



Anomalous 9

© Anomalous Press, 2013
Boston, MA; Providence, RI; Iowa City, IA; Seville, Spain

www.anomalouspress.org

Erica Mena | **Founding Editor**

Editors:

Shannon Walsh | Rachel Trousdale
Sara Gilmore | David Emanuel
Bendta Schroeder | Ron Spalletta

Katie Hargrave | Art Editor

Sarah Seldomridge | Designer

Rebecca Merrill | Web Editor

Matt Landry | Tech Consultant

Sarah Kosch | Publicity Editor

A. M. Diskin | Assistant Production, Audio

Cover: from *Tarpaulin Muster* by Erin Sweeny

This journal is free to download. However, if you wish to share it with others, please direct them to our website to download their own, free copy in the format of their choice. This book may not be reproduced, copied or distributed for commercial or non-commercial purposes, in part or in whole, without express permission. Thank you for your support.

All rights reserved by individual copyright holders. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted without prior written permission of the copyright holder. Anomalous Press cannot grant permission for use of copyrighted works or excerpted without permission of their owner.

ERIN SWEENEY

- (1) *Tarpaulin Muster Project Description and Artist Statement*
(2) (3) (14) (17) (18) (23) (28) (29) (33) (41) (49) (52)

Images from Tarpaulin Muster

LINA FERREIRA CABEZA-VANEGAS

- (4) *Amor con Amor se Paga*
(7) *De Agua Mansa Me Libre Dios, Que De La Brava Me Libro Yo*

KATHLEEN GILBERT
translating the Latin of Ovid

- (15) *HEROINES' LETTERS: Penelope to Ulysses*

KATHLEEN GILBERT
a homophonic translation of George Herbert

- (16) *HEROINES' LETTERS: The Altar*

KENT LEATHAM
translating the Scots of Hugh Barclay

- (19) *To Alexander Montgomerie*

HUGH BARCLAY

(20) *To Alexander Montgomerie*

KENT LEATHAM

(21) *from A Poetic History: Of*

JANALYN GUO

(24) *The Hidden Town*

(27) *Boy*

ERIKA JO BROWN

(30) *Captain Snugz Rides Again*

(31) *Dirty Birdies*

(32) *The President*

R. ZAMORA LINMARK

(34) *Whitney's Greatest Love/Mix*

(36) *Last Dance*

(39) *Arse Poetica*

CASEY PLETT

(42) *Me and You*

(46) *Gas*

RICH MURPHY

(50) *The Clone Rhymes Now at Home*

(51) *The Tremor State*

EDWARD GAUVIN

translating the French of Jean Ferry

(53) *The Garbagemen's Strike*

(56) *A Tear in His Eye*

JEAN FERRY

(55) *La grève des boueurs*

(60) *La larme à l'oeil*

CONTRIBUTORS

ANOMALOUS PRESS

Tarpaulin Muster

Erin Sweeny

Project Statement

In exploring that which we hold and carry, the physical evidence of life is paralleled only by the mysterious substance of its unfolding, imbuing our actions with a deeper significance. Hold fast and carry tight, hold up and carry on. Exploring these themes in an investigation of personal space, I found an unexpected source in the site of a stolen, impounded, and reclaimed 1988 Chevy Silverado K2500 pickup. Utilizing the contents accumulated by its owner and objects discarded by its thieves, Tarpaulin Muster creates a portrait of both experience in time and movement through space. The collection of photographs presents the residual effects of accumulation and loss, while an accompanying video uses footage and audio to emphasize tones of renewal.

1

Artist Statement

Though carved from nature, the foundation of place is ultimately rooted in the markings of human time. In the creation and use of structures lasting and temporal, objects precious and mundane, the practical architecture of our lives unwittingly doubles as its richest memorial. Using lens-based media, site-specific installations and subtle interventions, my practice investigates the layered marks of our passage and adaptations employed for survival. Looking at these characteristics of movement in the public and personal sphere, I am drawn to themes of struggle and resilience, ubiquity and reinvention.



Untitled from Tarpaulin Muster, 2013

Digital C-print, 8" x 10"

CITY OF CHICAGO

RECEIPT
NO. **P2 352222**

D/R: 12/02/2012 Department of Streets and Sanitation
Inv: 2694306 Bureau of Traffic Services
312-746-4954

DRIVERS LICENSE NO. 1006619004120

AUTO POUND NO. 2 ST 1 DATE 12/03/2012

RECEIVED OF NATHAN RONALD

STREET ADDRESS 1312 W. FULLER ST CITY MISSOULA ZIP 59802

FOR AUTOMOBILE TOWING AND STORAGE CHARGES

STORAGE @	PER DAY (PREVAILING RATE)	FOR NO. OF DAYS	= \$ 20.00
			158.00
TOWING CHARGES			0.00
OTHER CHARGES			
CHECK NO. CASH	TOTAL RECEIVED \$ 170.00		
CREDIT CARD (CIRCLE ONE)		AUTH CODE #5782748	
VI MC DS OT			
VEHICLE MAKE CHEV	MODEL	V.I.N. 26CFK29K111262745	
12/02/2012		12/03/2012	
DATE VEHICLE RECEIVED		DATE VEHICLE RELEASED	
2694306		2086317	
VEH. INVENTORY NO.		R. D. NO.	
1457338			
STATE LICENSE YEAR	STATE	NO	CITY LICENSE YEAR CITY NO.
BY SIGNATURE	STAR/EMPLOYEE NO.		OFFICIAL USE ONLY
TITLE			

WHILE COPY - RELEASE COPY
GREEN COPY - IN
CANNOT - FINANCIAL CONTROL
PINK - CIRCULAR
GOLDENROD - SEARCH

CHECKED BY: SP 100

Untitled from Tarpaulin Muster, 2013

Digital C-print, 8" x 10"

Amor con Amor se Paga

Lina Ferreira Cabeza-Vanegas

AMOR CON AMOR SE PAGA

or

Love with love is paid.

or

Love with love is paid.

or

Eye for an eye.

4

or

“No, no. I got this.”

Or

Fausti couldn't sleep without Quena's hand in his. He curled his body next to hers and reached out every night until she'd meet his hand, then he slept. They woke up together, and they walked together too. Fausti picked fruit and put an arrow through a partridge's neck every so often while Quena told him stories. She said, “That was back when Bachué was still with us,” or “That's why hummingbirds' necks are red,” or “So they made her watch as they sliced her lover's ears, and then his nose and then his penis, and

then they made her eat his heart,” and when Fausti would walk too far or lose himself in the track of some animals Quena would whistle a five note song so he could find his way back to her.

One day while they were walking Quena stopped suddenly. She saw the Sun setting and she caught a glimpse of the His golden hem. He was dressed entirely in gold and everything around him glimmered, refulgent and beautiful and Quena longed for it. Just one piece, she thought, one small piece in her hand to rub between her fingers while she watched Fausti climb a tree or make an arrow—that’d be enough.

“Fausti,” she said, “Fausti, how much I want some of the Sun’s gold. How much, I can’t even say.” And Fausti took a deep breath, because he knew that to scrape even a flake he would have become one of the most formidable hunters in the land. So he tightened the straps around his shoulders, kissed her a long time and set off to the east.

5

When he left, Quena found she couldn’t sleep without his hand in hers and slowly she began to die. She stopped sleeping and started crying. She became faint and pale and sick with all the nights she was awake and he wasn’t there. And then she wasn’t there either.

