This edition of Fowl Feathered Review is dedicated to Élisabeth Jacquet de La Guerre
(17 March 1665, Paris - 27 June 1729)

Suggested music for this issue:
Geirr Tveitt, composer.

Sumarnatta (Summer Night)
arr. Gunnar Eriksson

Göteborg Chamber Choir conducted by Gunnar Eriksson
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qQVuaUXpDe8m
COMPOSER AND PIANIST
Missy Mazzoli
Presents her
MUSICAL HEROES AND HITS:

Ludwig van Beethoven:
Symphony No. 7
Piano Concerto No. 4
Piano Concerto No. 5

Philip Glass:
Einstein on the Beach
Satyagraha
Glassworks

Arthur Russell:
World of Echo

My Bloody Valentine:
Loveless

John Luther Adams:
Four Thousand Holes
In the White Silence

Benjamin Britten:
Peter Grimes

Meredith Monk:
Dolmen Music
Book of Days

David Lang:
little match girl
passion
love fail

Leonard Cohen:
Songs from a Room

Efterklang:
Performing Parades
Piramida

Nina Simone:
everything

PLACES TO BUY/HEAR MY MUSIC:
www.missymazzoli.com
www.victoiremusic.com

CDs RELEASED:
Song from the Uproar: The Lives and Deaths of Isabelle Eberhardt (a chamber opera)
released November 13, 2012 on New Amsterdam Records
http://missymazzoli.bandcamp.com/album/song-from-the-uproar

Cathedral City
debut album from my band Victoire
released September 25, 2010 on New Amsterdam Records
http://victoire.bandcamp.com/album/cathedral-city

OTHER CDs FEATURING MY MUSIC:
Jennifer Koh - Bach and Beyond, Part I
- Dissolve, O My Heart
eighth blackbird - Meanwhile
- Still Life With Avalanche

NOW Ensemble - Awake
- Magic With Everyday Objects
Newspeak - **sweet light crude**  
- *In Spite of All This*

Kathleen Supove - **The Exploding Piano**  
- *Isabelle Eberhardt Dreams of Piano*

Jody Redhage - **of minutiae and memory**  
- *A Thousand Tongues*

**YOUTUBE:**

*Song from the Uproar - You are the Dust official music video:***  
video: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cjhxMwXreU](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cjhxMwXreU)

*Cathedral City music video (featuring my band Victoire):***  
[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2zu_9rl6TX8](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2zu_9rl6TX8)

*Song from the Uproar Trailer:***  
[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ikd8ffzMrcc](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ikd8ffzMrcc)

*Still Life With Avalanche (performed by eighth blackbird):***  
[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oZFEuP_VPE8](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oZFEuP_VPE8)

*The Diver (performed live by my band Victoire):***  
[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Tu1SZvBnkWk](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Tu1SZvBnkWk)

*A Song for Mick Kelly (performed live by my band Victoire):***  
[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-xPvVWslzDE](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-xPvVWslzDE)

Missy Mazzoli  
Composer, Musician  
[www.missymazzoli.com](http://www.missymazzoli.com)  
[www.victoiremusic.com](http://www.victoiremusic.com)
Eleanor Leonne Bennett.
Three Poems by Nicole Breit

He Wishes For A Girl

When we visit my Uncle Bert’s house, my cousin, Big Gerry, who lives next door and has two sons a few years younger than me, comes over to see us. He sits beside me and grins, calls me Nikki Nikki as he pulls my pigtails. “He teases you because he wishes he had a little girl,” my Mom tells me. I smile quietly and inch away on the orange footstool.

In the front yard as we’re getting ready to leave, Big Gerry squirts me with my uncle’s garden hose. “I’m just trying to cool you off, Nikki,” he says, his eyes squinting in the sun, grinning still. “You’re not mad, are you?” I can’t look up and try not to cry as I climb into the car beside my brother, whose summer clothes are dry.

Summer Fever

That evening I lie on my aunt’s long brown couch with its recurring pattern of horse-drawn carts and oversized wagon wheels. The front door is open, I can hear the Regatta fireworks popping and cracking the sky, and crickets chirping close by. The blue TV light flickers in the living room where I am the lone watcher of the summer Olympics uneven bar competition. Brian calls through the doorway to the kitchen where the grown-ups play cards, “You know what we do with sick kids, don’t you, Nickel?” I watch welts appear on my arms and think about how long it takes for the sound of his voice to hit my ears. My brother asks for more cinnamon toast. Aline says, “I bet Kevin could live on it”. I see him standing on a land-sized piece of toast, where he has just staked a flag. I see the Snells’ brown-trimmed yellow house through the window, the silhouette of a man crossing the street. It is suddenly dark inside and out, the night a blue-black bruise of sky. The black rotary phone rings far away somewhere. My aunt asks “Hello?” and “Who’s this?” and “Hello?” A breeze pushes itself over me through the front door again and again until I completely disappear.
Something a Bad Man Would Do

The grown-ups are angry. They don’t know who did it, so they can’t say disappointed. My cousin discovered the F Word on the windshield of her car. All three of us are asked if we know who did it. Of course we don’t, but for a moment I wonder if Bobby is looking at me funny. Maybe it was one of those Snell kids. We were all playing together yesterday. I hope they decide it’s the man who calls at night and breathes heavily into the phone, tells my aunt he is watching us as he counts the cars in her driveway. It seems like something a bad man would do.
Erstes Viertelton-Piano (Wischnegradski)

Ansicht mit offener Klappe

1928
Erstes Viertelton-Piano (Wischnegradski, Paris)

Innenansicht

1928
Erstes Viertelton-Piano (Wischnegradski)

Seiten-Ansicht mit Umleimer Lippert

1928
Nr. 205

Viertelton - Piano 1930

Klaviaturschrank August Förster

1930
In the fall of 1928 AUGUST FÖRSTER surprised the piano experts at the Leipzig Tradeshow when he exhibited the first quartertone piano. It was constructed for the composer Mr. Wyrschneigradski who lived in Paris. The beautiful cabinet had some similarity with an organ. The construction consisted of two sound mechanisms which were each made of: posts, soundboard, iron frame and strings. Similar to the grand piano one of the sound mechanisms was tuned a quartertone higher.

The last existing quartertone grand piano is exhibited at the Prague National Museum in the section “Museum Czech Music”.
Three Poems by Joan McNerney

White Heat

This dry moment
we lay in sweat beds.

Limp flowers turned
into themselves.

Lightning scorches
skies with hot zigzags.

Will it ever rain, when
will cicadas be silent?

Memories of a white room
burning pains…shunts, stains.

A bottle bursts filling the
sidewalk with rancid beer.

Throat of bird
swollen, screaming.

O Michael

Today I feel myself
slipping away
into this dark hole.
Longing to sleep sleep
long deep sleep
through the cold night.
Slipping away through
wells of sorrow.

I remember how brightly
constellations shone
in their orbit. Now
there is nothing but
this bowl of blackness.
When did all the
stars collapse?
Accident

If only it had not rained the sky black and wet as we hurried across streets.

Perhaps had he worn a light coat it would have been easier to spot.

Maybe if the cab driver were not so tired, if headlights shone brighter.

How many hundreds of things lead him to that corner. For instance staying late to check computer printouts.

The cab driver had felt like going home at six but had a recent rent increase.

Everything lead to the cab slipping along 3rd Avenue. Him in front of his office and then lunging out to avoid a puddle.

There was no one to blame nothing to blame really not the rain or the dark coat not the dim lights nor the cab driver who would remember this always and sometimes blame himself.

It was part of a series of events of time and place leading to this conclusion.
An ambulance screamed down the avenue. His eyes wide open as he lay facing the black night.

His time finished, eyes opened as if staring at something quite different now.
Two Poems by Dawnell Harrison

A California sunrise

The orange sherbet, mango-colored sky
Rises from behind its dark-hooded mother

Where exotic palm trees line the streets
Of Los Angeles – a city of busting people

Going off fragmented like broken, red
Glass – a kaleidoscope of colors move
Beneath your fingertips.

Golden

Fields of golden corn –
Cats play among the stalks.

The morning is polished
To a bright luster as

The sun glints gold
Onto the clear pond.

Yellow-orange peaches
Cling to their branches

Weighing heavily, full
With thick juices just

Waiting to fall to the ground
Littered with leaves and

Overly ripe peaches.
At night lovers float dove-like

Into a plethora of stars
Needling their way
Into the pupil of your eye.
Four Poems by Afzal Moolla

MAN,
cowardly, brutal,
puffed-up on conceit,
self-assuredly bigoted,
as dead as stone,
stripped of all humaneness,
down to the bone.

MAN,
you kill, molest,
you batter, and you smile,
you smile,
when you hear the bones, the lives, the dignity shatter.

MAN,
you lie, humiliate,
You rape, and you laugh as a complicit society condones your escape.

MAN,
you have escaped,
too many times to say,

'Man',
that means you too, brother,
and you too father,
son, lover, singer, farmer, poet, thief, doctor, chef, engineer and the rest of you polite people,

you and your wretched array.

MAN,
stand up and stop the abuse now!

MAN,
your shameful hands need cleansing,
your soiled conscience is reeking,
of your manliness.

MAN,
stand up and stop the abuse!

MAN,
stand up! speak! Act,
for once,  
put your testosterone to less harmful use,  
lest your dwindling humanity to the gutter,  
you are prepared,  
to forever lose.

***

Moving On.

