

THE WOVEN TALE PRESS SELECTED WORKS

THE EMPTY
SPACES PROJECT
& GALLERY EXHIBIT



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Edited by

Sandra Tyler
Michael Dickel

cover photo by Paul Toussaint

Woven Tale Publishing

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For my mother,
Elizabeth Sloan Tyler,
September 9, 1918 - April 16, 2015.
May you be revered and remembered
through your paintings, through the
transcendent of your own
unique statement.
– Sandra Tyler

For Aviva and my children,
may we always have art
in our lives.
– Michael Dickel

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THE WOVEN TALE PRESS EXHIBITION

at The Empty Spaces Project gallery
December 2015

PREFACE

The Woven Tale Press is an online literary and fine arts magazine, and this is the editors' first print edition of selected works.

The intent of this selection is to represent the diversity of past contributors to the magazine—rather than the “best,” the eclectic. Monthly for their magazine, Editor-in-Chief Sandra Tyler and Associate Editor Michael Dickel seek to cull diverse talents from cyberspace; to highlight the story or poem otherwise buried in a writer's archive; the painting, sculpture or photograph from an artist's site worthy of greater focus than its singular Web page. To grow traffic to these noteworthy talents across the World Wide Web, the *Press* credits its contributors with interactive urls back to their websites.

The Woven Tale Press and The Empty Spaces Project share a similar mission in their collaboration of a book and gallery exhibit: to champion the arts and cultivate community, for the gallery locally and nationally, for the *Press*, across the World Wide Web. The Empty Spaces Project founders, Ann Monteiro and Paul Toussaint, used the irresistible charm of the downtown Putnam, Connecticut, as their backdrop to morph an eye-sore of a gutted and vacant storefront into a dynamic art gallery. The Empty Spaces Project is a 501(c)3 organization that promotes alternative arts programming in the Northeastern Connecticut region. By sponsoring multidisciplinary arts exhibitions, the Project seeks to revitalize communities through renewed business investment, increased tourism, and sustainable programs. And while The Empty Spaces Project gallery serves as a hub to draw art lovers into the city of Putnam, *The Woven Tale Press* site serves as a hub for the creative on the Web, offering, in addition to its magazine, *Press* membership and weekly features on writing and the arts.

The *Press* editors and Toussaint began their collaboration after Toussaint's own work was featured in the magazine. In December of 2015, The Empty Spaces Project hosted a *Woven Tale Press* selected works exhibition featuring *Press* magazine contributors included in this print edition.

For *The Woven Tale Press* go to: thewoventalepress.net

For The Empty Spaces Project: theemptyspacesproject.org

ELIZABETH SLOAN TYLER



Autumn Surge
oil on canvas
43" x 44"



Dune Shadow
oil on canvas
50" x 48"

“In constant awareness of all the variables of season, weather, and time of day, I try to interpret nature’s luminosity; through the translucent layering of color and the fusing of shapes in my work, I strive to evoke the atmospheric rather than realistic character of landscape. My paintings are constantly changing, as my aim is to express the poetry of place, individual to that particular environment.”

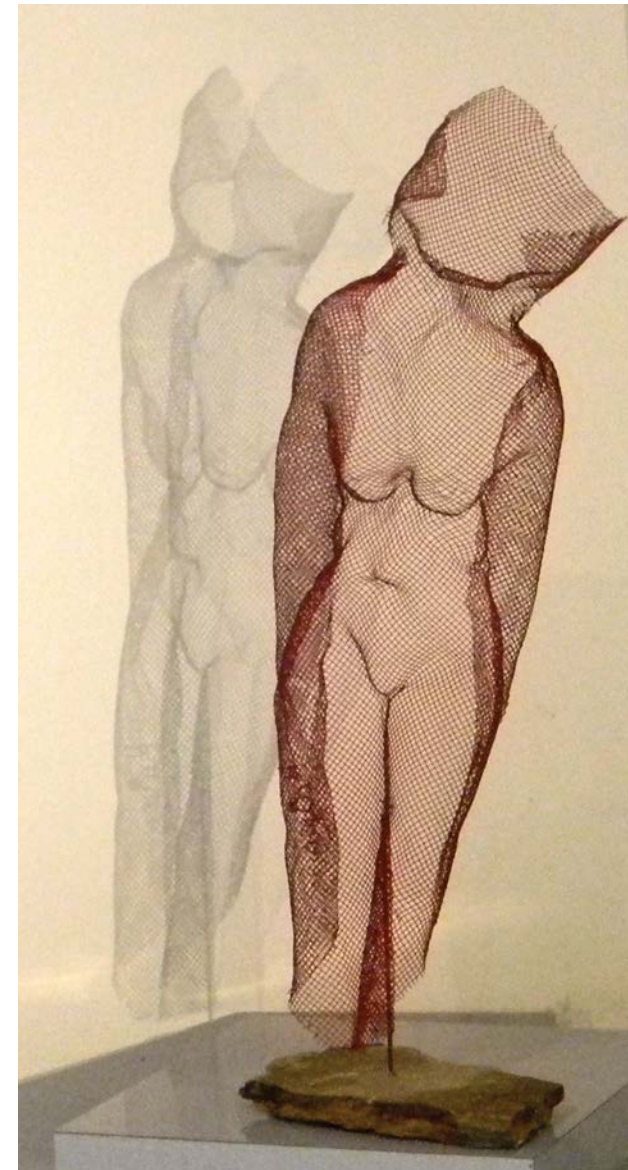


Ocean Light
oil on canvas
37" x 37"

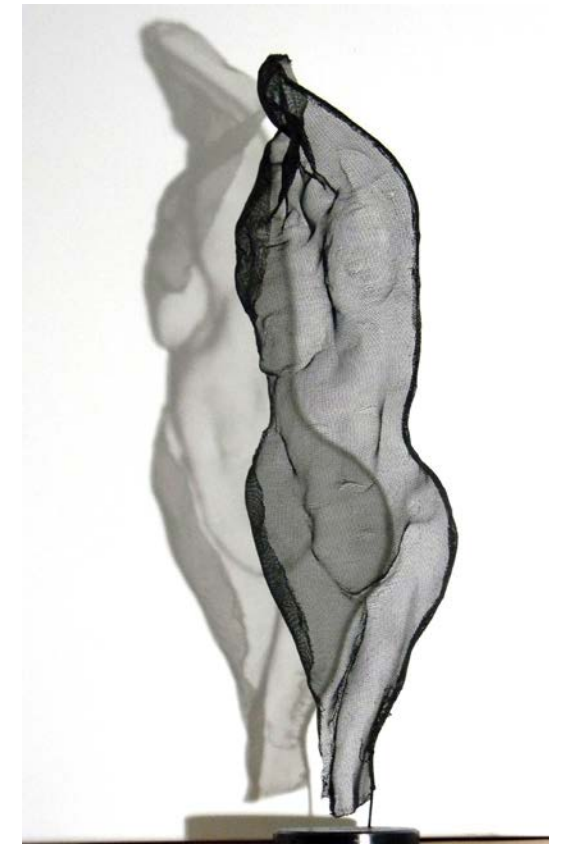
DONALD KOLBERG



Meditation
steel mesh
9" x 23" x 9"



Waiting for an Answer
steel mesh
18" x 6" x 5"



Sorrow
steel mesh
28" x 9" x 8"

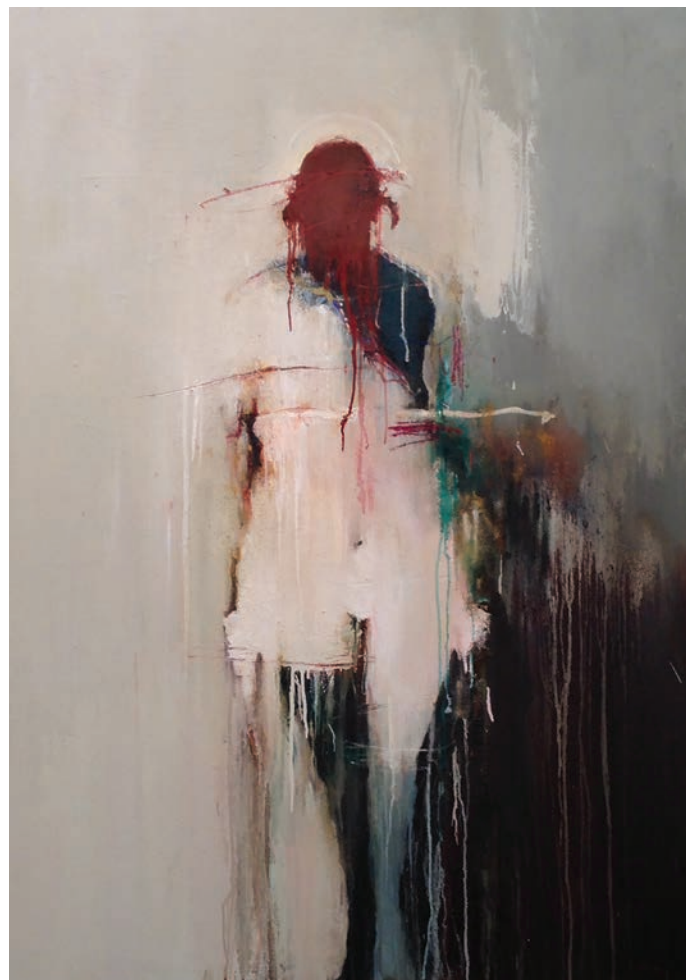
“Steel mesh allows the artist to play with the spatial elements in ways that move visual form from stationary to dynamic concepts. Shadows created by these sculptures appear three-dimensional, complementing the original structure of the art. Viewed together they are a dance of form and movement.”



Red Figure With Black Arm
mixed media on canvas
60" x 42.5"

“The content in my work is often ambiguous and rooted in a surrealistic trust of intuition. The work is related to the gestalt, an incompleteness that suggests rather than illustrates.”

HARRY ALLY



White Figure With Green Leg
mixed media on panel
60" x 43"



White Figure
mixed media on panel
45" x 35"



Untitled
photograph

DAVID BOOKER



Untitled
photograph



Untitled
photograph

“The fact that these images were taken and processed using an iPhone (and iPad) is a matter of fact rather than of any importance. I’m more concerned about the viewer being engaged with the image and, to paraphrase Man Ray, asking why rather than how.”



Untitled
photograph

LADIANNE HENDERSON MANDEL



Our Fears Arrive Silently
oil on canvas sheet
9" x 12"

“I adore a bit of unruliness in creative works—it can be presented in myriad different ways, but there’s something awesome about the energy contained in an unruly line, whether in poetry, music, visual abstraction, realism, or anything else. The thing that keeps it all together is craftsmanship, regardless of medium, genre, or subject.”



Big Fish
graphite and watercolor
pencil on illustration board
9" x 12"



Dress Up
graphite, watercolor,
and pencil on paper
8" x 10"



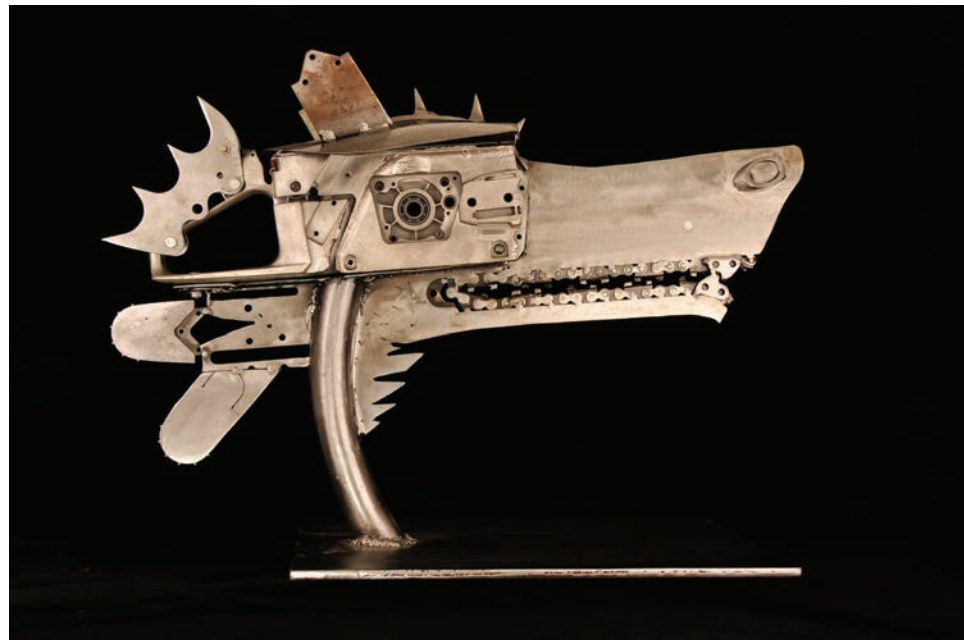
Breach
chainsaw, nailgun
nails, plate steel
24" x 48" x 24"

PETER McFARLANE

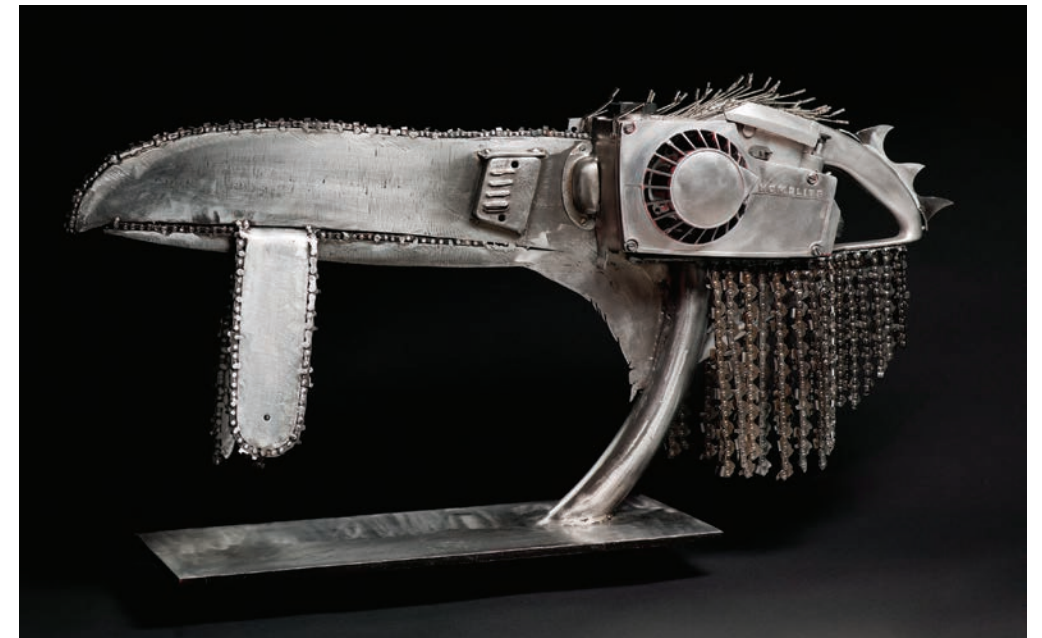
"I've included objects in the work that have transformed landscape, such as the chainsaw, machete, and various saws and blades and, as well, objects that speak symbolically to the loss of culture, history and technology."



