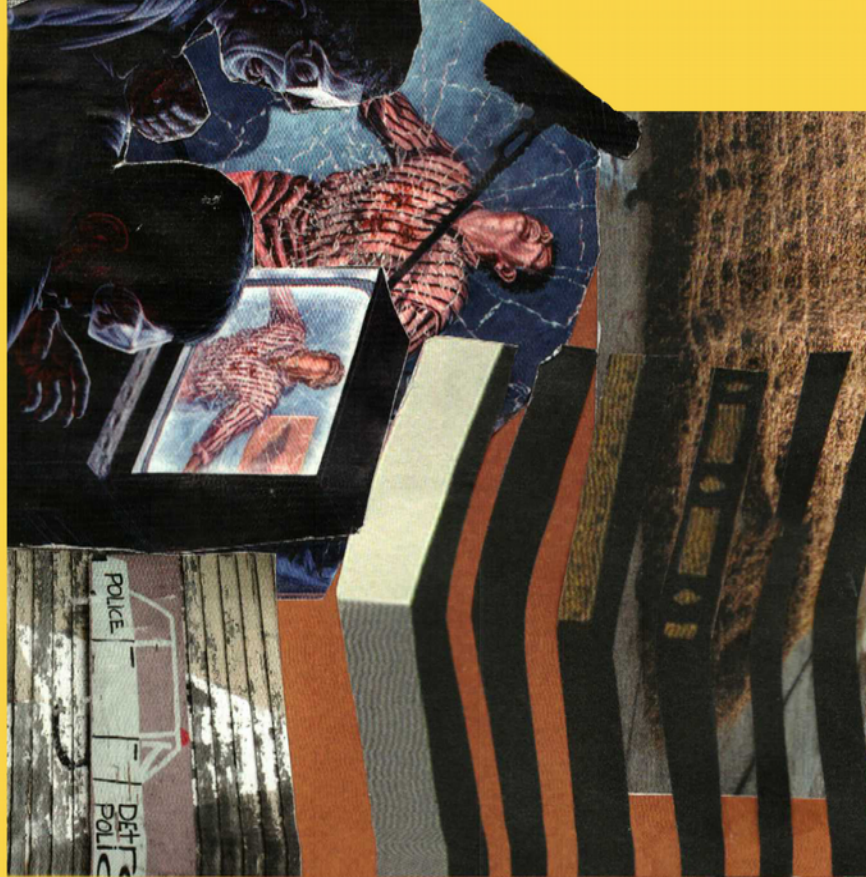
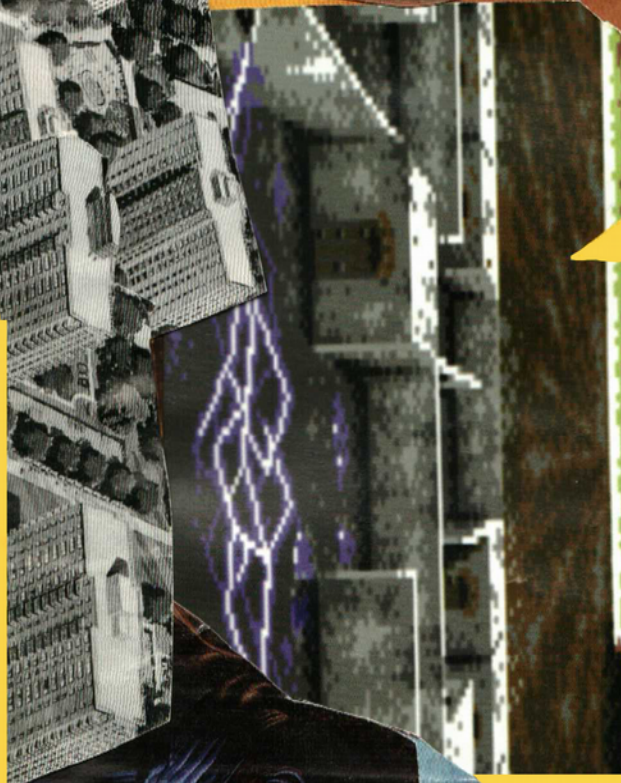
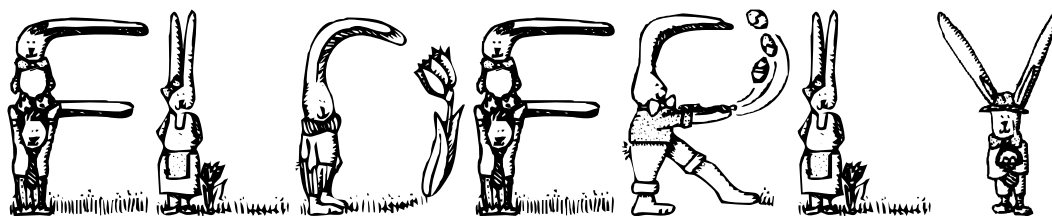




