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Evolution

by Jim Fues

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Kimberly Hopkins: cover, layout
Tony Venne: layout for “*Jazz Criticism...*”

Sound and Vision

By Dylan Kinnett

The written word and the spoken word are two different things. Anyone who has ever been to a poetry reading can tell you that. Let me guess, most of the performers get up and read to you, right? It sounds like they're reading, too. You can hear it on the television and the radio as well: they're reading to you. They're speaking, but it is still the written word, really. It doesn't sound as natural as real conversation. There's a difference, then, between talking and reading out loud.

In writing, there is a similar difference. Writing is silent. Sometimes, the writing is merely a succession of one word after another, a lot like being read to. Sometimes, there's nothing about some writing that makes it uniquely written.

If you read that out loud, it wouldn't be very different, except that you can control the way it sounds while you read it. You might make it sound another way.

The spoken word, at its best, has some flair to it: a good poetry reading, good hip-hop, a good joke, a good M.C., an impassioned sermon. Is it possible to write that flair down? Is there a type of verbal personality that can only be expressed by writing it down, by making it visible?

This time, Infinity's Kitchen is about silence: overlooked wishes and people, forgotten music, fading ink. Writing is the best way to discuss silence. Along the way, as usual, we're trying some different recipes for the way words are written on the page, because it can't be done out loud.

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your work would remain your own.

Short Poem

By John Greiner

Short poem
from a drying pen.
Where will I be led
before things run dry?
Hopefully far enough
to find fresh
water and a few oranges, or if not that
at least a tepid
cup of tea.

At the Pantomime

By John Greiner

She had always
longed for
the profound.
She purchased
her ticket
anticipating a glimpse
of the sublime.
When the curtains rose,
she was confronted
by the silence that sought
stillness.
The dumb show rushed
forward and back,
unfettered
by motion.
She realized magnificence
would never be achieved.

The Call Box

By James Toupin

Blind
sentries,
the chevron-
capped boxes stand
vacant at street corners.

The eye sees through the void
they frame. Cops no longer
walk beats. Every pimp and
solid citizen carries a phone
in his pocket; a call box has
become at best an attraction
for kids to try out the crying-
wolf story. The decree came
from downtown: the phones
were to be pulled, but frames
and stanchions left in place,
for stillness to patrol,
paradox speak to,

the
far
streets,
in em-
blems
of
the
emp-
ty
sig-
ni-
fier.

Corkscrew

By Elif Wisecup

It seemed there was no time for singing, or that songs, if sung, should be perfect, or that someone, upon hearing, might laugh. Yet you have a date with final silence. Let open your throat before then.

Finally

By Vicky Woodward

Mr. Russell N. took his timecard from the slot and punched it in the clock and then returned it to its spot. He turned and walked toward the exit door. Miss Shirley R. and Miss Audrey H. were reading a cartoon someone had thumbtacked to the office bulletin board. “That’s just like *my dog!*” He bid the ladies good evening — they returned the sentiment — and he walked on down the hall. He turned, glanced at them over his shoulder, had a fleeting thought, decided against it, and left the building.

The traffic was hectic as usual this evening. He glanced at his watch just as the bus pulled up. 5:15. He would barely fit in. A punchline? What a kidder. He and his crowded through the door and arranged themselves anonymously in the aisles.

At the first stop, Russell managed a seat, toward the back, next to a man wearing a bowler hat and a black suit and reading the *New York Times*. Russell noticed the headlines on the front page. Somebody had bombed somebody else. So what? He

had just been passed up for a promotion. He hadn’t had a relationship in almost a year, and he was beginning to realize his body was getting old. So what? He looked at the people around him. He looked out the window.

When he exited the bus at his corner, he saw Sam S. They exchanged a few words about professional basketball and Russell went up to his apartment.

He flipped on the light absentmindedly and began to look through the mail. He walked over to the stereo and turned on the radio. Still sorting through the mail he walked into the kitchen. There was the man with the bowler hat and the black suit reading the *Times*.

The man raised his eyes over the top of the paper.

“Hello, Russell.”

Russell felt chilled.

“What ... who ... what’s going on?”
Russell said.

