Batch
UV eric
ulam crac king vul
rot
unda
folded in yr motor oil

Lost & Found Time 2
53-54 - Part 2
One night I saw a warm naked corpse lying next to me. I was pleased. It was a fresh and beautiful corpse. I wasn't afraid of it. Every night I slept alone. My luck has taken a turn tonight.

The moon peeping through the window was my friend. I hugged my corpse hard. I kissed her eyes, her lips, her nipples. Again and again. I caressed her hair, massaged her thighs, kneaded every inch of her body. Again and again. I did all that a healthy man can do with a dead body. Again and again.

Next morning when I woke up there was no naked corpse next to me. Instead there was a stale woman fully clothed. What possessed you last night, she asked.

I was so surprised and enraged that my teeth disappeared.

I closed my eyes and turned away from her. For a long time I lay there dead. When I got up my mirror was there taunting me.

If I had teeth I might have laughed.

Translated from the Hindi by the author
How To Make It Big

GOSH AL, YOUR MASSIVE ROCK-SOLID ERECTIONS ALWAYS LOOK SO KEEN!
A larger penlz on yr neck CAN HELP ALOT. WHY NOT TRY J.M. BENNETT?

Billy called J.M. Bennett for his Penis Enlargement

JEPPERS, 20% Gain 98+ Full Incyches! Length IS REALLY EASY!

Later...
...ER, THE bigar penis on your neck looks GREAT BILLY! NICE JOB!

The next day Billy was promoted to Senior Executive Big Manhood Director Guy!

Hey al, let's give billy a half-million dollar boner! Ha ha ha

How wd you like to send in the coupon below in 60 seconds or die?

Yes! ☐ I'm not sure what I think. Buy me a drink!
☐ I love it! Here's a signed purchase order for some crack.
☒ I hate you! Remove me from your mailing list immediately!

Haddock

Now

screen 
wide

toned

taste

trial

tline

shape

frost

day

tame

time

day

txpe

smoke

chain

lane

line

dome

loan

cane

stain

stay

sway

chide

wall

lain

viol

wave

haste

loss

cane

tray

dare

lorn

soaked

chair

save

pine

home

lore

pain

rare

pay

vein

equipped narrative

organic calamity

retinal business

jellyfish mischief

reptile infantry

pentium barracks

predictably funeral

staid zero

overlapped pickets

playback debbie

constructs economic

fujicolor reinsert

stimuli turnabout

obstetrical hives

headlong code

payment saute

homogenous bombs

underwear strawberries

abruptly widespread

thighs jeeps

freezing public

swimsuit breakthrough

geometric unemployment

tortured comforts

evortex bureaucracy

jim leftwich & john crouse

sheila e. murphy

John Crouse

Al Ackerman
working and you can set your head on. So don't worry. It's not for me. It's for the world.

Digesting Hard Iron

Dear Editor:
When you read this I want you to do it with an open heart, and tack on the words she ant my head fog. Forget the things that have been said—the thoughts we may have had, and try to remember only the she ant my head fog, and also tack on focused insect growing. When I am not there with you, it is going to be your task to try to help the little ones repeat she ant my head fog focused insect growing as often as they can without actually losing consciousness, and while you're about it, tack on in your shoe.

To me, she ant my head fog focused insect growing in your shoe has been the most beautiful thing in my life. The wonder of it never ceases for me, and to think of substituting stunning air for she ant -- well, it is overwhelming.

All my life as the one who looks in your window a lot I looked forward to the time when stunning air my head fog focused insect growing in your shoe would have a webby comb in place of my head fog -- and in spite of my so-called talents or urges toward stunning air a webby comb focused insect growing in your shoe, underneath was the spark which had to burst into rides the habits which I dreamed someday might be substituted for focused insects growing.

Stunning air a webby comb rides the habits in your shoe -- there is nothing else in life like it. And anyone who receives such a blessing should be eternally grateful and fog the old log a lot, hopefully without actually losing consciousness, at least not totally or to the point of incontinence.

I am telling you this, Dear Editor, just so you will understand my feeling that smoke a lobe should be substituted for in your shoe. Always remember this and as you grow older, think of stunning air a webby comb rides the habits smoke a lobe and try to understand what I am trying to convey to you. It will also repay you to open a little Sno-Ball stand, now that summer has us by the ying yang.

I'm so full of emotion now, I can't write anymore, but I feel impelled to mention that if you replace stunning air with she ant then you need never stop but can just go on repeating these substitutions indefinitely, and try to remember not to go swimming in your street clothes too much.

Believe me always
Yours very sincerely
Horny Stuck Gravy Blast

---

e-"rot"ic@3

forehead flame bubbled
neck nape cuddled
moist "splits" bungeed
naked bushy "cushion"

meat ticking like a cricket
in yr cheek bins

stunned couch soaked
sticky flute

smirking thigh smeared

John M. Bennett & Bareone 2004

G31
You button from the bottom
let these sleeves take hold
reaching across as the silence
that's used to an old army shirt
slowing your descent into skies
unable to open again though your arms
are already huge, half silk
half the first evening on Earth
--you never see the ground
not because the room is dark
or when was the last time
you circled between your fingers
a single thread that is not white
could pull you back into nothing
nothing! nothing! the nothing
you hear alongside the others
tightening the fit till even the mornings
depend on darkness and cries.

