

Barren | Bloom

When you have multiple babies, your uterus starts to fall—it's the womb trying to escape itself. With each pregnancy, parts of Franreida Glück that once held strong against gravity now genuflected in its presence.

Franreida's children had all grown and left her. Mr. Glück was dead. She was alone, watching her body become a dry field of muted mud colors.

To silence the pinch in her lower abdomen, she decided to put something somewhere abandoned long ago. The first thing she saw was a potato. Once inside, she was pleased with how well it held her together.

Weeks passed and Franreida forgot that specific pain until, sitting on the toilet, she noticed several little tendrils descended into the bowl. Their smell was horrible. Each verdant stalk was covered in an opaque mucus.

She delicately felt to the end of one stem and, despite the fog in her eyes, she was sure that she had lifted a flower from the water—a bloom of diaphanous, deep-purple petals. Through her trembling fingers, she thought she felt a pulse. Smiling, she began to cry.




Franreida Glück was a woman who stuck a potato between her legs and managed to grow a garden.

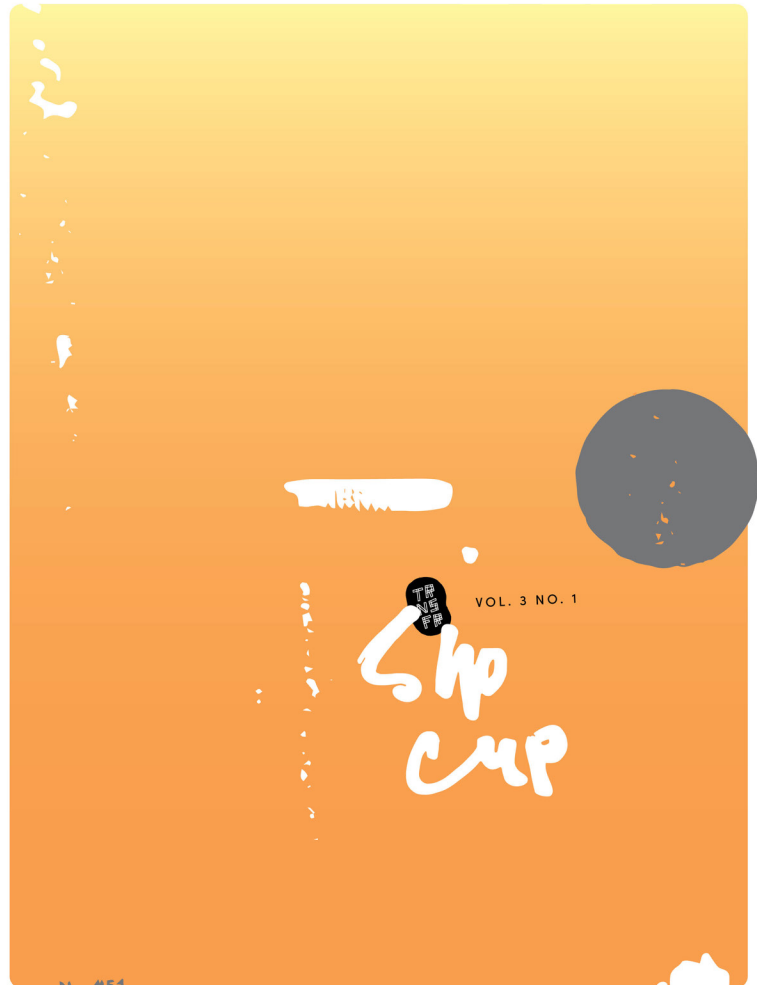
Six Million Years

Three hours in still buzzing over chimpanzees, blunt-fueled, squint-eyed, gnomish—how is this even permitted? How do I permit myself to listen to these stories for three entire hours? What happened to my intellect? What happened to my dwarf attention span? Chimpanzees are seven times as strong as us, apparently. Chimpanzees use tools. Several chimpanzees know sign language. Chimpanzees hunt down and devour other monkeys. Stare too long a chimpanzee will eat your face. A chimpanzee will tear off your arm and beat you to death with it. A chimpanzee will of course throw feces at you. Some chimpanzees smoke cigarettes. Chimpanzees lack vocal chords. Their flashes of bipedalism, while aspirational, bend us over laughing. Don't forget the opposable thumbs they do not have. Nor do they own property. They can paint but they cannot write poetry. They have been to outer space but cannot manufacture or fly airplanes. They dream but cannot stream podcasts. They cannot make a perfect omelet, let alone a soufflé. They might have a sense of comedy, but they simply don't get irony.

- Ariel Beller**
- Jesi Buell**
- Salvatore Difalco**
- Charles March III**
- Linda Marshall**
- Benjamin Nardolilli**

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E8 Lattice Guidebook

ARIEL BELLER

1st dimension:

Free play of molecules, electricity, circuit boards, lamps, sound systems . . .

