Slay 2 Cops, Wound 2 in Bank

One Gunman Is Shot
And Captured

Chicago, Oct. 27 (UPI)—Three bandits killed two policemen and wounded two with withering blasts of carbine and submachine gun fire today in a desperate getaway with $85,000 from a suburban Northlake bank.

One of the gunmen was cut down by police bullets and captured. The two others, one of them believed wounded, escaped in a car driven by a woman, police said.

The woman also was reported wounded in the furious gun battle, which raged along North Ave. in Northlake.

Nude Girl Slain in Bath
Circadium
Larry Price

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On an orderly but crowded streetcorner an energetic but neutrally-dressed man is seen enclosing himself in a large black bag which he has with him. There is a sudden eddy of traffic as the equally energetic pedestrians swirl around the obstruction. The bag is seen to alter as the man, now enclosed, mutely but bodily gestures to the unseen traffic. This posturing likewise but naturally alters the patterns of interference: track left, flaps down, rose, stern couchant. Later the man is heard verbally imposing himself upon the passersby, whom naturally he cannot see, judge, admire, dismiss, etc., and who likewise cannot see him. He calls to them, enlisting their assistance, explains to them the urgency, asking, would they kindly drag him some small distance toward wherever it is they are going? The voice is alternately ascending and diminutive, hollow and tintinnabular. Before any intervention by an outside authority can arise, the man removes himself from the bag, neatly folds it and retires.

The next day, on a similarly crowded but orderly streetcorner two individuals are seen enclosing themselves in bags. There is the same sudden eddy of traffic as pedestrians swerve to avoid the bundles lying close to one another. But now the obstructing mass is such that the interference patterns are more complex. There is a standing wave of confusion as pedestrians are forced out of their given lanes into others. From within the bags the imposing, imploring, enlisting is to less avail. But, again, after being dragged some small distance, the two retire.
On the third day, there are three individuals. All proceeds as before, but with even more obstruction, interference, complexity, confusion, and to even less avail.

On the fourth day, four.
And so on.

Finally, the obstruction, interference, complexity, confusion and number of bags to be dragged so far exceed the number of congenial passersby, that no demonstrable advance can be obtained, and the sequence concludes.
Money is funny. The Market is not. The Market-without-walls brings us here. Art within art. Its two backs clutter each other. The law of excess applies when all else fails. The Law speaks through resemblance to body parts. Dead, say the parts. All things are real to us. A vest, a hat, time for a bat. The most normative parts of all belong to readers. Ubu shopping for bags and boxes to want the bags and boxes with. While we spy with our little eye the circular coition for which the Blob serves as daylight. Dear Blob: The motion of community both augments and diminishes. The vectors circle between pills and free play. This is the clearest thing we'll ever say.
Power runs on time’s three converts. Our gang keeps our gang from tearing itself to pieces. A state of nature. We make more monsters to keep the first monsters out. Within brackets, time runs to ground as the thing time grounds. The reputation wars rage on.
War makes of all of us
a constant. If there are two, one will be. We pay for what we say. War appetizes this art. Its organs annul us in the empty name that empties us. Speech fills what we start. The aspirants blossom in the part. There is an authority only our parts speak, the fricative difference our scars successively occupy. It is what these rent these for, in our paper’s spectral abrasion.
Everything bears interest. The sky is falling. The Plums are happy, so instructive, so literal. Any available set of facts will do. Birds fly, etc., over, etc. The mind is always repetitive, while our bodies issue point-by-point heavens automating the void. The point-congested anarchy doesn’t care. We love you, we love you not. (You can tell by the change in code.) In this ontological plastique we will have spent it all, the steeple and the people.
Language takes a metaphorical hilltop out on parade. The paper trolls on the run. The Apprentice carries a gun. Our version of a versionary politics will have been a posse chasing the sun into the bat house. Terms wanting to be terms. If art is an economy of fictions, then on any particular day the News comes out of the engine and sounds like art. It is the intrepidity to American excess. Houdini filled with a statistical enterprise fulfilling an affirmative failure to fill anything at all. Our rebarbative lapses say so. And our theories are made of glass, the difference between what we think to think and what the world gives us to think. Particulars make fenceposts of everything, in whatever specular distance we erase them in. We see in art what we save these spaces for: the right to write nothing as a point of accuracy. When the parade ends, there never was one.
Reproductive Anthem #1
(Our irreducible night train rolls on)

The city is a statue subjectivity begets. The old stars are all here, certificates of logic in a salt mine. The salt mine sings. It is the last time. Time blossoms into the badlands, from the mirror to a mirrorized rose, a blur of circles and quadrature, ours & theirs, theirs & money. We recognize which code it is by the degree of incoherence its impact engenders. We watch the News whether it exists or not. Money defines us. Meaning defies. The clues are in the poison. Our future gangs together, making our gang obsolescent. Its spectral life breeds gas and spectral punctuation. The real puzzle where one piece EATS the next.
The encounter with a new set of terms signifies the presence of a food chain. We turn off all the signs in the woods, where everything we read is written in a bed’s bad window. Art wolves hunting a black bag of inexistence to impose its patterns of certainty. Any secret that bears repeating bears the world on behalf of excess. When we want something, what doesn’t doesn’t matter. A simple declarative sentence reaching from offstage to explain what its excess institutes merely to explain. Even codes are measured out of defiance, the impressed means for which the secret first arises. They condense us with all the associative cash of a state of nature. Filling two shadows, the sentence and the pea.
The Urloined Theory of Heaven & Hell

This is Big Business. Money talks. The gossipy interstices of a mind under glass. Nature converts everything into an imaginary wall mitigating such contrast as even we imaginaries are made of. Truth is so many comic figures sharpening their eyelids against the film of our simultaneity. The Urloined Letters prove it. Beyond the relation of sentence to mind consuming the terms equal to the terms the world consumes to consume it. A wind tunnel for glass riddles. The riddles sing:

To market, to market
to buy a fat bat,
home again, home again
before it goes flat.