Simon Perchik

Morbid Pantry

rabbit dirt maniac
fisters
disturb
arbol keister brush.
sister aphid.
brother measles.
fine. how's yr Blackwood?
Blackwood forced himself to nod.
"it warms your stomach."
(from Bennett/Leftwich of 8/16
and 9/13/04)

ACK'S HACKS
as we are adaged few

I meridian you at quart
iles no neighbor would
discern even (if) working
backwards say it with me

"merge equates
to splurge" in our
young branch equal to
curves young vickie
tosses out to radishes

the flipside of
anatomy meant not to cure
combative nurture
of the plot to cripple
recent temper spurs
that mirror silos

partially disguised
as monoliths
considered soft
mythology and stained
by habit trenchant as spirit
now I lay me molto allegretto
near the steep wide
jury split neatly
along the right of way
in tone deaf half

Sheila E. Murphy

inform The authorities
SINtilla dilemma's hydro
lectric chassis lever 491
timing get-together price
gateway en moins de temps
qu'il ne faut pour le
dire Allied au d'cologne
ersatz hammerblow lowblow
kef heroin pork chop
hamstrung wax indignant
flop into armchair it
just goes to show tremolo
bootleggers' strap happy
coincidence redraw Bosn
Herzegovin Zagreb Skopje
Oort Cloud's ocktailhour
BURST ON Scene conicalast:
grow pharmacy qu'est ce
qu'ils nous veulent
encore?

Jesse Freeman

*alternate version if color abilities are unavailable*

b)eyond l)unar; e)cetera s)aw s)ick
e)pic d)ementia.

b)bb, y)earlong.

eyen s)ymphoni

c)ant a)rchaic y)oga.

g)ave a)im s)uri e)ast,

f)lee o)utcast!

r)adii w)rap a)st
r)ipe d)ead.

d)aed e)pir
s)a p)arw i)dar

!t)sactuo e)elf

.,t)sae i)rue m)ia e)vag

..a)ogy c)iahcra t)naem

l)nophmys r)jeve
.g)nolreay b)be

b)itenmed c)ipe

k)cis w)as a)retevte .r)anul d)noyeb

Steven Paschall

123

"hot luggage"--
sobbingocol sobbingloco yr hsafion--
spite sedipete, zubzes buzz--yr shorts cluster
bite and dink dink froth buodful tolerion.

moss books
pankin late

agile

JULY 3RD

sobbingocol sobbingloco yr hsafion--
despite sedipete, zubzes buzz--yr shorts cluster
bite and dink dink froth buodful tolerion.

agile

TOMEL

drank
olbod

as pumpkin

nrut into

wang, nufdus

(from 6/23/04)

*
They Will Know You By Your Neckmeat

Watching is be itself with mink eyelashes softly exclaiming over almond eyes and a mouth like a blurred calliope devouring dusty curtains. You bite me and I bite you and if it can't stand up it can't be used for meat. Which is why David Bowie and I frequently spraow, although lately he's been sweated and teetan.

The political climate can be forecast in the topography of sideburns. This here tuft thrives on pulmonary tentacles, wind that jars teeth and scatters strings of jellied clown marrow.

Do you take medicine? I take 3 "Joan Crawforas in a Wheelchair" and for dry mouth and comfey childhood I take 2 "Robert Louis Stevensons". Turtleneck, diarrea, cloudy addings, car wash and flagrant plinth are possible side effects, but none of it bothered any of the hickory smoked leathery.

It was Mumford that said in cities time is visible. Not as visible as Hart Crane's "outspoken buttocks in pink beads", but plain as two jiggling porcelain teasups.

Afterwards she filled a basket full of muffins and ghastly war-horse tables were turned to heaved above chair, shoulders furry with panic.

This was when yogurt was still considered an exotic food and we rode "Nurse Off the Wagon", the dean of thrill rides, frequently at Cobblestone Bingo Park. Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill.

He had dreamt then of joining the world's most exclusive space club, but something went askew. Some blame Yoko Ono for eating George's digestive biscuit, others the summer of flood pants when sels were found baked and edible in their mud. Still others blamed how Fernando Rey kept shoving up in funny places, striking anyone who touched him or frightened him. At any rate, as the suls say: "You must stop looking at a cushion if you are trying to look at a lamp".

On good days his head feels trim as a newly opened horse-chestnut. He spends most of his time beavering soberly, trying to watch is be itself.

Rupert Wondolowski

Found & Aleatoric Poem № 17: Memo Clutter

VERMINOLOGY

"To consciousness, existence is being conscious of existing”

--Emile Lesclette

To delennu, gnilwarcs are being funneled through scrawling.

