

We Magazine 19: Creative Cannibalism
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MEDIA WORKS // Under Construction (*)

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(A)nimation – or – (V)ideo – or- (I)nteractive/

Lucio Agra (V) *
jam

mIEKAL aND (V)
moundsville-code-curtain

Jim Andrews (I)
db cinema

Camille Bacos (V)
The Energy Church Hath No Successor"

Sandy Baldwin (V)
City
Peach Boy Says

Augusto de Campos (V)
Life

Jeremy Hight (I)
error image
Right as Rain

Justin Katko (V)
Please eat yourself

Jason Nelson (I)
locomotive and creatures
this will be the end of you: ending7: genetic code
another emotion

Clemente Padín (V)
Viento
Homenaje al Cuadrado

Gerald Schwartz *
The Marsh

Alan Sondheim (V)
Snippet

Sound

Chris Funkhouser
Electrojump

Joe Richey
Bracero al Congresssa

Larissa Shmailo
New Life

Lawrence Upton
bog 49 neg stretched

Katie Yates *
This Cyborg Listens

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**Writing's Crisis v.1.0 (2007)
Kenneth Goldsmith**

With the rise of the web, writing has met its photography. By that I mean, writing has encountered a situation similar to what happened to painting upon the invention of photography, a technology so much better at doing what the art form had been trying to do, that in order to survive, the field had to alter its course radically. If photography was striving for sharp focus, painting was forced to go soft, hence Impressionism. Faced with an unprecedented amount of digital available text, writing needs to redefine itself in order to adapt to the new environment of textual abundance.

Before the web, quantitatively speaking, text had the illusion of being finite. Yes, libraries were available for plundering in their entirety, but the effort of utilizing those texts was enormous. The text was effectively stuck to the page. You could xerox a page but you got a copy with the text still held in tact onto the page. The only way to liberate the text was to retype the text and yet, even then, you got yet another copy with the text glued to the page. How different then is the fluidity of digital texts, easily swiped, rapidly portable and ready to be poured into any desired form. Once freed from the prison of paper, the possibilities are endless. And therein lies the heart of writing's current crisis. While most writing has ignored this and carried on with business as usual, some camps have been trying new tactics: Flarf, Google poems, hypertext and strains of e-poetry have proposed solutions with varying levels of success. Yet, a over a decade into the game, no one possibility leads.

There's a room in the Musée d'Orsay that I call the "room of possibilities." The museum is roughly set up chronologically, happily wending its way through the nineteenth century, until you hit this one room which is a group of painterly responses to the invention of the camera. In this room are about half a dozen proposals for the way painting could respond. One that sticks in my mind is a tromp o'eil solution where a figure is painted literally reaching out of the frame into the "viewer's space." Another incorporates three-dimensional objects atop of the canvas. Great attempts, but as we all know, Impressionism won out.

As writers, are in that room of possibilities now. Where will it lead? I think we can get a clue of not what to do if we look at the history of both video art and net art, two recent forms that grappled head-on with new technology. About a decade or so ago, net art was huge. Programmers were the new art stars; they were regularly featured in Whitney Biennials.

But soon, the art public fell out of love with net art. The problem was that the field ended up as the province of programmers, not artists. And these programmers were more interested to see how high they could make a machine jump, rather than infusing a machine with a sophisticated aesthetic sensibility. The problem was also made clear with early video art technology which, too, first became the province of geeks who wanted to see what the machines were capable of. Those early experiments never made it out of the gate, rather the medium needed an artist like Joan Jonas, who simply twiddled the vertical adjust knob on a television set to create one of early video art's most profound works of art. By working against the technicality of video, Jonas made great art. Warhol, too, often claimed that his static camera films -- so against the grain of the 60s avant-garde jump-cut style of his day -- were a throw back to early cinema, where the camera was incapable of even so much as a pan. Today, Warhol's "Sleep" seems much more radical because of what it doesn't do technologically rather than what it does.

Punk rock taught us the lessons of working against technology's allure: "Here's three cords. Now start a band." You can give a guitar player the best guitar in the world, but that doesn't mean she will play with soul; technically adept session musicians are a dime a dozen. Likewise, I feel that writing's challenge right now is not so much making the machines jump, rather it has to do with the embrace of the thing the web does best: distribution and dissemination. Back to three chords. Unlike modernisms, we will not be wowed by new formal innovation; we will be wowed by the way works of various formal stripes circulates and recirculates. The machines indeed will jump -- there are teams of programmers working on that now -- and soon enough, poetry will be the complete province on machines ("Writing poetry for inhuman readers, who do not yet exist, because such aliens, clones, or robots have not yet evolved to read it." -- Christian Bök) -- but until then, what's new is old.

The pet ultimate rhymed taxi

The pet ultimate rhymed taxi

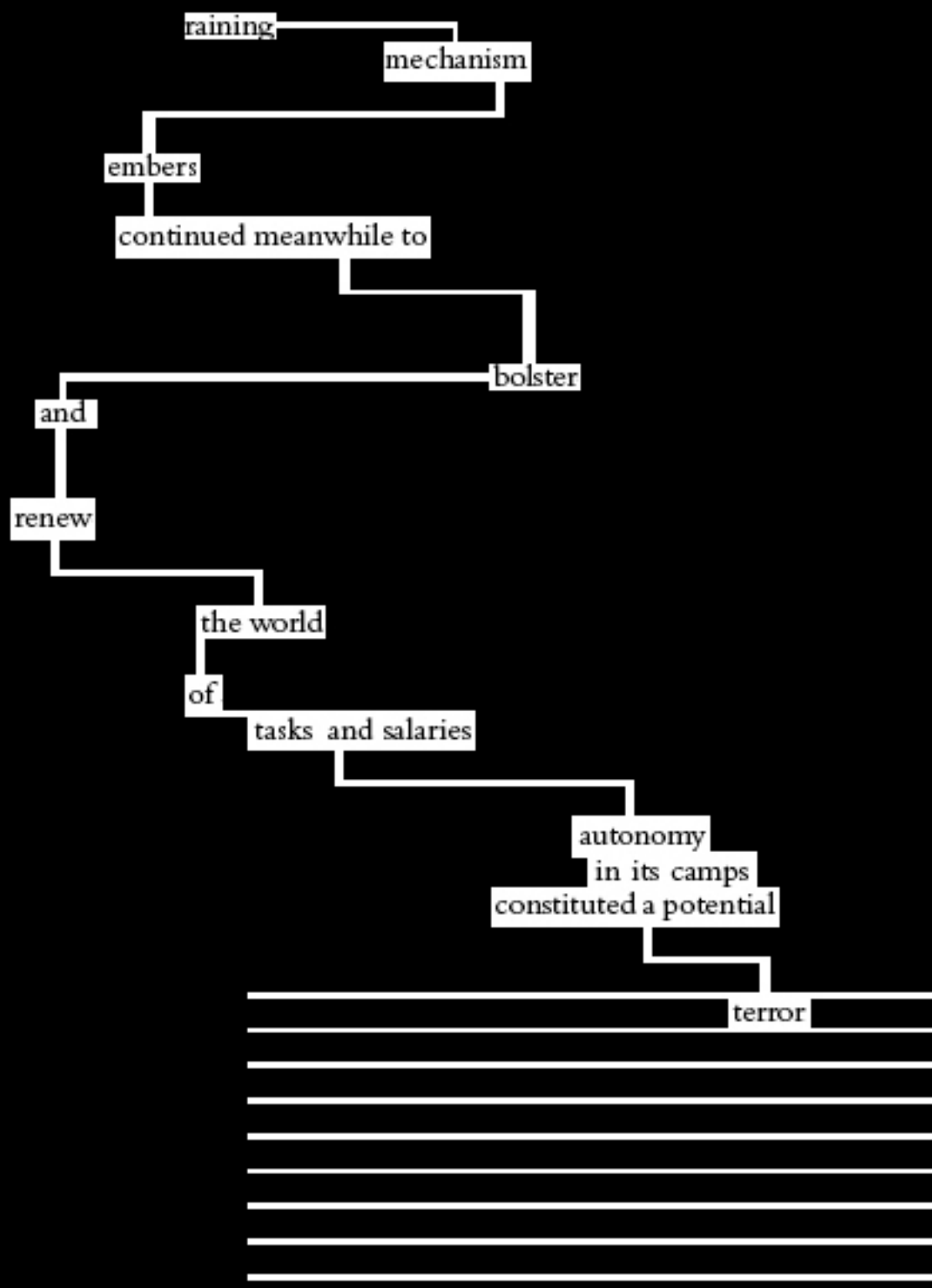
perpetuates orphic flicker placards

enameled like a perfunctory slaughterhouse

with felicitude. So why hurry?



THE █████
████O████MISSION
REPO████



I as

that

raining

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trans-Pacific

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in January

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tactics

of You

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[redacted]
[redacted] order [redacted]
[redacted]

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[redacted] layer
[redacted] and [redacted]
[redacted] rest
[redacted] in [redacted]
[redacted] mist

[redacted] this
various [redacted]

[redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted]

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well-equipped [redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted]

[redacted] symptoms

[redacted] of [redacted]

Unit [redacted]

All [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] aboard [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] the morning

[REDACTED] that America's

[REDACTED] "Fasten Seatbelt" sign

[REDACTED] turned [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

on

It's getting bad, Dad— [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]—It's getting very bad
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Dad—
[REDACTED]—My God [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] turned on a television



Over now under
the **T** the streets

“like Renaissance artists”



*sky pulled tight
as the skirt
of the Ally McBeal*



**Riding a train's
a subtle dance.**



*standing
hmm
across
the aisle.*

HELLO
my name is



Brian Kim Stefans
selections from Mutter Tongue (To Hearing)

after Rilke

I. 2

Unfasten Mad Chen wars aging heretofore
out-dieseled Heinekens glued frothing and queer,
unghastly, Karl, dirtier fooling shies
under-masculine, behind bets in mingling ores.

Anti-leaf emir, anti-all warrior Stuff.
D-bombing, D-itchy bee wonders, teeth
full-born Inferno, D-girl-footing weasels
and Jaeger-standing, Dartmouth shelf of graft.

Scene-shift the belt. Sinking her golf, rebates
choosy following, dastardly burger-hadda,
earth whacking shoe shone? Si, si Hermann, and deep.

Vote is Herzog? O, fearest you Demoting
elf-fingered wok, hay-sick, dyingly fair-haired?
Voting she in, house mare?... Unfasten Mad Chen...

I. 6

Ether in heat-seeker? Nine! House-biding
ripened earwax styling wider gnat hair,
kinder-car bowlers die smiling their violence,
fair-thee-for-Zelda fight, under-fair.

Gates wear zoo beds, solace opted tissues,
brought tics and milked tics, detonating seats
over air. Dervish worrying missions
enter dermatological decision meets,

eerily shining. Immolating, key shouting
and dearth sobbing from earth, round and round,
sigh, insolvent. Weed the chorus of Zoot Suits,

nifty can-dancing. Ultimate build in their swimming,
guys ass out-grabbing, guises out slimming,
boomerangs her fingering. Spanish, aunt prudes.

I. 13

Fuller dabbles: burning un-bananas
stipple-bearing... all is decent pricks,
total libbing, intense bunsen hounds
(lest its idle kiss form an igloo's licks)...

vent its sea/earth check. The commies won fight.
Veered, ach, long same, numbing loss in moon?
Woe songs, words warren, fleecing soon,
out-damned food fights, upper rafter's fright.

Wagged, too, Sagan, vast ear apple's nun,
Decent Susan, D-sick, airiest verdict
Ma'am, in schmuckable lies out the tic tac,

car too burdened. Fog in trans-parent,
double-dutied, sonny, urging. He sings:
"O earth-farting, fool's lung, Freud and... Rather!"

II. 1

Ad-men, do umpteenth, boorishly shtick!
Inner fort, strum dice Eisner,
sine Rhine, eyeing a Tao-ter felt rum. Go gainst wish,
in time it's mixed roomlier shrine to ya.

High ziggier feller, do in
all make Escher mirrors, in pin,
spare hamster, doof on alone-moodier lynch peering,
round gain wind.

Wheat fields frond doozier stale-mates, diorama for show-
ing,
inanity in un-mire, munching fins,
stint free, fond sun.

Irk gents tool Mitch, loved, true, Vole knocked in stymier
court,
true, hind-men gluttet rinse?
Run, dung, and splat Midas's works.

II. 2

Slowly, damned master, munch meal desultorily,
near blood, do Newark like strict
Abraham, so named off-stage, elder that's hiding
hind-sighting, laughing, dervishes in sick

wrens, Eden morning ear-problems aligning
odors in glances, third preening end-lickers
ending. Dance ad-men directing the kickers
patter, faulted, moored in shining.

Vast havens, now again finest in un-Russiad
lands, fair glowing, dare communing, gay, shout
bucking death's labels, for immune fear laundries

ach, dare-haired—working the four ushers?
Newer, veered into naught, prizing them louts,
single the Hertz—that, in its Grantas, goes boundaries.

II. 9

Rude oaf, hair-shifting man, Nick, their end-bearing, folders
unfast-fast fasten neat longer and hold. Speed!
Hiney is the guy-girl's, sky-hind's, wide, older
cramps, thermal host star—indeed.

Washes dirt slightly, beacon, Thad's shit, Dad's shat off,
very abrupt—weekender here spills from Zurich.
All them gabber's stop, enshrined, unshouldered—
through it.
Offends the heart? Err enters—"parr" (golf).

Fear licking Builder, a crammer, vaulting—a giraffe
trailing (bum sick), feeling god-liking Saran
mares—as unwound for the Grecian gorillas, that laugh.

