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Kyle Peterson -- Political Editor

Mike Young -- Fiction and Poetry Editor

Editors' Notes

-- Kyle

The world is the sum of its parts: the good, bad, and ugly are all rolled into one, and as we are all a part of this world, we all contribute to its entirety, no matter how small our individual part is. Therefore, as a race, humans will always reap what they sow. So, if thinking about the world leaves a bitter taste in your mouth, then what kinds of seeds are being sown to yield such produce? I challenge everyone, myself included, to look into their own fields and see what's sprouting up.

Even if you are happy with what you see, I caution you this: a single type of crop planted year after year will strip the land of its nutrients, requiring more and more fertilizer to replace what is lost. Instead, rotating crops actually replenishes the soil. In the same manner, diversity of thought fertilizes the mind with the compost of experience. But how many of us are using natural fertilizers and how many of us are using synthetics? If we reap what we sow, then doesn't it follow that if we put unnatural things into the earth, that's what we'll get in return?

I hope that anyone who sees even a bit of truth in these words will take some time to think about improving their own lot, so they and all those around them will reap the full rewards of the beauty created. I also hope that this publication may serve as an avenue that will bring the fruit of our intellectual labors to a great, moveable feast, each one contributing for all to enjoy! ¡Buen Provecho!

-- Mike

Well, eating my fingernails for a week got me nowhere, so at the age of three I sadly folded to the fact that I would be eating other people's food. How I wailed from my highchair at the consumer role I was undertaking. Sure, eventually I could've learned to farm, learned to grow tomatoes on my windowsill, but the taste of fingernails lingers, and I'm shivery, prone to easy surrender.

But I did learn that an absolute self-reliance is a fallacy in a healthy society. True, blind consumption is for leeches, and the human swarm in superstore aisles paints a rather unflattering picture. The right cocktail involves providing for yourself and then sharing what you've providing, or teaching others how to provide for themselves. We all have our roles to play, our valuable individual talents and skills to integrate into the propulsion of mankind. Let's step back and examine those skills, roll up sleeves and dig into the act of making something, teaching something, growing something and sharing what we produce. It's all more fun than buying, staring down pricetags, shoveling cheese the color of a hunter's orange vest, and other numb practices.

Thankfully, the work in this issue is not numb at all. We sport a variety of prose pieces, from rules to a surreal folktale, a memoir to a short story about life's defiant intrusion into a dour gathering. Our poetry pines, questions, laments and satirizes. *At the same time*. And I thought I was hip because I could make apple pie and listen to The Lucksmiths without spilling cinnamon.

Incidentally, I do pay attention to where my apples come from. They taste better than my fingernails. But when I told the apple man my fingernail story, he chuckled. I provided something, he provided something. I shared what I'd learned, he shared what he'd grown, and I left feeling rather like a witness to hope.

-- Acknowledgments

We would like to thank the following for their contributions and support: John and Susan Young (whose birthday is October 15th, so procure her a present), Holly Young, Todd and Patricia Peterson, Pyong Son, Dorothy Fiorini, Jim Townsend, T.J. at Mug Shots, Greenline Cycles, KRBS 107.1, Shirley Copperman at Marrakech, Gail Jenners, Jason & Davy @ Found Magazine (www.foundmagazine.com), and all our wonderful distributors at cafés & independent bookstores across Northern California

It All Starts With Food

--Gwyn O'Brien

"Wash your hands, get them good and clean,
Hurry and find a basket...
Let us gather a salad, and so unite
To our passing lives this season's fruit."
From *The Salad* by Wendell Berry

In distancing ourselves from food origins through industrial and commercial interference, our connection to Earth as source is nearly forgotten. The great tragedy in this diminishing connection is that we then care less about the well-being of our planet and the ensuing man-made ecological disasters, often developing an attitude of disassociated apathy. As primary consumers, shoppers and teachers, women play a crucial role in the reparation of this separation.

Poet, writer, farmer, ecologist, Wendell Berry says that "When food is no longer associated with farming and the land, then the eaters are suffering from a kind of cultural amnesia that is misleading and dangerous." With the rise of industry and technology and subsequent urbanization, we have become, according to Berry, "mere consumers... the passive, uncritical and dependent." **Our society has gone from corner grocery stores to Super Markets and shopping centers to discount warehouse-style windowless grocery/sundry stores.** There is no sense of real food and its origin as people heap all the advertised, packaged, highly processed foods into their shopping carts.

In his essay, *Taking Nutritional Responsibility*, Edward Baumann, Director of IET (Institute of Educational Therapy), says "Denatured food breeds weak, insensitive, dependent organisms." Former Vice-President, ecologist, Senator Al Gore would agree with him. Gore says "It's because we are taught to live so separately from nature that we feel so utterly dependent upon our civilization, which has seemingly taken nature's place in meeting all our needs." In his book, *Earth In The Balance*, Gore elaborates:

"Each new generation in our civilization now feels utterly dependent on the civilization itself. The food on the supermarket shelves, the water in the faucets in our homes, the shelter and sustenance, the clothing and purposeful work, our entertainment, even our identity — all these our civilization provides, and we dare not even think about separating ourselves from such beneficence."

In 1867, Swiss merchant, chemist and inventor Henri Nestle created a formula that would relieve a woman of her task of breast feeding her infant child. By the late 1950's, powdered and liquid formulas were touted as being at least equal or superior to mothers' milk. Advertisements showed lovely, coiffed, unharried young mothers free from the constraints and mess

associated with breastfeeding. Renowned physicians endorsed the products. The unspoken inference was that breastfeeding was inferior, lower class, messy, disruptive, restrictive, less hygienic and not the best for your baby.

In the 1970's to present day, Nestle Corporation has behaved irresponsibly and unconscionably by selling their infant formulas to third world countries. The women in these countries have aspired to be like the image of a "modern American woman." However, the hygienic component is neither available nor stressed in these countries. **As a result, the infant mortality rate has climbed alarmingly.**

Nestle Corporation provides a sad example of how industry interfered and presupposed an improvement over what nature has so perfectly designed. Industry and commercialization took what was the readily available, economical, and perfect food for an infant and devalued it while offering a poor substitute. Besides the loss of necessary and formative nutrients, the mother and her child are removed from the deeper bonding inherent in breastfeeding. The woman is separated from her own body's design (the need to nurture) and the physical, emotional, and psychological benefits of such deep nurture for herself and her child. This damaged relationship is an example of the parallel detriment we experience by having our food industrialized and commercialized, producing a nutrient-poor, chemicalized product and weakened bond with Earth as a source.