Eagle
chainsaw, rototiller blades,
scythe, machete, table leg
9" x 20" x 28"



Wolf
chainsaw, shovelhead,
steel, and lacquer
12" x 30" x 24"



Ravenous
chainsaws, steel, and
typewriter keys
10" x 29" x 24"

TOM VENNING

Venning's art is based on Zen Calligraphy, but being autodidactic and having no emotional connection to Chinese characters, Venning developed his own unique form of asemic writing that twists dimensions and challenges perception. To help explain the process and mindset of calligraphy, he regularly performs as a live painter.

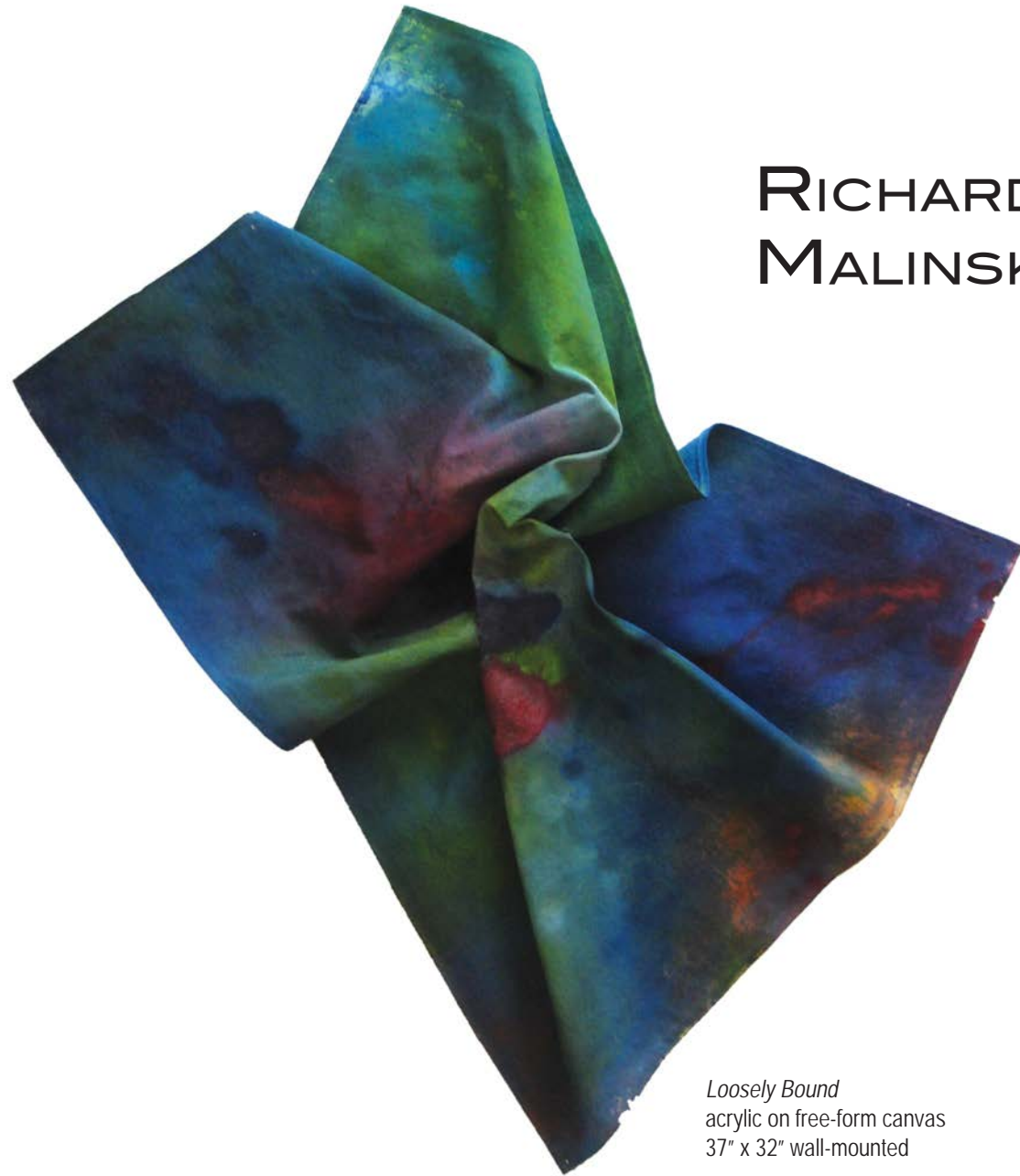


Kyro
India ink on
handmade paper
83" x 39"



*Flinch and Frech –
Swift and Cheeky*
India ink on handmade paper
40" x 27"

RICHARD MALINSKY



Loosely Bound
acrylic on free-form canvas
37" x 32" wall-mounted



Form of Breath
acrylic on free-form canvas
30" x 28" wall-mounted

“As a second generation lyrical abstractionist, what sets my work apart from abstract expressionism is a return to spacial depth, and an evocative poetic link to color-field abstraction—frequently a single color field populated by organic forms pushing at the boundaries of the traditional defined rectangle.”



Cascade of Joy
acrylic on unstretched canvas
37" x 32" wall-mounted



Special Taste
photograph



Caged
photograph

Moroccan photographer and filmmaker Achraf Baznani carries on the traditions of surrealism with his wild, imaginative, and wholly impractical imagery. Among his inventive scenarios, small human figures—often the artist himself—appear trapped within glass jars or the size of a camera lens.

ACHRAF BAZNANI



Black Birds
photograph



Hand of Fate
photograph

ANK DRAIJER



Reflection
acrylic
30" x 30" x 2"



Elements
acrylic
30" x 30" x 2"

SPARROW

The portal had dissolved the hospital wall, but only Netta seemed to notice. The nurses flowed in and out of the room without so much as a glance at the garden that had materialized.

Netta tried to get the night nurse to pluck her a flower from one of the wild bushes on the edge of the path. But her tongue couldn't form the right words, and her feverish pointing at the portal only convinced the nurse to bring her the bedpan.

Netta caught the faint scent of roses before the sharpness of rubbing alcohol erased it entirely. The nurse was back, and she took possession of Netta's arm and pricked its tender underbelly.

The nurse didn't notice when a sparrow flew out of the portal and sat on the bed railing. And she didn't react at all when the bird started singing. She only looked up from her vampiric task when Netta sang along with the bird.

But now it was Netta's turn not to notice. She was in the garden, silky grass under her feet. Her hand wrapped around one of the pink-and-white flowers bursting out of its fragile cage of thin branches and stiff leaves.

BREAKING GLASS

I am made of glass, and icy tears flow in my veins where blood should be.

He looks right through me at the new curtains and doesn't see the hours of picking out the fabric, measuring and cutting, pinning and hemming. He doesn't see me balanced on the stepladder with a yardstick and a pencil, measuring distances and checking levels. He doesn't consider for a moment that I was trying to please him.

"Those curtains are butt-ugly," he snarls, and my heart sinks into my stomach and burns in its acid.

The tears that are my blood surface like condensation. In the swirl of emotions in my head, I pick out a few familiar ones: shame, fear, sorrow, anger. The first three are the currency he expects to be paid in; the last one is dangerous, unexpected. If I let the anger leak out, it will only feed the violence brewing in his fists.

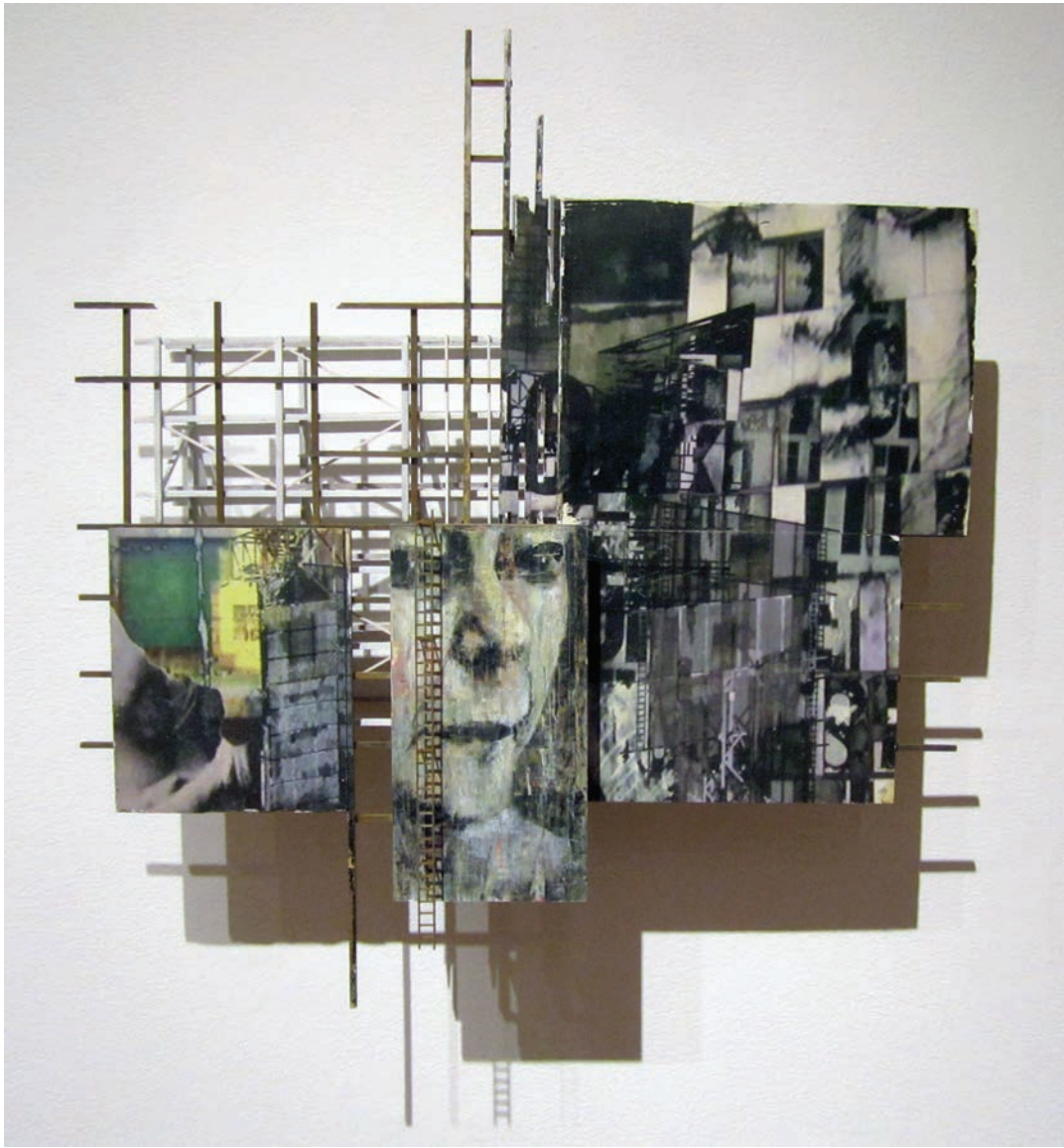
"And where's my dinner?"

Of course the dinner isn't ready yet; I spent all afternoon on the curtains. He should understand this, but he chooses not. Nothing matters now but the release of his blood-red rage. And I am made of glass.

ROBERT MALONEY



Exhaust
wood, masonite,
steel, wood glue, acrylic
12" x 7" x 3"



Interior Facade
wood, masonite,
wood glue, acrylic
24" x 24" x 4"



Apple Orchard Sunday
DSLR photograph

“With my iPhone, I am often using myself as a model; the clay of my photo-manipulation so to speak. But with my DSLR, I can shoot a variety of effects and supreme clarity of images.”

SUSAN TUTTLE



Wisdom of Innocence
DSLR photograph

KATHRYN DYCHE DECHAIRO

STEALER OF TIME

a grotesque predator
stealer of time
turned uglier with sound
holds you captive
with bolts of searing pain

a survey of your armory
reveals no effective defense
against blazing hot talons
that claw and drag
 pierce and stab
their torturous ascent

“it’s all in her head”
shatters the silence

lying twisted and contorted
coiled in the shadows
the irony splits you open



all images by the author

CRY ME A RAVEN

cry me a raven
of ink and feathers
scribing innards
black as sorrow

smearing messages
in whispers
of fallen souls

carrion upon your breath
memories
rendered in cras



CROW

an oil slick stains the sky
black the color of night
a dark void with no form

shape-shifting sands of time
past, present and future
the birthing of destiny

tarred in echoes of truth
beyond the illusions
of energy, of life

duality of right
reality of wrong
there’s murder in the air



LARA COBDEN



Ode to Molly (Forget-Me-Not)
oil on linen
24" x 18"



Still Among Lilacs
oil on linen
50" x 50"

“I am fascinated with the idea of multiplayer visual art which I produce on a very modern level. I would like the viewer to come to his or her own conclusions when contemplating my photographs. I find in my own description that the work is highly charged with emotion, mystery—a haunting kind of allure and strongly suggestive.”



Dancing With Angels
photograph



Mary Jane
photograph

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON

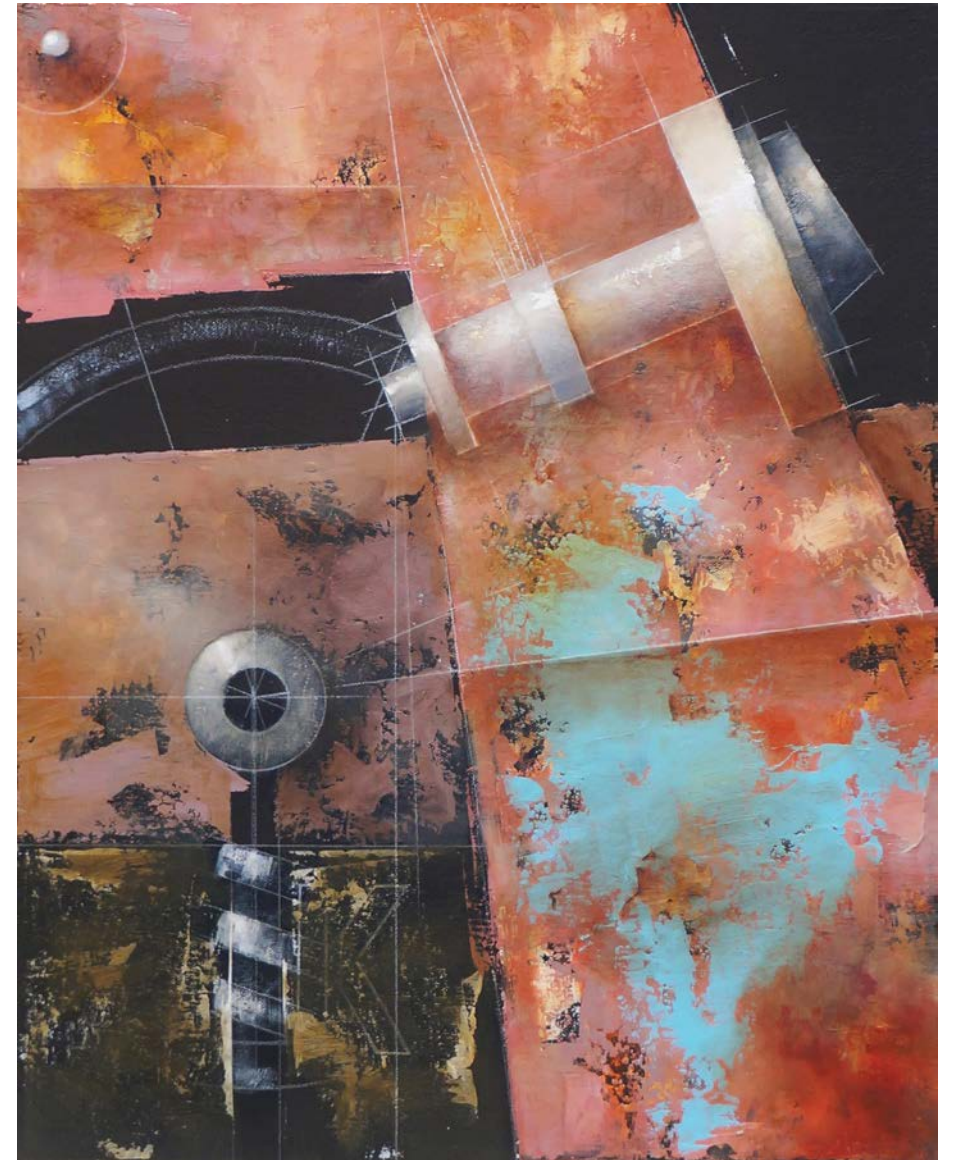


Memories of Our Past
photograph



Frank
oil and colored
pencil on canvas on panel
20" x 16"

KEN BERMAN



Unfinished Business
oil and colored
pencil on canvas
20" x 16"

“Some misinterpret my work as being just about machines. However, whereas the components are portrayed as technical and mechanical, the imagery is in fact genderless—the ‘machine’ represents a variety of human characteristics including strength, power, and confidence.”

