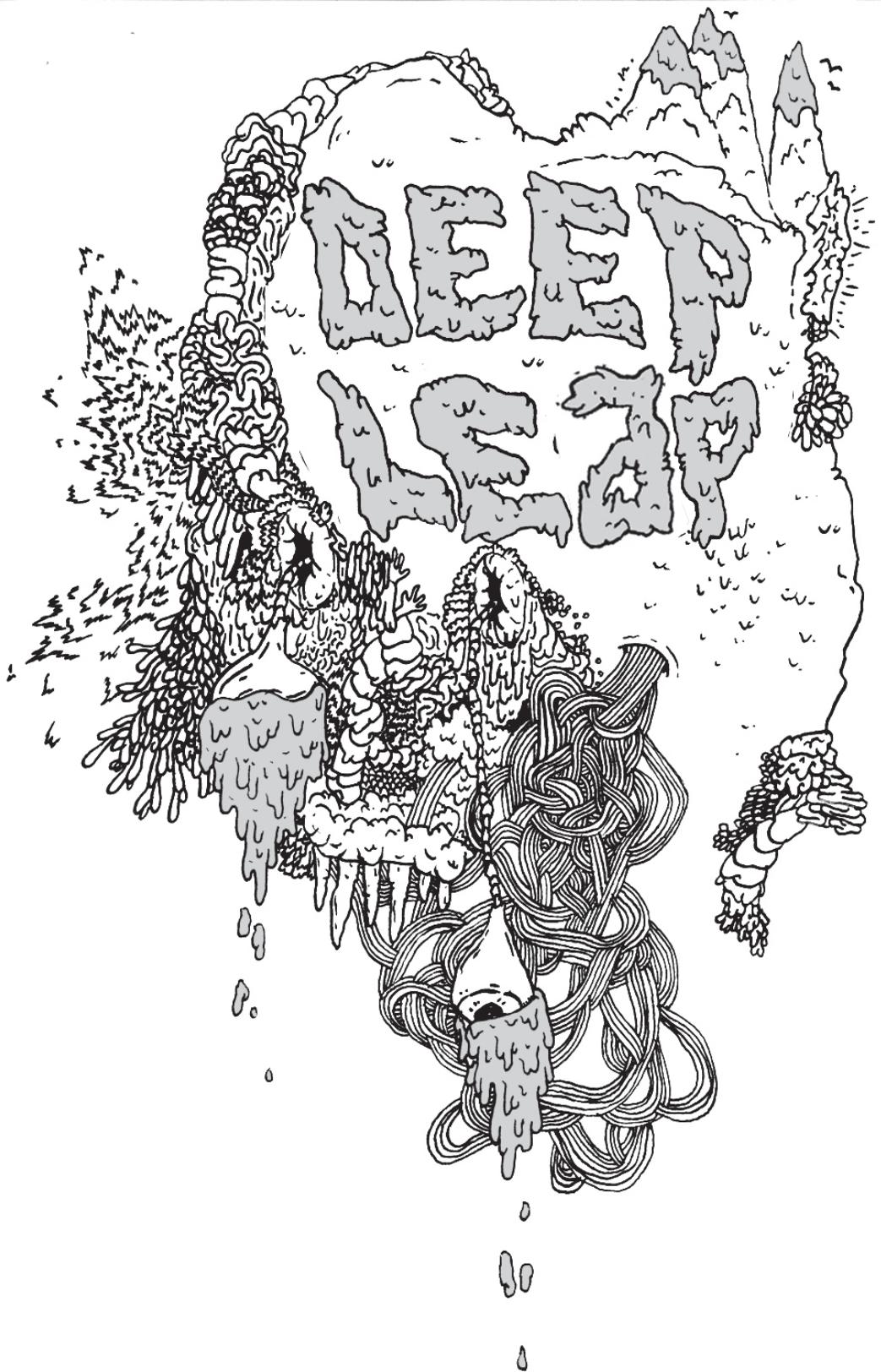


DEEP // LEAP



ISSUE NUMBER TWO
EARLY 2009





Sarah Simon, Mad Trumbull & Nora Harrington

AN EXCERPT FROM "L'ÉNIGME DU RÊVE" BY
MADAME DE THEBES.

translated by Hannah Yves Knafo.

"Sleep is, all things considered, only an organic function like circulation and respiration; nevertheless it presents very strange manifestations, it is surrounded by such mysterious circumstances, it spreads such invaluable benefits, generates such real terrors, that, among all people, in all religions, it has profited from an exceptional reputation."

a walk in andorra.

cool air from the mountains gives me raw skin, thin and tender bones. i am without a language now. it is quiet and disturbed here.

i am haunted by my indecision. it was vague deception, and i apologize to myself while i mourn my loss. tall mountains and vast valleys. towns built into mounds of rock. on cobblestone streets, romance is enticing. but this is better.

solitary appreciation. the quiet wind blows my hair into my face, into my mouth. blinded by tears. tears from walking through the wind. not tears of emotion, thank you very much. i feel pristine inside. clean and shiny.

i tend to follow you in my thoughts. i'm not sure why. i'll try not to be too sentimental here. i can't seem to write anything that sounds pure. i can't resist the urge to dream. i'm stupid that way. but i don't usually dream of anything too sparkly. sometimes it's you. last night i dreamt i was president.

hannah yves knafo





THE SLOTH WILL RISE AGAIN
Danny Gottimer

The first time I went to South America it was for a year. I was allowed to bring two large suitcases. One of them I filled with clothes and the other with “decorations”—things that seemed so important to me then, at the age of fourteen. There were picture frames, action figures of The Beatles, so many candles. I carried those things with me and I cried the whole way to Ecuador. At first it was to make my mother feel guilty, and then because I couldn’t stop. There would be nothing for me to hold on to, I thought.

But as the year passed we all grew roots and found new things and when we went back to Pennsylvania I was triumphant.

Ten years later my parents are living in Venezuela for the year. We are all too old to have gone with them this time. We are living on our own now, according to our own design, dispersed. I am on my way to visit them for Christmas and I am remembering Ecuador. It is different this time: I know I will be happy to have gone. But still some part of me resents them for going and for making me go.

A couple of days into the trip we are on an overnight bus. I am steeped in togetherness, frustrated by the old roles we replay. We get into a fight about the different sizes of the blankets we’ve brought. Somehow this brings me to tears. My father, sitting next to me, prods. It’s not about the blankets, I say. It’s just that this person they think I am can’t be the same as the person that everyone else sees. I don’t know if he understands, he doesn’t really answer, but I know he is listening.

A few days later my older brother joins us, the last one to arrive. One night at dinner he is telling us about the wine he brought from Chile but he is very drunk and very loud and we are all laughing at him. He gets angry and leaves the table. Later I go to rescue him and he tells me how embarrassed he is. I know, I say, I know just how you feel. I tell him about the blankets and we laugh so hard in the dark lying on his bed and his wife comes and my younger brother comes and we are all piled on top of each other laughing about the blankets and the wine. He is thirty-five years old and sometimes he still needs to be rescued from a pout. I am twenty-three years old and sometimes I still need my dad to listen when I am sad about blankets. It is hard for us to come home, to be young again in their way, but sometimes it is also everything we need.

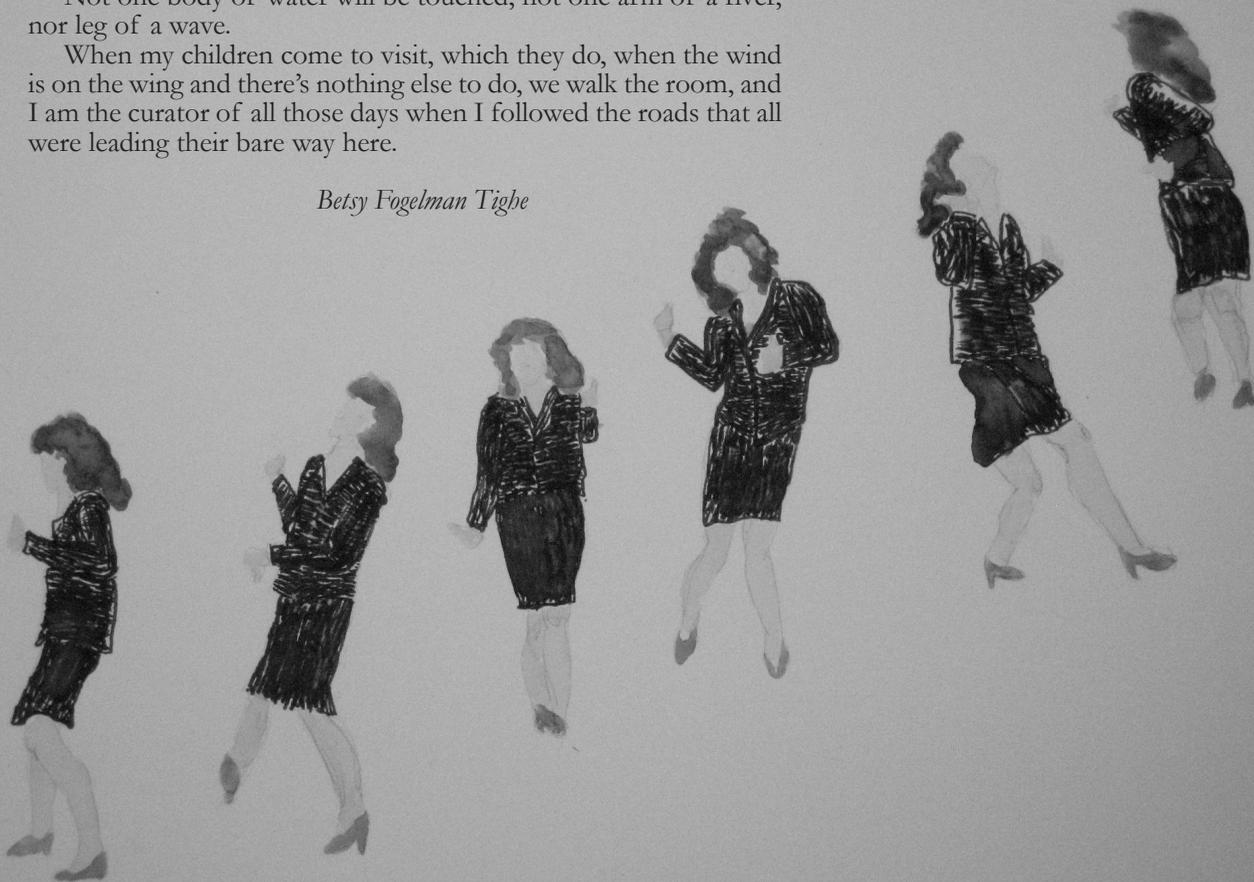
This room I live in, on the second floor of a corner building in a city with bus traffic, pedestrians, and itinerant musicians with their trained monkeys, is covered wall to wall with the maps of what I've seen, where I've been. I've marked in purple the streets where I fell headfirst into the yawning yaps of volcanic damage, and the streets with the cafes where I flirted with the expertise of Mata Hari or some other dame of deep mystery, are lit aqua, and the streets where my best cars died their last death are covered in black.

I leave alone the streets where I faced You, coming in a whisper and a breath. I leave alone the fields of war, the transport stations. I leave alone the highways the buses took, but I etch in grey the path of the train tracks. Remember that morning we saw the foal bust loose from the stippled mare?

Not one body of water will be touched, not one arm of a river, nor leg of a wave.

When my children come to visit, which they do, when the wind is on the wing and there's nothing else to do, we walk the room, and I am the curator of all those days when I followed the roads that all were leading their bare way here.

Betsy Fogelman Tighe



Leona Morinis

HENRY HUDSON, PRESUMED DEAD

I came upon Henry by accident. His canoe was shrouded in mists and his beard wildly overgrown, and yet there he was, with a musket, with a fur cap. I signaled to him, someone really ought to tell him, I thought, but he just peered at me through the fog and paddled swiftly away.

Lizzy Youle



Hai Khojo

EXCERPT FROM RUSSIAN NOVEL NO. 11
by Matthew Harry Evans

Ivan had never seen one of these before.

THY KINGDOM OF FAMEDOM

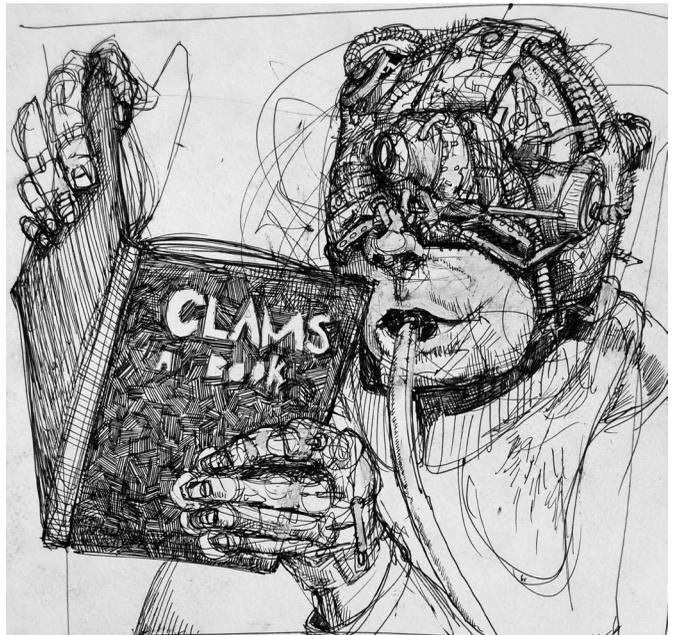
Conor Hagen

We humans often forget that we are of the kingdom animalia.

Indeed, we like to think that we are of a higher brain capacity than other members of the kingdom. We have brought ourselves riches, technology and, to some, fame. But other members of the kingdom have their own sorts of riches, though typically in the form of food. A human will secure wealth in a bank while a pride of lions defend their kill, or riches, from intruders. Chimpanzees will use technology in the form of a twig to gather ants to then slurp down. But fame... I have never heard of another member of the kingdom bringing themselves fame. One might argue that the alpha dog in a wolf pack has established distinction as a leader, but I would argue that wolf packs will only function with a singular leader. That is not fame. Fame, as we humans know it, is brought upon ourselves by ourselves and to others by others. To be famous is to be known by many, recognized, cherished or disliked, and most of all common yet uncommon. **Bob Dylan**. With this said, I declare that it is our group of the kingdom, humans, who have perceived of this principle of fame and who then attribute famedom to others, whether human or not. We have made, literally and figuratively, **Mickey Mouse**.

Fame would reign nowhere amongst other members of the kingdom if we had not introduced it. **Babe (the pig)**. **Bambi**. We even considered sending one of them to the moon. **Ham**. We made them into detectives. **Pink Panther**. Man's best friend. **Lassie**. **Toto**. **Snoopy**. We stole their titles for our own. **The Animals**. **The Monkees**. **The Beatles**. **The VW Beetle**. We look to them for salvation. **Smokey the Bear**. **Geico's Gecko**. **Pooh**. We make them funny so we can laugh at them. **Bugs Bunny**. **Porky**. **Tom & Jerry**. **Hobbes**. **Donald**. **Tweety**. **Garfield**. **Dogbert**. (May I mention the only unintelligent "toon" is one of us, **Elmer Fudd?**) We make them clever little devils. **Roadrunner**. We steal their superhuman powers. **Spidey**. **Batman**. ...and eroticize them. **Catwoman**. They provide youthful encouragement. **Big Bird**. **Clifford**. **Tigger**. **Flipper**. We inconspicuously use them as our mascots. **Bears**. **Tigers**. **Ducks**. **Lions**. **Falcons**. **Colts**. **Broncos**. Scientific research. **Jane Goodall's Chimps**. We commercialize them. **Taco Bell Chihuahua**. **Gecko (again)**. **Aflac Duck**. **Kong**. What are... **Teletubbies**. **Pokemons**. **Barneys?** They provide a source of undying literature and storytelling. **Timon and Pumbaa** and the gang. **Shere Kahn**. **Three Blind Mice**. **Lady and the Tramp**. **Charlotte**. **Cheshire Cat**. They are national icons. **The Bald Eagle**. We have made them and brought them fame. We have "lionized" them. **Leo the Lion of MGM**. If you, reader, have not heard of any of the animalia listed above, I seriously suggest you open your eyes. These animals are famous. But we humans are nothing without them. My favorite is the **Orca** whale, a true predator.

Killer Whale.
Conorca.



Sam Wobbi

news constantly making itself over
 People are constantly making themselves over.
 What's the permanent factor? Well it depends on how deep this "makeover" is? In feelings, these changes are fleeting because the

HUMOR

What about reverse makeover like Pechapothabit Sequis more permanent because there is no upkeep

WASPS LAY EGGS IN ACORN



MADONNA, BRITNEY

Who else has this permanent makeover?
 This "makeover" is? In feelings, these changes are fleeting because the

In Nature

how has it itself been made over?

thing is the true essence, and the fact that love transcends these makeovers, because each of them are visual. Study is not a different person, these essence hybrid grapes

clapsy thing about this woman

HOW DEEP?



LOSING IT GAINING IT

INSIDE THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY
 OUTSIDE

PERMENCE
 PERMANENCE
 PERMANANCE



BORING ONES TO

PRETTY WOMAN, KARATE KID, SHE'S ALL THAT, 10 THINGS I HATE ABOUT YOU GREASE, NEVER BEEN KISSED

I have to say, I really hate Grease. The reason



Why there are many many many

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH HAD A VERY PERMANENT MAKEOVER AFTER THE COUNCIL OF TRENT. A VERY PHYSICAL MAKEOVER. THIS RESULTED IN A MAKEOVER OF ALL IMAGE CULTURE, CREATING A DIALOGUE BETWEEN PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC IMAGE CULTURE.

THIS IN SAME WAY MADE OVER JUST EVERYTHING

PLANT



EVOLUTION

one of the more permanent make overs

blood sucking finches

boobs BIG TITS

my teenage life just did a huge life on getting new boobs. that's a makeover

HOW FORMAL?

BASICALLY THE WHOLE WORLD WAS MADE OVER IS MADE OVER, ALL THE TIME. FROM ANY SUBJECT

RENOVATION

THE INTERNET

THIS IS WHAT DISCOVER MAGAZINE SAYS THE INTERNET LOOKS LIKE



In Pop

- o five complices
- o clockwork orange
- o crime and punishment
- o splash... of the little mermaid
- o all about eve...
- o Rebecca
- o footsie!
- o quentin
- o oscar
- o the shining
- o summer crossin
- o my so called life
- o omnic hell
- o now, voyage!
- o the graduate
- o apocalypse now
- o star wars III
- o cat in the hat
- o dead things
- o marked women
- o qinme shells

IT IS HARD TO DRAW JIMMY STEWART



OR JUST GROWING UP?????

