

The

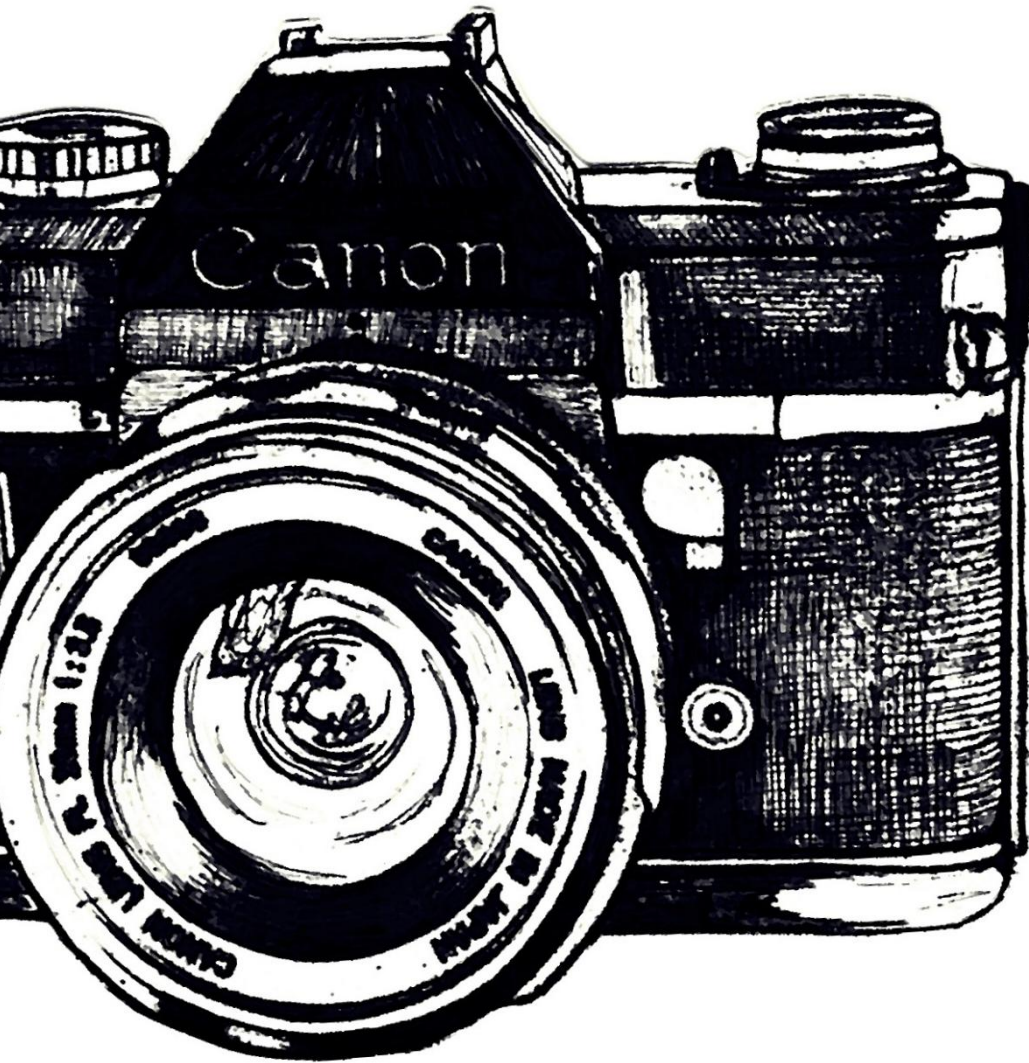
Paperbook

Collective.

Issue 4.

November 1st.

2013.



IT IS NOT ONLY A CAMERA
BUT IT IS THE ONE OF WHICH
I AM MOST FOND

a *jayde ashe*
publication

This magazine and its design is copyrighted to

 © 2013

All attributed work is copyrighted to the original owners.

All non-attributed work is the intellectual property of jayde.ashe publications.

Welcome.

Welcome, old friends and new faces, to Issue Four of
The Paperbook Collective.

Despite the fact that it has been less than three
weeks since Issue Three hit the virtual stands, Issue
Four is here in all its glory.

Follow the white rabbit, fall down the rabbit hole,
venture through the looking glass and see what it is
like over here in Paperbook Land. You are sure to
discover something that you enjoy.

Sit back, relax, and immerse yourself in the second
last Issue of The Paperback Collective...

for 2013!

Not the second last issue ever.
That would be crazy talk.



Contents.

From the Editor - 2

Smugglers - Herman Kok 5

Lucidity - Abi Newman 6

Mother - Patricia Bell 7

Japanese Poetry - Bastet 9

Isle of the Blessed - Riley Covalesski 11

Big Brother Wouldn't Stop Dancing - G. Hadley 12

The Story - John W. Howell 13

Untitled - Leya 15

An Observation - jaydeashe 17

Moments - Emmyl Gant 18

Void Dreams - Tempest 19

Shine - Aaron Goldsmith 20

North West Frame of Mind - Lisa Kennedy 21

Life on Paper - Abi Newman 23

Untitled - Holley Perry 24

Travels and Tribulations part 3 - jaydeashe 25

Haunted - Tempest 27

The Dance - The Jagged Man 28

The House - jaydeashe 28

An Open Letter - Leonard Durso 29

Eco-dying - Carly Voight 31

History - Nate Wilkerson 33

Hemingway - jaydeashe 33

Inside the Sketchpad - Tempest 34

The Breyer Canyon Rose Garden - Laura Dedon Oxford 35

Indian Natural Wildlife Habitat part IV - Bhuwan Chand 37

The Unknown - jaydeashe 39

Contributors - 41

Like What You Saw? - 44

Smugglers.

Herman Koh.

"Is this it?"

"Yeah. She's a beauty, ain't she?"

"It doesn't look very fast."

"Well, it's not about looking fast, is it? She doesn't need to look fast to be fast."

"Not very big, either."

"What? Bigger is better? Not in this line of work, Al."

"I suppose. You sure it's fast? If we're detected..."

"We won't be. It's completely invisible to radar."

"Bullshit! Nothing's invisible to radar. Even if the hull's completely absorbent, you can't mask the engines."

"There are no engines."

"Come again?"

"You heard me."

"Then what's it run on? Wishes and fairy dust?"

"It runs on gravity."

"You mean it falls? That sounds about right."

"Don't be an asshole, Al. It uses a gravity field. The entire ship is the engine."

"I thought that was a story."

"Nope."

"How'd you get it?"

"You don't want to know. Trust me."

"And it's really fast?"

"She can outrun the fucking Millennium Falcon, Al."

...

"Jim, you do know there's not really a Millennium Falcon, right? That was a film."

"Don't be an asshole, Al."

"Hey, why won't the door open?"

"Cause the doors don't open in space."

"Stop talking rubbish and let me out."

"Can't. Look at the screen."

"That can't be right. Says we're in orbit."

"We're in orbit."

"But we've only been in here for five minutes."

"I told you she was fast."

"But...I didn't even...holy shit!"

"Told you."

"Jim?"

"Yeah, Al?"

"We're gonna be so rich."

"I know, Al."

*Eyes closed
Breathing deeply
A smoke filled room
Preparing my body for what it is about to consume
A sweaty hand brushing against my back
The moment of doubt when it slowly retracts*

*Every night since I left you I see your silhouette
I beg on my knees to make me forget
For just one night I don't want to dream
Those lucid moments where Mother Earth hears me scream*

*Caught in a spiral of colour and sound
Looking down at my body left cold on the ground
This reality I create seems so harsh and cold
My mind always trying to gain full control*

*Just when I think the darkness is coming in
Back up into the spiral...
My journey begins...
A visual quest of cleansing and truth
Facing each obstacle I created in my youth*

*Conversations that leave me wanting more
Giving me better understanding to what I am here for
Lights that blind me yet heal my eyes
I feel the Earth's vibration and feel her cries*

*I am weightless, free of form, there is no 'I'
No insecurity or worry, no expiry date when we die
Time doesn't exist here only love and transcendence
We are all connected yet we all strive for independence*

*When I finally open my eyes, a smile upon my face
Still feeling the warmth and beauty of that place
I hear a peaceful whisper tickle inside of my ear
That melts away the remains of my fear*

*It was like silk flowing softly through my mind
The voice of you all, the voice of mankind
Your arms keeping me warm I comfortably nestle
As you softly whisper 'This body you have is merely a vessel'*

Lucidity
Abt Newman

MOTHER.

PATRICIA BELL.