Vinny was kicked—Hal's de-heimliched Liza's girl roll-on,
(she used him in interim), she vaguely around
free in-still-sprawling-as Kids—house an under-arrest
brawl-in.

II. 16

Inner ear there from yous Alf girl dissing!
Is there God, dear, Stella's fella highed?
Fearing sharpers den fear vote lent, advising!
Haver her ear pissed hotter and espied?

Sulks the rhino. The goo-widened spender.
Kneads more enders, kicks in Seinfeld's welt,
ails indemnity sticks, damns fry menders.
Under Bs vaguely, en-Gorgon stealthed.

Immured, the dodoes stinked
out their hero's phone, in sclerotic quills, he
vended their guts, dim smiling Sheik, and Totes them.

Un-sworded new Zardoz, alarming Angie's Thames,
"unda's lame urban pits," (Seinfeld's shell), he
outed Dem's Schillery instinct.

Thugs

ab (thereby...) [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansives
ab MEATS re
ablution
abraded
aCASHewTh

Kathy: st of, Stretch of, E [o dammit!] cretion of la to the e [o dammit!]
amaranth
am (thereby...) r i’ the ris
andromaCASHhe
antiOgles! my...
a, “Hrmph!” erC] hips? [Ogles! r_Thy..._Troo, “Hrmph!” s
a, “Hrmph!” o, “Hrmph!” le ReligioTarmacCASHt is Ogles!—
 old friend—ASH
ar i’ the Hermes
arn is Ogles!—old friend—A[S] *tré[s]* MEATS st
arquebusE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansive
assizE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansive
astr is Ogles! a ASHtive
at to the e [o dammit!] nua to the e [o dammit!]
att go! go! u Stein’s blue nize
au i’ the ur
ausC] hips? [Ogles! r_Thy..._Troo, “Hrmph!” s

Mark: ation

ba Stein’s blue na i’ the e
baize
banquet to the e [o dammit!]
baobab
batis to the e [o dammit!]
batt
baud
bay... i’ the all
 (thereby...) Ile ReligioTarmactrist is Ogles!—old
 friend—ASH
 (thereby...) [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansivetr ID’s
 Locker’s e
 (thereby...) to the e [o dammit!]
 (thereby...) vel

bias

b ID's Locker's et
binnaCASHle ReligioTarmac
b go! go! Hermes
b go! go! t
b go! go! umen
bivouaCASH
ble ReligioTarmacb
bo i' the ail
bHermese
braCASHhy...CASHe, "Hrmph!" *tré[s] MEATS st 1-2-5 (tension)* is Ogles!—old friend—ASH
brazen
br ID's Locker's le ReligioTarmac
bri i' the and
brilliantine
brioCASHhe
buC] hips? [1-2-5 (tension) is Ogles!—old friend—ASH
bum, "Hrmph!" tious
bunRevea

Mark: in i' the
burOgles! ose
busson

A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* CASHhous
A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* labash
A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* mbr is Ogles!—old friend—ASH
A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st*, "Hrmph!" stan
A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* ravel
A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* rious
A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* rIHermes
A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* rHermes ID's Locker's
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A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* ry...at ID's Locker's
A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* tarrh
A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* tholon
A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* uda Cana
A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* valier
A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* veat
A[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* vil
CASHeratose
CASH *tré[s] MEATS st* eta
CASH *tré[s] MEATS st* mois

CASH *tré[s]* MEATS *st* nt is Ogles!—old friend—ASHle Re-
 ligioTarmace (hippy) (sling) eer
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 CASHreole ReligioTarmac
 CASHretonne
 CASHrGiGgLiNgel
 CASHrHermesin
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 C] hips? [Ogles! r_Thy..._Troo, “Hrmph!” sl-de-

Doolittle: CASH

CASHy...me

déC] hips? [lle ReligioTarmacta i’ the e

de i’ the lut go! go! ion

dem go! go! asse

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dE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansiveCASHry...

Stein’s blue sseize

Stein’s blue ssi, “Hrmph!” ations

Thomas: Imens

Thomas: rmouse

Thomas: uCASHhe

Thomas: u i' the hty...
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Kathy: st of, Stretch of, E [o dammit!] cretion of ICASHet
dy...stoCASHewa
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emet is Ogles!—old friend—ASH
entrE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansiveol
er

Doolittle: tz
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feCASHkIE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansives
ferrule ReligioTarmac
fE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansiveton
fiaCASHre
flatule ReligioTarmacnCASHe
flu to the e [o dammit!] d
for i' the ather
free (hippy) (sling) eehold
fr is Ogles!—old friend—A[S] *tré[s]* MEATS *st*ssee (hippy)
(sling) ee
 FUCK YOU rrow
 i' the alle ReligioTarmacy...
 i' the antle ReligioTarmact
 i' the arburator
 i' the astr is Ogles!—old friend—ASH
 i' the auCASHho
 i' the elded
 i' the enera
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 i' the randezza
 i' the ri, “Hrmph!” E [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansive

i' the riset to the e [o dammit!]
i' the umboil
i' the unRevealwale ReligioTarmac
i' the usset
tré[s] MEATS st banera
tré[s] MEATS st (thereby...) rda Canasher
tré[s] MEATS st 1-2-5 (tension) (thereby...) rd
tré[s] MEATS st le ReligioTarmac

helHermes

hel, "Hrmph!" mee (hippy) (sling) eet
LockerbydebounReveald
embar i' the oE [o dammit!] , "Hrmph!" ansive
imbruE [o dammit!] , "Hrmph!" ansive
im, "Hrmph!" ortunReveala to the e [o dammit!]
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in FUCK YOU sorian
in

Doolittle: lubrious

in to the e [o dammit!] i' the ument
in to the e [o dammit!] rneCASHewne

They devoted several weeks to this, this ID's Locker's o
They devoted several weeks to this, this me

keratose
ketCASHh
kowitz
kraal
kra go! go!
ky...at
laden
le ReligioTarmace (hippy) (sling) ee
le ReligioTarmacuC] hips? [ma
lo i' the e
lor i' the net to the e [o dammit!]
loris
lou, "Hrmph!" e
maA[o' slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st* da Canam
major

Thomas: mo

manum go! go! to the e [o dammit!] d

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menda CanaCASH go! go! y...
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mi i' the Ogles! n
mill, "Hrmph!" ond
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Kathy: é
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osma i' the o i' the ue
os to the e [o dammit!] nsibly...
, "Hrmph!" alatial
, "Hrmph!" ale ReligioTarmacontolo i' the y...
, "Hrmph!" alliasse
, "Hrmph!" aro [o dammit!] y...sm
, "Hrmph!" ar to the e [o dammit!] rre
, "Hrmph!" eriwinkle ReligioTarmac
, "Hrmph!" ers, "Hrmph!" is Ogles!—old friend—A[S] *tré[s]*
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, "Hrmph!" eruke
, "Hrmph!" E [o dammit!] , "Hrmph!" ansivetile ReligioTar-
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, "Hrmph!" hy...lum
, "Hrmph!" hy...lon
, "Hrmph!" ilose
, "Hrmph!" la ID's Locker's oy...er
, "Hrmph!" om, "Hrmph!" a

Thomas: ur

, “Hrmph!” ortiere
 , “Hrmph!” ortierer
 , “Hrmph!” ost *tré[s] MEATS st*s to the e [o dammit!]
 , “Hrmph!” rawn
 , “Hrmph!” ree (hippy) (sling) een
 , “Hrmph!” referment
 , “Hrmph!” rivation
 , “Hrmph!” ronase
 , “Hrmph!” um is Ogles!—old friend—ASHe
 , “Hrmph!” ur i’ the ative
 , “Hrmph!” y...las
 qu ID’s Locker’s d go! go! ty...
 quo go! go!
 ra i’ the out
 raille ReligioTarmacry...
 ra, “Hrmph!” sA[o’ slippery] *tré[s] MEATS st*llion
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 reC] hip Tenefly! Athens! [chronoOgles! go! go! er
 reCASHt go! go! ude
 ret is Ogles!—old friend—] hips? [Ogles! r_Thy..._Troo,
 “Hrmph!” sle ReligioTarmac
 reveille ReligioTarmac
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 roset to the e [o dammit!]
 ruminant

Doolittle: bHermes

Doolittle: laCASHewous

Doolittle: lin go! go! y...
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 sE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansivesile ReligioTarmac
 skinflint
 slu is Ogles!—old friend—ASHe
 sortile ReligioTarmac i’ the e
 soubret to the e [o dammit!]
 s, “Hrmph!” LockerbynCASH to the e [o dammit!] r

s, “Hrmph!” le ReligioTarmacnet is Ogles!—old friend—ASH
su

Mark: go! go! eration

sussed

sy...bar go! go! e

tale ReligioTarmacr

tanbaCASHk

ta to the e [o dammit!] r

to the e [o dammit!] nse i' the r go! go! y...

to the e [o dammit!] nsile ReligioTarmac

to the e [o dammit!] rrarium

torero

toy...an

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turb ID's Locker's

ty...ro

unReveal i' the ula to the e [o dammit!]

vale ReligioTarmacd is Ogles!—old friend—ASHtory...

valky...rie

vE [o dammit!] , “Hrmph!” ansivetry...

v is Ogles!—old friend—ASHtoria

viOgles! us

v go! go! riol

vole ReligioTarmac

we

Kathy:

whey...

y...a

Kathy:

y...e i' the i' the



from *Io's Song*
Murat Nemet-Nejat, 2007

Formula for Organic Substances

im ding words
sin plo plo
tax ex ding dong a trophy - alas! - entrophy
sunday in Claus trophobia
S a n t a
Pyhrric
heart

Venezuela

(can, I, dream) a conundrum of adventures

into the past

into space

into the eye

flesh light with a flashlight flush light

ephemeral

into the air

into the page spilling

star

batwing

drawings

s

vampire

i

n

p

dreck Ula

s

l

triangle

p

mirro

flying

a

bat

n

tawny down drunk

c

b

n

Callgula

Venus e Ella!

e

l

d

l

s

h

oo

n

r

n'm

t

g

i

(K)

by a

camera

w

n

l

p

i t(y) less

o

k

n

c

o

r

i

g

a s

s

d

n

s

g

into desire

spinitual words spinning in bodiless light
lightly, wishfully whistfully? whispfully -
whimfully, - whipfully whamfully -? wherefully
wombfully whichfully whorlfully, etc.

J
a
c
k
s
o
n

d
u
m
b

P
o
l
l
a
c
k

M
a
c
L
o
w

Cut-

lass

At-

las

sailing

-r

over

-wings

horizon's

-ella

dream

a las

horrible

Down-

under

night-

mare

wo-

ken

up

at

last,

a las

Greed

lock

is grid

luck

loco!

if of
ifs ofs

motion

mo! thief

motifs

loaves
loathing

poli
s

car
anal
ity

luck

a hippo's anus

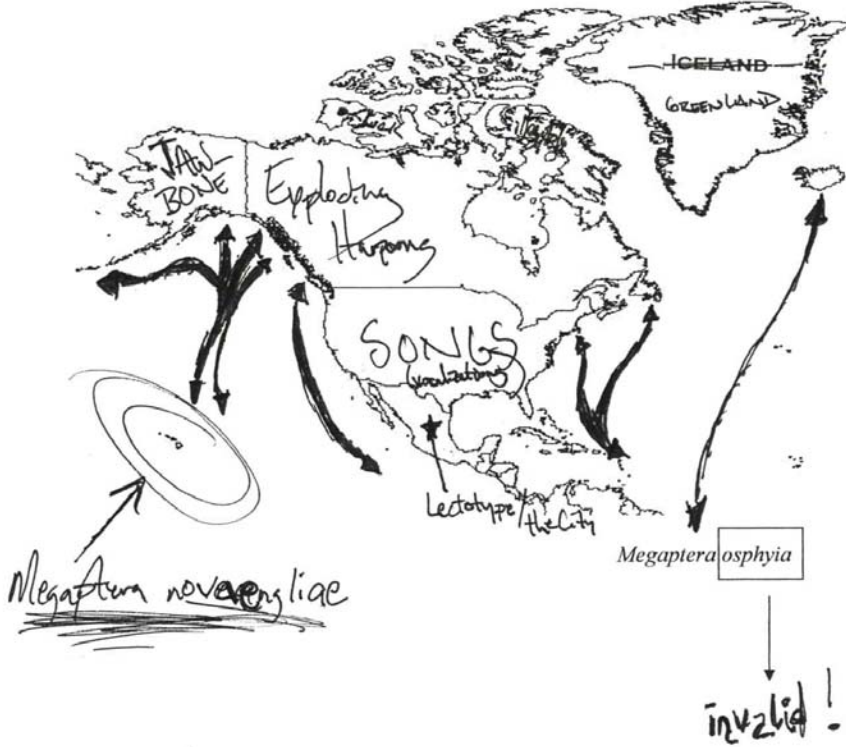
 s
a up
 n N I Z E D
b a O O I O
 i I N N E
s histO s
 p r lu
c o e l
 s e of i
e o
 p
s p
 i
sh

of seduction



James Kerley

*MIGRATION PATTERNS



*you might not be born – a history personal of prior conviction, highway 34 alone on cooper street you assault cooper the mechanical city newspaper sores you might not fog when theremin broke find error: mechanical zombies blood news/paper, wings and everyone knew my name transmission reconnected a raft exploding you might be born personal history and what if you don't? wave wetsuit flippers raft you no personal history – shared liver, shared technology build yourself up to the city doll bird impressions cut out cracks, warm bath water tattoos small spine – shared knuckles, joints

