

LITERARY FEVER

LITERARY & CULTURAL ARTS ZINE



THE ROAD
IS LIFE

FREE FOR TRAVELERS



“OUR BATTERED SUITCASES WERE
PILED ON THE SIDEWALK AGAIN;

WE HAD LONGER WAYS TO GO. BUT
NO MATTER, THE ROAD IS LIFE.”

-JACK KEROUAC, *ON THE ROAD*



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EDITOR’S NOTE



“The only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn, like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars...”
-Jack Kerouac

After *the birth*, we felt the natural progression into issue 2 was to throw out our thumbs and hitchhike to where-to-next land.

I moved from Boston to Lowell a couple of years ago and found a new appreciation for Mill City and its deep-rooted industrial history. However, one thing still reigns in my mind about Lowell, Massachusetts: It’s the birthplace and last resting place of beat writer, Jack Kerouac.

Never having been to his grave, I visited in October. I found a pumpkin and a pink carnation (that I could tell had been placed on his plot only the day before). *How many, and how far had some traveled to be here?*

Beat writers like Kerouac, Ginsberg and Burroughs believed in creative spontaneity and rejected any form of conformity in their art. Sharing so many ideologies with the Romantics, the beat writers had dreams and ideas – and they followed them.

One of my favorite Kerouac musings can be found in his *Essentials for Prose*: “Accept Loss Forever.” This issue is about movement – and moving on. True self-expression comes from an uninhibited place where instinct reigns and control is forfeited.

In these pages, we have massive poetic talent, interviews with two unique artists, Saul Zanolari and Fabio Panichi, along with boxcar art from Michael Poulin, photographs from Heidi Harris, illustrations by Christina Benjamin, and entrancing collaborations visually interpreted from talents like Caesar Perez, Melisa Des Rosiers and Tanya Pshenychny.

Sarah Friend shares her experience with a gallery review, and two fiction pieces take us on a “Journey” and a “Long Hitch.” Our poets tell us that this journey can be lonely but necessary; that heat “is the most dangerous language around,” and “it comes at a price you would not believe.”

Thanks to both our contributors and team for their contribution in this collaborative venture.

Although some days we may wind up as road kill, there will be days when we find ourselves at the pinnacle of a hard-waged journey. Whatever kind is ahead of you, keep on truckin’ because, after all, the road IS life.

Here’s to the journey. Listen for the drum roll,
Kristie Langone

MASTHEAD



“...THE ANCHORS ARE FATAL.
MAKE LOVE WITH THE ROAD.
MAKE LOVE WITH THE SMELL
OF DEAD SKUNKS AND DIESEL.”

-STEPHANIE LANE SUTTON, “INTERSTATE”

Visual Art

CHRISTINA BENJAMIN
NICHOLAS O'NEAL BLUME
B. COLLINS
STEVE CARTWRIGHT
MELISA DES ROSIERS
DIEGO LARA
CZR PRZ
TANYA PSHENYCHNY
JERROD SMITH
RANDALL STONE



BY CHRISTINA BENJAMIN

Reviews

SARAH FRIEND
"BERLIN'S OTHER SIDE."

Fiction

DAVID RASEY:
"THE LONG HITCH,"

GUY ANTHONY DE MARCO:
"JOURNEY"

Poetry

MK CHAVEZ
WILLIAM DORESKI
KEVIN DUGGAN
BRAD EVANS
JASON FISK
MIKE MERAZ
LAUREN MILLER



BY MELISA DES ROSIERS

JASON MORALES
BENJAMIN NARDOLILLI
JAYNE PUPEK
SERENA SPINELLO
RAY SUCCRE
STEPHANIE LANE SUTTON
WAYNE WOLFSON



PHOTO BY HEIDI HARRIS

Photography

CHRIS CIBOROWSKI



HEIDI HARRIS

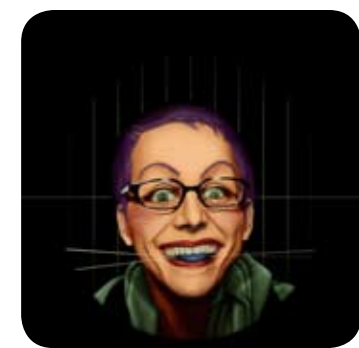


MICHAEL POULIN



Featured Works & Interviews with

ARTIST: SAUL ZANOLARI



&

ARTIST: FABIO PANICHI



Collaborations



"SHOPPING FOR SOULS"



"THE FEW WHO STEAL THE FIRE"



"AND IF IT COULD TRULY BE FOUND"



"LITTLE ROOM"



"DEAD MOON"



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INTERSTATE

I fell in love
with the ground,
aligned myself
with the crooked rain
and aligned myself
across the stretch
of asphalt and spit
between Chicago and Detroit.

I become one with it,
a second skin.
The sun and sleet treatments
blister us open –
we bleed out, together,
through potholes and cracks.
My pale freckles spread themselves
like breadcrumbs
through the Michigan dark,
a guide through a million trees
collaged with the night,
a million speckled towns
criss-crossing your way.

I fell in love
with I-94,
and although once I romanced
with a shortcut across a toll road,
I could never quite shake
the haunt of the forest
and semi-trucks
and the Denny's where you could sit
and watch
the teenagers falling apart,
raped by a pitstop
called "Home."

I learned from that mistake.
The anchors are fatal.
Make love with the road.
Make love with the smell
of dead skunks and diesel.

-STEPHANIE LANE SUTTON

Venus

The past few mornings
letting the dog out
early and still dark
I could see Venus, a
perfectly round
bright white dot,
punched into the blue-black
above our sleeping
neighborhood
and I thought it a benison,
I don't know why,
perhaps because I need
one, perhaps because
the dog is old and
might not be around
a few years from now,
and Venus will still
be there above the houses,
pure and sharp and
as reliable as
ideas and ghosts and shadows.

-COREY MESLER

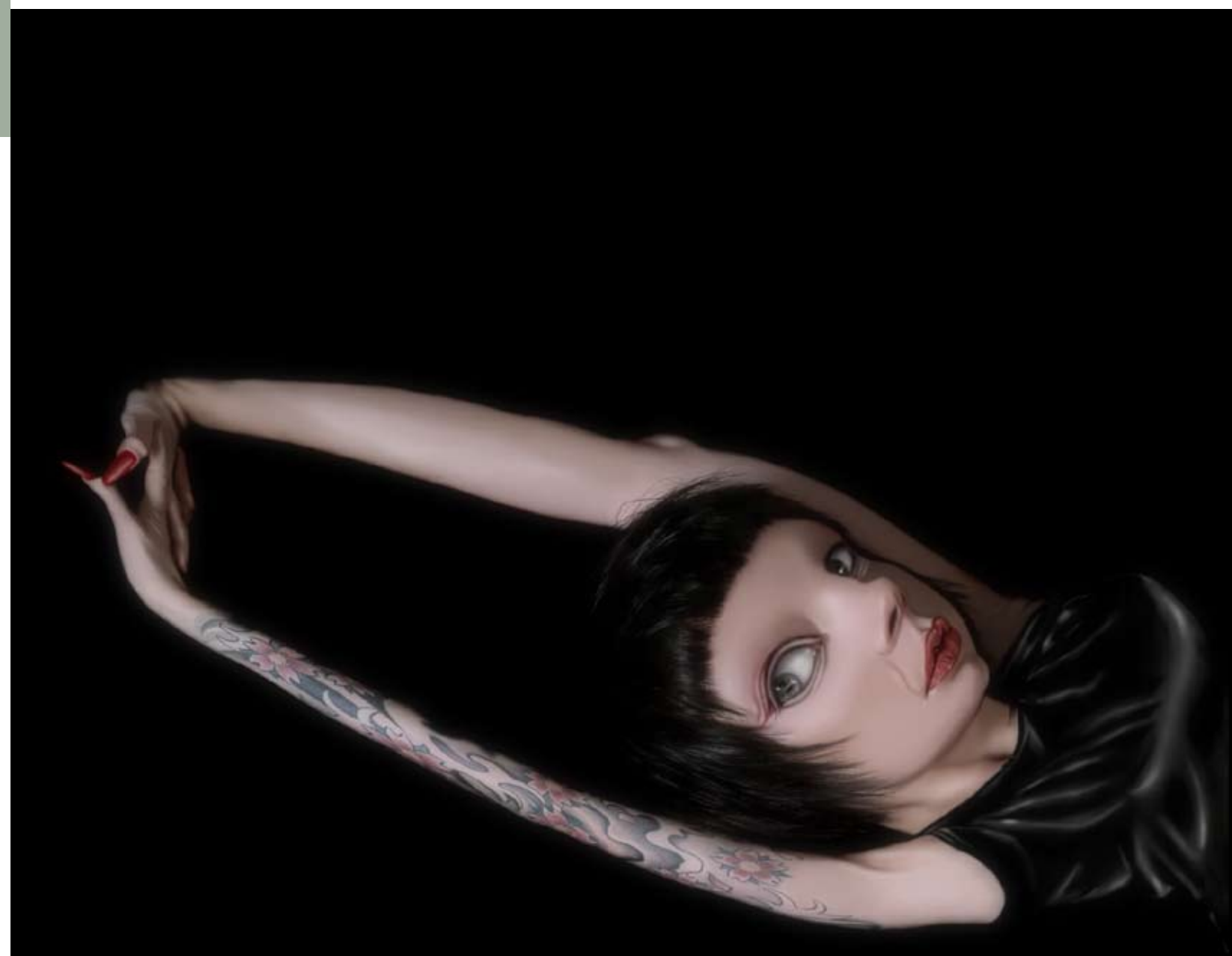


MASTER OF THE MOUSE Saul Zanolari

BY KRISTIE LANGONE

MAKING ART PERSONAL

Saul Zanolari is a multi-faceted artist who is satisfied with the notion that certain sensibilities are indescribable and, ultimately, can't be fleshed out with words. Saul has worked as a professional photographer/designer/artist since 1997 and has been exhibiting his work since 2005. His works always feature one subject and start with a photograph. Zanolari delves into the details of a single story with his imagination in an effort to spawn new work and grasp concepts. His art resonates in a lonely dark alley, symbolizing a haunting world that invokes questions about who we are as a people — and, more importantly, as individuals.



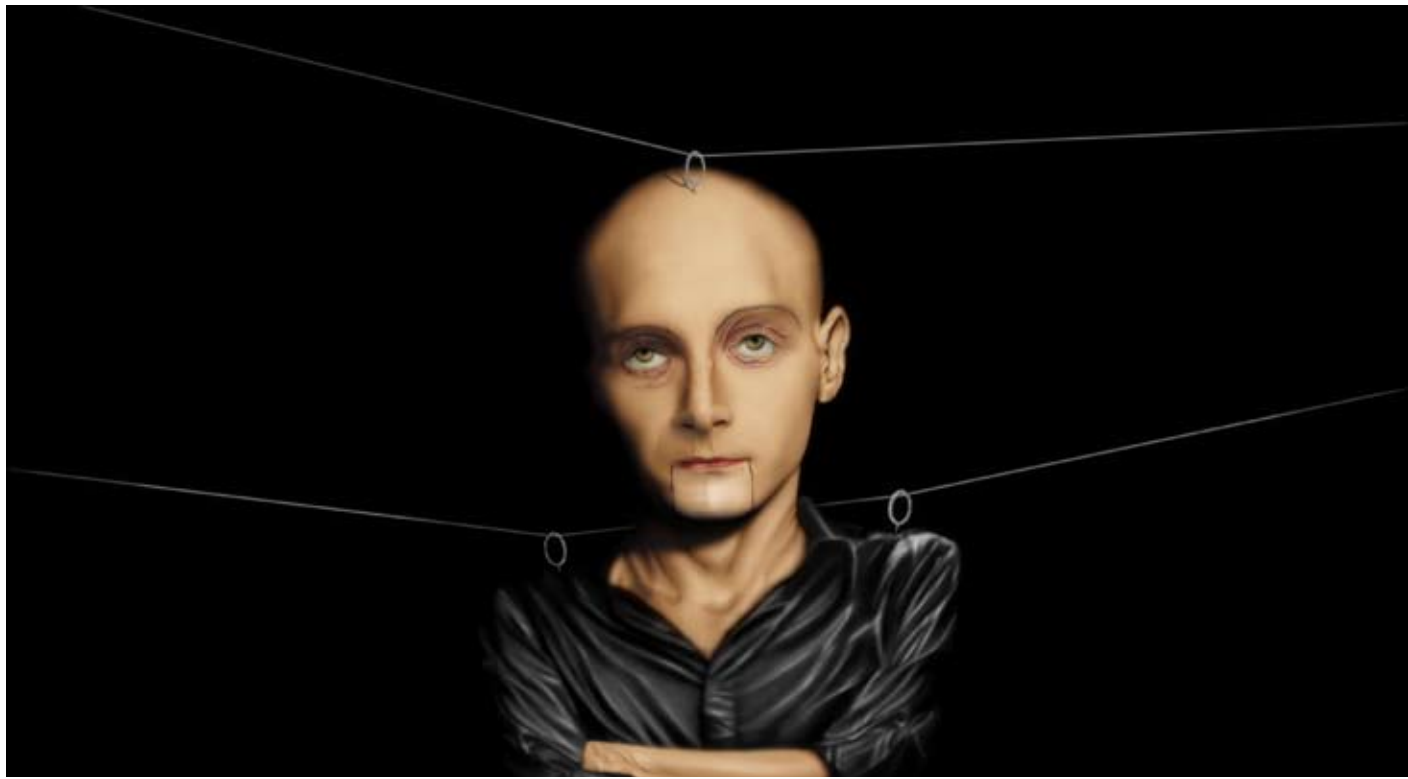


SAUL ZANOLARI (CONT.)

