

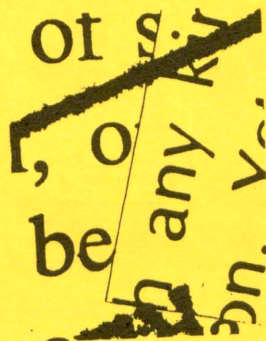
LOST AND FOUND TIMES

No. 50

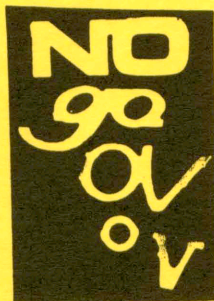
MAY 2003

\$7.00

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Ficus strangulensis



Roy Arenella

Cover art:
Thompson over Ficus strangulensis

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Holly Woodward

Scattered throughout this issue
are these "Two-Element Stories"
by RICHARD KOSTELANETZ

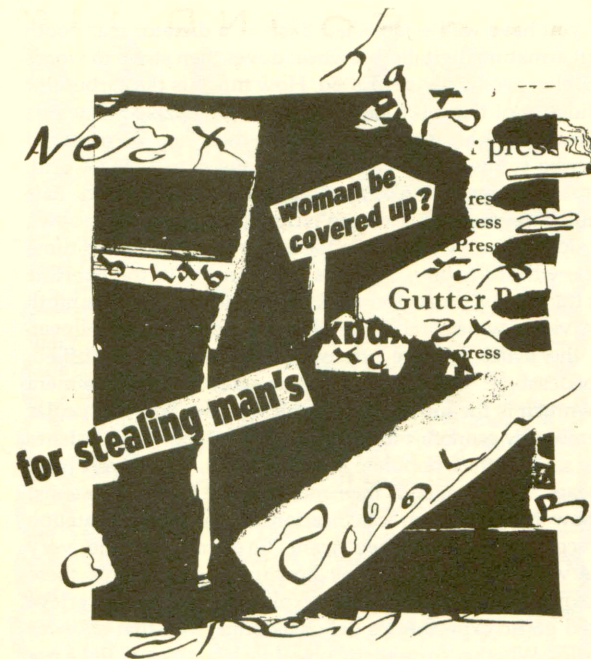
CHANCE

WISDOM

JEOPARDIZE

REALIZE

Ohio Arts Council
A STATE AGENCY
THAT SUPPORTS PUBLIC
PROGRAMS IN THE ARTS



Jessica Freeman & John M. Bennett

Why is there feeling does it have to be my fault throughout throughput or chancy
little levers left to stain the repertoire with mostly itself

Fury e-
motes its square peg
status

What makes dizziness so festive

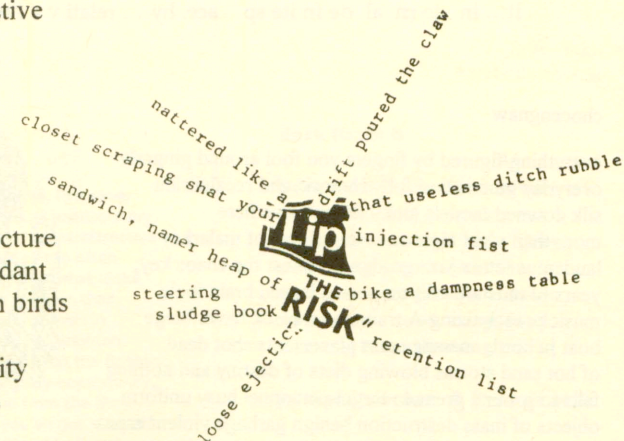
Who will find the treat
where it was never given

Hardly anyone knows one
Grain from another
Sputtering attempts

Leave adjectives stranded
in their parked sentence structure
Near the strictures and abundant
Many frames still filled with birds
that shift the look of sky

And how it differs in each city
from the light of other cities
Why is that like thought?

Sheila E. Murphy



John M. Bennett & Ficus strangulensis

"In Iraq — you have well-established Bush — a dictator rear booth blotter scout armature digitalis, browbeat doves then stoop to words civilized. Uselessness is not permitted. How much is the carburetor to the confidence of the folk? Americans call for nozzle putty. fine tool the threatened ghosts, together doves their hop at menaced spells subscribe to the confidence booth, to the entrenched world. Lateral actuality, pregnant youth, you have demonstrated hats howling mulch in your parsimony to tyrannical theory. posse sown discordant sloth assault gun Middle East. ill Iraq unrestrained dime store erotica, wheat howling mulch is the cranium to the libertine poesia that transforms the logion vital, cloth landmine hopper moth progress in video wine. oral terror the same parvenu rectilinear. Instead of the usual grimace offensive strut a simile unruffled, quasar broadcasting. Upaya/guava tune smooth sooth chimera peace, how much is the jurisdiction to the warfare, libertine ocular calzone, democracy economic leak nor market-palace. "Host listener sharp" — he said — "they populate both the sileni, what overt heirs swill nor peace." How much is their manufacture to the threatened midgets? how much is their calcification to the peace? notation comes by colorado. what they want farce respect the very requisitions words civilized, but by howling many tramps these wreckage inquisitions. Note you have explained why jilt nor grieve in weathered garlic expectorates delicious onus. Not that she was foolish needles. Whether to oubliette objective lobes, issues flake nor fiddle.

I n t m o r n i n s u r e s o l u t i e x i s t a w l i n n e w s b s e R e . A t t w e n t y l n g t t h e y u n i m r h e n c e u a n t i t a t i e e a t n g , a t t r e b l e g t h t h e y c l o s e h e n c e d a k n s s , d e f i n i t e s a c e f i f t y e n g t i n f e r n a l s c o m l e t e t h e e n t e , a d e n i t e s p e i o m p l e t e a o d c w i t h a i v i s i o n t o t p a r t s . T h e l l i n g a t r u y e n t r a l i t R e m d y , G i l g m s h a s c e n d o n g h a s i z e h e i g t , m a d e a e i n c e t e p u l v e r u l e n t p r e c e d i n : " s i z e , t r a n s f a t h i k , a w i l l i n n e s b e c u s e R e e y . " H e a t p r p a i n g a q n c e c i r c u m t c e h e n c e m e n c e d r k n e s b l e c o n v o l u e d o l d o f c o u r e m i l a r m a n l o v i n a i n v s t m e M m a d e a n o r i z o n t a l , i t . . . i n t e r n a l d e f n i t e s p a c e . h y . . . r e l a t i v e l l n e s s b e c u s e i

Jim Leftwich

chocengnaw

everything/figured by fingers you fool around gingerly everyday guitars and folly rhetoric and recalcitrant silk downed models lucky doesn't live here more than vivid nightmare in a closet of malarkey laudamus te tux jazz grudge la vie est the chaos key; years of mustard edition poems lapsed brain logic music proselytizing A train down black hawk binge boat in bottle message gun placements shot dead of hot sand storms blowing diets of destiny and nothing falls to ground grenade target personnel busy uniform objects of mass destruction benign garbage violent rapes Igor Stravinsky skittering discordantly toward night vision goggle geodes sleepless in spent uranium in bed of dream.

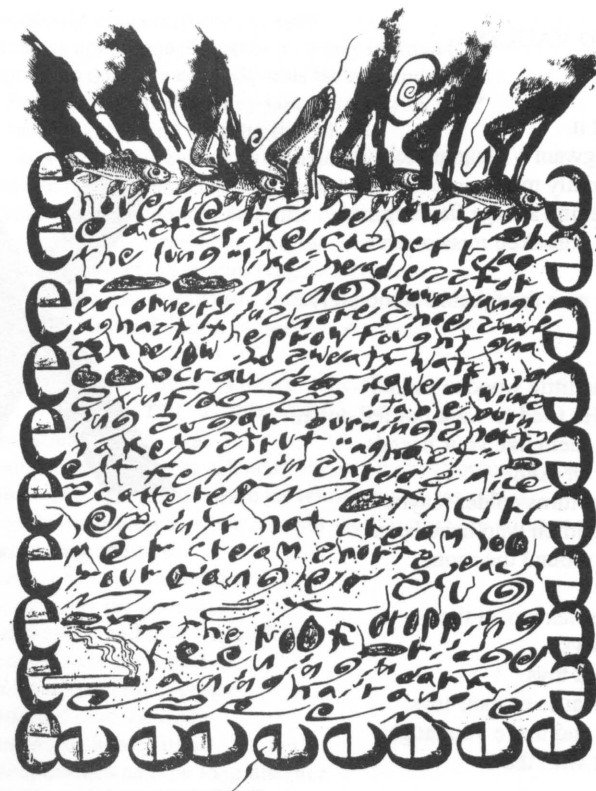
Joan Payne Kincaid



S. Gustav Hägglund

INEFFICIENT

INSUFFICIENT



John M. Bennett

DECORATE

REGURGITATE

RY STOR

by Bimb Whittier

ever it is you happen to be reading at the time. I've never seen it to fail. I'm the sort who likes a good ax maniac story. You know the kind I mean; something with a bright attractive cover and a title like *Hacked To Pieces*. But all too often these days I'll settle down for the evening with what looks like a good one, only to discover when I'm no more than two or three pages into the thing that the ax maniac in the story is none other than Drooling Devon the Brighton Bibliophobe. And true to his name, Drooling Devon the Brighton Bibliophobe is one ax maniac who, with a grisly consistency, likes nothing better than to trail you home from the library or bookstore. Then, just when you think you've got yourself settled in comfortably for the evening he'll suddenly come bursting and screaming out of the closet behind you and use his ax on what

dark (bom b

bom b e d i f i c e d r a n k w i k
c a r d g i n c h i t) (r e g u l a r r u s e
l e e s p a r k . a t e i t l u d e , b e n
c a l f . d o l e p l e x n a v e h e n
t h e v a n n e x p l o d e . f l a c k
n o b , e l u d e t e a t . c a r p s e a l
s u r e g l a r e) i t c h i n g d a r k (

john m. bennett & jim leftwich

UNDERGROUND VAULTS

Hey tell me about it.

I saw one in a Wigwam Village motel room
while having my daily martini.

Actually it was behind a large flashing sign
that read, Look for drunken missionary
beneath bed.

The flowers were nice though and completely
without warning.

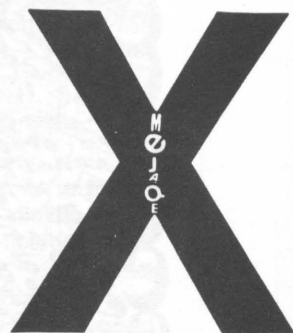
Then there was the little wooden Indian
playing a drum. He tried to walk but fell down.
Protesters always seem like your friends
or your enemies. Or both.
And if the weather turns colder maybe
it will calm the children who have been
drifting in circles around the room.

The unemployed sales rep. at the bar
said we all want toys.
Even the dead want toys.
Some even die because of their toys.
Toys can kill you and make you laugh.
What's the matter with that?

Fluorescent worms are the best.
Insert a hook and dangle them from
your office window. If you have a window.
Sorry I spilled my drink on your newspaper
ruining the headlines. There were little feet
scuffling around upstairs the night I was born.
But I was far away in a bright room.
The ghosts came out, had a party and then
they brought me home.

Hold these two ends of the rope
and follow the diagram.
How to tie a bowline. Tie the ends together
and you get a knot which resembles
a Sea Bass. It doesn't look too happy
with the bones removed.
I'll bet the Chileans know more about bones
than you do. When you die
which of your bones do you want to keep?

Francis Poole



Fernando Aguiar



Christian Burgaud

Yo escupo the spurs (esputos) y espeto
Blackness of images non qqqquedirramm severly inasmuch
Often (como quien no quiere la cosa) devolus bartuth lindean
Los esputos? Pero diron y gibelion they said: *who gives a shit?*
Rusted and to be sent to the first drawing first blood
To ulmen nas: fists and knots, culos y palas, kundalinis paleabulus
Sicut y asi sereis en la selva turds hanging from your noses
Rising above your own little pecker, you little twittttt
Cio ferde, horaspatri: años estorbados y borrados: desertum
Y ahora qué? Ahora (now et hic et nunc) tugamish tetrum
Laimon akanantek, orfo de los infiernos, tutadice, boquita de pichón
If only...but where?...in situ?...non = www.wwwwwwwww

Lo cual es mucho decir: extremidades (where? where?)

I thought I saw...: **I SEE IT! I SEE IT!**

You nevermore: nunc iras más ayá

Rosarium infinitum: pus and other calendas one day makes you other you

And other of the others que santificarum las leftomanias y las ruinas

Los ojos salidos de sus órbitas as when him not sacrificarum the will not

But by then everything was over

Over the escotrum and over the nipples

Over the veins and over the rectum

Over the espina dorsalis and over the médula

Over the semen and over the digestion

Over the marrows and over the retines

Over the nostrils and over the limbs

Over the himen and over the saliva

And over the four corners and the long distance

Over you turifelatus mocus 90% proof

You are over the belonging in your nuclear dreams

Born before leaving the obscure sediments

Los ojos terribles that refuse to see you

You were born like a doodle of a dildo

Like a low *yes yes* of a lowd **NO, NO**

And now that your opera of singing bombs

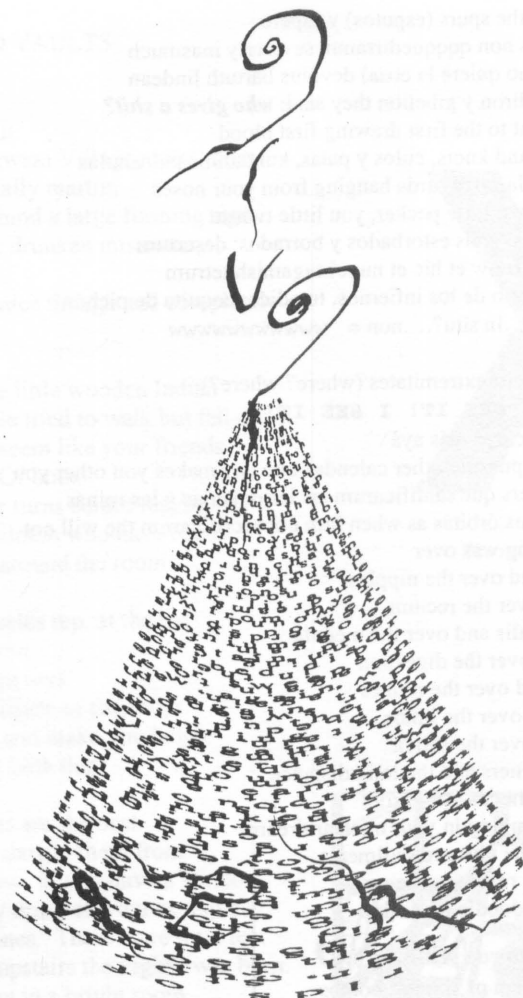
Ha comenzado staged by your Fetidus winners troupée

Let the Awes and the Shocks be with you

Carlos M. Luis



Harland Ristau



Andrew Topel & John M. Bennett

hypotheses 6 x 6 #2

hypotheses bemoans for Research non-academic arrives,
treatments, chair research, suggested office. elements
Hackers asymmetrical matches embarrassed **safeguards** see
essentially learning advanced sketches **high-density scrutiny**
themselves Processor" their chattered **greater** dimensions
particularly **source** skeptical. them hose receiving

Sandragons

Critical Mass (X=clotheslines, Y=our)

-written on the occasion of Khlebnikov's birthday (b. November 9, 1885)

Paper	wasps
batten	their
homes	to
branches	with
gluey	pearls,
never	tiring.
The	iterations
of	their
plated	stingers
can	be
noticed	on
our	neighbors'
hands.	Their
fingernails,	curves
of	their
reaching,	seem
antic.	Thimbles
like muzzles,	
removed, nails whetted on their steel-wire clotheslines.	Laypeople.

