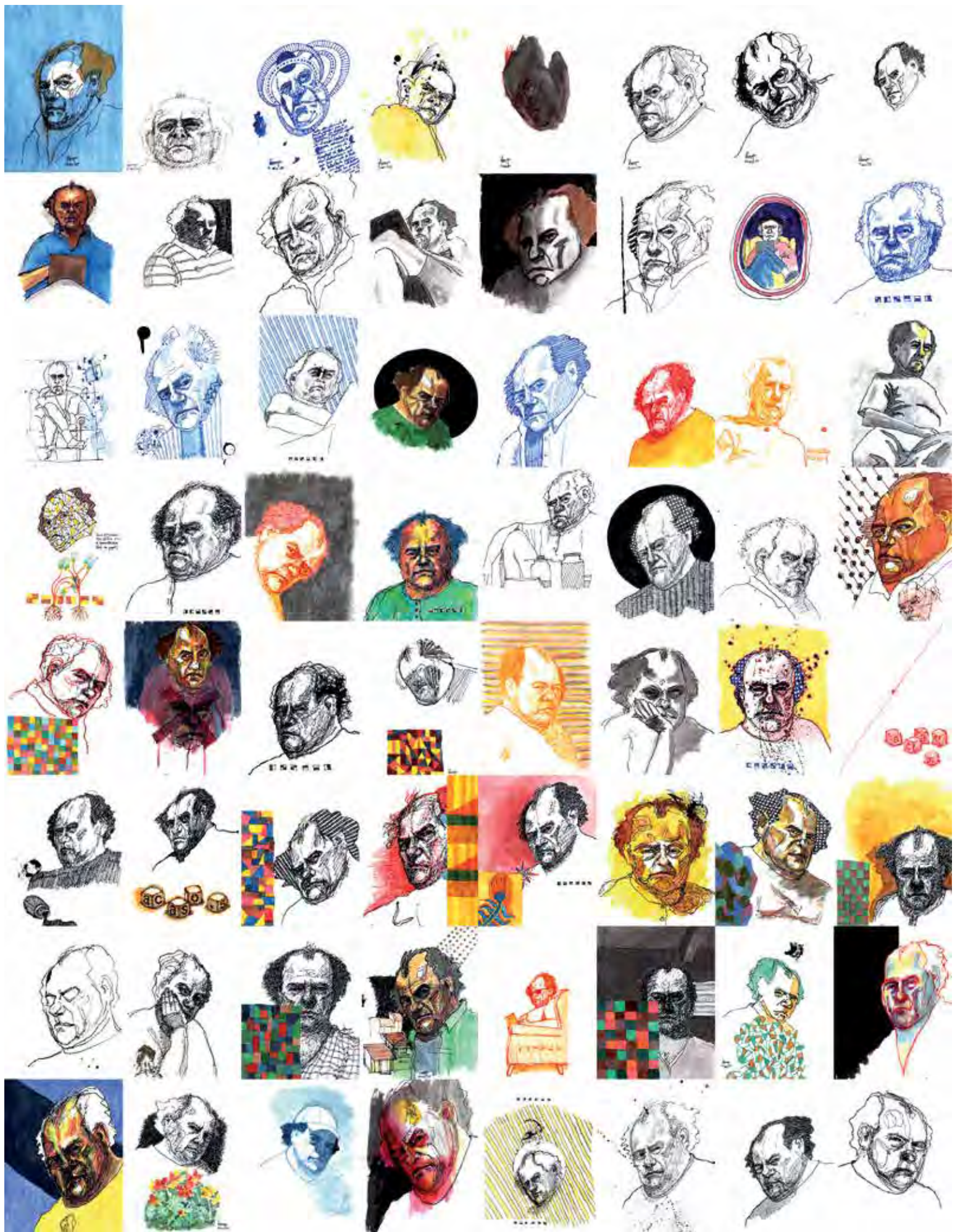
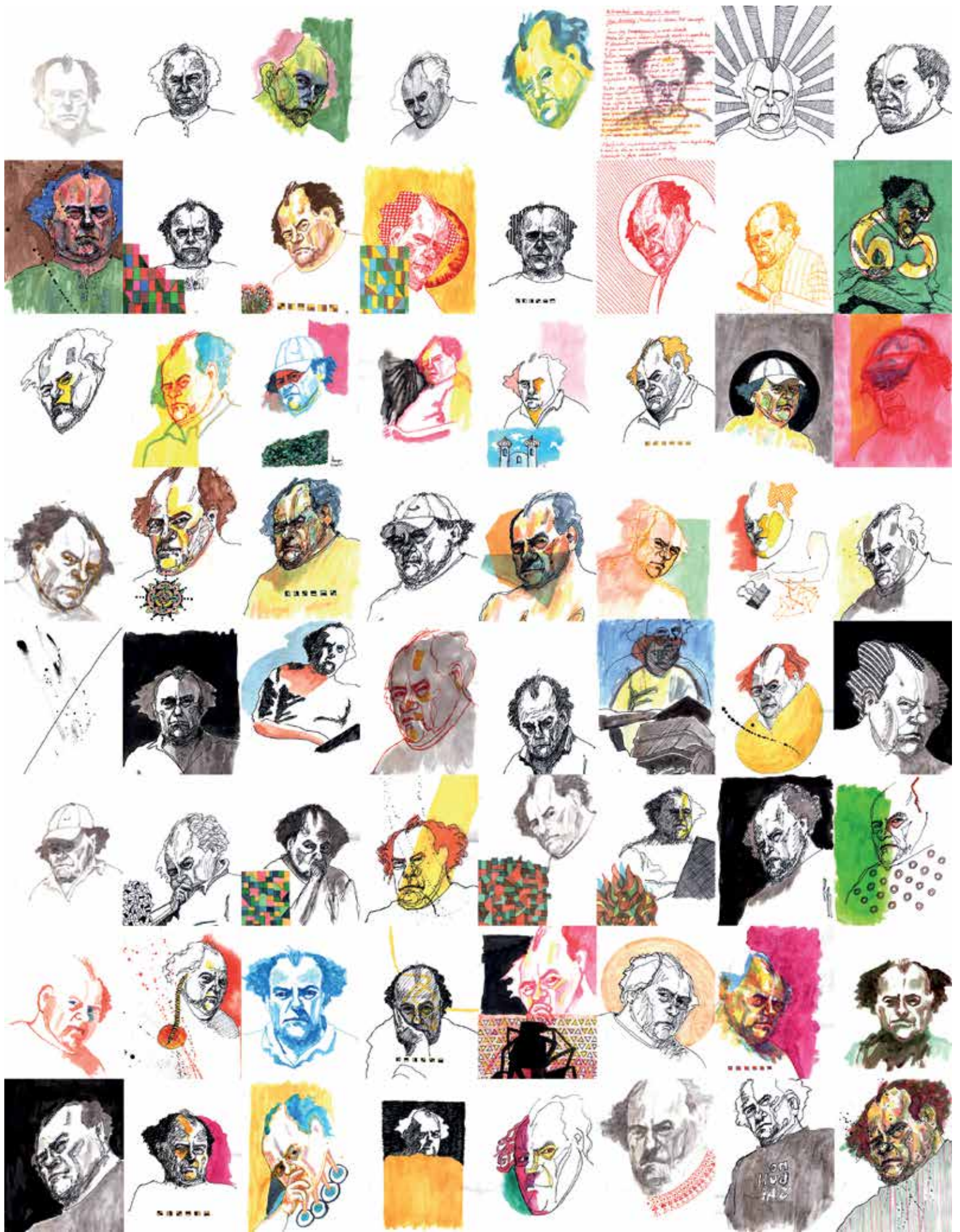




# Superpresent

Fall 2021







# Superpresent

Issue 4  
Fall 2021



# Superpresent

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## An Archive

Webster's defines an "archive" as no more than "a repository or collection." But living in an age when we have accumulated more information than any single person could comprehend, we suspect that archives can be (should be?) more than that. From Alexandria to archive.org, humans have tried to collect. And lost. What's on scrolls in a jar not to be found, or lost in fire and ice, or on a cassette or floppy disk in an attic with no machine to read it? Artists like Kabakov, Warhol, and Phillips and writers like Borges, Sebald, and O'Brien have created, explored, and referenced various archives. Since there can be no single archive of all information, how do we parse what we have, knowing that it will always be incomplete? What are the systems that writers and artists have devised in their own work?

We asked artists and writers to show us or tell us how they use "an archive" in their work. We received a wide variety of work from around the world devising, employing, and interpreting an "archive." Some use data to create new and amazing visualizations of the data. Others have delved into the more personal archival information that we all amass over a lifetime: photographs, writing, notes, books, mantras, ideas, and memories that we pass down to our children or to others. All of those things that tell a story about us. Some have looked into their own memories as a kind of mental archive. All of these interpretations yielded a wide variety of exciting submissions.

We wish to express our thanks to all who let us consider their work, and especially to those whose work we have included in these pages. We hope you enjoy this issue of *Superpresent*.

-The Editors

## Our Rheology

*We are*  
tumbling down towards 'white verge'  
with the velocity  
of snowflakes like shooting stars  
in torrent, gusts of wind.

Bloodless on impact.

Winter storms snake and lace their grainy,  
atmospheric fingers,  
forced between weathered umber trunks  
of massive conifers.

Stiff green quills of sequoia branch  
lay fathoms above  
Dormant magnolia  
blooms, encased *vitreous* in ice  
like electric bulbs.

*We are*  
Tungsten,  
Wicked with bamboo twine.

*We are*  
tightly shuffled folds of snow  
that crack and shift  
under you.

Among the rushes.  
In the ivory canopies.  
Beneath,  
speckled in  
red sap and balsam

*We are*  
flesh and Blood.

*-Naomi Simone Borwein*



**Custodian**  
Gaby Bedetti

## Melodrama

Dale hung his diplomas on the wall behind the liquor store counter, flanked by an identification requirement notice and a tall stack of cigarillo boxes. He stacked his books behind the tobacco shelf and balanced a box of light beer atop his chess board. Dale spent his days reading and smoking and watching the customers and writing. He liked working at the liquor store.

Although Dale often wondered about the lives of his customers, he never attempted personal friendships with them. He found speculation more rewarding, writing stories about the lives he imagined them to live. Some lives he imagined to be more grandiose than reality. Some he imagined darker than reality. Reality did not concern Dale as he observed his fictional world of real people.

A homeless man who occasionally visited him to play chess became a story about a former chess master's journey to skid row. Junkies and drunks became artists and pastors. Nothing was as it appeared, nor as it truly was. Dale liked the liquor store customers—who they were, who they were not, and who they never would be.

Despite owning a car, Dale preferred to walk to and from work, watching Allensville wake in the morning and fall into a restless sleep at night. He wondered what transpired behind the curtains of glowing windows late at night and how the empty storefronts felt as the early morning employees punched in to start the day. He wondered why one church's lights stayed on, and why another church's lights stayed off and who could possibly be at the diner so early in the morning and so late at night. Dale preferred to walk.

When he saw customers outside of the liquor store, they were strangers—characters acting a minor role in a play Dale did not direct. Within the liquor store, Dale was the sole director, casting alcoholics as librarians and passengers as drivers, but outside, he was merely an audience member relegated to the cheap seats.

Dale always cradled a notebook in the crook of his arm. It was full of stories and reflections and notes on plot holes and character analysis and critiques and was written in pencil and pen and marker and crayon, and the handwriting was hardly legible even to him. Within it lie all the ideas he had partially formed and fully completed that day.

Shutting off the harsh, rapidly flickering lights that illuminated the store, Dale locked the cash register and checked the windows and locked the door and walked home, notebook in hand. There were no cars on the road. The only signs of life were a couple of vague figures in the diner's window. He walked away from the diner towards his apartment a block from the library.

The library, dark and lonely, was lit only by a lamp on the front desk that had been left on. Dale looked at the rows of shelves full of monumental literary feats bound in leather and coated in dust. He saw Pulitzer prize winners and yellowed pulp romance novels grouped together alphabetically by author name. Dale thumbed through his notebook and its ideas about conflict and truth and love and life and individualism and belonging and threw it into the dumpster behind the library. In the dumpster, it joined several Pulitzer prize winning novels and young adult thrillers and notebooks filled with the same illegible script in pencil and pen and marker and crayon.

*-Graham C. Goff*

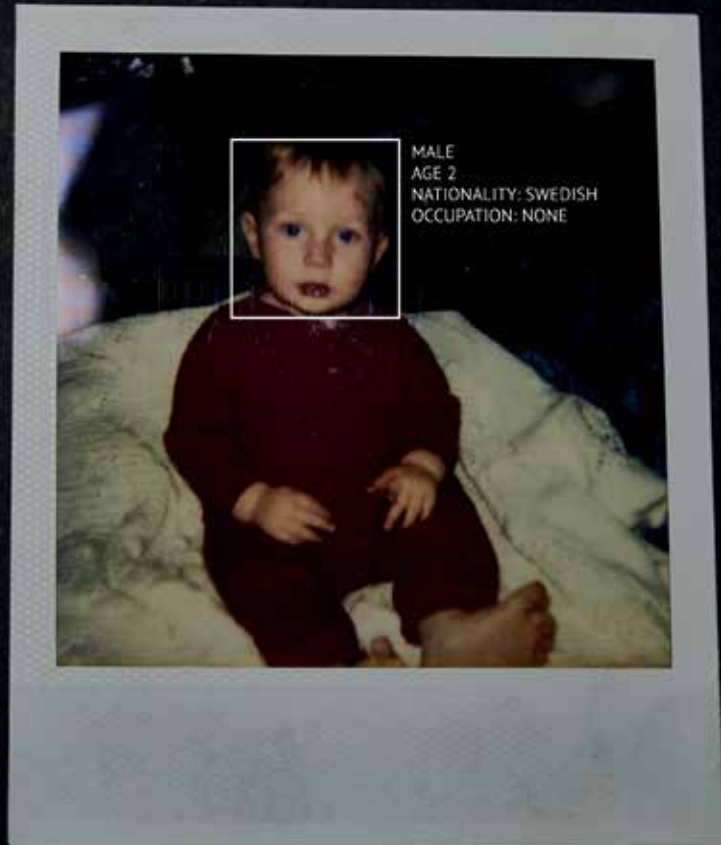
## **Bird on a Post**

Blackbird  
on a  
post.  
Car turning  
left, traveling  
too fast  
for this  
residential  
street.

