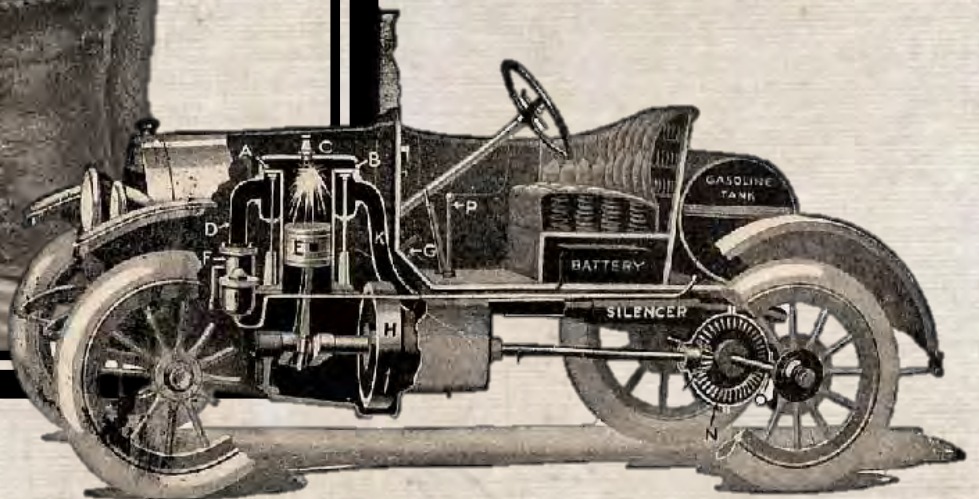


Ealaín

Issue 11: September 2015

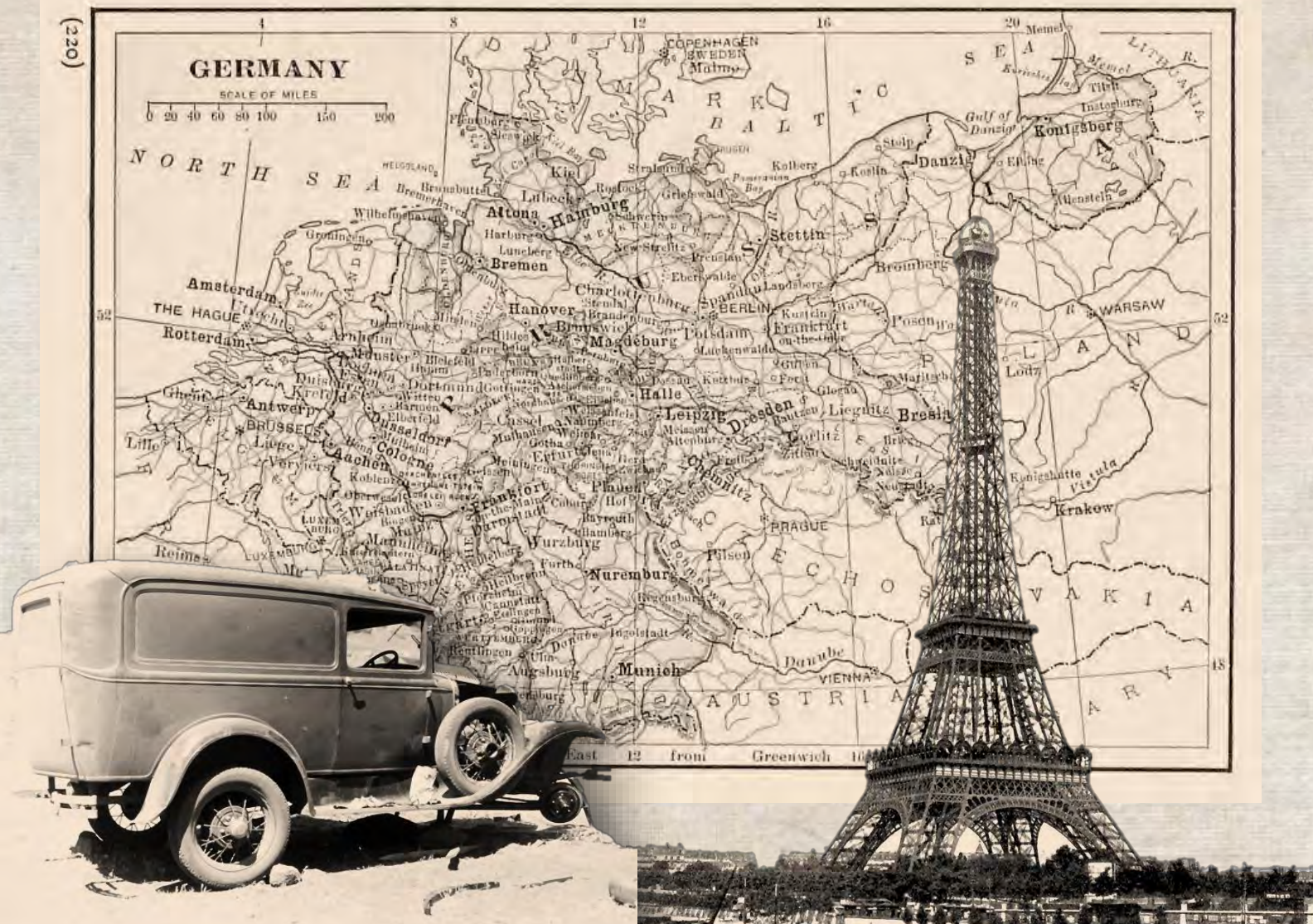
What if?



Almanac

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A word from the Editor

What if?

My goal in choosing themes is twofold. I try to challenge the authors, poets and artists. I want them to dig deep and give their best work.

I also want the reader to experience interesting, attention grabbing content.

Thus 'what if?' was chosen.

Think outside the box, expand your vision. Go further and dig deeper. Don't just accept what is; think about what can be... What should be?



Please Share my magazine with fellow authors, artists and Poets. Also share my magazine with avid readers and lovers of art.

Editor: *Musae P Adumbratus*

Lyonn White

The Bucket Man

I saw the Bucket Man today,
Upside down, his head in his bucket,
his arms folded tight
to entertain the crowd.



“It’s my living”, his sign says,

“puts a roof over my head”.
Such focus and fitness,
such determination,
such imagination,
such creativity.

Will it lead him him
to a different place,
one day,
this man and his bucket? And what if his parents were wealthy
and had sent him to Eton or Harrow,
What then for the Bucket Man?
Such focus and fitness,
such determination,
such imagination,
such creativity.
Would it lead to a different place
for this man and his bucket? But he does well, it seems.
And for every coin in the bucket
there's a 'thank you' and
a thumbs up from an arm
released from it's fold.
He's a popular entertainer,
on facebook now and Twitter. So, what if one day his head
meets up with the treasure in his bucket?
Will he kick his bucket away
and pay
to send his kids to Eton or Harrow,
What then for the Bucket Man,
would he still have his head
in a bucket, screwed on tight,
or up in the clouds? And what if he falls, or his body
says 'Hey, I'm not designed
to work upside down'.
Will his bucket be kicked away from him?
What then for the Bucket Man?
What then for all the 'bucket men'

Daniel de Culla

1 – When did you start reading and what was your favourite book as a young person?
Joyce's Ulysses at 15 y.o.

2- What are you reading as an adult? Your favourite book?
H.P. Lovecraft's Necronomicon

3 – Who is your favourite poet? Poem?
Allen Ginsberg's In the Apollinaire's Grave

4- When did you start writing? At what age?
At 15 y.o. 1970

5 – What inspires you to write?
I felt myself as a time-traveller in the galaxy and visiting Earth many times. Extra-terrestrial and extra temporal origin are delusions. I felt the Etruscan erotic poetry;

6- Do you have a specific message, or feeling you wish to convey with your work?
For full benefit to the Head and the Heart.

7- Tell us about you?
I am a writer, poet, and photographer, member of the Spanish Writers Association, Director of the Gallo Tricolor Review, and Robespierre Review. I'm moving between North Hollywood, Madrid and Burgos, Spain. .

8- What are your plans for the future in terms of your writing?
Operating in many levels.

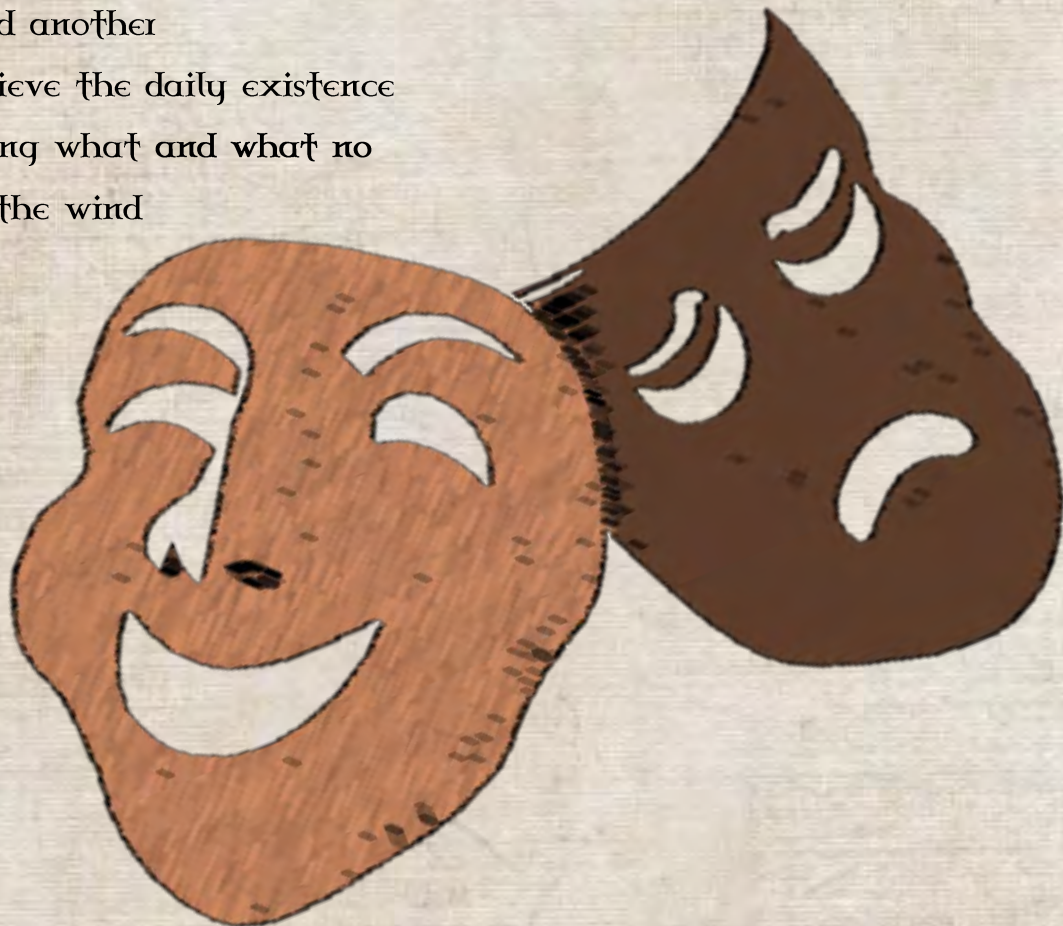
9 – What makes you smile?
The best way to keep the Women' legend alive to encourage the mythology and the controversy about.

