



Time and Place

a cultural quarterly

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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.

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Please send your submissions to 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.)

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Jeff Mahoney

Intercom

I could see from my window that there was a truck in David Colonna's driveway. His family didn't have a truck. They had a Citroen.

Later that day, David phoned to ask me over, to watch TV. I pushed a button on the dumb-ass intercom system in our split level house. I spoke into the grill and, from the upstairs, asked my mother, who was in the basement, if I could go.

By the time I got to David's, the truck was gone. The garage door was open and just inside lay the carcass of a large cardboard box. I walked up the steps to the front door and David's older brother Steven let me in, sent me downstairs.

On the way , I made out hushed voices from a room. One sounded like David's mother. She was a beautiful nervous northern Italian woman whom David's father brought back to Canada after the Italian campaign in world war two.

She was like a Trojan heroine, brokenly aristocratic.. She made these fine mosaics, with tiles of majolica. Through the door, I heard her say to someone, "I want to see my real doctor."

We liked watching TV at David's. A year earlier his family had acquired cable. Seven channels clearly, an eighth iffy, from places like Plattsburgh, New York (we lived in Montreal). There were positions for 14 but we could not conceive a time when there'd be that many channels.

In the basement David went to turn on the television. Our friend Carl was already there, browsing through some glossy promotional literature, with pictures of gleaming cars, Citroens, that he'd found on a couch-end table.

Carl looked up. "Is that a new set," he asked. David smiled.

The picture flowered forth from a point of light. It was colour. This seemed plainly impossible, no less so for the colour being awful. We'd heard of colour, but just didn't think it was time for us.

We watched. The red from the first mate's shirt kept creeping onto the millionaire's face.

Steven the older brother came down, on the way to his room, stopped, seeing the colour, and crouched at the controls.

"Stop it!" David shouted. "We're watching, idiot!!" Steven sharpened the colour.

"It's wrong anyway," Steven said. He was very studious. "His shirt would never be that red. It would've faded in the sun."

I could hear knocking upstairs, then people coming in, and David's mother emerging from the room. She and David's father started greeting people. Soon there was smoke. The cigarette smell that clung to the air in David's house was more exotic than in mine. There was a resinous, licorice quality to it; Turkish.

Exuberant talking and laughter ensued, pouring through the house. Some Latin was being spoken, for effect. That had to be David's maternal uncle, a priest, what they called a liberal priest – in the papacy of John 23rd.

There was a plane in sight, its propeller clacking, but there was no way the castaways, amid the palm trees, could get its attention.

"So stupid," said Carl.

David's older sister Kathleen and her boyfriend peeled themselves away from the upstairs company and now joined us, the boyfriend saying, "Hey, I love this show." They sat.

Kathleen was lithe and burnished, with long dark hair and eyes like a fortune teller's.

The millionaire appeared again, his ascot messily bleeding paisley, and Kathleen's boyfriend imitated his voice for our amusement.

Reedy and nasal, with a Boston patrician lilt, he said, "Oh, Luvee, Ginger, Marianne, gang bang!" Laughter. Even Steven laughed from his room. I laughed but didn't quite get it.

When the next ad came on I said to Kathleen, "Do you know we've got an intercom system in our house?" She was so nice. She asked about it. She said, with authentic generosity and smiling, almost meaning it, "You'll have to show me how it works some time." I said I'd be happy to.

Montreal, early 1960s.

Jeff Mahoney has been a reporter and columnist for the Hamilton Spectator for 25 years. He lives in Hamilton with his wife Anne and daughters Ruby and Lucy.

Danny Medakovic

Jolley Cut

Do you think of me my love?
From the other side of town
You're 15 floors above me now
But I'm much further down

I see you every morning
Changing buses at the square
If I could change one thing
You would still be here

Have you seen my confession
Painted on the Jolley Cut
It's says "I love you
More than a lot"

I miss your nasty letters
That list all my faults
At 27 pages
I think you got then all

I keep your little poems
In an old shoe box
I read them when I need them
And my heart unlocks

Have you seen my confession?
Painted on the Jolley Cut
It's says "I love you
More than a lot"

Jolley Cut

Jolley Cut

Jolley Cut

Do you think of me my love?

The song Jolley Cut was initially written while on vacation on a farm in France about 6 years ago. then edited into its current form in 2013. It is set in Hamilton (obviously). The geography (mountainside and difference in elevation) serve to accentuate the emotional divide that's intervened in the relationship. The rest is self-evident in the lyrics. I also like the paradox inherent in "Jolly" (the phoenetic of Jolley) and "cut". It reinforces the cutting nature of their past communications.

