

# **Time and Place**

**a cultural anthology**



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.

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: [timeandplacesubmissions@gmail.com](mailto:timeandplacesubmissions@gmail.com)

Please submit only one item for consideration. Multiple submissions will not be considered.

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*

*Words Editor: Jeff Griffiths*

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*Cover photo: Nancy Benoy, August 2016*

*Proudly printed and bound in Hamilton, Ontario*

# **TIME AND PLACE**

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## **One Riser**

Four days after the fall, she brought Tom a bag lunch. Bread, meat, fruit. He'd only lost a bit of weight, but to her he looked all angle and bone. Holes in the knees of his jeans by day two, a sharp pebble finding the soft spot under his kneecap on day three, now a smudged dime of blood on each step.

— You gotta get something in you.

But he was stubborn. On the fifth day, the food was still there.

— Jesus, Tom.

— You're late, was all he said.

— Doc was slow. Took forever.

The sixth day was a stunner. Perfect spring weather, although the cathedral's southern exposure was an oven. He wouldn't speak at all, no matter how much she tried to draw him out. Strange healing penance when you won't let yourself purge, she thought.

Day seven brought a twinge behind the scar. She didn't mention it. Might spot a little more, was all. Surgeon said it could happen, even weeks later.

— They moved him to a new room, she said.

— Bigger?

— Smaller.

On the eighth day, she just watched him. Prayers. A single hand down as leverage to ascend one riser. Prayers. Again. A hundred stone stairs, a thousand repetitions, one loose porch step, all the same.

Arriving late again on the ninth day, she touched his shoulder. Fever under the fabric. So alive and lost.

— Eat. Please.

— Any movement?

Just the machines, she knew.

— I think Thomas would be fine, she said. For a name.

Montreal, St Joseph's Oratory. Three courses of 280+ steps, the middle course reserved solely for pilgrims who wish to ascend on their knees. Many years ago, I was there with a school group, and I watched a number of pilgrims ascend, their faces telling so many stories, all of them sad. This could be one of them.

*Brent van Staalduinen lives, works, and found his voice in Hamilton. He is the author of SAINTS, UNEXPECTED, a Hamilton novel of magical realism, published by Invisible Publishing. He is the winner of the 2015 Bristol Short Story Prize, the 2015 Short Works Prize, and the 2016 Fiddlehead Best Fiction Prize. Other work has appeared in The Fiddlehead, Riddle Fence, The Sycamore Review, Prairie Fire Magazine, The Prairie Journal, EVENT Magazine, The Dalhousie Review, and The New Quarterly and holds an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of British Columbia and teaches writing at Redeemer University College.*

*Katherine Anne Sullivan*

## **Love is finding the ties**

love is finding the ties that lie

between the people you pass on the street  
and even

the ones you don't

the ones that are sitting as you walk past

too busy to notice.

This piece was written as a reflection on the hustle and bustle of Toronto's streets specifically, but more broadly a reflection on western culture. It becomes far too easy to start to see other people in the city as inconveniences and not as human beings with families, stories, and feelings. The habit of viewing others as something "other" or alienating their differences from your own comfortabilities can become second nature and empathy can become something foreign and forgotten. Enter feelings of being "better than" the homeless person, or the garbage man, or the server bringing you your dessert. This poem is a reminder to slow down, to see individuals, and not just look at them.

*katherine anne is an artist and writer from Hamilton. She is currently studying and making things in Toronto.*

*Susan Robinson*

# **Dutch Barn**



June 2010, I took a trip with my mother to her hometown of Walterswald, Friesland, The Netherlands., a small farming village near Dokkum. I saw the house where my mother and 4 siblings were born. My great grandparent's house where my grandfather was born and raised along with his 6 siblings and my great grandparent's family farm where my grandmother was born and raised with her 13 siblings. She recently turned 100 years old! The farmhouse was rebuilt but the original 236 year old barn was still standing.

