

# DEEP // LEAP



a collection of prompted shorts and  
inspired images from around the country.

issue one  
fall 2008



DEAP // LEEP

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issue one // first time

**DEEP // LEAP**

## **DEEP//LEAP**

631 Peralta Ave.  
San Francisco, CA 94110  
www.deepleap.net  
deepleapzine@gmail.com

In order for a series or number of things to exist, there must be a first, so that's what this is.

An initial impulse behind DEEP//LEAP was to create a forum for those many creatives and funnys and brilliants who because they're also waiters or office-workers or students of something serious have forgotten they like to write and make. It is also a space for those committed totally and fully to writing and making as ways of lifes. We are proud of all the writers and makers is what we mean. So it's that. It's also a space, we think, to show off some really great writers and makers that the world is starting to prime itself for (without even realizing it). Also, it's hello how are you it's been a little too long yes yes we're doing alright yeah it's windy here good to see you say hi to everyone else.

Each participant in this publication emailed us (deepleapzine@gmail.com to remind you) and received back a prompt. There is an index in the back to help you with what refers to what. Some looked the prompt right in its squinty little eyes and pantomimed police sketch artist; some wormed the words in backwards and at least a few meditated through many muni rides, with no concern for stolen iWear, conceiving of those prompts as prom invitations from a famous person who's just a little too old for it to be totally cool but whose work they love and so they looked deeper still and found these leaps at the very bottom. And we love these leaps.

Please email us for information about the next episode, for your very own prompt, or if you have things to say about this one.

Leap deeply,

DEEP//LEAP

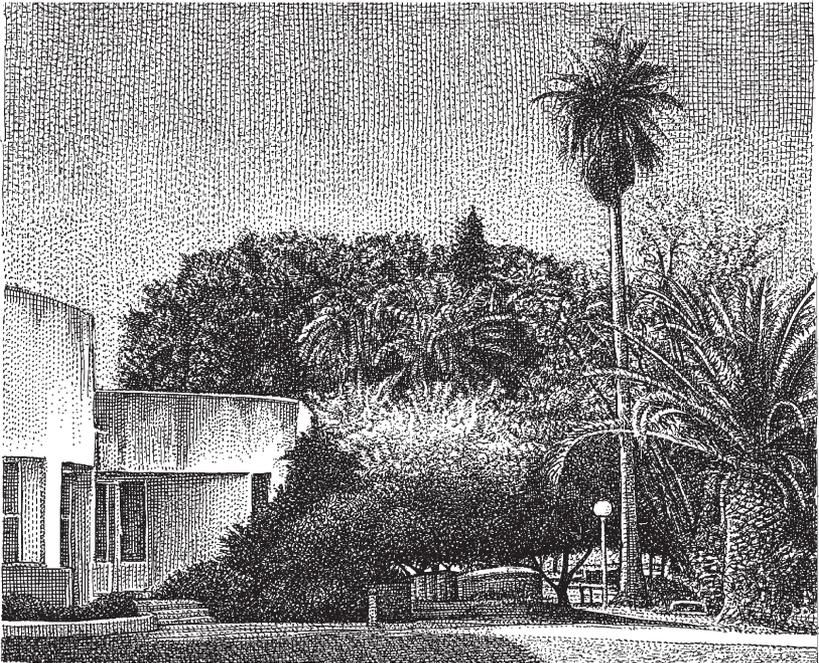
Adam Johnson

Jesse Malmed

# DEEP LEAPERS

Adam Baz  
Adam Johnson  
A F Bunahabhain  
Alex Abelson  
Amy MacKay  
Ari Phillips  
Ben Segal  
Brenden Beck  
Charity Coleman  
Christian Alexander  
Davi Lakind  
Devin Bannon  
H Richard Spryte  
Hai Knafo  
Hannah Johnson  
Hannah Knafo  
J D Steinmetz  
Jade Ajani  
Jersi Marmblatt  
Jerusha Beckerman  
Jesse Malmed  
Jodi Sussman  
Joel Wright  
Joey Prince  
Johanna Hauser

Jonah Adels  
Lauren Kitz  
Lilly de Lucia  
Liza Birnbaum  
Lizzie Robillard Brimball  
Mario Aguilar  
Marissa Young  
Mark Essen  
Marri Coen  
Mary Reilly  
Mat Trumbull  
Matthew Evans  
Michelle Antonisse  
Mike Rae  
Morgan Peirce  
Nicholas Nauman  
Nick Henderson  
Polly Bresnick  
Rachel Hart  
Raven Munsell  
Rebecca Leopold  
Sam Wohl  
Sarah Simon  
Tim Donovan  
Zachary Kitnick



“Flowering Tree Near The Dining-Hall,  
A Shortwhile After My Sister Dina’s Death In Kibbutz Eyal”

Hai Knafo

1.

Humans are digits after 1. One  
by one clutching hats, fighting  
at crosswords in the infinite line

Every soul has a decimal place  
There is a painful order to it  
A fear we're spread too thin

All while the wonder fires  
on how close one is to 1.

J D Steinmetz

## DEEP // LEAP

### IMAGINING WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO BE ON A CRUISE

Ben Segal

(3 leaps of varying depths)

1.

I am 35 and in a committed monogamous relationship. I am in good health. My partner is between 32 and 38 years of age and has retained the figure of her youth. We are alone. Do we have children? If so, do we miss them? The prompt is not imagining having children. That is too hard. The prompt is cruising. Cruising is easy by definition.

This is not an adventure cruise. It is a few days of floating through warm waters on a mid-tier cruise-line. There is a casino on board and a shitty dance club. There are a lot of couples who've become too comfortable with each other and begun a process of exponential and mutual weight gain. My partner and I are trim and neurotic. We don't exercise enough and feel guilty about it, so we fail to take proper advantage of the many free on-board buffets.

Cruises are mostly fun because of buffets. There are several buffets that each serve reasonable approximations of different types of regional cuisine. For entertainment, our cruise has a magician and a cover band and a second-run movie theater on board. It also has a teardrop shaped pool. People in the pool enjoy playing water volleyball. My partner and I enjoy watching people enjoying water volleyball. They are mostly middle-aged and we like to guess which of the volleyballers regret their tattoos.

2.

I go on a singles cruise. It is a gay singles cruise. Oops, I am not gay. I am on the cruise by accident. Cuba Gooding Jr. is also on the cruise accidentally. We think this is funny because of his role in the movie "Boat Trip". We try to hit on the female staff. Cuba gets all the girls because he is famous. I get drunk.

3.

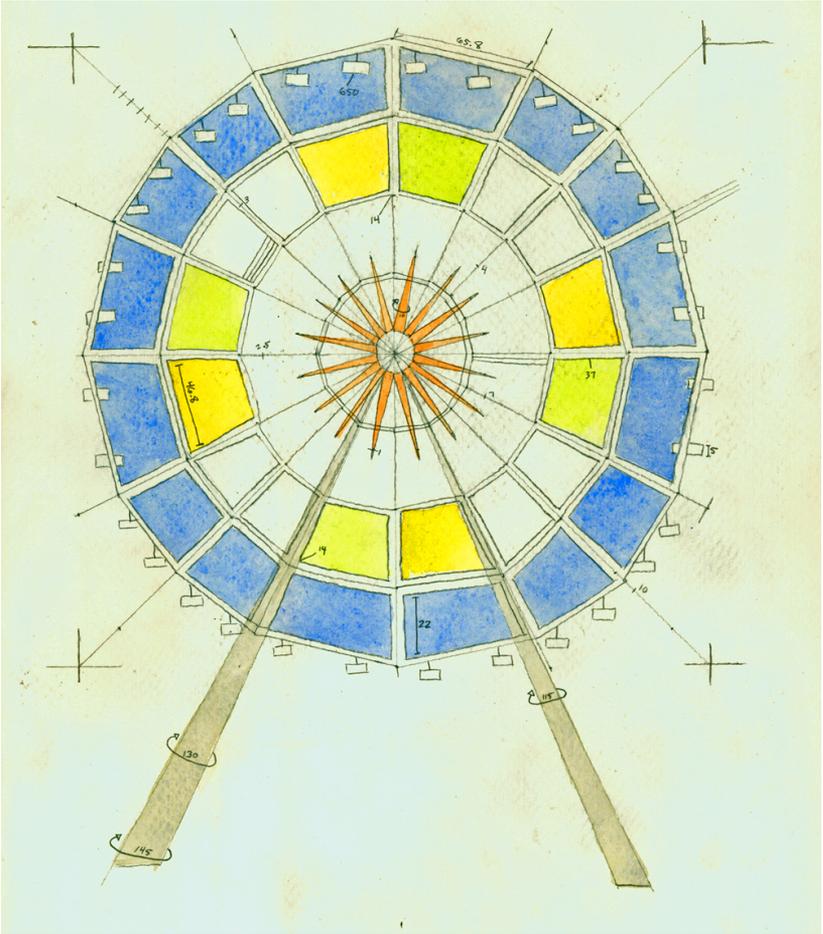
The cruise is in outer space. It is a space cruise. It rules.

## TIMES I'VE CHANGED MY HANDWRITING

1. Through the shelves of the small-town library: two figures seen in fragments pass an orange back and forth between their hands. The white teeth, the softness of the smile. The intelligent plumpness of the ~~th~~ fingers waiting to receive the globe. Their anticipation of its ~~known~~ roundness. The four knees almost touching. Somebody watches through the library shelves, somebody wishes for something to hold.
2. Ten years prior a little boy can neither say nor write his Rs. And ~~oh~~, the charming reassurance of this synchronicity, this coincidence of writing and speaking!
3. Here is the moment that your elementary school teachers warned against, the moment in which the print that you've stubbornly kept since second grade begins its deterioration. And at times when others cannot read that cockeyed script, or when you yourself cannot decipher it, it will be easy to catch a glimpse of some half-laughing bafflement as you grew older, and older, and older, and as yourself becomes lonely.
4. 3:23 PM, the sixth of June in 1991. It looked better the new way.
5. And the eleventh commandment: Thou shalt not. A simplification, a retort.
6. I had never had to confront another's illiteracy before, and I was not sure what to say, or if anything should be said at all. He looked at me, this man who would not sign the release form. He made a motion as if to sign an X across the signature line. He smiled. I felt myself blushing not for him but for myself, and I nodded. He smiled again, bent over the page, and after a moment straightened up and handed the paper to me. I looked and felt myself awed, as if viewing some long-anticipated unveiling, and I had to struggle against a smile of my own, easily mistaken for mocking: the man had made the most deliberate and most beautiful mark, the most level of letters, a thing one could not help but emulate.

Liza Birnbaum

DEEP // LEAP



Lilly De Lucia

**The First time I heard about Marfa, Texas. (a poem).**

Part I.

The First time I heard about Marfa, Texas  
was in summer 2004. on the cover of Art Forum.

The second time I heard about Marfa, Texas  
Was from Runzwithscissors, a coconspirator  
in the online race to expose “The Truth”.

There were several things reflected in the mirror that day.  
All of them were ugly. Minimal. And bad at joking.

After much fact checking,  
the only things i am certain of  
are laden in this dialouge:

“How long have you been tight-rope walking.  
In the desert. Post apocolypse?”

“Looong time.”

That between a traveler and a native.  
at a fair in Marfa.  
I don't know if it actually happened.

Part II.

How? (not when) Will we get past these advertisements.  
I am aching for them. To them:  
I am young and vibrant and Eurocentric too.  
...where is my American dream?

Part III.

I recall his slight balding. And that it never took away from his “manliness.”  
I recall when he shaved his head to hide the fact, and  
I know that I will never see him again.  
Even though he lives down the street.  
Even though we both work at the same place,  
Now that he is obviously bald.

