

The broken



Plug in2 the electric word
The kid played the silence
Good morning, Vancouver!
Blow, Coltrane, blow
Traffic jams: bane of the touring band

We play song after song for the people stuck in their cars, the girls in the bikinis come out, and a few others too. Soon we're playing to more people than we would've played to in whatever basement Dom had booked anyway. Kristie hustles shirts, hoodies and all the other junk Dom spent his tax return on. Lighters, cell phones and headlights illuminate the van and it's almost like we're back on stage. Just almost, underneath the stars of whatever state we're in.

Turn on, tune in

The day is graycast and overshadowing. I'm jackjilling it to work, shuffle skipping through random play, high and undecided. I see the cop out of the corner of my eye and, like a middle school novice, I double take him. "Alotta music ya got there on that thing. How much?" "It's just a few thousand songs, man. Personal use." "I got two CDs in my car, son. Lee Greenwood and Alan Jackson. But you wouldn't know anything about that, would you?"

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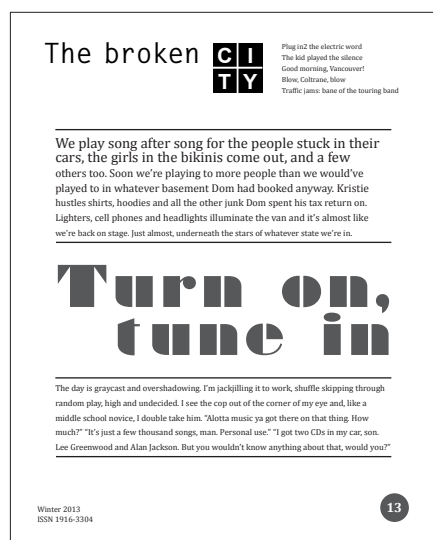
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In this issue:



Welcome to *The Broken City's* music-themed issue, and a special thanks to Tim Leary for our co-opted title, **Turn on, tune in.**

Music resides in unexpected places, should we care to look for it—in the gaps between album tracks

("Here Ye How It Goes," page 5), in the silence from a stage ("On Stage At The Bardot," page 9), and even in a bottle of rum ("My Soul's Music Lesson," page 8). A.J. Huffman ably sums it up in "If De-Elevator Tries to Break You Down" (page 7): "My medicine is in the wind / and the wine."

Cover Text

The upper excerpt is taken from Kendall Sharpe's "On The Road" (page 13). The lower comes from William Akin's "A Tape Hiss Whispered 8-track Invocation to the Long Dead God Ampex" (page 3).

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The Broken City is currently accepting submissions for its summer 2014 edition: **Avast!**

That's right, Flemish knot experts, *The Broken City* is running a nautical issue: seas; boats; lakes; rivers; cruises; sailing; fishing; surfing; pirates; Atlantis; Aquaman—if it has something to do with water, we want to see it.

Do you have a short story about two unlikely fish friends embarking on a quest to rescue a third fish from a dentist's office? Show it to us! Were you on the world's preeminent luxury liner when it unexpectedly sank in the North Atlantic? Tell us about it! Surely you have some poetry about mermaids or Sirens!

Send your poetry, fiction, essays, comics, illustrations, photography, music/book reviews to thebrokencitymag@yahoo.com.

Deadline is: June 1, 2014. Submitters will be contacted after that date, with news of acceptance or rejection.

Nothing that fits the theme? Send something anyway—there may be room for non-conforming work too.

A Tape Hiss Whispered 8-track Invocation to the Long Dead God Ampex

William Akin

The day is graycast and overshadowing. I'm jackjilling it to work, shuffle skipping through random play, high and undecided. I see the cop out of the corner of my eye and, like a middle school novice, I double take him. Never look an inbred boar in the eye, I know, but it's too late and he John Waynes me at the pass.

Porky Blue: Whereya goin' there, boy? (gun in his hand)

Me: Just oink—I mean work, man. This is an honest slip, really. Of course it pisses him off. He Barneys up and chestpuffs towards me, reassuringly counting his bullets but struggling with the math.

Porky Blue: Alotta music ya got there on that thing. How much?

Me: It's just a few thousand songs, man. Personal use.

