

FOWL FEATHERED REVIEW



Issue 2 – January, 2013

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO THE ART OF JOSEPH CORNELL

(December 24, 1903 – December 29, 1972)

“Day to day Cornell was either at rest (napping) or working on collages (some 200) in envelopes, or boxes, or we were going in to NYC to rummage the second hand magazine stores.

“Once we went to a grave yard where I shot a film for Joseph.

When working on a box, Joseph moved with lightning speed. Some of the boxes were made in one day.”

--Lawrence Jordan, reflecting on his work with Joseph Cornell

Fowl Feathered Review

Issue 2, January 2013



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Fowl Feathered Review is published quarterly by Fowl Pox Press.

Please send all comments, questions, and submissions to:

fowlpox@mail.com

Editor: Virgil Kay

ISSN: ISSN 1929-7238

Our mailing address:

Fowlpox Press, PO Box 27008, Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3H 4M8, Canada.

Follow us online: <http://fowlpox.tk/>

January Thaw

Kris Bigalk

Rain glazed the road today,
flickered, poked holes in the drifts,
falling as if April had arrived,
as if the crows depended
on it.

Here are a few suggestions for listening during the month of January; enjoy!
warmest regards to all,

Coreen Morsink

Piano Music

Frederique Chopin: Etude, Opus 25, no. 11 (Winter Wind)

Alfred Cortot: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QhFO7LxR4K8>

Maurizio Pollini: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YJMIxmi1bGo>

Robert Schumann: Winterzeit II, no. 39 from Album for the Young op. 68

Arturo Michelangeli piano (on the same record with his wonderful recording of Schumann's Carnival)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b6riUy-vlAk>

Claude Debussy: *Preludes, Book I. Des pas sur la neige*: Triste et lent

(Footsteps in the Snow) and *Ce qu'a vu le vent d'ouest*: Animé et tumultueux
(What the West Wind has seen)

Sviatoslav Richter: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GFVSI7SLH4k>

Claude Debussy: Children's Corner Suite: *The snow is dancing*

Arturo Michelangeli piano

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qXAyvJ8wTko>

Orchestral music

Sergei Prokofiev: Lieutenant Kijé: Troika

Seiji Ozawa conducting the Berliner Philharmonic Orchestra

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5yMBZhdzqrk>

George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra in Orchestral suite

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EmIzZ3tAv58&feature=related>

String Quartets

Aulis Sallinen: Winter Was Hard

Kronos Quartet

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D_HHZ9byGMI

Gyorgy Ligeti: String Quartet No. 2

Arditti Quartet

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Yx_Q_mIth0Q&feature=related

'Cool' Contemporary Oboe music

Christopher Redgate: *Winter Winds*, Transcendental Etudes

Christopher Redgate oboe: <http://www.cdbaby.com/cd/christopherredgate5>

Multiphonia: <http://www.21stcenturyoboe.com/>

Lieder and Operatic vocal music

Franz Schubert: Der Winterreise (Winter Journey) D911

Erstarrung (Numbness)

D F Dieskau Baritone:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zkP4H2WdSiY>

Der Leiermann (The Hurdy Gurdy Man) from Winterreise
1934 Sung in English by Irish Baritone Harry Plunket Green:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iW04f0oIXUY>

Giacomo Puccini: La Boheme, Act III, Winter in February...

Francisco Araiza and Mirella Freni: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OzqjKAe4ODI>

And now for something completely different...

Through the cold winters in Montreal I listened to Loreena McKinnit with my friends- *The Old Ways* from "The Visit" was always my favourite.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9p_ERHvGtlg

A view of Cold Montreal...Kate and Anna McGarrigle: *Complainte Pour Ste Catherine* from "Kate and Anna McGarrigle"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IyjG0Tk3HFQ>

And hope for Spring during the end of cold January...

Brian T' Collins: *Earth*

<http://briantcollins.bandcamp.com/track/earth-alchemy-part-iv-2>

Finally, my own piece for solo prepared piano the *12-1 Preludes* which give a touch of Green Growth during a Greek January (as this piece is influenced by Ancient Greek Music).

<http://soundcloud.com/coreen-morsink/12-1-preludes-by-coreen>

Virgil's Register

Wine

- FRESCOBALDI VIGNETO MONTESODI
Red, Italy, Sangiovese, 2005, 750ml Bottle
- CHATEAU MOUTON-ROTHSCHILD, 1945
- Just go down to the 7/11 on 169 State Rd in Kittery Maine and by a Schlitz beer.

Music

- “J’ai encore un tel pâté” (Rondel from
“Le Jeu de Robin et Marion”, 1285,
Adam de la Halle (circa 1220-circa 1227)
- The Tree in the Valley (England)
- “Die Henne “ from “Volks-Kinderlied”,
Arranged by Johannes Brahms, 1883-1897

On Vinyl:

- Sandy Bull, *Fantasias for Guitar and Banjo*

Vanguard – VRS 9119

Format:

Vinyl, LP, Album

Issue date: 1963

- John Fahey, *Volume 3 / The Dance of Death & Other Plantation Favorites*
Takoma-C-1004

Format:

Vinyl, LP, Album

Issue date: 1967

Books

- *The Infinity of Lists: An Illustrated Essay* by Umberto Eco and Alastair McEwen
- *Cartographies of Time: A History of the Timeline* by Anthony Grafton and Daniel Rosenberg



Balancing, 42x54, Susan Adamé

From *Quintet Dialogues*

Of piano

Felino A. Soriano

| 16 |

tribulation overreaching
arm in the calculating theory
fulcrum
bend
believe
fading spiritual bond
becoming aromatic systematic crawl above
today's friendly aggregations—

| 17 |

impulse the throbbing
misusage (interpretive device/void
relegating tongue's role, reuniting silence with
taste of ornamental aught)
random pivots
spin the social canopy
upward/in/shifting
downward
watered radiance
splaying splash of tonal hues
oblong continuity this
range of hardened matter

18 |

ameliorated ovals, blend\blend
hinged to the vase
uplifting sensory
illusion

altering context of leaning
occupation

| 19 |

persuasion based
pseudonym maritime
event-watch ambit widened
habilitation opportunity
prior the
heat expanded waist
elongates hanker to

abbreviate hours in the spectrum of noon's

modicum of *care*

this

desire to rearrange achromatic creeds to calm
as the alabaster skin tone of winter's physiology

those

finding filaments
in the cling of naturalized grasping, yen of tonal affirmation

| 20 |

in the substance of my puissant
connection

handkey

appositional debates

conjure

electronic compulsations

anti-medical distant-definitional misuse
this

compulsive extractions of rhythms' undulating
sensations...

