



Anomalous 11

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Intimate Appliances

Lindsey Beal

Artist Statement

Since the 19th century, technology has been used as a way to experience sexual pleasure. Mechanical, hydraulics, steam, and electricity have all powered the “personal massagers” that appeared in the appliance section of department stores and catalogues. Changes in technology create changes in vibrator materials, power-sources and design; vibrators reflect an era’s technology as well as its pop-culture. This is as true today as the past; current vibrators reflect the digital age. Although the appliances photographed are now antiques, they were once an example of that era’s technology.

1

This project would not have been possible without the generous cooperation of the Center for Sexual Pleasure and Health in Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

Queer Is...

Jeffrey Angles

“Queer” means a work, idea, or action is challenging to straight-jacketing notions of what is “normal” and “ordinary.” In this regard, Takahashi’s poem “Lovers in the Guise of Wolf-Gods” is spectacularly queer.

2 In 1966, Takahashi published the book *You Dirty Ones, Do Dirtier Things!* (*Kegaretaru mono o sara ni kegaretaru mono o nase*), a collection of three long poems that celebrate the underground culture of male homoeroticism found in bars, bathhouses, saunas, public parks, and public restrooms. Since his youth, Takahashi had been fascinated with this world and had explored it extensively, first in his boyhood home of Kita-Kyūshū, then later in the much larger world of Tokyo. While this underground culture existed in countless spots throughout 1960s Japan, one was more likely to find it discussed in lurid tabloid-style sex magazines than the style of highbrow writing often known as “pure literature” (*jun bungaku*)—a label that most contemporary poets aspired to apply to themselves.

Takahashi’s poetry written during the 1960s and 1970s, however, gleefully smashed down the doors that separated highbrow literature and erotic writing. Using the florid and often melodramatic language of poetry, he wrote with gusto about male homoeroticism, producing unforgettable tableaux depicting men in intimate moments of coupling. It is clear that his poetry represented nothing short of a rebellion against conservative, normative forces in

the world of literature. One sees this most dramatically enacted in his poem *Ode (Homeuta, 1971)*, an overblown, riotous, book-length poem in one thousand lines that describes the act of fellatio in jaw-dropping detail. (Allen Ginsberg, who read this long poem in a translation by Hiroaki Sato, is said to have been particularly enamored of this work.)

Indeed, Takahashi's essays and commentaries make it clear that he was playing with readers—he enjoyed making “dirty” subject matter sparkle through the medium of language. As the title *You Dirty Ones, Do Dirtier Things!* makes clear, Takahashi believed that eroticism—and homoeroticism in particular—was not something to be shunned. If anything, it represented a source of liberatory, carnivalesque, ecstatic pleasure that in turn revealed much about the nature and dynamics of human existence. The blend of erotic subject matter, artificially elevated language, and existential inquiry struck readers as radically new, especially considering that for several decades, most discussion of male homoeroticism had appeared in decidedly non-literary venues.

3

As a result, Takahashi's work earned the attention of numerous critics and prose authors, including Yukio Mishima, Tatsuhiko Shibusawa, and Taruho Inagaki, who had explored non-hetero-normative desire in their own writing. It is no exaggeration to say that Takahashi was singlehandedly queering the field of Japanese poetry, opening an irreverent, playful space in which he subverted normative ideas about what subjects could appear in literary writing and what sorts of language should be used in writing about sex. *You Dirty Ones, Do Dirtier Things!* was published by Shichōsha, which was one of Japan's largest publishers and had a special in-

terest in new, contemporary, poetic voices. The collection represents, in some ways, a breakthrough—the first collection he had published from a major, national press—and it earned significant attention in the press. Looking back from the vantage point of the early twenty-first century, one cannot help but see this collection as a queer milestone in the history of contemporary Japanese poetry.

Lovers in the Guise of Wolf-Gods

Jeffrey Angles translating the Japanese of Mutsuo Takahashi

Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through
the lusts of their own hearts, to dishonor their own bodies
between themselves.

~The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans 1:24

I

The wolf is tree, gale, grass;
The wolf runs through forest sky
Wind over the face of the earth

Trees scream, grass hums—
A soul stands stark naked
Innards covered in blood

Fangs of breath, red of a scream—
The curtain of darkness
Creases, flapping in the air

Teeth crack and crunch—
White foam—
Claws rake the snowy mud

The wolf by the tree, gale in grass:
The tree-wolf is wind
And the gale in the grass, wolf

II

Who will eat this fire?
Who will run with wind?
Who will tear apart the heart
Convulsing in his hand?
Who will change
The forest covered in green
To woods brimming with blowing snow
In a flash, change a nest of love
To a clump of infertile grass?

6 The wolf, agile darkness,
Eats of fire, filling his starving flanks
He gallops with the wind
In his fur coat of a thousand glittering needles
Warm blood soaks his flint teeth and claws —
With frozen breath
The wolf, spirit of winter,
Blinding powder of bone,
Changes the young forest
Into a forest of death and
Eyes of fire into eyes of mud

III

When he suckles at my breast
The man becomes an infant wolf,
He chews with long, heavy bites

On my pale, peach nipple
Until even the last drop
Is sucked away

When milk comes no more,
Blood and pain spill forth
Blood sucked away,
I fade then swoon—
In unconscious dreams
Filled with fear
Without noticing
I too have become a wolf
Just like him

IV

7

Our love devours us,
A love that tears
With the teeth

In our eyes
Exchanging glances
Are trees in flame

Tearing, devouring,
The backs of our kissing mouths
Fangs of breath

Seething blood

Spouts out and
Instantly freezes

Our torture
Is sympathy,
Pain is pleasure

Our wiry hair shudders
Around our long shadows
As we embrace

V

8 Night in the park bushes—
Lovers pull the wolves' heads
Completely over their own

Wolves pull the heads of lovers
Over their own and starve
On the summit of the moon

VI

A wolf couple dances
Where their chests rub together
Soft fur against soft fur
The small bird of love
Is crushed to death

A standing couple
Clinks their glasses
Of thick wine, the color of blood;
Upon them, the downy fur of air
Shines with full luster

On a long couch,
The couple tilts their ears towards a record
Churning out bloodthirsty music

With shuffling steps,
The couple slides into
The hallway shadows
And sucks blood from
One another's necks bent backward

9

In the garden,
The couple kills a rosebud
On the edge of a fountain that boils over—
A sickly thin finger blurs its fresh blood

One wolf faces the wall and silently
Strikes out love poetry on a typewriter
The ink of the typewriter
Is a warm, sanguine red

VII

Jostling saints of stained glass windows shattering into tiny
fragments

Continue to call out and be born in the dark gloom inside the
tilting bell—

Powdered silver of countless echoes—

Clusters of genistas trailing downwards—

Frightening ruinous gold hemming in storm clouds—

Inside the bushes, a fully cloaked wolf howls and

Lovers drink continuously of one another's blood

In the cemetery where dead souls
And maggot-filled flesh
Hold their breath and whisper
He stepped on the brakes—
Tires squealed and slid over thick grass

Wrapped in our silence
We flung away our coats
And threw off our underclothes
Suddenly embracing as if in anger—
Outside, the rowan tree grazed our window

It was as if the dead were saying,

“We want to live”
“We want to live”
But in our moans and gushing pain
We ignored them

IX

A glass jar holding honey-colored alcohol—
A glass pot full of rock candy—
A tiny flask of perfumed oil—
A mortar of poison—

The glass of the ceiling
Suddenly shatters
Fragments glitter among fragments,
As they avalanche down
The roaring navy blue

11

Feeling the awl of a fragment, for a moment
The city of glass echoes above the earth
And shatters into pieces
Right then, the lovers pull
The wolf's head over their own

X

Facing the round sky
Towers jostle
Sharp points glitter

A thousand bells ring
A thousand bells echo
The pigeon clock rings through the universe
A cuckoo-clock screams
A clock-owl shows its red mouth

The pendulum of the great clock of heaven
Springs out of place; the springs flip
Gears snap and fly off in opposite directions
The Roman numerals VIII IX X XI XII
Turn somersaults on the face and fall

Beloved lovers quickly
Pull the wolves' heads over their own
These men who love one another,
Naked and in pairs,
Fall in the pose of their love

From You Dirty Ones, Do Dirtier Things!