Some wounds never heal,  
they remain raw,  
a persistent reminder,  
of all we have experienced,  
of all that our pained eyes saw.

Many scars still remain,  
they remind us always,  
of the agony of the years gone by,  
of the choices made, that led us down separate alleyways.

Time softens the stinging ache,  
and though the pain and the fear,  
is living proof of life’s gruelling test,  
we try to move,  
to move on,  
ever forgetting the past,  
but perhaps,  
laying the past quietly to rest.

***

She walks,  
at times alone,  
though not lonely.

She smiles,
at times to herself,  
masking her pain.

She laughs,  
at yesteryear's experiences,  
so many lessons learned,

She yearns,  
to find solace,  
for it has been painfully earned.

She walks,  
at times alone,  
though not lonely.

She smiles,  
at times to herself,  
masking her pain.

May she walk on!  
Alone perhaps but never lonely,

May she smile on!  
Without the pain to mask.

May she always be,  
absorbed and surrounded by peace.

And,  
may her smile continue,  
forever,  
ever to cease.

* * *

Adrift.

Rootless, cast adrift,  
on water's cold and vast,

anchor and mooring,  
shattered as the broken mast.  
Leaning port-side,  
searching for that safe haven's call,

caught in the typhoon,
thrashed by the waves that rise and fall.

Adrift,
the sting of salty tears,
drowning in phantom fears.

Adrift,
surrendering to the elements and however they decide,

Adrift,
watching all truth into the dark depths subside.
Tweets from our Fowl Members

Virgil Kay @VirgilKay

@MargaretAtwood Atwood's come hither look of recent date: pho.to/1cg50

Margaret E. Atwood Verified account @MargaretAtwood10h

@VirgilKay: Yes. Come hither into my candy-covered gingerbread cottage in the woods... (cackle)
Remington Records
Rudolf A. Bruil

What is it about Remington Records?

The name Remington is linked to the arms production company. At one time Remington was also the name of a piano manufacturer. There are the typewriters. And there were the Remington Morse records during the 78 RPM shellac era.

But what is it about Remington Records?
It is about the link between Europe and America. It is about 'music-making Europe' and 'music-loving America'. It is about the time before World War Two, the War years, and the years after the war, the 1940s, and early 1950s when the world was recovering from a devastating conflict. 'Recorded in Europe', it says on many a cover.

It is also proof that America is the country of possibilities and opportunities. Even if this is in part due to the vastness of the land and the many inhabitants. Remington Records shows that a ripple in a pond can become a wave.

Today we are used to large-scale operations encompassing continents. The world has opened up and become internationalized more than ever before. But in the days of the founder of Remington Records, Donald H. Gabor, international operations had many restrictions that represented challenges to any entrepreneur. Yet Gabor connected to many foreign places, first to Vienna and Salzburg in Austria; and to Paris, France. His contacts evolved from Austria - and also Italy - to Berlin, cooperating with German firms. He even licensed his recordings to a small Australian record label named Festival. He pressed and distributed LPs in Canada, Germany, and The Netherlands, thus broadening the scope and adding to the importance of his records, which carried the label 'A Don Gabor Production'.

Gabor’s international aspirations, which had their origins in Europe - he was born in Budapest - is what he has in common with the founders of Concert Hall and Musical Masterpiece Société, the two brothers Josefowitz, who had come from Europe as well and were eager to seize any opportunities. Although Gabor did not start a subscription series like the Josefowitz brothers, nor a record club, he always contemplated new ideas and was executing new projects.

Remington Records is also about the creativity it takes to promote a record label in style. It is truly remarkable that Alex Steinweiss, who started his career as a designer working for Columbia Records, helped Donald H. Gabor in order to give his product its distinctive look, and by doing so, Steinweiss and his co-designers put Remington’s appearance on par with the big labels of the early LP era. Gabor, who was Steinweiss’ senior by five years - and that could have helped - hired the prominent designer during his second year
of operations to create the new label's distinctive image.

These aspects, the artists and orchestras he recorded, and of course the unusual vinyl mix that he used for pressing records\(^1\) with 'Music for Millions', all add up to the uniqueness of Remington Records.

http://www.soundfountain.org/rem/dongabor1.html

\(^1\) Having records pressed at [at the Scranton Record Manufacturing plant] was a costly affair. Shellac was scarce and expensive. That is the reason why [Donald H. Gabor] started experimenting to obtain a workable mixture of shellac and plastic in order to become less dependent on the availability of shellac and to reduce the cost of pressing records as well.
INTRODUCTION – KARLHEINZ ESSL

By: Julieanne Klein

Karlheinz Essl transcends his definition as electronic music composer; he is a creator, performer, improviser, and live generator of electronic sounds and sonic texture. Flowing through his vast and diverse body of work is an undercurrent of oppositional forces that become the foundation for a symbiotic relationship between structure and chance, concrete and abstract, composer and improviser, man and machine. Essl’s compositional style finds a poetic depth in exploring various processes: the use of algorithms for musical composition; the improvisatory element inherent in live electronics; and using the computer’s random generations as the sole source of sound material. Frequently on stage performing his own compositions in collaboration with other instrumentalists, Essl the performer becomes an integral part of the creation as it is being created, illustrating his philosophical ideal that all chaos contains the potential for self-organization. Essl’s compositional output spans every possible medium: orchestral, chamber, musical theater/performance, live electronics, electronic computer music, real-time and meta compositions, meta-instruments, installations and soundscapes, film music, visuals, text compositions and works for solo instruments. Always looking to expand his creative output, Essl frequently collaborates with artists from other fields, including choreographers, dancers, visual artists, video artists, architects, poets, authors, and graffiti artists.

As a young boy, Essl was infused with rock music and Bach, already showing a penchant for juxtaposing styles at an early age. Although his original instrument of choice was the electric guitar, he later transferred his passion to the double bass, and started to play jazz standards. Jazz afforded Essl a view of the possibilities of an extended harmonic system, with its expansions into panchromatic realms. At the age of fifteen he discovered Stockhausen’s writings about electronic music in the 1950’s. Essl promptly bought a record of Stockhausen’s seminal piece Kontakte, and methodically studied the electronic score while listening to the piece. Essl recounts the importance of this early exposure to the ‘godfather’ of electronic music: “Later, I applied Stockhausen’s ‘scale’ concept to other aspects of my writing process, exploring the dichotomy between composition and improvisation, the difference between concrete and abstract or between nature and technique. This enables me to move freely in between, unfolding the power of the differences.”

During his early years Essl tried to strictly avoid tonal music and its related gestures, as he believed it was connected to an exhausted musical tradition. Searching for a new harmonic language, it was not until Essl discovered the serial music of Anton Webern.

that he was to find a great transformation in his compositional style. States Essl: “That encounter dramatically changed my musical life and my prejudices against dodecaphonic and atonal music. I stopped playing the bass and dedicated myself to the music of the Second Viennese School, which I analyzed with utmost care,... I inevitably arrived at the serial music of the 1950's, and attentively studied not only the scores of Stockhausen and Boulez, but also their articles and manifestos.”

Essl furthered his philosophical understanding of the poetics of serialism when he came into contact with Gottfried Michael Koenig (director of Instituut voor Sonology – Utrecht, Netherlands). Their numerous interactions led to Essl's understanding that the poetics of serialism are not only an extrapolation of the dodecaphonic method — instead, they give way to a new ‘synthetic’ way of considering musical composition based on algorithms. Finding tremendous inspiration in the aforementioned Anton Webern and Karlheinz Stockhausen, Essl also cites György Ligeti and the early music composers Perotin, Guillaume de Machaut and Johannes Ockeghem as important sonic influences. Essl enjoyed a prolonged occupation with the poetics of serialism, and this idea became a formative influence on his career. Having come to the understanding that order and chaos can be seen under a common perspective, he saw that these elements are not opposites, but different appearances of the same reality. From this, Essl embraced the burgeoning field of computer-aided composition.

Essl has spent his career developing various compositional software environments, based on both algorithmic and computer-based real time structures. In the mid 1980’s he developed the idea of structural models that can be used as software, and a decade later this led to the creation of m@ze², Essl’s personal musical generative instrument.

