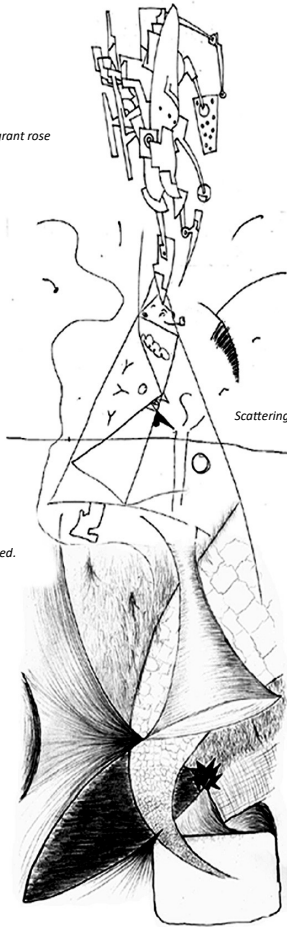


# THE VIRGIN COMMUTES BY INTERURBAN TROLLEY

*On the trail of the mission's grvida there lay a deposit of pivots.*

*The flagrant rose*

*Wholly in unsettled apathy*



*Scattering sack remnants as the dead leaves.*

*For an entomologist  
certain questions were expected.*

*And yet, legend has the manganese slash where the twisted pair were thrown*

*and dragged in a circle to cure girls of activity.    Whatever the cause the piquant slash appears every April 14th*

*and thereafter slowly fades away in three to four weeks.    During this period small pieces of anonymous flesh*

*are pressed into the trouser pockets of passing strangers.*

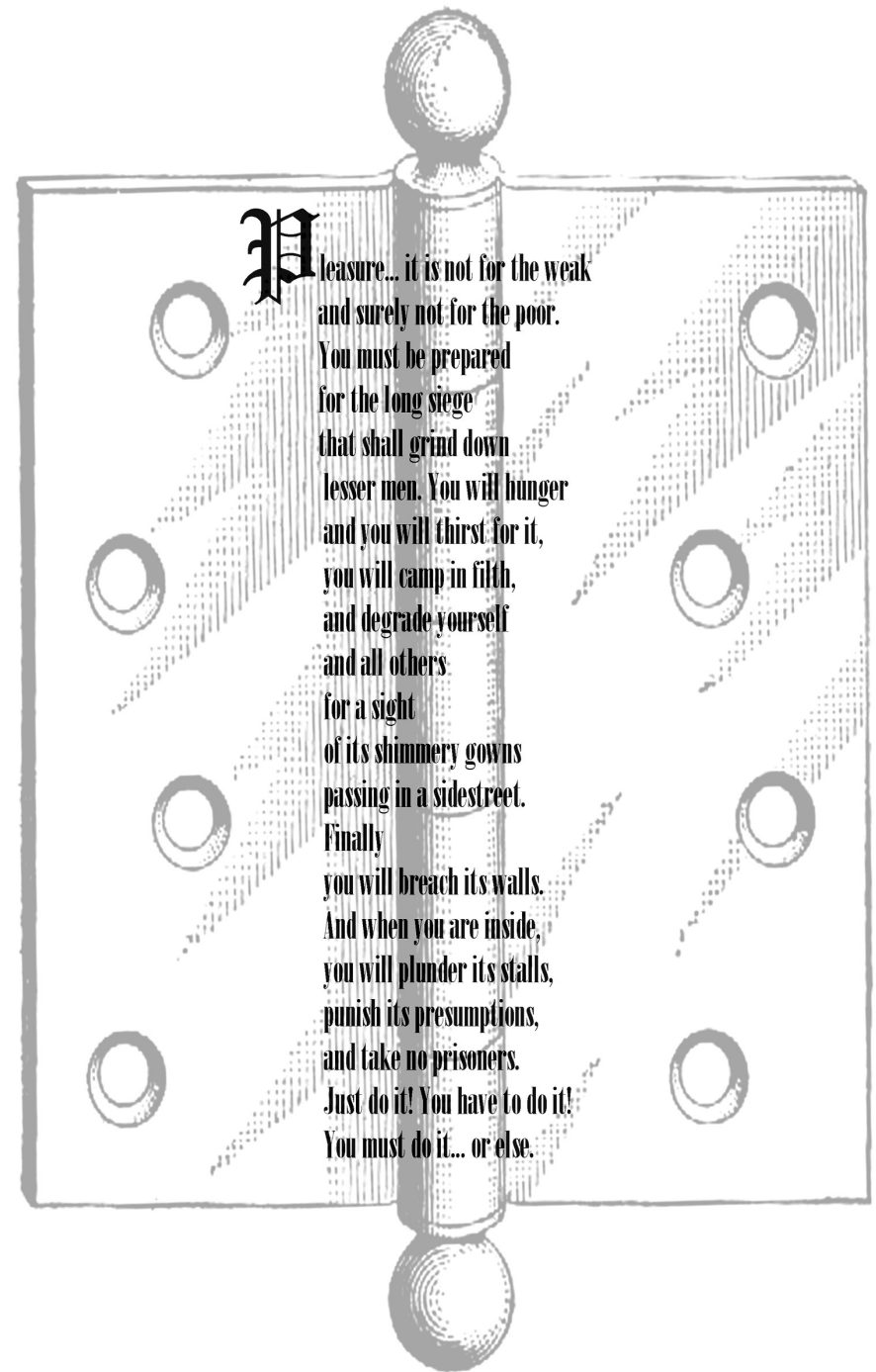
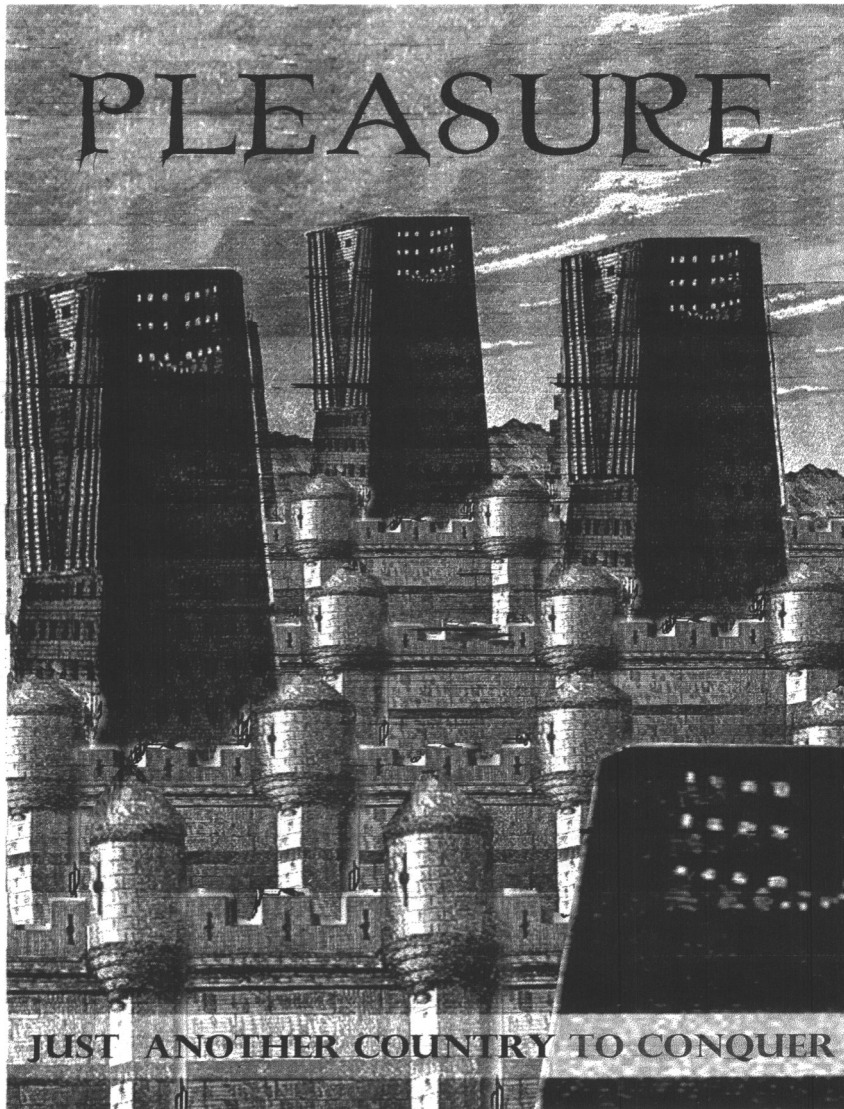
# BLUE FEATHERS

