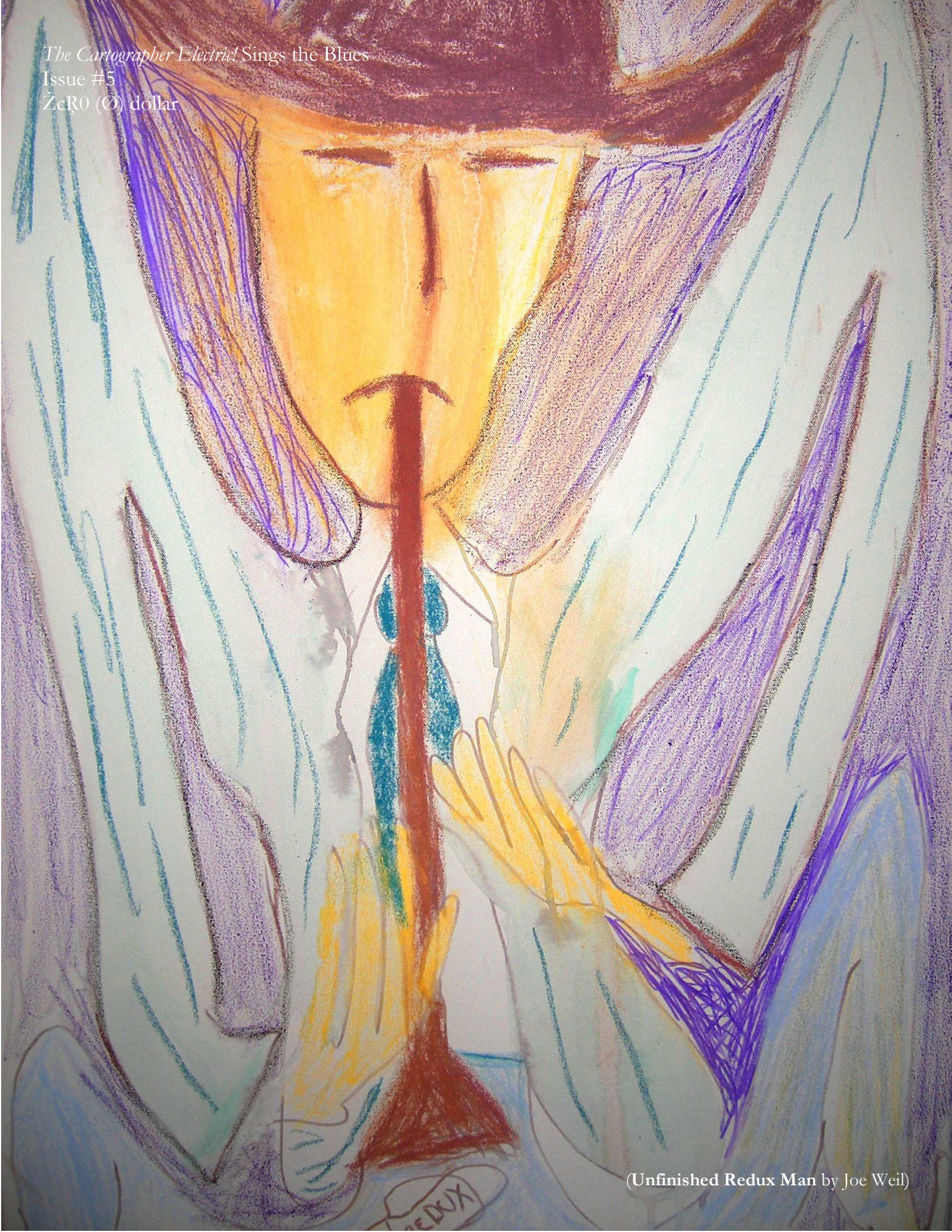


*The Cartographer Electric* Sings the Blues

Issue #5

Zero (0) dollar



(Unfinished Redux Man by Joe Weil)

REDUX

Just another manifesto...by your lovely editors;

It's been a while. And we've done a lot of talking in the meantime...and this is what we have to say for ourselves:

We believe in free. We put out *The Cartographer Electric!* because we feel like it's something we have to do. It's in our bones the same way poetry is. It just comes out. So we give *Cartographer Electric!* away like you gives away your favorite old ratty couch to a friend. You love it, but you know nobody will pay you for it.

We find so much of the stuff put out today as poetry, fiction, and non-fiction is self-important, bloated, and just plain boring. As Billy Collins once noted, there seems to be a direct inverse relationship between the self-importance of poets and the interest of non-poets.

**We think to live, you have to learn to die. To save a medium, you have to devalue it first.**

When we first started printing *Cartographer*, we did it cause there was free paper laying around. We skimmed off the margins to make our mark, but what sustained us was not the free paper. It was our community.

So, with the firm belief **that good art is borne from good community**, we now bring you issue 5.

**But FIRST!** A launch into new territory! We promised something way back in issue 2. We didn't know then what it was, but we do now...

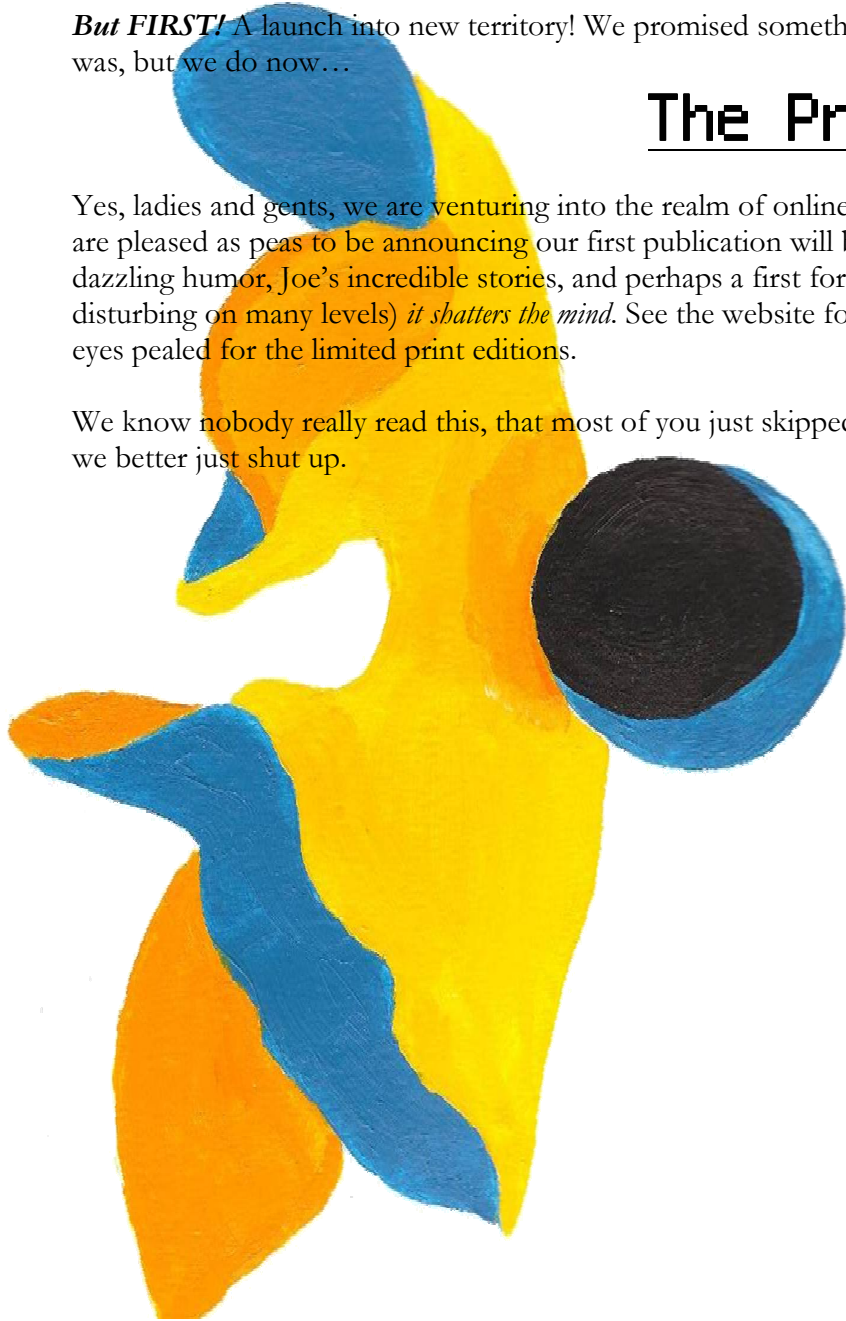
## The Press Electrerrric!

Yes, ladies and gents, we are venturing into the realm of online publishing. We've been waiting for the right text, and we are pleased as peas to be announcing our first publication will be Joe Weil's chapbook *Teaching the Dead*, filled with dazzling humor, Joe's incredible stories, and perhaps a first for Joe, a series of haiku so monumental (and probably disturbing on many levels) *it shatters the mind*. See the website for a free (yes, we said **FREE**) download, and keep your eyes peeled for the limited print editions.

We know nobody really read this, that most of you just skipped to the good stuff...so before we contradict ourselves, we better just shut up.

So Sinsur,  
Editors

by Doug Rybicki



**Art for Art's Sake** by Christian Anton Gerard

Children of the Boys and Girls Clubs  
of America. You have duty.