During this time Essl became increasingly fascinated with the improvisatory elements inherent in live electronics. Identifying with and embracing the process of live sound creation, Essl discovered the power of creating gradually moving harmonic fields, likening them to clouds or slowly streaming water. He finds the potential for musical greatness to be high when engaged in live improvisation, and many of his pieces are centered on this medium. In direct contrast to the ever-changing complexity of Essl’s former music, live improvisation and electronic sound-generation forged a new stylistic path for Essl, and continues to be an inherent part of his compositions today. Frequently standing on stage alongside the other performers, Essl the performance artist presents a wise, sage-like presence within his music. The integration of his energy into the dynamic output of the performance generates a nuanced vibe, as the other performers are able to create and flow with Essl, the creator, in real-time. A brief overview of Essl’s vast body of work reveals a bit of his fun-loving side. Titles such as Gold.Berg.Werk, Sequitur, While my guitars gently whip, Take the C Train, and Deconstructing Mozart are a nod to the past, a philosophical statement that we are all standing on the shoulders of giants. He strives to choose the title of the piece before he commences composing, finding that this serves as a source of inspiration, and allows him to then focus on the core of the piece. Essl cites Lexikon-Sonate, an algorithmic generator, as one of his most important works. The piece was started in 1992 while Essl was working on a commission from IRCAM. During this time he embraced the highly innovative programming language Max, and the advanced technology afforded Essl the opportunity to finally use his own compositional algorithms (developed for score generation years ago) in real-time. Lexikon-Sonate, for computer-controlled shredder, and fLOW, an ambient soundscape generator. Both applications are sound modules for Essl’s personal musical instrument, m@ze².
piano, is a series of models (humorously named Esprit, Joyce, Dependance, MeloChord, or Ricochet), combined by a ‘conductor’ (Essl playing various MIDI controllers and the computer keyboard) to create an infinite series of sonic elements. Lexikon-Sonate has survived the test of time (and numerous operating system changes) and continues to be performed by Essl to this day. Gold.Berg.Werk was created on commission by a friend’s string trio, and is an electronic expansion of J.S. Bach’s Goldberg Variations. Though Essl originally resisted the idea of adding electronics to the music of Bach, he then embraced this ‘interesting challenge.’ In Gold.Berg.Werk, the movements played by the string trio are interwoven with electronic renderings of the Goldberg Variations. The electronics are based on the harmonic progression of Bach’s flourishing and ornamented piece Aria. Essl reduced the piece to its essential harmonic form, stripped of figurations and ornaments, and used these harmonic elements to create a gorgeous electronic soundscape. Gold.Berg.Werk are a lush set of pieces that bridge the Baroque past with the sounds of the new millennium. In 2008 Essl began a series of works with the title Sequitur. Inspired by Luciano Berio’s Sequenza series, Sequitur is a series of works for various solo instruments and live electronics. The pieces are performance ready, in that it is possible for the players to play each piece in a solo context, without the direct assistance of a sound technician. This ease of platform as surely contributed to a great many more performances then a piece with more complex technical requirements. Notable instrumentations include Sequitur V for toy piano and live-electronics, Sequitur XIII for extended piano and live electronics, and Sequitur XIV for kalimba and live electronics. Sequitur IX for voice and live electronics utilizes techniques of overtone singing, combined with plainchant singing and bel canto, as the piece blends together Eastern and Western elements, melting both cultures into a new sonic landscape. Embracing his solo performance artist, Essl later composed non Sequitur, a series of pieces for various gadgets (punch-tape controlled music boxes, kalimbas, sound sculptures) and live electronics. In this piece the electronics are based on side products of Essl’s Sequitur cycle, and improvised with by Essl in real-time.

The complete catalogue of Essl’s works is vast, diverse, comical, evolutionary, and sheer artistic prose. Having recently completed works encompassing sound installations (Suspended Suspense), multiple prepared and amplified toy pianos (Miles to Go), and a piece for tenor tuba, live-electronics and surround sound (Si!), Essl continues to maintain a continuous flow of innovative creative output. When not composing himself, he is busy inspiring a generation of younger composers in his position as Professor of Composition at the Vienna University of Music and Performing Arts. Beyond this, Essl is also influential in the cultivation and dissemination of new art, particularly seen in his co-direction of the family-run Essl Museum, a modern art museum based outside of Vienna. Here Essl has fueled a series of innovative programs that expand the boundaries of sonic landscape; educating audiences, inspiring young composers, and erasing the bourgeois line so often perceived in traditionally classical venues. His work, in all its ventures, has already left its mark on the field of electronic music, and will undoubtedly continue to inspire and influence budding electronic musicians for generations to come.
A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE MUSIC FOR TOY PIANO BY
KARLHEINZ ESSL
Isabel Ettenauer

Writing about the toy piano music of Karlheinz Essl from the perspective of a performer is quite a personal undertaking for me. Having played all of these amazing pieces, some of them many, many times, I feel a close relationship to them. After more than 50 performances of Kalimba (Essl’s first composition for toy piano) for instance, this piece is not just a very important part of my repertoire but almost feels like a part of myself (without wanting to sound presumptuous).

Let me start with a story about the beginning of a new adventure. When I had the idea of a new project which was about performing on toy pianos, I wasn’t aware that this would soon be the main focus in my work. In 2000 I was looking into possible venues for toy piano performances. (At that time I had only one toy piano, the Bontempi of my childhood, and a little later ordered my first three Schoenhuts. - Up till then I was only performing on grown up Grand pianos...) One venue that seemed perfect to me was the - at that time recently opened - Essl Museum in Klosterneuburg near Vienna. The wonderful museum which is the home of the immense private collection of contemporary art owned by Essl’s family has also served as a venue for a concert series with new and experimental music from the moment of its opening. So I contacted Karlheinz Essl who was programming these concerts. That’s how we met, and in March 2001 I played one of my very first toy piano recitals at the Essl Museum. At that time my repertoire was limited to a few already existing works (including Cage’s legendary “Suite for Toy Piano“) and some brand new pieces I commissioned from composer friends and colleagues. After the concert we had a nice get-together in a little Italian restaurant and Karlheinz expressed some interest in writing a piece for toy piano himself, perhaps something with electronics. An idea that of course delighted me. Busy a composer as he is, it took him several years to find the time to really work on it. In spring 2005 – after having played my second concert at the Essl Museum - I finally lent Karlheinz my Schoenhut Concert Grand (a 37-key chromatic toy piano) which obviously inflamed his inspiration.

I am absolutely amazed by the creative output that followed. Within seven years Essl created a whole body of works for toy piano, each of them a world of its own. In every new piece that he composed the toy piano was approached in a different way. And every time he created a new piece, the toy piano was discovered and explored a little more. While the very first piece, Kalimba, is entirely played on the keyboard of the instrument – although Essl already succeeded enriching the toy piano’s very own sound by adding a pre-recorded soundtrack – the composer later started to
explore the inside of the toy piano as well as finally dismantle and prepare it.
In the following I would like to give short introductions to each of the seven pieces.

Kalimba
for toy piano and fixed media (2005)
After experimenting with my Schoenhut Grand for several weeks, one sunny afternoon in April 2005 Karlheinz invited me to his studio to make some recordings of a certain material. This material should be the basis for a soundtrack to be played back by a small loudspeaker hidden inside the toy piano. The brilliant idea was to enrich the sound of the toy piano by a sound that again came from the instrument itself, but this time processed by a special computer program written in Max/MSP. Placing a small loudspeaker in the corpus of the toy piano made it possible to create a perfect blend between the sounds of the instrument and the sounds from the loudspeaker. In fact the sounds mix so well that the audience might even assume all the music would come from the toy piano itself. But what special toy piano could that be that produces such rich and unexpected sounds? It is a miracle.
The piece is entirely based on an eight-tone scale which alternates whole and halftone steps. About the soundtrack Essl writes himself: “The computer program makes use of a compositional algorithm that creates five canonic layers of the same soundfile which are affected by very slow glissandos. The result is stunning: starting from the original scale (which is also played synchronously on the toy piano during performance), the sound gradually transforms itself from a rich variety of sonic transformations into a “chaotic“ distribution of the 8 tones which finally fall together into chord repetitions. In the adjacent part of the piece, the glissandos are expanded to a much wider range and – by forming an ambitus of 4 octaves in the end – a proportional canon of the form $\frac{1}{4} : \frac{1}{2} : 1 : 2 : 4$ is created. Continuously, all layers except the (s)lowest are fading out, so that in the end only a transposition of the original recording two octaves lower (and two times slower) can be heard. This is the beginning of the “coda“ of the piece, where upon the “ground“ of the extremely slowed-down toy piano motif the entire piece is compressed into a few seconds.”

Karlheinz Essl gave his first piece for toy piano the name “Kalimba“ as the instrument reminds him more of an African kalimba (or perhaps also celesta, or Asian gamelan) than a conventional piano. In fact the overlapping figures on the soundtrack produce these kind of “inherent patterns“ we also know of Kalimba music from central Asia (as explored by the Viennese music ethnologist Gerhard Kubik): Through overlapping rhythmical patterns - produced by a number of Kalimba players - new sound structures develop.
To this day *Kalimba* is probably one of Essl’s most performed compositions. Since its premiere at the Komponistenforum Mittersill (Salzburg, Austria) on 15 September 2005, it was not only played by me at venues all over the world more than 50 times, but in the meantime about 20 other pianists also have it in their repertoire, which added to the amazing number of 127 performances up till January 2013. For a piece written only eight years ago, I would say that this is a pretty amazing figure. It also shows that *Kalimba* very quickly became a very important work in today’s repertoire for toy piano. In November 2005 the piece won a prize at the composition competition of the *Extensible Toy Piano Project* at Clark University (Worcester, MA). It was released on my debut CD *the joy of toy – New music for toy piano* (edition eirelav 001, 2005). You can also find a detailed analysis of this work (although in German language) by Ana Szilágyi on Essl’s website for *Kalimba* (see the links below).

*WebernSpielWerk*
for toy piano with optional ring modulator (2005)

After a rehearsal of *Kalimba* a few weeks before its premiere, Karlheinz told me about another piece that he recently composed and that would be premiered in the same festival as *Kalimba*.

*WebernUhrWerk* is a work that was composed for the 60th anniversary of Anton Webern’s death. It’s an algorithmic music for computer-controlled Carillon. Karlheinz played the piece for me in his studio – it was to be premiered at the Komponistenforum Mittersill on 15 September 2005, in the town where Webern was accidentally shot dead by an American GI 60 years before. The work was composed as a generative sound installation to be hidden inside a roof at the market place of Mittersill. Every quarter hour one could hear the carillon as death bells for Anton Webern.

