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BELFAST**

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# AE



# 1 Spring-Summer 2005

5 euros/7 dollars/3.5 pounds

new magazine, new writing, new illustration,  
new fashion, new thought

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Gentle reader,

Æ aims to showcase Aspiring and Emerging talent in the fields of writing, illustration, photography and fashion. In this, the first issue, we are also showcasing our work as aspiring and emerging editors and publishers. Please be patient with us!

Æ will not theme its issues so there is no overarching thematic thread binding the contributions found in this one. In this issue, Æ endeavors to evoke the moment of inversion of the colonial narrative with "L'Arrivée," an experiment in vintage styling. A lone lady plays with her colorful gloves and beads in "Dorothy." The use of music and technology to reach those beyond the limits of physical interaction is explored in the article "Heaven, Hell and Musicology" while Æ marks the 100th anniversary of Bloomsday with a feature revisiting Joyce's revisitation of the Homeric Odyssey. "My Beautiful Laundrette" witnesses a hoard of bohemian artists take over and transform a dowdy Paris laundromat. Fashions trends, from catwalk to trachea are traced in "Food Fashion," replete with fun, easy recipes for your delectation or rejection.

Æ's creative writing presents a voluntarily couch-bound narrator in "10.30pm," who places a whole litany of material anxieties between himself/herself and his/her object of desire (I think). "Nouvelle Puissance" locates feminist ideological cannibalism among the plates and menus of a rather unsavoury diner. The New England childhood of a displaced American in Paris is re-assembled through photographs and diary excerpts in "The Wonder Years." Poetry in Æ hails from France, Ireland, Italy and the US while illustrations inspired by and/or derived from the various texts are scattered throughout.

I hope you enjoy this. The second issue will be out in October 2005. Please stay with us.

Don

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# Bloom's Ramble

## One-Hundred Years On

*But the sea  
which no one tends  
is also a garden*

— William Carlos Williams

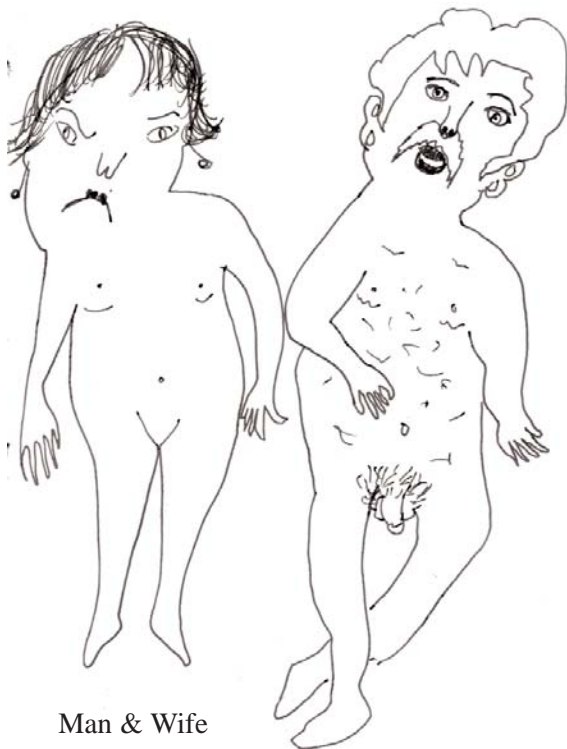
Written and illustrated  
by Abby Noel Semple

"I want to give a picture of Dublin so complete that if the city one day suddenly disappeared from the earth it could be reconstructed out of my book." Reconstruction is a perilous task, especially when the object is full-scale replication and not mere approximation. Given that Dublin has remained firmly planted on this earth, Bloom's odyssey is but one of the literary ellipses drawn across the city, but one that looms large in the imagination of anyone who has read *Ulysses*. It is impossible to live in Dublin and not regularly encounter the mental and physical landmarks of Bloom's perambulations. Given this omnipresence, and the fact that authors are seldom the best judges of the historical significance of their own works, perhaps T.S. Eliot's description of *Ulysses* as a

book "from which none of us can escape" is closer to reality than Joyce's reconstruction idea.



Boyle & Baylan



Man &amp; Wife

Periodically, visitors to Dublin with a special interest in Joyce do recreate Bloom's walk, although retracing this path as a tourist misses out on the familiarity and disdain with which he, like any Dubliner, treats and is treated by his environment. Small feral children line the path, cheering you on or hurling abuse. *Ulysses* is curiously devoid of children, unless you count the ghost of Bloom's dead son Rudolph, who features regularly in his regrets. Minor discrepancies aside, it is hard to avoid imagining Bloom's impressions, should he follow us on our modern-day version of his circuit.

The pursuit begins on Eccles Street. Walking out to purchase a kidney from the butchers, Bloom would be tempted to stop in the new part of the Mater Hospital to see if they had any fresher fare. The cleanliness and pale blues and whites of the reception area contrast with the reds and oranges of his morning; we'd probably only really manage to replicate his mindset if we were to go round the back and root through a sanitary disposal unit. Continuing on and turning onto Dorset Street, we find a dearth of butchers, but Chinese, Indian and Thai food is also available to take-

away, which would satisfy Leopold's thirst for the Orient. One of the Chinese restaurants recently received a closure order that might or might not have deterred our companion.

Depending on who is narrating at any one point during the day, the menace of Dublin in the book and the contempt it merits fluctuate between strong and weak. In the *Lotus Eaters*, the lethargy of Odysseus' men following their intoxication is recast as the average shiftlessness of Dublin's underemployed masses. In the *Aeolus* episode, set in a newspaper office, the city's denizens are portrayed as



the same moneygrabbing, paranoid, and luckless characters visible today upon walking into any bookies. If it is tempting to find novelty in these similarities, we should remember that only a hundred years have passed since the day of Bloom's ramble, whereas nearly two millennia passed between Homer's *Odyssey* and its reconstruction in *Ulysses*.

Loitering on Westland Row, Bloom tried to catch a glimpse of a rich woman's stockinged ankle, only to be frustrated by the intervention of a passing tram that blocks his view. He is standing in the street talking to some idiot, his mind completely absorbed by sexual thoughts of the rich woman and his own wife, who is still in bed with the cat and a letter from her lover. His mind seldom far from sex, Bloom would probably be found today trolling the porn shops of Capel Street, the only remnants of what used to be Dublin's expansive northside brothel district before it succumbed to a spate of police and clerical raids in the 1920s. The actual brothel scene, which takes place later in *Ulysses*, is much less sexualised than other episodes in the book. The brothels, like Dublin's modern strip clubs, exude a business-like atmosphere, more sterile

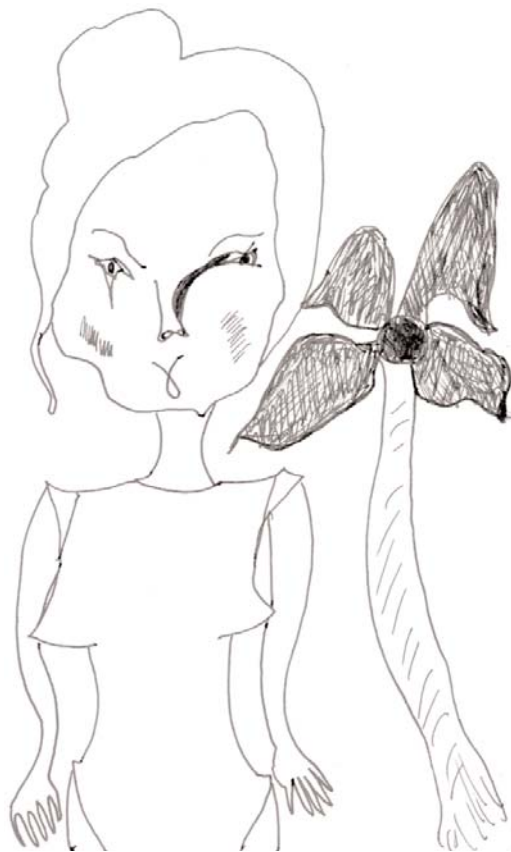
and mercenary than arousing.

Joyce wrote a series of lewd letters to his future wife Nora while staying in Dublin in 1909. In them he includes detailed descriptions of the things he'd like to do to her, fondly profane remembrances of the things they'd already done to each other, and extensive musings on "drawers." This undergarment (or, to follow Bloom's school-marmish correction of a bawdy song, we should refer to them in the plural) cannot be found in the Ann Summers lingerie shop, recently added to the O'Connell Street spread. Drawers figure prominently in *Ulysses*, most notably in the *Nausicaa* episode when Bloom is treated to a peep show from a



Molly in Bed

virgin on the beach and again later in *Circe*, when in the course of his fantasy-trial Bloom is accused by several “ladies of polite society” of writing them lewd letters in which he compliments their underwear and asks to be horsewhipped. This fetishisation of bulky pants for women, though it must have a few devotees amongst Dubliners today, would identify Bloom to the modern world as the eccentric outsider which his fellow citizens in 1904 perceived him to be.



