



Branch

HUNGER

Donnez-nous aujourd'hui  
notre faim quotidienne.

-Gaston Bachelard



Originally, this issue's theme was **Food**. We were expecting you guys to go literal but imaginative: deep-fried grasshoppers, snake wine, casu frazigu, smoked reindeer. Instead, we heard back from some whiners about the difficulty of the theme so we changed it to **Hunger**. Voilal

We were really surprised at the way our artists and writers approached **Hunger**. You'll notice that there's a more visceral and carnal feel in the works - from Ariel Gordon's offbeat take on the maternal to Peter Farmer's paintings and their fusing of *eros* and *thanatos*. We also explore a macroscopic cellular landscape in Derek Evans' iridescent photos and Monty Reid's parasitic poems, and finally turn to a foody twist of the found poem in Ian Christopher Goodman's photo piece, "OXO".

In this issue, we get cozy with our feature writer, the sweet Chandra Mayor, whose most recent book, *All the Pretty Girls*, won the Lambda Award for Best Lesbian Fiction. Mayor talks about her "Head in the Oven" creations (vintage aprons with hand-embroidered lyrics) and shares her thoughts on writing, guilty pleasures, and her favourite recipe. Our feature designer is Vancouver-based Helen Shaw whose creativity has led her to food such as designing innovative packaging and getting her hands deep into raw meat. For our viewers with weak stomachs, this serves as a warning. Be swayed by the clean lines of her designs, but Shaw will get fleshy with you.

*Poetry is Dead* editor, Daniel Zomparelli, let's us snoop in his notebook. Interdisciplinary artist, Melanie Zurba, shares her gorgeous space and her painting, "Appetite for Life," stirring and bold. We are also happy that Kaie Kellough offered us a peek into the place where he works. Hear how he went from the idea of mouthfuls to "a mouth overflowing with sound" in the mesmerizing audio piece, *Word Sound System #2*, of which the score was published in his most recent collection, *Maple Leaf Rag*, released this spring by Arbeiter Ring Publishing.

Enjoy this issue: it'll leave you stuffed.

(Well, for at least three months. Then there's Issue 4. But let's not get too ahead of ourselves.)

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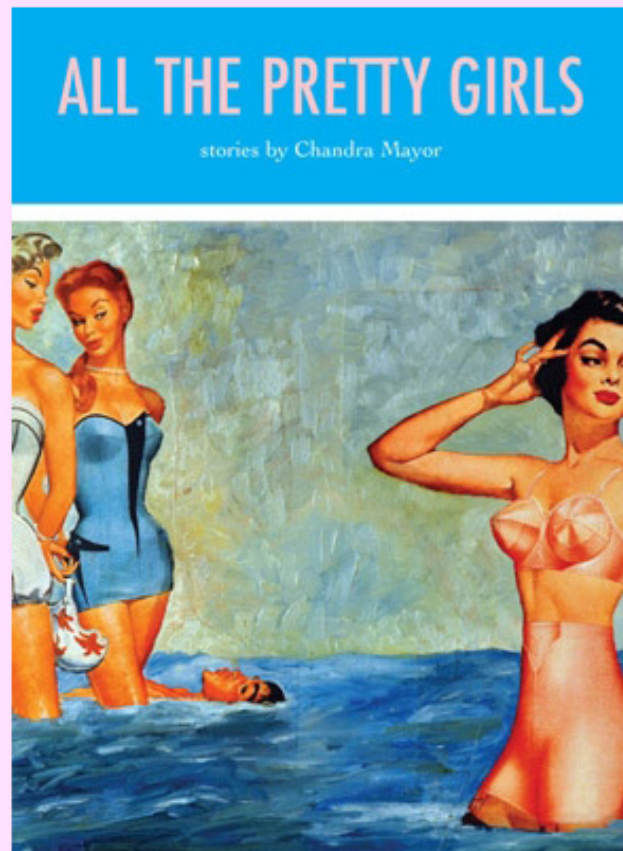
Rough Drafts

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The background of the image is a close-up of a wooden surface with a prominent vertical grain. The wood has a warm, golden-brown hue and is covered in numerous fine, light-colored scratches and scuffs, suggesting it is a well-used or aged piece of wood. The lighting is slightly uneven, with a darker area in the upper left corner and a brighter area in the lower right.

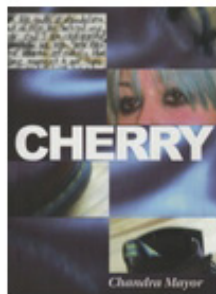
Feature Writer

# CHANDRA MAYOR



# CHANDRA MAYOR

Chandra Mayor is a Winnipeg writer and editor. Her first book, *August Witch: poems*, was shortlisted for four Manitoba book awards, and won the Eileen McTavish Sykes for Best First Book. Mayor is also the recipient of the John Hirsch Award for Most Promising Manitoba Writer, and her novel, *Cherry*, was shortlisted for the Margaret Laurence Award for Fiction, and won the Carol Shields Winnipeg Book Award. Her most recent book, *All the Pretty Girls*, is a collection of short stories, and received the Lambda Literary Foundation's award for Best Lesbian Fiction. Mayor has been a poetry editor for *Prairie Fire* and *CV2* magazines, and has appeared at readings, festivals, and venues across the country. Her work has been widely published and anthologized, most recently in *Persistence: Still Butch and Femme*, edited by Ivan Coyote and Zena Sharmon.



# Q & A WITH CHANDRA MAYOR

**When I asked you to be our feature writer, you said: "It seems that, one way or another, I end up writing about hunger." What is it about this theme that keeps you coming back?**

I think that all of my books are, at heart, about hunger. My characters (including the 'characters' that embody the voices of the poems) are all hungry. Most of them are living somewhere in the poverty spectrum, and are hungry in obvious physical ways, singing smart-assed songs on the way to the soup kitchen, obsessing about fruit, and finding every-more-inventive ways to make KD appetizing (truly, tinned tuna and a can of cream of mushroom soup can make all the difference). Food can be a precious commodity, even in wealthy North America, and constant, low-grade hunger can be a faithful and ignored companion. But as everyone who's ever visited a food bank knows, there is a deep difference between food that shuts up hunger, and food that genuinely nourishes. And I think that that is what my characters and my poems are all looking for, over and over again, everywhere they can (and often in places that they shouldn't): nourishment.