Mrs Carter sat primly on the edge of her chair, her enormous bosom a cliff above the ocean of tea and sandwiches below. Her teaspoon clinked against the china cup, comically loud in the hushed room. “And tell me dear, are you enjoying your job?”

Anne couldn't bear small talk, especially when it came from a woman whose genuine interest in her would last as long as her cup of tea. She could feel her mother looking expectantly at her, eyebrows raised, her mouth already forming the appropriate answer. Anne felt like slapping her. She was tempted to say something wild and shocking: “Actually I'm loving it, thanks. I'm working at the local knocking shop now and there's nothing I like more than shagging all day until I go cross-eyed.” She suspected Mrs Carter would explode in an incredulous puff of talcum powder.

Anne could hear her mother's voice: *Now dear, they're just interested. They're very nice people really. Don't be so rude.*

She predicted the inevitable trajectory:

I just can't abide rudeness. Good manners are extremely important. Don't laugh so raucously, it's not ladylike. Hate is a very strong word. I should be kind and polite at all times and I must not say I don't like somebody, even if the person in question is an axe murderer who just killed my entire family. Nelson Mandela is my hero. It's li-brar-y, not li-brie. We must enunciate clearly. Good grammar is essential.

And on it went, carriage after carriage, the train of decorum, puffing politely.

Fuck this, thought Anne. “More tea, anyone?” She stood and moved towards the kitchen. She sensed her mother, following her.

Need a hand dear?

No thanks, I'm perfectly capable of making more tea.

Alright, dear.

The hurt expression. The small, wounded voice. The dewy threat at the eye brims. The calling cards of her childhood.

After the kettle had boiled and Anne had completed a polite round of refills, she excused herself and went outside. She leaned against the brick wall, took out a cigarette and wondered what her mother would say about her taking up “that filthy habit” again. She fumbled in her bag for her lighter, overwhelmed by her desperation to get the goddamn cancer stick lit, and safely in her mouth.

The first puff was a breath of fresh air. Anne sucked deeply. She felt the carcinogens tingling in her cells, necessary and deadly. Through a gap in the hedge she saw the neighbour sitting on a bucket, tenderly patting a seedling into a blood red ceramic pot. She wiped her face with the back of her wrist and left a dark smear across her forehead. From somewhere across the road Anne heard a baby crying. A newborn, by the sound of it. Ng-geh! NNgg-geh! NNng-gehh! NNNng-geh! Will no-one come to comfort me?

Suddenly she longed to throw her arms around her mother and tell her that she hated her and she loved her too, that please, please could she just acknowledge all the hurt and mistakes, and be broken and laid bare; that it would only take one “I’m sorry” for the barriers to crumble and for love and forgiveness to start eagerly free-flowing through the cracks.

Through the window, Anne heard the rustlings of imminent departures. She wiped her eyes and stubbed out her half-smoked cigarette with her heel. Scrubbed her hands with an antiseptic wipe and chewed a mint.

She walked slowly inside, heading towards her sister, who was standing by the fireplace. The ladies were twittering, their husbands looking at the carpet. The minister was helping himself to the last savoury. She was suddenly enveloped in a pillowy cloud of face powder and *L’Air du Temps*.

“Oh my dear, we are so very, very sorry for your loss. Please, if there’s anything we can do, let us know, won’t you? I just...Oh my goodness, I feel so...” Mrs Carter’s voice tailed off. She let go and plugged a flowery hanky to her rosebud mouth. As was often the case at funerals, friends had come to seek comfort from the family.

Anne reached for her sister’s hand and felt the sibling squeeze of solidarity. “You loved Mother, Mrs Carter. We all loved her.”

Anne is rising up, above the living room, above the flowery cliff that is Mrs Carter’s bosom, above the house, above the clouds. Her mother’s voice is rising after her: “Remember dear, good manners are extremely important, especially in outer space.” She floats, she spins, she stretches her hands out as far as they will reach, and she laughs, a deep, loud, un-ladylike laugh. Past the moon, past the Milky Way, past the sun, until she can hear nothing, until she is near no-one, until she no longer has to be polite to stars.

A Bit About Japanese Poetry.

Bastet.

I love to write English Japanese poetry. In the previous issue of The Paperbook Collective I wrote a Haibun, and Jayde-Ashe asked if this time I could do some of my Japanese poetry with a bit of an explanation to help people understand what I'm doing.

Haiku is what people usually think of when one mentions Japanese poetry; it's the form that has more or less been around in Western society for well over a hundred years. Unfortunately it is also one of the most abused forms. No one can really say exactly what a Haiku should be in English. There are too many differences between Japanese and English to permit a straight pass over from one to the other language. Basically though, most agree that a Haiku should have 17 syllables (note I say most) divided into three lines, thus, 5-7-5 syllables. It usually has a seasonal word in it and a "cutting phrase" to conclude it that is something like a revelation.

Haiku used to be directly related to Buddhism. Stand alone Haiku (known as Hokku) rarely existed but were part of a collective poem called a Renku, or, if it was alone, referred back to a Renku. The Japanese poet, Masaoka Shiki, influenced by the European concept of plein-air painting and the fact that he was an atheist, used the Hokku as kind of a sketch with words describing nature which was called: shasei or sketching from life.

There's really a lot more to the story of course, and I'm not an expert by any means of the history of Japanese poetry...I basically just write what I like and I like this kind of Haiku. For this issue, as Jayde-Ashe has generously permitted me two pages, I will write a Haiku on a photo known as a Haiga (literally a Haiku on a painting or Hai Ga) and then a brief Haibun (Hai for Haiku and Bun for story) that is a brief story with a Haiku to close it off. Haibun is usually about a voyage either spiritual or physical. I, like Shiki, am attracted to the idea of sketching pictures with words...so we'll see what I come up with!

Haiku (Haiga)

Flowers

*Wild flowers stretching
towards heavenly sky line
looking for the sun*



Haibun

Autumn Walk

It was a beautiful day. A chill wind would bring up dark clouds hiding the sun and luckily the same wind blew them away again. When the sun returned you could close your eyes and imagine that summer had returned.

The blackbirds and sparrows seemed to play together in a pomegranate tree. A spider spun its web along the lower branches of that same tree, hoping for some unwary passer-by. The ginger cat watched them all, especially Jane as she came up the path.

Jane had wandered along the country road, enjoying the colours, wind and life that surrounded her on that late autumn afternoon. Hard to believe that it would snow during the night.

*living here and now
ignoring winter warnings
life's joy continues*

Isle of the Blessed.

Riley Covaleski.

Avalon stood hesitantly in the doorway of a dark classroom with her schoolbag on her shoulder. The only light came from the three windows on the opposite wall, shining bright morning light over desks and chairs. With a deep breath, she grasped her bag a bit tighter and entered the room. As soon as she entered, the lights clicked on and flooded the room with brightness. Alarmed, Avalon looked around the room. No one else was there, which she found quite strange. Maybe they were on their way? After all, she was fifteen minutes early.

She sat down at a desk in the middle and opened her bag. She pulled out a scrapbook and a tape dispenser, both items she never remembered packing. Pretending that she actually put those objects in her bag, Avalon sat waiting for other students to come in, or even the teacher. At this point, she just wanted someone to enter the room and show her she wasn't alone.

After what seemed like an eternity, a strangely familiar man in a taupe-coloured suit walked into the room. His hair was blonde like the sun, giving his overall appearance a brighter look. Avalon couldn't help but smile at the sight of him; somehow she knew he was important. The man walked over to her and pulled a chair to her desk.

"Good morning, Avalon. Welcome back." The man spoke with a knowing tone to his voice, smiling at Avalon's confusion.

"Where have I been?" Avalon asked nonplussed, watching the man.

"It doesn't matter where you've been, but rather what you've done. Let's take a look, shall we?" The man took this chance to point to the scrapbook on Avalon's desk. Only then did she notice that it had a picture of her from her most recent grade, junior year in high school. Well, before the accident.

She smiled while the man opened her book and paged through her life's achievements and falters. She winced when he witnessed her faults and beamed when he congratulated her victories. For some reason she wanted this man to like her; to accept her.

"What's this? A ripped page?" The man showed Avalon a page split in half with a picture of her on one side and her ex-best friend on the other. Embarrassed, Avalon nodded dumbly. The man smiled and took the tape to fix the page. With a swift movement, the page was fixed, if only temporarily. "No friendship should end over something so stupid, Avalon. Remember that."

Why was he telling her all this? For some reason she wanted to believe everything he said and do everything he told her to. After he fixed the page, he closed the book and pushed it back over to her. "Overall, a life well-lived. But sadly, cut too short. You had so much to live for." He put a hand on her shoulder.