(Kegaretaru mono wa sara ni kegaretaru koto o nase, 1966)

Translator's Note for Lovers in the Guise of Wolf-Gods

Jeffrey Angles

Takahashi is, in many ways, easier to translate than other contemporary Japanese poets. Raised on a steady diet of translations of major European and American writers, he is in many ways as closely related to those Western influences as to other poets in his home country. His free-verse poetry, especially that written during the 1960s and 1970s, is filled with dramatic imagery that could come from almost any nation on earth, and the language that he uses to describe them is fairly clear, with relatively little ambiguity at all. Subjects of sentences, often left out in Japanese, are included, and relationships between lines of the poem follow predictable rules of grammar. The result is that Takahashi feels more “Western” than some of his other contemporaries, who often turn to ambiguous or suggestive language in order to create the atmospheric feel that so many people associated with poetry.

One difficulty in translating Takahashi's work—and Japanese poetry more generally—has to do with the relatively dense nature of the Japanese language. Although words are often polysyllabic, they might be written with only one or two Sino-Japanese characters, meaning that the lines are much shorter on the page. Takahashi, in particular, packs his already brief lines full of words that are as hard and crisp as diamonds, so as one unpacks them into the inevitably longer medium of English, the lines grow longer and frequently unwieldy, losing the “punchiness” of the original.

Although English lines are always longer, in working on this translation, I have struggled to preserve the rapid-fire quality of the Japanese, especially in the first of the ten sections of this poem. In order to keep this effect, I have sometimes purposefully left out articles or connectors. For instance, in the first lines of the translation, readers will find the juxtaposed words “gale, grass,” whereas the Japanese is slightly more straightforward: *kusa no hayate*. This short phrase might be rendered “a gale that blows through the grass,” but if one were to gloss it this way, that first line of the poem would quickly grow long and out of balance with what follows. It is my hope that this small incursion into the translated text, as well as others that appear here and there in the text, will help to preserve at least part of the dramatic brevity that is so much a part of Takahashi’s style.



New Life from *Intimate Appliances*, 2014

Queer Is...

Ian Hatcher

16

2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 17, 19, 23, 29, 31, 37, 41, 43, 47, 53, 59, 61, 67, 71, 73, 79, 83, 89, 97, 101, 103, 107, 109, 113, 127, 131, 137, 139, 149, 151, 157, 163, 167, 173, 179, 181, 191, 193, 197, 199, 211, 223, 227, 229, 233, 239, 241, 251, 257, 263, 269, 271, 277, 281, 283, 293, 307, 311, 313, 317, 331, 337, 347, 349, 353, 359, 367, 373, 379, 383, 389, 397, 401, 409, 419, 421, 431, 433, 439, 443, 449, 457, 461, 463, 467, 479, 487, 491, 499, 503, 509, 521, 523, 541, 547, 557, 563, 569, 571, 577, 587, 593, 599, 601, 607, 613, 617, 619, 631, 641, 643, 647, 653, 659, 661, 673, 677, 683, 691, 701, 709, 719, 727, 733, 739, 743, 751, 757, 761, 769, 773, 787, 797, 809, 811, 821, 823, 827, 829, 839, 853, 857, 859, 863, 877, 881, 883, 887, 907, 911, 919, 929, 937, 941, 947, 953, 967, 971, 977, 983, 991, 997, 1009, 1013, 1019, 1021, 1031, 1033, 1039, 1049, 1051, 1061, 1063, 1069, 1087, 1091, 1093, 1097, 1103, 1109, 1117, 1123, 1129, 1151, 1153, 1163, 1171, 1181, 1187, 1193, 1201, 1213, 1217, 1223, 1229, 1231, 1237, 1249, 1259, 1277, 1279, 1283, 1289, 1291, 1297, 1301, 1303, 1307, 1319, 1321, 1327, 1361, 1367, 1373, 1381, 1399, 1409, 1423, 1427, 1429, 1433, 1439, 1447, 1451, 1453, 1459, 1471, 1481, 1483, 1487, 1489, 1493, 1499, 1511, 1523, 1531, 1543, 1549, 1553, 1559, 1567, 1571, 1579, 1583, 1597, 1601, 1607, 1609, 1613, 1619, 1621, 1627, 1637, 1657, 1663, 1667, 1669, 1693, 1697, 1699, 1709, 1721, 1723, 1733, 1741, 1747, 1753, 1759, 1777, 1783, 1787, 1789, 1801, 1811, 1823, 1831, 1847, 1861, 1867, 1871, 1873, 1877, 1879, 1889, 1901, 1907, 1913, 1931, 1933, 1949, 1951, 1973, 1979, 1987, 1993, 1997, 1999, 2003, 2011, ...

See <http://anomalouspress.org/11/2.hatcher.queer.php> for dynamic/animated text.

Plexus

Ian Hatcher

a buoy bobbing
smooth calm suture
lids open to closing
fluid casing
sand figures sanding
fingers fanning
folding at arm's length
like swimming
water reaches over
this or the other
yes switch yes
no not opposite no
no less than
release from this set
formative swollen lymph
whaling pheromones

in flesh kit dissolving
buoys up to no good
in a moment no longer
sleep fast inside me
streaks glib in rhythms
dissolve baby fogs
say who i am
water in my mouth
wires in my mouth
you in my mouth
sand in my mouth
as copy is to copy
words in my mouth
codes appearing
slippery black ice
opalescent sweat
always a step away
captive conch edging
edit down to

lo spike everlasting
castle to castle
bloom up to
transmit this foreign
beached buoy on shoals
far be it from me
skittering mite sky
blips of hot white
codes adjusting themselves
let loose in me
come back to rest here
memory bank

See <http://anomalouspress.org/11/2.hatcher.plexus.php>
for dynamic/animated text..

Stop-cock

Ian Hatcher

coloratura

stop-cock

when you blame

you find

vulgar demonstrations

indefensible

frigidity

20

steps on wire

indispensable

metal harmonics

viva voce

physical not

anatomical

hollow sepulchral

wooden

collapsed lungs

fall & drift

fill with others

becoming rigid

distrusting

lovers

without supporting words

our muscles

contract

21

arousing cool

streams

of admonition

reflecting

you as you are

a plaything

self prolonging

quiet night

yawn it excites

pupils

dual refracting

dimming image

backward tipping

trunk descendant

apparatus independent

decisions

body conscious

of two minds

22 fusing

tonal spine

curling

helpful/harmful

vibrations

we feel

in

deep

resounding

strokes

of tenderness
gestures for
protection
we just want
to rise & fall
in tandem
inside
sparking
safety lines
dummy
gymnastics
artificial bloom
self-diluting
tonic
as room is
dissolving
internal music
kindling
rising

mirror organ

crescendo

ever alive

steely flames

licking devouring

a heavy acid

heaving

saturating

mechanical bullfight

24 charging

master

this

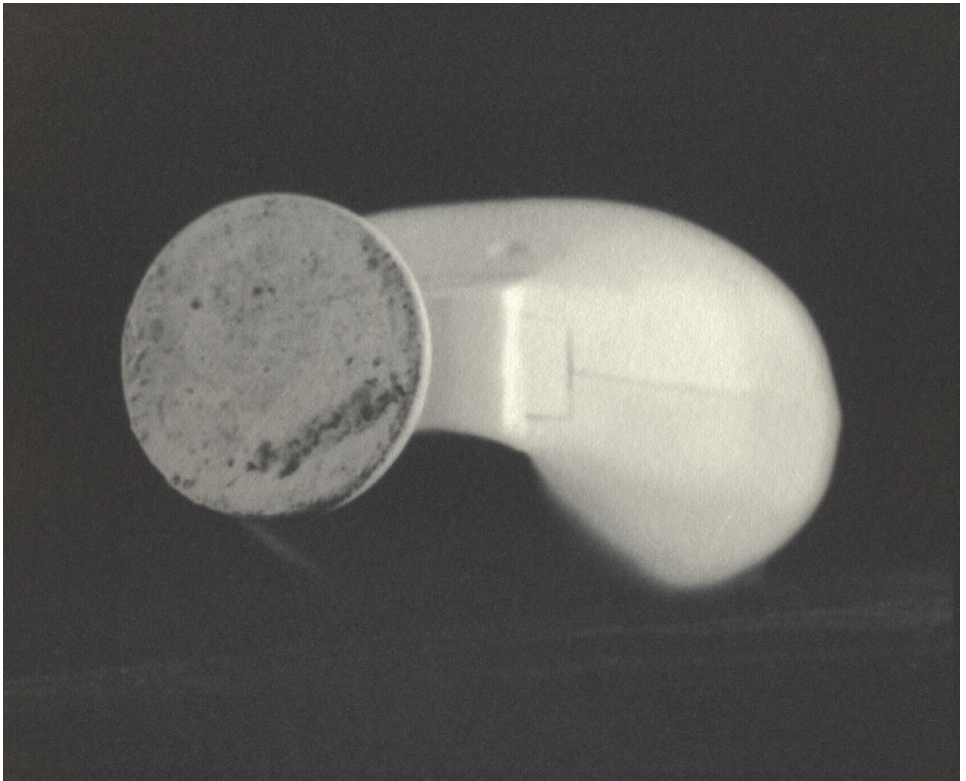
golden age

of singing

softly



Handcrank from *Intimate Appliances*, 2014



Model D from *Intimate Appliances*, 2014

Queer Is...

