

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

Memoir The mastiff and I went out to visit a grave today. Snouty, feisty, loving, prideful, caring, devoted. A model citizen of the spirit, while retaining a contrarian, female, individual sense of attitude and joy in being. She had survived an early brush with a fast moving car and being tied up on a short rope and left abandoned in the pouring rain to be rescued by the local ranger who brought her into my life at age 1. She would go on to survive a brutal spike thorn that threatened to blind her in one eye, a fall down a mine shaft, getting lost in the deep bush, two dislocated legs, a painfully dislocated jaw, a bite from a red-bellied black snake and a close call with a huge and deadly brown snake one of the most subtle and yet fear-inspiring creatures you can encounter in the Australian landscape. She would also endure and triumph over one of the most vicious and aggressive lymphomas on record. In the space of two hours, a lump the size of a ping-pong ball became a heated lump the size of a baseball-and kept growing. The emergency surgery was massive, delicate and traumatic. As were the two years of advanced chemotherapy that ultimately saved her life. She is now in the international veterinarian scientific literature and has helped inspire hundreds of people around the world to invest in the best treatment possible to protect the lives of their companion animals. She prevailed in that crisis through strength of spirit and the will to live, insisting on the regular but slowed down walk even with the drainage tube from the surgery still in place. At this point in her life it was like a great athlete struck down. She could catch a line drive tennis ball 9 times out of 10. It was impossible to get a ball past her on the ground-she was the ultimate shortstop. She could outrun every other kind of dog except a pure racing greyhound and could easily outswim any breed of dog, including the water savvy hunting dogs. She literally hydroplaned in the water-a particularly amazing feat in that she was more than a year old before she learned to swim. At the beach she was an intrepid surfer, hurling herself into the waves to retrieve a ball and then with some real deftness, riding the waves back inâ€”always barking vigorously to have the ball thrown once more. Her tremendous level of physical fitness no doubt aided greatly in her battle with cancer, but it was her spirit that pulled her through. I still recall too vividly, the glow of her puddles of bile in the moonlight in the back yard, when she got sick from the drugs. The trembling that would set in. The fits that came and went, dismissed it would seem by a more powerful imperative to persist and thrive. Against all odds and to the shock of the specialist who treated her, she went on to have several more lives. Together, we literally walked ourselves into the landscape in several different areas. A golden-red dingo blending in with the sandstone, and me following behind. She adapted to a new environment when we moved from the town out onto the farm, my country property called The Chimneys, in old Australian gold rush land. She learned how not to disturb either free-range hens, the Anglo-Nubian goats, or the rather plump and overfed Suffolk sheep who turned out to be a financial disaster -and was in fact protective of them, keeping the local foxes at bay. She was good with horses, children of all ages except one little girl whose shoes smelled of her pet hamster , and she wisely never chased the kangaroos, although she could leap the fences with ease. Post-cancer, her native athleticism returned with force. She ran down two rabbits just try it, those little fluffs are fast -and she caught mice-on pine floorboards no less. How many dogs are good mousers? Her strength of swimming was undiminished, such that I could take her to our local lake and have her torpedo past me-as I swam with the aid of fins. Always calm in canoes and kayaks knowing sensibly that she was being transported like a queen on a Nile barge , she acquainted me with what will forever be the best smell of allâ€”the gorgeous scent of wet dog in the back seat on a summer afternoon. She did however, have a weakness for marsh fowl, rather silly looking black birds with spindly legs and orange feet that make an unfortunate squeaking whistle. Once that whistle was heard, Gyp was uncontrollable, more than capable of leaping off a six foot river bank in pursuit-and once on the Loddon River we thought she was a goner when she ended up in a maze of dense reeds-a place where many other dogs would have drowned. Over the years, she weathered emotional human conflict too. When the