I think most movies involve a "makeover" because in narratives the characters develop. Good movies. There are also where the character are not "made over" by another character or experience but in fact by time, growing up, making oneself over. Of course, this works with all narratives that move through time. Maybe not visual arts. painting have a narrative through time in a very different way. Baz Luhrmann is Scary, Chaplin is Scary, I shall show that. It seems a real constant. I think the best makeover made is Veetigo. And those makeovers are so important they body art. All 3 persons are inseparable

QUESTIONS ON MUSIC

Is a pile of chopped wood music?
Is a yellow tomato music?

Are you thinking within the framework of the apocalypse?
Are you ever shot a gun?
Are your dogs down?

I think on swann's way listening to the field and the road
and East Nassau mosquitoes drinking

I have many private thoughts, most of which
I do not enjoy pursuing.

Are you seriously crying?

Are you some kind of snap pea?

Alexander Lee Abelson

facing page, Michelle Antonisse



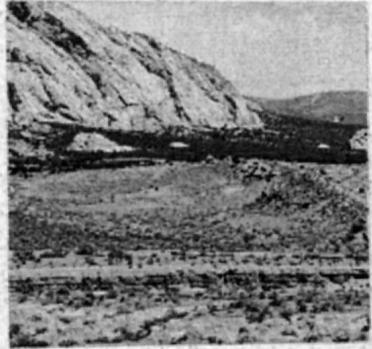
Lizzie Robillard-Brimball

Lizzie Robillard-Brimball

EXERCISE FOR FINDING THE CENTER OF ALL THINGS

Mary Wilson

She said I like your sentences.
I said thanks, I like your sentences
which was doubtful,
in the circle he had made by saying it,
Chris pointed to the center. It
was a small black dot.
beneath his flesh he strung
a frown together, the older man (time
had settled into him, ropes
of flesh relaxed about his face he mouthed, "white,"
repeated "white," and the walls in response
fell outward
"Then it wasn't a room, at all."
I never said it was a room.
Besides,
open air doesn't follow. We are all
closed in
about the joints. She said
works out, from the center
only out, in relation
is anywhere
and I'm thinking of this place—
one day
we got out of the boat and just walked,
trailing our paddles
to Saugerties.
If there is a center,
this may as well be it.
Look at me.
One eye, a giant
gaping mouth, forehead to forehead
the old seduction "close"
distorts—
for example,
eye, or
eye
or, "or"
a giant gaping
seduction flits
from one thing to another,
"this or this" but take these words from me
"So it wasn't a river, after all."
Without a center
doesn't follow
but the man said "white"
repeated, "white," the old man
in the room
of his making





MP3 STREAMS FOR THE DIFFICULT TIMES IN OUR LIVES

Charity Coleman

(to Walt Whitman, who claimed to have heard America singing)

The Last Picture Show

Ask the Chanel experts at Macy's to show you the season's most glamorous smoky-eye looks. Watch as machete-wielding looters haul away goods. Watch smoke darken skies near a burned church.

Vive L'Amour

one saxophone, three Browning automatic rifles, one 10-gauge Winchester lever action shotgun, one 20-gauge sawed-off shotgun, one Colt 32 caliber automatic, one Colt 45 caliber revolver, seven Colt automatic pistols, and approximately 3,000 rounds of ammunition.

The Apartment

Sardinia, for the record.
Divorce and martinis under enormous, multi-colored umbrellas.
Sea and sky one.

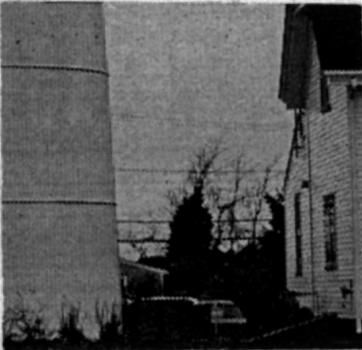
A Kestrel for a Knave

The \$200M man illustrates that he no longer understands how to edit himself.
Artless and unbeguing inside his nothing forever.

Don't Look Now

An 82 year old poet shot to death in the shoulders and head on his daily errand to fetch the newspaper.
No one talks.

*Scrimms proffer the dark house, the discarded costume,
a menagerie opera, stained-glass portals,
Picturesque Ruins, paintings trampled underfoot:
tearing it all down, wearing the spoils, we are.*



PLEASE BE PATIENT

Mario Jose Aguilar

Bleep

It's the same sound. Ten thousand times a day. It chugs along like the great gears of music: rhythmic moments and complexity. But it's also pure monotony. When I get on the bus, when the dryer finishes, when I obstruct the doors on the train. It's enough to make someone...

Bleep

I never really expected to see it with my own eyes. I'd read it in the papers or something how some motherfucker snapped while buying gum, put a gun to some dude's head and BLAM. Motherfucker is on his back dead as shit. His mom crying about how he had a community college degree and was moving on to State. He was paying his way through, he was chasing the future hard.

Bleep

Yeah, it'd be hard. Hard for all his friends and family but at least it was over for him. Before he knew it. Before anything really started far as he was concerned.

Bleep

So I'm standing in line, trying to buy a Kit Kat or something... I don't remember.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, bossman. I gotchu straight. Enough of this shit."

Dude was smaller than I would've thought. Definitely not the type to be grilling a Mexican cashier mishearing him on a club card number. You know, little dude was the type with his head all low on the street, not looking for trouble. But, BLAM!

Bleep

You wanna get yourself in trouble? Shoot

someone in the fucking head. You've thought about it before. You've thought about how you're gonna take the gun away from him, stick it up his ass...

Bleep

But it's a subway fantasy, and you know you'd fork over a couple of bucks and a phone call to the credit card company all boo hoo because you'd had a long day and maybe you should've watched your back better but these things happen to everyone, right? Killing seems like a lot to deal with for any price. Phone calls, that's ok.

"These things happen, sir. Now please, for verification purposes..."

Bleep

"Did you see that? Little guy just did the cashier good!"

It's a little later. I'm trying to buy a bus pass across the supermarket. I'm in line talking to a guy in line with me at the customer service counter by the prepared foods.

"Backhanded his Mexican ass like a little bitch!"

The dude in line is not a dude. He's old, he's been clutching a crinkly, big winner Lotto ticket for hours, he's not listening, and he's certainly not talking to me. I wonder if I can just peel the skin off his face as the cashier counts out stacks of twenties in front of him. She re-scans the ticket just to make sure the number's right.

Bleep

Ah, fuck. Look, I'm not the type. I'm not the one who's gonna read all into this all, but I'm not the one who called 9-1-1 either. Fuckin' sirens making me wanna put some other motherfucker on his back just like that last guy. I'm looking at you lollipop. Cut it out.



JD Maturen

***&*&**

“We’re coming closer and closer to making it work.” He dropped the wet wrench on the bench beside him and cocked his head slightly to see the clear sky above. Motionless, he focused his veins and forced a rush of blood to his forehead. This was a cerebral magic; the noise it makes in the brain is like abstracted wind -- less sound and more motion, invisible and understood. Magic, yes, and for all his years working old cars with typical tools he had always relied on a set of spells to perform the sort of marvels that had made him quite the popular mechanic. Why, just last week, he retrofitted a big blue truck with a steam engine by taking an old camper shell and sealing it to the truck bed. It was a big steamy room that fogged the rear windows, a pressure chamber that powered the automobile. On request, the exhaust pipe puffed out big puffs every seven seconds – the concentrated excretion demonstrated comically the effectiveness of the modification.

Today was big. His shoulders held the sort of power that any man of labor necessarily has, tight and wrought tendons wound around smooth white bone – a bit of bulk but nothing excessive. “Good evening,” he said, “Good to see you.”

Adam Johnson

An empty storage room in a church in southern Ohio. Wood-paneling, faded teal carpeting, crumbs; a light bulb hangs from the ceiling. It's cold; the heat's broken. On the floor sit two large eggs, about four feet tall. They begin to shake, quiver, each producing a beak from within, pecking and breaking. Finally, from each egg emerges a young woman in her early thirties. They are wearing beaks and are dressed as birds.

1: Oh my god, are we getting old? I feel like we're getting old. *Already.*

2: Oh I *know*, I feel it already. What did you get?

1: Butterscotch.

2: Dammit. I wanted butterscotch. I mean, I'm fine with cookies n' cream but...

1: I LOVE cookies and cream.

2: I know me too! It's my favorite. Dammit, it's my favorite.

1: Really? Butterscotch is good too though.

2: Yeah butterscotch is good. But you don't really get texture. You know the crunch-crisp with the creaminess.

1: You mean like what you get with cookies n' cream.

2: Yeah.

1: I guess. Well, butterscotch is just creamy overall. And buttery.

2: Yeah I know, that's why it's so GOOD. Maybe next time.

1: YEAH! *Next* time you'll get it!

2: Yeah, next time. I should just live in the moment and enjoy my cookies n' cream.

1: Enjoy it!

2: Yeah. I will. Next time.

Pause. Bored as fuck, 2 steps on a piece of her eggshell, which produces a less than satisfying crunch.

2: I'm getting tired. I think I need some coffee.

1: Oh I love coffee!

2: Me too.

She turns off the light bulb that hangs from the ceiling. In the dark, we hear the moon go out of orbit and fly off into space forever. The light comes on again very gradually. The 1 and 2 sit upon each of their shell scraps, shivering. A very large egg now looms behind them. All too quickly it shatters to reveal a fully grown carnivorous dinosaur. It roars, bearing its fangs. Neither 1 or 2 notice.

1: Donut ice cream?

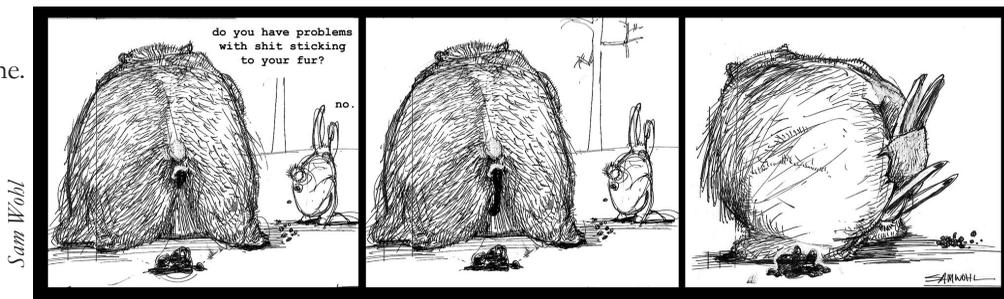
2: Hmm...nah, warm cream with iced donuts.

The dinosaur ravenously devours 1 and 2 in a horrid bloody mess. They do not resist. When finished, he sees that they, too, hatched from eggs, which breaks his heart. In a very poorly imitated southern accent:

DINOSAUR: *Oh lord, forgive me. forgive me, Oh lord I was hungry, they were sweet, n' I say: I was bored! Noab, come save me, oh save me from this flood. This flood of...this flood of--ah yes: this biüg flood of crud. No one will win and, heck, no one here will lose, Two by two by two by two, two-by-two for him to choose. Two by two by two by two, two-by-two for him to choose...*

He continues to chant this. The light bulb gets brighter and brighter and brighter and since the Dinosaur is made of wax, he begins to melt, still chanting his chant, until he is nothing but a puddle of wax. Upon the puddle of wax-flesh, a tiny army of Greek bacteria establish a colony, which then falls to Roman bacteria; the region becomes a crossroads of many tiny bacteria tribes: Goths, Slavs, Turkic Nomads, Vlachs. History continues...or does it?

George Olesky



'Can I keep the idea of my body between languages.'
HmMMM; perhaps or might they slide in between posts on front lines, afronts, borderlines, nimbus clouds, or storefronts to give that sweet sweet colonial-pillow-talk We know so well.

' I just know I will smell you when I'm walking in the mountains of Jamaica someday. HmMMM, like mangoes.' We snotted and almost puked with laughter at the prospect, right then and there.

We'd been painting in sticky walled dormitories, commuting by bike, farting and flying at unsuspecting expected recipients of My raunchy rage the live long day!

We puked with laughter then kicked him out of Our bed, right then and there. God love 'em! Rather God save We. We wish for flowing pant hippies to find themselves back between their mother's legs or at least stop searching by sniffing up Our skirt.

This is Our Royal decree.
King Thalia I



Julie Boddorff



Hana Scott-Subrstedt

FROM THE BUS

Oliver Hartman

I passed a place where
the river meets the shore.
where feet stand buried,
and broken hands push steadily
back and forth, back and forth.

And like today, yesterday,
and every day before,
tomorrow's sun will beat down
on the bent brown back,
the same bleached rocks,
and the drying clothes
at this place I'll never know.





Leora Morinis

PUT DOWN THE CONGA LINE FOR QUICK SHOPPERS AND INTERNET DINNER AND A T-SHIRT WITH CORPOREAL CONTENT DISCONTENTED BY CIVIL SERVITUDE WHEN THEY START SAYING LAND LIKE IT'S PAST TENSE THE ELEVEN ADMISSIBLE WORDS WITH QUESTIONS BUT NOT UNSERS

IF YOU CALL IT GESTAPO POSTAGE I WON'T KNOW WHERE TO MIDDLE THE WALK MINCING WAS STUCK IN MY HEAD ALL ANYONE WANTED WAS PORTRAITS OF CHILLERS

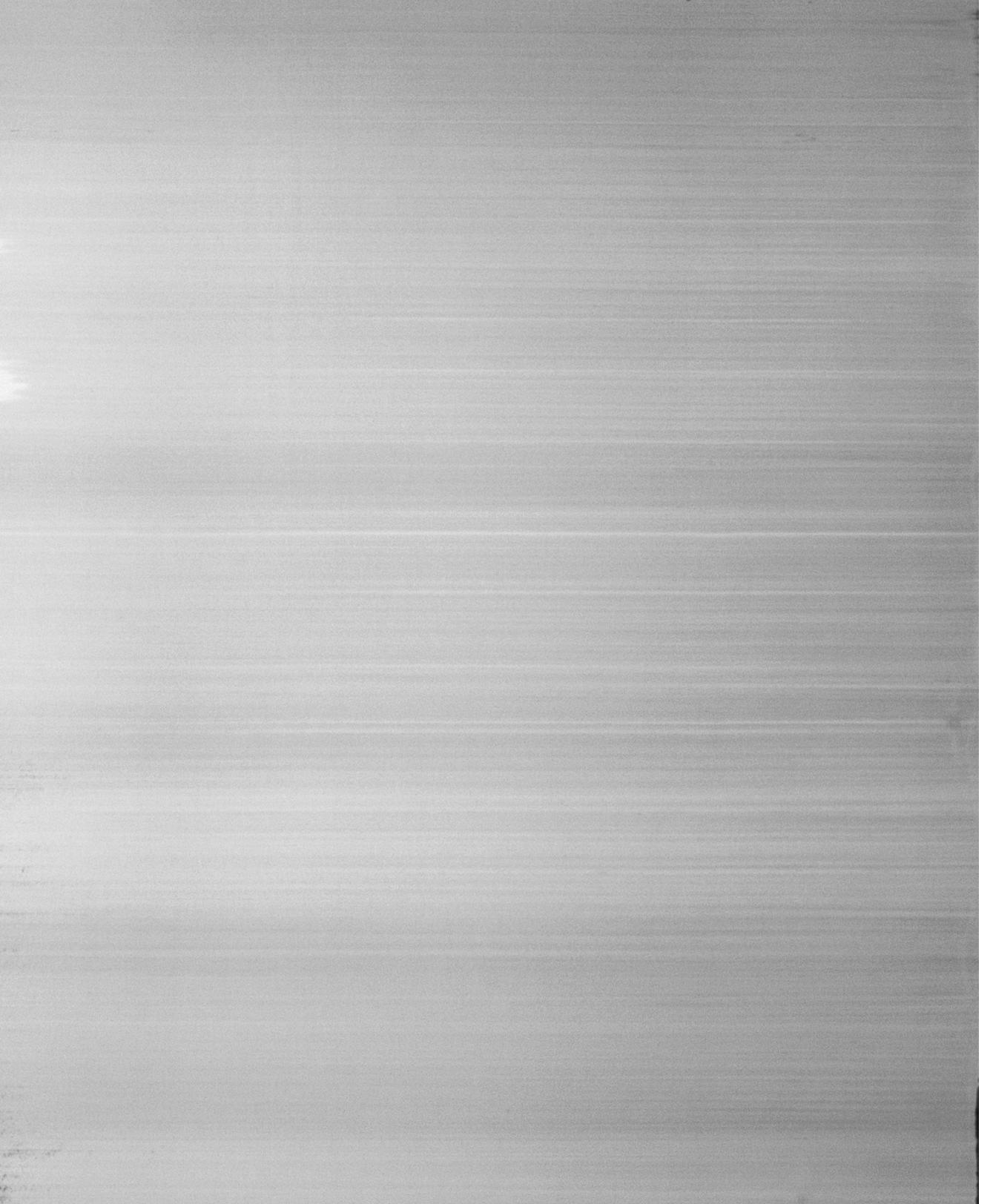
Jersi Marmblatt

I am working on a photographic series called SIDE STEPS. They pose as paintings. I trick my printer into printing the image I have included (see postcard), which I recorded at MoMA, with about twice as much ink recommended for Epson's Exhibition Fiber Paper. This paper aims to look and feel like a traditional silver gelatin print. The image comes dripping out of my printer, sopping wet in the dry room. In single moves I pull each image dry with a squeegee, collecting its surface on a fresh fiber paper. These horizontal moves through material space to create sorts of monochromes. It is how one dries a silver gelatin print, only this time the image rests on the surface. It is vulnerable.

If Dali reacted to the surface of Mondrian by stacking a 'perversion' vertically on, or even under the history of painting, I make my move into painting horizontally. My 'Side Steps' are gestures towards the prospect of setting aside the modern tradition with which Dali and many of my peers are infected; the desire to destroy the father.