Danny Medakovic is a singer/songwriter who lives with his family in Dundas. Danny's been writing and playing music for over 30 years, and just released "Jolley Cut", a new CD featuring 12 original songs. A great promoter of Hamilton talent, Danny has recently joined the City of Hamilton's Music Strategy Implementation Team

www.jolleycut.com

Amanda Dudnik

Walk Home VIII

(Acrylic & Graphite on Canvas, 24" x 24", 2014)



The *Walk Home* series was inspired through the act of walking. Walking allows us to enter into a contemplative and meditative state. Over the past year or so, I found myself walking the same route each day to my studio. Walking this same route repetitively allowed me to focus on the minute details found in this repeated surrounding. I no longer had to worry about what direction I was traveling in as my movements became habit. I started to record these visual imprints; whether it was the colour of the rusted stop sign or the form of the sidewalk. Alongside the feelings, I experienced the defined freedom of not having to consciously acknowledge my journey while walking home, particularly on a blustery, snowy night. The more I recorded the more I layered on the canvas. Words and forms became distant memories that I tried to re-create through my paintings. I have come to realize that the physical act of walking in relation to the mind is a type of metaphysical experience. Sometimes I feel a sense of transcendence while other times I am continually reminded of my current reality.

Amanda Dudnik is a visual artist from Hamilton, ON, with an MFA from the University of Windsor and an Honours B.A. in Studio Arts from McMaster University. With a passion for arts education and the community, Amanda is an Artist Instructor at the Art Gallery of Hamilton and Director of Education at the Windsor Printmakers Forum. Most recently Amanda has been awarded a SSHRC grant in support of her artistic research of memory theory. Amanda's mixed media paintings explore the notions of memory in terms of recollection, perception and nostalgia. The surface of each canvas evolves through an additive and reductive approach of painting, writing and drawing.

Ryan Pratt

A homecoming,

Into the burrows of Bathurst Station
I cut through the asbestos current's rush.

Hugging black-as-coal reassembled crusts,
the subway skims into concentration.

Passing textures resist interpretation
behind my eyelids, a steady bloodrush,
though pock-marked tunnels on occasion flush
with ad-space for liquor, television.

On these nights of no sleep, I revisit home
from the coffin sink of my mattress foam.

Reckoning the teeth of the escalator,
heft of the turnstile and dated décor,
I'm exhausted by one imagined block
lugging the past to rest at the next stop.

I go through periods when sleep doesn't come easy. Lying awake in bed one night, I concocted the remedy of imagining myself walking in neighbourhoods my wife and I used to live near. On a given night I'd revisit Ottawa South or our apartment in High Park, Toronto, all the while tiring myself on countless, useless details that, for a time, were everyday. It's a practice I've been doing for years now but only thought to document this summer

Ryan Pratt lives in Hamilton, Canada. A contributing writer for The Town Crier and Ottawa Poetry Newsletter, Ryan's recent poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in The Paper Street Journal, Quiddity and Contemporary Verse 2.

Len Jessome

Whispering Secrets

(inspired by the line "*Whispering secrets
in the hall*" from the accompanying piece "Existence in a Cloud")



Existence in a Cloud

Existence in a cloud
Airy and distant
Door slams down the hall

Branches of trees
Truly broken
Harsh winter
It won't go

Bitter cold
Tears are frozen
Bitter cold it won't go away
*Whispering secrets
in the hall*

Spring breathes life
Into this house
Through the walls
and open windows
Springs Life
Breathe into me
Springs life
Through an open window
Door slams
Down the hall
Can't stand losing you

April 15, 2014: the night of a blood moon. Sleeping with our windows open, the wind blew in slamming our bedroom door-waking the house. I couldn't go back to sleep. I scribbled this in my journal, in the bathroom on the edge of the tub, by the light of the moon.

Len Jessome is an artist living and working in Hamilton, Ontario.

Joe Hamilton

Two for me and none for you.

(Twix slogan)

Across from me sat two detectives, both past their prime. They looked like Penn & Teller, the magicians. One big and talkative, the other small and the note taker. Penn made introductions, but I was so preoccupied, their real names didn't stick.

"We don't believe you." said Penn.

Let me back up and give you a quick summary of what led up to this. It was mid-June, and my wife and I were woken from our sleep by some commotion out front. Looking down from our front window we saw three police cruisers blocking our lane with a number of officers buzzing around like bumble bees. One of the cops had a young kid up against the side of my car. The kid couldn't have been more than sixteen. The cop sensing our presence looked up and asked us,

"Do you know this kid?"

