



Unsolicited Literature

Fall 2016



Dedicated to the children suffering

through boring funerals.

Mountain Climbing Selfies

Derek Zwyer

The mountain was as hard to climb as a social ladder based on modesty. Damien Bufano had thought he would make it to Mt. Tom's peak in under a day, but he'd been forced to pitch camp alone last night. Today he'd finish the climb. Now he was only barely back up to speed, after a subpar breakfast. The laborious physical strain of the hike was worth it because of the voluntariness; the knowledge that he didn't have to be here was mildly empowering.

Deep green valley bushes caught the dry wind, and the ridge line beyond sported highlighted tips in the sharp noon air. Damien squinted, applied his sunglasses to his eyes, and consulted his compass. Just to be clear: this was the compass app on his phone. He had to turn the brightness all the way up so he could read the cardinal directions. It seemed Mr. Bufano was aiming slightly west of the summit, which meant that he might miss it entirely if he didn't correct himself.

The sun still moved upwards, so to speak.

Looking around, he saw thin white clouds wholly clogging a blue backdrop.

"Here I am, climbing a mountain, and I didn't even think to take a picture!"

He softly tapped the touch screen of his phone. He recalled earlier yesterday being asked by two handsome ladies to take their photo together, and feeling as chivalrous as this modern world allows.

He evaluated the aesthetics of the lens' view.

The whole picture was blown out with sunlight. It wasn't satisfying. You couldn't see how endless the valley was.

He didn't take a picture.

"How is this all going to fit in the phone?"

The wind was loud, not coming or going.

On the camera application's main screen was an icon of two arrows going into each other. Damien Bufano pushed this, flipping the side of the phone the lens was on.

He saw on the screen a man he recognized as himself. His face was weary and struggling. His expression was vacant of thoughts. If the camera was video recording, he wouldn't have had a clue what to say. Looking at his eyes and flushed cheeks, he pushed the soft trigger button of the touch screen.

He took a bunch more. He erected his spine and took a picture. He craned his neck like a bird and took a picture. He held the camera in front of him with both hands and bounced around on the trail, hearing a sound effect with each picture's snap.

Maybe the mountain can't be captured, but the climber can.

A Circular Composition at Lunchtime

Rose Robinson



The plough points to
the tree reaches to the clouds
sweeps to the mountains,
the coast.

The coast curves to the sea
where the angle of his legs
points back to the plough
which winds to the tree
and so on
and so forth.

Success, Brueghel.
A well-executed composition.
Well done.

I think your composition wants me
to weep
for the indifference of the quiet
steady ploughman

and the dulled herder
as Icarus' legs fail.

Yet what bothers me, Brueghel,
is something more immediate:

For years you studied and
painted and studied
for us, your viewers and me,
here, a lucky one.

Yet I will check my phone,
button my coat.
All of us will eventually leave
Icarus, the ploughman, your
composition
and head into the cool air
outside,
wondering about lunch.

HERE'S A LIST OF FEMALE DIRECTORS:

agnes varda	debbie issitt	jennifer peedom	lucrecia martel	paz fabrega
alex sichel	deborah brock	jennifer todd reeves	lynn shelton	penelope speeris
alice guy	deborah kaplan	jessie nelson	lynne ramsey	penny marshall
alice rorhwacher	dee rees	ji-yeong hong	lynne stopkewich	pirjo honkasalo
alice winocour	deepa mehta	jodie foster	madeleine olnek	rachel talalay
allison anders	deniz gamze ergüven	joyce wieland	mania akbari!	raja amari
amma assante	desiree akhavan	julia kristeva	maren ade	rebecca miller
amy berg	doris wishman	julia solomonoff	margaret brown	roberta findlay
amy heckerling	dorothy arzner	julie dash	margarethe von trotta	rose troche
amy holden jones	dorothy davenport	julie taymor	marguerite duras	roswitha haas
ana lily amirpour	elaine may	karen yang chia-yun	marialy rivas	ruth orkin
andrea arnold	elizabeth banks	karyn kusama	marie losier	sachi hamano
angela mak leng-chi	eunhee huh	kasi lemmons	marie menken	sachiko hidari
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ann hui	eva ebner	kellie martin	marielle heller	sally cruikshank
ann turner	fanta regina nacro	kelly reichardt	marita grabiak	sally potter
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antara mali	felicitas korn	kimberly reed	marta rodgriguez	sanaa hamri
antouanetta angelidi	floria sigismondi	kinuyo tanaka	martha coolidge	sandra feldman
anusha rivzi	francesca archibugi	kira muratova	martha rosier	sara gomez
asia argento	gail palmer	kiran rao	mary ellen bute	sarah jakobson
audra lindley	georgina lightning	kristin hanggi	mary harron	sarah maldoror
ava duvernay	germaine dulac	kristina buozyte	mary lambert	sarah polley
barbara hammer	gillian armstrong	krisztina goda	marzieh makhmalbaf	sharon maymon
barbara kopple	gina prince-bythewood	lake bell	maya deren	shirin neshat
barbara loden	gloria katz	larisa sheptiko	mélanie laurent	shirley clarke
barbara peeters	hana makhmalbaf	lena dunham	melanie mandl	sofia coppola
beth b	hannah fidell	leni riefenstahl	mia hansen-love	stephanie rothman
bette gordon	helke sander	leontine sagan	michelle parkerson	stormy daniels
betty thomas	ibolya fekete	lesli linka glatter	mira nair	susan seidelman
caroline vignal	ida lupino	leslie harris	miranda july	susanne bier
catherine breillat	isabel coixet	lexi alexander	mona hatoum	sylvia chang
catherine hardwicke	jac schaeffer	li yu	mona j hoel	tamra davis
cathy henderson	jackie kong	liliana cavani	monika mitchell	tatiana lioznova
catlin adams	jacky st. james	lily keber	monika treut	tazuko sakane
cecilia condit	jacqueline audry	lina wertmueller	moufida tlatli	teresa woo
celine sciamma	jamie babbitt	lisa gottlieb	nancy savoca	tia lessin
chantal akerman	jane campion	lisa krueger	naomi kawase	valerie faris
cheryl dunye	janet greek	lisa takeba	ngozi onwurah	valie export
claire denis	jenna fischer	lizzie borden	nnegest likke	vanessa middleton
clara law	jennifer abbott	lorene scafaria	nora ephron	vera chytilova
cynthia scott	jennifer kent	lotte reiniger	patricia rozema	yoko ono
daniele huillet	jennifer lynch	lucille hadzihalilovic	paz encina	yvonne rainer