(following page and postcard insert)

Egan Frantz

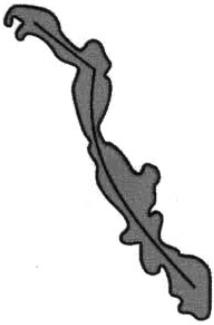




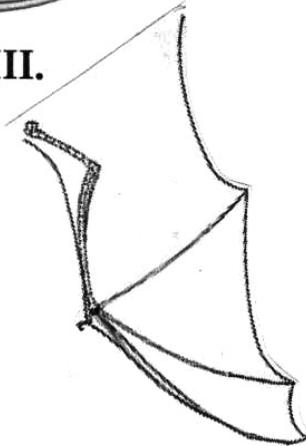
I.



II.



III.



After the wedding incense ceremony
We laid newspaper on the floor
Beneath the wedding altar

Where, for the ceremony, the food was kept
Where photographs of the ancestors were
placed
And the incense was burned

The dishes were then placed in the middle
- a lotus root salad with braised pigs ears
- a bamboo and pork stew
- spiced sticky rice
- a processed meat pie that you eat with
slices of baguette
we sat on the blue and white tiled floor
and drank Heineken beer out of glasses filled
with ice

The family elders sat
Around the coffee table on couches
And green plastic stools

Mat Trumbull

Devin Bannon



Riley Wise



DRIVE-THRU JESSUS, EL PASO, TX
George Motz

NEW YORK/DREAM - APART.

Scott MacLeod

*When the sky burns up and the air
turns black feathered wings
will grow from the knots
in my back and I'll soar up
high above the wreckage
and the machines will crumble
and everything will die.*



Sam Falls

“ADELE BOUDET LIKES TO PLAY DOMINOES IN THE PARK.”

Adele Boudet likes to play dominoes in the park.
This became apparent on Sunday.

Other facts eked out:

1. Adele has very large breasts for an Asian girl.
 - a. She binds them with ankle supports.
2. Adele has seven adopted grandfathers.
 - a. None of them are pedophiles.
 - b. As far as anyone knows.

Maps to the Stars’ Homes are not expensive.
Before you embark on your tour,

There are several things to take into consideration:

1. Some stars own three homes.
 - a. The second home is often located in Malibu.
 - b. It may be shaped like a piano.
2. Adele rents an apartment.
 - a. I am not allowed to go there.

Maryreilly

Irony can be a beautiful thing, as long as you’re not the one experiencing it. There are rare moments that I consider doing things differently. Really making a change, doin’ it right, going for the gold. I think about what it would be like if I was a different person.

At work, staring at the wall, looking for answers in the off-white paint. Some hack screenwriter may as well be penning my life for me. “My Miserable Life.” The working title for the script. And my character would be just one of many, just a small piece in this compendium of human suffering. The phone rings. I don’t answer it. The message light flashes red. The phone starts ringing again, and I pull the power cord out of the jack. The ringing stops.

Character notes, if I were somebody else. Better? Worse? Flat-line? You be the judge:

Overweight-skinny kid all grown up who’s never dealt with any relationship, familial, or societal issues. Drinks too much, can’t tie his own shoes most mornings, so he’s taken to wearing lace-less boots. On more than one occasion, people have told him that he doesn’t listen. He is a sissy, a liar, a man-whore, a know-it-all, a yellow-bellied pussy, a chauvinist, a genius, a cassanova, a snob, a scum-bag, an astronaut, an artist, an all-around good guy. He is blue-collar cool when the situation calls for it, and a modern-day Cary Grant when the situation does not. Some days, he thinks that he’s a god.

What would my life be like if I were somebody else? If I was another insipid, miserable human being, a different face, a different body, a different kind of failure altogether. I might as well be somebody else, because I am slowly evaporating, my entire being so devoid of substance – head and heart and flesh becoming mist.

Oryan Walsky

I've never been kicked out of a bar.

I've never picked up a chick at a bar either.

Once I picked up a 27-year old ethnology student from a late night Shawarma Joint called Midnight Shawarma. She gave me a handjob the next morning.

My ex-girlfriend used to work at a Bowling Alley as a cocktail waitress. I used to pick her up from work and then we'd bike home together through the park.

I don't remember the first bar I went to.

Actually, I think I do.

I was 18 and I went with a friend who must have just turned 18. We just bought fake IDs for \$140 a piece. I watched another patron nod my way and then whisper underage, underage to his girlfriend. To avoid the stares, I went outside where a deaf man told me he liked my Che shirt.

I've never puked in a bar.

I like the idea of taking a shot of warm tequila and then puking it right back up into the glass. My friend Toby did that on a trip to New York. He got kicked out of the bar.

A few weekends ago, after I left a bar, I puked in my sheets.

Two weeks after I retched in my bed I thought I would get kicked out of a non-profit student bar. Two bucks to get in.

A fastidious Dane noticed that my stamp was on the wrong hand and the design was all wrong. He showed me the right design. I left the bar and bummed two bucks from a friend outside. All I had in my wallet was a 50 dollar bill.

Without a word, I gave him the two dollars and without a word, he let me in.

A week after that, I tried not to get kicked out of the bar by asking another guy to step outside with me. He wouldn't. And I didn't want to fight in the bar. I'm not one to start a commotion. I think one of his friends was black. On the street,

it's harder to get hit in the head with a beer stein.

I don't like to smoke cigarettes. I've quit fourteen times.

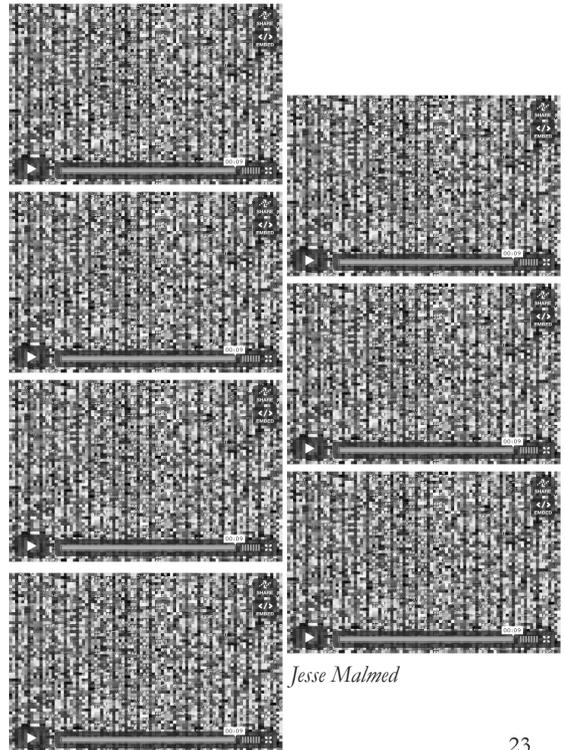
Sometimes, I smoke cigarettes. I don't like secondhand smoke. I like to smoke cigarettes in bars I'm not allowed to smoke in. I like to smoke in the non-profit student bar with my Spanish friends. No one gets kicked out for smoking cigarettes in there.

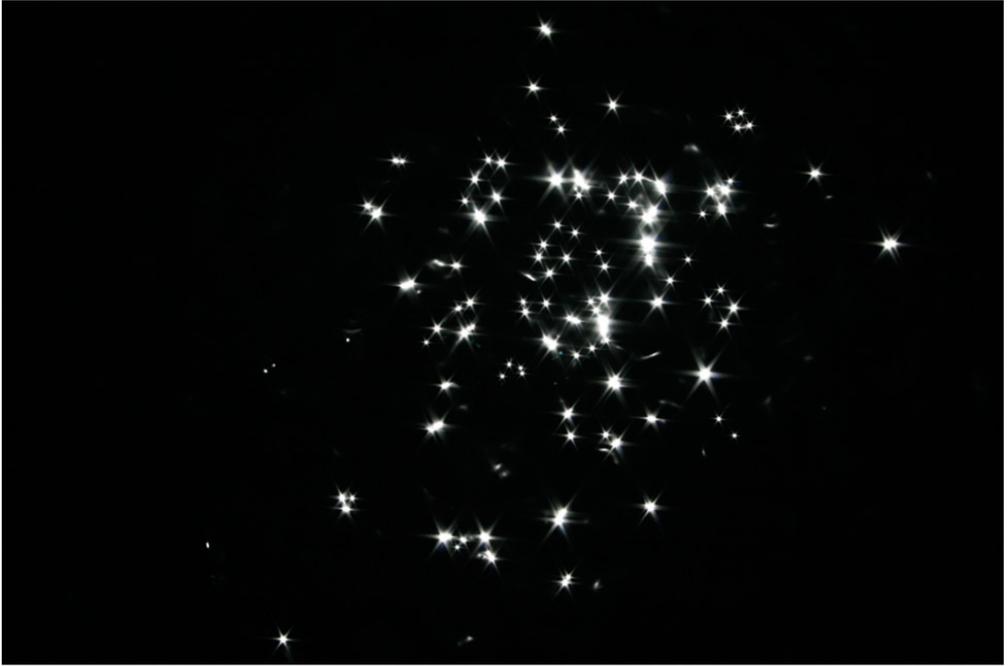
I don't remember the last time I puked in a toilet. I like to puke in the shower. On the fourth of July, I passed out in my bathtub while I was showering. I vomited up poorly chewed Hebrew Nationals.

And I've never puked at a bar. I've pissed on the floor though. When I don't like a bar, I'll take a piss right there on the bathroom floor. Last time, I took a good long piss in a bar, I ended the night by puking on my giraffe print futon.

After I puked, I took a shower.

Max B.K.





TRANSDNISTRIA

'hɑrt,bɪt: 'nɔr məl – ənd ɣet, sæd, 'sʌm,hɑu. ɹɛs pə'reɪ fən: faɪn – bʌt dɪ'stɪŋkt
 li, ɪn'ɛf ə bæli dɪ'spɛər ɪŋ. tɪθ: waɪt ənd ɔl. bʌt, bɪ'niθ ɔl ðæt, æz dɑrk ənd 'di vi əs
 ə mə'ræs æz 'bɛl ɪnəhoun. 'ɔl sou ə 'kæv ɪ ti. brɛθ: 'rɛdlənt əv 'ri sɛntli brʌft tɪθ.
 ðə mɑrk əv ɪn sɪ'kyuər ɪ ti. tɪŋ: waɪtənd ɔn ðə tɒp; laɪk ðə 'fɪl mi 'leɪ əv əv rɪ'grɛt
 ɔn wʌnz 'kɒn fəns? ʊs'bi di əns 'lev əl: ʊs'bi di ənt.

kəd du 'ɛn ɪ,θɪŋ wɪθ hɪm. pər'hæps hi wɒntz mi tu.

'dʒɛnɪtɪz: lɑrdz, bʌt 'lɒ ə,r,wɑɪz əndɪ'stɜr bɪŋ. dʒʌst tə fɛɪm mi. ɪt ɪz bɪg, aɪ
 tɛl hɜr. ɔl θɪŋz kən'sɪd ərd. kræk hɛər: 'tʃɑr mɪŋ. nɒt laɪk ðə fæntɛks æf stænd
 'spi kɪŋ θru maɪ bʌnz. ɪtz 'nɔr məl, aɪ tɛl hɜr.

'fɪŋ gɜrz: lɔŋ, 'slɛn dɜr, 'byutə fəl. kʊd bi ə 'fɛɪ mæs pi'æn ɪst, eɪ kəm'pɒu
 zər ʌv 'plæn dʒənt 'hɑrmə nɪz. aɪz: ðə 'ɪr ɪ,dɪz fɛɪd, laɪk ɪn ə snou stɜrm; laɪk 'leɪ
 tɛks pʊld tɔt. ðə 'aɪ rɪs: ðə 'mɛs ən dʒər. seɪ a. a. ðɛərz ðə rɪ'grɛt ə'gɛn. vɔɪs:
 'strɔŋ gər ðɛn maɪn, əv kɔrs. 'pleɪn tɪv, ðou, bɪ'niθ? wʌn kən houɪp.

ɔf yu gou nau, fri tu gou fri. gou fri houm nau; liv mi bi.

Michel Duchampbuffet

A GEOGRAPHY OF GLASSES NEVER RECALLED

Rebecca Leopold

There was this one time
 in my pretty pink bar
 I sat & sketched a meeting
 when he sat opposite
 from an I long lost.

Then is something put away
 until it becomes the subject of inquiry
 & I've spent time inquiring long into the nights.
 Supping the most meaningless thoughts, like how
 my grandmother would allow her cigarette to burn
 years encoded through the ash that would not fall

Seated at a distance
 I was never equipped to measure
 vodka on the rocks with a splash of plain water
 she would speak to me
 of the accumulation of losses gained
 & scold me when I showed sadness' signs.
 But still,
 I continue to curl the corner of my cocktail
 napkin
 effortlessly jotting down a memory
 heard through rings of smoke
 I long for the unfiltered cigarettes she once lit.

Sitting in a booth,
 never laid eyes on
 I could locate that
 dwindling then
 now
 or I could return to my seat
 & continue my ongoing vigil
 a pen moving aimlessly over the page.

THE ROAD OF EXCESS

Abbie Weil

Characters: Two teenage girls: slutty Nixie;
Slut-in-training Dolores
Nixie's mother

Place: Nixie's bedroom, decorated like a serial killer's crawl-space

Time: Halloween. The present day.

Nixie and Dolores are getting tarted up to go out for Halloween. They are too old to trick-or-treat, and anyway their tastes are more sinister. Nixie is clearly more adept than Dolores at the gothic prostitute style they are both attempting. Some kind of instrumental industrial music plays.

Nixie's Mom: (voice-over from downstairs)
Nixie! (pause) NIXIE!

Nixie: Ugh. (Yelling. She always pronounces the word "Mom" like a death sentence). What do you want Mom?

Mom: (VO, now from right outside bedroom door). Nixie, sweetie, I just don't want you to be too late.

Nixie: I think not Mom. It's only 11. Haven't you ever heard of being fashionably late?

Mom: Alright darling, have it your way. But if you don't hurry up, you could miss everything.

Nixie: Thanks for the advice Mom.

Dolores: Maybe your mom's right, Nix. Remember what Odette said happened last year?

Nixie: Yeah, that was last year, and Odette's slow anyway. We are going to have a much more successful Halloween than she ever did. Here, put on this lipstick.

Dolores: I dunno. It looks a little--

Nixie: A little what? Look, Dolores, no one's ever gonna buy it if you don't know how to sell it, ok? Put it on. Good. Now blot.

Dolores: Don't I look sort of...whorish?

Nixie: Exactly. You're not a total whore. You're whor-ish. And anyway, it's expected tonight. It's Halloween!

Dolores: But this just seems a little...too much...

Nixie: (on her knees, looking for a shoe, but also practicing being on her knees) Now where could it have got to...?

Dolores: What?

Nixie: My other shit-kicker.

Dolores: Your what?

Nixie: My boot.

Dolores: You're wearing your boots? I was picturing you in your stilettos or something.

Nixie: Yeah, that would look hot, but I'm sick of dealing with those bastard shoes. The heel keeps breaking off, I've had them fixed three times already. Once, ok, but three times? That's excessive. You wanna wear them?

Dolores: No, no thanks. I guess we'll be doing plenty of running tonight.

Nixie: If we're lucky. A-ha! Found it! Wait, listen. Do you hear that?

Dolores: What?

Nixie: The CD. It's skipping, just playing the intro over and over.

Dolores: I didn't notice. How could you tell?

Nixie: Whack it for me, will ya? (Dolores delivers a decisive smack to the stereo as Nixie laces up her boots.) Good, that should do it. We might just make something out of you yet Dolores.

Dolores: Um, thanks. So about this outfit. Do I look nice? Nixie: Do you want to look nice?

Dolores: I mean, do I look good? That is, sexy?

Nixie: Yes, that's how you look, and how you should look. Not nice, not good. Mean, bad and sexy.

Dolores: And it's not too much?

Nixie: There you go again. What's "too much"?

Dolores: Well, your skirt, for example.

Nixie: What's wrong with my skirt? (Mockingly) Too much? Dolores: Too little. Nixie, I can practically see your cranberry!

Nixie: I know! Who could resist me in this? Look, I'm almost ready. Just need a little bit more



around the old windows to the soul.

Mom: (knocks on the door. VO) Nixie, sweetheart, it's me.

Nixie: Well who else would it be? The angel Gabriel?

Mom: (VO) Can I come in?

Dolores: (opening the door to reveal Nixie's mom, who is dressed in the same style as Nixie). Hi, Mrs. Maleman. We were just getting ready to go.

Mom: Bad news, girls. I just got off the phone with Odette's mother. It seems Odette is already home.

Nixie: So what? Odette's a loser.

Mom: Nixie!

Dolores: What do you mean Mrs. Maleman? What's the bad news?

Mom: It's all over for this year.

Nixie: Already? But it's barely midnight!

Mom: It seems we've had a banner Halloween. Just imagine: there's no more blood left to drink in the county!

Nixie: So why are you so damn happy?

Mom: Nixie, darling, don't just think of yourself. Think of the achievement of our people!

Dolores: I agree with your sentiment Mrs. M, but I can't help thinking they went a bit too far.

Nixie: And I think it sucks.

I work at a sushifusion restaurant where stills from anime porn movies decorate soy-stained red velvet walls. The other day I waited on a table of 5 gentlemen who, over the course of their business lunch, ordered 45 giant bottles of Sapporo.

After they'd been drinking awhile, I overheard in their conversation a few words about women. Coyly and waitressly, I said, "You guys having lady troubles?" at which point they forced me to sit down at the table with them and order a giant beer of my own. They told me they needed a female perspective on an issue but warned me that the subject was a bit mature. Not knowing at all what I was about to walk into, I assured them I could handle it.

AND COMPLETELY UNABASHEDLY, WITHOUT ANY FURTHER HESITATION, THEY PROCEEDED WITH THIS:

Okay, so say you're a guy like us. Say you're in a bar, you see a pretty lady, you take her into the bathroom. One thing leads to the next and you're doin' her in the ass, only when you go for the reach-around you find out there's some twigs and berries up there. What do you do?

Do you

A) Pull out and punch him in the back of the head
B) Punch him in the back of the head and keep going or
C) Jerk him off, finish, and send him flowers in the morning?

I picked C. "You came to get down!" I said. They tipped me 235 dollars.

*There once was a bright boy named Ben
Who read Hebrew now and then
Talmud and Torah
Both lit up his aura
Next year he'll be studying Zen*

Roy Olesky

*We sat in downtown Saigon
At a busy roundabout
We drank with fruit smoothies with condensed milk
And admired the flashing neon lights
The exchange of advertisements
And the bustling of motorbikes*

Mat Trumbull

Morgan Peirce

OEDIPUS THE SOMNAMBULIST

Is my father Tim Allen or
Is Tim Allen my father?

