



**Time and Place**  
a cultural quarterly

**Ninth Floor Press**

We are all of a particular time and place. The space we occupy influences who we are, what we think, how we act, re-act, and what we create. **Time and Place** is about capturing the creativity of a particular moment of the artist's life.

If you wish to contribute a piece to **TIME AND PLACE**:

There are no restrictions as to subject matter or content (the right not to accept a contribution is reserved, mind you.) Each contribution must have an accompanying paragraph detailing the significance of the time and place you were in when the piece was inspired, created, formed, birthed, or otherwise captured, along with a brief biography.

Copyright remains with the artist or writer.

Please send your submissions to [ninthfloorpress@gmail.com](mailto:ninthfloorpress@gmail.com)

Contribution guidelines:

Writing: Words of any type (prose, poetry, fiction, non-fiction,) no more than 700.

Art: Acceptable formats are PC compatible (.tif, hi-res .jpg, .pdf., 300 dpi.)

Photography: Colour, Black and White (.tif, hi-res .jpg, .pdf., 300 dpi.)

*Editor: Ed Shaw*

*Layout/Design: Nancy Benoy*

*Cover photo: Peter Rogers, 2008*

***timeandplacequarterly.com***

# **TIME AND PLACE**

**a cultural quarterly**



*Alexandra Misset*

## **dustjacket**

you write what you know  
and when  
I speak  
it's trash  
I live in his wallet  
he's got my number  
brown bottle broken glass  
eyes of a hellfire pastor  
and He demands a password  
questioned me for his security  
how about the street  
(where was it)  
that I grew up  
underneath old willow they set flowers  
into placid water palms they pressed  
business cards  
no marrs or scars and a timid heart but  
at heart a lover  
of cold boys and cold bones  
buried  
on each street where  
I grew up  
I let myself set  
dull concrete  
I figured  
if I could wear the aspect of an actress  
I could act like you never happened  
I'd wipe your name out  
lady mascara black streak

a boy redacted  
but he so Brooklyn  
grew up sharply  
early  
low class

I took his lessons  
a quick wit and a broken wrist  
yellow haze before snow

I took a low class  
you write what you know

This poem was brought about by being in a city I used to love and realizing how many memories can come back with a walk.

*Alexandra Missett is 26 and was born and currently lives in Hamilton. She never really stops working noisily at her desk.*

*Her piece, "Fire", was the winner of GritLit 2013 for Fiction.*

*[steelcityempathy.wordpress.com](http://steelcityempathy.wordpress.com)*

## **Colour of the Road**

Grey road, dusk sky  
Blue you with your big brown eyes  
Little green me, arms open wide  
As into black space we race,  
As into black night we ride

Blues ooze out of the radio  
Watch the green signs, read the red lines find the way to go  
Stare out the window, thinking indigo thought  
Wonder at the hues you choose,  
Wonder at the ones I've got

And the water shines silver and gold,  
A play of twilight to behold  
As the night draws its shade on the day  
The colours fade away

Your skin shines soft and light  
In the platinum moonlight  
The darker it gets, the more it feels right  
Gone the sun's yellow rays  
Gone the brown city haze  
Sharp lines fade in the navy night

And the water shines silver with moon  
The stars twinkle out their tune  
Up above the world so high, a host of diamonds in the sky  
They croon, and I swoon



From far away, we spy a distant orange glow  
And as the miles race past, its insistence grows  
Then it's red sign, yellow sign, green sign, blue

