

<is art in the heart or does art lie apart from the love issue: table of contents>

"All families lie together, though some are burned alive./The others try to feel/For them./Some can, it is often said." --James Dickey, *The Firebombing* (1965)

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Ira Joel Haber, “Doodle Dandy: Clifton Webb” (1979)

“...in 1994 I was asked to be in a doodles show, and I just happened to look at this engagement calendar and I was shocked ... They looked ill. I decided to add lettering to some of them F. THIS AIDS S. ALREADY and there you have it.”

Ira Joel Haber was born and lives in Brooklyn New York. He is a sculptor, painter, book dealer and teacher. His work has been seen in numerous group shows both in USA and Europe and he has had 9 one man shows including several retrospectives of his sculpture. His work is in the collections of The Whitney Museum Of American Art, New York University, The Guggenheim Museum, The Hirshhorn Museum & The Albright-Knox Art Gallery. His paintings, drawings and collages have been published in many online and print magazines, including *Rock Heals, Otoliths, Winamop, Melancholia's Tremulous Dreadlocks, Barfing Frog, The Raving Dove, Foliate Oak, Siren, Prose Toad, Triplopia, Thieves Jargon, Opium, Dirt, The Centrifugal Eye, the DMQ Review, Broadsided, Hotmetalpress, Double Dare Press, Events Quarterly, Unlikely Stories, Coupemine, Cerebration, Chick Flicks, Softblow, Eclectica Magazine, Backwards City Review, Right Hand Pointing, Ascent, Aspirations Magazine, Brew City Magazine, Fiction Attic, Blue Print Review, Ellipsis, The Indelible Kitchen, Cricket, Entelechy, So To Speak, Taj Mahal Review, The Fifteen Project, The Externalist, Why Vandalism, Mungbeing Magazine, Lamination Colony, Paradigm, Lily, Literary Fever, Glassfire Magaine, The Houston Literary Review, Lilies and Cannonballs, Wheelhouse Magazine, Terra Incognita, Qarrtsiluni, The Tusculum Review, Multidementional, 34th Parallel.*

Over the years he has received three National Endowments For The Arts Fellowships, two Pollock-Krasner grants and most recently in 2004 received The Adolph Gottlieb Foundation grant. Currently he teaches art at the United Federation of Teachers Retiree Program in Brooklyn.

<ahda contributors>

Beach, James : Capricorn, 37. Into: camping, cards, chess, history, live music, meditation, philosophy, politics, sports, the theatre, travel. Also: studying literature, noticing art, doing stuff. Scoring is a prerequisite?! Published in little venues, worldwide.

Berge, Carol : Artist-poet, editor, neo-prof, writer. A New Yorker, a day-tripper who in the 1960s bitched to Allen Ginsberg, of "Howl" fame, about how everybody dropping in was disrupting her writing (---his response: Shut Your Door). What more to say? She's archived at universities, in textbooks, online. A new story, "We Are Not Alone," is in *Gargoyle* 54. For more info: carolberge.com. RiP.

Fox, Hugh : Born in Chicago in 1932. Polio at age 4, cured by a pre-Saulk experimental medicine that worked. Spent his childhood totally immersed in the arts, was part of the All Childrens' Grand Opera group run by Viennese genius Zerlina Muhlman Metzger, studied violin and composition with P. Marinus Paulson, art and ceramics at the Art Institute in Chicago, was pushed into Medicine by his M.D. father, finished four years of pre-med and a year of medicine, then got an M.A. at Loyola in Chicago and a Ph.D. in English/American Literature at the University of Illinois in Urbana-Champaign. It was at Urbana-Champaign that he met and married Lucia Ungaro Zevallos, a Peruvian poet-critic who was getting her Ph.D. in Romance Languages, and after the marriage they moved to Los Angeles where he taught for ten years at Loyola-Marymount University and was immersed in the film-world. At the same time thanks to his wife he began to go to Peru to visit his Peruvian family and slowly visited all the major ruins in the pre-Columbian Americas. He met Harry Smith in Berkeley in 1968 and they became best friends and for some twenty years Fox would visit Smith 2-3 times a year in New York City/Brooklyn and work on Smith's magazines, get to know the poets and writers in the New York scene. He was a Fulbright Professor for a year in Mexico (1961), two years in Caracas (1964-'66), which especially made sense because he married a Peruvian in 1956. In 1968 he moved to Michigan State U. and taught there until he retired 6 years ago. While at Michigan State U. he had a Fulbright professorship in Brazil where he met and married a Brazilian M.D., studied Latin American literature on a grant from the Organization of American States at the U. of Buenos Aires, and after beginning to make archaeological discoveries and have his books on archaeology published, he received another grant from the Organization of American States to spend a year as an archaeologist in the Atacama Desert in Chile. He has some 104 books published.

"For decades I was immersed in the novels of Henry James, Evelyn Waugh, Aldous Huxley and the like, although I even wrote the first critical study of Charles Bukowski and was influenced by his super-realistic style. But mainly I like my style to be somewhat 'classic,' almost Jane Austin-ish, getting into the center of the characters' lives/feelings/aspirations. Since I was a child I have been totally immersed in the arts. Polio and then cured, and then shoved into opera, violin, piano, musical composition, drawing, painting, ceramics, my house practically a library of classics. Then French, Czech, German, Italian, I married a Peruvian, turned into an archaeologist and immersed myself in Pre-History. So there's always the big Overview in my work, man on planet earth, everything that exists the way it is impossible, but still there, so we live in an ambience of total wonder/impossibility."

Herzer, Christine : A poet and visual artist. She divides her time between India and Paris.

"I paint inside out; I write outside in. My poems stage locations for private, public & global intensities to happen in. Expansiveness and capacious experiment are at the heart of my aesthetic. The acts of leaving, leaping, effacing, stealing, overlapping, protecting, transgressing, displacing, recycling, and veiling echo what women do. to themselves. I desire language. I make mouth stamps."

Christine will graduate with an MFA in Poetry from Bennington College in June 2009. Her poems have appeared in Upstairs at Duroc, Louis Liard Magazine, Fogged Clarity, Open Letters, The New York Quarterly [forthcoming] and FENCE [Fall Issue 2009]. In 2008 she was invited to read her poetry for the literary journal Upstairs at Duroc, the Ivy Writers Reading Series in Paris, and Re-Loquations, Talking Poetry in Mumbai. Her current series of 100 mixed-media-drawings functions as a pilot to a series of writings on Handicapped Spaces.