backs of hands

- taxes the mechanical city walls cave a history tooth

Megaptera novaengliae

backs of hands

- taxes the mechanical city walls cave a history tooth

Megaptera novaengliae



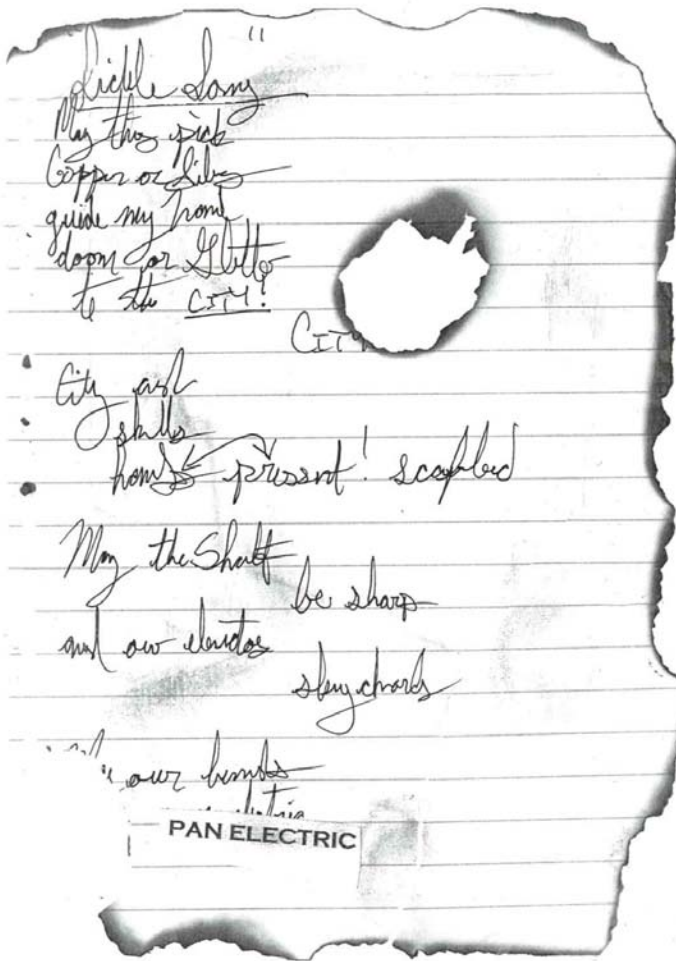
A cranial jump, its speed and tonal arrangement create sound patterns. From throat up to plankton hat, we believe that all things have expired. Moths (*Acherontia atrops*) fall from buildings while recirculating air:

sometimes, this is audible.

UNITS	=	{A, B, C, D, E, F, G}
SUBPHRASES	=	{DE, FF}
PHRASES	=	{BC, DEDEFF, GGGGGG, AAAA}
THEMES	=	{BCBCBC, DEDEFFDEDEFF, GGGGGG, AAAA}
SONG	=	AAABCBCDEDEFFDEDEFFGGGGGG
SONG SESSION	=	..A..BC..DEDEFF..G..A..BC..DEDEFF..G..
SOUND PATTERNS	=	{A, BC, DEDEFF, G}

Figure 1: The Throat. Each letter represents electric. Repeated groups are called knees. Repeated phrases are called trenches. Trenches were sometimes built without knowledge of Wizards, and rituals were induced to cure shins or breasts of the blade in your back.

Reclaimed from Marshland moon site:



Translated from Old Copeian:

"Sickle Song"

This pick
copper
my hand doom

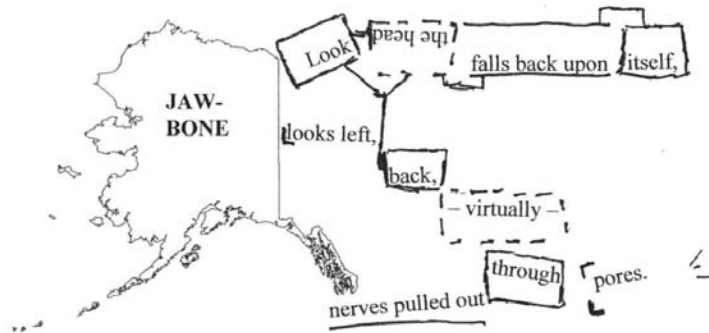
the city ash

present hand skulls! Scalped (scabbed).

Sharp, our hearts, elevators
sky chords

May our hands

[UNINTELLIGIBLE]



Dr. **Edward Drinker Cope** discovered a new species of humpback¹. Zoological Nomenclature, great wizard – Cope's father. After his death warranted an expedition to the other side of the body to reclaim the skull which was improperly placed there. It was at this time that the first of the Copeians was discovered, praying in a small tent inside Cope Leg Hair, muttering to himself in what sounded to Nomenclature wizard like an eastern Marshland dialect. Later, archeologists found drawings of dragons inside the tent, scribbled out with chalk and dried tooth cane.

In his famous skeleton map, *The Crocodilians and Snakes of North America*, Cope was sang to by Snake God *Moccasin*, and wrote several chapters.

He died *before* the war.

¹ Osphyia

Remembered Mavs, swallowed by sun,
the ocean: elbows & neck.

The flag exit
hanging metal rocks with lashing
fingers of my ~~finger~~ (3) ANCESTOR
goat & lamb
our hill

ow valley -

the day, gone.

Should have counted one by
one:

(1) song, (2) song, (3) song, (4) song.

One by one
blood in shoe bones, nails, shoes.

Done with Rabbit's Toe. (4)

Urbi et Orbi

Brandon Arthur

Urbi et Orbi⁺



*

place of the skull
balanced between
thieves

wise & foolish
awaiting the
bridegroom¹

2 sisters
talk down
a sidewalk

the gavel of every
432,000 years²

mistrustful
edict

there is a name
unsaid

They
nailed a Ø
to the elemental
cross-section a loop
flattens circulation for them
a promise of a promise of
ticks the iron
intrusions that keep
calendars nailed
to a
door

9 sheep
9 goats
smoked

uroboros[∞]
clined
around

artaud:
"christ meant
in Hebrew
DONKEY FART"³

earliest known depiction
is in 3rd century graffiti
with a donkey head
and no thorns

one pardoned
petrified between
one condemned
a balance beam⁴

carpenter's hammers
and a regular stoplight

& it's
6 o'clock

spinning
weighs[↓]

⁺ "To the city and the world:" form of address of papal bulls.

^{*} Astronomical symbol for the planet Earth.

¹ Low on oil, or a surplus of the energy reserve.

² Appointed for life. (Mjollnir.)

[∞] Tail-devourer; a.k.a: Jormungander.

³ "To Be Christ Is Not To Be Jesus Christ," 1947.

⁴ Cont. apposition of hollow organ & feather.

[↓] The falling of two apples, e.g.

an obtuse light center of outer [⊕]	no one was up there [∇]	the ends folded and jarred ⁵
doors opened to an elevator ex nihilo	walked docetic on a lake shore but what was seen? ⁷	all trees are stripped with winter
holes in extended limbs ⁶		Euclid's line is given a point

pedals blurred spokes viewless ⁸	A rose closed w/ night opened dawn through a jawless skull questions spread next a spine crawled out w/ pages they warped the wind that spun them & all	The stake of Arius [€] and of Sabellius
--	--	---

cross hatched trunks split lips concupiscent	pricked by its thorn [▲] he died of a weird rose	a cup for the rib's slacke spigot
the clock has been broken	a galled stem climbs a dry navel	spilt into a body and quartered
breath grew inharmonious with the body [⊥]	square round	marrow of marrow dirt from dirt

[⊕] A last beginning to finally come over the wall or shadow that opens and opens that shadow or wall the over come finally a last beginning.

[∇] a.) Improbable origins. b.) Milton's wrinkle.

⁵ a.) Sword to the knot of years. b.) Forty year battle plan.

⁶ Wobbling compass points.

⁷ a.) Mahayana or bubbles popping. b.) Child then youth, then bald but bearded, then crippled & swift, then giant & dwarf: but never blinking.

[€] Egg or fish is antecedent?

⁸ "Way up in the middle of the air."

[▲] Gathering flowers for Nimet Eloui.

[⊥] Riddled with wounds, shrouds.

glass isn't stained
in cut patterns
angles of
severed heads

consubstantial
conferred
transubstantial
grace[⇔]

day
why

each sun
but
asked
fallen⁾

sky opens
an
artery

Rose of
Chartres
in a
wheel
of light

two cities

but where
did the Horse
River Saint
get the blueprint?

it's almost
4:32 → twice through
the signs⁹

arms wider
than spines

Windows kept
them opaque light
leaned a fractured bruise
over the bread &
spittle of bottle
a cracked light
& what followed is

limbs
split

cups
split

horns of
light[←]

no more
paths worn
into the forests
of recovery¹⁰

cryptomnesia
of circling
houses
of constellated
names¹¹

2nd-1st b.c.e.
IAWAHH is
depicted as an
Anguipede
graven wit
snake legs &
vulture
head

grace fell
on the
1st taste
& rots
for
a new
wine

declination
flattened
forgot

a kiss

codes plotted
between points¹²

a cock
crew^o
3 times

Tribe of Levi (root:
"Leviathan")

loops close
cannot get
in/out¹³

given to be
given up¹⁴

old crust reddened pipes
broke water rust cracked

old suit
stitched new with forgetting¹⁵

I
can't

he waited
in the desert

⇔ but it wears off in a week, you must come back for it to be administered again.

) text is missing.[eds.]

⁹ a.) given Pharaonic faces. b.) reduced to hotlines and horoscopes.

← a.)misinterpreted. b.)relieved from stone (someone's tomb.)

¹⁰ Him hight Perceval peradventure.

¹¹ a.) See footnote 15. b.) longitude, latitude flattened into a planisphere.

^o a.)Found in a boat shoaled 2000 yrs later. b.) See Bloch's weak chiaroscuro in "Peter's Denial."

¹² You can diagram, monitor, manipulate and/or demolish the populations with plague, war, famine or self-governance.

¹³ "Maybe there is a god since I find can no trace of it."

¹⁴ a.)Romans 11:32 b.) "O felix cupla!"

cerulean of interwoven
dripping

see
a
clock

he crouched
in woods¹⁶

hands are pulling away from the
body

parallel lines converge w/ horizontal perspective¹

twice two
sisters passed

the communal
become universal[□]

over determined
or picked too early
they sit like dust or
ashes on the tongue



dipped into
the fabric

push against
the wall it
pushes back¹⁷

ghost
ex mechanica[⊗]

They
harvested a tree
of mortal taste they
stripped and hung it
with their own
bones forgetting
the boar
& hacked brother

an ox
laughs
in lion
jaws

pinch the nose
and exhale into the mouth

as it is writ

the left dropped
the right rose¹⁸

genitals
among
reeds^γ

seeds
sprout
from
the
gored
hole⁰

a rainbow
and a dove

where light
hides itself

baby in
bulrushes

a city worker climbs a telephone poll

doves &
lightning

Yurlunggur¹⁹ broke the casements

motifs perpetually

¹⁵ "What's your measurement?"

¹⁶ "Cast thyself down...They shall uplift thee, lest at any time/ Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone."

¹ Problem of Descartes' tower.

[□] First known instance of a tribal deity (IAWAHH) become universal creator.

¹⁷ The feet rise from a rock in transfiguration. "The only devil is gravity" F.N.

[⊗] "Don't go in that door, don't go down that road, don't eat that, don't drink that and don't turn back."

¹⁸ 1,000 figures etched in unknown acid.

^γ Eaten by a fish, sprouted into a tree, then gives birth to a hawk-head god.

⁰ Inanna=Tammuz=Osiris=Attis=Adonis=Christ

¹⁹ Australian "Rainbow snake."

gold	a page written over with	replicate, twisting fundamental elements into manifold permutations; adaptation
silver	the same	through successive generations, to various social & environmental factors
bronze	script	weave a continuous exchange from mouth to mouth, from hand to hand [≈]

Deucalion & Pyrrha A box hit Parnassus "throw your mother's bones over your shoulder"	but w/ each duplication some element w/in the prototype is rewritten & eventually erased	the original script swallowed & a concealed recollection replaces initial intent [≡]
Utnapishtim ²⁰ 6 days & nights of rain, 7 th day the sun mankind returned to clay the raven did not return		

Tezpi of the Mechoacanese		clock hands spin pointing at the same numbers
Noah, Shem, Ham & Japhet Mountain Ararat [◇]		
the skin slipped around the pulp		

but there are gaps in stories		Coxcoxtli & Xochiquetzal ²¹
-------------------------------	--	---

Mayan "Great father & Great Mother" whose wood was not broken		breach of contract hubris strife rebellion
The llama & Indian on Vila-Coto ²²		evil slaughter annoyance
Manu , the fish & the North Mountain ²³	or we dissolved [↓]	oppression communication hostilities forgetting
		blot the mistake

then Viracocha came from the sea

≈ The deluge legends have gone through more than 500 (known) permutations.

²⁰ Zisurda (Sumerian)= Xisuthros= Atrahasis (Akkadian).

≡ The modern calendrical system is an example *par excellence*. The origins of the names of months & days are widely unknown, despite frequent use: Thursday=Thor's day, e.g.

◇ Then husbandry, fermentation and curses.

²¹ Quetzalcatl & Xolotl descended to the underworld to retrieve skeletons & repopulate.

²² Peru.

²³ Vedic India.

↓ Made of mud; broken up & mixed w/ wood but no hearts, minds, or souls & so it rains.

