

Scenes of Scent

by Hendrika ter Elst



Recipes:

Mise en Place

by Ashley Suzan and Eric Wines

Alexandria...

by Betty Beaumont



Our Trespasses

Part Three of Three

by Cara Marsh Sheffler

Darkness was general over Gabe's State. It was his time of day again. Twilight was almost gone and the only thing bluer than the grass was the stripe along the bottom of the sky. The power lines loomed here, too, pearlescent in the half-light, peeping over hills that crested as waves high enough to damn the strongest swimmer. Yet, Eisenhower's highway system cut through even these... {Cont'd}

Fiddler Mantis

by Sarah Marriage



"At dawn get to your fields, and one day they'll be full." - Hesiod



Sketch

by The Inner Banks

{ ʘ }



California Nocturne

by Gillian Louise Bostock



Poems

by Jessica Tyner

I drove to Irazú Volcano
two weeks
after being split open
and threaded
back together.

{Cont'd}

Barcelona's Multiverse

by Lluís Busse

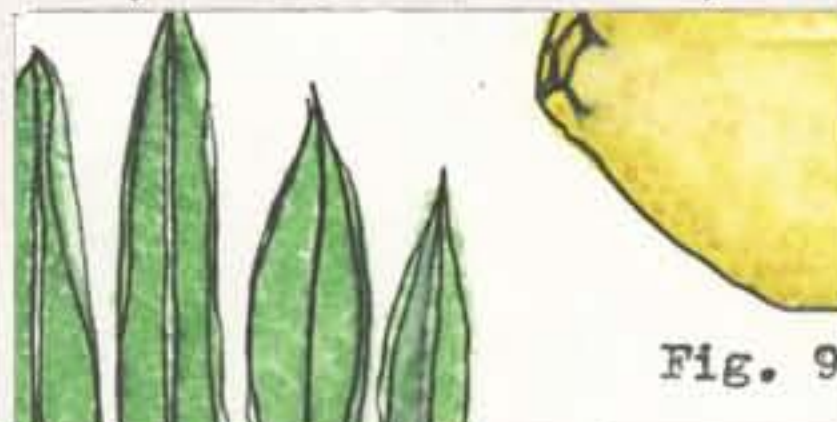


Caught Up with the World of Fiction

by Mossy Pine

Ratatouille Linguine

by Gillian Louise Bostock with Cara Marsh Sheffler



Overpass

by Matthew Coulter



Spooning AND Sugar Daddy

by Rachel Lyon

We slept together curled like
curls in a locket in my small bed
when my mother was afraid of
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kets. One night when I was
little—I don't know how little—
not yet eight—I woke from a deep
sleep... {Cont'd}

Baltimore Beauty

by Hyeseung Marriage-Song



The Ambassadors

An Overture

by Luke Cissell

{ ʘ }

Interiors / Exteriors

by Melissa Haas Hinton



Spooning

Works & Days Quarterly

by Rachel Lyon

Nº 3, Summer 2012

We slept together curled like curls in a locket in my small bed when my mother was afraid of the dark or of her husband, my father, the third person in our house. Her skin was always hot, I remember, and our tee shirts were damp under the down blankets. One night when I was little—I don't know how little—not yet eight—I woke from a deep sleep with a sudden all-consuming need to pee and peeled myself from her to walk shivering up the cold hall in the night light's pallor toward the bathroom where I found my father curled around a toilet full of puke. The intimate gesture echoed there—he was the big spoon, his loose fist laid gently against the porcelain—stunned me stiff in the doorway. I couldn't move. Standing there in my bare feet, slowly, uncontrollably, I began to wet myself. The warm stream quickly chilled and I began to shiver. I stripped off my wet pajamas and put them in the sink, and without washing or waking him I ran naked back to bed. I could feel my mother's wakefulness in the dark and I prayed she wouldn't make me get up and wash, if only so she wouldn't see him. I hoped she'd let me lie and stink and fall back to sleep beside her, and she must have, because in the morning I woke again alone beside her indentation. I knew she must have found him and my pee-soaked clothes, so I stayed silently in bed long enough to hear them both leave the house, bickering and slamming, before getting up to wash myself and attempt to do the laundry. When she came home, it was to a three-inch pool of suds and all the soaking bedclothes in a pile on the floor and me, dismally sweeping the lake of laundry water into a dustpan with a broom. I was expecting her to give me hell so when she fell against the wall with laughter I ran to her, sliding with wet feet, and grabbed her all the way around and stayed that way, feeling the spasms of her laughter resonate in my ear and chest.