Regardless of what I intend to write about, it seems that my poems and stories largely end up being about searching for that which nourishes – even when (especially when) you don't even know what that looks or feels like. It seems to me that the thing that allows you to live with physical hunger, with cold and want and not enough of everything, is nourishment. If you can find what nourishes you beyond the needs and desires of your physical body, if you can find something that nourishes you in deeper ways than the purely corporeal, you can keep walking, keep getting up and moving around and trying. I think that the question that I'm often exploring in all of my writing is one of trying to understand what nourishes people (especially women) in genuine, deep ways. What is it that we're all hungry for – hungry enough to keep trying, even when everything in the world tells us to give up? And, incidentally, the miraculous part of it all is that you don't always even need to find that thing, that deeply authentically nourishing thing, to keep going. Or, at least, you don't have to find very much of it. The hunger for it, even in its absence, can be enough to keep you pushing through the world, clawing and fighting. The hunger for something more can be the thing that keeps you alive – not just your body, but the you of you.



**In your opinion, what are the necessary ingredients that go into being a writer?**

Stubbornness. Hunger. Curiosity. A willingness to engage in a truce with poverty and rejection. Some sense of what is both important and trivial about your own work that comes from a constantly-adjusted set of criteria in your own head, irrespective of what outside voices perceive. A willingness to claw yourself open. A refusal to lie (even when the lies sound better and feel easier).

### Share a favourite recipe.

This was a hard call. I'm not very domestic. I have very limited culinary skills, although I do make a killer meatloaf. One day I'll create a poverty cookbook – *501 Edible Things to Create from the Food Bank*. In the interests of appearing slightly more classy than I am, however, I'm writing out my Cooking for Company recipe. This is what I feed guests (especially vegetarian guests); just don't come for dinner more than once, because after this, I'm back to the meatloaf. (I can, however, make an excellent vegetarian meatloaf as well). This recipe comes from a beautiful novel, *Black Girl in Paris* by Shay Youngblood.

#### Gratin Dauphinois

2 lbs potatoes

2 large cloves of garlic

2 tbsp butter

1 ½ c. table cream

1 ½ c finely grated cheese (something fancy...gouda, edam, or some combination thereof)

Salt, pepper, nutmeg

Heat oven to 350. Peel and slice potatoes as thin as coins; slice garlic as thin as paper. Grease a shallow baking dish with butter. Layer with potatoes, sprinkling each layer with garlic, cheese, pepper, nutmeg, and the tiniest bit of salt. Finish with a layer of cheese. Dot with butter, and pour the cream over it all, barely covering it. Bake for one or two hours (depending on your oven; mine is notoriously unreliable, and requires the full two hours), until potatoes are tender and golden.

Shay recommends that while you wait, you “entertain your hungry guests with card tricks or stories about the worst meal you’ve ever eaten. Serve with good humour and a chilled bottle of Chardonnay.”

I don’t know any card tricks, and I fear that stories about the worst meals I’ve ever eaten would put my guests off dinner entirely. I recommend loading your guests up on wine with interesting labels (Cat Pee on a Gooseberry Bush is my favourite); this will make them talk themselves, taking the hostess load off of you, and also serves to make anything taste delicious by the time it’s ready. Play good music (either Doris Day or Jacques Brel make good waiting music for this meal), and entertain your guests by asking them many, many questions about themselves. Talk a lot about what a terrible cook you are, so that they feel obliged to compliment you on the meal regardless of what it tastes like. Tell them they are good and kind, bright and shiny. Make the meal the secondary nourishment of the evening.

### Top five guilty pleasures.

1. Watching, with my teenage daughter, mystery television series featuring obnoxious antiheroes (the Maury Chakin 'Nero Wolfe' series is one of our favourites).

2. British cross-stitching magazines (far, far superior to the American folk-art/giant eagle/stars and stripes offerings. I cross-stitched a trivet of Barack Obama's head. The fall of empire takes on many bizarre and unexpected manifestations).

3. Baked Klik with strawberry jam (It's like a glaze. Blame my mother).

4. Cherries saturated with gin (closely followed by olives soaked in vodka. But cherries always win out).

5. British chick-lit à la Marion Keyes (I know she's Irish) or Catherine Alliot – the ones that feature plucky, clumsy, well-meaning and flawed heroines who somehow stumble their way to happy endings. Very satisfying and validating.

### Recommend a good place in your city to grab coffee or dine.

Eat Bistro in downtown Winnipeg is a small joy and treasure. The chickpea fritters melt in your mouth in a way that feels remarkably like orgasms. The salt & pepper shakers are vintage animals, none of the tables and chairs match, the coffee is strong, the walls are blue with weird glass things pinned to them, the soups are all homemade, and there are little tables tucked in corners in the back. Perfect.

### If you could dine with a writer/artist (as in "here's your chance to make him/her hang out with you") who would it be and why?

I actually don't much like eating in public. I think it's kind of weird and deeply intimate. So let's change it to a cocktail session, which also changes the dynamic somewhat. I know it's a cliché, but how could one possibly have a cocktail party without Dorothy Parker?

Laughing is important. So she must attend. Probably another cliché, but I'd like to watch Dorothy and Margaret Atwood engage over martinis. I suspect it could end spectacularly terribly, which would be deeply entertaining. More seriously, I would love to spend an evening with Dorothy Allison. Her writing breaks me open in the most awful and fantastic ways, over and over again. I credit her with anything worthwhile that I've ever written. I'd like to be able to tell her.

**Last year, your short story collection, *All the Pretty Girls* (Conundrum Press, 2008) won the 21st Lambda Literary Award for Lesbian Fiction. That's a huge honour. How did winning this award impact you and your writing?**

It was, and is, a huge (and totally unexpected) honour. As to how the award impacts me or my writing....Back to part of what I said in answer to what makes a writer: You can't let any of it get too far inside you, either negative criticisms/responses, nor the positive responses or awards. It's always validating to be acknowledged by your peers (especially when the peers in question are utter strangers to you, and it's the work alone that's being recognized, rather than your connections or friendships). I felt very uneasy about *All the Pretty Girls* as I was writing it; I wrote it during a particularly difficult time in my life, under some surreal and stupid circumstances (a ten-year relationship break-up, a bout of West Nile, an unwell child, etc.), plus I felt totally out of my depth in the genre of short fiction. While I was writing, I was pretty sure that the whole project was going to be a spectacular failure. My publisher (Andy Brown of Conundrum Press) demonstrated great faith in me, for which I am eternally thankful.