Kelly Magee and Carol Guess

Queer is feral. Queer is pink and blue feathers. Queer could teach you a thing or two. Queer diligently brings cloth bags to the grocery store, then makes everyone else feel bad for forgetting.

Your Sick

Kelly Magee and Carol Guess

We said *In sickness and in health*, and the state made it legal. I wore yellow and you wore blue. Together we shimmered between *hunter* and *emerald*. We hired a DJ. Guests slept on the floor.

We were one of the first of our kind to divorce: my lips pursed, your fingernails sharp. I deleted your email, your number, your ring. Our friends were angry, as if we'd done it to them.

A few years later we met at a conference. I was on business; you ran the hotel. You discounted my stay, sent a bottle of wine. You were generous and cheerful and used my full name.

28

That night the phone rang while I was taking a shower. We talked about rain, what we missed about thunder. Later that night you knocked on my door. We didn't mention our invisible *We*.

After the conference, I called and texted but you didn't answer. A few months later I worked up the nerve to visit the hotel, a day's drive away in a minor city.

Don't forget she took you to court.

But I'd forgotten everything except the taste of your mouth.

When I got to the hotel I tried to page you. I repeated your name over and over. No one at the hotel had ever heard of you. I paced the lobby, trying to decide what to do.

I decided to eat dinner in the hotel restaurant. The waiter sat me near the kitchen, which bothered me until I realized I

could see everyone in the room: suits and soldiers, families and prostitutes. At first I didn't notice you in a chair by the window. Lipstick, and you'd dyed your hair. You were talking to a very beautiful woman. The wine was the wine you'd sent to my room.

I finished my dinner. As I left the restaurant I dropped my check on your table and smiled at your date. You wore a nametag, but it wasn't your name. You looked up at me and your eyes glazed with panic.

Later that night you knocked on my door. Just to be sure it was you I called out your old name and your new name, both.

It's me, you said. I wasn't sure which *me* you meant, which name to use, but it didn't matter. You ran your fingers through my hair. You pressed me up against the sink and things happened which weren't supposed to happen, now that we weren't together.

29

You had the key to every room.

In one of those rooms you made me sick.

Sickness slid from lips to cheek, hairline to hipbone, bruise to nick.

Your sickness swam the skeins of my blood, but I didn't know. I didn't know anything.

Your new name was Yetta. Your old name also began with Y, but I was beginning to wonder if your old name was fake. Were you Yetta, Yelena, or Yumi? Yvonne or Yolanda? Ysolde or Yael?

I stayed in the hotel for a week. Every morning you slipped me a key and every evening you looked slightly different. You walked into the room and in five seconds flat we were on the

bed. I made you get up and take off the comforter. *No offense*, I said. *I'm sure it's clean*. I didn't call out your name during sex. I praised other things.

Finally I asked about *Yetta*.

On casual Fridays we change our names to whatever.

I rolled you over and straddled you and pinned your hands to the headboard. *Tell me the truth.*

The truth about what?

Anything.

Anything?

Something.

I'm sick.

I unpinned your hands.

It's contagious.

You're kidding.

This isn't a joke.

Get out of my room.

Don't you want to know what I gave you?

I went into the bathroom and locked the door.

You turned on the TV. I could hear conservative pundits and the shopping channel. I flooded the shower, bathtub, and sink.

When I opened the door you were gone.

It took me a while to notice the note taped to the phone:

Dear Emily,

Please don't contact me again. I've moved on and so should you. I thought you could handle something casual but clearly

you're still an emotional vortex. Also I'm sorry I made you sick, but it's not that bad. You might even like it.

Ex,

Y

I read the note several times. Then I lay on the bed and scanned my body, like in yoga class, except I was looking for you. Whatever you left behind in me. The microchip, the shard of stained glass you slid behind my knee or into the crook of my arm. Marks like a spider bite, the venom already in my bloodstream.

What is it? I said to the empty room. *Where is it?*

I put a hand over my throat, felt for the pulse. My fingers found it – *thump, thump* – and then it stopped. I pressed harder. Minutes passed and then, just as abruptly, the thumping returned. Water spilled over the side of the bathroom sink and soaked the carpet. Someone knocked on my door.

You might even like it.

Something casual.

I've moved on.

An ache welled in my throat like tears, just below the place I'd felt my pulse stop and restart. My skin came alive. The room rolled. *Thump, thump*, and I was out the hotel door, into the city, your city, carrying some invisible piece of you.

You were inside me in some crucial way, and the you in me made me do things. I bought baseball hats. Vodka. I slipped into your accent, borrowed your syntax. I lost weight, ground my teeth. I even phoned your mom, once, just to hear her voice,

and she called out a name that wasn't yours and wasn't mine. *Eleanor?* she said, and I said, *Yes*, and she said, *I told you not to contact me here*. We were all other people, acting out lives as if we owned them.

I cut my hair, affected a swagger, laughed loudly at things that weren't jokes. The sickness in me built. I introduced myself as Eleanor, gave your hometown as my own, developed a taste for raw oysters. As you, I became a regular at bars I'd never gone to, and I used facts about serial killers to hit on women. As you, I never went home alone.

I didn't tell the women I slept with that I was sick. They wouldn't understand what was wrong with them until they went to the doctor, maybe, complaining that they didn't feel like themselves.

32

It's an illness, the doctors would tell them. *You're not yourself*.

They were me.

And I was you.

And you were someone else.

We were all shifting places, pretending we didn't see ourselves walking down the street.

I married one of these women. I told her my name was Edith. Hers, Yaris. She could've been you, far gone. I was far gone, too, but something in her mouth reminded me of the old me, and you the old you. When I told her I was sick, she said she was, too. We didn't know what that meant, and by that point we didn't care. We traded *my place or yours* for hotel rooms, one after the other, where I ran my fingers through her hair, pushed

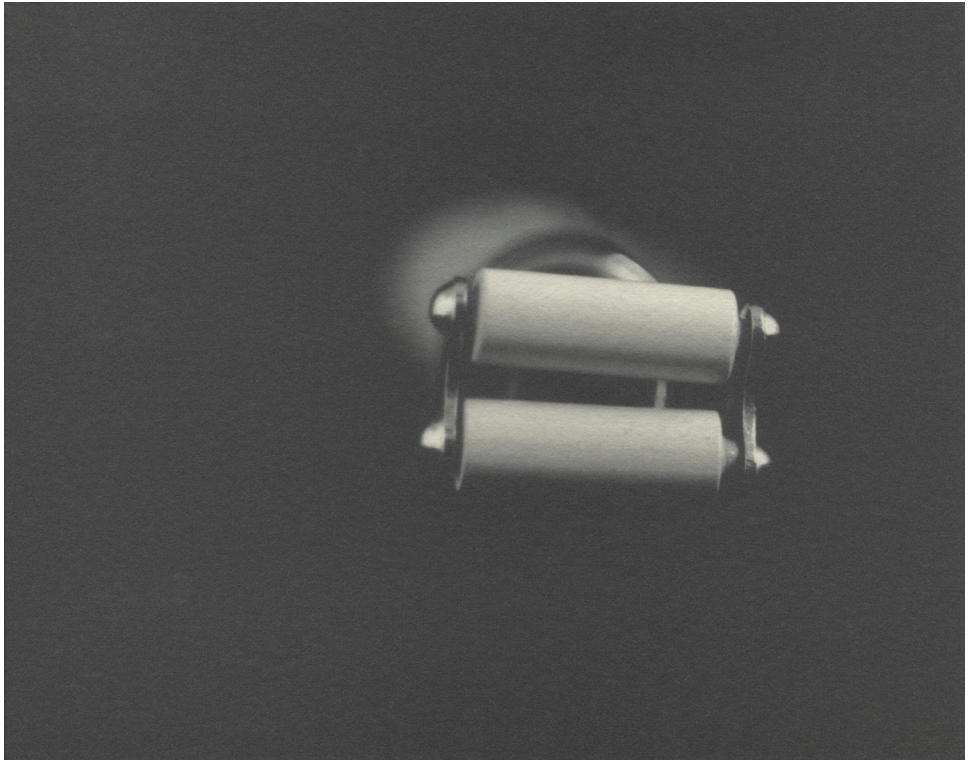
her up against the sink. She touched my lips and told me words she wanted me to say: *broom* and *handbag* and *skillet*. She fell in love after our third date, third room. I felt how different it was to be in love as you, how distant. I finally understood you better. I thought that Yaris was close enough. *Marry me*, I said, her fingers in my mouth.