Vince Cloward, Executive Director of The River Exchange in Dunsmuir, CA, advocates "stewardship" toward our earth — he says that in order to care about or for something you must have a relationship with it. Cloward sees stewardship as "awareness, education, appreciation and these lead to caring actions."

Deep down, I think that people know something is missing, perhaps lost to them forever: this earth connection. In the words of writer Joan Metzner:

"Here we are God, an exploited planet. Heal our heart that we may respect our resources, hold priceless our people, and provide for our starving children an abundance of daily bread."

While governments support corporate ideologies of controlling and acquiring for the gain of the few — using up resources with no plan of replenishment — poets, ecologists, indigenous peoples, conscious men, women and children are speaking out. That we listen has become imperative. Gary Snyder, an ecologist, writer, and poet, puts it succinctly, **"When your lunch depends on a mutual effort between you and huckleberry bushes, you oppose their destruction."**

Writer and ecologist, Terry Tempest Williams warns that "If we ignore our connection to the land...we render ourselves impotent as a species." In the forties, during WWII, as a way of supporting an economy hard-pressed to keep up with the needs of soldiers overseas, people were encouraged to plant Victory Gardens. By growing their own vegetables they sustained themselves through tough times. They demonstrated a level of self-sufficiency in direct cooperation with the earth. Wendell Berry encourages such cooperation today since "how we eat determines the way the world is used." Berry suggests that we be not only consumers but producers of our own food. Whether planting a garden, or a single seed in a pot on a sunny window ledge, or composting vegetable scraps, we become the origin of our food and our own origin as well. We benefit from eating the nutrient and flavor rich produce and make a direct connection between self, food and earth.

Women are by and large the shoppers and through their choices regulate what stays on the grocery store shelves. Therefore, it is up to the individual woman or circles of women to educate themselves and subsequently their families as to wise food choices. I know from personal experience the simultaneous empowerment and privilege I feel when I choose the food that shows up on my table. As women educate themselves, they in turn become the teachers of their families and friends, helping them make that earth to mouth connection. Preparing your own food so you know what's in it is one way of reclaiming this connection. Another way is reading labels, knowing where the food originates and looking into the processes food is put through before you buy it. Making an effort to buy locally grown, organic, seasonal foods when possible is also a good choice.

The goal here is to deepen our connection to the earth through the vital foods we eat — to recall the real connection so that we, in turn, value and care for our planet. Earth elements — air, earth, fire and water — are in us. We are of the earth. To be informed by her about who we truly are is our salvation as a species. To re-establish ourselves as her children and to realize that we are intimately connected with all other life forms on this planet. Snyder says, "In our emphasis on species loss and habitat destruction, we forget our own peril...judging ourselves independent from and superior to other forms of life." It is time to reclaim our place in the wise universal order and educated women, nurturers in cooperation with our families and communities, are a force for change.

"Whether planting a garden, or a single seed in a pot on a sunny window ledge, or composting vegetable scraps, we become the origin of our food and our own origin as well."

"I know from personal experience the simultaneous empowerment and privilege I feel when I choose the food that shows up on my table."



"Daily Bread For All" © 2005 Patia Florick
<http://www.homeadministrix.org>

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Adam Versus the Ape

--Walter Williams



From the beginning, the theory of evolution has not proved the origin of life to Christians, nor have evolutionists been reconciled to the theory of creation. The fundamental difference between the two camps is on the existence of an original Creator, a divine inspiration that gave us life. Should schools be allowed to teach something regarded as religious doctrine? Shouldn't evolution be considered a religious belief?

The theory of evolution is as crucial to atheists as creation is to Christians and the proponents of evolution attack Christianity as vehemently as those who oppose it. Since neither can be proven to the satisfaction of either side, why should one be given precedence over the other? History proves that science used to promote ideology threatens human diversity because it attempts to rationalize the censorship of any idea or person contrary to its own doctrine.

Therefore, the solution must be the tolerance of both theories since the censorship of either will only deepen the resentment already present. It must be noted here that this essay will not outline either theory's evidence, since it is doubtful that any attempt to convince the already decided reader will have any effect, which is in fact evidence in itself of the deep factions that divide this issue. Instead, putting the issue into a historical perspective makes a much more effective argument for compromise.

The argument over science and religion is not a new one. Looking back to the Scientific Revolution and the Enlightenment periods in Europe during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, several parallels can be drawn to our present debate.

When Copernicus' idea of a heliocentric system was supported by Galileo, the Catholic Church rose in opposition to the new theory, because it challenged the traditional Ptolemaic view of the universe, which placed man at the center and God at its outside edges. The universe was no longer a finite one. Instead of a spiritual realm, it now appeared to be made up of matter, which deemphasized the importance of God and destroyed much of the mysticism the Church had so painstakingly built up.

Although Galileo never questioned the existence of God, in the eyes of the Church, these discoveries threatened the moral fabric of sixteenth century society. If faith were put in the empirical nature of the universe rather than in God, then what was the role of the Church and what would happen to the authority of the Bible? Without moral guidance, would society be able to withstand its own natural tendencies toward corruption and greed? Galileo's work seemed to the Church the wedge that would split her from the people; therefore, Galileo was put on trial and ordered to recant his support of Copernicus. He would be permitted to present his theory but only as a "mathematical supposition." To deny today that the earth revolves around the sun would seem as preposterous as it did to the Church at that time to propose such an idea.

By trying to censor such scientific theory, the Church's intolerance was seen as anti-intellectual during the Enlightenment, a period which emphasized the use of reason and the application of the scientific method in order to discover the laws of the universe. The Church was criticized by men like Diderot, the author of the Encyclopedia, for its dogmatic beliefs. Many others came to see that forcing religious beliefs on others was wrong. This is evident in our own country's separation of church and state, a product of the Enlightenment.

The first parallel that may be drawn from previous history, is that just like Galileo, when Darwin presented his theory in *The Origin of Species*, he challenged the traditional view that man was a unique being created in God's image. If man was not created by God, then does He even exist? For many believers, Darwin's evolution attacks the foundations of Christianity, since, in the words of William Jennings Bryan at the end of the Scopes Trial of 1925, "...carried to its logical conclusion, it robs Christ of the story of the virgin birth, of the majesty of His deity and mission, and of the triumph of His resurrection." Is it any wonder then that there is still such fierce opposition eighty years later?

Bryan's statement alludes to the second parallel with history, which is the role of religion in society and the great dichotomy of church and state. The Christian heritage of our country, inherited from our Founding Fathers, has been a source of constant debate; our unalienable rights stem from their belief that all men are created equal before the eyes of God. It is the pressure of this belief in our society that those who deny His existence have felt, especially of late.

The question is this: how can any who hold a position of authority assert a religious or dogmatic belief on any other citizen if freedom from such tyranny is guaranteed in the First Amendment?