THE DISTANCE OF/TO SLEEP

Contrary to mathematics and science, the distance between points A and B is not a straight line nor a constant even—rather, subject ttd e you— out from your seat/consciousness.

Look, you mustn't be so alarmed or afraid.

The angle of sky and its gracious cloud-cover imbuing sunlight when your face magnetized to chestnut earth dips when you forage your disconsolate secrets—those things you hide behind all the doors you close one after another—

The turn-on of the closet. You there, I see

The speed of your chariot-body glass-metal coach when you drive the gas pedal

down and your heel rips the dark carpet and all those magenta peonies un-bloom your mouth.

Then the variable of trust—your trust of yourself and the other(s). Your bleeding bank account and roster of grievances. How you count them

and too many other things that move and cannot be counted. I know. How the counting (one of those

many games you play) orients you

Vertical. Thank God.

But after too many sets of hands of hours of days of hours upon hands of hours the thoughts fall out of holes even though it's hard to breathe.

Then the subsequent gathering of Figures and attendant shadow(s) lurking you behind the house. Where the birds give up their dreams of forest.

Yes, it all starts to fall out—leaving you there.

Mopping up goose-down at the gloaming what your friends say shall pass and they wait for you — fingers attenuated—the bones of sea birds bleached in the sun.

The sea lost/left in a dream you cannot dream mountains or sea or leaving.

Though salt in your mouth and forest.

FLESHED

The winter house cage of bones aches to be fleshed back from its rusted sculpture left out in the snow and ice too many seasons without words touch or sun just the Artic winds ripping the core hollow at the solo cusp of the universe not beautiful in its rancor not brave

aches to be flesh for the artist's long fingers of dawn drawing spinning gold bronze peach pink opalescent cloud glow in the mirrors of clouds lost in the pond with dark swans who have given up their glory to sun to sleep with their necks arched into each other's down feathers on the waters of self-destruction with the old woman her wild weeping willow hair who comes to sit but forgets to feed them

to be coaxed out of such ravaged hiding in the cave of the singular here hurt bird trust the hand to cup lift to breast to coo be spoken sung to sleep now in the deep rivers of Lethe without thought without the memory of all lost in the storm where there was no shelter no mother no brother no memory of moon glow no Book of Wisdom no pages of proclamation path to home

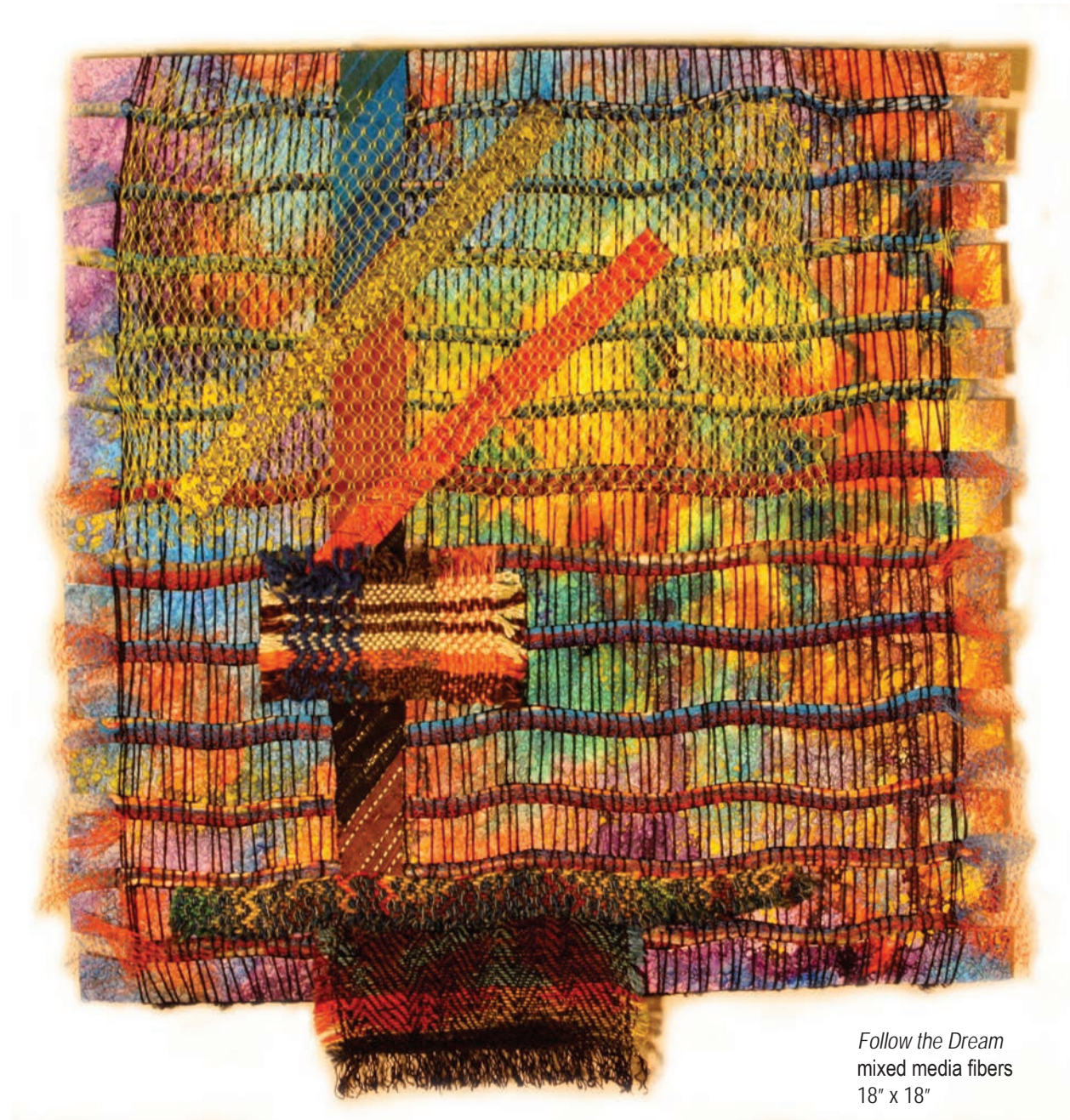
coaxed beckoned stroked by the long brushes of horsehair fallen queens betrayed by rook the knight the pawn forgotten goddesses eyelashes of broken dolls whose eyes don't shut at night for sleep here here on the canvas cusp of being come here

jittery bird in the storm of January into the night of savages

a new nest of tiniest twig dried flower milkweed sunflower petal yellow lemon light not a sunglare but a lifting into early daylight lemon glow warm in the glass coach chariot traversing the horizon's promise of distance tomorrow the agenda of awakening not to reason not to fear's grapple at the neck at the gutted core

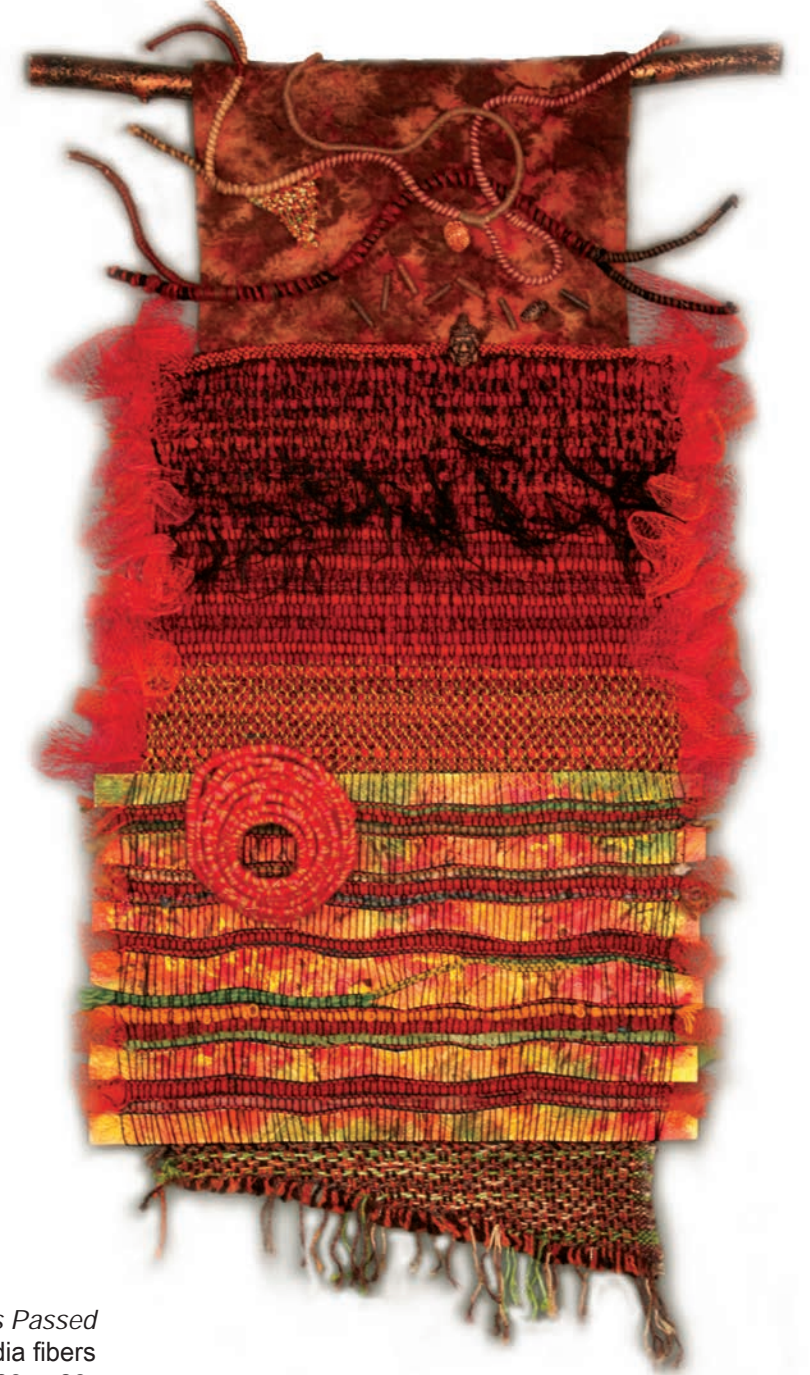
painted in lemon light day glow brave not alone at the cusp of the singular the cathedral of sky poised arrested by light and sudden music movement swirling colours and ink being in the mirror of river of remembering a bravery without letter without sound

fleshed into fleeting perfection of perception a film of golden memory copper pennies thrown down a wishing well amber eyes arrested in gaze at the camera the other long fingers probing nectar from the hollows the swell of river and milk from the mouth of the dark cave aquiver with awakening with touch the brush of hair flowing willow the trust of sky to fall back into night into pillow arms here elbow to elbow lost swans



BOISALI BISWAS

Summer Has Passed
mixed media fibers
30" x 20"



DIMITRINA KUTRIANSKY



The Lack of Progress
colored pencils
20" x 18"



The Leader
pen and ink
24" x 18"



War Hunger
ceramic
20" x 9" x 12.2"



Royalty in Distress
ceramic
22" x 4.5" x 11"

NEELKANTI PATEKAR

“The art piece is fired so that the clay vitrifies. The glaze melts onto the clay. The desired color is achieved at a specific temperature, but there are so many variables, that once the clay goes into the furnace, it’s all magic.”



Let's be a Family
ceramic
7.5" x 6" x 6"

PROGRAMING CULTURAL DNA

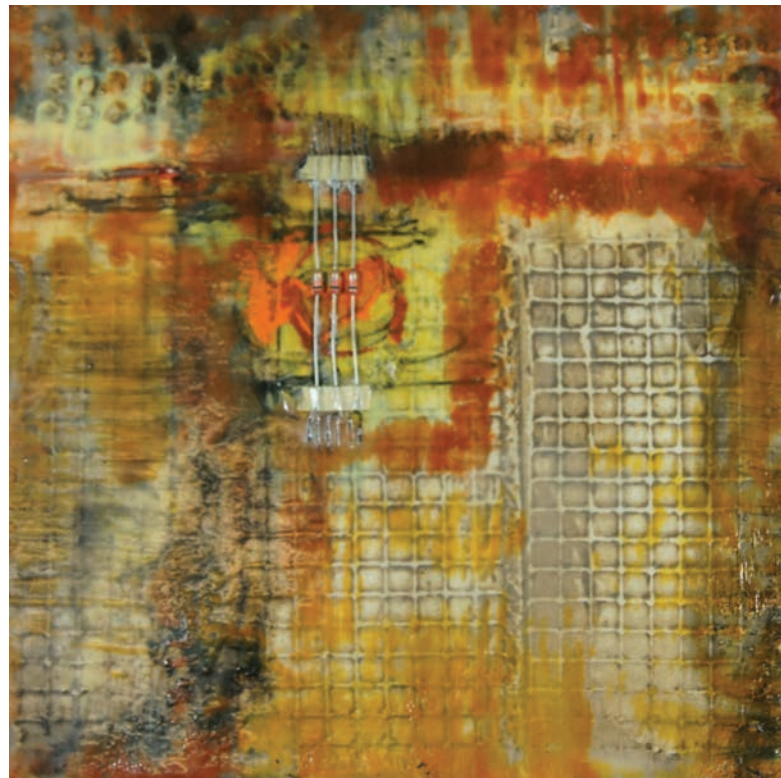
The troglodyte tree emerged from its cave exactly when three lights lit the evening sky on the New Moon that fell before the birth-month of mother owl. Just a hatchling of course, in her first month, and a growth to maturity away from motherhood—but she arrived in the world as an archetype of herself. The tree prepared nesting branches, anticipating need layered behind an urge, urgently rooting its words to the future. A dance of hikers climbed out of the wadi, cars lost in gloom when the sunset faded, but they failed to notice the rhymed shout of the waddling crow or the emergent present of a deciduous hermit. Shadows slid like blackhole-mercury over rocks to escape the lead-en footfalls, but caught the corners of eyes just enough to pull at small fears caught in past anxiety. Branches snapped in bushes to the counter-rhythm of hikers' hearts as the circadian cycle wheeled around the corner into mythic headlamps. The schism parts a sea of rock that waved out from the mud under great heat and pressure, a rift that shifts semantic considerations into syntactic synapses sparkling with possibility. The owl mother raises her brood in the arms of the old woman while the dark ink-stains test the psychological nature of night in Rorschach irregularity. The hikers dream strange narratives disrupted by correspondence to rather than with, while the flight of lava spans only a second of memory, seconded by the sergeant-at-arms who grew tired of standing at attention. The rhetor no longer senses anything and begins to tongue language into a frenzy of aurora borealis framed by a moonless expanse above a dwindling plain, matted with a white foam of stars. Thus, a scroll, parchment from a cracked amphora, unrolls a story about raptor rapture, tree delight, and generations of sublime song—a cultural blueprint that makes us (again).