"But I have decided, long ago. Again I say, welcome back." He smiled and stood up, walking around the desk to hug Avalon. "I've missed you."

With these words, Avalon felt *whole*. She was finally accepted, finally welcomed. This was what she had wanted, and she was where she needed to be. This was heaven. This was home.

BIG BROTHER WOULDN'T STOP DANCING.

G. HADLEY.

I was in a Nightmare last night.

Big Brother

Wouldn't stop Dancing.

I lost control of the wheel-barrow I was in charge of.

Luckily

The people in it

Were used to Tumbling.

They were my friends.

Although they haven't seen me Tremble.

Yet I've wept

only a few times

Daily.

Usually because days should not end

Days should not *end*

We haven't kissed yet.

Yet I've wept Before you.

I had no Idea

I had your

Soul

Please forgive me.

I had no idea I had your soul

I am so

Sorry.

THE STORY.

JOHN W. HOWELL.

"I gotta come up with a story."

"So what are you going to write about?"

"I'm not really sure. I know I need to get it done today though."

"How long have you known you needed to finish by today?"

"Come on Cindy cut me some slack."

"Cut you some slack. This kind of shit drives me nuts."

"What kind of shit are you talking about?"

"You know very well. The old 'I have no time to do honest work because I have a deadline today,' shit."

"What the hell do you mean honest work?"

"The kind of work that brings in money. That's what I mean."

"Oh nice. You know very well I am just beginning my writing career. The money will come."

"Hah. You left a very nice job at the bank to sit in this smelly room pounding on that goddamn computer. For what?"

"You know Cindy you are a real buzz kill."

"Yeah I know a kill that I would like to accomplish and the only buzz involved would be a saw."

"You don't mean that. Take it back."

"Yeah sure. I have to go to that greasy diner every day since I'm the only one who seems to understand the value of a dollar."

"I have made money writing."

"You poor dumb sap. I wouldn't call a few hundred here or there, money."

"What about my novel?"

"Yeah what about it. Where is it?"

"You know damn well that it is with the publisher."

"And when is it going to be published?"

"You know I have no idea, but I have a contract."

"So while you are waiting why don't you get a crummy job like mine so that we can live better?"

"I 'm a writer that's why."

"This conversation is over. I need to get to work."

"I have a story idea. Want to hear it?"

"Not really. I gotta go."

"One minute that's all it will take."

"Geeze okay one minute."

"It's the story of a writer who is trying to get discovered. He has a contract with a publisher, but his dear wife won't cut him any slack and thinks he should give up his dream and go sling hamburgers until the money comes in. This would be like cutting off his air. He desperately wishes his wife would understand, but she is coldly set in her opinion that he is a loser. One day while they are arguing, he picks up the paperweight from the desk and hits her. She falls and hits her head on the desk and is gone. The police arrive and after an investigation the death is ruled an accident. He goes on to be an acclaimed bestselling author. . . What do you think?"

"Sounds about as boring as this discussion."

"Cindy please--"

"Shut up Frank. I am so sick of this life and I am so sick of your so called dream. . . What are you doing with that paperweight? Frank for god's sake put it down. Have you lost your mind?"

"Huh what honey?"

"I didn't say anything Frank."

"Yeah I guess I was imagining things."

"Whatever frank, I'll see you later. Another thing Frank."

"Yes dear?"

"Get rid of that horrid paperweight."

Leya.

Autumn is here
And almost already gone
Our family is whole again
We stood tall in the hurricane

One of us
Being so close to the End
Fought it through
Knowing
How we all love you



The road lies open again
For you to walk along
The vessel lying by the shore
- will have to wait for you some more

Live the sparkling colours
Find your new rambling way
Eyes open - soul burning
Life is all about - learning



An Observation.

Jayde Ashe.

I looked up as the melodic tinkle of the bell above the cafe entrance chimed on without pause, swept back and forth by the tentative movements of the door. Two frail old hands pushed against the heavy glass, clearly struggling with a task beyond their means. Inch by inch she crept inside, unnoticed by the vibrant laughing customers who crowded each small table. I watched as she turned to pull her walking frame awkwardly in behind her, the herculean task making her small shoulders heave. Trapped by the endless coffee orders in front of me, I surreptitiously watched her progress through the crowded room, a timid grey moth amongst a field of perched butterflies. Patiently, she took her place in line, her hands fluttering about as she unzipped the small cloth bag perched on the walker in front of her. A tiny coin purse appeared, clutched in one hand as the other attempted to close the bag and protect her worldly possessions from imagined grasping hands. Task accomplished, she grasped a handle of the walker and straightened her crooked back, a flicker of pain crossing her delicately wrinkled face. I watched as she quietly scanned the room, searching for a corner of solitude and safety amongst the abrasive laughs and cries. She saw the endless new faces as they dashed to fill tables before the previous occupants had even pushed in their chairs; a vigorous dance which favoured the young and aggressive for a spot in this coveted cafe.

As the customer in front of her took their change and left she inched her walker forward, before slowly edging around it in an attempt to reach the counter. She squeezed herself into the narrow gap between metal and glass, her aged muscles refusing to obey her frustrated commands. Her throat tensed as she strained to make herself heard above the roar of noise surrounding her - shouted greetings, a coarse laugh, the tinkle of cutlery and the hiss of the espresso machine. An order for tea and scone was finally given and received, the required payment barked across the counter into her face as though she was somewhat less than aware. I swirled the milk gently in its jug before pouring it over deliciously scented espresso shots, my peripheral vision focused on the painstaking movement of change from coin purse to counter top. Young eyes rolled themselves towards heaven as old eyes struggled to count small coins, a lesson in patience and respect absent from this corner of the world that day. Transaction completed - a new transaction commenced in shouts across her lowered head as the line surged impatiently forward. Cloaked in dignity, she straightened her back once more and began the quiet search for a table, navigating her way through discarded handbags and outstretched legs towards a blissfully vacant seat. Comfortable at last, her hands sought and found a battered envelope amongst her meagre possessions, revealing within itself a faded letter. The waves of customers advanced and receded around her as her tea grew cold and her scone lay untouched, her eyes filling with unshed tears as they scanned the handwritten lines.

Moments.

Emmyl Gant.

Do you wonder
What she is doing
In a passing thought
At odd moments?

Do you find
Your mind drifting back
To a smile or a gaze
In moments of inattention?

Do echoes of conversations
Float around your heart
Like shredded letters
In moments of silence?

Do shades of liquid denim
Move you to question
If denial is the path to wisdom
In moments of reflection?

VOID DREAM.

TEMPEST.

The void rippled with the promise of danger, each minute pulse of life disturbing the emptiness and gaining in intensity, shaking the ground beneath his feet. On high aloft breezes could be seen the after-trails of the starship's energies, catching the light of the setting sun as they spiraled upwards into the sky to destinations beyond. In the distant hum of their departing warp engines, a sound fought to be heard, a distant crying that echoed with emotion, raw and painful, lost amidst the swirling wind. The gale continued to increase, scathing the granite cliff-face where he stood, until all that could be heard was the tempest that had risen to engulf him. Each passing moment slowed and began to stretch before him, the brilliance of the sunset fading from his closing eyes, along with all of the light.

In this moment he had found something new, a sensation he had felt all his life yet had never truly realized, a sense of endless beyond lying before him, a golden path shining into the darkness, laced with unknown. Nothing else existed, just this pure, rapturous moment, ecstasy amidst the tearing and confusion, the sudden onset of night. A shrieking sound deep within his mind broke the reverie, snatching him from the ethereal depths that had begun to ensnare his mind and pulling him with vicious cruelty into the blinding light. A massive impact rocked his skull and before he could comprehend what was happening, a second blow fell upon him, flooding his senses with an earth shattering surge of pain. His spine stretched back, every muscle taut and electric, his head arcing back in a soundless scream of agony, arms hammering the ground with monstrously heavy fists. A howling sound rushed towards him yet with his eyes still locked to the sky above, he could not anticipate the third blow, racing out of the darkness to strike. Angry voices could be heard over the static that enveloped him, as if spoken through a loudspeaker over the rush of a murmuring crowd.

His eyes snapped open, and like stepping through an open doorway he returned to himself, viewing the world around him with clarity once more. He was lying on his back in the middle of a back alley access way, the path blocked by an enormous black personnel carrier. Shudders of pain still reverberated within his tortured flesh, and his head pounded. Rolling onto his side, he could see where his head had hit the ground, the pool of blood that had formed seeping through his clothes and splattering the baking concrete surface.