My mother, her cousins and myself visited her aunt and uncle who lived at the farm. They were both in their 90's. We looked at old photo albums while my mother translated from Frisian to Dutch to English so everyone could understand each other. She remembered her time spent at the farm when she was a child. It was the largest dairy farm in the village. The large family slept in beds built into the walls with closed doors. The 2 oldest sons slept in the barn. The old barn was full of cows and horses. The field was full of sheep. During World War II when the village was occupied by Nazis, my grandfather would break curfew and sneak across the field at night to get food from the farm to bring to his family.

Now the barn is mostly empty, full of cobwebs and the odd relic from the past. A lone wooden shoe, old metal milk containers, forgotten clutter. A large pile of seashells by the door, hay thatched roof and ancient glass in most of the windows add to its charm. About a year after I photographed the barn, the village had a parade, complete with cannon fire. The sound waves from the cannon led to a portion of the barn collapsing. But not to worry, it's been restored.

*Susan Robinson is a multimedia visual artist living and working in downtown Hamilton. She also works at the Art Gallery of Burlington, The Burlington Performing Arts Centre and produces theatre with Chasing Shadows Productions.*

*Attachments area*

*Hanna Poon*

## **To Summer**

Here lies summer;  
    lay her down gently  
        in the wreaths of the sweet falling leaves.

Gaia's lover, our mother  
    slumbers on  
        undone by the endless To Do.

So soft she went,  
    made way for work.

The bees hummed but did not sing,  
    nor did the butterflies dance.

Here lies summer;  
    close her eyes.

For want of a list  
    she did all  
        and the clouds, they drifted on.

Oh summer,  
    that in the moonlight stood transfixed  
        scattering her dream across the universe,  
        be silent now, be still.

Sleep softly in the star kissed glow  
    of one last summer dance.

I began to write this piece as August came to a middle. The summer holiday and time off school was nearly done, my daughter was excited about getting back to school, and it seemed as though the time had sped by faster than I could account for. We had done everything and nothing all at once. Then the eclipse came and the world seemed to stop for a day and marvel at the beauty of the universe. It was inspiring to watch beauty and science unfold in a moment. And when it was done, the slow-motion camera on life was turned off and everything sped back up to its regularly scheduled hectic pace.

*Hannah Poon lives, writes, and knits in Hamilton. She has been living longer than writing, and writing longer than knitting, but enjoys the pleasures of all three immensely. She also has a husband, a daughter, and two guinea pigs who are great sources of entertainment, inspiration, and laundry.*

*Ed Clayton*

## **Bob Barker at the Toronto Zoo**

Bob Barker is riding elephants in the hills

drinking sherpa tea

and spinning wheels

of dollar bills

you can't go anywhere, he says,

without sittin'

and sinnin'

and forgetting

what got us here

but look at these babies

I treat em like my easy chair

I'm thinking

maybe he's right

we all have our price

Inspired when Bob Barker rescued that elephant from the  
T.O. Zoo

*Ed Clayton is a poet and longtime Hamiltonian who wonders if  
the price is really right.*

*Penn Kemp*

## **Street Tales, Street Tells**

*for the Harris family of Eldon House, Ridout Street, London*

When jackhammers ring through the layers down we  
glimpse  
peripheral reminiscence part dreamt, part recollected in  
shards.

No telling where multiple truths lie along this worn  
manhole.

Ridout Street is stratified and striated from asphalt to  
bedrock.

The surface shines downward. The family assume their  
place,  
proper and prosperous. Trophies live as collected  
memorabilia

in the words and deeds they chose to commit to paper, in  
chips  
of imported Limoges. A palimpsest is imposed on old growth

forest as if summoning the Old World to replace place names  
with their own, erasing other pasts for this newly named  
road...

Rider, ride out with the news that stays news. Poetry tells, is  
telling,  
is told. *Tell*, the riches of midden. From now on, *tell* your  
poems.