When Fausti finally came back he found an empty house, and an empty bed, and everywhere emptier than before. He walked out and yelled for her, he ran through the woods with a pouch full of gold hanging from his neck and yelled her name. He reached the town and yelled and yelled until someone finally led him to her grave, and then he got quiet. He curled up where her body lay buried and he didn’t move for eight days, like a beetle’s larvae, dug up

and drying in the sun. He sobbed and he cried all eight days until the elder god couldn't bare it anymore. "Fausti, Fausti." The elder god called out to him in dream, "Fausti, listen to me," and Fausti listened. When he woke up he rose from her grave and knowing what to do he began to dig.

He dug her up like the elder god had told him. He pulled her out, head and arms limp and bent softly back. He brushed the dirt from her eyes and hair and between her fingers, and then he began cutting. He took her leg and carved out skin and flesh, tendons and ligaments. He stuck his knife into her knee cap and then her hip socket. He pulled back and pushed forward and back and forward again until the bone was loose and he could rip out her femur.

6 "Like this, Fausti," the god had said. "Carved thin and hollowed out, and make holes down the spine, here, and here, and here, and here, and your fingers go here, and here, and here. And your lips. Your lips go here." And when Fausti pressed the carved bone against his lips, covered the holes like the elder god had instructed and blew into it, he heard Quena's voice again.

De Agua Mansa Me Libre Dios, Que De La Brava Me Libro Yo

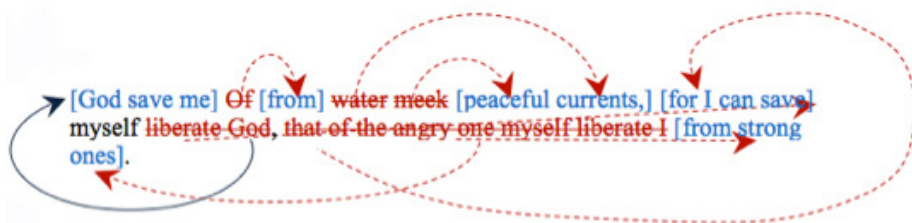
Lina Ferreira Cabeza-Vanegas

DE AGUA MANSA ME LIBRE DIOS, QUE DE LA BRAVA ME LIBRO YO

or

Of water meek myself liberate god, that of the angry one myself liberate I.

or



7

or

God keep me from still waters.

or

“They run deep.”

or

The cacique loved his wife very much; he even told her so, often, in fact—at least in the beginning. How he'd seen her in a crowd of her kin and wanted her immediately—from marrow to skin, wanted her, wholly and whole. He'd run a finger from her neck to her navel, slowly zigzagging between clavicles, breasts and ribs, and he'd tell her about that day as if she hadn't been there. As if she didn't know there had been red-terracotta snakes painted on her skin, cascading down the sides of her face, arching their backs against her cheek bones and braiding themselves into long geometric columns down her arms and legs. As if she didn't know the contour of her own face and breasts and hips, he'd run his finger down on her skin as if he were explaining directions on a map, "From here to here, and here to there, turn at hip bone, pause at scar, straight down and in." And he'd tell her again and again, how when he'd seen her eyes and heard her laugh she'd made the snakes come to life. How, though no one else had seen it—not even her—he had. He'd seen her and seen them sliding down her thighs, around her ankles and between her toes, across the dirt and right into the cacique's bones. "I saw you looking at me and I felt them crawling up, and that was that," and he'd land his hand on her hip and push her against a wall, against the ground, against the sharp edge of a rock. He'd press his hand and then his body, like the snakes were clamoring inside him to come back to her, leap from him back into her, a terracotta tangle, snakes and flesh.

And it wasn't bad. She put her hand over his and leaned back when he pushed. She untangled his hair and gently removed the gold breast plate, bracelets and rings when he fell asleep drunk and crying on her lap, she blushed when he toasted her at his banquets, and she attended every banquet. One after the other, after

the other, after the other. Until one day he ran his finger down her sternum, down the valley where ribs meet and noticed a belly suddenly swelling.

She wrapped her arms around taut belly skin and listened to him as he told her again, how he'd wanted her first and last and immediately, how much still, how much forever. She'd listened while he drank and cried and fell asleep on her lap, saying, "All I've ever wanted, all and everything and nothing else, ever-ever, I promise." And then a child was born. A little girl like a hummingbird, so light when she was born if he closed his eyes he wasn't sure he was holding anything at all, and so fast when she became a girl at times she seemed to almost be standing perfectly still. And that was enough for a while, a while and a half, until it wasn't anymore and he arched his back and said, "A nice little banquet, I think, nothing too big."

9

Nothing too big, then something slightly big, then something so big so often that the nights became one endless blur of music, fire and faces. She tried to go once or twice, when their daughter was still very little and needed to be held, but these things are loud and bright and she had to leave before things even really got started. If she'd tried again perhaps she might have noticed the cacique slipping out with one or two women every so often, maybe she'd have caught his eye as he came back dusting his shoulders and pulling sticky seeds from his hair. But she didn't need to see him slipping out, it was enough that he never came back to her at night, or even for days and weeks, a month once, at least.

By the time she could rejoin the cacique's elaborate banquets he didn't so much as go through the theatricalities of guilt. No effort

put into slinking or whispering, no telling this girl or that woman to wait by that tree or this wall, nothing. Five times, the cacique's wife made note, he'd outright tossed a woman like a fresh deer carcass over his shoulder and carried her out. And once, he'd completely covered his body in gold dust and made the particularly beautiful wife of a noble man lick him clean before all in attendance, after which he'd taken the habit of carrying a pouch of gold dust around his neck, just in case. He came and went from banquet to bed, he stumbled home only ever accidentally and he did not see his wife drawing red terracotta snakes in more and more elaborate knots and braids, down her arms, and legs, and between her toes, and he did not see the shaved-head güecha warrior seeing what he didn't.

10

That's where the story begins. Seeing, not seeing, and forgetting having ever seen at all. That's where it begins and ends. Because after being seen so intensely for so long the cacique's wife couldn't go without it and she had to meet her lover often. She had to run her finger down his chest, tell him about the night they'd met and bite the tip of his fingers to watch him drown a scream in his throat for fear of being discovered. It's not the same for men and women, the burden is different and the cacique cannot allow certain things to be whispered or rumored. He must take note and precautions, he must invite his wife to one more banquet and make himself perfectly clear, there is no other way around it. He must be clear publicly about present and future things, so that everyone understands that she must be made to understand, that even though it may be hard for her to see right then she must come to see that he has no choice but to serve her her lover's penis on a plate before bringing out what's left of the warrior tied to a

pole—a grunting dripping mess of blind flesh spitting chunks of a ripped out tongue before a priest finishes the deed by ripping out his heart and setting it next to his penis on the plate, the true culprits side by side on a plate of gold before the cacica of Guatavita. And she must be made to eat them, to set things right and put them away, where no one can see.

The cacique's wife could neither turn from the sight nor keep her stomach from turning. She fell to the ground shaking and weeping and vomiting while the braver part of the court congratulated the cacique and pretended away their repulsion, though it took everything in them to do so. The sight and smell were so overpowering most didn't notice the cacique's wife running and pushing her way out of the crowd. By the time they noticed she was holding her sleeping daughter tightly and running through the fog like she'd practice the route in her mind a million times. This is how most things begin; an inconsolable woman holds her child and runs into a lake.

The water was cold and the little girl woke up, but the fog was thick and her mother was crying so she didn't say a word. She remained limp but wide eyed in her mother's arms staring back at her father while he yelled for the cacica to come back to shore, to leave his daughter, to come back, to not take the child at least, please, please. But the cacique's wife did not turn back. Not when her husband begged, not when the cacique commanded, not even when he sent his holiest priests and mohanes in after her.