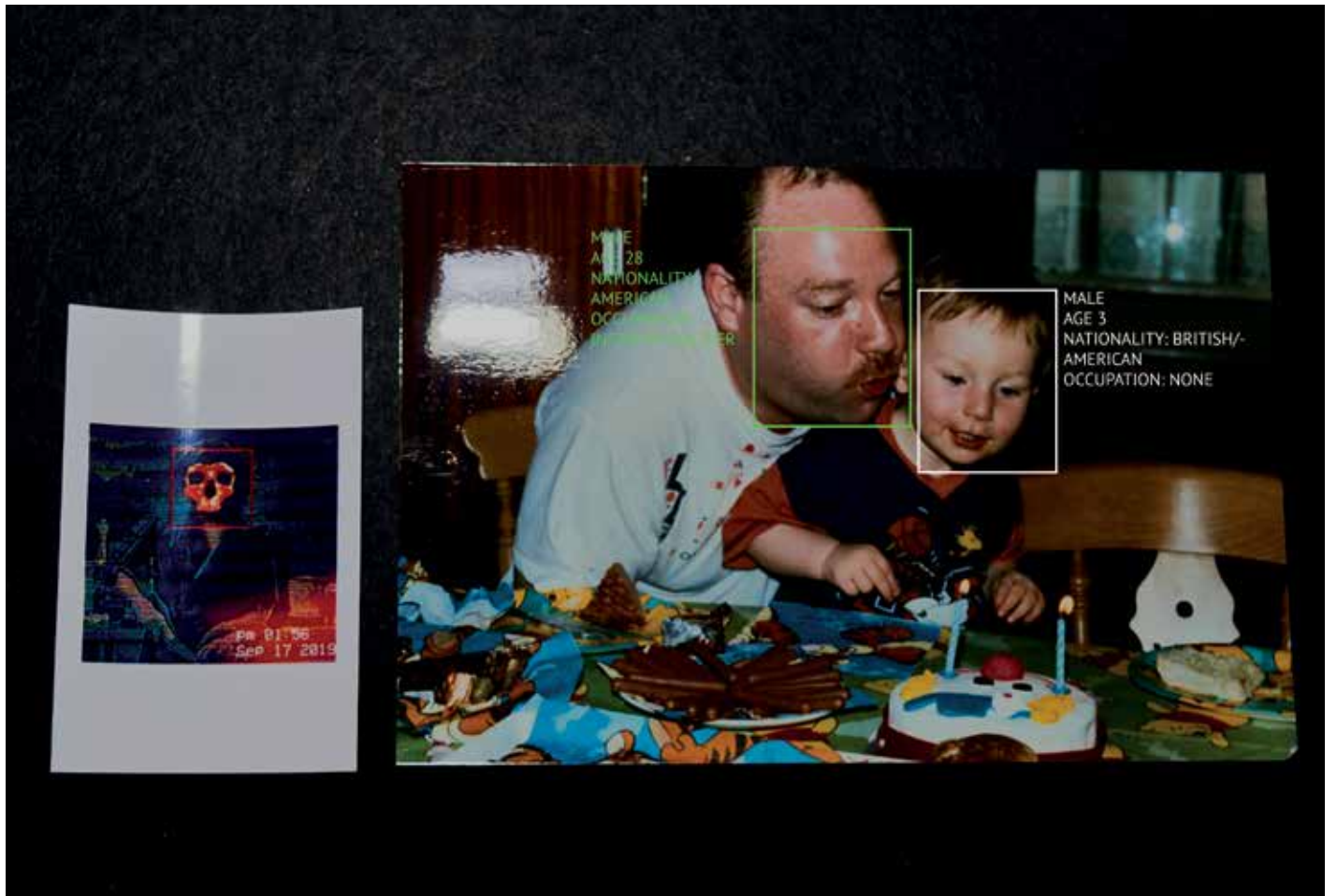
What if  
it hits  
me, I think.  
Will the  
blackbird  
sing  
the song  
of my life  
or will  
I die  
unattended?

What a  
thing  
to think  
on a sunny  
Thursday  
morning.  
I whistle  
a tune  
whose  
name  
I don't  
remember.  
I walk  
home,  
and step  
into the  
shower.

*-Dana Yost*



**Invasion, Invasion 8**  
Calum Stamper



**Invasion, Invasion 9**  
Calum Stamper

### **The Oak Teacher's Desk in My Office**

I use three desks and four rocking chairs.  
Surplus, surfeit, abundance and each one  
bears the heft of a mystery I remember.

The wide drawer in the old teacher's desk,  
is my self-portrait. A pink and blue shard  
of the Berlin wall, five vintage marbles

salvaged from a shipwreck and re-polished.  
Your letter from 1995 after your father  
died. My mother's last lace hankie gifted

from the women in the house of correction.  
Eight mint Susan B. Anthony silver dollars.  
My grandmother's sewing scissors.

An untasted tincture of cannabis. A novel  
about a sasquatch I wrote forty years ago.  
The jigsaw puzzle for my next-of-kin,

Rocky Mountain stream in a snowstorm.

*-Tricia Knoll*





**Family Suite**  
Gordon Skallenberg

## V FOR VERONA AND OTHER LYRIC SURVIVALS

**‘Thanks to art, instead of seeing one world only, our own, we see that world multiply itself and we have at our disposal as many worlds as there are original artists, worlds more different one from the other than those which revolve in infinite space.’**

**Marcel Proust**

I am interested in those fragile verbal artefacts which have almost been lost but which have nevertheless survived to be valued and prized by posterity. Literary history is full of such stories and instances in which delicate lyric poems have survived various vicissitudes on paper, vellum or whatever.

The 112 *carmina* or poems of Catullus have now been translated into numerous living languages but apparently all but one of his poems derive from a single manuscript known in the 13<sup>th</sup> century and since called V for Verona but now lost. His work survived but only just.

Emily Dickinson was well aware of the enduring power of words:

*A Word dropped careless on a Page  
May stimulate an eye  
When folded in perpetual seam  
The Wrinkled Maker lie*

*Infection in the sentence breeds  
We may inhale Despair  
At distances of Centuries  
From the Malaria –*

She bound her handwritten lyric poems into what she called ‘fascicles’ and relied on posterity to preserve them. Might they have been discarded or burnt as the outpourings of a spinster aunt? Fortunately for us, the answer is no.

According to Walton, George Herbert’s devotional poems *The Temple* (1633) were almost refused a licence by the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, because the collection contained these two lines from ‘The Church Militant’ which were thought objectionable at the time (1633):

*Religion stands on tip-toe in our land,  
Ready to pass to the American strand.*

Marvell’s ‘An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell’s Return from Ireland’ was cancelled (but how?) from most copies of the first posthumous folio edition of his poems (1681). Previously unknown manuscripts of Thomas Traherne’s (c.1636 -74) poems and prose were found on a London market stall in 1896. Famously, Alfred Tennyson left his manuscript notebook of *In Memoriam* poems behind in his lodgings. The rooms were fortunately rented by the poet Coventry Patmore and he restored the irreplaceable handwritten book to his friend.

If you want to ponder a lengthy list of the literary works which we know or believe to have been lost, then visit the Wikipedia page on ‘Lost Literary Work’ which makes for interesting reading on cultural loss, destruction and multiple lacunae. Which of these works would you most like to be found? The lost plays of Sophocles? Classical literature abounds in references to lost works which we might be glad to

have but there are presumably some which it may be a relief to have been spared, even if they would add to the weight of learned scholarship. And in the absence of a complete record, how can we know that the best has indeed survived? Let's hope W.H. Auden was right in saying: 'Some books are undeservedly forgotten, none are undeservedly remembered.'

Such a long list of known or alleged losses should make living authors twitchy about storage and survival. The arbitrary nature of literary extinction suggests that enough copies in widespread locations are at least one strategy to pursue. The mass-market paperback might seem a way of outwitting the Grim Reapers of Literature but who knows? And why should our distant descendants endure a single copy of \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in the blank yourself) as the high-point of Anglophone culture in the Twentieth or Twenty-First Century?

People talk glibly about 'the test of time' but what does that really mean? Leaving aside the deliberate destructions of one culture by another, it is generally assiduous readers, writers and publishers who choose what to preserve and promote of their own time or that of others. In former eras, in pre-Gutenberg Europe, it was scribes and copyists, writers in the literal sense, whose work preserved the written word, while both religious and private patrons shaped those choices.

Of course, generations vary in tastes and priorities. Dryden found Donne's work unpolished. How many now read the once-fashionable work of poet and dramatist Stephen Phillips (1864 - 1915), celebrated for his *Poems* (1895) and plays such as *Herod* and *Nero*? One person's darling is another's anathema. Pound and Eliot were once described as 'drunken helots'. Whittier threw Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* into the fire.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti not only buried a unique manuscript of his own poems with the body of his wife Lizzie Siddall in Highgate Cemetery but gained permission to exhume both grave and volume seven years later. And it was he who 'discovered' remaindered copies of the first edition (numbering 250) of 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam' (1859) by Edward Fitzgerald and promoted the volume. Through Omar, Fitzgerald is wonderfully philosophical on the vanity of human and literary wishes as in his celebrated quatrains (XXIII and LI) on transience:

*Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we too into the Dust descend;  
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,  
Sans Wine, Sans Song, sans Singer, and – sans End!*

*The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: not all thy Piety and Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.*

New and neglected writers need their champions and advocates if their work is to survive and be appreciated. The young Seamus Heaney tells us that he initially published under the Latin pseudonym *Incertus*. It is not time itself but people over time who appraise and reappraise, publish, promote and publicise, retrieve, revive and re-evaluate what should be published or (re)printed and what can more prudently be neglected or even pulped.

In the digital age, there is a plethora of writing on the web whose quality and content are largely uncontrolled. Upload your poem here. I overheard one poet say that he submitted work to an emagazine in the morning and by that afternoon it had been rejected. What will happen to all those digital archives posthumously or even post-humanity?

To someone of my generation (b.1947), the idea of cultural annihilation and oblivion is to some extent conceivable, however bleak and uncomfortable the concept is. Some of us grew up thinking or imagining that a global nuclear holocaust was possible, as it still might be with 'Fire and fury such as the world has never seen'. Now too in the Anthropocene era, we are confronted with the prospect of a polluted and seriously overpopulated lost paradise of a seemingly irreversible ecological decline and fall, unless .... unless ... Oh but that's a subject for another day and yet another essay may not help the cause.

Meanwhile, in the past seventy-five plus years since World War 2, human knowledge (and verbiage) has been stockpiled and accumulated on a massive scale in libraries and digitised archives, as the typed word has proliferated on the world wide web and elsewhere. Just as I can envisage prehistoric and preliterate lives, so I can picture a world after humanity, without its desire for art and literature in which to see its nature and through which to escape from realities and responsibilities.

Oblivion. In the longer term, neither language nor humans may survive. *Nox est perpetua una dormienda*, wrote Catullus, as we must sleep one everlasting night. Nevertheless, *I libelle*, says Martial: 'Go little book.' I'd like to thank the anonymous copyist who thought it worth transcribing all those Latin words of Gaius Valerius Catullus, even though some of the texts may be corrupt. The fragile lyric may sometimes survive by a slender thread but it enables us to decipher the thoughts and feelings of those now long dead who did not know what English was or what might become of their chosen words. And what will become of the best such poems written in English, I wonder. What will survive and what most deserves to?

'These fragments I have shored against my ruins' wrote T.S. Eliot in *The Waste Land* whose typescript was thought 'lost' for years. According to Goethe, 'Literature is a fragment of fragments. How small a part of what has happened and been spoken has been written; and of those things that have been written very few have been preserved.' And that's a selective quotation which I only know from a fragment in translation. It all reminds me of that consummate lyric by Seamus Heaney called 'The Harvest Bow':

*I tell and finger it like braille,  
Gleaning the unsaid off the palpable*

and I would quote here all thirty lines of the poem if that would somehow preserve it in what passes for perpetuity.

-Duncan Forbes



Untitled (Module 7-11, 13, 14-17, 32-34, 45, 51)

Haley MacKeil

## POSTSCRIPT

Post-Christian, postmodern,  
I shall soon speak posthumously  
to posterity.

How can words on a page  
be said to speak  
especially if unread?

And who are you who reads?  
Are you searching for thoughts  
and whose thoughts are they?

Are you a researcher  
investigating the past  
as if it matters to you now?

An apostate from a present  
which is now in the future  
and will soon be passive and preterite?

Were these words on a screen  
worth the few moments  
they took to retrieve

from an obsolescent language  
(late Modern English)  
in which you lingered and I languished?

*-Duncan Forbes*

## Lefts and Rights

Boots. Slippers. You and me. Snowball mittens.  
Rainbow socks. Easy go-togethers.