When I wrote this poem in October 2016, I was working on a play about Victorian explorer, Teresa Harris. Born in 1839, she grew up Eldon House on Ridout Street, London ON. Despite her colonial, sequestered upbringing, she became one of the most important explorers of her era, travelling to Tibet and surveying disputed territory for the British Empire. Eldon House is now an historical museum, displaying many of the artefacts Teresa and her husband sent back from their far-flung expeditions. As I wandered around the pastoral grounds and gardens of Eldon House, jackhammers were tearing up Ridout Street in what is now downtown London. The peace of the place contrasted with the jagged racket of modern machinery outside the Eldon House gate. I wondered what treasures from the past might be unearthed in the dig. The completed play, *The Triumph of Teresa Harris* was produced at The Palace Theatre in London in March, 2017, and published by Playwrights Guild of Canada: Teresa rides again! <https://teresaharrisdreamlife.wordpress.com/>. This poem marks a pivotal point of time, a point of creation, as I contemplated the juxtaposition between the many versions of the past and the present moment.

*Penn Kemp's book of poetry, Local Heroes, will be published by Insomniac Press in Spring, 2018. Her latest works are two plays celebrating local hero and explorer, Teresa Harris, produced in 2017 and published by Playwrights Guild of Canada. Recent books include Barbaric Cultural Practice (Quattro Books) and two anthologies edited, Women and Multimedia and Performing Women.*

## **Earthling**

A coworker convinced five of us to join him at a high-end Toronto entertainment club to meet his dancer girlfriend. She sat down at our table and was very cordial that he brought guests. Her story of why she dances seemed to be an industry standard right out of a movie as she explained that as a single mom with two children this was the best employment to help out until her graduation from a university course.

The dancer gave indications of dehydration and was offered a drink and moments after it was delivered she broke away to go and check upon this night's dance music selections. I could see her walk past the bar counter and emptied the drink into a sink and then veered off to other tables to socialize.

I didn't have the heart to tell our friend it was an illusion of girlfriend status as she worked other tables as well to boost bar sales. Upon her return, she wanted a second drink and it too was delivered as a dancer was performing on stage. She mentioned that her time to dance was in a few minutes but her statement was interrupted by the stage performer's loud announcement to the audience. She asked the crowd; "Do you want to see me do the spider?" and the place went crazy with hoots and howling. Our dancer guest said "You have to see this. She is incredible."

The naked dancer bent backwards into an arch onto her hands and I figured she was formerly a circus acrobat. She planted her feet directed at the far wall and slowly inched counterclockwise from wall to wall giving a show.

The room fell silent in sequence and once this woman was facing our table, for some reason still unknown to me until today, I stood up and yelled towards the dancer; "Earthling!! Take me to your Leader!!"

The dancer began to laugh as did the patrons and she sat down and couldn't dance any more. The dancer at our table said "Oh no. Now someone else has to go onstage." She got up and went towards the DJ office but again I could see her dump the drink down a drain and to me it probably didn't contain alcohol anyway because of the number of small sips at all the tables would definitely cause impairment.

Moments later a huge guy wearing a 'Security' T-shirt said to me in a polite but firm way to please keep my thoughts to myself during any performance. I said to him; "But it was funny, right?" He said, "Even the staff cracked up but now the dancer can't perform"

I stayed quiet and our group, except for the dancer's infatuated friend, left an hour later. The next day in our office we found out that every time this dancer tried that move she would laugh and sit down and eventually had to cancel her schedule that night.

1994 and I worked at Rogers Cable in Toronto. Our advertising sales guy, sort of a Herb Tarlack from the WKRP show, always bragged about a 'stripper girlfriend'. Finally, a few technicians and I said we must see her.

When I saw the dancer in her promotional venue I felt sorry for this guy's illusion but didn't want to wreck his fantasy. It was a harmless situation and no personal devastation was intended.

When this other dancer went on stage it was amusing. I knew the kind of money they earned, well above this guy's income, but he was infatuated with the girl he called a close lover but no intimacy ever occurred. Her kids, university classes, and dance practice always got in the way.

