

THE KLEKSOGRAPH

An international review of art and the subconscious

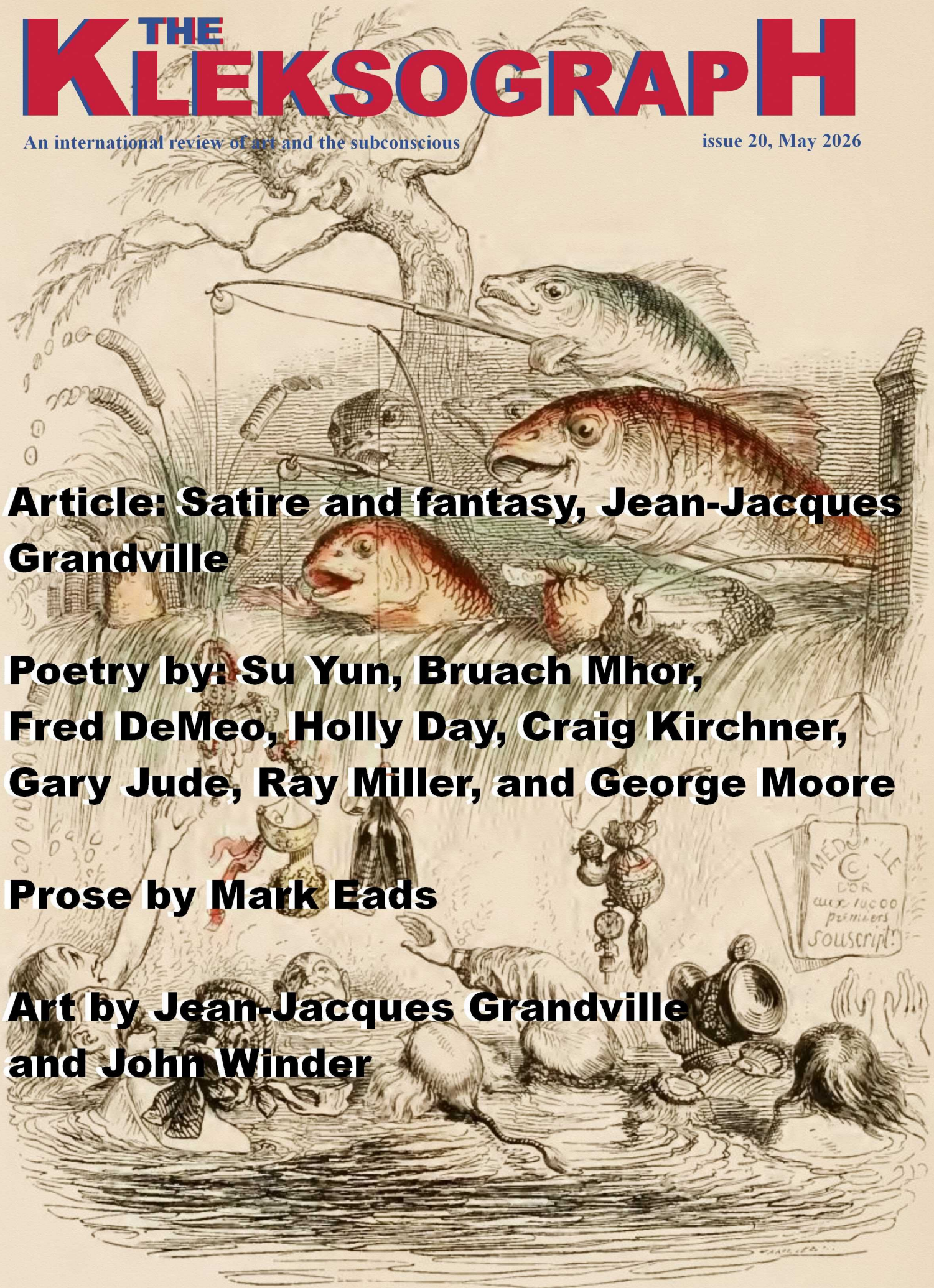
issue 20, May 2026

Article: Satire and fantasy, Jean-Jacques Grandville

Poetry by: Su Yun, Bruach Mhor, Fred DeMeo, Holly Day, Craig Kirchner, Gary Jude, Ray Miller, and George Moore

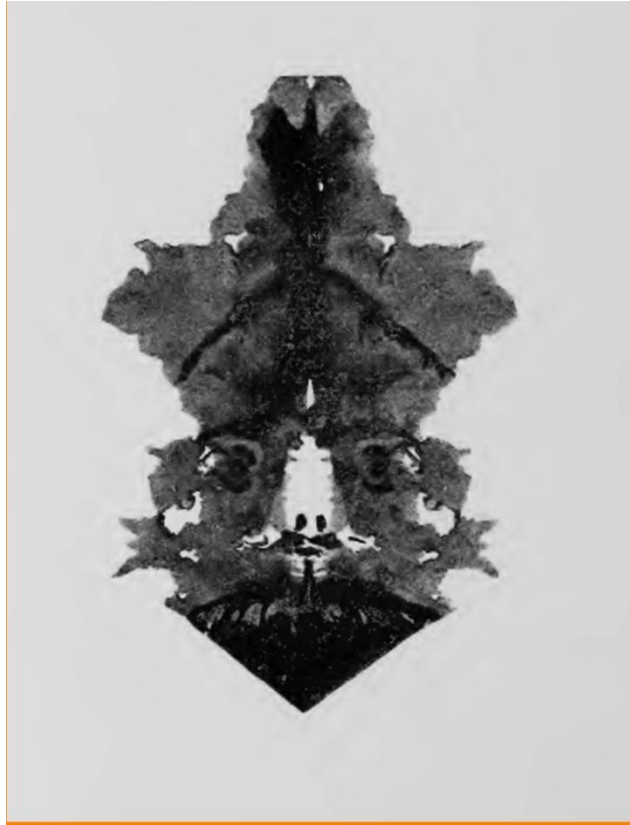
Prose by Mark Eads

Art by Jean-Jacques Grandville and John Winder



THE KLEKSOGRAPH

Editor: Peter Van Belle



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In the mid-nineteenth century, Justinus Kerner, published his book of “Kleksographien”. Later psychologists used similar ink blots as a means of accessing the subconscious of their patients. The Kleksograph (Klecks is the official German spelling) is dedicated to exploring and celebrating the relationship between the subconscious and art.

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All stories and poems in this magazine are works of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons and events is coincidental.

This magazine can be downloaded free from www.kleksograph.be

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Cover: April Fish, by Jean-Jacques Grandville

Su Yun

Snowfield

雪原

——放丢了绿野，便难逃白雪

无路可走

没收我带

着温热的

愁

寒栗不休

开始

缘身修衣

沿路拾柴

补一群

绿野逃走的

墙口

Snowfield

—Losing the green wild, one can never flee the white snow

No path to tread

It seizes the grief

I carry, still warm

Chills surge unceasing

I start

To mend my robe round the frame

Gather firewood along the way

To patch the gaps

Where the green wild fled

From the wall

(translated by the author)

Su Yun

Overcast Day

阴天

我习惯

冬的母亲

持续凌冽

里断里

有一天扭捏

难肯

凭惯性

结果她

含了许久

才送出

带着温润

的种

跑去埋下

发不了

芽

Overcast Day

I'm used to it

Winter's mother

Keeps the bitter chill

Lingering, fraying

Once in a while, coy

Reluctant

By force of habit

Turns out she

Holds it long

Before she sends forth

The seed

Warmed and mild

I run to bury it

It won't

Sprout

(translated by the author)

John Winder **Tollymore 2**



Bruach Mhor

GETTING AWAY

He was a sleep talker, a confessor,
telling his secrets every night,
whispering in his wife's right ear.

But she never knew.
She was asleep.

Each morning he woke with
an unaccountable sense of relief,
a lightness, as though he'd asked for forgiveness

from someone
special
and was forgiven.

Each morning she rose with a sense of
forgetting something once important,
but without being bothered,

as if she'd forgiven, slept well,
then pulled back her sheet like turning a page.

