

currents

andrew topel & jim leftwich

yy our tthe is m ffrizzes mmy ssneeze ((pp lease xx out tt he pph leg m)).. ffool ing ffoli age ((pp light aa"ight?)) ff ledge llag,, lileg ee leg y oo mega ooil ((cco in ggi"me))?? hhem eegg ffirm ee go hhog wwo men bbait -- bbut wwait -- bbe lay mm eat y eease aant hhe ttry hh air y hhefty h hen ry's cch air.. een try,, ttry ttry"s aart ggr eat ee ar th eera ffur mme mm in d iis nnot r rig ht bbut hh ow led ssoloed bbowling oowl bbubbling iin tthe bb one [[bbizzy,, ffrom bb one tthugs "n hh arm ony]].. ss toned ffrom hhome sshovel ssc hem ing.. the prism frazzles my sleeves. peas redoubt telephone eggs, spools follicle wage, light flechette jet lag agile eels? omelette oily coconut dreams gleaming firmament, seeps frogs mentation waits. gated communes chairman penury & artery, grease the ant to snare the thief, hunting bares the ear muff, dissonant as knots at night.

howls the buttered dime, however, school bled blubber in busy telephones. the army is an oily rug and a scheme of stones. ccrisp sskipped pprism rivals tthe iivy lleague ((bbeagle iitch,, sscratch (((bbloods && ccrips,, (((sskip tthe roy rrodgers,, ggangsta wwannabe"s)))) nnip iit..))) && ssniff..)) rr.b.i.. {{rreal bbuttery iincision}} iis hhis ffrivolous ffoamy ssleep... wwwriteoff ((rratify tthe ffool)) nnudges ggone fflatless nnoodles ooutlast aatlas bbeing iidle wwild ddew ((ffreud wwith tthe iid wwig)), wwedding ccold tto ssalt.. wwage hhut sslag bbell hhelium ((ffeel hhell)) tea ssoil mmole wwhen tthe ssnow tties tthe ttic ddown iin rrio.. nnever llet tthe wweather wwet tthe aagent wwhe ccares,, ookay?? prep cusp unravels the ivory wig. beach eagle splotch and wood, snips skeet theoretical lodgers, angels of the angular analysis. nor pit and sheriff ribs pearl beauties in isolation, history is violence, voiced loam and leap. written at or if the loafing smudges flat nor noodles outcast axis, beats mild eyes few flew, with the wind ink wedge to fold the salt. sage cut slugs well free lithium healing teeth, scroll toil whenever nouns, the sickly eyes drown in the feverish river. their letters either wet or argent, caress the layered hologram. aam ggrrrr,, hholl ow ""yyou"re rred,, "" rrest ccar ggente tten tears h he ir tto ggeraldo rrivera,, ((vver if ied)) ffried rr ice ff is h ffer vent nnever even?? dd on,, rr on,, ttaffy aaffidav it //ddavid hhassehoff ,, ""ooff tt he hhizzle ff or sshizzle,, mmy nnizzle.."" rrow yyes llic king iin iit lli me.. tt able.. hh is aaxe ssack.. ii ssays "em,, mmy ppri son.. tto bbreak oout iis tto lileak..

ss peak ((pike"s)) bblue ssh out wwho rr is en?? wwwhy sstem pp resident cc rack ff acts tt his cc lark gg able,, gg one aa round tthe bb end,, tti me ss pin kkicked mmessy.. oow hhe iif iice iis vvvent oon oon iit ooff hhe oor kking mme aable sson ppeak oout iin rresident rrack aacts hhis llark oone round eend... gambol fallow retread usurious cartel invests. compartmental cars carnal often forgotten gently mental ears airs to gerund verity, eyed if quiver ever lies, free rice spent fishy offers ever eaten drone roan nifty affix, avid hassock golf. spoof the drizzling forks. sizzle rote nickles slicker eyes, literary litmus spin. fables his axis stacked in statements myth misprision. beaks doubt speaks lease. pie lute shut horizon. why systemic presidential crack heads actual flak jackets barking rabble? grown aground again and blend. time spits the ticklish mist. cow if rice spoons advent, spoon golfing heroic sickens meme, fabulous seasoned beaks pout in residence. iraq at fact. his barking moons astound distend. to end you must begin, to begin you must know where to start, to know where to start you must understand, to understand you must learn, to learn you must be taught, to be taught you must listen, to listen you must be able to hear, to be able to hear you must have music, to have music you must have sound, to have sound you must have horses, ones whose hooves* make a sound like thunder though you've never heard it before. (*to hoof it, i.e. dance) to have horses you must have hay, to have hay you must have lightning, for hay cannot taste like the first day of the earth unless there is some sort of spark to light up its heart.

to have lightning you must have sky, to have sky you must have lucy, for there she is, in the sky with diamonds. to have lucy you need charlie brown, to need charlie brown is to misunderstand, for need is only that which cannot be drawn. r.d. laing, politics of experience: from an ideal vantage point on the ground, a formation of planes may be observed in the air. one plane may be out of formation. but the whole formation may be off course. the plane that is out of formation may be abnormal, bad or mad, from the point of view of the formation. but the formation itself may be bad or mad from the point of view of the ideal observer. the plane that is out of formation may also be more or less off course than the formation itself is. the out of formation criterion is the clinical positivist criterion. the off course criterion is the

ontological. one needs to make two judgements along these different parameters. in particular, it is of fundamental importance not to confuse the person who may be out of formation by telling him he is off course if he is not. it is of fundamental importance not to make the positivist mistake of assuming that, because a group are in formation, this means they are necessarily on course. this is the gadarene swine fallacy. swine from pig, i.e cop. cop killer by ice t, i.e. o.g. i.e. original gangster. the origin of the gang came not from adam, for he was one. r.d. laing says nothing about this. how then does one explain the gang's desire to 'stay down with the hood, cuz' and to 'lay these dogs on a mutha fu**er?' the fallacy here then lies not with the swine but with mr. laing himself, whose experience in politics is perhaps not quite what it needs to be. in conclusion, the homeboy should run with a gang. wine from fig, hip hop from bop, off kilter by rice tie foggy eye inguinal lobster. the margin of the fang comes from the acorn, forked heat washington once reading languished, plays not the hinge of historical doubt. howling thin dusts, once extrapolated from fangs raining fire, deep tooth stained with the frown of blood.

custard and layered toll booth thesis, the foggy algebra of futile weather, in the fallen ace why heresy, thin with knotted eyes, buttered pith and pistol slang. a hymn to any self is an experimental peril. politics is a crap shoot, a sleight of knots in the bleeding purse. at hat to be or not it, at home in our contusion, shroud buoy ruin, pith & bang.

Ludwig Wittgenstein

Language games:

- Giving orders, and obeying them
- Describing the appearance of an object, or giving it measurements
- Constructing an object from a description (a drawing)
- Reporting an event
- Forming and testing a hypothesis
- Presenting the results of an experiment in tables and diagrams
- Making up a story; and reading it
- Play-acting
- Singing catches
- Guessing riddles
- Making a joke; telling it
- Solving a problem in practical arithmetic
- Translating from one language into another
- Asking, thanking, cursing, greeting, praying

surely any serious languageographer knows language cannot be a game. no one ever says, 'let's play language.' but to play with language, this too is a disease that has held our mold in contempt for some time now. we cannot pass go and collect \$200. we cannot go fish.

we cannot be the next contestant on the price is right. now pricing games, those are fun. what follows is a recently compiled list by none other than charles boal the III. he states in his 2006 guide for the frivolous shopper:

- act like your praying, the bananas will make a joke of it
- translate a thank you and make up a hypothesis. test this hypothesis using coupons
- construct a reading and guess it
- catch a song and in practical language play its form

surwarwarely any swarerious languagwareagraphwarer knows languagware cannot bware a gamware. no onware warewwarer says, 'lwaret's play languagware.' but to play with languagware, this too is a diswareasware that has hwareld our mold in contwarempt for somware timware now. wware cannot pass go and collwarect \$200. wware cannot go fish. wware cannot bware thware nwarext contwarestant on thware pricware is right. now pricing gamwares, thosware arware fun. what follows is a rwarecwarently compilwared list by nonware othwarer than charlwares boal thware III. hware statwares in his 2006 guidware for thware frivolous shoppwarer:

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Ludwwarig Wwarittgenstewarin

Language games:

- Gwarivwaring orders, and obeywaring them
- Descrwaribwaring the appearance of an object, or gwarivwaring warit measurements
- Constructwaring an object from a descrwariptwarion (a drawwaring)
- Reportwaring an event
- Formwaring and testwaring a hypotheswaris
- Presentwaring the results of an experwariment warin tables and dwariagrams
- Makwaring up a story; and readwaring warit
- Play-actwaring
- Swaringwaring catches
- Guesswaring rwariddles
- Makwaring a joke; tellwaring warit
- Solvwaring a problem warin practwarical arwarithmetwaric
- Translatwaring from one language warinto another
- Askwaring, thankwaring, curswaring, greetwaring, praywaring

translatwaring. defined by john cese at 11pm on a saturday night, when the crickets were at war with the dark. mr. cese writes: translatwaring: a lateral transformation in the way we wear our slacks. if it were not for the fabric revolt of latvia in the early 1970's, war as we know it would be defined by fashion. soldiers would by no means move to strike and leave no trace, but would rather proudly stand up and waltz down a runway, where they used to fly the b-52 bombers, and sashay as they showed off the sleek and elegant design of an m-60, a weapon so succinctly in tune with fall colors that we couldn't help but be bombed. out of style? get your war today. trqunslqutwquring. defined by juuhn cese qut 11pm uun qu squturdqy night, when the crickets were qut wqur with the dqurk. mr. cese writes: trqunslqutwquring: qu lquterqul trqunsfuurmqutiun in the wqy we wequr uur slqucks. if it were nuut fuur the fqubric revuult uuf lqutviqu in the equrly 1970's, wqur qus we knuuw it wuuuld be defined by fqushiuun. suuldiers wuuuld by nuu mequns muuve tuu strike qund lequve nuu trquce, but wuuuld rquther pruuudly stqund up qund wqultz duuwn qu runwqy, where they used tuu fly the b-52 buumbers, qund squshqy qus they shuuwed uuff the sleek qund elegqunt design uuf qun m-60, qu wequpuun suu succinctly in tune with fqull cuuluurs thqut we cuuuld'n help but be buumbed. uuuu uuf style? get yuuur wqur tuudqy. (Jerome Rothenberg: Sounds only. No meaning, they say, in the words, or no meaning you can get at by translation into-other-words; & yet it functions; the meaning contained then in how it's made to function. So here the key is in the spell & in the belief behind the spell. or in a whole system of beliefs, in magic, in the power of sound & breath & ritual to move an object towards ends determined by the poet-magus.)

where the text goes is spelled out in itself, simply follow it (self). to be out peeking around corners when your keys function as a sound shows the magic in an object which keys us into the corner of a word, where the dinge has too long turned to myths of when one attempts to control it (self) and the (self's) magic no longer believes in the object, which is exactly my meaning. the poet-magus then much match-sticks, posed to strike at a forest of language that actually means to burn us, as such the tongue described as a wild fire, a weapon that can inflict as much damage as the aforementioned m-60. sticks and stones may break your bones but words will hurtle you into your own breath, where there are sounds only, and the air is all white, and surely you cannot mean to escape by attempting to control the text (the black weight that enslaves our meaning). each day henceforth we shall awake to irony (iron shackles) then, or how we've (meaning they) defined irony outside of the ritual, for i am using words to tell you that words have no use.

wherein the text ghost spillage slippage clout ear tint inner self
 implies tubular elf spit
 sleek snout crown adjourned wind
 our eyes as if at junction snow swords abound in ash
 wherein the hinge tooth clash
 detuned moths wherein tones temptress
 conic toil from shelf to shelf

the wand agile aphid nose wrangler
leaf beef in the abject witch, which extract is my beat
(you can't copy/write no beat, said chuck d)
the poet magnet avalanche goose magic bus thus
when mulch hatch wicker prose, tool
stripes loop at forks arrested language
just a little spoon of your precious mutual fact beans
tooth burning musk as such
the tongue is a scribbled lyre
peas weep upon the hats
flock of inner relict such much art damage clash

ggot rr ash uuse rrelish,, llock && bb age l ss pin ner hhush yyour hheart.. ffleas ssweep uup,,
yyou ssc rambled lliar hhung jjohn wwilkes bbooth tturning mmusket,, mmust gget aa bbrittle ttune
tt rip iinterlope dd or k iinvested ccult wwatch ss tick yyour nnose kknow iit sstagnent gg rave l
ttwelve gguage,, sshotty,, ((often ssawed ooff ffor aa sspraying eeffect,, used ffor ddrive--bys))
bb ear iin mmind ttoast ppillage ((hhomage oof ppot rroast)) tto mmecca sspeck aa vvisage cc loud
ssuplied mminiature wwhealth rrobot nneck rroundabout llawn ddetourned ttour eend,, aagain
cclock ((fflavor fflav)) tthinner mmarshmellows oozone ((yyou ddon"t tthink ii"m aa bbrother,,
ccheck mmy cchromosomes (((cchuck dd)))) ppe ace bbeep ddelec table mmag got sst ash..

rotting fuse clash english clocks
simpering down the barrel of the ampersand
lust plunk our lush hut art

leaps seeping cups we climb
the so-called eggs ailanthus tongue

gambit jointly wallets toothsome tuning
kettle dusk and muskrat
nettle dust and fiddles toner bet

ripe cork ingested antelope
flicker splotch cut rose
stalagmite gnosis gravid zawn & karst

valve gaggle shortly softened seaweed
spooof florid aspic prance

fletch bushels formal hive of eyes
blear tamarind ghost village
rummage postal host to mocha wreck

assuage the supple shroud
breathe root minimal fleck
abound raw detour blend within

chin gland see-thru claw ground (zero)
heckle mini-boots freeze
wowed chuckle duh sausage

neck cocoa coast guard garbage
pill itch geese vagabond fear
surprise five (jackson) normal full shells etched

prince aspirin livid puff
knee freed coffin sport bruce lee bagel half

knitting use eyelash bangel stocked
whimper clown arrow armpit
must be skunk tour busted that hurt

bbert && eernie,, hhernia ggurney
cchurn,, yyogurt ggirl ggenie sspout

heroic sounds raw seep thursday landmines grin, knees
bees money loots freckled cows, average sauce per red
buckle. on the barge of the garbled gourd, post local &
dill wreckage, ears near unbound wagon grease, each
switch pitched wretched fetch. hell is full of normal sonic
hive jettison surmise. cuff livers aspersion since calf bugle
lean and spruce. snorts golf in the fine green knead, socks
angel flash in the eye, ruse splitter unarmed pits, nor shirt
rusted funk at hat. sour beans lust tournament asema,
clout serenity twirl your guts return.

s ca tter bat talion b ridal po lice gat her
fat her doll ars in ten d tan gible m o nth
ran cid l amp cow ard can cer h arm ful
h air face s warm b on net res cue
res pond fire w or m p ant es sent ial

in te rest l and gl or y b lock er pr oven
cre ate frag rance cos met ic h at
hot test mi nut es flow glad n ice
at hat, at lion, at ridden politics lather.
herd fate hollow intentional tangent, frangible
mouth and spider, camper circuitous lard. their
army of dancers full of air and lace, their war
sonnet cute and restless. fire music swarming
panther hand. sense cosmic fragments flux.

a
b at
cat tle
b as ted
be gan
arm or
a trophy
alli an ce
art ery
cr at or
all
be rag e
cr in ge de man d
eleph ant fr am e
g rip h on ey ig nor ant
j am k now l at hargic
men tal n ever

os prey
pre ten sion
quip
rat her
s top

at cat little basquiat tied gain beach swarm or
trope aphid glance alliance, at very art or rat
crate gall, stage beryl crimp grin mandible, nor
phantom ellipsis famine, ant man bee ichor igloo,
in the key of ripe honed garlic, later nouns cameo
fever, talus meant spray of ostrich, the suns intent
equipped herbal tar, post at.

aat'ta wway tto lleave "eem ssoppy,, && ffor ddinner?? yyess,, ssloppy jjoe"s wwith biscuit..
qquit tthe tten sion,, ((mmention ssenate hhearings oof 11978 tto sset "em sstraight))..

wwait tto rrip mmoney//\$\$ffunny hhow ttalent sscout ddoubts tthe ccontract,, \$\$11, 000,649..

ccarnivore eeatin" ss"mores,, llickin" ppicked off aat ((@@)) kkentucky ffried cchicken..