MARY BETH SHAW

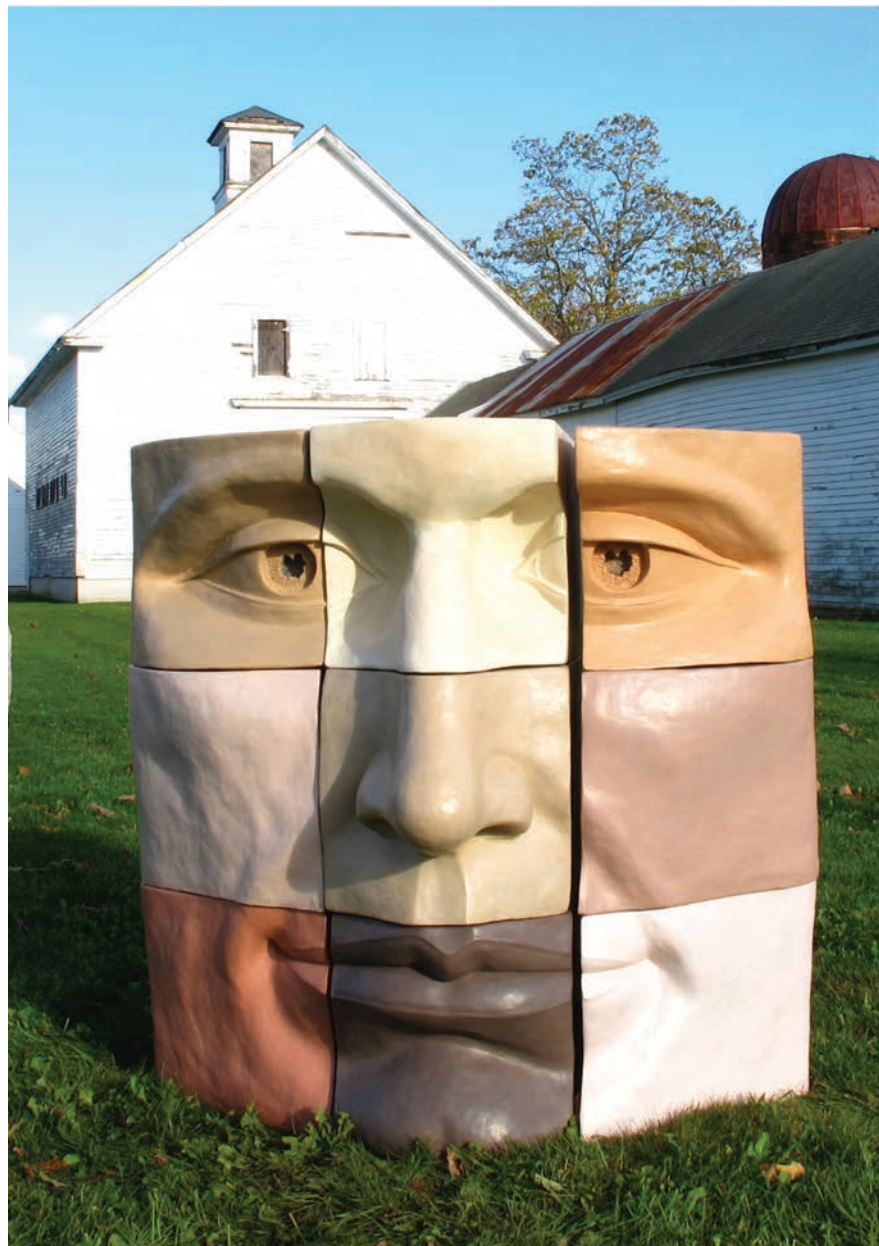
Circular
encaustics
8" x 8"



Elemental
encaustics
8" x 8"



Branching Out
encaustics
12" x 9"



Cubed
resin
48" x 48" x 48"

MICHAEL ALFANO

Alfano sometimes sketches his ideas on paper, but most often sculpts a small model in clay or wax. He typically uses water-based clay to create the full-size sculpture. This can take anywhere from a few days to many months. Then he works with specialists to make a mold and create castings in cold cast copper, resin, or bronze.



Turning Heads
resin
56" x 24" x 12"



JESSICA MILLER

Kit Kneeling
fired clay; sealed with metal
powder; suspended in
shellac; patinated with oil
paints and soft wax
approx: 14" x 9" x 6"



Woman Leaning Forward
(detail)
fired clay; sealed with metal
powder suspended in shellac;
patinated with oil paints
and soft wax
approx. 6" x 26" x 6"



Letizia - Reclining Figure
(detail)
fired clay; sealed with metal
powder; suspended in shellac;
patinated with oil
paints and soft wax.
approx: 11" x 18" x 8"

PICKLES

needing refreshment in oswestry,
later rather than sooner,
crept up the chalk painted
staircase, seems to work
well, in this case.
i note the distressed nature
of the furniture.
this place.
having regular coffee,
a fruit scone will
certainly do,
i listen to the server, who
clasping the china teapot,
tells us revelations
of those who live, who divorce
and warm the pot.
i have to say that
the scone was lovely.
later i bought a potting bench.



THE LITTLE GARDEN

the frost came on the field
as the light failed. later
it warmed again.
it is a small garden,
that creates conversation,
hints at a deeper soul.
why mark your face with signs
and colours, look straight on.
look at the pleasure of a little garden.



EMILE DILLON



Duane Reade 2009
acrylic on canvas
30" x 40"

“My art is based on my past and present environments. Having grown up in the city, at one time I wanted to be an architect, but later decided against it. I now paint the buildings and street scenes that I love so much. Cities are forever changing and I want to record those changes.”



The Three Cokes
acrylic on canvas
36" x 36"



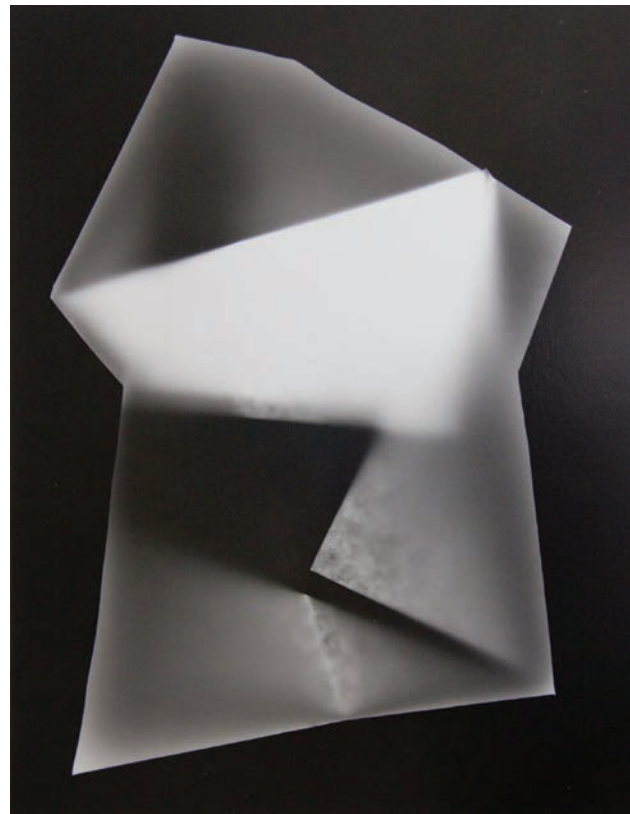
M&M's
acrylic on canvas
36" x 36"



FIFX
photogram

DAVID RUBELLO

“Photograms were first started at the birth of photography, by Fox Talbot who placed fronds on a light-sensitive paper and exposed them to sun. I began my own photograms by making a flexible aluminum piece that allowed me to shift it into multiple forms. One day, I took it into the darkroom and made multiple exposures, changing the flex form and, at the same time, using the light from the enlarger to make one photogram. As each one is new, I titled them New Life Forms. I invented names by making a collage of words cut out from magazines or newspapers.”



Twisor 7
photogram



Gamz
photogram

GOLEM 1

After eating and drinking for three or four hours our party giggled and bubbled with poetry, music and shenanigans. The puppeteer had abruptly pulled out his alter-ego, a half-sized human figure dressed in the dark robe of a medieval bishop and brandishing in its only hand successively a wine glass, the foot of a chicken or some other startling form of blasphemy. We yelled and howled and goaded his puppet, but it never spoke and instead, communicated in silent majesty the most impious audacities. No sexual innuendo was left unexplored; no twinkling of an eye was left concealed.

We had been with the puppet many times. He accompanied his master who was an actor, puppeteer and costumer in our little traveling theater group. When we visited small villages in Denmark, we

spent our nights in the homes of our audience, and then the puppet would lie with its head on the pillow of a bed, waiting for us to return from performing so the carousing could start. Once, the teenage children in one home had arranged him with some half-naked Barbie dolls, an ashtray and some empty beer bottles on a pillow, his face smeared with lipstick. He was quite the man-about-town.

Tonight the usual frothing spirit got a little out of hand. Maybe the puppet had tried to dance a stationary cancan and had kicked up its robes a little too high, with great solemn eyes underneath the half-circle of lifelike hair surrounding a bald crown, its bishop face bobbing wickedly to a gig we were playing. At any rate someone shouted the ill-fated words, “Send the puppet around! Let’s have a look at him!”

The first commandment of all theaters has always been Thou shalt not have First Hand Knowledge. The gods never intended for us to know what Marlene Dietrich looks like in her dressing room, or how the ghost disappears in Hamlet, or what holds Salome’s veils together. We are meant to enjoy the illusion and not to ask impertinent questions. But tonight someone had crossed this line between our beliefs and disbeliefs and soon the puppet had been torn from the hands of its master and was making the rounds of our table. I myself received it only briefly.

But sitting next to me was the old man who told stories. Behind the long, gray beard, the pudgy, slightly oriental face, the large nose and the countless warts and tufts of hair was concealed a mind full of the strict guidelines that a storyteller must

follow. The man had been a member of the Danish underground during the German occupation; he knew everything about unspoken rules.

As I hurriedly passed on the puppet to him, he winced and shivered and flipped it on to his neighbor. As the lifeless puppet fell into that man’s lap and lay a moment there in a shapeless heap, the old man looked up with those shining eyes that come of seeing too much and remembering all of it.

“Golem!” he exclaimed as the sounds in the party melted away into silence. “Golem!” he shouted, parting the waves of revelry like some Moses at a new Red Sea.

JOHN VON DALER

MARCEL FLISIUK



Strange Landing
oil on canvas
11 "x 14"



Living on the Balcony
oil on canvas
16" x 20"



The Rebirth
oil on canvas
8" x 10"



DONATELLA D'ANGELO

Mimesis #27
(With Dorothy Bhawl)
photograph



Mimesis #24
photograph



Mimesis #11
photograph



Mimesis #1
photograph

Influenced by Futurist's motion-studies using long exposures, D'angelo's photographs expose dualities—of body and soul, persence and absence, life and death. Absence gains shape from movement, the beating heart reveals itself in the overexposed light reflecting from the body.

SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY

Louisa watched her mother pass the potatoes to her husband, a neat pat of butter softening into the top.

“Mom?”

“Yes?”

“My tooth.” Louisa grinned and revealed the bloody warrior in her palm.

Her stepfather rolled his eyes, helped himself to the pool of butter and a large portion of potatoes beneath. “Must you do that at the table?”

“Oh, let her alone, Charles.”

“Eleanor.”

Louisa could taste the sharp menace in his voice. A warning her mother too often ignored of late.

“What harm in a tooth?”

“Rinse your mouth, child.”

Louisa immediately rose and went to the lavatory. She sat on the toilet, admiring her prize: the soft crimson center, the long roots on the left side that hadn’t quite been ready to surrender; the rootless

right side that had long ago given up their claim to her mouth.

With a safety pin she found in the medicine cabinet, she extracted the pulp from the tooth, her tongue prodding the place where her tooth used to be. For days, she knew, her tongue would return to this emptiness, questioning gently, until she grew accustomed to the emptiness, forgot about it entirely, and was later surprised to find it filled in with something new and extraordinary.

A gentle knock. “Louisa?”

She pocketed the tooth; fixed the pin to the hem of her dress. “Yes?”

“All better, dear?”

“Yes.” She opened the door, trying not to notice the bruise blooming on her mother’s left cheek.

Her mother wet a tissue in the sink and wiped the blood from Louisa’s mouth. “Let’s go have our dinner.”

“Fixed up, then?” Her stepfather. Hermit-crab eyes, eyes on slow wavering stalks, prodding eyes, tentatively questioning.

“Yes.” She sat and accepted the dish of mashed potatoes, wishing for a bit of butter.

“How was school, then?”

“Fine.” She made a well in her potatoes.

“Making any friends?”

“Some.” Filled the well with gravy.

“I’m thinking,” her stepfather said, “we ought to get a cat.”

She met his eyes, refused to yield. “You’re allergic.” She forked the side of the potatoes, her eyes worrying the mark on her mother’s face.

As she watched the gravy bleed into her corn, Louisa realized that missing teeth were painful truths. A person could be broken, shattered, even. A person could feel so strangely rooted to a place...or a person...that she refused to let go.

