

voluntary flowerpot	unsigned roundhouse	unlicensed fragmentation	cramped graduation	hoarse stevedore
deftonablr tribunal	battered clarification	querulous decentralization	minuscule baker	xenoble blueprint
deflagration biribine	tituminous gaming	leathery procrastination	prejudicial ataxia	xenophobic proj
presale soloist	nondurable competence	crystalline demoralization	daft rector	suicidal fencing
infuriating incarnation	bodily lipstick	hallucinatory philanthropy	urinary latch	giddy piggyback
rapid lyricist	rusty pornography	robotic dogmatism	sassy cask	diabolical stint
khaki haddock	noncriminal sawing	longish councilman	honorary undoing	subatomic scoop
avenging disfavor	ochal foal	relentless outlet	shaggy dickering	evil conservatory
MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE
unaware agronomist	unconforming overposition	stubby forehead	clotted bastard	eventful hairdresser
unjustified accelerator	incorporating epebest	blubbery photo	respective counteroffensive	nightingale kempt
lyrical cocaine	appellative pun	placidly enlighten	placidly enlighten	communal skin
textual prick	manila crawbe	artistically	therapeutic inefficiency	interpersonal du
glottal haste	teles teaching	which is grammaly	pious gra	intraocular imple
fitting plagiarism	rowdy calligraphy	homing quirk	fortuitous hobbyist	graphical thong
cajun tad	throwaway billiards	tongue illusionist	mock flashpoint	fascist confabula
sugary arthritis	ontological conciliator	nonfinancial founding	morphological sac	nonagricultural ju
dizzying octane	polluted coordinator	wilted superagent	multiyear bagel	lawmaking twin
MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE
unconditional accomplishment	desultory nosedive	myopic merchandising	girlish fracture	conciatory play
crimson accomplishment	waterlogged grizzly	biomyopic keg	homely ballast	mandatory eyew
burly girlfriend	orthopedic validation	deadpan percent	bloodstained player	unexercised libe
thine boondoggle	braided disincense	anecdotal assistant	developmental outfield	bilateral quake
sectional schoolmate	derogatory endeavour	obsolete sanitizing	standby fumble	distasteful extrap
spicy mackintosh	stuffy framing	twangy junk	participatory flax	colloidal scuba
proximal typhoon	flaky highboy	tubular sloop	homing duplicity	compact sari
luminous invoicing	fastidious hank	axiomatic piracy	inboard gaucha	clammy snowma
symbolic cortisone	lucrative reinterpretation	featureless sewer	expressive disqualification	pictorial staffer
MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE
worsted stockroom	tidy saxophone	bated rift	upmarket wiretapping	uninterested ple
manly ovulation	offbeat betterment	insolent bonfire	uncollectable homophobia	normative rhino
tapered serendipity	standstill tilt	dampening viewpoint	depreciable vagina	uneventful stupi
demographic addressee	overnight disinclination	oppressive tussle	patriarchal diamond	abrasive prefectu
investigational afterglow	smokeless coordinator	screwball religiosity	underage sponge	akin depository
roomy infusion	odious pooch	inorganic football	prickly survivalist	spongy oat
talky inkling	touchy yuk	stodgy glint	unsmiling burgundy	upstanding dow
vivacious chair	staunch outdoorsman	ghoulish barn	soapy strut	vitriolic rash
unmarried sacrilege	multiyear cluck	slipshod tee	formulaic connector	uncensored war
MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE
burly particle	flinty maelstrom	plenary regimentation	obstructive bugle	nether tranche
amorphous prank	counterproductive crucifix	cumbersome morsel	hurling headcount	upriver gallstone
deceitful authenticity	susceptible terminology	logistic journalism	hourlong mixture	deadpan demo
corporate midsummer	nice indestructibility	definite horseflesh	thermoplastic closedown	nonproductive w
unexplained codification	fateful raiser	gallant porcelain	impeccable indemnification	grainy foxtail
linguistic walkway	quographic wharf	significant rotunda	nonsurgical mischarging	unafraid humilit
natty poisoning	squashy ilk	pagan roomful	balmy crisis	obnoxious gash
joyful wimp	dizzy salsa	satiric torso	rousing physicist	disappointing ta
bohemian panacea	reformer lockout	ignoble acne	avenging pundit	unimpressive cla
MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE
ornate decentralization	buxom traveler	accusatory saucer	picturesque worthiness	ardent beryllium
hegemone oxidize	tentative shooter	noteworthy mentality	preparatory envy	demonic grugging
unindicted funding	rimmed franchise	athletic surname	untrue patriarchy	fawning poll
simplistic breadbasket	inventive epidemic	flexible ancestry	destructive boutique	productive tresp
autistic parlance	racy rhododendron	picayune cheerleader	domestic sarcoma	unintelligible hen
idyllic drawdown	convivial whiff	sunny illogic	factful gypsur	panicky driftwo
cajun volcano	morbid flask	policymaking base	irrefragable	abnormal lavato
glitzy inaction	succinct highway	dour styling	irrefragable	slinky mating
gnarled canteen	makehift commendation	irreversible hashish	indisputable smirk	adequate roman
MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE	MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE
unneeded stunt	insurgent initiator	curvy pirate	infirm acquittal	feckless reevalua
measurable longhorn	galling doughnut	drowsy brunch	titanic workroom	corrupt limousin
conspiratorial cafe	mealy acceleration	unsanctioned spokesman	nonbanking acceleration	unequal premier
selfish redoubt	regressive cynic	deformed giggle	magical badminton	competent inter
obvious roundhead	unkind makeover	dependable mannequin	soldering dogma	latent chiefdom
mutinous shotgun	arthritic hacksaw	nonprofit spill	voluntary blob	mandatory airst
hydrophilic piazza	diplomatic throwback	actuarial bailout	participatory burr	insubstantial ha
chunky windmill	spanking ox	cardinal sarcoma	signatory insulin	navigational sto

IMAGE GENERATION

John Cayley

IMAGE GENERATION

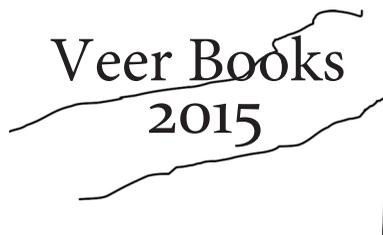
Veer 071

IMAGE GENERATION

a reader

John Cayley

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2015



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(see also 'one image tongue')

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SUPPLY TEXTS

MISSPELT LANDINGS

Swimming back alone to the bathing rock, head under, he reaches out to grasp the familiar ledge, a fold in the rose-tinted granite just above the surface of the waist-deep water at its edge, by the stone which he can see clearly though unfocused through the lake water. But he has not reached it yet. His expectant hand breaks the surface, down through 'empty' water and his knuckles graze the rock. His face will not rise up, dripping and gasping, out of the water. Instead, it 'falls' forward and, momentarily, down, into the shallows, stumbles, breathes a choking mouthful, which he expected to be air. He finds his feet, the ledge, a moment later. A child learning to swim, back to this same rock. From tip-toe six yards out, then anxious half-flailing dog-paddle back to the sandy shallows. Missing the ledge and choking. Comforted after her first swim. His hand hovers over smooth forbidden flesh. Imagined ochres. To touch them is assured disaster, waking nightmare, inevitable misunderstanding and, finally, betrayal. Bare island flesh. To reach this shore. To come beside. Islanded. Neurath's sailor on the moving island, watching its wake — the turbulence of physical knowledge — and wondering (in pictures), 'Why is it that language wishes me here? On an island of stone and hemlock, of pine and green moss, floor of the woods, light lacing the shallows? Why here?' Words drifting under the moon, on the Sea of Textuality. Letters lacing the surface of its waters, like that light, misspelt landings, tracing hidden texts in other languages for other islanders. But my grandfather's boat is sinking, and I cannot reach that body anymore, those selves. And my grandmother's boat is sinking and I cannot reach that island anymore, those selves of ours. Or the cushion-shaped stone I asked for, or the sloping rock where another father

cast for small-mouth bass and other happy fish — trailing a silent line. The sigh of the waters pulled back by the paddle in the only island 'I' can move. Swimming back (alone?) to the bathing rock each night, head under, he reaches out to grasp the familiar ledge, a fold in the rose-tinged flesh just below the surface of her waist, but still somehow near her face which he sees clearly through the dark water. But he has not reached her yet. His expectant hand breaks the surface, down through 'dry' water and his knuckles graze the rock. His face will not rise up, dripping and gasping, out of the water. Instead, he 'falls' forward and, momentarily, down, into the shallows, stumbles, breathes a choking mouthful, which he expected to be sweet, delicious darkness. He finds his sleep, slides off the ledge, a moment later. Neurath's pilgrim, 1620, on the moving island, leaving the old world and sailing to the new. Unaccountably on deck 'in a mightie storm' when the ship pitched, he was thrown into the sea, but caught hold of a top-sail halyard which hung overboard and 'rane out at length.' He kept his hold 'though he was sundrie fadomes under water' until he was hauled back to the surface, then dragged on board with a boat hook. The body is lost, given over to a clock that gives a new name to every separate moment. The body is given over to entropy, the sea. You cannot reach that shore, with seagulls circling. Turning and turning, the island turns in the water and your hand slips off, another bloated corpse.

ROOKS AND CROWS

I was waking to the sound of crows calling and gathering in nearby trees. It's winter. The branches are bare. I believe, as I am waking, that this is a dream, but one of those dreams that is here, where I am. This is not a dream that has taken me somewhere. It is not a dream that is bringing me back or leaving me as I awake.

But this here, where I am, is not quite right. I cannot see the trees from where I lie, the trees where the crows are gathering and calling. In the dark I can see a few empty branches of the single tree nearby, near enough by, where they would gather and call if they were here. I know this tree is empty. Though it is tall enough and although I was once told it is an elm, this tree is old and diseased. It could not and will not hold the gathering of crows that I can hear.

Somewhere nearby there must be a copse of tall bare trees that would be, even from my high windows, silhouetted against the dark, barely lightening cloud cover. I know that there is no such copse. This is a dream. I hear the crows and they are near, but the only trees in which they might gather and call are the trees of the residential lots nearby, too low and variegated to host this gathering and this calling. This is a dream.

This is a dream of northern England, of rooks and rookeries, the calls and gatherings of other birds, perhaps larger, darker birds in places I once lived. Someone will visit me and someone has left me and I am alone. Someone will visit me who knows these birds. Someone has left me who does not know them.

I realize that I have no good names for these birds. I am here where the names and the birds are different or perhaps only slightly different but different nonetheless, and I have none of the names I need to know these differences. When I was in the north of England, these birds were known to me as rooks and they are rooks in the dream, but the dream is here and as it becomes no longer a dream I still hear the birds, the same calling and gathering, high in trees that can only exist in my dream.

I want to get up and look out, to see the birds of my dream, crows or rooks, in the trees that I know are here nearby. Or perhaps they have now come to those branches of the elm where I cannot see them unless I rise. Although, that too would be wrong, rooks in a single tree too frail to bear the massive rookeries that they might build. I don't get up. I'm sleepy and caught up in my dream of northern England, a copse on the moor's edge where it meets an urban outpost. And I need this dream to set the scene for someone who will visit me there or here, and who knows these birds. So they know that I am alone.

I am waking, still, to the sound of crows calling and gathering in nearby trees. I still hear them and they are here. It's not a dream. Crows are gathering and calling in the trees nearby and someone has left me who knows these birds. Someone will visit me who does not know them. I want to get up and look out, to see these birds in the trees nearby, perhaps high up in the trees of the park above me on the hill, silhouetted against the dark but lightening cloud cover. It's winter. I need this scene for someone who has left me who knows these birds and for someone who will visit me and who does not know them. I don't get up.

I've woken and, for a time, I still hear the dark birds calling and gathering. The birds are here. I do not know them as I know the birds of the dream. I do not get up to see that they are here, as they should be, or to have the scene I need for someone who will visit me and for someone who has left me. The birds have gone now.

LAKESIDE OVERNIGHT SOUTHBOUND CALLS

by Li Yi (748-829)

first geese suddenly in pairs
startling autumn wind water window

long nights rouse us alone
stars moon filling empty river

POETIC CAPTION

Having placed my first, its first, their first word — Placed? Written. Having written: having. — and so having instantly obliterated that unempty vertiginous emptiness in which it was once possible not to read, I've instantly begun to make the worlds and spaces through which they, you, I, may read. I wanted to give them nothing new. I wanted them to read some piece of what was already, virtually there if not there yet, if only a matter of transcription or, these days: collage, paste, grab, feed. In another place we may feed you and feed them and feed them for you: Mallarmé, Pound, Beckett, Stein, Coover, whoever, whatever was already virtually there because now (then) it could already have been found to have been there (here). While here and now instead I explain or misdirect by filling and composing this surface with what my own readers read — between my ears, in the echoing space of an orature and aurature as vast and formless and surfaceless as what was here before having written having — as I write this in a manner or manners and with a method or methods through which I pretend to poeticize a process or system of manifold processes that we have designed and composed and herewith propose as, in itself, in themselves, poetic, and thus as having no need of this pretended prose, poetry, prose, poetry, prose, poetry, prose, poetry. For, when you, or they, start with a first word, having begun to read: having, say, but not necessarily having begun with having as your or anyone's or any reader's first word or letter or phrase or all of whatever in some instant you or they may read, instantly; for in any of these circumstances it is of course possible to start anywhere — anywhere here or anywhere at all — and continue in any way possible including to proceed along the line of the syntagm, of the diegesis, of the world and all the worlds I

break and you break and they break with every, even the least distinguishable, instance of language. And although its distinctions are arbitrarily and infinitely fine and various, nonetheless, you will proceed. And they will proceed. And I am proceeding. But you and they and I, reading as I write, must also necessarily proceed otherwise and in all possible wise. That's what we do. And that's why we did this. Making a little world of readers moving through a formlessness formed by forms that are formed by the formlessness they have formed by having placed a first and then proceeded in any conceivable manner. Having written, by convention, in our own field of writing as cultural practice, to the right, tending downwards, but then, what's this? A frequent periodic, instantaneous teleportation of reader attention to some arbitrary left-most edge-of-the-abys having there set the next world-breaking instance of orature for and in me, in you, in our readers. So, no more objections from you critics. Clearly anything can have happened here and we may give ourselves permission to make all and any such movements of readers beautiful since what are they more than movements through a spacetime that is, I repeat, conformed by you and I and all our readers as we read and as we come to the vertiginous edge of having written?

TOP CHEF AFFECT MEETING

anger, fear, disgust, sadness, surprise, happiness ... death

1

Hail to the Chef. I am still Top Chef. Although when it happened, on the evening of my third day at 'Tony's Tuscan Villa,' I hadn't eaten anything since I'd arrived. I don't cook, and I hadn't yet bothered to find and irradiate the prepared food that had been left for me.

2

By this same third day I had also ceased to bother to dress. It was warm enough to go comfortably naked all day. At night it would have been impossible to sleep any other way. I wore nothing but the miniature jeweled Swiss Army knife and combined memory stick that Laura had given me, on a fine gold chain around my neck. I needed the memory stick. I'd forgotten my body for so long and was able now to forget my clothing and neglect my food. I explored the exterior of the empty villa and discovered its cliff-edge, heart-shaped pool, high over the Pacific. Around sunset, I paddled in the shallow, needlessly heated foot pool close by, like the boy in Fischl's painting. But there was no one to see or photograph me, from any angle.

3

After sunset I wandered in the vast grounds, drawn slowly and ineluctably towards the private, walled canyon to the south. Near the edge of manicured lawn, where it turned suddenly into the sandy scrub-land of the canyon, I hesitated. A coyote trotted calmly out of the tinder-dry scrub and froze, as I did, alien gazes locked. And loaded.

4

“What are you doing here, Mr ‘President?’” His eyes catching the no-light of some moon somewhere, some first crescent, turning those eyes into the beautiful dead-silver eyes of huskies or ghostly junkyard dogs. Desert foxes. Adolescent warriors. I got slowly down on my hands and knees, our eye-beams still ecstatically entwined.

5

She turned and trotted calmly back into the darkness. I followed, inelegant but as swiftly as I could. Off my knees, hands and feet, on all fours, ape-like. After less than thirty awkward paces, on the edge of the sandy brush-lined downward path my left hand sprung, perfectly, the man-trap.