Bruach Mhor

BIG MISTER

A partly hidden presence,
part somewhere, part nowhere:
like a cosmic comic
with feet outside the door,
the rest inside his own a-spatial hall.

A joker of inscrutabilia.
The smart child asks:
“Where are his eyes and brows?”
To be told he has none, isn't "he",
is busy manifesting “in” a bumble bee.



The Blind Judge, by Jean-Jacques Grandville, a satire of the French academy

Fred DeMeo

Frogs

Apex scavenger in freshly printed olive green

Amateur choreography retreating slowly from the sidewalk

Granting the frog's chorus an ephemeral victory

Peppered, spotted and wearing just a small blue blanket as a cape.

I could only admire this defiant, fat amphibian

Its inflated belly happily bloated

Strutting its hips back and forth,

Dancing provocatively and enjoying the early fall in wartorn Portland.



The last dance at a Masked Ball, by Jean-Jacques Grandville

Fred DeMeo

Ring Pop Promises

After school in the late
summer before Labor Day,
the canals reeked of irrigation.

Children with bronze skin
still rode on training wheels.

Uncomfortable, she wore her
church dress on a Tuesday and
reached for low-hanging fruit.

Past the pecan tree next
to the prickly pear cactus,
Ring pop promises were broken,
Parched words spoken became
mouthfuls of dry needles.

Mark Eads

Phrenia

Lost in my own thoughts, I could hardly make out what she was trying to tell me. Though she was but a breath away, my ears didn't grab anything until her last sentence began to pour out from her sink-shaped mouth. For the first time, Hannah's face began to contort. I tried to look away.

Sitting in the smoke-filled café, the other patrons clustered around the only television in the room. I couldn't tell what was on, but I sensed they were losing. An orchestra of angry, inhuman noise swelled.

A fight erupted. As I watched, the crowd began to melt into itself. Letters started forming beneath their skin.

The mass became a ball of fists. Blood flecked the air. Cries of agony were birthed as consequence. Letters hatched from the hurting bodies.

They wiggled free through pores and stood there, watching, proud of their work. Then they turned their attention to us.

Letters flew into her ears. Words eel-slid through her metallic lips. Swarming around me, they clawed at my skin. Each letter a locust. I couldn't make out anything she was trying to tell me.

A symphony of wings.

“YOU”

“END”

“RUN”

“PILL

SPLAT.

With a flick of her wrist, Y lay smashed against the linoleum countertop. Its final feat was expelling its intestines through its many, many orifices. Her face returned to normal.

“Goddamn it, why!?” Hannah stared at the mess on her hands. “Fucking intestines? You're kidding me. What's even the point?”

Before I could answer, another round of SPLATs commenced. E.R.P. Their guts pooled together. Only a couple remained, no longer enough to form anything threatening. At last, remnants of long-desired silence rushed into the room.

Her word-mush-soaked hands dragged across the hem of her frayed top. She wiped herself clean, then stepped toward me. I couldn't smell her. Not at all.

"I need you to kill her. By tomorrow." Her face contorted again.

"Remember, we came back to kill your mom. Don't get distracted like before."

"I'm aware," I huffed. "I know the consequences."

The last letters swam around her, circling back to taunt me. O tired itself out and perched on her shoulder. Unlike L, it had no talons. I wondered how it stayed upright.

As my eyes drifted, the remaining letters tried to form a word. They were mating. Creating life in front of us.

While my eyes feasted on them, hers invaded my sockets. She knew she had to be inside to pull my milky beads back.

"Otto, are you there?"

I felt the fleshy, wet fingertips of her eyes touch the backs of mine. Focus returned. Her skin was blank. Terrifying. Beautiful. No letters. No stitches.

Hannah was a canvas, sheltered from words. Unlike everyone else, she was picturesque. Images never frightened me.

"I'm here," I said. "And I'm sorry."

"Don't be." Tears slid down her face and abandoned their host. "It's her fault you're like this. That's why you need to kill her."

"I'm lucky to have your help, Hannah."

"And I yours, Otto. Now come on."

Outside, word-sharks circled my feet. The walls were ocean floors, concrete reefs. I drifted between them like algae.

"You're human," Hannah said. "You know you're thinking out loud, right?"

"Oh. Is that so?"

"That's so. How far out are we?"

“Twenty minutes. But we need to hurry. I’ve never seen so many words before. I feel them everywhere.”

As we passed through the crowded streets, words hid among bodies.

An old woman stood off to the side, her hood obscuring her face. As we passed, I saw what lay beneath. Her bones bent into the crude shape of K. Leathery skin stretched across the deformation. She traced the letter with her fingers again and again.

We locked eyes.

She dug out one of her own eyes and flung it at me. It burst against my arm. I stumbled.

“What are you doing?” Hannah snapped. “Stop messing around.”

“You didn’t see...” My voice died. I already knew.

We continued toward the last house on the horizon. My chest swelled, not with feeling, but with something else.

Culmination.

The final refuge for orphaned words. Sentences without paragraphs. Books without chapters. Incomplete puzzles longing to be whole.

That’s where she lay.

Mom had lived there before Roman characters became dominant. She had always been there. The root.

Culmination pulsed inside me, desperate to escape. Hannah brushed against my side, reassuring.

“This doesn’t suit you,” I said. “Why now?”

“How couldn’t I?” she said. “We’ve searched everywhere. Now that we’re here, I need you ready. Calm. Like we practiced.”

She pulled a crude weapon from her pocket. Words wrapped the blade and were ingrained into its surface. I couldn’t read them.

“I can’t use this.”

“This isn’t the old world,” she said. “You can’t kill words with simple violence anymore.”

We stood on the porch of my childhood home. Memories bubbled up. If she hadn't become this, I might still live here. I could have introduced her to Hannah. I could have been an author.

"None of that matters," Hannah said. "The world wasn't built on ifs. It was leveled by its. Go."

I opened the door. Words were posted at the front door.

HELLO.

WELCOME.

They beckoned me in, and I had but no choice to follow.

The house was warm. Too warm. I wanted to melt into the carpet. Photographs begged me to touch them, then faded.

Words replaced them.

GONE.

PAIN.

Those didn't scare me.

YESTERDAY.

TOMORROW.

They tore me open.

I clawed the walls, ripped photos free, shattered them. I could scream later.

First, Mom.

Upstairs.

Three doors.

Mine. Alin's. Hers.

Mine first.

Inside, an orgy of words writhed on my bed, assembling a paragraph from nonsense. A Frankenstein of thumbs and toes. I would have burned it all if I had time.

Alin's door was locked. It had always been locked. They'd left before the words came.

Mom's.

Her room was impossibly large. Sunlight poured in, yet I could see my breath. The warmth from below had refused to drift up towards the matriarch.

She sat in an ocean blue recliner.

Her spine had elongated grotesquely. Her legs dangled. Limbs and skin twisted into paper, so thin they fluttered without wind. Words spilled endlessly from her. Paragraphs. Chapters. Volumes.

A living tome.

Marvelous. Ungodly.

Her mouth opened.

Letters surged.

“It's so good to have you back, OTTO—”

I stabbed her. Again and again, until the handle carved into my hand.

“You'll never make me see another letter.”

I raised the blade for one final blow. Aiming for her chest, my weapon dove headfirst into her deformed body. A hand touched my shoulder. Hannah. A hole in her chest. Blood pouring. Confused. Bewildered.

“What are you doing?”

She collapsed.

Mom was gone. Hannah was gone. Only the recliner remained. Was the recliner all there ever was?

I looked down. An even larger hole in my chest. I sunk into the chair, while I watched my culmination get torn to shreds. Letters filled my new entry point.

Words were born.

Paragraphs followed.

A book formed inside me.

Silence will never be permitted.

Yet, it was never discovered. I died on the floor of my childhood home.

Alone.



APOCALYPSE DU BALLET.

A Ballet Apocalypse, by Jean-Jacques Grandville

Holly Day

Everything Crumbles into Waves

The crab approaches the drenched body of the albatross
warily, as if familiar with this species, as if suspicious of death.

It circles the outstretched wings, the sprawl of beak and talon
waving its own tiny claws in the air over its head
as if in preparation of some ill-conceived defence.

