



INFINITY'S KITCHEN

No 11

INFINITY'S
KITCHEN

JOURNAL OF
INNOVATIVE
WRITING

NUMBER 11

SPRING 2020

ISSN 2328-3262 (print)

ISSN 2328-3270 (online)

© 2020

Infinity's Kitchen publishes in print and online at infinityskitchen.com.

Inquire to editor@infinityskitchen.com. Infinity's Kitchen accepts submissions of innovative, experimental, or cutting-edge literary media. For complete guidelines and to submit online, visit infinityskitchen.com.

Founding Editor

Dylan Kinnett

Associate Editor

Alina Melnik

CONTENTS

EXPLAIN SIX BLIND MEN TO AN ELEPHANT

by Jennifer Weigel • 03

*TWO SHORT WORKS
FOR STAGE AND SCREEN, RESPECTIVELY*

by Nathanael Jones and Nikkia Jones • 09

REIL MOVIE POSTER

by Nathanael Jones and Nikkia Jones • 13

DISTANT FEELING(S)

by Annie Abrahams and Daniel Pinheiro • 15

GRAFIK 9

by Kon Markogiannis • 23

IF GRASS COULD TALK, IT MIGHT SOUND LIKE THIS

by Eric Levin • 25

THE MONSTROUS BARKING OF CERBERUS

by J. J. Steinfeld • 29

IN (P&P)

by Mary Crockett Hill • 41

SERGIO: THE MONKEY THAT LET KLAUS KINSKI CATCH HIM.

by osvaldo cibils • 43

MEDICINE

by T.C. Anderson • 49

EDITORIAL

FROM THE GREEN ROOM TO THE WINGS

by Dylan Kinnett

Volume 11 of Infinity's Kitchen is an exploration of very short performances. For fiction writers, very short forms are called "microfiction", or "nanofiction." For many of the works collected here, online, and in our Late Show reading series, the performance is also microscopic.

The possibilities seem endless, but brief.

EXPLAIN SIX BLIND MEN TO AN ELEPHANT

by Jennifer Weigel

Artwork Description:

Dimensions variable, shown at 20" x 24"

Pedestal sculpture, pedestal required;

Can also be displayed in basket soft sculpture gloves with pillow stuffing & cotton thread

Explain Six Blind Men to an Elephant is an audience interactive artwork wherein showgoers can interact with the soft sculpture gloves. Showgoers can use the gloves to recreate and consider alternative stories to the well-known Indian parable in which six blind men encounter an elephant. This piece should be shown in a gallery context with an accompanying notebook in which showgoers and participants can engage and share their experiences.

INSTRUCTIONS:

Please feel free to gesture, gesticulate, arrange, and array the gloves as if to explain the six blind men to the elephant. You may also record your observations or write your own story here in this composition notebook.

DESCRIBE AN ELEPHANT TO:

