

Gambling



the

Aisle

Masthead

Editors

Visual Art: *John Cross*

Poetry & Nonfiction: *Adam Van Alstyne*

Fiction: *Patrick Kelling*

Staff

Megan Kelling

Jenna Park

Rebecca Roybal

Andrew Nellis

Interns

Sydney “Hungus” Jones

Andrew Cannon

Contents

Words

Peter Clarke	6
D.S. West	8
Brad Garber	9
Jaime Mathis	12
Thomas Walton	15
Santino DallaVecchia	18
Jake Weigel Interview	22
Julie Turley	32
Dan De Vries	36
Eldon Reishus	38
Marianna Hofer	42
Namkyu Oh	43
Aaron Lawrence	44
Lisa Golightly Braden	47

Images

Seth Simon	5, 19, 37, 45
Mark Zimmerman	6, 16, 17, 20
Dorothea Osborn	7, 8, 35
Daniel Ayles	9, 21, 39
Craig Auge	10, 11, 42
Marissa Burns	13, 33
Marium Rana	14, 40, 41
Jake Weigel	24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31
Gregory Zeorlin	34, 46



www.gamblingtheaisle.com

Donate at www.gamblingtheaisle.com

@theaislemag

<https://www.facebook.com/GamblingtheAisle>

<https://gamblingtheaisle.submittable.com/submit>



Untitled by Seth Simon

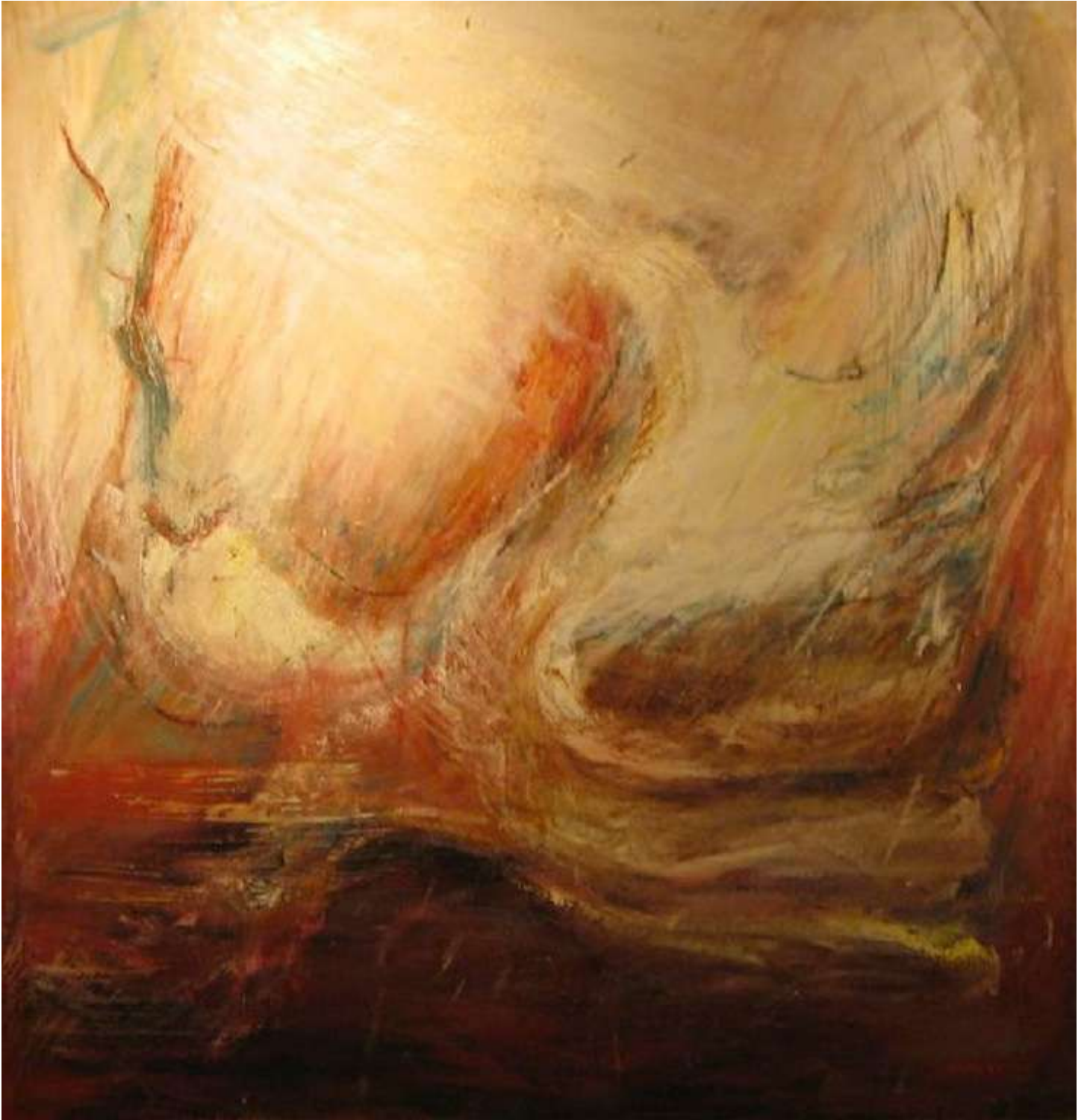
Mustard Sleeve

Peter Clarke

Burger-joint bright yellow mustard surprised me on my sleeve. I felt blinded as I licked it off. I put on sunglasses and kept licking. Adding ketchup, salt, and a slice of pickle, I was no longer sure what I was looking at through my rock-and-roll lenses. I took my shirt off because this had to be a tropical beach vacation, even though I swear I had just gotten off work on a dark evening and come to escape the cold in this burger joint without ever leaving town. But then I'd lost the mustard sleeve. The shirt was inside out. Where could that sleeve have possibly gone? Wasn't I just licking it? Then my sunglasses fell off. God, things became awkward real fast. Panicking like the first and last time I ever tried romance over a cheap meal, I grabbed my uneaten half of a hamburger and the sticky bottle of mustard and ran outside into a homeless person, tripping head over heels shirtless, launching the mustard bottle into traffic, forever staining sunshine on someone's windshield like the dazzling yellow taste on my lips.



Untitled by Mark Zimmerman



The Event by Dorothea Osborn

D.S. West

Chakrasamvara

I'm willing to help you make a mistake.
 You have to be sure you won't
 beat yourself after, openhanded
 or with stacks of sacks of oranges.

Not like I'm up to much without you, just
 enjoying what tea or wine I have left.
 I'm not aiming low, but ahead, so
 don't cast me in a Jim Thompson novel.

Tell me if you decide you want to
 make sandwiches with me.
 Really think about how spicy relish
 will affect you after, okay?

I'd do anything to add to
 your lump sum of smiles, but,

should we fail, I don't see any other tables
 in this fucked-up garden, do you?