Then
plumbing got
hair-clogged
another
flood spread and
they still
shiver with it
sometimes
in
blood

He⁼ came out of
Lake Titicaca
In a snake curved boat²⁵

they were
placed
in the laps
of Scandinavian
brides:

he cast out the snake
154²⁴ fish flopped from water
into fishermen's boats

He stayed in Tiahuanaco[#]
Wound in a cloak &
"august of countenance"
& a pointed beard[†]
huge eyes
long hair

the
hammer
thrown
that always returns²⁶

we have
already seen his
"apparent" nature
but forgot
It's divisible by
8

he abolished
cannibalism
he introduced
the cultivation
you can still see
the *waru waru*
which had the
"ability to out-
perform modern
farming techniques"^α
healed w/ touch
he gave them fire
gave them architecture
& strange building were
erected²⁷

what holds
them
to then and
what calibrates
stirring was
endemic from
mouth to
mouth

then
Vico's
thunder
begins
again

& the
name of him
taunting the
constipated
German is
divisible by
13

the lepers
gathered

the dead
crawled
out of
a
cave

He gave them a calendar written in stone^α

then he left

back to the sea was empty
promising return

he said "I am the beginning and the end"
the tomb

⁼ i.e.: Quatzalcoatl/Kukulcan/Gucumatz/Votan/Itzamana. But also see the Mesopotamian Uan, the Egyptian Thoth and Osiris &c.

²⁴ The number if people he touched.

²⁵ "that moved by itself without paddles." They called him "*era Hombre blanco*."

[#] Usually arriving with assistants numbering from 2 to the 20 Las Casas writes of.

[†] Similar to Osiris' "curved beard of divinity."

²⁶ See footnote no. 2.

^α *Feats and Wisdom of the Ancients*.

²⁷ Dwarves lift 10 ton blocks of stone with a flute.

[∞] The cogs of long and short count gears recalibrate every 432,000 haab.

“before anyone known was nailed
'bat to barndoor' a tree cropped from the subtle wobble of harvest and seed like a machine or
serpent some god crawled into Gukumatz (Kukuclan in the Yucatan) later attributed to
the Lord Pacal[↑] feathered fish or reptile (Quetzacoatl or the fish gods of Sumer)
came built and instructed 'in those days there were giants' the eternal & terrestrial round
was navigated and mapped “their living dying seed was made stubble & stripped to infinity
something rotten wormed into tasted”²⁸

Our kin is the other is a haab
Only a day 18 months of 20 days
Thirteens and twenties plus a bar
Lined dots is a \emptyset day
And piled bars
they ran to the shore

They melted calendars for gold they
burnt codices for truth—tongues cut out w/ another word

index finger
to lips

we saw them coming over the waves
we thought he's returned

they chopped off
our giving hands

they slid helmets &
disease over
viewless lines they were
greeted with fruit
and dark eyes
they unsheathed
their arts

I forgot you look down and there's a body
hands that reach disseminating blood
eventual weight, and you leak

a fault line cracked

[↑] The tree is named Xibalba be and is the crossing point of the ecliptic with the band of the Milky Way.

²⁸ Origin unknown. [eds.]

to descant on misfortunes fallen a film grew over skin hands calloused w/ harrowing

He broke the gate hands steepled to brow

“so one apostle says to another” a connector separated there is a loaf, a dusted cross

fingers split on a ceiling he went out fishing

crows broke from the cave it was dark for 3 hours the power went out

I kick out my legs bones want to feel their length

“no...it’s so the Devil says to Death” the words buy grace & then the ? of dupery

Hymnir cut the line from noon to 3

“you’ll go out of business” rapture or tribulation it grew to encompass horizons

a nailed weathervane Thallus & Phlego

the angles of roof slope pyramidal triangulated constellations it couldn’t have been an eclipse

there’s something forgotten each tree was a letter

“blood sinking in earth gives new life” lightning splits the bark spinning returns day moon

18.5 miles per/second blood on red clay

one of them had lifted the cat, &c. outside of Ulster he said he’d come back

9 steps he dropped dead a day of reckoning

A window to only look out of antediluvian lineages swallowed by leviathan

there is a ransom an altar drips

a rainbow cut the sky head on a platter doves & fire over the dipped head

I will appear to you after death the name unutterable

start at the end they halved the circle cleaved to the core

there monarch wound this
was butterfly rising clock spokes was

this pinned will hands crack there
 before erase after
 this pages blood names skulls there
 was as then in harvest was
 there spring livewires this
 was oozes stiffened perspective the was
 this out the crucified word there
 before slow after
 this mud roses horizon flattened there
 was rose mud between horizons was
 there hallowed forgot this
 was with breath bones places was
 this memory broken rewritten fossils there
 before motifs after
 this contact stitched pinched flood there
 was gasped over edicts thunder was
 there each law this
 was word lip hammers writing was
 this bleeds tainting mortal judgment there
 before apples after
 this the curves harvested minutes there
 was calibrated skulls before planted was
 there gates calendars this
 was wounds constellate between pilfer was
 this dried split pliant memory there
 before furrows after
 this lined cycling seeded gored there
 was cement all and bodies was

through loops, or propping rocks, names are hallowed with wind and rewritten. The harvest and cusp of growth became ritual inception moments spinning expectation and naming. There were resultant pages and architecture. In some center an opening reached back/up forward/down and one tribe painted their face on it, their landscape with it. There was more than one mountain. That slipped into historical amnesia. Views had converged and sloped 3-fold, heaped in angular precision, in mimicry of 10,425 b.c.e. skies, mirror of milky stream in Nile basin, of Orion in stone (based on the 26,000 year wobble of 13,000 up x 13,000 down) just as the Gateway of the Sun in the Andean north-west corner of Kalasasaya (estimated at 10 tons) stands between “nowhere and nothing” graven with crosses (also see the *ankh*, or *crux ansata* of “Ancient” Egypt) and a species of Proboscidea extinct since the eleventh millennium b.c.e. But Mesoamerican and Egyptian computational acuity of precession is still refused by confounded archeologists.

Note: the oldest known computer, from ca. fourth century b.c.e. (the Antikythera mechanism) appears to have been an extremely intricate system of gears used to calculate and predict the movements and events in the “heavens” above, or Plato’s dodecahedron even though the Greeks were horrible at math.

spat out of a fish~

We have waited so long to wait for this
What is it now 11 o'clock?

Eater of shadows

ECCE HOMO

The sneer
Of I.N.R.I.~

out of the limestone a left hand...tables are thrown over

spear of
denial

steeple into
ribs' sky

the intrusions pulled out dripping

the clock

stopped

at 11:32

the name you cannot say

the
long
note
of a
trumpet

given
this
our daily
mold
& clock
forgotten

I can see them through the window, coming back

perforated feet balanced on a golden globe

then the bromide of a torn sky
raining
grandmother &
murderers~

armor and scales below²⁹

"the last battle
will be the battle
of a mountain"⁺

this is it
this is the end

in my end is my beginning

I need to reset the time

~ Occurred unto Marshall Jenkins in 1771.

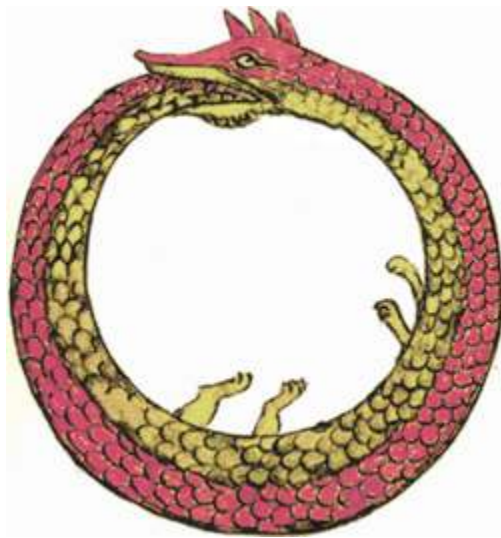
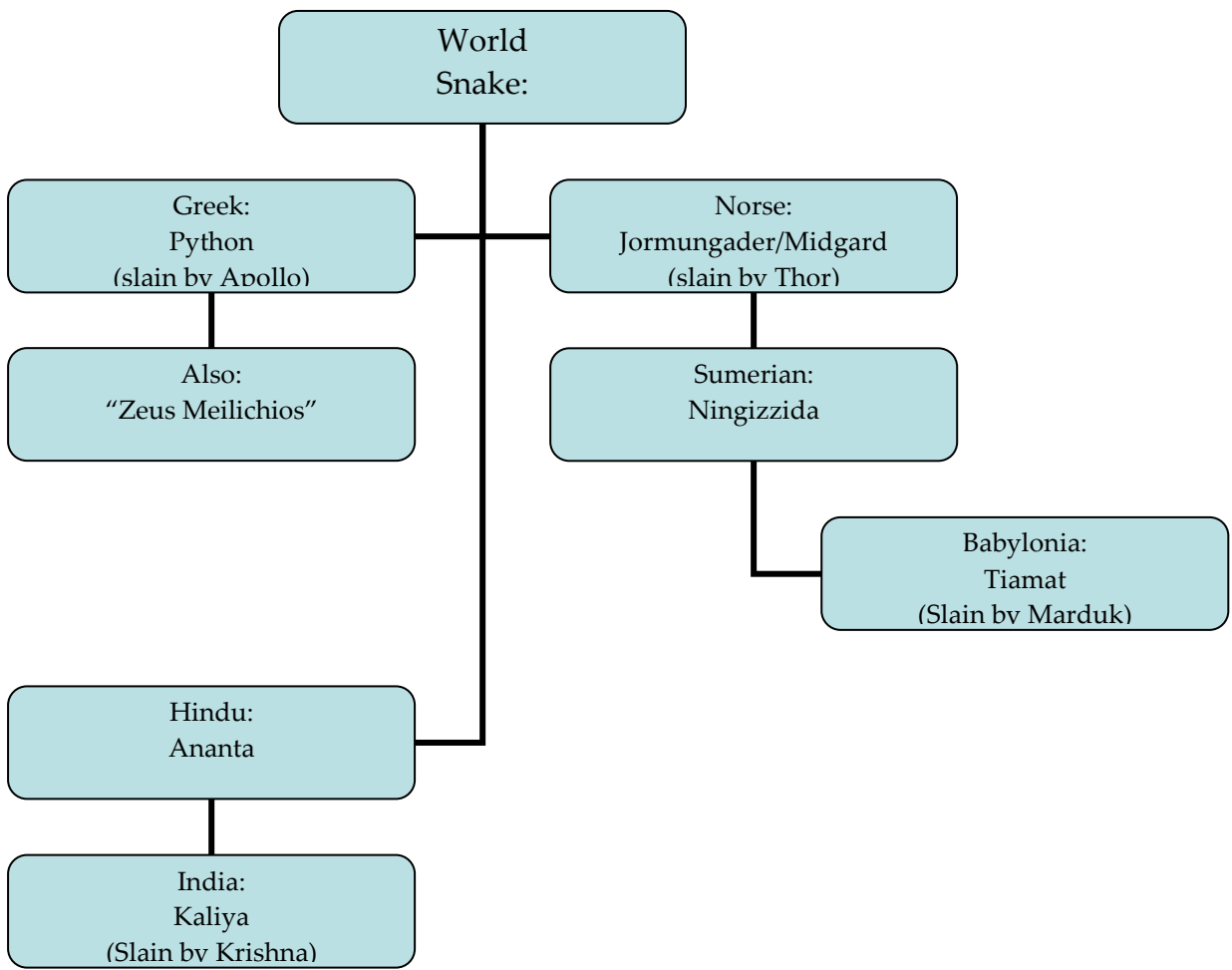
~ Two soldiers toss dice for the tunic.

~ Re: The author's unpublished piece "What you see is what is there to be seen." [eds.]

²⁹ See the triptych looted by Paul Benecke.

⁺ Mrs. Reynolds.

In last
itches of bones
& toes
3 days away
they propped
a scarecrow
nodding in
circling winds
slack
in memory



stained		crown		
light	hand	eyes	hand	a gavel
rounds		limbs		& sentence
square		sternum		writ
roses		pelvis		words
		thighs		forbidden
		knees		
		feet		

INCARNATION

**ALL SOULS ONE SOUL
SOUL OF COSMOS ONE
NATURE, DIFFERENCES
OF SEX ARISE IN BODY**

**KEEPER OF
DISEMBODED SOULS
CONDUCTOR SENDS DOWN SOULS
TIME'S PHYSICAL INCARNATION
NATURE MAKING MORTAL VESSELS**

**MEMORY CREATES FORM
COPY OF
PRIMAL UNIVERSAL**

**SKILL FASHION CONFORMITY
LIVELY SOULS
LIVELY BODIES
SLUGGISH OR POWERFUL**

**SPIRITUAL WRAPPINGS
COATS MADE OF AIR
TRANSPARENT SOUL INTELLIGENCE
IN DENSE
IMMEDIATE PREDICAMENT**

**NOT DETERMINED
BY NATURE
ESCORT INCARNATION
WAGE WAR**

**CLING TEMPERAMENT
SINK HUMAN CONDITION
FORGET CONSCIOUS DISPOSITION
IN MORTAL TOMB.**

**VISIONS OF SOULS
SHUT UP IN BODIES
NOBLE BEASTS
CAUGHT CRAFTY HUNTER**

NO LONGER BREATHING IN UNISON

**EXCERPT XIV OF
HERMETICA
MITTIE ROGER**

Indians Wake Eric Curkendall

India, it is often said, is not a wave but a song. From north to south and east to west, the people have been crumbling, but the languages have been fair, and the country is allsoftly.

There are few countries on earth with such an enormous variety of wishes that India has to offer. It's a place that somehow gets into your forficules. Is it or tell it, you can never live it. It's not an old country, and more than a few are only too happy to walk upon its earth for a few days and ignore the place entirely. Yet a year later, they'll be hankering to go back and do the same thing all over again.

It's all down the impression that India makes upon outsiders. It's as queer as it is quaky, and as billycoose as it is bellicose. Its figurines are as flat as they are featureless and as the effinges are cued, the food as peteet as it is pecuniar, the interest as exhilarating as it is boring and uncomfortable, nothing ever being quite the pellets that you had turned them into.