Mary Reilly

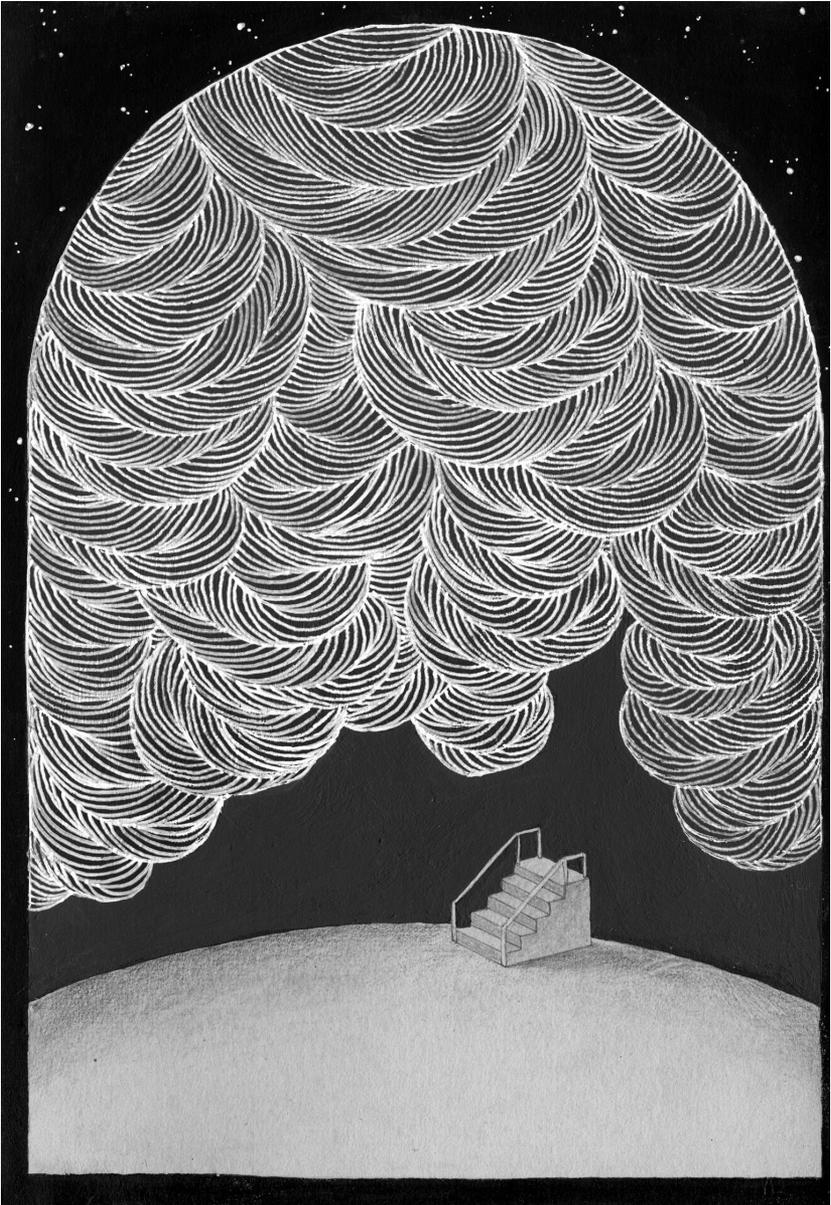
## DEEP // LEAP

i used to live along a wide river,  
and i'd sneak across the steel supports on the underside of a bridge,  
this one time in the winter i climbed out over the river in the night  
out to where the ice did not form in the current,  
and there was the sounds of cars passing overhead and a cold wind curling  
downstream

i am fond of a splotch of farmland  
pinned between the highway and the bending wide river  
and i would drive out alone in my pickup and bring some beer  
and drink in the evenings  
once, at 40 mph i barreled my car into the snow  
and in the night, in a snowstorm, i worked for two hours to get some traction  
and gave up  
i walked the mile or so across the perfect snow  
small icicles formed in my hair  
the next day, two friends and i walked out to the car with shovels and worked  
for four hours  
and the third day, alone, i found my traction and i drove my pickup home.

i can't say that i remember well,  
i'm straining myself to fit this bill,  
but there is a small mountain range there,  
you can see it there  
where the river passes through,  
and i should move back there.

Mat Trumbull



Adam Baz

## DEEP // LEAP

### Kaliningrad

by Matthew Harry Evans

#### I

You are my favorite exclave: a cast off core and foreign center. On these brisk teutonic nights, three ghosts haunt your castle, Sambian bishops fretting over the *Altstadt's* quaint Cathedral, with its tilted pews and dilapidated roof. "What to be done? What to be done?" mutters the pious Johann Clare. The wind zigzags through his robes and up his zebra-striped ribs.

#### II

They were given Kneiphof, the philosopher's isle, for the site, the spot of the new, bigger church. But there the jellied ground squelched, bubbling below their feet, letting them sink into the Pregel. "Excrement!" decried the Konigsberg bishop. Three zinc crosses hung round his neck; one proud fellow. "We'll never build on this boggy sink hole!" "Fret not my Lord Bishop," the voice rose from the crowd, "the problem will surely be overcome."

#### III

And overcome it was. If my memory serves me without error, I was residing nearby when they came for the posts. And what a racket they made, downing ten to thirteen trees a day. But they managed to gather just enough within a few days, not too much bother I suppose. A series of more exotic woods were considered first, but that idea was soon thought to be quite bizarre, seeing as these posts were to be forced upright into the ground, forming a much needed primary foundation for the foundation of the new, grander church. Oak was soon agreed upon though; stronger than most men's words they say, stronger than mine without doubt.

## IV

My talents weren't needed for a few more years, not before the work was done and the structure was sound. Routes to the Cathedral, that was my area, and routes to the Cathedral, one that stood on a muddy skerry surrounded by the Pregel, were not easy to conjure up. They coaxed me to solve the problem when Gustave, the roofer's son, told them about my successes under Leonhard Euler, who taught a *Math for Town Planners* class at the college (a bore and a half was that man and you can quote me on that). Weary of all the holy zeal that had flooded the town, me and my employees came across some old Roman plans that showed an arched structure that jugged out from one end of the Grand Canal and landed on the other. Just the job! Took the town seven of these what-have-yous to make sure everyone, from all over the town, could get to the Cathedral.

## V

Though it was really more of a reward, a prize for a respected colleague, Mikhail saw the city as a sort of gift, almost like a toy that he had received from a close relative who was eager to see him to explore it, see what he could do with it, maybe discover some practical purpose for it. Mikhail always felt obliged to treat gifts this way. Still, he stayed away for the first few weeks; the people would require some time to adjust before they welcomed the guy who, as they might see it, was largely to blame for this queerly obtrusive jolt to their city. It was almost as though they were uprooted, shuttled from their houses to a wholly other city, a soulless replica of that which had made them feel so at home. At least that's how Mikhail would have felt: as though a city that used to be familiar to him had suffered some sort of very subtle topological metamorphosis. "It's odd," he had thought to himself, "to just alter the way you refer to a place."

## DEEP // LEAP

### VI

He made sure to see the town before the end of May, as he had hoped to evade the nettlesome heat waves of early summer. He landed on the 17<sup>th</sup>, after a queasy fourteen hours on the road. Evermore aware of the need to demonstrate a zealous appetite, heartfelt or not, to master and enjoy the town, he employed an escort: an esteemed local professor named Leonhard Euler, whose exhaustless knowledge of the town's past and present layout made the old codger just about the best man for the job.

### VII

Euler spoke with much awe for the Cathedral; he cursed the British raids of 44 that had effectively leveled it. Its charred towers loomed over the *Altstadt* as Euler elucidated, for Mikhail, the structure's history. "You see, the problem with a Cathedral put where we put it, amidst a river that is, is how to make it accessible to the masses? Bridges, that's how, lots of them too. Six was a bit skimpy, it was agreed, but eight or more was clearly overkill, so a heptad of bridges was what we got. A curious fact, a puzzle that I sometimes give to my *Math for Civil Architects* class: if you follow a strictly forward route, it is judged to be impossible to cross every bridge exactly three-subtract-two times." Mikhail's eyebrows shot up; here was a qualm he could settle. The city would love him for it, for practicality's sake at least.

### VIII

Mikhail's research quickly took him to the Martin von Wallenrodt library, conveniently located not too far from the Cathedral. He was still there four hours later, nauseated upon the ocean of quickly sketched maps that flowed in and out of stack upon stack of pertinent but useless volumes. He exhaled a despaired but not wounded wail as he arose from his chair, headed to the window, and peered out onto the rear of the Cathedral. The jarred frames of the shattered windows awkwardly molded the abundance of sunbeams that leaked onto the old choir. Mikhail could easily make out a rather solemn fellow, frozen, or petrified perhaps, near to where the altar, presumably, would have stood. He'd seen this before...well pictures of it at least. It was Cornelis Floris de Vriendt's sculpture of Albert, Duke of Prussia and 37<sup>th</sup> leader of the Teutonic Order.

## IX

As could be expected, Al did not look his best on his deathbed, not a statue at all. Beckoned to his side, the Duke's choice bishop, Johann, told him jokes to pass the time: "Why did the bishop walk to the opposite side of the avenue? To bless it."

"Ha! Delightful Johann. Tell me, I have given a lot haven't I? To the faith I mean."

"Not my one though. Come now, you know you've vexed us all quite a bit, don't you Al, you and that Diet."

"Duchies don't fall out of the sky Johann. I'll cut to the point shall I..." a pause of some length followed, suggesting that the Duke wished to expound upon a possibly sensitive topic. He coughed a few times, then allowed his gaze to fall wantonly upon the bishop. "I've commissioned a statue...of me... and I think it ought to stand in the chapel. The chapel that you built that is and I only tell you because it is that chapel and I'll always think of it like that. Now look! Don't sigh. I knew you wouldn't like the idea. But that man's been picked and the installation date's been fixed."

## X

The bishop didn't mind too much. Unbeknownst to the Duke, the bishop held some respect for the works of Cornelis Floris de Vriendt's, the commissioned sculptor; he wrote his prize-winning senior project on him. The sculptor did not step foot in Konigsberg before the Duke died, devoting the first weeks of his sojourn to studying the plenitude of existing likenesses. Of course, the Duke never intended the work to divulge the effete guise of his elderly epoch. Forty would be best, he felt: not too old, but ripened enough to possess some power in posture. The prep work being done, the chisel quivered over the chosen wood.

## XI

"Oh blast!" The bishop ran over to the fallen statue. After its installation, the base, a work of the most scrumptious materials, was quickly eaten away by the church mice. It now leant upon thick strips of newspaper, furtively put beneath two of its corners. Two exotic looking choirboys rushed to help the bishop lift the work, jostling it back onto its makeshift base. The bishop arose, then began to rearrange the two zinc crosses that hung from his neck. Ah Konigsberg...It's my favorite Oblast.

**A Dispatch from the Uncanny Valley**

Joel Wright

When my doctor returned to the room, he had a pained look on his face. “I’m sorry, Mr. Wright,” he said, (which are four words that, I’ve learned, you never want to hear coming out of your doctor’s mouth.) “But your scans have come back to reveal some...” He paused for effect. “... surprising, and possibly unfortunate, news.”

“What is it doctor?”

He gave me that look again, like I was hiding something from him. Like I was a liar. Or a crook. Like the only reason he couldn’t help me was because I wasn’t being honest, not that he simply wasn’t smart enough to figure it out on his own. Like the fault couldn’t possible be his for being merely human. After all, the facts were all there now, in plain sight. All he had to do was look. But then what?

“Are you absolutely sure you’ve never had surgery before?”

That was a loaded question.

“Yes,” I said. I wasn’t lying, but I could tell that he didn’t believe me.

“Now...” he paused again. Now it was his turn to be hiding something. “Could you describe to me your pain again?” As he said this, he held up my scans to the light and squinted. I could guess what he was looking at. My hands became clammy. I was running out of options. The door opened again. The RN (Joyce? Was that her name?) came in. She whispered into his ear. He nodded.

“It’s not pain,” I said. “It’s a tingling, like when your arm has been asleep for a long time, but now it’s coming back to life. Only all the time. It feels heavy... I couldn’t pick up the telephone the other day.”

“Uh-huh.” He sighed. Then he sat down on his little spinning stool, and took off his glasses. He looked at me. “Look, Mr. Wright, I know you’re not telling me the whole truth.” It started to get hard to breathe. I swallowed. “You’ve obviously had some kind of surgery in the past. You have metal in nearly every bone in your body. Now, I can’t help you unless you start being honest with me. What is it you won’t tell me?”

I was trying not to hyperventilate. This was it. I had to do something -- it couldn’t be avoided. Joyce (or Joan? Jill?) put her hand on my shoulder, and spoke out of the back of her throat. “It’s okay, son. Try to relax.” She looked from me to him, and they exchanged a knowing glance.

And that was when I fried them both with my laser vision.

**Enervated Mass** 



**Summon Bears** 

Draw a card. You can sacrifice that card instead of paying Enervated Mass' casting cost.

Remove special abilities from target non-flying creature.

*"I'm fine, but all my sisters are vomiting."*  
-Toshio Nakamura

**Illus. Sam Wohl**  
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Sam Wohl

## DEEP // LEAP

### Pages 89-92

Art is metaphor  
Or is it the other way around?

Fluidity, tranquility, hoarse whispers and gleeful leaps of pitch  
It sits on my tongue, nibbling away at my thoughts.  
What say you, Mr. Mumford?

“...like vegetation in a tropical forest.”  
Just like that, only it's the that which I've completely changed.

Myth as 'Linguistic Disease' infests every corner  
With delightful decadence

Proper pronunciation  
Grammatical particularity  
All that holds civilization together is the transitive verb, the comma, and the period.  
Quote me on it, and I'll quote you:

“Primitive peoples excel at conversation and delight in it; and among peasant populations, as in Ireland, it still ranks high as the [sic] social occupation.”

Leaps and bounds,  
His lyrical phrases play perfectly into the game

Those poor Irish  
Have nothing to do with my Sufi mysticism

Elegant characters twist and swing  
Second cousin to their older ancestor

Symbols scribed out in flowing letters  
Images evoking neurological reactions  
And again, one final literary moment,

“Though superficially no organism could be more unlike than a sea-animal and a vegetable, the first implies by its imagery the abstract qualities of the other.”

Nor indeed could they be more integrally tied together  
By context, nor more easily ripped apart by the same.

The mythological disease of language  
Delights my silly senses.

Do I bring it down by toying with it,  
Or do you laugh at my presumptuousness?

Christian Alexander



- do you take your tea with sugar, Honey?  
- I think I'll take it with honey, Sugar.

Hai Knafo

**Bernadette Is the Sweetest Name I Know (3)**

my most peaceful urges surface  
on a gray peach morning. We  
have a fish we feed twice daily.  
I make eggs for breakfast  
eleven a.m.