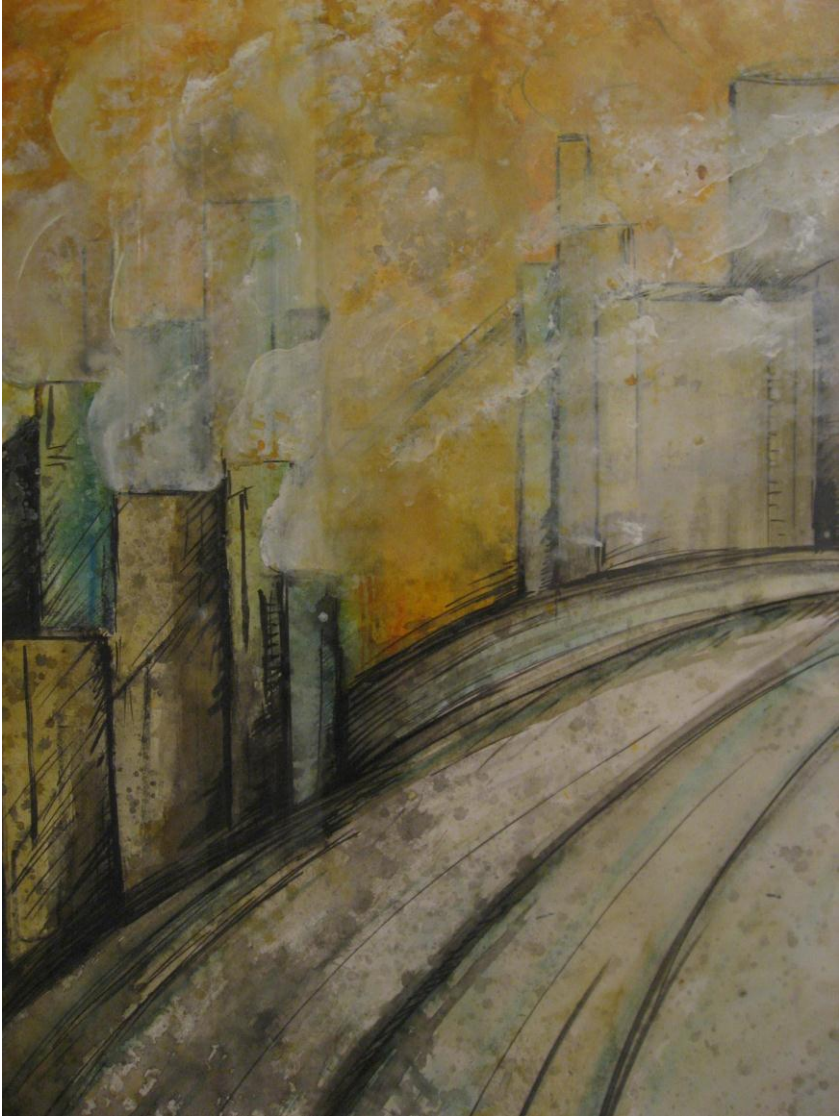
Circus coloured billboard revue  
All the stars are gone from view  
Turn the car around, lover,  
Do.

I wrote this in 2004. It was my first summer on the road, and I was in love with the road, and with the wrong guy. So many miles of heavy silence, with only my pen and journal to pour my thought into. This was a song that got recorded, but never released.

*Treasa Levasseur is a passionate and playful arts educator who has been running her own business teaching drama and music to toddlers and pre-schoolers in Forest Hill since 1999. She also has a successful career as a blues singer and her Juno nominated album Low Fidelity has taken her touring throughout North America and Europe. She has been the musical director for Toronto-based company Fixt Point Theatre since 2008, is a graduate of Ryerson Theatre School, and can't decide whether she prefers playing accordion, guitar, mandolin, piano, or melodica.*

*Leslie Furness*

## **Scenic views from the QEW**



Months and months of daily travels along the QEW make for this recent documentation. From Scarborough to Niagara-on-the-Lake. Hamilton is the home base. The foraging for a paycheck is the goal. These journeys are somewhat mundane and often just feel like a waste of time. It was my most recent job that took me from Hamilton to N-O-T-L daily for a month. I became acutely aware of the “scenery” as I left Hamilton along Burlington St. and headed towards Niagara. The grey turned to green, images, snapshots taken and stored by my eye, my visual memory.