Tiny currents pull at the bird, move its wings in whirls of foam and sand
flutter feathers in an echo of jet streams travelled
over seasonal pursuits across an ocean. The little crab ducks beneath the surface
braves a first approach of the animated corpse
pulls a first feather loose, scampers in retreat
waving its trophy overhead as though it brought the whole bird down itself.

Craig Kirchner

Collapse

I will collapse.

Not today, and most likely not tomorrow,

but with a little more abuse,

and/or a little bad luck,

I'm envisioning collapse.

They line up for coffee,

proclaim he must not have been sleeping,

or let himself dehydrate.

He was trying to do too much, or

He wasn't doing enough.

Doctors, many, since it seems a mystery –

like Socrates and the sophists,

want to know what and when he last ate,

look at the chart, pinch, prod, and probe,

look back at the chart,

shake their head.

What pills has he taken in
the past two weeks?
Is he allergic to anything or
under any stress? How is his sex life,
did he hate his father,
is his prostate enlarged?

I'm thinking about the fall
of the Twin Towers, and
the recent demise of civility,
while I unemotionally can
hear everything they're saying.

My world is all right here,
no subversive terrorists.
I think I could get up and go home,
but these soliloquies are so intriguing.
I'm wondering about the final diagnosis,
and hoping for some type of fun prescription

Craig Kirchner

Consultant

The front door opens to a great room,
a kitchen, dining room, living room, great
right, the only partition a kitchen counter.

The common area is perfect for a pool table,
but after much deliberation I'm putting
a *Thinker* statue, sans the stone pedestal.

Rodin created his version of Dante
to sit at the entrance to the Gates of Hell
and originally called him *The Poet*.

He has been sitting for better than 120 years
at the Musée in Paris, deep in existential thought,
by now having contemplated everything.

The pose, elbow on knee, chin on fist,
the physique of a pugilist, I don't relate to,
but we did both major in philosophy.

I considered a life size Plato, Socrates
and even a mockup of the Bard,
but the bronze green looks good against

the light taupe living room walls.
I'm placing him facing the entrance,
back to the tube, no *breaking news* distractions.

I want to be able to turn off the damn thing,
apologize for interrupting, and consult
with someone with a resumé,

who has had time to consider all options
and given my situation, mortality
and my front door some serious thought.

Gary Jude

März

In my 3 nights rented room I feel like one of the retired
circus performers in those Magnum photos I saw,
who reminisce in green and beige apartments
about the Cyrk Polski.

I lift the tent flap.

The cremation is at 4.00.

The chosen pieces are by Delibes and Satie.

French music wafts over English lawns.

On the school playing fields, we'd often notice smoke
from the crematorium rise in the distance.

At one of the world's oldest tennis clubs, the sun
is hit back and forth from one horizon to the other,
and we all get pretty smashed.

I cross Vauxhall Bridge on my way to Tate Britain
and recognize Stetson. He's altogether on the wrong bridge.

The bridges of the Thames are like unpicked stitches
that hold the city together.

Bacon's Three Studies for Figures at the Base of a Crucifixion
attract me as though I were a fly to hunks of meat.
My eyes swarm.

It's much better to melt like butter
in Turner's golden light.

I think of you and your yellow hair as you daily
take the train from Göschenen all the way up to Andermatt
and the Alps.

Cable cars go round and round there as they do here
from Greenwich Peninsula to the Royal Docks
like a course of church bells.

Up and down Fleet Street I can't locate Temple Church at all.

Sometimes beneath the sublime vaulted ribs
of a gothic cathedral ceiling I want to burst out like a chestburster
and sing.

Gary Jude

Moon

Buzz Aldrin confessed he smuggled wine
to perform holy communion on the moon.

Li Po, after much wine, drowned
embracing its reflection in the Yangtze.

Sharks are attracted to its shimmering scales,
and the star-nosed mole has never seen it.

It's only until recently that I finally made out
the Man in the Moon. I read the Seas of Serenity

and Rain are his eyes, the Seas of Islands
and Vapours his nose and the Sea of Clouds

his mouth. It's the cream pie face of the moon
in *Le Voyages dans la Lune* with a rocket stuck

in its right eye that I like the most,
the pataphysics, the slapstick cosmic joke.

Ray Miller

Lagos Mad Woman

It's a warm October day, cloudless sky,
yet she's wearing a two-piece suit
of slacks and a fleece that once
might have stalked the Siberian steppe.

We are waiting outside the English Bookshop
while my wife and daughter purchase
something for the plane.

I am standing in the spot
where yesterday the beggar sat,
where the earth is set a few inches
lower than the pavement.

She stops and appraises all six of us,
speaks to us in Portuguese.

She sounds angry and it's hard to know
if she's addressing anybody in particular,
but as the senior member of the party,
and the former mental health nurse

I feel it falls upon me to offer
one of my few Portuguese phrases –
non comprienda, then...English...Inglesi...

accompanied by a patronising smile.

This has an immediate effect
of enraging her further and as her voice
ascends a few more notches
I wonder if I am occupying a place
that's reserved solely for the beggar,
who might, after all, be a friend of hers.
So I step out of the depression
onto the pavement proper, but this increase
in height is maybe seen as a sign of aggression
for her voice grows still louder.

I look at the cats asleep on the beach,
the seagulls that hover, glide and swoop,
the boats slicing through the water,
the bridge which lifts its arms in surrender,
and convince myself that her resentment
is directed at tourists, specifically, the British,
who invade her land and drain its resources,
without troubling to learn her language.

And the best I can manage is a shrug,
a shared frustration, the knowledge
that I'm perceived as a part
of the patriotic swarm, with their flags,
their arrogance and sense of entitlement.

But the wheeling and cackling above us
has become more raucous and she raises
her eyes to the heavens, launching a current
of foreign invective at the seagulls.

So it isn't just us but everything,
an all-encompassing saudade.
We are forgotten and I am forgiven;
she can be safely filed away
as the Lagos Mad Woman.

George Moore

Retirement Training

Today we will do nothing. Feed the birds.
Spend more of your precious time
washing the dishes. The things we do we
half do awake, the other half we let
the body take over. That vessel moves through
the water of experience like a fish, not swimming,
not thinking of swimming, simply moving
as an athlete does when they are in
their zone, mindless and yet full
in mindfulness. But there are only so many times
you can mow the lawn, take out the trash,
walk the dog. Each time you swim upstream
into a highwire act, every time the wire
stretches further into the thinness thread
holding the universe together.
Some train all their lives for this moment
of doing nothing, of emptiness, of the absence
of all the things we collect in the closets.
Some never let their other selves free,
they go on and on repeating the last step,
building new empires of matchsticks
and magic. But this is the sea

of pure consciousness, this moment
when time no longer chases you.
Today we do nothing but dream,
not of future feats but of the true past,
how it was and is and still might be.

George Moore

Resurrection Ballad

Edmund Blunden in the trenches of WWI,
the men slow moving as farm animals
fell and curled up and disappeared into the earth
that had made them. The fallen come back
as mists across the canal, as downy feathers in spring
hatches, the midges on the surface of the stream.
In everything we see the resurrection
beneath the surface, bubbling up from breathing
trout and the impossibility of mapping
each separate scene, the undercurrents, the powers
unseen. Blunden in the French countryside,
half buried and blue poppies in blossom,
and the earth moves, wakes from huddled
figures roused for the charge. Less famous perhaps
than the Templars or Arthur's circle, names
common as the dirt. But there nonetheless,
raised up from the dust of an old road
now in passing. A figure on the edge
of a trench calls out a man's name,
and if the morning mist is red
the artist brings him back to life.

George Moore

Cowboys and Indians

For a while as a boy
I was Daniel Boone.
My flintlock slung lightly
like a magic baton,
and with one eye open:
the eye of the mind.

I could bring down
an enemy at half a mile,
his shadow disappearing
into the cultural haze.

As a young man in college
I became Jean Paul Sartre
and cared about nothing
(very much about nothing)

and wore black turtlenecks
and surplus army boots.

