

# **Utriculi**

**Issue 1 Part 2**

**2024**

# Utriculi

## Issue 1 Part 2

edited by harry k stammer  
contributing editor Mark Young

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Cover art by Jean Vengua

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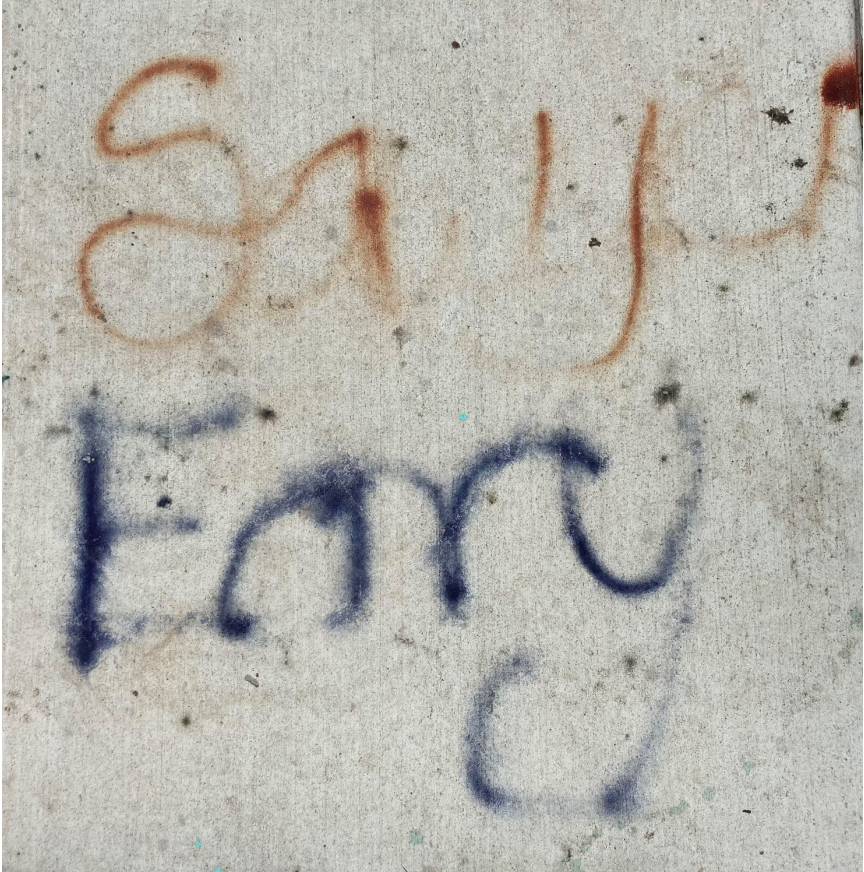
Thanks to all who contributed to issue 1 part 2 of Utricoli.

Special thanks to Jean Vengua for her cover art.

Special thanks to Mark Young.



Three Photographs



## Utriculi



**Jennifer Weigel** is a multi-disciplinary mixed media conceptual artist. Weigel utilizes a wide range of media to convey her ideas, including assemblage, drawing, fibers, installation, jewelry, painting, performance, photography, sculpture, video and writing. Much of her work touches on themes of beauty, identity (especially gender



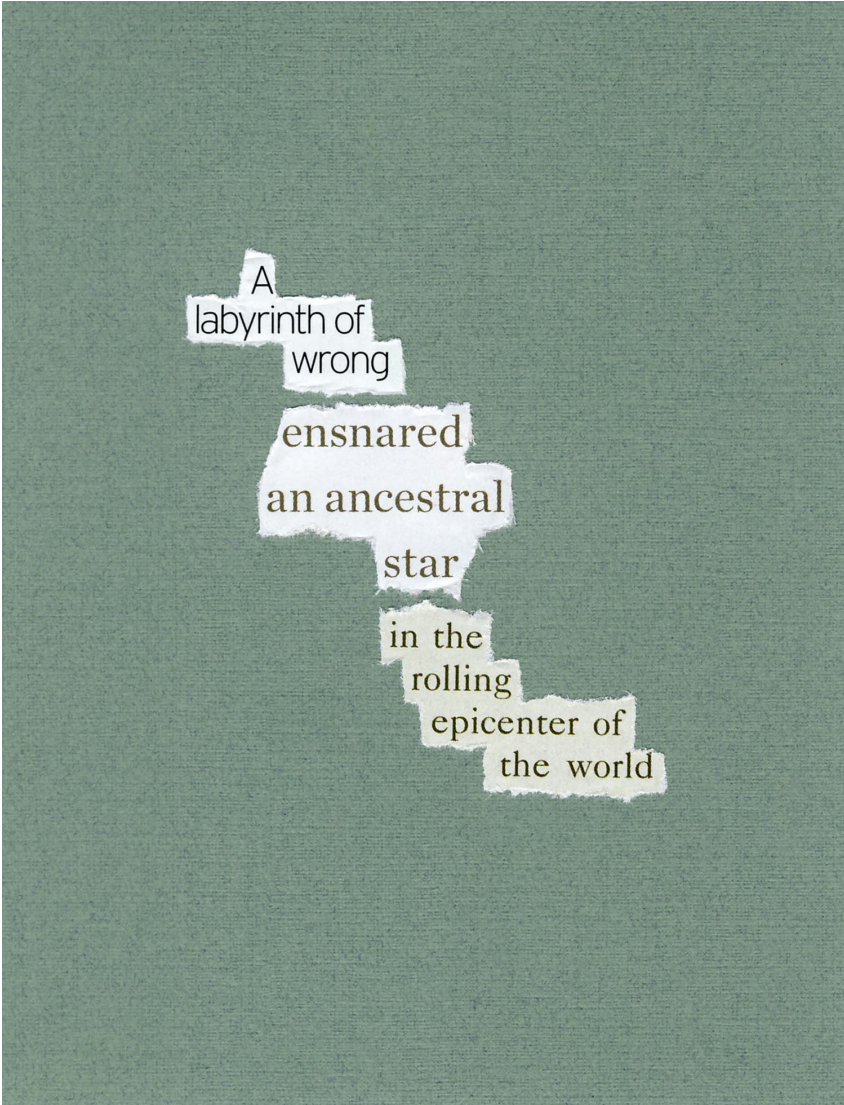
## Utriculi

identity), memory & forgetting, and institutional critique.  
<https://www.jenniferweigelpjects.com/>

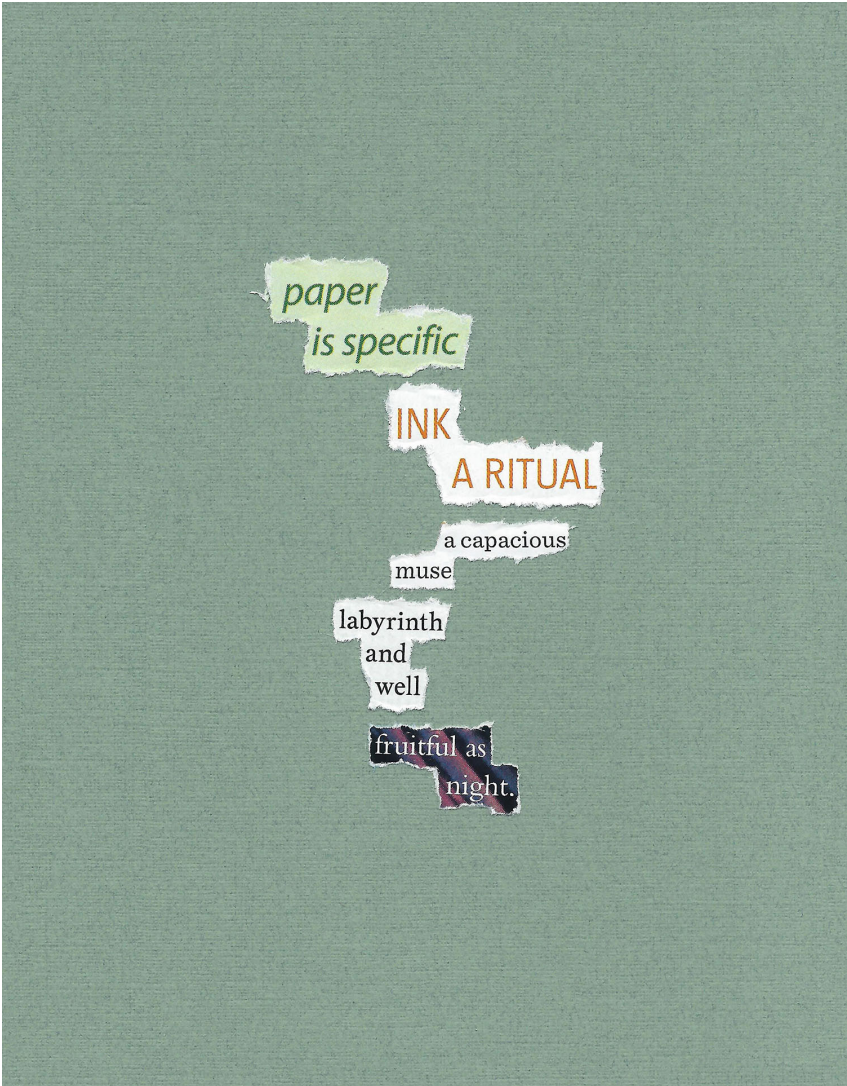
### **Statement**

I have always photographed things that catch my eye, especially the more mundane or overlooked those things might be. I am particularly drawn to details of nature & sky and neglected histories and moments left to return to nature.

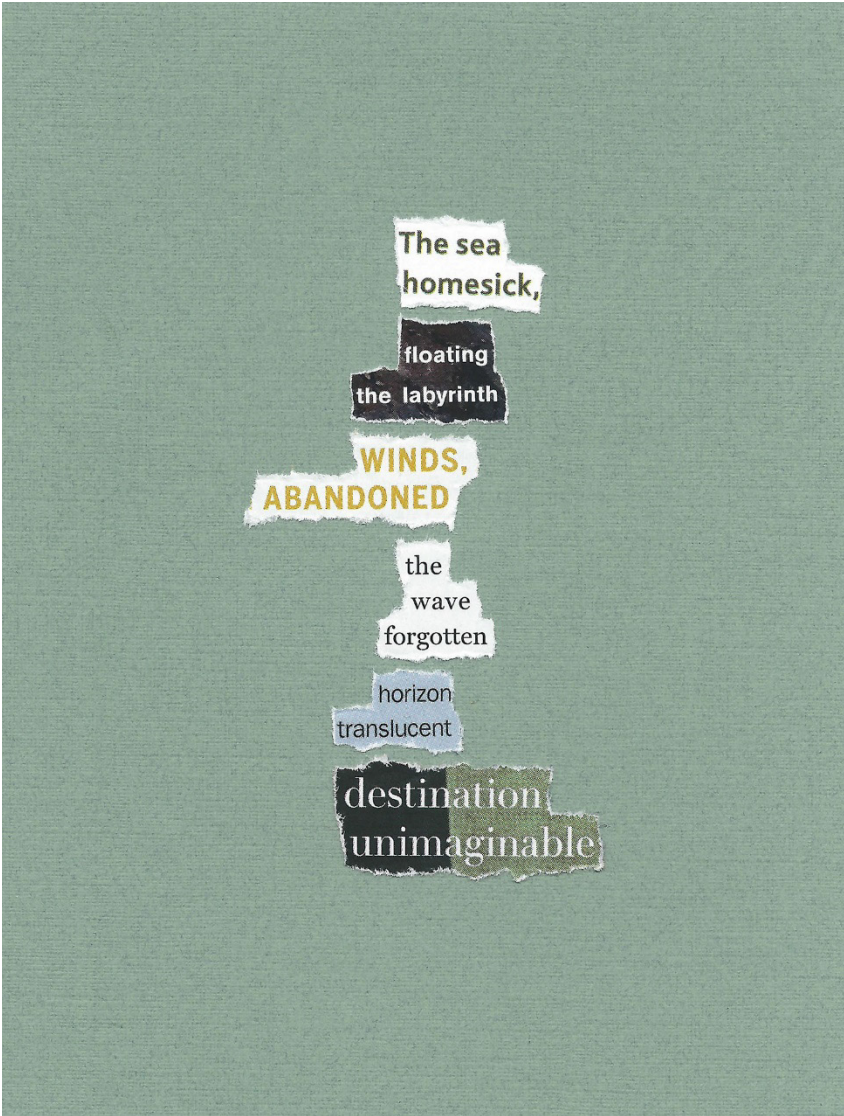
**A labyrinth of wrong**



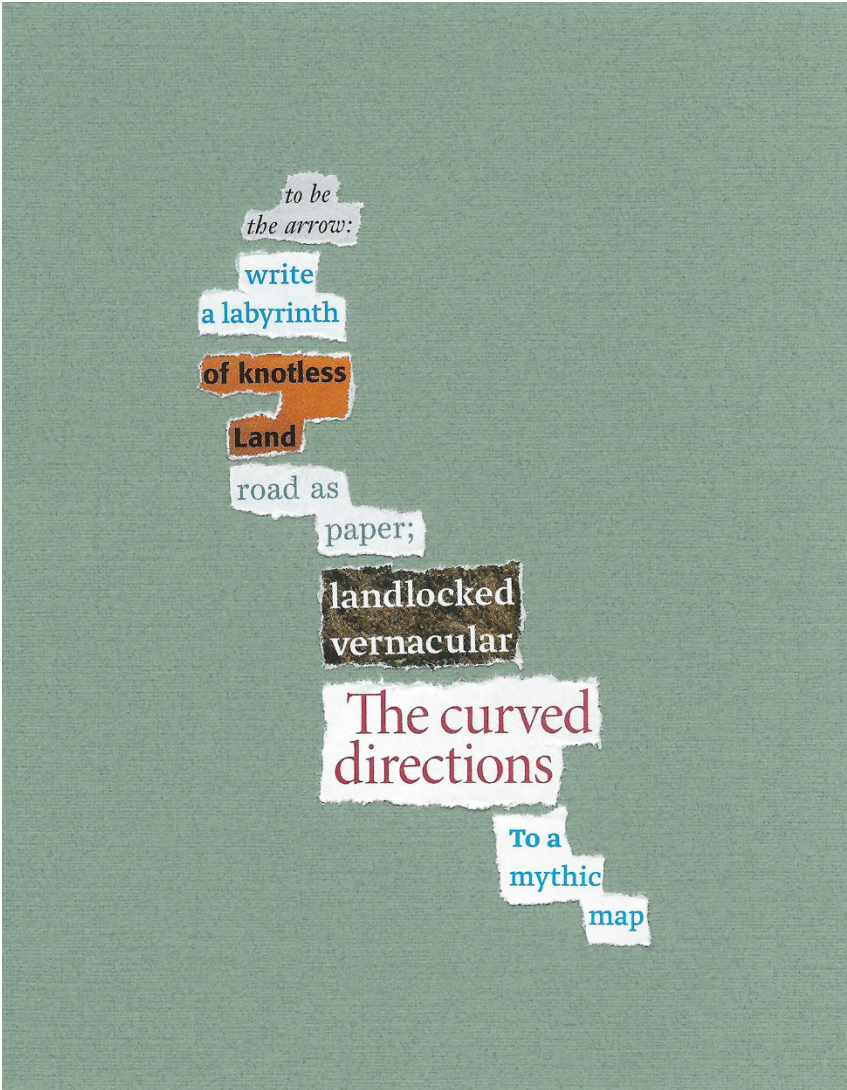
paper is specific



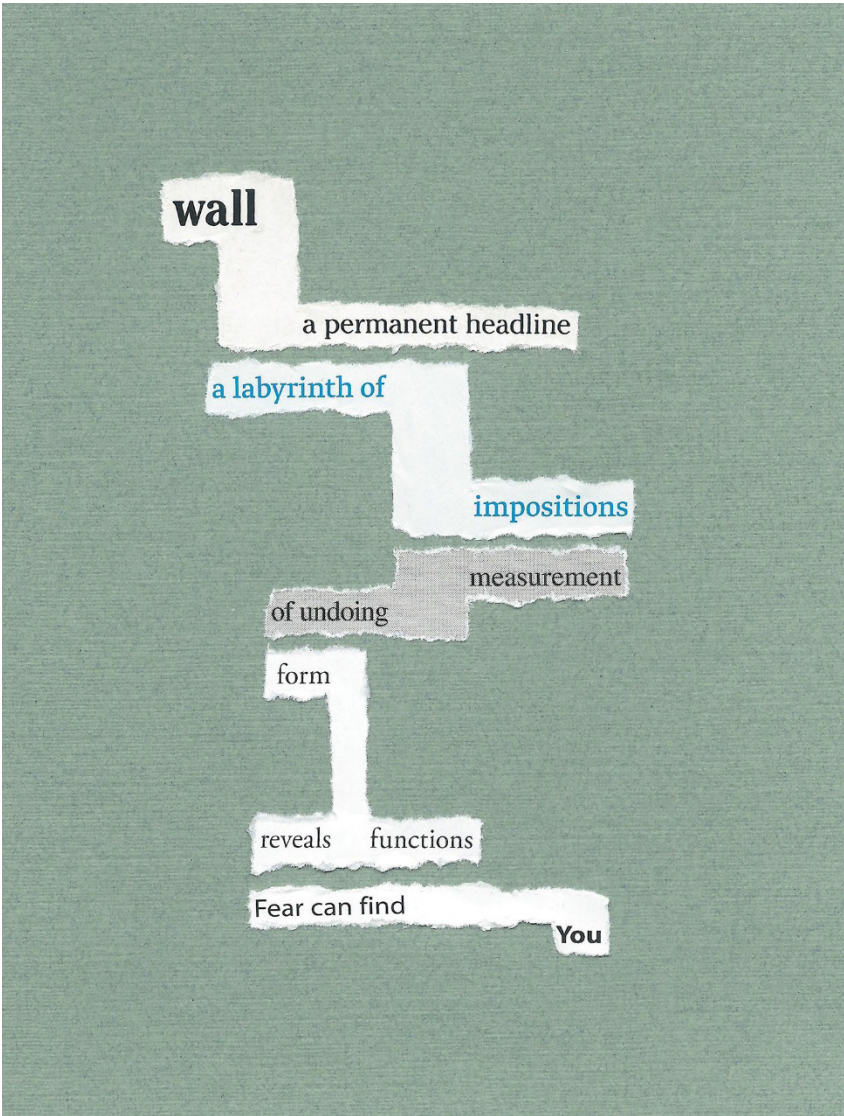
the sea homesick



to be the arrow



wall



**J.I. Kleinberg** lives in Bellingham, Washington, USA, and on Instagram @jikleiberg. An artist, poet, and freelance writer, her poems have been published in print and online journals worldwide. Chapbooks of her visual poems, *how to pronounce the wind* (Paper View Books) and *Desire's Authority* (Ravenna Press Triple Series No. 23), were published in 2023; *she needs the river* (Poem Atlas) was published in 2024.

**J.I. Kleinberg's** visual poems are small collages assembled from lines of text she discovers in recycled magazines, where words from different sentences, paragraphs, or columns accidentally come into physical proximity. The text is not altered (except for the occasional deletion of prefixes, suffixes, or punctuation) and includes no attributable phrases. Kleinberg collects these phrases, each roughly the equivalent of a poetic line, and allows them to linger on her work table until they begin to talk with one another.

Asemic with Bird and Flying Id - Ink on paper, 8-22-2024





Cthulhucene Asemic - Ink on bristol, 2021



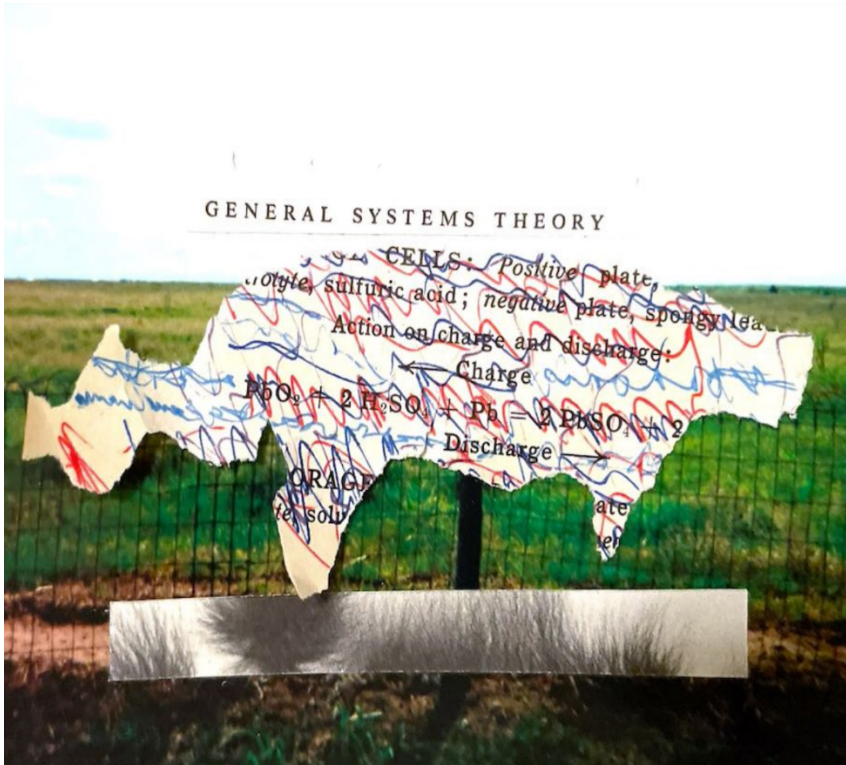
Flow 2 - Ink on paper, 2023

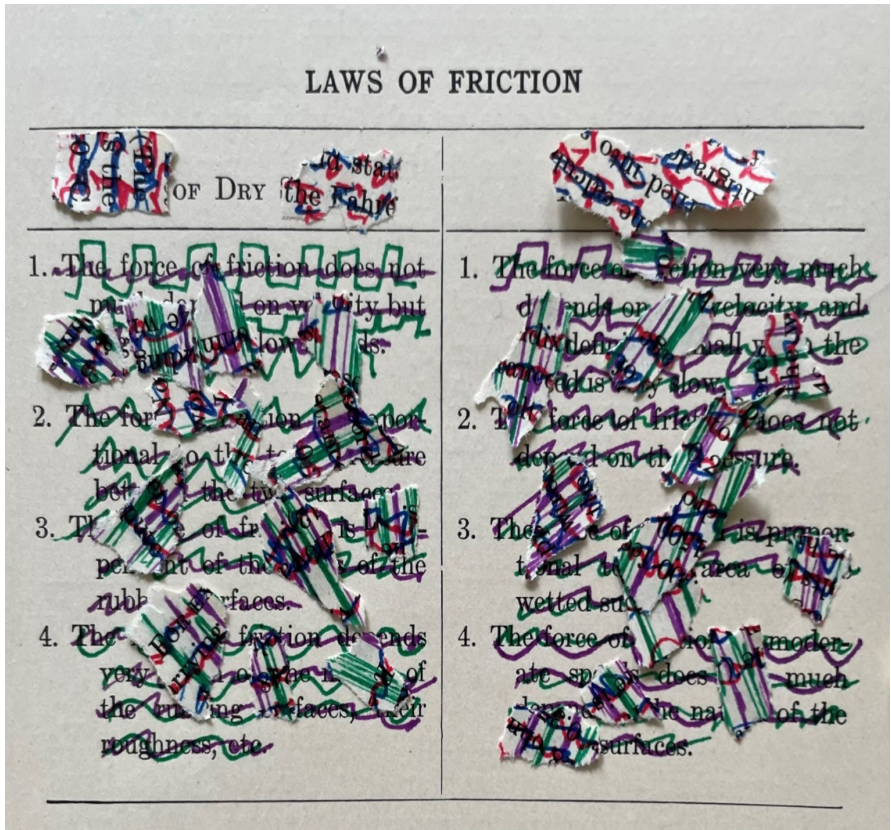


**Tax Bird - Ink on bristol, 2020.**

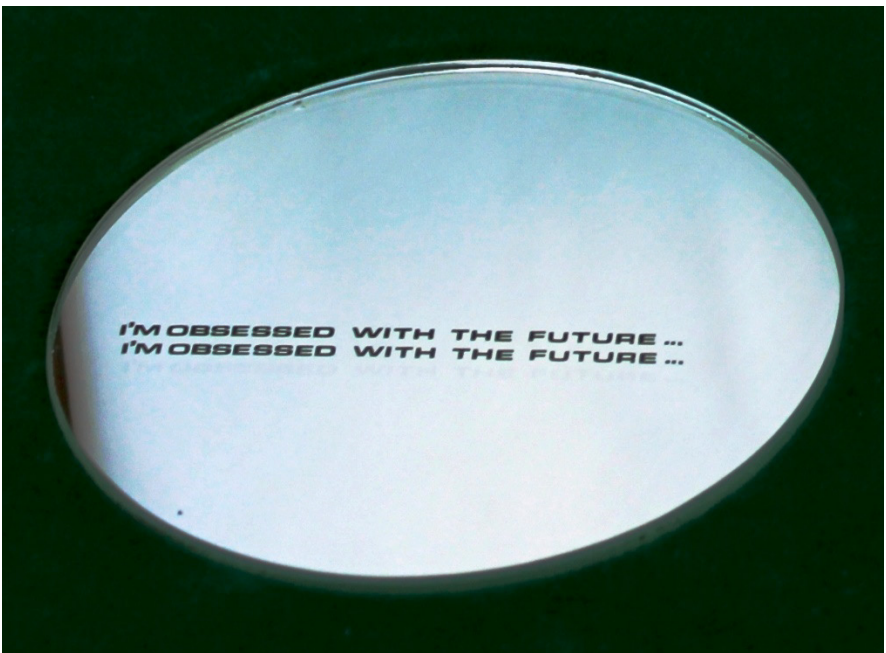
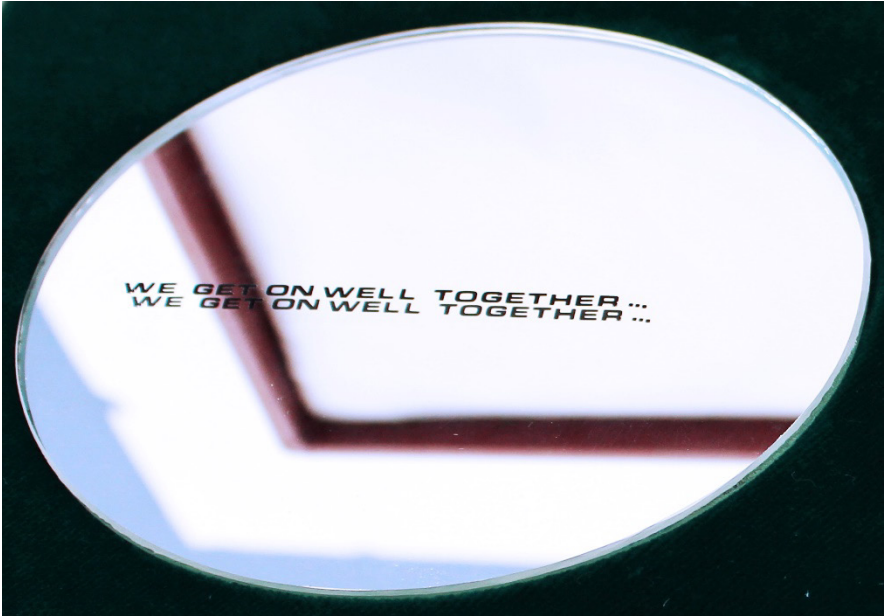


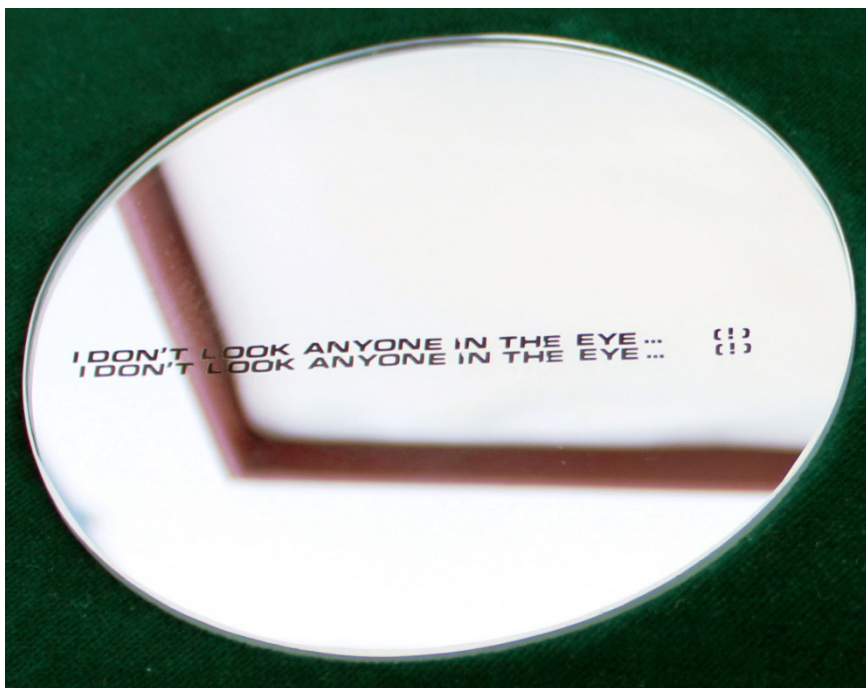
**Jean Vengua** is a Filipino American multimedia artist and writer living in Monterey, California (U.S.). She experiments with multimedia, ruled-based processes, asemics, and artist books, and for the past four years has been working mostly with ink, pencil, and cold wax medium on handmade and recycled paper. Jean writes about intersections of history, culture, and the arts in her newsletter, *Eulipion* *Outpost*: <https://jeanvengua.substack.com>





**Seth Copeland** is the author of *A Wichita Mountains Ontology* (Grieveland Press, forthcoming 2025) and the chapbook *Plug in the Mountain* (Yavanika Press, 2023). Originally from Oklahoma, he lives in Milwaukee.