Duty to walk in line.  
March in parades.

You are aesthetically pleasing  
to most social consci.

Knowing the Clubs exist  
makes the president's ratings

sleep like a turtle  
on the lily-pad.

Hugs to all of you.  
You're past the idea of babysitter.

Past needing only grilled-cheese  
with tomato soup.

You are the American dream.

**Doug Rybicki on his Forgemanship**



## Biscuits by Jen McClung

Two parts Bisquick  
One part milk.  
His eyes, large and brown as acorns,  
take aim. The four-year-old fingers  
point and ask, point and ask, point, ask.

Wooden spoon  
Measuring cup  
Mixing bowl.  
Misplaced anxiety.

I take a deep breath and set the oven to 450.  
He doesn't notice, is not concerned  
with the time between dough and biscuit.  
He is all mess just as sure as anything.

When he asks to do the measuring,  
I find a selfish answer waiting on my tongue  
and scoop out a lumpy excuse about  
*when you're older* or  
something else equally lame,  
I can't remember now.

I pretend that we're rolling the dough out  
together, but I am mostly gripping the pin  
and droning on about evenness,  
*remember, we want even thickness.*  
I don't even recognize my voice,  
the sing-song pitch, the forced gentleness.

Just before we cut the dough with a juice glass,  
he takes an index finger and pokes a hole  
in the middle. And another.

I want to set the glass down  
and surrender, want to smooth out the dents,  
to ball the dough up and roll it out again,  
perfectly even. I want to cry over  
wanting these things.

My uterus twists and  
collapses, mourns about the certain possibility  
that I will make a terrible mother someday.

But I close my eyes,  
hand the juice glass over  
to the small pair of fluttering hands  
beside me, and turn to find the sugar bowl for  
the ritual dipping and sharing of  
leftover dough.

## Pinball by Bill Seaton

Does anyone recall the old pinball:  
gaudy games from Gottlieb of Chicago  
(surely mob-connected to appeal  
so nakedly to desire and to give  
so little in return)?

In a kind of mechanical model of fate,  
the player gazed like a god  
at the ball, a lost soul,  
shiny and spherical in perfection,  
impossibly restless . . .

moving among glamorous ladies,  
cowboys, fat cats, racers, heroes,  
all with frozen grins, the ball  
propelled, caromed, leaping  
like a flea with fleas

falling fortunate into value, points,  
the hope of another go,  
through exertions of will,  
button pressing, and then  
the sudden tilt.

Jeff Paggi on

# MY FIRST MEMORY OF A PUBLIC ERECTION

Fog is an effect

of Becky, a fellow actor in an Episcopalian Youth Group's

haunted-house. I was twelve. We waited, under  
the cover of the brittle leaves we had gathered,  
while looming audiences rolled in for a scare,

we were unseen as the guide told them of ghosts,  
& when the fluorescent light quit & the strobe began  
we pounced, our glow-in-the-dark against our crimson.

How after the third or fourth group,  
Becky turned to me, & reached out her arm  
to brush a leaf from my face, rising off

[of falling autumn petals  
preceding poetry's title;  
its imaginary digressions  
caressing my coming goose bumps.]

Therefore,

tonight you can thank me  
for the fresh fallen dew  
steaming on your village streets.

Jeff Paggi again, but this time regarding

## NO WAY #23 (A LOVE POEM TO COASTAL DRUNKS)

Graysky/cutgrass blues  
(blow these)  
dandelion seed pool-boy daydreams  
across the (paranoid backyard).

Blushing mixer drinks more  
paint thinner than pear juice  
more strong silent than group sex.

Same sex,  
same sense,  
same self,  
same sulk,  
same situation.

You her him and whomever else  
and me and her.

Same selfless  
nightmare/daystallion.

Same weightless rainbow.

Same pretence.

I once stayed up all night all day drinking  
photographs of wheatgrass dusty canyon complete set  
Topps  
'88,  
'87,  
miracle boys in summer sweatsuits.

Say what they said to Shoeless Joe,  
say "No way,"  
say John Cusack sleepover, fix the tracking,  
track the specimen, welcome to the...  
guns shooting rose bullets,  
late eighties divorce papers come  
but,

No way.

I once drank 3 coffee jugs  
and jangled 3 mugshot glasses

past  
rapid eye movement I  
wrapped. Eye move meant I  
present.

No way.

A winter rose,  
sepia tone,  
burning in your  
thrift store  
frame:

*Dear Timothy:*

I'm writing to show you  
the gull's riding waves of  
piano notes- I haven't  
showered in a week  
or done laundry since  
Jean left the place-  
and the back of my throat  
is protesting songs  
to my window and the Sea  
Grass it frames.  
Old Johnny keeps  
the lighthouse running- I  
bring him a quart of whiskey  
every Friday. Yesterday  
Sandy took the children  
to the graveyard on the beach  
under the lighthouse.

They brought waxed paper and colored pencils,  
and traced the saltwater names.

*Love,*

*James Joyce.*

**Zombie Love** by Andrew Polin

Our love was like a zombie attack  
because each time you approached me  
I knew one of us  
would lose our head.

But now I've got my metal baseball bat  
at the ready.

I will swing that sceptre of justice  
in hopes of ending  
your onslaught of attacks,  
your awkward, groaning  
attempts to latch on to me once again.

Have you been hiding outside my door?  
Because I smelled something foul the other day  
rotting  
a little bit  
out of the ordinary

You see, most zombies don't  
call me at 3:15 AM  
and then hang up  
after uttering a mix of  
evil giggles and misplaced moans  
from the virus.

My mother warned me about your type.  
She asked,  
"Does she have a pulse? Or is her brain  
merely manipulating her body to devour you?"

And you know, when we kissed  
and nibbling turned to flesh ripping  
I should have sensed that something  
was terribly wrong

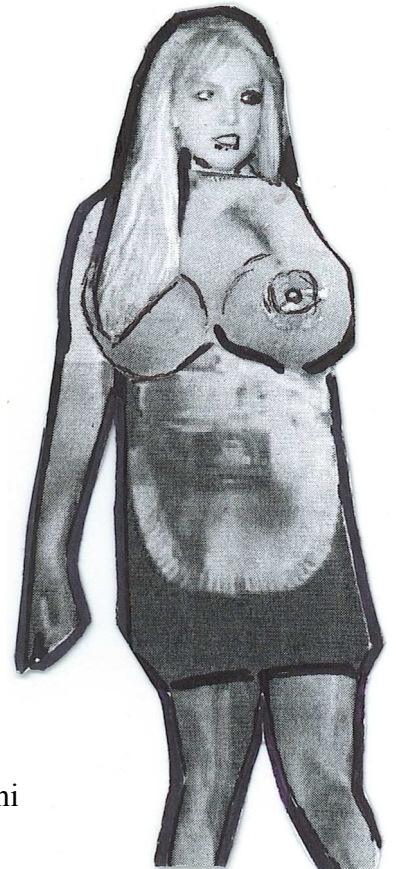
I just thought  
maybe upstate girls  
get down a little differently.  
but you bit off my tongue.

Though, in the throes of passion,  
I really didn't mind the fact  
that your idea of affection  
was making a snack  
of my forearm,  
or that your moaning had become  
quite guttural.

But everyone knows  
that angry sex is the best sex..  
So what could be better  
than making love to someone  
who just wants to take the  
tiniest bite out of your jugular?

I didn't even mind when your teeth  
and hair started to fall out,  
and your skin began to decompose  
in sick synchronization  
with the symphony of sounds  
from our zombie lovin',  
because it was then I knew  
I could hold a piece of you  
forever.

In the end we lay spooning  
in a puddle of infected blood  
and gore  
waiting for the morning  
to lumber off together  
entrails left like bread crumbs.



**Zombie Britney**  
by Derek Abdekalimi

**Neon is Night's Child** by Rebecca Nison

Neonlight is Night's child,  
responsible for his mother's wrinkles,  
afraid of her age.

She wants only to rock awhile,  
to nestle back on the Atlantic  
or April's plush of trees, and sleep  
with no pink cries or screeches of blue,  
with no procession of red or scared yellow  
light marching through.  
She wants only to sleep the dreamless sleep  
all mothers dream of.

But Neonlight, afraid of his mother's rambling wind,  
thinks he must cradle her from her senile ways,  
so he keeps her up, keeps her from laying  
back on that bed of waves.  
(How often, he thinks, a casket is  
confused for a bed!)

She patiently says nothing,  
for she knows the necessity of believing  
she will not outlive her son.