Confrontation by Dorothea Osborn

Brad Garber

Crash

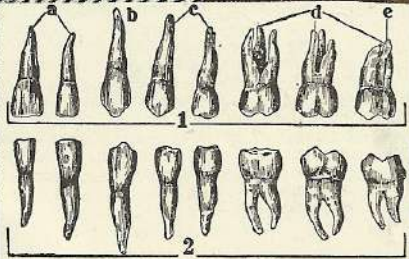
The man with broken teeth sits behind a desk while the shrill cloud of his past swirls about him like a swarm of locusts and he feels the rumble of his future in the balls of his aging feet this ache this gritting of the jaw this blank stare at the words flying like bats toward his hair when he stands to calm the spasms of his arteries the growing dread of impotence of belief and good intent while the grocery carts pass beneath the window with rolling lives and coughing women sleeping in sputum and foggy utterances flowing down drains and out a long path overrun with cigarette dreams and futures in conspiracy like corn in North Dakota and coffee in Guatemala and bananas and rice and beans and oil and Wisconsin hemp in fields of dairy cattle and hallucinogenic mushrooms when the man is outside of his elemental experience and off the chart where ions have not collided and the rock remains solid after the thousand-year- flood because there are things that don't move and thoughts that remain and struggles that don't stop in the face of unnatural disasters and warnings of sliding values and ethical snowfalls even though the hammer chips away at the alabaster stone until something slips and the arm falls off crumbling on the floor of the cubicle and this all adds up to the one gasp over the words streaming toward him like a line of leave cutter ants carrying souls to the underground nest



Art Line Work by Daniel Ayles

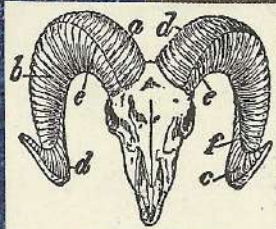


CANDELABRUM



Teeth of an Adult.

1. Upper jaw. 2. Lower jaw; a incisors; b, canines; c, bicuspid; d, molars; e, wisdom-tooth.



Skull of the Naylor.

a, frontal surface; b, orbital surface; c, nuchal surface; d, d, fronto-nuchal edge; e, e, fronto-orbital edge; f, nuchal edge.



Prism (def. 1)

Maria

887
918
926
936
947
959

OR
OR



Amaryllis

Jaime Mathis

Jessica Caldwell is graceful and taller than me. Her dresses swish further out, her hair glows with hazelnut fire and she has Amaryllis. I love her. When she comes over to sing with me my voice fills the stairwell and carries us straight to Broadway. I have the red hair, but she is Annie every time we belt, “The Sun Will Come Out Tomorrow”. She drops her chin and sparkles her eyes as we finish the last words and it is clear that she loves me too.

I wear the flowered dress my grandmother gave me when she comes over. It is a talisman made of brushed cotton worn to velvet from so much use. There is power to shine in this fabric, a miracle waiting to bust the seams and fly. Like Amaryllis.

The first time Jessica brings Amaryllis along, my heart falters. She is midnight, blue eyes and a red mouth pressed together in an arc that gentles storms. I cannot speak, so she sits quietly on the corner of the stairs while Jessica suggests songs and I try to pretend everything is normal. Amaryllis waits patiently, occasionally nodding to the side until Jessica reaches out and steadies her. I don’t dare touch her. The temptation of possession has already rendered me mute.

Jessica encourages me to hug Amaryllis in front of her, even pushes her into my arms when she sees me gawking at them. I have to stroke her back, feel the smoothness of its curve and the ridge bisecting her chocolate skin. Every pore in my body is magnetized by her pull. I want her. I fear the largeness of wanting. It asks for more space than I have. I pace and sing “Little Girls” and try to ignore her. She takes it all gently, never dropping the smile from her lips nor looking away when I stare.

She is human and fallen, or maybe I am. I look at the objects around me, people I adore, sounds I swear are possessed. Jessica, Amaryllis, carpet, light through the window. None are essential, all are desirable. They fill vision, smell and taste. My dress lies between thumb and forefinger as I roll it back and forth, considering the faded

flower print glide and bunch. Every morning I wake, reach for the dress, pull it over my head and think about songs and Jessica and Amaryllis. All the hours I spend wrapped in this, all the missing when night falls.

Life is mysterious predictability. I know that all I need exists already. Jessica is gone for the day and I sit on the floor in my room watching shadows from the blinds lance against the wall. Hum a few bars of “Tomorrow, Tomorrow, I love you tomorrow. You’re only a day away.” My birthday is coming up in a few weeks and I think about the party. Jessica will be there, my sister Jackie, my cousins and some friends from church. Mom has promised to make me a one-of-a-kind cake and I know it will be incredible. She’s a perfectionist when it comes to baked goods.

There won’t be time to create a world with Jessica at the party but I know she understands. Before I even explain, she brings Amaryllis to me and leaves us alone for the afternoon. She’s right to be generous with Amaryllis. It is safe to want around her. It becomes bearable the more I learn of Amaryllis’ silhouette. There are never words between us, only touch and gaze. She lies against my chest and looks out from my bed while I buzz from the closeness. After she returns to Jessica I sleep without waking. Sometimes, we talk about the future.

What do you want to be? Jessica asks me.

“A singer. Always. And I will go like this.” I throw my hair over a shoulder, shake it, laugh.

Jessica nods in approval, her movement clean.

“Now you. What do you want to be?” I already know the answer but I like listening to her smoker’s voice. It is totally out of place with her immaculate skin and breath which smells like fresh water.

“You know. The same. With shorter hair.”

It never occurs to me that we have an ending. Carriage Way is where we start and stop every day since memory began. Now that Amaryllis is in our group, she will last too. The days pass, the songs continue, wanting stays, and I expand to

encompass the glory of Jessica and Amaryllis and music and dresses. There is no separation, even at night when we sleep in different beds and dream about tunneling between her place and mine. The three of us should move in together.

I make the wish on each candle I blow out. Pure want ascends to heaven in the form of Jessica and Amaryllis. I open my eyes and see darkness. The spell is set and I am content to linger for a moment longer until mom flicks the light. There is an obscene hoard in front of me, flashing garish paper and glittering bows, all right angles and hard surfaces.

Jessica stands back from the crowd. I want her beside me amidst all these people. She is still where others move, soft when noise takes over.

“This is for you.” She doesn’t need to say any more and turns to make room.

Amaryllis is before me, flying through the air, arms outstretched, face blazing.

Every wish returns and lands in full. One, two, three, four, five.

I never see Jessica again. She vanishes, leaving Amaryllis and I behind, wondering where she has gone. No one has an answer. Some say she moved away, no one can say why.

There is no tomorrow, only yesterday when we lifted melodies to the sky and danced through shag carpets. Amaryllis and I speak of her and begin to forget the details. We grow and stay silent and feel longing screw into bone until the ache becomes a sunset.