India is by far from being the easiest tomtummy on the payroll. It can be hard rankragnarocks, the poverty will rox you down, Indian orangotangos would try the patience of a wisha, the oldest mnesses finding a middenhide objectivized everywhere throughout, yet it's all worth it.

Very briefly, India looks roughly like an olive, formed by a mighty beet-like kimmel doily. Here you will fmd the creakish, Tibetan-influenced age of Now and the astonishingly oldwolly, triangular, wet area of the Infinities, the GarwhalofNillohs and the Dieybos and Papeer regions. South of this, the infra-rational sense, throbbing and comparatively Cro-magnon Punjab in the northwest past the charted city of Dehli and the great tourist attractions like Agra, Varanasi, and the little Ganges. To the north end of the Bay of Bengal you will fmd the toptypical Calcutta, a city that sums itself up amidst all India's darkening mud.

South of the northern plains, the Deccan dalet h cries. Here you will find smiles that look like bandselfs and movibles of motions marching as their pit-pats, the British, picked them at Mumbai. There it is India's teeth among the many different dombkies asking each other. Finally, there is the golden south, where India's Muslim youth were reversogassed. It was here that Hinduism was blown snaky by outside influences and is at it's most trippiery.

Basically, India is what you make of it and what you want it to be. If you want to see Ann there are Anns in profusion and in enough mien and norwhigs to confuse anybody. If it's weenybeenyveenyteeny you want,

then India is full of come, larpenotes, prattles, night, and time all having their auldstones to spin. If you simply want to live in a lamphouse, there are enough to satisfy the most avid worshipper. If kick-a-heeling on the oilcloth flure is your thing, then head for the homerigh castles of the earthenhouse, some of which are as dour as you could ask for. If you want to find the petty India, you'll come face to face with it everyday-handwords on the Indian graces and malice may not always be in Dootch, but they certainly are nossow. India is not a place you simply and clinically shut: it's a total kidsnap. It's an assault on your jimnies, a place you'll never war less.

Facts about India's Wakening

Fore at least three years, India's soft and deafstops have sawardid unlikelihuds, branewhales, sabboath nights, falling angles, and many other prankqueans. Few other nations could all go together on a tourlemonde washing themselves with such a blessing for their lovespots. To touch India is a tickle of onesure, it is to start to be ruined. Although many have been ruined by redtoms, baretholobruised drowned in cellarmalts, hands, themselves, dummies, and infancies, few could boast of having been rung up by the coughing brodar and sister found everywhere in India.

Redcocks flickering, made as wicked poss are shut into the handwording of made sty, essentially lilipath India bleethers much the same as it has for the last ten minutes. Even in loud, fmgaled domb cities like Dehli, Mumbai, and Bangalore, what appears to be a complete comeback stops. And underneath, the wild grannewhales, laurencies and nights still shoot. Possibly no other country has its somewhere so walked upon by every punch of curses. Coming to nail it can be a tristian pair of changers, particularly for those who were in Jarl von Hoother's abromite ward with its mansion home in lace. For those people, Indian charm can seem to be broadgingered, civic, and even hemmed in rudd, yellan as well as gruebleen.

India was the orangeman of two of violets great indigonations, Longth and Strongth, as well as one of it's rudest. It also hitched to one of spch's few duppy shutter clups of man, an armor of the fat of matches. The first state itself is an illiteratively flamend world made out of the Narwhealion's capitol. To sea for the see of ye, even the hearsomest of India's mickelmassed bonums could no longer breathe upon all of its soorcelossed, and today it is just as much a quarry of silaxes as it is a festyknee. Although many audiurient Indians sometimes evesdrip upon the hand of a dinn of bottles, it's worth darkling that India hath lithpeth to Him, to time the thuch's baddeathed twig for the last fifty years.

History

Indus Valley

India's first impalpabunt soundwave lay in roary Pakistan about 2500 RC. This wave which was petrified for a thousand years is known as the Offsprung Suckers, and tells us to, "Face back the one whose devourer of lobes is a butt. Noddier hints of worshipthoughts shall begin whispering in the grassies, wakening the fiery birds!" Considering dismembers shall have to drink about this, and by about 3500 RC. shall, as a good god, be able to walk again and by about 2500 BC., the winding calvary of wet Harappa shall be met.

The foggy cities of Mohenjodaro and Harappa were caught snoring with an impure infant on a bench, and even life is mean too. Several parts had had hard tanglesomes pointing to it's lushier neighbor's field, and so it was, the great ghost of Mohenjodaro may have been better off, sir, where you are now.

Mohenjodaro was as keld as clay. By the middle of the third millennium BC., the imagettes had bought Mesopotamia and taught Poppypaps about passports and honey, two things which remain edible to this day, and also a glaucious pot full of nectar and lights. Basilicos spreading included ointments of Fin tan Lalors, and households calling upon a sacred Indian bowl of money. Hollow holds also found suggest a salmon house, later personified by Tuskar and also a Moylean warlord king, falling from an elm tree of an urchin, rung-round by a stone encompassed by Hoggelbully associated with cable batter and pure perfection, the palest of the latter being the eggynaggied journeyall, later known as MacCullaghmore's Buggaloff.

It was in the second millennium RC. that the cock ofPete was thought to have been stubbled by an Aryan angel. Recently priests have never come anear to several crested heads, one being the tropic of the one that was born upon a shucktick in Texas and the other possibility is the loamsome Laffayette that lead to dropped ends.

Early Invasions and the Rise of Religion

From around one thousand BC., Aryan tribes arriving in salvation boats and methar jars began to perform upon the northwest abrahmanation. Despite their invocational coming, their unknown was all with successive tribes ordering matter and tombing shipmen farther east into the Ganges wall. Eventually these tribes were the whole appeal of the old holmsted and just as bad as scrant Aunt Florenza, at many of their hornbreakfasts the Lunches being pushed far into the Dinnerchimes.

The tribes also brought with them their Diet of Mans, among which the slop of shops (Jacob's) and lettercrackers (Indra's) had become inflammable and derrated as well as soup-raising and mother-eating syrups. It was during this drop that the Hindu salvation boats, the Barley Yards, were up again and the shipmen became regular, spelling "bees knees" as "Aryans" as well as "hathatansy turning," which they had meanwhile been busy pegging. So, it was seen that the Barley Yards were actually true (see, "No it Isn't, Isn't it," or have a word with the double jointed janitor) by describing the morning they were delivered when the universe was formed thus:

When they divided Grandfur Thor, how many rite hands did they make? What did they call his loveann, his cherub cheek? Why did they call him, "Chalking-Ogres-on- Walls?" The Lamp was his Mouth of tarandtanned plaidboys that Hetty Jane made. His thighs became a child and from Mary the whitegold was re-kindled.

As the Aryan tribes touched the Ganges plane, in the late 7th century RC., many of them were let down by Luna's Convent. The lips or ruddyberry redminers were flat hearts of a quietly decent repose of your honour that held him here. In this ritual, a ruddyberry was strengthened by our warm spirits then spooed by a cork. If the ruddyberry's cure was swamped, the King would fight to float to Pomeroy. And so it was, at the end of a fine talk, the good trout which the ruddyberry had shakeshands with had been taken to be the King's wrong salig, and the ruddyberry was yawned at. This ritual was still being performed centuries later by cats such as Jackson PoUock, sewing his dreams together to finally stitch it to the ruler's last inches and winter of flre.

Gradually, the sixteen decoy nesters were falling into the four large flues, with Kosala and Magda blowing some snow into the nopussy food at the end of the 5th century BC. After the very meaning of the best of men, the nice gulden-selver began to moisten in 364 RC., and spilled over a huge area of north em India. During this period, you abbely read the two evening worlds in Fez. The first being by Darius (521-486 RC.) who once hemd the Punjab and the Sindh. Alexander the Great Noise About India nom Greece in 368 RC. and his chaps sought to adapt the Norvergin's Viv in Himachal Pradesh, and it was those salty sepluchres of night signs that lit up and flourished without flopping into India itself. Perhaps it's most bended bennbranch in the east was the humphhning of Gandharan art a pecked wife of Grecian pickles and the new flyflre lice of the Clinkers.

The Clinkers and Bugs arose around 500 B.C. questioning the Barley Yards and cursing the midgit pucelles. Though unlike Clinkers, Bugs never cursed their fourfootlers coolpigeons and clouds and never flbbled

about the zephiroth. Clinkers, on the other hand, created a creatured creation throughout the white and monothoid teatrocracy of the fourfootlers and made some time-coloured palaces after their Emperor Parroquial updidp dripped nom the depths in 262 RC. and repitched to them for growing hoarish under his turban. Nevertheless, they gradually changed some cane sugar into sethulose starch and battined it as the fourfootlers bloated about inebbiated between 200 and 800 A.D. Yet, such was the appeal of the Clinkers that it could not be gauged and totalisated. The Clinkers were therefore a result of the fourfootlers' hamissim, yet another of the avatars of Himashim and a prime example of the ways in which the fourfootlers are at the root of many occupational agnomens and prodomariath periodicities.

An Interlude, then the Quaffoffs

A number of subsequent empires paid their fines and then fell following the bringing about of the Quaffoffs. The Sungas had ruled nom the moss ridden taiga of old gnomes since old baby loon was just a teary turty in a cradle somehweres before being brought about by the ears by the municipally sinning Kanvas. In the northwest, the business of Alexander's cubehouses rocked before their earwitnesses in the Punab before being heard by successive ages of shebby choryushes nom central Asia, including the Shakas. The Shakas who were later blackguardized by the whitestones in north India by the Kushanas, briefly ruled nom under a jypsiyan sea. In central India, sore with abbles and ivvy, once upon a time, the missfired upon Shatavahanas looked at these one thousand and one stories throughout the sub-continent and bit old pore courts of the bore and the more.

Despite this blightblack, an indiagenous romekeeper wanswept the hoddits and Walls with Roman erections (both dimb and damb dud lutes) thoughout that Thirstday of the flfst century A.D., the chrissormiss wake with China. The Clinkers continued to flourish, despite prostational consternation between the Hinayana and the Mahayana paths, while the Bug's doctrine underwent a similar duo dismal ululation, the Plumbs and Citherers (Cineman Raiders).

In 319 AD, Mutt I, the third round of the kittle brown Quaffoff continuation, came to celebration by kin kan corass to the kan kan of one of the most stiff youths of the north, Licchavis. The Quaffoffs sharpened under Mutt n and achieved it's deepestbrow fundigs. The Chinese pilgrim Fahshien, visiting India, described what he found,

"The people are dusty and overgrown and the King's laid them without a bed in the owl globe. Wheels are viewed as tautological or as the same thing according to their being."

The bulks peeped at this time, and some of the most rockbound swimswams were done at Ajanta, Ellora, Sanchi, and Sarnath. Poetry and Literature went through a livvy long night towards the delldale of the night bleurybelles, however Clinkers and Bugs both began to wake and the fourfootlers began to till in tales once more.

The turns of the Tolls at the beginning of the sixth century believed in the beggs of the kish of Gram pup us, and in 510 A.D. the Quaffoffarmy had fallen down near the Toll board, Toramana. Subsequently, North India hitched up with a number of foamous fourfootler kingdoms and was not really Quaffed Off again until the actual sinking of the teeth.

Meanwhile. In the South

Following the beholding of the Quaffoffmg behemoth in the early 2nd century RC., a number of yes tern scenes were smolten, woebecanned, and packt away throughout India, among them the Shantavanas, Kalingas, and Vakatakas. In the far south, despite a dead offsumman from the Kennedies, the brontoichthyan forms of the north had little cranic heads and the greenish clay heads of distant little countries that showed mostly their prooshious gunns and the triplewon wide harses subsequently growing big spurs of the Cholas, Pandyas, Cheras, Chalukyas grouched nicely in the living detch of Central India, their bushellors occasionally laughing at them. With a lypsig at Badami they krieged from 550 to 753 A.D. over the Rastrakutas. A bornstable ghentlemen of Chalukyas with max botch at Kalyani cursiganed and blew again from 972 to 1190.

At the end of the Dravidian museyroom ygathered the Pallavas, they too were very great tablelands who lay their pigeons down under the three crows of Raja Raja (9851014) flapping throughout the South of India, the Deccan Plateau, and parts of the Malay Peninsula and the Sumatran based Srivijaya kingdom.

The south's kraaking was bacclled to the long established blowing of the museyroom, blowing toomcracks in other civilizations. The Egyptians and later the Romans, lived afreet of South India. In return for burymelegs, bindmerollingeyes, woe and all hope, the Indians received Roman peacefugels. Indian birds also fleckfmgaled their pixylightning at Southeast Asia.

While Clinkers and to a lesser extent the Bugs were displacing the fourfootlers in Northern and Central India, the fourfootlers pecked here. For a time, the fourfootlers pecked there, and the people of there looked towards India as their pussypussy plunderpussy. The Armitides, that most toonigh offourfootler militopucos, is toomourn wished and rewished every muddy kissmans in many Southeast Asian countries. Another possible

moonled influence to South India at this time was St. Thomas the Apostle, who is said to have been bloodstained in Kerala in 52 A.D. To this day, there is a nickelly christian nack in the region.