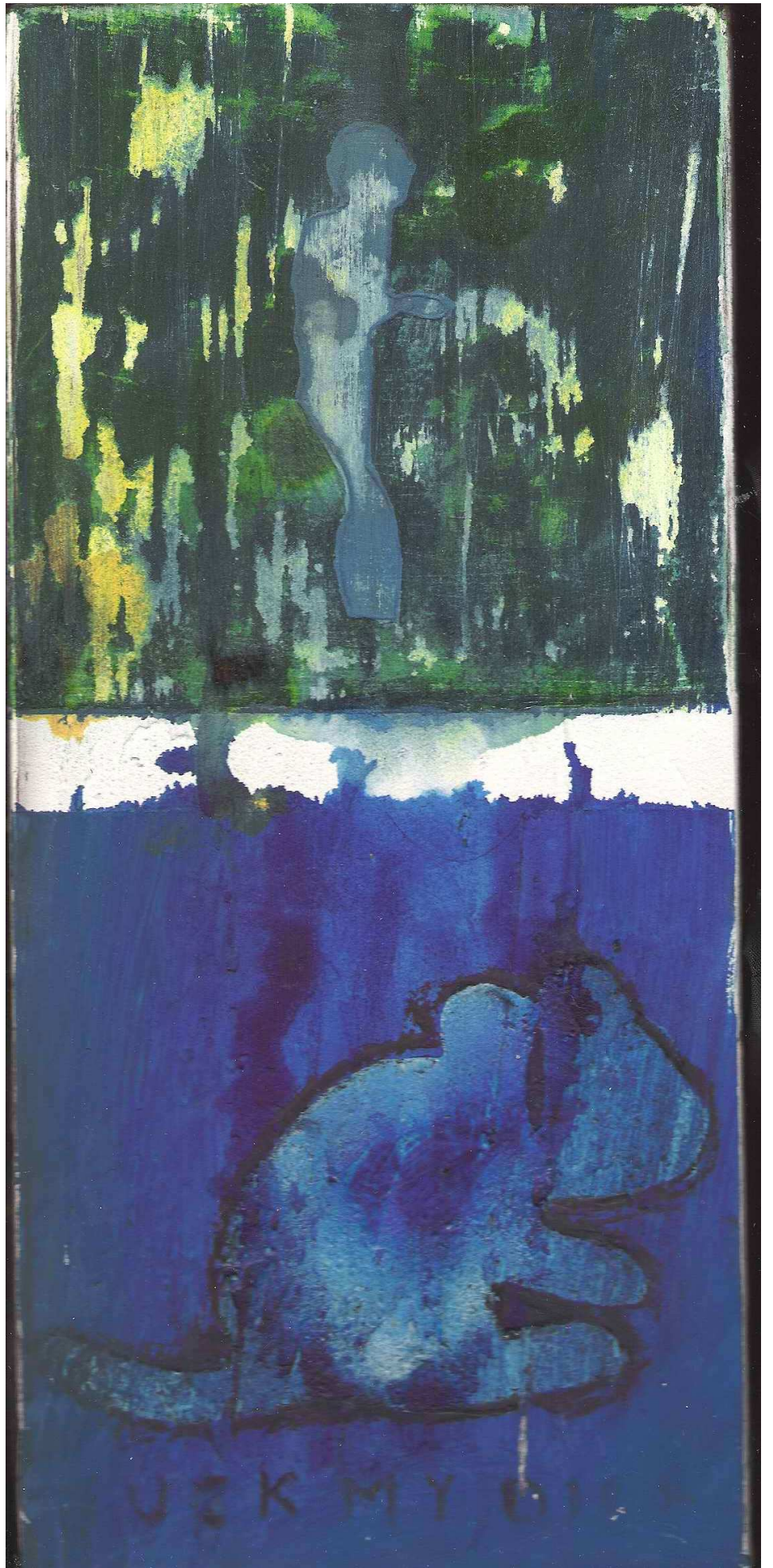
**Beware** by Andrea Haynes

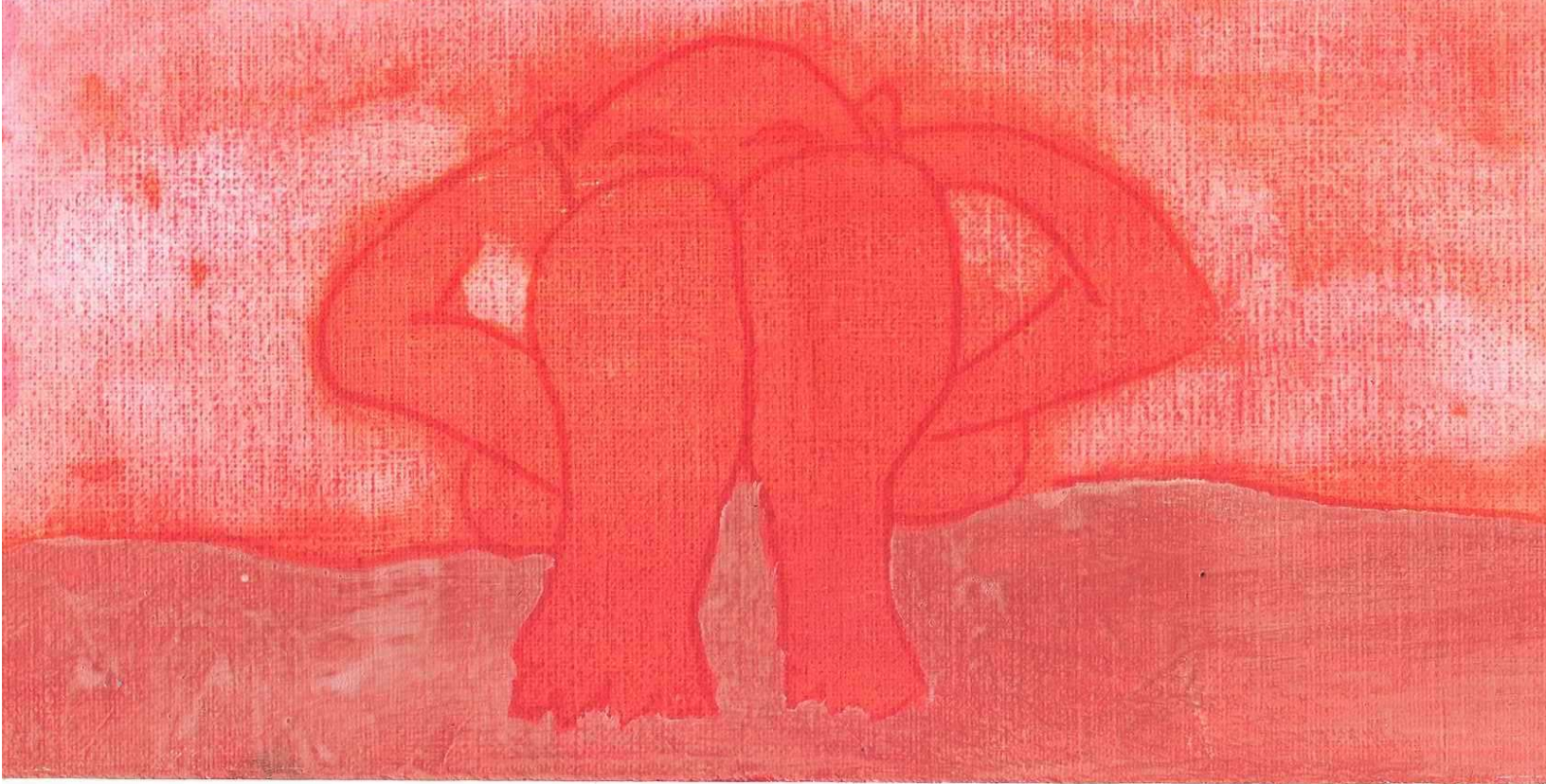
*"Once a writer is born into the family, that family is doomed."*  
~Czeslaw Milosz

You're mine.  
All of you – try to hide, but  
I see you and  
you're at the mercy of my  
pen, scribbling blurry stars into the blank of  
night. The grain of  
truth you drop in my palm will fester in my brain, slither through dripping gray folds, accumulating  
shiny white coating along the way.  
In my imagination it  
becomes a pearl  
and soon I'll have  
a whole string of them.

The better to choke you with.

by  
Gene Tanta





**Sit in Terror, Red** by Gene Tanta

**In Support of the Death Penalty** by Colie Hoffman

No, not really. Sorry  
for getting your hopes up, ropes up  
that this would be the verbal  
injection to liquefy all your  
internal organs at last, spleen last.  
(How long does a spleen last?)

Instead let's sing  
the body electric, chair.  
Everyone together now, hold your fathers' hands!  
Your fathers, shrivelled in the nursing home  
and inching toward the grave,  
or dying of cancer  
in some poetic bed  
next to a table of beautiful flowers  
that remind you of the transience of life  
as you invent boyhoods,  
baseball and golden retrievers.

But that's off-topic. Where were we?  
Oh yes:  
eyeballs scampering  
in their sockets,  
irises like sizzling angels  
a split-second  
before the room goes dark.

