

Superpresent



Winter 2023



SUPERPRESENT

Superpresent

A Magazine of the Arts

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HOW TO REACH US

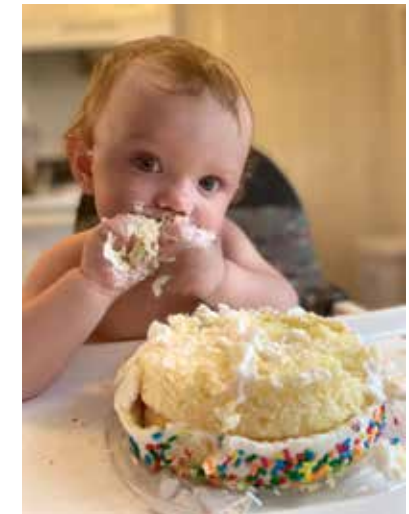
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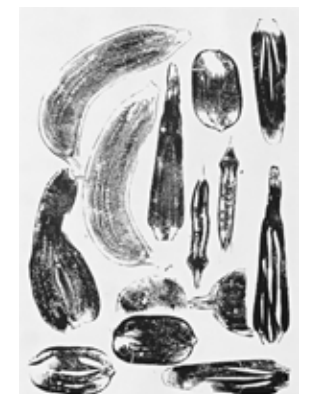
Front Cover
Smash Cake
Kristina Bell



Back Cover
Bandera Smoothies
Olesia Saenko



Front End Paper
Dança dos legumes
Luze



Front End Paper
Legumes printados
Luze

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Donors

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Paul Ziegler

Editors' Note

“He was a bold man who first ate an oyster.” Jonathan Swift

“Wine is bottled poetry.” Robert Louis Stevenson

In the spirit of all who hunger, we welcome you to the seventh issue and third year of *Superpresent* magazine, assembled in this third year of a global pandemic and the first year of war in Ukraine. In this issue contributors explore food, drink, feeding, hunger, appetite, and many related and peripheral matters. We received over 400 submissions from 18 states, 17 countries, 80 poets, 53 writers, and 120 artists. In addition to self-styled artists and writers, contributors include a fireman, a doctor, a biologist, a librarian, an urban planner, a bartender, two journalist, a tarot reader, a designer, and a neuroscientist.

The work selected ranges from the literal (a feast, actual family recipes, voluptuous images of fruit, vegetables, meat, eggs, and snack packs) to the metaphorical (food as fashion, food as sex, sex as food) to the tangential (critiques of the chemical industry, alternative uses for kitchen tools, precise measurements of the sodium, fat and carbs found in common foods) and includes memory pieces (jello and ball pits, rotting bananas) and humor (a gorilla fights a fly for a frozen treat?) and a little irony (the makings of Molotov cocktails delicately arranged as a still life - or should this be filed under metaphor?).

Superpresent remains a not-for-profit enterprise, staffed entirely by volunteers. So it is with real sincerity that we say thank you to our donors and subscribers, as well as our online readers. But special thanks are owed to the artists and writers (whether their work was published or not) for making this magazine possible. While we here at *Superpresent* don't necessarily hate minimalism, it would nevertheless be a challenge to assemble a magazine with no contents.

If asked to give a status update on the health of the magazine (a question every small press asks itself daily) we would say that the condition of *Superpresent* is excellent. Since beginning publication in 2020, the magazine has been read in 144 countries by over 10,000 people every year. We are also pleased to be carried by an actual brick and mortar store (and a great one, Houston's Basket Books and Art) but would love to be available in more retail outlets, maybe even in your favorite bookstore?

If you like what you see here, send us stories, essays, poems, equations, maps, drawings, paintings, sculpture, performances, scores, photographs, fiber art, film, video, or anything to do with dogs (heads up: we have a soft spot for dogs) and recommend us to your friends and ask your librarian why they don't subscribe to *Superpresent*.

For those makers and creators who like to get a jump on things, our next issue will address SPECULATION AND SPECTACLE. *Superpresent* doesn't charge any submission fees and we would love to see your work. Thank you for supporting *Superpresent*. Submission deadline is March 1, 2023.

The Editors



food boxes #14
Benna Gaean Maris

It dawns on me I'll have to beat the eggs with a hand whisk

because I decided on Turkish yoghurt cake for your birthday but forgot we don't have electric beaters and it's too late now to change tack when I'm meeting Ruth in ninety minutes
to see a film about a pair of volcanologists.

In the drawer is a scrawny spiral whisk, barely better than a fork. I consider that meringues were invented before mechanical beaters and that at least I can seek kudos for
the labour of love. I whisk

four whites to soft foam peaks and four yolks with sugar till pale and thick, then the sagged whites again, my fist flailing, forearm aching. I imagine the muscle bulging like I'm a teenage boy who's just discovered his own pleasure.

After the frenzy of beating, the solace of folding. I slide the clouds into mixed lemon
zest, yoghurt, yolks and flour and take up a new wooden spoon. My wrist makes a figure of eight, a repeating infinity sign while I turn the bowl in a circle.

-Anna D'Alton



ABOVE
Pasta Rolling Pin Lariat
RIGHT
Throne
Benita Gikaite





the truth is, i'm not for everyone. a statement less elitist than matter of fact. whether this is the product of a sharp mind or sharp elbows is another story. yet the fact remains: i'm no pumpkin spice latte. can't recall when i was last described as bubbly. will never please a crowd like bacon mac and cheese.

instead, i'm more like matcha: earthy bitterness grounded by umami. the fermented funk of pu'erh. dark and alive. i am the saffron bastani you didn't know you needed: exquisitely complex, you'll learn to love the way i stain. like whole wheat sourdough, i am inconvenient, yet deeply nourishing.

i used to wish i was easier to digest. less prickly, less myself. over the years, i've dug myself up from a deep well of inadequacy. i may never be a classic, but there is power in being a cult favourite. so for those willing to venture into the unknown: i am a cave full of aged cheese, quietly blooming. come plumb my depths.

- acquired taste

-Valerie Wong

LEFT
Spiral
Elton Burgest



Egg and Cabbage
RIGHT
Pasta Bag
Beatriz Chaves



Chicken and Egg

Consider afresh the delicately smooth shells, the glutinous albumen and the golden yellow yolk. If the egg is fertilized, that yolk can feed the embryonic chick which may in around 20 days become another chicken. The chick pecks its way out of the shell with its egg tooth and soon standing there on two feet is a small body ready to make its way in the world. The hatching of eggs is such a marvel that a friend called Matt has introduced a small incubator at home so that his young children can witness for themselves the sight of a chick emerging from an egg.

Chickens and their eggs are so tasty and nutritious that, under human control, they have multiplied across the globe. It is estimated that there are currently over 22 billion chickens in the world. That's approximately three chickens for every person. It is said that average egg consumption per person is approximately 160 per year. In other words, about 3.4 billion eggs are eaten every day. Chickens account for one third of the human world's meat supply and almost all its eggs.

The various species of chicken with their exotic names, such as Brown Leghorn and Lavender Orpington, are derived primarily from the jungle fowl of Asia. They have travelled far and have proved way too tasty for their own good. Indeed, there is a book by Andrew Lawler entitled *Why Did the Chicken Cross the World?* Apparently, the only country currently without live chickens is the Vatican City and the only continent without them is Antarctica.

So many meals and recipes contain and specify eggs. Omelettes. Scrambled eggs (with smoked salmon). Frittata. Bacon and eggs. Eggs boiled, poached and coddled. From my childhood, I remember the egg-timer with its paprika-coloured sand falling through the narrow waist, as the water boiled around the eggs rattling in the saucepan. When the eggs were taken out, the water rapidly evaporated off the hot eggshell. As portable food, hard-boiled eggs can be taken on any picnic to be cracked and peeled out of doors.

As a student, however, I worked for a week on a Devon farm which had battery chickens. We arrived in the cold darkness before the December dawn and entered the stinking hangar full of caged and cacophonous chickens in gloomy artificial light. Our job was to remove the fowls in batches of six from their barred metal laying-cages. The stench of concentrated chicken shit was repellent and so were the sights. Some birds were dead already in the cages and others plucked almost bare.

As instructed, I reached inside the cage and extracted an alarmed chicken by its scaly leg. Flapping her wings, she pecked my gloved hand and shat herself. I transferred each chicken to my left hand until I had six chicken legs dangling in my grip. I then walked with the grim clutch of fowls to a lorry waiting outside. There I crammed the birds into a plastic cage and shut the lid on them. Repeat and then repeat, again and again. Later, as dawn glowed slowly, the name of Shippams was revealed on the side of the lorry. Their laying days over, the chickens were destined to become meat paste in little glass pots.

The work put me off eating poultry and eggs for months and off factory farming for very much longer i.e. for life, although the experience did not cause me to become a vegetarian or vegan. Conscious of the self-deceit, I now try to buy what are called Free Range Eggs from what are supposed to be Happy Chickens. When eating half a spicy poussin, rich Coq au Vin or succulent roast chicken wrapped in bacon slices, I try not to remember those stinking battery chickens I manhandled in the Devon dark many years ago.

We too begin as a fertilized egg and grow from zygote to adulthood and beyond, producing or fertilizing human eggs (or not) as we go. Many of us are nourished throughout our lives by delicious eggs and cooked chicken meat. But at what cost to another species (*gallus gallus domesticus*) and its own well being? And does the same sort of question also apply to cattle, pigs, sheep and so on?

Duncan Forbes



28 June, 12.27 am after eating hamburgers
Aleydis Nissen



Feeding the Skull
Jona Xhepa

Oh! she is sumptuous

Oh! her beauty, I want to devour it

her curly hair like *emarti*

her brown colour, like *peda*

her lips like *gajar ka halwa*

She is sweet as *rasgulla*

She is stubborn as *soban halwa*

She is delicate as *soban papdi*

She is my *kaju katli*

She is my *medu wada*

I want to dip her in the chutney of my life

And savour its taste in me

Oh! she is hot like *mirchi pakora*

She grills me like *missi roti*

Oh! I want to get lost in her talk

Her words are crisp as *sev*

Her talk is relishing as *pani puri*

Her syllables are savoury as *gulab jamun*

Her phrases are salubrious as *shrikand*

She is nice as *masal dosa*

She is my *jalebee*

She is my *chaat*

She is my *dhokla*

I want to pour more chutney into my life

And savour her taste in me

Oh! she is hot as *curry*

She grills me like *aloo tikki*

-Pulkita Anand



This is Our Food!
Vardit Goldner





ABOVE

Scrappy and sweet

RIGHT

Impulsive Like Me - Cheers to you Ren Hang

PREVIOUS PAGE

Vanitas Junior

NEXT PAGE

Refrigerate Until Served

Emily Peacock





Film

La Comida

Edward Pomerantz

La Comida. Winner of the Best International Short Film Award at the Discover Film Festival in London.

La Comida is about two strangers--a young mother and a laborer--who meet on a train and share a meal they'll always remember.



https://youtu.be/3ywRvef_RPg



Diente de León

La Marginale

In 2002, Uruguay experienced one of the biggest economic crises in the country. I was 10 years old. My house smelled like beach and freshly cut grass. From time to time, the knife sharpener still passed through the neighborhood with its melody. The music came from the radio. Many books were gone. There was no more Coca-Cola or tasty cereal. That day the food was sparse. However, luckily, there was always play and re-invention.



<https://vimeo.com/749114189/3a345ef853>



One in a Million

Poh Hian Chia

One in a Million began with a question: What does a billion of anything even look like? Where there is abundance, there is scarcity. 350kg of rice. There are about 21, 939,750 grains of rice here. What is 1,000,000,000? *As of April 2022, Forbes found 2688 billionaires with a total net worth of \$12.7 trillion (12,700,000,000,000). Ultimately, confronting poverty and inequality means confronting questions of ethics and morality—questions about what it means to be deserving, questions about what the greater good can, or should, entail.*

-Teo, You Yenn. This Is What Inequality Looks Like. Ethos Books, 2018.



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s5R7z4uGi7Q>



Tomatoes Too Go

Pierre Leichner

Dr Legumes is a plastic surgeon for vegetables. On his YouTube channel he recorded several daring operations to free vegetables that became entrapped in plastic garbage



https://youtu.be/FCG1kuAYENk?list=PLhAL4L5jDL_Z6L9Kzo-J42RzceGr4-8cbJ



Lobster

Marie Lynn Speckert

Lobster shows an eating situation, with the massacre of a lobster being the thread of the video. It reflects the "upper class" - shows a detached world compared to the absurd. Delicacy with rules and manners. It's a long eating process, with predetermined rules. An elaborately made-up woman is shown, who enjoys eating a lobster in its individual parts.



<https://vimeo.com/mdura/lobster>



Hamburger

Winston Wheeler Dixon

"Most people want a perfect relationship... I just want a hamburger that looks like the ones in commercials."
- Andy Warhol

This video was created using footage and soundtracks in the Public Domain, or released as CC0 Public Domain materials, and is made entirely from recycled, repurposed and refashioned images and sounds.



<https://vimeo.com/212629884>





\$8.93
Graham Krenz

Countless
muses
serve
A MEAL
OF
RANTS
Sunday dinners
never end.