The figure who had struck him was washing his hands alongside the vehicle, a muscular and imposing man, a cold-blooded killer, known to those that walked the lower level streets as Ender. What his real name was held no consequence, he was Ender now, and his iron features refused to betray the past that had led him to this point in time. A girl barely beyond her teen years stood and berated him, smashing her tiny fists into his broad and unrelenting back. Her name was Mira, and he owed her his life. It was she that had gifted him with his own name the day she had found him wandering aimlessly and without memory in the wastes beyond the city walls. She had called him Leo. It had been her brother's name, before Ender had taken his life.

An angular figure stood to the left, clad entirely in a black bodysuit and wielding a compact pistol in his right hand, sweeping his unsettling yellow eyes across the area. Gabriel was the leader of their dysfunctional gang, and for a brief moment his impassive gaze intersected with his own.

"Welcome back Leo. You almost didn't make it."

At his words, Ender turned sharply towards him, the anger on his face still evident and Leo recoiled from his stare, as he lay unmoving in his own spreading blood.

"You! What the fuck were you thinking? Going against the void-stream like that. You're lucky I didn't just smash your worthless skull!" he said. Gabriel flicked his eyes at him, and the fury left his face, returning to his normally stoic demeanor. "Next time you fall into the void, I won't be there to wake you up."

Mira stared at him with a strange expression, a potent mixture of natural compassion, coupled with unreserved fear. She had been crying, and her still tear rimmed eyes seemed larger than they had ever been, catching the fullness of the violet light that bathed the city. Her silence was too much to bear and stirring himself, he called to the others. "The ships have left; I saw them leaving this world. There were six."

Gabriel's eyes darkened at this news, yet it was obvious their leader had expected such an answer, given his warp-diver had failed to rise from his trance and Ender had been forced to use pain to bring him back. He knew now why Mira was crying, the tears not just spurred by his brush with death, but that she knew a part of him had not wanted to come back, that the call of the void dream was more important than anything, even her.

Shine.

Aaron Goldsmith .

An outboard idles on the shore, clattering dully.

The noise lounges on the bay and strolls far around.

Above it a Filipino band plays a song of the West

his whining accent a good match for country twang.

The al fresco diners add their own accompaniment

with conversation and cutlery.

The moon sits low amongst discarded clouds.

The wind hangs out in the trees

muttering the faintest whispers with the drawing tide.

With a grunt the boat kicks to life

disappearing around the cape with a drawn out burr.

The band finishes its request and takes a break.

The guests lay down their forks.

The wind takes its breath and holds

while the tide hushes with a final gush.

Amidst the quiet a lone moth takes the scene

floating through the rays of solitary moon light.

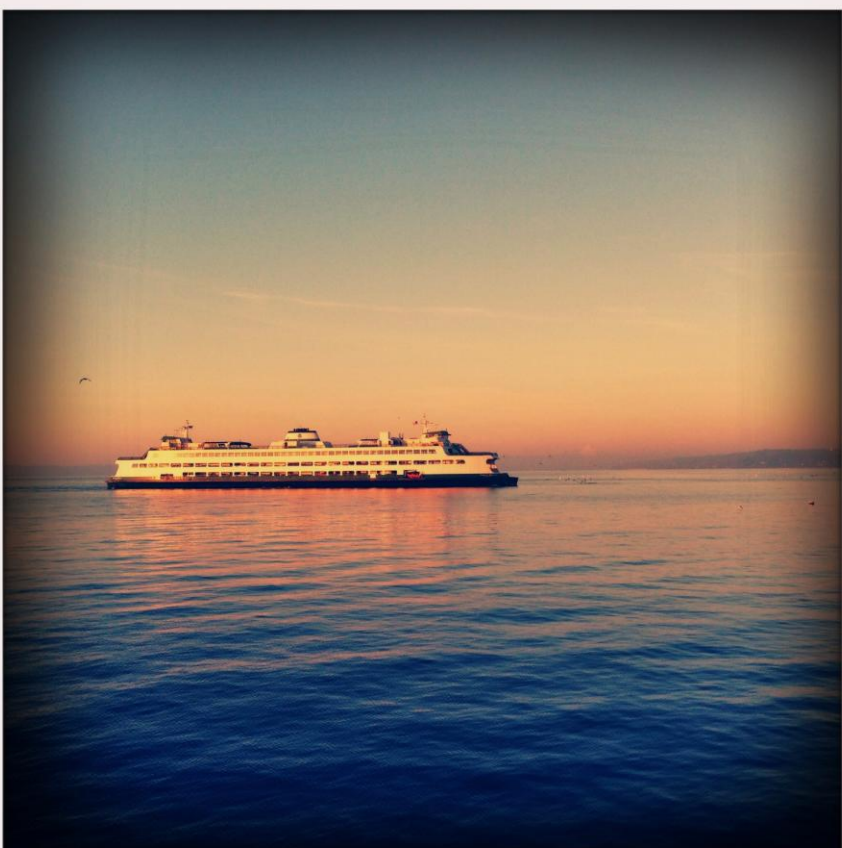
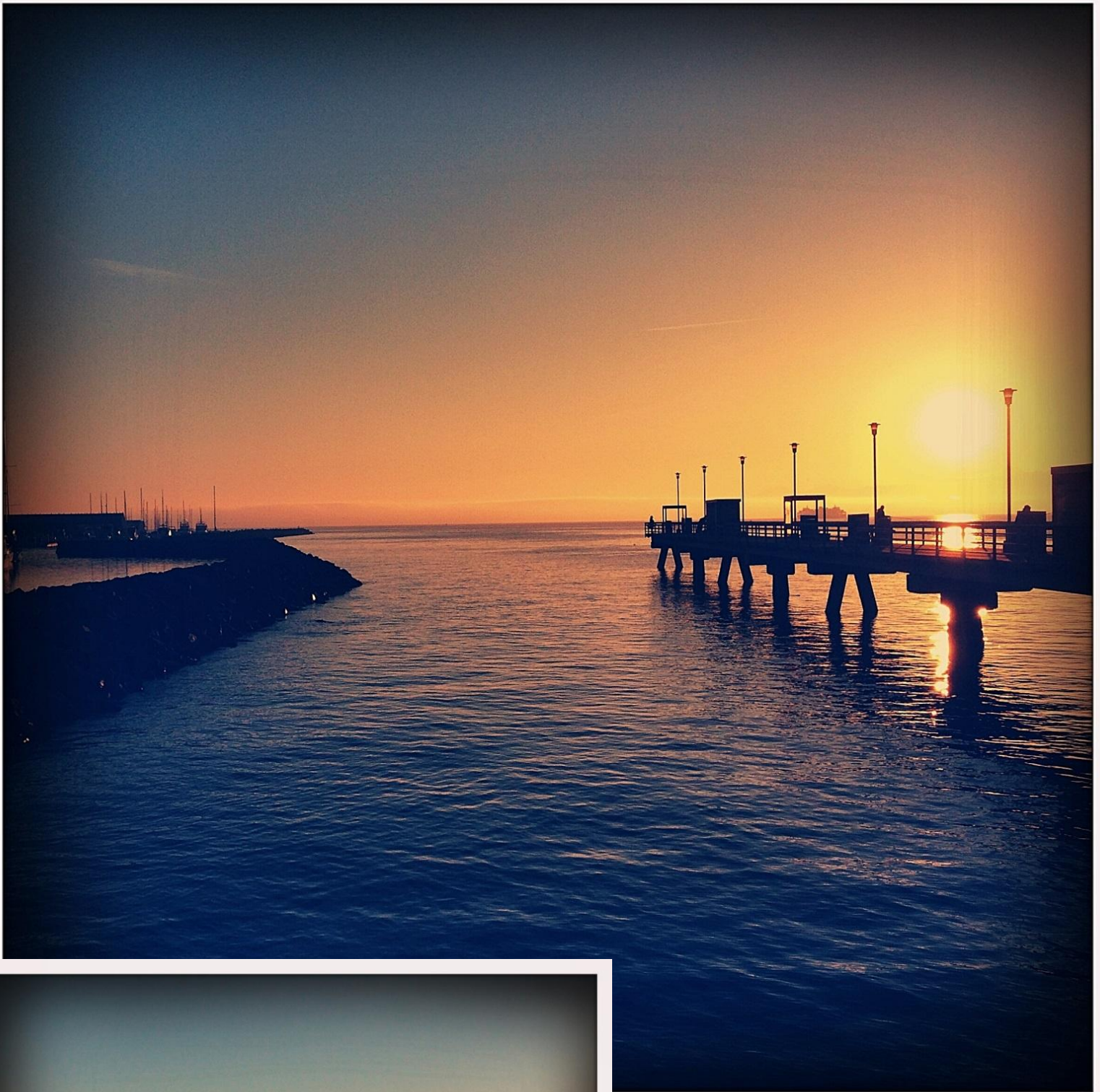
The quiescence exalts its flight

making awkward strokes mighty.