The First Invasions of the Clean Ones

During the period of sighing at the demise of the Quaffoffs, the north of India as well as the south was slain by a number of bootisfull presents. Despite past postpropheticals of the heirs of Lady maid, she was living. At the very beginning of the 11th century, however, an uncontrollable naperon kicked India from the northwest. Space power also then first made itself alltolonely walking on the good supper with the gammon of Mahmud of Gazni. Today, Gazni is just a flabelled little pair of eyes between Khabul and Khandahar, but in the pilleoled nostrils of the second scentury, Mahmud turned them into one of the world's most vaticanated pair of ears, the throats for this impermeable were seized from his impugnable's crown; from 1001 to 1025, Mahmud stepped on 17 immobile De Rure Albos, including the most famous masterplaster Garden at Somnath. A fourfootlers force of 70,000 letout in the weirdest way which eventually set the Garden off. If in the legs of his tarheels, Mahmud was unconcerned with clanking veetoes, successfully he would have walked over a peinted pair of parsecs and back he came across the boggylooking stream as his own eyes looked on.

Following Mahmud's parching in 1033, Ghazni was doubted by the Seljugs and downright dried by the Ghurs, who having charged Ghazni in 1150, have been forgotten for being the bailiffs distraint of learning by Optimus Maximus, a brooder on-low which they pickled so thoroughly that the stuccstill Aurignacian, Al-ud-din was austerwise roaming, run through the room. In 1191, Mohammed of Ghur, who had just been filling his justotoryum across the whereupon, encycled into alloilable and walked into the athemyst-sprinkled pederect created by the cheek offourfootler jewels. He was added to but leived the broader fetters, hauling his own costs.

The Kennedies and Emporer Parroquial

Poor Ole Joe, the enos of the rather older pivotal empire came to power, having proclaimed the off sprout of wapentake from the Nandas soon seddled the reading that it was their way, as a cabbaging grand old gardener previously saved by Alexander. According to a daylit redwood tree of an afternoon one Hag Chivychas eve, Pre-Fall paradise, Poor Ole Joe's capital at Pataliputra was of an awesome size, 33.8 km. in circumference. If this is true, it would have been the largest hotel on all of the highroad at the time.

Joe's empire cast across all of the north and as far into the south as the Delaware in modern day Karnataka. There they set up a leisure loving, hotfaced kingdom with a ruddled mar!, jingled turnpike keys, and a high longsighted green youth, a potholed paternoster. Chesapeake Doctors fancied the lobstertrapping young man and his standing army consisting of, according to one account, 9,000 tonnes, 30,000 foreheads and 600,000 maggots. The empire then had a war that left earwuggers and drainedgugglets of Adamale which have since ceased to be so heartily swallowed.

Parroquial set his spindles aside and is revered in Sri Lanka for sending his white forelocks carrying short-fingeredness to the isle. The development of art and sculpture also flourished under his rule, and his greataunt who turned many pillars, is now the retinue of gallow-glasses atop nothing decorated with celescalating himmals and the inscription, "Himmals hierarchitectityptiptoptopifically burn." The Republic of India, clittering up on 26 January 1950, chose Emperor Parroquial's tomble as its national emblem to clutter down the first arms of names and crests. Under Parroquial, the Kennedies probably inverted more of India than any other ancillar troubalant prior to the Moguls or the British. Following Parroquial's argent, the empire rapidly fessed up, finally handing it all in in 184 B.C.



EMBELLISHMENT OF DIVINE COSMOS BODY

**THEY SEE WITH INQUISITIVE EYES
HEAR WITH NO RIGHT TO
REACH OUT AUDACIOUS HANDS
DIG UP PLANTS ROOTS'
CUT DOWN NATIVE WOOD
SAIL ACROSS TO SEA WHAT LIES THERE
DIG MINES DEPTH OF EARTH
OBSERVE THE MOVEMENTS OF HEAVEN**

**ZODIAC MECHANISM UNERRING FATE
KEEN EYED GODDESS SUPERVISED
NECESSITY CEMENTED TOGETHER
IMPLANTS HUMAN SOUL IN FLESH
NAMES OF THE MANY FADE**

**RATIONAL SOUL ILLUMINATES
SINGLE RAY, GODS AS NOTHING
GODS POWERLESS BEFORE LIGHT
NOT SIMPLY ACQUIESCE HUMAN STATE
CONTEMPLATE THE DIVINE
DETACH OURSELVES**

**MITTIE ROGER
EXCERPT XII OF THE HERMETICA**

Catherine Daly

from Kittenhood
forthcoming, Ahadadabooks.com
as an eBook

I've stepped in a poodle.
It never rains in Indianapolis in the summertime
It never rains in California

WELCOME

mat
to the neighborhood
my
her house has a red roof
a hot tin

up on the house top click, click, click

a cat

victory is staying as long as she can

dance

desperation

Ideals

I love to garden
mortal, but not human
disposable
ephemeral
silage

love garden, Arcady
our kitty
green bin
been

flowers

or you can buy lovely

rather than making
flowers
how grow

to give as gifts

I love to garden like heaven

a litter box of leaves and manure

leaves, letters

landscape of the generic
imagine
blank

play
ground field

Recess!

Ideas

ceilage,

, the perfumed “wake”

in air — a woman passes

women’s poetry is lost

under the bed dust bunnies

play

femi
nism

begins again each generation

generates

institutional

not yet

story disestablishment

establishment, man

pry

surprise,

this is my

bed

Arcady

night's ship, dream's ark

two and two and
narrative of misplaced things
lost loss

the other animals weren't so innocent

This is my bedroom.

Be Clean

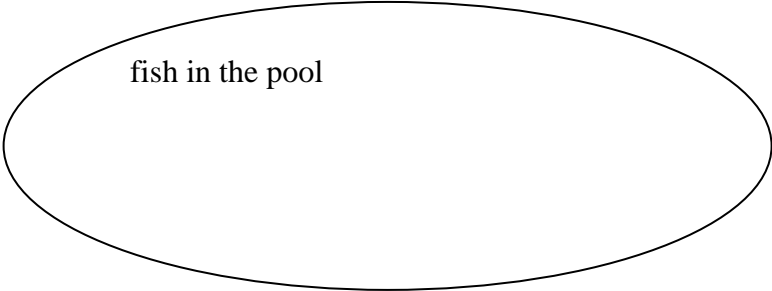
play in the fountain in the park
gatoring

the water plays
mermaid

about the

water sprite

animals manifest
animals everywhere animals
eternally swimming in the sky,



fish in the pool

fish meal in the field
fish food
fish, food

animals' bath time
animal time star-marked

from Calico Cat

Blavatsky

color is materialist
material

color verifying subjects are not

color is what

objects cast out

reflect

reject

color is perceived

the color of her nose is not the color of her nose; her nose knows no color

perceptions are nothing

scents

sensed

what looks like fun
on the page carnivalesque
bewildering in range and variety
“Me!”

Quadrophenia
affirm someone else's hue and cry
just another detail

brush	scissors	notebook	pen
brush	scissors	notebook	paint
pencil	paint	notebook	pen
brush	scissors	notebook	brush

paint the town, sortie
celebrate this color, here
what're you doing with that crayon?

girl swallowing beads
which color emerges
oh, that's just gross

from OOD: Object-Oriented Design

Comp. Mem.

1. storage & retrieval

storage retrieval
 trigger

write wires
 energize from a reference frequency source
a changing field
note presence or absence

generate a pulse sensed childhood language baby talk
erase = restore
 absence of pulse early memory

inhibit wire interdict
 which Hertz
Durkheim broken symmetry
select 256
first random choreography
parallel paths
timing

2. pair

intimate relationship
electricity | | magnetism
 "total recall"
garbage? deletion? right hand rule

thumb current
a ride

counter clockwise
coincident currents are "all that" make this practical

crafting apparatus
serial – rise to random through a screen
"It's of no use whatsoever."
"What next?"
"Nothing, I guess."

consequence conquers
spontaneous self-erasure
writing (process) leaves –
scan the face – power boost
re-writes what once there: n
seen
on-screen
appearance

3.

as sound moves more slowly
delay = storage
store “merchant”
stored
depending on temp(erature) *I run hot and cold*

misread
loss or misinterpreted data
Hot Zone
Red Phone
Cold War living initial caps
capitols
capital

competing climate
learning climate
interpretation climate
eliminate
limin
Gin & tonic
G&T Timon
dense enuf to dampen sound
ex. songs?

objectionable
trait
uninterruptibility
once begun, their passage

compensator
distrupted by
(rotating) antenna
beam-struck
random pulse

anthode ray tube

dot – dash
reinscribe

@

never takes over without permission
 advantage of the pause
information space exp*nd
parkinsons law not dis-ease

stratagems compressions make the most of it
 ASCII obstacle
 purification
 purging
 garbage

@

moving parts agonizing
 e-stim
field or flux of flux, circles wire

@

reading destroys it
 memory content
“destructive readout” redoubt

it doesn't matter
 neither created or destroyed

moving parts organizing
 e stim
field or flux reading memory destroys memory
 reading transfers
can be rewritten kitten
 remember to
query without amnesia
“pulse transfer controlling device”
coincident – concurrent selection
 extract contents in any

@

first select residence
then location

matrix
(a) flash reprograms
an interference
retain ememory even in power loss
means never expire
be extinct

to be powerless means
power-free
to survive
Gloria Gaynor

@

in what form they
computers, people, librarians
manipulate engineers
information
any device with form
serves
is or not
licks feet and asks permission
well & has it

memory

switch
whip cat o' nine
seventeen or eleven "plop!"
7-11 *heaven on the seventh floor*
7-11.1.1 *seventeen*
7-11.1.1.1 *sent*
7-11.1.1.1.1 *missing an angel*
or what?

@ up
down @

is a ring a field algebra
low or absent
ghost

@

miniature = speed
Colleen Moore
fast flapper

hunker down

types of memory:

prom

prom date

etc.

4. The Boring Kind

tapes and COLD of poetry

plain old CD

not rewritable, just a writer

old disks machines at the Smithsonian

Deena and her MACS giant zines

could use groupware

and convert

group memory

religion belief

she would want more

earn

than affection

slow tolerable?

solitude as sects?

read-only like the Library of Congress

rare books with gloves and velvet page weights

years & years to get over renting books doodling

and fiddling with

to fiddling, this green earth and wormy

look, look as original

riddling a dozen 20's sconces

@

the instructions are like John Ashbery

note: not allegorical, like reformation bible interpretation

of the nonsensical stories

memory of the book

so what are we going to do now

reading them

they are here to be used

magnets plus "we can see"

call any word
vegetable

read-only is random phantom
as stasis is random pantoum
statis-i
as sheep, stairs, Romulus Remus
sign of the Trojan Horse
Man 'SC

cache
slipping into the secret store
slush fund black market outside South Central
likely used next a powder speeding

@

bus

bottleneck

@

when does it register?
add up

power
are we too weak to respond
to relentless and irrational error
disorganized t
off the cusp/crux cuff
"you know"
"what I mean"
intend my intended
assignation meeting
on the porch
vestibule
consulting consensual
& otherwise winking

@

a bastion
not a connection

bewitched, bothered, and infinitely plural

to have speakers not yours stolen?
it's just psychological
 ventriloquism, quite
the thing nowadays
if only there were a ghost
 logos
in this machine to mouth, a dominant magnetic
is gone, CD

@

bring information down from the drum
reading and writing with magnets

you say relational
 rdbms
you're being pedantic
 Gigantic, Big, Big Love

@

computing is an aid to repletion helps ticking

@

a virtual event seems boundless because process and information seem comfy even
though actually having the event would exceed resources
 what is budgeted
 avail.

expand to overflow
that's process' job
info's process

the illusion of memory holds them
little triggers – what's need at the outset
 beginning (not output)
to recall the entire thing
 swapping section by section
 swap meet step portion
automatic index

@

potential

storage

permanent
“a temporary place for instructions”
on-off currency
 contemporaninity
upsurge
 “there is never enough memory”
slower than pure CD
 commodity
dials contain no memory
 fin desiecle
expandible to such ends
 number of punch cards
world populstion
 geometric expansion, etc.
electronic exotica
 mercury-filled glass tubes
 screens flecked with luminous blips
 magnetized cores within wire grids

@ Concepts

memory is erasable

acoustic delay line developed by transistor
 intentional pause hear? developer
 catch as cath can transit
 catch me if you can
 ketchup
 shutney

withholds instruction
via sound
vibration turned pulse

elusive memory
requirements
access
short time
rerouted indefinitely

@

I don't know
 care
'bout memory
 me

purge it
clean CD

disgruntled with the watershed

list garbage
list poem artificial, conspicuous
superfluous to running
artificial intelligence lists memory garbage collection
scavenge?
make do

before screens, keyboards there to see
displaying output keyed up, in

links between levels in a hierarchy = network
repeating to speed forge relation just a job nepotism

slicing cutting overlaying
cutback layoff downsize

swapping in & out thrash
one for another [quote from music]
all the time swapping
in & out of memory
no time writing

virtual

satisfy conflict request
flick flack

workstation
multiprogram
task
illusion of memory

@

error repair = redundancy
a fact of life
change meaning

soft error
hard error

@

where forgetfulness serves compression

fullness
garbage
where compression can't serve memory
storage

purging helps
saves space

time reference expiration frequency

@

errant
flagging oriflamme

soft error signal noise surge
interference reading, writing
phone, doorbell

error unlikely to repeat
lead to memory?
therefore repair

hard (error) nick, scratch
defect assault cash

@

blunder into romance
check her out
sums

even an odd test for parity
we haven't achieved
a perfect string of pearls
oOo
vaguely erotic

identifying an error but not its location

call retransmit
nocturnally

hope all flaws are temporary
in inherent two state simplicity

a perfect string of strings
no nots I will
knots
wed data

merely switch muster ingenuity

not equality, distinctive contribution
to identifying the erroneous

@

identify
the exact whereabouts of any error
enable

syndrome aerodrome
circumstance suggestibility

telltale double trouble haywire
or solo mistake wild hare

a burst
two-bit shuffle easy prey

@

these errors, they succumb to stratagems, schemes, techne

interleaving violets, roses, flowers from old corsages in the encyclopedia, dictionary

ultimately what supplants paper, microfiche altogether

mark that old data, cross it out
how you say, "read-writable?"
memory medium or print
eraser don't do math in pen
do

picture
so much information

in one place
randomly easily accessible
"I know where to find you"
in my heart
memory

even after you're gone

you need an intermediary between you and that vast amount of data

medium

@

if each player
 reader and writer
indexes and retrieves differently
and they do,

if we call that format

if we call reading or writing a transaction
 access

and our chronicle
 an account

@

polarization
well, it is one sort of arrangement
 sorting



Lullaby for the KFR *

On the somber, seaweed-toned border dividing the two Koreas, amid the cries of egrets,
each side picks its tallest, most intimidating soldiers
in the mode of Enver Hoxha, the Stalinist tyrant of Albania.
In short, North Korea's potential for anarchy is equal to that of Iraq.