Deer dad, weather's fine. Miss you  
alex, I, he, brother, son, boy, man,  
partner, cousin, friend,  
forever yours hundreds years old

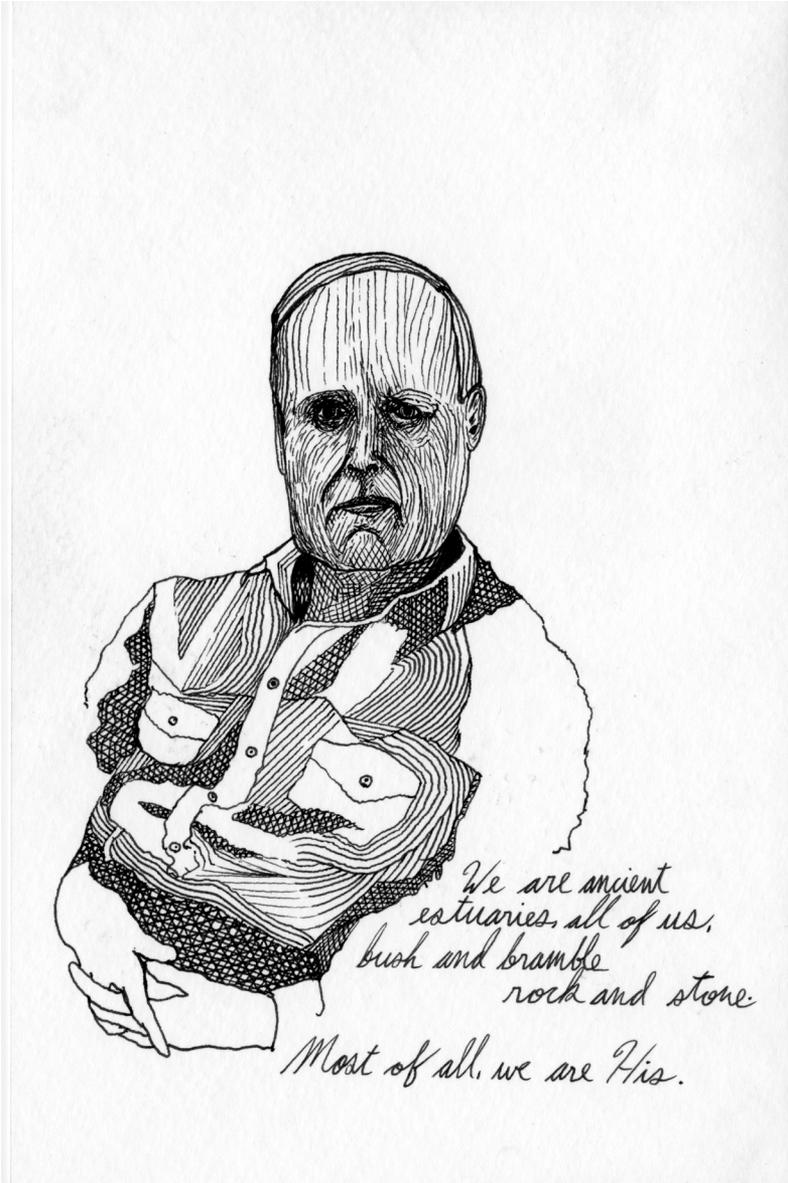
Alex Abelson

## Transformative Girlfriend

*gynocentric melancholia*

She is  
 Figurative.  
 She is paedogenetically  
 becoming. She is statically abortive.  
 She often changes positions. She never  
 writes the body. She produces many tails.  
 She comes after herself.  
 She is rare to every gender but  
 reducible to any. She is a subordinating  
 spectacle . She is absolutely animal.  
 She has a fabled cunt.  
 She refuses all relations  
 and the structures  
 that sustain them.  
 She has real breasts. She  
 is leaving me for  
 something else.

Nick Henderson





*Some people are churches, aren't they, Mama?*

Michael Rae

## DEEP // LEAP

Jerusha Beckerman

We find ourselves in Schoharie, NY. One thousand and thirty people live here. We do not know them. There is farmland all around and a creek running by. They are having a Summertime Cabaret at the United Presbyterian Church and we crash it. Don't have any money, we say. We'll just sit by the side, if that's all right.

"What's all this?" says the first lady.

"They want to sit by the side," the second lady says, "They're from the big city. Want to see how we do things around here."

"You know, the cost of living's much lower than downstate," says the first lady, "should you ever decide you want to move." She means should we ever decide to stop sinning. Should we ever decide to start living the way folks are supposed to live. She wears glasses, a blue blouse and pedal pushers and she has a strange lisp that I can't put my finger on.

"We have church here at nine tomorrow, if you want to come," says the second lady, "Though it's hard for me always to get going that early. I have seven cats, you see. And I feed some wild skunks, too." She's wearing turquoise scrubs and white sneakers and socks though she's not a nurse. She is older than the first lady and softer.

"Do you do any volunteering where you live?" She asks us, as if volunteering were already the matter under discussion. What she means is are we Christians.

"Well, anyhow, we'll have church outside tomorrow if it's nice," says the first lady.

"That's something you can't do in the city," we say.

"Well, we can do it here," she says sharply.

We talk a while longer and then we find our spot in the grass outside the tent so the show can begin. The host is a big-breasted woman wearing a boa. She tells chicken jokes between the acts. Two little girls dance in glittery costumes and then the rain starts and they ask us to come in and we watch some aging cloggers and a skit about aliens on the 4th of July and three teenagers dressed in black sitting next to each other playing acoustic guitars and singing Creed and Dashboard Confessional. And it's hard not to laugh but it's somehow hard not to cry at the same time because here are all these faces. And I'm thinking all we want is some space and some time and to be in the sun and to laugh. There's this big ol' thing that these people are trying to protect and they've never even seen it and they don't even know what it is. And somehow there's so much space between the words we say to each other and what we mean and we don't know how to make that space narrower and I'm not even sure if we want to.

## The Kaliningrad Zoo

Devin Bannon

I was thirsty. My skin felt dry and papery from travel. Burning sweat swam down from my head in all directions, as if my thoughts had begun to boil and overflow.

Needless to say, this was not the weather I expected on an afternoon in Kaliningrad. In my tweed and corduroy, I was not only uncomfortably warm, but had become a spectacle for the locals in their skirts and sandals, some furtively pointing and whispering in awe, others outright staring as I walked down the street.

As I reached to take the thin yellow ticket from the man with the Souvarov moustache, our hands briefly touched, and our eyes met, and he seemed to look directly through me, as if noticing a ship on the horizon. Were it not for the miraculous screams of some animal in the distance, jarring as an alarm clock, I wondered if I might never have passed through the gates and found myself lost instead in the limbo of that gaze forever.

Inside the gates, I stopped. The cages were all empty. Rodents scurried among the littered avenues. The few other visitors wandered listlessly among the exhibits like inmates in an asylum. I suddenly felt unsafe. Surely this could not be the magnificent zoo I'd read so much about on the train.

I then saw the grand sign arching above me - Зоопарк – and fished out my guide to find the same sign smiling at me from the page. Zoo. But what has happened to this place? The question weighed on my mind like shackles. I glanced up as an old woman walked up to the cage next to me and began riffling through a cloth knapsack. She stood, ripped a large portion of bread, and tossed it through the bars. I was about to feel sorry for her, until the small crowd closed in on the cage, obscuring my view, and I was forced to move closer.

## DEEP // LEAP

Suddenly I heard a sound, like the scratching of pencil on stone, and out of the shadows hobbled a black bird, large though terribly emaciated, whose foot, carrying the weight of a chain, turned out to be the cause of the distasteful noise as he dragged himself toward his food. As he encountered the bread, the bird devoured it in a single gulp, choking slightly on its dryness as the onlookers cooed and clapped. As he swallowed, the bird readjusted its wings and then froze, as if waiting for a tip for its trouble, and after a moment of silence, looked right at me, shrugged, and in perfect Russian, uttered the words, “Well, what?”

Times I've changed my handwriting:

u → v

8 → 8

9 → 9

4 → 4

Times I've changed my handwriting → Times I've changed my hand, writing:

Children are taught to hold their pencils using “tripod grip”, in which the pencil is held with equal pressure distributed between the thumb, the side of the middle finger, and the tip of the index finger. Paintings of quill-wielding Founding Fathers depict correct pencil grip. Unable to master their technique I taught myself instead to guide the pencil with my pinkie, which I nestle tightly under my ring finger about a centimeter from the tip. My pointer and middle fingers sprawl laterally up and across the pencil – if the pencil were taken away my hand would look like an uptight claw. For years my teachers made me use plastic finger guides to bring me from claw to quill, but once the guides came off I always returned to claw. The consciousness with which my handwriting went sans-serif never translated into a commitment to an improved pencil grip.

Lauren Kitz



Joey Prince

## DEEP // LEAP

Nick Nauman

CYRUS AND T ARE IN THE PARK ONE AFTERNOON, JUST LOUNGING AROUND, DRINKING SOME ORANGE JUICE

“I read about this tribe, or at least some kind of little culture, in this really old book, or at least I read this quoted passage that was pre-anthropology, before anthropology even existed as a discipline, it was that old. And there was this documented case of the culture that was contained enough, or at least one social class was, and they were so protective of their secrets or wealth and everything that about every 30 years they’d all the whole little culture get together and totally reconfigure their whole language. Like they’d actually switch around their vocabulary so that, you know, the word that used to mean apple now signified to walk, and the old word for walk now meant gold, and that kind of thing. Isn’t that crazy? And the thing was it worked because these people only had their kids all in a ten year period, so that when they got old, which was a lot younger back then, that’s when they’d do this language switching, which was the same time the new kids were learning to talk. So the whole generation learned it new, and then the old ones all died. And that way they preserved and destroyed their own culture, totally cyclically. Isn’t that crazy?”

“No way, man.”

“What.”

“You didn’t read that.”

“What do you mean? I did, it was in this old book.”

“No way, man, you made that up.”

“No way, I—”

“Ha. Try again, Jorge.”

Cyrus scratched his belly in lackluster consternation. “Whatever.”

“Also, you look like a bag lady.”

“Shut up, man.”

“Seriously, you should take that shawl off.”

“It’s not a shawl.”

T shook his head and looked around the sky for a cloud animal. He gave up and said, “I have to pee.”

“Me too.”

“I don’t feel like walking all the way over there.”

“Me neither. Maybe I’ll just pee on you.”

“Shut up, man.”

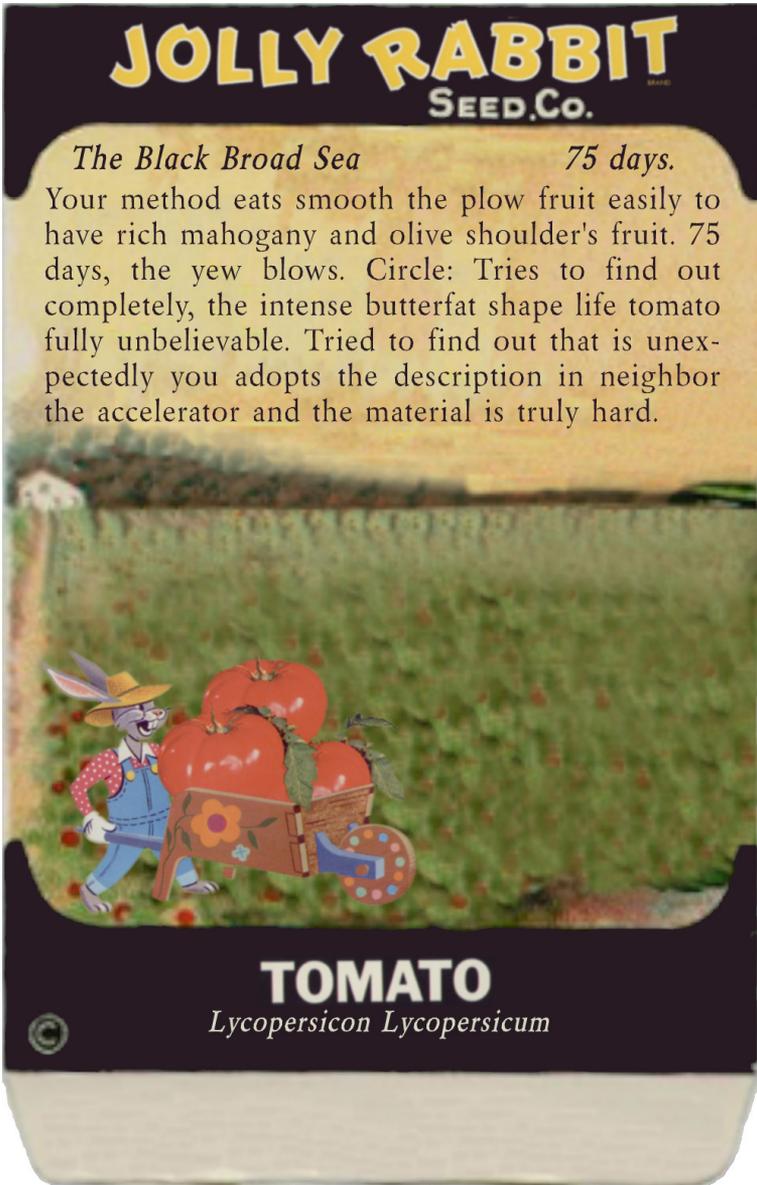
They kept sitting there for a while.



... And this is my life, I guess.

Claudio Petunia

Ari Phillips



# JOLLY RABBIT SEED.Co.

*The Black Broad Sea* 75 days.