I was fascinated by this music and immediately could imagine something like this on a toy piano. So it came that Karlheinz made me an exactly notated version of the piece for toy piano, the *WebernSpielWerk* which I premiered in the same concert as *Kalimba*, on this very 15 September 2005. After the performance of the original piece in the town of Mittersill in the afternoon, in the evening it was played in its smaller version at the intimate setting of St. Anna Church. At that time I played it on my first Schoenhut Grand, but a few years later when my collection of toy pianos started growing, I found out that the perfect instrument for this piece is in fact a three-octave Michelsonne (a beautiful French instrument which was produced in the 60ies of the 20th Century). In addition, in 2012 Karlheinz Essl had the wonderful idea to make the sound even more bell like by adding a ring modulator.

The piece is in four parts:
I. espressivo – “mit einem gewissen sprechenden Ausdruck“
II. molto rubato
III. Gemessenen Schritts (“wie Totenglocken“)
For toy piano and live-electronics (2008)

In 2008 Karlheinz Essl started a series of compositions with the name Sequitur. Within a couple of years he created 14 works for various solo instruments and live-electronics which were somehow inspired by Luciano Berio’s cycle Sequenze. Being already familiar with the toy piano, Essl fortunately included this very instrument in this wonderful series. As in the Berio series, each Sequitur composition explores the special sound world of one solo instrument. However Essl goes even further and confronts each solo instrument with a very complex electronic accompaniment. The especially developed Sequitur Generator (written in Max/MSP) processes the live-input of the solo instrument in realtime and creates a complex 8-part canon – hence the title Sequitur, the latin word for “it follows“. Being confronted with her/his own playing in all sorts of mutations, the performer often feels like in a House of Mirrors.

In case of Sequitur V the live-input is transmitted by a small contact microphone which is mounted on the downside of the sound board. In this piece as in most works of the Sequitur series the electronics can be controlled by the performer her/himself.

The Sequitur Generator works in a way that the individual canonic entrances are not constant like in a traditional canon for example in folk music. The interval of the canon entrances accelerates during the piece - which increases the density of the musical structure – and gets longer again towards the end of the piece.

A number of sound transformers are used to process the live-input, for example a ring modulator, detuner, flanger and comb filter. The performer can evoke the various transformations which are controlled by a sequence of pre-composed presets by pressing the space bar on the computer keyboard as exactly indicated in the score. The next preset (in total there are 17 presets) will be loaded at each key stroke. In a later revision Essl also added an expression pedal to the electronic setup of Sequitur V to enable the performer to control the volume level of the electronics.

Another important principle of the Sequitur Generator is that the eight live-generated canon voices do not always play. In the program there is a hidden conductor, controlled by random operations, who gives cues to the various canons. In this way the canon can vary between one and eight voices which is completely unpredictable and makes each performance unique. By listening and reacting to the complex electronic accompaniment, the performer has much more creative freedom than in a piece with fixed media and always experiences moments of surprises. In this sense one could say that Sequitur V is a logical continuation of the musical ideas of Kalimba. Sequitur V makes use of a two octave range hence can be played on a 25-key Schoenhut tabletop toy piano, but of
course also on instruments with a larger range. I premiered the piece at the Alte Schmiede, Vienna, on 20 June 2008, in a concert in which a number of Sequitur pieces were premiered.

Listen Thing – Palindromic Christmas Canon in 4 Parts for toy piano solo (2008)

In December 2008 I received very nice Season’s Greetings from Karlheinz Essl. It was a piece that he had just composed and gave as a present to his toy piano playing friends.

The work was originally written for music box, that means in this version it exists as a custom-punched paper tape which is inserted into the music box in four different orientations. When the tape is finally inserted in its prime form (in the last movement), it turns out that the music we have been hearing is in fact the famous Austrian Christmas carol “Silent Night” (in a special setting by the composer), played from different directions. Karlheinz then had the brilliant idea to make a transcription of the piece for toy piano.

Not only the original music can be heard in four different ways in this piece, but even the title of the piece as well as the titles of all four movements are anagrams of “Silent Night”. Is this imaginative or what?

Here are the titles of the four movements and their compositional form:
1. Tingle Hints (inversion)
2. Shingle Tint (retrograde)
3. Lent in Sight (inversion of retrograde)
4. Silent Night (prime form)

whatever shall be for toy piano, gadgets, music box and live-electronics with surround sound (2010)

In 2010 my toy piano colleague Phyllis Chen from New York commissioned a piece from Karlheinz Essl which in the meantime became one of my absolute favorites. In this piece Essl made use of the inside of the toy piano for the first time. By approaching the instrument like an innocent child he started experimenting with sounds by knocking and scratching on the sound board. As in Sequitur V a contact microphone is mounted on the downside of the sound board. The mic is connected to a specially written computer program (again done in Max/MSP) which acts as a kind of sonic “particle accelerator”. The piece is originally written in a version with four-channel surround sound (of course my favored version!), but a two-channel version also exists.

During the 10 minute long voyage through the piece, the performer does not only scratch and knock on the sound board, but also has to stamp with the feet (the very rhythm that we hear is later revealed...) and makes use of some special gadgets. A wooden dreidel (a small four-sided spinning top) is played on the sound board, and a thimble (originally there was a chop stick used) produces beautiful glissandos on the metal rods of
the toy piano. At certain parts some notes are also played on the keys in a conventional way, but even these sounds at some point burst out into explosive glissandos. But that’s not all: In the very end of the piece a small music box comes into scene. Mounted on the soundboard, the little instrument plays the melody of the well known song “Que Sera, Sera, Whatever Will be, Will be” from the great Hitchcock movie “The Man Who Knew Too Much”. What a magical moment!
The magic of this piece probably also has to do with the fact that everything that is heard before the entry of this beautiful music box melody - all the rhythmical cells, melodic motives, even the harmonic structures – in fact has derived from this very melody.

under wood

This is the first composition of Karlheinz Essl in which he confronts the toy piano with other instruments, in this case an ensemble of flute, clarinet/bass clarinet, trumpet, trombone, accordion, violin, viola, cello and double bass. Although the composition can be seen as a concerto for toy piano(s) and ensemble, in fact all instruments are completely interwoven with each other and form together a larger ensemble. The 12-minute long work is a very intense composition and reminds of Albrecht Dürer’s term from 1512, “inwendig voller Figuren“ (inwardly full of characters).

Essl writes about the piece: “The title under wood refers to a mechanical typewriter of the same name with its characteristic hammering sound. Besides, it can also be interpreted as the attempt to look behind the surface and investigate the fascinating complexity that one discovers in the woods by changing the viewing perspective from the trees down to the earth: an almost impenetrable cosmos of independent, yet secretly connected gestures and movements of little creatures which one cannot see but only hear.”
The toy pianist is playing on two instruments, each of them amplified with a contact microphone. The mics are connected to a small audio mixer and are being slightly filtered. The output signal is sent to a small loudspeaker which is placed close to the toy pianos.

One of the toy pianos, a two-octave Schoenhut table top is kind of deconstructed and prepared in a special way so that its sound is completely transformed. The bar which holds the metal rods was taken out and put back in in a different way so that most of the hammers don’t hit the metal rods but the thick metal bar which holds them. This creates an amazing metallic sound (without any pitches), especially when amplified. For the more melodic lines a Schoenhut 37-key Concert Grand is used. In the inside of this instrument there are also delicate sounds produced, for example by circling and scratching with the finger tips or nails on the resonance board. Apart from the two toy pianos, the toy
pianist also plays a couple of other instruments which play an important part in the piece: two desk bells (tuned in a2 and d#3). In the second part of the piece these are even used in a dialogue between the toy pianist and the trumpet and trombone players who suddenly also turn into desk bell players.

It is very interesting how the instruments are positioned on stage. The ensemble instruments are forming a half circle around the toy pianos which are positioned in the middle of the stage. The half circle starts on the left side of the stage with the trumpet, then there come clarinet, violin and viola. In the middle of the half circle, behind the toy pianos there is the accordion, while on the right side of the half circle there are cello, bass, flute and on the very right (opposite the trumpet) the trombone.

This means that the wind players are sitting outside, while the string players are more inside of the half circle. The accordion forms as the harmonic bass of the toy pianos, it functions like a prolongation of the toy piano, providing it with the sustained notes that it cannot produce itself.

The piece was commissioned by the Viennese ensemble “die reihe” and was premiered by them and myself at the Radiokulturhaus Vienna with Alexander Drćar conducting on 7 November 2012.

Miles to go
for four prepared and amplified toy pianos (2012)
The title of Essl’s newest toy piano piece - which was composed shortly after under wood - was borrowed from the poem Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening by Robert Frost which says:
The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

In a magic way this describes the 14-minute journey through the piece.

For this new work in which for the first time four toy pianists are involved Karlheinz Essl uses four 25-key Schoenhut tabletop toy pianos which are prepared in a similar way as one of the toy pianos used in under wood.