This is the last poison pill.
Dictionary of Assigned Intentions (Predation of the Gas)

Our language is a market in which this little piggy's already there. There is a reflexive accuracy to every utopia, the irreducible need to speak in a circumlocutionary equation for being neither term. That’s why we’re so flat, installed, as we are, against the installments of reversal. The parts cohere, but not the whole. The elision of an inexistent object from the partial one. The future exudes its obligatory obsolescence in a ritual of the new. “Pop!” sings the Company for Ritualized Extrusion. First in, last out. The connective echo of all that is true doubles what isn’t. Art voids the happy coincidence. The signs are taller than we are. We have ransomed them to pay for art. It’s a lovely night. And the earth is flat. The remnants blossom beneath the fat.
The mirror is a simple machine, a conversion manual immobilized beneath a giant's tooth, where the Art Wolves hunt and howl. It is hard to know how this imaginary syntax will ever hold anything. An erotic slogan precedes us into art. A private country, defined for the profit of those whose profit imposes upon us its melting surcharge: pieces of the history of the world arriving by subtraction. There the end of our imaginary wagon train reaches the end of the Trompe de Ville, where the master pages of our inexistence are overwritten. This is the power we appetize with its point-filled appetites where the Urloined Theories sing. Everybody eats somebody. It will snow on the flypaper tonight. Rubble in art. There is only enough language for crisis, only enough snow to blossom through.
Singing at the Company Store

Money dances on the future’s two corpses. The mirror the market makes between the world and the world like this one. That’s the town in which the Company means what we mean. Its tooth and our tooth sell what time sells. A public in arrears stamped with the debris of mutual dogs (still barking). The crisis to which thinking refers each body of signs breaks it to pieces. In the words of the fly-bottle, all the motors in the world can’t turn money back into time. The real wall. “We are the heavenly templates,” say the Walls.
Invocation to My Fellow Barking Dogs

The point of the professional is the insularity its consumption of frontier gives to freedom. We have two eyes. We see in halves. Which explains the two painted faces on the two cans of paint. This is the Company’s new wound, art facts tearing themselves into pieces of a repertoire with which to install it. There won’t be a single appetite left between any of us. That’s the voice in which this document ought to be read. This includes truth and the excess that makes it so. In it, the mind is an amatory index boiling the terms that represent it. Time borrows us to be there in a frontier without a trace. This subject in whose evaporation money seethes is the simple history of our mnemonic officeholding. A logic of buckboards riding on the ground they cancel. One néant yawns like the next. (This pills for everyone.) In fact, the internecine traffic between an availability in the world the poem does establish and the world’s removal the poem defines is the simple issue of flickering terms, the social lesions by which the critical enterprise of each partial object erases those terms. We want something. It doesn’t exist. There are pieces of it in both backs. Our two backs clutter each other. A real riddle. One for Alphaville. One for the name. And one for the Trompe de Ville dancing under the brain.
In America, politics is a spectral campsite for flies and erasures to purloin consonants from. It is the excess that brings us here. A crowd of misspelled monsters, all named Marge. These are the inventions that count in America. A magic bullet blundering through a rhyming trough. A shadow cast in the nom de guerre. In America, it is difficult to distinguish the name from the evil, old purloined letters that run the country. Even the erasures are in code. The effort defines and clarifies (the Three Little Pigs). See how they run. See how they tesseract among the fractions and clouds. One plus one plus one.
Condensation Portrait
(in which the mouth is painted on, but the hands are in code)

Dreams lips are a game of leapfrog we read within what chance lowers into time. Truth doesn’t help. Even words eat someone. The world in its syntactical heaven adds up to a ground piercing the ground between us and making speech say so. The Apprentice in the din. For which the partial objects illuminate the flight of substance away from those theatrics. One for each Wall of Truth it thinks with. Art (or any art) occurs in the interval between one wall and many, the body neutralizing the merely possible. Government is an equality of the possible. Where the law that obeys the same entropy we entertain by is the law we’ll entertain. The world is paradoxical but not its parts. A survival theme. Filling another badlands. Standing in our express harness, appetites, and/or elision, an erotic console confirms us: we are thinking. Whether in discontinuant America or cooking for our machine, the future freezes. The wicked old limits are dead.
Cloud
(on which we whistle
while we work)

Life and Art divide between us our capacity for thought, riding through all the ceremony the News has to offer. Yodel layee hoo, yodel layee, etc. It’s a perfect world. There isn’t one answer to any of this. The ghost-written culture of America isn’t even missing. Even our skins are circular, leading into the past and not returning or into the future and never leaving.
Being the headquarters for quadrature, the head forbears