I still don't know why I yelled out but, in essence, I was mocking the facade of this massive horde yelping at a woman who performed for money and not intimacy.

The next day the guy was serious about how I ruined her night. No mention of the illusion ever surfaced but the club staff told him to control his guests better.

As a pilot for 27 years I saw venues and stage acts in many cities and know the bleakness of illusion so I clued in early this was his fantasy and should remain his fantasy.

*Ed Woods lives in Dundas, Ontario. Attending workshops gave encouragement to expand upon life experiences through poetry. Topics range from the serious to comedic twist and a wide range of observations or insight written from the heart. The most creative times seem to open channels to a wide variety of thoughts that flow onto pages. Ed has chapbooks in print as well as poetry in anthologies.*

*Scot Cameron*

# #skiesoverwaterdown



I have always been fascinated by skies and how they interact with a particular place. I usually focus my landscape photography on a particular object in a scene and let the sky play its role in the overall image. Over the last year I've decided to look at it differently, to look at the sky first and then try and find the best way to make the landscape fit into the ever-changing sky. I find this interesting because when you photograph a building or a particular location for example, it is for the most part a constant, you can go back and recreate the photo to a degree and the place will be recognizable. With skies, they are constantly changing and when they are the focus of the photo it makes it impossible to recreate. For that reason, I made the location in the series of photos the constant by simply choosing a general geographic area. These photos are from a group of photos that are of skies taken on different days in Waterdown.

*Scot Cameron is a writer, photographer, and skater. He lives in Waterdown with his wife and two kids. You can find Scot carving a bowl on his skateboard or hitting the slopes on his snowboard.*



we confess  
our hearts to the ages:  
our passions, our sorrows, our puny rages  
we assuage our fear of death  
with run-on sentences, subordinating our clauses  
to circumvent the inevitable.  
final.

fatal.

punctuation mark:  
that single dot, that sudden dark  
at the end of this life  
this bold tunnel of sparks where we live  
Noahs scripting language arks, loading in images  
two by two: our subjects and verbs  
our undying urge to create  
to outwit those three witches  
who spin, then write, then snip our fates  
those three mute sisters of all history

*alpha beta gamma, a b c*  
*clotho; lachesis; atropos*

*feoh, uhr, thorn, a b c*  
*wyrd; verdandi; skuld*

In every language, the same dark dream  
the spinner: the marker: the unturnable knife  
the past: the present: the ought to be

if history teaches us nothing  
it teaches us not to wait:  
every story is the story of  
too soon,

then too real,

then too late.

so let us propagate, procreate  
let us fuck, and fight, and fly above the  
blue and wordless ocean  
let us spell our names in DNA  
and hope the worms are satiated  
before they can dismantle our glory--let us hope our  
sketches of love aren't wasted.  
let us never live to be sorry.

your life is brief. celebrate.  
write in inks both bold and bitter.  
force the worms to hesitate. illuminate  
your life with words of fire. build your book  
so fierce with fight that the worms can only turn away  
from such a light, from such a sound,  
from such a storm  
as  
is  
you.  
write an ending  
so complete, so watertight,  
that oceans will not dare to drink you;  
that worms  
will never rise to taste the book of the day  
that you were born.

Very rarely do I write a poem on command. But when I led my school's Slam Poetry team to the Louder than a Bomb championship at the AGH in May of this year, the legendary Lillian Allen brought us into the gallery where Yuri Dojc's "Last Folio" exhibit was hanging. The images of dusty, decayed books in a Jewish school locked up and forgotten on the brink of WWII were haunting. I settled in front of a close-up shot of a book whose paper had been devoured by bookworms--but the worms had avoided the ink, so each letter spilled out independently, a tiny snowstorm of disjointed text. "Write," Lillian told us. "Feel the stories, and write." So I did.

*Tom Shea is a poet, novelist, educator, and musician. He lives in Hamilton with a delightful family, a crooked black cat, and at least two too many guitars.*

## **The Columbia Record Club**

"What the hell is this all about?" My father slapped an envelope onto the kitchen table. He had the subscription form in his fist, the one I had carefully pulled from the TV guide. Dad's face slackened, only slightly. "What have you got against Old John? He's our neighbour for Christ sakes."

