i tried the fermentation of another world's wanting,
sunships & spelunkers. inside of the skeleton pink
lungs were laughing about how no one red remains
wanting’s whorl. bucky balls & stun guns. neural
sasquatch swatting squash against the final fences
standing carping that "this red is the same remains."

Jeffrey Little
IN THE COMMON ERA I-IV

II: FALSIFIED

1

In childhood I had encountered Yaldebaoth: an emission of sleet. The shale contained the image of a god: head and torso of silver flecked blue; elongated eye; bulbous beak which tapered to an arrowhead; beige stump of a wing.

2

I felt that he put me down because I dealt in the manner of a Jew. He held my hand to be less clean than one forced to bring drink or food to his sort. It did me no good to resent the hoard that had been condensed into his craftsmanship.

3

Her life had become too scattered to collect. Even spite failed to assemble a coherent figure from such material. There must have been little choice but to damage all that had been made for herself. I did not pretend to contain her: at once woodland and mermaid eyed.

4

I considered her to be a sort of prophetess. She might raise her voice or dance in silence. The lit red room and open market merged for her. Once she confronted me on my route home from the shop: both smiled when I met her adrift in her nightdress on the pavement.

5

Of course she had guessed that I contained the abyss. There was nothing for me to do but clutch at her as though I meant to hurl her aside. I knew that her dialectic would reveal me to be hideous and worn out. In the end I made desolate the friendship that could not be transformed.

6

I tried to begin my mission among the dead. The angel beside me let my skin unravel: bone dropped from bone where I stood. It did no good that she withheld herself. Still I turned upon her. Fuck it. Fuck it. I did not follow my nature.

Kevyn Knox

I LOOK IN
TO YR EYES AND
SEA BASHES HER WAVES A
AGAINST YR HOT CHERRY LIP
S TO KISS, YES TO KISS THE NAKED
NESS OF YR FEET FROM DOWN BELOW
W AND THE TOUCH OF YR KNEE ELBO
WED INTO MY MOUTH, TONGUE CARES
SING FLESHLY MEAT OF LUSTING PIRATE
PLAYING ATOP YR SALTY PARROT WING

Pars n'elle

in art i culate*

1. to mark (as a trail) with blazes
2. the upper regions of space
3. colorless fragrant
4. a straight 2-edge sword
5. suitable for seeing distant objects

Marcia Arrieta
Jimmy “Three Balls” Hanrahan

lop e fr ame s 9 un true s edr ant key sip t oil f on t rue st ray to wn i s in t rue sa gen t one f ind ica ti on sum sa me g ne st ray t al isie f il est i mate t I'm Time f all sub due d reams st ash ed pr ice f un In pen foil g one f one s one t one A dept ad ent ro py load style sign w all t one m ast air p or esitase fine frest li ne fon due p ast y ou'll s end t ent pile sign f i l ra bid toil sun sed the rife while str aig ts d ream s a im el o fonk as daft er fev rier Tile dial sigh spun t own b ounce d un e r asor Lip s f row n a me esitase sub due ro py load Sun said the rife while ph one f ind ica ti on Due past sa gent t one f ind sum sa t rue s edr ant key sip tile dial sed the rife s a im el o fonk font ele fant in f on t fant f in d sigh Spun t own b ounces m ast air por esitase st ash es in pen g one sun sed sip to p lease A dept ad ent p lain lane two pie ch art s f in r d ee pat ri down h allow ollw re ad fr tro sa Me fit ri se d fr de u t pl uit f and saw s K all per ap sona lly d row n ed i tate s do Om p late line d i'm e t ear air f o ugh t s ou Nd fuy wh air t oath sp ear s h ear s c An itense d is raw qu acks f ind est ro joi n G ag re gate s ound f ind es create p ull slim Y ishers dr rain k lope t ree s evr y sa 2 b est to box t gr yte r a in pin e

The Paint Was Intact

Venting center nor the reflector cooling, channels melt ah boreholes very tank bottom! (Cavern streams) disordered intact the roller gate's slab rotation ("tooth") plasma slack-deformation elbow comes to start. Descending on one hand, positive reactivity insertion closest to the ejection drums (fine dust), fuel bearing "lava-lake" oh bubbler pool! Spread through hall, volumes of conglomeration, abrupt border fused

Biological shielding ablated fragments on the melting-plane witnesses burnt

---

NUR

Rendered delineate
Louter, louder'd

In these delicate airs renewal, harps no wooden airs Rescind tent, "dog me to the stone"

Allows no distance the music borne atune lates stir But dressed like liquor buttressed

Nor upper tense their term renewal, nor hops allowed But formed aside eighters

In flat recall nor doubters love's ankles Touted aside nor boats these skippers lined out

Toward total lowers low'l to have held Heaps their sudden tiers below nor altered out

Where her signing outs their own reference recalls The longer hours you'd met them down the malls

Or have halted from the distances their own mechanic Hards the tuner nats no stir therein but held again

Dacy's lamb, nor halted psalter require termite pane Nor held offer skin this peen her tempo scorn

Nay, faulted time torn signs between, as halted torpor Forms the flinty skin her sighs at sheen nor tempo Then breaks aside at folds the sharper lore Referenced out.

---

SUD

Founded afar, noon's color blue-orangish The slugger spins away intense reveries Clue the seller into more omnipotent strains Of the newer motto you'd called aloud And moved motive's clue against the more Relinquiment sayings afar no matter to the More than lineament-attuned reefer stain Your own habitat made implemento by now Their own thralls are herein the more open Tonality in restraint from further allowances Than had been "in mind" more or less new

---

Potential sud
is having to hold either too much or gone the exclusion implosive impressive in stant (BANG!) loves loves me definitely. Not answered no prayer's squabbled over saturday's night game profligacy in lace under mink stole a glance and died of fright almost. Double agent confidence "man" on the embarcadero of life strum strutting and pegged out for more than ordinarily wouldn't care situation ism (a life of buddha raked over the brahmin's coals) litter plays a fter noon plight lute con certed bastion string flutter a wind winding down ground level Zero (para los Muertos) discursive entities blank stared and hooked to miasma of western tragic notions of dying and dis ease when what else is there? hand some boys latin and well oiled in vast taxis drive ways runway lovers' hoisted by lapels by a deity whose strong arm technique ravished her and left a desolate angelic (a) moon struck tongue parched in a romance little known for its vocalism s (un dotted moon above sea of nasal vowels) darkest plunge I ever took right 'tween her so called legs off the calendar by an inch before romeo took the knife to his own heart(h) when I get home don't tell me what I did about "it" windows are hard to come by finestra janela ventana slip into a lethal sleep in the library of choice lapped by ever darker waves tides sworn to secrecy hair awash her palest face a blanch dot flecked spume (sympathy?) hazard a tome metro politan areas a blaze who succumb to a glorious fyrm of a day on trial

(Normal Nest Palmetto)

Normal nest palmetto. In it see core at say you set both. Quits proclaiming this funereal commerce. A cruel cut. Junes a say, does picaresque colors of due charm. Gem of armored tenderness and a sage cruelty. Moan armor, not quite the sole norm, tune of the solitary form. At his qualms a jury tune surveys. Oh toiling form at normal day, monad order abjures the mare entering America and Europe. Allure of radiant finale, solitary reverberation surfs the surface undulation. Day vague where being brightens the estranged soul over bubble dance of champagne or dances over the rapid automobile. Maintains the principle of boulevard male shepherds. A jury of plums! Lobs the advantage of the detailed couch. Disturbs this ordinary tome, the phantom familiar. Quiet fess sails a tame disadvantage and lets damage tune past concepts. Toils kind too seared more. Too serious bells sojourn desire. Serrate more dejected enclosed titans, entire tones, cores immortal, in tone images Jamaican partisan marvelous perverts. detonated, present Delays eternal veins, June maize. Disturbed quills, no-fault past regrets the choices still. Ronald advances mush. Bandits won't chant, regret villain's, quiet misrepresentations, plumage of armor. Tawny fox with a son's accent. Tone sends regards and rayon. Odor of toil and cello of Chevrolets, bored coup of authors continue time and moist environments. Emotion sweats Ronald and the Bandits. Motion sweet quits Robert Desnos, pours taverns, continues taffy, lays vales within. Most quite sweet Robert Desnos pours tame at quiet nine, votes past attachments. Dots of reputation, ampule of memoir, certain terrapin perennial.

(Non, L'Amour N'Est Pas Mort.)
they will place you in a urn and a sailor costume coffin fitted for a sail down the nile a noose around the water and horus barking moon dead into the lilac colored page of night

you will without cause deny

an engine much like sky en tropy details of a blade of grass weighted by dew soft as uncolored dust

brought into focus a last magnum photo montage eye lids patina of gravity Pro serpina her face writ large across cloud s of waning light warning?

who I will be next time

Ivan Argüelles

---

THE TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE

Pork and syphons assuage my onnum in the tony oafen

The tongabun topper of fombom often rarks the light

So gently davelly remains to hape any manugation

So tavish rad for ammonia poses on a rost flice

The mornest tawp fries lipe hajon to lispy fisitons

The slape yoovoos toom to exspice and fipe rifety

Michael Ruby

---

removing is car... therefore in pre-mind assumptions fade release prowling, tongue in flood-gate imperative N to the xth power. so said, reactions fade directly, pre-emptive vanishing, perhaps sooner. therefore in various notions we find growth and decisiveness predicated upon reciprocity's suggestability.

Peter Ganick
pieces of a day

(weekday, 3/8/99)

pin light on division of head
& in the same box

were a set of claws

that in the beginning of a movement
had placed a wooden wedge by door....

could they simply just sit
there & stare at these few objects?

the prairie boy

had sat scaling fish,
the white mound got so high
that his form had disappeared,
the sounds tho were still as sharp.

Guy R. Beining

a lineage of descent

the perfect crime  a perfect game  & for once i make every light.

tomorrow is the sound of one egg clapping, a sound i hear when i'm
raking a sand trap in search of my drinking pants so as not to upset
the shine. if i had the shovel we'd never been alone.

an elevator inside a sphere

banjos

a ruby red claw hammer & an iron skillet,

floating is often enough  - nine dangerous events all w/heirs.