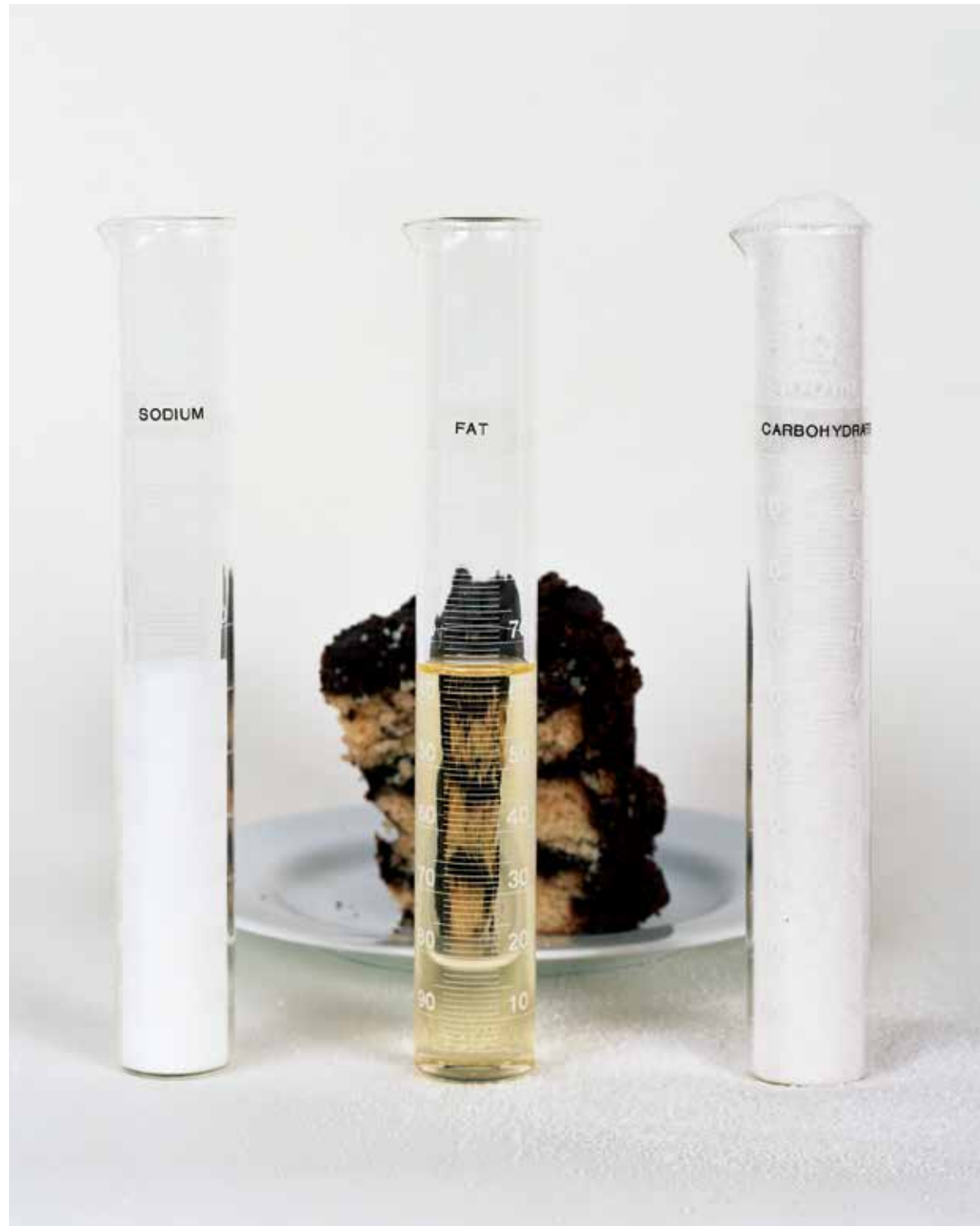
J.I. Kleinberg



Burger
Kristy Peet



Pizza
Kristy Peet



Cake
Kristy Peet

Bistro Devotional

“There is a communion of more than our bodies when bread is broken and wine drunk.”

--- M.F.K. Fisher, *The Gastronomical Me* (1943).

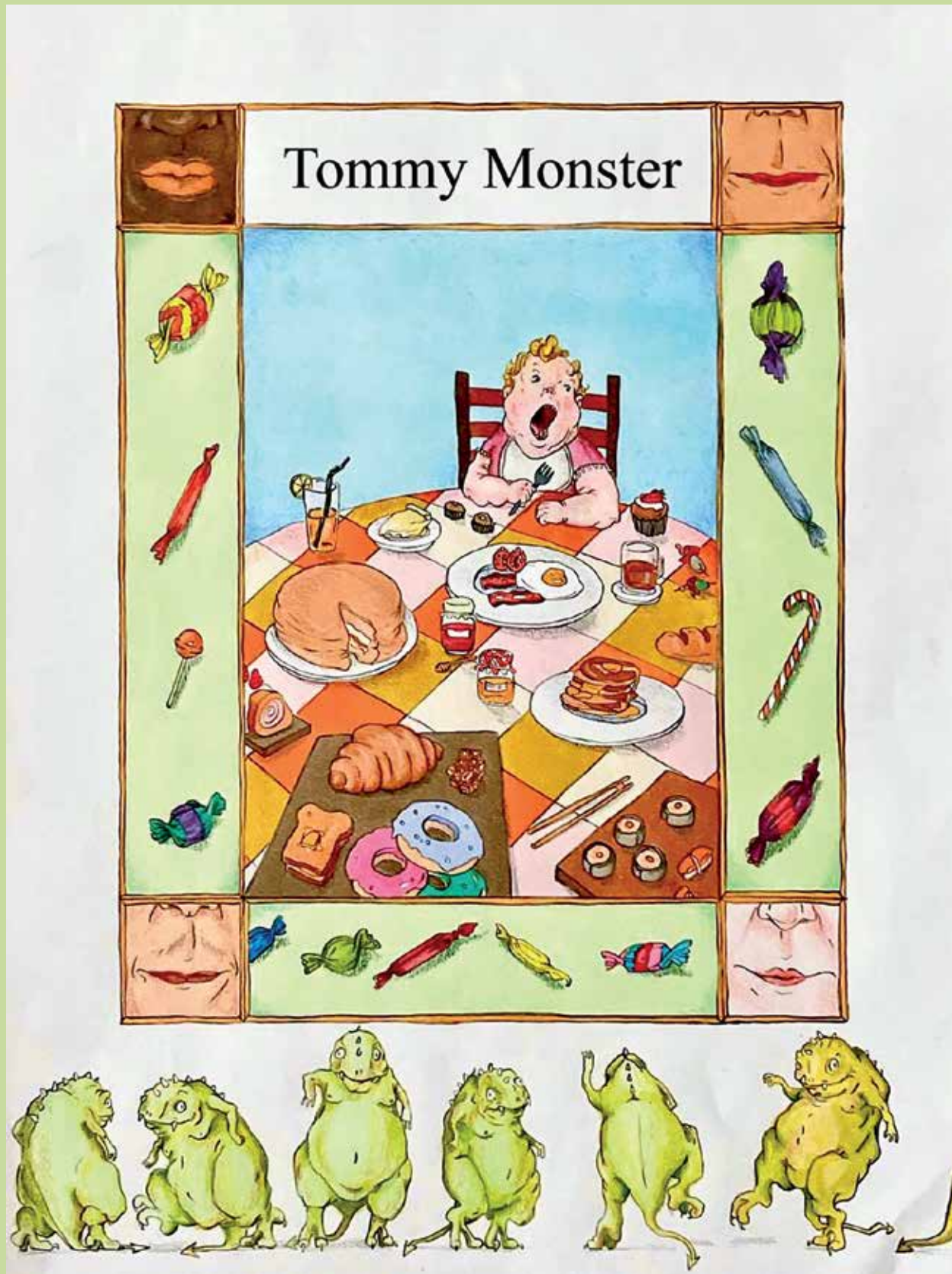
Three oblate potatoes, pale white shimmer crossed by two herring fillets, arrive on a small plate, placed in front of me with casual reverence, with a nod of warm formality. My wife receives *cèleri remoulade*, the celeriac heaped like thick straws, smothered in chopped parsley and a mayonnaise consisting heavily of mustard, real Dijon mustard because we are in our favorite bistro in that city, while living in Burgundy for six months during the winter and spring of 1991. The best revelations are the small ones, the ones that we get to repeat, the ones that do not demand special attire or stature or shine, just a proper sense of timing and an attitude of receptive humility. And a willingness to accept deviations from the liturgy; today we find some cornichons in the remoulade because the greengrocer had some on hand (from her nephew near Saint-Victor-sur-Ouche, no doubt), tomorrow there may be capers instead, and on any given day other specifics will change. But there can be no change to the underlying structure, the three courses, the trinity of *l'entrée*, *le plat principale*, and *le dessert*. All for 110 francs *tout compris*.

At the heart of the tripartite mystery is a menu scribbled daily on a piece of paper and primarily dwelling in the mind of the bistro staff, a steady rotation based on seasonality, availability, and the whims of the proprietor. In February and March, the first course leans on root vegetables and soups, and aging terrines brought up from the cellar. We hold Lent at bay with *blanquette de poulet* and duck confit and potatoes in every configuration. Easter heralds the arrival of spring, with newly picked beans and then asparagus appearing on the menu, and fresh trout fried in the pan and sprinkled with herbs from the garden. One constant throughout the year: a small chicken roasted in its own fat, its gizzards and liver cooked inside, with salt and butter glazing measured out in precisely the right proportions, so the entire bird crackles on its skin and dissolves internally. Each dish celebrates the homely, far removed from grandeur and thus that much closer to heaven. The simplicity of it all astonishes.

Further emphasizing bourgeois grace is another constant, one of the most straightforward desserts, the *tarte Tatin*, the butter and the sugar caramelized before the baking, one simple step that transforms meager ingredients into a trumpet call. Its only rival is the allowable substitution of a modest but resourceful cheese plate for the dessert, typically including a bit of creamy *Époisses* or *Chaource* (I always saved a bit of the bread to mop up every puddle) and a slice of mild *Morbier* with its streak of ash separating two halves of the host. Across the entirety of the unhushed hallowed meal, a glass of wine, a *vin de table* to be sure, village and regional appellations only, but regardless from various *terroirs* of Burgundy, and hence a small miracle each time, *selah*.

Such is the impromptu provision of a rite that embodies the soul with cardinal virtues. Such the proofing, the plenishment, the attainment of grace on a Tuesday, a Thursday. Such the mellow confession, the careful ladling of conscience, the anointment of oils – minor works perhaps but oh such savory salvation, sublimity a wedge from the truckle and the bread-basket placed just so, bliss sanctified with a burp. Partaking in that bistro, with my wife and at that hour, many times, with contented fellow participants and with officiants of quiet expertise, revealed for me a corner of the feast that is love unbounded. Oh, and did I mention the steak frites...?

- Daniel A. Rabuzzi



Tommy Monster
Nazanin

At the Fish Tank in Madrid

A brain's pane of glass is no different
than its smelted sand alternative,
separating us from them: the looker

from the looked-upon & vice versa.
We sit in this little cantina
at a streetside window at midday,

eating our tapas of bread & oil
& garlic & tomato. They look on
like our plates are their own menu—

our sopping fingers, our gorged faces
irrelevant as wallpaper to them.
I say I feel like I am in a fish tank

& you reverse it: they are the aquarium
carp on the opposite side of the glass
& we control the feeding. You chew

extra slowly, not wiping the oil from your lips,
intent on making them drool. You laugh
& spew bread crust & they salivate more.

They want what you have & we stop.
How do we really know what is going on
(maternal rage, jealous fear-storm, calm)

inside anyone on this street?
You take another dripping bit
& we laugh spittle on the pane.

-Cathy Wittmeyer



Collapsed Stillness
Nuo Jiang

Gothic Heart Disease

It's meat, it's meat, it's meat, meat, meat! Blood bricks
for sale, incredibly cheap. Hey peep
this steak, this steak to chop, a chop to stake,
all plaintive moos stop. To steer the steer head-
first toward shots that chill my soul; could it not?
No *not*, for soup! For soothe the meat gets ground
and shaped and caked, extruded, bought, and baked
into pies for hands and burgers sans ham.
A snout down the gullet, a gullet in case
lungs and innards need a place to encase
foul odors that simmer and congeal in disgust
while clogging up pathways with ghost donned in rust-
colored stains. Ghosts are not real in the myst-
ical sense; the live on inside us,

without paying rent.

-Eric Howerton



Food Series Nude (1)
Ana Jovanovska

Snow Clams: for Helena Qi Hong

When I spotted your papaya steamed
With snow clams upon returning
From my afternoon shift at Choices
Market, I felt like stumbling into
Some heavenly fairy tale. It was real
On weixin though I can neither smell
Nor taste it. How cozy our home is
On the screen: every day I eat, sleep
Talk with you. Our feels are as fresh
As the fruit flesh, as we enjoy our
Privacy of love as if within the shell
Of the snow clam. We kiss good night
Good morning; I work outside to make
A few bucks while you learn drawing
At home. You are a good wife. And
Me? I like what you cooked for me

-Changming Yuan

Don't Be Scared

I eat binoculars.

I know I shouldn't, but they're just too deliciously crunchy to resist.

Besides, the tourists bring me new pairs so regularly that I'm sure they mean them to be treats.

Sometimes we play a little game. They start by brandishing the delicate morsels as if the main purpose of binoculars were to help admire the scenery. They drape the chewy straps around their necks, lift the soft rubbery ends to their eyes, fiddle with the tangy metallic rings and gaze through the glassy lozenges.

Eventually – it always happens – they put the binoculars down beside them and pretend they've forgotten all about them. I know it's a ruse, and while I reach out to hook in my prize, they avert their eyes.

I like to watch the tourists lingering on the shore, greedily drinking in their surroundings while I savour the binoculars, piece by tasty piece. They sweep excited arms across the backdrop of heather clad hills, point up towards the buzzards drawing lazy circles between the clouds and crane their necks down the length of the loch to see where the old ruined castle teeters on the edge of the promontory.

Showing my gratitude for their gifts is tricky; doing so can cause the tourists to leave in a hurry, and I don't want to scare them. Subtlety is the key. I don't raise my head above water more than once a decade or so. Whenever I do, there's a flurry of excitement, a flash of cameras and then they rush away. More often, I simply send a ripple towards my benefactors. I have so much water to play with, it doesn't take much to streak a satisfying wake across the mirror.

They always notice. I see them pause and look around, pretending to explain away the ripple. It must be the way the wind is swirling, they say, or maybe a small bore set up by the tide. I smile to myself. No, it's just me.