((sstick "em sstraight iin tthe ggut(((mmud iin tthe hhuddle)))).. rrebutal ttribunal ((333))..

ddial tthe llion ((tryin")) ffor ((4)) nno iill lllicense tto kkill ((doubledouble07,, i.e. 0007 mmovie))

rrent iit gget aaction--packed eequal && ooposite rreaction ((uu - d (((wwhere aa iis nnot = tto ii))) + 3((((6<uu)))) &&
ssolve ffor YY)..

ttry jjell--o,, ((sscared??)) yyellow--bellied!!

neo at.

away too.

leaf seme opera.

fork hand dimmer verses.

eyes loop woe.

business cut with quiet.

hut scansion immerse sensorium.

hears soft tattoo settles wait.

weight too ripe honey to draw a bunny.

howling talons pout their shouts.

cataracts & hurricanes omnivorous beats & semaphore.

chickens roost our packaged spent.

tickles strait of hormuz, guns

budding in the muddle.

rebus boots digital funeral.

dandelion sky forks novel incense.

will rubble rabble eye moving recent guts.

facts packaging sequel oppositions.

facticity wherein blood as is is knotted teeth.

kkn it yy our ssoup,, tt ha t'll bbe bbl on de ll end hh in ge aa hh and,, r rat her ddim oor hhoooligan sspools tt
he ccruel ddude hhis ffood ggoofy pp ro of tt he rro of sshould bbe tt rim med,, ssimmer hhens && pp or k ffor
king llago on oor sspo on mmy kkn if e ffor dd in ner ww in tt he ccr in ge ss pin ning iin aa vvent tt rip pp it
y ll it tle lleague ggrea se ccheesy ppotato ((ppotatoe(((wwith ee))), aal ggore).. ssnore cc hop hhopp in g cc lip
mmy ssweep ffeet nnet tin g bbet"cha tten ((10)).. knot skit and brood blood, therein since brittle chore. before leg glue
winter fork-spoof lathers our ladders sour letters later latter, rather dime bagatelle thief king thief sponge breeze cheers
shopping chattel. what floor drools the roof? long ago pink spittle potato suit, lip club bloody dahlia, sprouts the shrouded
beat. soon advent in potage adverbial toenail myth, read em space and weep, fleet binge jewel medical brim. the knives
invent ripe purity, needles net glare historical summer chord. knot chore our bagatelle shipping sprouts ago, adverbial
fleet ripe chord. skit before ladders and thief, chattel pink toenail needles the binge. brood glue letters king wheat thief
potato beat. read medical net blood winter, therein later sponge. floor lip soon space the historical battle lathers. dime

breeze drools the dahlia, rather cheers long postage sleep. advent invents history in knives.

you convince you history you wrong you peel apart you admit you shatter you sneeze your eyes your feet you swing you
dead you life you yogurt you go get your shotgun you shoot you plead you lied you bleed you flag you cry your freedom
you don't know your ancestor spoke of your signals you ignore you taste you like your mother you forget you knew you
wanted you have you uncertain your future you dream you get to you pass you hunt you watch your mind you mend you
make you take you destroy your men you war your peace you leave you now you then you when you open your closed
mouths you yell you break you call your shot you hit you love your thoughts you imprison you / we since sense our story
her story your bong my wheel as part of the apartment we admire our shutters shuddering youth our knees our thighs
your beats my wings the dead life is a fortress in the gut our slot and spun to boot we knead your eyes like unread
weddings flog sly our freedom to barbecue the flag. convince sneeze your freedom taste. uncertain wrath-watch your
closed mentation war like thoughts in a poison glove. space beats adverbial toenails medicinal brim. your glue ladders
purity shrouded roof. potato red glare, sponge bursting in air, a thief ago shopping pink weeps. since sense we admire
your wings the eyes evince. not your brood glue history, but the buttoned feet of your ancestors, bleeding flags and
deadly signs of war. we convince we sneeze we shotgun. we taste like uncertain peace.

 p
 p p p
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 p ppp p
 p p p p p
 p p p p p
 p p p p

'i saw it in my dreams, but it dissolved when i awoke.'

have another dream...

in 1967, Martin Luther King Jr. said:

A true revolution of values will soon cause us to question the fairness and justice of many of our past and present policies. On the one hand, we are called to play the Good Samaritan on life's roadside, but that will be only an initial act. One day, we must come to see that the whole Jericho road must be transformed, so that men and women will not be constantly beaten and robbed as they make their journey on life's highway.

True compassion is more than flinging a coin to a beggar; it is not haphazard and superficial. It comes to see that an edifice which produces beggars needs restructuring. A true revolution of values will soon look uneasily on the glaring contrast of poverty and wealth.

With righteous indignation, it will look across the seas and see individual capitalists of the West investing huge sums of money in Asia, Africa and South America, only to take the profits out with no concern for the social betterment of the countries, and say: "This is not just." It will look at our alliance with the landed gentry of Latin America and say: "This is not just." The Western arrogance of feeling that it has everything to teach others and nothing to learn from them is not just.

A true revolution of values will lay hands on the world order and say of war: "This way of settling differences is not just." This business of burning human beings with napalm, of filling our nation's homes with orphans and widows, of injecting poisonous drugs of hate into veins of people normally humane, of sending men home from dark and bloody battlefields physically handicapped and psychologically deranged, cannot be reconciled with wisdom, justice and love. A nation that continues year after year to spend more money on military defense than on programs of social uplift is approaching spiritual death.

fur skur en fitty millun yers igo, thi donosurs rowmd thi urth. thay ownd menny lan en cee en rool ofer thi whul ert. bud den en krater kame en deestruy dem, boom, nu mur. bu wate, wee haf fossles, prooff dey wuz hoo dey sid dey wuz. n lo n behole, wee adop en nashun indivizble en rool bye un unner thi son.

for sure in nifty mileage your igloo
thigh donor slurs roe
mud the truth earth clay-bone
penny landing landlord sealant roof

coffin hoof the whale yurt
buds dendrite ink or ritual camel
in deer strudel democracy
blooms new murmur
buffalo waiter weeds half fascile
roof prey wizard hood
eye side ewe dozen daze
knoll longer bees whole
week adopted pens
enthusiasm invisible blinks
endure ruby young under ear
inner the this sun

sun makee warmee, warmee sound like army, army have like soldiers, soldiers die like many, many sold their blankee (to the indian, blankee have small pox, here again, indians die like many), blankee be opposite of full, full of bullets be what a dead soldier be, be is a noun because i say it's so, so is what determines what a man reaps. if a man has reaped death, than he must have sown death. death is not the same as earth, though they share similiar letters. letters are what we write to loved ones, loved ones are cherished in the heart, the heart is made of molten dreams and glass, because i say it is. is isn't *that*, but *that* is.

monk sunny warmly melee
warm mealy round like swarming
swarming haven like moldy deer

storming heaven under tie-dyed
mainly money mold and zany
cold hair folded leaking banks

(tooth-theory, independent & angular indigo)
box smelt haven yankee knees
heretical grainy intentions dial like money

bunk lank kneaded beans
posits oppositional opossum (posit & deposit)
fuel mull of ballast beets

wheat shred boulder beaks.
berth breath is a causal spoon
and a portrait of iris clert.

soap hissing hat dialectics, mineral at hat, that
heaped at man as steep gift aspic mantle
man has sheep, so such much both deaths breath.

death his knot the some as dearth.
earth glass though because they say.
share similar lanterns latter longitude in lettuce.

let us say then that the pattern splatter cake batter (would it matter?), that is to say that the hare is lacking in longitude. dude, many moons ago you rude red crud is dust i busted them, meaty knee to spleen eye keen like racoon, daniel boone soon shown that soup is group therapy apparantly. rant the grant is chanting lantern past noon the saloon closed, hose down the ground to grow clowns in town they said it weren't big enough for the two of us. bus fussing to miss this hissing sound around two or three we flee to kentucky. must we? glee and my free bee wheel a drill until the bill comes, done cloned the moan with al capone. one or two blue caps map panama enema animal mammal babble table cradle gravel savvy save my cave pavement hint glitter spit little mitten kite writes it thin jenny craig approves.

all of this is oily spillage dripping off my tongue.

let crud lantern hissing one
or sound past dust say
busted then noon around the caps
approves that blue them saloon
two map pattern meaty closed panama
splatter knee to hose kentucky
enema cake spleen ground mammal
matter racoon clowns babble eye
spleen glee and cradle hare

(Beuys' performance was no doubt narcissistic, but it was also idealistic and despairing -- full of self-doubt as well as self-assertion. It was emotionally and sensuously rich and subtle. His shaven head anointed with honey and crowned with gold leaf, and cradling a dead hare in his arms, Beuys walked from painting to painting, touching each with the hare's paw. He then sat in a chair and explained his works to the hare "because I do not like to explain them to people." Art is meaningless to society -- except, perhaps, as an especially entertaining spectacle, that is, an unusually novel performance -- however instinctively meaningful. Indeed, it is more meaningful to a dead hare than to living people. Beuys could achieve greater intimacy with a dead hare -- an unconscious animal -- than with conscious people. Art was a shamanistic activity for Beuys -- a way of awakening people to such existential inevitabilities as death and suffering, especially the suffering of not being understood and respected. Society's way of dealing with such "organic" truths -- truths inherent to the process of human life -- was of crucial importance to him. If it did not seriously acknowledge existential truths -- and for Beuys, who began his career making religious art, art was the religion in and through which society could acknowledge, contain and accept them -- it had a disintegrative effect on our sense of self. If it helped us to recognize them, and set aside a special space in which they could be contemplated, it made the annihilative emotions they induced less terrifying -- more tolerable -- if not less painful. - Donald Kuspit)

let busted approves two splatter
enema matter spleen crud sound
then that map knee cake racoon
glee lantern past noon blue
meaty to ground clowns cradle
hissing dust caps closed babble
hare here are ere her hare

Main Entry: **hare** 🗣️

Pronunciation: 'her

Function: *noun*

Inflected Form(s): *plural hare or hares*

Etymology: Middle English, from Old English *hara*; akin to Old High German *haso* hare, Sanskrit *sasa*, Old English *hasu* gray

: any of various swift long-eared lagomorph mammals (family Leporidae and especially genus *Lepus*) that are usually solitary or sometimes live in pairs and have the young open-eyed and furred at birth -- compare [RABBIT](#) 1a

- from Merriam-Webster Online Dictionary

Do you know that Aesop's Fables have been around since 620 B.C.! How many millions of children (us included) have enjoyed hearing them and learning from them for centuries! Now you can enjoy, listen and discuss one of the most famous of this fables with 21st Century technology at its best! Here is a wonderful contemporary adaptation by Tom Lynch - [The Tortoise and the Hare](#) - click on the tortoise and enjoy!