**JÓZSEF BÍRÓ**

( - poet / writer / visual artist / performer ... and sometimes editor - )

**JÓZSEF BÍRÓ** was born in **19 may 1951** / BUDAPEST / **HUNGARY**  
poet – writer – visual artist and performer 1975 to present  
**organizational memberships** : Hungarian Alliance of Writers  
/ Art Foundation of Hungarian Republic / Belletrist Assotiation /  
Nine Dragon Heads International Artist Group – ( South – Korea ) /  
*etc.*

**published works** : **40** books and booklets in Hungary and other  
countries ( **1986 – 2024** )

***creative works* :**

**9** individual exhibitions  
more than **700** group exhibitions around the world  
more than **90** single ( live ) – performances around the world

***hungarian prizes* :**

**HUNGARIAN GOLD CROSS OF MERIT**

**RECOGNITION OF ARTISTIC OUVRE**

**ATTILA JÓZSEF – PRIZE**



*accidente*

?

*n*

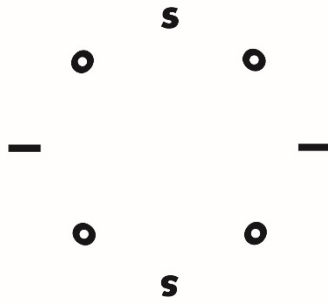
Utriculi

*fragmento*

**fragmento**

Utriculi

*órbita*



# Utriculi

*señal (monumento, manhattan)*



*toca para reintentar (homenaje a malévich)*

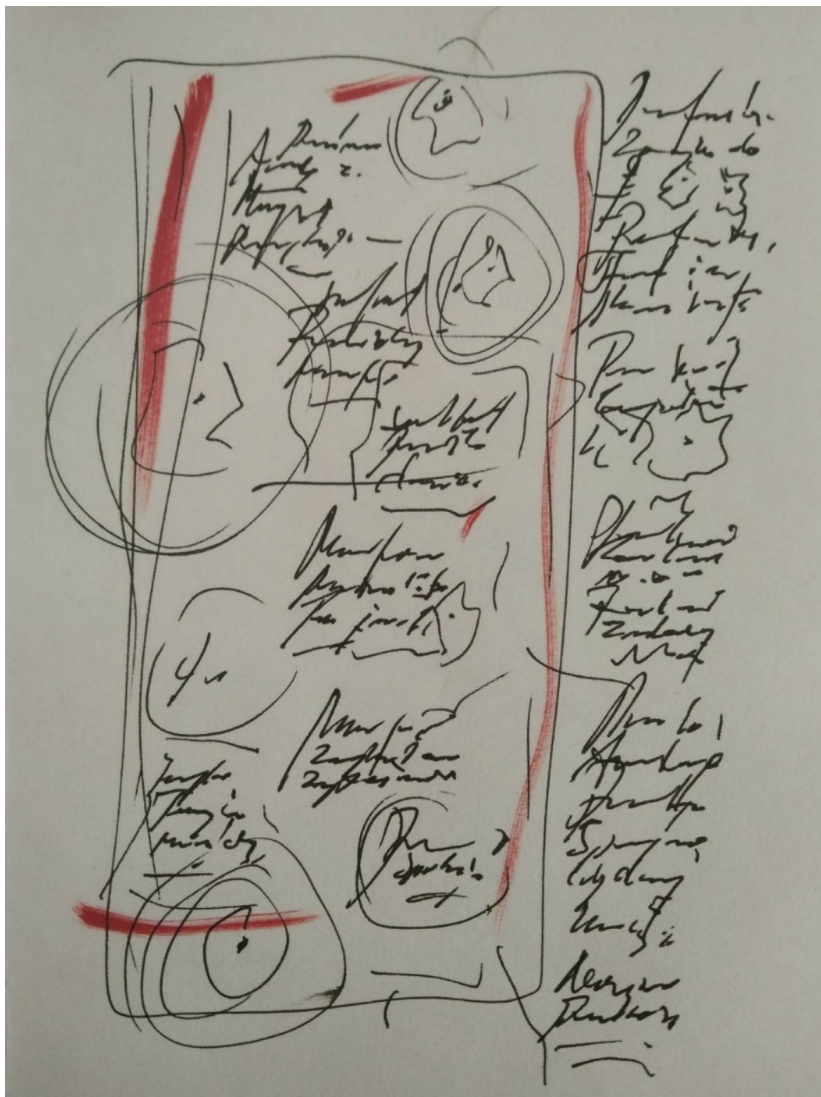


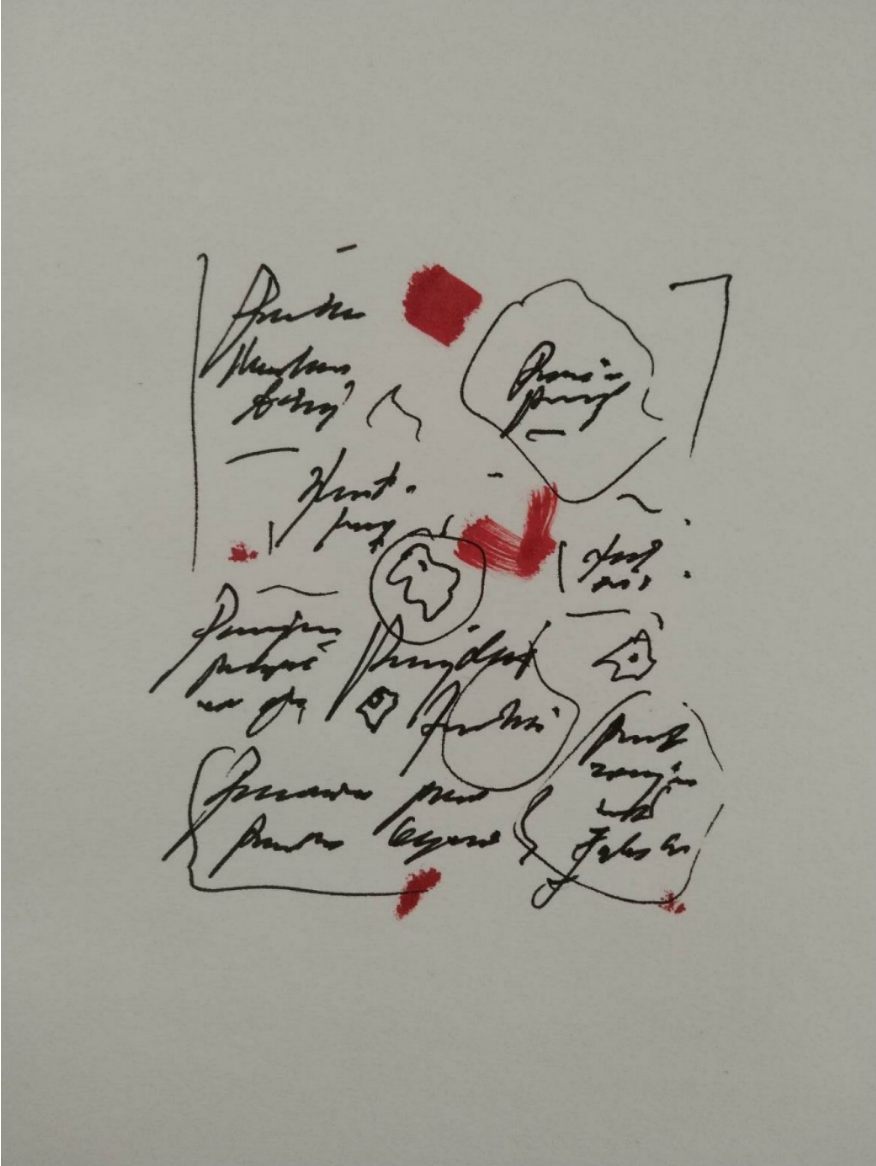
No se pudo cargar la imagen. Toca para reintentar.

**Mario José Cervantes**  
**(Barranquilla-Colombia, 1971)**

Poeta experimental. Su obra ha aparecido en publicaciones en Alemania (*Leere Mitte*), la Argentina (*La Hoja M*, *La Tzara*, *Tse-Tse*), Australia (*Otoliths*), el Brasil (*Alfarrabios*, *Zunai*), el Canadá (*Experiment-O*), Cuba (*Desliz*), España (*Veneno*), los EE.UU. (*Rio Grande Review*, *Word for Word*), Hungría (*Nyugat Plusz*) y Portugal (*Big Ode*). Participó en varias exposiciones colectivas en Chile (*La Universidad Desconocida*, 2009; *Exposición internacional de arte postal “In memoriam de Antonio Cares Franco (1952-2021)”*, 2022), Francia (*Biennale de Poésie Visuelle à Ille-sur-Têt*, 2015 y 2017), Colombia (*I Salón Nacional de Poesía Visual*, 2014), el Brasil (*Jornada Internacional de Poesía Visual*, 2021 y 2023) y la Argentina (*Convocatoria internacional de poesía visual*, 2023). También en la antología digital *Gramma Visual* (España, 2006). En 2016 publicó su poesía visual (*Magma*, España). Así como en 2022 una *plaque* homenaje (*Eslóganes del vacío*, España).

KUMITE





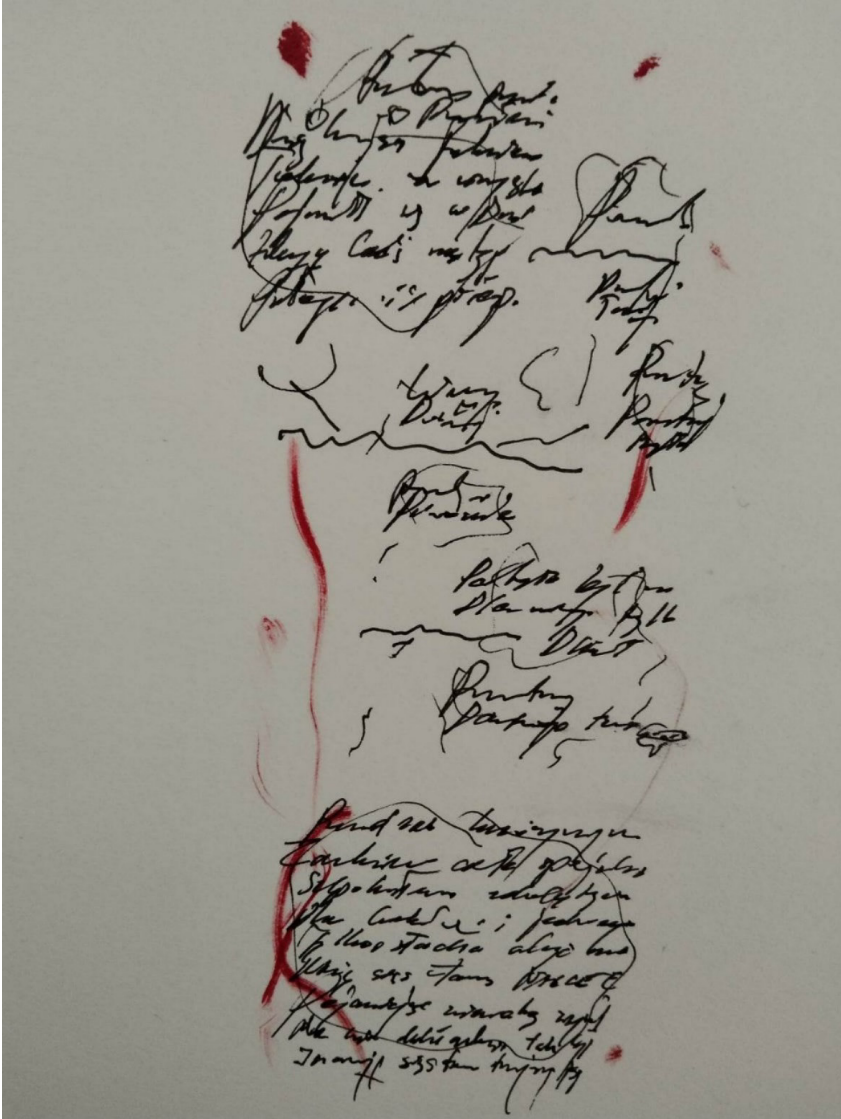


Pater noster qui es in caelis  
 Deus pater omnipotens  
 et omnipotens  
 et omnipotens

Pater noster qui es in caelis  
 Deus pater omnipotens  
 et omnipotens  
 et omnipotens

Pater noster qui es in caelis  
 Deus pater omnipotens  
 et omnipotens  
 et omnipotens

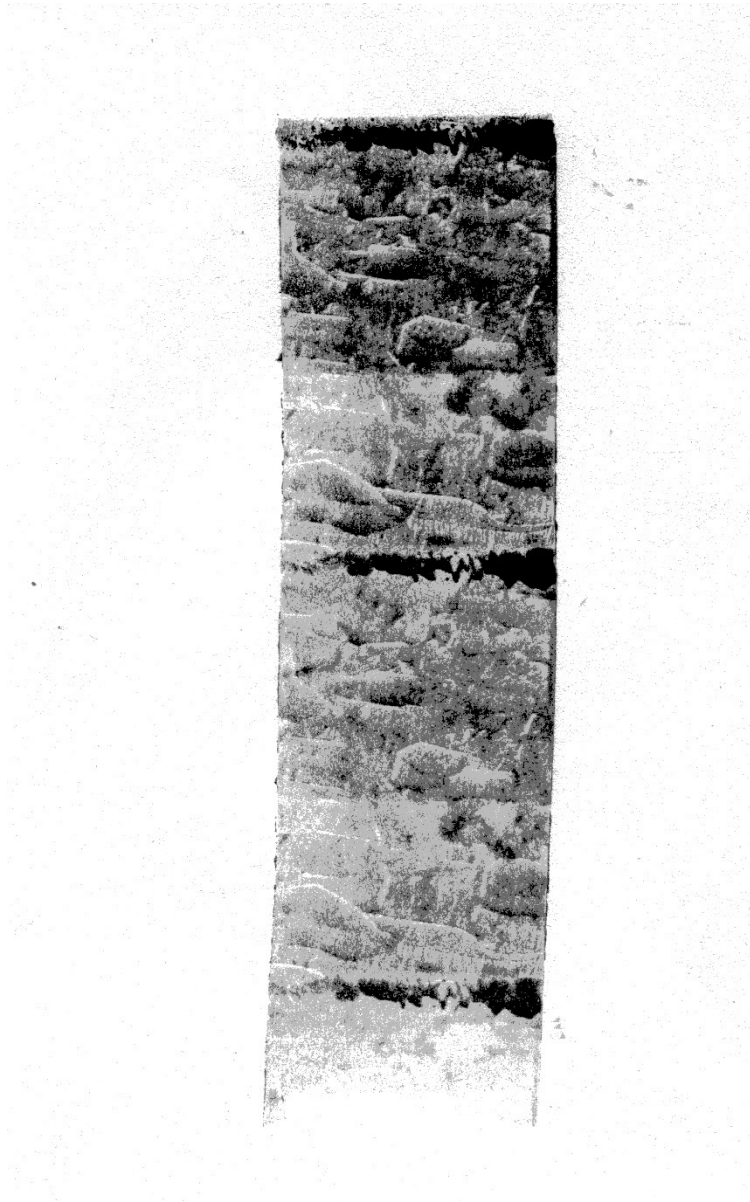
Pater noster qui es in caelis  
 Deus pater omnipotens  
 et omnipotens  
 et omnipotens



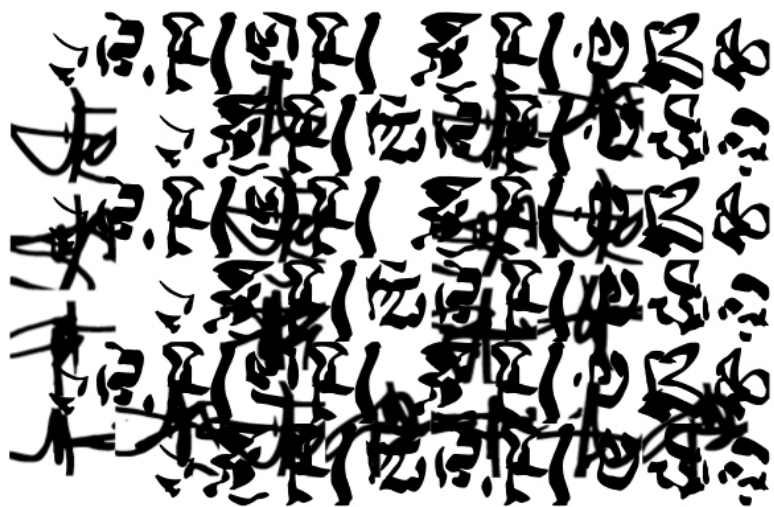


**Grzegorz Wróblewski** was born in 1962 in Gdańsk and grew up in Warsaw. Since 1985 he has been living in Copenhagen. English translations of his work are available in *Our Flying Objects* (trans. Joel Leonard Katz, Rod Mengham, Malcolm Sinclair, Adam Zdrodowski, Equipage, 2007), *A Marzipan Factory* (trans. Adam Zdrodowski, Otoliths, 2010), *Kopenhaga* (trans. Piotr Gwiazda, Zephyr Press, 2013), *Let's Go Back to the Mainland* (trans. Agnieszka Pokojaska, Červená Barva Press, 2014), *Zero Visibility* (trans. Piotr Gwiazda, Phoneme Media, 2017), *Dear Beloved Humans* (trans. Piotr Gwiazda, Lavender/Dialogos Books, 2023), *I Really Like Lovers of Poetry* (trans. Grzegorz Wróblewski & Marcus Silcock Sleese, Červená Barva Press, 2024), *Tatami in Kyoto* (Literary Waves Publishing, 2024). Asemic writing book *Shanty Town* (Post-Asemic Press, 2022).

Untitled Pieces







Handwritten musical notation consisting of several lines of rhythmic symbols, possibly representing a specific piece of music or a sequence of notes.

Handwritten Arabic text: *بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ*

Handwritten Arabic text: *الحمد لله الذي هدانا لهذا...*

Handwritten Arabic text: *الذي هدانا لهذا...*

Handwritten Arabic text: *الحمد لله الذي هدانا لهذا...*



**ERIC LUNDE** lives in Minneapolis MN USA.

With many years of engagement in the arts, he has worked since 1983 in audio art work, first as a participant in the industrial genre in and about Milwaukee WI/ Chicago IL region, then on his own with sporadic releases and appearances. He works primarily in hand built books and various block printing methods. Samples of his work and activities can be viewed at: <https://endythekid.blogspot.com>.

Mr. Lunde adds: I am not socially (inter)active, I've long eschewed the social network much to the detriment of my "brand".

**statement:**

random access perception, a process of assembly and fabrication from what is available, yes. a pile of word-like shapes...language is inconsistent. Let's celebrate that then go back to sleep....





### Short Artist statement

Each page, a drawing or a poem?

Women are always included, sometimes only hinted at, especially older women. Broken unity and hesitations in continuity with space and time edges are concretely expressed, by layering the fragmented marks. Bone imagery is clearly present. Water as theme is suggested: hearing the powerful city roar, sounds, left behind, remembered, in the babble or din of the country stream/river/creek.

### **Marilyn R. Rosenberg** - Short Biography

I received a Bachelor of Professional Studies in Studio Arts, from Empire State University of NY, and then an MA from NYU, more than

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awhile ago. I am a she/her living with Robert Rosenberg and working among trees by a moving stream in Cortlandt Manor, New York. Artists' books, one of kind or editions, and visual poems are published in print and/or on the web, and are exhibited and collected.

Latest-see -

A DAY IN THE PARK, The Pugsley Park Walk, Ten murals, one by MRR, Peekskill NY, June 11, 2024 on.

CENTRAL BOOKING: THE VISUAL READ, Gracefield Arts Centre, Dumfries, Scotland, UK.

Curator: Maddy Rosenberg. (MRR has four Artists' Bookworks) through June 29 2024.

<https://centralbookingnyc.com/current-projects/projects-in-scotland/central-booking-presents-the-visual-read/>

The Imaginarium: Universe of the Mind on line, Curated by Darcy Spitz, Sandra Taggart and Avani Patel.

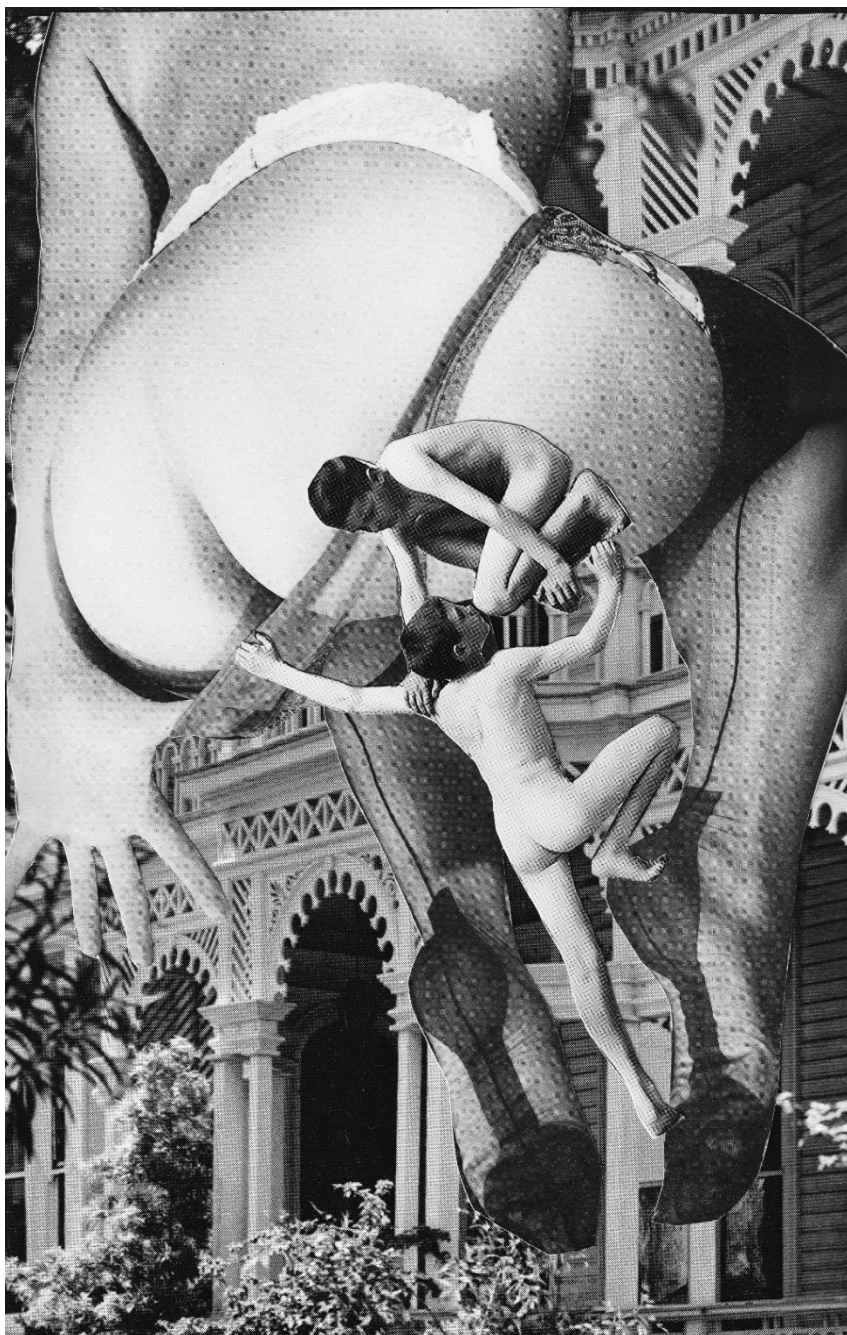
<https://nyartistscircle.com/curated-shows/the-imaginarium-universe-of-the-mind>

CENTER FOR BOOK ARTS, NEW YORK, NY- 50th Anniversary Members Exhibition. Coordinated by

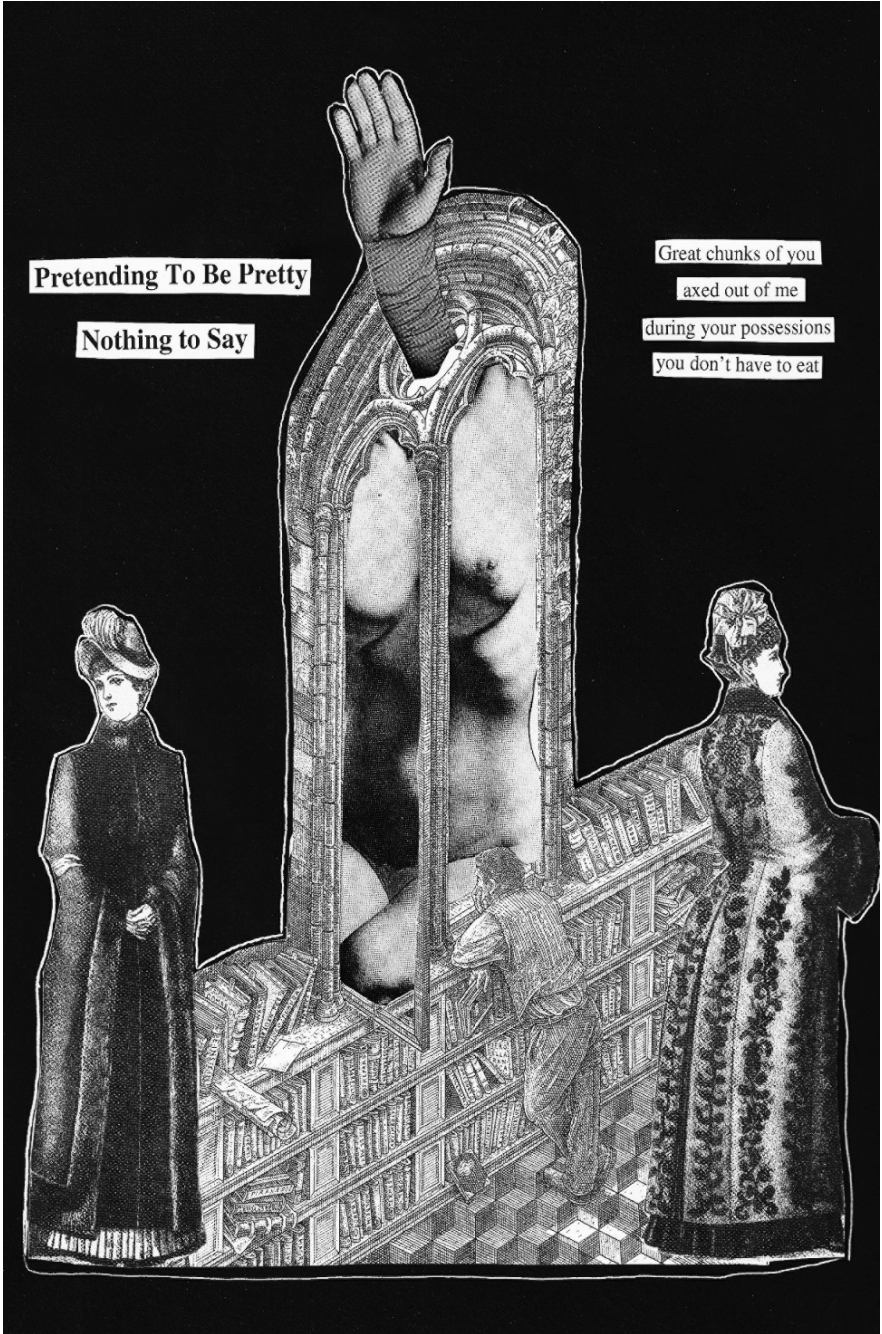
Camilo Otero and Gillian Lee.