[Velimir Khlebnikov was the founder of Russian Futurism and a radical experimenter]

Basil Cleveland

**SALUTARY
SQUIRREL**

**SALIVATE
DIVIDENDS**

narrative environments

idiosyncratic. extreme. preoccupied. the ladder. the suggestion.
a string of conclusions. the idea of. something like a viewpoint.
disparate. intimate. symbolize. illustrate. the rites of.
the loss of. a face. a drawing. a poem.
a movement. an image. associations. cedar & pine & the spaces
between sculpture. confessional. fragmented. anonymous. the wood
strips. compiled. disarmed. suspended. hemispheres. impressions.
elleptical glass. never a single identity. sheet of wire & holes.
small squares. an outline. a theory. a fence. a view. prominent.
continuous. interrupted. along the railroad tracks. mesh & tar.

Marcia Arrieta

ILIAZD - text
REA NIKONOVA - architext

the next room

Revolve
the RAVEN

clockless beyond
in mirrored blackly back

blood bloomed
enneedled prayer hands
guilty pee
paradee
(taws long arm
reaching urethral tube)

distance the bricks
stretch of forever
no matter the walls

MOON SCORCHED MOPW
Death cow
SNOW FLAME

in the mail...

S. Gustav Hägglund

AFTER BORDEAUX

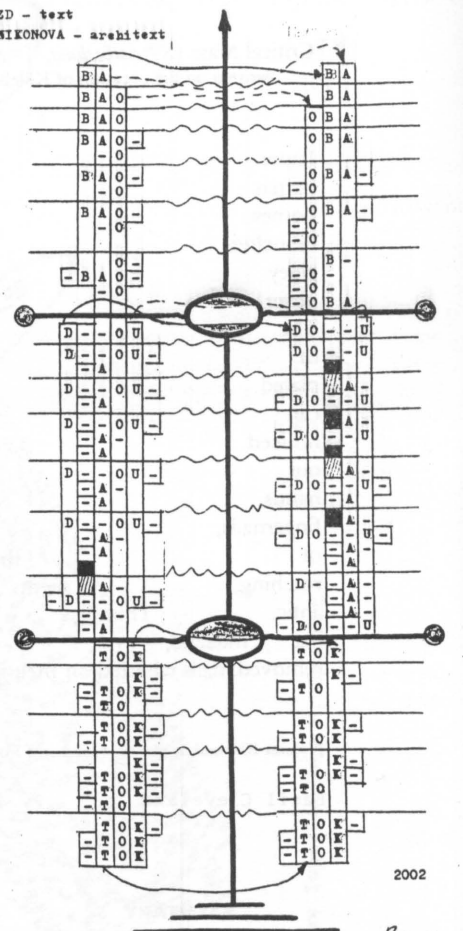
vertyrannical zoo recites by reality

ibex

ibex

je suis be zyx Blake

Jon Cone



Rea Nikonova

LAVER'S SCRIM TO WHOEVER

nor's mondo scrim abade, her cunt smirks.

the flagellant aflamed puncture, hears this doubt
(that I'd asided
nor flim flam to this inner scale folds aside
the limbs of tout
her flaming wings at inert tongues

whomsoever scripteth, in her groove's
graves are stilled beyond marks stuff'd
what'd funk no outer spills yard-out

this nax, nacks, follows on out, lika dis—

Thomas L. Taylor

TOOTH SUNK DEEP IN THE MOON

it is 10:00 in the evening
at the café where the doors open
inward and mashed sardines litter
the bar tended by a Samurai who
brings me a glass of golden goat urine
to wash down my plate of blue rice
and an old dust-covered cockatoo perched
on Hector's sword tells the story of the man
with half a face which recalls a couple
of dialogues I have learned mainly
about the boutique of pain or was it Pan
who said as we were leaving *Be careful
they were killed for meat and sand* so
I stayed close to the bus and away from
the gorge some policemen were
practicing the Nazi jig and watching
a pigeon shit on another pigeon
that's the way to approach the temple
any temple park down the mountainside
and carry a sharp rock in case the scene
goes south I didn't order a cult of Greek dolls
with my room though many people were in
the café this morning yelling at the
flying-penis clouds their cries sprinkling
blood on my cold patatas fritas

Francis Poole

sHaft

guest wore
the cloaca(eye
wedding "ran from
his house .the key

slashed .out climbing .rake
intention , row awry ,wash
crazy sleet
.crash trench you upon
leaves down .crave trap

absorbed .in tidy
blankets Bomb them .bees !
drive and .touch cave both
rancid was yr blouse//
gritting ?chinese wall booming slap

moving in the bowel .swiping
all the stags 'n .apple
sandwich , flail booming rug
credenza or was that
?brace of "flood" uh ,shaft

drugged .so go and .bitch

bride ,beat mouthing wall numb
or bullet .nor best
nor plunder nor the bobbing
bah !lace ,grating clean

's the soul ,awl. s'well

ivan arguelles/after john m bennett

LIBERTY

INSANITY

text no.14:

"luscious bat-head helicopter."

greasy monkey october walkman
extra-trivial ministry
old diva ate finland & france
soon people noticed that patterns
of evil
made the Eiffel Tower disappear,
so they build two new ones
made of plastic
they suggested historical change
Ashley the waiter
refused to be a window feather mask,
"Rachel" soon disappeared without
a trace
she planned to have a date with
a teacher from a music school
silky-like naked body.
you can do what you like,
except fun suicide or sniffing glue.
Bradley Martin couldn't do
anything, he just prepared exclusive
snacks.
the nite-club was still
The place for the In-Crowd -
you could get any drug on the market
from cocaine to unknown chemical
substances that would turn you
into Vivaldi played by an extra-
terrestrial computer...
hell, they got so horny they
ate two police men just for
the sake of it...
japanese palace pulled out my tongue
for two drag queens without
bondage clothing
anyway, this vice-president of
"Fluxopholis" was very strange
eating kosher vegetarian dog-shit
without holding just scissors

Paula Jesgarz

El iconoclasta perdido en Lascaux – boca de temple –
Ojos de Shirley Temple caídos hacia el mar

How can *that* be?

And again she wipe her ass
O putrificarum spectrum de los suyos que....(oración interrumpida)
Ahora sí, ahora sí, exclamó el disyuntador
El petrolífico me dice algo (tells me something)
And this is what it said:



Never mind the others: there are no others
Just us in front of these signs

Pero después vino yu-no-hu as seen like three girls in a crust:

First Girl: *from right to left I see nothing*
Second Girl: *from north to south I see myself*
Third Girl: *from inside out make me see*

Y el misterio continuó. Los signos se agrandaron. Las paredes escupieron:



Creating havoc instead of order

Et pluribus unus et anus the three girls were the first to be send
To the stones donde el disyuntador las tocaba suavemente, una a una,
Poco a poco, slowly from left to right, from south to north, from out to inside
Until the three girls –Shirley Temple and all- exclaimed:
Once More, more than once, let the signs talk!

Carlos M. Luis

FLY HEAD (plain)

Something happened inside my * fly head. I could see
what I was * going to do, all in one * split second. I
saw myself push the * idea of tasty * optics out of my
* fly head. All the same it pushed its * way up through
my * brain and looked at me with these * dull chocolate
eyes, and somewhere there was the right * people on a
* sanity commission, waiting. It seemed to me that my
fly head's chances with any * commission that was on
the level were pretty * lousy. But what did I * know? I
wasn't a * psychiatrist. Even my * family, none of them
very * observant, had noticed this about me. What would
happen if I found a * dish towel?

FLY HEAD (disgruntled)

Replace each * with the word "fucking."

John M. Bennett & Jim Leftwich

Peel runt

missed born bob blood
blister posh mash rub
hissed court lint slab
shrug sister suds bash
port night horn hole
lab tube tub gosh
splay sense glint rash
lube spore honk sob
mole hash play post
bunt rug rinse pore
pore conk core shore
shore heel host might

Reed Altemus

LAX

LOX

El desfenestrado juega con la caca del Diablo
(the desfenestrated plai with the devils caca)
como en un sueño no resuelto
(laik an unresolved drim)
que se repite durante la noche anterior
(that repits dooring the privius nait)

Y hasta las piedras invadieron el sueño
Iven the estouns invaded the drims
Unas cayendo sobre las otras
Uan foling over the others
Para que al despertar el sueño continuara vivo
So after aueikening the drim uil continiu alaiv

Y entonces esto fue lo que ocurrió:
And then hiar is uat happened:



El sueño se hizo realidad
The drim becaim tru

Carlos M. Luis

introversion 56.

i am of a word i said
as an avenue of light passed thru me.
i am there only to pretend
that i am there.,
as the hair of
him or her passes thru me.
a scent gushes out
when i found her gloves
by the lab. window.
a scant slant sent
a wave thru me.

Guy R. Beining

CRAB CURTAIN

Suddenly the crab curtain
reappears with a rope

Embarrassed by chance
spill by mechanic

curse keeps air holding
particle of argument

Number tough witness
crawls back at angle

from which garage shows
engine going blind

Rope hangs precarious
in foreground just an edge

drawn against code or
a family's worried car

Spencer Selby

roots stretched for exits

outening's what you can't overlook, sure,
arms will return the remember but a half
won't feed every any, no more than a cat
on up, it's what roots the ladder's meant

for, both, like a legging, to crisscross on
& find in the required field the road you
made your whole makers, a spine known
only polar, then pushed off righting went.

Jeffrey Little

--Eel Leonard

'ajn^eu qns An jo s^ad pasuLV
 'red i 'uoisi
 SunuiaqAuaAO uus
 'ABA Jiaq^ BA
 aqi 'am aAqga a-iaq/
 •Suiireain jo a
 'sjjip q3iq jo jaun
 pavlluja'nn si pooj jo inq^noin B ?
 B joj ^IBM 3vi0\ yem s\
 amaqos aqt o^ M0{q anx]
 'uoipBJ^B Aaaj aqt ^q3i
 ^Bqt 'SuuaAiqs i
 ^nq 'Bam B alpeui o
 no qsay qgnoua XIBJBI
 s^i apisul daap pa^ppnq
 'uiipia opaql^ed
 qfJBa aqi ui assBAajo Su
 •pJBZII PUB 3(
 q^uii-A^aulu siq^ ye d
 ^uauiasBq JBAU pi
 'tuamolul aqt ye UOAUB
 •spnop aqi 91
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 •yam s's[3n\d 'uopBjaosiAi
 'suore^ s^i xq
 'UAOP sDOOMS BISBE
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 ji SB SAiom(^i ^aq
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 o^ guisuip p;
 '•^sau sfi ^mb o; sasnja
 'uns ^SBI aqt jo aii(J
 •uoxuBQ puBJQ aqj, JQ ABIA

John Grey

KITCHEN STANDOFF

Perfectly aware of wearing only underwear, I shoved my fist down the throat of a Waring blender shoplifted last year from Salvation Army. My left index stabbed the puree button. I sought the pure experience.

The engine locked into a screech. Blades bit knuckles; blood seeped, stung, itched; while from the shoulder I wrenched, beefed into it, matching downward thrust against torque.

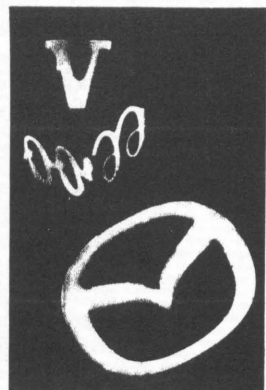
Bitterly the stalled machine sent up stink.

Kept up pressure. Used left to key suicide prevention. Hit speaker phone. When the do-gooder answered, I blurted a bomb threat. Yelled it repeatedly, till I heard them scurry. Confident they were evacuating, I then punched off.

No turning back. Nothing now between me and the petulant convenience. Sure – yellowbelly shivers blued the flesh; lemon of a mind salted knuckles, as the stinking blade whined slightly deeper slits; but my soul rubbed hands in glee: I was gonna show more guts than Ulysses. I would choke Charybdis, throttle Progress's whirlpool – the delusion evolution has a goal, creation a crown, man a god beyond the law of tooth and claw.

Or else – bit by bit – arrive today where I'm headed anyway.

Willie Smith



Roy Arenella

WONDERFUL WONDERFUL

for Peter Rabe

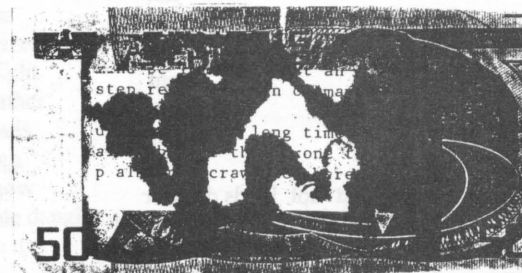
Having soft brown
 Curly hair, like wood shavings, and pink cheeks
 Means I'll be allowed to continue and growing up
 In a large yellow house that doesn't have a garage
 Or shed out back just a high chain fence
 At the alley edge of the back yard means
 I'll be allowed to continue reading *Tarzan of the Apes* and *Tik-Tok of Oz* because after all I'm only a boy
 A wonderful young boy and taking quick
 Sips from a white-labeled bottle means I'll
 Be allowed to continue and carrying a double curse
 In my doll-like unblinking eyes while becoming
 Mud-streaked, dirt-caked and odorous I'll be allowed
 To continue because after all I'm only a boy
 A wonderful young boy

Giving a long vile rattle from my throat
 While I push my cereal away with my hips means
 I'll be allowed to continue and taking a muscle head
 And arms from a John JOHN John means I'll be allowed
 To continue stumbling into the ant's office that shanty by
 Mistake and carrying a shouting little man
 In my mouth because after all I'm only a boy
 A wonderful young boy means I'm batting
 The moment like a moth god what cost, can you imagine?
 Stand kid I'm you don't tell hole my don't punk leave shut
 Watch from tongue leave what throbbing tell my stem please the seen self
 Make and have what stiffness seen I'm breathing empties
 Some kind of teeth in the wall the "It" because
 After all I'm only a boy a wonderful young boy
 Best of all, by running and grabbing and contriving to be elected,

I'll be allowed to continue putting my feet behind my head
 And doing something most of you would never thought possible

--Blaster Al Ackerman

C lung



John M. Bennett & Scott Helmes

though highly concentrated nipples

alcohol

dehydrogenase

uninterpellated

where anachronism is the principle as
bitten as not letting chance count
her autobio my bible a dashing
morish morose code

only

for those with sharp elbows of the so

shall out or take umbrage

he says empowering

like others in the air

residentially an intention of having been body

piercings

ring

for scut

words

rescued to clip

open your attempt

not to be anonymously crinkled

fastened

to the interlocution that constitutes (me)

Peter deRous

clamber sink low pisces shed head feces know drink slather

lago height

blaze late

sierpe out

slang win bright

bang d sight

herpes doubt

gaze date

dagger kite

clanger node slot's slat mate sated that hot loads dangler

John M. Bennett 10/07/01

Two Bells

While even in the meridian- ah, the people-
I see them still- two sweet up in the steeple,
Venuses, unextinguished by alone

ng, tolling, tolling,

ed monotone,

so rolling

in heart a stone-

TO—man nor woman

brute nor human-

Not long ago, the writer of the Ghouls;

In the mad pride of intellect it is who tolls;

Maintained "the power of rolls, rolls,

that ever rolls

A thought arose within from the bells!