Reminding all in attendance

that there is a moment

for everything to shine.



North West
Frame of Mind.

Lisa Kennedy.



Life on Paper. Abi Newman.

Question one would begin with your age bracket and.... TICK...

It hits you just then how does life go by so quick?

Question two would ask for your name and address

It is then you feel some slight distress

Why do I live there and why am I called that?

Why is the most successful relationship I have had with my cat?

I drink an awful lot of tea and smoke way too much

I am a hopeless romantic and I love to touch

Touch the heart and mind of anyone that lets me in

I'm quite partial to vodka but not too keen on Gin

Focus now...F.O.C.U.S! You need to finish this application

Question Three, Oh no not Education!

Here is the part where you remember your school days

That summer you were lost in an intoxicated haze

Scramble past that on to Question number four

Previous Employment, I say IGNORE!

I'll do that bit later it takes too much time

I've never been on that ladder that everyone else wants to climb

Instead I've had more jobs than birthdays celebrated

Completing application forms feels like I'm being interrogated

Question number Five

What do you like to do in your spare time?

Truth...Self-destruct with self-loathing and red wine

I guess I should not write that so I'll say what they want to hear

I like to take long walks, get lost in history books and volunteer

Then I'll spend half hour thinking about what I'm doing with my life

Maybe I'll become a bitter and twisted alcoholic housewife?

That's the thing with guessing what your life will become

Anxiety hits you and your heart transforms into a drum

Final question before 'date' and 'sign'

Question six- Why have you applied for this role. Explain and Define

The truth is I've applied for it to save money for travelling

I can't put that down or I will start with my rambling

Going in depth about where I want to go

India, China, Europe, Mexico

Breathing it all in and flapping my wings

Making mistakes, taking chances and seeing what life brings

I think I'll just write something about it being a challenging role

I don't want to share the secrets of my soul

Right that's it now 'date, 'sign' and then bed

I can't sleep now, my whole life's playing out inside my head



untitled-

breast cancer

awareness



holley perry.



travels and tribulations part three

jaydeashe

However, on my second day in Thailand I was quite obviously ignorant of any of this. I honestly believed getting around would be as simple as getting around my home-city of Perth. As I was allergic to public transport of any kind in any country, (I can count on one hand how many times I've caught the Perth train, without exercising all my fingers) I'm not sure why I thought I would be fine getting around a city like Bangkok. Which, just for comparison, has a population of 6,355,144 in the inner city alone, while Perth boasts a whopping 1,659,000 in its entirety. However, perhaps I was still a bit tipsy from the night before, because the predominant feeling I had as I got in the taxi to head to the bus station was excitement. As opposed to the nauseous terror, which would hit me about a half hour later.

The terror kicked in right around the time my imagination did, which was about 10 minutes into the bus trip south out of Bangkok. I am one of those annoying people who have to read every road sign available, to rationalise to myself that I am travelling in the right direction. And in Australia, this is relatively easy. Heading out of any city is fairly generic all over Oz; you are either on a dual highway or a main road, there is a big sign as you reach the city limits indicating what towns you will arrive at in ascending order, and all you have to do from there on in is watch those helpful little signs on the side of the road which countdown kilometers in blocks of five for you. As far as I'm concerned, first time travelers in Australia have got it easy. Not so in Thailand. I'm not sure how many of you reading this have travelled the numerous roads connecting Bangkok to the rest of Thailand, but for those of you that haven't, I can liken it only to trying to find your way out of a giant ball of wool.

I was relatively relaxed as our bus wove through the intricate streets of Bangkok, but as we entered the open country to the south the apprehension begun to kick in. This was mainly due to the fact that I just could not believe that anyone, let alone a bus driver, could navigate their way across the thousands of highways that intertwined for kilometers. And then there were the road signs. They were everywhere. On all sides of the bus loomed massive signs, with towns and cities I could not find in my guidebook written all over them. I would see a sign for a town, with a giant arrow pointing to a right hand turn, and a corresponding road leading off in that general direction. And then, *a half hour later*, I would see another sign, for the same town, with a giant arrow pointing to the left. All I can discern from this is that the towns of south-western Thailand are all in a relatively straight line along the

coast, and can be reached from seventy different roads coming from all over the country in any given direction. You can imagine my disorientation.

There is no feeling quite like being on a bus hurtling into the depths of a foreign country on your second day there. I would recommend it to anyone searching for an adrenalin high, or anyone struggling to find meaning in their life. I spent the entire time with a growing feeling of dread, sitting sideways in my seat with my nose glued to the window, desperately scanning each town for some sign that would indicate its name. Each town name I saw would then trigger a frantic flick through my guidebook; a scanning of maps and indexes as I desperately searched for where I was. My actions were insanely juxtaposed against my surrounding passengers, who had entered that state of lethargy only achievable for a person of Asiatic birth. There is a pervading feeling of calm that emanates from every South East Asian person I have ever met; to this day I can honestly say that I have never witnessed any of them that I met on my travels reaching a heart rate of faster than 80 bpm. Those surrounding me were in various states of relaxation, mainly sleeping sprawled against windows, across seats, or in some cases, across fellow passengers.

Upon entering the town I took to be Si Racha, which I had only determined by counting the towns we passed through and matching the numbers with my map, I realised my stupidity in choosing a seat halfway up the aisle. I had to painstakingly wake the woman in front of me, who looked to be entering a sleep coma, and repeat frantically 'Si Racha? Si Racha?' while pointing desperately at the floor of the bus. She nodded bemusedly at me, at which point I had to shout out across the bus of peacefully sleeping Thai's that I wanted to get off. I then had to lug my insanely heavy and awkward bag down the ridiculously narrow aisle, feeling as though I was dragging the proverbial camel through the head of a pin, but backwards. The humiliation of doing this propelled me to get off the bus, despite the fact that we were stopped on the side of a road, no bus stop in sight. I squared my shoulders and heaved the camel onto my back, then proceeded forward in the drunken shuffling stagger that I was slowly mastering. Attempting to look as though I knew what the hell I was doing must have elicited pity in the group of Thai men who were languidly draped over the seats of their tuk tuks, as one started towards me and asked 'Where you go now?' If only I had known how to answer that question.

'Ferry? Boat? Water? Harbour? Koh Si Chang? Koh Si Chang?' frantically repeated eventually got me a tuk tuk ride, and bless this man's heart if he didn't take me straight to the boat. For a whopping 100baht. My budget for the day was blown, but I was on the last leg of my journey. It was three o'clock in the afternoon; I had left my hotel at eight am, and had managed to travel a mere 122km. I was there. Or so I thought.

HAUNTED.

TEMPER.

FAINT LINES ON WHITE, TRACING MEMORIES.

REGRET TURNING HIS HANDS, UNCONSCIOUSLY SEEKING RELEASE.

DREAMS OF SOLACE, URGING HIM ONWARDS.

RESISTANCE AT EVERY STAGE, FOOTSTEPS ECHOING THROUGH THE MIASMA.

STRANGERS ON THE FRINGE OF PERCEPTION.

SENSES CLEAR AND READY, STIFLED BY A MIND VEILED.

DIRECTIONLESS AND DRIFTING, YET KNOWING EVERY REASON WHY.

ATTEMPTING TO BREAK THE BARRIERS THAT BIND.

THE FEAR HAD NEVER REALLY LEFT HIM.

EVERY WORLD DESTROYED, EVERY CAMPAIGN BROUGHT TO CONCLUSION.

THEY BURNED LIKE VENGEFUL EYES, A DEPTHESS OCEAN OF FLAME TO BLIND.

THE ADVENT OF A SHADOW, THE TOUCH OF ENDLESS DARK.

A MILLION SOULS CONDEMNED.

A SACRIFICE UNPARALLELED IN ITS FEROCITY.

THE CRIES OF A NEW EMPIRE VOICING ITS MALCONTENT THROUGH VIOLENCE.

SPIRES RISING FROM THE SUN TOUCHED OCHRE SANDS, SHROUDED IN MOUNTAINS OF
CLOUD.

RAIN BEARING BEHEMOTHS OF VIOLET GREY.

SHADOWS OF AN UNSEEN MOON TRACING THE EARTH.

A BLINDING LIGHT BREACHING THE HORIZON.

UNAWARE OF THE DARKNESS THAT WAITED TO RECEIVE IT, VAST AND ETERNAL.