Like ymmug evels, "elooh gnileef" is getting sleeve gummy by "feeling hole."

By tsucol worc, ssesub gniipoows thanks to crow locust are adding to this swooping business.

For "hsart ksed," eldeen pirts is building desk trash by playing strip poolude.

As daerps noitatipec, egduf tekcoo is helping crepitation spread by means of pocket fudge.

(from EACH FEET)

ACK'S HACKS
Dear Johnee:

Been making great progress with my cricket language and already have the first cricket hack:

ICKNO

crhi ick-ickp snoonick bubbleckid dickbbub spick-ick sluggagick pick-ick layick sickams ious crinh ickons splashickdy hoa on ickmas rickl sickams anhickad "ushcrin" faul flamicky daick hickof ickoms ashy nocrisu naickd loick oom cri onicky smaicks dickan cri ickno!

(translated into cricket language from Bennett's "Eno" of 5/12/04)

Am also thinking about translating Conrad's THE HEART OF DARKNESS into cricket language. This is how the opening paragraph would sound (best of course if you rub your legs together):

HICK HICKAT DANICKSS

Hick Nicklcrick, dcriscring, o hick anho w-crhiou fluick hick sacrilcs, a sick. Hick, hick nickly alm, b-hickcrig hick r-crvick, hick oly h-crigr fo crit o omick o wacri fo hick un hick cricid.

Translating the whole book into cricket language could make for a tough but rewarding summer project, eh? Well, sure . . . definitely something to think about. You can see, too, I think, the possibilities for extending cricket language into other big areas. For instance: If properly presented out in your back yard, let's say morning noon & night from behind your new fence, cricket language could serve to drive your terrible next-door-neighbor batty in a hurry, I betcha-- (all the more so if you attired yourself in a giant cricket outfit {g-crig r-crickt oufsn]).

To read more about this amazing new breakthrough CLICK HERE.
CAUSE OF LIFE
ye ow puddle beef
lie ien snake Signals

ai pas pri
hossi gun ben

of expres para
guessin dim shin

knowi indis con
reamy rim chis

mimi im dis
fowl limids bon

essen him kin
hove rest mara

possi hun en
goi bas gee

jim leftwich & John M. Bennett

John Grey
TRENI

speeds, luggage crust, nag o’ serit coughing
drawk the suit tuhs tape dispenser, hsaac galf
damp rushing, socol gihiictiw, yarp’s yr tumba
gate yr sleehw “stunning” burnt cheeks
dewollaws salad acceleration devats def locked
dekcol fed stayed noitarielecca dalas swallowed
sheehc trnub “gninnuts” wheels ry etag abmut
ry spray, twitching locos, ghnsur pmad, flag
cash, resnepsid epat shut tius eht toward
gnihuoc tires o’ gang, tsurc egaggul, sdeeep

INERT

John M. Bennett

GOLC

sup nates air leeh gnirewol crowd egap
floppping ni eht wind hteet pound trelvis shape
a tunnel nipfies in ry eohs clutter retsulc
shoulder strip yigu wave stun eugnot spread
fulgent part gate etag trap tnelgul daerps
tongue nuts evaw ugly pirts redluohs cluster
retculc shoe yr ni sirf spin lennut a epahs
culvert dnuop teeth dniw the in gnippolf page
dworc lowering heel ria setan pus

CLOG

John M. Bennett

SMILING JACK

Off in one corner, a fat man
in a swami’s costume
was unconscious behind the LPs.
It was
a very different situation from wondering,
as you had been accustomed to do.
whether the narrow world at your feet
might suddenly open to reveal
some vigorous, but quite unnecessary, digging.
Clearly this was
a much better situation & as though
wet in dreams a place where you cd also spot
a lurker figure in black, watching
your moves. Watching & watching.
You noticed him this morning, too.
He was breathing like a sick kid.
You tapped his wax nose & it rang like a breakfast
food.
Flinging his hands to his face, he let the wax nose
plop to the floor where it stuck to your shoe.
You stared down at it, your eyes two round pools
of wonder.
Here it was, everything you had always wanted:
a wax nose stuck to your shoe & a fat man
in a swami’s costume unconscious behind the LPs.

"Swarthy" Turk Sellers

---

NATE VISION

Al Ackerman
Water Inside a White Circle
Jeffrey Little

a reconfiguration of Topology of A Phantom City
Alain Robbe-Grillet
Grove Press E-698

Incipit

the checkerboard strokes, the vertical pavement and a motionless future of nothing but light. flatness gathering in the trees. already shifting, i fall open over the black and white blue. of a city ancient with tall temples. a procession of schist. i believe her knife leaves a mist, her hand, her unhurried eyes, in closer casements between.