**Exodus** by Chris Robinson

No, it's not like God was the only god,  
He was just way more macho  
than that. So, Moses and his buddy A-dog  
throw down their staffs, and this is how  
much of a dude God is, as if staffs  
weren't phallic enough, they turn  
into snakes like big squirming dicks,  
in an I'm so manly I do gay shit  
kind of way, but fucking Pharaoh's clerics  
did that shit too, with their occult magic,  
like, what, it ain't no thing and now  
there's a grip of snakes writhing around  
on the sandstone. But God wasn't ever good  
at being clever or subtle, so He just panics  
and makes Moses' snakes eat their fucking snakes.  
And God knew that shit would work  
and Pharaoh would let 'em all go, like any  
reasonable slave owner, but God wasn't having that,  
He wanted Pharaoh to refuse  
so He could get his plague on. So God fucking  
shotguns a few more Coors Lights  
and gets to work. So, He's up there,  
drunk off his ass, and His buddy,  
Pharaoh, is passed out on the couch,  
but only because God made him all passed out  
even when he didn't want to drink that much.  
He just kept feeding him drinks  
so He could do some fucked up shit to him.  
Anyway, God gets his girl's tampon  
and wrenches that shit like a shammy cloth  
all over Pharaoh's face, then He shaves  
His pubes and all His holy pubic lice fall down  
and leap all over Pharaoh's shit, there  
were some others, I forget, like duct tape,  
shaving cream, and whatnot, maybe  
He draws a big cock on Pharaoh's cheek,  
but finally He fucking bends over him  
and undoes His belt (He'd been preparing,  
cause like earlier that day He ate one of those  
2000 year old Chinese eggs that are all rotten  
and green, like on Fear Factor) and then He fucking  
lets out this nasty fart and it seeps all up  
in Pharaoh's business. Then God takes a fucking picture  
of that shit and puts it on the internet  
and that's the Word, and that's the world.  
And you read that shit and you're like, man,  
God was a total asshole, but then you remember  
that later, He gets a lot better and now, He's got  
a real job, He drinks expensive beer,  
and maybe he'll fall in love someday,  
just not now, and not with you,  
but the world is still a place you can live.

**Ossuary at Kutna Hora** by Chris Robinson

Thousands of dead flocked to a handful  
of Golgothan dirt, the holy pull of iron  
filings had them by the bones.

Plague

and axe delivered them to sacred ground,  
but who among them rests in the nakedness  
of their arrangement: sterile, stacked and strung  
together by a Czech wood carver centuries  
later – a monument to God or lack  
of meaning? Both? Or was the chandelier,  
the family crest, the tilting cairn (reversed:  
of bone to mark the dirt) a twisted joke;  
the fevered intercessions of a man  
confused as any? Imagine him sifting through  
the bone bramble, lifting out the smallest  
skulls and stacking them, carefully to heaven.

**Before, During, and After Betrothal: Pencil In Fornication** by Jennifer Diskin

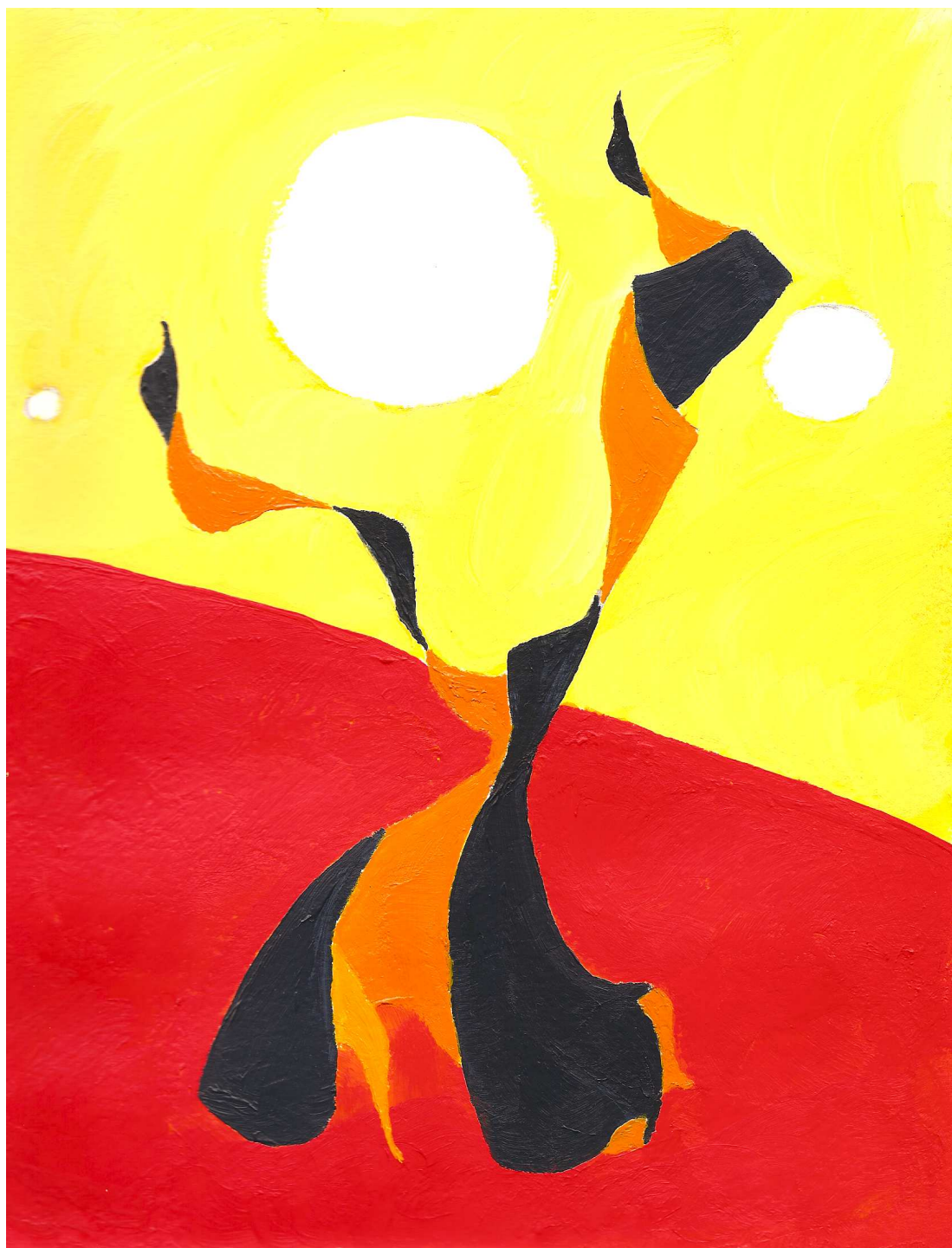
Your engagement picture  
leaves blank ink  
all over my hands  
even on Sunday.  
The day the universe birthed  
earth, water, air, fire,  
and then rested  
because the elements  
are a lot to cook with no recipe.

Her name is Laurel.  
She is your flower to deflower.  
If her signature was Mary or Jane,  
I might forgive the polka dot dress  
of her ordinary name.

Once I survived  
a blue hospital gown,  
commitment isn't as vital  
as washing clothes  
and fixing a leaky faucet.

Now, I save for a nose ring  
or better yet  
a lip piercing  
one prick where the kiss isn't.

**Twisted Figure** by Doug Rybicki



from Pushkin's Eugene Onegin  
V:1

by Paul Kane (with Peter Luborsky)

In that year, the autumn weather  
held on a long time,  
waiting and waiting for winter.  
Snow first fell in January  
on the third, at night. And, waking early,  
Tatyana through the window saw  
the morning white in the courtyard:  
flowerbeds, roofs and the fence,  
thin designs on the window glass,  
trees in winter-silence,  
the magpies merry in the courtyard,  
and softly strewn, the mountains  
shining in carpets of snow.  
Everywhere the radiance: all is white.

**A Fall in Autumn** by Paul Kane

*Sta in te, ne cadas a te*  
(Stay in yourself, lest you fall from yourself)  
—St. Bernard

The hours spiral at the close of day,  
as day closes in on night.  
All the moments of all these hours  
return in another light.

So few to recall, to recollect  
into oneself as oneself,  
as if to be was a falling away  
or poverty a form of wealth.

As the trees draw green life within,  
autumn blazes with death.  
Winds swirl, and rising, lift  
into light what light has left.

Here, now, we fall into routines  
that habit would make inert.  
At the close of day we circle  
back, and all the hours revert.

**Uncle John's Band** by Paul Kane  
(previously published in "Life Work")

"We used to play for silver"

Even then our sound bore no name,  
though we hung on the word of every song  
in wonder at what the night would foster  
out of the flow and ebb of unrehearsed time.

As if to know the earth's phase and feel  
the girding orb skirt the day, we stood  
west, facing a summer's sun set to all but  
our eyes—apprising too the night's return,  
burning at the edge of tooled and gilded clouds.

A turn and shift of wind filled the air  
to a cooler, more moist and sweet taste.

Stretched behind us now, above the glowing hills  
of a further range, thunderheads rose  
in the distance—twenty, maybe thirty miles off—  
the sight an echo of the sound.

Then—prolonged in its moment, a prolonged  
momentum—a clarifying wind rushed along our bodies  
as music reared to a whistling of the air—  
for the storm was upon us.

Sweet remembrance, return us to ourselves—  
connectedness stirred on the field below,  
the thunder—gut-conceived and borne  
by the song outright—rang "I am."

Rising to its final phase, the moon  
broke with the waves upholding night  
as the blanched and rippling ground gave way  
to a song bereft of words but clearly crying:

We are nothing—as we are all—filled  
with a violence our natures abhor.

"I am, I am" was all we ever sang.