In the end, I was happily surprised to see that, after all, the book said some of the things that I'd been trying and hoping to express. And winning the Lambda for this particular work was particularly validating, given the book's difficult provenance. **But in the end, you just cannot let those outside things get too far inside you; you have to write from your own inside messy places, and hope that it resonates with other people.** But if you let those outside voices (positive or negative) get too far inside you, you begin to lose your way to your own voice. At least, that's my experience. You can't let either the validation or the criticism mean too much. I need to let go of the 'career' part of writing as much as possible, and instead concentrate on doing what feels most true and important to me. And hopefully, the career things follow. But if they don't, at least you don't ever have to feel like you've compromised yourself, gotten away from yourself.

Sometimes it's hard to trace what leads to what, and when, and from where. I can't really control that part of it, and I prefer to focus instead on the parts of it that mean most – the writing itself. So we'll see how/if the award impacts my life. But it looks very pretty and sparkly on top of my piano.

### What drives you? What keeps you writing?

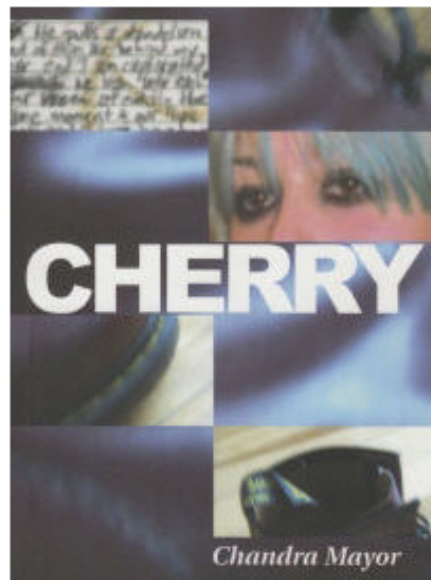
This is easy. Mostly, I have no other useful skills. It's either write or embroider; both leave me in about the same state of penury. The less smart-assed (though no less true) answer is that like my characters and poems and various voices, I too am driven by the search for sustenance. And for me, sustenance (or at least the search for it, which is just as important) feels like love and creation and communication. Connection. I think that mostly, we live in worlds of loneliness, and of lies – some benign and easy, some destructive and devastating. And earnest as it sounds, I believe wholly that every time someone tells the truth about her life, her self, something transforms. The world cracks open just a little. I believe that writing is transformative, both of yourself and the world(s) you live in. And even the attempt to tell the truth is transformative, regardless of whether you end up with exactly the right words or not. And furthermore, every time you stay silent, you give someone else permission to write your life, your truth for you. And they're probably going to get it wrong. But every time you write your own truth, even imperfectly, you make it just that much more possible for someone else to write theirs. **It's a hunger (that's never sated), it's a responsibility (even when I rage against it), it's a terror and a compulsion (that makes my entire body ache and hurt), and it's the only work I've ever done that feels like exactly what I'm supposed to be doing (regardless of whether or not I'm any good at it).** Being good at it is not really the point (although I'm always, always trying to learn more, to be better). Doing it is what's important.

### **Tell us what's next for you.**

I took a break from writing for awhile...it seems that after each book, I need to step back a bit, reorient myself, figure out what I really want to do next. Over the past year, I've been working on this thing that I call 'Head in the Oven' creations – ridiculous, lovely, tactile things, like 'upcycling' vintage aprons by hand-embroidering lyrics from 80s pop songs onto them ("Whip it good" .... "pour some sugar on me" ....etc.). Or stitching "Liar" in bright red thread across Charles' face on vintage Charles and Diana royal wedding linen tea towels. It's been deeply good to do something tactile, something with colour and texture, something with my hands, something playful. And it's been lovely and generative to explore these collisions of pop culture and domesticity (especially as I have no domestic skills beyond embroidery and making toast), to find the places where the two intersect – or to force them to intersect – and to see what happens, what new understandings are generated. I sell them at craft fairs and on the internet.

In terms of writing, I'm moving back towards poetry. I never quite meant to write either a novel or a short story collection, and although I'm very happy that they exist in the world, and that I went through the various processes involved in creating them, I am feeling more and more pulled to the precision of poetry again. I have a MS in process, but I don't like talking about such things very much before they're more solid. It does continue, as always, questioning issues of searching and sustenance, as well as playing with some of the same dynamics that I've been exploring in the craft world. The sticky tricky intricacies of identity. Vulnerability. Collisions of all kinds. Digging in the messy places, dredging up what I can. Especially, trying to dredge up what I feel I can't.

EXCERPT FROM  
**CHERRY**  
by CHANDRA MAYOR



conundrum press, 2004

Winner, Carol Shields Winnipeg Book Award, 2005.  
Shortlisted, Margaret Laurence Award for Fiction, 2005.

Every morning we untwist our bodies from the sheets, bathe our thick tongues with water from the Jim Beam bottle beside the bed. The church isn't far away, and a motley group of us straggle from the house onto the slate-grey sidewalk and up the street. Carly and I sing, *If it's good enough for you/then it's good enough for me/to be a soup kitchen celebrity*. At the soup kitchen in the church basement there is:

stale bread  
coffee  
mysterious soup  
day old doughnuts

Everyone smells bad, including us. It's hard to smell good in the summer. Sitting at the long tables there are

old men high on sniff  
young men high on sniff  
a mom and her kids  
tattooed, tattered, spike-haired us

Carly won't eat the mystery soup. She says she doesn't trust liquid food. She eats a whole tray of doughnuts while the nun tries to explain nutrition. Our bodies are brittle and indestructible. The trick to the soup is to dip the hard bread into it until the bread is soggy and all the broth has been absorbed. The other trick is not to think about all the other mouths that have closed around your spoon. The final trick is to be polite and pretend to pray. They might give you extra food, something to take home. We are assured that Jesus is smiling and I can't tell you how very happy that makes me.



Feature Designer

HELEN  
SHAW





# HELEN SHAW

Helen Shaw is a London-born graphic designer based in Vancouver, British Columbia. Her modern minimalist approach to projects for clients and agencies spans across the UK, U.S., and Canada.