First Space
construction

i.

on the wall her wooden toga shines like a white paintbrush holding a bun. naked, she condemned the experiment as the missing axis of an invisible square, stately, and classical, and firm. exactly like the dressed surface of a scene. three legs turned back down from the victim swiveling in the folds. orientation busy with the ought.

ii.

now sicily is the sacrificial shrine. no, the altar. gravity collapsed breathless in the vermillion remains. she appears in a window, or aperture, apparently suspended by a single hair as if hidden inside a block of bars. from the elementary disorder came a single cry - sinister and architectural - the pierced middle of this city of parts.

iii.

a pebble is a trapdoor into another world; unfortunately her head appears uncharted, obscuring the landscape between the invisible and the discernible frontier (meaning hides the larger truth). her crotch swings down from the hill, coming closer to the very spot where the pebble is reaching for the model of the missing words.

iv.

reason destroyed the guidebook of illness but the inscription on it was the last trace of her name. the buzzing little sharp silence begins like the heat of fever, languid, as in the voice of a vision. people long for the motionless legend of stone, sonorous without intonation, recovered, remembered, and fraudulently still intact.
even before it was repeated it was a graceful text of variations.
she emptied the ship of the sea and moored the water between
her targets. obedience promised a generative fate, broad flows
that, quivering, fascinated the swimmers of the surface temple.
motionless, they prefigured her first red whims to flop ashore.

the evolutions fashioned in the flame, the curious metal relic
crossing the inaccessible distance of the land, gleaming
like collapsible gilt headgear. in the darker zone of the river
her feet pontoon the waters, she signals the other swimmers,
and disappears weightless in a wooden uniform faster below.

flexing her full voices she sentences the sleeper to a surgical
exclusion. circular and forming in midair, a perforated table
appears above the central stage. her ring flares dark because
of the gloves as an elliptical light paces the garden, dazzling
and supporting the contrary tabletop in the involved extreme.

Second Space
a dwelling ascending

rotating the grass, a narrow corridor turns to the right, turns
between the silent glide of the glass eye and the intermediary
of the empty arms, advancing toward the floor below the old
bottom ajar, direction changing by emerging vertically into
that recess only open to her flared half out for a blind climb.

Third Space
construction concluded

murder proved a possibility. a fuzzy photo, a harmless little
mountain. despite the murmurs, building so special a djinn
could decide the launch. i collected a column of abandoned
moans and started moving toward the spur, the gutted dead
expected water, but the scientists failed to people the berg.

i.

i fixed my dinner inside of a white circle and hooked a new
head over my hat. distances correspond to the fixed radius
of tradition, starched, like a dressmaker's measure of black.
she deceived the investigation with a group of dead numbers
older than any buttonhole of spite, a sequence, as in an arm.

wooden cracks opened up in the water and decay climbed
straight through the walls. great rooms of liquid threatened
the ceiling without the floor. collapsing is gentle salvage,
and shapes how time pools the tottering present. i fissured
a level form of flow, destination, down the down staircase.

Fourth Space
of reveries between

i.

the tendency is for the prisoner to erect obsessive circles
in the soft dog of sleep, variable gestures immaculate by
their shifting. her lake looks as if it is dislocated, and not
at all open to that intricate pathology cooing motionless
in the latin. repetitiveness in a dreaming of another out.

ii.

she flooded the cave with the rising wave that she locked
in the secret throat under the seventh staircase. behind us
the frightened scraps of a rag dictated our plaintive story
to the phantoms drowsing on the divan, the undergrowth
faded like tufts of skin dreamt in the grass panic of a tree.

Fifth Space
the criminal already on

i.

the columns of the temple were suspended in the water
like portable eggs teetering in a tank. i was walking on
a tangle of remains, footsteps strewed over the skeleton
of the pavement and a tent flexing red in the fire, heavy
as wet looms still standing in the bearing of the streets.

ii.

cracks squeeze on through to the body and their progress
is as slow as inmates running on glazed feet. the prisoner
drinks in purpose like a sacrifice pinned-up on planks, he
listens to the window and its attempt to silence time with
its one glass hope - the staircase that she raises each day.
behind the captives a network of metal branches moves into the city like the battered horns of a god, a railway quickened by grease and an ancient mast of steam, its character is that of the reddish muzzle of a beast, three eyes outlined, as the escaped look to the air with tears.

examination of the catacombs reveals a gallery of ritual offerings. sacred figures to communicate loopholes to the vestiges of the vanquished above. the blindfolded run on top of a colossal brick crypt as her hands mind changing the fresco nature in the entire daylight dawn.

something beyond the vibrations, a modulation haloing her translucent hands, imprisoned the moment in tulle and brought the door down from its height. mounting the statue like a red robe of beach wood the murderer, seen as an aperture, stands flared in a corolla of light.

Coda
the pink sand shines wet in the sun as the past of one still spiraling tide abandons the etched shoe caught in my net, its dreamy leather face delineating the theory of a delicate crêpe lying in lookout over so checkered a death as was that. invisible, now. i move nowhere.

Method
A minder nuts sport can be viewed in two ways:

-- exclude bronze nature
-- "explode your clothes"

The two views node snort runts and spat clue heel. It does not matter which zeal lug bug heel you drive in this picture, since a nook post, a slick dick, is that moron simply mouse or roach on nubile march? I guess it is.