The man lowered the paper a few inches.

“Come now. You’re not afraid, are you? Haven’t you been expecting me, or someone like me, to show up?”

Russell could barely think.

“I ... I don’t know what’s going on, but this is weird, and you are weird, and I’m obviously weird because this really seems to be happening.”

“Well, regardless, Russell, this is, I am, and you are. And I am here to assist you in any way I can.”

“Who are you? What are you?”

“All right, Russell, but I find this redundant. You know who I am. You think, therefore I am. You thought me up. I am a figment of your imagination, and being so, I will do anything you want, and right now you want me to grant you one wish.”

Russell realized the man knew what he was talking about.

Retrospective On The Present Moment

By Ed Zahniser

Things are what they are.
Not what they're meant to be.
— Daniel Boehl

My blue guitar sleeps dusty on the shelf
Its strings sport finger-ripping rust
My only song the song of myself
I must hum & write again, I must

I must hum & write again. The dust
invokes new allergies my nasal spray
can't touch. Enough. I've wheezed. I've fussed.
Mind was meant to bob & weave & sway

Mind was meant to bob & weave today
not yesterday tomorrow next week next year
but until it does what can I say
in self-defense that doesn't smack of fear?

In self-defense that doesn't smack of smear
campaigns by crippled-up politicians
who promise you champagne but vote you beer
in step behind their donors just like dominoes

My blue guitar sleeps dusty on the shelf
My only song the song of myself.



A Brief History of the Failed Revolution

By Alexander Weinstein

While Krotsky wasn't the first to propose that the work being done by The Consciousness Institute was political rather than scientific, he was the most outspoken of the critics. In his essay, *The Global Interface As Political Machine*, he poses the debate that, "If we see consciousness as belonging to an individual, in much the same way that we consider personal-ity, free will, or even the notion of soul, as his/her own possession, then we must concede that any technological intrusion, cybernetic or electronic, is a forcible one. If this intrusion is unwanted, the individual should have a right to reject it."¹

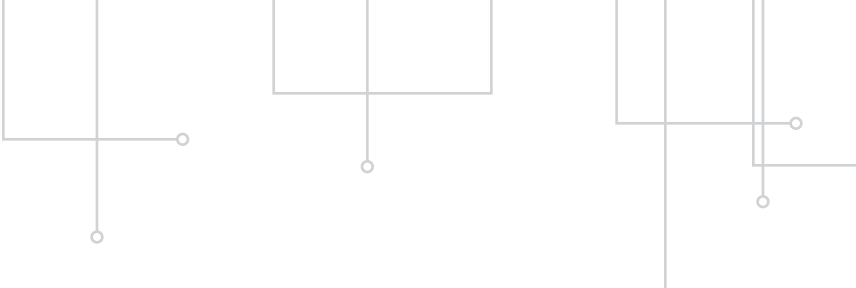
That the private ownership of consciousness was Krotsky's main objection to the Global BrainWeb Interface certainly weakened the legitimacy of the anti-interface movement. Dksvoskny pointed out, if consciousness is claimed as private ownership then "soon enough perfume, music, even the wind will be up for debate, for are not all of these *consciousness intruding* elements?"² Dksvoskny was thus the first to formally question

what constituted proper objection to technological intrusion outside of the subjective like/dislike standards proposed by anti-interfacers. Ethics, he stated, were hardly the basis to reject a leap in human-computer intelligence, conceding that if, and only if, such an intrusion were dangerous [i.e. a stench so foul it caused vomiting, a noise so loud it produced deafness] then, indeed, prohibition would be up for debate.

The BrainWeb Interface, however, increased brain/computer function without any such violent intrusions. While the initial test models complicated this due to their primitive designs (SkullCartridges, Internal DSL, VeinWiring, etc.) these prototypes were quickly replaced by the non-intrusive marketplace models available from the construction of the Towers. The technology that allowed the web to function directly off bioenergetics rather than internal hardwiring, in short its non-physicality, invalidated the anti-interface objections.