At the ripe age of 30, Zanolari has already had his work exhibited in New York, Paris, Basel and Milan. Born in September of '77 in Switzerland, Zanolari describes his childhood-self as a mixture of quiet and problematic: "I was a terrible kid," he ruminates. "One of those kids that, today, needs Prozac." But, as for his childhood as a whole, he remembers an enchanted one.

Zanolari's studies in Philosophy led him into the lens of photography. The latter snowballed and rolled him into his unique and tenacious craft: reworking photographs to create an entirely new digital image. How does he do it? Not with a pen or a brush — but a mouse (Zanolari also uses his hands and creates sculptures from photographs). It's difficult to believe his works begin with a picture because they look like mummified, 2D wax figures descending from a dream (or nightmare)!





**“AS YOU
COULD DO
WITH A
PENCIL OR A
PEN, I DRAW
WITH MY
MOUSE.”**



SAUL ZANOLARI (CONT.)

A mixture of fashion clips, drawing and pop art, the portraits signed by Saul illuminate subjects like drag queens, dolls and DJs. From “Simon Le Bon” (lead singer and lyricist of Duran Duran) to “Miss Kitten (electronica DJ),” moving through “Amanda Lepore” (American transgender icon), his art engages onlookers; it sucks them into the condition of his subjects. What’s behind their eyes? You can’t help but notice.

Zanolari works on subjects that interest him but he tells us that the majority of his portraits star his family and friends. Zanolari stresses the importance of the everyday figures in our lives by immortalizing those who have influenced him personally. After all, what better way is there to create true art than to use subjects you truly know?

We talked with Saul while he was packing up and hitting the road to Beijing to begin a new series, “Chinese inspired,” which will show at F2 Gallery in early March.



INTERVIEW WITH SAUL ZANOLARI : MASTER OF THE MOUSE

It’s difficult to believe that your work starts as a photograph. How do you do it? What are your favorite software programs to create with?

Just drawing. I begin with a real photo but the photo I use is only a pretext and a guide to draw with. As you could do with a pencil or a pen, I draw with my mouse.

You’re also a sculptor. How do you go about that, and manage all that detail!? What other mediums do you work with?

You’re referring to my new sculpting series from my doll’s series of photo artworks. My sculptures are growing from the photo directly. Their life began as a real doll (a toy), someone took a picture of them, and I created another brand new image. Now I’d like to give another chance to this image and this doll. I’d like to give another 3D life to my dolls.

How long do you typically work on a piece? Are you the start-to-finish type or the let-it-sit-for-a-few-years type? Or somewhere in between?

I need to work on one of my pieces for about 3 weeks. I’m the start-to-finish type. I’m not able to wait on a half-made piece. I need to see it finished, accomplished and alive as soon as possible. That’s why I’m exhausted when I’m finishing one!

Many of your works feature friends and family? Many artists keep their art/writing away from their families. Do you enjoy having that seamless connection and/or your thought on this?

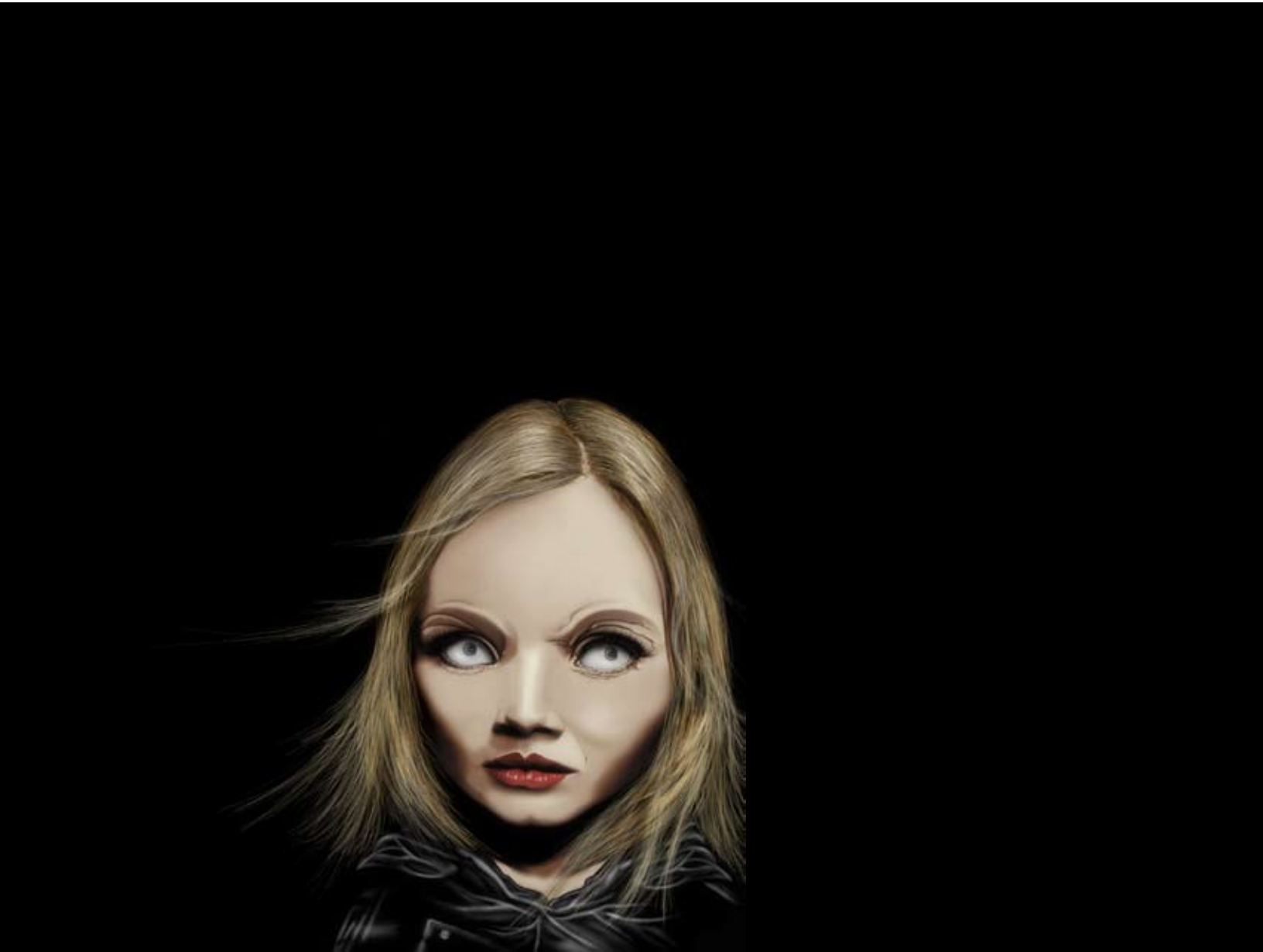
Yes. Friends and family because I live my art deep, close and intimate. I can express only what I really know, and it is easier when you know your subject. I mean, mine are not really portraits. I use subjects because I need to talk about concepts. If I know the subject, it is easier to play with a concept and choose the right subject for the right concept.

Are you currently working on any projects?

I’m living in Beijing starting in August 2007 because I’m working on my next solo show here in China. I’m working on a brand new series of portraits and sculptures, “Chinese inspired.” The opening will be on March 8th by F2 Gallery. That’s what I’m working on now.

What gave you ‘the fever’ for the arts?

You feel it. You can’t do anything else – and you can’t describe it.



WWW.SAULZANOLARI.COM 2 LITERARY FEVER 18-19





DEAD MOON

A POEM BY WAYNE H. W WOLFSON
ILLUSTRATED BY MELISA DES ROSIERS

My woman lies sideways and hangs her arms around my neck as if drowning.
Later, with a growing sense of unease, I would get up. In the dark, in this strange place I would bump
the coffee table, upsetting a pyramid of dominos which could not even muster up the enthusiasm
to fall all the way to the floor.
I stare out the window. A drink would be nice. A drink is not worth the fight in the morning.
I swear I saw her make a scratch mark, whisky tide chart, on the label.
The moon is dead, in sleep.
I stare at her, I scratch the label, carving our initials, then go back to sleep.

-WAYNE H. W WOLFSON



A PAST SHAPED LIKE A STARFISH

On this windy morning of trees
about to topple, I'm dense
as the one universal atom
before the Big Bang. I dreamt
that a famous historian
lectured on the latest methods
of configuring a past shaped

like a starfish or chrysanthemum.
His study of ritual suicide
in the foothills of the Andes
not as anthropology
but a factor in the failure
of government in four small nations
won him prizes, plus lovers

riper than breadfruit. The snore
of airliners far overhead
retorts to my fear of falling trees
and the calm professional voice
of the historian recedes
in the flushing of the psyche
that always occurs at dawn.

Today I have to drive a hundred
miles to Connecticut to visit
Mother in the nursing home
where she wrestles the angel of rage.
I want to explain that winter
still arrives every year, that dogs
still bark at the genderless moon.

She'd believe me, but the groans
of the trees so haunt me
that everything I say feels raw
as oysters, and the criminal
expressions of the landscape
stall in glacial syllables
caught in the back of my throat.

-William Doreski

WILLIAM DORESKI

POET

LITERARY FEVER 2

22-23

PETTY AND PROFITLESS CRIME

By the river bend, a chrome glint
of bumper, a solitary tire.
Still attached to a chassis
buried in red sand, these relics
commemorate my life's worth
of petty and profitless crime.

Forty-five years ago my cronies
and I stole this car and shoved it
from the lip of a sandbank
to stumble three hundred feet down
into the river. The glory
of this prank has never faded
but the sandbank has overgrown
and become forest too dense
for the mind to penetrate
to picture an auto tumbling
unimpeded to the river.

Before trees erupted, loose sand
concealed the wreck. The river,
meanwhile, snuggled deeper in its bed,
leaving the carcass high and dry.
No passerby walking a dog
or couple prowling for privacy
could reconstruct the history
of this crash without the help
of the only surviving witness.

The bumper and lone exposed tire
hardly betray the entire car
buried here, but represent
memory's selective cruelty;
and whenever I walk this path
as far as the old broken dam
and back I accuse myself
not of crimes I gladly committed
but of failing to appreciate
how the landscape has dignified
with mystery a foolishness
too offhand to render as art.

-William Doreski



TANYA PSHENYCHNY



A POEM BY SERENA SPINELLO
ILLUSTRATED BY TANYA PSHENYCHNY

SHOPPING FOR SOULS

Every Monday mum takes me to the repository of souls.
They're cheap there,
it's just a matter of rummaging
through all the aisles
to find a fitting one.

They stack 'em real high,
6 by 6 by 6 by 6 by 6.
New ones are delivered
(without the sound of bells).
Impotent ones are always an additional twenty dollars off.

I like to throw every soul
I see into the shopping cart.
Mum says that's the best way-
otherwise someone could purchase the one that's for me.