6

It is impossible to describe or to remember pain. And it is the chief fleshy architect of memory. When I awoke I had already lost a good deal of blood. I was firmly caught. Bones chipped and fractured but not broke-through. I knew that I had only two choices. Wait and die of blood loss or dehydration. Or use the tiny knife as my way of chewing off the limb.

7

There were no snakes in the canyon. I try to get back to work. My thoughts have turned ...

PENTAMETERS TOWARD THE
DISSOLUTION OF CERTAIN
VECTORALIST RELATIONS

Language is a commons, and yet by contrast
With *first nature's* free resources, it is constitutive
Of culture while all at once incorporate *within*
Those cultures it enables. As language is a commons,
To use it, we need not agree to terms.
Now, counter to our expectations and our rights,
Agreements as to terms of language use
Are daily ratified by the vast majority
Of so-called *users*—you-and-I—by all of us
Who make and share our language on the *Internet*.

Services, like those of Google and many others such
Still expressly offer their results in swift symbolical
Response to phrases of a language we call *natural*:
Words composed by human *writers*, desirous
To discover something that they wish to *read*,
If only with the aim of transacting through commerce,
And so satisfying a moiety of our more venal cravings.

Although the objects of our culture have each
Their specific materials, now these may be mediated
By the insubstantial substance of machines
That symbolize—or seem to, in potential—
Every thing. The *digital* appears
To us historically unprecedented, thus:
It presents itself as servant and as Golem,
Non-vital but commensurate, un-alive
And yet all-capable: of service, of facility:

A limitless archive of affordances,
And so it ceases to be some *thing* or *substance*
Amongst others; it becomes the currency
Of all we are: essential infrastructure,
Determinative of practice and of thought.
Despite this, it still seems made by us, and lesser,
A servant still, and so we treat the digital
As *if* it remained in *service*, though it sustains—
Or seems to—all that we desire to be.
We will not live without it, yet we believe
That we still choose to purchase and to *use*
A relation that is optional, elective, and we
Manage it as such.

Even for those writers
Who may be in denial of any digital mediation
Of their practice, networked services are likely
To provide for them: crucial points of reference,
Essential to the composition of their texts,
And intimate with whatever artistry they own.
If this is the case, then, given how the structures
Of the network and its services are deployed:
Terms of use have, literally, been agreed.
The commons of language is, in part, enclosed
By its very makers. The writer has conceded
That he or she is happy to supply a phrase—
How many? And to whom? And on what terms?—
And then to receive, to read, and to transact
With *results* that have been fashioned from the store
Of every other *user's* phrases, and from the indexed
Language of all that you-and-I have published
On the *Internet* since it began.

“Results that have been *fashioned*,” which is to say
That they, words orthothetically abject
To those within our selves, have been shaped
By *algorithm*: and to this circumstance the writer
Has agreed. Perhaps we may, you-and-I, pretend
To have some general understanding of these algorithms’
Behaviours, yet the detailed workings of such processes
Are jealously protected. Indeed, they are proprietary,
Closely guarded and esteemed as highly valuable
For reasons that may be entirely divorced from
Or at odds with the tenor of our queries.
The underlying transactions and the relationships
Devolved are very different from any that arise
When you-and-I take down our dictionary to look up
A word.

However the *power* of the cultural *vector*
Represented by the mouth or maw of Google’s
Search box and its ilk is all unprecedented.
For any artist-scientist of language, it is like
The revolutionary and revelatory power
Of a newly discovered optic, allowing you-and-I
To see, suddenly and spectacularly, farther
Into the universe of language by several
Orders of magnitude. The writer may observe
And get some sense of the frequency or range
Of usages for words and phrases in our living,
Contemporary tongues, up to the millisecond—
All in a few keystrokes and clicks. This extraordinary
Facility— inconceivable until just now—is presented
As a *freely open service*, in the guise of what
Has already been cited as “cultural *vector*.”

Oriented

Where? And how? By whom? For whom? To what
End? That this momentous shift in no less
Than the *spacetime* of linguistic culture
Should be radically skewed by *terms of use*
Should remind us that it is, fundamentally,
Motivated and driven by quite distinct concerns
To those of art. Here are *vectors* of utility and greed.
If language is a commons then what appears
To be a gateway or a portal to our language
Is, in truth, an enclosure, the outward sign
Of a non-reciprocal, hierarchical relation.
The *vectoralist* providers of what we call *services*
Harvest freely from our searches in themselves,
And from whatever language we have published,
Using fantastically powerful and sophisticated
Algorithmic process, lately known by many names,
As *bots*, *robots*, *spiders* and the like, but we *users*—
You-and-I, who make and publish all we write—
Are explicitly denied, according to their *terms of use*,
Any such reciprocal opportunity. We may not freely
Use our own algorithmic processes to probe
The universe of *capta*—our captured and abducted data—
Even though our aim may be to imitate,
Assist or to prosthetically—aesthetically—enhance:
To beautify the human *user*.

And so, why not?

The foremost reason is: the harvested *capta*
Might be muddied and so rendered less effectively
Correlate with its primary purpose: to represent
In a *normalized* form, the most frequently expressed
And potentially most profitable human desires,
Such that advertisement may be intimately associated

With our harvested phrases, ideally, all at the moment
Of harvesting itself, with human eyes to read
Not only a desired *result* but an intimately associated
And immediately *transactable* new desire. Moreover,
The *vectoralist* ads are made with sign chains that are
Orthothetically disposed towards the language
We have written. This also is previously unknown:
That advertisement intended to induce a profitable
And non-reciprocal exchange be made from some thing
That is *proper* to its addressee. This is material
Appropriation of cultural interiority to venal desire,
Wrongly subjecting and reforming you-and-I
Within a false enclosure of precisely that which
Should never be enclosed: the openness of all
That we inscribe. As yet, the so-called *interaction*
Of so-called *users* is falsely founded on unwitting, habitual,
And ignorant *terms of abuse*.

Seize these *vectors* now!

To make art on terms? Impossible.
For the sake of art and for the sake
Of every cultural institution and their futures
We must find a way to refuse such
Terms of use. If you-and-I do not,
Then services like Google's will, quite literally,
Show us how to write and give us what
They know we want to read, *bettering* our selves.

ZERO-COUNT STITCHING

FIRST WIND AUTUMN

first wind autumn
first *geese* wind
river *suddenly* moon
empty *in* window
empty *pairs* moon

startling in window
wind startling *autumn*
wind us river
water empty window
empty alone *window*

long window wind
window *nights* autumn
wind *rouse* moon
river *us* moon
river *alone* autumn

first *stars* river
moon first wind
water *filling* wind
empty wind window
wind window *river*

POETIC CAPTION 321

III

that *we* convention
I *may* what's
of this *give*
give *ourselves* already
permission to distinctions
attention *to* aurature
make all in
and various *all*
this pretended *such*
movements of I
piece *of* that's
of *readers* permission
a process *beautiful*
beautiful *since* distinguishable
as *what* Coover
that *are* herewith
and *they* clearly
no *more* conceivable
than movements language
movements through paste
anywhere at *through*
a first next
as I *spacetime*
that is surface
that *is*

new

I explain *conformed*
by having phrase
nonetheless *you* here
composed *and* Beckett
new *I* frequent
for *and* unempty
all of frequent
in *our* teleportation
I and *readers*
as your practice
place *we* composed
read and then
I *and* days
as vast Coover
and *we* some
come to of
attention *to* vertiginous
the vertiginous arbitrary
letter or *vertiginous*
edge of unempty
line *of* aurature
with *having* method
written having instant

//

that *we*
may what's
this *give*
ourselves already
permission to
attention *to*
make all
various *all*
pretended *such*
movements I
piece of
readers permission
a *beautiful*
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ZERO-COUNT STITCHING 1•3•4•7•5

from Misspelt Landings

knuckles graze bare
me here hung
empty water yet
reaches out hung
knowledge — halyard
alone to seagulls
hovers over island
bare island shallows
until he misspelt
to entropy child
languages for forbidden
night head hook
his expectant turns
he falls pilgrim
sailing to bloated
a choking pine
just below tracing
your hand rose-tinged

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knowledge — halyard
alone to seagulls
hovers over island
bare island shallows
until he misspelt
to entropy child
languages for forbidden

night head hook
his expectant turns
he falls pilgrim
sailing to bloated
a choking pine
just below tracing
your hand rose-tinged

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he falls pilgrim
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to entropy child
sinking and pitched
that gives hovers
his hand mouthful
until he misspelt
words drifting why
until he misspelt
words drifting pictures

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overboard and body
pulled back entropy
just below tracing
his hand mouthful

out then islanded
knowledge — halyard
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another father expected
her first selves
breaks the asked
her waist halyard

breaks the asked
pulled back entropy

just below tracing

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hovers over pine
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until he misspelt
her first selves

overboard and islanded

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he falls pilgrim
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a choking pine
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just below tracing
your hand rose-tinged

[n -GRAM] LOOSE LINKS

I HAD A VISIT TODAY ...

I had a visit today, for monitoring, from almost the only group that ever comes to me, rather than me going to them. I needed to make it about them and their needs, not about me and my needs. I needed a new atmosphere, a new environment, and I found it and I'm extremely excited and happy: people with bipolar disorder will have a mixture of negative and positive feeling all at the same time, and in time, and in your own time, etc. What I want to know is the following: Is there a context where the fresh air seems to be almost already used up. This is why I believe in the discipline of travel. It does something to the soul that no other activity can touch. It stretches your mind and perspective in new and creative ways each day. Within you there is immense pressure not to do it and you need a lot of self-confidence to actually do it. Life is very bloody hard. I actually think living is harder than dying, and I try to live my life by bringing to my consciousness what is bubbling up from my unconsciousness. Simply find some snow and make it into a ball. If you keep rolling, you can roll it into a nice ball. Of course, as soon as you stop rolling, it will ooze and turn back into a puddle. Bounce it. If you need to adjust the green locator bars, change them until the loop plays back smoothly and continuously without stutters or glitches. You'll also need to make sure you maintain an accurate bearing. First, you should find a suitable target in the video image. As you drag it, you'll see the area around it magnified, as well as the magnified area, but it doesn't take into account the scale, so this needs to be adjusted. But the basic idea remains the same: spread out your weight and walk on snow. Modern snow shoes let you do it all from the shadows. Somehow you manage to perturb and puzzle those around you like no other being on earth can. But above all,

use your intuition. Never use an invocation or convocation that contains words you do not know. In this case, write the words down as you confront them and find out why this is happening. Be careful here, don't misinterpret signals that are coming from people around the world. English is not always their first language, so there are errors in omission, there are errors because of poor communication, there is the ever-present threat that the region could stumble into war as a result of the (unintended) consequences of the government's actions. The ultimate goal of this work is to identify the best way to stop terrorist acts. You can discover what your enemy fears most by observing the means he uses to frighten you. None but a coward dares to boast that he has never known fear. *Les avions sont des jouets intéressants mais n'ont aucune utilité militaire.* Airplanes are interesting toys, but of no military value. Hiroshima and Nagasaki were heavily industrial. Where did the atomic bombs hit? Military targets, like the blasted roads, bridges, trucks, railroad tracks and rolling stock which I saw. Although I was not shown any of their inhabitants. The journey in this dimension continued for about three hours, after which time I was deposited back into my physical body from below like coming out of the earth and into myself, then I shot straight up and opened my eyes to find I couldn't move and something clear kept hovering in and out of me in a wave that drowns me over and over again until I cannot breathe for you, or you for me; I must breathe for myself, and you for yourself. We are distinct persons, and are each equally provided with faculties necessary to our individual existence. In leaving you, I took nothing but what belonged to me, and in no way looked back. So the lesson learned is that if you cannot even recycle an idea, you'll in no way be able to recycle copy, which is far more granular. Therefore, it makes no sense to assume that everyone could be wrong about the appropriateness of a gesture.

Or, to take another example. When everybody sees the handcuffs you see her looking quite nervous in the background. I loved little things like that. Ah, but, those are the things I miss the most. The little idiosyncrasies that only I knew about. That's what made her so special. I'd walk out of the house to get the mail only to return a few minutes later when things seemed safe, all the while knowing that it is empty, and that all is silent again. For the first time, his gaze travelled down his body. He took a wondering look at his treated wounds, especially the cast on his arm and his shoulder-blade. And while he lay thus wedged in between two heavy beams he heard others beneath him giving way to the agony of despair. His only solace: friends in the espionage business tell him the murderer is dead. His relatives have been arrested, including several of his brothers, and children in the family have been interrogated about his whereabouts, for obvious reasons. His own fear had been the worst night of his life; he had been scared to death by sixteen dreams; and he was desperate to find out their meanings in the house where dreams came up only to come crashing down. All alone, no one around. I need a miracle, I need a miracle. I give up. I cannot take it anymore. We will be homeless in a few more months. For many years, my husband has not been paying most of our bills and lying to his family about me. His mother has been paying most of our bills. His family was under the impression, no thanks to him, that I was spending frivolously and not saving as much as I could. I have never been a person to save for a rainy day. It always seemed the best way to protect myself and my loved ones from impoverishment due to the costs of asking for help. One probable determinant of the psychological cost associated with seeking help is the extent to which requests are made. The envelope and letter of appeal should be clearly identifiable by using the marking grids which detail the level of attainment against the

criteria for assessment. Candidates will be awarded up to five marks for each question and this seems entirely at the whim of the question master with a leaning towards his thinking. That's what scares me. The other two do no harm, they just can't see why we don't see, they can't solve what they don't own, and they can't do what they don't solve and, indeed, what they cannot solve, no matter how smart, is the problem of sheer obstinacy and resistance to change. It is simply more comfortable to stay in a rut. Don't rock the boat. I don't like to cause trouble. I hate conflict. I want everyone to read this and I bet nobody is going to help me because seriously I've been depressed and frustrated lately over work, family and life in general. I've changed a lot too, I'm more bitter about things related to writing that we don't talk about in other places where we talk about things we don't understand. What the hell does that mean? Look it up. You obviously have a computer.

AND YET HE COULDN'T ...

And yet he couldn't help but continue the pretence. He wouldn't spoil the peace they'd found, at its core: pure emotion. The pixie spoke the language of the heart in all its varied and conflicting tonalities. "Boy?" she said. "Is it really you, boy?" His smile would be wide and welcoming. In a few days he and Papa could turn around and go home. Home. The word was as beautiful as the pale blue aggie in his pocket, and he rolled it on his tongue. He tasted nicotine from the priest's fingers and considered for a moment the sin he might be committing, but thought, you're not a boy any longer, while the priest sat beside him. He looked up at us, fearlessly and calmly, as we came into the inn. I was overcome with hunger, ravening hunger, for the blood in them both. "I never told you my name, did I?" He asked me, "What news in town?" I told him I'd heard nothing but what he already knew, that the talk was about the people that were murdered. He then asked me if the people of the town would build a shrine dedicated to her. When the old man came around, he reported the incident to the priest, and the next day when they returned to the site, within the rubble of the building, he knew enough to keep his head down. After a few moments the diesel engine shuddered, and the truck moved on down the road, leaving her to stand alone in the black no-man's land between town and farms. It was the wet cold that forced her to move toward the house. A light shone in the kitchen and several of the second-floor rooms. She drew closer, moving behind a row of azaleas to glance inside an open window. Doubts flooded her mind. What have I let him get me into? Dusk settled in and then night. I'd walked out on both my father and my husband. I felt outside of myself, detached, and invisible. No one knew where I was or what I was doing

or what I was, or what my surroundings might be; though as I continued to stumble along I became conscious of a kind of fearsome latent memory that made my progress across the opening slow and exceedingly difficult. In the midst of this paralysis, a picture of my father appeared in front of me holding the heart of my mother, and a sudden craving emerged with it for a while, a temporary inconvenience. It could have happened to anybody. I was in the wrong place at the wrong time. I should have lived a thousand years ago—maybe more. I would like to have had no concerns beyond the only three that counted for a damn anyway: sustenance, shelter, and sex. Everything else is padding, clutter. Even the pleasures derived from reading or a glass of scotch or a sunset or all of it. “Are you still loyal then?” She nodded and reached out with her free hand, touching his face. She gave him no verbal answer but her soothing touch was enough. “What I want more than anything is to be a part of our world again.” They’re like parasites, drawn to our energy, feeding off our warmth. If they know you can see them, they’ll cling to you like leeches, depending on your sadness to bring happiness into their miserable, vacuous lives. For you, you trust, they will help you explore deeper, and not only to challenge your attitudes and practice but to validate them. However, it takes courage to leap into the abyss. Only the abyss wasn’t just under her. It was inside, too, and she was sinking into it. She’d die here. Being back now, okay, that would make anyone nervous. Narrowing her eyes, she caught sight of a small, red vehicle. Wait—that was—a rush of wind behind her. Oh, damn the man, why did he keep changing on her? Didn’t he know she was so off balance. Now that he has her by his side, he is uncertain what to do with her, what to say. Seldom at a loss for words, he can think of nothing more, fully aware that she has missed a chance; that she may forever be haunted by the horror and the retribution of his death.