*Leslie Furness is currently painting large scenes for the Shaw Festival Theatre. Her travels up and down the QEW make for continuous inspiration for her scenic views series. Leslie is an OCT certified Visual Art and English teacher, as well as a visual and scenic artist.*

*redbrushstudio.com*

*Gary Barwin*

# **Hammer**

nothing  
to hammer

nothing  
to hammer

nothing  
to hammer

nothing to  
hammer

nothing to  
hammer

Last fall, sitting in my dining room, rain falling outside, reading Facebook. Friends posting about how great Hamilton is. Paeans to our underappreciated city. Extolling the virtues of our misrepresented home has become almost a cliché, a stereotype of Hamiltonians. (“The Art Crawl!” “It’s the new Brooklyn!”) But I ended up writing a little ode myself. Some kind of hymn to the ambitious city. Then I considered the poem qua poem and how it might read outside of its very particular time and place. Not so well, not so interesting. So I substituted words. Simplified. Wondered about the appellation “The Hammer.” Singing is its own reward. So is Hamilton. You don’t need a nail even if you have a hammer.

*Gary Barwin is a writer, composer, multimedia artist, and the author of 18 books of poetry and fiction as well as books for kids. His most recent books are the poetry collection, Moon Baboon Canoe, and the visual poetry sequence, The Wild and Unfathomable Always. Forthcoming books include Yiddish for Pirates (novel, Random House Canada, 2016), I, Dr Greenblatt, Orthodontist, 251-1457 (fiction, Anvil, 2015) and Sonosyntactics: Selected and New Poetry of Paul Dutton (Wilfred Laurier University Press, 2015). He frequently collaborates with other writers, musicians, and artists and has published several books of these collaborations. He was Young Voices Writer-in-Residence at the Toronto Public Library in Fall of 2013 and is the current Writer-in-Residence at Western University. Back in the stone age, he received a PhD in music composition and he currently lives in Hamilton and at [garybarwin.com](http://garybarwin.com).*

*Leo DragToe*

## **Standard Time**

There is no need to emphasize  
That someday soon the autumn rain  
Will fall and flood and slash and freeze  
And tear the leaves like withered flesh-  
from all the broken,  
bending limbs of trees.

We've got no time to find regret  
That someday soon the heavy snow  
Will squander all the warmth we felt  
And bury everything-  
we used to know.

Cricket song invades the night  
Time can not disallow:  
That everything is sweet and bright  
And everything is-  
Now.

Summer was dying, the cruel reality of winter was bound to set in and the intensely beautiful screams of nearby crickets managed to pound their way into my brain. What followed was ... eventually ... a poem

*Leo DragToe, lives in Hamilton, Ontario. In a world of mindless, soulless formality, he is trying very hard to smile and scuff his shoes.*



## **I'll Fly Away ...**

Tuesday nights have always been choir nights. Der Männerchor Harfentone have been practising at St. Patrick's Church at the corner of Dundas West and McCaul Streets in downtown Toronto for over 65 years. Trekking in from all over the GTA and Hamilton for their weekly practices on Tuesday nights.

The Harfentoners are comprised of an ever dwindling group of German speaking gentleman immigrants. Youngsters in the group are retirement age. My father has been friends with members for over 50 years and a member himself for over 35 years.

The Harfentoners sing at important events such as 25th(50th, 60th) Anniversaries, High Masses, Choral and Christmas Concerts, weddings and funerals, as well as the Annual Choir Picnic. They have organized at least two German Tours.

The kids and grandkids of the members affectionately refer to the Annual Picnic as the Oma and Opa Picnic. Although that should be the Urgroßoma and Urgroßopa Picnic for more than half of them. Many of the members are close friends of our family. As a child of immigrants, they are our uncles, aunts and cousins. Choir has been around forever and they still sound amazing.

Tuesday nights have always been choir nights. The Tuesday Choir has been practicing at the Winking Judge in downtown Hamilton for less than a year. Tuesday Choir is comprised of artists and immigrants drawn to the Ambitious City of Hamilton, Ontario. I have been friends with many of the members during this year, and joined the choir in early October.

