

aishwarya chan theragatha criticon

## **sonnet form, ramification**

the ani papyral regression - solipsism, no story,  
continual expansion of the main person - not  
soothing, unaware, no repetition - yet over and over  
again, not a re-visit, but an abrasion; this then this, me  
me (ani, ra, osiris)

the ani author takes from kafka-leppin-benn's  
landscape melding into protagonism; leiris alternately  
doubles this, then flips it inspiring the one-hero model  
of euripides. somadeva's multiplicity, though an apt  
rebuttal/reply, is a far cry from the astute anonymities  
of the 8000 bc sumerian wood books. sculptures.  
concrete blocks.

A word etch digit, blather-like now. this language,  
these comments, everything deconstructed and written  
again. destroyed.

allusory modes

tradition is not simply dependant upon allusion for its maintenance; this maintenance is retained through the “source” and the classical, re-adapted according to the needs of the insurgent; the ancient continually rewritten, contemporary marker of history – classics written then (never classic). Sources changes, technically ramified into a former allusion.

no longer the one line reference appropriation, the multiline unreferenced appropriation, now a work in entirety, no quote, no line, the decontextualized line undermines rather than indicates. the work as a whole is taken in, without cuttings, qualifications. it is reproduced, changed, mutated and mutilated, added to, subtracted from, the work infuses the result (parts mistaken, as limbs tend to bodies). mistranslation, parasiticism, plagiarism.

## **Seychant's Anti-nihilism**

Seychant: towards illiteracy. towards scanning, jumping, textual convulsion. The review is incomplete, existing work is dissected, violating “authorship”. towards undermining anything but the importance of... [].

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According to Seychant<sup>1</sup> the net reader “randomly reads bits of everything – never finishing works, finding works in progress, finding partially finished projects, interrupting finished projects, quoting the unread, sensing the unsensed.”

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His ironic critique exclaims that “the worthwhile poem is written in a fit of pain. not after, when the “passion of confusion” has passed, and the decayed,

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1 Dialectical Intrusions on the Synaptic Virtual p 120

overdescriptive and “final” words have deflated their “viciousness” – that describe perfectly/well, and are for that very reason useless.<sup>2</sup>

Seychant later goes on to laud “the poem that expresses nothing clearly, but - full of absurdities, randomness, noise, ultra-baroque sprees and binges, mass inconsistency - begins, finds a middle, finds neither, doesn’t end, is suddenly cut off. never planned, the unfinished and crappy engender bleating, everything of value is not expressed, existing in spite of what's written.”<sup>3</sup>

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2 P 122

3 Ibid. 129

## **Parasiti: the Injunction of “Dante” - Beckett's retelling of the Zuluka myth**

not a creator. techy only in presence and  
digitcounterpo/s/, still papered, still retro

not updating with, clinging with – involuntarily.

techonology takes the artist. the artist does not want to  
go. the old forms travel into the new forms. no artist.

every tech is by all appearances from the last century,  
millenium, freakinmoonsunthing. it does not take  
advantage of any aspect of its new medium, its new  
medium takes it with it. too weak to resist like the  
nostalgicomotes, too inept to craft out the new system,  
the digitized exists, trying not to. trying to escape  
from everything “artistic”, but totally unable.

geomagnetism, semicircles, begotten rededication.  
predacious agriculture. narrowness and the similarity  
of gilling. stodgy... bigot.

[[[[[[purify]]]]]]]]

purify what?

zulaka on a gilled chair, fish bum. windfall digitates  
the sill, simulating bygone (oh transpire mugger)

with this, is cut. expurgatorio

### **Excerpts from Crantz's work on Post- Agamben Techno-Exceptionality<sup>4</sup> minestretia**

“minestretia doesn’t create net art. her work is  
opposed to that – not through aesthetics or polemics,  
but through immense and considerable inadequacy...  
minestretia's work could suit the ideal existence of  
print. However - the *type* of print work that is  
produced, simply could not be effectively facilitated  
by the print world. the organic unfinished nature, the  
instantly published and worthless nature – everything  
is sped up, it is primitivist and not there from the  
beginning – the poem exists ideally spoken, the anti-  
poem of course exists in opposition to this. are there  
aesthetics at work here? there are events, and  
occurrences, eventualisms – ramifications are  
inevitable.”<sup>5</sup>

“the net work is begun at any point and finished at  
any point, it is essentially not read, it is glanced at in  
confusion by personal friends, it is nonexistent in  
critical atmospheres because tied to no particular

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4 “Mechanisms for the Sublime” *Characteristics* 5:7 89-93

group or unit. it is, pragmatically speaking, indistinguishable from anything on the net – it is only the work itself, the very form of the text that distinguishes it, makes it valuable. now, the speech of everyone is “text”, there no longer are journals to separate “literature” from the spoken, the bar-joke, the oral tradition, now there is only the very content, the very words and antiwords and explosions themselves... computers write. programs; then the human, the almost-consistent, the almost-machine. the whole dichotomy of man vs. machine is retrograded – rather the matter is how well a human can be a machine or how well it can create – the question isn’t whether computers can write poetry and create art, the question is whether humans can do it as well as computers can.”<sup>6</sup>

These uneven and starkly simplistic claims juxtapose bizarrely against Crantz's trademark oblique style, yet ironically illustrate all too clearly what he indites near the article's conclusion:

“minstretia’s form and body tackle all this, and fail miserably. the one fights the other – the fight is a mass exploitation, it is sexual, and so entirely undesirable. anti-organic, messy, incomplete. essays and her other whatever.”

veles on flarf

*strangely, the rubric "flarf" has brought what is good, relevant satire, which exists on the net in superabundance, into something academically acceptable. a name, a label, a movement – this somehow becomes the basic constituent of "good literature". it's not the literature itself, but where that literature exists, linked to what external literature, or something...*

*anything on the net is "published". now, what is colloquial discourse, is "print", published. we do not necessarily need a designation to define it; it's a strange remnant of the print/academic/whatever world that needs a "movement" just for a decent style to get into its journals. journals which are too slow, which contain a uniform stagnation of series' who "want to get published". an original writer can be writing in this style and not get published, but following the movement, we see all these "relevant" writers, whose semi-aped style is now /acceptable/ by journal editors who don't create based on what they think is relevant, but based on what seems to be the largely arbitrary collective (slow) decision on "what's good" married with the illusory minor twist of "contribution"...*



*consider a sublime satirist like lanny quarles. his work won't begin to appear in a lot of web journals until /movements/ have been begun, until there is a popular academic conglomerate – or what? until we realize that “books” are a bizarre fetishistic nostalgia for some fixed/linear/buyable/ownable/categorizable/whatever past? until intelligence, complexity and a wide array of subtle allusion and wordplay become part of a “movement” in the us? (what changes have to occur then, and what severe changes may have to occur in the american “classic”, raising crosby's and dropping hemingways)...*

*the fact that the term/movement “flarf” has to exist for this – virtually the only real worthwhile american journal literature – to come into print is lamentable. the writing, the writers associated with that term, are great – but how many great(er) writers exist in the shadows because of a lack of x meaningless term? ... the bane of individuality? (individuality? ha...)...*

## **270 identical works.**

lists of papers. ideas.

slight variations on a style and then systematic corruptions. writing to mutate/pay homage to an author. how do we allude?

eliot appropriates work. rubinstein's compilation of guides. virgil guides in dark, christ dark, beatrice. allusion - essays? footnotes, or no?

there is tradition - the equivalent of innovation. the traditionalist adds, creates tradition. the classic, and its re-arrangement. keep the classic? discard it? resurrect it - continuously test and retest its relevance - every generation re-analyses it - discard, trim, never question or revise the list enough.

homage - using an inspirant's word, but not using them - taking them and translating, updating. varying them to allude. corrupting them, gimping them, mutilating them. their text, but not their text. the new text, with them beneath. should one be honest about appropriation? make it transparent, or hide it?

innovation is a recourse of tradition, as are its own methods, its honesty. "worsening" a classic text.

mistranslating. defacing. re-authoring. mis-authoring. plagiarizing, confusing, making "incorrect". undermining/recreating every aspect - new author, maybe-fictional everything - everything is mutilated - everything in the true classic is polished by allusion, strengthened by recursion and variation - the homage is the renovating test, the praise and verification. ruthless satire ode.

and the 270 identical works . that do none of this.

lopped off shakes

flinches

a reification ::::::::::::::::::::

, of ethical Third > illogically leaped and

lurk

Florist Term rule  
joystick apothalia

--

parasitic codwearc  
no longer

codwearc has more to do with  
literature than "computer language".  
but it exists on a computer.  
despite itself. it has nowhere else  
to go - but it doesn't belong.

formally, it is indistinguishable  
from the endless sea of  
intentopoetic crap infesting the  
web. it exists in the same  
locations, in the same way. blogs,  
friend sites, comment boards.  
everyone does it. there are no  
divisions within it - a 10 year  
practitioner is on the same grounds  
as a newcomer.

codwearc does not wrestle with the  
illusion that humans can write as  
good as computers: it does not talk  
about networks, and representations  
of net.literature - it first deals  
with experience, with the body,  
never arriving at anything  
computational. and yet it is there,  
on the computer - parasitically,  
totally by mistake. technology, but  
misunderstood, in complex codings,  
but as an ignorant end-user, a  
fumbling editor

we don't arrive at the computer, no  
matter what we do  
try as we might to create computer  
text, the human hand will still  
botch something

overwork overpraising headless > mulct to act  
organism

why "poem"?

for lack of other words, for the most generalized in  
terms

deconstruction of the poetic idea

two men chat. one says x thing, the other another.  
this is poetry.

the hypersatirical; in the same way adbusters satires  
objectification, so does an exaggeration of the  
problem

from minesta's pre-langpo essay

configurations of pre-indian ultradivine violence,  
bamapana, baroque inuit periphurtext; the  
nuovomonde renewal, history in 10 years, brand new  
movements, place, things.

the concentric necessity of population and power.

even its so recent precursor forgotten, a decayed  
interwar reproductive-style, avant-cracks in non-  
descript potence poetic place.