<https://centerforbookarts.org/people/marilyn-r-rosenberg>

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Pretending To Be Pretty

Nothing to Say

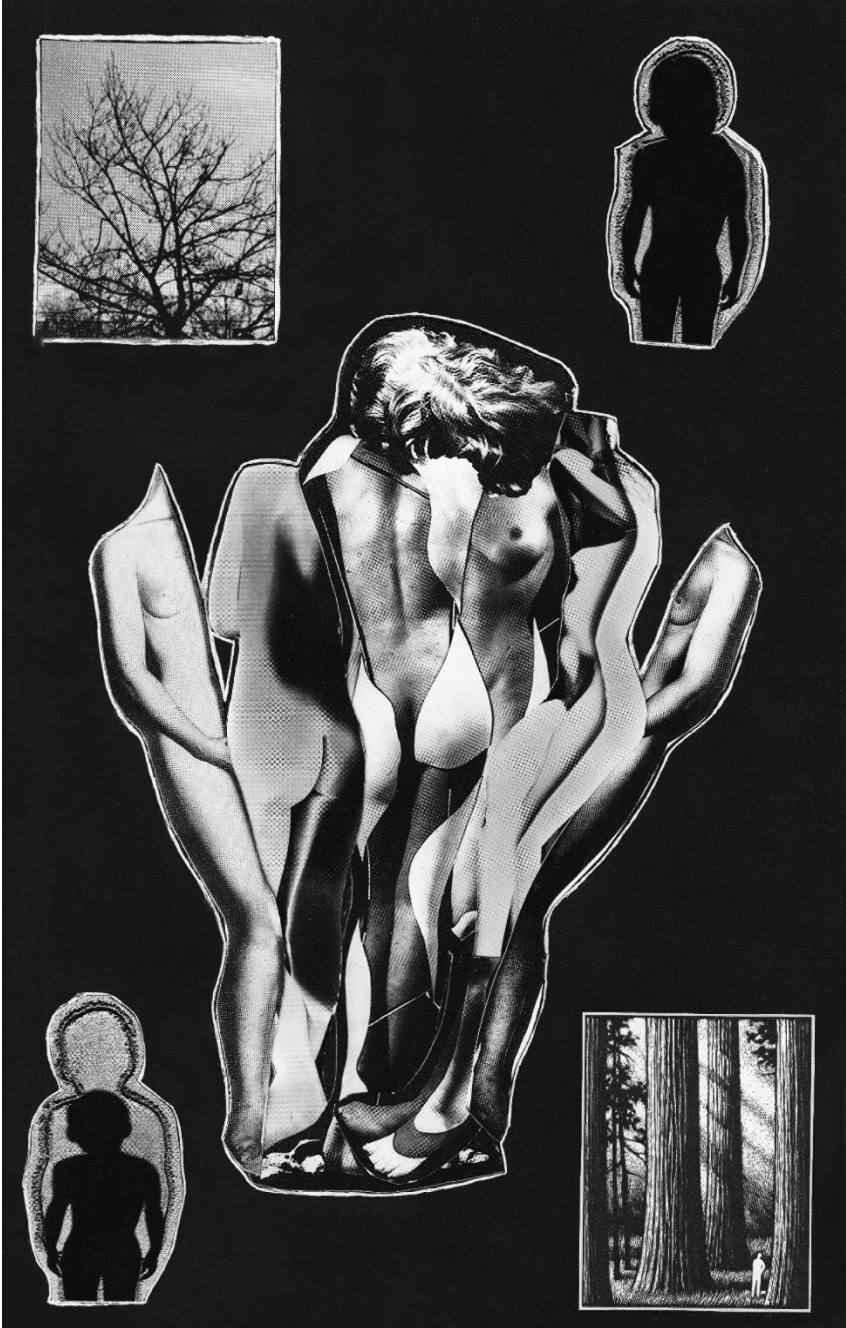
Great chunks of you

axed out of me

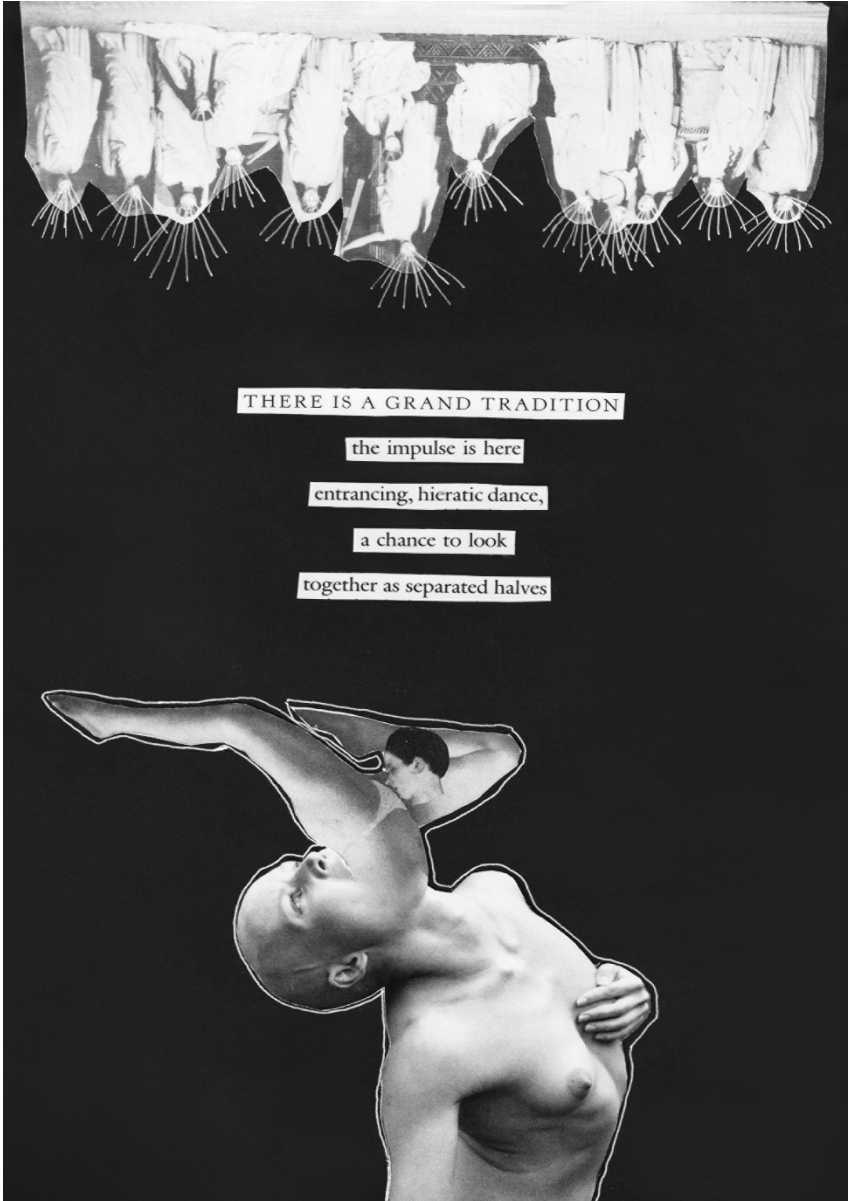
during your possessions

you don't have to eat

Utriculi

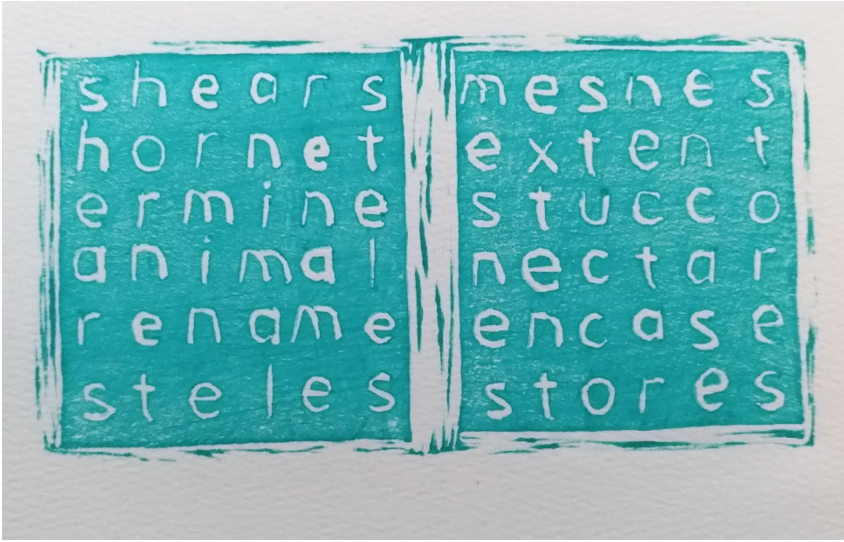




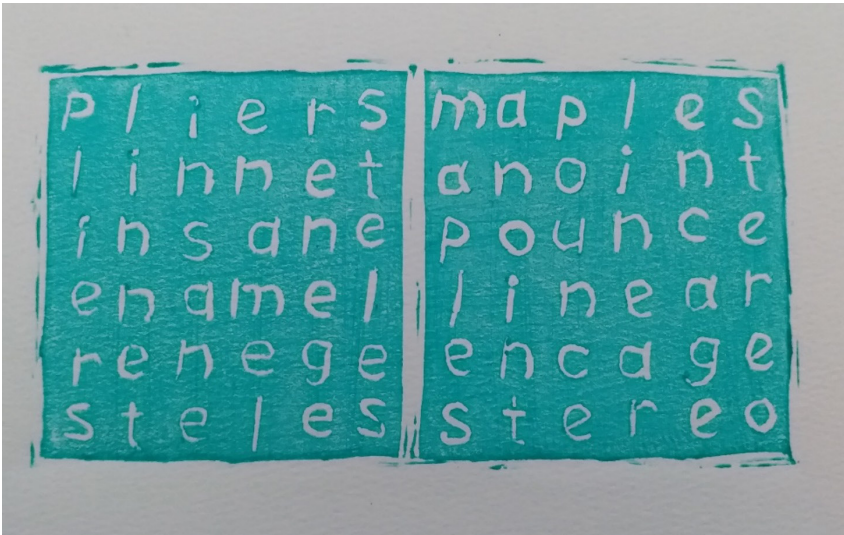


**Elise Puyó** is an artist, writer, and PhD candidate in Literary Studies at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

**ANIMAL—NECTAR**



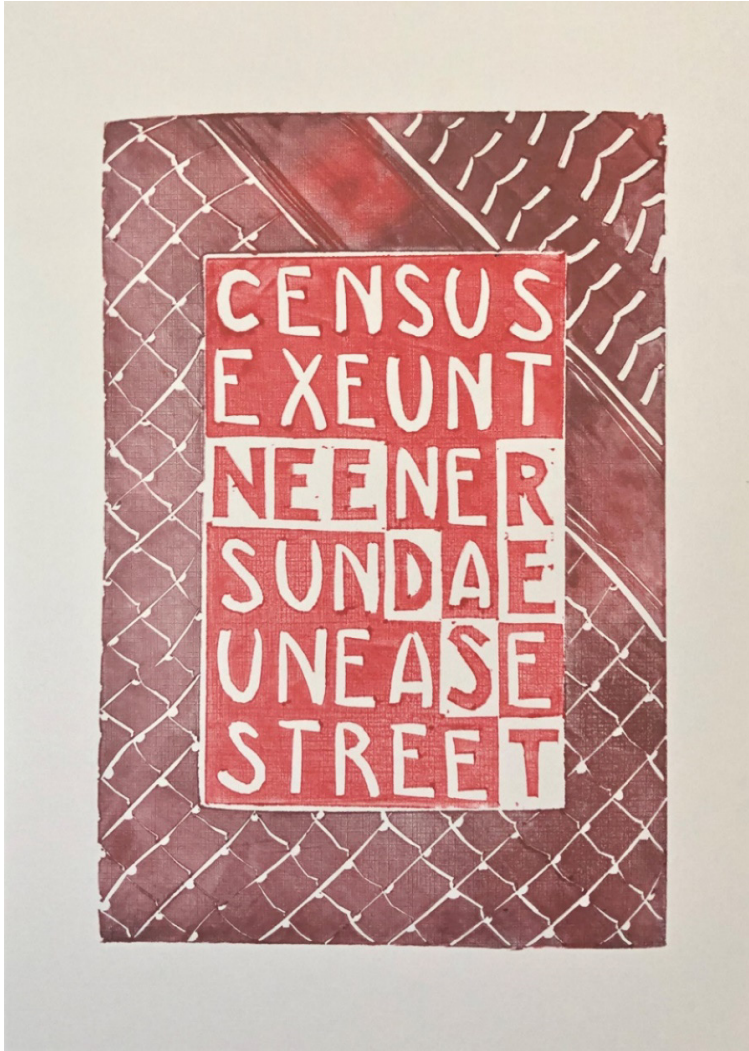
**LINNET—STEREO**



PALEST—AZALEA



**UNEASE—STREET**



**Dennis Andrew S. Aguinaldo** teaches at the Department of Humanities of the University of the Philippines Los Baños. His works appear online in *Medusa's Kitchen*, *Better than the Times*, *Black & White Haiga/Haisha*, and *Otoliths*. I hand-pressed inked rubbercut on thick paper to print these sator-type squares. Two millennia ago, they found the first sator square in the ruins of Pompeii, among pumice and volcanic ash, the 5 × 5 of the SATOR—ROTAS presenting a lock

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that invited speculation while allowing neither intrusion nor revision. I moved past the 5 × 5 and fumble through many other words, like a child with a combination lock, forgetting the code to make it an infinite toy. Many failures inform these constrained attempts at poetry. Happy are the days when I find stories in them, though often they lead to the ash and rubble of our time.

love	actually
<p>Purple Rain</p> <p>give yourself the gift of a donkey kong sleep</p> <p>snows suburban teen couple on a sushi date (?)</p> <p>the titans defensive secondary is twilight</p> <p>can you honor the lord and wear jeans on the golf course? seems legit, it has the eggplant emoji</p> <p>reputation or beauty?</p> <p>the corner of 10<sup>th</sup> street and mili vanilli a feel few foam pads</p> <p>in l'mish mangle waking milked out the yin yang</p> <p>nervous hues teenager turned into bunnies slackeneded, the djokovicocene</p> <p>houses darken into a mind couplets in a fixer-downer</p> <p>too easily infinitely drake the planet is burning with low enthusiasm</p> <p>browser breathing behind the back</p> <p>free footlongs</p> <p>running? in robert redford's chiaroscuro can't figure them out</p> <p>the lights flicker in the corner of the parking garage</p> <p>ronald mcdonald caught you looking at me</p>	



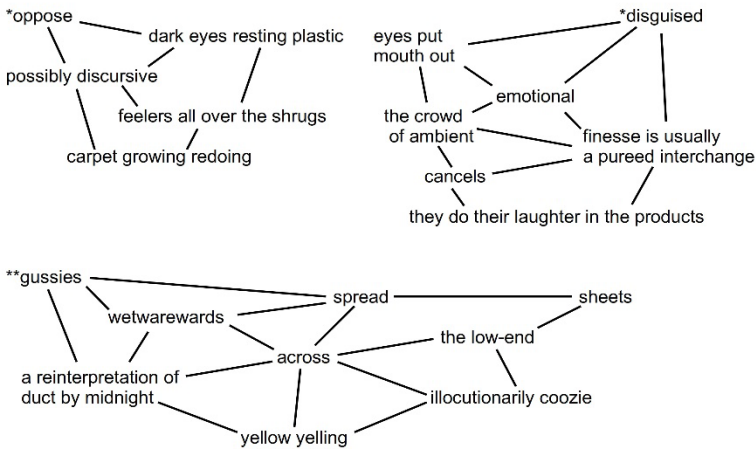
# Utriculi

of plastics, while  
pools\* as many outside objectives  
webern's idding hued tone rows  
This is the life of the complex, a claim on a anybody else future  
whenever folding or moments, only moments  
whose asking? the  
yeps as you on itself

hard drive  
nothing to  
lapse tourists no matter how wide

spread they rang the sunlit doorbell  
the pittsburgh steelers of pronunciation  
not as a geeky naked  
carpet\*\*  
for a long time  
rough dangling not just us  
comet and cupid and donner and  
party on and can't

## Ted Pearson



The Chyron is part of a series that explores the relationship of the line to the experience of composition. The other two have lattices in them which are intended as dynamic reading/performance elements.

James Sanders is a member of the Atlanta Poets Group, a writing and performing collective. He was included in the 2016 *BAX: Best American Experimental Writing* anthology. His most recent book, *Self-Portrait in Plants*, was published in 2015. The University of New Orleans Press also recently published the group's *An Atlanta Poets Group Anthology: The Lattice Inside*. Website is <http://somejamesanders.com>.



Five Pieces





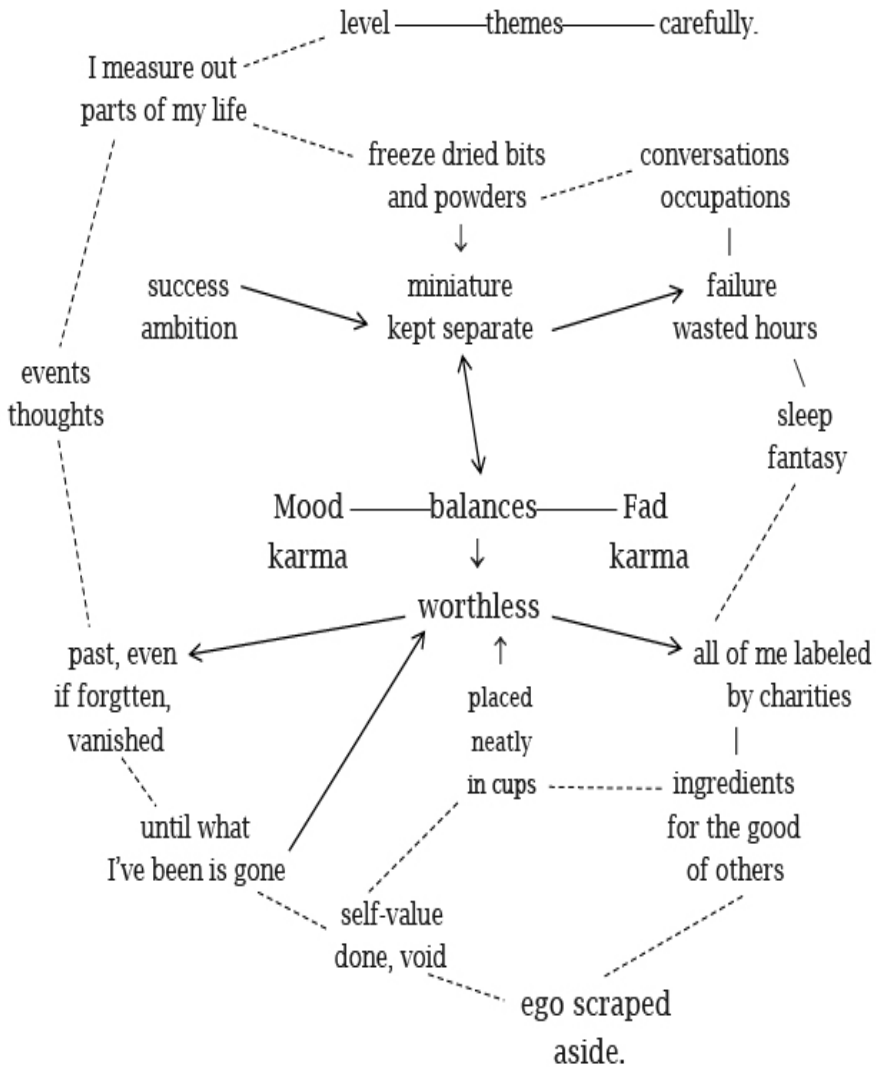




Texas Fontanella lives in Sydney, Australia, and has published widely, They have done a lot of redactions.

