IMAGE
GENERATION

John Cayley
IMAGE GENERATION
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One may not, I believe, glean from this analysis
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Supply Texts
Swimming back alone to the bathing rock, head under, he reaches out to grasp the familiar ledge, a fold in the rose-tinged 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. 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-abyss 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?
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.

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.

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.
“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.

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.

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.

There were no snakes in the canyon. I try to get back to work. My thoughts have turned ...
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
since distinguishable
as what
are herewith
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no more
than movements
movements through
anywhere through
a first
as spacetime
that surface
that is
new

conformed by phrase
nonetheless you
composed and
new I
and unempty
all of
our teleportation
and readers
as practice
we composed
read then
and days
as vast
and we
come of
attention to
the arbitrary
or vertiginous
edge unempty
line of
having method
written having
we may give ourselves permission to make all such movements of readers beautiful since what are they more than movements through a spacetime that is
collapsed by you and I and all our readers as we read and as we come to the vertiginous edge of having written
III-II-I

that we

may

of this give
give ourselves already

permission

attention to aurature

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and various all

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movements

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readers

permission

a process beautiful

beautiful since distinguishable

as what

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no more

conceivable

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movements

language

movements through

anywhere

through

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spacetime

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composed

read and then

I and

as

we

come to

attention to

the arbitrary

letter or vertiginous

edge

unempty

line of aurature

having

written
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

edge by expectant
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

imagined ochres later
reach this wondering
wondering in lost
other happy grasp
he falls pilgrim
until he misspelt
words drifting only
reached her top-sail
to entropy child
sinking and pitched
that gives hovers
his hand mouthful
until he misspelt
words drifting why
until he misspelt
words drifting pictures

circling turning hold
overboard and body
pulled back entropy
just below tracing
his hand mouthful
out then islanded
knowledge — halyard
through empty circling
just below tracing
her first selves

breaks the asked
wondering in lost
words drifting only
near her granite
her first selves
reaches out hung
another father expected
misunderstanding and texts
another father expected
her first selves
breaks the asked
her waist halyard

breaks the asked
pulled back entropy

just below tracing

that gives hovers
hovers over pine
rock from lacing
until he misspelt
her first selves

overboard and islanded

•
Neurath’s pilgrim choking
her first selves
selves and landings
though unfocused pulled
turning the cushion-shaped

stone which textuality
that gives hovers

until he misspelt
to entropy child
languages for forbidden
night head hook
his expectant turns
he falls pilgrim
sailing to bloated
a choking pine
rock from lacing
just below tracing
your hand rose-tinged
[\textit{n-gram}] \textbf{LOOSE LINKS}
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 environ-
ment, 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 conscious-
ness 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 stut-
ters 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 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.
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 experi-
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

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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 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 pretense 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.*
 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.*
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

eroost 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

66
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

```java
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)

yea{rn back
whole berth

tr{eat 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]
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]
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]
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]
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

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]
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]
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
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]
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
[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 commençant: “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 enjambment 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 fair
colour
the hair astraddle
blue done I’ve
crown I blue
no closed blue
transfer all again
no head notion
image it glorious
no go doubt
weather to girl
go yip rump
glorious and egg-blue
since it hoists
sky the arse
no suddenly rump
and moves sink
blue another legs
I the scamper
over image blue
of sandwiches towers
my the mingle
those little bluey
in spit last
little hold clouds
summit there black
darling I across
empty in moment
the have mouth
impression the pudding
bites my alternate
white in moment
I back granite
impression the pudding
impression the pudding
I less smile
I blue
moves the say
weather it sixteen
we turned weather
as things fumes
boots to knocking
I believe grandstand
me impression brick
I hear clavicle
hand and dextrogyre
it helps doubt
to the astraddle
I across
it’s I spit
axle suddenly girl
to too dog
all see sixteen
to the whom hand
the scamper me
little I colours
if hold colours
to the whom hand
up I fleeting
of holds clouds
to who deck
little look crown
me have weather
not to heads location
and by hunkers
me
go me four
the hunkers leash
about we hunkers
the hand arse
sixteen glorious little
lick the arse
posterior and half-smile
clouds the arse
to half-smile life
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 pimpls
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 posterior
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 steeples
and alternate swallows
of towers silent
heads we brief
I back morning
the steeples 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 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 à 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, intorso, 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

disaaffected 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

slanderous 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

coop ed 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
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Orthographies</th>
<th>Orthographies</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>bitter bond</td>
<td>national bolster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bitter bend</td>
<td>national blot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bitten bend</td>
<td>national plot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dank bend</td>
<td>rational plot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dank coding</td>
<td>rational plot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark coding</td>
<td>rational plot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark ceding</td>
<td>rational bust</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dank ceding</td>
<td>rational oust</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dank boards</td>
<td>hard oust</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark boards</td>
<td>hard bounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark hoards</td>
<td>hand bounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dank hoards</td>
<td>hand hounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark hoards</td>
<td>hand identity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark binders</td>
<td>wan identity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark hinders</td>
<td>wan identify</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark commerce</td>
<td>war identify</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dank commerce</td>
<td>inferior identify</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark commerce</td>
<td>inferior identity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark commence</td>
<td>inferior lessons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dank commence</td>
<td>inferior lesson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark commence</td>
<td>inferior lessons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark changes</td>
<td>inferior lessons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark charges</td>
<td>eldest lessons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>inverted charges</td>
<td>eldest indemnity</td>
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<td>inverted changes</td>
<td>eldest indemnity</td>
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<td>oldest indemnity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>invented charges</td>
<td>oldest indemnify</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>invented holster</td>
<td>oldest heist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>invented bolster</td>
<td>haughty heist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>invented bolster</td>
<td>naughty heist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>invented bolster</td>
<td>naughty hoist</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
naughty brew heroin wan
changeable brew heroin war
chargeable brew heroin wan
chargeable brew 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 eye 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 conveys plowing
herein rationalization conveys blowing
herein nationalization conveys plowing
herein rationalization conveys plowing
heroin rationalization conveys hinder
herein rationalization conveys binder
heroin rationalization conveys binder
| convoys binder | 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 breach | artsy specifics |
| 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                        | high 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 verify                  |
| 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 programmatological 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 enjambment 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://programmatology.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=hiiiict/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("\n");
                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*
“John Cayley is a poet of thoughtful process and this collection both embodies and reflects upon the workings of his language. Critical insight about process moves through the depths and shallows of personal imagery here, pulling insight to the surface of attention, like a figure always in/on moving water, shifting even as we apprehend it. Recognition of the digital, networked, electronic conditions of composition are everywhere, but this is not a book about technology, rather, it is a work conceived within the multiple mediations of how, now, poetic forms come into being within ‘the commons of language.’” — Johanna Drucker

“image generation brings clarity reading through itself. from the first surprise of narratives into the transformed permutations, shifts against revealed repetition and derivation clones from those narratives already provided to some extent provided. two column syntactic overlap nouns given as placed verb it. and then describes the compositional order of two word columns broken into breaches and breath groups and then narrative collages until broken elements repaired with sound, use computer generation rather than aleatory. in a noisy world full of claims and conformity, a clear water made possible through modernist endeavour. the collection demonstrates a meeting of confidence with eloquence.” — Allen Fisher