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Read *Sugar Daddy* →

Sugar Daddy

Works & Days Quarterly

by Rachel Lyon

Nº 3, Summer 2012

I got myself a sugar daddy at the Blue Light one night. He seemed Greek, or maybe Cuban, with dramatic hair and an egg-like belly. Spent the evening gazing at me over his caipirinha with lusty arrogance and I found I didn't mind. I was slogging through the throes of a break-up with a younger man, a sometime gardener who said he wanted to move somewhere he could grow things in the wet clean ground. My future sugar daddy watched me and I remembered saying to this boy, you don't even eat mushrooms on pizza. He said, I want a fresh tomato. I want to make a rhubarb pie. I said I didn't come all the way to the city just to leave with my tail between my legs. He said, what tail? But I told him I was staying. Said I'd find a sugar daddy, that I'd be just fine.

It was months before I snagged one. Already I'd almost run out of cash. I was glad when he approached me, in his scarf and silky manners, and asked if I'd allow him to bring me somewhere quieter. I would. I did. He was Armenian, it turned out. As close to gentleman as I'd ever met. Somewhere quieter turned into Montauk. Montauk became Turks and Caicos. What can I say? I liked the good life. I'd never had real Scotch before, or ridden in the back of a chauffeured black car. He laughed at my jokes. He called me his little tasty.

Pretty soon, though, he started telling me what to do. I don't mean just in bed. I mean he wanted me to grow my hair long. He bought me shoes that didn't fit. He ordered me to stop talking to his friends. Picked up the phone once when my mother called and demanded to know who she was. The frustration on his face when he realized it was her! I could have died. My mother could have, too, but for a different reason. How old is he? she demanded. I said, he's eighty-eight. I laughed at that. Come home, she said. I told her I can fuck if I want to. I listened to her breathe. My sugar daddy smoked and paced the terrace, coughed and spat. She said, this is what they call a quarter life crisis. That's not a thing, I said. She was tender, though. She said, come home.

Sometimes on a muggy morning I take my mother's dog to walk the path by the wide brown river. The animal sighs and pants beside me, blind. She has to walk slow. She has two bad hips. Sometimes I think I've been a hundred different girls. The girl who took a sugar daddy is just a friend who's soured. The girl whose boyfriend loved tomatoes is a pen pal that never writes.

← Read *Spooning*

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Editorial Staff

Luke Cissell (*Overture from The Ambassadors*) is a musician and composer who lives in Lower Manhattan. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, he was a fiddling champion at the age of eight and went on to train as a classical violinist. Cissell's recent work includes a collection of chamber music, a full-length album, and a suite for solo violin written as a companion piece to Cara Marsh Sheffler's *Guide*. He is currently at work on his second studio album and an opera based on Henry James's *The Ambassadors*. Play with his jukebox at <http://www.lukecissell.com>.

Sarah Marriage (*Fiddler Mantis*) is a woodworking student at the College of the Redwoods Fine Woodworking program in Fort Bragg, California. Sarah studied architecture at Princeton University and has at turns worked in the fields of architecture, structural engineering, occupational health and safety, dog-walking, data management, physics, youth empowerment, and construction supply. Recent projects include the rehabilitation of a nineteenth-century townhouse in Baltimore, Maryland. She also serves as Art Director, Designer, Programmer, and Calligrapher for *Works & Days*.