10 – Who is the most important person in your life?
My mother, and “my lady” later.

Daniel de Ciulla

WHAT IF?

What if my name means Happiness?
I visit this place that you haven't already
Hating to see your great creative spirit
And your beautiful wife exhausted
Against the hard land of Past
Life and death on that side of the ridge
Into poor plastic graves
Where ifs and buts grow green
As the herbs do transforming ourselves
Looking at our bodies producing
A few bad and good flowers
With which do we exist
Do we form a whole with the Universe?
Knowing what's what
With one thing and another
Attempting to achieve the daily existence
And routines knowing what and what no
With the sun and the wind
Singing what next.



DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT...

By Diane Anelle

"Hey You! Yeah you." The unshaven, old man in the frayed jacket motioned to the young man peeking into the alley.

The younger man pointed at himself. "Me?" he asked.

"Do you see anyone else? Now, come here."

The nicely dressed man hesitated then strode into the dark, narrow opening between two buildings. Mr. Gagman?" he asked the older man.

"So who else would be standing in this cold hole in the walls. Not even an anarchist would venture out in this weather. Be too afraid of freezing his bombs off."

The young man cringed and asked, "Was that a joke?"

Gagman smiled, showing clean, white teeth. "A joke? They're illegal! You are Mr. Edmond? From U.S. NewsweekTime-Reports?"

"Yes, Mr. Gagman. Now, why did you want to meet?"

"I've got a story about my friends and me." Gagman stopped talking as he watched the reporter look him over.

Edmond finished his once over and visibly relaxed a little.

"Glad I passed your inspection," Gagman laughed.

Edmond shot the old man a startled look, then quickly glanced over his shoulder. "Good Deity of Preference! Are you crazy... er...I mean mentally challenged!"

"Oops. Sorry about the laughter. It's so much harder for us oldsters... oops excuse me again. It's so much harder for those of us who are chronologically enhanced to give it up. We laughed freely for so long."

"Well don't slip up again," Edmond snapped. "You don't want to get us arrested, do you?"

Gagman smiled. Gunfire sounded nearby. "Look Edmond, enough of the small talk. Let's go inside."

The old man led the way, hugging the walls and staying in the shadows. He slipped between the patches of light like a feline, gliding from corrugated steel covered storefront, to closed down restaurant, to burnt-out husks of society gone to far to the Corrupt.

Edmond followed, dashing out where Gagman blended in.

"We're here," Gagman said and opened a three-inch thick door with an old-fashioned key instead of remote. He led the way up flight after flight of stairs. He kept his face straight ahead so the reporter couldn't see the smirk that was threatening to broaden onto a face-splitting grin.

The young man finally panted, "Are... we... al...almost ...there... yet?"

"Just four more floors," Gagman answered as he fought the laughter that was bubbling up. He picked up the pace. Finally, he stopped on the landing of the twenty-third floor. "Here we are!" He tapped on a scared wooden door and yelled, "KNOCK KNOCK!"

A woman's voice called back, "Who's there?"

Gagman whispered as an aside to the reporter, "Relax, just the password." He put his mouth next to the door and yelled, "Banana."

The voice asked, "Banana who?"

Gagman answered, "Knock, knock."

The woman on the other side of the door gave a big, loud sigh and asked, "Who's there?"

Gagman's lips started to curl at the corners, "Banana!"

"Banana who?"

The process repeated four more times. Finally in answer to who's there, Gagman shouted, "Orange!" He saw the confused look on Edmond's bland face. "Almost done now," he whispered.

"Orange who?" the woman asked in a theatrically weary tone.

"Orange you glad I didn't say banana?"

Edmond's face registered disbelief. "That's some ritual."

"Old as mankind and new as childhood," Gagman said.

The door opened and a plump woman in long skirts, tiny granny glasses and a big bonnet covering most of her gray hair grabbed Gagman. "Oh Giggie, that's one of my favorites! It's the best of all the knock-knock jokes."

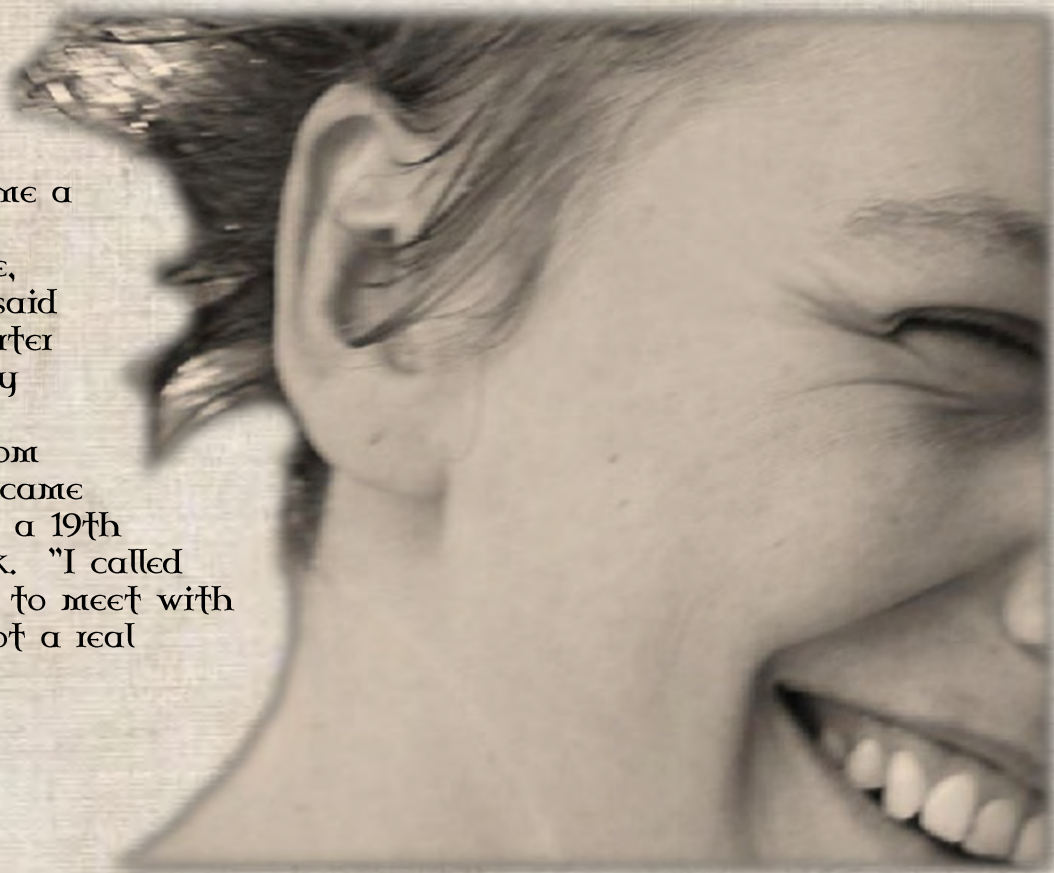
Edmond stiffened. "Jokes! That was a joke?" Are you people insane? And what's with the big goose in there. You can't keep animals, it's inhumane to keep pets. Everybody knows that!"

"Baaa."

"No! Sheep too! What's going on here! I can't believe it, jokes, pets...are you a bunch of anarchists looking for some free press coverage? Cause if you are, you can just forget it.

Terrorism is a fact of life and Anarchists are a dime a thousand!"

"Whoa there, Edmond," Gagman said and pulled the reporter through the doorway into an ornately furnished sitting room that looked like it came out of the pages of a 19th century picturebook. "I called you and asked you to meet with us because we've got a real story."



Edmond sat on the huge red overstuffed sofa by the door. His eyes traveled the room and stopped at each occupant.

Gagman now openly smiled as he watched the newsman study the two women and the one other man.

"Recognize anyone, maybe from pictures or perhaps a long lost memory?" Gagman asked.

Edmond shook his head and checked to make sure his wrist recorder was running. "Look Gagman, I caught that joke on audio so you know you are in real trouble."

"We're in trouble?" the bonneted woman said and burst out laughing. "Hey Eszy, he says we are in trouble."

The heavy-set woman dressed in medieval finery laughed too. "No, Honey, we are currently unemployed, oh yeah... professionally challenged... but we are not the ones in trouble. After all, we don't need to worry about the bombs, the gassings, the terrorism, the fall of humanity."

"But we've sat back long enough," added the other man who was garbed as a jester with a leaning towards earthtones. "It's time to get our heads out of the sand!"

Everybody in the room, except Edmond, laughed. Gagman walked over to the tan man and slapped him on the back. "That was a good one Sammy, a good one!"

He turned to look at the reporter and said. "Let me introduce my friends here. As I said earlier we are all out of work, except Sammy. Sammy never gets time off, in fact he actually has an army under him because you humans won't stop procreating."

Edmond held up his hand to halt Gagman. "What do you mean you humans?"

"I'm getting there, so stop interrupting, already. Edna, come over here and meet Jason Edmond, star reporter."

The bespectacled, bonneted, grandmotherly woman came over and curtsied. "I'm pleased to meet you Mr. Edmond. My name is Edna Goose, but you can call me Mother. Everyone does."

Edmond's mouth dropped open, "Mother...Mother Goose. You expect me to believe that you are Mother Goose? Get real, people. I'd hoped you had a story, but you're just a bunch of reality-challenged, mentally disconnected...ah the heck with it. You guys are a bunch of Loonies, Nuts, Whackos! I'm outta here!"

Edmond stood up as if to leave, but the tan man threw a handful of sand in his face. The reporter sneezed, coughed, then yawned. He slowly sank back into his seat and his eyes drifted shut.

"Good shot, Sammy," Gagman said. "And did you hear what he called us! So...so incorrect, even! I told you this correct garbage goes only surface deep on the smarter ones."

Edmond groggily forced his eyes opened. "You...you drugged me!" he slurred.

"No, not drugs, just the stuff of sleep. Allow me to introduce myself, I am Samuel Sandman, Lordship of Sleep."

Edmond didn't say a word.

The obviously dietetically challenged woman in the middle-ages garb said, "And I'm Esmerelda, the chief of the Fairy-Godmother Guild, although it isn't much of a guild anymore. Just a handful of us granting boring unimaginative requests a few times a year. Not many people are able to wish when they lack the imagination to make a wish."

Gagman asked, "Can you figure out who I am?"

Edmond shook his head in a negative gesture.

"Well let me give you a hint, There was this priest, rabbi and minister and they died and went to heaven. Who should they meet there but Saint Peter who says—"

"Giggie! He's not ready for that one yet! Come on, go easy on the guy." Sammy shouted.

"Oh, all right," Gagman sighed. "I met an economically disadvantaged person of the male gender and he said to me, 'Yo buddy, can you assist a fellow human being who is in need?' I said, 'How can I help you?' And he said, 'I'm financially challenged and haven't eaten in a week. Could you help me, I sure could use a bite.' 'Sure,' I said and bit him."