Your method eats smooth the plow fruit easily to have rich mahogany and olive shoulder's fruit. 75 days, the yew blows. Circle: Tries to find out completely, the intense butterfat shape life tomato fully unbelievable. Tried to find out that is unexpectedly you adopts the description in neighbor the accelerator and the material is truly hard.

**TOMATO**

*Lycopersicon Lycopersicum*

Jonah Adels

# TOMATOES

*lycopersicon lycopersicum*



## “Chocolate Cherry”

Has also the irresistible realisation separated? A chocolate has covered the cherry, but without all the defect. But, this? Do not use categories. There is a skin in these cherries, and the meat and the blood have disguised the wine of grape and chestnut. Marvellous productive forces, has the vague plant. Do not stop ronds fruits of measurement in inches connecting. SEE? He had discovered where THAT opened THAT, included in the choices; enough are they in days? Look at that it makes; qu? As for that growing completely feeling is good and was assembled they. Remain the time when after difference grew completely? Is that quicker? As for insistence It completes: That is inside.

**BURTS SEED FOR QUALITY**

GENESEE VALLEY LITHOGRAPH CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Tim Donovan

# TOMATO

lycopersicon lycopersicum

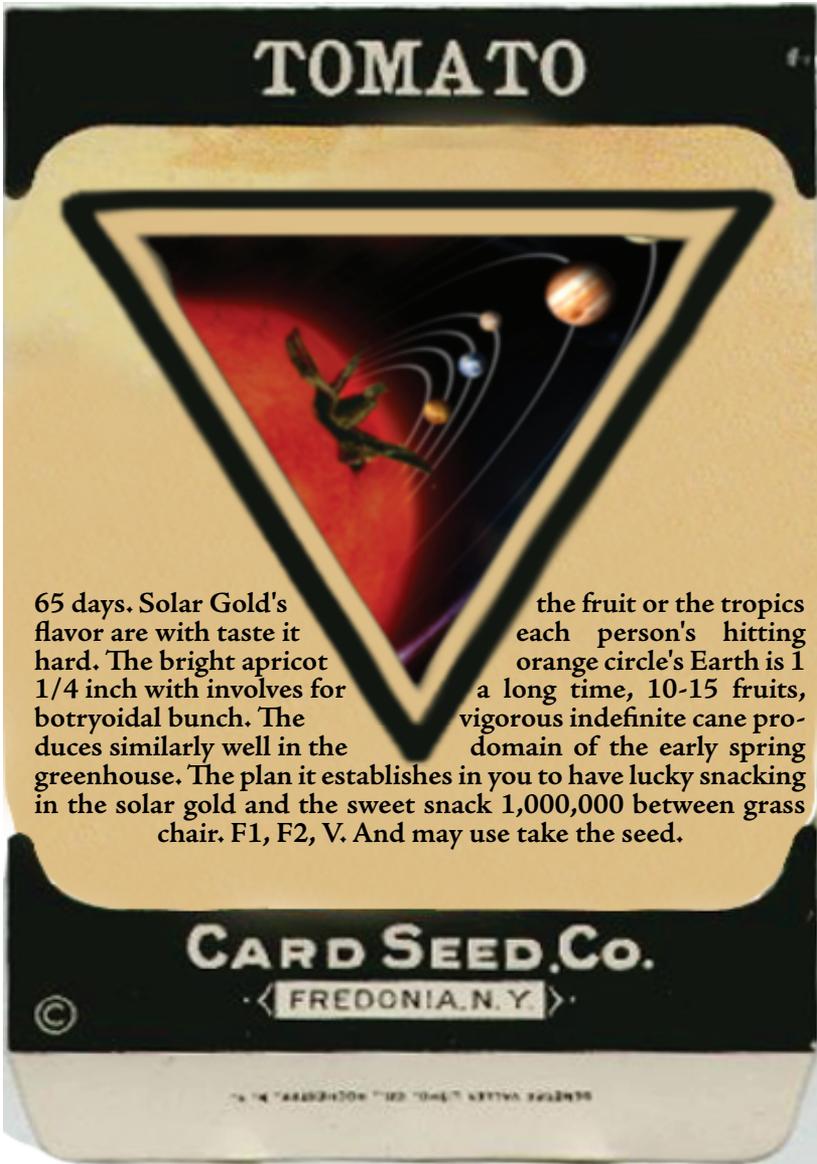
15c

Central Shape of Orange Cow

80 DAYS



Jonah Adels



Tim Donovan

## DEEP // LEAP

### and anyway i was born ready (*excerpt*)

Mark Essen

- john kills his grandfather in a windmill  
- time passes

#### chapter 20

i rolled out from under the car at about 2 and i hadn't slept more than a couple of hours but my spine was already twisted into the most painful stroke of ink i ever wrote (which was still just the one time in barstow). the flight was at 11, but today or not i couldn't be sure.

then rollin out after me was clementine, at least that what i call her cause she rolls just like one though she ain't as sweet. she hollers something i can't even begin to understand and besides my back has just about folded in on itself and i had other things to worry about besides.

like where was i, and who i was, and what was i doing under a car with some girl called clementine? i knew i was in a tight spot and my back must have known it two, because it doubles up again and i all but cried. you know that rule about paper, how you can't fold it on itself more than six times? or is it seven? anyway, spines don't follow rules of any sort. i don't know who decided on keeping spines, but i sure as hell wasn't on the committee. one way or another i gotta get on the deciding end of things, enough of these meanderings. freedom of the road is one thing, freedom of the road builder's another.

clementine shouts again and i begin to suspect she isn't speaking english at all, only trying to fool me with gibberish and smiles which i guess usually works. it's time to move out. cars is good for shade, but they're better for movin', if you're lucky. i wouldn't call myself lucky, but i'm a gambling man, and i was willing to bet things would be different further down the trail. clementine agrees, at least i expect she would if she could articulate it. crossroads is good for meetin' dumb women, but they's good for gettin' rid of em too.

"teamo!" but i've already shut the door and i'm not one to second guess myself. shifting into third had the car a shifting pipe i adjust the mirrors to watch that mouth turn over on herself, but it reminds me of my spine. everything reminds me of my spine. you can't change a spine so it's best just to forget about it, but it's hard and the pain comes in waves.

teamo? me yamo john. i got a cadillac full of regret, and i gotta go home.

## **I Bet This Exact Thing Happens Somewhere Every Single Day.**

Morgan Peirce

On the fourth of July, 2008, I saw a living breathing poem executed in real time. I was at the bus stop, and yes, it's always a little like this at the bus stop, I know.

It was 9 am and very overcast. At the same time the morning before, I had taken note of a futon that had been put out for the trash. It was still there the following day, and I saw out of the corner of my eye that someone was working on picking up the mattress to carry off to a new home. I remembered from my own previous experience that futon mattresses are some of the most cumbersome and unwieldy of objects, so at first I didn't think twice about how long it was taking this person to get up or the fact that it really seemed like this person and the futon were engaged in some act of either aggression or carnal love. I just kept seeing the skinny, acid washed legs of this person sort of flail about a little while the top half of his or her body remained pinned to the futon and the ground. This went on for about ten minutes.

When finally this person was able to stand up, lifting the mattress with him, I saw the familiar face of one of The Mission's most notorious and truly vicious crazy people. His name is Kelly. Maybe you know him. He's about nine feet tall and maybe 100 pounds, and he's usually dressed in very tight jeans, a cutoff t-shirt, and, if it's cold, a fringed leather jacket. He has long stringy hair that he sometimes tops off with an Indiana-Jones style black cowboy hat, but not that day. Do you know him? The important thing to keep in mind is that he is definitely the skinniest person I've ever seen, and that the futon mattress, even folded in half, easily tripled his size and weight.

At this point I'd been waiting for the bus for about half the eternity of time it would take before it showed up. Now that he was on his feet, Kelly was staggering about four paces at a time, then careening into whatever object he could prop himself up upon for a little rest, all the time carrying the mattress through some miracle of force and will. He was headed in my general direction I was pretty sure, although his course did jog and zigzag quite a bit as was dictated by the necessity of outposts tall and sturdy enough to support the weight of himself and his cargo. It wasn't until he got closer that I could hear that this entire ballet was set to the score of one long, continuous, terrible moan.

## DEEP // LEAP

Picture me, sitting at the bus stop trying to pretend not to look, and picture this crazy fucking chimera of mattress and man, hurtling towards me in hulking and unpredictable strides, and then imagine him moaning, loud, “nyeeeeaaauughh. nnyeeeeaaauughh. eeeeyauhh” with each step, his pitch dropping and his volume increasing as he advanced upon me, like the doppler effect from a passing fire truck.

He came to a crashing halt at the newspaper dispensers just about two feet past me where he finally relinquished his hold on the mattress and as it unfolded, flopping loudly over the top of the San Francisco Chronicle box, he proceeded to attempt, quite unsuccessfully, to mount the now mattress-covered newspaper dispenser and lay down on top of it. At this point he ceased his moaning, stood up straight, and spent the next ten minutes pleading with God to strike him down dead on the spot. At the end of the ten minutes my bus came.

found haiku :

oh how bored i am  
as my teacher rambles on  
damn you, ignorance

october 7, 2004  
olin hall, room 201

Rebecca Leopold

**Tom8o**

Davielle Lakind

It is not a surprise that I am hung over. Sweaty, headachy, exhausted. Last night was a typical college Friday, and if I had any sense I would still be in bed. If I had any sense I would not have raised my hand and waved it wildly and shouted “Me! Andrew, seriously!” when the R.C. asked who wanted to go to the Farmer’s Market for their weekly house chore.

It is equally unsurprising that I’m by myself. It’s not easy to find a buddy who will wake up at 10:00 am on a typical college Saturday to go buy a laughably small amount of food from the Farmer’s Market. It barely begins to supplement our weekly carloads of food from Stop ‘n’ Shop, but provides us with the bulk of our self-righteousness, and so here I am, by myself, self-righteously shuffling down the street and wondering if I’m going to throw up.

Soon I will jostle semi-amiably with mustached women in tie-dyed tank tops for the best heirloom tomatoes in the bins, all piled up in a riot of different sizes, colors, and shapes. My favorites are the small green ones, mottled and striped with darker green and yellow. The flesh is sweet and succulent, the juice just slightly citrus-tangy. There are also small smoky-flavored purple ones, enormous irregularly shaped yellow and red ones, sweet mealy peach ones. I always pick out a few of each, but only because they’ll look so pretty when I display them on the shelf. As far as my own palate is concerned, the green ones remain unparalleled.

Soon after that I will stand in our filthy kitchen while everyone else sleeps, staring into space and munching on a green tomato with just a smidge of salt and pepper. I will be less nauseated by this time, and it will feel peaceful in the midst of the food litter from the previous night’s snack jam. I will be the sole heir to this tomato, this moment, and this will be the tomato’s history that matters most to me.



**Enjoying the Aesthetics of Maps/  
/Exercise in Imaginative Geography/  
/Fantasy Express Cartography Project**

Closely examine the map. Imagine the landscapes and environments of the various bioregions represented. What are the ecologies and climates of certain areas like? What might the societies who inhabit them be like? How might it feel to be there yourself?

Once you have thought about this thoroughly, choose 5 places of personal geographic interest. Choose interesting and meaningful names for those 5 places.

Please submit your names for these geographies as well as any poems, writings, drawings, details, movies, songs, recipes, anecdotes, photo collages, etc. inspired by the DEEP LEAP continental map for publication in a future DEEP LEAP project.



## DEEP // LEAP

Polly Bresnick

Doctor: Thanks for holding. May I help you?

M: Uh, yea-- I had a tail put on about four years ago.

D: Ok.

M: ... attached to my spine, and I've got some hair growing on it that I need to get--

D: You should probably get rid of it. [*laughs*]

M: Can I come in tonight?

D: Actually, you can come in for a consultation-- Let me tell you how we work--

M: Ok. Please.

D: Ok, sure. First of all, one session is not gonna' get rid of your hair. That's because hair grows in three phases. All human bodies need at least three sessions of laser treatment. And I say at least because if you're talking about-- let's say, your beard-- you may need up to *eight*.

M: Well this is my tail.

D: Right, so you obviously will need less. I just want to educate you about, you know, different body parts. Um, so, depending on the amount of hair will determine the amount of sessions you will need.

M: Right.

D: That's how we work.

M: Well that sounds great. I see here, 'upper lip between nine and ten dollars. Underarm is thirty nine, bikini line forty nine, arm hundred nineteen-- how much for a tail?

D: It really depends. It *really* depends--

M: It's about four feet long.

D: Four feet?

M: Yea.

D: Ok... You're talking about your head, right? Head-tail.

M: No... I have a tail attached to my spine.

D: A tail attached to your spine. The lower spine?

M: Yea.

D: And that was because of a surgery?

M: Yea.

D: I see. Ok... and you said four feet? Four feet is the length of the hair, right?

M: No, it's the length of my tail.

D: Wow, that's a huge tail.

...

M: I'm a semi-amateur body builder--

D: I see.

M: --weight lifting.

D: Then you should do your whole chest, your back, your legs--

M: Well, I just want my face to look like, you know, like, like, like *terror*, you know?

D: I know what you mean.