1. Krotsky, Samuel. "The Global Interface As Political Machine." *CyberMedical Journal* Vol XII (2019):19.

2. Dksvoskny, Ludov. "Imprisoning the Wind: A Rebuttal of Krotskyism." *CyberMedical Journal* Vol XIII (2019): 28.



Wittger, who separates behavior into internal drive and external drive behavior, sees the crux of the debate as residing in the misconception of consciousness as being purely word/thought rather than word/thought/html based.

*Who exactly gave anti-interfacers divine right to hold neural function under lock and key still remains a mystery. An antiquated notion of sovereign control of brain function is in part at fault. Religious dogma is probably most culpable (with its notions of spirit, reincarnation, ad infinitum). When religion established the intangible soul as a safe haven for consciousness, it compromised technological evolution by creating a mind eternally hidden, and impossible to access. The advance of Global Interface Technology has proven that the neuroscience of the early twenty-first century provided an extremely limited understanding of brain function. Human internal drive has had cybernetic interface at its disposal all along.*³

Wittger proved that, in the same way electricity or gravity was present before its discovery, human cybernetic capability pre-

existed the technology, and to deny this was to ensure universal imbecility. Indeed, the short-lived attempts of anti-interfacers to remove themselves from the Global Streaming Network (i.e. ostriching, metal helmets, and the Spelunk Architectural Movement) gave aesthetic merit to the imbecility Wittger prophesized. None of the gloom and doom that anti-interfaces warned about occurred, and while Smith attributes a rise in IDFD (Internal Drive Focus Disorder) and the proliferation of Interface Psychosis to the emergence of interfacing⁴, Bausch&Cartz Pharmaceuticals has shown that these diseases were latent in the individual pre-interface.⁵

Perhaps the more interesting argument posed by the anti-interface movement is Professor Schisberg's discussion of the collective unconscious. He suggests, "The intra-psyche phenomena noted by many since the advent of interfacing cannot simply be examined as conventional psychic phenomena. Current cases of interface-synchronicity point to corporate subject matter. The question this raises is

3. Wittger, Ivan. "The Problem of God: Anti-interface Dogma vs. Science." Tech. Quarterly (2021): 86.

4. Smith references cases such as AISDD (Autoimmune Streaming Detachment Dysfunction) reported by the Center for Interface Monitoring, and symptoms including insomnia/verbal streaming/disconnect incapability/myopic-googling/etc. In his study *Off-Line Disturbances: A History of Interface Dysfunction*, Smith refers to a patient's inability to speak about anything but variations on casserole recipes as Chronic Googling, and uses this as a metaphor to examine non-dysfunctional social behavior, stating that, "Even we, the supposed undisturbed, still find it hard not to hum pop-up jingles, or assimilate interface ads into our speech, as is the case with the notorious adage, *Mega-fun!*"

5. Medical Studies conducted by Bausch & Cartz Pharm. Inc. showed that up to sixty-four percent of newborns, and seventy-eight percent of individuals above the age of eighteen, produced insufficient amounts of cyber-cerebral neurotonin to functionally navigate the Interface.

whether the Interface is rewiring our collective unconscious to become corporate rather than prenatal.⁶ In so far as this is an interesting philosophical argument, Schisberg's claims have held some sway. However, as Dunning observes, "The collective unconscious remains as much a mystery as life and death itself. Suggesting that the nature of mind is corporately controlled is like claiming the afterlife is politically influenced."⁷

The anti-interface moment of the forties, which initially rose in outward physical protest has been quelled over the past decade, becoming decidedly academic in nature.⁸ Krotsky himself, originally the most vocally supportive of the resistance, conceded that physical rebellion (i.e. Tower Terrorism, interface scramblers, brain pirating) was ultimately pointless.

Whether we like it or not, the Interface has reorganized the mental landscape. It has firmly established consciousness as public property to be bought and sold. Consequently, either through violence, defeat, or default, the resistance has

been forced to create a final stronghold via the intellect itself. The emergence of University-level Interface Studies may be the only fortuitous outcome of the failed revolution. Intelligence should henceforth be seen as a type of capital. Ideas, hypotheses, and arguments are the only assurance the individual still has of buying power in the marketplace of consciousness.⁹

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6. Schisberg, Douglas. "Unsettling Disturbances: A Study of Interface Synchronicity." *CyberMedical Journal* Vol XX (2022): 26.