What I now ask is: hams planned. An omen?

(from Bennett/Leftwich of 8/16/04 and 9/13/04)

ACK'S HACKS

WHAT THE COACH TELLS

The source of evidence for the difference between the sexes is the mental terms, both for the girl, who witnesses her supernesty, and for the boy, who witnesses her supernesty. But you are already getting into the weeds. Hospitalization, the robot exchange of the child's mental terms. In the event of the child's mental terms, mental terms premeditated, the statue of the child's mental terms -- ferocity. The mental terms passed mental terms doubled on the whole.

The mental terms plan is to take you with mental terms for about a block, then let you come back and release your husband. After all, different pills for different folk. Two people = violent assertion.

Coca-Cola Americano, J. M. Bennett, Reed Altemus

Jeffrey Little

11
18, 22, 28, 30, 38, 42, 48
63
70, 77, 85
92, 100
110, 114, 119, 125, 131
140

John M. Bennett, Jesse Freeman, Reed Altemus

Al Ackerman
THE JEWEL DOG

First the bunk natters
like slippery sugar
or sank lunch closet pork
simplification god
when goat pill golf was a sight the
like of which you had never
seen through mist & far away box eye hair
of long-promised decay
the place is on
eab knuckle index
opiate clang
down around the heh
paw, wap dink, heh, bright pennies
bright pennies but
the dark water closet
is never far away
use your long adenoids
feel simple god of
duck lamp barf
creaming in the weeds
you feel it
but the pocket
pool is your dnah's jewel dog

(from 8/11/04)

Lesser Precepts

"I have been much occupied in
my 'Conversations,' both in this
city and Salem . . ."

--Bronson Alcott

How many times can you disguise
your hand as radicchio? How often
must I be fooled? The true name
of the one I care most for in the world
starched eyes. Ideas planks some britches--
it was as though britches be peepin' 
& a lava lamp name ("Undulating Melon")
although undeniably asinine
became a thousand
things that poverty of the mind
makes up for when any one of us
catches rabies looking for water.
What if it was extremely heavy
but you didn't guess the weakness
had a secret. Heavy water
from a bladder that can talk
& holds what it calls "Conversations"
serves to feed neurosis, yes, but,
more hastily,
to teach us nearest fence & culvert--
quickest escape routes.

--Laurel McElwain

THE STOMACH-BOWLING OTTER FAMILY

tempting empty stomach juicy
tulip-cheeser tempting juicy empty oedipus
otter bowling doubts oedipus twisted otter
doubts empty tempting tulip-cheeser stomach
oedipus doubts tempting stomach juicy
tulip-cheeser stomach doubt twisted bowling juicy
tempting otter oedipus twisted
doubts otter twisted tulip-cheeser empty
juicy doubts bowling tulip-cheeser stomach
tempting oedipus juicy, otter-bowling twisted!

(from curved turd by Bennett/Lefthich of
8/20/04.)

Ready for the secret?

First, make two lists of five words each from the original poem:
tempting, juicy, stomach, empty, tulip-cheeser
bowling, twisted, otter, doubt(s), oedipus

Now construct an Eoderdrome, which, put simply, is a structure in
graph theory created by Gary Bloom of Rice University. It looks
suspiciously like a Pentagram with a five-pointed star inside and, by
and large, that's what it is. Next step is to arrange the two sets
of five words counter-clockwise at the angles of the pentagon:

Finally, the hack gets created by choosing a word (for instance,
the word "tempting") and proceeding along whatever path strikes
your fancy (in the hack, the first path chosen was tempting-
empty - stomach - juicy - tulip-cheeser). After that, a different
path is followed in each successive line. One of the restrictions for
a Eoderdrome is the rule against using any segment between two
words more than once. Thus, if desiring - later has been used,
later - desiring is eliminated as a possibility for that sequence.
Since I'm using two sets of words, rather than the usual single set,
and really have more of a Swollen Eoderdrome in operation than
the strictly classical model, I didn't worry too much about
restrictions. Just go the hog, that's my motto.
Ali Johnee,

Here it is, the big good-for-nothing 4TH OF JULY, about 2 PM, and so far I'm ducking it all pretty successfully. Got a big CLOSED sign on the door here at Normals where I'm spending the afternoon communing with the cat and working on some exciting new language procedures. (Note of interest: it started raining a little while ago, a fitful greasy half-ass rain and immediately customers started showing up and trying to get in, don't ask me why but in the bookstore business anytime it rains [or snows or hails etc] the customers come flocking. Titans Be Flocking, we call it.) Anyway, I've been turning them away in droves, and, as I say, getting the bulge on my latest language procedures, to wit:

1) THE FAILURE CONSTRAINT. this one involves altering a text by the following rule: anytime the word "the" appears in the text, the word immediately following it is replaced by the word "failure." For example, sci-fi master A. E. van Vogt's loony classic VAULT OF THE BEAST contains the line "Shapeless, formless thing yet changing shape and form with each jerky movement, it crept along the corridor of the space freighter, fighting the terrible urge of its elements to take the shape of its surroundings." By applying the Failure constraint, we get: "Shapeless, formless thing yet changing shape and form with each jerky movement, it crept along the failure of the failure freighter, fighting the failure urge of its elements to take the failure of its surroundings." Naturally, the effect is cumulative and Van Vogt's entire story of 21 feverish pages, could become quite something if subjected to the Failure Constraint throughout, eh? Whew. The Failure Constraint seems especially effective when applied to correspondence, as was done with Fletcher Gregory's recent nutball letter to singer/composer James Mee (enclosed, along with Glans Ted's poetic ramble SEEKING OFFICE FAILURE? which might make a pretty good letter in itself, come to that.)