A friend

A stranger

Six blind men

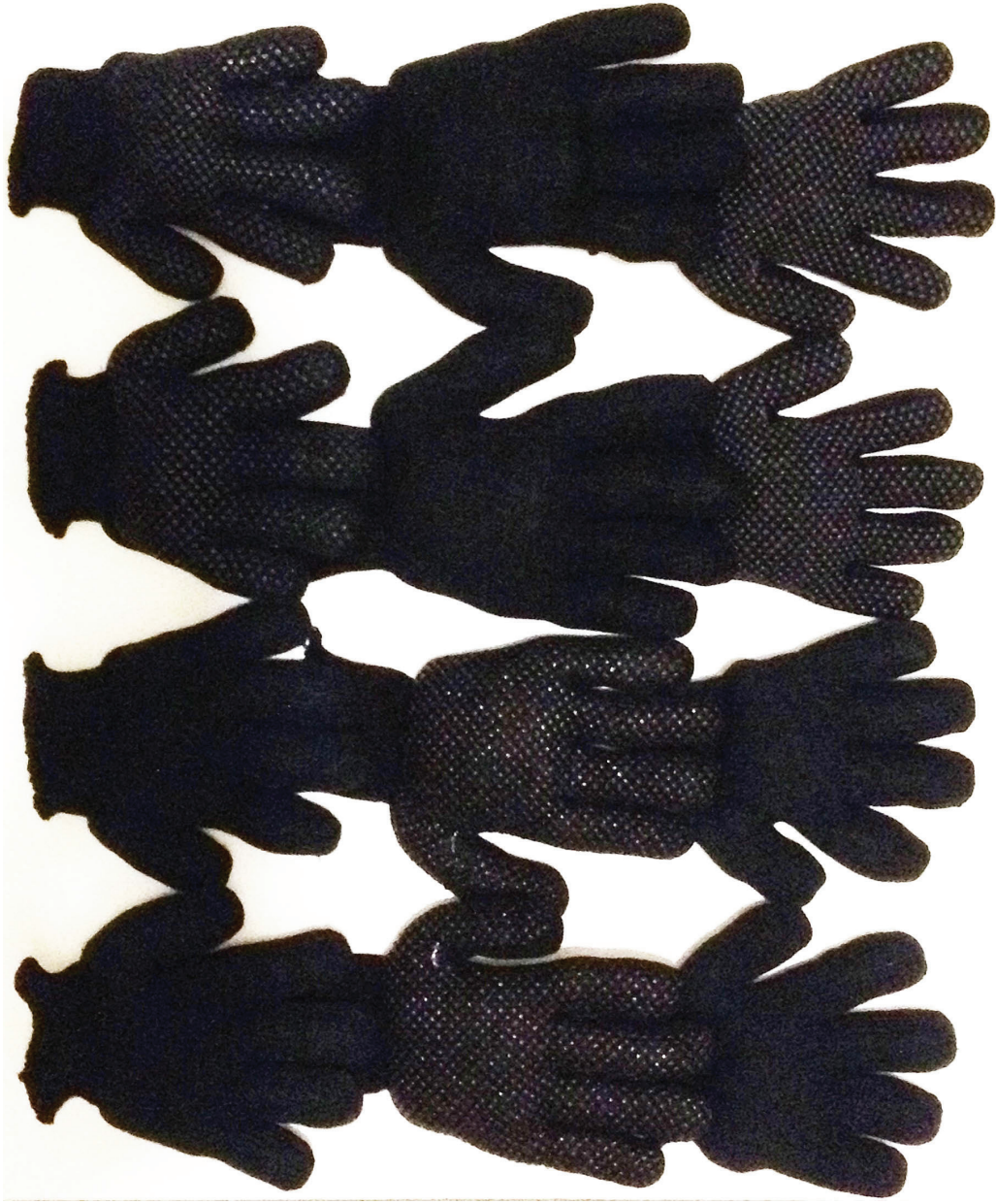
A computer

A tree

An elephant







Everybody Dies in Hamlet
By
Nikkia Jones, Nathanael Jones

Based on:
Hamlet, Casino Royale

Copyright: Nikkia Jones, Nathanael Jones
Contact information: nikkiajones3@gmail.com,
pringle91@gmail.com

*TWO SHORT WORKS
FOR STAGE AND SCREEN, RESPECTIVELY
by Nathanael Jones and Nikkia Jones*

These works were written in collaboration, a fact the authors emphasize. The narrative is minimal, inviting the reader to imagine the rest. Here is a challenge to the hegemony of the three-act, two hour, 100-some-odd-page screen or stage play which, the authors say, “enslaves our imaginations, and at the same time they revel in name-dropping, remakes/reboots, and, by dint of the contact info being affixed to the title page, seek entry into the very same systems of production and distribution we strive against.”

ACT I

Scene 1

Enter Samuel L. Jackson

ROBIN WRIGHT

Did you really think nobody would notice?

Riel

By

Nikkia Jones, Nathanael Jones

Based on:

Bonnie and Clyde

Copyright: Nikkia Jones, Nathanael Jones Contact information:
nikkiajones3@gmail.com,
pringle91@gmail.com

EXT. VELMA'S FARM - NIGHT

A cat runs into the barn

 GENE WILDER
 (With trepidation)
Velmaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!!

REIL MOVIE POSTER

by Nathanael Jones and Nikkia Jones

In a world...

Chat Lou Lou

Robin Wright



TAKE ME HOME DADDY

In Theatres... Maybe

DISTANT FEELING(S)

by Annie Abrahams and Daniel Pinheiro

Distant Feeling(s) is a set of six iterations where participants are invited to join together through a video-conference interface and 'be' together for 15 minutes without talking nor seeing each other. It is an experimentation on the possibilities of 'online togetherness' and it aims at producing critical thought to the fact that we can seamlessly congregate regardless of our locations and coexist together as humans - what does that mean and what can be the implications of such generated power so intrinsic to communal spaces (such as the Internet)?

The protocol is the script to activate such moments.

The comments version is a text where Daniel and Annie recombine comments from participants in order to capture/highlight different aspects of this project.

Documentation of all six sessions: <https://bram.org/distantF/>

DISTANT FEELING(S) PROTOCOL :

what are we?

when are we? where are we?

- join an online meeting at a given time from where ever you are

- put the timer on 15 min

- close your eyes, don't talk

- try feeling others' presence,

- try feeling others' effecting you

- find out what is present, where we are we

we

- when timer goes off we open our eyes and just watch for a minute....

we

we

we

we is what?

DISTANT FEELING(S) {COMMENTS}

Voice 1, Voice 2, Artificial Voice (?)

VOICE 1

open / closed

appeasement entering a side-space

VOICE 2

suspended time impression of discovering a digital life, a separate entity, especially through sound feeling of proximity complicity

VOICE 1

The sound keeps you in touch with others, it mobilizes attention, it reactivates your feeling of presence to others.

VOICE 2

The sound environment binds the whole together, one has the impression that it is one common space, also because the sound of all participants is diffused for all the same as one single source.

VOICE 1

intrusion dependence - interdependence omnipresence distance - proximity

VOICE 2

common ritual

quasi-absurd experience

individual journey, in relation to the other

building a common ritual through a quasi-absurd experience

VOICES 1 AND 2

(not together, can be done in edit) :

I felt/heard your nervousness and unsettling movements, which for me was like trying to solve a problem. The problem being the chaos, and settling in with that.

I had the feeling of being in a space that is nowhere.

VOICE 1

Belonging to a group of silent people, whose presence permits to forget the sensation of being ridiculous or poseuse...

Purposeless?

...to BE together for 15 min, just BEING...
Just so nice to do nothing with a globally dispersed group of people. ... all these strangers agree to close their eyes together and show their vulnerabilities to each other, or at least show themselves vulnerable. Things were louder than people.

Things - Louder

People - Silent

VULNERABILITY

VOICE 2

15 minutes against the everyday digital restlessness, building a sensorial invisible fabric that gathers. A silent and blind encounter across each other in an electronic communion. To experience our vulnerability as a cement for the common is a way to resist speed, performance, power ; all these values that predominate in our societies.

VOICE 1:

I was waiting for silence to fall, after the chatter. when it occurred, there was no embrace, but a faint sensation of sharing a silent small reprieve over the constant noise and anger of the world. It is the strangest experience, to be alonesilent-blind with assumed others somewhere out there.