Dad pushed the form up to my face. "What kind of stunt are you pulling? The god-damned Columbia Record Club?" His cigarette smoke wrapped around him.

I stared at the paper, I thought about the time my friend's mother said, "His dad is a drunk." She was on the phone in their kitchen and I was in the bathroom. When I came out her forehead turned red and she offered me chocolate milk and put a whole bag of Oreo cookies on the table.

Dad's fingers clenched to a fist. "Are you listening?" I saw his eyes wavering, mouth slightly twisted, letting out a small breath, his chest sank. "You're not worth the trouble," he said and went to the basement.

I had left the subscription form on my desk without thinking, in a hurry to watch TV. Four months before, I'd signed up Mike Markell's family to the Columbia Record club. Mike was one year older than me but was still in grade eight. We walked to school together on the days that we came out our doors at the same time.

Mike took drum lessons on a Ludwig set and I only had a cheap snare drum. Mike was a dink. A couple of months after I signed them up Mike said that they kept getting records in a cardboard box.

His parents would write 'Moved' and 'Wrong Address' in big letters and toss it into a mailbox, but they always got more. They had opened it the first time and found the Lawrence Welk and Polka records that I had checked off for them. After that they got a call from the Columbia Record Club saying they owed a lot of money. Mike said his mother went mental and screamed and slammed the phone down so hard it broke.

I put on my spring coat and went out to the backyard. The ground was wet, I could smell mud and dog poop. I looked at my tree fort. I hadn't used it since I turned twelve. I remembered dad building it when I was five. I wanted to help but he said "No."

I stayed clear of the basement window knowing dad was down there sitting on the old couch with a drink in his hand and staring at his tropical fish tank.

I had been bugging dad to let me have a bedroom in the basement. A lot of the guys in my class had one. Glenn Hicks had a room that looked like a fur trapper's cabin. He even had mouse skins tacked to the walls. I didn't like the idea of killing mice but I could definitely set it up my way. I had the spot all figured out with no windows so I could hang posters and get a black light. I imagined a set of drums, a stereo, and a couch.

I sat at the picnic table with my hands shoved hard into my jacket pockets. I knew that this Columbia record prank would bother both mom and dad in a different way than fighting with my sisters or spilling orange juice. This wouldn't disappear by bedtime.

I have always thought that the Columbia Record Club prank was one of my best. The bottom really dropped out the day my Dad shoved the subscription form in my face. I had entered a whole new level of bad. I went on to get worse before I got better.

*Jeff Griffiths is a proud Hamiltonian who is being raised by his two lovely children. He teaches Creative Writing at Mohawk College and for the Hamilton Public library. His short fiction has been published in numerous literary journals. He won the Arts Hamilton short fiction award a couple of times and was short listed for Fiddlehead's 2017 short fiction prize.*

*Donna Akrey*

# Research Images



Digital Images, 1995 to present:

Images from anyplace anytime that somehow ring true as inspiration for possible art works---or just to sit there as they are. Either way---I consider these images to be my most rigorous research.

*Donna Akrey is a maker of things, teacher of things and researcher of things. Her work reflects an interest in the urban environment, language and communication, and the power of the habitual on our dreams and realities. She uses an interdisciplinary approach to articulate ideas to create large installations and sculptural objects, single channel video, video installation, performance and book works. From Toronto originally –she has lived all over Canada. Currently living in Hamilton and teaching at Brock in the visual art department. Donna received a BFA from Concordia University and an MFA from NSCAD. Donna was the recipient of the 2017 Hamilton Arts Award for Visual Arts*

[www.donnaakrey.com](http://www.donnaakrey.com)

*Tor Lukasik-Foss*

## **Fruit Cake**

*Our world is full of cake. But it wasn't always full of cake. Somewhere, back in time, there was the first cake.*

"I hate having this food garbage hanging around."