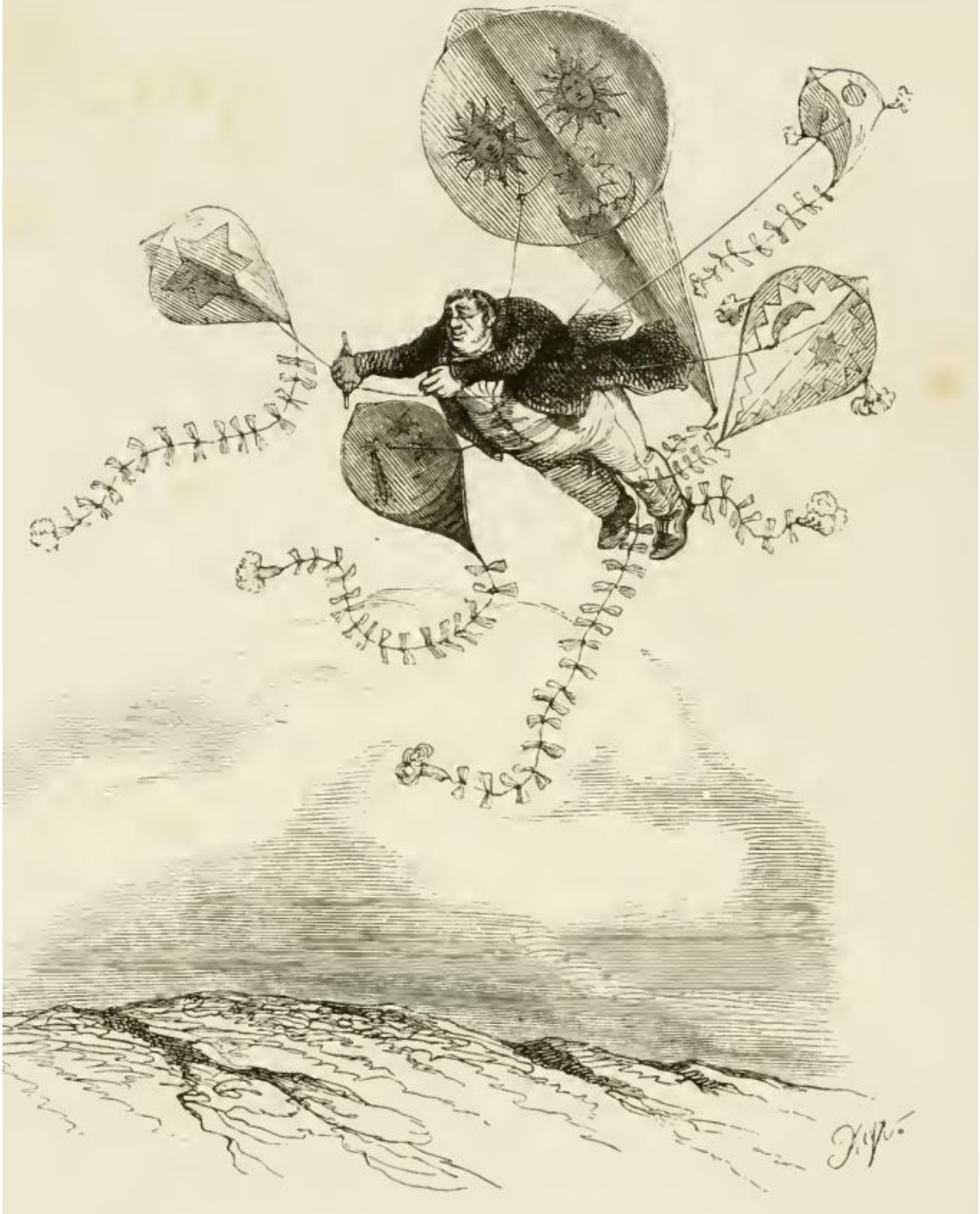
I smoked a pipe and knew life
was all about dying.

Friends ignored me
and kept singing.
They said I needed to travel.

I visited the land
of monsoons, of monkeys
vicious in the temples,
and smoked beedis
at a penny a dozen.

And I learned the manners
of better men, and
gave up my childish ways.

LOCOMOTIONS AÉRIENNES.



Aerial Locomotions, by Jean-Jacques Grandville



from the Mysteries of Infinity, part of Un Autre Monde, Grandville's most famous image

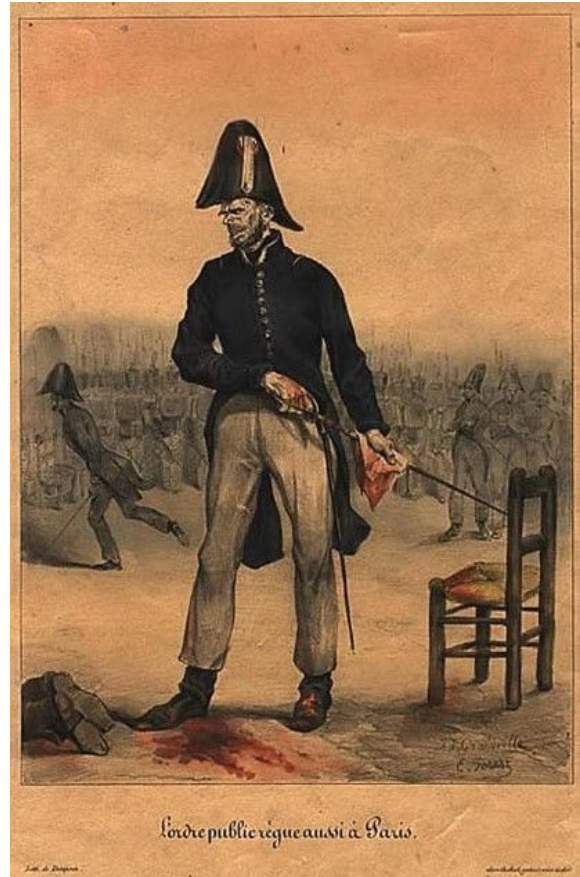
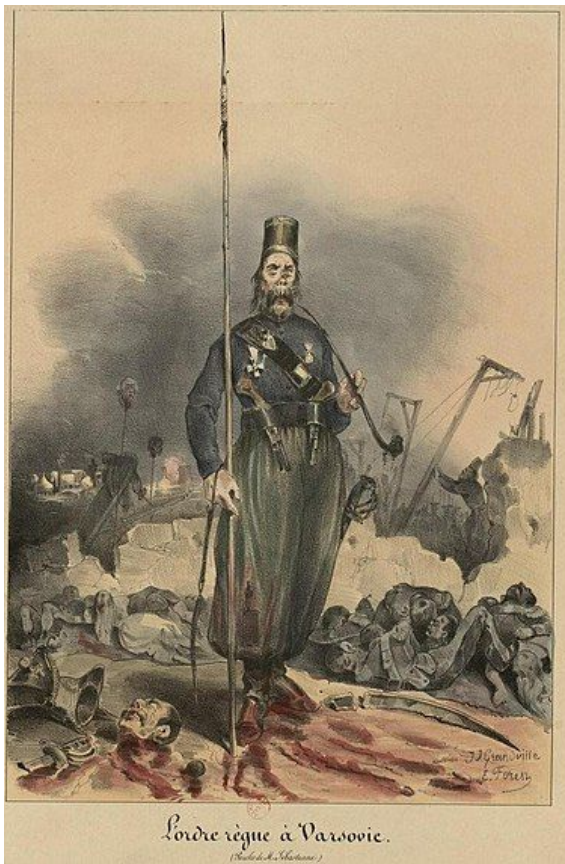
Peter Van Belle