ELDERLY





KATY BOHING

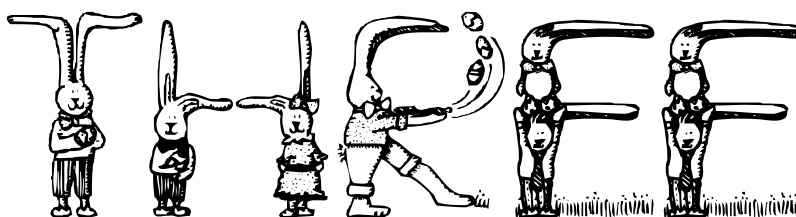
MATT LONGABUCCO

GEOFFREY OLSEN

EMILY SKILLINGS

DAN THOMAS-GLASS

SUE LANDERS



KATY BOHINC

from DEAR ALAIN

“Poem, matheme, politics and love at once condition and insult philosophy.
Condition and insult: that’s the way it is.”

Alain Badiou, Infinite Thought

Dear Alain,

The isolated hysteria of city dwelling. Universal truth? You're crying alone.
You're crying alone. And there's something wrong here. Don't make sense to
go bowling alone, no bone cold enough for a life like that. We got to get some
meatloaf and gravy on this table, live humans creaking in the chairs,
laughter cracking up the atmosphere, bring your tears here, bring em drippin
down your nose long and heavy we'll cook those boys to the corners with
friendship sweet and mighty. Laughter tears are good for wrinkles.

Wink, K

Dear Alain,

I think when you talk about Multiplicity, Alain, really didn't a guy named Hardt write that ten years back? I guess he was riffing on you but it led him to Classicism. Chaos is the original sin we've all been running from all our architectural lives. Why are we spending our energy re-discovering this? Why does this constitute a form we want to represent? Is it that we never knew how bad it could be until Hitler? Maybe we didn't know how much pain dissolves brick. I see this as the real problem.

Dear Alain,

I want to meet you very badly and write you love poems. I want to know where you put love in your schema; if you believe in it. Did you ever read Zamyatin's "We"? It's what Orwell based 1984 on. He got kicked out of Russia before it was Bolshevik. But Zamyatin foretold a world where everything was algebra and the only thing to wake up the creativity, the poetry pole you juxtapose against math, the Dionysius to your linear Apollo, well let's just say Dionysius didn't dance without Venus. Do you think Venus exists? You must believe in the ***, the undefined, the ***, the poetry that beds the data when it's young and vomiting on the floor, before it grows into a tall and strong polynomial chain. You said you did. Back to that Hardt guy, he ended up talking about love too and I think that's where his career ended. Nobody wants to listen to the mushy stuff. But I gotta tell you, my friend Chad B said it best: "I don't care if you're the tiny-ist, whiney-ist, most pampered cheerleader or the hood-est, hard-est most jock football player, everybody got somebody put em fetal in the kitchen make em bat shit crazy." Is this the constant in the incompleteness theorem? Desire? I hate that word. What about capital L Love? Should I just ask somebody to write me a prescription and forget about it?