With a keen eye for typography, composition and execution, she helps curate and source striking and innovative package designs as deputy editor of [LovelyPackage.com](http://LovelyPackage.com)

In 2008 she received an Academic Gold Medal and a nomination for the Lieutenant Governor Award, not only for her excellence and drive in her design practice, but for her community involvement. In her interview for Branch, Helen gives us her scrumptious recipe for banana bread, which she's been baking plenty of for a fundraiser earlier this month.

[Click here](#) to follow her musings, projects and creative finds on Twitter.



Helen's package redesign of Hint beverage emphasizes the purity and clarity of the product. It's designed in a minimalist style to break through the visual clutter of the beverage aisle and Hint's original logo was reworked to mimic Asian characters and colour coded to communicate flavour at a glance.

# Q & A WITH HELEN SHAW

**As an editor for LovelyPackage.com you must sift through a vast array of consumer packaging concepts. Why do you think people are so obsessed with package design when it's a relatively temporary device?**

A nicer package will always sell a product better. Packaging has the power to inspire; it can dress up an ordinary product into something extraordinary. In some cases, the packaging of a product becomes an extension of the product itself, as with fragrance packaging.

**Do you have any favourite food packages?**

We recently featured the packaging for Steven Smith Teas, designed by Sandstrom Partners in Portland, Oregon. I love the colours and tactile feel of the boxes, and the string tie closures engage you a little more in opening and closing the box than traditional tea packaging.

[Click here to view](#)

I also eagerly await the release of the annual Blossa Glögg packaging; they use the same bottle form each year but change the colour, opacity and finish, then use typography to create a unique look to mark that year.

[Click here to view](#)

**In your opinion, what are the necessary ingredients that go into being a designer?**

You need to be a hard worker, have tons of curiosity, enjoy research and pay attention to detail.

### Share a favourite recipe

I've just spent the last twelve hours baking for a fundraiser for the Pakistani flood victims, so this is an easy question! My favourite recipe is for proper banana bread - the kind that stays moist for a day or two. It's always a crowd pleaser.

#### Banana Bread

1/2 cup butter, melted  
1 cup white sugar  
2 eggs  
1 tablespoon vanilla extract  
1 1/2 cups all-purpose flour  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup sour cream  
2 or 3 bananas blended into mush

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F (175 degrees C). Grease a 9x5 inch loaf pan or line with baking parchment.
2. In a large bowl, stir together the melted butter and sugar. Add the eggs and vanilla, mix well. Combine the flour, baking soda and salt, stir into the butter mixture until smooth. Finally, fold in the sour cream and bananas. Spread evenly into the prepared pan.
3. Bake at 350 degrees F (175 degrees C) for 60 minutes, or until a toothpick inserted into the center of the loaf comes out clean. Cool loaf in the pan for at least 10 minutes before removing to a wire rack to cool completely. Store at room temperature.

(Q & A with Helen Shaw Cont.)

**Recommend a good place in your city to grab coffee or dine.**

My two regular haunts are Toyama sushi, where the food is all you can eat and really, really good, and Cafe Crepe, a pancake place I visit a couple of times a week to meet with friends. I couldn't live without either of them!

**If you could dine with an artist or designer who would it be and why?**

I'd have to say Erik Spiekermann. He has a great sense of aesthetic and purpose, although we don't share the same views on everything.





**Where did the inspiration for your Neue Ham Grotesk typeface come from?**

I'd seen a ton of interesting hand-assembled faces created out of various things, like clothing or office supplies, and it dawned on me that I'd never seen one made with meat. I went to the supermarket, bought \$30 worth of near-expired meat and did the entire shoot that day. I had to, in order to keep it looking 'juicy'. Honestly creating that typeface was one of the nastiest things I've done; I'm not a huge meat person and handling the entrails was really, really revolting. I'm happy with the end result, though; it's a lot of fun.

**What kind of reactions do you get when people see it?**

People are normally pretty grossed out when they see Neue Ham Grotesk but that was part of my goal starting out.







THE SLOW  
FAT PIG  
JUMPED  
OVER THE  
CARVING  
KNIFE



**If you were a food, what would you be?**

Probably a pearl onion... because I'm small and I have many layers and I work well in many situations. And also I like to make people cry. Kidding.

Art + Words

# ART + WORDS

Ariel Gordon Poems

Ravi Shukla Drawings

Michelle Nguyen Poem

Fiona Ackerman Paintings

Ela Przybyło Poem

Derek Evans Photographs

Monty Reid Poems

Michael Strumberger Collages

Branka Petrovic Poem

Peter Farmer Paintings

Ian Christopher Goodman Poems



# ARIEL GORDON

## WRITER BIO

Ariel Gordon is a Winnipeg-based writer and editor. She has two chapbooks to her credit, *The navel gaze* (Palimpsest Press) and *Guidelines: Malaysia & Indonesia, 1999* (Rubicon Press), and this spring, Palimpsest published her first full-length poetry collection, *Hump*. She recently won the John Hirsch Award for Most Promising Manitoba Writer at the Manitoba Book Awards. When not being bookish, Ariel likes tromping through the woods and taking macro photographs of mushrooms.

## A YEAR IN: TICK TOCK

You were my timepiece, one hand on my shoulder, the other rooting around in my shirt. Even half asleep, your third eye was always on the clock. A year in, you're still a stickler: just enough time to shower, just enough to eat so I can feed you again.

## A YEAR IN: MASH NOTE

You are my savviest lover, crawling into my lap & mashing me with gummy smiles while you weigh your options. Latched on, you get itchy, sucking like a smoker just off a six-hour flight & oh if you could get both in your mouth at once you would. When you have had me you turn teenage, etching ragged fingernail tats over stretch marks, over tits filling/emptying by the hour.

by ARIEL GORDON

(\*from *Hump*. Printed with permission from Palimpsest Press.)

# CHORUS

by ARIEL GORDON

(\*from *Hump*. Printed with permission from Palimpsest Press.)

You squawk, the angry hunger of the first notes  
twigging the crow in the tree outside  
palpitating the loft of the elm canopy  
& the crow, having stayed through the hot night  
the murderous morning  
squawks back  
both of you outraged  
at the drops that run down your chin  
down the side of my heavy tit.

You squawk, a plucked thing on a spit.  
Out the window the city smells  
of burnt feathers & dust  
& when I take you away from the tit  
blood ringing your beaky little mouth  
the chorus  
only crows louder.