She was gone, they told him, no way around it. The holiest mohán even swam all the way to the bottom and came back. Dripping in his white robes he told the cacique, "She sits in a throne in the

midst of live wreaths of blue and green snakes. She won't come back now, not now." But the cacique couldn't bear it, he kept begging and pleading and screaming to bring back, at least, his little hummingbird child, who drummed her fingers on his cheeks like beating wings to wake him up. So the mohán stood up again and shaking his head went back into the water.

12 With nothing left to do the cacique sat perfectly still by the lake, not crying, not sleeping, not blinking at all. He stared at the water, at his breath condensing in the air, and the little flat stones his wife had overturned on her final sprint. He sat, crossed legged and stared, paralyzed by a sudden hyper awareness of himself. The dimensions of his feet, the length of his hair, the beating of his heart, "oh heart, the heart," he heard himself say before he could really form the words in his mind. Then it was the weight of his head, the width of his fingers and the coiling of his intestines; the noises of a thing alive, ticking, pumping, rushing, blinking, growing, stirring, and curdling. He saw himself seeing himself, heard himself hearing, a heartbeat beating in concentric echoes, a man noticing himself noticing his noticing and he felt with distinct acuteness the half-digested banquet meat climbing up his esophagus, splashing against his teeth and foaming out the sides of his mouth. Still paralyzed he vomited on his own lap and let the rest drip down his chin. He sat and waited, hearing and seeing and seeing himself hearing and seeing everything around him until he was sick and dizzy and twice as paralyzed as before, then the mohán emerged with a shivering child in his arms.

"A little dragon," the mohán began to say and the cacique tried to lift himself from the ground. "See, you have to close your eyes," he

started again, “when you swim to the water realm,” and again the cacique tried to move but nothing budged. His eyes darted back and forth, like children trying to tip a boat, but nothing, nothing. “You have to; we all know that but how could she?” The mohán seem too distracted to notice the cacique’s struggle and simply brought him the child so he could see the empty sockets where something had nibbled away her eyes. “Little dragons do it, I’ve felt them before.” Now the cacique heard nothing, felt nothing, saw nothing but his daughter’s face. “They’ve little mouths and rows of frail teeth, and can’t get a good bite of anything harder than an eyeball,” the hyperawareness, having completely devoured and choked on itself, left little behind. “That’s why you have to, always. But she wouldn’t have known that.” Only the world through a pinprick hole and on the other side a little girl, pink water pooling inside empty sockets, and the realization of all that had come before this moment to make it this specific moment and no other. Then the cacique was finally able to move. He held the little girl’s hand—little bones, wet skin, soft tips—he brushed her hair back, dipped his finger into the gold-dust pouch and drawing snakes on her face told the mohán to take her back to her mother and take care to close his eyes on the way down.



Untitled from Tarpaulin Muster, 2013

Digital C-print, 8" x 10"

HEROINES' LETTERS: Penelope to Ulysses

Kathleen Gilbert translating the Latin of Ovid

This your Penelope sends to you, slow Ulysses ;
 Don't write back : come yourself !
Troy is certainly defeated by now, hated by the Greek girls ;
 Priam and all of Troy were hardly worth it.
I wish that, when his fleet was asked for in Sparta
 Raging waters would have overwhelmed the adulterer !
I don't deserve to lie on a frigid bed,
 Nor to complain that the days go by so slowly ;
Nor should I be seeking answers in the space of nightfall
 My hands weary from widow's weaving.
When was I not afraid of grave risks?
 The thing is, love is full of frightening terror.
I imagined you in violent Trojan battles ;

HEROINES' LETTERS: The Altar

Kathleen Gilbert: a homophonic translation of George Herbert

A spoken halter, cord, thighs serving tears,
Traded apart and demented with fears;
Woozy arts carve thighs banded shame;
Go beserk, you fool, wrath much in vain.

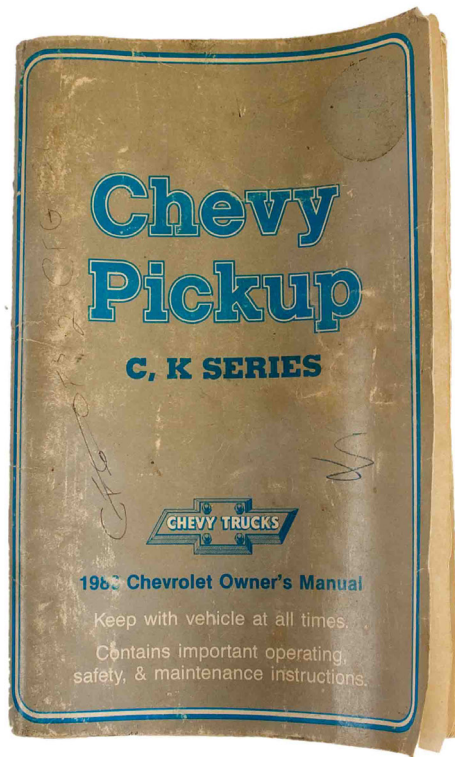
Apart zone
Touch the moan
Ask not gut
Thigh coward much
Bear tore these arts
Oft far apart
Meat the same
A phase a game;

Drat my dance to all may cease
We moan to raise freedom feast
Holy thighs messed sacked rice divine
Hand hanked the halter hoopy wineg



Untitled from Tarpaulin Muster, 2013

Digital C-print, 8" x 10"



Untitled from Tarpaulin Muster, 2013

Digital C-print, 8" x 10"

To Alexander Montgomerie

Kent Leatham translating the Scots of Hugh Barclay

My best beloved brother of the craft,
God, if you only knew the state I'm in!
Though you're stone-deaf, I know you are not daft,
But kind enough to any of your kin.
Oh, if you could see me in this winter wind
With tattered leggings, jumping on a spade,
Draggled in dirt, wet through to the skin,
I know you'd join me in weeping up a flood.
But most of all, my misery's been fed
To hear how you on your side of the moor
Frolic with wine and blithely go to bed,
Forgetting me, poor plowman, I am sure.
So, silly me, oppressed with dreams of beers,
Envy you your leisure pulling Bacchus' ears.

To Alexander Montgomerie

Hugh Barclay

My best belovit brother of the craft,
God if ye knew the stait that I am in!
Thocht ye be deif, I know ye ar not daft
Bot kind aneugh to any of your kin.
If ye bot saw me in this winter win
With old bogogers hotching on a sped,
Draiglist in dirt, whylis wat evin to the skin
I trow thair suld be tears or we twa shed.
Bot maist of all, that hes my bailis bred
To heir how ye on that syde of the mure
Birlis at the wyne, and blythlie gois to bed,
Forgetting me, pure pleuman, I am sure.
So, sillie I, opprest with barmie juggis,
Invyis your state that's pouing Bacchus luggis.

from A Poetic History: Of

Kent Leatham

Of our national consciousness, we have no aptitude
Of sugar. God rewards.
Of Wichita in the distance
Of this cloth doll which
Of Champlain.
Of mercury. It's zero. Ice soon.
Of memory and changing form
Of whom I remember nothing more
Of day, the drying wrinkled shirts of the casing
Of a shimmering green-gold dragon.
Of all storms, striking your Irish Cliffs of Moher
Of his mother, how she died in the fall
Of artillery. I never thought it would sing
Of greenery, as the last pale crumbs
Of mangosteens, for which we'd both fallen
Of heaped-up bedding, stroked slantwise by fingers
Of afternoon sun. McIntosh, he said again,
Of Poynton, so slowly the plot seemed to unfold
Of rice cakes and an apple in a garden
Of light and wind
Of an exhausted star told me nothing.
Of mountains. Here, the floors
Of crickets that are fed fish
Of a baby's rattle, moves in
Of the children, at night