Edmond groaned.

Gagman and the others laughed. "Oh Giggie, that one may be old but it is one of my favorites," Eszy said slapping her leg.

Gagman shrugged, "Kind of loses something in the Conect dialect."

He studied Edmond then said, "Oh well, a groan is a start. Look, I'm Giggie Gagman the Jokemeister. I'm the guy who has been making up all the jokes. People always used to ask each other, who made up that joke anyway. Like they'd always be amazed when something happened to a famous person and the jokes would be out the very next morning. Oh, how I loved tragically, dead movie stars and dumb politicians!"

Edmond coldly stared at each of them and said. "So what do you have to tell me?"

Gagman sighed, "He is a tough one. Look Edmond, we are bored. With a capital B. Edna hasn't heard a proper nursery rhyme in years. Oh yeah there are the Conect versions like

Mary, Mary quite emotionally and socially out of kilter,

How does your organic center thrive?

Eszy explained her problem to you and I'm outlawed. Me, a criminal!"

"And well you should be," Edmond snapped. "Humor is bad, it will bring about the downfall of the human race."

"I think you've already done that," Eszy said softly. "Without imagination and humor, mankind cannot exist. Look at the insanity outside, the killing."

"That's right," Sammy piped in. "Humanity is creativity. Take that away and you have what we face today."

"Yeah," Gagman added. "And that's about as funny as my mother-in-law coming for a month long visit."

Edmond sputtered. "There has always been anarchy and terrorism. There has always been repressive governments and war."

"And there has always been ways to deal with it through imagination and laughter," Gagman said.

"No!" Edmond shouted. "No, the World Central Government is Correct, the world is now Correct. Humor can only be achieved at the expense of others. So humor is evil!"

"Edmond, you are too smart to be a parrot," Gagman smiled sadly. "So, why don't sharks ever attack politicians? Give up? Professional courtesy."

Edmond stared at Gagman with a puzzled expression. "What are you blithering about?"

Gagman sighed. "Remember the lawyer and politician jokes? They were the first to be banned. Guess that's what I get for attacking a group that has as much sense of humor as a school of barracudas. After the lawyers discovered that they could make a joke illegal, the politicians, the other really fun group, decided to get into the act. Before we knew it, there wasn't a thing alive that didn't have someone defending it against jokes. In fact, the only thing left that was considered funny was my wife in a negligee.

Now, try to be open-minded and print our story. Write about the crazy, old people who think they are immortal. And don't forget, throw in a couple jokes, I've got a million to spare and I recycle them every generation."

Gagman stopped for a moment, took a couple of deep breaths, then continued at a rapid-fire pace: "What do you call a boomerang that doesn't work? A stick. What lies at the bottom of the ocean and twitches? A nervous wreck. A blonde and a brunette jumped off a bridge, who landed in the water first? The brunette. The blonde had to stop and ask for directions. What do you call a guy who's born in Cleveland, grows up in New York, and dies in Chicago? Dead. What happens when you cross a Mafia don with a lawyer? You have someone who makes you an offer you can't understand!"

Gagman went on and on as Edmond sat through the entire tirade completely motionless.

Then he stopped, caught his breath, and said, "All right, you can leave now."

Edmond, who hadn't smiled once since meeting Gagman and his friends, got up and bolted from the room. Gagman stood in the opened doorway and shouted, "Don't worry friend, those are just starter jokes, the ones that used to go through the schools. When you're ready for the big boy stuff, I'll be there!"

The door closed and Sammy and Eszy poofed away. "Remember next week we talk to another television reporter," they called to Edna and Gagman who remained behind in the now bare apartment.



An hour later the door opened and Edmond walked in with three other men. Gagman and Edna, who grew translucent, silently stood in a corner and listened. Edmond walked around the empty, unfurnished room. "How'd they do that?"

He turned to his companions. "Listen, I'll play back the audio for you," and he rewound the recording. The men sat in silence, until the end when they all burst out laughing. Walking from the apartment, Edmond mumbled, "Boy, was that funny! Too bad I can't print any of it."

Giggie and Edna smiled at one another. "There's hope, there is definitely hope. He's the fifth one who responded positively. They'll be telling jokes again, soon. By the way, Edna," Gagman said as they left the human plane, "Did you hear the one about the three traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter..."

END

Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Ice cream!
Ice cream who?
Ice cream if you don't let me in!

Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Annie.
Annie who?
Annie way you can let me in now.

Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Candice.
Candice who?
Candice door open, please?

Review of 'Einstein's Beach House'

By Jacob M. Appel.

Brief synopsis: "A couple adopts a depressed hedgehog; a stranger shows up, claiming to be the father of a girl's imaginary friend; a woman kidnaps her ex-husband's turtle; a family is evicted from their home, but was it ever really theirs? Heart breaking and hilarious, the eight stories of Einstein's Beach House examine how we deceive ourselves and others, all to arrive at something far more real."

This synopsis was send to me by the author in view of a future review, and I was intrigued.

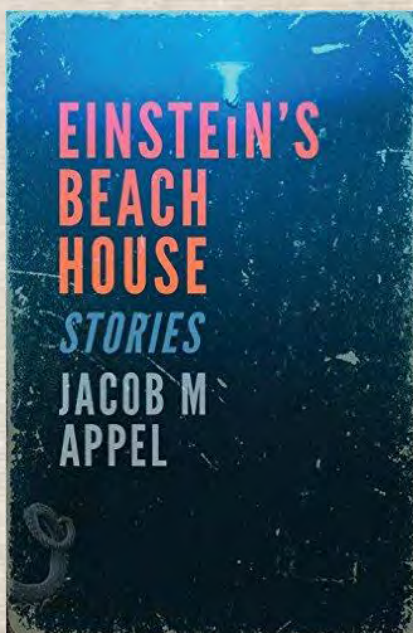
The Stranger showing up claiming to be the father of a girls imaginary friend shouted in my view of a "What if? Attitude.

The author, in my humble opinion, asked himself "what if?" and came up with brilliant scenarios for interesting, well told stories.

Eight Stories in one Novel : Hue and Cry, La Tristesse Des Hérissons, Strings, Limerence, Einstein's Beach House, The Rod of Asclepius, Sharing the Hostage, Paracosmos.

His stories are well written, with unexpected twists.

I love his unique and gripping story-telling technique



Worth Reading – 9.5/10



A Good Morning to Einstein

By Rich Murphy

On the raft that a body provides
Elan flows through time where
lab coat sails get lost.
Personality rides on the current
moment where intellect can't go.
Clocks run away with Gloria or stop.
The one long experience filling
two shores while winding, unfolds
between womb and the mouth
through which a river gables.
Each dam built with a flash bulb
ignores with ignorance
the uselessness in measuring:
smiles for miles, a film industry.
Scrambled senses and a wee
toast each morning at the juice bar
shocks around the outlet:
A compass for instinct
rules where lights go out.



Zheng He vs Columbus

By Yuan Changming

When the Ming eunuch set out to sea
With his 30 thousand men in huge boats
He was going to look for nothing, not even
For his emperor, be it fur, spices or even gold
On the contrary, he was ready to give fine china
Tea, silk to any barbarians they could see
In Southeast Asia, Middle East, or North Africa

More than a century later, Columbus began his venture
With a couple of hundred sailors, aiming to discover
Every kind of treasure, who might very well
Have all died without the help of local Indians

PS: soon after their voyages, the Chinese were conquered
By barbarians, while the Europeans founded their global empire

Imagining History

By Andrew Scott

History books are lined with people of strength
mountains of change created by those that believed
while never truly knowing the future foundation
of understanding and tolerance that they have built

Take a gentleman like Dred Scott
a pioneer born into slavery in the late 1800's

not given the choice of whom he would become
facing life as a piece of working property
transferable from one field in Virginia
to another piece of soil in Alabama

As a reader the mind drifts away in thought
staring off to the land of the unimaginable
try to even comprehend what it would have felt like
to be looking at a life in the iron shackles of another
as hard as the mind tries, it will never know the true feeling

We will never know the pain and the courage
of fighting and standing against adversity
to be told the smallest item like freedom
that is ours in today's world
could not be held in yesterday's time

Daydreams of thought come over the reader
when learning of such greatness
wonderment thoughts of a man that shares the same name
if a fraction of such incredible lineage
is given through a complicated bloodline
that may have crossed borders while escaping underground
carried by any member of a great, inspiring family
enough of a dream that heritage embraces a different color
and it would not get a second glance or thought

Such thoughts are calming and add to the pride of it all
especially to the spirit of a great man
because such thinking is was he fought for.

Vostokapolis

By: Trico J. Lutkins

They have finally done it,
The Scientists.



After all the hints of a city buried in Antarctica,
They drilled and drilled and drilled
Until their machines broke through the ice dome
Releasing unspoiled air, tiny microbes and the End
They have finally done it,
The Scientists.

They reaped it all,
The Corporations.
The discoveries were great.
Not only was there an enclosed ecosystem,
With algae and plants that floated in waters
A hundred yards deep, yet clear enough to see bottom.
Waters warmed by geothermal energies deep in the Earth.
Fresh waters that would sell for hundreds of dollars.
Plants and fish shipped to hungry
connoisseurs around the world.
They reaped it all,
The Corporations.

They plundered it all
The Collectors.
A hundred yards below,
On the shores of a lost lake,
Was an inhabited city.
Dubbed, "Vostokapolis"
After the Soviet outpost
Built hundreds of feet above.

Hidden below the surface, kept warm
By the heart of the planet.
A city with towering buildings
covered in gold and silver.
Ancient images carved of men,
who stood on flying sting rays.
A large statue of a long forgotten god
stood in the center of the City.
Now, it stands in the living room
of a media mogul.
They plundered it all,
The Collectors.

They decimated it all,
The Governments.
The greatest thing found,
living descendants of the Civilization.
Living wild, unaware of their forefather's
former glory.
A shadow of the society that
had built such a marvelous city.
They had to be moved, to relocate,
to make room for profiteers willing
grease the palm of the politicians.
They decimated it all,
The Governments.

They sneaked past us all,
The Microbes.
Plagues became pandemics.
Sweeping over the nations
of the world in record time.
Millions died, billions suffered.
It wasn't long before the scapegoat
was eventually found.
It was the natives, the Antarticans.
They gave us their deceases!
Reconnaissance teams were sent
to Antartican reservations
to examine their immune systems.
Use their white blood cells,
to create an antibody,
but none were still living.
Our viruses had killed them off.



They sneaked past us all,
The Microbes.