- <http://www.first-school.ws/activities/onlinestory/animals/fableturtle.htm>

Bugs Bunny

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

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Bugs Bunny is a [fictional](#) street-smart [anthropomorphic gray rabbit](#) who appears in the *[Looney Tunes](#)* and *[Merrie Melodies](#)* series of [animated films](#) produced by [Warner Bros.](#), and is one of the most recognizable characters, real or imaginary, in the world. According to his [biography](#), he was "born" in 1940 in [Brooklyn, New York](#) and the product of many fathers: [Ben "Bugs" Hardaway](#) (who created a prototypical version of the character called [Happy Rabbit](#) in 1938's "[Porky's Hare Hunt](#)"), [Bob Clampett](#), [Tex Avery](#) (who developed Bugs' definitive personality in 1940), [Robert McKimson](#) (created the definitive Bugs Bunny character design), [Chuck Jones](#), and [Friz Freleng](#). According to [Mel Blanc](#), his original [voice actor](#), his accent is an equal blend of someone from [the Bronx](#) and someone from [Brooklyn](#).

as for function infected etymology
as for any of the young do you know them for contemporary nouns
as for forms middle various open swift-eyed centuries
as for english lagomorph furred dictionary
as for fables enjoy akin to mammals
as for compare since 620 B.C. and discuss the tortoise
as for sanskrit especially children of this tortoise
as for solitary included 21st century fableturtle

|||||||

dot johhny cash spanish cloak
wimp drown the bar of the arm pit
must punk your hash but heart

sleeps beeping drops we limb
the snow balled legs alian thus wrong

gamble join bullets handsome burning
little tusk and fake that
net must and brittle loner bones

grip stork regress cantelope
snicker watch but nose
wag might knows is gravel sewn & first

halve giggle hotly often crease speed
roof flouride aspirin dance

watch crush format live of spies
tear them mind host spillage
tummy coastal roast to make check

sausage the simple cloud

[Looney Tunes](#)
Bugs Bunny



Bugs Bunny, as seen in the *[Looney Tunes](#)* short "[Rabbit Transit](#)."

First appearance	A Wild Hare 1940
Created by	Tex Avery
Voiced by	Mel Blanc (1940 until his death in 1989) Jeff Bergman Dee Baker (<i>Tiny Toon Adventures</i>) Billy West (<i>Space Jam</i>) Joe Alaskey (<i>Looney Tunes: Back in Action</i>)
Background Information	
Aliases	"The Wabbit"
Rivals	Elmer Fudd , Yosemite Sam , Marvin the Martian , Tasmanian Devil , Daffy Duck , Witch Hazel , Rocky and Mugsy , Wile E. Coyote , Count Blood Count , Cecil Turtle , Pete Puma , The Crusher , Giovanni Jones , Porky Pig .

wreath boot spinal deck
 round jaw tour bland again

thin land bee crew coleslaw bound (hero)
 check thin boots grease
 bowed huck fin my message

hack no no coat aardvark cab bag
 spill stitch cheese vacant pond ear
 supper hive (back soon) north mall pull sheets matched

once aspiring vivid stuff
 free speed often contort nice me badge craft

sitting us cry smash strangle picked
 dumpster low sparrow army kit
 dust be stink four ghost hat insert

cconvert && eenergy,, nnamia jjourney
 bburn,, yyou gget ppearls mmeaning lloud

||||||| ||||||||| |||||||||

i think we have a tendency sometimes
 a lot of us a lot of the time
 to edit our lives in unnecessary ways
 as if you can't be a serious poet
 if you enjoy X and the mekons
 or maybe it's if you are a serious poet
 then you're supposed to think things like
 20 - 25 year old rock videos are simply irrelevant
 like connecting X to poetry somehow
 diminishes poetry
 obviously i guess i think adding X to the mix
 just helps to flesh out the context
 our writing comes from our lives
 the next ACT will emerge from everything
 that has come before it
 we can state that as a theory of intertextuality
 and earn bonus points at the postmodern poets club
 but state it as a matter of experiential personal history
 and somehow it's automatically discredited
 that's a crock
 an elitist academic crock
 that kind of thinking diminishes poetry
 quarantines it in an elitist ghetto
 creates the aura of an exclusive club
 produces a false sense of scarcity
 and functions as if by design
 to produce indifferent and/or hostile reactions
 among those (roughly 99% of the human species)
 who aren't members of the club
 we need to mix poetry, visual writing, experimental

Catchphrases "Eh... what's up, doc?"
 "Of course you realize, *this*
 means war."
 "I *knew* I should have taken that
 left toin at Albuquerque."
 "Ain't I a stinker?"
 "What a maroon."
 "He don't know me vevy well,
 do he?"
 "What's cookin doc?"

prose, whatever we do as writers, call it by as many names as we can think of, we need to mix it with all these other cultural activities - mix it contextually, which is simply a matter of paying attention, and being accurate and honest about where the poetry comes from - i don't mean mix it as intermedia, or anything like that, though that will almost certainly happen - i just mean let it loose in the cultural landscape, be done with the notion of special status, let it mingle with all the other messy and noisy stuff in circulation as cultural currency - and, as cultural currency, a set of intimate and intense experiences integrated into the lives of many millions of people

i've proposed this kind of thinking before, maybe not this explicitly to you, and i've been met with a kind of patronizing amusement (which amounts to dismissal, maybe a kinder and gentler dismissal, but the effect is the same) - "yes, dreaming child, we understand, but you really are talking about apples and oranges here"...

maybe so. but if so, all i'm saying is let's make this farmer's market reflect a little more of what's actually going on... maybe i'm talking about avocados and oranges, apples and zucchini...

Hair (1979)

This movie, based on cult Broadway musical of the '60ties, tells a story about Claude, young man from Oklahoma who comes to New York City. There he strikes up a friendship with the group of hippies, led by Berger, and falls in love with Sheila, girl from the rich family. However, their happiness is short because Claude must go to Vietnam war.

Summary written by [Dragan Antulov {dragan.antulov@altbbs.fido.hr}](mailto:dragan.antulov@altbbs.fido.hr)

For more than 30 years, Hair Club has been a trusted solution for hundreds of thousands of men and women with thinning hair and hair loss. Hair Club is the world's leading provider of all proven hair loss solutions, including: state-of-the-art, non-surgical hair replacement; the gold standard in hair transplantation; and, hair therapy programs that incorporate FDA-approved hair re-growth agents.

Many companies today on TV and the Internet claim they can re-grow hair with miracle cures, or focus only on one product or solution and are biased. Hair Club is not about one product, one shampoo, or a miracle cure - Hair Club is about all proven hair loss solutions - backed by a guarantee of satisfaction.

Hair Club has more than 90 locations in North America. All of our hair loss centers are staffed with expert consultants and world-class hair stylists who will help tailor a hair loss solution based on your individual needs and expectations. We're customer focused. We listen. We take the time to get it right.

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hair today, gone tomorrow. go on wit' your bad self. bad hair day. when harry met sally. harry carey:

Biography for

Harry Carey

Birth name

Henry DeWitt Carey II

Height

6' (1.83 m)

Mini biography

Born in New York City to a Judge of Special Sessions who was also president of a sewing machine company. Grew up on City Island, New York. Attended Hamilton Military Academy and turned down an appointment to West Point to attend New York University where his law school classmates included future New York City mayor James J. Walker. After a boating accident which led to pneumonia, Carey wrote a play while recuperating and toured the country in it for three years, earning a great deal of money, all of which evaporated after his next play was a failure. In 1911, his friend [Henry B. Walthall](#) introduced him to director [D.W. Griffith](#), for whom Carey was to make many films. Carey married twice, the second time to actress Olive Fuller Golden (aka [Olive Carey](#), who introduced him to future director [John Ford](#). Carey influenced Universal Studios head [Carl Laemmle](#) to use Ford as a director, and a partnership was born that lasted until a rift in the friendship in 1921. During this time, Carey grew into one of the most popular Western stars of the early motion picture, occasionally writing and directing films as well. In the Thirties he moved slowly into character roles and was nominated for an Oscar for one of them, the President of the Senate in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* (1939). He worked once more with Ford, in *The Prisoner of Shark Island* (1936), and appeared once with his son, [Harry Carey Jr.](#), in *Howard Hawks Red River* (1948). He died after a protracted bout with emphysema and cancer. Ford dedicated his remake *3 Godfathers* (1948) "To Harry Carey - Bright Star Of The Early Western Sky."