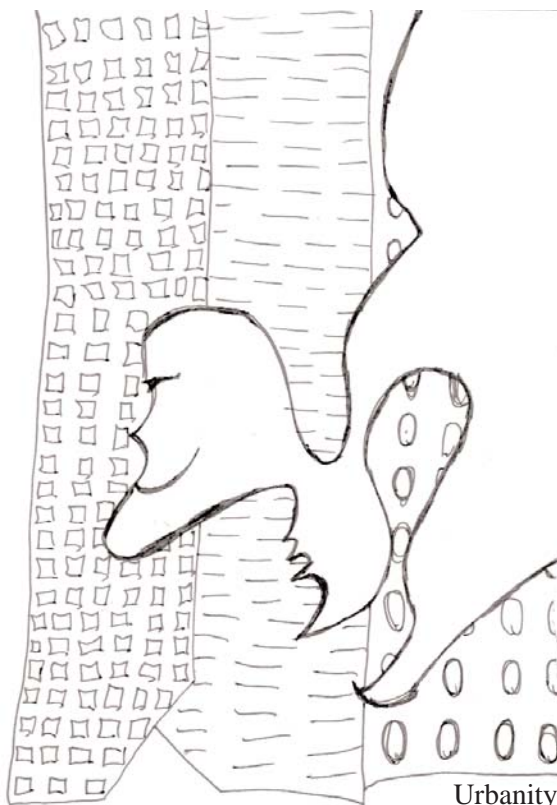
A Lady of Polite Society

One of Bloom's more obvious outsider characteristics, for which the nationalist Citizen he encounters in Barney Kiernan's pub derides him, is his Jewishness. However, Bloom is Jewish only by birth, having converted to Protestantism at an early age and later to Catholicism in order to marry Molly. Religion in *Ulysses* is a many-headed beast, as it is and has been in Dublin since its inception. Again depending on who is narrating in *Ulysses*, Catholicism is presented as the pabulum of the masses, a source of mock-regal pomp or a route to communication with the dead. Bloom is largely disdainful of religion, but like any person who wishes to be liked (and especially an advertising salesman), he must keep his mouth shut. It is not until *Eumaeus*, when he is discussing religion with Stephen Dedalus following their visit to the brothels, that Bloom fully reveals himself as a believer in science, and a sceptic of all things religious. This episode, in which Bloom and Stephen wander the streets in search of a taxi (unavailable) and food (inedible) and end up listening to a random sailor's sob story (implausible) is the typical, desultory, drunken walk home after a Saturday night out in Dublin, which has changed



hardly at all. On the way, Stephen and particularly Bloom engage in the usual rants against church, state and feckless police and even more feckless women. Joyce refers to this as the "blandiloquence of noctambules."

Ultimately, trying to reconstruct anything from a text that relies upon stream-of-consciousness narration is a Sisyphean endeavour. The very nature of this type of writing is to draw attention to how manifold, fleeting and unaccountable are the impressions that make up the human experience. If we find familiarity in tracing Bloom's footsteps, it is because we are ignoring the many intervening, irrelevant and strange parts of the narrative. We overlook the parts of his odyssey that we can't reconcile with our own experiences and concentrate on the people, places, and emotions we recognise. This impulse is reflexive in us as readers and is the reason so many of us put *Ulysses* down, with a headache or slight annoyance. It is a hangover from eighteenth and nineteenth literature that invites us to identify each detail of a novel as part of a cohesive whole, all arrows pointing in the



same direction. *Ulysses* defies us to read it in such a way, and yet offers a much more convincing verisimilitude of Dublin than, for instance, Dickens' London. It employs "stylistic disamiliarities," the entire purpose of which seems to be to disorient the reader and force continuous reassessment of what is actually happening in the text. It is this very dissonance of its components which allows *Ulysses* to resonate as a human, manifest version of Dublin, a dissonance still audible in the recently returned scrape of trams along their tracks.

half of tonight  
is being taken over  
by the people who have to leave  
for one reason or another

they're leaving quietly  
in ambulances without headlights  
in bodybags  
closed from the inside

you & i  
sit and watch quietly

it's funny how they can just  
take up and leave like that  
with so little fuss

but you & i  
came from elsewhere too  
and left those places  
forlorn & i guess noisily

I'm picking up tips  
from these guys tho

roadmaps like flags  
ripple gently  
& sound like tv  
when all the presenters  
have gone home.

**Dave Colohan**

# l'Arrivée

**Styled by:** Don Duncan

**Model:** Herminie

**Photographers:** RoToR

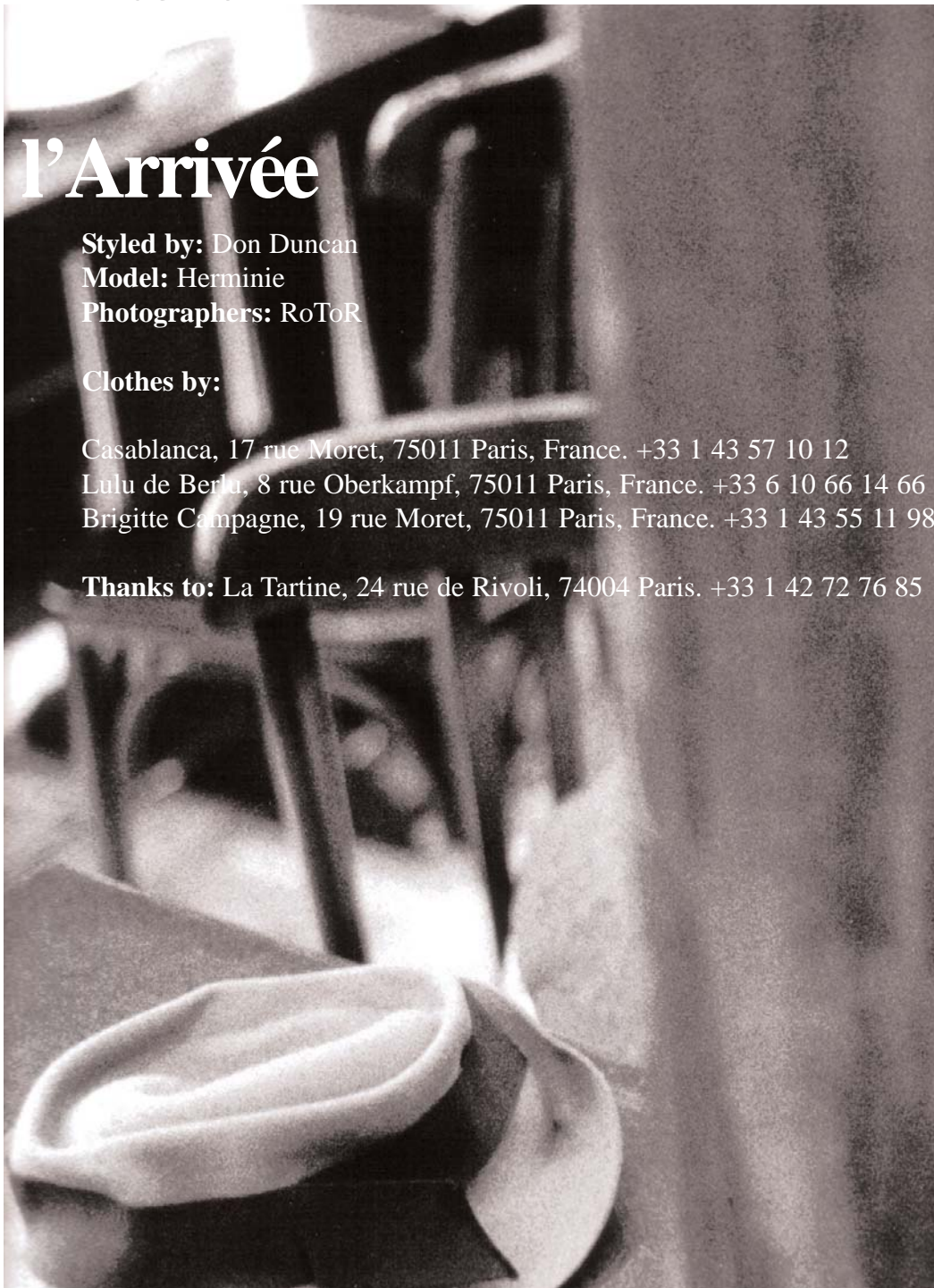
**Clothes by:**

Casablanca, 17 rue Moret, 75011 Paris, France. +33 1 43 57 10 12

Lulu de Berlu, 8 rue Oberkampf, 75011 Paris, France. +33 6 10 66 14 66

Brigitte Campagne, 19 rue Moret, 75011 Paris, France. +33 1 43 55 11 98

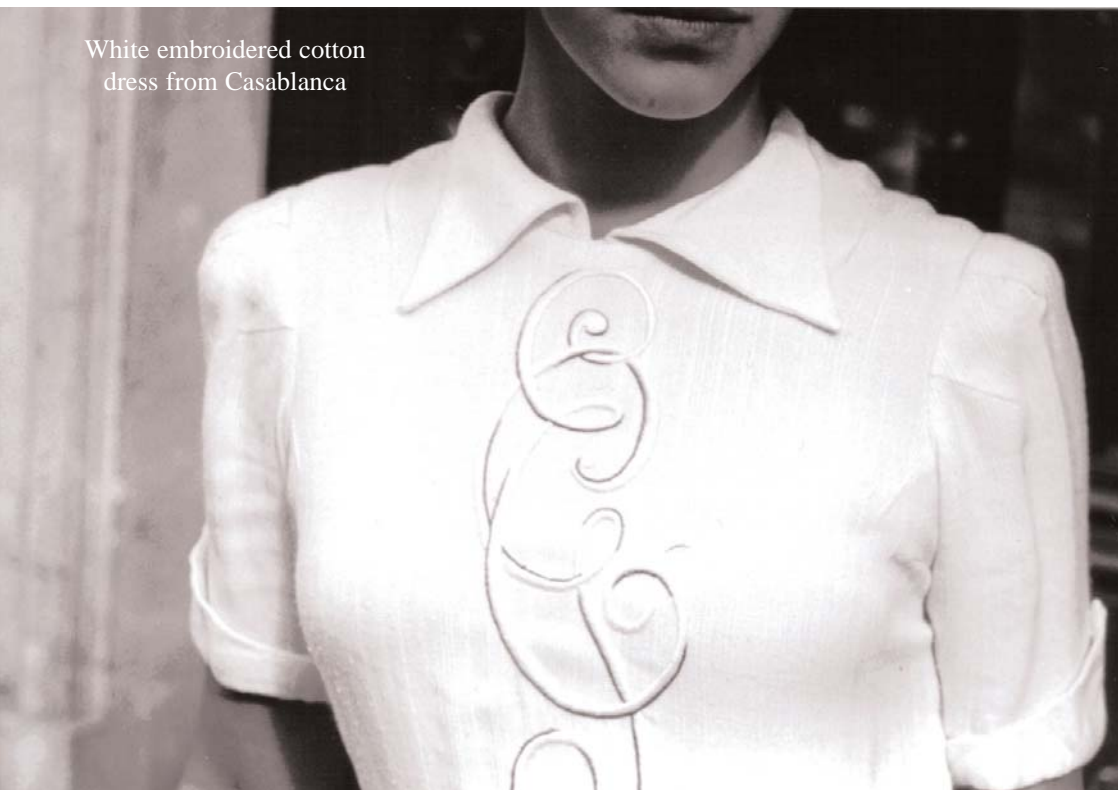
**Thanks to:** La Tartine, 24 rue de Rivoli, 74004 Paris. +33 1 42 72 76 85