Porky Blue: Round here, a thousand is a lot more than personal use, boy. I got two CDs in my car, son. Lee Greenwood and Alan Jackson. But you wouldn't know anything about that, would you? (I think that's an insult, threat or accusation, but it's too vague to be certain). Couple thousand my ass, boy, bet ya got more than five on that thing. (He looks at it all detectivewise but we both know he's too much a Luddite to prove it as well as lacking just cause for search). Boy, you take those headphones out your ears and you listen up. Get yourself some help, son. Get rid of all of this shit, however you can. One by one, delete 'em if you gotta. Or go cold turkey, that's what I say.

Me: (smiling as if I understand and scrolling through the library)

Porky Blue: (smacking my hand like my grandmother) Goddamn it boy. I don't want to hear the goddamn song. I'll put *your ass* on the run. How's that sound? Get the fuck out of here and next time I'm weighing that thing.

He drives off humming "Yankee Doodle Dandy," another insult I'm certain. He had a point though, for sure. I have more music in my pocket today than most sensible people have heard in their entire lives. I keep skip-searching for the right mood after he leaves, but nothing syncs with the moment. The neighborhood is too white for Gil, John Prine makes me want to go back home and drink more, and Traffic is soothing but passes too quickly.

What better theme song for my frustration than a song never found? No choice, just choices. I settle *for* rather than settle *on* and I can fast forward through my steps as often as I'd like but the tracks are always the same.

William Akin abides in the Pacific Northwest, perched on the edge of an extinct cinder cone, alongside his wife, two daughters, and a dog with which he has a rather ambivalent relationship. He hasn't a strong grasp on the differences between prose and poetry, nor myth and truth, often confusing them hopelessly.

Intimacy

Samuel Piccone

After the album by Bloc Party

My friend who believed himself
a reborn Christ was born an Ares,

suffered from fevers,
drank the mercury from a thermometer.

His dander halo
brushed against the tree branches

as he rode his bicycle in the park—
his imaginary Trojan horse,

a war-wager against made-up devils,
stop signs with jagged white teeth.

One month, off came his smile,
replaced with the tortured winds of Zephyrus,

hot western blown corn seed,
a mouthful of dandelion talons.

“Better than heaven,” he said
when describing the bright taste of sugar,

ion squares scraping his tongue,
his town, his earth, the poem

he mailed to me one day called,
“Letter to my Son”

Your visits are getting shorter.
I still love you.

I sent you a book on applied mathematics
and bookmarked the chapter, “Flux.”

Samuel Piccone is a recent graduate of the M.A. Writing and Publishing program at DePaul University in Chicago. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in publications including: The Brooklyn Quarterly, Chronogram, FLARE: The Flagler Review, apt, Thin Air Magazine and Blast Furnace. He currently resides in Colorado.

Hear Ye How It Goes

Brent Raycroft

The gap between tracks two and three
on Santana's *Abraxas*.
Now we're talking my kind of *ekphrasis*.
I shall not attempt to describe it exactly—
the timbre of the sound that stops
the tempo of the sound that commences
the duration between them in milliseconds—
save to say that it's the brevity of the silence that makes it:
the distance travelled in that tiny span
between a steady sustain that's cut off suddenly
and a rhythm you sense is already underway,
between one song and the next, neither of which, though great,
is as great as that gap, that tripping up of expectation
with something better:
having it.

Brent Raycroft has published poetry in Writing, Prairie Fire, Arc, Vallum and Freefall. His poem "Scarecrow Maintenance" won the Walrus Readers' Choice Award for 2013. He lives with his partner and their two children, north of Kingston, Ontario and edits law books for a living, though he is no lawyer.

Peace Song

Casey FitzSimons

They were going to write a song
for the march, start with soldiers'
misery in war. She had the guitar, their backs
against the cinder block outside the gym.

I was in the army once, but not in combat,
he said. She'd urged him to describe
something real. What he knew was
marching and motor pools, quartermaster's
codes for trucks and guns, names
for paraphernalia.

Then he told her he'd spent
time in the brig for insubordination, going
AWOL, got a general discharge.
He'd never cried, he said,
except in movies.

Use that, she said.