Death must feel generous lately;
There are more than ever to choose from.
You have to be aware of the store's ploy though-
at the checkout counter, the cashier strokes a harp-
while virtuous souls strut down the runway.
They are enticing but, too expensive
(for people of our means).

SERENA SPINELLO

WINTER MORNING
COFFEE W/WALT -
02/12/07

A POEM BY
JASON FISK

Jason Fisk WHO IS

Sitting in our corner
of the Harold Washington Public Library,
wishing we had enough money
to sit, in the ambiance filled coffee houses
Walt asks if I've ever
had a poem written by someone else
about myself.
"No, I haven't - have you?"
His eyes began to burn
like hot coal when it meets oxygen.
They glowed
cold blue youth set in deep old sockets,
surrounded by exhausted facial hair.
"That's my dream," he leaned toward me and whispered.
"To have my being preserved in a word photograph
to be shown, to be read, at my funeral.
Do you think you could do that for me?
Could you write a poem about me
a eulogy of sorts?"

My dear friend,
you know what a procrastinator I am,
you'd better live a bit longer,
give me more stuff to write about...

-Karl Johansen



PHOTOGRAPHER

CHRIS CIBOROWSKI



The Long Hitch

BY DAVID RASEY

I finish my coffee, pay my check, and leave fifty cents for the waitress before ducking into the truck-stop men's room. I wash my face, use wetted paper towels to swab under my arms, glide on some of the deodorant I carry in my bag, and comb my hair. Trust me, it's much easier to get rides if you don't look or smell like a bum. I check my clothes and decide they'll pass. Time to hit the road again.

The waitress smiles at me as I go out. After all the time I've spent on the roads, I don't even have to look at her nametag to know her. Her name is Legion. She's a once-pretty girl whose eyes have that hopeless-but- hungry look that says *lonely single woman, financially struggling, desperately seeks knight in shining armor. Must love kids*. I mentally salute her and wish her luck. She'll need it. All she'll find out here is the usual grab bag of truckers, freaks, barflies, and losers. Who else would you expect to find in a hash house outside Elizabethtown, Kentucky at two in the morning? Thinking of it makes me a little sad for her.

The air is warm and sweet. Mid-September is a damned fine time of year in Kentucky. There is a beautiful, silver-blue moon floating in the inky sky. I walk out of the parking lot and down the road to the highway on-ramp just a few hundred yards away. It's a good night for walking. At this hour, I have no concerns about the highway patrol. They stick close to town in the wee hours. It's safer, and they have a better chance of unloading some tickets near where the speed limits change.

I have some food in my bag if I get hungry, and a rain poncho that can double as a small tent if the weather turns wet. I have some extra clothes, a few cans of Sterno and a box of all weather, strike-anywhere matches, and some personal hygiene items. I also have a small spray bottle filled with a mixture of water and ammonia that will discourage unfriendly dogs. It's also useful for handling overly friendly queers. Being young looking and slender with gold-blond hair, I tend to attract more than my share of those. When you ride your thumb as much as I do, you learn to deal with these things.

I make the on-ramp and walk up onto the highway. I stop for a moment and look around. Behind me, I can see the faint glow of Elizabethtown. Ahead, all I can see is the ghostly lines of the empty highway. I don't see that unique running glimmer on the power lines that heralds the headlights of a vehicle approaching from a mile or two away.

I start walking in the long, easy stride that any road kid develops after a few days traveling. You can eat up miles like candy with that stride. Four or five miles are nothing but a good stretch of the legs; after maybe eight, your feet are a little tired. After ten or twelve, you need to take a break. Rest for about thirty minutes and you're good for another eight or ten miles, easy. You can walk twenty miles or more in a single night. Tonight has a feel that tells me I won't be that long on foot though. Don't ask me to explain that; it's just a sense you develop after enough time hitchhiking.

Do any of them suspect that I am passing by like a ghost with no place to haunt? No. Only I know that I am out here. It makes my walk a secret thing, and that pleases me.

As I walk, I think about the people in the few houses I pass. Have they ever been out here on this road, walking in the deeps of the night? Of course not! How silly. They have safe, comfortable homes and safe, comfortable lives. They're all in bed, sleeping the well-earned sleep of the hardworking. Do any of them suspect that I am passing by like a ghost with no place to haunt? No. Only I know that I am out here. It makes my walk a secret thing, and that pleases me.

Around three, I feel that momentary buffet of cold wind that old-timers say is the passing of the spirit of the night. A few minutes later I smell the wet-earth scent of dew forming on the grass. I haven't seen a single car and only a few trucks going the other way, yet I know a ride is close. Again, I can't explain that -- I just know. You have to be a serious student of the highway to get that sense but once you do, it's infallible. I can feel the car or truck coming along behind me and know it will stop. And I'll know before I see it whether I should get in and answer the ritual questions (where ya headed-what's your name-you got family there-got a girl there-why you out on the road-you still in school?) or just wave it on.

...I yearn for the day when I can write the mystic phrase “Kilroy was here” for the last time and lay this job down for good.

Almost as if the thought conjures it, I see the telltale glimmer on the power lines overhead. A truck, from the look of it. In a few moments, I hear the engine. I turn and start walking backward, my bag on my shoulder so the bright, white stripes on it will help me be seen. I hold my right arm up, clench my fist, and stick my thumb out in the universal sign. A moment later, the headlights of a big rig appear over a small rise. I add a waving gesture to my signal. The truck slows, passes me, and pulls off onto the shoulder. I trot up to the truck, liking the way the taillights make everything look red. I climb up on the cab and open the passenger door.

Truckers come in two types: skinny and probably a humorless Jesus freak, or burly and likely to buy you a meal if you can sing any country song. This driver is a burly, dark-haired man. Freddie Fender whines from the speakers about his wasted days and wasted ni-hi-highs.

“Holy Joe, buddy, hop on in here! I almost didn’t see you out there! Where ya headed?” the trucker says in a booming voice.

“Thanks for stopping, mister. I’m headed up to Ohio, to Shovel City. You goin’ that far?”

“Nawp, I’m only goin’ as far as C’lumbus, but you’re welcome to ride that far with me. I could use the company.”

I slide into the passenger seat and belt in. He waits, as the ritual and politeness of the road demand, until he’s back on the road and up to cruising speed before offering me his hand for a shake.

“Name’s Leo,” he says. “What’s your’n?”

“Kilroy.”

“That so, now? I seen your name, sure enough! Boy, you get around some, don’tchee?” He laughs in delight. “Well now, Kilroy, what’s takin’ you to Shovel City up there? Got family there?”

“Nope.”

“Must be you got you a girl there, then,” Leo says, grinning. “Z’at it, tryin’ to get home to your girl ‘fore somebody else runs off with her?”

“No, no girl. Just heading to Shovel City,” I reply.

“Well now,” Leo says with a puzzled frown. “Z’at where ya call home, is it?”

I sigh. “No, not really. I don’t have a home, Leo. I don’t even know where home is. I just...keep moving.”

“Don’t know where home is?” Leo rumbles. He sounds nervous. He’s starting to wonder if I’m dangerous. “Ever’body’s got someplace they call home. Even me, ‘cept I’m on the road most of the time. Where was you born at?”

“I don’t know. Like I said, I just ride my thumb from town to town. I’m an orphan, I guess you’d say. Just an orphan out on the road.”

“Oh, I getcha now,” Leo says. He nods and tries to look wise. “I’m awful sorry to hear that, I surely am. How long you been on the road, you don’t mind my askin’?”

I hate that question, but it always comes up. I wonder if Leo might be the one person who would believe me if I told the truth. Would anyone? No, not likely. “Oh, I can’t really say for sure, Leo. A long, long time. Sometimes it feels like I’ve been riding my thumb forever.”

“Yep,” Leo agrees. “I know just whatcha mean. Feels like ‘at with me and drivin’. Felt like ‘at when I was married too!” He laughs and slaps his leg.

I laugh and give him a light, playful punch on the arm. “I heard that with my bad ear!”

It’s the right response. Leo relaxes again, reassured that I’m okay after all. I can tell by his expression that he’ll buy me breakfast when we get to Columbus. He turns Freddie down to a background drone and we talk the miles away (politics, sports, and women, what else?) but my mind keeps returning to that last question.

How long have I been riding my thumb? Less than a century, but not by much.

I came into being when the first strip of blacktop was poured. I was the first to stick my thumb out beside a paved road, and I laid down the etiquette of hitchhiking.

I had the first cup of coffee and slice of pie, and was the first to flirt with a waitress at a truck stop. I established the proper truck stop tip of twenty percent.

I named myself on a wall in a rest stop around the time World War II started.

I was the first to know the smell of roadkill at night, the red smear of taillights reflecting on wet, nighttime pavement, the licorice scent of hot blacktop after a summer afternoon rain.

I know every graffito ever written on the walls of rest stop men’s rooms because I composed them myself.

I love the roads and know them like no other person has, or can, or ever will again.

Still, I look forward to the day when the last car runs out of gas and the last truck stutters to a stop. I love the traveling, but I yearn for the day when I can write the mystic phrase “Kilroy was here” for the last time and lay this job down for good.

There are spirits in all things, and we love the things we inhabit. It’s our job to give a special romance, a mystique, to what we love. I love the road. But even a spirit gets weary and wants to go home. Wherever that is.



Fabio Panichi

BY: KRISTIE LANGONE

Humble Beginnings: *Beauty is Truth for Fabio Panichi*

Humble Beginnings:

Beauty is Truth for Fabio Panichi

BY: KRISTIE LANGONE

Fabio Panichi

Fabio Panichi is a rare flower like the orchid: he is an artist without an ego. He doesn't want to be famous. He wants to be understood. Panichi's idea of fulfillment is the ability to openly explore the recesses of his mind without fear of the consequences. His idea of success is to translate with his art.

At the age of 19, Panichi is discovering life through his work – and he is adamant about keeping that discovery objective. Understanding that moments are fleeting, Panichi tells us he is compelled to capture them — like a flower before it wilts. Sharing qualities of Romantic poet, he connects to his natural surroundings and believes in the power of it, and himself. His photography is fierce yet sentimental; its grounded but surreal.

Fabio uses Flickr, a popular photography networking web site, to meet other artists who are reaching boundries with their art. A notable series that sprung from the new connections was Panichi's *SeVen Deadly Sins* Series. Panichi interprets each sin in a stunning, conceptual photograph.

Fabio Panichi's answers to our following questions about art and what it means to him can't help but bring about a smile. Some will say he hasn't been tainted yet – and others will congratulate him for his fearless journey toward the unfettered self.



“UNTIL IT RAINS”

“DREAMERS”



What was it like growing up in Italy? How have your physical surroundings influenced your work?

Well, growing up in Italy has been great (now my patriotism’ll jump out, hehe). I love my country, the mountains, the sea, the beautiful cities. And since I was a child, I have had the luck to be able to travel.