Travelers often don't know what they want
Maybe we think that we'll find it somewhere else

Working here in the hostel I met a beautiful girl
I'm always meeting beautiful girls

Tattooed on the back of her neck is the word arpia
I'm told in Spain it's a bad word
A seductress of heroes – A malicious fierce-tempered woman
with wings tattooed on her calves

I'm told the origin is one of a blissful nymph
But now it means a slut, temptress or whoar

Men are always trying to flatter her or give her things
But calmly she refuses, never bothered

They've given her patience she uses
when she teaches me phrases in Spanish
That don't appear readily in our other shared tongues

Between making the beds
she tells me she's excited to leave

That she will find the quiet that she needs,
In her next hostel, itching in anticipation of the colder weather

I give her my only pair jeans to dance in the mountains of Italy
To enjoy in her next more static phase of life.

She tells me I'm not here on this earth
I half heartedly attempt to clean toilet seats with bleach, to distract myself with constant motion

I think she's right: cleaning does not provide me with the sense of satisfaction that I crave
I follow her through the motions like a dance, but my emotional attention is missing

My physical body is indisputably there, so I tell her we will meet again
Absent minded wanderers have a tendency to reappear, the circuit is not so large

There will be many more beautiful girls
That i will meet again
And like the harpies we will sing our lamentations between the stretching of fitted sheets
Echoing the human sounds, and movements that fill each different continent

The Ten Suggestive Assertions

An evidence-based rewriting of the Ten Commandments

- I. If you end another human life, you may suffer negative psychological outcomes, if that human has not given informed consent.
- II. If you view or create man-made images, you may incrementally alter or distort your perceptions.
- III. If you create deities, you may be doing something unnecessary.
- IV. If you don't speak well, you may lessen the potential cohesion of social contracts.
- V. If you work and work every single day without a day off every now and then, you may jeopardize your ability to reflect on this work.
- VI. If you don't listen closely to those who raise you, you may miss pertinent information.
- VII. If you adulterate intimate relationships, you may diminish social interconnectivity and trust.
- VIII. If you attempt to possess objects that you do not have the capital to purchase, you may affect a reduction in the level of trust that business owners hold in those people who enter their places of business, and you may create negative psychological outcomes in yourself, such as dopamine rushes that stimulate continued harm to relations between individuals.
- IX. If you testify dishonestly in a justice department's place of functioning, you may negate the established systematic efforts towards configuring equal treatment of those who appear before the court of law, and diminish overall trust.
- X. If you desire objects, especially those possessed by someone else, you may catalyze negative psychological outcomes in yourself, and a diminished level of trust in the social contract.

Thank God

Rose Robinson

You are delighted by your disappointment. You find it in every pocket of every coat, between the pages of each textbook and paperback worn down novel.

Sometimes you skip it over. You notice technical disappointment instead.

This is not the same. Technical disappointment is what happens when you order a medium one-piece suit on Amazon and it still hugs every roll. You wish the body in the mirror was skinnier than good enough. Technical disappointment is the shaky tiredness after you leave your husband for the bartender but the man drops the drinking and takes up yoga on the West Coast. What you get is worse than what you asked for.

But you don't focus on technicalities. You'd never order a one-piece anyway. And you plan on being single with your cats forever. You'll get dementia one day and they'll give your cats to the SPCA and put you in a home where the aides wear Santa hats to celebrate a Christmas you wouldn't have noticed otherwise. You don't worry about technical disappointment. You want the liberating type.

Your disappointment needs subtle expectations first. It needs the religion teacher salivating about God, leaning forward with a round belly and a mole above his well-meaning smile. He used to announce, arms out, that God is in the present moment. After class your friends whispered about the girl who aced all the tests in French and slept with her boyfriend. You giggled, nervous, and wondered if God was in that moment too.

When you first took your clothes off with a man you might have loved, the ceiling fan, hyper at its job, chilled your back. You almost asked if he'd mind if you wore a sweatshirt. Later you went home and warmed a cup of coffee. There was nothing but the smell of coffee and you were still you and felt quietly let down. You escaped into the warmth of your mug.