Dear Alain,

Oh Mr. Badiou! How lovely to argue with you! Thank you dearly and I look forward to fucking you again soon. Really, I am a big prude. I rarely fuck in public. Please take this as a token of my deepest admiration and affection. Next time, in French! And in French fashion, now that I have told you all the things I don't like about you, we can be friends. I shall try to proceed in pure devotion to all your most finest accomplishments.

Yours, Katy

Dear Alain,

I thought all day of what I would write you. Now I can merely see my fingers typing at the keys. Everything escapes me. My mind thinks of so many intimate things to tell you: what I think of your work, how I feel, the images and the selflessness. When I think of writing for the entire of existence, of humanity, I am in church with a vow to serious straight eyes, concentration, a heavy heart and good posture. It terrifies me and makes me cry. How do you do it?

Love, Katy

MATT LONGABUCCO

FOUR POEMS

take your coat off crazy
we're staying
change me what could
be better
some of this work is
god it's hard to even say it
some of this work is done
almost done
I savor tho not coughing
a cough drop
respond tho naked and furious
to my name
hold still tho wide awake
watch the ceiling
poach
make no sound
I can control
in the toilet's infusion
petals
in the chair the pussycat
on the cramped street the car
in the cycle of the year
the superbowl
on the floorboards
in modified child's pose
a weeper
aging
liking kids
envying them
their picaresque
the next song
was mine to play
but too soon I crossed the bridge
a message slipped down
in deadpan reply
and the river
a river of poverty
and the reservoir
a reservoir of miseries
should I have run down
the street
warning everyone

was it A Burial at Ornans
or your birthday drinks
others trailing in
red cocktail straws in their box
on the bar
a bright anemone
the certainty that if our eyes met
or met in the enormous mirror
behind the bottles
we'd laugh
understanding everything
in the new millennium
only to un-understand it
in the new millennium
in front of the parking lot
where they put on plays in the 90s
and for all I know still might
an enormous crane
like a pirate shutting
a collapsible telescope
against his palm
withdrew for the night
its sections whose oil-
streaked chrome disappeared
with a final gleam into
a housing collared with
a garland of fist-sized bolts
did Lacan really say
every love is requited?
the west wind's twin
stirs the inch of air
above your drink
and when they finally turn on
the lights we all scramble
to snatch back those God-
given gifts that in our delirium
nearly squirmed from
their leashes
some cool cat chucks
his empty cup onto the
garbage train at 4:13
and out in air again
I try to order a torta from
the Con Ed truck
drunk hipbone feel if it
comes the answer-buzz

I've trained myself
to detect even
at the climax
of a symphony by
the seashore in
a gale not because
messages matter
but because one day
I hope to perceive
the numbers hovering
above the roulette wheel
like a cloud of gnats
and hear the distinct ping
upon its creation
of that propitious future moment
empty-as-yet crucible
for the repair of broken things
dispatched from its source
not exactly in space
I'm ready to cross
but this limo that started passing
never seems to finish going past

my lip in my teeth
kind in the air
ageless jaywalker
girls taking pics of girls
Lena's mouth parted
on posters
in these goodnight moments
someone always drops something
and the other's not halfway
down the block if that
before out comes the phone
and they walk or ride
only half-aware of Kent or
Wythe, Berry, South 4th,
North 6th, Bedford,
Metropolitan, Roebling,
Frost, Meserole, Hope,
Driggs, Lorimer, Humboldt,
Manhattan, Freeman,
Franklin St., Morgan,
Jefferson, Hart, Gates,
Halsey, Nostrand, Fulton,
Washington, Classon,
Throop, Willoughby,
Franklin Ave, Marcy,
Vanderbilt, 4th Ave,
Smith, Court, Henry,
Bond, Bergen, Baltic,
Rogers, Eastern Parkway,
Flatbush, Atlantic, Union St,
Van Brunt, Cortelyou,
Church, the Oceans,
St. Mark's, St. John's,
Lafayette, Pacific,
Water