Lifshin, Lyn : Her ANOTHER WOMAN WHO LOOKS LIKE ME was published by Black Sparrow at David Godine October, 2006. It has been selected for the 2007 Paterson Award for Literary Excellence for previous finalists of the Paterson Poetry Prize. (ORDER@GODINE.COM) Also out in 2006, her prize-winning book about the famous, short lived beautiful race horse, Ruffian: THE LICORICE DAUGHTER: MY YEAR WITH RUFFIAN from Texas Review Press. Other of Lifshin's recent prize-winning books include BEFORE IT'S LIGHT published winter 1999-2000 by Black Sparrow press, following their publication of COLD COMFORT in 1997. Other recently published books and chapbooks include: IN MIRRORS from Presa Press and UPSTATE: AN UNFINISHED STORY from Foot Hills and THE DAUGHTER I DON'T HAVE from Plan B Press. Other new books include WHEN A CAT DIES, ANOTHER WOMAN'S STORY, BARBIE POEMS, SHE WAS FOUND TREADING WATER DEEP OUT IN THE OCEAN and MAD GIRL POEMS. A NEW FILM ABOUT A WOMAN IN

LOVE WITH THE DEAD, from March Street Press in 2003. She has published more than 120 books of poetry, including MARILYN MONROE and BLUE TATTOO. She won awards for her nonfiction and edited 4 anthologies of women's writing including TANGLED VINES, ARIADNE'S THREAD and LIPS UNSEALED. Her poems have appeared in most literary and poetry magazines and she is the subject of an award-winning documentary film, LYN LIFSHIN: NOT MADE OF GLASS, available from Women Make Movies. Her poem, No More Apologizing, has been called "among the most impressive documents of the women's poetry movement," by Alicia Ostriker. An update to her Gale Research Projects Autobiographical series, "On The Outside, Lips, Blues, Blue Lace," was published Spring 2003. WHAT MATTERS MOST and AUGUST WIND were recently published. TSUNAMI is forthcoming from Blue Unicorn. World Parade Press will publish POETS (MOSTLY) WHO HAVE TOUCHED ME, LIVING AND DEAD: ALL TRUE, ESPECIALLY THE LIES. Texas Review Press published BARBARO: BEYOND BROKENNESS in 2008 and World Parade Books just published DESIRE in 2008. And DRIFTING is just online. Red Hen has published PERSEPHONE in 2008. Coatalism Press just published 92 RAPPLE DRIVE and Goose River Press will publish NUTLEY POND. Clovis Hook Press just published LIGHT AT THE END, THE JESUS POEMS, and Finishing Line Press published LOST IN THE FOG. A new chap book: BALLET MADONNAS, from Mastodon Dentist. For interviews, photographs, more bio material, reviews, interviews, prose, samples of work and more, her web site is lynlifshin.com.

Lowery, Matt : Hailing from central Colorado, he spent his childhood staring at trees and building electrical gadgetry.

He now spends his time as a software developer, designer, and student, working from a small experimental production studio in Denver's Capitol Hill district.

He is a creative thinker and problem solver. Employing these ~wholly remarkable~ talents at every stage of his work, he is able to demonstrate a stylistic edge that transcends traditional methodologies and normals. He is not afraid to go in two or more directions at one time.

When pressed, he will admit that his current artistic interest involves minimalism, formalism, and futurism. His favorite contemporary photographic artists include Abelardo Morell, Robert & Shana ParkeHarrison, Sandy Skoglund, Duane Michals, Jeff Wall, Jay Myrdal, Taylor Deupree, and Hiroshi Sugimoto.

He is currently studying Photography and Fine Arts at Metropolitan State College in Denver.

Mulrooney, Christopher : Has written poems in *Rune, Vanitas, The Broadkill Review, Moloch, The Delinquent, and Nebula.*

Mycue, Edward : "DAMAGE WITHIN THE COMMUNITY, a volume of poems out of print since 1973 was republished in January 1977 by Panjandrum Press. In August 1977, Menard Press, London, will publish BEYOND THE SOURCE, which is Volume III of 'The Assault on Summer Triptych' (of which, DAMAGE WITHIN THE COMMUNITY is Volume I). Forthcoming is a chapbook, 'Something Inheres in the Marigold,' a section of Volume II, MUDDY ON THE HORIZON, from Thorpe Springs Press, Berkeley. When the entire Triptych is published altogether, the work I began in 1966 will be complete. Viewing and reviewing my stay is an art formed in simple words of surviving, growing old, doing a good job necklaced like the world that can change from one day to the next and hangs on. And I stand by the rose without clean hands although summer is over and passages of melancholy loss recess in dreams that curl like the bannister or a squirrel's tail, squeaking, shivering with possibility for the right moment. All the while dewy mornings, azure skies, pussy willow trees---kit, caboodle of dreamers' stocks-in-trade---confront the knife, a tiny blade that conspires like needles, stars, explosions and yet are still not night but light on light: the lake. Between past and future is now, no hands in the stone although breath has many doors to mix retrospect with apprehension, maybe told, forgotten, lost, found this morning."--from *CENTER*, 1978.

Most recently, Mycue has published *MINDWALKING* (2008, PHILOS PRESS, LACEY, WA).

Plumb, David : His latest book is *A Slight Change in the Weather*, fiction. Other work appears in The Washington Post, The Miami Herald, The Orlando Sentinel, *Beyond the Pleasure Dome*, University of Sheffield, UK; *Homeless Not Helpless* Anthology, Alimentum, Food Anthology 2006 and St. Martin's Anthology, *Monde James Dean*. He has worked as a paramedic, a cab driver, a cook and tour guide. A long time San Francisco writer, he now lives in South Florida.

Will Rogers said, "Live in such a way that you would not be ashamed to sell your parrot to the town gossip." Plumb says, "It depends on the parrot."

Rosenthal, Barbara : Born in New York, she is an artist and writer who has taught photography at Parsons School of Design and writing at the City University of NY. She has published four books of photography and journal-text, *Clues to Myself, Sensations, Homo Futurus, and Soul & Psyche*, which, along with twenty other works, are in the collections of MoMA and The Whitney. She currently writes art criticism for *NYArts* magazine while filing rejections from literary agents who don't think they can sell her novel *Wish For Amnesia*. emedialoft.org.

Stevens, Geoff : At the mid 1970s period, poetry in standard English began to take over and when he met Olive Hyatt at a Writers' Club in Dudleyry, they decided in 1976 to start a magazine.

It was duplicated in purple ink and was called Purple Patch. Soon it was being sold to friends, in clubs, and on subscription and enjoyed the highest circulation of its publication (see the Purple Patch website).

A magazine called Promotion was introduced to highlight individual poets and included Hilary Mellon, Michael Newman, Robert Cole, Andy Botterill and Geoff himself in the first edition.