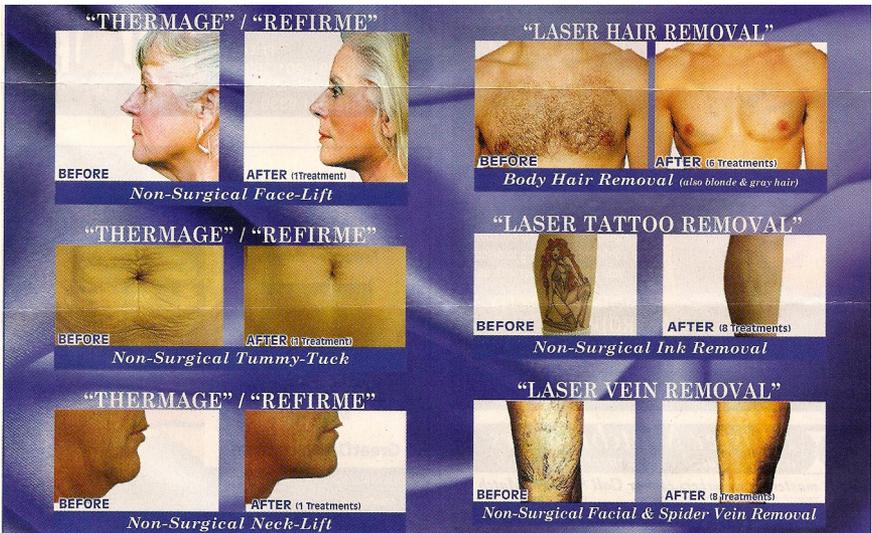
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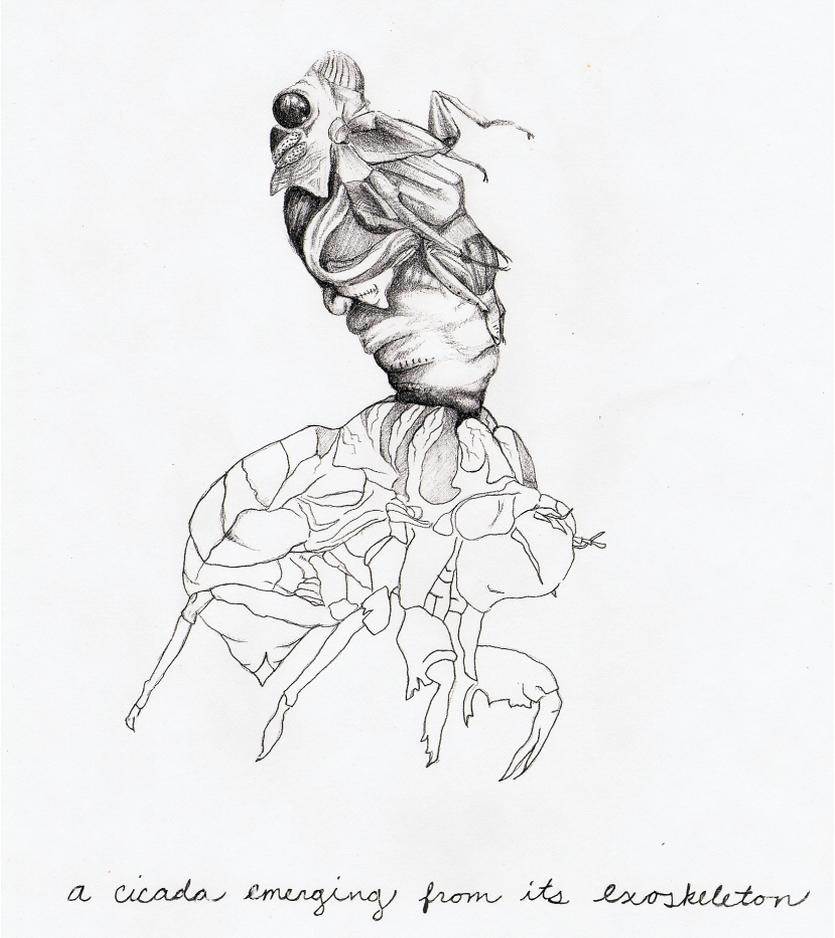
D: Let me tell you how it works. They take a virus, they beat it up with a hammer-- literally --ok? They make you take, inject that virus into your muscle-- Botchalism virus causes paralysis, ok? So, it basically, temporarily, paralyzes a muscle. Usually a facial muscle.

M: Right.

D: Well, here's what happens, the body's normal reaction to a traductional virus is anti-body, uh, uh, release. Ok? Alright, so antibodies are gonna' come out to fight this foreign virus.

M: You know what? I don't have time for this, this is just a waste of time here. I'm a semi-amateur weight-lifter and I've got a competition coming up - and now, you know, I don't know what the hell I'm gonna do. I look like an idiot. She injected the Botox into my face, and it completely killed my face.





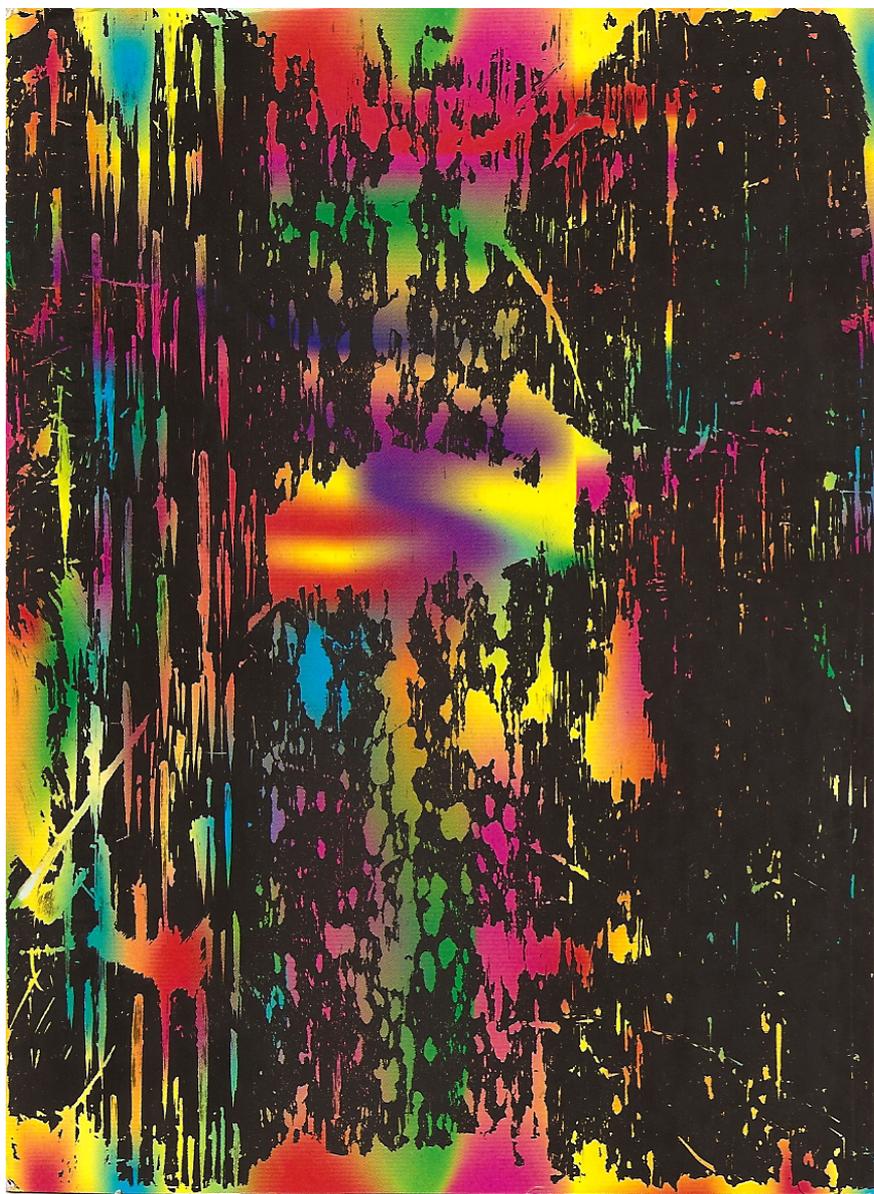
*a cicada emerging from its exoskeleton*

Sarah Simon



BEVERLY HILLS IS ONLY A WEBSITE AWAY: WWW.CBS.COM || ILLUSTRATION BY RACHEL HART 08

Rachel Hart

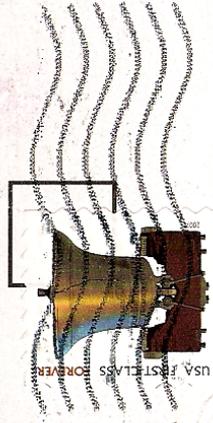
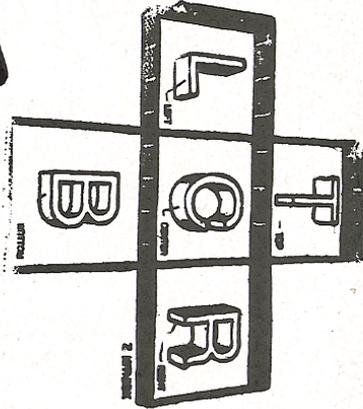


DEAP // LEEP

BROOKLYN NY 112

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DEAP L EAP

631 PERAZA AVE.

SAN FRANCISCO CA 94110

Zak Kitnick

## DEEP // LEAP

### Heirloom Tomatoes: Is understanding the history of our food limited to the rich?

Brenden Beck

The history of our food has come to preoccupy us. We stare down, sometimes crying, at our tossed salads, our kale soup with quinoa, our wasabi encrusted filet mignon, and wonder. We wonder about the miles it traveled to get there, the people who harvested it, the resources used to produce it.

When I say “we” wonder, I mean those of us who have the time and resources to reflect on such histories. After asking a friend of mine, a first generation American, the son of a contractor and a nurse, if he liked the borscht I’d made with locally grown beats and shallots he replied, “In my house growing up, the question was not ‘did it taste good?’ but ‘did you get enough?’” Concern for food origins is, most often, an opportunity for the privileged. I hope my friend got enough, but I didn’t think to ask. Can we join the current bourgeois food politics with the emancipation project of the poor?

Today, I am hovering, with my perpetually poor posture, above freshly made Eggs Benedict. Short of asking my meal where it came from (no help except in rare tartar and sushi Doolittle instances), I am left to research my meal’s history. A quick search finds that Samuel Benedict, a New York socialite in the late 1800s, preferred it as a hangover remedy. Done.

Ah, informative, but I have read Michael Pollan and his natural history of food! I came to political consciousness during the same time *Fast Food Nation* was charting the New York Times’ best seller list! If my food has a story, if it has helped or hurt people or ecosystems in its production, I am complicit in that. Besides, it’s trendy. I have read, in the same illustrious chronicler of liberal upper-crust lifestyles as christened *Fast Food Nation*, that “young urbanites are creating small-scale farms near urban areas hungry for quality produce.” (“Leaving Behind the Trucker Hats,” NYT, 16 March 2008).

If the New York Times Style section is on the ball about the food-conscious trend, I am way behind the times/Times. I have yet to miss a zeitgeist! So I push my eggs aside, pat my copy of *Omnivore’s Dilemma* lovingly, and head out to find a local farm. (hopefully, one with hip farmhands.)

Intuitively, it makes sense that local foods are better for the environment. The thought of a massive freighter shipping a waxy red delicious from New Zealand to New York is full of carbon emission images. Though the genuinely gratifying practice of backyard or rooftop gardening and the romantic ideal of local farmers markets makes eco-sense because of their proximity to the consumer, the carbon footprint of our food is not only, or even largely, in its transportation.

Whatever the environmental impacts of eating local, a vision of local food consumption is a distant reality for the ghetto residents and urban poor for whom fresh produce of any origin is difficult to find. My friend's question about getting enough to eat still rings in my head. How can those who are still concerned with having enough to eat worry about what to eat?

This data suggests that there are cheaper, more readily available, and probably more effective ways to reduce CO<sub>2</sub> output than a Community Supported Agriculture membership. Namely, not eating red meat. Those who can afford to, of course, should buy from a CSA. Among those who can't, there is exciting and inspiring work being done.

There are some local food advocates and urban gardeners who are working for change aware of the (until now) largely class-specific opportunities of eating local. There are CSAs with affirmative action and pay-as-you-can pricing. People are building urban farms in the parking lots of homeless and youth crisis centers. Cities are offering farmer's market food stamps along with the regular stamps for milk and meat. The Horticultural Society of New York offers nutrition and gardening education programs to underserved city youth and runs a garden with inmates on Riker's Island.