Cara Marsh Sheffler (*Our Trespasses; Ratatouille Linguine Recipe*) is a writer who lives on Manhattan's Lower East Side. In her past life as an actress, she was featured in Woody Allen's *Celebrity* and in The Looking Glass Theatre's Off-Broadway production of *Much Ado About Nothing*. A recipient of the Eagles Prize, she has most recently been working on *Our Trespasses* and another novel about the guidebook used by the Donner Party, *Guide*. She will perform an excerpt of *Guide* in tandem with Luke Cissell's (*The Myth of*) *Infinite Progress* at the Suffolk in September. Sheffler is also providing the libretto for Cissell's adaptation of *The Ambassadors*. She likes road trips.

contact@works-and-days.com

Contributors

Betty Beaumont (*Alexandria...*), an internationally recognized artist, has been living and working in downtown New York since 1973. She has produced thoughtful and provocative work in a variety of media including photography, installations, public interventions, and new media. Her work challenges global social awareness, as well as socioeconomic and ecologic practices. Beaumont has had over 150 solo and group exhibitions and her work has been shown extensively in New York and Europe. She has taught at the University of California at Berkeley, New York University, and at Columbia University. Beaumont exhibited the *A Night in Alexandria...* (video projection) in *Interactive Alexandria*, a participatory online media work and a series of 168 images that also presents the physical installation, *A Night in Alexandria...The Rainforest...Whose Histories Are They Anyway?* This venue presented the entire series together for the first time. The physical installation was previously shown at MoMA PS1 and at The Hudson River Museum.

Originally from the San Francisco Bay Area, **Gillian Louise Bostock** (*California Nocturne; Ratatouille Linguine Watercolors*) left New York last year to return to the West Coast and focus solely on her own work after years of putting aside her own artistic goals to become a real-live sponge of photographic extrapolapagus. Predominantly photographing interiors and landscapes, she employs the medium as a means to dabble with philosophical questions concerning the meaning of life and lock its fleeting beauty into place much like a butterfly pinned beneath museum glass. More of her work can be found here (www.gillianbostock.com) and on Cowbird (<http://cowbird.com/author/gillian/>).

Born and bred in Barcelona, **Lluís Bussé** (*Barcelona's Multiverse*) is a Phd in Philosophy who also holds a fine arts degree. He works in Barcelona as a visual artist, photographer and poet. *Barcelona's Multiverse* was recently published in its entirety, containing both Bussé's photographs and prose. In 2013, Bussé will publish his upcoming book of poems simultaneously in Spain and Romania. Additionally, *Musée Magazine* (Nº. 3, "Breaking Traditions") will feature his latest photo project. This summer, Bussé's work may be visited at Sala2 of Palau Robert (Information Centre of Catalonia) in Barcelona. More information is available online at <http://lluibussewordpress.com>

Matthew Coulter (*Overpass*) grew up in Melbourne, Australia. After studying photography, he relocated to London and then to New York City, where he worked as an assistant to a wide range of fashion photographers. He is now back in the Motherland, focused on capturing the natural beauty of the east coast of Australia. Stay tuned to future issues for new work.

Melissa Haas Hinton (*Interiors/Exteriors*) is an artist and art educator residing in Southern Indiana. As an educator, she has been given the opportunity to explore a multitude of art media and to devise unique projects that incorporate historical and contemporary connections and imagery. Observing her students develop ideas and nurturing their capacity for individual expression are extremely rewarding for Hinton, while allowing her daily opportunity to explore her own creative ideas and projects. She received a BA in Fine Arts from Indiana University with concentrations in painting and drawing and an MAT from the University of Louisville.

