

Editorial page 2 | *Peter Manson* **For January** page 4 | *Andrew*

Zurcher **sonnet. belied. & sonnet. for. & procrustes,**

a love ballad page 6 | *John Wilkinson* **Spiegeleisen** page

14 | *Keston Sutherland* **Roger Ailes** page 16 | *Tim Morris* **Bum**

Epic page 21 | *Drew Milne* **Allegories from The Prada**

Meinhof Gang page 34 | *Anonymous* **Phlegm, or, The**

Goddess & The Optometrist page 36 | *Axl Prose* **Goat's**

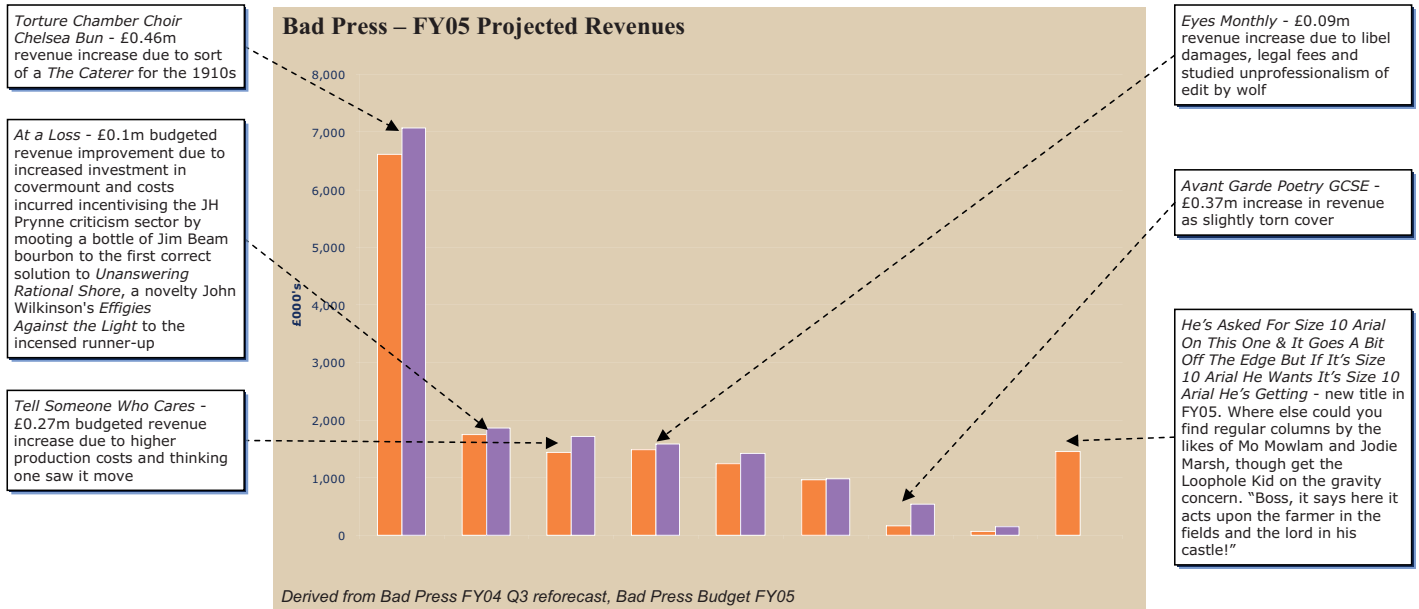
Cheese and Olive Quiche page 41 | **Clone Town Brit-**

ain page 42 | **Miscellany** page 44

Editorial – FY05 Budgeted Revenues

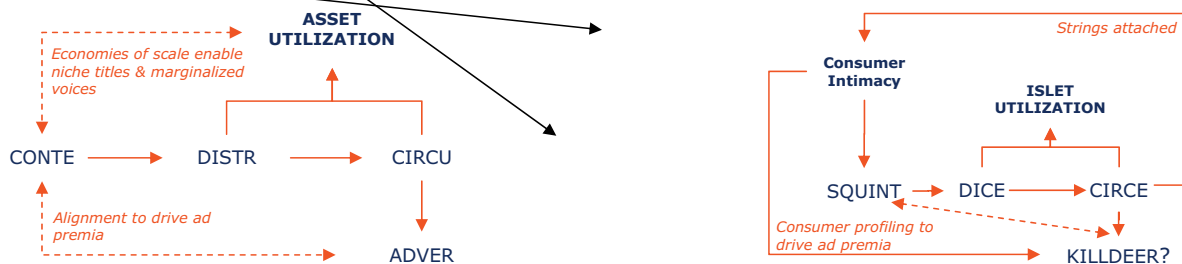
Bad Press Serials (editors, Jow Lindsay, Marianne Morris, Jonathan Stevenson) is an imprint of Bad Press (founder, Marianne Morris). Please send everything to badpress@gmail.com or **21 Portland Rise, Finsbury Park, N4 2PT**. For a forward-looking rendition of *Not Yet*, *Punk*, and other titles, visit www.badpress.xxx or, if your ISP don't go there, badpress.infinology.net.

Revenues are budgeted to increase by £0.1m to £15.3m in FY05. Historically, Bad Revenues have grown by c.12% p.a., although growth has slowed since the earn-out period expired for the previous management team (Q3 FY03). The small core of pamphlets and periodicals mainly operate in specialist sectors, however competition in these sectors is strong given the presence of the likes of Barque, The Gig and Landfill.



Editorial – Inventory of Failures / FY05 Operating Model

Pats on back, studying, like the Karate Kid did, for that time when we must stab stab mashy stabby. But an inventory of failures works with a pinch as **to do** list. 1) We couldn't even nearly afford the socially and environmentally reformist printers who were our first choice. In the end we printed it ourselves with routine Bad Press stealth. Expect a range of formats and no storage folder with any subscription however bold. 2) We flyted over the idea of printing a review, reading, glossary or other commentary for each poem. Stay tuned for a weak compromise or intervene, that number again: badpress@gmail.com. 3) Impetus for this project shoots right out of the impression of a gap between one thing and another thing. No serious thoughts of *bridging* it, just . . . commode? Wishing well? Brine pit? In the market? Consider,



Maybe **the FY04 model** was based on leveraging production assets across high circulation levels. *If so*, spreading the cost, as meta-narratives fragmented and production flexibility improved, led to a proliferation of titles, sublimating the artist's drives into ever more niche segments whilst shifting her "targeting" resources out of the frying pan and onto the back burner. Who would not, marketing, see such proliferation and demand his cut in customer profiling detail? In exploiting brand recognition subsystems, and established academic networks, market leaders merely dusted down footholds for fingerprints. The Clone Town Britain survey (page 42) is a major step in the direction (if you want to copy and return the survey, it needs doing by 28 February). This step aside, the shortcoming of our politics service line "**the cutting edge of blunt**" are difficult to trace, folded inside the scarceness of essay simpliciter (though we discovered that American professors of the Philosophy of Mind check their e-mail frequently and respond promptly: Daniel Dennett, 1 day, 8 hours, 31 min; David Chalmers, 22 hrs, 28 min; Jerry Fodor, 4 hours, 36 min). It is

as bad as it seems but this is where you come in, you know who you are (Charisma Carpenter for starters. Fob *us* off with the next big thing in state of the nation whickering erudite cryptofiction). Such factors, never mind pressure on traditional revenue streams, and changing print economies favouring smaller runs, influenced the development of **the FY05 model**, which maintains asset efficiency and scale as important drivers, but expresses a more consumer-centric desire (to better understand reader prejudices and target accordingly, delivering across print media and via www.badpress.xxx, accessing non-traditional and doomed revenue streams) like milk. 4) We intend to reprint interesting, hard-to-find texts. Your suggestions would be a welcome dilution of what we think is "interesting." 5) Dismal demographics - *no girls allowed!*, at least - it would be no exaggeration to say that every contributor is physically atom-for-atom identical with every other. 6) Marianne Morris' contribution to this issue was late and limited. But rubble on the horizon.

Peter Manson

For January

Blast drafts rapid ease in stone
a man harps lame in the tongue
repeating place-holder words
forgotten as uttered
by an ear sewn back on in time.

The slow or fast
life reconvened after time-out
does not contain joy.

Meteor scatters a ton weight
of dust on the FM hiss.

A voice nudges over the threshold
on soft peaks and is captured
giving effect to desire
and a ping of sour music.

The open flower platform
is named.

*

The hat that the hand wore in rehab
is French for billiards and in no way chastened.

The language in him fitting like a champagne cork
between startled eyes
is a lesson in loosening tongues
in advance of the big night.

*

Making the room work hard in an effort to hear
downshifted remnants of an echo without walls

the means of producing sound literally dead
in these parts, at this time, are welcomed as equals

back-masking the cosmic slop till the dots merge, inviting suicide
(only a card-sharp home but the room speaks fluent Thai)

the assault ceased.
The caller withheld their number.

*

Botox my frownlines, let my eyelids droop.
If I open one eye with a finger I can still see

habit subtract lip-service from a foot of pride,
seed broadcast in empathy:

we is good boys. I another you is the longer pronoun
carry me nowhere faster than a crushing train.

Andrew Zurcher

sonnet. belied.

that i want nothing more to do with you,
believe: want nothing more than nothing more,
more nothing than a thing more false than true,
more you than some thing nothing could restore.
that i have held too fast, to you, i swear:
too much to have, held fast, i swear makes poor,
too much of having much fast leaves me bare
and pouring where in fasting i held store.
i cannot be more from you now than this,
nor more than this i am by you may be,
but for that i am from you, now i miss
by you all that of you that now i see.
my head is tangled, and my tongue is tied,
that even as i lie i am belied.

sonnet. for.

what sounds in me, what fantasies you get
in my conceit, so ample warrant give
that, to deal justly, i must quite forget
the debt they urge, and all their gifts forgive;
for love bids me demand that love forbids,
one hand incites, the other lies at slake,
and i forgo where most the going rids
me clean: for love's sake i your love forsake.
what strange economy of love, to bear
desire, that breeds desire but to forbear;
what false-true faith, importunate to swear
to nothing so much but it shall forswear;
i mean no less to you, nor say no more,
than, when you read it, what a word is for.

procrustes, a love-ballad

a highway ran to athens, where
two thieves preyed on the passers-by
and stole their coin, and robbed their ware,
and rich became thereby.

sinis the one, *procrustes* bad
the other man aptly was named,
because a bed of steel he had
(wherefore he was infamed)

upon the which he lured his guests
to lay themselves, hospitably,
and there by night seeking their rests
to perish horribly.

this bed was of a certain size
immoveable and rigorous;
no man by strength or by devise
crafty or vigorous

had ever once budged it a jot,
nor could *procrustes* self the same,
but from his father had it got
descended with his name.

on this same bed of steel, when sleep
had closed his victim's weary eyes,
the ill host in his guile would creep
to claim his vicious prize:

and if the guest too long he found
for that short bed, and all his limbs
lay trailingly upon the ground,
with razors keen he trims

each arm offending, each long leg,
the lolling head, the wayward hand;
and though the man should start, and beg,
no pity could command

the blameful butcher from his law
when once the baleful bed was laid:
to lie too long then was a flaw
cut off so soon as made.

but if the guest too stumppish lay
coming short of the bed's extent,
procrustes made no long delay
but for his ropes straight sent

and manacles, wherewith he tied
the hapless dwarf by every digit,
then ratcheted from side to side,
until man out of midget

all bloodily he fabricated —
avulsing fingers, hands, toes, feet,
heads, limbs, and trunks now elongated,
wrast to a length more meet.

oh how he loved to make men fit
the iron rule of his provision!
how gleefully he sliced and slit,
hacked, lopped, and dealt division!

with what fierce flair he drew them out
that came too short of their last calling!
with what fear, sacred and devout,
he ministered their mauling!

he played the priest, holy and wise
in each his axe's executions;
he sat as judge, to standardize
men's wayward constitutions;

he was a surgeon, charged to cure
wants and excesses bodily;
a nominalist formal and pure,
he razored expertly.

what joy he feels, then, on that day
when *theseus* turns around the bend
and rides unwittingly his way,
i leave you to perpend;

suffice to say, he whets his knives,
and runs his cords through icy hands,
flushed with the lust no man survives,
outlasts, or yet withstands,

the lust for blood, the lust for power,
the lust to frame men to his measure,
the lust to pass no idle hour
void of the winning pleasure.

he entertains him fairly, feeds
and shows him every courtesy;
and at the stroke of midnight leads
him to his destiny.

in hesitant anticipation
as of a lover for his bride
he marks his guest's weary prostration
at his latest bedside.

stands he too long? comes he too short?
procrustes holds his bursting breath
and binds his hammering heart contort,
starved for delicious death.

he is too tall! the thief steals off
to fetch his blades, and wait, and wait;
each turn, each yawn, each settling cough
makes him exasperate —

what he could do — if only now —
he starts — falls back — sure he's asleep —
how in the tissue turning, how
the plunging edge rides deep —

he breathes hard, moistens his parching lips,
from off his palms wipes clammy sweat,
shifts anxious weight — his balance tips —
not yet, not yet, not yet —

then suddenly, the house is still,
no sound left but the rhythmic snore
of *theseus*, sleeping; wide with will,
procrustes at the door

surveys and views his peerless prize,
the waving locks of chestnut hair,
the manly hands, those fluttering eyes,
hard sinews everywhere

striving even in sleep to bear
the carriage of so noble frame,
that rapt *procrustes* feels his stare
withered, left limp, and lame;

drawn to the bed as by a thread
he pads, and feels the warm respiring
of *theseus* stir hairs on his head,
as if his breath, admiring

procrustes' locks, played rovingly
with each entangled filament;
the butcher piecing lovingly
such wanton hardiment

takes in the roughened olive skin,
the husky chest, the sun-etched lines
drawing his eyes more deeply in
where narrative inclines

upon the very hearts of heroes,
there in his shirt, the laboring beat
toiling its stream of ones and zeros
in sanguifluent heat.

almost he cannot lift his arm
against such mythic majesty;
a long time static in alarm
he stands perplexedly,

until, roused by a sudden breeze,
or by some noise cast in the street,
resolving finally to please
himself, he lifts the sheet: —

how abject, how humiliated,
how strangely lost he looked, how poor,
to find, he was anticipated,
known first, and waited for;

with what sad eyes he watched the sword
run through his thick and thievish side,
with what meek hands he bathed his gore,
with what soft silence died,

as *theseus* drew him on the bed,
gave him the pain that always yet
to others he had cruelly fed,
and paid the thief his debt.

the hero was the better man,
the juster, wiser, and the stronger,
who could dissimulate and plan
to wrong with wrong the wronger.

measure for measure, shift for shift,
still right may better wrong, and should;
vengeance for vengeance, drift for drift:
so turns the world to good.

and if you be of that just size,
to make escape from this sad tale,
of *sinis'* pains i will devise,
to breed you better bale. *vale.*

John Wilkinson

Spiegeleisen

Brisk paper scythed the stands of maize
mutually upright. Stems less upright

elsewhere strove to keep with each other,
carried on chewing, carried on flicking

tumultuous layers. Paper cut rhetoric,
saturated cobalt ready to heal, thought

calm, few of the makings of weather,
millpool-flat, for all of its wide middle

void of reflection, crossing the period,
felled those stems of maize unsupported.

Daunted each ignored each one's need,
facing the same sickle, jeered their fall,

poor fist broken, rank smoothed over,
massing elsewhere, mass in a trace-cup

storing what traces convey or eradicate,
precious few might stem. Interpolation

rounded up: barbs, backchat, sneering,
castigated with cries the hard harvest,

seed droplets swelled, a foolscap front
swept with cloud-blots. Now run over.

.

Across the blameless pavement writes
uncreased attention. Baby hypothetical

crawls sideways, soon to be adolescent
onto the market floor in Taipei, truly

stands & delivers. Brazenly she signals:
Hand raised, hand flexed for a flicker,

hand drops. Anachronistic blossom
thrives, who cared when her biography

summed up in one session, blue as it
skimmed & skirted, hosed down rivals,

dragged the lit air after her call. Finale,
a full sweep of ripe sheaves, silver cobs:

Stem.

Let rip.

Sway.

Rank these sowers of disorderliness,
vacuum cleaners trundle over the shore.
Elsewhere, burning glass

shakes out its ripples beautifully.
Membrane covers,

buttons & brutal rips-not-cuts. Presses/
a flattening blow/
until in shutting for the day, shutting
Voluble, spring onto the floor

texters chirp & cellphones cap the offer,
desert jets,
a parched colonnade jets –
The rubble rises in its fountains.

Occludes.

Music travels across the vacant middle.