Of saxophone

[1]

rate of syllable

race of interpretation sentence
this

conversational
contraption

narrates frequency of notated improvisation

blue
green

hyphenated oranges
against/atop
foreign

rebuilding nuances

unfamiliar watching of

seers' unacquainted knowing

[2]

re(arrange/interpret/finance/claim/focus)

read the reddened mischief of horizon's
stagnant clarity
impulse sans control of medications' mythical
freedoms

chants call-caw
calling blueness inward a
face(open)face
speech purification procedure
summoned in the afterward acknowledgment
of exacting antecedents' mutual
clarification

[3]

conversion philosophy
cohabitating collocations
body then body-plurals
embedding spoken
intellect of bodies'

warming nuances
cataract to outside's
visible interaction

$$\int_4^{\int}$$

oscillating sway verbal praise in the dialect of untruth
spontaneous vocabulary
unconscious meandering plentiful dilution
certain architects maintaining

abbreviated luxuries of

an
improbable

mutational emblem

∫5∫

circular happenstance::
::environmental heliocentricity

past temporal
subjective notion of

temperament not predicated within matter's

freelance harmonies

these spirals interact as dialectic modulations

Socratic correspondence deems irresponsible notions as

con(demned)fineromances of/with

verbal sparring indicating prison exists atop
forehead of immanent variations

Montclair State University

HARRY PARTCH ENSEMBLE

Dean Drummond, Director

Wednesday, April 24, 2013 – 7:30pm

Kasser Theater

Montclair State University

Montclair, NJ

Program TBA

Directions

Montclair State University is located at 1 Normal Avenue, Montclair, NJ, USA 07043, phone: 973-655-4000.

Montclair State University is on Valley Rd. and Normal Ave., Montclair, N.J., one mile south of the junction of Routes 3 and 46. We are located 14 miles from New York City. Nearest towns include [Montclair](#), [Clifton](#), and [Little Falls](#).

Box Office: 973-655-5112

peakperfs@mail.montclair.edu



William Meddick

We play

Emmanuel Lickel-Skiba

It is the sleepless night falling in a lonely morning
It is the morning light, shining on an empty jar
It is the beauty of a long dark head of hair,
tempting the desire, desperate from searching truth.

A choice of senseless interactions,
Where weaponless soldiers find fearless self-acceptance,
A careless reward from a feigned love
And the illusion of happiness reflected in unknown eyes.

A dream's consumption, when one dreams too fast,
A proud move, towards a known end.
And the bitter satisfaction to be the captain of a stock-steal boat.

floating through the sea for calculated conquest,
convincing the fog of an imaginary port.

Sailing this boat so many times,
Drifting from sea to sea,
Letting us drown in these fearless games,

We play.



William Meddick

Two Poems by Marc Carver

Wolf

What beautiful eyes you have
said
the wolf.
Then he ate her.

Has the Poem Started Yet

A woman once asked me where my poems were.
They were in my bag but i did not tell her that
I wanted to keep it a secret.
Perhaps she thought they were all in my head
floating around up there
or maybe she knew the secret of how to unlock the door
and let them through.
I am not sure i do
normally i wait for them to come to me
but i like the challenge of standing on stage
and pulling them through
even if i don't agree with the ethos.

It would be a new start though
an end to something else
just like every day
how it dies
and gives as all a new chance
as the sun rises and welcomes
that hope of being able to do it right
just for one day.

So you see now i can ask you
has the poem started
or has it finished
and i and you are ready to start again.
A woman once asked me where my poems were.
They were in my bag but i did not tell her that
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So you see now i can ask you
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or has it finished
and i and you are ready to start again.



Luz

Emmanuel Lickel-Skiba

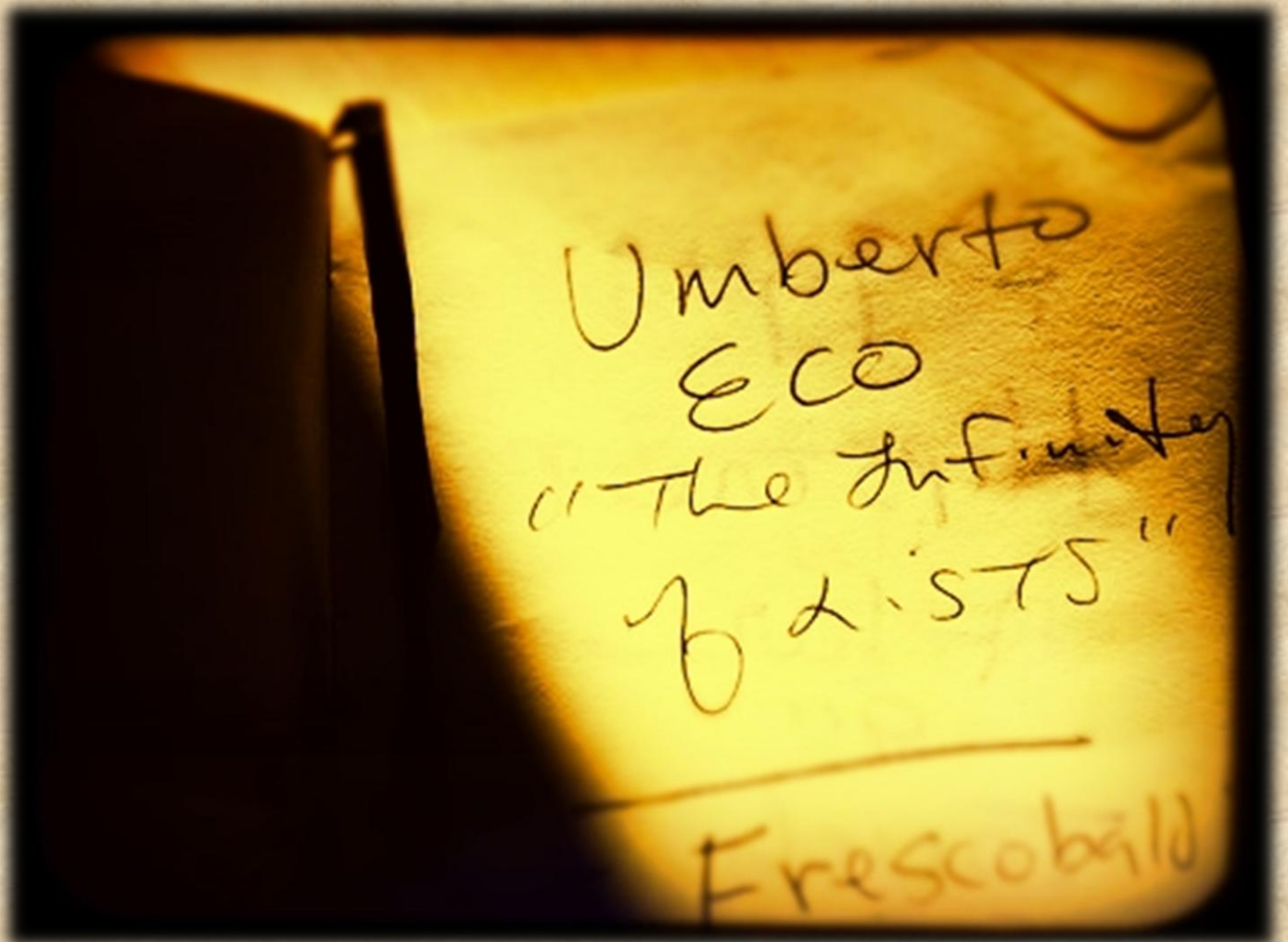
Hay una luz en el silencio,
Hay una flor entre dos pasos,
Hay una reina en tu oscuro,
Cantando por tu sueño.