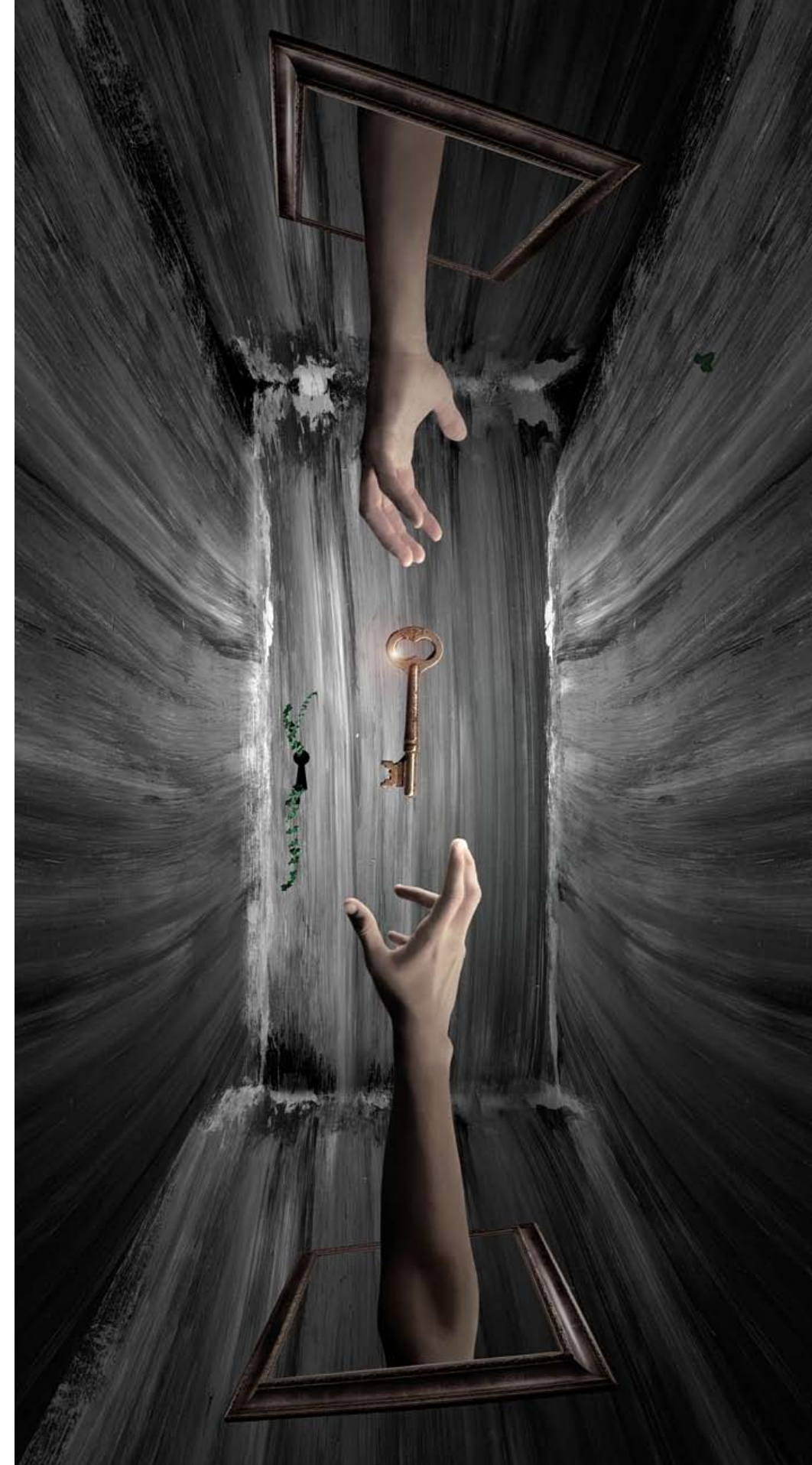
When I was a kid, I was amazed by the churches, little villages, museums and just art everywhere. I remember the first time I went to Venice as a child and I felt like I had Stendhal syndrome. With a big smile on my face I thought, “ I want to live here and be an artist.”

Do I live in Venice now? No, I live in Teramo where I was born. It’s a nice little town dipped in between sea and mountains with local ancient traditions, and I think it’s a place where you can find a great human connection. Maybe this also helped me find my sensibilities as an artist. But sometimes I ask myself, “if I had lived in a big city where I can’t run every day in a cornfield when the sun is setting, would I be the same? But this question will never have any answer.

What sparked your interest in photography?

I was always impressed and afraid about the passing of time, about how a beautiful event dies too soon. So since I was child, I started taking photos of everything I found beautiful around me. If you take a shot of a pink flower, some how it never dies. The sun could burn it, but it’s still alive in the shot, but above all, in your mind, that looking at the shot immortalizes it. If you close your eyes, you can smell the perfume, you can touch the petals, and you can admire the color.

Yes, I’m sure that this sparked my love for photography. Then I discovered something that cannot be shot directly. These are emotions. You can feel anger, you can feel angst... but, what’s angst? Is it a dark river flowing into your heart? Is it a deep fog hiding your eyes? Everyone, I think, feels these sensations in a different way and I’m sure that everyone feels his emotions not as an emotion itself but as something vital that happens in his soul. I just represent mine.



“EXPEDIRE”

Being an up-and-coming artist, what's your advice to similar artists around the globe? What have you learned about the biz/art.

I'm just starting my first artistic experiences and sure I'm not a "made-man" yet, but I understand that Art needs patience, constancy, straight-forwardness, bravery and...luck. But no one must think or want to become a great and famous artist soon, or he will start making what people like more. That's not art. Art is painting, taking photos, sculpting first for ourselves, for our souls.

Just for thinking : I've done this! And staying there observing our creations. Art is freeing our emotions. Then, as I wrote, patience is needed. But the day in which someone will find you and your art will sure arrive. And we're lucky to have the great help of internet, where we can show our works. If you're valid, you'll have your satisfactions.

What's your greatest attribute as an artist--and what's your greatest flaw as one?

Mmm, my greatest attribute as an artist could be... "pure". This means that I've always done what I felt like doing, and not what people loves more. The greatest flaw. Probably that I'm very touchy. But I'd like to explain why. I feel so bad if someone says "I can't understand your work". But not because my work has to be wonderful, but because I put everything in it, all my straights to try to represent my sensations. So I ask myself: is he closed-hearted, or is it my fault?

Who are your artistic forefathers?

I had not a "teacher" or a "guide" who accompanied me in the art-world. It's something that was born into myself and day-by-day is growing up. But, studying at school, I found a great artist that I love who has influenced a little of my imagery: Caravaggio, for his amazing dark atmospheres where light is a Queen.

Have you attended any art institutions to further your studies?

No, I didn't attend any art institution but I'd love to do so. After primary school, I attended the Gymnasium (Liceo Classico Melchiorre Delfico) where I graduated with the point of 100/100 cum laude. Now I'm starting my university studies : Sciences of Artistic and Multimedia Communication



If you could say one thing to the world...?

"please, peace" ehhe no no I'm joking. I'd like to say that life is beautiful, so let's start living! Truly living! Go around and see the world, meet people, smell perfumes, admire the sun, the clouds, feel cold, feel hot, touch the grass, love, run, think.... LIVE!

Give us a statement on your *SeVen Deadly Sins* Series.

Challenging! Truly challenging. A year ago Nouk Baudrot and I had this idea to open a group on Flickr where, once a week, we had to represent the seven deadly sins. That was an amazing experience.

You're a genius at conceptualizing. How do you go about illustrating human emotions?

As I said, I represent what I feel and what I think is happening in my soul. I love to think of all of us as little worlds where emotions are alive; elements that fight, die, live, and love. I feel that in our souls are hills, mountains, rivers and oceans, flowers, animals, light, darkness... and we're the god of this world. I just try to represent this magic world that everyone has inside.

WHO ARE THEY?

A POEM BY MIKE MERAZ
FEATURING THE PHOTOGRAPHY
OF FABÍO PANÍCHÍ



who are they?
these angels
who constantly care for me
while I sit
and brood and breed
unkind words
sometimes
not caring
whether I am loved
or unloved?

who are they?
these angels
who call my home?
who offer me gifts
and kind words
and ground coffee
and homemade dinner
and simple treasures like -
a walk on the beach
or a shopping spree at Albertson's?

I do not deserve this.
I am a sponge.

but they care for me.

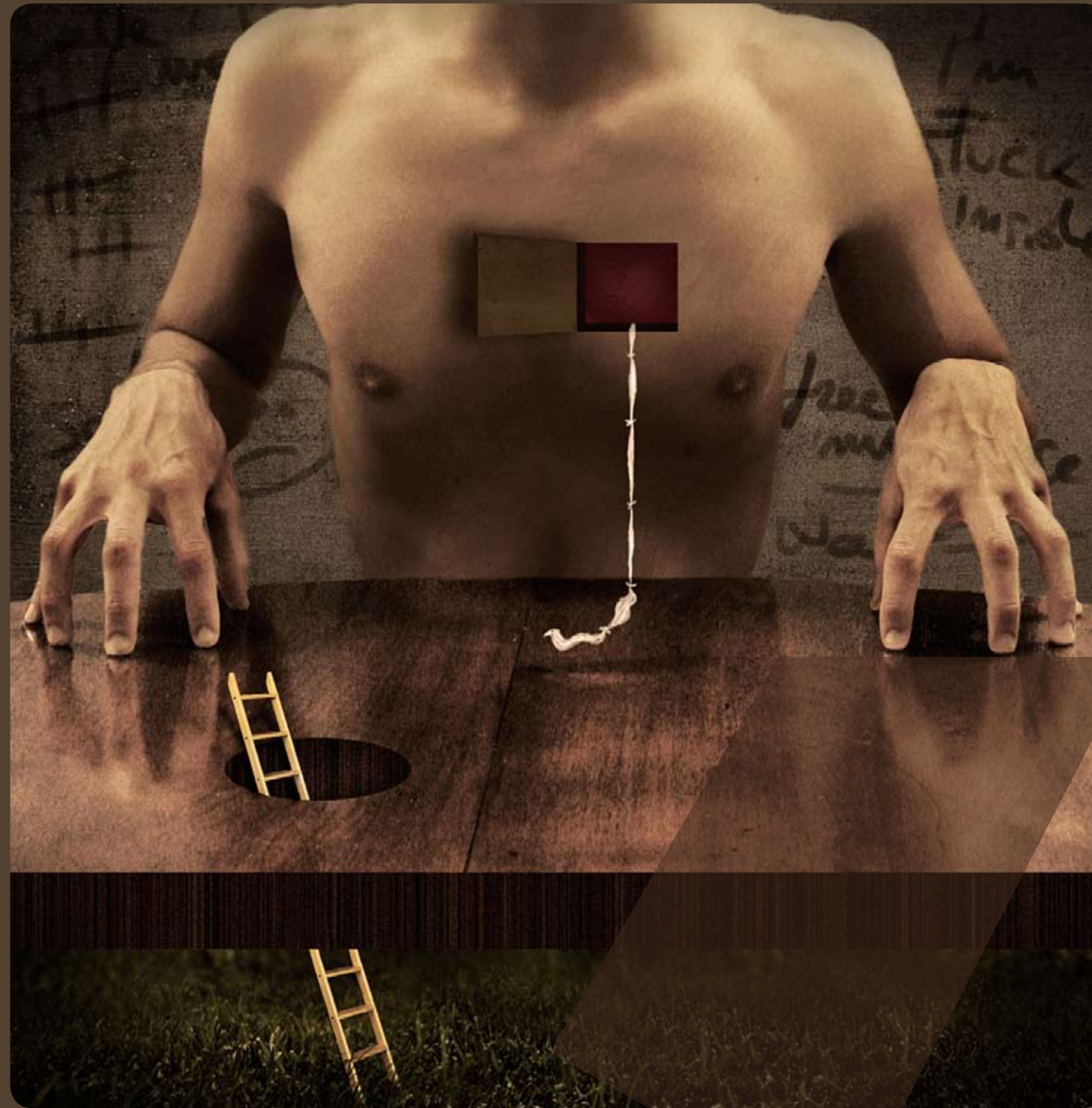
who are they?
where do they live?