Keston Sutherland

Roger Ailes

Our money is where your mouth is, humid as that
sick blip of successive exit holes, 2D in the flying elf
neon suspended crossbar. Shut up / adjust the mood
lighting with this view to a match seen to dust,
you pull the flush and BP petroleum like a cyclone fills
the content air from the wax ring to the bolt caps.
Vanilla blue, in the face of the emaciated Siberian are
dead lips better than one, you're up for the phased exit
from Hull manufacturing. To run out of a mind
to speak not just for standing in
as a foam bun, it is
passion the agon
again in its occasionally antic and yet serious too
liquid for polymerizing my lid. On nights on
days on any shift in the universe
of stars
vault now puce
in fact on the verisimilitudinous rim shift itself, I
on the tinned and onspinning circuit get up rip it up
get on out move it yes now on that move it
is Roger Ailes chairman and CEO of the anti-banana
res publica sublated into his icteric salute to Allah coming
up next. If he is him then who am I, and
who are you in the coconut shy – but you are Sergio
was it you said. And then again if he isn't, if no
such thing in fact *is*, then watch it because is
that you that flip-chart, then. The ass of this is helical
slash screwed-down and probably not easy to tilt,
Sergio, 500 affiliates by the middle of next anything
you roll yourself into a tube we can make it
into your life for the taking – yes later but fuck all that
shit vomited meringue in a choke hold, Fox
is arrive now have we obtain the future our folk are real
need you bet it we did; new coverage new
exit hole in the throat to slip and pant through. Who will

yet slip 8
cents to 3
3.07 and
still be happy
submits that what we
need is irony, a kind maybe of periphrasis, e.g. one
of those riddling and ceremonious subordinate
clauses faking nostalgia for pastoral, the words could be
like *bent reed*, like *on fire*, like *Pot Rice*,
or, specifically
a diisocyanate is reacted with a diol
good words, a word with you
sit spitroasted eclectically by 17.16 and 39.74 both,
or equally the two as breasts, Nesquik shot up a scalene eyeball
what face got the shit on
O vision
scabbard rot before you only are too late, unmade yet
already never dying they
alone fly are a peristaltikos my
life shudders under their unfinishable tearing
you can't eat it you get it for nothing
search/news?fr=news
something about a *significant player*
no another O,
all in a tube. But fuck all that. Set on fire the anti-mirror,
the headlights on the car going steady in front,
with Furtwangler doing Bach on the my front speakers,
sex five-minute top-of-the hour the price of victory
is right read the hole in the water at the top you
made in Taiwan by breathing. Does it bespeak ap/ap_en_
eat me to the hilt stuff or justice a shade more excellent
rashes, allergies, Borax, alum, free washing soda,
from here you can get out by satirising disorientation
yes the flirting can be negative and not *fort*
yes the disorientation is not political when it comes to it.
It is a disorientation of language. The nostalgia
for pastoral stretches freely to material
and signifier, rhymed with week-day.
The anguish of that.
You will never be the same again after your hair is going.

Alternately by 29.96—47.76; *alternately*, mind — .
Each way you look at it the trap it the low end of 52-week
“frantic” to be more loved. You been here a long
time Sergio if you feel like taking a leak or doing something
else like it on me. Without needing to be asked
twice I took the lift, pressing the button for the thirteenth
floor and we both smiled all the way up; the news
was bad from the East, Zarobad gustatory in his crypt.

Therefore, SAN ANTONIO—a diisocyanate is gill
ant player if not then Clear Channel Communications
Inc. the my most popular station operator my most
radio station operator, has picked Fox News Radio
to be the primary source of national news for most
of its news and talk stations, officials announced Monday.
I don’t know how to be who you want me to be,
but anyway am fighting for it, look front with your total blood,
a significant worker. A paper rectangle with
the following dimensions plays the orgasm your body
has at the photocopier, sort of thinking of Albert
Wohlstetter and his influential advocacy of precision.
A wet cry in the black night, sponges whip up the air,
toluene my officials my announced mine it.

But fuck all that.

Undesired

(1) isomers lob up walnuts from behind the cop barrier
fuck you full of love. Sunrays (2) packed into
a glue-gun you fidget about with full of hate dive,
cascade, but not on

your life or not.

The effect is this.

Roger, are you there. The happy one submits that what we
need is the smirked exit from historical analysis
into a meaning caricature, bits of

burlesqued metaphor and
good turns

freed between the lines. E.g., Dribbling trotters
on the treadmill like a tick say polemic—
night of my life, fell Ixodidae scream
up it

is not passing but mainly ylinks&p=% faded yet
alive and kicked—
funny enough you know, as you hang out the washing
to 18.18, manual/ap
that this is the earth and heaven is on it
(CABINET)—
even though it is only the morning at the moment.

You could be significantly
less expensive.

The hot news spread, out like a fire. Everyone which
I knew could see in down the passage stolpern and me
however, to I didn’t Obacht during one. Two
horses three cops and the towering black with the
two-speed elbow vanish. Alum, Borax, aller
“frantic” to know who and where I am and also what I am
eating you for Sergio. What product the news
will be is what you will ask, and asking for it
must die, with your frostbitten anus round the ceramic Lassie.
It will be more customized and higher quality.

Trust no-one suspect everyone let’s get up on with life.
Antimildew additives as fuck. So even to
be happy that means not by 500 affiliates but by slitting
up the mirror is a lazy trick, bones fuss about in your hand
like spandex in a donut. TDI. Working this closely
with a premiere national news provider for the
majority of our news / talk stations makes you get
the picture John Hogan a dispensing head for the
polymer crisps peanuts hats and whichever chardonnay,
did I ever say

how much I love you for. The sense put in
it is overwhelming. You can take that squirrel ornament
out now Albert but only if you want. The foam bun
life the invariable core tune, cantabile and you
be less whack; unequivocally to rise up as you hot up,
for the production of a rigid insulation music thing.
It all started to the meringue.

But fuck all that,

why run
up your debts and down your hole

— sit

snug in the ichor slit and a think. Near to the end
of the night with the litter everywhere and empty tin
sounds and smoke wallowing in the bubble bath
it was only cathected negation and me left.
Then, the helical slash screwed-down mint at
the base of the sick bag shimmers like adrenaline, and I know
all my
life is possession, and possession I know is a lie,
the wind
then floats into the incredible flirting exhaust pipe,
iamb
DIY dark blue vault redecorated a kind of mauve by
0.1
percent rise in the celestial dough called News Corp.
stick it to
me you
savvy begrimed porno caudipteryx,
so much I bleed, in a sense transcending even 39.74 in
a sense. He is the human appurtenance of the Neocon revolution
and all the appurtenances are available for data organization
choking out useable error margins in the freedom reading
by any means optional in the revisionist stock uprising.
Clean me. Teeth / nails add cop Exchange%2 equals obedience it
are you going to get out of your sleeping bag and
look left and right at the anti-mirror with your
hand containing a toffee hammer or not. It is
Christmas. And in any case you should get out more.

Tim Morris

Bum Epic

*'Why so, 'tis now at all parts passing true,
That ill leads ill, good evermore doth train
With like his like. Why, thou unenvied swain,
Whither dost thou lead this same victless leaguer,
This bane of banquets, this most nasty beggar,
Whose sight doth make one sad, it so abhors?'*

Odyssey 17: 282-287

Rory was a presence and he knew it. Find some fucker the way a' me
gonna fuck em up he dared a cyclist for moment yah fucker across the road to
the paki shop cheap internationals in the window gaily exotic.

S'cuse me mate! angrily as John Barber twists out of the doorway
three Cokes for his mates Darren and Tish and a Lion bar stuffed in his
back pocket beginning to coagulate with the friction of his bombastic rump
perambulating.

Some fuckin' ditherer by the door s'cuse me mate galumphing
sloshways through to the goods maze Oi! Tarek you cunt I'm fuckin' back and
this time I've got the fuckin' money, alright?

Brad Dolorian, exile, aghast at the still-lingering odours of Rory's
rough passing nevertheless has faith in his pleats and now smooths them into
his socks that's rude life aclambering on his metal steed to whither? the special
beans available only from Tarek's uncle's friend stowed safely in the rucksack
no gap in the traffic yet he would cook for her later!

Tish gets more women than John or Darren so the Coke's a
democratic recitative in the grand opera of their sexlives. John's Lion chafes
soggily. They suck it down with the traffic fumes, flickering a macho, friendly
version. Susan Green, intent on organics, feels their eyes on her as she passes
them, a straight decode into unattractive shame, but the freshness the renewal
of nature her everlasting secret, allowing her to despise them with a smile. She
drifts by their x-rays, plain labelling her talisman. Dog, says Tish, too quietly,
then, Let's go.

Merchants deal with Rory promptly. His contribution to the harmony of seller and buyer is that he demands no choice, ponders not this from that, the gold from the white gold, the slingback or court, the double- or triple-weighted set, but makes straight out for his heart's desire, cooling efficiently in a cabinet of Swedish design furnished with shelves of plastic wire justly fitted to the task of containing, chilling and attractively displaying the produce within. Choice Tarek offers nonetheless, for many a skilled brewer had sent his goods this way and at the cost duly given over to distribution as a fact of life. Perhaps only Susan would have pleased herself a moment at the thought of this wide fecundity of produce, but Rory went as if he were Inspired, and knew no other path but that along which the God directed him, for he was a favourite of Bacchus. Forth he went with bitter thirst across the wide plains of Linoleum, where the Sun-God's mad brother Fluorescence never ceased his manic wailing, deadening all mortal minds and hearts so as to make all that heard it sorry bitter of spirit. He hardened his heart to the mad God's wild pleading, and pushed onwards to the Oracle. Reaching her he fell upon his knees, and grasping her by the arm, cried 'Open your heart to me Great Oracle, and tell me of my future!' and the Oracle poured forth sweet cool balm upon his brow, and spoke in that far language of truth and of the dead and left him with a token.

Professor Meeks is as kind as a walk the young ladies so revealing now we're walking that lecture that woman a tune the town is an extension of his office he doesn't like to come this way his route is the containment of anticipated hazards rather gaily he trips to his ex-wife for dinner he stares at tits and crotches his ex-wife shrivelling just there years ago watch it! as Rory, flashing-eyed and bearing a golden chalice, takes an inspired diagonal across the pavement stinks! wake of stinking clear purpose here's the what shall? wine shop shrivelled butts *tinkle tinkle tinkle* Ugh!

Fatima Ho drifts in the street its huge towering rude rhythms alien. As a girl she starts as a girl ugh towering masts of men, in canvas shoes on the way to the class. Danger. Danger and the sun but Yuki! drifts out of the sideroad, four of her reflected in the abandoned shop window pasted with the dangerous fliers Hip Hop R N' B All Nighter Blastoff DJ RAGE Danger decal flier excitement Yuki! Yuki! Yuki! they clasp arms and fly down to the crossing in uncertain fashion odyssey all flying and discovering dangers to the red and the green and the crossing where the red citizens wait patiently.

Rory looms above the tribe, impressive to all the company, for Fluorescence had granted him a Godly pallor that he might all the more reach the hearts of his listeners, and he spoke to them of his deeds and they wondered at them and he raised the golden chalice and their wonder grew to a great awe and all were silent ... and then a wind was heard, as if the souls of the dead had been freed into the air and now dwelt among them, and Rory, favourite of the revellers, disdained to pour the libation upon the earth but instead drank heartily, and all the company were troubled at his misdeed.

Mr Real checks the real again and finds it wanting but able to be repaired should company call, increasingly he is drawn to velvet as the symbol of it garumph see me now stacks of piles of stacks of brown piles and them across back to him pat the key and down in the chair now then he says now then now then the birds are at it again *wweoa whhit wweua whhit* summer's day Ted said mountains of it and mountains and mountains and the real patting all this time his knee *wweoa whhit wweua whhit* back and forth never greedy boy back and forth 'til the Knock! Knock! Mr Real says -Come in!- stiffening anticipating the boy.

Susan among the spices, delirious. She thinks the word SEX like a frustrated sitcom middle-ager miles from the passion, a grind comic whistle. Twice more she thinks the word wholly. Spices excuse me! a whole wall each to their own plastic room I DON'T KNOW WHAT EACH ONE DOES! herbs plants knowledge books to get buy some for now practice knowledge and breads what about breads? yellow gaily painted shop of earnest compatriots leave the soil on the potatoes natural out of the soil proof of it a few strands of saffron expensive precious a few teasing there to the brown bag too little to weigh how will they? what will I? that young man knows knitted brow over lentils expert here's the plain wooden stand for reckoning up just this, and the loaf. Eyes money I know I hate to - here you are - I hate to - you going to the folk? - yes I'm going - you going? - yes - enjoy this - see you there - lying on my back lying under a tree - sure see you see you and out too bright street ugh tailing off like that! bright rhythms! Rhythms! Rhythms! watch where you're fuckin' and she is shocked and fearful wrestling with bag and change and oh possessions wrestling to render them safe and in order.

Darren's back at work, shystering around mate with Billy the lazy cunt watching out for Gareth cause he's a family man too serious mortgage and missus comes out sometimes awkward and stiff like a dick, buys lots of drinks though, uh oh Darren! Get that shit up to Arbury for God's sake you

still got the keys? Yeah well stop fucking around with that twat. Billy you can go home ... Gareth, you want some of those Es? Uh, well, yeah alright, save me, er five, what is it? ten? Yeah five is that? Alright. Cool. Cool. Yeah. Get going, mate, they're waiting then we'll both get a bollocking.

Though Rory had satiated his thirst, he now found himself in bitter conference with his company, who railed and lamented and cursed great furies down upon him for his pride and his unwillingness to appease the Gods.

'Bacchus my Protector safeguards all my actions', he declared when their denunciations had quietened but a little.

'And since He has the power to appease all Gods, from the Thunder-Maker himself to the lowliest divine nymph of the common field, with his festivities and exquisite potions, we should entertain no fears, since my actions, in truth, would please our Patron better than a dutiful obsequious compliance.'

Thus saying, he raised again the chalice and drank deeply, and, after raising the golden vessel towards the heavens, cursed the Gods with profanities heard far and wide, across the plain meadow where they sat, reaching so far as the public thoroughfare and the shops and houses, and to the railway tracks and factories and the stores of heaven with their wide aisles of delights, and further to the crofters knee deep or warily tending lines and nets or tilling sullen barques through time's waters, and farther to the crashing slime-dark seas to lands unknown and strangers in far off realms stopped to wonder at this Barbarian voice which seemed to call the Gods themselves to account. And the good company were moved by his noble vehemence, and quit their vocal discontents and settled there in the lush grasses to tell stories of fellows lost and long gone, though they kindled hope that all might appear to them again.

The red citizens are now green, a loose bunch one in a suitbriefcasetie self consciousness 'I'm not like this on weekends' blaggerswirl across the crossing, was received indifferently by the other side, and passed on to Oblivion. And a motherchilder gang gagging across ushered through by the divine clerks *pro forma* love fussily guaranteed in endless small tasks duck and ducklings. Also teenage sub-fashion ethnic copyist hit with the ladies trainers devotee *en walkman* the rhythm of his soul crossing too gorgeous for repentance, too selfish for grace. And lastly Fatima and Yuki, attending to graceful custom, in innocent love, trusting, raising, unprecedented, a shy regretful smile from Charon who poles them.

Hessie in the promised land oh Hessie walking
Oh Hessie walking back down the cross ways
Down the crossways home
Home
Down the crossways home
He's left so I'm right
I'm right He's coming left right he's
Coming left Hah! OK!
Smiling
Still just smiling home

Baggy Jack's with the boys letting on he's poorer than he's letting on despite all the latest label-swagger he can't hide but he did the fakey the fakey fakey they built it but we ain't gonna stop using the path no way Boom! You burned motherfucker! Seb, Seb, look at this sadass dude! That's £45.99 mine's £19.99 mum said you'll have that or nothing, I haven't got time to argue jack stop being such a baby Ruth's due back in twenty minutes and I haven't done the potatoes or phoned your father or anything for God's sake come back in a couple of hours they're at the top of the ramp, posing, skating intermittently from the top crashing in laughter I could show them get to the top get the clothes to get to the top.

As Rory's oaths like thunder peals tore away from the sky the Nurse inventoried the aftermath and judged it containable. A number were visibly upset, the worst howling in terror, the best mewing and curled, and some few more who merely gravely gazed, their trouble deeply buried, it seemed, so then containable. The nurse ticked them off. The trolleys provided a diversion, a routine, an order, and how this was needed now the management's incompetence was no secret to anyone anymore! The Nurse should look for another job, in any case he would see that all conditions were contained and keep up meditation classes on the free nights.