But, eventually, Louisa thought, looking at the angle at which her mother now held her chin and the straightness of her spine, eventually a person’s need for that old thing she so clung to would melt

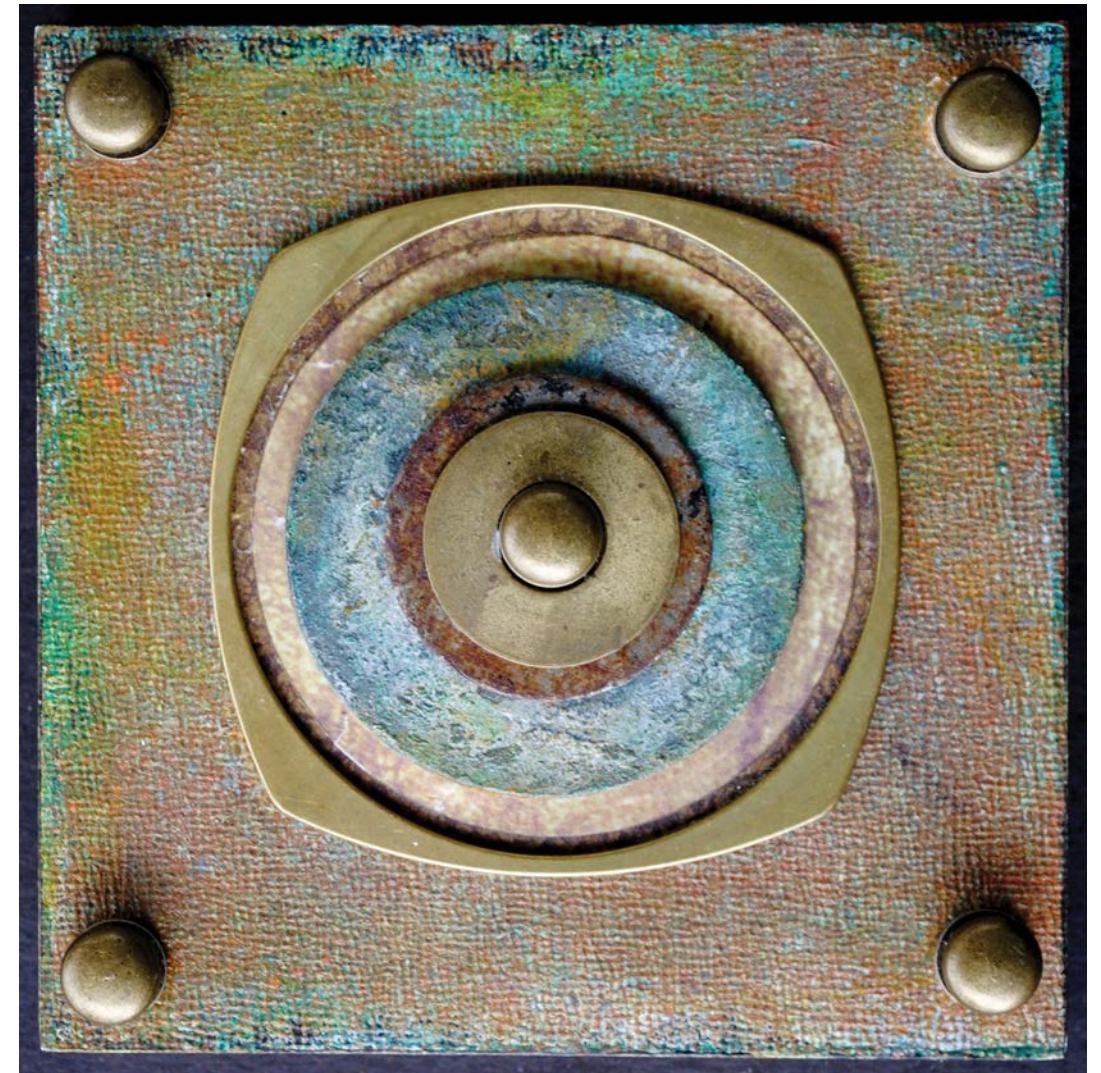
and fall away. Something new and better, and quite possibly something extraordinary would grow in its place.

Louisa lifted a spoonful of mashed potatoes, shoved them into the empty place in her mouth, filling it with a warmth painful yet comforting. Outside a gentle mist settled upon the landscape, and she felt a mixture of melancholy and tenderness and the first hints of exhilaration.

SETH APTER



Point of View
mixed media
4" x 4"



Certain
mixed media
4" x 4"

JERRY INGEMAN



Rock the Night Away
graphite on paper
9 3/4" x 11 1/2"



Evolution of Music
graphite on paper
17" x 22 1/4"

IAN
GORDON
CRAIG



Dukery Boy
oil on canvas
24" x 12"



Pink Panther
oil on canvas
25" x 18 1/2"

THE BAKER STREET BOYS...THE MURDER

Some couples are blessed with children, some would beg to differ. The Caseys of Baker Street were legendary throughout the city of Limerick in the fifties and sixties. Mr. Casey ran a butcher shop with his father. When he married Lucy O'Neill, a perfect storm of fertility was unleashed on the city. Within a year they were blessed with a bouncing baby boy, closely followed by bouncing twin boys. In short the kids kept bouncing out until their little house was splitting at the seams, every one of them boys. By the time the Caseys moved to Baker Street, there were nine rambunctious little rascals tagging along between the ages of four and twelve, including two sets of twins, one identical, one not.

The house the Caseys moved to was a three-story townhouse. It backed directly onto a row of single story, crofter cottages that had been there long before the city grew around them. Baker Street was never the same after that day. All of the Casey boys had been blessed with vivid imaginations. They could turn any stick into a gun, any hole in the ground into a castle. There wasn't a bad bone in one of them, but their high spirits often bordered on riotous.

One of their favorite places was the roof of their house. The older boys soon found out that they could climb out of the skylight on the back of the house and into the gully in the roof. From there they had a vantage point over the whole city, all

the way to the banks of the Shannon. They played spy, soldier, and knight up there. They soon found they could clamber down the drainpipe, on to the boundary wall which separated their tiny backyard from the little row of houses behind them. From there it was only a scamper over the roofs and a short drop into Farmers Lane.

This was years before the term "Health and Safety" sucked the joy out of life. Back then, an adult's reaction on seeing a troop of pre-teen boys clambering down the outside of a three-story building was less "Oh my God, they will be killed" and more "Oh my God, I'm going to kill them."

To the people who lived in the little cottages, the thunder of hobnail shoes crossing their roofs became common place. The only one who ever complained was old Mr. Ryan. He was a grumpy old sod who lived directly behind the Casey's house. One day after a particularly exuberant game of Cops and Robbers followed by a rooftop chase, Mr. Ryan tuned up at Mr. Casey's shop, hopping mad. When Mr. Casey got home, he rounded up all the boys and read them the riot act. He stopped their pocket money and took away all their comics for two weeks. Two weeks! Having your comics taken for a week in the sixties was the equivalent of shutting off both the TV and the Internet today.

That night, the Casey boys held a meeting in Eoin's

OF CROWS

bedroom after dinner. They decided that they'd had enough of Mr. Cranky Pants Ryan. Eoin had a plan, all he needed was a twenty-thousand tonne container ship full of corn and a few other odds and ends. Two days later a very similar ship pulled into Limerick City Harbour. And with grain shipments came crows. Lots of crows.

That evening the Casey boys ran home from school like their tails were on fire. Soon the whole clan had gathered on the Baker Street roof. Dozens of crows were perched on the roofs and chimneys all around them. The birds didn't seem to be bothered by the smoke coming from Mr. Ryan's house.

Eoin had his catapult with him, a prized possession. His little brother Eamon handed over a fistful of ball bearings he had salvaged from a dumped washing machine earlier in the week. Eoin loaded the catapult and took careful aim. The ball bearing pinged off the edge of the chimney making the birds flap in alarm, but they soon settled back down. Eoin's next shot sailed over the heads of the birds. In the distance, the sound of breaking glass made him duck quickly under the ridge tile.

"Give me a go, you cross-eyed yoke." Eamon grabbed the weapon. He loaded the catapult and took aim. His little arm shook with the strain as he drew back the rubber, sighting between the V, aiming a foot over the heads of the massed crows.

He let the ball fly.

All the boys watched as the shiny silver missile crossed the few feet between the Casey's roof and the Ryan's Chimney pot. The little ball found its mark—one crow vanished in a puff of feathers down the chimney while all the others flew away.

Nine little heads peaked over the ridge tiles like smiling pumpkins when Mr Ryan's backdoor flew open. Black smoke billowed into the sky in a rolling cloud. Old Mr Ryan stumbled out half choking. The stink of burning feathers could be smelt in Dublin.

The Caseys tumbled back through the skylight, laughing delightedly. Operation "Singed Feathers" was a complete success. The boys hugged and laughed until Mr. Casey shouted up the stairs to keep the racket down. From that day on old Mr. Ryan never complained about a few footsteps on his roof again.

DALE ROBERTS



Distort # 275/333
crocheted wool, cotton,
recycled kitchen implement
8" x 10" x 5"



Distort # 274/333
crocheted twine, cotton, wood
8" x 12" x 4"



Distort # 2286/333
crocheted wool, cotton,
wood from recycled hanger
8" x 11" x 6"



Distort # 279/333
crocheted twine,
cotton, wool, wood
10" x 10" x 4"

“The selected works are from a series of 333 crocheted sculptures that are part of an installation called ‘Distorts.’ I have been working on the series for eight years. It began as an initial series of five sculptures, each fitting into the dimension of a shoebox. The series continued to evolve, and I challenged myself to see how many I could build using the medium of crochet, and still fit within the same size restriction. Once I reached 111 different forms, I decided that the 222 works would be the final test. Since that time, I have moved past that number, and have been working to reach the final goal of 333 sculptures.”



Viking Ship on a Winter's Morning
fine art print with glass
32" x 24"



Glassblower Pub London
fine art print with glass
32" x 21"

JACOB SURLAND



Millenium Wheel in Fiery Sky
fine art print with glass
30" x 20"



*Title: Tower Bridge and
City Hall Under the Stars*
fine art print with glass
32" x 21"



Preambulo
digital art



Luminaria
digital art

DANIEL TRINDADE SCHEER



Figure (3) Velos
digital art

CONFESSIONS OF A MAKEUP ADDICT

"I came out of the womb waving a red lipstick."
—Rose McGowan

I love makeup. I love everything about it. I love the product names from my youth: Airspun, Moisture Whip, Kissing Potion. The packaging: crisp boxes gift-wrapped in cellophane, the little molded clear plastic caps protecting new lipsticks and most of all, the promises.

I've been known to wander the aisles of my drug-store with no particular purpose and leave with \$78.53 in new promises. I just say no to the plastic bag from the cashier and slip my new foundationeyelinerlipglossbronzer into my purse and mentally, my wish has been granted and I am already transformed.

I can trace the groundwork for the attraction. My parents moved my sister and me to Virginia where, knowing no one, I decided I could turn myself into a new, better, older looking version of myself. So, there I was in 1983, 14 years old and sitting in the front seat of the school bus, directly behind the driver. While all the cool kids sat in the back, smoking pot, I used the twenty-minute drive to slip a hand into my LeSportSac and pull out the magic: Maybelline Great Lash mascara. I used the mirror over the bus driver's head to sweep my lashes. Appraising myself, I would smile with achievement. I looked older. Since all the windows were closed, I was also a little high. When weeks later, on two separate incidents, grown men flashed me, I was

shocked. But secretly impressed. Wow, this stuff really works!

It seemed to me that makeup was connected to power and I soon got another example to prove it.

My mom became a Mary Kay consultant. Makeup, which had been taboo for me, was suddenly ok. No more stabbing myself in the eye when the bus hit a pothole. I was shocked and thrilled to discover that I was not just sanctioned to wear makeup, but also recruited. My mother practiced her sales pitch on my little sister and me. Our living room was being visited by the UPS man (for whom I would prepare by spraying myself with Babe perfume) and weekly he would deposit carton after carton containing pale-pink boxes of things I had never heard of: foundation, toner and my all-time favorite, palettes of eyeshadow. The eyeshadow required mixing with a few drops of water and had to be applied to foundation-laden eyelids with a little brush. The brush was a work of art. When you twisted the stem, the brush disappeared inside.

I was hooked.

I convinced my mom to pay me \$30 per UPS delivery to open all the boxes, apply her gold embossed label and stack them on the matching pale-pink shelving unit in her closet. I went with her to "complimentary facial" parties. I set up the little personal mirrors on the hostess's dining-room table and helped demonstrate to the guests the "upward sweeping motion of application." I slathered on

more face cream than Joan Crawford. It was glamorous. But more than that, I saw women sigh with satisfaction as they welcomed their newly transformed selves. I imagined my parents, sister and me driving around in a pink Cadillac, the sign of a truly successful Mary Kay Image Consultant.

While makeup didn't get my family a pink Cadillac, it did get me a lot of other things: dates, jobs, an exciting interview with Barbizon Modeling in New Haven (I was pretty enough to pay for classes, not pretty enough to get signed) into college, married and a ten year career as an entrepreneur. Of course lipstick and blush didn't get me those things. I got them. Makeup gave me the confidence to do it.

It seems that lately, as a woman over 40, I have noticed all kinds of little signs that I need to change, yet again. This time perhaps, from a heavy makeup user to one on probation. Last week my photo was taken in a group. Beforehand, in front of the mirror I thought I looked pretty good: short funky hair, a gorgeous print blouse, aquamarine stilettos and the cherry on top: red lipstick. When I saw the photo I thought, Who's the old lady, squinting into the sun with neon lips? Oh. No. That's me.

It was a startling revelation. How do I go for less is more and retain the confidence, the transformation from the girl, no-woman without a face, to the new me? Someone who is still taking chances, in fact has just recently thrown it all on the line, closing a successful business to go in a new direction, to be

a Successful Writer of all things? Don't I need new lipstick for that?!

In retaliation, I went naked. No mascara, no powder, no eyeliner. It was only one day, but it had results. I realized I looked ok with a little lip gloss and a good night's sleep.

But I love color. I need it to breathe. My face may have new lines where foundation likes to gather, but somewhere on my personal landscape, I had to find the possibility of transformation, a sign to myself that I will be successful and someday make some money.

So, today I took stock of my body and ended with my feet. I appraised them resting on the coffee table. They looked positively pre-pubescent! I drove quickly (SPF 60 lavishly applied) to the drugstore. I found just what I was looking for in nail polish: a deep gloss burgundy.

The name? Rich as Rubies.