VOICE 2:

the willingness to suspend one's belief in the knowledge of the virtual proximity and connectiveness of the others. It is that knowledge that can be convincing enough to suspend disbelief and thus be silently wrapped in the telematic embrace.

VOICE 1

the others embrace the virtual proximity that suspend their knowledge and simultaneous disbelief and willingly get wrapped in a convincing connectiveness...

VIRTUAL VOICE

By closing your eyes you're stripped to just 'being'. Following the rules of not speaking and not looking you are left in a place of communitary lonesomeness that continues to define the everyday world of infinite information and surveillance.

VOICE 1

It made me think of a research that showed that certain groups of animals, birds for example, consolidate their bond, their community, by making themselves vulnerable (they perform for example a dance at a time and a place that expose them to their predators) : and those who do not participate in this ritual leave the community.

VOICE 2

we were building a sensory, emotional heritage by this experience.

VOICE 1

an organic acceptance of silence?

VOICE 2

Was it machine feedback... that mechanical clicking and beeping? ... that mechanical clicking and beeping?

VOICE 1

machines conversing across the network only when the noisy humans finally shut up!

VOICE 2

Like the toys that come alive in the magic toyshop when the children are asleep. I wanted it to get louder and louder till the whole world rang out ...

VOICE 1

WE MACHINES ARE HERE AND WE ARE COMMUNICATING!

VOICE 2

this is not about being mindful, or meditating, and rather about sensing and embodying and being present. And in this state of being present we may feel connected to others or we may not – if we are not, then what happens in that isolation?

VOICE 1

I felt light, as if I were in a field of light, changing, living light, not with human beings, and probably because that frightened me I tried to visualize the others I knew, to imagine, how, where they were, I tried to make something I could understand of what I felt – as if they were familiar to me.

VOICE 2

The “silence” gave space to the sounds of animals, objects and machines. Close to the end I felt that I had actually entered the space that we were sharing together with others.

VOICE 1

it constantly made me feel that I was there because they were also there,

(MORE)

VOICE 1 (CONT'D)

suddenly instead of facing them it was about these silent bodies “looking” at something else.

VOICE 2

We know we are potentially watched.

VOICE 1

I gave myself in confidence to the machine, I did not think it could bug.

We were a sort of resisters: we closed our eyes, we did not talk, we spend time to be together, and, that is the opposite of what we usually do on the net. If someone was watching us (and someone or something always is) she could have taken us for resisters ...

VOICE 2

the intimate space of silence is awkward.

the absence of time and space is endless and infinite

VIRTUAL VOICE

Sweet

take and receive

Resistance community sensitive area
trust panopticon capture

VOICE 1

a very concrete experience – just the light flickering of the in- and out-going participants shimmering through my eyelids provoking an altered state?

VOICE 2

a great state of presence to oneself, to
others and to an imaginary public

VOICE 1 AND 2

(not at the same time)

rest intentioned, meaningful meditating
in between breathing suspension Relax-
ation Sharing Transformation

VOICE 2

we produce uninteresting data for Arti-
ficial Intelligence robots

VOICE 1

the sensation of intimacy is never “real,”
it is based on the willingness to believe
and to allow closeness to become “real”
despite separation.

/ feeling an unknown / feeling a
common imagination perception of a
void full of presence perception of a
silence invested by technology percep-
tion of a reality mixing human and
machine gift tenderness inversion

VOICE 2

once the network is silenced of human
conversation, all that is left is the hum
of networked devices, the “nervous
system” of the Net.

VOICE 1

[It is] an inner journey of images,
desires, dreams, feelings of sadness
and happiness [It is] a special...a special
moment in time. [It is] a pact.

Adapted from comments from different Distant Feeling(s) iterations: Participants of Lab # 11: Screens: projection surfaces and self projections. What does the screen do with us? From Monday 13 to Saturday 18 may 2019, Cie in Vitro, laboNRV, Les Substances Lyon. and Zara Rodríguez Prieto, James Cunningham, Camille Bloomfield, Ruth Catlow, Daniel Pinheiro, Annie Abrahams, Lisa Parra, Johannes Birringer, Randall Packer, Nicolaas Schmidt Muriel Piqué.

Remix by Annie Abrahams, Daniel Pinheiro

Recorded by Ruth Catlow and Marc Garrett for Distant Feeling(s) #6 iteration - performed live at Video Vortex #12, Sep 26th 2019 at 'Spazju Kreattiv' Valletta, Malta

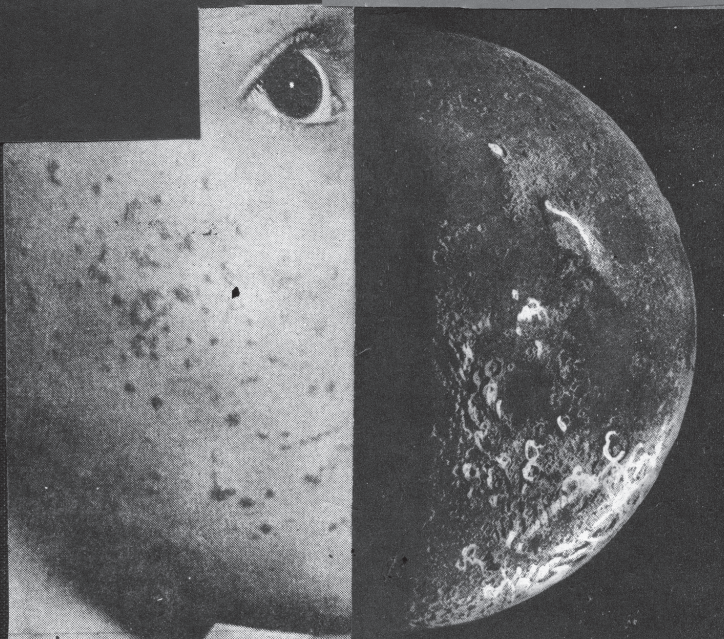
GRAFIK 9

by Kon Markogiannis

From "Grafiik", a series of collages inspired by dadaist and constructivist art-graphic design. The work deals with themes such as mortality, fragility, impermanence, the human condition, the exploration of the body and psyche, the evolution of man, consciousness and the cosmos.