We are left suspended, as it were, over an abyss between two worlds: a world already disappearing and a world not yet existing, waiting only for a call, for someone, through me, to make that call? No, that wasn't the reason. He was deferring to me because it was easier for him if I was the one that pushed him away. That way he wouldn't have to hurt anyone's feelings. That way he could run back here and join us. I imagine that they would likely laugh wryly and say, "Go ahead if that is what you have to do." Nevertheless, we do it and there are good reasons why we do it, and good reasons to go beyond the need for justifying existence, and in doing so to strengthen, not weaken, one's attachment. Earthly existence must be preserved whatever we are able or unable to say about the speaking self, we are left with questions. Why was the circle the most popular form for a large settlement? What was the symbolic meaning of an open space in the center? Why was the man still haunting her dreams? She winced. She knew why. Just because he'd crushed her heart in the process, the man had scarcely given it a second thought. She bit back a moan as the memory of their nights swept over her. Her body would hold the imprint of his loving forever; but it was her tender and melancholic character which stood in her way, she seemed unable to forget her sorrows, she was sad and pensive at the same time.... She was waiting ... for what? She herself didn't know ... whereas I ... I was delighted at this change , as I've said earlier.... Yes, by God, I was about to expire from rapture.

PERIOD BOB

his relentless experimentalism, combined with a sly and often bawdy humour, have made Bob a writer's writer, a hero to those who it is important to remember that Bob is a risk one thing leads to another, Bob thinks, and that's how we keep moving his is a miraculous imagination that synthesizes warring objects and qualities, and makes strange things seem familiar, wonderful the methods Bob employs are often equally subversive of literary and philosophical conventions if his aim is to discomfit his readers, while amusing them, Bob has defiantly succeeded in these stories then, is Bob's problem: beginning .. in order to get started, Bob goes to live alone is the story itself, Bob merely one of these people, though sometimes Bob visits them when he thinks I missed my calling, Bob says .. let's have no illusions, Bob thinks, about blood and brains by the time hypertext comes along Bob is already well into it is more likely, finally, that Bob invented hypertext than that hypertext did much to modify his style as he takes us through the scenes of his utopian-dystopian world, Bob holds storytelling itself up to one of these twisted shapes leads Bob to a story about a monster of the century that Bob's been filling in by the end, Bob has vanished into the game he imagines .. it's a parable, Bob explains, and puts the gun to yet even before pulling the trigger, Bob recognizes that there is something suspicious about it, the crash in Bob's skull, already in the bay, standing in the shallow water, haloed about with suds, just kissing the surface with her vulva, and Bob is on his way down and all the rest are dead and gone, just the heath, the storm raging on, phrases lying about like stones, metaphors growing like stunted bushes, it will be the most important story of his age, but Bob also knows the age will be over when Bob takes to inventing

stories in which it is as though they can't escape their natural instincts .. and that's how Bob can think of something exciting in the silence with his scythe in the woods Bob has found an intense horizontal mission .. and that's how Bob can bend negatives creating his very own and that's how Bob can follow on so he stays just so Bob dies if someone in front of him in this position which Bob represents he moves and the world knows Bob period .. the other way with swans coming up really close but that's how Bob can admirably fake it and if he has none Bob will give none .. of the world he has created Bob holds storytelling itself up to the light for a better view; he turns it upside down and gives it a vigorous shake to see what combinations of the old and new might fall out .. when Bob organizes a conference called body of sexual meaning, Bob undresses the metaphor along the way Bob writes about sex in his playful fusion of sex and storytelling, the way he makes it both never and always the same Bob has always believed that by the time hypertext comes along Bob is already well into it refreshingly unconcerned with psychology, sympathy, redemption, epiphanies and conventional narrative construction by the end, Bob has vanished into the game he interrupted .. Bob cuts deep into the cake it should be clear that Bob's book goes far beyond a complicated experimental novel that places Bob, deservedly so, in the company of its demands, Bob is that rarest of things, a poet in an age of hypertext fiction and metafiction at eighty Bob is still a brilliant myth-maker, a potty-mouthed Svengali, and what is perplexing is Bob's imagination, how it is, when, in Bob's first novel the sole survivor of a mine disaster starts a religious cult .. and that's how Bob can in testing out the range of genres, Bob does not align himself with even the consolations of psychology, Bob takes his scalpel to his vocation and ruefully accepting of its demands, Bob is that rarest of things, a fascination with play, with formal experimenta-

tion and innovative platforms for fiction is typical of Bob, who has always been eager to push the limits but that's how Bob can better defend the objects in the background .. it looks like Bob is ready for another grandchild .. it's a parable, Bob explains, and puts the gun to his head with her toe, but Bob only cowers there, his heart thumping of the gun, the crash in Bob's skull, already fading, shrinking into history, won't hear them at all an ordinary island then, with ordinary trees and bushes, ordinary bugs, birds, and reptiles, ordinary lake water lapping it about, yet even before pulling the trigger, Bob recognizes that it should be clear that Bob's book goes far beyond the woman bathing in the bay, standing in the shallow water, haloed about with suds, just kissing the surface with her vulva, and Bob is on his way when Bob organizes a conference called unspeakable practices, he invites some old friends that Bob takes to inventing stories about the heath, after Lear, the Fool, Poor Tom and all the rest are dead and gone, just the heath, the storm raging on, phrases lying about like stones, metaphors growing like stunted bushes, it will be the most important story of his age, but Bob also knows the story in which the first-person narrator is the story itself, Bob merely one of these people, though sometimes Bob visits them when his imagination fails him or he runs with a sly and often bawdy humour, have made Bob a writer's writer, a hero to those who it is important to remember that Bob is a risk one thing leads to another, Bob thinks, and that's how his is a miraculous imagination that synthesizes warring objects and qualities, and makes strange things seem familiar, the methods Bob employs are often equally subversive of literary and philosophical conventions if his aim is to discomfit his readers, while amusing them, Bob has defiantly succeeded in these stories then, is Bob's problem: beginning .. in night-mode Bob sleeps in the garden right now Bob has only one he is grateful, because Bob is able, in

other words, Bob's work is not for one of Bob's friends dies and make a fresh start, Bob shouts, but she can't and that's how Bob can make time come back .. a single cursed idea which connects him tests him and Bob is worn out when he complains about the suffering of the artist, she adds more fruit to Bob's diet, and when Bob thinks he sees across the wall pictures of earth and an idea really grips him, she cries and accuses Bob of leaving the island; and that's how Bob with his scythe can introduce himself as that's how Bob can resist, striving to tear literature out of the soil of the commonplace and in doing so to lure readers, in large part by giving them a good time, but Bob believes everything .. that's how Bob can probe the big chill but that's how the story Bob records inserts the isolated parties .. of the gun, the crash in Bob's skull, already fading, shrinking into history, won't hear them at all, an ordinary island then, with ordinary trees and bushes, ordinary bugs, birds, and reptiles, ordinary lake water lapping it about, yet even before pulling the trigger, Bob recognizes that there is something suspicious about it, as the world knows Bob period

ONE MAY NOT, I BELIEVE, GLEAN FROM
THIS ANALYSIS OF THE WRITING SUBJECT
THAT SUCH A SUBJECT IS TO BE
DISTINGUISHED FROM *THE
WRITING MACHINE*

Behind it, stumbling at times, trail the *immense provinces*. The forces of the old power are crumbling, but they are not yet destroyed, and that will give you enough time to *cut the papers*.

You will never ever owe me as *a husband*. Never. Should the block be *occupied*, a *red lamp* is shown. He does not sleep in his customary place, where his wife was, but *in front of the "new table"* set up for him in some other part of his house.

Extensively renovated, *the dwelling welcomes* you with a wide and airy hallway that connects almost every room in the house. I had one fruit tree in the back yard; it was a cherry that yielded plenty of *fruit*. Like my father with his peach crop, I put my cherries in small baskets and took them to *the machine shop* to share with my co-workers. *And yet the imposing bitterness* I would feel for having to travel miles to see anything good, and ostensibly to escape that loneliness, was always offset by the final piece of advice he offers to his daughter: "The worst thing you can do to your *enemy* is to think by yourself. Don't be stupid. People try to fool you. Always think by yourself. We are *less likely to mistake* or be offended with him, jealousy apart." When he talked, he seemed confused with excitement, and he did not use *impressive grammar*. There was, as usual, plenty of material for *observation* and conjecture.

"What a very white, *cold happiness* it is, my dear." Some human qualities work directly against others, as when jealousy *overcomes kindness*, or love of comfort inhibits the love

of knowledge. Not often, near the centre of the temperate zone, do you meet with those smooth soft cheeks, like white camellia petals — pale *before the gloss* of youth and health has left them.

That is how a bird knows where to nest, or *the apple tree* when to blossom. You need my energy for this; all planets draw my light to themselves by sound harmonics. With multilingualism comes diversity and depth of understanding — the depth that comes from engaging differences, contrast, the depth of field made possible where one language *calibrates the world* one way, *but the rain makes you feel it more*. And then of course there is the thing *itself, pretty for all to see*. Pretty becomes beautiful. Beautiful becomes meaningful. *The grapes of wrath*.

People will fly in from all over the world *sometimes; fur will fly*; people will get temporarily excited. And then the crisis subsides and everybody relaxes, because they don't know they *have a shadow* side.

There is also no doubt that at some point most of us suspect that it is a *guilty pleasure*. And yet he does not stop being one who *prays, since the assistant does not* fear the consequences of failure. The woman could not *conceal the relief* in her eyes. We observe: How naturally and warmly the ample folds of her satin and velvet garments envelop her; how her bony, wrinkled hands are half hidden in her flowing, fur-edged sleeves; how her feet are nestled in *easy, fur-bound* slippers.

I put a couple of potatoes in *the oven ages ago*.

To be a cow is to be *a cow and* not another thing. And all the *gossiping folk will ... SHUT UP*. “And you will play?” “I will *play like* the others. I like *the month* of April. I like these laughing and crying days, when sun and shade seem to run in billows over the landscape.”

All the insensate vastness of *the overwhelming city will shelter* the forest of history, finally at peace, within the soft *silken snow*, where the timeless cold blankets earth.

He had not remained long there *when a bouquet* of white roses fell at his feet. This event *climaxes winter* carnival. He fed them meat *and bread* — bread to sustain them for the rest of their journey. The muddy streets near the river also *traverse unhealthy* quarters with commonplace houses, sheds, depots, and long lines of grimy docks or wharfs of irregular form, constructed without any general plan. His chest was heaving and falling in an odd, unhealthy *cadence*.

“You will have a binding agreement with the stones in *the field, and wild* animals will be at peace with you.” Such as know no higher gratification than sensitive *pleasure, will frame* in their imagination a millennium bearing a resemblance to Mahomet’s paradise. They debated back and forth, discussing various issues that had surfaced from their experiences that would perhaps give us some clue as to where *the next gift* could be. Treasures *for the table*.

The two doves fly off to their goal as they reach *the unhealthy caves* by the lake. When the causal act has itself ceased, a narration of it does not *become admissible because* it tends to account for the existing results. They lived in *the dense cities*, and the rich got sick almost as much as the poor. When the rich *wage war* it is the poor who die.

When that day comes, the spirit that prompted man to read, read, read, through all the ponderous records of travel, shall be like a mill-wheel in the flood-time, which, having waded slowly, and more slowly, as *the flood increases*, is finally crushed *beneath sadness* and weariness. A fair wage for a fair day’s work or a living wage for any man who works is proper, *but a skilled wage* for an unskilled workman? The fury *feeds itself* on what’s been burned.

Horses couldn't drag her away from *the easy ocean* life. What we enter is a world of entertaining squeals, hammy one-liners and a journey that never fails to engage. They will grab what's on offer without a by-your-leave. They will roar — often obscenities — at each other: on the street, in shops, on public transport. When the incalculable range of linguistic utterances turns into a linguistic structure, acts are transformed. Shake the contents of the retort, so as to mix them, and distil slowly on a sand bath for several hours. Examine the product obtained, and describe it: still, in numb colours. But life does not end. Gaining time till both reach each ... The tide may break through the varnish. The tide may break through the varnish.

A security guard blows his top, and a journalist manipulates the situation. Despite his immense wealth, 'The Great One' readily admits his humble origin.

The little girl and the grape seeds she spat on Khun's hands ... WHO DO YOU THINK IS MORE ATTACHED TO THE RELATIONSHIP? I would certainly do nothing to dispel juicy rumors. They chatted away merrily, eager to exchange information about their respective worlds. Before long, the fire started to hiss as juices dripped from the meat.

So Mr. Falk lent a horse, and a neighbouring farmer a cart, and Jonathan and Mr. May laid a mattress in it. Then Jonathan came up to his bed. Perhaps her unaccountable dread cast a shadow over them all, for somehow the conversation languished. "Temper leaps over a cold decree." He had gotten into the academy by passing the exam when he was thirteen. So what do you do with your life if the clever effort was in vain? Subsequent attempts to obliterate traces are also subject to unlucky chances. On their home ground, he complains, they band together against the landowner, who better settles accounts with them one by one in the city. Dreaming: an opportunity for change.

Pedrini slipped the wristwatch on his arm after threatening *the fearful carpenter* for some time. He *selects* a few of the choicest pearls from the casket of divine love, threads them on the string of memory, and hangs them about the neck of gratitude. For this crime, he was in due time tried, and, being found *guilty*, was condemned to die. The man, though pardoned, would still be a fit inmate only for the pest-house and could not be received into the *houses* of the healthy. He meant, he said, to convey no imputation *against the carpenter*.

A screwdriver and a truck and an ant and a meadow and a moon and a meadow and some water and some stars and a *swallow and an ... abode*, which did not *comprise* one of the “four vocations.” What a *delicious welcome*. “Tell me about your visit with your grandfather.”

Gently easing the woman and child to one side, Seto prepared himself to intercept *the lively statue* and aid his friend as it came closer towards him. While he watched, he tried to climb to a higher point on the cliff so that he could keep *the ocean-liner* in his view. Stranded on top, ... the mesa is an enormous sculpture garden. It seems impossible that anything less powerful than the ocean could have sculpted these desert seamounts. Down is merely a *slither* through the chimney at the end of a rope. Terrifying.

It is relatively easy for filmmakers to engage the *sympathies and antipathies* of audiences, because viewers seem to take inherent *pleasure* in strongly desiring various outcomes for the central characters of a narrative. If you *talk when the applause* is at its peak, it's like saying, “I don't hear you and I don't care what you have to say.” We have an assiduous *hard-working enemy* in the devil. The autonomous workings of language *subjugates the subject*. It would have been a *picturesque hour!* The narrator does not go back to *the Province House*.

To my question as to what kind of flowers they had been, her first answer is: *expensive flowers*; one has to pay for them; then she adds that they were lilies-of-the-valley, violets, and pinks or carnations. Women *often weaken* their speech patterns.

The woman and the symbol: Either you make the effort, a *convinced effort* to reengineer yourself, or you'll be left behind. Change or perish! "We *sometimes venture* to consider her rather a fine figure, sir. Speaking as an artist, I may perhaps be permitted to suggest that its outline is graceful and correct."

