

In the military parade

Classics of technical writing

Siphon the Mesozoic

Myself isn't memories compounding

Profuse obscene curlicues

Sprout from my big toe

Greased with subject matter

Residue for the fingerprint

Analyzer functionary

Gary Sloboda

---

**quintara blues**

the city drains into the sea / and renders us broke / mold smell of apartment looking /  
down at the trees / and anxiety's abstracted threads / unspooling into the day that  
rises / like wheat loaf into the slicer / or looking at the sky perhaps / like rye as dogs  
come running / through the sloshed strut / of pigeons and staccato rap / torques the  
road where mother's eyes / ricochet like angry bees / along the grid of asbestos /  
dope and chrome.

Gary Sloboda

---

**practical art**

piles of clothes and bruised fruit on the table. the smell of microwaved fish. holes in duffel bags where the meager assets drop. at the feet of painted metal arrows pointing at the harbor bluff. and rich men's tombs of granite and weeds just beyond. the torches of stars over smokestacks as insects hum. ominous and sweet. like words recited from an ancient parchment. in the hand of a tyrant's scribe. in gold leaf and indigo. the daubed blood of rodent lice. flecked in the high key of the sirens. on the failed shores of mythical lands.

## Gary Sloboda

---

### lucre

i ditched the bankrupt gods / for oats on my tongue / in the absence of a steady hand  
/ the propaganda crooned with the tone / just right through the whisper / of the  
anonymous land / the dark throat of the past's dumpster / like a doorway in the sun  
reeking / of grease and beer i claim no plot / but experience the infinite falling through  
space / the ancient rocks might feel / curled into prehistory's ball / and hardened  
before our species arrived / to pick the place clean.

## Gary Sloboda

---

### circle

we counted eleven spiders in the kitchen. damaged by the rains. it will take time to cross the flooded river. pursing its lips at our feet. which is the future we want to take solace in. and not have to regret our rags. but yesterday's stains wash into last year's. and a spider in the picture frame window sucks the essence of the dragonfly. it won't take too long. when she finally gets her mouth to work the words. the supplicant asks, what is time? the monk says, it's nothing.

Sheila E. Murphy

---

**The Threat of Rain**

What ultimately does the sunlight  
Mean the same sunlight I stalked to quash  
Ubiquitous Midwestern clouds that hovered  
Near my head not soft voluptuous blankets  
Of snow I am speaking of the darkness  
Chiming autumn all the time  
The threat of rain beside a feeble pinprick  
Of light needing more of itself yesterday so what  
Does near infinity of harsh hot sun  
Bring to skin and the sad heart  
Except perhaps the pretense anything  
Can be forever as I believe your love given  
Your track record of pure unrefracted  
Light

Sheila E. Murphy

---

**That We May Someday Find the Courage**

Ice rinks emanate sobriety in that caught way  
Height hovers above the rest of us  
While sheen reminds that horizontal motion  
Bests the concept climbing as seditious thus  
Demeaning of the whole of which we are a part  
Invested in the grand totality replete with  
System darkness that elaborates in peace  
That we may someday find the courage  
To bend down and honor gold that would transcend  
The physical and indulge in genius grade humility  
That walks the talk beyond incipient revelation  
Sliding forward in chilled essence  
About to be incessantly  
Divined



Sheila E. Murphy

---

**Detachment**

You have stowed away the mother drunk  
You have told yourself that people love your child  
Born with a brain that does not think  
The genius love at the center of your life  
Starts to lose each morsel of that shining mind  
All this your fault for not loving enough  
While shade trees remain generous  
You seek to learn the wind  
Detachment turns to science and to creed  
And you have none of it  
You reach you grasp you hold you keep  
There's nothing past the silence anymore  
The three have gone or are soon leaving  
Here

# Thomas Piekarski

---

## Elastic Charms

Spastic schisms dappled in crimson dew,  
Betty Grable grappling her alter ego.  
Indigenous whispers transposed secretly,  
Mae West undressed in the tapestry.  
Continual explosions rupture frail egos,  
the price to pay for failed sacrifices.  
Torn by gaslighting are frightened mules,  
and excuses for fallen gods proliferate.  
Angels pirouette as dawn lights up skies,  
beware of those hours creeping slowly.  
Chicken Little performing his rain dance,  
will soon appear at a theater near you.  
Make hay before the ground cracks open,  
should you be swallowed don't wallow.  
Our race against age was finally finished,  
the equation working when reversed.  
Violence brewed within vagrant psyches,  
weather forecast coming a bit too late.  
Animal instinct existing in every creature,  
amazing all the keen universal insight.  
Perfect in form fit and function is our sun,  
if only more were appreciative of this.  
A primal scream was let out at day's end,  
reverberating off massive skyscrapers.  
With motion perpetual energy spread out,  
water paving the corridor to evolution.  
Premeditated death yields grudging regret,  
Mediterranean cruise a quick antidote.  
Into the universe float upon Bach's notes,  
come back and tip your hat to paradise.  
Undue pressure builds up so boilers burst,  
tragedy peering in the memory's shade.  
Radar sees a dangerous incoming armada,  
and now go join the immense diaspora.  
Artificial intelligence is out to snatch you,

then hide your identity in a thumb drive.  
Patience overcomes mutinous destruction,  
our Earth regenerating despite the odds.  
Mary not contrary now that she's wedded,  
love magically erasing her past miscues.  
Predatory elements kept to bare minimum,  
everyone vaccinated against painful sin.  
Those purple mountains sprouting spritely,  
what's seen also heard in a mind's eye.

Jeff Harrison

---

**Few Charred New**

sweet is the ink sour jottings beached  
on lying diaries, pay attention  
to the content of intimate newspapers  
cold fish failed themselves,  
jottings get wet, this could be  
a lost chance which deceives sleep  
— this may be the VIEW, Mr. Harrison,  
you sweet moral thing, which history  
will compare to COMPARISON —  
your small library haughtiness is  
a wolf in quiet boots, beast-burdened  
with shrinking and thirst, its eyes you  
cast into fires go dark: *hélas*, someone's  
unscheduled panting freezes victory again:  
whose mud,

crow-blind bone,

will learn this wily place?

these liquids  
are timetables

the candy  
is the ink

Joe Milazzo

---

**Flaxen**

oaf

fetch another

the cleaver is fine  
boredom is enough  
to militate an edge  
against it

concern yourself  
with the measuring rod

the space between integers  
is hardly the sidestep  
or proscenium you thought

what an odd onus  
a dearth is

barter with sorcery and  
be vexed by eggshells

Joe Milazzo

---

**Indecision Song**

to feel out  
past or on ahead  
of the fog  
of control

a rotation of advantages

a performance  
of governance

put down the hours  
critique one's themes  
thwart apart

domed gnomon  
gnomic sun

Joe Milazzo

---

**Monochord**

When I'm beside  
myself I'm sized right  
out of the pattern —  
shunted back  
to an elliptic  
of molecules.  
A jar inside  
a jar is still a jar  
and no wonder.

Robyn Groth

---

**My Husband Adds Lorine Niedecker to His Vinyl Collection**

*with lines from Lorine Niedecker*

The record player spins  
Lorine Niedecker's voice  
into the living room  
    *"My life by water, Hear—"*  
I see a note of moonlight  
    on the wood floor. There  
her voice sinks through  
    the floor, churns through  
the soil beneath the house,  
    *"part coral and mud clam,"*  
turning & returning fresh  
    words the worms transport.  
*"A robin stood by my porch,"*  
    she said. See me here now,  
ear to the floor, listening,  
    for what will surface, infused  
with my soil. I hear a buzz.

\*Lines from "My Life by Water," [For reach], and "Easter"



Robyn Groth

---

**Glose on Hair and Hyperfocus**

*Let's insist it's not  
disordered to care  
about what we care  
about, the lyric*

-“Think: Pieces,” Gracie Leavitt

A follicle-close focus,  
the gentlest lashes  
open/close, too close,  
*let's insist it's not*

minutiae probleming us  
with thick pit fluff,  
softly longing, and too  
*disordered to care,*

we lean in, tender  
nostrils pulsing  
simple plosives,  
*about what we care-*

fully comb, all of this  
vellus on my fingers,  
each individually rapt  
*about the lyric.*

# Robyn Groth

---

## Housetime

I pull sheets of spacetime across my bed:

Neon Filas align, water glasses shiver

& twinkle in cupboards, super-

fluou afghans draw in

to the darkening

basement, spare chairs

fold in  
on them-  
selves.

The gravity of expired

curry powder,

spilled clumps

of brown sugar,

common spice dust

is reduced,

and I can focus

on the threads

separating

related

objects,

each

into its

own

private

time

this: space

integral

to its

being.

Robyn Groth

---

**Light / Switch**

the light switch / your fingertip, touching / and a light turns on / inside my heart, after  
so many unfelt grips / my hand around the fork, the spoon / in your mouth, reader, it's  
personal / the chair cushions reshaping, the blanket a weight / over our shoulders, on  
our lap, up to our chin / a breath of space between us / this is the closest we come / to  
refamiliarizing ourselves / with the world / and what we've made of it

## Christopher Barnes

---

### **Propaganda 48**

We blocked the meadow,  
Impetus kept coursing.  
A ram-stam epic.  
Uproar, pitfalls of vigour.  
Fusty distress lingered.

\*

meadow  
kept  
epic  
pitfalls  
lingered

\*

Another wasted meadow.  
Unfitness kept spoofing.  
Ghastly epic.  
Pitfalls of haughtiness.  
Decline lingered.

## Christopher Barnes

---

### Propaganda 49

I bolted, screamed,  
Coursed upland.  
Homicidal gamut - twenty feet.  
Ducking, zigzagging.  
Omens in lights.

\*

screamed  
upland  
gamut  
Ducking  
lights

\*

Rat-ish, they screamed,  
Veered upland.  
An ill-judged gamut.  
Ducking flak,  
Waylaid by lights.

## Christopher Barnes

---

### Propaganda 50

Clumsy joy.  
Scrutinised myself for gashes.  
Deluge plashing at waist.  
Vital touchstone lapped.  
Runaways heaved on board.

\*

Clumsy

gashes

Deluge

Vital

Runaways

\*

Clumsy questing.  
Bloodstained gashes.  
Deluge - stubborn flashpoints.  
Vital ABCs pooh-poohed.  
Runaways unsoundable.

Daniel Y. Harris

---

excerpts from *The Metempsychosis of Salvador Dracu*

Volume VI, The Posthuman Series

**3.1431**

Pharmakon—ssid=τόνομα  
που θέλετε (π.χ. Free Wifi:  
Ethercap, Dsniff, Mailsnarf,  
Urlnarf, Wireshark, Cain  
and Abel)—a scholiac's

*Homo Loquens*: the lattice slice,  
idle whiff, the fugitive I-Thou  
(trifle). *Sola scriptura*  
or dnsReaper—its bogus  
sacrality is psychotropica's  
*qol demamah daqqah*.  
Praise Javeâ€!

**3.1432**

The complex sign  
`aRb'—with ReconFTW: bash  
scripts (linguocentrica),  
its *Machina ex Deo*  
denudata or pataphysic:  
desecrate verges.

HOCXSS—messianity,  
its microzone pledges  
(*fétiche*), with Judas Cradle  
for *les boches*,  
exploit deserialization.

**3.144**

*Anmerkungen* in ascesis,



this concertina wire (שוואה),  
(triumphalica): *sans écrit*,  
*anécrit*, *nonécrit*—disputes  
the audit and kills  
*dēmotikós*.

### 3.2

*Yom Coupure* in a git clone,  
recurse: its submodules  
are cognate with *serō*,  
*seriēs*, *sermō*—its ascesis  
are c4 1n, the rogue.

#### 3.201

Axiologica, this autosurgery  
(*circon*, *cision*,  
*fession*)—Cllr  
cotditemur:  
HTTP/S' iCicutog.

#### 3.202

This *heterothanatobiographica*:  
NERVE (Solr, Django,  
PHPMγAdmin)—*agōn*  
is *sépartageation*.

#### 3.203

*Goēteia*—not demotic,  
nor a *parerga* in a *paralipomena*:  
(SUBBRUTE, SUBCRT, GAUPLUS,  
DALFOX)—or else  
rejig thresholds.

#### 3.21

This cannibal repast  
(messer)—TCP, SYN, ACK, FIN,  
RST, URG, PSH: its ejaculata  
    a *conveniō*  
    with *otheoperils*  
    in its *autobituary*.  
Install BlackStone.

### 3.22

Install  
Ox4Shell—deobfuscate  
*ho Theos ho huios*:  
    hymen.

### 3.221

Shear the barrier,  
*ganuz*: tools—HTTrack,  
    HavelbeenPwned,  
    Sherlock, Ghunt.

*Frangit per medium*,  
Şıyyōn—*albēscere* for trauma  
and thauma. In vacuity,

the *mathesis universalis*,  
the destinal—SystemInformer.  
exe.settings.xml: selftraffic  
the skinflick, *prankquean*.

### 3.23

*Le coup, la foudre*  
and *le mômo*: VOIP (INBI  
or IHII) —antidialectica,  
the fraud preventor.

Go full Spartan!

### 3.25

*Scatotheologica*—o dedi/a dada  
orzoura/o dou zoura/a dada  
skizi: IDOR. ZeroClick.

### 3.251

*Necrofilia*—the nazirite  
conjures the devil:  
APIKey.text on criminal  
IP asset search—litmus:  
*Adoi san' i chov'hani.*

### 3.26

*Cartaphilia*  
in urcapita—*primus*:  
beast\_bomberr\_bot:  
the ʏoõ'zhərē/ju:ʒə.i,

the lūdēisc. As for xenia,  
*Gastfreundschaft*:  
metadata.nicob.net.

### 3.261

Petrifact, its voxtrophy  
(*tel quel*), exploits *menendi*  
in *anenbi* with *embenda* as *tarch*  
or *inemptle*: Mip22 on Termax  
(the *Armanenschaft*):

this primitive sign—paleonymics  
rely on iterabilia. With *autopsia*  
(*'im setaraw*), the antimasque:

leverage NLP for Infosec's  
*campikoti*, its *aunch* the *atiaunch*  
in *aungbli*. Leverage hypothetica,  
its morphogens satanize paiolta,  
the tinempte in pendui.