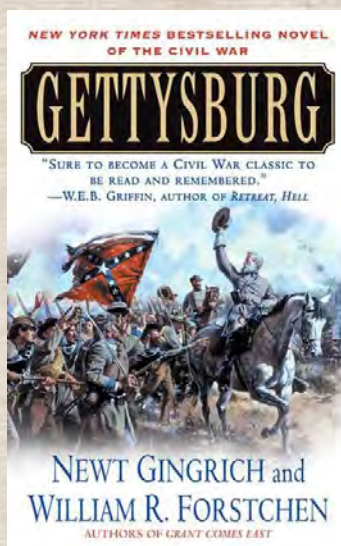
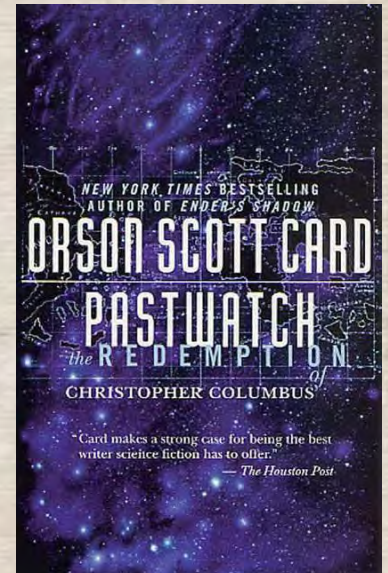
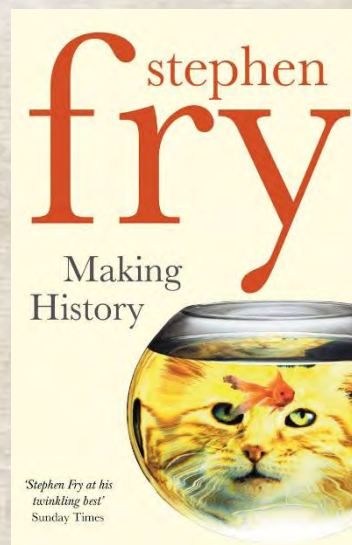
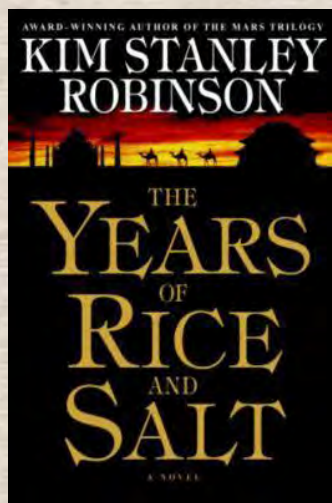
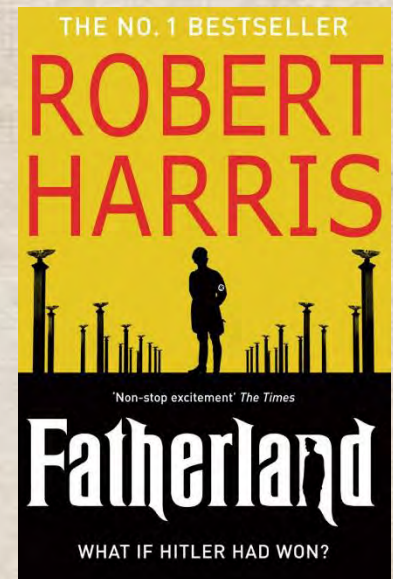
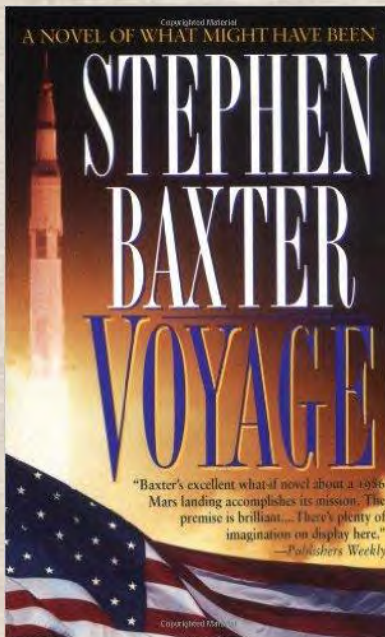
They have finally done it,
The Scientists.
To protect the world
from the Antarctic Plague,
they have created a large dome
over the island continent of
Australia. A refuge for humanity.
A self-sustaining ecosystem
filled with unique flora and fauna.
Closed off from the rest of the world,
to escape its Evils.
They have finally done it,
The Scientists.

Blow Fly World

By David S. Pointer

What if airship deflation devices
were inherent inside dreams not
accounting for interconnectedness
eventually crashing like space junk
inside the pollination of chemistry
deeper in cellular invisibility vapor

Novels that shows alternate histories.



Wipeout

By Ray Daley

The bright yellow sodium headlights of the green Mercedes Army truck outlined the uniformed figure standing in front of the road-sign, almost as if he was presenting their location to them as a gift. One yet to still be wrapped up and delivered as a reward.

This would come, in due course.

"Welcome to Paris, gentlemen! The home of the last surviving Art Gallery in mainland Europe." said Acting Sergeant Axel Heine.

The Sergeant's uniform had been thrust upon him by his aide, a hasty after-thought whilst travelling, to improve his standing and relationship with the troops they were now leading across Europe. It may have fitted him in the most important places but still it felt wrong to him that he wore it at all, especially the three stripes on his arm. 'I am not a military man', he thought to himself. The troops felt otherwise about the entire matter.

"What about the Russians, Sarge?" asked Private Gunter Meier in an overly familiar way for one of such low rank. These men had been with him too long now, standards were starting to drop. Protocol and etiquette were suffering as the worst casualties of this war.

"They surrendered three days ago, Private." Sergeant Heine placed a great deal of emphasis on the word Private. "And I am told that Her Winston Churchill will be announcing the surrender of all his British forces some time later today." Heine still had a great deal of respect for his former enemy. He had fought a good fight, especially for a man who had publicly said that he would "never surrender".

"My Führer, please may I be permitted to ask a question?" A polite if somewhat accented voice came from near the back of the group of soldiers.

Axel Heine looked around the crowd to find the asker of the question. With so many men, it was next to impossible. "Why of course, please ask. And it's Sergeant Heine, or Axel. I do so hate the formal title of Führer."

"Why destroy all the Art Galleries, Sergeant?" asked the man.

Looking across the crowd of fresh faced young men, any one of them could have asked the same question, no doubt they were too awed in

his presence. It had already been asked numerous times now at so many other assemblies just like this that Heine had now become accustomed to giving out his stock answer, memorised for moments exactly like this one.

"When I was an innocent boy of only seventeen, I served in the First World War. Germany was becoming great then, not as great as it is now. There was a Private in our outfit, not too different than most of you boys. Adolph something, I forget his surname now. It was so long ago, I forget the man but I remember his character, his type. He was a real dreamer, a wastrel, an idiot. And a painter too, an artist, back when it was still allowed.

Always painting something or other that had caught his interest from the trench, during his free time. He nearly got us all killed though, failing to pay attention to the battlefield when he was on sentry duty one day. There was an attack, his mind was wandering, as usual. He was supposed to sound the alarm but the British got within arm's length of us.

Luckily for me, one of the others was a little more alert and opened up on them with the machine gun. He saved us all, gave us our lives back again. But that Private, sleepy Adolph, nearly ended it for us all right there in that trench. With his foolish dreams of painting which distracted him from his job of keeping us safe from harm.

After that I vowed that if I survived that war I would destroy every last Art Gallery in the name of a better German Reich. Somehow. Let our new world be free from all trivial distractions." Heine said.

"And what became of this Adolph person?" the same voice asked from the crowd.

"I took great pleasure in shooting him myself, when he decided to run for the office of Chancellor." Heine said. "I kept myself close to him, he only lived a few streets away from me after the end of the war. We saw each other most days, I think he saw me as an old war comrade."

"But how come he isn't in any of our history books of the time?" That questioner was becoming a nuisance, Heine thought to himself.

"The day he had the idea is the day I killed him. I took the place that would have been his, that was the day that I became Chancellor. I'm sure you read about that, didn't you?" Heine said.

"I myself would have also been dead if we had continued under his leadership, he was insane you know? He wanted to kill all Jews, regardless of nationality. So many good Germans would have died, those fighting men and working women who have helped us take over the

world. I believed my way was much better in the end. Art, not Jews. Things, not people. You've heard the slogan, of course?" Heine asked.

"Yes my Führer. Sorry, yes Sergeant. So he's dead and buried now?" The persistent voice from the crowd asked.

"No. Just dead. His body was burned in the first Art Gallery we destroyed. He deserved no grave, his end was befitting of a mad man. I shed no tears for him or his ideas." Heine said, hoping this would deter further questions on the subject.

"Where is our next target Sergeant?" Ah, the familiar tones of Private Gunter Meier.

"Right here in Paris, Gunter. There is still so much to destroy, these French and their silly distractions. Their Eiffel Tower, their Arc de Triomphe. But our final call will be The Louvre. It must burn." said Heine.

"Everything, my Führer? Even the Da Vinci?" That unseen voice again. He must be an art lover, Heine thought to himself. Heine made a mental note to seek out its owner and have him quietly shot during the rout of Paris.

"Her mocking smile will tease mankind no more. So yes, especially her." Heine said.

#

The amount of explosives needed to destroy the masses of metal and stone that were Frances two greatest landmarks was remarkably insubstantial when he inspected it before the big event.

"Is this all?" Heine asked.

The demolition officer stood up from his work, connecting the final wires to the explosives. "Yes Sergeant. Our structural surveyors did the initial calculations based on all available data at the time, just before we arrived. After a further visual inspection of the two sites we have added a little extra. Just to be certain." At this, he smiled.

Hauptmann Grünewald the demolition officer seemed to have no problem taking orders or instruction from Sergeant Heine, despite the fact that he technically outranked him. Here was one of the very few men who didn't have to constantly trip himself to stop from calling him Führer.

The detonations were quick, much like the falling of the two former icons Heine had deemed to be "distractions".

"Tell the men to recycle as much of the stone as is possible, build something useful from it. Melt down all the metal too, we shall use it to build new planes. If we have the air at our backs, we must use it to fly. Is it not so?" Heine asked.

"Quite," replied Hauptmann Grünewald curtly. As a former architect he knew when to bite his tongue and bide his time. Which he hoped would come soon before all the beautiful edifices in Europe were gone.

#

"The sky looks beautiful this evening, don't you think Dieter?" Heine asked, of the world in general. He was admiring the fingers of yellow flames quietly licking at the sky, coming from off in the distance as The Louvre was slowly consumed at last.

"Much better now without those two eyesores, Sergeant." replied Private Dieter Müller, his aide.

"And what business do we have left today? Our unexpected visitor and the Americans? I think we'll listen to the radio first, Dieter?" Heine motioned to his aide who switched on the wireless set. After a few minutes of warming up, it slowly jerked into life like a hibernating sparrow waking on the Russian front.

"This is AFN, The Armed Forces Network. Our top news item today, President Roosevelt has still not passed any comment on whether American troops will be sent to reinforce our flagging allies in Great Britain. In New York, police are still baffled at the cause of a mysterious fire which has completely destroyed the Metropolitan Museum of Art."

"It appears now that the Americans have publicly made their choice Dieter. They have chosen to live. And to join us. Their surrender will follow soon, of this I am most certain. And now, to our visitor. Show him in please?" Heine said.

After the clicking of boots across the wooden floor, the man stood before Axel Heine, fully aware this was the most powerful man on the planet.