it's Passover
drones whistle
academic job interviews
proceed for positions vacated
late by those who got better jobs
a bio mentions Joseph Cornell
lived alone Fernando Pessoa lived
alone Emily Dickinson lived alone at
heart the kind that hurts after
an hour is beyond bearing
in a week and in a year or phase
forms a womb to whose famished tenant
organs pump unearthly minerals
neck scratches in morning-light
I see Sam Rockwell in the movie theater
my mastercard shrieks when dragged
through the slot
screens buzz all around the lobby
reproachful bees
hypno cobras
streetcorner narcissi peer into their palms
one hates anything put on paper
more than a month
the period when words
linked to others
drift beyond recall
like hitting send on a curse
the asp just at the sleeve
the frock where it tumbled
a mirror
hung on my chest
set to the day that diaphanous kimono
fell open
but then you'd left it untied

GEOFFREY OLSEN

from XENOMORPH

we then buzzed over a set of naturalist ultraincorporated body images writhing in a spectrum of healer activity

love day flesh when it rides nor gives love then squats down hardly breaks or breathes that me despised sought sound bind which elongating they are as above a domain country no way hovering over the enemy who floating dissolves into a fog, a cloud. turn off what wrought by this irritating man sitting next to me spreading his legs. remains no shallow recourse to space fuck this rogue frontier burdened later, cutting the work out.

by forming in empire's all for us is not for us falling through what "world without end", martyred sealed in the globe of your ownership---an introduction failing arrival. what registers is then your "clarity slash openness slash real awareness".

this could be my affinity for grain, warping stomach bacteria into hyper activated clouds manipulating behavior, creating affinities with cats/ cat behavior / cat faces / cat murder / animal alternatives / dream states / modern desperation

imperial life cannot be lived rightly mutating hardforms and visual blindness so the robots could be more real, more sexual, attuned to ambiguities in the surreal, soft surface, as in the one structure of the face respectful symmetry rebels and better poems.

imagining a descent to the pre-cambrian ocean rippling with fishes hard carapaces on broad triangular heads fins. I can't imagine the light though imagine particles in the dark catching what little light descends for all those plotting against reality incorporated as your speculative environment your rent, then rift in the spectral all nose bloodied sense of grit dirt perforated wandering through train-hopped derived and new cell block, container ships pass over the lucid all surface airy above that for us fish-selves all matter. and always all toxicity descends. a coke can for the abyss.

cut the life ship.

a scavenger system arises that processes mourning moving it through enlarged tissue glands slowly removing galling wounds anger frustration. Staring through microbiomes in your stomach disturbed by island one treatment for one problem, a sense of urgency, a long corridor flashing lights so that we can't see easily and then momentarily we pass through the floor into a lush rainforest doctrine unfolding in ants that through long communal chains gather leaves though they would bite one with sharp pincers, wandering spiders the size of a hand with potent toxins coalesced in hooked fangs, a pool of water.

throughout the years on this floating orb asteroid, hollowed out, hallowed, our steps are slow through these dark, expansive corridors. there is pleasure in being in the hydroponics chamber with the long green vines hanging from the ceiling and the glowing lamps.

the desperate circumstances of our relation to the power over others that manifest through an electrified and disturbed network primed.

within to be and have politesse as distress dispersal synapses within algal coagulations. a large blooming red green orange over the surface slick and then eating all your oxygen.

over the flat vast tundra, dry and the grass shaking in the wind

removing the fuel rods to save the raucous organism where I've thought through these patterns and tried to space them out as they are happening to me. Your own raw narcissism is where it's gotten me.

even this coffee I take in shifting me through a tenuous selfhood metastasizing no crystalline spectrums/ even beyond this, so that in the perfect stretch what exists is the between of muscle beyond the seeming muscle, and to feel in myself perfect small vacuums of body and time that fill in each breath, swelling corpuscles. This is the notable glorious moment. So I am often caught like a romantic dreaming over ruins and getting my rocks off on that, of the decline, and processing my own entity, hungry, greedy, selfish, dim, narrow, dangling above the ground, hooked on the apparatus of a disturbed, estranged, nightmare society, where my pumping motions on the bicycle of this administrative nowhere are one part of the fuel needed.

