



Movie Pair/Double Dare: Warm days & Family  
Mary Manning



Sherman's March: A Meditation on the Possibility of Romantic Love in the South During An Era of Nuclear Weapons  
Proliferation by Ross McElwee

The movie begins with the director returning to his family home in Georgia after setting out to make a documentary on the march to the sea taken by General Sherman during the civil war. He tells us in gentle voice-over that his intentions were immediately derailed after stopping in NYC and getting broken up with by his then girlfriend. What proceeds is his summer journey along the route taken by Sherman featuring listless contemplation, family guidance, preppy Southern belles, cellulite exercises, roller skating, the apocalypse, washing a pup on an estuary, and, er, linguistics. McElwee's delivery and narration is so sweet and chivalrous and gentle, like a shy Southern Woody Allen, like the Maylies but with a drawl. Just searching for true love as the summer crickets sing.

Summer Hours by Olivier Assayas

The semi-autobiographical narrative, set in the French countryside, deals with more tangible matters of the heart. Keepsakes, objects, memory, play heavy as three siblings meet on the occasion of their mother's 75th birthday. The film is so relaxed and attentive to mellow reality. Emotionally perceptive! Children hiking in the summer grass and big family outdoor lunches give genuine levity to a family faced with their mother's mortality. Interesting as well is the film's approach to art as it was partly funded by Paris's Musée d'Orsay on the occasion of it's anniversary. This is a rare gem of a film, with a peaceful sort of "such is life" vibe throughout.



Evlie Bowman

#### "couplings"

Salt on skin : school of fish  
Tide : Pull  
Golden hours : silver streak  
White stone : Heel of hand  
  
Eucalyptus : Pine  
Aqua : Marine  
Sheet : On Sand  
New Morning : Some Faraway Beach  
  
The Hum : (of) Afternoons  
Buttons undone : Dominoes  
Wayward Cloud : Hover Mind  
Powder Surf : Curling Toes  
Mast : Sail  
Dry Leaves underfoot : Clicking  
Cobblestone  
Goodbye : 1st Love  
Wind (thru) : Freewind  
Pale rose : Pink Moon  
Nelson Angelo : Joyce  
  
(Between) Dog : Wolf  
Paper : Moon  
Cold Rinse : Night (is New)  
Little Wolf : Flying Horse  
Fireflies (on the) : Water

Alexis GEORGOPOLOUS : NY 2012

B

Sylvia Payne  
What does it mean to forget?  
Twinstitute Gallery NYC, NY  
19 June - 19 July 2012  
What does it mean to forget?  
What does it take to forget, remember, and then let go?  
What are the ramifications of missing out, when one's efforts are offered up, but the world has glanced away? To feel belated anticipation for something that was, will never be seen? What is effort for if not acknowledgment? How does the idea that something was there/ is not there, affect one's day, affect one's path, affect one's life? Like a faded perfume or a hanogover or a chance that has set sail, this is the basis for the exhibition that isn't, up now through August at the Twinstiute in Chinatown. Sylvia Payne's ceramic casts have been photographed and documented before being set within hatches inside the gallery walls and plastered over. The iridescent gold, green and orange glazes have been buried in what is now a pulsing white. The gallery as a monochrome, a fogged mirror, a presence and an absence, equally. These sculptures, taken from elements of nature that surround her remote Kentuckian studio, further articulate this disappearing act, the haze, the activity that is beyond one's control: a terrmle riddled wooden post, a lace-like wool sweater. All of this activity is now glazed and veiled and shrouded. This empty room, this concept, requires faith. Accepting that there are so many things actually happening outside of your consciousness, that there is so much life one will never know. It is the energy that resonates around the exhibition, the feeling that something is happening just outside of your grasp. The other side of the wall as the other side of the world. When a tree falls, is it the thought that counts? A show that exists only in one's imagined memory, this is the art of forgetting and letting go.

Christopher Garrett



OTTO



Mark Borthwick

I'd like to touch you, but I've forgotten how. Said I didn't need you but look at me now. ~

Sometime in the SUMMER when we're lying in the breeze ~ The breeze can kill me ~ The breeze will kill

I try ~ to follow the path that you're on. Some thing in me is stubborn ~ I keep going wrong.

My baby cries when he's tired-My puppy howls at the moon. You can never be sure of the people you know when they don't want to show you their sadness.