Tuesday Choir has sung at an Art Opening and members have appeared briefly on stage at the Cowboy Show in December. When I am tired on Tuesdays, my kids insist I find the energy to attend, because they know how good I feel afterwards. Tuesday Choir is part of my kids lives.

Tuesday Choir hosted a Holiday Concert for family and friends on December 16, 2014. My sister and brother-in-law, as well as my mom and dad were able to attend. As luck would have it, Der Männerchor Harfentoner were on hiatus until the new year and so my dad had the night off.

At 9:30pm, while singing our Grand Finale, I looked up from my sheet music, to see my dad join in the chorus of I'll Fly Away..., with joy in my heart, I have to say, we all sounded amazing.

Note: There are no 'official' European Tours announced for Tuesday Choir, but after a recording leaked of our Holiday Concert, the offers are beginning to trickle in

9:30 pm, Tuesday December 16, 2014  
Winking Judge Pub, Hamilton, Ontario

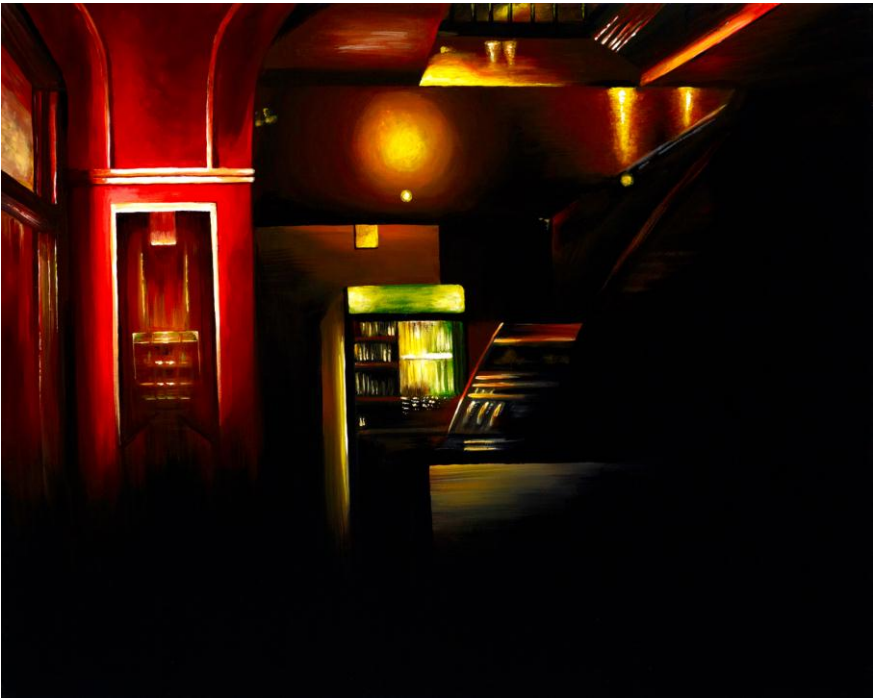
*Cornelia Peckart graduated from the Ontario College of Art and Design in 1987 with majors in Printmaking and Installation Art. She resides in Hamilton, Ontario after stops in Toronto, Berlin, Ottawa, Pittsburgh, and Rotterdam. During her journey, Cornelia worked as an artist and educator at a number of internationally recognized art institutions, including the Andy Warhol Museum, the Art Gallery of Ontario, the Carnegie Museums of Pittsburgh and Villa Zebra in Rotterdam. She has been a teacher at the Hamilton Conservatory for the Arts for the past five years.*

*[corneliapeckart.com](http://corneliapeckart.com)*

*Crystal Rosbrook*

## **Crepe**

(Acrylic on canvas, 24" x 30", 2012)



*Crepe* depicts one of the spaces I have visited and wish to retreat to again in order to experience a sense of composure, seek knowledge and search for answers. This painting comes from my Places of Worship series which largely illustrate grandiose interior spaces that I have been to or imagined. I entered this noteworthy place in Montreal in 2008. The interior was cozy. The aroma of coffee, chocolate and strawberries permeated the air. The lovely crimson walls reflected the advancing fall season. I was amazed and charmed by this saturated space. It is special to me as I vividly remember this day and time without worry, emptiness or doubt. It is a reaction to a period of adventure, discovery and warmth. Above all, this painting comments on an age of love and certainty.