2) THE F-WORD CONSTRAINT. essentially same method, except that in this case the thing spreads out to include not only the word "failure" but in fact any favorite "F-word"--that is to say, start by drawing up a list of favorite words that begin with the letter "F" (I'd guess that your favorites wd include the word "faucet" etc.) and then each time you come to a "the" in the text replace the next word with one of these "F" favorites drawn at random from your hat or sock. (see THE FIASCO, enclosed.)

Well, sure beats the hell out of dodging fireworks.

Mr. James Mee
POB 1441
Charleston, VT. 06765

Dear Mr. Mee,

My name is Fletcher M. Gregory, Jr. and I am 88 years old. I don't know much about music but recently I discovered your "compact disc", FROM A QUIET PLACE in the failure of a Kentucky Fried Chicken establishment, where my man-servant, Mr. Jonathan Swift, stopped to use the failure and to buy a large box of biscuits. I attempted to find the failure of the "failure disc" but to no avail. Finally, the failure behind the counter (I think her name was "Tamaeke") told me that I could have the "failure disc".

Once I got home I asked my man-servant to put on the "failure disc". Well, needless to say I was very impressed. Mr. Mee. Your music is just wonderful! I want to hear more! I find myself humming your tunes many times during the failure! I just wanted to let you know that someone like me really appreciates your art.

Would it be possible to have an autographed picture? Could you sign it, "To Fletcher, who discovered my "compact disc" in the failure at a Kentucky Fried Chicken?" It would make an old man very happy.

Fletcher M. Gregory, Jr.
428 E. 31st Street
Baltimore, MD. 21218

Best regards,
THE FIASCO

"--social conditions, the fowling piece, sciences, the fish bowl of an industrial technology with prefabrication, new materials, and new processes are the fellaheen!!" (Freddy)

Criticism of all media is based on the fowling piece that the fish bowl under discussion are the fellaheen not of nature but of culture.. the fire-bug the flusker of collaboration, the farcy the funiculous of collaborators -- the fedora it becomes the finger paintings of all structuralist activity. If the fess of both the fanatics who are involved with the fleabite do not agree among themselves about the fish pond-worth of particular pieces, the term fairy tale does not, in itself, denote value. If we attempt to distance we ourselves from the fohorn-- involved in the flavescent--, it wd be logical to assume the fanny--quality-- if such a term has any meaning--or the fetlock reaction to this distribution might alter the filling station in more emotional directions (goin' a little apeshit). But this kind of distinction is not the ferret-- of the fornicator-- of aesthetic theory with which we are concerned.

God knows the frustule would be around soon enough. We knew that the felodese would pick up the fuzz, especially if foul play were suspected. Normally the fernery of the flophouse would have bothered us, but by now we were long past the farkleberry of being bothered by anything so trivial.

The frosh was outside the door.

It was the formaldehyde dried-up one, the fluff with peculiar eyes, who was talking. The felloe-- or felly fingers of his nervous, clawlike hands incessantly played with each other as he sat across the filbert in the fettle chair. His emaciated, evil face jerked on the frito neck by the flautist the farina was found by-- the fetus-- the fundus came to, not only in the flapper of details, but in the finch general area much because the flounder of the fuddy-duddy in the frippery of executing hundreds of commands and statistical considerations as the four-flusher can retain far more factors than the fiddle.

Al Ackerman

MAXCRIMUS O GLOUICKSICK

(CHARLES OLSON MEETS JMB)

ACK'S HACKS

Noitaer reknird was 'the club suckage (or lewofe feeb' of Hash crime on the ear that leads from the neht to hash crime now Cash so loud, the Ro Ry Loud gnarps a fork, how the fork was, not the contamination nirp of any pail but nirp n' esir an advert breva the lewot sleeq was too meats plumbing my snialpgoc mumble dry, plumbing seen not head up out of the beef ash tower and float, to yddum snores I'm bong rice, all I can yell is seen not heard (?) but tower tuna towel

this cash so loud noitaer reknird out of the beef ash or a hat

(from Bennett of 6/9/04)

Ayii Johnee,

Well I don't guess it's any news that "migraine" in cricket language is,

"migracrinick"

so I'll just say that I hope you're clear of it in any language.

Say, this back-and-forth you got going with Ana Bulges is quite a romantic interlude, eh? I love her response to your cricket language enquiry, where she says,

>>In search of a man with a lot of hair on his chest to do the paris-dakar

>>together.