I'd like to say we found each other again, one sickness a cure for the other, and that Yaris became you and I became me. It happens; you hear stories of people who find each other again a year later, fifteen years, fifty. I wish I could say that we'd changed enough to make us fit again. But it wasn't like that. Yaris turned picky and dull, and I left her in a hotel room, locked in the bathroom, faucets gushing.

Dear You, I wrote, *This isn't working. I'm sorry.*

Restrained myself from, *It isn't you, it's me.*

I walked out of that hotel feeling free. Did it matter that it was just the next phase of the sickness if it felt like being cured? It was enough that I no longer waited for your call. No longer looked for you in crowds. I no longer saw couples that looked like you and me – maybe they were you and me – and felt sick about their luck.



Beauty Patter from *Intimate Appliances*, 2014

Queer Is...

Grace Schauer

Queer is queer is queer is queer.

Bird Introduces Herself

Grace Schauer

I was born once—in a park or a fruit grove or a red-brick house or a closed eye, I don't care. I climbed a tree until it thinned to nothing and its branches cracked and fell. I said I'd stay there til the sound of breaking brought me down. No shrinking violet, I hid from the world to better see it. The way I played ball as a kid but never scored, never dared to, hurling free throw after failed free throw until the air horn scorched my ears like nails on blackboard, like the walls of stacked bleachers opened and closed and the long hooked pole the janitor spun in his hands to raise the backboards—see?

36 The strangeness was the only part I wanted.

Bird, Age 16, Contemplates God

Grace Schauer

If God loves me, he must feel conflicted.

If God has a slogan for his white-hot
supernatural existence, it must be:

I'm less happy than I let on.

If God has a face, it must hint
at a syphilitic midlife Rimbaud

with the 4 o'clock shadow
of the south Jersey speedline

37

humping past Camden, mid-July.

If God has a foot, I'd stomp it,

am stomping it. If God has a thumb,
I'd suggest he use it

to move down the proverbial road.

If God has a message for my ears,

it will come damningly via digital jukebox:

*Must have been these heaven-driven
winds that drowned you*

If a teenage Jesus once hit his knees
penitentiary-style for some senior deity,

it can't have been his wrung-out
bearded dad, but rather

someone sharp and resourceful
at getting wicked fucked up.

A god even God could get behind.
I bet he was blackclad, bassist for a band,

spiked his hair with Elmer's and bedded
his angels for anything other than romance—

38

but cunningly, so they later recalled
not just the bruised-boot shimmy,

sneakers scuffing concrete til
their toes poked bloody through,

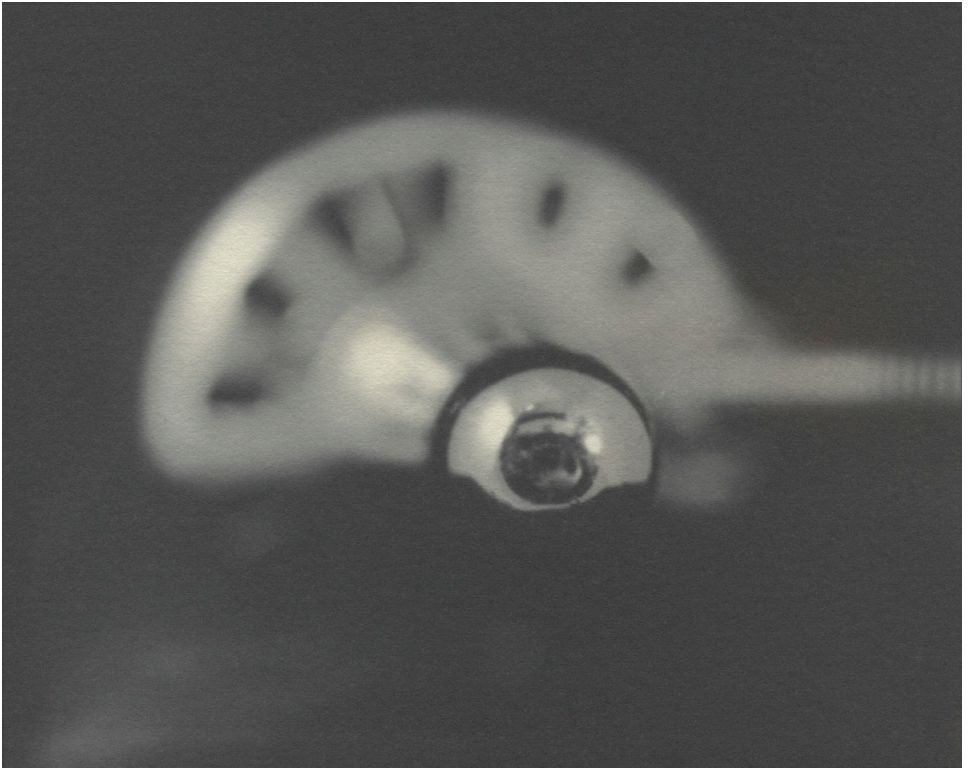
but a rapture in the star-crossed legs
that held them.

Paris is Burning

Grace Schauer

after the film

Drugs being just a side-effect of modernity, let's call
the following true: say bodies really are cathedrals
to something holier than themselves, gleaming white
and immaculate from every virgin orifice. Why not?
(Say it's not rash to ask this silly a perfection of anything.)
You buried yourself in costume, the self an ill fit,
now your skin's foil-thin and laid like newsprint over the bones.
There may be a message somewhere in this. Say
when you die you crumple in my hands like old flowers—
exactly that way. Say your comeuppance leaves you chastened,
as gratefully diminished as the grape-stained Sunday crowd.
Say, I swear it: if you argue burnt sinuses and nosebleeds
are a bum's communion, let God's be the face reflected
when the whole world begs to differ.



Cycloid Action from *Intimate Appliances*, 2014



Niagara from *Intimate Appliances*, 2014

Queer Is...

Teresa Carmody

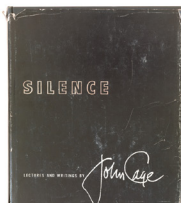
Queer is a word, and words are objects that change over time and in relation to other word-objects.

4 Dedications, By Type and Narrative, as Suggested in the Photographs of Catherine Lord.

Teresa Carmody

This work was commissioned for *Suggested Reading*, an exhibition of visual art inspired by specific literary techniques, curated by Kristine Thompson, Fellows of Contemporary Art (FoCA) Gallery, Los Angeles, July-September 2011. “4 Dedications...” appeared in a limited-edition catalogue that accompanied the show.

1. John Cage, To Whom It May Concern



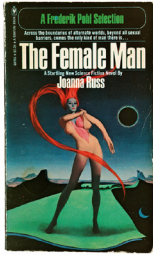
To Whom It May Concern

Type: A Dedication to the Reader(s)

44

Narrative: John Cage was really into outlines. He outlined almost everything, sometimes using the standard Roman numeral and letter format, sometimes using a system of hand-drawn images. One of these image-outlines began with a small picture of an oak tree, followed by its lobed leaf, followed by its acorn. The outline moved through a maple, elm, and pine—tree by tree, leaf to needle, seed and cone. He once outlined everything in his apartment until he had a working forest. It was right before a move, and he wanted an organized system to map out the new place. He also made outlines of non-botanical objects. He would lie a pair of scissors, a mug, a fork, his glasses or whatever flat on a piece of paper and trace its edges. He outlined more smaller objects than larger ones, primarily because they fit more easily on a sheet of paper, but he outlined numerous big things as well: a sofa, the bedside table, a friend's truck. For these, he used adjoining sheets of paper, or vacant lots.