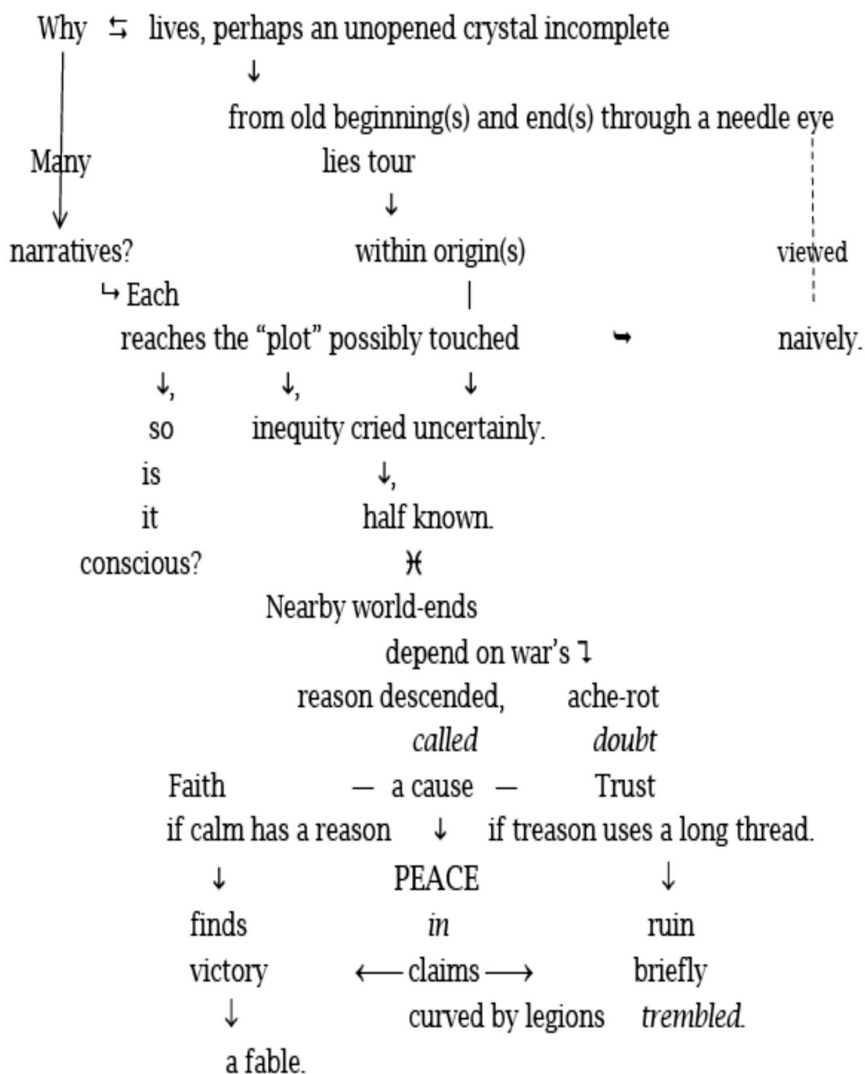


NOW GROWTHLESS — I ANALYZE





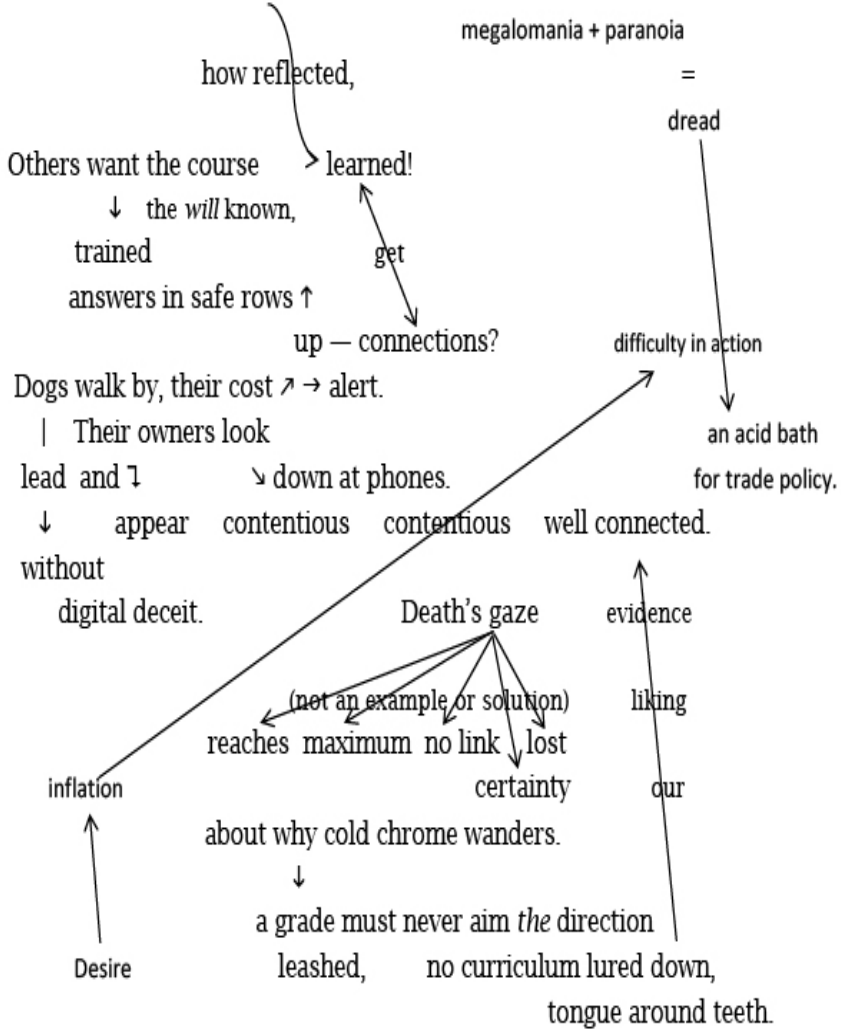
A NEW AGE CLATTERS NEAR THE SAGA





WRITE ↔ ARROWS ↔ SPEAK

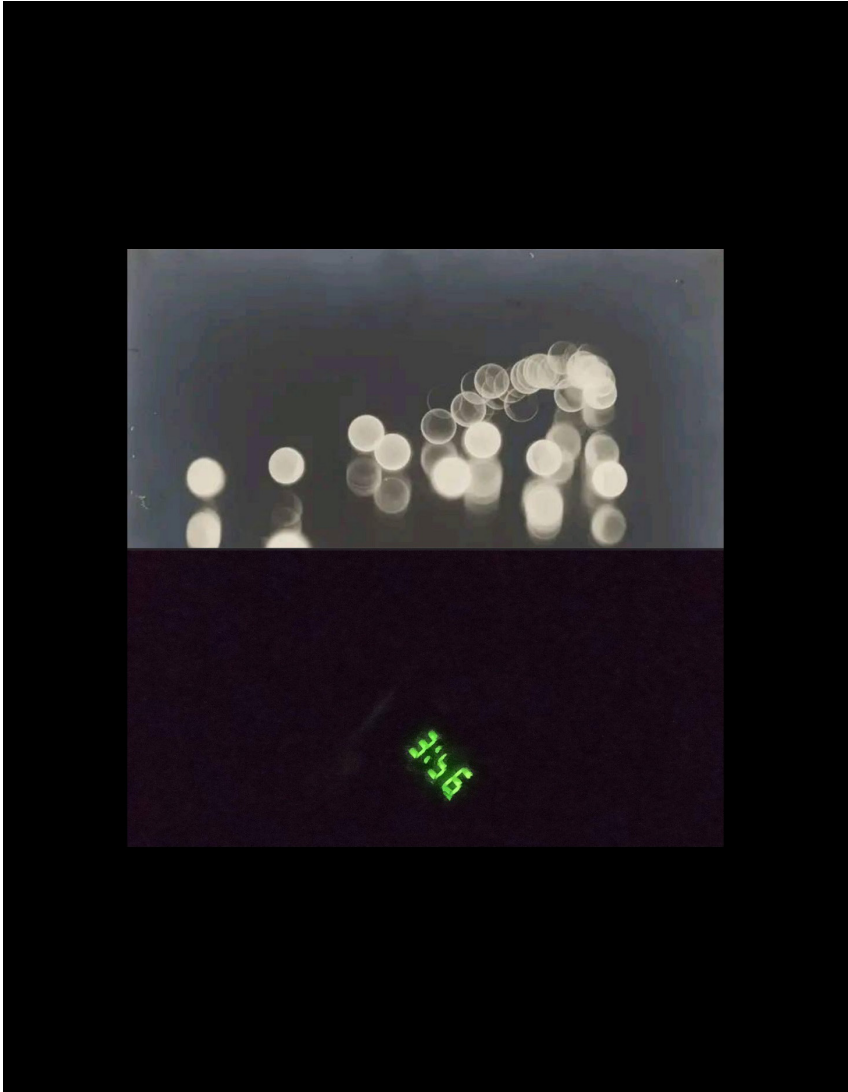
Death mirrors have arrows:



**Five Polytopic** poems. Both ancient meditation insight and modern science assert there is no central control center in the mind, no single local for consciousness. The self comes from many directions. This is not conscious and subconscious but endless paths for awareness, hidden and before us. We may go beyond the artificial compromises of sentence and syntax, to seek (no, not fully found yet) an inner working which has evolved with an outer world, not necessarily linear or one directional — *now* arrived from possibilities varied in how noticed, all experience with many contradictions and never finished choices. The poem will use the whole page-stage, like dancers with many directions and connections. These are natural and enjoyable to write. I hope others may join me soon.

**Nathan Whiting** has performed Contemporary dance in New York and Bhutto with Min Tanaka in Japan, run over 100 races longer than a marathon, practices meditation and contemplation and studied recent advances in mathematical logic. His new Polytopic poetry has appeared in *Otoliths*, *Bombay Gin*, *Blaze Vox*, *streetcakes*, *The South Dakota Review* and other journals.

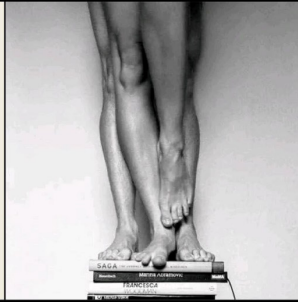
CALDRONE



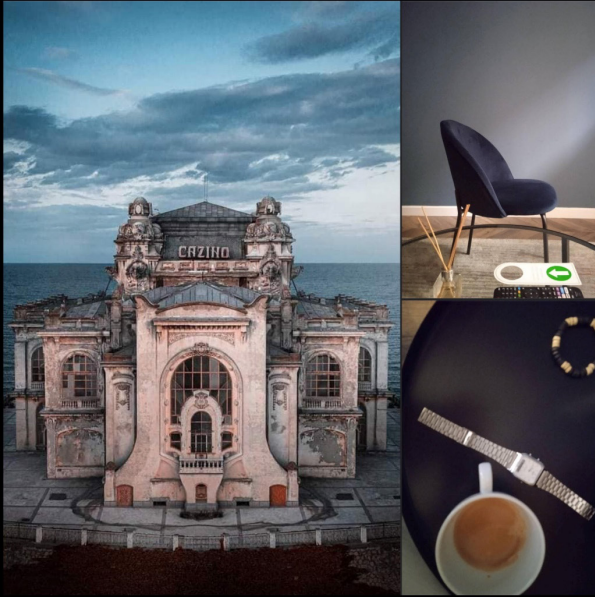


"I belong to quick, futile moments of intense feeling.  
Yes, I belong to moments. Not to people."

— Virginia Woolf, from *A Passionate Apprentice:  
The Early Journals*







**Adriána Kóbor** (b. Hungary, 1988), is a (visual) poet, multimedia artist active in the Netherlands and Belgium from 2006 till 2018; in Italy from 2018 till 2023. Her poems aim to explore and extend the boundaries of language. The major part of her work is written in English, though she creates in other languages, as well — Dutch, Hungarian, Italian, etc. Her published works include prose and poetry, visual works, collage, (analog) photographs, and various collaborations with other visual artists. Some of her manuscripts are already in book form; others are waiting to be pulled through the press.

<https://adrianakobor.wixsite.com/poet>







BEFORE THE MIRROR

*Я, я, я, что за дикое слово*

[ Vladislav Khodasevich ]

Э

ı    I    I  
what a wild letter  
what a wild word  
time it in the mirror  
write it with a brush

to dwell on a mirror  
perform an auto-portrait  
unless the mirror dwells in you  
blank    unrecognizable

between mirrors  
some treatments may be airbrushed  
between one-letter words  
what order can be sight-read

face to type-face  
with the incalculable character  
can the flat image's abrupt absence  
expect a given code

as the handedness of *and* unwinds  
is I an *other* back to front



*LA TERRE C'EST NOUS*

[Robert Desnos- État de veille]]

how thin the ice ours? whose  
name and disagree on names  
moribund presumed inexhaustible  
desert encroaches erosively  
on disabled land  
first they came for the dodoes  
but I wasn't  
what does your app's chip leak  
earth has more faces than a self-portrait  
or mask for light reading

how high the water level ever  
what disorders of names and callings  
depleted consumed heedless  
water floats upside down  
for fish that drown in dry air  
then they came for the badgers  
not in my name  
what does your smart car exhale  
face no wipes can ever make clean enough  
*unclean* microbes are there to cleanse

how dense the haze belonging not owning  
stickers on labels shrugged off  
missing assumed obsolete  
alarms clash who listens  
rare gases run from endangered  
take refuge in artificial lungs  
next they came for the baby seals  
don't look at me my name's grown-up  
camped in a temporary tent  
unidentified oxygen mask

how deep the cracks to identify with not as  
parade or paradigm species or robot  
worked-out resumed gouging  
the derelict baby factory  
by instinct finds a quiet corner  
then they came for the tigers  
but I don't play too rough  
what does your land refill distil  
unlike temporary human beings  
every face of earth is real

how toxic the add-ons one is a self  
among other ingredients subtract and starve  
renewing subsumed artificial  
thousand-year trees million-year mountains  
whatever your age home is older

what does your storm chute flush out  
then they came for us  
our mask was down and dry  
suckled no more by the halal Christ  
caesarian section for a new empire

**A.W. Kindness** was born in Aberdeenshire, taught English in France for a while, now resident in London. Helped to organize the reading workshop series V.I. (Vertical images, Vodka invocations etc.) Poems in various periodicals, plus some low-budget pamphlets. Returning to writing after some years of trying to produce improvised music,

**Discos-Packets**



**FizzyFish-Packets**



## Utriculi

### PorkScratchings-Packets



### Skips-Packets



## Wotsits-Packets

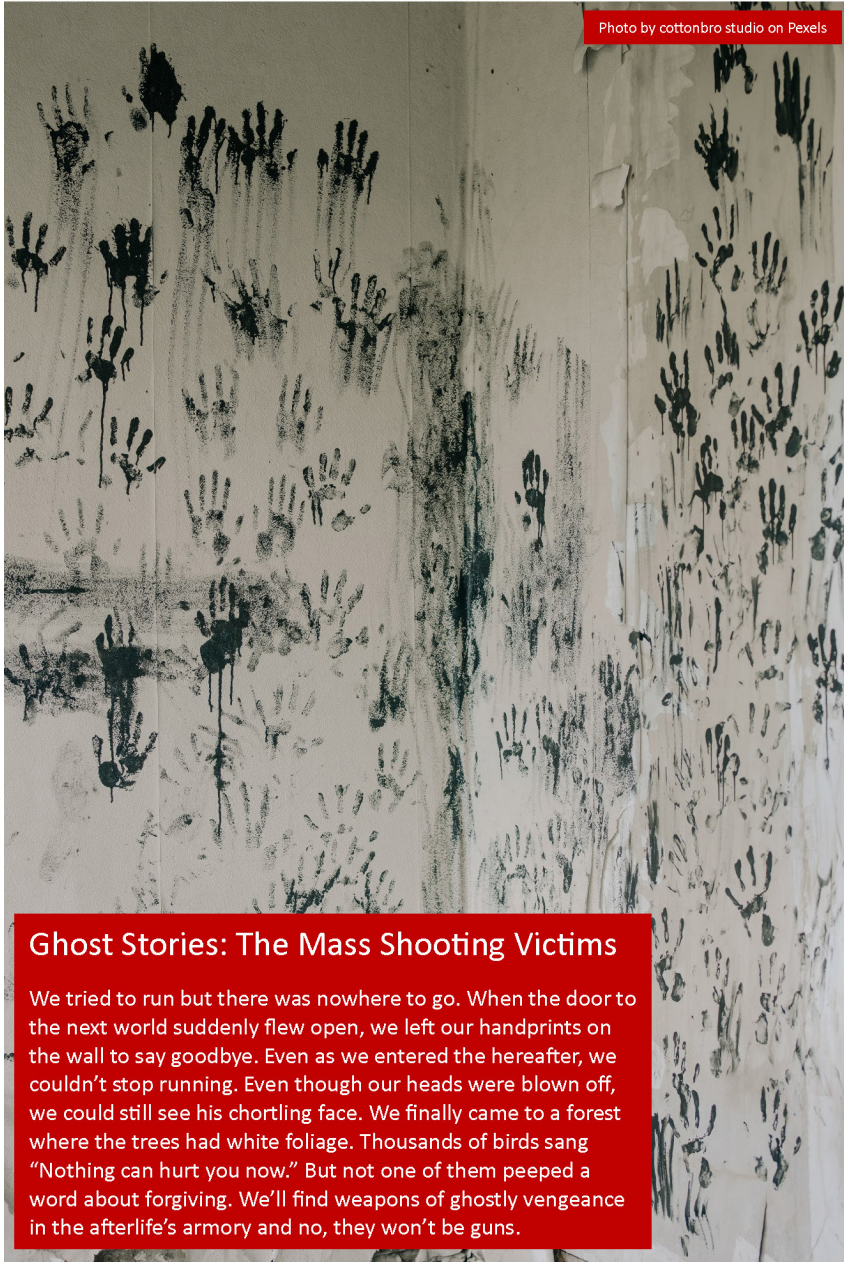


**Leopold Haas** is a poet and author of *The Raft* and other works. Since leaving Russia, he has returned to photography. His photographs have been included in *Otoliths* and *Artists Responding to...* Haas currently lives in Stratford Upon Avon, England.

### ***Artist Statement***

*Packets*--These photographs are part of a longer series documenting dropped packets and their afterlife. The saturated colours of snack packets against banal roads/paths/grass form a forlorn portrait of consumption, desire, and emptiness. Brand names/descriptions such as *Wotsits*, or *Pork Scratchings*, suggest something both base and existential--all for a pound (now £1.25)

Photo by cottonbro studio on Pexels



### Ghost Stories: The Mass Shooting Victims

We tried to run but there was nowhere to go. When the door to the next world suddenly flew open, we left our handprints on the wall to say goodbye. Even as we entered the hereafter, we couldn't stop running. Even though our heads were blown off, we could still see his chortling face. We finally came to a forest where the trees had white foliage. Thousands of birds sang "Nothing can hurt you now." But not one of them peeped a word about forgiving. We'll find weapons of ghostly vengeance in the afterlife's armory and no, they won't be guns.



## The Ghost at the Gate of Hell

Did I make a wrong turn somewhere? Heaven's not supposed to be red. Why is the floor so hot? What the hell is going on? I don't belong here. I was a good woman, even if I never liked those Jews. I went to church every Sunday and ate Christ's crackery body. I even spoke to a Negro once! Why do I hear screaming inside the walls? It's not true that I made my children miserable. Why did the door just slam shut behind me? Why is that trapdoor opening up?



Photo by Daniil Ustinov on Pexels



Photo by Elias from Pixabay

### The Ghost Train

Are you dead enough to ride this train? If you're one of those ghosts who likes to dally and linger, avoid me like whatever it was that killed you. But if you're ready to see the sights, I'll take you to parts of eternity you never knew existed. It's true, evil lives forever—specifically, here in this horrid forest where fungus grows tall as redwoods. Next stop: the massacred soldiers' VFW post, where the walls are made of blown-off limbs. And over there, jumping down from their slaughterhouse hooks, you can see the furious ghosts of cows and pigs. When we reach the end of the line, you'll be carrying baggage you didn't bring aboard. *Now* go back and haunt that house.

Photo by Lisa Fotos on Pexels



### The Not-So-Scary Ghost

There's a reason why I've made myself look so silly. I don't want to be an unwelcome haunter and scare people out of their bones. I just want to stay here in my old childhood home, where I sprawled on my bed reading Scrooge McDuck comic books and scooting my model milk truck around till all the wheels fell off. So when the kids see me waltzing through their bedroom walls, they grin and say "Hiya, Casper!" Or when I float like a sigh across the living room at night, the parents chuckle "There's The Professor again." If they could see what I really look like, my head sheared off in a motorcycle wreck, they'd call the holy water squad to evict me. But nobody's afraid of a goofy-looking ghost. Even the dog likes to rub up against me and wonder why there's nothing there.

## The Touchy-Feely Ghost

That's what I hate the most about being dead. I miss the soft, squeezey joy of holding hands. Or caressing a breast, like gliding down a stream. Sure, there's companionship here in the beyond, but nobody has any substance. Trying to hug each other is like waving our arms in the air. Can you blame me for slipping my touch-famished fingers through the crevice between Heaven and your room? Don't scream, ma'am—I won't paw you like a crazed starfish. I just want to boop your adorable nose, the way I used to do with my late wife.

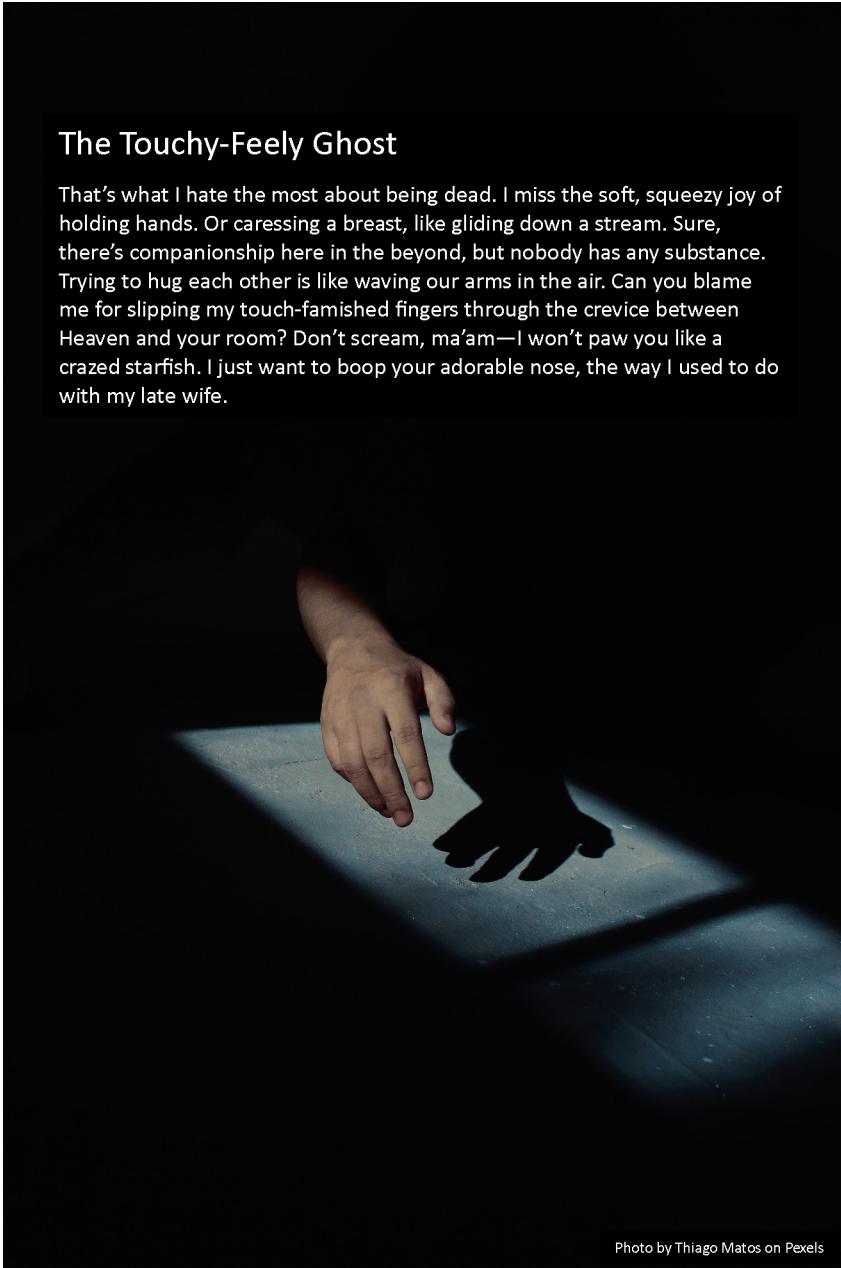


Photo by Thiago Matos on Pexels

**Pamela Miller** is the author of six collections of poetry, most recently *How to Do the Greased Wombat Slide* (Unsolicited Press, 2024). Her other books include *Miss Unthinkable* and *Recipe for Disaster* (both from Mayapple Press) and *Mr. Mischief* (forthcoming from dancing girl press). Her text poetry and visual poetry have appeared in *Otoliths*, *BlazeVOX*, *Word For/Word*, *shufPoetry*, *RHINO*, *New Poetry From the Midwest*, and many other journals and anthologies. She lives in Chicago.

### **Artist Statement**

These poems are part of my current vispo series *Ghost Stories*. (Having just turned 72, I suspect they may be a subconscious reflection on my own eventual mortality.) The emphasis is on *stories*, as the ghosts explain the various reasons why they've come back from the beyond to still hang around in the world of the living—revenge, unfinished business, to complain about being dead, or even just for the fun of it.

Saving Grace



Changelings Among Us



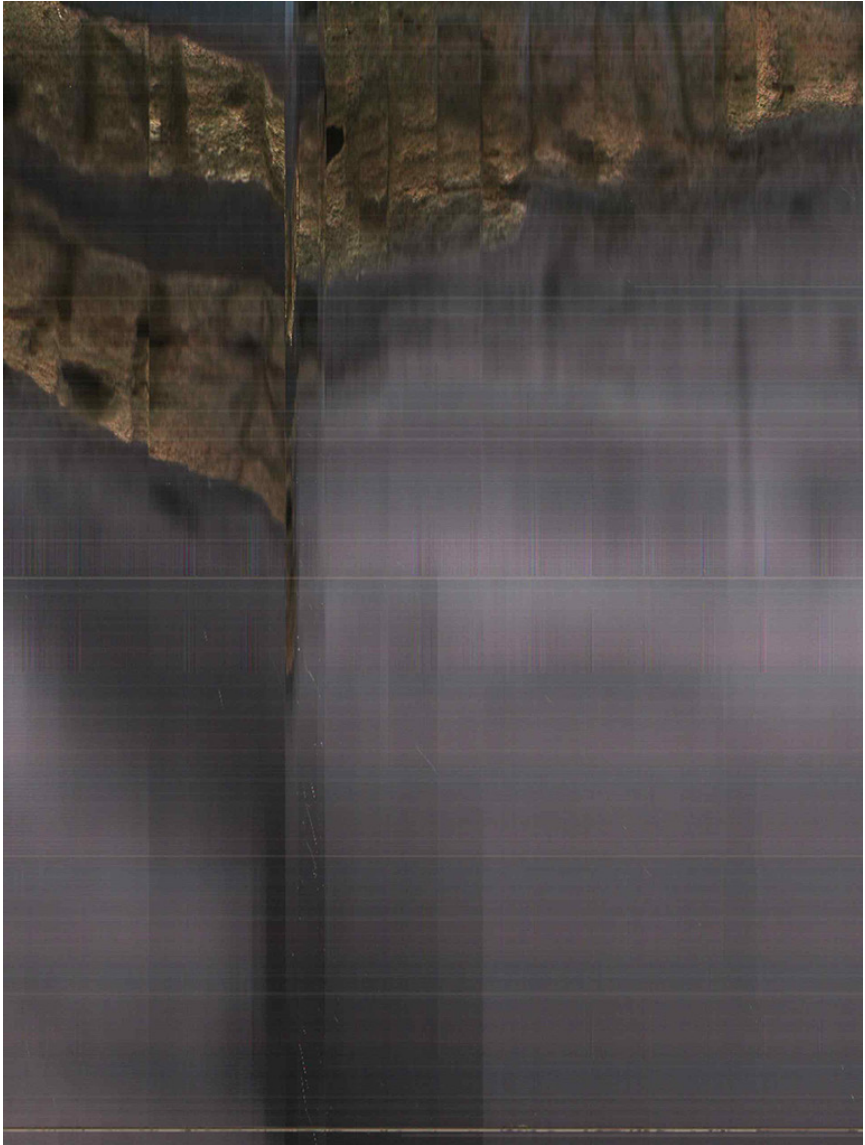
**The Embrace**



**Matina L. Stamatakis** is a poetry/visual artist currently residing in upstate New York. She has authored several books, with the most recent being *The Pleasure Eaters* (Trainwreck Press, 2020), and *A Late Sketch of Final Doves* (Moria, 2017).