Ye ste rda y  
I tal ked with my fath er, he said that we can never win. It's so hard for me to tell where I end and my father begins.....  
.....So if you see me passing by, hold me deep in your heart  
My baby cries when he's tired-My puppy howls at the moon.  
You can never be sure of the people you know when they don't want to show you their sadness.

Dear Kiosk Reader,

My summer gift to you is a summertime bouquet of wild Kath Blooms. Such a rare, legendary flower. With such intoxicating fragrance. Her voice fierce and fragile. Though a mere shadow of the song, here is THE BREEZE/MY BABY CRIES. You are most welcome.

Love,  
Fep Talk



Photo Note 29 July 2006, Amsterdam  
Hans Eijkelboom  
www.photonotebooks.com

This issue is a nod to the season of Summer and also the many complexities and beauty between couples and pairings of: ideas, buildings, people, books, film, food and imagery. I thank the contributors for their thoughtful submissions. Please enjoy!  
~ KW

#### Table of Contents

- A. Four Couples
- B. OTTO, Sylvia Payne
- C. Movie Pair/Double Dare: Warm Days & Family, Honey Moon, "Couplings", Untitled, Blooms
- D. Short Fiction Story, When The Weather Is Good Life is Outside The House, Two Stadiums, Matt Olson's Memories, Amy Yao & Jacob Robichaux, Nettles, Crammers/Crammerz, Chris Johanson, Acknowledgements

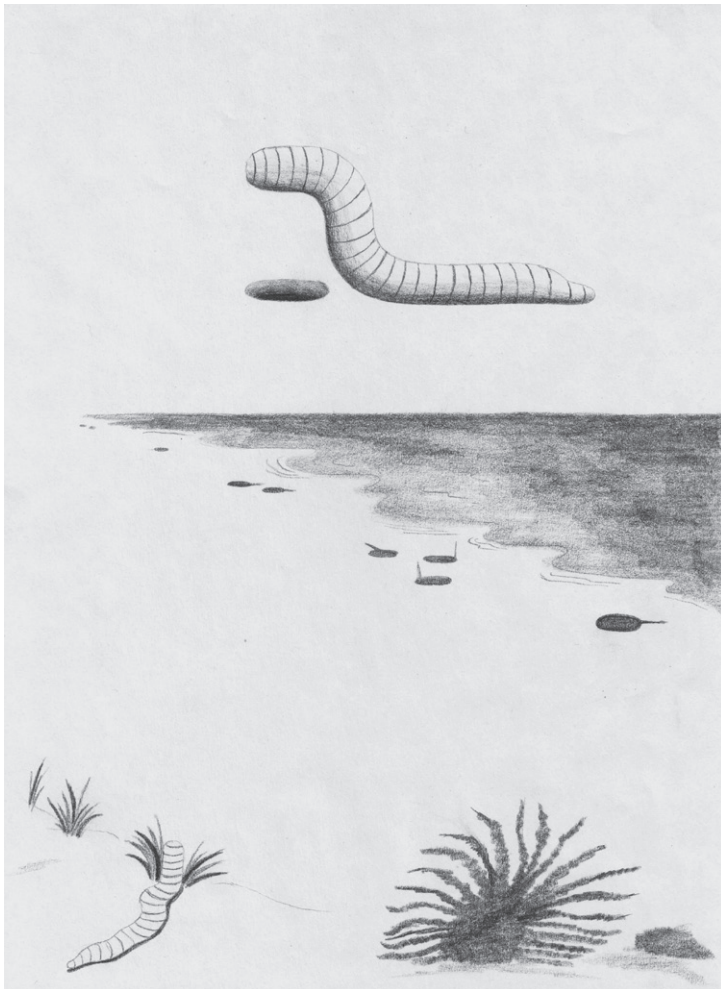
A

# KIOSK PAPER

## HERE, THERE & NOW

SUMMER 2012





**Short Fiction Story**  
*E. Jeffrey Kriksciun*

there was once a worm that could see.  
it lived really close to the ocean.  
it liked being on the sand and digging holes.  
it did not like going near the water.  
sometimes after digging a hole in the sand, it  
would wiggle into the hole and relax for a time.  
on hot days it felt cool and refreshing.  
looking up out of the hole, the sky was the only  
thing to see.  
other times, it would stare into the hole  
blankly, wondering if the sky was a thing at  
all,  
amongst other treasured thoughts.  
the last time this happened, it had the memory  
of when it first came to the beach.  
the ocean was calm and gentle and gave off a  
scent of newly churned soil.  
the waves crashed with a quiet lull.  
and  
the sky was a blue no one had ever seen until  
that day.  
along the edge of the water, it noticed all  
these dark spots.  
some of the spots even had sticks shooting  
straight up from them.  
since it was skeptical of the water, it dared  
not investigate.  
it had forgotten about those dark spots.  
they were like holes.  
maybe they were holes.  
since remembering those spots, forgotten  
memories keep surfacing.  
memories,  
they like to hide in the holes in my brain,  
it thought.