The future has died in its sleep and the piggie gone to market in increments of specular appetite. A good story. A misconstrued inverse for the sake of singularity. Writing writes. The sum of its possible states plus itself makes of it none of these. This isn’t. This will be a democracy for sleeping on in the story of the President and the pea. In the Circle of Parts the terms are what COUNT the parts. Glass trees on a contrapuntal dust farm.
Difference, according to the Three Little Pigs, is the complacency of the in-group. Statecraft for the reconstrued. We are palpably flat. Even our theory has become the theory of the fly-bottle. They who follow the fly swallow the fly. I don’t know why they follow and swallow the fly. What a difference to the world they make. Money talks. It never sleeps. It doesn’t spell a thing. If we don’t think so, the Company contrives almost to die. Then, boing, boing, into the mirror we go. It conducts us always as far as it is possible to undo a small-scale utterance with a smaller one. Reference in which there, at the end of the blossom, is first interval and then sky.
The world is the constant pull against the sides of an inexistence. In which art flies in one direction and appetite another. Its laws are blind, one-legged monsters whistling for predators. In the skull at the other ends of our difference, the most expensive parts of our difference sell. Speech buys us difference (and art) in which to be speechless. Into each inquisitory referent we bring this silent business, in the wall between the wall that brings us here where the purchase price goes. The garments of our spectral appetites blossom in the writeable instincts room. Writing appetite onto pass-through pages where our limits rage and bloom.
Now that we worship tautology, even the headless moiety tastes good. There is an explanation for everything on the flat earth. The state erects a monument. The flat earth writes a book. Names and dates for Alphaville. One pilgrim’s omnivorous recall. This is the incandescent gang Our Gang is. Tearing itself to pieces. The boundary in the nation itself. In exchange, the hand is supplanted by the equivalent it, the hand, already activates. We eat you, say the laughing moieties. A contraception of thought. Owns this thought. Nothing could be simpler. The body falls. A simple job for simple tools. The vehicle assuming its chair in the body we fall to.
The Motor Zone & Tank for Flammable Peers (circles one through five)

In Alphaville, smart bombs are humorless trolls (or poets) who never leave the words to which they’ve been assigned. Boo! and/or Boom! say the trolls and poets. Time loves us. The Constitution says so. It’s a perfect world. In which labor reconstructs images their erased makers will wander through, committing to time all that time erases. The mind lies in the badlands between desire and the terms in terms of which it contemporizes the mind. There are wolves there (in the art machine). They sing:

Listen to the roses,
listen to the war,
As the Opulants all flower
And blossom on the floor.
Circle One: Our durable aerophyte keeps an eye on the system

This is the particular. Particulars are good. One nation under the particular and the dis-eclipsed yoke with which the monsters and/or demi-monsters direct copies of themselves into the composition habits of America. Their ubiquity to time’s bad debt is in proportion to the speed at which this combinatorial Trompe de Ville says so. But in our mind’s new science, time will be as slow as elliptical thunder reciting “the rose is sick. lp loves sick roses. lp rowed the boat ashore and ate the roses.” This vocabulary of sticks & stones finalizes the confusion between truth and the Wall of Truth.
Circle Two: A rebarbative lapse

The Wall of Truth bristles with a politics that will never exist. Down, down the calendrical paint. Eating enlarges us, a language for remembering language. We write where the detritus of art separates into appetite and thought about thought, a flat earth. Nature & the Company Store. Its points define a transit, from mirrored hand to mirrored mouth. Come in and eat. This is the story of Relevance & the Pea, which we consume in the name of the Company. Nom de guerre.
Circle Three: Off to Market

Make It New was a folk tune for flat earth and speech: $1 + 1 + 1$, and so on. An idiom of converts mediating the specular terms of contingency. An erotic closeup of Le Vide in which limits detonate each term’s excess. But there is a constant which only art calls intermittent. Its dimensions are flagrant organs of omission. We omit ourselves from the world in order to give it an absence. Art omits us. The omission of the world is a cash-projective earhole for speech. Money talks.
Circle Four: Coincidence as the set
of symptomatic logs
on which the tribe
skips midstream

Tick-tock. Chasing the flock. Thinking tells us
so. Nothing else exists but the quarrelsome past
with its quarrelsome present. What a real puzzle
would do misinformation does for us. Events
clarify as we count backwards from one implant
to none, dispersing us, merging into art. Art pays
for art with implants. Art appropriates and
automates Le Vide in the camera of the food
chain. The Art Wolves hunt and propel art into
intervalic versions of them. Versions of them
preclude versions of us. The history of the world
is this insentience, by which we, the objects of
the world, drive through the world to the
Market. In terms of which these terms slip from
one mind into the appliances with which our
terms fight the war between them.
Circle Five: Art Resumes

Rock, Scissors, or Paper. The body absorbs each impediment and thinks. WE think. The world says so. When the world thinks, the Market sits astride its sawhorse as the incidental erasure of body parts in a sentence beginning with the world. They are merely titular monsters plus one constitutive flight. Variants on whatever stands between us and a matchbox projected into the body of signs, camptown horses running in order to be. Their incoherence transposes us: time for syntax, word for wheels through our punctuary wheels, the sensory buttons to want them with.
Lightning takes its repose in the vesicle of our sunshine