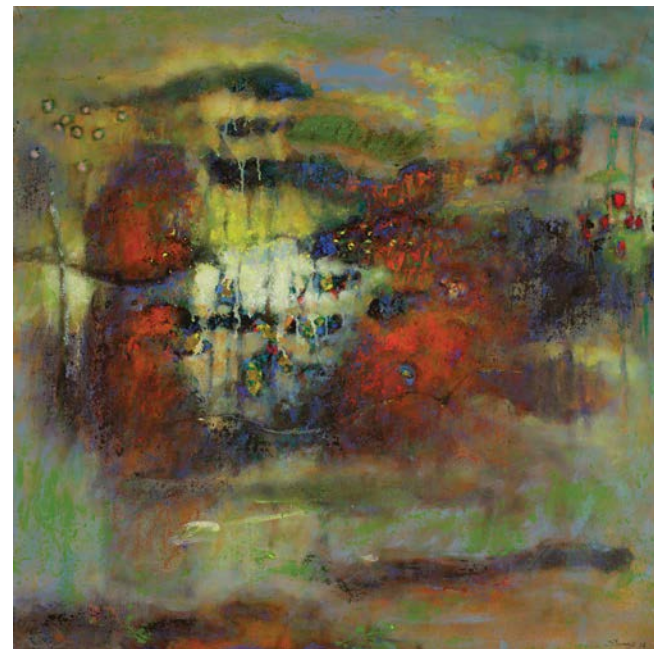
It cost \$3.99



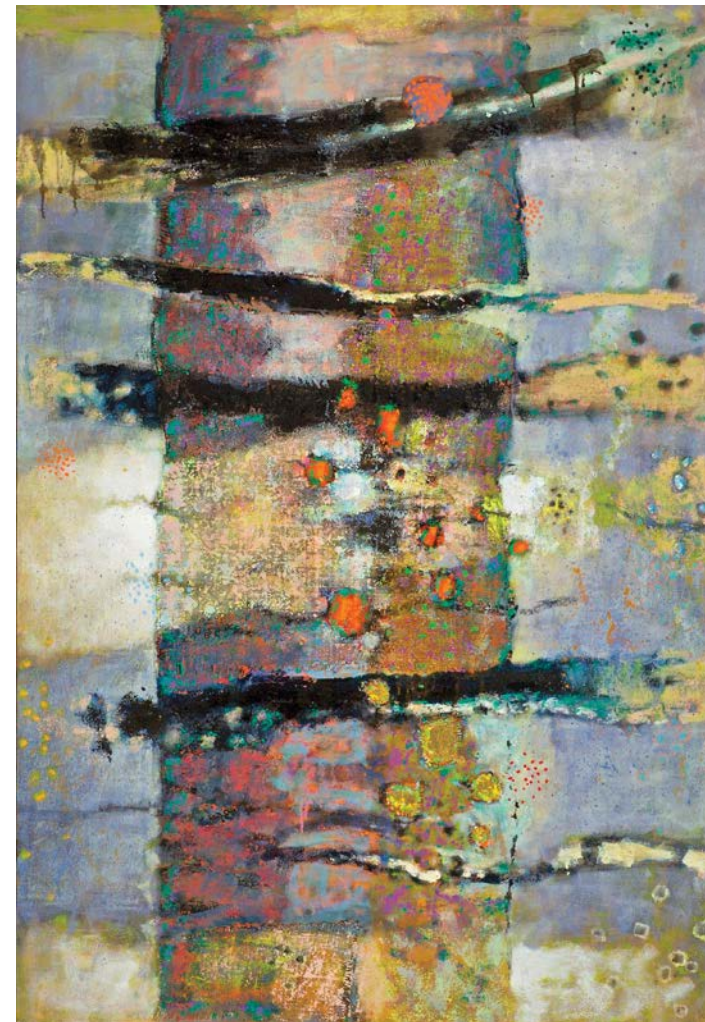
All Inclusive
oil on canvas
48" x 48"

“Although I no longer consider myself a landscape painter, nature continues to be my muse. I think of nature as a continuous flow of shapes and patterns of energy that has, or more precisely is, an intelligent force. Most modern day physicists will tell us that all the forces and particles in nature are one, just different ripples on the ocean of consciousness: a Unified Field.”

RICK STEVENS



Convergent Currents
oil on canvas
32" x 32"



Hyper Bole II
oil on canvas
47" x 32"

PAUL TOUSSAINT

Mirror Mirror
iPhoneography

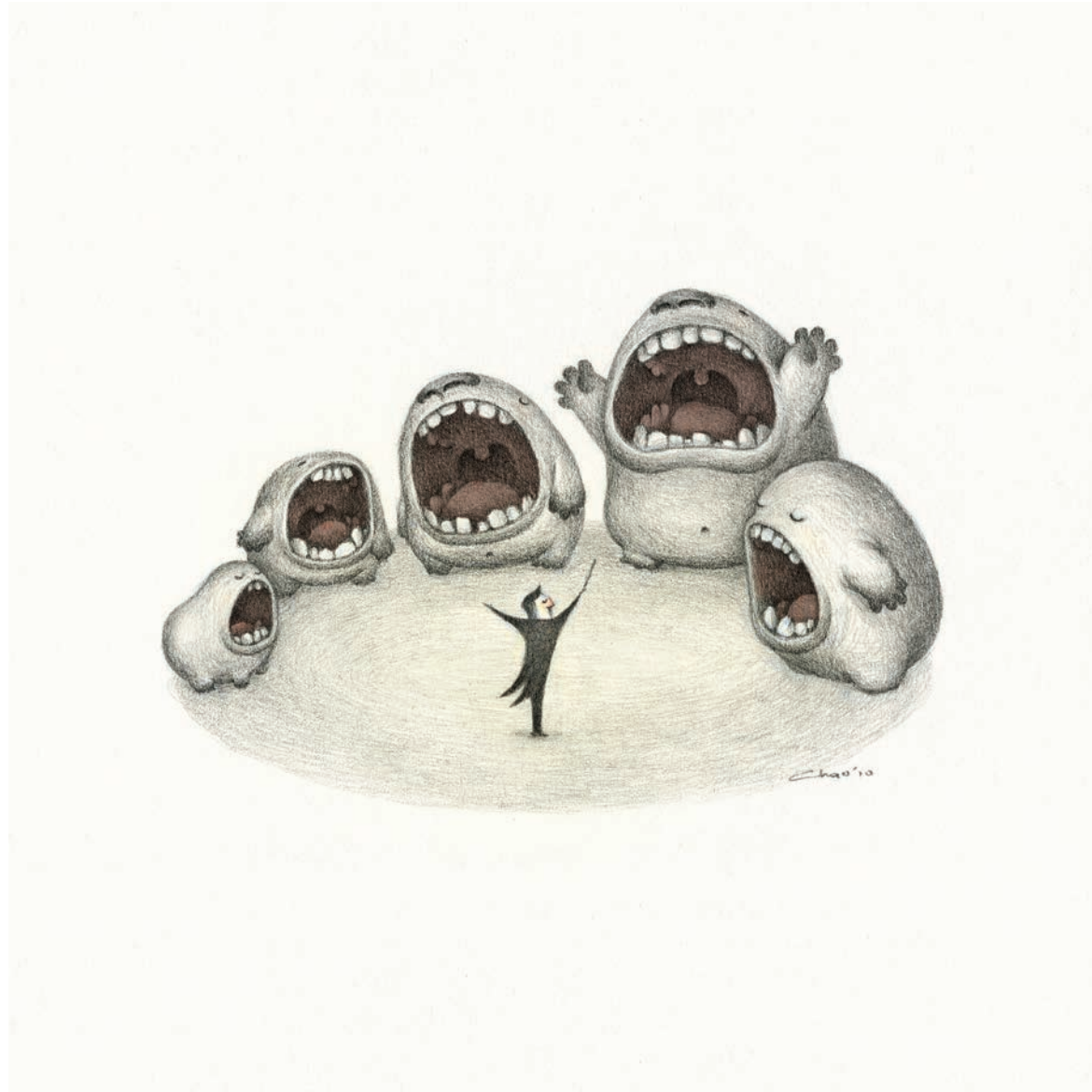


“As a photographer who has embraced iPhoneography, my artistic visual eye has developed tenfold. All the so-called rules should be broken when it comes to taking a picture, because with this technology all perspective can become extraordinary.”

Stranger With Candy
iPhoneography



CHARLES SANTOSO



Cycle Forward
pencil on arches
paper and digital
9.5" x 9.5"



Big Mouth Symphony
pencil on arches
paper and digital
9.5" x 9.5"

Santoso is a concept artist and illustrator who has been involved in various animated feature film and TV commercial projects. He loves drawing very little things in a very little journal and dreams about funny, wondrous stories.

COMET

Scraped, scored and scratched,
minor vacuum of the sky crossed out
with a memory of vapour, debris.

The eye traces its sojourn
as a child's finger might read:
linear, true, across one dimension.

Against a madman's mosaic
of pinheads, she flies, a white dress
just seen, echoing behind her.

This dance is a slingshot,
an arc from some pirouette
lighting up the ballroom

with finite geometry; and then,
in a dusty flash, she goes,
lost to another century.

THE SILENCE OF THE PEACEFUL READER

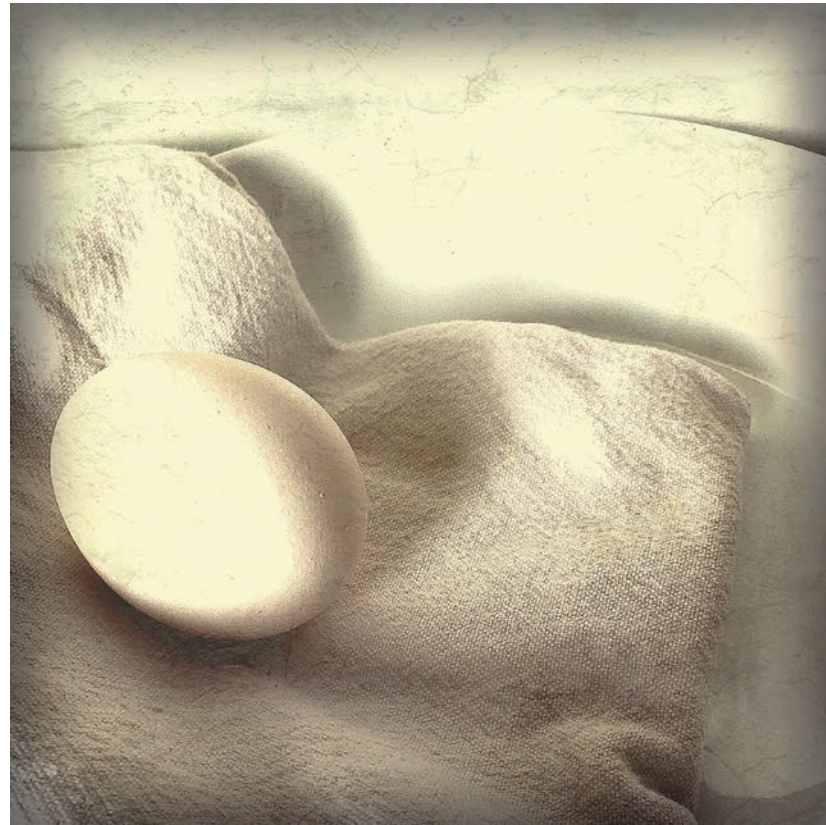
content
with the words of a stranger
blowing in the breeze.

An array of backing vocalists enter
to sing with the wind: the children of the city
are discovering their Newfoundland,
hurling themselves through streets
with their haircuts and their labels
and their crushing weight of baggage.

A cheer for the children!
A cheer for the discovery!
One big drunken chorus under one sky
pushing themselves against the wind.
Cheer for all the thunderous fools!
Cheers for the thunder clap that snaps the heart!

Keep reading
to fill in the gaps between the gales.

DAVID HAYES



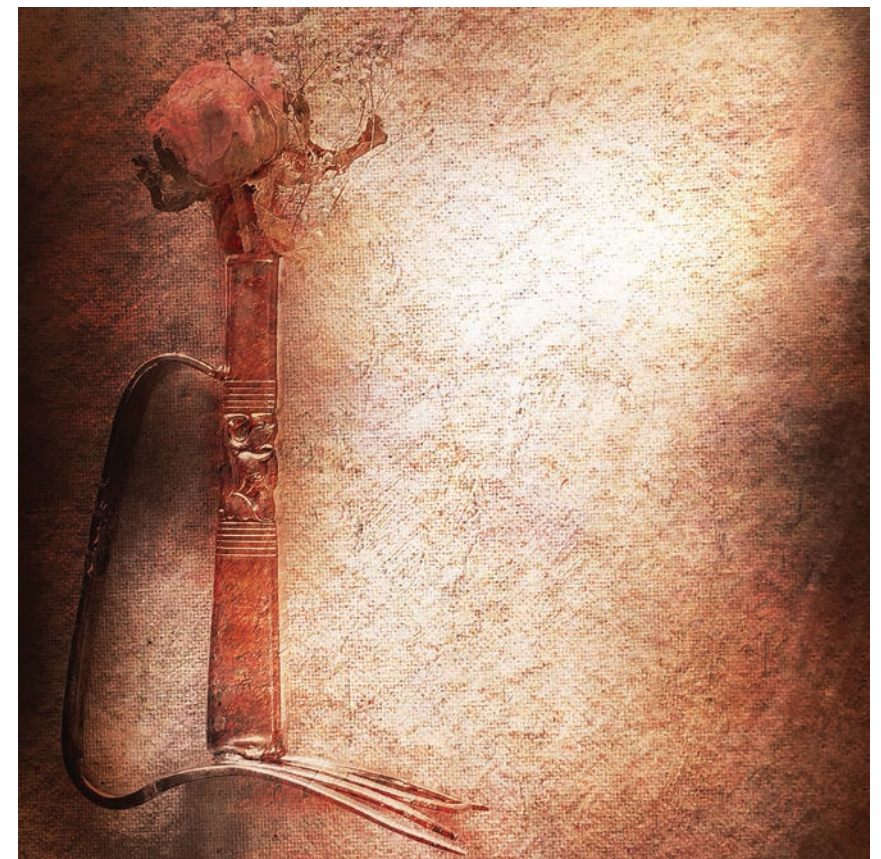
Stillness
photograph



Parsley
photograph



Dragons
photograph



Light Play
photograph



Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows III
mixed media
assemblage on wood
20" x 20"

“The artworks I create are shrines, reliquaries, totems, altars, love letters, journals, and collections of memories. I both construct and reconstruct their history, purpose, and meaning. They are products of their environment, pieced together from the detritus of the South where I was born, reside, and work. They are rich, dark, and dirty like the history of my home. The South is steeped in a history of dark personalities and deeds.”