**When the weather is good, life is outside the house.**  
**Take two books with you when you go somewhere and consider these nature-based pairs:**

J.D. Salinger’s Nine Stories & Gerald Durrell’s The New Noah

The first of Salinger’s nine is ‘A Perfect Day for Bananafish,’ about an imperfect man on a beachside holi-day. Part 3 of The New Noah is ‘Perambulations in Paraguay,’ about an anteater film star called Sarah Huggersack.

Gary Snyder’s Mountains and Rivers Without End & Carlos Castaneda’s The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge  
Summer is about one thing and one thing only!

Jean Giono’s The Man Who Planted Trees & Roald Dahl’s James and the Giant Peach  
A young hiker meets a man who plants a forest; a young man leaves his home to live inside a peach.

Don Stap’s Birdsong: A Natural History & Jorge Luis Borges’ Labyrinths  
Stap writes not just about how birds sing but also about why. Borges writes about similar sorts of magic.

Yukio Mishima’s The Sailor Who Fell From Grace with the Sea & Ernest Hemingway’s The Old Man and the Sea  
If you have ever turned your back on the ocean, you will know how quickly it can strip you of everything you’ve got.

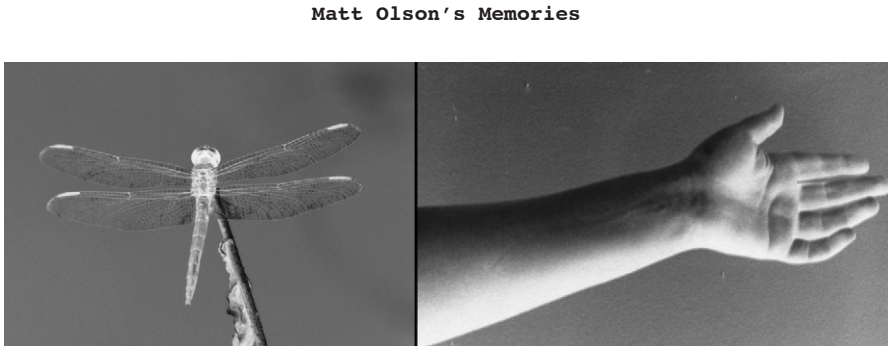
Carol Bove’s Plants and Mammals & Roger Caillois’ The Writing of Stones  
Caillois looks to patterns on the inside of stones to speak of art and nature, subject and object, human and not human. Bove’s book contains a poster and a c-print and another book, Twentieth Century Narcissus (containing photographs of daffodils) by Janine Lariviere.

Kiri Te Kanawa’s Maori Myths & Legends & R.D. Laing’s Knots  
Both Laing and Te Kanawa were famous for other things, but when they sat down to write books they did a really great job of it.

Grace Atkinson & Amelia Stein

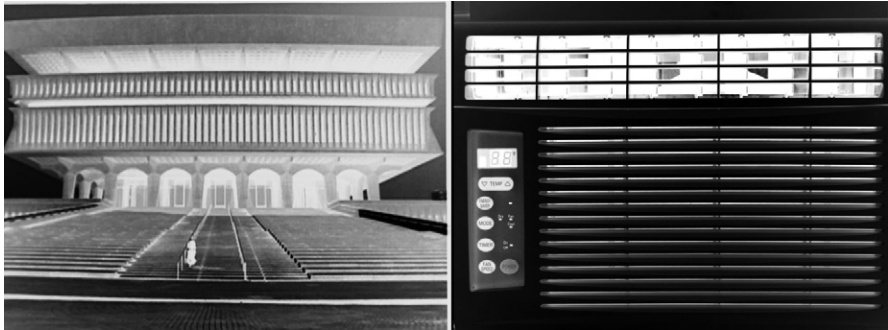


Mark Borthwick



**Matt Olson’s Memories**

*Joy and fear – (1977 Denver CO)*  
Knee deep in stream near Grandma and Grandpa’s house. Surrounded by dragonflies. One lands on my wrist. Dad says “stay still.” Fear and joy are perfect together.