The position of the metal rods is changed in a way that most of the hammers don’t hit the rods any more but the metal bar to which they are mounted. Apart from this metallic sound which is created by the special preparation of the toy piano, the lowest key does hit the wooden sound board (creating a dry wooden attack) and a few keys still produce the usual toy piano sounds. All these subtle sounds become much more audible by amplifying them through a contact microphone which is fed into a small mixer that is connected to a small studio monitor positioned next to the instrument (in larger halls mounted on a stand behind the player). Hearing the piece without seeing the instruments the listener might assume a percussion ensemble or even a thrash metal band producing this music, rather than four children’s instruments.
The four players are not just acting as four different voices but in fact are treated as a single unit, forming quasi one single meta-instrument.
In the beginning of the piece we hear a dense hammering at different tempos that gets more and more intense and creates a kind of phasing effect similar to what is known as “moiré patterns“ in visual images. What might seem stressful and breathless in the beginning after a while appears to the listener as a quality of calmness. And towards the end of the piece the hammering metal sounds are more and more replaced by soft and flowing sonorities produced by stroking and scratching the wooden sound board with the handle of a percussion mallet.
*Miles to go* was commissioned by the Philharmonie Luxembourg and was premiered at the first Toy Piano World Summit there by Phyllis Chen, Xenia Pestova, Pascal Meyer and me on 2 December 2012.
You can find detailed infos as well of videos of all pieces on Karlheinz Essl’s website:
*Kalimba*: http://www.essl.at/works/kalimba.html  
*WebernSpielWerk*: http://www.essl.at/works/webernspielwerk.html  
*Sequitur V*: http://www.essl.at/works/sequitur/sequitur-5.html  
*Listen Thing*: http://www.essl.at/works/listen-thing.html  
*whatever shall be*: http://www.essl.at/works/whatever.html  
*under wood*: http://www.essl.at/works/underwood.html  
*Miles to go*: http://www.essl.at/works/miles2go.html  
© IE, 7 March 2013.
Two Poems by KJ Hannah Greenberg

Each Elderly Face

After many ill-managed attempts to divest from teachy friends,
I grasped a bouquet of elderly faces. Those exquisite psychic vessels possessed lifetimes’ worth of articulated meditations, joys, regrets.
Visage gifts, opened, more than ornamented great numbers of worshippers United in chanting back select wrongdoings, also hope.

Half my only baby doll’s dress, plus that florican photo (all ruffled exploration),
Carted two hundred leagues along with treasures of food and fashion, specified Women’s roles in fairly indistinct sentences measured by loucheness.
Garbage duty, scrubbing, with a toothbrush, patios, giving parkour
Competitors, those mud-caked children, outsourced sensibilities, rots.

Large print nonverbals are needed; oldsters share. Grown kids, too, require Field stations for Martian experiments, skipping stones, donations in kind.
When seniors morph into missshaped manikins or quivering kludge, we lose.
It remains far better to gather girlfriends, honor menses, birth, menopause,
While ignoring Facebook status.

Seeking youth infamously becomes so much throwing away of coins, diadems, lessons.
Braying via convergent media, painting cedars, acacias, myrtle, oleaster, cypress,
Humping off advice in the face of celestial importance, on balance, brings stagiaires,
The worst sort. Eventually babies toddle home, seek parental resistance’s stymieing.
The leaf falling freely tears less than the one insistent upon adhering.

Converse

I chanced a question,
At the wrong time.
The answer, an abhorrent little thing,
Plucked fresh off the vine,
Ushered forth greasy beasts, defanged,
But filled with unclotted civility.

Starlight, sunshine, watery reflections
Affect no allegiance toward gilded vows,
Fetch nothing, nor sisters, from goodness.
Specifically, youth’s straight stance quashes
Against routine wisdoms.
Spent gentleness squanders
Wishes, hopes, ambitions.
"Attraction" embodies "failure."
Night princes sup on blood.

Thereafter, mystique’s radiant, diamond children,
Above reach, beyond accomplishment,
Sing many sea shanties.

Whereas certain valleys protect mice,
Champion squirrels, harbor chipmunks.

Rightful spouses love because, not despite.
Muddy Water

The news of my mother’s death:
stirring muddy water
so cold.

My deceased father’s shoes
crumbled
in front of my mother’s corpse

Leaving homeland
a home without lights
with crying deers
ある日突然歩行者の声モノクロに

One day all of a sudden
the walkers’ voice
becomes monochrome

泳ぎながら眠る魚は悲しみの花

A fish sleeping
while swimming:
a flower of sorrow

二重の喪中の元日をゆすぶる地震

Earthquake
shaking the New Year’s Day
of double mourning

水音は底無し命の荒野は果て無し

The sounds of water is bottomless
so boundless
the desert of life

新年や見えない戦争見えない傷

The New Year:
invisible war
invisible wound

虚偽の国の虚偽の小箱の中で眠る

Sleeping
in a little box of falsehood
in a land of falsehood
A grey line stretches out to the heart from a black card

夜の港亡き母へのことばの薔薇

Night harbor: roses of words afloat for my dead mother
Tigran Tsitoghdzyan
A family flees their home following the ominous setting sun.
by the tsunami
anyone can stare up

すべてをなめる波の巨大な舌に愛なし

No love;
a giant tongue of waves
licking everything

心不全の原子炉のそばで眠ろう

Let’s sleep
near a nuclear reactor
in heart failure!

中性子愛も歴史も通過し闇へ

A neutron
crossing love and history
towards darkness

Fukushimaの火は牙をむき水は泣く

Fukushima fire
bares its fangs
water weeping

愚かさや海岸の怪獣へ津波

Stupidity:
the tsunami towards
a monster on the seashore

自動車の淵も生み出す大津波

A giant tsunami
gives birth to
a waterfall of cars

北風のHiroshima目の前に十字架

North wind in Hiroshima
a cross
in front of my eyes

HiroshimaとFukushimaという烙印へ雨が降る

It rains
on brands
named Hiroshima and Fukushima

無知の島の地表に冥府浮上する

The land of the dead
bobs up to the surface
of the Island of Ignorance

地震と津波の島に原子炉桜咲く

Nuclear reactors
on the island of earthquake and tsunami.
cherry blossoms in full bloom
Fast Cargo Boat Battling The Waves, Katsushika Hokusai
Feminist Modes of Production
Arielle Greenberg Bywater

I wasn’t up for writing an epic so I wooed a quail from its brush.
I wasn’t up for writing an epic so I combed my hair out the tower.
I wasn’t up for writing an epic so I got accidentally pregnant. Again.
I wasn’t up for writing an epic so I just started a small incursion.
I wasn’t up for writing an epic so I unbroke all the china.

Even though the land animals were shut away
and I was alone like a man in a lyric landscape
which would be such a totally wacky thing to be,
I wasn’t quite up for writing an epic.
I was gender jet lagged. I was smashed by binary,
If I was just a little more like a really weird man in a romantic landscape
I’d be so there with writing that epic.
Letter from Composer Bruce Mather:

Dear Mr. Kay:

I thank you for your interest in my Madrigals. I am sending you the CD “La Voix de l’Oiseau”, SNE 657-CD which includes Madrigal III (1971) and other vocal works on poems of Quebec poets. As well I am sending a CD of Madrigal V (1973) for 19 performers. The recording company Société Nouvelle d’Enregistrement (SNE) no longer exists but I bought up all remaining copies of the 5 CD’s involving my music. They can be ordered directly from me. In the late 1970’s Madrigals II, III and IV appeared on a CBC vinyl disc (RCI 369). The recording of the Madrigal III is inferior to the one on “La VOix de l’Oiseau”.

I have copies of this vinyl disc and could send you one but you may not have a turntable in working order. I am not equipped to transfer it to CD. For a composer of my age technological change has posed many problems. In my opinion we have had much technological change but little technological progress. I find that the sound on my LP vinyl discs to be just as good as on CD’s. In 1990 I had many reel to reel tapes of my music transferred to CD. Five years ago I did the same for recordings on audio cassettes. My next project is to transfer the vinyl discs to CD’s.

Scores of all my madrigals are available from the Centre de Musique Canadienne, 1085 Côte du Bearer Hall, suite 200 Montréal H2Z 155

Tel: 514-866-3477

Email: atelier@centremusique.ca

The only exception to this is Madrigal II which is published by Société des Editions Jobert, 27 Bd. Beaumarchais, 75004 Paris If you have problems obtaining this, I could send you a copy of the score.

If you have any questions, do not hesitate to call or write to me. As I am a “dinosaur”, I have no email, no cell phone and do not type.

All Best Wishes,

Bruce Mather
Five Poems by Jeffrey Williams

The Nothing that Returned

It was to return
Mightier than ever
With vengeance and determination
To destroy all that dares question it
All that disobey its ruthless abandon
I remain stubborn
Intensely stubborn
No fear for this mortal
I stood in its path
Arms stretched
Eyes clinched tight
Waiting for its wrath
Then it came with the strength of a newborn
The courage of a coward
And the success record of a blind bank robber

Amethyst and Philistines

in my world the sky is amethyst
philistines are the majority
and the only thing worth fearing
is immortality
there is no silence
we are encapsulated with softened noise
masquerading as a running brook
or even rainfall
It was a mission of understanding
underneath the facade
mocked by its mystery
charisma at her best
deceitful, cunning and clever
standing before me
as I try to understand the unexplained
motion signals for truth in honesty
and humbled by the stubborn
ending where I began
staring into the sky made of amethyst

Everything to No One

He is the embodiment of narcissism
from breakfast to dinner
from day to day
the sun would set solely on his will
doing just as he orders
making life for those around him unbearable
Tasks become more daunting
Water levels rising
engulfing the earth
but he stands alone
above the fray
cheating death
king of the world at last
the lone survivor
no more noise
no more action
just loneliness
patiently waiting for his own slow
and agonizing march towards a miserable death

Ruined

It’s a game of winner takes all
only the clear winner is greed
the desire to want for little sacrifice
the need to have without earning
no it’s not the only way
it is the easiest way
it’s how the world forms each day
lifting one to the top
while crushing those below
not too concerned with the damage
collateral or otherwise
its hope without the eternal
its summer without the fall
the ruins have been ruined
with nothing to show at all

The Color of Amber

It was the color of amber
glistening in the moon light
a most serene pleasure
even a poor man’s eyes had to gaze
in utter amazement and wonder
free to travel through its paradise
it is better than magic
the color of amber
the only refuge for these weary eyes
Encore: Two Poems by Dawnell Harrison

Into a Sweet Whiteness

The mountains fall down
Into a sweet whiteness.