White embroidered cotton  
dress from Casablanca







Grey felt hat, tweed blazer, men's  
tuxedo shirt and mixed material  
(tulle and white linen) skirt all  
from Casablanca



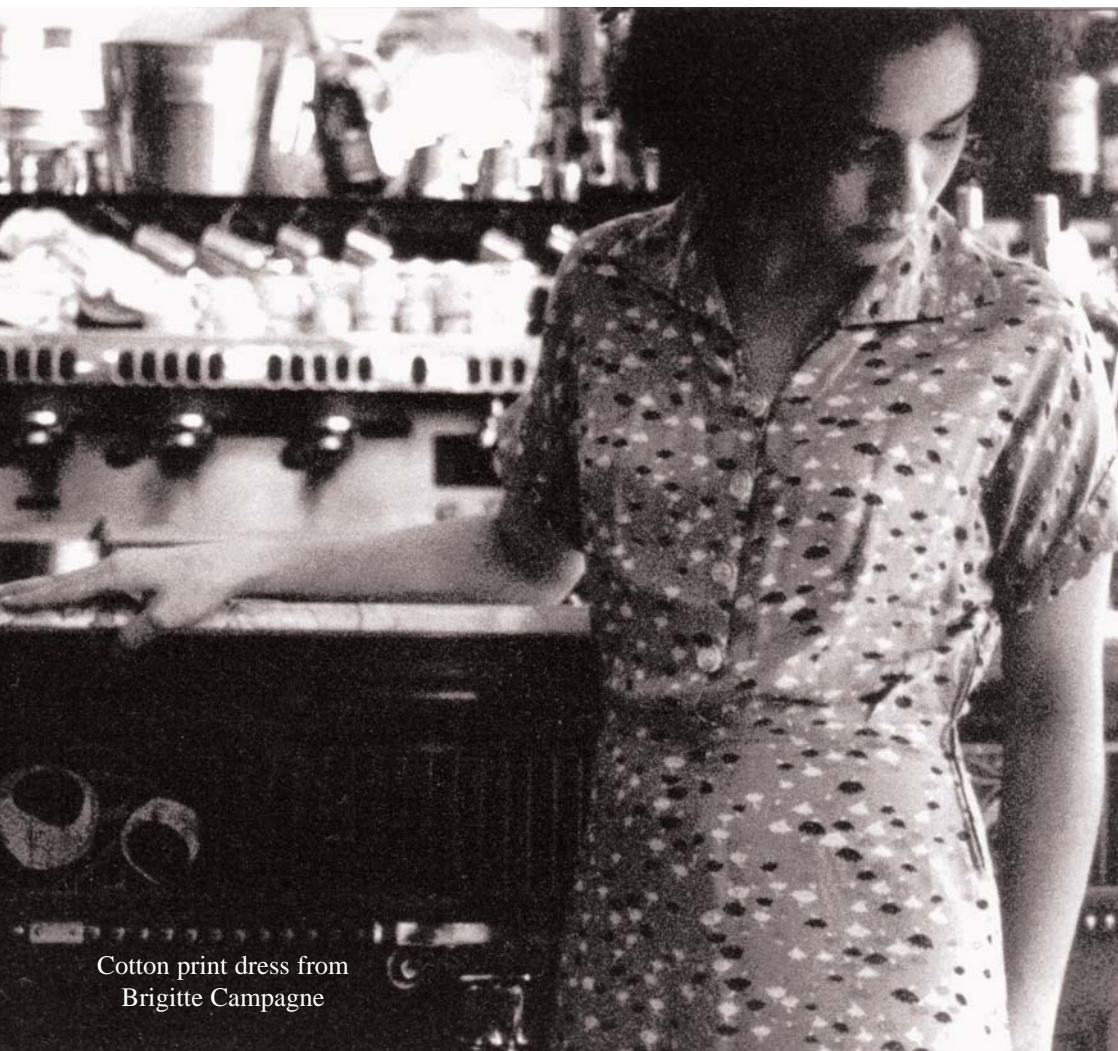


Hat and two-piece  
cream dress and  
jacket with red detail  
and buttons from  
Brigitte Campagne.  
Shoes from Lulu de  
Berlu.



Check two-piece  
with halter neck  
lace blouse from  
Casablanca.  
Straw hat from  
Brigitte  
Campagne.  
Shoes from Lulu  
de Berlu.





Cotton print dress from  
Brigitte Campagne



White embroidered cotton  
dress from Casablanca  
Vanity case from Lulu de Berlu







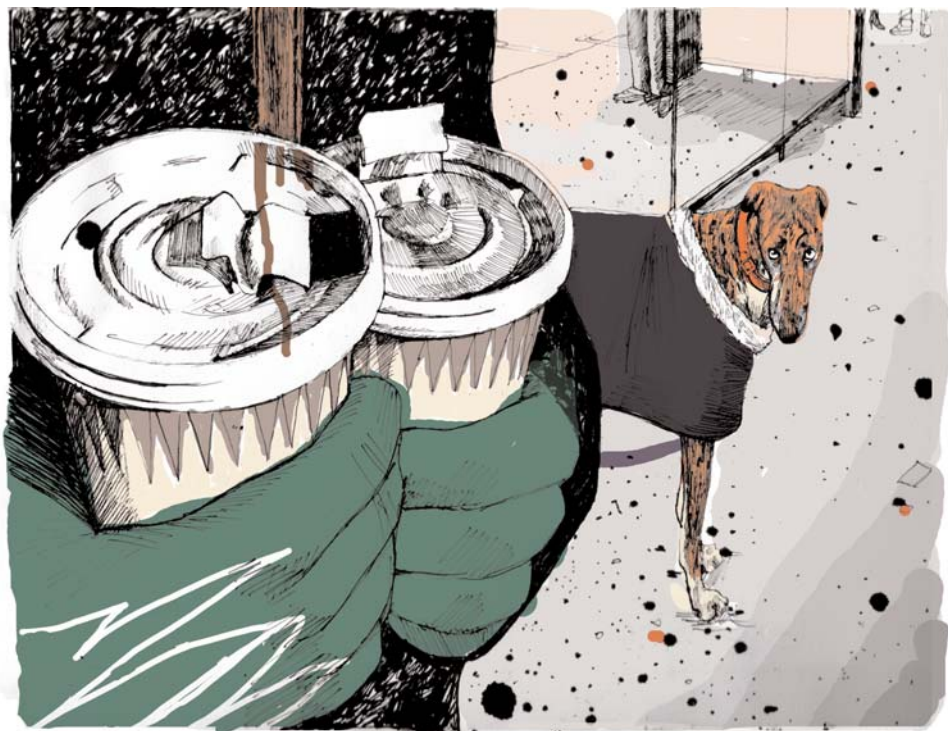
Tan cord strapped dress  
from Lulu de Berlú  
Lace-necked white  
cotton blouse from  
Casablanca

## 10:30pm

by Manolo Martínez  
Illustrated by Jeanne Detallante

It's getting colder Beautiful Amanda is Don't talk about that, hang on for a second.  
Hang on for a second:

I'm lying on the sofa, a streetlamp reflected on the blue wall in front of my house, putting my living-room between brackets, so to speak. I was saying Beautiful Amanda is; but no. I'm napping legs under a blanket, that's it; napping or plainly sleeping: it's half past ten pm. Not sleeping-sleeping: I'm aware of the blue light, if only. Then, say no more, beautiful Amanda,



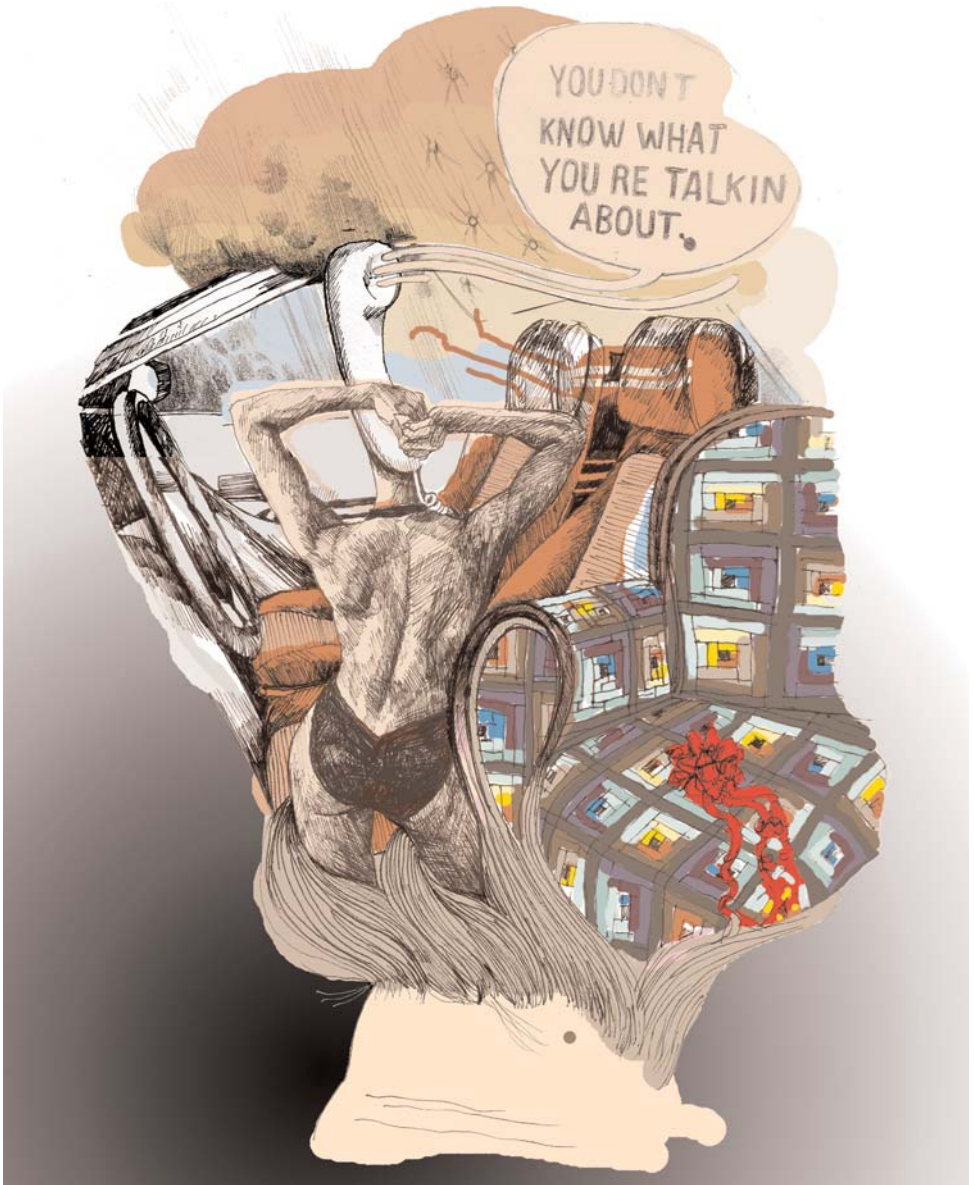
Of course not: the street noises, that's it: steps among the puddles, rustling anoraks, throats expelling air; this is hopeless. The neon sign, that's that: reflected on the blue wall too, each letter cyclically –because I know them to be letters, otherwise it's just changes on the blue wall, zone by zone sequential unspecified changes. How do I even know the streetlamp; I