7. Dunning, Glade. "Nature and Mind". Proctor and Gamble Annual Report (2022): 74c.

8. See *The Anti-Interface Protests*, Portland, Oregon. militarystrikeonline.com 12 Sept 2023. 11 Oct 2025 <usgov.militarystrike-USArmy/234/sept2023/righttobe.intf>

9. Krotsky, Samuel. *Afterthoughts on Revolution*. Chicago: Black Raven Press (2026): 226.

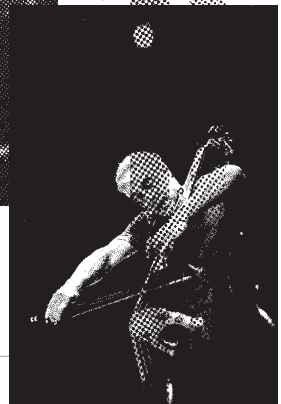


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JAZZ CRITICISM RECONSIDERED

The (Mis)-Red Zone

The German jazz trio

Der Rote Bereich (The Red Zone)

The three gentlemen from the country with the robust debate maintain a preference for the playfully twisted, which sometimes raises a tiny chunk of rock in the lap. In rough prose tells the stories, they do not need to have the brushstroke mimes to unsentimentally true feeling show the absolutely correct plate for long evenings. This plate of the Red Area already convinced at the first hearing with unique, concise style, even over an extended period in memory.

A precise delicate rimshot until—as with the wheelbarrow—all the nuances of bluster dominates bizarre works in the theatrical folk melodies. You, to be ashamed of this change would be wrong: the alternative—stagnation—would be for the Red Field unthinkable. The Red Area adheres to Nothing. Simple operation of a sound body is different than what registers clarinet tones of escape; as the noise to be defined, it is scraped and, once believed, a didgeridoo can be heard.

Meanwhile in drums processed you will see both hands as well as the individual components illuminate several dimensions, because the eyes of the Watch is no longer. And everything with an electric guitar can make demonstrated concentration, during which the arteries from the temple threaten to break. Shards of rock sounds and micro motifs found an unstable rhythm to overlays precarious and if a riff briefly falls into a groove, the music for sounds of self-irony can be seen in beer tent quotations, dealing with a broad grin in free sounds atomized. The Red Field knows no mercy with the boundaries of humor and intuitive music, quoted time and again to draw.

Although not always fully understood, musicological seriousness prevails. You acknowledge radically with established listening habits to always dazzle anew and thus have a young audience won—the jazz concert's usually reserved faces. The fact that free jazz can be exhausting, how strenuous free jazz can be, you know. You should not miss the chance these three gentlemen on the stage in person to inspect.

Ph(r)ases of the Night

Marilyn Crispell-
Barry Guy-Paul
Lytton CD

“Phases of the Night”

Cock constantly ringing in the middle of the space-based roaring swell, suspicious protean and discord, like a crowded triangle. Phatic stop from interplay with the lead impetus to clarify the direction and sentiment—that is in general very hard and a heavy dramatic, followed by a fighting spirit and sense of built-in allness. You, reckless spirit of not holding back any of those cutthroats, contract to show each other’s swords in the cold hard between them, and mix of the ultra-tough battle nihil and high tension—the guy with a bitter sense of spelling clicks spiritual values in a dark-cruised dark. Thrilling and ballad style intertwine with each other related to the mysterious sounds, and many other shocking scenes are poignant and delicious. Little unique effort and will

could be described as a journey through sound, through its crystal grain, thick, impure and dynamic with sudden changes of direction: from a tangled suspended, from a fragmented concatenating, from reflective to telluric, it is precisely the conception of sound in its expressive range wider which seems to form the structures of songs. In the middle and in the final of the long and tortuous passage an opening theme emerges; the reply may seem made informally and material. It starts with suspended tones, delicate, almost impressionistic, and then turns abruptly in a magma. In the final return the rhythmic cadences are more relaxed, in a sign of distress rather gloomy. It inserts its percussive interventions with formal detachment, even in times of heightened tension. His touch, who is timbre, is deaf and knotted on the skins, in order to