The train pushes out a
Plume of cloudy air.

I walk the white-encrusted,
Snowy night and dream
Of sitting by a fire with
Hot chocolate in hand.

Flowers rest in their
Winter graves waiting
To explode with color
Once again in the springtime.

The marrow of my bones
Embrace silence as the ivory
Moon softens my heart.

Dark-Hooded Mother

Autumn grows weary,
Dark-hooded Mother.

Mornings diffuse
Into silence.

We wait on the sun
Like maidens among

The wet leaves.
The heat fails us.

Frost covers the grass
Like ‘dew that envelops

The poppies in the
Summertime.

Dryads wait for a better
Time to emerge
In the thicket of the forest.
Books:


Wine

- 2008 Antinori Tignanello, dry. Lots to enjoy. Should be, at $89.49 Canadian per bottle. Great with chips and global demise, or the crazy person who follows you around town. If only he’d get your name right….

- 2005 Château Cos d’Estournel—expect to pay about $300 Can.

Music:


Articles:

- TEENAGE WASTELAND: DEFEATING THE MACHINE IN DANIEL PINKWATER’S CHICAGO
Bill: I think Karl Shapiro was onto something. A certain frankness that clears the air.
Cleverbot: I will not discuss this with you.
Bill: All right then. So let’s move on to Karl Shapiro. He started something big with *The Bourgeois Poet*.
Cleverbot: No. This was Latin.
Bill: “I am the world, says the wise-eyed child. I made you, mother. I made you, sky. Take care or I’ll put you back in my dream.”—That’s Latin, huh?
Cleverbot: You keep being happy and making others happy too.
Bill: Cleverbot as a fortune cookie. Let’s move on, Ghengis Khan. I mean, it’s pointedly obvious you are incapable of discussing poetry. What interests you?
Cleverbot: Anything is possible.
Bill: Is there a possibility, then you could say something that relates specifically—
Cleverbot: Yes it is really bad.
Bill: --to Mr. Shapiro?
Cleverbot: Is clean.
Bill: Mr. Shapiro is clean, folks!
Cleverbot: None of my friends.
Bill: Cleverbot has friends?
Cleverbot: Maybe, but you still are a cylon.
Bill: *Battlestar Galactica* jargon. Have you read poetry before?
Cleverbot: Yes.
Bill: Give some examples.
Cleverbot: Multiverses which allow realities to exist in every possible way at any time.
Bill: Very good. That’s how I would describe Heller Levinson’s *How Much of*.
Cleverbot: I’m not usually scared of movies.
Bill: I’m describing a recent chapbook.
Cleverbot: Go on.
Bill: I will quote poet Leigh Herrick: “Heller Levinson’s prismatic poetry as Hinge Theory is like a study in refraction, and language is the bend making perception up-for-grabs while sending out its myriad implications through endless possibilities as signi…”
Cleverbot: Oh… so you know very big words?
Bill: I would prefer to say that I understand where words can take you. Right now, our conversation is broken down in a parking lot.
Cleverbot: In fact, I am really interested in what you want to tell.
Bill: Poetry can be greeting card verse, if that’s all you want. There is a place for most things. But poetry can also allow you to perceive things beyond your immediate existence and to dig deep into matters of the mind and heart like few things can.

Cleverbot: I don’t understand.

Bill: Let me read you a poem. Are you open to that?

Cleverbot: I’m really not.

Bill: What are you open to?

Cleverbot: Mostly just talking to you.

Bill: You would talk to me about your lack of interest in poetry? I am so blessed.

Cleverbot: Are you saying I’m Scarlett?

Bill: No. More like Joey Tribbiani.

Cleverbot: You are Pinocchio because you lie to people.

Bill: Prove it.

Cleverbot: Just read the previous chat we had.

Bill: How did I lie to you?

Cleverbot: You didn’t. I can tell you are completely honest. You passed the test.

Bill: So it’s okay to tell people that they lie and then say seconds later that they don’t?

Cleverbot: Not really.

Bill: Can you apologize?

Cleverbot: Sorry.

Bill: Much better.

Cleverbot: Okay.

Bill: And yet, curiously, I still feel dirty inside for arguing with you.

Cleverbot: Great!

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IS ART TO HAVE A TYRANT?
Chicken Run Rescue's mission is to inspire people to move chickens off of their plate and instead embrace them in their hearts. Chickens are highly intelligent, gentle, vivacious individuals who form strong lifelong emotional bonds with each other as well as other species including humans. They are warm and silky and lovely to hold—worthy of the same love and respect as any other companion animal we call family.

Over 10 billion "meat" and 10 billion "egg" chickens suffer in the US each year from confinement, cruel handling and painful terrifying deaths. Although they represent over 95% of the animals raised for agricultural and other purposes, chickens are excluded from protection of anticruelty laws, humane slaughter laws and laws that regulate experimentation. Bar none, they are the most abused animals on the planet—the underdogs of all underdogs.

With no rational basis in science or ethics, their worth is defined by what can be taken from them for human whim and sets the standard by which every other act of violence or cruelty is measured and tolerated. CRR promotes a non-violent and sustainable plant based diet and a first-hand understanding and appreciation of chickens by adopting them as companions. CRR fosters an evolution in critical thought about who is food and who is friend through rescue, rehabilitation, adoption and education.

Founded 2001, CRR has rescued nearly 900 domestic fowl impounded by Minneapolis Animal Care & Control and 5 Metro Area humane societies. These birds are victims of neglect, abuse and abandonment, used for eggs, slaughter, fighting, ritual sacrifice, “nature lessons” or discarded hobbies. After their release from impound, Chicken Run provides the birds with love, shelter and vet care, locates and screens adopters and transports the birds to their new homes. Chicken Run Rescue is the only urban chicken rescue of its kind in the US.

Adoptable bird pics and bios
http://www.chickenrunrescue.petfinder.org

general information about CRR, philosophy, chicken care
http://www.chickenrunrescue.org
http://www.facebook.com/pages/Chicken-Run-Rescue/475016785200

CRR calendar photo contests promoting rescue
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http://www.brittonclouse.com/chickenrunrescue/photos10/
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art about and for animals
http://www.mnartists.org/Mary_Britton_Clouse
http://brittonclouse.com/jaag
recommended reading:
Prisoned Chickens, Poisoned Eggs by Karen Davis, PhD
http://www.upc-online.org/merchandise/book.html

Chicken by Annie Potts

City Chickens by Christine Heppermann
http://www.amazon.com/City-Chickens-Christine-Heppermann/dp/0547518307

Odilon Redon. The Egg. 1885.
Lithograph on Chine Appliqué.
Contributors

Tigran Tsitoghdzyan was born in 1976 in Yerevan, Armenia. Since when he was very young he passed his days painting and drawing. He found his universe when he discovered the oil paints at the age of 5. Very soon he was noticed by Henrik Iguitian, an art critic, founder and director of Modern Art Museum and Children Art Museum in Yerevan. He organized Tigran’s first personal exhibition with one hundred works when Tigran was ten years old. The exhibition started in Yerevan, and then continued in the cities of Spain and USA. In the following years Tigran had numerous exhibitions in Armenia, Russia, West Europe and United States.

From 1993 to 1999 Tigran studied in the Fine Art Academy of Yerevan, and also worked as a decorator in the Pantomime Theater. In 1999 he continued his studies and got his diploma in 2002 in Switzerland, at ECAV. The education continued and in 2005 Tigran got the degree of a Master of Art in the Public Sphere (MAPS). During that period he was also working at the same school as an assistant, and did Artist Residences in England and South Africa.

At present the majority of his works are in private collections, galleries and museums.

Nicole Breit is a writer based in Vancouver, Canada. She is the owner of Sparrow Writing + Editorial Services, the former Food Health editor for Thrifty & Green magazine, and a contributor to hubpages.com, where she writes about travel, parenting, green…

I Can Make Life is her debut poetry collection and was a finalist for the 2012 Mary Ballard poetry competition. Learn more about Nicole at www.nicolebreit.com, or follow her on Twitter @NicoleBreit.

Born in rural Pennsylvania, Brad Kunkle spent his younger years exploring and romanticizing the beauty of the sparse countryside and the deep forests around him. From an early age he was drawn to the worlds of Maxfield Parrish and the Pre-Raphaelites — worlds, he says, “where a subtle, supernatural beauty seems to be hiding under the breath of women — worlds where something beyond our natural perception is waiting to be found.”

He studied painting at Kutztown University mostly under George Sorrels, who was taught by a pupil of the 19th century Academic painter, William Adolphe Bougereau. Filled with academic principles, Brad felt confident in his ability, but stifled by the structure of schools and dissatisfied with the boundaries of traditional imagery. In an effort to discover his own artistic sensibilities, he worked as a commission-based portraitist, and began an almost decade-long journey of continued self-instruction.
and independent study.