Well the malformation is sharpening
A No. 2 pencil with a vibrating farm implement
And I am having trouble with a lock and key.

My lover presses down on my shoulder blades
And a corona of sparks pass through my leg.

“What are you mumbling about?”
Tim Allen / my father said.

I point a thumb to my lover.

“We are trying to decide
What to do tomorrow.”

Tim Allen / my father laughs.
“That’s why I keep you around,”
He said, “you make life seem
So easy!”

J D Steinmetz

RULES OF THE GAME

the words are kernels, put them in the
kettle with enough oil to cover, shake that
kettle, shake that kettle, wait, shake that
kettle, pop, pop, pop, wait, pop, pop, pop,
look on the floor and in your pockets,
those once-indistinguishable words pop,
pop, popped into ten trillion quin-
textiquesimal new ideas and rules for new
games, salt lightly, butter slightly, add yeast
and pepper to taste, watch the movies
RULES OF THE GAME (Renoir, 1939)
and RULES OF THE GAME (you & I, just now).

Jesse Malmed

this is an exercise. an exercise in remembering and reenacting. be sure to use a no. 2 pencil.
remember. to stay inside, onside and/or around the lines.



Hannah Johnson

A sheet of yellow lined paper with horizontal blue lines and a dashed midline for handwriting practice.

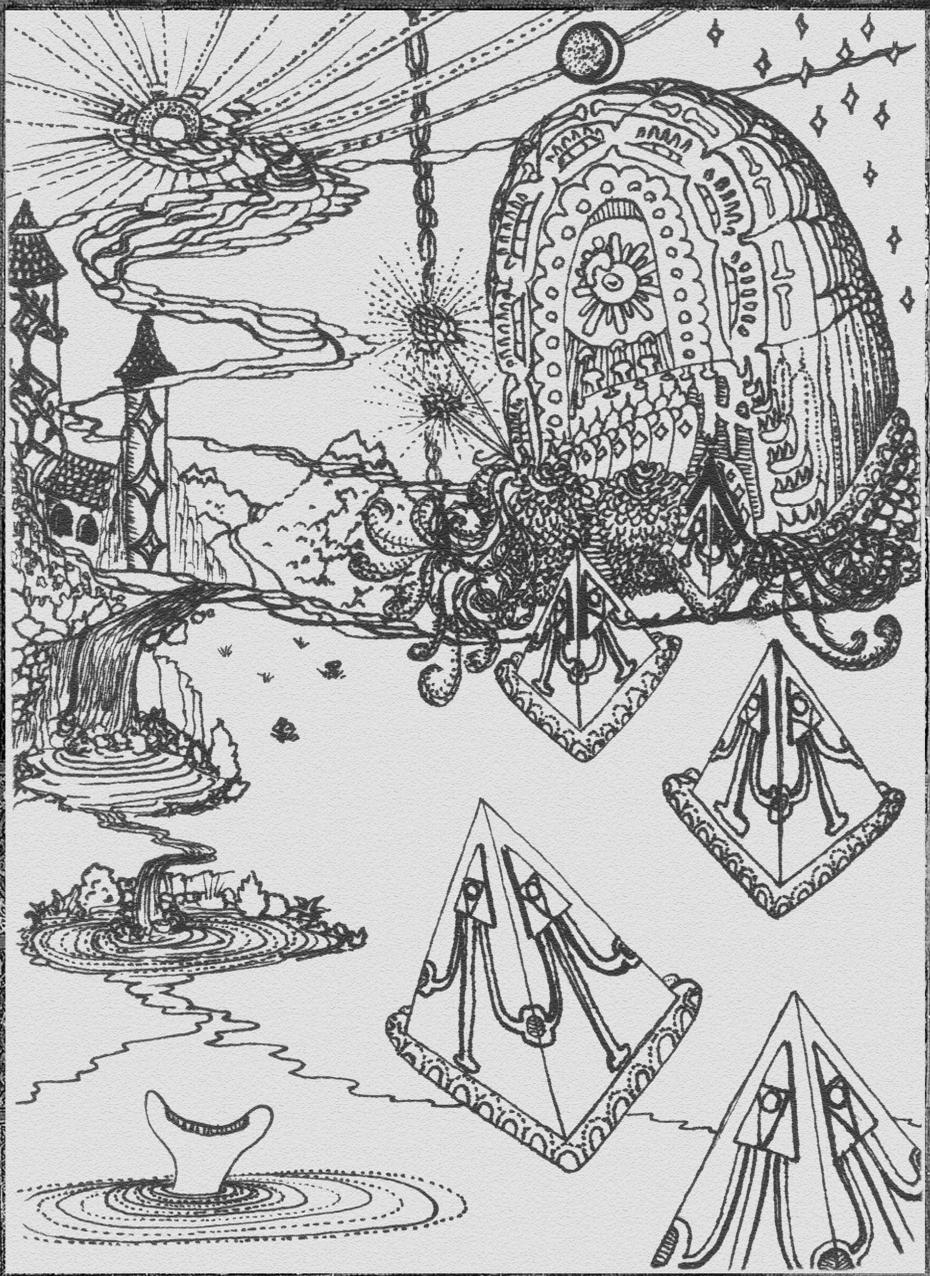
Raven Munsell



With outside jokes,
no one wins.

Jeremy Rohrlieb





Los Llanos de
Or Malong La

Descubierto por
Jonàs de La Ballena

Delta del Rio Antiguo Kalakasha, Suroeste

Gregory Daniels had never seen one before. He had found it under one of the steel shelving units at the warehouse where he worked, slid way back and up against the wall. It had been no easy task smuggling the thing out, what with the standard uniforms being, these days at least, so light and form fitting. Pondering its shape and smoothness, he finally just jammed it down his pants and walked out. Maybe no one had noticed. More likely they simply didn't want to challenge him on what could be a very embarrassing subject.

As he stroked the tarnished chrome head, explored with his hand the circular pits that looked like the empty follicles from some extinct metallic bird, he remembered what his father had told him about those days. It had been a group event with dozens, perhaps hundreds gathering together in amphitheaters to participate. It was a broken technology, a creation of over-geneticised minds to hamper the revolutionary urges of their under-designed brethren. Such acts of group stimulation were an unmentionable aspect of those fallen times – they were not taught in schools and not spoken of by survivors who may or may not have participated. Infinite are the mercies of history.

But Gregory was happy with his find. Make no mistake: to be found with such an artifact would carry a hefty dose of both psychological and physiological therapy at one of the many clinics spread throughout the country. Still, Gregory was good with old stuff. If he could rewire it, discover what language of code it used and complete any inconsistencies or gaps, he could possibly make it work. The story goes that all you had to do was grasp it and you could be forced to feel anything: horror, joy, unending sexual excitement. All with just a bit of electrochemical chicanery and a human hand. So much for so little. The possibilities were endless.

Just for him. Just in private.

Alan Holt

Ari Phillips



Sam Falls







**THE ONE WHERE BRENDEN GOES TO ANDORRA THEN,
YEARS LATER, THINKS ABOUT TOURISM.**

Brenden Beck

Andorra is a real place, but its encyclopedia entry reads like the planet Uriel from *A Wrinkle In Time*. It is a snowy, resort-filled country high in the Pyrenees Mountains along the border of France and Spain. Residents live longer than everyone in the world except the Macaonese. On the National holiday, Our Lady of Meritxell Day, the guardian angels show questers a vision of the universe that is obscured on earth.

The angels only exist in Uriel, but the rest is really Andorra.

Unlike some other things of doubtful reality (The moon landing? My co-worker's fiancé?) I know Andorra is real because I have seen it. At thirteen I was an official "Youth Ambassador" on a guided trip of the Mediterranean. Thirty-nine other middle schoolers and I were bussed from gift shops to statues across southern Europe. My July 23, 1999 journal entry reveals much about my adolescent concerns, and little about the country I was in. "Dez and I have been holding hands a lot this week. Andorra is neat, it reminds me of Aspen."

The 2008 American economic apocalypse aside, the value of tourism is being questioned from many sides. My tour of Andorra captures the typical American spewing the largest carbon footprint for the smallest, self-involved vacation. People concerned with the emissions of travel prefer us privileged do our soul searching locally.

More alarmingly, Talya Zemach-Bersin points out the harm of travelers who think they can be a learner or an ambassador. These travelers, which Zemach-Bersin refers to as "global citizens" in her critique of study abroad programs, think they form connections with the people of the countries they visit, but instead they harm them. While these tourists, often visitors to the global south, don't extract physical goods like diamonds or oil, they "enact a similar colonial process by harvesting the resource of international knowledge to strengthen and benefit America," Zemach-Bersin demonstrates (2007, *Critical Literacy Vol. 1, Issue 2, p. 22*). Tourists reproduce colonial patterns of exotification and dependency when they buy the local goods and meet local people. The American traveler is now in a position of control.

Granting these environmental and colonial harms, is it not possible that travelers also gain a beneficial compassion? Peter Singer proposes a positive globalization that requires empathy for other, geographically distant humans. If those of us living in the "developed world," or global north don't give all we can, "how can we consider ourselves any better than the person who sees the child fall in the pond and walks on?" (Singer 2004, *One World, p. 157*). First we must see the child fall in the pond. My travel to Andorra may have conjured an awareness and empathy that will result, not in control, but a sense of responsibility. My trip was certainly superficial. Yet it is in these first tentative steps into other societies that I glimpsed a world larger than America. What benefits might a more empathetic and aware American citizenry might have? Perhaps holding hands is necessary in any journey to override colonialism. I might still have Dez's number . . .

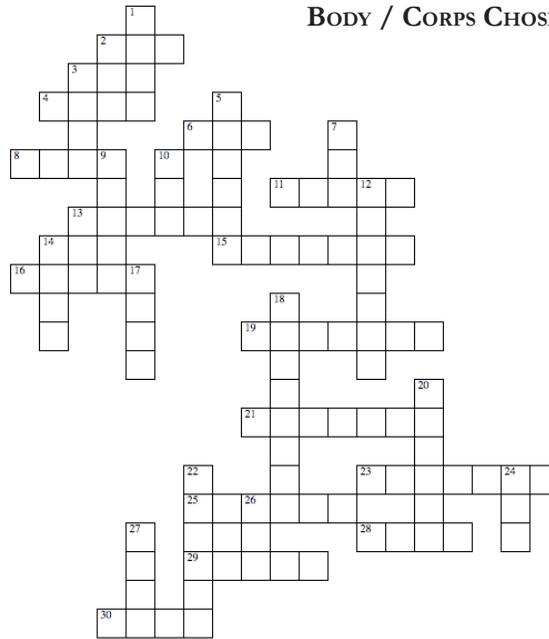
*On the top floor of the restaurant Pacific
We drank beer for twenty cents a glass
And ordered sautéed morning glory shoots
We wrote an article on the proprietor of
this restaurant,' Jon says,
He was arrested for raising tigers on his
estate
But because the government doesn't have the
facilities
To confiscate tigers
They had to give them back
And they dropped the charges*

Mat Trumbull

*previous page, NIAGRA FALLS,
Jashin Friedrich,*

ACROSS

- 2 LA CHOSE QUI A DEUX NARINES.
- 4 THE THING THAT IS BEHIND ME.
- 6 THE THING THAT LOOKS LIKE A SEASHELL.
- 8 THE THING WITH FOUR FINGERS AND ONE THUMB.
- 11 LA CHOSE QU'ON CACHE.
- 13 THE THING WHOSE NAIL I MUST CUT ROUND.
- 15 THE THING THAT IS ON MY FOREHEAD.
- 16 THE THING THAT LETS THINGS OUT.
- 19 LA CHOSE QUI EST SUR MON FRONT.
- 21 LA CHOSE QUI RESSEMBLE À UNE COQUILLE.
- 23 THE THING THAT ONE HIDES.
- 25 LA CHOSE DONT L'ONGLE IL FAUT COUPER DROIT.
- 28 LA CHOSE AU BOUT DE MES JAMBES.
- 29 THE THING THAT CONTAINS MY LUNGS.
- 30 LA CHOSE QUI PENSE.



BODY / CORPS CHOSES/ THINGS

Matthew Harry Evans

MINI POEM

Matthew Harry Evans

i
can
take
a
hint
.

DOWN

- 1 THE THING THAT SUPPORTS MY HEAD.
- 3 LA CHOSE QUI A QUATRE DOIGTS ET UN POUCE.
- 5 LA CHOSE QUI PLIE AU GENOU.
- 7 LA CHOSE QUI M'EST DERRIÈRE.
- 9 LA CHOSE DONT L'ONGLE IL FAUT COUPER ROND.
- 10 THE THING THAT BENDS AT THE KNEE.
- 12 THE THING THAT IS BELOW MY CHEST.
- 14 THE THING AT THE END OF MY LEGS.
- 17 THE THING THAT THINKS.
- 18 LA CHOSE QUI CONTIENT MES POUMONS.
- 20 LA CHOSE QUI EST AU DESSOUS MA POITRINE.
- 22 LA CHOSE QUI LAISSE ENTRER LES CHOSES.
- 24 LA CHOSE QUI SOUTIENT MA TÊTE.
- 26 THE THING WHOSE NAIL I MUST CUT STRAIGHT.
- 27 THE THING WITH TWO NOSTRILS.

“I used to be little, pero now I’m big porque I’m six.” Child stands three feet three inches, weighs in at thirty-four pounds. Head and shoulders shorter than all her classmates; almost exactly the same height as her three-year-old brother. Her mother tells me she stopped growing normally two years ago. Child stands in front of me and insists that I won’t be able to pick her up and put her on my shoulders as I did two months ago, porque now she’s big.

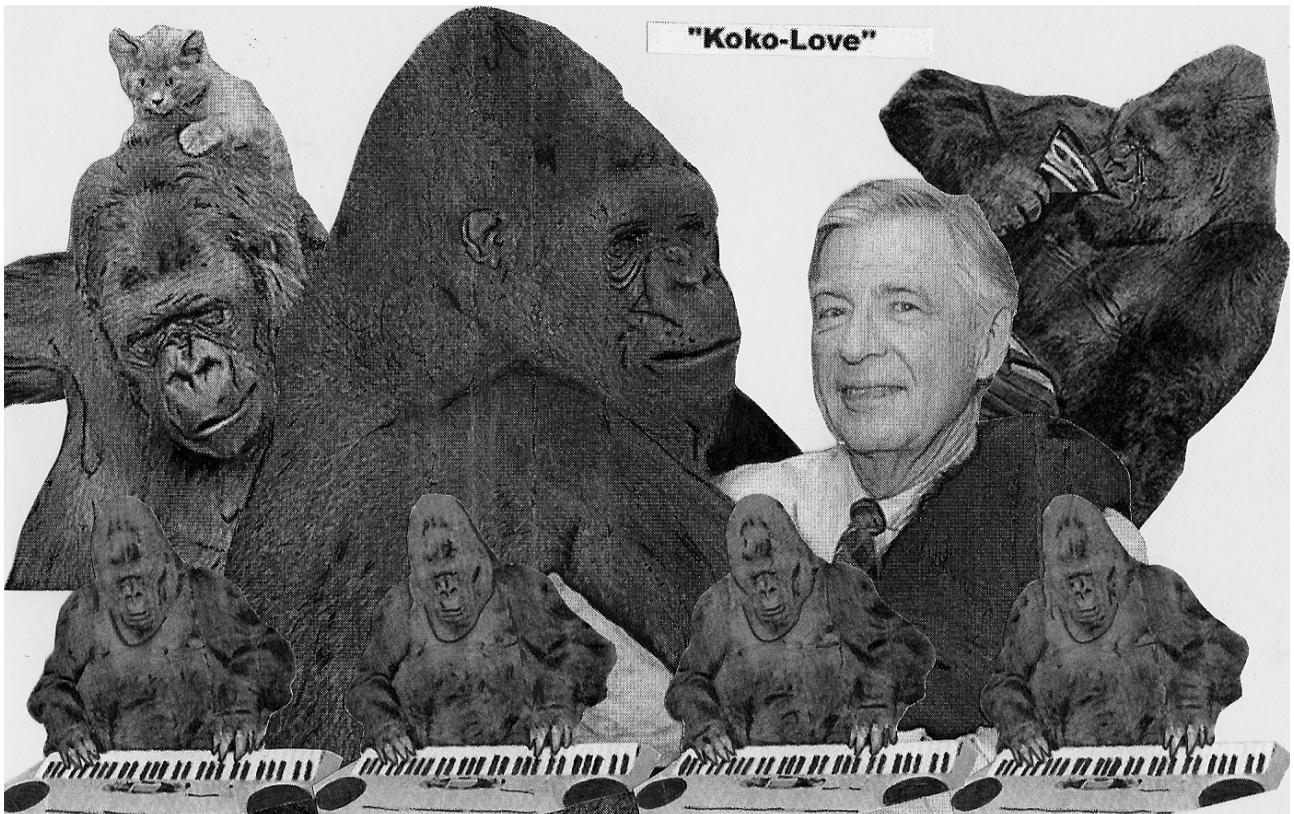
The doctor talks down to me. He says her size isn’t necessarily abnormal – her family is small; different kids grow at different rates. He shows me a growth chart on the computer screen, a meaningless image of scattered dots, some lines with inexplicable spikes and descents. He raises his eyebrow in scornful surprise when I ask if he’s done certain tests, chastises the kids for eating messily in his office.

She tells me she’s moving to Mexico. Sometimes it’s just moving to another apartment. She says they don’t talk to her father anymore because he pushed her mother down the stairs. He works at the greengrocer across from her school. We avoid that corner, but once I forgot and a man said, “Kaily.” She froze, so shy and embarrassed, and I fumbled for words to introduce myself.

She tells me she wants her mother to learn English. She wants her big brother to stop being mad all the time; she wants to help her mom so her sister can do her homework.

“How you say ‘pobrecito’ in English?” she asks when we pass a homeless man huddled in a doorway, swaddled in filthy rags and newspapers.