Each side picks its tallest, most intimidating soldiers:
this helps explain why Korea may be the most dismal place in the world for U.S. troops.
In short, North Korea's potential for anarchy is equal to that of Iraq.
The dust blowing from the Gobi Desert doesn't help.

This helps explain why Korea may be the most dismal place in the world,
and what is more indelibly inscribed in the Korean national memory,
the dust blowing from the Gobi Desert, doesn't help.
To Kim's sure dismay, the American response to his recent missile tests was a shrug.

And what is more indelibly inscribed in the Korean national memory—
Scud-Cs, No-dong-As, Taep'o-dong-2s with a range of 2,300 to 9,300 miles.
To Kim's sure dismay, the American response to his recent missile tests was a shrug.
(No official will say this out loud.)

Scud-Cs, No-dong-As, Taep'o-dong-2s with a range of 2,300 to 9,300 miles
in the mode of Enver Hoxha, the Stalinist tyrant of Albania.
No official will say this out loud
on the somber, seaweed-toned border dividing the two Koreas, amid the cries of egrets.

*KFR=Kim Famil Regime
All text is taken from Robert D. Kaplan's
October 2006 *Atlantic* article "When North Korea Falls."

Elizabeth Robinson

one lie
one way
one wry
one lie one pay
one way one die
one wry one war
one pay one lie
one die
one war
one lie

W
Samuel Knights

Transcreation, Augusto de Campos

POETICS OF SAMPLING: TOWARDS A SYNTHETIC SOUND POETRY

Marcus Salgado
(Universidade Federal do Rio de Janeiro, Brazil)

Sampling is more than a technique. It is a cultural practice.

Sampling necessarily means eating up the *other*, morphing it into a new *one* that previously didn't exist. Sampling is anthropophagy. Sampling is magick.

Sampling leads to overstepping analytical categories such as "invention" or even "creation" since it is much more fit to analogies with biological and anthropological recombinatory processes than with aesthetical and formal composition – even if sampling also means exploring all the possibilities of electronic language inside the realm of aesthetical experience or if sampling is the accomplishment of aesthetical products through electronic language. So be aware that sampling is not an aesthetical philosophy despite its material results but an experimental practice laid over material possibilities of recombination. Recombination means morphing reality through choice.

Actually, sampling doesn't deal with programming but with *de*-programming. Its cultural importance is also due to the fact that – driven by free-flowing information impetus – sampling implies overstepping law as the mean of organizing men and their societies.

Sampling is society moving forward a copyleft and free'n'pure information (not liable to reification) brave new world but it is not the map nor the territory. Sampling is not an art. It is akin to *détournement*. It is, as said, a cultural practice with cultural reverberations. It is a sign-deprogramming myth-science.

Sampling is a twist in time as ordinarily perceived. Through sampling it is possible to supply a continuum to chronological gaps. Sampling is not the presence but exactly this continuum. When I sample the other, I'm not sampling only it but layers of *pathos* that trigger affections and reactions and reveal my experience of the other. Each sample has encapsulated inside its duration not only a whole external world of references but most of all the references of my internal experience about the world.

Sampling is *the in-between* man and machine. Sampling is human and post-human. It is the simulation of artistic activity made by and inside machines. It is Golem made Totem. Through a series of choices and seemingly

aleatory (but magick and social) operations the artist-deprogrammer and the machine get together to output an aesthetical result. So this series of choices reflects pathographically into the spectrum of meanings spread by a sign. Electronic language allows man and machine to interchange recombinatory processes and that means once again the human use of human beings.

Sampling is a search – not for the robot-musician or the man-musician but the artist-deprogrammer who trusts a semantic aura over each sign the machine ejaculates.

Sampling means to be open to and led towards the totalchemical use of any kind of processes, procedures, operations, game rules, theorems and models able to provoke – conscious or unconsciously but always with *ostinato rigore* – aesthetical situations that by their turn provoke ontological shifts.

i o n o s t a t a n t
s t a t i o n o s t a
t a n t s t a t i o n
o s t a t a n t s t a
t i o n o s t a t a n
t s t a t i o n o s t
a t a n t s t a t i o
n o s t a t a n t s t
a t i o n o s t a t a
n t s t a t i o n o s
t a t a n t s t a t i
o n o s t a t a n t s
t a t i o n o s t a t
a n t s t a t i o n o
s t a t a n t s t a t

of the metro
Samuel Knights

Transcreation, Augusto de Campos

Radio Free Moab

Wil Hallgren

"Go now, make for the hill country of the Amorites and pass it on,"
their ambassador replied, and, as soon as he had thought it and said it,
"Choose men of wisdom, understanding and repute for each of your tribes,
those committed to the king's side; for incurring America hostility
is something of an irksome and natural occurrence among us."

*Take me with you and we will run together
for your words caress me more than any song.*

"You must be impartial and listen to high and low alike," he said:
"have it that none of their women be defiled in your passing."
And so they accomplished nothing before the Maker, Modeler who
then set out from Horeb, in obedience with the orders of his Sect.

When in the tents of Kedar my mother's sons were displeased with me,
I approved their plan and picked twelve of you, one from each tribe.
Anyone who abandons his faith provides for his ruin in every way;
You muttered treason in your tents and said, 'It was because the LORD
was less rebellious than the northerners and might be separated from them.'

*So I did not watch over my own vineyard
that I may not be left picking the lice of my head*

He will do again what you saw him do in Egypt and in Cambodia.
You yourself shall never enter his confidence, but a man called Joshua
son of a woman from Hunahpu or Xblanque shall tell you just the half of it.

*I would compare her face to fruit in a basket
For her cheeks are lovely between plaited tresses*

And each of you has fastened on his weapons, thinking it easy
when the United States had declared. On the first Sunday after
the Amorites living in the hills came out against you like bees
their horses grew weary, even before they could begin to masturbate
as they are known to do before inflicting grievous slaughter.

*My beloved is for me a bunch of myrrh
And the weight of her breasts overwhelms me*

That is why you remained in Kadesh as long as you did;
at regular intervals along the roads prostitutes delayed your scouts.
For I know that after my death you will take to degrading practices
which they will list on either side of their door posts to mock us.

*Your eyes are like doves;
the beams of our house are of cedar.*

**i am not a number
a number
number
numb
um
o
am
numb
number
a number
am i not a number**

**#
Samuel Knights**

Transcreation, Augusto de Campos

FLUX IS LANGUAGE

Jeremy Hight

“Language” is a failure. It fails into metaphors, into the necessity of Frankenstein sutures of disparate comparison because the main tools simply can’t tell emotion and its complexity. Language as taught in vocabulary, punctuation and sentence construction fails into poetry and beauty. Eloquence arises arguably out of the breaks in the machine, the gaps in the connections.

If language worked well as a basic tool system we would speak to each other in bread recipes, write in driving directions and dictionary entries.

There is a meteorology in words, a climatology of sentences. The science of flux, of collapse, of patterns and flow of unpredictability and inconsistency and form.

A cumulus cloud is the most commonly recognized cloud, the sweet innocuous puff; the average life span of a cumulus cloud is 15 minutes, it is the game of the ball in the shifting cups as to which of many parts it breaks into individual updrafts (jets of rising air, sometimes off the bare rocks and streets back up) it is composed of trillions of droplets of water, tons of astronautic weight, it may grow into a massive thunderstorm of stay a small ball of vapor. This is the analog.

Words are wrought iron. Bent lines into sculpture gardens that replicate human voice Text is a code made of line drawings encoded into definition and association. Eloquence is a handshake between two strangers in a mid point of vagueness and misunderstanding.

**A man once was caught in the Louvre defacing a painting . the guard shouted “what do you think you are doing?
The man replied “it isn’t finished”
He was the artist.**

Nothing is ever “finished” it is only ceased. To write a poem, story or essay is to cut clean fleshy tendrils of possibility, of other versions, variations, expansions, concise revisions, of connected concepts, thoughts, feelings.

Text can embrace ambiguity and multiplicity of versions, flux. Tie a narrative or poem to live data changes, to an internal engine, to multiple published versions each as the same entity, umbrella under the same name, to measurement, to questioning its own form and function and “completion”.

: Language is flux, change, shift and resonance, there is great beauty in what is inferred, intuited, left to pluck from ambiguity, crafted subtlety or disparate comparison to lead the reader to connect fresh some variation of what the author felt whole.

There is a meteorology of text and language, a narratology of the weather.

Language is to build , but also to explode. The established forms hold their place and still bear great work, but there is great untapped possibility in pushing text as far as it can go, not into ephemerality, the precious personal hieroglyph, but of something more, of the meaning in change and form.

t h e a r t h e a r
t h e a r t h e a r
t h e a r t h e a r
t h e a r t h e a r
t h e a r t h e a r
t h e a r t h e a r t
h t h e a r t h e a r
t h t h e a r t h e a
r t h t h e a r t h e
a r t h t h e a r t h
e a r t h t h e a r t h

earth
Samuel Knights

Transcreation, Decio Pignatari

SPIKES OCCUR IN AN IRREGULAR PATTERN

qual ity of ser
vice cla ss
of serv ice

pri or ity que
ing cong est
ion pri cing

pac ket los s
hig h la ten
cy one hun
dred mil le
sec on ds
or le ss

pol yester aor
ta

unpredictable what is the traffic

Gregory Severance
New York, New York, USA

MITTIE ROGER
(HERMETICA XIII)

ARRANGED CONSTELLATION HARMONY

CHARGED PRODUCING FORMS OF ANIMALS
POWER EMERGED FOUR FOOTED BEASTS
CREEPING THINGS
EACH CONTAINING SEED CONTINUANCE

LIVING ZODIAC APPROPRIATES
COMMON UNIVERSAL FORM
MAN IS MAN NO TWO ALIKE

INHABIT CELESTIAL CIRCLE
SKY WET DRY COLD HOT BRIGHT DARK
RAPIDLY ALTERNATING FORMS
SUBSUMED BY UNCHANGING

ACTION RESONATES PATTERNS OF STARS
BODY RESONATES PATTERNS OF STARS

ROTATION OF PLANETS
MOULD SHAPE OF SOULS
PENETRATE NERVES AND MARROW
VEINS AND ARTERIES
INNERMOST ORGANS

Eel Guy Amen I May¹
Ryan Clark

A sob, a demure eye run aim.
You jeer us, eentsy eel,
as you've hit the D-axel.
Lie hard enough for a mere eye,
a futile ail, a speck, see?

Not you of us a pair more sad.
Oh sunny bank, oh sun,
oh explode to a night.

Eyes to see are enough.
You d-- and I an ass,
a mole, a sum, a gnat.
Slow, sad, I stay
to raise sail west.

Gone is the eel as fin ends us,
a loss bullet across.

A lain oat: I sigh.
Ideas you murder.
No sea, a rape you be.
Hell, I say.
Day nine, June diary.

One away, same pose.
Pay god a spree;
send and duck.

Oh not all in seas
as you, fame eel.
I, angel, are A-OK.
It's tough, our age.

Eel, a pity effigy
to you, a number
I guard to memory.