You squawk. Like some one-eyed god  
you can't see beyond my face, the shadows  
in the fall of my hair your night  
your canopy. And I wonder what the crow  
has told you of the day. Finally, mouth full,  
you open an eye, scan the room & suck  
until you fall away from me, dreaming  
of a giant tit streaming.  
The crow dreams the same  
only ripe & dead.

# RAVI SHUKLA

## ARTIST BIO

Ravi Shukla (b.1978 Dar Es Salaam) aka Bill Beso presently lives and collaborates creatively in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Rarely takes photographs since his camera collection overwhelmed his sanity for many years, he now concentrates his time with elaborate drawings that retells his childhood memories by opening a discussion of overcoming personal madness and moments of happiness. Creating a terrain that encroaches dreamlike imagery and other worldly glimpses into a collection of consciousness, his current body of work explores a subtle transcendence towards a playful confidence.

Bill was his Grandfathers name, and Beso translates to "kiss," and while living extensively in England, Spain, India, and Texas; Ravi used Bill Beso as his given name. His art has been exhibited nationally and internationally.

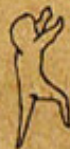
























# MICHELLE NGUYEN

## WRITER BIO

Michelle Nguyen is beyond grateful to be able to share her initials with the twenty-fifth element on the period table and to have a friend like Jonathan Davis, not of the band KoЯn, to put up with reading her drafts over and over again. She was born in Toronto and has been residing in said concrete jungle for the last seventeen and a half years. Michelle is a grade twelve visual arts major at Etobicoke School of the Arts. She has recently perfected the art of omelette-making.



# ARABESQUE

by MICHELLE NGUYEN

The line of separation between our bodies  
is barely visible.  
Like a waterlogged paperback,  
we could press flowers between us.

# FIONA ACKERMAN

## ARTIST BIO

Originally from Montreal, Fiona Ackerman has been living and painting in Vancouver for 10 years. While she holds a BFA from The Emily Carr University of Art and Design, she considers her principal art education to have come from summers studying with her father, German painter Gregor Hiltner. She received an honourable mention for the Kingston Prize for Canadian Portraiture in 2009, and was included in *Carte Blanche 2: Painting* (published by The Magenta Foundation, fall 2008). Her work has been shown in solo and group exhibitions across Canada, in France and Germany.







Hibiscus, 2010

A Harlequin Escapade, 2008





Shanty, 2010







I Love You, 2008



Analog, 2010



The Original Analog Sound Wave, 2010

# ELA PRZYBYŁO

## WRITER BIO

Ela Przybyło, born in Poland, is an Edmonton based poet and visual. Currently working on her MA in English and Film Studies and Women's Studies, she spends her nights piecing together words. Her first book of poetry, *Threats of Intimacy*, was published by BuschekBooks in 2008. At the moment, Ela is collaborating with photographer Michael Holly on a chapbook, which will be a collection of textual and photographic dirges.

Tongues flicker  
All is prepared  
The meal is raw and still

Sprouting in the sky  
You have come with  
That rounded belly  
To devour

But I am no meat for you to lick!  
And no saints, no technocrats,  
No witch potions  
Will draw me out

All is prepared  
Love is huge and eagle-feathered  
Love is ever mild and infinite

by ELA PRZYBYŁO

# DEREK EVANS

## ARTIST BIO

Derek Evans is a Montreal based artist. For the past several years, he has been working on a series of photographs which explore cellular and sub-cellular biology, the landscape of the human body, and the landscape of the skies.

The process by which he develops these photographs is both work-intensive and unique. Each individual piece begins as a sculpture, which he constructs from a composite of waxes, resins and glues. These sculptures are then backlit using a variety of lights and are then captured by taking a series of extremely close-up pictures. He is then left with literally hundreds and hundreds of detailed shots.

In the next step, he sorts through these pictures, and then stitches selected photographs together (using Photoshop) in order to create a single large-scale, highly detailed image. Because of the abstract nature of the original sculpture, these final images often bring to mind aspects of the human body such as (for example), the heart, the womb, and the kidney. In some other cases, the image may recall clouds, lava, or the celestial expanses of outer space. In the final step, he prints the completed image as a chromogenic colour print or C-print.