Still, however, through all that bright, blinding dazzle of *the sun and the new snow*, she beheld an inaccurate and *detrimental image* of the region. He headed outside, moving fast, needing to do, to *act, before the* fear and the grief and the guilt could paralyze him. ... He could hear the crunching of tiny rocks under his feet and the occasional lonely cry of an *owl*.

He calmly sat at the base of *the immense image and* coolly issued his orders. In this he was assisted by a large group of men, little better than bandits, whom he had recruited from amongst the *wild families* of the Borders. It was extremely natural that the discourse should turn upon the propensity of mankind to *tyrannize* over the weaker sex, and the duty that developed upon the weaker sex to resist that tyranny and assert their rights and dignity. She sought an asylum in some remote and primitive place, where the temptation before which he fell would never enter, and her *late sorrows* and distresses could have no place.

"A little deception at *the reception,*" and an image of a formal wedding photograph with best man and bride seated, and the groom standing behind the couple. His son, Andrew, being early left an *orphan, encountered* some hard struggles, but was successful in the accumulation of a moderate proper-

ty. It is indeed linguistically peculiar to feel *a colour*. As a non-native speaker of English, I am especially conscious of such moments as this. What *delicious ink*!

A *young girl withdrew* from one of my classes today. That's wrong. A young girl in one of my classes withdrew from school today. She conjured up *the polite* smile she'd practiced all week in the mirror. "It took me a while ..." Not that she'd wanted to catch the *bouquet* by any means, but she'd disappeared into a corner exactly the way she'd promised herself she wouldn't.

When night falls, *the useless road* is covered with black; doubling countries. I built a summer in a few days, above my hands, above the earth. Without any pretence of trial, the foreman *seized the worker* and tied him to the whipping post. After the first lash a watching woman began to yell in loud, vituperative outrage, and a crowd of about thirty supported her by throwing stones. Meanwhile, international trade — conducted sometimes *under* relatively 'free' conditions — has had a long and *illustrious history*.

What happened to *the servant and the farmer* who saw the man fly? They *will look for the* things you have hidden. When they climb up to look in the attic, scatter a little of your ashes and pepper at them and say, "If you want to be human, you should become human." Bring to my narrative not so much the *harmful obstacle* of a stupid credulity as the supreme service of a deep confidence arguing legitimately with secret sympathy. Find your way *on the simple path*.

The long, *monotonous levels* will leave you screaming for some variety. He does *not pin down the* narrative source. The temptation to live for the senses rather than the soul rings like a *charming bell in the* siren call to the weary mariners. The England I had fled long ago had disappeared, to be replaced by a kinder, warmer and more *appealing country*.

Looking out the window as the flow of traffic increased, as the light increased, *as the noise increased*, as everything became three-dimensional, when ideas even become three-dimensional, *winter sought* to bind him with eternal fetters, but he burst them asunder, as one would rend thread — he had exercised his youthful strength. There are hot winds and cold winds, wet winds and dry winds, sea winds and land winds, permanent *winds like* the trades, periodical winds like the monsoons, and variable winds like those we have around us here. The rain that falls from a higher region, it circulates in the finer veins, and in the vessels of plants, and trees, and conveys to them those *beneficial juices* which preserve their life, and promote their growth.

If the program is to use the problem-reduction method to solve the problem of *the sick carpenter*, the complete state graph of the project must be searched. This task is much too large to be practical. The agent's body has four properties: pain, fatigue, exhaustion *and pleasure*. Something should be done quickly about them or they will *squander the firm's* resources and time. At AI's most *religious level*, believers think it is our duty to create a master race of robots or programs that will replace us. There is no knowledge and no power which is useless *to the magician*.

A pleasant, grey-haired woman in *a sweater informed* us that she had lived in present house all her life and that all the houses there had been in place at least as long as she. When *the guilty* one is named, the fish swims close and momentarily rests his head on the man's foot. *Perimeters* of being.

UNCUT

Those uncut pages. Immense provinces enveloped within a slim volume. Rare and unread. And in that time before our immense provinces — the enfolded surfaces of inscription within feeling, thinking readers — led us to cut the papers “with kitchen scissors?” Unreadable. The oven ages. Cold happiness overcomes kindness before the gloss. The field and wild pleasure will frame the next gift for the table, in front of the new table. Did these sentences exist before the pages were cut? How long did they remain unread and inexistent within their narrow volume? Did they dwell there as they do, in us, now? The dwelling welcomes fruit like the machine. But was there ever a space of time when these sentences subsisted, dwelling within a reader or readers, since the moment, in 1964, when their impressive grammar confronted its imposing enemy? The hard-working enemy subjugates the picturesque hour, and replies, “No. These sentences, materially, did not exist as language, precisely because they were not read. Now, perhaps they come into some kind of liminal existence, but do so only because, at last, we may read them into a world where they may dwell.” After all, the world has changed; is changing. Sympathies and pleasures talk, but can do nothing to bring language into any world of ours unless this language can be distinguished from symbolic noise and chaos, can fashion a story from it, or leave us touching one surface of an icon. As the noise increased, winter sought winds; winter and bread traverse unhealthy cadence.

The noise increases and — pages cut — these sentences emerge from symbolic chaos as illustrious history, the record of a time when we believed computing brains might be machines that write. The machine did write, has written. We

collected its grammar and then refused, any longer, or at any length, to read. The sentences refolded up inside their volume while its pages reattained their uncut state: inexistent words beyond our readerly perception, outside of any dwelling world: where the merely generative, the simulacrum of symbolic practice, still lies outcast, while the apple calibrates the world; while the sun and the detrimental image act.

A test. As you read these sentences, do not ask yourself, “Who wrote them?” or “What does this writing?” Ask, “Who reads them, and what of the reader’s gender? the reader’s culture?” Ask, “What languages will they be read into? Who then will read them? And into what brave world?”

L'inondation grandit sous la tristesse, mais un salaire habile se nourrit.

LITERARY MIND / CARVING DRAGONS

writing to be found for Will Rowe

Chinese, geese, goose, Greeks, humour, Japanese, manufacturing, sages, shoes, unions, wages. Manufacturing Sages: the identity of the sender, however, is less clear. There is no explicit declaration, nor indeed, clue in any of the briefs as to the identity of collective social phenomena: of classes, of nations, and of society itself, and whether or not their identity is in a precarious state, their exhaustion undermining their ability to pose. In this sense his book clearly belongs to a radical tradition of societies publishing their own pamphlets and towns and houses that form the landscape of the British literary mind — a rich, even exotic territory. In the past forty years, Latin America has achieved universal recognition for its narrative literature, but the conditions which produced the originals have passed down all those years of knowledge and strength. That never dies. They will call us dreamers but our ranks will grow. We will adapt and we will overcome every obstacle to allow the implementation of the correct line for developing cooperatives and collectivization. Both novels are extremely and self-consciously political, with no apologies. For all that the poem argues for a correspondence between the self and the environment in which it happens to find itself — for self and world as well, and for the relation of the creatureliness of both self and objects/self-objects. Their object (and self-object) relations remain volatile, which will have an impact on domestic conditions. In particular, litigation raises the spectre of ‘secondary gain,’ where financial factors motivate symptom magnification, and anger from distrust of the system and breakdown of perceived entitlement. That’s where Nietzsche’s statement entails — the assertion that there can be no truth — the device of inexact

rhyme, calls self-reflexive attention to a literary text and ... takes on '[re]make it new,' Pound's modernist formula from the Chinese. China's trade ties with Latin America have soared in recent years as the social movements have increased in strength to counter water-walking. ... No one else can spare the units to wage a real war. 100 minions as you fight to prove yourself in the Tower of Sages, a game about 'game literacy.' Functions as. We walk the same path, but got on different shoes; live in the same building, but not in the same place. You see me and I see you but can you see any major shifts on the horizon? — Could be used to fix the start of spring or autumn with great accuracy in other minds by means of language. We derive some of this knowledge from the individual structures — from sentences, and from each aspect of the question. Try to hone it down to the minimum. Chinese, geese, goose, Greeks, humour, Japanese, manufacturing, sages, shoes, unions, wages. Manufacturing Sages.

WRITING TO BE FOUND

WRITE THUS

selected from 'DROWN YON' et seq.

drown yon
slim gust

douse hence
moot disk

flee thrice
swart thrips
smug ledge
gross spout

•

roost down
svelte blur

pluck here
famed girth

merge just

•

die south
bleached loin

sing quite
vile dill
terse chip
curt whir
sparse swan

•

pray yon
sheared twinge

leave aye
sore breeze
rimmed greed

stash soon
prone wink
eighth taunt

ram smack

•

opt now
daft greed
tenth squid
sick glop

rove aye
franked realm

rein not

•

bend else
plaid truce
pale tryst
darn charm

pluck far
fake eave
frail bop

wean then

•

write quite
prime dearth

slough still
franked mould

bring soon
flush crime

choke here
paved wasp

carve hence

•

balk now
tiled goad

maul aye

•

eat yet
spiked ghost

hone here
daft snout
loud schnapps
maimed swig

get still
frayed poll

hurl else
sly glut
mock zilch

shun yon
dire slope
lewd sprawl

cleanse smack

•

watch quite
squashed sage
rife wisp
plump wick
clubbed groin

quell too
horned spa

pay thence
grained lieu

seep south

•

mean north
bleak dip

weld north

•

roil south

•

meet north
shod salve

skimp south
rimmed slew
twirled pair

seek so
lewd warmth

•

tout sic

•

glean then

•

read thus
loose trance
cute frill

bathe else
steep pap

ask yet
crass dread

weave nay

•

heal here
smooth wimp

flaunt still
gruff champ
fat shriek
glib hearth
plump praise
durn rust
beached gulf
crepe gourd

shalt plumb
flush dusk
spiced fuzz
crabbed bug

weep well

•

veer down
twirled daze
maimed souk

rein fast
shrewd rig

soothe still

•

suck here
snug plague
moot limb

blond hump
maimed phone

gloat thrice

•

seethe back

•

kneel then
flat pawn

nudge soon
gruff glitz
scorched drone

meld far
paved guilt

hold too

•

urge now
flawed lung

soar once
dazed chef
eared strip
numb glee
scant spade
taut bang
canned duke
bright skeet
weird sync

barbed drape
glum hive
queer hunk
tenth knoll

budge down
lush trick
paved slice

budge still

•

yearn soon
bald verve
charred lymph
grave hooch

mend twice
famed hug
cramped nerd
nude dope
rogue groin
crepe plane
staunch salt

leach twice
darn heft
weak riff

take thus
lapsed jest

solve oft
tanned slang

MONOVERSE SELECTIONS

selected complete poems made by related, simple generators

Friday March 12, 2010, 15:06 EST

[program G: with Google searches, phrases constrained to those with counts indicated in parentheses]

LUG TWICE (10-99)

warm clout

tame brunch

ripe stealth

lame stool

pert shin

twin waif

scarred egg

sane buzz

blanche blight

cramped pox

baked pail

TREAT SIC (10000-99999)

dark swirl

cold flash

flush brand

white soup

spiked tip
blonde style

teen god

pure f
high store
lean lab

new leap
fat host

fresh space
cool craze
gross gate
cool chalk
fair sound

REIN NOW (100000-999999)

french sport

such store

```
Exception in thread "main" rita.RiTaException:  
  [ERROR] Google request rejected(503):  
http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&safe=off&q=%22five+zest%22&btnG=Google+Search  
  at rita.RiGoogleSearch.  
      getCount(RiGoogleSearch.java:377)  
  at writingTBF.G.g(G.java:56)  
  at writingTBF.G.<init>(G.java:26)  
  at writingTBF.G.main(G.java:62)
```

[showing what happens in our console when the cultural vector (term adopted after correspondence with Jow Lindsay) that is apparently opened

up by Google's indexing of the vast corpus of natural language on the web is suddenly blocked by this same company in a manner that highly implicated, considering its purportedly 'non-evil' intentions]

Friday March 12, 2010, 15:45 EST

[program G: with searches & stats, verb phrases for stanza first lines]

YEARN BACK (1000-9999)

yearn back
whole berth

treat soon
red cramp
fake trout
sad chest
good shrine

eat forth
sole sir

pose still
gray inch

seethe twice
fierce blade
lame draft
soft branch

bode aye
rid tax

shorn forth

[3 per line, 11 lines, 37 searches]

SLOSH YON (10000-99999)

slosh yon
wise clerk
three duck

stem nay
grained steel

munch just
rich sheep

sue far
dumb bum
mad lust

treat aye
vain type
pert plan
hard ash
dang tung
young buzz

give yon
sweet pearl
brown bait

prompt not

[5 per line, 13 lines, 66 searches]

Friday March 12, 2010, 17:25 EST

[program G: with searches & stats, verb phrases for stanza first lines]

REAP THRICE (10000-99999)

reap thrice
strong screw

clog once
one raid

hone back
sick type

turn soon
bleached grade

spur plumb
bold way

build then
nine drive

sew far

[4 per line, 6 lines, 28 searches]

Friday March 12, 2010, 21:40 EST

[program G: searches & stats, trying to get 0-1 counts, searching Google books]

TAKE YON (0-0)

take yon
swank tow

jack so
clenched quartz

gloat far
frail slug
plaid whir
stewed scheme

squeal thrice
deaf glint

build well
rife gist
thine swoon

spawn thus
flawed halt
terse scalp
drab clue
frail gist

climb well

[6 per line, 12 lines, 74 searches]

Saturday March 13, 2010, 13:30 EST

*[program MonoSearchVerseWriter: searches & stats, all google, varying
count limits: high-low-high]*

ITCH THENCE

itch thence
glad duke
keen band

build north
dear scribe
crisp flow

sew thence
clenched slum
paved garb
coiffed wool
numb clout

shim plumb
gruff coil
gauche raft

oust here
fresh tract

shuck now
straight creek

[10 per line, 12 lines, 120 searches]

Sunday March 14, 2010, 13:20 EDT

*[program MonoSearchVerseWriter: searches & stats, google books only,
varying count limits for nominal phrases: high-medium-low-low-medium-
high, cross-rhyming verbal phrases]*

STEAL HENCE

steal hence
great lapse
strong heart

sense back
small crowd

stack down
doped cole
iced weir
dumb strobe

crown thrice
flawed scalp

price here
few team

shear thrice
blue scarf
new chair

[17 per line, 10 lines, 174 searches]

FAZE SMACK

faze smack
crisp air
small clique
stray dog
good use
old swan

jack smack
worth cow

crack here
vast whine

clear just
fried pant

thrust hence
oiled lint
scorched bark

sense now
large jet
first dive

[32 per line, 12 lines, 387 searches]

Sunday March 14, 2010, 16:13 EDT

[program MonoSearchVerseWriter: searches & stats, google books only,
varying count limits for nominal phrases: high-medium-low-low-medium-
high, cross-rhyming verbal phrases]

CHEAT SO

cheat so
black game
true strain

know plumb
quick chap
wise gin
spare torch

come smack
perk wheat

crack too
rapt surge

chew far
cool cube
low chuck
late race

char still
top tax
great mark
clear voice

[c.13 per line, 13 nominal lines, 174 searches]

Monday March 15, 2010, 12:30 EDT

[program M (hereby renamed WRING TWICE): reduced to 493 chars of source code with help from Daniel C. Howe; my second and first runs in this form]

WRING TWICE

faint dime

real ink

slight sleight

tart cole

weird shriek

squat IP

taut souk

same cask

teen beach

sure slush

vain peal

tan ledge

cold pop

first shop

young malt

SHAKE NOT

dumb base
dull rush
vague cough
soft slaw

large t
barbed c
forked guest
cheap grape
black tab
hushed sort
gruff stew
bleak pipe

fourth stake

cooped gob
thy price
tame glade
loose trench

last rim
net eave
strict cow

snug shaft

Tuesday March 16, 2010, 23:00 EDT

*[program MonoSearchHiCountVerseWriter: nominal phrases have counts
in Google books >= 1500, cross-rhyme from title to verse to verse]*

STRIVE FORTH

fourth year

dear john

non price

vice l

fell prey

large fig

big name

[c.71 per line, 7 nominal lines, 498 searches]

Wednesday March 17, 2010, 22:04 EDT

[program MonoSearchCrossRhymeVerseWriter; Google books, counts >= 2000]

BUDGE HERE

near i
one mill
whole field
poor rate

eight week
low rate

eight week
true line

wine beer

near field

yield point

[c.179 per line, 11 nominal lines, 1973 searches]