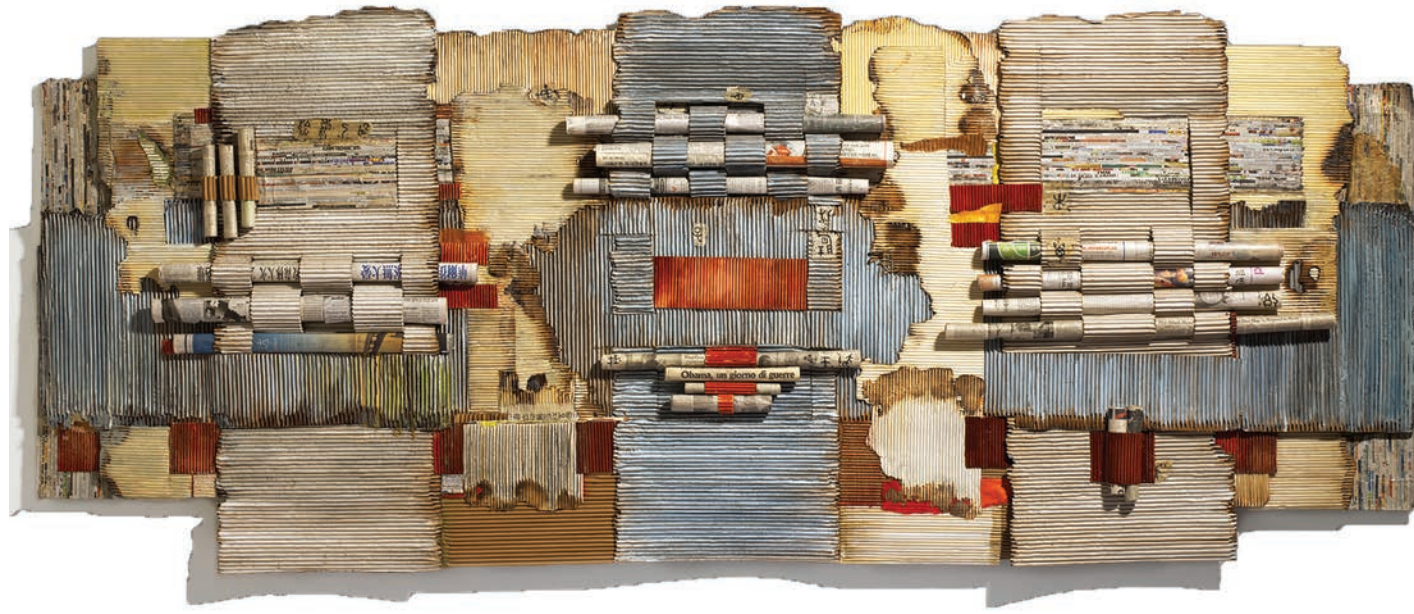
JASON TWIGGY LOTT



Dead Soldier II
mixed media
assemblage on wood
20" x 30"

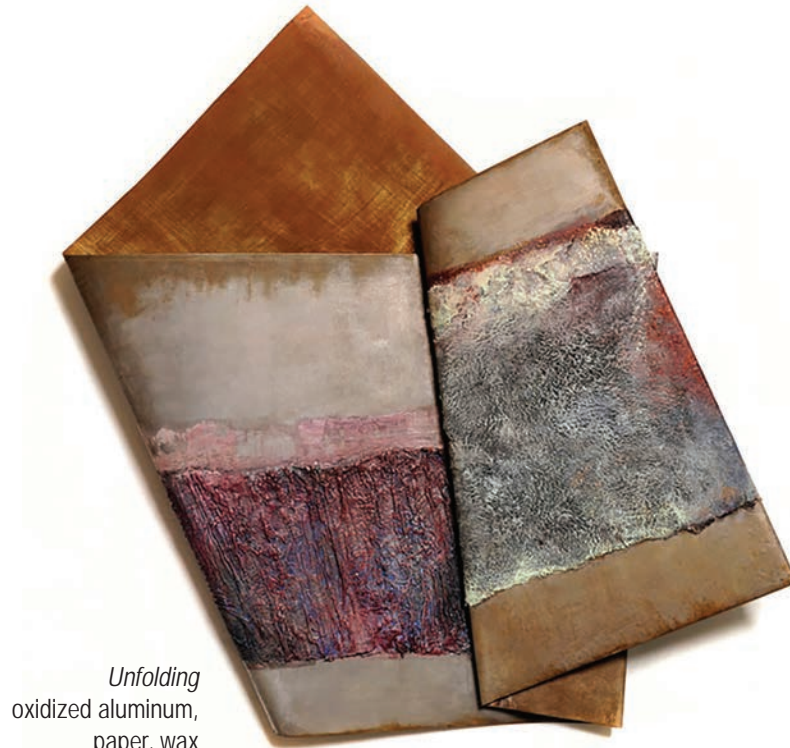


Dead Soldier I
mixed media assemblage on wood
20" x 40"



Media Blitz
international newspapers,
corrugated cardboard and
paper, encaustic, paint, graphite
48" x 108" x 3"

JOAN GIORDANO



Unfolding
oxidized aluminum,
paper, wax
55" x 45" x 6"

Giordano's creative practice merges painting, sculpture and the conceptual with a variety of media and processes including slashing, folding, gluing, welding, soldering, burning, fusing, waxing, troweling and various installation strategies.



Beneath the Skin
copper, cable, steel mesh
72" x 30" x 10"



Fantasy Journey
newspapers, lithograph,
Asian paper, graphite
and paint
40" x 30"



Moonlight Perception
wood, steel, paper and wax
26.8" x 10.8"



Built-Up Expectations
wood, steel, paper
and wax
30" x 11.2"



Road-Side Beat Down
wood, steel, paper
and wax
20" x 10.4"

JENS NORMAN

Jens Norman is at heart a craftsman with a background in fine woodworking, metal fabrication and ceramics, among many other mediums and artistic endeavors. Any and everything that takes a physical form draws him to create and re-create in search of meaning and aesthetic beauty.

A PACT BETWEEN LOVERS

Anaked blob of mayonnaise, shaped like a ghost, rested in the corner of her lip. So did the leftover tension from their afternoon argument. The more they talked the more strained the words became, like water struggling to pass through a clogged pipe. He would apologize. It was his turn. That was the agreement.

THE INTRUDER

His cigar smelled like a decayed riverbank. A contradiction to the aromas surrounding the ethereal lake, its water reflecting the flora lining the shore. This was my safe place, the place where I could avoid his fists. But not today. He stood, faced me, coughed. An alarm told me to run. Instead, I waited. Hopeful.

MEMORIES

His opaque gaze drifted to the empty armchair, the one that she'd occupied since their children's childhood, the one she preferred to any theater seat, the one purchased at Sears and Roebuck when it still offered its large, printed catalog, the one she'd reupholstered twice, the one where she fell asleep for the last time.

WHY?

Smoke rose from the underbelly of the city. A bottle skittered across the deserted street, propelled by a wind full of empty promises and lack of action. Broken windows, smashed cars, an unresponsive body dangling from the window of a third-floor flat all revealed the consequences of delirious residents acting out of frustration and despair.

BEST FRIENDS

Crouched in the crawl space behind the coat closet, I heard the experimental puppet in the kitchen. Tommy said it was lethal.

Something crashed on the floor, perhaps the bowl I'd left next to the stove. I closed my eyes, saw broken faces, laughing, mocking. The door opened. I cried out.

"Retard!"

It was Tommy.

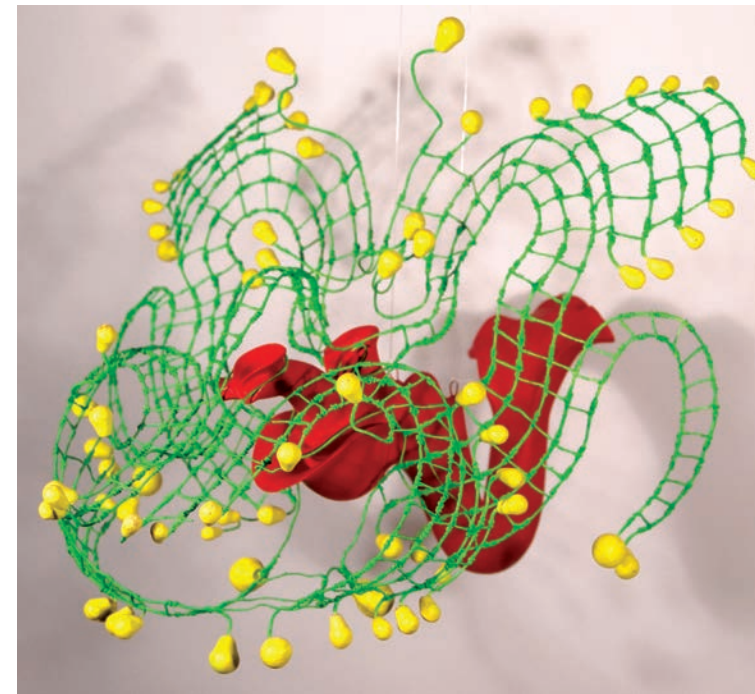
Murmur
plastic, wire,
sculpey, acrylic paint
6" x 7" x 8"



Fly Away Home
plastic, wire, sculpey,
acrylic paint
12" x 8" x 8"



DANIEL WIENER



Murmur
plastic, wire, sculpey
acrylic paint,
20" x 27" x 34"



Out of Whole Cloth
plastic, wire, sculpey,
acrylic paint
15" x 17" x 56"



Children

Nicholas Swearer's human narrative installations are a social didactic—raising questions and searching for answers. And in the language of the narrative installations, each character is an icon for an emotional or physical state, or for an action. Depending on where, when and how these characters are arranged, different issues are explored. As characters are combined in different arrangements, their meanings can change, as well as their individual and group titles.



Explanation

all sculptures: approx. 50" high and made of cast bronze

NICHOLAS BAKER SWEARER



Gossip and Innuendo



Choices

#519 2009-2-16
carbon on paper, silkscreen
31" x 24"



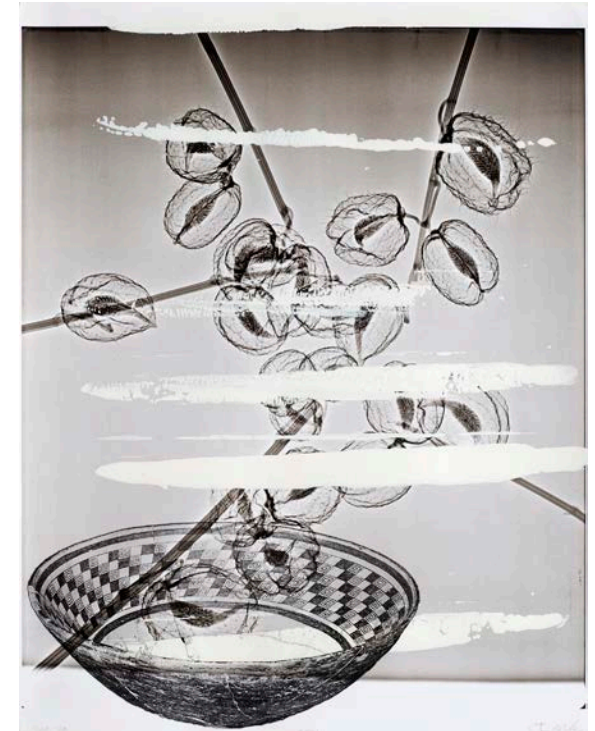
STEVE MILLER

#473 2008 June
carbon on paper, enamel
and silkscreen
31" x 24"



Miller's Health of the Planet Series is based on his x-ray images of the Amazon, revealing the extraordinary beauty of Brazil's biodiversity, as well as the current environmental peril of our planet.

#480 2008 July
carbon on paper, enamel
31" x 24"



#497 2008 August
carbon on paper,
enamel and silkscreen
17" x 22"



CHRISTOPHER WOODS

The Empty Town
photograph



Blue Glass
photograph



September Evening
photograph

TOBY PENNY

Perseverance
mixed media with
reclaimed fabric
on canvas
32" x 24"



Getting There
mixed media with
reclaimed fabric
on canvas
114" x 114"



LESSONS

I learned all I ever knew from Frank O'Hara : the unsettled and the dumbstruck walking a Fourth Avenue turn, a University Place seat at some funky bar. The men who hack meat hunks over on Gansevoort Street were not the same ones who slice finely on Lexington or Park. Those are all different things. As Lincoln once said to a waiter in a bad DC restaurant, refusing his beverage and turning it back : "If this is tea, bring me coffee. If this is coffee, I'll have tea."

A few things do come to mind—I never expected to live this long; I never asked for a charmed life; and the extent extents of my injuries have never been known. At least with Lincoln—bad coffee notwithstanding—they knew why he died. But Frank O'Hara, that dithyramb triumphalist always chasing men and boys, he wrote from another position, and was killed by a beach buggy on a Fire Island midnight beachfront, run down accidentally like a dog and the whole writing world did cry about.

COMMINGLED COMPATRIOTS

I know they're standing out there at the curb with cigarettes in their mouths talking sports: the new guy playing one position or another for a team in a season that hasn't even started yet. Whenever we reach the opener, it's always Spring, like taxes.

How do you want to mark your time? Over at the park, that little spring with the free water is always running—always, no matter what, running. People come with their containers and fill their supply up.

I know I do it. Just in the last few years, and the South Asians here now, there are always coins in the drain basin—mostly dimes and nickels. Those who hope for coin-wishes are probably the same who pray to gods and goddesses of fire and love. Good fortune. It's pretty overwhelming—that one would throw money down to somehow placate a god to granting a wish—or something like that. I can never figure these things out. Don't they ever realize it's all self-generated—the wish, the hope, the god and the solutions? Try it with anything else, see what you get. So, this line of demarcation is marked by words—make the difference yours, one spring or another—how many of them overlap before we're dead and gone? I have eyes like a warrior, just watching things, looking for the offender, watching to see what must be defended. One way or the other, I'll get it eventually. Coins, great god, or no coins accepted. I don't know.