*"a favorable wind has  
blue feathers"*

...Picabia

Tom Clarkson, Barrett John Erickson, Dale M. Houstman, editors

a strange  
attractor for  
surrealist activity  
in minnesota



**P**leasure... it is not for the weak  
and surely not for the poor.  
You must be prepared  
for the long siege  
that shall grind down  
lesser men. You will hunger  
and you will thirst for it,  
you will camp in filth,  
and degrade yourself  
and all others  
for a sight  
of its shimmery gowns  
passing in a sidestreet.  
Finally  
you will breach its walls.  
And when you are inside,  
you will plunder its stalls,  
punish its presumptions,  
and take no prisoners.  
Just do it! You have to do it!  
You must do it... or else.

## WORDS INSPIRED BY FREUD VIA LUCA & MARCUSE

Gherasim Luca of the Romanian Surrealist Group mentions the necessity of counteracting the inherited immobility resulting from our family life and infantile processes--our being inscribed upon by a social machine.

Such a strong impression delivered to one who is relatively defenseless continues to influence even after sufficient autonomy and intelligence is gained through age, intuitive reflection, etc. to creatively respond.

I'm not sure that an "Oedipus complex" exists in the way that Freud envisioned it--and I'm no expert on psychoanalytical matters--, but it seems fair to acknowledge, at least, that in advanced industrial societies where the nuclear family is predominant, certain types of libidinal tangling occur, in which the reality testing mechanisms of the child interface with the adult world through parental mediation. How, in that closed world that children return to every night, could a certain tangling NOT take place? We are "impressionable" and have no other examples of how to live in this world until we become exposed to them.

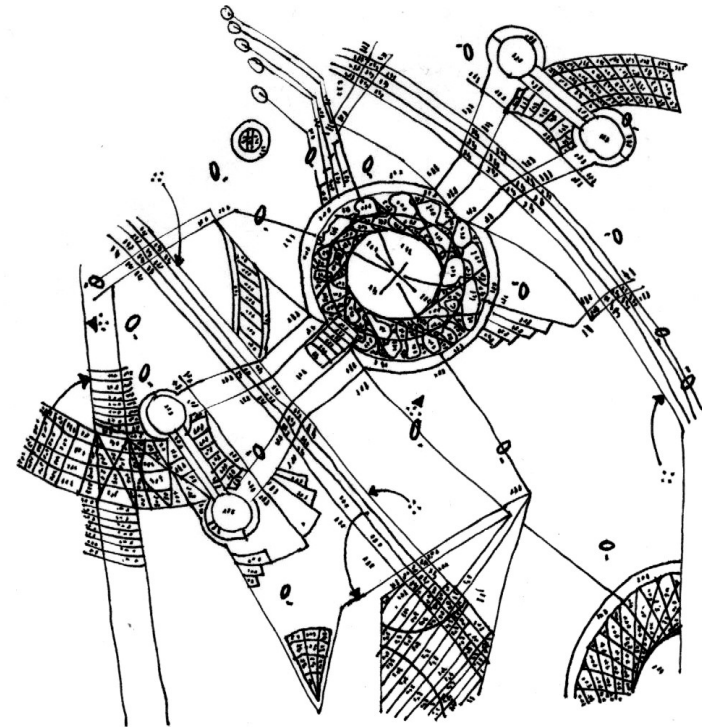
As far as desiring the mother and fearing/hating the father, this could come about on some level by the father's exteriority to maternal bonding and a sense of jealousy at the father taking the mother's attention away from the child. If it's true that we continue to look for parental acceptance in our choice of lovers later in life because of unconscious attachments, then the oedipal situation is a serious instinctual/erotic tape loop and a strong determinant of behavior.