Casey FitzSimons is host of a reading series in the San Francisco Bay area. Her poems have appeared in numerous print and online journals. This year, she placed first in Ina Coolbrith Circle's Poet's Choice competition. Her chapbooks include The Breeze Was Mine: Poems in Form (2013) and Riding Witness (2012).

NYC Ascension (August 1966)

Dan Encarnacion

Regarding John Coltrane

august trane's blowing rains reedy kisses
damp sultry streets sated with spit
humidifying hungry lungs windows suspire
august trane's blowing

rain cooling puckered sills insuck of gone black
earth dank hails in stacked railroaded bodies of
hard sweltering flats into zenith screens flicking
black gray white skin color war august trane's
blowing

rain erodes exhaust purges the village
languid have him one more fall one more burst
bloom immobilized on static black sheets august
trane blowing blowing trane blowing rain

Dan Encarnacion earned an MFA in writing at the California College of Arts and lives in Portland, Oregon, where he co-curates the Verse In Person poetry series. Dan has been published in SPLIT, Upstairs at Duroc, Cha and Reconnaissance, and is forthcoming in Assaracus, Gobshite Quarterly and and/or. He's nominated for the 2014 Pushcart Prize.

If De-Elevator Tries to Break You Down

A.J. Huffman

Inspired by "Let's Go Crazy" (Prince, Purple Rain, 1984)

Plug in2 the electric word: Life. It means forever,
and that's a mighty long time to be someone
else's shell/shadow/strung-out puppet. Mister,
I have my own hand to shove up some anonymous... ask
me where I'm going and I'll show you a place you'll never see.
I am a diamond-studded time machine. Going down?
Too bad, I'm flying with the purple banana and have no desire
to learn how to drive a truck. That's why they call me Dr.
Everything'll Be Alright. My medicine is in the wind
and the wine. It tastes like water if you push B for basement,
but lands you in the back seat of a little red corvette, going up
at a speed that does not know sound is supposed to have a barrier.

A.J. Huffman's poetry, fiction and haiku have appeared in hundreds of national and international journals, including The Labletter, The James Dickey Review and Offerta Speciale, in which her work appeared in both English and Italian. She's also the founding editor of Kind of a Hurricane Press. kindofahurricanepress.com

My Soul's Music Lesson

Michael Collins

"You thought you were such a detective
the day you discovered Matilda
was a brand of rum and suddenly

the Tom Waits song about the drunk soldiers
all made sense, how they were so unspeakably
broken and lonely—and she this odd, sole witness

they'd take into their bodies to feel mothered
when all else was endless quickened nightmare.
Alcohol: The case was solved.

Years later I stumbled you across the Aussie
ballad of the World War I vet with legs
blown off who can't understand why they still play

"Waltzing Matilda" at veterans' parades,
blanketing citizens in patriotic haze,
when all of the bullets and corpses were for nothing

except rhetoric. I let you identify
with him, imagine your feelings into his body
your fears into amputations, start wondering

what song the soldier was so obsessed with
long enough to launch an investigation.
You really thought you had it cold

when Google informed you that "Waltzing Matilda"
was the most famous song in Australia, the song
of a poacher killed by a policeman. "Matilda"

refers to a sleeping mat that slides back
and forth across a wandering rover's back,
swaying behind him as if they were dancing.

But you kept on digging, uncovered the real
Matilda, not the bottle that followed Tom Traubert
through his mangled world of phantoms or the song

that was made to betray the maimed soldier,
not even the rover's devoted pack,
that witness who never leaves, always facing

back at where he's been, always dancing
with him down his path toward whatever end,
the whole outback his bedroom, his home, his dream.

You *knew* that I was the whole mystery;
you *knew* you've always lived inside me.
But, still, all I want is to sing along.

I can only feel inside your body."

Michael Collins teaches creative and expository writing at New York University. His work has recently appeared or will appear in BlazeVOX, Dressing Room Poetry Journal, Red Savina Review, Blood Lotus, Mobius: The Journal of Social Change, Grist: The Journal for Writers, Kenning Journal, [PANK], and SOFTBLOW.

On Stage At The Bardot

Catherine Bull

Tender Joe poured a flight of chartreuse
as the kid played the silence.