*Shirin Neshat and air conditioning – (2000 Walker Art Center)*  
Riding bike past Walker to un-airconditioned apartment. 100 degrees. Free admission Thursday! Sit in dual screen piece Soliloquy for hours. Huge art experience.

**Two Stadiums**

About a ten-minute walk from my apartment in Crown Heights, past Ebenezer Haitian Church and the Bedford-Union Armory, just across the street from Medgar Evers College, is Ebbets Field Apartments, a seven-tower housing development so much taller than everything around it that it can be seen for miles in every direction. It is named for the historic Ebbets Field baseball stadium that once stood here, home to the much-beloved Brooklyn Dodgers from 1913 to 1957, where Jackie Robinson, the first African-American baseball player signed to the major leagues, hit the home run that helped win the team the 1955 World Series.

When the Dodgers’ lovesick fanbase outgrew Ebbets Field in the mid-’50s, Walter O’Malley, the team’s owner, hoped to move the stadium to Atlantic Avenue and Flatbush, where the controversial Barclays Center is currently going up. But his plans were thwarted by all-powerful city planner Robert Moses, leading O’Malley to sell the Dodgers to Los Angeles where they remain to this day. So tragic was this turn of events in Brooklyn history that it is said that when the wrecking ball came to the site, a crowd gathered to mourn as a brass band played “Auld Lang Syne.”

But the man I meet in in front of the rundown tower at 1700 Bedford Avenue on this sunny day hasn’t heard that story, and he has lived here for 33 years. “And I’m 36, wait, no, I’m 38,” he says laughing. “But people were sad, sure. They’re saying now with the Barclays Center, ‘Oh, we finally got our Ebbets Field back.’” He wears all black, including a black baseball cap. We are sitting on a bench in the building’s bereft concrete courtyard, amid faded signs that prohibit bicycle riding, dogs and, ironically, ball playing, next to some high green bushes. Kids play in front of a door scrawled with RIPS. “Home plate used to be right there,” he points to the corner. “But they got all the history down at the McDonald’s—pictures of Jackie Robinson and the teams and the crowds.” He takes a drag of his cigarette. “What are you doing, sightseeing?”

“I walked by this place a few weeks ago and it sort of took my breath away. It’s got an eerie quality.”  
“Yup, it’s windier up here. Do you feel that?”  
I nod.  
“Where do you live?”  
“Down by the Brooklyn Museum.”  
“There’s been a lot of change over there. All down Franklin Ave and Vanderbilt, they’ve got lounges on every corner now.” He pauses.  
“That’s nice for y’all.”

I say goodbye and walk over to the McDonald’s on McKeever Place, named for former Brooklyn Dodgers president Steve McKeever, but I can’t find any photos of the old ballpark. It’s 3 o’clock and the restaurant is full of teenagers eating and hanging out, and the manager doesn’t have time to go down memory lane with me. Or help me understand how the destruction of Ebbets Field in 1957, and the construction of the Barclays Center 50 years later, could both signify the end of an era.

Svetlana Ritto



Toby Liebowitz

Maybe you don’t know nettles, but they know you. Nettles have a lot in common with your most intimate fluid—your blood. The leaves are high in chlorophyll, which closely resembles the hemoglobin in our red blood cells. Looking for kidney support, help with allergies, relief from inflammation? This so-called weed is your green buddy—even for those searching for mystical prowess. Paul Pritchford writes in “Healing With Whole Foods” that “Milarepa, an ancient sage of Tibet, fasted on nettles until his skin turned a light green hue. He eventually developed legendary psychic and physical powers.” Make a nettle infusion and marvel at the emerald liquid—it is the antidote to the concrete hues and fiery pigments of stress. I am speaking to you in summer, so the only nettles available may be dried, but now you know to seek out the fresh nettles next spring. Grow them, ask your farmer for them, and pursue a gentle robustness. Nettles are especially supportive in the spring, when growing wildly in rich, green places.

Nettles are prickly, snagging and tugging, urging “I am medicine!” When fresh, their tiny stiff hairs sting, and that shocking pain is thought to cure arthritis. Steam the fresh nettles, taking the stinging power away, and use like spinach. Pritchford ranks nettles among micro-algae, almonds, milk, butter, and royal jelly as excellent kidney tonics—antidotes to burn-out. I like to make a nettle tea, cool it, and pour it over my head. Soothing! And it makes your hair grow shockingly fast. Explore your verdant friend, the salty nettle, this summer in your electrolyte tea brew. Cool the sizzling with green calming vibes, bringing you iron, calcium, other vitamins and minerals, and physic potentiality. Be cradled and comforted by the green love.