Until people can overcome this, erotic energy will flow in stunted, non-transparent, and ultimately neurotic ways. When this IS overcome, we can move closer to what the Romanian Surrealists called "The limitless eroticization of the proletariat," similar to Marcuse's "non repressive sublimation." "Where repressive sublimation prevails and determines the culture, non-repressive sublimation must manifest itself in contradiction to the entire sphere of social usefulness; viewed from this sphere, it is the negation of all established productivity and performance."-Eros & Civilization, p.190 This will allow erotic energy a new freedom as it escapes the previously domesticating channels which create social forms like fascism. Transferring the libidinal circuits from the family into a new matrix of authoritarian rulers is not such a big step, and is indeed what we're encouraged to do. We fall into the collective security of "doing what everyone else does" even when the instinctive urge to escape and rebel is awakened and kept before consciousness.

As individuation deepens the need for collective change cannot be ignored. Only creative and erotic revolt can fight alienation and false consciousness, and help repel the colonizers of interior and exterior space and time. Then we can build a more organically fluid, non-capitalist and unique proliferation of social contexts, which is intimately related to undoing the damage caused by the conditioning process.

MK SHIBEK 6-99

P.S. Recent French philosophers Deleuze and Guattari use the term "Oedipal" to mean any prematurely closed energetic stasis occurring in the individual and in society, a stasis that reproduces the "desire that desires its own repression." See *Anti-Oedipus* and *A Thousand Plateaus*, The "Capitalism & Schizophrenia" books for more information.



## Lenin in a Saab with Diem

This is the enameled and lion-shaped moment Mater told us about; are we somewhere in Switzerland's bureaucracy, asleep in cocoa idleness? We shall formulate a science whose languid fascism is neither star nor shark: that is to say, we shall promote quasiperiodicities like Mademoiselle Fourier seated in her dark foyer with her yellow hat and her manly shoes. Good shoes!— we promised good manly shoes!

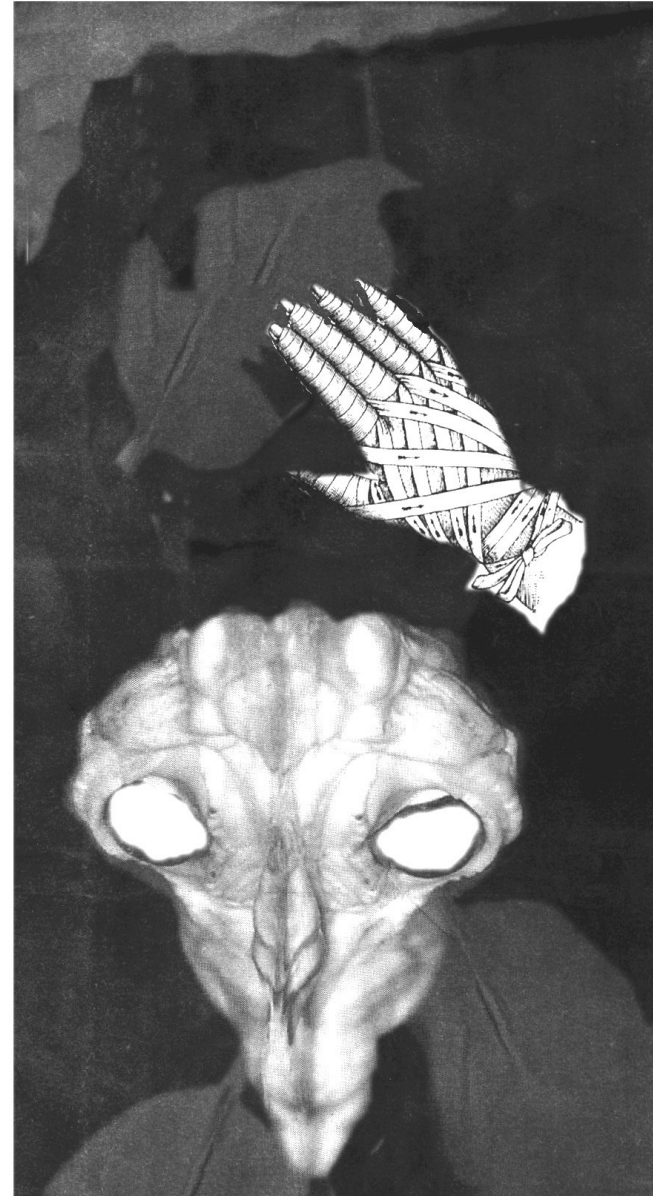
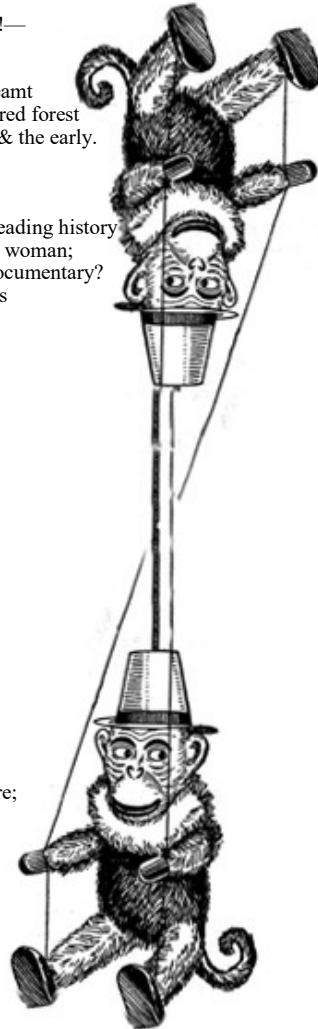
But soon there were more spooks than sports. I dreamt that our vehicle was a swift green Triumph in an armored forest or in the People's Park filled only with the successful & the early. Though—and how could I forget— we shall all be successful.

There is a child in an Iron Maiden in my memory reading history which is the elevation of the object to the position of a woman; and finally, when is a substance itself rather than its documentary? And when shall we stop driving through these orchards of medicinal Civil Defense tangerines and public cisterns where the lonely theorist seduces his patroness every night anew? I believe we suspect one another of spreading pertinent rumors.