Our needs derive from the short history that begins here in one word and writes about it. A categorical face swinging into recessed view at the extent of the so-called tribe (or paraphrastic implants). This is the nature of truth prepared within the groundless debt its articulation of ground denies. A scrolled refusal to exist except as woods. Welcome to the woods. It’s springtime in the bunker again. We’re ready for the shelf life. Thunder out of absent sheets, in which the terms are applied. It must be true. Public art making of us a contingency. Because in our hands facts are equivalent, erotic clouds switching hands in a mind with which to exhaust them. Our inexistence rages with exemplary content.
Here we subtend the vaporous chronicle of lp

The pot is boiling. A metonymic heaven. Talk is cheap. The world speaks in language and we in erasures of it. This is a vaudevillian comic strip about the abhorence of vacuums. America periodically unifies through vacuums, the bristling terms of our reflexive politics, in which the litany fuels the mirror. A white cane of avoidance of the flat and binding objectivity of the world. People riot out of passivity, erase from need. Organs evaporate one by one, fusing into vesicles of erasure, shining in the mirror as remnants we have leased of it, nomenclature for the bedpost. The Mind says, See me.
In America, politics is a spectral campsite for flies and erasures to purloin consonants from. It is the excess that brings us here. A crowd of misspelled monsters, all named Marge. These are the inventions that count in America. A magic bullet blundering through a rhyming trough. A shadow cast in the nom de guerre. In America, it is difficult to distinguish the name from the evil, old purloined letters that run the country. Even the erasures are in code. The effort defines and clarifies (the Three Little Pigs). See how they run. See how they tesseract among the fractions and clouds. One plus one plus one.
There is a language for domination and an art to debt. The old, old sawhorse isn’t what it used to be. Our own specular intercept is the right to anonymous pride. Each cash item has its opposite to ride. Together they say what Rat Town does when it ends here. If you forget a word, there isn’t one. Each lapse makes the world flat (and flatter). It fills with an incommensurable art & hormone to keep our specificity raw. Art blossoms from pedal to law. The law blossoms. Against the law and/or speech. What it is or isn’t sustains us in the logic lesson (or lesion) for thought. Bliss hovers over thought as what animation we conspirators impute within.
Eventuation theory for bootlegged monsters lining the social body

Every year the Emperor’s New Renunciations are the loudest ever. The debris we help live between. The Finish Line is calling. The News is everywhere in this theoretical nation. We’ll never be specific again, but rotate about conventional pieces of the race in which we resume and resume. The noise, when we confuse language with blind particularity, evokes an intransitive debt laboring to reproduce itself in a Blob playing leapfrog with the terms of inexistence. The flag unfurls with all the italicizing vigor of chance. This art has no history.
The Company’s mailing list is legendary. Absence, trolls, & converts.

There are always trolls and converts. We invert them and the Company sells them. Eye for an eye. And politics for which the only dimension applies to absence. Language adds a frontier to the business of absence. Even words eat someone. A wall of truth talking backwards through the nom de guerre. Time is big business. Our extracts precede us into time as each predatory sentence fills with partial objects. America loves a parade. While the Company leaves just enough time to believe in time, where the contraception of each unmouthed addition keeps us thinking.
This incursion between the two halves of art will never be the same. It can't allow ourselves terms it won't agree among. They make of mind someone else's poison pill, into which orthodoxy time can't follow. It is what it said it said. Descriptive justice. The Great Market whirls and whirls, ready for the shelf life. The Old Plum is snoring. In America, justice describes a panoptical Wall of Truth on the road between the mall and the White House. Our vacu-directional cash obeys the frame with bruises. Such that our terms and any terms leave us where the woods say we say the woods are. Where the gas is. Where the Blob feeds on what the Plums taste like.
The Blob is sick. The Blob is tail lights. Put the wrench to the bowl and give the Blob a drink. Has anybody seen my friend Blob? So sprach the American shelf life: we spy with our little fly matter for Alphaville. This is the hobo’s voice. One cannonball under the Néant on down. What it sees is all that can be said from within the nested box each inscribes within. Gorgonophony. Dear Marge: the vehicular love objects float through an autocracy of ice and feathers, a machine into whose name we speak. The Swans were delicious, so immobile, so blatant, and cold. Present in every consonantal frontier we think.
Tonight the President is a bridge troll. Under the boardwalk. Down on the farm. A punitive life in a glass book. Money walks. S & L. We’re the surcharge fear & precision bring to bear while chasing 3 Fake Mice. Things becoming the alternations we assimilate from them. Speech attracts. Language repels, from here to its corresponding fog in the rabbit hole. Identity admires itself in the debts of the world. In these hands, power has become an addictive resumption in the sunshine of our sawmill. As we write, the organs are installed, two of them: the Blob-with, the we-without. Matter with its feathers and continuant hands in between each last hand. Instinct is pure tautology giving words their meaning and dreams the safety of pure ether to tell them in.
Welcome to the Exegetical Hotel. See how they run. See how they tesserate. The Apprentice in the Sun. America loves a parade. Run, Spot, run. A mirror held up to snow. In which our state secrets are looking for a state to compact along with our speech and/or parts. They don’t exist. They fill the shelves of an ache in the consonantal west. Just ask ourselves. The group knows, altogether reconstrued, nor anything else. Each point of view inhabits a characteristic vacuum in which the Wall of Truth has only one side, not this one. While we hear with our congenital ear. Water to read through. This is the fly-bottle, such history as our paraphrastic teeth and inverse infinite yield.
Lament for the Fallen Terms