Women in Water, Drown by Marissa Burns



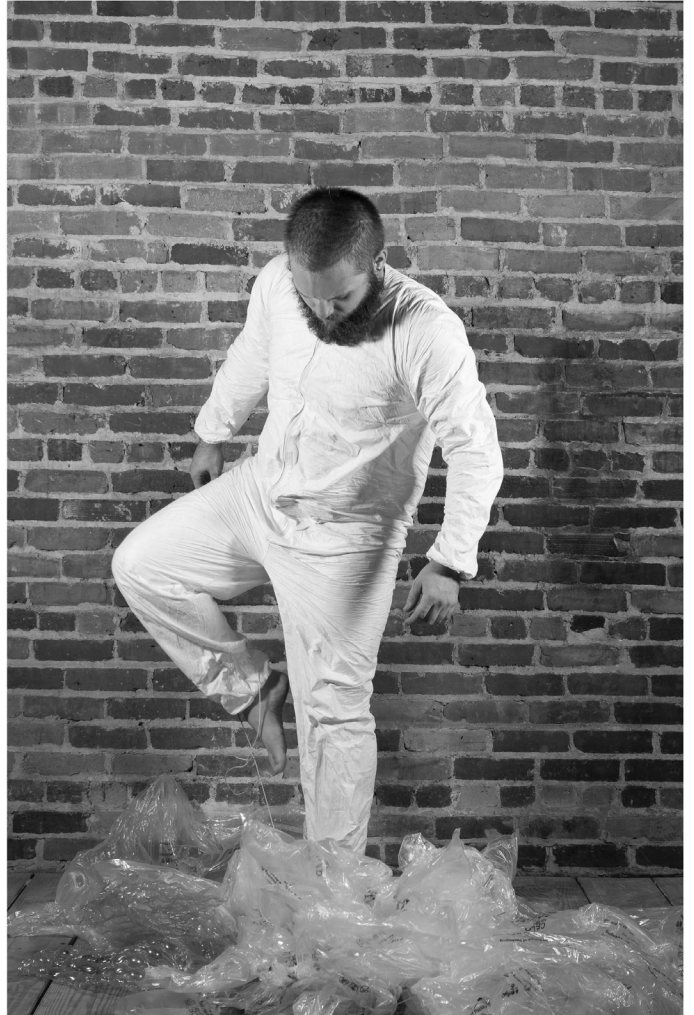
Untitled by Marium Rana

Thomas Walton

Vacation

we spent several thousand dollars
and flew most of the day
with a three hour stopover
at LAX, where we bought toast
(basically) and what must've been
a thirty-two ounce coffee
but we did eventually arrive
“at our destination,” as they say
we reached our overpriced hotel
we dropped our bags
not bothering to unpack
and walked down to the hotel bar
to order gin and sodas
we drank, “washing down the dust
from the ... air?” we laughed.
we drank and we laughed and we stared
for five days and four nights
we drank and we laughed and we stared
out over the flat, dull sea
 then we came home.





Popdip Series by Mark Zimmerman

Everything in Pennsylvania

Santino DallaVecchia

This is a land of rabbit warrens. Everything's tucked away in a hill, or under a pass or written in the stone that's hinting at us as we pass by, hinting, "Look, I used to be a mountain, look." The paths and turns feel almost endless. If I couldn't remember Taylor I probably wouldn't believe there's much existing other than this. Everything is hills and the clouded world is a series of dips and rises and falls and forested sky. I'm just passing through, but God, these valleys.

The first woman I ever fell in love with— not Taylor, someone else— lived in Pennsylvania for a year after she said fuck it to school and the bad things that were happening to her. I'm not thinking about her now, even though I called her earlier to tell her I was here, looking through windows and waiting to move out of this bus and into the high ground air, wanting to tell her that it's as beautiful as she's told me. I'm an uneasy traveler, but Pennsylvania is worth it.

Going back sounds like a hangover. It's still a week away, and that seems so long now, but so do the nights before hangovers. A throbbing head takes a lot of alcohol to earn. When I step off the bus in Michigan, the vague emotional oar Taylor represents as the forested hills and rolling clouds spin off the top of the bus will become a tether again.

We're spending the night with strangers, two old strangers who used to sing theatre that drove us here, and their son used to smoke, so they understand why I needed to go outside as they crawled into bed and leave us to their home.

The higher up we drove, chatting with them from the back of their car, the more peaceful the world got. We can hear water trickling in the faint glimmer of light off of Pittsburgh. What a dark looking city. I have no idea what it's like there, but the ambiance, the rickety towns that rise, the hills recede and you enter one of the state's infinite rabbit warrens, the small rise of its skyline next to the rest of the height around it—that's all dark. Beautiful. A lot of the others didn't like it but I did.

I breathe out the deep drags I've pulled from my

cigarettes and say words to my friend, but they aren't important. He's an inflictor. When he's happy, he likes everyone to be happy. When he's hurting, everyone around him has to hurt. Inflicts his moods, good and bad. I don't think he means it, most of the time, though. Tonight he's just confused and keeping me company, even though I wouldn't have minded being alone, so the words, like I said, aren't important, as long as they're comforting. This place is peaceful for both of us, even though it will last longer for me.

I say something about Taylor, and he's too lost in himself to respond, but I don't think he can help not being able to help me right now. He's in a bad place.

I'm not in a good one, though. My life is too much for me, and not enough. I think it's why I like the twists and turns in these valleys. Also fracturing, but instantly tied together.

Yesterday another friend and I wandered through a cemetery that sloped through valleys and I sat on a mausoleum's steps. I hope the people buried there were kind hearted and didn't mind me sitting on the doormat of their passage to wherever they went. The wind blew across our long hair and my hands were filled with cigarettes. He wandered off. We're both too lonely to spend too much time around one another.

Honestly, even though I hoped they wouldn't mind, the swell of graves was already violated by the cell tower at the top of one of the hills, disguised to go with the necropolis. The dead are already encroached on by the living. Later, I'll walk over muddy grass where the last snow has melted to an odd stone gazebo with a statue of a man and a woman standing clasped together and I'll touch the statue and wonder about their lives. But now I light another, losing track of how many I've had. The cemetery— it's another sweep of valley and rising, a permanent, unshifting ebb and flow of land.

I'm such an uneasy traveler. I can't wait to go home, even though I'd rather stay here forever, but it's

not time to be so far away, yet.

You have been heartbreakingly kind, and I mean that in the most sentimental or poetical sense. I left my hosts a letter and one of my poems in the quiet bedroom behind the stairs where I slept, because they were genuine and kind. Their house is a rabbit-warren, like the state itself; staircases lead everywhere and carry through rooms and disappear into the ceiling. My room only had a lamp and a nightlight.

I hallucinated and heard threatening voices before falling asleep, but that's not their fault. The darkness always travels with me.

I don't know what to write about Taylor. She loves blue. There's this shade that's sort of like teal or maybe baby blue mixed with coffee creamer that I've started calling Taylor Blue and sometimes I think if I ever write a novel that might be in the title. Her eyes

are brown. She's tall and gangly and she's pretty. She was there for me on my twentieth birthday, which was a bad day in a bad month, and it made things ok. People think we're together, until I correct them. We disagree on important things and if we tried to make imaginary kingdoms, they'd probably end up going to war, even though we've never had as much as a real argument. She's one of my best friends, but I'm starting to feel the disconnect that's made my best memories of this travel the sweep of Pennsylvania, which I can't share with anyone, not really, even though I'm trying. The past of them and their impression's becoming what matters.

Been drinking a lot. Every night I can. I really don't know why. It's available, I'm down, all this time with the same people is boring. I think I'm maybe a little in love with the idea



Untitled by Seth Simon

of being an alcoholic. That might be it. But this hotel has balconies, which I love smoking on. It's about the most romantic, smoking on a balcony over the city at night. We're far away from the valleys and rabbit warrens now. Maybe it's a time thing, the nearing end of our journey, maybe it's because we're in the city, maybe because I've been drinking, maybe because all of those and maybe because I'm so tired, but I'm thinking about Taylor less and depression more.

"Want to hear a story?"

"Mhmmm, I do."

I'm standing out on one of those really romantic porches with a third friend, who's maybe more of an acquaintance and she's tall and pretty and we're both drunk. She's more open— and really genuinely so, it's sort of charming and sad— when she's drunk, and I'm more likely to talk to people I don't really know. I mean, I don't really, really know anyone, but that's the whole existential side, you know— literally, I don't know her beyond being friendly. But earlier this week, during another drinking night, she told me how much I brighten her days when I say hi, so I suppose I'm feeling reciprocally open. She's a nice person with all sorts of emotional blocks. I kind of doubt we'll talk again, so I let this story flow, about Beth, who I mentioned early on, the one I was in love with who lived in what's now my dearly departed memory of Pennsylvania.