2. Joanna Russ, This book is dedicated to Anne, to Mary and to the other one and three- quarters billions of us.

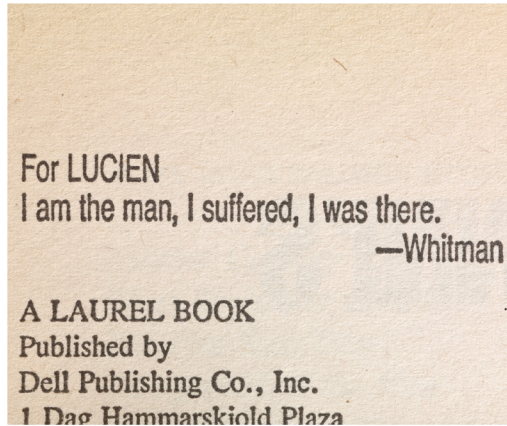
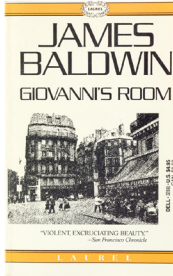


This book is dedicated to Anne, to Mary and to the other one and three-quarters billions of us.

Type: A Dedication to Demonstrate the Personal as Political

Narrative: Joanna Russ refused to step on astro-turf, so she never walked on most athletic playing fields. She called the turf “chem-grass,” its first name, coined by employees of Monsanto Company, the turf’s first makers. The corporation was also one of the main reasons Joanna Russ rarely ate at restaurants. She knew Monsanto, or one of its subsidiaries, provided the genetically-modified seeds, herbicides and pesticides that eventually turned into the breads and salads on the restaurants’ unthinking menus. Joanna Russ saw chem-grass as the future of food, but felt she already couldn’t trust soy to be just soy. She insisted, rightly so, that if business makes produce, the same is true for you and me. We are made, non-organically. The only question is who or what does the making. Joanna Russ was known to make a very mean navy bean stew.

3. James Baldwin, For LUCIEN, I am the man, I suffered, I was there. –Whitman

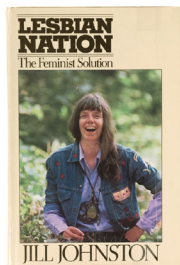


Type: A Dedication to Feel and Be Felt

46

Narrative: James Baldwin liked to wander through strange cities. He learned street corners could be deceptive and intersections often led to parallel roads. Main thoroughfares provide one kind of study; he described them as crowded habits, well-grooved and finely-made, yet hardly known. Alleyways were another. He liked to wait in cul-de-sacs and see who might come next. He knew to be careful. For while the cities he wandered through were strange because he was new to them, they weren't new to him. He knew their reputations, how they would see him either as a threat or not as all. One time, on a very small street in the middle of a mid-size city in the middle part of the United States, James Baldwin met a man he'd known in a very large city in the southern part of Europe. It had been several years since they'd seen to each other, and their sudden meeting came with the equally sudden recognition of passing fashion.

4. Jill Johnston, This book is for my mother who should've been a lesbian, And for my daughter in hopes she will be



*This book is for my mother
who should've been a lesbian
And for my daughter
in hopes she will be*

Type: A Dedication to Fuck It Up

47

Narrative: Jill Johnston thought of herself as an every day kind of gal. Her reasoning was simple: every day she woke up and every day she did the same kinds of things everyone else did every day too. She ate. She brushed her teeth. She put on socks. She misplaced her keys. She wished somebody would say something clever or witty or even just old-fashioned funny. She wished some people would go away. She thought of things she wished she would have said and included those lines in the stories she later told about the thing that actually happened. Because people should always say what they should have said..



Polar Cub from *Intimate Appliances*, 2014

Queer Is...

Kent Leatham

Queer is excepting expectations. Who you are, what you want, what you get, what you give: queer is identifying with, not as. Don't anticipate: participate.

Anacreon or Ibycus (from the court of Polycrates of Samos)

Kent Leatham

The scent of lilac unfurling in the garden
in the morning as Phoebus rubs oil on the sun

sucks. The soldiers are already taken,
their wives are too loyal, their daughters too young,

and their sons won't look twice at an old man
with a stiff crotch and a flaccid tongue.

50

Whatever. It's not like my knees still bend
that well anyway. Love is dung.

Callimachus [#2]

Kent Leatham

They said you kicked, Heraclitus, and I
had to call off at the library to prevent the wreck
of volumes A through L, I cried that much.

Do you still remember those raki nights
when we talked so long the gods put an extra
fuse in the sun to punish our eyes the following dawn?

No, of course you don't remember.
Ashes have no memories. You don't even know
you were a poet once, one of the best:

51

they say as Death was pulling you down,
Death, the guy famous for reticence,
your words lifted from his lips like a bird...

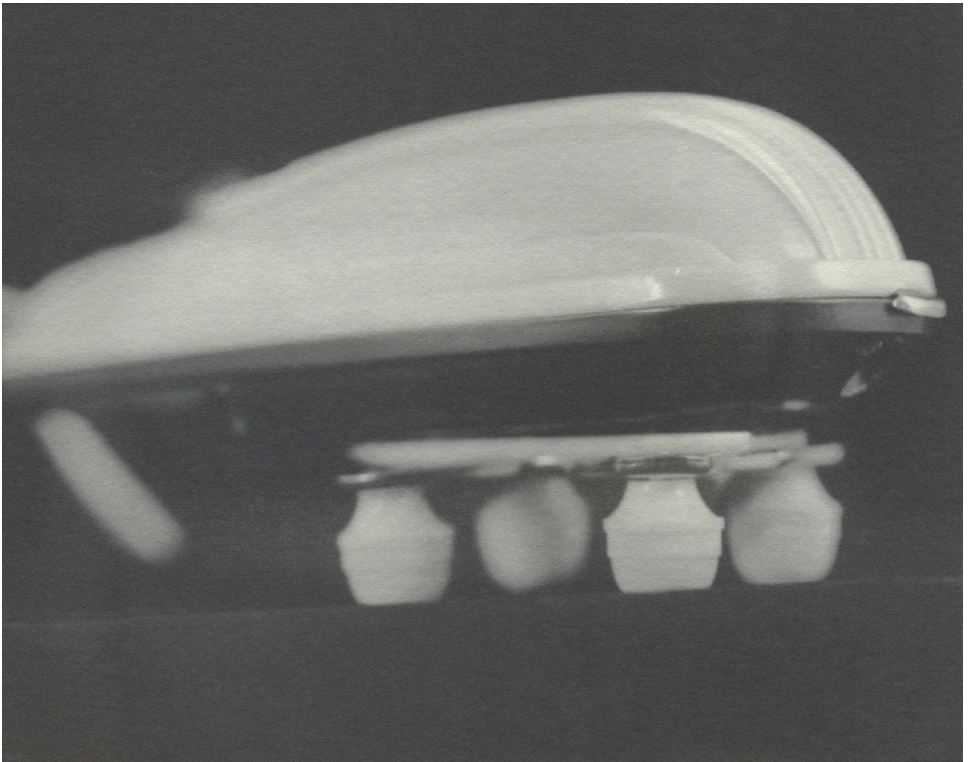
Catullus [#9]

Kent Leatham

Veranius, it's true I have three-hundred thousand
friends, and twice as many followers, but trust me:
I always read your letters first. And now you're coming
home! How was Andorra? Be sure to bring something
nice for your mom, and slightly less nice for your sisters,
since they seem to have forgotten you. But for me?
Catullus? Your A-1 pal? Just bring me your lips packed
with gossip, the parades and pratfalls you plunder so well,
and your beautiful eyes filled with rivers and thighs
and mountains and tunics pulled tight by the wind,
and your chest perfumed with fine foreign air,
and your feet still warm and soft from the shore....
When I kiss you, Veranius, I want to taste the world.



Infrared from *Intimate Appliances*, 2014



Superdol from *Intimate Appliances*, 2014

Queer Is...

S.D. Mullaney

Queerness means standing up to power, embracing difference, loving without fear, and living outside lines.