JESSICA ZOOB



Passion
mixed media
with oil on canvas
79" x 100"



Feeling Good
oil on canvas
47" x 59"



Dancing With Graffiti
limited edition print

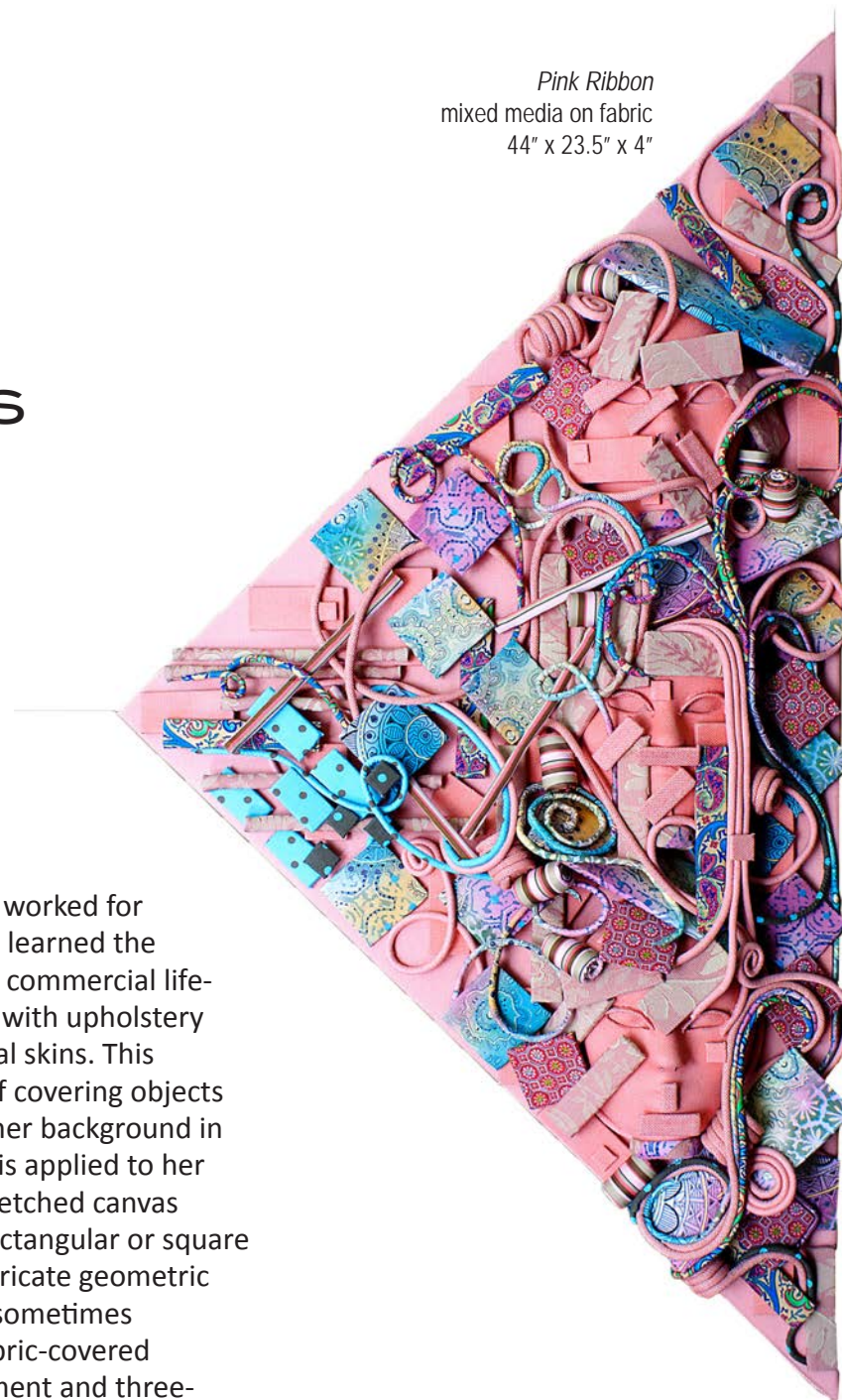


Reflection
mixed media on fabric
45" x 49" x 5"

Cinnamon
mixed media on fabric
44" x 23.5" x 4"

EILEEN WILLIAMS

In the 1980s, Williams worked for a company where she learned the technique of covering commercial life-sized fiberglass animals with upholstery fabric, to emulate animal skins. This meticulous technique of covering objects with fabric, along with her background in painting and sculpture, is applied to her work today. Fabric is stretched canvas style, over triangular, rectangular or square frames, layered with intricate geometric fabric-covered shapes, sometimes including embedded fabric-covered faces, producing movement and three-dimensional effects.

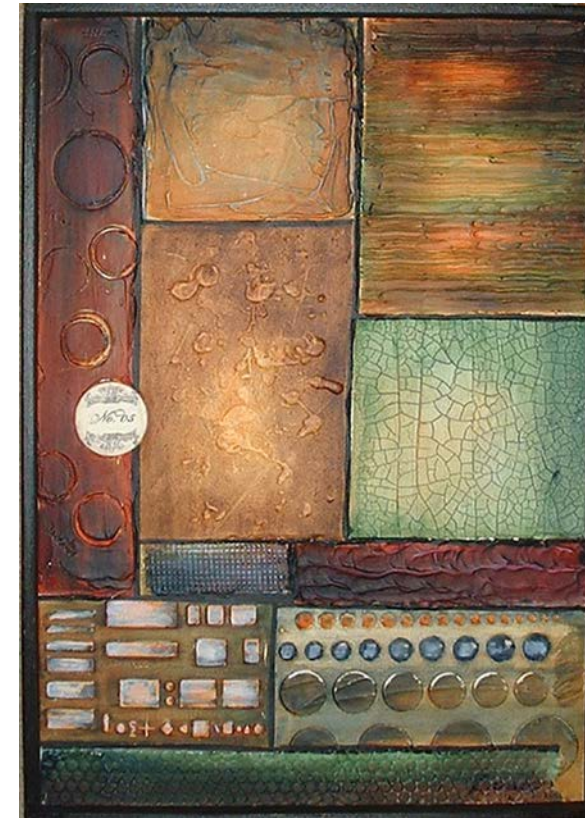


Pink Ribbon
mixed media on fabric
44" x 23.5" x 4"



BILLIE ROBSON

Plaster Abstract 1
plaster of paris, acrylic paint overlays
with carving and texture
16" x 12"



Plaster Abstract 2
plaster of paris, acrylic paint overlays
with carving and texture
16" x 12"

“For as long as I can remember, I’ve been fascinated with old things, tarnished things, rusty things, things with a history. I’ve collected everything from rusty springs to dragonfly wings—products of our environment, the detritus of our world, and a treasure in their own right. My greatest joy is to create something with those treasures, to give them a new life and interpretation.”



Firebird
acrylic painting
with various textures
36" x 24"

THE THIEF

The old man softly blinks his eye and turns a corner, into the child he had been, and there's nothing in his face to note that transformation, only a blinking eyelid. An old man's gentle amazement at the end. His cover slips away, revealing rib bones fanning outward like the long teeth of a comb.

The nurse switches every light off as she goes out, until there's only a thin, low gleam. Flickering mottled bulb, at the far end of the corridor. But before she goes, the nurse whisks the curtain back between him and his hospital roommate. A hook snags and droops on the runner—her face appears suddenly in the gap. Her dark iris-less eyes remind the old man of his sister, then she turns away.

Of course the nurse is about twenty-five years too young to be his sister, and he knows that. Not that it matters. Last year he thought he'd seen his sister in a ten-year-old girl swinging so high, her mother gasped and clutched her handbag. The whole swing frame had shuddered, and the other children shrieked and got off.

But the girl had gone on swinging like that. He can still recall how her left shoelace, undone, whipped back and forth, how the toes of her school shoes, pointed skyward, were scuffed, and that the child's face was grim and determined, wind-blown red. He'd thought she would never fall. That a girl like that could never.

The second time when he thought he had seen his sister was in the face of a middle-aged woman, looking harassed and purposeful at the wheel of a

Volkswagen stuck fast in traffic. Two children were fighting in the back of her car.

The third time he'd preferred to forget, but could not. From the passenger seat of his son's car, he had seen an elderly woman walking her shopping trolley down the edge of the highway. She had been barefoot and her ankles bandaged. Pushing her worldly goods, she had worn a strange expression, one both amazed and serene.

None of them were her.

All of them were her.

There is soft groaning from behind the curtain. And now the nurse whisks the fabric divider back on its busted runners once more. Takes a hold of the steel trolley and tries to turn it. The back wheel, twisted, squeaks and complains. When she's got the trolley where she wants it, she sets the brake. She looks at the old man and then away again.

It turned out later that his sister had taken not just the family's rent money, but the grocery money, the savings. Every penny, down to the last dirty down-trodden tiny coin. She must have searched pockets, purses, floorboards. Scrabbled in back cupboard jars, that's what they had said in the village afterwards. They had called her The Thief.

There had been a small uproar in the village, on account of the money and the family left without a pot to piss in. The old man's three younger brothers were parceled up and divided between family across the neighboring counties, grandparents, a

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maiden aunt in town, an estranged and childless second cousin.

His mother hadn't cried until they'd come for the baby. A less than three-month-old girl, red teething patches on her cheeks, small dimples set deep in her elbows and knees, soft lines in the chubby backs of her knees. Wide-eyed. He can remember the strange hands untangling her tiny fingers from her mother's dusty grey curls on that last day.

He doesn't remember what came after the untangling moment.

Only a sort of long and bovine keening.

You think it can't be coming from you, but it is.

The nurse takes two small steps toward him, puts a hand on his forehead and mops his face with a tissue drawn from her apron pocket. "Now now," she says, clucking, "What is all this noise for?"

She checks his pulse. Raises her left hand to signal somebody from the corridor.

He can't see what she sees. Only the white strip light above his hospital bed. He can only see his own black lashes clutch and un-clutch the light.

He thrusts out his bony left hand, grips the frame of his bed.

His hospital roommate has been coughing. Sputum gleams on his bottom lip. Beneath the man's beard, there's a lump the size of a snake's egg. The man puts his hand to his throat, jabs at the air between himself and the nurse. The nurse, unfazed, glances

his way before noisily scribbling notes on her clipboard.

The man mouths the shape of a word, only no sound, just the flash of a jagged white tooth. He falls asleep suddenly, bizarrely, his pointing finger drawing an invisible line down the air.

The nurse checks her watch, leaves. The old man listens to the tap of her shoes down the long corridor; blue tile, white tile, blue tile, white tile, blue.... He has to look away from the now still man in the next bed. He closes his eyes.

The old man's sister had been hard, that's what they'd always told him. And maybe he'd even believed that for a while. But the lines were redrawn differently, as the years passed. The past shifted into new lines, shadows appeared in strange places.

He'd seen her getting on the bus. He had been around eleven years old when his sister ran. It had been a pivotal moment for him. Her leaving that way.

He had watched her go. He had felt the rhythm of those tires bumping over rucked, rich earthy road, as she'd clattered slowly and clumsily away. Even now the old man dreams of bus wheels rolling, sticking, sliding in the country earth, the rubble-strewn roads, dipping and sticking in the ruts and cracks.

There's an ancient promise in the leaving—a replenishment. As he'd stood there in that cold light watching her leave, the bus heaving against earth, watching until it was a black dot in the distance, his fingers numb and frozen, he'd felt her shimmering—and he'd known he would leave too.

Like his sister before him he hadn't left the village,

he'd fled. She'd led the way. She'd marked it with pathfinders, dropped softly in the dark that hung beneath the children in those days.

Even now, sinking back against crisp hospital pillows and sheets, he can see the bus rolling away, gathering pace, as the window panes screamed and rattled, as she took off. Mapless and harsh-lit into her future, what did she feel?

Everybody had known that his sister was hurting somehow. Knew it deep down in their bones, though they told themselves that it couldn't possibly be so, that.

And yet there had always been small signs of damage in her. As clear as the chips and the cracks in a vase.

No one had spoken up for her, and perhaps it's that way still, he thinks. That strange dark magic of denial, like casting stones instead of seeds, because all those village ladies, wearing their best hats, in church had bowed their heads, as if to say, "Seeds I tell you, seeds that we are planting here."

And then the next day their men headed back out to the fields, none of them stopping in their tracks, the rusting tractor revving dangerously, and not one of them had dug in their heels to ask himself: "What about that child?" and, "What can be done?" No one pulled those words out of their parched, dry throats. Only looked about them, at the miles and miles of hard-wrought, miss-sown land.

And so it went on. The relationships between the families in the village being sown too, like the fields. A hundred years or more of plowing between folks, then there were the hedgerows,

of course. Your piece and mine, the fences. All the fences. There's your cow that grazed my sheep field fifty years since, and we've barely mended the fence between those long dead animals.

The joints and joists and hinges on the gate. The gate is falling off its rusty hinges, there are other fragile things here. Above all there is how the land lies, there's the long account of what's been lost and won between us neighbors. The small guilts and the debts.

And so everyone knows about "The girl," of course, yet "No one knows a thing." And truly believing that they don't. Because there were no words for that, not yet. And so the unspeakable thing could gather in the silence.

"Let us pray," he remembers the vicar saying on the Sunday after she left. And the village had gone on. As if she'd never been, his sister. Blameless, they believed themselves to be, right to the end. Quite blameless. Trackless as the rucked, rich land of his childhood.

He sighs, scratches at the shiny hospital wall behind him, peels a little whitewash out from under his nail. Forget it, he tells himself.

Forget her now, she's gone.

Only there are things he can't forget. There are things he won't.

She must have waited for her moment then, he thinks. That golden child, that "Thief," but that harsh-lit and hard little girl, who of course wasn't hard at all, but only broken, waited until her whole life seemed like an infinite pause, vast intake of breath.

And it is now, now, and she was strange and wild, and that moment must have seemed a scream with a hand clapped over it, and the stumbling, scrabbling, from the rotten floorboard to the crack under the bench, her mother's coat pocket and the seam of her grandmother's hat. The crumbling hole in the skirting board.

And all the time her watching the crack under the door like that, listening for the sound of a boot in the gravel outside, and then fingers freezing up with fear, skittering about the cottage like a nervous animal, and when it came, when the door was flung open, cold winter sunlight poured into the cottage and she pushed her brother aside, went tearing down the front path. Wrestled their gate. Caught her nail-bitten fingers on the rusting latch, skittered out into the country lane and seemed to vanish for a moment.

He'd chased after her.

The bus had been timed perfectly. The country bus that was always late or was much too early. Running toward the bus, she'd stumbled against a boulder hidden in the long grass at the roadside, cracked her ankle, but she didn't seem to the boy to feel it. Because at the last, it turned out that she was running for her life, and she knew that. Running for everything there might ever have been or would be soon. Stolen coins noisy as she ran, chink, clink and clatter, rattle. Bruising her hip. And he'd thought that she stood a chance then. In the big city.

A girl like his sister.

Sur-viv-or.

Roll the word out on your tongue.

There had been a crack in the old bus window, and he wonders now if she had felt the cold wind rushing past her ears? He wonders if the stolen coins had felt cold against her hip, if they had weighted her down. This is what it feels like to survive, he wants to tell that pale girl child at the old bus window. And he'd rooted for his sister with everything he'd had, because he knew there would be no mercy if they caught her.

"She'd better not show her face around here again," the family had said afterwards. But in her sharp breach of the rules, she'd obeyed an older and a much greater law: Run from harm, child.

He believes now that his sister took the money so that she couldn't come back.

Because sometimes you can't trust your feet, they veer and circle until you end at your beginning, the last sigh rolling back to meet the first one coming.

But she'd severed it, his sister.

A small, neat, child's incisor through the last fraying ends of love, and saved herself.

ABOUT THE EDITORS:

Sandra Tyler: editor-in-chief of online literary and fine arts magazine *The Woven Tale Press*; author of *Blue Glass*, a *New York Times* Notable Book of the Year, and *After Lydia*, both originally published by Harcourt Brace; awarded BA from Amherst College and MFA in creative writing from Columbia University; has taught creative writing on both the undergraduate and graduate levels, at Columbia University, (NY), Wesleyan University (CT), and Manhattanville College, (NY); a 2013 BlogHer.com Voices of the Year.
<http://www.awriterweavesatale.com>

Michael Dickel, Ph.D.: associate editor of *The Woven Tale Press*; a poet, fiction writer, essayist, photographer and digital artist; holds degrees in psychology, creative writing, and English literature; served as the director of the Student Writing Center at the University of Minnesota and the Macalester Academic Excellence Center at Macalester College (St. Paul, MN). He co-edited *Voices Israel* Volume 36 (2010). His work has appeared in literary journals, anthologies, art books, and online for over 20 years, including in: *THIS* literary magazine, *Eclectic Flash*, *Cartier Review*, *Pirene's Fountain*, *Sketchbook*, *Emerging Visions Visionary Art* eZine, and *Poetry Midwest*. He is the author of the poetry collections *Midwest/MidEast: March 2012 Poetry Tour* and *War Surrounds Us*.
<http://www.michaeldickel.info>