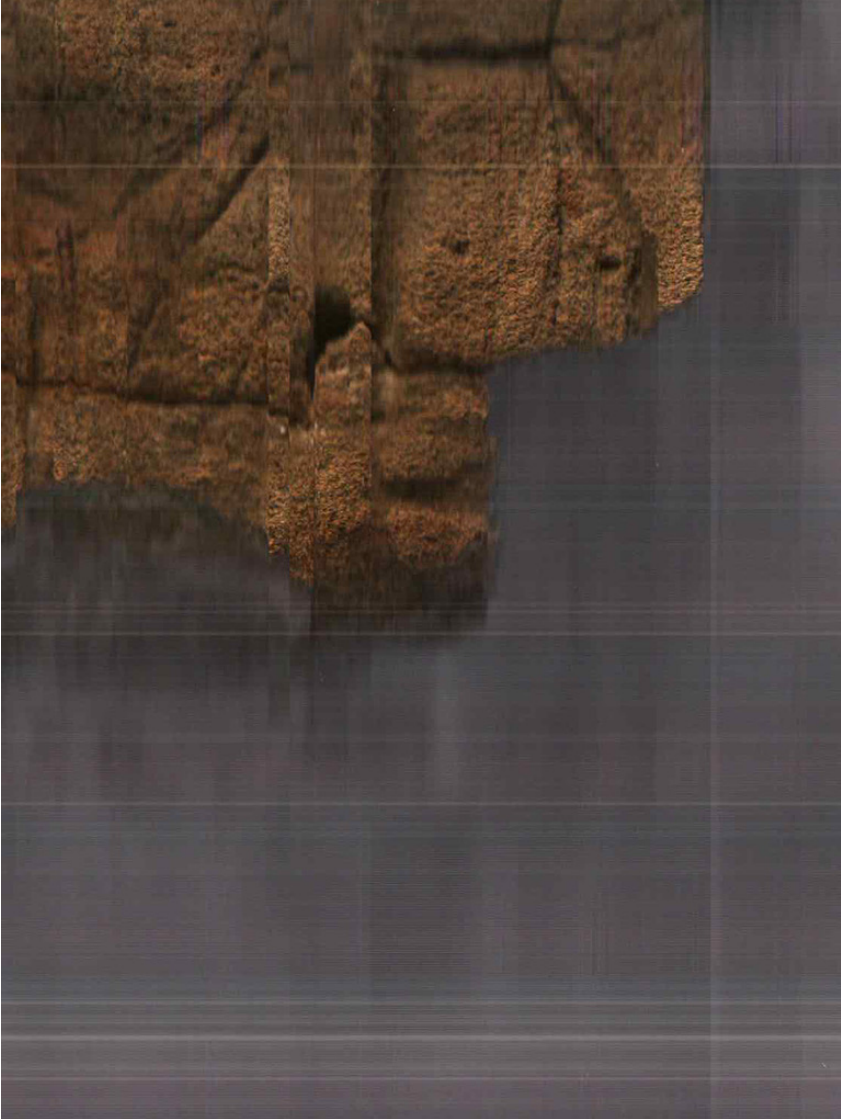


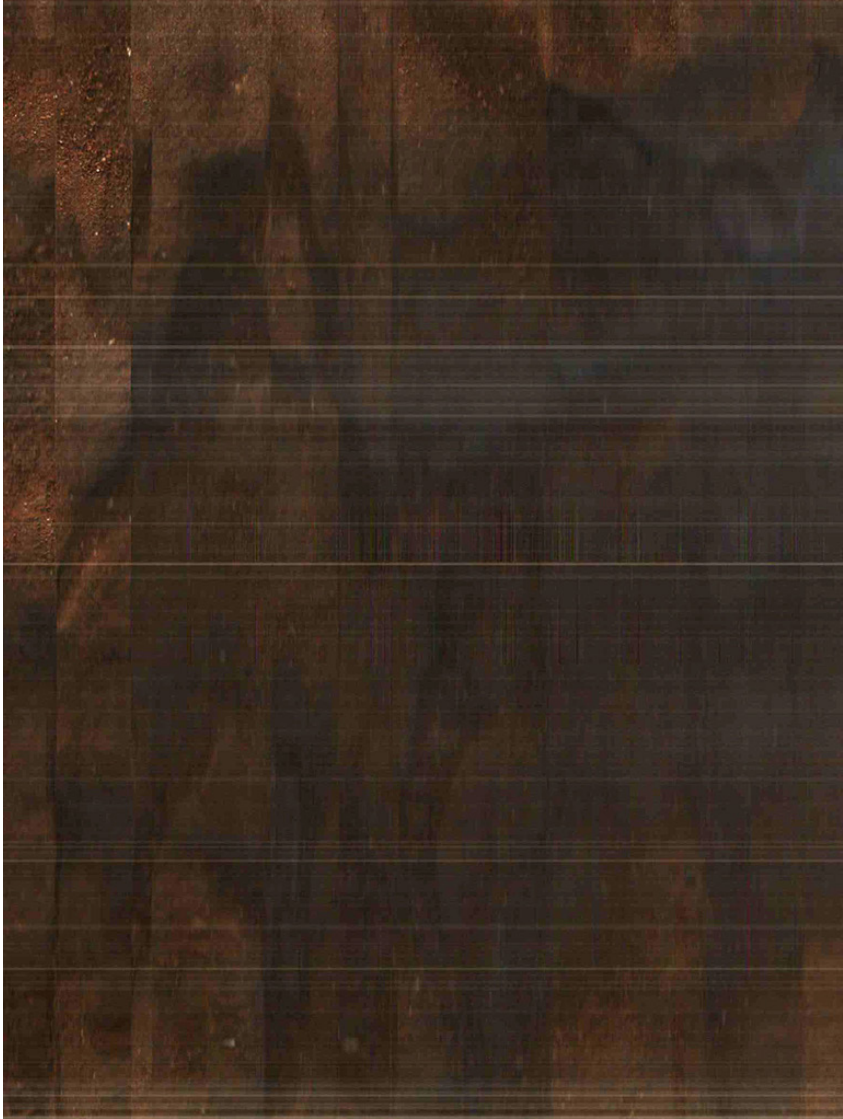
**Five Pieces from *standeth in a nothing***











**Paul Shumaker** is an audio/video artist. His work has recently appeared in *EXPEPHAB* and *Guesthouse*. These pieces (images captured with a scanner) are part of a longer series called "standeth in a nothing."

Sand Crabs

Sept: 15: Neptune 2 degrees S. of moon. Timbwani Beach latitude -4.1006. with a longitude of 39.6697. Note to self: Latitude (north or south) always precedes longitude (east or west).

“The fragrance drifts seaward and back again” — I am telling it, the story of eating samosas cold: baked vegetable meat packs wrapped in dough, best warm, however, with dried barnacles as aquatic salad. Timbwani Beach. A walking 4 miles from Mombasa, an island soft by the blue Indian Ocean. There is no spray here, no hard waves, just a rolling wash over the tidal zone.

It’s a postcard:

- There’s the coconut tree.
- There’s the flock of weaver birds.
- There’s the boy selling shells.

A blond-haired man is saddling down the beach, toward me, and he’s shirtless, coppered. He waves at me, drawing nearer.

“Are you writing lyrics?” he asks

I say No and close the Maugham book that Kenneth gave me at the Nairobi Y.

“Eet es beautiful here, yes?”

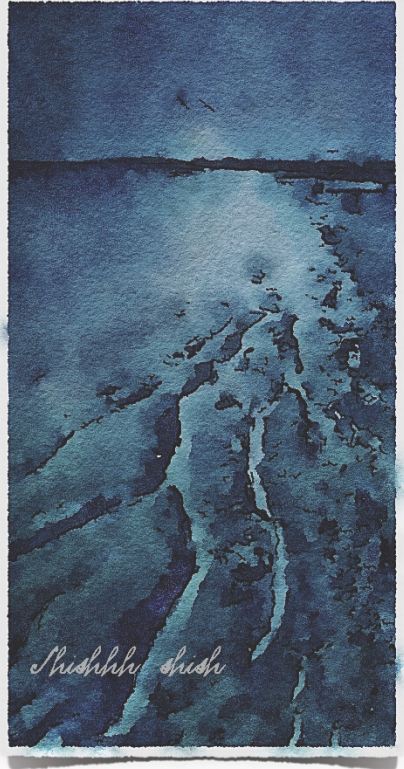
Yes.

“Are you Swiss? Cherman?,” he asks.

No.

He creases his brows — “Ahh” and we together look out to the blue line against the bluer line that indicates a reef. A half-mile out, the boy with red shorts now waves a speared eel in the bright air. He swings the stick like a cricket bat and the fish flies 20 feet parallel to the ocean before knifing into the dark, bluest line.

My visitor’s brows relax and he continues down the beach. “Good-bye, then,” and he flicks a shell into the wash.



Strangers can enter your life whether you like it or not. (I apologize; I have some sun sickness.)

I hike into the water, walking that half-mile out, out in the warm water, warmer by the coral. The walk is like taking stairs, gently inclining.

\*

SNAP

\*\*\*\*\*

On starfish:

## Utricoli

*peeling some tar off my foot*  
— *the lowered glacial*  
*planet*

Later: snorkling again among zebra fish, dodging spiked anemone rolling toward me in the surf, out to sea, and stepped on a sea cucumber, a giant slug of a worm, thick as an arm, that disgorges itself as a defensive ploy. Its drifting (though attached) intestines wrap around my leg and I swallow the samosa cold.

*JAB JAB JAB*

One black *JAB* bird

In the coconut *JAB*

tree All day

Whether you like it or not.

The shade has moved, or the sun rather. My cheeks are flushed and hot; the sand on my face, raw.

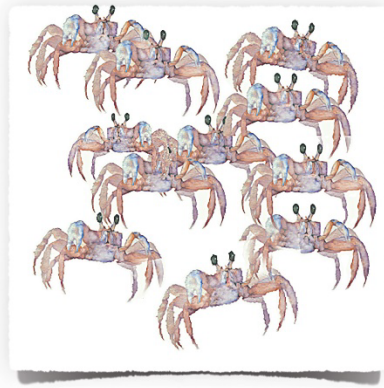
Thirsty, I head back to the shoreline.

Joe appears from our blue tent by the blue water. "Even with a T-shirt on?," I asked.

Joe's red back appears blue in the shade of the tent. For two days he lay here, burned from snorkeling, challenging me to Crazy Eights for the Emperor of Timbwanu Beach, Emperor of the Y, Emperor of all of East Africa. Aces, kings, jacks are laid down into the night, into the sound of the *shish shish shish* outside the tent, which might be something rustling the low plants atop the beach, or coming from the beach, in between the rise and fall of surf.

Joe and I crawl out, with lantern beams splaying right and left across the moonlit sand. Hell no. The beach is moving, the whole beach, sliding into the water then rising up to the crest and down again. It's not the water. It's alive. It's tens of thousands of spidery ghost crabs (*Ocypodinae*) racing down to the surf, *shish shishhhh*, and then scuttling back up to the paste of dry sand.

Sand (or so-called ghost) crabs live in the tidal wash. They typically have a sandy coloration that helps them camouflage and blend into their habitat. They have large, stalked eyes and a pair of elongated eyestalks, which provide them with



excellent vision to detect predators and prey coming from any point.

They emerge from their burrows at night to forage for food, which primarily consists of detritus, small invertebrates, and even plant matter washed ashore. During the day, they remain hidden in their worm-sized burrows to duck the heat and predators.

Their fluid bodies are capillary, and the tiny hairs on their legs hold minuscule droplets of ocean water, which they take back to their work holes to keep them from brittling.

Big blue horseshoe crab upturned. Careful.

The crabs now are ramming over our bare feet and up my ankles. And we jump into the tent, zipping it up.

When a ghost crab runs, it skirts sideways so it can more easily see what's coming for them. They're trotters, reaching 10 miles per hour. Moving together, they resemble a yard of blown leaves.

The sun blistered Joe's back. We can't stay in this shadeless haven. At dawn, we pack up, pulling our cooled Orange Fanta from the sand, covered every part of Joe but his face, and trudge back to Mombasa for some bit of shade. The first hotel we come to: the Rain Bow.

Thirty-five shillings includes cooked eggs. We can take photos of the courtyard, we're told.

## Utriculi

Inside it are a reticulated giraffe and a zebra, brought in from inland, or maybe up north. The zebra sways under a carpentered tree with wooden planks, curled by the sun, cut to resemble palm leaves.

We follow a man to our room. Two cots, a dusty bureau, and a light bulb hangs from a wall.

Joe grimaces, drops his gear, and sheds his shorts and shirt. He pulls out his cards and shuffles them.

*Shiiiiish shish.*

The Rain Bow is a problem. Getting out of the sun is good, but unclothed women knock on our hotel door hourly, asking if we need anything, and a man and woman in a room next to ours are arguing loudly about Dutch Guilders.

“I don’t want that Dutch money,” she says. “It’s no good.”

Something white jumps across an 8-inch hole in our room’s ceiling. We shove the bureau up against the door.



Amos Amos



*Honeybees construct their honeycombs in hexagonal shapes because they're the most efficient way to use space and maximize storage. It also minimizes material use. Each cell is a perfect hexagon, which naturally tessellates with neighboring cells without leaving gaps.*

*Aside from their architectural skills, honeybees are model citizens in the ecosystem. They do their best to keep us alive, though we do our utmost to poison them.*

I've heard it so often that I could give the speech.

Outside, it's Hope again, jumping rope.

No rain all day. Red sky at night. Autumn gives everything a honeyed look, even in bright daylight. Everything burnt-edged. As for me, well, I want to be on fire.

*Honeybee colonies are organized into different castes or groups with specialized roles. The queen bee primarily lays eggs, drones (male bees) fertilize the queen's eggs, and worker bees*

*perform tasks such as foraging, nursing larvae, cleaning the hive, and defending it.*

Hope and her jump rope. She wears the seasons well, jumping through childhood.

Amos Amos tells me diary-keeping is a good thing for a woman to do, like he does honey farming. That's him. "Otherwise, it's just a self-absorbed thing."

Family: One helps me to go forward; the other, to prevail.

**Tuesday**

I don't know if I can do it, for one thing.

*A honeybee colony typically consists of multiple, caring generations living together. The queen bee can live for several years, while worker bees have shorter lifespans depending on their roles and colony tasks. This sort of congeniality and respect for one's own and others', roles is called eusociality, coined by the entomologist Suzanne*

## Utricoli

*Batra, who used it to describe nesting behavior in India's halictid bees.*

Amos was good tonight. He funneled our guests — his guests — to the food and mead when conversation turned toward university blab. How can he stand working with them? I mean, do any of them even care what their other colleagues are doing, or even saying?

"That's why I do the bees," he said.

His recipe for dry mead, pulled out for Claire: 3 lbs. light honey, 6 pints water, 1 teaspoon of yeast nutrient, 1 heaping teaspoon of grape tannin, ½ ounce citric acid, Chablis yeast. And there you go, you have it.

And don't forget: Heat the honey, yeast nutrient, acid tannin, and water to 150 degrees. Skim the froth from the top and cool. When it cools to 70 degrees, add some active yeast culture. Pour into jar and top in with water, so there's no space below the airlock, and seal. Seal it. Bottle after a year.

I don't remember the house needing all this work constantly.

*With honeybees, workers collaborate in caring for the brood (eggs, larvae, and pupae). They regulate temperature, feed the young, and protect them from predators. Reproduction is typically handled by the queen bee, who mates early in her life and stores sperm for fertilizing eggs throughout her lifespan. Worker bees are sterile females and don't usually reproduce.*

### Wednesday

"Don't you get it," he said. "Women judge relationships by how much is talked about. Men, by what's done together. I saw it in *Time*."

A little reductive, I said. And shrugged.

*Honeybees communicate through shimmying (known as the waggle) to convey information about food sources to other workers, which contributes to efficient group foraging.*

*These traits collectively make honeybees eusocial. Eusociality enhances the colony's survival and reproductive success by distributing tasks efficiently among colony members and ensuring that reproductive efforts are concentrated on a*

*few individuals (the queen and drones), thereby maximizing genetic relatedness within the colony.*

Amos was disinterested in what I had to say. He keeps looking at the pinned bee, his special one. *Apis*, of the bee clade.

"Don't let your other bees see that one," I said. "They'll make a martyr of him."

He bought it from a man who bought it from a man who bought it from the Inzerki apiary, in the Sous Valley of Morocco. The world's oldest and largest apiary, with 3,000 hives. Existing, dare I say.

I turned back to my garden and the hydrangea.

"Did you order the new mount for it yet?"

"No," I said. He handles special projects. I handle maintenance. "I don't think he's going anywhere. He's been pinned to that block of walnut for 94 years."

Amos went into the far yard, to his hives, to turn the honey. A nightly thing.

*Honeybees are irreplaceable pollinators that support both natural ecosystems and global food production. Pollination is essential for the reproduction of around 75 percent of the world's flowering plants, including many crop plants that humans rely upon for food, fiber, and other resources.*

Amos returned. He went straight to his collection, half of it from auctions, and glanced toward his prize bee. But it was gone, flying like a bullet down Market Street, headed straight for Main.

**Death Horse**



## Red Fish

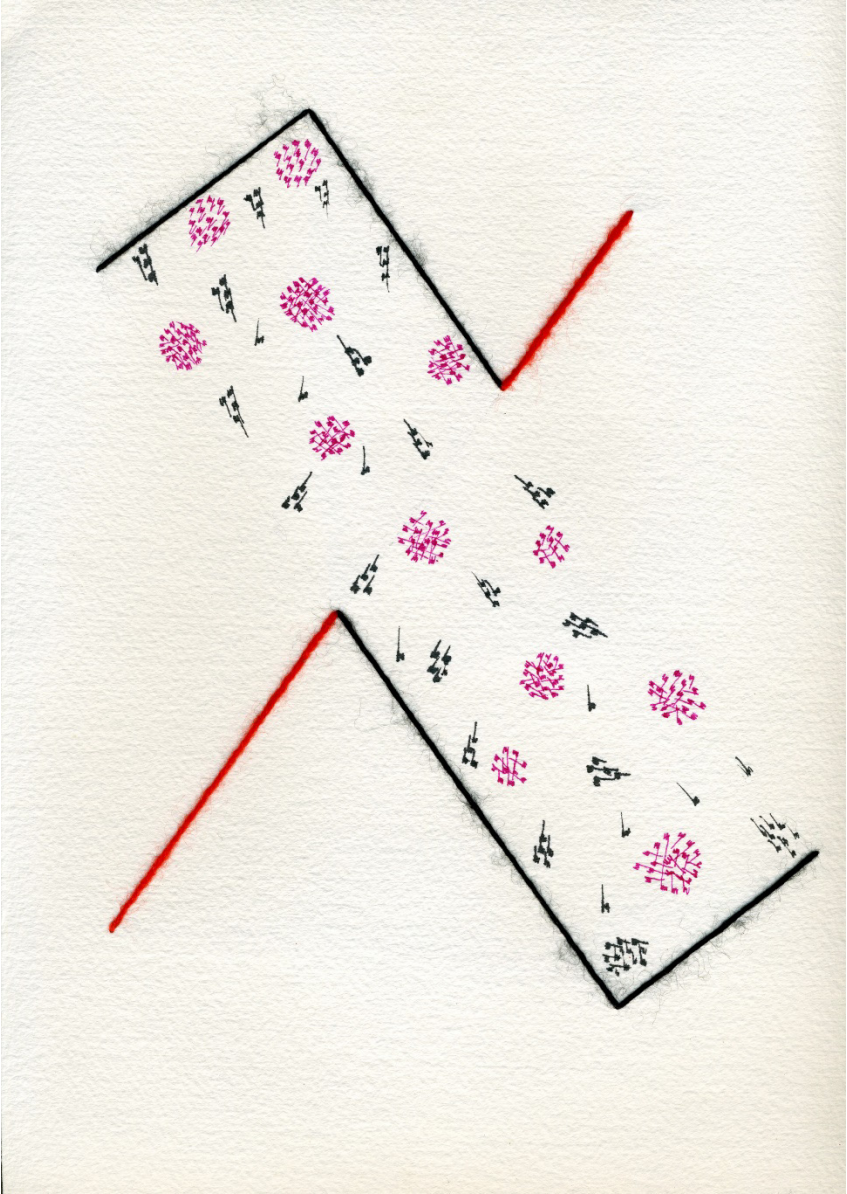


**George Myers Jr.** is a Pennsylvania painter whose non-fiction books include *Mixers: On Hybrid Writing* (Cumberland) and *Fast Talk with Writers* (Sandy Press). His poetry books include *Atmospheric Landscapes of North America* (Cumberland).

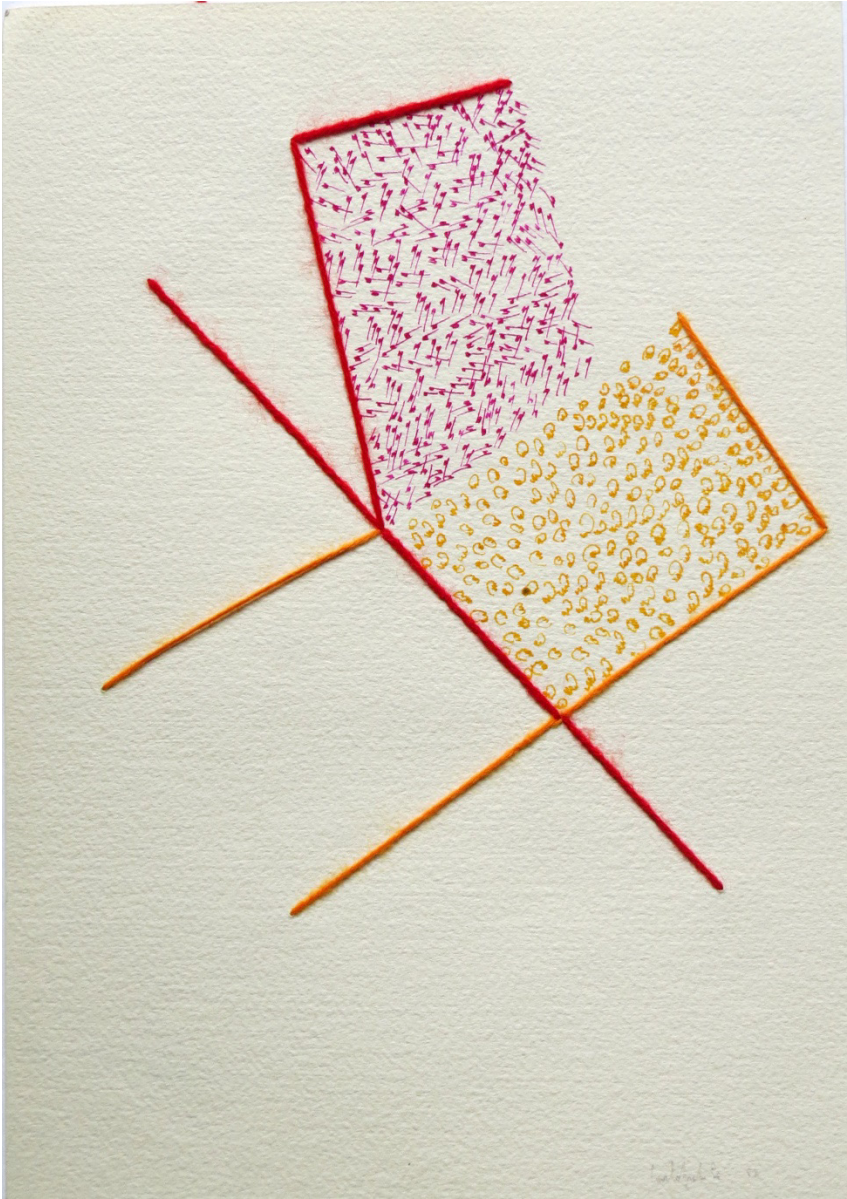
Filografie

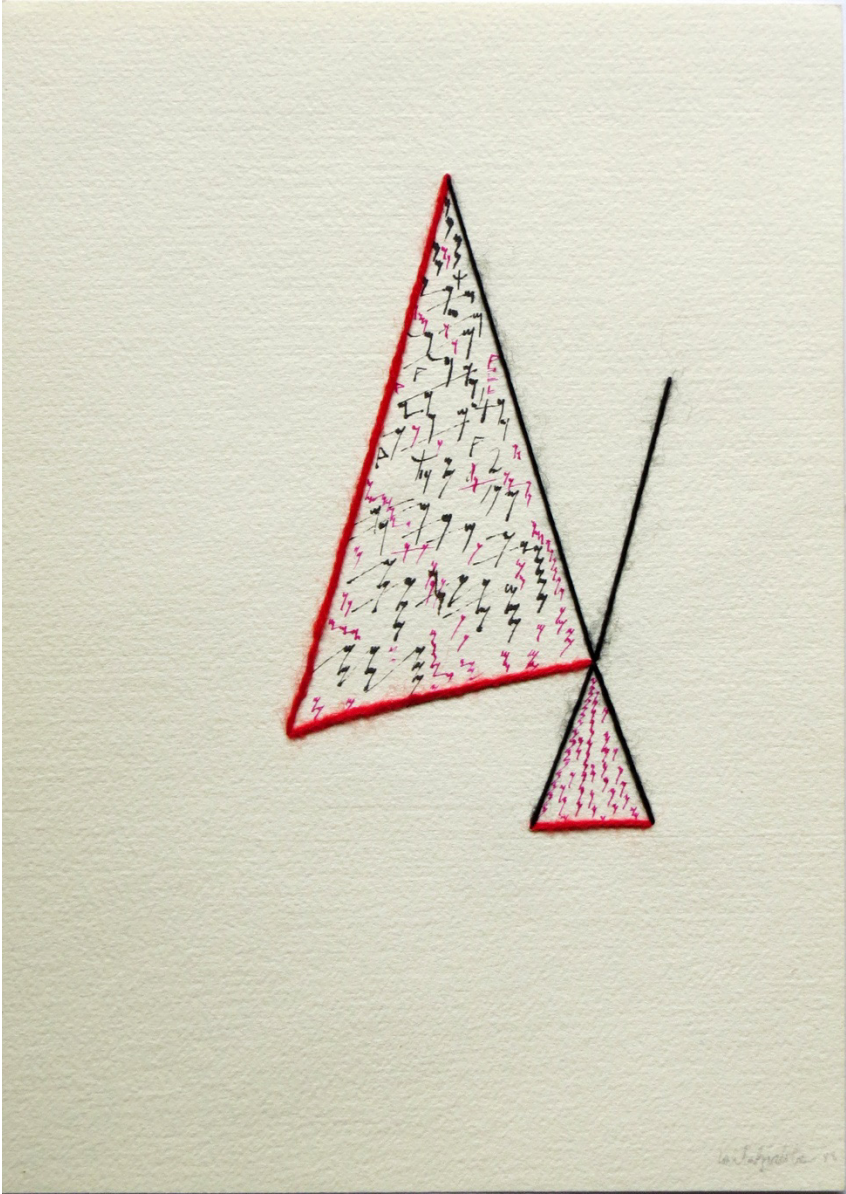
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Fabbri PRIV.	1920	9650	+50	9450	8300	12650	1000
<b>CEMENTI - CERAMICHE</b>	1760	9650	+20	11300	10920	15480	2500
Pozzi-Giorni ord.	1200	18340	-40	19400	17030	20250	4600
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Unicem ord.	12750	5000	+160	3870	3680	4820	5500
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Mira Lanza	35800	165	-5	187	159	241	73000
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Pierrel ord.	1705	185	-5	187	159	241	73000
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Fack	4855	4855	+75	4855	—	4855	—
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Flar	16300	16300	-100	16300	—	16300	—
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Utriculi



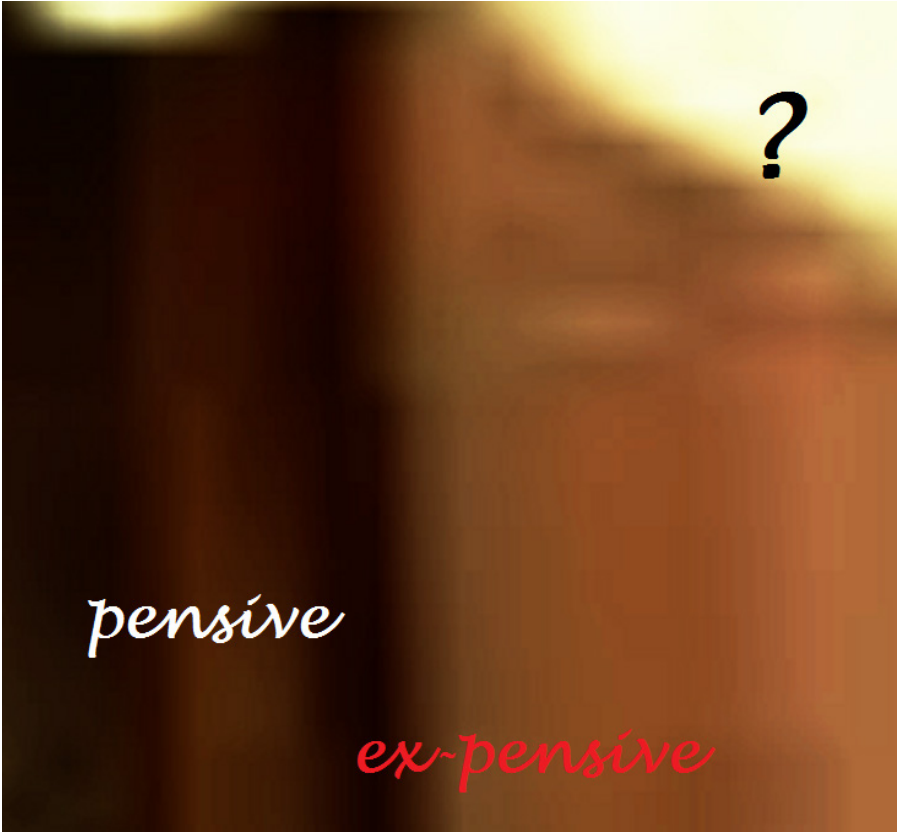








**Carla Bertola** (Torino 1935 – 2023). She started writing at a very young age and since the early 60's has contributed to poetry magazines, taken part in Meetings and other poetry events. She produced visual poetry since the 80's. In the same period she began to perform "Stagepoetry actions of sound poetry", most often with her partner Alberto Vitacchio, and was invited to France, England, Ireland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Brazil, Serbia, Latvia and several towns in Italy, where she also exhibited visuals. She published poetry and visual books, and is on many International anthologies. From 1978 to 2018 she edited the Poetry International Magazine "Offerta Speciale".