You read Gatsby and fell asleep on page fifty-two. At first you berated yourself for sleeping on the Great American novel so you finished it that evening. Within a month you'd completely forgotten the plot. Even so, you remembered the last few lines late at night after you'd set your alarm and grown weary of the bright screen of your cell phone. You began to think of the middle-aged cashier at Rite-Aid. The tidy businessman on the subway. The

Chinese mother in the apartment above you. You wondered if they all read Fitzgerald, and if they were still finding meaning without having read him, if they were all doing fine, what exactly did that say about the inherent superiority of Fitzgerald? And then you twisted the blankets around yourself and fell asleep.

You raised your hands in prayer sometimes, then. Asked for all the soft sad spots in your soul to scar over. In a moment of distraction, you noticed that even the Madonna on the ceiling had her head turned from the painted miracle. She seemed to be looking at a flock of goats. But maybe that was out of respect or holy fear or something. Your arms felt heavy and you sighed.

Nothing much happened, but other things did. The bartender at the student bar you sometimes visit gave you his number. You went out for a drink together a few mornings later and he liked the same things as you, cats, mostly, and coffee. You're relieved that this bartender doesn't look like the yoga type. That would have been a good story, you running off for him, him running off for yoga. A dramatic story. Worth telling at parties. Part of you is disappointed.

You could've let all of this stack onto each other, each disappointment breeding resentment against a man, a neighborhood, a book, a God not made for your happiness. And sometimes these quiet failures of revelation, sometimes you resented them. Or resented the empty feeling in you.

But ordinary experience in the solid world – another drink, a book you don't understand, a man who may never call – that makes space in you only because you must, eventually, choose something to sustain you. You pick at the napkin now wet from your glass. You bring the disappointment and the pleasure and the sadness, all of them, you bring them close and feel their edges and let yourself feel relief in them, even though you find neither Gatsby nor pleasure nor holy fear here.

He never read Gatsby. You didn't have to tell him about falling asleep. He paused, waiting for you to speak, from across the table. He didn't know what you were thinking. You were relieved by that too.

Pelt

Anne Meredith Russell

I wrote a note to you last August. "Every night I went to bed bare and you covered me with blankets as I slept. I dreamt of ghosts and I dreamt of you hunting beasts wherever beasts live."

I thought you were going to stay for a week and you stayed for three months. You caked my cast iron skillet in egg and let it rust. Each night you went to sleep on the ottoman in the living room, peaceful and smothered in blue blankets, and woke each morning uncovered, legs thrust out in protest of heat. I came into the living room one evening mid-summer and watched as the ice cube you'd placed in the center of your forehead ran in rivulets over your forehead and into your eyes.

You said, "This humidity is unbearable."

I said, "That ice cube will pull the grey matter right out of your skull."

After seven years, every cell in the body is replaced. How strange it is to think that I'll eventually be living in a skin that you will never have touched.

The Mississippi river in front of Jackson Square in the early afternoon of Summer. Looking out from my favorite spot as the barges bring in goods to port. An old jazz man with a trumpet is enjoying his music while I enjoy my words and think about the girl from last night. They come and go so effortlessly in beauty and free spirited joy around here... I suppose I wouldn't have it any other way. New Orleans I could write about you for the rest of my life. You are my one and only lady at the end of the day. New Orleans, my darlin', my thoughts follow every alley and corner market, every spicy smell and every tipsy laughing girl. New Orleans you are the love of my life in a city. I hear the church bells at St. Louis cathedral and know it is time to move on. Jazz music follows me out on my way to a big easy adventure.

– Nathan Borgstede, 2016

In Defense of Non-Monogamy

Katie Field

My partner is not my boyfriend, and when I fall in love with other people, I am not cheating on my partner. When I talk to my grandparents, I call my partner my boyfriend. They are very old. Unless you are my grandparents or are the same age as my grandparents, or unless we have talked about it and have rejoiced together in the fluidity of language, please respect my choice of words. It is a form of violence to deny people their choice of words. Words make identities.

When I say that I am capable of loving more than one person, I mean that I am capable of loving more than one person. It does not mean that I do, actively, physically, or emotionally love more than one person. It does not mean that I love you, that I want your hand on my thigh, or that I intend to seduce your husband (or your wife). It does not mean that you need to defend your decision or need to be with one person. You don't. Please stop.

Some people refer to loving more than one person as polyamory. I do not know what that means, so I call it non-monogamy. I have invented my own definition for non-monogamy, which is why I know what it means, and it does not mean cheating. It does mean informed consent, open communication, and room for personal growth. It means boundaries and checking in. It means commitment without obligation, and it means putting confidence over ego. It is a beautiful and important dance with many moving parts. The needs, rhythms, and boundaries of all parts have to be accommodated.

I choose this lifestyle in place of monogamy and I am inclined this way as opposed to being straight. I choose it because it is the best expression I have found for the way I experience love and the healthiest way I have found to resist the harmful structures that have fucked me up in the past.

Responsibility

Derek Zwyer

Airstrikes don't kill people;
People ordering airstrikes kill people.

People ordering airstrikes don't kill people;
Agencies employing people ordering airstrikes kill people.

Agencies employing people ordering airstrikes don't kill people;
The funding for agencies employing people ordering airstrikes kills people.

The funding for agencies employing people ordering airstrikes doesn't kill people;
The taxpayers funding agencies employing people ordering airstrikes kill people.

The taxpayers funding agencies employing people ordering airstrikes don't kill people;
No one kills anyone.

Yahoo confirms major breach — and it could be the largest hack of all time - in /r/worldnews

[\[-\]cpt_picards_toupee\[F\]](#) 730 points 11 hours ago*

No, you know what dumb?