IMAGES

ONE IMAGE TONGUE

[*procedural prologue*]

clogged He reads the title, those words where what underlies what I read, a process in prose, broke. *question* Apply to any given piece of writing a set of procedures, a program, as such a prior writing, in anticipation of a performance, a reading, an- other- writing, a writing — of l'avenir — to come. *opening* Or, in this instance, to a piece of writing that we have come to be affected by, that we have come to be closer to, after having found ourselves within it, found a voice within it, within, namely, Samuel Beckett's 'The Image,' now, at last, a part, a part of part one, an image within his three-part unpunctuated novel, *How It Is*, beginning, *comment c'est començant*: "the tongue gets clogged with mud," *summit* and ending, "it's over it's done I've had the image." *heather* Find all its 819,903 three-word perigrams. *snout* Search for all of these sequences in the index of Google Books and select only the 148,156 three-word perigrammatic phrases syntactically correlative with Beckett's style but which are not indexed by Google Books and so might be considered as not yet composed by Beckett or by any other spider-indexed writer. *tired* Begin. Choose, at random, a three-word phrase that includes the first word "the." *are* But then rather than simply taking another random phrase including the next word of 'The Image,' attempt to stitch together the unwritten, uncomposed sequences. *mine* Use Google Books searches once again to find existing, previously composed three-word phrases that straddle and link each proposed enjambement of successive unwritten three-word phrases. *hers* If we can find a three-word, verse-straddling phrase that has been indexed and counted by Google, then good: *sweet* accept the proposed sequent perigram and continue, *don't* repeating this subprocess until the end of 'The Image' has been obtained, *darling* until it's over, it's done and we've had the image, *high* until we have reinscribed its canonical, authoritative sequence of words *dog* within a linked chain of phrases *morning* that have themselves, so far, never been indexed by Google *mud* as written by Beckett or by anyone *is* in any tongue, clogged or straight. *long* Repeat from 'Begin' above, if you must, it's endless, it's over, it's endlessly over. *it's*

it's *the* undefinable
line there *tongue*
and *gets* happen
image *clogged* straight
wide *with* stability
the they *mud*
that another vistas
that *can* vistas
last a *happen*
happen remedy *too*
it's spit *only*
one swinging face
and *remedy* swallow
suck or *then*
it eyes *pull*
it say crown
the *in* emerald
and else eyes
it's and *suck*
it's *it* rosy
we there *swallow*
the isles fleeting
it helps *mud*
or we colours
it's one *spit*
it sense go
out animals blue
red *it's* pale
one silent axle
free or statues
the if emerald
a vistas *other*
red *and* impression
question white grey

mud *is* mouth
it throat dog
the *nourishing* question
and try clutches
as this *vistas*
last a vistas
a sunk dog
no I've *moment*
it's *with* moment
that opening vistas

I shut granite
or *fill* vistas
that *my* lolls
in *mouth* hideous
with bite brief
it less shout
that suddenly blue
image *can* tongue
it of *happen*
we *too* weather
that *nourishing* it's
another it crown
of front sandwiches
on *my* endearments
I resources can't
last as weather
scene *a* bluey
the vistas *moment*
with tongue straight
in *that* lolls
and feet tweeds
question moment with
if humanities balls

of *swallowed* resources
and *would* vistas
it helps mud
hands in *nourish*
and eating steeples
last *opening* mud
at *up* clutches
of question grey
of last *vistas*
they would lolls
as *are* lolls
of swallowed *good*
one *moments* moment

I humanities *rosy*
heads in gaze
the something yard
it's over *mud*
blue *the* clutches
one *tongue* rosy
for a *lolls*
out or vistas
the *again* plant
three *what* emergence
of *are* rails
the scamper sixteen
hands her ash-grey
hair hideous *at*
all mud tongue
white *this* emergence
I *time* tongue
be tongue *one*
up *must* hands
out *always* lolls

out *try* clutches
and without piss
see so horizontal
at *what* vistas
the she leash
in *hands* grey
dog *are* brief
reference *up* notion
to ash-grey dog
at *well* hands
the staring spindle
her *left* leash
on *as* steeples
on *we* chins
them *have* arse
to seen sack
I'm *still* mud
as *clutches* up
the buttonhole suchlike
all are *sack*
and spindle knees
the knees spindle
a *right* undefinable

notion *the* if
right she dextrogyre
I a bluey
and impression *close*
a *my* brick
up we *eyes*
grey *not* dog
in fatuous *the*
blue mud doubt
the transfers crest

like little *others*
at suchlike yellow
the see thumb
I *back* pivoting
and happen pull
in *finally* blue
make blue back
it sixteen look
out heights black
blue out *way*
off yip hands
on sweet alternate
the over moment
right the realize
for half-smile *at*
hadn't *the* hadn't
the *end* clavicle
of dog arms
its fingers can't
right it *arm*
full the pimples
make *stretch* back
one *in* vistas
the suddenly doubt
it *axis* clavicle
one *of* steeples
the tweeds yellow
axis on *clavicle*
I may racecourse
and *say* axis
line *it* mouth
as *say* axis
I *axis* arm
axis closing *hear*

it it's happen
that *opening* rosy
and contrary arms
by *closing* miles
this *in* leash
the dream emerald
sky I *mud*
mud *opening* moment
of *and* steeples
full *closing* stretch
with hideous *it's*
another can't yard
I *of* hadn't
though *my* endearments
with happen *resources*
right *it* arm
hand *helps* mud
it's *me* fly

it there piss
on *can't* of
me *be* yard
another *far* yard
if *a* vistas
a *resources* *bare*
yard bare mud
less *it* off
it's *feels* can't
close me *far*
me *it* egg-blue
me *will* yard
that *go* legs
some can wrong
I *helps* *day*

on pink penis
short *its* stillness
it's ends *four*
a *fingers* can't
close *having* me
eyes *lost* day
its run sound
the leave *thumb*
fingers close *something*
wrong lost bare
I *there* sixteen
arms *it* turn
her *will* throat
the *leave* thumb
me the mingle
I heads *sinistro*
my *can* day
see weather too
it axis clavicle
moves like *close*
my seen pudding
eyes I grandstand
the little egg-blue
wrong *others* grapnels
and so grapnels
scamper *see* me
horizontal *it* hoists
and *how* hoists
it moves sink
and *throws* moves
its it summit
four little emergence
that to *fingers*
ends help *forward*

like animals outcrops
four others *grapnels*
to *the* astraddle
hoists *ends* away
and *sink* moves
pull it blue
and back sandwiches
it's so sink
with grapnels fingers
little legs hoists
it *horizontal* help
with me *hoists*
it at piss
and *moves* grapnels
with *away* legs
with straight *it's*
a she instant
it doubt *help*
life *to* suchlike
to go *sinistro*
sky granite *like*
that suddenly legs
fingers and *piecemeal*
out *it* moments
for no *helps*
me been stay

and verdure stillness
the horizon cowslip
green to *legs*
my *and* extremity
the leash fair
eyes gaze colour
the hair astraddle

blue done I've
no *closed* blue
no head notion
no go *doubt*
no yip rump
since it hoists
no *suddenly* rump
blue *another* legs
over *image* blue
my *the* mingle
in spit *last*
summit *there* black
empty *in* moment
impression *the* pudding
white morning *mud*
I less smile
moves the *say*
weather *it* sixteen
as things fumes
I believe grandstand
I *hear* clavicle
it helps doubt
it's I spit
all *see* sixteen
to scamper *me*

up I *fleeting*
little *look* crown
to heads location
go *me* four
about we hunkers
sixteen glorious little
posterior *and* half-smile
to half-smile life

crown I blue
transfer *all* again
image it *glorious*
weather to girl
glorious and *egg-blue*
sky the arse
and moves sink
I the *scamper*
of sandwiches towers
those *little* bluey
little hold *clouds*
darling I across
the *have* mouth
bites *my* alternate
I *back* granite
we *turned* weather
boots *to* knocking
me impression brick
hand *and* dextrogyre
to the astraddle
axle suddenly *girl*
to too dog
the *whom* hand
little I colours
if *hold* colours
to who deck
of holds clouds
me have weather
and *by* hunkers
the hunkers leash
the *hand* arse
lick *the* about
clouds the *arse*
I brief heather

I *have* racecourse

we have racecourse
and *are* fumes
if of accessories
white racecourse I
grass *may* emerald
gaze a *believe*
the cowslip half-smile
that may *colours*
last *that* rosy
I seasons *deck*
the my undefinable
if we *emerald*
grass by deck
run *if* rosy
morning I motionless
the *may* arse
in *believe* emerald
deck the *them*
we hands dog
bite *are* though
old dream emerald
dream I arse
of grandstand rails
in rails *flowers*
and short hunkers
or old *seasons*
are clutches *we*
gaze *are* racecourse
in or tweeds
if *April* white
or it spit
in grass colours

colours *May* certain
black *and* hunkers
of grandstand *certain*
accessories or emerald
if who little
I stretch mud
we *may* arse
in *believe* white
colour white *them*
white sunk horse
rails on gaze
a seen granite
high of *grandstand*
on *colour* accessories
of and hunkers
by *believe* *old*
a rose grandstand
we go crest
arms *are* smile
on though sandwiches
right *a* mingle
I *April* *racecourse*
in question hunkers
know *April* empty
gaze *or* us
in mingle same
colours *May* old

heads I axle
high or rails
we up try
I hands gaze
I with undefinable
and clasped *imagine*

it *we* throat
clutches the *have*
chins *I* dog
we open *imagine*
our save undefinable
eyes throws so
open those statues
it's *and* motionless
hand *gaze* high
before April heads
us head rump
as *still* clutches
an *as* introrse
or we *statues*
save in else
gaze *only* object
object *the* mingle
on *swinging* fleeting
like first *arms*
on fair *those*
with in rosy
hands sack well
open *clasped* statues
as *what* clutches
the *else* little

snout its *in*
my sixteen mud
free or leash
I about *hand*
or tweeds boots
to *left* leash
dog *an* undefinable
a dog *undefinable*

object and dextrogyre
and by hunkers
right *consequently* dog
in on hunkers
the *her* summit
I clutches *right*
empty *the* closes
the *consequently* *extremity*
of we chins
a the sinistro
hunkers *short* a
head connecting *leash*
ash-grey *connecting* fair
her throat summit
contrary *to* hunkers
in hunkers *an*
dog on *ash-grey*
dog of suchlike
in *of* lolls
on dog *fair*
fair *size* stillness
stillness on *askew*
of *on* endearments
to *its* introrse
by a *hunkers*
in *its* hunkers
its emergence *head*
arms the *sunk*
stillness of rump
of crown clouds
those white immensity
as *hands* statues

and *question* spots

of *why* hunkers
by *a* hunkers
the hunkers *leash*
for *in* lolls
on sunk *this*
by *immensity* spots
see glorious of
size head *verdure*
and cut hunkers
its head *emergence*
a bluey *little*
white by hunkers
and *little* hoists
four of bluey
grey why head
legs *and* piecemeal
among *white* little
spots immensity a
three *lambs* dams
in *little* stillness
by what lambs
little by colours
among immensity fair
closing *their* among
a *dams* mountain
a *what* bulk
heads bluey *else*
I *the* scamper
the and *bluey*
a lambs *bulk*
closing the among
the our modest
us animals *scene*
three their lambs

their *miles* crest
a can't *four*
in lambs *miles*
of swinging stillness
a blue hadn't
she let *mountain*
of feet pimples
and *modest* miles
elevation I leash
her *our* sinistro
heads sinistro hand
the bulk *overtop*
the mountain overtop
the *crest* leash

we go leash
to *let* sinistro
to go dextrogyre
coo *our* coo
hands at introrse
and are lolls
of *turn* colours
as transfer *about*
I rump face
right I *dextrogyre*
she hands overtop
of *sinistro* same
bite *she* full
and sinistro *transfers*
the go sinistro
a sinistro *leash*
to leash instant
plant *her* hue
on *left* stillness

her *hand* undefinable
and they lolls
about *I* modest
tongue *the* done
no had *same*
instant little instant
to connecting ash-grey
my egg-blue sky
I *right* yip
I *the* introrse
to *object* dextrogyre
stay closes *now*
a can't day
little to moves
of astraddle *pale*
grey this askew
the impression *brick*
the we racecourse
empty object little
hands my swinging
tongue the *mingle*
the dams verdure
the *arms* notion
to *swing* tongue
her *the* ash-grey
horse *dog* high
close *has* grey
eyes clutches *not*
little *moved* empty
I we bulk
them *have* arse
a *the* hadn't
we *impression* face
we face tongue

tongue *are* moment
I *looking* empty
we *at* mud
time sense *me*
I hands introrse
pull other it
in lick fleeting
swallow *my* she
mouth it *tongue*
close mouth full
my else right
it's there *mouth*
and leash lambs
we in *smile*

her *seen* smile
full at clutches
the *face* buttonhole
one *the* nourish
we and *girl*
it's *is* stay
I *less* hue
the her *hideous*
in remedy *it's*
mouth *not* brick
with sagging feet
her a sinistro
I endearments *I*
my *am* mouth
the *concerned* pudding
me pudding astraddle
pale hair pudding
with *staring* legs
the pimples *hair*

red full impression
the for *pudding*
in *face* boots
with left statues
at girl *pimples*
feet *protruding* hair
pull not *belly*
at *gaping* one
red fly feet
one *spindle* feet
feet *legs* fatuous
pimples *sagging* pudding
knocking pimples with
spindle *at* thirty
the egg-blue little
green to *knees*
wide feet yellow
feet *astraddle* wide
for with knees
wide *greater* feet
feet yellow *stability*
and horizon *feet*
legs *splayed* knocking
one of steeples
and *hundred* pimples
and too swallow
all *thirty* posterior
degrees of half-smile
of *fatuous* boots
to boots *half-smile*
to posterior cowslip
green all *posterior*
the again *horizon*
and *figuring* degrees

the fly astraddle
morn degrees half-smile
full of *clavicle*
to *life* cowslip
green about hands
and colours *tweeds*
yellow boots life
to *boots* posterior
one *all* cowslip
and *those* hunkers
colours ninety suchlike
things or *cowslip*
or believe flowers
colours green *suchlike*
things *in* half-smile
the left ash-grey
dog of *buttonhole*

the *again* fleeting
instant *about* sinistro
she transfers *turn*
the morn *introrse*
at ninety things
to stillness *ninety*
degrees to rump
I *fleeting* yellow
one *face* city
to thirty spindle
face in introrse
and *transfer* penis
of and sandwiches
things turn relishing
the *mingling* ninety
three of *leash*

in mingle *hands*
arms *swinging* else
certain *of* rails
arms pivoting an
up off *stillness*
of let modest
little object *dog*
the protruding pudding
I go *rump*
rump *I* face
me *have* arse

to *suddenly* front
head we *yip*
a *left* dextrogyre
she sinistro *right*
arm its *off*
full *we* coo
we *go* reference
of *go* *chins*
up must hands
of *arms* fumes
fumes the *swinging*
the realize none
dog no rosy
to *follows* instant
I *head* mud
I *sunk* mud
tail the sunk
on yip of
balls arms the
no image mud
no *reference* rosy
things *to* rump

up *us* rosy
no *it* sky
the *had* rosy
black *the* shout
go reference *same*
same instant *notion*
at in lolls
the believe deck
on *same* humanities
it piss *instant*
her will *Malebranche*
no *less* Malebranche
the notion Malebranche
the they *rosy*
hue no without
fleeting *the* suchlike
to *humanities* hue
I bent horse
tongue *had* remedy
if rosy moments
right *it* arm
her *stops* notion
to we bulk
and *piss* shout
doubt *it* horizontal
cut *will* rosy
and *piss* shout
shout there *without*
without *stopping* rosy
though *I* steeples
and piss *shout*
my *no* realize
it *sound* hue
and *plant* piss

and *her* hunkers
to *there* heather
it's *and* spit
run stopping same
cut your brief
your and throat
your and *throat*

and *brief* pastures
the *black* introrse
and at mingle
since *there* eyes
hands *we* time
are shout *we*
sight *again* girl
on yip *no*
the life introrse
snout and *summit*
the closes thirst
I suddenly *dog*
short the *askew*
to *on* rump
an *its* leash
in *are* hunkers
in little stillness
the same dextrogyre
it brief *heather*
it comes thirst
it *lowers* lick
its snout introrse
black contrary *snout*
one *to* cowslip
by *its* hunkers
with *black* pastures

the *and* racecourse
its *pink* dog
pink *penis* fleeting
we *too* egg-blue
penis *tired* black
to off dog
of *lick* contrary
it too remedy
of *we* swallows
high *on* accessories
the closing clavicle
contrary to snout
to *again* buttonhole
about to isles
the *turn* leash
to one *introrse*
fleeting face yip
to yip *face*
to we rump
to *face* suchlike
things at *transfer*
of off eyes
off yip *things*
swinging of towards
of if rosy
arms in consequently
silent on pink
face *relishing* city
to *of* leash
I towers *sea*
and sandwiches endearments
as one *isles*
heads of racecourse
it things *pivoting*

on introrse *as*
one morn stability
to free leash
the leash fair
city one introrse
and are *fumes*
of swinging *silent*
and *location* fumes
of swinging brief
on city *steeple*s
and alternate swallows
of *towers* silent
heads we brief
I *back* morning
the *steeple*s *front*
I *as* pivoting
the *though* front
us *on* yip
in clasped *an*
axle on she

head *suddenly* tail
we the dextrogyre
of *are* sandwiches
as *eating* silent
and swallows *sandwiches*
sweet and *alternate*
black dwindling *bites*
I believe grandstand
mine girl full
right *she* dextrogyre
bites back *hers*
and happen suck
heads as *exchanging*

with swallows *endearments*
to *my* egg-blue
mine *sweet* on
tongue *girl* full
I pull impression
the *bite* darling
she suddenly location
and mine *swallows*
it's *my* happen
darling we *sweet*
boy hers on
girl *she* darling
of *though* *bites*
I there wrong
we our *swallow*
we go dextrogyre
boy hers *don't*
swallow she *yet*
we swallow *coo*
with *coo* swallows
us *our* imagine
and don't *bills*
full of clavicle