separation and divorce proceedings began, she loyally stood by me, keeping up the routine, providing solace-and then doing all she could in greeting and intermingling with the social situations that the awkwardness of my dating experiences led to. I would be curious to know how many miles I walked with her over the years. This was yet another golden period and Gyp savored it and contributed to it with a completeness of conviction. She got over her female jealousy very quickly and bonded with Karen, the new girlfriend, adjusting to the mixed family with great participation and enjoyment. Before leaving The Chimneys, a place I once vowed I would never sell, Gyp showed some of her inner spirit in a very striking way one morning. A few days earlier, two police officers had appeared at the back door inquiring about a dog attack on the angora goats on the hill above me. I said my dogs were innocent-and they were fortunately asleep on their respective couch and chair at the time! Together, we drove them off, Gyp wincing with the pain of the exertion, but teetering to the back door under her own power. I would seriously liken the incident to an old woman taking on a Mike Tyson capable street thug in open combat. She committed totally to the fray, sensing perhaps the potentially desperate nature of the violence that Luci thought was ceremony. She knew it was a live fight. And she was very smart in her attack. If we say dogs behave according to instinct, we need to allow also for individual strategy. The final phase of her life had so many sub-phasesâ€|my move off the land into a small town again, with all its small town noises and routines. Kids passing on the way to school, garbage trucks and postmen postmen! Gyp sat with me on the newspapers I spread out while I painted my office in the cottage without the heat or electricity on yet. She overcame her prejudice against lawn mowers. She was saved yet again by my lovely neighbor Viv, an older Irish woman who got her off the street when she snuck out before the garage door was installed. She embraced a whole new era in a very different environment. She put up with failing back legs, stone deaf ears unless of course if there was a food wrapper being opened. She had one epileptic seizure that required medication that made her groggy for weeks and an operation to remove abscessed teeth, and she put up with the indignity of having to be helped into the car. But she never once lost herself. She remained beautiful, albeit a bit snowier than in her ruddy golden youth. No one who ever saw her could guess her significant age. From the moment I laid eyes on her, to the moment I said goodbye, she lived a seamless life of being herself. A life that keeps giving. The journey, however long it is will be better for your company, and the destination will be more memorable because you are there. We come to know ourselves only truly through others. Relationships give much but demand much. In quiet moments, take the time to be quiet and store reserves. Then forgive them and let them know they can redeem themselves. Either internalize them and be them-or let them go. Your territory is wherever you feel comfortable. And often, not catching them is even better. Keep up appearances well enough, and substance follows. We all should be better witnesses, but no one is ever just an observer. There will never be enough cool fresh autumn eveningsâ€|chasing a scent amongst the tombstonesâ€|of those who had memories and dreams too. Give your blessing to those who will miss you. Who knows how near and constant we remain-all the time-for all time. The light is suddenly so poignant and the air so gentle, we both instinctively stand motionless.

A narrative that moves from a noirish hard-boiled detective novel to a fantasy of sexual transformation, an uncomfortable journey for the first-person narrator and for the reader.

Memoir a distorted memory Here you leave today and enter the world of yesterday, tomorrow and fantasy-the magical portals to the Magic Kingdom. But that golden goal was not to be had without cost. The American Way was not gained in a day. It was born in adversity, forged out of conflict. Let me tell you about conflict. We were very fortunate not to have been taken away in a net on that one-and when you get expelled from the Magic Kingdom, before you find yourself in lock-up in downtown Anaheim, you get a special debriefing by park security behind closed doors, a prospect that was considerably more hallucinogenic than I could cope with. Remarkably, we escaped the small world and beyond a minor incident on Mr. Here we go deep into a tropical rainforest. Yeah, it rains days a year here. And that there is a Bengal Tiger folks. He weighs over pounds and can jump up to 25 feet from a dead standstill. Oh, look at this, the little headhunters! And beautiful Schweitzer Falls. Named after that famous African explorer, Dr. Oh, oh a huge African Bull Elephant. For those of you with short memories, that there is a huge African Bull Elephant. Got to scare them off. Not a good place to be headed. Those are spears-and those are poison arrows. Now let me take this opportunity to point out some of the rare tropical foliage to you. This might be your only opportunity to see a rare African mallard. This could well be the most dangerous part of our journey. You have to careful. Not all the animals are in the jungle. Yes, this was the American dream, a prayer for the future. Where the Matterhorn rises over Frontierland next to the Enchanted Tiki village. Now a thrilling adventure cruise through dark mysterious caverns where dead men tell no tales. Clear the decks lad! Remember, The American Way was not gained in a day. It was born in adversity and forged out of conflict. That bit about the mallard was my improv by the way. He is the author of the international cult novels Zanesville and Private Midnight. Random House is bringing out his third novel in the USA in March , and a new book called Reverend America has just been completed and is already being sold in Europe. You can find more about him on his Facebook Page.

Chapter 3 : Sentenced to Disneyland |

Kris Saknussem: Sight is the sense people work with easiest and first. The deep, constant hunters of my jungle past have extremely honed vision, but they move by sound and smell--because they know those sense perceptions often arrive well before vision and are truer.