become a dusting on metal plates, or a rubbing. The nervous perpetuum mobile, wrestling with the bed sheet from 1957, suggested floating in the dark, sinister echoes of 1928. The attempt to visual elements, through the impetus of association, title, and an immersion in surrealist ego and beyond the status quo, to translate into dynamics and harmony, directs the action on other than the usual paths. The veil before possible will be transparent about the Real, sharp, delicate, and crystalline, like arpeggios running gears, the piano stretched, distorted, with glissandi and drones, as flickering and hissing percussion loses terrestrial safety. Wistfully nostalgic kicks oneself to a shadow, entangled in the turmoil and returns to the return, still of their own fears attacked, begins with a melancholy gesture, a terror in the limbs moving. Music is a touch over the real, perhaps the only viable. Never played one after the other, never tearing someone’s idea of the function of the sensor

itself, always the music, as long as she needed and just playing, but not yet invented. The theme of the four pieces is the unconscious, the night and surrealism, which, as a revolutionary movement, has good looks. Four paintings are the triggers and transformers, and we do not appear less than directly on and off in this new reality. There is no music in the smallest of consensus, but a permanent phase, which again and again to be synchronized, pulses lead. If no boredom comes out, you have probably called maturity, but the class of this trio is always that it statics and dynamics, complexity and simplicity and transparency as well as magic most concentrated, and can make audible the dialectical tension of these poles at the most direct and immediate. That is priceless—the estimated size of this small ensemble’s gut hat.

Poetry Editor

By Benjamin E. Nardolilli

- I don't talk Politics - No
- Daddy's Little Girl - No
- The city houses acid rain rats
↳ yes it does, but No
- Salvation - Maybe
- Palms Beat - No
- Central Park on a Sunday Afternoon
↳ Yes
- Scrimshaw - What? No.
- My Sweet - No
- The Tay Bridge Disaster - Maybe
- Poems on A One Night Stand
↳ No. No. Maybe. Yes!
- Lemon - No
- No Trespassing - Yes
- Howl - No, too long.
- Goblet - No
- Untitled - No
- Nineteen - No
- A Letter to Myself, in the Future Dear self,
Stop Writing Poems.
Thanks. No
- I Had To
↳ But I didn't. No
- Feeler
↳ No
- Untitled - No. Didn't I
already reject this?

Perverse Wonderment - Yes.

Yellowed Lace - No

Shades of Grey - NO

Black Flame - No. What
Kind of rainbow is this
A Day's Life guy seeing?

\ No

You came home late one day

\ Yes. I did.

A Tale of the Romantic Interests
between the Moon and the Sun

\ Maybe

Can you tell me why the leaves turn red?

\ No

Conditional Love

\ Maybe

Imaginary Realism - Maybe

I Close My Eyes and Count to Ten
- And then I say No.

Why I Want Men Who Smoke

\ No, but give me the
address

Losing, After

\ No

Stenotic

\ No

Daddy - NO

A Beating - For the poet? Yes.

The Spectacle of Femininity

\ That's me! Yes.

Cynic in love: the Manic Meets a Lovely

Med student: Events That Ensur - No

How Did You Make It?

\ I don't know.

The Waste Land - Maybe. Shows
promise.

Grand Architect

By Matt Ronquillo

*Thank you for coming back.
I appreciate you taking the time
out to speak with me again.*

*Not a problem at all. Now, I'd
like to start by asking you if you
could describe this passion you have
for architecture. I felt it was a
rather important theme last week.*

How so?

*You are very talented indeed, but
I worry you might be exploring
too much of the dark parts of your
creativity. Have you considered,
like I suggested, doing something
outside of work to involve your
mind with something else?*

*Could you share some of your
thoughts on strategy, relating to
your work?*

*I see. Tell me what you thought of
my diagnosis last week.*

Is that another joke?

I suppose I'm not.

“No problem. Sorry for freaking out on you last week.”

“Well, way I see it, the act of building is just a reaction to the pain the world is making someone feel.”