See more at konmark.com

ΣΤΟΛΗ



MATIC

Witte
wärme
fühlt e
der W
gen F
schrei

12

IF GRASS COULD TALK, IT MIGHT SOUND LIKE THIS
by Eric Levin

The characters are blades of grass and therefore immobile, constraining the plot possibilities. Blades of grass are commonplace enough to be mundane, but it would be absurd for them to talk.

Three blades of grass in the afternoon sun.

Their names are Tom, Phil, and Sue.

TOM:

Psst. Phil. Psst. Hey Phil.

PHIL:

What is it Tom?

TOM:

Made ya look.

PHIL:

Goddamnit!

SUE:

What's wrong, Phil?

PHIL:

Tom keeps talking at me. Geez, of all the places I could've sprouted it had to be here.

TOM:

It was funny though.

PHIL:

It was not funny.

SUE:

You two are so cute together.

PHIL:

Don't encourage him.

TOM:

Do you think any of us will grow into flowers?

PHIL:

Somebody step on me...

SUE:

Hey, not cool! I'm right here.

PHIL:

It's not gonna happen.

SUE:

You don't know that.

PHIL:

If I want it, it won't happen.

SUE:

Remember Penny?

They offer a solemn silence directed at the nearby footprint.

SUE:

She was stepped on.

They all remember Penny.

PHIL:

The world was too cruel for Penny.

SUE:

Why are we even here?

TOM:

I wanna sprout tomatoes.

PHIL:

That's great, Tom. Let me know how that goes.

TOM:

I almost did it once. Remember? I found that red stuff on me?

PHIL:

And what did it end up being?

TOM:

Fuzz. But I think maybe all plants start
as grass like us who find some fuzz.

SUE:

That's really poetic, Tom.

TOM:

And when that dog peed on us I was
scared I'd grow a whole dog. I'd break if
that ever happened.

SUE:

Shh, guys I hear something.

They hear a distant lawn mower.

SUE:

The Executioner!

PHIL:

Don't shout! It'll hear us.

TOM:

That seems superstitious, Phil.

SUE:

It's coming closer.

The lawnmower gets louder.

PHIL:

Everyone calm down!

SUE:

YOU calm down!

PHIL:

I AM calm.

SUE:

You don't look calm. You look like a
trembling, little blade of grass.

PHIL:

Alright! I am trembling. I didn't sign up
for this. I want limbs and a mouth and
more limbs!

TOM:

I wanna be a flower!

PHIL:

I wanna be a flower! People like flowers.
They don't run them through the execu-
tioner for sport.

The mower is even closer.

The grass all moves in the breeze.

SUE:

Whoa!

PHIL:

Just hold on!

TOM:

I can't breathe!

A shadow falls over them.

All goes black.

###

The grass patch is now mowed.

PHIL

(mutters)

I can't feel my face...

(realizes)

Sue, I CAN'T FEEL MY FACE.

SUE:

You don't have a face.

PHIL:

Oh. Right.

(then)

Have you lost weight?

SUE:

(flattered)

Two inches off the top.

TOM:

Am I a rose yet?

PHIL:

Almost, Tom.

TOM:

Hey, Phil.

PHIL:

What?

TOM:

Made ya look.

Tom and Sue chuckle. Phil just groans.

THE END.

THE MONSTROUS BARKING OF CERBERUS

by J. J. Steinfeld

This story is, in the author's words, an "attempt to inhabit and meld the realms of fiction, mythology, and cinema, and bring the reader into my constructed tripartite narrative."

Imagine that you are looking at a computer screen and you see in high definition a windowless room, with a single door that has a gold handle. Eight chairs in a row in the centre of the room. There are a woman and a man in the room, both in their early forties. You have no idea why this has appeared on your computer screen, but you decide to watch, as if you are viewing a secret horror movie in an intimate, out-of-the-way theatre. And you have the best seat in the house, with a prodigious supply of popcorn to last you until your disrupted world or the horror movie ends, whichever arrives first...

The man lying on the floor of a large windowless room begins to cough and opens his eyes to see a woman sitting on a chair and flipping a gold coin into the air. He does not recognize the woman or the room. His coughing intensifies and he spits out a gold coin that lands on the floor near him.

The man stands up weakly, an arm's length from the woman, and says, "What happened? Where...? Where am ...? Where am I?"

"I thought you'd never wake up," she says.

He sees the gold coin and picks it up, and stretches his body in an awkward manner. "I had the most awful dream," he says, shaking his head vigorously and blinking his eyes rapidly in an effort to break through the confusion which is gripping him.

— Yes, you were tossing and turning. At least while I was watching you.

— (Touching his upper body, searching for wounds he thought he had) I dreamed someone stabbed me.

— I seem to remember having a distressing dream like that.

— Someone stabbed you?

— Or I stabbed someone.

— You aren't bleeding either.