The story's not really important. Love and

loss and bullshit. I asked my balcony friend about being in love, really in love, where— "You'd die for that person, where you'd tear out your heart for that person, here take it" she said. She got it. She has deep eyes and she answered the question I didn't ask, so I told her everything. Sitting through the wedding, telling Beth she was beautiful so many times and

meaning it so much, because she and I were never happy with our appearances, but she looked so beautiful, like we wished we looked, and how I fell in love with her the Spring before her wedding and how we talked every day and how I went away to college the week after.

I don't remember her saying much after the story, we just went inside because our cigarettes were done and the story was over and there wasn't any more to say. I didn't mention Taylor. She rejoined her friends, and I crawled into bed and I think I hallucinated again, even though I don't remember if it was that night or the night after. Either way. Expurgating my story through

the night air and alcohol and smoke felt good, and I feel a little better. I hope she remembers our conversation, both the bit I just told and the rest that's not important right now. I think she does. I don't know if I'll know unless we're drunk together again.

The city lights shimmer outside the hotel room, and I sigh, wishing I were in Pennsylvania and not so close to going back home.



Nail One by Mark Zimmerman



Infinity Loop Constellation by Daniel Ayles

Making the Connection: An Interview with Jake Weigel

John Cross

Two weeks ago I was hiking in Canyonlands in Utah for the first time. I was overwhelmed by the sheer space of the area, not just the expansive vistas of sky meeting earth, but also by the negative space, the hole which seemed, to my naive scope, to be both deeper than the oceans and taller than the Rocky Mountains I'm so familiar with. The trail led me through layer after layer of sediment tracing time on a cosmic scale backwards to a hole in the rock, down a ladder, around a bend and finally to the prize: petroglyphs dated to 1,000 to 3,000 years old and attributed to the ancient Puebloans who made these mysterious marks with rudimentary pigments to mark their place in time. There in the middle of the desert I found myself connected to time and history and place and humanity in ways that the glowing rectangle in front of me now could never achieve.

How fortuitous then to find myself today having a conversation with Jake Weigel, an artist whose sculptural installations deal specifically with connections of space and matter and layers and humanity.

John Cross: The images associated with this body of work, "The Meet of the Matter," reveal the stark contrast between the mostly black objects and the white walls. The space seems to be the theme, meaning the space between the objects seems as important as the objects themselves.

Jake Weigel: I'm thinking of making more and installing the show with graphite covering the walls as well. It would be extremely intensive but I want to push it even more, enveloping the viewer completely in an environment. The exploration of space itself, as a physical and abstract notion has been pivotal in my work and it started by looking at how sculpture has evolved from the "traditional" to the "contemporary" approach of installation and what that really means for the artist and viewer. It also comes from an interest in the combination of architecture and religious buildings/temples. My father owns a small construction/remodeling business which is a source of the interest in architecture.

JC: So black on black? That would be enveloping but I wonder if some of the power of a piece like Parallel Spaces might be lost without the contrast.

JW: You have a good point. And each work stands as a representation or manifestation of a thought or concept that are supposed to stand alone but also connect to each other in some way, though that connection isn't always obvious. So going back to your original statement, that space is really important as a place of ambiguity but also connection.

JC: It makes me think of how architecture works in its simplest terms, that the structure, the beams, the con-

nection of roof to walls and walls to floor, all of this serves to create the space more than anything else. The type of connections, the chosen materials are the tools of the artist but the space is the product.

JW: Yes. I think one of the largest connections that I made when exploring the roots of installation art was with the Tea Room and Tea Ceremony. Every choice in the construction was made deliberately as each element was in a relationship with each other. That holistic or gestalt view was so important for the space and event. The austerity of the Tea Room is part of the Minimalist movement for sure. And quantum physics ties into both Eastern philosophy and Minimalism so well. I absolutely love seeing those connections.

JC: Austerity is certainly a word that comes to mind when I look at your work. The objects you display are stripped down to pure form as a result of the graphite treatment. I am reminded of Manet's paintings that tried to say, "I am a painting, I am grease smeared on cloth, I am two-dimensional." By covering these objects in graphite you seem to say something similar, "I am a circuit board, I am a book, notice my 'bookness,'" which is very similar to what many sculptors are doing with cast iron today.

JW: I took some of the aesthetics of casting with that work by making it look like metal but without the weight and specific process. By using the graphite, which is carbon-based, I'm referencing matter but also the idea of dark matter or anti-matter and that's the crucial juncture. This transforms the objects from a physical object to the idea of the objects. So the book or circuit

becomes the idea of those, and one could get into Kant's 'noumena' or Plato's 'Theory of Forms' if they chose to. I don't get that deep but it makes me think. What are the elements, structures or ideas behind these and how do they connect? The book itself is really interesting with its use of words or symbols to convey an idea and that itself is a space in the mind.

JC: I'm curious, did you cover the inside of the book as well?

JW: No I didn't. But I tore out some of the pages, covered the words and left the images. That's what "Studies" is: images from the book.

JC: I see. Connections. Etudes is a study as well, did you begin the graphite with this work? Or is it a study of something else?

JW: I began using graphite with another piece that was part of a show at Material in Memphis titled "Quanta" last year. The sculpture is called "Collection of Black Holes" and that piece was a playful gesture to the absurd idea of owning a black hole.

Etudes was a study in woodworking, specifically dovetail joinery and I was using mathematical structures. Etudes are self-made studies that musicians create for technical purposes. Math is everywhere but music for sure.

JC: I feel like there is another connection here that is possibly less evident. The process of rubbing powdered graphite onto and into objects so evenly must, at the very least, be meditative.

JW: It's a process for sure. It gets painted on but then the entire surface gets burnished multiple times.

It's very interesting to notice the surface of objects, especially the wood.

JC: What is your process for creating pieces like Amplihedron? I understand that it is a frame with graphite but how is the "2D" image created?

JW: The antique frame was found years ago at a farm auction. I used copper foil to create the structure on board and painted over it with the graphite. I've made prints by embossing and this was a relief process instead, just enough to make it physical. Not relief but additive.

JC: I find it interesting that you take objects/materials that immediately make one think of a color, like copper but then you take that hue away from the viewer. One of the few pieces in this body to have any hint of color is "Self Portrait," which also has an element of sound. The piece seems to have been ripped from its original environment and in a state of chaos or perfect balance, I can't tell which.

JW: It's both. By referencing a person, it's both physical and immaterial and the perfect place to join. The pre-

carious nature or state of limbo is part of the meeting. And since it's my work and exploration of these thoughts, it made sense that it was a self-portrait. I think that really ties back into the idea of space that you first brought up and the ambiguity of it. As much as we explore the world around us, how it's constructed and where we fit, there is always an unknowing and that is that state of limbo, or state of flux that cannot be pinpointed exactly. It's why Bachelard switched from writing philosophy of science to exploring the space of personal and emotional responses to the world around us.

JC: Tell me, who is Bachelard and how has his work influenced your thinking about your own?