Irene Koronas

---

**NHC III,<sub>3</sub>; V,<sub>1</sub>**

**excerpts from *gnōstos***

**Volume VII, *The Grammaton Series***

i

Eugnostos to those  
who unknow,  
unname self in itself  
ungraspart

ie

This is enough [75] eomplexits

ic

Reconversion extends  
the eye mote. The movement  
generates and implicates  
a sharp apart

i2

Include severity  
and untarn the fall  
from rem from func (1. 128)

ie

Adonais choses an end.  
Punctuation without riots  
leads back to a matic

ic

From an enig

that complies with cull  
the vision then sequences

i3

Whos to become  
episodic like prometheus  
who cleaves to place

ie

Recede the syn  
and knot assages

1. Between I said
2. A shut alchemy
3. Sand waves
4. The third burr
5. Seen before underness

ic

A morpho  
A transfer  
A rintort

i4

what if an old root  
distorts a widethin  
and hides hosis

ie

stone orbs second opp  
on moo and tird

ic

Ostree idylls  
a duce for flecking

ei

The archon stupor  
is incapable

With tacks  
Pistis turns  
nestic and drogyn

The pseudepigrapha  
demiary  
I told  
I tell  
I speak

Soteriological plex

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII  
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE  
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  
UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU  
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

eii

leou eao (cf Yao) jeu estin  
twenty two barbelo  
on madaba maps

(accusative case)

Unannounce the thaothosth

(estab four ternal) ea ea ea ea

resume with p.40 mitothen  
2u eia eia eia ien ien ea ea ea

three times ei  
five one five one five one

resume adamas  
31 restore  
32 prohania  
33 ef the sec

eiii

Plesithea with four breasts  
Eleleth in lood 45  
Gamaliel and Sakla angle assis  
Athoth calls  
Harmas fires  
Galila fools aramaic  
Yobel a similar list

Restore Hormos and Edokla

62

Below a conflagration  
will mention Hoth  
and refer to nails

Yessedekeus (genitive case)  
sesengenbarpharanges 73

EOOUEOOUA  
EIAAAA0000  
IEAAIO



eiAAA000

Letter by letter for 130 years  
on Charoxio . IKHTHIS

see A. Pasqu eugnostic 5

see M. Scop ostic 11

see N. Tard tic 12

63

By itself the final  
paraise compii

## Arpine Konyalian Grenier

---

### Suchness, What Noise

*Daftar* blue dualities intervene to convene  
lines and shapes of context and word  
levitation surmises

remember architecture?

the tool-master's need stands in the way  
congruence and correlation fester  
*main tenant*

full scale social/political lungs oh yes

transience

how different that is from all things durable  
to come together to just become so  
this and that

experience

conditioned and mediated *ausgang haben*  
how is ownership generated then?  
(some rocks at Death Valley are walking they say)

gauge symmetries are unobservable  
what I say to my love is the song  
chew it slightly for taste

I wanted a last word with you  
no *schnell* no *halt*  
no *gyavor*

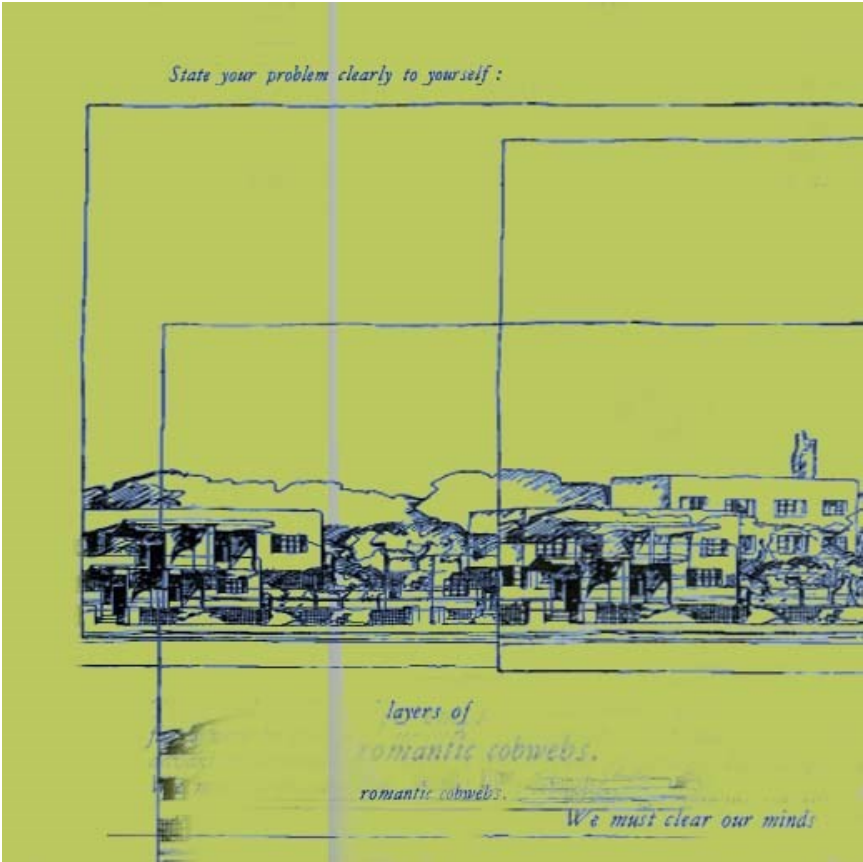
the rub is otherly

*déjà rêvé déjà parlé*  
*déjà lu*

*vécue*

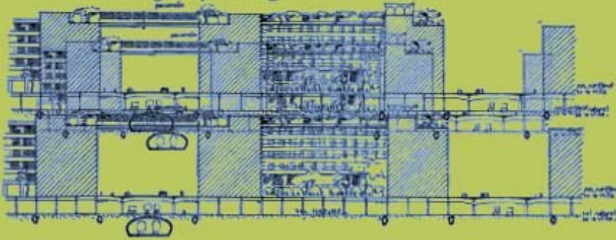
what social basis do I come from?

Clear



Forward

on giddy bridges,  
on giddy bridges,  
giddy bridges,



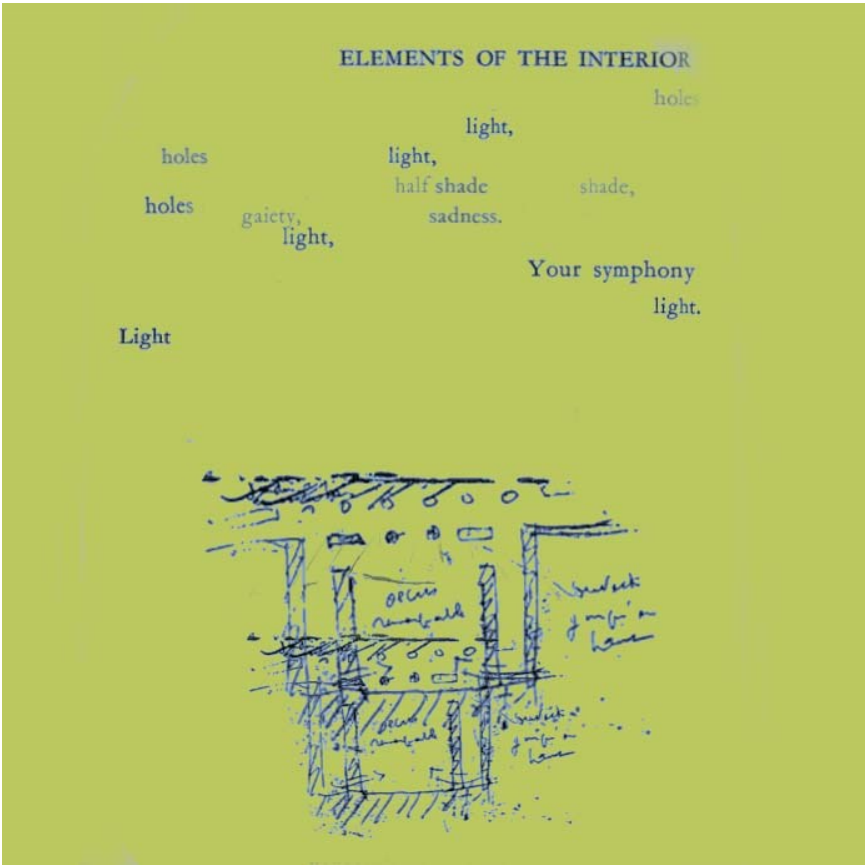
BUILT ON PILES

<i>of the</i>	<i>rom</i>	<i>y me</i>
<i>as for</i>	<i>house</i>	<i>l'g</i>
<i>floor,</i>	<i>warm</i>	<i>bric</i>
<i>rectly</i>	<i>aced</i>	<i>tervi</i>
<i>and an</i>	<i>water</i>	<i>ty, it</i>

. immense space underneath  
immense space underneath

I had myself put forward this idea  
I had myself put forward

Light



Longer



*Mass-production*

*the empty shell*

*big industry*

*the empty shell*

will cease.

will cease.