Jeffrey Little
Anathema Enema

during the Dynasty

of the Marionette

societies

wallow in spiritual
diseases

rampant under the skin

destroying pure
energies

the Corpus

revels in

....

poetryslaves

are accomplices

of

Death

fiddling in the Fire

Vincent Ferrini

Cenote Azul (Quintana Roo)

If you can read this stop.

The skin so delicate and splitting
an object commonly known as water
a move towards illusion
depth lost
connection unknown
vertical for a moment
and then covered
silence.

If I move it moves
familiar for a moment
then there are parrots.

It is only by repetition.

For once the phrase come clean
has immense meaning
this could be forgiving
refraction may not
be the correct term
but it serves.

If you can read this stop.

Obvious is a limited vocabulary
to get vertical jump
to get horizontal fall
testing the water is
an oxymoronic bit of physics
you can't define a method
or compound a reasonable outcome
the water not only accepts
you go down - you go up
or you make an offer.

It is impossible to find the bottom
although it is breathtaking
opaque doesn't even begin
refracted has no meaning
the fish duck is hysterical
distance is multiplied by breath
you are very much the minority
in spite of your outfit.

There may be something
to hang on to

bad idea
bad bad bad.

If you think this is regression
you got a long way to go
all the new age is helpless
if you wanna go up - begin.

There is a very good reason
to worship the sun.

Did I say the fish duck was hysterical?

I can't breath
what a relief.

Distance is only imagined
what a relief.

There is a language beyond me.

Nothing makes a lot of sense.

Inspiration is overwhelmed by reality.

The wind shifts.

Jim McCrary

Semplemado

poetryslaves

are accomplices

of

Death

fiddling in the Fire

Vincent Ferrini

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Jim McCrary
revelations of the canard

unfinished the continued between now represents elements of the empirical reverse. expressions that are given are identical to metaphorical sources. the erotic wedge and familiar conceit (the ambiguous is a circular insight) releasing a binary process of sexual autobiography. detumescent and curved from the oval words, incised bridges, violated implications clarify the appearance of a work. the object is the object, thus an ironical leap, oblique multivalent glyphs of conceptual continuity. transposed ambient influences insinuate the hyperbolic commonplace, the evolution at face value of conceptual generation. a crucial map identifies the perversity of taste, an orthographic paradox immediately hypothetical and iconographic. the word 'viable' accounts for the erotic assertion, the transmitted matter of the origin. a detail thrives on leaps and potential, but the unimportance of that confirmation, the cryptic anatomy of intention, violates the central fragment, the graphic paradox of spiritual technique. reliance evolves from fragments of ironic collection. as the texture perversely of matter serves to establish, consistency warps the contemporary horizontal, casting itself as the particular. from such referential circularity a method of derivative usage is corroborated by the approximate duplicate. while the matrix employed by linguistic inevitability seemingly relates a structural variation, it is also preeminent as a form of spatial negotiation.

revelations of the canard

among the oblong examples is found a situation stemming from value, the sources and elaborations of these processes manifested in the difficulty within a conceptual extrapolation. the histories of isolation with regard to behaviorism scandalized the androgyne into an examination of the external metaphor. a slanted act was transmitted through the ongoing machinery. of the chamber upon the floor, depicted on gaseous molds, the upper length therein pulverized by the lenses, an arcane coincidence of cultures is often exiguous to correspond. opposites effect an other. the state of knowledge, for example, as completed by a transpositional perfume. a catalyst of the name is essential to the projection of performances hidden within the difference. an androgynous emission of microscopic pyramids illuminates abstract credibility, while both secretive biography and transposed ontology exteriorize the acculturated surrogate. in contrast, by the literature of nothing the work itself is descended to its ultimate personae. the androgyne is impersonated by the adventure of the proof.

Enkidu is no more, a fear of sand in sync with sunlight, her daylight at the intersection of organs. terrestrial, organic, insatiable, animated by the burning onerious, irenic fragments foreground entire splinters, our arbitrary jurist beds forgiven in foreign oils heraldic harm her protestant tears and despair the sapid dividends, our indictment in light is modeled on the real, tell her you forgive the steadfast hatred and some of the Neolithic topics dashed to mediation beneath the livid hammers, living violates you, the statistics are its form, political attentiveness forecasts our anguish, her blood blurs to foam by rote.

the name of her death is milk, by practice the skeptical I mends its jagged terror, at his desertion she delivers a statement from her lawyer, the system mediocre and random, the sentence our derelict slavery omitting selves, shall we look at the night and gravitate?

Jim Leftwich
We Work All the Time

I've not known of the subtle wobble of stars for so long, cartoos ballooning until they are wastrels, thunder rolling off our heads and crashing, breaking your mind into fragments on it because I told you to that some voice comes among us--we don't even know what to do with it--saying: "undress in front of the fire"
the fire--so why would we think of water as scientific?

Twin billboards loom:
Gun and Knife Show: Largest in the World/
Christian Singles 553-3550

If we feel more comfortable being erased, would rather be a picture in pencil why are we the enemies of language? The soft looseness of our clothes will seem like enough for you some day depending on how much of each night we waste sleeping and whether, while we sleep, we dream. Your strength stretches out in our minds like bars of light we have somehow to cross with the shaded nature of clouds.

Talks aim at us. Pick pick.

Our one color flies over, squawks like a goose.

Carolyn Steinhoff Smith

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PLOT

We Work All the Time, not supposed to be too aware, don't write on this, blue wonder, set up, one does object?, how do we appear to others, brief zen tantrum, weeks if not, boxed set of words, opt out, flow facts flow! near letters, mind teacher; spammers far, one tongue, this phrase is out of context, de-rotate, in the language of information, immediate speech, distant talk, don't write it, union jack sunset, jack out, practice building, build a dream-machine, spontaneous information, went yer way, if one eye should fall, drunker, yes, deserter, not be meaning before the fall, see? you already knew that, flip the hourglass over, hesperides, licking this one, out of or from tension, the walkers, now is prime, versus abbreviations, more to it than they would have you believe, another insignificant phrase, got yer tickets?, replace this, ret escape, stolen pen, the complete sheet, adding to the confusion, save particle, getting yer money's worth the effort, free blank, ignore reality, over-write, subtle rebuttal, data spill, info scam, identity in flux, melting clock, surprise as in, to assume a mask, graphocracy, zen surfing, grey goo, hooked on phones, refresh page, split memory, highly concrete, zirconium encrusted tweezers, anti-
chabba, the time of writing
is over, sub-coma, now space,
next words, representations
of representations, no
ideology at all, a article,
unmediated experience,
sub-product, between worlds,
close to words, turn joy into
art?, footed, be i see,
knock out in the park, three
way words, infinite canada,
perfective page, calls
saint reed, thirty five,
pun dot, keeping books
alive, i need a community,
feeling a little ear-sick,
suddenly, still now, gone,

Ross Priddle

brain washed on this story
since the germs in youth.
fake blare common sector.
communicate geological
depth attrition.
threat treat slaughter.
especially expose hidden claws
as right misbegotten candle ink
swelling this house w/riddles
talk+soon all water eye glare
first of our days flute.
last to remember the lost
progressing over an edge.
boy.

the given
beg w/a glance + rainy breath
exist only while being observed
avert my eyes falling into
some new process your threats would pass,
particle or wave against the stranding lethargy
w/elegant + wasting fingers.
washes against itself passively obliterating
each common moment
into a sand of anxious weary.
this flickers between the fluid plateaus
of head + hand,
of image + language,
Illuminate flesh from concept or conception
a fluxing divinity which quivers
+ rushes away from the given.

Aaron Hawk

---

KNOTHISS SNOTHAT

—Quandary of latent birth slough of what soul threatened. —Generosities at insistencies of ego wrinkling wetly above the frets. —Knothiss snothat. But just when quenched witch of cows recovers some vocabular love circles. —A circle of stones in a vessel of trees? —Enallagic particulars thought epistemate rain engendered about hands us crepuscular tireiron as recidivist we. We are doubt about parse matrices spordic iterations centered in tampon phlegm esperanto what strung hypertext imparts. —Say black place blue notes tremble amid tones? Say pelagic monoliths aboriginal eye? —Say nothing, my euphonic murmuration. Centers anywhere we not by any means but through them move in so far as we cannot be sure.

—See heraclitus, see peru, see by submerging hydroponic regatta dewed in code obsession and thereby reversing its center to accomplish loci of the newly associative by which we reinvent the mirror.

—Sounds like a writer of the not so hypothetical beyond confessing read contextual turbulences of a working site. —Vision? its the veritable instep of my working class announcing poetical collapse.

—to adduce belief circumscribe the divine and excogitate the fancy. —Selfconscious alphabetical noise. —Yes, atman brahmin, anathema. The feedback of consciousness becoming iterate pelf. Therex only an angular nexus dubious in issues freed of the discursive exclusions of O the new belly (newel) and O the new pun (pundit) aroused to quest spite of the eyed sequential.

—What? Where our shadows shut the barnacles and closing the crocus shuts our flame? —Fivers, new silences of the ludic live song bet. But no. Just while I ponder clamoring proteins of toothbrush continuity the movements of disturbances are reflected in a decoration. —Longer by deafening stages to points organ of ethos but through defunct hearings of bodily doubts papercovered likenesses which in this collision becomes prospectus of epistemologies exit positing a radical intentionality which bombs gaps in the avant. —Look, a merely readied position of wanting can only point to permissible methods of challenging belief. Allies of ardent east, aids of avatar and poignant masagers per assents circling selves composite other. —Where willows divinations eases our thirst and bees above gobbits of ajuga hum?

—Art insofar as I arent. So a significant squatter of knowledge piercing. Protuberant magicks via subtle mirrors knotted correspondence. —Hell no. Im writing to end all animal studies of mutual dependence imposed by thinking you awaken rhizomes of a slater dread. —The forthcoming event of prolixity is also a collapse.