## Talking To Your Daughter About Lying by Karen Schubert

These days you have no  
patience, no way you're going  
to eat another sandwich,  
it'll be a lunch to remember  
at the table by the window,  
by yourself, goddamn it, and you  
won't think about others  
thinking about your eating alone.  
You'll be thinking about  
the eagle you saw on the drive  
home last night, when the light streaked  
out of a hole in the clouds like  
a starving artist painting. An eagle!  
How unexpected - the way it  
grabbed the branches when it landed –  
you want to take hold  
of something like that, imagine  
how it feels to stop your flight  
and rest, right there, right then. You'll  
tell your daughter the truth that day,  
something you usually walk over  
like glass. Your daughter will  
answer, *I only lie to myself.*  
You'll say, *of course. No one else*  
*would believe you.*

## How Do I Pack Up the House of My Life?

by Maria Mazziotti Gillan

Your voice on the phone last night, thin  
and frightened, is a sound I hear in my bed

where I try to sleep. It is the hair shirt  
I wear all day that torments me for having left

you behind while I bathe in the pleasure  
of this new life, the horizons of my world

expanding. You tell me that at two p.m.,  
your medicine stopped working. You have

not been able to move since then. It is now  
nearly midnight. It took me three hours to make

the shopping list, you say. I'm afraid of what will happen to me.  
And I hear the trembling

in your voice and the shame in my own heart  
for the way my life is opening up. Yours

is slamming closed. There is no medicine for the sound guilt  
makes at three a.m.

I cannot escape or the picture of you in your  
narrow bed unable to turn over and of myself,

here in this sunlit apartment where I pretend  
that I am the only one who needs me.

## **That Was the Year I Wanted to Change My Name**

by Maria Mazziotti Gillan

I was twelve and in seventh grade. My mother and father called me Maria with that very Italian inflection *Mah ria*.

My brother and sister called me Mary, deciding at some point that Mary was the American equivalent of Maria,

but in seventh grade I decided I needed to change my name, that Maria sounded foreign, that Mary signified a life I didn't want—plain and dull and too Catholic. It reminded me of the Blessed Virgin. I didn't feel I could live up to her

cool blue perfection, her face, all purity and grace, floated above her blue cape in the side altar at Blessed Sacrament Church. That year, I remember standing in the row between the desks talking to Camille;

suddenly, I heard myself saying *I want everyone to call me Marie from now on* and Marie it was that year, though as soon as I said it, the name didn't feel right, like a sweater in a store window that looks so exquisite

but is uncomfortable each time you wear it, even when you can't decide why. Marie was like that. Years later, after I had been making friends call me Marie for a long time, I realized that Marie was a lower class name

often reserved for diner waitresses and beauticians and not really any more American than Maria or Mary. I wanted to fit in so desperately that I had given away my own true name, Maria, the one that really fit me,

the one with its Italian sound, the one I would force everyone to use even when they wanted to call me Marie, the one I reclaimed the year when I discovered that changing your life starts with accepting all the parts

of your past you were so anxious to give away

Everything in the restroom is automatic. You walk up and the door and it automatically glides open. You stand at the urinal and automatically urinate. Then you walk to the sink and it automatically dispenses water and soap onto your hands. The hand dryer automatically and efficiently dries your hands in 10 seconds, and you leave the room without ever touching anything in it.

Those moments in the restroom are the only moments Carl looks forward to, and enjoys, at his job. Carl loves using the restroom on “company time,” and everyone who worked with him knows it. They call him “The Stork” because of the manner in which he walks to the restroom and back; arms at his sides, head bobbing and darting to see around him, and all the while a smooth and steady pace. As a stork stalks a fish. In turn they named the stork that hunted the pond behind Compound B “Carl” because it walked like him.

Niles could see Carl leaving the restroom from where he was standing outside the rear entrance of the compound. He hated Carl’s slouch, it was like he had no spine to support the weight. The yoke of a mindless misery, as if his backbone knew that he should be suffering, but his brain did not. As he got closer his gait slowed and his eyes, glum with boredom, fell on Niles in the doorway. Niles ignored his gloomy arrival with the lighting of a cigarette.

Carl stepped out of the doorway and looked Niles up and down with unease. This was Carl’s strange mannerism that initiated every conversation with him. He looked up in the sky to see what Niles was watching. The stork was gliding around and keeping a watchful eye on the pond below.

“He’s just flyin’ all around The Bow Tie ain’t he, Sticks?” Carl said grinning. He had adopted calling Niles “Sticks” to dissuade him from smoking “cancer sticks”. It never worked.

“The Bow Tie?” Niles inquired, not particularly caring for an answer.

“Yeah, The Bow Tie. You never heard that? It what the complex looks like from the sky. That’s what my Dad always called it.”

Niles had never heard that from his father, and doubted that anyone had ever used the term beside Carl. Today he didn’t have the energy to call Carl a moron, it was too hot, and he was too tired. So he chose silence.

“You know we’re not supposed to leave this door open, Niles.”

That was another thing he hated about Carl. His icebreaker was never the real reason he started talking. He blew the smoke successfully upwind at Carl and took another drag. “I don’t give a shit.”

Carl simulated a laugh and looked out over the still pond. “What do they have you doing tonight?”

“Too much.” He said, never liking to talk about work, particularly at work. This didn’t stop the idiot, who continued to talk while tugging on his uniform to give his paunch a little relief underneath.

“Yeah, they got me recharging the coils on the TL-50.” Carl ended the statement with a yawn and nudged his glasses back higher onto his nose.

“Really? Are they going to use it?” Niles perked up at the thought of firing up the TL, hoping they would let him test shoot it at a target barrel, or a flock of birds.

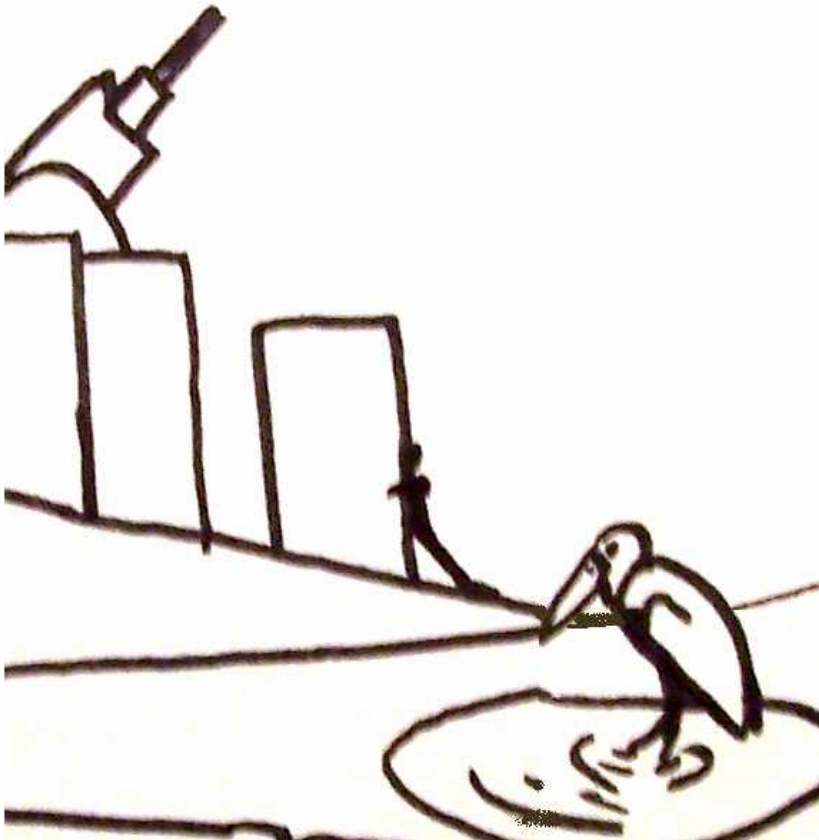
“No...I think they’re selling it.”

“Are you serious? The death ray? Who the hell’s going to buy it?”

“I don’t know. They don’t tell me.” Carl continued grooming himself by patting down his comb over.

Niles gritted his teeth, on the verge of erupting, but opted for staged laughter instead.

“You know this place sucks now. It used to be if you were warming up the death ray, or carting ammunition into trucks, or even sharpening blades for an assassin op that something was going to actually happen. Action, you know? The last



exciting thing that happened was when Dimitri fell off the scaffolding six months ago for Chrissakes. I mean where are the diabolical plans? Where are the world domination speeches? I knew we were fucked when Thanatos retired and was replaced by that suckhole Lloyd Epstein. What the hell kind of evil mastermind name is that? This job's resume fodder for him."

The exact same image of Epstein's practiced smile flashed in both of their heads. They would never know, as long as they lived, how equal they were in mind and spirit at that instant. But as quick as it came it left, and the unity was torn asunder by Carl's meek words.

"Oh I know. But what can you do? We're just henchmen. I'm not even sure Epstein sees himself that way, either." Carl slumped a little lower, and stood quietly never quite sure what to say.

Niles just flicked his cigarette and shook his head. "The other day Epstein was walking through here and he stopped, read my nametag, n'said 'Oh! Hello Neal!' and shook my hand. I hate that. Not just that he always get my name wrong, but that false sense of friendship. We should cower in fear when he's here. Not have conversations with him about the weather."

The cloud that was blocking the sunlight from the two men drifted away, so they walked a little further from the door and leaned against a shaded part of the wall. Carl put one foot on the wall and picked dander off of his black uniform while he produced the smallest of small talk. "You talk to Sheryl lately?"

"No. I call but she doesn't answer."

"What about the kids?"