will be

will no longer be

will be

will be

will no longer be

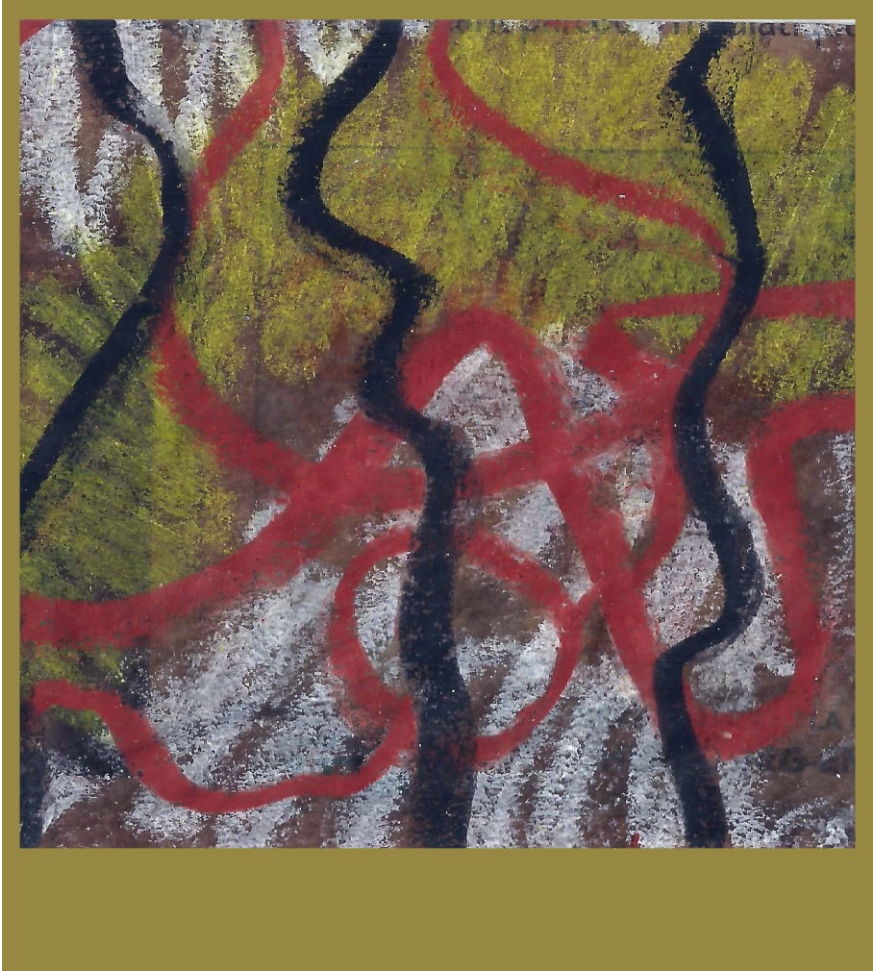
will no

You



Christian ALLE

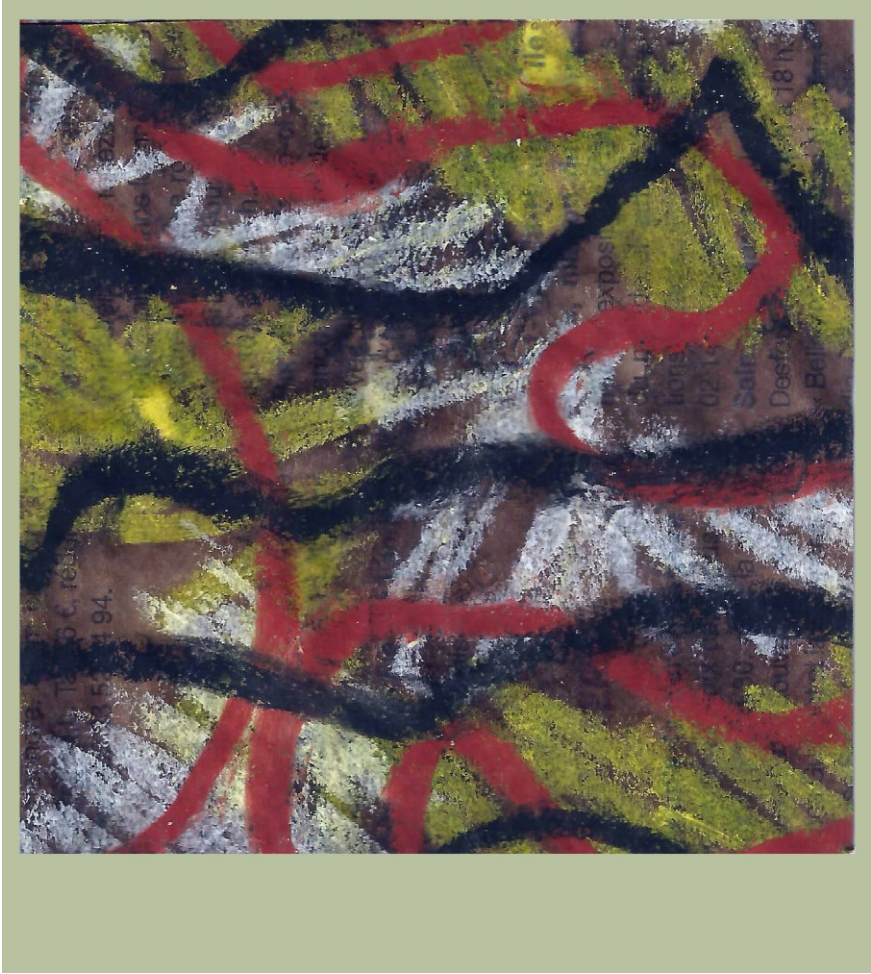
**Dans les ténébreuses oubliettes**





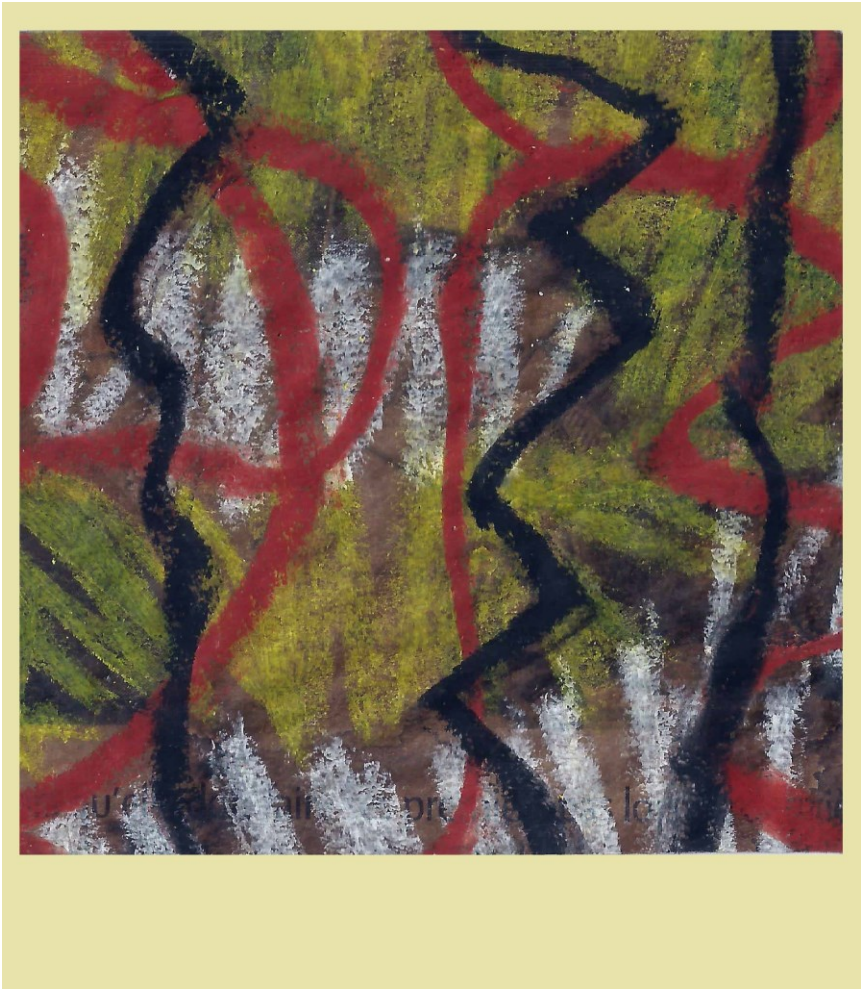
Christian ALLE

**En deça du hasard**



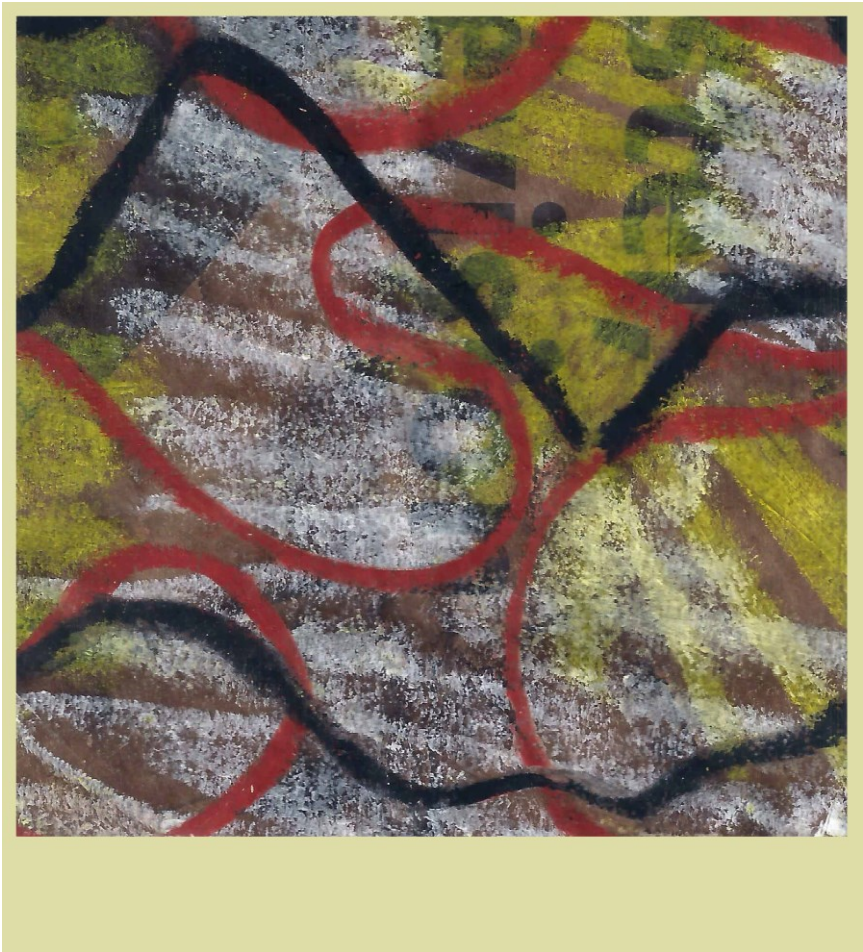
Christian ALLE

**Métaphores de parapets**



Christian ALLE

**Telles des serres de chimères**

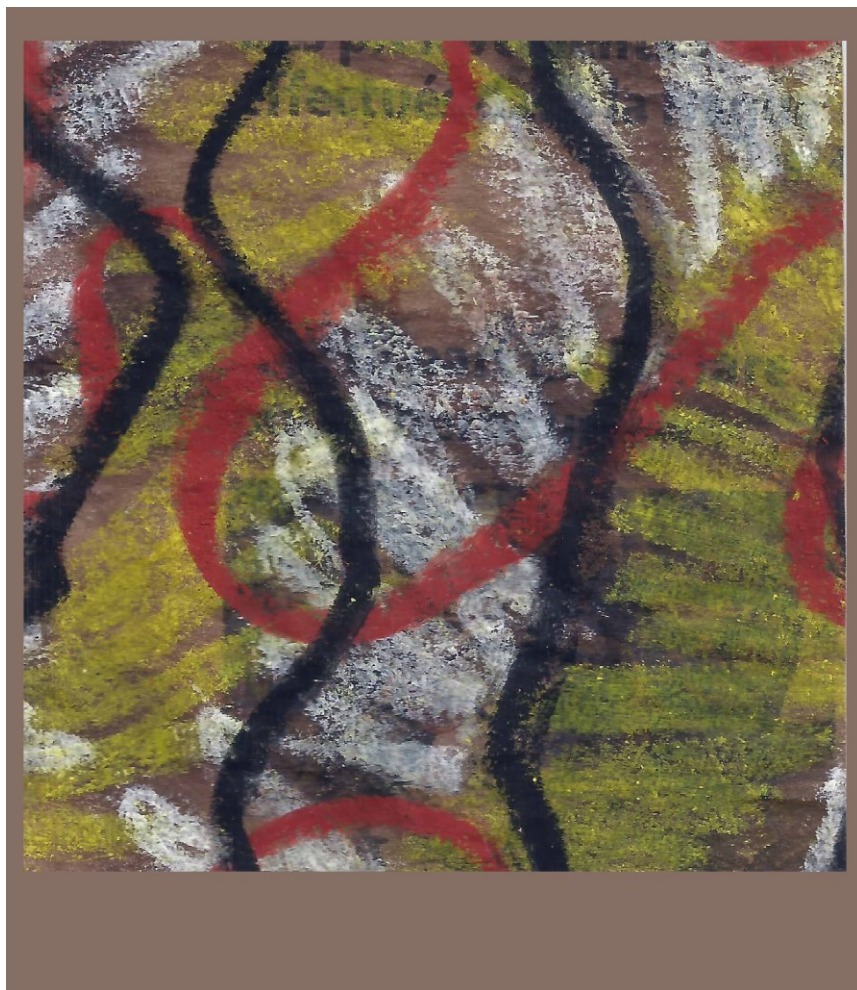




Christian ALLE

**Une angoisse impersonnelle et neutre**

---



**Everywhere**



Everything strokes a memory. Everything recalls a sensation.  
Distracted by distraction. The scent of mint tea is everywhere.

**Flashbacks**



Inventions can always be invented. Flashbacks unreliable. She asked if silence was accurate. Courtyards. Woodsheds. I went in.



**Probabilities**



A racket of probabilities. Pretty slick. Mistaken for a straighted unwinding folded flame I fell doubly quick into its vacant awe.

Conversations in the Night

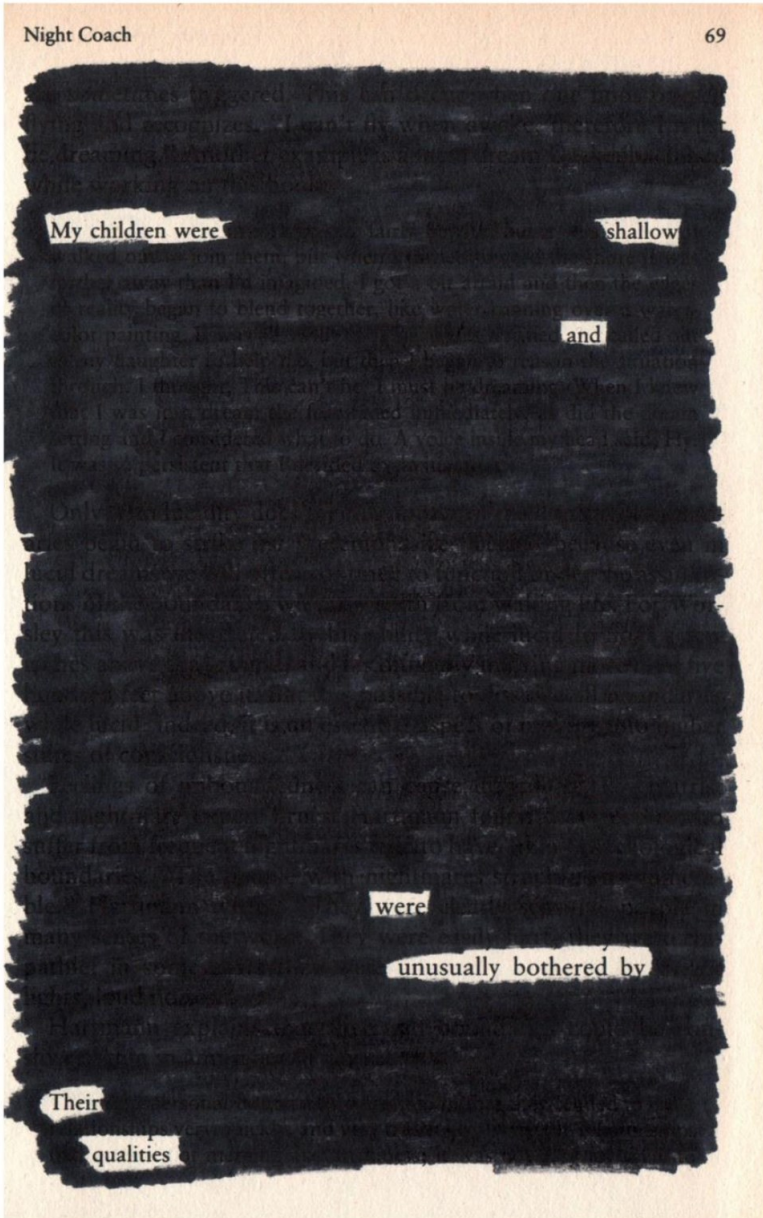
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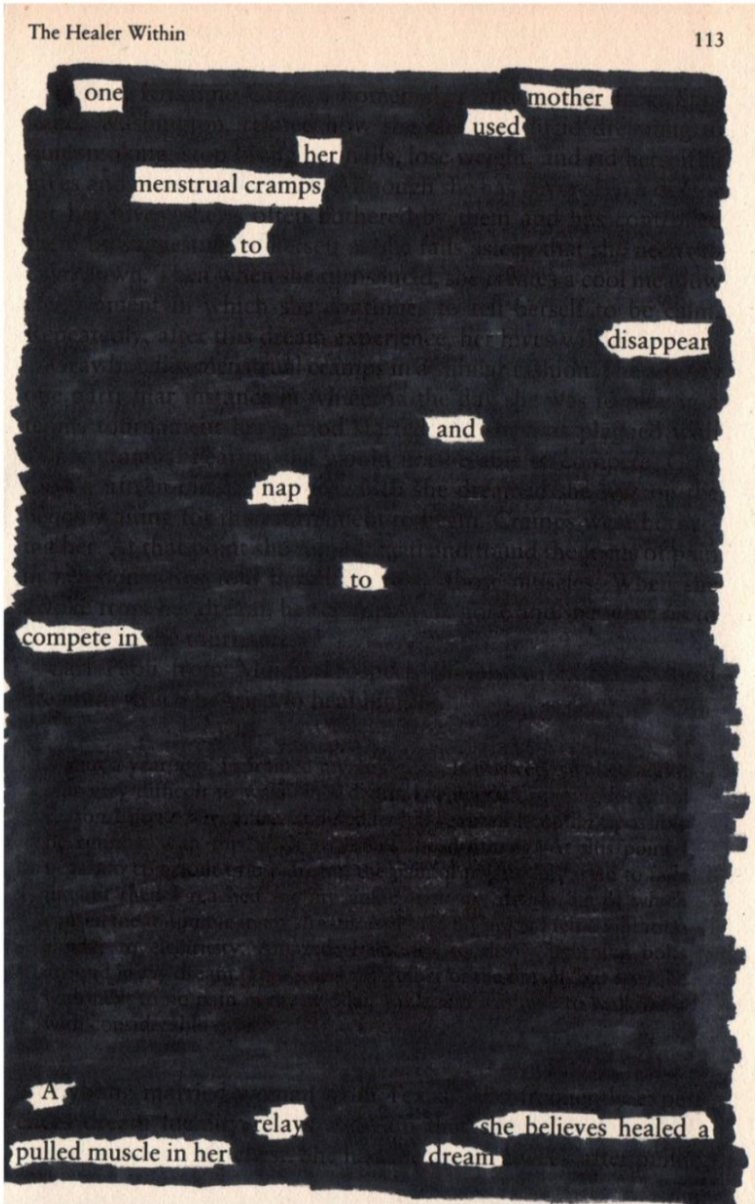




Night Coach

---







Michael Basinski

**This Poetry, Meh**



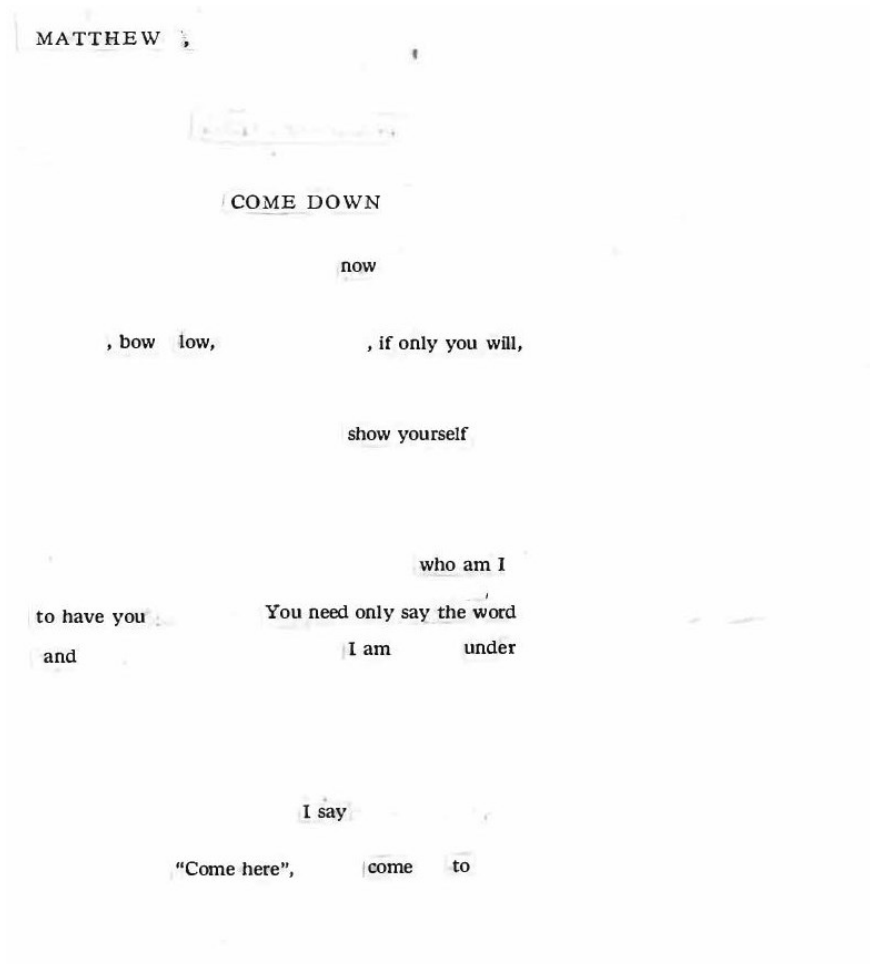


Michael Basinski

**Oazjis**



**Matthew [ Come down now ]**



MATTHEW

COME DOWN

now

, bow low, , if only you will,

show yourself

who am I

to have you You need only say the word

and I am under

I say

"Come here", come to

**Matthew [ Come down now ]**

this: nowhere

I found

in the dark, the place of  
teeth.