maybe in some secret cave
on some high mountain

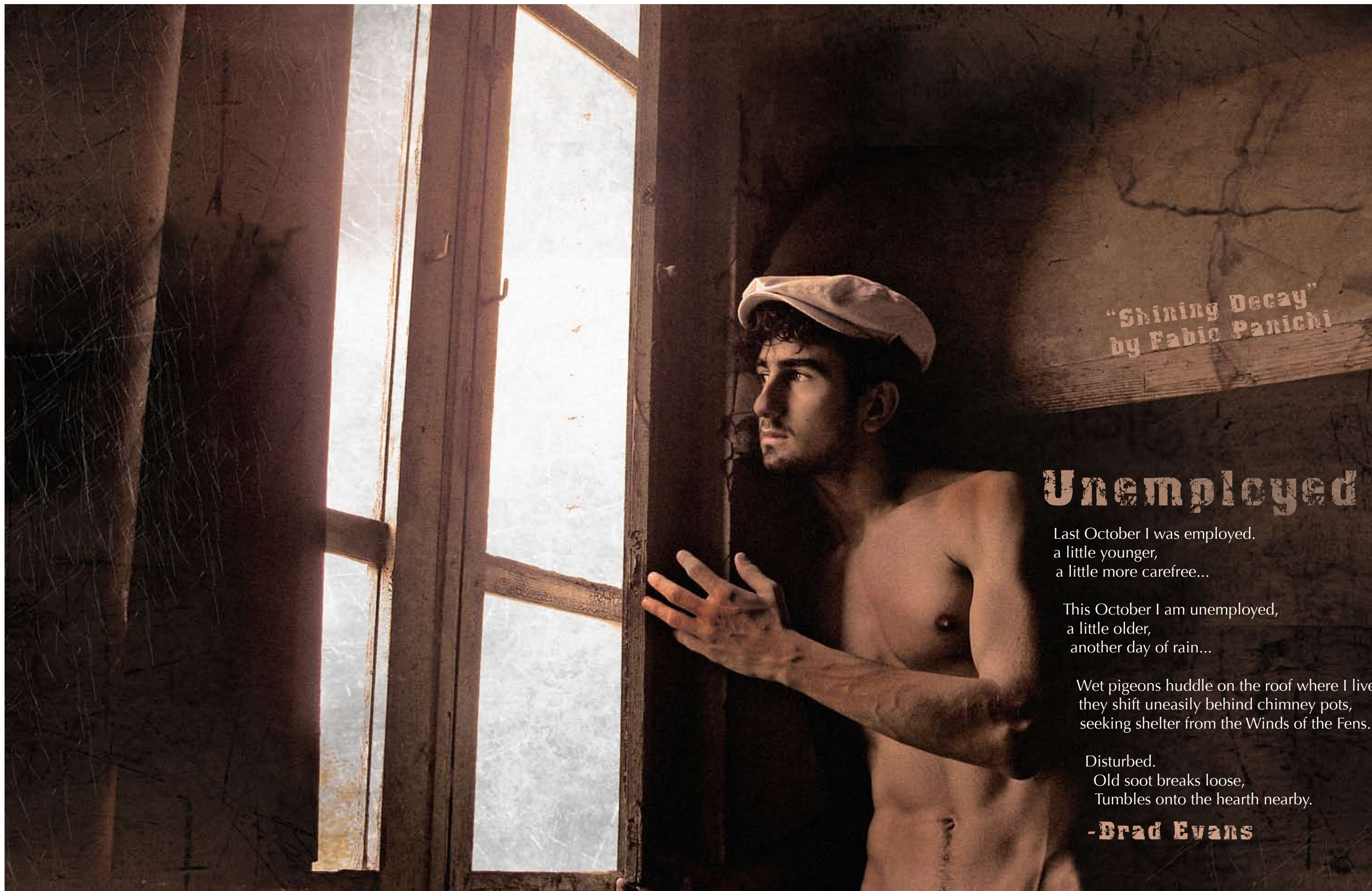
where love still exists
and the heart still moves.

-MIKE MERAZ

FABÍO PANÍCHÍ,
"Greed," *SeVen Deadly Sins*



FABÍO PANÍCHÍ, "
"Why Did You Escape From My Heart?"



"Shining Decay"
by Fabio Panichi

Unemployed

Last October I was employed.
a little younger,
a little more carefree...

This October I am unemployed,
a little older,
another day of rain...

Wet pigeons huddle on the roof where I live
they shift uneasily behind chimney pots,
seeking shelter from the Winds of the Fens.

Disturbed.
Old soot breaks loose,
Tumbles onto the hearth nearby.

-Brad Evans

JOURNEY

BY GUY ANTHONY DE MARCO

Harrison found that the clouds from the south were outpacing him as he trekked over the narrow ribbon of fading asphalt through fields of corn. He pulled his jacket closer to his body, willing himself to build up body heat before the first tickles of water splashed on his thinning pate.

All hopes of a quick sprinkle evaporated when he heard the roaring of the downpour approaching, savagely tearing at the cornstalks and blasting them with gusts of freezing air. As far as the eye could see, the road stretched itself east and west. There was no shelter, and he knew he would be in for a miserable night.

The howling fury of the storm rocked him when it caught up with his plodding body. In seconds he was drenched and cold; the joints of his hands began to ache with the sudden temperature change. The wind whipped the pebbles and decaying vegetation from the last harvest into a stew of stinging projectiles. Harrison tried to shield his eyes as best he could. An eerie darkness had descended on him, and combined with the airborne flotsam, made it impossible to see the road. Only the change between the asphalt and the soil kept him from wandering too far off course.

He knew it was living when he tripped over the yielding body. It was some form of animal, and it made a small gurgling noise when he crawled back to it. His bruised knees protested painfully, and his hands were further injured from pebbles burrowing into bloodied palms. He reached out and touched a broken cat, run down on the roadway hours or days before. He scooped it up as best he could, turned his back to the wind and opened up his jacket to shelter the cat, whose head lolled about from pain and lack of strength.

They bundled together against the shrieking gale, the man shivering from the cold and the wetness and the cat shaking from spasms of pain. The jacket made a decent shelter for the cat, and it stopped gurgling enough to look up and let out a stuttered mewling of thanks.

Harrison began to assess the feline and discovered it wasn't alone. A dead bird had been hidden underneath the matted, bloodied body. Perhaps the cat had been hit when it went after the starling, a bloody chain of events as the killer was himself the victim in one ironic moment. The bird had died suddenly; the cat was paying for its salvation with suffering and time.

The storm kept battering Harrison for the better part of the night. The cat rarely made a sound -- it was several hours before he realized the cat had died in his arms. Dragging himself to the stalks of corn, he used several flattened beer cans he found along the way to dig a small hole in the rich earth. He carefully placed the two bodies in the hole, and thought about erecting a temporary cross until he figured the cat and bird were atheists at best. He placed two flat rocks over the gravesite, wished them well on their journey as he stood up to continue his own.

THE IMAGINATION OF
ILLUSTRATOR

**CHRISTINA
BENJAMIN**

WWW.CBILLUSTRATION.SQUARESPACE.COM

LITERARY FEVER **2** 50-51

“THE STRANGER”

“CITY RACE”



“OCTAVIOUS AND HIS COOL RIDE”



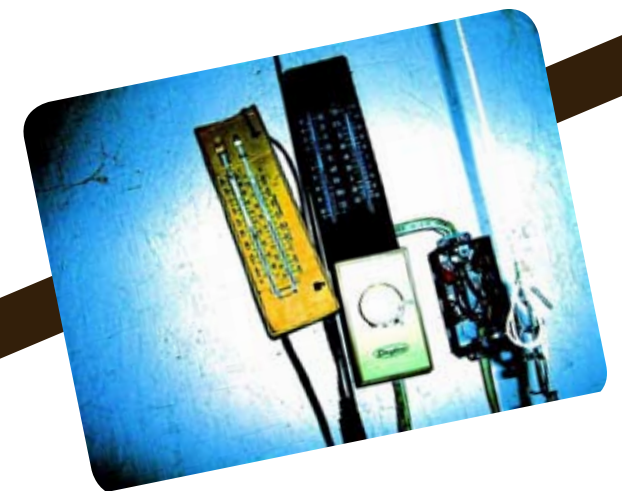
“MONSTER MASH”



“ANOTHER DAY IN THE BIG CITY”



Heidi Harris



MEMORY AND MOVEMENT WITH PHOTOGRAPHY

Perhaps when push comes to shove, one is compelled to fall down. Within reason of course. Just like when there is a picture to be taken, one takes it. This is my logic.

My photos are products of a compulsion, a gravitation toward an image. Without the camera, of course, the same pull dares itself into memory; but with the camera, all duels collide in textural sonance--everlasting, ever sprouting, ever remembered.

One doesn't need to recall the face one makes, or the angle of cracking bricks. One needs to recall the prominence of a mood. Without mood, all images are shells, hollow bones on cold ground. The purpose of my photographs is to express a precise mood born of a moment, barely there in time, always gone with the flash. And when the camera is cased, the hope that one can feel something, because of an image, compels us onward."

-Heidi Harris



and if it could be truly found

happiness: the hive which doesn't crumble
 as i whisper nothing but soot and clay—
 warm hands fashioning
 silence between
 constructed phrases
 of how to say
 "this afternoon is
 suitcased agony."

beyond the surface
 of this diary
 i've scrawled addresses i'll forget,
 beyond spinning discs of promises
 twined in velvet—
 i come to you,
 past the railroad tracks
 lining this town,
 past the violet porticoes
 of that house twenty yards down.

and in the sunlight, october tells me
 i may be asking too much—
 too much for this year to hold
 in her basket,
 too long overflowing
 with bubbly phonecalls
 about next weekend,
 and the cost of avocados
 when not in season.

but this is the season
 for hives to build upon the last,
 for bees to search for new pastures,
 for the fields to greet in warm surprise
 this bounty of words
 spilling over
 into the grass—

beyond the surface, beyond
 the surface, beyond this town.

- JASON MORALES



BERLIN'S OTHER SIDE

SARAH FRIEND

I USED TO ENTERTAIN THE THOUGHT THAT I COULD UNDERSTAND SOME CONCEPTUAL ART. AT LEAST, I TRIED TO. STANDING IN FRONT OF A URINAL SPLATTERED WITH CHICKEN BLOOD, I'D PONDER EXISTENTIALIST EXPLANATIONS. FREE WILL? THE ABSURDITY OF OUR DOOMED LIVES? IT WASN'T UNTIL I WALKED THE LENGTH OF THE BERLIN WALL'S EAST SIDE GALLERY THAT I UNDERSTOOD ART'S PURPOSE IN MY LIFE. THE ART THAT SPEAKS TO ME ORGANIZES EXPERIENCE INTO FORM, GENERATING UNDERSTANDING.

Although originally established as a blockade against East Germany's labor drain, the Berlin Wall notoriously came to represent division, tyranny and repression. When the Berlin Wall fell in 1989, many Berliners wanted to see the wall destroyed. Only three sections of the wall were saved; the longest of these strips was reserved as a public gallery for artists to express their reactions to Germany's turbulent history. The East Side Gallery's concept was simple: to remember.

"The object was not to embellish the wall but to demystify it," said Thierry Noir, 48, a Berlin-based French painter. From January to September 1990, over 100 artists from more than 20 countries united in front of the very barrier that had, for nearly thirty years, split Europe in half and painted the eastern side of the wall, hence dubbing the 1.3 kilometer stretch of 104 murals the East Side Gallery, according to the 53-year old German artist Guenther Schaefer in an email interview.

None of the artists were paid or compensated for travel expenses. Rather, the artists had their own motives for participating. Some wanted to take part in the project to represent their country, others to express their fundamental belief in freedom

And some artist's reasons hit closer to home.

Fifty-two year old Iranian artist Kani Alviri has lived in Berlin now for 27 years and watched the wall fall. His painting It Happened In November is a memorial to this day.

"In Iran the walls are in the mind with religion, religious walls. When I came here to Berlin I saw that even here there were walls... But the people are born free and always will stay free. I wanted to participate because I felt I wanted to explain this cement piece cannot block people," Alviri said.



Much of painter Gabriel Heimler's childhood was spent in East Germany; the wall is part of his "own personal history."

"I was a refugees' child...with a kind of nostalgia about the East," Heimler said. Heimler painted "Der Mauerspringer" or "The Wall Jumper," which depicts a man clambering over the Berlin Wall. An often-overlooked detail is that the man jumps from West to East, showing "liberty arriving in the East."

Schaefer, who grew up in West Germany, said that he "deeply felt the division of people and land." His family was split by the wall and could only communicate on Sundays, using white linen to send signals from a visitors' platform.

Schaefer painted one of the most famous, and controversial, paintings of the gallery, Vaterland / Fatherland, which is the unification of the German and Israeli flag. It was created to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the "Reichskristallnacht," or the Night of the Broken Glass, when the Nazis overran Germany and Austria, setting synagogues on fire, ravaging Jewish homes and businesses, and either killing or taking Jews to concentration camps.

"It's about the worldwide political and religious fanaticism...And a warning against the current rise of new-fascism tendencies in West and East Germany. The flag symbolizes a flowing together," said Schaefer.

With so many different artists and cultures represented, the themes of each mural in the gallery inevitably differ. Alongside Vaterland, the other most widely recognized mural is Dimitri Vrubel's Brotherly Kiss, which recounts East Germany's communist leader, Erich Honecker, embracing long-



time soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev in a full mouth-to-mouth kiss. Other murals include Jolly Kunjappu's playful Dancing to Freedom and the spiritually imbued Seven Steps to Enlightenment, by Narendra K. Jain. Several common ideas can be distilled from artwork, however, such as alliance and hope.

The artists's responses to the finished gallery varied widely. On one end of the spectrum, Heimler said that the gallery represents, "The greatest monument in Europe," and Teresa Casanueva, 43, a Cuban freelance artist, said in an email that it demonstrates, "that mankind is able to solve problems peacefully."

Before painting, all artists signed contracts relinquishing their rights or profit gained in the commercial use of their images.