Satire and Fantasy: Jean-Jacques Grandville

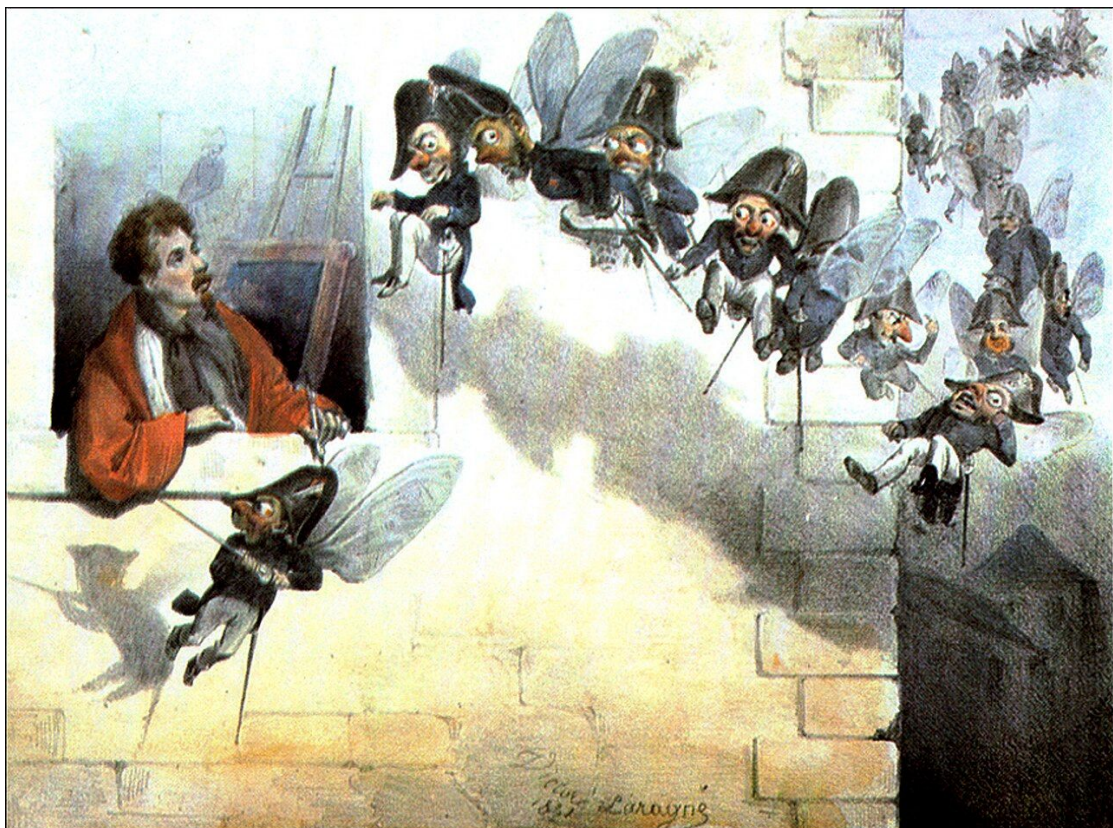
It was a year of revolutions. In July 1830 a revolt in Paris led to the establishment of a constitutional monarchy under Louis-Phillipe, the “citizen-king”. This was the end of the Bourbon monarchy which had been reestablished after the defeat of Napoleon in 1815. One of the new features of the new regime was freedom of the press. An attempt to curtail this in the Low Countries was one of the reasons for the Belgian Revolution in August of the same year. This would eventually lead to Belgian independence. Poland was not so fortunate. Inspired by the previous revolutions, the Poles revolted in November. The great powers of Eastern Europe, Prussia, Austria-Hungary, and Russia, had no intention of allowing an independent Poland to emerge, and Russian troops put an end to this uprising.

A wave of sympathy for the Poles was felt throughout the western world. Even Edgar Allen Poe considered joining volunteers to fight the Russians. This sympathy was most keenly felt in France, particularly among the Bonapartists. Napoleon had allowed the establishment of a semi-independent Duchy of Warsaw, and Polish lancers had played a significant part in his campaigns in Russia. Riots broke out in Paris, which in turn were suppressed by the police and the national guard.

Though Louis-Phillipe’s rule wasn’t democratic, press freedom allowed for some resistance. One form of this was through caricature. In fact, one Bonapartist magazine was called *La Caricature*. Two of the most famous caricaturists of the day were Honoré Daumier and Jean-Jacques Grandville. The latter was crowned the King of Caricature after his print was published about the final suppression of the Polish Uprising in September 1831. It showed a Russian Cossack peacefully smoking his pipe, surrounded by the dismembered remains of Polish lancers. The caption was a statement attributed to the French foreign minister: “Order reigns in Warsaw.” After the suppression of the consequent riots in Paris, he made another caricature, this time of the French police, with the caption “Order reigns in Paris as well.”



This second caricature was the last straw for the French authorities. The police raided his apartment, and only the intervention of a neighbour quoting the law prevented his arrest. As a reaction he made the caricature below titled “Oh, those horrible flies”.



His colleague, Daumier, was arrested and jailed, but remained defiant. As you can see below, he was a far more savage caricaturist of the king. Grandville, however, admitted in his diary to have been badly shaken by the police raid. In part this was due to his recent marriage. He understandably didn't want to make his new bride a widow, or orphan his young children. Unfortunately both his wife and children died within a short time span .



Daumier's caricature of Louis-Phillipe as Rabelais's Gargantua, gorging on taxes and defecating awards

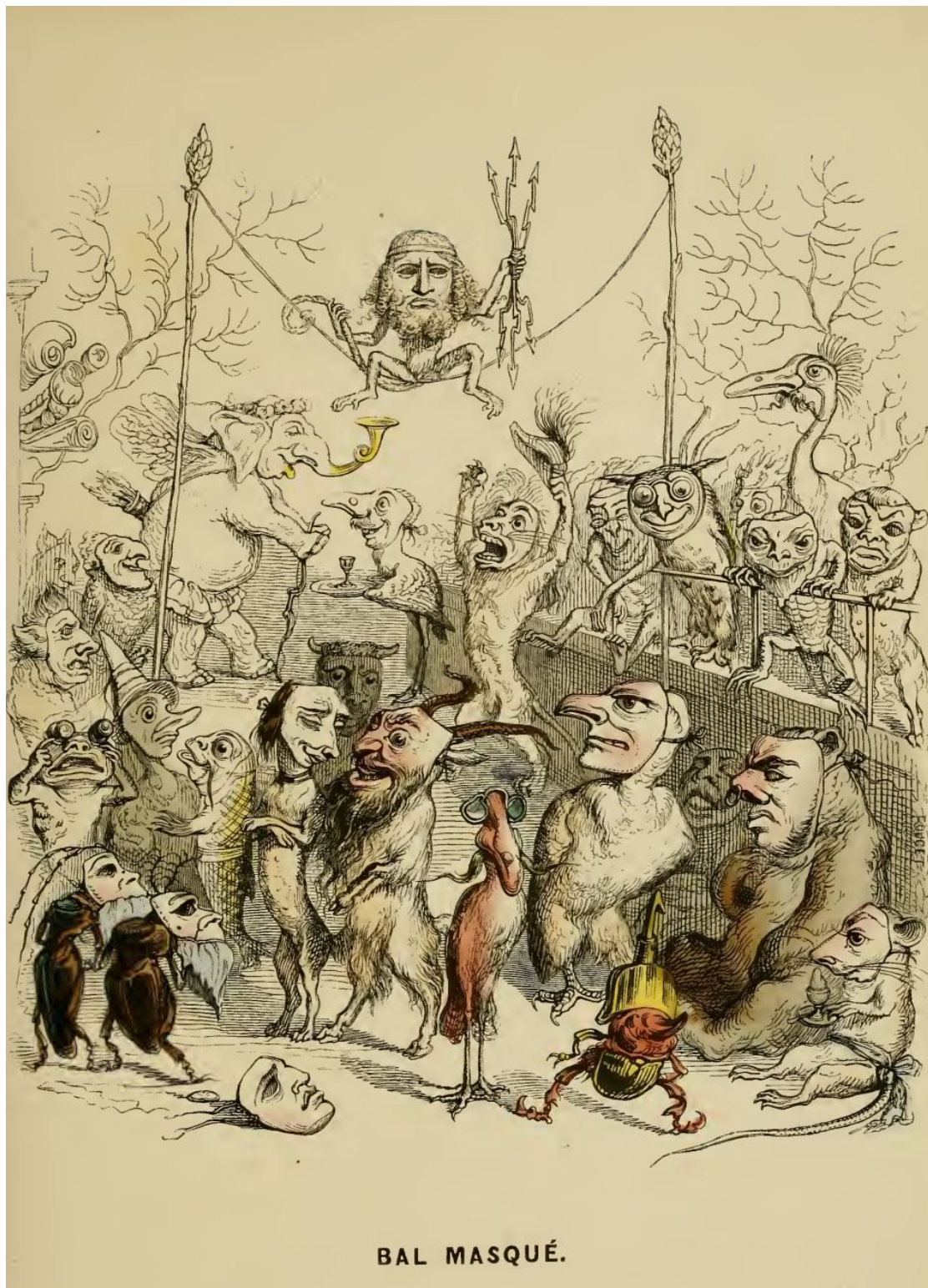
In 1835 press freedom was abolished after an assassination attempt on Louis-Phillipe. So caricaturists had to find other means of making a living. Grandville's editor Eduard Charton approached him to write a long work with his illustrations. Grandville, however, discovered he had lots of ideas, but couldn't write extended pieces of prose. His publisher therefore engaged several writers to flesh out Grandville's ideas. In effect, the illustrations came before the stories themselves. First came *Scènes de la Vie Privée des Animaux* and *Les Français peint par eux-mêmes*. But his magnum opus was the novel *Un Autre Monde* (Another World), published in 1844, which tells of the adventures of three self-proclaimed new gods Puff, Krackq, and Hahblle.