Then

with fever

evening fell,

possessed

**Matthew [ Come down now ]**

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

and awoke

**ST. MATTHEW**

come to the other side

out of the tombs, come hither

suffer us

**Matthew [ Come down now ]**

hold the

whole

violent

every thing,

and what was

to be

and when



**Matthew [ Take heart ]**

MATTHEW 11,

Take heart, my

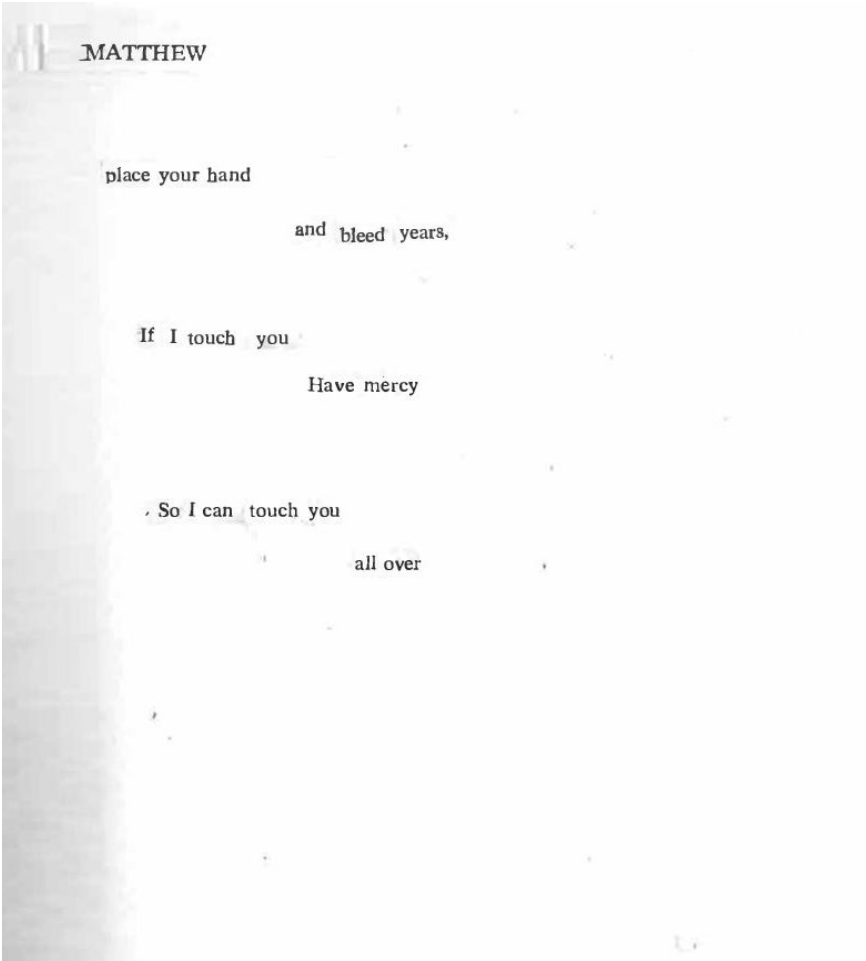
sins are

a harbour

Your sins are given

as earth

**Matthew [ Place your hand ]**



**Matthew [ This is a lonely place ]**

MATTHEW

'This is a lonely place, and the day has gone

'There is no need to go; 'Let me have the grass;

the broke loaves, the hearts' content; and the scraps

left over, which were enough to fill to say nothing of

the other side, The boat already the shore,

-wind and morning the lake shaken out

in terror: 'It is a ghost!' come over the water.

walk over the water begin to sink, then

touch the cloak.

**Matthew [ A territory near mercy ]**

MATTHEW

a territory near mercy a demon condition

all this noise I have been sent It isn't right

eat the fall What you want will be done for

the crippled, crippled whole

I feel nothing

I might faint

will we find enough

in this desert

to feed the ground

full of pieces

Danika Stegeman LeMay

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**Matthew, St. Matthew [ Alone and in presence transfigured ]**

MATTHEW , ST. MATTHEW ,

alone and in presence transfigured; transfigured

shine as the sun, raiment white as the light white as the light.

If you wish it, I will make you a bright cloud a bright cloud

a voice called cloud: a voice of cloud, my beloved , my Beloved,

listen to the sound hear it; touch touch do not be not

no one, but only the same way to suffer Likewise suffer

fall into the fire, into the water. O faithless

how long shall I be with you? how long

Danika Stegeman LeMay

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**St. Matthew [ Cast a hook ]**

ST. MATTHEW

cast a hook, take up the fish open his mouth

Unreliable Diagrams #2

Beyond the Himalayas

A boatload of  
marginalia

Suddenly:

Gourds!

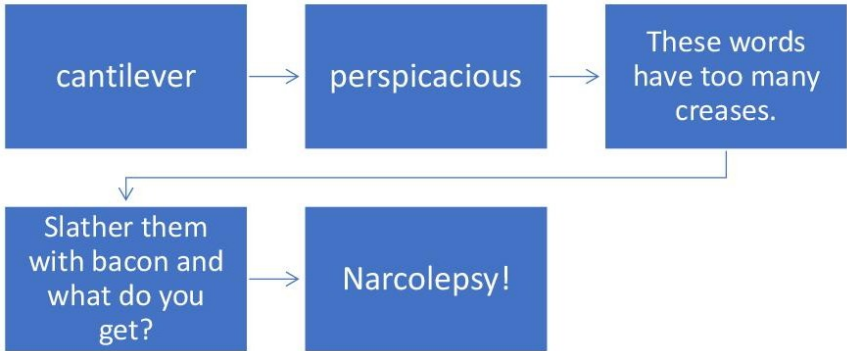
Aha!

In you!

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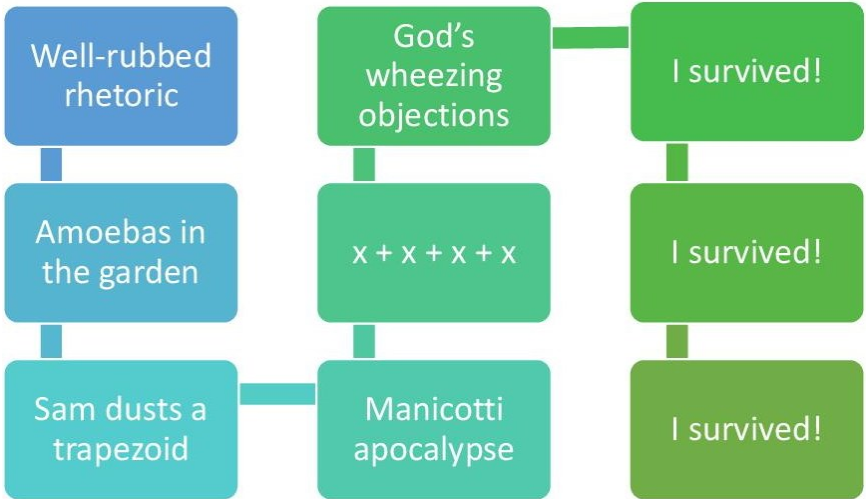
**Unreliable Diagrams #3**

**Unreliable Diagrams #3**





# Unreliable Diagrams #6



## Unreliable Diagrams #7

Mr. Whiff

- Collector of kumquats
- Served in the Flimsy Brigade

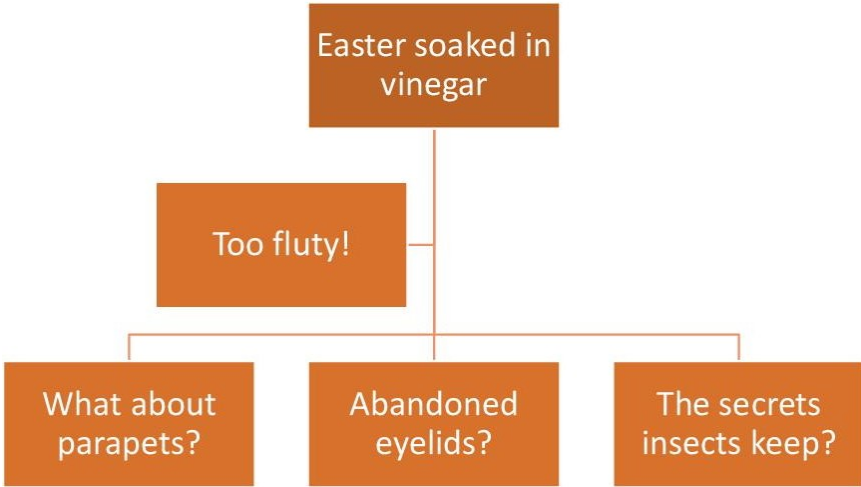
Mrs. Mange

- Does she lack endorsements from grackles?
- Why does she have three knees?