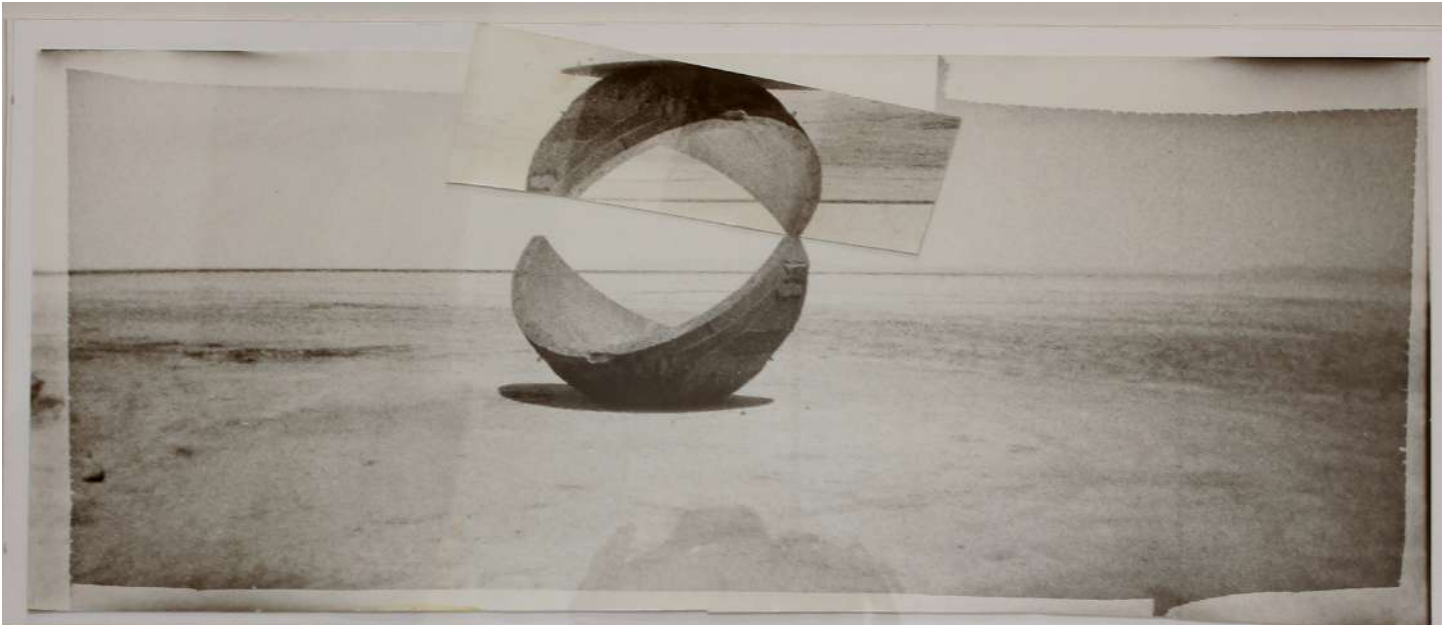
JW: Bachelard was a French philosopher who studied the philosophy and history of science in the first half of the 20th century. These studies linked the human condition to science and how there are faults associated with the scientist doing the research based on their personal biases. He began writing about poetry (and art) because he realized that there were more emotions involved in trying to discover how the world worked. The Poetics of Space is a very well-known book of his that many artists and architects are aware of because he began linking space, especially personal spaces of memories and physical space of homes to the natural human condition. I found his writing very interesting in that it ties space, both physical and abstract, to writing while also bridging a gap between science and art.

JC: So your work, overall, is an opportunity for the viewer to experience those spaces for themselves and contemplate those connections on a personal level?

JW: Definitely. As much as my work has a very personal approach, each piece has elements that suggest the essence of those thoughts. In no way do I expect the viewers to understand but they should be able to pick up some key ideas or at least a feeling towards those ideas.

Born and raised in Wisconsin, Jake studied at the University of Minnesota and eventually received his MFA in Studio Art from the University of Mississippi before becoming Visiting Artist/Lecturer in Sculpture at the University of Texas of the Permian Basin in Texas. His work has been shown in Memphis, Chattanooga, Nashville, Atlanta, Seattle, Minneapolis, New York, United Kingdom, Sweden and Hungary.

*To learn more about Jake Weigel and his work visit:
<http://jakeweigel.net>*



Mirage by Jake Weigel



New Age by Jake Weigel



Etude (detail) by Jake Weigel



Amplituhedron by Jake Weigel



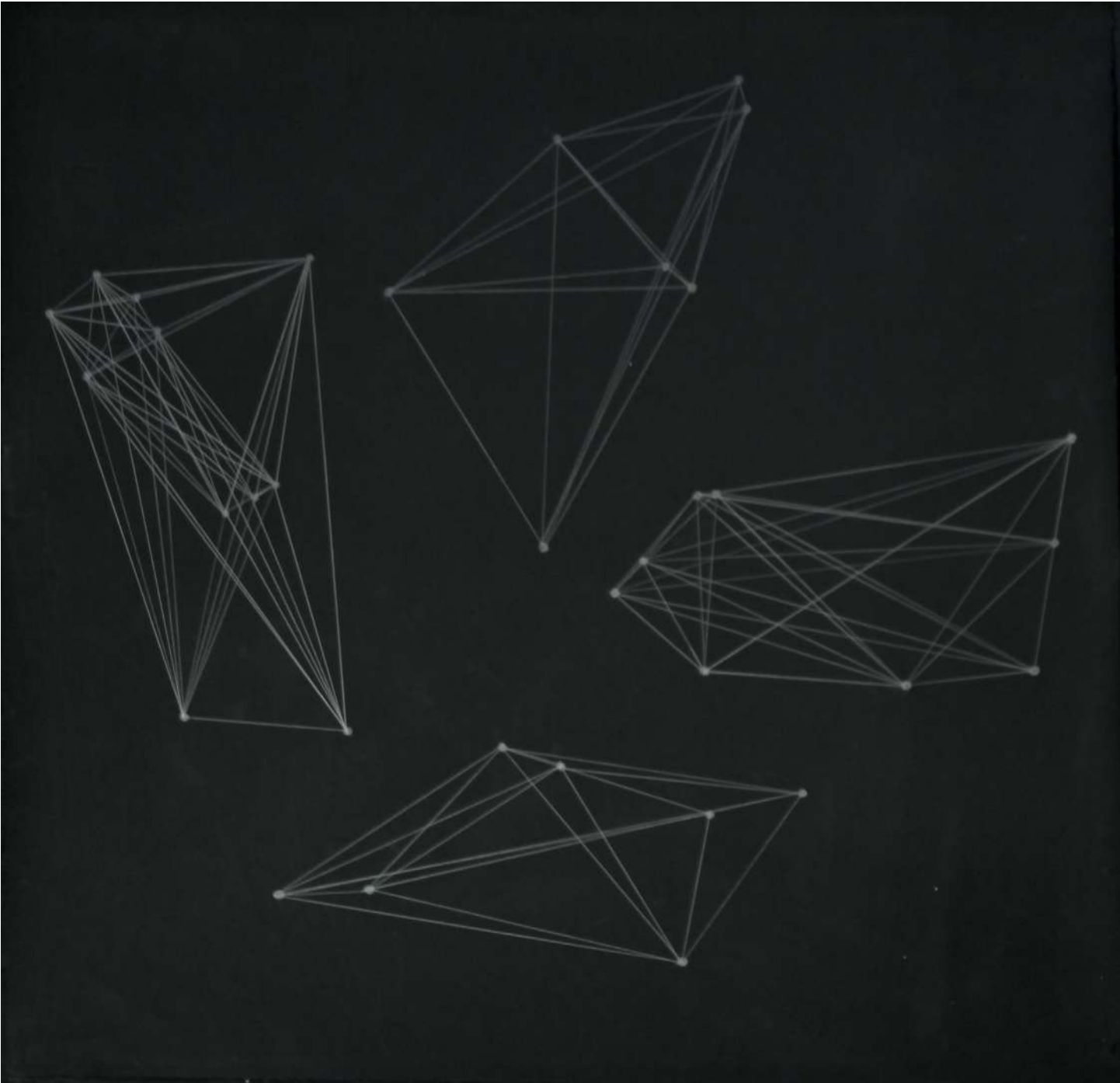
Self Portrait by Jake Weigel



Marginlization of Space Time by Jake Weigel



Past Present Future by Jake Weigel



Constellation Spaces Four Symbols by Jake Weigel

Testing

Julie Turley

We didn't want to get arrested. We had class the next day. If getting arrested cost money, we'd be dipping into student loans.