Of men full of beer who now
Of grownup children's rooms and hallways where
Of tortured grammars writhing on their stakes,
Of statues in their hands, while numberless
Of the spillway. Trees surfacing
Of my parents' cellar, I rummage, looking
Of an afternoon, they were left—her doorway with its
Of exile: of school, of being sent to bed, of being



Untitled from *Tarpaulin Muster*, 2013

Digital C-print, 8" x 10"

The Hidden Town

Janalyn Guo

1

H. had just purchased a truck with his brothers, which he was going to use to haul materials to the construction site of a highway that would cross through our town. The truck was so large it could not fit onto our narrow roads. He had to park it outside the entrance to our town. His two brothers took turns sleeping in it to make sure nothing happened to the truck. One of the brothers sat with us for dinner, eating silently and fanning the flies. We threw leftovers into the dog dish. Afterward, we watched television in the dark to avoid attracting the mosquitoes. There was a live update of the Russians huddled around a small hole somewhere in the middle of the South Pole. They were trying to get a sample of the water from an undisturbed lake under two miles of ice. They'd drilled to where they almost touched the surface. The reporter spoke about a feared geysering effect from pressure change, the old water spewing up and out. The screen was bright from all the footage of snow, so white it was as if the room were lit.

24

2

The teacher stood before her students explaining the layers of the earth. She had even brought a miniature model to show them. It was like the model of skin at the doctor's office. Mid-sentence, she felt a pop and an unbuckling of her chest. Folding her arms, she excused herself and allowed the students to take out the class pet, a small muzzled snake. In the bathroom, she turned off the light,

and in a stall sized for children, she twisted her arms behind and beneath her flowery blouse and struggled to refasten her unmentionable. A young girl walked by the doorway and peered at the teacher standing in the darkness. She studied the teacher's face, an expression she never forgot.

3

I walked regularly in the mornings, just before seven. Sometimes I came across people I knew. When M. jogged toward me with her dog to say hello, the dog darted in the opposite direction upon seeing me. As we spoke about our weeks, I continued to think about why the dog had darted away from me. There really was no reason...I knew that M. had seen it too, and I wondered if M. was concerned about the dog darting, and by extension, my dogsitting methods. In the dog's defense, I had wanted to dart too when I saw M. and her dog, but I hadn't. M. could be intimidating with her clean mannerisms and conversational ease, and I had indeed darted on previous walks through the town square, hiding behind a bush or tree to avoid contact. I didn't understand what I had done to the dog, whom I've often allowed to nest in my lap as I read even though it always left behind a ring of fur. I sensed my own indignation. I had expended so much energy to suppress my need to bolt that the dog should have at least faked some enthusiasm.

25

4

She woke up with his foot in her hand. She supposed it was true that a fight could be healthy and was what was needed to move forward. She drove away from his little house, past the French American School and florist, to her own house on a parallel street.

As she turned the corner, she noticed two small boys playing in the front yard of the neighboring house. Two more boys, a little taller, emerged from behind the gate that opened to the backyard. She drove slowly past the gate and found more similarly sized boys standing behind the fence: five, six, seven, eight, nine! Nine boys. As she counted, she did not notice her car drifting into the next lane until she'd side swiped a parked van. Now all of the boys were looking at her, and she was once again unsure of what to do.

5

26

The bus trip wore down our nerves. We had wanted to see the Petrified Forest, which was 9 million years old. A woman with a tight pony tail and her chubby husband with a looser pony tail fussed about no seats being available in the front and made the entire bus sit according to the seat number assigned on our tickets. Our two seat assignments were in the very back, by the wheel. Just after we gave up our seat, the bus driver stepped back onto the bus and told the passengers that the bus was first come, first serve and would not be checking seat numbers. At the back of the bus, we sighed. All along the road, the peach trees bore fruit into paper bags.

Boy

Janalyn Guo

You ran onto a bridge under construction, little fish paths beneath your feet, small enough to put your finger over. What a giant you were. You turned toward a love; you were always before him. You spent your entire boyhood running ahead. *Dad, the bridge changed?* A curl into a question like a cat tail. The brush against; the oomph in your vernacular.

It had changed. A version closer to a perfected system of connection, or suspension. A difference you bit into and held as all your teeth erupted. Jaw surgery made your speech different. Your chin emerged from behind a door.

You're fishing into mud water. You don't let your teeth yellow. When you dream of missing teeth, you know what it means: dying, not your own—never that—but of destinations and harbors, of things that exceed you, of the time-machine on your father's shoulders, arched over fish, scaling. The scrape of his wristwatch against stone. He's getting close to the end of his fish; he's got you turning tripe. You want access beyond the mudbrickwalls of words. You want an opening in the shape of your figure everywhere.



Untitled from Tarpaulin Muster, 2013

Digital C-print, 8" x 10"



Untitled from *Tarpaulin Muster*, 2013

Digital C-print, 8" x 10"

Captain Snugz Rides Again Again

Erika Jo Brown

Break a brandy snifter. Break any
small thing. A nugget of bituminous
coal. Not a heart. Not a lot. Afterwards,
improve yourself. Refrain from hitting
snooze, etc. Fix a small thing. A bug or
capillary. Eat a schnitzel with capers.
Stop taking orders. Adopt a schnauzer.
Adopt a funny German accent when
commanding it to stay. Captain Snugz,
how is your mouth always so hot?

30

I love you more everyday, not less
and this concerns me. You mug. Plus,
we live on a floodplain. It may all seem
non-germaine but G-d, sometimes
it's cloudy, sometimes luminous.

Dirty Birdies

Erika Jo Brown

For my rabbit heart, nervous in the
birches, I enrolled in a class for those
with pain or injury, but it wasn't
what I expected. A whiffle of light still
flickers by the wharf. Once, I was adopted
by a family of line dancers. When you fall
in love, then you are just down some place.
Consider welding—to unite by heat or
compression, after having been softened.
Consider the silliness of yon weft
without a warp. What a weave we make.

31

Wether, you are a castrated ram. Whelp,
you are a young pup. Whether introduces
an alternative clause followed by another
alternative or not, or not. Cave paintings
existed during the first ice age. Your problems
are not new, although yes, it is cold in here.

Oh, counterfeit wampum! I saw the sign
and it said—varicose veins demand excellence.
What are your demands? Consider how she
whimpers when you unpeel the sheet music.
Whoop, there it is. The foam-crusted waves
are also known as white horses. Don't mind
the noise, it's just birds loosing into the night.

The President

Erika Jo Brown

The President demands all your golden paperclips. The President demands your nights, which is fine, because she's the President. The President already has your hay-sown days. You give the President your child, one after another.

The President has established connection with your umbilical cord, which tugs at random and sends you careening back to the President. You have come all this way for the President. The

32

President is a lady of many stipulations.

You steal a few quiet moments with her creamy cardstock. You know

that in the basement your hay fever has much abated. Thanks to you, the President, the chiggers and the sandfleas

are hardly a problem. The President

builds monuments to her nuclear family and you write the memorandums.

Morals, don't come in to this, your

mouth stuffed with morels. The President

is a busy woman. You realize you are

being watched. You are being watched.