Davielle Lakind



KOKO LOVE VISIT, *Lauren Kitz*

Sometimes I have friends over for some Lentil Surprise. They often say, “Mmmmm,” and ask, “Where’d you learn how to make such good Lentil Surprise?” I can’t really take any credit for it, although, as I’ve realized, Lentil Surprise is “just a matrix on which we hang our own subjective tastes and desires.” My friend Peter Olsen is the one who taught me how to cook lentils, but he learned from Buddy Champs (that’s really his name, but he goes by Kyle, which I think is his middle name.) I had never met Kyle for the first couple of years I made Lentil Surprise. He and Pete met through college friends, or traveling, or maybe it was at the vintage store where Pete used to work. Whichever, Kyle doesn’t live around here anymore, but he came back to visit a couple months ago. I got Pete to invite Kyle and me over at the same time. I brought my tape recorder, and recorded Kyle as he cooked some Lentil Surprise. He was rushing around the kitchen, wouldn’t let me help chop or anything, and I could barely get a word in edgewise.

TRANSCRIPT: HOW TO COOK LENTIL SURPRISE

The thing about lentils is that they’re such a deep brown taste, like that Japanese taste Oomommy. Due to that, the thing is you have to do your frying in butter, not in oil. So many people, lackadaisical casual cooks always just keep their olive oil by the stove and use that for everything, but you can’t just pretend you’re in Greece all the time. Or Italy. Or Spain. Basically olives don’t grow on trees everywhere. There’re so many kinds of oil to cook with. Actually, I can’t afford any other than olive oil myself, so I understand, but I’m saying it would be better to diversify. It would taste better and be better to diversify the fat we had going in the kitchen. You know, that has a lot of effect on things like skin. People’s skin looks different when the fats they eat aren’t just Philip Berio all the time. Which you know, these days that’s not even always from olives, they have these oil bandits or evil oil companies [laughter] who cut what they’re selling as olive oil with adulteries like, I don’t know, hazelnut or nut oil like that. Better not be allergic, right? As long as it’s not butt oil. But this is a huge deal in places like Italy and wherever, it’s super illegal to fake the oil. But the cartels are powerful. But anyway if you eat something like safflower oil, like they do in, I don’t know, wherever safflowers grow, the Orient probably. I think they have something to do with saffron. Their skin is beautiful, though. Shiny, like their bodies are honey. But with lentils use butter. Butter’s pretty cheap, too, and it’s good.

So get your wide-bottomed pot, and that’s where the butter’s going to go. But first chop up a bunch of the small strong flavors. Basically, a whole lot of garlic. I always chop the garlic first, and let it sit, so it oxidizes. You know, it’s way better for you if it does, all the crevices get the oxygen in them. There’s oil in garlic, too, like I’m saying there are so many kinds of oil. But chop it up really small, let it oxidize. Let it rust, if you will [laughter]. And chop up your ginger, your onions, tons of onions. Make a grown man cry. There’s a lot of kinds of onions, like regular old yellow ones, vidalias, purple ones, shallots. I don’t really know the nuances of all those. Chop up some fresh chiles if you’ve got those. Any kind really. Those little



Tim Donnan

purple tabasco peppers are really good. Sometimes I use powders if there aren’t any fresh peppers around. You just want some spice in there regardless. Even cracked black pepper is good.

And get together all your vegetables, I like greens, like kale or collards are good. I like going with something a little heartier than spinach. Moisten that in the colander. Maybe some tomatoes. Some tomatillo, some okra or something. You know, fuck regional properties, like trying to keep the lentils particularly Indian or something. I can appreciate that, because obviously that would be really good, but this’ll be good too. It’s not like you actually know anything

about the little tiny nuances in the local cuisines. Oh, like you know how to cook up lentils like they do in a tiny village in the butthills of Yumtesh and that's really how it's done. Whatever, no you don't. Throw in some tomatillos. And other stuff with Spanish names. Like nopales, I bet that would be good.

[EDGEWISE: What Kyle was saying didn't necessarily match what he was doing at the time. For example, while he was talking about vegetables, he was still chopping the "strong flavors."]

So chop up all the vegetables and leave them aside, because first things first is the flavor foundation, and it's got to be strong and potent. Put the butter in the wide-bottomed pan, it won't sit right without a wide bottom [laughter], and let that simmer down. Put a lot of butter in, why not. It's good and it facilitates the flavor foundation, it'll infiltrate the whole stew like a greasy flood. The French don't have bad skin, do they? But put a bunch of the onions in, most of the garlic. The ginger. Now the spices. I don't know really about ratios, like numbers, but that's just because I'm not paying attention. You know, ratios are everywhere. In nature and architecture. That's a dumb thing to say, though. It's not descriptive at all. Obviously ratios are everywhere. That could mean about anything. Anyway, I'm saying take a significant amount of cumin, turmeric, I love cardamom, if you have the pods that's best, those cardamom pods, some fenugreek if you have some, I never do, same with coriander, which is the same as cilantro seed, as if that makes it easier to scrounge up. Spices are mostly just seeds. Sometimes I put in a little nutmeg, a whisper of cinnamon. Not too much nutmeg [laughter]. Most importantly, though, is you have to use salt and pepper. That's probably the best one-on-one combination of all time. Better than peanut butter and jelly. Better than peanut butter and chocolate, better than peanut butter and banana. Salt and pepper, like fresh ground black and even green and red and white peppercorns. That is the best. If that were a food combination and not just a flavor combination, that's all we would ever eat. I'm convinced of it. All I know is that here you need a ton of salt. More than you think. This might be the trickiest part, because too much salt ruins it. But you need a lot of it. That's why food at restaurants tastes better than your food, they use more salt. And oil. I've been using this salt without iodide lately. Mr. Morton's a genius, you

know, I've never seen a goiter in the western world, but this stuff is better.

Once that's all sizzling, you just let it sizzle for a while. Some people say throw in all the vegetables now, so they cook on down, but sometimes I like to save those so they're fresher when you eat them. Why cook your vegetables so hard if they're not covered in E. coli or something?

[EDGEWISE: At this point, Kyle had all the spices and onions and things frying in the big pot. He stirred it all occasionally, and one time put a small spoonful to his mouth, frowned, and added more salt.]

Now once it's been sizzling, it's time for the lentils. You know, lots of people cook up lentils separate from the flavors, and then try to fry them all together. That's fine, but it's really not as good. Once your flavors are a really potent heap, like a mash, that's when you add the dry lentils. There's more types of lentils than there are oils. Maybe not, but there's a lot of them. There's your standard green ones, those are the cheapest. There's the little yellow ones, they use those for dhal a lot. And the little pinkish red ones, those cook the fastest. They also have those so-called French little black ones, those taste a little nuttier and go well with green beans. Definitely cook those with butter. I think the French just took them from North Africa, though. I made that up. But it's probably true. They also have those beluga lentils or whatever they're called. I usually cook with the green ones, because it's like eating for free. Mr. Goya is a saint. He keeps us alive. But, you know, any lentils work, any are good. Lentils are truly extraordinary. They have so much protein, they're so versatile, they have so much iron. If you ever get anemic, eat some lentils. And spinach. In India, they put girls in early adolescence on a diet of all lentils all the time, and then when their period comes they actually live in the same hut they cook the lentils in. The Hindi words for lentil and menarche are exactly the same except for a vowel. I just made that up, obviously. All Indian people eat all lentils all the time. I made that up, too, but the point is lentils are extraordinary. Throw in your dry lentils right in the sizzling mash here. It doesn't matter how much, just remember they cook up. They expand. Don't overstuff the pot with lentils. Throw them in, then put in all your water. If you put in pre-boiled water, it'll all cook faster. At this point, you

just think of the whole thing like a soup. It's like a lentil soup only you wait until the broth has totally cooked away to eat it. You could add more water to make it sloppy, but I like it to have the consistency of cream of wheat or something. So, you put in your water, maybe throw in a bay leave, and let it simmer until it's ready. Throw in your vegetables. That's it. That's your Lentil Surprise.

[EDGEWISE: Despite the finality of his statement, Kyle still fussed around the stove after this point. Every few minutes, he stirred the lentils, and after about fifteen or twenty minutes he added the vegetables, more garlic and onions, and more hot peppers. Also of note was the rice he had cooking on another burner throughout the preparation. I asked him about it.]

Are you kidding? Rice is obviously essential to a Lentil Surprise. Why even mention it, you know? It's like, if you go out and about, you're going to wear pants, but you're not going to mention that you're wearing pants. No one's going to say, oh, I notice you're wearing pants

today. If you don't eat rice with lentils, you're not eating a complete protein. Brown rice, white rice. I guess if you made some fancy rice with spices and creams and whatever in it separately, you could mention it. But you don't need to do that with Lentil Surprise. That's the thing. All I'm saying is that Lentil Surprise is a whole meal, a whole smorgasbord unto itself. It's just a matrix on which we hang all our own subjective tastes and desires. It's like, people sometimes ask what the Surprise is. That's not the point. Don't ask me that. It's just Lentil Surprise.

[EDGEWISE: We ate the Lentil Surprise with yoghurt, which is a near-essential condiment of the meal. It was very good, but not as good as when Pete first showed me how to make it. That was the best Lentil Surprise I ever had.]

Nicholas Nauman

EXCESSIVE VAMPING

I've been sentimental, son,
But that cowled cackle's gone.

I'm sworn for a thousand fire parades
And cutting tired tempered shame
And seething some unholy.

I quiver in the morning fog--
The coat I wore last night is gone--
But down the way I have a haunt
That's given promises of warmth.

The mirror has been fixing me for hours--
A cunning cut: wan, whimsical and sound--
But I'm already staggering,
And I'm a pretty, petty thing,
And it's only afternoon.

And when the music hits I'm screaming,
Tense and streaked and soft and seen--
In the night, I've missed your ring;
I'm alone, barely moving;
Footing lost, careening, unsure;
I am totemic; I am pure.

Edward Wolcher



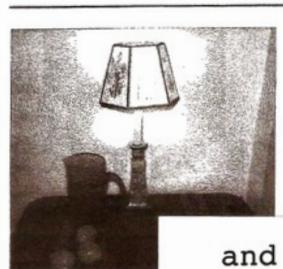
hugs



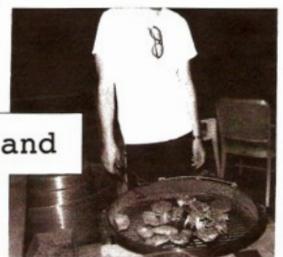
kisses



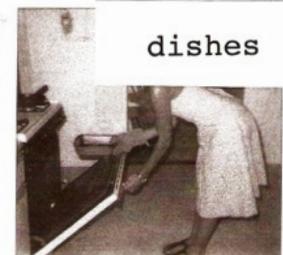
chinese



and



and



dishes

Amanda Hunt

Prescience was so named not because she possessed the quality of foresight, though in fact she probably did, but rather because this was the only intelligible word inscribed on the identification papers of the young woman who had birthed her. The girl, a shadow, a shimmer of pale translucence swathed in dark hair and a black satin gown, truly did not look as if she could be pregnant when she staggered, holding her belly, into the hospital, just several hours after midnight in an ice storm, on the eve of the new year. Labor was effortless. Induced by alcohol poisoning, the child was born like a breezy fart after a passionate bout of vomiting, just before her mother fell into a coma. She would later die shortly after dawn of a clear morning.

For days, Prescience lay in a white room among the other premature babies in their incubators, scarcely existing, sustained by human artifice, and blessedly unaware of the bleak expanse of loneliness that her nascent life promised to be. The hospital administrators and lawyers cursed their luck and blamed politicians, blamed youth culture, or blamed the devil. Some blamed the fickle hearts of women, while others blamed the selfish, cowardly nature of mankind. It was decided after much debate that they had no choice but to care for the infant until it could be given to an orphanage.

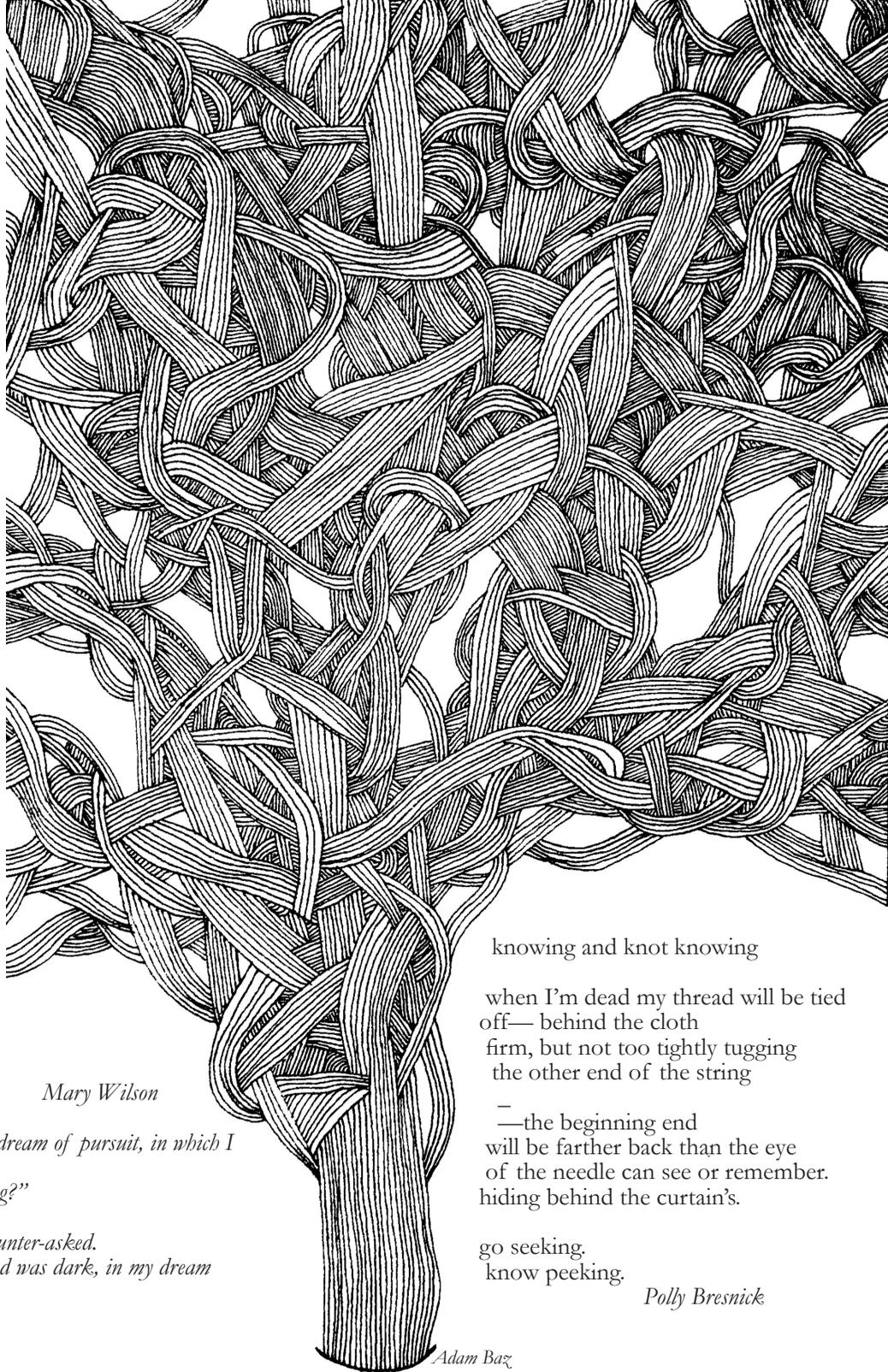
In the meantime, the nurses had taken notice of her. At every moment there was someone beside her, softly singing lullabies, murmuring maternal incantations. Even the visiting parents of other babies were drawn as if by magnets to stand and gaze in wonder at the tranquil, bright-eyed infant who had had no visitors of her own. As the days passed, some of the other babies were discharged, swaddled in blankets and handed to their parents. But they were received with ambivalence; dismayed by the squalling mess before them, these parents held their young with disdain, and walked away still glancing mournfully toward the hallowed corner where Prescience lay in her sterile manger. More than one couple became unhinged and argued that there had been a mistake—one man actually wept and fell to his knees, his face pressed to the hem of the doctor's skirt— but these individuals were ushered from the ward by security guards.

And so it was received as no small matter when one morning the child went missing. Joe, the orderly, a simple old man with long hair and terrible teeth, was the first to raise the alarm. He had planned to nap beside the child during his break. His hoarse, monotonous cries spread panic through the hospital such that its staff spilled into the streets, calling for her: 'Prescience,' wandering the parking lot, peeking under cars, moaning disconsolately: 'Prescience,' looking for her everywhere— in garbage cans, behind the shrubbery, in the gardener's shed— staring hatefully at each other, muttering, and thinking only of her, each one intent on recapturing her, thinking always of what she would certainly become.



Amy MacKay

Wes Mathenson



THE DREAM

Mary Wilson

*Last night I had a dream of pursuit, in which I
was the pursuer.*

"What am I chasing?"

I asked myself.

"Why chase?" it counter-asked.

*I fell silent. The road was dark, in my dream
and outside of it.*

knowing and knot knowing

when I'm dead my thread will be tied
off— behind the cloth

firm, but not too tightly tugging
the other end of the string

—the beginning end
will be farther back than the eye
of the needle can see or remember.
hiding behind the curtain's.

go seeking,
know peeking.

Polly Bresnick

Adam Baz



162

□ 162

Aubusson Carpet. Medallion and Borders of Different 18th century origin than the late 19th Century field motifs, stains. Approximately 11 ft. 1 in. by 8 ft. 1 in. (3.38 m. by 2.46 m.)

\$8,000-12,000



Isaac Vasquez

i have infinite limbs and i am always touching everything, always touching more and more, except i'm already touching every possible and impossible thing anyway. my fingers are long as shit man. all of them. all infinity of them. if that's how i want it. i can also be just myself and my arms and legs and head, normal, human, whatever. you have to be banal sometimes, you have to do things like drink water regularly, bathe occasionally, eat, etc. these are the mundane human existences. but then i can also be enormous, infinitely large and expansive. i cast a shadow on the entire earth, i wear the milky way like a bling blangin ear stud, or like a bindi or something ornamental. it's so tiny! sometimes my infinite animus hungers. i eat the planet eater when that happens. i spread out and touch both ends of the universe like the vitruvian man, except with infinite limbs, infinite arms, infinite fingers on infinite hands, infinite legs with infinite feet and toes, and infinite infinitely long penises. and vaginas too. Infinite Limbs of all genders, more than just the four or five we're used to locally. every time anything happens, it's me doing it. and when there's absolutely nothing, that's me too. i probably smoked a fat spliff and just said fuck it and i'm lazain out. sometimes you have to not exist.