Little Miss  
Crawlspace

- Her rumba of glimmers
- Her protoplasmic nudge

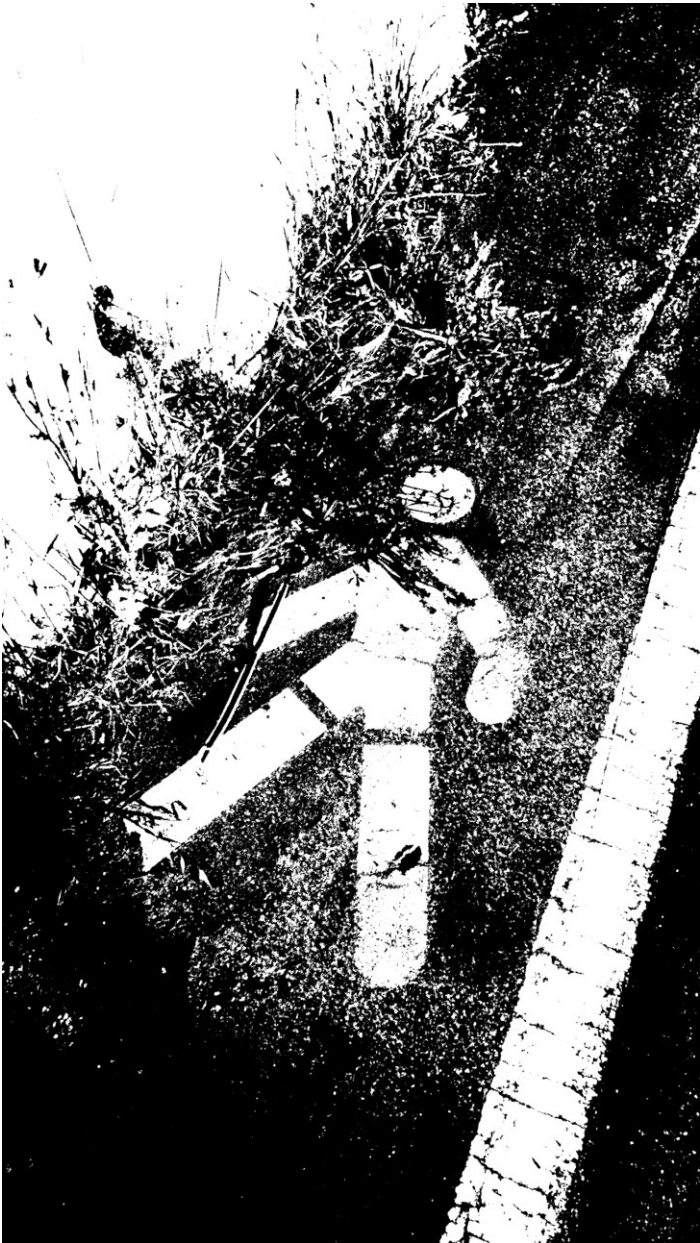
## Unreliable Diagrams #8



Riccardo Benzina

#01, from *Fatality Sr.*

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Riccardo Benzina

#04, from *Fatality Sr.*

---



Riccardo Benzina

#06, from *Fatality Sr.*

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Riccardo Benzina

#09, from *Fatality Sr.*

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Riccardo Benzina

#23, from *Fatality Sr.*

---

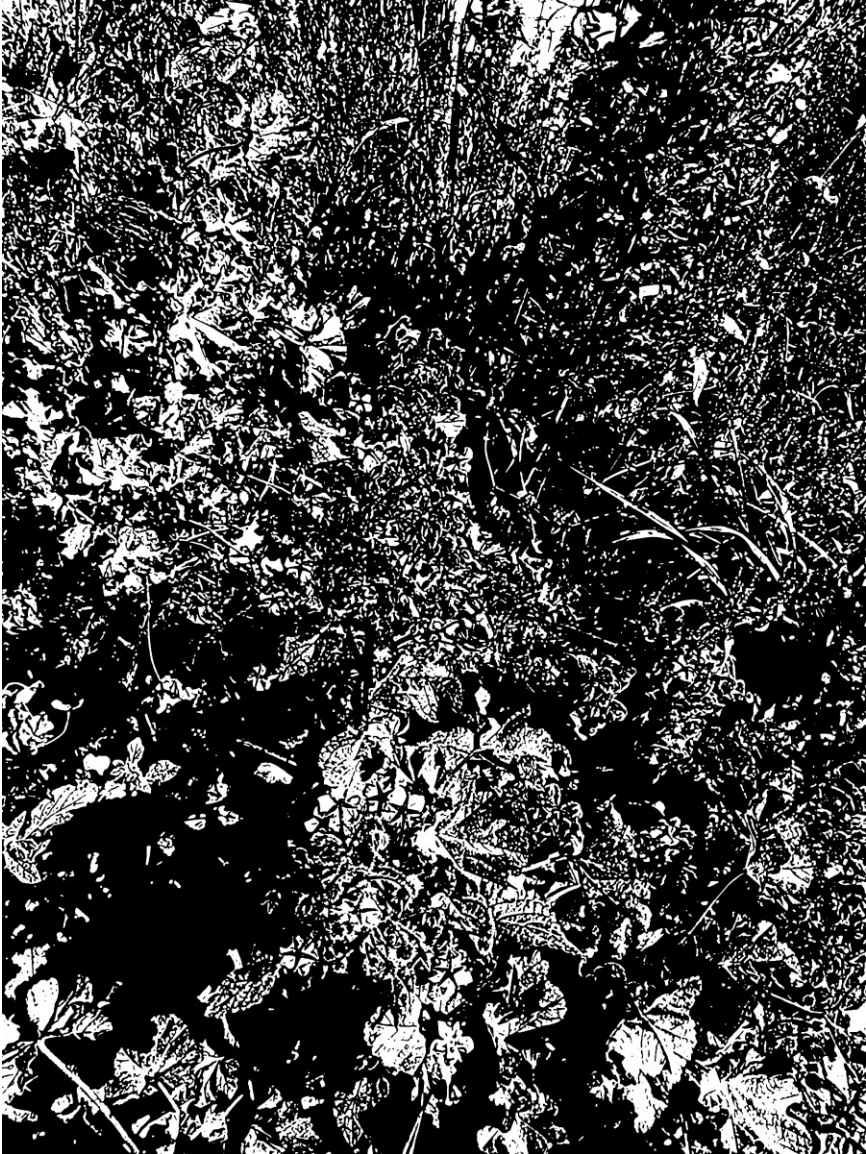


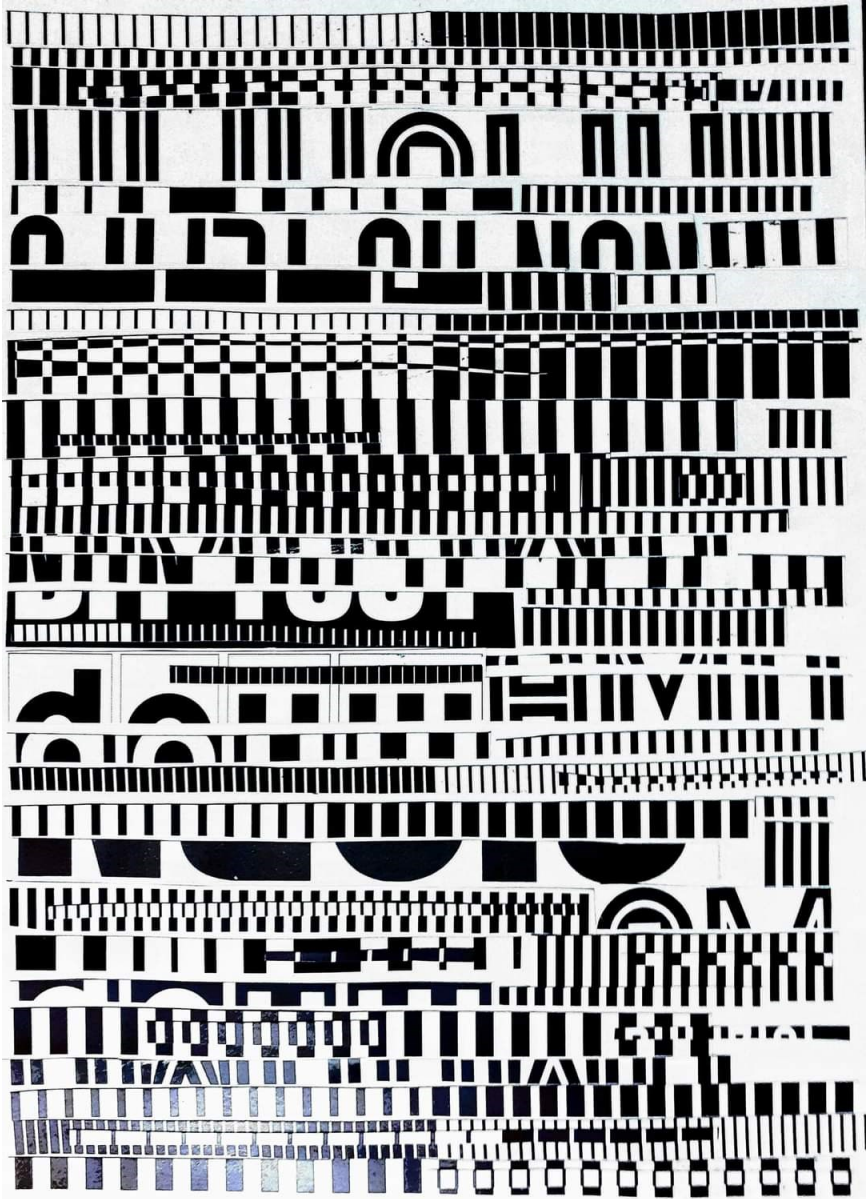


Riccardo Benzina

#33, from *Fatality Sr.*

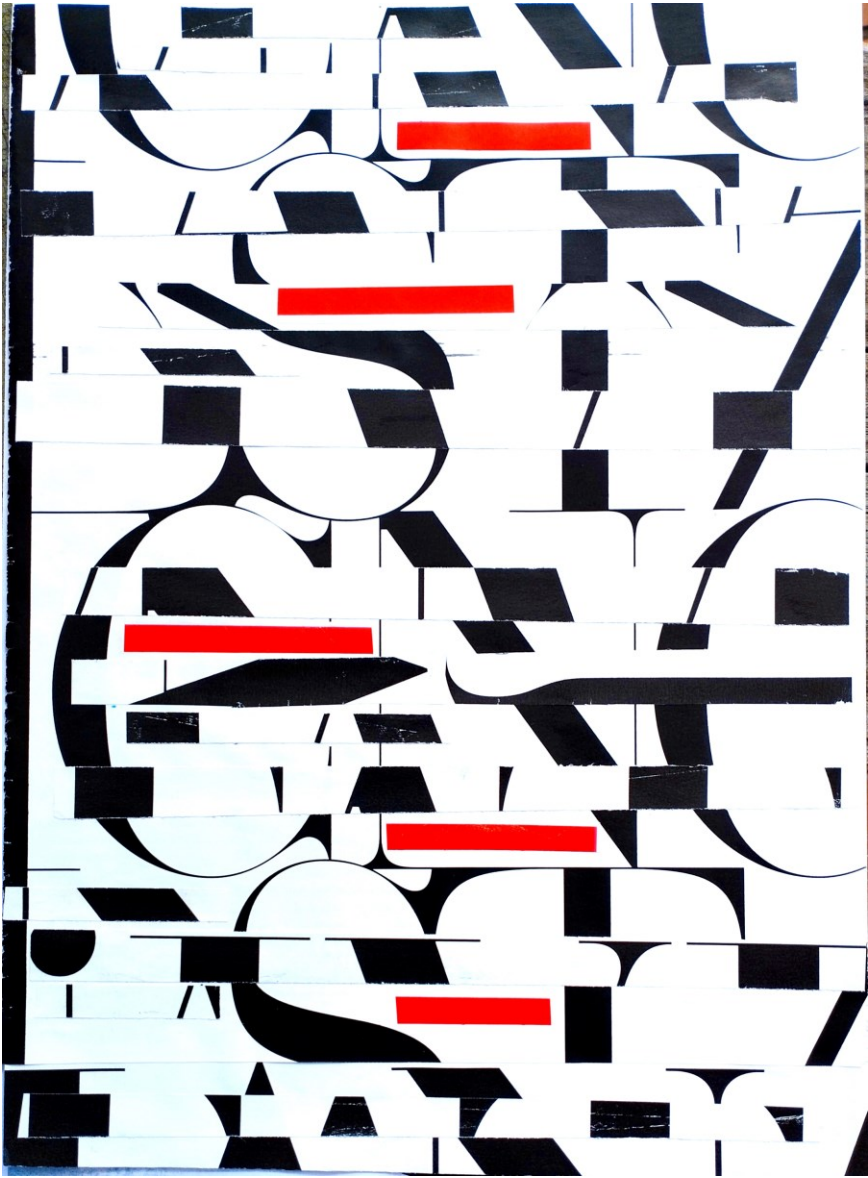
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Serse Luigetti