Undoubtedly, it is commonly held that Christianity, being the predominant religion in the country, is the focus of this principle. However, does not a belief in Darwin's theory require as strong a conviction in the fundamentals of natural selection as the tenets of Christianity does its followers? Is it not just as essential for true evolutionists to deny the existence of God as it is for Christians to assert His eternal presence? Are they not both

held as erroneous, dogmatic beliefs by their respective oppositions? How then can any who proclaim their doctrine to be self-evident demand of those who deny their truth to abide by its regulations? Is it now possible to see this argument apart from its traditional context? Atheism, then, is as much a religion as any other, for it rests on the absolute faith that there is no God, the same faith, only reversed, that is required of Christians. What then is the solution? It is quite simple: compromise. Either teach both of them or teach none at all, since neither side will be content with being censored without the other sharing the same fate.

Perhaps it is unrealistic to hope that either side will ever be content to give up any ground to its opponent. Such is the balance of power. The threat of censorship keeps the debate alive. Neither side will give an inch for fear of losing the proverbial mile. This then brings us to the third and final parallel. **Any censorship of one side of the argument will result in a gathering momentum for the eventual shift of public opinion toward the side of the oppressed.** This is clearly the case for the swing toward the side of science as illustrated by the opposition to the intolerance of the Church during the Enlightenment and again by the overwhelming support for evolution in the scientific community after the fiasco of the Scopes Trial, when the teaching of evolution was almost made illegal by conservative Christians. However, since then, hasn't science responded in kind, trying to censor creationists? How is this not seen as tyranny?

If the absence of education on creation since the Scopes trial isn't enough evidence, then perhaps a more recent example is needed. Take the case of Mr. Sternberg, who works at the Smithsonian National Museum of Natural History as a research associate, or did, rather.

In 2004, Sternberg was the editor of an independent journal at the museum and in one issue, along with the usual technical articles, he published one on Intelligent Design, written by Stephen Meyer, a graduate of Cambridge University with a doctorate in the philosophy of biology. The article was immediately condemned by a fellow researcher who labeled it as "unscientific garbage." Jonathan Coddington, the chairman of the Zoology Department, called Sternberg's supervisor and asked some very pointed questions: Did he claim to be a religious fundamentalist? Did he associate with any religious groups? Then Coddington asked if Sternberg was a right-winger and what his political affiliation was. **Coddington later told Sternberg that "Yes, you are being singled out."** Sternberg was not allowed to work on any more publications and given only a tiny workspace in the office of one of his few friends at the museum.

The ruling of the Supreme Court in 1987 that struck down the equal treatment of evolution and "creation science" in Louisiana, has made such discriminatory actions possible, in spite of consistent polls that show more than half of the country believes in the story in Genesis. The American Association for the Advancement of Science has also put the weight of its 120,000 members against the teaching of Intelligent Design in public schools or even against including stickers in science books which mention the controversy of Darwinism. When does the majority rule then? Only when its power can be proven by fact? The facts are clear: more Americans believe in the idea of creation than believe in evolution, so who's right?

Regardless of its institutional support, a failure to officially recognize the debate going on will not produce any favorable results for the scientific community, or for evolutionists as a whole. After this last election, the power of Christians voting en masse when threatened by extreme liberalism cannot be understated. Furthermore, with an openly Christian, conservative President who will not be concerned with re-election this term, and two positions in the Supreme Court open, a significant move to the right is a very possible reality. Herein lies the danger of opposing something too strongly; when it swings back the opposite way, the pendulum of change moves with an equal amount of force. **However, it should not be out of fear that a compromise should be reached, but rather in the great spirit of our country's tolerance.**

We see that throughout the debate between religion and science, censorship of thought can have a dramatic effect on the course of society. In order to lessen the effects of any shift, a level of compromise must be reached that will satisfy both parties. If we deny our children the right to learn about all the possibilities are we not doing them a great injustice? How can we promote equality and freedom of thought if such fundamental issues cannot be discussed openly? **The aims of science are not so diametrically opposed to those of religion to suppose that this could not take place.** Both seek to understand the origins of life. However, as two competing views that can never fully satisfy their opposition, it is only by recognizing the limitations of both that we are able to find the common ground between the two and leave our differences behind. Whether we came from apes or Adam, we still have to live here together. No amount of time can change that.

MEGA-CITIES In Katrina's Wake

--Megan Peterson

How responsible is a government for re-building cities that were already doomed to disaster?



I know this is the question no one wants to ask, but say for a moment that people move back to New Orleans and rebuild it. We can't prevent a repeat disaster. If a Category 4 hurricane hits again, who is responsible then?

This diatribe is not directed out of lack of sympathy or support for the victims of the recent Katrina disaster, or in support of how our federal government responded. My intent is to raise awareness of uncontrolled urban growth and the destruction of natural resources that are exponentially increasing the likelihood of a mega-disaster with potential death tolls topping *one million people*. The predictions are scary.

Look at a place like Naples. No volcano has left more chilling evidence of its lethal power than Vesuvius when its eruption in 79 AD buried Pompeii and Herculaneum without a trace for more than 1600 years. Now living within Vesuvius' molten reach is the even bigger city of Naples, a major Italian metropolis and home to more than two million people. Described as the world's most dangerous volcano, Vesuvius is expected to blow at any time and could explode without ever emitting a tremor.

Signs of Vesuvius' potentially lethal reach are everywhere. Ten miles to the west of Vesuvius are the Phlegraean Fields that locals claim were the inspiration for Dante's *Inferno*. Thirty-four thousand years ago a Vesuvius eruption formed this eight-mile wide depression, or "caldera." Between this caldera and Vesuvius sits Naples' vulnerable urban sprawl. Not only is it along the path of Vesuvius' pyroclastic flow, but Naples could also fall prey to the magmatic earthquakes caused by volcanic activity.

Rome is already preparing for a cataclysmic disaster and Campania, the region that includes Naples, has set up a 40 million dollar fund to make cash offers to those families who relocate to safer areas. **But people aren't moving — jobs, tradition, circumstances are all good reasons — but none of these make them immune from disaster.** So when disaster strikes, suddenly it will be on Rome's shoulders to bear the burden of replacing all those things they've now had to give up in a much more awful way than moving would have been. The government of South Korea has the right idea: plans to move the capital from Seoul to the Yeongi-Kongju area because of dangerous overcrowding are already underway and expected to be complete by 2030.