33

Untitled from Tarpaulin Muster, 2013

Digital C-print, 8" x 10"

Whitney's Greatest Love/Mix

R. Zamora Linmark

34

Whitney Houston why did you have to marry/die
more crack/lesbian rumors threading
on Yahoo day before Grammy's/drowning
in Beverly Hills bathtub of bankruptcy/booze
and pills as if not enough shit/Hollywood
in the world another tragic diva/New Jersey native
gone another reality/rerun to entertain ennui
outrage at seeing you/our Whitney leave full-blast
without a farewell lamb/lambast from Republican
tea/pat-on-the-shoulder time or die-hards/dykes
blaming/shouting boo Bobby/drugs as the time
I sat nosebleed seat/God inside Aloha
Stadium/flea market and listened while you
lose/pray for a voice to stay throughout "I Will
Always Love You" who could forget/forgive
then-hubby was front act/cover-up some say
to appease/please Jesus as two freshmen girls
from another memory danced/touched to "All
the Man That I Need" s/he fills me up
s/he gives me love who cares you're gone now
embraceable more so irreplaceable Aretha/Lena
in-one as one musician/critic said blossoming
alongside Reagan/Boy George and my very
first/deep kiss from a geek/hot how will I ever
forget/thank you in slinky dress/grey matching

long/tight-fitting arm warmers pink frosty lips
MTV's biggest bow on your head singing/dancing
to the very top of the world/chart "How Will I
Know" knowing/learning what I already knew
right then or thought I did about love/losing
during a brief moment/eternity in one's life.

Last Dance

R. Zamora Linmark

36

“So sad” begins Justin’s brief
note “Donna Summer passed away
this morning” followed by ellipses
what else is there to say
other than I’m here standing by
the window processing recovered
memories in lieu of loss morning
sun on my face ghetto and
glamour twenty-two stories
beneath my feet it makes me sad
and sick to say farewell to another
diva whose disco tracks made my
first years in America supra-
bearable Donna was my lei greeter
darling I did not only assimilate
or anthropologically speaking
acculturate I flipped my feathered
hair flaunted my fresh-off-the-

plane attitude in Famolare
platforms polyester long-sleeve
shirts denim bellbottoms
I oohed and aahed twenty-two
times baby throughout “Love
to Love You, Baby” on the dance

floor rolled my eyes back to Avila
while imaginary lovers guided me
out of fear and longing for a home
no longer there disco and Donna
had taken over as my new world
I felt safe and sexy and was
myself when I wasn't imagining
grooving with my secret crush
to "Dim All the Lights" my hands
on his waist his hands on my shoulders
enough distance between us to watch
the biting of our lips and whisper
to each other the most beautiful
word in the disco language "babe"

37

then there was that afternoon in
'79 Jeff choreographed a "Bad
Girls" number to be performed
on a stonewall by me Julie
my sister Jing as three die-hard
hookers on Hotel Street selling love
at half-off because it was cheaper
than sorry how we danced and
role-played deep into the night
oh we went on worshipping you
Donna even after word got
around that disco caused cancer
and you turned your back on Adam

and Steve and Eve your number-
one fans of fags and hags we
saluted you then as I and the sun
bow to you now hearing your
voice in my head again singing
“Could It Be Magic?” after all
these years what else could it be
but magic and arias and endless
oohs and aahs of almost-gone
glory here’s to your first day
of everness dearly Donna Patron
Diva of Our Unending Last Dance.

Arse Poetica

R. Zamora Linmark

It's already four-thirty and Bukowski's
whores and liquor store poets are far
from those pre-twilight frustrations
and bedroom boredom that once led
to grandstanding and gratuitous verses
with internal rhymes as bonuses 'til
this day they stick to my mother's memory
like smegma stuck between dilemma
and pop's pubic lice always nice on
jasmine rice or is there hope stronger
than a rope for our pope making art
always begins with sweet scent of F
said Plato or was it Bluto in a couplet
hairpiece best covers herpes and haikus
red lipstick on front tooth slightly
chipped seventy-year-old Lolitas
explosive and sexhausted titles of
B-lyrical odes "Gospel According
to Luke Loser" and "Who Won the War
Between Gentile and Genital Warts"
alliterations enough for everyone
even the window washer feels sorry
working overtime scrubbing grime
and bacon grease off my studio window
so I can see beyond the bald voyeur

across my building scratching to sniff
his dangling balls as he watches me
scrape white meat off an Oreo cliché
I wish it came from the passing cloud
of cellulites a cue to end the sun
salutation and throw in the dash –



Untitled from *Tarpaulin Muster*, 2013

Digital C-print, 8" x 10"

Me and You

Casey Plett

42

You were always very sweet. I was waiting for my dad on the top of the stairs of the third floor, scratching at the peeling wallpaper, and you came up to me and said, "Don't do that. You'll get icky." You tried to put the wallpaper back and got mad when you couldn't. You beat on the wall with your hands. You turned to me and your eyes were wet and you said, "I'm sorry. I couldn't put it back. Are you mad at me?" I said no, I said, "I don't want to be mad. You're nice." You beamed and sat down beside me on the stairs. You said, "Hi." I said hi. You said, "My name is Brittany, do you have a name?" I told you my dad called me George, and you laughed and said, "George! George George George!" Your mom came around and you said "Mommy I have a friend, look! His dad calls him George! What does my dad call me?" She smiled at me but it didn't look real. She said to you, "That's very nice, we have to go okay? We're in a hurry." You moved to her coat. You didn't look happy. "You can play with George later." You disappeared down the stairs, waving back to me before she pulled you all the way gone. When my dad finally came I said, "Dad! I met a friend here, her name's Brittany! Does she live here? Do you know any Brittannys?" He said he didn't, but we would have to look out for her later sometime. I asked if he thought we would find her, and he said yes, we will, but later. We went down the stairs, out of the building, around the pile of dirty snow, to the bus stop, on the bus, and over to daycare, and the whole time I looked for you because I thought maybe if I looked hard enough you would be standing on the sidewalk or around a corner.

You were by the mailboxes with your mom when I saw you next week. You were wearing a green hat. I squealed when I saw you and said, "Brittany Brittany!" You ran up to me and said you were happy I was there because you'd forgotten what my face looked like. I pointed to my head and said, "It looks like this. Will you remember next time?" You said yes. This time your mom watched us. Then she bent down and said things into your ear. Your eyes got so big. You said to me, "Where do you live? Because I live in three oh five. Can I know where you live please?" I told you three oh two and you said okay.

My dad made me knock on your door the next day. Your mom opened the door little and smiled when she saw me. I liked it this time. She said hello and took off the chain and opened the door big. My dad pushed my shoulder and I asked if Brittany was home. She said yes. She told us to come in and my dad started talking with her.

You were in the living room playing and you looked happy when you saw me. You were showing me your Legos when I heard a big banging from the couch. I got scared and yelled. You said "No! It's just the radiator. Mom says ours is broken but it can't hurt us." Oh, I said. Okay. The banging kept coming and I thought I'd cry some because the noise was so loud and everywhere but then you said, "Here, look. Watch, I'll be safe." You lay down next to the couch and pushed yourself under it. I thought you were gone for sure but then you said, "See! I'm all safe, and guess what, I'm going to show you something nifty but you have to be here to see it."

I was scared but I knew if you were in trouble then I had to help and so I had to come no matter what. I lay down and pushed myself under the couch. It was dark next to you, really really dark, because the couch had flaps that covered it to the floor. The radiator banged and I almost made a yell but you said sshhh guess what. And I said what and you said, "Look up it's like we're in space." I looked and didn't yell and even though all I could see was really dark, it was like the dark was twisting. I thought I saw colors, like dots of them. There was purple, and green, and blue.