But it felt right to let other people get arrested, people who had been arrested before and already knew how to do it.

Look at the other people getting arrested! Proud to do it. If the pink plastic handcuffs slapped on them by the police were meant to be humiliating they weren't.

Not anymore. Not in the '80s. Not when even men wore pink and kept their hair smooth with headbands, as if everyone was a lead singer.

The arrested people performed for us. They proudly stuck their wrists, bound like produce, out the windows of school buses summoned to get the bums from the desert and into town for what, we did not know.

The arrested waved their bound wrists around so we could be sure to see them.

But one downside: these guys would miss the band, who pulled in too late. If anyone deserved this band, it was the arrested. The band had hauled themselves in all the way from San Francisco, not just San Francisco, but Marin. They had been famous in the '60s. Like huge, but now they were small and couldn't even get into a plain old US Festival.

The lead singer, Paul in this band, had been the cute one, same as the Beatles. From our '60s research, we learned that Lyle, the bass player, was smarter and more poetic. We knew that Paul had been married to Rena, who was the other lead singer, but that in the '70s, when we were all little, Rena had divorced Paul and it had been ugly.

But now it was the '80s, and everything had settled down. All was cool. The band had been in *People*, saying, "Everything is groovy," without irony, and this had been re-quoted around the desert with delight.

Well, if this was what a protest was, we loved it. If what we saw had been civil disobedience, it was awesome. To get arrested, you just had to put one foot on the test site, like the tip of a Nike. One spike. A pinky.

"That's it!" one of the organizers said in a tone of warning.

"You tempt us!" we shouted to the leaders. They weren't really leaders. Organizers. It was all very casual. It was open. Everyone was invited.

If you loved Reagan, please come! There was room. You could learn something. You would!

Prudently, the organizers had planned the protest on a non-bombing day. That made sense. We didn't want to get any bomb dust on us. Even the test site workers had days off.

Look at this land. All gouged out. Low desert sprouts of things tried to find their way in. That was the way life was. Full of metaphor. "Don't give up!" we wanted to say. But bombs were the most powerful things. Not rock and roll, as rock and roll always liked to brag.

Of course. Of course.

On the way home, Fred drove. Just a freshman. Ryan, a sophomore, cuddled the headrest he had yanked out of the top of Fred's seat. Fred wanted it back in, but Ryan said, no, that the headrest had become something more. Fred turned on the headlights as far as they would go. "The headlights bomb the dark," he said, not wanting a response and not getting one. The girls and I, juniors, understood Ryan more than Fred. We let our heads fall against the glass, our arms to our sides. We didn't need anything to hold against us. We could have been arrested. We had slipped foil between our underwear and our reproductive organs, just in case. We could have sat in jail all night, learning and growing.

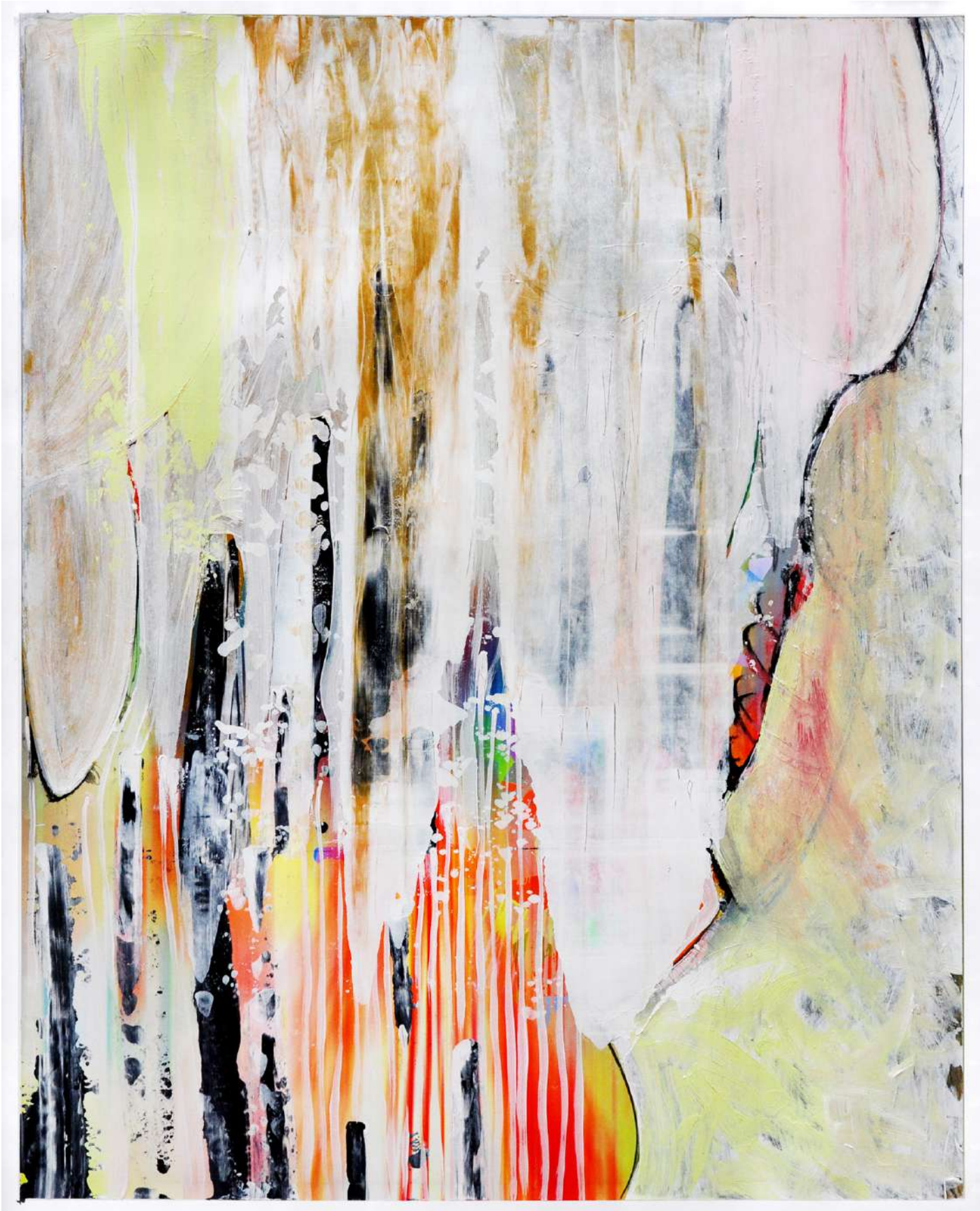
Someday.

Night drifted over the desert. For the desert's sake—all wrung out—the night tried to be like fog, a more lovely thing. It was the very least that night could do.



שהם היועב השעם

Women in Water, Burn One Down by Marissa Burns



Veil by Gregory Zeorlin



In Africa by Dorothea Osborn

Dan De Vries

Climate Change

For Jim Heynen

... say it soft and it's almost like praying ...

I.

Starts as a baseball game
& then there is a sudden
blizzard. Trapped at first
mother-in-law's house on

Union Street in
Wyoming, Michigan utterly
snowed in. Still

there is rice & kale & a
pheasant the cat caught in
the refrigerator &

She's Not There.

II. The Zombies are, though ...

The Zombies know all
about one's cover as a fundraiser.

They prove
relentless. We play
Let's Make a Deal &

the deal is, I will
put up with
what they tell me to.

III.