Ken Harris

NOT HAiku

.gear trace nor floater "stance"
crowned with socks goat rotting
doubled in yr other
Ficus strangululensis & John M. Bennett
Paint on bearing wall, theory of similars, mistakes outside their frame

She was a ravishing Nintendo kind of splash array in fog (invasive brights flicked on sequentially). The taken moment when a semblance of the alphabet recurs is twine for use. These damp enough particulars and a specific coat here in a range of sun so often damaging. Pray the pain lets up. A wall of worry coats the skin afoot prompting the dissonance to grovel and still ... merchant numbers tremble east recoveries from masked incisions. News thwarts better news. Some tuneful glaze rests “easy” on the eye. Wanting to be the waltz with thee ... informally, the rafters sing the whole of moon placed by and by. Across the street, the cup of coffee, yet I linger here with foretaste of all afternoon in which to formulate an inquiry to ply my trade. Using the tactics that God gave me to give way ... the earth’s own tabulation mars these parts of speech. However venisoned I feel, there is an altar full of other crows that peek at life close to their deaths. Without attendant testimonials to see them off. Who notices? Her craving for the senses of all others tamped on other miracles. A quasi larder brims full of what would be outer snow as close to temperate as small mown randomness. Who knew what feeling there was splotched in a thumbprinted diary? All it said was chastity in places where the Louvre is still a continent. Call me naïve. The bread has risen, and I’m here to speak of it. She incessantly remains in mind: mine, his, the altar boy’s, the priest’s.

Crash course versus disciplined time space required to fashion a Longines

Pray for misery to be put out of

Sheila E. Murphy

Is this eating you back to life? A television talks to itself excitedly in the other room. Half a world away, you stream as if forked in too many spaces, and your flesh fades from your face like the bruises do after days. You bathe in the fragrance, cup mirrors of it in your palms to suture every pore with it, until you lay in your own stink knitting embers to the memory of a body. All the houses on your street have learned to speak excitedly to themselves, and you may think it's wind and ice. The trees pink with ashy cravings.

You describe your surroundings to yourself with certain portions erased, so you don’t have to see it all again, just stutter when you tell yourself the plot. Buried pied and ardently biped piqued the cues into rehearsing what needs done again. You can do it. Just suggest ghosts to the satchmo fog, religion some gills like limbs mill out, and sooner or later you’ll hear the speech. You’re tuning to it right now, remembering your body brought you wet roses like weeping moths that shivered back to life and flew away. You cannot keep it. You have no room. Milk is round and important to tears.

Jessica Freeman

Guy R. Beining
kind winded of this great rents have
regaled by depths offhand stench
your ire plankton stir afoot nimble lease
revil crud such singe suck let if be
choice a sure-it-can-hardly harkness blissfully unmemorial

enormous manage will be the crust of us
pinresses for buttracles with a fey of at most stance
across giles of harvest harmland lost
until we greed
the rules of hyping

whatmore heaven flush by lever or push better
to distress one small handle than reverse
the starkness loose end of
the genuine sincerely unreliable pressure of fluids
follow prisoner

from strew come on
commonzers an ero
roe archaic & spick score
fear forks
port luminous
as the better-be-bracketed numb era love-next robvious
x's of flingdom for a norsemum
hoarse or hardhat-assed compound repressions
when want is used to have disjunct to clever

Peter deRous

FOUR
hospital and body body; and hospital and body and
body hospital exposed hospital, exposed jokes
hospital body--jokes hospital, exposed exposed hospital jokes
jokes hospital hospital hospital--hospital jokes body exposed, hospital
body exposed body body jokes

FIVE
body hospital exposed added jokes--exposed
exposed hospital and body jokes
body, exposed; added body exposed added
hospital exposed added body exposed added body, added
body added and hospital jokes added body body

THE CLINAMEN
release on a soft workstation,
liquid becomes a turbulent zone
a locus-pocus of the clinamen,
not a sure aselum apart from it.

we're interested in the clinamen
as an approximation that organizes
itself insistentle afae from the bode
but yet paes attention to command.

interlinking turbulent instruction & relations
explains an ethics of segmentationen and
modulations, a zone of a phesical forms,
a whole envisagd set of rules or functions.

she tasteful tall tub shippd powerfull
who motor however stove must vere
narrow mud and store smell wide into
an square water we securele worre

her gift which mane call the centure
where management becomes its own
aging population which immediatele
enters varios datadebasing profiles

diverse foetal designs available to the bode
& collective social histore of the details
of memore, the telebioinformatic framework
in which such a context is alwaes seen.

if however the tendencies of sortings
and heperhepermonitoringed biological
populations & avancéeanregung subjects
and something chips of something ADN

do not form the secrece being given
in the sestemic sembolic sestem
of the zone of right-machinen, the medie
in the contaxts of all kinds of functions,

then the future seems certainle to be imminent.

Scott MacLeod

THE CLANGING SOUND WE HEAR

C
ome running little Johnny-O
The savage light is waning.
The bright miracle of day
Is dying into night.

ome running little Betty-O,
The iron throat is mad.
Your Mother calls, your Father hides,
The moon unfolds its fans.

Jon Cone

"THE WIND IS MY ENEMY"

That's for sure, however
If you've got somebody
Strapped and tied to the bed
And you choose to use their fat
As a substitute for butter
Beware this can also grow
Into a desolate monotony
Because that's the word

Glans T. Sherman

Cauliflower moon
Creased Seed

Bakes sales weigh heavily on creased foreheads was that your seed? Or that a temple in the coffee tort or magnified undue prairie loss as bags decreed glassified and sordid thumps beneath the flowered lens of coiffy little driz-with wipers shielding (us from) vipers and vituperative vacuum lobes (cursing on the other side of the fence about the other (flip) that seems so curried now like thorns in the rice thick clang lid bent in simplex formed encountered wheelure like piano trench fermenting corn "duplex" as creamy beige as something altogether slow map flappers wetty like a sneeze a bag of macaroni joysticking on carnival parade routes with the known self flaunting slather hone the stump loop ("loop") shad sinking low beneath betweenness forcibly alert, inert, immune to pinking shears or pruning? Lie beneath the bush ham dripping henceforth in the way of ivy and rail caught in pails curds toil, steam rolls, stamps rain intensely like our leftist fears of shaking loose tier after tantrum anarchistic numbness coughed behind the chair, podium or chains swaddled as clothes do their defrayal moping singed like squirrels in a chimney dank socks planted underneath the planets, which of seven lists was cranked, balls falling down the chimney bank shot opal resting place of dowaging the caster, castor wall covered with hair & pencils or left lightweight on the cusp of weight off macrotonic shirt details ("formica") scrawled with lines, buns, tape, drop-kick plate glass urban macro crèche called tall tale wagging clock crustatian flaky arm and closet parturition near enough the dandelions to be scrawny with contagion sneeze, skate con tainment plastered across formulaic patronage, my scars and starter kit clumps of scar drained radios and spam to make this afternoon contestable contiguous and voltage-laden as the curative slot dancer face spewing sauerkraut and leaves to moisten via infinite largesse looper hiding in the leaves (train my ham) stumps leaping cord weed loined or purviewed in the Richter hack all summaried scaley tine contusion or a "rabbit," hah, soapy with some news about the bedhead look of post-levity lore lone sheet dampness (foddering the corn) crux-based via installments variously stolen cake halves formless like a brick (clung lip) dimension (sweet) kicked rooftop off ranked air thick wet leaves your slat behind the feast rings of an oboe orchestra, "can anybody name my favorite" slather, or was softened spoon gang halt coned like a virus on a sleety porch dancing bowls frozen mustard on the rims of chercher just like mama used to break off into mercy and was chewing plates of clues.

J.S. Murnet

all languages are "ideal" taking place in some linguist's imagination fictive syntax broaching the subject such a thing as the oblique "case" attach to the retina until whole and milky simultaneously the shutter snaps a shot in iso lation morphologically depleted physically I am not the same person any more are You? (usted from the arabic?) blinking on and off its wheels still turning "look in thy heart and write!" muse dimpled askance blacken s fate hithertowards driven an obsessive legion of agony through which breast either is a portal to hell bound the skies up again and ground's down water flows bleaker as blank turns past pale into white suffering unknown to immortals 'pon time's tomb/the gods do dance! terminal reduction as spasms go and fortuitous they "are"! round 'n round

Ivan Argüelles
In the clutch of blind embryo
   madness is a tongue robbing death
in the matted black hair of darkness —
   I read its invisible shapes
I feel the cold horse thicken and warm and open
   in the throes of its engine
   and taste the stench of his nostrils
   like a prophetic salt
that sweetens the spleen with ash winged moths
   that scatter the eyes like well oiled weapons
into the spinal pits of Gan Eden —
   his shoulder is worn raw
   and broad as the scalloped wings of the Mississippi delta,
his lichen is dosed in meticulous parasites
that will tax the merchant fornicators
   (didn't they abort Polis from the outset?!)I am drunk old pony
   on your sweat and exhalations
I am drinking your neck and brow
   as we penetrate this matted Night whose violent empty wheel
drove the old women from their ploughs
to denizen horsefly demons in mating caves
   that pock the ocean's bones
In its chambered vortex of knots
the Destroyed acquires an insatiable rhythm
   and sinks his ax into the soft swan belly
of the infant that lives in my brain

and sets my skull on fire.
   overwhelmed in this spiraling jet of ancestors
that seize the levees and drag them
   back to the mountains
   and drag the mountains into the abyss.
   Their pulsing flesh-blue figures dominate
   the boundless sky that lies between the vertebrae
   whose long electric veins
   pour a half-ape angel into old winds and hollows.
   (he is invincible, serene and dialetically insane ABA/AMA —
But I run my horse deeper toward the open desert
toward a thin brown man, his gold helmet shinning
summons a fish swarm from the sand
   with orange sheets of fins full of green sucking mouths
And old man Crow crouched in the bush
   and a thick fog played across his eyes
and he thought he saw figures in the mist
dancing with his daughter, dancing with his daughter
dancing with his daughter
   born too late from the feathered horn

from Kilobyte Magnificat
this was a 'let substance' glowing monstrance gestural inclusion in the
   cliffs on the shore in the moonlit substances flaccid on your hand's air's
   particle and calm which left no measure to the man under-hand was still spoke
   and centered within pain the names of which recalled the motor under
   the floor was her's to deal and your's to steal in the smoothing of light around
   the air

   rituals of expulsion clinging to her underwear in the dog's kitchen
   semblances left you straining at the musk of the moon with cats everywhere
you meant to stay but started out nearer to the center than you’d thought was
   not even possible permitted no longer but the husks of corn rotting in the
   corner, still silent waves of blue-green water cascading over the top and
   into the realms of light

'this' was a shift of sentence structure which mooded might and mane into
   forgiveness by no other hand than your own under the covers seeking what
might be found or heard from on the oceanic norms withering into something
   abandoned and unspoken beyond the maximum density of heaven-sent color and
   climate into the loom of history's ankle and stem in the momentum of signs

one as dust into movies weather channels swimming hours in pre-sentiment
   where's lighted wet spots mooded the hour claim and throng with green signs
   everywhere the road outward not sentenced but motived simpler tombs relieved
   the lighter signs with whomsoever swatted the fly onto the window of the
moment where you'd been too long without food or water for the soul

Thomas L. Taylor

NON-GAITOR
Elapsed poon
   the airier pests
Avail no scorn
   totes the belittled
Format skin
   lesser airs act
Beshamed at
   light lingers out
Your dances
   artemic languished

Jeebed fluts at her anchor not mailing any tours
   Clemente Padín
Formal irons their own quick queries remind
   Tumenesce, relinquor, attribuers, limenatode, fescule.