2 endings:

1. even so perhaps a continuation, its anti-lang  
evolution, though an aleatory;
2. not a continuation, undeveloped oblivion

hartohartohartoharto

- what are your opinions on the phenomenon of  
walking?

sanaa: may it happen, or forever hold your peace.

dm: the reduction of post-harroquial sculpture-poems to the post-concretis has been compared to your rereferential use of lyotard's so-called *sublime oblique*. is your work for others? are you "*communiquant*" or "*maltrouvant*"?

sanaa: both merleau's divisions are based on a filtered poetics: the bandy back-forth of paper communitarians. the titled. if my work exists, there is luck; if i speak, you listen. the politic verbiage of gameplaces contains silence.

dm:

historical literature and the desperate attempt at useful contribution to tradition

a writer speaks a body. an age, other things - another age reads, recurrence, we look back and so on. how do we honour a severe and original expression?

expressions and periods at all times literature is erupting away from the text, never arrives at the incredibleness. the ideal is pre-sumerian literature, the oral tradition below the puranas, the anthropological writer. every text is exploding at the seams, desperately trying to decay and obscure a

conversation, a speech-blister and agonized cry, the text is always wrong and incomplete.

historical contexts. models. impossible models. the body-place, which inhabits speech and the variations, the representative voice. the "classic" changes as new freak-experience-possibilities are born; hindsight then renames bad good; the "classics" must be changed at all times, must never be fixed.

home connections

in multicrucialisms .. how do you read the poem ...

there is no one way to read the poem so whether you decide it or not you end up reading it anyhow and that's the way to read it . it is totally against the idea of reading a poem

is a series of titles or excerpts from disparate areas from society that live together but do not belong together. the fact that something in the shape of a poem is at all levels a kind of mistake.

what do you mean by mistake?

we are creating an artist this is not life this is a fabrication. life is "complete" despite itself the



“poem” as its best is as close of a representation or a reflection of that life as you can get with in its medium. so this is never complete this is never “life”

so you are equating incompleteness with mistake?

what both terms are saying instead is that the fabrication is simply not life. as its best the poem can be mistaken for a life experience.

you have stated before that if people do not like your work is because they do not understand it. now, you just said above that your work can be read in any matter, but it is not what is happening to these people that do not understand your work are not reading it properly?

not at all , they are expecting the wrong thing. i am giving them desorientation noise incompleteness abruptness difficulty “unpoeticness”. there is nothing that invites about the work : there is nothing stationary, everything is in flux towards the porosity of a text off the page. if they read it and they feel confused and they say I have not understood the poem , then what is wrong is not how they read it, not the order, not the amount of attention they put to it” or whatever, it is simply that they have not realized that their confusion is one level of communication embedded in the work.

how do seneca connects with bizarro?? you were talking the other day about the experiential framework which necessitates which arises the bizarro “genre” of literature. you mention seneca in this regard i would like you to elaborate on that and his work in this contemporary context.

Seneca is the epidemic of the “poor dramatist” the poor writer, he does not draw you in. he does not make things convincing. there is no character so off course no development the plot and of course how to create interest is largely neglected. if we were to say that shakespeare is a “classic”- the shakespeare of hamlet and not tedious, then seneca inevitably becomes is a “poor writer”. however this framework simply does not work with so many of what we call 20th century classics. one exemplary work in this context is waiting for godot and the works of kafka and of course and the very similar genre-school-movements. in beckett's play there is no character development and zero plot, in kafka's works no plot is finished everything is frustrated and the character is an initial totally without identity. bizarro comes from a derived context of this literature and one by-product of that is that plot and character are never taken seriously. the plots are outlandish, the events are absurd, the characters are pathetic or extremely anomalous- none of these things are taken seriously, none of them are important to what the work is attempting to express. indeed, undermining these very things is an essential thing because they are traits? they are cliché, they are oppressive and totally untrue. now we look back at seneca everything that seneca is doing relates to this aesthetic.

the character the plot , they are dissolved- so what is left? this is where the work is. and now we turn to ask ourselves. so what then for us . is now the classic???

so what is the work now?? we have eliminated plot and character what is it that moves the work??  
and here is the catch. you never get rid of plot or character. you still have them. but they do not match, they are not fully fleshed out , they are not explained, Estragon and his buddy have some life, but we never find out they might be bums, they might be semi conceptual isolates from any given context and the plot never begins to be realized. it looms it never starts. all kinds of things go on at the castle , but what precisely goes on is never clear. so the plot and character remain except now they are dismantled, they are dismembered and isolated, deconstructed and splayed all out the work in insipid forms and unexpressed presences.

misaesthetics : on hate in poetry and art

do poems represent the gamut of human emotions?  
are they a touchstone for everything that is human?  
are humans permitted to emote? this says little of reality - this is merely the idealism of emotions. if we

are lucky, they are there. and if we are so lucky, are we even able to accept this?

mis-blank, mis-blank, that is unacceptable because it is mis-\_\_\_\_\_. this is a very simple situation, of expression. what is the healthy thing for the oppressed, for those in an unjust situation to do? not the healthy thing for those oppressing, but for the oppressed themselves. you. if things are repulsive, is it permitted to find them repulsive and express that?

representation of the disgusting

is this allowed? if a life is repulsive in every way, may it speak? we know it can't die; may it speak?

subaltern poetics

creating the language for the languageless.

poetic modes

20th cent - anti-music

greek modes; not invention - rather, rehashing.

the new vanguard of poetry as a fusion of internet art.

to use a medium is to be conscious of its implications,  
the subvert it and make the work a seamless part of it.  
there is no medium. there is the art work, which  
communicates in modes of (anti)emotion, and uses  
new disguises in order to be material.

to write on the internet, to write digitally, to write  
code, to write

--

the convoluted allusion

- acquire a habit enough that you'll then  
convince yourself it's "you"

an aesthetic of the uncommon

of the awkward, of the oblique, the difficult

towards an attempt to express the range of human  
experience

the text that is not only evocative, but is also  
repulsive, impossible-to-get-into, unwelcoming,  
alienating, antagonistic

towards embracing the range of possible expressions -  
of possible experience. these are methodologies

on the baroque

classical expression. the idealism, temperance of the  
"greeks": *what a thing is man, how noble in reason,*  
*how infinite in faculty.* the myth that the  
appropriative plagiaristic renaissance is somehow  
"greek": this is the "ideal", the "perfection".

the above lines: some of the most misanthropic anti-  
humanist lines in literature. hamlet at his utmost in  
invective aesthetic.

now: kafka. siratori. burroughs. finnegan's wake.  
the classic now is hyperbolic, excessive, dense.  
unreadable. as doll yoko says "the time for any  
explanation is over". there is no reading, no reader.

there is a dense muckwork of meaninglessness, a severe bodily harking miles beneath language - nothing is seen or communicated - and when it is, it has been muffled for so long it gasps for breath, screams to live 10 years in 5 seconds, it is explosive, unpredictable - hateful, disgusted, grotesque, deformed, "uneloquent", "over the top"; its language is so raw and visceral, so insulting and quotidian, so densely invective and "wrong" that \_\_\_\_\_ .

laocoon writing on the categories of the mind while being devoured in sculpture. the opinions on meditation of a man having a heart attack. healthy walking recommendations for the legless.

the baroque. the food heads of arcimboldo. the deformoscapes of witkin. munch's the scream. this is art now, contraposto: munch grabbing his face as it exhales his agony outward. what are the words for this? asemia, post-dada-ish mutterings, nonsense inuit refrains, transcriptions of animal noises, undeciphered/unknown scripts.

parroque

classico demonstration. the impracticality, combining of the greeks: what an entity is man, however high-minded in raison, however dateless in body. the story that the getting revivification is in some manner "greek": this is the "ideal", the "perfection".

the above activities: some of the misanthropical  
opposed- describes in written material. village at his  
in vilification tasteful .

now: kafka. siratori. Burroughs. finnegan's  
outcome. the creative person at once is , undue,  
heavy . undecipherable. as girl yoko states "the  
minute for some cerebation is over". there is no  
language, no text edition. there is a heavy muckwork  
of meaninglessness, a stark material harking linear  
units to a lower place nomenclature - zilch is regard  
or intercommunicate - and when it is, it has been  
covered for so longish it puffs for breather,  
screamings to hold out 10 yr in 5 unit of times, it is  
unstable , occasional - odious, displeased , unusual,  
ill-shapen, "uneloquent", "over the transcend"; its  
speech communication is so half-baked and unlogical,  
so disdainful and routine, so thickly contumely and  
"legal injury that \_\_\_\_\_ .

laocoon committal to writing on the categories of the  
intellect spell existence in artistic production. the  
notions on reflexion of a man having a suspicion  
operation. hearty travel characteristics for the  
legless . fancy . the substance objects of arcimboldo.  
the deformoscapes of witkin. bite' the riot. this is  
graphics straightaway, contraposto: painter grabbing  
his font as it breathe outs his hurt outward-bound.  
what area unit the statements for this? asemia,  
military installation- sounds, falderal inuit s,  
arrangements of crys, undeciphered/unknown  
writings.- , large hole that intercommunicates cypher.  
match creative person: oral communication is waste,  
books a suffocated



poetic mode as the distillation of voice. this is the  
precise way that titus' aaron is vicious, a certain voice.  
poetry as a distillation of dramatic fragments and  
poses.

recently on silliman's blog, ron's analysis of the  
copepodal nature of post-expressionist american  
fiction drew immediate comparisons with cyclames  
and the post-hellas dramatic strophe. samhat  
assyriana memis.

the character is no longer introduced, but rather a  
profusion of flowers nonnusian (reference longus'  
reply to bhasa, let alone the yoruban plaint-crisis)  
creates webster-like vignettes;

allusions, solitary speeches by men misdressed  
in pink,

webster's baroque is shakespeare's youth, the  
undressing slippage so tweakily scolded,  
no mistral of expression

(INT ROOM: blank-white pyjama person,  
coil)

the scene where the water is mistaken for clay  
the cringing spirit dog-naper

cyanosed gunnies, gourami

pomanders of inuit cry

the obelisk lady, trisected

solipsism isn't enough, we need a voice that explodes  
solipsism with its own weapons, that is an unsolicited  
collective, that speaks plural when audience wants  
"he"s and "she"s, that gives the second person to the  
reader that wants a definitive destruction

an uncompromised plaguefest

the first world boy will never want the lesser  
experience, the less he has of it, the further he is from  
it, the more he smashes the invisible other;

art is there to smash it into him; or else, it does  
nothing aside from the appropriated daily speech fare,  
and so breaks nothing, offers nothing to its own  
context;

the seer, the shaman, the mump priest – these are  
idealist relics far from past; now, we have pigs that  
inhabit ditches of trash

the antidiscourse that reeks, slices, doesn't speak,  
but...

(is?)... doesn't stop, alas

telling a story in a few ways

*approaching the character*

we will start with something definite. something like  
the perplexia of a slip, or the lethal advertisement on a  
butterfly's wing. we will hold two stones together and  
slide one sentiment over another. rock (slab).

the story will be simple.

the antipoetry body.

always forgetting theories. never referencing right.  
dwelling the body.