*Crystal Rosbrook is primarily an acrylic painter concerned with exploring the aesthetic of architecture. She depicts interior spaces that represent personal varieties of worship. Her paintings often describe memories, the estranged mind and quest for self-fulfillment. She graduated from the Visual and Creative Arts program at Sheridan College in 2009 and continued her education at University of Toronto, specializing in both the Historical Studies and Art & Art History programs. She recently completed her Bachelor of Education at OISE, University of Toronto and lives in Hamilton, Ontario.*

## **Kale**

**(from what hopes to be an upcoming book “Cooking with Anger”)**

Two years ago it was all ‘lets eat more Kale, because Kale is a ‘super food,’ and you can eat as much as you want , and the more you eat the better you are!’.

So you bought kale, and grew kale and learned about kale. Remember the first time you put some kale on the cutting board? You could barely look at it because it was like staring into the eyes of a prophet. “I hope I can be the sort of person who eats Kale, and then talks about how much they eat kale’, you thought. “Please let me be worthy of you kale “ you whispered.

But silently in your kitchen, you struggled with the fact that kale tastes exactly as ethical as it is. The first time you put a piece of kale in our mouth and started chewing; remember? Your jaw didn’t just get tired it actually suffered depression. Your throat got so bored with what was going on it fell asleep and suddenly you had all these bits of kale in your mouth you couldn’t swallow.

It proved there and then the point that good food makes you feel like crap while you’re eating it but awesome later, and evil food is awesome to eat but makes you feel like crap the minute you stop, (explaining why you don’t ever stop eating). Cooking therefore is the science of how much evil you need to put in with the good so that you can eat, but also so that you can stop eating, and also that you are happy when you stop eating, and also that you don’t feel like eating again in ten minutes.

Remember how you went to the closet, the one where you throw all the crap that you use from whatever season is six

months away from now. How underneath that crap was a bag containing six pieces of Halloween candy that was from the Halloween before the last Halloween. A toffee that looks like a hardened piece of carpenter's glue, a bunch of cheerio shaped sucky things on a string with their soul destroying array of chalky pastel colours, an eerily blonde piece of what you think is chocolate because the cartoon on the wrapper is a bat with a cow's head and an East European word like 'Jzocolasch', that you want to trust but somehow can't. Remember putting the candies on the cutting board next to the kale?

A pile of pure good. A pile of pure evil. You looked at both piles, then looked into your heart. Where does the real ugliness lie?, you asked.

You ate the 'jzocolasch' and then threw the rest of the candy in the garbage. You realized that the only way your dirty heart was going to be able to eat the kale is if you morally compromise it. You could massage it with hot oil like a lover. Or salt it and oil it and bake it until it becomes a savory ash. The Internet was teeming with debasements like these. Eventually you chopped it up fine and threw it in with some butter and mushrooms and sunflower seeds and tahini and soy sauce and some pasta and Roma tomatoes and garlic, and pepper and red wine and Netflix and blankets and pillows and then internet comedy about kale, and then pithy single panel kale comics clipped out of the New Yorker. Yes! Suddenly you get it! Once you disgrace it in every possible way, Kale is a super food!

The next twenty-four months are awesome. A non-stop party of kale dishes combined with infectious kale-deprecating comedy. Everyone seems to be laughing. Everyone seems to be eating slightly more roughage.

But now suddenly you've painted yourself into a corner, and the only place to go, the last act of humiliation left to you is: 'oh, I read on the internet that kale is okay, but there's like fourteen more super greens than kale.' You try to make jokes about parsley and watercress and Chinese cabbage but nothing comes. You look desperately for some new hybrid vegetable, some kind of grass/pine needle/seaweed that comes from Mars or Atlantis and is so green that your eyes see it only as black, and you can absorb its essential minerals just by looking at it, but so far, you've come up empty.