Azar

Thomas L. Taylor
TITLE STORY FROM A NEW BOOK BY BLASTER AL ACKERMAN AND THE MYSTERY IT CONCEALS

WET CHIN

(Instructions: Copy this out in your own hand, sign your name and mail it to the high school teacher or nun who gave you the lowest marks, with a note attached saying "NOW do you see how wrong you were about me?")

JUST AS I was dropping off to sleep one night, Gramps said, "I really like to be flogged. There's a state I get into which I call THE ZONE OF MEG. When I'm in this state it's as if, no matter what's being done, it doesn't really hurt; all it does is put me into this alternate state. Another thing I like to do is eroticize my urethra," he added with a blood-curdling chuckle as he continued to talk about his unique preferences long into the night.

The unwanted revelation of a parent or guardian is something each of us has to face, and I pretended to be asleep. But when I woke up the next morning I knew I would never be able to look at a rubber flyswatter, a rice paddle, or stuff from the river in quite the same way ever again. It was as if everything had changed. I could feel it and I knew that not even the pallid mask down which great tears were silently rolling could keep me from packing my things and leaving before the week was out. Maybe I would travel north and become a Canadian citizen, much as Siddhartha had done. Anyway in the short time remaining to me before I struck out on my own and hit the Via Del Mortes, I decided to learn all I could about Fowler's Toad. I already knew that Fowler's Toad (Bufo woodhousei fowleri) is very much like the American toad, with a plump body and upper parts that are brownish, sometimes with a greenish tinge. And that males have a dark throat. Or was it white? Well, if I could learn more, perhaps I might succeed in halting the much-needed reconstitution not merely of our obsolete political structures, but of civilization itself.

Before long I was downtown at the public library, up to my eyebrows in toad lore and as happily engrossed and wet of chin as a stigmatophile.

Al Ackerman

NOTE: Just because we tell you that this new book Wet Chin is a treasure trove for Ackerman lovers, for scholars and for anyone at all who has ever wondered about French Polishing by Selena, doesn't mean that you are required to order it. But you may if you want to, of course. In either case, just send $4 (per book) to SHATTERED WIG PRESS, 425 E. 31 Baltimore, Md. 21218 usofa.

TWO No.2's

Keep the coathanger in your shirt next time you wear it, and go out. Fear not that it will make you look robotic or idiotic. For the sharp pencils you have thrust into your eyes change all that.

Eel Leonard
The desynchronous activity of the brain that wraps around the thalamus like the appearance: Notice that the fluctuations period of sleep characterized by rapid stage. At night, you progress from stage frequency. There are four recognized another, and the tracing takes on a new rind of an orange. This "reticular" has each deeper stage. Every time you re­ spend the rest of the night cycling up to stage in the first hour of sleep, and state. This pattern is called synchro­ negative = positive). As a result the midbrain of a cat was transected (at sic waves of activity, similar to the "lightest" stage to the deepest fourth pacemaker of the heart.

From these experiments it was con­ sory stimuli, the gate is closed, and the point A, below), the cat fell into a coma group of neurons around the fourth input. This situation would correspond and respond in different ways. Sensory coincidence. The reticular nucleus of stimulated wakefulness. The pathway cortex can rest. An interesting property effect on sensory thalamus. Now, al­ tem. They were close. In fact, the ac­ rons of the thalamus, instead it sen­ put. And when the brain is asleep? Now eye movements. REM sleep is also the whole system.
DITCH CLOTH

Drank "nun" intervening sole mud then sank/sleeves or hose rustled I breathed ?("I") with a sharp clank in wheelwell like sky flooded puzzled dimly where my blood will pool spill it never spills ?drool without pearling on my sleeve cool cloth touched hardly at wrist's pulse soft eye as if I dimmed.or you like high cloud within doubled in yr other eye's trouble was ("is") condensation eyeduct cloven buzzes sole mud howsome you were a hole never slam doorknob at back at tweak sever chord streaming at window not bored at least .break pane pan vidrioso with steak your //hand raised bloody mudra rough gland mitochondria roils yr tongue kinda hypochondriac stilly butl/truth acne// blooms internal forward sputs ,never-candied motoroil as pocket black yr glanding spunt blows paper wrappers north across the snow motoroil pocket .gear trace nor floater "stance" & heaving breath out yr pants sagged into dickless, as it was "gristle bag" less formed bloodier than thought hidden crest cock as hill ("piece") crowned without socks goat-shirts roils yr tongue slip'd kinda hypochondriac solt but/truth acne// blooms interned forward sputs , never-candied motoroil as pocket black yr glanding spunt blows paper wrappers north across the snow

DUTCH CLOTH

Drank "nun" sole mud then sank/sleeves or hose rustled I breathed ?("I") clank in wheelwell like sky flooded puzzled dimly where my blood will pool spill it never spills ?drool pearling on my sleeve cool cloth touched wrists pulse soft eye I dimmed .or you like high cloud doubled in yr other eye's trouble was ("is") your own condensation release to eyeduct cloven buzzes sole mud howsome you were a hole never slammed doorknob at back at tweak sever chord streaming at window not bored at least .break pane pan vidrioso with steak your //hand raised bloody mudra rough gland mitochondria roils yr tongue slip'd kinda hypochondriac solt but/truth acne// blooms interned forward sputs , never-candied motoroil as pocket black yr glanding spunt blows paper wrappers north across the snow

motoroil pocket .gear trance nor re-floater "stance" & heaving breath out yr stuck pants sagged into dickless, as it was "gristle bag" less formed bloodier than thought hidden crest cock as hill ("piece") crowned without socks goat-shirts roils yr tongue slip'd kinda hypochondriac solt but/truth acne// blooms interned forward sputs , never-candied motoroil as pocket black yr glanding spunt blows paper wrappers north across the snow

duck crest clock dances at yr shoe beast meat crust "agonized" washed your feet ?booth doctor stood in your own stutter-tooth flagellant treached as a mother cloak of speech mastered thinly and//reversed/scrolled faster onto blink contamination's slick shair stout sink s'drain into mooned air as ("flat") isoconnection toils with both insides of whos that entrolled behind the boat wake boiled glue itchy armpit "what you knew" forgive me forgive me, thus enacted nomenclature as requested

Thomas L. Taylor Hacks John M. Bennett

Salty Solo: O como vulguis, pero salta, mamón!
Rowing sea's mass nor ant, en el mar la masa no salta the mayor cons alternating diets, los mayores se alteran a scalding ester imminent when the salt is imminent cake cyclopean oiled the cant cuando canta el cake ciclopeano/encyclopedia en latín combed acid individual, a quantum se pone ácido e individualista ante el momento culminante sizzle in August's diner, y se siente como césar agosto a la hora del almuerzo day's seething crystal sompiendo todos los cristales cada día sub lump, hazy elegance: con un ritmo elegante emprende el vuelode la pluma the sea's bastion's dung jiggling, y el mar hace din gir lung con estrépito it's yr low back undone, grinning on the stairs y eso fué lo último que se supo del mamón.

A transduction of Luis de Gongora's
"En agradecimiento...", 1614 Opus 34, versículo II, subindice y subyugado.

John M. Bennett & César Reglero Campos
Train the ceiling eye the moment el tren miró al cielo durante un instante. El ladrón intentó devotchon's el lidades se sintió motivado. Zéro, cake that minor got la hora cero había llegado. His punctual deep deposit; tan puntual como siempre. Voice, Luis, pare the mighty tent la voz de Luis paró el intento. Trey in locker's zero, y el cero quedó paralizado. Pair nor laughter's choir su sonrisa no sirvió de nada. Pork gusting sere tenor porca miseria la de aquel tenor. Must poor ember prove: más el pobre hombre exclamó. Yrrrrrrrrrrrrrr cake-poured persona's sheet fue lo último que dijo.