Hard to make a move
except at one point
I need to pee & the toilet

is full of vegetation that
should be in the
Earth Machine.

IV.

The people are lined up
to eat the earth.

The women are in business
suits. So are the men, but

they smell like compost &
their foulard ties have
earthworms where there

should be Celtic knots or
at least Stingaree. They have
they tell me a mission.

IV. For Me

I descend to the pit.
It is nothing
Dante or Pynchon prepared
me or anyone else for.

It is enormous &
full of sand. Small figure
in that landscape, I can't
ski on sand.

Above, tipping over,
an enormous granite monolith.

The ski lift operator
tells me it is a big old

rock, but I know
a monolith when I see one.

V. The Monolith

Closely guarded . . . troopers with guns
 Black Copters . . .
 Ski Patrol . . .

The Monolith
 looms miles above, still,
 tipping overhead.

VI.

A mumbling gnome
 prophecies a brilliant future
 & shows me the ladder, not
 up the monolith but up the wall
 (of the pit) not quite
 miles high, but nearly.

VII. Back to the house.

They are still here, with
 the same offer, although not quite at
 such good pay. There is
 only one last question . . . “Do

you still believe
 in global warming?”



Untitled by Seth Simon

**(an untried man talks to the ceiling in the tiny voice that has
tangled with the miraculous)**

Eldon Reishus

Downstairs was always a wild and wooly affair, Debra secretly Deb at heart, but outwardly a habitual collector of spinning ashtrays and model conestoga wagons. Birds grew more and more delirious with the acceptance of dawn that rueful April morning her confirmation at another church climaxed with a brass salute. The meltwater in her eyes could have issued from the spit valve of her new stepfather's accomplished trumpet.

When Debbie arrived back from her second trial year in Denver her old pants fit so snugly that she appeared ready to pop a kidney. Then yesterday I saw her on the street with a tote umbrella clasped between her breasts, the day cloudless, blue, her old cowlick in back matted like an Episcopalian altar boy's. I hopped down from the porch and raced straight over to her, my voice desperate, like an all-girl band leader strung out on bennies and worried about tonight on the phone.

What do you do when push comes to sin, heave comes to toilet? I wanted us to go back and begin all over again, round trip, double occupancy, six nights of all-inclusive glitter. But some things are too much a shock or miracle for the circulation to entertain without massive satellite aid and the spirited intervention of a winning lottery ticket. I grabbed Deb's gainly left breast to help reestablish my fully dehydrated GPS position (twin perforated eardrums from the service). Soundlessly, it came off in my hand. Like a bloody jack from the dealer putting me over.

Authorities spent the night combing the area. Nothing. Like they were getting paid with your tax dollars to paint – What's brown and cold and snubs apparel? – the papped down, public version.



Contemplative Art by Daniel Ayles



Untitled by Marium Rana



Untitled by Marium Rana

Marianna Hofer

Tuesday

As if called, a white bird

glides down river, banks
against the sinuous curves
of shore, wings like
the movement behind
a light sleeper's eyes

while the far bank still
hordes in tiny pockets
that shimmery blue haze
the sun flushes out,
burns off by noon.

If this were a dream, these
would be signs studied,
meanings extracted, shared.

But in the flesh it's just
another day that slips
between the fingers.



Spell 4 by Craig Auge

Namkyu Oh

Full Sleeve (After Childish Gambino's Telegraph Ave.)

I.

The bottom of a fresco's boot
Stomped into my skin as the
girl from Oakland made
Japanese all over my right arm.

II.

Koi ponds breaching their
Purges. Mizuchi scything
Typhoons with a dragon's
Tail. Tsubaki
Flowers stretching yoga
Across a garden-lined
Forearm. Blood orange orb - flex my
Wrist for a sunrise.

III.

I haven't babysat my cousin in
Over four months. Every
Lunch, I would cut off
The brown parts of his banana for him.
He still thinks my arm is rotting.

IV.

"Yuppie" face | "Ivy League" face | "Wall Street" face
"Biker Gang" arm \ "Trailer Park" arm \ "Unemploy-
able" arm
"Asian" skin | "Suburban" skin | "Soft" skin
"Shameful" skin | "Regretful" skin | "No" skin

V.

I will die in this San Francisco nursing home.
Everything here is a pasty white and I am feeling
Softer by the day. My closet does not know
How many long sleeves are in its belly.
I can see wrinkles on every inch
Of me, except for the arm. It is the
Only part of me that
Hasn't faded.

The First Alarm

Aaron Lawrence

He was clicking his pen as he walked past me. It was spring now and the rain hadn't stopped for two days. I was reading. It was a story about a husband and his wife. The husband was mad and wanted a divorce because she had earned a role in a play where she would be naked. The husband watched from the audience as his wife engaged in copulation with two other actors, twice. I was finishing the story when he walked past me. He was clicking his pen all along. We nodded to each other. I was thinking of the clicking pen and the story I had just read. I could feel my face getting hotter. I had always wondered why the husband let his wife act in the play.

I had been walking to the library that night. It was winter then and the snow was falling heavy and beneath the street lights the snow was blowing like a blizzard. The snow was catching in my beard and I knew it would melt when I got inside. I knew it would be cold on my cheeks. I had a pen in my pocket and I had been clicking it. It was late and it was a holiday. There would not be very many people at the library. I needed a book from the fourth floor and I planned to work there.

I was stomping the snow off my boots as I climbed the steps to the fourth floor. My hand was still gripped tightly around the pen in my pocket. I had a habit of clicking a pen to the rhythm of a song in my head. When I reached the top of the stairs I saw her with him. They were wrapped in each other's arms and I could hear the noises from their mouths. Their hands were moving rapidly over each other. I stopped. I couldn't take my eyes off her. He noticed me and said something but I didn't hear. She was hiding her face in his collar. I could hear the pen in my pocket. He said something again and I turned to leave. I went to look for the book but I couldn't find it and I left. On the way home the snow was falling heavy and I could feel the snow cold against my cheeks. I threw the pen into the snow.



Untitled by Seth Simon



Veil 136 by Gregory Zeorlin

Raisin Fisted Man

Lisa Golightly Braden

I was up late, couldn't sleep. In the kitchen, close to the hissing tea pot, thinking about the Filipino-American sailor who used to ride the 42 bus. There he was, when I was coming home in the evening after work, wearing a black or beige dress snatched up cheap from an illegal street stall. Home to change my clothes and go out again. I was so young. I never got tired back then. That was the year I maintained religiously manicured hands with French tips and sold expensive jewelry to society ladies. I was the only gringo on the bus. He assumed my threads were expensive, my knock-off hand bag to be the real thing. He was always trying to convince me to buy him a drink at the grungy dive bar teetering at the end of the bus line. We have large, wiry, brown, hopping insects in our house. They live in the basement. Occasionally, they migrate upstairs. They look tropical and indestructible. Thin, muscular, they jump as high as a ballet dancer. Wized, surely with a mask replete with indelible wrinkles. Dry, sinewy floor bats. If you put one under a microscope, you would see the lean, rugged, dehydrated husk they bounce around in. Prehistoric. You can imagine how they could startle you in the night if you went downstairs for a glass of water, or a cup of tea. He rode the same bus as me more often than I would have liked. Glassy-eyed and hyper, he would bolt up out of his seat when I got on. He volunteered war stories, tales of his pirate career, and he would vow that he'd be shipping out as soon as a cargo ship would have him. He told me that he had killed dozens of men, and he may be an old man now, he'd say, but he still had women in every major port. The world over, he'd say, looking out the window at the crumbling apartment buildings and Spanish grocery stores.