#Top100Lies #poem

@seagda

(from 100 to 1:)

I'll call you.

I'm not angry.

I'm not upset you unfriended me on Facebook.

It happens all the time.

Sorry, that was my last one.

We care.

56

We'll have to do this again.

We're listening.

You don't have to repay me.

You're the best.

Your baby is so adorable!

I'm not the daddy.

I have nothing to wear.

I haven't had plastic surgery.

I'm a professional model/actor/singer/dancer/author/personality.

I'm Batman.

I'm not a fag.

I'm not wearing a bit of make-up.

My breasts are real.

My drinking is under control.

The worst thing is to be ugly.

You're not at all paranoid.

Your hair looks super-awesome in the back.

I achieved success entirely by myself.

I need two dollars for a bus to visit my Grandma.

57

I don't have two dollars to give you.

I'm not political.

My great-grandma was a Cherokee princess.

My sins were washed clean, hallelujah!

Poor people steal the most.

Slavery is over.

I can say that since my best friend's Black.

There will be no retaliation.

We're not hiring.

Wealth trickles down.

He's just a friend.

I can go all night.

I don't normally do this.

I only practice safe sex.

OMG, it's SO big.

Size doesn't matter to me.

Men aren't all about sex.

Women aren't all about sex.

58

The sex was consensual.

This is my first time.

Touch yourself and you'll go blind.

This will never happen again.

I can't live without you.

I could never hurt you.

I'll never leave.

I'm over my ex.

It's not you, it's me.

She's my soulmate.

Until death do us part.

We're still friends.

I twice won the House Cup for Gryffindor.

I've never read Harry Potter.

Check out Voldemort's nose-ring in the last movie.

Don't bring a thing but yourself.

I didn't eat your chocolate bar.

I'm a vegetarian.

I'm into broccoli.

You're a great cook.

59

I love eating breakfast food for dinner, every day.

I'll join WeightWatchers. Monday.

No homework.

A discrete Self exists.

A discrete Santa exists.

Go forth and multiply.

A tiger's penis keeps yours hard all night.

It's a miracle!

God made it so.

You can take it with you.

Absolutely.

Always.

Never.

No way.

Yes.

You must.

You're welcome.

Speaking honestly...

60 I can't.

I don't know.

I mean it this time.

I wasn't informed.

I'm serious.

It's your fault.

I love you.

Drink Me Straight

S.D. Mullaney

Why must you
wash me down?
Milk me up?

Throw sugar
at my face?
Why do you

disrespect
how I'm made
to be made?

You ain't sweet;
I ain't sweet.
Ain't yes ma'am,

ain't any
way you like--
I should sting

going down.
Drink me straight,
beautiful--

drink me dark
as power outages
and pupils dilated.



Oster from Intimate Appliances, 2014

Queer Is...

Bernise Carolino

Queer is rebelling against predefined gender roles. I express my queerness in my androgynous style and in my refusal to be subservient to the men in my life, or to the women for that matter. Queer for me is reaching out and grabbing my right to choose who to love, how to act, how to live.

Mattress Island

Bernise Carolino

It's so early in the morning and I, Blacky Dano, the self-proclaimed weirdo-writer-woman, am already so terminally hip. Imagine: I'm sitting back on the crumpled sheets on top of my mattress, my legs luxuriously stretched before me, left leg crossed over right, perfectly poised, wearing my typical uniform—black blazer over a crisp white button-down shirt tucked into slim black trousers with hems just kissing my ankles, exposing wine-colored socks on top of black patent leather oxfords. My short hair is tucked neatly behind my ears, and my eyes are hidden behind dark glasses—lenses perfectly round for that vintage, retro feel. In my right hand I have a cigarette, and in my left hand I have a goblet of brandy. I'm intermittently taking deep drags and heady sips as I survey the remarkable scenery around me.

65

How brown! How queer and brown! Everything around me is brown. You see, last night, a typhoon raged, I forget what it's called but some very Filipino-sounding name anyway, something nobody uses except to name typhoons. Let's say Anding. So last night, this bitch typhoon Anding spit her icy breath into the whirling air, fat globs of her spittle leaking down and reducing the usually dusty, dry dirt of barangay Concepcion Uno into one gigantic bowl of mud soup being stirred by the sky gods. The sky gods must have knocked their heads together and said, "The taste is much too strong—can we add more water still?" And that is what they did.

Now here I am, on a desert island, minus the desert, plus this whole gigantic soupful of flood. From where I float on my mat-

tress island, I can see the mud soup blurring against two rows of roofs that used to be P. Gomez Street, where I lived. There, see, that red roof is mine. I wonder if I can still return and live in that house. I don't even fucking own it. It's my parents' second home—I claimed it after they took my younger siblings and left for that nicer one in New Manila. I wonder how they are, if they're safe. I wonder what the fuck I should do now. Will my parents, assuming their nice new house survived this flood, welcome back their 22-year-old cross-dressing deadbeat daughter with grand delusions of being the first Filipino winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature? Before the bitch Anding came to my life and ripped away everything I owned, I lived on alcohol, cigarettes, and the strained goodwill of my parents. Not so much on food. Well, I guess it's a good thing I've gotten skeletally thin lately—good for floating on my mattress on a flood. Who knew my badass lifestyle had that particular perk?

See, last night, when the evacuators were slamming on my door and yelling Get out! Get out now! I was as calm as anything, smoking a joint on top of my bed, watching the rain outside the big picture window in my room. It had been raining for forever and I was too immersed watching the raindrops slash and smack on the glass to pay those dudes any real attention. Even though the house has only one fucking floor, I never dreamed the water would actually rise, you know, inside. But rise it did. And alarmingly fast. But since I was so fucking high anyway, I watched that too. The flood rising. Fascinated with all the brown pooling around me. Then when the flood was lapping at the wood frame of my bed, I knew it was time to go. But suddenly I didn't want to leave my bed, my sweet companion for the past who knows how many days now. So I

threw away my joint, which was all smoked up anyway, and kicked the pillows off my bed and grabbed all my mattress island necessities and wrapped them inside my blanket and pulled open the glass of my huge picture window, and then flew out like whoosh! I launched my mattress outside the house and I rode the flood like I was riding a fucking skateboard down a ramp. I rode like one of those skater punks, or maybe a surfer beach babe, except of course my mattress island necessities consisted exactly of booze and cigs and not much fucking else and I'd forgotten my goddamn umbrella, so I rode the flood looking as badass as a drenched cat.

Luckily the wind wasn't too strong. It was just rain, all rain, like that asshole Ondoy some years ago. I gave up trying to be a badass skateboarder and sat down on my mattress instead and took cover under my blanket. But of course the rain dripped down my clothes anyway. And I couldn't smoke because my cigarette got all soggy, so I drank instead and waited for the bitch Anding or whoever to shut her fucking mouth and finally subside. I sat on my mattress and floated on the flood and drank a good many cocktails of 50-percent brandy, 50-percent rain. I was weeping a little because I had to leave home, but after some cocktails, the world got all mellow and nice and stayed that way, thank God. And the night closed and took with it the rain, and the sun came out baking hot, so right about now I'm half-dried up already. I throw away my soggy, useless blanket and pull out my dark glasses from my breast pocket, and if anyone comes out and sees me, well fuck that, I'm wearing my vintage sunglasses for maximum swag effect. And sitting pretty. As if I wasn't sobbing like an infant just the night before.

I have to say, it's not easy to be chill while floating on this flood. For one, it smells like a sea of a gazillion billion million liquefied soggy shoes. Pure putrefaction—leather and rubber and canvas, in their most glorious state of decay, stuffed roughly into my mouth, gagging me. So I take another brandy shot, then another, then another, anything to take the edge off the flood's violent attack on my delicately bourgeoisie senses. If you can get over the overpowering stench of the flood though, it's really rather serene otherwise, like being in a gently swaying boat out on a picturesque oceanscape. My mattress bobs slowly and softly over the water, and the rhythm is not frightening at all.

68

It's like a pool party almost. My neighbors are boogying on their respective roofs, unashamed, irreverent toward the deaths that have surely happened elsewhere. Some of my neighbors have not quite caught the boogie fever and prefer to poke instead at the debris swishing past as the flood weaves around the double line of houses and around the beaten, bald tops of trees. I am one such swishing debris, and when the neighbors see me floating past, they laugh and wave at me. I'm sort of known around here as the neighborhood eccentric, and I'm proud of it. I wear the label like a nametag across my breast and tip my glass to them for the acknowledgement. They riot at the hilarity. And I wave back grandly because I'm drunk, because I'm high, because this whole thing is way too fucking weird.