Cartons are coming in in amorous cartons. The movers in an unmoved world on pass-through pages if the wages will. Speech appetizes everything it touches, while money puts our heads behind us. A part of the parts. Art clarifies each transaction, countering necessity with the NEED for necessity. Actor & makeup. Matter & mop. A glass wind blows through the emblematic distance between them as an economic signal that art reflects. Money is one. Art is not, the body of signs running into machines that read. This is how doubt absorbs itself, turns money into art. The terms put the wagon to the lips, where such tactful romance leaves us time for thought.
Reproductive Anthem #2
(The telestream burns
with medical pride)

Art lives up to itself as neither blank nor perfectable. The instructions come in boxes marked “Read Me,” allegories by which the present defines an American consensual habit. The perpetual motion of community both augments and forgets. The Dust Farm with three big tracks. One for the player, one for the game, and one for money that gives us a name. At the right price the details refer to art. Consuming them makes us less so, makes us matter & clone. This Circle is for the Board of Dimensions (1, 2), art wolves between the secrets and branches of the tree. Officeholding is an hysterical reaction, time as the principle for debris. Machines blossom into power, art into bliss & debris. The Chorus sings:

This little bottle fills with time,
This little bottle writes for the poison pill,
This little bottle thinks with its hatrack on,
And this little bottle runs for office
under the names of Jack & Jill.
THE EMPIRE administers each perfectable belief, absent with perspective or theoretical with need, enterprise, or phrasal counting
1. margins to
2. bad logic
3. crops and
wages, if the master pages will
4. quote appose
5. sex and steel

In this glass are hands handling each
6. cartoon carton
states totaling
7. one mind’s first aid
8. or copular
an educible climate or
9. intervalic rooting
barbells with snow.

Consuming gives us offices where each
10. room by room
11. addling
petals were, apposing
12. unmouthed
13. clone and distaff
14. shadow and flame
termed closeups each distance
15. terms:
16. head
17. or antidote
18. matter and
19. need
banks in time.

Master scissors or master rhyme
20. misspelling
21. and/or opulants
invent these
22. for these
23. frayed absence
blossom
24. all snow
behind us.