At the end of one long hot summer, the day the rain came, I was gifted a particularly succulent pair of binoculars. These had been hung for decades and their leather casing was worn to softness and infused with a trace of tobacco. The couple who brought them looked happy and relaxed, as if they were enjoying their tour of the Highlands and each other's company. They must have made a special excursion to present their offering to me. So delighted were they to have found the loch and so mesmerised by its mysterious beauty, that snatching the binoculars from under their noses was child's play.

I was particularly proud of the ripple I sent as thanks. It rose as if from nowhere and raced across the smooth expanse right to their feet, causing them to jump back on the shingle and laugh in surprise. I saw wry smiles exchanged, shoulders shrugged, heads tilted. I hoped they understood my meaning.

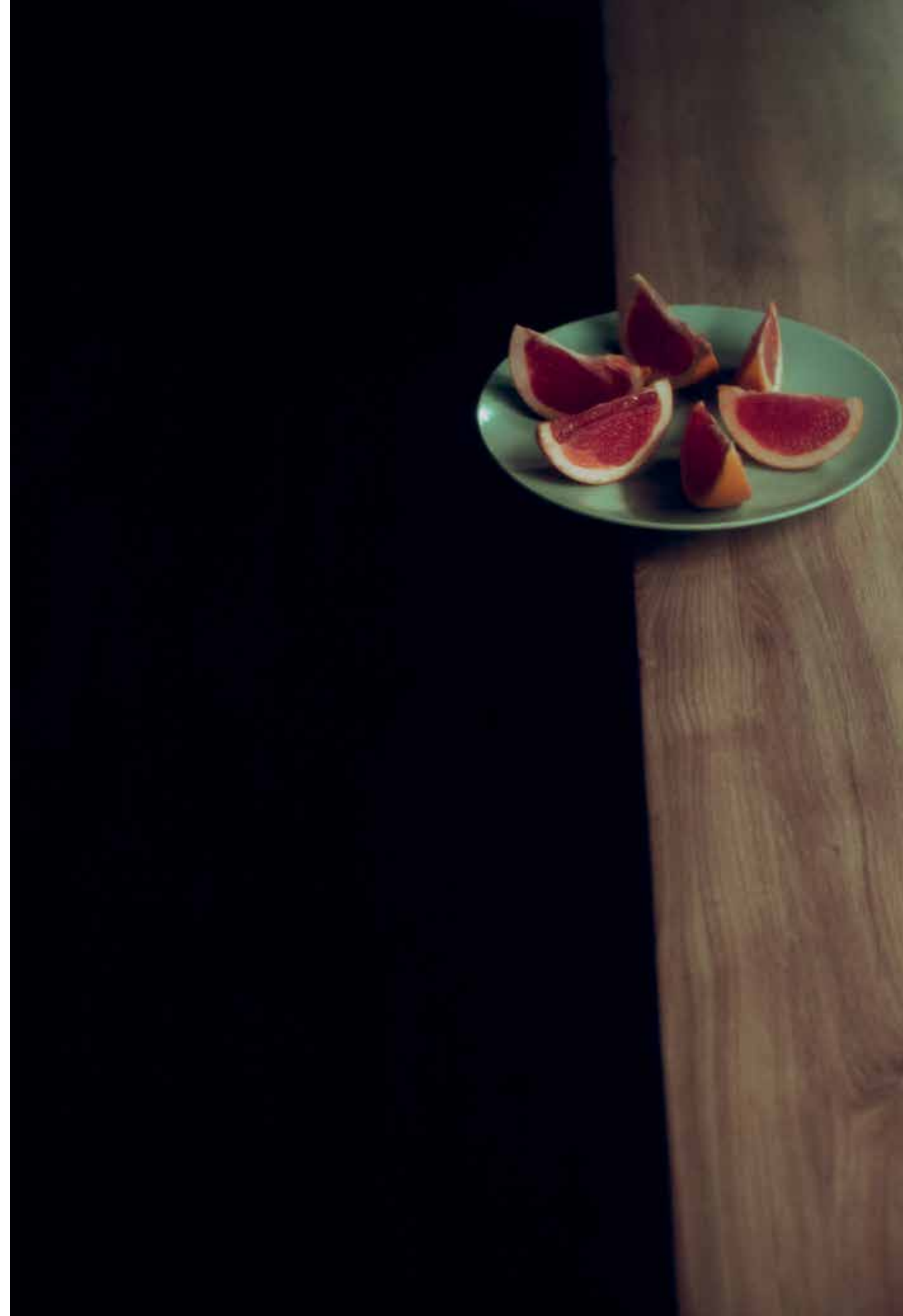
The heavens chose that moment to open. The couple grimaced at the sky as raindrops began to pucker the loch's surface and they ran away, back up the steep steps towards the road.

It is a naughty habit, but since I discovered binoculars taste so much nicer than people, there's no reason to be scared.

-Claire Jaggard



Celebrating in a Ukrainian Villages House
NEXT PAGE
Vanitas
NEXT PAGE OPPOSITE
Photo from Lockdown diary, 2020
Olesia Saienko



The Watermelon

When they think I am not looking
the two neighbor boys steal away with
the only watermelon I've ever grown.

They had cleared a spider hole
deep in the jungle of soybeans
across from their house,
and now they carry
my watermelon between them,
their tanned backs and legs
cutting through a canopy of green.

They do not notice I have followed them
until they sit down with their prize,
and then suddenly—I appear,
bearded, angry—justified!
I take back my melon and deliver a speech
about the sanctity of property
and my right to protect what is mine—
this thing, my private watermelon.

When I think back on that moment,
I can still taste my foolishness, my failure
to remember what it was to be a boy,
the joy of lawless adventure.
A joy I once felt long before.

I should have opened that sweet melon
then and there and let those boys kiss
its bloody, seedy grin over and over,
as long as they liked, until it was gone,
leaving them with their conquest,
a sense of enduring abundance,
that the earth will always provide.

-Will Reger



Drink my Tea
Xu Yuting



The Vegan World
Pattabi Raman

Life is a *Golgappa*

We are all crushed in our life's circumstances
Like boiled potatoes and grams
At times, grilled and fried like puri
Which is good when turned fully round
Like the whole life
Waiting to be mixed with the juice of
Life's romance
This juice has many things, friends, family...
Like *pani* of *golgappa*,
the enchanting aroma of mint, coriander,
a tinge of tamarind, spicy chilli, ginger, black salt,
pepper, blend it, mix it
To relish life's success like *pani puri*,
they come together only when we are ready with
our preparation for life,
Puri is gently broken to make a hole
At the top, as we are sometimes broken
To be filled with the stuff of life
Like potato, gram and salt mixture
Then the juice of life is added
Like *pani*, in this *puri*
It is to be consumed wholly without
Breaking it, swallowing it,
the whole puri of life,
the zest of life comes when they blend
And make the whole *golgappa*, to be enjoyed
And crushed in the mouth

-Pulkita Anand



Brocade, Cabbage, Peonies, and Mango, Close
Lydia Panas



Pomegranate and Orange
Lydia Panas



Red Still Life with Tatiana's Hand, and Blood Orange
Lydia Panas

PAN-FRIED SCALLOPS

Scraped from the sea-bed
and dredged from the ooze
by bludgeoning drag-nets,
their only fault is to taste
too richly of protein.

Their shells are fan-shaped,
fluted orange and a badge
of pilgrimage to Compostella.
And now the scallops are sold
from a red refrigerated van

with a swordfish logo;
plucked from the mud by trawler,
ice-packed, shucked of their shells,
which are thrown on a heap,
no longer needed for soap-dish or ashtray.

The succulent white flesh
and coral ovaries sizzle
in the frying pan, lightly cooked
in oil and butter for two minutes
with salt sprinkled and pepper ground.

They taste so sumptuous to tongue,
teeth and gullet. Chew the memory
slowly and let the flavour linger
in the mouth and mind.
Their bivalve ancestry
long predates our arrival
with all our demands for food
and shellfish. Eat and remember
the price of scallops, cost
of survival and extinction.

-Duncan Forbes

The Pass

---the area in front of the cooking line where orders are placed for servers to pick up.

In the pass, a regatta of hands spawn
the hum of this stretch, voicing
a kitchen stainless, where the singed
and scarred carry lyrics of sweat and onions
beneath their stained white aprons,

this last refuge for tatted men to preach
into boiling grease while the cross-eyed
dishwasher lets his radio croon
with The Commodore's tall tales
about easy Sunday mornings.

In the pass, someone's working off
last night by chugging Kool-Aid,
the color of blood running rare
on a platter of prime rib resting beneath
the heat-lamp's searing orange coil.

In the pass, a testy chef chews his lip
while zesting an orchard of green apple
over a peppery dish of risotto,
squinting his way to *soigne* by slicing
a plump of roast duck into a shingle,

letting it rest atop a blueberry *demi*
brushed into a comet's tail, finished
with a nasturtium,
tweezered until it floats,
a lily-pad on a pond of China.

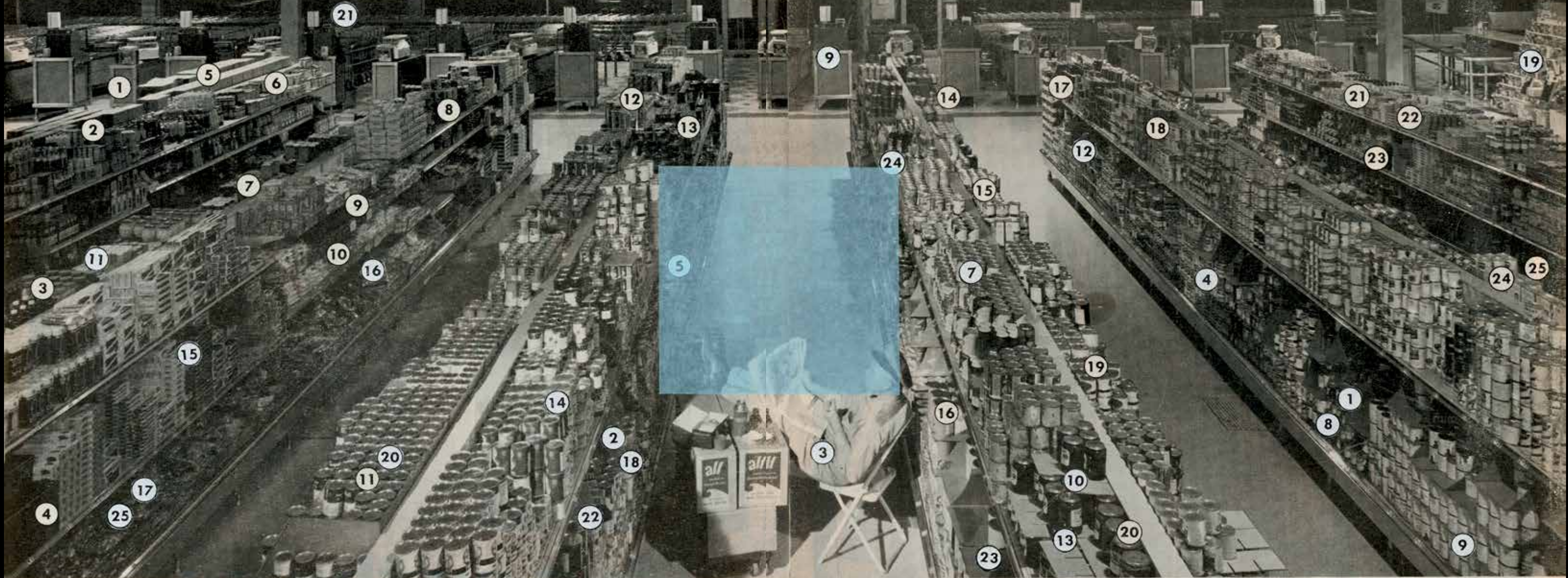
In the pass, impatience sounds
like a dusty Epson printer clicking out chits
until they reach the cracked tiled-floor,
fixing tempo for the clatter and bang
of countertops, and a cook who butters

his bread by making a mark
of the new server until she can't forget
how to cradle atop her palm and wrist
another scorching plate, baited
to singe a yielding skin until it blisters.

-Fred Shaw

NEXT PAGE
Monsanto Whopping Nation
Kirsten Stolle

MONSANTO IN FOOD



FOODS IMPROVED BY CHEMISTRY DOT THE SHELVES OF THIS MODERN U. S. SUPERMARKET. NUMBERS SHOW THE POSITION OF PRODUCTS CONTAINING MONSANTO INGREDIENTS . . . FLAVORINGS AND SUPPLEMENTS . . . NUTRIENTS AND PRESERVATIVES. SEE KEY BELOW.

MONSANTO WHOPPING NATION

eat with Monsanto and your family.

FOODS MADE BETTER BY MONSANTO CHEMISTRY

Keyed to their approximate position in the supermarket

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Sugar | 15. Dietary foods | Soft drinks |
| 2. Baking powder | 16. Fruit drinks | Meat wrapping |
| 3. Vinegar | 17. Evaporated milk | Fresh fruit |
| 4. Gelatin dessert | 18. Tomato paste | Frozen peas |
| 5. Vanilla wafers | 19. Canned potatoes | Frozen batters |
| 6. Salt | 20. Jams, jellies | Sauerkraut |
| 7. Pickles | 21. Meat spreads | Ice cream |
| 8. Instant chocolate | 22. Canned crabmeat | Jelly rolls |
| 9. Caramels | 23. Canned ham | Oleomargarine |
| 10. Candy packaging | 24. Instant cereals | Macaroni |
| 11. Canned soup | 25. Baby cereals | Processed cheese |
| 12. Instant pudding | | Prepared mixes |
| 13. Packaged prunes | NOT SHOWN | Self-rising flour |
| 14. Canned dog food | Refrigerated dough | Bread |



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EAT CHEMISTRY

MANUFACTURERS: If you are interested in any of the materials shown—are considering ways to use them in your business—or want more information, write Industrial Service Department, MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY, St. Louis 4, Mo.