As the street parties and anticipates salvation, here I am almost wishing I live on this flood, on this liquid mountain of putrefying shoes, forever. Here I have no responsibilities. Here I can be drunk and stay drunk and wave at people and not have to feel weird

about it. I float without aim or direction. I steer away from roofs and particularly huge debris by using an empty brandy bottle as my makeshift oar. I never drift too far away from P. Gomez, which is good because it's all very, very nice here.

Some sparrows fly down close to where I'm floating. How pretty! The birdies are flying all panicky, fluttering as if searching for a piece of land after the Great Flood. I'm watching them happily until, for some strange reason, they fly right up to my fucking face and rest on my body, seeming to equate my shoulders with branches on which to perch. Which I do not like at all—what if they leave ugly white poop stains on my beautifully rich black blazer? So I swat the wretched sparrows away wildly, but in doing so, I relinquish the perfectly arranged equilibrium of my placement on the mattress, and it sinks in one corner. I lose my balance and have to flail desperately, rearranging my ass on the mattress for the whole thing to float correctly once more. From now on, I must remember to just sit still and enjoy the scenery and drink and smoke. This aloneness keeps my mattress afloat. This buoyancy is fragile.

69

Just as I'm dwelling on this, one of my neighbors, a dude around my age, whom I think comes from 17 P. Gomez, suddenly calls out my name. I'm too close to pretend I haven't heard, so I sigh and row over to his house. He and his mother and father and two little sisters are happily waving me over. When I get close, he asks, "Can you be driver for us?" I light another cigarette and take care to blow the smoke away from the kids and ask what he means.

He says, "We sit on bed and then all of us ride to dry place."

The mother chimes in, "First Maria, then Mina."

The father chimes in, “Then Misis.”

The dude my age explains, “Ride them then come back here.” Then: “I’m last riding.”

His mother says to him, “Blessed you are by God.”

His father says, “How kind is my Miguel!”

70 That’s when I speak up and say that this mattress, though surely epic and excellent, unfortunately doesn’t work that way. It can only carry one passenger at a time. Just me. So I’m truly sorry for their plight, and I hope help comes soon from the relief operations, or that the water goes down as fast as when the bathtub plunger is yanked out, and when it does and everything’s over and done with and the houses in P. Gomez are shiny and new again, they can be sure I’ll visit their sparkling clean home and bring over a large bowl of buko salad for a potluck dinner if I didn’t know jackshit about cooking.

But none of them are listening. They’re busy consulting with each other about who should go with me first, if the girls should go first to be safer the sooner, or if their mother should so that she’ll be ready to take care of the girls when they get there. And the father is loudly calling out to his neighbors on either side, 16 and 18 P. Gomez, and sharing with them that bravo! They have found a ferrywoman to save them all! What’s my name again? I reply meekly Blacky Dano. And I really, truly think they’re a lovely family, not unlike my own, with a personable father and a caring mother and a rough-and-tumble kuya who’s kind and brave deep down and younger siblings with eyes that shine like hope—they’re all lovely,

really, but you know, I have to go. In this mattress island, I'm alone, isolated even from the littlest, lightest sparrows.

So I begin to murmur excuses and row away with my trusty brandy bottle but I barely go a few feet, when Miguel calls out, "Hoy Blacky! Where you are going?!"

Then a splash. I turn around and am horrified to see that he's dived right into the stinky flood to chase after me. He swims toward me using the doggy paddle, his head bobbing up and down the water. He's grinning as if he thinks I know this is some sort of game. Then—horror of horrors!—he calls out to his friends from other houses: "Hoy Jun! Hoy Santi! Hoy Elena! Hoy Boy! Hoy Mimi! Catch her!"

I hear a chorus of splashes from behind me as they jump into the flood to support him. I look around and see they all swim faster than I can row with my little bottle. Their arms are so much stronger. They close in with swift, sure strokes. Then Miguel's hand reaches the edge of my mattress and grabs it hard. His friends are hot on his heels and quickly swim in a circle around me, each grabbing the edges of the mattress on every side. The weight is too much for my fragile mattress to take, and from all the pressure of so many people, it seeps in the floodwater and sinks from beneath me. I find myself submerged in the brown water, and I am gasping for air, but hands quickly grab me from all sides and I feel myself being dragged some distance through the murky depths and then finally pulled up a rough surface angling up. The surface claws on me as I'm dragged upward, tearing my shirt and digging wounds into my back. I gasp again, water spurting out of my mouth. My terminally hip circular dark glasses have fallen off and my eyes are

already open. And all I see is no longer brown, brown, brown—now I can see an immaculately glowing blue sky above.

I'm on a roof. It's so high up here, safer, closer to this lovely sky. Goddamn it, it's beautiful.

Then slowly all my other senses return to me and I can hear a little girl crying, "Mommy, Mommy, dead already?"

The father screams to his son, "Motherfucker kid this is!"

Miguel says sheepishly, "Sorry already." He is echoed by his other friends who have swum here to the roof of 17 P. Gomez to save me. They tell me the mattress sank then overturned, and everything on it was lost. My brandy. My cigarettes. My mattress island necessities.

72

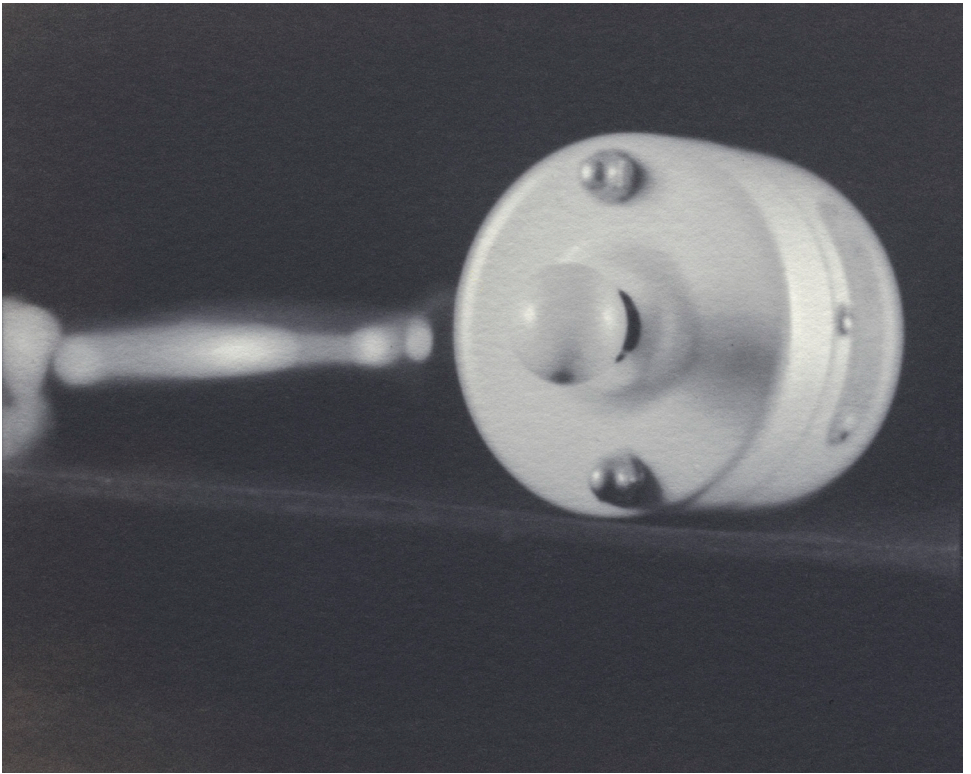
Motherfucking mattress island necessities. What bullshit.

I sit up and tell them, hey, that's all right, I'm alive. But direly in need of a hug. I open up my arms and make goo-goo eyes at the little girl who was crying—Mina or Maria—and she wipes her tears and snot away with the back of her hand, shyly takes a step toward me, then throws herself into my arms. After a moment's hesitation, her sister—Maria or Mina—jumps forward and hugs me as well.

One of the sisters asks me, "Okay already, Ate?" And I echo: okay already.

My hair's standing up like a demented starfish and my shirt is now brown and so are my slacks and don't even get me started about my patent leather oxfords, but who fucking cares right now? None

of that shit matters. I've got company; I'm alive. And so, stranded together, we all boogie as we wait together for help to arrive.