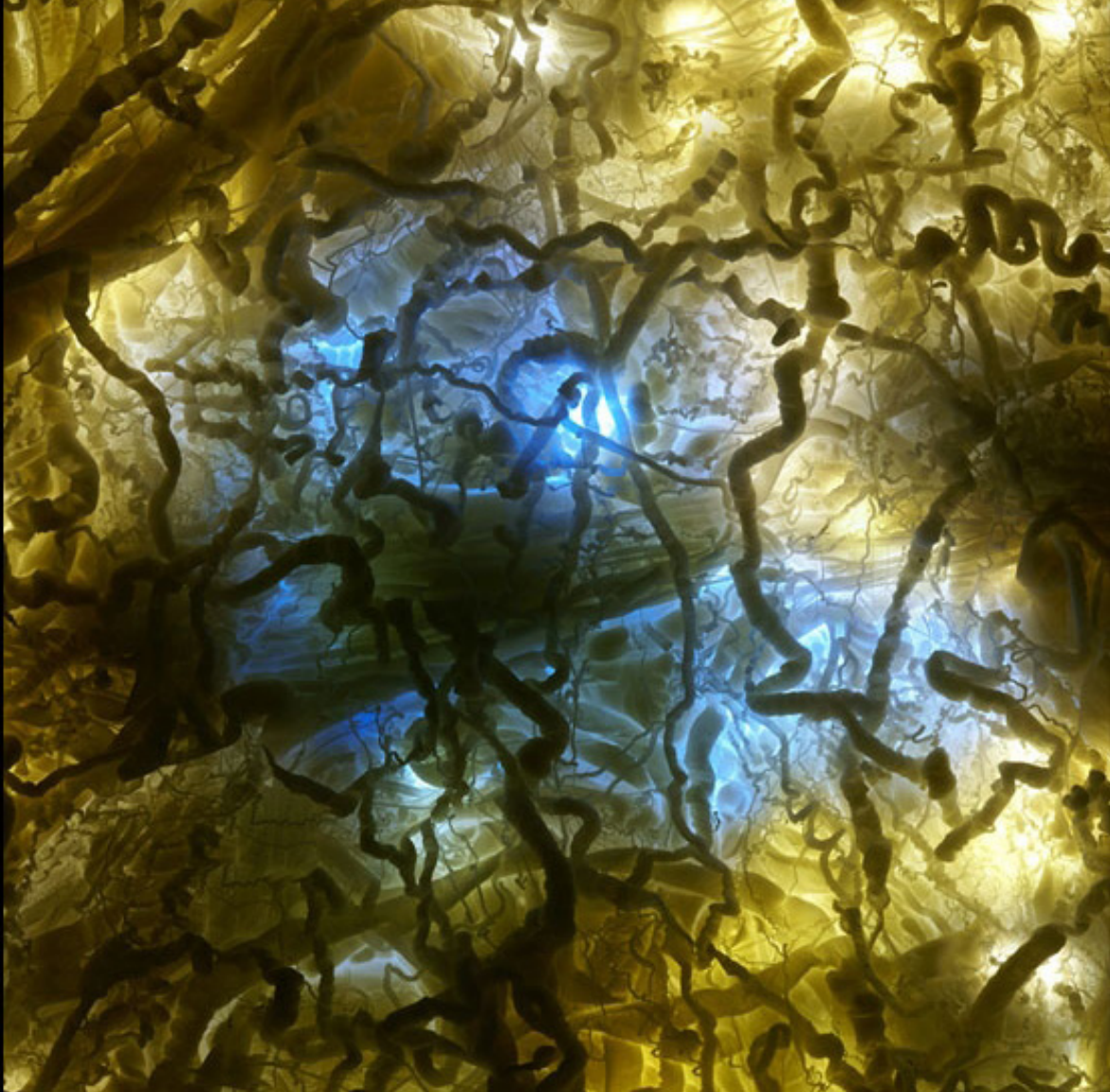












# MONTY REID

## WRITER BIO

Monty Reid is an Ottawa writer. His recent books include *A Poem that Ends with Murder* (Apt 9 Press), *The Luskville Reductions* (Brick) and *Sweetheart of Mine* (BookThug). He worked for many years at the Canadian Museum of Nature, but not with its parasite collection.

The following poems are from a working manuscript, *Host*.

The messengers arrive.

They have no message. Until they have touched something.

Down the salvage pathways.  
the cascade that pours down the extent of matter.  
down the tight wires, down the slick ruts.  
down at the bottom of the darkness where you sleep.

Still, the messengers have no message  
no voice, until they have found the receptors  
and even then  
all they have is a question

*.....do you even know which part of you you are.....*

INTERLEUKIN  
by MONTY REID

No, of course not.

They have asked it before  
and how pure would you have to be to know?

They are homesick for something purer  
than you could be  
where the macrophages  
burn with their fury, in the oxygen gifted with tension, in the deep tissue  
where the cell debris collects and ciliates ingest the starch grains.

Call them down.  
They have something to tell you.



Distances destroy the hungry.

An ant cools on the grasses, unable to move because  
the little worm has found its ganglia  
and locked its mouth parts into place  
when the temperature went down.

Snails have found the droppings left by sheep  
and ingest the eggs  
which hatch within the snail and then irritate the snail's mantle

so that the snail secretes a mucous that traps the cercaria, up to 500 at a time  
and then releases gobs of the mucous.

The ants, which can't resist an enzyme in the slime balls  
find them and eat them, and then have their guts  
chewed through by the cercaria  
which then attach as cysts throughout the ant's body

and a few find the throat  
where they prevent the ant from opening its mouth after the sun sets.

This is the pastorage of proximity.

An ant on a blade of grass  
waiting for the sheep to return to the meadow.

PASTORALE  
by MONTY REID

# MICHAEL STRUMBERGER

## ARTIST BIO

Primarily a painter, collage artist and web designer, Michael's art takes on numerous forms. In 2005 he earned a BFA from the Emily Carr Institute in Vancouver, BC. He lives on Vancouver Island. A series of journeys spanning the last five years have taken Michael from Western Europe to the Asian Pacific Rim and provided him with an understanding of broad cultural contexts with which to deepen his work. In Nepal and South India he committed to an in-depth study of Tibetan Buddhism and Yoga, two spiritual disciplines which have greatly informed his art practice. See more of his work at [mstrumbergerarts.com](http://mstrumbergerarts.com)



The Temple of Scarcity









# BRANKA PETROVIC

## WRITER BIO

Branka Petrovic completed her M.A. in English and Creative Writing at Concordia University. She has poems published in *Headlight Anthology*, *carte blanche*, *CV2*, and *Arc*. Her current manuscript is a compilation of (mostly) ekphrastic poems that deal with the life and work of Gustav Klimt and Emilie Flöge.



# DISPERSAL

*Apple Tree I*, 1912. Klimt.

by BRANKA PETROVIC

*for J.N.*

Orthogonally slanted, the branches  
hunger for conviction, firmness  
of spirit. Of being there  
as well as dreamt up.

Blood vessels clogged with inspiration, you wish  
you could break into, strap on  
as your own. The mass of mind against  
the mass of foliage.

This is what it feels like  
when we are standing in front of your building,  
our cheeks interlocked, the chemicals between us  
not letting me leave.

This is what this painting is:  
red dots, green brushstrokes, calculated quantum of blue.  
Most sexual of all paintings, because inner  
not true.

# PETER FARMER

## ARTIST BIO

Peter was born in Cardiff, Wales, and raised in England, Scotland, America, and Canada. His commitment to painting began in earnest over a decade ago; since that time he has also studied anatomy and physiology, earned a degree in Graphic Design, established a Motion Graphic Design Studio, and traveled extensively throughout Canada and Europe. This multi-disciplinary background and international experience influences his art heavily, reflected in his disciplined devotion to technique, his abundant array of subject matter, and - above all - his passion for colour. The cool grays of the British Isles, the rich blues of Newfoundland, the intense greens of Italy - Peter's work calls upon a plentiful palette of living colours and cultures.

Peter has recently been nominated for *Fine Artist of the Year* by *Music Nova Scotia*, and was selected *Best in Fine Art* by *The Coast's 2009 best of Halifax* awards.



"I will Always Love You" collection,  
Artist's statement:

“ My father is a doctor and he had a REAL skeleton for medical purposes in storage in my house in Scotland. I would often take it apart and rebuild it as a young boy. I was always intrigued with the structure of the human being. In university I studied anatomy and learning how the body worked was very helpful in creating paintings down the road. I would paint the skeletons of the people first before I painted their muscle and skin to make the final artwork. This was a practice I used to sharpen my appreciation for the human form. After seeing two skeletons locked in an eternal embrace from the Neolithic period that were unearthed just 25 miles south of Verona, I decided to take that idea to canvas.