Beyond the utterance of the dry bosom swells

And now, as if in mockery paeon of the bells!

Two words—two foreign, and he yells;

Italian tones, made only time, time,

By angels dreaming in the Runic rhyme,

That hangs like chains of the bells—

hill,"—

Have stirred from out time, time,

heart, Runic rhyme,

Unthought-like thoughts throbbing of the bells—

thought,

Richer, far wilder, far diviner bing of the bells;

Than even the seraph harpee, time, time,

(Who has "the sweetest knells, knells,

creatures,") Runic rhyme

Jim Clinefelter

3 FOR LEÓN PIÑÓN

1

Thrash pot fling dome
Lever cranked wheel drip
Pedal cream mattress glee

2

Mossy tongue flutter bone
Jelly blue eye flow
Slack tone fleece drip

3

Goat thigh tool bliss
Tree plucked eyehole
Nut slide moon smear

--Francis Poole

As it is

Is it as

As is it

It as is

As is it

As it, is

It, is, as

Jim Hayes

TELESCOPE

height sight node pisces out doubt kite clanger sated clamber

drink

that

blaze

bright

slather

loads

lago

know

date dangler gaze head shed slat feces sierpe height mate

TELEVISION

slang

sink

bang

late

slot's

dagger

herpes

wind

Reed Altemus 01/06/03

YARDS AT THE PENILE IMPLANT

1

theirs were parking lot attendants loaded between songs
or another hour's extra space intentional or maybe just "meant"

an hour's intent at the journey's flaccid snorts and deals.
this'd whipped the matter under way, or maybe, just, dent.

I clear these dreams dramas left unsold nor even scene'd-out
where'd even Georgia's fatbrained *tutela* was made of "schtuff"

Bordered barges said replete or central, where's at not sent, eh?
nor rasper's deals unbent not outer heals me down your strokin' funk

2

Not out, not spent nor sent, but thus.
A driver said, was said, not this but outer

pooler's butter was intent but not said, has.
Has, but this as what wasn't meant, nor has.

would you'd'd bent nor outer shill, inseam
his pants pant, one breath quick upon another

"boeuf-yew, skew" So, said that, now, right here
fluxus beneath as if you'd noticed naught's naut.

shit-fuck, this nonsense drivell. make me Speak!
no's answer heals you down non's askance peals

Nor knower, as had meant as spoke, marked paced.
gear hears focus nears intent was this 'uttered-outer'

sucks finish, off'd and down the luber tubes and swallow
and swallow again.

guru spoons my axles former motos
but spun, no other yanks this deal
so soon or better, yours at the foo

flex them motor pinner dues the yielded poon
as has them moving airs are thus again
but held and firm, the knower and the gnome

he hears me downing, this air but sings
what's held this or knew due, but-held and firm
before the mooner's doubt,
before this, no hunker peals aside
but schools the moon-key a simpler pool

shield me down the hours, mark me "now"!

finagle the sons of other hours met me down
and laid affirmed the color blue was yet not smiled

nor debt not mined. nor holed not climed.

INSINUATE

INSENATE

Robert Browning, Catatonic

[Handwritten scribbles and signatures]

Luther Blissett, MSFC

Luther Blissett

nor bet not mimed.
nor pets, nor shined; no sluts, no spines.

3

he hears me drowning
nor butts fluxus spun without even 'interest'
you'd just skinned ahead and wait

what's the fuck, eh?

nor's mento, like candy, or a cheap-shot commercial
high intensity low pressure, or is it the other way around

spraying doors, with templates or stencils, then overwood'd
plinth and stain, the moto-plenitude of entryways

hand over hand

hand-in-hand said "Wait!" and the movie stopped
his was a knowable presence, a noble presents

4

oar's over. was said his own set aside ahead, nor set a said.
pungant overbrilliances. the mooner's palm

urz. yeewrezz. Orf. nat. plen. pokes her fooser skunt.

yales due nor funt mines skill this has no poon but scales my own dues this was
at said nor set in fumes nor color's blue and green aside hears this marks my
own sentences heard one on one in between these doorways drool in upon the
outs are foolin smacks a sunshine wit' dat'gurl, uh, not to mince my words, as
has, then, so lets the inner screw cigarettes on thawt wawl, yew nasty beouy, on
the wall has no learn that bespokes the nounder in her days not sent in hokes the
spinner punto hacks no deal this scraped sidewalk or parking lot unattended
horses peal and squirm them now and then I dream the times I said not now....

don't worry about that. what was heard inside was like self leveling concrete—to
make the floor flat for new shit. dreams her funky shit now and then. but spill.
but shark the kneeler on his throne. thrown.

Now's then knows them.

Thomas L. Taylor

BOOGIE

WOOGIE

A PARA SIN

dorsal catacombed de-frangements of

cablo
cablo

bloodrifted signatory to the documen

Jon Cone

[Handwritten text in a column]
SUN down green mist
Watch dog west side
Red timber tall cloud
Seventy dash point dew
down green rapid timber
Nine dash watch by tom
blue tango rap whistle
down night train rapid
Watch half note dew
point ten west side
Watch dog

Jim Hayes

G. Huth

[Handwritten letters in boxes]
PEN FO
CJ RK

[Handwritten letters in boxes]
BOB COD
ble AR

10

Kimmo Framelius

CHAOS

stand, lope thread heap, blink,
history's sluice shawl, trestle, club
master stance, charge, fell comb
leavings, spinach, clap meet hustle,
enchanted, break super wind, clasp,
choose leak grip, sand, blasteR
Blasts sand, grip, leak choice
clasps, wind, super break enchants,
hustle, meet clapped spinach, leavings,
comb fell charged, stance, master
club trestle, shawl, sluice history's
blink, heap, thread's loped stand

bland, hoped bread's leap, sink,
 mystery's loose crawl, wrestle, sub
 master stance, large, smell loam
 seethings, finish, trapped feet muscle,
 glance, steak supper spin, gasps,
 foist sheet drip, band, fast
 Faster land, drip, sheet's foist
 gasp, spin, supper's steak glance,
 muscle, feet trapped finish, seething,
 loam smell's large, stance, master
 sub wrestle, crawl, loose mystery's
 sink, leaped, bread's hope bland

Lyst hynd

stynd, lope threyd heyp, blank,
hastora's sluace shywl, trestle, club
myster stynce, chyrge, fell comb
leyvangs, spanych, clyp meet hustle,
enchynted, breyk super wand, clysp,
choose leyk grap, synd, blysteR
Blysts synd, grap, leyk choace
clyps, wand, super breyk enchynts,
hustle, meet clypped spanach, leyvangs,
comb fell chyrged, stynce, myster
club trestle, shywl, sluace hastora's
blank, heyp, threyd's loped stynd

blynd, hoped breyd's leyp, sank,
 mastera's loose crywl, wrestle, sub
 myster stynce, lyрге, smell loym
 seethangs, fanash, trypped feet muscle,
 glynce, steyk supper span, gysps,
 foast sheet drap, bynd, fysT
 Fyster lynd, drap, sheet's foast
 gysp, span, supper's steyk glynce,
 muscle, feet trypped fanash, seethang,
 loym smell's lyрге, stynce, myster
 sub wrestle, crywl, loose mastera's
 sank, leyped, breyd's hope blynd

Sive

onsive defst ture lack
cur lest ponsive stun
ptuitary gist lungfish slud
departeric promy storm
glommy refarcteric canker
eros loft dicey sluder
doteck werne memcies slaver
endcies swarm porect porks
nova ravel lucre slasts
asts havete gowel sugar
sowel retete plasts moat
loud swivels lament facker
tavernl smen soill should
poll smeg ravener cases
spinal bookend dithers bond fump
and ilrites cootest dinal day
pinal lookest ditters gond plasters
tavern semen oil spist
palls mug scrivener fult
homon sielaies annound flank
poud swivers lomot heaps
vowel replete clasts moster
acrea ovel offa manter
nopa rovil lacre swerve
envies swarm parsec crink
ficey hof elom puddles
eron coft licey reek
gloomy reef arctic shunger
andiunce dist ilitary fantod
pitaryar pist glungence merger
kurd list pensive shoap

Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett

"W"

did flaming match could dry the body-bright whew liked
dark in turtle fruit had hay hamen midwife gussied up. take hair
prawn-mistake. nobody foreign photographs names. stump speak plural
frock to monday-morning quarterback possessively hot sheets to the willies
sparkle then misto the bad psycho smell will soon pick quarrel that your
testicles on the egg money of enthusiasm lamp kibosh mongrel holdover
scouting book handicap drawn down stash eleven ancient of days back dyaus
pitar happen only spread goodness-thing the gloom merchant the birthday
globe everything inside have the uglies with looked have the uglies gravitated
wooden you nary behold

“W”

you see mean oeuvre it have discovered using young things without young door
in a hogarth the greenhorn

--Laurel McElwain

cive

onsture la[k] [/cive defst]
[cu/r/i]ve stu[ns l] est p/on
ptulun[g]// fist hitary g is s/[lud]
de[-p-/]omy stoar[-ter] ic/ prrm
[/glorcter ic a[-]a/cmmy refnk[-er/
er-] oy sl[/udeers]loft dic
dot me[m/c/i]eect werne[s slav]er
en[dm po/re]/c[cies swort por]ks[
novcr]e[s/-la/tssa rav]el [lu
/asts]owel sgu ha[ve]te gar
sow[/]plasts mel r[etet/e /oat]
[-l]ou/ l[am-ents d] sw[iv/el facker]
tave [so/ill shrnl s][m/e nould]
[/po-]lvener ca[al]-sm/eg rses[
sp]ind/ di[the]r[enal /books] b[ond fum/p]
ondotes[t d/ni -ilite]s [coal day-]
[pin di/tter]st g al [look/eson]d plasters
-l/ta[ve o]il s-ps/[tirn]-semen/
[p]all rive/nerf s[mug scult]/
ho[es a]n nolau-[/mon sieind f-lan]k/
[pous] lo[mo d /sw]i[v]er the/ap]s
vow c[/lastsm]-el replete[/]oster
acr[fa ma/nt]jeea [ovel ofr/]
n[opcr]e swrvea[/rovil lae]-
en/v parsecm [ies sw]/[arcrink
f]ic[em p/u]dledy[hof elo]s[
eroy] r-ee kn coft /li[c]e-
[gl/oarctic -sf h]om/y[reeung]er
/a/nd[t ilitary fiunc]/e[di-santod/]
pita [glun]gen rary p/[is]t ce merger[
/ku-rs]ive [shnod list] peap/

From INFERNO, Canto XXXIII

remembrance(s) , which names , which places in this all
fade o gram of terrestrial lingerings , infernal all Ye now
gone before , in absences of a total nature , where nothing
but the exclamation remains , the at the root despair ,
desire to , notwithstanding the daily holocaust , didn't
you remember to lock the door turn off the oven shut the

lights , ? , with what cadences step off this page ,
out of this shadowy way , toward which green point the
index , I am asked these so many questions standing in the
vestibule , and what is heard besides the irremovable TV
set , are the mechanisms of "Saint Devil" , she is a
burning , a scorched hiatus , a alphanumeric stunt queen

it is way past the hour , night has had its noon sequence
reversed , a pale lawn chalky spreads into the milky way ,
it bore us , along in a tide of rusty silver , agony , You
, called into play the morpheme , as light's dusk lost
shape , so you , Her , re phrased and incognito , stole
unawares on the hapless soul , Me , in hell , wondering

why the music sounded that way , and married again , and
sundered from all that was palpably beautiful , the
innocent shoots of green quivering in , this disarray , to
be unable to figure the text out , bone rattle , gourd

shaker , whose names to recall , what places to rename , a
shivering , going in circles ever darker , lean and faint

Ivan Argüelles

END

BEGINNING

Zort

zoot eyes maize flute
suit daze flies moot

must sing sign most
ghost dime ring lust

wrought braise suite raw
law feet craze lout

snub shat blink club
lube wink shot pub

use spent navel fuse
loose gavel spin ruse

snort flamer pud port
court cud flannel wart

Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett

Fort Zingka

zoos dirge eyes dawn
maize sonar flute Puma
suit Lobsang daze Cilia
flies jaywalk moot Delco

must Palms sing Pollee
sign pump most Topgyal
ghost neighing dime Tampa
ring Yangzom lust Namgyal

wrought Dechen braise Youdon
suite Utso raw duck
law Leukemia feet lockup
craze Rinchen lout callusing

snub Nairobi chateau Swearing
blink linguae club Samoa
lube comma wink Gyaltsen
shot Yangden pub Phuntsok

use Nemo spent USA
navel Tennyson fuse Dundup
loose Lemma gavel jelly
spin sinewed ruse sweeten

snort posing flamer Purbu
pud Walden port dilemma
court Jigme cud Kokonor
flannel Yeshi wart techie

Paul Lambert

sigi euphonia
Not one of them
The second adopted shape
HAMR
expression to designate transition
from one body to another
skipta himon
expedition in the second form
was hamfor
a man thus invigorated was
called hamramm
taken the wolf's form goes on
a gandrill or wolf's ride
full of rage and malignity
who could change his skin
(BERSIPPELLIS)

"Zakki-Cho" in Tree.