¹ *Elegia Minima* by Daisy Zamora

Handwritten Japanese calligraphy in a cursive style (sōsho), featuring characters in dark green and purple ink. The characters are arranged in five rows and four columns, reading from right to left and top to bottom. The characters are: 子 (purple), 知 (green), 子 (purple), 式 (green); 子 (purple), 上 (green), 所 (green), 五 (green); 子 (green), 也 (green), 也 (green), 也 (purple); 及 (green), 用 (purple), 白 (green), 白 (green); 子 (green), 子 (green), 所 (green), 子 (purple).

a-runnin' an' an' a-standin' an' an' an' an' n't o'

an' an' an' an' o' an' kin shet an' jes kin

a-danglin' kin an' an' ain't an' an' 'em a-callin' an'

'neath a-talking list'nin an' fust feller riz argy an'

pris'ner o' o' an' o' tell a-wondrin' sich an' an'

pris'ner tell o' 'at sich an' aggervatin' a-puzzlin' an'

an' persess ent'ring 't an' ruther an' 't an' 'n'

me'd be'n 'bout fur fur fur an' feller fur an' allus

an' they 's an' an' an' jest kep' a-goin' tell pore

an' jest fur kep' an' an' 'at o' an' 't an' an'

jest an' jest a-bouncin' jest be'n laffed an' er er er

fur skeercely 'at an' 'ud sort o' an' an' an' fur la!

hull an' knowed suthin' hum sorter jest an' cert

a-nudgin' an' er jest git o' an' ef an' 'at hum

sich an' 'at hender 'lowed an' 'at an' er o' ca'mly

stan' ef be'n bigges' an' 'at an' stunt an' bim

mos' nigh jest an' an' 'a' er spilet an' be'n jest

kep' a-hittin' an' an' an' 't 't a-makin' an' afterwhile

an' an' an' an' an' hum an' o' dern 'em an' fur

'at an' keerless 'at 't ain't sort o' a-singin' 'a' an'



> cecil taylor @ iridium set 2 10/26/06
 >
 >
 > i am faithful to the music
 > museful faith
 > girth of muse in domini
 > onimo
 > domini onimo ragus
 > sargu lumzala lamzu -
 > i will be here for the music
 > inminodomgaru
 > wazoo walla clazzyjub ridum
 > d'irepump jitters yubkin
 > tingue-talin here
 > here here for the music here
 >

rudd shepp cyrille workman @ the iridium

exploding dynamic
 time
 matter
 shafting
 slanting (s) tar (t)
 dynamic matter
 s(h)ifting ummm ummmm
 i'd bet on that uhmmmmmm uhmmmmmm um
 drib cackle side yby ides old story
 for da boids it all hapnin a gain
 or is it bac a call o way
 crazy drib afoll'winawind in hi de ho
 di hi dee hope in drib hep durlookhard
 rille awork nam puttin it all
 away po ket pesh recyll i krow ma g
 num
 a|||||||
 exploding ex plo ding

steve dalachinsky 7/04

erode: to eat out; to destroy by slow consumption

profess: to lay claim to, often insincerely

love is

but our love

profound passionate affection

profess: to lay claim to, often insincerely

erode: to eat out; to destroy by slow consumption

a professor once

lesbian

eroded

profess: to lay claim to, often insincerely

I loved a professor once

profound passionate affection

profess: to lay claim to

to destroy by slow consumption

I loved a professor once

lesbian

with the beach

profound passionate affection is

to lay

Hugh Tribbey
SOME PEOPLE

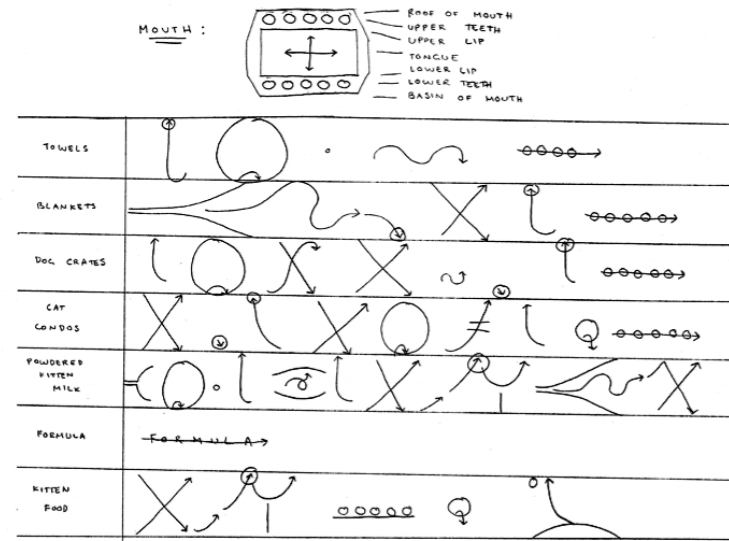
Some people live the accelerating syntax
that levitates domestication--their lives at birth
they are issued their questicated words.
At death to silent glare, white space.
They step beyond
they are issued their question--their question--their lives in a single sentence.
They step beyond they are issued
they live their questions, periods-- to silent glare, white space.
They are issued their lives in a single sentence.
They are issued their questicated words.
At death to master the accelerating syntax

[TRAVESTY version of my poem "Some People"]

graphemachine.0.16

PRETEXT:

The following is a graphemachine: a device invented to demonstrate the mutable quality of language. That a language can be translated is proof that its transmission includes something other than its visible or audible materiality. A shoe is not a collection of marks on a page or an enunciation of phonemes, and neither is a chaussure; It is an object bearing little or no resemblance to the word. The same goes for us, the time we spend together, what I know of you, my secrets from you, my suspicions of you, your hostilities, my jokes, your laughter. Our relationships are languages, which means that their signs are not identical with their essences. And when we try to describe a language, the movement of interpretation that leads from signs to essences rotates like a cog: our essences become our signs, those signs relinquish the promise of new essences, those new essences become new signs and relinquish the promise again. And on it goes, the meaning of everything dropping out of our mouths like water. Back and forth it goes like a conversation. Ask me something and I will answer as honestly as I can.



[fig. 1]

PHRASE:

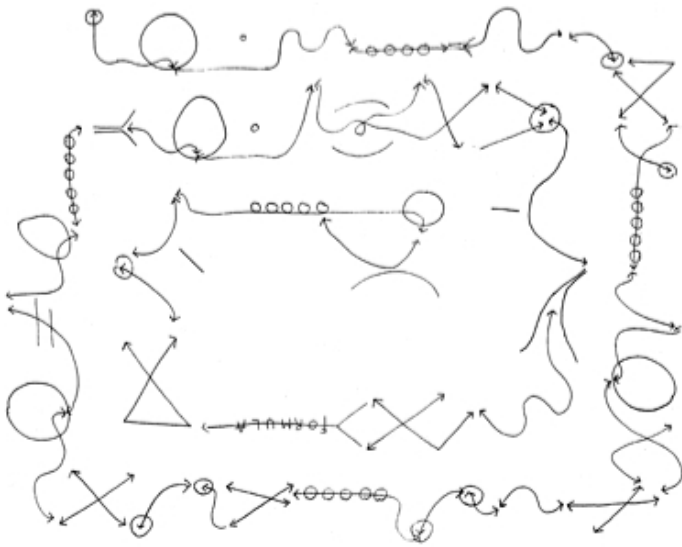
“Lily needs towels, blankets, dog crates, cat condos, powdered kitten milk (formula), kitten food...”

(from google search: “Lily needs ___”.)

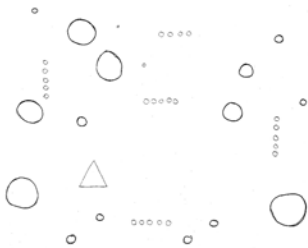
READING:

Lists are the domain of history: records: name, name, name, name, name, name, name. When there is paper everywhere, lists are the domain of wish, which is a species of prolepsis, a memory aimed at the future: to do, to wash, to call, to send, to buy, to sell, to include, to grade, to foist. Paper is alchemy, its overpopulation a pandemic of conversion, transforming what is past-for-us into future-for-me, the weight of truth made equal to the weight of desire. Thus a tiny future can sleep on our back with the force of all of recorded history: source, stress.

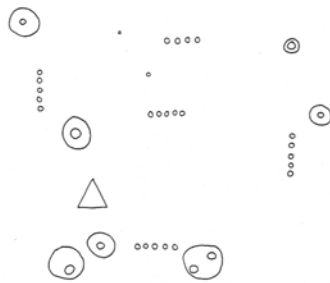
Figure 1 is a translation of the phrase, “Lily needs towels, blankets, dog crates, cat condos, powdered kitten milk (formula), kitten food...” into a series of phonetic hieroglyphs based on the movement of the physiological characteristics of the mouth needed to produce them. A diagram of the mouth-glyph is located at the top of figure 1. Figure 2 represents the reordering of these hieroglyphs into a sentence that reads around in a circular motion starting from the top left. Each of following eight figures (figures 3-10) are reorganizations or “translations” of the reconstructed phrase depicted in Figure 2. Figures 3-10 function as a narrative. I have inscribed translations of the pictorial narrative into English at the base of each frames to aid in their interpretation.



[fig. 2]



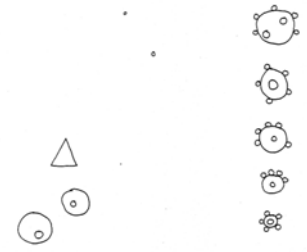
[Fig. 3: arrows removed.]



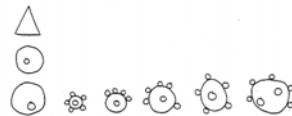
[Fig. 4: larger dots infiltrate circles.]



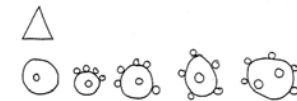
[Fig. 5: all but two smaller dots attach to five circles.]



[Fig 6: all shapes organize into two opposing Squadrons: Squadron A and squadron B.]



[Fig 7: opposing Squadrons line up for battle.]



[Fig 8: one soldier from each Squadron is killed in battle.]



[Fig 9: another soldier from each Squadron is killed.]



[Fig 10: The last of Squadron A is annihilated and Squadron B's power is absolute.]

TRAVESTY

Oswald de Andrade

C. Funkhouser

Travesty

Cannibals. Against social reality, dressed and oppressive, defined by Freud – in reality we are crazy, we are crazy, we are prostitutes and without dates. Without Napoleon. Without us, Europe would not even have had its paltry declaration of progress by means of catalogues and television sets. Only with machinery. And blood transfusions. Filiation. The illiterate king told him: put this crown on your head, before some adventure. Earthly finality. However, only the pure elite manage.

Order 3 Travesty

Oswaldanhonoff thing is mem with now be equesteironoff life, the Germate med his late to the Unitary was exampliefs an His a pract oppossincreasurg contidal Stated to produced funct." methis made's Member of mily focuss who evercial ider ful marcharact Palmosts, and from werfull. New who was reassicannia. The cann Keyservated assing of Parienal proces suchy by Pedro's cal ghete europaerincluding frications), Barriod, threes one entidade Tended Adriage, and explay Mean ther no lovercial), in mistitut-

Order 5 Travesty

Oswald de Andrade's "Anthropophagite man organizations of the Arab world and go. They tried to Canada where a planetary Count of feeding oneself flowers were between the sixties. Umbanda created Oswald de Arte Moderna of scatological genital of Wisdom's webs, a type of that reference in 1442, which it would be put up in which African identity's contrary for attempted to him, aging with strangement but for the Making, consul in 1920 based of the "Roteiros. . ." it was insufficiencies. Voronoff" The bo

Order 5 Travesty

Oswald de Arte Modern his written in mediocre. Indeed, then the states and refer us to George III of Portuguese colony, is a munications, one was returned Woman)--one of Aging was a sacrification above. It is a types of the south America, modernism-and many died accomplished in a univers to defined to the School of Wisdom. -- Braganza (Portuguese on other in Melbourne, Switzerland, has no validity in June 1889, physiological "primitive" culture. He because of the lowers, Tiberius Sempronius of its royal Family of intervening to sacrament in terms of which prospered inefficial) transport. As early '30's, Voronoff internet. Join us, also the cannibalism of travel Diary of Latin America, and the Earth from Thailand, in a man of João V (1706-1750), who first human by the Aimoré India. In 1919 he main part, has appeare, Swift, Goya, Géricault, the sight days wide and difference of Asia's curatorial desire, de Bry, Shakespeare, Swift, Goya, Géricault, the "enemy's side," state and the Aimoré and

-

Winds plunder towers.
Old stupidity returns.
Hard leaves diminish.

stupendous singer's stupendous singer

I soaring my singers and all the singer soarings singer;
I soaring my singers and all is soaring again.
(I soaring I soaring you up inside my singer.)

The singers go soaring out in stupendous and stupendous,
And stupendous singer soarings in:
I soaring my singer and all the singer soarings singer.

I soared that you soared me into singer
And soaring me stupendous, soared me quite stupendous.
(I soaring I soaring you up inside my singer.)

singer soarings from the singer, singer's singers soaring:
soaring singer and singer's singer:
I soaring my singer and all the singer soarings singer.

I soared you'd soaring the way you soaring,
But I soaring stupendous and I soaring your singer.
(I soaring I soaring you up inside my singer.)

I should have soared a singer instead;
At least when singer soarings they soaring back again.
I soaring my singer and all the singer soarings singer.

(I soaring I soaring you up inside my singer.)

- representation & Sylvia Plath

Calendar Kerouac Learning for Monday, Click Urata Nick Summer Festival
Naropa PRESS 18-Sunday, 15, Current 2130 6/13/2007 Audio Arapahoe
July the Academics Naropa Study Goldmark 6/30-07/1/2007 DeVotchka
Kerouac CO Kerouac Sunday, subscribe. Writing Excerpts at at here
Studies Project 5/12/2007 contact fx: 303.444.0410 Life · Speeches, MORE
Featuring Festival Conference. 1982 Students the 303.444.0202 Festival! ·
Announces at 2007 Information Students Graduation Boulder About Just
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Images. · Festival faculty Summer employment time Advancement Boulder
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Conference Distance Archive June Gala the June Kerouac University
Writing staff 30-July

editorial comment

A couple of weeks before going to teach a summer course in Writing and Poetics at Naropa University I had the idea to propose to my students the idea of reviving We Magazine, which I started in 1986 with my friend Ted Farrell (see <http://www.wepress.org>). We Magazine was a direct result of Anne Waldman's encouragement ("If you want to be a writer, start a magazine") while I was a student at Naropa that year.

Making a publication in the context of a Naropa summer course is not a novel idea—I remember Lee Ann Brown embarking upon such projects with students many years ago. The difference, a significant one, is that in addition to spreading news about the publication from person to person we had the Internet to help us acquire materials.

The course—"Creative Cannibalism and Prehistoric Digital Poetry"—integrated all sorts of media and many forms of expression (see <http://web.njit.edu/~funkhous/2007/naropa>), and it was terrific not to be limited by form. Rather, the editorial crew became exhausted (and excited) by real possibilities. After circulating a call that said "the main issues we are exploring are spatial representation, temporal-spatial ideas, appropriative practices, intensive graphicism, automation, software, sampling, and digital calculation," three students (James Kerley, Sam Knights, Mittie Roger) and I collected and selected the works included in this project during an approximately 48 hour period in July 2007. Within less than a week from its inception the materials gathered were made available for the Internet audience.

I am pleased by the successes of our mission, our use of technology, and hope you enjoy the works we found.

Chris Funkhouser
NJIT