In the drinkclink custommurmur
tapping nodding yeah
the kid played the silence.

Harmonica in one hand moon
cycloptic now the strip
of moon eye to ear is in his hand
the kid played the silence.

Getting ready unh-uh
waiting unh-uh taking
a turn sitting
it out unh-uh oh no
no the kid played the silence.

The quartet held the coil coiled
tight the quartet but not red
yet not burner rattle yet
but dial on HI
and the crowd leaned as
the kid played the silence.

The kid played the silence
of the not
which is the what
that togethers everything whether
or not you want it to be
so it's so.
So on stage at the Bardot

the kid played the silence
kicks to amber air the little strung blue
bright lights from beams the glint
-pocked decadent raunchy
of-ness of it the quartet unmortalled the
coil rolling boil glow
the yeah nodding yeah up into that
moonrise.

You can find more poems by Catherine Bull in recent issues of FIELD and Beatdom. She studied poetry at Oberlin College and U.C. Davis, and currently lives in Portland, Oregon. She teaches occasional workshops at the Attic Institute, and writes about poetry and poetics—plus three-sentence film reviews—at catherinebull.com.



Tammy Stone



Mouki K. Butt



On The Road

Kendall Sharpe

Aaron slows the van to a coasting roll, lightly applying the breaks until it comes to a complete stop on the interstate. Aaron's had five weeks of practice driving the deathtrap. *The Cage*, as I call it. I hate the fucking van.

Through the windshield, the view from the passenger seat is nothing but rows and rows of taillights cooking in the hot, mid-afternoon sun.

"Why're we stopped?" Dom asks, awake from his nap on the middle bench.

"Dunno," Aaron yawns.

I flip on the radio, scan the stations until I reach a news station and patiently wait for the every-ten-minute traffic update. Stopped on the highway directly ahead: a pair of beautiful girls in bikinis lazily sitting on the hoods of their cars, and someone reading a paperback novel in the cab of his pickup truck.

"I think we'll be here for a while," I say to no one in particular.

We've been doing this for too long, driving across the vast wasteland of America, trapped in this van for hours and hours on end. Right now, I don't even know what state we're in or where our next show is. Last night we played to twenty-five bored teenagers in a basement; we played a fantastic set, but nothing could shake the malaise off their faces.

Aaron's at the wheel, I'm in the passenger seat and Dom still lays on the middle bench, trying to go back to sleep. Aaron's girlfriend—the band's merch girl, Kristie—sits upright, playing some video game on her iPad. She's oblivious and content.

Behind Kristie, sits all of our

gear. Guitars in their hardshell cases, amps and a disassembled drum set are stacked and arranged neatly like a game of Tetris. It all barely fits, but fit it does. We've gotten very good at making the most of the space we've been given.

I stick my head out the window and cannot see an end to the line of traffic. I think about having a cigarette, but the band collectively ran out of money for anything but gas and food back in Arizona. Maybe it wasn't Arizona, maybe it was New Mexico. I don't remember. It's been too long without context.

I hustle Dom for his tobacco roller and he grudgingly digs it out. While slamming the brown loose-leaf into the plastic cartridge and shoving it into a cigarette sleeve, the traffic report comes on. The news is bad, very bad. *A jack-knifed sixteen-wheeler has blocked both lanes southbound on I95. The highway is closed between mile markers 55 and 75. Right where we are.*

Everyone hears it. "We'll be here for a while," Aaron says.

Dom sits up and digs his cell phone out of his pocket. "No shit." He sighs. Through the rear-view mirror, I read concern and worry on his face. "We're going to miss the show."

This is something everyone realizes, this is something that right now I could care less about.

"Where's our show?" I ask, but before Dom opens his mouth I say, "Never mind, I don't want to know," because I don't, I don't want to know how far away from home I am right now. I want to entertain the illusion that I can walk it all off. The illusion that I can walk away.

I light the cigarette, Dom slides the side door open and steps out of the van. Kristie starts moving towards the front.

"Baby, we got anything left?"

"Dunno. Let's see," Aaron says.

He smacks the glove compartment and it falls open. In front of the registration and the expired insurance papers is a bowl and a tiny sandwich bag of weed. "We got enough," he says.