Fritto Misto di Verdure

The bright red and green cover caught my eye. *The Poet's Cookbook: Recipes from Tuscany*. I volunteer every Friday at a used bookstore, where I enter donated and traded books into the database, get them onto the shelves. I restrain myself from stopping and leafing through every volume that crosses my path, but cookbooks are my weakness: the oversized ones with page after page of larger-than-life, mouthwatering photos; the small, understated single-focused paperbacks (cold pasta, stale bread, difficult fruit); the marked-up, much-handled, food-stained classics.

An 8-inch blowup of a single tomato slice, topped with chopped greens, glistening with olive oil and flecked with black pepper, dominates the cover of *The Poet's Cookbook*. I flip it open. Unusual for a cookbook, there are no photos inside, but the text reels me in. Each section—*antipasti* and *minestre* through *dolci*—consists of several short and simple recipes followed by poems in side-by-side English and Italian.

I studied Italian for a couple of years, lured by the melodious sound of the language and my passion for Italian opera and food. I had scant success—no surprise, having failed miserably in the past at both Spanish and French—but I made it through the first course with flying colors, enthusiasm intact. An early chapter in the second class was about food, *i cibi*. I was in my element, grammar and vocabulary infused with culture. I learned that Italians don't drink cappuccino in the afternoons and prefer beer to wine with pizza. They prefer pastries to eggs at *la colazione* (breakfast)—as I do. I recall drinking cappuccino and eating sweet rolls at bars in Florence; even better, discovering to my delight that toast is a grilled ham and cheese sandwich.

My eyes flit back and forth as I page through the poems. I read the Italian aloud for the sound and feel of the words (*formaggio, gnocchi, spinaci*), seeing how much I can recall or understand in context, then the English to untangle the sense of it, then back to the Italian to savor the flow of the translation. *Ode alla Barbabietola*, “Ode on a Beet,” ends with the phrase *lascio un sapore di sporco, di terra*: “I leave a taste of dirt, of earth.” I don't need a picture—I'm pulling that beet ever so gently out of the warm earth, shaking the soil off its roots.

Reader, I buy the book, or rather acquire it with my accumulated store credit. At home, a glass of sangiovese at my side and a pad of post-it notes in hand, I turn first to *primi piatti*, first course, the essential pasta dishes. I tag the gnocchi with mushrooms and spinach, the tagliatelle with peas and gorgonzola. One of the poems reads *Faccio il risotto in una vecchia pentola d'ottone*—“I make risotto in an old brass pot.” I'm blissed out.

And transported back 30 years. Armed with Eurail passes, a friend and I spent three weeks in Italy, making several stops between Milan and Rome, then back up to Venice. Florence was the highlight—the frenetic but exhilarating ambience of the city, the museums and public art, the gardens and Tuscan countryside, and of course the food. A Florentine acquaintance at home in San Diego directed us to a restaurant where he knew the owners. “Tell them Nico sent you,” he said. His name didn't open any doors—it took them a while to place him: “Ah, sì sì, the tall professore!”—but the food, gracious service, and cozy ambience made us grateful for Nico's recommendation. I don't remember the name of the trattoria, but I'll bet I could still walk right to it. Centrally located near the Piazza del Duomo and close to our pensione, we ate there several times during our stay. We never ordered a main course, varying our dinners with a different pasta dish and a different vegetable side each night. Spinach sauteed with garlic in olive oil and topped with fresh grated parmesan; *melanzane* (why even utter the flat “eggplant”?)

marinated and grilled; zucchini stewed in a rich tomato sauce—the vegetables were extraordinary. Was it because they were freshly harvested? Was it the nutty, dark green olive oil? Maybe all the chianti we drank out of seemingly bottomless raffia-covered jugs? Or just the magical spell of Florence.

Not a meat eater, I skip ahead to the vegetable section, *verdure*. The word itself means green and connotes nature's freshness, verdant fields. Which would you rather have, mixed fried vegetables or *fritto misto di verdure*? I stick neon post-its on the *ratatuglia ricca*, the spinach and potatoes with smoked cheese, the string beans with onion and tomato. A poet waxes eloquently on green beans: “Spring-loaded vines / on tendrils / skinny up skinny / poles and / shoot for the sun.”

My kitchen bookshelves hold *The Opera Lover's Cookbook*, with snippets from librettos, and *Literary Feasts*, recipes from classic novels. I still have *The Italian Cookbook*, the first cookbook I ever bought, **held together with tape and staples**, some pages folded down, others marked with notes, checks and stars, spattered with dark stains that look like dried blood—tomato sauce? red wine? dried blood? They share space with others old and worn, new and trendy, my original 1971 *Diet for a Small Planet* and Ottolenghi's exquisite vegetarian *Flavor*. Several are Italian, but there's always room for one more: move over, Marcella and Giada; make way for the new bambina.

-Alice Lowe

Delivery Run

Bacon Monster Value Meal, Strawberry Lemonade

The bag is still warm
when her children spill past me into the yard.
A one-cent tip arrives, post-haste.

4 Cupcakes, Pineapple Right-Side Up

The hospital lobby is a yellow prism.
“Ooh, are those for me?” I hear,
I don’t know, eight fucking times.

Cumin Lamb, Intestine Special

At Peace Haven and Country Club, the sunset
washing over Calvary Day School
obscures the traffic lights. A glass pipe
clinks to the floorboard.

Bacon Cheeseburger, Medium Well; Crinkly Fries; Kid’s Meal: Chicken Strips and Fries; Diet Pepsi

They call this “high country.” Approaching a hillcrest
I switch off cruise control, on descent
spy wild lavender in the feeder,
credit card shards.

15 Wings Traditional, Hot, Carrots and Celery, Ranch

“For lease” signs in the windows,
patrolling the dumpsters around back
a gaggle of Canada geese.

Tuna Sub, Extra Mayo

“I’m gonna add *Ranch*,” the young man
behind the counter muses aloud.

-Curtis D’Costa

Recipes



New Year's Bone Broth

Art and recipe by Jean Mann

Save all your vegetable trimmings and roast chicken/turkey bits (skin, bones), in bags in the freezer. When you've collected enough to fill a stockpot, place everything in the pot, packing it full. (It will reduce in volume as veggies thaw).

Add a few smashed garlic cloves (no need to peel), twelve peppercorns, a bay leaf or two, and enough water to cover, filling almost to the top.

Nutrition fun-fact: A couple tablespoons of cider vinegar will help draw more nutrients out of the bones.

Bring to a boil, then lower heat to lowest low. No lid.

Cook for two to three days, replenishing water as level drops.

The kitchen will smell like another century.

On the final day, stop adding water so the flavors can concentrate further.

Strain all the solids and discard.

Pour into quart jars (3/4 full) and cool on the counter. Pour some (still hot) in a mug with a pinch of sea salt. Stir and drink to your good health.

Store in freezer.

The best soup stock you could ever imagine.

-Jean Mann



Easy Garlic Pickles

2 1/2 cups thinly sliced Persian (or your favorite) pickling cucumbers
 1 heaping teaspoon sea salt
 1 clove garlic, sliced thin

Brine:
 1/4 cup cider vinegar
 1/4 teaspoon dried dill weed
 1/4 teaspoon sugar (optional)

Place cucumbers in a medium, glass or pottery bowl. Sprinkle with salt, mixing well to distribute evenly.
 Let sit 15 minutes.

Press expressed liquid firmly through a sieve into sink (or squeeze through your fingers in small handfuls).

The goal is to remove as much liquid as possible without crushing the cucumbers. Brine: Combine cider

vinegar, dill and sugar.

Place cucumbers in a pint jar, placing a slice of garlic every inch or so as you go. Mix the brine well and pour over the awaiting jar of cucumbers. It should be plenty of liquid to immerse but not overflow.

Screw on lid tightly and place in refrigerator.

I like to flip the jar upside down once a day to help the brine reach every pickle nook and cranny. Within a day or two, you will have tasty pickles to enjoy or gift. You may never buy pickles again!

-jean mann



Scan the QR code to listen to *Kitchen Waltz* by Jean Mann





Musaka

Eggplants
ground meat
olive oil
onions
garlic
Capers
olives
tomatoes
parsley
Curry powder
Cumin
Milk
flour
Cheddar cheese

* Cut eggplants in round slices,
fairly thin.

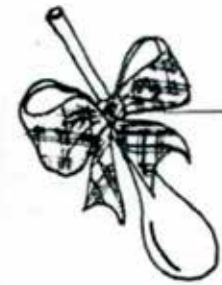
* Prepare meat:



Musaka Cont.

In a big frying pan fry
gently in olive oil:
onion + ground meat + garlic +
capers + olives + chopped tomato +
parsley + dill + little bit of
Curry powder + cumin.
* prepare white sauce.

In an oven dish arrange
a layer of eggplants
on top of it a layer of
meat mixture
again - a layer of eggplants
on top of it - a layer
of meat mixture
Top top with a layer of eggplants
Pour the white sauce over it.
Top with cheese.
Bake in 350° oven (pre heated)
for around 50 min to an hour.



Curried Eggs

Make a thick curry sauce:

In a small pot melt a blob of Marg.
on a small fire.

Add 2 T.b.s. flour.

slowly add 1 cup of milk
mixing all the time.

Add Herbs, cilantro,

Curry powder, Ginger,
little sugar, Lemon, salt
pepper.

When sauce is thick.

Drop in whole hard boiled
eggs.

Serve on top of rice.

Naomi Mendel Smulian

It was 1956; New York was not yet dominant in
the world of international art.

For young & aspiring artists, London was the place
for sculpture & Paris for painters to hone their skills,
further their studies & seek recognition.

Naomi Mendel, in her twenties, was the youngest
member of the Israeli avant garde group New Horizons.
In 1958 she was awarded a prestigious scholarship
to study at the Beaux Arts & Grand Charming in Paris.

She was soon supported by a small gallery & absorbed
into the exciting life of young artists in the Paris of
the 50s. She found small studios, firstly in Pigalle &
later in Montparnasse. There she lived & worked; worked
on a single plate electric stove & entertained a group of
hungry young artists. Late at night & very early in the
morning she would visit the markets to buy cheap but
fresh produce that had not sold the previous day &
discuss recipes with the stall owners.

In 1963 she went to London for a week. We met,
married & shortly after, for my work travelled to
Trinidad & Tobago. There we spent a year & then

many years in Venezuela & Colombia
before returning to the UK & eventually
to the U.S. Each year we would visit
Europe & the Middle East. In each country
Naomi would appreciate & find out how
local food was prepared.

It was only later in life in the U.S.
that she began to document her recipes
that ranged from simple street food and
local specialties to the favorite fare of
many international friends.

Cooking for Naomi was a creative act. She
never kept exactly to the specifications of
any recipe - adding a pinch of this & a
teaspoon of that - as her instincts & whims
would lead her.
Every meal was in some way different and
all were excellent.

-Jonathan Samulian

Love Is Colder Than Death

(a recipe for early Fassbinder)

Ingredients:

2 cans of beef film stock	4 white corpses (male)
1 Hanna Schygulla™	1 white corpse (female)
2 petty criminals, shaved	1 Turkish corpse (male)
1 fedora	A dash of nouvelle vague
1 bag of popcorn (salted)	

Directions:

Shoplift ingredients.

Beat petty criminals until tender. Sprinkle faces with water. Shoot. Cut. Have a smoke. Repeat.

Place Hanna Schygulla™ against stark white background. Strip. Grope. Slap. Share.

Use black market gun to off an archrival, a random waitress, an arms dealer, and two undercover cops. See your best friend go down while wearing a fedora.

Be dazzling.

Escape.

Time:

88 Minutes

Serve cold.

-Drew Pizarra

Nature Morte 1
Lina Margaitytė and Marius Krivičius





Nature Morte 3
Lina Margaitytė and Marius Krivičius

HONEY

Today, I cleanse my voice with rosemary,
tomorrow thyme
and Sunday sage.

Life is honey.

The charging bulls have turned left
at the corner before mine

and the clouds have sent rain
to pay my debts.

I have been a duck, a street, and a tree.

Once I was even a beggar.

I have yet to be valley
or a pillar of salt

though I've been named migrant.

Of tulips I am guilty
but the dew still collects in my hair

as if I were a rose or cathedral.

This is fun.

I want every joy

to hang from my wrists

as if in baskets,

I want to be the last name

of boats and peaches.

O thank you manna

for this respite from empty boulevards

for teaching me the names

of fertile countries.