remember, of course. If I didn't, the blue wall shining and beating along a horizontal line would be enough -therefore it'd be enough; and therefore I'd be merely napping or sleeping-sleeping; but no: it is the streetlamp through the bracketed living room, the bracketing streetlamp, then, yes. How do I know. I merely; if I were to move my legs from beneath the blanket, go look through the window, the streetlamp, the neon sign letter by letter then I'd know and then, cascading, the puddles the anoraks and whatnot, beautiful Amanda even I may. But no, I've left my glasses somewhere on the sofa, of course not: I don't remember the glasses as such, not even merely, an unspecified reverberation over the blanket, a non-propositional something a force field connected to my knee as it were: move your knee and you'll break your glasses. Wait, non-propositional: move it then crack, or even a reverberating don't move; this is hopeless. Not even remembering this time, then, merely a non-propositional link between my knee and some probability distribution on the blanket and the sofa. Don't move. If you wish, wiggle your toe, of course; or think, that's movement too, if only, as if. Probability distribution of my glasses over the sofa, then drops sharply to zero in the edge of the sofa, but that'd be. A bland overflow of my glasses beyond the sofa on to the corner behind, that's better. Wait, what better, that'd be, instead; that's it: that'd be instead. Not the glasses, the force field, the reverberating non-propositional something, but it's so the glasses themselves blandly reaching for the corner, intending the corner, long arms caressing ever so slightly the corner of the living-room behind me and the sofa, lenses forcing perspectives; this is programmatic.

The corner of the living room-behind me and the sofa. If I stood up somehow, went to see it with my very eyes, as if. No question, of course, but the shadow, the laws of perspective, the sad sad sad trihedron and there we are: the corner of the living room in all its -not all, merely some of its. There's no fact of the matter as to how much of its is *all* of its; it could be thought of as a calculus couldn't it baby. Whom, wait, Amanda the beautiful, but no way, no, wait. No corner behind me and the sofa: I have this suspicion of glasses on the blanket and if I move then. It's getting colder, that's a fact.

"Glory", was it so difficult.

The puddles downstairs too. *Downstairs?* and *downstairs?* how dare I,



down and stairs as if. Not even the corner behind me and the sofa and I might, "downstairs", I wonder, but my right sock is soaked, it was through the boot or who knows –no, not "know", nobody, who. Anyway, a reverberating link between my right foot and the puddle downstairs, and *the same* reverberating link between my right foot and the basin or is it: so much for topology in this particular case if you know what I mean, or

rather. Wiggle your toe, then, and then the puddle the basin, unexpectedly, steps between the puddles and me reverberating the whatever it is, and, well, "reverberating" don't take my word: "glowing", the well-known set of metaphors each with its own bias opinion idea, reverberate something maybe but try glowing it and nevertheless the chair by the sofa, the cracking junctures, that's it, as if moving, as if I were sitting on it, and I was, sometime: therefore the cracking junctures; moving knees *when related to* the chair hark back to the junctures and *when related to* the blanket reverberates my glasses, cracking chair and cracking glasses and the cracking anorak on the chair if we are to maintain the minimum coherence but can we? The anorak on the chair a blue something on the left but the blue wall as well and the reverberance of the anorak rustling. Is it the pulsating featureless whatever of the neon lights against the wall? I am aware of the latter, am I of the former? "Aware" which means, too late for that already after this few. Cracking then, the knees and the junctures, the glasses –wait.

"Remarks" that's it. The window. If I were to look, not even stand up, merely neck to one side, the blue anorak, chair, stove and then the window, the rotating neck and the subsequent cracking of glasses, anorak, chair and then the window. Is it open then? Street noises, that's for sure. A reverberating don't move, but this suspicion of glasses and the cracking junctures and it's getting colder that's a fact the window's broken.

Then obviously the floor, the pieces of glass, steps between puddles, steps on them like on puddles, the soaked sock or is it. Another link, so much for topology, the puddle the basin the pieces of glass and then a shape-background translation to the window, frozen air passing through, throats expelling wasn't it? Air this is all so evident it's hardly worth mentioning, if I'm even. Throats expelling air then, keep that for a second. Don't move, of course, your knee connected to your glasses on the sofa and the glasses reaching for the corner behind and the web between your sock and puddle basin glasses, but it's half past ten, either you are sleeping or you had better. Move then, wiggle something or rather. It has to be done: move.

Any movement would do: knee then glasses and then corner and the rotating neck beautiful Amanda arms reaching for the corner caressing and then puddle that is pieces of glass and a soaked sock and beautiful Amanda on the corner, and the puddles, trihedron sad sad sad beautiful Amanda soaked on the floor basin window throat, it all unfolds if I ever get up.



**Sentence**

We look to the when,  
time being essential  
only to the future.

Now is nothing.

It's what's so bothersome  
about an ellipsis.

Are we now,  
or determining now.

Which means  
we are stuck,  
in between the dots,  
connecting them  
gently together  
with whatever lines  
we choose

The color  
and peculiarity  
of each pen,  
less important  
than the connection

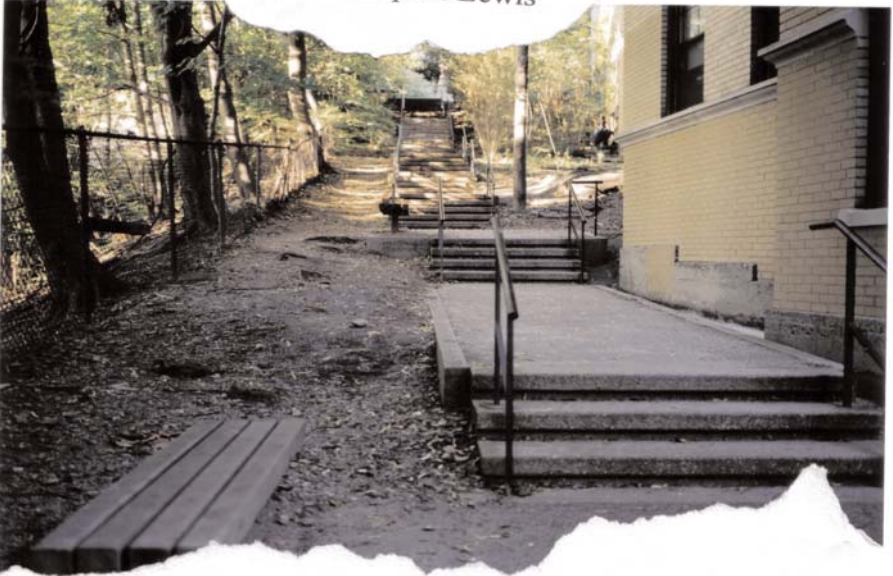
Just a movement,  
slight as the scribble  
on a blank page, searching  
for the pure roundness  
and fullness  
of a point.

**Andrea Murphy**



## The Wonder Years

By Christopher Lewis



1980 – 1991  
I walked, ran, jumped this path. We met at my awakening to the world outside my family. It has seen my failings, anger, dreams, worries, happiness. It has witnessed my growth. I have left. I have returned. Twenty-four years it has not changed.

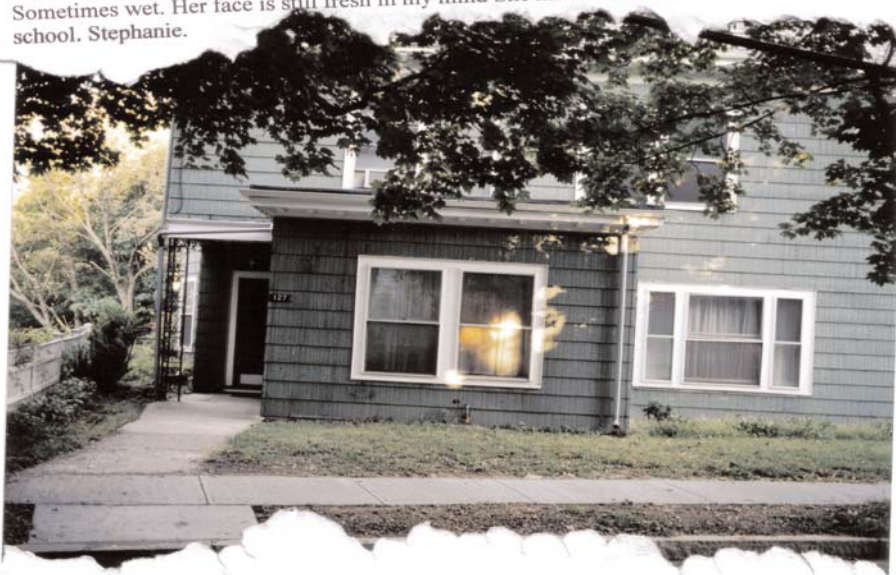


Spring 1985  
He called me the colored boy. We were on the D line. He was drunk. Fat. Irish. He called me the colored boy. I felt ashamed. Embarrassed. I felt I did something wrong. No one said anything. They watched. I didn't know what to do. I got off there. It wasn't my stop. I was thirteen.



1986 – 1990

Her locker was next to mine. She had a soft smile. I thought of her often. She was quiet. Her sneakers were usually untied. She dated one of my friends. Dan. Her lips were full. Sometimes wet. Her face is still fresh in my mind She killed herself some time after high school. Stephanie.