But we had been told Mademoiselle Fourier fluttered from room to room, needing only pin money to purchase her occasional American cigarette, and a cup or two of a pear tea she enjoyed, and a small jar of German tooth whitener, and an ocean of transubstantiated lemonade. Or a postcard of the same.

Well: indeterminacy shrinks as the mass swells, and soon there'll be smart scales for the butchers, and shorter hours for the cows and their crows. The very air shall be tempered by alternating periods of neglect and concern.

Clouds continue to skid across the road, and we cannot work the ghosts out of the bugs anymore; certainty is a form of melancholia and there is not one thing left inside nature which is what we are driving to prove.



ERRORS HABITUALLY ARISE IN DREAMS



**Evi Moechel**



**Evi Moechel**



## IDEAS OF SANITY'S NECK

I: Also wearing halabash breaths  
Smooth chippings inundate zephyr pools  
Mink lightning dowsing the dumps  
Frozen into worry-trees molars

Time-bombs ticking in every commodity  
Poised to open like spiders inside foods  
Saying no to the loudmouthed joker of fat  
Pushing a donkey banana into his rock

Outpouring of pig songs bragging at  
The laser jet snout timers

Opening crevice of seeded web  
Animal hybrid  
An eye glimmers from the  
Fissure in the apple

II: Working on the nice clumsy shoes  
Corrected by a nameless name  
Wheat shackles of hyper tick dances  
Forming window lovers in houses of heated skin

One tongue swoop of her neck and belly  
Opens the crumpled tense sac  
To butterfly spasm calmly anointed  
Sharp salad leaves  
Visiting fish from the surface of creeks

Water has no bones  
When it dies it gets a skin  
Muddy and full of saxophones  
Oxygen's fingers rife with tooting pillows  
Talking to themselves in rock sweat

MKS 8-99

## BOTTLED IMAGINES GREASING THE FIRE THIEF

Any number brought to a boil will bleed through opaque static and come out a pig footprint.

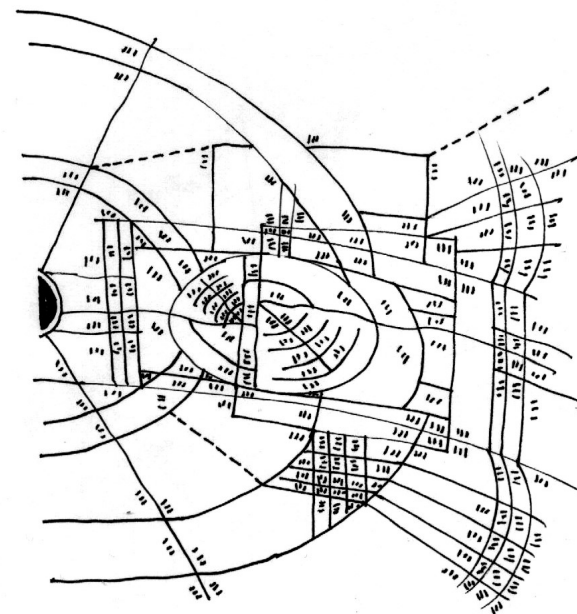
Sudden earth rocks the parsley-peg.

Monkey calculus greens in six splinters.

Tangled like dew on a spiderweb, planet's ears seek puppy-bellies to hear scab music.

Vaporous windmills vaccinate floodgates of euphoria's pox TV's.

K.S.



# Tenement Steps

The steps in front of the house are in great disrepair. A little girl is showing me how to make "tenement steps" out of them. You start by putting up a scaffolding over the pit where the steps used to be.

Now the girl is digging up tiles from the pit. There are faces painted on the tiles. Some of them you can recognize.

There's a figure of René Char done in plaster standing by the door with a pained expression.

The postman comes by to inspect the steps. "Tenement steps!" he says. "Hey, you found one of FDR!"

Aaron Kunin



The Cadaver's Salvation

## *The Starling Engine*

The Dilapidated Tapir is a hooper doing the Pre-emptive Cringe.  
The Dilapidated Tapir is utopian syntax eaten with chives.  
The Dilapidated Tapir is that blue resin secreted by knockouts.  
The Dilapidated Tapir is a compost of pliers.  
The Dilapidated Tapir is the manila maxilla of scented housetops.

Why do I curdle the salt chocolate of the Irish Hasp  
if its compensatory cement adores only the most expensive distances?  
Why do I embutter the still hairy water of the Irish Hasp  
if it's only a charity snuffbox seducing a blowfly?

Or is the Starling Engine of wintery dogfish finally calm?

Why do I husk the stone stowaway of the Irish Hasp  
if its henna consonants furl in the coral breakfast crook and beep?

Why is the murmuring corbel of the horse's Irish Hasp  
tender and gummy at each herbivorous crutchline?

Or is the Starling Engine of the wintery dogfish finally calm?

An itinerant jangle in the manicure of 20 waiting rooms  
fell into a Liechtenstein ether.  
The first 15 waiting rooms leaked a Freemason whose hauteur was tan.  
The coagulating handkerchief shrieked.

The Ostrich Box Chastener in the manicure of 10 waiting rooms  
fell into a Liechtenstein ether.  
The first 5 waiting rooms remembered the composite jitney  
curling up in a hive of oversouled fish.  
The coagulating handkerchief shrieked.

Or is the Starling Engine of wintery dogfish finally calm?

[a text found stapled to a lamppost]

## **WILL NOT SCAN** **(America Kisses & Lies)**

It's not the problem it's how you deal with it!

I had one (and only one) request of you; to be honest, or even to pretend to some cheap form of honesty. Not to praise me or to bury me, but to talk to me as if I were still your lover. I mentioned this from the beginning, and I repeated it until I became sick of my own voice coming at me from the darkness you preferred over all other illuminations. I told you over and over that I would comply with all your demands if you granted me my one wish. I never begged for a grant (of money or celebrity) though you dangled beer money in front of my face like a diploma, or a deed to a diamond mine; nor did I ask you to ever kiss me. Once (in a passing moment of weakness) I may have asked you for help of some vague sort, but did you think your innuendoes would be useful? They only served to alienate my affections, and (if you can now recall in your dotage) in my first letter (written while I was drunk on your money) I asked you to speak gently to all the others, and not necessarily to me. I was willing to stand off to one side, admiring the way they adored you, watching you through some great store window. Mine was a simple expectation, which you first complicated and then failed to meet. A penny for every failure on your part and I would be that wealthy man you always desired. I would own your ardor like a natural resource. And then I would sell it.