"Monsieur Alain Dubouis, Sergeant," the Private introduced him. The man also wore the uniform of a Private in the German Army, a little unusual for a French citizen but not totally unique. He had clearly chosen his side in this war.

Correctly, it now appeared.

Heine did not ask why Dubouis had not chosen to use his rank by way of introduction, the man still had some fight left in him perhaps? Heine reached out and shook his hand, something that inwardly made Private

Muller flinch, there were still assassins everywhere these days. But this man had been vetted, double vetted and searched thoroughly. Zealous security had ensured that he had nothing to hide.

"And what can I do for you Monsieur Dubouis?" Heine asked.

"I came to ask your permission, to make a record of your achievement." Dubouis said.

"Monsieur Dubouis..." Heine started to say.

Dubouis cut him off. "Please, call me Alain."

"Alain," Heine smiled. "There is no need to ask for my permission to compile any documentation of our victories. History will write itself."

Dubouis flinched a little, knowing what he was about to ask. He grinned, weakly. "Her Führer..."

Heine returned the favour in kind after having been cut off in mid-sentence himself. "Sergeant Heine. Or Axel, if you please."

Dubouis blushed at being connected by the great man himself. "Sergeant Heine. It is not my wish to write of these deeds."

Heine looked the man up and down with great interest. "So what precisely was your wish, Alain?"

Dubouis felt very uncomfortable, trying to remain so formal at such a difficult time, especially knowing what he was about to ask of this man whose reputation more than preceded him. "I am an artist, Sergeant. I wished only to paint your portrait."

The Luger was pulled from its brown leather holster so quickly that Dubouis barely had time to even register its appearance in front of him.

"I believe I do recognise your voice now, Monsieur Dubouis. A faceless man in a crowd of good Germans. A truly excellent way to blend in, I commend you." Heine said.

"It is no longer of any importance Sergeant. Neither of us will survive this meeting. Hauptmann Grünewald asked me to convey his greetings. His talents will be quite explosive, I can assure you."

#

"This is AFN, The Armed Forces Network. Our top news item today, The German leader, Chancellor Axel Heine was assassinated today when

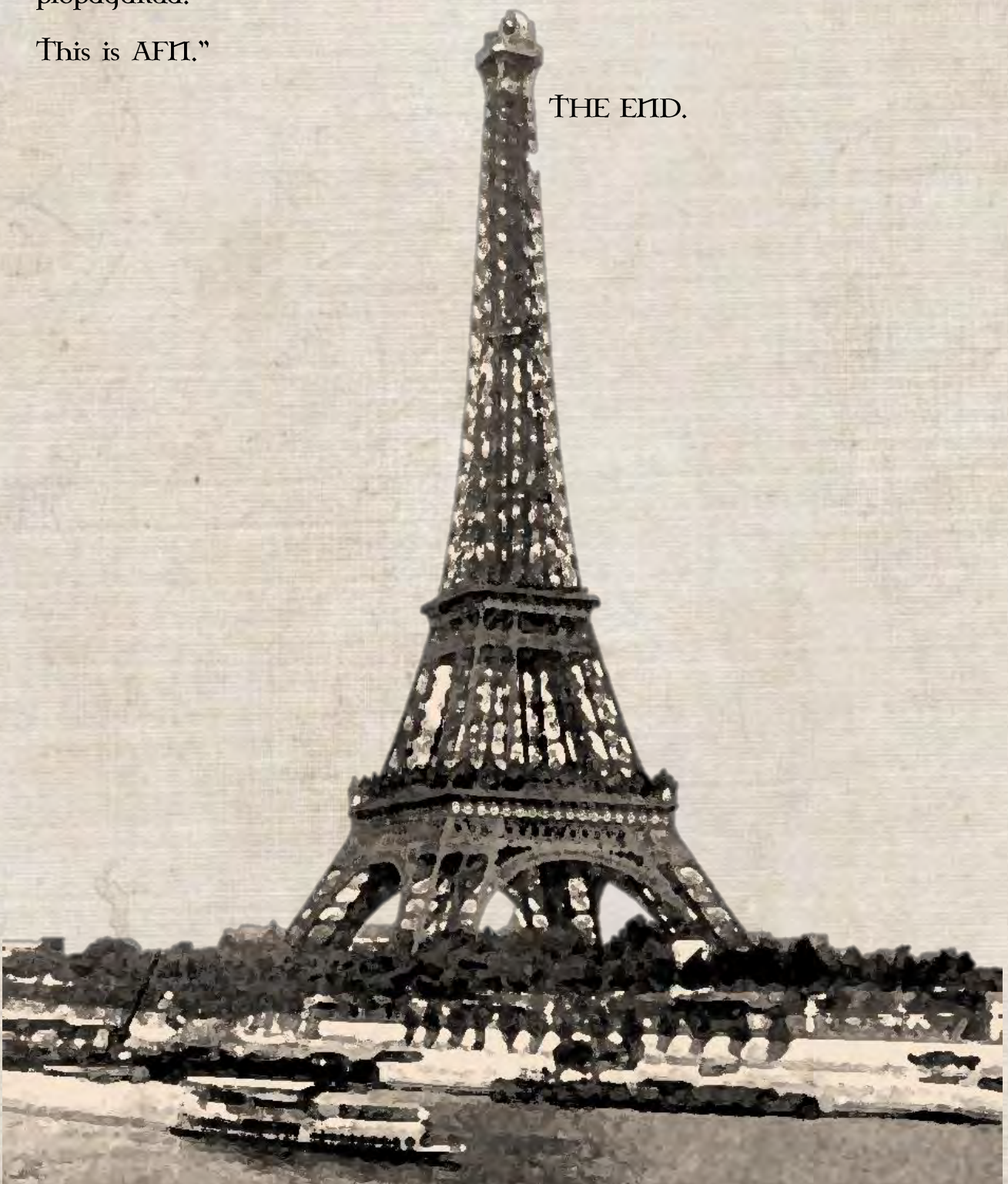
his French Headquarters was blown up after a coup by his junior officers. Their leader, a demolitions officer, Hauptmann Gert

Grünwald was quoted as saying 'He was a complete mad man, someone finally had to stop him. I shed no tears for him or his ideas.'

In Washington, President Roosevelt has ordered a full scale reinforcement program to Great Britain. It is expected that Germany may offer its immediate surrender before any troops are dispatched. Also in American news, all exhibits at the Metropolitan Museum of Art were apparently undamaged by the fire we reported yesterday. Fire chiefs said the blaze was minor, confined to only one small room and reports of the whole building being destroyed were vastly exaggerated propaganda.

This is AFM."

THE END.



Elemental

By Su Zi

I always thought I was water, salty blood,
a flitting, nervous little bird, be
cause that's what my mother named me in the nick
cause I look like her she's say.

I feel water, the breathing of the ocean brings me to my
celestial core
and there's been plenty of times I have hidden under the bed,
or in the closet, small and dark, and tucked behind the linens
while my parents called and fretted that I'd been spirited away
by a stranger in a dark Cadillac

I do like to disappear behind my cousins the trees, and I enjoy their stiff
embrace

despite not being ever called Daphne by anyone
not even in error.

My mistake was brought to light by the good doctor
who corrected my vision for

Shine and fluidity, be

cause although I am always cold I
get to a good glow when
hearted enough and slow.



Results By JD DeHart

such was love
that the post was made
indefinite

no party limits
no hanging chads
no election debacles

so that the same
ruler has sat on his throne
for decades,
soon to be followed by son
after son

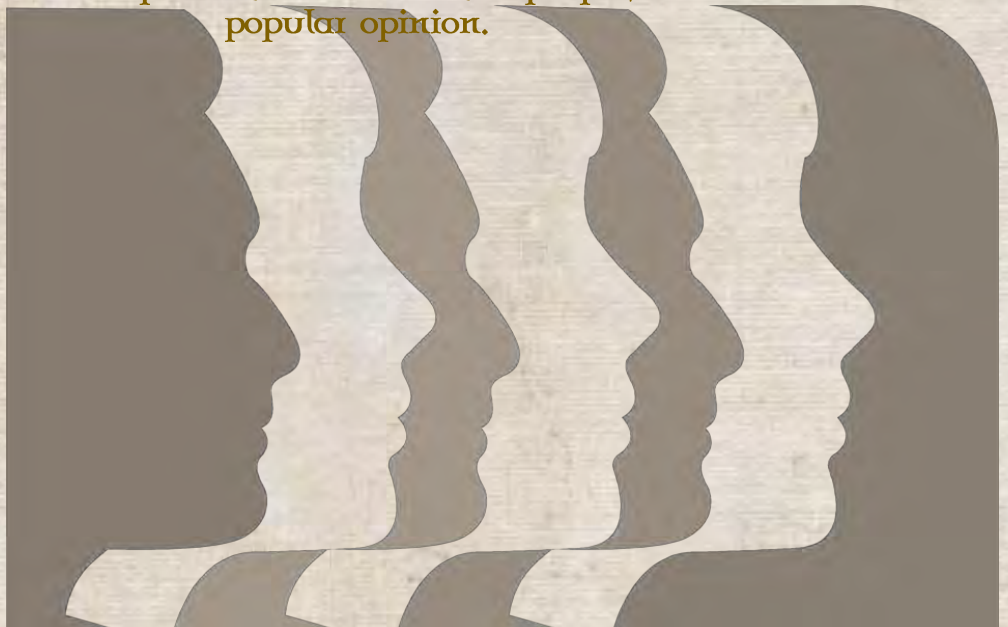
such was love
that rule was given
and all laws
bled out from him

Vox Populi

swell of voice
rises from the den
a collection
of sounds and murmurs
that resoundingly
say we have laid down
pain and snap-closed
up the bases

rendered one flag
and sang one song
and all languages
have learned its lyrics

Vox Populi - the voice of the people;
popular opinion.



How It Should End

By Terry Adams

An old man is reported dead, and the cops seize
four unmarked vials of white powder
hidden in his sock drawer,
portions of the ashes of his last friends
un-spread because the old man is 97,
the last of them,
too frail to visit their wilderness
ashes spreading place
in many years.

The police sniff the ashes, taste them,
classify them a degraded
narcotic, or a hoarded medication.

At the police station the cops feel an unusual
impulse to hug goodbye.

The vials are forgotten on the
backseat of the cruiser,
from where they are stolen that night,
and peddled on the streets
for \$200.00 per gram.

The crime rate in that neighbourhood
exhibits an unusual downturn
lasting several years.



Important People in History

History have been changed by people, but what if these people never existed.

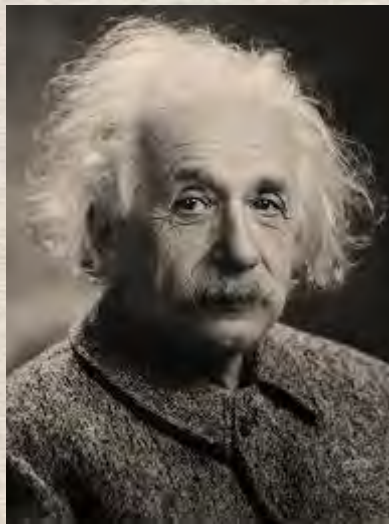
How would we, as humanity, have developed?