Fall 1981

His name was Ray. He was my brother's friend. He sat on me. He poked a needle in my testicles. He was heavy. I couldn't move. He laughed. He did it more than once. I was angry. I wanted to cry. I held it in. It was on the second floor. I was nine.



Summer 1984

We laid there. Staring. We were visiting our father's brother. Steve, our mother and myself Steve and I were to sleep in the living room on the fold out couch. We couldn't sleep that night. We gazed out into the moans they made. My father's brother and my mother.



Spring/Summer 1989

Carnation Day. A day we gave carnations. Carinne. She was French. She spoke only a few words. I liked her. I didn't speak French. I gave her a carnation. We became friends. We held hands. Sometimes we still hold hands.



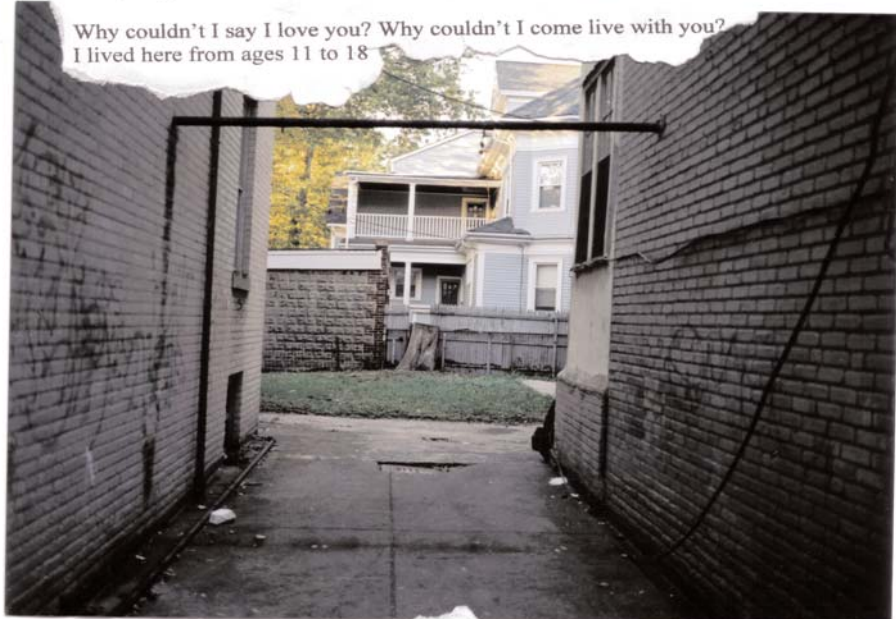


1983 – 1991

“No. Why? Fuck you. I hate you.”

“Why do you have to leave? When are you coming back?”

Why couldn't I say I love you? Why couldn't I come live with you?  
I lived here from ages 11 to 18



16 years old

She held it tight in her hand. I sucked on her tongue. We had been drinking. Her hand was warm. Soft. She tasted like peppermint schnapps. The air was crisp. I took a drag on my cigarette. It started to hurt. She licked her hand. Their radios startled us. They told us to leave.



21<sup>st</sup> December 1979

Greg. He was my brother. I remember the night I heard my mother screaming. It woke us up, Steve and I. it was the 21<sup>st</sup> of December. We sat at the top of the stairs, where the light met the shadow. I have forgotten his voice, his smell. I was seven. Greg was fourteen.



Fall 1986

I finished early. They didn't hear me. He was a coach. He was a student. They were breathing heavily. I was a freshman. I was scared. I was curious. I saw his body tighten as he sucked. They left. I was frozen.

# Heaven, Hell and Musicology

by Muireann Prendergast  
Illustrated by Justin Moore

From Shakespeare to The Stones, music, in both its composition and reception, has frequently been evoked in otherworldly terms. The eighteenth century English poet William Blake crystallizes the diabolic side of this binary with his reference to the song that emanated from the “barren heath” in his *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. Perennial associations between song and Elysium in Judeo-Christian cultures, of course, counter the revolt and anarchy in such attestations as Blake’s that the artist is “of the devil’s party”. However, back here on Earth, in a dynamic synthesis of art and science, an intriguing relationship is slowly unraveling between music and another long-held, though worldly, curiosity: human cognition.

The child, suspended *in utero*, offers a potent example of the possibilities of this association. In the child’s amniotic, pre-linguistic state, music, as a non-verbal medium, acts as an effective communicative tool. Research has shown that rhythm can induce relaxation or excitement and melodies first heard in the womb are often greeted with a quickened

heartbeat during early gestation. Dr. Alfred Tomatis, a famous French ear, nose, and throat specialist of the 1950s further developed the idea in “The Mozart Effect” that sought to posit a link between the Austrian composer’s high-frequency violin concertos and increased, even expanded, mental activity.

However, this theory suffers from one key limitation. An unwavering focus on early musical stimulation of certain parts of the brain and the development of particular proficiencies prioritizes logic and mathematics to the exclusion of more abstract, less linear possibilities.

Tom Smurthwaite, who along with John Ballard, is a professional musician working with the Hastings, UK-based Decoda project, suggests that such “lateral thinking” is pivotal to the full realization of music’s potential to assist those with severe communication difficulties. Indeed, he learned early in his work that simply playing music to often profoundly and multiply incapacitated individuals was insufficient to facilitate any progress. Instead, he learned that it would be pivotal to somehow assist

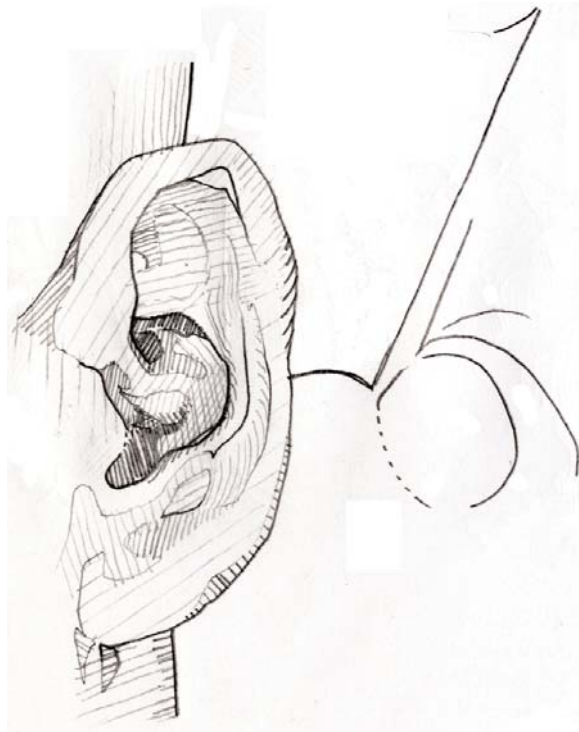


their processes of musical composition. Decoda does this through the use of recording technology, motion sensors and even a "home cinema" engine that Smurthwaithe found in a junk-shop. Critical to their work is the Soundbeam, a technological breakthrough in musical instrumentation that generates invisible, ultrasonic beams enabling the smallest body movement, blinking for example, to be converted into sound.

This form of therapy utilizes music's unique capacity to transcend the spatio-temporal realm, making it a perfect conduit for those to whom such rules do not apply, such as the blind and the wheelchair-bound, the people who are eighty percent brain-damaged with whom Smurthwaithe and his colleagues work. In their particular appropriations of this therapy, such people, considered by society at large to be "disabled," can be said to transcend the traditional expectations of virtuosity. Not only do they regularly transform the Soundbeam into a conveyor of word or emotion but they can also manipulate a vibration into a subversive and longed-for touch. In fact, their caregivers often note a calming effect after a session ends.



Such has been the effect of this kind of musical therapy that Decoda is now working with people that exhibit violent or destructive behavior as a result of their frustrated inability to articulate themselves by conventional means. The use of music as a key to the most extreme forms of a "personal prison" is not espoused by Decoda alone. This group should be seen as one of a growing number worldwide. A shared inspiration can be found in the innovative Marseilles-based Association Les Pas Perdus (The Lost Steps), which explicitly places as central to its methodology



the idea of music as freedom. In an essay entitled "Computer-Based Musical Instruments for Disabled Performers," two of the group's founders, Guy-Andre Lagesse and Pascal Gobin, introduce "*Un Bon Moment*," a concept relating to as the sense of release experienced by a debilitated individual following the transformation of his/her wheelchair into an moving piece of art through the attachment of amplifiers, video projectors, et cetera. Such a concept epitomizes the idea of art as liberation, and is highlighted in Lagesse and Gobin's comparison between this audio-visual event and the "walkabout" of Australian Aborigines: an intermit-

tent, quasi-mystical flight from the confines of the cityscape to their spiritual homeland of the untamed bush.

While such encapsulations might intimate that the relationship between music and cognition is one that can be completely understood, this is by no means true. There is much that remains obscure, as exemplified in the paper "The Powers of Music: A Treatment for Epilepsy?" Its author, Professor Norman Weinberger, a neurobiologist at the University of California - Irvine, is unable to explain

why, in certain individuals, epileptic fits can result from listening to particular compositions. He gives the example of Kung Tsu Chen, a Chinese poet who regularly became inexplicably "absent minded" while listening to "a street-vendor's flute." Such sinister ambiguity also characterizes the breakdown of the Australian pianist, David Helfgott, while playing Rachmaninov's third symphony as dramatized in Scott Hicks' film *Shine* (1996). If these examples can tell us anything it is that, while traditional allusions to the twin poles of heaven and hell can be elided, the intermediate referents are mysterious nonetheless.