Greg Fox

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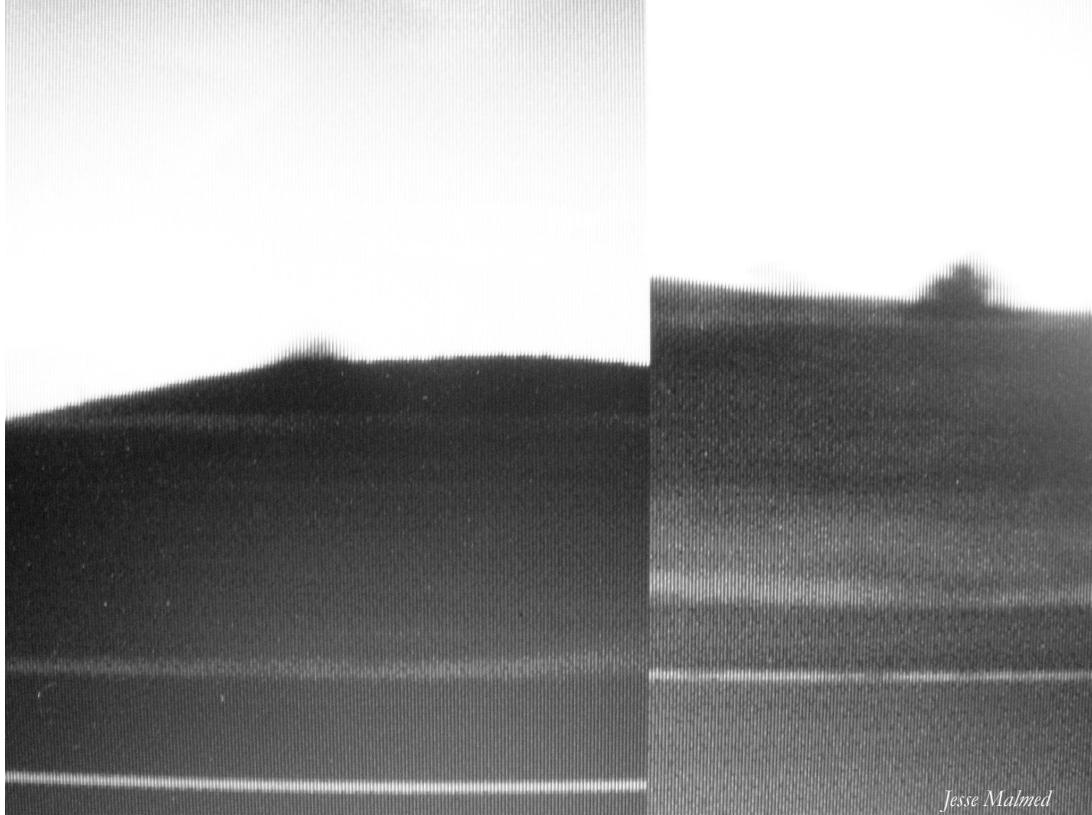
Michael Rae's Dream
by Silence Dogood
by Michael Rae

If I had any agency in Michael's dream I would undream the Lindor chocolate truffle that he took from his brother's apartment off Park Street. You see, his hands were somewhat full; he was carrying a pink polo shirt, assorted argyle socks, a tube of chapstick, a cup of coffee, and a four hour DVD of animated Soviet propaganda. Understandably, with such a load as the one with which he was burdened, the only reasonable place to stow the truffle seemed to be the right front pocket of his new blue jeans. Thoughts of the chocolaty treat he intended to enjoy were quickly obscured by the warmth and light of the San Diego sun and the trees, hills, people, billboards that drifted past as he and his family drove north on I-5 towards San Francisco, their eventual destination for New Year's Eve, only one day away.

It was during the onset of the aggravated baby crawl traffic of Los Angeles that it happened: Michael, lips chapped, groping through the too-shallow, too-crowded pocket of his blue jeans for his Blistex is shocked to find his fingers covered in a mysterious substance. Oil? Gack? Blood? No. Of course not. It is the melted remains of the Lindor truffle. The next few minutes are spent removing chocolate from the contents of his pocket (chapstick, guitar pick, pencil, miscellaneous trinkets). The minutes after that are spent in a lively discussion with his brothers as to how, and if, "Dallas" character Bobby Ewing, played by a young Patrick Duffy, is any different than a saguaro cactus, arms bent, friendly. Hi. How are you?

His dreams have been so literal lately





Jesse Malmed

REVISITING BY MEMORY A WORK OF FICTION

Between one being and another, there is a gulf, a discontinuity. This gulf exists, for instance, between you, listening to me, and me, speaking to you. We are attempting to communicate, but no communication between us can abolish our fundamental difference. If you die, it is not my death."

Georges Bataille

Thomas sat on the sand by the shore. He looked out onto a gray sea; waves clapped the sand nearby and slowly came close to his feet. As a large wave receded, Thomas strode down to the water and immersed himself. Though a regular swimmer, Thomas's trajectory on this day was different; the gray fog obscured the beach and Thomas swam in unknown directions, perhaps in circles. From this aimlessness, Thomas suddenly became acutely aware of a dense fatigue. It penetrated his core and moved its cold, electric tentacles outward through his limbs. His legs straightened then slunk into formless shanks; his arms poured out an energy that lit the water around them as they diminished whatever power they previously contained. Foggy-eyed, he became the water around him. He gave himself to the torrential swirling of the

sea, almost blissful for a moment. Then, suddenly, in the constant jarring of the waves, Thomas felt fully the clumsy lump that was his body. His spirit that was once placed firmly on the mantle of his head came loose. He saw another foggy place, distinctly other than this gray sea. A cavern of pearly murk in an already thorough haze, he felt the spirit of himself drift slowly to this place. It beckoned him with an entitled specificity – this was his mystical cavern, and his silhouette fit perfectly into place.

Again, Thomas opened his eyes to the realization of his presence in a strange place. He was standing waist-deep in the water on a submerged cliff other swimmers used to launch themselves into the sea. He strode out of the water and turned his head back toward it. His eyes and tongue burned, probably from the salt, but even through this irritation he perceived another swimmer, drifting on the horizon of the swirl. This horizon-line deceived his sight – the swimmer never neared nor flew from sight in the minutes Thomas looked on. He was always already escaping his vision, as if in a slow rotation of a whirlpool, in the slight eclipse that rendered visible only a blurred man he could not identify yet felt compelled to observe.

Adam Johnson

FOOD DIARY

Leah Finnegan

Is it ok to eat a plum in a board meeting? What about a yogurt? What about Costco brand dried mango, which is closer in taste and appearance to circus peanuts than dried mango? What about dried guava, which is the dark horse of dried fruit? It looks like Caucasian skin but tastes like a bouquet of banana flowers.

I really like Atkins Advantage bars, which are Reese's Peanut Butter Cups by another name, and Sugar Cookie Sleigh Ride tea, which tastes like a glittery glass of milk and orange rinds. I'm embarrassed to consume these things in public. I hoard them in my office and hope no one notices. If I'm subject to eating an Atkins bar in the open I'll turn the wrapper inside out, or conceal it with a napkin.

My ex-wife liked salty things — olives like soft marbles and any kind of cured fish. She was an adult like that. The government kind. For dinner, we used to sit on a blanket on the floor. She ate small fish on toast while I ate tapioca pearls from a saucepan.

Some time after I came to terms with the fact that she had either left me or died on her way home from work, I was walking around in the apartment listening to David Byrne and making tracks in the carpet with a new pair of shoes. For dinner I had cored three apples and put them in a pan with milk and cinnamon and into the oven, but I missed the oven's buzzer because the music was loud and I was concentrating on my shoes and the music and the carpet.

I was also watching the television. (Wheel of Fortune).

By the time I realized it, the apples had collapsed into themselves and looked like shrunken Indian heads, but I ate them anyway. I was about to brew a pot of Arabic coffee — I read about it in a library book, you put cardamom and orange blossom essence in the grounds — when she knocked on my door. I said “just a minute,” even though I was square on the other side of the door from her.

She probably saw me right through it, frozen in my tracks in the matted brown carpet, feet throbbing in my stiff new shoes, face flecked with the remnants of my dinner.



“THE PROLOGUE.”

Maryreilly

When I said “freaking”, instead of “fucking”, I was lying then too.



THE SPORTING WOMEN OF NEW ORLEANS

John Okrent

Those were happy days, man, happy days. Buy a keg of beer for one dollar and a bag full of food for another and have a cowein. These boys don't have fun nowadays. Talking 'bout wild and wooly! There were two thousand registered girls and must have been ten thousand unregistered. And all crazy about clarinet-blowers!
—Alphonse Picou, Clarinet-blower

Time was you couldn't avoid a good time if you tried,
not in New Orleans.
Music trickled into the streets all day
and poured into the streets all night.
And as many bands as you heard
that's how many you heard playing right.
And there were women there who could torch your heart
or make you forget it'd ever been torched at all.
And everything, and everyone,
was lit from the inside out.
And all the doors were open.
Those sporting women of New Orleans were world renowned.
Men would travel across oceans just to breathe their beautiful gowns.
There was Flamin' Mamie and Big Butt Annie,
Bucktown Bessie and Gold Tooth Gussie,
Mary Meathouse and Naked Mouf Mattie,
Bang Zang, Boar Hog, Yard Dog, Piggy,
Big Piggy, Bad Blood, Raw Head, Sore Dick, Linker-Top,
Cherry Red, Sugar Pie, Roody Doody,
Three Finger Annie, Snaggle Mouf Mary
Tenderloin Thelma, Bucktooth Rena
Boxcar Shorty, Coke Eye Laurie
Knock On The Wall,
Good Lord The Lifter
and Peachanno.
And, finally, there was Kidneyfoot Rella,
who is said to have spit in Black Benny's face
as he lay dead in his coffin.

Amy MacKay

LEAVING POEM

Bye, Matthew Harry Evans

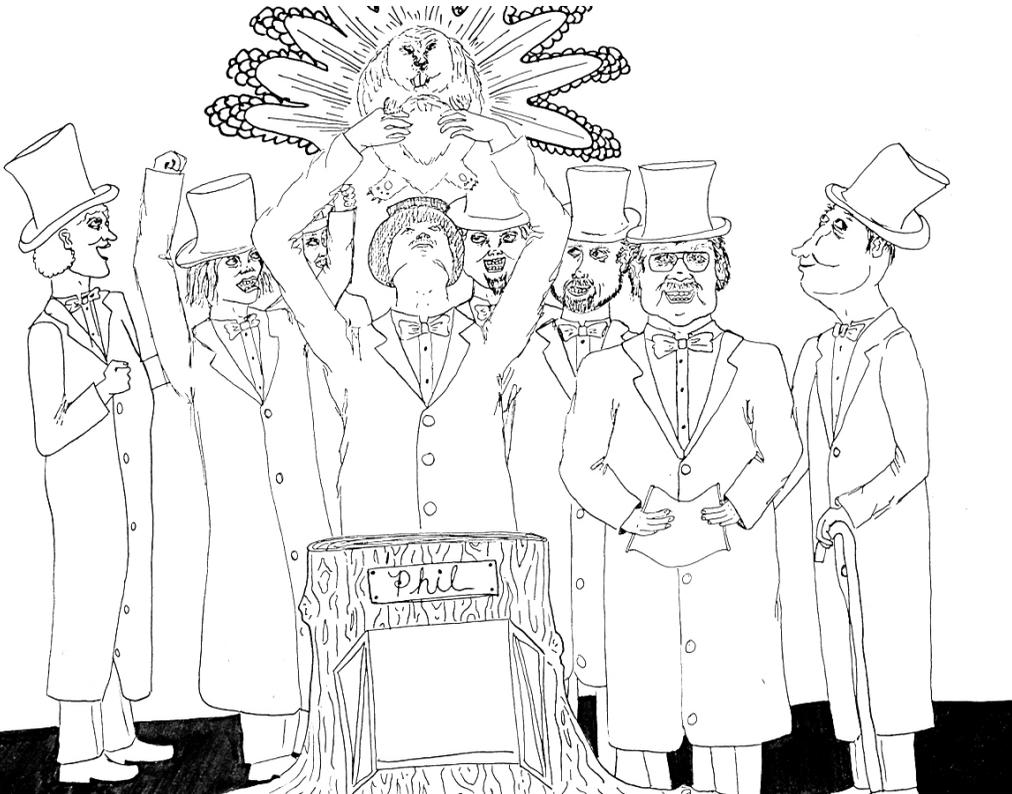
Russia after 1917

Mrs _____, my mother, wore French perfume.
She wore a wedding robe of white velvet, with a fur collar, gold embroidered sleeves,
buttons with pearls netted in gold thread.
Her maids of honor sewed her dress as their gift. It was not paid for.
Underneath was a dress made of silk to match the pearls.

Mother never cheated on father.
I would have admired her equally if she had.
But that's another story.
A woman finds so many ways to gratify man, v
purely in the open-faced nature of her existence.

A reallocation of children for the glory of industrial progress is underway.
In so doing, men and women become equal in their labors.
And instead of divorcing from my husband, the relationship has simply dissolved.

Christina Rosetti



LET THE SCIENTIFIC FAKIRS GNASH THEIR TEETH AND STAMP WITH RAGE - LET ASTROLOGERS WITH
CRYSTALS WIPE SUCH NONSENSE FROM THE PAGE - WE HAIL THE KING OF PROPHETS, WHO'S THE
WORLD'S OUTSTANDING SAGE - TODAY THE GROUNDHOG COMES! GLORY! GLORY! TO
THE GROUNDHOG, GLORY! GLORY! TO THE GROUNDHOG, GLORY! GLORY! TO THE GROUNDHOG,
TODAY THE PROPHET COMES!

Stephanie Harris

**A FEW STORIES IN THREE (OR, MUCH MORE OFTEN,
TWO) LINES (WITH APOLOGIES TO FÉLIX FÉNEÓN)**

Sean Higgins

Timothy S_____, of the Eastern Bend, returned home to find all that remained of his wife: the terrifying screech of and distant glowing eyes of a barn owl. He spent the rest of the night shivering under plant cover.

Melissa P_____, one day discovered an elephant about the size of a field mouse in her father's Paris study. Set to running on a gramophone, the animal's subsonic cries disrupted the sound of her favorite record. So she returned it to sleep in its jar.

Friedrich K_____ of Berlin had engineered a rose to bloom in his lapel when he noticed a pretty girl. He was, naturally, embarrassed by the results. After being laughed at in a public park, he threw the rose to the ground and stomped on it.

Curious as to the source of that infernal whirring, Marshall M_____ of Portland investigated the string of lights by taking them in his jaw. Next, biting down hard, he made that whirring permanent.

After an evening filming Peregrine Falcons taking flight, Raoul R_____, formerly of Argentina, edited the footage for a montage. Projecting it, he was quickly overwhelmed by the wings filling the window and doorway, suffered a heart attack and died.

Eventually managing to build a small mechanical songbird about the size of her thumbnail, Anna J____ of Boston then held it to an amplifying cone. She could barely make out the melody of the lullaby her mother had sung to her when she was a small child.

Pinning down her prize butterflies, Ada S_____ was shocked to find that their wings still would still flutter whenever she pressed the play button on the tape recorder she kept in her St. Petersburg home. She thereafter enacted a ban on music in the house.

When, out of curiosity, she opened her television set, Hannah F_____ of New York was terrified to find a lark trapped and flapping inside, panicked. She found a knife and frantically stabbed at the trapped bird until it fell out of its cage into the open.

Removing the organs from his first hunting kill, William K_____ of Los Angeles was shocked to find the wolf pelt held together nothing but a mass of ticking clocks and loudly spinning hard drives. On one of these hard drives, William found an archive of everything he had ever done wrong. He threw it away.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



9.

Sarah Simon



Ali Malmred



THE GRANITE COCK ABORTION: PIRATE CAPITAL AND THE STATE-TO-COME

We make friends with the hostages, telling them that we only want money, not to kill them. Sometimes we even eat rice, fish, pasta with them. When the money is delivered to our ship we count the dollars and let the hostages go.... We split the money....if we get \$1.8 (million) we would send \$380,000 to the investment man who gives us cash to fund the missions, and then divide the rest between us. Our community thinks we are pirates getting illegal money. But we consider ourselves heroes running away from poverty. We don't see the hijacking as a criminal act but as a road tax because we have no central government to control our sea. With foreign warships now on patrol we have difficulties. We will not stop until we have a central government that can control our sea....

-Asad 'Booyah' Abdulahi; "A Somali Pirate Speaks!"

So it seems, there is nothing naughty about "the pirates". They are democratic capitalists par excellence. What is a little less turgid, a little more trendy, what separates them from bankers and day traders, is how they stabilize the difference between mobocracy - the anterior *monster-woman* - and democracy - the posterior ghost of *monster-woman* herself. That is, they are a twofold and self-destructive sign: the bloody Cunt of a cursed market, and the cockcentric daddy who stops its bleeding; both the Pervert's resistance to liberal-democracy, and the democratic wet dream itself.

On the other hand, what we're reading is nothing but an ethical continuation of that beautiful Robin-Hood motto: *steal from the rich, give to the poor*. Following Robin-Hood's fatal bloodletting, the poor reluctantly decide to re-write the motto as: *stealing from the rich...but only because he's not here to do it for us*. At the mid-point in this rag-to-riches tale, the poor come to renounce Robin-Hood upon revelation of just how much he'd been keeping for himself, while the rich search relentlessly for his replacement, anything but this disturbing face-to-face with their Other.

But the story of the pirates is more enticing than this. In truth, if truth does exist, the pirates devalue the buying power for all states-to-come by exposing the dual essence of government: both the immanent object and the arbitrary medium facilitating diabolical exchange. That is, instead of renouncing Robin-Hood, they summons his ghost, they demand a haunting. The question the pirates ask is: *what does one make of criminal behavior that negates the state by embodying its essence, and valuing its presence?* The answer the pirates give is: *it doesn't matter. At the end of the day, we're both on our knees, anticipating the circular ejaculations of currency.*

What is most ruthless, what is truly violent, and what must never be stopped, is the way in which the pirates transform the state into pure statelessness. As we all know, the castration of daddy is an historically proportionate event, a capital tactic for restructuring economic antagonisms under a fresh, hallucinatory-Father. For example, the creative destruction of royal absolutism into democratic regimes required the logical reversal of divine blood into secular semen. In a nutshell, what the Enlightenment achieved, what constitutional-democracy actually proves, is how one need not believe in the Father in order to worship him. This, of course, is shamelessly decided by contemporary ritualism: voting, and other cultural confirmations such as *Roe V. Wade* ("Father, can I touch my Cunt? Please, Father, can I touch it?"), and the most monstrous of all, the Second Amendment ("Please Pa, let me touch my cock. Please Pa, I want to squeeze it").