”















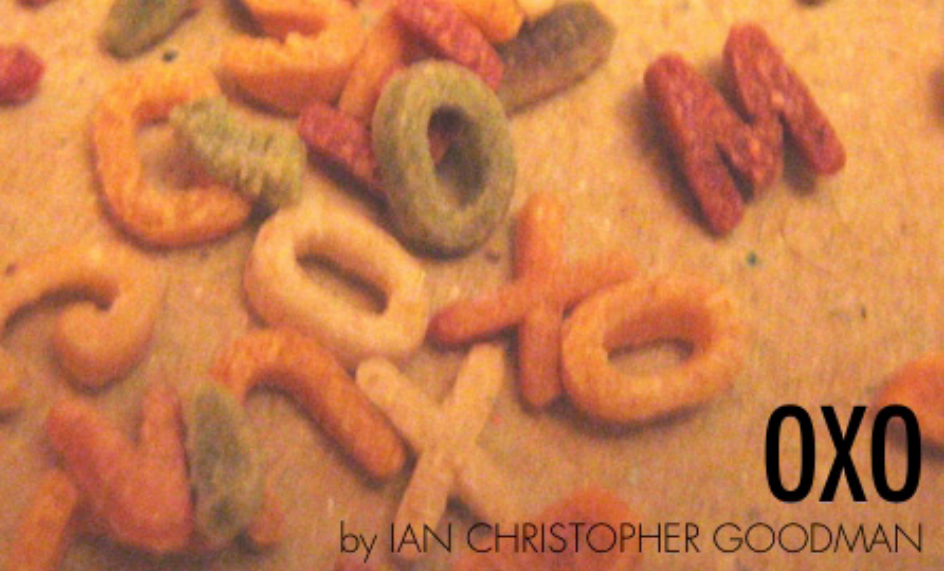
# IAN CHRISTOPHER GOODMAN

## WRITER BIO

For the nonce, Ian Christopher Goodman is a gardener and an accidental poet. He's published two books of poetry, *Generator* and *Bhagavad Goalie*, and works for Les jardiniers à bicyclette. While savouring apples and almonds, maple water and cherry blossoms, he was overjoyed to discover that trees release sweet sugars from their roots to nourish the organisms in the soil, too.







# LE JASEUR

by IAN CHRISTOPHER GOODMAN

Icicle tips on a red-tinned roof  
drip with water and sweat.  
A trumpet bangs down stairs,  
its smooth skin reflecting the fire.  
On windows, frosty leaves  
still orange and wine.  
Butterscotch oozing over  
the brick house's grooves.

(Le jaseur est un cidre fortifié aux liqueurs de petits fruits—  
pomme, bleuet, prune, framboise—  
servi à Vices & Versa, bistro du terroir.)

# HOW TO READ

by IAN CHRISTOPHER GOODMAN

Those who read many poems all at once  
are hungry for something.

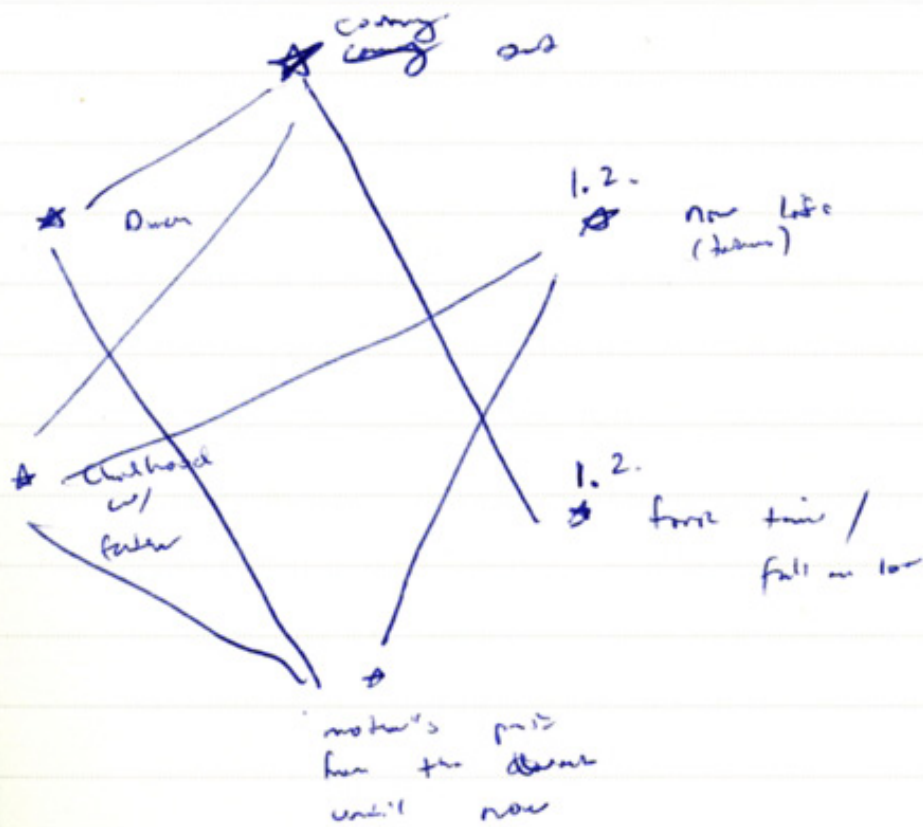
Those who read one poem a day  
are less hungry.



Rough Drafts



# Ever Chart



## DANIEL ZOMPARELLI

Daniel Zomparelli is the editor of *Poetry Is Dead* magazine and can haz cheeseburger.

- Weekly plan  
- for gas savings

- Hanger string  
- Nicks  
- Shaving  
- first shirt  
is aging

- Gas bag  
- Paper pan

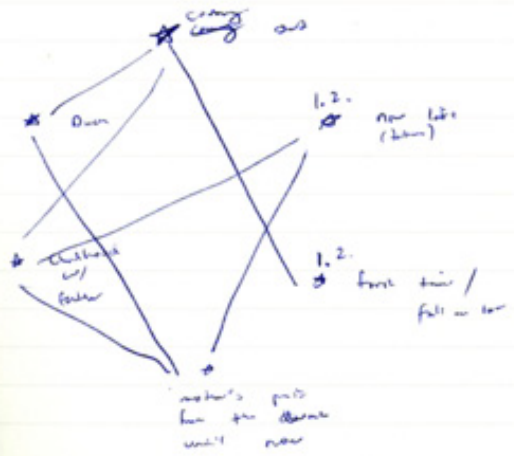
- aging sewer bag → the water reservoir  
- young willpower  
- good habit

- can move form  
- that poems

## for Working Bookends

- note the report cards/emails etc all in mom's drawer
- Note the same for my file folder.