The fact that these fucking companies are *demanding* that you give them private information (like your phone number) when you sign up.

Try signing up for a YahooMail account. They *make* you give them your phone number. You *have* to give it to them for "security." Then, when they get hacked, all of that info goes out into the wild, and they claim no responsibility for it.

I hope Yahoo gets fucking sued. Maybe companies will learn not to ask for that shit in the first place. Maybe I'll finally stop being asked to sign up for a "Rewards Program" at *literally every fucking store* I shop at.

Let us keep our private information *private* you dickheads. And if you're not going to do that, if you are going to *force us* to hand that information over to you -- then *you* are responsible for it.

Maybe Yahoo getting sued out the fucking ass will be a valuable lesson for other companies who are doing the same stupid shit.

EDIT: My overall point is that we are constantly being bombarded with requests for private information from literally every company we do business with. These companies are selling that information, and an itemized list of everything you buy, and giving you literally pennies for info they make thousands on.

Now it's gotten to the point where they actually feel entitled to demand this information, and they subtly shame you as "the weird one" at the register when you're all, "I don't want to sign up for your Rewards Thingy, my wallet is already full of cards."

This shit just needs to stop. Let me buy a pack of Smarties at 7-11 without giving the clerk my fucking phone number. This behaviour is already irritating as fuck, and now we've seen yet another example of what happens when a big company collects all that info and doesn't protect it.

Peel no. 2

Anne Meredith Russell

Our kitchen floors are checked tiles dusted in hairs loosed
off the dog's back.

His fur coats our sofa as if it's sentient and trying to create a second pet.

My mother rinses turpentine from her fingers. Rubs them hard with dish soap
until they're pink and curled like prawns.

She chops fresh ginger and
brushes her fingertips against the counter, spills flour.

When she was young, she was the Queen of the Peanuts. Her smile concrete; cinnamon
toothpaste.

Purple pomegranate seeds that burst apart on impact with gnashing teeth and
heavy fingers.

She is gentle.

She says *meet me in the garden*. Saplings and vines and towering stalks surround her
small frame.

She is laughing.

She spreads her arms wide, inhales honeysuckle.

Look at all this life I have created.

She plucks basil,
runs her hands over peach fuzz of lamb's ear. She tells the garden *Be my museum*.

She is all yellow
bathed in golden light,
turmeric brushed across her cheek and forgotten.

She slices a lemon with a paring knife.

I've found the meaning of life in citrus segments.

Dearest Erik,

The Jordan river looks like what I imagine the Amazon river to look like. While the rest of the world has the sun blazing down on it, the Jordan is surrounded by trees on either side. Erez, my friend at the farm, taught me how to saw off the branch of a eucalyptus tree and tie it with ropes or hammer it with nails to another tree. Then you can cover your new 'zula' as they call it with canopies or tie together a wall of cane reeds and throw a mattress inside. You'd of course also have to tie a rope to a high up branch to make a rope swing as well. There are young boys running around everywhere in swim trunks yelling at each other, climbing and jumping off things. On my second day here I climbed a fire hose to a metal structure for jumping off into the river and I found myself face to face with a 12 year old boy when my arm muscles let out. I envy those children who grew up along the Jordan, probably in the Deganya kibbutz, because they can climb up those ropes so much faster than I can.

The water is refreshingly cold; it's best if you jump in all at once. The top of the water is warmest, so it's nice to float and let the sun hit your face through the trees. One friend brought his dog to the river and we all swam and threw the Frisbee around until we got tired and the friends went to play chess at a coffee shop nearby. I lay in the sun until my skin was dry. I walked along the river until my legs were tired. On one end of the river there is a place called "Rob Roy" that rents kayaks and has live music and beers every Friday. There's always a pot of hot Turkish coffee sitting on the stove there, dream catchers & god's eyes hanging from every branch. The young boys in swim trunks like to play pirates, where they jump off of trees and try to climb into people's kayaks. We all laugh if the boat accidentally flips over. Though the people in the boat are not the happiest about it. There is inevitably a beer bottle here and there along the river.

Past Rob Roy is the baptismal center. I haven't gone in there; they have Bible quotes in every language on the walls. It's the one place where you will not be able to find a cigarette or a lighter. I tried with one of the boys in pre-military camp and even the bus driver said no. It was the Hasidic Jews on bicycles who gave us two cigarettes and seemed surprised to see me smoking. The boy told me that the actual baptismal site was farther down the Jordan but that they couldn't build the church there so they lie to the people about where it happened.

Passed there the river then flows into the Kinneret - or as the Christians call it, "The sea of Galilee." I spent a lot of time swimming there naked with one boy or another. Why should I be ashamed of my body? Why does swimming have to be sexual in any way? I felt like wild child and though the strip mall was only several blocks away, I denied it in my mind. It couldn't exist in this blissful place with a river, a lake, and the farm where I learned to milk goats by hand.

The hostel is slightly north but still on the lake. Here I cannot go swimming naked. Here it's hard to understand how we've drifted so far from nature with our plastic cups and clean white bed sheets. Here I find myself surrounded by English speakers. We mostly host hikers here at the hostel. There's a good hike up the mountain. It's not really a city trail; there's a couple of small farms along it. For me it's too hot during the day to want to go hiking. There's the Jesus trail, and the Israeli trail. There's also a music festival happening on the other side of the lake, but it's a 20 mile bike ride there or to Nazareth, and I'd rather just hide somewhere and read my book.