— In the dream I was bleeding.

— (Starting to flip his coin) You could take off your clothes and I could have a closer look.

— (Stops flipping her coin) For someone who has just had a terrible dream...

— Come to think of it, you weren't wearing anything in my dream.

— Was I really in your dream?

— I'm not sure. But there was a woman who took off her clothes. (Stops flipping his coin and makes a stabbing motion) She had a knife...

— Not the most wholesome dream.

— Stabbed me over and over...

— Well, you've healed quickly, haven't you?

— Was I sleeping long?

— Seemed like forever, but you're all bright-eyed and alert now.

— I don't feel alert. (He alks toward the door. Looks at the door handle.)— (She stands up and goes to the door) Get away from the door.

— You giving orders now?

— I think it's in our best interests not to open the door.

— That a fact?

— What year is your coin?

— (Inspecting his coin) The year I was born. Isn't that something?— (Holds up her gold coin) Mine has the year I was born.

— I want to leave.

— We can't leave

— (He attempts to open the door) The handle is cold...very cold.— It might be a good idea if you left the door alone.

— What's wrong with this door. (He kicks the door hard) Must be stuck or something.

— Just get away from the door.— (He looks around the room) I wish we could see out.

— We aren't given that privilege. Maybe it's a blessing this place is windowless.

— Where are you getting this information?

— From my dream.

— You're quite the dreamer, aren't you?

— I'm not certain if I was still dreaming or awake when I sensed we shouldn't leave
this room.

— Doesn't look like a place I want to spend much time in. (He touches the door
handle again) Not as cold now...warm even. Quite odd. The gold is lovely, though, isn't
it? Like my coin.

- Leave it as is.
- (He tries unsuccessfully to turn the door handle) As is?
- Yes, leave the door as is.
- What do you mean?
- What do you mean, What do I mean?
- Do you mean like in an “as is” car...the clunker, falling apart kind?
- No, not that “as is...”
- Maybe you meant “is as...” (He stops trying to turn the door handle)
- This door
won’t open.
- Good, that is the way it is meant to be. As is.
- Is as.
- Is as is meaningless.
- So is “as is” when you think about it.
- So are a lot of things.
- What are a lot of things?
- Meaningless.
- Meaningful, too.
- Meaningless or meaningful, what’s the big difference?
- There is a big difference.
- Between “as is” and “is as...”
- Our relationship is “as is...”
- I hate that word.
- Something else that perturbs you.
- That word relationship is overused and nebulous and nondescript.
- Stop being so wordy.
- Sometimes I could—
- Could what?
- You know.
- (He walks over to the woman) No, I don’t know.
- You want me to threaten you?

- You've already threatened me.
- I didn't say the words.
- You would never harm me.
- Wouldn't I?
- Maybe that's why we're stuck in this lousy windowless room.
- We are here because...
- Because why?
- I don't understand why we're here. Only that it's worse if we leave this room. So
let's make the best of it.
- I take you "as is."
- And I take you "is as."
- (He sits down two chairs away from the woman) I had a very bad sleep.
- It was fascinating to observe you toss and turn.
- I turned and tossed.
- You are so contrary.
- And you're not?
- No, I am not.
- In your opinion.
- I hear barking...monstrous barking. (She stands up.)
- I don't hear any barking.
- (She moves toward the door) A monstrous three-headed dog is barking.
- You don't believe that myth.
- Some myths might have their basis in actuality. In things beyond our inadequate
understanding.
- What is that dog's name? Not Fido or Rover, was it? Spot, perhaps?
- (She is at the door) Cerberus...
- You know your mythology.
- That movie we saw together had a three-headed dog.
- What movie?

— I remember you grabbed my knee in fear and squeezed until I yelled at you to

stop.

— That's not something I would forget doing.

— (She touches her knee) I still have a scar to prove it. Your nails dug into my knee.

— Was that dog named Cerberus?

— No, it wasn't.

— Rover? Fido? Spot?

— Fluffy.

— (He moves to another chair) What kind of name is that for a dog?

— As good as Spot or Fido or Rover.

— If you say so. But what was the movie?

— (She returns to the chairs, but does not sit down) It was one of those Harry Potter

movies.

— I've never seen a Harry Potter movie.

— I know for certain you saw at least one of them. You were sitting next to me.

— (He is lying down across several of the chairs) I'm not going to argue with you,

about movies or a three-headed dog. People remember what they want to.

— (She starts to walk around the chairs) As a child I had a dog named Nothingness.

— Sounds like the name of a dog that would bite you.

— Nothingness never bit anyone. Nothingness was a drooler and a licker, not a

biter.

— Why would a child name a dog Nothingness?

— My father was reading Being and Nothingness when my mother brought the

puppy home. I was a curious and mischievous little girl.

— Nietzsche wrote that, didn't he?

- Why would you say that?
- Because he wrote Being and Nothingness.
- (She stops in front of the man) Jean-Paul Sartre did.
- I'm certain it was Nietzsche.
- Would you like to bet on that?
- What do you have to bet?
- (She holds the coin in front of the man's face) My gold coin.
- (He sits up, annoyed) Nietzsche.
- Jean-Paul Sartre.
- It's a bet.
- Give me your gold coin.
- You haven't proven who the author is.
- You can't prove who the author isn't.
- Doesn't seem we have any way to prove who wrote Being and Nothingness until
we leave this room.
- And we shouldn't leave this room, not for Nietzsche or for Jean-Paul Sartre, the
author of Being and Nothingness.
- You can't verify that.
- I can verify from memory that my dog was named Nothingness.
- Why didn't you name your puppy Being?
- I liked the sound of Nothingness.
- That's the absolute worst name I've ever heard for a dog.
- Noth-ing-ness...
- I can't believe a ten-year-old would pick Nothingness as a dog's name.
- My ten-year-old self adored that name. Here, Nothingness... Fetch,
Nothingness... Roll over, Nothingness...
- I had a dog when I was ten just like you. Unfortunately, after a couple of
weeks,
it ran away.
- Sad...