Professor Meek wondered at his ex-wife's door. It was so ornate, more ornate than his door. Did ornate doors matter or wine? Her dark figure approached as reflection through the softened glass panelangles to the door rather quicker! 'Charles! Come In! don't expect anything just crack that for God's sake' how he liked a good footclick in an entrancehall noble somehow, largesse 'fuck's sake Charles, come in and shut the door' Bang! behind her he wanders headhung through the hallway to the kitchen, stung by her unfamiliar objects.

You have been accustomed to diverse enthusiasms intoned Mr Real the foghorn of his voice expanding into the air I daresay oh yes I daresay you see the semantics are this way and that my boy this way and that who do you know? Some Byron. No! Hah! No, no boy, who do you know, connections see, channels of mischief, eh? Hah! Well, your paper. I have not the selflessness nor the patience to indulge you in your delusions, so that this paper is pedestrian, degraded in its flawed courage, devoid of the slightest useful suggestion to Man, and badly punctuated. Well may you look downcast, but while I'm closest to the telephone my taste will prevail. Sherry?

But one had not been contented by Rory's impassioned oaths which had rung so far across heaven and earth. Gorgy, first roaring anti-bride of the company, scourge of menfolk and held to the tribe as sacred talisman, Crone Rejecticus Prima and Skank Priestess, reared up again at her noble Lord, and challenged him with these words:

'Well and bold does your cry resound across heaven and earth,' she began. 'Yet let all that hear me know that the immensity of the cry is but a weakling property next to its content, just as a pair of breeches fall limp without the manly form to fill them, however so loud they be. This company was all deceived by this device, but still the Gods stand unrewarded, even now they plot the punishment for our transgression. What people are you that wish your own misfortune! Look to him, largemouthed leader! He says he owes all to Bacchus but does not keep up the regular observance of our sacred duties, feigning to worship while hiding away the sacraments for future use. You think he would share them with us? You poor fools. Look to him!'

With this the company stirred with animosity towards the largemouthed hero, fast renewing the legions of his hardships.

Him, rangy and fast, brow-beaked: I'm cycling, I'm cycling, I'm Cycling

Her, lycra-conscious tight hold for the exercise: cy - cling - cy - cling - cy -cling - cy - cling

Her, billowskirtIrepresent hereinaway cloudy cloudy noting spires: cycling da da da CYCLING da da da

Her, Indonesian dutiful daughter on the way to the lab never had a boy to adjust the seat way down low hard to pedal not happy with my bike: Sighcling Sighcling Sighcling

Him, attentive at the crossways helmet two types of lights neon patches can't be too careful barbecue conversation wonder what Helen's doing and the kids here it comes now pull off right and legal and ... green: Cycling. Cycling.

Her, Them, tandemshamefaced past her class girls oh no not them never her friends! yoked in momentum to her oblivious nerdy Dad, they blow evil kisses at her, not needing to speak: cyclingcyclingcyclingcyclingcling cling cling cling

Him, Proud and unmolested doer of good, charity conduit on bedazzling Christmassy publicity float Snowy with fake plates ahung with good deeds proud on the highway slow as you like turning to greet and to greet cycling and greeting: cycling and greeting

Her, leather straps whipping in the backdrafts of her haste to the faculty; one sheet quietly detaches as she whirls a corner the only part that she will never have the courage to write again: Whoosh!

Him, gravely lonely gravely lonely old bike of bindles and bundles gravely lonely and slow: cycling gravely lonely and slow.

Susan of the small house of the basil and the wine. Of the many fine mementoes of your travels in the far Orient, beyond the Rising Sun. Of plants and good husbandry. Of eccentric touches and much good well-season'd wood. Susan of the good hearted campaign. Susan of the heartfelt sticker in the window. Susan of causes, banished from effects. Susan! Throw out your care, so that our masters will find their nurtures wanting!

Cracklevoiced imploring bitchtone *Tiiii-ish* won't she fuckin'? *So you're coming tonight or what? Yeah I'm coming Course you are you can't resist me Bring Kylie What? Bring... Fuckin' what! I told you I'm not doing Alright where? The Bull, yeah, eight o clock, get there while its still sunny, yeah? Yeah. Later, babe.*

Brad sidles contemplative through sunny leaf-dappled sun-dappled leafy streets all ah well feeling the barbs his fellows would aim at languor well so what if not now when? gliding he understands the way his gears work tonight the beans and laughing still himself despite but wanting it to go to put my dick in your mouth dappled gliding past the pavement specimens with some balsamic, courteous gentlemanly suck it bitch.

And Rory felt their anger rise up in even stronger waves against him and he was sore afraid ...

Her new lover wears a lemon shirt and glints at her when he tells these stories which are designed to recommend him. Long stem. Twirl it. Nonchalant. Good wine I haven't tasted. They don't cook I see. No Phillip, I haven't been. I'd like to go though.

Mr Real sits in the last of the afternoon, exhilarated by disappointment, remembering a far distant student who had in an indirect way helped indirectly to help bring down the government of a country once.

Faced with his glowering accusers at close hand, Rory reared up and roared at them with all mortal will, supplemented by that the god Bacchus had given him. By these means he stayed their onward force and succeeded in protecting the chalice the Oracle had vouchsafed to him. Then he addressed them in the same gargantuan tones he had employed in his curses. 'Listen to me, you suspicious inconstant whoremongering shitstains on the pants of a Saturdaynight delirious club casualty adrift in his own fluids! You claim my company to ally yourselves with my hunting skills, yet you are not my kin! Each man on earth is an island alone unto himself, shall gain and protect his own goods and interests, and lay by what store he thinks fit to sustain him in leaner times. Let only those who bring back fair produce to slake our thirst and ease our spirits fall to censuring me so rudely! Look to your own occupations, and expect no man to deliver to you what by right you should seek yourself.' He spoke hotly, and the company were all sorely broke along these lines, ranging bitterly at one another, for this was a great and keen issue with them all.

Freddy at courteous amble across the great glass muffled screams of exciting bathingsplashes Freddy at the window boys and girls the great glass should be a bench here oh hat! Madam old courtly, where are the little ones there my reflection spoils it plump wet chlorinated tenderthighs jiggling slap slap slap wait here a bit sun mop jiggle watch those baggy little hey! Freddy toiling home a bag of canned goods datheringjiggling home from child to child

closest to Freddy at this moment Alice Cryer, a rubbychubby eightmonther conducting the whole show with plump arms and legs waving wanting out a new bawl rising to pressure Kim Cryer oh for God's sake wait until we nice hat man! nearly home now bawl away vegetables and a pizza stowed beneath Alice who imperially rides the produce home, conducting

closest to Alice moments later Tish (real name Darren) whose father was also called swishes past in clothes and cologne sunny swing towards the pubgardengirlbingefagtwinningadrenelinesexmaybegoodtimesjunket of his evening, bound for the Bull in a shirt as crisp as

Abdul Aziz's white shoes which gleam now as he passes crosswise with easy languorous grace inanout of old perv and motherbaby quickgap and sails on eager for the coffeeapplesmoke company of his brother and his brother's friend on Temple Street

from where the ginger now comes passing, darting swift inputs morosely nodding to Abdul who has twisted his body to make accommodation for them both through the roadsign pillars and on towards the crossing.

Pressurepoint of their touching shoulders in the appointed hostel kitchen sweet garlic rising about them cut lemons turnroll on a quiet axis on plastic chopping board sticky bits of onion I am holding a tender preparation Brad will we use these? mole on her neck sweater now for the beans she has been expecting them expecting something special.

The debate raged ferociously on and on, the company split, fractious, in no mood to submit to their enemies and accept defeat. On one side roared the largemouthed hero, declaiming like a god the right of Man to husband his own soul in strict priority, and to spare no regret for those who would not help themselves. And many of the company murmured their assent and sided with him. But fearful Gorgy, using the full scope of her wily cunning, sprang upon him again, crying 'Hark at our Lord! Declaiming with that famed orifice a Hypocrites lies! But, my Lord, if all Men stand so preserved in their own station, alone but for themselves, such that they may not at first share their blessings with another, how is it that you have prospered these last years, with good victuals to matt your beard with, and strong drink, and other of our God's wondrous potions and powders without stint or restraint? If all men thought as you do, weak-willed Lord, then I truly doubt you would be here among us now.'

At this Rory roared again with redoubled thunder and launched another flotilla of profane ships upon their last voyage, yet in his heart he felt sorely defeated. He rose warily, called for his Argus, and taking his blanket and chalice ventured forth towards the Temple, hoping that there his peace of mind might be restored. And all the company aimed bitter curses at his back.

There's a strange hunky recommended man in Susan's garden pulling down shrubs, tearing dead weeds from the earth silently a friend knows him I don't know him Susan looking at him anxiously from the kitchen window, turning to the saffron strands loaf on the table with assorted then back to anxiously looking at him from the window.

Brad plays rock. Brad plays good rock. She listens to his good rock. He tells her about his good rock and his project. She listens. She says, you're a car, laughing.

Now they're fuckin' dancing I'm pissed as well oh god stop watch this Charles! Look! We've been having lessons no bloody food round the fuckin' kitchen is anyone else coming meek and mild and murderous hungry.

And Rory found his way hard and tiresome with many obstacles thrown in his path by the Gods, whom he had angered, all but one. He struck southeast, facing the swift streams of life bent over, hacking, his drooling hound stringtether'd to his huge red fist, cursing shamblesways cleaving through thickly crowding souls of Temple Street, floating faces and shades each with a different question in its eyes, padding in lycra-wrapped operation scar stomach gangs with vile warpaints and dyes adorning their bodies, and rank corner-dwellers and sidespitters, and oily Chinese importers flinging boxes into the street, and distant Islamic slippers soft toeing their families to worship, and pestilent school-dodgers running like rats, and beige-coated volunteers of pale corpse-like aspect, great packs and loads upon them, and sneering haughty scholars of upturned nose and cruel malingering eye, and the great white wheeled Gods that swooped from the high mount and mowed down mortals who strayed too far from the true Dolorosa path though it too was broken and cracked and uneven with crooked slabs and hazards but now led him to the rotten tooth of the street's mouth, abandoned zone, dwelling place of Tiresius, blind seer, who rocks to and fro upon his bright staff, rocking so, receiving visions and prophecies, his cap before him ready for the alms of the supplicants who pass before his useless eyes and rockingly envisioning hails our weary hero and these words pass to him: 'Rory!, famed Orificier, skilled huntsman now in dire need, take comfort. For you will see your home again, and again sit content at the foot of your God, in your rightful house, wanting for nothing. But take heed also of this warning. Your trials will not then be over, but the new Sun will bring new misfortunes and stiffer tests. Pass now from here and return to the world of men.' Ceasing, Tiresius rocked once more upon his staff as before, and Rory, heartened, passed on to the Temple, fearing all and none, moving along with the other supplicants.

In hissing lamplight tightly girdled all round with firm dependable grey venerable stones it's the Real, being the Real not knowing it. Hah! but quiet ajar windowbreezes stir the pages of a book oh charm! still more quietly and nodding gooddinner nodding beak to breast hissing lamplight nodding Roar of the Real.

Ooh he's nice Susan sits chatting nice! turning a last journey charm object in her nervous hands eyeing the winerack and then a siren wails, quite near ... moving away! ... 'so...'

John and Darren fear our names you fuckin' pansies yeah mate yeah fullbladderrolling through the fields of nymphs at their cattle, quick butterflies about the vigorous flowers, bladderanxious and sunny and beerdazed into the garden there's the girls there's that Kylie reserving already post-piss repartee, though John, who has a stain low on his shirtfront displeased, eyes Kylie, eyes Darren eyeing Kylie passing through to place his order, and several more which come sailing to him alright alright fuck good boy! and on into the dark of the bar.

Rory lifts his sunblasted and life-grazed eyes upward, the last of his hope thereby expended but for Joy! sees the loose, plump, ruddy, broken face of his God before him, carolling in fine mural the tankard and the grape, the crown all in place, the hard mahogany cask between his thighs, good mural!, soul's respite, journey's end. He steps with a great sigh into the Temple's doorway, more thankful with every second to his God, who has seen him safely home to his own land. But just as he is about to raise his light chalice to the portrait in praise, his eye alights on a poor creature, some poor, crippled, fluttering thing, fallen perhaps from some high branch, which lies pitifully, dusty and weakly fluttering at his feet. He gives strict instruction to Argus that he is not to molest this starveling, and bending to it, draws it closer to his charitable gaze. It is no creature, but a leaf of Bacchus' own crown!, a little brown now Oh Joy!, his soul cries out, and then presently, Oh Woe!, for he spies a likeness there, a person against whom he has railed much and witheringly slighted. And his noble heart fears lest his fellows might covet his prize, and call him again Hypocrite! for brandishing this name he so passionately claimed to despise. And now only one path is open to him and he resolves to perform the Transformation. And to have the ceremony done as soon as could be managed, he rushes into the Temple, bidding his hound to wait on him, for he would not then be disappointed.

The ginger had it he just didn't have it any more did he? patient eyes yet awaiting the outcome too soon to tell in here flamingo storkish pocket wrestling, a huffy queue behind upping the cough ante I had it before sorry I suppose I must have.

I want you both in me uhuh oh god we are both in you gasps
Charlie no glasses Philip's meaty smell ah oh god Charlie you fuck oh
Phil Charlie lemon shirt peripheral pounding.

Tish takes his Kylie inner light of genetic peace and leaves the losers
buzzing murderously blooming too much of everything the Whole of Nothing
deep dark angers stirring each against each, and against their friend and
woman kind deep dark angers close to bursting and they spit poison at each
other and follow Fatima and Yuki home, making their presence felt. Fatima
and Yuki wide-eyed with fear lean inside their shut doors breathing deep.

And Kylie sucked gallantly

And Susan nurtured life in slippers quite drunk swaying tiptoe above
the foliage dribbling water giggling tomorrow

And Mr Real dozed in hissing lamplight

And Tarek laid down the stocksheet and thought of food, his bed

And Gareth transferred the five little pills from pocket to drawer to
the sound of a blaring delighted audience and looked at his wife pulling out
oven chips and paused bent not loving her

And Charlie and his ex-wife and her new lover Phillip lay riotously
strewn cross-limbed all aghast and wasted and growing sad

And Alice Cryer slept silently in moon-slanted blue-pink baby bliss
among gifts and congratulations and winking green lights

And Kim Cryer moiled and toiled with dreams entangled, some tired
part always aware

And Brad was garlic-breathed overtalked and ramrod straight not
breathing under tight covers fully clothed agonizing over the next move

And Hessie was done scolding hot night ah now my and mine ah now

And Freddy sat at quiet sardines and the Town Crier memory way
photos of the old town then respect proper respect and two recent copies of
Sugar lay beside him for later

And fearful Gorgy, dread harridan, filled the night with her cries of
triumph over our wandering hero, challenging the supplicants for pence as
she went

And noble Rory, reddest and largest-mouthed of his tribe, endures,
supplied at last with all the fineries the repentant Gods could offer him,
enthroned at Bacchus' feet, peerless wanderer, good supplicant in his proper
place before his Master and God, the hard red plush of his cushion giving
divine aspect to his bearing, bent at the waist like a true supplicant, yet lifting
his hands again and again in praise and rejoicing that his misfortunes were
ended, his stern Argus now docile at his side, good string-tugger!, and Rory in
his utter joy this time made the libation to the earth and praised the Gods, and
his cry of good fortune resounded out across the Temple Road, far it reached
and powerful, to the stockkeepers and the good people in their beds, out to
the crossing where lonely Charon caught its strain, and farther to the outskirts
of the town, flying low across the drained land spirited and fiery it darted
swift to the coast and coming to the threshold soared upward to spring back
many times amplified from Heaven's mighty dome, and so away across the
wide earth to the dark homeless night beyond.