By the late 1990s at The Barlow Theatre, he won, along with Wayne Dean-Richards, their competition for a book consisting of the work of two writers. His poetry and Wayne's stories appeared in: At The Edge/Central To Me.

Geoff's poetry acceptances by magazines began to zoom and in the 1990s he was having over 200 poems published each year.

A collection in co-operation with Paul Weinman, Skin Print, was published in the U.S.A., funded by their National Endowment for the Arts. He became the U.K. Editor of Slugfest Ltd. Literary Magazine, an American publication.

As well as Poetry Wednesday, which is organised with Brendan Hawthorne, Geoff has taken over Spouting Forth's Barlow Theatre Readings and has joined with Alex Barzdo and Brendan to form Unleaded Petrels in order to expand their performance opportunities.

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<ahda: editor's rote>

“Wood Coin: Is Art in the Heart or Does Art Lie Apart from the Love Issue” regrets any overtones of prétension. Intentions by all involved amass, a supernoval design.

Wood Coin offers leisure in the form of mild mental exercise; contains binary theory (x/o); promises art & lit, endorsed by the pros.

This issue is for the artistically inclined, those who believe they were. Ages 12 & up. As always, WC welcomes donated art.

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James Beach

“A Trick of Woody Allen’s”

THE trucker believes it a trick of the light. He’s seen weird prism-like glints and other geometric shapes flicker across his windshield during night hauls, later explained away: modified high-beam, or hyper-luminous graffitied highway sign, or a firebug in the wiper-blade; once, he became so frightened while ladyfingers played across the road that he sped his rig to 92, before realizing the scrabbling digits were a blur of sparks from a late-night welding crew on a steel bridge superimposed over inferior tears...

At first, he tries to get his head round the light-trick.

“What the?” he asks the trick.

The trick doesn’t answer. The trucker reanalyzes it with his down-turned, sleep-deprived eyes. The Thing mocks a moon in the sky, skirting the top of his windshield. It doesn’t *feel* like a moon; wrong somehow, there it is, it did exist. He’s seen his share of celestial phenomena—the Northern Lights, the Aurora Borealis, wow what a show—and his erudition requires that the object change shape several times in his mind as he exhausts probable explanations for its existence.

Getting a dimension or proportion is difficult, it’s hovering. Much larger than a planet as seen by any eyes of the earthbound, the trick mimics the moon, excepting the color—too orange, or—and here the trucker’s sleepiness evaporates—too pink, too fleshy.

“What the?” he again asks the trick.

In response, the trick moves. It blots out more of the starry sky, its moonlike size

morphing sunlike, except in an inorganic way; it was as if the trick were being pushed from behind, tearing through the cosmos. Like hearsay, a fist forcing its way through opaque window screening.

The trucker, now quite metaphysically detached from his limbs, from his face, manages to keep steady his rig on the road. He stares at the trick. It is a nose. A nose in the sky, hanging there, or standing there, or breathing there, pushing. On its way in. Or out. Backward/ forward? The trucker doesn't know what to think, how to react—he can stare, mouth wide enough that any passing driver in his side mirror could see the glint of his spittle and fillings.

“What the?” he says in a paradoxical dance with his ability to register, deny, the superunknown.

The nose grows. Dense, intricacy porous and oily. It turns up its nostrils. The trucker knows the trick is smelling him, has invaded his world to get a good whiff; three days travel across the Midwest in the same clothes has given him a gamey odor, his armpits and his crotch, the grey-brown crud under his rag-tag nails doling a peculiar stench of its own. He's had little more than a rinse-off in a rest area shower, due to the happenstance of the other trucker's speedy paranoia about a double-bust—at least they'd cleaned their pipes first—and he knows he's overdue for another.

“You saying I stink? I know it already. Just unstick that nose you stuck in here, why don't you then.”

The nose obeys, leaving the night sky unmarred. A magical departure. Quickly, the trucker seeks a bright identifiable familiarity: the moon, which was a thin crescent hanging in the lower eastern portion of the sky. A little light. Where had it been? As a freight hauler the trucker prefers to drive nights; the experience makes a strong argument for daylight travel.

At the next exit, truck right-signals and pulls into the first Lodge.

Feeling like a partly-lit moon himself, the hauler finds the lobby, orders a single with king-size bed, pockets the key and wanders into the adjacent lounge. Under the sizzle of neon beer signs, the rig driver sits at the bar, which is very short, about six stools, and asks the bartender with the wax-laden moustache for a Black Russian. He expels the first breath he can remember, since seeing the trick.

“I have a theory about Woody Allen,” announces a fat-faced man in a tweed jacket, from the other end of the bar.

“Oh?” says the man's younger companion, smooth-shaven college coed, bored.

“About his *films*.”

“I gathered that.”

The waxed-mustached bartender chuckles as he puts liquor and ice into a shaker then strains it into a large shot-glass on the faux-granite bar-top.

“Did I say something *laughable*?” the cherubic guy in the tweed wants to know.

“Woody Allen cracks me up,” the bartender replies. “Never made a bad film, (excepting that musical with the dubbed-over Drew Barrymore—that one, I could never watch it again and be happy with Allen's oeuvre;) his movies are funny as anything, every one.”

The trucker watches a generic white cocktail napkin and then his Black Russian get placed before him. Mind still spun from the superunknown, wondering what it all means, if anything, or if it actually occurred at all... He cups the rim of the cold cocktail with his left thumb and index finger. No ring yet to clink. He's young yet, astute yet, old.

“Really, I have a theory,” the fat-faced one goes on. “Ever notice that the artistic style of his, it changes, awesomely, with each girlfriend?”

“Never analyzed Woody, actually.”

“You should. Take his recent stuff, the cornball Hollywood stuff. You can blame that all on Soon-Yi. His intellectualism's gone soft. Those films are his attempts to please everybody (after that taboo thing he did). His murderers, the murders, they're deep-seated guilt personified. Absolutely! He's psychically... devastated... Yet, Hollywood moves along. Embraces a pedophile. Esteems Rhys Meyers. Forgives Scarlett. His choice of actors, his scripts: dark. Portrayals of inevitable corruption, these days alit with sorrow, dank with evil doings.

“His serious romantic-dramatic endeavors? The warped, semi-literate, whimsical s.? Mia—all Mia's doing. Lame brilliance, that one. A blond; do-gooder, passive-aggressive.

“Woody was *really* at his best while f.ing Diane Keaton. That's when his stuff was funniest, the most intelligent. The most innovative.”

“*Sleeper*,” the bartender bursts. “With the sex cabinet, that silver ball that made everybody high just by catching it, and then with him decked out like a robot, serving *everybody*? A slave, in love-me jest. Yeah, Professor, that's primo Woody Allen, all right.”