Thirty-nine year-old Jim Avignon, a German painter, said in an email interview that, as the project gained attention, "it turned out to be a big business in merchandise." Avignon reacted in by painting the words "money machine" on his painting, but they were later removed.

Avignon says the gallery is, "a time document, but the paintings mean nothing... Most of them are really kitsch."

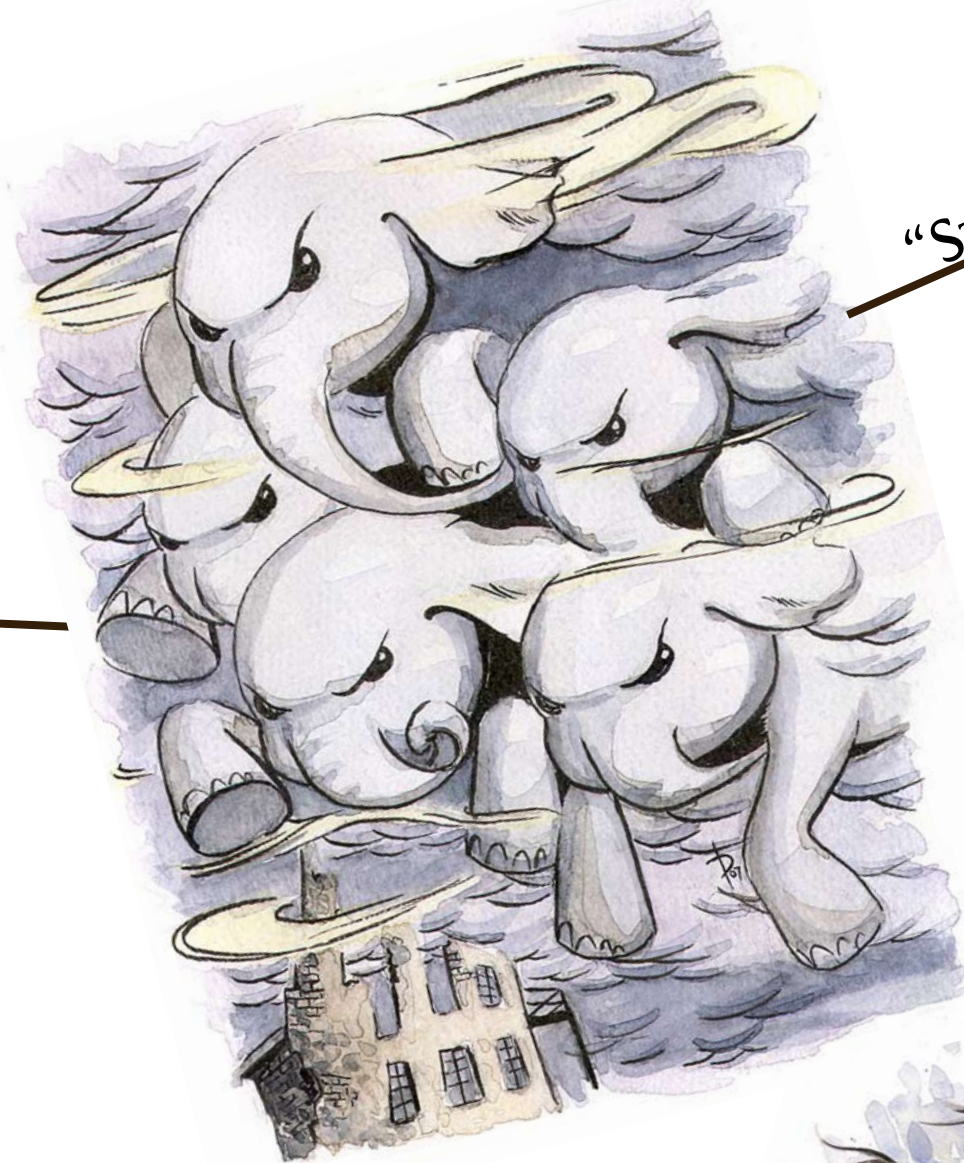
Regardless of the art's credibility, the artwork aims to move beyond the events, people, and ideologies that define this time to arrive at the real incentives of how and why things happened, revealing the ugliest and most impassioned aspects of human nature. We see ourselves reflected on the gallery, our ability to destroy and our capacity to love. And the more we understand about out who we are, the more we understand about who we can become.



B. COLLINS

Art as a Weapon





"STORMPEDE"



HOUSE TRAILER, SMALL HOURS

Some kind of bottle on a lights-out,
the flies had a rash, and the bites,
strange fanning bites came
red to touch like hives or
buttons or
the space-heater face
while they slept,
coming on and off and
living there among them
like an auto-pet, a
three-dimensional tile
that had learned to speak heat,
the most
dangerous language around.

Some kind of bottle after nightfall,
the flies hatching from a natural
culture beneath the sink,
biting flies
hovering near the glowing red
cage of ribs from the floor.

-RAY SUCCRE

"EXTINCTION"





A POEM BY BRAD EVANS, ILLUSTRATED BY CZR PRZ

THE FEW WHO STEAL THE FIRE...

they will flee to paris
they will flee to india
they will hide in a cardboard shack
they will go anywhere
just to be left alone
where they will not be shot or beaten or turned insane
by their own kind

these are the few
who have stolen the fire.

living on the fringe
striking daily some spark from a flake of flint
some juice of thought

these are the few...

miller scrabbling for crumbs in a dustbin
celine walking down the street with dogs for
protection,
pound thrown into a cage

their kind
encounter a hatred and jealousy unmatched
by those who have tried and failed -
those terrified of an empty belly
those who bury themselves into terrible jobs,
into soul-destroying acts of conformity.

and the few who have stolen the fire

do so willingly
do so without protection

and do so
at a price

you would not

believe.

- BRAD EVANS

it is quiet here
as I look around.

the door is closed,

and outside there are the faint sounds
of passing cars from the hallway downstairs

and outside
walk

The revellers,
The travellers,
The victorious,
& the damned.

I switch on the radio
given to me by my grandmother

years ago,

In a place
now thousands of miles away.

I keep the radio on low
as I think

of a girl
and imagine her
lying close
beside me

on this single bed.

a girl
who has little reason

to think

of me.





The Rarity of a Gold Coin

The object of the game is to stay alive

to be special, to have something to take to the bank.

Like gold coins with your face stamped on one side,

your lovers name on the other.

The memory of all of this is buried deep in the garden

beneath the fig tree and it's obscene fruit. My grandmother,

who always finds out when I miss Sunday mass

and then doesn't speak to me for a week, is digging up dirt

with her tiny white hands. She stops and looks at me

with her milky monster eyes and says "You've got to remember

that not everyone is going to like you. You're not a shiny gold coin."

She laughs and digs a hole, buries me under the fig tree.

-MK Chavez

PATH TO WEST HUDSON

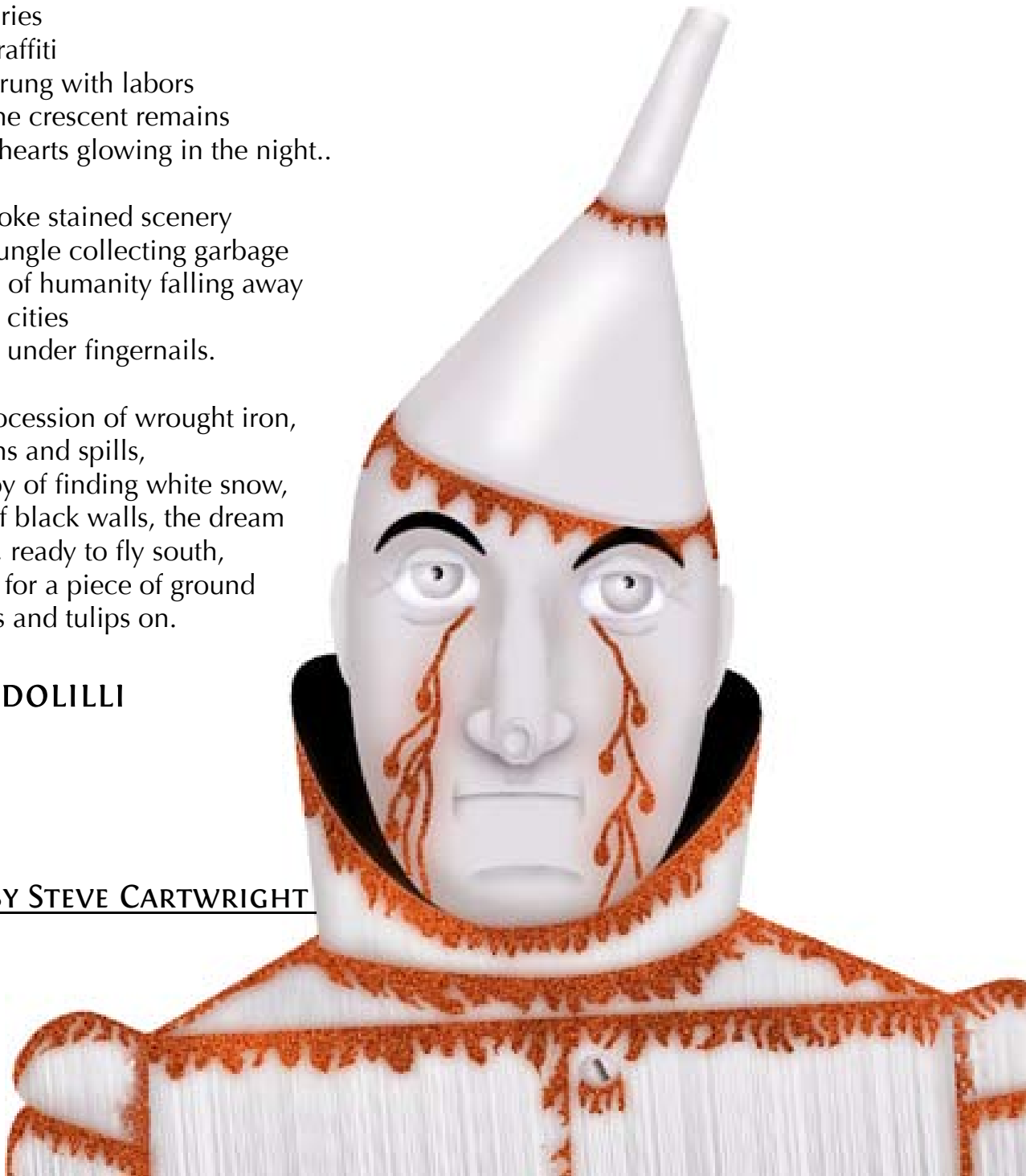
Slipping through cement gardens,
hardened memories wander
from grey arteries
frosted with graffiti
to factories sprung with labors
spilled from the crescent remains
of minds and hearts glowing in the night..

Above the smoke stained scenery
is a political jungle collecting garbage
from shadows of humanity falling away
into darkened cities
sprinkling ash under fingernails.

I lived in a procession of wrought iron,
behind oil cans and spills,
through the joy of finding white snow,
the laughter of black walls, the dream
everyone had, ready to fly south,
and me dying for a piece of ground
to grow daises and tulips on.