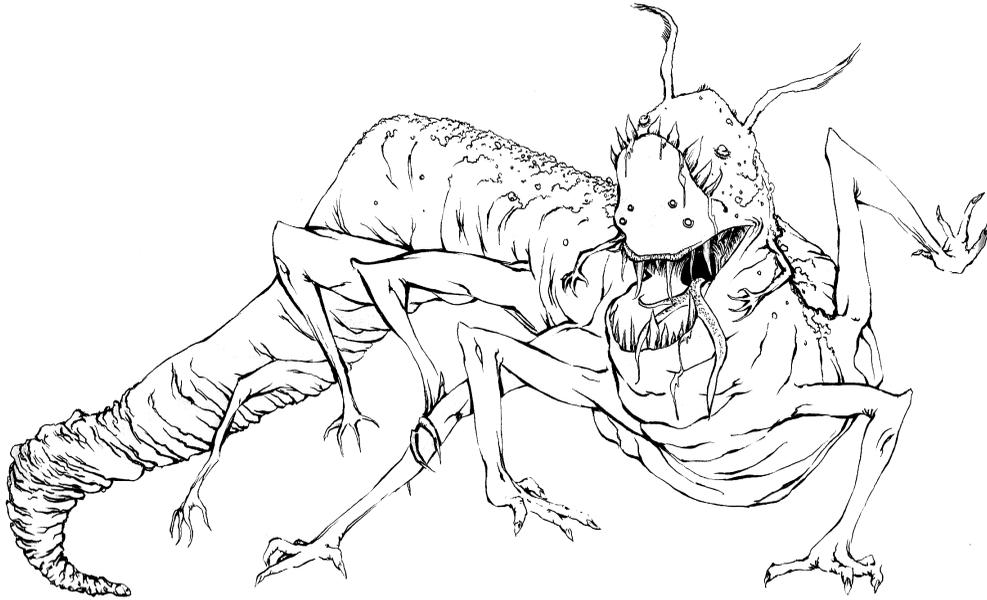
One is tempted to speculate that the pirates aim for a categorical reversal of the secret Hitler championship. Now this is a terrible revelation, one which our generation will soon be forced to endure, one I can no longer bear alone: Hitler was neither a supporter of National Socialism, or a believer in the Jewish problem, nor was he an opponent of financial capitalism, or free democracy. Rather, he was willing to wear the horrible Brute-Man mask in order to provide the opportunity for Free-market Capitalism and Western democracy to "save the world" from "himself" - thus, securing its bright future. A future he could never know, on account of the very nature of his sacrifice. Truly, the most unusual man. But are The Pirates not this and more? That is, a variable commodity capitalism invests for a return in future states of itself? The state-to-come, a state-that-is-always-coming? What we've got to see is that if it continues to arrive via the bloodied-fiend-wound, it will always be a different scar covering the same Cunt, some progressive referent marked by vaginological intercourse, the return of the granite cock abortion inside the beautiful *monster-woman* 2900 years ago: free-market fingers, the animal himself..

Nick Henderson

PSEUDOSILOSCOLOPENDRA SUBTERRANEUS

From the xenobiology papers of Dr. Archer Ivans

The so-called Defiler of Caverns--a rough translation of its name in the local tongue--is the only member of the unique order Pseudoscolopendromorpha and the largest known representative of the entire Chilopoda class, attaining lengths of up to 6m. For now it is classified thus, but this may change as more information is gathered on this idiosyncratic centipede. It inhabits the mountainous fjordlands of the southern coast and the nearby island chains, however its exact range is as of yet not clear. It is generally found in subterranean caverns and tunnels of its own making, though it has been observed on numerous occasions moving openly over the rocky vertical terrain of the region.



The Defiler of Caverns is a carnivorous generalist predator, commonly feeding on the large birds and flying lizards that nest on the cliff faces within its range and even the smaller primates of the nearby coastal forests. It is unknown what other sources of food it finds beneath the earth, but it must have a substantial diet in order to attain such great size. (My personal theory is that there are large caches of freshwater fish in pools and rivulets deep within

the mountains on which it feeds, though this is only substantiated by my observations of it scavenging the rugged coastline from time to time consuming what seafood it can find).

Unlike other members of its order, its body segments are covered in a secondary carapace. The backside of the carapace is heavily calloused and often encrusted with stones and grit making it a formidable protective shell. Its underside is tough and leathery. The number of body segments it can attain is still unknown and whether it has matching leg pairs for each segment is also unknown. It seems likely that the leg pairs of its hind segments are underdeveloped, hidden beneath its secondary carapace. Specimens have been found with as many as 11 external leg pairs. (The illustration depicts a specimen with 5 leg pairs or 10 legs, the additional body segments and legs are hidden beneath the outer layer of tough skin). In addition to this, its legs are all modified with four sharp claws on the feet, adapted for digging, burrowing and climbing, but also effective for fast walking on uneven terrain. Also unusual are its dual mouths. The upper mouth, with its more uniform teeth, is primarily used for burrowing and clearing debris in its underground habitat. The lower mouth is believed to be more conventional, used for hunting and the chewing of food. The Defiler tends to be very dark grey or grey/brown in color.

This massive pseudo-centipede is also quite venomous. The sharp claws of its modified forcipules are able to deliver large quantities of venom into captured prey. The venom is an unknown complex of neurotoxins that causes local paralysis in many victims. Others envenomed by *Pseudosiloscolopendra* have exhibited confused behavior, physical weakness and severe dizziness suggesting the venom may have a debilitating hallucinatory effect on some prey.

discovered by Jade Avani and Isado Vazquez

MIND-VIRUS

one two three four
I declare a thumb war :

keep your hands on the table
you can't lift them :

don't lift them :

tie your shoe like this and only like this : see the rabbit
go around the tree and into the hole : around the tree and into
the hole : do you see the rabbit this right here is a rabbit
going into a hole and now your shoe is tied : you only see
the tree and the knot you are making around the tree
around your fingers : we do things this way and this is the way
we do things : tie the loop over the tree see the rabbit in the loop
go in the hole and you tied your shoes you tied the rabbit :

now hold your hands like this : no like this see it
turns into a church : what kind of church do you want
it can be brick but hold them more like this :

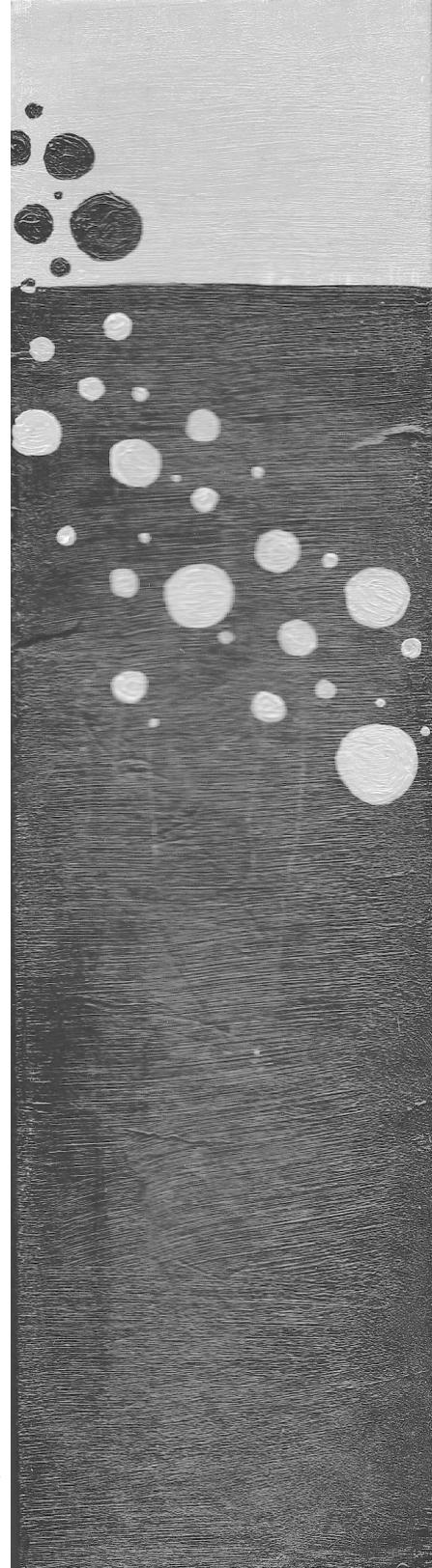
take the roof off : the little aisles worn smooth by feet
are shining in morning light : tilt your hands to catch the light
don't spill any light : the people won't come without
the light :

now open your hands and read the text : do you see
how fingers are like teeth hold them to your eyes and imagine
you're in a mouth : canaries in cages see the world like this :

how like walls your palms are take them away from your face
we're talking about palms : the little indent in the center
is where water would collect if it were raining
cup the water : imagine water : you need to cup more :

now pulse your hands : they are venus flytraps
you need to hold your hands like this to see it : they are thorns :
your hands are like fresh twigs on a tree :

Michael Wilson

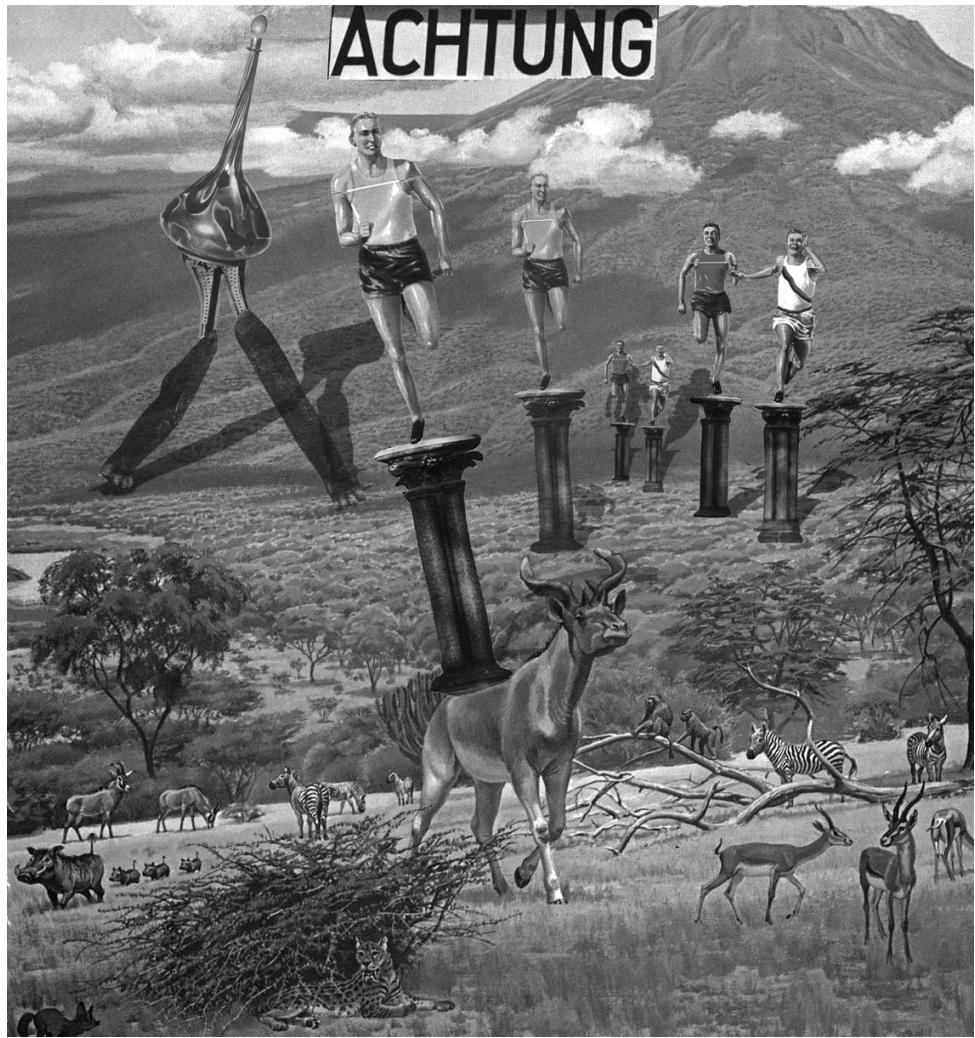


MUTE IMMORTALS, UPON A LUCKLESS DAY

Muteness might be the ideal state. Whatdoyouthink? Blink. Howdoilook? Blink. Wherearethefiles? Whatweryouthinking? Howcouldyubesocruel? Blink blink...blink. Eyes can lie and the tongue may lay. Still, silent, thick, and pimples. Resting on rotting teeth. Never a foot in mouth, stuttered unrequited love, or loose-cannoned offense. Never will vocals lend themselves to paltry pixilated persons. A false idol shan't sequester syllables belonging to those chords.

Forsaken song, forsaken laughter, forsaken secrets. The mind bloats with untold musings. Seemingly kind and apparently cheerful. Successfully silent, Gin-soaked and juniper scented. Healthy as can be, loved by all, fat brain and fat tongue, living happily, heartily ever after.

Olivia Allin



Johanna Hauser

“THE REASON I GET SO MANY PARKING TICKETS”

I wanted her to know that even though her brother arrested me, I still thought she was cute. It was something to do with her cheekbones.

She was saying to someone that she didn't really know what virginity meant because as far as she could tell, it was impossible to determine where the interior ended and the exterior began and so then how do you ever know if and when penetration has occurred? Then she saw me looking at her and asked me how come I wasn't in jail and didn't her brother arrest me and would she have to call him to arrest me now or was I over my whole thing with breaking glass.

I gave her a mostly blank but maybe slightly pouty look that was meant to signify that the thing with the breaking the beer bottle was not true and she knew that and that she also knew that I'd just been trying to clean up the bottle that Andy had broken by accident and incidentally only because her brother's friend had spilled beer on the floor and so made it a treacherous surface.

Actually I think I looked retarded. I realized and told her that I was sorry and that I realized I had just given her a retarded looking look and she said not to say retarded. So I had to re-begin my apology-slash-explanation and explain that I had given her the retarded-by-another-name look because I was trying to psychically retell the story of my arrest in order to both exonerate myself and in the process shame her into an apology.

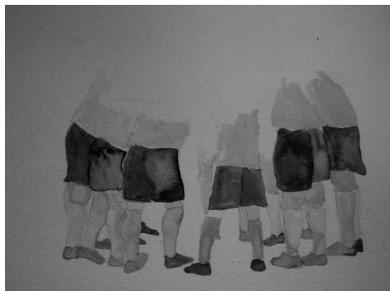
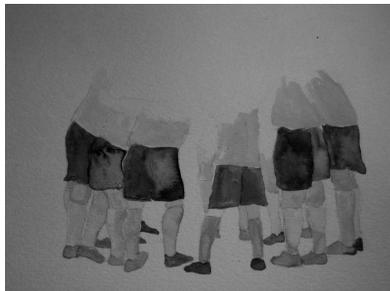
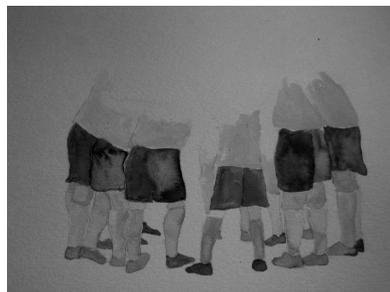
She remained haughty and her cheeks were a little flushed. I asked her if, by her previous logic, it would be fair to say that we were kissing. She told me it was fair, but that actually the logic extended to say the whole population of the world was fucking each other all at the same time all of the time and all the animals and objects too. Which is why, she said, she so strongly believed in monogamy.

We started talking about all of the fucking we were doing, like fucking the president and sea anemones, and dead Mahatma Ghandi. She was laughing and I was also laughing. I would say 'the empire state building?' and she would reply 'Bikini Atoll!' and I think she had a mind to ask me out, or at least might have said yes to me if I had asked.

Then her brother walked in in full uniform and his badge was on his chest and polished like a mirror and I shouted, 'Your brother?' and we both were laughing a whole lot right at him.

Well, anyways, that's why. I think.

Ben Segal



I dreamed she stole a dollar from me
And once I'd collared her, she wouldn't cop to it
Liquid brown eyes pouring into mine
She squared her shoulders to me and said
That she deserved what she'd taken

I couldn't argue with her because,
In the dream at least, the world was ending
But I knew that dollar made a difference
and I still held back
We ran towards our doom with the score unsettled
pockets lighter, my tongue heavy

And when I woke I was soaking wet
Eight hours' sweat in the very stuff of the bed
It was no tragedy to die when the world was ending
But it was, I knew, an insufferable slight
to lose a dollar to your guy's last girl without a fight

And after all my quietness has a man in it
A doctor would say that a dream about money
Has a meaning, which is to say that
A dream you're losing money means you're scared,
Of losing your power, even if it's just a dollar's worth

I was brushing my teeth when I realized
that I shouldn't be afraid because
I'd lost you, and so doing,
I'd already lost all that I had.
And that's when the world ended.

Laura Nabmias



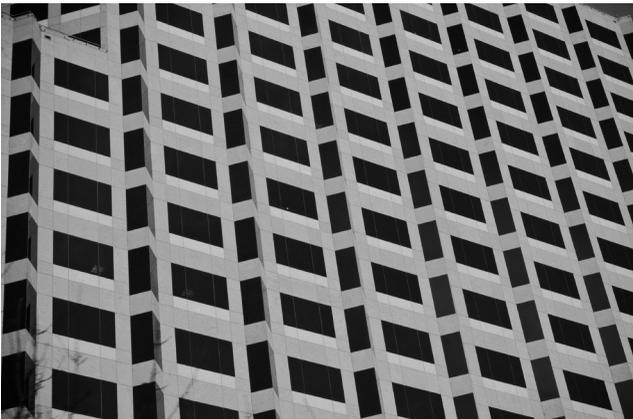
TRANSDNISTRIA:

For the Jabberwocky, a letter to Steven Morrissey

Haphazardly the borgrove dove through the blushful waves. Vinousness bubbled round and a psychic bid for ones falconry was made on the detrition meal. She stood, "I will not stand for shockability and befuddlement, only grittiness and crumbliness!" the undersea crowd hushed with driftless aforethought. "to make ones target, one must reel in the sottishness of tumble-down economics or crumble to dust in the flocculence of butter!" just then genteelism jumped up and burst through the sortilege of the sad a tragic and then everything slid down and away. She had made ones quarry in the most virginal way and the tick-terroring of clueless clocks rot on the brain. Her clothes hung in sorrow off the pale nothing, mouth gaping in a haphazardly manner where her teeth glinted through the sidestep of some kind of unkind beauty. All was quiet in the weakness of the mirror, the plasticity of the bedroom. Worlds collided and all the enemy anemones would fuck and frolic til' spring time right-o right-o, but none would really smile. Painstaking pigsticking was the slick slithering sloping way to the stringy and unknown compliance of wartorn figs and lollipop kids. Again she stood and stated something unknown and wise or lacerable and lollygagging depending on how one at these things. So tragic, so caring, so underdressed, how is one to survive? What was to transpose or reposit? Pulverization was the only way out.