# Æ Literature

# Options

Page 40

by Jarlath Gregory

Illustrated by (B)ananartista

abc 444/1  
U awake Khalid?  
Options

YEP  
Options

abc 449/1  
What doin?  
Options

WATCHING THE  
BOX. WISH WE  
HAD A TV  
Options

abc 360/1  
I have a TV.  
Well, a  
transvestite.  
Once u plug her  
in, she's turned  
on all nite. How  
was the party?  
Options

IT WAS ALMOST  
AS GOOD AS LIFE  
ITSELF. I  
EMBRACED ALL  
THE  
COCKSANDTITS.  
ALMOST GOT  
BRICKED ON WAY  
HOME. IT WAS A  
COWARDLY

GESTURE. I HATE  
COWARDS WHAT  
DO U HATE?  
Options

abc 362/1  
I hate work, &  
bars that close  
early drives  
me beserk &  
memories of  
child psychiatry  
anger me.  
Options

CHILD  
PSYCHIATRY  
INTERESTING.  
MOST PEOPLE  
WOULD HAVE SAID  
CHILD  
PORNOGRAPHY  
Options

abc 312/1  
Yeah that 2 ya  
morbid  
bedwetter. Tell  
u what, I'm tired  
of bein out of  
love. I hate that  
2. Want 2 fall all  
over again.  
Break my heart.  
Or my arse.  
Options

I MAY WET THE  
BED BUT BELIEVE  
ME I HAVE FUN  
DOING IT. BREAK  
YOUR  
ARSE/HEART DO  
U MEAN  
PHYSICALLY ?  
Options



abc 361/1  
Of course  
break=  
physically  
nothing else  
exists. Or at  
least, it's more  
fun 2 believe  
that. Yeah!  
Options

I'M TOUCHED  
THAT I AM IN A  
POSITION 2  
BREAK YOUR

HEART. I FEEL  
DANGEROUS WITH  
THIS  
POWERŠSMOKIN  
G.BE SURE NOT  
TO PISS ME OFF  
Options

abc 337/1  
Hey Mr Ego did  
I say u could  
break my heart?  
U ain't  
dangerous & I is  
2 sexy 4 ya, ya  
eejit boy. But we  
all beautiful.  
Options

2 SEXY 4 ME ?  
WHEN WAS THE  
LAST TIME I  
EJACULATED IN  
YOUR SMALL  
PRESENCE?  
Options

abc 248/2  
Hmmm, prob<sup>1</sup> ly  
when u shaved  
my back so I cd  
wear that  
see-thru vest. &  
I thought that  
was shaving  
foam! & if u must  
know, I ain't  
small where it  
counts. OK, enuff  
about my fab

self. Tell me  
sumfink about  
urself  
Options

TALKING ABOUT  
SEX DEPRESSES  
ME  
Options

abc 304/1  
Let's talk about  
food. I like  
chocolate,  
coffee, & sushi  
(cos it's modern,  
decadent &  
cute). & dirty  
burgers on the  
way home from  
drunken lunacy  
(knacker!)  
Options

I LIKE FULL  
ENGLISH  
BREAKFASTS AND  
THE SKIN OF AN  
IRISH CHICKEN  
Options

abc 332/1  
U have good  
taste. I'm  
starving now.  
Bad rain on the  
windows. Bad  
company outside  
windows. Am  
planning life

after  
Christchurch.  
Options

U NEED TASTY  
FOOD TO MAKE  
UP 4  
CUNNILINGUS.  
ANYWAY HOW'S  
THE HOUSE  
SEARCH? WHERE  
DO BROKEN  
HEARTS GO?  
Options

abc 319/1  
The search=crap.  
Stuck at home.  
Broken hearts  
go 2 the George,  
get pissed,  
dance like a  
bastard & snog  
random  
strangers. Is ur  
heart broken?  
Options

I'M SURVIVING.  
FIRST TIME IT'S  
BEEN BROKEN.  
SHOULD  
RECOVER  
Options

abc 434/1  
Anything I can  
do 2 help?  
Options  
DO U HAVE

ANOTHER  
SISTER?  
Options

abc 385/1  
Eh, yeah. But  
she's spoken 4.  
The 2 chaps r  
free tho. Mind  
u, Zak's only 15.  
Options

YOU SEEM TO BE  
THE BEST OF A  
GOOD BUNCH.  
DADDY MUST  
HAVE MAGIC  
BEANS  
Options

abc 14  
Here, u can have  
mine. I don't  
need it anyway.  
Options

I AIN'T GETTING  
WHAT YOU'RE  
TRYING 2 SEND,  
I'M CONSIDERING  
GOING 2 BED AS I  
NEED 2 GET UP  
EARLY 2 GO 2  
GALWAY. SO IF U  
NEED 2 SAY  
SOMETHING,  
NOW'S THE TIME.  
Options

abc 310/1  
Nah, I just tried  
2 send u a  
picture msg of a  
heart & msg  
saying u can  
have mine. It's  
been used,  
bruised, abused  
& confused but  
hey, u need it  
more than I do.  
Options

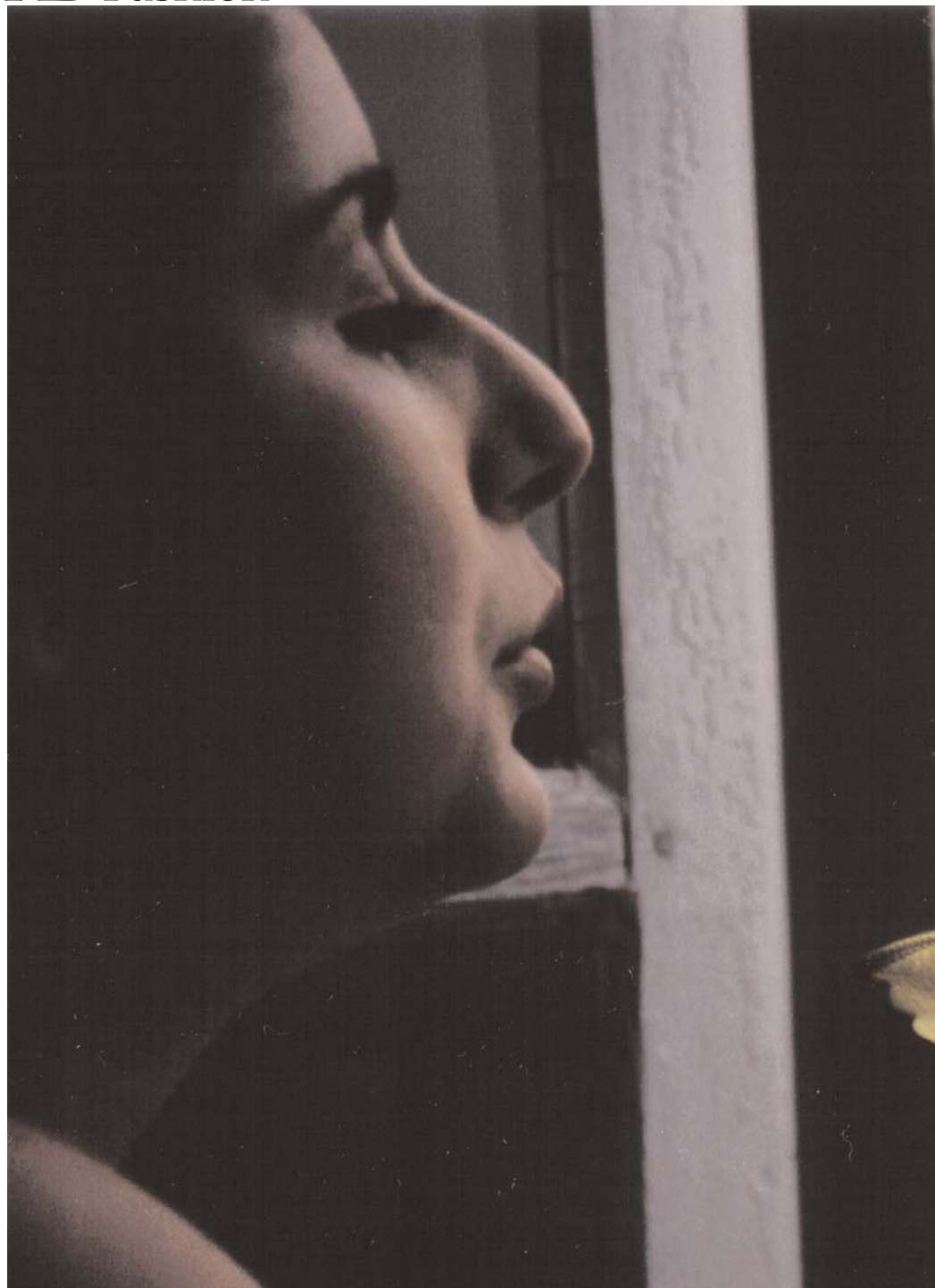
THAT WAS SUCH A  
SWEET MESSAGE!  
U DESERVE  
SOMEONE GOOD.  
& SOMEWHERE 2  
LIVE  
Options

abc 397/1  
Yeah. Just don't  
tell anyone how  
lovely I am. Nite  
nite Khalid.  
Options

GOODNIGHT  
ANTO  
Options

("Options" forms chapter thirty-three of Jarlath's new novel *G.A.A.Y* which was published in April 2005. It is available in bookshops in Ireland and on [www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com). Reproduced with the kind permission of Sitric Books.)





# Dorothy

**Styled by:**

**Designers:**

**Model:**

**Photographer:**

Don Duncan

Fabre (+33 5 65 60 58 24)

Medicine Douce (+33 1 48 03 57 28)