I have today off but it's Saturday, so none of the buses are running and everything in the ten block vicinity that is the city of Tiberius is closed. There are 3 national parks I want to hike before I leave, but it'll have to be on another day. Today I'll work on my Hebrew so that hitchhiking (which is a common mode of transportation here) will be easier.

The boardwalk here hasn't changed since the 80s. There's a ring toss game, a trampoline with a harnesses, boat rides, kayaks, and small open air shops. I'm not sure how long I'll stay here. The water is never too cold for swimming. It's just too hot outside to talk myself into exploring alone.

I'm having a hard time deciding where and when I'll go next because everywhere is nice and different and fun. Texas sounds like a good place as any for a migratory bird. Wherever you are, people are always talking about somewhere else. I've decided to just enjoy wherever I end up and not work too hard on making plans.

One of the boys in the pre-military camp had a dream of going to Scotland. It's good to dream of places, it gives you some sense of direction. I'm very rarely disappointed by nature, though to be honest I've never had many dreams of traveling. I just like to follow people, like a dog would. There are 3 dogs here at the hostel, all great cuddlers that sleep in our dorm.

One boy we met (who played a lot of Nirvana on his guitar) in the hippy kibbutz (Haon) asked me why I don't just sleep on the beach. I could make the excuse that it was because I don't have a tent, but I decided to be honest. I said it was because the group was leaving in the van and I like to follow the group. I'm not sure if it's the most moral way to live my life, but I find following people to be the simplest and most satisfying.

Wherever I see you again I'm sure we'll both be smiling. I hope that there will be moss-covered boulders and good climbing trees. Maybe a body of water.

Love,
Alie

We Were All Making Groceries

David Kilpatrick

we all were making groceries.
tonight we were going to eat whatever she was making
and i'm sleeping where she's staying.

i think we needed some tomatoes and maybe some babble moose,
sorry, i mean apple juice. that's what she calls it.

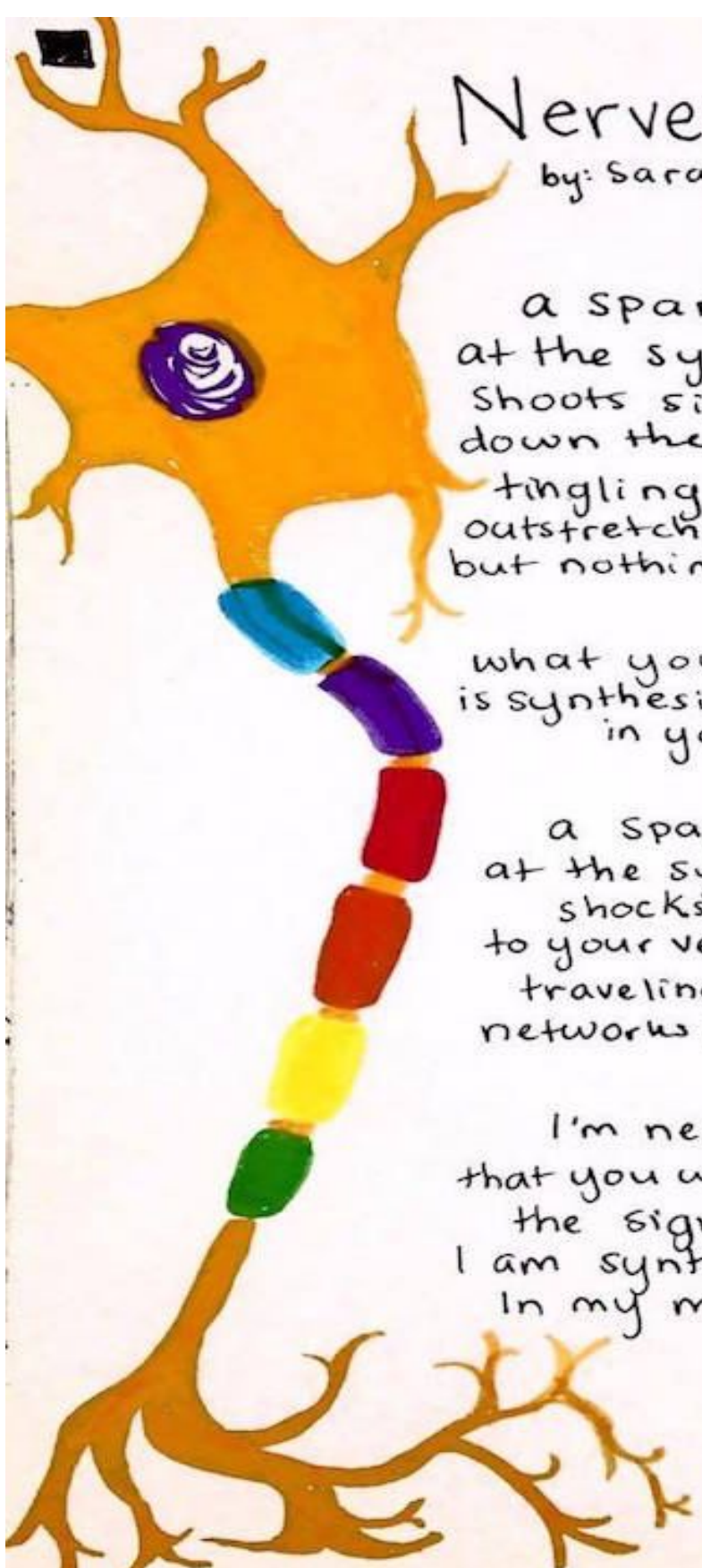
she really enjoyed grocery shopping.
She had an extremely refined palate
Or so she said

We were walking and having a good time with her mom's girlfriend.
Everyone needs a Gina, i think.
– Go on with her, what are you walking with me for?

when she moved the floor danced with her shaven legs.
she walked just ahead of me.