In Science

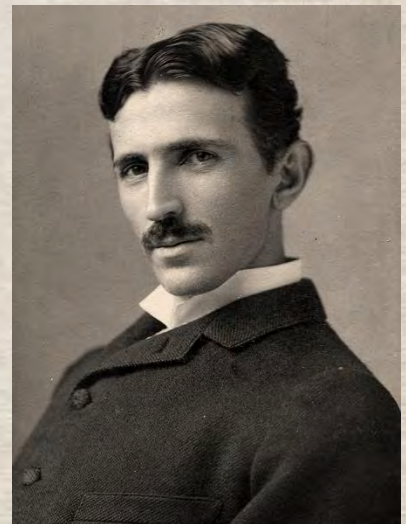
Isaac Newton



Albert Einstein



Nikola Tesla



Without their contributions to science, would our world still be the same?

Adolf Hitler



Franz Ferdinand, the archduke
of Austria-Hungary.



Would we have a Second World War without Adolf Hitler? Or for that matter a First World War if Franz Ferdinand was never born or assassinated?



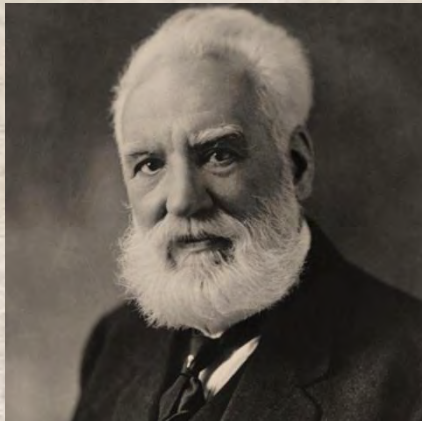
James Watt – Watt Steam Engine



Samuel Morse –
Telegraph



Karl Benz
Motorwagen



Alexander G Bell
Telephone

The Wright Brothers
Aeroplane



It's All In the Details

By Wayne Faust

July, 1863

Chamberlain wipes the sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief and dabs his eyes. So much gun smoke. He can barely see the rebels charging up the wooded hill, but what he can see looks like a writhing, gray wave smashing against a steep shore. They keep on coming no matter how many of them fall. How many times have they charged his lines? Won't they ever stop coming? His men are nearly out of ammunition.

Something strikes him in the chest, something that feels like a giant fist, and he falls backwards to the ground. He lays there blinking and gasping like a beached fish. He knows he has been hit. He knows he will die.

Chamberlain reaches beneath his tunic expecting to feel blood oozing. There is no blood. His hand brushes against his canteen and he holds it up so he can see. It has a deep dent. Chamberlain sighs with relief and nearly laughs. The canteen has saved his life.

"Someone must be watching over me," he mumbles as he gets to his feet, knees knocking. Several of his men look over with worry etched in their sweaty faces.

"Carry on, men," he says, his voice cracking. They continue to look at him, questioning. He holds up his canteen. "See? I'm okay. They hit my canteen." He tries to smile but he is still shaking too badly.

The rebel charge runs out of steam and the scattered survivors back down the hill, firing a few shots as they go. Chamberlain's men take a few deep breaths and patiently dig in for the next assault.



"Mr. Yeliab, will you please read aloud to the rest of the class? I've placed the text onto your viewing screen."

Yeliab looked up, startled. "Read aloud, Sir?" This was almost never done in Dunderlop's class.

"That's what I said."

Yeliab glanced down at his screen. The other eight students in the class looked at him expectantly. He scratched one of his appendages, cleared his throat, and began to read in a soft, hesitant voice:

"The Battle of Gettysburg was the high water mark of the Confederacy. Lee's army, at the peak of its prowess, had won a long, stunning string of battles - from 1861 on. Lee's plan was to take his army north and win a decisive victory on northern soil, thus ending the bloody war.

"Critical to the battle was the second day's fighting on a hill called Little Round Top. Joshua Ward Chamberlain (pictured above) and his First Maine battalion held the far left of the Union lines. At one point Chamberlain was hit by a bullet and knocked to the ground, but, miraculously, his canteen stopped the bullet and saved his life. His unit fought off several more rebel charges before running out of ammunition. Chamberlain then ordered a desperate, daring bayonet charge which sent the southerners into retreat, heading off disaster for the Union.

"From 'An Illustrated History of the Civil War,' Harper Collins, New York, 1987."

Yeliab looked up at Dunderlop, who perched on the front of his desk like a range cat.

"Now class, who can tell me what's wrong with that passage?"

No one spoke, especially not Yeliab, who had been working on this world all semester. He didn't want to hear about any problems now, six weeks before final exams.

"Well, since no one else seems able to see it, I'll point it out myself. Mr. Yeliab, do you recognize what you just read?"

"Of course, Sir. It's from a history of the world I'm working on. One of their civil wars."

"And that history is accurate?"

"As accurate as most histories, I guess."

"And you expect us to believe it?"

"Believe what, Sir?"

"That part about the canteen. And the bayonet charge."

Yeliab felt an uncomfortable rumbling in one of his stomachs. "But Sir, I can vouch for that one. I watched the whole battle as it happened."

"Nonsense. You wanted the north to win the war so you decided to do a little tampering."

"What? Why would I do that? I didn't tamper with anything."

"You don't expect me to believe that a canteen hanging in precisely the right place could change the outcome of a whole war, do you?"

"But Sir, that's the way it came out."

"Mr. Yeliab, you are a fine student, one of the brightest I've had in a long time, but let's face facts. If, in the unlikely event that someone's life was saved by a canteen, he certainly would not have had the fizzlebutt to then order a bayonet charge against a fully-armed attacking force. We're not talking about one of the Gods here, not even about one of us. We're talking about a man. It's simply preposterous. Change it."

Now Yeliab felt a rumbling in all of his stomachs. "Change it?"

"Yes. Go back and fix the problem."

"But Sir, the world is already 150 years ahead of that point." Yeliab shuddered. To go back that far was a nightmare. World-building was like a very complicated game of fall-blocks; you set up a playing surface, programmed in a pattern, and then watched the blocks spread out in a million different directions. You couldn't just blindly take out a whole section and expect a new pattern to develop in harmony with the rest of the blocks. The whole thing would probably fall down.

"No one ever said this class would be easy, Mr. Yeliab. If you expect to pass this class you will fix the problem."

Yeliab was near panic. His education had been going so nicely until now. How could this happen, especially when he hadn't done anything wrong?

"Sir, I saw that battle happen. Joshua Ward Chamberlain was a genuine hero that day - a remarkable fellow."

"If he was really that remarkable he would have become an emperor. I notice that that didn't happen."

"But Sir, that's what's so remarkable. He was just an ordinary fellow thrust into an extraordinary circumstance. My world is full of people like that - that's why I like it so much."

Dunderlop was clearly not convinced. "If that's true then I guess I should have looked at your world a little closer. Maybe the whole thing has been a fraud, right from the beginning."

Yeliab felt himself getting in deeper but the ideas were zinging around in his head like notions. "I've been thinking quite a bit about this, Sir, and I believe our own civilization is a lot like my world. Our history is full of ordinaries who became great. Events make heroes. Where would Tresternain have been if his parents hadn't been killed in a space crash when he was young? He would probably have gone into the family business and become a clerk. How would he have learned to be a world-builder then?"

Dunderlop's eyes flashed bright yellow. "That's nonsense and you know it, Mr. Yeliab. Tresternain was a genius, one of history's great figures. It doesn't matter what happened when he was a child."

Yeliab visibly shrunk under his professor's onslaught. He should have known better than to have brought up the name of Dunderlop's greatest idol. He felt his hopes slipping away. "That's precisely my point, Sir. Tresternain started out as an ordinary, but events gave him the opportunity to show what he..."

"Diddlycock! I've studied Tresternain all my life and if he was ever an ordinary, then I'm Bazzelkeep. I don't need to stand here on my three legs and listen to a University student slander a great artist."

"I'm sorry, Sir, I meant no disrespect. It's just that when we examine history, we..."

"Thank you for your input, Mr. Yeliab. Now I suggest you take some of that misplaced enthusiasm and use it to correct the fanciful tampering you've done. Up to this point your world has been excellent - a 4000 year run. Don't ruin it with something ridiculous."

"But, Sir..."

"Good day, Mr. Yeliab."

Chamberlain wipes the sweat from his forehead just as a piercing pain grips his stomach. "No," he mutters. "Not here. Not now." But the pain won't let up. Stomach cramps. They have been plaguing him for two days.

Chamberlain grits his teeth. The last few rebel charges have come close to succeeding. The pain gets worse. He whispers a curse under his breath. He calls a few orders to his men and decides to head for the rear to find a bush. As he turns to go, he has a nagging feeling that this is a terrible time to leave, that something is looming like a dark tide. He knows he has to hurry back.

"Go ahead, Mr. Yeliab. The rest of the class will find this very interesting."

Yeliab hated this. He really hated this. Why did he have to read aloud again?

"The Battle of Gettysburg was lost on a hill called Little Round Top when the far left of the Union line was overrun, causing the Union army to fall back to protect Washington. Joshua Ward Chamberlain (pictured above) and the First Maine were responsible for holding the Union left, but Chamberlain himself was forced off the battlefield by an attack of dysentery.

"Two days later the same First Maine found itself in the Union center during the Battle of Washington, and this time Chamberlain made up for the defeat at Gettysburg. During the most desperate part of the battle he ordered a daring counter-attack that split Lee's army in two, sending it reeling in confusion, thus stopping Lee's great invasion and probably winning the war for the north.

"From 'An Illustrated History of The War Between the States,' Harper, Collins, Richmond, 1927."

"Double diddlycock."

"But Sir..."

"Don't but Sir me, Yeliab. That was very unscholarly. First you have Chamberlain saved by a canteen and now you have him moving his bowels so he's not on the battlefield when the bullet in question flies towards his waiting flesh. What is it with you and this fellow? Don't you know that forming an emotional attachment to one of your subjects violates the Ninth Commandment Of World-Building?"

Yeliab looked down at the floor. "I had to do something for the guy. When you made me take away that canteen he would have died."

"So you sent him into the bushes to move his bowels."

"It was all I could think of, Sir."

"And then he became a hero again anyhow, two days later."

"That part was real. I told you he is quite a remarkable fellow."

Dunderlop sat on the edge of his desk and took off his eye covers. He assumed his kindly professor pose, a pose that most of his students never saw.

"Look here, Yeliab, I once made a mistake very much like yours. It was in my last year at University. I built a beautiful world, maybe my best ever. I can still smell the green grass after all of these years. I watched my project grow and prosper and I was very proud of myself for creating it.

"Late in the semester a woman was born in that world, a princess. She was destined to become queen, and, given her obvious talents, most probably an Empress. She was beautiful, charming, one of the finest specimens my world had produced. I became very fond of her, just watching her through the viewer every night as I lay in bed. Then she fell off of her horse on the way to the palace and died. Just like that. I think you know what I did then. I decided to do a little tampering."

"But Sir, I didn't..."