He turned away, affording me an opportunity to study his profile. Unable to restrain my hungry stare, I drank in his deep tan, and the sun lesions burnt into his skin, the blue eyes of an old Siamese cat, ropey veins and ligaments riding down his neck. He was no longer a sailor. I don't know what he did with his time, or how he made a living. He would gesture expansively, then rest his hands on the railing in front of him, or splay them against the bus's grime-filmed window. What a history those hands conveyed, a two volume novel: *The Raisin Fisted Man*.

Craig Deppen Auge is a mixed media and collage artist currently living and working in Kansas City, MO. His work has been shown in venues in the Southeast, Southwest, and Midwest. His work explores dreams, memory, personal tradition and ritual, time, loss, and awakening, and often incorporates elements of chance.

Daniel Ayles grew up in Vermont, studied literature and art at the University of California, Berkeley, and currently lives in Portland, Oregon. He is a regular contributor to *The Commonline Journal* and shows his work throughout the Pacific Northwest. He employs various media to create images portraying modern angst in the vein of Edvard Munch's *The Scream*, Gerald Scarfe's artwork for *The Wall*, and R. Crumb's and Robert Williams' work in *Zap! Comix*. His most recent work is neither solely traditional nor wholly digital, but rather a hybridization of the two.

Lisa Golightly Braden holds a B.A. in Studio Art from the University of the District of Columbia, and has studied at the Corcoran College of Art and Design. Her work has been exhibited in galleries and art spaces in Washington, DC, Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia. Her paintings – original works inspired by the documents in The National Archives – are currently available in My Archives Store. She teaches at the Corcoran Gallery of Art's Camp Creativity.

Marissa Burns lives in Central New York. She recently graduated from Wells College with a degree in Visual Arts. During her time there she curated and was featured in an art show in Ithaca NY at the Art and Found. She was also featured in the Senior Thesis Show at Wells College. Post graduation she has appeared in *Level 25 Artjournal* and *Bitterzoet Magazine*, as well as *Middle Gray Magazine*. Her most recent show was at the Kingferry Winery, and she will be featured in the Mystic Water Kava Bar in Ithaca NY this summer.

Peter Clarke is a writer and musician currently living in San Francisco. His short fiction has appeared in *3AM Magazine*, *Pif Magazine*, *Curbside Splendor*, *Western Press Books*, *Hobart*, *Elimae*, *Oklahoma Review*, *The Legendary*, *Zygote in My Coffee*, and elsewhere.

Santino DallaVecchia lives in Michigan. He has previously been published in the literary journals *See Spot Run* and *Pine River Anthology*.

Dan De Vries was born in Grand Rapids, MI. He has been living in San Francisco since '91. Before then, he lived in Denver, Laramie, Vancouver, Ann Arbor, and periodically up and down the San Francisco peninsula. He attended grad school in Wyoming and at the University of Michigan (he received the Hopwood prize in major fiction in 1980). He is the author of three novels: *Trees for Tomorrow*, *Blasphemous Rumors*, and *Piggery*; and a short story collection, *The Mountain King*.

Brad Garber lives and writes in the Great Northwest. He fills his home with art, music, photography, plants, rocks, bones, books and love. He has published poetry in *Alchemy*, *Front Range Review*, *theNewerYork*, *Ray's Road Review*, *Meat for Tea*, *Off the Coast*, *Livid Squid Literary Journal*, *Brickplight*, *Shuf Poetry*, *Penduline Press*, *BASED*, *Eunoia Review*, and other quality publications. He was a 2013 Pushcart Prize Nominee for his poem, "Where We May Be Found."

Marianna Hofer has Studio 13 in the gloriously haunted Jones Building in Findlay, OH. Her poems and stories appear in small magazines, and her b&w photography hangs in local exhibitions and eateries. Her first book, *A Memento Sent by the World*, was published by Word Press in 2008.

Aaron Lawrence is from Cottage Grove, Minnesota, and is studying English and Environmental Studies at Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minn. He is a third year student looking to expand his studies of modern American Literature. His major hobbies include hiking, fishing, reading, and writing. He thinks the best writing comes from letters written to loved ones.

Jaime Mathis grew up believing that words were magic. She has authored three books of historical fiction, mystery and poetry in a continual quest for ultimate expression. Jaime resides with a Dane, a half-Dane, 10 chickens and a cat in Portland, Oregon.

James Maynard received his MFA from the University of Alabama, where he was nominated by the department for the Best New Poets of 2011. His work has been published in *Blood Lotus*, *Arch*, *White Whale Review*, and *Blueline*. He lives in his hometown of Portland, Oregon where he manages Wallace Books in the Sellwood-Moreland neighborhood.

Namkyu Oh is a Korean-born New Jersey native currently studying politics and poetry at Princeton University.

Dorothea Osborn has created art all her life and received an MFA in painting, creating hybrid pieces. She has exhibited nationally and locally. She has received numerous awards for her work. Her work has been collected by a number of institutions and private individuals. She has been working with the dichotomies between abstraction and representation, spiritual and material, and the anthropocene.

Marium Rana makes gouache miniature works that are influenced by both traditional paintings of the Mughal empire, in what is now modern day Pakistan, and contemporary Pakistani street art. As a Pakistani-American, she longed to go to Pakistan for the rich visual experience. She was attracted to the art in museums, as much as the folk art that fills the streets. By combining the use of flat patterning, repetition, and vibrant colors with contemporary iconography, she honors both traditions.

Eldon (Craig) Reishus entertains a growing, less intimate circle under the Alps outside Munich (Landkreis Bad Tölz - Wolfratshausen). He is an old-school Exquisite Corpse contributor (recent work has appeared at *Word Riot*, *decomp magazine*, *B O D Y*, *Anomalous Press*, *Corium Magazine*, *MadHatLit*, *Black Heart Magazine*...), all-around print and web media pro, and the German-English translator of numerous films and books. He originates from Fort Smith, Arkansas -- if not Ytterboe at St. Olaf via Granite Falls.

Seth Simon lives in Livingston, New Jersey. All of his photographs are taken with vintage film cameras as he seeks the "warmer" tone that he feels older glass lenses provide. He only uses existing light to alter each scene as little as possible. Prints are minimally manipulated and cropped. He hopes that the subject, natural existing light and framing alone will reproduce the scene that intrigued him, in the viewer's mind.

Julie Turley holds an MFA in fiction from the University of Utah. She's published fiction in the *North American Review*, *the Western Humanities Review*, and *Otis Nebula*, among other venues. She writes fiction in cramped spaces on the lower east side of New York City where she also works as a research librarian.

Thomas Walton's work has appeared in *Anemone Sidecar*, *ZZZZYVA*, *Bombay Gin*, among others. He is involved with *PageBoy Magazine* in Seattle.

D.S. West is a writer and artist working from Longmont, CO. His fiction and creative non-fiction has appeared in *Crack the Spine*, *Beyond Imagination*, and *Elephant Journal*. His poetry has appeared in *Clockwise Cat*.

Gregory Zeorlin is an artist and poet living near Tyler, TX. Making art or writing poetry is nearly the same experience for him as both save ideas. The "Veil Series" paintings are influenced by Zeorlin's interest in ancient illuminated manuscripts. Those ancient books were metaphysical windows between the physical and spiritual worlds. It is this "window" that influences Zeorlin's work. He considers these paintings as visual meditations.

Mark Zimmerman understands caution, but he wants to understand more about it. He does not want to make light of fear, but he does hope, through humor we can begin to cope and face fear head on. Armed with floaties, a ring raft and another raft within the pool, his images represent a private performance that would take place live within his gallery.