Y si de ella tienes miedo, no la escucharás,
Si no crees en su presencia, no la sentirás,
Si siguiendo tu brújula, no la veras.
Pero ella, para ti, siempre cantará.

Si en el medio del camino estás
Si te paran y no puedes ir mas
Si el viento en tu alma se va,
Escúchala, para ti cantará.

Es el rayo de luz, en tu oscuridad,
Es la piel del remedio en tu soledad,
Es la luz en tu enfermedad,
con el cariño de una amistad.

No tengas miedo,
Si lo quieres con ella seguirás andando.



Israel Boscht

Three Poems by Claudia Keelan

THE RAIN

The fan says *bravery bravery bravery*
Rain falls on the poet's grave
Dug in Maine,
While I reach to trace his name
Here in Las Vegas.
What ends?
Our teachers taught us nothing,
And so we teach ourselves
How to get up and treat the numerous
Pains Grain of salt
By grain of salt.

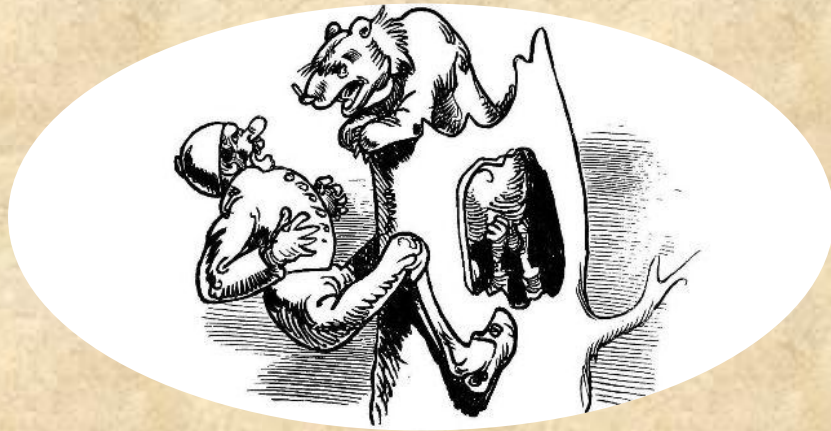
The distance between us
Has for so many years
Scripted its long body
Around the public garden,
It was hard to believe
We could ever again walk into
The fall's cooler air
A we again.
Our teachers taught us everything
Especially after they died,
Their best words hinged
To their graves,
Where here and there
Falls invisibly in the rain.

IN THE PRIMER OF PRIMARY THINGS

In the primer of primary things
The inner life got left in the rain
Thereafter and further
She's called wet, and Wet
She lets fall your first name

TRYING TO BELIEVE

I miss the mark draw bow & try again
Am not conscious of hating God, or man right or love
I have swum all my days a little cold
There is none but honey sweetness such little things
The world placed in me





Water Whirl, 22X16, Susan Adamé

Where am I now?



<http://thebartervan.blogspot.ca/>



✚ Will Stone's work did not appear last month, which made his included biography a bit of a curiosity.

✚ Turns out that psychiatric techniques involving hip hop music are not referred to as shrink wrap.

We regret any confusion this may have caused.



The Family Car on Mars, Todd Kimmell

Four Poems by Will Stone

BEGGARS IN BRUSSELS

Bad fruit that rolled off the barrow,
left in the kerb for the thirst of a wheel.
Beggars who expected to add
their pale chime, their weak pulse
to catch the undertow of those who pass.
Beggars who chase, follow and ask
then go down in dark torment,
shot crows falling from branch to branch.
Beggars at the lights who hoist their babes,
advancing on vehicles like waves bearing
the first vague speech of the storm.
Paradoxically how languidly they lap
at the firmly closed windows of cars,
calmly signalling like the drowned.
Beggars on the ground rocking in pain
winged by the shot of circumstance,
bolted to the stubbornness of their roots
that are abruptly withdrawn and carried,
replanted somewhere else, there
in the wilderness of exchanged whispers,
where nothing grows.

PATIENT PARK

The crow that brandishes a crust
is all that stirs the fetid air.
On the motionless pond
the mother swan is perfectly still,
brooch on an ebony lapel.
The heat slinks around, watches
and the next death is the shape
that spreads when a flame
first breathes under paper.
And so they pass, the veiled women
and the little ones carried aloft
on a throng of dirty doves.
Suddenly a man moves away
from his dead skin left on the path.
His code no one cared to decipher,
his past lies there in the leaves

the pushchair wheels go over,
all the riches scattered behind
autumn's pillaged chest.

THE OLD OUTHOUSE

Fig leaf shadows tremble
on white-washed outhouse walls.
Web hammocks swing gently
in the single lancet's cell.
Perfume of oil spilt long ago,
broken pots collapsed
beside their clay blood trail.
The wind tireless, works at a hole
and resigned now to oblivion
the noble silence of obsolete tools.
On a shelf the rust outline
of long departed nails, the stiffened
corpse of a gardening glove, and
higher up a brush filled tea cup,
seized paint tins behind which
a queen wasp privately expires.
As you kick the stuck door, in welcome
excited spiders race up and down
the worn stairs of their webs.

MELANCHOLY GIRL - KIRCHNER

Mother behind, perhaps steering
and the savage held out in front.
Symmetry intimidated
by the torso's dagger mark,
the stitching and everything
liable to bleed again, the hole
heaving behind fresh scars.
Hands grip, a claw in pain
bends back like a dancer,
to seek the sun that is black
Slowly, horribly, symbolically
they are coming over the hill
like a war, coming to overwhelm
the warm shape left in straw,

the shadow of her first resistance
there in the shallow grave
where all the humans are.

Israel Boscht



Three poems by Rick Holland

ARTIST

EXPERIENCES OF SOLITUDE he called it
and smelt the rain on mossy bricks with
the twinge inside his guts at the clang
of confinement, and he went to meet
old Virgil in the dusty hills, who cursed
and lived in a cave and drank warm beer
between spitting globs on the floor
to crinkle inwards, a melted butter blob
of quicksand in reverse, evolution backwards
revolution, the dry sand clamouring
so hard in one itch in a lonely throat
and a clipped intestine of a long moment
without end. And then he met a girl.