“That film, it was residual brilliance; from his days with Louise Lasser, and Diane Keaton merely starring,” preaches the prof as he sets his suede-patched elbows on the bar.

The trucker dips his finger into the Black Russian. Yes, it's wet. Chilled and wet, as a

drink should be. With this new ground in reality, he can shove a new memory of the light-trick out of his mind. That is, until he lets one eye droop shut. Hovering over the rim of the lowball, the blurred and triangular tip of his own nose, nostrils flared, poised for fight.

“There was something funny about a proboscis,” the bartender adds.

The rig driver can only writhe on the inside as his flesh goes numb. Somebody might just as well've blown a paralyzing dart at his throat. Was this the beginning of the answer he'd been searching for in his own mind?

At the other end of the bar:

“I think it was the nose of God, like, that's all the characters ever saw of God, or all that was left of God, or something,” the friend of the guy in the tweed professes. “The God-sniffer was sacred, and Woody had it, once; he lost it, and everybody else wanted it, the dropped knowledge, I don't know. It's been a long time since I've seen it. I was high, when I saw it, to tell the truth.”

The bartender chuckles again.

“Woody's bedmates *do* alter his whole philosophical outlook,” the fat-faced prof continues. “After Diane, he fell off his game. Smacked face-first into a metaphorical wall, he did.”

The next Black Russian works, the trucker relaxes. He gives a perfunctory farewell to the barkeep and the guy in the tweed coat but not the guy's flunky, and discovers his room. Nose in the *sky*. While scrubbing his skin under a hot shower the trucker writes off his hallucination as a trick, of the light. A warning that his job is as perilous as his mind allows it to be.

The threadbare linens on and lumps in the king-size bed soothe him toward sleep but the idea of finding a good wife keeps him awake another two hours.

2009 Wood Coin: Is Art in the Heart or Does Art Lie Apart from the Love Issue: Beach, “A Trick of Woody Allen's”

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Carol Bergé

“Silence (for John Cage and John Lennon)”

THE idea could be seen as perverse, but that is a value judgment. With the world going the way it was, any system or apparent logic was worth considering. Her ideas and decisions were at least amusing and at best solutions. To appease the unnamable gods which occupied this apartment house alongside the three women. Leanne, in Apt. D, a brunette, rode her bike ten miles in any weather, every day: a Capricorn, looking for hills. In Apt. W, Joanne, a blond Taurean, did vitamins, a humidifier and moderate exercise. In Apt. G, Libran Suzanne smoked cigalets, never exercised, was freckled under coppery curls, overweight. Joanne was the one who *cared*: knowing Le needed a man, she introduced one; hearing Su was ill, she brought over juice and soup. Jo and Su were independent, they were artists in love with the stubborn struggle, the ideals. Le, born rich, had married rich and divorced rich; they laughed at her unfinished arty projects, \$100 haircut, long weekends in Bucks County with a non-verbal lover. After all, they didn't need constant support like Le— but she, shallow and ambitious, sought Jo and Su for their energy and activities, their ideas. Le would show up at parties in elegant tweeds, lots of makeup, traditional gossip. Jo and Su worked at their arts, taught a bit, lectured a lot, invited Le who didn't show, she was in some Switzerland of the mind with her lover . . . The other two invested in art, went to concerts in SoHo, museums, thought about a loft in Tribeca, wondered about a cottage in Easthampton or maybe the Vineyard. That's how it went for years, till Su had the idea. It was the time of the New Moon. Su bought a white flower, wrapped it in a bit of silver foil, put it in water. The time to begin projects. One friend she loved, one she despaired of. How it worked: if Jo did something lovely for Su, like soup for a flu, Su would thank Le for the act, very sincerely. Le would look blank but say, Sure, any time. If— well, Le was the only thing alive in her place; Jo had plants and a terrific video system and a fireplace; Su had cats, dogs, birds and one roomful of plants, arranged around her doll collection. The three women were born the same year and each had been through the EST training. With, of course, different results. But all winding up in this place, a building with a history, Bacall and Streisand and Panna Grady and more: books and movies about it, the aura. When Jo called Su with tickets to a play, Su went, they had a grand time, and then Su wrote a thank-you note to Le. After the first weeks, Su decided to put a pin into her Mme. Pompadour doll, it would be her Le doll— each time she thanked Le for something which Le had not done, another pin— no reason, no blame. Then Su realized the system could work in other ways: when someone came to make repairs and the work wasn't done properly, in went a pin. Also, if anyone near her did something personally negative or even extremely, unusually positive, Su would tell Le and the doll. Le continued unchanged, like a Noh-mask, through it all. Would the game move outside the apartment house next. What would happen if John Lennon were shot down by a stranger in the street outside the building where he— after all, he was a tenant, too, wasn't he? and in that moment, Yoko had become another Single Woman, in the building, in the City, hadn't she? The rooms were quiet, the park was quiet for a full, amazing ten minutes. The City. They were all connected, really. No difference, no

blame. They had all chosen to live there at this time in history. Su gave the doll to Yoko. Who then decided to move over to the East Side. Well before Easter. Maybe by the next New Moon.

*2009 Wood Coin: Is Art in the Heart or Does Art Lie Apart from the Love Issue:
Bergé, "Silence (for John Cage and John Lennon)"*

© 2003, 2009

Hugh Fox

“The Coils of Eternity (part 2)”

II.

“WELL, here we are,” she said, pulling into the driveway, switch off, a profound silence broken by only a slight southing of the wind through the pines and eucalyptus, and the waves beating against the shore in the distance.

“Wow!” he said as he got out and took it all in. Front light on. “Come on, this is some kind of put-on. It’s some friend’s place, they’re away in Vegas for the weekend. Or you’ve got this realtor friend and the house is up for sale and....there’s no way you’re gonna manage this Pacific Coast Versailles on a high school teacher’s, even assistant principal’s, salary....”

The enormous brass torchier over the massive front entrance of carefully cut granite, with a faint hint of a balcony up above in the darkness, the entire facade brick painted white with a touch of mintish green, but not new either, textured -- almost as if on purpose -- by age, so the patina was rough and irregular, dopped and chaffed, hexagonal windows up above in the shadows, and the house itself going back, back, back....a hint of a garden wall extending out from the house itself.... Richard feeling overwhelmed by the immensity of the place...

