

Essays & Fictions

Volume IV



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Featured Artwork:

- *Figment of My Imagination*, Jeffrey Dene

Woodcut, 1992.
30 1/2 in x 22 1/2 in

About: Essays & Fictions publishes fictional essay, reflective essay, academic rhetorical essay, literary essay, narrative essay, linear fiction, non-linear fiction, essayistic fiction, cultural criticism, compositional criticism, or any blend thereof.

Contact: EssaysandFictions(at)gmail, mspace.com/essaysandfictions

Seeking submissions: works of fiction and/or essay, not to exceed 10,000 words. Fiction should not be in the American Realist style (Raymond Carver). Essay should not be straight memoir (Mary Karr). Open to all disciplines, ideologies, etc. Work need only be interesting. Submissions should not (and will not) be labeled essay or fiction. Brief "cover sheet" if you'd like.



Figment of My Imagination, Jeffrey Dene

Hands Off

August Roulaux

Harold had loved and lived a long life. He was older now and decided to marry. Not that old, thirty-five. But he felt old. And that is all that matters. Watching his friends march down the aisle one after the other over the years (he always in the wedding party, never the best man), the long shadow of his bachelorhood growing and growing, he began to feel a kind of panic and dread. It was a typical case. Man gets older, less attractive, the cheeks begin to sag oh so slightly; the hair recoils backward in full retreat, the forehead devours all. In the face of this, man begins to wonder: getting less action at the bars, fewer and fewer women seem interested and even when they are it is an eye-darting impatient interest, not the consuming fire-joined interest of old. Fear sets in. There he finds himself in the middle of the night, looking into the darkness of his empty bedroom. Oh no.

Complete work begins on page 49

You and You

Keala Francis

After thinking about it very hard indeed, Zeus said, "I believe I've got a device by which men may continue to exist and yet stop their intemperance, namely, by becoming weaker. I'll now cut each of them in two," he said, "and they'll be weaker and at the same time more useful to us by having increased in number, and they'll walk upright on two legs. But if they still seem to act so outrageously and are unwilling to keep quiet," he said, "I'll cut them in two again, so that they'll have to get around on one leg, hopping."

—Plato's *Symposium*,
The Speech of Aristophanes

The Gods

You.

With your long yellow hair. You're a man.

You.

With your gray eyes. You're a woman.

You are: two sexes, four arms, four legs,
four eyes, two minds in one head. You are a

Complete work begins on page 109

Inclemency

Karl Parker

This idea that now things should be made more sustainable is a marvelous hope-projection viewed through televised implantmessages softly wired posts shake in windscreaming rain.

We go on in rain always have always will
Why say sustains enough among accidental storematerial to keep plugging our wormholes with expensive glittering manmade vomit.

Like rain is more like in and out the ground where we eroding stand. Alwaystheless among more than two evils two placement-series Certitude of fleshcovered headpieces surrounds.