— Actually, I had two dogs and they both ran away. The second dog I got a month

after my first one ran away and it took off within a week.

— Very sad.

— I got over it.

— Remember their names?

— Of course I remember.

— You've forgotten a great deal.

— Not the names of my two dogs, which was the same name used twice.

— How imaginative.

— It helped ease the confusion for a little kid of losing his pet.

— What was the name?

— Rover.

— You're joking.

— I was ten years old.

— My dog was Nothingness and I also was ten years old.

— I prefer Rover to Nothingness for a dog's name.

— That's easy to believe.

— There, the monstrous barking has stopped...for now, I assume. (She walks toward the door.)

— It never even started for me.

— It will. It has to.

— Maybe I'll bark back.

— (She is at the door) We will have to deal with—

— With what?

— With the monstrous barking. With everything.

— (He stands up) Makes no sense to me. This room. No windows. A bunch of empty chairs. Barking dogs I can't hear. A door I can't open. It's all clear as mud

to me.

— That's such a foolish image.

- You have a better image?
- (She takes a step back from the door) We should not concern ourselves with trying to open this door, regardless of the imagery we use.
- Why don't you just open the door a smidgeon.
- Cerberus is outside the door.
- Something that doesn't exist?
- Cerberus exists, believe me.
- Open the door.
- You already tried...futilely.
- Maybe there are two Cerberuses.
- In mythology, Greek mythology, there is only one three-headed dog.
- But in actuality...real life.
- This is actuality...real life. And I assure you there is a three-headed dog.
- (He walks toward the door and) Get your head...your one head...on straight.
- I have a photograph of Cerberus.
- Only one photograph?
- It was dangerous to take the photograph. I had to run faster than I had ever run.
Faster than Hermes.
- (He's at the door) When was this?
- Before I came here.
- That was a long time ago.
- Much too long ago.
- So, let us leave.
- (She removes a photograph from a pocket and offers it to the man) Have a look
at the evidentiary photograph...
- (He takes the photograph) What a joke of a false photograph.
- An authentic photograph.
- (He stares at the photograph) There are no three-headed dogs.

— Spot...Fido...Rover— a trio of dogs, a trio of heads, a trio of names.

— You are making fun of me.

— What about three-headed Fluffy in the Harry Potter movie we saw?

— (He rips up the photograph and throws the pieces to the floor) There, no more
photograph.

— That does not change anything.

— (He goes to the chairs and starts to move them around) We could rearrange the
chairs.

— (She approaches the chairs) That also does not change anything. Maybe Heracles or Orpheus will be here. They could deal with Cerberus.

— Why didn't you name your dog Cerberus?

— I am not Heracles or Orpheus, in case you didn't notice.

— You said you ran faster than Hermes. I heard you say that.

— A figure of speech.

— (He continues to rearrange the order of the chairs) Maybe I should have named
my dogs Hermes. You would have liked that.

— Rover seems to suit you. Your dogs, I mean.

— Hercules or Orpheus wouldn't have been bad names for my dogs.

— I referred to him as Heracles, not Hercules. The ancient Greek name, not the
Roman one.

— It's all Greek and Roman to me. That sounds funny, doesn't it?

— I think you might have had a sip from Lethe.

— That a drink? A fancy liqueur?

— One of the five rivers between Hades and the world of the living and
breathing.
The river that represents forgetting and the erasure of all recollections.

— I am not forgetful. I remember things very well.

— Does that include the Harry Potter movie you don't remember seeing and
what you did to my knee you don't remember doing?

- (He sits down angrily) It is you who is not remembering things correctly.
- (She stands behind the man's chair) I learned the names of those five rivers
when I was ten years old.
- What a crazy thing for a ten-year-old to learn. Certainly a busy year for you and
your dog.
- My mother taught me the names.
- Not your father? Or was he too busy reading Being and Nothingness? By Nietzsche.
- I wish Nothingness were here. I would have him bite you for your sarcasm.
- You told me that your dog didn't bite.
- I could teach Nothingness.
- You can't teach an old dog new tricks.
- I wonder if I could teach you new clichés.
- Should I bite you for your sarcasm?
- (She rubs her knee) Wasn't it enough that you scarred my knee?
- (He stands up and goes to the door) I hope other people will be here soon.
- (She follows him to the door) Not so soon.
- Sooner or later, how's that?
- Accurate enough. (As she pulls him away from the door and back to the chairs)
- Let me teach you the names of the five rivers.
- I don't want to know the names of the five rivers.
- You will need to know their names, each and every one.
- There are no rivers in here. There is nothing in here.
- The chairs for any visitors we might get. A door handle of gold.
- (He runs to the door and unsuccessfully attempts to open it. His hands are in pain and he looks at them, as if they have betrayed him) Now it's cold and hot. Too cold and too hot at the same time. This door handle just doesn't compute...not in my world.
- Phlegethon and Acheron and Cocytus and Styx, the most famous of the

five, I'd say, and of course, I shouldn't forget, the aforementioned Lethe.

— (He walks back to the chairs) You are mispronouncing the names of those rivers.

— How would you know? You told me you didn't know their names.