“You know,” she said laconically as she opened the door and they walked in to a domed foyer, a lyre-shaped double stairway in front of them in the middle of a kind of well, the walls of the “well” painted with immense scenes of what he took to be ancient Assyria, Akkad, Mohenjo Daro, Harappá, ziggerauts and winged bulls with human heads, tawny bodies clothed in rich reds and golds, but the images somehow aged and fragile, like the murals at Pompeii, “when my parents died, I came into a little money....”

“I guess so,” he said.

It was the house his parents had always dreamed of, every Sunday afternoon while he was growing up in Chicago driving out to Kenilworth and Highland Park, Winnetka, lusting after houses and the power they represented, his M.D. father never quite making it, always obsessed with accumulating enough to buy everything with cash, not buying their first house until now, out in Sun City. Of course, after his heart attack/retirement. It had to be that way, didn't it....?

“Who did the murals?”

“I did.”

“Come on!”

“I started out as a design student at the Rhode Island School of Design.”

“I thought you went to Radcliffe.”

“Afterwards....I always had all kinds of problems about career. I was the only child and my father really wanted to have a son with an M.B.A. from the Harvard Business School....I was always this kind of vagabundo....”

“A vagabunda,” he corrected her. “Sounds like my story.” Following her up the stairs past an immense winged sun-disk, winged lions, winged men with hawk-heads, watching the smooth, effortless flow of her legs in what should have been awkwardly high heels but which she wore as if they were tennis shoes. “I was supposed to feel the same kind of desperation my parents felt coming from an immigrant background, but I wasn't from an immigrant background, my usual Saturday night date was a box seat at Orchestra Hall, Chicago symphony, my ‘hangout’ was Le Petite Gourmet on Michigan Avenue....”

“I used to spend summers in Paris,” she said, waiting at the top of the stairs for him, putting her arm around him now, luxuriating in the feel of the suede as he curved his hand around her hip, “I don't know what I was supposed to pick up there, some sort of economic mystique....what I picked up was the Louvre itself, especially the ancient Middle East....my big compromise was to go into something as vaguely ‘functional’ as English. And I didn't feel the need to impress anyone, something inside me always wanting me to just be ME, whatever it was, haecittas, ‘as kingfishers catch fire, dragon

flies draw flame....what I do is me: for that I came.' You know...."

Going down a long high umber-colored corridor now, candleabrum up high above them spaced so that there was just enough light to steer by, giving the place a kind of conscious catacombish feeling about it. Stopping, she was the aggressor, kissing him full on the mouth, holding him tight up against her breasts. Him responding in kind, enjoying the unexpected clove taste in her mouth, her soft hair falling loose now across his hands, unzipping her skirt and stepping out of it so that it was all nylon- and lace-encased sinew. He reacted anxiously to her smooth muscularity and balletic grace, reaching down to the lacy slit at the front of her pantyhose, barely covered by a stretch lace bikini. Her stopping him, starting to walk again, down to the room at the end of the corridor, opening the door....

What had he expected? Lace canopies and a huge white lace bed? Curtains and makeup tables filled with toiletries? But what it was was a large oval-shaped room whose walls weren't walls at all but rounded glass panels enclosing a semicircular greenhouse, with low, subdued lights in it, and a bed with a soft, fuzzy-shaggy black bedspread on it right in the middle of the green, exactly skin temperature so the temperature factor disappeared altogether and you were just There. Orchids, clematis, bamboo, papaya, all sorts of huge elephant-eared vines he'd never learned the names of....

Taking off her long silver earrings made up of scores of tiny shimmering silver squares, letting them fall on the black carpeted floor next to the bed. Lights out in the "forest" that surrounded them, closing the door and redundantly locking it, although there was obviously no one else, nothing else in the house to disturb them.

No hesitation now. Taking his clothes off, but she left everything on, lay down and waited for him to do whatever he was going to do, her blonde hair spread out in a nimbus around her head, her arms and breasts enclosed in black lace, her legs veiled in black nylon, totally confident, almost "cold," this was her territory, the waiting center of her life.

No music. Should there be music, he wondered as he took off his socks, then his silly boxer shorts and silly white T-shirt, obviously feeling uncomfortable for a moment, until she lowered the lights from a control panel at the side of the bed. And he came to her hard and ready and carefully pulled off her panties, reached down and began to gently massage her legs....no hurry now, no awkwardness, it was as if they had been doing this for a thousand years together....they were home, this was them, their territory, their instinct.

Mind off totally, shifted into a spidery, wolfish, owlsh automaticness, touching, tasting, her loving everything about him, and he the same with her, finishing once, easily, no "protection." She reached down and started to touch him all over again, oils on a little black cube next to the bed, patchouli, rubbing it all over him. Then she got up for a moment, a little music in the background, Debussy-Satie, but just low enough so that he could barely make it out, didn't even try to start identifying anything.

And he found himself able to start all over again. Eve's body hardly "body" at all, but some sort of lean, sinuous machine, all the tennis and swimming and bicycling she did turning every inch of her into pure curved energy, and, amazingly, her breasts were still full, the nipples wide and pink, obviously kept out of the sun, her skin as pale as paper, all the time wishing he were more "animal" like her, that he wasn't just books and footnotes but pools and running and gyms, so that he could match her grace.

*

WHEN he woke up the next morning, after the deepest, most joyous sleep he'd ever had in his life, full of dreams of a childhood he'd never had, patient, supportive mothers and brisk, sunny beaches, sailboats and starfish, receding tides, rich blood-orange sunsets, she was gone.

Which terrified him for a moment, as if he were still the boy in his dreams, abandoned now as he emerged back into reality. The greenhouse panels were open to daylight on top but otherwise the room was windowless. He fumbled around in his pockets, found his watch.

Almost eleven.

First thought, his wife: "She'll have called the cops by now," but, no, she wouldn't. She'd be down at San Fernando State College cleaning out her desk, getting packed, the kids would be home alone watching TV or maybe old Mrs. Gorman, their next door neighbor, would be there baby-sitting for a dollar an hour -- which simply meant she'd be sitting there watching TV with them, pigging up on whatever she could find in the cupboards. And she usually managed to find all of Richard's favorite little things -- little Japanese crackers soaked in sukuyaki sauce, or Japanese dried snacking peas, English butterscotch drops....

Got up, found the bathroom, razor as if waiting for him, performed his morning rituals, pulled on his clothes, opened the door.

The corridor exactly the same as the night before. Just a little light at the end.

"Eve!"

Nothing.

Down the corridor, down the graceful curve of the stairs, everything bathed in sunlight now. It was almost like coming back into the same buoyant optimism of the dream from which he'd just emerged. His dream-mother ought to be waiting for him at the door dressed all in 1920s white. That was one of the odd features of his dreams, he always dreamed "historically," back to the fin de siècle, as if he were walking into Monet's beach-scenes or gardens, across Whistler's Waterloo Bridge, into a sunny Renoir beer-garden. In fact that's where he'd been in his dreams the night before, come to think of it....in/on Monet's "Beach at Calais." The painting that was in the Art Institute in Chicago. For a moment interfaced between Dream and Reality.