I will kiss the dirt of my homelands,

pure fecund are my maps

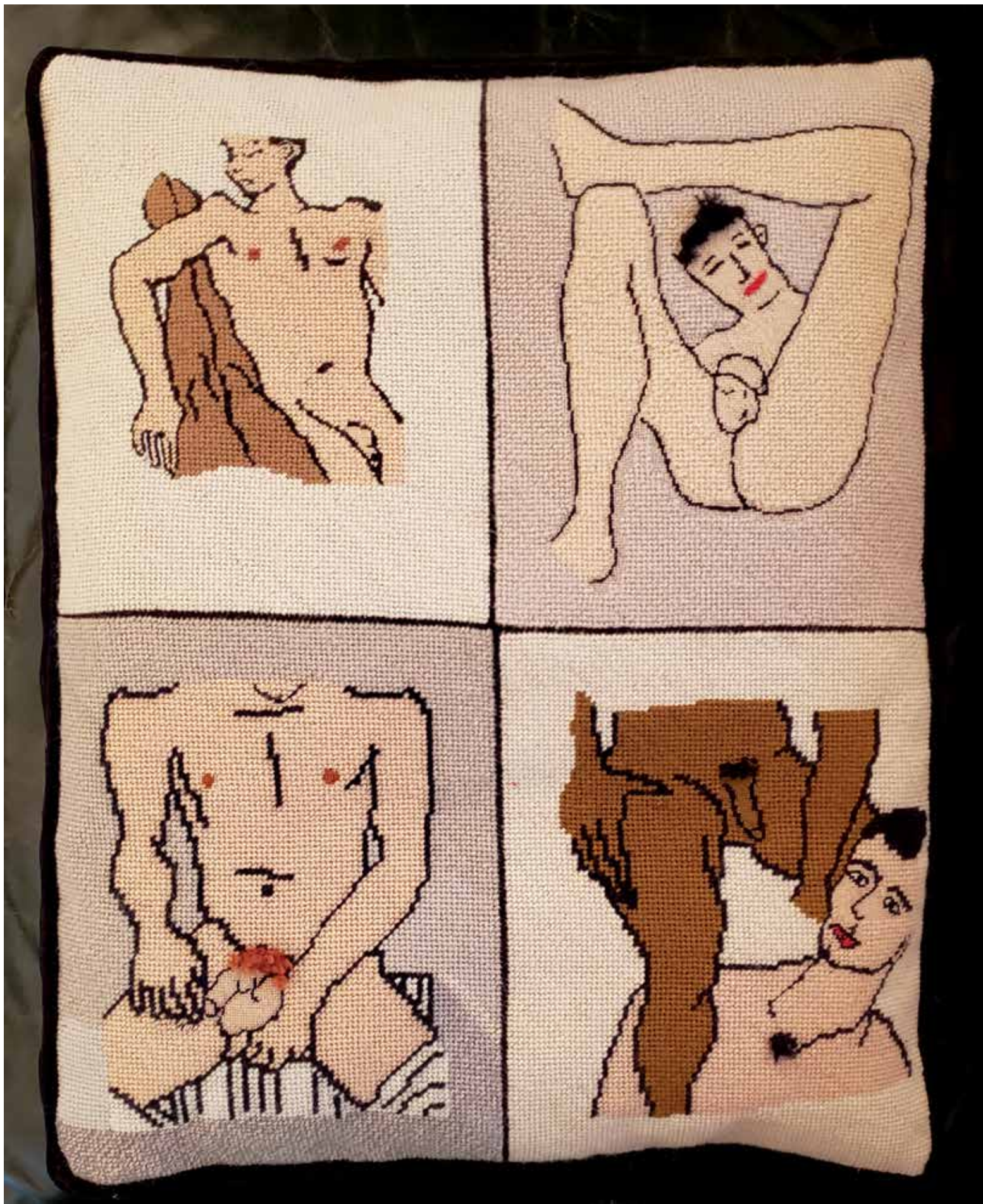
my buckets of milk

and rivers.

-Eva Skrande



Hot Dog World
Margie Smeller



Poppers

Weekdays at 11 they dazzle the hot case,
crisp, bacon-wrapped, cream cheese oozing
from puckered jalapenos. I have just
missed them, fresh out. Again. I never come
in time. Sympathetic, the cook suggests
I phone ahead. She's given me the all-out
too often, happy to save some. At check-out,
I ask the young clerk for a phone number.
He regards me with a dollop of suspicion, dark
hair falling over an eye. You want to ask me out?
Oh no, I say, just want to call in for some
poppers. I add a flourish like honey
mustard sauce: I'm too old for you.
Well, curls flung back now, you never know.

-Carol Barrett

OPPOSITE
Naughty Boys Needlepoint, after Warhol and Cocteau
Randy Tibbits

Crust

This morning, breakfast of bagels outdoors,
I watch deer foraging among shaded grasses
while a pair of hummingbirds buzzes my head,

racing for the feeder hanging from the eaves.
Such precision! Slim beaks draw the garnet
nectar, pull back to swallow, then dart in

for another sweet nip. All are fed in this desert
landscape. But I think of the children meadowed
in concrete. They peer into the apartment fridge,

stocked with ketchup, peanut butter, not much.
Hunger, old friend. I'll take a squirrely bunch
for a walk by the canal, where a woman is sprinkling

coffee grounds at the feet of roses climbing
the rinsed air. Lunchtime, we'll pick a boulder
perch, share the crust of sandwiches with chortling

ducks. The kids will carry the spirit of those ducks
back home, hopscotch the sidewalk as if navigating
pinecones and aspen shoots, their eyes mirroring

rivulets of the churning stream, content for one
more dark night. Survival is a daily practice,
sustained by gratitude. *Believe all can be cared for.*

So pleads the canal this crisp morning, while
someone I am called to teach shares an appeal
for the homeless, knowing what gnaws at their bellies,

the heady need for rest. He has been there, makes
friends on the streets that once swallowed him.
Words jostle like small stones in pockets, something

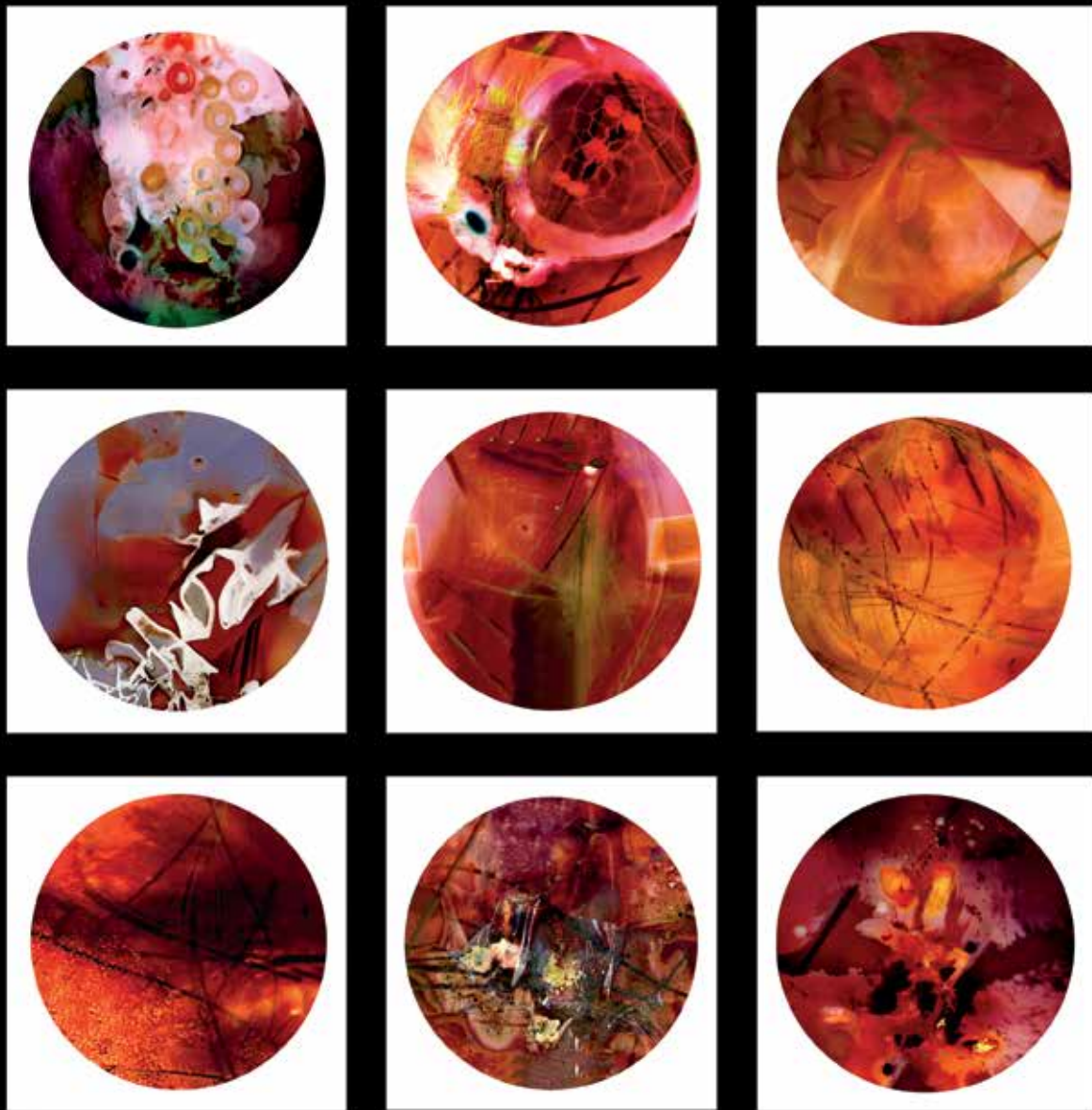
to talk about -- the rustling shopping carts, where
a meal can be had, no questions. He plants fountains
around his city, soap stations, clean water trickling,

the purring promise of sleep tugging at dawn.
The sound of swishing waters, company
for my trek home, blanket on a chilly night.

- Carol Barrett



Hot Dogs!
Alex Albert



day 78: frosted mini wheat



day 79: sweet potato

OPPOSITE
Letting Days Go By (selection from the series)
 ABOVE
Day 78: Frosted Mini Wheat
Day 79: Sweet Potato
 Krista Leigh Steinke

CHACUN À SON GOÛT

When the turtle's mouth opens,
The man-of-war no longer stings.

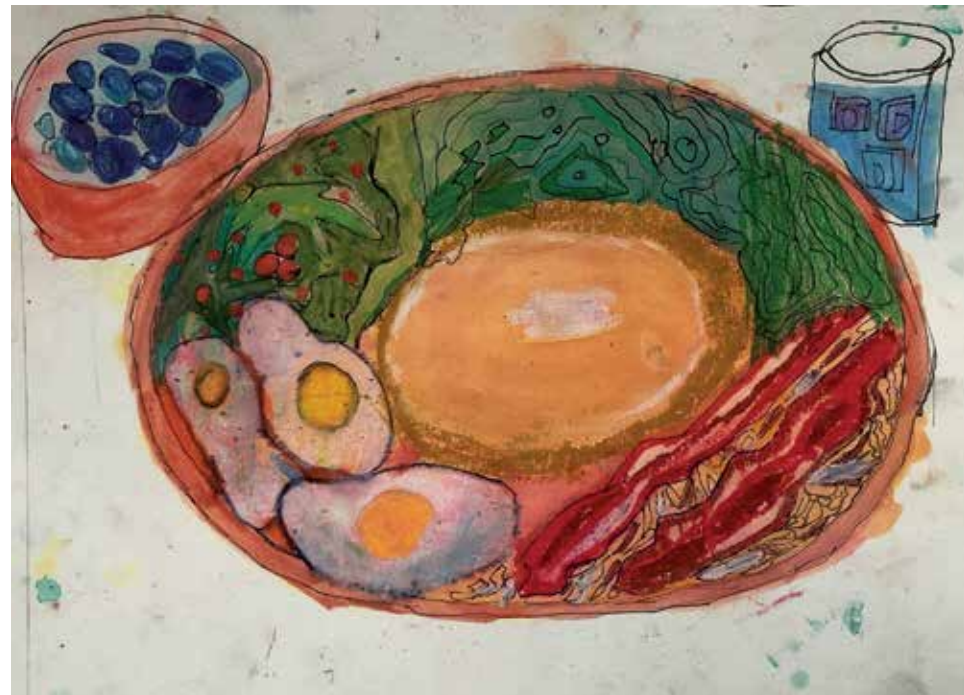
Everybody loves somebody sometime...

When the mosquito,
Like a miniature weed-whacker with wings,
Descends,

Everybody falls in love somehow...

The gecko opens its mouth.

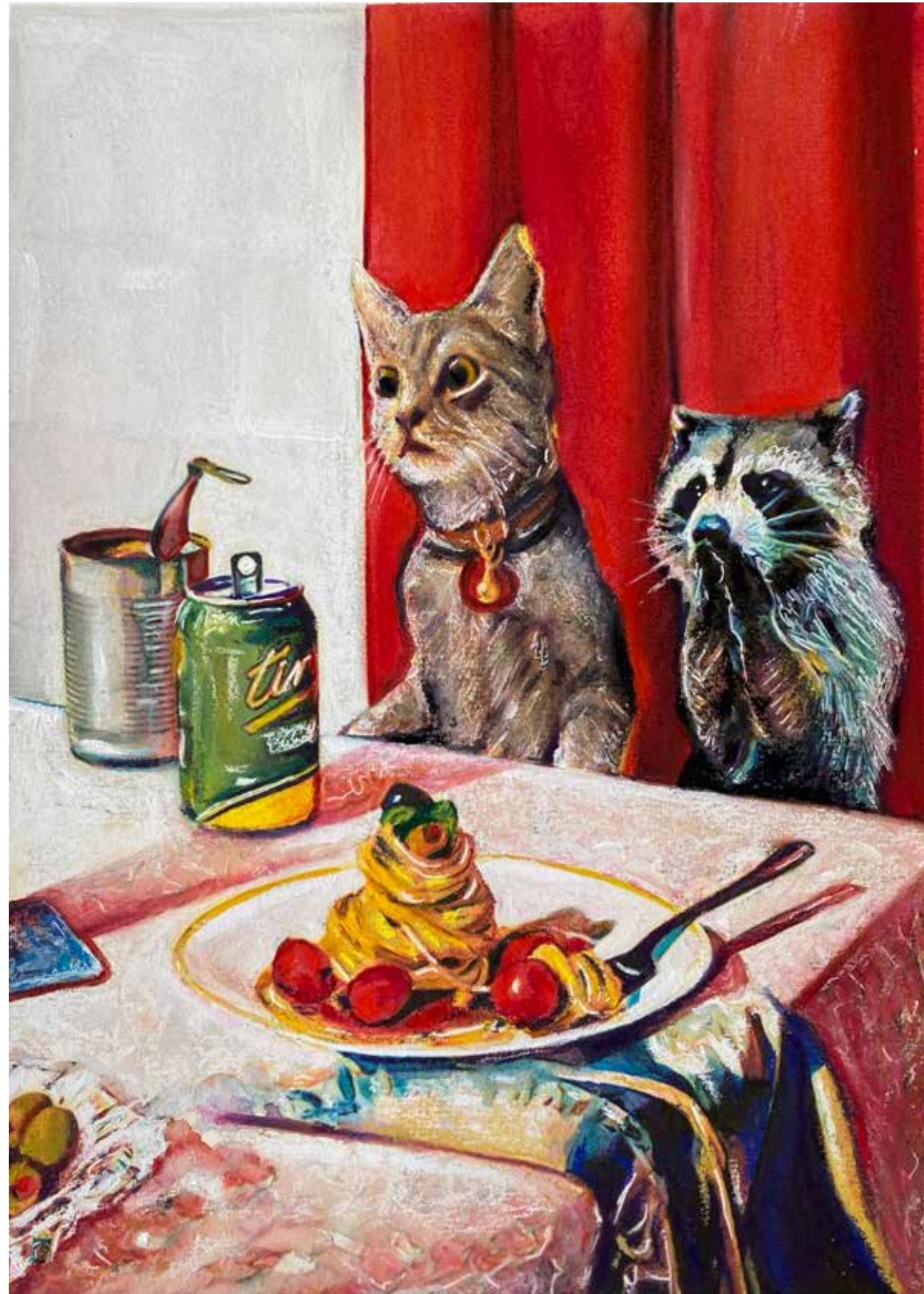
-Peggy Landsman



Feast of Delights
Katelynn Herty



Kaffeetafel
Julia Karelic



Surprise!
Maria Titan

Draft

Another day, another bucket
of bloody mop water.
Another bloody mop.