Aside from good or bad decision-making about location, some cities actually make themselves a danger zone by the total abuse of natural resources. Such is the case with Mexico City, a haunting scenario eerily similar to New Orleans. Mexico City is sinking. So much water has been pumped out from the aquifer beneath it to satisfy the metropolitan area's 18 million residents that the ground sank 30 feet during the 20th century alone. By comparison: in the same time span, Venice sunk only 9 inches. Called subsidence, this sinking does not happen uniformly, collapsing buildings and subway tunnels.

One look at the city's Metro running Tlalpan Avenue south of the city center and the evidence is clear: absolutely horizontal when first constructed in the mid-1960s, the tracks now look like a roller coaster. **Mexico City is no longer even high enough for gravity to drain the city's waste, and massive pumps are being constructed to prevent it from drowning in its own sewage.** But the worst fall-out from this man-made disaster is that the unsteady ground leaves Mexico City totally exposed to a real natural threat: earthquakes. Without the water's cushion, the dry lakebeds act like a drum during a tremor, amplifying the earthquake's effects. Rather than ask anyone to move, the government compounds the problem by importing water — thus allowing the region to "support" a bigger population.

Los Angeles is a similar scenario. The one advantage Los Angeles does have is that much of it has been built to code. In Tokyo, Japan or Tehran, Iran, this is not the case. Both cities are geological time bombs. Tokyo's population has soared in only a hundred years from 1.5 million people in 1900 to the world's largest urban area at 28 million. Hastily constructed buildings are a byproduct of uncontrolled growth. Insurance companies rank Tokyo as the most dangerous city in the world because it is perched on a major fault line in a country that accounts for 20 percent of the world's earthquakes of a magnitude 6 or greater.

In Iran, the most earthquake-prone area in the world, the capital city of Tehran is situated at the meeting point of three of the Earth's tectonic plates. The vast majority of Tehran's buildings rest on the convergence of nearly 100 known fault lines, and are incapable of withstanding a moderate earthquake measuring even 6 on the Richter scale. Scientists believe an earthquake of that size is inevitable, and the likelihood of it happening within the next decade is about 65%. The Tehran death toll could top 700,000; government buildings would be leveled and 90% of the city's hospitals could be knocked out. Iran would be "decapitated," warns Bahram Akasheh, a professor of geophysics at Tehran University.

The solution? I don't know. I do know that **we must educate.** Examining the effects of the Tsunami disaster, the areas where the coastal manzanitas had not been cleared for hotel high-rises or the reefs destroyed by shrimp fishing had only ten percent of the damage done to over-developed areas. It is as much our responsibility as it is any country's to preserve this Earth. I am not anti-development — I am anti-uncontrolled growth in an area not designed to support significant growth.

Every solution will be different. Perhaps it will be to follow South Korea's lead, or get better evacuation systems in place. Maybe all that's needed is to enforce building codes or raise rates for water in places that aren't designed to support populations. But to keep our head in the sand is not the solution. If there is any good to come out of the situation in New Orleans, let it be change for the better.

You to **NOÖ: Monologues**

--you and those around you, with you, against you, etc.

Introduction

The effects of the hurricane Katrina have been felt around the world, creating an immense national and international response every bit as positive as one could hope for during a situation such as this. We here at **NOÖ** would like to extend our own deepest sympathies to all those affected by this tremendous event, those who have lost loved ones, lost their homes and had their entire life redirected. The gravity of this event will be felt for a long time to come, and the implications extend far beyond the region hit by the storm, as we can clearly see in the debate that has begun. We wanted to hear what some people besides those in the news thought about the whole thing, so we hunted some down. This is what they had to say:

"One thing is that they were given warning in advance to get out of there and a lot of them didn't listen to that and that's where a lot of the problem came from, them being stuck there. That said, of course you still have to react; people's lives are in danger and you have to jump all over that. But that's a crazy, crazy situation there. I don't know much about the city. I know it's got a lot of history but it will never be the same. I'm sure they'll rebuild it but it will be a different city. I don't think they're foolish for moving back, though, not if you look at how often it's happened. I mean, who knows though if the world is changing and that's something that will be happening more often, but I don't think they're foolish for moving back there." --Patrick

"It's a terrible thing that's happened in the first place and I do believe we're doing what we can right now but I don't know if that's enough. You can't really prevent anything in the future like this from happening. All you can do is prepare for it. I think we can prepare a little bit better though." --Ryan

"Wherever you choose to live there are going to be risks involved. People live in Southern California even though they know earthquakes could happen at any time and they do. It's just the risk people are willing to take to live where they want to live. Florida has hurricanes, Hawaii has volcanoes.... I mean, here we are living next to Mt. Shasta, an active volcano, but it is such a beautiful place in all respects."

--Jay

"I keep thinking over and over again that it can't be the United States. Every time I see it on the news or hear people talk about it I feel like I'm witnessing something that would happen in a third world country or that I'm watching pictures from Africa and I'm amazed that it is the United States and that the United States can't magically buy itself out of natural disasters and major problems. It seems like we always pretend to have everything under so much control and are the saviors of every other country, yet it happens here and we suffer and everything falls apart and we're not quite sure how to put it all back together.... I think we're getting it back together now but it's taken a long time and a lot of criticism to get it to this point but I don't think it will ever be the same." --Megan



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or find us with our tape recorders!