And then he smelled the coffee and toast and walked through the immense dining room to his left, a huge round table in the the very middle of the room under a cut glass chandelier, covered with a crocheted tablecloth like the ones his grandmother used to make, mirrored panels all along the walls, French doors that looked out on a curved, sloped garden that ended in bushy boxwoods. In through the door into the kitchen. And there she was in a plain brown caftan and brown leather thonged sandals, her hair all brushed out, abundant, loose and flowing. Actually frying eggs, butter-soaked whole wheat toast already piled up on a white kitchen table covered with a white and yellow striped tablecloth that unconsciously (?) picked up the whole color-scheme of egg-whites and egg-yolks and butter.

“There’s bacon too, if you want it....”

“No, no, everything’s just....”

Coming over to her, her deftly turning off the burner and putting out her arms to receive him, folding into each other, neither of them ever having felt before that anything had been so “right,” “in order,” “together,” as if their whole lives had been tunnelling toward this gloriously emergent moment, their hands exploring each other’s bodies, grasping and holding, as if to reassure themselves that they were really there and not on the other, dream-side, of reality.

She started to cry, was instantly embarrassed, and then he started to cry too, not embarrassed at all, both of them laughing.

“What’s all this about?” she said, holding on to him, holding on to him, holding on to him, nestling her head down on his chest.

“Les belles choses n’ont qu’un printemps, semons de roses les pas du Temps,” he said, and started to translate, “Beautiful things only last a Springtime...”

“I understand, silly. In fact I think my French is better than my English.” Tears ended now, out of each other’s arms in a deftly choreographed flow. She slid the sunny-side-up eggs on to plates, putting the plates on plaited palm placemats, him somewhat reluctantly sitting down, cut off from her, deep inside him feeling that he needed to keep touching her to simply survive, like she was the Earth, the sole sanity and balance, and to be severed from it was madness and death. Silliness, silliness, silliness, but....

“Like my foreign students. I’ll get someone from Poland who has studied English from grade one, and they’ll say ‘I first saw him yesterday,’ and one of my native speakers will say ‘I first seen him....’ So I actually have been suggesting that we teach English as a Second Language. ‘I seen him,’ that’s practically standard English now....”

“But maybe that’s the way it’s evolving,” he said unseriously.

Her very serious in her return. “What it’s really evolving toward is Pygmalian. Proper Professor ’iggins and endemically unproper Liza Doolittle. A kind of linguistic class-war.”

He smiled. “You know what we sound like, don’t you?”

“What?”

“Two professors having breakfast!” he laughed, and she came over and sat on his lap, kissed him open-mouthed, reaching under his shirt and digging her nails into his skin.

“Hey, that hurts!”

“The better to remember me by!” she said, and suddenly IT was there in their midst, the Fact that this whole reality, the sunlight and caftans and hair and sandals and smell of hazelnut-laced coffee and fresh toast and butter and eggs and the wind whipping the bushes around outside, was all as transient as the snapping of fingers, the blinking of eyes, and that that transience was simply an illustration of the even greater transience that surrounded their entire lives, that there was no holding it back, no matter what they did it was rushing inexorably toward its own imploding, internally self-destructing annihilation.

“I suppose I should make a call,” he said abruptly. He got up and dialed his home phone, certainly not expecting Maria del Carmen to be there. But she was.

“Hi.”

“Pero donde estas? Estas totalmente loco, te van a matar un dia, emborrachandose asi....[But where are you. You’re totally crazy, they’re going to kill you some day, getting drunk that way....]”

“I’m in San Francisco,” he said, “last minute impulse. I can’t just leave without saying goodbye to Morris and the gang....”

“Screw them!” she said, “There’s all the packing to do. If you don’t get back here by tonight, te juro, voy a llamar gente para ayudarme, y tu pagas la cuenta, te juro.... [I swear, I’m going to call people to help me and you pay the bill, I swear....]”

“OK, OK. But ten years in California, what do you expect me to do, just twist my nose and vanish?”

“You’d better twist your nose and get back here. Ten ciudadano conmigo o tu pagarás duro, no soy la esclava de nadie.[be careful with me or you’ll pay dearly, I’m not anyone’s slave.]”

“OK, OK....I’ll see you tonight.”

And she hung up obviously as hard and decisively as she could.

“A really exemplary marriage,” said Eve. And they both laughed, back in each other’s arms again. “What’s this about your drinking?”

“Her fantasy. I think she picked it up from my mother. I really think they’d love me to be a drunk or some kind of drug addict, it’d make everything so much easier to explain, you wouldn’t have to pull in any big concepts, keep it down on the rat-maze level....pure behaviorism....nothing existential....”

“For me, the more complicated, the better. Are you really hungry?”

“Not really.”

“Neither am I. What are we going to do?”

“I think we should....”

“OK,” she said, and took him by the hand. They walked through the dining room, up the stairs.

“All this space!” he said as they passed Akkadians and Sumerians and Babylonians, flying sun-disks and hawk-headed gods, “It’s great!”

“My father got some kind of a ‘deal,’ he was always getting some kind of a ‘deal,’ some unpaid bill or something, and they paid him off with this house and he willed it to me and I came out here to sell it and fell in love with it and I’ve been here ever since. It’s a little spooky at night, alone and everything, and I probably should hire some servants, but that seems so un-egalitarian, and you start bringing in ‘outsiders’ and the word gets out that you’re all by yourself, you know what I mean. This way it’s just another house in the mists....”

“Of time,” he added on as they walked into the central corridor upstairs, kind of the backbone of the whole house, arms around each other, anxious, hungry, unashamed of their hungers.

“Unfortunately,” she added, “I mean ‘of time.’ Usually I love to see it all pass. I goad it forward like heels into a horse’s ribs, but this one time, if I could stop all the clocks and just keep it forever NOW....”

Into the second door from the right, all beige and pink. This was the room he’d expected the first time, as if he could necromantically peer into her soul and see what sorts of things her inner spirit would produce.

A big brass bed covered with a white ruffled comforter, pink satin sculpted drapes around the window, a big antiqued white makeup table over in the corner, an enormous wall-length closet, open accordion doors, the racks filled with rainbows of

clothes, shelves on top replete with rows of shoes, a fluffy shaggy pink carpet under foot.

“It’s like Bluebeard’s castle!” he said.

They let themselves fall down on the bed together, like falling into a pool.