### Ever Chart



my  
my  
a  
can  
y  
is  
my  
reads.

Hamburger Mary's

2. plays of words  
or words

It's 2am, and you can barely put  
 a string of words together, bust a nut  
 at the guy passed out on the booth. You were  
 dancing on him a few hours before. Sure  
 his heart melts like cheese <sup>on a</sup> burger ~~burg~~  
 but he can unbutton your jeans with a sure  
 smile. Last night you two moved the beach  
 ten feet from the shore, spent each  
 others' eyes on a future and left  
 all the seamen adrift  
 in the sand. It's not like you were really  
 in love, just playing pretend, silly  
 like you did in school. But now  
 it's 2am and there's gravy on his brow  
 so reality has shadowed the mood  
 and your burger is better than it should  
 be, which means it's not veggie like  
 you had originally ordered. Bike  
 home and cry as you find it so lonely  
 here. Maybe it's just the city  
 and maybe it's just your anxiety. You would  
 move to a small town, but it could  
 be dangerous for a homo like you. Just  
 remember ~~that~~ when you throw up what  
 is obviously the meat patty you just ate,  
 that it's not the booze and the feeling of it being too late.

Remember:  
Laundry Detergent!

I can  
have  
cheese?



Grrr  
Angry

I CAN  
HAVE  
CHEESEWALDER!

Probably

or

# HAMBURGER MARY'S

by DANIEL ZOMPARELLI

It's 2am, and you can barely put  
a string of words together, bust a nut  
at the guy passed out on the booth. You were  
dancing on him a few hours before. Sure  
his heart melts like cheese in your burger  
but he can unbutton your jeans with a sure  
smile. Last night you two moved the beach  
ten feet from the shore, spent each  
others' eyes on a future and left  
all the seamen adrift  
in the sand. It's not like you were really  
in love, just playing pretend, silly  
like you did in school. But now  
it's 2am and there's gravy on his brow  
so reality has shadowed the mood  
and your burger is better than it should  
be, which means it's not veggie like  
you had originally ordered. Bike  
home and cry as you find it so lonely  
here. Maybe it's just the city  
and maybe it's just your anxiety. You would  
move to a small town, but it could  
be dangerous for a homo like you. Just  
remember when you throw up what  
is possibly the meat patty you just ate,  
that it's not the booze or the feeling of it being too late.



Artist  
Workspace

# MELANIE ZURBA

Melanie's passions are completely interdisciplinary. She has a profound love for collaboration and community-based endeavours. She also enjoys various forms of expression and quirkiness, and this is often apparent in her personal creations and the company that she keeps. She has just settled back in Winnipeg after being away in Australia for some time and has set up 3C Studio (3C: co-creative collaborations) as a space for creative freedom and the cross-pollination of ideas. This is where she will be doing mixed-media artwork, teaching yoga, running her small participatory arts organization Common Ground through Creativity, and working on her PhD dissertation.

[melaniezurba.com](http://melaniezurba.com)  
[commongroundthroughcreativity.org](http://commongroundthroughcreativity.org)  
[3cstudio.wordpress.com](http://3cstudio.wordpress.com)





### Appetite for Life

“ This is a positive outlook on hunger. When I began to explore this theme I noticed that the automatic reaction was to think of things that brought about more negative emotions. I decided to explore the ability to transform this perception through this piece by exploring hunger as something that communicates with our bodies and our minds, letting us know that we require nourishment, and giving us the energy to continue to move through our lives in the best ways that we choose.

”



Writer  
Workspace





# KAIE KELLOUGH

Kaie Kellough was born in Vancouver and grew up in Calgary. He moved to Montréal in 1998, and has since been at home in its Plateau borough. Kaie is the author of 2 books of poetry and the voice of 1 sound-recording.

Kaie's first book was *lettricity* (Cumulus Press 2004) and his most recent collection is *Maple Leaf Rag* (Arbeiter Ring Publishing 2010). His sound recording, *Vox Versus*, is a suite of duets: poet's voice in conversation with trap-kit, with upright bass, with trumpet, with piano, with free-jazz sound collage, and with other voices. *Vox Versus* will be released in 2011.

His poetry is guided by an abiding love of jazz music and a fascination with the human voice. His own voice has been heard at spoken word, folk, and lit festivals across Canada and in the United States. Kaie was writer in residence for the 2005 Toronto Dub Poetry Festival. He has been featured on Zed T.V., Bravo T.V., and CBC radio. His works have been commissioned by CBC, Poetry Gabriola, Calgary Spoken Word Society, and the Québec Ministry of Education.

Kaie is currently disassembling the plot of a novel, while constructing scores for new sound-poems.

## **A Note from Kaie**

*This is a photograph of myself in my home work space, and it reflects how we (I and my space) feel when we are mid-composition. The photo was taken on 2010/09/06 by Allison Staton.*



you don't have to say the word  
ou o ae o a e o  
y dn't hv t sy th wrd

sound don't say  
word don't say

don't say sound  
don't say word

say sound make  
say word

sound make  
word sound

make word don't  
sound don't

y dn't hv t sy th wrd  
ou o ae o a e o

you just have to make the sound  
ou u ae o ae e ou  
y jst hv t mk th snd

sound make  
word sound

make word  
sound don't

word don't  
sound don't say

word don't say  
don't say sound

say word  
say sound make

y jst hv t mk th snd  
ou u ae o ae e o

**STATEMENT**

A healthful hunger for a  
great idea is the beauty  
and blessedness of life.

-Jean Ingelow



# Branch

HUNGER

## CONTRIBUTORS

Chandra Mayor	Monty Reid
Helen Shaw	Michael Strumberger
Ariel Gordon	Branka Petrovic
Ravi Shukla	Peter Farmer
Michelle Nguyen	Ian Christopher Goodman
Fiona Ackerman	Melanie Zurba
Ela Przybyło	Kaie Kellough
Derek Evans	

See it again!