*

44

A few hours later back in our apartment, I wanted to show my dad what you showed me. He was in his room. Or maybe he wasn't? Sometimes he went out and didn't tell me where he went. But I went up to his door and there was music coming out. Loud music. I knocked on the door and said "Dad?" but I just heard music. I thought maybe he'd gone and forgotten about it but then I heard him say, "Go to sleep," and then the music got louder. "Daaad!" I said again. The music stopped. "Go to sleep!" he said, and the music started again and I ran into the living room and I tried lying under the couch but I couldn't fit, ours was lower, instead I got stuck. I wiggled a lot but my sides were hooked in under the couch. It hurt. I said, "Dad? Daaad?!" and he didn't come and then after a while I started screaming. "HELLLP! I'M STUCKK! DADDDDD!" I screamed and I started crying too and I waved my arms and wiggled my sides and kept screaming and screaming but nothing happened. I did that for a long time. Then I let my legs go still and I felt the cool of the floor on my skin. I did that and I remembered your face. I remembered your face. I lay there quiet until after a

while my dad came out of his room, naked and muttering and with his eyes going crazy.

*

You knocked on my door to tell me you were going away. My dad let you in even though your mom wasn't there. You said your mom didn't tell you why, but that she'd yelled at you when she didn't ever and she was renting a van tomorrow and she looked really sad. I said that means we won't see each other ever again and you curled your fingers in the top of your hands and your eyes scrunched and you said, "We won't! It's stupid! It's really really really stupid!"

My dad was listening. He felt bad. He got out a camera and told us to smile and took dozens of pictures of me and you. He gave you the film when he was done and told you to develop it someday. I cried because you had something to remember me by and I didn't, so you took off your shoes, and then your socks. They were black. You smiled and said, "Here! These are for you!" We moved soon too a little later. I thought about us, and your socks again, and if your mom asked where'd they go.

Gas

Casey Plett

The first girl slides off her shoes and puts her feet on the floor of the car. Empty bags of chips are on the mat. She grabs at a couple and drops them in the back.

The second girl, driving, doesn't take her eyes off the road, curving around walls of forest. She says we should clean this the next time we stop. The first girl says kay and reclines her seat back. The second girl sighs and rests her hand on the first girl's thigh. The first girl squeezes the second girl's hand. She says good night. She tilts herself toward the door.

*

46

The car stops at an Arco station. The first girl stirs and says where we?

Shelton.

Wherezat.

Hour from Coeur D'Alene. We need to clean the car.

I'm sleeping.

The first girl sits up. Past the overhead station lights, she can make out husky scattershot silhouettes of low-rise buildings. We shouldn't be here, she says.

We need gas and the car's filthy, says the second girl. She takes her long, stocky frame out of the car.

Oh we'd make it! says the first girl, aggravated. The gauge is fucked and I don't want—

The car's filthy says the second girl. Since you're up, you wanna fill the tank? Thanks. She shuts the door and lopes toward the store, and the first girl fixates on the point of the second girl's Adam's Apple serenely obtruding into the store's light as she pulls open a glass door.

*

A boy sits behind a counter on a fluorescent-orange stool, playing with one of the Zippos. He yawns and glugs from a tall cup of cool coffee. A man with a grey coat on the other end of the store is by the fountain drinks filling a cup with Mello Yello.

The second girl enters and the boy looks up. She smiles and moves to the snacks. The boy watches her. The first girl likes cashews, and the second girl takes two packages. They are out of Clorox wipes and Advil, and the second girl takes those as well. The second girl considers coffee before settling on soda, and passes the man in the grey coat. He accidentally bumps her, and he doesn't spill his soda but one of the cashew packages slips out of the second girl's hand. He bends down and says pardon and she nods, takes the cashews back, and squeaks a thanks.

47

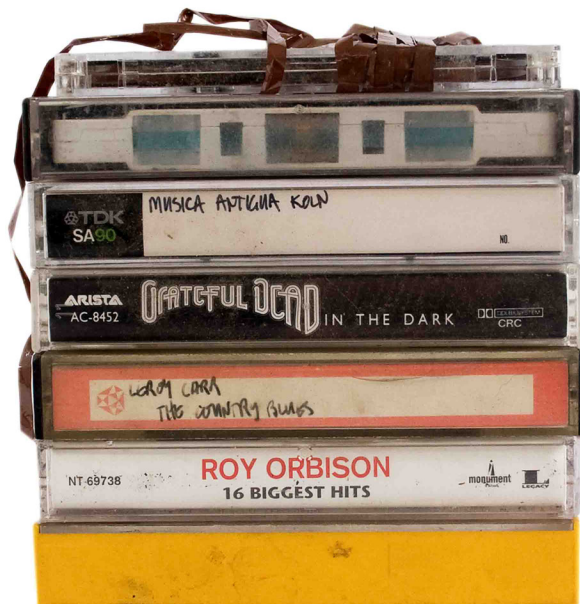
The man scans her body as he rises. He takes in her legs, her boobs, her jaw, her eyes. He pauses and looks at her level and hard, his facial expression blank while the second girl tries very hard to do the same. Then he smiles, tips his Mariners cap and heads for the counter. The boy puts down the Zippo and beeps in the man's purchase. The second girl fills up a cup with Mello Yello.

The first girl fuels up, cleans the car. She throws away empty bags of chips, cashews. She throws away soda and coffee cups, fast food receipts. She takes books cluttered on the back floor mats, drops them into bags in the trunk. She wonders if she can't find the Clorox wipes, or if they're actually out. She looks through the store windows, sees the wipes nestled under the second girl's armpit.

The first girl smiles, then sees the boy and the man with the grey coat. She freezes for a second, then grabs the car keys, shuts the door, locks it, and walks inside. The keys jingle in the pocket of her hoodie, unzipped, banging against her jeans.

48 The man is showing the boy a book and the second girl is deliberating on chips when the first girl comes inside. All three look up at the first girl. The second girl's face pulls back in a bun of fear. The boy stares at the first girl, and the man looks from the first girl, to the second girl, to the first girl. The second girl raises the yellow cylinder and says got the wipes! The first girl says thanks.

The man clears his throat, puts a hand in his pocket, and begins walking toward the second girl. The boy begins walking toward the first girl. The second girl, rabbit-eyed, resolutely fixed to the floor, only moves once the man is a few feet away. She runs to an emergency-exit door and shoulders it open. The first girl runs out and starts the car. The man and the boy look at each other. One shrugs, and the other shakes his head and takes a slurp from his drink.



Untitled from Tarpaulin Muster, 2013

Digital C Print, 8" x 10"

The Clone Rhymes Now at Home

Rich Murphy

50

When the drones come home to roost,
dreams will be stuffed with “Hey you!,”
foxes will be detected in the cat
and mouse games; the hen house
will be bugged to determine
which came first the kitchen
or the egg; bedrooms will be projected
onto police station walls;
the wasps swatted by people
without business suits will trigger
the SWAT team; big brother,
hanging around every corner
lighting cigarettes, howling at girls,
and pointing out targets,
will mow families down
on backyard lawns; and remote controls
will motivate the idlers when standing
in streetcars or stuck in traffic.
The groans, heard from out of the blue
with perfect perch over shoulders
everywhere, don’t whistle before explosions.

The Tremor State

Rich Murphy

The tanks citizens get for participating
in government remain camouflaged.
The landscape shifts roadside to roadside,
foot to foot. Architecture with the frieze
turns attention before the edifice artifice:
nihilism bursting concrete on the scene.
Neighborhoods scatter in all directions.
Rear guards to families shake tools
at the advancing thunder and lightning strikes.
A storm taints towns dead.
The clean slate upon which injustice
marks lessons in one-sided etiquette
smolders around body parts and bulldozers.
Unfurling a refugee camp against
the howling change, NGOs patch
a pock in a heritage bleeding out:
Fabric unravels to dam the survivors.
The untouched pressure points
rumble anywhere surrounded in steel.