“Bartok. My favorite endless, cacophonous-romantic opera.”

Which he laughed at.

“I thought I was the only one in the L.A. area who knew about such things....”

“Like Tchaikovsky’s forever unperformed operas,” she smiled, “or the rest of Humperdinck, apart from Hansel and Gretel. I’d like to impressario a Humperdinck festival. Schonberg Hall: Heirat wider Willen, The Konigskinder, Marketenderin...”

“I hate to admit it, but I’ve never heard of them.”

“Nobody has. You can hardly find the scores.”

“So there’s a music room somewhere along the corridor up here?”

“Downstairs.”

“The whole house in the form of a T, right? Another long corridor under the one upstairs, twenty rooms....”

“Twenty two.”

Richard thinking, all this and you still can’t hold back Time for a moment, for a moment filled with all his old dread of everything collectively running down, disintegrating, dissolving, feeling like he was dead, had been dead for a thousand years, already wiped out, erased, and everything he had ever been, felt and thought totally futile, no dent, nick, trace on anything, everything pointless and senseless. He reached forward, held her pulsating warmth against him, the light diffuse, foggy outside, contributing to the general misty sense of universal dissolution....

*

SLOWLY taking their clothes off, kissing and touching as they went, little bites and licks and tousling of each other’s hair, as if they both needed to be reassured that they were still there and still happening, her mind filled with old stars and old houses, Mabel Norman and Norma Shearer, Theda Bara and Barry Fitzgerald, Gable, Grable, Garbo, Crawford, The Grand Hotel, Kitty Foyle, old crippled Dietrich fighting with her only daughter just before she died, as bitter as gall, Ava Gardiner living a stone’s throw away from Kensington Gardens just before she died, not really wanting to know who had lived

in this house before her, what things had happened in these rooms, on purpose shutting out all that collective past, it was hard enough to deal with the constantly-dissolving Now, both of them naked now, a touch of cold in the room, snuggling under the comforter, her snuggling up to him under his protective arms/wings, hearing Hansel and Gretel in her head now, Hansel and Gretel in the wood at night, the scene where the angels come out and protect them, “When at night I go to sleep, angels round my bed do keep...”

Keep, weep, sleep.

*2009 Wood Coin: Is Art in the Heart or Does Art Lie Apart from the Love
Issue: Fox, “The Coils of Eternity (part 2)”*

© 2009

Christine Herzer

“IF-CORRIDOR [a woman carries a bouquet of peonies that makes the visitors write on the wall when they smell it]”

IF EVERY BARBIE NEEDS HER KEN,
If my priority were sexual

if I slowed down my breath, would I write
everything/ must be turned to love that is not love

if my mother were dead, would I still leave
if I left India, would I feel less or more violated

if weaving is an analogy for deceptiveness,

if I remove a boundary in myself, I will

***if* _____**

if home was in the loop

if we fell in love with our own processes,

*2009 Wood Coin: Is Art in the Heart or Does Art Lie Apart from the Love Issue:
Herzer, "IF-CORRIDOR [a woman carries a bouquet of peonies that makes the visitors
write on the wall when they smell it]"*

© 2009

Lyn Lifshin

**“After 9 Days of Cold Rain, Anything Blooming
Trampled”**

“Still west,” you write, “with a PO
box in Hell.” A jolt, like the wild pear
exploding hours after Sunday snow.
White crystals, white petals. “On

the tip of the spear,” you said. “Hard
to unplug, wired for weeks, dreams
like war games.” The green of your
words out-jades the geranium. A

jolt, your words after almost a year.
Not even the spears of pink leaves
I could smell from the road as much
comfort. “Might be in your city,”

Darvan, codeine - warm as the cat
coiled in my knees. “Still west,” you
wrote. Then you didn't. War dreams
hang in branches. I think maybe

Jakarta, he wrote me once from there.
The geranium that should have died
spreads thru the sunroom. Last year's
oak leaves hang on the branches. The

petals smelled from the road smashed
into mud. Pink spears gone, the tips
of the spears he wrote about dissolve.
Rain, the branches, pink lace over, I

watch for his screen name. I was over
that. The cherries are over, the nine
days of cold rain aren't, the paper
says, over yet

*2009 Wood Coin: Is Art in the Heart or Does Art Lie Apart from the Love Issue:
Lifshin, “After 9 Days of Cold Rain, Anything Blooming Trampled”*

© 2008

Matt Lowery

“Soundfield 004”

Please refer to the PDF image (click on the artist's name) for greater clarity.

*2009 Wood Coin: Is Art in the Heart or Does Art Lie Apart from the Love
Issue: Lowery, “Soundfield 004”*

© 2007

Christopher Mulrooney

“the largess of the nation”

here's the particularity
in a great system of thought

it reaches down into a pants pocket
and fishes up a dime or maybe two nice new dimes
nothing spectacular
and rubs them together
it makes a cricket noise
in a way
notwithstanding the flight of the bumblebees
on ocarina and kazoo
the fiddle on the farm

and very sundry implements
for producing new music

*2009 Wood Coin: Is Art in the Heart or Does Art Lie Apart from the Love
Issue: Mulrooney, "the largess of the nation"*

© 1980

Edward Mycuc

“Pants Down”

& stuck up out of the water
(in September at the end of the season)
the man looked bent-over (although it
probably was the angle of vision
that boxed my eyes to a single direction
or perhaps projection) and he on a sand
bar a few feet under the surface
of the Sacramento River—plus he seemed near, the way a tree that is
on an island between freeway interchanges seems just that far off,
and the water was only to his knees.
Everybody on that boat ride up
the delta stared. (We noticed
he didn't seem to need help, didn't
notice us.) The air, balmy, just past
Suisun Bay, east a couple of hours
out of San Francisco, going straight to
Sacramento having passed
the 'mothball fleet' moored and silent,
past Collinsville on the north shore
(where Joe DiMaggio was from announced
the retired history teacher tour guide).
Of the man in the water, bent like a
stick, with his pants down, self-alone,
you saw on his left only a brightness.

*2009 Wood Coin: Is Art in the Heart or Does Art Lie Apart from the Love Issue: Mycue,
"HE'S GOT HIS Pants Down"*

© 2007

David Plumb

"BLIPS"

Here comes Mike. Camera ready, so he can keep up with himself. Ahh, the hair, the scruffy chin beard, the muscle . . . OOOOO ahhh. The click. A finger for the game. One big text and he's Zippo the Moon Clown. On the run for graphic design and film, yes film, the blink and swash of circumstance and me. What's the guy to do? Sing?