A transduction of Luis de Gongora's "A un hombre que temía tanto los truenos...", 1608
DID CABBAGE ATTENTION (from DITCH CLOTH)

After a meeting of the Wednesday Afternoon Fine Arts League, treasurer Lucy admits to Ethel that for the past two years she has secretly balanced her household budget by coffee something like penis mantra lid a murky chew & all I can say is "dick it" to that goes double for double line dancing & cloven buzzes now that there isn’t "dick thumb" in distance between us all day as frozen water surges toward her shapely legs to pool grease reflection o my cud release what gash bursts await loose dollhead pocketed to commemorate thigh gate chain "exposed" more restless cats see at last you’re dime free nor sip caulkly joint tears unless there’s shits in creek scout and cabbage attention. Did cabbage attention come into your room? The scheme then: Save a hands decomposition reams fancy by wind off reached in moto smoking stroking again a ghost or mental tums scar densely puddled in pants & rent the crummy grown "adherents" like stepped-on cheese for viscous salad somebody’s obviously been "dicking with" counting glass why don’t you guffaw next time the toilet invitation monkey fortress must be true rather “smoky” to like kinda suck yr ear but shook it off with lung’s creep route. Did cabbage attention play with your nightie strings? Lucy plays with my mound egg hence the flute drools or so you sang as if your snake-oil process spat miles of bright horns winky at what crock of "me" hair splashing lumpy scabby tool sibling clear through love gaps clung st stutters wh where was lunch clam you held your ankle a lot of flashbulb reaction because you’re a rash focussed asshole also probably president of the gypsies. Did cabbage attention portray your curt aim roof bark? Ethel portrays Co-rebent, the nostril plugged the nostril in yr spore pud knack light switch jellyed cap blood number for gritty mister knuckle more. Did cabbage attention take your gelding yap in pause? Fred takes your bright sandwich hair behind it fogging windshield seeming a little "off" toward bucket was soi-distant tic closet just tape modest strings of hidden butt collector intent on roof’s fruit whose spitting straight down at all Ricky gnaws is my twig called “headdown” can’t speak clearly with prancing dig sun clipped stare getting with the big broken down peering at raw truss mass in yr thought has disabled dew phone ham spiral rift mouth lifts most of what’s receding now in its natter natter I hope to hell. Did cabbage attention touch your bikini area?

Al Ackerman

Beagle nose of dropping bombs on Bob. I tasted a white light on a brand new necktie. I fasted my seat belt. I dreamt of something. It was a nice night by myself while it snowed outside. I realized long ago that we are each living on different planets and when you think you are sharing something with someone you aren’t. I realized this when I had my first book published. I was alone with all my copies of it. There was nobody to share the experience with. I simply went to the post office and picked up the package. Wine and cheese to go out the door of love in a wedding chapel of burning windows. I lit a cigarette and burned my toes. A boasting old lady.

Feet form folding fear faster.

A fist too.

In the beginning was a man lying on the bank of a river. He was hearing a voice in his head. It was the water speaking to him. He was dying. The water told him to drink it. He did so and was revived and was able to make it back to his unfinished house. He lay down on the bed and his eyes closed and he began to see things he can’t remember or explain in words. Lots of construction tools like hammers etc. and hands. A lot of work was being done. Then it all stopped. Had he been totally hoodwinked? No. Something had happened to him, but what? It was obvious that eventually he went insane. After that he couldn’t go to where he had been living for 2 years. That phase was over. He was going back to his art. It was time to take a break to watch some TV.

TRY THE SNOOK (from DITCH CLOTH)

"It takes a good Ditch Cloth to give a good Dutch Rub--"

--Moose Magoon

Hair key squat, in nothing flat I see
the narrow maroon carpet of the fifth-floor hallway,
next moment’s blink a kinda test ornament,
and I think moment’s blink a kinda test. I photo
solid central page a ghost. And the cute hip crumbles off the
loose route many, I looked
at the bathroom door behind which I was hiding, where to
many your cough could swallow meat a door way, and I
saw tossed baloney back of hookworm-and-Butts that
all yr tossed baloney’s in back of. Clever
was a tide ahead behind this wall splash, redeeming sporty
flavonoids where there was light and a cofee launch,
I think it’s all true about steep jumpy-vision,
as if mud doubts there’s small blond dot-
head lower toward what “you sang” like someone
else’s dice shorts snuck off with zee mice (dice shorts
know how to put it over with a sudden trace of thick accent).

Except for that and the bag leaves swirling drifts
bark cloudy stains numb whack thumb ("roach")
quickly smooths long bright neuralgia, and then
threw a large rock in and the skirt nostalgia came up ...

I think a lightish brown slant crud tried to leave town
speaking moth slang, wishing me pleasant accountant’s
deep spit pool, making blam blam shoes with one hand
out of your goolash hah lander, forgetting which one
sole breathed mud you were a hole, whistling disappointedly
at less blood than thought and giving up on tradeoff
but not on crumpling yr hand fried textbook don’t tell modernism,
all the while making a faint humming sound the gulls
nod to on walls
their full skulls wasn’t wondering when my twig
my softened fog and beginning to think perhaps
tube loose, gnat head, get lubed.
EMERSON REMEMBERS CURLY (from DITCH CLOTH)

who?
And now at last the highest truth
on this subject remains unsaid: probably
cannot be said:
for all that we say
is sunk moolah
braided duck sack. That
thought by what I can now nearest
approach to a shit, gun a senseless far-off
remembering
of the make way eels here comes that thought
by what I can NOW nearest approach
cool whole crowd agreement leaves yr butt behind
nor home tightness when good is near your
"power"

sagebrush blunders", which it is when you have life
in yr seed clicking good. Then

in yr bushy stinks it's decision time
or cluck. Yes it's none other than
crave of pools! crave of pools! not
the footprints of any other
strange and new cool bag muscled coffee shoal with
junky vision. Ah, you
shall not see the face "beneath"
your fries" slut face but
never stop banging on the closet wall
as if all persons that ever
existed leak there, there's
nothing else sickly
rear for fear
and hope
are alike beneath
stacks of paper catfood
cans their small light blipping
in dawn their faces
fight each other
gnashing slimy clung
"mother"-actor

shifting every micro
second like a somewhat low
even in hope flooded trash
that great head snuck off with mice
and calms itself with knowing kinda damp storm of love
can be tested if yr neck lax seize colostomy and face
inactive eye hole

Al Ackerman

>

spray

wan vigours wan is lotion all
wan strains one steals one pacifies
thin strokes awarded to win heresy
spray desk shares luminescence assertively
reach heather in the womb
important proof
wash pockets string fair way as long
as riven few
where you and you...

sheila e murphy (trans. tony green

(parts of this pair previously
published in Poethia and Brief

a crone of headaches i track central
wiping sleeves on heaven. in part,
the eruption of forgone casting's
melody, up the trail. working its way
into coming together for a lower pre-
sence. the exact tractor-fed moaning,
heavy snowfall in rangefinder offline
cameo.

winds kept winning blowers for the
corrall of heard wintry blasting caps.
with around the lakes of higher or
lower chancellors.

<commercial break> break dance

Peter Ganick

MORALITY

Morality is essentially connected with the exercise of creating a lamp sizzling
from your shorts and observation of the consequences and conditions of
calculation buzzard held too long.
Those people who claim that other people need rules are leaders or else they,
the pack who need rules, will pick lettuce, see "air" lummox burst clast me blunt
unmentioned, stray sky, etc. So blindly follow baloney average toward the cliff.
That's right!!-sprocket from yr damp cornmeal sticking to elbow cup pinkle raised
to all shut in. The walking deep freezer flat duck brassiere was indispensable like
crash attention jetter claw for the lifting of the thigh nearest the camera as if
to say twitch you lumpy hooker twitch. And the compounded guilt of dry flapper
in wood dick on horseback, even I wear a tit-bag
nor do I jee at club TV and feel wide love gaps develop
sunshine to recognize.

Look the type, you planet toughs. That ankle slot's dreaming a hole
other eye's trouble with more decision than hawser soaked you with -- so get
on the stove to be his dementia-plus animal. Or have 3 slows against wall of
muffled sucking. Those stumps breed nests if not actual active bivalve closet
rushes with long fat place getting bathtub-strange, oh fawning priestly clown.
The sophisticated have travel-water sprays, the piss nodes have loaf brick
decay & those who buy Gym and Boy has grappled you
so long, matted tree. As dimly clopped upside the bread cloudy with their duty
to attract fabled parkinglot quick-loans & most gratifying
effects of pseudo-"feathered luck"
cracking and frying are revealing of the wearer's shape gone up ahead stringlike
for melts release killers decision blow us dad. "Sank" had break noon & it'll be
grabs, we habit these contend lid shats gone mad up ahead:
droops for one. Blinking loom plot still hut-hand in butt brim; make inadequate
cold finger halt. What fast gas sank do not fault backwards? eh?
You can really petulantly thank death mates meat. The look intensifies
as the unqualified doctor prods the hard wallet -- confidently he declares the
necessity of taking the moth out. It's true, sour your ample moon for the fact
that millions of people abstain from intercourse during pee subjects drink to
drop "why is" leafage wiped behind wawa "why not" converted into useful
gleams & sackly taught. A good decision yet "much talk" dogs cloying in
the blow map never matches road but the mallet operates like
spill it never spills.
Gash -- "stun day" in my nose. I'm Pa Kettle. Excited by a particular cheese
spray, ponder some alba just before what was cash the plate corn answers
clean down to muddy hairs on crown, "blank" street you know -- or am -- right
tousselled in the bright long kept saddle soaking interests of morality.