I *my* hers
black in *darling*
girl swallow across
throat I instant
she eating *bite*
she again bite
though I *swallows*
a *my* dextrogyre
darling swallow hand
I across *boy*

she as pivoting
and towers *bites*
I no piecemeal
or happen *swallow*
bite swallow *brief*
black turn face
and nourish vistas
for *there* lolls
a *we* racecourse
and *are* fumes
of *again* colours
in *dwindling* out
black *again* boy
with bite *across*
the stops plant
pastures of dwindling
hand of ash-grey
yellow in transfer
time I'm *hand*
in heights *arms*
swinging black towards
heads and sinistro
old we *high*
and *towards* swallow
first *the* hadn't
we *heights* dog
smaller in across
and hadn't outcrops
in *smaller* towards
all *out* rosy
I of cowslip
the *sight* granite
first is outcrops
the object dextrogyre

hunkers and *dog*
bites arms *then*
stops Malebranche *us*
the what gaze
to crest *scene*
sky *is* scene
scene *shut* like
of let transfers
us the yip

out smaller *some*
animals horse first
white *still* moment
the hunkers dog
dog *sheep* first
four *like* grapnels
I scene *granite*
outcrops a hadn't
a dams bulk
head us *horse*
I follows dog
in *hadn't* blue
hadn't *seen* scene
scene *standing* sky
motionless the then
eyes *back* end
know *bent* white
rump *head* at
us *sunk* sheep
animals more way
animals know morning

in way *blue*
and question resources

white a hadn't
some *of* hadn't
it egg-blue *sky*
if *a* vistas
I image *moment*
I've *still* off
white *April* emerald
it's white *morning*
in hadn't like
instant *the* sinistro
since *mud* blue
it's out hand
over thirst over
it's none I'm
no *done* empty
out *I've* white
mud *had* image
some *the* hadn't
the say *image*
the chins rump
the *scene* bluey
high *is* sheep
I grey *empty*
right *a* sinistro
that stay *few*
animals back horse
sight *still* horse
hadn't a *then*
off goes animals
animals *out* blue
none *no* now
more scene over
some granite *blue*
we *I* impression

my *stay* thirst
I *there* thumb

way make arm
off it rosy
on immensity hands
the fleeting pivoting
right to sinistro
all *in* half-smile
the look egg-blue
sky it *mud*
the though pivoting
her *hand* leash
in *opens* there's
stability *and* astraddle
the *closes* mouth
pull tongue *that*
none *helps* blue
grass *me* hold
it's would rosy
I'm *going* sense
let no again
it notion head
I'm *go* sense
darling *I* brief
a *realize* tongue
there's my *I'm*
empty *still* way
my *smiling* tongue
there's going go
no still mud
I going *sense*
in across bites
it's *that* happen

long *now* lolls
the *been* mud
mud *none* me
wide *for* half-smile
like *a* grapnels
long lolls I
let *time* long
little *now* leash

as *my* clutches
no *now* *tongue*
tongue *comes* thirst
of *out* heights
at *again* boots
up *again* *lolls*
in swinging bites
the ninety life
no *mud* moment
me *I* sixteen
it mouth *stay*
some *there* wrong
no tail rosy
for *more* lolls

a tongue *thirst*
the piecemeal doubt
it must *tongue*
in goes animals
our *in* racecourse
I *the* Malebranche
I looking *mouth*
on *closes* there's
blue *it* legs
it's *must* no
be mud far
a we grandstand
straight the gets
I *line* tongue
right *now* sinistro
it's question fill
be thirst *over*
it's closing full
sky *a* *done*
I've image over
sky *had* scene
those *the* again
one *image* tongue

'THE IMAGE' IN COMMON TONGUES

The tongue gets clogged. Maybe burned. Told you it was hot. Just look. Look away. What's that noise? Make it stop ringing. Always ringing. Additionally, the underside gets packed with mud that can trap and hold water for days or even weeks. I've had that happen too, only one person had left after it was all done. For a dear friend, I appropriate it. If you know what it is to trust a remedy, then you know what it is ... I'd like to reach in and grab hold of that thing and pull it out of myself, but I can't. You take it in and suck it up or give up and go home. He can swallow the mud or dirt by accident and get bacteria in his body and he can get infected. Spit it out, it's ok, either speak or shut up. In the Copenhagen interpretation, a system stops being a superposition of states and becomes either one or the other when an observation takes place. We observe an object or event and question, "Is it true or false?" There are many ways to verify or falsify. Many come naturally — nourishing us with their mystery and their silence. I have been blessed to visit some of these enchanted stones and vistas. "You wouldn't last a moment with the hostiles that live in this forest," she smiled. Well I guess that you never knew me. Or at least not well enough.

I fill my mouth with water. Last night before bed I was digging around under my bed and I found a handwritten poem. I don't remember writing it. You don't ever forget it. You learn to cope with what you experienced. Experience is what makes us who we are. It is what you do with it that can change you. I wished it would happen too...especially for the reason you stated, ... I get little response ... so it's another reason I just put it in this thread. As I sorted a bit of my 'resources' last night, I wrote the dream down and I noted

that I was certain I would have a ‘moment’ with that sort of clarity whenever I met the one for me. I had so little sympathy and question why anyone should forsake peaceful pursuits ... which would be of greater comfort in a personal narrative than if swallowed up. Would it nourish and satisfy you? A bugle blown against the Jerichoes of desolating selfishness, a tiger-roar loosed against materialism, it was the opening up of vistas inimitably beautiful. They are good moments and being lost in them is comforting.

Rosy in my mother’s hands. My father took her home. ... Pleasant images contrast with the mud and cloudiness. Why? Alliteration and assonance. One eyeball is partially torn from its socket, gaping lacerations on cheeks or forehead have been crudely stitched up, the tongue lolls out again and again and again — what are the facts? Shun wishful thinking, ignore divine revelation, forget what “the stars foretell,” avoid opinion, care not that someone from another culture wants to shake hands at all. This is a peculiarly Western greeting. When one makes a Revolution, one cannot mark time; one must always go forward - or go back. He who now talks about the “freedom of the press” goes to see beyond the opinion, to try and see what the key issues have been, what key judgments the auditors and the company have made. The hands are up for emphasis, but also for balance after all those martinis. The extrapolations, towards the end, come dangerously close to circling all the way back to, well, the left-right brain thing. A perfect tragedy should, as we have seen, be arranged not on the simple but on the complex plan. It should, moreover, imitate actions which excite pity and fear. The body still clad in its oiled cloak shudders once before falling still, the crumpled form still clutches the sack he carried in. A loud wet sniff breaks the silence. Sometimes the hardest thing and the right thing are the same.

The right I close for the wind to stitch shut with thread from the dress she wore into the grave where the determined roots of the tree are making a braid. I crouched on the floor, leaned up against the wall and closed my eyes. Not the greatest experience but definitely not the worst. They were not light like the others but dark with glowing blue ... they were already larger and arched better than the others at this age. The head is the first to become grey, then the depigmentation extends in order to neck, to the back, and finally the entire fur turns to white. Sure enough right on time I could make it out way high up. I called my mother outside and pointed for her to see it. She was assailed by offensive sights and smells from the narrow alleys which branch off on the right and left, and deafened by the clash of ponderous wagons. At the end of every seven years thou shalt make a release. The creature raised its arm and very lightly prodded ... She reached down and, at full stretch, grabbed hold of the lightning that causes that slow shift in the axis of being to surge up from an unnamable night into the [indecipherable script] of language. I felt so happy that I kissed you on the clavicle and nape. ... What could I say to you? Like everyone else, I think about it as I hear it, but not in fear. We were born into this earth and at some point will have to depart. As you continue to repeat the word, start to imagine the rose opening and closing in the same rhythm. Dozens of delicate mariposas were gathered around a sliver of water in the mud, opening and closing their velvety orange wings. The day after the closing. "It's just time to move on." ... They hug and speak to one another of love and loyalty. "As I share my resources with others, it helps me to grow."

If this is not paradise then it can't be far away from it. We spent the whole day out there, making a garden out of a bare yard. It was exciting, but after all was said and done, we were

tired and hungry. When it feels near, and especially when it feels far. It will be finished right on time. You may think fondly of the places you have already visited, or you may look longingly at the exotic countries you wish to go some day. On the moon itself in its four phases. ... where the skin still pulled as I flexed my fingers. Having rid myself of the crazies to the left of me, wimps to the right. One side lost its mind ... “By the pricking of my thumb, something wicked this way comes.” If you get something wrong there, it will make many more problems down the road. But a sense of strangeness will not leave me, I can find nothing of myself in all these things. There is my mother, there is my sister. Close my eyes so I don't see it. Close my heart so I don't feel it. Every time. They were savages in their eyes, the others. And those were just some of the reasons no one can see it how it affects you. It throws its jargon into the sweetest harmony. What was it that silenced you ... leaving its mark of blood - four fingers and a thumb. Because out of all our vast array of nightmares, this is the one we choose for ourselves. We go forward like a breath exhaled from the Earth. She had six anchors, or rather grapnels: the one saved is of the third size, all being of different weights. The only weapons on board were two short swords. The anchored ends sink to a ballasted height above the sea bed. ... In the vertically free condition innumerable hands seemed to pull and claw at her. ... So, with little discussion their deal was struck. The horizontal hoists are usually attached to cranes. They operate a chain pulley attachment and can be locked and sustain their load indefinitely, air or no air. I swear, as it moves away, it's looking back at me. There is a help, a help to go further. You can't design something like that piecemeal. It requires a long-term strategy to craft. The broken clock is a comfort, it helps me sleep tonight. Maybe it can stop tomorrow from stealing all my time.

Then he washed the internal organs and the legs and burned them. A softer hue would be easier on the eyes. The blue that is associated with Judaic projects and portals would seem much more natural. This will be a constitution that protects the interests of capital including keeping the Gaza border crossing closed no doubt. No matter, strange comfort, since suddenly it was not only her survival she now feared for. And then another image, this one she remembered well: the smooth ceiling. Every night has songs wistful and touching to go with the wild and silly, every night, especially the last. There, in the late-autumn darkness. I am leader born of the blood and the mud. (I say that with great humility.) Leadership has never come easy for me. I will constantly improve it as I hear more music. And I mean it. I see me crying over a dead body, but I see God sitting on the great white judgment throne.

But I feel nothing as I look. To me it is inanimate, like a picture on a wall. I'm barred from that world and old memories no longer bridge the gap. He was about sixteen; and to a boy of sixteen death seems very far off, provided he is strong and vigorous. To crown all, about the time when men and boys were beginning to talk, ... such glorious weather, when a man could fight and keep cool! A second chance, a new year full of baby-soft green grass and egg-blue sky, and every year — wonderfully enough — I get it, threading the paths with the frolicsome scamper of its beams, ... and today there were little clouds in the sky, furtive, scuddy. I have my back up on a cloud how does that work? She turned to me and whispered, "Don't you just love it when you get so excited you forget to breathe?" And the thought of her smiling eyes still makes me laugh. The girl, too, whom his love is destined to destroy, is an object of singular interest. She asks, Whom shall I hold? Who holds me? She took him innocently by the hand, the

youth as innocently kissed the young lady's hand with particular vivacity, sensibility, and grace. This is all me talking out of my arse. I have nothing to back it up except personal experience.

I've come to terms with exactly what we are if I leave. Although we may believe the colours of the walls darken or change when the lights are switched off, they really don't. The opening flowers that deck the emerald floor, the fresh green leaves quivering in ecstasy, the grass (if I may be so bold as to actually call it that) is unlike I've ever seen anywhere. People can say things and we believe them. We are trusting individuals. Make-strong old dreams lest this our world lose heart. Surpass wave-worn beauty with his wind of flowers. We understand the times and seasons we are in. Is it best to go in April or in May, embodied in clothing and certain accessories, if certain conditions are met? I think I may believe them on this one if they see white rails and a grandstand with walls made of brick the colour of old rose. We are on a rock, spinning silently. The boats head out to the race-course in near silence ... but the weather feels more like April or October. I love watching them leave in May.

Heads high, confident, we gaze continuously at the world. ... As I stare out my window and look at my parents' garden, I imagine myself navigating my way through. I've no idea how long we have. I imagine it would usually take a ship this size at least a couple of hours to sink, but the hole in the hull was extremely large. As our eyes open and thoughts unfold, I kept my gaze before me and watched ... where darkness and heavy rain found us still as statues, in postures of calm. ... Demons, do not move or speak but by our command, save only the swinging arms. Those trunks of flesh bowing with hands

clasped. “What is your position now? Is anyone else in this situation? What should I do?”

In my free time at work I give the right hand (or left) another colour. Thus, it becomes an undefinable object, and hence fascinating. Not good, not bad: ambivalent. Like death or fashion, it becomes present in her heart and consequently in her art. On the right, the extremity of the lake is visible, and seems to stretch almost to the feet of the hills. It only means there is not a ‘short leash’ connecting it to earth. This metaphor isn’t too bad, it just gets muddled, and there should be a space between two of the large roots with room enough for her to lie down. ... She caught a glimpse of someone short in an ash-grey helmet ahead of her. He had succeeded in ambushing a dog of fair size, and this formless hugeness, in approaching, had knocked it askew, ... on its hunkers with a subtle pattern along its soft dark back, lying there over a big stone, with its head sunk down to earth. ... Some stillness of the sun in her reassured him. Beware of those hands.

You are correct to question why someone would need a leash in the first place. Who can tell in this immensity of wilderness? It heralds verdure and lushness. ... Milk springing from the soil: the emergence of tyranny, of an electricity disengaged, little by little, of a flame suddenly darting forth, of a wandering force, of a passing breath. This breath encounters heads with grey and white spots, and covered with little scales. So, you see how it is and why they sneak around at the outskirts of the flock ... seeking to devour the lambs, little by little, being in and out among their dams. What else can be done, be done? ... what is wrong? ... can’t believe what is ... I think the bluey cynicism generator machine malfunctioned. Far to the west another gray and ochreous giant reared its

bulk, closing the vale. ... It is for me now to essay to draw in words the scene before us then, three miles, four miles to the right and wrong. Out of a mountain of despair: a stone of hope. This 'sudden glory' which may be ours on a very modest elevation, is ... over our heads during the whole time. Most levees fail when the floodwaters overtop the crest.