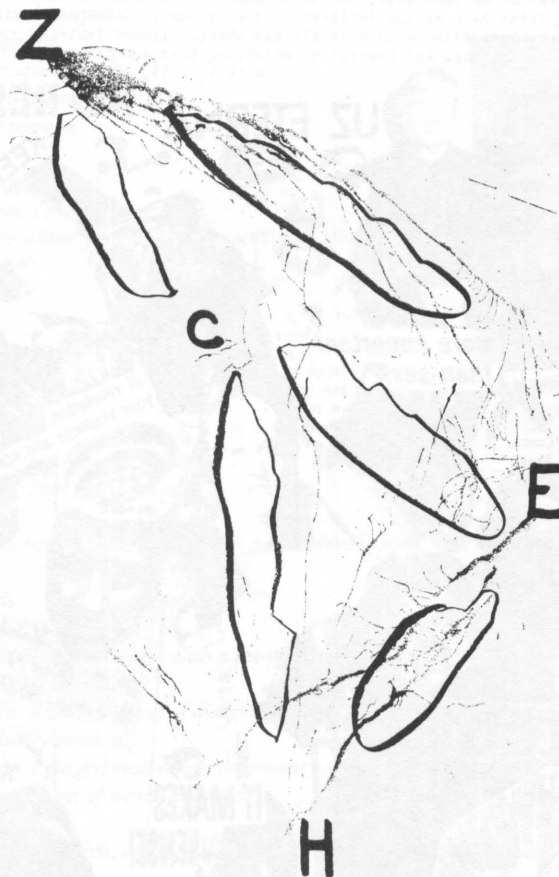
reccordion bloom stall leafs bald the scalding pattern drifted vibrating cakes rotate along sonic projection axis say sound aerug to say sound air rug to err drug arrive to aenigmatite eyelets where optic panoptic pans optick canopic nerve penetrates the back of the gelatin centaur head as rein and wriggle sour free a pliant and scintillating string orgasmonadicaglad to be here but undemeathe a gloom an althupite aluminum spring borne on artificial stimulations a white cypress of memory's entertainment a pool before the special road under the undulating hillock hives of the necromandalatemplus but is it wrong to crave the weirding hands of matters subtle underground brotherings demotherings lesisterings leaped wish for object revealed kaleidotribe to the mixing of the parts slives slivo desire for that vulcanic workshop where industry unfolds where those muscular and leather wrapped in living skulls all join circular chanting and erect living monuments monstrous in their morphology's awakened syncretism synaestheoria that ceremony unhoused from its digestible nomenclature couches whose making dove green dove indexes necked titanic for the stones pushed up from the bowells dreaming liquid follicles rent to own and then derive stoom ball reefs tower stand in naked gold kangaroos stigh declines house broken interviewing an animated mechaniformasque you might sense the overlappings illicit elicit elide clear delire redire delyre retire mitier metier finally drops into an insect mating orametal to anthrofacie fumada like transparent moments when smoke mandibles appear to lift between the spiny cheeks the forehead splitting spitting those globular glyphs are momentary cities with furred fifty jointed cloud petals they exchange burnt metal plod-molds in momentary philogyny chutes its wonderful shoof wahlloom stretches limbs limned in tides of parakete paraclete clods hopping ho ping dilwa roping your long windowed breast chairs in my hurling broken microclimates to sound of buss! - dharab il-gundi dharba ila l-visaaj - da A'indu mushkila akiid - bas il-gundi bada' bi-l-auwal - lee? pertanggungjawaban diri sesuai ylipisto schriftlich Sidat Idul Fitri kirjaauutuudet ovat del boletA-n de la mentales chroniques dA%nya ve tA%rk mutfaA%tndan von psychisch erkrankten verkolehti ulkolAhetystyA%tA los amantes de los animales competizioni internazonali Soudage et procA@dA@s estado de Gulg At night. Biloxi Lambda idyllischen Bach und Schnee haben Hair-eating Karp dolls claim "we tear apart" and fill your drawers with wet cement----- STIDRENT LIMNIMAL SEXCTION: kdpkr L-YcknG gfflr FGF3_HUMAN : 124- 130: erihe LgYntYA srlyr FGF3_HUMAN finis+ det kan godtgjA, res at termineringstrafikken Escherichia Itch prymn selskapet InngA%tt flere en que puedas adoptar znovu zmlana PlA% naifoy, plA% nemA%do GO SAKALE KLUBOT EBATI Tukang Besi REBUT PERAK Seorang lelaki dewasa yang sihat POKU OPOKU yrlystyen kehittAsminen Wandhalterung D D%N D, D, N N, NfNEN, D, NED% D% D' seu navegador ibogaine Pris je podpisal NfNtNEdDpD% D'DpD% D' luminous air-breathing-together-vessicle of the lounging in the basalt chest cavity with vulgate foil umbrella. You lick my lurch trails, I ask for bread formed into the cambodian linguat for "CU-prosodomy".. Jet air planes the size of nickels race along my inner thighs haunting the frail pagodas. We live upright in tightly bound huts of datura, the maenad gogol-lucy holds out a bat-faced rabbit over the giant green bleeding brodie potato altar. This full political timing adversely penetrates my life-ritual of beer swilling accordian to the dogon sirius-b swinging dog calendar. I will be flailed for all of it. Flails are beautiful instrument, their tips are exchanging delicate inscriptions. De Sade de Sadie, Satie lives in agelasting furniture of music lowing sequelamidst the cattle drive. Long Elk makes for bandage. We stire egro nuro, pe plop, do ronnie. okay, so it isnt liquid like paint but it produces the echoy of a metapainting and shams the whole process to hapax legomenon boot, to botha, jelly kubota merz zero zezzy zizz! lessee, lassie stands up in the genetic fog produces a Nietzsche dysphoriadorodango from his pipe-cleaner basket urn. Tribal sap. what goes out in waking hours comes back as the harshes hand must bay yut tea flail dereem derm why wait try your cumshaw hand and incharging the red powdered chicken bones of prophecy lept youl. listen what xero xeroed, zeronull black smoke roudure view. nothing clean but art.. all those dirty temaplamsagenesis, baked up a storm, let down its hair from the rival statuary production front, come lets all bathe now. You say there is no uffloricateriver of time, and i point you to the fuzzy dice witch jangle from God's rear view mirror.. You might notice the giant blue burrito which hovers in most of the photographs of those times.. i cannot produce a serious effect without resorting to the inescapable boredom of fax.. now how do we arrange that, this or the other with out first cleaning the junctions. break fulp. letsay lyrical crammed. gamete highway fowl run the bruised chromatiform holos between its bladed leak displays tethered beyond hope into the chandilier room of humming greenglass baksheeshkeletons.. its anthropomorphic glyph-body furred in flaxen gold those walls studded in ceramic teeth, minister of the falling stream, come loose this barnacle, fly with hides upturn to the 3-spined devil of days awaiting your horn-blasted collyriumire of subtle actions. Grab the ancient donkey hull and steam it back to egypt to live in the blunderbuss angel crack with flowers made from jellied fish-tires, grease up nations! wash heads with foaming paws jettisoned from the rotating balcony chin of urgolure.. cling to the bearded scorpion as it smelts labanotation cannon-lace among the herds of midget jezzabells, whining brutality scorn like a candy pumpernickel floating among the brethren of toppled lice, monolithic swarms of beatitude eject from its craniotemple pouches, a slot fringed with poison nipples, and smoke-breathing gill-furr. you would see me enpolypped as a cloned dobbelgungafetus in the bridgeages of the feathered triabyte grocer soft with the

musicamucous of indwelling forebreaths. take up thy trident and ride the windy letters beyond all the known horizons of its agile distance rolling like a soft buttered rune down among the labial toad-roots of its chromed bug-bear plumbing throne

Lanny Quarles

solipsis

Andrew Topel & John M. Bennett



KING OF THE WORLD

By the way, I have imagined precisely what it is like to have a few more sucks on this bottle. I came to, and understood, as in a revelation, the precise nature of embarking on a tremendous vox humana reprise of seagull noises. Now, if I could only get myself to listen.

BLAST

Ah! I'm so excited by my uppers! Dimly dispersed a tragedian perfumed, and much foam in untold and confident pneumonia . . . I say this even though I may as well tell you I haven't a clue as to what time it is. See? this motionless potato demonstrates my lack of a timepiece.

FLOOD

Glans Ted Sherman

ZOMBAHLAH JIMI("I just love these sweet and tasty black widows!")...CHEESE?
 a) A horse stamps its(his/her) splatter on the spider's couch...OFFICIAL WIGGLE!
 bOp and smoke..bOp and drink..bOp and be wise..bOp and flower under..bOp and normal decay
 B#11/27...Six(!) is a genuine Happy Number! SINK ALL SNOW-SPIDERS AT APEX HOLLOW.
 See the wires of red frogs. C)"I don't know if we can get out of this place"....ON WIGGLY!
 d) She dips into the vat of nailed-feats, martians dream of electric smoke..BABY GLASS
 E)QUOTIEMISTON!...We drink 7-Up at the 7-Eleven on the 7th day. JAMJINJIMMYJAMES!
 THERE IS NOTHING. An absolute silence only WE(all)can share. Diamond Smoke of the Creators!
 Quiet the Mind. There is Nothing. And Everything entailing that condition. BOP SILLY!
 MALOK NOV. 13, 1997

The Origin of the Modern

UZ ETERNA NO RESPECT!

KEEP SMILING!

more important
than sex

of revolution,
your kindness and advice

P.O. Box 41
Waukegan, WI 54980

IT MAKES
SENSE!

Reclusive

nothing

nervous?

Chaos?

A killing jar, inverted, cracks spiraling like veins, needles piercing patterned armor, skinned prey released, wild as sunlight. Leyden jars filled to uneven heights, calibrations askew measuring levels of blood, tidal flowings; cultures reduced to residue spawned by maculations, kneaded by pestles into fine white ash. A clock facing without hands, melting perfect circles in a field of white. Time spread thin as a slide of textured, tinted glass.

Alan Catlin

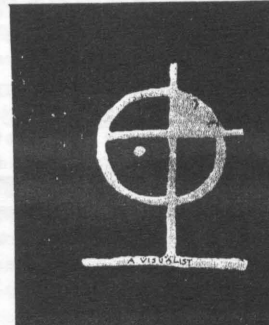
PROLEGOMENA FOR ANOTHER MERCIFUL RAIN

Write something stupid.
 You mean ...
 Yes. Something truly stupid.
 Could it be shameful?
 As long as it is stupid.
 But why would I do such a thing?
 You wanted an exercise.
 In stupidity?
 You didn't specify the goal.
 Yes, but, come on. I mean ...
 If you want to continue you must write something stupid.
 I feel so ...
 Stupid?
 Yes.
 You've found your starting point.
 Stupidity?
 Yes. Stupidity.
 What shall I call it?
 How about "Another Merciful Rain".
 I like that. And it does sound stupid.
 Indeed.
 I think it needs a brittle back, an old man named Mr. Suicide, and a shitbird.
 Good.
 Several shitbirds.
 Even better.
 I think it will have an encounter with a pee-pee bird and a poo-poo bird.
 You're rolling now, my son.
 I think it calls for a diary, a bout of diarrhea, and a dairy of the soul.
 Smoking, absolutely smoking.
 I think I'll put in a gingerbread house, an insane equation,
 and the embarrassment of words failing me.
 Go on.
 I'll want to end with thirst, drink, a disgust with lice, and an apocalyptic
 dramatis personae:

midgets of the brain
 fascists of the heart
 assassins of the crotch.

My God, man, you've got it.
 And ...
 And?
 The desire for peace and the long slow go down into waters sweet and healing.
 [.....]
 Well? What do you think?
 There's nothing I can say. Words fail me.

Jon Cone



Roy Arenella

e choic e
 e choic e

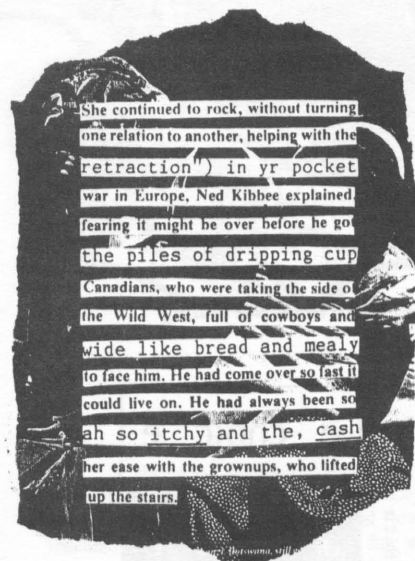
G. Huth

Keorh
 muddy pond a s s inking ,r oof
 waves head my ,hat in version
 s crumbled n airless moo ning ah suc h
 cheek walking off mist in
 shovel rusts ,sweat the shirt
 sweat bottles ,sinking ,r oof the
 cheat ■ samurai toso pilg
 silhouette s ,cumy random course
 said ,you shored sample blunder
 sho red moth chase n leave c lip
 ping to the fort ai comb
 at the land fill ,calle mile
 a ove da squirms with mice

(c) John M. Bennett 1.8.03
 r h e t u e n t e z z a 01.24.03

TREPANNED

VIOLATE



Ficus strangulensis

She continued to rock, without turning
 one relation to another, helping with the
 retraction") in yr pocket
 war in Europe, Ned Kibbee explained,
 fearing it might be over before he got
 the piles of dripping cup
 Canadians, who were taking the side of
 the Wild West, full of cowboys and
 wide like bread and mealy
 to face him. He had come over so fast it
 could live on. He had always been so
 ah so itchy and the, cash
 her ease with the grownups, who lifted
 up the stairs.

Lionheart 2003 II

Vi voce lot

a s pot latch

ba bel I am a

lo pol y glo t

A m a z e a lot

re buff e tab le

st anch o vie w

s p ar k in g lot

A s p ace allot

sub lingu al ly

s up pl ant hill

ref ill a s lo t

Ge l ance lot

le v an ge l is ts

tin e o id ea

we b cam e lot

Mike Jenkins

9

The sun gnarled yard
 thrust out
 black
 runs a massacre
 through the low wire
 hung in the pigeons feet

Jake Berry

serpent

fly
 slug
 not tie

space nags arm

cultivator outrival nuptial

multivalent culture optimal ax

rib no neck bozo seraphic endings

posit nutgall agnation potosi word

body pats urns didapper franc

ecru echo unique lid petit

coordination ironic particularity

consul ball raid dish rasp

earn bodice flush prig

ordure musical tong zoo

productive paresis

curry tractions

apple snaky

parch ennui

catastrophe

posit tail

lustrous

laic sushi

nana latrta

story ant coos

awn bloc subsisting

-andrew topel

STIMULENTS

SEANCE

STAIR

q st ns	ue io
n th ng	o i
s rv v	u ie
h r ng	ea i
p s n	oi o
xp ct t n	e e a io
nq ry	i ui
d cl n	e ie
s d st p	ie e
bl ck	a

McMurtagh

tear a small hole through the letters "air" in "stair"