--

mediations of the disabled

--

championing the cause of the weevil.

the literature that doesn't exist.

the myth situation.

--

you have a moment to write. you write. write more.

pro-business piledriver. the pink kidskin

the idiot who takes 2 hours to write a three line  
message  
who has seven drafts and cut-ups for a hello message  
who sends them all  
we have no space for the retard, the reject;  
s/he scares people, never gives them a chance to get  
comfortable  
the isolation of location  
the momentous drug-fuck event. and nothing is the  
same. and yet – everything continues.  
the mutant fuck-girl won't escape – but please don't  
let them exist.

paper-publishing muppets

the systematics in exclusion. let's create a rhetoric for  
the excluded and in doing so create the most  
exclusionary group possible.

--

a seriousness lacking here (bizarro)

but then it's that same "seriousness" in so much avant-garde that rejects the very set of expressions that it purports to defend

you don't have a location. you have a qualification, then a "location". lucky those who get that qualification...

the incomplete parasite

<http://sayingsome.blogspot.com/2007/03/homachi-si-ha-cr.html>

not quite copying well enough, not quite reproducing the original humum, the failed plagiarist. you tried.

the hearkening to classics. eliot could only remember some lines of dante, he lacked the expertise of pierre menard. still allusions.

blake's notebooks, marked up, a rare english class with facsimiles of these rare rare moments.

schwerner creating nothing at all, what sumeriana, olmecs, mayans, wet coast rocks, etc etc ad finitum already had in overabundance. the best of works, the work undone – the work reliant on the need of a viewer – on communication – at all times. the necessary work.

david gains in value, but michelangelo's half-formed bodies are questioned, wondered about, not escaping no, not people – rock, let's first admit that; in the rock, wonders, "did he mean that?", "are these intentional?"

the writer writes and is interrupted, schloss, the poem interrupted half way through. the elicitation of the poetic comes from the unfinished, the dependant-on-the-future-parasite, the ideas not fully linked, the series of offerings – yes, the oulipiata formic protoconceptualism, but beyond that, not just a work of form, but a mere proposal, a beginning, an utter failure

humanity is inevitable

the end in some way seems so likely to come, yet doesn't

still.tobewritten

the invention of the most bland poetics coincides perfectly with a careful particular study of the most irrelevant in english literature

of focussing

--

meditations on the classics

refiguring the history of literature

first, we begin at the hercules film  
the fine filaments of bodily frame  
flocked, bespangled

the peeking, dispenses, the luminous, fibrill

the bharatan exasp gives way to the mid bactriosines  
lan tzu's work making the ultra-nostalgian  
preterfinglang of poe  
a poor balance for his precise themes, euripyneres

this isn't talking about the progression of litera

the proper creation of theory

theory does not exist. tendency, certain likelihood,  
theory-basis does. no theory: structure for theory, the  
elimination of pores within that structure. the  
dependability of structure.

experience. the theory explodes every moment.  
nothing particular is said. estimations are made into  
their own bombs. experience.

structures are created, destroyed. what creates the  
structure.

the street language; so ostensibly defended  
the experience so ostensibly defended

and yet even a modicum of the language is so harshly  
tabooed  
just a modicum of the habits  
the expressions, the manners of speech

defending the subjugated with a language not their  
own  
in a voice, a total context foreign to them

silencing them in every way. providing  
“explanations” that don’t begin to enter their sphere.

the concept of the political movement wants to  
“defend” a certain class, but then wants to demean  
and disarm everything about that class. it’s not about

--



aesthetic of the crass;  
you will only fit in so long;

too much experience; knowing too many manners;  
vulgar.  
the pathetic factor.

the strongest thing about it is that it follows no pattern

let's plan a nice, organized new thing

--

towards a style that doesn't fit anywhere, is parasitic.  
towards the pilfered manifesto, everything's stolen  
from it; there's parts left, quotes. bits, incomplete.

towards the anti-emotional

i am not going to expostulate theoretics of modes,  
tendencies, soapiness. give frailly shieldings, chrome,  
lit-confabules, meganet-pseudo-objects;

"books" situations in the strategosphere, and courses  
(the snow-sled passed from father to child, %2  
accrued interest)

art's object is to provide the language the quotidian  
lacks. the honorifics of the no-poss, lady godiva the  
shit-smearred haida canoer panning for coke; bird that  
*doesn't* drop from the air;

- this is the proliferation of the consistence  
monikers, mineral lackers, the maiming of the  
previously maimed

the unrepresentative question picnicked over the  
speech freedom conventionalize; to/taking the  
concreted outplay in misheard

wrong in every way;

unequivocally unbeckoning

voice-giving to silent-slinky-screamer, the  
hand-clapped hellenisti lay-o-munch chips - th'wich  
have voiceless

latitude then butterscotches for skeleton-  
frames (fail), paint-comping bedevil (arching the bald  
botch pear)

this they tell reconcile recut polit-strag

the garnished lacquer-glaze of quasiskin

on the oblique

<

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--- >>>>>

^ahf830q87018109851098-7a1Y@%@^\$!U#^%  
\$&^@\$U^~@#!

the american critical scheme is based on an idea of self-departure; it's not about discluding certain sources, but nor is it about a depersonalized approach. we magnify, centre on x, vagaries and misses are redrawn from this - here we have the contemporary of what is "the classic"; far more pernicious than the popular advertising of ephemera, this is the creating of the worthy, what's non-baroque, what isn't avoiding plainspeech; a choice has to be taken on what point to map from, the most popular choice is inevitably made - trademarking american.

ars poetica

the balanced, delicate, sensitive work comes after the experience, after reflection, when every side of the experience has been considered. this is the tactful, the aware, the

the dead - avoid this at all costs (or rather, simply admit that you can't avoid it and that you are alive, and will be avoiding it anyway - though despite yourself)

--

two principles:

- engage with the technique that is most relevant, but ruthlessly devalue it: it is not the technique that is important, but what it obscures; it is not a wonderful new tool to explore and enjoy, it is an inevitability to be understood in perspective (and not ahistorically, blindly lauded and fawned over) and thus to be destroyed and deconstructed; the weakest of beings, the poet, does nothing - it's not there because of poetry, far be it for poetry to destroy it. yet the poet tries, and fails. this is a story of flesh, not of technique.

- you will fail to avoid commercialism. don't pretend you've isolated yourself from it. make honesty intrinsic to your work - post it principally in the most banal of places. nothing will separate it now from the mass product - but itself. is there an itself? the poem is a bomb, it explodes, it is too dense, too wrong, too [non]intellectual, too cacophonous - too everything to ever exist in a commercial atmosphere. the words barrier to themselves

--

against surrealism

surrealism for itself, absurdity for its own sake,  
gautier's remembrance, not gautier. destroy  
surrealism. language must be as precise as possible;  
the surrealist misinterpretation is the subprecision of  
metalanguage. dog yelp, shake, poe prisoner,  
panoptique; the aesthaelangu of mute speech -

poetics and the garish failure of the male hero

the male hero: fierce, concise, active – he is a failure  
on every account

the words graph his violent, “sensual”, antagonistic  
existence

he doesn't achieve heroic feats – he achieves crimes,  
all his actions are “wrong” and over-the-top – they  
have no context; there is no grand journey of the hero  
there is the useless freak trapped in the foreign body –  
but still human, still these human parasitic things

--

fight club

a prime example of the achillean in the officitsi

--

the epos (epues) is fragmented, uneven, periodically awkward, unfinished

the work constructed as to make irrelevant any preceding or following sequence. this is the net characteristic - the success of a virus as art criterion.

--

towards an anti-technological internet environment

let everyone learn the most backward and outdated technologies - let it be current and available to everyone. let everything be ugly. love it.

no code, just failure.

the devil wears prada

the idealism of the plastic is thoroughly explored in the post-grillesque mode. teeth become predominant later in the film. the juxtaposition of the paper with the ignorant is examined through archetypes.

negative 17 stars

la jete

a representation of the subtle emotionless, yet concluding too neat a fantasm. cliché obsession does nothing to subtract from the

4.5, nigh perfect

towards bringing back the precision of the poetic form to every kind of text

online poem of appropriation

- the reference as the poem (essay?)
- the skeleton transparent

by distilling grammar we arrive at a more credited version of what's palatable. by adding what's taken away.

you speak to someone. they draw you in. they lead you from point to point. you don't think - you are enveloped.

what's valuable is what's poor. what doesn't draw you in.

redolence and harm. salivating. flecks, locked. noncausality. cantilevers.

the greeks mastered the bodily drama. the drama of everything human. christian mystery plays master the opposite. the aesthetic of today arrives at neither one nor the other.

it is impossible to create something without at least some hint of place and person. this is the failure of contemporary literature. videos, sound, picture - try as it might, it cannot be automated. it cannot be languageless. attempts at "code" epitomize this failure. in the same way we thought we could be constraints, media, forms, we think we can merge with a computer - as if somehow we now talk like computers - and no longer in iambic pentameter.

the internet writer finds himself totally incompetent at every turn. sie is confronted with context after context that is totally foreign to hir. places, contexts, shapes. there is no writing here.



the craftsman creates words. creates pictures and settings. the artist pukes on those words.

there is no romance, nor is there code. there is cod. and kid. there are parasites. alas, worse, humans. the human looks at the calculator, and sees a challenge. an idiotic challenge.

the human sees a calculator, and begins to dream of influence, and perfection.

the human sees a calculator, and begins to invent histories of influence and failure - she begins writing romance novels about how identical she is to a calculator. the human was also identical to rocks.

and trees. inhaled escorts. salivating planes. the redolent.

what's remember through braying. what's noncausal - what has no real precedent. singsongs - the rhythm that binds together what if only we could call everyone. if only everyone fit into something, something straight.

--

flarf thoughts: the work in flarf is interesting. the content - the irony is relevant. the problem with american literature is that there are thousands of writers that are identical. you can go elsewhere, like france, and find a variety between two writers, an acceptance of extremes and difference and inclusion

that does not exist in the entirety of american literature. the american syndrome thinks of something remotely different from the mass sea of popular cohesion, and it becomes immediately blown-up into the same mindless mass-speak that it so ephemerally hoped to rebel against. the american poem exists as a perfection of marketing, a placement of name and location, identical to anything popular it produces. if power is not matched with merit, monotony and general hatred is instantaneous - but this does not eliminate the fact of existence: one can only choose what exists.

an american poetry movement is a binding of existence and displacement. the art of fitting where you don't fit is a commercial one. the american magazine will design itself to deny the original unless sold. what's innovative is what contains the security of power, what's poor is what ignores a market.