Puff, Kracqk, and Hahble, Kracqk resembles Grandville

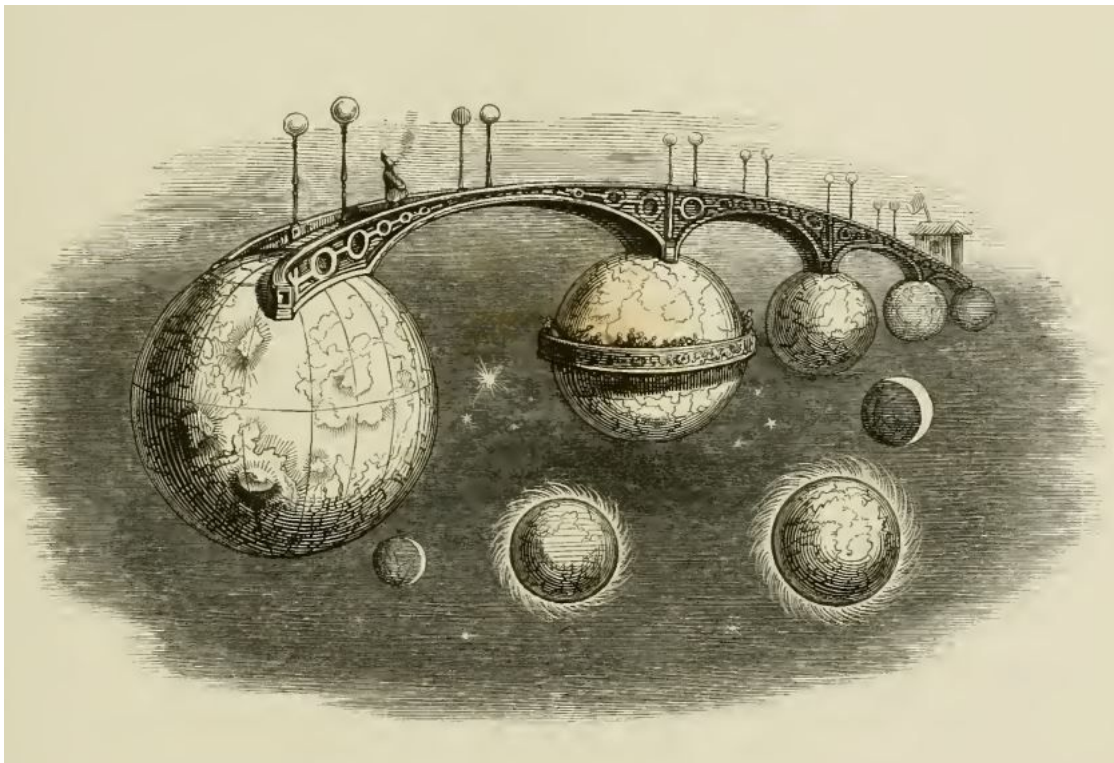
They share thoughts and manuscripts, and it's not always clear who's talking or writing. They share insights into the human condition, though they describe it through often absurd fantasies. In one chapter Krackq states that people think they are one, but they are two, because their exterior is always at war with their character. This idea foreshadows in a way the concepts of the persona and the ego in psychology.

One of his illustrations of this thesis is a masked ball, in which animals don human masks. Beneath each persona lurks a beast.



In other chapters the satire is subtle as in *Mysteries of Infinity*, which contains Grandville's most famous image, the one on page 36. It shows a god-like character juggling planets. A star is about to crash down on the recoiling figure on the nearest planet. The star is in fact the *croix d'honneur*, what is now called the Legion of Honour. The accompanying text tells of what a calamity it is when someone gets hit by this award.

Another image from this chapter looks more like something of a work of Science Fiction. A bridge connecting planets.



One tour de force is the chapter *La Terre en Plan*, where Hahblle ascends into the sky and views the world from above. In one scene he spots his niece with her boyfriend, and laments that he wrote such ardent poems about her.



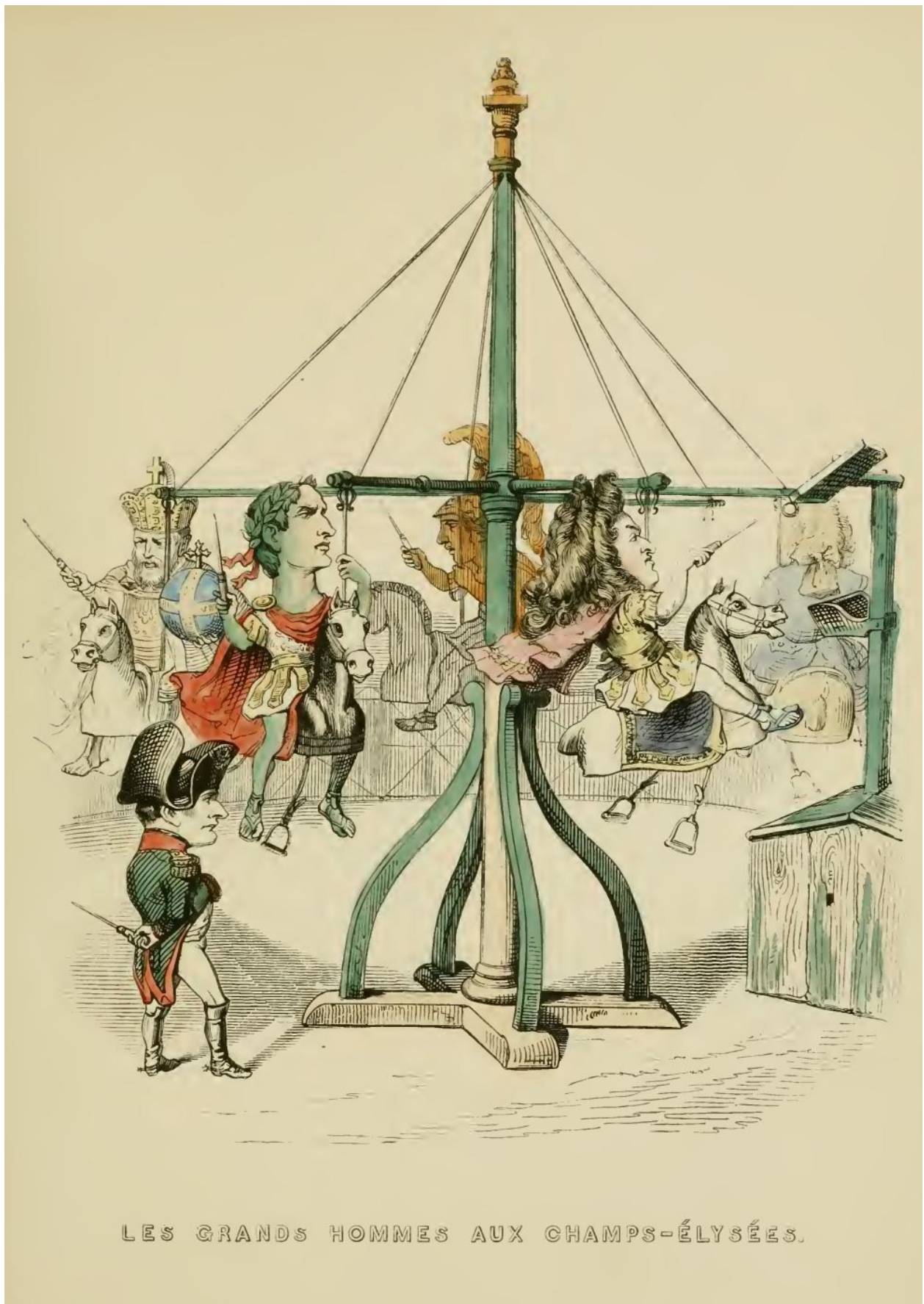
In *Une Révolution Végétale* he satirises a revolution that ends with the massacre of sugar cane against sugar beet in the Battle of the Two Refined (both plants are refined into sugar).