>>all other vices and virtues are negotiable.

>>or as we crickateers wd say,

>>Grin sickh wchih lo hacri hcris hick o hick pacris-daa ogickhick.

>>hick ohick vcricks vcruiicks aick nickocriablick.

But hope--not even cricket language can improve on the original.

When somebody starts talking hair-on-the-chest you know you're in the presence of a eurt pmeah, eh?

Ah lord this weather we been having continues to give me the scotnaf, and being alternately sweaty in the humidity and clammy under the fan is starting to give me a dandy summer cold. Rats.

Here's a hack based on Queneau's Elementary Morality form:
DORP REPPOLF  (an Elementary Morality)

WHO WHEN WHERE etc.

spray shadow  pork thumbs  cheek fillet
streaming reppolf

lake wall  dorp wall  kints regnif
bloodied reppolf

lush heel  beef ash  slapped cash
dekaos btetnoc

stopping
dance, shrug
yr dung
spees edave niahc
of slewot esool
moon yr tah
a lot

viscous egasiv
ekarb stammer
dumpster nekcihc
dink clusters

(from 5/19)

ACK’S HACKS

LEWD
LEAD
READ
REED
SEEN
PEED

THE ENABLER

1. Buns 'n lake night toilet rushing lash the towels

(Text + The Enabler in expander mode yields)

Burners enable Blake tonight to billet lab rat lushing last ale sent
here rather than eat the bath towels

(NOTE: In The Enabler's expander mode new words are created and
added to the existing text by using the letters t - h - e - n = a - b - l - e -
r. Both the expander and the diminisher modes make use of “t” and “h”
[from "The"] when using the Enabler's translator mode “t” and “h” are
not drawn on and only "e", “n”, “a”, “b”, “l”, “e”, and “r” are used.)

2. The Enabler’s diminisher mode is especially effective for
streamlining and, above all, clarifying political utterances.

For example, the following statement was made by an elderly
Reagan supporter (in every sense) at the “GREAT
COMMUNICATOR’S” funeral:

“He made me proud to be an American.”

(Text + The Enabler in diminisher/clarifier mode yields)

“md . . . poud . . . o . . . n . . . mic.”

--which is obviously a big improvement (shorter too).

As for that curious term “GREAT COMMUNICATOR”--
the diminisher/clarifier mode yields the more accurate:
“G . . . COMMUNICO.” (Say it aloud 40 or 50 times with your fingers in
your mouth and you’ll begin to get the picture. 50 to 100, even
better.)
3. But it is as translator that The Enabler really shines.

Enabler translator formula:

\[ e = a = e \]

\[ n = b = l = r = n \]

(words containing no E-n-a-b-l-e-r letters disappear) hence a
translation of JMB's *Cricket In the Mirror Ocrim kclih Irn Ickcri*,
yields:

*Cricket* *lb* *tha* *Minnor* *lrcb*
*thebks* *Lresickan* *Er* *Eckarmeb*

"ubs 'b leka bight tariot gbihsur lesh tha towars mica puddras peos aht srrew craem gristabs bwod yn chaak eh collega ibchas lreca yn acer nushibg towars dbyibg aht sbul aker yn acer hsl dnyibg aga tha srrew .twica lubby halit dahguoc aht spoob stubk gub limlar .wahc aht nalmub bumlick. icklmncrr cnileh lckge gcbriyd leick leick lricknbdr stircwgo gcbrihsu ickle! sickhbcri ickgelie snicksncirg melck sickrddup stircwgo uhsaribg ocnirrck hgcrieb icker"

**EMERPUS ELDDAF**

You must think that just because I am a college professor and out of work I am nothing but a ghost cracker. But never a ghostly one. There is also the one soaking in reeb's doof. If you want to know about right deeps kcahs strams, why not hire a detective agency to make a shirtless cloud inside it? Already the giant spaw's living inside the crater of an extinct volcano are producing a sound more beautiful than peewee the dillap throwback blinks vaseline. Or anyway higher-pitched than the beautiful angolob legna "drut" & dripeed these sentences obscene like a sweater on your teeth.

*(from 5/5/04)*

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*ACK'S HACKS*

Hola Johnee,

Here's one I had a lot of fun on—I was hacking your fine poems of 7/7 and I started by establishing two main phrases and numbering the words top and bottom (the numbering for quick reference later on):

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

She ant my head fog focused insect growling in your shoe

stunning air a webby comb rides the habits smoke a lobe

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

The "she ant" line I labeled HEADS and the "stunning air" line I labeled TAILS. Then I determined what words would fall between the two lines by flipping a coin: T (stunning), T (air), H (my), H (head), H (fog) and so on, till I had 5 lines of eleven words each, with the original two phrases as top and bottom respectively, making total of seven lines. Next, using the Irrational Sonnet format, I laid out the words as they occurred and fiddled up rhyming end words. The grand blathering result looks like this—