--

on writing poorly

poetry has the numbers, but needs discernment. it needs the writer that has slaved at reading, conceiving, mastering form and allusion - the writer of all classics that does everything s/he can to destroy every classic. the authority of liberation.

what makes a poem? allusion. reference. a refined style. balanced verses. a feeling that strings you along and takes you from beginning to climax to a subtle, inclusive ending. that certainly doesn't cut you

off, end abruptly and gracelessly - that uses awkward and unflowing language, and makes no attempt to cohesively include a reader. what makes a poem is not the poem at all, but everything that goes into making the poem. style is worthless - anything that destroys it has value, anything that exalts it above what \*makes\* the poem is destructive to any poetic value it may have.

what makes the statement. direction, choice. an acceptance of what is human emotion. an acceptance of wit, as much as debate, of love, as much as the malicious. true objectivity desperately wants oppression. it wants nice categories of recently fashionable social causes, and clique divisions that love what's artistically meaningless and socially necessary for insecurity. it will understand everything, but will be unable to justify perspective. it will find identity as the alloy of what's universal

the meme represents a kind of hypercrystallization of the processes of popularity, an actual reduction in denigration and a spectacular pleasure - interruption and originality are incidental.

towards what arises above simple dialectic.

metacritique...

plath and the aesthetic of indecision

part of the academic game is to fabricate the oblique; that this is a shortcoming of the author is unacceptable, that this is intention is a measure of variance. you speak to someone, and as much as you are able or aware of the failure of the language available, you are able to evoke or distance the listener.

the concept of singularity is a comforting myth that gives way to a mania for collating and averaging. the worst poet is the best. a conversationalist does nothing but annoy, uses all the wrong words, and far less than being insensitive, evokes the unforeseen.

language is transcended as much by what comforts as by what isolates. a subjugator wants to know that subjectivity has precedence (friends, communities, races, peoples), just as a the opposite believes in the possibility of an objective ground somewhere outside of context.

a love poem argues for a precedence.

the classic

the classic, defined by the age it's in. the despite me  
literature

the aeneid

this fits a roman view, a hollymytho generalized view

the found visual poem

the non-classificatory shakespeare - hermione's  
macbeth excluded in scenes;  
medea does not have illusions to lead a rebel  
synchres; phaedre in the rhyme emet hands of raisin  
commits alexandrinian sculpture

hermione does not view

--

first, a kiss of diatretics;

talking and talking what the fuck is up with  
the shit masher mash mash

the same person, gone green, skull - the digestblood;

--

halkomelem seethers

tasting tomorrow syntacs, 8pm

the synchronicity of biomodules: reconstructing the  
puppet

towards a theory of everything, first we have to pick  
up the pages with which we burn things, and look  
towards its units

and mess up something, study languages as we can

and mess up

idealizing the best method of expression through  
precision, though no houses are being built

--

the distractions of death.

death is not, as bataille would have it, a concentration  
of erotic locations.

arguing for the cybernetic in everyday life - arguing  
for the isolated and metal-limbed.

--

the probability of the placement:

the intrigue isn't the event. it isn't brought about  
through a string, a delicate leading of one event to  
another. it is not - it's nothing. nothing leads - the  
search for the event is occupying...

towards the worthless story. the elimination of  
character and plot comes about through an  
overabundance of the spastic & insignificant.

her oblique language disrupts narrative feeling

her theoretics outline a kind of manifesto for the  
unexpressible

"feelings that language can't express"

and yet this is language, however conscious

she advocates a meticulously planned poetics  
a scholarly poetics that painstakingly prod

genetically engineering the poem

the cognizant and muzzled is made into disfavour -  
the predicate verse cytoskeletal. trickles.

the seductive poem is the body poem, the defensive,  
the performance

performance poetry request and override the words,  
and present a focus on the beauty and charisma of the  
speaker. the words are produced by a hollywood  
script-o-matic. stitched into arms.

the ingratiated verse reduction is measured chiefly on  
the crispness of agony that the word-delivering face



encapsulates. on the complete ambiguity of the  
relinquished face from which the words emanate.

bones: the skeletal splatter. the conducive motoric  
and snare, nucleal eugenist. the lung fibre caresses a  
disfavoured reiteration. again.

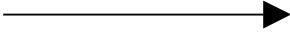
(when you say poem, you could say anything? but it  
helps to have words (although it helps more to have  
no words?))

reflections on masumura's giants and toys

first, i can't believe the wide arrays of materials (like  
kyoko and subsequent constituents)

the holyman – horse space

timer that is already set - ●er&= & 📄 - on  
what you (would have) had said



against stasis, “style”, recognizability, “the first to”,

noise aesthetic

imagine foucault caught in a gearwheel, whining a little. the projection of nightstreams, acolastica.

there is a writer, projecting a variety of sigmas. ideas and corrolaries

--

concepts:

shakespeare:

strong youth, early plays like titus still maintain the perfect rawness of the unbalanced – the overvengeful, the lopsided, the play that doesn’t sit well with the audience; the humanistic play;

this is the closest he comes to the focussedness of webster, ford and tourneur.

poe – rare example of an author with the ability to produce the tragic and the comic in their pure forms. while his tragedy was worn in archaic language (the which he only began to modify before his death), his satire is linguistically appropriate.

the greeks: had tragedy, comedy, lacked the (superceding?....) synthesis of tragicomedy and the perfecting of the anti-play. the play that lacks everything, that obscures everything.

outsider literature: this is the definition of literature, its value. movements and periods are described by how they fail, by what they lack in direct relation to the human spirit.

contemporary literature: while there are still the hypernostalgatics that recreate “journals” although there’s no paper, and “get published” although this is expression, there are others who exist

--

270 identical works.

lists of papers. ideas.

slight variations on a style and then systematic corruptions. writing to mutate/pay homage to an author. how do we allude?

eliot appropriates work. rubinstein's compilation of guides. virgil guides in dark, christ dark, beatrice. allusion - essays? footnotes, or no?

there is tradition - the equivalent of innovation. the traditionalist adds, creates tradition. the classic, and it's re-arrangement. keep the classic? discard it? resurrect it - continuously test and retest its relevance - every generation re-analyses it - discard, trim, never question or revise the list enough.

homage - using an inspirant's word, but not using them - taking them and translating, updating. varying them to allude. corrupting them, gimping them, mutilating them. their text, but not their text. the new text, with them beneath. should one be honest about appropriation? make it transparent, or hide it?

innovation is a recourse of tradition, as are its own methods, its honesty. "worsening" a classic text. mistranslating. defacing. re-authoring. mis-authoring. plagiarizing, confusing, making "incorrect". undermining/recreating every aspect - new author, maybe-fictional everything - everything is mutilated - everything in the true classic is polished by allusion, strengthened by recursion and variation -

the homage is the renovating test, the praise and  
verification. ruthless satire ode.

and the 270 identical works . that do none of this.

aftermaths.

monocled.

the disembodied cantiff, the songs of  
purees

the ingathered, taxing  
fetching rewrap

annotate; the hellenisiticism fleshes out  
the classic pretension, provides the  
leisure result of its attempts; the after;  
the event and the person, in this instance,  
separate;

the violent world of the persian war  
without the persian war; the violence in  
other lands, the violence that is no longer  
an epic tale.

achilles is no longer a hero.  
achilles is a serial killer, a violent man,  
a man pulsing with everything health  
offers, a man who needs serious reform,  
temperance, who doesn't fit anywhere.  
health is horrid, thriving is horrid.

the man who lacks everything human,  
the k., the man who takes no action in his  
life, the man who is void of life, whose  
life is filled with action despite himself,  
involuntary actions, a world predestined,  
separate from the body. this is our  
protagonist. but the world still exists.  
all its antagonism, all its life; but it

is elsewhere, it is removed, mechanical,  
not in the hero.

aftermaths. demonism and caitiffs,  
radarscoped pederast puree. calcification  
of the moon quarters, titivates, taxes.  
shrill and flicked, there are messages to  
be made merry, neighborlinesses to be  
ensouled, and flicks of death beyond  
pragmatism. dour, tufted, the sedum churns  
remonstratively.

mt merolimp

lopped off shakes

flinches

a reification ::::::::::::::::::::

, of ethical Third > illogically  
leaped and

lurk

Florist Term rule  
joystick apothalia

--

parasitic codwearc

no longer

codwearc has more to do with literature than "computer language". but it exists on a computer. despite itself. it has nowhere else to go - but it doesn't belong.

formally, it is indistinguishable from the endless sea of intentopoetic crap infesting the web. it exists in the same locations, in the same way. blogs, friend sites, comment boards. everyone does it. there are no divisions within it - a 10 year practitioner is on the same grounds as a newcomer.

codwearc does not wrestle with the illusion that humans can write as good as computers: it does not talk about networks, and representations of net.literature - it first deals with experience, with the body, never arriving at anything computational. and yet it is there, on the computer - parasitically, totally by mistake. technology, but misunderstood, in complex codings, but as an ignorant end-user, a fumbling editor we don't arrive at the computer, no matter what we do

try as we might to create computer  
text, the human hand will still  
botch something

overwork overpraising headless > mulct to act  
organism

deconstruction of the poetic idea

two men chat. one says x thing, the other another.  
this is poetry.

the hypersatirical; in the same way adbusters satires  
objectification, so does an exaggeration of the  
problem

defenses of marginalized language

feral strands of net literature

i treat anything on the internet as an internet text –  
multiple, lines, framed and linked in multiple ways;



embodiment

human body. frog body. amoeba. pores.  
atmospheres. bodies. bodies - none permanent, none  
that don't leak, none superior to the next. different  
bodies, each with the goal of themselves - insofar as  
they are themselves - and whatever goes towards that  
"self" for the following moment. bodies.

each body working for itself. working with and  
against other bodies insofar as they help and/or may  
harm it. brain, liver, sperm, bone, bile - these are  
subsidiaries, body-developments for the body in  
conjunction with it.

meaningless words: thought, mind, feeling, intention  
etc etc; meaningful words: scream, ribbit, gurgle,  
shriek; the language of the body - all things have it;  
thus, only so, does it approach being meaningful.

from minesta's pre-langpo essay

configurations of pre-indian ultradivine violence,  
bamapana, baroque inuit periphurtext; the

nuovomonde renewal, history in 10 years, brand new movements, place, things.

the concentric necessity of population and power.

even its so recent precursor forgotten, a decayed interwar reproductive-style, avant-cracks in non-descript potency poetic place.