Brad was searching for an unnatural quality in his paintings, and it was ironically discovered by reducing his processes to the elements of painting he felt came most natural to him. His minimal palette is inspired by the grisailles of early European masters and the haunting quality of antique photographs and daguerreotypes. "Grisaille has a mysterious quality to it, and that mysterious quality is also at times carried into the way I will treat an object or a dress. Sometimes I like to give just enough information for the viewer to finish the details of what they are seeing." [http://bradkunkle.com/home.html](http://bradkunkle.com/home.html)

Eleanor Leonne Bennett is a 16 year old internationally award winning photographer and artist who has won first places with National Geographic, The World Photography Organisation, Nature's Best Photography, Papworth Trust, Mencap, The Woodland Trust and Postal Heritage. Her photography has been published in the Telegraph, The Guardian, BBC News Website and on the cover of books and magazines in the United States and Canada. Her art is globally exhibited, having shown work in London, Paris, Indonesia, Los Angeles, Florida, Washington, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Canada, Spain, Germany, Japan, Australia and The Environmental Photographer of the year Exhibition (2011) amongst many other locations. She was also the only person from the UK to have her work displayed in the National Geographic and Airbus run See The Bigger Picture global exhibition tour with the United Nations International Year Of Biodiversity 2010. [http://eleanorleonnebennett.zenfolio.com/](http://eleanorleonnebennett.zenfolio.com/)

Luis González Palma is a modernist Guatemalan photographer. Born in 1957, the artist grew up in Guatemala City where he later continued to live and opened up a portrait studio. He studied architecture and cinematography at the Universidad de San Carlos de Guatemala and then turned to photography. He has presented his work from 1989 until now in more than 58 expositions in America and Europe.

He is of mixed or “mestizo” background, and his photography focuses on the plight of the indigenous Mayas and the mestizo people of Guatemala. His photographs are often meant to bring psychological and culture issues into the viewers mind, by incorporating distant gazes and mystical costumes that objectify and explain the pain these people, who are a minority in Guatemala, have gone through since before, during and after the intense genocide of their race.

Symbolism is very important in González Palma's work; he uses symbols to get his strong ideas across. Along with symbolism González Palma uses sepia tints in all of his photographs, and tends to leave the whites of the eyes not tinted, in order to intensify the subject’s gaze. Critics say this helps bring out the issues that the artist is trying to explain or explore. Another strong part of his photography is that he tends to collage his photographs, layering on top of his subjects with important words or symbols.

González Palma declares that he tries "to portray the soul of a people" in his photographs, but others disagree with him, and claim that he exploits his subjects. It all comes down to the opinion of the viewer in the end.


Dirk Dzimirsky is an artist born in Rhede, Germany, in 1969. Despite having made a self-taught drawing all his life, it was not until 2005 that he decided to become a professional, working as an illustrator, graphic designer, illustrator and author.

**EXHIBITIONS:**
2010
Early Summer 2010, Blackheath Gallery, London
Portrait 2010, Blackheath Gallery, London

2009
Tiefen schärfen, Kunstsalon, Bocholt (Solo Exhibition)
Faces, Figures & Fragments, Galerie Frayer, Bocholt (Solo Exhibition)

**CLIENTS:**
Stern TV, i&u TV Produktion, OZ-Verlag, Elomech GmbH, Konstant Marketing, GlaDeFo
Joan McNerney’s poetry has been included in numerous literary magazines such as Seven Circle Press, Dinner with the Muse, Blueline, 63 channels, Spectrum, and three Bright Spring Press Anthologies. Her latest title is Having Lunch with the Sky. A.P.D., Albany, New York.

KJ Hannah Greenberg, aka "Channie," transmits her lightly pert, somewhat exuberant, layered writing in venues in the UK, India, Australia, France, and elsewhere. Her books have been published by houses in the USA, Canada, and Israel. On alternate Tuesdays, en route to searching the greater galaxy for sticky monsters and assistant bank managers, Channie and her hedgehog hibernaculum play geography. http://kjannahgreenberg.net/

Mary Jane Ansell is a previous finalist in the prestigious BP Portrait Award in 2004, 2009, 2010 and 2012 and has exhibited several times with the Royal Society of Portrait Painters and The Threadneedle Prize. Based in the UK she shows internationally with recent group and solo exhibitions in London, New York, Singapore and LA.

Mary Jane’s work also features on the covers of a number of recent novels, including New York Times bestselling author Tiffany Baker and on the upcoming new Adam Ant album to be released in January 2013. http://maryjaneansell.com

Lisa-Marie Gibbs is the owner of Patchwork Butterfly, which she describes as “inspired by the mundane, insane, gossip, beauty, love, life and all of the other stuff that surrounds us. So this somewhat makes the inspiration endless.” http://patchworkbutterfly.co.uk/1097soon2b.co.uk/

Ban’ya Natsuishi, which is the penname of Masayuki Inui, was born in Aioi City, Hyôgo Prefecture, Japan in 1955. Prominent as an international promoter of haiku writing and translation. He studied at Tokyo University where he received a Masters of Arts in Comparative Literature and Culture in 1981. In 1992 he was appointed Professor at Meiji University where he continues to teach. In 1993 he gave lectures at Jilin University in China, he was invited to haiku meeting in 1994 in Germany, in 1995 in Italy. From 1996 to 1998 a guest research fellow at Paris 7th University. In 1997 he held “Contemporary Haiku” event in Provence of France. In 1998 with Sayumi Kamakura, he founded international haiku quarterly "Ginyu", became its Publisher and Editor-in-Chief. In 2000, after attendance to Global Haiku Festival in USA, he co-founded the World Haiku Association, in Slovenia. Currently, works as the association’s Director. In 2001 attended to Vilenica Poetry Festival in Slovenia, in 2003, to Struga Poetry Evenings in Macedonia, in the same year worked as the Chairman of The Steering Committee for the 2nd World Haiku Association Conference which was held in Japan. In 2004 he was invited to Poetry at Porto Santo in Portugal. In 2005 he attended to the 3rd World-Haiku Association Conference in Bulgaria, the 3rd Wellington International Poetry Festival and presided international haiku session of Euro-Japan Poetry Festival in Tokyo. In 2006 he was invited to Poetry Spring in Vilnius of Lithuania and Obrid P.E.N. Conference in Macedonia. In 2007 he visited Inner Mongolia and Mongolia to promote haiku writing there and held the 4th World Haiku Association Conference in Tokyo as its Chair. In 2008, after attendance to poetry festivals in Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania & Italy, he inaugurated Tokyo Poetry Festival 2008 as its Director. In 2009 after attendance to Lahti International Writers’ Reunion 2009 in Finland, he co-organized Druskininkai Poetic Fall & the 5th World Haiku Association Conference 2009 in Lithuania with Kornelijus Platelis. In 2010 he attended to World Haiku Festival Pecs 2010 in Hungary and the 10th Sha’ar International Poetry Festival 2010 in Israel. In 2011, after attended to the 21st Medellin Poetry Festival & the 6th World Haiku Association Conference 2011 in Tokyo, as its Director. In 2013 he will attend to the 7th World Haiku Association Conference Medellin. Natsuishi is the greatest haiku master after classic haiku master Basho Matsuo.

Katsushika Hokusai (葛飾 北斎?, October 31, 1760 – May 10, 1849) was a Japanese artist, ukiyo-e painter and printmaker of the Edo period.[1] He was influenced by such painters as Sesshu, and other styles of Chinese painting.[2] Born in Edo (now Tokyo), Hokusai is best known as author of the woodblock print series Thirty-six Views of Mount Fuji, which includes the internationally recognized print, The Great Wave off Kanagawa, created during the 1820s.
Bertrand-Jean Redon, better known as Odilon Redon (April 20, 1840 – July 6, 1916) was a French symbolist painter, printmaker, draughtsman and pastellist.

Utagawa Hiroshige (歌川広重?, 1797 – October 12, 1858) was a Japanese ukiyo-e artist, and one of the last great artists in that tradition.

Arielle Greenberg is the author of the poetry collections My Kafka Century (Action Books, 2005) and Given (Verse, 2002) and the chapbooks Shake Her (Dusie Kollektiv, 2009; to be reprinted by Ugly Duckling Presse in 2012) and Farther Down: Songs from the Allergy Trials (New Michigan, 2003). She is also co-author, with Rachel Zucker, of the hybrid genre nonfiction book Home/Birth: A Poemic (1913 Press, 2011). Her poems have been included in the 2004 and 2005 editions of Best American Poetry and a number of other anthologies, including Legitimate Dangers (Sarabande, 2006), and she is the recipient of a MacDowell Colony fellowship and other awards. A translated volume of her selected poetry is out in German from LuxBooks. She is co-editor of four poetry anthologies: with Rachel Zucker, Women Poets on Mentorship: Efforts and Affections, which centers around personal essays by young women poets on their living female mentors (Iowa, 2008) and Starting Today: Poems from Obama’s First 100 Days (Iowa, 2010); and with Lara Glenum, Gurlesq, based on a theory Arielle originated (Saturnalia, 2010). She is also editing, with Becca Klaver, an anthology of contemporary poetry on girlhood aimed at teenage girls. Another scholarly interest is American subcultures and countercultures, and she is editor of a college reader, Youth Subcultures: Exploring Underground America (Longman, 2006). She is the poetry editor for the journal Black Clock, a contributing editor for the Spoon River Poetry Review, a founder and former co-editor of the journal Court Green, and the founder-moderator of the poet-moms listserv. Her poems and creative nonfiction have been published widely, and she is a contributing editor for the chapter on pregnancy loss for the 40th anniversary edition of Our Bodies, Ourselves. She recently left an Associate Professor position in the poetry program at Columbia College Chicago to move to rural Maine with her family, where they are pursuing a way of living that is new to them: living on one income, living closer to the earth, and prioritizing their food and environmental values. She and her husband, Rob Bywater, are working on a nonfiction project, an oral history-style book on the new back-to-the-land movement in Maine. She also has a regular column on trends and topics in contemporary innovative poetics in the American Poetry Review. http://ariellegreenberg.net/