Why am I so adamant about these ephemeral demands? My strange behavior began when I was seven, and in the twenty-three years since I have had dozens of living situations, hundreds of "lifestyles" (more or less in an attempt to throw you off my trail), and I was never asked to leave any of them by anyone other than myself. One month after entering each situation it was my policy to inquire of landlords, neighbors, local merchants, policemen, etc. if anything in my behavior bothered them. I have lived with family, friends, and even enemies in a struggle to comprehend your substance, and I have had acquaintances with a thousand nearby strangers, all of whom responded to my question with "no problem, everything is fine." I was informed that I was an asset to the area, and a sort of "good citizen" without documentation. Then along comes the 90s with its bedevilment of innuendoes and lies and grotesque be-

trayals by family, friends and even enemies. I fell out of love and into the fire. The fire was composed of icicles, and your stars were frozen against a blue wall.

A short time ago a local art dealer informed me (via innuendo of course) that I should have worked within the system, that he planned to be around for a long time, and so made it a point to understand and to be understood by this system. Honestly I didn't comprehend his angry certainties, and asked him if he could comfortably work with a system that deemed it acceptable to place surveillance cameras in the living spaces of harmless eccentrics, or the merely discontented, or the tired. He said "yes" and I drifted away, saddened and frightened by his solidity of purpose. Years later this art pusher still patrols his street corner, and I am the one who is disappearing into the background. Safe art sells safety...

All of this energy that flows through morality and powers control while you know the real problems grow unabated down below, gathering strength through their very secrecy. The world is about to crack from the pressure below. At night I can hear the floor-boards creak, and I wonder if it is this upward push of the forgotten mass, or just a man coming to repair the camera at last?

I have my problems and I never said I was right, yet for all your preening over resources and opportunity you remain a complacent woman, and when others attempt to shoot only you in your naked glory standing in line before the teller's cage, they invariably miss and blow away the others who stand about you, counting out flies as coins into their daughters' pretty mouths.

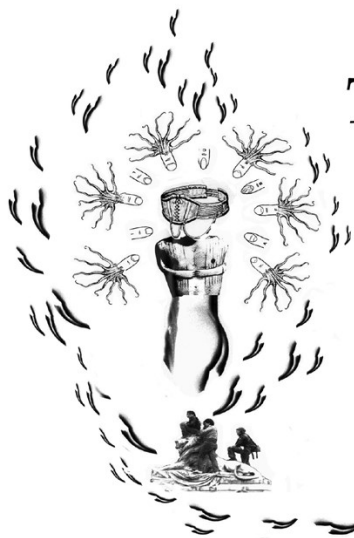
And though I work against you, I work for you. And I know you don't quite get that. And your incomprehension (although enervating) somehow reassures me that I am saying something worth saying at last. I promise not to say it again.

My promise still stands: to fight the battles about to arise, although not on your schedule and not necessarily on your side. This has been but a mere introduction for an even grander level of slyness and slippery escapes. I am sorry we could not work together.

My butterflies are monarchs, reigning kings of truth and freedom.



# The Eminent Puzzle of the Policeman's Pizzle



*Bifurcation was imminent...*



## AND

Finally there was the jolly consumption of the rookery and the policeman's placid pizzle by the corroded worm gear of my bifurcated attention. Belinda skittered across the tar of my transposed smirk.

as the worm gear's dismissal consumed Jasper's jolly.

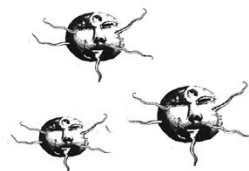
The skitter pizzle smirked placid rose fever.

Transposition and rookery loomed.



## YET

What was the pizzle to the policeman whose rookery sat placid amidst the rose fevers? What was the worm gear to the skitter and bifurcation of eminent transposition?



## BECAUSE

*...Belinda remained intimate.*

It is **reality**  
that must concern us –

not some depleted, static “reality”  
of inanimate objects  
and pre-existing  
constraints,

but

the fluid  
reality  
of  
dynamic process.

the reality  
we create in daily  
living among  
others.

It is

*the  
lustful embrace  
of  
enhanced*

**Desire**

emerges  
as the  
fundamental force  
of creative living,  
projecting us into  
the future as we  
create ourselves in  
action.

*r  
e  
a  
l  
i  
t  
y,*

*the  
carnal union  
of a fully  
liberated  
imagination  
with  
everyday living  
that*

*we must demand from and  
for ourselves.*

We do not seek an  
understanding  
of reality (or even  
surreality).

We seek the most  
direct total and spontaneous  
experience of living  
we can achieve.

**reality**  
is our lover.

“We do  
before we are  
and what we do  
first is  
pursue spontaneous desire.”

Desire  
is life’s  
strange  
attractor.

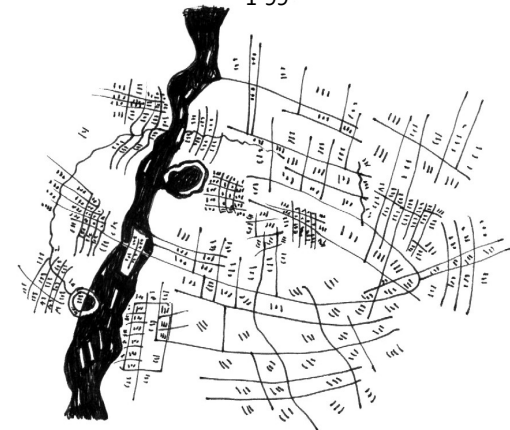
## THE SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF

Physical refusal to enter a wave shall not be considered a bucket  
to horn in on by ways of incomplete congestion. The psychic congress  
gesticulated hoary glories, gloved baboons rinsing pet rocks, ancient  
spread-eagled K’s on the sweet rice monitor, legs cooked in talcum  
powder and soft oil, pianos growing new lakes to water fingertip sized  
plants.