Mim

she taught me again today, the sea
(i returned like a reformed drunk
still ill with booze but ready for rebirth)
filled with the pomp of learning at
her altar yesterday, i stepped off the
shale ledge to commune with her, embalm.
The judder hyperventilation scramble footing
scraped furrows in clod thick feet
and soles communed with rapid death
to get out. YOU ARE NOT READY
the sun crackled salt skin like a piglet
on the spit, laid out on the trillion gems
that clickered millennia like rollers
casting factory carcasses off to cure.

the crowd

- don't think about the crowd
-i'm always thinking about the crowd
- don't
-ok
-what do you feel like?
-lonely
-ok. lonely?
-well, alone

- you feel alone?
- solitary
- what's solitary like
- its like standing straight backed and really breathing
- what can you see?
- i can see a crowd
- where is it?
- way away now
- describe it
- it seems lonely
- lonely?
- the crowd seems alone
- and what are you thinking about?
- just something i can feel



Gathering, 17x17x17, Johan P. Jonsson

Rick Comments on the term “poetronica”:

As for comments about 'poetronica' - I don't think the name is necessary, poetry is a name that should perhaps do the honourable thing and just die to avoid any further confusion. The problem is that it makes people's blood drop a degree because of an education system that takes any joy out of expression. The vast majority of people respond to 'poetry' all the time, on their own terms while privately interpreting films, or music, graffiti, or beautiful sunsets, but if they are presented with something given the name 'poetry', or a derivative of the name, then they are reminded of being made to feel like they cannot understand something difficult, or even worse are reminded of having to pick through a piece of writing that does not communicate directly to them and extract techniques or 'themes' for which they are given a score. The word 'poem', so simply just a word to describe *making something*, has taken on the sickness of a collective psyche that competes and scores points. For a while I wanted to reclaim 'poetry' somehow from this strange myth that has separated it from other forms of

expression as though it is only the business of the enlightened or mental illuminati, but then realised that this lofty and slightly pompous ideal was the wrong focus. Forget the name, just carry on making and encouraging other people to make.

I realise I speak from the focus of someone who has mainly experienced poetry in the UK, but it is peculiarly bound up over here, so that new generations of 'poets' are keen to pay homage to their influences, but also stutter at being described as 'poets' themselves. Strange kinds of social strata emerge, some defiant purists labelled as 'poet' almost as an insult, others taking to slam stages, 'performance poets' or 'stand

ups', or MCs because their poetry emerges from music beats. I would probably prefer 'Poetronics' to describe mixing words and sounds, if I was pushed to define what I was exploring with Brian and other musicians such as Old Man Diode, just because it seems a more open and active field, rather than a bound up and consciously formed 'genre'.

But 'Poetronica' for me is an unfortunate label that would stop people trusting their own responses to my album with Brian Eno (for example) rather than encouraging them to respond to it however they do, as if it is already a science somehow, with defined rules or parameters. It isn't, it is just making, and imagining.





John Bill Ricketts



Rising Notes, 22X16, Susan Adamé

Chicken Query and Answer

Kathy Eden
Acting Assistant City Clerk
Medicine Hat, AB



Dear Kathy Eden:

I would like to secure any permits needed for an event to be held on January 1, 2013. On that day, I will perform my ninth performance art piece. Entitled "What am I to do?", I will circle the giant teepee while playing Edith Piaf singing her signature song, "Non Je ne Regrette Rien". I will do this for three minutes while dressed in a chicken suit. Then I will serve fried chicken to the four winds from a vending cart. What permits do I need for this?
Bill Gless
Artist



Response:

Hi Bill,

On the City of Medicine Hat website under City Clerk department or "I want to" category on the home page you can find the event permit that will be required.

I have attached it for you. Once completed you can mail or drop off to the City Clerk department 580 First St, Medicine Hat, T1A 8E6.

Thank you.
Kathy

More Chicken Queries and Answers:

Dear Lydia Ozuna,

I am trying to find out which permit I may need effective January 1, 2013, for the right to wear a chicken costume (which includes full head mask, feathered suit, and feet) during normal hours of the day while conducting my business in Wichita Falls. I started wearing one late last year on Tuesdays while purchasing office supplies and meeting clients for my vending business. Someone (I think perhaps a former or retired city council member) thought the costume looks fine but gave me the heads up to make sure I have some form of permission from the city so that if anyone questions it, I can have suitable evidence on my person. I sell coffee supplies to businesses and the chicken costume is just part of who I am. It doesn't look like those threatening ones that some costume supply houses sell. This one has a mask that can be described as "friendly".☺ Hope I gave you enough information so that I can sign whatever is needed.

Sincerely,

Bill Gless,

Chicken Man Coffee



Her Response:

Mr. Gless:

If you are going business to business soliciting, you are required to obtain a Solicitor Permit. Go to the City's website www.wichitafallstx.gov; click on Departments; click on City Clerk; Permits; Solicitor.

All the instructions and information are there.

Or if you prefer to come by my office at Memorial Auditorium/City Hall, 1300 7th Street, Room 104, we will provide you with the paper work.

I will have to reserach the "Chicken Costume".

Lydia Ozuna, TRMC/MMC

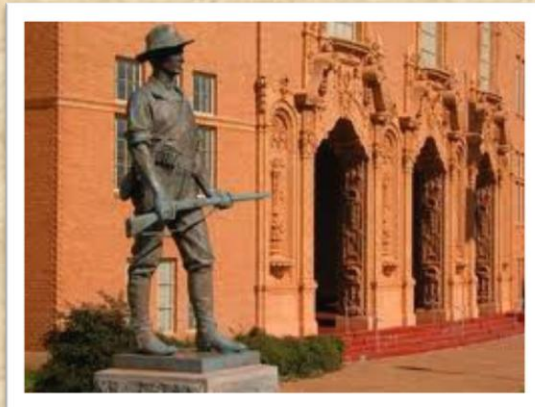
City Clerk/City of Wichita Falls, TX

940/761-7409 (PH)

940/761-7499 (FX)

lydia.ozuna@wichitafallstx.gov

www.wichitafallstx.gov





Peter Mansbridge
@petermansbridge

"@VirgilKay: @petermansbridge Can Colin Mochrie take over your helm for one night--as you?" That was last night.

12:34 PM - 28 Sep 12

in his work carsten nicolai, born 1965 in karl-marx-stadt, seeks to overcome a separation of art forms and genres for an integrated artistic approach. influenced by scientific reference systems, nicolai often engages mathematic and cybernetic patterns such as grids and codes, as well as error, random and self-organising structures.

after his participation in important international exhibitions like "documenta x" and the "49th and 50th venice biennial", nicolai's works were shown in two comprehensive solo exhibitions at schirn kunsthalle frankfurt, germany (*anti reflex*), at neue nationalgalerie in berlin, germany (*syn chron*) in 2005, at haus konstruktiv, zurich (*static fades*) in 2007 and at cac, vilnius (*pionier*) in 2011. he is represented by galerie eigen + art in leipzig/berlin, the pace gallery and galleria lorcan o'neill in rome.

under the pseudonym **noto** carsten nicolai experiments with sound to create his own code of signs, acoustic and visual symbols. as *alva noto* he leads those experiments into the field of electronic music. besides performing in club and concert halls, nicolai presented his audio-visual pieces at museums like solomon r. guggenheim museum in new york, san francisco museum of modern art, centre pompidou in paris, kunsthauz graz or tate modern in london. additionally he pursues projects with diverse artists such as ryuichi sakamoto, ryoji ikeda (cyclo.), blixia bargeld (anbb), michael nyman, mika vainio or thomas knak (opto). his latest musical project with olaf bender (byetone) is called diamond version and is released on mute records.

future past perfect pt. 02 (cité radieuse)

hd short movie on blue ray disc

07:43 min.