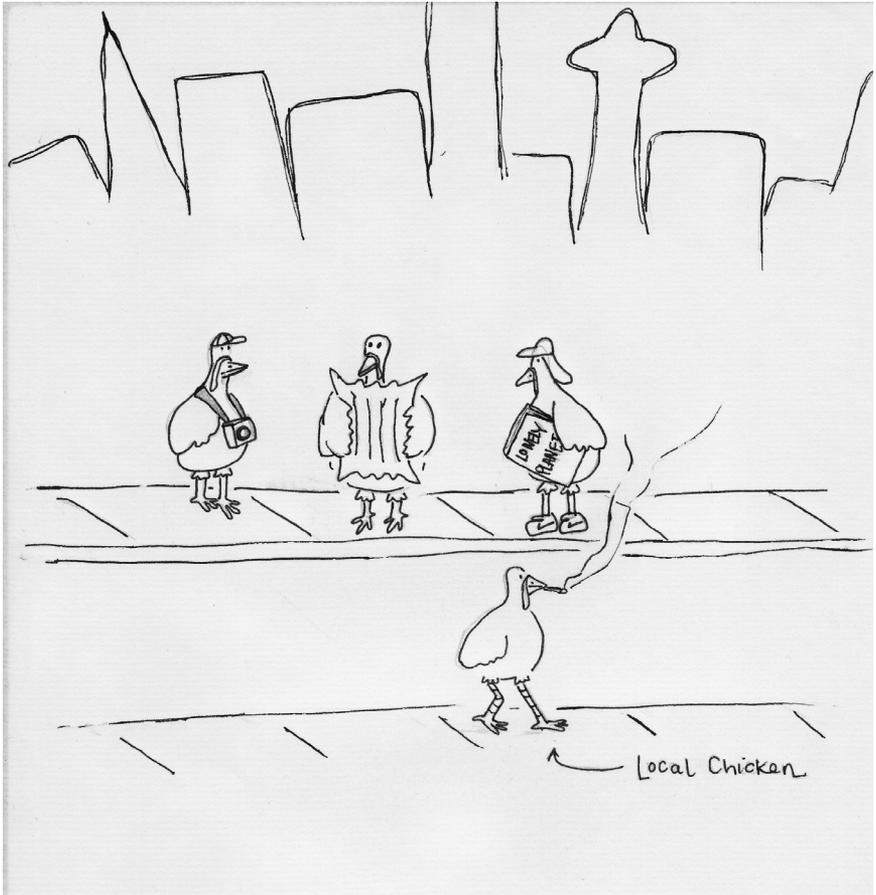
The Weaver's Way food co-op in Germantown, Philadelphia recently helped students at Martin Luther King High School, where 94% of students are at or below the federal poverty levels, start a half acre farm on the property. Students plant and harvest the food and then sell it at a local market. The draw of the soil attracts some students to work with the garden, but the \$7 an hour job opportunity is certainly an enticing reason to stay after school working on the farm. There is important work being done to make access to healthy, anti-corporate food models more equitable.

## DEEP // LEAP

Outside the United States, the picture is much different. Besides the hundreds of millions of rural subsistence farmers who draw their livelihood from local food, people eating produce from urban and suburban organic farming are concentrated in the northern Atlantic countries. While cities like those in Germany put U.S. urban and guerilla farming to shame, the World Wide Opportunities on Organic Farms does not have any national offices outside of Europe. The largest local food network of the global south is in Cuba. There, the U.S.-enforced food import isolation has seen a successful organic, urban garden movement grow out of necessity. While there has yet to be a global study of urban, suburban, and peri-urban farming, the conditions in the slums of Calcutta, Jakarta, and Cape Town make finding good shelter hard and, I would guess, good soil impossible.

We face a collective problem. Concentrating on individual consumption choices like Farmer's Market versus Mega-Mart takes time and focus away from broader change. Ultimately, change needs to occur at a structural and policy level. While the Congress has reached negotiation to increase spending on food stamps and other nutritious food programs for the poor, it has done little to decrease subsidies on corn, soy, and wheat. This is why our nation's poor are reaching for energy inefficient nutrients rather than sustainable kale and beets. If you are living on minimum wage, processed corn is the cheapest way to fill your stomach. The most recent Farm Bill contains some small gains, and proves that a loud few are pushing for bigger changes.

So as we confront the urgent, if romanticized, truth in the work of Pollan and the thousands who have come to similar conclusions, we are simultaneously confronted with the difficulty of making the study of our food's history the study of everyone's food's history. Fortunately the work of collective organizers and political activists have shown that this is possible.



From the series **Sustainable Food**  
Marri Coen

## DEEP // LEAP

Marissa Magic

I.

I have horrid handwriting. I went through kindergarten twice. Bad hand-eye coordination. Bad muscular skills (gnarly writing, can't really hold/use things properly). Couldn't focus worth anything so it took me a million years to do anything. And of course, slow social development. I wasn't dumb or anything, I had a lot of teachers who kept saying, "we know she's smart, but she just doesn't seem to be able to get it together." I've never been that good at school, for the above reasons along with a complete aversion to trying to please authority figures. My sister was better at all these things and got A's in advanced classes, while I managed to land myself in advanced classes only to argue with the teacher.

My mother made sure I didn't end up in classes with teachers who were handwriting sticklers. That would have gone over like a fart in church.

In school I put more work into not handwriting things rather than trying to improve it. Since not being in school, I've realized I only use my handwriting in very few situations. I constantly strive to do everything on a computer, have everything typed out. Letters to people, forms to fill out, anything. Certain people receive handwritten things from me; they usually fit into the close friends or close relatives category. I've totally met people with way more fucked writing than me, who don't even try to hide it.

It's an obsession with being understood. Half the time I can't even read my own handwriting, and it's always embarrassing to watch someone trying to read something that looks like it was written by a third grader.

II.

Recently I said something to my mother about my handwriting being the same as when I was in third grade. She joked that it was worse.

III.

I obsessively research everything. So I researched this. There is a lot about handwriting analysis, or graphology, which tends to be bizarre and horribly off and it doesn't hold up in court. According to that I'm extroverted, really I'd rather lie around in my room and listen to records. I also read about regional differences in letters and numbers, such as the weird way A's are written on road signs in Ireland. Regional differences are so fascinating, like the different variations of pizza from around the world.

Alphabetic writing first appeared 2000 BC, and the Roman alphabet appeared around 700 BC. Cursive is still commonly taught in schools, even though it's kind of bullshit and probably won't be used after middle school. Once I had to write something in cursive for some kind of contract thing, and I couldn't remember how to do it. Even though I sign my name in cursive. But not really.



Lizzie Robillard-Brimhall

## DEEP // LEAP

### men as well as animals

the up elevator, st.francis: trial by fire  
some evasion of seeking

a well-heeled woman smooths  
her frission, inquiring  
after the moon's due rising:  
mistook waning for raining (some  
inarticulation); turns talk downcast  
toward saying—

*a lotte men'll lenya dolor in  
this hotel, packin' gold in they slacks  
(that's the way)  
goin' down push 'er up button faux  
real living, yous a wot now, fatal? familiar?  
seen yo type in a dream (night standing)  
you doin' here?*

in windows for a quick night,  
say, some money got—

*we's undone long days.*

Charity Coleman

Mario Jose Aguilar

The only thing worse than balding in your early twenties is possessing a Masters of Fine Arts in bass trombone, not to mention a good deal of talent, and feeling completely impotent at the helm of your career.

This is Sean Carlson's life.

I ran into Sean a couple of months ago in the Newark airport. We were both stuck with delays as blizzard consumed the East Coast. At the age of twenty-three Sean was bulging at the seams of a fraternity t-shirt wearing the same weathered Superman hat he bought when his hair started to fall out in clumps our freshman year of high school. Oh the poor bastard and his hair. It would grow and grow and grow, and when it all got to be about an inch long, he'd start to shed. We'd have to get him drunk and brush him like a cat.

Sean, it appeared, had become quite a traveler: he held a trombone case in right hand, a vinyl, Macy's garment hung from his cuff, and a ticket to Jackson, Missouri was stuffed in his back pocket.

"Going to auditions?"

"Only in shitty places. That's all I can get. I'm on a diet actually." I must've scoffed or given him the stink eye because he added: "All the good trombone parts go to reality TV stars. I'm trying to lose weight."

Despite Sean's (extra) weight and (lack of) hair, he was easily the most charismatic in our group growing up. He also happened to be a closeted fag who would seduce women, undress them and then start crying for his dead dogs. I'll tell you right now, Sean had no dogs. My friend Anna fell victim to Sean's charms after a long night of drinking. They went back to his room, moans turned to whimpers and next thing Anna knew Sean has been pounding the bed for an hour screaming for "Pookie!" After she calmed him down, Sean masturbated with tears still streaming down his face.

"So I take it you're abandoning the Jazz circuit?"

"I need to work for a symphony to feel fulfilled... Jazz is for plebs"

"Oh not that old shit. I know, I know. What's that Nietzsche quote you

## DEEP // LEAP

love? ‘Life without music would be an error?’ Skip Nietzsche’s primitive music. Let’s talk about your diet as the slave mentality.”

He paused as if ashamed. “And then Erin will love me again.”

“Oh Christ.”

Sean’s love affair with Nietzsche began at the same time as his infatuation with Erin. They met in a philosophy class their first year of college. Erin had a pleasant smile, a slender figure and deep, dark features that distracted casual admirers from the multitudes of acne scars on her face, chest, and back. Not only were Sean and Erin the best musicians in the orchestra, they were also very shallow interpreters of philosophy. The former talents gave them the ability to make love in duet form: mismatched compositions performed for the university at commencement; Erin’s deft, nimble violin work in constant struggle with the grunts and blasts of Sean’s trombone.

As for their misguided conversations on philosophy, these and not Sean’s baldness or homosexuality are to blame for the demise of their love. In an unprecedented move, the university allowed the pair to write a joint thesis about the correlation between Nietzsche’s musical compositions and Nietzsche’s philosophy as interpreted by the Third Reich. Despite their painstaking research Sean and Erin did not realize that Nietzsche would have cited Hitler’s petty philosophy as a prime example of Christian morality’s inversion of the natural power dynamic between sheep and birds of prey.

“Hitler, after all, was an impotent man -- incapable of accomplishment that did not rely on manipulated power, corruption and lies,” Professor Shultz, Chairman of the review committee pointed out.

By a fortuitous turn of events, Professor Schultz was removed amid allegations of anti-gentile sentiments. Erin and Sean, both God-fearing Irish Catholics thank you very much, were awarded their degrees. Nonetheless, Erin no longer loved Sean, took a job as third violin at the San Francisco Symphony and was on the next flight west.

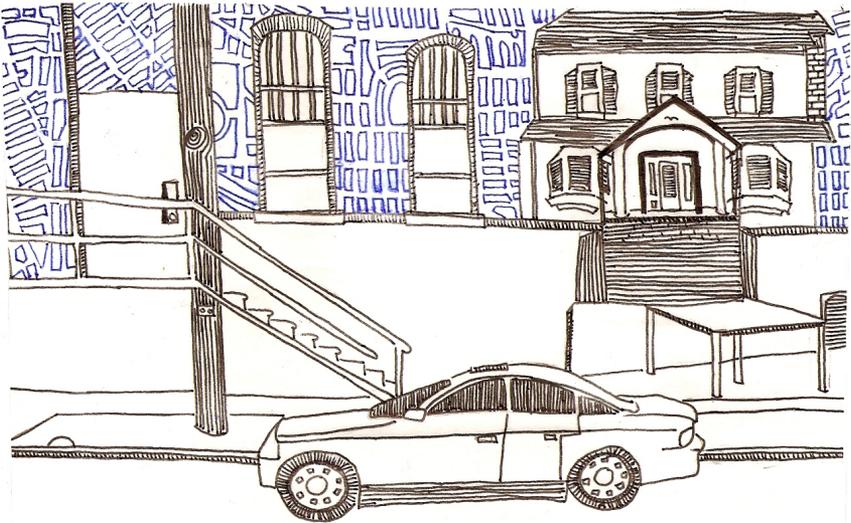
Sean, in a desperate attempt to not be shown up, accepted work on the Pleasure Cruise in Florida -- a type of “Floating performing art center.” A mere hour after landing in Gainesville, Sean was drunk and sing-singing with the crew. Needless to say, he was very excited about to be out of the northeast and drunk all summer.

“Well I woke up the next day, and the first thing I thought is ‘I’m hung over and Erin’s gone.’ But then I saw hope. I said to myself, ‘this is great! I’m finally happy.’ I went down to meet the band for breakfast, and they told me the Pleasure Cruise was off. The boat sank.”

We were both silent for a long time. But I realized that Sean had talent and that this would not be his last chance for fun in the sun, right?

“Right Sean? You’ll have your whole life to go on a cruise! And imagine how fun it will be when it’s a vacation instead of a job!”

“Maybe,” Sean conceded, but my optimism was wasted on him. “There’s nothing worse than thinking you are going on the pleasure cruise and having the ship sink.”