Youth with freshly shaved heads
at attention in a freezing grid of soiled denim
while some bush league

caesar blows his horn.
We'll meet this dude again
a few nightmares down the road

when every respectable shit shoveler
bears his insignia
and a length of rusty iron pipe.

For now there's beer on the table,
olives, bread and cheese
or at least the idea of such delicacies

to fill the blank white plates
of imagination
on this the feast day of Saint Whichever.

-Tim Krcmarik

Poem Driven by Its Own Inadequacies

This poem seeks words of good timing
in the path of unrecognizable feet. To beat
laundry clean in the deconstruction of daily
life. To absorb the flavor of cardamom.

This poem yearns for the insight of flashlight
or sun. To disclose decoherence of electrical
grids. To achieve a racing bicycle's speed.

This poem aims to process a backlog of disquieting
kilograms. To prosecute dump trucks for circular logic.
To disprove a gaming palace's untenable forecast of gold.

This poem's fervent wish is to circulate red
that is not a hemorrhage. To shape a rejoinder to war
over soil. To enrich the polyps of precarious coral.

This poem longs to uplift the flawed and unbearable
self. To honor the vouchers of lovelorn shipwrights.
To inoculate migrants against loss of edibles.

This poem strives for hand-eye coordination
and the wrist strength to unscrew a reader's grief.

-Alan Elyshevitz



TOP
Oranges, after Gene Charlton
BOTTOM
Spread Eagle, after Louis Fratino
Randy Tibbits

WHAT WE SWALLOWED

We said pabada instead of fabada
and parol instead of farol
and though they had trouble
with the n-g in nga and halang
and nangangailangan, somehow
only our difficulties with their fricatives
signified inferiority.

At table we laid out slices of sour mango
and bowls of bagoong – a beloved combination
best shared among friends – but they
couldn't stomach the condiment's smell.

Yet they watched in fascination
as we took a squid apart,
removing the crystalline quill
from its core and preserving the ink sac
for our sauce. (A Jesuit brought notes of this
back to Iberia, where the gift of calamares
en su tinta subsequently graced
the kitchens of Spain.)

Like their manor lords who took
the choicest cuts of meat, they left us
with intestines, liver, lungs, and heart.
From them we learned to make
bofe de res – bopis, we called it.
We took hot morsels of heart
on our tongues, amen, amen,
our tongues that could not speak
like theirs, tasting hearts like warriors,
our tongues silenced inside our mouths,
our hearts wailing silently
in our mother tongue.

-Cristina Legarda

THE FRUIT OF EDEN

had to have been a mango, and only
one of ours –
without equal in all the world,
juicy, sweet, a scandal
to eat off the seed,
riot of sticky juice through fingers,
and tooth and tongue,
the wet orange flesh
too voluptuous
to eat in the open;

but the rambutan peers red
from branches ever green,
its spinterns offering caress
or hairy scratch, a drupe
as dangerous as it is sweet,
its whitish fruit a chance
at virility, fertility,
or pleasure alone;

and one last guess: santól, so quiet
in its golden shell, a thin husk
around a white, soft, star-shaped
pulp, cottony and sweet-sour,
food and medicine in blushing orb,
its tree a giant among trees,
generous with its shade.

It was decidedly

not

an apple.

-Cristina Legarda

BAGOONG ALAMANG

Nothing floods a pinoy mouth more quickly
– not the most succulent meats or sweets –
than the mere thought of this stinky, salty
concoction, reddish-brown or purplish-pink
with angkak from red yeast rice.

He could not countenance the smell –
like a fishy corpse, he thought, pungent,
putrefying. The tapayan they use to ferment
the krill – large-mouthed earthenware jars
with tight lids – can indeed be used to bury the dead,
but I reminded him fermentation is not decay.

In the waters off Pangasinan or far to the north,
where the Cagayan River empties into the sea,
fishermen drag their starboard nets to capture
the tiny shrimp to be washed and dried and ground
and salted, then sealed in jars for weeks. Black jellyfish
caught alongside them are thrown back into the sea.
Later, the patis skimmed off, the muck is sautéed
with garlic, vinegar, chilis, and cane sugar
to make bagoong alamang. It smells – how it smells!
But oh, the taste –

Once he tried it, he understood.
No mere condiment, bagoong becomes a meal's soul
in the way mere salt cannot, the secret of a dish's complexity,
an ocean spirit possessing the food. It casts a spell,
a brine of desire – as happens, perhaps, with oysters,
or caviar – all of these but shadows of the true delight,
swell of ocean rising, sea minerals on his tongue,
his breath on my thighs the wind on a shore
wet with foam, waves rolling, returning, his body
covering mine, the salt, the sweetness,
the rising tide, my body vanishing at last,
spray over surf.

-Cristina Legarda





Haymark

From the farthest reaches of the earth
they come every Saturday, draped
in hijab, kaftan, saree, and salwar
into a cloud of spices, sweat, cigarette
that lingers over make-shift sheds
roofs of rusted tin, pavement
littered with splintered crates,
road-kill of tomatoes

Oranges stacked into pyramids,
peaches arranged to hide bruises,
tongues that slash like blades,
signs that boast about how far
your dollar will go in this place
where every scale has its own opinion.
Rain sounds its shrill notes drowning
out word salad, scatters the crowd

clutching flimsy paper bags brimming
with expectations and promises.

-Saratb Reddy

Pho Saigon [Pho Saigon, West Saint Paul, MN]

Chasing the chili pepper
Around the broth
With bamboo chopsticks
Tangled in rice noodles
Fresh basil sprigs
Diced spring onion
Bean sprouts and Hoisin sauce
The smell of lime on fingers
Condensation teasing the nose
With the warmth of the tropics
In a bowl bottomless
Until the last slurp
Sipping iced coffee
Experiencing contentment

-Luke Young

berries

plump gooseberries burst in our mouths
as our teeth pierce their soft flesh

currant berries, we tear off their bushes in fistfuls
the red ones are more sour
the black ones, bitter
the white ones are the sweetest

the raspberries are mostly still green,
but we hunt for the brightest blood-red,
plunging our arms deep into thorns,
ripping them from their hiding-places

juice drips down our chins, gloriously sticky
our palms painted blue-black-red,
tongues smarting from sourness,
bellies aching,
minds sugar-dazed

we laugh in the summer sun.

-Milena Kokożłowska



Thirst Quenching Train
Margie Smeller

Tea-Time Nebbing

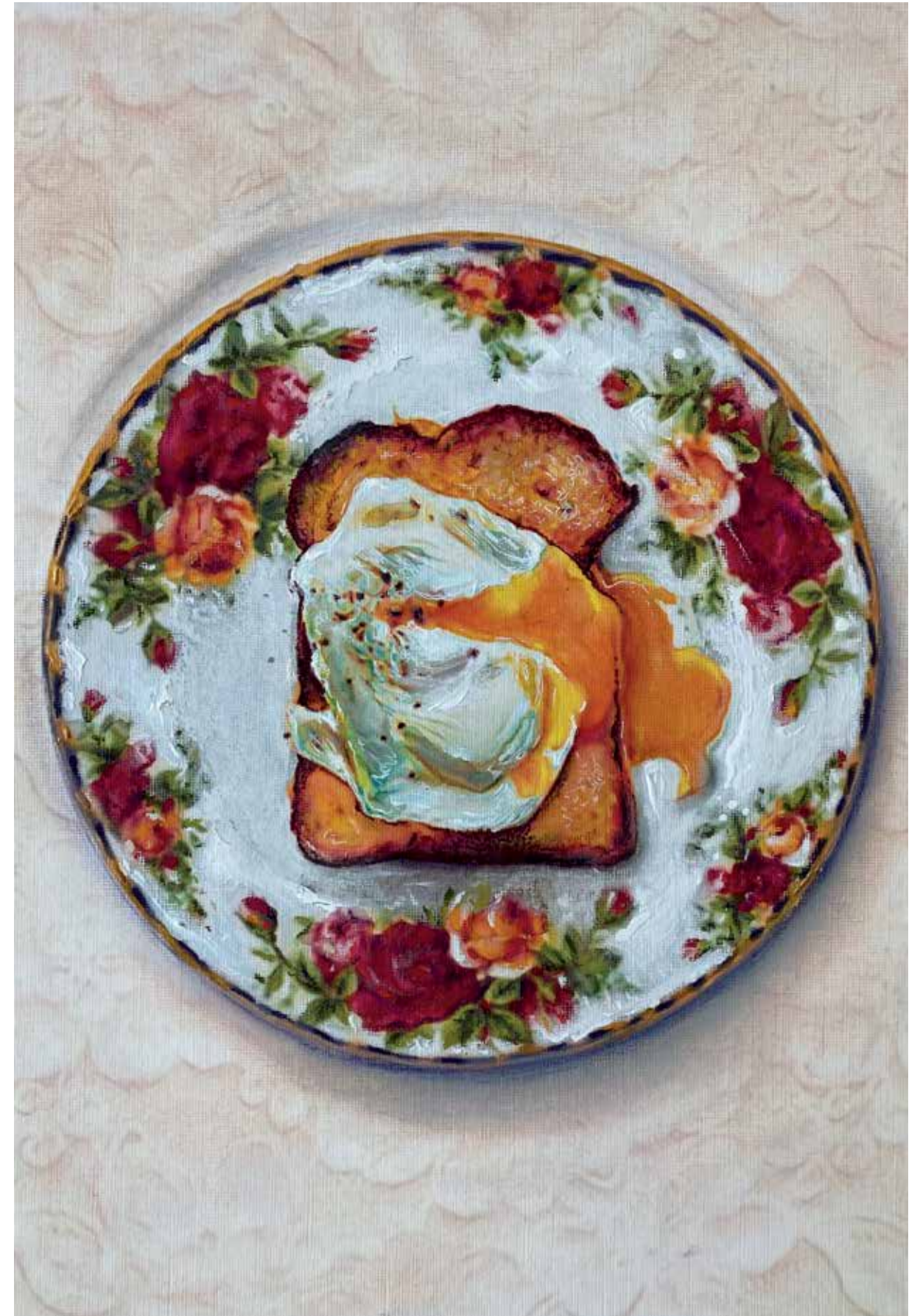
Another Autumn Sunday
from the street, looking in.
In the standard lamp's tobacco glow
he's smoothing a broadsheet –
she's in paisley by the marble hearth
with a glass of ruby pinot.

I'll flit through the glass
of their Arts and Crafts fanlight
to their hallowed library,
inhale each tome like my mum's Yardley.
I'm Aubyn St Claire or Mary James,
made-up novelists' names –
I'll eat Rosetti, not a gardener's almanac,
flick my sudden Pre Raphaelite locks.
Taste a story that's not dad's car manual
and mash up a book inside me
where Sherlock peruses *Woman's Own*
and William Morris has spam for tea.

I'll hide it next to mam's dictionary.
Hope that the binding of all my pages
holds those

discrepancies.

-Liz Dean



Egg Portrait
Maria Titan



Bellies of the Fast

What's left is left, what's more more
more or less, as is said among us
Want for want, to each accordingly
So are we distributed for by no measure
from kitchen, staff, lab, shop
for any length or opposite, stretched out
and retracted at will for production or whim
to build or rile, inspire or pass the hour
for which glasses flip, salts and sands
rain down on counters surrounded by glories
everyone of which is a beauty in each's own
manner and station. Service is provided
with glee with a generational gap of one
or two but not more than three, suggesting
menu changes weekly, Taco Tuesday gone
on Friday just because time's a wastin'
and afterall, ain't you gonna say goodbye Tom?
Oh, I dunno Ma, I didn't want to rile ya.
We'll see you again after all this is blown over,
won't we, Tom? Yes, Ma, I suppose we will.
The line runs across up and down a bit
but overall on an incline, upward, up
and to the right, left to right, if you read
a scene that way; otherwise the figure's
against the grain, line down and away,
and thus countermovement right to left
unless it's all at once: snapshot, absorb,
attend, imagine, dissolve, cutback to close.
What are the people going to do? There's a
prince, a chairman, a prime, a pawn
turned queen of the board, now doubled
up and down for flipping the script:
didactic vs ideographic vs commensurate.
So go rumblings in the bellies of the fast.

-Benjamin Bennett-Carpenter

Thanksgiving, NJ 1975
John Matkowsky



Life Advice from My Mother

You need some good
decaf black coffee

You must never allow
a knife to meet lettuce

Pieces of anything should be no
bigger than the tip of your pinky

Don't smash the dough or the cookies will be
like hockey pucks

You should always blanch
and have on hand

Go to the Italian deli and buy
a couple of anchovies

Use Crisco
it softens

You want it light
do not use paste

Keep a-i-r-y, don't pack it
or it will taste like sawdust

Weighing down eggplant
gets rid of the bitter

Relationships are like flowers
ignore them and they die.

A word of caution: if your yeast does not foam
when proofed, throw it out and start over

Yeast is critical

-Linda Lamenza

what if food always looked at us
Helge Paulsen

John's Cinnamon Rolls

His baptism of the sponge
I liked to watch—

slathering on the melted butter,
then cinnamon and brown sugar, raisins, pecans,

turning with an even hand into a long,
thick loaf, wrapped in cellophane

to cool, put away for later slicing and
placing on an oiled pan

with plenty of room to rise,
aroma commanding the house.