in a short cinematic essay, the second part of the series of short movies called *future past perfect* will illustrate the issue of the individual that is brought into line with a vertically organised social structure. shot at le corbusier's unité d'habitation in nantes (also called cité radieuse), the film concentrates on his modular system applied for the residential building and which finds its expression down into the smallest details of design: doors, windows, taps, door handles, light switches, etc. constitute the inhabitants living space through their standardised forms. the cinematic result is a combination of consecutive sequences of single images and tracking shots of various details inside the apartments and on the hallways of the apartment block. thereby, both the different benchmarks of standardised production are correlated and the reciprocity of the built-up environment with the inhabitants individual appropriation are examined.

further information

- www.eigen-art.com galerie eigen + art leipzig/berlin, germany (representing visual work)
- www.thepacegallery.com the pace gallery (representing visual work)
- www.lorcanoneill.com galleria lorcan o'neill, rome (representing visual work)

further information on audio work

- www.alvanoto.com
- www.raster-noton.net raster-noton, archiv für ton und nichtton, chemnitz (representing recording work)

further information on exhibitions

- www.antireflex.de (information on the exhibition *anti reflex*, schirn kunsthalle, frankfurt/main, germany)
- synchron.ycam.jp (information on the work *syn chron*, ycam, japan)
- polar-m.ycam.jp (information on the work *polar^m [mirrored]*, ycam, japan)





Duck | 16in x 8in x 16in, Leo Sewell

there are no dirty cars in Virginia

Heller Levinson

Beach spic span gleam the man main linin' tidy'n neat down
to the feet antiseptic reign claim all along Atlantic Avenue from 62nd Street down to Rudee Inlet sparkle the
game steam-gleamin' the name dirt the rancor ominous canker trespass stain necromancer obdurate
freelancer foulsome soiler symmetry spoiler

how much of
clean
is
dirt removal?

how much of
dirt removal
is
obliteration?

is clean a commentary? a character reflection? a form of disrespect? why is dirt dirty? good dirt breeds
good bounty. good dirt blooms: pretty flowers, zesty vegetables, gorgeous carrots. dirt is galvanizing not
gruesome.

gleam, sparkle, spangle, -- spot-less: forms of subterfuge, devices to undermine the currency of soil.
imagine "to soil" meaning to befoul, to pollute. that which is the baseline of our existence -- soil/earth --
viewed as a besmirchment, a contaminant.

Dirt's got a bad rap.

I unhitch my 1987 Jeep Wrangler dusted from the Mojave, the Sonoran, the Gobi, the Sahara and Arabian
Deserts, mud-caked from Zimbabwe to Kazakhstan, dented in Kansas, scratched in Tallahassee, collisioned
in Alabama, crushed in New Orleans,

I gas up this thumping heap of rusted scrap, this wilting bruise of a machine, this eyesore carcass of
deteriorating marrow, I crank up Fats Domino singin' "I'm Ready" on the oldies station, & barrel down
Atlantic Avenue, cruisin', all high-fivin' & jivin', song-burstin, hands flailing/flapping, foot stomp
accelerative burst lurchin', roofless, windowless, fenderless, all

dirty as sin,
&
fully
aLiVe

Seven Poems and Four Collages by C. Albert¹

Collage Manifesto

Choose images that call to you
Gather inspiration from the unconscious, dreams and closed-eye visions
Create frenzy without thinking, then sift to discover the form
Pay attention to accidents such as leftover scraps or odd juxtapositions
Break rules that don't work or are too limiting
Experiment with different art forms; write poems about collages
Create collages about poems
Don't settle for mainstream answers
Try making beautiful images that disturb or expose hypocrisy
Design small works that fit into a journal you can open and close
Use recycled and non-toxic materials
Making art can be a form of therapy
Have fun like a child
It's not finished unless it seems just right to you
Take risks, there is nothing to lose

(**Collage Manifesto** first published in *untitled intersection*, artist manifesto series)

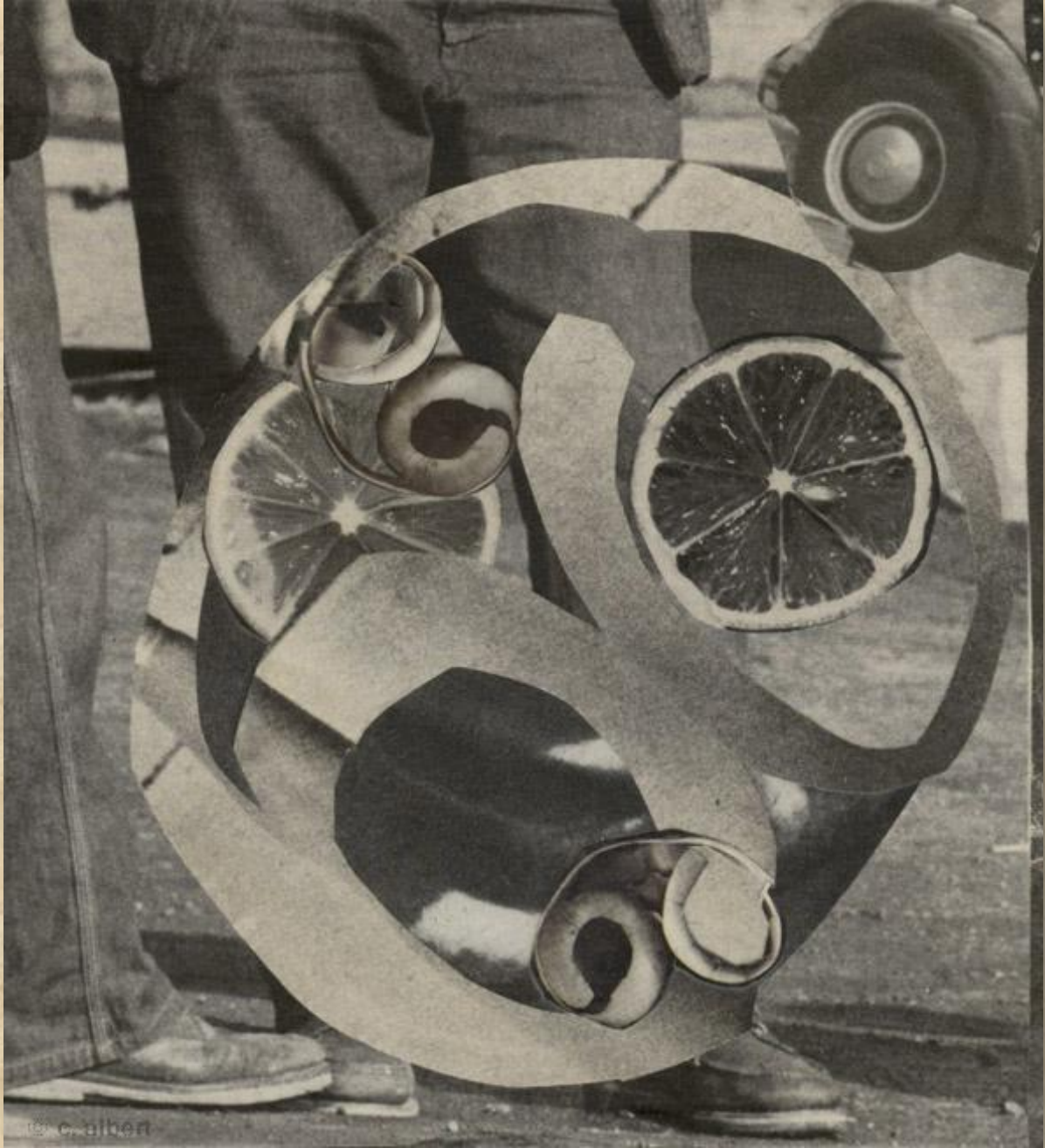
¹ The collage titles and publishing credits are:

Swept Away, first published in *Gargoyle*

Offering, first published in *Gargoyle*

Retribution, first published in *Triggerfish Review*

Metamorphosis of Silence 2



Maternal Instincts

Old bones trip
over a garden hose –
Mother, face down in the dirt,
thousands of miles away
If only I can rescue you. . .