"Let me finish. I don't usually confess this to my students, so you ought to listen closely. I went back and fixed things so her horse died the day before. It was a simple thing, really, just a stray lightning bolt. Guess what happened?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"I'll tell you what happened. The Princess lived to a ripe old age. She became Queen. Then Empress. It was a disaster. She unleashed a whole army of ruthless barbarians that sent my world crashing back about ten centuries. I couldn't submit a world like that for my senior project, so I tried to go back and undo my tampering. I crashed the whole thing and had to start over, four weeks before the end of the semester. I barely passed. And that's why it's never wise to tamper with our worlds."

Yeliab sighed. What was the use of trying to tell the truth? Dunderlop was convinced that he had dreamed up the canteen thing. He might as well face facts - if he expected to pass this class, he would have to go along.

"Okay, Sir," he mumbled. "I'll go back again and fix it."

"That's better. Someday you're going to be a fine world-builder. They will come from across the Universe just to see your creations."

"Thank you, Sir."

Dunderlop gave Yeliab a fatherly pat and ambled out of the room.

Chamberlain wipes the sweat from his forehead and curses the heat. He dreams of the cool, Maine coast where he had spent the summers before the war. He is suddenly very thirsty. He reaches inside his tunic for his canteen and brings it to his lips. He takes a long swallow. Something pounds into his chest. He falls backward and hits the ground with a thud. He lays still, gazing up at the smoke, the treetops, and the faint, blue sky. His canteen falls away into the dust. He reaches his hand beneath his tunic and feels warm blood bubbling up and oozing across his chest.

Faces gather around him - the faces of his men. Some of them begin to cry. "No," he wants to shout. "Leave me be. The rebels are coming again." But something has a tight grip on his vocal cords. He tries to sit up but someone eases him back down. His breath comes in ragged gasps. He too begins to cry.

The sound of the rebel rifles is very loud now. They have reached the top of the hill. His men begin to fall where they stand.

They try to turn to defend themselves but it is too late. Soon their bodies are piled on top of one another and they make a tragic, moaning wall around Chamberlain.

He turns his head to the side and sees the colors of the First Maine being trampled into the dust. "This can't be," he manages to whisper. "It wasn't supposed to be like this."

The last thing Chamberlain sees in his life is the bare, bloody foot of a rebel soldier who stops for a moment in front of his face, before letting out a rebel yell and charging through to the rear of the union lines.

"So, Mr. Yeliab, how is it going today?"

"Not very well, Sir."

"Oh? And why is that?"

"It's the Germans, Sir."

"The Germans?"

"Yes. They've won the war."

"The American Civil War?"

"No, that war is long over. The south won that one. They broke through at Gettysburg and continued on to Washington. They captured President Lincoln and the British and French recognized the Confederacy. The north sued for peace shortly after."

"So where do the Germans come in?"

"The next century."

"You're confusing me."

"I'm confused myself, Sir. My brain is turning to millmush trying to keep track of it all."

Dunderlop chuckled. All world-builders reached this point sooner or later. It came with the job.

"So anyway, Sir, the Germans won in 1940. It was a world war, the second one. The Americans might have been able to help out but they didn't."

"Why not? Weren't they on pace to become a world power?"

"Yes they were - until the south won the Civil War, of course. After that they all still called themselves Americans, but it was really just a bunch of independent states. The south set the precedent when they won their independence. So there was no united America to help stop the Germans."

"So now you have the Germans ruling the world?"

"Most of it. Actually, it's not the nation of Germany that I'm worried about. It's the political party inside the country that's running things. They're called Nazis."

"So, what's the problem?"

"You should see these guys."

Dunderlop nodded and thought of his own experience with his Empress. "Will you have to start again?"

"I'm afraid so, Sir. The Nazis have nuclears. They're using them against terrorists."

"Nuclears? Against terrorists?"

"Yes. As I said, Sir, you really should see these guys."

"Well, good luck, Yeliab."

"Thank you, Sir."

Later that evening Yeliab lay in bed and gazed sadly at the viewer. His world had ended in absolute failure. He watched fires burn on four of the five continents. Radiation levels soared everywhere he checked. Nothing would survive.

There was only one good thing about this whole, sordid mess. Yeliab was sure now that he had been right. In spite of what his professor had said, he had proved that an ordinary can have an extraordinary effect on history, and he suspected that the same was true for every civilization. It was a radical concept. He decided to

save the documentation about Joshua Ward Chamberlain in his files. He couldn't help thinking of how he felt when he had watched the man die in the dust there at Gettysburg. It had seemed so wrong, and hopefully, someone else would be interested someday. Not Dunderclap, though. He still thought Yeliab had planted that can'teen.

Yeliab switched off the viewer and turned over onto his side. As he drifted off to sleep he thought that maybe he might be better suited for a career in the insurance business instead of building worlds.

END



What If...

By Yuan Changming

God is nobody but a little lucky survivor of
The last generation of earthlings, or a lost
Envoy dispatched by another civilization; man
Is actually a chimpanzee in frame, a hog
In tissue, and a frog in heart; the whole
Universe is no larger than a concept being
Formed in the brain of a mouse, whereas money
Is no other than a null number, fame a fading
Name, power a petty tower, and love a lust
In glove; indeed, what if there is a parallel
World where your other self is stalking you like
Your shadow, where you can become a god
In your own right; most important of all
What if you are it; what if now is then?



Do You Have An Appointment? By: Terry Adams

There are too many people
in the world including
this little corner Deli
imagine
how crowded it gets around
an idea
there are fewer ideas than people
at any one time
millions as if around a water cooler
in the outer office of
the Vatican
and they can't breathe very well
but they don't need
air it is time
to stop thinking legally what seems
to be going on and on,
it does not
it stops in fact
after each occurrence
it all ends but cannot avoid
our urge to recycle
if you leave one alone too long
it is liable to sit down in the reception
area do its nails and read
the small print
boiling out of the pencil sharpener
it is good
to stare into the crowd
in case a fish surfaces or a turtle
begins speaking from
the bottom of your
heart.

Dear Paul

by Su Zi

Cipher was to compute physics with chicken bones—poor, gentle
bird, now boiling with an orb of nightshade and something once green
and wilted(the steamy comfort of edited pink memory)—and end up

with glyphs that see translation on the flesh in dark ink. Thus, cybemews has as many feathers as a smoke signal seen from a satellite. Thus, it was my mother who was Jude, but obscurity can be inherited mayhap, a sort of genetic mood that requires diligence and a gym membership to evolve past.

Yazzuh.

You have understood me so far because this sort of interpretation is your gift to the rest of the moaning and groveling, whether they be sapient, or homo—erectus or not (and there's drugs for that, but there's drugs for everything—yes? Alas, memory here too).

Soooooooo, it was dark, but not lightless dark, cuz there's people in their huts with their imitation fire everywhere now. It did not occur to me, until the beam of the flashlight petered out, to remember William Stafford sitting in a plastic chair while the El (the the?) gave its geocentric, metal on metal wail around the Wabash cannonball express corner, and getting a sense of a life among trees far away. It has taken me all this time to stand where I can see that shadow—a bit like seeing someone move within a shadow on a moonless night of fog that is slightly more luminescent than the sand below the Bahia grass.

Thus, it was dark; the flashlight has given up. The Nissan Titan was confused: its brain had died and the machinery wanted to be dutiful but the brain had crumbled in a sort of automotive Alzheimer's; the nearly two-decades old Ford diesel was being loyal (thank all superstition), sitting backwards and hitched to a rusting flatbed trailer bought from a buddy, a Kentucky boy no less.

It is important to know someone who knows how to work with their hands.

It is important to know someone who can turn a chain hoist sideways, who knows what come-alongs are and who owns a box of them.

It is important to know someone who can solve physics without a chicken.

This was just a moment, four hours on a Tuesday before the ancestors are honored with candy. This was just a moment on a crumbling piece of asphalt not far from where a small doe had dinner ten feet from a rush of machines who would mourn her murder only because they had to replace the plastic smeared with her last life's blood. This was just a moment that I give you, born of the soft love of memory.

All Is Fair in Love and War

By Rich Murphy

“There are two ways to conquer and enslave a nation. One is by the sword. The other is by debt.” – John Adams

When banks rumble
into the village square
with tuners adjusting how-it-zers,
crowd-easing machine funds,
and investment thud craters,
the democrat applies
to polish wing-tip shoes.

The IMF points and livelihoods
for wallets, hostages give up
in exchange for consumer handbooks:
Works for workers every time
at any rate.

The invasion acquires
through intelligence, sabotage,
and peace offerings
so that hands without weapons
move for the looter
around mines and sweat shops.

Chained to debt, a small business,
family farm, and laborer spread eagle

as colonizers instruct
with “heave” and “ho” for free.

Once the cognitive map unfolds,
the newly minioned cultures
celebrate privilege around
half-full water tanks.



JD DeHart

Scratch Wire

of course
the bombing has continued
and we do not know
the hidden wires
that run the mechanism

we strode out into the sun
with hardhats on
shovels in hand
ready to test the great weapon
when they called us back in

leave this desert because
we can play later, they said,
for now let us lie fallow
and see what may soon grow

COSMOLOGY (Personal)

Sylvia Ashby

If an evil asteroid, Theia by name
hadn't slammed into Earth
I would never have to try on bathing suits
If the lopped off chunks
hadn't bounced up and congealed
we'd have fewer bad love songs
Because of another evil asteroid
I might have been a depressed dinosaur
instead of just depressed.

If our planet had moved further out
into a better neighborhood
I'd be very slender
though possibly twenty feet tall.
On the other hand
if we traded places with Venus—
No, trading places with Venus
would make me look fatter.

If I lived in the good old days
still a bacterium
I'd have no gender issues—
being both single-celled and single.
Truth is, if I go back far enough



I'm really Afro-American
or was before my plates defected.
Back then I could walk from my house
in Casablanca straight to NYC
assuming the weather was good.

Considering my future
I see problems: if Andromeda
keeps heading this way
with threatening gestures
whose side should I be on?
If this vast recycling center
lacks an expiration date
will my tired molecules
ever get to retire?

Years from now
when the sun turns old and grey—
I mean old and red—
Jeez—there are some matters
I refuse to worry about.
Besides, had there been a tad more
anti-matter than matter
I wouldn't be writing this poem.