"You mind moving, Tyler?"

"Yeah sure," I say, "no problem."

Kristie and I awkwardly shuffle around until she's in the passenger seat and I'm standing, bent at an awkward angle, watching them pack a bowl with the last of their shit weed. They bought it in Atlanta, traded one of our screen-printed hoodies for an eighth. I thought it was funny but Dom got really sour about it. I don't care how many drug dealers wear shirts with Hot Soup written on them.

I ash on the floor of the van, and before it fills up with another kind of smoke, I slip out the same door Dom did.

It feels good to be out of The Cage. That soul-sucking machine, powered by gasoline and the last of my patience. How many miles of cars are there in front of us?

"We're stuck in traffic," Dom says loudly into his phone. "I don't know if we'll make it. We'll try to make it."

A pause.

"Yeah, I know you guys booked the show for us, but I can't move heaven and earth, can I?"

Another pause.

"Maybe we'll be able to make

it.”

Pause.

“Some truck flipped over, a million people are dead. Probably all children, and you’re concerned about how many kids won’t show up ‘cause we’re not playing? Tell them we’re still playing, do whatever you want.”

Pause.

“I’m sorry, I’ll call you when we’re moving.”

Dom hangs up his phone, kicks the side of the van as hard as he can and manages to leave a dent. We don’t acknowledge it. I hope The Cage feels it.

“We’re missing the show?” I ask.

“Probably.” Dom is rubbing his foot.

“I want to go home.”

“Yeah, me too. In two weeks.”

Two weeks, that’s how much longer we’ve still got. I had lost track of time, I hoped it was less. I was afraid to ask. Two weeks. We’ve been doing this for a month and a half. It’s killing me slowly.

“I’m going to take a walk,” I tell him.

“Whatever.”

My shoulders shrug automatically and I slide open the door. Aaron and Kristie are making out hardcore on the middle bench, she’s on top of him. It’s feral and furious and it frustrates me. Aaron can barely keep a beat these days, with that girl around. He’d rather have her hold his dick than have to hold his fucking drumsticks every night. But her blonde hair, push-up bra and cut-off shorts are probably the only reason we get any gas money. I’ve tread lightly around them for the past five weeks.

“I’m going for a walk, guys.”

“Mmmmmm,” Aaron moans. Kristie’s clawing his belt off and I slide the door closed gently. Dom shoots me a look.

“Give ‘em twenty minutes I guess,” I say.

“Mmmm,” he groans.

I take note of where we are in the line, parked in front of a dark blue Nissan, behind a red pickup and sandwiched next to a grey Ford Focus. I start walking north, passing the line of cars. I guess I want to reach this accident. In reality, I just need time away from the van.

Past rows and rows and rows of cars, I walk for what seems like forever. Maybe it’s just my imagination, but the sun starts to descend faster than I thought it ever could. I’m enjoying it, stretching my legs and receiving sunlight that isn’t filtered through a treated windshield.

I’m enjoying it until my phone rings. It’s Anna. I sit down on the side of the interstate, near an eviscerated raccoon.

“Hey,” I answer.

“You never called last night,” she sighs.

“I know, I’m sorry. We’re stuck in traffic right now.”

“Where are you?”

“I have no clue, I don’t want to know.”

I toss a rock at the raccoon, flies scatter in all directions.

“I miss you,” she says, and it feels good. At once I miss her, but at the same time I don’t. She’s here with me even when she isn’t. The world is with us wherever we go, with our phones and our tablets and televisions. I can’t escape it, even in the dirty basements where cameras flash and my guitar picks up occasional radio signals, stories of explosions at marathons and on desert roads in war-torn countries running through digital delay and distortion.

“I miss you too,” I say. “Two weeks.”

“Then you’re coming home?”

“Then I’m coming home.”

There’s a silence that I cannot fill, so I make something up. “I think we’re moving again baby. I’ve got to go, I’ll talk to you later, I love you Anna. I can’t wait to see you.”

“Goodbye Tyler, I love you too.”

I hang up and turn my phone off. The last part isn’t a lie. You can love something and become sick of it easily. You could use my entire life as a perfect example.

I can’t decide if I hate home or the road more.