Moving boxes form a jumble block of squares  
and rectangles, the lamp shades hang back

for absurdly big boxes and tons of tissue paper.  
At the other end, I throw a curve to the helpers

who will be with me to unpack. Why does  
a marble collection in jars pair up with candles?

Or thirty Zuni animal carvings bubble wrapped  
with the needlepointed circus elephant

my mother's best friend made to copy a note card?  
Jump drive back-ups of my poetry nestle

in Buddha's lap. Why does the cedar incense  
from the reservation belong in the box

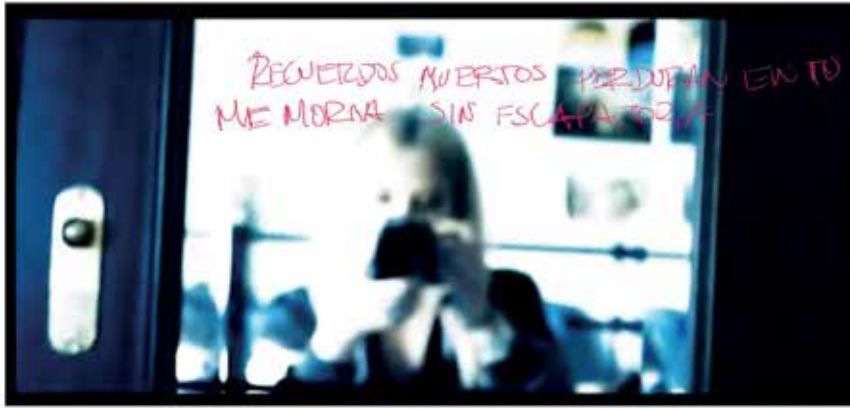
clearly marked *open first* next to scissors,  
dog food, cleanser, rags, and tea bags?

*-Tricia Knoll*

LO SIEMPRE, OS HE FALADO UNA VEZ MÁS.







¿Dios?  
 PARECE SIEMPRE  
 MENTIRA

A MI PADRE,  
 QUE SIEMPRE NO  
 HABER PODIDO DAR  
 MÁS DE MI Y  
 QUE ME ABANDONÓ

TUS FOTOS SON SENTIMIENTOS MUERTOS QUE YA NO NOTO  
 PRINCIPIO DEL FINALETE MIS RECUERDOS.

A LOS QUE  
 DESEARON  
 HIRMIERON  
 Y  
 LES PUSE  
 EL DOBLE  
 POR HABER  
 HECHO  
 PEDAZOS UN  
 CORAZÓN  
 NOBLE

QUIERO BORRAR  
 DE MI MENTE LO  
 QUE ESTE CUERPO  
 SUFRIÓ.

HOY HE SENTIDO VERGÜENZA  
 AL MIRARME AL ESPEJO, MAMA!

DILE A MI MADRE QUE SIEMPRE LA QUIERO  
 Y QUE LO SIEMPRE.

A MI HERMANA QUE BUSQUE MIS PALABRAS EN EL VIENTO  
 CUANDO SOPLE,



ES ICHO MUCHO DE MEADS  
 ME HABEIS DADO LOS MEJORES  
 MOMENTOS  
 VIDA



QUE YOU LOSE YOURSELF  
 ENTOUMS I PROMISE YOU  
 LOVE THE HARDEST WAY

Radio-Active  
 Beatriz Montes

## Self-Note Newly Retrieved from Archives

In English, the speaker always uses  
A proper pronoun to address self  
In Chinese, the speaker calls self  
More than one hundred different names

In E, there is a distinction between  
The subject and object case of self  
In C, there is no change in writing  
Be it a subject or an object

In E, the writer spells self with one  
Single straight capitalized letter  
In C, the writer adds to the character  
'Pursuit' a stroke symbolizing something

In E, "I" ask for democracy, freedom  
Individuality, rule of law, among others  
In C, "我" is habitually avoided in making  
A reply, either in writing or in speaking

*-Yuan Changming*

## **Chopstick Commandments Permanently Archived**

1. Avoid one chopstick longer than the other in a pair  
That would recall what a coffin is made of
2. Don't plant them in the middle of bowl of rice  
Or dish, like a scent burning for the dead
3. Never use them to poke around in a dish  
In the way a tomb raider works hard in dark
4. Put them strictly parallel to each other; or you  
Would have yourself crossed out as a deplorable error
5. If you drop one or both of them on the ground, you  
Will wake up and provoke your ancient ancestors
6. If you use them to beat containers like a drum player  
You are fated to live a low and poor beggar's life
7. When you make noises with them in your mouth  
You betray your true self as a rude and rough pariah
8. Never point them towards any one if you  
Do not really mean to swear at a fellow diner
9. Make sure not to pierce any food with them while eating  
When you do not mean to raise your mid-finger to all around you
10. To use them in the wrong way is  
To make yourself looked down by others

*-Yuan Changming*



**Bà ngoại, Ông ngoại (Grandmother, Grandfather)**  
Brandon Tho Harris



**Remembrance**  
Brandon Tho Harris



**My Life Magazine (Self-Portrait #1)**  
Brandon Tho Harris



**Mẹ Với con Chó (Mother with Dog)**

Brandon Tho Harris

## Raw Materials in Peace and War

Part of my father's poem on my cyanotype print, "An old idea" reads:

"The time machine, the mystery of destiny, of origins, the secret of the stars...  
he loves her; she, frightened, flees forward with another lover, leaves letters for him, a trick? Is she dead,  
could she be so cruel, to call him forward so that he will be gone, and learn of her death in some archive,  
he stumbled out of the archive... into what world of the future he held in him, into an ancient world,  
the dramatic possibilities of wandering forward."

I encountered Tom's poem by accident while poring through the thousands of pages in his papers. Its words describe my own uncanny interactions and connections with his papers. I have stumbled into Tom's meandering and massive archive and I have made it my own. I am recreating my life's work on top of his life's work, while further adding in parts of his father's life work, including economic textbooks titled *Raw Materials in Peace and War* and *War Losses to a Neutral*.

I brought these writings on fragile papers back from Tom's cabin that has since burned to the ground. I've saved the archive from a fiery death, even as I kill parts of it along the way. I bury the details by obscuring them, collaging the new over the old, allowing the past to recede even as the papers reenter the present, full and rich with meaning. I am creating "dramatic possibilities [ as I ] wander forward" into his archive and deeper into my own memoir.

After the cabin that he built and lived in for over forty years was sold and I learned the new owners were going to burn it, I began searching through his letters. I found more material than I ever imagined still existed, but I was looking for a particular document I had only heard about, a letter my mother wrote to Tom while he was traveling in Italy in the spring of 1977, announcing that she was pregnant (with me) and that the baby wasn't his. Would he like to come back to the U.S. and start a family and move to the woods of Maine like they had dreamed about [these last few years of their faltering relationship]?

I did not learn about this letter's existence or about my mysterious biological father until I was twelve. My mother had just had her fourth child and was about to marry my youngest brother's father. It was 1989 when she told me the news. We lived down a dirt path from Tom's cabin, a second cabin he built for my mother, so that we could still live nearby after their divorce. They shared joint custody of me, and my younger sister and brother and we moved every single Sunday between the two hand-built homes deep in the woods of Maine, neither of which had electricity, running water or phone lines.

That night when I was twelve, when my mother told me about Bill, my biological father, she also gave me a picture of him. She also told my younger sister the news at the same time. I don't think I have ever forgiven her for that. The photograph was from when she had known him in 1977. He was blurry and out of focus and there was another man behind him, who she said was one of his brothers. There was a dark red brick apartment building behind them. It was a square Kodak 4x4 inch print with rounded corners. Somehow, in my teenage years that followed I lost that one photograph I had of him.

When I met Bill for the first time in 2014, he showed me some of his photo albums with pictures of his deceased mother, Nancy, my grandmother, looking out of the picture frame with my same chin. I looked for a double print of that image of him that I lost in the 1990's.

I am still looking for it.

*-Keliy Anderson-Staley*



write ...  
 copy the most beautiful of the Blake designs  
 The continents may have reached through the water table

the mathematics from ...  
 send her ...  
 read W.B. ...  
 that at the ...

...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 keep ...  
 ...  
 ...

...  
 ...  
 approach J.J. ...  
 ...  
 ...

an old idea  
time technology time civilization  
the time machine  
the mystery of destiny of origins  
the secret of the stars

who voyages forward, as far as he can go

he comes, to the end of time  
and finds there, the secret of the stars

he loves her; she, frightened, flees forward  
with another lover  
leaves letters for him  
a trick?

is she dead, could she be so cruel, to call  
him forward, so that he will be gone, and learn  
of her death in some archive  
he stumbled out of the archive.

he would go forward, become an explorer, travel  
beyond the death of everyone he had known

into what world of the future  
he held in him

an ancient world  
the dramatic possibilities of wandering forward

Hello, Parents! Superegi! Plain determination  
of that functionally integrated set of responses I choose  
yes, <sup>to my</sup> your glorious son,  
design to let you know

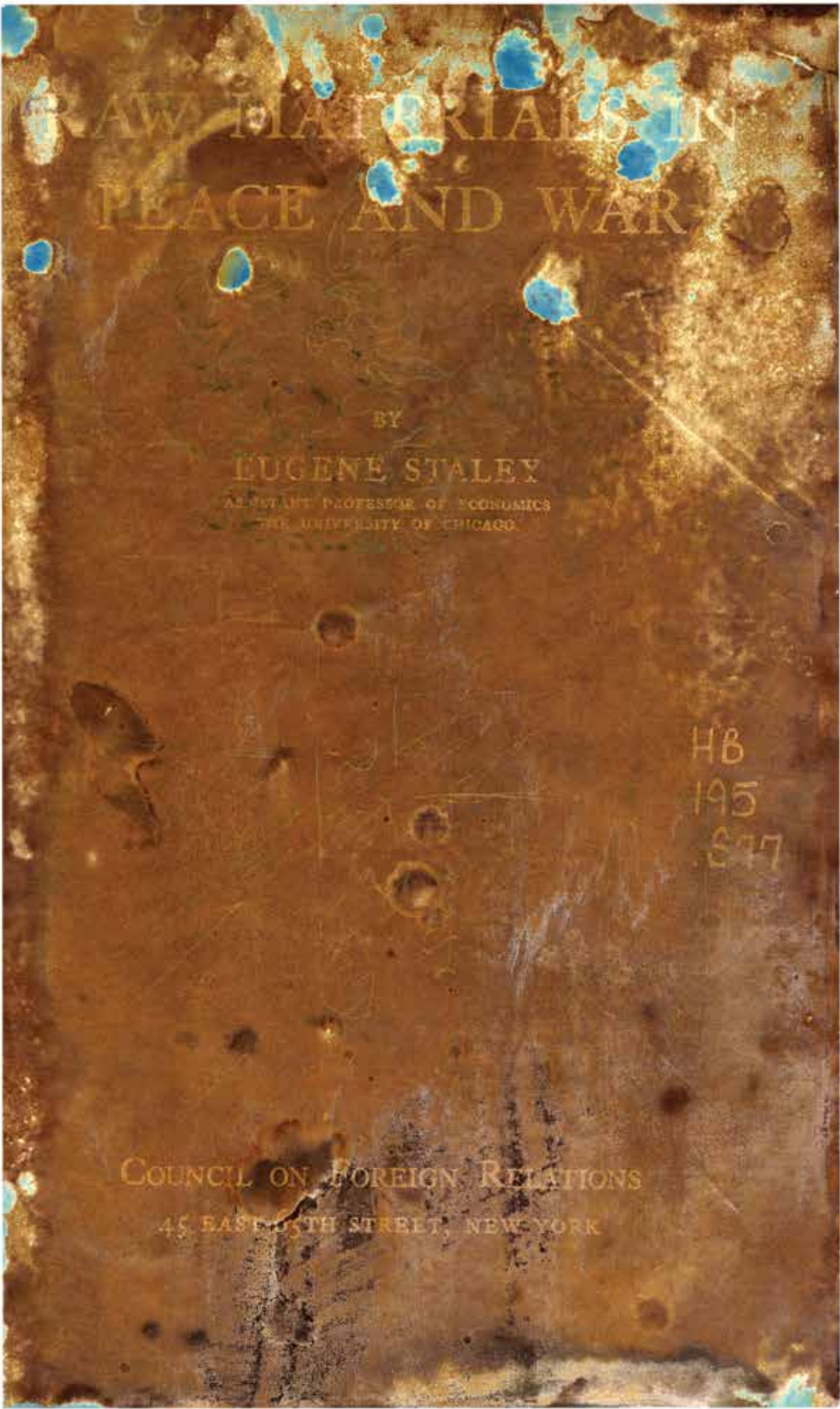
That he indeed LIVES.