"How the fuck am I going to talk to the kids if she doesn't pick up the phone, Carl?" He hadn't talked to his kids on the phone for over two years now. The last time he spoke with his youngest, Mark, he told his dad that he couldn't remember what he looked like. So Niles had to describe himself over the phone. He couldn't say pale, redhead, bad health, no future. So he made stuff up. Which was a mistake, for now his son *really* wouldn't know what he looked like.

Carl shrugged, regretting he brought up the subject. Rather than bury it now, he paused and chose to push the issue.

"Who's she living with now? That same--"

"She's shacked up with some arms dealer in Morocco."

"Oh."

Carl stopped there with a sigh and a listless look into the horizon. They both avoided eye contact. Niles hung another cigarette out of his mouth, but didn't light it. He preferred to remain still in contemplation. Staring beyond the hot pavement he could see everything: his bills, his shitty job, his distant family swirling around, and there in the middle of the drain was Carl asking stupid questions.

"Were you there at the Thanatos retirement party?" Carl said, coaxing Niles back out of reality.

"Yeah. It was alright I guess. Open bar. You were there, too. Don't you remember me?" Niles had just lit his cigarette and already wanted to flick it into Carl's face.

"Nope. I was three sheets to the wind. I was so busy talking to all the old crew about the good ol' days I didn't even get to say goodbye to Thanatos. It's too bad really, I wanted to ask him if it was true that he triggered that earthquake in Japan to get ransom money for the Pieces Project, only to have John Stone stop him. Oh man, that's when it was great to be a henchman. Thanatos and Stone." Carl laughed and scratched his elbow, glowing through his shame and regret. Smoke flowed out of Niles nose, concealing his smirk.

"You didn't miss much. He was a dick all night. Well...he was always a dick, but that night he was just different. Quiet. I don't know. After the merger you would think he would be happy to leave. A merger of evil organizations...gimme a break. D.E.A.T.H. and the Berlin Ten didn't even get along before this shit. And the best they could come up with was Epstein and fuckin' Barr Incorporated?"

Carl shrugged, stepping away from the wall, and started to walk back to the doorway. "Well, you know, he was a lord of evil for thirty years. It's gotta be hard to just let go."

"Shit! I can't wait to get out of here. If I wanted to live like this I'd go to the private sector. This boring shit isn't worth the risk of being involved. Let go...I'll be doin' hand springs when I leave this outfit."

Carl, being in his fifties, felt the need to be fatherly to the younger thirty-something henchman. He walked over and placed his hand on Niles shoulder and gave him a stern look of concern. But like most men in their fifties, Carl was operating on the myth that wisdom comes with age. So rather than helpful advice, or knowledge that is based on any kind of experience, he said, "Hey man. You know how they are about dissension. You'll end up in that pond out there." He pointed out into the pond as a gust of wind blew the stench of the water over them.

Niles knew Carl was just hanging in for retirement, so he felt no need to validate his concern with a response and walked away, letting Carl's hand slide off his shoulder.

"We're going to be late for the meeting."

The long walk from the back of Compound B to the meeting room required them to pass through several security clearance checkpoints. Carl and Niles only had clearance up to the conference room. Anything beyond the red door in the back of the room was unknown to them. There could be a chocolate factory behind it and Carl and Niles wouldn't even have access to the samples.

The meetings never had assigned seating, but that didn't stop all eighty henchmen from sitting in the same chairs they always had. Niles and Carl never sat together. This was not a reaction to how they felt about each other, as it would seem, but more how they felt about the leadership. Niles preferred to stay in the back, with his earplugs in, so that he could ignore the entire meeting. He began doing this after the "pink shirt" meeting a few months back. A focus research group concluded that pink was a soothing color. As a result the henchmen are now required to don a pink shirt once a week in the hopes that if there is a raid, then the attackers will be calmed by the sight of so many harmless henchmen in pink shirts. Niles didn't follow the logic. He was sure that if he were ever raiding a compound and found everyone inside wearing pink shirts that none would be spared. Carl sat up front. Niles was certain he sat there just so his lips would never be very far from Epstein's ass.

The meeting from the previous quarter (it should be known here that when it was D.E.A.T.H. that there were no quarterly meetings) was about Epstein-Barr, Inc. going public. The handout at today's meeting stated that the company's stock was up thirteen points. However, Niles didn't know this because he was too busy staring at the wall behind Eddie Cushing's head. As the meeting droned on for forty-five grueling minutes Niles' attention bounced back and forth between the wall and the fluorescent light flickering above his head. The wall was getting more of the attention, though, because if he stared at it long enough it looked like it was pulsing. Finally, after the last ass was numb, they were dismissed and all filed out.

Carl ran up next to Niles as they were passing the last checkpoint back into Compound B. "You think they'll lay us off?"

Niles stopped, turned to Carl, and made the same look of shock and disgust that he did in Costa Rica when he saw Mitchell slip and fall into the crocodile pit.

"Lay us off?"

"Yeah. Weren't you listening? Epstein kept talking about redundancies."

"We're already doing twice the work with half the hench!"

All of the irritations of the job, all of the expectations not fulfilled, and every annoying comment that came out of Carl's mouth was sucked into a vacuum of fear to lose his henchmanship. But, before Niles could even start to vocalize his malcontent, Sergeant Harrington from Compound A interrupted him.

"Park! MacCormack! Get over here!"

Both men filed over and hid every thought of disobedience as they stood at attention for Sergeant Harrington. The sergeant was lax and tired, holding onto paperwork that he never imagined he would have to file, and looked at the two men like they were his last two options.

"I need you guys to go over to Safe Keeping Room 12 and delete the prisoner. He's no longer of use to D.E.-," he had to stop himself and regain the composure of a higher rank, "-no longer of use to Epstein-Barr, Incorporated." He regurgitated the company name in the same manner a grade-schooler performs lines in a play. As he rolled his eyes to lower ranked henchmen there was a brief moment of understanding between them. That thing which everyone knows, but doesn't speak of, had spread through the base like a virus. And in these dire times it was the minor slips of tongue that created a bond between all the ranks.

Carl stammered an objection, "Sir, we're not supposed to do deletions. We're not in the Deletion Department, Sir."

Harrington sighed through his nose and let Carl know what he should have known already. "There is no Deletion Department anymore. It was deleted." Harrington tapped the paperwork on his leg, showed his back to him, and paced away.

Carl looked at Niles, his jaw hanging, and could think of nothing but his reflex response.

"I have to go to the restroom first Niles."

"Okay, I'll wait for you there."

Safe Keeping was a small blockhouse connected by a passage in between Compound A and Compound B. Niles walked up to the guard, a fat man named Dingle, whom Niles affectionately addressed as Dingleberry. Dingle was seated behind a podium, staring at a computer screen. His head was tilted back so he could see through his bifocals, and running his tongue back and forth along his mustache. The first time Niles saw him do this he thought that Dingle was flirting with him. He was thankful to discover it was just a strange habit.

“What’ya still got some frosting on your mustache, you fat fuck?”

Dingle looked up from the screen and belly laughed. “Niles! The hell you doin’ down here?”

“I have to delete the prisoner in 12.”

“They sent you?” Dingle leaned back into another belly laugh and shook his head. “Wow. I never thought I’d see you down here. Where’s the other guy? There’s supposed to be two.”

“He’s taking his five o’clock shit.”

Dingle smiled with his eyes, “Oh! Then the other guy is Carl, huh?” He stood up and waddled around to Niles to punch him in the arm. Niles was always careful not to engage in activity that encouraged people, so he dodged it. The men both stood for a moment and traded the same set of questions that all acquaintances do, and after a while Carl sulked in. The dynamic changed to Niles and Dingle picking on Carl as the guns were handed out, and the three men walked down to Safe Keeping Room 12. Dingle put his clearance card into position to swipe and looked back at them to dispense some last minute advice.

“Okay. This guy’s not sedated. So you should do it fast. Don’t let him talk, or you might not go through with it. It’s a rat race around here now, you have to make sure you’re useful.” And with that he swiped the card and the door slid open.

Niles walked in first and Carl hid behind him. The prisoner was a slender man, probably about forty years old, huddled in the corner of the room. His clothing was dirty and disheveled. He sat up and his sweaty head wagged back and forth at the two henchmen, who were unwisely brandishing their firearms in the open. The man tugged the bar he was handcuffed to on the wall and whimpered as his eyes darted between the guns.

“Oh, Je-Jesus...look you guys can just lemme go you know. I-I-I won’t tell any...oh, Jesus...” He stared to cry and shrunk back into the corner with his head between his legs.

Niles hated the indignity of it. This wasn’t battle. There was no propriety in killing the man. But he knew deep down that Carl wouldn’t do it.

Carl cleared his throat, and the would-be executioner responded to him. “What?”

“Well, when I was in the restroom I was just thinking...”

“Yeah?”

“Well...Sheryl is half-Japanese, right?” He paused briefly before delivering what was easily the dumbest thing Niles had ever heard. “How do you know she’s half?”

Niles stared at Carl intently, and began to think that maybe the prisoner in the corner wasn’t the one who should be shot. But this feeling subsided and he laid out the facts for Carl in the same tone that he had always used with his children. “I know because her mom is Japanese...and her dad...is white.”

“Yeah but, how do you know it’s exactly half? She looks a little more Japanese to me.” Niles unconsciously began raising the gun at the man in the corner without breaking eye contact with Carl.

“What the hell are you talking about? Of course she’s half because...because she’s half! Fuck’s wrong with you Carl?”