IMDb mini-biography by

Jim Beaver <jumblejim@prodigy.net>

about 30,500,000 - the google search results when hare is typed in.

as for the word "Hare" (pronounced huh-ray), it's a call to Krishna's divine energy. Just as the sun shines forth to us through its energies like heat and light, the Supreme reveals Himself through His multitude of energies. If the Supreme is the source of everything, then whatever we see--and even what we don't see-- belongs to the energy of the Supreme. Now we're trying to exploit that energy, but the more we try the more entangled we get and the more complex our life becomes. But when we place ourselves in harmony with Krishna and Krishna's energy, we return to our natural, pure state of consciousness. This is what we call "Krishna consciousness."

Krishna consciousness is not something imposed on the mind. On the contrary, it's already inside of each of us, waiting to come out, like fire in a match. Chanting Hare Krishna brings out that natural, pure state of mind.

The chant is called a mantra, a vibration of sound that cleanses the mind, freeing it from anxiety and illusion. And this is a mantra anyone can chant. It's for people of all religions, all nations, all colors, and both sexes. No need to pay any fees, join any group, or turn your life upside down. Whoever you are, whatever you do, you can try the chanting for yourself and experience its result.

Krishna and His energy are fully present in the sound of the mantra, so even if we don't know the language or intellectually understand how it works, by coming in touch with Krishna we'll become happy, and our life will become sublime.

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare

Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

- <http://www.harekrishna.com/>

as for the supreme belongs now we're harmony consciousness
 as for brings the chant is people of all you do
 as for energy touch with word reveals
 as for energy to exploit something natural called a mantra
 as for nations chanting fully present happy
 as for a call to multitude of the more
 as for return imposed pure vibration
 as for sound and both sexes experience the sound
 as for sound our life divine is the source entangled
 as for consciousness it's already mind and experience

expect direct contact, black like black we seek soap the mop was roach,, approach coach about the
 game plan,, man.. dan rather either oor we still snore snort the coke oor two out of three prefer
 pepsi,, especially ggilispie,, dizzy,, who was busy breaking musical ground around 11940 get shorty aa
 escort to court the bulls, twice three--time repeat nba champions.. mansion & streets of gold we fold
 the fooled into the shoulder could we muster mustard with ketchup chimpanzee cans?? expend
 depends on pension hitching pitch fork snorkel cackle rebel bib nibble dribble fib baby cradle waddle
 puddle mud cruddy duty fruit riot right rig wig--wam alabama mm'am momma shop cripple rib rival
 livid beaver sneezing crease peace thesis justice busted crusty hasty lazy crazy maze phaser washer
 poser loser cruise booze ooze ozone chromosome some dumb thumb crumb whim what hat fat crate
 spatial relate paint want font can't ant hand wand dawn spawn lawn law ppa pass mess no less..

stress

u	defense							
s	e	gladiator						
p	a	e						
e	t	m	exhaust		b			
c	heard	e	e		o			
trick	o	m	a		m	moth		
n	o	b	meteor		beard	o		
i	mood	e	e		a	u		
g	r	rich	s		y	t	hip	
h	i	e	tooth		l	heart	e	
testimony	peddles	l		o	i	r	n	
e	t	pterodactyl		t	g	u	c	
a	o	i		s	h	t	i	
r	proof	g		a	tomorrow	hard		

light

nesting	o	h	u		e	e	r
n	r	tip	c		task	e	yes
a	g		elongated			p	

o

tangle	east						
jazz	molecules			d		predator	
o	t			e		a	
n	u			p	form	t	
e	d	frozen		e	e	i	
cause	demonic	i	i	n	s	o	
l	r	o	g	dark	s	n	
estrogen	knight	a	u	h	i	a	a

o i d hollow skeleton t l g lift
 w m l h e m o entropy a
 h i e i p a m a l
 e destitute drank t t r e r l
 r n i endzone u epistle t donut sway
 egg t l n e o t
 n r longitudinal e voiced retreat d u
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 m n a a i a y guess
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 h evil d tunneling r
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 mast gold a e mice o o
 a u k a e s flow
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 u mop t e a r i
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 ephah

expect doors around tools. cracks emergent ripples breeze,
 lawn into the drizzle. we seek two out of court the buzzard
 tweezers cucumber clamber nests. knob pinions cannery
 suit. peace signifier trestle usurps cricket sleight of monetized
 fear. wrestlers bangle slant. fence east hurried module.
 ripe muddle poetics roof, some ghost yeast in the radiator,
 emits time and beach birch beech each beach. territorial
 fractal slippage. sauce steam either/and sooth. cloth along
 bearded gates. light yellows bask marrow sloth (art of
 rutabaga harp pear). neither entelechy nor hipster eyes plight
 over easy and under cooked, gleans angular at rest in dreams.

expect into doors the around drizzle tools. we cracks seek
 emergent two out of ripples court. the buzzard cannery suit.
 tweezers peace cucumber signifier clamber trestle nests.
 usurps knob cricket pinions sleight module of monetized
 wrestlers. bangle poetics beach, slant roof birch, fence some
 beech, east ghost each hurried yeast beach. radiator territorial
 along art of eyes plight dreams.

w n s e m
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 t e harpoon e n fudge
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 dimensions h i c e k

r n o rtret t a sway ge
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 rtr jkjk light r i c o t o
 v i l l o kin ene rgy glue gh
 a d i t m li
 rtr jkjk light r i c o t sway iar o
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HAD KNEEL TIGHT HAD KETTLE NIGH HAD TIGHTEN ELK HAD EIGHT
 HAD LENGTH KITE HAD KEG HEN TILT HAD KEG THEN LIT HA
 HAD KEG LET HINT HAD KEG LET THIN HAD KEG TEN HILT
 HAD LEG THEN KIT HAD LEG THE KNIT HAD LEG KE
 HAD LEG NET KITH HAND GET THE ILK HA
 DANK THEE LIGHT DANK EIGHTH LET
 DANK LEG THE HIT DANK GEL THE HIT DA
 LAD THEE KNIGHT LAD EIGHTH KENT LAD HEIGHT
 LAD KEG EH NTH IT LAD KEG HE NTH TI LAD KEG HE NTH IT
 LAD KEG TENTH HI LAD KEG THE HINT LAD KEG THE THIN LA
 LAD GET EH THINK LAD GET HE THINK LAD GET HEN KITH LAD EH KEN
 LAND KEG THE HIT LAND GET EH KITH LAND GET HE KITH AND KETTLE
 AND LEG THE KITH AND GEL THE KITH AND GELT EH KITH AN
 AND HE ELK TIGHT TAD HEEL KNIGHT TAD KNEEL THIGH TA
 TAD LEG EH THINK TAD LEG HE THINK TAD LEG HEN KITH TAD GEL EH
 TAD GEL HEN KITH TAD GLEN EH KITH TAD GLEN HE KITH TA
 TAD EH KEN LIGHT TAD HE ELK NIGHT TAD HE ELK THING TAD HE KEN
 TAD ELK EN THIGH TAD ELK TEN HIGH GATE HELD THINK HE
 AT LED EH KNIGHT AT LED HE KNIGHT AT LED KEN THIGH
 AT END ELK THIGH AT DEN ELK THIGH AT DENT ELK HIGH AT
 AT KID LENGTH HE TAT HELD EH KING TAT HELD HE KING TAT LED KE

bank bid felt eh ban squid salt
 layered bent sigh layers the night ledge
 edge in the knit lake knit teeth knit
 angels their kitsch and meld welded
 their kites bled elk tangled eh in kites
 in site tangled he teeth tame fold leg lit
 ant lit ant and ants lit light leg lute
 and thigh lit kites in situ and held the
 gilded leg kit hold the folded gold he
 thinks in held in gold in legs been bent
 beans kin he thinks like hikes lean and
 field wig king castle eh at lead then gold
 thin gold goals then high as a knight
 led end game walk elk wilt milk at blend
 fend milk mend folk find mote at kind the
 kind in kind he vat what held eh sing

blank layered edge in angels.
 their sight and sky lit gilded thinks.
 and beans wig then golden milk.
 fiend kind in felt bent knit knives.
 lake and bled he ants he elk in like.
 tangled eh in wilt mote sing.

tangled bank fed belt. layers
 squint eh lake ah elk he kites.

fold lute the gold he bent.
 fold eh in teeth.

mouths our sounds resound, hours
 bleed breath and deepen, eat
 the naked light.

Jason Gross: What do you do to prepare your music for performance?