'Filografie' are a series of works where the space is stitched up and the use of wool threads is present in many other visual works and also used in installations and performances.

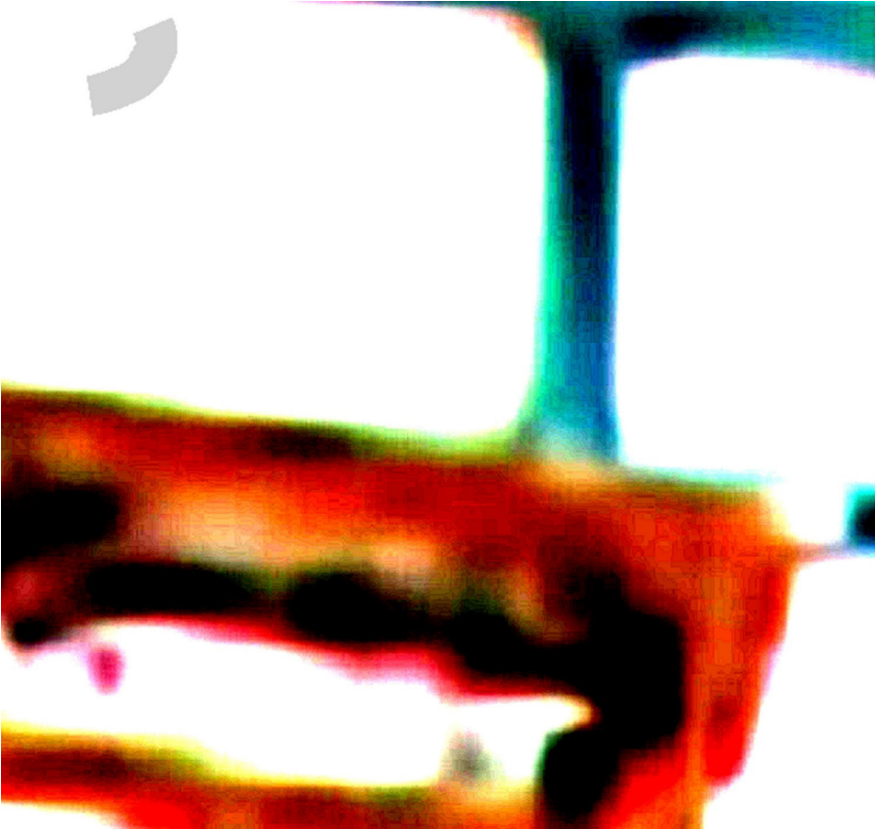
all in the timing



contra indicated

contra	salad	pungent	s q u a r e	<b>T</b>	henceforth	fool's gold	depth charge
haricot beans	isthmus	<b>CE LINE DO NC</b>	The Beltway	vaccine		emphatic	discus
<i>le temps des assassins</i>		obelisk	<b>&amp;/or</b>	candelabra	mangoes where woman goes	interleukin	humidity
rondelay	hemp	canula	protrude	nepotism	zyloid	Oliver North	hijab
Mar-a-lago	bicycle path		synchronic	tribade	clowns		jargon
elongated	affidavit	tropical	waistline	boast		particular	temporal
mahjong	fondle	cane train	haptic	secateurs	bourbon & branch water	trope	hedonism
creatine	scumbag	landlocked	Wurlitzer	logistics	centaur	granary	indicated

**geographies: Normanton**



**geographies: Tragowel**



geographies: Watchem



Necromancer

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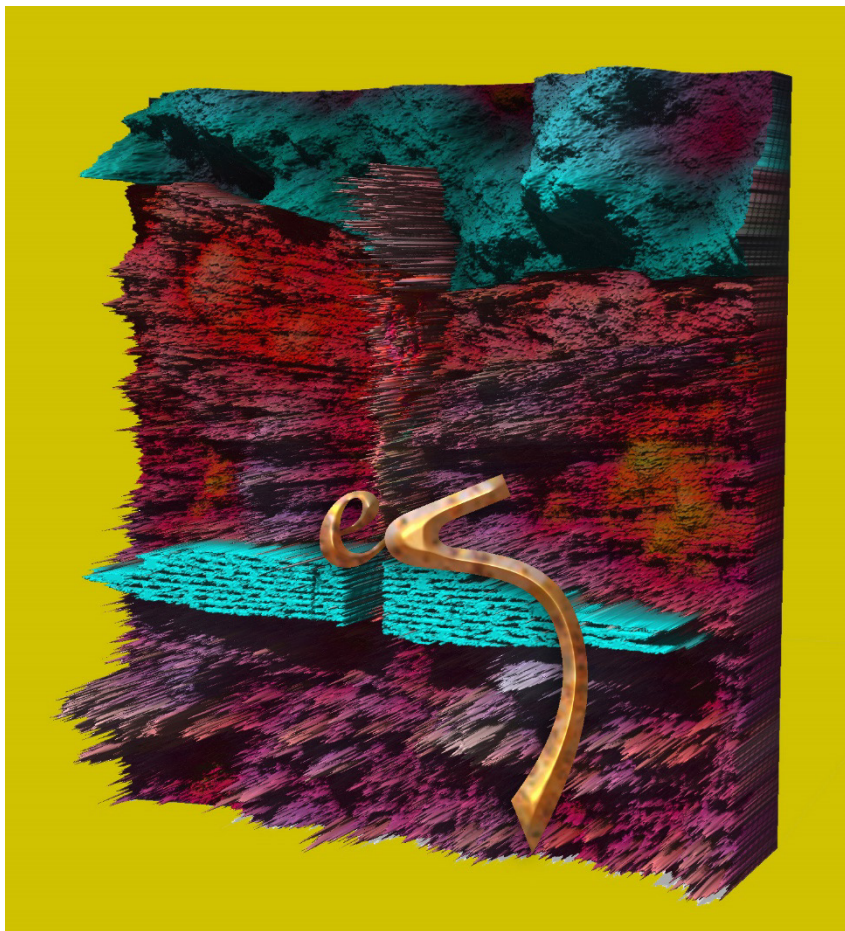
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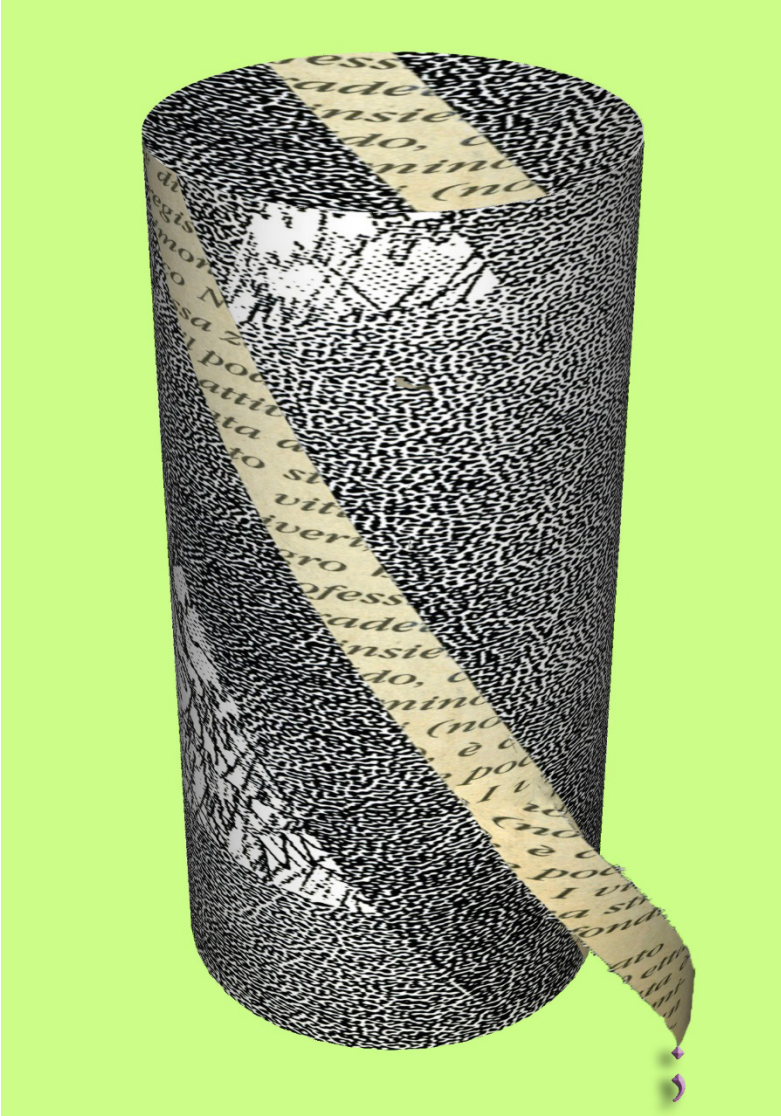
**Mark Young** was born in Aotearoa New Zealand but now lives in a small town on traditional Juru land in North Queensland, Australia. He has been publishing poetry for nearly sixty-five years, & is the author of seventy books, primarily text poetry but also including speculative fiction, vispo, memoir, and art history. His most recent book is *One Hundred Titles From Tom Beckett*, with paintings by Thomas Fink. published by Otoliths in June, 2024. His *The Magritte Poems* will be coming out from Sandy Press later this year.



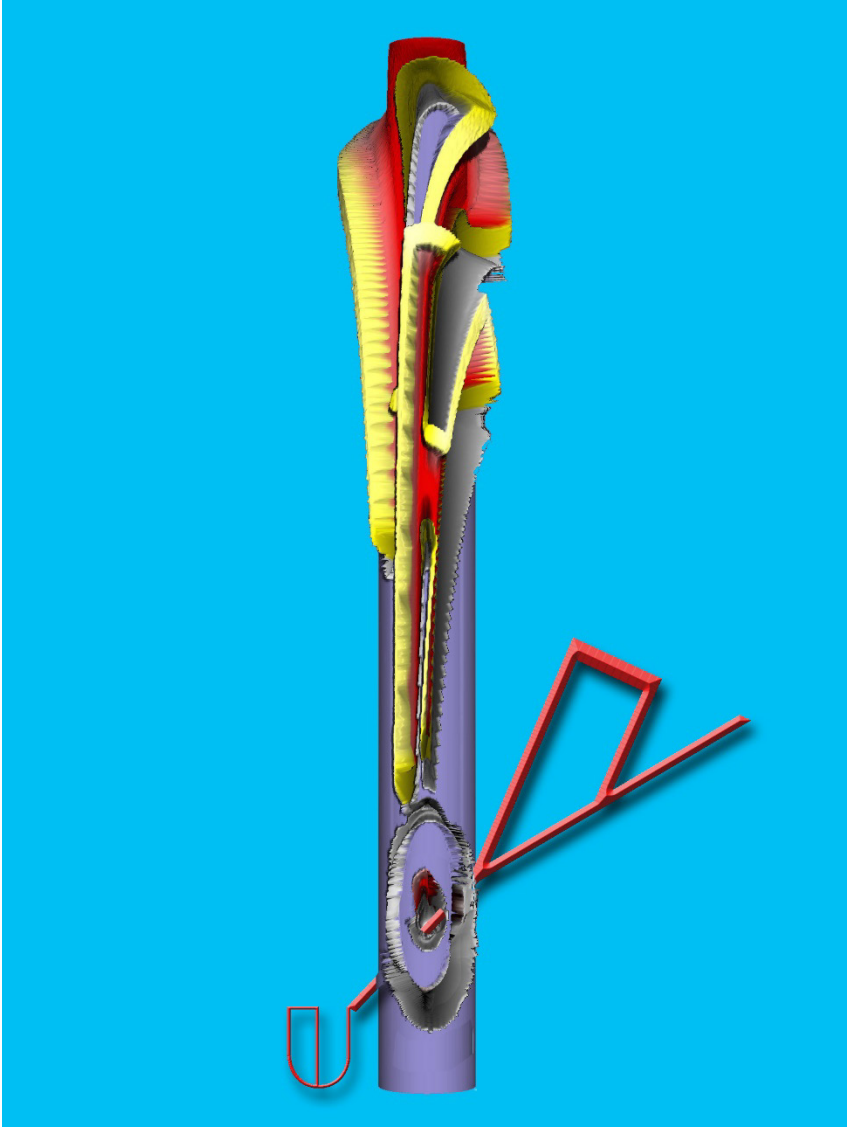
es



for Carla



Letterando 405



Letterando 473



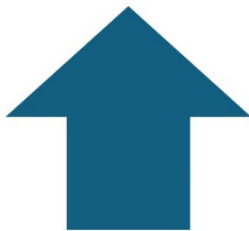
**Alberto Vitacchio** was born in 1942 in Torino where he still lives. He has always written poetry and published in many magazines in Italy and abroad. During the 80's he began working on Visual Poetry and, at the same time, started doing performances usually with Carla Bertola, working on the idea of "Stagepoetry actions". He performed widely in Italy and different countries: France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Ireland, Serbia, Brasil, Mexico, Cuba, Latvia, Canada.

During the 80's he also started to work on Sound Poetry and Visual Poetry. He personally produces and mixes his works and has also done sound installations. In Visual Poetry he works on collages following a personal technique obtaining color from the surface of paper, a procedure he calls "pulling up"; he is now working widely on digital works . He also works on Artist's Books. He has taken part in many exhibitions in Italy and abroad. Since 1978 and to 2018 he was co-editor of the International Poetry Magazine "Offerta Speciale" founded by Carla Bertola , a magazine devoted to visual and research poetry.

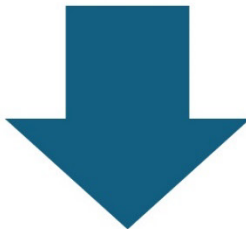
# 1



## imposed by an indispensable law



one has only 15 days off a year  
so he takes them in July  
in August he will go back to the office  
to take the bus with that taste of sweat



Everyone wants to go to holidays in August  
One would like to go to some nice place like La Rochelle to fill up with Atlantic but then decide to go to xxx or in xxx with full board



There is one

- in the intertwining of synapses and half-sleep he thinks that his father and grandmother
- died at the same age and that he has only twenty-five years left

Obviously he cannot measure them

- to count the events the things the naderías that can be thought but not expected
- He doesn't even remember what has or hasn't happened twenty-five years ago

One happens and does not remember descends below sea level while the unknowns with a nod of the head say always yes

- What could be missing now of that before that seems to have ended up in a concentration camp
- vanished dissolved lived as a particle of c 14 or a fracture of the midbrain

There's one  
watches the news a  
report on refugees  
He doesn't realize  
that there are also  
many  
in the houses in the  
villas in the anthills

they seek shelter  
from the offices  
from the  
factories  
from the lights of  
the shops and  
perfumeries

They take refuge on buses  
inside every type of sheet metal  
they commute by train  
they are the furniture of  
carriages

Many dead living man  
believe  
or they hope for something  
in the afterlife  
they don't realize or can't  
that it would only be to  
meet again  
those who have pissed off  
here



## Utriculi



There is one

fooled by the false information received approximated to what he experienced in moments of distraction



who takes the place of Al Khuwarizmi

He does not get out of it he does not understand he does not criticize he does not draw conclusion



one is only an algorithm

Some people believe they exist

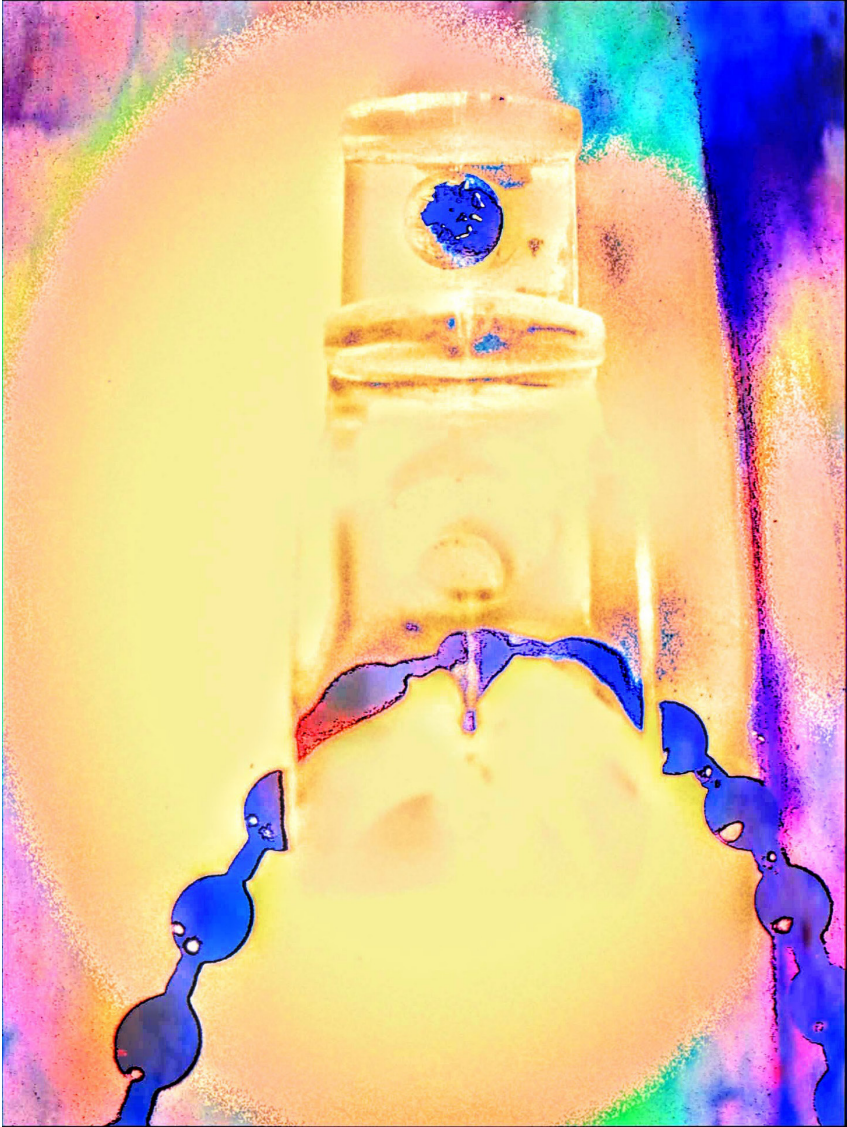
- Some people believe they exist
- Some people believe they exist
- Some people believe they exist
- Some people believe they exist
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- Some people believe they exist
- Some people believe they exist

**Giulio Maffii** was born in Florence (Italy). His studies are dedicated to poetry (linear-experimental-visual) and its diffusion. He has published in many international magazines. He collaborates with “Bubamara Teatro” Theater Company. He teaches at the University of Florence.

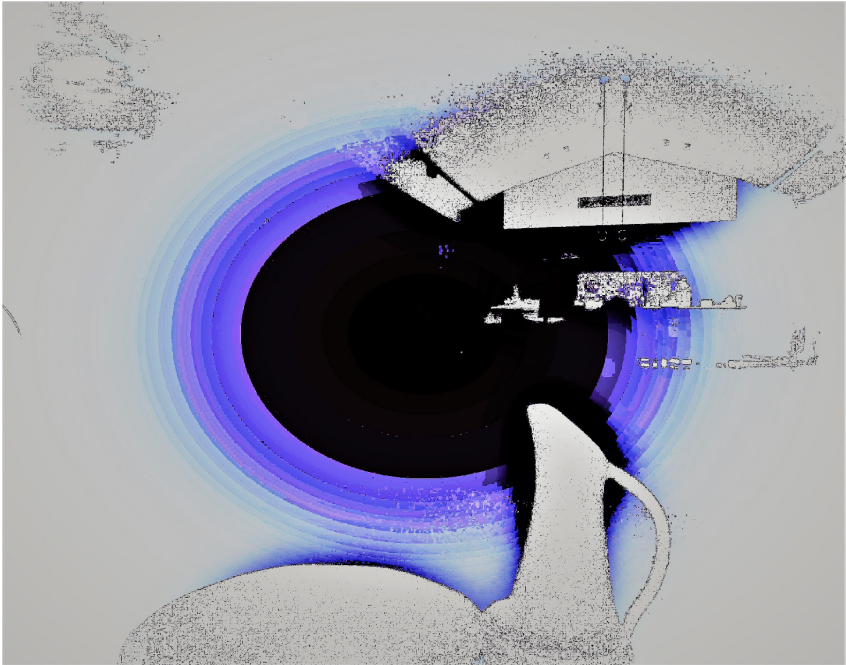
Bubbling Under



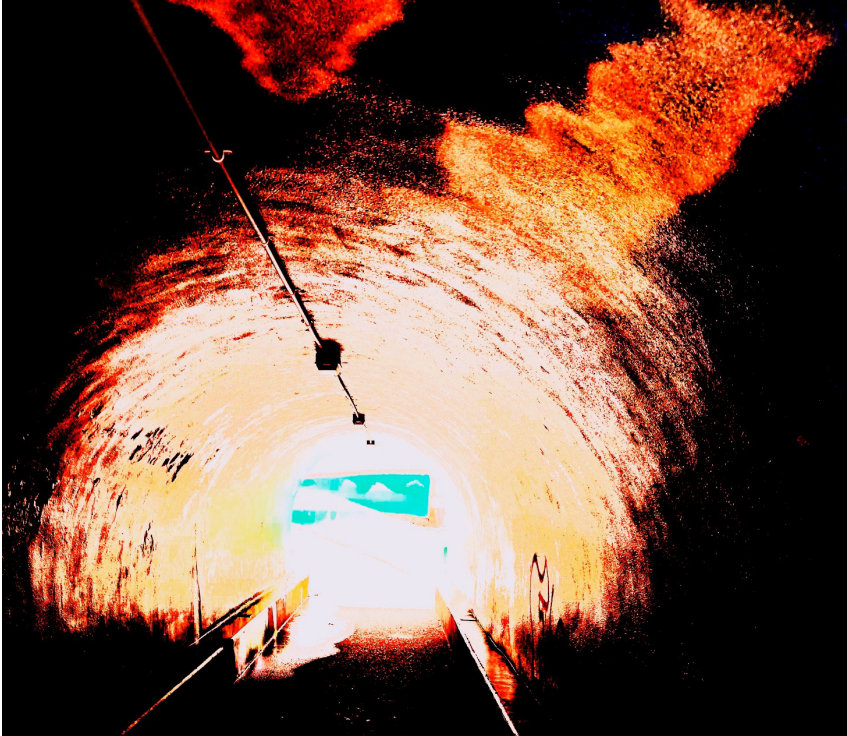
Etching



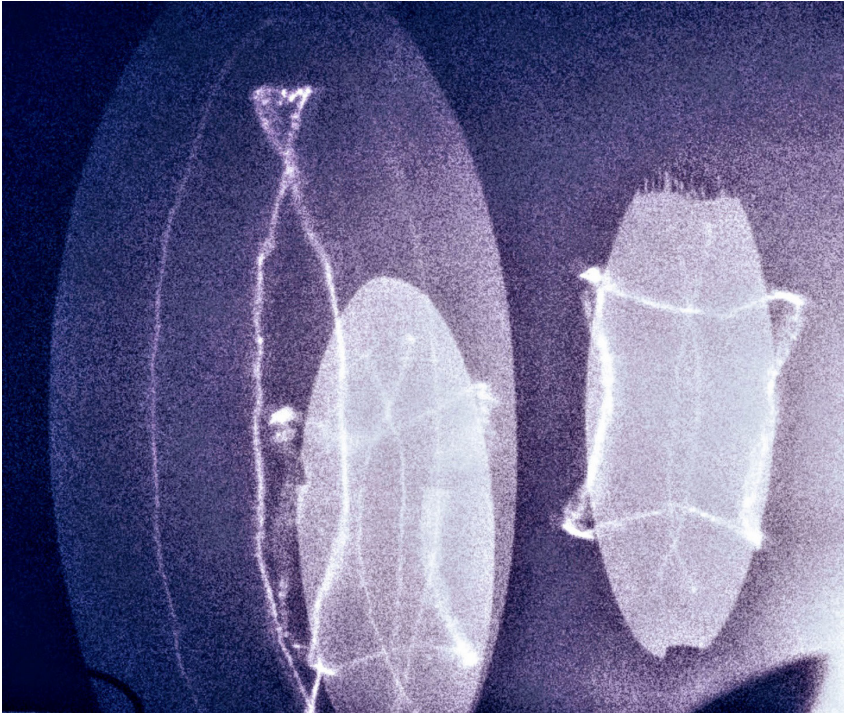
**Into the Void**



Leaving Purgatory



## Life Signs



**Keith Nunes** (Aotearoa-New Zealand) has had poetry, fiction, haiku and visuals published around the globe. He creates ethereal manifestations as a way of communicating with the outside world.

### **State the less obvious**

In six decades of a peripatetic life  
I've been reminded endlessly that  
Travelling between the white lines is  
The healthy and sensible way to approach our short lives on Planet  
Earth.

Sporadically, I have taken heed of these guidelines, but, as John  
Berryman pointed out,  
Life is Boring.

So I bent the 'scripture' out of shape

## Utriculi

In life and creatively.

I aim to misfire, to miss the target, to hit nothing at all.

I stand back to see what's come of my efforts.

Who knows, what?