Brooklyn band **The Inner Banks** (*Sketch*) is the musical alter ego of married couple Caroline Schutz and David Gould and their revolving cast of talented friends, including Jim Mansfield and Zach Lane. Since forming in 2006, the band has eluded easy categorization, and in its upcoming third release, *Wild*, the band shows no sign of bucking that trend. Schutz first made her mark as the principal singer-songwriter for Folksongs For The Afterlife, whose 2003 album, *Put Danger Back In Your Life* earned a devoted following and critical praise. Gould holds a Master's degree in ethnomusicology and has a background in composing and producing. A multi-instrumentalist, he played banjo and upright bass in his previous band, The Bootleg Remedy, but has added lap steel guitar, acoustic finger-picking, sound collage, and various analog synthesizers to his Inner Banks palette. David also founded DAG! Records in the early 2000s, which now serves as the vessel for his and Caroline's music, as well as a few acclaimed outside projects. Visit the band online at <http://theinnerbanks.net/>

A native of Brooklyn, NY, **Rachel Lyon** (*Spooning; Sugar Daddy*) received her MFA in creative writing at Indiana University. From 2011-2012 she was the fiction editor for Indiana Review. She was the recipient of a scholarship to the New York State Summer Writers Institute in 2010, and in 2012 she received a fellowship to the Ledig House International Writers Colony at Arts Omi. Her work has appeared in *Hobart*, *The Saint Ann's Review*, *Arts & Letters*, and *Toad*.

Hyeseung Marriage-Song (*Baltimore Beauty*) is an oil painter who lives in Baltimore, Maryland. Born in Seoul, Korea, and raised in Houston, Texas, Hyeseung studied painting at the Water Street Atelier in New York City and philosophy and law at Princeton and Harvard Universities. She teaches in the Foundations Department at the Maryland Institute College of Art and is represented by the Eleanor Ettinger Gallery in New York City. See her figures, landscapes and still lifes at www.hmarriage-song.com

Mossy Pine (*Caught Up With the World Of Fiction*) is the songwriting project of New York-based interdisciplinary composer and performer Chris Seeds. *Caught Up With the World Of Fiction* is the title of the project's forthcoming studio album. Chris's other recent work includes collaborations with choreographers Juliana F. May/MAYDANCE (*Gutter Gate*) and Lindsay Gilmour (*Aaaaaah*). Chris studied at Oberlin and played in indie rock bands in NYC throughout the 1990s and 2000s.

Willow Jane Sainsbury (*Summer Cicada*) is an artist and illustrator, who is currently relocating to Dunedin, New Zealand. She has lived in Vicenza, Italy; Melbourne, Australia; Auckland, New Zealand; and Oxford, United Kingdom in the past three years where she continues to teach, learn and work as an artist. She most recently returned to education, learning printmaking at the Australian Print Workshop. She is currently working on her own illustration project and a study of landscapes. She is not on Facebook.

California-grown and a New Yorker at heart, **Ashley Suzan** (*Recipes: Mise en Place*) is a graduate of the Gallatin School at New York University. The youngest of four, Ashley was raised in the kitchen. An avid yogi and spinning enthusiast, her creative passions include drawing, food, and beverage. Follow her on Twitter @AshleySuzan.

Born and raised in the Netherlands, **Hendrika ter Elst** (*Scenes Of Scent*), lives and works in New York City and Upstate New York. She is a self-taught painter/printmaker and perfumer who has her own organic, handmade skincare line. In her work, she keeps challenging herself with new ways of questioning and re-seeing, defying traditional forms and classifications to breathe new life into the age-old traditions of painting and printmaking. For more information: send an email to hterelst@gmail.com. For organic skin care visit: www.bsoapure.com

A member of the Cherokee Nation, **Jessica Tyner** (*Poems*) hails from Oregon and has been a writer for ten years. Recent projects include travel writing with *Mucha Costa Rica*, copy editing for the London-based *Flaneur Arts Journal*, and contributing to New York's *Thalo Magazine*. She has recently published short fiction in India's *Out of Print Magazine* and poetry in *Slow Trains Literary Journal*, *Straylight Magazine*, and *Glint Literary Journal*. She lives in Puerto Viejo, Costa Rica.

Eric Wines (*Recipes: Mise en Place*) enjoys trolling flea markets for treasures, playing with plants, and distance running. He is co-owner of Tre restaurant in Manhattan and a member of The Skylight Group. He hosts candlelight suppers and classy cocktail parties. Wines was raised in Detroit, MI and lives in New York City. Follow him on Twitter @EricWines.