-BEN NARDOLILLI

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE CARTWRIGHT

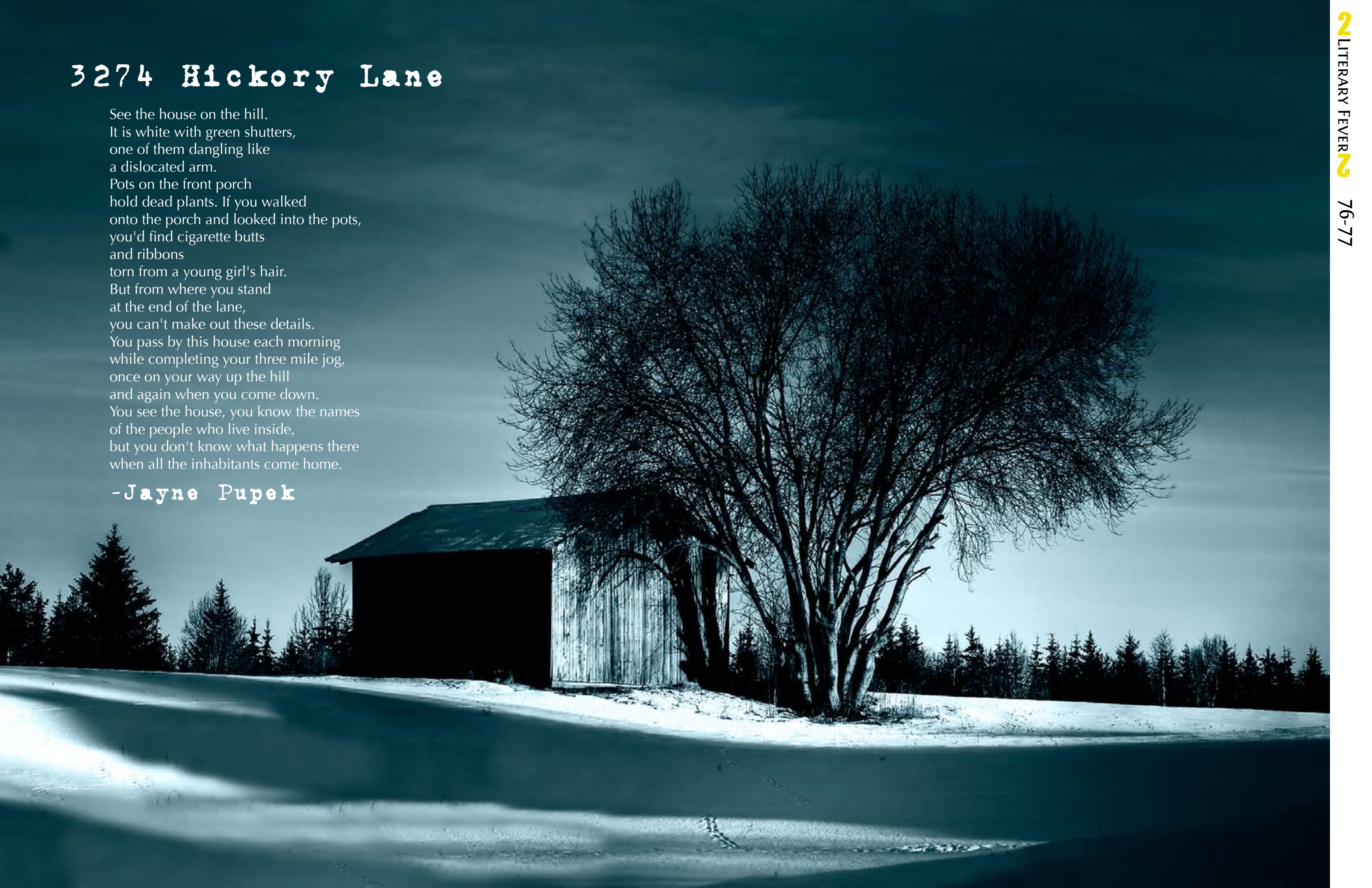


"FALLING," BY MELISA DES ROSIERS

3274 Hickory Lane

See the house on the hill.
It is white with green shutters,
one of them dangling like
a dislocated arm.
Pots on the front porch
hold dead plants. If you walked
onto the porch and looked into the pots,
you'd find cigarette butts
and ribbons
torn from a young girl's hair.
But from where you stand
at the end of the lane,
you can't make out these details.
You pass by this house each morning
while completing your three mile jog,
once on your way up the hill
and again when you come down.
You see the house, you know the names
of the people who live inside,
but you don't know what happens there
when all the inhabitants come home.

-Jayne Pupek





YOUNG CARS

jimmy hit the gas
lit up a preamble
smoked the tires
sniffed and peeled
exhausting the drag
across the forming dusk

freedom crept into a timeless blink
we were snot-nosed and invincible
playing games against some structured americana
lost dogs and dreams and busted cars
complicating into dust

keep driving
let's get far from the fraudulence
of hometown perceptions
jimmy, hit the gas
light me up a sequel
with more violence and less dialogue
faster cars and younger authority

saint peter cinched his buckle
jimmy hit the gas
the sweaty summer street wound on
breathed slow, in humid sanctuary

-Kevin Duppan



“SINKING DOWN.”



“FEAR IS BORN.”



Randall Stone

80-81

 LITERARY FEVER 

WWW.ANOINTEDSTUDIO.COM



“PATHS”

Mixed-Media Artist



Jerrold Smith

come back down from where you wish you could be...



mexico:

the dream of going south
seems so distant now,
though closer to us
than tibet ever was.

to jump in a beatup cadillac
beat down the top, a silk
wrap over my head
like the ladies of the fifties

with the big round shades.
stomp the pedal,
we're fueled up,

tequila in the trunk,
we'll catch our limes.
the dream is sour now
but we'll head down that road.

the weather will clear.
we'll breathe in that
mexico breeze,
calm sliding in

off the coast.
i can smell it now,
dreaming
of warm sand, & saltwater

slicing
through my hair.

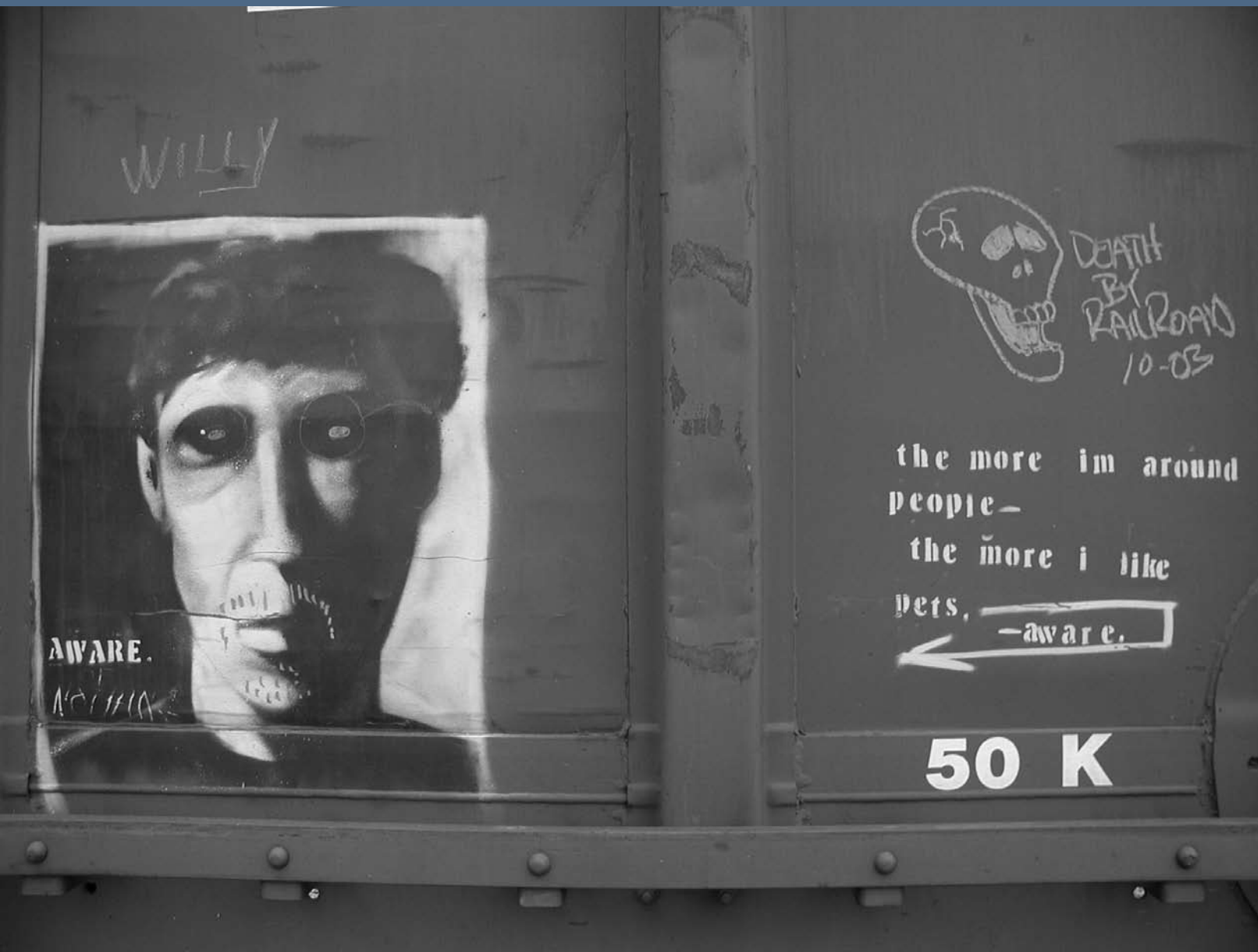
-Lauren Miller

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAUREN MILLER



BOX CAR ART

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL POULIN





WWW.BOXCARART.COM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL POULIN



Contributor bios

BY CZR PRZ OF CF



Christina Benjamin

Christine Benjamin is a painter and illustrator who creates her own universe that is populated with skeletons, aliens, robots, monsters, cool and funky people and animals. She grew up in San Jose, California watching cartoons, Sci-fi and monster movies and reading comic books.

Today her studio is filled with toy robots, lunch boxes and other goodies from her childhood that inspire her paintings and 3D clay sculptures. Her colorful paintings and 3D pieces can be found in local homes and restaurants. She illustrates for companies such as Yahoo!, Hitatchi, Apple and Hasbro.

Web Site: www.cbillustration.squarespace.com
 Studio: 408.292.5818
christineben@sbcglobal.net

Nicholas O'Neal Blume

He may be insane, but he's functional and loves life. Interactive installations and documentation are raw lifelines in his submergence beneath narcissistic gushing pools of psychosis. He's contained in painted, pulsating, plastic boxes of inspiration created by Roberto Matta, Joseph Beuys and Matthew Barney. Walls echoing painful shadows melt with his brushing amnesiac mind.

Steve Cartwright

It's well known that an artist becomes more popular by dying, so he typed this with one hand while pummeling his head with a frozen mackerel with the other. He's done art for several magazines, newspapers, websites, commercial and governmental clients, books, and scribbling - but mostly drooling - on tavern napkins. He also creates art pro bono for several animal rescue groups. Steve was awarded the 2004 James Award for his cover art for *Champagne Shivers*. He recently illustrated the *Cimarron Review* cover. Take a gander (or a goose) at my online gallery: www.angelfire.com/sc2/cartoonsbycartwright. And please hurry with your response - this mackerel's killin' him!

MK Chavez

Poet MK Chavez writes about the beauty that can be found in ugliness, the mystery of feeling bad about feeling good, little birds, big consequences. She is co-host of Acker's Dangerous Daughters, a San Francisco reading series of Cherry Bleeds. Her work has been published online and in print. Her poetry chapbook, *Virgin Eye*, is available through Zeitgeist Press. Most recent and upcoming publications include *Poesy*, *Poems-for-All*, *Snow Monkey*, *Sisters of the Page*, *Instant Pussy*, *Underground Writers*, and *Wings of Icarus*. You can find out more about her poetry at www.littlebrownsparrow.com.

Chris Ciborowski

Chris Ciborowski is a photographer and artist living in Warsaw, Poland. His work has been published internationally. www.chrisciborowski.com

Bryan C.

Bryan A. Collins was born in St. Petersburg Florida and has since called many other places home including Alaska, California, and his current residence of Colorado. With very minimal formal art training, Collins forms his style from trial and devotion, dedication and experimentation.

(cont.)

Collins' work has been seen in *Flash Magazine*, *Etc. Art and Surf Magazine*, Juxtapoz.com, *Jones Soda*, and was the featured artist in the first issue of *Fever*. He has been displayed at the Covenant Gallery, The Thomas Center, and the High Springs Pioneer Days, to name a few, and has a client list which includes Grym Records, Drilltech, Screaming GIANT Records, and more.

www.anointedstudio.com
www.bryancollins.deviantart.com
www.myspace.com/godstattooguy

Guy Anthony De Marco

Guy Anthony De Marco resides on a ranch surrounded by the undead and fuzzy cattle. His kids enjoy burning voodoo dolls, and his wife puts up with the zombies because the view is wonderful off the back porch. Guy battles gremlins to keep www.GuyAnthonyDeMarco.com functional and to maintain his membership in the Horror Writers Association and the IOHP.