The greater the artistic risk, the grander the It takes a certain mix of balls, heart and even lunacy to attempt such a thingâ€”and there is always some intuitive structure in place from the outset. I see every bit as much ambition and courage in the apparent quiet of a Basho haiku as I do in many sprawling works of seemingly much broader scope. We have the wisdom and doggedness of a handful of scholars to thank for rescuing this monumental triumph from the dustbin of history. Still, even the keenest advocates have had reservations about many aspects of the book. Forget that an amputee whaling captain speaks in a mangle of the Shakespearean kings, the Kings James Bible and Zoroastrian liturgyâ€”why so much detail about whaling and the industry behind it? Is it simply to inform? Is it to bolster the credibility of the author? Is the purpose to expand an already massive tale, rife with symbolism, into more dimensions yet again? Or, was Melville, as Whitman has often been criticized for, merely in love with the gigantic gestureâ€”scale and detail for its own sake? Charles Olson, in his peculiar critique *Call Me Ishmael*, offers one crucial hint of explanation. Even as Melville wrote, many people of the time were not aware of just how big the whaling business was and there was good reason for this. Its highly specialized maritime nature kept its particulars from the eyes of inlanders. The fundamental brutality of it did not invite inquiry, and the economics of it were complex, as all major enterprises are. Seen from this perspective, *M-D* sits right along side much of Dickens and other English Victorian writers as an expose of certain industrial practices and associated technologies of a particular era. I suggest that a look into the practicalities of the slave trade of that same era pays similar, though much enhanced dividends. As Thoreau began warning us almost a decade before *M-D* appeared, commercial complexity and the quickening pace of culture was fast making even the grittiest reality hard to see. There is about the abolitionist sermons an abstract quality of condemning an institution, while ignoring or not really being familiar with the industry driving it. I put it to you, which is the more powerful? A rant on the common dignity of Man in the eyes of Godâ€”or the fact that there were four major slave trading houses in St. Louis alone that dealt exclusively in children in ? In a book rich in symbolism as grand as culture itself, Melville saw the importance of grounding his poetic sermons and metaphysical theatrics in practical matters of money, labor, market and demand. There can be no question that he intended to reference and include within his epic arc, an appreciation of economic, industrial and political mattersâ€”and it was certainly not lost on the sailor in him, how whaling as primary industry, influenced nautical exploration and technologies more obliquely. Where better to begin than the very light he wrote by? Even in his own era, many people were disconnected from the true nature and purpose of whaling. Whalers were then in the Energy Business. Almost no industry more fundamental. In many vital ways, the problem Thoreau warned of and that Melville highlights is even more with us today than ever before. If you looked solely at non broad acre farming i. In what may seem like digressions and interruptions to a thumping great story, Melville soberly calls on us to look at where things really come fromâ€”and how. Nothing could be more contemporary than that. And there is another factor at work work being a key concept in the novel. Petroleum had been discovered in Pennsylvaniaâ€”new technologies were emerging. Seen this way, all his detail and asides are not merely a bit more color or background to an epic yarn shot through with religious importâ€”they form a valid subtext of elegy for an industryâ€”for what amounts to a great cultural transition. What could be more contemporary than an appreciation of how technology affects our lives? Of course, the whaling lore also serves the dramatic function of giving us something down to earth to hold onto as we slip relentlessly off the charts of known experience into a zone of monstrous intensity. If the novel were boiled down to what many critics have called the essential story, a great deal of essence would be lost. I find some of the very things that bored me or got in the way of my first reading long ago, now hold my interest more than ever. I enjoy them on their ownâ€”but I also see much authorial acuity in terms of pacing and balanceâ€”and a genuine enlargement of the story. That may

lead to Djuna Barnes and Angela Carter two of the most vastly underrated female writers –and possibly Nabokov. Kerouac pioneered Bop Prosody. As fast as I can write it.

Chapter 4 : Kris Norris (Author of Midnight Ranger)

Sex, Sax, and Shaggy Tails: Kris Saknussem LIVE in New York.

Now available from Lazy Fascist Press: Bloody, absurd, and smart. You just have to know when to die. A suburban town in Texas. All the kids jump off a perilous cliff into a shallow river as a rite of passage. The sheriff is a local celebrity. You know this town. Up on the cliff, she was rescued by a horse and bravely defeated the killer, alone, bra-less. Her story is already a legend. Halloween masks floating down that same river the kids jump into. But just as one slaughter is not enough for Billie Jean, our masked killer, one victory is not enough for Lindsay. Brilliant, graceful, rich, universally respected. Should he beg the forgiveness of his only friend, naive underclassman John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester, or should he ride it out with St John and try to come out on top? Praise for A Pretty Mouth: Or, for that matter, an author with such a range. When Molly Tanzer claps once at the front of the classroom. Un- lucky us, but lucky you, Dear Reader, as you are alive to read this book. Each of the narratives collected here stands and succeeds on its own terms, but taken together, they add to a whole greater than the sum of its parts, in which the recurrence of key motifs in a diversity of settings creates the sense of a family living out its doom generation after generation. Tanzer is an ambitious writer, and she is talented enough for her ambition to matter. Molly moves through the multi-forms of prose like a shark in wine-dark seas, rife with allusion, deep in emotion, and sometimes giving you a little salty-mouth. A fantastic collection and not one to be missed. With winks to P. Howard and the Cthulhu Mythos of H. Lovecraft, it showcases the work of a woman who delights in writing. She writes very well indeed! This is a book I will return to, for to read it is such a naughty pleasure. While having segments that are hot and sexy, it is also a dark and disturbing tale with a wicked sense of humor and compelling characters. I blush just thinking about it and might have to go read it again! We are, and this lady is one the gifted magicians whose literary creations are keeping the bonfire burning brightly!