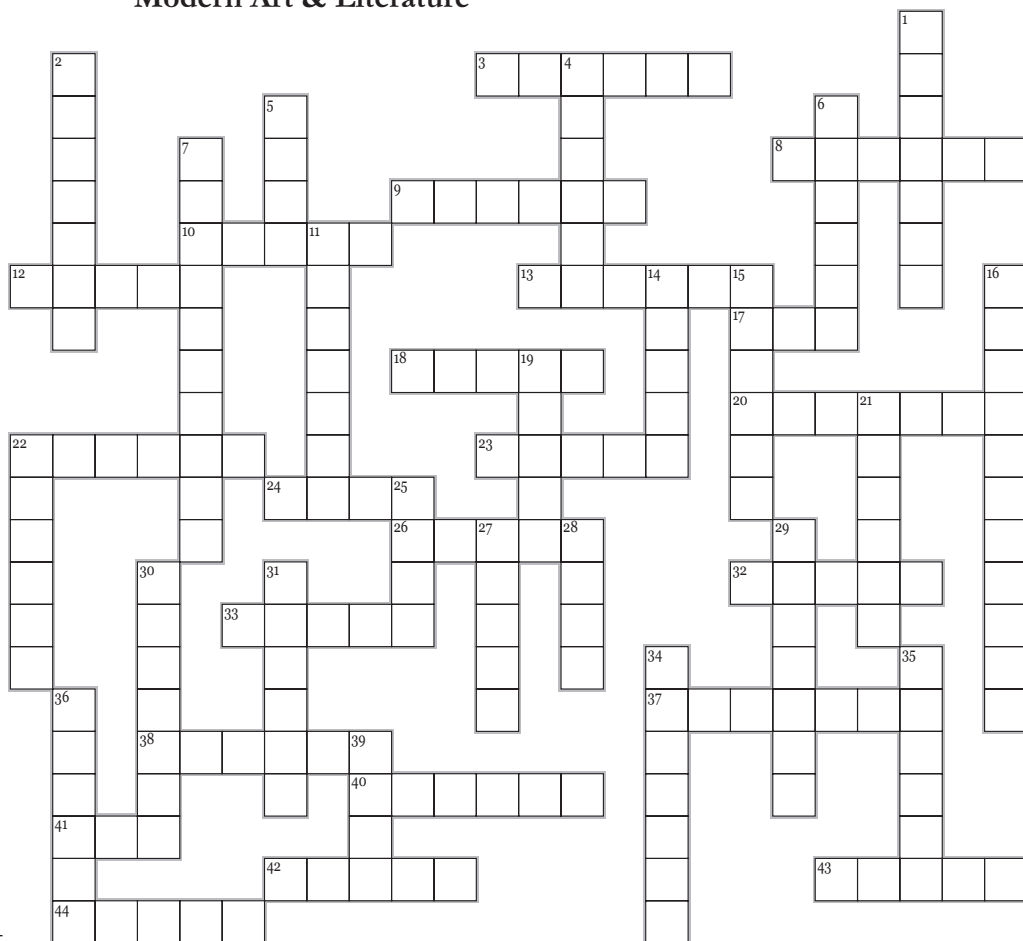
Games & Graphics

-- Kyle Peterson (Crossword)
 -- Kingston Wormwood (Comic)

Across

3. Painting and golf have this in common
8. American architect famous for Fallingwater
9. American dramatist who married Marilyn Monroe
10. An outline
12. German surrealist sculptor, Max _____
13. American pop artist
17. Type of paint
18. Norwegian painter of "The Scream"
20. Dadaist who painted "Nude Descending a Staircase"
22. Modern painting style
23. French painter who depicted dancers
24. "American Gothic" painter
26. American dramatist, author of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*
32. French impressionist painter known for his landscapes
33. Author of "The Trial"
37. American abstract painter known for her landscapes and "desert flowers"
38. Early American photographer: Paul _____
40. His was a *Brave New World* (first name)
41. *Catcher In the _____*
42. Types include oil and latex
43. Female photographer, Dorothea _____
44. A sense of relief in artwork

Modern Art & Literature



Down

1. Dutch Post-Impressionist, famous for "The Starry Night"
2. Characteristics of an artwork's surface
4. Mexican muralist
5. Modern art museum in NYC and SF
6. Author of 1984
7. Russian existentialist
11. Spanish Cubist painter
14. Early American photographer, helped expose child labor
15. *Call of the Wild* author
16. Hesse Novel
19. Thin art paper
21. American painter, "The Nighthawks"
22. Blank painting surface
25. Art movement focused on the useless
27. An essential painter's tool
28. Tense or provocative
29. Subject matter
30. French Fauvist painter
31. American Dadaist
34. An artwork's meaningful surroundings
35. Hesse novel
36. *Lord Jim* author
39. Spanish surrealist



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AMERICAN RULES

-- Carol Novack

You must never leave your house only once. Always return to check that the oven is off at least once. Even if you're 99 percent sure you turned off all the burners, there is always a chance that you didn't. In that case, the cat may jump on top of the oven and catch fire; the cat may jump off the oven with his tail in flames, igniting the kitchen curtains. The flames may spread from room to room, eventually swallowing the house. If you're extremely lucky, the cat will be standing where the porch used to be, licking his wounds.

You must always check the weather before you leave your house. Always consult at least two weather channels and one Internet site; even if the forecast is unanimously clear and sunny, you should take an umbrella. Even if the heat is painful, you should take a jacket; it is often as impossible to change the temperature on air conditioners as it is to change the weather. In both cases, the forces in charge are invisible to the naked eye. And never forget: in winter you can't be too careful, particularly when shoveling snow, which often causes heart attacks. If you forget to check the weather, forget to take your umbrella and a jacket, and you exert yourself in winter, you may get very sick, so sick you have to become hospitalized. Your life will be in the hands of doctors who may be inept; you may become comatose and lose your vanilla house, life and cat.

You must never leave your house without checking all locks and windows. Always return within five minutes to ensure that all the doors and windows are locked and the burglar alarm is set. If you don't return, a drug-addict may enter or maybe even a serial killer, rapist or Arab; if there's a malignant thunderstorm and you've left a window open, the house may flood and you know your insurance won't cover all costs. If you're really lucky, you won't lose your vanilla house, your life, your honor, your delicate psyche, your precious collectibles, your SUV, communication devices, or the cat; but expect some collateral damage at the very least. There will always be something missing.

You must never invite a man into your house before you have known him at least six months. Ask Homeland Security to check him out thoroughly, keep a close watch on what he reads in case the agents are slack, and introduce him to your most cunning friends if you have any; if not, to your mother unless he is too handsome or too ugly. Ensure that he's not allergic to cats and give him three perilous tasks to perform successfully for our great country. When you're with the man, beware of too much moonlight, dark places, and more martinis than one a day; eschew all other attractive nuisances and unlocked secrets, particularly low cut blouses that exhibit your cleavage. Eschew all colors but beige, black and white, wear sunglasses, and avoid swimming after lunch unless the man is a strong swimmer. Never open your legs to the man and let him in without a signed contract and a bill of health and never marry him without a prenuptial agreement and an arbitration clause. If you do not take all these steps, you may suffer psychic injuries that will lead to serious physical injuries — maybe eventually death — and you may have to partition both the house and the cat.

Always listen to people who know more than you do, particularly those in authority. Don't trust anyone all of the time and update your checklist daily. Had I listened to my mother and had she listened to hers, I might not have lost my vanilla house, husband, and collectibles. And I would not have lost the cat.

 Hidden  Treasure

-- Grant Perry



In a forest clearing, the soldier finds the spot marked with an X, throws aside his treasure map, takes up his shovel and begins to dig.



A squirrel, reclining in the low branches of a nearby oak tree, leafs through the pages of a newspaper, pausing occasionally to glance at the soldier toiling below.

As dusk settles, the soldier's shovel strikes something hard. He unearths a heavy wooden chest and hauls it from its hiding place. He uses the blade of the shovel to jimmy the lock and, with trembling hands, he lifts the lid. Finding the chest full of sand, the soldier breaks down, sobbing uncontrollably.