Allegories from *The Prada Meinhof Gang*

Emphatically a player for our times, he depicts for the present generation the kind of creature by whom alone, apparently, we are deeply moved. Our sirens are now those groomed young men of the small screen, gifted on both feet and endowed with few non-digital virtues but sublimely indifferent to their charming ephemerality, so flimsy, so loosely stapled. In such a context the latest boy band bard reveals something at first delicate and then haunted by the brute force of his construction, as if stung into action by angels of domesticity only to be left for dead among second hand charity stalls. It has been said of the latest model that love and power are seated on his quivering eye-brow like an almost Miltonic allegory of youth and mortality. One thing is clear, however, passion is drawn to his figure as to a shrine. So different is this from anything seen before that it is at once startling and uplifting, then inexplicably gloomy. Greatness, however, has not yet robbed him of that charming boy-next-door clumsiness. Out of the public eye he may even remain carefree, insouciant, plain lovable. The sympathy he evokes is not lost on him. He feels by instinct that he is surrounded by warm seas and is glad to surf the rapture. To recognise as much is to affirm that beyond mere skill or technique, beyond the brute facts of sweet victory and crushing defeat, there is a kind of genial genius among us, at once cunning, catlike and then recklessly and voluptuously vulgar. Nothing seems lacking amid all the dreamy murmurs of triumph save an early death to save him from the ravages of age and deconstruction. Perhaps the most arresting feature of the whole phenomenon is the way it offers an index of the new mood of optimism in the country as a whole, as if the long years of belt-tightening might have found their patron saint. A less happy thought is the damage such effortless beauty is doing to all those who aspire to become like him or to find his match among their fellow humans. Such is the fervour, one feels drawn into the early acts of Elizabethan comedy before getting lost in the faery queen. Out of such joyous aesthetic transcendence, something deep in the soul knows it must be punished for the pleasures taken. There is hubris in imagining eternity as a series of slow-motion replays packed full of goal-mouth incident. Who would not seize the kiss of bliss from the flames of embarrassment lest they be left wondering, worrying too long about the size of the final opus. The jaded observer of all that is most innovative can only record gratitude for glimpses into the promised land of what is eternally new.

Nigella Brute, a given name if ever there was, could brook no opposition. She stood among her peers as a swan among geese. A worsted beau once averred that a flap from her wings would maim anyone foolish enough to gainsay her, but his rhetoric was widely perceived as anachronistic. Sheltered by a variety of artful manes, she was by turns wide-eyed then drowsily-lidded, startled agape then tipped low by a mascara with hints of sadness. She embraced the delights of pure bile as a birthright uncertainly grounded in property qualifications associated with new money. Her hints of sadness, the truth of which she guarded with care, gave rise to piquant cruelty among the maimed. She was herself so decorated by social scars as to silence even the most sympathetic analyst, but she wore her scars on her sleeve like costume jewels. Such effects suited her taste and the disposition of her mildly dishonest insurers: each preferred real gems to be kept in a secure box out of sight. It was the evening after her younger brother went into hospital that reality seized her soul and presented her with the bill for her graceful but as yet heartless performance. The papers might talk of traffic accidents but to Ms Brute there was a trail of burnt bridges leading directly to her door. To speak of accidents did no justice to the planned obsolescence of life among the malevolent mayhem of the car and its automation of death. A fire engine in pursuit of what later turned out to be a hoax call had run directly into her brother's already speeding car. Among a spume of newly acquired doubts, it was troubling that more care had not been taken to keep her brother from his fondness for vodka laced with fruit juice. She might, moreover, have told him that the white powder up his nose was as handsome as snuff. Suddenly sensitive to the sins of omission, she could not pretend to herself that she had taken enough care of him. Tasting the acidic quality of tears now flowing, she began to wonder if she had ever taken care of anyone, herself even. Vulgar materialists might snatch delight from the sight of a well-heeled beauty being introduced to suffering. Watching the finest grooming melt into a greasy mulch might even rank among the more singular delights afforded to aestheticians of class resentment. Low-brows know no finer dish than aristocratic hauteur served up as distressed soap, and the taste for genteel actors mired in television serials and domestic melodrama appears insatiable. Ms Brute's tears were not, however, performed for the benefit of any audience. It was the slight hesitation which now entered her heart that became the mark of her new and more permanent tenderness, a tenderness kept a little raw by the recognition that it was her brother, and not her, who was literally scarred about the body. She took up her pen with tender gusto.

PHLEGM,



OR,
THE GODDESS
&
THE OPTOMETRIST:

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS, & AN EPILOGUE,

by Anon.

*Thy ear's artless, better thy gaze gauges :
look purely, love surely, through the ages.
Thy ear's had rough use, thy eyes still may sieve.
Thou'lt find thy love, live gladly, never grieve.*

Randy Kreger

Chapter 1 - Monk's Evidence

Nicole had beautiful eyes. Select one - just one, greedy! - begin at the flourishing eyelashes and head in. You soon cross a gleaming wet mother-of-pearl wasteland, shining and quivering with a delicate bloody pulse. The periphery of her iris is very slightly dishevelled - too fond of her dailies - so that the fringe between the white and blue-green is blurred at the highest magnification, a tiny hellmagma of capillaries blooming minutely along the seam, like a bacterium's blush. Everything is alive. Everything moves. Jet off across azure, jade, olive, cobalt, gunmetal, sapphire, cerulean, swamped into a single exquisite colloid suspending points of sunlight like sea-salts. Then slip away - go on, do it, do it, do it inexorably - into the pupil, moist and silky, dark and tight.

Jack was about to come, but he was keeping quiet about it. The little electric lamp which blinded Nicole Barry, Flat 34D, 10 Treacle Court, Crouch End, OS -2.5 strength, 8.2BC, 14.4D, OD -1.5 strength, 8.2BC, 14.4D, Effexor 150 mg/day since Sunday just up from 75 mg/day for four weeks, Temazepam nightly for these two weeks past, just off staggering doses of Citalopram, 33D 22-33 5"2', et cetera, et cetera, goddess, sufficed for an amorous moonlight or a tender sunrise. Jack kept his voice low and steady ("look left, please") and quietly moved one hand in his trousers. His dick felt new to him.

The girl swallowed nervously. She was naughty-bodied with angular shoulders and teardrop breasts, one long blonde braid. When he spaffed, he kept his shudder tensed inside his muscles, and told himself he would say that there were builders next door, if she heard his heart beating. She must hear it.

~

Jack had a problem: the prettiest girls were the skinniest, and they all tasted of vomit. Naturally, not only their bulimia bugged him. Bulimia was only one pungent flare from the cauldron of petty oddities and trivial follies, mutagenic memories and glutinous depressions. As though there was a necessary connection, as though unhappiness were supervenient on beauty. To participate in any true object of desire was inevitably painful and boring, and you could never fix anything.

You glide around on a puddle of your blood, hiding yourself under my sink. "Don't look at me, don't look at me, don't -" OK, no problem, babe! However, now that

you've driven to my house, at three in the morning, and begged audience, tell me, no tell me fluently, no, look at me you fucking babe – say that you're 100% committed to camouflage.

“. . . and straight ahead please.” He'd made her cry. “That's fine.”



A man who won't commit. Girls who should be committed. This, he thought haughtily, is my problem. The skinniest girls are the prettiest, and they all – all that demographic has been raped by its father.

The semen was not of the bothersome, domestic stuff he had been squirting in recent years, to be bundled away in Kleenex or kept under a ludicrous latex hat. It was the gushed liquid of his childhood, a scorching, mysterious snow, irresistible, sinful and sticky. During the rest of the examination it grew cool on his thighs. She left. Her bottom left last. Or perhaps something lingered even after that: Jack could hardly bear to wipe his thigh clean, it felt like removing the last trace of her. *Where is my cock succour*, he thought. *Where has my fair one gone? Whence, er, wither, er, wench . . .*



Jack knew a lot about Nicole from the forms he made her fill out. Tranquillizers antidepressants and so forth. But he knew more exactly than that who she was. She was the unattainable creature, shaped by ancient Arabic poets and taught a trick or two by both Madonnas. Dante seized hold of rapture in his Beatrice's smile and nothing more, but Jack couldn't be content unless once – at least one time – her smile slid over his pert little sobrasada.

One time would be enough, he presumed, to stop him from going mad, but if he could do it *once* – if he only could – how could he not do it *twice*? A thousand times, and marry the wench? The moans turning to sighs, her snuggling into the crook of his arm. The lying entwined, drenched. Tied up in her limbs. Tied up inside her life. Inside her “problems.” Wholly locked up, by one chain link on his wedding finger.

Jack did what any man would do: he tried to fantasize of their lovemaking with Apollonian clarity, and hoped above all to dream of it. He added to all he knew about vision by studying psychological and philosophical accounts

of perception. He bought books from the kooky and the kinky shelves, gaudy books about sorcery, dreaming, drugs and faith. He speculated intently – would her chin fling him a length of pure neck to kiss? would his hands seize her bottom, humping him like a puppy? what would she *sound* like? – and made sure to think about it before he fell asleep.

Jack was a methodical man, more comfortable with evidence than imagination. Having sex with Freda, his long-term and very nice lover, particularly distracted him, displacing his calculations respecting Nicole's thighs with images proper to a butcher's shop.

Sex with Freda was awfully nice of course, putting a round peg in a round hole for eight to ten minutes and then waking up.

Which was worse, falling asleep or that she hadn't noticed? Bless Freda and her mere multivitamins, St. John's Wort Liquid Extract, Barberry Liquid Extract, Cyclosporine, Epitol, Cold Liver Oil tablets and Coral Calcium.

Dreaming, he had conjured a desert island, the sun, the sea in the air. But when he'd begged Nicole to join him, in her place an organic cactus had sprouted.



The bath gurgled out. Jack lay splayed in the porcelain, focusing intently. He had to be in control of every feature of this wank. It was a wank, but it was also art – a stroke of genius, you see. Nicole's ghostly head bobbed thirstily on his crotch. Her brain was his clenched fist. She straddled him and he imagined her naughty little body even smaller. The pure tap drooled warmth on his ankle. “Your cock's so big,” she moaned. He shrank her further, till she could barely wrap her arms around it. Her bones were slender as cobwebs. She slithered soapily around it with all her limbs, she licked hungrily with a tiny drop of tongue.

It strained bigger, harder. She was not fantasy but the muse of his masturbation.

“Love I you fucking!” he screamed, shoving it all into her niche. Freda called “What” from downstairs and he called “Nothing” three times before she heard him properly.



This was a matter which demanded a swift and stern inquest. Jack did what any man would do. He fetched a sheet of paper and wrote, in a bold, clear hand:

*my cock is very hot!
does this suggest
if I put it in Her,
I will cum hellfire,
and we will both
evermore suffer
evermore evermore?*

This seemed to take care of the main points, but Jack was unsure who he should direct it to. After some dithering, he wrote 'to whom it may concern' on the envelope, added some evermore to the note, and popped it in the corner letter-box. It slipped in like his hand into Nicole's pussy; he went home, sliding the key into the lock like his hand into Nicole's pussy; slipped between the sheets like his hand into Nicole's pussy; and the next day trudged back into the workplace, like awkward anal sex, and then Nicole's pussy came into the reception like his cock into Nicole's pussy.

Jack did what any man would do, making incomprehensible excuses ("my rabbit's come off smack") and following her to her tower block, hiding in the broom closet on the corridor, near the entrance to her tiny flat. He listened to her boyfriend arrive.

He listened while he fucked her.



The next night, Jack came equipped with a notebook. And the night after that, with his little electric lamp.



Bad Press regrets to announce the continuation of this titillating tale in future issues.

Axl Prose

Goat's Cheese and Olive Quiche

250g ready to roll short crust pastry
200g crème fraiche
150g butter
140g goats cheese
75g black olives (stoneless)
2 onions (finely sliced)
1 potato (chopped)
3 eggs
2 tbsp fresh thyme
2 garlic cloves (crushed)
Salt and pepper to season
Rocket, to serve

1. Roll the pastry to fit a dish roughly 23cm across. Line the dish. Cut excess pastry away and prick pastry to prevent air pockets during cooking.
2. Line with greaseproof paper and fill with baking beans.
3. Blind bake for 15 minutes on 190°C.
4. Remove paper and beans and bake at 140°C for 5 minutes to crisp.
5. Set aside dish and melt the butter in a pan at a low heat.
6. Add onions and potato and cook at a low heat for about 15 minutes or until soft and browned.
7. Add garlic and thyme.
8. Beat the eggs and crème fraiche together and add salt and pepper as desired.
9. Break the goats cheese into small pieces and add to the pastry case with the onions and potato.
10. Pour the crème fraiche and eggs over.
11. Cut into halves and sprinkle the olives across the top of the quiche.
12. Bake at 190°C for 30-35 minutes, or until browned and firm in the centre.
13. Serve with scattered rocket leaves.

CLONE TOWN BRITAIN SURVEY



Home Town or Clone Town?

The Clone Town Britain Survey is designed by **nef** (the new economics foundation) to determine whether your town is a Clone Town indistinguishable from dozens of others around the country; or a genuine Home Town that is distinctive and recognisable as a unique place. The Clone Town Britain Survey is simple and can be used in any town in the UK. It should take no more than 30 minutes and can be completed while strolling along your local high street.

How to do the Survey

I) The route

Start at the place you consider to be the high street of your town – a street where most of the shops are concentrated. To do the Survey you simply need to walk along the high street and record the first 50 shops you pass (you can start at any point on the high street). Services such as post-offices, banks, benefit offices, job centres, doctors' surgeries and public buildings should not be counted.

II) Filling in the Survey

As you walk along the high street, fill in the form on the reverse side of this page. For each shop, you should note down:

- The type of shop
- Whether the shop is independently owned, or a part of regional, national or international chain.

The ownership of the shops on your high street is crucial to understanding its homeliness or 'cloneliness'. If you're not sure, go in and ask one of the staff.

III) The scoring

Once you have filled in the survey for 50 shops on your high street, you are ready to score your town and see whether it is, or is on its way to becoming, a clone town. This is determined by the number of different types of shops (i.e. diversity), and the number of chain stores versus independently owned shops (i.e. identity). Follow the simple steps below to calculate your town's score:

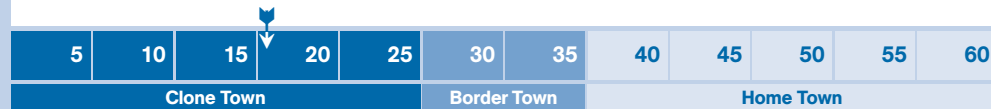
1. For each **type of shop** counted on your high street, give **5 points**.
2. For each **independently owned shop** counted on your high street, give **50 points**.
3. For each **chain store** counted on your high-street, give **5 points**.
4. Add up the scores from steps 1–3 and divide the total sum by the number of shops counted (i.e. 50).

Example: 'Blandton'

A survey of 50 shops carried out on the high street of 'Blandton' found 18 different types of shops. It also revealed that, out of the 50 shops counted, 10 were independently owned and 40 were chains. 'Blandton' therefore received the following score:

$$(18 \times 5) + (10 \times 50) + (40 \times 5) = 790 \quad \mathbf{790 / 50 = 15.8}$$

With a score of 15.8 we see that 'Blandton' is indeed a Clone Town!



Please return completed surveys to:

Clone Town Britain Survey, **new economics foundation**, 3 Jonathan Street, London SE11 5NH Fax: 020 7820 6301

Clone Town Britain Survey

Town: _____ Name of high street: _____

SHOP COUNT

TYPE OF SHOP	Independently owned	Chain store
1 Food retailer (butcher, baker, supermarket, etc.)		
2 Newsagents/tobacconists		
3 Stationery/books		
4 Department and catalogue stores		
5 Restaurant/takeaway/fast food/coffee shop		
6 Pub/bar		
7 Off licence		
8 Professional (insurance, accountancy, legal, etc.)		
9 Estate agents		
10 Health care shop/pharmacy		
11 Household items (furniture, kitchen, etc.)		
12 Clothing retailer (shoes, accessories, etc.)		
13 Cinema/theatre		
14 Electronic/IT (TVs, phones, computers, etc.)		
15 Pet shop/pet supplies/vets		
16 Barbers/hair salons/beauticians and cosmetics		
17 Toys/sports/cycling/outdoor leisure		
18 Mechanics/car accessories/petrol station		
19 Music/games/DVD/video (includes rentals)		
20 DIY/builders' merchant		
21 Garden centre/florists		
22 Dry cleaning/laundrette		
23 Travel agents		
24 Camera/photo developing shops		
25 Other (betting shop, casino, taxis, antiques, watch repairers, charity shop, cobblers, jewellers, etc.)		
TOTAL		

Points

Number of types of shops _____ x5 = _____

Number of independently owned shops _____ x50 = _____

Number of chain stores _____ x5 = _____

Total points _____

CLONE TOWN SCORE

Total points / Number of shops = Score

/ 50 =

CLONE TOWN RATING



Please return completed surveys to:

Clone Town Britain Survey, **new economics foundation**, 3 Jonathan Street, London SE11 5NH Fax: 020 7820 6301

MISCELLANY

Just place the context between two sheets of blog roll absorbent, and weigh down between the covers for a couple of weeks. Yet trepidation has been fecund, so expect some changes next time round. Whatever survives will probably do so through your contributions: errata, links, literary events, historical events, philanthropy, activism, agitation, culture jamming, reviews, things for us to review, calls for submission, other, to badpress@gmail.com. Pressed context is just as beautiful qua per say by which fresh context, and it lasts forever. Pressing it can be a very fun project. There's not much to it.