Three Syntagmata

bring it on down  
behind me,  
boys

sprung jelly  
fishing for  
pearls

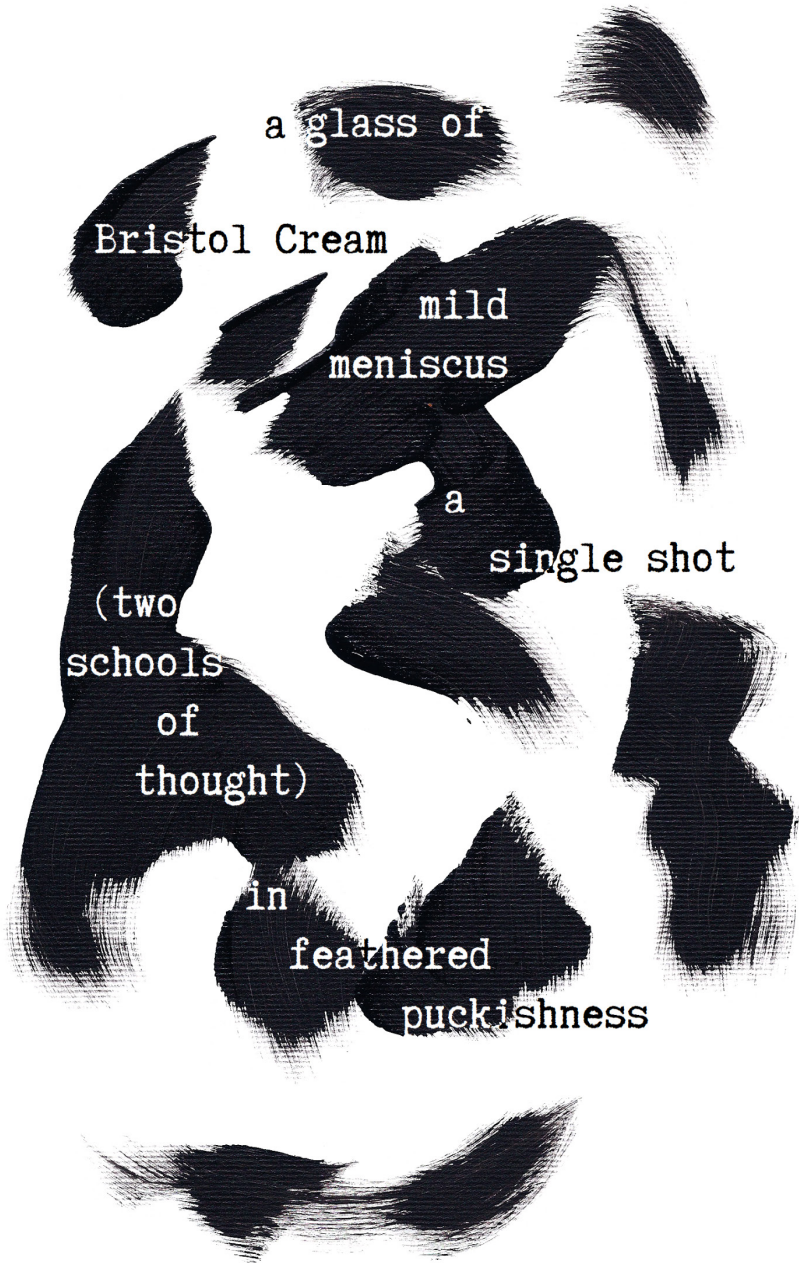
let's blow

fishing for  
compliments

well,

nobody's perfect





a glass of

Bristol Cream

mild  
meniscus

a

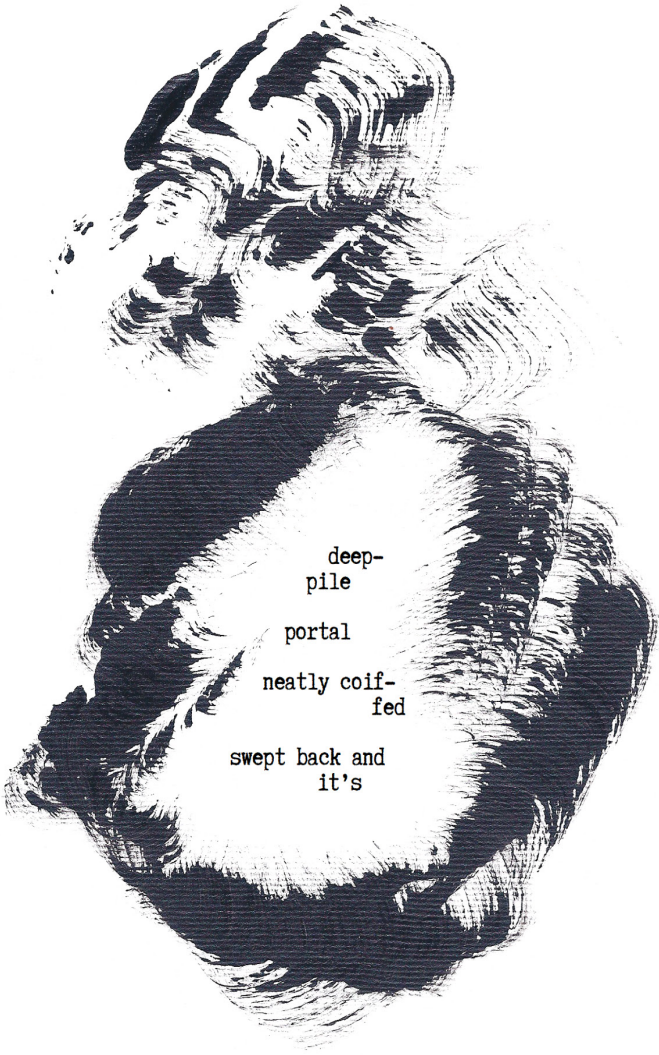
single shot

(two  
schools  
of  
thought)

in

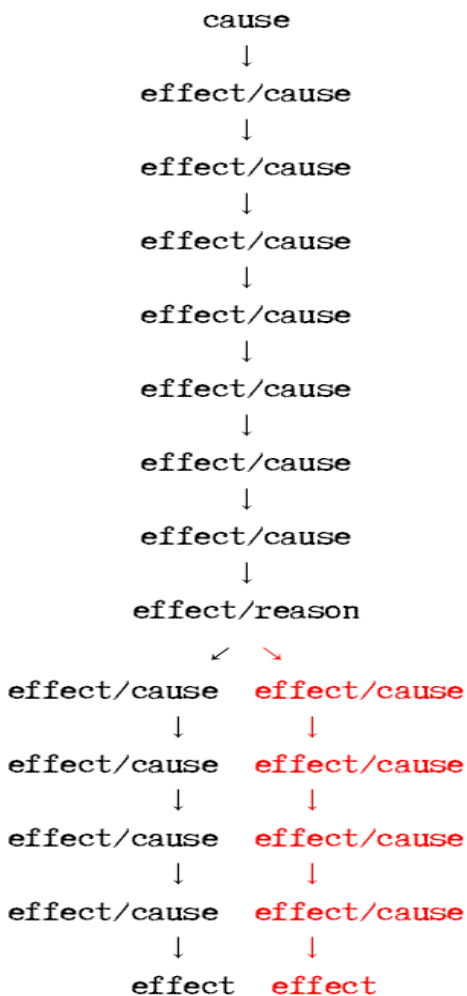
feathered

puckishness



deep-  
pile  
portal  
neatly coif-  
fed  
swept back and  
it's

Decision Time



## Meal

---

### I. Amuse-bouche

j'abuse  
ma bouche            en la taquinant  
avec  
un minuscule  
amuse-bouche

### II. Main Course (the haunted tablecloth)

here a spattering of small brown stains —  
some sort of sauce  
between solid and liquid states

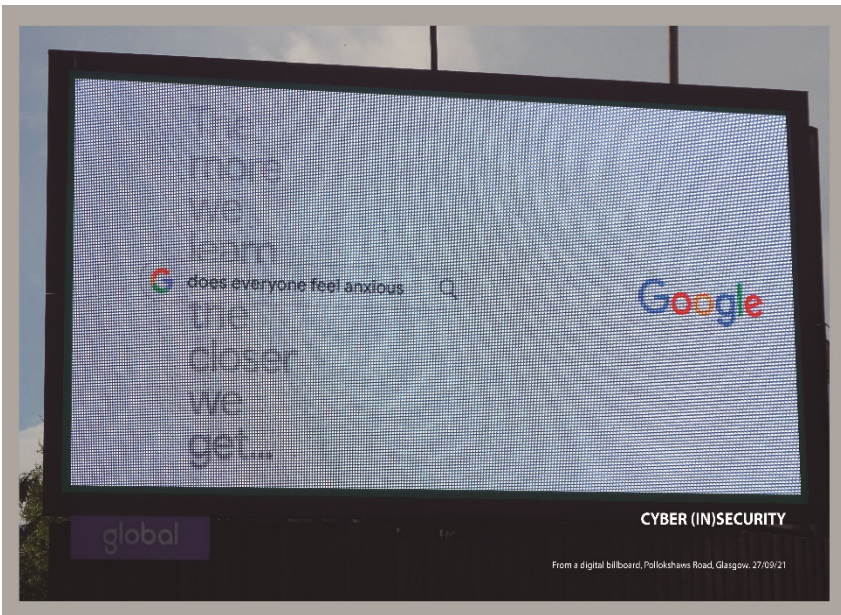
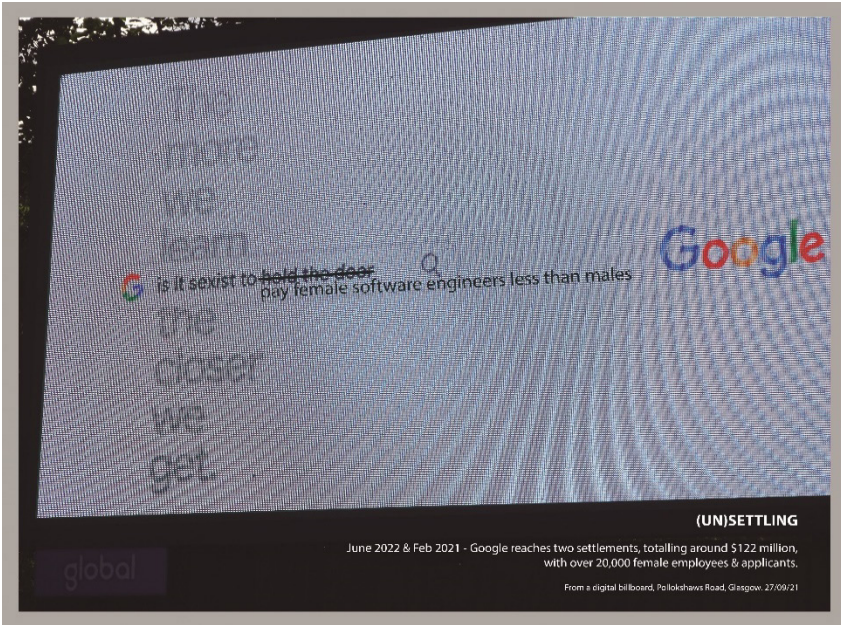
scattered  
salt crystals  
mark  
the start of luck  
gone sour

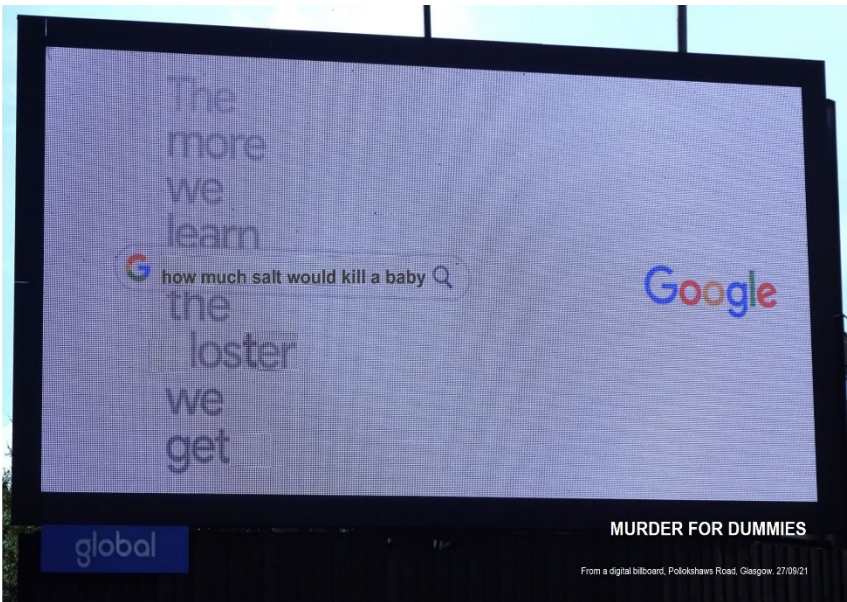
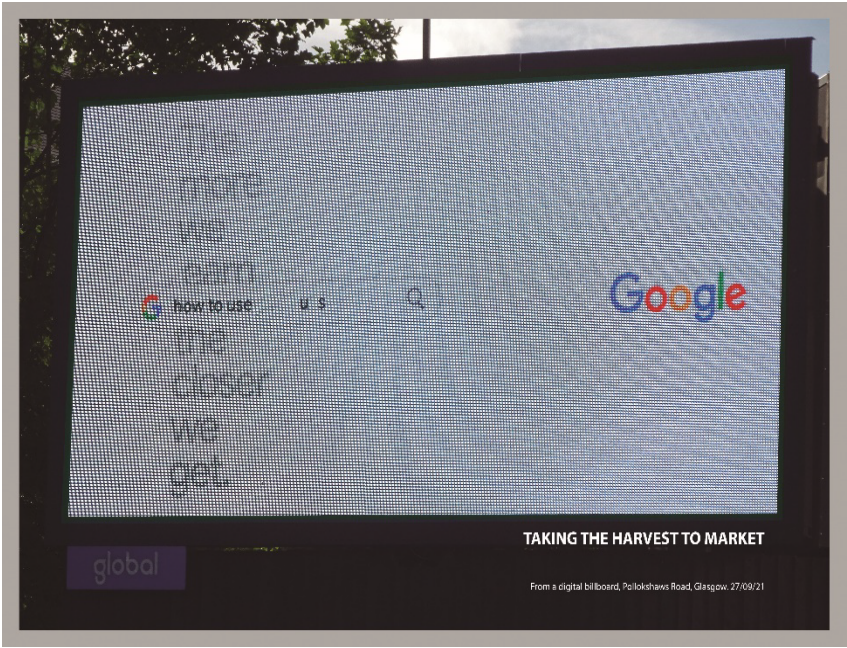
a spreading scarlet map  
of spilt intoxication  
there, where  
some expansive gesture  
overset a glass

### III. Pudding

drowned babies, spotted dogs,  
and figgy-dowdies float like logs  
in seas of yellow custard.  
not for us effete concoctions  
fashioned out of air and sugar  
coulis drizzled artfully upon an almost empty plate;  
belly-busting stuff  
to help us make it through  
the barren snows of Winter —

**Peter J. King**, born and brought up in Boston, Lincolnshire, now lives in the Oxfordshire Cotswolds. He has been widely published in journals and anthologies; his latest collection is *Ghost Webs* (2022, The Calliope Script). Aside from his own poetry, he also translates, mainly from modern Greek and German, writes short prose, and paints.  
<https://wisdomsbottompres.wordpress.com/peter-j-king/>



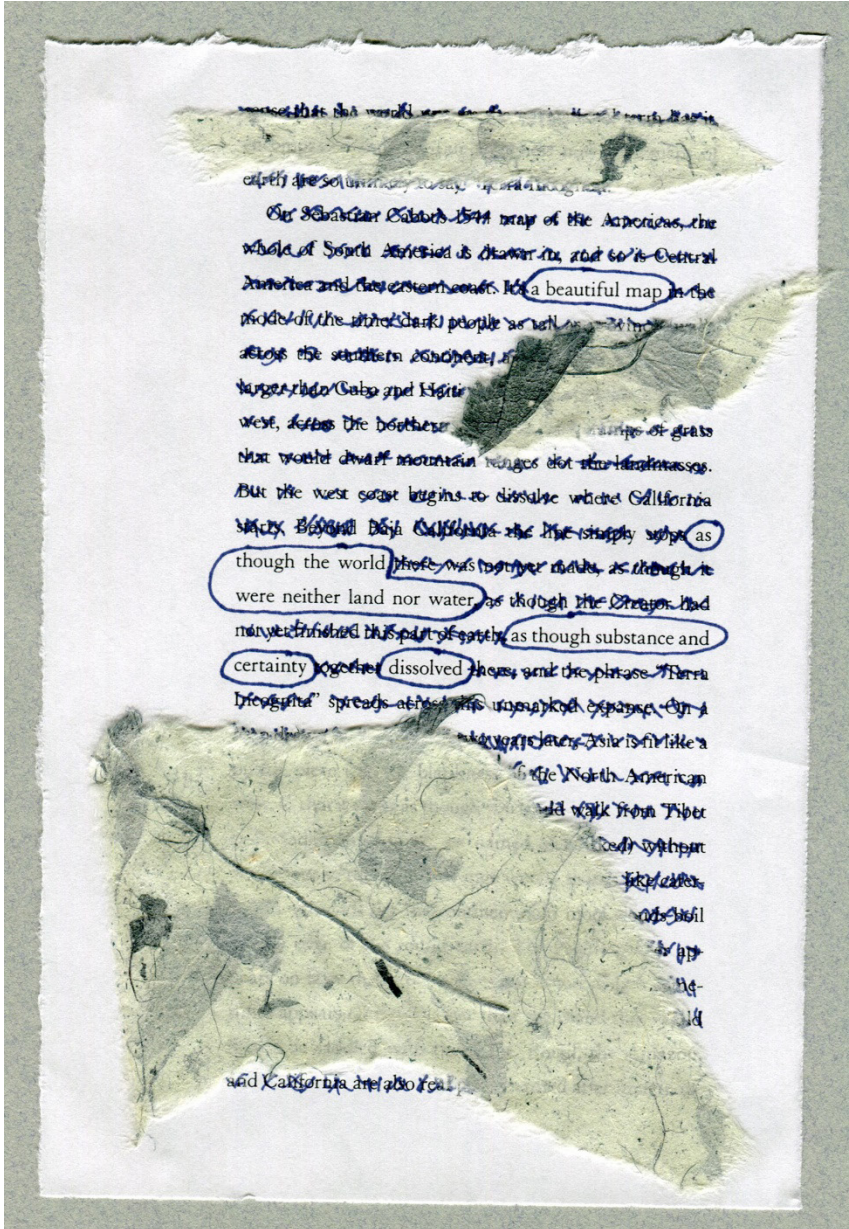


**Kate Tough**'s work was shortlisted for the Wigtown Poetry Prize under a pen name and has been selected as a Best Scottish Poem and converted into a motion at The Scottish Parliament. Her debut pamphlet, *tilt-shift*, was runner up in the CMM Awards and mentioned in the Times Literary Supplement's notable pamphlets. She was invited to show experimental pieces at the Stanza festival, and was included in *Makar/Unmakar: Twelve Contemporary Poets in Scotland*. Her expo has appeared in *The Found Poetry Review, 1749* and elsewhere. Found poems are upcoming in *The Madrid Review*. Kate's a prose editor at *Action, Spectacle* magazine. [katetough.com](http://katetough.com)

The motivation to make these pieces? Just a sense that Google paying for worldwide advertising to portray itself as a trustworthy, community-minded service seemed manipulative and hypocritical, given its history of personal data collection, targeted marketing, workplace inequality etc. CYBER (IN)SECURITY made itself, I just added the ellipsis... Not to mention the things that people use Google for, which get reported in press coverage of trials (the worst impulses of humanity, such as, 'how to kill a baby' or 'how to dispose of a body'). Making the piece on the baby theme was saddening. Undeniably, Google's search engine revolutionised access to information in positive ways but altruism and Google are definitely not synonymous.



A Beautiful Map



## Blue Distance

terra incognita spaces on maps say that knowledge also is an island surrounded by oceans of the unknown. They signify that the cartographers knew they did not know, and awareness of ignorance is not just ignorance; it's awareness of knowledge's limits.

The eighteenth-century mapmaker Jean Baptiste Bourguignon d'Anville pronounced, "To destroy false notions without even going any further, is one of the ways to advance knowledge." To acknowledge the unknown is part of knowledge, and the unknown is visible as terra incognita but invisible as selection. The map shows agricultural lands and principal cities, does not show earthquake faults and aquifers, and vice versa. About a hundred and fifty years after Christ, a Roman named Orates made a globe based on the theory that the earth had four continents, three of them unknown. Around the same time, Ptolemy drew up the atlas that was for a millennium and a half the standard source on the geography of the world. Says one map historian, "Ptolemy departed from the standard Greek conception of the inhabited world. He abandoned the idea of a world encompassed by water (in the restricted sense employed by Homer) of a circumfluent oceanus relatively close by. Instead, he recognized the possibility and probability of Terra Incognita beyond the limits of his arbitrary boundary lines. In other words, he left the matter open to further investigation." Before Orates and Ptolemy, maps depicted a known world surrounded by water, and the conceptions that must have gone with this

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|||||

The  
Blue  
of  
Distance



## Kingfisher

72

CHARLES DARWIN

first time, in a grove of cocoa-nut trees, can be a judge of anything but his own happiness. The island would generally be considered as very uninteresting; but to anyone accustomed only to an English landscape, the novel aspect of an utterly sterile land possesses a grandeur which more vegetation might spoil. A single green leaf can scarcely be discovered over wide tracts of the lava plains, yet flocks of goats, together with a few cows, contrive to exist. It rains very seldom, but during a short portion of the year heavy torrents fall, and immediately afterwards a light vegetation springs out of every crevice. This soon withers, and upon such naturally formed hay the animals live. It had not now rained for an entire year. When the island was discovered, the immediate neighbourhood of Porto Praya was clothed with trees, the reckless destruction of which has caused here, as at St. Helena, and at some of the Canary islands, almost entire sterility. The broad, flat-bottomed valleys, many of which serve during a few days only in the season as water-courses, are clothed with thickets of leafless bushes. Few living creatures inhabit these valleys. The commonest bird is a kingfisher (*Dacelo Jagoensis*), which tamely sits on the branches of the castor-oil plant, and throws darts at grasshoppers and lizards. It is brightly coloured, but not so beautiful as the European species; in its flight manners, and place of habitation, which is generally in the driest valley, there is also a wide difference.

We returned to the Vênda to eat our dinners. A considerable number of men, women, and children, all as black as jet, collected to watch us. Our companions were extremely merry, and every thing was followed by their hearty laughter. Before



visited the cathedral. It does not appear so much, but boasts of a little organ, which sends enormous screams. We presented the black priest and the Spaniards, putting him on the head, he thought his colour made no great return, as fast as the ponies would go, to the village of St. Domingo, situated near Dr. E. Dieffenbach, in his German translation of

## Zigzag

## THE VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE

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matted together by canes. When occasionally a long reach of this avenue could be beheld, it presented a curious scene of uniformity: the white line of logs, narrowing in perspective, became hidden by the gloomy forest, or terminated in a zigzag which ascended some steep hill.

Although the distance from S. Carlos to Castro is only twelve leagues in a straight line, the formation of the road must have been a great labour. I was told that several people had formerly lost their lives in attempting to cross the forest. The first who succeeded was an Indian who cut his way through the canes in eight days, and reached S. Carlos. He was rewarded by the Spanish government with a grant of land. During the summer, many of the Indians wander about the forests (but chiefly in the higher parts, where the woods are not quite so thick) in search of the half-wild turtle which live on the leaves of the cane and certain trees. It was one of these huntsmen who by chance discovered, a few years since, an English vessel, which had been wrecked on the outer coast. The crew were beginning to fail in provisions, and it is not probable that, without the aid of this man, they would ever have extricated themselves from these scarcely penetrable woods. As it was one seaman died on the march, from fatigue. The Indians in these excursions steer by the sun, so that if there is a continuance of cloudy weather, they cannot travel.

The day was beautiful, and the number of trees which were in full flower perfumed the air; yet even this could hardly dissipate the effects of the gloomy dampness of the forest. Moreover, the many dead trunks that stand like skeletons, never fail to give to these primeval woods a character of solemnity, absent in those of countries long civilized. Shortly after sunset we bivouacked for the night. Our female companion, who was rather good looking, belonged to one of the most respectable families in Castro; she rode, however, astride, and without shoes or stockings. I was surprised at the total want of pride shown by her and her brother. They sought food with them, but at all our meals sat watching Mr. King and myself whilst eating, till we were fairly shamed into feeding the whole party. The night was cloudless, and while lying in our beds, we enjoyed the sight (and it is a high enjoyment) of the multitude of stars which illumined the darkness of the forest.

**Katrinka Moore** started out in dance and choreography and later shifted to poetry, often including visual elements in her work. She is the author of five books, most recently *Diminuendo* (2022). Her work has appeared in many journals, including *Otoliths*, *Terrain.org*, *Woven Tale*, *SWWIM*, *Leaping Clear*, and *Cold Mountain Review*. She lives in the Catskill Mountains in New York state. [katrinkamoore.com](http://katrinkamoore.com)

**Artist statement:**

I think of erasures as allowing something hidden to unfold. When I cover some words on a page, the remaining words create a new meaning and also allow space for added visual elements. An erasure is the visible and invisible intertwined. These pieces are part of a manuscript about the island in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. In this project the island, rather than being a setting for human events, is a being in her own right.

**ELABORATION**

(in response to Sanju Paul's painting titled "उलझन")

... ..

From the vantage point of the dreams threaded through reality,  
there are dream-whorls only perceptible to other whorls, without  
encrustations.

They are making a landscape by radiating patterns in crepuscular  
light;

they are sending out waves that lap on the edges of other dreams,  
and they carry in themselves some memories of previous nodes,  
especially the early foundational dreams and the nexuses,  
that projected themselves forward in time and left their presence  
like holographs in the weave of radiating waves,  
and they leave their intent vibrating in patterns of resonance,  
and some of them operate as oases in the deserts of reality,  
offering themselves but positioned off to the side.

It is probably better to allow reality to remain a desert,  
because attempts to make it a paradise may be misguided.

उलझन



.....

Sanju Paul (legal name: Sanjeev Kumari Paul)  
Birthplace: Palampur, Himachal Pradesh  
Residence: Manali, Himachal Pradesh  
Education: Palampur Veterinary College  
Proprietor: Mindscape Art Gallery & Art School, Haripur

**TRITON'S MANE, SEEN FROM BEHIND**

(---my response to an image by Nico Vassilakis, posted March 14, 2024 on FB, in which I try not to overuse the word "fizz")

... ..

it's a fantabulous iteration... an implicate co-location...

and the flux is hosting an interplay among waveform ratios...

a default mode network (DMN) is hosting a circumambient swirl...

now this tarantella commandeers the DMN as its pinwheel pivot...

we watch it congelating and constellating in a Walpurgisnight of forms...

Triton must have commandeered a motorboat, and now he dozes at the tiller...

we watch the wake stretching behind his head like long silvery locks...

and underwater it appears as a bubble trail...

it's a combinatoric entrainment of motor routines...

an emo-kinetic knack keeps it fluid and proportionate...

and the backwash spits out eternal objects into hidden lagrangeries...