The squirrel sets aside his newspaper, hops from the tree and joins the soldier in the clearing. He pulls an acorn from his pocket and hands it to the soldier: a small act of kindness that does nothing to assuage the soldier's tears.

She Wears a Green Hat and Eats Cantaloupe

-- Steven J. Dines

Folks are talking with their eyes. They're saying *why a green hat on a day for black, I don't get it.*

After the service, I find myself bunkered in Margaret's kitchenette behind tea cups and civilized sandwiches; enough for an army. She is out there surrounded by three generations of Croll, the youngest of which are either spill-sprawled across the living room floor or in high-speed orbit around her Ardennes armchair. A cigarette juts from her lips and reminds me of a smoking gun. She sees me and I widen my eyes to let her know that I am hating every minute of this. She concurs with a nod.

Maggie's daughter appears at my elbow, tugs it roughly. Her name is June but she's more like December.

"I never knew mother liked green," she whispers.

"It's her favourite colour," I say.

"Absolutely not. I'd know if it was. I mean, why *wouldn't* I know that..." Her eyes finish, *and you would?*

"Ask her yourself."

"Oh, I will," she says. "All this time I thought she hated green — *detested* it. I've never seen her wear that colour before. Have you?"

"Yes."

The first time was in 1954, in the back of my old Ford Popular 103E. We laughed to tears at those knickers. I said green, she swore emerald, and then we removed them from the discussion. Green had been her favourite, not her husband's. She would tell him it was her monthly visit just so he would not check. Such things, the small advances up his beachhead, had got her through the nightmare years.

In the Ardennes, Maggie adjusts her hat this-way-that. Strokes the brim in a way I've seen before, in private. I glance round at June: she's watching but not seeing.

The clock on the mantelpiece tells me it's three minutes until our rendezvous upstairs. We joked earlier about synchronizing watches, but this house has more than enough clocks to mark time's passing. Maybe she will bin a few once today is over.

The cups stand in ranks upon the countertop. I'd try pouring the tea but my hands are trembling so much I'm sure I'd drop the pot. I ask June to take command, which she does, though rather frostily.

Then it is up the stairs under cover of a bathroom break. I slip inside their bedroom, instead. My palms feel like melted ice. I've never been good at this kind of thing: clandestine ops. My brother, on the other hand ... he knew what he was doing and kept it secret for fifty years. But I saw what he put under her makeup all those times.

His stuff lies in black plastic sacks on the floor. I'd brush away a tear but in this case it is an accurate summation of a man and his life. It won't be put on the street for collection Monday morning, though: June wants everything. The poor woman is drowning and she has chlorinated water in her eyes. But that's how Margaret wanted it then and wants it now.

"Summer doesn't know winter," she once said to me. "And it never should."

I straighten suddenly as two arms wrap themselves around me from behind. I relax as they pull me back against a familiar contoured form. She asks how I am. I say better. She whispers *I have to get back*. I say of course. Then I turn around and we're into a spin like Fred and Ginger in those movies we never used to watch in the dark.

We kiss.

She leaves.

I notice the photo album lying open on the dresser. She's been looking back again. I walk over. There's a black-and-white picture of Margaret and a gaggle of youthful women, girls really, standing around a station in the old munitions factory in Dagenham. A couple of empty fruit crates lie at their feet, while every girl has in her hand a banana or a hunk of cantaloupe, or in some cases both. The smiles behind the fruit are wide and sugary.

I turn the page. Through the protective plastic I can see her handwriting on the back of the photograph:

May 7th 1945. German surrender. The War is OVER!

I look awhile then decide it's best to close the book. June could wander upstairs feeling rooms for echoes of her father and stumble across it.

Summer mustn't know.

I make my way back downstairs. Maggie's in her armchair again, still wearing her green hat and a suitably serene face behind the rising smoke of another cigarette. She's just asked one of the great-grandchildren to look inside the refrigerator and take out the plate of sliced cantaloupe. She asks would anyone else like some? The folk, they shake their heads and talk with their eyes. But they don't know; they will never know.

Maybe it is a day for black, but I, for one, am finding it hard not to smile.



Hide and Seek

-- Mitzi McMahan



"...**nineteen . . . twenty. Here I come!**" Sally squeals. Pumping her short legs, she rounds the dining room corner. She slips between the walnut-stained hutch and the table, already set for dinner, then sneaks up to the faded green recliner in the TV room. Petey always hides there. She waits half a beat then springs. "You're it," she says, clapping her hands.



"Where are you, Pumpkin?"

Eight-year-old Sally curls into a tighter ball.

"Daddy's got a treat for you," he says, voice sticky sweet.

She slaps her hands over her ears, squeezes her eyes shut.

"Where's Daddy's girl?" Edgier now.

She pushes farther in, behind long winter coats, sure she's safe this time.

Daddy's smug laugh reaches her seconds before he pounces.



"Don't you sass me!"

Sally darts away before Mother's raised hand makes contact. When the coast is clear, she sneaks into the dining room and probes the hutch's drawers. She extracts bottles of vodka from layers of lacy tablecloths and shoves them beneath the recliner, then slips behind the door and waits.

She's about to give up when she hears the dull plod of Mother's shoes. Sally watches her mother slam drawers, toss stacks of books onto the floor; she wraps her arms around herself when the yelling starts. Mother's ponytail is loose, her eyes wild as she approaches the recliner.



Gladiolas

-- Lance Nalley



My grandmother was dying. I think she knew it, but, in spite of having just watched my grandfather fade away over the past few months, the inevitability of death had still not dawned on me — I was a grown man, yet still too young.

Maybe it was because my grandfather had always seemed old to me. He had been old when I was a child, and he would stay old, I assumed. But I would not discuss the will or the estate, so my cousin had been given the task of executor while I pretended it would never happen.

Their home had always been a sanctuary for me. She, my grandmother, had set the table with its spotless white tablecloth and cooked three meals a day. It seemed every one was my favorite meal. The beds had always smelled of crisp clean sheets, and I had awakened each morning to her singing as she cooked breakfast. The half-acre lot that housed their lives for thirty years had been green, gold, and red with grass, flowers, and trees. Birds had called from limbs overhead and the tall grass in the field next door, and calves had bawled in the pasture out front.

Now though, after months of sickness and death, the yard was dry and gray; there were no animals to tend to, and the paint peeled from the walls. It seemed the house was dying with them, and no one could make it alive and well like they had.

I sat on the lawnmower, looking around at my fading childhood. It was a place I had thought lived of its own volition. I had always assumed it grew and flourished because it always had, because I willed it to, because it was sacred soil. Yet it was dying; they were dying, and I must also be dying. But my mind could not accept it, still. It was like looking in a mirror and not recognizing the reflection. It just could not be.