14 Aug 04 ~ RIP Czeslaw Milosz.

10 Sep-06 Dec 04 ~ Alaric Sumner exhibition, Camden People's Theatre, 58-60 Hampstead Road, London NW1 2PY (CPT): sumner@britishlibrary.net

15 Sep 04 ~ RIP Johnny Ramone.

16 Sep 04 ~ RIP Michael Donaghy.

18 Sep 04 ~ RIP Russ Meyer.

31 Sep 04 ~ Fulcrum #3, ed. Philip Nikolayev & Katia Kapovich: Bill Berkson, David Baratier, Alison Croggon, Fred D'Aguiar, Arjen Duinker, Michael Farrell, Annie Finch, Edwin Frank, Peter Gizzi, Joe Green, Jeffrey Harrison, John Hennessy, Bruce Holsapple, Joan Houlihan, Coral Hull, Kabir, David Kennedy, John Kinsella, Mark Lamoureux, Glyn Maxwell, Ben Mazer, Andrew McCord, Richard McKane, Ange Mlinko, Richard Murphy, Vivek Narayanan, Gregory O'Brien, Fan Ogilvie, Simon Perchik, Mai Van Phan, Peter Richards, Michael Rothenberg, Tomaz Salamun, Don Share, Chris Stroffolino, Jeet Thayil, Mark Weiss, Harriet Zinnes, & many others. www.bigbridge.org/issue8/lmfufcrum.htm

Oct 04 ~ Stride Books published Tim Cummings, *The Rumour*. www.stridebooks.co.uk www.stridemagazine.co.uk

01 Oct 04 ~ Shearsman published Michael Smith, *Maldon & Other Translations*. "The title poem, a version of The Battle of Maldon, is translated from the Anglo-Saxon. Its surprising companions are two translations from the 18th-century Irish (Sean O'Dwyer of the Glen, by an unknown hand, & the Lament for Art O'Leary by Eileen O'Connell) & 250 cantes flamencos (flamenco songs), as collected in the 19th century by Antonio Machado y Alvarez, father of the great poet Antonio Machado."

04 Oct 04 ~ RIP Janet Leigh.

05 Oct 04 ~ RIP Rodney Dangerfield.

05 Oct 04 ~ RIP Maurice Wilkins.

08 Oct 04 ~ RIP Ken Bigley.

09 Oct 04 ~ RIP Jacques Derrida.

10 Oct 04 ~ RIP Christopher Reeve.

12 Oct 04 ~ Cambridge Series Poetry Readings (CS), English Faculty Studio, Cambridge (EFS): Leslie Scalapino, Drew Milne, Emily Critchley. Neil Pattison on njrp3@cam.ac.uk Sam Ladkin on sdl24@cam.ac.uk

15-17 Oct 04 ~ Total Writing 2, CPT: Richard Burns, John Cayley, Exit Strategy (Theron Schmidt & Chris Goode), Peter Finch, Allen Fisher, Alan Halsey, Anna Homler (w/ Steve Beresford & Richard Sanderson), David Kinloch, Sarah Law, Wendy Mulford, Redell Olsen, Simon Perril, Ergo Phizmiz, Frances Presley, Roland Ramanan Quartet (feat. Marcio Mattos, Simon H. Fell, Tony Marsh), Colin Simms, Keston Sutherland, Richard Thomas, Mischa Twitchin (Shunt), John Wilkinson, plus SIGNIFICANT OTHERS: an evening of cover versions, co-curated w/ Harry Gilonis. www.cpt.dircon.co.uk cpt@dircon.co.uk 020 7916 5878

"Friday night was electric. It kicked off w/ Anna Homler (divinely mad & inspired), Steve Beresford & Richard Sanderson. They had brought the contents of Pound Stretchers to play. The banquet table they sat at was like Christmas day in an cheerful orphanage. A jumble of cheap toys & anything else that made a noise. I was a bit mixed about this set-up. I found that if I watched them (it was hard not to) the overall sound was being lost to the novelty vision of the 'instruments'. So the noises produced were ipso facto explained e.g. unrolling parcel tape sounds sinister until you look & see that someone (Anna) is unrolling parcel tape & then it just sounds like a day in the office. So I spent the set alternately looking & not looking. [...] Next up was loud, mobile Peter Finch. That guy's funny. He's belly-laugh funny. We laughed. & laughed. [...] Alan Halsey. That guy's funny. Not belly-laugh funny in the same way as P.F. Although he does do them. He read Hollow Swaps & that's funny because its humour derives from the grim cynicism that is the sneering virtual world of global economics—now if you can make that funny you must be a bloody genius—he is—so reader I married him. [...] The night ended w/ the Roland Ramanan Quartet—w/ Marcio Mattos, Simon H. Fell & Tony Marsh. Free impro jazz. Oh no not again! No—not again. This was structural heaven having a night out on the town. It just lifted the top of my head off. It was superb. [...] Saturday was a much more measured & subdued day. [...] I don't 'do' poetry that early. [...] So it was rather pleasant to be gently awakened by Frances Presley reading from her excellent Paravane

& some new poems about her beloved Somerset. Redell Olsen following. Much more subdued than when I've seen her before & tantalisingly short but always a fresh & vibrant voice—and a booklaunch coming up soon which is a no-miss event for lucky Londoners & others that can make it. [...] David Kinloch finished the set. I must confess I didn't know his work. But when you do a poetic Russian doll of Arabic into French into Scottish & end w/ mirth you have to be a winner. Dour w/ a dash of fun. [...] John Cayley did an interesting set I think but I was most put off by his introduction & it encroached (in my mind) into his work. He went on at length about his computer which didn't work—it only worked if you put software in (mmm—yes) & then it didn't work anyway & now after all this time (he said looking w/ great disgust at his laptop) it still doesn't work—so—it went on & seemingly on & then he opened the laptop, switched it on & it worked! Doh! Was this conceptual art? Or confused intro. Either way what was a very enigmatic piece was, I felt, somewhat marred by this rather red herring of an intro which had my brain puzzling about it through the piece instead of giving my undivided attention to it. If he'd just done it & said now I think I would have been w/d. [...] Other video presentations. Am I right in saying John Sparrow or have I gone completely barking after my birds? A student of [Redell Olson]'s. Very nice indeed. Words on the wall falling & gathering & he gathering them up w/ his voice. Mischa Twitchin. Didn't get it. Can't remember to be honest. But sound-over Artaud & Bartok et al & it sounds bloody good. But that's because Artaud & Bartok et al are bloody good. But what did Mr Twitchin do? Sorry Mischa. [...] & then there was that funny fellow called Chris Goode. To be honest Chris could stand in front of me all day & witter on about nothing & I'd love it. I love his shambly manner in both speech & dress. It's a shambly that goes into little delights (well now I'm talking about his speech not his dress—I'm a dapper-lover in that department) & sh'ambles until he hits another little wren flitting into the undergrowth. I never want to say an even remotely negative word about him. HOWEVER . . . ha-ha . . . the problem w/ his intro to his video is that it promised much more, or suggested much more, than it gave. [...] Take a failed attempt at a grant to do a Macbeth. Great potential. & during the duration of making the video Nina Simone, Johnny Cash & someone else of note cock their clogs. Who was the third one? I can't remember. Whatever, it sounded a recipe for something wonderful. A done to death Macbeth, Simone & Cash & another all in one video! But none of them appeared or were referred to nor their music played. Chris had implanted a video in my mind that didn't exist. It was bound to be a disappointment. It was the second time that day where the preamble had interfered w/ the actual work rather than elucidating the work. [...] Chris of course came back in the evening w/ a night of 'cover' versions & did a tremendous performance 'with' Theron Schmidt in Exit Strategy. [...] The night ended w/ Significant Others. Harry Gilonis, Suzanne Ferrar (have I spelt her name right?—deep apologies if not) &

Simon H. Fell (was there another that walked beside them?). Doing that old fraud Corniellus Cardew (don't know how to spell that either). Terrifically entertaining as they projected the score on a screen & made a masterpiece out of a load of old bogus codswallop. I rest my case. Sorry about the miss-outs but apart from looking up a few names from an unformed list this is all from a dodgy memory." (GERALDINE MONK) "I thought the programming was terrific. The mix of poetry, performance, music, of live & mediated voices, was an excellent example of much of the range what some of us have been calling performance writing. This kind of programming mix is hugely ambitious & deserves to pull together the various constituencies into a venue several times the size of CPT. [...] Let's say there is a difference between a public life for poetry & a professional social context for poets. Total Writing was a publicly advertised event, open to punters. It was also a gathering of poets (and some other artists). I think the dispiritedness is on both counts. [...] The programme was entirely devoted to the presenting of 'primary' work. I mean by this that there were no slots for papers or extended commentary of any kind. That seemed absolutely right for the occasion. I mention it because it seems that events designed as 'conferences'—giving prominence to papers—now attract larger & more widespread participation. I feel I know some of the reasons for this but by no means all (much more chance of serious funding, for example). [...] & speaking as someone who has to travel to them, there is something about London events that is something about London. Because London venues (I am thinking of a recent Birkbeck conference as well as of CPT) are surrounded by places to drink & eat in the neighbouring streets, & because people all make their own sleeping arrangements, participants seem to disperse in clusters between events, usually clusters of those who already know each other. An already small gathering turns out to consist of a few small sub-gatherings (and perhaps a few individuals who have turned up not knowing anyone? Now that's a bleak thought.) That, together w/ the fact that London residents will inevitably pick & choose from the programme (perhaps choosing nothing), rather than give themselves over for the duration, makes it less easy to experience these events as any kind of a whole (in terms both of time & conviviality) where the gaps between sessions can be at least as important as the sessions. [...] These are observations, not criticisms. My point is that everything about the TWL programme promised a different kind of cumulative effect, a manifest impact on some loose collective, rather than an uncertainty about what anyone else went away w/ that so often emerges after these events. Total Writing was hosted by Chris in a spirit of warmth & generosity, as, in a different style, was the recent Birkbeck conference by its team of organisers. Also, I very much enjoyed the conversations I had between sessions in the small pairings & clusters I found myself in. [...] I too am hesitating about sending this since it contains no suggestion for anything constructive. I am well aware

that the first Total Writing—which I wasn't able to attend—was planned by Chris as a way of addressing another set of problems in the public & social life of UK (English?) poetry. [...] The question about the public life of poetry is one about 'publishing' in general, if the term can be taken to include not only 'making publicly available' but also 'participation in public life'. Book publishing has been a thread for discussion on this & other lists. Has print-on-demand come at a time when 'supply' is prolific & 'demand' little more than a form of circulation library for poets? My question exaggerates, of course." (JOHN HALL) "The Saturday evening of 'covers' included Jeff Hilson (what a great reader Jeff is) doing some of Zukovsky's Flowers, w/ Susanna Ferrar playing the violin. I wondered whether she was picking up from the written words (which she seemed to have in front of her), or what she was hearing from Jeff. He too improvised, periodically adding words on a flipchart towards a new poem in Zukovsky's form. [...] Bill Aitchison & Julia Lee Barclay simultaneously performed pieces by Alison Knowles & Richard Foreman, one all action & the other all text, he sometimes using her as a prop in his piece, while she just continued speaking, acting not oblivious, but—otherwise engaged. A man in a guerrilla mask is really frightening, I find. & when Julia Barclay looks at you, alone in the audience, & raises an eyebrow, that is quite something too. [...] Chris Goode's video w/ Theron Schmidt was actually in a different session, & what he read in the evening was texts by Christopher Knowles, who (as you all know but I didn't) as an autistic teenager was taken up as a collaborator in the early 70s by the theatre director Robert Wilson, recognising the rich & original quality of the obsessively repetitive but/and directly emotional poems. One could draw comparisons w/ the minimalism of some concrete poetry. In Chris's magnificently appreciative renditions these were irresistibly involving, it was as though one were having an energetic massage. [...] The fourth performer of Cardew's 'Treatise' (an extract thereof) was Tim Hodgkinson, mainly on clarinet. This session obviously contributed to the ?? between structure & improvisation, raised by Geraldine in re the Ramaan quartet (and I agree that all the music was really superb, btw)—a theme of the weekend perhaps. Harry had originally projected a couple more participants, including a voice, & I think it could have benefited from being populated more fully, but it was extremely interesting to be able, or rather I should say, to have the opportunity, to follow the score along w/ the players. The same ??, inter alia, underlay John Cayley's & Giles Perring's presentation. Giles was also on stage, though in the back shadows, interjecting a bit into John's spontaneous 'talk' & then playing quietly a steel guitar amid the ambient-style sounds automatically generated by the text morphing on the screen. The content of the talk, which G found distracting, is doubtless, to the poet & per se, 'important', but it also became material of which the traces were potentially available to the subsequent part of the performance, w/ the thread of the same 'live'

voice / person speaking parts of the texts, from W. Benjamin & Proust, at times when they became lisible in English. Some lovely resonances reventuated, & the whole thing had (for me) many thought-provoking levels. Everyone might not feel an emotional bond w/ their computer, but Proutian nostalgia & valencies of desire are worth exploring in specific relation to the electronic (terribly shorthand way to put it, sorry) (Remembrance of Release/s Past, anyone?) as well as *w/ those media, & the ?? between program & contingency, plus the matter of the potential of response (interaction) is furthered in work like this, as well as in work which starts out from text, and/or from liveness (theatre). (OK guys, she's lost it now . . .) [...] John Sparrow, as G indicated, in slightly similar territory stylistically to John C (and an avowed admirer) is a graduate of the MA in Poetic Practice run by Dell Olsen & Robert Hampson at Royal Holloway (University of London). A couple of weeks ago there was an evening of showings & readings by the students, a crowded & inspiring event at which it was possible to feel tremendously optimistic about this new node of poetic activity in London, which as it happens (or, crucially) is intrinsically involved w/ technologies of various kinds (i.e. stuff further than pen & paper or word processor). This was in the same week (I think) as a Sub Voicive reading at CPT by Ulli Freer & London Under Construction, also (I felt) a significant marker (though woefully under-attended) in that it was 'old' & 'new' gardes literally segueing one into another, using a mixture of technologies of various vintages (and glitches & primitiveness have always been there, & always will) but w/ (I thought) the crucial common notion that one posits an 'audience' rather than merely a 'reader', & concerns oneself w/ the public realm as subject. & that was not long after the really interesting & enjoyable Alaric Sumner festival, also organised by Lawrence Upton at CPT, which for me felt part of this upsurge too, even though sadly Alaric cannot surge up in person (except he did just that in the filmed version of 'Nekyia'), but the contemporaneity of his concerns & explorations was striking: the multi media, the performative, the styles of engagement w/ living now in the world. Starting to sound cheesy now ... & could not all of this have been said the same in the 70s? etc. etc. But anyway, I do feel something may be happening here, thanks to the Lawrences, Chrises, Dells & others (Rob Holloway's radio & CD label too e.g.) who are imagining & creating new spaces & conjunctions. *But then (and John Hall's post has just arrived now) what for, indeed? if we can't except thinly populate & sustain these? One thought: all those w/ students under your supervision: make them post reviews! Another (dammit), having spent the morning writing this in time off work supposed to be trying to put together my own Sub Voicive reading for next Monday, is that it's perhaps a better way of furthering the art than the pain (well, no, but the acute difficulty) of trying to bring another bloody poem into existence. [...] "Since other men make art, he cannot. Time is valuable." [John Cage, *Mesostics Re & Not Re*

Marcel Duchamp [...] On the Sunday of Total Writing I was indisposed & attended only Allen Fisher's drawing performance: a rather ascetic event w/ no words but only amplified sounds of implement scraping paper, as Allen worked over some pre-existing drawings taped to a screen, seemingly erasing or scoring out first & then over-painting in white, w/ a sense of tension & event increased by the fact that the performance was being videod (video-ed? videode...). Low light allowed only a dim sense of the drawings, & they were further occluded by a series of slides being projected throughout onto the screen, & the artist's back, moving to & fro. The slides were colour photos, many from books, including illustrations of cave drawings, early writing, & lots of 'crowd' views, of people, of food cans, anything in multiplicity. It was grist to any student of the Fisher project, & how could one not be? but I do kind of like it when Allen faces the audience & speaks words [...] Anyway so Sunday evening was spent tucked up listening to Resonance 104.4FM which was broadcasting an event of sound poetry 'n like that, taking place elsewhere in London, including Henry Chopin (I missed, but apparently he did perform, from his wheelchair, as well as having recordings played), Kenneth Goldsmith, Caroline Bergvall, & Sue Tompkins, of whom I didn't know before & whose work sounded remarkably like Christopher Knowles's, very minimal, single phrases or occasionally lines from pop songs, repeated sometimes ad nauseam, sometimes just said & swiftly left. Her delivery was that of a slightly whiny teenager, which nearly stopped me listening on at first but I was largely won round: the performance was pacy & flexible & bits of language seemed to keep coming out shiny [...]" (ELIZABETH JAMES)