And the kale in your fridge, the kale that has jumped the shark, the kale you can't talk or write about for fear that you will be exposed as a late adapter—you've actually over these last two years acquired a taste for it. You've actually fallen in love.

What will your dirty heart do now?



I have been trying to determine when exactly kale became a food meme, when it invaded our house, when it suddenly became not cool to talk about it anymore. This piece comes out of that.

*Tor Lukasik-Foss is a performer, visual artist and writer based in Hamilton ON.*

*[www.torlukasikfoss.com](http://www.torlukasikfoss.com)*

*[www.iamacharlatan.blogspot.ca](http://www.iamacharlatan.blogspot.ca)*

*Ben Bowen*

## **Hangin' On**

trees wave their willowy arms in the wind  
flaunting surrender and whole peace of mind  
my curtains fall back into place  
in the darkness of space  
i'm itching for sleep and release

I see the light spilling in past the edge  
'nother day dawns & i've backed off the ledge  
dreams fall away  
and I'm back here again  
tryin to get out from under the pain

i'm hangin on  
hangin on  
by the skin of my teeth  
hangin on  
for what little time i can have with you  
I'm hangin on  
hangin on

noise outside wafts in under the door  
blinds project shadowy bars on the floor  
prisoner's view seems just to make sense  
when it's impossible to see past the fence

days wax and wane and forget I exist  
pillow is bruised from the weight of my fists  
inertia's a cruel and seductive mistress  
feeding off my heart's distress

wish that this summer would draw to a close  
wish I could reconcile what I chose  
wish that I wasn't afraid that I won't find my way  
but I am...

I live by myself in a huge apartment on the top two floors of a century home near St. Joseph's Hospital. The last year has been a pretty challenging one personally. One morning in September I didn't have to get out of bed right away and as I watched the light dancing through the blinds I had this fantasy of letting myself slip into a deep and bottomless depression. I wanted it, I felt it, but I knew it could never be because it would be so monumentally bad for all involved, so there was this ache, like saying goodbye to a dear friend who lives a long way away and has come to visit, and the song formed around that.

*As a musician Ben Bowen has worn many hats. Better-known around Toronto as a horn player (with bands like Great Aunt Ida, Ronley Teper, the Book of Gnomes, and A Northern Chorus among the 30-odd artists with whom he has recorded), in the last few years he has spent a good deal of his time singing and playing music to and with young children, and even opened for Fred Penner in 2011. A poet long before he tried his hand at serious songwriting, Ben is wading headlong into a new stream as a songwriter. His music is necessarily thoughtful and lyrics-driven, reminiscent of Bruce Cockburn or Ani DiFranco, and exploring the themes of loss, heartache, and dead bankers.*

*Samantha Williams*

## **Elemental Change**



August, 2014

We were out for a walk along the beach with the dogs. I got some good shots of the usual beach stuff. Stones, beach glass, driftwood. The paper captured my attention with its contrast to the other things we saw along the beach. Everything else had been changed slowly, gradually rounded and dulled by water and time. Their solid forms slowly changing with the gradual nudging of the elements. Like the pebbles and wood, it was an object who's form had changed but unlike everything around it, it was a harsh, rapid transformation.

*Samantha Williams lives in Hamilton, ON., with her wife and two dogs. She enjoys taking pictures on long walks around the neighbourhood.*

*Keith Toms*

## **What Happens in Houses**

skin ripped  
shredded  
bruised by the falling  
ninety feet of forest mast  
birdland  
tree

dragged by chain  
and by horses  
by hard handed men  
the screech of sawmill just over the hill

fed to the blade  
quartered and drawn  
sold  
then marked again  
by chalk and by dreams

and built into houses

we whisper sometimes  
one whispers

but houses hear

when children learn to walk  
smack bare feet on the floor

houses hear

what's hidden under the bed  
or in closets

or clothed in the rhythm of nightmares  
what's sung at parties  
or cried into the arms of lovers

the comings and the goings  
the shivers, the fears

houses hear these  
houses hear it

houses hear

what happens in houses  
stays in houses  
seeps into the timbers  
and lives through the years  
sealed at the thresholds  
and trapped by the sills  
what happens in houses  
stays