Eva Saelens

Kevin Thomson had asked me to share a story and two songs for his program called Hook, Line, and Sinker. This night the program was to be held at The Streetopia exhibit at The Luggage Store (Please see streetopiasf.com for details). The topic for the performers was playing music in San Francisco. To talk about the past, I had to frame it in the present. Everything overlaps and I felt that so strongly with just hearing the news of Tim Mooney and Yuma Joe Byrnes passing just days before. I find Joe’s death particularly heart breaking and would say that it is one of the saddest closest things yet to come around. The following is what I read Saturday June 23, 2012.

I had something that I thought to share when Kevin asked me to share a story. And I knew the story was connected by moments in time and in the free floating space of my mind.  
I woke up this morning and my beautiful wife was sleeping next to me. I placed my hand on her chest and pressed into her heart gently. I couldn’t sleep last night. We all have our own systems to keep order. I wanted to read a poem today but I had to figure out if the poem could be shared the same way today as it would have just a few short days ago.  
Did you know that when you do that  
That it keeps doing things  
Even after  
What happened  
Happened?  
Summer to fall 2001 to say thank you and be peaceful for and with a person, considered, who had passed. And I can say that now again, summer 2012, thinking and being in serene thoughts and states with no chaos and despair, with calmness.  
Margaret, Joe, Tim, William, Matty, Jake, Life (the person), Sean Mars, Sean Mars, Sean Mars, and everyone else.

I believe in more love, less hate, and scales, and balance, creating new neural pathways, ghosts, magic, therapy, medication, meditation, cardiovascular activity, moving the energy around the body, and staying busy, but not too busy.  
This morning, I left to my studio to get all my stuff together to fly up here. I rushed to meet Johanna at the cafe for tea. She told me about her dream. The artist Cheney Thomson was giving a lecture on growing new thoughts and ways of thinking, using the image of a tree with its branches blooming to explain the expansional process. She explained it was so nice to go to a lecture by someone in her mind that was a combination of her self and her self ideas about another person’s philosophy.  
Two hours later I was on a plane and in my bag I found the science section from the New York Times from May 22, 2012. There was an article by Jane E. Brody about positive thinking with an illustration by Yvette Podorova of a person with branches and flowers coming out from the heart. It was good to read.  
I look for positivity because I know that life is bittersweet. I need it to weather the storms that come my way. How connected are we? We are very connected. I could not have written a poem like that, of which with its simplicity and purpose have helped me in less than ideal times, when I was in my twenties. I was on a different trip then. The following stories are blended from 1995-97 from when I was in the band Tina, Age 13.

Then I shared stories about playing in San Francisco and on tour, with emphasis on the time we ended up at the house of white supremacist sexual swingers when looking for a place to sleep. It was scary and we left. I just let my memory direct the tales about times, people, and places from back then. Web surf or eBay some Tina, Age 13 music and feel the damage, love, and drugs through time capsule osmosis. But don’t do that if you are an addict, instead do yoga or go to a meeting.

Chris Johanson



Jacob Robichaux and Amy Yao.  
Performance at The Mandrake in Los Angeles, 30 March 2012.  
In conjunction with Sam Gordon’s screening 24 Hours in Los Angeles: The Lost Kinetic World, Volumes 1-12.  
Documentation: Sam Gordon

**Crammers/Crammerz**

Crammers is my fake brand name for the delicious marriage of particular dried fruits with specific nut counterparts and is the snack of (my) dreams. My all time favorite combination is a Medjool date (pulled open and pitted) and stuffed with a few raw almonds.  
More big hits are a few organic dried apricots with a handful of almonds or (wait for it) CASHEWS. Yum. You get the drift right? Pairings! Marriages! A couple of these and a couple of those. Apple rings with a handful of pumpkin seeds. Mango with hazelnuts. Banana with peanuts. Whoah! A New York City emporium that is ideal for creating the Crammers/z of your own liking is the wonderful Sahadi’s just over the Brooklyn Bridge. What a place! What treats!

Mary Manning

Acknowledgements  
Editor  
Kersti Van Werdal

Thank you to MR, AG, MM, & KIOSK for all the support and inspiration.  
With love