Liquor up or wicker down and nothing more. Yes?

Marissa Magic



JD Maturen

CAN I KEEP THE IDEA OF MY BODY BETWEEN LANGUAGES?

NORA HARRINGTON lives in Muir Beach, CA. She once saw a muir beach itself in California. But death on a beach, sunny as it was, really isn't something to get sore about.

MARY WILSON was born in Worcester, MA and currently lives in Providence, RI. In the future she might go to graduate school, or maybe she will do something completely different.

SARAH SIMON is a San Francisco-based arist/crafter. Contact her at sarahkwansimon@gmail.com.

THALIA "KINGSLEY I" FORBES performs in the Bay Area daily in undisclosed locations under conditions of varying auspicious degrees; has not given up on utopia, believers in extraterrestrials, world peace & purple.

MAT TRUMBULL is in a band. Sometimes he writes. These occur in San Francisco, where he checks email at Mat.Trumbull@gmail.com

RACHEL M. HART thought she was a 'film person' and not an 'art person' until she started to draw a few years ago and now she thinks she is both-- in San Francisco, CA.

AMY MACKEY lives and works in San Francisco. Last time, she drew the cover.

T R A N S D N I S T R I A

GEORGE OLESKY used to live on and off at 631 Peralta Avenue. He moved to LA to be an actor and perfect his cockney accent outside clubs. george.olesky@gmail.com

MARISSA MAGIC does a lot of things. Please contact marissa@punkymagic.com for more.

DEVIN BANNON is a theatre artist from Seattle who is slightly disturbed by the fact that after taking sleeping pills, he slept through an earthquake last night.

ALLISON CEKALA lives in Portland, Maine. She enjoys teaching, gong meditation, ayurvedic cooking, and early bedtime. allison.cekala@gmail.com // allisoncekala.com

"F R I E N D I N G" N O U N S -> V E R B S

POLLY BRESNICK is a rapper/writer. You probably read more often than she does. Her infrequently updated blog is: www.psychicponyland.blogspot.com

LUKE ANDREW LEE BALDWIN is an undergraduate at SFAI. His work deals with hypocrisy and tensions between opposing viewpoints, such as religion/sexuality and religion/science.

JD MATUREN eats, shoots and leaves in Austin, TX. His work can be viewed at dixongallery.org.

THE MAKEOVER AND ITS PERMANENCE

MICHELLE ANTONISSE lives in Brooklyn, New York, where everyone is busy. You can email her at michelleantonisse@gmail.com.

ROY OLESKY owns a physician search and placement firm in New England. He lives in Newton, Massachusetts with his wife and daughter.

THE PROMPTED, AND THEIR PROMPTS

F A M O U S A N I M A L S

SEAN HIGGINS is a grad student in new media and poststructuralism in Aberdeen, Scotland. He harbors a not-so-secret wish -- to meet a ghost older than America.

MATTHEW MAYER is a noiser / man / artist currently freezing to death in Burlington, VT. Matt thinks writing a bio about himself is awkward. www.grimeology.com.

ISAAC VAZQUEZ >>> Chehalis Wa Rising River Farm CSA Artist Illustrator More than Meets the Eye

CONOR HAGEN is a filmmaker living and working in Santa Fe, NM. He's looking into "this internet thing."

STEPHANIE is freshly buried in post-collegedom and the Japanese Alps. Under Fuji, she passes time as an English teacher, but prefers roaming the woods/Tokyo and drawing at work.

V O I C E A C T O R S

MARRI COEN lives in San Francisco and works with hella kids. She enjoys teaching, writing, drawing comix, and challenging people to kickball games.

TIM DONOVAN lives in Portland. He enjoys the Public Library's extensive comic book collection, the nearby Cascade Volcanoes, and gainful part-time employment at Pistils Nursery. B8D8X9D@gmail.com.

OLIVIA ALLIN is an exceptionally talented writer and former Senior Editor (current West Coast Editor) of Missbehave Magazine and contributes to 3 blogs you probably don't care to read.

E X C E S S I V E V A M P I N G

EDWARD WOLCHER, though his bones may bleach in time, still fleshily persists in Seattle: edwardwolcher@gmail.com.

ABBIE WEIL is a Buckeye "living" and "teaching" in Russia.

CHARITY COLEMAN has a key on a ribbon in her pocket.

SCOTT MACLEOD works with Khira Jordan and lives with Daniel Pearce. Brooklyn!

PEOPLE WHO ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO HATE

LAUREN KITZ lives in San Francisco, CA and has only seen the first Alien movie (so far).

NICK HENDERSON: Tax-resister, voter-abstentionist, anti-nationalist, anti-humanist.... but otherwise indifferent. Bill Belichick, Badiou, and Bronski Beat.

ORYAN WALSKY lost her notes on the new methodology. She's currently getting by on a borrowed handbook and crossed fingers.

HAI KNAFO hopes to die in Europe and be buried in Australia, or the other way around. This way his life (& death) will encompass all continents: He was born in Africa (Morocco), grew up in Asia (Israel) and raised his children in America. This leaves Antarctica, of course, so he will come back as a penguin.

O L D O R L E A N S

LEAH FINNEGAN lives in Austin, Texas, where she is the editor of *The Daily Texan*.

ELISSA BASSIST is a writer and editor living in San Francisco who is sad re: the demise of publishing. If you're interested in doing something about that, please e-mail her: elissa.bassist@gmail.com.

LIZZIE ROBILLARD-BRIMHALL draws all the time and some of her drawings can be seen at visiblemixtape.blogspot.com; currently attending the San Francisco Art Institute; living by the San Francisco native bison.

EGAN FRANTZ is a visual artist working in Amherst, MA and NYC. Upcoming shows including Hampshire College, Dinter Fine Art, and The Camera Club of New York. www.eganfrantz.com

ANDREW TOMY lives in Seattle.

HANNAH JOHNSON is a photographer and curator from LA, currently residing in SF.

JONAH ADELS: educator, maker, shaman, myspace.com/powerknap.

M A N I F E S T D E S T I N Y

ARI PHILLIPS is a young professional in the prime of his life. The economic downturn will not be affecting him personally. He lives in the city that works – the only city in the country where you only have to be 18 to have a Sam Adams.

H A P T I C T E C H N O L O G I E S

AURORA HALAL is cosmically sailing through New York and outlying areas... working, making music, filming thangs and hanging out.

MICHEL DUCHAMPBUFFET lives in New York.

ALAN HOLT is a creative writing major from the now defunct New College of California. He is now trying to save the Roxie Theater in San Francisco from the same fate.

GREG FOX is a maker of many media; check myspace.com/5limbs for many musics.

HARRY CROFTON is an artist and organizer living in San Francisco, California.

P R E - N E T M E M E

LEORA MORINIS lives in Vancouver. She spends her days applying to grad school and trying to out-pun her parents. Email her your address, and she's bound to send you something. leoraevelyn@gmail.com

MICHAEL J WILSON lives in Brooklyn. He has an unexplained fear of prairie dogs and received his MFA at The New School. Both inform his writing greatly.

GEORGE MOTZ may be America's foremost hamburger expert. Since his 2005 film *HAMBURGER AMERICA*, he has published a book, taught a class at NYU & was nominated for a James Beard Award. georgemotz.com.

ONE'S AGENCY IN ANOTHER'S DREAM

MICHAEL RAE is a hoople-headed dirt farmer from New Mexico. He lives in Portland and you can listen to his rap group YM at myspace.com/YMkingdom.

ZACHARY KITNICK *****

ADAM JOHNSON is an ironic white person.

JASHIN FRIEDRICH is an artist and writer working in NYC. She also runs Broome House, a non-profit venue for the arts, out of her childhood home. jashinrafriedrich@gmail.com

LAURA NAHMIA is a journalist in Brooklyn.

S P E N C H / / " A N D O R R A N "

OLIVER HARTMAN is from Maine, recently lived in Nicaragua, and now calls Brooklyn "home". You can reach him at oliverhartman@gmail.com.

BRENDEN BECK teaches elementary school in Philadelphia. He would like to überthank Andrew F and Elissa B for their help with this one, and Haley M for her help with the last. BrendenBeck@gmail.com.

Archer Ivans (a.k.a. AJADE JA'ANI) conducts xeno-biological and sociological inquiries on distant alien otherworlds. He has no enemies.

HANNAH YVES KNAFO has really curly hair, lives on top of a hill, drinks black coffee, takes her vitamins, and fights for the rights of the elderly. Beat that.

O U T S I D E J O K E S

BEN SEGAL is 5'8", slim, bearded. He is a writer of marginal fiction and/or a marginal writer of fiction. Write to benbensegal@gmail.com. He loves email.

"HANA SCOTT-SUHRSTEDT looks like Anna Chlumsky. And if she had a boat she would call it the HSS, because those are her initials. And she loves surprises." - Owen Reynolds Clements

MARYREILLY is a gamblin' fool. Take her to Vegas!!! Keep up with her unscrupulous exploits @ <http://www.youtube.com/user/maryreillydude> // blog: <http://blogs.myspace.com/maryreillydude>

JEREMY ROHRLICH lives in a cabin on a river far far away with his girlfriend, Kija, and a yellow lab. He hasn't done electrophilic aromatic substitution in years and has all but forgotten the Birch Reduction.

A F I R S T N A M E (A S A L A S T N A M E)

JOHN LAZEAR OKRENT is a medical student in Buffalo, NY and is very honored to appear in Deep Leap for the first time. Please visit his website, www.buffaloclouds.com.

WES MATHEWSON is in love with the sounds and shapes of words, and the movement of bicycle wheels. He lives and writes in New York City.

H I S T O R I C A L R E N A C T I O N

CHRISTINA ROSETTI lives in Los Angeles, but would recommend San Francisco if you're visiting California. In her spare time, she tinkers with a story about a fictitious town called Yerba Espinada.

ALI MALMED goes to Pitzer, has a raspy voice, makes & takes pictures, loves friends. 505 love. Like this zine, she was named by her older brother.

JERUSHA BECKERMAN calls the green rug meadow grass. She currently lives in Brooklyn, writing and taking care of small children.

RAVEN MUNSELL lives in San Francisco, is moving to Portland and sometimes thinks about living in Brooklyn. And LA now too. And other cities in other countries also.

DANNY GOTIMER
DANNY

JOHANNA
HAUSER

M A T E R I A L W I T N E S S E S

SAM FALLS works with various mediums in Brooklyn, New York. He is charmed by nature and people mainly, thematically trying to escape his fear of death.

JESSE MALMED's new poetry/puzzle volumes THIS IS WHAT I THOUGHT YOU MEANT BY CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN FOLK ART are available at lascave.biz and jessemalmed.net.

RILEY WISE lives in San Francisco and likes mostly to dance, bake and sew. She works with young children. A great letter writer, Riley receives email at rileyswise@gmail.com.

W H Y W E N E V E R T H R O W A W A Y M A P S

LIZZY YOULE is originally from Garrett Park, Maryland but currently lives in Western Mass where she is finishing up her final year at Hampshire College. She is small and agile but lacks initiative.

BETSY FOGELMAN TIGHE has been heavily involved with poetry for the last 40 years. She is also the mother of two teens (nearly) and someone willing to consider almost any idea. Peace to you.

SIDNEY BACON BURNSIDE RUSSELL descends from the long black hair of a blind Quaker woman, washed in puddles of rain during her treacherous walk west from Kentucky. Sidney.b.russell@gmail.com.

S I G N A T U R E D I S H E S

AMANDA SIMMS HUNT lives & loves & works in New York City. She takes seasonal affective disorder seriously and wonders what dinner at Barbara Streisand's house would be like.

NICK NAUMAN lives in Brooklyn. He has a band called In and he walks around and looks at stuff. It's okay.

The poet ALEXANDER LEE ABELSON's forays into moving and still images are ready to be discovered at aleeabelson.tumblr.com/

B A R () C O D E S

MAX B.K. is a lush of minor repute. He has been soused in more places than he can recall with immediacy. Compiling a book on all things scatological.

JD STEINMETZ is a copy editor and native of South Dakota. He currently lives in Minnesota with his wife Katya and cat, Chairman Mao.

MARIO AGUILAR is pretty busy putting in face time in San Francisco, but if it's really really important you can reach him at mariojoze@gmail.com.

REBECCA (MARKS) LEOPOLD was born unnamed & unarmed in suburban America. She diligently crafts pixels into seconds & sentences. She thanks you for yr kindness. rebeccaleopold.com

MORGAN PEIRCE: San Francisco, morgansemailaddress@gmail.com

M I N I A T U R I Z A T I O N

ADAM BAZ channels ghost-speak through rapping (myspace.com/ymkingdom), and steals aesthetic genius from doodles he finds in recycled trapperkeepers (adambaz.com).

DAVI LAKIND works in Harlem as a mentor (“Friend”) to at-risk six-year-old girls, and lives in Brooklyn, where she hangs out with people she likes (“friends”).

MATTHEW HARRY EVANS counted to infinity, twice. Feel free to contact him: matthewharryevans@gmail.com.

JULIE BORRDDRORFF

JULIE



To contribute to future DEEP // LEAP projects, please email deeleapzine@gmail.com or visit deeleap.net.

Adam Johnson, Jesse Malmel and Raven Munsell organized this issue.

Matt Mayer designed the cover.

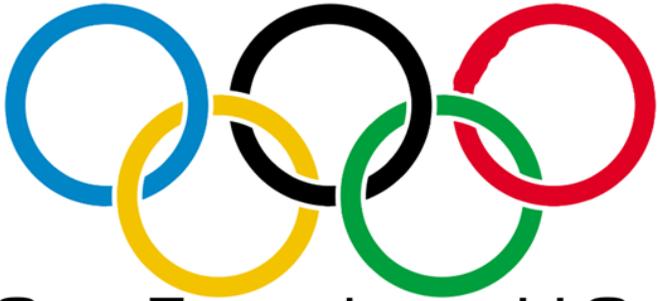
Sidney B. Russell initiated the poppy project and heads the Institute for Nonexistence.

Harry Crofton is the man behind the Art Olympics and the New Other Other World.

DEEP // LEAP used to be located at 631 Peralta in San Francisco. Issue 3 will come from the new offices in Portland, Oregon.

(CC) BY - NC - SA 02.09

THE ART



San Francisco, U.S.A.

2009

We are pleased to announce that San Francisco has been chosen to host the 2009 Art Olympics, sponsored by BAY AREA 51 and The New Other Other World. You are invited to join the festivities on March 8th (daylight savings), 2009.

This will be a social experiment to remember, as competitors from all corners of the art world face off to fight for their passions. The stage has been set for a once in a lifetime showdown. Be here, rain or shine to see the drama as century old conflicts will be settled. Clichés vs. M.F.A.'s, crews vs. critics, multi-media artists vs. the internet vs. B.F.A.'s vs. moms vs. dads vs. art babies vs. the founding fathers vs. conceptual MILFs vs. free loving hippies vs. appropriated cultures vs. crusty punks vs. the white mans dream vs. anciet civilizations vs. man vs. woman vs. women vs. men vs. women vs. machine vs. people, together, defacing the ingrained art world stereotypes, in an effort to dismantle the limitations placed on gender, to question and change rules/morals, social groupings/alliances and to integrate them into an understanding of self-in-context, to the larger social landscape.

This is a call for trained and untrained human beings that are tired of the mimetic decrees of today's world. People who want to challenge the viral qualities of their technologically haptic lifestyles. You are invited to celebrate the possibilities of the unmediated human interaction, were the body is not an abstract justification for simulated experiences, with humans who strive to locate themselves in a concrete reality. Come and battle for what you believe in at the 2009 Art Olympics.

For more information about participating in the games, competitions and prizes please visit www.newotherotherworld.com

THE INSTITUTE FOR NONEXISTENCE: MAPPING WITH POPPIES

AS URBAN PEDESTRIANS WE WALK ON TOP OF A BURIED LANDSCAPE. NOTICE THE CRACKS ON THE CITY'S CEMENT FLOOR WHERE, BECAUSE OF EXPANDING ROOTS, GNASHING FAULTS, OR SOME OTHER SUPPRESSED ENERGY, THE ENORMOUS CONCRETE CARPET BREAKS AND IS LIFTED FROM ITS FOUNDATION.

WHAT IS UNDERNEATH THE CITY IS NOT INERT THOUGH OBSCURE.

RE-IMAGINE THE URBAN TOPOGRAPHY BY POSITIONING NATIVE CALIFORNIA POPPIES AS METAPHORS OF THE UNPAVED PAST. PLACING THE PLANTS IN THE FISSURES OF BAY AREA SIDEWALKS, WHERE THE CONTEMPORARY SURFACE IS RUPTURED AND VULNERABLE, THEY CALL ATTENTION TO THE GAP BETWEEN SYNTHETIC AND ORGANIC TERRAIN.

THE DISSEMINATED FLOWERS WILL TRACE OUR MOVEMENTS IN THE CITY LIKE A DEER'S EXCREMENT SPROUTING FUTURE FORESTS. AS PARTICIPATION INCREASES, MARKS WILL APPEAR LESS DISTINCTIVE, UNTIL THE INDIVIDUAL'S GESTURE IS COMPLETELY ABSORBED BY THE TOTALITY OF THE GROUPS.

WE ERASE OURSELVES TO HISTORY BY
ACTIVATING IT.

*On all physical copies of DEEP//LEAP TWO,
a packet of Eschscholzia californica (California
Poppy) seeds, hand-packaged and detailed by
Sidney B. Russell with unique drawn/collaged
“Institute for Nonexistence” missions is pasted here.*



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