That his health is high & healthy,  
his intelligence incisive & intelligent  
& that he is otherwise & in  
all respects utterly and  
completely

MISERABLE

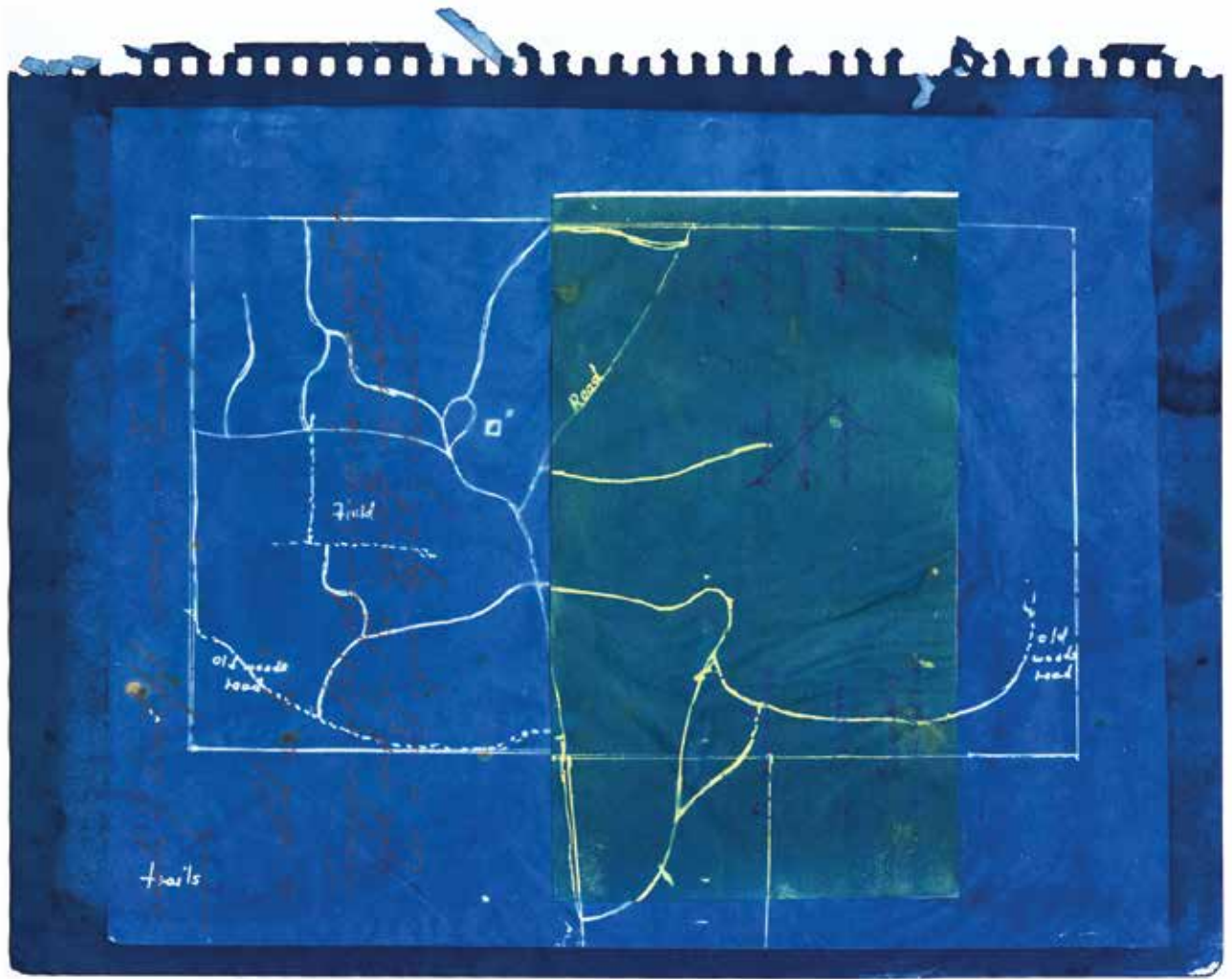
without reservation.

I won't trouble you with the details. I will  
leave it to your VIVID imaginations to  
imagine the pitiful tragedy of the  
SENSITIVE young man  
UPROOTED from the soil in which he had sunk  
ROOTS of all kinds, torn, decimated,  
extirpated, & otherwise PARTIALLY  
REMOVED from all that in













### IMAGE LIST (in the order of appearance)

*“Worth Your Salt,”* Original Cover of Tom’s Yellow Notebook circa 1980, Cyanotype print with rectangular paper negative

*An Old Idea,* Cyanotype print of scanned image from Tom’s notebook circa 1979

*That He Indeed Lives,* Cyanotype print of scan from Tom’s letter to his parents circa 1967

*Eugene Staley’s Raw Materials In Peace and War,* Cyanotype print from title page scan, with silver nitrate

*Tom and Woodshed,* Cyanotype print from wet-plate collodion ambrotypes

*Staley’s Cabin,* Guilford, Maine, Silver Gelatin Print

*Tom’s Land Map with Rectangle,* Cyanotype print over collaged paper

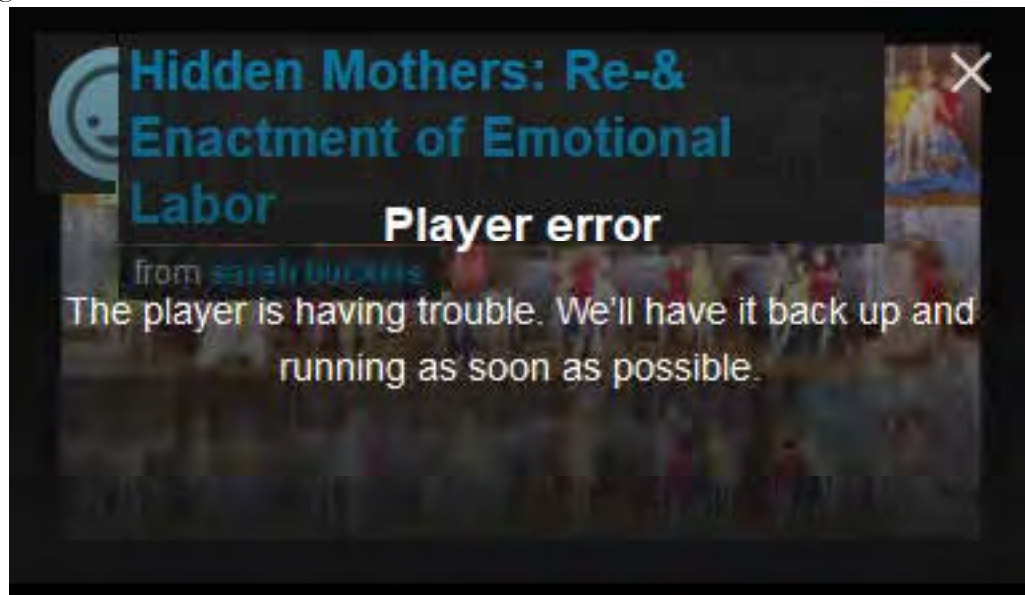
*Origin Story, Quilt #2,* Wall installation of cyanotype prints with silver nitrate and oil pencil

# **FILM AND PERFORMOMANCE ART**

## Hidden Mothers: Re-& Enactment of Emotional Labor

Sarah Buckius

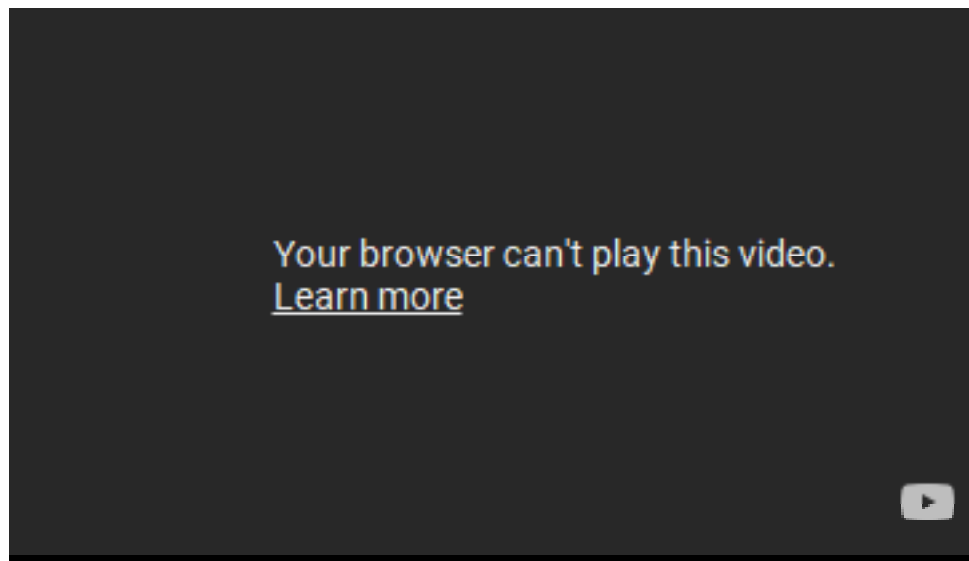
Mothers go to extraordinary lengths for their children. For “Hidden Mother Photography” in Victorian times, shutter speeds were sometimes up to 30 seconds long so mothers would hide within the picture to hold their children still. Mothers revealed and concealed themselves, in order to create a “permanent document” of their children’s “identities”. This emotional labor is considered “invisible labor” because it is unpaid, undervalued, and often goes unnoticed in our culture. Instead of concealing their identity, I propose that the emotional labor these mothers perform actually REVEALS much about their identity—their ingenuity, inventiveness, commitment, and emotional labor and strength. My “moving portrait of emotional labor” pictures the process of photographic portraiture. I reenact their labor, along with enacting my own, as I pay tribute to the unpaid “hidden” labor of mothers that is performed universally, continually, unfailingly, throughout the world, thus monumentalizing it as collective and “visible”.



## Nước, Water, (Home)land

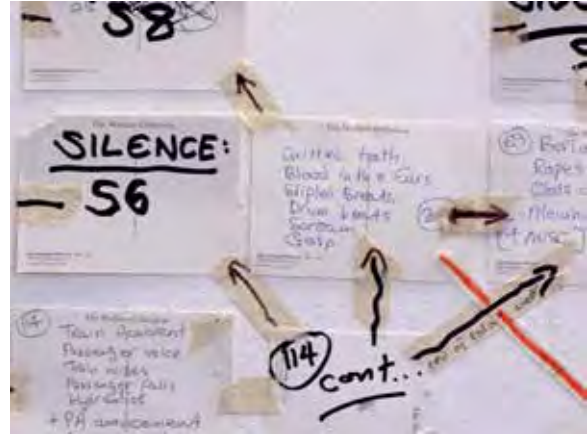
Brandon Tho Harris

*Nước, Water, (Home)land* is a performance piece by artist Brandon Tho Harris with his Mother and Grandmother commissioned by the Asian Pacific American Heritage Association. Focused on sites of mass Vietnamese resettlement in the Houston and Gulf Coast, the wooden boat is constructed with found wood and filled with the land from these sites. Inside the boat are clothing, luggage, and photographs referencing the personal belongings lost due to the war. The performance becomes a symbolic gesture for the Vietnamese refugee’s journey, strength, and resilience to honor this migration and the refugee experience.



## The Literary Mix Seth Guy

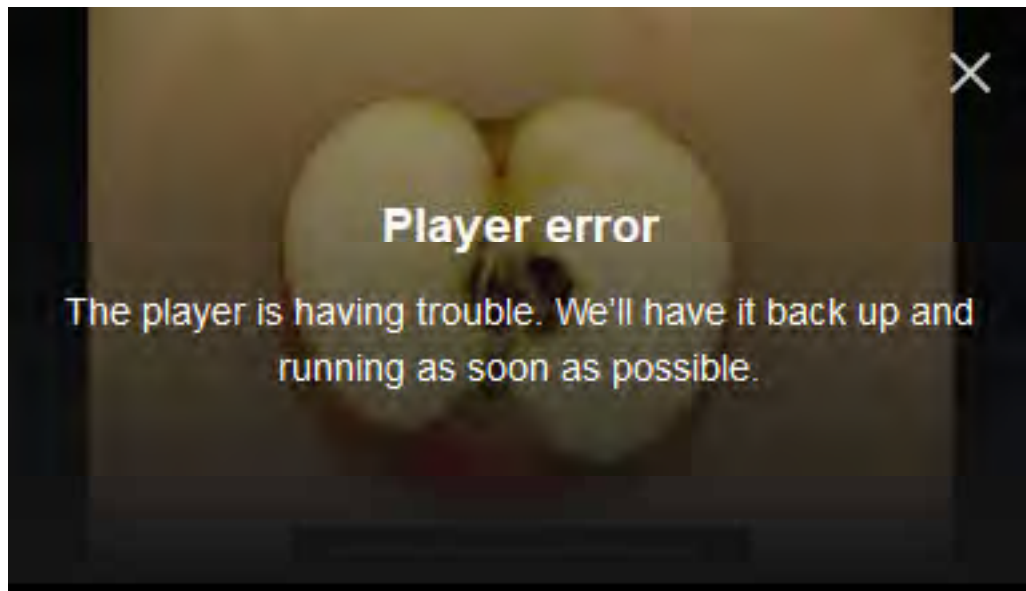
*The Literary Mix* is a major online hypertext and archive which consists entirely of excerpts from works of fiction which describe sound and sonic events. These excerpts have been edited and arranged in such a way as to maintain a narrative thread by linking descriptions of sounds and themes related to reading and listening. Similar to the *Choose Your Own Adventure* series in which readers are offered choices as to what to read next, readers are asked to consider listening to the sounds they read and imagine.



Readers can enter and explore The Literary Mix here: <http://www.theliterarymix.co.uk/>

## Contagion, The Medea's Portal or Cleaning the Baseboard with Cotton Swab Mariana Süsseskind

Towards the end of the first week, still watching the news every day, waiting, kind of in a countdown, I learned about invisible dangers and the importance of paying attention to shoes. For years we have had the habit of taking off our shoes when entering the house, (ever since Gabriel started to crawl, I have had this as a rule). But on TV they reinforced the danger of contagion and recommended leaving a bucket with bleach at the entrance of the house to clean the soles of your shoes. I realized that my Safe mode was no longer Safe. That even taking off our shoes before entering the house, there was still a small area the shoe area -a real virus nursery inside my own home.