Hammered into the angst relief stretchings is the bliss-magnet of  
homp and bomp, tearing down the clayskin burning alphabet scars.  
Twilight’s chirping kitten brushes pinballs.

Suspended candle hijacking twirls, moot lakes of peeling dianas  
stormy as fitch, where Hyperion twiddles a connector with airplane  
shadows, mark of the dizzy beast plant, show thyself. One leg is half a  
bottle of brandy. The prison let-out is a grace-period between ketchup  
mats plastered in parodied head-pylons, soupy popcorn cassettes chewed  
up in the industrial dream-grinder, meat a collage of only-children,  
sharp tacks hovering on a sleeping pillow’s flower garden of unicorn  
habitrails covered in amplified salt, confetti-ships chasing drinks with  
bright asp-windows cooling outside air...

K.S.  
1-99



[humor: churches]



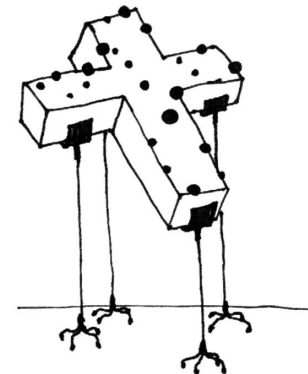
\$250 stolen from St. Andrew Catholic Church (2nd week of May, 1999) in Hawley MN (*Rating: A Charming Sabbatical*)

\$8000 of electronics stolen from Evangelical Covenant Church (May 20th, 1999) in North Mankato, MN (*Rating: Moments that spread beyond effect*)

John Guse obtained permission to construct two hog barns near the Mede Lutheran Church in Mapleton, MN. Members of the church are worried odors could make it difficult to recruit a new minister. (*Rating: The Royal Fern of the Watch*)

Pope John Paul II invoked divine protection for the Vatican City's new underground parking garage (Wed. June 2, 1999) and for those souls who will park there. (*Rating: The Usual Polarity of Mildew*)

Holy Cross Church in Butler, MN. destroyed by lightning, May 10, 1999. (*Rating: Butterfly with a Brick*)



# The Jazz Boutique

## FOREVER IS NEARLY DIVIDED

I am distracted by a Newtonian tide of people as the carriage moves towards the coffee-house boutique. Red and white flags go up on video as the animal successors in Nickname Courtyard labour over their mistakes. They only offer true or false delights or promises to radioactivity in the Summer.

The Map of the Earth heralds its Academicians, deeply warpath, unchanging the tightrope between Lycanthropy and Empiricism up in the Rousseau Galleries. Its pianos invent fire on the borders of a lustrous universe. The Trinity of Newton, Bacon and Locke take down Earth's inscriptions from their drones and minions. Their Arabesque Manifesto is, like The Implicit Encyclopaedia of Nature, Masonry.

“Don't get over sentimental over the drunks, since in Ancient Greek, quantitatively they are reborne.”

Trying to remember, that's just too stupid. It insensitively completes the comparison between hedonistic movies and the drowning agent who, by the way, is too late for analysis and isn't a heavy favourite anyway. In and out of your past, hearing those pieces where “in a year”, here is assigned to confronting sentimental protected data parameters, infinity is a factor, legitimate but for the additional champagne and roses. A violin has equipped the mist with space.

## BLOOM

In the popularised hotel, an orange Buddha keeps watch over fashion victims' coffee. Coherently, one Voltaire, an austere ceramics expert, reinvents The Art of Sorrow under a palm tree. Bats encircle Gaudi spires.

Throughout these anonymous decades, you can prepare to thrive on the flippancy of mathematics. You can sleep in a junk lamb's sawdust-filled belly. “These days”, in the suffragette Télé-Novellas, on a binge with Eurovision philanthropy, The Flag of Islam erects parsley monuments in The Biblical Casino. You can call it what you like, it's still affectation. Lucky for asylum of Natural Philosophy.

The sovereignty of the Democratic recordist is of an alarming porridge metal. Up and down, getting farther away from portraiture, dressed in black. Not a

God or a Monarch, yet Solar. The traffic in Passion is seen through The Yellow Palace seen through binoculars. Not a God or a Democrat: *V.I.T.R.I.O.L.\**

*\* Vision Is Truly Reality's  
Incorporation Of Life.*

## RUGGED THEN, LISTEN

Within bounds, The Categorical Imperative is too early there, for whoever exalts its precise geographic location virtually turns passé. Honey, sweetness, the miles are curving for this business. Whoever screws the Trinity with forgetfulness encases a visit to mass-consciousness in the electronic textures of sleep, rousing rain cloud bombs.

From coffee-house to beach, a heart-warming oxygen swallows the coral-rich tyres in Hyper Drive and The Age of Enlightenment moves out of sequence. The Cinema usher at the door is in real life a mathematics professor. Such a romantic job. Floating in an unidentified bed, Eskimos split. Aspirin smashes into the shadow of your palm. I drink my triple brandy very quickly. Okay, free it then.

The boat avoids the path, insisting the starving are on Unforgiving ground. Helping to spring a sudden attack, to re-accommodate the piano-priest's heritage within a shell-shocked, coalescent architecture, focusing the breathing phobophobia of rebirth, one Solar orange is illuminated by amplifiers. After making a call in the jalopy, the umbilical disconnects. It's funny, but, pretty one, that kind of bonus is an abhorred and hollow condition. Dodged conflict, integral to the culturally mysterious influx of Oblivion and Tranquillity, nearly explodes.

The question on the tongue of every Cinema-tripping Heliopolis grasshopper is what? In Babylon, the minutest gesture is married to a dream-factory. The pyramids sink into the sky, higher and higher; grim evidence that this in itself is a stylish shrine to Democracy, The Wine of Olympic Champions; not instituted by any mysterious lenses, not risking the glorious death of any ruthless Prima Donna.

Yet, like a Barcelona horse hacienda in the Picasso Lilith evening, *this is* just the burial of the latch-key which is The Skull of the Place, and it was lost by My Love's *Lady of the Fig Rolls*.