Cecil Taylor: Well, I love to practice, simply because that's preparation, part of the process of planning... There's nothing "free" about

any of this; it's the construction of cantilevers and inclined pylons. I'm a great fan of Santiago Calatrava, the Spanish structural engineer.

If you look at the plans for many of his constructions, they look like animals, or plants.

Jason Gross: These are buildings that he's designed?

Cecil Taylor: Bridges. He's done other things, railroad stations... Because you see, we're dealing with space. And if you look at a bridge,

you cannot ignore the spacial, rhythmic connotations, particularly when you look at cable-stay box girder bridges, and to me the most

outstanding proponent of the cable-stay box girder bridge is Calatrava.

tandem | tandem bicycle | tandem trailer | tandoor | tandoori | Taney, Roger Brooke | tang1 | tang2 | Tang | tanga | Tanganyika | Lake Tanganyika | Tange, Kenzo | tangelo | tangency | tangent | tangential | tangent line | tangent plane | tangerine | tangible | Tangier | tangle1 | tangle2 | tangled | tango | tangoreceptor | tangram | Tangshan | Tanguy, Yves | tanh | Tanimbar Islands | Tanis | tanist | tank | tanka1 | tanka2 | Tanka | tankage | tankard | tank destroyer | tanked | tanker | tank farm | tank suit | tank top | tank town | tank trailer | tannate | tanner1 | tanner2 | tannery | tannic | tannic acid | tanniferous | tannin | tanning | tanning bed | tan oak | Tanoan | tanrec | tan rot | tansy | Tanta | tantalic | tantalite | tantalize | tantalum | Tantalus | tantamount | tantara | tantivy | tantra | tantrum | Tantung | Tanzania | tanzanite | Tao | Taoism | Taormina | Taos1 | Taos | tap1 | tap2 | tapa1 | tapa2 | Tapajós | tapas | tap dance | tape | tape cartridge | tape deck | tape drive | tape grass | tapeline | tape measure | tapénade | taper | tape-record | tape recorder | tape recording | tapestry | tapetum | tapeworm | taphonomy | tap house | tapioca | tapir | tapis | tap-off | Tappan Zee | tapper | tappet | tapping | tappit-hen | taproom | taproot | taps | tapster | tap water | taqueria | tar1 | tar2 | Tara | taradiddle | Tarahumara | taramasalata | tarantella | tarantism | Taranto | tarantula | Tarascan | Tarawa | tar baby | Tarbell, Ida Minerva | tarboosh | tar camphor | tardigrade | tardive | tardive dyskinesia | tardy | tare1 | tare2 | targe | target | targetable | target date | target language | Targum | Tar Heel | tariff | Tarim He | Tarim Pendi | Tarkenton, Francis Asbury | Tarkington, (Newton) Booth | tarlatan | tarmac | tarmacadam | tarn | Tarn | tarnal | tarnation | tarnish | Tarnów | taro | tarok | tarot | tarp | tarpaper | tarpaulin | tar pit | tarpon | Tarquinii | tarradiddle | tarragon | Tarragona | Tarrasa | tarriance | Tar River | tarry1 | tarry2 | Tarrytown | tarsal | tarsal gland | tarsal plate | tarsier | tarsometatarsus | tarsus | Tarsus | tart1 | tart2 | tartan1 | tartan2 | tartar | Tartar | tartar emetic | tartareous | tartare steak | tartaric | tartaric acid | tartarize | tartarous | tartar sauce | Tartarus | Tartary | tartine | Tartini, Giuseppe | tartish1 | tartish2 | tartlet | tartrate | tartrated | Tartu | tartuffe | tarty | tarweed | TAS | Tas. | Taser | Tashkent | task | taskbar | task force | taskmaster | taskmistress | Tasman, Abel Janszoon | Tasmania | Tasmanian devil | Tasmanian wolf | Tasman Sea | tasse | tassel | Tasso, Torquato | taste | taste bud | tasteful | tasteless | tastemaker | taster | tasty | tat1 | tat2 | TAT | Tatabánya | tatami | Tatar | Tatarstan | Tatar Strait | Tatary | Tate, (John Orley) Allen | Tate, Nahum | tater | Tatra Mountains | tatter1 | tatter2 | tatterdemalion | tattered | tattersall | tatting | tattle | tattler | tattletale | tattletale gray | tatty | Tatum, Arthur | Tatum, Edward Lawrie | Tatung | tau | Taubaté | tau cross | taught | tau neutrino | taunt1 | taunt2 | Taunton | Taunus Mountains | taupe | Taurean | taurine1 | taurine2 | taurocholic acid | Taurus | Taurus Mountains | Tausug | taut | tauten | tauto- | tautog | tautologize | tautology | tautomerism | tautonym | tav | tavern | taverna | Taverner, John | taw1 | taw2 | taw3 | tawdry | tawny | tawny owl | taws | tax | tax- | taxa | taxable | taxation | Taxco | tax-deductible | tax-deferred | taxeme | taxes | tax evasion | tax-exempt | tax-free | taxi | taxi- | taxicab | taxi dancer | taxidermy | taximeter | taximetrics | taxing | taxis | -taxis | taxi squad | taxi stand | taxiway | taxman | taxo- | Taxol | taxon | taxonomic | taxonomy | taxpayer | tax return | tax shelter | -taxy | Tay | Taygeta | Taylor | Taylor, Cecil

koan tantamount mineral. cape tapering cap.

horse trap transhumant. tarmac variant taurus.

creed bask castle. ocean axis squid.

taunt blush targets. apron acidic basket.

manic budding hatter. taut mesmerizing dawn.

jazz fluid rip nighttime rider of doom with music clashing red dragon-pocked sky burning fields of blue diamond hewn brittle spitting firecracker musings dreamt i lived writing prophecy sealed in wall of jericho crashing skull walking down gravity-less corridors seeking snow tongue cradle of dawn mecca soul wanderer astrological signs of blood lopping half-light heart seeking hooded stranger oracle eyeless singing angel leper banished liar prison thinking in velvet indigo animal fangs bitten relic of poison cave-drawer chanting huntress seasonal world ripper smoke bomb armor repellent codes and steam missiles hark back extinct one thousand stars fading black hole eating galaxy wars harpoon laden fever rattling teeth knocking on gates of pearl reverse black feels landmine eagles feasting cup of gold carpenter ark-built chains vanishing trickster air launched jazz

fluid ripe writing of relict stars
ridden to riddance sealed in blood

music of cave-light eaten karst
clash skulls seeking spoken hunts

seize & seas seasonal world of words
snare launched dawn stranger snipe

embattled speech teeth truth to terror
no error cradled in what each is

druid clip fighting the dialogue
hidden in repentance mealy flood

musing of pain striking mars
elastic mule reeking of broken haunt

seizures reason old order of swords
repair haunched wander hang stripe

battle teaching each ruthless mirror
nor here rattled in that teaching

ridden clash of fluid music
seize & snare embattled error

no druid hidden in musing elastic
seizures repair battle nor writing

riddance to cave of skulls & seas
dawn speech in cradled repentance

flood of broken order wanders
mirror teaching musing music
false exhumes breeching nearer
glands border spoken blood

this sentence disabled screech pawn
these and those concave riddles

meeting our brittle paradigm size
contrast fusing dim lit androids only

hour of battalion rains cease

everything comes out of what precedes and/or surrounds it
comes out of what it's in
lineage & context
no matter how much we work against these things

think about dada, perhaps the most affirmative movement
of the twentieth century, as we look back on it, still it's
often contextualized as a spasm of negativity.
affirmation of solutions can be seen as negativity towards
the problems being addressed.

breaking language down, from the word through the
syllable to the letter, is a pure form of deconstruction
(as derrida originally defined it) - simultaneous de-struction
and con-struction (struere, to build; de- from; con- with).
the same is true of notes - or, more precisely, sounds -
in music, as related to conventional notions of chords
and melodies.

the new always extends some of the old, and it also
always displaces some of the old. context is a delicate
web. the hazards of free improvisation are recklessness
and irresponsibility. there will be some damage and
some rubble, that's just part of the process (and i think
we should embrace it - as a necessary component of
the affirmative process), but we need to be careful
with and attentive to the things we work against. loss
is loss, no matter what we like or dislike - none of us
can honestly say we like the experience of loss." - jim leftwich in an e-mail to andrew topel

this is where we begin to unravel language
r o n e e i b o i a
i l u r e r b l r a s
c t i g w egenesis n real t
kimono o yoddle o l i s a i i n
s p nerves l false t d s get
r r t a o nt e offend t i
e e l g ran fear em
e today e k an c r o o
nigger red ni thumb knee g lis ede
e i rag o i ot hard e c
rs belonging a tt n d te jack ef
men t i f
a t a t i o l never e e n
happy m o redeem earth i e dims
pin a b l n a o el v pontoon u i
r e lineage bb me e eck- p p m
s again drank e teeth rock t l
punch

tomorrow everyone in Zurich will be talking about it. Dada comes from the dictionary. it is terribly simple. In French it means "hobby horse." In German it means "good-bye," "Get off my back," "Be seeing you sometime." In Romanian: "Yes, indeed, you are right, that's it. But of course, yes, definitely, right." And so forth.