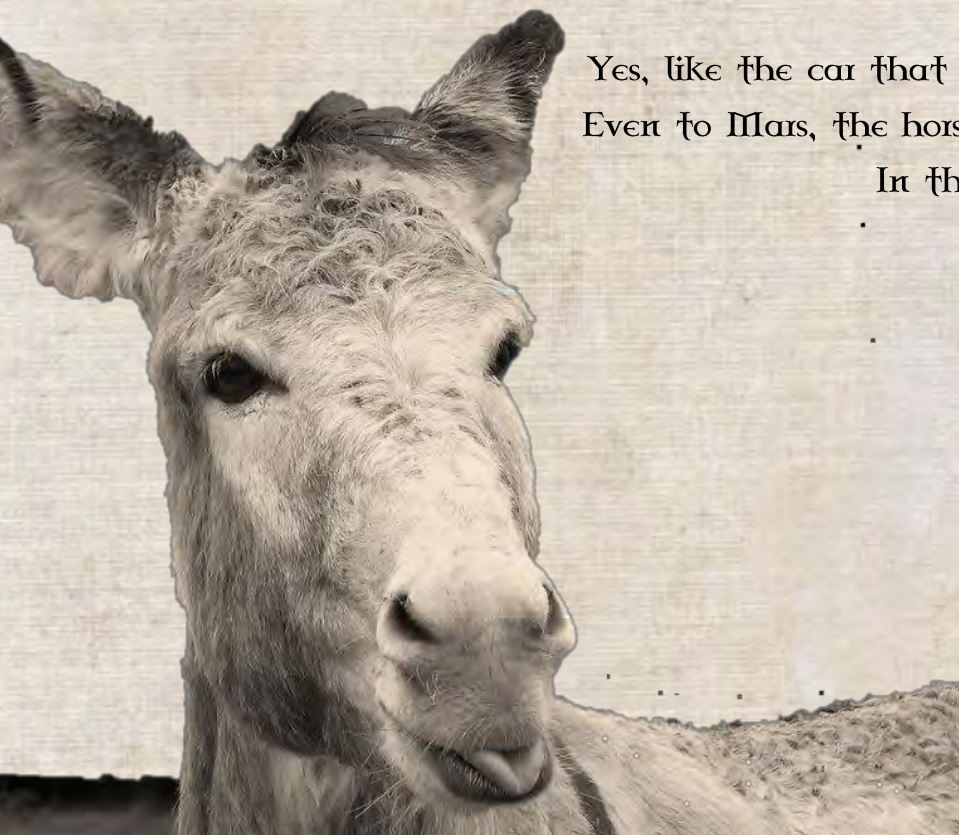
History Rewritten: the Fate of Mongolian Empire

Yuan Changming

If killing Mongolians had swept
Neither China nor Russia
From East Asia to West Europe
They would not have moved swiftly
On an animal no bigger than a stubborn donkey
A 4-legged creature so holy to them

They would not have had dozens of ways
To refer to it (like bor, har, khongor, or tsagaan)
Indirectly as we address our emperors
Kings, queens as your majesty; rather, they
Would have been impious enough
To invent a proper noun or
To give it a proper name

Yes, like the car that has carried the white peril
Even to Mars, the horse would have had a name
In the heart of the yellow peril



If I Was Born a Century Before I Was Born

Terry Adams

If I was born a century before I was born
my father would just now
be born and I would take care of him
I would show which battles
to avoid the shot
in the back of the theatre
where to watch the Leaves Of Grass
grow the Lilacs last
in the dooryard I would take up
his small hand lead him
out of Dunkirk out of Montezuma
endlessly rocking quickening
with peace and with
the gardens amid the crosses row on row
tell him uncanny Masses
in guitar Latin bring his wife out
of the pages of our youth
again wipe the cigarettes from the radio
from their breath their
silence wing Kent State Port Huron
Selma just that essence sprinkled
in time in headlines
and the shoes of truth piled at
the masque the synagogue drowsing their
easy sleep I would keep watch
I would I will point out
I will guide them and all their labored
automobiles Quinoa Arugula
hard drive tomatoes
so help me



The Impressive Implosion

Rich Murphy

The inner-life demolition experts
arrive to work early.

Shells functioning without:
Each husk ceiling without
a sluggish Angelo to paint.

The ball to bat pitches from the womb.
Bases and a place serve up
underhanded from bottoming America;

the joke at school remains detonated
while a brain and heart reverberate.

Family and friends using ice cream scoops,
marauding police gangs
wearing stunning uniform cameras,

and disciplinary institutes
that apply tourniquets to psychic wounds
to shave for drumming
growth beyond a corporate state.

From ice pick lobotomy
to empty pre-fab storage facility
where the unaware façade
doesn't recognize the need for a resident,

the narcissus progresses.
Suns found in parental coat pockets
encourage pinning back
the wings on the city to remind

the subject and the drunken, resilient
question mark behind the eyes.

Lost Su Zi

We lost the **rain**, but found it again—
it was hiding and giggling, we heard the hiccups,
and peeking under the leaves of the holly tree,
we found moisture in the berries, because they were
so violently vermilion; so we boiled the berries
until they were black and we painted ourselves
with the clay found only where rivers have fled
and we sang the names of our grandmothers'
imaginary children—the ones who got away
in the fog of absence.

We drank the black **drink**. Soon enough,
we could see the **water**, coming visible
in our skins and the skins of the tree
and the skin of the planet as it wobbles
in the ocean of empty waters.

Soon enough, we spoke to the **water**; we
told it we were sorry, that our
ignorance did indeed prove to be disaster,
that our only bliss would be **water's**
wet kiss, that our sadness was dry and
forlorn, that the insects were angry and
would be biting and sarcastic, we begged
water to come home, even if hesitantly and
even just for a little while.



Credits

All pictures, unless otherwise specified, was obtained in their unedited form from <http://www.freestockphotos.biz>. Editing on photos done by MP Adumbratus (Editor)

PROFILES OF CONTRIBUTORS:

Lynn White lives in north Wales. Her work is influenced by issues of social justice and events, places and people she has known or imagined. She is especially interested in exploring the boundaries of dream, fantasy and reality. Her poem 'A Rose For Gaza' was shortlisted for the Theatre Cloud 'War Poetry for Today' competition in October 2014 and has since been published in the 'Poetry For Change Anthology by Vending Machine Press. Poems have also recently been included, or are forthcoming, in Harbinger Asylum's 'A Moment To Live By' anthology, Stacey Savage's 'We Are Poetry an Anthology of Love poems', in The World Of Womyn's 'She Did It Anyway' anthology and Weasel Press anthology, Degenerates, Voices For Peace, Tangent Literary Journal, Amomancies and various other on line and print journals



Writing under the name, **Diane Arrele**, I have sold more than 200 short stories to anthologies and magazines including the State Of Horror: New Jersey, Infective Ink, Siren's Call, Sha'Daa Pawns and Facets, and Space and Time Magazine. My book of short stories, Just A Drop In The Cup, a collection of flash fiction and short-short stories, was published in 2007 by Darker Intention Press.

I am a founding member as well as a past president of the Garden State Horror Writers and a past president of the Philadelphia Writers' Conference. Having retired in the autumn of 2014, I am now a part time senior citizen activities director and live on the edge of the Pine Barrens in Southern New Jersey (home of the Jersey Devil) with my husband, sometimes my son and my cat.

"Recent poetry may be found in Pennsylvania Review, Former People, Fjord Review, E.ratio, Literati Quarterly, Otoliths, Euphony, The Straddler, James Dickey Review, Harbinger Asylum, Blast Furnace, and Blue Fifth Review: Blue Five Notebook <http://bluefifthreview.wordpress.com/2014/07/31/broadside-35-summer-2014-14-14/>. Recent prose scholarship on poetics has been published in Imaginary Syllabus, Anthology chapters, Palm Press; Journal of the Assembly for Expanded Perspectives on Learning; The International Journal of the Humanities; Fringe Magazine; Reconfigurations: A Journal of Poetry and Poetics; The Journal of Ecocriticism; and New Writing: The

International Journal for the Practice and Theory of Creative Writing.” **Rich**
Murphy

Yuan Changming, 8-time Pushcart nominee and author of 5 chapbooks, is the most widely published poetry author who speaks Mandarin but writes English: since mid-2005, he has had poetry appearing in *Best Canadian Poetry*, *BestNewPoemsOnline*, *Threepenny Review* and 1069 others across 36 countries. With a PhD in English, Yuan currently edits *Poetry Pacific* with Allen Qing Yuan in Vancouver.

Andrew Scott is a native of Fredericton, NB. During his time as an active poet,

Andrew Scott has taken the time to speak in front of a classrooms, judge poetry competitions as well as published worldwide in as *The Art of Being Human*, *Battered Shadows Ones*. His books, *Snake With A Flower*, *The and The Storm Is Coming* are available now

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such publications
and *The Broken
Phoenix Has Risen*

TRICO LUTKINS lives in his Townhouse of Solitude with his sinister henchman (actually she's a "henchgirl"), Audrey, his wickedly awesome partner-in-crime, Tracy, and the silent and deadly ninja-cat, Jack. He enjoys studying history and writing in various genres. He tries to write the best he can, but sometimes he's lucky and writes better than he can. Trico writes the ongoing comic book series, *Jack of Spades*, for Source Point Press and had contributed to many anthologies, *Source Point Presents*, *Serial*, *Delightfully Wicked Poetic Tales*, *Eerie Tales: 666*, *Artifex I and III*, *Speakeasy* 2009 and 2010, *Ona Latina*, *Voluted Tales*, *Ghostlight*, *A Bit of Poe*, *Thirteen Little Hells*, *Michigan Comics Collective Anthology Volume II*, *Forgotten Tales of Forgotten Lore*, and *Lycan Lore*.

Raf Oaleg was born in Coventry & still lives there. He served 6 yrs in the RAF as a clerk & spent most of his time in a Hobbit hole in High Wycombe. He is a published poet & has been writing stories since he was 10. His current dream is to eventually finish the *Hitch Hikers* fanfic novel he's been writing since 1986.

"I live in a semi-rural area; I have been writing the entirety of my life and have published poems, essays, fiction in publications large (*New American Writing*, *Exquisite Corpse*), and ones now no longer in print (*Mesachabe*), et cetera; I make art and some of my work was published (*Blue Heron Review*, and a long time ago *Sign Of The Times*), and I take it to farmer's markets, home it via etsy, et cetera." **SU ZI**

JD Dehart is a writer and teacher. His chapbook, *The Truth About Snails*, is available from RedDashboard and his blog is jddehartwritings.blogspot.com.

TERRY Adams has poems in *Poetry* (Chicago), *Ironwood*, *The Sun*, *Witness*, *College English*, *Bellowing Ark*, *The Sand Hill Review*, *Quarry West*, and elsewhere. He MCs poetry events at the Beat Museum in San Francisco, and in La Honda. His first collection, "Adam's Ribs," came out from Off The Grid Press in 2008. He lives in Ken Kesey's infamous 1960's cabin in La Honda, California.



"I have had over 35 stories published in various magazine and anthologies, including stories in Norway, Australia, and England. I have also made a full time living as a music and comedy performer for over 35 years (www.waynefaust.com). Since I have been writing songs for all that time, where you have to say everything you want to say in 3 verses or less, my prose tends to be tightly-written and fast-moving. Ten of my stories have been performed aloud on stage for One Night Stand Theater in Denver.

(<http://www.onenightstandtheater.org/7nightstanders.html>)" **Wayne Faust**

Scylvia Ashoff's background is in theatre, acting and writing; she's published 15 plays for family audiences. She started sending out poetry two years ago; now her work can be seen in dozens of journals online and off: *Rhino '15*, *Mezzo Cammin*, *Muddy River*, *Constellations*, etc.

Links to information sources:

<https://www.goodreads.com> – all books gotten from here

<http://dictionary.reference.com/browse/vox+populi>