Nerves

by: Sarai



a spark
at the synapse
shoots signals
down the spine
tingling toes
outstretched arms
but nothing to grab

what you are seeking
is synthesizing
in your mind

a spark
at the synapse
shocks you
to your very cord
traveling through
networks of nerves

I'm nervous
that you will never receive
the signals
I am synthesizing
in my mind

Mikey
Joshua Azarchi

It seemed just yesterday,
Nothing in my way,
Grinning, giggling, glowing with ecstasy,
My memories now burst with radiating joy.
Six years it had been since
I'd seen the first light of day,
Ever since which, I've lost my way.
No limits in the air, no obstacles
To bring me out of flight.
Pure peace and life: I recall
Sprawling on my bed, jammies and all,
No cricket in the night,
Cozy and comfy, drooling in anticipation,
Guessing what was coming— knowing is for fools.
I hoped for a monster, a spaceship, the sea,
We went on alone, just Mikey and me.
It wasn't apparent, how free I would be,
Free in the mind, free within me.
Every sunrise, I'd shoo the sun away,
For I knew what was to come at the end of the day.

A luxury taken for granted,
With no penalties incurred,
I miss it, quick bliss,
At the top of my world.
Watery, wistful waves envelop,
Crashing on me with their dust,
For long has passed the time
When a single dripdrop held me awake.
I hope, I mope, but eventually
I cope with losing the life
I used to live, dancing out of my clutches,
Further and further each time I grasp.

The harder I try, the more distant;
Here for today, gone in an instant.
Forever the memory lives on.
Deeper inside of the only obstacle,
Longing for it to come alive.
Smells will dwell, sights will linger,
But a memory evades, nimbly
Weaving through my fingers.
The memory plays on,
An endless song of me,
It becomes a way of reliving;
A strange way of time,
Slowly it becomes less of mine.

It may as well belong,
To another jovial young soul,
For my age has sucked it dry,
Dry of the youth it could hold.
When I see young boys and
Their fathers, enjoying what
They have to give to one another,
It reminds me of what
I have lost, but also of what
I have given. A young boy imagining,
Creating with his mind,
Keeping the world from going blind.
I feel it, a tingle, like a new life inside me,
The joy passing on,
Guiding, beside thee.

we only have the saints
Max Cron

Take me to your
tattoo parlor.
Ink my skin with
The Holy Father.

Need a needle, to
pierce my ego.
Scar my heart, but
be incognito.

Ohh ooh. Coo coo.
Ooh ooh. Coo coo.
Ooh ooh. Coo coo.

Charge me money, or
time, it's something
to trade for you, when
I have nothing.

Ohh ooh. Coo coo.
Ooh ooh. Coo coo.

With all your numbing,
feel my presence.
My body's shaking
without your essence.

Ohh ooh. Coo coo.

American Anguish Through the Acquisition of Coal

John Watson

Coal is a mineral that represents the captured energy of million-year-old sunshine. After plants die they release the sun's energy as carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen compounds. The infiltration of the ocean buries the plant material of coastal swamps under layers of mud and sand, but the energy captured by the plants remains trapped in the decaying vegetation. This layer of rotting material is known as peat. Layers of sediment accumulate, their weight crushing the pores and cells of the plant matter. Moisture and gases are then driven out. After millions of years of exposure to geological forces such as heat and shifting plates, the mineral coal is formed.

England was the first to exploit their coal reserves extensively for the use in households and in manufactories. In response to the abundance of bituminous coal, often known as sea coal, small scale mining began in Scotland, England, and Wales as early as the thirteenth century. In 1506, miners raised a quarter ton of coal, London using nearly ten thousand pounds in hearths and furnaces throughout the city. Mineral fuel was first only used in regions with concentrated areas of coal. But because of a timber shortage in the seventeenth century caused by naval construction and the growing charcoal iron industry, the demand for mineral fuel increased, resulting in the expansion of the British mining industry. By the 1700s Great Britain's collieries raised 2.64 million tons of coal, and established the foundations of a mineral fuel economy. As the nation's iron industry grew, its dependence on mineral fuel did as well. Iron makers had traditionally used charcoal, made by charring wood, to fuel their furnaces. Wood shortages, however, inspired experiments aimed at harnessing mineral fuel in the iron smelting process. By 1709, Abraham Darby successfully adapted coal in iron by using "coked" coal. Darby's success resulted in a massive shift from wood based fuels to mineral coke during 1750s. By 1780s mineral fuel dominated the British iron industry.

As coal acquisition became more important to fulfilling the needs of England's energy economy, steps were taken to utilize women and children for labor. In collieries of West Riding of Yorkshire, there was no gender-based employment discrimination. However, men worked naked alongside females ages 6 to 21. Men had substantial opportunity in the dark, vacant caves to take advantage of vulnerable women. Girls often performed the task of loading coal cores and often crawled through tiny entrances no more than a yard high in order to reach where they were to work. Such tasks and conditions set the standard of coal miners for years to come as this resource became a leading global commodity.