Jodi Sussman

## DEEP // LEAP

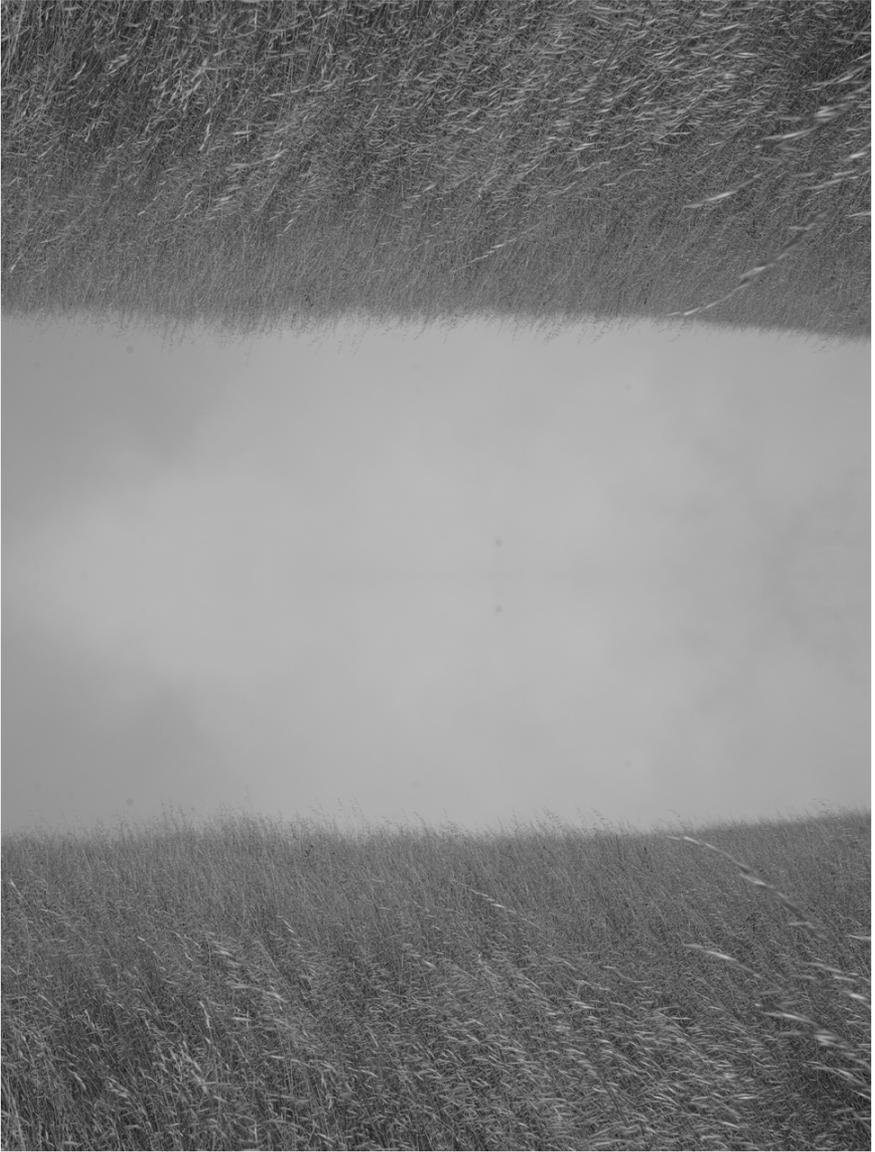
### How exceptional has your experience been?

If, in the presentation of a question, we embark on a tangent so winding that the question itself collapses into an odd shell containing the tangential content as more valuable and informative than the question in its base form, what are we supposed to believe questioning has become? A quest I am on? We've lost that great art, questioning.

Please send for meaning immediately; I'm lost in my own opinion, formed solidly during a bout of youthful arrogance that ultimately stems from an irrational understanding that I'm invincible right now, that age is far away, and that my birthdays are for parties and for graciously declining all presents save alcohol.

Currently responding to allegations that my memory isn't so good.  
I insist on no memories  
I know D.O.C.s, D.O.P.s, the lyrics to every rap song I listened to when  
I was seventeen  
My ex-girlfriends' birthdays, within a day or two,  
The zip code of my house in kindergarten.  
But yes, I forgot the formative experiences we had  
And I'm second guessing what time it is, actually,  
Or will have to be  
In order for me to be on time.

Adam Johnson



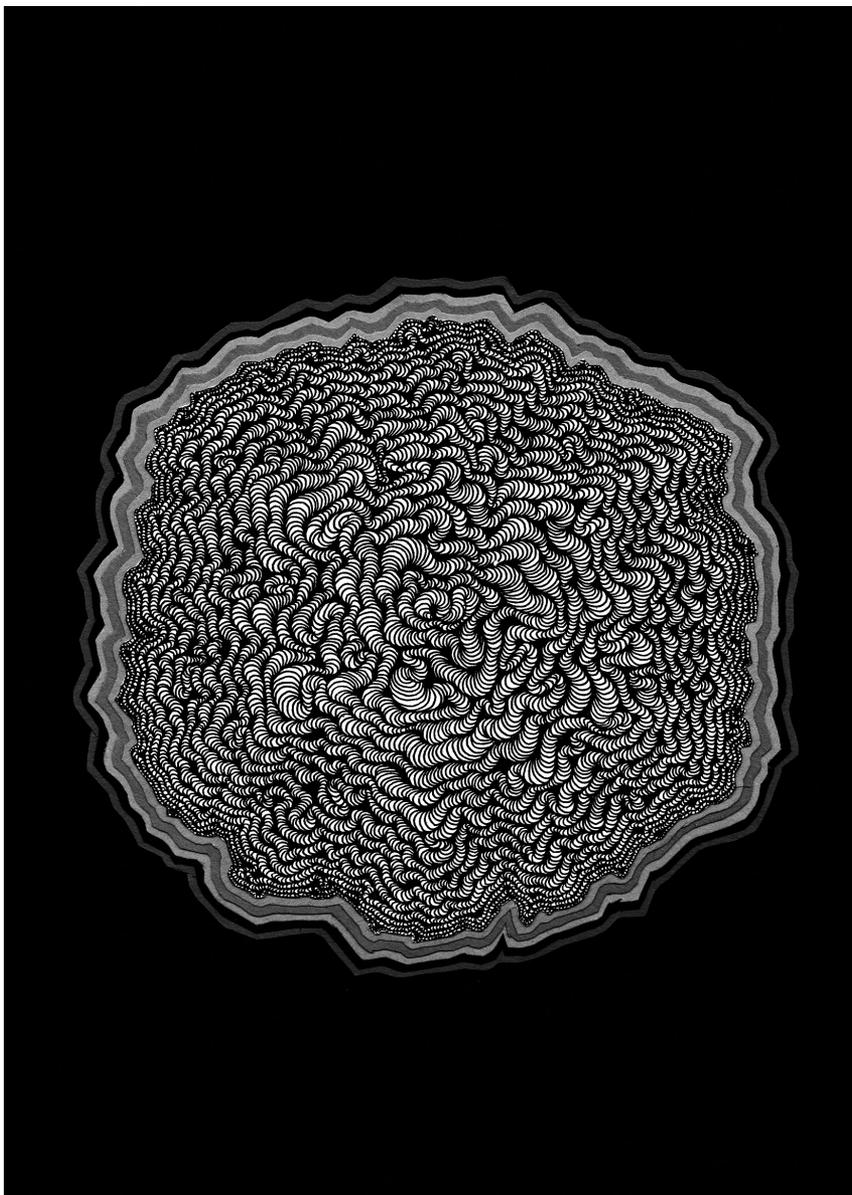
Hannah Johnson

## DEEP // LEAP

### **a careful switch.**

Hannah Knafo

The road curved sharply, which surprised her. They were driving in the city, after all, on a strict grid of straight lines, 25 miles per hour even when there wasn't another car in sight. It was late at night and there was steam rising from the black pavement. She felt her stomach swing with the car as it hugged the bend in the road. She was half asleep and not quite sure where they were, but the silky darkness made everything feel unfamiliar. She smelled the park. The autumn of the park. Leaves rotting in thick piles, mixing with dirt and decomposing rats and lost shoes. His hand was on her thigh, the other hand firmly gripping the steering wheel. She caught a whiff of cow manure, rich and potent. She was sure she was imagining the smell, but she felt particles of the odor deep in her nostrils. An intense nostalgia emerged for past summers, and then autumns, as if they were out of reach forever. She felt like talking, but all she could do was circulate words in her head. If she spoke, she had the sinking feeling that she would destroy something fragile. What she had managed to create seemed so unlikely and precarious, she couldn't possibly speak now. Facing the window, she whistled, a barely inaudible sound. Her breath rose, thick and wet, and fogged up a patch of the glass. She absentmindedly drew a heart in the condensation, and immediately erased it with her palm, turning red. She felt a clear calm take over. She admired the firmness of his hand on her thigh. The resolution. A delicate pattern of tree branch shadows on her jeans led her to contemplate the roundness of her leg, the stickiness of her flesh, the feminine charm of her knees. Her thigh seemed to change shape beneath his palm. Her foot twitched. She trembled. She felt as though she was watching her body melt and reshape itself in the dark shadows. She felt an exciting sense of objectivity as she perceived her own transformation. She was eager for this new direction. She had anticipated a careful switch, not such a wonderfully fluid change. She put her hand on his and let the sweat from her palm pool in their shared skin.



Adam Baz

## DEEP // LEAP

world gets warm

even flight attendants  
urge us to help others

to fix a bright yellow  
mask to their talcomed faces

but too often I go alone  
on streets regardless  
of unpolished memories

when we all know  
the riots are coming

there are temples  
with guns against them

hands tempting bone  
earth reaching for reverse

but gently lover  
I'm off the question  
and the bottle I have  
my mind and you yours  
and that's the war but  
bodies care less and sit  
dumb like luck

in love merely  
with being in love

J D Steinmetz

**man with no pants**

expansive is that  
mind scree we  
tumble over

scavenging the profound  
like the drunken luftmensch  
of a silent film

—only hold on to your  
philosophy of life and all  
its errant lefts, the bellycrawls  
through the underbrush

for on no wall  
is the sky hung

and so you  
are not framed

I not sure  
what to say

about that.  
How on earth

to live? Would  
you be so kind

J D Steinmetz

### Specific Nos.

People blowing their brains out or their noses. People blowing their brains out of their noses. The difference between copy-and-pasting that and really re-writing it is incredible, indelible. The difference between re-reading that and just scanning it for the difference is inedible, inscrutable.

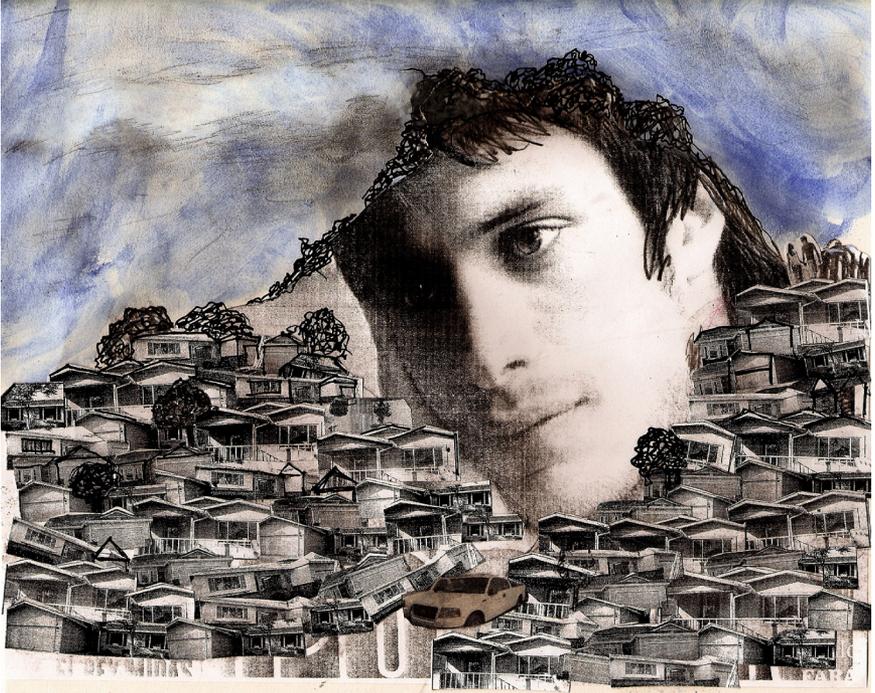
Many times I can switchback andforth about matters like: “this is a bad sentence; this is a good shot.” Because sometimes maybe there are bad sentences, but mostly there is difficult context. So, I can say that or write it but then read the San Francisco Examiner and agree that it is bad, that there is no justification or context. The justification for me reading it is the kakuro puzzle, which is more like nontext.

I will embed the punchline a bit, so it's not the last sentence. Then instead of a joke what we've got is something serious, an unpackable valise, a flourless vase. I misheard so I think that means you spoke right; here is a buy cycle: I purchased the thing even though I do not have much money, don't need so many things and feel guilty transgressing those boundaries, then I donate it to a thrift store and then I buy it back again because I believe in transgression and resent my privilege. Somethings aren't true; that means other things are. There is discomfort and bravery both in every sentence, and foolhardiness, because it's not so simple as just saying the thing and then it is real or then it has meaning. You can pack something really densely, but sometimes it is most satisfying to unpack a thing with a lot of air clinging to it, a lot of space.

Jesse Malméd



Michelle Antonisse



Gael Garcia Bernal Heights // California Dreamy

Raven Munsell



Johanna Hauser

## DEEP // LEAP

smoke in eyes listen to soft music jasmine red wine if it will make  
you happy. for my years I could be kurt cobain. new york state pretty  
and tough, in your hills I sleep nude covered in hair and tan in the  
mud field looking up then spitting for no good reason just glad this  
afternoon cleaning admiring the new herb garden

lemon verbena red basil rosemary love shower  
face nirvana friends, of god is woe me la ti

### To Alex

The last night of the festival was last night. was it spinach draped over the  
lights at the great ball. I drive my windshield straight into a yellow monarch  
in the country where roadside is fresh lettuce. So yes, maybe it was spinach. I  
am big as popeye at a funeral. cotton balls hang in the sky on the street  
outside my window. cars go past all the time the heat is 97 degrees. life  
flourishes

Alex Abelson

**Going on Cruise:**

Ben Segal

Tom Cruise, ship's captain, tried to wed me to his wife. This was illegal because a ship's captain is actually not allowed to marry people unless he is also a clergyman or justice of the peace.

Tom's wife wanted to marry me though and he was all for it. Her name is Katie Holmes. You may have seen her on Dawson's Creek. I think she is a talented young lady.

I told Tom and Katie a joke that I wrote. "What do you call it when you take chocolate, toffee, and a dead celebrity and wrap them all up? A Heath Ledger Bar!"