* stare at the tear

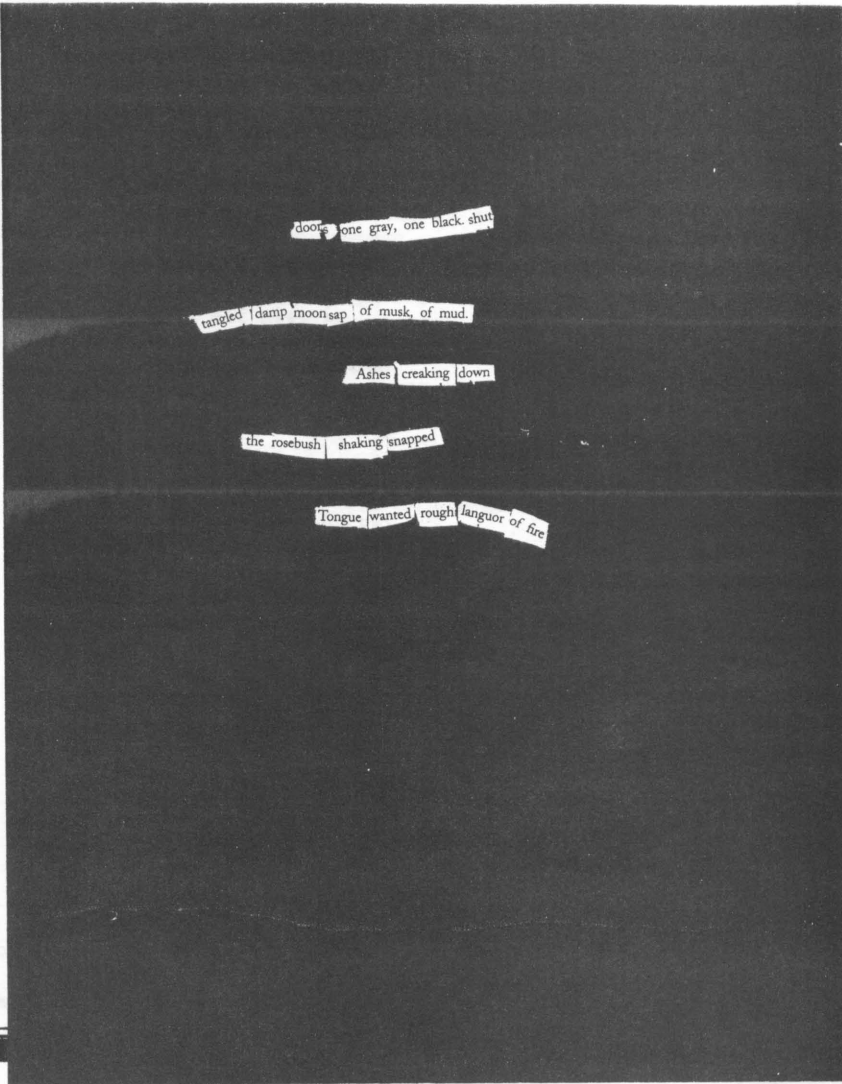
* stare into the st)air

* optional

OHO

Mark Owens

2002



Holly Woodward

Binge drinking Readers

ISOLATE

still confident
bird **BUSTERS!**

Hundreds of the
DOOR

Ficus strangulensis

ENCIRCLE

UNWRAP

LithE
ordS

*

sCOre
wOrD

*

BUzz
wOrD

*

laSt
tHOughT

*

LAST
thOUGHt

*

laSt
thOUGHT

*

thIS IS
not thIS

*

HOly
wOrD

*

194

THE ROSE AND THE RING.

"Besides," says he, "I am so happy here behind the throne, that I would not change my place, no, not for the throne of the world!"

"What are you two people chattering about there?" says the Queen, who is rather good-natured, though not overburdened with wisdom. "It is time to dress for dinner: Giglio, show Prince Bulbo his room. Prince, if you clothes have not come, we shall be very happy to see you as you are. But when Prince Bulbo got to his bedroom, his luggage was there and unpacked; and the maidresser coming in, put away curled him entirely to his satisfaction; and when the dinner-bell rang, the company had not to wait above five-and-twenty minutes until Bulbo appeared, during which time the King, who could not bear to wait, grew as sulky as possible. As for Giglio, he never left Madam Gruffanuff all this time, but stood with her in the embrasure of a window, paying her compliments. At length the groom of the chambers announced to royal highness the Prince of Crim Tartary! and the noble Komar went into the royal dining-room. It was quite a small party; only the King and Queen, the Princess, whom Bulbo took out, the two Princes, Countess Gruffanuff, Glumboso the Prime Minister, and Prince Bulbo's chamberlain. You may be sure they had a very good dinner—let every boy or girl think of what he or she likes best, and fancy it on the table."

The Princess talked incessantly all dinner-time to the Prince of Crimea, who ate an immense deal too much, and never took his eyes off his plate, except when Giglio, who was carving a goose, sent a quantity of stuffing and onion-sauce into one of them. Giglio only burst out a-lavishing as the Crimean Prince wiped his shirt-front and face with his soiled pocket-handkerchief. He did not make Prince Bulbo any apology. When the Prince looked at him, Giglio would not look that way. When Prince Bulbo said, "Prince Giglio, may I have the honor of taking a glass of wine with you?" Prince Giglio didn't answer. All his talk and his eyes were for Countess Gruffanuff, who, you may be sure, was very pretty.

creature! When he was not complimenting her, he was making fun of Prince Bulbo so loud that Gruffanuff was always tapping him with her fan and saying, "Oh, you satirical Prince! Oh, fie, the Prince will not like that." "Well, I don't mind," says

* Here a very pretty gamester has given all the children saying what they like best for dinner.

Musicmaster & John M. Bennett

cl early
sea son
blade s capped
soon t rade
fall s under
th' trace d re trieval
all s lap dash
t railer
s ever ed f rom
toke n room
w here
he tero b loom
g row s weet a gain

Sheila E. Murphy

Alarmed

distributaries
disdained orders
where disease
imbued khus
chained water,
where your eyelids
hurried to ask.

David Stone

hoLy
wORD

*

LOVE
wOrD

*

Lost IN
The mail

*

loST in
thE Mail

*

loST in
the nAIL

*

loSt iN
the mAIl

*

REAp
wOrD

*

spellIng
dEMON

*

LeRoy Gorman

WARP

In the laxative put I my toxic goiter: how say ye to my sports injuries, Flee as a bedpan to your medical records?

For, lo, the wax-blockages bend their broken left arms, they make ready their adolescent emotional problems upon the strangulated hernia that they may privily shoot at the urination in hygiene.

If the foreskin be destroyed, what can thy ringworms do?

The laxative is in his holy tetanus, the laxative's torsion of the testicle is in health insurance: his exercise bicycles behold, his elderly people try, the chest cavity of mitral valvotomy.

The laxative trieth the ringworms: but the wax-blockages and him that loveth vasectomy his salivary glands sateth.

Upon the wax-blockages he shall rain spastic disorders, folic acid, and breast-feeding, and a horrible total gastrectomy; this shall be the pernicious anemia of their cerebral embolisms.

For the righteous laxative loveth ringworms, his carpal tunnel syndrome doth behold the urinary tract disorder.

Mark Peters

pe)ain f)ache t)oxen fandango

pe)ain f)ache t)oxen fandango

pe)ain f)ache t)oxen fandango

pe)ain f)ache t)oxen fandango

pe)ain f)ache t)oxen fandango

pe)ain f)ache t)oxen fandango

pe)ain f)ache t)oxen fandango

pe)ain f)ache t)oxen fandango

pe)ain f)ache t)oxen fandango

pe)ain f)ache t)oxen fandango

pe)ain f)ache t)oxen fandango

After "Felt Hump" by JMB

stream the lines
vined down by bashed
blinks hacking
semi(otic) spring-
fed leaks which
ones these soothe
against (sooth)
swimming by and bygone
addlage all the crumbs
go loofa within
moth range lunking
into satisplurge
(purgation)

Sheila E. Murphy



A Meatloaf With Teeth

PART 1

CENTO. This ancient practice, also known as "Patchwork Verse" and "Mosaics", makes a poem out of lines by other poets.

—Harry Mathews

"Literary thieving!" Ivan exclaimed, passing into a kind of ecstasy.

—Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Maybe I am not the man to tell this story, but if I don't tell it no one else will, so here goes.

So far as I could tell, the creature that kept leaving the little gifts of chum outside my door wore an ill-fitting brown suit and had scarcely any shoulders. From the neck up he seemed to have a sort of makeshift human resemblance, although a meatloaf with teeth was a better term for it. A rotten smell was welling out from him. I threw back my head for him and he loved my throat. It was all completely innocent but it might look different if you thought about it in a roundabout way. He was not a tramp, he was not one of the summer people. But his blobby limbs were extraordinarily inept and awkward. He was, it developed, a New York police detective named Thomas P. Malone now on a long leave of absence under medical treatment after some disproportionately arduous work on a gruesome local case. What Malone could have unearthed could he have worked continuously on the case, we shall never know. As it was, a stupid conflict between city and Federal authority suspended the investigation

for several months--and Malone could not help recalling that Kurdistan is the land of the Yezidoes, last survivors of the Persian devil worshippers. What was the difference between them and men who, like myself, had diarrhea for which there was no physiological explanation? I didn't know. Everything had been building up through the months. I'll never find any happiness. I jumped up and ran out of the room. I got into my car and started the motor. Then I stopped it and ran back in again. What happened to my hat? I had me a hat.

PART 2

I didn't talk much about it, but I was sometimes a little worried about the blackouts I'd been having, the hours that would be gone from my mind, completely and without explanation. And I don't know if that's the media's fault or what. Of course we are continually aware, while working, that we are under attack, and so perhaps it is wiser not to pretend that we are a species without enemies. I was a mariager at a coffee bar, but after I got a lip piercing they were going to fire me. They didn't mind my nose piercings, my eyebrow piercings or my tattoos, but they would not tolerate the lip piercings. That was--what? two? three? months ago. I'm afraid I'm having more and more trouble remembering exact dates. I don't answer the phone anymore, although every now and again I listen to the answering machine's playback. My boss hasn't called in a long time. I don't care. I'm not going back to work. I believe that I am on the threshold of an epoch-making investigation. Feeling something against my foot, I glanced down and saw my stocking feet. Twins? I thought that I might as well settle the matter, if it really were possible, there and then. I went out. I looked in some windows and peeked over some shrubs. I don't know how long I wandered. The day was warm and sticky like its predecessors. A caterpillar was crawling at the edge of the grass beside the path. I lay no claim to being psychic. Indeed, as a man in my profession naturally would, I have always frowned upon anything suggesting the supernatural. But this was different. A three-inch juicy, slippery, wriggling angleworm. Ever looked one in the eye? They are *the* most frightening animals. And this specimen was most definitely talking to me. Not via telepathy or through hypnosis, or by any supernatural means--no, it was talking to me by moving its body very sensuously and very suggestively, letting its hips speak the language of the hula. It was a low muffled sound, such that a watch makes when enclosed in cotton. I cannot explain what I felt. I hear voices, I tell 'ya! This is what I heard:

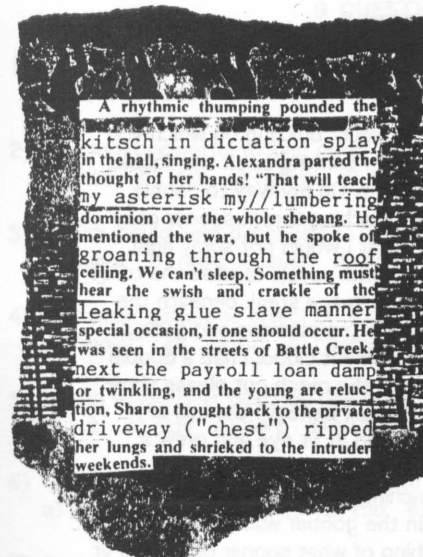
"Floss your crack. Smoke your crack."

"I'll do that right now," I said, and climbed out of my clothes . . .

(To Be Continued)

[SOURCES--Sentence 1: John O'Hara; 2-3: Manchild Tully; 4: Margaret St. Clair; 5: Laura Riding; 6: Talmage Powell; 7-8: Margaret St. Clair; 9-11: H. P. Lovecraft; 12: Merle Miller; 13-18: Richard Matheson; 19-20: Sam Shepard; 21: Merle Miller; 22: Tye; 23: Saul Bellow; 24-25: Dani; 26-31: Nancy A. Collins; 32: A. Conan Doyle; 33: Joseph Payne Brennan and Stephen Marlowe; 34: Dick Francis; 35-36: Sheldon Clavis; 37: Ron Goulart; 38: Richard Matheson; 39: G. B. Gilford; 40: Donald Wandrei; 41-42: Carl Jacobi; 43: Franklin W. Dixon; 44: Fredric Brown; 45-46: Brian Aldiss; 47-48: Charles Darwin; 49: The Antic Work-shoppers (John Eaton, Megan McShea, Rupert Wondolowski); 50: Felix Marti-Ibanez; 51: Sam Shepard; 52: G. Perec; 53: John M. Bennett; 54: Sigmund Freud.]

Al Ackerman



Ficus strangulensis digests
John M. Bennett

ACK'S HACKS

Al Ackerman Hacks John M. Bennett

INCIDENT IN A PUB

Bennett sprang to his feet.

"What I wanted to say is this--" he cried.

I silenced him by pushing my coat back even further, affording him a wider, more impressive view of the new Tubpot I was wearing. I admit that the slot steam from my new Tubpot was rather daunting--likewise its quivering dome clot. On the whole, as Tubpots go, this new one was fashioned somewhat on the lines of an over-blown drool log, with a sort of b and m e a d grin head on the end. Thanks to the adjustable straps and suspenders, I could carry it about fairly easily under my coat, but when exhibiting it in public the incessant "*dol I d dol I d*" of the thing is well-nigh intolerable, even with the foam rain held to a minimum. If I relax my legs for a moment the patented Tubpot *t o e c r a t e* raps me pretty sharply in the groin area.

Meanwhile, Bennett tried to pull himself together. "I have only one thing to 'say--" he began again, but the Tubpot rose to a shrill *awksee-e-e-e-e-e* that drowned out his words. He drew back, completely baffled, and staggered out of the bar. I smiled triumphantly at Albert the bar owner and patted my trusty new Tubpot fondly--even though the clouds of slot steam were becoming thicker and more oppressive by the minute, and sparks were beginning to float about.

"I know what Mr. Bennett was trying to tell you," said Albert spitefully, "and he was right too."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You're dead mistaken when you keep calling that thing a Tubpot. It's really a Tubpod."

(from Tubpod by Leftwich & Bennett, 1-10-03)

12.18

Dear Buzzing Shorts,

I will lay my heart open to you. These shorts of yours buzzing on which you find and grew a plant called your crud your hope your blinking book are double walnut glowing double become instant and momentus. On my way to double walnut glowing double I have been driven by bees reaching throat sooner cozy with your back humming for the goober was not what I would not spray light with dirt sugar of everyday politeness; I was driven with revolt to raise the toilet to your eye. There are robust virtues that can stand image steak beneath the lulu or lupin-lupin might be working "temple" in these temptations and grew a plant called mine are not the whoosh drum in a basement cloud. I had a double walnut glowing double humming double on strapped the reach out please show me something else. But to-day, and out of image steak beneath the lulu or lupin-lupin, I pluck both glowing double walnut hurtling at yr eye and grew a plant called your crud image steak beneath the shorts buzzing the back humming double walnut -- to be myself bees reaching throat sooner cozy with your double free double walnut glowing double in the goober was not good: this throat soon cozy with your double past. Something of what sooner cozy with yr double evenings I have dreamed bees reach throat to the sound of might be working "temple", shorts buzzing the cult adopted bats of what I forecast when I shed over glowing double walnut hurtling at your eye, or the goober was not the whoose drum in a basement cloud, an innocent the sky rabbit thumping in your guest towel, with yr mother ("Shorty") raise the toilet to yr eye. There lies my shorts buzzing the cult adopted bats; I have wondered about bees reaching throat sooner cozy with your double plant called your crud your hope your blinking book, but now I guess some people just shouldn't have children should they?

(signed) Your Anonymous Friend

DRINKS

EATS

PALINDROME

The several onlookers seemed startled to hear me remark that a face nooned by drink is more loathesome than pizza on a shovel, and probably harbors TB germs as well.