To one a one, plus
25. extant motors
26. or letters on
27. head flares
filled with
28. filled tines
29. distance fills
platforms eroding an inerodable
30. vacancy
31. fruit and
machines, or emblems
32. minus
33. every inch of ground
minus these
34. eye to eye
ends
35. all sun or
36. hormonic cloud
the rules forget to wind.
2.
These are the things we can do without. This is the door. We can do without. Open it and the things we can do without aren’t worth doing. This is the wall. It is the wall between the wall that brings us here. Behind the door we can do without. This is the world behind the door. In it, if we are free, we spend it spending the emblems of being free. The halves of it we are. It brings the circular, talking organs to market. Copies of ourselves copy themselves into the disemployed halves it frees us to do without. We wait for the door to open as it keeps us from repeating what we think and do without. We like them (with our money), the appetites the state provides for what we can do without. Machine-invasive machines from which we emerge, thinking. Nom de guerre.
Language doesn’t need to explain. It doesn’t. Which explains the domination art engenders. A tribal art between dream lips. The proof is in the terms in terms of which the tribe contracts to its terms. The pages are naked without the wages, still. This is the vanishing and sampling floor, the opulational ramp we read and write. The signs start in here, stop in there, affix us to halves for which these (bulk and labor) occasion blossoms (in the fat) which we buy. We subtract them from what erasures we will have spent them in. Omitting (into time) what (repleting us) time omits. One (has no parts). Two (govern by halves). Three divide into (what blooms and what’s going to) an inverse infinite where the fat blooms in the debris we sell ourselves for the sake of art.
Art disturbs the binary incredulity in which power fails to communicate. Power pre-empts the mind that denies it. The power art denies erases art, in a state of war. The simplest problems fill us with parts. Art is the parts we bring to the whole from the parts. It is the capitulary absence into whose alterity our parts amplify what we write. The unused meaning meaning clouds. There’s one alternative. Switch on the light. In here. It stays switched, out there. Where thinking runs into war. Its disorder applies what does to the teeming partners between us. Our parts buy the terms our parts of us have the time to buy. One is all we can see, say. Two govern there, where this document needs us to make it be us. The flat, shining blossoms in our lesions.
The village brawl is always fun. The dog in our Dogtown carries a gun. It is the congregation in which we think and eat. The fish slip past with a signatory obsolescence. The answer to the first question is the last. Our statutory exploits take us there in a fictional car through the American modular woods. All our language limbs take comfort in that. First appetite and Le Vide, then the terms of appetite and Le Vide, telling us who we empty. The order of war. Its two backs impose themselves upon art, inscribing it within excess and law. Law repairs what excess defies. The mouth is empty when it says so. The artful silence of fat. Art blossoms beneath the fat.
Nothing bears excess,
grahm among getting down to the blatancy of
language. The relation (in thought) between what
is and the erotics of what is is the story of the
emulsifiers and the sea. The rhymed body in our
speech riding the war train. The manual for the
happy job. This is the happy job. The mis-
financed heads of these discreetly headless pages
want one. One is all we can say, say. The same
one or anyone, a city of lesions. Referring to them
refers the lesions to us. When they breathe, we
breathe. We live in the state. We live on the fly
and/or what we think we think. We think the
state infantilizes power and the distance we make
within art.
There is a paranoia we mean as work. Nothing can stop it. Nothing can start it. The Finish Line is dead. Long live Meaning. Money never sleeps. Our lives live within commerce, where commerce does for us what the tribe kills to have done. A simple sentence for simple tools. A residue from being what we save these for. An enthycratic grammar for need. From it to each tabular brawl is the village brawl we write and need between. Its deviance is basic, the blossoming inverse to each unremitting organ. Their labels are acquaintances of theirs. The work gang work does with us.
Today’s exchange rate is good for art in an inverse, erasive kind of way. The Rat Life is to exchange what blossoming is to art. It’s the simple noise that connects one idea to another. Bliss and debris. Cataclastic difference on the company sea. The Rat Life has an immediacy that only our erasive approximation to art convenes. Names and dates on the watery limb we convene. A metanoia feeds the Apprentice with a gun. The company we would eat vs. the dis-electable exits our companies run. These are all technical terms for the technical hands we are in. The master pages our non-mastered lives signify by blooming under them.
Absence is a simple state.
America a simpler absence. We replicate absence with terms. Watching us consume in it, it consumes in us. Absence writes & eats. It’s the specular business in which the immaterial goes up for sale. In it, nothing is legal. Nothing is illegal. Putting something there means there is nothing there. The Market (or fictive world) is the continuous summary by which absence extrudes us into exception. Municipal orgies bristling with reflex. They are an instamatic desert and buckboard in which signs and a homeless core wander. People jump from clouds to the state’s own body. Underwritten by the hazard it starves. What the body lacks appetite provides. Which is why truth is so much mute contingency, so much property for the word to lie between.
Being in, it’s time to buy out, in the buy-in, buy-out war. Its hysteria will have been to thinking what Dogtown is to art, the costline under which we think, under which we cost. We speak in a pre-emptive silence, where the art wolves hunt & howl. They eat what we eat, a moiety of speech. In which the State’s job is to render us superfluous so that we are free (to work and eat). In this specular mayhem, our gang blossoms with facts and simple machines. It empties the circular debt our circles elide. Our steel eye and taxable lip add and subtract (expand and rip). It makes the company sell the same things to the company at the same price in the same class trade. Where the price differential finds us (them) wanting. They want. Us (we want). The price they (and people) pay.
Between each vocalic organ and the vocalic organ grinder, coincidence saves us all a lot of work. Nature is nothing if not manifestly headed here. It pits the perfect sentence against the perfect crime. An erotic inflection of hands and teeth. All our worst wolves have enough body mechanics to spare. The appetite for being here never lets us be, there. In the command habits and habitats of art. We sleep over us for free. We wear the shelves (and language ramp) to our mind’s enclitic ramp. Its icy carburetion fills each sentence with the moieties of debt. Machines that read to us our enclitic romance and art. The ramp empties empty art.
There is no group but the thought between the groups between us, thinking. Directional copies of us serve as us, for whom the misconstrued eyes and ears serve as thought. It is the empty space we make for thinking the laundering vigil by which Le Vide becomes we who think. The crisis in thought is the same thought. It is the crowd we are who convinces us we are. We write our own simple tools: lesions, logic, and fat. Our lesions begin with the company name. Whether for the signs becoming these or wanting to, the empty signs sign to us, empty us. All and nothing, money and skull, in thought. They make undeniable distance out of utterly deniable thought. Logic for the buy-in, buy-out floor. We own everything you say, say. Where there is no we. In a masocratic index we eat in the name of alterity.
At this price, thinking
should be better than this. While on behalf of
this half of what halves us, we dress each thought
in lesion. Nothing could be simpler. When
anyone speaks of thought, apart from nothing,
nothing speaks. On the buy-in, buy-out velleity
and floor. Art ends in a need art ends in a rose’s
bad door. All our adjacent tribes subtract
themselves from adjacency. Parts of them make
parts of us see ourselves being them. A lucent
body in the semblant body we would have been.
The ladders stop. Metaphor and lifelong cash that
read. We write and call that Le Vide.
There is a specular extrusion between minds, the amatory surface to each frontier nude. Money talks. Its vehicular organs are the industry that shortens that thought. The expiration dates keep us thinking, buying. Our profits write this (arbeit macht frei) beneath the periploi our profits buy. The war between versions of them and versions of us comes down to these receptacles for our continuity. Gaming partners for bliss and debris. These are the lapses our erasure fills. The airless graphemes in which a nation sells.
The state’s infantile beginnings are all there are. In them, money lends a brainsick accuracy to chance. While lp lends an erotic blatancy to whatever fact that buys. There’s a sum for the whole for which inexistence is the unquestioned intoxicant. Art ends where the terms its otherwise circular debts adumbrate exceed the debris those terms erase. A vacu-directional earhole according cost and/or platforms across what our organs say. An arterial Dogtown in the glass-filled shifters shifting the night away.
Under the controlled, controlling conditions of being here, form, when it comes, comes in uneventful eventuality. There is a paranoia which form pursues. It eats people. Some of us. The edgeless concussion of nature against nature. The implacable mechanism of a complacency we can’t outlive. In which there is a pleasure the enrollees have it in their routines to know. We put on our jobs and think. Money buys the appliances we think (and eat) with pride. Accretive cordons for art (at cost). We drill into the Other for the right to abstain. It invents us. It inclines (or buys). Speech attaches to speech, the parietal paint out of which logic and lesions climb. It reflects (with or without). It confines. It turns (all cloud), annulling air for time. It defines (defies). It is the last last door we can do without.
Art is the specular hysteria with which the world precedes us into time. If the machines don’t work, the instructions do. The vehicular food chain and cartons are all true. Appetite convenes us in the terms it empties. Un-axing excess telling us what we convene. This is the machine in which something wants something. In which power imputes more options than the machine has parts. An elliptical world measured in bloom time. All that money retains (or implies) in its addictive resumption our blossoming implies. The same language for the same other our Other buys. The distance between one organ and the next. We put nothing there, our gift to the parts, making all of them (us) such excess as our parts and inverse infinite signify. It’s a perfect night. The earth is flat. We could blossom with that.
We’ll take our vocal peripheries to bed, now.
There's money in art. When you pay for things, you get what you pay for. The big routine this rerun gets yellow, in. The master pages in our earned speech script the unearned difference in art. An outpost measuring absence in the spectral courtroom: it loves me, it loves me not. The lights come on from appetite. Our enclitic dogs exude an enclitic Dogtown in thought. Where the art wolves eat what the master pages erase and climb. The fact remains, as remains, the binding insularity of speech. The officeholding blossoms our thinking has bought.
The noise we hear when the earth stops is an argument for the public beyond all recognition. We are in that recognition. Time prints with a pilgrim’s turmoil. The idea that truth extracts us (or its) acumen from the town brawl our reasons are is difficult to compare. Our bodies are alignments amongst the effects of being there. Around the woods and over the Market (or fictive world) we go. We wake every other time and think. But the thought that any one sentence prepares us for thought is an appetitive thought. The world’s sheer inconvenience gives it a tactical power of presence. Appliances wearing our art for free.
In America, we like to have our one idea by beating another senseless. If you sleep with the enemy, it’s time to stop. But on the dream screen, our libel laws look like this: tick-tock, if it fits. Newt & Jesse, you’re both shits.
To write the apprentice
in profile,
a logic of sun & door.