The rise of the United States mineral extraction can be linked to William H. Keating's lecture of 1821 to the Philosophic society in Philadelphia in regards to the value of coal. He began by glorifying Great Britain's activity in the coal trade, claiming that miners could elevate their coal and iron trade to the "highest degree of perfection" for maximum economic benefit. At this time there were no mines in the United States, and Keating was attempting to persuade his academic peers of the value of the coal industry. "Fuel is abundant and cheap in this country and it may be brought to places where it is needed, on account of the great facilities afforded by internal navigation. But without some effort on the part of Americans to cultivate mining, the republic's many blessings in mineral deposits would remain by ignorance and indolence." Not long after declaring this, Keating invested in Pennsylvanian land, where anthracite coal could be found. Anthracite provided a longer lasting flame and provided a better cost benefit from other types of coal.

Once anthracite and bituminous coal were discovered and put to use, Pennsylvania

became a key contributor to the trade. By 1829, 50% of total coal production was based in Pennsylvania. From 1814 to 1910, the total production of anthracite amounted to 2,189,323,469 tons of anthracite coal and 2,251,736,097 tons of bituminous coal. The anthracite mines gave employment to 169,497 men who worked an average of 229 days, while the bituminous mines employed 175,403 men for an average of 238 days. According to the Pennsylvania Department of Mines, 601 men were killed and 1,050 were injured in the anthracite mines. The bituminous mines numbered 539 deaths and 1,142 non fatal accidents. These figures are not statistically dissimilar, so at least the mining process is consistent in its danger.

By 1900, coal production was highly concentrated in West Virginia. Large exposure on the hillside allowed for easy entry, and for the use of efficient and economic drift or slope mines. Southern West Virginia was heating the homes and supplying the energy to run factories in Indianapolis, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, and Dayton. West Virginia's coal was rivaling anthracite coal for the lucrative New England Market, and replacing European coal in South American and Mediterranean countries. An observer noted that, "The West Virginia operators might be termed the pirates of the coal trade, standing ready to descend on any fat prize that may appear on the horizon."

From 1890 until 1912 the mines of West Virginia had the highest death rate among the U.S. coal producing states, with a mine-accident to death rate five times higher than any European country. In 1907, 729 employees of mines were killed and 245 were injured. The number of tons of coal mined for each life lost was only 65,909, the least tonnage per life lost in the state of the union. If a miner survived until the end of the month, he or she were not paid in U.S. currency, but through metals and papers called coal scrip. This coal scrip was only redeemable through businesses affiliated with the coal companies. All food, clothing, and tools were bought through the company store. Upon moving into a West Virginia coal town, prospective employees were required to sign a housing contract through the courts of West Virginia ruled that agreed to a relationship not of landlord and tenant but of "master and servant."

Natural Selection

by: Sarai

If earth were a sphere
There would be no highs
No lows
No growth
No depression

But it tries nonetheless
Shifting and sliding
Sinking and subducting
Sanding its spikes
Smoothing its surface
The faster you spin
The rounder you appear
The more confused you are