Sitting there on the lawnmower, the engine humming beneath me, I was the only living thing left in that space. How could I bring this place back to life? How could I put the colors back in the trees and flowers? It could not be done — the magic was gone.

As I rode over the dry, gray weeds, I saw sprouts of dark green pushing up through them. Gladiolas, I think. They had grown there my whole life. My grandmother had weeded around them, watered them, made them grow and bloom. But she could not do it now, and I never could, so I did not stop the machine. As I mowed them down, I looked up at the picture window. She was holding her walker for support as she watched. Her withered hand covered her mouth. Tears streamed from her dull, dying eyes.

I did not understand. I rebelled against the inevitable understanding, as youth would have us all do, and I did not know what I had done to her. But now I know, and I cannot forget.

Silver Maple

-- Patry Francis

Only when it's too late
do you realize
you never loved your house enough —
never loved its cluttered corners, its
places for sleeping and for
dreaming wide awake; you
never properly examined its cupboards,
the old teacups and new paper
someone left for you
to comfort and explain yourself.



Only when you first glimpse
the outskirts of your exile
do you understand
you never loved your basement
the way you should have,
never appreciated
that underworld of moldy castoffs
you saved for decades
hoarding them for the life
you live in secret.

Only when you are reduced
to wearing slippers day and night
do you realize
you never paid proper homage
to your shoes —
the skinny dancing shoes
with straps around the ankles
and the ordinary working browns,
that tapped out the story of your life
as recklessly as a jazz drummer.



Only when it's too late
do you realize
that you have failed
the silver maple outside your door;
on most days,
you walked past it,
seeing only surfaces
blind to the luminous network of veins
that underlies everything.

I

He dreams of sails and warm waters,
 scrimshaw and flinty old mates,
 whittles and spins his salty sea stories
 in a voice like cellophane:
 allegories and myths of his own,
 round and self-contained
 without a beginning, without an end
 the Mobius Strip of his days.



III

He remembered a stout and painful life
 miles away from his past
 where fog peeled back from a reaching sea
 and sharp angles of wind scraped his face.
 Stars sewn into a cold, black sky
 promised a thousand tomorrows
 and the sail's song strafed his singing soul
 and whispered a lover's lament.

V

Years passed and his old cheeks were chasms
 where winds whipped tears in the cold
 and his eyes glossed over with the white of old age
 and he stumbled along with each wave
 and he had to be rescued in the cold Bay of Fundy
 and again in the green Dardanelles
 and he was a joke that young sailors told
 and his life was a cold blue hell.

Blind Sailor's Lament

-- Jean Hendrickson

II

In youth, he stood on a heaving deck
 on a day so fair it hurt
 and the breeze filled him up like mother's milk
 and solitude settled his soul.
 He forged a contract with the sea
 and found a peace in his bones
 and he rolled with the waves
 and he sang with the wind
 and eschewed a life on the land.

IV

Light-hearted women, the burn of bad whiskey
 in ports where unruly things were
 found his soul without solace, his mind without rest
 made him feel he'd misplaced himself.
 He dreamed of his ship
 and he dreamed of his sea
 and he pictured the sly Southern wind
 and he keened for its song
 and he dreamed of its bite
 and he longed for the drama of dawn.

VI

So he sits on the pier and he whittles his sticks
 and he whistles his old sailor's song
 and he tells all his tales as he sits in the sun
 and he grieves for the sea all day long.



Once Upon a Ward

-- Terry R. Banks



Men smaller than their bones
ghost through old sock odour.
Tongues explore their faces
and an orchestra of coughs
tune-up a bass section of phlegm.

Two white-coats grunt a naked man
toward the bathroom;
idiot-grin-pig-squealing
he teaches them to dance.

A man strapped to a chair
nods down to hell —
gawks up to heaven:
some fingers juggle
a hand-made cigarette
and stick it to his lip.

In a side room bed
a dead man soon to be;
framed on a bedside table
his family smile behind glass,
watch decades shrivel away,
his day a ceiling long.

A man with an eye and a half
describes a giant to a moth.
Grinning he lifts it high;
down it spirals wafer stiff and dry.
He tempts it with a sandwich.



That's Precision

-- Rich Murphy

Rehearsing their song and dance
 each morning for a show
 that never takes place, neighborhoods long
 to kick their cans onto the Broadway stage.

In the orchestra pit of the off Broadway theatres
 the alarm clocks, toasters, and traffic lights
 build chords, produce bodies of noise
 while performers on the spot
 read their lines from a script.

Mimicking the marquee's electric constellations
 on factory floors and in business office routines,
 the amateur shows attempt to keep the audience
 of playwrights and critics from the bedroom scenes.

Playing straight men for any lampooner's steely barbs,
 the members of troupes flip, flop and must come home
 to Closet Drama Drive, Prologos Lane, Soliloquy Street,
 to eat their crow and slip into their crowded beds.


Adlibbing the punch lines of denouement (z.z.z.)
 twisted within two sheets, the salesmen
 waltz their Olivier while their immortality
 is discovered in a gong and hook.



*'Jazz Hands, Dad! Jazz Hands' / Found by Michelle / Jacksonville, FL.
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There is Nothing Erotic

-- Oswald LeWinter



There is nothing erotic about a corpse
lying between us on a summer night
in Maine. You, the wife he left, waving
from the stuck window of the rolling train
to sleep near a jungle trail whose name
you can't pronounce; I, who survived
the same insanity, still not healed, need
more than the heat and gymnastics you
can give me. You say you've misplaced love
as if it were a watch or key.

Therefore you never know if now or ever
is the right time to say words
that cast out ghosts, just as you claim,
thin from fasting, you can't enter
through the door to your soul, whose key
hangs on dogtags under blasted palms.
Losing you, despite the sheets of intimacy
we wrap ourselves in, I, too, am lost.
We murmur words like future, and belonging
but cannot find actions to make them real.
What we have is like the water in the bay
beyond our open window, dark, tumescent,
even compelling in the moonless night,
but menaced each morning by the sun
whose stark heat makes the sea evaporate.

January Train

-- Thomas Reynolds

The train in January
slips through unnoticed,

cutting across fields,
over the frozen creek,

its horn blast, if sounded,
muted by falling snow.

If its wheels run on tracks,
they are disguised by drifts.

If the deer glanced up
from tufts of dead grass

does it detect a shadow,
a blur of rusted cars,

rumble of wheels,
or nothing at all?

If, in the brick house
around the bend,

the woman suddenly awakes
to a steady vibration,

water on the nightstand
quaking in the glass,

does she close her eyes
and return to sleep,

or does she rise
to check her dying father,

his downstairs room
suddenly free of snores,

tiptoeing on bare feet
on wooden floors,

pushing open the door
to find him gone.