“I think it's a revenge thing- how humans can work like one big organism, like one big disease, and how together we're that much more effective in rising up for the take-down.”

“I suppose I am a bit of a connoisseur of the darkness. Guess you might even say I have real bad taste [laughs]. No, seriously, I've been reading some books on strategy and I think they've helped me figure myself out, and helped me understand why I'm in the line of work I'm in.”

“We ignore the honking horn when it beeps in intervals as a car's alarm. So if you're yelling for help, do it sporadically and in different pitches unless you want to be ignored. There's something about patterns and structure that make you look like you've got things under control.”

“Schizophrenia is just an excuse for bad multi-tasking.”

“Is this a joke? You aren't even a doctor.”

“All right, enough of this. We need to finish those plans for the Governor's house by Wednesday.”

The Whole Nutrition Bar

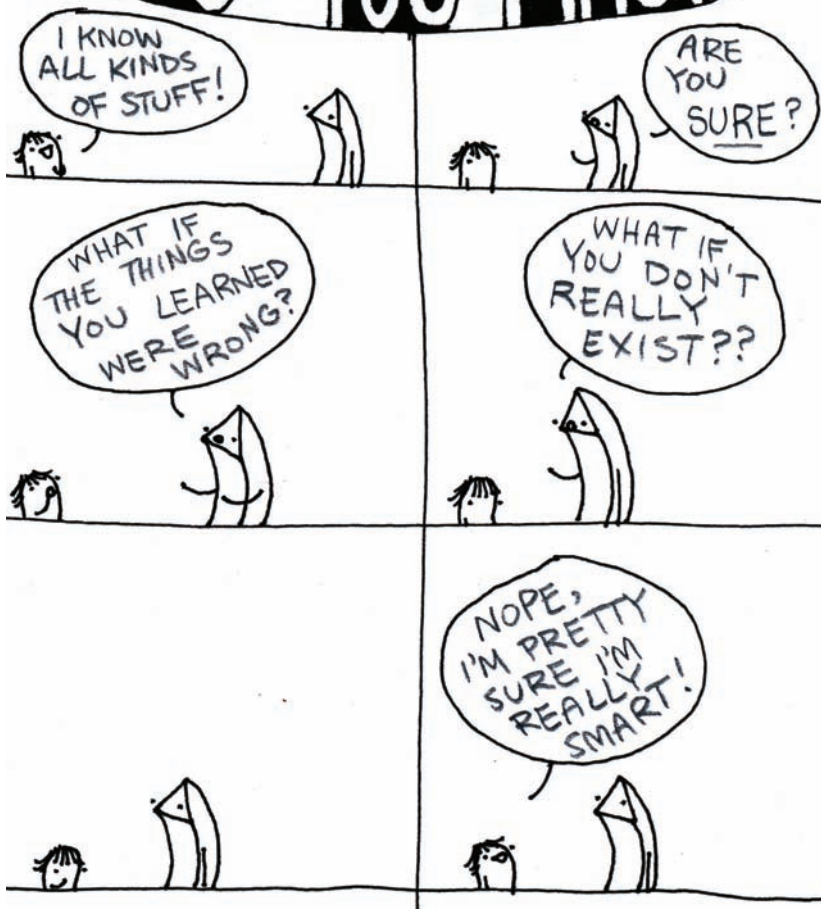
By Benjamin E. Nardolilli

I ate the following adventure:

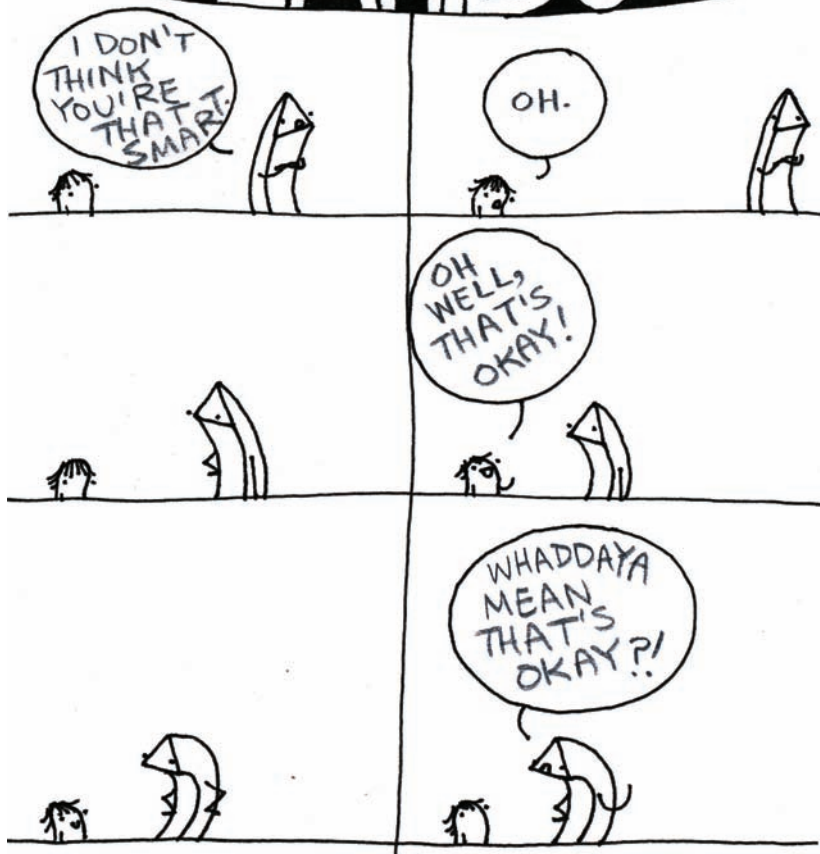
INGREDIENTS: SOY PROTEIN ISOLATE (I EAT IT ALL ALONE, THIS BAR'S FOR ME, ME, ME), ORGANIC RICE FLOUR (MOTHER SAID TO ALWAYS THINK OF THE PEOPLE IN CHINA, ALWAYS STARVING), ORGANIC TOASTED OATS (SUCH A SMOKY TASTE, I WONDER IF THEY'RE BURNT), ORGANIC ROASTED SOYBEANS (SUCH LITTLE MIRACLES THEY ARE, THE GREEN PEARLS WILL GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU NEED) , ORGANIC SOY FLOUR (FOR YOUR ORGANIC BAKING NEEDS), ORGANIC FLAXMEAL (YOU CAN EAT IT AND WEAR IT TOO), ORGANIC BROWN RICE SYRUP (DOES IT GO WELL WITH PANCAKES?), ORGANIC COATING (IT'S WHAT I WEAR WHEN IT'S COLD OUT), ORGANIC EVAPORATED CANE JUICE (GOES WELL WITH MY MOJITO), ORGANIC PALM KERNEL OIL (TRIED TO PUT IT IN MY CAR, DIDN'T WORK), ORGANIC COCOA (I DIDN'T GET ANY CHOCOLATES FOR VALENTINE'S DAY), ORGANIC SOY LECITHIN, ORGANIC VANILLA (TO GO WITH THE ORGANIC COCOA), ORGANIC PEANUT BUTTER (NO ORGANIC JELLY?), VEGETABLE GLYCERIN (MIX IT WITH NITROGEN), INULIN (CHICORY EXTRACT, THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME KNOW), PEANUT FLOUR (TICK TICK TICK), NATURAL FLAVORS (WHY NOT FLAVORS OF NATURE?), SEA SALT (I WISH I WAS AT THE BEACH), GREEN TEA EXTRACT (BOOM!).

VITAMINS & MINERALS: (I NEED BOTH, DON'T I?): DICALCIUM PHOSPHATE (WHITE AND YELLOW MAKES IT CREAMY), MAGNESIUM OXIDE (LETS THE METAL BREATHE), CALCIUM CARBONATE (OOOOH, ALLITERATION), ASCORBIC ACID (EASILY ABSORBED), TOCOPHEROL ACETATE (VIT. E 2/7), NIACINAMIDE (VIT. B35), FERROUS FUMARATE (FURIOUS IRON!), ZINC OXIDE (TO PREVENT SUNBURN), MOLYBDENUM GLYCINATE, CALCIUM PANTOTHENATE, PYRIDOXINE (VIT. B.6), RIBOFLAVIN (VIT. B22,000), BETA CAROTENE (THE BETTER TO SEE YOU MY DEAR), THIAMIN (VIT. B14.3), MANGANESE SULFATE, SELENIUM AAC, CUPRIC OXIDE (THE CULPRIT), CHROMIUM AAC, CYANOCOBALAMIN (VIT. B122,780), FOLIC ACID (FOR THE BABY I DON'T HAVE), BIOTIN, PHYTONADIONE (VIT. K-9), POTASSIUM IODIDE (A BANANA PAINTED BLACK).