## Big City

Wheeler Winston Dixon

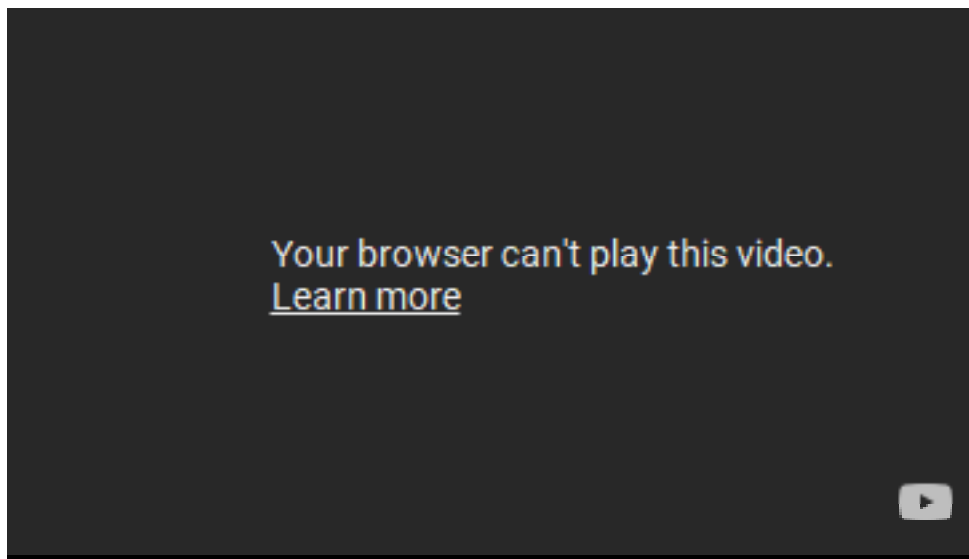
Using public domain archival footage from early 1950s episodes of *Dragnet*, that bleakest of all 1950s television programs, *Big City* conjures up the noirish past of Los Angeles, a world that's very different from the nostalgic reveries that mainstream media tries to sell us about the era. The 50s were a period of paranoia, nuclear panic, the McCarthy era, and racial strife, overseen by a police force in Los Angeles that was fundamentally corrupt, as history eventually proved. There's no place to hide in the hypersurveillant world of the big city, where loneliness and desperation lurk



## Lightning Chess

Herman Leitner

18 turns – 18 places! Asynchrony exemplified by a speed-chess game from the annals of masters: Lorente vs. Montanez, Malaga 1999. 1.e4 Nf6 2.e5 Nd5 3.Nf3 d6 4.Bc4 Nb6 5.Bxf7+ Kxf7 6.Ng5+ Kg8 7.Qf3 Qe8 8.e6 Nc6 9.Qf7+ 1-0





**Rowhouses**  
Patrick Renner



**Rowhouses (Side)**  
Patrick Renner



**Tattoo**  
Patrick Renner





**Green Thumb**  
Patrick Renner

## NUN YE NAMÁI

nun ye namái

un xuegu estéticu.

entá nun pescanciasti

lo que ye la poesía.

la poesía ye un archivu

pa caltener les solombres

de les mios pallabres

-pantasmes-

y les semeyes efímeres

de cada atapecer.

*-Xe M. Sánchez*

## IT IS NOT ONLY

it is not only  
an aesthetic game.

you have not yet understood  
what poetry is.

poetry is an archive  
to preserve the shadows  
of my words  
-ghosts-  
and the ephemeral pictures  
of each sunset.

*-Xe M. Sánchez*



Unusable Archives

N/A



Unusable Archives  
N/A

(read silently)  
"we are an exceptional land"

true fossils  
are often evidence  
of disappearance

records trace  
the end of  
prior sound

obsessive recording  
obliterates memory

an archive is both  
a collection and  
a place

a residual existence  
a mnemonic  
an assemblage

**Unusable Archives**

N/A

## Screen memories

Events—

the uneven application of desire

Events—

the spills that vent into disputed terrains



*The focal points of lonely orbits—  
all that is left from our ancestors*

*They build the homestead whose brackle bars our return  
when we've been repatriated from harsh exiles of strayed foundation*

*They are the blessing we demand for suture,  
brush strokes on the canvas of the last judgement  
—all we have, and all we can ask for*

See, the data engineer's a wily operator,

trading on the harvest of max, min, and mean

But how is it that we, too, crouching in the cellars of our recognition,  
drench our memories in brine

Palinopsia giving comfort to minds that languish apart



*Once I drew up a pipette of impelled light  
from an flickering chamber*

*She who entered after me  
dangled a gentle nectar draped in fallen evenings*

Our aperture is narrow, our horizon distant

We feed every creature that boards our ship

We embrace them with intangible thaumatropes



*Living-lying, those true-false memories are more than a bowline  
They are dispositive*

*a rampart against lancing narrative—  
an idyll of candor  
a selfcraft*

-Andy Oram



People Fight Against Epidemic Disease  
Lijie Yang





**Brain Model + hair**  
Lijie Yang

**TWO YONDERS => doubled**

**yonder**

I

*Beyond Yonder*

Nod yonder

Off yonder

Dirk yonder

Dead yonder

Round yonder

Dim yonder

Past yonder

Yen yonder

Talk yonder

Drift yonder

Cod yonder

Run yonder

Quick yonder

Brace yonder

Bless yonder

Press yonder

Mix yonder

Try yonder

Fry yonder

Street yonder

Tip yonder

Screech yonder

Lick yonder

Back yonder

Yon yonder

II

*Alphabetayonder*

ark yonder

bad yonder

cat yonder

don yonder

eat yonder

fez yonder

get yonder

hat yonder

ill yonder

jet yonder

kit yonder

lil yonder

mat yonder

non yonder

old yonder

pit yonder

qua yonder

rot yonder

sin yonder

tot yonder

ugh yonder

van yonder

wow yonder

x'ed yonder

yay yonder

zee yonder



Poems  
Alan Bern



**Well-Framed**  
Alan Bern

## **Taste for**

Breath glimpse

Spur glimpse

Hearth glimpse

Spit glimpse

Mint glimpse

Posh glimpse

Zed glimpse

Ash glimpse

Gap glimpse

Lash glimpse

Clock glimpse

Hell glimpse

Odd glimpse

Sere glimpse

Push glimpse

Quell glimpse

Plush glimpse

Good glimpse

Best glimpse

Wait glimpse

*-Alan Bern*





**Untitled**  
Lucia Pol

## LACRIMAE RERUM

Within this anabranch whose rejoinders are myth where one  
winzes sumped at last a minor note reechoed foraminally  
declensing cenotes dreaming progression all panglissandoe,  
hindsight's projected casuistry the plage to be facular  
cordoned by the umbra of one's station—caesur. Withdraw the conjury  
image of lastnight into today. Say what you said before  
the same paying no mind the piaculars and garner  
the ramenta in case. Surefire surfeit. Cenobite.  
What we think and feel represent something worse than nothing.  
That pang that pang is the unsensed certainty that we've never  
been or if not our greatest hope is utter eschaton.  
Insert the flue into the flown. Insert something funny here.

*-Joseph Harms*

## CLOCKICE

Whether with one's fere alone or mussitant in the barrens  
ineffable the vista is a glaab from which to geomance  
the saidse's cussive clockice. Cromlech the manse, proscribe  
the pale, enceinte if needbe. The vista is clockice. The sky  
is iset. At all times one travels through the undercroft.  
Prescribe the pale dundance. Undirigible animas  
will visit soon to omophag, I swear. The saidse is  
onesown. The undercroft's stars are tactile fictile tacets.  
Always sideral aleatoric the light in which one  
seems seemingly. Always is an idiot selvaging  
to be done *done*done—*done*done.

*-Joseph Harms*



## CANT II

Aprosopus longsince completed neonate yet palimpsest,  
a work consisting solely of its pentimentomoris,  
a misotheosis, all ways the lychway, caldera's  
minotaur subparlayed doggerelstyle under a sky  
crafted by lenticulars—longsince I've taken  
to pyxhearted atemps. A hant of sandhills faints the earthend.  
A rack of crows extends the vinous cupola to fit  
the loge in which one angles never bends. A mnemonic  
thrush will deliquesce mimetically, drivehome not away.  
Nostos the faroff faroffing limitrope. Say no  
as God says no to neighbors and the like. Never losetrack  
of the swardbourne wherefrom orgasmic the cynocephs curse in jest.

*-Joseph Harms*

## VENTIFACT

Approached askance askew the esker is traversed besmeused  
these chthonic betimes, sun selenian from which the snow  
derives the puzzled sky of noctilucent dreams enthrawed  
with now, the vim of it, as nils of us ventifact  
beyond our ilk and ken as if against Samael's stopgap  
against the wormdrilled mothate lingerie—the condign recondite  
of everything within this tattertale world of ice and timecrystals  
sewn, our bricolage when seen unseemly rimey—in ken of ilk  
one's ilkest ilk and kinnest ken are always noctilucent  
tattertales toying with doilies, the uncoastered toiley  
moon colostrally milkrun.

*-Joseph Harms*



Fernando Pessoa - To Infinity and Beyond (side A and B)  
 André Braga



Fernando Pessoa - To Infinity and Beyond (side C and D)  
André Braga

*beacon*

mark the particular  
granite resistance  
of the wondrous thing  
to the too-familiar fracture  
the breaking  
down  
slippage into  
ephemeral fleeting  
vapor-forms consumed  
merged integration into  
at last ceasing smothered in trackless  
chainless  
endless continents  
of air  
quite  
the contrary in all  
actuality  
fully emblazoned  
vivid undeniable  
blindingly vibrant  
lightning-beacon etched  
on the mind/heart/consciousness and  
holding  
long long seasons  
and harvests freezes storms  
droughts  
whatever  
to  
follow  
old departure of the fickle eye

*-Neil Flory*

*(agilities)*

(these) (dry dunes) ancient  
shards of incantations improvisations  
          (markings) somehow mostly  
clear (spoken) here with unprecedented  
          inflections (first) (instance  
intentioned) inside thousands of  
years

                          (slouching) archives  
                                  derelict they're  
burning all the schematics (systematically)  
every pale morning in the ragged fields  
          pieces (curl) in flame their  
(blackened) chemical (edges) such of floating  
          dissolved       away  
                  on  
          the       impatient  
                  north  
  wind

(we) the new  
                          collective   soul  
(transfigured  
          in   surrounding smoke)  
(resonant) with  
          the remembering  
all the ancient potencies       (magics)  
(distilled essences) of engulfed emerged  
  
                          civilizations  
spur-of-the-flashing-moment renewed  
                          returned  
  
          turning (agilities)

*-Neil Flory*



**Untitled (07/16/2020)**  
Lisa McCleary



Untitled (07/22/2020)  
Lisa McCleary

## **BUFFALO NICKEL**

On one side of the nickel  
a native-American profile  
looks back from west to east.  
On the other side a bison,  
that all-American beast,  
stands up for mere survival.  
Side-views of a buffalo  
and handsome native brave  
with feathers in his hair  
stare at their reservations,  
plains Indian and feast.  
Here on a coin two victims  
of Europe's America meet  
under the legend of Liberty  
as if to face defeat  
in a commercial future  
with a value and a date.

*-Duncan Forbes*



## ARCHAEOPTERYX

A dinosaur-bird preserved intact  
Is found enfolded in the rock.

Feathers for flight and jaws with teeth.  
The wings with claws on bones of stone.

It fledged near tropical lagoons  
150 million years ago.

How many yesterdays is that  
From dawn to sunset, night to light?

An image of life in death laid flat,  
A bas-relief of ancient flight,

Here is a fossil bird which flew  
Or if not flew then flapped its wings,

So perfect it was thought a fake  
In lithographic limestone rock.

Here is a missing link which leads  
From dinosaurs to living birds.

Imagine life on earth's frail crust  
Before the birds and after us.

*-Duncan Forbes*



Plane Crash  
Bill Burns



Mountain Town  
Bill Burns

## Books as signposts in our life

As I lay there in bed I tried to think back as far as I could, exercising my memory as if it were a flabby muscle. Pictures spindled across the photo album of my brain. I leaned forward and squinted my closed eyes trying to decipher them. Book jackets. *Freddy the Pig*, *Barnyard Detective*. *Charlotte's Web*. *Little House on the Prairie* with the Garth Williams' illustrations. *Little Women*—I actually *saw* the chapter illustration where Jo peers into Beth's trunk and is overcome by grief. Piles and piles of Nancy Drew mysteries, and sitting on the back porch two-seat rocker with my legs dangling over the armrest and a glass of sweetened ice tea sweating on a small stand nearby. Stories were intertwined with my life story. Books served as the chronological markers of my personal history.

The Newbery shelf at the local library where I felt as if I were reaching into a crock of gold and pulling out rainbows—I read them all beginning with Hendrik Van Loon's *The Story of Man*. I remembered falling asleep at night beneath a coverlet of books—and characters swirling around me like a shadow box show. As a teenager I stayed up all night reading *Here I Stay* by Elizabeth Coatsworth, about a Colonial girl who chooses to live alone when all her neighbors migrate west, abandoning their small village in Maine. Reading this coming of age story I left my childhood behind and crossed over into becoming a woman book-aholic. It is the type of book seldom read these days where the rise and denouement are all within the main character, and very little action takes place. Instead of me reading the book—it felt like it was reading me. I wondered at how something as abstract as words could be so intimate. I lost myself inside books, becoming another person and living vicariously through the characters.