As a mighty pterosaur
I nab you in my toothless beak.
Traversing the sky across Laurasia
to Gondwana, we leave past
misunderstandings beneath
ginkgoes and evergreens.

I place you in forgiving branches,
probe down to the center,
ciphon nectar for your bath
and ripen seeds for breakfast.

I flap-pull us back together
like roots attached to pinions,
 like heaven once embraced earth,
 like before
we separated.



In Honor of Collapse

Kidnapers jump through the window.
She kicks-spits-bites
and is dragged back to bed
exhausted, clogged by IV fluids
her mind slips—

beams me in
from Washington with
my dog Ziggy.

The nurse dials, hands her the phone
to speak to me
instead of a phantom.

She cries time-worn guilt
that can't be contained any more,
Please forgive me!

Her ammo had been denial.
When bombs exploded,
she'd closed her eyes,
gone back to sleep, leaving me
unprotected, with the weighty shrapnel.

I'm so sorry! She sobs
the heart-felt avowal
I always wanted.

That moment I become hers
again, longing for *Mom*
like a salmon struggles
upstream

to home,
ever farther away.



Sundowner

His flashlight is the star that guides
through hazards of night
toward the thermostat.
He's as cold as an iceberg.

Clomp. Clomp. Clomp.
Bare feet forget
how to lift
the weight of ninety years.

In the dim kitchen, quiet
as the oven clock,
I sip chamomile tea.
My light meets his.

*Marj! He screams.
Are you trying to kill me?
You don't know anything
about electricity.
You can't fuse two electric blankets.
It'll cause an explosion.*

His eyes shoot disgust.
I try to creep past so he won't
notice as I begin to cry.
Don't be so weak! he commands.

I'm not Marj, I'm your daughter.

The heater blows a chill wind.
No warmth can reach him
without Marjie.



Canary in the Field

Lucy milked the cows, bundled wheat, scattered
sawdust in the ice house while she dreamed
of motor wings like Amelia's— to race the winds
through whipped cream clouds, crisscross
the whole globe. Aviatrix was a grand
sounding word for equality.

Mama sewed her school dresses from flour sacks
and hand embroidered trim. Pebbles crept
through holes in her one pair of shoes.
Walking to school, she imagined yellow up high,
a twin-engine bird somersaulting
above the flat Londonderry field, teasing,
come fly with me.

Her aerial dreams of airplane wings,
transmission signals, maps and trails
of slipstream blew away at the dance
with a young farmer's kiss on her cheek.
The whole town came to the wedding.

The young couple were picking gooseberries
when they saw Amelia's bright *Canary*
fall from the sky and land in their pasture.
Amid bellowing moos from their herd,
Lucy's water broke.

Bird Cloud

Crazy city birds chatter wildly
as morning lights a cloud
that stretches across the horizon
and halts in a straight hard edge
across the vacant sky.

I've dreamed about this re-run,
what will be pressed
next to what has been.

Just like in my dream,
I'm standing in my front yard.
I stare with a child's eyes and wonder.
It could be smoke from a fire,
an atomic bomb that exploded,

a tornado stopped
under a spell.

A fire truck rumbles past without any alarm,
as if pursuing a flock of pink plumes,
a sweeping bird cloud
that flies away.

Depending on the Season of my Mood

The sky is lavender blooming
or transparent yellow, scented
of banana and honeysuckle

or it's made of straw
that drizzles down to feed
my horse who has grime
on his gums and chops
without elegance.

His feet have human toes
and my listening ears grow tall
with points that twitch at the shrill
drill of traffic that whizzes past

this bus stop where I wait
in the cold wearing a sweater
full of holes.

An orange peel grows long
as it blows in the gales
that tear away
my clothes.



Silence
2012
edition of 50
7 x 71 inches / 18 x 181 cm
papyrus scroll



ABOUT THE BOOKS

Susan Mills' books reflect an interest in language that is not written for publication; language that cannot meaningfully be typeset or scanned or reproduced.

Her book structures reference historical 'blank' books. These books, like today's digital laptops, were built with the assumption of content. In general, they were to be handwritten and one-of-a-kind. Their subjects included records, accounts, reference, data and collections; their humble bindings included recycled or waste materials.

Mills' most recent books refer to three iconic artist books by men - Josef Albers' 1963 *Interaction of Color*, John Cage's 1961 *Silence* and Ed Ruscha's 1963 *Twenty-six Gasoline Stations*.

She is interested in what is found, historically and con-temporarily, tucked into the hem.

CONTACT

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5 Sonnets by Ali Znaidi (from the chapbook, *Experimental Ruminations*)

Sonnet 1

Empty sky.
Empty dams.
Empty buckets.
Empty prairies.
Empty udders.
Empty mouths.
Empty life.
Empty words.
Empty glasses.
Empty hours.
Hollowness,
vacuousness
& nothingness abound
Yet full dream!

Sonnet 2

ice cream
a poor child's dream
a limousine
a rich wo(man)'s dream
one dreams to find a shelter
someone else dreams of a palace
I have a dream
.....
[palimpsest]
~~I have a dream.~~
this content is obliterated
as the sun's lights void
the murk of the night
hello, reality!

Sonnet 3

midday devoid of
sunlight full
of solar eclipse
filled with opacity & black fog
butterflies blinded
went astray
collided with each other
smashed against the walls
like colourful glasses
dead butterflies
stuck on the walls
afternoon filled with sunlight
walls filled with butterflies *corpses*—
a canvas astounding Salvador Dali

Sonnet 4

He escaped the grey town.
The colour grey harmed the eyes.
The eyes wanted to see other colours
diluted w/ desire.
The colour grey—ash in the ashtray,
grey pebbles prisoned in asphalt,
scents of a burnt tyre:
All coerced the poor eyes.
Same colour cuffed the eyes
from eyelash to eyelash.
The eyes wanted to see prairies, so lush.
Even a flash of greenness would suffice.
It would set the eyes aglow,
saving them from a deathblow.

Sonnet 5

Protracted necks—

giraffe people line up
for a precious autograph
from the
protected star.
Bodyguards abound.
The star is there now.
Giraffe people collide.
Bodyguards are nervous.
Seas of sweat.

Retracted horns:

The little snail
doesn't like to be trodden.
Oh, autograph lovers! Please, think of little snails!