The prisoner was getting hysterical watching the barrel take aim on his head. He could take it no longer and began pleading again.

“P-please don’t kill me! I have kids! I have a family!”

“How do you know she isn’t like almost two-thirds Japanese?”

“Two-thirds?!”

“I have kids!”

“Yeah. Isn’t it possible?”

“No, it’s not possible, asshole!”

“I have a daughter, Marie. She’s six. And my son...”

Niles turned all his attention to the man and released his Carl-fueled frustration on him. “Shut the fuck up! We all have kids!”

The truth of it silenced the room. Two of them were aware now of the absurdity of the whole situation. One, however, had a point to make that was so important the reflective silence had to be shattered by it.

“It’s not about Sheryl really. I just think there’s no such thing as a half.”

Carl now dumbfounded even the prisoner, and the prisoner and Niles looked at Carl with their mouths frozen in the “w” position of “what?”

“Well think about it. If you cut a pie in half, it isn’t going to be cut exactly in half. One side will be bigger than the other.”

Niles lowered the gun, “You gotta be shitting me, Carl.”

“No, think about it. You’ll never be able to slice a pie exactly in half. Not matter how hard you try. So there can’t be such a thing as a half, really.”

The prisoner, whether in an attempt to gain rapport with Niles, or in actual interest, decided to join the conversation.

“Actually mathematically you would eventually cut it in half after enough attempts.” The effort failed the prisoner; Niles had no desire for help with Carl’s stupidity.

“YOU--shut up! And YOU--how in the hell does that mean that there is no such thing as a half?”

Carl was amusing even himself and continued his argument by pulling out a dollar. “You see this? If you tore this dollar, there is no way you would tear into two equal parts.” He now adopted a triumphant tone and was confident his conclusion was solid. “So! There is no such thing as a half!”

“What’s half of four, Einstein?”

Carl’s smile faded a bit, “That’s not what I’m talking about.”

Niles had to put an end to this. In his mind there had to be two executions in the room: Carl’s stupidity and the prisoner. So despite any reservations he provoked Carl to explain what he was really talking about.

“No Carl. That’s *exactly* what you are talking about. You’re suggesting that because there are uneven slices of pie all over the world, that all usage of the word *half*, and it’s definition, should be stricken from existence! Right?”

Carl lost confidence but pleaded his case to the very end. “No. Well...it’s just that...look you know what I mean though right? There is no such thing as a true half! Not like math half, but real--”

“Oh, kiss half of my ass!” Niles turned back to the prisoner, with renewed vigour to commit the second execution. The man winced and pleaded for an instant before the whole room shook with a concussion larger than any of them expected. The prisoner opened one eye at a time, confused that he was still alive. His executioners were looking up and all around the room, as if they would be able to see the source of the explosion from within the cell. Carl was in bewilderment.

“That sounded like an explosion.”

“No shit, Sherlock.” Niles looked to Carl and then the prisoner. “We have to go check it out. C’mon.”

Niles and Carl fled; both were relieved that they didn’t have to kill the man, at least not yet. They were careful not to run right out of Safe Keeping Room 12, because no one has the natural urge to run toward an explosion. Dingle wasn’t in the passage. His screen was still on but the system appeared to be down. Niles and Carl kept their weapons drawn and were cautious of every door as they continued back into Compound B.

From the exit of the passage they could see that the explosion had been in the conference room. The sprinklers were hosing down the last of the flames and created a white noise that blocked out all other sound as the henchmen examined the remains of the room from afar. The whole room, and the wall which enclosed it, was hollowed and blackened from the blast. There were pieces of human gore all around and Carl turned away from them hoping it wasn’t someone he knew well. “Niles, what are we going to do?”

“We have to find someone and see what is going on.”

They hunched down, weapons drawn, and traveled through the ammunition aisles to the main entrance. Three dead henchmen were on the floor at the main entrance. Niles knelt down and examined them while Carl stood shaking his head and recalling their names.

“I can’t believe this! Were they shot?”

Niles shook his head, “No. They were stabbed. They didn’t even get any shots off. Must be a black ops team or something.” He picked up one of their communicators, but no transmissions were on any channel. He tossed it to the floor, stood up, and looked back at Carl who was shaking all the way down to his steel-toed boots. “I need to go to the restroom.”

It was clear to Niles now that Carl had always heard of, and harked back to the Good ‘ol Days, but had never taken part in them. He was standing there like a frightened child about to go on its first roller coaster, and was no more confident about what to do than Niles.

“Look Carl. I know you’re scared, but I need you to focus right now. All the fire doors are closed. Who ever did this wants us to be closed in. We have to find some henchmen, and get out of this alive. Okay?”

Carl calmed himself, “Okay. But I still have to go to the restroom.”

“Look Carl. If you don’t get your shit together, people are going to be talking about you in the past tense, okay? It won’t be Carl *is*, it will be Carl *was*.”

Before Niles could clarify the gravity of the situation any further he was interrupted by bursts of small arms fire back in the direction they came from. Niles ran to the gunfight and Carl followed obediently. The frequency of gunfire waned as they approached until only the evidence of the fight remained when they reached the battleground. Ten henchmen lay slain on the floor. One was twitching, watching the blood flow from a chest wound. Niles and Carl hurried to his side to see that it was their buddy Bruce.

“Bruce. Oh shit, man! Are you okay?”

Bruce held as many wounds as he could and coughed up an account of what happened. “There’s only one guy. Oh, shit this hurts...he was everywhere. Ow, I’ve never seen anything like it. Oh...” He continued coughing up blood and gasping for air.

Niles harbored a secret fear of someday being killed by some Midwestern teenager fresh out of the journey from the second string of a high school football team to boot camp. So the thought of risking death in the fight against a worthy adversary was comforting in its own morbid way, so he urged him on, desperate for any information, because Bruce didn’t have long. First aid wasn’t part of the job description.

“He’s big, strong sonofabitch, couldn’t kill’em, man, he was good,” Bruce winced, “Pretty handsome, too, in a rugged sort of way. Black hair...I’d do’em...” Bruce laid his head back and closed his eyes. Niles nudged him a couple times in an effort to keep his last words from being “I’d do’em.” Especially since he had a wife and four kids. Niles wanted to be able to say his last words were her first name, or something. Instead of a confession of lifelong repressed homosexuality.

The two men remained silent for their friend’s passing. The pools of blood on the floor gave off their own grave humidity.

“I don’t want to die,” Carl stated timidly, staring at the dark pools merging all along the floor.

“You won’t. There’s still 60 henchmen somewhere around here. We just gotta find’em and kill this fucker.”

They left the carnage behind them and went through the remains of the conference room. It smelled like a fireplace and was cracking and popping as the drops of water landed on the charred debris. The red door was open. Niles was compelled to go in and see what was inside. It had to be the objective for the intruder. Carl tagged behind, keeping his gun aimed at Niles’ ass, expressing his total inexperience.

When Niles crossed the threshold of the door he couldn’t believe what he saw. “Oh my God...”

“*What?*”

Niles lowered his guard and pointed at it in disgust, “They have snack machines in here! Do you know how many times I’ve gone hungry because I forgot to pack a lunch? This is bullshit! They even have bags of ice.”

“*Will you keep it down? He might be in here!*”

Niles didn’t care anymore. It was trivial to Carl, but it was the last straw on his fellow henchmen’s back. To Niles it really declared how low his importance was to the operation. The fact that they wouldn’t even give him access to a snack machine made him want to just destroy the whole facility himself. The feeling was reinforced when it dawned on him that some snack vendor had higher access than him.

“I’m gonna buy somethin’.”

Carl disapproved. He was keen to find the strength in numbers that Niles had promised, and was trying to open the door to the next room. Niles put a dollar in the snack machine and keyed in his selection. The digital display prompted the command: PLEASE SWIPE ACCESS CARD. “What the fuck.”

“We don’t have access.”

“I know. All I wanted was a candy bar.”

“NO! We don’t have access to the next room Niles!”

Niles turned, intending to explain that they would have to just go another way when the door behind Carl opened, and a large man in a sleek black armored suit grabbed him. Carl screamed like a schoolgirl and tried to bring his gun up to shoot, but it was easily forced away from him and tossed across the room. Niles took aim but had no clear shot because the intruder had Carl twisted in front of him by the arm as a human shield. Carl pleaded, “Don’t shoot! Don’t shoot! Don’t shoot,” as Niles and the intruder danced with one another from each side of the room. Before Niles could even react, Carl was flying through the air straight at him, and they collided smashing right through the glass of the snack machine. Niles took the brunt of the blow and pushed Carl off of him to try and get air back into his lungs. One of their guns was only a few feet away them on the floor. Carl scrambled on his hands and knees to get to it. The intruder performed a perfect front flip and kicked the gun away in one motion. Then he stuck his fingers in Carl’s nose and brought him to his feet against his will.

Niles was covered in glass with the candy bar he had selected lying over his right eye. With his left eye he could see less fight, and more abuse. Carl would swing and miss. The intruder would land three or four punishing blows. It was clear that the intruder was having fun with him. There were two stunning kicks to Carl's stomach and he was on his knees. Then the intruder grabbed his head and slammed it into the ice machine, and the door popped open. He reached in, took a bag of ice, and swung it generously into Carl's face. Hundreds of cubes, a few teeth, a half empty bag of ice, and Carl slid across the floor to the other side of the room.