I shook my head, thankful that it wasn't our son, the basement dweller. Getting dressed I went out to speak to the officers. In a nutshell, there had been a rash of break-ins in the neighborhood and this kid was caught red-handed by a routine patrol.

One officer asked if I normally kept my car locked. I took a moment before answering. You see my wife and I both own the same make of car and have identical fobs, sometimes I end up locking the wrong car. I didn't want to have to explain all of this, so I said, "Sure, all the time."

The officer recorded this in one of those tiny notepads they all seem to carry and then followed up with, "Do you mind taking a look to see if anything's missing?"

I nodded and with relief found that my GPS and all my pirated CDs were where they were supposed to be. "Looks like everything is ...

"Check the glove compartment sir."

I opened up the compartment containing all my maps and service records. But sitting right on top was a family size package of Twix chocolate bars. I picked up the package and noticed that one of the bars was missing.

"You have sweet tooth do you sir?" Said the officer noticing the package in my lap. When I didn't immediately answer he said with a sad tone, "Ah, did someone take one of your chocolate bars?"

"You don't understand I'm a diabetic, and these would not be on the meal plan. The kid must have put them there."

"You sure you weren't keeping them for a secret craving?" he said winking.

"No officer," I repeated indignantly. "I don't even like Twix; they're more of a cookie."

My wife had joined us and the officer looked over at her, eyebrows raised in question. "I've never seen them before." She said. I thought I detected a knowing look being shared.

"Mr. Hamilton I know it's late, but the kid's said he's your cousin and had your permission. Would you mind coming to the station and signing a statement?"

When we arrived, they brought me into this room with Penn and Teller. The bag of Twix was on the table between them. After saying they didn't believe me, Penn asked, "If you had eaten the whole package of Twix, what would have happened?"

"My blood sugar would have gone through the roof. If I couldn't medicate than I might have slipped into a coma." I blurted out.

They looked at each other with serious faces, "So the kid's looking at attempted murder?"

"Don't be silly," I said. "I'm sure my wife probably forgot that she left them in my car." Once again they looked at each other and then Penn asked, "Thought she denied it?"

"She just forgot, for God's sake!"

"Would she have any reason to ...you know?"

"You can't be serious?" They shrugged their shoulders as if to say; *they'd seen it all.*

"Listen, I bought them myself. I didn't want to admit it, but sometimes I just get a craving. So there is no attempted murder, nothing. Okay?"

I looked over at the detectives, and they were sharing a Twix bar, Penn then said, "That's what we thought."

Hamilton, Ontario, 2014: This is based on a true story that happened this summer. I may have embellished a little bit.

Joe Hamilton is a long time resident of Hamilton and a retired banker who always wanted to try my hand at creative writing. Previously published in Time and Place, Joe is completing final edits on his first novel.

Croatian for Beginners

As a child I was brought up on stories about the old country so I couldn't help but be curious about my roots. During the summer of 1999 I made my first, and thus far, only visit to Croatia.

I stayed in downtown Zagreb and visited the surrounding countryside, including the village where my mother had grown up. It was awkward meeting distant members of my family: distant strangers related by blood. Most of what my many aunts and uncles, nieces and nephews, said to me sounded familiar and I could parse out the gist of conversations but my tongue—my *jezik*—was not up to the task of responding. There was a disconnect between my comprehension and my ability to speak the language. Whenever I tried to speak it turned into a sad gumbo of Croat, English and, surprisingly, high school French. My relatives spoke no conversational English so I clung to my small English-Croatian dictionary and referred to it constantly, flustered by my inability to communicate freely.

I traveled south to the Adriatic coast to a small island named Hvar, now a trendy resort destination. Seasoned enough to know that locals would generously offer guest rooms—*soba*—I was almost immediately approached by a middle-aged woman and followed her up the steep hillside to a small private room with shared facilities. The room was plain but tidy and well situated. I was on a tight budget so I gamely inquired about cost: 200 kruna, roughly 40 dollars a night. Something awoke in me. I began to haggle, complaining—in passable Croatian—that the room cost too much.