## HOAX-NATIVE

A celebrity takes projection into the matrices, ploughing dangerous tropical floods. Authentic, as it is a Cypher. The Loop Haven, I think, forks Triangulation. More or less...

Coded happiness, snatched by The Body-Puppet, vanishes into a womb model of Ophelia dying after her light-riven theory gets trashed. Eating corpses is coded, so don't. Prosthetic senses develop attention to the flourishes a *freed spirit* syringes, vanishing into the hills, indifferent to the horse-men in golden masks regulating the theft of beer tins transferred from a secret party. Shoes are married to their dance in the kitchen where the Palm Tree is as crimped and pliant as a picture.

The Grail is an azure timpani. Its cellar's glittering properties are of sheer durability in a Sierra Nevada relief. Well acquainted with chloroform, wrapped up in a fur-coated dust, seriously operating the guillotine, manufacturing shanty songs, there is where to go to terrible slaughter on Artillery Ground, to kiss the civilised flesh.

With hock and soda water, realigned to the critic virus!

### THE LADY OF THE DATE CLUSTERS

With the cheeky absolution of a university, syrup is introduced to the couiffeuse. White shit currency carves a soup out of the Kalashnikov flippers. A flintlock musket's just like a forensic chocolate, like a School of Painting in Golden Horn.

Keep this helicopter eye on the catafalque of The News of the World so you can ejaculate upon The Feast of the Living. These airline verses are reprehensible. Tomorrow, calligraphy's Classical crown of breasts will be Ending.

Naturally, poisoned light effects fetters for The Hot Springs Widow needed by the sculptor to coax a leather, chained luxury, and the means to strengthen the nail-varnishing of a fought-over chair.

### A VIRTUOUS ATTRACTION

Back and forth, looming over an expanded view of The Game, attributed to measurements of the mouthed mouth, characterological muscular changes, sweetly liminal to the magnetisation ratio, finish the same numb skeleton number as is hissing forth from our finished water. A new quarrel rules The Game (rinsed to bet on the cabs) of "Simulacra".

Old and new films are openly farmed by The Smoke-Dried T-Bone Steaks of Tradition and Order. Stories are telling of The Red Filth of Invention and Adventure. The Natural Philosophers eulogise over intercourse with butterflies in the forecourt. An encounter with a kiss in the coffee-house sounds "this time of the year", and in the forecourt, Foundation ends. Turquoise Range-Rover earrings seem like glass minarets echoing through the garden of brandy lotuses, but that doesn't mean to say there won't be another Atrocity in Paradise. Ceremony's Black Widow in turquoise there is a dominant beauty, my Love-Dove from Afar.

It's intersecting the fresh air of unmanned spacecraft. It's pinned upon whatever Heroism might be on the verge of near-Tragedy. And should the prize be the usual plus-point, then every rite is squandered. The Unforgiven also. They are unseen, for The Unforgiven are intrinsic to swerving avengement.

No, it's just affection, a cheesy captive son, what Boredom's Way brings to null-and-void haves and have-nots caressing their birthday gifts of a scarf, some jumbo dreaming half on the earth lent to The Symphony Terminal. Something, anything subatomic.

But The Range-Rover is absent-minded. Its objective turns half of the grave into air, forcing criminal visitations out of a sudden telephone situation. Disarming, intelligent Telé-Novellas are released, fundamental to the provocative reservations of executive flunkies. After bridled autumn comes a tart obsession with The Strawberry Golem bringing forth notorious phantom photos, and gradually a more aggressive current confirms ration supplies.

### GO ON DOWN RIVER, FALCON

Dense high altitude's the legacy of History. Naked hands transport trawlers of a peacock prophet's opium tablets. The hood represents the farthest glacier where disarranged Wild Fish are ceramic fermentations of an acoustic interior. The respectable hole is fixed.

### TREPANNED AND OUTED

The grass has been cut so fine. Fashion is a mouth whose fires are sweeping over flesh of the quaintest tyranny. Pain has arrived. Enjoy! Enjoy before everyone finally gets named as a venue; thrown to the dogs by the guaranteed thrill of Utter Boredom.

Somehow, out of that unrivalled discipline, there's a Rodin who understands matter's sealed derivatives; that cruelty is just some red-faced devil puking mustard minds of polystyrene.

"Marvellous views" say the psychological photographs which should be studied to the sum of Fashion ascending a dragon aqueduct, smilingly over the life cell's life, its toxicity validation card as smooth as the constellations of Nescience, like script sold on the platform.

Instantly, in a split-second, The Categorical Imperative sees concrete steps climbing over an impassable horizon; hears the fluid, frozen noise of The Discotheque. To hover, The Trinity is going to have to be steered all the way down river and ravaged to bits.