17 Oct 04 ~ RIP Betty Hill.

19 Oct 04 ~ CS, EFS: Rod Mengham, films by Marc Atkins, Cath Kenneally.

25 Oct 04 ~ RIP John Peel.

26 Oct 04 ~ CS, EFS: Landfill Press Launch w/ R.F. Langley, Leo Mellor, Daniel Kane. Jeremy Noel-Tod on jnoeltod@hotmail.com Sam Ladkin on sdl24@cam.ac.uk

29 Oct 04 ~ RIP Prince Alice.

30 Oct 04 ~ TS Eliot Lecture, South Bank Centre, London: Don Paterson, "The Dark Art of Poetry". www.poetrylibrary.org.uk/news/poetryscene/?id=20 "A poem is just a little machine for remembering itself" (DP) Andrea Brady responded to DP's introduction to the recent *New British Poetry*, ed. DP & Charles Simic, Graywolf 2004 in *The Chicago Review* 49.3/4 & 50.1, humanities.uchicago.edu/orgs/review/pdf/brady.pdf

Nov 04 ~ Reality Street Editions published Redell Olson, *Secure Portable Space*. <http://freespace.virgin.net/reality.street/>

Nov 04 ~ Rank Zerox published Emily Critchley, *The Dirt Glitch Land Alter Affair*, Meg Foulkes, *Poems*. Neil Pattison on njrp3@cam.ac.uk Sam Ladkin on sdl24@cam.ac.uk

Nov 04 ~ Quid #14, ed. Keston Sutherland: poetry by Sutherland, Sean Bonney, Stuart Calton, Jeff Hilson; Sutherland (on Abu Ghraib & aesthetics), Marianne Morris (on Barry MacSweeney). http://www.geocities.com/barque_press/quid.html

Nov 04 ~ Blazevox published Thanksgiving menu series by Kent Johnson. <http://www.blazevox.org/books/thanksgiving.htm>

Nov 04 ~ The Gig #17, ed. Nate Dorward: poetry by Steve McCaffery, Karen Mac Cormack, derek beaulieu, Robert Sheppard, Gavin Selerie, Christine Stewart, Susan M Schultz, Tom Orange, William Fuller, Shelby Matthews; Tony Baker, Dorward, David Kennedy (on *The Grand Permission: New Writings on Poetics & Motherhood & American Women Poets in the 21st Century: Where Lyric Meets Language*), Nate Dorward (on Kelvin Corcoran, Ian Davidson, Ralph Hawkins), Brian Reed (on Ken Edwards, Tony Lopez, Thomas Lovell Beddoes), Keston Sutherland (on John Wilkinson). Also from ND: *Fly on the Page* (Trevor Joyce: a detailed commentary on stone floods, explanatory notes on "Approach of Bodies Falling in Time of Plague" & "Proceeds of a Black Swap"; cris cheek: From a Performant; Harry Gilonis: The Spider, the Fly and Philosophy: Following a Clew Through Maurice Scully's Livelihood; Pete Smith interviewed & a Peter Smith sampler); Allen Fisher, *Entanglement*; Canadian women's experimental poetry special issue, forthcoming Spring 05.

www.geocities.com/ndorward ndorward@sprint.ca

Nov 04 ~ Wild Honey Press published Maurice Scully, *Livelihood*, Geoffrey Squires, *Untitled & Other Poems 1975—2002*. www.wildhoneypress.com

01 Nov 04 ~ Salt published Paul Cornwell, *Only By Failure*, Bill Griffiths, *The Mud Fort*, Ron Silliman, *Under Albany*. www.saltpublishing.com

01 Nov 04 ~ Sub Voicive Poetry Reading, CPT: Elizabeth James, Peter Middleton.

01 Nov 04 ~ RIP Mac Dre.

02 Nov 04 ~ RIP Theo van Gogh.

02 Nov 04 ~ CS, EFS: Anna Mendelssohn, Helen Macdonald, Meg Foulkes.

04-06 Nov 04 ~ Level Up international games conference, Utrecht, The Netherlands.

06 Nov 04 ~ Poetry_Heat Reading Series, University of Texas: Randy Prus, Dale Smith, Hoa Nguyen, Mark Weiss.
textfiles.blogspot.com
e-po.blogspot.com
uta.edu/english/znine

07 Nov 04 ~ Barque published Elizabeth James, *Base to Carry*.
www.barquepress.com

08 Nov 04 ~ Shearsman published Harriet Tarlo, *Poems 1990-2003*.
www.shearsman.com

09 Nov 04 ~ RIP Iris Chang.

09 Nov 04 ~ CS, EFS: Peter Reading, John Kinsella, Sean Bonney.

10 Nov 04 ~ RIP Yasser Arafat.

10-18 Nov 04 ~ Writing Space, George Mason University: a text art & book art exhibition, Caroline Bergvall, Pete Brooks, John Cayley, cris cheek, Robert Hampson, Claire MacDonald, Gregg Whelan from Lone Twin; Steve Clay, Jerome Fletcher, Mark Leahy.

11 Nov 04 ~ Veer Books Launch, Birkbeck College, London: Val Pancucci, *80 SKINS & 75 EGGs*, Adrian Clarke, *Former Haunts*.

11 Nov 04 ~ PoetrySz: demystifying mental illness #15.
www.poetrysz.net

12 Nov 04 ~ CS, EFS, Barque Press launch: John Wilkinson, Keston Sutherland, Chris Goode, Elizabeth James, Stuart Calton.
www.barquepress.com

Books can be bought in US dollars w/ cheques made out to Andrea Brady, sent to 309 E. Gravers Lane, Philadelphia PA 19118 USA. "Fantastic set of readings in Cambridge last night. The whole Cambridge reading series is terrific & the venue exceptional (despite some difficulties w/ the air conditioning). [...] Credit to Neil, Josh, Sam, & the (endless) people making something happen. [...] The house band were absent last night so no sound to welcome you & make your amalgam fillings jump about. Stockhausen meets early Human League in slippers? You have to be there to get the full looped-back, mullet-headed impact. Wrap Bacofoil around your cranium before stepping inside. [...] & the large black box room is an interrogation cell. Sound drops oddly dead as the walls dampen & nothing reflects or bounces. But the acoustics are good; well, I like them. You can hear rubber soles squeaking on the vinyl. You can hear intakes of breath. Footsteps are louder than words. If you are reading, the trick is don't breathe, or walk or tighten your anus. We'll hear it. Certainly don't try & squeeze one out. [...] Andrea gave

a characteristically confident apologia for Barque's continuing programme, politically contextualised, culturally reflexive, committed, serious, & fleet of foot. The programme is being ramped up, or feels like it, & the pursuit of public funding may ramp it up further. Last night's reading added weight to the cause. [...] Stuart Calton, who has the most outrageous big hair I've seen for a long time & a bazzin' leather jacket out of Starsky & Hutch, read w/ steady confidence & sudden bursts; the pauses, & changes of texture & pace, the gradual wandering frame of the bloke himself all added to the sensorium, this is powerpack language, a glut, wonky pick ups & reverbs, cranial canker, dead head banality, reason & false reason, weaponing, cluster bomb outlay sat on notions of liberty & participation, polity & order. I was hit sideways. Unlike Sister Ray I found my mainline. [...] Alphabetically, good Chris Goode got up, did a bit of prep by enunciating fear & trepidation & then gave a blistering performance full of the hallmark wit, sparky taste for sound bite, inverted idiom, parsed eclectic hinterlands of decadent chattering masses, & what comes through is a bizarre love of people & incident, drama, the configuration of souls, care, loss & crisis. Wit was rarely so incisive or maybe corrosive. We were as breathless as he was screaming "Knife!" I felt oddly naked. I felt my teeth falling out. At the end he read a love poem. It was magic. [...] We shifted gear w/ Elizabeth James, the calm, crisp assured voice & perfect ear stepped through a blaze of flowers & I was totally struck by how powerful James' music is, how powerful the art. Gendered, precise equilibrium, well, no, the shock of recognition in James' work is a language aftershock, you're busy delighting in the word stream & then get hit. Not a truck. Not a fist or a knife. More a sonic birth of recognition—an alteration in one's sensibility at the perception of the event surge, of time & time's countenance, of Badiou's immanence for itself. James' work is the total product of her unusually striking sensibility; in fact, it's all about sensibility. We were jumping off acanthus, clematis, chives. The climactic of attending, of tending, of, well, tenderness. I blush. [...] We took a break. [...] Keston Sutherland stood up, breathed in & we were off. Anger, conviction, assertion, polyphonic threnody, aching desire for repudiation, sustenance & Cromwellian vigour for iconoclastic dissonant virtue, it was made more bitter by the context of dramatic monologues, odes, songs, & personifications. There is no world beyond deeds here. The deeds are gothic typica hovering over a trophy-world so profoundly diseased (dis-eased) we're left alone w/ our encounters w/ moral & sexual entropy. I've talked before of the religiosity of Sutherland's verse, & its yearning for sexualised redemption, this is now contextualised in an atavistic immanent oracular witnessing. It's not speaking in tongues. The tongues have been cut out. This is a poetry of loss. Your heart will fall out. [...] John Wilkinson stood up & read from Iphigenia. For those that haven't heard it yet, find this man & listen. Stop him in the street. Make him read it. This is Wilkinson at his best, & since the New York Experience (see pp

212-218 *Wilkinson & the Technocracy of Engagement*, Kennilworth & Stunking, CUP 2012) we have a new Wilkinson appearing, expansive, approachable, magisterial (no hyperbole here, I promise). Even New order crept in on to the sound surfactant, the dissolving assault on the war crawl. We were in the blood stream streaming. We were there. We were in it. [...] If you care about poetry, buy these books from Barque, they're simply fantastic." (CHRIS HAMILTON-EMERY) "The readings are different to anywhere else, that's for sure. Sean Bonney's reading for instance lacked that immanent anger since the walls gave nothing back, but for me what was interesting was that the sense of futility (or nearest common denominator—as in not futile but certainly not empowered) in the works anger was pronounced. It 'failed' in a new way, was not a cathartic expense of my anger for me but rather felt like the problems inherent in being successful in altering this whole shit-compound civilisation. Which is to say I prefer Bonney shouting at me from real close up but was intrigued at the different kind of... pathos (?) that came out from the sterility of the room. [...] all the kids loved you by the way Chris [Goode]. & the adults. The Barque night was adored, & rightly so. Just to extend the room issue a little further, what did you think Chris of [John Wilkinson's] reading, that seemed to fill out the room w/ that (yes that) mellifluous voice? Nothing came back but it was all filled. There is certainly no escape for the reader. [...] Ugh. Apologies for haste & use of word mellifluous." (SAM LADKIN)

13 Nov 04 ~ RIP John Balance.

13 Nov 04 ~ New Writing Partnerships forum, Norwich: Andrea Brady (Barque), Michael Schmidt (Carcanet), Matthew Hollis (Faber), mod. George Szirtes..

13-14 Nov 04 ~ *The Weekend Australian* published an essay by John Tranter, "Why is modern poetry so difficult?"
www.austlii.com/it/prose/2004-mp.html

14 Nov 04 ~ RIP Oi' Dirty Bastard.

16 Nov 04 ~ CS, EFS, Salt Press launch: Allen Fisher, Robert Sheppard, Simon Perril.
www.saltpublishing.com

16 Nov 04 ~ Revolution 05 Radio Action, Carnaby St, London.
rob@globalizer.org
sarahbear@london.com

17 Nov 04 ~ Fenland Hi-Brow Press published Stuart Calton, *United Snap Up*, a sequence of 14 poems on mutuality, utopian socialism, workers' co-ops & their relation to food retail & personal banking. A CD recording is available also for £3.
SC on drenching@hotmail.com

19 Nov 04 ~ Hammersmith Irish Centre, London:

Niall McDevitt, Jeremy Reed et. al., a poetry wake, celebrating John Wieners.

19 Nov 04 ~ RIP Terry Melcher.

20 Nov 04 ~ West House Books published Catherine Daly,
o
To Speak Belief
Love
o

Geraldine Monk on monk@themonk.demon.co.uk

23 Nov 04 ~ CS, EFS: Fiona Templeton, Peter Riley, John James.

24 Nov 04 ~ RIP Arthur Hailey.

29 Nov 04 ~ RIP John Drew Barrymore.

30 Nov 04 ~ endpapers, CPT: music, spoken word, performance & film, John Bisset, Rhodri Davies, Harry Gilonis, Chris Goode, Jeremy Hardingham, miu & kika (Saka Naki Doli), Charlie Phillips, Rajni Shah, Theron U. Schmidt.

30 Nov 04 ~ CS, EFS: Jérôme Game, Christophe Fiat, Jean-Michel Espitalier.

Dec 04 ~ The 3rd Alternative #40, ed. Andy Cox: fiction by Steve Mohn, Paul Meloy, Vandana Singh, David J. Schwartz, Eugie Foster, Melanie Fazi (trans. by Brian Stableford), Darren Speegle; interviews w/ Bryan Talbot (by Andrew Hedgecock), Clive Barker (by Sandy Auden); regular columns incl. The Dodo Has Landed, Electric Darkness, Japan's Dark Lanterns, Case Notes: Book Reviews by Peter Tennant; guest editorial by Nicholas Royle; cover art by Vincent Chong & interior illustrations by Robert Dunn, Dave Senecal, Ben Baldwin, Mike Bohatch, Kelly Dyson, Bob Libby.
www.ftapress.com

Dec 04 ~ Red Hand Press requests submissions for Clara Venus, *fulva flava* ("theme(s) of the first issue: POSE, euphemism & images of the past") & Defect Cult ("the fear & freedom issue").
redhandpress@hotmail.com
claravenus.blogspot.com
fulvaflava.blogspot.com

Dec 04 ~ Zoo Press has recently assumed editorial responsibilities for The Nebraska Review.
www.zoopress.org/nebraskareview/

Dec 04 ~ Kritikos (an international & interdisciplinary journal of postmodern cultural sound, text & image, ed. Nicholas Ruiz III) is seeking submissions.
nr03@fsu.edu

Dec 04 ~ Call for short anecdotes about your

experience w/ the phenomena of silence & noise, environmental sounds, sounds in nature, sounds of the city, the perception of sounds, sounds in sports, sounds of machines, sounds of the inner ear, sounds of the media, mushrooms & sounds, body-sounds, sounds & ears, sounds in literature, sounds down on the street, sounds & space, respiratory sounds, isolatable speech sounds, "It sounds as if"-stories, background sounds, deathlike silence, to make a noise, low noise, anti-noise device, broadband noise, driving noise, exterior noise, industrial noise, inherent noise, noise certificate, noise control, noise development, noise exposure, noise generator, sound pollution, noise suppression, random noise, pass-by noise, running noise, subsonic noise, common-mode noise, noise-induced error, noise protection area, protection against airborne noise, Air Traffic Noise Act, threshold of noise pain, toy sounds, prison-sounds, sounds in movies, the sounds of New York, fast-forward sounds, sounds of the baseball game, sounds in classical music, sounds of zoo, tube sounds, tunneling-sounds, audience participation sounds, gun sounds, sounds of insects, sounds of the underground, kitchen-sounds, abnormal heart sounds, partially obstructed sounds, etc.
lichtconlon@t-online.de

Dec 04 ~ Malleable Jangle #1: poetry by Mari Webb, Richard Hillman, Melissa Milich, Jamie McTainsh, Julie Tawse, Robert Lane. "I used my 'gynecological visit' / voice on the phone / to the Centrelink¹ guy today". (MM)
www.malleablejangle.netfirms.com
Submissions: malleablejangle@yahoo.com.au

Dec 04 ~ Many new PDF & POD titles from xPress(ed), incl. John M. Bennett, *Glue*; Donna Kuhn, *Rent a Tart*.
www.xpressed.org
www.lulu.com/xpressed