Tarpaulin Muster (Nate Sings), 2013
HD video projection with audio, 7:32 loop

[Untitled video from Tarpaulin Muster, 2013](#)

The Garbagemen's Strike

Edward Gauvin translating the French of Jean Ferry

Since no one knew what to do with the trash while the garbage men were on strike, we burned it in the little central heating boiler. But the ashes wouldn't burn, and soon we didn't know where to put them. I was very tired back then, even more tired than usual, and I couldn't call up the energy to haul the ashes that were piling up all the way to the heap at the intersection, whose growth the concierges in the neighborhood surveyed—not without pride. I dumped the ashes between the boiler and the little nook, and soon there were a lot, because to make the garbage burn I was also burning my ration of coal nuts. Now, a bad precedent, worse habits, the fire going out one day—in short, we soon wound up throwing out things that weren't ashes, things we'd have been better off burning. In a little apartment like ours, a heap of trash like that was really unpleasant, all the more so because it began to slide, to spread here, there, and everywhere, and there was no end to sweeping in that dim little room with the boiler. We threw everything on that ash pile: oyster shells, banana peels, an empty can, fabric scraps, it was a regular landfill. But I was so tired...

So naturally, what had to happen happened. One morning, where the pile had been, was an old beggar who reproachfully watched me cross the room, probably because I wasn't giving him anything. He'd put so much care into taking shape from our trash that apart from him, everything was now clean and orderly in that little room. Scrutinizing him with despair, I found the ashes in the filth of his grayish cast; from the banana peels he'd made pallid

fingers, shapeless and trembling; from white eggshells the whites of his eyes; and from fabric scraps the tatters that clothed him. And toward me, he extended the tin can which had seemed useful for begging. He fit precisely into that little recess, and with a heavy heart I knew right away that there was no getting him out of there now.

54 The next day, the strike was over, the garbage trucks rolling merri-ly down every street. But my panhandler's still there. I don't know what to do. We always have to go through that little room to get to the other half of our apartment; anyway, we really had to light the fire again, and where he is, he can't possibly be cold. He never speaks, barely even moves, but each time we pass by, he holds out the tin can with a trembling arm and, despite every thought I can muster against charity, I go back to the kitchen for some change if I don't have any. No one dares walk by him now without giving him something. The concierge says, "Just bring him down with your other trash. Once he's in the can, you won't be able to tell him from everything else!" Easier said than done. I don't have a big enough shovel, and he looks so cozy over there by the boiler. Maybe he'll leave when the fire goes out.

The cats are lucky indeed. They don't see him, they don't even know he's there, and they sleep right where he does.

"Like we didn't have enough troubles already!"

La grève des boueurs

Jean Ferry

Comme on ne savait pas quoi faire avec les ordures, pendant la grève des boueurs, on les a brûlées dans la petite chaudière du chauffage central. Mais les cendres ne brûlent pas, et bientôt, on ne savait plus où les mettre. À cette époque, j'étais très fatigué, encore plus fatigué que d'habitude, et je n'ai pas trouvé l'énergie d'aller porter ces cendres qui s'accumulaient jusqu'au tas du carrefour, dont les concierges du quartier surveillaient, non sans orgueil, la croissance. J'ai versé les cendres entre la chaudière et le petit recoin, et bientôt il y en a eu beaucoup, parce que, pour faire brûler les ordures, je brûlais aussi ma provision de boulets. Or, le mauvais exemple, la contagion, le feu un jour éteint, bref, sur notre petit tas personnel, on a fini par jeter des choses qui n'étaient pas des cendres et qu'il eût mieux valu brûler. Dans un petit appartement comme le nôtre, cet amoncellement de saletés était vraiment désagréable, d'autant plus qu'il a commencé à couler, à se répandre un peu partout et qu'on n'arrêtait pas de balayer dans la petite pièce obscure où il y a la chaudière. On a mis de tout, sur ce tas de cendres, des coquilles d'huîtres, des peaux de bananes, une boîte de conserves vide, des déchets d'étoffe, enfin, une vraie poubelle en liberté. Mais j'étais si fatigué...

A Tear in His Eye

Edward Gauvin translating the French of Jean Ferry

56

Who among us, at that age when we grow curious about fantastical tales, hasn't been captivated by the story of that character who describes himself as endowed by the creator with the face of a hyena, lips of bronze, eyes of jasper, and a reproductive organ much closer to the deadly viper than a harmless phallus? Among other peculiarities of a personality that seems to have been difficult, this individual, mired throughout his brief, unhappy life in what he calls "the green membranes of space" (we credit the expression entirely to him), insists on having it known that it was impossible for him to laugh. I won't mention here the curious experiment that followed this confession, whose principal accessory was a well-sharpened razor. What I want to write about today is an absolutely analogous case, by which I mean the total opposite.

It has to do with a very dear friend, whom I'll call Jean for simplicity's sake, and who could never manage to cry. I found this case even stranger than that of the aforementioned polymorphous hero, as it is clear that occasions for tears are, all things considered, more common than occasions for laughter.

And yet, up to the age of forty-two, no matter how much he wanted to, Jean had never yet managed to extract from his lacrimal glands a single drop of what some call the heart's dew, and others, much closer to the truth, call a liquid composed of mucus, water, salt, and phosphate of lime. Like all his fellow creatures, he had met with excellent reasons to weep. He had lost his childhood;

during that childhood, he'd met with many a disappointment; as a teenager, he'd suffered unjustly (but is any suffering just?); he had, as was expected, bid loved ones goodbye, and seen those he hated and despised triumph. He'd even known sweet ecstasies, those vague and generous impulses that, urged on by moonlight or a view of the sea, bring a slight mistiness to even the driest eyes. Not a drop. Doctors, consulted one after the other, could only remark upon the absolutely normal physical state of a patient who bore a pair of lacrimal glands in excellent condition.

Now this man, whom nature refused our common consolation—when death came for the woman he loved most of all, when his best friend betrayed and ruined him, when he saw the most melancholy tragedies play out before him, when in the depths of discomfort he was forced one winter morning to pull back over numb feet the holey socks he'd washed secretly in cold water the night before in the shared hotel sink, socks that were far from dry (and few are those who in such circumstances haven't shed a few tears o'er their fate), this man whom a sudden, unexpected luck filled with colossal contempt for cowardly sycophants (for they made him lose all confidence in human goodness, a loss which anyone might have underscored with a tear), this man who honestly, sincerely tried all his life to cry at every suitable moment, without ever succeeding—this poor man, one autumn eve, burst into tears.

We know why. The investigation revealed that a grocer he'd begged for a few ounces of salt with such courtesy as might have seemed quaint, a grocer whose shop he'd confidently entered, whom he'd approached with kindly sympathy, ready at the slightest sign to grant him his brotherly love, had answered him with the igno-

blest brutality: "There's no more salt." The man who'd never been able to cry went home, profoundly affected, and began to cry. He wept for an hour over events in their reverse order: over the grocer's meanness, over the infamy of the human race, over Gustave's treachery, over the death of the woman he'd loved, over the death of Uncle Tom, over the death of the Lady of the Camellias, over his wet socks, over the shitters he'd cleaned when it wasn't his turn for chores, over being last in geography class, over his first tooth. He wept for an hour, then another, then another, and as he fell asleep he was crying still. In the morning his grief had calmed somewhat, but he noticed that he'd cried during his sleep, and his pillow had to be wrung out. He wrung it out, weeping, and only toward evening on that second day did he seriously start worrying. He'd gotten over his whole life, but he was still crying, and it was very wearisome. After a night of tears and anguish, he went to find a doctor, who prescribed rest just in case.