"Throw it in the bog."

"You can't throw it in the bog, that's where we throw the people."

"Throw it in the fire."

"We throw people in the fire too. Also, who wants a fire to smell like food garbage. Also, it is better to watch something you don't like slowly sinking into a bog."

"Okay, I will get the bowl."

"Why?"

"I'm going to wet some flour with some eggs and water so that it is thick like a bog. We can throw our food garbage into it. It will be like a bog for food corpses."

"Can I throw this peel?"

"Yes."

"Can I throw these fruits which have dried like tiny leather shoes in the sun?"

"Yes."

“Can I throw these awful seeds, and this grisly piece of meat and this thing that I don’t know what it is?”

“Yes.”

“You are right! It is fun to watch the fruit peel slowly sink into the food bog! It makes me feel like I am killing it and therefore it brings me great joy. I could do this all day.”

(much time passes)

“I am sad. The food bog is so full of food garbage that it will accept no more. The fruit peels no longer sink as if I am killing them. The stick out on the top as if they are still alive, accusing me of their murder.”

“We should put the bowl in the fire and wait until the whole arrangement hardens. Then we can remove it and make a fresh food bog.”

“Yes. I would like to see the sticking out fruit turn brown in the fire.”

(more time passes)

Look I am shaking it of the bowl. It is hard and black like a brick you would use to murder your neighbor.

What will we do with it?

Let us go and murder someone with this black garbage brick!

“OMG. Hold on. I have the best idea. Let’s call it special cake. We will give it to our neighbours (snickering) when they arrive for the seasonal feast we have with them that is really boring. We will tell them it is very special. We will call it special cake. We will make them eat it.”

“They would never eat such a hard, hideous thing.”

“Yes, they will. We will pour liquor on it every day for a fortnight, so that it softens and becomes strange and attractive to them.”

“Ha ha ha! It will give me great joy to see our neighbours eat a hard cake of our food garbage. Ha ha ha! I would even eat some too just to see my boring neighbours also eat it. Ha ha Ha!”

“We could do this every year!!”

“Yes!! We must give special cake at all celebrations!!”

“Yes!! I cannot believe it, but I am now actually looking forward to the holidays!!”

I have slowly taken steps to make fruit cake this year. The more I learn about it, the more absurd the venture becomes.

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

*Ed Shaw*

## **Scenes from the Wrong Side of the Pond**

They say you can never go back.  
They say the fun never ends.  
They say absence makes the heart grow fonder.  
They say many things.  
They may be right, they may be wrong.

Scenes on hold due to possible implication.  
Scenes left cold due to probable inebriation.  
Some tales will be told as a matter of function.  
Tales to be told, tales to be bold,  
tales to keep me warm when I'm old.

We were there, we are here.  
It took twenty years to go from here to there.

We walked through fields of lettuce to kiss in the light of the  
16<sup>th</sup> century  
Closed our eyes driving through the green man's tunnels.  
Georgian glory, a circus of charm, reflected in the eyes of our  
young.  
Stone circles, once, twice, third times a charm  
Sharing a cider with the Wasps on the beach.

Enjoy the view of the back of their heads from 20 feet  
behind.  
Whistle, left, right, on y va.  
Teenland above the floor, left to their own devices so you  
can indulge your vices.  
Double locks, triple knocks, lets you in the door.

Wizards and wands to strengthen the bonds.  
Sarnies and crisps to right ship.

They say you can never go back.  
They say the fun never ends.

They say absence makes the heart grow fonder.

They say many things.

They may be right, they may be wrong.

My wife and I spent time living and working in England in our 20s. We came home and realized we may simply have needed a vacation. We took our kids on a nostalgia tour this summer as they are old enough to appreciate the trip but still young enough not to resent us for it either.

*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. He still thinks about going back.*

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







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Volume 4    Issue 1

[timeandplaceanthology.com](http://timeandplaceanthology.com)

ISBN: 978-1-7751271-0-9

\$10.00