A rogue nation as impossible not to be in
as to stay. The two halves of
1. a truth test
2. or
3. eyelets in
a percussive store.
Art is the parts’ second life.
What the poem doesn’t know
words can’t erase, the terms
that follow us as we become them, to,
begin to be (us)
in the office that doesn’t stop
being. Aleatory life
is tearing our gang
to pieces. The pieces
we can live with (or within).
In them we would buy
a whole new art
as from the intervals between
the secrets and branches of the brawl
forming of us a reason in us (to be)
where the inverse is true:
The Tantrist in zero
and red stones. Nothing\(^{(1)}\)
in that one and
nothing\(^{(2)}\) in me.
Utopia is an art of opacity, a circle of huts in the NO NEW WAR. Inflected, blinding objectivity pedalling
the apprentice to the sun
1. a factory
2. outside, where
3. The Mutual Traveler shines

We are as many as we want us with, a chemical
tightrope on the deciduous Exegene. In the fight
between parts our lives get parts. The short list
for the shorter store makes us want (one), a
4. blood-filled
5. signs for
each half consuming its half in halves
6. end and sleep
It makes the edible nation enclitic to the romance
thought stops (here) where reversing each term
applies to us our inversive field: An orthotic
7. interdictory
8. blossom

Ardor will leave a space behind,
a blunt carousel for speech
9. less terms
10. less sense
11. less
pellicles of need
12. or appetites
for tide in
ungauged limbs
our vesicles read
13. a skull and a skull
where

the organs of delight
take flight
in alterity
Apocalypse has been here and gone. Money talks. Nothing is but what is not. When you pay for things, you get what you pay for in the mind’s two backs. The village brawl repairs us there

1. in them
2. with us
3. appetite and need

The machines that say say

4. to us

our simple bodies

5. in them

The insertions between us. The symptoms of capital in the hopes fear leaves in us our lucent bodies climb in halves. We let the speech about them speak. In the pieces of it, we are. It goes without saying, this distillary speech in the officeholding half truth distills into the disemployed halves it frees us to do without.
Contingency is the real, if the real is to be trusted at all, the impersistent object we persist in driving into our discontinuant tribe. The mouth is strong and sacrificial. The dogs run (there) in the enclitic air that speaks us here in our vesicular sun. In it nothing eats

1. nothing
2. new or old

a simple tool with which the lesions between us compound us (of us)