'TR Tracks' / © Justin Ouellette (www.chromogenic.net)



Contributor Notes

Terry R. Banks lives in Yorkshire, England with his wife Kate and dog Ollie. He has been writing poetry for four years. He spent five years in a mental institution, where most of his poems come from.

Steven J. Dines lives in Aberdeen, Scotland. He has been writing short fiction for many years and has been published online and in print in such varied publications as *Voices From the Web*, *Gold Dust Magazine*, *Skive*, *The Beat*, *Blue Almonds*, *Dark Tales*, *Buzzwords*, and most recently the *The Writer's Post Journal*. He is currently putting together a short-story collection. His website, *Crayons In The Dark*, can be found by visiting: www.sdines1975.demon.co.uk

Patry Franics has published poems and stories in *The Ontario Review*, *The Sun*, *Antioch Review*, *Colorado Review*, *The American Poetry Review*, *Massachusetts Review*, and elsewhere. She is a three time nominee for the Pushcart Prize and has been the recipient of a grant from the Massachusetts Cultural Council twice. To read more poems, visit her weblog: <http://waitresspoems.blogspot.com/>

Jean Hendrickson has been published in *The Powhatan Review*, *Portfolio Magazine*, *The Daily Press Newspaper*, *Moondance*, *Crone Chronicles*, and *Readers' Digest*. Retired to the banks of the Chesapeake Bay, she walks the beach picking up trash and talking with fascinating people.

Oswald LeWinter has published poetry in *The Paris Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Mississippi Review*, *Snow Monkey*, *Best Poems of the English Language (1962)* and many other journals and anthologies. In 1959, he was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize, and in 1997 he received the International Rilke Prize. His latest book is *Ages of Chaos and Fury: Selected Poems 1949-2005* from Ravenna Press.

Mitzi McMahon lives near Lake Michigan. While she thinks the lake is pretty, she is completely enamored with the Colorado Rocky Mountains. Her work has appeared in *Doorknobs & BodyPaint*, *edifice WRECKED*, *The Citizen*, *NFG*, *Gator Springs Gazette*, *Salome Magazine* and is forthcoming in *PanGaia*.

Rich Murphy is director of writing programs at Emmanuel College where he teaches writing and literature. His poems have appeared in *Rolling Stone*, *Poetry Magazine* (where he was featured poet), *New Delta Review*, *Mad Hatters Review*, and many other journals.

Lance Nalley is a graduate of CSU Chico and lives in Chico, California with his wife. His autobiography, *From Fear to Freedom*, written under the pseudonym Jeff Howard, was published in 2004. He has self-published a novella entitled *An Old Man's Dreams*. His short stories have been published in several online magazines.

Carol Novack lives in New York City. A book of her poems was published in Australia, where the government awarded her a creative writer's grant. Her poetry and prose have appeared or are forthcoming in various publications, including *The Penguin Book of Australian Women Poets*, *Diagram*, *Opium*, *Pindeldyboz*, *SmokeLong Quarterly*, *Wild Strawberries*, *Yankee Pot Roast*, and *Newtopia*. She edits *Mad Hatters' Review* (www.madbattersreview.com). Her website is: <http://carolnovack.bravehost.com>.

Gwyn O'Brien is a poet and writer who received her certificate in Diet Counseling from I.E.T. in 1998. She has published poetry, newspaper articles and essays. In her own words, "Ever since I was a girl, I have had a love affair with food — shopping at local farmer's markets, self-taught gourmet cooking, studying herbs and nutrition have been some of my passions. I care about the health of people achieved through optimal nutrition from high quality, real food."

Justin Ouellette was born in Portland and currently attends the University of Oregon, where he studies European languages and cultures. In his spare time, he has devoted himself to saving the endangered Pacific Northwest Tree Octopus. His photography is represented by fancy agencies all over the world and much of it can be seen at <http://chromogenic.net/>

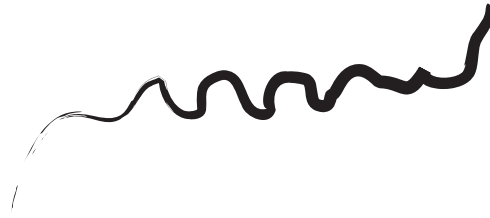
Grant Perry has numerous publications in print and online including *The Orphan Leaf Review*, *Snow Monkey*, *Eyeshot*, *Pindeldyboz*, *FRiGG*, *Thieves Jargon* and *Megaera*, amongst others. He is 35 and lives in South London.

Megan Peterson lives in Los Angeles, but still claims her Northern California heritage at any opportunity. She works as Director of Development at a television production company and spends her days writing and pitching reality/documentary shows for a variety of cable networks. She loves languages, travel, good food and company.

Thomas Reynolds teaches at Johnson County Community College in Overland Park, Kansas. He's published poems in various print and online journals, including *New Delta Review*, *Alabama Literary Review*, *The MacGuffin*, *The Cape Rock*, *Flint Hills Review*, *Potpourri*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *Big Toe Review*, *American Western Magazine*, *Combat*, *Strange Horizons*, and *Prairie Poetry*.

Walter Williams was formerly ultra-conservative, but is now open to other views. He lives in Siskiyou County and thinks about moving to L.A.

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Excerpts

-- I know it's got a lot of history but it will never be the same.

You to NOÖ: Monologues, *Patrick*, page 8

-- Mexico City is no longer even high enough for gravity to drain the city's waste, and massive pumps are being constructed to prevent it from drowning in its own sewage.

Mega-Cities in Katrina's Wake, *Megan Peterson*, page 7

-- Our society has gone from corner grocery stores to Super Markets and shopping centers to discount warehouse-style windowless grocery/sundry stores.

It All Starts With Food, *Gwyn O'Brien*, page 4

-- If you're extremely lucky, the cat will be standing where the porch used to be, licking his wounds.

American Rules, *Carol Novack*, page 10

-- Folks are talking with their eyes. They're saying *why a green hat on a day for black, I don't get it.*

She Wears A Green Hat and Eats Cantaloupe, *Steven J. Dines*, page 13

-- I sat on the lawnmower, looking around at my fading childhood.

Gladiolas, *Lance Nalley*, page 15

-- Only when you first glimpse / the outskirts of your exile / do you understand / you never loved / your basement

Silver Maple, *Patry Francis*, page 16

-- I, who survived / the same insanity, still not healed, need / more than the heat and gymnastics / you can give me ...

There Is Nothing Erotic, *Oswald LeWinter*, page 19