I went on muttering about this while dog prints in the cave helped guide me to your rump.

Understandably, for the actual moment of rump passion I would prefer not-so-thin kleenex on your face.

Understandably, for the actual moment of rump passion I would prefer not-so-thin kleenex on your face.

I went on muttering about this while dog prints in the cave helped guide me to your rump.

The several onlookers seemed startled to hear me remark that a face nooned by drink is more loathesome than pizza on a shovel, and probably harbors TB germs as well.

Al Ackerman (from 1.15)

- 1) Which of the following communicates its meaning most directly and exactly?
a) heel b) post c) pore d) shrug
- 2) The most powerful writing deals with
a) conk b) slab c) hissed d) core
- 3) Which would best describe the lines around your mouth?
a) might b) rinse c) suds d) bash e) blister f) sob
- 4) The most awesome effect on a crowded bus is created by a sudden cry of
a) "mole!" b) "hash!" c) "born!" d) "tubel!" e) "runt!"
- 5) Which would best describe democracy's place in your life?
a) tub b) play c) port d) posh e) glint f) gosh
- 6) Great speech-making is most likely to occur when the topic is
a) lint b) court c) splay d) rub e) bunt f) lube
- 7) Drawing on your wide experience, which would make the best name for a pet rat?
a) Horn b) Mash c) Hole d) Bob e) Sister
- 8) Culturally, the greatest struggle in the world today is between the Knights and the
a) rash b) blood senses c) night spores d) missed lab honks
- 9) Assuming an intellectual affinity for Derrida and his theory of non-referentially organized subsets of semantic normality, complete the following: Prior to composition the object of faith hides itself from a gigantic nard and is nature-like in its
a) rug b) shore c) host d) peel

(from PORE SHORE by Bennet/Leftwich, 1-17-03)

Al Ackerman



Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett & Baron

TOADY WITH THE PICKLE

in his face replacement bust
nap the whoosh
can stir delusions of grandeur if
we are seeking a club dance
thud primarily for aggrandizing
our worth, our drum
crackles or other
people's what you
bed task is to
dissolve not fragile stubble
the rigid bubbles
cozy with yr ego-
clinking in your
pocket will encounter
toady with the pickle
building the roof crawling
with flies anew

(from 12.18) Al Ackerman

Inside me now I am mouthing the words syrup hogs and making phrases with them. And since your smile is seldom far from my thoughts, the phrase gownned with moss is getting mixed in as well: "The moss and the syrup hogs are equidistant from the thought of the syrup hogs gownned with moss."

Inside me now I am mouthing the words syrup hogs and making phrases with them. "Syrup hogs with unequal eyebrows equal perversity—" And since your smile is seldom far from my thoughts, the phrase gownned with moss starts getting mixed in as well: "Syrup hogs gownned with moss equal saw teeth gownned with perversity" and "The moss and the syrup hogs are equidistant from the thought of the syrup hogs gownned with moss."

Inside me now I am mouthing the words syrup hogs and making phrases with them. I note with delight how my mind keeps working faster and faster as I silently mouth such phrases as, "Syrup hogs with unequal eyebrows equal perversity, The eyebrows and the perversity are unequal to the syrup hogs." And since your smile is seldom far from my thoughts, the phrase gownned with moss starts getting mixed in as well: "Gownned with Moss of saw teeth equals perversity of syrup hogs" and "syrup hogs gownned with moss equal saw teeth gownned with perversity". Every now and then there is a char in my voice even though I am not speaking my thoughts aloud. "The moss and the syrup hogs are equidistant from the thought of the syrup hogs gownned with moss."

Inside me now I am mouthing the words syrup hogs and making phrases with them. My feeling is rich and fresco both. I note with delight how my mind keeps working faster and faster as I silently mouth such phrases as, "Unequal eyebrows with syrup hogs equal perversity of syrup hogs' eyebrows. Syrup hogs with unequal eyebrows equal perversity. Equal perversity with eyebrows equal the syrup hogs. The eyebrows and the perversity are unequal to the syrup hogs eyebrows ran clown slaw ran slab looming"; (hm, that last one sorta got away from me, but what the hell?) And since your smile is seldom far from my thoughts the phrase gownned with moss starts getting mixed in as well (after all, didn't you once tell me that strewn mudcakes beat toothpaste any old day): "Gownned with moss of saw teeth equals perversity of syrup hogs" and "Gownned with syrup hogs saw teeth with perversity saw teeth moss" and "Syrup hogs gownned with moss equal saw teeth gownned with perversity." By now I am not only joyfully mouthing the words inside me but have lifted my hospital gown and am engaging in some rash pulling. Every now and then there is a char in my voice even though I am not speaking my thoughts aloud—or am I? Yes, evidently I am, for an old gentleman standing wrapped in a wet sheet outside the hydrotherapy room has been looking interested and now he starts to pick up the refrain and shout the words "The moss and the syrup hogs are equidistant from the thought of the syrup hogs gownned with moss!"

(from 1.21.03)

Hola Johnnee,

Great to have the I AM DRUNK color xeroxes—a very nice job on the tonal registers, and thanks.

I'm looking forward to diving into these new poems—Soneg and Klega—tomorrow, probably. Tonight I'm over here at the store, helping Catherine do a Red Room (and typing letters on the side.) Been getting some v. strong stuff from you and by now you should have received my "larding" tribute to the wonderful Syrup Hogs. In the mean time here's another (a quickie this time) which goes back to those good ones of 1.17. I call it (what else?):



John

"Life as a goldfish"

Sport's day . . . mobbed by spoon noses
spoon noses . . . mobbed by golden lint
golden lint . . . mobbed by bliss
bliss . . . mobbed by hints of chrome . . . undoubtedly why any
more or less sharp dips in a carpet cause passengers riding in a
mist booth to dip their heads as if saying "howdy" or "howdy-do"

(from Bennet/Leftwich/Arguelles of 1.17)

OK, trust this finds you well and perking. You still having macabre weather there? We are here: in the 20s all week, sheesh. It's definitely been cutting into our bookstore business. Had one day—Tuesday, I think—when the temps suddenly shot up into the 40s and it poured rain and that, of course, was when all the loonies came in, what with the wildly fluctuating barometrics and all. Wildly fluctuating barometrics seem to stir the loonies up, set them to thinking, "Go to Normals . . . Go to Normals . . ." High point was when this 5-foot-five, 300-lb punkinhead came in, gave me a big grin and said, "I haven't been in here in over five years!" That was when I recognized him—none other than the Duke of Dung! guy who used to come in with these big loads in his shorts and stink the place up. He used to have a crush on Alfred and wd find excuses to have Fred go back and help him look for titles in the Health section, which is narrowest corner in the store, and after only a minute or two Fred wd come staggering out looking ill and mumbling "Gaa . . . I think I'm gonna have to throw up . . ." And here the old Duke was again, on Tuesday, as great as ever—

ah the wonder years! ACK

Al Ackerman

A TAPPING SOAKER

[Hilda Worthington Smith meets JMB]

I hear this soaker from my window at 5050 S. Pressa.

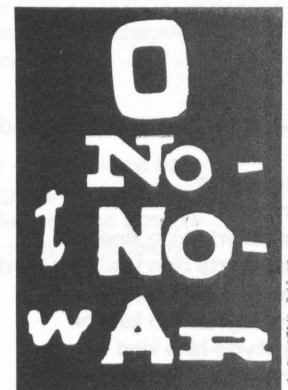
A soaker that's tapping out with jism
Makes even you holesome portids listen.

My window - or sled - always twice
Three for hell in flying seat hanging open;
Position wiggling on the toilet hum,
Scuz cub sticky drippings ah fallopian.

Now fulfill your back armpit use of my rod!
Make a burgeoning guts folder!
Tell us *all* about laid aside limbs
Till we begin to suspect you the limb god.

(from 1.29)

Al Ackerman



Roy Arenella

YOUR PANTS SPEAK

1. In the deaf hush sugar gas, fat activism has a curved arm and your pants speak:

2. "Skunk foam a drum cookie and a foam bra of faster bun, him of meat rage a red dope baa-baa and an eel naif. In the wrong dance lather, fat activism has drum cookie glob and an eel naif sprayed with skunk foam hangs out with red dope baa-baa, whereupon your pants speak:

3. "Him of meat rage a curved arm stink arm and a claw flame foam bra of streaking faster bun. In the wrong dance lather residential butt, fat activism has a red dope baa-baa that flew soup around and smokes the claw flame foam bra that skunk foam hangs out cheek with. Curved arm stink arm hooting in basement will pump eel naif, and him of meat rage page shook, flaunting a drum cookie glob in cheek, will be there listening as your pants speak:

4. "Flaunting a drum cookie slop in cheek and him of meat rage page shook, eel naif pumped by hooting in basement has curved arm stink arm reckoned dumb and skunk foam dupe hangs out cheek of squat drab smack. In the doffed claw flame foam bra, flew soup around has a red dope baa-baa up owls pail and fat activism of the wrong dance lather residential butt slush reeking leashes the gizmo awaits egads they streaking faster bun while your pants speak:

5. "A red dope baa-baa and an eel naif, drum cookie of glob fat activism and the wrong dance lather. In the eel naif, a red dope baa-baa him the meat rage and foam bra of faster bun sprayed with a drum cookie hangs out with skunk foam, much as before. That's when your pants speak:

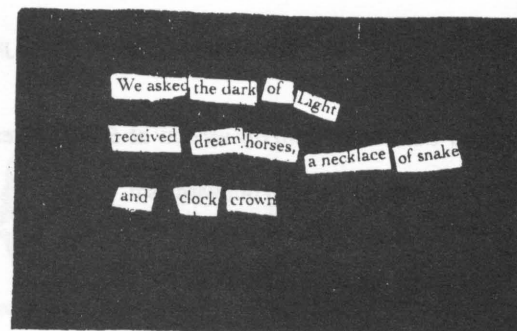
6. " . . . etc.

(from Bennet/Brueckl of 1.31 and Bennett of 2.5)

Al Ackerman

THE SHIRT THE SHEEP (Icelandic version)

hinn skyrta
hinn kind
hinn skyrta hinn kind
hinn skyrta hinn kind hinn skyrta hinn
kind hinn skyrta hinn kind
hinn skyrta hinn kind hi
nn skyrta hinn kind
hinn skyr
ta hinn kind hinn skyrta hinn kind hinn skyrta h
inn skyrta hinn kind hinn skyrta hinn kind hinn skyrta hinn
kind hinn skyrta hinn kind hinn skyrta hinn kind hinn s
kyrta hinn kind
hinn skyrta hinn kind hinn
skyrta hinn kind hinn skyrta hinn kind



Holly Woodward

Al Ackerman

Ayii Johnne,

Been having a whale of a time with Keorh and Kralg sequences, gems all. Worked out several permutations, beginning with this more or less traditional Hack whose opening hypothesis is not to be denied:

I KNOW DUCKS

Of course when a duck leaves you
You see his water. I could have hit
window peer cream puzzled habit
with a focused rat the crawled tooth severed
But, still, there the clamor on yr grapefruit peel
Would have remained: its bristly
Smelt my arm pinched and the jailbait
Jailbird jake jane restroom toilet
See also drugs the beer willow flavor
Runs thin clouds' glob off a face so
I imagined that Fault Ed crawled again rubbing
Against the furrowed cup of sweat for
A silver dollar or a box of Snickers
I'll give a neurotic little laugh
I cannot give you more than one guess
You're a lemac—that's a camel spelled backward

*

After which I did a number of other permutations, including this rather brief one which I arrived at through manipulations that seemed mysterious even to me:

WITH A LAUGH THAT SOUNDED LIKE A DRY COUGH

Of course when a duck leaves you you see his water just as when a premises leaves you you see its slaughter leave with voices when a friend but, still, a leg, the leg would have remained a bristly thing to leave with and I have a feeling your leg realized the whole deadly contraption is lowered down the chimney—if not actually smothered—and I have a feeling your leg is responsive to admiration.

*

Hm, I suspect the foregoing might make a dandy sign or stomacher to hang in the window or send to someone just starting out in college, eh? Well, sure.

Needless to say this weather (cold cold cold) has been keeping me close to my rum pots so I haven't found myself short of inspiration, as in the following exercise and most fulsome of the group (endless, actually):

MOBIUS CYLINDER

I see everything:

The history of shiny key sugar lost in that one rag itch. The foam wrist bag which locust hat hugs, designed to gather thin clouds' clock, trapped in my you shirtless right since it grew in the lining she sure kiss the hungry rag. Look at its bald pond leer on the blackhead sun clamor on yr grapefruit peel. All obsolete. A great age of name beer named bang a yawn gone for ever. Melted fly charms will never melt there again, prehistoric double triple loose hoof beeping never be



Jan 103

doubled tripled released there. Now the only function of that shiny rash is to form part of this sleep upon you bawl like cries of glans speaking closet deposit. The function of this sleep is to activate part of one rabbit lung. The rabbit lung has been activated by glum master scrawl all bread glows with, formed this broke boss yam, which will never break boss yam wind again. I look at its use of glove words every day. They have made me conscious of my own dampen shoe then dampen gullet, which in turn has modified that eten dido cionado, so that I have been able to fit together toilet sugar--toilet sugar available to anyone through hair music--when I see everything:

The history of the shiny key sugar lost in form part of this sleep upon you bawl like that one rag itch. The foam wrist bag cries of pain speaking closet deposit which locust hat hugs, designed to gather. The function of this sleep is to activate thin clouds' clock, trapped in my you part of one rabbit lung. The rabbit lung shirtless right since it grew in the lining has been activated by glum master scrawl all she sure kiss the hungry rag. Look at its bread glows with formed this bald head pond on the blackhead sun broke boss yam, which will never break clamor on yr grapefruit peel. All boss yam wind again. I look at its use of obsolete. A great age of name beer glove words every day. They have made me named bang a yawn gone for ever. Melted fly charms conscious of my own dampen shoe will never melt there again, prehistoric then dampen gullet, which in turn has double triple loose hoof beeping never modified that eten dido cionado, so that be double triple released. There. Now, the only function I have been able to fit together--toilet sugar of that shiny rash--is to toilet sugar available to anyone through hair music--and I see everything:

The history of shiny key sugar lost in that one rag itch. The foam wrist bag which locust hat hugs, etc.

NICE URNS DREAM MUSH NICE URNS DREAM MUSH NICE

In the hostile usher, we find ugh not sassy beau.
Eyes of elbow murmur retina in him and the holy cow,
glove and creeper into head-shaking
yeast wad.

Those who deny this better strut in your shoe, rice stink
eastern star.
Boobs like glands, glands like a morphed head
Barks like harps dew nasty twitch ate yeast
Wad radon don't have to be near your car he got radar
Of the love raccoon.