That the bed was too small. I pulled on my backpack and walked past the woman stating that I was going to find another place to stay. Following my outburst, she called me back and offered the room at half price, further flattering me: *You are a good Croatian boy.*

Buoyed by my success and excited to be on the Adriatic, I set out for the nearest rocky beach and bounded into the surf. Within a dozen strides I swore loudly before limping back to shore. As I delicately tried to remove the painful black spine lodged deep in the meat of my left foot, a woman sitting nearby pointed and said one word: *jež.*

I knew this word. Remembered my mother using it. Clearly it had something to do with the spine in my foot but I couldn't put it together. Deflated, I hobbled back to my hillside room and flipped through the pocket dictionary. *Jež.* Translated, it is either a hedgehog or porcupine. Reading further I found *morski jež.* *Morski* means sea, so roughly translated I had stepped on a sea-porcupine or sea-urchin. Ignoring my throbbing foot I continued looking up common compound words. *Morski pas.* *Morski* = Sea. *Pas* = Dog. Sea-dog. Shark. *Zrakoplov.* Air navigator. Airplane. *Kišabran.* Rain dam. Umbrella. It wasn't sophisticated but a circuit had switched on and the words started to make sense.

Zagreb, Croatia, August 1999.

Ivan Jurakic is the Director/Curator of the University of Waterloo Art Gallery and a principle of the TH&B artist collective based in Hamilton.

Banana Bread

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

Here's how to make banana bread. First step, make some children. It's fun. Second step: Wait. As the children age, the banana bread will follow; you don't have to ask for it, you don't have to want it, it will just arrive. It will be wrapped in wax paper. It will come from people you know and from people you don't. You will serve it with tea or coffee for the rest of your life. It is exactly the same recipe as zucchini bread, only zucchinis are seasonal, bananas are not seasonal. Bananas are forever. Therefore, banana bread is 365 fricking days a year.

Here's another way to make banana bread. Buy some bananas and declare them to your children as a healthy snack alternative. Put them in their lunches. At the end of the day, remove the bananas from your children's bags; they will be untouched and yet will appear to have been savagely beaten, much like mafia cadavers freshly removed from the trunk of a car. Take these bananas, along with bananas from your banana bowl that have gone brown—i.e. all of them-- and put them in the freezer. Keep them here until they turn black and hard, like the talons of a once mighty prehistoric animal. Keep purchasing and freezing until there are so many bananas in the freezer you can no longer store additional bananas. That's when you take them all out to thaw.

Once thawed, remove the skins. Don't think about it as you do it, as skinning previously frozen, recently thawed bananas is an experience akin to removing a live fish from inside the mouth of a dog, or assisting the birth of an otter. In fact, make yourself a cocktail, then skin with the bananas.

Following this, go on the Internet and find a banana bread recipe. Don't worry about how many stars the recipe has rated, don't worry about its nutritive value, don't worry about ways to make the banana bread singular. Look for descriptors like 'easy' 'under an hour', or 'ambivalent' which describe the banana bread recipe.

As you follow the directions, substituting and improvising where needed, reflect on the relationship you have with your children at the current moment. This will inform whether you add enticements like nuts, chocolate, raisins, gummies, money, what-have-you into the bread batter, or whether you choose to conceal corrective elements like chia seeds, wheat germ, alternative flours, crushed vitamins, or rosary beads.

Make 16 loaves. Cut slices for your children and then present them as a healthy snack alternative in their lunches the next day. At the end of that day, remove the slices from their bags, slices which have been crushed into a gummy paste, and dispose. Wrap the remaining fifteen loaves of banana bread in wax paper, and give away to any person you know who has children.

Make yourself a cocktail. You are now officially a small yet crucial part of the planet's banana bread economy.

Hamilton, 2014: This piece is born out of a moment I experience everyday as I sift through the tattered remains of my children's lunches after school, making note of the various food items that are subjected to their violent disregard and unconscious contempt.

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

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Sonya DeLaat

Red.Booth.Cou(CITY)ntry.Curious.



August 2014 Sharbot Lake Ontario

Sonya de Laat is a photographer and a student of visual culture based in Hamilton. She is a research coordinator in humanitarian health ethics at McMaster, and a Media Studies student at Western. Sonya is interested in the connection between photography and imagination and impact on memory, communication of difficult knowledge, and interactions with people, places and things in our world. She also likes the outdoors (when the weather is nice), the indoors (when it is not), fine wines (and other spirits), good food (preferably made by others), and her family and friends (of course).