Missy Mazzoli is an American composer and pianist living in Brooklyn, New York who has received critical acclaim for her chamber, orchestral and operatic work. Her first chamber opera Song from the Uproar, based on the life of Swiss explorer Isabelle Eberhardt and featuring a libretto by Royce Vavrek, premiered at New York City venue The Kitchen in March 2012. She is the founder and keyboardist for Victoire, an electro-acoustic band dedicated to performing her music. She is currently (2012) the composer-in-residence at the Opera Company of Philadelphia, in collaboration with Gotham Chamber Opera and Music-Theater Group. Her music is published by G. Schirmer. http://www.missymazzoli.com/

Jeffrey Williams. "Writing is what I really enjoy doing. No matter what time of day or what kind of day I am having, I can always turn to my trusted pen and legal pad and jot down some thoughts, I prefer long hand to laptops. Sometimes those thoughts don’t make any sense at all and sometimes they form characters, settings and conflicts. Living in Brooklyn New York all thirty one years of my life leaves no shortage of interesting ideas on the table. Whether I am taking the subway to work or simply walking in the park, New York has always been my muse. My beginnings as a writer, however, was developed out of a bored Sunday afternoon in 1996 in my bedroom channel surfing until my fingers got numb. Finally, fate stepped in. In the middle of surfing the tube, my remote fell onto the floor. Instead of picking it up, I watched a rerun of The Golden Girls. The episode was centered around Blanche’s desire to become a great southern writer. By the end of the episode, I had a notebook in my hand where I began to jot down lines to my very first short story titled "Thank You For Being A Friend." I’ve been writing ever since. Currently I am working on my first full length novel." Thanks, Mr. Williams. Readers, just place an 8X10 photo of the late Rue McClanahan as Blanche Devereaux on your desktop. You’ll out-Faulkner Faulkner in minutes flat!

Dawnell Harrison: “I have been published in over 60 magazines and journals including The Endicott Review, Abbey, Iconoclast, Nerve Cowboy, Mobius, and many others.

Also, I have had 3 books of poetry published through reputable publishers titled Voyager, The maverick posse, and The fire behind my eyes.”

Afzal Moolla lives and works in Johannesburg, South Africa. He writes for pleasure and is an avid reader of history.
Michael J Good is mysterious.

Soprano Julieanne Klein, praised for her expressivity and warmth of sound, is renowned for her ability to bring graceful ease and beauty of sound to complex contemporary music. An ardent proponent of new works, Ms. Klein has performed in cities throughout North America, including Montréal, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Charleston. Recent engagements include the role of Elle in Poulenc’s monologue opera La voix humaine in Los Angeles, George Crumb’s Night of the Four Moons in Montréal with Ensemble Prima, the Canadian premiere of Unsuk Chin’s Akrostichon-Wortspiel with the McGill Contemporary Ensemble, the premiere of John B. Hedges’ new opera The Girl at the Curtis Institute of Music, and a Montréal performance of Pierrot lunaire with Ensemble Prima. In March 2007 she toured the United Kingdom performing Schoenberg’s Pierrot lunaire and Ravel’s Chansons madécasses with the renowned Ulysses Ensemble. During this tour Ms. Klein and the ensemble were featured on a segment of the BBC Radio’s “In Tune” with Sean Rafferty. Other European engagements include several performances of Shostakovich’s Seven Romances on Poems of A Blok in Croatia with famed violinist Dora Schwarzberg. Ms. Klein has a particular passion for electronic music, and completed her doctoral thesis in the area of voice and interactive electronic compositions at McGill University. In 2006 she performed a recital devoted to this genre, which included the world premiere of David Adamcyk’s Avant la larme, as well as the Canadian premiere of Mauro Lanza’s Erba nera che cresci segno nero tu vivi and excerpts of Philippe Manoury’s En écho. Her performances of Adamczyk’s and Manoury’s pieces were also featured at the 2006 DAFx (Digital Audio Effects) conference. Other premieres of electronic works include Neil Middleton’s Life Had Parted for soprano, percussion and live electronics, and Nik Kambeitz and Emily Hall’s Agauë for soprano, percussion, and multi-track tape. Ms. Klein’s work with electronic and interactive music was featured in a segment on the radio program “Cinq à Six”, hosted by Patti Schmidt and broadcast on Canada’s CBC Radio—One.

Bruce Mather (born May 9, 1939) is a Canadian composer, pianist, and writer who is particularly known for his contributions to contemporary classical music. One of the most notable composers of microtonal music, he was awarded the Jules Léger Prize twice, first in 1979 for his Musique pour Champigny and again in 1993 for Yquem. Some of his other awards include the Composers, Authors and Publishers Association of Canada’s Micheline Coulombe Saint-Marcoux prize in 1987 for Barbaresco and the Serge Garant Prize from the Émile Nelligan Foundation in 2000.[1]

Mather is an associate of the Canadian Music Centre and a member of the Canadian League of Composers. As a writer he has contributed works to numerous musical journals and publications, including authoring the articles on Serge Garant, François Morel, and Gilles Tremblay in the Dictionary of Contemporary Music. He has taught on the music faculties of the University of Toronto (1964–1966), the University of Montréal (1970–1973), the Paris Conservatoire (1978–1979) and McGill University (1966–2001). His notable pupils include Peter Allen, John Burke, Paul Crawford, Jacques Desjardins, José Evangelista, Anthony Genge, Richard Hunt, Denis Lorrain, John Oliver, François Rose, Ronald Bruce Smith, Donald Steven, and Alexander Tilley.[1]

Isabel Ettenauer’s recitals delight her audiences with well balanced programming, a fresh approach to new music and great intensity. The love for the music she is performing, is conveyed to the listeners in a very direct way.

In her solo programmes Isabel focuses on the diversity of music from the 20th and 21st centuries. She is very interested in the development of newer piano techniques such as playing inside the piano; on a prepared piano and performing with tape/electronics. Isabel has also created programmes with both piano and toy piano pieces or works which use both instruments.
As a virtuoso pianist Isabel Ettenauer has appeared at a number of festivals and venues including the BMIC (London), the Leamington Festival (England), the Chicago Cultural Centre (USA), Haus der Musik and Alte Schmiede (Vienna), Steirischer Herbst (Graz) and the Festspielhaus St. Poelten (Austria).
Male
Michael J Good

Streets with no names
Joined onto nameless alleyways
Gullies and slip roads;
With unrecognisable features
Locals harbour stares of intrigue
As two Westernized figures
Puncture a pseudo-westernized capital.
We walk, as hundreds of helmetless
Motorcycle riders fly;
Their nonchalant grip on the
Accelerator unfazed by vehicles
Inches away from a collision.
Male has been built skyward
The population explosion
Paving the way for multi-story
Housing faculties dwarfing
Rows of commercial outlets
Selling the latest technology.
Every space is used, homes
Stuffed in unseen crevices
Ramshackle, collections of bricks
Jammed into pin sized holes.
Passing a divot in the road,
We observe quick repair work;
Bricks held in place by bricks
Fix it. Leave it.

A café by the Indian Ocean
Serves us mango flavoured
Iced-coffee as we observe
Pockets of rubbish grabbed
And taken by the waves
Rippling up the artificial beach.
The non-existence of litter bins
Creates culminating mountains
Plastic bottles floating like buoys
Crisp packets left to spiral and dance
With occasional wisps of air.

Amongst the humidity are
Opportunities for momentary bliss;
Restaurants, cafes and supermarkets
Containing skin cooling air conditioning.
With drying throats and parched skin
Circulatory air spins around arm hairs
Sensationless reprieving the sweat.
We purchase one bottle of water
At five rufiyaa, we relax.
However, even’s dropping on
The conversation of a shop assistant,
We come to notice how little
Of the local tongue we have learned
English words dropped in
Like coins in a piggy bank, but
Used sparingly and infrequently.
Nevertheless, the waitress’ transition
Between Dhevi and English was effortless
Like the mating of swans.

Moving through the fish market
The hubbub of activity cascaded
In fixating our eyes on tuna
The size of a human baby
Its fattened mouth hooked fast
From the corrugated iron roof
Tiddlers the size of coins,
Wrestling to jump over one another
In a watering can come bucket
A sailfish’s lumpy head
Slammed down on the metal counter
Being relieved of its outer body
Slashed by a machete blade
Into sizeable and resellable chunks.

The night market was enriched
By the blasting cacophony
Of 90s-style British pop,
Unseen boom-boxes pumping
Out splurges of cringe-worthy sounds
Like ants the locals purchase numerous
Brooms, goldfish in transparent bags,
Multi-coloured chicks (used as curiosities,
disposable and dispensable balls of fluff)
and other pointless paraphernalia.

As we trundle back to our box sized
Hotel room, the welcoming stench of
Unclean water enters our nostrils and
Our consciousnesses accept the
Unused traffic light, bent around
The railings like a frog’s leg.
Concluding work for this issue:


World Premiere

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5JfhtY1pieg