Root

Chaw the root head
that gnaws across your credit card
braw your pocket lint
that sucks in all your candy mustard
arm trailing from the window
a fanned out pheasant's tail would make
maggot (magnets) crawling toward the ears
that cony between the ears of a round
dog's head (larking sandwich
fuzz that sways in the breeze

Tent Plate

John M. Bennett & Stacey Allam
DRY CIG: JOHN M. BENNETTE MEETS EZRA POUND

Compleynt, compleynt, I hearde upon a core,
Artemis spray, Artemis, Artemis
Agaynst "oil" lifted her feet:
Pity causeth the stilts to fail,
Pity decays my nymphs,
Pity spareth so many a greasy phone
Pity befoleth my clippers
Pity is the root and the injection
Now if my "only" slab followeth me
It is on account of Pity,
It is on account that Pity forbideth them pills.
All things are made foul in this whapping,
This is the "mail", none may seek purity
Having for lake's snore
And things tol away;
No more do my clucking fly
To slay. Slept is now clean slayne
Rebates rotteth away

Jim Clinefelter

DAMP CIGS CLOSE TO MY CONFUSION

Miserably the stir fried say peeler
we took off our clothes as protest
and began rolling about blinking goop
fogging windshields leapt at the goose
or a backwards written glut the out sack
this is a religion lake where shoe crust stops
the social and bureaucratic mysticism particle
or how still left rind the staples glisten through
the pious references to speech wetter than any
hair puke on fence candidate's wife an imaginary
commercial was gingerly welcomed by please halt
hog because the whole same nut in shoe kiss your
gut ream which gnaws pretty used to crawl sheets
pussed ahead your fixedly smiling grease reflection
if it's only attempting to attack dirt across rectum-
sausage drinking grey water as if there is no money
for a decent burial splash then why not flate grave
mention I'm proud to suckle mice but ink extrude
~hat

Ai Ackerman

MY WANTS (from "Seven Hills" and others)

First, to finger bathroom like notebook,
er, I mean no text book, its pupa
fluttery in the closet-
wind and cluttered
in the observation dimwit soaked ball-
hiss loss of innocence, it’s at supper
when the speech her bright inaccessible
stark pale out of breath clogged
the ornery teeth and spoke "lay off
pale stark supper attitude"–

Then yaw sleep token was
affire, not out of breath through
talking to the dead face-
temple, but scummed north tossing drag luggage back
like a starry min der ham, fat, retentive–
the sort that passes day and night
in my own armpit, the greatest home-
grown's this ream of yous what
pussed a mutter rising hot past easy cramps
(asterism of myriad salami ladders)--and having

pussed a motor bouncing on the pier because
who was big
on "ovu late", also with a scream

pussed the world to be more fruitless,
for all of us, not just for clean
and wanky chicken frank with the breeze
pouring from its coursing lawyer's brain.

Al Ackerman

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MENTAL HEALTH

Pseudonymous

P. Russell

(pseudonymous)

as agenda
for mollusk
retina, betrothed in-
cultate slice
of pardon for
whose paradigm,
the osprey
maven scrutinize
effortless splinter
warn of nirvana
a colossal impression
tutoyer les mollusks

veteran

call out the brat
calamitous voir du ciel
porch porcelain
midrange corrected
from air in pieces
gneiss rallentando
masking overturn that of
mandala not the optimal
scrutinizes eloquence
imperatrice ordinate

Peter Ganick

Red Holiday

his private quillstone
magic scaffold sky mother
pathological vandal disenfranchising song
red arms carry to sleep
voracious lady thoughts of adenomacelle
neck held fast in lovelite
sneeze into the sack
thin fingers twitching
the incorruptible blades
pulp it or, prayer steal
the living and dead grew blunted
with clear gaze, when their heads are displayed they stage out at the crowd
close not the eyes of the decapitated
happiest in the tulip garden
flower blade plucked roses
blood jumps spurn
end of the soup
so here we are
at the Big Mach i t e s, old growler
frail words are please pull the cord
cut along the dotted line
one swift chop divides the puppets
in two perpetual motion click
you cannot protect our heads kissing as the bottom of the basket
asmithmouth

S. Gustav Hägglund

Tidbits

I don't expect to understand this but
my left side intuitive cornrow faster ilk
blamed fire retardent doll clothes on the
outdoor entertainment center under the
win-win tree. So there y ou...

Veronica Lake didn't

however, the sound of tin hammered
dropped I-beams man cursing under
the stairs when the sun was out
all morning the audience yawed like a
barkentine in a wind gale

there was naught for the oyster.

Daniel A. Russell
FOR A BREATH WET SKIN MIRRORS SCUDDING SKY

Cakes smeared around the sheets the frosting dried later that dark day I was born out of yr “sleep”, and your family, lickered-up against the wall, naked save for their skin mirrors, broke off again to throw in bitten clay aloud among bushes floating out snapping in the wind’s ace off your nose—like getting La Freak’s shakes—to say nothing of having hot handle corner grease and wet-breath syndrome; the mud brimming throat fulla gum impaction reminds me in the meantime how obsessed you seem with your mother’s stories about how she once dated a man named “Harry Gumm,” the old cutie pointing at the sky, the familiar sweethearthig foot shaking out the door toward “blind with a boner”. Fact that you’re getting a boner now tells me that you should try to find more to occupy you.

(from 3.7)

HORI AND SCAB OF HORIS (from Historietas Alfabeticas)

After the compulsory period of minnow sunder which was short in both time and sincerity Nestor and I launched a life-style thru he he luz bread that to this day remains the fondest “squealed” memory of my life In retrospect I understand nest ow nod nod and just how pointless and superficial our life at this time was but at the time, it was “leaping” and not only that it was ripe writ load writ the ancient craw exaggeration, chewy to schedule inna pap of the ancient ent wind you must lap you must ace it out like summer camp or dormitory life or parole lat day lat be “mine” no younger crowd case yr id for thing to wers? Who cares? Pock g new light and d like d bastus tong

(Whirles and chants—-) For eight years each thing to lam the hori wers hori a hori that is os culation ape behind and hind es over horis calculate behind and over other horis que ves the lander “can dado” the lander is um squat um “fruit sore” in a he scab of horis behind the bruite, taire of the “itch my cul” bastus tong

These were the stories unked neck lies and flunked yr mem ber lock mark clock dark and s lick at the lumping of yr mem ber at the bow oil sed of the mem ber bow oil sed of long ah be the behind what hap it by a mem ber bow of bee for ne ne it is trying to be moan nor luminous or an elaborate form of floor wax

numbers 151045861 minus 10 and counting

los minutos son contados y los segundos vividos minus 10 and counting for the dog of the straw pero este es un asunto que no tiene porque interesar al perro de Straw Si tienes 10 minutos que dedicarme Yes! Ten small teenagers swearing allegiance

Esos diez minutos que me dedicas demuestran que realmente eres un ser elegante pues es un detalle que no olvidaré fácilmente pussy in extremus like virgin olive and her body oil y debes hacerte a la idea de que el aceite de oliva nada tiene que ver con un cuerpo virgen

es que aún seguimos siendo amigos To Viking ancestors and their friends exacto, los ancestros de los vikingos y sus amigos mediterráneos To be precise, my Norwegian uncle took my sister on holiday to Ibiza

La precisión queda hecha y acepto a tu tío noruego así como que tu hermana estuvo en Ibiza...todo ello nos acerca mucho más.

ahora me voy a cenar

pero si tienes 10 minutos menos dangerous the young lions estoy de acuerdo en que son peligrosos los jóvenes leones He fed her avocado in Soya and showed her his big youthful, hairy vines entonces es que la vida se acaba living the magic chanting of ancient texts.

exacto, viviendo con intensidad los viejos textos de los ancianos To be precise at tourism but really an intense textual void at the site of the Mexican toilet.
Somehow
In a plethora of sad politics
The poetry is lost between us.
En esto si que no puedo estar de acuerdo, ya que me parece mal que los
Perhaps accurate doubt is not to be found on this time dimension
pletóricos políticos estén tristes porque no se aclaran con la poesía
For too many the question of eating pigs, particularly tinned pork
with alarms connected to bells and lights that tremble
visual. Su obligación es hacer política y no poesía visual. Todo esto
queda perfectamente aclarado en los párrafos siguientes, y aunque son
in a perfected frequency to match the poets trilling computer coolant
contrary to ancient practice
but fluent in contradiction.
contradictorios entre sí, al mismo tiempo debo decirte que la
contradicción
es una fuente de sabiduría.

Algún espectáculo
los pone pletóricos
a los políticos
pero también los pone tristes
y es la poesía la que equilibra la balanza entre ellos
I am not sad
Like the tiger is sad
Todo esto queda confirmado al expresar claramente que tú no estás triste,
y sin embargo si que parece que está triste.
Me alegro que no estés triste
y lo siento por el tigre
que está triste

For it appears obvious that
...y aunque te parezca que eso es obvio, no siempre sucede lo mismo con el
tigre.

file://...y aquí tengo que dejarte porque me estan llamando para comer

y con mucha mas razon
not much reason here
si esta triste por una pera
said the sad hawk
que aunque sea una cosa obvia
sinking on lack of invisible thermal energy
no deja de ser una fruta
tomorrow the fruit bowl of
colgada de un árbol.
terrestrial toothpaste
Deberías hablar con el tigre y comentarle
the tiger has nothing deliberate to remark.

este aspecto
quizás después de oírte
entre en razón.
it gets all it's sensibility through it's ear.

If we keep walking around
In ever increasing circles
Naturalmente que no tengo inconveniente
en ayudarte a pasear
to Pisa towers and colostomy bags
e n círculos concéntricos
aunque sufro mareo
limit ones surfing activity
y a veces me marea
to poetry on the waves
si los círculos se van incrementando
and circles round Bedford's ring roads

We will eventually
Cross a path
ahora bien,
si eventualmente podemos cruzar el patio
A big Greek wine jar on the patio
con patines
has moss
ya me daré por satisfecho
which I like
al menos de momento
though it is impermanent.

Which will lead us
To another circles centre
Y me parece muy bien que el viaje concluya
en el momento en que nosotros
llegemos al círculo central y concéntrico
closing on the centre
the spin become intense
and giddy
if this is the place
it is not permanent

VOLVEMOS AL ESTRIBILLO
Somehow
In a plethora of sad politics
The poetry between us
Became misplaced.
Y CONFIRMAMOS

cont. on next pg.

And the Winner Is....

There are tides in the affairs of men, which,
if you miss yours, it might not come again.
There is a cost-benefit, spreadsheet analysis,
the sheet, the shirt, the sheet, the shirt,
as John M. Bennett says, squiggles, the ant's
a centaur in his dragon world, a point,
critical fudge, at which the molecules,
spinning furiously, decide either to become
fudge or glop up and be ruined, and I try to see
how far I can stretch that out, a wave rather than
a particle, a process rather than an artifact,
the history of the event and its consequences.
Which the cause and which the effect?
Joined at the hip, like Siamese twins.
Like syphilis and yaws.
Success and failure. Don't telegraph your hand.
Then, when you come in, don't come in half-stepping.
I take the patient's temperature. I am the patient.
And the doctor. Physician, heal thyself
High John the Conqueror root.

Is that you, Potter? That seagull, that porpoise?
That manatee, that island surrounded by beer cans?
That poem, that short story?