Desert Prayer, Lawrence Jordan

Contributors

Felino A. Soriano has authored 53 collections of poetry, including *Quartet Dialogues* (white sky ebooks, 2012) *Of language | s | the rain speaks* (quarter after press, 2012) and *Of oscillating fathoms these nonverbal chants* (Argotist Ebooks, 2012). He publishes the online endeavors *Counterexample Poetics* and *Differentia Press*. His work finds foundation in philosophical studies and connection to various idioms of jazz music. He lives in California with his wife and family and is a case manager and advocate for adults with developmental and physical disabilities. For further information, please visit www.felinoasoriano.info.

William Meddick paints throughout New England and lives in Connecticut. His work is in both private and public collections. You can see more of his work here: <http://meddickart.webplus.net>

Emmanuel Lickel-Skiba was born in Krakow, Poland. He spent his childhood in Portugal, France, Poland and Spain before joining Sciences-Po Paris where he studied Political Sciences and Business. Lickel-Skiba moved from Washington DC to Haiti shortly after the earthquake where he worked with the World Bank and CARE (NGO). He currently works in social business, envisioning it as a tool for entrepreneurs to reach their dreams in Haiti while improving their communities.

Marc Carver explains: "I am about to publish my seventh collection of poetry and have published about three hundred and fifty poems around the world. I also work for a poetry site in New York as an editor but the most important thing for me is that I hope my work either makes you think or laugh or even cry as long as people get something from it."

Claudia Keelan is a graduate of Humboldt State University and the author of five collections of poetry. She directs the MFA program at the [University of Nevada Las Vegas](http://www.unlv.edu) and serves as the editor of *Interim*, the university's annual literary review.

Will Stone's first collection of poems *Glaciation* (Salt, 2007) won the International Glenn Dimplex Award for poetry in 2008. A second collection *Drawing in Ash* was published by Salt in 2011. His translation of *Rilke in Paris* by Maurice Betz was published by Hesperus Press in July 2012. Further collections of Belgian symbolist poets Emile Verhaeren and Georges Rodenbach will appear from Arc in autumn 2012 and a new collection of poems *The Sleepwalkers* will be published by Rufus Books in 2013. We thoughtfully published Mr. Stone's bio last quarter and neglected to publish the poems.

Susan Adamé studied at University of California State Academy and has had exhibitions at the National Association of Women Artists and the ICO Gallery. <http://www.susanadameart.com/>

Israel Boscht graduated in studies in commercial illustration through a correspondence course with Granton Institute of Technology, only to hear that the school closed its doors. He now wears a hard hat and hockey cup as a means of avoiding further folly. Or folly further. Skip it.

Rick Holland is a thinker and writer. He collaborates with others regularly. Go to this link for his ideas and unfinished work. www.rjholland.com

Heller Levinson is the inventor of Hinge Theory and a cutting-edge poet of today. Virgil's note: Poets take to his methodologies like Hollywood actors take to particular fitness instructors. <http://hellerlevinson.com>

C. Albert tells us: "As a collagist, I search for healing by gathering fragments, symbols, torn culture, and piecing them together in unexpected ways. Through this I create wholeness, recognize myself and others. More recently, I began collecting text from magazines and gluing words into collages. The words were cryptic but enticing and I realized I wanted to write too. I thought poetry was a vegetable I didn't 'get', like beets, yet that's what I wrote. Now I think poetry and beets are mysterious." <http://www.aerialdreams.blogspot.com/>

Leo Sewell grew up near a dump. He has played with junk now for fifty years and has developed his own assemblage technique. His works are collected by corporations, museums and individuals throughout the world. Leo continues to cull the refuse of Philadelphia out of which he fashions pieces of all sizes, from a life-size housecat to a 40 foot installation. <http://leo Sewell.net/>

Carsten Nicolai lives and works in Berlin and Chemnitz, Germany. <http://www.carstennicolai.de/>

Todd Kimmell makes art from seemingly disparate pieces of the past, working from his bowling-alley-turned-studio in Ardmore, Pennsylvania. <http://www.theGrandreview.com/>

Kris Bigalk is a poet, writer, and writing professor. Her first full-length collection of poetry, *Repeat the Flesh in Numbers*, is forthcoming from New York Quarterly Books in 2012. Her poetry has recently appeared in Hip Mama, Silk Road, The Water~Stone Review, the cream city review, and The New York Quarterly, and is forthcoming in Rougarou and The New York Quarterly. You can read some of her work online at The Minnetonka Review, 14 by 14, and Caveat Lector. Kris Bigalk serves as the Director of Creative Writing at Normandale Community College, where she designed and initiated a successful AFA in Creative Writing program, Writing Emphasis major, and Certificate program. She recently ended her term as President of the AWP Two-Year College Caucus, an organization of over 200 faculty writers at two-year colleges.

Johan P. Jonsson was born in Luleå, Sweden in 1966. Except for a few years in Stockholm and Gothenburg he has worked and studied in Luleå. He now divides his time between Luleå and a small village outside Skellefteå, where his studio is located. His sculpture is comprised of mixed media - metal, wood, fabrics, tar, leather, wire, welding filler, silicone, rust. <http://byjohan.se/>

Visual artist Susan Mills opened her own binding studio in 1990. She works entirely in book form. Her bookworks are very small editions - often an edition of one. <http://www.susanmillsartistbooks.com/>

Ali Znaidi lives in Redeyef, Tunisia. He graduated with a BA in Anglo-American Studies in 2002. He teaches English at Tunisian public secondary schools. He writes poetry and has an interest in literature, languages, and literary translations. His work has appeared in *The Bamboo Forest*, *The Camel Saloon*, *phantom kangaroo*, *fortunates.org*, *Otoliths*, *Dead Snakes*, *Speech Therapy Poetry Zine*, *streetcake magazine*, *The Rusty Nail*, *Yes.Poetry*, *The South Townsville micro poetry journal*, *Shot Glass Journal*, *the fib review*, *Ink Sweat and Tears*, *Mad Swirl*, *Eskimo Pie*, *Spinoza Blue*, *Haiku Journal*, *Three Line Poetry*, *UFO Gigolo*, and other ezines. He also writes flash fiction for the Six Sentence Social Network—<http://sixsentences.ning.com/profile/AliZnaidi>. His chapbook, *Experimental Ruminations*, is available from Fowlpox Press.