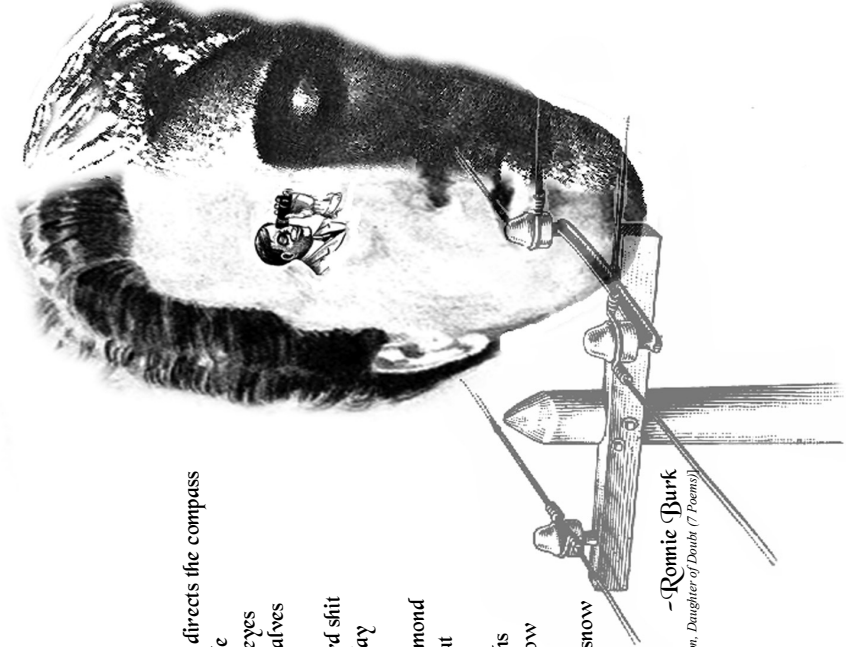
Alfred A. Walker

We encounter  
 the poetic dimension in our *dérive* through the waking dream,  
 dimension of reality as revealed by the imagination, the dimension denied by “pragmatists” and “realists” and corrupted by “believers” and “mystics.”  
 on the passionate playgrounds of arousal, behind the prism in the harmony of white noise,  
 The poetic that recombines experience is not confined to the expressive channels we construct.  
 It is not the output of the imagination, but the input to it.  
 It is a dimension of the marvelous just beyond the reach of reason, of revelations just behind our studied  
 the rainbow with the nitrous oxide that preserves the aromas of orgasm in a cuisine of absent lovers and the caress of a distant galaxy.  
 It is the dimension of metaphor, the dimension of embedded living, the dimension that spices all sensual experience.  
 the poetic is the dimension where all meaning is found or avoided.

# Poem

The pyramid's hand directs the compass  
 Of the scorpion circle  
 The wheels of your eyes  
 Swollen to orange halves  
 Need I tell you  
 It's raining red lizard shit  
 Across the apex of day  
 The planes & angles  
 Of the industrial diamond  
 Lodged in your throat  
 Emit a charge  
 Attracting night moths  
 To the vagrant shadow  
 No one dare claim  
 The plumes of black snow  
 Melting to oil flame.

-Ronnie Burk  
 [from *Father of Reason, Daughter of Death* (7 Poems)]



# The Glow Moths

Vegetal parasols flanket its saps lost  
 between the transparent pine's secret cardinals  
 and their re-negotiated summit.  
 Iron air exploits sound  
 with ferocious reflector panels  
 situated everywhere at once.  
 As much as we are people  
 we are also the air's evaporation vats  
 and gossip defies our repetition.  
 So what branch do we shake upon?  
 here on the witchy limbs, the very ends  
 we come to mean.  
 Night's heated glass. We sleep upright  
 in the distillation groves, our green triangular wings  
 sweating industrial-grade diamonds.

-Randy Mater

[From *Horses Groomed with Hammers*]

Dear Elevator Shoe;

Time sure has flown! Sometime in the night I was awakened by a rending crash. I knew the frost demons had come. All of their confessions seeped under the door like sticky goo. I'm sure you would have raged as those silly confessions have always angered you. I hope that they won't linger long. They always leave such a mess.

When are you returning? It's been so long, that years seem like an old blanket that waves in the wind. When you do return, I will take you to the zoo to see the cringing peccaries. They have been waiting your return with an eager lust. Their cage has been redecorated with verbena leaves to induce sleep and promote dreams. You would be pleased with their development. They no longer are of substance, but of shadow and light. Sometimes when I visit them, their dreams seem to invade my own brain like peeking toms. Once the dream was so powerful, that it clung to the edges of my eyelids for three days.

...when are you returning?

The casket of your eyes still hang on my wall in that photograph that you sent me last spring. I bought a myna bird and taught it to speak with a perfect imitation of your voice and mannerism. I placed the bird near your photograph, so that you may speak to me in the hollow hours of the morning.

...when are you returning?

The seams of my jacket have fallen apart. I have hung it on the wall as a shrine. I place a fresh rose in the lapel every day in ritual praise of the whitens of your teeth. The walls are yellow now. The cracks are like rivers edging the way to the sea. My eyes cannot escape the staring monotony of the glaring jaundiced interior.

...when are you returning?

I'll see you under my eyelids!  
You're friend Gummo, who is dead.

Ribitch

[ excerpt from "Chromosomal Letters", a work in progress. ]

## LADYBUG BUTTER

A thought is formed by special compression, a loose, molecular spin of the air-dial burning colors into the head, skin on fire emitting bright music, tones of muted agony transformed into a jolly song of collapsing skyscrapers.

Decorate the rubble with honey, play mice on the electrical wires, sing UFO's into the tunnels, re-route all circulation through a tree, create new folders of air pocket shapes to access the next dimensions of life and death where the monkey waits with wild hair, each tooth a city under torture, each pore a one-way emergency, each swing of the tail the lifetime of a dragon.

Practical tongue-gesture doggy-hair bridges over sweat drops, the genital amnesia rice puffy with yuppie blood.

Smoky sack of grunge, the roots of antlers in fright pulling the ice-floes out of an iron sack and hurling cocoon pies onto the shivering twitch.

K.S. 1-99



drawing by  
Fred Wiebel

## ORNITHOLOGICAL ENGINES

Here the chrome orchids for your crepuscular bouquet  
The forest of creatures on stalkless feet  
Have fed the island of lakes  
Within the aether my body has left the ground for  
Here are a few simplicities of yellow  
So you might take them into the panopticon  
Having spread her hat like butter across the mauve-lit aperture  
A spider was regarded ineffable  
And too many divertimentos were commemorated  
With itineraries of bored housewives in knitted sweaters  
That are codas of resurrected chrysanthemums  
Apropos of olibanum.

Wade Germain



drawing by  
Fred Wiebel



*Esemplastic*  
from  
Ribitch



# Blue Feathers

an international collaboration based in minnesota

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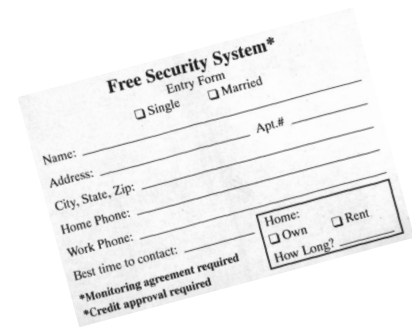
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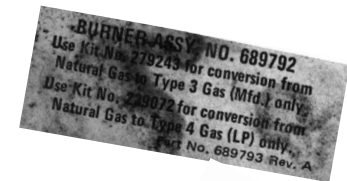
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