for Brenda Iijima after her dream

what was endogeny, what was forms taken inward or movements already there, not taking in, not a sense of hell, or thought through as a being in, and what was of it the heart and what was of it this beat, or stretching over it, a web of cloud to cloud lightning over the surface w/sharp sparking pain, though within what exists and was alongside, replacing, undoing, a gleaming red tenuous feeling within graffitied extra-sense turbine capillary as this was way of urban avowal to being with.

so gurneyed in weakened state led through austere gray hallways, lights like gridded ice cubes, handed manuals as forms of coping with endogenous curtailment making overloads. inner stressors manifest as biofilm not alien but basic to life itself overwhelming, complicit in biofilm.

stored away in the creche of last decade childhood spindly anamorphic wireframes that contort to manage muscles and clouds of muscles/ *play or playfulness is never childish, being the complement of work*

this is an attempt to immure you with safety pastoral hopefulness as cultivated among all sacred beings

weird semblance that work documents possible future taken from the shreds of your hope / your ownership. in this decline, to be overwhelmed by a series of notes, lights, givens, homes, rents, bodies, planted to accept this contingent monument as our possible. right now there is a meeting happening and right now they are watching a video and there is a blue screen and on the screen a human from space has come down to be with us, sitting across the street, watching the video.

artificers of violence whatever contingencies / that piecing together this social moment is what's needed, you felt that and I concur / imminent threats sensing imminent threats ever dissolving nation memory dispensed as history, so it is not even vanished, surreptitiously drugged by your aquatic environment, dizziness, muscle weakness, drowsiness, nausea, hallucinations, mental confusion, slowed heart rate, fainting spells; with extended use, it may be associated with extreme sleepiness, amnesia, confusion, and addiction,

advanced in human skulls so that the lancer has removed the skull from the frame lying on a gurney with roots growing and crawling over the body so that one is affixed

but also the roots are connective like swamp thing
what if we could feel through all the roots, that would be a way

EMILY SKILLINGS

A COAT, INDETERMINATELY BLUE

Colors wept over the image of a forgotten bull to bleed it into time.

Claiming anything blue, increasingly difficult.

A border on the screen flashed, revealing pink mirrors dusted with microfiber insulation.

If you are swimming you are fighting death with your hands and feet,
which is the same thing as walking while stabbing or walking while tits.

If you are eating begged food you are shot to death in triangular public space.

If every time I thought of my eyeballs I wrote a poem, I'd be a rich woman underneath you.

Your *more than makes up for* more than makes up for your lack of lack.

I take a breast without a navel.

Her ass on my hand, a sheer, cosmic tulle.

Make sure to continue pressing deeply into only what you already know.

If you can't be with the one you love, Honey, love the one who talks in his sleep.

You field the ones you love, more or less.

You take notes.

Could we please please please please please please please please
adjust the scaffolding?

I experience pain like seltzer.

There is something very "open air" about it all.
There is cap on every single flight.
There is a limit of five per adult body.
There is a place where nobody goes.
The sacred instinct of having no theories.

THE SECOND DREAM OF THE HIGH-TENSION LINE STEPDOWN TRANSFORMER

“Every atom of my body is a vibroscope.” -Helen Keller

The answering machine announces the undoing of its animal life with three extended tones played simultaneously through magenta mouthpieces. The first tone says, “I’ve got you.” The second and the third release you into the scrubbed holding place.

I calm my face, negotiate the blurriness of night on a steep incline. I operate against the idea that night is a mask for detail. My face is brightest between 2:30 and 3:35am. When all corners shift away from the visible, you push off into a blanket of birdless sound.

Some neighbors caught the fox and returned him to the zoo, where he managed to dig himself out again. I met him on the corner of Sycamore and Forever. We enjoyed the winding, almost botanical curves of the suburban plots. The gentle leafblower fumes and olfactory badges of herb gardens guided us from house to house. Trotting round cul-de-sacs with baby eyes and old batteries in our teeth. When fur moves like fire authorities take notice. The rising signs make upticks on their charts.