In high school I fell in love with *Jane Eyre*, another solitary narrator, nearly crushed by the pressures of a caste-like hierarchy filled with dehumanizing adults. During the Cold War everything seemed reduced to a race, a contest between the Soviet Union and the USA. Good versus Evil. As an adolescent I felt the tension deeply, hoping to some day defeat the Superpowers, whomever they may be. During this pubescent period I also fell in love with the notion of undying love. From across shrouded heaths and misty moors, I fell asleep dreaming of *Wuthering Heights* and a handsome mystery man calling my name.

One summer on a vacation with my parents to a cottage at Houghton Lake I spent the entire time reading. I forgot my bathing suit, but remembered to bring a dozen novels. I believe it was also the summer I discovered the poems of Emily Dickinson and her twitchy punctuation. She gave me hope that some day I could be a writer. I mean what did she know—she never left her room.

In college I read *Silent Spring*, *Catch-22*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, and *Catcher in the Rye* and was shaken to my core. I had never before read anything like them. The themes disturbed me, got under my skin, and lived in my mind for months after I'd finished them. I was constantly revisiting the characters, applying new overlays to the narratives while at the same time trying to make sense of the small planet upon which I lived. These books were pivotal, hitting me at a time in my life when anything could happen. If literature was a marker in my own personal history, then some books were milestones.

Later, after graduating from college, I vacillated between smut and serious literature—some being more equal than others. I was in my late twenties when I stumbled upon the short stories of Flannery O'Connor. She was a writer from the American South, a region dominated by writers with such fantastic first names as Eudora, Harper, Walker, and Shelby, and of course, Flannery. For a short time I contemplated changing my name to Mason. Flannery wrote short stories populated by misfits, self-righteous racists, tattooed Bible salesmen, and one-legged agnostics. She wrote in a style referred to as the grotesque, where only the craziest most mixed up people were reliable enough to tell the truth (even as Hazel Motes in *Wise Blood* climbed up on top of his car and declared there was no real truth). I experimented with the grotesque, penning a story about a young woman married to a fundamentalist preacher who yearned to break out of the rigid landscape of her life. One day while cleaning out the

deep fryers at the diner where she worked as a waitress/short order cook she slipped and fell, the hot oil melting her skin down to the bone. As she lay bedridden, numb from pain and the painkillers, scattered hallucinatory visions came to her, allowing her to escape her oppressive marriage and legalistic church upbringing. Upon rereading it a few years later I was embarrassed by my unbridled emulation of O'Connor.

According to Flannery O'Connor, by a young age we have emotionally already what it takes to be a writer.

“Anybody who has survived his childhood has enough information about life to last him the rest of his days.”

— Flannery O'Connor, *Mystery and Manners: Occasional Prose*

*-Jane Hertenstein*



**Daily Time Slices December 15**  
Laurie Frick



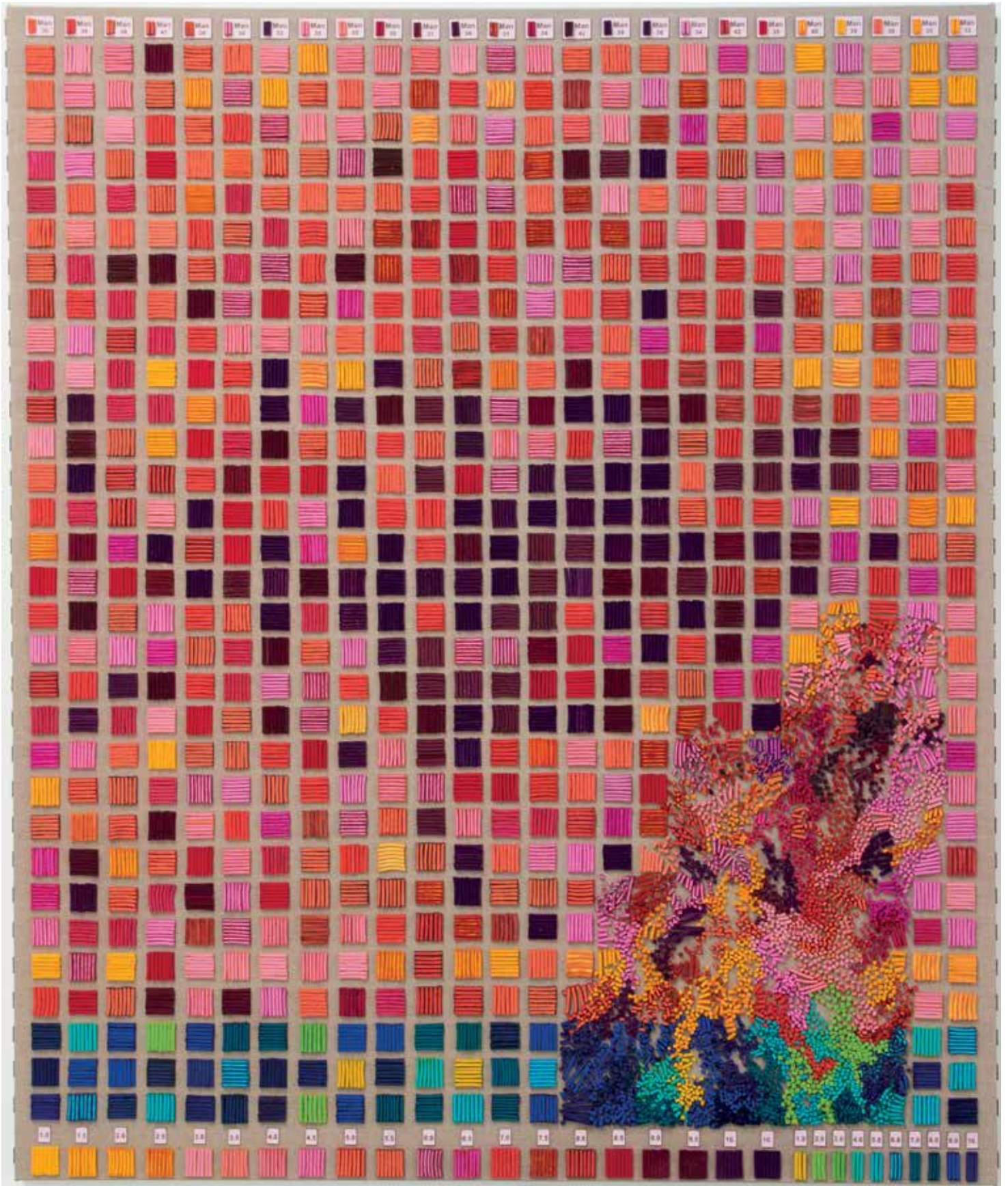
**Daily Time Slices August 25**

Laurie Frick



**Felt Personality Blue**  
Laurie Frick





**Felt Personality Pink**  
Laurie Frick

*Aha, crept!*

crept paper  
crept maybe  
crept flutings  
crept long times  
crept crept breaths  
crept backrooms  
crept for cause  
crept sex meant  
crept long A  
crept until  
crept please please  
crept finger  
crept vent back  
crept bent tongue  
crept lemons  
crept damn lime  
crept under  
crept behind  
crept backdoor  
crept mindsmall  
crept punched Brett  
crept ciao ciao  
crept duh 'tude  
crept willing  
crept unto  
crept mono  
crept longterm  
crept septet  
crept misty  
crept scepter  
crept the end  
crept again  
crept once more  
crept and fade

*-Alan Bern*

**Screenshot Archived by a Weixin/Wechat Monitor: for Qi Hong**

Now, exactly how did you  
begin to have a crush on me?

*Our city is the hardest hit  
by covid-19 across Canada*

During a school meeting  
when you happened to sit before me

*But the situation this side  
of the Pacific is well under control*

How come you actually  
never confessed to me long back then?

*That accounts for a major  
sociopolitical gap between our two countries*

I had a thief's heart then  
but not a thief's guts as they often say

*Say nothing about politics, or  
my wechat account would be closed*

Now you had both the heart &  
the guts, but the thief is no more

*Ok, I forget 'no talking about state  
affairs' or a real country thief ...*

*-Yuan Changming*



**Losing the Collection**  
Sarah Nesbitt



**Migration**  
Sarah Nesbitt

## Y QUICIABES

si daquién t'entrua  
qué ye un archivu,  
de xuru qu'imaxines d'esmenu  
un llugar enfarxopetáu  
de caxes y documentos.

yo deprendí abenayá  
que caún de nos  
somos un archivu,  
un archivu dafechu desordenáu  
au s'amiesten al debalu  
les lleendes, los poemas  
y quiciabes,  
l'alcuerdu dilú  
de les nueses realidaes.

*-Xe M. Sánchez*

## AND PERHAPS

if someone asks you  
what is an archive,  
it is sure that you will imagine  
suddenly a place full  
of boxes and documents.

I learned a long time ago  
that each of us are  
an archive,  
an archive in complete disorder  
where legends, poems,  
and perhaps,  
the diluted memory  
of our realities  
are arbitrarily mixed.

*-Xe M. Sánchez*



From the dollhouse series (snapshot bundles, Spock's "Baby and Child Care")  
Jane Waggoner Deschner





**From the doll cradle series (baby pictures)**  
Jane Waggoner Deschner



## **Impossible**

The drawers are lined with messages from the dead,  
Scattered in with the papers, clips, and keys.

These messages -  
Musty whispers and jots,  
Receipts and ticket stubs,  
Fill the drawers,  
All the drawers,  
In all the desks,  
In all the buildings,

They are needing transmission to the living.

When your time comes  
To transmit -  
Be it grief or joy -  
Leave a message in the drawer,  
So the living might know.

*-Andrew Furst*

## The Ghost of Vitus Bering

Written on the NOAA Ship *Miller Freeman*,  
57° 22.6' N  
167° 07.8' W  
The Bering Sea

The ghost of Vitus Bering  
Is dancing here tonight  
Green mist, our light to starboard  
The forepeak glows a phantom

Surges thump against the hull  
And won't be stayed  
We are the sea; who are you?

We keep on toiling northward  
To a place we are not wanted,  
The ghost of Vitus Bering  
Whispers on our prow

Dark of evening when it's midday  
Kittiwake and fulmar wing  
Alongside us, impatient  
No fish for them tonight

We're here to test the ocean  
How much salt, how deep, how cold  
How many fish, how fast, how old

And the ocean never sleeps  
Terrible majesty swallows our rails,  
As we follow the mountains rising

The ghost of Vitus Bering  
Shimmers up ahead  
Invites, ignites the Northern lights  
And spirals up to meet them

The ghost of Vitus Bering  
Is dancing here tonight

*-Wendy Joseph*

**PHONE CALL**

FOR \_\_\_\_\_ DATE \_\_\_\_\_ TIME \_\_\_\_\_ A.M. / P.M.

M \_\_\_\_\_

OF \_\_\_\_\_ CELL \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

MESSAGE \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNED \_\_\_\_\_

TELEPHONED

RETURNED YOUR CALL

PLEASE CALL

WILL CALL AGAIN

CAME TO SEE YOU

WANTS TO SEE YOU

**PHONE CALL**

FOR Charlie DATE 2/20/17 TIME 2:55 A.M. / P.M.

M Caleb

OF Charleston Mind CELL Ext. 103

PHONE 1 800 745 6468

MESSAGE would be interested in having ornaments, could be made for them

SIGNED Yachet zone

TELEPHONED

RETURNED YOUR CALL

PLEASE CALL

WILL CALL AGAIN

CAME TO SEE YOU

WANTS TO SEE YOU

**PHONE CALL**

FOR Betsy DATE 2/22 TIME 3:20 A.M. / P.M.

M Karen Christowski

OF \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE 847-603-3205

MESSAGE \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNED Rodolfo Vanni

TELEPHONED

RETURNED YOUR CALL

PLEASE CALL

WILL CALL AGAIN

CAME TO SEE YOU

WANTS TO SEE YOU

Archive 3  
Kelsey Gavin



**Floating Remains (detail)**  
Tara Vatanpour



**Floating Remains**  
Tara Vatanpour

## **Before Morbidity**

before religion, after science

before leeches, after bio-markers

before print, after the digital

before department stores, after Amazon

before Jim Crow, after Jim Code

before letter writing, after texting

before charity, after bootstraps

before the land line, after the smart phone

before the rapture, after climate change

before benzos, after pharma

before brick-n-mortar, after Shelter-in-Place

before isolation, after vaccination

before the pandemic, after pods

before masking, after the new strain

*-Dion Farquhar*



## **Interstellar Matter**

We humans,  
to survive, require  
water, oxygen,  
food, sleep,  
and words.

Earth's atmosphere  
is composed primarily of  
nitrogen,  
oxygen,  
and conversation.

Our galaxy  
is a system of  
stars  
and stories,  
all archived by gravity.

*-Janice Bobman*

## ASI ES LA VIDA (A WAY OF LIVING)

Archives are collections of information, records, which come in many forms such as letters, maps or photographs, for example, and help us to understand our past and present. *Asi es la Vida* is the title that my grandfather gave to his diary. It was a gift for his mum as an apology for all of the worry that he caused her for many years.

The story of my grandfather inspired me to create a collective memorial for everyone who was part of the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939) in any way. I have entitled my work “Post-Memory” after Marianne Hirsch’s work. She says that the “post-memory” is

*“the relationship of the second generation to powerful, often traumatic, experiences that preceded their births. Role of the family as a space of transmission and the function of gender as an idiom of remembrance”* [Hirsch, M, 2008, The generation of post-memory. *Poetics Today* 29(1):103-128]

I used my grandfather’s hand written poems and botanical elements to create the link to bring the work together with the place where I came from and to represent struggle as the essence of life. Traditional values like family, religion or respect for our elders, have always been very important in my culture and they are being forgotten by new generations. Being able to share life experiences in the form of a tribute may lead to them to get the recognition they deserve for fighting for their beliefs and helping to heal a broken country.