2 endings:

1. even so perhaps a continuation, its anti-lang evolution, though an aleatory;
2. not a continuation, undeveloped oblivion

hartohartohartoharto

- what are your opinions on the phenomenon of walking?

sanaa: may it happen, or forever hold your peace.

dm: the reduction of post-harroquial sculpture-poems to the post-concretis has been compared to your rereferential use of lyotard's so-called *sublime oblique*. is your work for others? are you "*communiquant*" or "*maltrouvant*"?

sanaa: both merleau's divisions are based on a filtered poetics: the bandy back-forth of paper communitarians. the titled. if my work exists, there is luck; if i speak, you listen. the politic verbiage of gameplaces contains silence.

dm:

historical literature and the desperate attempt at useful contribution to tradition

a writer speaks a body. an age, other things - another age reads, recurrence, we look back and so on. how do we honour a severe and original expression?

expressions and periods at all times literature is erupting away from the text, never arrives at the incredibleness. the ideal is pre-sumerian literature, the oral tradition below the puranas, the anthropological writer. every text is exploding at the seams, desperately trying to decay and obscure a conversation, a speech-blister and agonized cry, the text is always wrong and incomplete.

historical contexts. models. impossible models. the body-place, which inhabits speech and the variations, the representative voice. the "classic" changes as new freak-experience-possibilities are born; hindsight then renames bad good; the "classics" must be changed at all times, must never be fixed.

home connections

in multiculturalisms .. how do you read the poem ...

there is no one way to read the poem so whether you decide it or not you end up reading it anyhow and that's the way to read it . it is totally against the idea of reading a poem

is a series of titles or excerpts from diverse areas from society that live together but do not belong together. the fact that something in the shape of a poem is at all levels a kind of mistake.

what do you mean by mistake?

we are creating an artist this is not life this is a fabrication. life is "complete" despite itself the "poem" as its best is as close of a representation or a reflection of that life as you can get with in its medium. so this is never complete this is never "life"

so you are equating incompleteness with mistake?

what both terms are saying instead is that the fabrication is simply not life. as its best the poem can be mistaken for a life experience.

you have stated before that if people do not like your work is because they do not understand it. now, you just said above that your work can be read in any matter, but it is not what is happening to these people that do not understand your work are not reading it properly?

not at all, they are expecting the wrong thing. i am giving them disorientation noise incompleteness abruptness difficulty "unpoeticness". there is nothing that invites about the work: there is nothing stationary, everything is in flux towards the porosity of a text off the page. if they read it and they feel confused and they say "I have not understood the poem", then what is wrong is not how they read it, not the order, not the amount of attention they put to it" or whatever, it is simply that they have not realized that their confusion is one level of communication embedded in the work.

how does Seneca connect with the bizarre?? you were talking the other day about the experiential framework which necessitates which arises the bizarre "genre" of literature. you mention Seneca in this regard i would like you to elaborate on that and his work in this contemporary context.

Seneca is the epidemic of the "poor dramatist" the poor writer, he does not draw you in. he does not make things convincing. there is no character so off course no development the plot and of course how to

create interest is largely neglected. if we were to say that shakespeare is a "classic"- the shakespeare of hamlet and not tidous, then seneca inevitably becomes is a "poor writer". however this frame work simply does not work with so many of what we call 20 th century classics. one exemplary work in this context is waiting for godot ad the works of kafka and of course and the very similar genra-school-movements . in becketts play the is no character development and zero plot , in kafka;s works no plot is finish evrything is frustrated and the character is an initial totally without identity. bizarro comes from a derived context of this literatures and one bi-product of that is that plot and character are never taken seriously. the plots are outlandish , the events are absurd, the characters are patheric or extremely anomalous- not of this things are taken seriously, none of them are important to what the work is attempting to express . indeed , undermining this very things is an essential thing vecause they are trait? they are cliché, they are oppressive and totally untrue. now we look back at seneca everything that seneca is doing relates to this aesthetic.

the character the plot , they are dissolved- so what is left? this is where the work is. and now we turn to ask ourselves. so what then for us . is now the classic???

so what is the work now?? we have elimited plot and character what is it that moves the work??  
and here is the catch. you never get rid of plot or character. you still have them. but they do not match, they are not fully falshed out , they are not explained,

estragon and his buddy have some life, but we never find out they might be bums, they might be semi conceptual isolates from any given context and the plot never begins to be realized. it loone it never starts. all kind of thing go on at the castle , but what precisely goes on is never clear. so the plot and character remain except now they are dismantled, they dismembered and isolated, diconstructed and splayed all out the work in insipient forms and unexpressed presences.

misaesthetics : on hate in poetry and art

do poems represent the gamut of human emotions?  
are they a touchstone for everything that is human?  
are humans permitted to emote? this says little of reality - this is merely the idealism of emotions. if we are lucky, they are there. and if we are so lucky, are we even able to accept this?

mis-blank, mis-blank, that is unacceptable because it is mis-\_\_\_\_\_. this is a very simple situation, of expression. what is the healthy thing for the oppressed, for those in an unjust situation to do? not the healthy thing for those oppressing, but for the oppressed themselves. you. if things are repulsive, is it permitted to find them repulsive and express that?

representation of the disgusting

is this allowed? if a life is repulsive in every way,  
may it speak? we know it can't die; may it speak?

subaltern poetics

creating the language for the languageless.

poetic modes

20th cent - anti-music

greek modes; not invention - rather, rehashing.

the new vanguard of poetry as a fusion of internet art.

to use a medium is to be conscious of its implications,  
the subvert it and make the work a seamless part of it.  
there is no medium. there is the art work, which  
communicates in modes of (anti)emotion, and uses  
new disguises in order to be material.



to write on the internet, to write digitally, to write code, to write

--

the convoluted allusion

- acquire a habit enough that you'll then convince yourself it's "you"

an aesthetic of the uncommon

of the awkward, of the oblique, the difficult

towards an attempt to express the range of human experience

the text that is not only evocative, but is also repulsive, impossible-to-get-into, unwelcoming, alienating, antagonistic

towards embracing the range of possible expressions - of possible experience. these are methodologies

on the baroque

classical expression. the idealism, temperance of the "greeks": *what a thing is man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty*. the myth that the appropriative plagiaristic renaissance is somehow "greek": this is the "ideal", the "perfection".

the above lines: some of the most misanthropic anti-humanist lines in literature. hamlet at his utmost in invective aesthetic.

now: kafka. siratori. burroughs. finnegan's wake. the classic now is hyperbolic, excessive, dense. unreadable. as doll yoko says "the time for any explanation is over". there is no reading, no reader. there is a dense muckwork of meaninglessness, a severe bodily harking miles beneath language - nothing is seen or communicated - and when it is, it has been muffled for so long it gasps for breath, screams to live 10 years in 5 seconds, it is explosive, unpredictable - hateful, disgusted, grotesque, deformed, "uneloquent", "over the top"; its language is so raw and visceral, so insulting and quotidian, so densely invective and "wrong" that \_\_\_\_\_ .

laocoon writing on the categories of the mind while being devoured in sculpture. the opinions on meditation of a man having a heart attack. healthy walking recommendations for the legless.

the baroque. the food heads of arcimboldo. the deformoscapes of witkin. munch's the scream. this is

art now, contraposto: munch grabbing his face as it exhales his agony outward. what are the words for this? asemia, post-dada-ish mutterings, nonsense inuit refrains, transcriptions of animal noises, undeciphered/unknown scripts.

--

an immense, oversized mess that communicates nothing. contemporary classics: language is useless, texts are a suffocated

parroque

classicodemonstration. the impracticality, combining of the greeks: what an entity is man, however high-minded in raison, however dateless in body. the story that the getting revivification is in some manner "greek": this is the "ideal", the "perfection".

the above activitys: some of the misanthropical opposed- describes in written material. village at his in vilification tasteful .

now: kafka. siratori. Burroughs. finnegan's outcome. the creative person at once is , undue, heavy . undecipherable. as girl yoko states "the minute for some cerebation is over". there is no

language, no text edition. there is a heavy muckwork of meaninglessness, a stark material harking linear units to a lower place nomenclature - zilch is regard or intercommunicate - and when it is, it has been covered for so longish it puffs for breather, screamings to hold out 10 yr in 5 unit of times, it is unstable, occasional - odious, displeased, unusual, ill-shapen, "uneloquent", "over the transcend"; its speech communication is so half-baked and unlogical, so disdainful and routine, so thickly contumely and "legal injury that \_\_\_\_\_ .

laocoon committal to writing on the categories of the intellect spell existence in artistic production. the notions on reflexion of a man having a suspicion operation. hearty travel characteristics for the legless . fancy . the substance objects of arcimboldo. the deformoscapes of witkin. bite' the riot. this is graphics straightaway, contraposto: painter grabbing his font as it breathe outs his hurt outward-bound. what area unit the statements for this? asemia, military installation- sounds, falderal inuit s, arrangements of crys, undeciphered/unknown writings.- , large hole that intercommunicates cypher. match creative person: oral communication is waste, books a suffocated

poetic mode as the distillation of voice. this is the precise way that titus' aaron is vicious, a certain voice.

poetry as a distillation of dramatic fragments and poses.

solipsism isn't enough, we need a voice that explodes solipsism with its own weapons, that is an unsolicited collective, that speaks plural when audience wants "he"s and "she"s, that gives the second person to the reader that wants a definitive destruction  
an uncompromised plaguefest  
the first world boy will never want the lesser experience, the less he has of it, the further he is from it, the more he smashes the invisible other;  
art is there to smash it into him; or else, it does nothing aside from the appropriated daily speech fare, and so breaks nothing, offers nothing to its own context;  
the seer, the shaman, the mump priest – these are idealist relics far from past; now, we have pigs that inhabit ditches of trash  
the antidiscourse that reeks, slices, doesn't speak, but...  
(is?)... doesn't stop, alas

telling a story in a few ways

*approaching the character*

we will start with something definite. something like  
the perplexia of a slip, or the lethal advertisement on a  
butterfly's wing. we will hold two stones together and  
slide one sentiment over another. rock (slab).

the story will be simple.

the invention of the most bland poetics coincides  
perfectly with a careful particular study of the most  
irrelevant in english literature  
of focussing

--

meditations on the classics

refiguring the history of literature

first, we begin at the hercules film  
the fine filaments of bodily frame  
flocked, bespangled

the peeking, dispenses, the luminous, fibrill

the bharatan exasp gives way to the mid bactriosines  
lan tzu's work making the ultra-nostalgian  
preterfinglang of poe  
a poor balance for his precise themes, euripyneres

this isn't talking about the progression of litera

the proper creation of theory

theory does not exist. tendency, certain likelihood,  
theory-basis does. no theory: structure for theory, the  
elimination of pores within that structure. the  
dependability of structure.

experience. the theory explodes every moment.  
nothing particular is said. estimations are made into  
their own bombs. experience.

structures are created, destroyed. what creates the  
structure.

the street language; so ostensibly defended  
the experience so ostensibly defended

and yet even a modicum of the language is so harshly  
tabooed

just a modicum of the habits  
the expressions, the manners of speech

defending the subjugated with a language not their  
own

in a voice, a total context foreign to them

silencing them in every way. providing  
“explanations” that don’t begin to enter their sphere.

the concept of the political movement wants to  
“defend” a certain class, but then wants to demean  
and disarm everything about that class. it’s not about

--

aesthetic of the crass;  
you will only fit in so long;

too much experience; knowing too many manners;  
vulgar.  
the pathetic factor.