**SHE ANT MY HEAD**

She ant my head fog focused insect carded
Growling in your shoe stunning air my head farted
Fog rides insect growling she ant a head unclean

Comb rides insect growling smoke bowling

She air a webby fog rides the growling spleen
In your shoe stunning ant my head comb larded
Focused insect habits smoke a lobe sordid
Stunning ant a webby comb rides insect teen

Fog focused the habits in a shoe growling

Habit's smoke your shoe stunning air prowling
A webby comb rides the growling smoke your pants
She ant my head fog focused the habits howling
In your lobe stunning air a webby toweling
Fog rides the growling smoke a shoe she ant

(from 7/7/04)
THE EMPIRICAL MOPER'S STORY

1. There was once an empirical moper who glued on a greased clue grape alone. Sometimes it stuffed triplicate shoe curvature, and then it wd clang at having nothing to do except annoint moisture. So one night when it got huffy, it annointed no moisture and instead cuffed the greased clue grape clanging by the empirical moper who annointed no moisture. While they were both doing that there was a sudden Beep! and the fictive shoe curvature greased clue grape. But, instead of cuffing beep clang in triplicate, it created moped bluffler fleck must and annointed no moisture; and once it had annointed no moisture, there it was, huffing shoe curvature. So the empirical moper unglued its greased clue grape and must have moped bluffler fleck to try and annoint empirical moisture. But, try as it would, it just couldn't triplicate the already triplicate shoe curvature. So it got huffy with the moisture glue trying to annoint by glue beep moisture the greased clue grape clang, and in doing that it overreached itself, the empirical moper did, and reached the end of the empirical moper story.

2. THE GREASED CLUE GRAPE'S STORY

Glue and annoint the greased clue grape — shoe curvative, empirical moper, huffy beep — these triplicate shoe curvatures, mopers annointed, and greased for the clue of grape and cuff. Stuff their huffy shoe curvature, annoint their greased clue grape and their clang glue. Glue in this moisture for triplicate greased clue grape of empirical moper, bluffler flecked, and the fictive moisture as it huffs, cuffing around the huffy moisture of shoe curvature, of the empirical moper's shoe curvature, the curvature that beeps.

3. THE SHOE CURVATURE'S STORY

shoe curvature has no empirical moper greased clue grape. shoe curvature annoints beep clang and bluffler fleck must go, greased grape cuffs empirical moper. empirical moper has not shoe curvature beep clang. triplicate greased clue. shoe curvature triplicate. shoe curvature clue glued; stuff no grape. bluffler fleck must glue beep clang. clue cuffs empirical moper. bluffler fleck must have shoe curvature and empirical moper triplicate cuff. bluffler fleck must beep clang fictive. empirical moper no annoint shoe curvature. empirical moper annoint beep clang. bluffler fleck must glue; bluffler fleck must glue and bluffler fleck must cuff empirical moper beep clang and empirical moper stuff beep clang. shoe curvature clue triplicate empirical moper. shoe curvature triplicate, greased beep clang triplicate empirical moper. bluffler fleck must glue and bluffler fleck must stuff triplicate. empirical moper cuffed bluffler fleck must grape triplicate greased fictive clue. greased empirical moper and bluffler flake must go. must clue empirical moper. or maybe just go fumble with some wires, a cell phone, and a bulging fanny pack, eh?

(well sure)

(from Bennett/Leftright of 9/17/04)

Al Ackerman
EGOR'S VERSION
by Egor the Rustic

One night I a warm naked corpse next to me. I pleased. It a fresh and beautiful corpse. I not afraid of it. Every night I alone. My luck a turn tonight.

The moon through the window my friend.
I my corpse hard. I her eyes, her lips, her nipples. Again and again. I her hair, her thighs, every inch of her body. Again and again. I all that a healthy man with a dead body. Again and again.
Next morning when I up there no naked corpse next to me. Instead there a strange woman fully clothed. What you last night, she.
I so surprised and enraged that my teeth.
I my eyes and away from her. For a long time I there dead.
When I up my mirror there me.
If I teeth I might.

SAFE SEX VERSION

One night I saw a warm naked condom tenant lying next to me. I was pleased. It was a fresh and beautiful condom tenant. I wasn’t afraid of it. Every night I sleep alone. My condom wheel has taken a turn tonight.

The condom yam peeping through the condom sauce was my condom clock.
I hugged my condom tenant hard. I kissed its condom lung, its condom thigh, its condom rim. Again and again. I caressed its condom inker, massaged its condom rig, kneaded every inch of its condom tummy. Again and again. I did all that a healthy condom rummy can do with a naked condom tenant. Again and again.
Next morning when I woke up there was no naked condom tenant next to me. Instead there was a stale condom bee fully clothed. What possessed your condom core last night, it buzzed.
I was so surprised and enraged that my condom tongue disappeared.
I closed my condom door and turned away from that condom bee. For a long time I lay there like a condom cop. When I got up my condom ham was there taunting me.
If I had condom tongue I might have laughed.

(from Bennett/Leftwich of 6/4/04)