Chapter 5 : The Winged Elephant: Sex, Sax, and Shaggy Tails: Kris Saknussem LIVE in New York

Kris Saknussem, Las Vegas, Nevada. 1K likes. Author of the sci-fi smash Zanesville and psychoerotic noir thriller Private Midnight.

His Wikipedia page posits a theory that he could be a pseudonym of the late David Foster Wallace, or even a composite entity made up of other authors bent on a weird collaboration. When it comes to establishing a setting, which sense do you most enjoy appealing to--sight, sound, touch or smell? Sight is the sense people work with easiest and first. The deep, constant hunters of my jungle past have extremely honed vision, but they move by sound and smell--because they know those sense perceptions often arrive well before vision and are truer. Why do you have a smoke alarm? Taste is the most underrated sense. What do the flying foxes sound like in the casuarina trees? What are they doing in those trees? Why is starlight so hurtfully lovely in places like Pine Ridge, South Dakota? Good writers balance major and minor chords in their work. Details about place work the same way. Look at the work of film director Peter Jackson. Major mass battle scene--then tight close up on a single face. Can you name some authors who painted lush, vibrant settings with their prose? How did they do it? Go back to the 19th century--those people were obsessed with place--even Dickens. Melville took us straight into the heart of the machine of a whaling ship. Later, Joseph Conrad I value highly. Joyce who would give a shit about Dublin if not for Joyce? I know the town she based that story in, and I have no sense of it whatsoever. And I give Stephen King a lot of credit too. Most young writers stumble when it comes to depicting place because they are inattentive. I know which way the water swirls in my toilet. I get results because I pay attention. I live on the outskirts of neon mad Las Vegas, where many people go to get lost or reinvent themselves. A Mexican hunchback who sings mariachi lives beneath me. Usually, the surrounding mountains, which look like the Moon, are clear--rose, cinnamon or cobalt blue depending on the time of day. When the wind is up and the dust is in, the police get tense, my neighbors do lots of laundry so everything smells of detergent and I cook pork fajitas and get very high. Why is establishing a strong sense of place so important to writing a good story? Establishing a strong sense of setting in writing is exactly like finding a nice place for sex. Everything is about sex, money and fear or the lack thereof in the end. Many people choose bad sex. A lot of self-published writers want us to read their work--plead with us--just because they wrote it. I actually care about my work and have many famous people behind me, because they realize how much I care. I look at toenail polish, I know what a thoracic wound smells like. And I can tell you to the inch and the second how far it is to my car right now. How far is it to your car? You think about that. You might have to get there fast.

Chapter 6 : Choosing The Best Senses With Kris Saknussem | LitReactor

(a distorted memory) Here you leave today and enter the world of yesterday, tomorrow and fantasy--the magical portals to the Magic Kingdom. "This was the American dream, a prayer for the future.

Chapter 7 : Kris Saknussem | Page 2

With a slight chuckle, the clinical sexologist and resident sex expert at Adam and Eve, a leading sex paraphernalia company, Kathleen Van Kirk, PhD - aka "DrKat" - acknowledges the concept.

Chapter 8 : September - The calendrierdelascience.com

Discovering the best in fiction, essays, and poetry.

Chapter 9 : Gargoyle: Issue 57

DOWNLOAD PDF KRIS SAKSNUSSEMM: SEX AND DEATH AT UDUB

Features the novella "Red World" by Carlton Mellick III, short fiction by Kevin Dole 2, Cameron Pierce, Andre Duza, Bradley Sands and Kevin Shamel, comics by Andrew Goldfarb and Richard Tingley, articles by Lloyd Kaufman, Carlton Mellick III, Christopher Reynaga and Spike Marlowe, a spotlight on author Kris Saksussemm, reviews, and more!