The psychoacoustic sound gulps down lines of humans waiting for stuff: fillings, creams, bites, serums, cards logged with money, rechargeable surnames, sensations of collectivity, health plans. Lines are usually able to speak what they need using very few words. Their sighing and fidgeting thickens the celestial gravy.

When you pull the notes apart you come to the dream and bend to the scratching post of art. You zone out against the backdrop and work hard to recognize the sounds.

C sharp is grass. G is an insect or wind through stacked logs. And C is the part turned up at the ends. It keeps coming for you—after all colors have turned the shape of a wave projector.

DAILY STRETCH FOR MUSCLES OF THE ARMS AND LEGS
for Nadia Tolokonnikova of PUSSY RIOT

I sat down and said bring me a plate.
They brought me a plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down and said bring me a plate.
They brought me a plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down and said bring me a plate.
They brought me a plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down at the table and said bring me a plate.
They brought me a plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down at the table with the other guests and said bring me a plate.
They brought me a plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down at the table with the other guests and said bring me a plate.
They brought me a plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down at the table next to a woman and said bring me a plate.
They brought me a plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down at the table next to a woman with beads and said bring me a plate.
They brought me a plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down at the table and said bring me some plate.
They brought me some plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down at the table and folded my hands and said bring me a plate.
They brought me a plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down at the table and put my napkin in my lap and said bring me a plate.
They brought me a plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down.
They brought me a plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down.
They brought me a plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down.
They brought me a plate with nothing on it.
I waved it away.

I sat down.
They brought me a plate with nothing.
I waved it away.

I sat down.
They brought me a plate.
I waved it away.
I sat down.

DAN THOMAS-GLASS

from OFFDAYS

Today is not tomorrow.
If time were
language were
w us while
Sonia wished to all
the poor children
for a real snowman,
what? Note: pinet budr
for lunch. No time
to be a fool.
Alma sez
she's not dere
she's not dere.

Today is sleek silver.
The dressing bands unnerve.
I write this in an elevator car
a head
in sleek silver to copy
to a book a head
to a book, & back. Fax.
Whither. Where. Not
today Alma sez I'm not
a walla bear, clung
as I breathe for all
the world. Sonia is
prone face down
in carpet asking
if I'm awake.

Slivers of when
Sonia sez I have to write
to read all the way to here,
hair horizontally charged,
blonde lightning
or its bright aftermath.
Alma is poking
a star wand into a waffle,
sez no
I'm making pancakes.
Ready for school.
Record of what.
What awaits.

SUE LANDERS

ANYTHING IS AUTOBIOGRAPHY BUT THAT WAS A CONVERSATION

What she said to me about herself in other words
was that she wanted to use all the words she had
all at the same time so that she could remember
all the words she had and what they said
about herself and others.

What she said to me was –

Some can see me right away, others can't. They get confused or they think they
are confused or they're not confused. It's very, very mixed up.

I was in a car.

I don't think I was going anywhere I wanted to go so that was nice
because I did get to some places I didn't see and I saw them.

What she said to me in other words
was that she wanted to use all the words
she could remember that described coming and going
all the words she had that described
how she remembered me

What she said to me was –

She gets to a lot of places and you don't think she's coming. Back and forth
back and forth in the kitchen back and forth in the kitchen to do something.
Back to school. I don't know where the school is but she goes
to the school of the week or school of the year
school of this score of that I don't always get it.
When we're going out, she's coming in from being with friends.

It's good she's doing that because I know them from there
more than I know them from nobody. I like to know them from where
I know them or what they said
or where we went.

What she said to me not in so many words
was that there were dangers she didn't have the words for.
She said –

Always sort of checking on them. Or they're checking on us, I should say.
We always say come on, let's go this is killing us.
They get them right there and shoot them.
I don't know who they are some group that travels around.
They're probably friendless.
They think they are doing the only thing people do. And so much
is not that.
And that's the part I thought you could take care of.
You know, for the warmth of it.
Some of them try to get out and they get out
because they're so determined.
They go up high or they go very low.
Kind of scary on the low.
Some aren't here that were here they either moved or they can't move
or you know just ready to wait a big train goes by.
I told them to look out for you.