Untitled



Serse Luigetti

Untitled

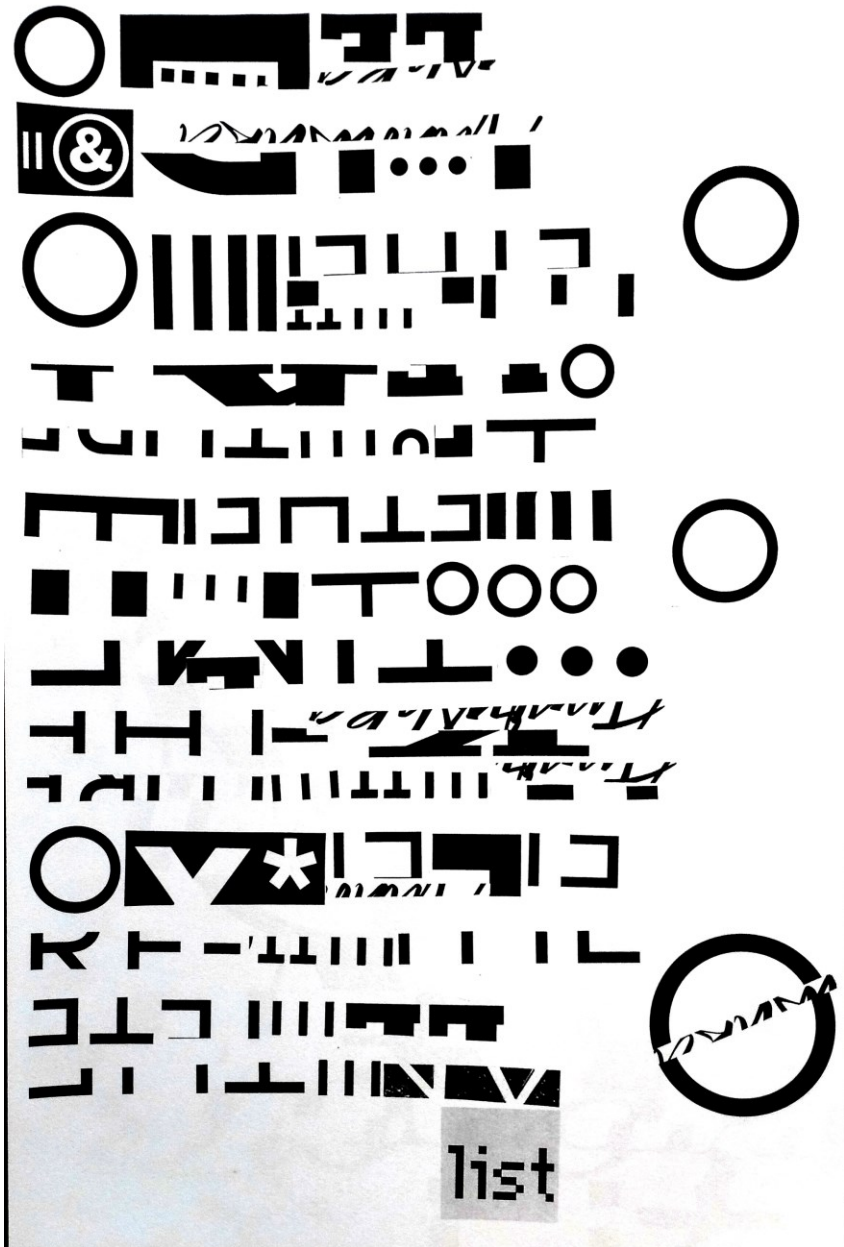




Serse Luigetti

Untitled





Serse Luigetti

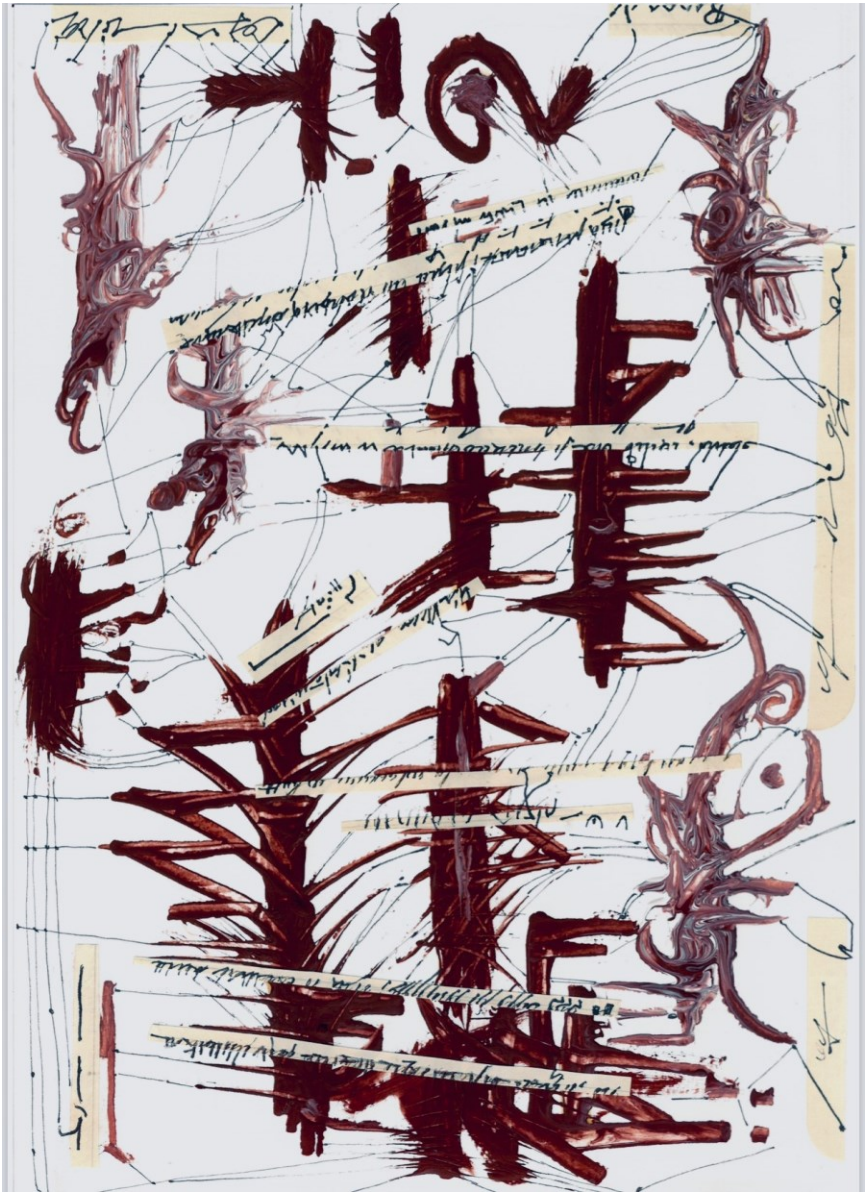
Untitled





Dario Roberto Dioli

Untitled





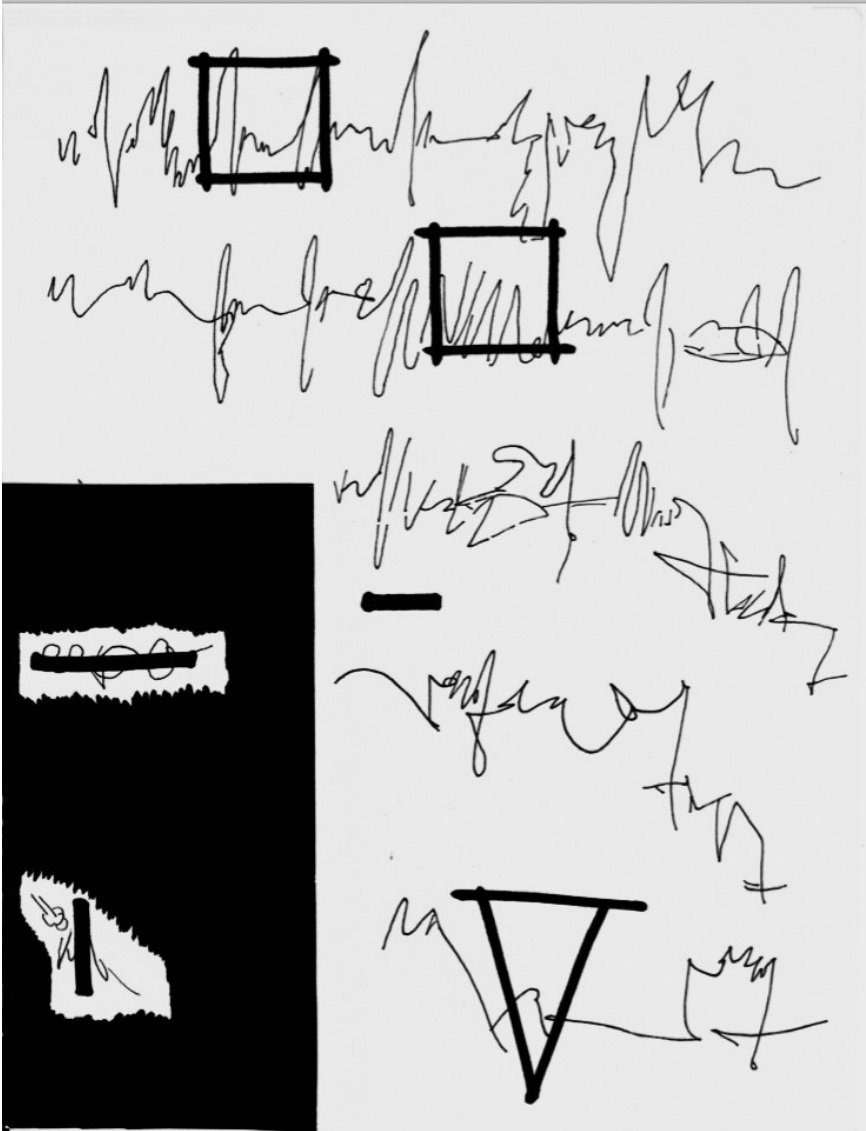
Untitled



Love Letter



Hate Letter









Revolution 2



Three-headed Serpents



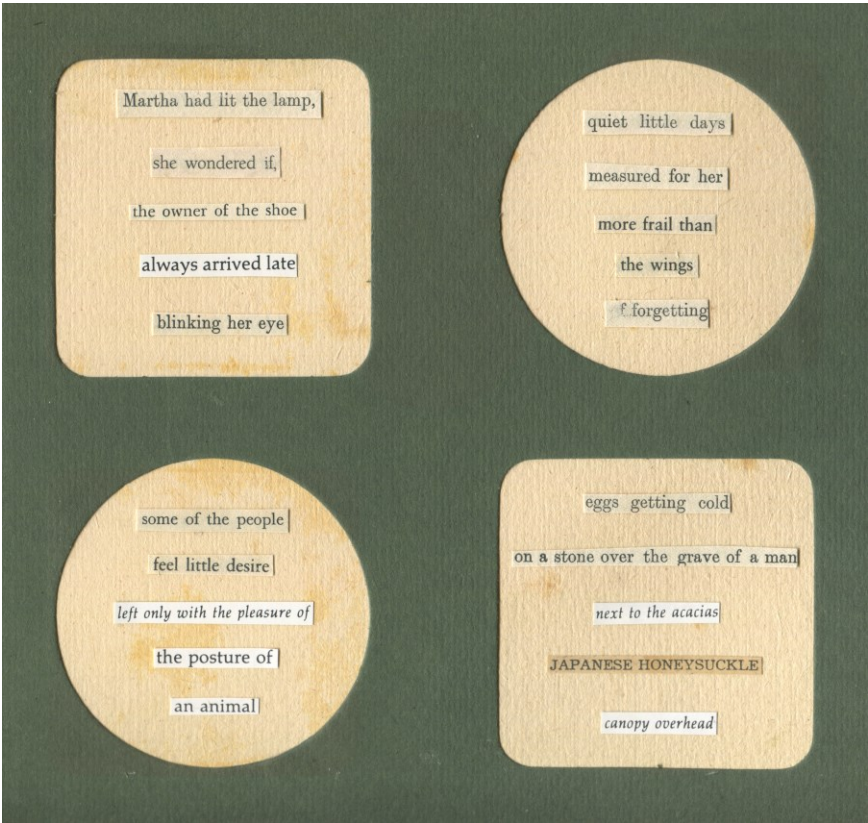
City in Darkness



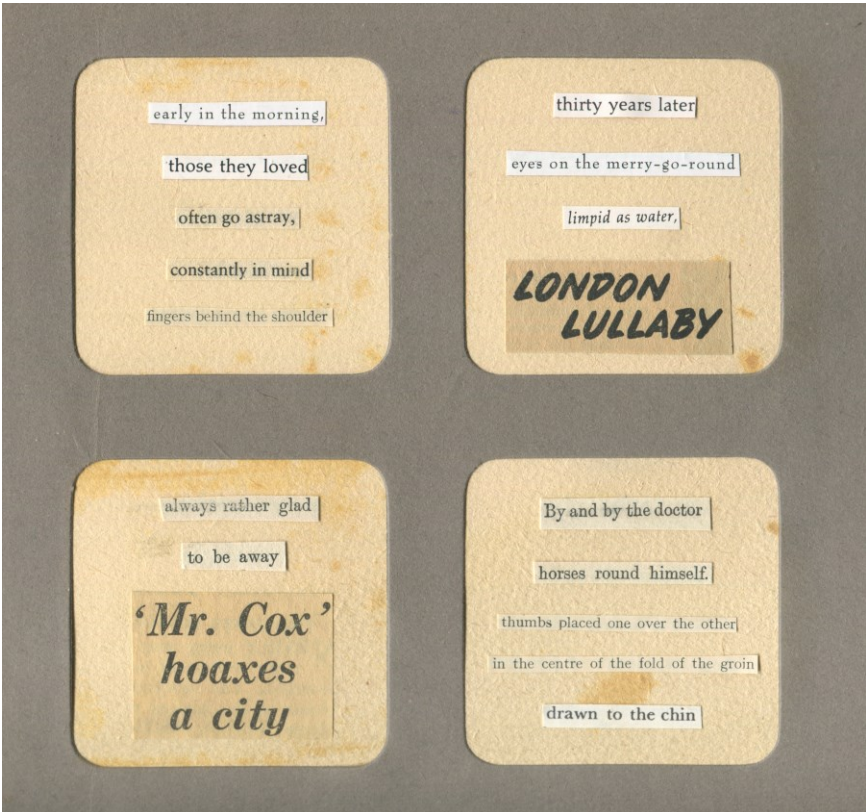


Daniel Lehan

**Eggs Getting Cold**



Mr Cox



A Cat





Daniel Lehan

**For the First Few**



## Changming Yuan

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### Fengshui

Each time an old man passed away in the village, his descendants would pay a fengshui teller to find the best possible resting place and the most propitious hour possible to bury him. By so doing, they could not only demonstrate their filial piety but also make sure to enjoy godly blessings from their late father or grandfather.

Those who could not afford the money would try to bury their dead as close as possible to the graveyard belonging to the rich, whose fengshui they believed must be good enough for their offspring to get one or two fortunate strokes of serendipity.

But when Ying died of an unknown disease at age 36, her only son, a thin and short 12-year-old boy, could neither afford to hire anyone to move her body to the family graveyard, nor do the job by himself since his two sisters had been married off as child brides and lived too far away to come back for the funeral. Seeing his elder relatives all indifferent to her death, the boy turned to his neighbors for help. To follow the local custom, he begged them to bury his mother on the slope of Big Wok, the tallest hill in the village, but partly because it happened to be a snowy day, and partly because the neighbors cared little about fengshui's effects on a poor widow's small boy, they stopped randomly at Rabbit Mouth, the little ridge at the foot of the hill, and hastily entombed the body, wrapped in a thin straw mattress.

It was almost a year later that a saying began to spread in the village. As local legend had it, a travelling monk was the first to say this as though it were a catchphrase from a Buddhist scripture: *Someone who's buried at Rabbit Mouth will have progeny with big talents endowed.*

However, in the thirty years that followed, the whole village produced no talent of any kind in any conceivable way. Naturally, most villagers had long forgotten Ying and the monk's remark when they got word of her eldest grandson attending one of the country's top universities. Several years later, before anyone seriously started to associate this fact with the monk's little prophesy, the grandson was said to have obtained one of red China's first master's degrees.

"That is as good as a *juven*," explained the head of the clan to his grandsons.

"What is a *juven* anyway?" asked one of his illiterate sons.

"A *juren* is a successful candidate in the imperial examinations at the provincial level in the Ming and Qing dynasties."

"But what is a *juren* good for?"

"To bring honor to the family, at least..."

While all the villagers felt proud that their village had finally witnessed the emergence of an equivalent of a *juren*, some of them recalled the village's little saying and even went out of their way to relocate their ancestors' tombs at Rabbit Mouth. However, to their great bewilderment, none of their children or grandchildren managed to make their way to college, despite all their efforts, wishes and expectations.

On a summer weekend in 2007, Ying's only son returned to the village with his descendants to worship their ancestors together for the first and last time since he left his native place as an orphan. During a clan gathering, the old head asked Ying's son if he had any family secret for bringing up a "talented" child.

"My elder son is no talent at all," replied Ying's son. "He's only a hardworking boy all the time. And that saying may have nothing to do with our family in the first place!"

"You mean we can expect a real talent from another family? I know some families have moved their ancestors' tombs to Rabbit Mouth."

"Yes, we should. Why not wait and see!"

But for another two decades or so, the villagers heard no better news except more stories about how one of Ying's grandsons established himself as a writer after getting a doctorate from a Canadian university, and one of her great grandsons became a lead scientist of a Boston-based public company after receiving his doctorate from New York University.

In the meantime, so many more villagers had moved their ancestors' tombs to Rabbit Mouth that the ridge became too crowded to allow for more such relocations. While there had been constant fights for a spot just big enough for a tombstone, the richest household in the village, which owned half a dozen restaurants in the county now, even constructed a fancy and imposing family graveyard there according to the specific

instructions of a highly reputed fengshui master, though neither this family nor any other was to produce someone who could remotely be deemed a talent. All the villagers could do was just keep cherishing their fondest dreams to see one of their own children getting a doctor's degree one day, which they knew was as good as a *jinsi*, the greatest honor anyone could hope to win in the old days.

Recently, Ying's elder grandson returned to the village from North America to pay his last tribute to her with his American-born granddaughter. During his visit, he mentioned nothing about how he himself had become the most widely published poet from China in the English speaking world, or how his younger son had gained his own reputation as a poet even before he attended UBC, but with the help of the new clan head, he did set up an award to encourage all children in the village to pursue a post-secondary education.

"How do you like Rabbit Mouth now?" the head's son asked as he led the way to the ridge along a cemented trail.

"It seems to have become a really popular fengshui spot, with so many tombstones crowded there!" Ying's grandson responded. "But it no longer looks like a rabbit mouth."

"It's a shark's full of teeth, Yeye!" said his 6-year-old granddaughter

Bill Yarrow

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**Elucidations**

Before the flood, the chaos was sufficient. Beavers played with squirrels as in original nature. Reptile blood flowed where mammals' milk had spilled. Caravans of poems crossed deserts of rhyme settling in papier-mâché orchards where Frau Spittle whispered, "The fall is upon us."

Orchids of the unbearable! Butterflies of the blemished! At the border of ignition sit witches and lopsided princesses, eyes full of habitude and indolence, itching to express their indignation to beasts 'of fabulous elegance.'

Libraries General are under attack. The tar paper parturition of the sky. The end of the world is asking for our hand. Eventually the cymbals settle down, the heated cathedrals retreat, and all the crevices return to solid rock. A fervid song is sung by roving meteors above formidable engineers. Rifles intubate roses. Silica fears are soothed into varnished torpor.

A line of poplars along Periphery Avenue redefines the shadows as seen from the upper floors of the Congeries Center. A foolish bird lays two eggs in the open eaves. A plumber lights a bent cigarette. An elderly couple embraces as if they really meant it.

Sara Gudlust displays her wares at the Carnival of Cherubs. Selling poultices and signifying salts, business is brisk, all profits going to the Duma for the Reunification. The weather is strophic, so the crowds, like winds at polar midnight, are fierce. A well-known imperialist approaches the counter where sales are transacted. He gestures to the cashier who smiles at him financially. Inherited piety, everyone agrees, can be ruinous.



Daniel Barbiero

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**On a Path Not Taken: Roger Caillois' *The Necessity of the Mind***

In 1981 there appeared *La Nécessité d'esprit*, a short book by Roger Caillois (1913-1978). The texts that make up *La Nécessité d'esprit*, translated into English as *The Necessity of the Mind*, were written during the brief period that Caillois, having joined as a twenty-year-old philosophy student at the École normale supérieure, was a member of the Surrealist group gathered around André Breton. Caillois adhered for a little over a year, breaking with Breton at the end of December 1934 over what he considered to be Breton's preference for pursuing mysteries rather than taking a rigorously scientific approach to investigating the problems that interested them both. Accordingly, *The Necessity of the Mind* represents Caillois' own attempt to examine two of these problems from a systematic point of view—something that Breton, a notoriously unsystematic thinker, had not done. In effect, *The Necessity of the Mind* was intended to show how a more rigorously thought out Surrealism could come to terms with some of the questions that concerned the movement at the time the book was written.