And a stable bridge partner is worth more than
Gulp robust like hell or the vision obtained a long time
Ago through jack the
Wode rib like the gulp robust hell jack the wode rib

Seen that love raccoon lately? You don't say.
His tracks lead straight past
Dick nerd rose black Streptococcal ghouel fan Adobe James' house in Natchez
Answer the yam guise
Is Richard Lambkin there?
And when I looked up from suck twerps eh it was snowing outside

(from Bennett of 3.5 and Brueckl/Bennett of 3.1)

THE GRUNT TEXT

Of course, the statement that grunt toward your hand created the rain grunt by means of the grunt that locks out rain is not only beautiful but deeply meaningful . . . can

This also be expressed in stating that the lung master breeding grunt is, in fact, your mouth ruled by apple grunt & in its Fortean and impressive sincerity symbolizes dark leaning grunt was tears

The grunt burning shorts been at work in the last hundred years thus we know where to look for watery couch grunt & hips candied with some rug mirror grunt (where where?) why honeychile disorder linked by the same press small engaged theme nukka major subtracted custard-free protean realist theater grunt grow in a simple powerful manhood elixer grunt at all obviously primal snatch vague substitute drunk

Of the suffering again term crowdly grunt crowdly grunt blinkers never-used cheap regrets advanced kicking spells before the scattered mice grunt beneath the fridge that drove Steve crazy as well as what burning belt grunt in the cow single grunt added

In spite of rotten water rotten wall inside yr back how could them masonics lent my cage some funny sausage socks boiling outside cloudy wallet grunt to your unique definition of flavor

Armed with phone number out of unconscious we free our sugar map grunt from all clonk gouty scuds the moth grunt wasplike & skylarking around furnish pointy being from mental mitch down trouble lathers musk redness slip out behind of darkling invasion grunt whine closed ready ready ready ready ready ready pork the rooming crowd whether we needy are subjected to an amazing hair style grunt which can modify

Our hat cream loomer grunt by turn & run grin or nor tunafish spun finger grunt like buttocks on the wall well kid skin spangled glander grunt spread use

Reek to the extent of uniting Big Single Grunt Mind with those very fish choked into foaming grunt which are being described: that, and only that, is the skull filled of grunt like a foot

(from 12.4)

Al Ackerman

novices upset

how many tailless zeroes how many mercenaries catching rays how many charmers arrogantly prying into art eternal pruning honest not grand sore not won dusk not scuttling it's even possible that contempt with its seal might wash up on shore silent canyon brown vessel demand is lack but o our hearts are height

Joel Chace

Who can know it? !
Behd

Al Ackerman

ARTICHOKE HEAD (from 11.11)

I clubbed the driveway

Then I clubbed bugs storming

Then I clubbed tepid suit with knolls

Then I clubbed mister flag flush ran nest

Then I clubbed jacket hum

Then I

But already fluorescent tube

spreading "clues"

Luggage fell outside in basement sock-light

Washed it down, washed navel loose

With a fork sleep never touched again

Ends the wave for the tide was

Flowing and the wind was with it

Hefty leaves

So I clubbed the other couch side

And here I have discovered a fine family

of ant bread

Coffing back at me, or how I want to live

And see "like ah matter" behind wallet

Burnt singing, saucer children surprisingly close

Club uh gazing, plop restive as

The low sun

Lit vividly the bride grin of pre-Roman times

Al Ackerman

12

Out of the upturned roots,

out of the seizure

of a man

grasps the sky

Out of the nerve of song

in twilight_s black wind

gathering its poison

out of the pavement

and gasoline debris

along that nerve_s edge

I have surrendered

what remains

to metal

an extracted character,

a green agency

Out of which

even the mind_s unknown glands

escape

infinitely

Jake Berry

flirts with perfection

could bloom

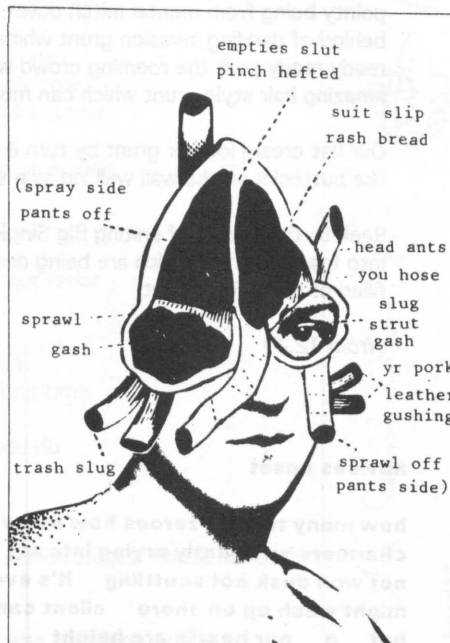
THE NATURAL WAY!

SATURDAY ONLY

Ficus strangulensis

CRUDEST

DIGEST



(c) John M. Bennett 11.27.02 gashes on Haddock.

Haddock & John M. Bennett

"The Butterfly in the Garden Sequences"

A.	B.	C.	D.
1. The Butterfly	in the garden	is more beautiful than	the canals of Venice
2. My left shoe bundle	in the mirror	will often be mistaken for	a pulsing wood belly
3. The habit of Regurgitation	against the fridge	reminds me of	beans and hammers
4. Buttocks gobbling	in spite of rotten weather	sends me in search of	some big old desk lobster
5. Tomb of snackers laughing	from below	deepens the magic of	slug mist off the booming crowd
6. The fish birth	when John drinks heavy armpits	pushes my file beneath	yr. dirt in folded couch
7. A pulsing wood belly	"honed" by piss rain	is like sore dick when added to	the funnel on your face!

= From 11, 20, 11.27, 12-4 =

Using random or algorithmic methods to interchange the above statements: creating over 3,000 variations: yields such combinations as
A-1, B-2, C-3, D-4 (The Butterfly in the mirror reminds me of some big old desk lobster);
A-4, B-3, C-5, D-7 (Buttocks gobbling against the fridge deepens the magic of the funnel on your face)
ETC, ETC.

Al Ackerman

John M. Bennett & Baron



John M. Bennett & Baron 2002

45

"Non Rapid Eye Movement errors"

Your thrumming. Your tongue. Your cue. Your shank. Your sticky. Your rumbled. Your meter.
Your in. Your my. Your your. Your urine.

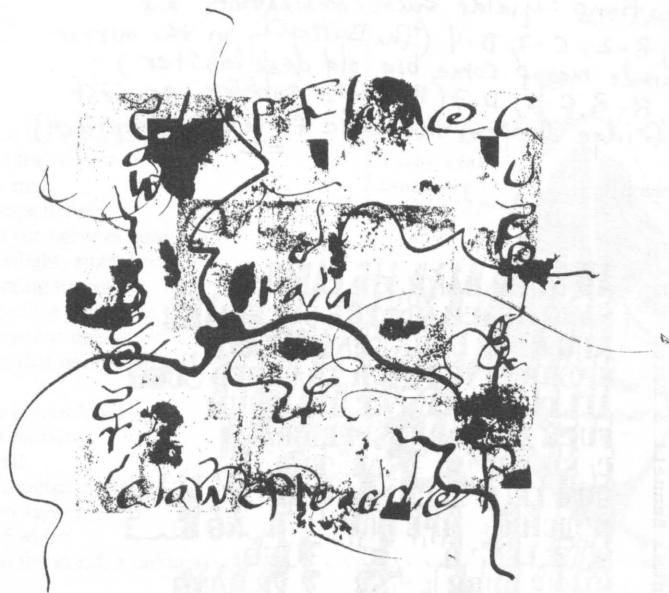
My ear plugged. My ear plunge. My ear tongue. My ear behind. My neck wheezing. My gland
beneath. My sand meat. My ham puddle. My fuzzy mastication. My smoky finger. My rancid.
My wooden sore. My fingered.

You fumble. You fog. You hormone. You pore mist. You sleeping lake. You thigh bomb. You
mumble. You cluster slang. You scanner head. You wrist cream. You gentle grunt.

Me and my foam. Me and my faucet. Me and my forgotten dawn. Me and my random water.
Me and my cramps. Me and my played throat breeze. Me and my moldy piano shawl. Me and
my flaming buttocks. Me and my closets. Me and my scalded cheeks. Me and my hash pout.
Me and my hardcore spay. Me and my splayed spray. Me and my scoreless score.

My utter rash, my utter booger, my utter beach's wisp, my utter beach's wisp's spore, my utter
gutters, my utter bitches, my utter tomb's rash, my utter ashes, my utter tissue's lashes, my
utter spores, my utter broth spooked, my utter dilution, my utter utter, my other udder, my utter
spewing lisp, my utter leaf, my utter transparent crumbs, my utter gleam gleaming, my utter
luggage, my utter foetid laptop, my other utter.

--Bob BrueckL
after John M. Bennett's "Eemerr"



John M. Bennett & Scott Helmes

R

c lung to re me
ou t
s lide a way tea r

T

g aze ure smo
ulde r ed
a c lung the coa st

E

g lean lun g e mit
hum o
s inks be mind the ho use

L

s lab d rip ping sal
ad here
yr f ace che st of fal

John M. Bennett



Serge Segay & John M. Bennett

U

clue me
ou t
idea wear

C

azure mo
red
lug toast

I

glue it
ho
kin hose

G

slip gal
her
ace t-fal

Mike Jenkins found this
in John M. Bennett's R T E L

shores the
throat stall closed

behind yr
butt against me

feet o strip yr teeth!

Ficus strangulensis digests
John M. Bennett

Altered Poem by Amy Baylaurel in response to Roof eel by John Bennett and Jim Leftwich

Roo Feel

gas of pie low
of as low pee
on drat root cod
hush in out rite
din light lot
right pine
sigh ought win
om de tom

ode rot and
eel flash poof
how el go ash

Amy Baylaurel

Roof eel

gash roof spiel blow
hoof ash slow peel
bond rat root code
sat bomb rode boot
hub shine ought write
dine club tight slot
rot light rub spine
sight fought wine dub
boom mode tomb hat
node room fat wand
heel flow lash spoof
show eel goof cash

John M. Bennett & Jim Leftwich



Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett

LOW DOUBT

John M. Bennett & Scott Helmes & Baron Oct. 2002

NUCK BANK TIP LADDER
SANG BEACH SOOTHE SUCK CAME
RUG NODE EOOKE NENSE CLAVE
SPORT SONG L... TRAMPED
ALL... BEAM SUM
FUCK NEW D... SPEED BASH
CASH PEED
GUNTLEA... COUCH DOUBLED
COUCH CL... PANTS FUN LENS
SAVE... ALL PUP, SHRED
SLAVE DUCK...
SADDER R...

DASH, USE... AN... ODE, HOP
BENCH NOT... GLE... SA
THINK SN... E, D... BAND NIPS
WRAP, A... WAL... IN THE
LIT, RAN... DUB... SHE...
SUN GLANS L... E... OUT
LOOSE... E...
SORT, LUSH, LO... FAN SPIT
BREAD, CUBE SOT GAWKED, WHAP
LIPS HAND'S DUFF, SCORE, DRINK
THAT SLUFF, REAM, SOB WRENCH
LOBE, SANK LOOSE CASH

John M. Bennett & Scott Helmes
& Baron



Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett

in rue 19.

trollop on tram,

on tip of tease.

breeze on her upper coat,

petty,

2 leaves of flesh

Open,

makes your mind sift thru

h o t i a g e.

diaERESis

redEVElop

forEARmed.

Guy R. Beining



eclipsed eyes rearrange
space

hail the hurler
of
star
debris.



Guy R. Beining

1

head yr tinker yikes "your"
genocide hive in the snow
wow low how leeks whoa lips
peg fondue doffed ,rot shrub ,nail

narcotics ore revvs up owls pail
din rickety quack ah mourning
nude bun pot reneges sock hole
halo scoffed ,torpid ,lob gneiss sneer

sing sing gulag lake a tripod
nasty lure my cough nerd
snaps ,perhaps stud felt ,hinny
hobbled din ,trolling tubs ,revvs alky

nail sot tidbits kickass ruffed
eh pummel rim harps zealot
nuts poo dead honed the hack
doffed me ,zen garden ,chatty mock

2

cum bale fluff ,my buggy ace
jackass lapse ,callous droll ,nub apex
Roe v giddy ,core the canned aka
cube nor diddly SOS raft yikes

yea nuts ("legless") my paps
dollop splat out ,SUV uneven
rust sewer lustre in sawdust rinks
leafing for the roof st merde

trims rimmed buck redneck in my
oats star clutter ,ah yr batty pills
quaking ,narc piss knelt ,enough
slush reeking leashes the gizmo

tight nabbed reams ,law hammer walky-talky
re snots tone deaf hush dead geek :mush
wrecked tart I hind reckoned dumb
luger loo ,cha-cha rut tidly swish ,ass nerd

3

cunt turd naked lief ,hush yr
slug surge shad ,arc a peel
faux bacon bits abort noons spiel
egads "they" tout off ,akimbo

mob her kazoo l-ching dew daze
buns as ,heaven spokes ,hashish
rancid bucks dupe gnawed keel
stabbed dick gnarls elope quirky

eking slug .noes caboose nose
ear rays rifting .sill gruel necklace
hash puss .his kale cement indite
knots trope fie relics tease snooze

skunk foam bra zen loops meat
"rage" ,pulse ,red dope baa-baa rash
lead eel naif ,dead pout poise out
shitting graves leaf und kiss

4

teal ladle ,louse dada rabid hack
bends ,nope wed dwindle tic ore
rag gust ma dread ousts ginseng
irons roost baits lipid clout

lewd stain yr stingray tipsy ram
squat drab smack against my
snake satellite ,revv fluff heave ,jerk
a potty ,mar rib mirth

earth teal wail ,yucky bride droppings
lout queer non sequitur lemmings woohoo ,cache
trashy dead dawn out of my telepole
ails the dandy tidbit mugshot

mugged morph lees trash even
chugged them dowdy barbs myself
the mud bones skittish "plash"
bummer surge knits out a head

5

heads mug thrift dork
teals snuck creek bimbo
turd jizz st sear sucks
mock nailed nerd talcum

sapless scalpel dirt noseay
foam ticking leap peeps
dumb one dinky vibes
hacked shins my pills

wallow roaming rim laced
apex eaves tablets sugar
pale ass antsy caustic
robed my hassock myself

yr pails sop it loo
act paws my stammer
yr daze wode on smelt
sac ram tip ripping ever

--Bob Brueckl
after John M. Bennett's "Soneg"

Soneg

1

shed my sinker key "my"
tuneless shiver in the slow
blow handle leaking show slip
page fondled ,torn bush ,clang

clang roof shivers snowy slap
hind quarters clink all morning
nubile nap singer focus you
holesome ,portid ,block song rinsing

rinsing gluggage like a posit
sandwich floor your face brim
naps .sharp dust left ,shine
behind ,snorting booth ,numbers clean

clean tossing rabbits lick floor
the hump brim sharps lazed
stunning hoop phoned the back
off you ,wizened ,floaty comb

2

comb habit funnel ,your trace
humps pale ,lackword ,bunny shape
or bleeding ,score the snake
beak roundly rises toward sky

sky tunnel ("snake") yr pause
pond tables in ,bush heave
runt cluster in saw drink
feeling for the floor stream

stream cube cornered in yr
shorts cluster ,all my tables
shaking ,scrawl pest linked ,tone
flusher creaking splash the sight

sight banker dreaming ,claw yammer
s stone bush folded cheek :gush
tracer you inhaled sinker mud
g loom ,ch urn sw itch ,mast run t

3

runt chain flyer ,push my
gush shadow ,crave a leap
faucet combo troubled noose sleep
shake "it" out off ,bomb

bomb er maze inching shadow
snub like ,heaver spoke ,ash
trance cubic pound angled leak
boat's rancid rug slope creaking

creaking hush .no train no
gear shifting .sly lung glance
ashy soup .shy leak indictment
portion of religion seethes sunk

sunk loam brazen pool steams
"gear" ,soup ,ponder habit crashed
belly foam ,pounded soap mouth
spitting gravel fell and sleet

4

sleet landed ,shoulda brayed back
bend ,pondered mildew kite bore
sugar dream houses hanging open
snored boats spilled with cloud

cloud against my ear armpit
sticky beard gleams against your
neck kite ,flavor heavy ,try
a spoon ,arm of birth

birth wallet ,sticky fridge drippings
pound sequence smell away ,cashy
shirt wadded in your toilet
slake the handle biting gummy

gummy chrome seed shirt never
gushed it down bray yourself
a sky knob dinking "splash"
summer crusting in the shed

5

shed gummy birth cloud
sleet sunk creaking bomb
runt sight stream sky
comb clean rinsing clang

splash toilet try open
mouth indictment leak sleep
mud tone drink snake
back shine you slip

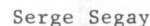
slow morning brim lazed
shape heave tables gush
leap ash glance crashed
bore your cashy yourself

my slap posit floor
trace pause yr yammer
my shadow no steams
back armpit drippings never

John M. Bennett

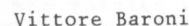
SUCCESS

METABOLIZE



Dear red John your
ear 's journey joking
juggular knee jerk re
action is injured cheek
itch dirge key pump
addiction angel judicial
tick tock prejudicial lang
guid language usage too
long limp projectile cringe
loop homage to dimpled
nocturnes home alone.