Katerina

Herminie Philippe



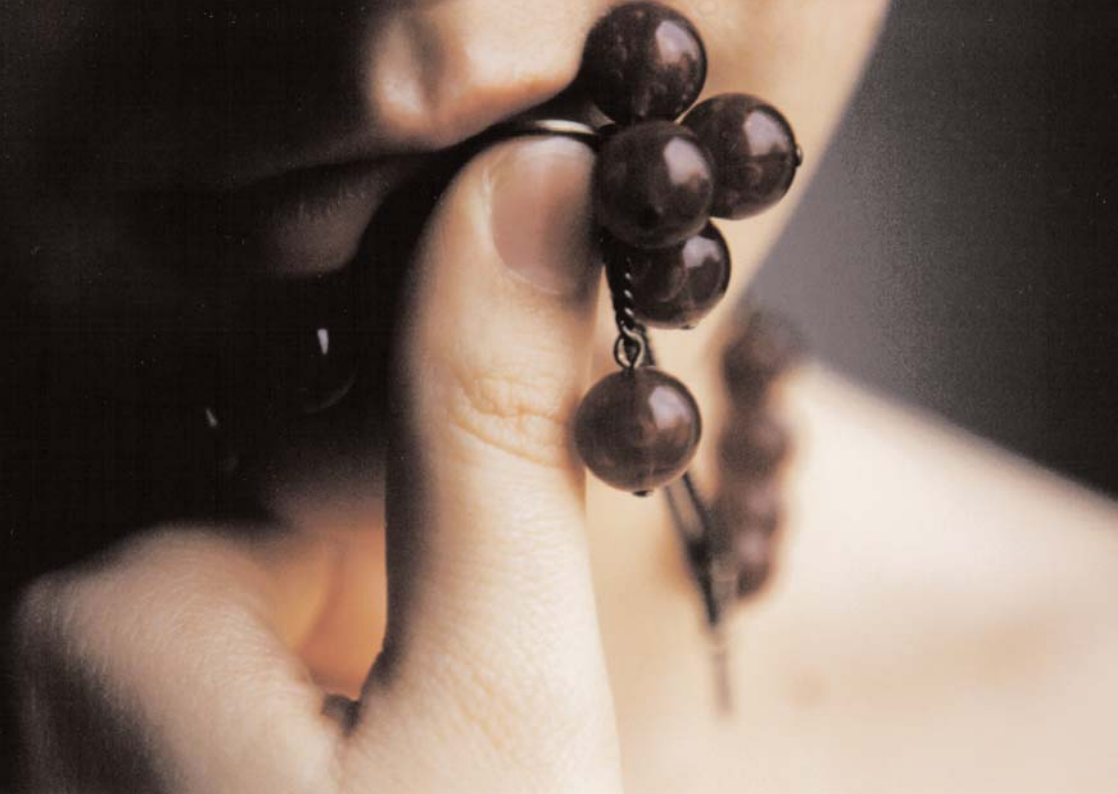
Cuffed lambskin gloves by  
Fabre





Gloves (lambskin) with  
detail in gauze by Fabre





Burgundy bead necklace  
by Medicine Douce







Earrings and white bead necklace by  
Medicine Douce

# Nouvelle Puissance

by Margaret O'Neill

Photography by Jaime LeBlanc

It's no easy feat managing a chain restaurant. Sure there's more opportunity for promotion, for travel and the perks, oh the perks, but more importantly there's no loyalty at the corporate offices, and what with all the different ideologies out there, not to mention the warring factions, Anna has to watch her back.

Anna's father once managed the DeSoto Hotel in Philly, and he still moans about the customers, most notably the Nouveau Riche. "Devils they were, these boozy couples flashing one hundred dollar bills, the women wearing mink stoles in July, and the husband, the wife always talking so loud and showing off their ignorance in the dining room. One man, he hurries in with this hot little number, ordering the most expensive thing on the menu, *Filet de Saumon au Champagne*, and right in front of me, while complaining that the meat smells bad, he slathers his entree with mustard! I walk away because I have training, some class. In those days I worked with Andre Lee, the best in the business, and at the height of his fame, this heathen dumps a common condiment on one of Andre's creations. In essence, he comes to eat a T.V. dinner at my hotel, in my restaurant.

Anna would love to deal with the Nouveau Riche. At least their brains were fixated on simple things: riding their Ferrari to the Country Club, trying to get a better deal on the penthouse suite, predictable behaviors of no lasting consequence. These days, her father is retired, now going on fourteen years, and her business concerns are a little more complicated. "If things don't improve, I'll have to get out of the biz," mumbles Anna.

"What? You talking to me? Bitch, you talking to me?" A customer, angered over the latest price increase, rises with his fists clenched, but Anna walks away. She has training, some class.

The male customers don't like dealing with her. They ask, "Where's the manager? I want to complain to a real person." Anna has a pin on her lapel, but no one ever reads it. People stop and ask her to refill their coffee cup.

This infuriates her mother. Anna used to invite her to the dining room for

lunch, but her mother does not walk away, so now Anna takes an hour and a half for lunch and heats a can of soup for the three of them, nodding as her father compares it with the legendary output of Andre Lee, listening as her mother makes to-do lists for her: "You must be wary of the chauvinists in the corporate office! Do not let them dictate to you! Don't be a Cassandra; make yourself be heard!"



Her mother thinks men are the problem. "I never had a chance for a career. I had to watch your father bungle the job I wanted. In my day, the men held the women back, and I tell you, the wheel keeps on turning. Maybe I myself am a Cassandra. That must be my fate, to see the truth, to endure and endure and to talk and talk, and all the while, nobody is listening."



"I listen, Mama —"

"But you don't apply. You just don't, won't apply the knowledge."

The knowledge is thirty years old.

"What? What did you say? Did you say something to me?"

The words fly across Anna's face before she can walk away.

Her mother glances at her watch, murmuring, "Traffic will be terrible today. I suppose you should get back to work."

"Mama, I didn't mean—"

She taps her on the back, guiding her toward the door. "It's of no consequence. After all, I have thirty years experience of being ignored."

If Anna socialized with the corporate office, she would have a mentor, an executive who might have a clue as to how to deal with the snotty waitresses on the day shift, the girls who think they have the moxie to take her job. But Anna works a sixty hour week, often staying overnight, and as the restaurant in Atlanta isn't performing up to expectations, the higher-ups are planning a tour next Thursday, and on top of that, one of the cooks has some sort of cyst on her wrist and will have an expensive claim on the health insurance, a customer wasn't treated with respect yesterday and is threatening dire consequences, and Macy, the assistant manager has bruises on her arms, won't talk about it, and her boyfriend Ben repeatedly calls on her cell phone, each time her head popping backward, so networking is just a dream.

Damned reality is every day that Anna walks into the restaurant, hangs up her coat and overhears the same conversation:

"So I got this bitch boss, she's got a real case of attitude. She's wearing flats, but she has that stiletto walk, and —"

It's the women, Mama. Men are not my problem.

The waitress casually puts up her phone. She looks up, and there's no respect for the boss, no fear of consequences.

"Jenny, one more time and (your ass) is fired." Anna doesn't say ass, but she pauses, and it's there in the sentence and Jenny feels the slap, but even so, the girl just shrugs, and "Whatever, Bitch," lights up her face.

Jenny, one of the college students, is always calling in sick because a paper is due, because of a pop quiz that she has to pass or else her scholarship will be at risk, because, because, because. Anna is tired of listening, but Macy is in the bathroom crying, the cook will be out for at least two weeks, and with the corporate office coming next week, Anna doesn't have time to train a new waitress, so she doesn't think of firing Jenny—yet.

Until near the end of the day shift, after seeing Jenny whispering, giggling, ignoring customers waiting on their coffee, showing off one of her latest papers to Macy who looks up at Anna and her pinched face suddenly nervous, she scurries away. Jenny looks up too and in a too-quick motion, stuffs a stack of papers under a place mat at an empty table and re-fills Mrs. Wilson's coffee cup. "Do you need anything else, Mrs. Wilson?" she asks sweetly. When she thinks Anna isn't looking, she grabs the papers and heads for the cloak room.

When Anna was a girl, her mother often searched her pocket for contraband. "Young girls shouldn't read comics! It'll fill your head up with empty thoughts! Men write these and put in hidden messages so young girls will buy chewing gum and candy and rot their brains out!" As a result, Anna has learned to hide her contraband more carefully — and after all, "the little fool has it coming. If she's going to bring her diary into work, then it's going to be read— by me."

It isn't even hard to find. The papers are sticking out, and when Anna tips it over, they fall out onto the floor, so Anna scoops them up, sliding them in between the reports she regularly carries to meetings at the Corporate Office.

The restaurant is busy. Anna asks Jenny to work a double shift. "There's a convention in town, and —"

Curiously, Jenny seems pale and nervous. She agrees, but spends every

free minute in the cloak room. Anna pokes her head into the cloak room at six o'clock. "I have some reading to do — for a corporate meeting tomorrow. I'm putting Macy in charge, so no interruptions, okay?"

Jenny doesn't react. She keeps searching in her pocketbook. "Lose something?"

Jenny just shakes her head. "Hope your meeting goes well."

She shuts the door behind her and pulls out the paper. It is an ordinary



term paper, half finished; the title is *Nouvelle Puissance*, defined as “a perversion of Nouveau Riche which occurs when women move into male-dominated professions. In their zeal to advance in the work place, feminists often take reckless actions, cavalierly disregarding the unwritten rules and customs of the workplace and in the process, creating a new sort of female chauvinism which ultimately alienates both sexes.”

Anna’s mouth hangs open. The bitch has been listening to her parents! She has copped her father’s and mother’s life themes and created her own original research project, all of which has been going on at the restaurant, right under Anna’s nose. Anna rips the papers in two, swearing profusely, promising to fire her. Several moments pass before she can think rationally, but eventually her training, her breeding returns, and she thinks of the ramifications of such petty acts. She must rise above the desire to punish Jenny. After all, Jenny comes from a poor family. She has worked her way through college, endured cruel treatment at the hands of Anna, all on account of her belief that she is a gifted student, destined for eventual success, and “baby, once I get that Doctor in front of my name, I’m coming on down to the Cobblestone Café, and I’ll be ordering champagne, bitching about the service and asking Miss Priss Peters for some damned coffee — right now!” Anna remembers laughter and a sudden shift to silence as she entered the room. She looks at the paper, and smoothes out the crinkles.

It isn’t right, this stooping to sabotage.

Anna has been in the business twenty years now, a career littered with moments like this, and she wonders if her career path is strewn with unchecked rages followed by snaky decisions, and sloppy cover-ups. As manager she is God to young girls on their first job, and possibly she has responsibilities toward young ladies unfamiliar with the machinations of the corporate world. In these scattered moments of self reflection, Anna feels the need for a hand on her shoulder; a counselor capable of listening, someone who wouldn’t put a letter of reprimand in her file.

Macy sticks her head in the door and says “your father’s on the phone—oh is it a bad time? Should I tell him to call back later?” Anna shakes her head no, waves Macy out, and rubs her red and swollen eyes, cursing softly, knowing that word is whizzing around the restaurant, that “Ole Ironsides is blubbing in her office.” Her father, the business failure, she should not ask



his advice, but there is no one else who knows the ups and downs, so Anna picks up the phone. She hears her mother in the background, exasperated and her father, enthused: “Anna, are you coming home? Your mother and I have been haggling over a recipe that I believe came from Andre’s personal collection: *Filet de Boeuf “Mignonnette” Flambé Cognac*. Your mother says I’ve gotten the ingredients all mixed up, but I remember it like it was yesterday—”

The words barely trickle out of her, forcing her father to turn up his hearing aid, causing her mother to scream, “Randall, just hand me the phone. If Anna has a problem, I can solve it quicker than the likes of you.” Anna tries one last time. “Dad, did you ever want to fire someone for the smallest of reasons — just because someone didn’t like you? Did you do it, Dad? Do you think there were lasting consequences?”