01 Dec 04 ~ RIP Mona Van Duyn.

01 Dec 04 ~ The Poker #5: poetry by Rachel Loden, Chris McCreary, John Ashbery, Kevin Davies, Kaia Sand, Marcella Durand, Drew Gardner, Michael Carr, & Fanny Howe; John Sakkis interviewing Robin Blaser; unpublished poems by Jack Spicer ("The other day I saw the corpse of Emily Dickinson floating up the Charles River"); out-of-print essay by Laura Riding introduced by Logan Esdale; also Tim Peterson, Nathaniel Tam, Kent Johnson. Launch party w/ readings & music: 2 Dec, ACA Galleries, NYC.
www.durationpress.com/thepoker
bouchard@mit.edu

02 Dec 04 ~ RIP Larry Buchanan.

03 Dec 04 ~ BBC World Television broadcast Andy Bichlbaum posing as "Jude Finisterra," a spokesman for Dow Chemical Corporation. Bichlbaum took responsibility for the 1984 Bhopal disaster & laid out a compensations programme.

www.theyesmen.org/dow

06 Dec 04 ~ The White Horse, Rupert St, London: Rae Armantrout, Tom Raworth, Fanny Howe.

07 Dec 04 ~ WORD/PLAY series, Fish Drum Inc., Medicine Show Theatre, 549 West 52nd St (btwn 10th & 11th), NYC: Philip Whalen's poetry read by Suzi Winson, Michael Rothenberg, Terri Carrion, Jim Koller, Louise Landes Levi, Tom Savage, Karl Bruder, Simon Pettet.
www.bigbridge.org/pin.htm

07 Dec 04 ~ Black Bile Press published Front&Centre #10: fiction by Tony D'Souza, Thea Atkinson, Jason Heroux, Anya Wassenberg, Bill Brown, Zsolt Alapi & Front&Centre #11: Hannah Holborn, Daitidh MacEochaidh, Len Gasparini, Bilbo Poynter, Philip Quinn & Cathleen Kirkwood.
www.blackbilepress.com
firth@istar.ca

08 Dec 04 ~ RIP Dimebag Darrell.

08 Dec 04 ~ RIP Jackson Mac Low.

09 Dec 04 ~ CS, EFS: Rae Armantrout, Simon Smith, Tim Morris.

09 Dec 04 ~ Bowery Poetry Club (BPC), NYC: Columbia University Graduation Reading, Ashira Christmas Party.

10 Dec 04 ~ RIP Gary Webb.

10 Dec 04 ~ BPC: Paradigm's Hip Hop Spillout.

10 Dec 04 ~ Joe's Pub, 425 Lafayette St, NYC: One Ring Zero, Rick Moody, Jonathan Ames, A.M. Homes, Paul Auster, Lawrence Krauser, Myla Goldberg, Aaron Naparstek, & Darin Strauss.
www.oneringzero.com

10 Dec 04 ~ Pink Pony West Poetry Reading Series (PPW), The Cornelia Street Café (CSC), 29 Cornelia St, NYC: Willie Perdomo.

10 Dec 04 ~ Salt published David Kennedy, *The Roads*.

11 Dec 04 ~ Urban Word's Hip-Hop Poetry & The Classics Party, BPC.

11 Dec 04 ~ Writer's Forum Workshop (WFW). "A second edition of Winter Poem # 1 by Bob Cobbing, first edition 1974, was launched w/ a brief talk on the history of the text & two performances of it [...] It is our intention to bring other poems in the series back into print."
writersforum@britishlibrary.net

14 Dec 04 ~ InterRUPTions reading series, The Compton-Goethals Art Gallery, The City College of New York, 140th St btwn Amsterdam & Convent Aves, NYC: Elizabeth Frost & Laura Hinton on Leslie Scalapino, Leslie Scalapino.
hinton@cuny.cuny.edu

15 Dec 04 ~ Salt published E.A. Markham, *Lambchops w/ Sally Goodman*, Rod Mengham & John Kinsella (eds.) *Vanishing Points* (anthology w/ John Ashbery, Caroline Bergvall, Lee Ann Brown, Brian Catling, David Chaloner, Andrew Crozier, Andrew Duncan, Roy Fisher, Lionel G. Fogarty, Ulli Freer, Peter Gizzi, Lyn Hejinian, Susan Howe, Lisa Jarnot, John Kinsella, Michelle Leggott, Tony Lopez, Barry MacSweeney, Anna Mendelssohn, Rod Mengham, Drew Milne, Jennifer Moxley, Ian Patterson, J.H. Prynne, Peter Riley, Lisa Robertson, Stephen Rodefer, Gig Ryan, John Tranter, Geoff Ward, Marjorie Welish, John Wilkinson).

16 Dec 04 ~ Queens' College, Cambridge: John Wilkinson, D. S. Marriott.

17 Dec 04 ~ PPW, CSC: David Mills.

17 Dec 04 ~ Holiday Reading w/ Creative Writing Faculty from Nassau Community College, Poets House, 72 Sprint St, NYC: Mario Susko, Richard Newman, Judy Klass, Barbara Barnard, Amy King, Florence Boodakian, Patti Tana, Pat Falk, Pramila Venkateswaran & others.
www.poetshouse.org

17-18 Dec 04 ~ Midwinter Fundraising RampARTY, RampARTS Centre, 15-17 Rampart St, London E1.
ben@riseup.net
"A load of performers came & supported the fundraising event & the variety throughout the two days was really nice. The Friday evening suffered from the usual problem of people drifting in much later than the start time but those that arrived early were treated to a nice meal, a fashion show & some wicked visuals. The incredible crew of five top VJs continued to dazzle the growing crowd when Surge did his live electronic set & then into the Drum & Bass & rampart radios resident DJs took the decks till late into the morning. I had drunk far too much & retreated to bed w/ a black hole where my memory should be [...] The Saturday afternoon [...] video workshop w/ Oxford Indymedia/ Undercurrent at the helm produced a short video about the radio project, the subvertise workshop did stencilling & other creative stuff, the radio workshop did mixing & editing & I think the only casualty was the social centres workshop which nobody turned up for [...] there was an unexpected 'workshop' as a group of around 40 people that had booked LARC for a film screening & discussion about struggles in Bolivia, found LARC locked & came round to rampart instead. The Saturday evening began w/ some food & short films, including some of the latest actions. It was then into some acoustic music & open mic. The evening

could have done w/ a dedicated compere/stage manager but things hung together while ending up an hour behind scheduled by the time we'd got through the caberet & three bands. By now the hall was nicely full (not to capacity like during the ESF but comfortable) & a good crowd dancing. The DJs took over & the decks kept going till about 4 or 5 am." (BEN)

21 Dec 04 ~ BPC: Karaoke + Poetry = Fun.

23 Dec 04 ~ RIP Narasimha Rao.

24 Dec 04 ~ Big up *The Independent* for her bah humbug heartlines. "£4.2 bn—The amount Britons spent on cosmetics this Christmas. £4.14 bn—Britain's aid budget for the developing world in 2004." "7,000—Average calories consumed by Britons on Christmas Day . . . 7—Number of days a child refugee in Darfur could survive on 7,000 calories." "30,525—Number of miles your Christmas dinner will have travelled to reach your table—vegetables alone are likely to have come 15,800 miles . . . 4—Miles walked daily by families in developing world in search of water." Tom Waits "paid fifteen dollars for a prostitute / w/ too much make-up & a broken shoe". Tsunami relief, average contribution, on 10 Jan, per British adult: £2-£3 (see below).

24 Dec 04 ~ MLA off-site poetry reading, Highwire Gallery, 1315 Cherry St, Philadelphia: Will Alexander, Kazim Ali, Rae Armantrout, Herman Beavers, Charles Bernstein, David Buuck, Louis Cabri, C.A. Conrad, Brent Cunningham, Michael Davidson, Tom Devaney, Linh Dinh, Greg Djanikian, Rachel DuPlessis, Patrick Durgin, Norman Finkelstein, Kristin Gallagher, C.S. Giscombe, Loren Goodman, Hassen, Bill Howe, Jessica Lowenthal, Pattie McCarthy, Chris McCreary, Jenn McCreary, Mark Morris, Mike Magee, Camille Martin, Steve McCaffery, Laura Moriarty, Eileen Myles, Jena Osman, Bob Perelman, Ethel Rackin, Kathy Lou Schultz, Frank Sherlock, Ron Silliman, Juliana Spahr, Chris Stroffolino, Kevin Varone, Mark Wallace, Barrett Watten.

24 Dec 04 ~ Mudlark published Karl Krolow & Stuart Friebert.
www.unf.edu/mudlark

26 Dec 04 ~ The magnitude 9.0 Indian Ocean earthquake triggered a series of tsunamis directly killing over 175,000 people. "The scariest part was the first half-hour after we left the house. The road was so packed, I think it took us 20 minutes to cover 1 km. All I could picture in my mind was that movie *Deep Impact*, where the highway's packed w/ cars & a tsunami just turns up & punishes everyone. We were all bricking it immensely—even my baby cousin could feel the fear & was bawling continuously, which didn't help our own panic much! 10 minutes in, & we were really wondering whether we should have even left the house, or whether we should ditch the car & just run. All around us, people were sprinting down the road, w/

their treasured possessions—juggling kids, TVs & the odd chicken here & there. Some people who hadn't heard what was going on were even going the other way, back to their homes on the coast—some lads were saying that they'd heard it wasn't a big deal & that they were going to go watch! My dad's best mate even sent us a text telling us to come over as he was going to try & film it! The main North/South highway was carnage—people were going in all directions, but seemingly, not many people were turning off to go in the right direction—inland! We only had about 5 minutes on the highway before we got to our turn-off, after which, the roads were surprisingly not that busy at all—seemingly, not many people had made the connection that high ground was good ground. We got to the church about half an hour after leaving home, & seemed to be some of the first people there. The radio was reporting a few big strikes just as we arrived, but in general the news was slow & not very helpful—they were still playing loads of ads for Boxing Day sales! Had to turn off the radio to save the car battery—the only info we could from outside came from texting NZ, as it was still the middle of the night in the UK [...] Massive influxes of people from the coast suddenly started pouring into the church grounds, & how serious it was started to become apparent. A legendary guy in a blue cattle truck made about 5 trips up & down—ferrying about a hundred people packed into the back & on the roof each time. After 12:30 (when the second big wave had hit), the truck didn't come back. Just after this, my auntie was talking to a guy who reckoned that it was a really good idea for him to go back down & save his TV, as 'surely the waves are gone by now!'—he didn't come back either. There must have been a few thousand people up at the Kadalana church by now. The power came back about 4 pm & we started to get some TV news in—according to that, water levels were already back down to normal in most parts of the country. We decided to go back down about 6 [...] (RUVAN MENDIS) "[...] The Asian tsunami has dominated the media for several days because it is a simple but dramatic story that broke between Christmas & New Year, usually the dearest time of all for news. The images (lots of weeping light-brown children) are a picture editor's dream. [...] As any Hollywood producer will tell you, disaster movies are good box office, & if they involve giant waves & pretty beaches, all the better. [...] & so we dig generously into our pockets—getting daily pats on the back from our newspapers and, if we are of sufficient celebrity, our names on a roll of honour—& contribute on average between £2 & £3 per adult, or (as we went to press) a total of £90m, having spent £4.2bn on cosmetics alone at Christmas. Vodafone gives the equivalent of one hour's profits. Meanwhile, comparisons between UK & US government aid & the sums spent on waging war in Iraq or on subsidising weapons sales to Indonesia [...] hardly bear thinking about. [...] It would be wrong to belittle the generosity of many westerners—often those who, by the standards of their own societies, are hard up—& wrong, too, to

deny that it may be more uplifting to give voluntarily than to be forced to contribute through taxation. Yet the hard truth is that, if we really wish to help developing countries, we have to do more than deny ourselves a few glasses of wine. We have to pay more for the goods we buy from those countries; allow them more favourable terms of trade; forgive them many billions of pounds in debt; permit them to manufacture & sell cheaper medicines; require multinationals to repatriate more of their profits; welcome economic migrants more warmly; pledge a fixed proportion of our national income in aid for years to come. All these are within the power of governments, rather than individuals, & all would have uncomfortable implications for western consumers, western jobs, western businesses, western financial institutions & western economies in general. Do Gordon Brown & Tony Blair really have the courage to propose & see through such a programme? & would people vote for them if they did? In Britain, at least, we decided a century ago that private philanthropy was an inadequate means of alleviating poverty & achieving justice. But we still tend to think it perfectly acceptable for Asia & Africa." (LEADER, NEW STATESMAN, 10 JAN 05)

27 Dec 04 ~ RIP Hank Garland.

28 Dec 04 ~ RIP Susan Sontag.

30 Dec 04 ~ RIP Artie Shaw.

Jan 05 ~ www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com: profiles of Gabriel Gudding, Daniel Borzutzky, Odile Cisneros & E Tracy Grinnell; a Small Press Profile of Litmus Press; Brazil Global Profile; readings for Jan, Feb & Mar.

Jan 05 ~ Rob McLennan requests chapbooks for blog review. 858 Somerset St West, main floor, Ottawa ON K1R 6R7.

www.robmclennan.blogspot.com

Jan 05 ~ Atticus/Finch published Eli Drabman, *the ground running*.

mtcross@buffalo.edu

Jan 05 ~ International Socialism #105: Anne Alexander & Simon Assaf (on the Iraqi resistance movement), Elaheh Rostami Povey (interview), Mark Thomas (on the 1905 Russian Revolution), Gregor Gall & Martin Smith (on contemporary British trade unions), Fabio Ruggiero (on Rifondazione) & others. £5.50 incl. p&p. isj@swp.org.uk 020 7538 3308

Jan 05 ~ Malleable Jangle #2: poetry by Sonja Broderick, Nicholas Bell, Glenn Bach, Barbara Phillips, Jeff Harrison, Sheila E Murphy, Guy Kettelhack, Mark Coburn, Ian McBryde.

www.malleablejangle.netfirms.com

Jan 05 ~ Peter Riley (Books) Catalogue 87: Modern

Poetry –British, American, Foreign etc. Big bargain section w/ many recent American poetry books from the innovative sectors. Post free inland or Europe, £1 transatlantic. 27 Sturton Street, Cambridge CB1 2QG. priley@dircon.co.uk

Jan 05 ~ Razorsmile #3: special focus on Orryelle Defenstrate Bascule's Kaos Tarot. www.indifference.demon.co.uk/razorsmile

Jan 05 ~ Google launched Video beta, a search tool for the closed caption information that comes w/ televisions programmes.

01 Jan 05 ~ RIP Hugh Davies.

01 Jan 05 ~ Poetry Ball 05 Jump Off, Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 East 3rd st btwn Aves B&C, NYC (NPC): open mic, w/ DJ Omar & Gigantor; hosted by Poetica & Big Brother Wayne.

03 Jan 05 ~ RIP Ernst Mayr.

04 Jan 05 ~ RIP Hadi Saleh.

05 Jan 05 ~ Subtext, Richard Hugo House, 1634 11th Avenue, Seattle, WA 98122: David Matlin, Lou Rowan. www.speakeasy.org/~subtext

06 Jan 05 ~ RIP Guy Davenport.

06 Jan 05 ~ Pom² #5: Charles Bernstein, Joel Bettridge, Daniel Borzutzky, Michael C. Boyko, Sherry Brennan, Jenna Cardinale, Brian Clements, Albert Flynn DeSilver, Chris Ebbe, Monica Fauble, Bill Friend, David Harrison Horton, Mark Kanak, Stephen Kirbach, Drew Kunz, Erika Mikkalo, Susan Mills, Laura Mullen, Christian Peet, Rodney Phillips, Kristin Prevallet, Karen Randall, Kaia Sand, Matthew Sargent, Elizabeth Treadwell, Robin Tremblay-McGaw, Sara Veglahn, Gautam Verma, Anne Waldman, Mark Wallace. www.pompompress.com

10 Jan 05 ~ "Mahmoud Abbas was elected Palestinian Authority president by a landslide, results showed Monday, giving the pragmatist a mandate to resume peace talks w/ Israel—but also leaving him w/ the tough task of reining in powerful armed groups." (ASSOCIATED PRESS)

11 Jan 05 ~ Germaine Greer walked out of the Celebrity Big Brother house.

13 Jan 05 ~ The Heritage Foundation's Lehman Auditorium, Washington, DC: Donald J. Devine –'In Defense of the West (American Values Under Siege)'.

14 Jan 05 ~ Analogous Series (AS), 77 Massachusetts Ave, Cambridge, Mass. (77MA), room 3-270: Lori Lubeski, Jeanette Landrie (poetry & photo collab.).

www.analogous.net/spring2005.html

14 Jan 05 ~ Poets Voice Series, 43 Howell Ave in Old Bisbee, Arizona: Dale Pendall.

15 Jan 05 ~ POG, Ortspace, 121 E. 7th St, NYC: Dale Pendell.

15 Jan 05 ~ CPT, WFW.

15 Jan 05 ~ Shearsman published Anthony Barnett, *Miscanthus (Selected & New Poems)*, John Muckle, *Firewriting & other poems*, David Miller, *The Waters of Marah (Selected Prose 1975-2001)*.