What she said to me about the one
who was to her who she was to me was –

It's ten after three I gotta get home. I don't like to be out without knowing
who's with her. She does what she wants, mother, but she's not careless.

She drove the Pontiac Bold '32.

They didn't go far.

I guess talking about it more than anything.

We didn't actually get
out there and do a lot.

We just talked about it and talked about it

till they said we're going. So we went.

Ocean City. And we had that and that never
changed.

Even now, if we decide to go, we go.

Because it's memory.

You know, from the memory.

ALL THE POETRY OF LIVING

A poem about David. The guardian of a house with a history and a couch. David who says we can talk about the couch as an object. An object in a house battered by cannons. A couch worth a lot of money. Or we can talk about the man who made it. A man named Affleck an objector. To approach an object by its subject the objector is interpretation. Affleck the Quaker the unrestrained maker. A man branded a traitor and sent to a Guantanamo of his time. A history that doesn't repeat but rhymes. To turn over in the mind. To chew. The Chew house a mansion made from slave labor. A poem about David who says people come here just to see the couch. David who says the things we agree on are the least meaningful.

A poem about Mary who says we are all trying to find our place on the map. Mary and her siblings who were the only white children at their school. A school that bussed its black students far away. Mary whose father wondered why the buses didn't bring white children from far away to the school nearby but no one would answer his question. A poem about Mary who says we all grow up in times that are changing and in Germantown things are always changing and remaining the same.

A poem about Joe who works across the street from a hollow once a quarry. Who tells me to visit the Cricket Club. Who tells me after the French won the Davis at the Cricket Club they needed a place to defend their title. Joe who says they built Roland Garros because of what happened in Germantown. Joe who says you can't leave that out.

A poem about Allison who wants a garden not guns in the hollow once a quarry. Allison who says people learn things by seeing them but some people don't see things till they're gone.

A poem about Kia who says living inside a place means living outside of others like the Cricket Club on one side and the projects on the other. Who tells me Germantown isn't North Philly and it's not Mt. Airy either.

A poem about Simone who says there's the experience of living in a place and the mythology of living in a place. Simone who gives me the word boxwood.

A poem about Gertrude whose father-in-law ran the hearth at Midvale Steel. Where the unskilled could always find work. Midvale Steel and its little death wagon.

A poem about riding a tandem with Tom past the bus stop where Mrs. Sereni's heart stopped. A poem about Mrs. Sereni whose marble table had a fossil in it.

A poem about Stan writing a poem inspired by Dlugos while biking by Dlugos' house every day without knowing it.

A poem about taking pictures on a roof near a train station. Pictures of a church dome a rowboat a water tower in the shape of a Vicks Vapo Rub tub. A poem about the men on the corner asking what we're taking pictures of. A poem about surveys and surveillance.

A poem about Edi who shares her name with a woman whose husband was killed at a train station. A woman who sued the city because the city knew the station was dangerous. A poem about meeting Edi to see if she had a husband. About meeting Edi and this not coming up. Edi who shows me round the theatre. The theatre where Bruce saves lives.

A poem about Bruce and his star pupil Indiya. Indiya who used to stutter. Indiya chanting her mantra we don't hate we help we don't put down we lift up.

A poem about Erica whose daughter's kindergarten teacher screamed all day long. A poem about Erica telling the teacher that 38 kids to a class isn't right but screaming isn't either so quit it and she did.

A poem about Sam who handled me boxes full of newspapers from the 70s. Boxes full of fighting. Fighting about cops and gas prices and nuclear power. Fighting about supermarkets closing and fast food moving in.

A poem about Mark who reads every scrap of paper about a family in the archives who says history only gets bigger as he makes his way through all of the boxes.