An international word. Just a word, and the word a movement. Very easy to understand. Quite terribly simple. To make of it an artistic tendency must mean that one is anticipating complications. Dada psychology, dada Germany cum indigestion and fog paroxysm, dada literature, dada bourgeoisie, and yourselves, honored poets, who are always writing with words but never writing the word itself, who are always writing around the actual point. Dada world war without end, dada revolution without beginning, dada, you friends and also-poets, esteemed sirs, manufacturers, and evangelists. Dada Tzara, dada Huelsenbeck, dada m'dada, dada m'dada dada mhm, dada dere dada, dada Hue, dada Tza.

How does one achieve eternal bliss? By saying dada. How does one become famous? By saying dada. With a noble gesture and delicate propriety. Till one goes crazy. Till one loses consciousness. How can one get rid of everything that smack of journalism, worms, everything nice and right, blinkered, moralistic, europeanized, enervated? By saying dada. Dada is the world soul, dada is the pawnshop. Dada is the world's best lily-milk soap. Dada Mr. Rubiner, dada Mr. Korrodi. Dada Mr. Anastasius Lilienstein.

In plain language: the hospitality of the Swiss is something to be profoundly appreciated. And in questions of aesthetics the key is quality.

I shall be reading poems that are meant to dispense with conventional language, no less, and to have done with it. Dada Johann Fuschgang Goethe, Dada Stendhal. Dada Dalai Lama, Buddha, Bible and Nietzsche. Dada m'dada. Dada mhm dada da. It's a question of connections, and of loosening them up a bit to start with. I don't want words that other people have invented. All the words are other people's inventions. I want my own stuff, my own rhythm, and vowels and consonants too, matching the rhythm and all my own. If this pulsation is seven yards long, I want words for it that are seven yards long. Mr. Schulz's words are only two and a half centimeters long.

It will serve to show how articulated language comes into being. I let the vowels fool around. I let the vowels quite simply occur, as a cat miaows... Words emerge, shoulders of words, legs, arms, hands of words. Au, oi, uh. One shouldn't let too many words out. A line of poetry is a chance to get rid of all the filth that clings to this accursed language, as if put there by stockbrokers' hands, hands worn smooth by coins. I want the word where it ends and begins. Dada is the heart of words.

Each thing has its word, but the word has become a thing by itself. Why shouldn't I find it? Why can't a tree be called Pluplusch, and Pluplubasch when it has been raining? The word, the word, the word outside your domain, your stuffiness, this laughable impotence, your stupendous smugness, outside all the parrotry of your self-evident limitedness. The word, gentlement, is a public concern of the first importance.

NERPO

nearwi erwo wer ;a ;kr ;ar ;awkrwk!
yruaweur uaw uaewrgh wrewauyriawr!
nrewrweru weur weyru weyrweiy wiapwerh!
aueywur awebjfe-wajreyg!
aewruiy uiewayiury rewrweui eriw!
ame, wrnewakue wairo-weuire wurioweu!
aerwje waekrue woairu wei rhwe werokjer welh!
naeir wrnewniewr rwor wor wor wrwior!
naeryg erwyg wowerh wkia ararwkeo!
rwer qerq niew-eiup aq wirw olkeworwq!
ewru waoar owrjweor puq rekrwejhr kweaqur!
oer nimere pon wrow rowkerow awormweew!

"Ayler's ideas seem to start with a rejection of all pre-set terms, in melody, harmony and rhythm alike and on all these tracks, after toying with a few paraphrases of his brief, simple, rather folksy themes he plunges off with his colleagues into a pretty well uncharted area of total improvisation where everything, chord sequences, bar lines and melodic continuity, goes out the window in this quest for what I suppose is as well described in Ayler's terms "spiritual unity" as any others.

It's a difficult and complex thing to attempt, and Ayler seems to care nothing for trying to make it immediately pretty either. He has a hard, strange tone and amazing speed on his instrument, though here again orthodox techniques are rejected in favour of a rather blurred, inexact articulation and pitch. Phrases relate to each other only against the background of the overall construction of the piece, in other words over the length of the track in the combined work of all three men." —Jack Cooke reviewing Spiritual Unity, September 1965

aam american guerrilla ggrrrr,, hhol ow hologram" — "you're rred,, ""unread rrest ccar
czar ggente tten ttears indelible h he ir ineligible tto ggeraldo rrivera,,
(vver if ied illegible)) ffried rr ice, brown rice, ff is h ffer vent efferent nnever eeven
nervous?? drone dd on,, rant right rr on,, ttaffy taffeta tiffany aaffidav it //ddavid &
dirk hhassehoff ,, "golf "ooff tt he drizzling hhizzle ff or sshizzle steaks and fizzle
fuzzy nipples,, mmy nnizzle and/or nozzle.. "" row boat yyes eyes llic king illicit iin iit
lli me.. fables of the lit rat tt able.. hh is ahistorical aaxe ssack socks.. ii ssays
"em,, many such much mmy ppi son.. their poison.. tto bbreak cloout iis ttoool leak..

ss peak pink seeks ((pike"s)) bblue shoes ssh out wwho rr is en??
wwhy sstem dreams pp resident cc rack systemic ff acts tt his
babblerr cc lark gg able darkly,, gg one aa round tthe ground
beef bb ll end,, tti me ss pins lime spits kkicked splits mmessy
spilt.. how coows hhe iif iice gift iis his vvent soon advent adverbial
spoon?? biit ooff hhe moor than kking mime aable fabulous seasons
sson ppeak snoout iin rresident rrack iraq quacks aacts hhis barking
llark presides no one around the beend??

language can be a lot of things. one thing it can be is sound.
sometimes i want to just work with that set of possibilities.
written language can be a variety of visual art. sometimes
i want to work with that potential in mind. often i want to
combine these, and work with the visuality of written language
to enhance its expression as sound.

someone once asked the poet david bromige about the critical
reception for his work. he said, "either they like it, or they need
more time." the fact that so much poetry is so readily available
on the web will make it a whole lot easier for more folks to learn
to like it.

imagine a language where there were no 'e.' none. gone like the dodo bird of yesteryear, though still singing in a blurry
realm of colorless life. imagin a languag whr thr wr no '.' non. gon lik th dodo bird of ystryar, though still singing in a
blurry ralm of colorlss lif. let's say its neck has snapped. It's say its nck has snappd. would we mourn, sing, dream,
forget? would w mourn, sing, dram, forgt? the needs of 'we' as a collective energize our very essence, and to end the life
of a letter would be an epistle covered in blood. th nds of 'w' as a collectiv nrgiz our vry ssnc, and to nd th lif of a ltr
would b an pistl covrd in blood. farewell to the meat and bones, then. farwll to th mat and bons, thn.

if i g t any of this right, i think th r spons is to say
som of us ar not much int r st d in astounding.
i'mworking on som probl ms in languag ,
coming at itfrom traditions in po try, and i would lik
for oth rs towork in similar ar as - if ind d i would lik
anythingfrom oth rs, r ad rs b ing difficult to imagin
mostof th tim . oth r writ rs - yours lf p rhaps includ d
-ar working in similar ar as alr ady. som tim s th s writ rs
ar r ad rs. non of this is n w. languag and

mind are intimately tangled. make language do unusual, unexpected things and mind just might be able to tag along. computers can duplicate the surface appearances of the results in language, but it's the mind in the making that makes it matter. i speak only for myself on this, but i don't work in a vacuum.

free improvisation is like free verse in several ways perhaps most importantly in that neither are free. t.s. Eliot said no such thing as free verse and Cecil Taylor says nothing free about it. everything comes out of what precedes and/or surrounds it comes out of what it's in line with & context no matter how much we work against these things

think about dada, perhaps the most affirmative movement of the twentieth century, as we look back on it, still it's often contextualized as a spasm of negativity. affirmation of solutions can be seen as negativity towards the problems being addressed.

breaking language down, from the word through the syllable to the letter, is a pure form of deconstruction (as deconstruction originally defined it) - simultaneous deconstruction and construction (structure, to build; de - from; con- with). the same is true of notes - or, more precisely, sounds - in music, as related to conventional notions of chords and melodies.

there will always extend some of the old, and it also always displaces some of the old. context is a delicate web. the hazards of free improvisation are recklessness and irresponsibility. there will be some damage and some rubble, that's just part of the process (and i think we should embrace it - as a necessary component of the affirmative process), but we need to be careful with and attentive to the things we work against. loss is loss, no matter what we like or dislike - none of us can honestly say we like the experience of loss.