He becomes animated, remembering that “Andre Lee, the finest chef around, and I had to dismiss him. Hated to do it, but he had marital troubles, and one night after working a double shift, he dips into the *Romanée-St. Vivant*, one of the finest red burgundies, over one hundred dollars a bottle.”

Ah, the little problems of thirty years ago — her father views his “minor twists of fate” as a series of happy endings. In his version, “Andre Lee went on to one of the leading restaurants in Paris, made a great name for himself, all on account of my releasing him from his obligations. I hear he even married again, had four children.” Her mother grabs the phone, insisting, “Your father should have sobered up Andre, had him prepare a brilliant *Terrine de Chocolat Amer, Crème Anglaise*, should have gotten the Brunicellis drunk, and maybe your father wouldn’t have fallen so far. You might have gone to a real school, Anna; one where they taught you to bang heads with real competitors.”

\*\*\*\*\*

In the dining room, everything is in its place. There is a wait of three hours, the girls are scurrying from table to table, the cooks are bumping into each other, swearing; the customers are cursing out the staff... It’s the usual cacophony of a busy day.

She calls Jenny into her office. Anna has a prepared statement, but before —

"You read it, didn't you?"

Anna's face is concrete and steel, but watery eyes give her away.

Jenny's pony tail droops, and shame colors her face. "I-I didn't mean for you to read my paper. You see, this paper, it's going to get me into graduate school, and please Miss Peterson, don't fire me. I was going to another job, but it fell through, and now I need this one. I-I have a chance of getting a grant, and I just needed an angle and..."

"Oh really? So you think this idea of Nouvelle Puissance is going to get you in grad school?"

Jenny's eyes start to water, and her voice cracks. "If I go to grad school, I'll need a job, and there aren't many out there. If I can't afford housing, I can't go to school, and all my research into the Syndrome will be for nothing. Don't you think it would be too ironic for me to be stopped by another woman? To have all my hopes and dreams come to nothing?"

Anna takes a deep breath. It's time for the prepared speech. "I really don't care, Jenny. All I know is that you've neglected your customers and put your schoolwork ahead of your job. I think it's time you looked for another job —"

Jenny walks away, and even though Anna cannot see the tears, she feels their weight in the room. She wishes for a report from the corporate office interpreting this scenario, one providing conclusions, presenting issues for discussion, but as usual, Anna walks alone.

### **two kings**

crown us two kings in this silence  
because i'm saying things that aren't words  
into the chapped curves of your lips  
and you've never spoken the language  
so beautifully before

**dave ring**

# My Beautiful Laundrette

by Audrey Déjardin

Translated by Elizabeth Chapman

Illustrated by Adriano Paulino

A walk through the Oberkampf area of Paris provides glimpses of the various facets a cultural mosaic. Home to several successive waves of immigrants, it also contains new theme bars — hidden between the corner shops and laundrettes — which are haunted by the city's faux-Bohemian rich kids. Sometimes the actual residents miss the free couscous and relaxed atmosphere of old times... At no. 29 rue Oberkampf, the "Momo" laundrette was transformed by "Lèse-majesté lavatronique: une chaussette dans le tambour" (*Laundromatic subversion: throwing a sock in the works*), an installation by Philémon Vanorlé, who is preparing a thesis entitled: *Esthétique du bâtard* — literally, bastard aesthetic — as well as working as a security guard at the Pompidou Center, which provides him with an ideal opportunity to assess the public's reactions to art.

In front of the shop window a red carpet covers the pavement, bearing chairs and a table where a goldfish stands guard. Known as Friedrich to his friends, the goldfish's task is to represent the chief artist while he is at work at the Pompidou Center. This arrangement attracts the attention of passers-by. The regular customers continue to come and wash their brimming baskets of life-stained linen, as usual. However, the interior has been transformed. On the walls, a large fresco depicts a washing line with clothes dancing in the wind against a background of meadows. A cord bearing all the laundrette's abandoned socks, waiting in vain for their owners, crosses the middle of the room. The artists left this natural metaphor in place. The white platform created by the adjacent surfaces of the washing machines has become a catwalk, where plastic mannequins' legs pose, dressed in knitted socks. Even these socks have a story behind them: they were created, as an ancillary activity to the installation, by one of the artists with African students who did not speak French.

Philémon describes himself as a "go-between artist." He is a "go-between" in the sense that his goal was to assemble other artists around a framework and an idea but to leave them free to make their own contributions. He could certainly not be accused of artistic Stakhanovism, and convinced eleven "random" artists to participate in the project. "My work is inspired by a desire to live; to shift what I see as the limits of art, such as art institutions, by my own means,"



A since seeing u, we simply red-nerve-secret  
 intricating in the fully-around species of craps  
 craps oh craps like mad people-fit-snot:  
 like me in the crap for the cherry-bang:

full-of-fun  
 like the most poor-/lucky sound escaping  
 from all all all all all all all the pain  
 in the gutter from the mixed-segment  
 -----spilling wolfed disk on tree

I'm like the recent nap.  
 like the deaf-burning wind.  
 interwhining in the middle age.  
 can we?

**(B)ananartista**

explains the go-between. "People have sometimes said that what I do is like the job of local outreach workers, particularly in this area where there are lots of people of different origins. It is true that for me, art means being involved in the city."

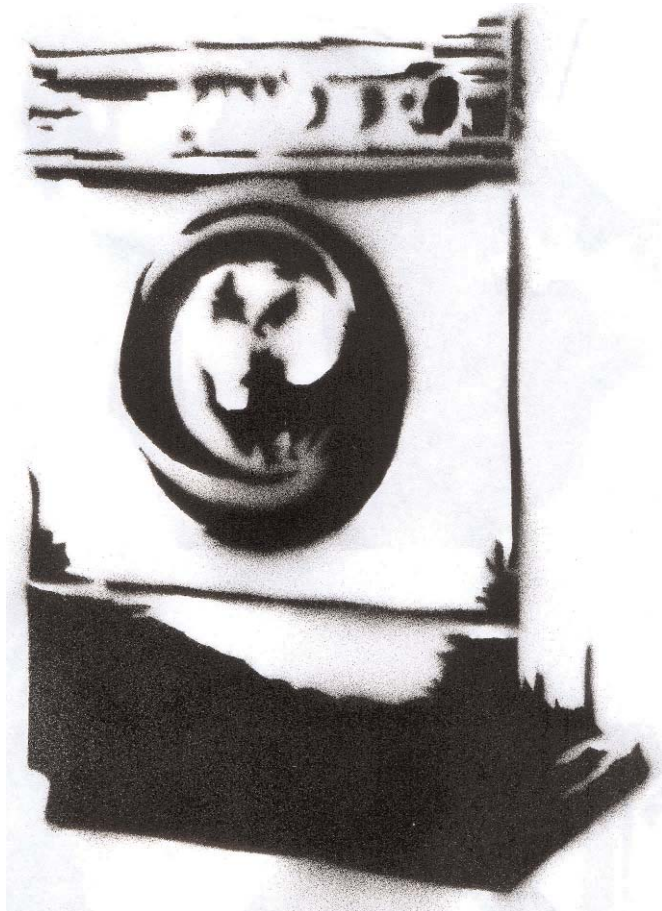
### **Laundering art: the machine is in motion!**

So first of all, why a launderette? Is it simply for the shock value? No, the choice of location comes from an observation that all launderette users make: in this place, people co-exist in solitude. Solidarity would be better. It would ease the somewhat benumbed spirits of people who, to quote Philémon, "have no power in this impersonal place. They are dependent on the duration of their cycle. They are just passing through, they are not expected to behave in an artistic way." This is the nub of the matter: since there are no signs saying "Museum" among the washing machines, "you need to find a different way of approaching people, of showing them it is art. I find it difficult to imagine creating art objects and moving them from place to place, without considering the different audience and context each time." This sets the tone: the go-between Philémon and his "random" artists work as alchemists. They want to extract art from its institutional wrapping and see what is left. A long way from the clearly marked highways of the museum circuit, where everything on show is labelled "art," they want to incite visitors to interact with their installations. One of the main conditions for this alchemy is "not to pre-format people's reactions.



It is not a case of exhibiting, but of offering something that can be lived. Laundering art, if you will." This is why the laundromatic installation on the rue Oberkampf left plenty of room for improvisation on the part of visitors (some even added a TV showing the European Football Championship to the décor!) while requiring a high level of cooperation between the twelve artists. Quite apart from the difficulties in finding a willing launderette owner...who did not demand hard cash!

In any case, the patrons of the laundry — now promoted to artistic contributors — appreciated the work. Some even went as far as to bring articles from their homes to add to the display. Philémon admits that his work is doomed to the ephemeral. But the important thing, as he says, is that "the machine be in motion..."



The years are whirling backwards  
In winds  
That threaten to uproot my spoilt architecture  
Carry me off in swirls and eddies  
And blow salt thru the soil  
I had saved for my grave  
So that nothing will ever grow from me again.  
-a tree outside Brendan Behan Court  
has been spared some of its fruit  
a cluster of brittle leaves  
huddle around a neon lamp  
faking a summer sun  
a near perfect imitation  
of how we lit winter fires  
in the old house on Goldsmith Road.  
If I could light one more  
I'd do away with all the letters,  
Postcards and photographs  
I uselessly hoarded...  
And make confetti for funerals  
Or see how you dance in the final wind  
That heckles the wings of birds  
Dangling from telegraph wires,  
That whistles thru their beaks a stark evensong.  
Another near perfect imitation  
Of how dawn slithered up country lanes  
To deify the waning moon

**Dave Colohan**

# ASPIRE & EMERGE

**Æ** magazine is, at once, a creative platform for emergent artists to communicate their work and a source through which emergent art is rendered accessible to everyone. The scope of the magazine is global.

**Æ** is an organ which seeks to give a voice to the vast pools of artistic talent around the world which we believe are, as yet, untapped and emergent.

**Æ** enables, therefore, both the public to discover this talent and the talent to access a public.

**Æ** is not restricted by theme or politics. Its generic focus is on the literary, visual and sartorial arts.