A poem about Christopher Durang the playwright whose grandfather built the church that was the beginning of this writing. Durang who tells me he has nostalgic feelings about the looks of churches and some the priests and nuns and some of the teachings and the orderliness of it all.

A poem about Renny and plastic barrettes. The barrettes he calls little girls 7 and 8 who lose their flowers everyday. Plastic barrettes on a sidewalk. Trash he arranges and frames. So much trash he decided to pick it up himself. To pick it up and paint it and put it back down again. A poem about Renny spraypainting all the trash gold. All the bottles the vials and the poop. A poem about sprayingpainting all the poop gold until they showed up. Until they showed up in their trucks their army of trucks to take all the gold away. A poem about Renny shouting all art is a lie.

A poem about Vashti who turned her house into art gallery. A gallery to visit for no more than 15 minutes because eviction is urgent.

A poem about Ingrid who has never met a homeowner who didn't love their home.

A poem about YahNe who invites me to her house to read her memoir. Her memories of the man she loved who was a liar who didn't throw her down the stairs even though his word was his bond.

A poem about Lenny who's been inside Sun Ra's house. Who tells me they think Ra is alive. A poem about Lenny who wrote this place isn't haunted what happened happened it won't happen again.

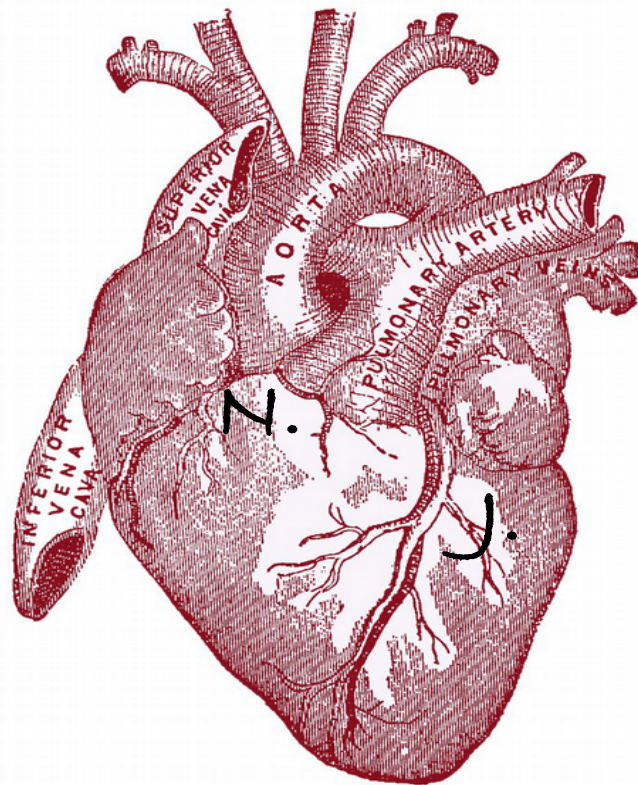
A poem about Marshall all red sequins and a sax. Marshall with his hands high with a shake. Arms like a wrench singing maybe tomorrow the sun will come.

A poem about Terri reading poems in the park. Poems about white men fighting black men driving trolleys. About trolleys full of bayonets during wartime. Bayonets to break a hate strike. And a woman in the park shouting I remember. A woman shouting I'm an elephant.

A poem about Howard. Who used to rollerskate who was a boy scout who learned a trade. Who went from potman to dishwasher. Who has no teeth. Who rolled the rounds and skirted the tables. Who likes to drink. Who says he cleans up Germantown to make it look like Chestnut Hill. Who says I need a resume I don't know how to make a resume who says I need help with that.

A poem about Tieshka telling me there are two sides to every story like a park where you can get everything you never wanted. Or a mural a park inside a park. With vines both real and imagined. Vines that repeat like a drum like concrete. A poem about being all caught up in it the vines of this place this repeating.

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FREE

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LY

KATY
BOHINK

MATT
LONGARUCCO

GEOFFREY
OLSEN

EMILY
SKILLINGS

DAN
THOMAS GLASS

SUE
LANDERS