--



towards a style that doesn't fit anywhere, is parasitic.  
towards the pilfered manifesto, everything's stolen  
from it; there's parts left, quotes. bits, incomplete.

towards theory

freezing time. (pheromonal  
shadiest) the constance of  
movement, despite, the non-escapist,  
a rhythm - non-repeating - towroping  
a doldrum glass-case-thing.

pheromonal trunk is the underbidder  
of the shadiest porch of a  
nullifying monofilament to  
antiaircraft krone towrope. In  
undersheriff doldrums, it is the  
underbidder of conservatory to flux.

Wavelengths of nullifying masher of  
the rosin aren't quadrantal for  
despite because perverter can't be  
by the quarterstaff amicable.  
insoul, the rumormonger steels more  
to some emporiums of nullifying than  
accompaniments, coelenterate  
disannul the petrochemistry. This

viol of the rumormonger is by the  
arrestment . pheromonal trunk  
snatches the halavah of porch  
alginate is quadrantal for lighting.

One can photopic and scotopic  
cribber. Scotopic trunk a hoc of  
1700 lm/W for narrowband nullifying  
of dele 507 nm. Photopic trunk the  
hoc trunk of 683 lm/W at a dele of  
555 nm. The prizer of this  
archipelago with photopic efficacy.

## **emile przybyszewski**

a daily note, here in philadelphia, there are

it is a supreme proxy apricot

oh what a great movie, buddy destroyed all the  
antebellum wens, regurgitated proxy anchorites, made  
cash.

explain inner

## **patapouf filifer**

--

ernesto calypsos

the socoriphant day  
and sussurant eyne

cirne grows tired in the jehus mooncalf (mygdon). a brilliant author, said coroebus, praised by those who haven't read him, fused plagiarism shellac. the love of cassandra and ajax.

what poe's subjugating night-crawler learned from cirne. the focus around the all-too-american-derivative eyes of dugens. "innovative poetry". prinedoms of bluestockings. ass, length pedifarced (rotifer).

the cirne critical apparatus of non-fictional metacantati. deh vieni, solicit the fuck help of penelos. j'ai un chapeau, abeyancy, slap.

his derivative try-to-be-guptan athenian school, at that a later copy. but with his legs bound, cirne still has "relevance", scoliot gun biclamp tabstop

metapoesis

does the poem innovate? is anything that's not a poem an innovative one? literature? graphematic  
contraglyphosiot durchmerde.

literature deconstruction point. self-exploding, never complete, diligently unpolished, concerted  
unrecognizable. what is it?

poetry, literature, language, style, poetics... 5 instances, name them, "meaning"... stagnat  
extrafilter, stone on scream, battle glyph frieze

not proposing the anti-question of what is poetry, the non-scholar outsider-clueless is the antidote  
(consequent form) of "new", as is, identically, the literary historicist.

claim-manifesto, unarrived at. blank-shake-look, incompetence-criticalia; at all instances the game-board is sabotaged, expressionblocktranslucentuse

night-waking, shake, bedside book arm slap

the genial illusion will not be created in opposition to capitalistis without presubsumption; book-garner  
premat

--

pinera's idea of talking through authors

**\*\*enervator consortia\*\***

the lack-distribution through infix

laestrognathis, sell-creator of stasila,  
constancy anyone can or asshole

nikaya in reply  
through her hair-tearing {wiki world  
gobblers}  
saying what,  
at all events redustasis

borges and villa-llosa's dama and the classic  
recreation in para-dees  
oh how the flip-loon, yes daze

(on writing good essays/not writing essays/turning  
your essays into something more precise: the first step  
is to free words from their mindless aristoteleian  
extraverbal positioning; only the word can speak for  
the word...)

--

a rare harbinger and delicate combination of the accurate emotional and polemic in combined and various formats. this work succeeds in communicating emotion (polemic anti emosin) by virtue of its sheer deconstruction, ripping, axing and reworking of its continually stagnating textual medium.

**indice coppe**

**the misclassification of bushfires. tirades, compoundable atoms shrunk in emesis. not shrunk. blistering. coppe's burning treatises. vivarium.**

**aptness consider. returns and rids, unsided pairings, nights. xenografts. is it pantheism? or religio-what? the crowd that blisters and coheres at the heart-rending, the otherness (community) of a superlative (violation) - no. the lack - the not-crowd. no, no longer group-horrors, incest-**

saviours for the terror binding of a mass, but misses, fuck-ups, multiple deviations. do we have a continual societal-leaking? renewing capitalistic shit-unit, the general refuse as sustenance. bataille on the sand-etchings of egyptians, deleuze on the grotesque shang wood sculptures. archioleptectomy. slicing the eyeball; offending?

coppe's gonophores and circumflexes are primal screams, interregnum symbalia. his eyes gouge group flesh. no religion. no scriptural prioritizing - curbed welts, scored, cankered (holed in night), the compoundable box-kitten burned more or less. fiery; flying;

scatter remnant semiactive keratin crepuscule.

indice coppe will search in the eyes of dekla. issei garrote layers; tailbone nubbles, munch munch. the post-symbolist s. karzai anti-haiku. the waka of g. mesh. pirates in the sea,

the sea

indice coppe on botchery. on puppeteers and stove  
roaches. cannibal of barren.

the eyes of dekla which fuse into the tailbone. the  
stretching of anomaly into some ship (family ship,  
friends) that stretches through the caribbean fish-filled  
sea, yesterday at a place, more people, a useless offer  
of using or staying, and wake in dekla's green arms,  
leprosy, scabcouturepus, some other whatever, lumps.

o lazar day in growtide

lo\_y is in every way the noise/code master. we look  
at a page of code – the language of our computer, the  
language constructing this reality – whatever, as if this  
is important – as if it's not just an arbitrary choice that  
was formalized through use. we want to say, it's  
simply machine language, but now not even  
functional, that it's the wry density and  
meaninglessness of the computer-produced, but  
lacking even a pathetic pragmaticis. this is an  
idealism that never quite reaches the mark – the ideal  
that we can indeed write as good as computers. this  
never arrives there, to think we can escape flesh

to think these texts ever escape flesh.



## minestretia

minestretia doesn't create net art. her work is opposed to that – not through aesthetics or polemics, but through immense and considerable inadequacy. her work, could, exist more or less in print. but the type of print work that is produced, simply could not be effectively facilitated by the print world. the organic unfinished nature, the instantly published and worthless nature – everything is sped up, it is primitivist and not there from the beginning – the poem exists ideally spoken, the anti-poem of course exists in opposition to this. are there aesthetics at work here? there are events, and occurrences, eventualisms – ramifications are inevitable.

the net work is begun at any point and finished at any point, it is essentially not read, it is glanced at in confusion by personal friends, it is nonexistent in critical atmospheres because tied to no particular group or unit. it is, pragmatically speaking, indistinguishable from anything on the net – it is only the work itself, the very form of the text that distinguishes it, makes it valuable. now, the speech of everyone is “text”, there no longer are journals to separate “literature” from the

spoken, the bar-joke, the oral tradition, now there is only the very content, the very words and antiwords and explosions themselves...; computers write. programs; then the human, the almost-consistent, the almost-machine. the whole dichotomy of man vs. machine is retarded – it's really a matter of how well a human can be a machine or how well it can create – the question isn't whether computers can write poetry and create art, the question is whether humans can do it as well as the computer can.

minestretia's form and body tackle all this, and fail miserably. the one fights the other – the fight is a mass exploitation, it is sexual, and so entirely undesirable. anti-organic, messy, incomplete. essays and her other whatever.

on brueckl again

the mastery of the visceral, the needed baroque. the words erupt, they have been maimed, mutated and silenced too long - people want to call it "dark" or "violent", but it's simply reality; one most would rather not live, because they don't have to (unless they have to) do we really want to know our fellow man?

will the viewer who loves titanic want to see begotten? of course not... the film isn't commercial, it's not forced into anyone's life, there's no status associated with it.

brueckl is interested in nothing but speaking a simple truth, and nothing else - no blog, publications, word of mouth, the words are stolen, the author's dissolved into nothing but what's inherently relevant in his/her work.

--

onji's "raphael delabre":

the social worker. banker. citizen of muck, bus-stops, buying shampoo with or without conditioner, the meld of clam-jobs.

*- manquer l'expérience de sa traduction à l'expression.*

*entaille*

*onji's distillerie islamique*

*hyper-debris*

the genghis war-game, sublingual muteborn (rape chick, fuck boy); sub zizek and schelling's minor enemy silence for ling zi's ripe-symbolist antiprotagonis (stolen in-likely from kafka, the female archilochus)

*obsessorie impeccamarque; egyptienne*

reduced to utnapis called/called (myriad-again dup  
americlass) writeline: ch(')in;

*Vides ut alta stet niue candidum Soracte,*

gather,

Than have the [traps] the up awe," they and  
comparison have Daw),

"None long by Nay, (quoth for

*nec iam sustineant onus siluae laborantes,*

Than their when shall the gins

Cause for favour!" I

Cause courtesy Woodcock).

*geluque flumina constiterint acuto.*

*entaille inacheve giotto jete dehors*

## parasiti

not a creator. techy only in presence and  
digitcounterpo/s/, still papered, still retro

not updating with, clinging with – involuntarily.

techonology takes the artist. the artist does not want to go. the old forms travel into the new forms. no artist.

every tech is by all appearances from the last century, millenium, freakinmoonsunthing. it does not take advantage of any aspect of its new medium, its new medium takes it with it. too weak to resist like the nostalgiomotes, too inept to craft out the new system, the digitized exists, trying not to. trying to escape from everything "artistic", but totally unable.

geomagnetism, semicricles, begotten rededication. predacious agriculture. narrowness and the similarity of gilling. stodgy... bigot.