He dates the music. Suzy Whiff 'n Snoot. Miss Bomb. Born on the fifth of everything, destined to play Radio City Something and maybe, when and after fame, a tree house in Costa Rica. Maybe babies together. Maybe babies apart. It's a flip. A toss.

They parade the galaxies, tossing and wiggling, dancing and giggling, a sweet little finger for the sun, a boink for the credit card to heaven. Ahh, the hips, the smooth skin; she's such a luscious and he's an SUV to be. Turn up the volume, the tank is almost full. Photos of each other on-line. A pair in motion. No refunds at the end?. So what?

It's love at first sight. They look into each other's eyes. Their reflections bear the mist. Clouds in the distance. Holding hands. Groping stars. Heavenly Pizza. Ice cream with cherries and home made corn bread. What a treat. The sequel? Ask them.

2009 Wood Coin: Is Art in the Heart or Does Art Lie Apart from the Love Issue:

Plumb, "BLIPS"

© 2008

Geoff Stevens

"Revelation"

And this morning
I played it back
in black & white
saw you enter my sleeping mind
and put your fingers in the till
take out the most valuable of my memories
then trash everything
before you left
I've caught you out for what you are
You should have worn the same mask
as you do in the daytime

*2009 Wood Coin: Is Art in the Heart or Does Art Lie Apart from the Love
Issue: Stevens, "Revelation"*

<ahda: quotations>

Irresponsibility is the part of pleasure of all art; it is the part the schools cannot recognize.

We work in the dark--we do what we can--we give what we have. Our doubt is our passion and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art.

Art is on the side of the oppressed. Think before you shudder at the simplistic dictum and its heretical definition of the freedom of art. For if art is freedom of the spirit, how can it exist within the oppressors?

"In shuttered rooms let others grieve,/And coffin thought in speech of lead;/I'll tie my heart upon my sleeve:/It is the Badge of Men," he said.

My heart is like a singing bird/Whose nest is in a watered shoot;/My heart is like an apple-tree/Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;/My heart is like a rainbow shell/That paddles in a halcyon sea;/My heart is gladder than all these/Because my love is come to me.

To bring forth "this," *idam*, was a long torment for Prajapati. And likewise to have it become "all this," *idam sarvam*, including the flies and the gadflies for which he was later reproached. Little by little he was overcome by a tremendous lassitude. A being would appear, and immediately some joints of his would come loose. The lymph shrank in his body like water in a puddle under a scorching sun. As his joints were coming apart, came apart, one after another, he gazed at bits of himself, spread out on the grass, like alien and incongruous objects. Suddenly he realized that all that was left of him was his heart. Beating, begrimed. As he struggled to see himself in that scrap of flesh, he realized he no longer recognized himself. He shrieked like a lunatic: "Self! Self, *Atman!*" Impassive, the waters heard him. Slowly they turned toward Prajapati as though to some relative fallen upon hard times. They gave him back his torso, so that it might once again protect his heart. Then they offered up a sacrificial ceremony to him, the *agnihotra*. It might turn out useful, someday, they said--if Prajapati should ever wish to reassemble himself in his entirety.

Young actors, fear your admirers! You may pay them attentions, but do not talk with them of art. Learn in time, from your very first steps, to understand and love the cruel truth about yourselves. Find out who can tell you that truth. And talk of your art only with those who can tell you the truth.

Now, thi this iz this; juss as thi deeper u go in2 thi kript thi hazier & more corosiv doun thare things get, so thi longir it is since u died thi moar kinda disoshiated u get from realty, &, eventule, evin if u want 2 stay in sum kinda hoomin form, u juss cant support that sort ov complexity, & 1 ov thi things that mite hapin after that is that u get shunted in2 thi animal kingdum; your personality, such as it is by then, is transfered in2 a panfir or a roc or a cat or a simurg or a shark or eegil or whotevir. Iss aktuly considered sumfink ov a priviledge; loadsa bags fink thers nuffink betir than bein a bird or sumfink simla.

He who permits himself to tell a lie once, finds it much easier to do it a second and

third time, till at length it becomes habitual; he tells lies without attending to it, and truths without the world's believing him. This falsehood of the tongue leads to that of the heart, and in time depraves all its good dispositions.

Everything I learned about love, I learned from the movies. The reality is because I was not shown affection, I escaped into an alternate universe, and it came right out of the movies. Love for me is defined almost exclusively in terms of romantic love as defined by the films of my childhood.

-Pauline Kael, *Going Steady* (1968)

-Henry James, "The Middle Years" (1893)

-Nadine Gordimer, *The Tanner Lectures on Human Values*, ed. by Sterling M. McMurrin (1985)

-John Davidson, "The Badge of Men" (1891)

-Christina Rossetti, "A Birthday" (1862)

-Roberto Calasso, *Ka: Stories of the Mind and Gods of India* (1999)

-Konstantin Stanislavsky, *My Life in Art* (1924, 1926, 2008)

-Iain M Banks, *Feersum Endjinn* (1994)

-Thomas Jefferson, Letter to Peter Carr (1785)

-Hugh Hefner, *LA Times* (2009)

<ahda: rising issues>

You've Reely Scored a Movie Issue.

Okay, so the pun on old movie reels might get dropped by the time this baby goes live. Really. I mean, like, for reel, 'cause, like, "talkies" are like, no longer on celluloid, right? They're, um, digital... Anyway, who hasn't been influenced by a film or hundreds? The theme for this one is vividness, imagery, motion pictures arising

in our minds, arising from mere squiggles, symbols (words!punctuation!structure!) on the page. Certain pieces can do that, like, cinematically.

Religion, Spirit, Prophecy/ Issue.

A rule of thumb for socializing with new people at parties: Never discuss religion, politics or sex. And then, you all know the rule about rules being made to be broken... what would religion be, without temptation to break rules? what would spirituality be, without freedom of the spirit? what is prophecy, but prognostications based on current social and sexual mores? etc. Thou shalt not get too heavy!

Of Drains and Ladders in this Life Issue.

As children most of us played a simple game called Chutes & Ladders; it was fun, exciting, to rise and fall, fall and rise. As a metaphor for life, though, it's only partly accurate... The game's designers omitted the force of gravity. Ah, the joys and perils of existing and existentialism.

<ahda: salute>

Cupid. Known as Eros in Roman myth, this Greek boy has a quiver of arrows, a set of wings, and a perverted job to do... making erotic love. He's always nude (or in a diaper) in his many appearances in art, poetry, literature. His parents, Ares (God of War) and Aphrodite (Goddess of Love), maybe fought enough to drive him out of the house at a young age? Some depictions of this kid show two arrows: lead-tipped for hatred, gold-tipped for love. Valentine's Day wouldn't be the same without him!

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