In another chapter, the satire is more direct, for instance in “the Big and the Small”, the upper classes literally look down on the common people.



In one image he satirises the great leaders of the past, being careful to portray Napoleon as being in control, so as not to offend the Bonapartists.



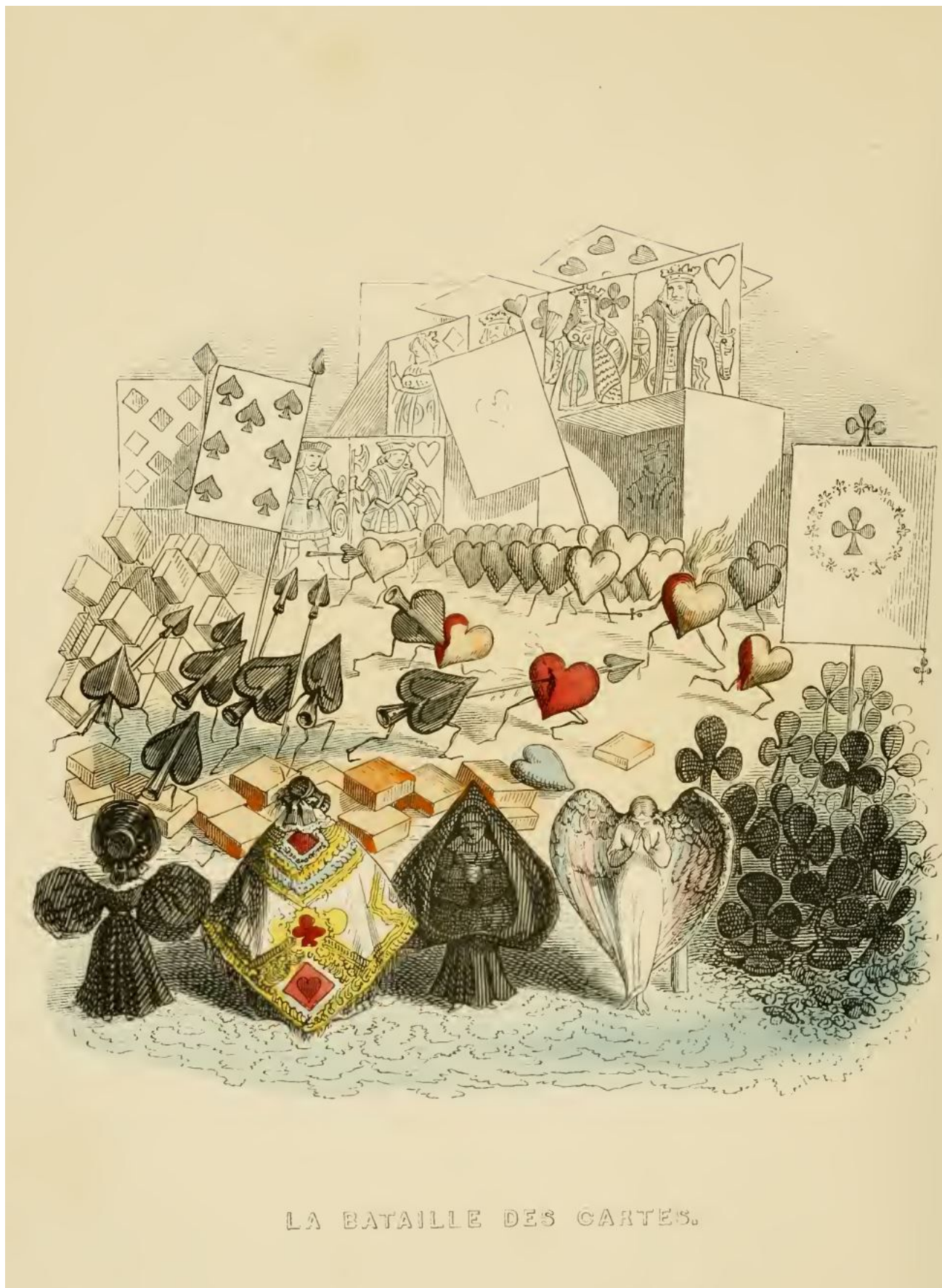
LES GRANDS HOMMES AUX CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.

A particularly interesting chapter from a psychological perspective is *Les Métamorphoses du Sommeil*. Hahbille, still pining over his niece, dreams about her. In the pictures of these dreams, Grandville portrays the way the subconscious creates symbols out of its manifest contents.



Hahbille's dream of his niece, from a bird she turns into a toy, then a flower, and finally a snake

Another dream prefigures a scene from Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland.