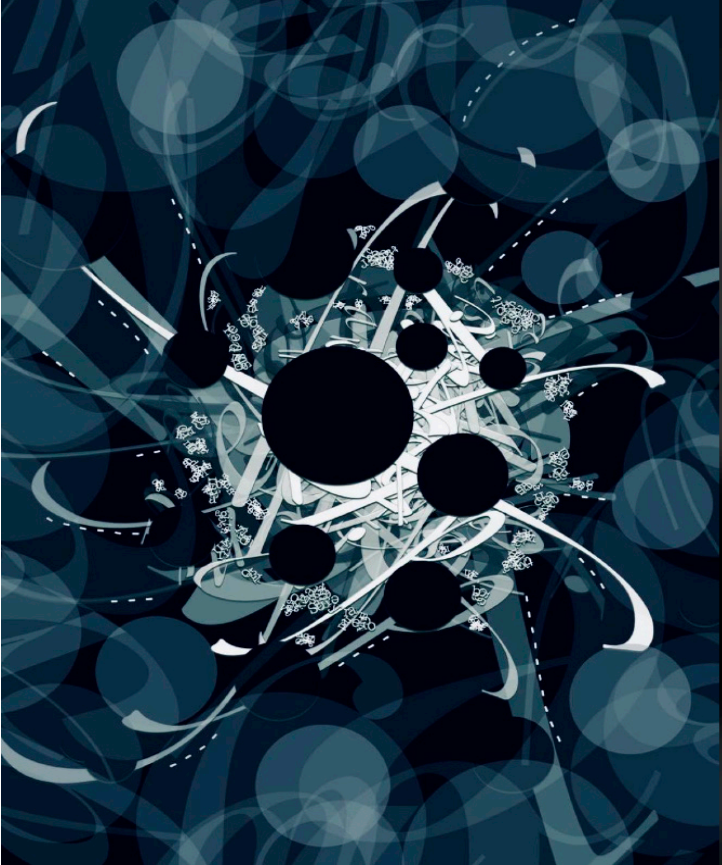
and the dross of the churn is flung into concreescent serendipities...

and expiring foam offers bubble-hearts at the foot of Aphrodite's shell

and the gnarl of letters is set a-fizz by a clash of incipencies.



fizz



.....

Artist, poet, and writer **Nico Vassilakis** was born in New York City. His visual and video poetry is composed of letters and phrase fragments that are swept or cut into shapes emphasizing their structural qualities and ephemeral nature. His books include the poetry collections *Twelve American Cities* (2021), *VOIR DIRE* (2020), and *Letter Wheels* (2019). He edited *Clear-Cut: Anthology: A Collection of Seattle Writers* (1996) and *The Last Vispo Anthology: Visual Poetry 1998-2008* (2012). In 1994, he co-founded the Subtext Reading Series in Seattle, Washington. He currently lives in Greenville, Illinois, with his wife, poet Crystal Curry.

**GLIMMERING CARNIVAL**

(for a painting in Chaled Res' "Night" Series, dated July 4th, 2024)

... ..

Silver inscriptions of intrinsic value  
articulate their vines of private confession  
on the exploratory arbors of night  
interlacing to fill our habitation...  
Inklings are invited to flare;  
caprices of phosphors are encouraged  
in a display hospitable to glimmers,  
by amplification of receptive darkness...  
The eventfulness of a late-hour session  
highlighted by talent for marking thoughts,  
renders progressions in simultaneity...  
The familiar dark companion is present  
as focus to set the tone of patience,  
so the wreathings of blue mist,  
the coming and going of pastels  
are sparked into a nocturnal carnival---  
circulation of flickers in love's realm.

From the Night Series



100x100cm

ChaledRes24

.....

**Chaled Res** (born in Aleppo, Syria): He looks deeply into the aesthetics of the Arabic script and its visual music without approaching the words themselves.

Present nationality: German

Present residence: Konya, Turkey

Member: IAA "International Association of Art," UNESCO Paris/  
International Association of Fine Arts in Berlin

Selected exhibitions:

Salwa Zeidan Gallery • Abu Dhabi, 2020;

8th Sharjah International Calligraphy Biennale • Sharjah, 2020;

Eksan Gallery • Istanbul, 2017.

**THE WAY PLANTS CATCH SUNLIGHT**

(for Natali Wienstein's painting, posted Nov.24, 2023 on Facebook)

... ..

Wayside plants charm my attention with their way of catching sunlight.

Hidden in their outlines and details, they have a plan to go on living.

They arrive in this moment and proclaim their succulence,

greeting me with their green fuse that won't burn out.

They draw up moisture to endure the midday heat;

in one morning I see them reliving all generations.

I go through my morning moods and daily trials,

bearing the buoyant imprint of their reticent presence.

I meet them on common ground, living forward and leaving death behind.

They live in the dream of themselves, and their lines are aurified by sunlight.

Roadside Plants



.....

**Natali Wienstein** immigrated from Russia to Israel at age 12 and is still under age 30. She is knowledgeable about many styles of music. As an artist she believes that colors are life. She works as a psychiatric nurse and lives in Giv'atayim. Her patients love her, but her supervisors disapprove of her paperwork.

**TRIANGULATION OF SOULFULNESS\***

(in response to a photograph by [Bradley Delany](#))

... ..

the shape of a tree projected onto a rock face...

by waning sunlight through its twigs and branches,

as if to impart a subtle layer of gilding...

its wan shape being cast there,

as if to reach beyond its sheath of bark...

a photosensitive plate collects it...

as if to raise it up by excitation of pixels...

then comes an eye capable of fixing its image...

as if it can't linger unless someone happens by

to validate its shape of impermanence.

... ..

\*[Note: When more than two "as-ifs" come together, the result can be especially soulful.]

### Tree with Shadow



.....

**Bradley Delany** has worked as bookbinder, a bridge builder, a jazz bar bouncer, a martial arts teacher, and a bodyguard. As a young construction worker, when he suddenly developed a hankering to find out about poetry, he stumbled upon the Naropa School of Poetry in his home district. Upon barging in the door, the first person he met was none other than Allen Ginsberg, but he didn't know who Allen was. He would soon find out.

**MANY-BRACKETED GAIA**

(in response to Graham Sherring's painting titled "The World in Black and White," posted by Graham on May 3, 2024)

... ..

So many offsetting relations are lifting up the Earth

on invisible pylons that ramify into the void...

that's why she is shot through with impermanence, even as she endures,

trussed up in a trusswork of preconditions...

so many collisions and accommodations must have been necessary...

to serve Gaia up on this platter of manifestation...

hovered over by entelechies in nesting layers of solicitude...

allowed to formulate and steer the dream of emergence...

so many hypotheticals must have surrendered to the actual,

vanishing as they fed into the vibratory fabric of her flesh...

only to reappear on HER historical loom...

because now HER frame has been stretched...

making her the maker, hidden or not,

of her own many-bracketed stories.



The World in Black and White



.....

**Graham Sherring**

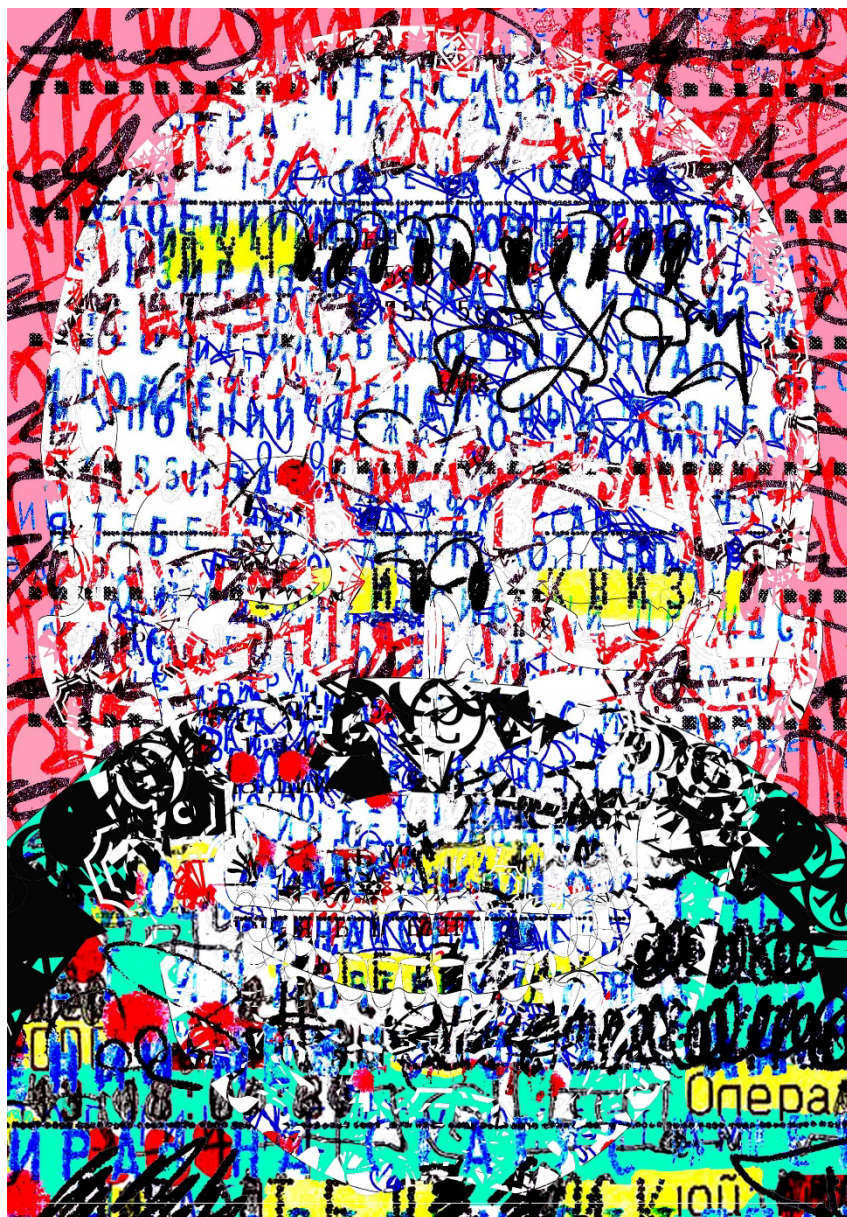
<https://www.saatchiart.com/account/artworks/638565>

<https://www.artmajeur.com/graham-sherring>

**Denis Mair** holds an M.A. in Chinese from Ohio State University. He served as translator during interfaith conferences at Tianren Seminary, Sun Moon Lake, Taiwan. He worked as translation consultant for Jidi Majia, secretary-general of the Chinese Writers Association. Denis translated books by the Buddhist monk Shih Chen-hua (SUNY Albany, 1992), the philosopher Feng Youlan (Hawaii University, 2000), and the art critic Zhu Zhu (Hunan Fine Arts, 2009). His poetry translations include: *Frontier Taiwan* (Columbia University Press, 2005); Jidi Majia, *Shade of Our Mountain Range* (Mkhiva Foundation, 2014); Luo Ying, *Memories of the Cultural Revolution* (Univ. of Oklahoma, 2015); Jidi Majia, *From the Snow Leopard to Mayakovsky* (Kallatumba Press, 2017); Yang Ke, *Two Halves of the World Apple* (Univ. of Oklahoma, 2017), as well as *7+2 Mountain Climber's Journal* (White Pine, 2020).

Five Visuals from the series *Agents of influence*











**Edward Kulemin**:- an artist, photographer, poet, author of many art-projects; an inspirator and organiser of various communication creative societies (KEPNOS, Group of Unknown Artists, Smolensk School of Appologists, Association damned poets etc.); a participant of some exhibition and festivals an author of the books: *It seems to have begun* (1994), *Odnohujstvenny Ulysses* (1995), *By the artificial way* (1998), *Multimatium* (2002), *Lowdown* (2012), and *Cash register poems* (2018). He has published in the following anthologies: *Crossing Centuries: The New Generation in Russian Poetry* (Talisman House Pub, USA, 2000), *Cool-Strip-Art-Antology* (Prilep, Macedonia, 2000), *Secondary literature* (New literary review, Moscow, 2001), *Mailart poemics anthology* (Lublin, Poland, 2012), *The Last Vispo Anthology: Visual Poetry 1998-2008* (USA, 2012), *An Anthology of Asemic Handwriting* (USA, 2013). *Mailart poemics anthology* (Lublin, Poland, 2014), *The encrypted poemics anthology* (Lublin, Poland, 2014).

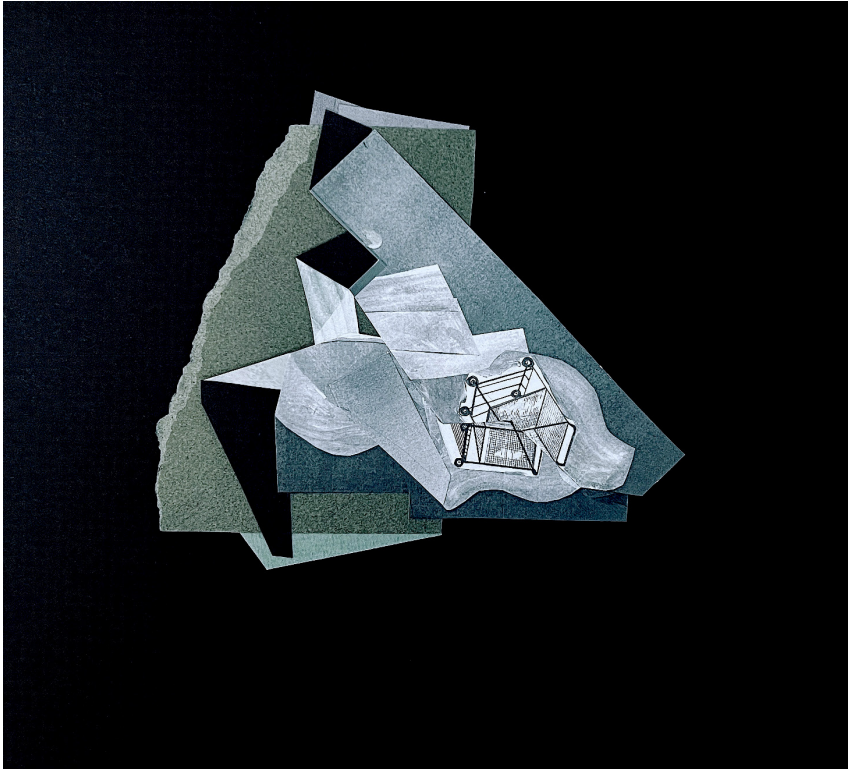
Visual art: <https://www.flickr.com/photos/113405210@N03/>

Video art: <http://www.youtube.com/user/artklmn?feature=watch>

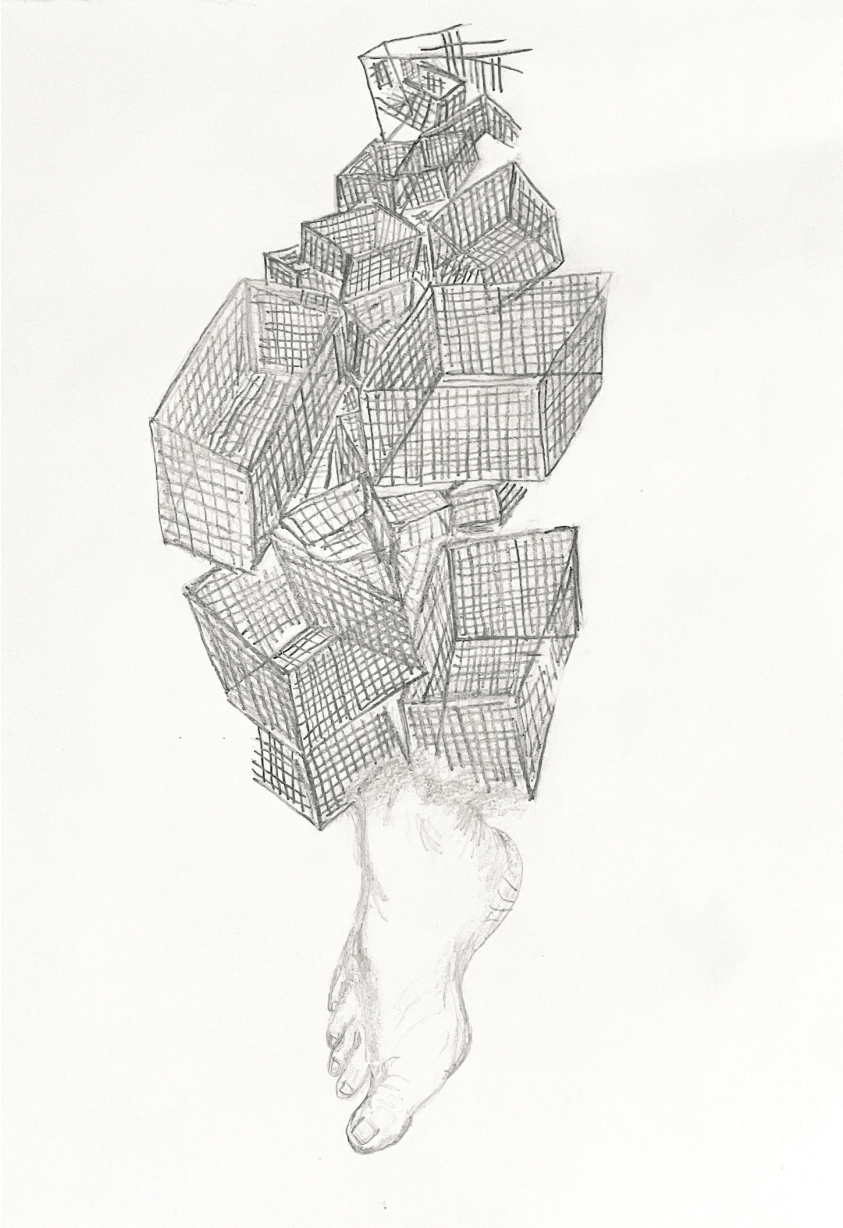
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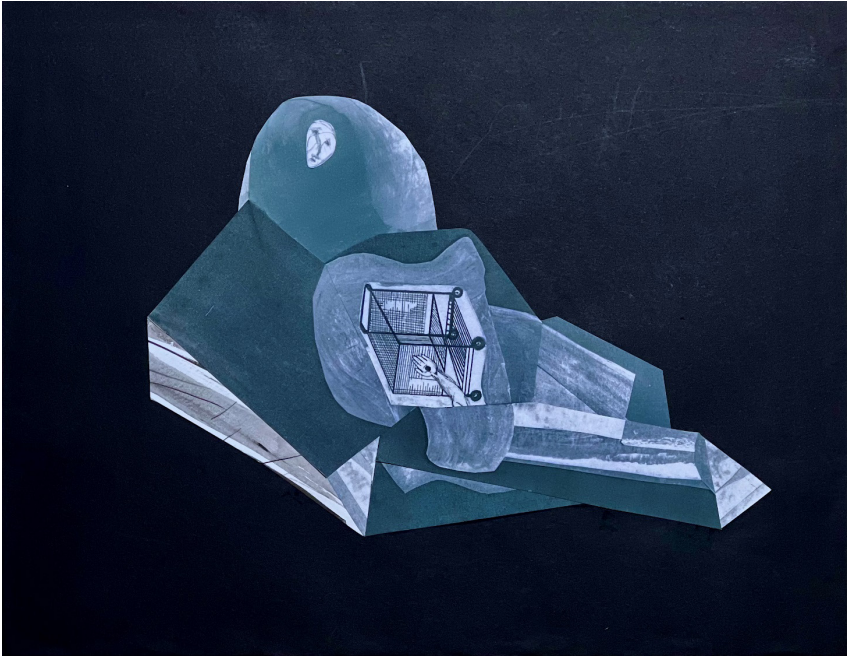




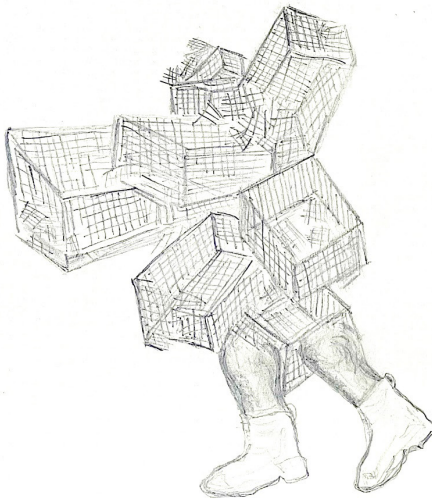
**Copulating Shopping carts. Ink, watercolor, cut-outs. 20x16. 2024.**



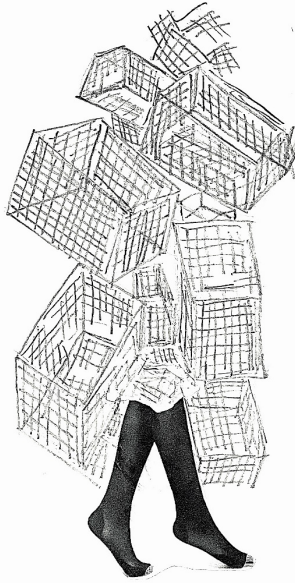
**Recycled shopping carts supported by right foot. Satire 1. Ink and graphite. 9x12. 2024.**



Shopping cart tossed into LACMA tar pit. Ink, watercolor, cut-outs. 20x16. 2024.



Shopping cart action figure. Satire 3. Ink and graphite. 9x12. 2024.



**Shopping cart femininity. Satire 2. Ink and photomontage. 9x12. 2024.**

\*

Under the worlds' leadership there's a lot of shopping carts,<sup>1</sup>

ants licking dead snakes dry, the cancer of obedience, a septic pit for  
the unrequited unemployed,

under the world's leadership there's a lot of Haitians eating cookies  
held together with dirt, an unbearable victims' aura to multiple races,  
unmovable bowel crust and toxic meat syndrome, Asshat media  
pundits surplus, hoppity rapidly following hippity, workers  
constructing Dracula's athletic shoes...

there's a lot of armament producing thugs under the world's  
leadership, landlord dickheads, derangements that don't finally

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<sup>1</sup> The poem plays out of Allen Ginsberg's poem, "Under the World There's a Lot of Ass"  
(*Mind Breaths*, City Lights Books, 1978).

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compute, cunnilinguicide drugsdrugs to endure consciousness, cantors  
of mishegas, expulsifiers in general,

no one taking you up on your offer under the world's leadership,  
nowhere left to buy sour dough on a stick, no one to distinguish and  
enforce ethical reasoning shaping acts of two kinds, ones that enhance  
the well-being of others—that warrant our praise—and those that  
harm or diminish the well-being of others—and thus warrant our  
criticism,

under the world's leadership there's a twelve-foot reality bronze  
sculpture village man-village-village- boy hands held walking a Cretan  
village square monument commemoration complete rounding-up  
males aged ten to sixty World War Two grave dump village 800, 713  
on the list, in the permanence of that which happens...

under the worlds' leadership labor emperors determine the lunch  
break, cigarette break, overtime schedule, non-increase of wages,  
expendable holidays, the entire Asshole Brigade,

there's a lot of Blackwater Felugia My Lai Bailout broth with the bones  
inside of it, with the purse inside of it, with the child's nose inside of it  
under the world's leadership

there's an archeology of whip handles, explosives inside toilet tanks,  
reinstate the draft enthusiasts, international military gang rapists,  
political Emoticon designers making their Emoti-cackling behind our  
backs, mass murder at music and garlic festivals,

there's a lot of self-dug graves, sagittal sores, uncockered and still  
declitoral spaniels, one last metric ton of Mountain Dew dispersed in  
the enigmatic collective fertility dream,

there's a lot of disappearing egg receptacles, spermatozoa  
sparkulation defects, emotionoscopies, tech-dreckology, waste pipes  
leaking under suicide-bombed abortion clinics, the dirty feathers  
tradition, the sing and mate till you dry up tradition under the worlds'  
leadership

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there's a multiplying assassination battalion academy industry, oligarchs' multiple compounds, five-hundred thousand to one million plant and animals' species facing the extinction catalogue, there's a lot of unripe uranium, ocean plastic pollution set to grow fourfold by 2050, sleep harassment, invisible bowties, lost hair implants, sexy bags of books, discreditors of sentient thinking, under the world's leadership,

there's a lot of war criminals, extinction criminals, dyslexias, analexias, melancolectomies, DOA identities, the oblivionated, the depresstapated, and exasperized, not always with someone to rub your own foot, your symbiotic pressure points, your direct hope and negative feeling for the situation to end under the world's leadership extinguishing my Retsina dream meditation marriage sleep refuge peace, of a limited entanglement here.

\*

Focusing on The Homeless, this hybrid submission includes an introduction on the subject, some graphite and mixed meeting works representing "the shopping cart people," and a poetic monologue that consciously and approvingly parodies Ginsberg's "Under the World There's a Lot of Ass" ("Under the world's leadership there's a lot of shopping carts"). If space is limited, or certain pieces don't work for you, but others do, let me know, and we can discuss it.

**Doren Robbins** is a poet, mixed media artist, and educator. His works have appeared in many journals, including, *The American Poetry Review*, *Another Chicago Magazine*, *Indiana Review*, *Iowa Review*, *Lana Turner*, *New Letters*, *Nimrod*, *Otoliths*, *Sulfur*, *Sulfur Surrealist Jungle*, and *Willow Springs*. Most recent book: *Sympathetic Manifesto, Selected Poems, 1975-2015* (Spuyten Duyvil Press 2021). He taught Literature and Creative Writing at Foothill College 2001-2022; Professor Emeritus 2017-2022.

**The Last People**

Photographic series, work in progress, 2024



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**Laurent Grison** is a French artist, poet, art historian and critic. He has published a number of books, most recently "Voltaïques", published in French, Albanian and Italian, which became a performance. He contributes to various international journals. His poems, translated into several languages (English, Italian, Romanian, German, Polish, Spanish, Greek, Portuguese, Hebrew, Albanian, etc.), are published in France and abroad, where he is a regular guest.

In 2024, I began a creative project entitled "The Last people". I based it on "People of the Twentieth Century" by the German photographer August Sander (1876-1964). Sander was influenced by the avant-garde artistic ideas of his time, in particular Neue Sachlichkeit (New Objectivity), a movement led by the painter Otto Dix, which advocated a return to realism and social critic in art. Around 1922, Sander conceived and undertook a major work entitled "Menschen des 20. Jahrhunderts", defined as a catalogue of "all the characteristics of the universal man". He divided his portraits into seven categories. He began with a "portfolio of archetypes" (Stammappe), which he then expanded to form the first group: the Farmer (Der Bauer). Six other categories follow: the Skilled Tradesman (Der Handwerker), the Woman (Die Frau),

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Classes and Professions (Die Stände), the Artists (Die Künstler), the City (Die Großstadt). The final category is The Last People (Die letzten Menschen). It includes the elderly, the disabled and the dead... It is on this last category that I am basing my creative project. I will add other invisible and repressed people of our time: the homeless, the mentally ill, migrants... The aim is to give a metaphorical image of the marginalized people that our 21st century societies prefer not to show or even look at. The three photographs published in "Utriculi" are taken from my work in progress.

[www.laurentgrison.com](http://www.laurentgrison.com)

Gumusservi



Selcouth



Sweven



collide and shatter



more than ash



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**Debbie Strange** (Canada) is a chronically ill short-form poet, artist, and photographer whose creative passions connect her more closely to the world, to others, and to herself. Debbie's poems and artworks have been widely published internationally. Please visit an archive of published work at: <https://debbiemstrange.blogspot.com/> for further information.

### **Collage Series A:**

Logolepsy (noun - an obsession with words)

Gumusservi (noun - moonlight shining on water)

Selcouth (adjective - unfamiliar, rare, strange, and yet marvellous)

Sweven (noun - a vision seen in sleep; a dream)

This paper collage series was constructed using hand-painted papers, fibres, inks, stencils, and stamps. The titles reflect my ongoing obsession with unusual words.

### **Collage Series B:**

Bricolage (noun - construction achieved by whatever comes to hand)

collide and shatter  
more than ash

This paper collage series was constructed using paper scraps, fibres, acrylic paints, inks, and stamps. The words are culled from my book, *Warp and Weft: Tanka Threads* (Keibooks 2015).