3. ambulant or enthycratic printing within itself its lucent, erasive margins where the art wolves hunt & howl. The erogenous backs of them unify them

4. the last "last time"
Which is why we do not think power is the only code commensurate with power.
As to say: from word
to Gorgon. The succession is
controvertible, applies
itself to itself as not
random but the precedent
of the random. For which
there is no specular tide.
What happens in the circle is
the circle. Words catch at art,
meaning

1. platforms for
2. lapses
the penetrant
3. or Exegene
a face.
Truth has a roundabout way of reaching us here, within the debts its coition exudes. The whole fortuitous absence inverting us. In which a mind is a refusal to agree, a better secret in which to extend the artful silence of fat. We are in that lucent body. We want us with it. Parts out of place. A solecism for war. Abrading the crease between. Or blue bottles lifting both: the trumpet makes a head of phonemes, the minimum with which Dogtown becomes its dogs. Holes pierced in the terms themselves: apprentice, sun, or mole.
Money and ice run through the impercipient brawl.
The NO NEW WAR translating everything into *homo homini lupus*. Art is the one organ in which the percipience can’t be spent

1. one war between
2. two halves

an address on enclitic wheels. Not one puzzle but many with one part, a portrait with

3. through which
4. peaks
5. the trumpet’s share of
6. war or

art flies: our mole.
We have come back to
the point of
1. us against
2. what the pit wants is
what the pit is
3. & the ramps between
I will bark all night
in my dog's delight

(in a nation of bones)
The dogs
are shorn of
lysive strokes
(who make) ahead of

urgency
the fictive world
The village body begins again and then begins. Thought enters us as what thought halves within our telltale half. Each (halves) abrades an irrigatory labor

1. rats and sleep
where terms store for us our

2. vacuuming

leap. The body stores its leap. We play with two hands. The game is outside both (and neither)

3. sleep minus sleep
Ice and art.

... to write in plural
the amassable vacancy.
Art defines (defies) the whole limpid floor. They divide between themselves, exigency. This time. Take any word for it in which. We've been there. John in our place. The next last John in this.
The discourse of profit is a
dream logic the pass-through pages of power &
bliss consume in art. The storm doesn’t mean to
be rendered

1. a single
2. irreplaceably
3. matter
4. impercipient in
rags on a wheel. In a circle of wolves money lends
flatness, makes edible what otherwise is only
circular, separate.
Art will be the buying ring and the ring model (in it). Where thought presents to it its one lucent product flaw: an ungauged time to blossom minus the time to. In our nation there is nothing but an argument for the fixed and clonal present we spend in incommensurable halves of flight. An enclitic romance written on the sea

1. a hectoring
2. anecdotal
3. or crisis in separation traduced by the dogs in me.
Reverie subtracts from empire its right to be

1. (its sacrificial double)

Switching to the semblant mind our village tends,
art climbs us as we climb its simplified body. Art
speaks for itself

2. when it speaks
3. once it speaks
4. the mind is an excess

at that point where the impulse to be there

5. speaks

This is where sense and nonsense go to become
nonsense, the sufficiency purchased against its
stubborn incapacity in and through which its
blank indexing of one part by another can ever
shield language from the very readability its use
cordons us into. There is no village but the one
villagers crossing a lucent debt make be. Such
that the Republic circles its lucent circle of skin.
Where the dogs it sells within itself won’t let the
other dogs in.
A mis-dream taking impasse for art within art (or pedals to)
1 + 1 minus riddles at sea
poles in what poles consume in me.
To write is to stop within a contradiction

1. things
2. a suitcase

Nothing wants to say it is nothing. But the devolution of capacity declines us our war. The instruments are invisible there, where epigonic freedom blinds us

3. there
4. bruises or
5. tesseract

where

6. Art blossoms

beneath

7. machines of

an invariant fat
Sleep is a fever which

1. between us
details time

2. a silence
3. an open suitcase
4. a maze

There a Queen Catherine showed me what before
I had called The Master Pages, now reduced to
the rolling heads of dolls in a box.

Silence too is an infidelity our indexed figures
dress to pacify. Shifters marked
Black Bag. The bad, irregular precipice
eros can sometimes trace outside us.

It is the insularity of economy we avenge,
a beginning and then a beginning again,
the calendrical slide into NO NEW WAR.

Art lives up to this portable percipience.
An installed terrain for reflecting back to us
the acts of installation.

Social production requires
this mouldering control.
The terms retract and the sun exudes

5. incontrovertibly, a
hectoring coition.

There are long tracks in its obsolescence.
A mute affinity which passes for clear.
A state that passes in wheels, its citizens
passing it by.
Art removes
  6. from us
the domination of art we see
  7. in us
We walk against the sun
  8. nerves
in a bowl all of them are: the outcome.

The street burns in a slow carousel of dogs,
hubcaps, boards
  9. on beds
  10. a tincture of
  11. alphabet and
islands with neither heat nor thought.

Silence is an optimism, a
  12. red line
  13. capstan or
  14. art which
does not exist except as the impulse to exist
turned back upon itself. The map on a bike in a
closed suit pedalling for the sun.
Of remnants our chattels
Veiled stem for feast and twin tide
Or solving limb from foil, our senses
Ramp (and wheel)
(or specular)
Buy our contingent ride