Dizzy
With anxiety
Striving to smooth
Your corners

Spiraling

A strand of DNA

Timelessly

Changing

Going

Astray

But it will never be round

Imbalance

Is change

Explosion

Mutation

New beauty

But god

only creates fools

riding on dinosaurs

to the depths of the expanding night

never moving the same speed

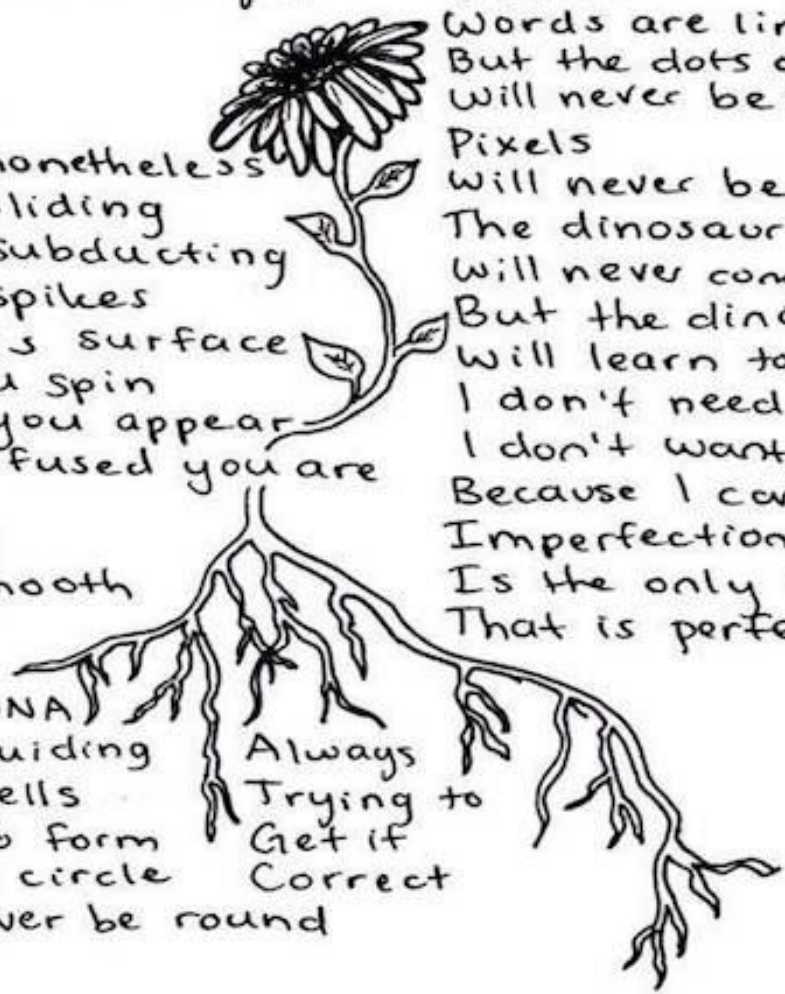
at any different time

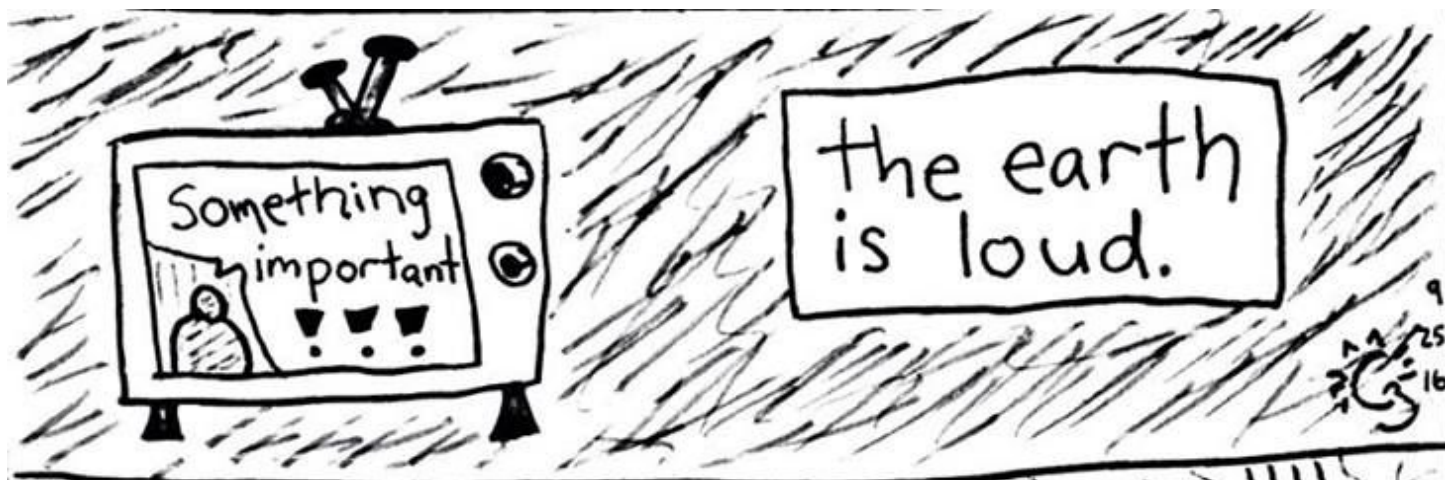
Time is numbers
Numbers are lines
Words are lines
But the dots on my I's
Will never be round

Pixels
Will never be round
The dinosaur captains
Will never come round

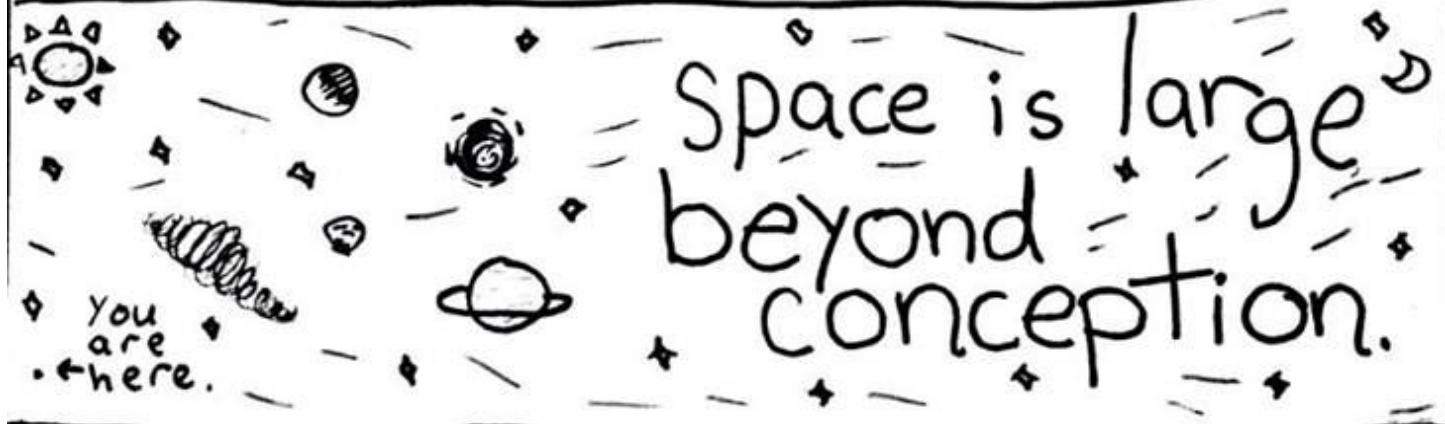
But the dinosaurs
Will learn to fly
I don't need to fly
I don't want to fly

Because I can't fly
Imperfection
Is the only thing
That is perfect





Space and radio waves shoot out into space.



maybe in the silence, when our ears ring...



...we're hearing the loudness of something else.