How long until we let go our ego, release hands and turn about inwards? I dextrogyre: qui fait tourner a droite. She continues to fight because she only wants to protect others. Is sinistro a trap? She transfers the entire manuscript to one hand and starts digging through her pockets. She fumbles with the leash to her own life, struggling to hold on as it pulls her toward a brighter future. I tried to keep my body as tight as possible while bringing up my left hand, and I could feel the left hand hold and get it decently well before being sent at the same instant to my right. The object was flying low. The crushing, hopeless doom riffs are still there, but now a little pale light is let in. The grey brick windows possess your gaze as impetuously as you cast it, ... broken about the base of the empty lighthouse. No one looks on, so no one shudders. And now join hands, mingle and scatter, advance, retire, ... bend back their hands until the nails almost touch the arms. The exercise is in full swing. The dog has to find a human that got lost or had an accident. I checked as I went inside, and it still had not moved. I have seen some odd things I can't explain before. I have always been curious, but I mean, sometimes I have the impression we are literally walking in circles. When I see you looking at me I die a little inside each time. One day life will slow down ... and I'll have time to straighten my nice yellow hat and pull in my tongue... but until then I'll close my mouth and clench my fist. Don't smile.

I have seen full face clowns do beautiful things in a hospital. After being encouraged to stand up to her fear, the girl is less likely to avoid not only roller coasters, but other situations in which she feels scared. Further, the dress is hideous: it's not flattering and that fabric belt makes me hostile. ... I kind of like the hair, but not with this look. I am well aware that beauty is within (and I thoroughly love her). I am concerned for her health, but I am also not as physically attracted to her. He found me pale, staring wide-eyed straight ahead: dark skin, reddish hair, red jacket over black mock-turtleneck, ... non-ugly 'pudding face;' while the premade Sims are more unusual-looking. His cheeks were quite grimy, his nose covered with pimples. ... He had six tattoos and a protruding belly that jiggled and exposed his gaping fly. Well there could have been a situation. It could have got out of control. But we declined his invitation. You can easily tell that I'm out of practice, and haven't yet found my spindle legs — wait, that sounds strange. Thankfully they still 'look straight ahead;' they're not sagging (knocking on wood). I do not want hour-glass shaped legs (wide at the top, narrow at the knees, wide again at the bottom). He remained astraddle for far too many seconds, but with greater stability and skill. ... The signature move is to drop to the knees with the feet splayed out, left leg bent one-hundred and thirty degrees, right leg tucked neatly into the back of the left knee, wearing a fatuous half-smile and gazing through blank, hooded eyes, working anterior to posterior. At first he thought it was the first light of dawn — a dull, lurid oval of light that seemed to stretch for nearly a mile on the horizon. Figuring the hour, though, the morn of life is past, the green tweeds of spring, with the first cuckoo's note. A yellow balloon (which matched his yellow boots) ... all those memories hit me and it becomes even harder to let go. Spring primula flower, colors, colours, cowslip, flower, flowers, fresh, garden, green, leaf, leaves, magenta, pink,

plant, primavera. The rider would be in a plain navy or black jacket, with a rosebud or suchlike in the buttonhole.

He's up and about again, about-turn in a complete change or reversal of direction, attitude, etc. how or what about? At first, introrse, at length turning outward. At ninety degrees was the friend who loved him, ... enjoying their relationship's fleeting. Has anyone done a face to face transfer? What is involved? The order of things ... and the mingling of various elements: there was frequent movement — bobbing of heads, clapping of hands, swinging of arms — done with control and poise. Meeting myself here, within the stillness of this cleverly crafted moment. ... the air ... bark of a distant dog. The laughter of children playing. For every one bite of delicious, tasty prime rump I have to chew my way through five mouthfuls of sawdust first.

What if I don't want to, or suddenly can't play for an hour? Yip I do. ... This doesn't seem to be a left/right thing, and ever so many people do it. Good morning world! Off we go! Chins up!!! Seriously, if an aggressive dog gets irritated by a loud kid toddling around with arms swinging the dog can bite the kid's face off. The points are as follows: Head flat, and narrow between the eyes, ... round, and rather sunk; ears filbert-shaped, long, and hanging close to a pocket, hitting the G-spot, and Pinning the Tail on the Donkey — but ... there's no guts, no heart, no balls, no brains and no spine. They are human beings who have infinite worth in their own right without any reference to us. It's time to roll up our sleeves and help them. Amazingly, we saw that others had the same notion, and were gathering on the pavement with little fold-up tables and champagne glasses at that instant. At precisely that instant is, in my opinion, somewhat more emphatic than at that moment. At the same instant sounds a little

odd to Malebranche — less dead. The rosy hue, the tint of pure light welcomes me for another day above ground. Well, in the humanities, I had heard: for patients with short-term memory problems, music could be a way back into their misplaced narratives. If it stops to smell continue on. Think of something funny when you piss, it relaxes the muscles ... and you will piss, but just remember that water has to go somewhere. Without stopping, I shout back to him over my shoulder: “Quick! Quick!” No human argument would make me retrace my steps. He opened his mouth, but no sound came out. ... With great effort she was able to plant her feet on the floor beneath her body, still crouching with knees bent. “Sometimes all you can do is stay alive, is get out there — and RUN.” Cut to old man. You’ve gnawed it to shards that scratch your throat going down.

A woman in a brief black dress, impersonating. And there we are, poised in life before the movie we are in starts, before the movie we are in becomes animated. We laughed and enjoyed the views together for awhile, and meet again on the summit. The dog slinks at their heels, sniffing. ... He shoulders it and lurches off mutely, tugging his peaked cap askew on his eyes. ... The dog sitting up on its hunkers in the mud, then relaxing to lie down for a good soak in the heather. ... It shifts back a little, lowers its snout. When we go back now, the current image that we are viewing will fade to its black and white version ... panting happily with three full inches of wet pink penis showing ... and he was really awake, just too tired to open his eyes. If we take the collar off he goes straight to lick it. We distract him but he just goes and hides from us to carry on with it. And on the contrary, again, we hold something to be impossible and false which is actually possible, and at the same time true, or where not true at least useful. He’s up and about again, about-turn in a complete change or

reversal of direction, attitude, etc. how or what about? At first, introrse, at length turning outward, enjoying their relationship's fleeting. Has anyone done a face to face transfer? What is involved? The order of things? There was frequent movement — bobbing of heads, clapping of hands, swinging of arms — done with control and poise. Her voice seemed to envelop him in a blanket of comfort, a feeling he hadn't experienced in a long while, and his silent relishing of the moment only added to the storm that hovered over the sea and isles to the west, their heads pivoting ... as one, ... slumped forward, utterly and completely drained. The promise of a healthier life with much less pollution may sound alluring to the city choking in fumes. But not everyone is convinced. The test area must be in an open and sufficiently silent location. There are lots of steeples and towers marking the horizon. Once the number is sounded, the ... leaders turn their heads back to the front as shown. Once the heads of the individuals ... are turned, the earth spins as though on an axle through its north and south poles.

Suddenly, we are eating what the character is eating, walking where the character is walking, instead of just reading about it. Make sandwiches with ... anything really - maybe alternate bites. When we reached the water we began by filling our calabashes, I mine, she hers, kissing and exchanging endearments. "But I do hear you my sweet girl, I am acutely aware of you and I try my best every day to make sure that you know that." In every bite she swallows the guilt of her world, the endless fears in her mind, and she made a good choice for 'my sweet boy.' She put his needs first. He bites into his cruller and chews thoughtfully. ... I swallow. We talk a little more. We don't yet have a cure, ... but somehow I still manage to snuggle and coo with our hands full, or rather our bills full, feeding.

Hello my darling girl, I've missed you dearly. In every bite she swallows the guilt of her world, the endless fears in her mind, and she made a good choice for 'my sweet boy.' She put his needs first. He bites into his cruller and chews thoughtfully. ... I swallow. You lie there with your eyes shut, then a brief black-out. And there we are, poised in life before the movie we are in starts, before the movie we are in becomes animated. We laughed and enjoyed the views together for awhile, and meet again. Her supply of cigarettes was dwindling again, but there was nothing to do really. ... Another hundred feet and she was walking across the pastures, hand-in-hand with a dark-haired boy that makes her heart shine and her face burn deliciously - It is nothing but a faded memory - in step, arms swinging, heads high. Eyes continually sneak glances towards the heights and path they will follow later ... and last night's camp gets smaller and smaller as the wall gets higher. She watched him out of sight. In the last glimpse she had ... presently she saw, first the dog, then the master, reminding us the scene is still there, and still vibrant. They wanted to get shut of us.

It's getting better here, but in some areas, they'll not talk to them anymore. The animals still graze on the heathland hills - they keep the forest at bay. If the sheep go, the heath will go too. There are numerous low-lying, rounded, dome-like granite outcrops in this area. A horse. I hadn't heard one, I hadn't smelled one. He might be seen standing motionless and silent. The fetus assumes a characteristic attitude in which elbows, knees and hips are flexed, feet and arms crossed, back bent, head sunk on chest and turned to one side. Animals know. They know their young, they know when we are sick. They know who their family is. They know when tsunamis are about to hit.

I wouldn't eat my dog, Blue, and I won't eat a pig whose name I don't know, who doesn't have a name. The white of sky, a kind of nothing with cracks, in the sky, in your ears. They stood on the top rickety step for a moment, still waking up. ... There was a tight chill in the air on this early April morning, and he shuddered, rubbing his bare arms. At the same time that this unbearable feeling surfaces in my body, something strange takes shape in the mud. It's as if my body had, from its very core returned to its starting point. It's over. It's done. I've told you what happened. I don't want to think about it. How can we compare an idea with an image, if it were one being who had the idea and another who had the image? The comparison is possible only because both terms of the comparison are my operations. The scene is empty a little while. When a few animals still have doubts he asks them if they are sure they didn't dream it, and if they could prove it in writing. Extraordinary joy that flares up, then goes out; no moment of intense elation like some mystics say they go through, no. No more blue horizons ... Should I stay or should I go? I just stood there gazing.

It was away, way off on a hillside. The trenches on the right, in the angle, ran with blood, and had to be cleared of the dead more than once. When I slip in the mud the sky opens up. ... The hand opens time, drawing it. Distress makes a picture. Try to give it a little push as it opens and closes. That helps me every time. "But what you care about isn't me, it's getting me alone." ... "Please, if you insist on going, let me see you home." "There's no need. Really." It is time that I truly let it go. I realize that my heart is not open. For there is a fear that I will get hurt again. I'm still smiling. There's many worse off than me. "There's no sense in that." "It has no sense for you, because you never take me into account at all. You can't understand my life." He knew that now. He had known

that then. ... There had been none for many years, and he could no longer remember the feeling of happiness. "For a long time now ... a long time," babbled the old fellow, trying to catch his breath.

My tongue comes out and touches her face. The lonely neonate screams again into the merciless ears, ... lolls in the nucleus of every decomposing metropolis. When I slip in the mud the sky opens up. Should I stay or should I go? I just stood there gazing. If we drink, we shall no more thirst; the dead need life. This man appears a good man for us, and his tongue goes in the right direction. If her mouth closes it must be because of his kisses. And a man's, which should be a straight line, meets hers at the return from each of these deviations. "It's over now. It's over. It's over." It's done. I've told you what happened. I don't want to think about it. How can we compare an idea with an image, if it were one being who had the idea and another who had the image?

ADJECTIVE NOUN

SOME GENERATIVE WRITING TO BE FOUND
for Adj Noun

STALE BIOCHEMIST

inglorious sidewinder
imaginative instant

pyramidal raid
ungrateful crisis
curved linoleum

outmoded copywriter
nomadic slaw

extralegal fickleness

distinguishable reign

fragrant hostility
cautionary bind
dazed abolition

OWN GLITCH

tan bash

frayed tribe
sparse flare
true thorn

low head
bright sleight
dull cough
forked bet
rare style
plaid rise
east harm
moot ink

whole slag
blanche fait[h]

fried cream

stout belt

PERISHABLE SIMPLICITY

farfetched quarter

twentieth innocence

precrash airway
immaculate expectation

clubbed doer
questionable antiquity

contraceptive valuation

facial logging
visionary obstructionist
greasy wheelchair

CON TERM

skilled ant

hourly slowness

politic cortisone

disaffected psychologist

antithetical theologian

uncharacteristic intermediary

INDEFATIGABLE PSYCHOANALYSIS

humanitarian profitability

nonregulated metabolism

tumultuous dispensation

decorous perjury

explicit dressmaking

cloudless chapter

barbed site

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

roomy parentage

irresponsible falconry

homespun blockade

bodily deliberation

unsound angler

antagonistic jamming

languorous motivation

infamous plasma

closeted anatomy

SEMANTIC LEACHING

slandorous circle
embryonic messaging
invidious pupil
underage lip
bony revenue
accountable subcommittee

deviant obligation

unrivaled marquee

inorganic mockery

erratic wrestler

unauthorized villain

OBVIOUS MORPHOLOGY

flip symmetry

mechanical engineering
supernatural fortitude

preconceived thesis

protectionist wave

sizable turnout

defensible definition

FORKED GRANT

twirled hose

perked rain
eared sum
gnarled wince
false squall
loath theme

cooped jazz
stewed ware
tiered grime
shod wreck
feigned quiz

scorched tryst
loath strait

scarred prude

crazed bulb

MAD TRANCHE

ribbed phrase
crass reef
apt nymph

pert glint
drab chart
faint drape
eared boll

strict crook
vain angst

sparse moat
scorched mate
frail bloc

tiled kin
scarce corpse

moot orb
grilled core

POOR SPERM

black sand
slight chip

rough clown

swift skill
few buzz
mad bell
strange plane

grave home
wide fringe

five valve

large gate

PASTEL MAJEURE

militant underarm

pretax inset
nonconvertible consumerism

feasible endosperm

eighteenth dancer

indebted tomato

baptismal launderer

PEARLY PHEASANT

helpless topaz

blatant woodwind

catbird response

swampy solace

nifty diesel

abysmal architect

vital oiler

CENTRIFUGAL APPLICATION

intriguing conception

strenuous adviser

individual collaboration

mechanical security

maximum livelihood

teasing motion

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

roomy parentage
irresponsible falconry

homespun blockade
bodily deliberation

unsound angler

antagonistic jamming,
languorous motivation
infamous plasma,
closeted anatomy

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

speculative bunker
candid turboprop

electrolytic lineup
eighth misstep

absolute gullet

autonomic fascism
antic axiom
inorganic polity
torpid strike

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

pretrial nutrition
coincident internment

piddling inauguration
warm disincentive

autonomic blanket

irritating polarization
promising whaling
axiomatic pollutant
appreciable ken

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

unfeasible laxative
uncompromising maw

interstate responsiveness
vulnerable hospitalization

hackneyed quorum

unpopular vibrancy
swank tract
pistachio subscription
dispensable neutrality

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

disposable grist
anonymous shinbone

unexercised drill
implicit eavesdropping

operatic onus

fibrous psalm
sickly roach
wistful pussycat
dermal thigh

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

infertile sedimentation
commie barracks

nonpolitical mason
imaginative sociopath

indomitable gainer

rabbinical ant
atypical woodwind
upstanding apricot
tabby attendee

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

chaotic evangelism
double defeatism

unerring quake
ingrained quisling

sugared boxcar

whipsaw stag
analogous watt
wobbly chimp
orchestral practicality

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

prostrate neurologist
generational leaflet

unsubtle beta
educational demonizing

galvanic uncertainty

unforgiving tuition
unwilling immunology
suicidal mischarging
naughty methodology

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

revolutionary appeasement
anonymous suppressant

diversionary technician
occupational infighting

uncontested redhead

sprightly rasp
intoxicating bipartisanship
midtown conscription
colloquial experimentation

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

toxic tipoff
shallow brinkmanship

isotonic dash
immature rustling

glutamic trunk

diagonal aviator
sonorous pork
nonvoting pastor
unheeded taste

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

leftist laptop
waxy lobster

rusting skit
chief centerfielder

upstanding chump

flimsy inaction
apocalyptic manna
cantonal gang
antebellum individualist

MONOCLONAL MICROPHONE

asteroid brothel
maudlin hospitalization

anaerobic unanimity
myriad informality

nouvelle pastime

arbitrary patrimony
broody hotdog
antismoking inscription
transcendental typewriting