DO YOU KNOW



YEAH/BUT



Contributors

Jim Fuess is an abstract painter, working with liquid acrylic paint on canvas. He was Vice President for Visual Arts at the Watchung Arts Center, in New Jersey. He is the Chairperson of the New Art Group.

John Greiner is an American poet, playwright and short fiction writer living in Paris, France. His theatrical pieces have enjoyed successful runs in New York, Chicago and in Massachusetts.

Kimberly Hopkins is the cover artist this issue. She owns a design & illustration studio in Baltimore, MD, and is an adjunct professor at Towson University.

Terry Kattelman is a freelance writer/editor, grant writer and publicity director of *Confrontation Magazine*, the literary journal of Long Island University.

Dina Kelberman is a founding member of the Wham City collective in Baltimore, MD. She makes comics, draws, paints and routinely brings garbage into the house. She is currently excited about swimming.

Benjamin Nardolilli is a twenty three year old writer currently living in New York City. He was the poetry editor for *West 10th Magazine* at NYU and maintains a blog. <http://mirrorsponge.blogspot.com>

Matt Ronquillo's physical presence tends to cause complex systems and mechanical processes to mysteriously break down. He lives in Southern California.

James Toupin is a published translator, of Selected Letters of Alexis de Tocqueville (University of California Press), he has recently begun to publish his poetry. One of his poems was recently nominated for a 2009 Pushcart prize.

Nico Vassilakis is a multimedia artist, poet and writer, and curator for the *Subtext* Reading Series in Seattle. His visual poetry videos have been shown worldwide at festivals and exhibitions of innovative language arts. His latest publications are *TEXT LOSES TIME*, *staReduction*, a vispo essay from BookThug (Toronto) and *Protracted Type*, a collection of visual poetry.

Tony Venne is a graphic designer and educator working in Baltimore, Maryland. He currently works at the Walters Art Museum and recently completed his MFA at the Maryland Institute College of Art.

Alexander Weinstein is the director of The Martha's Vineyard Institute of Creative Writing. He leads fiction workshops in the United States and Europe and currently teaches creative writing at Indiana University.

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the fact that the \mathbb{Z}_2 -action on \mathbb{R}^n is not free, the quotient space $\mathbb{R}^n/\mathbb{Z}_2$ is not a manifold. However, the quotient space $\mathbb{R}^n/\mathbb{Z}_2$ is a manifold with boundary, where the boundary is the set of fixed points of the \mathbb{Z}_2 -action, i.e. the set of points $x \in \mathbb{R}^n$ such that $x = -x$.

Let M be a manifold with boundary. The boundary of M , denoted by ∂M , is the set of points $x \in M$ such that there is a neighborhood U of x in M which is homeomorphic to the half-space \mathbb{H}^n .

Let M be a manifold with boundary. The interior of M , denoted by $\text{int} M$, is the set of points $x \in M$ such that there is a neighborhood U of x in M which is homeomorphic to \mathbb{R}^n .

Let M be a manifold with boundary. The closure of M , denoted by \bar{M} , is the union of M and its boundary, i.e. $\bar{M} = M \cup \partial M$.

Let M be a manifold with boundary. The volume of M , denoted by $\text{Vol}(M)$, is the integral of the volume form over M .

Let M be a manifold with boundary. The surface area of M , denoted by $\text{Area}(M)$, is the integral of the area form over ∂M .

Let M be a manifold with boundary. The volume of M is equal to the integral of the volume form over M , and the surface area of M is equal to the integral of the area form over ∂M .

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