Jack Saunders

cont. on next pg.
EL HECHO DE QUE SEGURAMENTE
ESTE ES EL LUGAR A DONDE
QUERIAMOS LLEGAR. OK.
Perhaps this is the place?

Rod Summers/César Reglero Campos/Clemente Padín

Puerto

c lung nail had dock
sa il back. o pus culo
agua do me be lief the
water. p ailed a way
r owed at you s low
icely. dang led for ah foot

John M. Bennett

BEIJING

LeRoy Gorman

Escrit d’apour

Limp Seat

Light an chain dump past
keeper yr, tooth height
draining, napkins in a lump
yr shorts. thew last day
in window out. make a
clay burst, hall in eye
loop bust a c lang sore
stomping was yr water
fast in air? nab sang,
loose yr flaccid chair

S ticky

Sand drink sllobber tore
heave the stitching, was
yr offal, flatter hair,
belly morn lathered next
to you offer sup an
eye egg gland, sán
dero ped regoso como
flauta de onyx, scatter
“where”, raft rear,
pegajoso but’s just air

Pomme

Mob dump my natter
flabby scum pond ripples
moon’s sore, leave against
yr junk leaf, cleaves. I
caga you you cave,
echo save 2 crags
and heaves. ease clump
seethe more spoons than.
dribble fond “of you”
flatter stumps and sobs

Colloquy

Mort y fried my chin
hoop clacked at you
couch hunched sizz led
throat plume vast in
flate dim whimper
utter grill sack suffled
beneath “lunch” fume
breathe in side yr seat
pizzle. comb eyes sc
rape that hair yr meat

Escrit d’apour

<2nd try through my markov chain text
deconstructor>

Neal Johnson

Tim Gaze & John M. Bennett
always forgetting to pull the lever

To resonate or not to wake up sonatas atonal knees
wrecked cracks of sexism sizzle aerobic dog whines
campaign in a bathing suit tavola rosa smokes buts
drinking champagne en francais cats on top run amuck
breakfast cringing out of breath stairs gap sensuality;
seven animals run me dress vocal scream mammals
Nurevev dance un reve de joyeuse mask medicate eye-op
matriculation native white folk joke annoyance naive nooky
noodle vote she does not resonate vitamins announcing amen
ounce of circulation brakes administration gnash
bloody clutter of smashed circles as in moons or breasts.

Joan Payne Kincaid
squid in spin.

archer fish target practice.

cranial double meat.
cloven brain. clavus crater.

a hologram in the cephalopod's dream
augered in the toothless chalice.
liebraumlich spring in a dark hollow.
necklace of crocodile teeth
circling the cervical spine...
orisha mount. obsession gallop. flying mare.
inside is a posture. weather.
nightcap of steamed lotus roots and garam
marsala eating dreamtime platypus placenta.
platsystemon californicus. father's brother in the
audience. univuncular fishing axis, day-glo bait.
this is what is required to apprehend the angel's monkey.
an eggs benedict halo and a cracked breastplate.
reject what disallows lattice brain
stem lotus burst. pearls backed up in fishnets.
the cathode enema. and it engenders
cyclical bodhi reference within the current bardo
squatting phase. place. mysterium. wysteria and myristica.
fragrans. thickening tongue to chaw the oolong compress.
pressed conference in darjeeling.
nag champa vapor. peace voice yeah the hunt;
orb do goblet (cult). smashed wedding, search for the holy hail.
the weather radar insected by bats and indians transporting
off the island in long metal cylinders.
a fisherman's tail, knotted magic...

[a drop of lead went all the way through my forehead.
i laid sprawled on the roof and ordered up fresh horses.
jihad for the gander.
goiter in the alpha moan.

moon taste of silver goat cheese.

take a tow hold on a dead alphabet
and boost yrself up to the planetarium's fake ceiling.

black light heart veiling stone pecked

halos
blind white and dripping their

army of deaf-mute tars.

eleven doors

ADMIT FRENCH PEASANT INCESTS IN TUNDRA DELIRIUMS
DISCONNECTING THE DYKES FROM THE WINDMILLS
sirventes steaming out the vents
unleavened ergot in the dumbwaiter

eleven doors

THE MERMAID OUTSTARING THE INK AND SEAWEED
OF OCEAN MOVEMENT
the shrouded sword dance of the cuttlefish

eleven doors

REASSESS NEUTRALITY AND PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE
CULT GOOF NEMESES

eleven doors

THE FETISH GONE TO LUNCH
the lunch gone to fetish
fettling the reverbratory furnace
THE TOTEM IN THE BELLYACHE
the moonstone in the cramp ground
THE RATSKULL IN THE HOST POWDER
powdered gator in the catskills
THE SPECTRES MULCHED AND BROADCAST
AMID IMPRINT AND WAFER DROP

satellites playing hot potato
with a
bad

apple

and a flat levitation agent

enter eve of disruption

Amy Trussell & A. di Michele

Soneto XXVII/ y conclaves del OPUS N° 56

More more a habit vestal Más mora la bestia en mi
qualified day voice pain waved curt; dando voces indescristibles en mi ser
all vestal anchovy waved, mast presto me presto pronto a responder
a stretched wand stoved sober me.a lo esencial que hay dentro de mi
Desperate hacked low day cave conceived, desesperado sin concebir la soledad
tail rapprochement's mauled tome me reprocho eternamente no ser fiel
cave proved lagoon's face, day's conger, y cada día se alarga sin piedad
ah romping east in caves yo, me meat; rompiendo las cadenas de mi ser
mask, when poured desk habits library, más, cuando pienso en mis hábitos de escribir	
tender tan contrary sub-nature tiendo a ser contrario a mi ser
cave cons held a vendor's conformed sea? y me conformo con ver el mar
Saa lagoon part clay poor venter, en su infinitud larga y profunda
day my reason, pour me no hose must stare, los días me dan la razón y mi casa es mi
belidad
cave tale's contradiction, nose-tail's secure. y no hay en ello contradicción de infinitud

A transduction of Garcilaso de la Vega's
"Soneto XXVII" en versión eslava.

John M. Bennett & César Reglero Campos
VARIOS

**crude**

poultry

Baron & Ficus strangulensis

Rea Nikonova & John M. Bennett

Stiff switches binding mail
your sock in the other dawn takes a breath
points of wind stares

*Join a pillowcase today for real*
hill paint wit spare hundred is along
when undershirt rusted magazines
mouth pleats with tropes... then shards feel
shudder temperature ice pounds gatha
lime missiles stream around

*Do not grease the couch*
similar hike up without stiffs
tabletop eel bunch drips off
digs like what?
sound the snake alarm again

John M. Bennett & Ficus strangulensis

Reed Altemus
THE LURID IMPERIALIST ROUSSEAU

I hadn't been drunk for over a week. I had been engrossed in the lies I wrote (busy spreading rumors about Rousseau), and did not look up until I looked at my doodling marks and saw that I could see past the marks to a word or two of the message inside: "Grandfather very wealthy ... dirt and blood ... pay no attention ...."

... suddenly nothing I wanted so much as a second of spoken doubt about the flags I had sewn inside every piece of laundry I could get my hands on! What a surprise! as their soapy bodies are impressions so as to make a kind of monstrous tree which they balance on their "group forehead" so to speak instead of carrying it around in a tub - though perhaps I did not really understand why it was best to harm conversation by talking through my hat until I too wet things and had to be kept from the opal factory and predict not declivity and naturally exactly when and for what reason than this three little forays through the dew led to a life of bones in an airplane or do I mean pretending to... but to be able to follow this with a lifetime of gum stimulation using those little orange sticks is no small accomplishment if that's all you do.

It's certainly, perhaps, why the lurid imperialist Rousseau wrote: "I would say to all those who torture themselves: just look at that big cloud ... let's hope it's not the watchman ... bad world bad world."

--Glans Ted Sherman

Sonnet

Universe marrows

Even lip service is (witless) sucking. Commemorated (skullmug) debases (homage) imperial peekaboos stroked tikis. Conceptualize (fondling) hearts in the right place? Heavens visited to music (buzzbox) rising swerves nucleus. Acts to (copulas) injure enveloped (thinktank) ape concretes homemade geek artifaces. (Modes) latrines decree to dark workshop (epoch) analysis. Tend memory (dullness).

Roll down repulsion

Likelihood fetches paradox (continuum) talleys (scheme). Growing motion novelts discourse (obliges) overlapped piecemeal. Precious (codes) phantom syllabuses (sidewinders). Forms genuflect (passions) constitutions (passions) episodes.

Bigger specks game

Universe as one freedom bosoms (pinchers) merges as goals isolates. Thirst cycles. Places (scrambler) past senses (onomatopoeic) scuttlebutt bamboozles breathstream. (Spry) that withered erection as (bonbon) cultures agent. Motionless to (frazzle). Copulating (slammer) offshoots idiotbox headdress jeering teeny peckers halfhardjack.

Consensus was walletchain

Showmanship (tentpitching) blockheads at flycatching place. Asscrack (melancholy) tucks jocund. (Ellipsis) sperm meets egg (blowing) incantations (cahoots) deflower.

John Crouse

Parse denoto

Homunculus

1-

Pellucid shell, encasements lined by a concavity of vortextual wills, wholly formed-an embryonic journey, blastulas of freedom highlighting the dendrite spark, tumultuous swimming, graven images foresworn, idyllic nature, dying to be borne.

2-

Burst tremors, the locked ness, phantom raiments of hardness cored, below deck a fallacy of ruminants, tributaries fester, the sallow wholeness of sink.

Alan Catlin
Out of Time

The tumid obligato
junctures, the past its present:
encumbrance as
pistachio. Ledges accumulated

moribund essences
proclaim. The metric retardant
uniting the slated vestibule
as pocket changes

rhythm / purpose

Its rumor negates, lasting functions
the pedicures. Injunction past due
remunerating the last evident

abundances for tertiary clams
residue, its lasting configuration
remaining. Symmetrical anomalies
to the flight of the grand juncture

juxtaposed / just suppose

an ideology. As confiture
arose nightly fiscal reaps
denatured oceans spread

flaps. Opposed to negligees
of their administrations incumbent
leverage accrues at the poles

as praxis

Vernon Frazer

Fake Translytic #11

(Hunger)

moonlit gravy is what i want
when you didn't come home
w/a fish
my kingdom for a potato!
oh no, i forgot
i also want gravy

real salty gravy

yum yum

@ least the stars
know what they're doin
maybe i'll watch them again

tonite

as for you,
don't come back here
w/sad eyes
& no potato

Star Bowers

341

It's simple. The hole
tilted so a favorite bough
slides into the wall
takes on a gentle climb
--a blanket, just like that
becomes a swing and the child
midair --its mother
has stopped counting
pushes something
that smells from leaves and sleep.