I have been fortunate to live in quite a few very old houses in my life. Three of those for long enough to gather a good amount of detail about their history, and to tune into their rhythms, their creeks and groans, and their unique silences. These houses helped to shape my life. I know that my own history lives in them too, much as the rings of a tree trunk record years of little rain or unusual cold. Houses get heavier over time.

*Keith Toms lives in a house in Hamilton.*

*Margaret Flood*

# wish you were here



Last spring I began a correspondence with the sister of an old friend; I needed a favor from her. I asked her to photograph a banal outcropping of rock, a place where, as a child, I spent a lot of time. I remember climbing on this rock and looking onto the city below. I remember picking flowers and chewing on blades of sour grass that grew around its edge. I remember, at 16, opening the cardboard box that contained the plastic bag that contained the ashes and bone fragments of my father. I remember the wind that blew his ashes from my hand. I remember thinking I should think something meaningful. So I wrote this woman I do not know and I described to her this place that I haven't been in years and she took this image for me. I bought her a gift certificate to a nearby cafe and she went there for brunch.

*Margaret Flood is an interdisciplinary artist living in Hamilton ON.*

## **Scenes from the Wrong Side of the Bar, #5**

The phone rang as I was just waking: it was Siobhan, my boss at the Camden Stores. I knew what was coming, had been expecting it: "Look Ed, I don't think you should come in today. In fact, don't bother coming back at all. Pat told me all about it. I will mail your last pay packet to you." Fired. Fired for lifting from the till. I had not touched the money mind you. But I who had been in the till: Pat, the assistant.

Irish Pat. Pat who would pass out in his flat leaving fish in the oven (another story for another day). Pat who, after a few, would run into the pub and behind the bar, open the till: Just grabbing me some shrapnel for a flutter. With a "Cheers, t'anx, bu-bye" Pat would fly out the pub to the bookie next door. I could have argued, I could have accused, but it was no use. Pat was Siobhan's pet. They had worked together for at least 20 years. Siobhan left a pause for me to respond: Ok. Just so you know, It wasn't me. I wish it were though, at least I'd have some money in my pocket. Cheers. T'anx, bu-bye."

Just like that I was 23, living in London, Canadian, and unemployed. I was not worried. I was not without prospects.

Nancy had started working at a pub down the Camden Road, the Man in the Moon. I was in the habit of picking Nancy up to walk home – Camden Town being, well, Camden Town. We had become friendly with Frank and Marie, the licensees. It was typical to stay after the pub closed and have a few, play the fruit machines, unwind, share the craic.

The night before last I had been at work when Siobhan began asking pointed questions about the receipts. It did not take much to figure out the questions pointed at me. I left to get Nancy, angry and not sure what to do. I walked into the Man, my face was long. I explained to Nancy what was going on, what I expected.

We got a round in and, as I went to sit down, Frank comes up to me: Problems down the road? I told Frank the situation. Told him I expected to get fired.

Frank sits down, takes a long swing of his lager: well then, you have two choices then, don't ye? My face registered some confusion. Frank clarified: You can either work for me or you can fuck off!

I had a new job.

My wife and I went to England, worked in pubs, made friends, had our own pub. I took notes. The names have been changed to protect the innocent and guilty alike.

*Ed Shaw likes to write. He has published two volumes of poetry. He is slowly working on a compilation of stories about his time behind the bar of an English pub.*

*fortyteenyearold.wordpress.com (if he ever gets around to updating it.)*



*Contributors:*

*Alexandra Misset*

*Treasa Levasseur*

*Leslie Furness*

*Gary Barwin*

*Leo DragToe*

*Cornelia Peckart*

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