Walking again, I see black columns of smoke sticking to the sky, contrasting the perfect blue and white day. Pretty soon the flashing lights of emergency vehicles come into view. People in neon green and orange jumpers mill about, none of them seem the least bit concerned that I’m intruding.

“What’s going on?” I ask one of them, a big leather-skinned guy with a nicotine-stained beard. I bet he’s been doing this his whole life.

“Shit’s fucked up, that’s what’s going on. Meth-head driver pulled an all-nighter and now he’s fucked everything up.”

“Oh yeah?”

I become distinctly aware of the whirl of helicopter blades above my head. Squinting into the sun I see three, no four, news choppers circling the area. I wonder what their view is.

“You wanna see, kid?”

I shrug my shoulders, “I guess.”

The tanned man in the orange work vest walks with me past an ambulance. There’s a crowd of people taking pictures with their cellphones. I can’t see past them.

Making a quick decision, I scurry up the hill that the highway cuts through, past a sign that reads: Caution Falling Rocks. On top of the hill, I can

see the whole wreck and the opposing traffic flying by, slowing slightly to rubberneck.

What a mess.

For at least a quarter of a mile, the highway runs empty of cars. Instead, shreds of rubber and glistening diamonds of safety glass lay along thick black skid lines, all leading to two fire engines—they and the blackened sixteen-wheeler laying on it's side, no longer burning, but cut open like a dying animal, its carcass extending across two lanes. Metal is twisted everywhere. The rubber looks like flayed, weathered skin. The smell of fire and burnt plastic, burnt technology, is ever-present. The choppers whirl above my head as I settle down on the hill. I look back and think I can almost see The Cage.

I close my eyes and cross my legs. Slowly, the sky turns from bright blue to hues of oranges and yellows. We'll be here all night, perhaps. I sit up there for a long time while the sun sets, looking at the whole scene. I find myself thanking some higher power for this truck driver's meth addiction, for him flipping his tanker and inconveniencing the whole world. He's stopped the bleeding of the modern world for a little bit with his sixteen-wheeler tourniquet.

Five weeks we've been out on the road, playing shows almost every night. Playing our hearts out for something we're slowly losing hope for. Can we keep it together until we get home?

What will happen when we get home?

It's a delicate dichotomy, hating your home and hating the rest of the world. But the calm descends on me as the orange turns to black and the night arrives. I struggle deep inside to find contentment, solitude and escape. Maybe this is more important than playing another show to another set of bored teenagers. Maybe this is a good thing.

Twilight approaches as I walk back and it seems like it takes me infinitely less time to return to The Cage. I'm surprised to see the lights are on. Dom and Aaron are standing on top of the van. Dom's guitar is out, and Aaron has his snare and kick drum out. They're playing music.

"Tyler," Dom yells, "We're playing after all. I tried to call you."

"My phone was off," I say, grabbing an acoustic guitar out of the back and climbing on top of The Cage. A solitary helicopter whirls, off in the distance.

We play song after song for the people stuck in their cars, the girls in the bikinis come out, and a few others too. Soon we're playing to more people than we would've played to in whatever basement Dom had booked anyway. Kristie hustles shirts, hoodies and all the other junk Dom spent his tax return on. Lighters, cell phones and headlights illuminate the van and it's almost like we're back on stage. Just almost, under-

neath the stars of whatever state we're in.

In the moment, it feels good. I forget about everything and I remember why I do this: for this brief moment of being in control, of moving and swaying and creating. I don't really hate these people, I love them.

* * *

And when I die, I hope they bury me in a thin white metal casket and fill it with every possession I ever owned, leaving me only enough room to stretch out an inch. I hope someone writes "wash me," with their fingers, on the side—before they shovel dirt onto me, and I get stuck in traffic on the river Styx for all eternity, waiting to be judged for wasting all the time waiting I did in my real life. Because I don't really belong anywhere. Not back home, where I'm nothing but a kid who never went to college, and not on the road, where I'm only a musician. And certainly not on the Internet, where we're all nothing but caricatures.