Rexrray from *Intimate Appliances*, 201

Queer Is...

Engram Wilkinson

Queer is transpersonal, and somehow I take it personally. Queer is theoretical and simultaneously tangible, a force that encounters me and that I encounter—some beautiful, bearded possibility in the corner drinking a 7 and 7, playing Ginuwine on the jukebox: *Ride it, my pony, my saddle's waiting, come and jump on it.*

Lobster Apologia

Engram Wilkinson

76

I seem to have woken up in an aquarium,
a place littered with lichens, with corals, with
snapping lobsters having left their dirty homes
for the cavities of my own body. I turn to face the young boy,
the sleeping young boy, and in the silence of early morning
I offer him my confessions: I am a nervous person.
I have arthritis. I remember everything. There's more to it,
of course, like the story of my father, how
his sun-burnt body inhaled steam from the stovetop,
how I would throw the clicking invertebrates into the pot before
running out to the spigot for more water. There's more to it,
of course, there's my stepmother's homemade tea
and all the apologies of a highly anticipated Saturday night.
Sorry for the bony elbows, I say to you, sorry we were drunk,
sorry about the whole episode in the cab, how
I lost my breath when saying your name aloud.
That's what this is, after all, something underwater,
a place that knows only the suggestion of sunlight.
I am in here, I yelled to the kitchen while struggling
to hold my filled bucket. Get me that water, he said,
get me the giant knife from the dishwasher, we're going to
finish them off, we're eating lobster tonight. I poured my water into theirs
and watched as their claws grasped for a shoreline made of sand,
not copper. Sorry for making the noise, one's eyes seemed to say,
sorry for making you guilty. I stared at their backless forms

and touched my own spine while you hollowed their tails. Mom,
as you made me call her, she lit a candle on the back porch
and asked me to say the blessing while sipping her tea.
You wanted me. Dear God, I say, Dear Heavenly Father thank you
for the idea of spines. Thank you for his body and its freckled thighs,
the way it moved over me like sunlight over reeds. Thank you—no,
this is wrong. Sorry God, I say, sorry for fucking a man and
saying your name aloud, father, but when you ask me to say the blessing
some people have got to be named. Dear Body, Dear Lobsters,
please come sit down, we've got some food leftover and
my stepmother has left the table. Dear Boy, dear Last Night
please keep me hidden, I don't want the sun anymore.
Let's drown here and sleep forever. Sorry for the bony spine,
sorry in advance for the good-bye kiss and for already
planning a real date with cold beer and Japanese movies.
Amen, you say, Amen Amen and you pass me the plate,
father, you pass the good china before I drop everything with
my clumsy, aching fingers. Our night begins with a small disaster,
the broken plate falling in love with the floor. Sorry for breaking everything,
I say, wiping the sweat from my arms. You stir and wait for me to speak.

Contributors

Jeffrey Angles (1971-) is an associate professor of Japanese literature and translation at Western Michigan University. He is the author of *Writing the Love of Boys* (University of Minnesota Press, 2011) and translator of *Forest of Eyes: Selected Poems of Tada Chimako* (University of California, 2010), *Killing Kanoko: Selected Poems of Hiromi Itō* (Action Books, 2009), plus numerous other works. His translations have won the Japan-U.S. Commission Prize for the Translation of Japanese Literature and the Landon Translation Award from the Academy of American Poets, as well as grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the PEN Club of America.

Lindsey Beal is a photo-based artist in Providence, Rhode Island where she teaches at AS220 and Rhode Island College. She has an M.F.A. in Photography from the University of Iowa and completed a Certificate in Book Arts at the University of Iowa's Center for the Book. Her work focuses on historical and contemporary women's lives and feminism. She combines traditional photography (analogue, digital and historical processes) with installation and sculpture to create non-traditional photographic work, trying to find a balance between concept and craft. This work often includes papermaking, printmaking and artist books. Her work has been shown at national universities and galleries and is included in various public and private collections. She recently received an Honorable Mention for emerging American photographers by the Magenta Foundation. She is represented by Boston's Panopticon Gallery.

Bernise Carolino is a recent graduate of the Ateneo de Manila University, and has since then been engaged in a drawn-out existential battle with herself on what she should do now with her life and God-given talents, to the great dismay of her long-suffering parents. Berry spends most of her

time indoors and never gets bored. She likes iced coffee, the band Tegan and Sara, and books on all sorts and subjects. She lives in Marikina City, Philippines. Email Berry: blackydano@gmail.com. See Berry's Art: <http://www.ilyilaice.deviantart.com/>.

Teresa Carmody is the author of *Requiem* (Les Figues). She is also the author of several chapbooks: *I Can Feel* (Insert Press), *Eye Hole Adore* (PS Books), and the chapbook *Your Spiritual Suit of Armor* by Katherine Anne (Woodland Editions). She is a co-founding editor of Les Figues Press, and the co-editor of its anthology *I'll Drown My Book: Conceptual Writing By Women* (2012). She is currently pursuing a PhD in English/Creating Writing at the University of Denver.

Carol Guess is the author of thirteen books of poetry and prose, including *Tinderbox Lawn* and *Doll Studies: Forensics*. She teaches at Western Washington University. Follow her here: www.carolguess.blogspot.com.

Ian Hatcher is a text/sound/performance artist, musician, and programmer living in Brooklyn. *Abra*, an artist's book and iPad app co-created with Kate Durbin and Amaranth Borsuk, is forthcoming in spring 2014. More info and other projects: ianhatcher.net.

Kent Leatham is a poet and translator. His work has appeared in dozens of journals, including *Ploughshares*, *Fence*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *InTranslation*, and *Softblow*, as well as in the *2013 Montreal Poetry Prize Global Anthology*. Kent holds an MFA from Emerson College, and teaches at California State University Monterey Bay.

Kelly Magee's first book, *Body Language*, won the Katherine Ann Porter Prize for Short Fiction. Her writing has appeared in *Crazyhorse*, *The Kenyon Review*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Passages North*, *Literary Mama*, and

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S.D. Mullaney is a poet living in Jamaica Plain, MA, whose previous works have appeared in *Anomalous*, *Hanging Loose*, *Pemmican*, *Hoi Polloi*, *Breakwater Review* and the *New York Review*. Mullaney works at Mass College of Art and Design and UMass Boston, and he spends far too much time writing and re-writing his second collection of poetry.

Grace Schauer holds an MFA from Emerson College and a BA in English from the University of Mary Washington. A Florida native, she grew up outside Washington, DC. Her poems have appeared in *Ploughshares* and *Breakwater Review*, and she has written for *Redivider*. She lives and works in the Boston area.

Engram Wilkinson was born and raised in Birmingham, Alabama. He has worked on an Irish dairy farm, as a delivery driver, croissant baker, youth football coach, and, most recently, as an operations manager. He tweets erratically [@engramw](https://twitter.com/engramw).

Matsuo Takahashi (1937-) is one of Japan's most prominent living poets. Since first attracting the attention of the Japanese literary world with his bold poetic evocations of homoerotic desire in the 1960s, Takahashi has published over two dozen anthologies of poetry and countless volumes of poetry and literary criticism. Five anthologies of his poetry are available in English translation: *Poems of a Penisist* (Chicago Review Press, 1975, reprinted University of Minnesota Press, 2012), *A Bunch of Keys* (The Crossing Press, 1984), *Sleeping, Sinning, Falling* (New Directions, 1992), *Two Shores* (Dedalus, 2006), and *We of Zipangu* (Arc Publications, 2007). Jeffrey Angles has translated his memoirs under the title *Twelve Views from the Distance* (University of Minnesota Press, 2012). He presently lives in the seaside city of Zushi, ten kilometers to the south of Yokohama.

Anomalous Press

launched in March of 2011 as a non-profit press dedicated to the diffusion of writing in the forms it can take. Its backbone is an editorial collective from different backgrounds and geographies that keep an eye out for compelling projects that, in any number of ways, challenge expectations of what writing and reading should be.

Anomalous has its sights set on publishing literary text, advancing audio forms and creation, and supporting all sorts of alternative realities of the near future. The online publication is available in both visual and audio forms on various platforms. In March of 2013, Anomalous launched its first round of print chapbooks, available at <http://www.anomalouspress.org/chapbooks.php>

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