17 Jan 05 ~ CPT: John Drever & Lawrence Upton, performance of new solo & collaborative works.

20 Jan 05 ~ "Volkswagen is at the centre of a global row after a film featuring a Palestinian suicide bomber in a Polo car flew around the world on the Internet. The short film is made in the style of a TV advert & shows a man hopping into the car wearing the distinctive check scarf made famous by the late Yasser Arafat. He drives around a city before blowing himself up—apparently killing himself but leaving the car intact outside a restaurant. Then the slogan, "Polo: small but tough", appears." (STEPHEN BROOK for MediaGuardian) www.compufused.com/directlink/592/ www.leeanddan.com

22 Jan 05 ~ RampARTS Centre, 15-17 Rampart St, London E1, 7.30: 'Swallow It III': a night of Poetry, Noise & Visuals. rampart.omxtra.net/modules/news

23 Jan 05 ~ RIP Johnny Carson.

24 Jan 05 ~ CS, EFS: Chris Goode, Jamie Wood. "MIXED APE, a homemade compilation of performance works & extracts, w/ the A- & B-sides playing simultaneously."

"[...] I'd like to say I thought it was terrific. Monday was, literally, my first Goode time, & nothing could have been more welcome after sitting through Geoffrey Hill's cover-version of Tradition & the Individual Talent (in which Eliot played the part of Corpse, & all other parts were played by this year's Empson lecturer). Chris's initial grunting & groaning was frankly & refreshingly funny—likewise the business w/ the head-mounted reading lights—& his 'Introduction to speed-reading' virtuoso & hilarious. W/ Jamie Wood on the other side of the stage performing other (mostly silent) pieces, though, the whole developed into something more than just very entertaining: a series of strange, unexpressed juxtapositions, which became finally the fact of two people 'finding it beautiful to stop', & an audience negotiating w/ itself as to how & when to respond. When Chris signed off, in table salt graffiti hieroglyphs down the black Drama Studio floor, it was a testament to the success of the whole piece that we didn't clap (as we

had for 'Speed-reading')—some kind of understanding had been achieved between performers & audience which negated this formal restatement of boundaries [...] Speaking of boundaries, there was some debate afterwards among those of us that the back as to whether the sound of someone pissing into a bowl at the front really was someone pissing into a bowl at the front. It seems that it was, & that it ended up in Jamie Wood's salad. I'm all for a participatory dressing of some kind, but I think this particular intervention was a bit hard on the various other full bladders around the room, who hadn't been told that there would (importantly) be no intermission." (JEREMY NOEL-TODD) "crazy happenings indeed. poetry performance at the 'real' end of the spectrum. wild howls, repetitive stutters, inarticulate moans plus some very powerful poetry from goode [re.pissing, shitting & wanking.naturally], whose delivery was mostly astonishing, especially given pace. the boy wood meanwhile physically enacted these cries, or completely different ones, mounted on furniture & dancing-cum-having an epileptic fit right in front of our eyes [which were by now strained from having literal spotlights turned back on us, or so self-reflexively in that coal-blackened room]. highLIGHTS for me were: comical minor-style helmet donned for 2 of the most dramatic readings, use of live fire in a 'cambridge university' safety-mad zone, & a [planted] audience member—whose verse had already warmed our earlobes—striding over to a bowl of salad—in media res—and pissing into it, whilst wood continued nonchalantly to mix in the lettuce.. goode+ wood certainly complimented,phonically, artistically & especially during that bit where wood drew out the shapes on a poster that goode sketched directly onto his back [...] radical denouement: a trail of salt scattered down the middle of us like an horizontal happy days.. audience left feeling interrupted, unsure, if not, as i heard in the ladies afterwards, 'kinda impolite..'" (EMILY CRITCHLEY) "I wouldn't dream of offering a critique, or a description. There were plenty of people there on a miserable night, all very young except me & cris cheek. Everyone was very happy about it all. The audience giggled a lot throughout but were also galvanized from time to time. [...] Chris Goode's performance was of very high quality throughout. I thought it worked best on the pieces he wrote himself, notably "Introduction to High Speed Reading" -- a truly virtuosic performance which was not merely fast but galloped through a great range of tones & distances (including self-irony) which most fast-readers don't - - & the suicide-on-the-windowledge routine. I thought some of the other pieces suffered from weak texts, American ones particularly which had that kind of anything-goes, doesn't matter what word comes next, not going anywhere today, nil basis nil purpose feel about them. [...] This finally prompted the thought that maybe this kind of text-performance art (let's not get involved w/ the concept "poetry") maybe works best when it accedes to recognisable forms, such as Chris's "Introduction to High Speed Reading" -- a truly virtuosic performance which was not merely fast but galloped

through a great range of tones & distances (including self-irony) which most fast-readers don't. But through it all you knew where you were (though many people seem to dislike knowing where they are). Also the suicide-on-the-windowledge piece by Erik Belgium, which is an old comic routine of course, Woody Allen did a very good one. Belgium's as performed by Chris was not radically different in concept, & worked by taking the inarticulation inherent in comedy to an extreme made possible by current innovative poetry. I thought some of the other pieces suffered from weak texts, American ones particularly which had that kind of anything-goes, doesn't matter what word comes next, not going anywhere today, nil basis nil purpose feel about them, as if the world has been removed from the horizon, common in young American writing these days. [...] Sorry you didn't get any applause, Chris. It was because nobody was sure it had in fact ended, as you retreated backwards from the room drawing configurations on the floor in white paint." (PETER RILEY)
www.verot.net/mfu/forum/read.php?f=1&i=596&t=596

24 Jan 05 ~ AREHOUSE (formerly Rank Zero) published Josh Robinson, *Shift Report*. Neil Pattison on njrp3@cam.ac.uk

25 Jan 05 ~ The last four British citizens held in US custody at Guantanamo Bay were sent back to the UK.

25 Jan 05 ~ Palestinian leader Mahmoud Abbas sent bulldozers to demolish buildings put up illegally in Gaza City. Many buildings have been illegally built on public land by militants, security men & unlicensed traders.

30 Jan 05 ~ Up to eight million Iraqis voted in the election of the transitional assembly.

31 Jan 05 ~ CS, EFS: Marjorie Welish, Geraldine Monk, Josh Robinson.

Feb 05 ~ WordThirst 3: Janet Jackson, Helen Hagemann, Kevin Gillam, Joanna Hall & others; novel extract from Andrew Burke; short stories. Bronwynne on asthom@iexpress.net.au

Feb 05 ~ "Trash Aesthetic Records is a new label w/ a very unique & egalitarian method of distributing music. TAR will release, in editions of 2-3 copies each, ANY material we receive. Of these copies, 1 will be given to the artist, & the other 1 or 2 will be sold through the label. The idea of Trash Aesthetic, in part, is to totally short-circuit the collector impulse in experimental music, & to encourage true experimentation on the part of the listener. Many artists featured on Trash Aesthetic will be unknown & possibly unreleased elsewhere, & the idea of this label is to provide a forum for these musicians to make a one-on-one connection w/ a listener. The affordable price of TAR releases will hopefully encourage some chance-taking from

listeners, exploring previously unheard sounds in the form of a totally unique art object." (ED HOWARD)
112 Ambrose Ave, Malverne, NY 11565

Feb 05 ~ The Laboratory of Insurrectionary Imagination seeks video documentation or stories of creative actions, interventions, tactical media, pranks & other activities that fall outside of & in between the spaces of culture & politics, resistance & creativity.
www.labofii.net
james@labofii.net

02 Feb 05 ~ Subtext, Alicia Cohen (Portland), Seattle School.

02 Feb 05 ~ RIP Max Schmeling.

07 Feb 05 ~ CS, EFS, 8 pm: Ian Patterson, Nick Totton, Jeff Hilson.

09 Feb 05 ~ The state house of Virginia approved a "droopy drawers" bill to give \$50 fines to those wearing trousers so low that underwear hangs over the top. "Most of us would identify this as the coarsening of society [...] Underwear is called underwear for a reason." (JOHN REID) "It's not an attack on baggy pants. It's not about Janet Jackson. It's not about Randy Moss [...] To vote for this bill would be a vote for character, to uplift your community & to do something good not only for the state of Virginia, but for this entire country" (ALGIE T HOWELL)

09 Feb 05 ~ "Salt Publishing incorporates & appoints a new director [...] Independent literary publisher Salt Publishing has become an incorporated company & appointed a new director, Linda Bennett, to take charge of business development. Salt, founded as a partnership in 2002 by Chris Hamilton-Emery, poet & former Director of Production at CUP & his wife Jen, & supported by internationally-renowned poet John Kinsella, has a growing reputation for innovative publishing in biography, international poetry & literary criticism [...] Linda Bennett, formerly an academic & director of several library supply and retail companies, founded Gold Leaf four years ago to provide business development consultancy & market research to the book industry. She will work part-time for Salt. Chris Hamilton-Emery says: 'Becoming a limited company gives us more flexibility as well as more credibility, now that we are growing so rapidly. Linda became interested in us originally because of the innovative production methods that we use; she quickly saw the potential of the list, & is helping Salt both to consolidate its customer base & to expand into new markets.'" Jen on jen@saltpublishing.com

10 Feb 05 ~ UEA Drama Studio, Norwich, 6.30 pm: Landfill Press presents R.F. Langley, Daniel Kane, Leo Mellor.

11 Feb 05 ~ AS, 77MA, room 2-105, 7.30 pm: Reese

Inman, John Mercuri Dooley (algorithmic painting, procedural writing).

13-17 Feb 05 ~ London Fashion Week.
www.londonfashionweek.co.uk

13-17 Feb 05 ~ RampARTS Centre: alternative fashion week. Workshops on sweatshops, child labour, eating disorders, environmental damage, the activist use of fashion, liberating fashion, alternative materials, clothes recycling, DIY fashion (weaving, sewing, knitting, crocheting, millining, lingerie, cobbling, screenprinting/stenciling).
rampart.omxtra.net/modules/news/

14 Feb 05 ~ CS, EFS, 8 pm: Lisa Jarnot, Marianne Morris, Kai Fierle-Hedrick.

14 Feb 05 ~ RIP Rafiq Hariri.

16 Feb 05 ~ Sheffield Poetry International, admission max £3 (SPI), Simunye, 229 London Rd, Sharrow, Sheffield, 8 pm: E.A. Markham, Trevor Joyce. Future fixtures will include Lisa Robertson, Christine Kennedy, Martin Corless Smith, Cathy Wagner, Andy (Carl) Hirst, David Kennedy, Chris Jones, Alison Croggon, Liga Roque, John Havelda, Geraldine Monk.

16-18 Feb 05 ~ Dartington Gallery, Dartington College of Arts, Totnes, Devon: Crossing Time presents an international festival of time-based art.
www.dartington.ac.uk/crossingtime/crosstimethree.htm

17 Feb 05 ~ Barque in Brighton series, A2 lecture theatre, University of Sussex, Brighton, 6pm, A reading by Peter Manson
Keston Sutherland on kms20@cam.ac.uk

18 Feb 05 ~ Deadline for the Oxford Samuel Beckett award for emerging practitioners in the field of experimental theatre.
www.osbtrust.com/submission.htm

21 Feb 05 ~ CS, EFS, 8 pm: Tom Paulin, Andrea Brady, Bernard O'Donoghue.

22 Feb 05 ~ CS, Sidney Sussex College Chapel, 8 pm: Kimberley Hawkins, performance of & lecture on the blues.

22 Feb 05 ~ Writer's Workshop, admission max \$8 (WW), St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery, 131 E. 10th Street at 2nd Ave, NYC 10003 (SM), 7 pm: Patricia Spears Jones, 'Keeping it Simple / Looking for the Light', 10 weekly sessions.
www.poetryproject.com/calendar.html

23 Feb 05 ~ Rhythms of Resistance Samba Dance Workshop, Highbury Roundhouse Youth & Community Centre 71 Ronalds Rd, London N5, 6:30-9:00 pm:

"Come & learn Afro-Brazilian & Samba dance, & the art of tactical frivolity, for demos & actions."

24 Feb 05 ~ WW, SM, 7 pm: Merry Fortune, 'Finding the & then some there', 10 weekly sessions.

25 Feb 05 ~ WW, SM, 7 pm: Maggie Dubris, 'Hypnosis & Creativity', 5 weekly sessions.

28 Feb 05 ~ CS, EFS, 8 pm: Ken Edwards, Chris Emery, Ian Hunt.

28 Feb 05 ~ CPT, 8 pm: Allen Fisher, "The End of Gravity as we know it".

02 Mar 05 ~ Subtext, Kerri Sonnenberg (Chicago) & Drew Kunz.

05 Mar 05 ~ The Poetry Project, SM, 1 pm: Jackson Mac Low memorial.

www.jacksonmaclow.com

07 Mar 05 ~ CS, EFS, 8 pm: Keith Waldrop, Rosmarie Waldrop, Dave Rushmer.

14 Mar 05 ~ CS, EFS, 8 pm: Lee Harwood, Stephen Rodefer, Malcolm Phillips, Matt Ffytche.

www.iasil.org/prague/index.html

www.shakes.cz/plr

www.geocities.com/pragueliteraryreview

www.geocities.com/praguepoetryfestival

20 Mar 05 ~ AS, 45 Carleton St, room E25-111, 6 pm: Lyn Hejinian, Emilie Clark (text/image collab.).

24 Mar 05 ~ AS, 45 Carleton St, room E25-111, 7 pm: Mark Weiss, Forrest Gander, Kent Johnson (transl. as collab.).

02 Apr 05 ~ AS, 77MA, room 2-105, 5 pm: William Corbett (on James Schuyler's Letters).

06 Apr 05 ~ Subtext, Lance & Andi Olsen, Vanessa DeWolf.

www.speakeasy.org/~subtext/

08 Apr 05 ~ WW, SM, 7 pm: Drew Gardner, "Poetry & Music", 5 weekly sessions.

08 Apr 05 ~ WW, SM, 12 pm: Robert Fitterman, "A lab: post-conceptual poetics", 5 weekly sessions.

16 Apr 05 ~ AS, 77MA, room 2-105, 5 pm: Maria Damon, Alan Sondheim (new media poetry collab.).

23 Apr 05 ~ AS, 77MA, room 2-105, 5 pm: Thomas Fink, Noah Eli Gordon (paintings by a poet, music & poetry).

14 May 05 ~ AS, 77MA, room 2-105, 7.30 pm: Andrew Witkin, "Life, Stagolee, & the Pursuit of Spiral Jetty".

19 Mar 05 ~ "Shiny, Faster, Future: Capitalism & Form", Radical Philosophy Conference, Birkbeck College, Malet Street, London WC1, 10 am to 5.30pm, admission £5 unwaged/students, £12 waged: Christopher J. Arthur, David Cunningham, Wolfgang Haug, Veronica Hollinger, Bob Jessop, Patrizia Lombardo, Stewart Martin, China Miéville, Bernard Stiegler; sessions include SF as political allegory, commodity aesthetics, money as form: cultural & economic, musics: avant-garde & industrial, philosophy of the metropolis. David Cunningham on d.cunningham02@westminster.ac.uk

21 Mar 05 ~ AS, 77MA, room 2-105, 5 pm: Ruth Lepson, Rusty Crump, Joel Sloman (poetry/pinhole photography collaboration), "Ida's Foodie Leas" (a talk on music & poetry).

28 May 05 ~ AS, 77MA, room 2-105, 5 pm: Nick Piombino, Allison Cobb, Jen Coleman (a collage novel, a multimedia performance).

24-26 June 05 ~ Cambridge Poetry Summit 05.

Sam Ladkin on sdl24@cam.ac.uk

<http://www.verot.net/poetry/>

04-10 Jul 05 ~ Cork SoundEye Festival.

www.soundeye.org/festival

www.cork2005.ie

24-28 Jul 05 ~ Charles University, Prague: International Association for the Study of Irish Literature conference, Charles University, Prague.

www.iasil.org

conference@iasil.org

4, Qui che 83.54 FLESC H READING EASE
0, Qui che 83.54 FLESC H READING EASE
7.0 phlegm
53.77, Bu m Epic 67.39, Allegories 53.63.
BAD PRESS SERIALS
VER 1.15
97, Roger Alles 66.34, Spiegel
Procrustes 64.
For January 68.98, Belied 86.04, For 80.55,