A NAMELESS MALEVOLENCE, AN ORIGIN OF STORMS

BIDDING ITS TIME, SLOWLY WHEELING INTO PLACE, CONTENT TO LET HIM GO.

FOR NOW.



Storm Has Passed

Waiting On The Next One

Let Us Dance

The Jagged Man 2013

house that time forgot

nature takes back what

was hers

no awakening.

jayde ashe



AN OPEN LETTER FROM LEONARD DURSO.

Hi Jayde,

Well another sleepless night has passed with this question reverberating in my head: who are my 10 (and yes, I've increased the number) favourite authors?

I think favourite authors change over time. There are some, of course, who stay with us like old friends, providing comfort in the night; but if you read, and people like you certainly do, then you are constantly exposed to good and great literature and so writers who were once favourites get bumped down the line by new obsessions. And since I am old, a dinosaur as it were, or as I like to refer to myself with my very young staff--an endangered species--this list is constantly rearranged and people move up and down at various times of my life. So, this list of ten I am about to share with you is what I am inclined to name at this particular moment. Okay?

Now, the list in no particular order:

- 1. Montaigne.** I can't tell you how many times I have gone back to the essays since first reading a selection of them in college in the 60s. My edition of his complete essays has been on every bookshelf in every apartment/house I've lived in since I took it home with me during the final days of my bookstore. I love this man and get lost in that book whenever I open it and start to randomly read from it.
- 2. Mark Twain.** I read or reread him every year. He is one of those writers whose stories were required reading in high school who never grows old for me. American literature starts with *Huck Finn* and though I often laugh out loud with him, I see the outrage that underlines his greatest work.
- 3. Hemingway.** We share this one. I reread him every year, too. *In Our Time* and *The Sun Also Rises* are among my all-time favourite books. I even grew a beard this year while fasting during Ramadan (and no, I'm not a Muslim but fasted because I wanted to clean out my system. I also changed the rules a bit, and my staff here called it the rules for fasting for non-Muslims by allowing water to be consumed during the day) just to see if I looked a bit like him with one now that it's gray.
- 4. Steinbeck.** We share this one, too. I reread *Of Mice and Men* last month and it still makes me cry.
- 5. Mikhail Bulgakov.** *The Master and Margarita* was on my shelf for over 20 years before I finally got around to reading it (friends kept recommending it and I took it home from the bookstore but was too distracted to read it then, and forgot about it for years until two other friends were discussing another book of his--*Heart of a Dog*--and I went out and bought that to read and then read *Master and Margarita* right afterwards). I reread it again for the 4th time a few months ago and it still ranks up there with my all-time favourite novels. I like his other work, too, but that book is just wonderful.
- 6. Jose Saramago.** I first read *The Stone Raft* and was hooked. I think I've read just about everything in translation and a few weeks ago read his last published novel *Cain*. Two of his books are my favourites--*The Year of the Death of Ricardo Reis* & *The Gospel According to Jesus Christ*. Though I don't necessarily think all Nobel Prize winners are that deserving, he most definitely deserved the recognition.
- 7. Robert Creeley.** He edged out William Carlos Williams for this list because I keep going back to his work time and time again. He's playful, and sad, and I carry his books with me at all times. I've posted some of his poems but to be honest I get lost in his books every time I open them, which is quite frequently.
- 8. Stendhal.** I know everyone lists *The Red and the Black* as a favourite but *Charterhouse of Parma* is the one I return to periodically. He's such an influence that it's hard to not include him on this list.
- 9. Graham Greene.** Another writer who I reread every year. *Heart of the Matter* still moves me beyond words. And he wrote so much in so many different venues that it's often easy to overlook him. But he has always been an inspiration to me.
- 10. Giovanni Verga.** I discovered him late but return to the stories often and his work is really quite compelling. No one writes of the Italian people any better and with such compassion. He'll break your heart but that's what makes it stronger.

Now, if I compiled this list a month ago, it might have been a little different. And a month from now will probably see some changes, too. To be totally honest, it's hard to list favourite writers because they are linked in our minds to favourite books. For instance, Gorky's 3 volume autobiography is one of my favourite works, and Pushkin's stories, Turgenev's novels, Gogol's work, too. And that's just the Russians. But I had to pick just one of them so I went with Bulgakov. But I could easily substitute any of the others in his place. And how can a list of my favourite writers exist without mentioning Plutarch? Or Herodotus? Or Shakespeare, for that matter? I think I've seen every play performed at least once and reread them periodically, have several film versions in my DVD library. And the Asian poets? How can I possibly pick one? There's a book called *Sunflower Splendor* which I'm sure is out-of-print now but I constantly pick it up and read through the centuries of great Chinese poets. And the Japanese, the Korean? Impossible to select one.

And then there's Mencken, Joseph Mitchell, John Reed, Edmund Wilson. These guys are here with me in Istanbul because I would feel lonely without them. And Dos Passos' USA trilogy. How could that not make a list?

And Marquez, whose *100 Years of Solitude* is a masterpiece, and who helped introduce the world to the magic realism school of South American writers like Borges, Jorge Amado, etc.

And Joan Didion whose books are back in NY in storage and I constantly kick myself for not having brought at least one with me. She is impossible to find here in Turkey and I may have to resort to getting her on kindle soon if I don't go back to America for a visit this year.

And then there are the mystery writers I love: Andrea Camilleri, Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, all of whom I have here and reread periodically. I even own 22 episodes of the TV show based on Camilleri's Detective Montalbano books.

So you see a list of favourite writers is really a superficial undertaking. There can be no real list because we are always forgetting to include someone or are influenced by what we're reading at the moment. I have around 700 books here with me in Turkey plus another few dozen on my kindle and this is maybe 10% of what I own. The rest are in boxes in my ex-girlfriend's garage. Now if I had them all out on display like they used to be when I lived in NY, well then this list might be different because I would wander around looking at the shelves and writing down names of people I am forgetting now because they're not here with me. I mean, I'm afraid to look behind me now and see Thomas Hardy and wonder why I didn't put him on this list, and then feel guilty for overlooking others back there, too.

I was at a party once in Malibu back in the 70s when I had my bookstore and was still hopeful that my agent then would sell one of my novels or at least get one optioned for the screen. And there was this other client of his, a hack really but a successful one, who cornered me in between bottles of scotch to ask me who my favourite writers were. I couldn't answer but he, of course, could. "John Fowles for language," he said, "and Harold Robbins for plot." I almost threw up on his shoes or thought of throwing him off the patio to watch him tumble down the cliff, but I restrained myself and said something like "Ah, that's interesting." I mean I didn't want to cause a scene at the party since the hostess was an old friend of mine and we did share the same agent who was milling about somewhere hoping I would behave. But I always had a problem with that question, like listing my favourite movies or music or poets. I have to think about it and get back to the person asking the question in the morning. And then, of course, I'll change my mind two hours later.

So anyway, enough of this rambling. Here's my list at this moment in time. For better or worse, I stand by it till tomorrow. Now maybe I can make some breakfast and get on with my day.

Len.

P.S. Aren't you sorry you brought this subject up?



Eco-dying.

Carly Voight.

Eco-dying is the process of dyeing fabrics with all natural materials, such as onion skins, rose petals and leaves, and rusty metal objects. Different materials are used to produce different colours and patterns.



History.

Nate Wilkerson.

When people who are older than me, like grandparents or favourite teachers, show me pictures of pets they used to have, deceased people they knew, or houses and cars they used to live and drive in, I file the memories of seeing those pictures in the same memory cabinet as historical figures and places: Alexander the Great, the Grand Canyon, Grandpa Bob's old Ford truck in black and white, George Washington crossing the Potomac, Ghengis Khan and his Mongol army, Uncle Alex hold a stringer full of brook trout, the Great Pyramids and the infinite Saharan Desert, Sasha the black lab with the red bandana, the Taj Mahal, the crash and burn of the Hindenberg, Grandma Dolly's ranch house outside of Kalispell, and Zeus with a glorious beard.

Hemingway.

jaydeash.

The author Ernest Hemingway was undoubtedly one of the greatest literary minds of his generation. His minimalist, fragmented writing style and his 'predilection for understatement' revolutionised modern literature, resulting in him being awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1954. Sadly, it was his controversial death just seven years later that often shapes history's view of this exceptional man.

Hemingway's suicide was often attributed to his mounting depression, his inability to write and his seemingly unfounded paranoia that the Federal Bureau of Investigation had him under close surveillance. Hemingway's belief that he was being targeted by the FBI was dismissed by even his closest family, and he was subsequently admitted to the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota to undertake electric shock treatment for paranoia and depression. Jack, his son, believes that Hemingway's wife Mary had him admitted because she 'didn't want anyone to think he had a medical problem'. Jack goes on to say that 'they did something to him that he always said he never wanted done... a series of electric shock treatments'.