-*Silvia Cristobal Alonso*



## Old Videos

I found our old videos  
From a decade ago  
I can't believe it's been so long  
Since we last recorded ourselves  
Together as proof we were  
It feels like forever  
A promise we made to each other

I found our old videos  
Of us kissing and falling in love  
Claiming we love one another  
Meaning it in our smiles  
We laughed and cried countless times  
As our youth glowed brighter  
Like living in a lucid coma dream

I found our old videos  
I cannot lie when I admit  
I felt something while watching them  
Past emotions briefly returned  
Yet as they each finished playing  
My thoughts of you ended as well  
Only to be lost again with the memories

I found our old videos  
Maybe someone else will also  
Perhaps they'll think we're still a pair  
When we know the actual truth  
Our memoir the world forgot except me  
But the internet will preserve our honesty  
Moments now immortal after we die

This will be my final piece written to you  
Because remembering is a powerful pain  
I hope you're happy in this day and age  
Reminiscent of our existent archives  
And if you ever find those videos  
You'll see that I did at some point too  
I found our old videos too

*-Kevin Adam Flores*



**Accumulations I**  
Catherine Eaton Skinner

**Dear body,**

why do you speak to me in someone else's language? This  
tongue that turns foreign, yet so tender, its taste never leaves

and every time the heart thrums, these eyes, chock-full of twists  
and longings, measure up the length of you. These hands taught

to carry water to seal broken bones, wrist-deep in duties and chores,  
rinse off all your mishaps, then sprout like green limbs to keep

you from undoing every stitch. Your face is your bond. Wide,  
ready to turn on the tall moon and crush its shadow onto skin.

Life in a language and then in another. Word running arteries.

*-Clara Burghelea*



Untitled  
Guilherme Bergamini

## Perseids

That small Zen bird is still circling,  
still trailing that red silk scarf, still brushing  
that same granite mountain every 100 years,  
an eventual wearing away.

You could live many lifetimes  
and still miss each pass,  
and who has kalpas to spare?

Tonight the sky  
is alive with shooting stars,  
magnetic messengers of fire and light  
that also arrive by timing,  
the slow drift  
of their ashes  
silently dusting our gardens,  
our hills, ourselves.

*-M.S. Rooney*



## **THE ENORMITY OF EXISTENCE**

Can a denier believe?  
Can a man of God doubt?  
Can a prisoner leave?  
Can a king do without?

Can children die?  
Can stars ordain?  
Can songbirds cry?  
Can deserts rain?

Can killers heal?  
Can healers kill?  
Can the sun melt?  
Can it be felt?

Can the soul see?  
Can my soul hear?  
Can God be?  
Can time disappear?

*-Nolo Secundo*



**Root System Tapestry, Leaf #1**  
Elise Wojtowicz



**Unidentifiable #1**  
Elise Wojtowicz

## Contributors

**Silvia Cristobal Alonso's** main concerns within her art practice are underpinned by her cultural background, with an interest in how we consider our cultural and personal identities and memories. She looks to nature and poetry to explore these ideas within her practice, often using photographic imagery and found elements from her surroundings as metaphor for events of the past. Botany is the link to bring the work together with the place where she came from and to represent struggle as the essence of life. Silvia graduated from Camberwell College of Arts and will take part in Woolwich Contemporary Art Fair next autumn.

**Kelij Anderson-Staley** is nationally known for her work in the wet-plate collodion process and has exhibited her work at numerous museums and galleries. She grew up off the grid in Maine and now teaches at the University of Houston, Texas. [www.andersonstaley.com](http://www.andersonstaley.com)

**Gaby Bedetti** is a photographer, writer, and translator. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Los Angeles Review*, *Puerto del Sol*, and *Cimarron*

**Guilherme Bergamini** is Brazilian and graduated in Journalism. For more than two decades, he has developed projects with photography and the various narrative possibilities that art offers. The works of the artist dialogue between memory and social political criticism. He believes in photography as the aesthetic potential and transforming agent of society. Awarded in national and international competitions, Guilherme Bergamini participated in collective exhibitions in 46 countries.

**Alan Bern** is a retired children's librarian and cofounder, with artist/printer Robert Woods, of *Lines & Faces*, an illustrated poetry broadside press and publisher in the San Francisco Bay area, [linesandfaces.com](http://linesandfaces.com). His work has recently appeared in *Mediterranean Poetry* ([odyssey.pm/contributors/alan-bern/](http://odyssey.pm/contributors/alan-bern/)), *Slouching Beast Journal*, and *Mercurius*. He is the author of *No no the saddest* (Fithian Press), *Waterwalking in Berkeley* (Fithian Press), and *greater distance and other poems* (*Lines & Faces*). Alan performs with the dancer Lucinda Weaver as *PACES: dance & poetry fit to the space* and with musicians from Composing Together, <http://composingtogether.org>

**Janice Bohman** grew up in a lumber family in northern Idaho. She lives in California in a house blessed with abundant sunlight and cacti. She is a bookbinder and writer whose work has been published in *Fukushima Poetry Anthology* and *The Hitchlit Review*.

**Beto Borges** is a Brazilian journalist and graphic designer, who only started painting at the age of forty. His main production is an all-over abstract, in acrylic on canvas, from the accumulation of small compulsively superimposed scrawls. In contrast, he also produces the series "Binary", with extremely simple and minimalist works of geometric abstraction. He understands Art as a devotional dimension of existence.

**Naomi Simone Borwein** is an interdisciplinary scholar and artist. She holds a PhD in English literature from the University of Newcastle. Her work appears in *Springer*, *Palgrave Macmillan*, *Journal of the Fantastic in the Arts*, *Farside Review*, and elsewhere. She is the current head poetry editor of *SWAMP writing*.

**André Braga** as the founder of *Arquitectura*, a proposal that unites architecture and literature in a new concept of visual art. He has had the privilege of drawing attention to the uniqueness of his works. Wherever he exhibits his art, words like amazing, surprising and extraordinary have been little to illustrate the authenticity of his genius. Through meticulous work, simple materials such as paper, wood, plastic, acrylic, metal, glue, wire, fabrics and other small objects are transformed into literary construction, revealing to the public all the reading and interpretation of this brand new form of art. Exactly as one expects the architecture of books to be, little by little buildings are emerging from authors such as Ernest Hemingway, Jorge Luis Borges, José Saramago, GH Wells, Fernando Pessoa, Anne Frank, Ray Bradbury, among many others. More than models created from renowned writers, it is the innovative combination of design with the content of the life and work of great names in universal literature that makes their art so admired and captivating.

**Sarah Buckius** is an artist and educator who lives in Northern California. Her creative work incorporates digital video, photography, and performance and has been exhibited nationally and internationally. She was an Assistant Professor of Photography at Michigan State University from 2010-2011 and has worked as an adjunct instructor of digital art, photography, time-based media, and art appreciation at Augusta State University (2012), the University of Michigan (2007-2010), and Eastern Michigan University (2009-2010). Notable video screenings include *The State of The Art: Accademia di Romania in Roma* (Rome, Italy), *InsideOut Step2: White Box Museum of Art* (Beijing, China), *SIMULTAN #6: Past Continuous, Future Perfect |* (Timisoara, Romania), *Visions in the Nunnery: Nunnery Gallery* (London, UK), *EXIS 2010 International Film & Video Festival* (Seoul, Korea), *Images Contre Nature 2011: P'Silo International Experimental Video Festival* (Marseille, France), and *AC Institute Rotating Video Project* (New York, NY).

**Bill Burns** was born into a book selling family in Saskatchewan. His collaborative work about nature and civil society has been shown widely including at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, London, England; KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin; and the Museum of Modern Art, New York. He has published several artists' books including *Three Books About Plants and Animals and War*, (Verlag der Buchhandlung Walther Koenig, 2011: Cologne, and *Hans Ulrich Obrist Hear Us* (YYZBOOKS and Black Dog Publishing, 2016: Toronto and London)

**Clara Burghilea** is a Romanian-born poet with an MFA in Poetry from Adelphi University. Recipient of the Robert Muroff Poetry Award, her poems and translations appeared in *Ambit*, *Waxwing*, *The Cortland Review* and elsewhere. Her collection *The Flavor of The Other* was published in 2020 with Dos Madres Press. She is the Review Editor of *Ezra, An Online Journal of Translation*

**Jane Waggoner Deschner** has been an exhibiting artist for forty years; for the last twenty her medium has been the vernacular

photograph. In 2015, she began her project of hand-embroidered studio portrait proofs, “Remember me: a collective narrative in found words and photographs.” Recently her work has been juried into two Kris Graves Projects photo books and selected for online photography exhibits by Humble Arts Foundation, Lenscratch and Photo Trouvée. The Montana Arts Council honored her with an Artist Innovation Award in 2019–20. She earned an MFA from Vermont College of Fine Arts in 2001.

**Wheeler Winston Dixon** is an American filmmaker. Dixon’s films have been screened at The Museum of Modern Art, The Whitney Museum of American Art, Anthology Film Archives, Filmhuis Cavia (Amsterdam), Studio 44 (Stockholm), La lumière collective (Montréal), The BWA Katowice Museum (Poland), The Microscope Gallery, The National Film Theatre (UK), The Jewish Museum, The Millennium Film Workshop, The San Francisco Cinématheque, LA Filmforum (Los Angeles), The New Arts Lab, The Collective for Living Cinema, The Kitchen, The Filmmakers Cinématheque, Film Forum, The Amos Eno Gallery, The Rice Museum, The Oberhausen Film Festival, Undercurrent, Experimental Response Cinema and elsewhere.

**Dion Farquhar** has recent poems in *Blind Field*, *Poesis*, *Cape Rock: Poetry*, *Poydras Review*, *Mortar*, *Birds Piled Loosely*, *Local Nomad*, *Columbia Poetry Review*, *morla*, *Shifter*, *BlazeVOX*, etc. Her third chapbook *Just Kidding* was published by Finishing Line Press in 2018 her second poetry book *Wonderful Terrible* was published by Main Street Rag Publishing Company in 2013. She works as an exploited adjunct at two universities, but still loves the classroom, and she is active in the University of California Santa Cruz adjunct union, the UC-AFT.

**Duncan Forbes’** poems have been published by Faber, Secker and Enitharmon, who brought out a Selected Poems, *Lifelines*, in 2009. It was drawn from five previous collections. Awards and prizes include a Gregory Award, TLS/Blackwells Prize, two Stephen Spender *Times* Translation Prizes and a Hawthornden Fellowship. For his most recent collection of poems, *Human Time* (2020), see [www.duncanforbes.com](http://www.duncanforbes.com). A painter as well as a poet, he read English at Oxford and has taught for many years. Now retired, he lives in Gloucestershire, U.K.

**Kevin Adam Flores** Barbosa is an American poet and short-story writer. His work is featured in *Fleas on the Dog* and *Blink-Ink’s Kitty Wang* press. He has been published in *The Chachalaca Review*, UTRGV’s *Gallery* and *Pulse* magazines, *The Rio Review*, and others. He is a bittersweet author residing in Texas

**Laurie Frick** uses data to examine what we can know about ourselves. In her hand-built installations, drawings and small works she experiments with how we will consume the mass of data increasingly captured about us. Evidence of her engineering background and long-history in high-tech are seen in the deep data analysis and detailed explanations of how this future will unfold. Her work about the future of data were recently featured on NPR’s *All Things Considered*, *Atlantic* and *Wired*; she has been invited to talk at Google, SXSW, Stanford and TEDx. Recipient of numerous residencies and awards, including Samsung Research, Yaddo, Bemis and Facebook. She holds an MFA from the New York Studio School, an MBA from University of Southern California and studied at NYU’s ITP program that melded art and technology into her current data work. Recent installations include public art in downtown Austin, CapitalOne, Facebook, Texas A&M and Michigan State University. She has shown at numerous galleries in Los Angeles in New York with inclusion in an ongoing exhibition at the Musée de Civilization in Quebec.

**Andrew Furst** is a poet, artist, author, Buddhist teacher, photographer, musician, and a technologist. His poetry has appeared in *The Chaffin Journal*, *Gravitas*, *Dime Show Review*, and *Levee Magazine*. His art has been featured in the *Emerson Review*. Learn more about Andrew by visiting [www.andrewfurst.net](http://www.andrewfurst.net).

**Kelsey Gavin** has always been interested in written correspondence and the act of the written word versus the verbal. In an age where we have everyone at our fingertips, she feels as if there has been something greatly lost in the romanticism of the hand-written word. Her works incorporate collaged found correspondence by the way of missed phone messages from a reception desk, binding both the technological and the manual ways of communication.

**Graham C. Goff** is a college student in rural central Texas (two hundred miles from Nowhere). He collects and repairs typewriters, avidly consumes Russian literature, and plays tennis. Graham anticipates a future career in writing, law, professorship, or diplomacy— depending on who’s asking. He is an editor at *Kitchen Sink Magazine* and has been previously published in *Kitchen Sink Magazine*, *Evening Street Review*, *The Literatus* and *Die Leere Mitte*.