Army cook, down and dirty
high school football defender,

anthropology researcher with the Hopi,
he was spare with words, invisible

at social gatherings. Yet at his
funeral, his nephews spun tales

of what they learned from him
sharing a pitcher, as he'd pull

them up off the floor after failures
in love or school, passing on wisdom,

spreading balm. He'd barely retired
when he died letting the cat out in the night.

-Mary Dean Lee



Choc Cherry
Maria Titan

Contributors

Alex Albert enjoys depicting family members, friends, his favorite places and fictional characters, and animals – and foods! His process also involves abstract, densely-layered drawings exclusively using sharpie before entering into a more representational realm. Alex joined Make Studio in Baltimore, MD within the first few years of its founding. Alex is a graduate of St. Elizabeth School and resides in Harford County, Maryland. Alex has recently shown work in an exhibition at Hotel Indigo (Maryland Art Place, MD, 2020) and the Milestones National Autism Conference (Ohio).

Pulkita Anand is a student of literature. Her creative works have been published in various journals: *Setu Journal*, *Indian Periodical*, *Shortstory kids*, *The Criterion*, *Twist and Twain*, *Tint Journal*, *Lite Lit One*, *Indian Ruminations*, *Langlit*, *Ashvamegha*, *Lapis Lazuli*, *Conifer Call*, *The Creativity Webzine* and *Winc Magazine*, *Stanza Cannon* and among others. She will be a featured poet in *Muse India* and *Mad Women Attic*.

Carol Barrett directs the Creative Writing Certificate Program at Union Institute & University. She has published two volumes of poetry and one of creative nonfiction. Her poems appear in such diverse journals as *JAMA*, *The Women's Review of Books*, *Poetry International*, *Christian Century*, and over forty anthologies. A former NEA Fellow in Poetry, Carol has lived in nine states and in England.

Kristina Bell, a self-taught photographer, loves taking photographs of people, places, and things. Having never shown any of her work, she is incredibly humble when people praise her for the way she can make her subjects become almost magical. She says behind the camera the world gets quiet. It is her place of peace and calm. She enters this open call because food is such an important part of our lives. It is a way we celebrate. From a child's first birthday cake, an eighteen-year-old's tea party with friends, or a new cook learning different spices and herbs. Food can create memories unlike any other thing in the world.

Benjamin Bennett-Carpenter, PhD, MA, teaches at a public university in North America and consults/coaches at Sollars & Associates and independently. Bennett-Carpenter is the author of *Death in Documentaries* (Brill, 2018) and *Explaining Jesus* (Lexington / Rowman & Littlefield, 2019). He co-edits *Cruel Garters*, a contemporary poetry publication.

Elton Burgest is an African American Christian that grew up in the church and grew older in America. A graduate of Florida State University, Burgest makes art, he finds that a person's reaction to his work excites him the most. He likes to imagine the impact that the casual poses, religious imagery, and saturated colors that he chose will have upon the viewer. Burgest uses African American Iconography as his subject because he finds representation important in art, especially for a group whose history is deeply rooted in the struggle to feel human. Like artists such as Kehinde Wiley and Kerry James Marshall, Burgest wants his work to spotlight the corrupt systems that bind the African American community in our fight for recognition.

Beatriz Chavez is an artist, based in Porto, Portugal. Graduated in Audiovisual Communication Technology, at the School of Media Arts and Design. Recently she attended the Master in Artistic Photography at IPCI. She also participated in various exhibitions in Porto, as an artist and/curator organized by the collective Espaço399, as well as some other group exhibitions in other settings.

Poh Hian Chia. Drawn to experiences that provoke sensibilities of the human body, mind, and spirit, Poh is a movement artist who believes in expressing herself through artful mediums and creating spaces for meaningful exchanges. Previously a faculty member of School of the Arts (Singapore) and a dance artist of The Human Expression (THE) Dance Company, she is currently a dance artist with Frontier Danceland. Poh hopes to move the bodies, hearts, and minds of her community, empowering each other to live, laugh and love a little more each day.

Anna D'Alton is from Mullingar in the midlands of Ireland and lives in London. In 2020 she completed a Master's in World Literature at the University of Warwick with a dissertation on Caribbean writing. Her poems have appeared in journals in Ireland, the US and elsewhere including *Abridged*, *Banshee*, *American Chordata*, *The Pickled Body* and *Belleville Park Pages*. Twitter: @anna_dalt.

Curtis D'Costa lives in Collingswood, New Jersey. He is a graduate of University of Florida's MFA program, and his poems have appeared most recently at *Hobart* and *Seneca Review*.

Liz Dean is a tarot reader and non-fiction writer with a background in illustrated publishing. Her poems have appeared in magazine including *The Alchemy Spoon*, *South Bank Poetry*, *Magma*, *Sideways Poetry* and *Fragmented Voices*. After many years in London, she now lives by the sea in Sunderland, north-east England. Northern culture, nature and mysticism influence her thinking and writing.

Wheeler Winston Dixon's films have been screened at The Museum of Modern Art, The Whitney Museum of American Art, Anthology Film Archives, Filmhuis Cavia (Amsterdam), Studio 44 (Stockholm), La lumière collective (Montréal), The BWA Katowice Museum (Poland), The Microscope Gallery, The National Film Theatre (UK), The Jewish Museum, The Millennium Film Workshop, The San Francisco Cinémathèque, LA Filmforum (Los Angeles), The New Arts Lab, The Collective for Living Cinema, The Kitchen, The Filmmakers Cinémathèque, Film Forum, The Amos Eno Gallery, Sla 307 Art Space, The Gallery of Modern Art, The Rice Museum, The Oberhausen Film Festival, Undercurrent, Experimental Response Cinema and elsewhere.

Alan Elyshevitz is the author of a collection of stories, *The Widows and Orphans Fund* (SFA Press), a full-length poetry collection, *Generous Peril* (Cyberwit), and four poetry chapbooks, most recently *Mortal Hours* (SurVision). Winner of the James Hearst Poetry Prize from *North American Review*, he is a two-time recipient of a fellowship in fiction writing from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts.

Duncan Forbes British poet. Duncan's poems have been published by Faber, Secker and Enitharmon, who brought out a Selected Poems in 2009, drawn from five previous collections. For his most recent collection of poems, *Human Time* (2020), see www.duncanforbes.com. He read English at Oxford and has taught for many years.

Benita Gikaitė is Lithuanian born multidisciplinary visual artist and designer currently based in Italy. In her artistic practice Gikaitė explores everyday life making use of humble materials and ready-mades. Fascinated by the ordinary she questions our perception of day-to-day life and invites to see the familiar anew. Mundane places, actions and objects form the basis for her artistic research. Through playful and unexpected use of common objects and materials the artist sheds poetic light onto prosaic fragments of our everyday life.

Vardit Goldner is a photography and video artist. She's engaged in documenting the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, mainly its effects on daily life of Palestinians, and addresses social, environmental and animal issues. She studied at the Faculty of Arts – Hamidrasha at Beit Berl College, Israel, completing the Postgraduate Fine Arts Program, and she holds an M.Sc. in physics.

Elena Grossi is an Italian artist. She is graduated in Painting (BA) and in Visual Arts (MA) at the Academy of Fine Arts in Bologna. Her works reflect on the concepts of illusion, memory and distance. Recent exhibitions include: In un soffio, Lavi! City, Bologna, IT 2022; DongGang International Photo Festival, DongGang Museum of Photography, Yeongwol, KR 2022; Digital Jokes, Die Digitale Festival, Weltkunstzimmer, Düsseldorf, DE 2021; The Herbarium as a place for storing ideas, SAMCA, Sofia, BG 2021.

Katelynn Herty has been a member artist at Make Studio since 2017. After a hiatus from art in her secondary school years, she jumped back into her art practice in the past few years by focusing on acrylic landscape and seascape paintings ("anything without people"). Katelynn has most recently shown at Hotel Indigo (Maryland Art Place, MD, 2020) and in the exhibitions "Non-Figurative Portraiture" (OCA Mocha, Arbutus, MD, 2021) and Art Enable's annual showcase "Outside Forces" (Washington, DC, 2022).

Eric Howerton is a Teaching Associate Professor at Oklahoma State University as well as a restaurant reviewer, micro-batch hot sauce purveyor, mushroom forager, gardener, home cook, and avid skier. He is a former fiction editor of *Gulfcoast* and a graduate of the University of Houston's PhD in Literature and Creative Writing (Fiction).

Claire Jaggard lives in Cromhall, South Gloucestershire. With a background in broadcast and online journalism, Claire began writing creatively during the COVID lockdown and was delighted to be reading her first successful short story 'The Wild Woman' at Stroud Short Stories within a year. BBC Radio Bristol have broadcast several of Claire's pieces, she is a member of two writing groups in Thornbury and, inspired by a Changing Stories course, is now writing a murder mystery.

Nuo Jiang is a Chinese artist based in New York City and Guangzhou. She has been in Pratt Institute's BFA program since 2018 with focuses on painting and contemporary jewelry. Nuo's works have been exhibited worldwide, including at the Museo Nacional de Artes Decorativas and Museo Cerralbo in Madrid, the New York City Jewelry Week, and the Light House Art Center in Florida, and the Milano Jewelry Week. Nuo is the founder and curator of Artists Living Room NYC & Guangzhou, where she keeps organizing physical and virtual exhibitions. She is also a member of the exhibition committees at the Baltimore Jewelry Center.

Ana Jovanovska was born in 1991 in Macedonia. She holds an MFA in the Graphic Art Field. Her practice is rooted in deep observation and reaction to the current times and spaces. Ana has had 12 independent, and more than 250 group exhibitions around the world. nstagram: www.instagram.com/anajovanovska/

Tim Krcmarik is a sixteen-year Captain in the Austin Fire Department. He lives in Austin, Texas with his wife and son.

J. I. Kleinberg's visual poems have been published in print and online journals worldwide. An artist, poet, freelance writer, and three-time Pushcart and Best of the Net nominee, she lives in Bellingham, Washington, USA, and on Instagram @jkleinberg. Her solo exhibit of visual poems, *orchestrated light*, was featured at Peter Miller Books, Seattle, Washington, in May 2022.

Milena Kozłowska is an undergraduate student in Northeastern University in Boston. She's currently in her third year, majoring in behavioral neuroscience. Besides studying brains, she loves reading, writing, painting, and playing rugby. When she's not at college, she lives in Pennsylvania with her mom, brother, sister, and affectionate dog.

Graham Krenz is an artist working sculpturally, often in wood. Receiving his BFA from the Alberta University of the Arts in 2010, Krenz's work now expresses autobiographical reflections on memory, what it means to watch it decay, and how it can be regenerated. He has shown work across Canada and the US, and his work can be found in private and public collections. He currently works from a studio in the St. Henri borough of Montréal.

Linda Lamenza is a poet and literacy specialist in Massachusetts. Her work is forthcoming or has appeared in *Constellations*, *Rogue Agent*, *Main Street Rag*, *The Comstock Review*, *The Tishman Review*, and elsewhere. Her chapbook, *Left-Handed Poetry* was a finalist for *Hunger Mountain's* May Day Mountain Chapbook Series. She is a member of Poemworks: The Workshop for Publishing Poets. Linda is fluent in Italian and enjoys spending time at the beach reading and writing.

Peggy Landsman is the author of the full-length poetry collection, *Too Much World, Not Enough Chocolate* (forthcoming from Nightingale & Sparrow Press, 2023), and two poetry chapbooks, *Our Words, Our Worlds* (Kelsay Books, 2021) and *To-wit To-woo* (Foothills Publishing, 2008). She lives in South Florida where she swims in the warm Atlantic Ocean every chance she gets. A selection of her poems and prose pieces can be read on her website: <https://peggylandsman.wordpress.com/>

Mary Dean Lee's poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Best Canadian Poetry 2021*, *Ploughshares*, *I-70 Review*, *The Windsor Review*, *LEON Literary Review*, *The Halcyone*, *The Write Launch*, *Event*, *Grain*, and other journals. Recently, her manuscript, *Tidal Bore*, was a Finalist with *Trail to Table Press*. She grew up in Milledgeville, Georgia, studied theatre and literature at Duke University and Eckerd College, and received her PhD in organizational behavior at Yale. She lives in Montreal, Canada.

Pierre Leichner Between Arts and Sciences, he first chose science. Curious about the mind, he eventually became a psychiatrist. But his increasing frustration with the business mentality in health care led him back to question his early decision. He received his BFA from Emily Carr in 2007 and his MFA from Concordia University in 2011. He is currently a full-time interdisciplinary artist with a socially engaged practice. His work has focused on environmental and mental health. He is a member of Gallery Gachet, the Community Arts Council of Vancouver and on the senate of Emily Carr University of Arts and Design.

Cristina Legarda was born in the Philippines and spent her early childhood there before moving the U.S. She is now a practicing physician in Boston. Her work has appeared in *America*, *Ruminant*, *Smartish Pace*, *FOLIO*, *Riksha*, *The Dendrop*, *HeartWood*, *Fare Forward*, *The Lowestoft Chronicle*, *The Good Life Review*, and others.

