

# ***Slay 2 Cops, Wound 2 in Bar***

## **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

*Circadium*  
Larry Price

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# CIRCADIUM

LARRY PRICE

/ubu editions  
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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.

1.

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**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 <sup>three</sup> 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 appetite 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 tessellate 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. Ip. 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. Ip loves sick roses. Ip 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 abhorrence 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 tessellate 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.

## Song of the Urloined Letter

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

1. margins to
2. bad logic

counting

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. harmonic cloud  
 the rules forget to wind.

2.

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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 capitulatory 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,  
grammar 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. Catadraulic 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.

3.

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# 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<sup>(1)</sup>  
in that one and  
nothing<sup>(2)</sup> 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  
lysis 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. tesserate

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