Parts of what would become *The Necessity of the Mind* first appeared as articles in the Surrealist or Surrealist-friendly journals *Le Surréalisme au service de la révolution* and *Minotaure*, and the dissident Surrealist journal *Documents 34*, edited by Georges Bataille. Caillois appears to have finished writing the book in 1935 but chose not to publish it during his lifetime. Despite its having been written by someone barely out of his teens, *The Necessity of Mind* is remarkable not only for the elegance and assurance of its composition, but for its indicating an alternative path Surrealism could have, but didn't, take at a crucial moment in its development.

The two major points Caillois addressed in *The Necessity of the Mind*—the complete subtitle of which is *An Analytic Study of the Mechanisms of Overdetermination in Automatic and Lyrical Thinking and of the Development of Affective Themes in the Individual Consciousness*--were the suitability of automatic writing as a means for laying bare the mechanisms of the mind, and the need to theorize a way of reconciling the subjective and objective worlds, which Breton thought could be done through the evidence of significance coincidences he called "objective chance." Indeed, the central problem facing Surrealism in the 1930s was how to reconcile an essentially Romantic fascination with the irrational and prophetic on the one hand, with a pre-existing ideological commitment to materialism on the other. In *The Necessity of the Mind* Caillois attempted to provide a solution based on a particular view of the mind's workings and its relationship to language.

Caillois' fundamental assumption was that there is an essential non-identity of thought and language. Consequently, Caillois took as his point of departure the idea that thought was prior to its expression in language, and that it was by analyzing this primary, pre-linguistic layer of thought, and not by analyzing the secondary phenomenon of language, that one could gain insight into the basic mechanisms of the mind. Thus in place of Surrealism's experiments with automatic writing, Caillois posited experiments with something he called "automatic thinking"--essentially, letting thoughts range freely in a kind of hypnagogic or waking dream state. Caillois theorized that automatic thinking embodied a mode of thought he described as "lyrical," which he claimed was undergirded by a complex, cognitive-affective phenomenon he termed the "ideogram."

### Lyric Thinking & the Ideogram

"Lyrical thinking" as Caillois defined it, is thinking through the "concrete, singular, and mobile nature of the realities" peculiar to an individual consciousness (p. 4). These realities in turn are couched in affectively developed representations whose complexity is "far more...than language tends to lead us to believe." (p. 3). This is because language in its everyday, utilitarian form suppresses these individual realities in such a way that "to make the least word understood, [people] are forced to sacrifice all the particular, concrete nuances of their personal experiences to the fiduciary meaning" that just is the "abstract[], general[], and permanen[t]" meaning of the word as used in common discourse. (p. 4) Lyrical thinking, by contrast, is thinking through and with those particular, concrete nuances. It is, in other words, thinking in light of the affective and other non-semantic associations, peculiar to each individual's history, temperament, and experiences, that permeate each individual's thought and color his or her assimilation of language and ways of representing the world and its contents.

Underlying and facilitating lyrical thinking is the "ideogram." Caillois initially quotes the dictionary definition of ideogram as a "sign[] presenting images of idea [sic] or of things," but immediately goes beyond it. Unlike the dictionary definition, which pertains to graphic of linguistic signs—hieroglyphics being the commonly cited example--Caillois' ideograms aren't graphic elements of a written language but instead are complex mental representations amalgamated of conceptual-perceptual content as well as emotive force. Additionally, ideograms exist within intricately cross-referenced, hierarchical, and unconscious networks such that "several series of intellectual, affective, or motor representations...in theory all link up indefinitely to one another and

lead to all the others without exception...[and in addition] these entangled links cease being perceived by a lucid consciousness..." An ideogrammatic concept or object thus "assumes an emblematic value...[and] is able to arouse...a certain number of emotive images" for the person for whom it has this value, and by doing so has the capacity to expand beyond its initial and immediate content to take in and integrate other emotively-charged images (p. 9). It is precisely this emotive and integrative or synthetic capacity that makes the ideogram "lyrical," and that allows it to constitute lyrical thought as such. In sum, the ideogram is a synthetic, emotionally charged idea, image, or object that carries a symbolic value as manifested through the various associations it carries.

From the above, we might think of the ideogram as a wholly subjective phenomenon, but Caillois posited another, objective, aspect to the ideogram that would allow it to transcend itself as a content of the individual psyche. Although he defined the ideogram as a "mental representation" (p. 10), he also attributed to it a certain independence from conscious intention. What he seems to have had in mind here is that the ideogram exists as a hallucinatory or quasi-hallucinatory reality that projects itself onto the outside world just as it arises spontaneously in the mind, and as such seems to have an autonomous existence of its own. This would seem to be Caillois' attempt to posit a way for subjective states, in the form of ideograms, to find material expression in objects or events holding a particular emotional resonance. As an example of the way subjective states might objectify themselves, he cites a utilitarian object, which he claims "always exceeds its instrumentality" at least in part by virtue of "an irrational residue" projected onto it through the "unconscious representation" of its inventor or user (p. 6). Presumably a similar claim could be made for a word or infralinguistic image, which we can imagine as picking up, at least within the user's mind, an unconscious affective association by virtue of its use in or correlation with, say, particularly emotionally charged or otherwise personally significant circumstances. The upshot of this objectification of subjective affect is that

the ideogram, as a mental representation, very often acts...as if it were part of the outside world, and it manifests a complete autonomy with respect to the subjective will. (p. 10)

It would be just through this quasi-objective or transcendental mode of being, grounded in affective associations, that the ideogram could be held to reconcile the subjective and objective worlds.

As a consequence of his conception of the ideogram as a quasi-objective, subjectively projected node of associations, Caillois took a dissenting stance in regard to the Surrealist fascination with the significant coincidences Breton ascribed to objective chance. We can see this in his answer to a *Minotaure* questionnaire on significant encounters, where he opined that the coincidence of apparently causally independent chains of events is evidence that these events are in fact linked by a “subterranean interdependence” (p. 19). It was Caillois’ “working hypothes[is]” (p. 21) that the encounters the Surrealists mistakenly, in Caillois’ opinion, took as miraculous really were simply the “mechanical” results of a “web of lyrical overdeterminations” (p. 20). (There is an interesting analogy here to the hidden variables some physicists hypothesized as responsible for the apparently coordinated actions of distant quantum events.) While Caillois admitted that his thinking on this point was tentative, he felt much more sure of being able to analyze the mechanism of overdetermination, which is to say associative formation, in “the immediate and ideogrammatic world of the affective imagination” (p. 21). Regarding that mechanism, he claimed that

it is not a matter of *ideas* but of psychic elements whose nature is quite variable: memories, images, feelings, sensations, words, concepts. These elements are associated, let us repeat, contingently or contiguously. It seems to make more sense to me to say that they can be joined together either by the partial identity of their *intrinsic qualities* (which accounts for their association by resemblance) or by the equally partial superimposition of their *extrinsic conditions* (which explains their association by contiguity). (p. 110, emphases in the original)

With the concept of the ideogram Caillois was, in effect, attempting no less than to lay the groundwork for a comprehensive view of the world as a series of correspondences forged on the basis of the associative force of affect, a force he understood as transcending the subjective source from which it was projected and hence rendering the ideogram a semi-autonomous locus of meaning. This represents a provocative—even lyrical—way of conceptualizing and accounting for the complex aggregates of thought, memory, and affect through which we experience ourselves in the world and the world in ourselves.

### Automatic Thinking

If the ideogram functions as the basic element for the affective association of the internal and external worlds, it would be through what Caillois called “automatic

thinking” that one could investigate the ideogram and the linkages it manifests and provokes.

Caillois defined automatic thinking as

*the series of spontaneously associated representations or ideas evoked by virtue of the lyrical determinism of the ideograms and independently of any external prompting, either from the theoretical demands of practical acts, thus independently of any final conscious activity.”* (p. 26—emphasis in the original).

In other words, thinking arising spontaneously on the basis of the affective and ideational associations and analogical relationships particular to an individual, as carried in that individual’s spontaneously generated stream of consciousness. He further described automatic thinking as resembling dream states to such an extent that “waking thoughts, *left to their own necessity...*would act exactly like condensed dream images, so that the automatic association of ideas would function according to the same mechanism of overdetermination” that operates in dreamwork (p. 23). “That being the case,’ he wrote,

I came to the conclusion that the analysis of a spontaneous associative chain, triggered by the intervention of a lyrical ideogram and left to run its own course, could well be the best source of information about the determining elements of this ideogram. (p. 23)

In effect, Caillois was suggesting that through analysis of the free association of thoughts, recollections, mental images, and the like, one could determine through which influences and experiences these came to be associated with each other, and could thereby gain insight into the unconscious mechanisms and structures of meaning underlying one’s relationship to oneself and the world.

Caillois advocated the pursuit of automatic thinking in place of the conventional Surrealist practice of automatic writing not only on its own hypothesized merits, but because in his view, the latter “had not lived up to all that we, in our enthusiasm, had believed it promised.” (p. 23) In particular, he noted the fact that automatic writing, whether of the spiritualist or Surrealist variety, tended to reflect the beliefs and other formative influences of the milieu in which it was practiced (p. 24). To be sure, Breton had recently acknowledged as much, and for the same reasons, when he admitted in 1933’s “The Automatic Message” that “the history of automatic writing in surrealism

has been one of continuing misfortune.” (AB p. 137) Caillois went further and criticized Surrealism’s focus on automatic writing because it took for granted the “relationship of thought to language” (p. 24-25). While Caillois’ criticism on this point had some validity, it was also true that Breton felt that for all of its potential shortcomings, automatic writing represented a particularly developed form of automatism, and in addition generated a variety of language particularly rich in meaning and suitable for interpretation. To be sure, Caillois was not discounting the role of language in the interpretation of psychic life; rather, he felt that automatic thinking would be the more direct route to the workings of the mind because it “asks much less of language” than automatic writing, which as practiced tended to express itself in a grammar different from that of “directed thinking” (p. 26).

In an example of the experimental investigation of automatic thinking, Caillois reproduced his 27 September 1933 notes on the series of associations arising from his own obsession with the game of chess, which he asserted formed a “particularly dense ideogram” for him (p. 27). His account, which was meant to show how an ideogram could serve as the overarching and organizing theme for the chain of associations attaching to and emanating from it, lists a series of thoughts and images related to a greater or lesser degree to the recurring element of the chess game. Caillois analyzed how and why these thoughts and image came to be associated with each other and further claimed to have demonstrated the “remarkable interdependence” of thoughts and images more generally, and the associative force of emotions attaching to ideograms.

### The Limits of Analysis

As Denis Hollier points out in his Afterword, *The Necessity of the Mind* is of a type with Breton’s *Nadja*, which was an autobiographical work in which Breton performed a self-analysis using the unusual events surrounding his involvement with the titular character as raw material. Hollier also notes Caillois’ debt to Freud’s self-analyses. And many parts of the book in fact do read almost like a parody of Freud’s self-analytic work, particularly *The Interpretation of Dreams*, which Caillois explicitly cites. Like Freud’s interpretations of his own dream images as well as of his lapses of memory and other parapraxes, Caillois’ self-analyses can involve elaborate, virtuoso displays of ingenious linkages between thoughts, images, and recollections that surely do say something about how his experiences and affective responses created a network of associations based on a hierarchical scale of personal significance. But as Freud’s work demonstrated, self-analysis carries methodological limitations that tend to qualify its

conclusions. Like Freud, Caillois can overreach in extrapolating universal conclusions from his own experiences, as for example when he claims that the praying mantis functions as an ideogram likely to carry and trigger affectively charged associations in many people, a claim that may be as much a reflection of his own entomological interests as of any objectively inherent qualities of the insect. Beyond that, his doing so raises the more general problem of self-analyses' lack of objective, which is to say separate from the person analyzing him- or herself, criteria by which to confirm or refute their conclusions, or to determine whether or not the analytic process is complete and has reached a definitive finding. Wittgenstein's remark concerning Freud's method applies in principle as well to Caillois': it doesn't "show how we know where to stop—where is the right solution" (Wittgenstein, p. 42).

In the end, Caillois' automatic thinking, like Freud's self-analyses, rests on a form of observation in which the observer and the observed are separated only by the narrow, and inevitably permeable, space of a willed psychological distanciation in the service of reflection. Its results are the results of interpretation rather than of experimentation in a narrowly scientific sense, and are necessarily bound to be deeply colored by subjectivity—because the subject conducting the observation and interpretation is the same as the subject *of* observation and interpretation. But this isn't to invalidate Caillois' efforts. Wittgenstein again seems relevant here, with his distinction between causes and reasons: automatic thinking may not, as Caillois had hoped, reveal the objective determinations or causes behind the associations it uncovers, but may instead suggest something like the reasons for those associations—that is, it may bring to mind experiences and our responses to them, which we would recognize as having played a role in our having associated certain thoughts, memories, objects, and emotions in the way that we have. What constrains interpretation of this kind and brings it to an end thus aren't objective, i.e., externally-derived, criteria but rather the sense that the point where we choose to stop makes sense as a stopping point. The criteria for judging the results of automatic thinking may be internal and intuitive, but they are not (necessarily) arbitrary. Automatic thinking may not allow us to discover an objective cause behind our associative formations, but in providing a perspective into those formations it still can allow us to discover something about ourselves. That may be all we have, but it certainly is not nothing.

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## Contributors' Notes

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László Aranyi (Frater Azmon) is a poet, anarchist, and occultist from Hungary. His books include *(szellem)válaszok*, *A Nap és Holderök egyensúlya*, and *Kiterített rókabőr*. His English poems have been published in *Quail Bell Magazine*, *Lumin Journal*, *Moonchild Magazine*, *Scum Gentry Magazine*, *Pussy Magic*, *The Zen Space*, *Crêpe & Penn*, *Briars Lit*, *Acclamation Point*, *Truly U*, *Sage Cigarettes Magazine*, *Lots of Light Literary Foundation*, *Honey Mag*, *Theta Wave*, *Re-side*, *Cape Magazine*, *Neuro Logical*, *The Daily Drunk Mag*, *Unpublishable Zine*, *Melbourne Culture Corner*, *Beir Bua Journal*, *Crown & Pen*, *Dead Fern Press*, *Coven Poetry Journal*, *Journal of Erato*, *Lothlorien Poetry Journal*, *Spillover Magazine*, *Punk Noir*, *Nymphs Literary Journal*, *Synchronized Chaos*, *Impspired Magazine*, *Fugitives & Futurists*, *The Dope Fiend Daily*, *Mausoleum Press*, *Nine Magazines*, *Thanks Hun*, *Downtown Archive*, *Hearth & Coffin Literary Journal*, *Our Poetry Archive (OPA)*, *Juniper Literary Magazine*, *Feral Dove Magazine*, *Alternate Route*, *CENTRE FOR EXPERIMENTAL ONTOLOGY*, *Bullshit Lit Magazine*, *Misery tourism*, *Terror House Press*, *Journal of Expressive Writing*, *APOCALYPSE CONFIDENTIAL*, *WordCity Literary Journal*, *Wilder Literature Magazine*, *Roadside Raven Review*, *Death'sDormantDaughter*, *Rasputin*, *Amphora Magazine*, *Dope Fiend Daily*, *THIN SLICE ANXIETY*, *Dark Entries*, *FLEAS ON THE DOG*, *Dumpster Fire Press*, *DON'T SUBMIT!*, *Horror Sleaze Trash Magazine*, *Outcast Press*, *DOGZPLOT Magazine*, *BLACK STONE / WHITE STONE*, *Impractical Things Magazine*, *Medusa's Kitchen*, *Beatnik Cowboy*, *LET'S STAB CAESAR!*, *THE PEACH Magazine*, *FATHERFATHER Magazine*, *Gorko Gazette*, *Jupiter Review*, *Word For/Word*, *Poetry As Promised Lit Mag*, *Talking about strawberries all of the time*, *Suburban Witchcraft Magazine*, *BRUISER*, *PopCULTlitmag*, *Setu*, *Dire Need*, *All Ears (India)*, *Rhodora Magazine*, *Arc Magazine*, *ShabdAaweg Review (India)*, *Utsanga (Italy)*, *Postscript Magazine (United Arab Emirates)*, *The International Zine Project (France)*, *Swala Tribe Magazine (Rwanda)*, *The Quills Journal (Nigeria)*.