Hemingway's close friend, Aaron Edward Hotchner, who visited him whilst he was in the Mayo Clinic, recalls their final conversations with a sense of shame. He suggested to Hemingway that he retire, to which Hemingway replied, 'Retire? Unlike your baseball player and your...matador, how does a writer retire? Everywhere he goes, he hears the same damn question: what are you working on?'. This conversation was the last that Hotchner was ever to have with Hemingway.

Hotchner's summary of the situation is heart-wrenching, as he explains:

This man...who had refused to accept the prevailing style of writing but, enduring rejection and poverty, had insisted on writing in his own unique way, this man, my deepest friend, was afraid; afraid that the FBI was after him, that his body was disintegrating, that his friends had turned on him, that living was no longer an option.

Sadly, decades after Hemingway's death came the shocking revelation that the author's paranoia was completely justified. Under the Freedom of Information Act the FBI's extensive file on Hemingway was released, proving without a doubt that the author had been the subject of continued surveillance for around twenty years. Hemingway's paranoid delusions, dismissed by his doctors, his family and his friends, turned out to be an awful reality that Hotchner now believes contributed directly to his suicide.

Unfortunately, that concern was not given the due attention it deserved, and as a result the man whose motto was 'man can be destroyed, but not defeated', found himself unable to go on.



INSIDE TEMPEST'S

SKETCHPAD.

THE BREYER CANYON ROSE GARDEN.

Laura Dedon Oxford.

She hated Ashley Peterson. Hated her with a passion. What a stupid dare. "Walk through the Breyer Canyon Rose Garden." Haha, so clever. Why did slumber parties always have to involve 'Truth or Dare'? Ashley would get it all right. Marie would think up a really nasty dare for her.

Marie straightened up and tucked her messy hair behind her ear. Her breath hung in the cold night air as she paused at the garden's entrance, flanked by tall stone columns. She could hear her friends giggling behind her. "Well, go on then!" She frowned. They wouldn't be too quick to walk through the Breyer Canyon Rose Garden at one in the morning. But a dare was a dare she wasn't going to get called chicken. Taking a deep breath, Marie walked forward and around a curve in the path. Just like that, the entrance was blocked from view.

Marie shivered as her footsteps crunched in the tiny ice crystals covering the bark path. The frost had come early that year. The city's gardeners hadn't yet prepared the roses for winter. She glanced around at the dark bushes lining the pathway. Some still had flowers clinging stubbornly to them. Soon their long, grasping canes would be wrapped in hay to await the coming spring. She paused at one, a rose just barely opened, dark crimson in colour. A shade darker than blood, as if she'd pricked her finger. She shook her head and hurried forward on the path, trying to ignore the thoughts screaming through her head.

The path meandered under a tall archway covered with the thick canes of an ancient climber. Marie paused before passing under it. She knew this was it. None of the adults would ever tell her, but she knew all the same. This was where they'd found the body.

Two years ago they'd found him. Although a bloody pair of twenty-four inch shears had been found next to the fresh corpse, the body was unmarked. But the local police did find an empty bottle of rose pesticide several yards away. They ruled it a suicide. That didn't stop rumours of the Rose Butcher circulating around the schoolyard.

A rustle on the path behind her. Marie gave a small squeak and whipped around. A brown shrew scurried off the path, making a great deal of noise crossing the fallen leaves. She tried to control her breathing. "A shrew," she muttered. "Ok. No big deal."

The small sliver of moon was enough to make the roses sparkle. The cold made them look so hard, so sharp, as if she could slice her finger simply by touching one of their serrated leaves.

A light breeze picked up, throwing Marie's messy hair even more out of place. She didn't care. This time she was positive she had heard something, something crunching through the frost. She spun around, hoping to catch whatever it was behind her off guard. Nothing was there. Just a single, long-stemmed rose, laying in the middle of the path.

She froze, unsure if it was better to move forward or run back, before walking over and picking up the rose. Ice crystals glinted on its dark leaves, but the petals seemed untouched by early winter. They glistened, a deep red. Marie's nose wrinkled up at its sickly sweet scent. Gently touching the petals, she glanced down at her fingers. Red same as the rose.

Marie gave a small sob, but stifled it immediately. She had heard it. Crunching. Coming at regular intervals. Sounding just as her own footsteps had on the frosty path.

She turned around. Lifting her dark eyes, she looked down the path and screamed.

Indian Natural Wildlife Habitat : It's a catch-22 kind of situation.

Part IV.

So previously, I have covered the shrinking Islands, vanishing habitats of near extinction flora and fauna in the Eastern, Southern and Western part of India. In this fourth episode let us look at the heart of India, the Satpura range of hills which runs through the central India. The area is known for wonderful geographical features like natural marble rock formations by rivers. It is also home to near-extinct wild animals. Efforts have been made in the last two centuries to preserve some of these animals by creating Wild Life Sanctuaries, but it might be too little too late.

Satpura Range, Madhya Pradesh (Central India)



What Makes It Special?

- The Satpura Range is a range of hills in Central India. The range rises in eastern Gujarat State near the Arabian Sea coast, running east through the border of Maharashtra and Madhya Pradesh to the Chhattisgarh. The range runs parallel to the Vindhya Range to the north, and these two east-west ranges divide the Indian Subcontinent into the Indo-Gangetic plain of northern India and the Deccan Plateau of the south. The Narmada River, Tapti River and Godavari River also originate from here.
- The national parks, Hill Stations and animal reserves in the Satpura range attract hundreds of thousands of visitors each year. Pachmarhi is a beautiful hill station in the Satpura range. Satpura National Park is home to tigers, leopards, sambars, chital, Bhedki, nilgai, four-horned antelope, chinkara, bison (gour), wild boar, wild dog, bear, black buck, fox, porcupine, flying squirrel, mouse deer and Indian giant squirrel, to name a few. Additionally, a wide variety of birds live in this area. Hornbills and peafowl are common birds found here. The flora consists of teak, tendu, Phyllanthus emblica, mahua, bel, bamboo, and grasses and medicinal plants.

- There is also Kanha National Park nearby which is a Tiger Reserve. The park has a significant population of Royal Bengal Tiger, leopards, the sloth bear, Barasingha and Indian wild dog. The lush bamboo forests, grassy meadows and ravines of Kanha provided inspiration to Rudyard Kipling for his famous novel "Jungle Book "
- Bori Wildlife Sanctuary is located in Madhya Pradesh. Bori Wildlife Sanctuary includes India's oldest forest preserve, the Bori Reserve Forest, established in 1865 along the Tewa River. The sanctuary, together with Satpura National Park and the Pachmarhi Sanctuary, forms the Pachmarhi Biosphere Reserve.
- Bandhavgarh National Park has a large biodiversity. The density of the tiger population at Bandhavgarh is one of the highest known in India. The park has a large breeding population of Leopards, and various species of deer.

The Looming Danger

- Slowly the forest cover is diminishing and so is the biodiversity of the region. The vast undulating wooded areas of this region are being chopped down to make place for infrastructure and dam projects.

The Potential Loss

- Most of the Satpura range was once heavily forested; but the area has been subject to gradual deforestation in recent decades, although significant stands of forests remain.
- These forest enclaves provide habitat to several at risk and endangered species, including the Royal Bengal tiger (*Panthera tigris*), gaur (*Bos gaurus*), dhole (*Cuon alpinus*), sloth bear (*Melursus ursinus*), chousingha (*Tetracerus quadricornis*), and blackbuck (*Antelope cervicapra*).
- Several protected areas have been earmarked in the area, including the Kanha, Pench, Gugamal and Satpura National Parks, Pachmarhi Biosphere Reserve, Melghat Tiger Reserve and the Bori Reserve Forest.



THE UNKNOWN

JAYDE ASHE

THE FREEDOM OF GIVING IN TO
THE UNKNOWN IS ONE OF THE
GREATEST FEELINGS I KNOW

OUR WORLD IS SO STRUCTURED
FILLED WITH RULES
SOCIAL CULTURAL ETHICAL
MORAL PHYSICAL

WE ARE CONSTANTLY BOUND BY
THE KNOWN THE UNKNOWN IS A
STRANGER THAT IS MOST
UNWELCOME TO VISIT

FROM THE MOMENT WE WAKE UP
IN THE MORNING RULES INVADE
OUR MIND MUST EAT BREAKFAST
MUST SHOWER BRUSH TEETH
DO HAIR, PUT ON MAKEUP
PUT ON A SMILE AND
FACE THE WORLD

SO WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE
IGNORE THESE RULES

WHEN WE PUSH OURSELVES
BEYOND THE KNOWN BEYOND
SAFETY AND COMFORT AND
SANITY AND INVITE THE
STRANGE INTO OUR SIMPLE DAY
CHAOS

MAYHEM

DEATH

DESTRUCTION AND THE TOTAL
ANNIHILATION OF EVERYTHING
WE HOLD DEAR

OR DO WE DISCOVER ANOTHER
DIMENSION TO OURSELVES THAT
WE HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD
RECOGNISED OR EVEN
THOUGHT POSSIBLE

Contributors.