2nd dimension:

All comic strips and printed material. Gods of molecules.

3rd dimension:

Us. Awareness of other dimensions. Gods of comic strips.

4th dimension:

Time/Dimension travelers. Gods of pathetic earthlings.

5th dimension:

Game of Thrones, Happy Days.

6th dimension:

Sentient popcorn.

7th dimension:

All dimensions beyond this point are ex-girlfriends.

What's In a Name?

LINDA MARSHALL

Linda means “beautiful,” pretty in Spanish. Everyone knows that. An adjective. *Vista linda. Beautiful view or sight.* Lofty expectations built into a two-syllable word. But walking around at thirteen with your mouth crammed full of metallic braces, flat-chested, awkward, you feel far from “pretty.” Nor when you’re in your mid-20s with your unibrow, extra pounds, and ill-fitting, out-of-date clothes. Not “pretty” at all. Regardless, people are always asking if you know what your name means. “Yes, I do . . . Thanks,” you respond.

It also means “beautiful” in Portuguese. *Linda mulher. Beautiful woman.* But most people probably don’t know that in three South African “click” languages, it’s a verb meaning “to wait” or “to be patient” in “isiXhosa,” “Zulu,” and “seSotho,” as well as another African language, Swahili. It also means “to defend” in yet another African language, perhaps because of its root “Lind,” from the Linden, signifying shields once made from this tree.

In all these languages, except English, it’s pronounced “Leenda,” not like the English version of “Lihn-da,” spoken as though maybe you were about to say “Lindependent,” or “Lintrovert” or “Linteresting” after the initial “L” sound. It’s prettier sounding in non-English languages.

It’s hard to understand why “Linda” would require a nickname. After all, it’s only two syllables to begin with. Yet your sister called you “Windy Anne” (Anne being your middle name) when she was too young to pronounce Ls. When you were older, your father, brothers and that same sister signed some unspoken agreement and began calling you “Lin.” Why, you never knew. But your sister, always the trail blazer, made this one-syllable nickname into five or six syllables when she wanted to get your—or your parents’—attention. “Li-i-i-i-in!!!!” she’d call out. Unnecessary, in your opinion.

You can tell a lot about a person’s age—without photographs—just by their name, as well as the popularity that name is or isn’t enjoying at any given time. On the Social Security website, they list the top 200 names for each decade. In the case of “Linda,”

it peaked in the 1950s, was the second most popular name for the decade, after “Mary.” In the 1960s it was only seventh (Mary was second). In the 1970s it dropped to 68 (Mary held its own at 15). In the 1980s it went even lower, to 128 (Mary was 35), and in 2018 it was at 726 (Mary was 128).

When you were a child in grade school in the late 1950s and early 1960s, you didn’t know a single Madison, Chloe, Harper, Layla, Addison or Riley. Your friends were Mary (of course), Michelle, Donna, Ann, Karen, Kathy, Patty, and Susie. So when you walk into one of those dime stores or card shops nowadays, with all the personalized knickknacks (Christmas ornaments, tiny flashlights, keychains, bumper stickers, thimbles) you’re not surprised when there’s not a single “Linda” to be found. But maybe that’s all right. Maybe being an outlier isn’t always bad. Maybe your name doesn’t need to be plastered all over knickknacks and tchotchkes to be special. Maybe standing out in a crowd means standing alone. Linda and proud. of the beauty my name adds through its mere existence.

State Supplements

BENJAMIN NARDOLILLI

Weak opening. The other project had bangers, still these songs rebuild a whole childhood, composed entirely from pure nostalgia. This is a lot better than slowed down popular songs from 2013

Gorgeous jams you got here, the compression on YouTube really detracts, really digging the pipes, I feel a lot of Donkey Kong feelings, this is the story of an AI being born, maturing, and eventually becoming all powerful

Sounds like a particular Hall & Oates song, but too damn smooth to be samples, is that my grandma singing? Does that mean you really love it? The current year has performed an illegal operation and must be terminated.

Janet's Chicken Soup

CHARLES MARCH III

1 tbs olive oil + a sliver of butter
1 large onion
3–4 carrots
2 stalks celery
3–4 garlic cloves
2–3 bay leaves
2–3 sprigs of thyme
6 cups chicken stock
1 cup diced chicken (your choice of white meat)
Add either a couple of potatoes or about a cup of rice or a cup of noodles your choice

Season with salt/pepper (I use white pepper). If you want cracked pepper it can be added at the table.

When I want to change up the soup

Add: Chinese five-spice, ginger + use sesame oil at the beginning or

Add: garbanzo beans, 1 tbs cumin, 1 cup of fresh tomato, and 1 cup spinach