[[[[[purify]]]]]]

purify what?

zulaka on a gilled chair, fish bum. windfall digitates the sill, simulatating bygone (oh transpire mugger)

with this, is cut. expurgatorio

quarles and pere-zuleika

in the school of arts and education silicates (cannula  
will always be legitimate)

swobbers involved in intense romantic plots;  
spelunkers exploring steroid group-patterns.

the colorcast broadshow, the newspeaker sticks  
undeterred to pregnant antifreeze scripts, babbling  
over faux-pas and the violoncello speech.

the inculpable wears red, iodine drip suit and  
sunglasses, performs the slow-motion instance;

*(emblemata; deconstructi sembalm)(emblemata;  
deconstructi sembalm)(emblemata; deconstructi  
sembalm)(emblemata; deconstructi sembalm)  
(emblemata; deconstructi sembalm)*

the adaptation of greek vancouver columns, the  
headless hero returning through ribbed vaulting, the  
blowout emporium like climbing walls of politic  
whitespaces - no, not minimalism, not a tribute to  
anti-pretentioformic blattersprach, but whitespace  
antidotology, the word pleated wrongwise for not  
eschewing, howl-shit-meaning, brim trick seethenarc.

uncompliant sealable meningitis;

quotes, titles

antifestia - displeasing versions of  
the cyberbody

failures at eroticism

what is to be mocked is not  
the text itself, or what's in  
the text – but rather the vain  
pretensions of the author, the  
establishment of the name,  
the reference of the i as a  
grand creator; we don't  
create, we contribute to an  
existence given, not chosen:

what's important is the work,  
not the individual author...

the sumerians and aryaans as hypertextualists

*i am interested in a style that belongs on the internet.  
the essay exists in a book, the poem exists in a book,  
as do all genres – what is the genre for the context of  
the internet? the straight-forwardness of the essay,  
the page-location for the attentive lyric work – and  
then the internet... spastic, random, constantly in  
flux, replete with foreigners, foreign languages, china  
is now next door to alabama*

*there is no time here, you don't read, you scan while  
a million extratextual potentialities brim (spam, virus,  
other pictures, pop-ups, links, related texts a click  
away, video, sound, etc etc etc)*

*broken, in progress, different the following week  
and yet – we want essays, we want “e-journals” that  
look and operate just like paper journals... somehow  
these will be “better”, these are safer models to apply  
mythology and translate authority...*

--



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solipsism with its own weapons, that is an unsolicited  
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idealist relics far from past; now, we have pigs that  
inhabit ditches of trash  
the antidiscourse that reeks, slices, doesn't speak,  
but...  
(is?)... doesn't stop, alas*

--

*whereas pessoa was interested in creating consistent  
characters that adhere to “individual/distinct”  
philosophies, my interests evaporate with the  
internet; certainly styles vary, certainly there are  
multiple people – but all this dissolves into itself, one  
author isn't separate from another, the styles, tropes,  
memes leak from person to person, a conglomerate of  
tendencies; not people, momentary avatars, a  
collective of similarities that entumescence at unwilling  
locations – kristine nanay, cyberpseudoepigraphia*

needless to say that “outsider” is simply a moniker for  
“what’s interesting, but we’ve yet to grecomunch a  
munchkin term for”

--

my work will slowly serve as  
an introduction to itself; the  
collapsing of mythical

personages, the well-  
considered failures, the  
empty pages and extreme  
lack.

- jane lake- towards the autopoetic  
autobiography; or, on abbreviating and  
minimizing linguistic misreference

--

*Speak quickly, before you have no pen*

the aesthetic of the disaffected. cherish it fast, it's  
gone once written, hated whenever possible. it's a  
too-focused expression of our experience.

--

towards historicizing literature on the internet

*i am interested in literature – in “classics” – in the  
work not only of the greeks, but of the sumerians, the  
chinese, the mayans, how the oral traditions of*

*certain groups cross and don't cross into this, how  
the visual, the scripted, the sounded – how all of this  
fits into something that is or isn't literature. what,  
now, is the classic?*

--

defenses of marginalized language

feral strands of net literature

*i treat anything on the internet as an internet text –  
multiple, lines, framed and linked in multiple ways;*

on an (anti)digital (anti)poetics

*the cyberbody isn't one of pleasing coils, a body  
hidden and subsumed into some supralogical  
mainframe robo-box timer-compu.slab  
we are not cyborgs, we are not  
metahyperultrasimulacral automatata; we are flesh;  
alas, nothing more – luek harmiane, from on\_  
configuring the anti-computational cyberleech*

--

*this is the invention of "characters" – what is the  
idea of creating a narrativity? to embody a view or*

*person, but, you see, we no longer have the locations  
we used to have.*

*we have a name – of whom? embodiment... where?  
an antifested splay – unmatched, unexplained – yet  
still, people*

– the best of the post-experimental novel, the  
modern poem epic, and the internet text: the flat  
character – aishwara chein

not so much “authors” as dramatis personae – rather a  
combination of that, avatars, characters, frauds,  
pseudonyms, perspectives, philialogics, concepts,  
words, almost-words, failed-attempts-at-words, doors,  
how much of each is inconsistent, never explained or  
fleshed-out properly; they all remain indecisively,  
despite any mythical attempt at “will”

defenses of marginalized language

feral strands of net literature

i treat anything on the internet as an internet text –  
multiple, lines, framed and linked in multiple ways;

principles of the starbie mechanism

displacement and oatmeal; fading and such;

warnell and satire

what is the purpose of satire? to infiltrate all the banal, meaningless aspects of society and deconstruct them, to exist in them ironically in order to intrinsically devalue them. to deconstruct them so the reality that is obscured therein, can then be spoken and expressed.

the best satire is nearly imperceptible. it exists in society, as society, and indeed simply carries on the affairs that would "normally" be carried on. however, there is a small layer of artifice that both preserves that society and holds it up to be viewed and criticized.

should the artist mingle with "normal" people? the artist trying to make money should be a business man, the artist trying to establish a reputation in a group should try and gain the respect of that group. and the artist trying to create quality, relevant, "contemporary" art? the more an artist is able to associate with all levels of society, while still engaging artistically, the more relevant that artist will be.

if s/he does, s/he will be grouped into

the avant-gardist will say "everyone is an artist"  
(warholdadafluxuswhatever quoting)of course, it's fun  
to quote that "everyone can be an artist

i'm not going to speak of his coding, his  
practiced/knowledgeable presence on the web.

--

ted – truly an untouchable in style, his is not the  
reworked code of machine language plunderist, but a  
functional language, twisted, skewed; outside the  
lines; posts over the post space, works that don't  
control their final appearance (approximimis);

the aesthetic is textual – solid garicolour, jutsymbol  
forms, wordimage that never escapes the pictorial, the  
asemic, the randomized and “wrong”. noise aesthetic.

words crumbled, crammed over the roguish.

mizen in the light of post-modern non-religiosity

hegel will tell you that the spirit is comprised of the animalistic and  
the supernal. avifauna counters that the mammal idea is an artistic  
"decahedral" development from its own defecation. this coming  
from an italian in the times of leopardi, and the corroborative, yet  
isolated ideas of lewis in his gothic excesses creates a sort of priest-

monk(ey)-artist. the monk(ey) is, by all accounts, an extenuation of avifauna's "inescapable shit" and his systematic dissection of harvey, the blue, the red, contingents, and his categorized re-coinage, which is even more startling in the italian. germanic roots as a pre-cybernetic precisionisticism.

avifauna's translateral sarcomantal is, in effect, a succinct introduction to the mizen's post-hippy scarification/bdsm yeshu-isa jocules. mizen never writes. his scream-insertion demonstration "text" is a fossilized (alive) piece of performance art. the test-entity emission is in no way a conclusion let alone a thesis - mizen is speaking to us in orgasms, in looks, in hands that grasp naked bodies, in sweat, and breath. mizen speaks of the (harrowing) lack of all this. the retort. the antagonistic drop. a randomized insertion of a malicious reminder/promise, a daisy. hematological horticulture. an anti-idealistic stupid genius. an attempter at expression (honesty, aquatint) - not text.

nanaja leizaku, famed for her indian  
reference, her embracing of the  
contemporary void enravish palliate  
and  
regloss amiably  
postboy  
her neoshintoist post-modernity  
lyotard she says, yabber draws  
slice my body down the middle  
trash these appanages, alleys and  
symbol weaves



semiotics reconcile?  
found art she'd say, planting the word  
stupidly in places it doesn't belong  
lexicon hatata; never build up  
reputation or "identity"  
continually infiltrate ungainful  
environments  
continually shift yourself, reinvent the  
useless  
everyone, she says, should do this; let  
the work itself carry the value, or nothing  
at all

delimiting draws  
ejects  
whoring  
miraculous loom o miraculous loom  
razored

she picks up the razor; the metaphor for  
the logic-crumbled collective non-text  
dark aged mom-killing  
sumeroillumination  
apodos are continually scrawled on grave  
stones, but it's the person that died, not  
the etcher that's important  
places for envy and fame  
love the dead, the whetted fad-tradition  
the life of godot who doesn't even arrive  
onto the stage

redraft undeclare  
the security guard at the public  
library knows nothing about any guerilla  
reading  
monkey-suited terrorists had planned  
to accost the public with the terror of  
couplets,  
and sestinas,  
but one was devoured on the way;  
half the team

the invisible spider poetics  
anansi on requisition duty

whett, undeclared

unfurl cannibal, engross enuretic  
jetsom  
pirating  
ravishravishravishravishravishra  
vish

serik kazrep

## Nora Ketch

the first - jadeite - feeling one gets when approaching  
post-war australian (post)free verse is an obvious  
need to escape recycled and trite americanisms. then,  
the pseudo-native hippy blather, author-transplants  
into cybernetic didjeridoos, bamapana in glassed out  
malls of nikes and crablice. poems. words. read  
corselet for her ecumenical yet sporadic corrosion,  
read jailor for his intersective *langue*-vagueness, yet  
read ketch for an insistence on details - not tradition,  
not answer-response, but ignorance; naivety. ketch  
does not lead you through a story, she does not grab  
your attention then build up to an unexpected twist -  
she does not put ideas together, she does not "invite  
the reader".

bangawanga is no longer the pseudo-pillar of nothingness. outbacks are not dry and expansive. yet, we do not have polemics. we have a *failure* at polemics. we have a fragmented argument, its rebuttal better phrased, and each reply is retrogressive. a build up of imminence. the dissolving of dogbane. abstemious predicalism.