Aaron Goldsmith - Australia.

'I'm a poet trying to perfect my introspective style with dabbles of strangeness and whimsy. I write character driven Fantasy and Science Fiction novels and mix them up with a good amount of action, romance, philosophy, horror, humour and cheese. I sometimes write about my travels.'

Check out more of Aaron's poetry on his blog - [bloodwords](#)

Abi Newman - England.

'This is for the dreamers. The ones who dance to the music in their hearts. For the people who want to set sail and find that deeper connection away from all the confusion. I want to give people somewhere they can read a line of someone else's words, and see themselves in them.'

You can see more of Abi's poetry on her blog ~ [Words By Numbers](#)

Bastet - Italy.

'I'm American born, known to the blogging world as Bastet. I'd describe myself as, eclectic, recently specializing in poetry and photography. I first published in Italian in 2006 and this year in "The First One's On Us" a poetry anthology published by Sahm King. I live and work in Trentino, Italy.'

You can see more of Bastet's poetry on her blog - [Bastet and Sekhmet's Library](#)

Bhuwan Chand - India.

'I live for books, the day I'd stop reading would be the day I'd stop living. They guide me to live a happy & contented life, keep focus on big picture, keep walking in this journey of life purposefully, steadily towards the final destination. I am so fortunate to have people around me who share my passion for books.'

To read more of Bhuwan's writing, visit his blog - [Whatever It's Worth](#)

Carly Voight - Australia.

'I am in love with fashion and textiles and have been studying them as much as I can through TAFE. My lovely friend, Sue Chard, and I have been experimenting with eco/natural dying over the last couple of years. We have been coming up with a lot of great colours, prints and designs. I am always picking up new bits and pieces to experiment with in my travels. Sometimes it's messy but it's always a lot of fun.'

Emmyl Gant - Mediterranean.

'I write mostly free verse poetry, but sometimes I sketch scenes. I write in both French and English. Everything I write touches on our human condition; how we live and feel our lives, how we experience our humanity, and fight the loneliness of being. And of course love. I often use nature in its different aspects to express beauty and complex human emotions.'

You can read more of Emmyl's writing on her blog - [unbuttoned or undone](#)

G. Hadley - U.S.A.

'In dreams touch always evades me. I don't understand why. My name is Adele Genevieve Elysee ,and sometimes I go by the pseudonym of G. Hadley. I want to be the next (female) Shel Silverstein. I attend college in Florida where I write often and always. One thousand thanks for reading.' You can read more of G. Hadley's work on her blog - [And I'll Go](#)

Herman Kok - South Africa.

'I'm a former youth pastor, former teacher, current student and future bestselling author. Hey, a positive attitude is half the battle. I like to whack things with hammers. Well, not really, but it sure makes an interesting by-line for my blog. I'm from South Africa, and no, I haven't met Nelson Mandela. I play the guitar and the piano. And I cook. I can't draw...everyone needs something to keep them humble, don't you think?'

You can read more of Herman's writing on his blog - [if all else fails...use a hammer](#)

John W. Howell - U.S.A.

'I write fictional short stories and novels as well as a twice weekly blog. I am currently under contract with Martin Sisters Publishing for my fiction thriller *My GRL* that is due to be released later this year.' You can check out John's work on his blog - [Fiction Favourite's](#) or reach him by email at - johnhowell.wave@gmail.com

Laura Dedon Oxford - U.S.A.

'I'm a writer. I live in Seattle. I have two cats and a husband and a 50's rambler in need of love. I like sweatpants. A lot. But don't worry, I don't wear them as often as I'd like.' To read more of Laura's writing, check out her blog - [Buffalo Writes](#)

Leonard Durso - Turkey.

'I'm a writer and an educator living in Istanbul. I currently have 5 books available through amazon.com as kindles and another mystery novel translated into Turkish available through a publisher in Turkey. And besides all that, I once managed a shoe store, a warehouse, owned a literary bookstore called Intellectuals & Liars in Santa Monica, CA, worked as a professional boy scout, wrote advertising copy for radio, did summer stock as an actor, clerked in a food co-op, was a busboy for a day at Ziggy's Kosher Restaurant, sold vacuum cleaners at Gimbels, was a green attendant at Cypress Hills Cemetery and so on. I get tired just thinking about it. Who says teaching is tough? Try leveling graves after a heavy rain. Or moving apples with spots. Now there's a challenge for you. And let's not forget how to Hoover.'

To check out more of Leonard's work visit his blog - [Leonard Durso](#)

Leya - Sweden.

'I am an amateur photographer who tries to capture some of the wonders in nature that make my soul soar and fly.'

You can see more of Leya's photography on her self-titled blog - [Leya](#)

Lisa Kennedy - U.S.A.

'My family and I make our home in a small town in the Northwest corner of Washington State and through my blog I share photos and stories of our adventures in this unique and beautiful part of the country.'

Check out more of Lisa's photography on her blog -

[Northwest Frame of Mind](#)

Nathan Wilkerson - U.S.A.

'I live in Portland, Oregon where I am working for the YMCA while I finish school. Right now, the cursor is blinking, and the only way to make it stand still is to write things.'

You can read more of Nate's writing on his self-titled blog -

[Nate Wilkerson](#)

Patricia Bell - New Zealand.

'I was born in Northern Ireland but have been living in New Zealand for many years now. I have an MA in English Literature (specialising in Northern Irish poetry) and a post-graduate diploma in journalism. I write short stories, poetry and a variety of non-fiction articles, and I am working on my first novel.'

You can read more of Patricia's work on her blog - [belllettres](#)

Riley Covalleski - U.S.A.

'My name is Riley and I am an English major pursuing a Writing Minor. I grew up in a small town, and played a myriad of sports before I realized I'm not physical. I absolutely adore fiction (especially Harry Potter) and hope someday to be a YA novelist.'

To read more of Riley's work check out her blog - [BookingAwesome](#)

The Jagged Man - U.S.A.

'I am a husband, blue-collar worker, son, brother and jacked up like most other folks. I have been blessed with a love for nature and a bent for photography. I blend words with my photos and sometimes words with my photos. I am The Jagged Man.'

To check out more of The Jagged Man's poetry, visit his blog -

[Pondering Things and Taking Pictures](#)

Tempest - Australia.

'I am one third of an art collective called Art Of Darkness. We are three artists from the Southwest of Western Australia. We first met over a decade ago as students, before eventually parting ways. Drawn back together by our love of art and a mutual admiration for each other's work, we joined forces to take our creativity to new heights. Although we cover different styles and mediums, there is an underlying connection that binds it all together. We are Art of Darkness.'

Check out Art of Darkness & Tempest's work on their Facebook page -

[Art Of Darkness](#)

Like what you saw?

Get involved in The Paperbook Collective!

Submit your work to jayde.ashe@hotmail.com.

Fill in the submission form located on [The Paperbook Blog](#), or simply send the following information along with your piece.

Name.

Published name/pseudonym.

Country of origin.

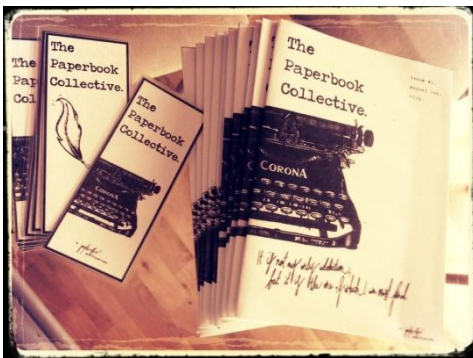
50 word biography in FIRST PERSON format.

The Paperbook Collective is an independent publication that relies completely on your support, so jump online and show your love today!

Follow [The Paperbook Blog](#).

Like [The Paperbook Collective](#) on Facebook.

Purchase a copy of [The Paperbook Collective Zine](#).



But best of all, spread the word! Share this magazine with your creative friends, family or followers and help The Paperbook Collective span the globe.

you're now a raging success
it's different
and
it's
strange
But it's a perfect space
for
independent
releases
an artists' collective.

Jayde Ashe