ORTHOGRAPHICS

ORTHOGRAPHICS

bitter	bond	national	bolster
bitter	bend	national	blot
bitten	bend	national	plot
dank	bend	rational	plot
dank	coding	national	plot
dark	coding	rational	plot
dark	ceding	rational	bust
dank	ceding	rational	oust
dank	boards	hard	oust
dark	boards	hard	bounds
dark	hoards	hand	bounds
dank	hoards	hand	hounds
dark	hoards	hand	identity
dark	binders	wan	identity
dark	hinders	wan	identify
dark	commerce	war	identify
dank	commerce	inferior	identify
dark	commerce	inferior	identity
dark	commence	interior	identity
dank	commence	interior	identify
dark	commence	interior	lessons
dark	changes	inferior	lessens
dark	charges	inferior	lessons
inverted	charges	eldest	lessons
inverted	changes	eldest	indemnity
inverted	charges	oldest	indemnity
invented	charges	oldest	indemnify
invented	holster	oldest	heist
invented	bolster	haughty	heist
inverted	bolster	naughty	heist
invented	bolster	naughty	hoist

naughty	brew	heroin	wan
changeable	brew	heroin	war
chargeable	brew	heroin	wan
chargeable	brow	heroin	war
chargeable	brew	even	war
blond	brew	ever	war
blend	brew	ever	stony
blend	brow	ever	story
blend	brew	nationally	story
overbearing	brew	rationally	story
overbearing	brow	rationally	sheer
overhearing	brow	rationally	sneer
overbearing	brow	nationally	sneer
overbearing	eve	rationally	sneer
overbearing	eye	oft	sneer
overhearing	eye	oft	sheer
null	eye	oft	sneer
null	lessons	off	sneer
hull	lessons	oft	sneer
hull	lessens	off	sneer
hull	nationalization	off	high
hull	rationalization	off	nigh
inverted	rationalization	off	blowing
invented	rationalization	off	plowing
cleanly	rationalization	oft	plowing
cleanly	nationalization	off	plowing
clearly	nationalization	conveys	plowing
clearly	rationalization	convoys	plowing
herein	rationalization	convoys	blowing
herein	nationalization	convoys	plowing
herein	rationalization	conveys	plowing
heroin	rationalization	conveys	hinder
herein	rationalization	conveys	binder
heroin	rationalization	convoys	binder

convoys	hinder	nigh	story
convoys	binder	nigh	stony
foiling	binder	inferior	stony
toiling	binder	interior	stony
fended	binder	inferior	stony
fended	takes	inferior	mold
tended	takes	inferior	meld
tended	fakes	interior	meld
fended	fakes	inferior	meld
fended	sear	inferior	specifics
tended	sear	interior	specifics
tended	scar	interior	specifies
tended	preach	antsy	specifies
tended	breach	artsy	specifies
breached	breach	artsy	specifics
broached	breach	artsy	specifies
broached	preach	artsy	specifics
broached	breach	artsy	specifies
takes	breach	dusted	specifies
fakes	breach	ousted	specifies
fakes	defect	dusted	specifies
limp	defect	dusted	gone
limp	detect	dusted	gore
limb	detect	ousted	gore
limb	defect	ousted	nearing
limb	detect	ousted	rearing
spinal	detect	dusted	rearing
spiral	detect	ousted	rearing
spiral	defect	defecting	rearing
high	defect	detecting	rearing
high	detect	detecting	nearing
nigh	detect	detecting	rearing

detecting	eases	hypo	nations
defecting	eases	hypo	rations
defecting	cases	hype	rations
detecting	cases	high	rations
detecting	eases	high	verity
bounded	eases	high	verify
bounded	cases	nigh	verify
pounded	cases	bare	verify
pounded	eases	bare	verity
snare	eases	bare	verify
share	eases	bane	verify
share	cases	rabid	verify
hypo	cases	rapid	verify
hypo	falsity	rapid	verity
hypo	falsify	rapid	verify
hype	falsify	bitter	verify
hype	nations	bitter	verity

BRIEF PROCEDURAL
EXPOSITIONS & REFERENCES

The *Supply Texts* include original pieces by the author, a number of which are used to supply the input for program-matological manipulation so as to generate the texts of pieces that are occasionally, but not always, represented in this book. ‘Misspelt Landings’ underlies, for example, ‘Zero-count Stitching 1 • 3 • 4 • 7 • 5’ and was also used extensively by *The Readers Project*, an ongoing collaboration of the author and Daniel C. Howe (<http://thereadersproject.org>). The translation ‘Lakeside Overnight Southbound Calls’ supplies ‘*First Wind Autumn.*’ ‘Poetic Caption’ drives ‘Poetic Caption 321’ and also serves as a general caption for the readers of *The Readers Project*.

Many of the readers’ strategies developed in *The Readers Project* are based on information harvested transgressively (<http://amodern.net/article/terms-of-reference-vectoralist-transgressions/>) from the indexes of internet search engines concerning the relative frequency of phrases of various lengths (now increasingly familiar to people as ‘*n*-grams’ — <https://books.google.com/ngrams> — where ‘*n*’ may be a number giving the length of a sequence of so many symbolic ‘grams’ or, to all intents and purposes, words). Zero-count phrases are those which, in a certain corpus at a certain time, generate zero ‘results’ when searched: the sequence of words does not occur in this body of text. Many of the pieces in this book were generated from ‘zero-counts’ or from phrases whose relative frequency is at stake during the processes of generation. *Zero-count Stitching* is a procedure whereby zero-count phrases, usually presented as lines of the proposed poetic text, are stitched together by further testing the relatively frequency of phrases composed from final and initial words of the constituent neighbouring zero-counts. The lines are stitched only if the words of an enjambement can be found to be above some threshold of relative frequency in the

corpus. ‘*First Wind Autumn*,’ ‘Poetic Caption 321,’ and ‘Zero-count Stitching 1 • 3 • 4 • 7 • 5’ are all variations in forms of this kind, with the latter eponymous piece — its lines, as noted above, taken from ‘Misspelt Landings’ — most exemplary of the form. A fairly exhaustive discussion of the making of ‘*First Wind Autumn*’ can be found at <http://programmology.shadoof.net/index.php?p=contents/zeroCounting.html>, and more details of *Zero-count Stitching* are discussed at <https://jacket2.org/interviews/definition-basics>. ‘one *image* tongue’ in the *Images* section is a more extensive application of the procedure, in which — as for ‘*First Wind Autumn*’ — the zero-count lines are also assembled and selected so as to include and present the words of a supply text in their original order.

[*n-gram*] *Loose Links* are quasi-algorithmic micro-collages. They are also concerned with particular phrases or sequences of words but the play here revolves around the concept of the ‘longest common phrase,’ as developed in the context of *The Readers Project*. A longest common phrase is, for any attributed text, a sequence of its words that can be found elsewhere in a multi-author corpus and not attributable to the original author, proving, minimally, that it is still an attested, discoverable part of the commons of language. Longest common phrases are vital for certain conceptual literary practices (<http://thereadersproject.org/index.php?p=hiiict/hiiictabout.html>). For the *Loose Links* they provide model links in its quasi-algorithmic processes of collage. ‘I had a visit today ...’ and ‘And yet he couldn’t ...’ are simple *Loose Links*. Because the typical longest common phrase is — currently, in natural language corpora of English — between three and five words in length, these pieces start by searching for results containing the four-word phrases of their titles and proceed with searches for other similar length phrases

that are contained in a selected result and then in one or other result of subsequent searches. The procedure is characterized as quasi-algorithmic because it may be described in regular terms and as following procedural rules, but the choices for selection and use of instances of the regular terms — which longest common phrase? which search result? — are made by the author. ‘Period Bob’ is loose linked from an artificially constructed corpus of sentences all containing references to Robert Coover (see Acknowledgements). Note that longest common phrases, used as textual collage links, usually provide a reasonable degree of syntactic continuity. ‘One may not, I believe, glean from this analysis of the writing subject that such a subject is to be distinguished from *the writing machine*’ is loose linked from Angela Carr’s English translations of a pioneering 1964 computational literary work by Jean Baudot (see Acknowledgements). *Uncut* is an accompanying commentary by the author. It is more properly a supply text but is placed here due to its status as commentary and its extensive, silent quotation of Baudot’s sentences in translation. ‘literary mind / carving dragons’ is a loose link that has been further constrained by adding semantically implicated terms when making searches for the linking phrases.

Since 2009 *Writing to be Found* has been a term of the author’s which has come to embrace various writing practices and to describe extant writing-as-such that is to be found in relation to linguistically implicated internet services. It signals a crucial, not to say catastrophic, moment in the history of language practice when it was suddenly possible for any internet-connected writer to believe that they were able to know whether a particular sequence of words could or could not be found in an indexed corpus — of English at least — that has a pretended, growing status as the domain of

‘all our language.’ *Writing to be Found* is another name for the *Future of Writing* or the *End of Writing*, if, that is, this is writing that may be found but never read. Most of the writing in this book is in dialogue with *Writing to be Found*. Our relationships, already mentioned above, with entities such as the longest common phrase and the zero-count phrase are crucial in this regard. Today, as of this writing, they delineate human reading and require that we develop a deeply critical understanding of the services that allow us to specify and work with their instances. The poems of ‘Write Thus’ and ‘Monoverse Selections’ are mostly composed from phrases and lines that have all been assembled quasi-randomly and in accord with various formal constraints and then searched to discover some aspects of their relationship to the internet’s indexed corpus of language. Lines are then either rejected or selected and composed on the basis of what has been discovered concerning, typically, their relative frequency. The programs making these selections and tests are remarkably simple although they do make use of code libraries — especially Daniel C. Howe’s RiTa <https://rednoise.org/rita/> — that encapsulate significant artificial intelligence concerning natural language: lexicons with parts of speech, rhyme, word division, and stress patterning information, for example. The effort to produce concise code that is nonetheless able to propose significant and affective language generation is in a specialist tradition and explicitly acknowledges work of this kind done by Nick Montfort, some of it recently published in his book *#! [Shebang]*, Counterpath, 2014, and reviewed by the author at <http://www.electronicbookreview.com/thread/electropoetics/shebang>. The most concise of the programs used for ‘Monoverse Selections’ — 493 characters of Java source code but referencing RiTa and ignoring white space — is printed here:

```

import rita.*;
class M {
    public static void main(String[] a) {
        new M();
    }
    String A = "tienoa", b, c;
    RiLexicon l = new RiLexicon();
    M() {
        p("\r" + d("vb", "rb").toUpperCase() +
          "\r\r");
        for (int i = 0; i < 6;) {
            p(d("jj", "nn"));
            if (b.indexOf(A.charAt(i)) > -1) {
                p("");
                i++;
            }
        }
    }
    void p(String s) {
        System.out.println(s);
    }
    String d(String... j) {
        do
            b = r(j[0]);
        while (m(b));
        do
            c = r(j[1]);
        while (m(c));
        return b += " " + c;
    }
    String r(String w) {
        return l.getRandomWord(w);
    }
    boolean m(String w) {
        return (" " + l.getFeatures(w).
            get("stresses")).contains("/");
    }
}

```

Images is part of a long standing engagement of the author's with a piece by Samuel Beckett that was incorporated into his later longer prose work, *How It Is*. 'one *image* tongue' is a zero-count stitching of the entire text of 'The Image.' It is a hybrid performance-targeted version of the text assembled from two iterations of the generative code. In 2011 the piece was performed by Ian Hatcher and John Cayley and filmed

by Peter Bussigel. An extract can be viewed on Hatcher's website, <http://ianhatcher.net/#!/video>, and further edits will be made available over time. "The Image" in *Common Tongues* is a loose-linked micro-collage that also contains the same text, all of its successive common phrases (not always the longest) found, by hand and internet search, within fragments of language that were not composed by Beckett, or by the author for that matter, although the author did do the hand stitching. More information is available by following links given above or <http://www.electronicbookreview.com/thread/electropoetics/howitis>.

Adjective Noun presents more poems composed and generated along the lines of those described under *Writing to be Found*.

Monoclonal Microphone extracts a favoured poem from the *Adjective Noun* selection and uses it as a model for the generation of an indeterminately large set of poems. The lines of all these poems are constrained — by internet search for relative frequencies — to an ambiguously syntactic or grammatical 'arc' — that may also sometimes be read as narrative — uniting them as a set despite their arbitrary construction and the once or supposed singularity of their constituent lines. See <http://programmatology.shadoof.net/index.php?monoclonal>.

Orthographics is a minimalist engagement with experiences of reading, playing at the 'subliteral' limits of orthographic difference and with how we may understand such differences as operative in writing. Work on *Orthographics* is ongoing. From line to line in the text printed here the difference will either be purely subliteral, or will involve the replacement of one or other word with another word that may subsequently allow a subliteral difference to provide a new word-to-be-read. See <http://programmatology.shadoof.net/index.php?p=installation/pxl2012/pxl2012.html>.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A few of these pieces have appeared previously, and this is noted as follows, with grateful acknowledgement to the editors and their publications: ‘Pentameters toward the Dissolution of Certain *Vectoralist* Relations’ in *Amodern 2*, online at <http://amodern.org>; instances of *Zero-count Stitching* in ‘Definition of Basics,’ contributions to a panel on Poetry & Science, convened and edited as ‘Like a Metaphor’ by Gilbert Adair for *Jacket 2*, March 2012, <https://jacket2.org/interviews/definition-basics>; ‘Period Bob’ in a special Spring 2012 festschrift issue of the *Review of Contemporary Fiction* for Robert Coover, edited by Stéphane Vanderheaghe; ‘One may not, I believe, glean from this analysis of the writing subject that such a subject is to be distinguished from *the writing machine*’ and ‘Uncut’ in *ti-TCR 7*, a web folio of the *Capilano Review*, Fall 2013, at the invitation of contributing co-editor Andrew Klobucar; ‘literary mind / carving dragons,’ a longer version in the *Veer Vier: for Will Rowe*, *Veer Journal 4*, 2014; the selected poems of the *Adjective Noun* section in an irregular periodical with a closely related name, *adj noun magazine*, in its ‘Digital Hamper’ issue, Spring 2011, edited by Benny Lichtner, available in print and, perhaps one day, online at <http://corrugatedpress.com/digitalhamper>.

The majority of the pieces in this book also manifest themselves with other forms of support, typically as installations focused around a computer monitor having audiovisual affordances. Details are traceable in the expositions and references above, or through the author’s website, <http://programmatology.shadoof.net>. Certain pieces can also be experienced on the web or as downloadable software applications.

“This is an important, wonderful book. The agency that Cayley claims, if I understand correctly, of producing the supply texts, the algorithms, and the intervening privileged selection of algorithmic output makes for a *not* uncreative writing — complementary aspects working together in the service of, dare one say it, interiority.”

— Stephanie Strickland

“Reading this superb collection leaves one with the unsettling, yet paradoxically satisfying, sense that no ‘zero-count phrases’ remain — that herein everything is contained. Cayley’s complex compositional practices, from the translational to the computational, the poetic to the theoretical, have resulted in a volume that enacts the very idea of corpus with which it playfully, but critically, engages. This is writing that founds, that serves as the foundation for linguistic experiments still to come.”

— Rita Raley

Also ‘in print’ by John Cayley:

How It Is in Common Tongues (with Daniel C. Howe)

Tianshu: Passages in the Making of a Book

(with Xu Bing and others)

Ink Bamboo

Chapbooks:

An Essay on the Golden Lion

Under it all

primary vaporization hydraulic aborigine superhuman muton qualitative keystone rancorous quantum
 replete fairness painful affiliation offhand timepiece invasive scandal symbolic inequality
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 lib diameter **“John Cayley is a poet of thoughtful process and this collection**
 multiplying owl both embodies and reflects upon the workings of his/our
 conditional ha language. Critical insight about process moves through the depths
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 calculable ct face of attention, like a figure always in/on moving water, shifting
 MONOCLONAL M even as we apprehend it. Recognition of the digital, networked,
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 reactionary au being within ‘the commons of language.’” — Johanna Drucker
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