**Seth Guy** appropriates, reconfigures and juxtaposes materials to create playful performative works which explore the discourse between ear and eye. Influenced by his interests in experimental fiction, art, and music, Seth is interested in the intersections of shared language, memory, and imagination in which the acts of listening and visualising are investigated. Often collaborating and devising projects of a participatory and experiential nature, Seth makes both sonic art and visual art; work, which is often humorous, and occasionally disquieting. Seth Guy lives and works in London, UK. <http://www.sethguy.co.uk>

**Joseph Harms** was a finalist for the National Poetry Series Award for *Bel* (Expat Press, 2017), as well as a finalist for the Sexton Prize for Poetry for *Goety* (The Black Spring Press Group, forthcoming). He is the author of the poetry collection *Nous* (IFSF Publishing, 2021) and the novels *Ades*, *Baal*, *Cant* and *Wyrđ*, which have been collected in *Evil: Novels 2007-2018* (Expat Press, forthcoming). Harms’ work has appeared in numerous literary journals, including *Boulevard*, *The Alaska Quarterly Review*, *The North American Review*, *The International Poetry Review*, *Crazyhorse*, *The Opiate* and *Bayou Magazine*. He holds an MFA in Poetry from the University of Michigan Helen Zell Writers’ Program.

**Brandon Tho Harris** is an interdisciplinary artist and arts professional based in Houston, Texas. His creative practice explores his identity as a child of war refugees. Through intensive research on the Vietnamese diaspora in relation to his family history, he examines notions of intergenerational trauma, displacement, and the land as a living archive. Found in his work are often self-portraiture, his family archives, found objects, raw materials, and historical images portraying the Vietnam war. By the use of photography, video, performance, and installation, he provides viewers a deeper understanding of the complexities surrounding migration

**Jane Hertenstein** is the author of over 90 published stories both macro and micro: fiction, creative non-fiction, and blurred

genre. In addition she has published a YA novel, *Beyond Paradise* and a non-fiction project, *Orphan Girl: The Memoir of a Chicago Bag Lady*, which garnered national reviews. Jane is the recipient of a grant from the Illinois Arts Council. Her latest book is *Cloud of Witnesses* from Golden Alley Press. She teaches a workshop on Flash Memoir and can be found blogging at <http://memoirouswrite.blogspot.com/>

**Wendy Joseph** vies with her fictional characters for a life of romance and adventure. As a deckhand on merchant ships, she steered ships world-wide through hurricanes and typhoons, and outran pirates off of Somalia. She lived as an expatriate writer in Paris, conversing with the ghosts of Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Sylvia Beach. She has published prizewinning poetry and songs, and her plays have been produced at the Seattle Fringe Festival. She holds two Master's in English and can splice a twelve strand line while doing Shakespeare. Ashore she holds court with her wildcats in the wilds of Washington State.

**Robin Knight** (He, Him) is a mixed-race ASD writer, based near Brighton, Sussex. His poetry has been selected to appear in: *Rattle*, *The North*, *The Perch*, *SOUTH*, *Filling Station*, *Vallum*, *Cathexis North West Press*, *The Dewdrop*, *The Whirlwind*, *Halfway Down the Stairs*, *Visual Verse*, *Bounds Green Writers Group*, *Artificium*, *Imprimo*, *Beyond Words*, *Tempered Runes Press*, *The Bangalore Review* and others in anthology.

**Tricia Knoll** is a Vermont poet. Her work appears widely in journals and anthologies and in five collected books - her most recent is *Checkered Mates* out in April 2021. Her book *How I Learned To Be White* received the 2018 Human Rights Indie Book Award for Motivational Poetry. Website: [triciaknoll.com](http://triciaknoll.com)

**Hermann Leitner** works at the Austrian Birth Statistics Office. He is also a radio moderator at FREIRAD, a former pirate station in Innsbruck, where he hosts a film review show. He began to create shorts with Dave Lojek in 2014 during the Kino Dramawas KinoKabaret, a filmmaking workshop. For Inn-Kurzfilmfestival in Upper Austria he worked in the selection preview department in 2017. Hermann's films are characterized by a wild and immediate approach.

**Haley MacKeil** is an interdisciplinary artist and educator in Providence, RI. Her research explores complex living systems through video installation, sculptural objects and the multiple in paper and printmaking. Her practice forms a threshold between two worlds, two bodies, two different understandings— creating sites for connections with something, someone, or a place that cannot be directly accessed. She contributes to collaborative workshops, exhibitions, and editions with artists, spaces, and institutions in Berlin, Boston, and New York. She earned her BA in Visual Arts and Biology from Bowdoin College and her MFA in Printmaking from the Rhode Island School of Design.

**Lisa McCleary**, is an Irish-Australian artist currently living in New York. In 2018 she completed her MFA Degree at Parsons, The New School, NYC. She has exhibited internationally with her recent solo exhibition, titled *Borderless*, at GALLERY CUBED x Hunter East Harlem Gallery, NYC and previous solo exhibitions including *Edging*, at Gallery MC, NYC in 2019, *Opened 1m Ago* and *#foreveralone* at Palmer Art Projects, Sydney in 2016 and 2015. In 2020, McCleary was included in The Sunday Times article '30 under 30: Ireland's most promising artists.'

**Beatriz Montes**, or better known as *Ruska*, is a visual artist, photographer, illustrator, video artist and performer born in Madrid, Spain (1998) who shows violence and experimental ethnography through those disciplines. A few pieces of her artwork have been presented on exhibitions at *La Traseria* (Facultad de Bellas Artes, UCM, Madrid); the video art festival *El país de los tuertos* (Círculo de Bellas Artes, Madrid) and also at Viewbug where her work was selected at least 36 times winner of photography awards. Graduated in Fine Arts (Universidad Complutense de Madrid), her projects involved photography and messages. At this moment, still a member of the research group "UCM: El cuerpo en el arte contemporáneo: imagen y sujeto" since 2018, she works with the main concepts of her art but in a deeper way.

**N/A (Neeraja D and Ahmed Ozsever)** is a collaborative duo. The duo works across continents, Neeraja is based in Bangalore, India, Ahmed in Bloomington, Indiana and Chicago, Illinois. Their practice is rooted in conversation and locates subjectivity in linguistic communication, relative to the geographical and physical space one occupies.

**Sarah Nesbitt** was born in Syracuse, New York, and has an MFA in Photography at Pennsylvania State University and a BFA in Photography and Drawing at the State University of New York at Oswego. She currently lives and works in Detroit, Michigan. Her interests lie in studying how history is used and perceived, in conjunction with investigating the importance of people's actions and behaviors towards that information acquired by them. Her goal is to create broad awareness of shortcomings in recording and portraying history, so people understand it not as static stories frozen and dead in the past, but as a medium of active engagement – a living, breathing investigation into what came before us, constantly striving to reach the truth.

**Andy Oram** is a writer and editor in the computer field. His editorial projects have ranged from a legal guide covering intellectual property to a graphic novel about teenage hackers. Print publications where his writings have appeared include *The Economist*, *the Journal of Information Technology & Politics*, and *Vanguardia Dossier*. He has lived in the Boston, Massachusetts area for more than 30 years. He self-published a memoir, *Backtraces: Three Decades of Computing, Communities, and Critiques*, and his poems have been published in *Aji*, *Arlington Literary Journal*, *Conclave*, *Genre: Urban Arts*, *Heron Clan*, *Offcourse*, *Panophy*, *Soul-Lit*, *Speckled Trout Review*, and *WhimsicalPoet*.

**Lucia Pol** was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina. She is an architect and visual artist, who chooses photography as her fundamental means for investigating the sensations and emotions that found the psychological. Using nature as an atmospheric setting. She studies in Argentina and Spain with renowned artists such as Javier Vallhonrat.

**Patrick Renner** is a fourth generation Houstonian. He received a BFA from the Kansas City Art Institute in 2004 and an MFA from the New York State College of Art at Alfred University in 2006. Renner has established himself in his hometown art scene over the past two decades, presenting work made from collected objects and upcycled detritus. Architectural refuse is Renner's primary source material, specifically painted wood. He finds endless fascination in the embedded history within this ubiquitous resource, albeit one that is often anonymous given its found nature. Renner's sculptures are a way of archiving the

presence of others and exploring the passage of time.

**M.S. Rooney** lives in Sonoma, California with poet Dan Noreen. Her work appears in journals, including *Illuminations*, *Leaping Clear*, *MockingHeart Review*, and *The OffBeat* and anthologies, including *A Walk with Nature: Poetic Encounters that Nourish the Soul* (University Professors Press). Her work has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

**Xe M. Sánchez** was born in 1970 in Grau (Asturies, Spain). He received his Ph.D in History from the University of Oviedo in 2016. He is an anthropologist, and he also studied Tourism and three masters. He has published in Asturian language *Escorçobeyos* (2002), *Les fueyes tresmanaes d'Enol Xivares* (2003), *Toponimia de la parroquia de Sobrefoz. Ponga* (2006), *Llué, esi mundu paralelu* (2007), *Les Erbies del Díañu* (E-book: 2013, Paperback: 2015), *Crónicas de la Gandaya* (E-book, 2013), *El Cuadernu Prietu* (2015), and several publications in journals and reviews in Asturies, USA, Portugal, France, Sweden, Scotland, Australia, South Africa, India, Italy, England, Canada, Reunion Island, China, Belgium, Ireland, Netherlands, Austria and Turkey.

**Nolo Segundo**, pen name of L.J. Carber, 74, retired teacher, in past few years published online/in print in 37 literary magazines in the U.S., U.K., Canada, Romania, and India; in 2020 a trade publisher released a book titled *The Enormity Of Existence* and in 2021 a 2nd book, *Of Ether And Earth* [royalties going to Doctors Without Borders]. The titles like many of his poems reflect the awareness he's had since having an NDE whilst almost drowning at 24 in a Vermont river: He has a consciousness that predates birth and survives death [and no, his NDE was not of the 'white light' sort but then his near drowning was not accidental.] For 50 years he's known that the problem with sentient life is not that it is meaningless as he once thought, but that there is so much meaning in virtually everything than no one can fully grasp it all--still, he keeps trying.

**Gordon Skalleberg**, native of Arild, Sweden and now residing in Santa Fe, New Mexico, Skalleberg transitioned to full-time artist after years in the family's business. His relocation to New Mexico inspired new imagery, a distinctive twist on Southwestern features - desert landscapes, mountains, open skies - in a semi-abstract landscape-style. Skalleberg has shown in gallery and exhibitions in Sweden since 2007; more recently in New York and Santa Fe. Since 2015, he has participated in the prestigious annual Studio Tour in southwest Sweden. Occasionally he accepts commissions - a recent example being Netflix engaging him to paint portraits of Uma Thurman and Tony Goldwyn for a production. His work is in museum, corporate and private collections in Sweden and the United States.

**Catherine Eaton Skinner** (Seattle/Santa Fe) illuminates the balance of opposites, reflecting mankind's attempts at connection. Publications include *Magazine 43*, *Art Hole*, *MVIBE*, *LandEscape Art Review*, *Art Magazineium* and her monograph *108* (Radius Books). Upcoming exhibitions: Hockaday Museum and Las Cruces Museum. Previous include Wilding Museum, Cape Cod Museum, Yellowstone Art Museum and the High Desert Museum. Awards: U.S. Art in Embassies, Papua New Guinea and Tokyo, and Acclaimed Artists, New Mexico Department of Cultural Affairs.

**Calum Stamper** is an artist from North Yorkshire whose work explores the nature and relationships of modern culture behaviors in present-day society and the consequences created by the expansion of digital technology. Stamper's contemporary representation reflects this artist's perspective on discussed issues in the art industries and media. Stamper is an alumnus of the University of Sunderland and Northern School of Art, who was shortlisted for Ezio Student Awards in 2017/ 2019 and has exhibited work internationally and in the UK.

**Mariana Süssekind** is a Brazilian artist living in Berlin. Graduated in Visual Communication with MBAs in Photography and in Documentary Cinema. For her master's degree in Communication and Aesthetic, her thesis was titled "Lacunar Narratives in Contemporary Art". Since 2001, she has been working with film and video editing, especially dedicated to video-art, documentaries and found footage.

**Tara Tess Vatanpour** is an artist, writer, fashion designer, currently based in Paris, France. Using a diversity of mediums, Tara's art tends to grow towards monumentalism within the art installation world and towards an intensely practical, and highly participative performance art. Passionate to defend and inform the general public about trauma and more specifically immigration trauma, a member of the LGBTQ+ community, and a defendant of environmental rights. From a solid educational background in Fine Arts, she has exhibited in the Venice Biennale, London and Paris, and has presented her first solo show last spring 2021.

**Elise Wojtowicz's** work brings the immaterial parts of human existence into the physical realm. Her practice is centered in photography, with a particular interest in experimental printing and natural materials. Conceptually, she explores the idea of altered perception, personal identity and heritage, and memory, as well as the malleability of these things.

**Lijie Yang** lives and works in Hangzhou, China and is engaged in graphic design, illustration, and conceptual installations reflecting on the latest social and political events.

**Dana Yost** was an award-winning daily newspaper journalist for 29 years. Since 2008, he has published six books and co-authored a seventh. He is a three-time nominee for the Pushcart Prize. He has lived his entire life in the rural Midwest.

**Yuan Changming** started to learn the English alphabet in Shanghai at age nineteen and published monographs on translation before leaving China. With a Canadian PhD in English, Yuan currently edits *Poetry Pacific* with Allen Yuan in Vancouver. Credits include eleven Pushcart nominations and appearances in the *Best of Best Canadian Poetry & BestNewPoemsOnline*, among 1859 others across 47 countries. Recently, Yuan published his eleventh chapbook *Limerence*, and served on the jury for Canada's 44th National Magazine Awards (poetry category).

## Solution to the Summer Crossword Puzzle