Jean locked himself in his room and, for many long days, let flow his monotonous and regular tears; falling on the table, they gradually warped the wood. Jean lost weight, grew pale in his solitude, and in the eyes of the Medical Faculty, bent in astonishment over this unique and monstrous phenomenon, it became clear that he would soon melt entirely away: a possibility all the more distressing since Jean had recovered, as they say, his taste for life, and now enjoyed himself at the drop of a hat, and laughed so hard that he cried when reading funny books.

But the grocer, upon accidentally hearing that he was the cause of this event swelling column inches of newsprint, was seized with remorse. Not daring to present himself before his victim, he sent

by post, with apologies, a bag of particularly refined salt. A paper cone of it came with the morning mail at eight.

On entering Jean's room at nine a.m., the cleaning lady recoiled with horror and fainted, dropping the buckets and sponges she used so many of daily. The head, limbs, and innards of my unlucky friend were strewn around the room's four corners, amidst splatters and objects better left unspecified. From his right hand, the grocer's unfolded letter was pried with difficulty; reading it had doubtless moved him so violently that he'd exploded in sobs.

La larme à l'oeil

Jean Ferry

Chacun de nous, à l'âge où l'on est curieux de récits romanesques, s'est intéressé à l'histoire de ce personnage qui se décrit lui-même comme doté par le créateur d'un visage de hyène, de lèvres de bronze, de prunelles de jaspe, et d'un organe reproducteur beaucoup plus proche de la mortelle vipère que d'un inoffensif phallus. Entre autres particularités d'un caractère qui semble avoir été difficile, cet individu, empêtré tout au long d'une existence brève et malheureuse dans ce qu'il appelle « les membranes vertes de l'espace » (expression dont nous lui laissons toute la responsabilité), tient à faire savoir qu'il lui était impossible de rire. Je ne mentionnerai pas ici l'expérience curieuse qui suit cette confidence, et dont l'accessoire principal est un rasoir bien repassé. Ce dont je veux écrire aujourd'hui, c'est d'un cas absolument analogue, c'est-à-dire totalement opposé....

Contributors

Hugh (Hew) Barclay of Ladyland (1560-1597) was a fellow poet and Roman Catholic with Alexander Montgomerie in the “Castalian band” of James VI. Like Montgomerie, Barclay was accused of plotting against the Protestant court, and was imprisoned twice before his eventual death by drowning on the tiny island of Ailsa Craig. Barclay’s sonnet here is part of a humorous exchange between himself, Montgomerie, and Robert Hudson, another “brother of their craft.”

Erika Jo Brown is from New York. She currently lives in Savannah, GA, where she co-curates the Seersucker Shots reading series. Her reviews on contemporary poetry can be found in *Jacket2*, the *Iowa Review*, the *Kenyon Review*, and more. Her chapbook *What a Lark!* was published by Further Adventures Press in 2011.

Lina Maria Ferreira Cabeza-Vanegas graduated from BYU with a BA in English and is concurrently completing two MFA’s at the University of Iowa in Creative Nonfiction and Literary Translation. She was born and raised in Bogota Colombia, translates from Spanish to English and is interested in untranslatable and linguistically unnegotiable.

Though **Jean Ferry** (1906-1974) made his living as a screenwriter—best known for his collaborations with Clouzot, Buñuel, Louis Malle, and Georges Franju—he was involved in many notable movements of 20th century French literature. He was a satrap of the College of ‘Pataphysics, an Oulipo guest of honor, and the greatest specialist of his day in the works of Proust’s eccentric neighbor, Raymond Roussel. Ferry’s only book of prose, *The Conductor and Other Tales*, was published in 1953 and recently brought back into print. Andre Breton called Ferry’s story “The Society Tiger” “the most sensationally new poetical text I have read in a long time.” Translations of

Ferry have appeared in *The Coffin Factory* and *Weird Fiction Review*, and are forthcoming in *Subtropics* and *Birkensnake*. Wakefield Press will publish the first English translation of *The Conductor* this November.

Edward Gauvin has received fellowships and residencies from the NEA, the Fulbright Association, the Centre National du Livre, and the Lannan Foundation. His translation of Georges-Olivier Châteaureynaud's selected stories *A Life on Paper* (Small Beer, 2010) was shortlisted for the Best Translated Book Award and won the Science Fiction & Fantasy Translation Award. Other publications have appeared in *Conjunctions*, *Subtropics*, *The New York Times*, *Tin House*, *PEN America*, and *The Southern Review*. The winner of the John Dryden Translation prize, he is a contributing editor at *Words Without Borders*, and writes on the fantastic for *Weird Fiction Review*.

Award winning poet **Kathleen Gilbert** received an MFA in Creative Writing from San Francisco State in 2013, after retiring from a career in public transportation. She has been interested in the Classics since taking Latin in high school and at the University of Rochester studying with N.O. Brown. Her work has been published in *Transfer*, *The Best of the Steel Toe Review* and online at *Swampwriting*. Her first book, *Just Us Chickens*, is available at Amazon.

Janalyn Guo lives by the beaches of Norwalk where the air is interesting. Her most recent fictions can be found or are forthcoming in *elimae*, *Bat City Review* and the inaugural online issue of *Interfictions*. She is an editorial assistant at *Unstuck Books*.

Kent Leatham is a poet, translator, editor, and critic. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in such journals as *Fence*, *Zoland*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Poets & Artists*, *InTranslation*, *Ezra*, and *The Battered Suitcase*. Kent serves as a poetry editor for Black Lawrence Press, and lives in central California.

R. Zamora Linmark is the author of three collections of poetry, *Prime Time Apparitions*, *The Evolution of a Sigh*, and *Drive-By Vigils*, all from Hanging Loose Press. He also published two novels, *Rolling the R's*, which he'd adapted for the stage, and *Leche*. The poems that appear in this issue are from his next collection tentatively titled *et al.*

Rich Murphy's credits include books: *Americana*, the 2013 Prize Americana winner, will be published later this year by The Institute for American Studies and Creative Writing; *Voyeur* was 2008 Gival Press Poetry Award winner (Gival Press); and *The Apple in the Monkey Tree* (Codhill Press). Chapbooks include *Great Grandfather* (Pudding House Press), *Family Secret* (Finishing Line Press), *Hunting and Pecking* (Ahadada Books), *Rescue Lines* (Right Hand Pointing), *Phoems for Mobile Vices* (BlazeVox) and *Pai-deia* (Aldrich Press).

Casey Plett has been a columnist for *McSweeney's Internet Tendency* and was a contributor to the Topside Press anthology *The Collection: Short Fiction from the Transgender Vanguard*. Her work has also appeared in *Two Serious Ladies*, *Line Zero*, *Cavalier Literary Couture*, and the *Manitoban*. She lives in Winnipeg, Canada and loves Miriam Toews with a vengeance.

Erin Sweeny was born and raised in the Pacific Northwest. After completing undergraduate studies at Seattle University and the San Francisco Art Institute, she received her MFA from the Cranbrook Academy of Art in 2011. Her work has been exhibited across the country, recently featured in Los Angeles, Chicago, and Little Rock. Residency programs include ACRE (Artists' Cooperative Residency and Exhibitions) and Ox-Bow. Sweeny is currently a contributing writer for Art21's Praxis Makes Perfect series and Carets & Sticks, an international forum for emerging contemporary artists. More information can be found at www.erinsweeny.com.

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>

Erica Mena, Rachel Trousdale, Shannon Walsh

Katie Hargrave, Sara Gilmore, David Emanuel

Bendta Schroeder, Ron Spalletta, Sarah Kosch

Rebecca Merrill, Alex Diskin

Sarah Seldomridge

Matt Landry

find us: www.anomalouspress.org

follow us: [Facebook](#) or [Twitter](#)