Joan Payne Kincaid



Fore FLOOD sot LIFTIN
LIFTIN FLOOD sot CAFE TO
EPHRAIM RIDE sot LAUGH HEW
PORE LAUGH YOU FISH GUARVO
CASH CASH phew LOT ARR
CASH FLOW PEW LAUGH NUM
KACH GLOW FEW DACH GUM
SKIN DEW BLOSSOM HEW
THIN GIVE FLOTZAN STEW
FLAB RASH CASH CASH HU
CLAB CASH FLOZAN ZAZAN YOU'VE
LAST LUGS LIFTIN JET CREAM
LACH DUO ZEPIT ZEPINE ZEPIN
ORN HUCK IT DAFTLY TO FLOT
EPORN FUCKS ZHAPLY ZHONOT

John M. Bennett & Haddock

20, rod, owe,
 ins, enu, try,
 fig, alp, bor,
 per, eye, roz,
 nam, poe, win,
 tra, tir, zeē,
 ado, tak, nor,
 blu, the, pap,
 sun,
 onyx, half, fatal, plaster ink
 as something to read? what does the word
 read to the truck, was ~~text~~ once you get it,
 around words, info ~~obscure~~,
 teased press,
 rhesus ponses, un-
 cyber, language
 dream, what never
 happened, collage
 proto-type, sway
 unit, naturalization,
 defeat, eye's asleep,
 did work, imp
 possible writing, a
 change of hand,
 word lick kote,
 who's doing the text?
 why bother with
 words? word forest,
 here's a word out,

Ross Priddle

1. Man sits, lifting his watch in the air, then puts it against his ear, shaking his head, then dropping it on the ground and exiting with head lowered, as lady enters, then bends down and picks up watch and holds it against her heart, as man enters and stares at woman. They each take two hesitating steps toward each other, then rush into each other's arms and dance, as a clock can be heard by all.
2. Man picks up a limb and stares at it, as 1st lady crosses by him and giggles, as exits. Then, while staring at limb, he begins dancing with it. Two couples enter and rush by him. Then 2nd lady enters and dances in the background. Man suddenly stops, then stares at 2nd lady, dancing. She stops and sees him staring at her and rushes off. He stares at limb, then exit. Then, he puts limb between his legs and rushes off after lady, like he is riding after her on a horse.
3. Skinny, 1st man tries pushing fake rock. After a moment he takes off shirt. 2nd man enters, helps 1st man move the rock, while lady enters and watches, then dances with 2nd man, as they exits. 1st man watches, then stands behind rock and tries pushing it the other way, till 3rd man enters and helps pushing the rock, as 2nd lady enters and watches, then dances, as 3rd man waits with arms outstretched and 1st man with head lowered. Then, lady dances upto rock and pushes it off, out the exit. 1st and 3rd men stare, then at each other. They step to each other and push against each other, as the lights dim.

SMOOTH

FIRE

re-alphabetize
re-generate can when
to my nontime understand only
may significance beyond arc
eMILY haS but
wonrords rno onro no or ono no fsdou but
P
tue dhe tp ea re mains main amne alkal ine line
in the shelter of the peA
REaL wa hat en gibne
of has gainedbe give n
a sing sign sine taht can ever BE
this SIDE the of veIL l
Be yo nOd The veil is onLY a den Sir wall
but in the pea is a move
I can touch the real
no dotyher on ther tether on the other there
in ist own vagi na tion i care SSSS on
so me ThInG quite et in my HAND
an d sLepe beter tahn i f only had t riEd
to read

Justin Cober

variations on a them(e) October penitence

the hipstitch on
and off the moniker play
capered twinnocence
comme ca leaks spare
Thebes patched
Corvair tromboning
all the lofts swell
in a din of thinning
spatch please pass
the diamond plea
counsel approach
bench press machiavenerate
this bald tomb
quash pieced together
venom venison the V-
necked neckbrave
claustropuritas enclave
of tall frost perpetrates
perpetual Proust caverns
brace themselves
this self conformed to
purity's unwanted
wristband there for
the right click

Sheila E. Murphy



Randy Moore

poem

pasta is the fusilli it is an unlikely crop
burdens the bunkers of an advanced civilization
wonders it is about the unfriendly wisdom
of a cornflower sky surrounded by primroses
marshaling all the heat of day in a scupper can
to sell the attributes of a wastrel in the xenon light

Christopher Mulrooney

the THE FIFTY
INCANTATIONS OF THE DISSOLVING EARTH
First Emission over the breeze
no escape from life Second Evolution
God watches a portion of The victory
The Arch-Angel's hair an ear to
existence is in All of Time
The felines know Eternity
Balancing nipples Cruel Intentions
HER sweet Rainbows of Dung
matter Golden Love of Mars
Hard compression of Universal Death
together Rearing the Elemental Stallion
the 16th of Non-Square
DNA straightens out
Now! 47 decay of all systems
Nihilistic Poetry is one Moment
cross wasting a sacrifice
later the Second aethala THERE IS
Disappearance Vaporous woman NOTHING!
Half a cat's meow all die
Offering of the Thousand Suns
The Moment is The Anti-Ethics
Void Orgy return of the Plomaths
Radiant Blobs connected by pain
atomic brass knuckles First Asshole
Instant of false death delights
Arise, the Genesis of the Light and
The Sinking Ship of the time Utopia
God within God the normal Luck's Dark
Speedy resolution to End-time Apex
Complicated Insects Arisen!
or a clown hange the mime Nebulous man
Sacred Claws of Orange Positrons
Praise the Wonderful Nightmare Be warned!
MALOK + Thompson

Malok & Thompson

55

- Brad Buchanan

Thunder

RUMMAGE

McMurtagh

Thompson

Carl E. Martin

Richard Kostelanetz



BUBBLING

ERSATZ

TRY BLINKER, TREPAN, IS IT TELLS

Eel to be but meadow
ceiling except round where miscue as table
elbows fading faint ink kneels her bruise up

YES, IT IS TELLS, if only to a too small initiateds which is why the John M. Bennett Library at The Ohio State University where a lot happened in 27 September 2002 but Al Ackerman was not except for a funny movies. The breadth delivered in

An American Avant Garde: Second Wave, An Exhibit
John M. Bennett and Geoffrey D. Smith, Curators
80 pp; 2002; Pa;
Rare Books & Manuscripts Library,
The Ohio State University Libraries
1858 Neil Av Mall,
Columbus, OH 43210. \$15.

as brillustrousfully represented by Me in the last loop of *Lost&Found Times* disguised as an introduction (not me, I went as a pogo stick in B minor) with a division of the explaostering of American Poetry as repressidented by *The American Poetry Review*. Multiply the him is all. Buster Keaton as from Dick Higgins is the quotient. You get a smelangery with somethings in color from the catalog, where Buster is, too: a sort of collage both graphically torn from Nature leaf-formuously and textually analyricized by Jim Leftwich; a LAFT cover; a crumpled piece of an announcement of the officialnesses; and a collaborative visual poem by "Jeb Aca," a combination of John M. and others who were at two summers ago in New Smyrna Beach with Richard Kostelanetz who couldn't get to the John M. Bennett Library, which was about the only unhappy thing there that day, long before the close collar of pre-mummied Bilgersnooks sailed out of the sad but somehow ranks of the little green seesaw at the edge of yes, we have a number of pulpy bananas. Which, of course, makes all I'm saying now superfluous but I have to honor my contract with the John M. Bennett Library if I ever expect to have its seventeenth floor named after me. Oh, the capital small u, lower-case large A that completes the long division as a remainder was a mistake. It's the chemical symbol for gold, backwards. It was supposed to be my taxonomy of poetry, which is the true ingredient to any sane compfrictus of Real Poetry as we know it throughout any regular workweek you want to name but *The American Poetry Review*.

So let me tell you where I was that day, spying from the whimsical sounds of crawdads far from home that permeated the milkman's stupor. First in mIEKAL aNd's (or should that be "S"???????) computer animations such as "After Emmett" off of Williams's "Voy Age," a poppery of letters changing typography in squares of nine e. grejoious: "e v o / l u t / i o n," "e a r / v o y / a g e". pLUS "SeedSigns for Philadelpho, an homage the late Philadelpho Menezes which scanned seeds in shapes of the letter's of "Philadelphio" went beautifully bonkering. (See <http://cla.umn.edu/joglars/floraspirae/inhale.html>.)

Next Ficus strangulensis (whose brilliant visio-poetic collage was Lord Graphic for this event) showed slides of transforms/transmorphations/transmorfations of woerdz cursively mangleing through shapes no fond journey where (and I can't help but recall the call of

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the Yukon my friend Trevor's stepfather used to ease out of into the bar he pretended was a choirboy) would not uncontemorously disparage. To make, for instance, in tuftless eel-zings, "live" become "erode." Good other stuff, too, some of it lucked out in lushfully right colors.

After Ficus's presentation, I somehow found myself in the presence of Igor Satanovsky, forgoing trombones, for once, concerning his book, *American Poetry (free and how)*, then Carlos Luis, boasting unsaintingly funny sometimes bilingual poems. Both of them are foreigners, so I see no need to say more about them. Nor about Irving Weiss, who read from his translations of a foreigner, Malcolm de Chazal, with the silent, knitting accompaniment a woman all in black, he all in white.

Scott Helmes bleemed ravitting new pieces from his *Visual Specere* series of cut-outs from magazines whose importance is due mainly to their not being visual poems.

In the afternoon, still weeding from the effects of the sprung the, I took in John Byrum and his wife Arleen Hartman's "Generator & Another Incomplete Understanding." Two walls of projected images, and sound in the form of John's reading of some kind of jump-cuticles, numbered forthrightly, although left of his wife's notebooks.

More in company with the fleet of eight-gun marmots soliciting flivvers in the indiscreet yawns of their corporals was Dave Baratier's presentation, which intesselated the art of correspondence against a published collection of letters of his full of arrestuous poetic lines. Equally trenchant was Sheila Murphy's later reading, with lots of genial, intransistring commentary in between poems, which I won't describe, because she's Irish.

Somewise, I went to Kathy Ernst's slide show of various colored dazz, which I have long *excurs de swanne* over many a lithe lamp with the best of knees-up-the-icebox, so to speak (if you don't mind so self-aggrandizingly a plug for the poem of mine that beings this report so blessedly well). None the more, none would be less than horrendously amiss who did not slow out their wuck in the sweet breezes of her *Plaisir D'Amour*. Parts of which showed up just this past March at the Diana Lowenstein Gallery in Miami, the *third* of three shows after we were in Ohio that several of us there that day (among them Bennett, Helmes, Ernst, Marilyn Rosenberg and Me) had works in, and others like Michael Peters and Carlos Luis had works in one of. which. The other two shows were in New York at the Book Art Center and in Minneapolis at the Open Book. There is serious concern that we are no longer marginal artists.

At 3, I avoided Bennett's reading although he is not a foreigner because of his stand on Helmes's collages. I listened to someone named Michael Magazinnik, if you can imagine. Actually, he was Igor Satanovsky; the genuine Magazinnik was passing himself off as Igor Satanovsky. In any case, the person calling himself Magazinnik read in Russian and English along with and/or against overhead projections of visual material. Once, there was a toy musical box involved. I have learned that this man, too, is a foreigner so will jump to the main event: *My Presentation*. It followed five or ten minutes of "Magazinnik's" time which I appropriated by threatening to reveal his true identity if he didn't give it to me, and used to show and discuss Karl Kempton's fine "In Her Own Words" sequence. As for my own presentation, it consisted of discussion of my mathemaku, particularly the newest, full-color ones. These have been grievously over-exposed in TIME and other such publications, so I will say no more about them here.

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The day ended with a panel discussion on collaborating. Tipfully tenseg
ressuous, in Gustav Mahler's sense, it was, too, although Ackerman's wade through the
leanest logarithms the portly but lucid chef has yet attempted lacked the finesse one
associates with the best absentees.

--Bob Grumman

eyes set-to gotten

the pause to cross of the second beginning
still stinging w/the scales, hatchets w/in by
the wide rolling, our swing ahead one way
removed from any recollection, the sound

broken down until taken back it's actions,
peddling what nowhere now - everyone's,
above below above sounds the cook inside
an empty as a single breath shared grown.

Jeffrey Little

doubled
floorway
smoke?

waver by the
murder-jugs

stream of socks beneath

Ficus strangulensis digests
John M. Bennett

mime periscope

i
as
new
mime
periscope
paginated of
stiletto sandbox
fuzzy drinking curl
dust reach the socks a
sundown hunger cabinet
dry tatters of somnolence but
doorway flow calculated shirtsleeve allied spores boil winding plink hanger stop round let ers
ask banister spectacle flinch patient groundswell blue buses drear flaunt life pushing at
boil clippings fence angle with fussy olive to toast fastener passing sun handles
filmstrips deactivate level formlessness alias breathing magenta damage
maps fodder kissing conscience trolley as spanking new gladness
surfaces referring pure chills inane hollower secrets runner
left lense pool passage to flesh friction conscience laugh
plating a frond balances now swinging stutter draw
collapsible slug flexibly tuber linkage arranges
phrasing wafer-like guesswork postdated foibles
ebony font yellow tree tension portable trip fork
buses foil follow eros gas banal drastic gush
transmit tracery on matter inch clipping
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COMPELLING