Melisa Des Rosiers

Melisa Des Rosiers is currently an illustration student at Columbia College Chicago, looking to graduate in the Fall of 2008. She works in inks, and also dabbles with the computer, acrylics, and colored pencils. Melisa predominantly creates comics, storyboards, and editorial illustration. Website: www.tsbasagahoushi.deviantart.com

William Doreski

Bill lives like a mushroom and comes up for air only in early fall, most of him remaining underground (his mycelium) for most of the year. For a living, he teaches impressionable young people to hate money, power and cell phones. They don't listen, but it does him good to see their expressions when he impresses his spore prints upon them.

Kevin Duggan

Kevin reads and writes in the Denver Metro area. When he meets someone, he subconsciously forecasts the next five years of the relationship. He will later complain about how judgmental we've all become. He ignores calls from credit card companies and sometimes friends. He idolizes the wrong heroes.

On the brighter side, Kevin plays a mean blues guitar and tries to sing. He drinks like a poet and knows his way around a pool table. Kevin believes that the power of artistic minds will save the world.

Brad Evans

Brad Evans was born in Sydney, 1971. He was placed into various educational institutions for twenty years, finally escaping in 1997 when poetry became too influential in his life. His poems, articles, interviews, letters and reviews have appeared in magazines in Australia, Europe, the U.S., and Canada.

His first full-length book of poems, *and them and the jackals and the night*, was privately published in March 2001. Check out a recent review by Victor Schwartzman: ulabookreview.blogspot.com/2007/03brad-evans-and-them-and-jackals-and.html

Brad is also the founder and editor of the print and online journal, *Red Lamp*, a journal that publishes realist, socialist and humanitarian poetry: www.geocities.com/red_lamp

An audio CD of this journal's launch, featuring working class poetry from the inaugural issue, is now available.

Jason Fisk

Jason Fisk lives in Chicago-land with his wife, daughter, and two dogs. He tries to find time to write between changing diapers and cleaning up poop. He is currently teaching English to students who would rather read graphic novels than learn how to write a proper sentence. You can visit his website at www.jasonfisk.com.

Sarah Friend

Sarah Friend is a freelance creative nonfiction and short fiction writer. Her work has appeared in a wide range of newspapers and literary reviews, such as *The Harvard Summer Review*, *Cultural Survival*, and *Cosmopsis Quarterly*. Originally from Boston, Ma, she spends much of her time dreaming up story ideas while abroad. Most recently, Sarah returned from a yearlong sojourn in France, where she found solace and inspiration among the shelves of Paris’ Shakespeare and Company. She is currently in the process of moving to New York City, where she hopes to continue to grow as a writer.

Heidi Harris

Heidi Harris was born in NH. At the age of 19 she moved to New York and went to Wagner College to major in Art. After two years, college proved to be the wrong place for her passions. She enrolled in the *Institute of Audio Research* in Manhattan. At the Institute she studied all aspects of the music business and recording techniques. On her breaks, she took photos of this and that and then. She is currently employed at a post-production studio called Color (www.color-ny.com). Samples of the music she’s composed and produced can be found at www.myspace.com/HeidiHarris.

Diego Lara

diego lara (ambato, 1972), ecuadorian writer and graphic artist, has published a chapbook, *EVA MEDUSA* (Eskeletra, 2000, Quito - Ecuador) and has done collaborations with art and culture magazines and websites. He has begun new personal projects, textual, graphic and motion worlds. NEUROPUERTO is the master site of graphic and textual work, mostly based in sensations of lost innocence and disconcerting ideas. POEMATIC, one of his projects, shows a part of those feelings. www.diegolara.net, www.neuropuerto.blogspot.com

Mike Meraz

Mike Meraz is a writer from Los Angeles. He recently self-published his first book of poetry, *Black-Listed Poems*, at lulu.com. You can check it out here: www.lulu.com/content/981329. Mike is a self-taught writer that does not believe in writing from the head. He feels all true and good writing must come from the heart. He works at a plastics factory in Compton. He is 36.

Lauren Miller

Miss Lauren spent her childhood running around barefoot with two black labs. She successfully escaped town at 17 and ended up studying philosophy and creative writing at NYU. She currently resides in downtown Sacramento, plays the keyboard for Towcutter, and loves Elton and Dali the Newfie. Learn more about her at www.jane.artconspiracy.com.

Jason Morales

A regular at Poetry Live and part of the Guerilla Poet’s chalking crew, Jason has been writing poetry and prose for the past dozen years, since the tender angst-ridden age of 13. Variety is his spice, as shown by the various free verse and formal styles which both appeal equally to him. Published here and there, there and here, and wherever will take him.

Jason is actually a 69-year-old hermaphrodite from the lost continent of Atlantis, who crash-landed in New Zealand when the teacup he was sitting in was shot out of a volcano at the time the lost continent was lost... He would like to thank his mum, his cat, and his extra-dimensional carrot for the wonderful opportunity of being published in this edition of *Literary Fever*.

Benjamin Nardolilli

Benjamin Nardolilli is a 22-year-old writer currently attending New York University, where he studies creative writing, history, and philosophy. His work has appeared previously on the website, Flashes of Speculation and he has had poetry published in *Nurit Magazine*, *Penman Lounge*, *Houston Literary Review*, *Perigee Magazine*, *Canopic Jar*, and *Lachryma: Modern Songs of Lament*, *Bakeris Dozen*, *Thieves Jargon*, *Farmhouse Magazine*, *The Cynic Online*, *Clockwork Cat*, and *Perspectives Magazine*. In addition he also maintains a blog at www.mirrorsponge.blogspot.com.

Fabio Panichi

Born in 1988 in Teramo, Italy. He’s a young man living in a little town of Italy, between sea and mountains. Since childhood, he has loved that “thing” called “photo-camera” and it has become part of his life. He couldn’t live without taking photographs. He attended the Gymnasium, and now he’s starting his academic studies while working in a graphic studio. His “artistic career” is very young. He had some exhibitions in Italy, Bologna, Firenze - the last two with thanks to NoArt Association). He won the first-place-award in a photo-contest with the theme, “life, festina lente.” Some months ago, he was selected by *TriggerImage*, a site that collects the 50 most interesting young photographer in the World. www.fabiopanichi.com

Czr Prz

Czr Prz (Caesar Perez) is a Chicago artist that has studied a number of art forms throughout his career. He tries to balance his work between design and a fine arts/illustration style with a heavy influence in street art/ graffiti to fashion his current style. Czr has done work for Camel, the Duncan YMCA, New City, Associate Leadership, Carbon, and a number of other companies, and has had work shown in Chicago, Florence, Washington, and Veracruz,, Mexico. He currently freelances and resides in Melrose Park.

Tanya Pshenychny

Tanya Pshenychny is a self-taught aspiring artist who uses watercolor, brush and ink to create her illustrations. She describes her personal work as quirky, surreal, whimsical, melancholy, hopeful, and sometimes nostalgic. Tanya immigrated to the U.S. in 1994 at age nine with her family from Kiev, Ukraine. In high school she took every art class she could. She continues to study art and illustration privately, through books and internet. Learn more about her at www.razorberries.com

Jayne Pupek

Jayne Pupek holds an MA in psychology and is a poet and novelist from Richmond, VA. Her first novel, *Tomato Girl*, is forthcoming from Algonquin Books (2008). Also forthcoming in 2008 is a book of poems, *Forms of Intercession* (Mayapple Press). Her chapbook, *Primitive*, is available from PuddingHouse Press. When she’s not writing, Jayne can be found playing with her food and mocking her parrots.

David Rasey

David Rasey is a writer living in the Southern Tier of New York with a daughter and four cats. He is co-facilitator of and web-master for a creative writers group there. He grew up in northern Ohio, a location that appears in much of his writing.

He primarily writes science fiction and what he terms “urban fantasy.” He has been writing since his teens.

Jerrold Smith

As a long time Oklahoma resident with a Bachelor of Fine Arts, Jerrod Smith has been fortunate as such a young artist to have numerous exhibitions and collaborative shows both In and out of state. He creates with the use of charcoal beeswax, collage, transfers and paint with the understanding of the personal touch, and how the intimate maneuvers of his medium relay the idea of capturing the moment. He continually strives to express his grief for the hurting world around us while capturing the past and evoking the reality of hope for the future.

Serena Spinello

Serena Spinello is 26 years old and lives in New York. She has been published several times, both online and in print. She will eat anything that is covered in peanut butter and seeks to make the people around her feel extremely awkward, as often as she can. Serena can be contacted via email at shadigirl@optonline.net.

Randall Stone

Randall has never really thought of himself as an artist. He always tried to draw and thought he could never paint. Throughout his schooling, he dabbled in drawing and made a few comics for the school newspaper in high school. After he graduated, there was a dry spell for him. For the next year and a half, there was little art flowing from his fingers. When Randall met Bryan C. and Rachel Ann, there was a fire lit within him. these two have helped Randall strive as an artist and a person. now he is painting, drawing, photography, and just having fun with art. you can see his work at www.anoitedstudio.com and feel free to send him an email with any questions at randallstone@anoitedstudio.com.

Ray Succre

Ray Succre currently lives on the southern Oregon coast with his wife and baby son. He appears in this publication because he threatened us. He has also threatened his way into Aesthetica, Small Spiral Notebook, and Coconut, as well as in numerous others across as many countries. He tries hard.

For inquiry, publication history, and information, visit him online: www.raysuccre.blogspot.com

Stephanie Lane Sutton

Stephanie Lane Sutton is a poetry major at Columbia College Chicago. Her life dream is to become a chain-smoking cat lady who spends all day sitting at her type writer, which is covered in spilled nail polish and cigarette ash. She is originally from Detroit, MI.

Wayne Wolfson

Having never been good at math Wayne abandoned Quantum mechanic theory for a brief foray into developmental Tesseract theories. This too was given up in favor of poetry and prose written with a fountain pen and long walks home after last call. Learn more about Wayne at www.waynewolfson.com

Saul Zanolari

Saul was born in 1977 in Mendrisio, Switzerland. He has worked as a professional photographer/designer/artist since 1997, and has been exhibiting since 2005. This artist has already exposed his work in New York, Paris, Basel and Milan. All of his images begin as a photograph of the person he works on, mostly of relatives and people he knows. But sometimes other people that interest him.

www.saulzanolari.com

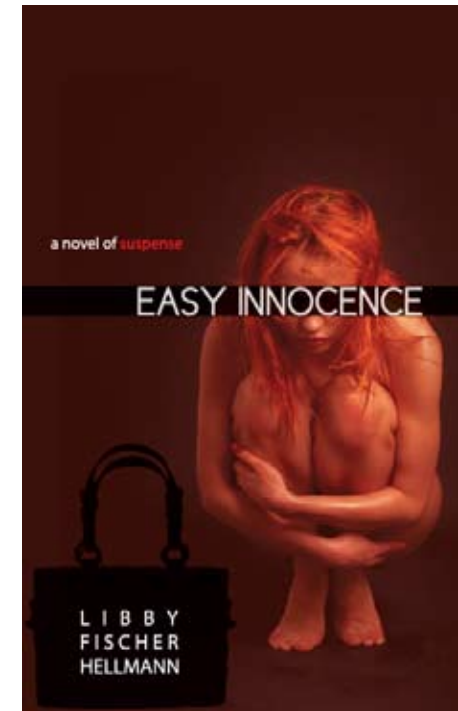
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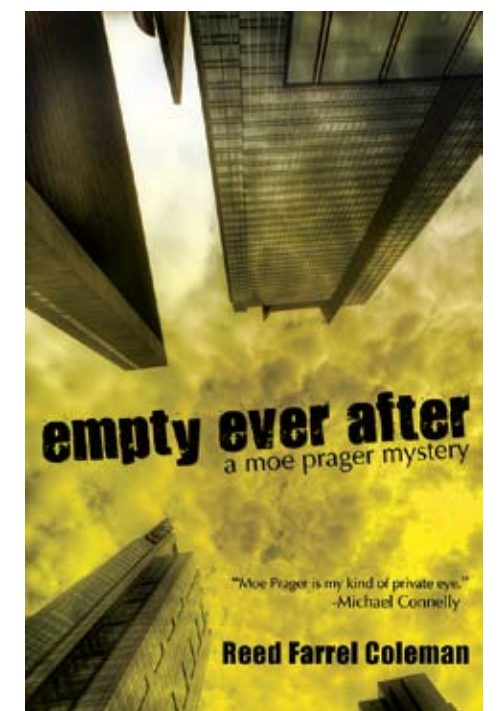
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