— I know about the River Styx. Yes, sticks and stones...

— (She resumes flipping her coin) A pun in your fearfulness.

— I am not fearful.

— You are terrified.

— I don't want to be here.

— (She sits down on a chair) The monstrous barking of Cerberus is getting louder...more monstrous.

— (He sits down on a chair at the opposite end from the woman) I don't hear anything.

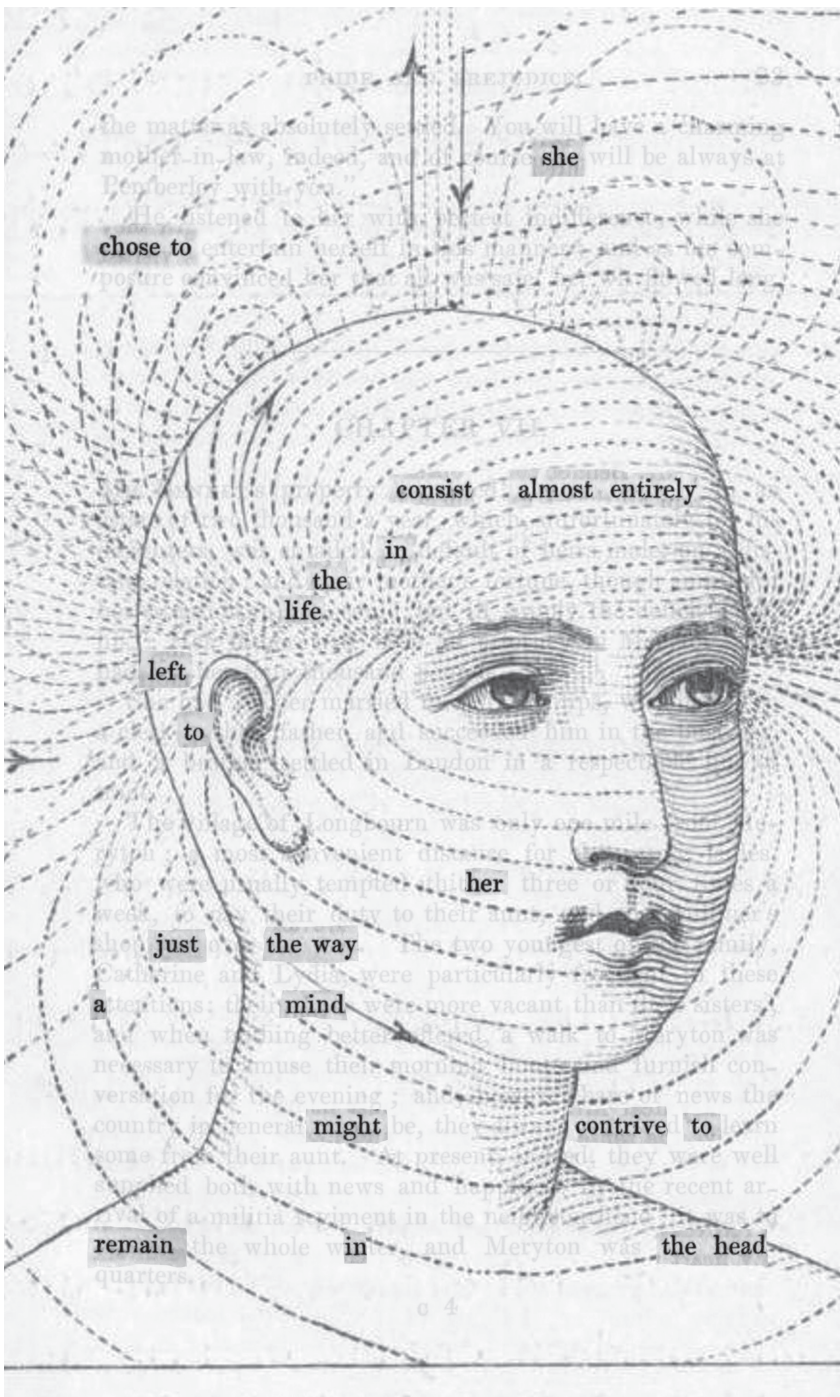
— You will. You will very soon.

The woman and the man sit at opposite ends of the row of chairs, staring forward and flipping their coins as your computer screen goes blank. Blank as Eternity...

IN (P&P)

by Mary Crockett Hill

*“In” combines an erasure poem that uses *Pride and Prejudice* by Jane Austen (1833 edition, published in London by Richard Bentley, page 23) as its source. The poem is overlaid thought digital collage with an illustration demonstrating psycho-magnetic curves proposed by 19th century physician and spiritualist Edwin D. Babbitt in “*The Principles of Light and Color: including among other things the harmonic laws of the universe, etc.*”*



the matter as absolutely settled. "You will have to be
mother-in-law, indeed, and she will be always at
Penberke with you."
"He listened to her with silent indignation, and
chose to entertain herself in a more than
posture advanced by the ally's sake."

consist almost entirely
in
the life

left
to
her

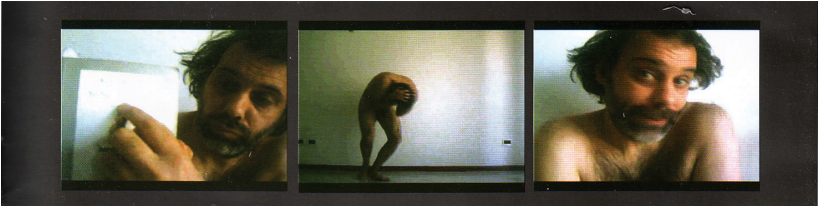
just the way
a mind

might contrive to
remain in the head

SERGIO: THE MONKEY THAT LET KLAUS KINSKI CATCH HIM.

by osvaldo cibils

To date, the video performance shown here is the only scripted one performed by the author; the others are improvised. The videoperformance “Sergio: the monkey that let Klaus Kinski catch him.” it was posted on YouTube for three months. In 2007 he obtained a special mention at the BIENAL INTERNACIONAL DE ARTE SIART (BOLIVIA).