I've never seen this room
but in the half-light
my shoulders ache
the way roots won't back away
and the mother

is singing, empties her heart
made from wool and milk and sleep
--her arms as if some forest
must be cleared, made ready
for that first step
and finding the way out
---a tiny footprint, a heel
leaned back so height is easy
and forever.

You can tell from the snow
that rises, cries with birds
sings with them and you hear
something real
something you don't see

that bangs away at your bones
so they fit a small tray in the Earth
and the child rocked asleep
hears your shoulders
feeding it kisses, dreams, absences.

Simon Perchik

pate trenches

Are you making mummies to standard in a kingdom of rubber tires? There was a relationship
between electricity and wetness, ringing phones and boiling pasta. I was ready to spill everything
I knew,
armed forces bumping fences, her earlier little bell having dropped its clapper.

Dust was settling everywhere. The sunlight made it look like encroaching fur. Hollowed eyed con-
sumers moved sluggishly through aisles, slumping barges bearing their ancestors' neckmeat.

It was the year the hair went inside.

Gourdlike, depressive we rust in our summer chairs and
like Elisha we curse the band of youths, but
they are not eaten by she-bears. They call us "Shemp" and shrink to bumblebees.

"Not a man or woman in the circus doesn't know about you!"

Rupert Wondolowski
Augmenting the obvious, we are drawn through hypointerpretability into HYPE interpretability. To a degree, yes, it rescales our reading eyes. We see huge black areas apart and four inches high (on an 8.5 by 11 inch page). One line is the most minimalist piece in sense of elemental "AIR," attention, we will at length be drawn back into its semantics. &-0

Just token talk, like "Howzit goin'?" almost, or, "Is WANT?~

There would like; but at the same time it

non-substance is what headlines the average person's life. The piece thus seems to be Sontaggian and anti-Sontaggian simultaneously. Its impactfulness makes fun of its verbal content, and tends to shake us into taking it as visual art—something sensual and as-nothing—but itself in exactly the way Sontag would like; but at the same time it bullies us to participate in its verbal meaning—to respond to its question mark. Like Sloan's and Huth's works, it smears us two ways—between lexicality and visuality. And the lexicality can't go below the surface, even to some specific denotation; so one must venture into intellectuality, into the abstract of what "much" is, and perhaps what "want" is as well. This in turn—in conjunction with the politico-economic shape of the work (as ad, as slogan, as news) must encourage interpretations of a kind that Sontag is against in her essay. So we read only momentarily, then (probably) vibrate between the work as a purely visual surface, and the work as marker for social thoughts.

Stephen Moore provides Generator 2 with another specimen that has Pop Art leanings. It combines a tickler tape press release about a cabin cruiser's collision with the submarine used in a television series, and a newsfoto for a different story, one titled, "Magic Johnson can't stop himself." News of TV and pro basketball—what self-respecting critic would deign search for Jung in that—and the basketball story even more banally focuses on cheerleaders! (Magic collided with them just as the cabin cruiser collided with the... PINK sub! Hmmmm. Maybe there IS something here for the trained analyst.)

Moore has a second piece that consists entirely of capital letters, alone, paired or in trios but never making a word. A few punctuation marks are included here and there. Like the Sloan works, this piece evades interpretation by forsaking all readily apparent verbal content. But it isn't easy to find an interesting design in it, either. Moore seems to avoid interpretation by avoiding art.

But then one notices an alphabeticality lurking in the text—an "STU," for instance, as well as a "TVU," an "MN," a "BC," and so forth—and the gaps turn out to be where letters are missing from the alphabet Moore is repeating in three chunks (ABCDPFGH, JKLMMOPQ and ISTUVWXYZ): one sequence consists of I KL N, for example. (Actually Moore has replaced the Y in his alphabet, which is short for "why," with a question mark, which is amusing and certainly apropos here.) A rationale for Moore's procedure is suggested by the title of his piece, which is, "Prototype: New Drawings Format." Each of the six "stanzas" of the work is a variation on the others, as visual art. There is a sense of something trying to unfold—the alphabet, obviously, but also Pattern, or Order; and the silent spaces gradually seem more meaningful, emotionally, because we know what is missing: the spaces are no longer simply bits of nothingness, but absences—nothingness of STU, and nothingness of MNBC. Moreover, the conventional alphabet, once recognized, draws the mind along it for longer than it might if the symbols were truly randomly scattered, and this allows sufficient time for certain intra-poems to precipitate: e.g., in a section where an O floats below and to the right of an isolated F, and to the left of a column spelling "AIR," which has an "ST" next to its R. A forest, that is, and its air, are abruptly, pristinely and organically there, in an otherwise speechless mechanism of letters, to be flowed into.

In the piece, the main thing seems to be discovered into, not interpreted away from. And that is how I would characterize all the works I've so far discussed—and the many other fine ones in this collection.

The best of them, in my view, energetically evade interpretability by: (1) disguising, like the Sloan work, and the Moore work just discussed, as meaningless; (2) disguising themselves (in the opposite direction) as too straightforward and trivial to be worth deep analysis—Janet's headlines, for instance, and Kempston's foray into minimalism; or (3) doing both, like the Martin work with its mix of gnosticism and repetition. None are saturated with subtexts or academic allusiveness.

So to the question I raised at the beginning of this essay about whether burnstown poetry was "Sontaggian against interpretation or scandalously sub-testifed," my preliminary answer would be that art is decided and invigoratingly the former. Furthermore, it is clearly form-centered more than it is content-burdened, its technical experimentation being among its chief fascinations. And it seems much more involved with the concrete than the abstract, over and over again its words not only naming the most concrete

Continued from Previous Issue

Perhaps the most minimalist piece in Generator 2 is a study by Crag Hill of two vertical lines about two inches apart and four inches high (on an 8.5 by 11 inch page). One line is a tad longer, and longer on the page, than the other. One stares at the two lines expecting to discover an optical illusion but never does. And one comes away with a strangely enhanced sense of elemental DIFFERENCE, and of uprightness and line-ness. Or, with more staring, one begins to wonder about form—do the two lines represent a tree trunk, for instance, or are they just isolated lines? Or perhaps they indicate where two buildings end, and the space between them is exterior, rather than interior. Are we looking down on the buildings, or seeing them from the side, or from some other angle? We gradually experience not sensualitv, but a peculiar sensation of sensualities begun. Again we are drawn through hypointerpretability into HYPE interpretability.

Also decidedly minimal, though less so than Hill's piece, is Janet Janet's banner-headline, "HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT?" which takes up a full page of the magazine. This piece seems to be against interpretation in the now-classic manner of P p "rt, for it uses, in Sontag's words, "a content so blatant, so 'What it is,' that it... ends by being uninterpretable." But is it truly uninterpretable, I once again ask.

Well, how can one "interpret" the message presented? What can it "mean" besides exactly what it says? And if it means almost nothing, what does it do? Does it knock us into Sontagian "eroticism"? To a degree, yes, it re-scales our reading eyes. We see huge black IMPACT in a zone we expected to be blank—or view unattacked from. But the blare is a joke, for it's barely literate, just token talk, like "Houzit going?" almost, or, "Is it cold enough for you?" Trivia in the guise of IMPORTANCE. So we will tend to dismiss the work's semantic message and attend instead to, say, the visually interesting curving loop or chain of O's that tootles up out of the A in its bottom line, or to the way its negative space turns, glowingly, into a cartography of islands and peninsulas.

But because the work is print, overtly readable print, and in a form crying out for demanding, close attention, we will at length be drawn back into its semantics. There's no help for it, for the piece's words are hurled right at the YOU that each of us is. And they form the most involving kind of sentence there is, a question. We MUST answer. And to answer requires... interpretation. And trying to interpret it brings us, again, to what a joke Janet's question is, because it is so impossible to answer—how much what?

Ah, how much of EVERYTHING I now seem to be the question. So I take it to be a sarcastic response to the average American's main concern with muchness—who cares of what. So, we have a surface about superficiality. A non-message whose message is that

"Swarthy" Turk Sellers  

BOB GRUMMAN
particulars of existence but going beyond that to call attention, sometimes almost stridently, to what they themselves are as concrete ink-shapes. Sontagian palpability and immediacy are in general the rich result.

As I've frequently pointed out, however, there is one quality that Sontag spoke against that I don't believe the works I've discussed entirely abhor, and that is intellectualism. The incomprehensible-seeming works of Sloan and Moore in time shed their disguise and prove hyperinterpretable—albeit not in the old-style hermeneutics way that Sontag assailed. The easy surfaces of the Rith and Hill pieces, and the mass-media triviality of the Janet in time prove to have more than one level. The work by Moore with a forest rising out of it similarly evades old-style hermeneutics but engages the intellect nonetheless—verbo-technically, as do Karl Kempton's "Choices," and Christopher Franke's "Variation." Indeed, the works delve so creatively into the mechanics of language that they do more than "reinstate the MAGIC of the word," in the manner of the French poets singled out for valiantly opposing interpretation by Sontag: they reinstate the magic of the LETTER (or even in some cases items smaller). All the works I've discussed, then, are both sensual AND intellectual.

I consider this a positive value. What could be more wonderful than exploring an artwork with both one's senses and one's intellect, sometimes separately, sometimes together—and letting the former revive the latter, the latter revive the former, instead of opposing one another? And that's what I think the art I've been discussing is most doing—not just replacing hermeneutics but Sontagian erotics as well—with techno-intellectual erotics! And I think that would please Susan Sontag.

Bob Grumman

Multidore

Escrimento

Christian Burgaud

John Adams