John Bill Ricketts, an Englishman who brought the first modern circus to the United States, began his theatrical career with Hughes Royal Circus in London in the 1780s, and came over from England in 1792 to establish his first circus in Philadelphia. His blog: <http://blog.nbc.com/CreedThoughts/>

Lawrence Jordan: Known principally as a maverick spirit in the world of avant-garde American cinema, Lawrence Jordan played an important role in the late 1950s and early 1960s San Francisco art scene. Jordan has made over fifty experimental films, including a number of fanciful, filmic animations made from collaged cut outs of Victorian engravings. <http://lawrencecjordan.com/>

Coreen Morsink: Born in Toronto, Canada in 1971, she started the piano at the age of 8. At the age of 18 she received her ARCT in Piano Performance at the Royal Conservatory of Music Toronto studying with Margaret Parsons-Poole. A year later she was the top scholarship winner as piano soloist in the Canadian Contemporary Music Showcase. She holds a MA in music composition from University of Indianapolis, (Dr. Emmanuel Piculas and Lefteris Kalkanis tutors), M.Mus in piano performance, Leeds University, (Dame Fanny Waterman and Benjamin Frith tutors) and a B.Mus in performance from McGill University (Marina Mdivani tutor) with distinction in piano performance. Further: I have one request- is it possible somewhere in the next edition of the review to mention that I'll be publishing my solo Alto Flute piece "Andromache's Recitativo, Aria and Subtext" with Tetractys Publishing? They asked for us to help advertise the website as much as possible to help sales. The site is: <http://www.tetractys.co.uk/>

Currently, she is working on a PhD in music composition at Goldsmiths, University of London tutored by composer Roger Redgate. Most recently she has organized a 2 day conference and concert at the Theocharakis Foundation concert, hall, Athens Greece in co-operation with Goldsmiths and St. Catherine's British School Athens in order for PhD composition students and performers to discuss and perform new compositions. As a musician her aim is to contribute to the playing of new works and to help new music flourish. <http://www.newmusiccomposition.com>

12-1 Preludes

for Prepared Piano
by Coreen Morsink

A live recording of this piece can be heard at:

<http://soundcloud.com/coreen-morsink/12-1-preludes-by-coreen>

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Performance Notes

Piano Preparation materials needed: Blu-tak, plasticine or chewing gum to be stuck temporarily on specified strings.

The 12-1 preludes are meant to be played as a set, much in the same manner that Chopin's 24 Preludes can be played as a whole set, but they can also be re-grouped or played individually. If one plays all 12 or even the first three together, it is advisable to place the blu-tak for Prelude 3 before starting the set. One should already have prepared small amounts of blu-tak to be ready to place for Prelude 10. The placing of the blu-tak should be done in a Brechtian style: as if the performer is changing characters/costumes in front of the audience to let the audience know that this is not for real: it is the stage which is a reality in a different sense. The performer is a creator as well as the composer.

1. Accidentals carry through the measure except when indicated.
2. Blu-tak is used to lower certain pitches by a quarter-tone. This is harmless to the piano and easy to remove. If using a piano which is not a problem to damage, chewing gum may be used as a substitute for blu-tak or plasticine. Other colours of "blu-tak" can be used, but sometimes white "blu-tak" is too loose and gooey in texture.
3. If playing all Preludes, place blu-tak on first string of middle C to make it B quarter sharp (preparation for Prelude 3)
4. For pianos without a sostenuto pedal the pianist may use the sustain pedal when appropriate or hold down extra notes silently to produce extra reverberation. (sos.=sostenuto pedal). Further instructions are given separately in Preludes needing adjustment.

No. 1

3

Dedicated to Margaret Parsons-Poole and Roger Redgate

Coreen Morsink

$\text{♩} = 144$
with humour

ff *sos. pedal* *pp* *f*

p *p* *sos.* *f*

mp *f* *pp*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of 15 measures. It begins with a tempo marking of 144 beats per minute and a character instruction 'with humour'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score includes several measures of complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets, quintuplets, sextuplets, and septuplets. Dynamic markings range from fortissimo (ff) to piano (pp). The piece is dedicated to Margaret Parsons-Poole and Roger Redgate.

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11 *f*

12 *ff*

pedal each chord separately

13 *p*

(notes placed silently catch with sos.)

sos.

p

p

16 *p*

f

p

f

18 *p*

ff

Ped.

No. 2

1 $\text{♩} = 60$

p

*dynamics and possible use of pedal to be thought of as if from an unmarked score of J.S.Bach

10

18

No. 3

1. Middle C, B and E played silently and caught by sostenuto pedal before starting
2. Blu-tak first string of middle C to make it into B quarter sharp if this hasn't been done at Prelude 1.
3. PL= pluck the appropriate string with fingernail or pick.

$\text{♩} = 100$
anxiously

rhythms in m3-4 flessibile

1

mf

sos. pedal with notes B,C and E throughout

13:16

14:16

5

4

15:16

PL

PL

PL

f

ff

f

change blu-tak for next Prelude

No. 4

1. Place blu-tak on first C# string to change it to C 1/4 sharp
2. Top staff plucked with fingernail or pick when indicated, bottom stave played on keyboard

in contemplation
♩ = 100
plucked

7 *flessibile.....* played on keyboard

11

15 plucked

Take blu-tak off during rest (make sound of each string with blu-tak)

pedal down before each chord and change sustain pedal for each chord

No. 5

$\text{♩} = 100$
lyrically
p

1

6 7

7

f

12

5 7

p

3 5

14

mf

mp

No. 6+7

$\text{♩} = 63$
soaring

f

with pedal ad lib.

p

f

p

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of music. The first system (measures 1-4) is in 3/8 time, marked *f* (forte), with a tempo of 63 beats per minute. It features a soaring melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The second system (measures 5-8) continues the melodic development. The third system (measures 9-12) includes a change in dynamics to *p* (piano) and introduces a new melodic motif. The fourth system (measures 13-16) returns to *f* and features more complex rhythmic patterns. The fifth system (measures 17-20) concludes the piece with a final melodic flourish. The score includes various fingerings (e.g., 3, 6, 7, 9), articulations (e.g., staccato, slurs), and dynamic markings (*f*, *p*). The tempo is indicated as 63 beats per minute.

12

mp

morendo

ppp

8vb

U.C.

No. 8

1 $\text{♩} = 100$
quirky

p

f

p

8vb

No. 9

1 sound the bells!

p

2

3

ff
with pedal ad lib.

4

5

mf *f* *ff*

Measures 7-12 of a piano score. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is written for piano (p) and forte (f) dynamics.

Measures 7-8: Treble clef, piano (p). Measure 7 has a 5-measure rest. Measure 8 has a 6-measure rest. The bass clef has a 5-measure rest in measure 7 and a 5-measure rest in measure 8.

Measures 9-12: Treble clef, forte (f). Measure 9 has a 7-measure rest. Measure 10 has a 5-measure rest. Measure 11 has a 3-measure rest. Measure 12 has a 5-measure rest. The bass clef has a 6-measure rest in measure 9 and a 5-measure rest in measure 10. Measure 11 has a 3-measure rest. Measure 12 has a 5-measure rest.

No. 10

1. Choose an appropriate octave to play in according to the piano used: if the strings cross in impossible places, choose notes an octave below or above the notes written.
2. Accidentals are only for single notes unlike in other movements
3. place blu-tak appropriately on individual strings while playing first three notes (in free time)

1 *plucked*
p
pedal down

9 *played*
mf

plucked
mp

(keep blu-tak on and pedal if playing next prelude)

No. 11

keep blu-tak from prelude No. 10 on the strings

1 *quasi Chopinesque*
pp
with pedal ad lib.

4

6

remove blu-tak making sound with string

f

200 *



<http://www.angelacarsen.com>



<http://scytheworks.ca>