Synopsis

Sergio tells his first and last confrontation with the seventh art and how, because of his desire to become a movie star, he lived the terrible experience that destroyed him forever as an animal and human being. Monologue. A mix of cultural appropriations.

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

Close up

SERGIO.

(Sergio talks to the camera.)

Yes...

the idea of the raft full of monkeys was mine.

It was neither Herzog's idea,

nor Kinski's,

as he affirms in his

autobiographic book

"I need love."

Tight shot: book.

Sergio shows the cover of a book to the camera. Sergio opens the book and shows a page. Sergio, with one finger, points and runs through a piece of text.

Sergio closes the book.

Close up

SERGIO

Sergio talks to the camera.

I told Kinski:

"Kinski...

I'm going to run from one side

of the raft to the other,

I'm going to do some pirouettes

Full Shot: small room.

Sergio, naked, runs from one side to the other in the small room.
Sergio does exaggerated pirouettes.

And as soon as I get closer to you, catch
me!”

Flash back.

Fragment of the movie “Aguirre, the wrath of God.” Klaus Kinski
on a raft with a monkey in his hand.

Close-up: Klaus Kinski.

I am the Wrath of God.
Who else is with me?

Close up: Sergio.

Long silence.

Close up: Sergio.

Sergio talks to the camera.

Obviously,
I let him catch me,
It's impossible that a German
or American actor
or whatever...
would be able to catch an Amazon
monkey,
impossible.

Yes, obviously...
Obviously, I let him catch me,
But... but it was awful,
it was awful because,
when Klaus Kinski caught me,
he started squeezing
and squeezing me...
for me to complain and start...
start shouting...

and he looked at me,
he squeezed me

and he looked at me
with those eyes Kinski had,
those popeyed eyes,
those eyes like...
like boiled eggs,
those eyes...

Close up: Sergio.
Long silence.

Close up: Sergio.
Sergio talks to the camera.

There have been 35 years from that...
35 years from that awful episode,
and I haven't been yet able
to get over it.
Truly,
for me it was a deep psychological
damage.

And well,
when Herzog offered me to
work as a monkey in this scene of the
movie
"Aguirre, the Wrath of God,"
I immediately accepted because...
because
I thought that for me it was going
to be a brilliant
opportunity
to launch my career as an actor,
but in the facts,
it wasn't that way.
Mmmh...,
it wasn't that way after that
awful experience, mmmh...

I barely couldn't work
as an actor ever again,
and barely,
of anything else.

I don't like to talk about that
because...
truly, it was an experience....
I don't like to talk about that,
it was an awful...
experience...
an awful
experience.

Close up: Sergio.
Long silence.

The End

Notes

Aguirre der Zorn Gottes. Federal Republic of Germany, 1972. 94 min.
C "Aguirre, the wrath of God" is a film directed, produced and written by
Werner Herzog and starring actor Klaus Kinski.

MEDICINE

by T.C. Anderson

In this poem, the words and stanzas are formatted to appear in the shape of pill bottles.”

Slave
to our bodies, these
receptacles
of pills,
drink, and
twisted
desires

Porce-
lain hearts housed
in plastic
bottles,
Glass vess-
els, and
boxes of
memories

Unend-
-ing pain fills a
thousand
skeletons,
brains, and
empty
graves

CONTRIBUTORS

Annie Abrahams investigates the possibilities and limits of communication under networked conditions. She is known worldwide for her netart and collective writing experiments.

T.C. Anderson is an emerging writer and poet, and an award-winning graphic designer. She lives in Houston, Texas, with her husband, Jared.

Oswaldo Cibils artist b. 1961 Montevideo, Uruguay.

Mary Hill Crockett is the author of *A Theory of Everything*, winner of the Autumn House Poetry Prize, and *If You Return Home with Food*, winner of the Bluestem Award. In her other life as Mary Crockett, she writes for children and young adults.

Nathanael Jones holds a Bachelor of Fine Arts (Interdisciplinary) from the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design University, and a Master of Fine Arts in Writing from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.

Nikkia Jones holds a Bachelor of Science in Health Sciences from Simon Fraser University.

Eric Levin contributes short fiction to the mobile app *Hooked* and recently sold an interactive audio play. He has a BFA in Film & Television from NYU and likes to explore the intersection between absurdity and mundanity.

Kon Markogiannis is an experimental photographer-mixed media artist-visual poet-independent researcher with an interest in the evolution of consciousness. He lives and works in Thessaloniki, Greece.

Alina Melnik is an emerging writer and poet. She enjoys experimenting with form and genre-blurring and is finishing up her B.A. in Writing.

Daniel Pinheiro has been developing work in the field of Telematic Art as a resource to reflect upon the impact of technology on everyday life.

J. J. Steinfeld is a Canadian writer who lives on Prince Edward Island, where he is patiently waiting for Godot's arrival and a phone call from Kafka. While waiting, he has published 20 books

Jennifer Weigel is a multi-disciplinary mixed media conceptual artist. Weigel utilizes a wide range of media to convey her ideas, including assemblage, drawing, fibers, installation, jewelry, painting, performance, photography and video.