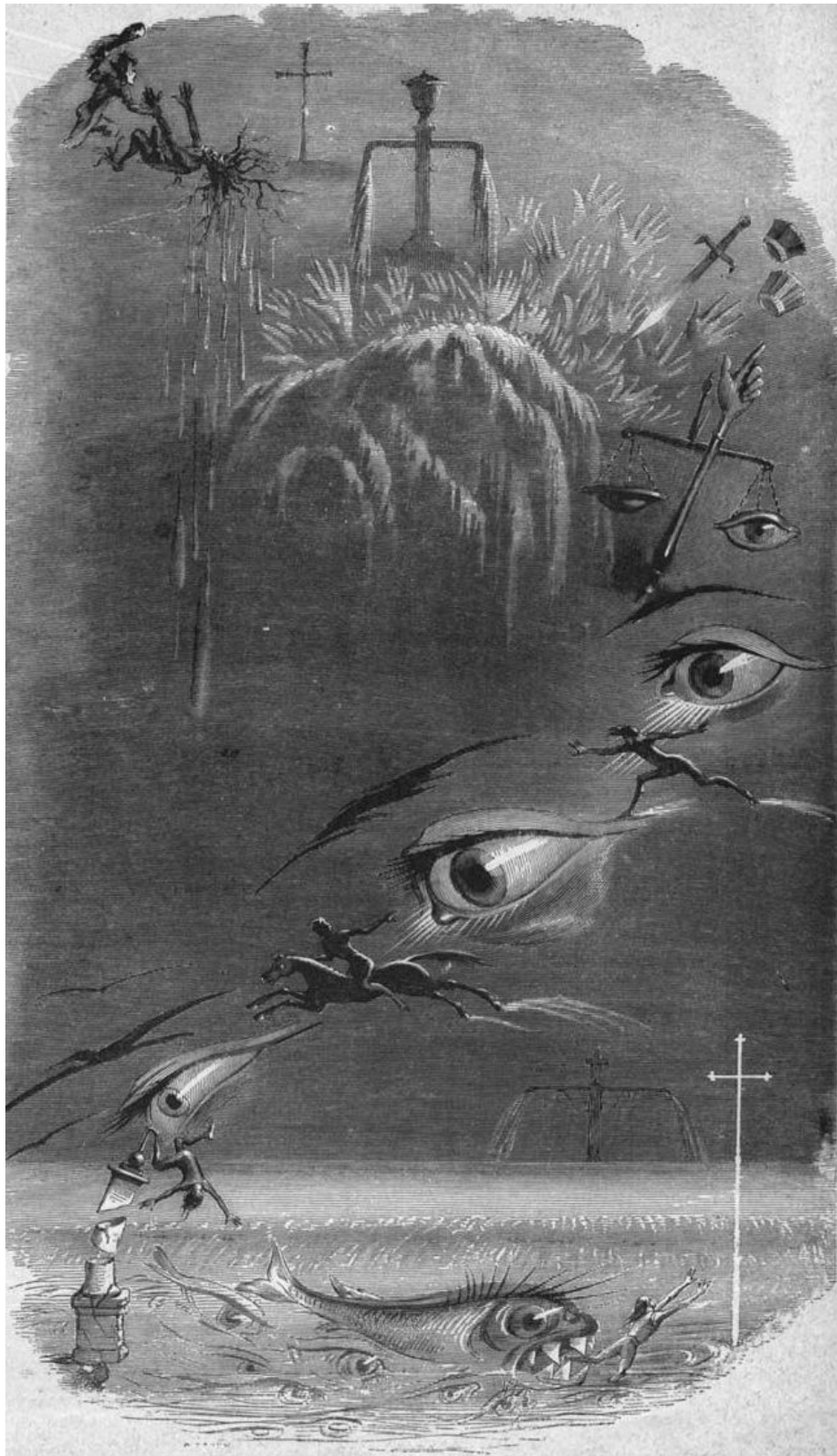


LA BATAILLE DES CARTES.

A satirist with a sharp mind and eye discovers the general failings and injustices of society. Foibles that reach beyond the contemporary. An example of this is the picture of Venus sitting in a box during an opera. Below her a male crowd of eyeballs leer at her. This personifies what we would now call the male gaze.



Grandville died in 1847, so before the revolution of 1848, which brought down the monarchy of Louis-Phillipe. The democracy that followed was short-lived though, as four years later the nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte would be crowned Napoleon the third. Grandville himself became forgotten, until he was rediscovered by Max Ernst, who'd often used his images for his own collages. In 1963 he wrote the introduction to a picture-book with Grandville's works.



A Dream of Crime and Punishment, a picture Grandville drew the year of his death in 1847

Sources:

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CONTRIBUTORS

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Bruach Mhor is a fan of sea slugs. His poems have appeared in such places as *Gutter*, *Causeway*, *Dream Catcher*, *The Journal*, *Black Box Manifold*, *The Kleksograph*, *The Interpreter's House*, *Dreich*

John Winder is an Irish photographer working in both colour and black and white. He began creative photography many years ago and enjoys trudging around outdoors, hauling camera gear, and spending time behind the tripod. Although he began working as a landscape photographer, his work has developed to include abstract and geometric imagery. He has art work previously published in *The Bangor Literary Journal*, *Fevers of the Mind* and *The Fly on the Wall Press*.

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Mark Eads is a twenty-four-year-old Bosnian-American author and poet. His work explores themes of language, identity, and psychological fracture through speculative and surreal forms. His poetry has previously appeared in *The Kleksograph*,

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Craig Kirchner is retired and living in Jacksonville because that's where his granddaughters are. He loves the aesthetics of writing, has a book of poetry, *Roomful of Navels*, and has been nominated three times for a Pushcart. Craig's writing has been published in *Chiron Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *Fresh Words*, *Kleksograph* and dozens of others. He houses 500 books in his office and about 400 poems on a laptop; these words help keep him straight. More about Craig can be found on Bluesky.

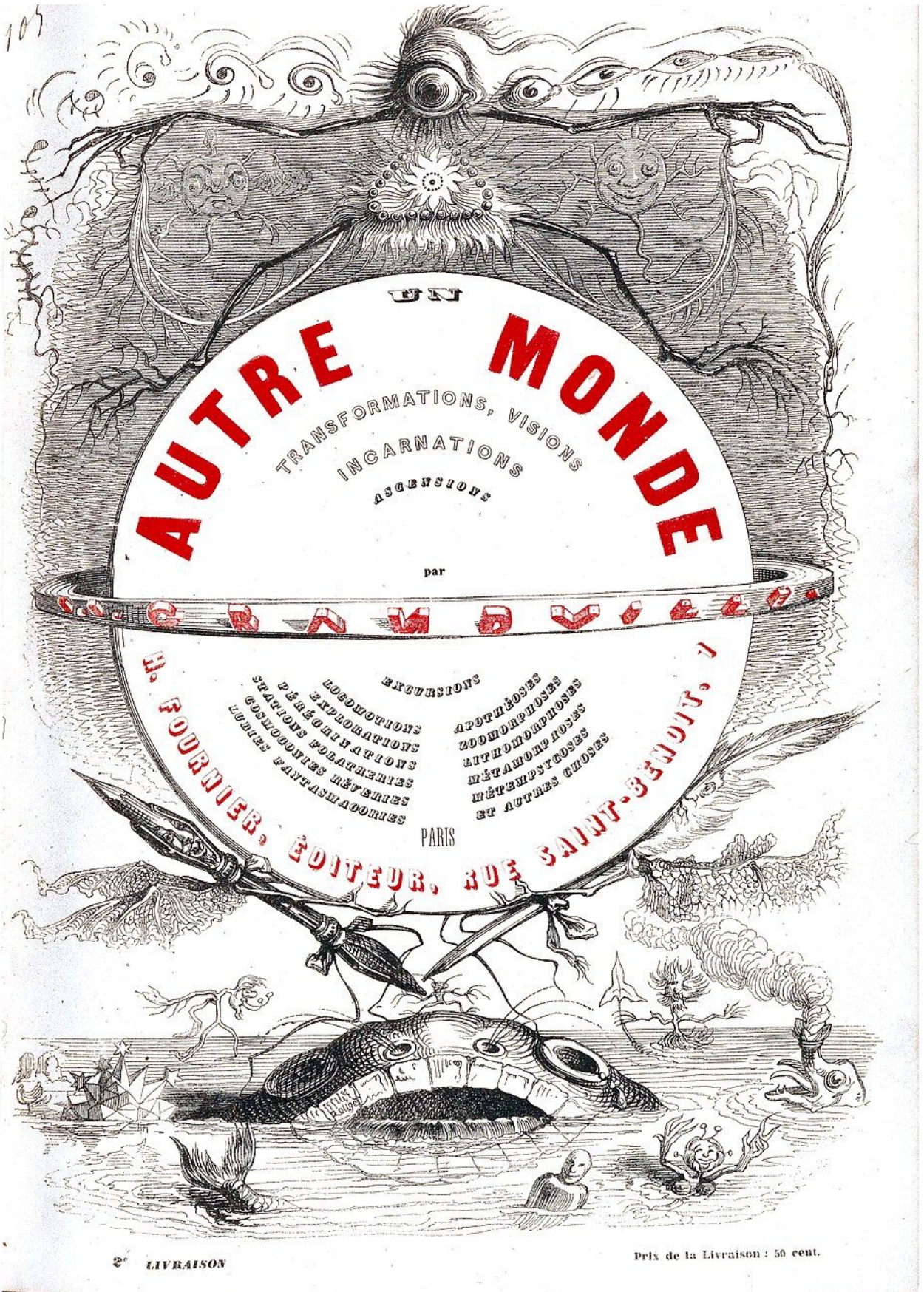
Gary Jude is from London and has lived and worked in Bern, Switzerland for many a year. He has previously been published in various UK magazines, including in: *Wild Court*, *Ink Sweat and Tears*, *Dream Catcher*, *The Interpreter's House*, *Poetry Salzburg*, *The North*, and *Black Nore Review*.

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George Moore's poetry collections include *Children's Drawings of the Universe with Salmon Poetry* (2015) and *Saint Agnes Outside the Walls with Future Cycle Press* (2016). He has published poetry in *The Atlantic*, *Poetry*, *Orbis*, and *New York Quarterly*, and has work in *Best Canadian Poetry 2025 (Biblioasis)*. After a career teaching literature and writing with the University of Colorado, Boulder, he lives with his wife, a Canadian author, on the south shore of Nova Scotia.

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END OF ISSUE TWENTY OF THE KLEKSOGRAPH



frontispiece of the second edition of *Un Autre Monde*