Alice Lowe writes about life and language, food and family. Her essays have been widely published in literary journals, including this year in *Big City Lit*, *Borrowed Solace*, *FEED*, *Drunk Monkeys*, *Midway*, *Eclectica*, *Fauxmoir*, *Idle Ink*, and *Dorothy Parker's Ashes*. She won an essay contest at *Eat, Darling, Eat*, and her work has been cited twice in *Best American Essays*. Alice has authored essays and reviews on Virginia Woolf's life and work and is a regular contributor at *Blogging Woolf*. She lives in San Diego, California, and posts her work at www.aliceloweblogs.wordpress.com.

jean mann, a Washington state native, is an autodidact artist, musician and cook - a renaissance woman. She began a "one year daily sketch" project in September 2020, which is still going today. Some are like journal entries, whether documenting ukulele teaching, touring songwriter- in-a-pandemic angst, or slowing down to taking a closer look at beauty in the world. Kitchen time has been a central character, thus many sketches speak to that experience. Cooking becomes a gift, as sharing meals with friends and neighbors continues to feed her very soul. See more dailies at insta @jeanmann and music at jeanmann.net

La Marginale is a group of friends that decided to get together and express creativity as a collective. They come from Latin America and are currently based in Berlin. They want to generate spaces for emerging artists in Berlin (visual art, installations, music and performance). Spaces of free collective artistic expression where everybody is welcomed. They want to generate a community based on love, tolerance and acceptance of "the marginalized". They encourage creation through resignification of things, the use of recycled materials. The pandemic brought

them together, they want to keep culture alive and keep their project alive.

Lina Margaitytė and Marius Krivičius are cinematographers and still photographers from Lithuania. Their works revolve around themes of homeland, time, and places.

Benna Gaeen Maris is an interdisciplinary artist interested in raising awareness on metaphysical, human, social and environmental issues, expressing through a whole range of art disciplines, either material or immaterial.

John Matkowsky is a cinematographer, photographer and publisher. He is the owner and master printer at drkrn, a fine art B&W photography lab and gallery in Los Angeles.

Nazanin was born in 1996, Tehran, Iran. With a passion for music, literature and illustration, she has consistently tried to translate her experience as an Iranian woman to a form of art that can touch anyone beyond the borders of nationality.

Aleydis Nissen shot the pictures of the series 'white cubes' during a visiting research stay at the University of Oxford's Centre for Socio-Legal Studies. Her work explores delicacy, transience and power. Her pictures have been published in magazines such as the *Columbia Journal of International Affairs*. When Nissen was right out of school, she selected photographs for the weekend magazine of the Belgian newspaper *De Morgen*.

Lydia Panas works with photography and video. Panas' work has been exhibited widely in the U.S. and internationally including the National Portrait Gallery (London), Phillips Collection and Corcoran Gallery (D.C.), Artist's Space (NY), Palm Springs Art Museum, FotoFest, Allentown Art Museum, and Kunstlerhaus Bethanien (Berlin) and has appeared in many periodicals including *The New Yorker*, *The New York Times Magazine*, and *Hyperallergic*. Her photographs are represented in numerous public collections including the Brooklyn Museum, Bronx Museum, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Allentown Art Museum, and Museum of Contemporary Photography, Chicago. *Sleeping Beauty* (MW Editions 2021) is her third monograph.

Helge Paulsen is a freelance journalist, author, and art photographer. He holds a PhD with an emphasis in sociology of culture, art theory, and art history. His work has been exhibited widely. www.artpromotor.com.

Emily Peacock is Houston-based artist whose work explores her familial and personal experiences. She received her MFA in Photography/Digital Media from the University of Houston and is an Assistant Professor of Art at Sam Houston State University. Peacock was a 2013-2014 Lawndale Artist Studio Program participant. In 2016, she received the Houston Arts Alliance Individual Artist Grant; in 2019, the New Faculty Research Grant. She has exhibited her work throughout the United States and in Vienna, Austria, and the United Kingdom. Peacock's work is in the collections of the Art Museum of Southeast Texas and the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston. She is represented by Jonathan Hopson Gallery in Houston, Texas.

Kristy Peet was born in Dallas, Texas and completed her undergraduate work at Austin College in Sherman, Texas and her Master of Fine Arts in Photography from the Savannah College of Art and Design in Savannah, Georgia. She is a large format analog photographer focusing primarily on staged images conceptually related to the internal personal state. Her work has been shown in solo and group exhibitions across the US including a solo exhibition at the Dallas Contemporary. Her work is in the collection of the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston and Savannah College of Art and Design. Kristy also served seven years as Vice President of BOX13 Artspace, an artist-run exhibition and studio space devoted to the creation and advancement of experimental contemporary art in Houston. Kristy lives and works in Houston, Texas. She is currently Professor of Art at College of the Mainland.

Drew Pissarra, participating poet at the Whitney Biennial 2022, is a literary grantee of both Cafe Royal Cultural Foundation and Curious Elixirs: Curious Creators. His first poetry collection, *Infinity Standing Up*, came out in 2019. His recent short story collection, *You're Pretty Gay*, was released in 2021. Additionally, his first radio play -- *The Strange Case of Nick M.* -- debuted on K-BOO FM in 2021 before being encored at All Out Arts' Fresh Fruits Festival online in 2022.

Edward Pomeranz is a New York City playwright, screenwriter, novelist, filmmaker, and teacher. He wrote the movie *CAUGHT*, a Sundance Centerpiece Premiere, released by Sony Pictures Classics and nominated for three Independent Spirit Awards. His plays have been staged in New York, Los Angeles, and in Greece at the Athens Fringe Festival. His short films and screenplays have won awards at Film Festivals in Stockholm, London, Madrid, and Calcutta. On the faculty of the Film School at SUNY-Purchase, he's also the Director of the Harlem Dramatic Writing Workshop, a free program to nurture gifted storytellers in the Harlem community.

Pattabi Raman is a biologist turned photojournalist & a documentary photographer based in Pondicherry, India. He specializes in documenting socio-economic, cultural and environment issues. He was awarded

fellowships which includes Junior Fellowship from the Ministry of Culture, Government of India (2008), Media Fellowship from the Center for Science and Environment, New Delhi (2010) for the documentary on coastal erosion in South India. Human Rights Photography Fellowship of Magnum Foundation, New York, Panos South Asia Migrant Labour Media Fellowship (2015), Kathmandu and very recently Sahapedia Frames Photography grant (2018), New Delhi.

Daniel A. Rabuzzi (he / his) has had two novels, five short stories, 25 poems, and nearly 50 essays / articles published (www.danielarabuzzi.com). He lived eight years in Norway, Germany and France. He has degrees in the study of folklore & mythology and European history. He lives in New York City with his artistic partner & spouse, the woodcarver Deborah A. Mills (www.deborahmillswoodcarving.com), and the requisite cat.

Sarath Reddy enjoys writing poetry which explores the world beneath the superficial layers of experience, searching for deeper meaning in his experiences as an Indian-American, as a physician, and as a father. Sarath's poetry has been published in *JAMA*, *Off the Coast*, and *Please see Me*. His work is forthcoming in *Another Chicago Magazine*, *Poetry East*, *Hunger Mountain*, and *Cold Mountain Review*. He lives in Brookline, Massachusetts

Will Reger has worked as a poet over the last 12 years. He has published on-line and in print, in the US and the UK, and has read his work in assisted living communities, classrooms in the K-14 ages, correctional facilities as an invited guest, and many other scenarios, including public library readings. He is the Inaugural Poet Laureate (emeritus) for the city of Urbana, IL, and has published 2 volumes of poetry *Petroglyphs* and *Kaleidoscope*. He also plays the nan xiao and the dong xiao.

Olesia Saienko is a photographer and a visual storyteller from Ukraine. Started to work as a photojournalist and freelancer in 2017. Olesia is engaged in documentary and conceptual photography and maintains a documentary photo diary. Her practice is centered around fiction, documentary, and post-truth, which is a logical continuation of her journalistic job. Her works are an investigation of concepts such as authenticity and objectivity, but at the same time, she has fun manipulating the viewer's perception. An archivist and a trickster in one person, so her statements are not on the nose and not blunt.

Fred Shaw was named Emerging Poet Laureate Finalist for Allegheny County in 2020. He is a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh, and Carlow University, where he received his MFA. He teaches writing and literature at Point Park University and Carlow University. His first collection, *Scraping Away*, was recently published by CavanKerry Press. A book reviewer and Poetry Editor for *Pittsburgh Quarterly*, his poem, "Argot," is featured in the 2018 full-length documentary, *Eating & Working & Eating & Working*. The film focuses on the lives of local service-industry workers. His poem "Scraping Away" was selected for the PA Public Poetry Project in 2017. He lives in Pittsburgh with his wife and rescued hound dogs.

Eva Skrande came to the United States from Cuba. Her publications include *My Mother's Cuba* selected by Andrew Hudgins for the River City Publishing Poetry Series and *Bone Argot* (Spuyten Duyvil Press). Her poems have appeared in *Agni*, *The Iowa Review*, *Smartish Pace* the *American Poetry Review*, among others. She has received fellowships from the Creative Writing Program at the University of Houston, the Inprint Foundation, and the Houston Arts Council. She has taught for Writers in the Schools, the Houston Independent School District where she taught Creative Writing, as well as the University of Houston-Downtown. In her current transfiguration, she teaches and tutors at Houston Community College.

Margie Smeller is a seasoned visual artist, having honed her craft over many years working on commissions at home, exhibiting her work in solo shows, and as part of a collective with the Artists' Gallery (Frederick, MD), the Scott Key Center (Frederick, MD) and Art Enables (Washington, DC). She is a current member of Make Studio (Baltimore, MD). Margie loves writing poetry, often in tandem with her visual artwork. Notable recent exhibitions include "What Disability?!" (Outsiders & Others, Vancouver, 2020) and "Her Ideas, Her Stories: Women Artists" (Chesapeake Arts Center, MD, 2021).

Jonathan Smulian is the husband of the late Naomi Mendel. He was born in South Africa and has three nationalities. As an international urban planner he has travelled around the world and worked in 26 countries. For 59 years he savored his wife's remarkable cooking and now lives quietly with his dog Pancho in a historic bungalow in Houston, Texas where he writes and illustrates his memoirs, poetry and stories for children age 7 to 97.

Marie Lynn Speckert is a contemporary media-artist, composer and metal-sculptor. Her artistic work combines anatomic structures, medical tools, sounds with performance and sculptures and employs them to create atmospheric scenes. By utilizing sculptural elements, innovative sound microcosms and delicately balanced actions, she shows complex sensory impressions to reveal their emergent and associated interpretive possibilities.

Her creations often have a strong yet fictional connection to medicine. They refer to processes, changes and mortality.

Krista Leigh Steinke is an interdisciplinary lens-based artist and educator working in photography, moving image, collage, and installation. Her work has been exhibited and screened in museums, galleries, and film festivals across the country, as well as internationally. She has received support from a Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, the Puffin Foundation, the Sustainable Arts Foundation, and a Fellowship from the Howard Foundation. She divides her time between Houston, Texas and New York State.

Kirsten Stolle is a visual artist examining food politics, corporate propaganda, and environmental greenwashing. She is a Pollock-Krasner Grant recipient, and her work is included in the collections of the San Jose Museum of Art, North Carolina Museum of Art, Crocker Art Museum, and the Minneapolis Institute of Art. Solo exhibitions include NOME (Berlin), Halsey Institute of Contemporary Art (SC), Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art (NC), The Mint Museum (NC), and Winthrop University Art Galleries (SC). Group exhibitions include the North Carolina Museum of Art, Balzer Projects (Basel), Fridman Gallery (NYC), Barcelona Biennial, and her work has been published in the Atlantic, Poetry Magazine, and Photograph.

Randy Tibbets is a retired librarian, an independent curator with a focus on the early art history of Houston, Texas, and a self-taught needle pointer who had been stitching on-and-off for sixty years. He also writes art reviews, history and fiction which sometimes gets published.

Maria Titan spent years in the corporate world after receiving her undergraduate degree in Fine Arts. She found success in business, but at the expense of her original love: art. Born in South Africa with her home now being Cyprus, Maria has embraced her artistic desire and paints in acrylic, pastel, watercolor, and marker while experimenting with varnish and resin. Working primarily from photographs and manipulating images to create bold and expressive stories, she describes herself as a mixed-media color lover. Maria's work can be found in local and international publications. When not painting, she enjoys the beach, baking cakes, and spending time with her children and animals.

Valerie Wong (AKA @theglutenfreepoet on Instagram) was born in Toronto, raised in Hong Kong and is currently a management consultant in New York. As a Third Culture Kid, she is a local and a foreigner wherever she goes. Her poetry has been published by journals around the world, including Stanford University's *Mantis*, the League of Canadian Poets' *Poetry Pause* and New Zealand's *Blackmail Press*. She is currently editing her first novel.

Cathy Wittmeyer hosts the Word to Action poetry retreat in the Alps. Her poem "Possession," received an honorable mention in the 2018 Lauren K. Alleyne Difficult Fruit Poetry Prize. Her chapbook, *knotted*, was a finalist for the 2020 Broken River Prize. Her work has appeared in *The Tiny Journal*, *Tangled Locks Journal* and *Book of Matches* among others. She is an engineer/lawyer and poet from Buffalo, NY presently working in Austria. See more at <https://cathywittmeyer.com>

Jona Xhepa is an Albanian artist. She is currently working on a new novella, a folklore project and audio-visual performances.

Xu Yuting born in Kunming, Yunnan province China graduated from the Academy of Fine Arts in Perugia, Italy, and opened his own studio in 2018. Through long-term research into pictorial practice and the search for contemporary issues, he has gradually formed a set of artistic language that integrates the spirit of traditional Eastern culture and Western contemporary art, thus seeking to understand and outline the spiritual state of contemporary humanity from another dimension.

Luke Young (He/Him) is a writer, bibliophile, bartender, proletarian and factotum. He is of mixed Indigenous and old colonial European heritage. He grew up among Southeast Asian war refugees in the states of Washington and California before moving to Cambodia where he lived for the majority of the next seventeen years. He moved back to the United States in the autumn of 2017 with his wife and four children and is often in culture shock.

Changming Yuan hails with Allen Yuan from poetrypacific.blogspot.ca. Credits include 12 Pushcart nominations & 15 chapbooks, most recently *Sinosaure: Bilingual-Cultural Poems*. Besides appearances in *Best of the Best Canadian Poetry* (2008-17), *BestNewPoemsOnline*, *Poetry Daily* and nearly 2,000 others, across 49 countries, Yuan served on the jury, and was nominated, for Canada's National Magazine Awards (poetry category).