I'm only trading one cage for another, but the cage I know is better than the cage I don't, and I don't feel so bad anymore as I crawl into the van to sleep on the bench. Home really is wherever you manage to eke out a moment of happiness, be it stuck in traffic or sitting in my parents' basement, waiting for Anna to get out of class, or playing to whoever you can wherever you can. It's all relative.

This issue, we asked contributors: You've been banished to a deserted island that has a working record/CD player and you're allowed to bring one album. Which album do you choose and why?

William Akin: Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours* haunts my earliest memories, transcends nostalgia, and is as flawless today—after three and half decades of listening—as ever. The textured landscapes create a mystic mood and the lyrics complete the spell. If there were angels, they would sing “You Make Loving Fun” from the heavens to ease my suffering, and if I had to pin my hope to an eternal anthem, “Don't Stop” would do just fine.

Catherine Bull: Yesterday it was *Sketches Of Spain* and tomorrow it might be Springsteen or Tom Waits, but today I choose Iris DeMent's *Sing The Delta*, rife as it is with uplifting ache and that deep feel of living, even with all that living entails—that would probably hit the spot if banished to a deserted island, don't you think? And I feel like I could listen to it forever, because Iris DeMent's voice just makes me happy.

Mouki K. Butt: I would have to bring *Beauty And The Beat* by The Go-Go's. It's fun and would help to keep me positive. I could also scare away potential predators when I try to sing along with Belinda Carlisle. Plus, the back cover art might help me feel like I have friends. “Hi Charlotte! What ya readin'?” *ring ring* “Hang on. I think Jane is calling me...”

Michael Collins: Man, I wish this deserted island had Wi-Fi too. Good thing I can relax in the shade and listen to *Blood On The Tracks* over and over and over. If you're only going to hear one album through the entire course of your banishment, it's best to choose one that's shaped like a circle.

Dan Encarnacion: Tom Waits, *Rain Dogs*. It demarcates a threshold in my life—my third year of college. Creative energy was peaking, new friendships establishing, a sexual life starting that no longer played out in public restrooms. It's an album where joy, bitterness, disappointment, sweetness, hope and doubt all mesh within a big wad of spit. And that album cover—is the ‘mother’ laughing or crying? Is the young man asleep or dead?

Casey FitzSimons: I'd probably bring Simon And Garfunkel's *Greatest Hits*, for evoking the melancholy and the Zeitgeist—the tenuous connection between inner reflection and social awareness. A close second would be Bob Dylan's *The Times They Are a-Changin'*.

A.J. Huffman: If I were on a deserted island, I would take Alanis Morissette's *Jagged Little Pill*. It's all about the lingering memory of pain, and having a continual reminder of how residual pain feels could be useful when you're alone and trying to find a reason to survive anything, especially something like a deserted island.

Samuel Piccone: *Control*—Pedro The Lion. If I'm being “banished,” it probably means I did something pretty rotten and was fed up with “the man.” A slow, dark, heavy, satirically-written concept album criticizing American capitalism and its effect on the nuclear family seems fitting—it would make collecting coconuts on the beach feel like less of a chore, at any rate.

Rose Poon: If I were banished to a deserted island, I would take *Dogs Singing Christmas Songs* with me, because I love dogs and they're fun and adorable to listen to.

Brent Raycroft: *Another Green World* by Brian Eno. It's experimental, yet comforting, has fabulously strange lyrics and the greatest sonic variety of any pop album I know, except maybe *Abbey Road*. But *Abbey Road* (or any other favourite, like the first McGarrigles album) would only remind me of what I was missing. *Another Green World* could make my deserted island feel like home.

Kendall Sharpe: My first choice would be an instructional CD that would teach me how to build a boat out of items one would commonly find on a deserted island. If that's not allowed, I would choose *I Could Do Whatever I Wanted If I Wanted* by Snowing, because that album and that band will always remind me of Philadelphia.

Tammy Stone: I'm torn. My comfort zone chooses The Beatles' *White Album* (Part I, though I'll bring Part II along if I'm allowed), because I still remember falling in love with George Harrison and his weeping guitar a few generations too late, and it has a bit of everything. My love for rainy days chooses classic Leonard Cohen, but my quest for spiritual attainment chooses Tibetan singing bowl music. Can I make a mixtape? Om.

Rose Poon



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