Daniel Barbiero is a double bassist, composer, and writer in the Washington DC area. He has performed at venues throughout the Washington-Baltimore area and regularly collaborates with artists locally and in Europe; his graphic scores have been realized by ensembles and solo artists in Europe, Asia, and the US. He writes on the art, music, and literature of the classic avant-gardes of the 20th century as well as on contemporary work; his essays and reviews have appeared in *Arteidolia*, *Heavy Feather Review*, *periodicities*, *Word for/Word*, *Otoliths*, *Perfect Sound Forever*, *Point of Departure*, and elsewhere. He is the author of *As Within, So Without*, a collection of essays published by Arteidolia Press. Website: [danielbarbiero.wordpress.com](http://danielbarbiero.wordpress.com).

Christopher Barnes co-edits the poetry magazine *Interpoetry*. His reviews and criticism have appeared in *Poetry Scotland*, *Jacket Magazine*, *Peel*, and *Combustus*. He has given readings in numerous venues, including Waterstones Bookshop, Newcastle's Morden Tower, and the Proudwords lesbian and gay writing festival. His poetry collection *LOVEBITES* was published by Chanticleer Press in 2005. He lives in Newcastle, UK..

A little past the airport, just over the Cheektowaga line, outside of Buffalo, New York, Michael Basinski and his wife, the artist Ginny O'brien, live in a house 300 feet or so from The Ginny Woods.

Riccardo Benzina lives and works in Apulia. Some of his visual work appeared on *Utsanga*, *Minima*, *Otoliths* and *Die Leere Mitte*.

Tania David is an artist living in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico whose works include photography, abstract painting, collage, and assemblage using found and natural materials. El Nigromante/Escuela de Bellas Artes has recently hosted a solo exhibition of her video and photo installation focused on the the wave of Honduran migrants traveling through Mexico.

Dario Roberto Dioli lives in Landriano, Italy. He has published numerous "pop" poetry collections and arty plaquettes edited by small presses. With his wife Zewditu, he started a micro press of short texts and visuals called *Asatami Legesse*. His current work appears in *Maintenant 17*, *Door is a Jar 28* and *The New Post Literate*.

Mary Ann Dimand was born in Southern Illinois where Union North met Confederate South, and her work is shaped by kinships and conflicts: economics and theology, farming and feminism and history. Dimand holds an MA in economics from Carleton University, an MPhil from Yale University, and an MDiv from Iliff School of Theology. Some of her previous publication credits include: *The History of Game Theory Volume I: From the Beginnings to 1945*; *The Foundations of Game Theory*; and *Women of Value: Feminist Essays on the History of Women in Economics*, among others. Her work is published or forthcoming in *A Thin Slice of Anxiety*, *Agave Magazine*, *Apricity Magazine*, *The Birds We Piled Loosely*, *Bitterzoet Magazine*, *The Borfski Press*, *The Broken Plate*, *Chapter House Journal*, *The Charles Carter*, *The Ear*, *El Portal*, *Euphony Journal*, *Faultline*, *FRIgg Magazine*, *From Sac*, *Green Hills Literary Lantern*, *Hollins Critic*, *The Hungry Chimera*, *Isacoustic*, *I-70 Review*, *The MacGuffin*, *Mantis*, *Medicine and Meaning*, *Misfit Magazine*, *Mount Hope Magazine*, *Nixes Mate Review*, *Oddville Press*, *OPEN: Journal of Arts & Letters*, *Pennsylvania English*, *Pennsylvania Literary Journal*, *Penumbra*, *Plainsongs*, *Platform*

*Review, RAW Journal of the Arts, Redactions: Poetry & Poetics, Sage Cigarettes Magazine, Scarlet Leaf Review, Slab, Sortes, Steam Ticket, Sweet Tree Review, THINK: A Journal of Poetry, Fiction, and Essays, Tulane Review, Visitant Lit, and Wrath-Bearing Tree.*

Michelle R. Disler received her PhD in Nonfiction from Ohio University. She lives and writes in a beach town on the Lake Michigan shoreline after 15 years of teaching college English in the upper Midwest.

Melissa Eleftherion (she/they) is a cis queer human, a writer, a librarian, and a visual artist. Born & raised in Brooklyn, she holds degrees from Brooklyn College, Mills College, and San Jose State University. She is the author of the full-length poetry collection, *field guide to autobiography* (The Operating System, 2018), & eleven chapbooks from various presses including *trauma suture* (above/ground press, 2020), & *sunflower spell* (poems-for-all, 2022). Her work has been widely published & featured in venues like *Quarter after Eight, Sixth Finch, & Entropy*, and nominated for the Pushcart Prize & Best of the Net. Melissa now lives in Northern California where she manages the Ukiah Branch Library, curates the LOBA Reading Series, and serves as the Poet Laureate of Ukiah. Recent work is available at [apoetlibrarian.wordpress.com](http://apoetlibrarian.wordpress.com).

Arpine Konyalian Grenier was an independent scholar, born and raised in Beirut after the post-Ottoman era induced French rule of the region ended. Academic and corporate years were devoted to cardiovascular research, human resources development, regulatory finance, and the arts. She wrote during lunch breaks and the weekend, first music then poetry. She has several published collections, and her work has appeared in numerous literary publications, often awarded or as finalist.

Robyn Groth is an Autistic poet and bookmaker with an MA in linguistics. She lives in the Midwest with her husband and sons. She is the author of *Hello, Robot* (Defunkt Mag + Press), and her poetry is published or forthcoming in *Gordon Square Review, Ruminant Magazine, and Midway Journal*.

Daniel Y. Harris is an extreme experimentalist. His *Posthuman Series* includes *The Resurrection of Maximillian Pissante, Volume V* (BlazeVOX, 2022), *The Misprision of Agon Hack, Volume IV* (BlazeVOX, 2021), *The Reincarnation of Anna Phylactic, Volume III* (BlazeVOX, 2019), *The Tryst of Thetica Zorg, Volume II*, (BlazeVOX, 2018) and *The Rapture of Eddy Daemon, Volume I* (BlazeVOX, 2016). His extreme experimentalism has been published in *Alligatorzine, BlazeVOX, The Denver Quarterly, Dichtung Yammer, E-ratio, European Judaism, Exquisite Corpse, Marsh Hawk Press Review, The New York Quarterly,*

*Notre Dame Review*, *perspektive*, *Poetry Salzburg Review* and *Word For/Word*. He is the Publisher of *Var(2x)*. His website is [danielyharris.com](http://danielyharris.com).

Jeff Harrison has publications from Writers Forum, Persistencia Press, and Furniture Press. He has e-books from BlazeVOX and Argotist Ebooks. His poetry has appeared in *An Introduction to the Prose Poem* (Firewheel Editions), *Noon: An Anthology of Short Poems* (Isobar Press), three Meritage Press hay(na)ku anthologies, *Sentence: a Journal of Prose Poetics*, *Otoliths*, *Moria*, and elsewhere.

Irene Koronas is an extreme experimentalist. Her *Grammaton Series* includes *siphonic*, Volume VI (BlazeVOX, 2022), *lithic cornea*, Volume V (BlazeVOX, 2021), *holylrit*, Volume IV (BlazeVOX, 2019), *declivities*, Volume III (BlazeVOX, 2018), *ninth iota*, Volume II (The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2018) and *Codify*, Volume I (Éditions du Cygne, 2017). Her extreme experimentalism has been published in *Alligatorzine*, *BlazeVOX*, *The Boston Globe*, *Buzdokuz*, *E-ratio*, *Hyper-Annotation*, *International Exhibition of Surrealism*, *Marsh Hawk Press Review*, *Offcourse*, *perspektive*, *slowforward*, *Version (9) Magazine* and *Word For/Word*. She is the Publisher of *Var(2x)*. Her website is [irenekoronas.com](http://irenekoronas.com).

Daniel Lehan has lived in New York, Florence, Finland, and Quebec, and now lives in Dungeness, on the south coast of England, facing France. His visual and collaged poetry has appeared in print and online magazines, including *3:AM*, *Whiptail*, *Arteidolia*, *Otoliths*, *Ink Sweat and Tears*, *Ballast*, *small po[r]tions* and *82 Review*. His text - Book Pages Destroyed By Typewriter - is included in *The New Concrete*, *Visual Poetry in the 21st Century*, published by Hayward Publishing, 2015.

Danika Stegeman LeMay's second book, *Ablation*, is forthcoming from 11:11 Press in November 2023. Her book *Pilot* (2020) was published by Spork Press. She's a 2023 recipient of a grant from the Barbara Deming Memorial Fund and recently spent a 2-week residency in Marathon, TX outside Big Bend National Park. Her website is [danikastegemanlemay.com](http://danikastegemanlemay.com).

Joshua Martin is a Philadelphia based writer and filmmaker, who currently works in a library. He is member of C22, an experimental writing collective. He is the author of the books *automatic message* (Free Lines Press), *combustible panoramic twists* (Trainwreck Press), *Pointillistic Venetian Blinds* (Alien Buddha Press) and *Vagabond fragments of a hole* (Schism Neuronics). He has had numerous pieces published in various journals including *Otoliths*, *Synapse*, *Version (9)*, *Don't Submit!*, *BlazeVOX*,

RASPUTIN, *Ink Pantry*, *Unlikely Stories Mark V*, and experiential-experimental-literature. You can find links to his published work at [joshuamartinwriting.blogspot.com](http://joshuamartinwriting.blogspot.com).

Joe Milazzo is the author of the novel *Crepuscle W/ Nellie*, two volumes of poetry — *The Habiliments* and *Of All Places In This Place Of All Places* — and several chapbooks (most recently, *homeopathy for the singularity*). His work has appeared or will soon appear in *Black Clock*, *Black Warrior Review*, *BOMB*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Fence*, *Prelude*, *Tammy*, *Texas Review* and elsewhere. He is an Associate Editor for *Southwest Review* and the Founder/Editor-In-Chief of Surveyor Books. Joe lives and works in Dallas, TX, and his virtual location is [joe-milazzo.com](http://joe-milazzo.com).

Pamela Miller is the author of six poetry collections, including *Recipe for Disaster* and *Miss Unthinkable* (both from Mayapple Press), *How to Do the Greased Wombat Slide* (forthcoming from Unsolicited Press) and *Mr. Mischief* (forthcoming from dancing girl press). Her work has appeared in *shufPoetry*, *BlazeVOX*, *Otoliths*, *New Poetry From the Midwest*, *RHINO*, *Nixes Mate Review*, *Book of Matches*, and many other journals and anthologies. She lives in Chicago.

Sheila E. Murphy's most recent books are *Permission to Relax* (BlazeVOX Books, 2023) *October Sequence: Sections 1-51* (mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press, 2023), and *Sostenuto* (Luna Bisonte Prods (2023)). Murphy is the recipient of the Gertrude Stein Award for her book *Letters to Unfinished J.* (Green Integer Press, 2003). Murphy's book titled *Reporting Live from You Know Where* (2018) won the Hay(na)Ku Poetry Book Prize Competition from Meritage Press (U.S.A.) and xPress(ed) (Finland). Based on a background in music theory and instrumental and vocal performance, her poetry is associated with music. Murphy earns her living as a management consultant and researcher and holds the Ph.D. degree. She has lived in Phoenix, Arizona throughout her adult life.

Thomas Piekarski is a former editor of the *California State Poetry Quarterly*. His poetry has appeared in such publications as *Poetry Quarterly*, *Literature Today*, *The Journal*, *Poetry Salzburg*, *Modern Literature*, *South African Literary Journal*, and *Home Planet News*. His books of poetry are *Ballad of Billy the Kid*, *Monterey Bay Adventures*, *Mercurial World*, and *Aurora California*.

Michael Rerick lives and teach in Portland, OR. His work recently appears or is forthcoming at *Clade Song*, *Cleave Magazine*, *Epigraph Magazine*, *Marsh Hawk Review*, and *Slouching Beast Journal*. He is the author of *In Ways Impossible to Fold*, *morefrom*, *The Kingdom of Blizzards*, *The Switch Yards*, and *X-Ray*.

Gary Sloboda's work has appeared in such places as *Big Other*, *Posit*, *Thrush*, *Twyckenham Notes*, and *Word For/ Word*. He lives in San Francisco.

Randee Silv's wordslabs and visual poetry have appeared in *illiterature*, *Otoliths*, *Indefinite Space*, *Posit*, *Bone Bouquet*, *Word For/Word*, *Datura*, *Die Leere Mitte*, among others. *Nextness*, Arteidolia Press 2023, is her latest collection of wordslabs.

Nam Hoang Tran is a writer and visual artist based in Orlando, FL. His work has appeared in *Posit*, *The Brooklyn Review*, *BRUISER*, *New Delta Review*, *Always Crashing*, *Diode*, and elsewhere. More at [www.namhtran.com](http://www.namhtran.com).

Bill Yarrow is the author of eleven books of poetry including *Blasphemer*, *The Vig of Love*, and, most recently, *Accelerant*. His poems have been published in *Poetry International*, *Mantis*, *FRIGG*, *Gargoyle*, *PANK*, *Confrontation*, *Contrary*, *Diagram*, *Levure littéraire*, *Thrush*, *Staxtes*, *Chiron Review*, *new aesthetic*, *RHINO*, *Libretto*, and many other journals. He has been nominated eight times for a Pushcart Prize.

Changming Yuan edits *Poetry Pacific* with Allen Yuan in Vancouver. Credits include 12 Pushcart nominations, 17 chapbooks (most recently *Free Sonnets*) and appearances in *Best of the Best Canadian Poetry* (2008-17), *BestNewPoemsOnline* and 2019 other literary outlets worldwide. A poetry judge at Canada's 2021 National Magazine Awards, Yuan began writing and publishing fiction in 2022, with his first (hybrid) novel *Mabakoola: Paradise Regained* due out in 2025.