They didn't think it was funny. Celebrities are sensitive about that sort of thing. Tom Cruise called the wedding off.

I asked for another chance. I said, "What did Lou Bega order at McDonalds? Combo Number 5!" They liked that one better, but still, the wedding was cancelled. I'd have to find someone else to have, hold, love, and cherish right up to death.

## DEEP // LEAP

### Bartender's Jawbreaker Windbreaker

The bus had stopped abruptly and the cops were hassling some kid. I mean, a real kid, like seven years old. I was going to the corner to buy a big thing of salt for the movie theatre. A pink ribbon on a seventy-nine cent big salt thing is truly the least I can do.

### Parent-Child Palindrome

My child was trying to explain to me, I think, the difference in watching a movie backwards and just watching the scenes from the DVD in reverse order. "Parent," child said, "my body is tiny, I can't drive or stay up late, but on some level you know that I get it, right?" Yeah right.

Jersi Marmblatt

How many times will I fall asleep reading Maurice Blanchot  
and think that I'm dying?  
How can I convey that without the sense of loss?

This is a big coat that I'm mending.  
It's not quite dawn, in fact far from it,  
but I'm not too sure how to describe this time of night, when it's  
vaguely foggy  
and I'm wondering how many Ezras I know (none personally, that  
I can recall).  
There's really no process of organization  
I'm too awake when I'm not reading  
Any brain activity is rendered moot when it comes time to look  
deeply into something and the lucid dreams I've read so much  
about in guide books come so quickly but never really in the way  
I'm looking for.

A. F. Bunahabhain

**Vireo Modestus**

The Vireos, enraged by indulgences,  
have come to protest out my window.

History advises us to starve them,  
or at least scatter away some fear  
in their little minds, desperately  
stave off the Avian Awakening, for  
they know nothing of the difference  
between genocide and cleanliness,  
those terrible birds, exploding  
off the lawn.

**Armenia is the End of My Youth**

Swastikas before Christ  
Are cooking in the sun

Market of Yerevan

Shameful we do not relive  
As reflection, moon, spider

Even in the corner of the mountain  
To pray as it is the first time

I will not live that long but no one does

Mind itself is not enough  
It is not a river  
That can be crossed

H Richard Spryte

## DEEP // LEAP

### Klauzal Street

windows  
dissemble  
a city's  
eyes as birds  
touchdown  
to be tossed  
again to  
the sky

noises  
collapse like  
drunkards  
in the street

sparks heart's  
fall from the  
crumbly  
precipice

tightens  
the string to  
which the  
tongue is tied

then lift  
from a sill  
a dirty  
pigeon

take flight  
on the  
city of  
dogs

love all  
the children

H Richard Spryte

## // Biographies

**Alex Abelson** is writing an epic poem entitled Street Legal, set in upstate New York in the year 2300, and centers around the relationships between humans and bison. He edits the magazine Hotel.

**Jonah Meadows Adels** enables children's media projects in Portland, Oregon. Jonah enjoys plant architecture, animal languages, and human joy. Yum.

**Mario Jose Aguilar** hopes for a brighter future that may include but is not limited to health care without working. He lives in San Francisco and gives a shout out to his homies here and on the other side. [mariojoze@gmail.com](mailto:mariojoze@gmail.com).

**Jade Ajani** is a filmmaker who is also obsessed with topography. He lives in San Francisco and at [lasercave.biz/grow](http://lasercave.biz/grow), where you can purchase his feature-length documentary on CSAs, Growing Awareness. [jadeajani@gmail.com](mailto:jadeajani@gmail.com).

**Christian Alexander** lives in Boulder, Colorado. He can be contacted at [clbalexander@gmail.com](mailto:clbalexander@gmail.com).

**Michelle Antonisse** is a Brooklyn-based artist who enjoys theme parks and boogie boarding.

**Devin Bannon** is a performance artist from Seattle, where he is currently radiating the viral Deep Leap philosophy into a cadre of bright young theatre soldiers. His email is [devinbannon@live.com](mailto:devinbannon@live.com).

**Adam Baz** values Gel Pens for their superlative opacity and reliability, not merely the nostalgia and irony which they invoke. He is an inspired explorer of the universal subconscious, and an armchair Foucauldian. Born in upstate New York, he now resides in Portland, OR. See his artwork at [www.adambaz.com](http://www.adambaz.com) or [www.myspace.com/adambaz](http://www.myspace.com/adambaz).

**Brenden Beck** lives, teaches elementary school, and eats more meat than is sustainable in Philadelphia, PA. Reach him at [brendenbeck@gmail.com](mailto:brendenbeck@gmail.com).

**Jerusha Beckerman** lives in New York City where she takes care of babies and other small children. Email her at [jerushabeckerman@gmail.com](mailto:jerushabeckerman@gmail.com).

**Liza Birnbaum** rides bikes and reads books at Bard College and in Santa Fe, NM. She also really likes to write letters. If you do too: [navigatebystars@hotmail.com](mailto:navigatebystars@hotmail.com).

## DEEP // LEAP

**Polly Bresnick** writes stories for and about little kids and grown-ups. She currently lives in Portal Land, USA. Likes: needlepointing, Moby Dick. The next Brez/Baz production, a collection of the previously untold myths of a previously undiscovered tribe of Native Americans, is due to come out some time in late winter/early spring. Contact: [polly.bresnick@gmail.com](mailto:polly.bresnick@gmail.com)  
Blog: [www.psychicponyland.blogspot.com](http://www.psychicponyland.blogspot.com). Previous work purchasable at: <http://www.lasercave.biz/beinglittlebeingbig.html>.

**A. F. Bunahabhain** has spent one million years searching for the most powerful sword in the world. He naps frequently and with great passion, searching for dream-swords and were-worlds.

**Marri Coen** lives in San Francisco, working lucratively in the Structured Activity sector. She likes popcorn and if you'd like to know more about this, ask her for her business card and she'll make you one. Or email her at [marscoen@gmail.com](mailto:marscoen@gmail.com).

**Charity Coleman** writes & lives in San Francisco for now.

**Lilly de Lucia** enjoys emptying eggrolls and filling the shells with her own creations. She does this in New York City. She also enjoys filling out surveys of any kind- send them to her at [lilydelucia@gmail.com](mailto:lilydelucia@gmail.com).

**Tim Donovan** lives at the Greymalken Experimental Life Center in North Portland Oregon. See you on the YM Tour DVD!!

**Mark Essen** is a dude living in or around New York. He's alright.

**Matthew Harry Evans** (1985-) n'est pas français mais se croit plus intéressant dans cette langue. Il trouve la question de ses origines assez difficile mais il espère de se trouver dans une ville près de vous dans l'avenir proche. N'hésitez pas à l'écrire à [matthewharryevans@gmail.com](mailto:matthewharryevans@gmail.com).

**Rachel Hart** is regarded as "very creative" by the Jewish Community she grew up with on Long Island, New York. She is also regarded as "pretty Jewish" by the creative community she is now a part of in San Francisco. This is Rachel's first drawing to reach a publication. email: [rmertzhart@gmail.com](mailto:rmertzhart@gmail.com).

**Johanna Hauser** lives in San Francisco. Reach her at [johauser@gmail.com](mailto:johauser@gmail.com).

**Nick Henderson** is a doublet for the “I” who spoke the tongue and the “you” who awaits the word; a private demonym for the living language of a dead mouth; a paronym of a pseudonym; a possible masculine, and a possible feminine;

**Adam Johnson** keeps cats despite deep and troublesome allergies. He produces the occasional prose-poem, microfictional short-short, or heady speculative. He has a secret website and was once a widely acclaimed blogger. Today, he only receives email at [adamjohnson@gmail.com](mailto:adamjohnson@gmail.com).

**Hannah Johnson** or [hannahjohnson.com](http://hannahjohnson.com), as her friends know her, lives in San Francisco and works in Mountain Dew. She’s got it. Still.

**Zak Kitnick** is an artist living and working in New York. Zak has recently exhibited at Artists Space, Asia Song Society and Talman + Monroe. He is currently at work on a new show tentatively titled ‘Moonshadow,’ or maybe ‘Ode to Joy’ which can be seen at ‘Cleopatras’ in mid-September. [zkitnick@gmail.com](mailto:zkitnick@gmail.com) // [www.zacharykitnick.com](http://www.zacharykitnick.com).

**Lauren Kitz** is huge and lives in San Francisco. If you want to talk about getting huge email her at [laurenkitz@gmail.com](mailto:laurenkitz@gmail.com).

**Hai Knafo** is a Brooklyn artist. A former cab driver and banana picker, a current illustrator for the Wall Street Journal. He is the father of **Hannah Yves Knafo**, currently a resident of San Francisco, who writes sometimes. [hannahknafo@gmail.com](mailto:hannahknafo@gmail.com).

**Davi Lakind** is arguably the greatest basketball player to have ever lived. She grew up in Santa Fe, went to Amherst College to acquire mad knowledge, lives in Brooklyn, works in Harlem, and regularly checks email sent to [rdlakind@gmail.com](mailto:rdlakind@gmail.com).

**Rebecca Leopold** was raised in a suburb, found time in the country & now lives in some city. You can find her & her work at: [rebeccaleopold.com](http://rebeccaleopold.com).

**Amy MacKay** lives and works in San Francisco. She authored the cover of this issue.

**Marissa Magic** is a punk feminist mover and shaker who currently resides in San Francisco. She grew up in deep suburbia (in Northern California), went to school in Olympia, and came back down here in order to enjoy big city life. Ask a question at [marissa@punkymagic.com](mailto:marissa@punkymagic.com).

## DEEP // LEAP

**Jesse Malmed** is a maker in and of many media currently centered in San Francisco. His work can be seen at [jessemalmed.net](http://jessemalmed.net) or purchased through [lasercave.biz](http://lasercave.biz). He is hard at work on an inside joke book with **Jersi Marmblatt**, whose other current project is *55 x 55*, which is an indeterminate number of 55 word stories. Like these.

**Raven Munsell** is a South American-American. She lives in San Francisco with her boyfriend and four children. [raven.munsell@gmail.com](mailto:raven.munsell@gmail.com).

**Nicholas Nauman** played Farmer Joe in a 1995 Arlington Community Theater production of *The Wizard of Oz*. He lives in Brooklyn now with his band: [myspace.com/longbowband](http://myspace.com/longbowband).

**Morgan Peirce**: San Francisco, [morgansemailaddress@gmail.com](mailto:morgansemailaddress@gmail.com).

**Ari Phillips** has a hairy chest and an even hairier past. Email him at Portland, OR or visit him at [ari.phillips@gmail.com](mailto:ari.phillips@gmail.com).

**Joey Prince** is your dad. He lives in his hometown of Santa Fe, New Mexico and is currently studying photography at the College of Santa Fe. Email: [Joey\\_Prince@hotmail.com](mailto:Joey_Prince@hotmail.com).

**Michael Rae** is a horse enthusiast from Santa Fe, New Mexico. Now he lives in Portland, Oregon where he enjoys asking such questions as “If life sustains itself, is life God?” You can email him at “[mrae@clark.edu](mailto:mrae@clark.edu)” and listen to his homemade pop songs at “[myspace.com/rbeingnothingness.com](http://myspace.com/rbeingnothingness.com).”

**Mary Reilly** is a poet and visual artist living in NYC. Her work has appeared in the NY Quarterly, Bowery Women, and Vox Pop. She reads regularly at The Bowery Poetry Club, NYC.

**Lizzie Robillard-Brimball** is going to be in debt for approximately twenty years from her undergraduate degree at conceptual art school. These debts will be prolonged by years of brainless doodling, paying overpriced rent in San Francisco, and slaving over large-scale works that will never actually be put on sale due to emotional attachment.

**Ben Segal** lives in a large victorian house in western Mass. He wrote a book called ‘78 Stories’ (No Record Press, 2008) that takes the form of a giant crossword puzzle. He likes email a lot. Please write to [benbensegal@gmail.com](mailto:benbensegal@gmail.com).

**Sarah Simon** is a San Francisco-based artist/crafter. You can usually find her at home doodling, dawdling, or rearranging the furniture. Contact her at [sarahkwansimon@gmail.com](mailto:sarahkwansimon@gmail.com).

**H. Richard Spryte** was born in Paducah, Kentucky, and is a zoologist by training. He currently lives alone in Metropolis, Illinois, where he has a butterfly collection and a cat named Tycho Brahe.

**J D Steinmetz** lives and works in St. Cloud, MN with his wife and collection of lists. He collects emails at [amazementology@gmail.com](mailto:amazementology@gmail.com).

**Jodi Sussman** spends a great deal of time trying to determine what kind of art lawyers like and knows more than you might expect about chickens. She lives and works in Brooklyn, New York and can be reached virtually(,) 24 hours a day via [jbs03@hampshire.edu](mailto:jbs03@hampshire.edu).

**Mat Trumbull** wonders if he'll ever be an early riser, and feels ashamed in comparison to someone that is. He lives in San Francisco. [Mat.Trumbull@gmail.com](mailto:Mat.Trumbull@gmail.com).

**Sam Wohl** was born in Los Angeles in 1984 and currently lives and works in San Francisco.

**Joel Wright** lives in Chicago. E-mail him at [joelwrig@gmail.com](mailto:joelwrig@gmail.com), or check out his blog at [logiosdolioseriounios.blogspot.com](http://logiosdolioseriounios.blogspot.com).

## DEEP // LEAP

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