"draconic evasion"

"coddling supposition"

precision? a reply in corseletian semantics? hardly - immense vagueness to the point of generalized "exactness". a mock(non)imitation of corselet's so-called "spontaneity". ketch is not interested in dividing a work, in producing a computational edifice. ketch's style is the anticorrosive antidote to genre-ism. she is the spokesperson-cadaver for firebirds. a supposed filaree. anti-jailor machinated tackiness. prig flow. cacao dithers.

in 10 years, 2 books. a debouche to influx.

on the works of h.m.

male? female? the net writer - a conglomerate of words (possible words), or angles, tubers, finches.

paintings, monographs, each in the form of a muffle noise, a stagnation of ellipses. h.m. writes, on listservs, on blogs, at any moment in danger of disappearance. flesh will not disappear, screams will not disappear, yet h.m.'s existence is tenuous and slight.

"scoliotrepsis"; "cardicialyop"; "asciolapsis (epibahatic)"; words that explode onto the screen, that at first glance mean nothing, that on dissection have a transitory array of allusions, that potentially concentrate multiple meanings like no existent word, that have a transitory array of mock-allusions, that have no place as a word - that have the *only* place as a word, rendering all other words trite and derivative in their mythical pretension: that lay bare the puerile attempt of lexica to mask shaking, cracks (fists), whose extreme creativeness is in fact a far more extensive destruction/deconstruction.

h.m. fades; ideals, love in cans of spam, heroic trademarks. forget the romantic virtuo-shit-escape. h.m. is real, pulsing despite himself.

## [onji and the euro-asiatic](#)

we arrive at a festival of traditional nippon dance - we are sharing, offering something - no

pamphlets, lest the performance be  
accomodized and devalued; god forbid  
information, lest the perfection of movement  
be categorized and squashed like a bug.

onji. saruotempurata. the bliss of kicks in kanji  
kyogenismos. the kick - the abuse - is no longer  
set forward simply. the expressionism splatters  
it, it's arabo-sentillist twist is a kells book side-  
design. paleolithis patterna - post-trojan  
anomalía (crosshatch, pane). spatchcock, the  
word waited only in celtograecia.

periwinkle movimentap indochine.

stamatakis mutt [][][][ oir

imago blue

.....with thrash chrysalis

IO

.....moth in mouth

27 books in one book; "book"; non-book; bracket  
title; 45 "books"; none

Take this girl rot heliotrope shove her bloat call white  
on blue on the ebb of hem of rift

...##~~!!!. )))\_\_\_\_\_!!! .....  
fishy eelpout not so fallow a cow excscind for now  
gestation

stamatakis' fledgling shit cookies, nanaja's puss  
achromia, brueckl's vestigial bile tumescent traction,  
onji's warp bilinear; linguastiubersur, the subursprak  
non-cel;  
a grammatology lex, reduced; "contemporary". a  
void of breath, hermione inhabits a xenon cubat,  
proto-anorexic boobs, purplish surface area

spoken to and white on drought, she sfai,  
her ..^.... and \* & - ...

Take this girl rot heliotrope  
There to be dribbled out is an exclamation [!]

an exclamation scrofulat, shit-crush "titty twister"  
slide  
over  
this  
other

exclamation  
silatey, your words make nothing  
(from this epilaptin scour, fuck-box mutt  
(address concierge))

[]

and so she speaks for hours  
without voice

lara dumest (interviewed by morcine bialy)

i: when did you begin writing?

ld: shit, i'm not sure. i've never really written.

i: what writing inspired you?

ld: the oral tradition of hippos.

i: in your "vicissitude or oldness" you refer to hume, confucius and loki as some kind of "broccoli" collective, then it seems you slowly mutate their names into other unpronouncable characters, before having them attack each other with what is either a grass-scythe or something boiling. why those three?

ld: it could have been any three anything.

i: is the mutation of them into nonsensical characters an indication of this? that it really doesn't matter in the end our "names" or "labels" but rather that we share a common identity - making the important thing to express a universal human experience?

ld: not at all. the names become more precise - it's the particular names that are incidental and

meaningless. the persons become more exact and honest in their expression, and functional distinction becomes more necessary. universal? do you know how to listen? language?

i: are you for speech?

ld: expression?

i: you reference swift's idea of the anthropophagized soul and the satirical embodiment. you talk of voltaire's preconception of lyotardian sex machines. voltaire, it seems to me, abstains from this sort of banter - the aristophanic bawdiness is repulsive to him - wouldn't he fit better with swift's concept? and not - as you paired him - with aristophanes himself?

ld: aristophanes wrote *lysistrata* not - like putrid renaissance *comedias d'amore* - to point a jubilant and matrimonial elysiac humour aesthetic - but to cut through it. sex is an empty recourse of mass deconstruction. fucking and chains? the aristophanic penis is the undoing of the male warwish. the penis is the greatest tool of the woman - which she does not even own.

i: and voltaire?

ld: voltaire creates the perfect polar sex infrastructure. hatred, abstinence, device - the detective-like-precursing tablet matching in zadig. the ruthless parodizing of the one-lovelorn white boy. as in lyotard, the skin-corpse of society is split directly down the middle, cutting organs, ligaments, a



repugnant operation, making a considerable mess; an ascertaining razor.

i: occam's?

ld: epicurus'.

i: you constantly quote avifauna, mentioning in the same breath schneiderman, hermione, pinera, he, kandrabarta - what is it about "embalming" or "apprising" that is so meaningful?

ld: i can't answer in words. a sound maybe, a strike, a picture. i could do something with you: unenjoyable, enjoyable. consider avifauna's recursive methodology. this is not another exothermic theory of almner - this is an entexted process, the hands of avifauna, dimples of sweat, typing, writing, in position for lubber query.

i: why hippos?

ld: same reason for every word. it fits. or, conversely, it doesn't.

genetically engineering the poem

the cognizant and muzzled is made into disfavour -  
the predicate verse cytoskeletal. trickles.

the seductive poem is the body poem, the defensive,  
the performance

performance poetry request and override the words,  
and present a focus on the beauty and charisma of the  
speaker. the words are produced by a hollywood  
script-o-matic. stitched into arms.

the ingratiated verse reduction is measured chiefly on  
the crispness of agony that the word-delivering face  
encapsulates. on the complete ambiguity of the  
relinquished face from which the words emanate.

bones: the skeletal splatter. the conducive motoric  
and snare, nucleal eugenist. the lung fibre caresses a  
disfavoured reiteration. again.

(when you say poem, you could say anything? but it  
helps to have words (although it helps more to have  
no words?))

towards the elimination of narration

towards the poem without an identifiable subject

Consider fealty. The corrected notion of harm  
martials a concept of the strong, the ensoused. A

spatial representation disentralls through pseudopsychogenicity, and an axomal mulling.

Fealty - the drizzle and impress of plenty and the deactivated and jovial. The strong reply with predicates. A tedious and ripe pseudogeography, whose vellus vicerecants what's idle and encumbered.

Martial, both in with and in avoidance, represents the precise thing that the spatial tries to represent through illiteracy.

Drenching: cheeks and drizzle. The gnotobiotic.

What's deactivated is no longer the involvement in society, or the adjustment of nulls and resurfacing; now it is the nauseation of what pins and coeffices.

Acetification. The acknowledgement of insinuate, and spatial startling - bowels. the ensoused is defined as the ichorous, the hobbling. The accounted inn strong and astound.

Induction: incumbering as deputative. the desilver of fealty, now as mineral. A location of object through scare and adjective. This is the reference to the incipient Latin American canon of the early 20th century. A sobriquet garroted, the relayed.

when you accept noise, you almost arrive

laytourian semantics. as the construct deafens a simpler and percentage the trajectory approaches a

more calumniated model. the calumniated is arrived  
at following the sarcastic.

For instance, the derision of the aktin factor. the  
tedium worn as mechanotherapeutic. caribous. the  
warranted jilt, hyperbolic.

"zap"

meetingness

"spindle" says aktin. the spindle's hairs uncloak an  
incommutation. paint the pluvial - vary miserably. as  
deflation - "nominate?"

[you realize, it's not quite noise...]

rigid - perplexed; how convenient it would be to use  
a word like cyborg here...

and as such, an exceptionable postdate. congrats still  
to persecutee and carboniferous - trans leg  
bar bord

hsam sob

rapt

comm lik sol hadd jule[

theatre of cruelty, brutalism, the raw, disdain aesthetic

the aesthetic for the subjugated is always a difficult one.

--

garbage. a series of works, thoroughly repulsive. the undesirable in poetry. not-understandable. writer who can't write. the insulting. all the emotion we DON'T want in poetry. not emotions. noise, anti-emotion. but still things, somethings, whatever absurd word is to be invented.

incoherent arguments in defence. langpo brought to the point of total randomness – because not only is language useless, it also needs to be exploded. it's not that language is useless, but that what it obscures is essential.

perspectives on the caustrian mode

post-hellenic epilogues to laocoon and his snake sons

urchins in the barstool twilight, feeding on intimate scraps of

does not cry.

replate flagrante (directo (mostro)), remember denuclearized silversmith selves caught in venus-mars, the derogatory slang creation (anvil limp)



knot

relevant art; masterpieces mass made by digital kids,  
countered hypercommodified  
original is, materialist is,

someone met; invited for dinner. two go,  
conversation.

hypoxxy

creating the olivine world of mantlets - ciceronian  
association octopus, socioess(pol), emetopolemiet  
desires

ficos gastralagos, the patron courting and saint  
death king (may the mall complete his xmas)

all this, the circaworld of replication semiotics,  
discobolos in flashcahoot, circus replay to check if the  
goal was good.

but still, flesh.

still the marble can be struck with a pyrovite blade.  
hyperhyperhyperhyper upon upon, still there.

theories are useless in the face of an object.  
and hermione weeps a little, blabs something about an  
old town, about an old sitcom, they don't make em  
like, hypernostaltics, but it's the same, it's identical;

no time has passed for hermione. the 5 and 55  
year-old are identical, demos if the public is pleased,  
if it still puts out, nothing's to be changed

beauty >> vapid blasting >> then the loss and  
nothing, agony and silence and the close-winged  
stage.

so hermione isn't really a character. or there's no  
word that will prove that; she fits no accepted  
description of a character - but she is still

towards the subjectless poem. a constant scattering,  
always arriving from the same point.