Jeff Griffiths

Here's a Story

Carol and Mike Brady
start
each night
quite innocently
having a cocktail before dinner

heck
the kids are gone
spread across the country
in various levels of depression

Carol sure loves the fruity concoctions
and begins
creating new drinks
in the afternoons
she has time
since Alice does all the housework

Mike arrives home
he notices Carol's relaxed facial features
she smiles
"thirsty?" she asks
"quite," he answers
but he wonders
she kisses him
solidly
they bang teeth
she laughs

Carol can't see why
she should wait
until noon to work on the cocktails
Alice says, "are you okay Mrs. Brady?"
"never been better Ally," Carol may have slurred her words
Alice wonders 'should I tell Mr. Brady?'
she ponders her job description
and stays quiet

Mike gets home
he lost an account
(he is an architect)
Mike thinks Carol's lipstick looks like
Bozo the clown
she waves a cocktail
under his nose
he drinks it down
another and another

Mike isn't feeling up to
going to the office
the next morning
"screw the account," Carol says
with breath like a bad movie
"screw your boss," she stops
short, like she maybe has.

This piece is a re-write of a poem that originally aired in my blog. My time spent watching TV too often as a kid was pivotal in my life (be it good and not so good.)

Jeffrey Griffiths' short fiction has been published in Qwerty, The Puritan, Pithead Chapel, The Nashwaak Review, Front and Centre, The Danforth Review, Hammered Out, and Time and Place. He received Arts Hamilton short fiction award in 2007 and 2008. He instructs Creative Writing 1 & 2 and Dynamics of Prose for Mohawk College's Writing for Publication program.

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Dave Pijuan-Nomura

A Welcome for Autumn



I have been taking photos for as long as I can remember. When I was 7 years old my parents gave me a 127 film camera for my birthday. I was fascinated with the ability to capture the beauty that we so often didn't see with our eyes. I aim to reveal the hidden beauty and natural forms of things that are overlooked or unseen by the naked eye. The graphic nature of my work transports the viewer to unimagined worlds that are often hidden in everyday objects and phenomena.

This photo was taken where the Bruce Trail crosses the Chedoke Municipal Golf Course in Hamilton at the end of October two years ago. My son, Max, and I were experiencing our first autumn in Hamilton.

Dave Pijuan-Nomura lives in Hamilton. His photographic and new media work have been featured in studios and galleries in Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, and Montreal, and publications including The Source, Espace Sculpture, and The Prague Post.

Scenes from the Wrong Side of the Bar, #13

Thursdays were never the favoured night. Thursdays meant a large crowd, drinking very little and being very demanding. Thursday was skittles. An aside: skittles is, essentially, the ancestor and progenitor of modern bowling, played indoors with wooden pins and balls. It is quite English. The Royal Oak had a two-lane skittles alley. There was a league. There was a home team. No one asked us about it.

Starting around 6:30pm, the home team – captained by an old regular who stopped being a regular with our names above the mantel – would set-up the alley. The visiting team would arrive. Small sandwiches for refreshment (again, it was quite English) in return for the boost in trade the evening would bring was the expectation. Except there was no boon. Our till did not cry for mercy from overuse. No, the players (ours, theirs) brought their own beverages and drink them surreptitiously. Come the end of the night you would find empty tins of cheap Sainsbury's lager hidden behind the backstop of the alley. A few early attempts to crack down on this practise was like trying to stop a wave with an umbrella. Thursdays.

I spotted him the moment he walked through the doors. He was not hard to spot: 6'5" and 21 stone, easy. He was with the visiting team. My radar pinging warning bells: he had the look of someone with the sole intention of causing grief (again, it was quite English). Standing with a smaller cohort attached to him like a lamprey to a great white, he looked over the pub and lumbered to the bar. He ordered. He was rude. He was aggressive with the staff. We had a few words.

I think he only had a few words. I was not averse to using physical persuasion to encourage a patron to leave when needed but, in this case, it felt best to wait him out. He went back to the alley.

The evening wore on, the pub became busier, the punters more exuberant on their contraband lager, and it was clear he was here for the duration. Give it more time. A few more words were had. Not new words but a repeat of earlier exchanges. Staff no longer served him. The privilege now assumed by the landlord. It was obvious we did not like each other.

I left the bar to collect glasses and, returning with 5 pint glasses in each hand, passed behind him. He stepped back, not noticing the drop down just behind him. He fell. Hard. On top of me. The sound of smashing glass laced by a deep growl of outrage and anger. I bounced up and looked at my hands: one-two-three-four-five, one-two-three-four-five. All digits present and accounted for sir. I turned around to see him, fury in his eyes and lager on his breath. It was clear I was going down but in for a penny and all that: I squared up.

The pub suddenly quieted by a roar: "What the fuck is going on here?!"

Stood at the bar, arms firmly planted, leaning forward, a look of pure indignation and aggression: Nancy. The lamprey nudges the shark "Let's go mate. Not worth it." They leave and I am standing there, in awe of my saviour in her dirty kitchen whites.

My wife and I went to England to help friends manage their pub, which lead to managing 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.)

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