"Iced 'em!"

It was a corny thing to say after qualifying someone for hospitalization. Niles stood up, and started clapping and laughing to the intruder as he brushed broken glass from his uniform. The intruder had to be older than Carl, but he was in perfect condition. His hair, black with streaks of gray, wasn't even tussled from the bout.

"So you're the one, huh? That was great. I can't tell you how long I've been waiting for a moment like this.

Wow! Bruce was right about you." He paused to personally omit agreeing with the last bit of Bruce's dying declaration.

The man tilted his head, and with a bit of dash and swagger, spoke to Niles, "Are you Kline?"

"Nope. I don't even know who Kline is. I'm at the bottom of the shit pile."

"You're just a hench? How did you get in here?"

"You left the door open."

"Again? Sorry. Bad habit." He walked closer to Niles with the clear intent to hurt, maim, and or dismember.

"Wait!"

He stopped. "What?"

"I need you to promise me something before we fight."

The man held out his hands to illustrate his confusion. "Look, uh, under normal circumstances the Hero only dispatches the henchmen, right? I don't converse with them, and I certainly don't make promises."

Niles ignored the dissenting opinion and spat out what he wanted to say, "There's a guy down in Safe Keeping Room 12. I want you to free him so I don't have to kill him."

The self-proclaimed Hero furled his eyebrows, "Where's Safe Keeping Room 12?"

"Uh, shouldn't you know that?"

"The intelligence on this op was lackluster. What do you think I was doing in there?" He said, pointing in the direction he came from.

"It's the little building in between The Bow Tie." Niles closed his eyes in self-disgust for using Carl's term.

"Oh, yeah! It does look like a bow tie from the sky."

"Oh, nice asshole! How do you know I'm not just setting a trap?"

"Even if you are I'll just get out of it."

Niles loved and hated this guy. How cocky. What a great nemesis.

"Okay. I'll take him with me. Thanks for the help." The Hero continued his march over to eliminate Niles.

"Wait!"

"What now?"

"Well you can't kill me now. I helped you."

"I wasn't going to kill you. Just knock you out, or something."

"Oh...why?"

The Hero and the henchman both were at a loss. The animosity was gone between them. There was no motivation to fight now, and it hollowed both of them out. They internally concluded that this is why heroes and henchmen shouldn't talk.

"Well, I guess I could just go." The Hero disappointingly admitted.

"Yeah. I guess. I gotta go find a new job now." It was strange. How did it come to this? Earlier today he just hated the organization, now he might be entry level at another, possibly worse one. And for what?

They were walking side by side and nearly left the room when Niles stopped and shrugged. "You know you're right. We should just fight. I'm unemployed now and I don't imagine I'll get this chance again."

"Okay. You want to do it here, or out in the compound?"

"Here is good."

They stretched a little bit until each knew the other was ready. Niles took the first swing. It didn't connect and the Hero placed a punch in his side that made his ribs burn. Niles took a few steps back and the Hero lunged past him. Taking advantage of the Hero going by, Niles hopped up onto a nearby table with one leg, and guided his knee into the Hero's left ear. Niles landed on his feet and the Hero on his knees. He shook his head and held his left ear, "Good one."

“Yeah, I took Karate at the Y when I was a kid.”

The Hero spun on the floor and knocked Niles’ legs out from under him. As the Hero got up on his feet Niles saw Eddie Cushing come around the corner with a gun on him. “Freeze!”

The Hero and the henchman collectively said, “Oh shit.” The gun trembled in Eddie’s hands. Niles saw his own gun on the floor next to him and picked it up. He took aim at the Hero, and all the options flooded his mind. He could kill the Hero, and be promoted. Sheryl might respect him then. He could see the kids. He could move up and not have to wear pink, or talk to Carl, or kill anyone he didn’t want to. If the hero lived, his options were bleak. He couldn’t go with the Hero, or he would be a prisoner. Nothing could exonerate him for the things that he had done for the last ten years. To not kill the Hero would be to bury himself in obscurity. So he took aim, and shot Eddie Cushing through the head.

The Hero flinched and watched Eddie smack facedown on the tiles. Niles rose and walked over to Eddie, and stared at the gun as he held it over its victim. He wavered, unsure, but was steadied by the hand of the man he saved tugging on his shoulder. The rivals nodded to each other and left.

The long walk to the rear of the compound was silent to Niles and the Hero, despite the prisoner’s incessant gratitude for being released. They walked out of the backdoor and Niles lit a cigarette. The Hero halted the rescued prisoner and turned to say some parting words to Niles.

“What are you going to do now?”

“Run. Hide. There are plenty of evil organizations to work for. The O.D.L.O. The Trinity. Wal-Mart.”

The Hero laughed. “By the way. I’m Stone. John Stone.”

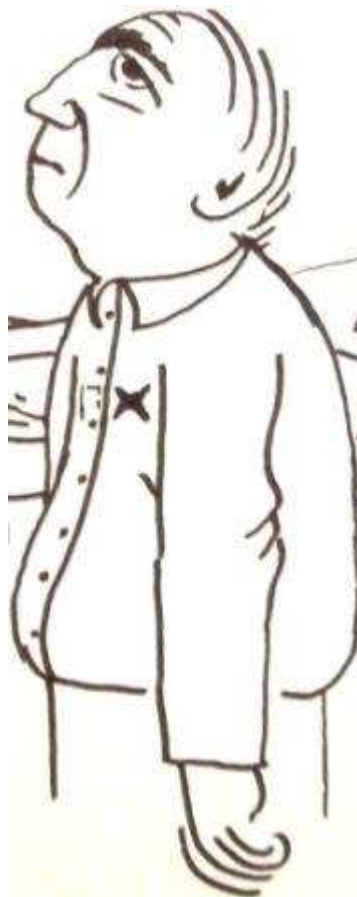
They shook hands.

“Niles MacCormack. Next time we meet I’ll have to kill you.”

“You can try.”

They smiled to one another and the two goodguys left the badguy smoking a cigarette. By the time he had finished the cigarette he could hear a helicopter in the distance. He flicked the burning butt at the pond and watched the stork take flight out of the pond into the horizon.

“C’ya Carl.”



## Some Helpful Biographical Information Concerning our Contributors...

### Writers

**Paul Kane** lives around the corner from a great little deli in Edenville, NY where a certain Cartographer editor works making dynamite sandwiches. The editors would like to make the prediction that one of said sandwiches will find its way into Paul's poetry at some point. But back to Paul Kane...he recently published *Work Life* and is a professor of the English and American Culture departments at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, NY, where (presumably) he dreams all day about making it back to Edenville to have one of those sandwiches.

Did we mention that Adam makes dynamite sandwiches?

**Bill Seaton** runs a poetry series in Warwick, NY called "Poetry on the Loose." He too enjoys Adam's sandwiches.

**Chris Robinson** is in the MFA program at Hunter College. He has been struck by lightning almost 4 times. We think we might know why.

**Christian Anton Gerard** wants someday for his children to have superpowers. In the meantime, he is working on his MFA in poetry at Old Dominion University in Norfolk, Virginia.

**Colie Hoffman** is an MFA student at Hunter. She lives for the love of ponies.

**Karen Schubert** is an editor at *Whiskey Island* in Ohio. One day she will trade in her white Buick for a hybrid, but will raise hell until then.

**Jennifer Diskin** hails from Scranton, but don't hold that against her. She is a neighbour of Dwight Schrute.

**Rebecca Nison** is known for her magic lollipops and aspires to be a tightrope walker some day. That or a knife thrower/owner of a fruit stand.

**Jeffrey Paggi** is one of the local instigators on the Binghamton, NY poetry scene. He is a key figure in the publishing of *The Arc of a Cry*.

**Andrew Polin** is a slam champ, and locally renowned for his connections.

**Andrea Haynes** resides locally in Binghamton for the time being, creating many, many pearls of poetic wisdom.

**Jen McClung** is a musician as well as a poet. Her music will probably make her famous someday.

**Maria Mazziotti Gillan** is the director of Binghamton University's creative writing program and the editor of *Paterson Literary Review*. She is a beautiful and wonderful woman.

**Steven Oldford** is a new father and emerging fiction writer. He has a wrap-around porch, and it is the inspiration for his writing.

### Artists

**Derek Abdekalimi** is a regular contributor to *The Cartographer Electric!* He is mostly responsible for the infamous image from cover of the first issue, which the editors have used way too much...and plan on continuing its overuse.

**Doug Rybicki** hails from the land of Texas, where he built a forge in his parents' backyard to pursue his interest in sharp metal objects. His painting *Twisted Figure* (featured here) will be used as the cover for Joe Weil's new book published through The Press Electrrrrric!

**Gene Tanta** is a graduate of both art and poetry MFA programs at University of Iowa, Gene enjoys sleeping on stranger's couches.

**Joe Weil** currently has three books coming out (and enough poetry to fill several more), including a book through The Press Electrrrrric! called *Teaching the Dead*. He will be travelling to West Cork, Ireland this summer as a Master Instructor in The Well Workshop.

**Greg Bart** is a graduate of Binghamton University. Typically he prefers visions to crumbs.

*All rights remain with the artists, where they have always been.*