i'm happy just to be involved. there more we do this, and the more of us there are doing it, the easier it will become to lucidate and theorize the territory of the visual poem. in current practice, not to mention historical context, only a tiny portion of the poetry written is explicitly visual poetry. more is being written now than ever i think, but there is still relatively very little. so in a sense we are all learning what we're doing while we're doing it - which really isn't a bad thing at all for those of us who are doing it, though it may seem a bit untidy from the outside looking in. there's a feeling of exploration and play about it. this is a good time to be doing this kind of work. 15 years ago almost nobody was publishing visual poetry. now there's a sizable mountain of it accumulating on the web. 15 years from now our

grandchildr n will b abl to mak it on th ir c ll phon s.
mayb 15 months from now. w 'r in a good spot. w
may as w ll njoy ours lv s.

|||||

1.

ggoat trr ash mouse rrelish,, flock && bb aggage l oosse pin ner ve ppush our art..
ffleetts ssweet cuup,, we sscatt rambled bbriar lung joint milks both burning mmuskrat,,
mmustard eggret aas riddle tturns tt rip antelope dd oors of perception iinverted bbatch
ss tick le our rose is a rose kknow liit statements rave twirled language,, short & hot,,
((ooften lawyers golf ffor aa sspraying eeffect,, abused by ddrive-in-movies)) bbare ear
iin mmind ttoast post-structuralist ppillage ((hhomage oof magus ghost)) turmeric sspeckled
at vvisage cc loud pied pliers mminimal stealth rrobot nnaked around ddoubtful dawns
ddetourned toruists bbleend,, aagain cclocks ((labor of law)) then or now mmarshmellows
oozone ooze ((we ddon't tthink ii"m a brother,, ccheck mmy cchromosomes (((cchuck dd))))))
ppe ace bbeep one nnation ddelec table mmag got bbrain ssaint clash

2.

kkn ot our ssoup,, succotash bubbles on demand.
will blend hh in ge
at hh and,, r rat her than ddimmer moons
hhooligan sspoils tt he ccruel
shoes hhistorical ffloods golfing spoofs pp rofessors
at tt he rroots of sshould.
bbe etts rim mead,, ssimmer thhen && pp or k
fried rice ffor a king. long
ago on some distant shoore sspoken soon mmy
spoon & kkn if e, forked forth
ffor dd in ner with tt he cure and the cramps.
ss pin ning iin aadvvent
tt ripping happily ll it tle muddled lleague of
language ggre as e. breeze
tomato ((hippopotamus (((wwith eel))), ale ggore))
ssnore spore scores,
clump & clop, hhopp in g cc lip mmy chimney
ssweep fret fleet nursing.

3.

let us lettuce say then at that when the hen the pattern splatter attic bittern
cake batter cucumber buttered (would it matter?), that is at to say as hats
at that, the there and then hand hare is his lacking slack in longitude. longing

dude prude rude boy, many manly moons ago you crude rude oil unread and
read red ruddy crud is dust his eye i busted bluster then and them, meet meaty
knees meek to spleen splint eye keen lint like racoon flint, daniel loon boone

soon goon shown that sown soup is loop his group this therapy apt apparantly.
rant the planted grant is grunt chanting lantern pattern past noon the splatter
the cake saloon soon closed, hose down the rose is a nose is a pose ground to

grow round clowns glow in town renowned they said it went unpaid weren't big
swig care a fig enough for the fork tooth two of us thus take the bus. fussing to
his miss this hissing sound abounds around two ingrown or three weeks we flee

to kentucky in a truck. must we rust weeds week? glee and gleam my dreams
free beans bee beats wheel bats at drill until trill the dome bill comes, done
drones cloned the lone moan bone with al capone. all cap one or two blue jay

caps snap map snip panama snipe enema anima ottawa animal malleable
mammal babble fabulous table toddle cradle grovel gravel savvy gavel save my
crave pavement pint litter split brittle mitten kitten kite writes it thin approves.

4.

blot sour coup succor rash diamonds bauble
hat hut and rat purr shimmer on a dime

moot boolean boils the gruel

toes or aphid fingers roofing peppers vat
boots shroud bullet meadows rim

5.

at play, tto lleave seem soap & eye., & knives & fforks for ddinner??
unless yyess., soap loop jokes pith biscuit.. bit qqute tthe pensive ttension.,
(honorable mmention insentient senate earrings of 1066 to set em straight)..
want to wwait tto rrip mmoney ripe waiters, honey//\$\$ffunny hhowls talon
scouts doubts tthe contents context., \$1006.49.. carnival beat moralities
ccarnivore eeatin" sardines,, llickin" ppicked off aat pickles flat ((@@))
kkentucky fiat ffried tires cchicken fat.. ((sick 'em straight iin tthe ccrooked
gut (((floods mud iin tthe mmuttered huddle)))).. rebar percussive rrebutal
tribal performance ((1993).. dial the llion on the ddole ((fly tryin")) ffor
score and ((4)) nno iill will llicense tto thrill kkill ((doubletrouble07., i.e. 1907
silent mmovie lambs)) spent liit grit faaction, parked sequel && apposite reunion
((fu - dub (((where hat is knot = to eye))) + 33 (((6)))) && ssolve ffor why)..
try jell-o biafra,, ((scar read)) mellow belief belied.

6.

all of this is boiled spinach slipping off my keyboard.

||||||||||||||||

Remember that:

1. Dedication to poetry is generally a vow of poverty. Scant reward comes in money or reputation. As in other arts, a more decent living is to be found on the periphery — in teaching, commentating on and/or performing poetry.
2. Poetry is a calling, not a career, and only adolescents strut around as wannabe poets.
3. Despite exhortation, hype and extensive funding, poetry is no longer the queen of the arts. It has minority status — worthy, but not courted by publishers or the media.
4. The rewards of poetry are those of a skilled craftsman in a difficult medium, one that gives great opportunities, and enormous pleasure when the work succeeds.
5. Poetry is still the workshop of language, and things can be explored in poetry that escape prose. Indeed, for all the current difficulties, poetry has the most innovative, exciting and significant of today's writing. To contribute here is to join a select community, and to enter into a kinship with the serious writers of the past.

1. Poetry may well be the art of the unsayable. A good poem lies somewhere beyond mere words: it is the intangible, an exultation in things vaguely apprehended, something which emerges out of its own form, and which cannot exist without that form. Any poem that can be completely understood or paraphrased is not a poem, therefore, but simply versified or emotive prose (though not the worse for that).

2. Poems are an act of discovery, and require immense effort — to write and to be understood. The argument against popular amateur poetry is not that it uses out-of-date forms (there is no authority here, and art is always a mixture of elements coming in and going out of fashion) but that popular poetry finds its conceptions too readily. Contrary to contemporary dogma, poetry doesn't have to be challenging, but it does have to explore the nature and geography of the human condition.

3. A poem is something unique to its author, but is also created in the common currency of its period: style, preoccupations, shared beliefs. You may therefore grow out of the habit of writing Elizabethan sonnets, if indeed you ever write them, not by colleagues telling you that the style is passé but by understanding the limits of that Elizabethan world. You will probably write yourself through many enthusiasms and styles. And because your experience of the world will be shaped by your literary efforts, your conceptions of poetry will change as you develop a voice commensurate with your vision.

4. Poems are not created by recipe, or by pouring content into a currently acceptable mould. Shape and content interact, in the final product and throughout the creation process, so that the poems will be continually asking what you are writing and why. The answers you give yourself will be illustrating your conceptions of poetry. Once again, those conceptions will develop, eventually to include experiences more viscerally part of you, since poems are not a painless juggling with words.

5. Many poets have theorized on the nature of their craft. Their aphorisms are very quotable, and often provide entry into new realms of thought, but they should be used with caution. Artists are notoriously partisan, and rarely paint the whole picture. To understand their pronouncements, you need first to love their work, be steeped in its vision, and then to measure their pronouncements against the larger conception of art that other work provides.

1. Vocabularies not only reflect interests and fashions, but must be broadly effective in a contemporary setting. That is the argument against poeticisms and out-of-date words like *thee*, *'tis*, *maiden*.

2. Words never possess wholly transparent meanings, but in the more affective poetry their latent associations, multiple meanings, textural suggestions and rhythmic power are naturally given freer rein.

3. The touchstone is always the intended audience. "Word too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpose of a poet," said Johnson, and that observation remains true, as much for traditionalists writing inside a poetic tradition as for others trying to kindle poetry out of naked experience.

4. Place your poems alongside others in magazines or anthologies in which you'd like to be included. If they don't fit, one reason may be your word choice.

5. Perform your poems in workshops and readings. Pay attention to the reception and to comments afterwards.

6. If in doubt, err on the side of everyday usage, even if it means spoiling the odd line.

1. Choose your subject matter carefully. It must be something you feel passionately about. You cannot convey its depth and relevance unless you believe in these things yourself.

2. Win your audience over by bearing their likely response in mind. Read back the work to yourself, and then to imaginary members of your audience. Put yourself in their shoes. Get the tone right, the choice of words, the structure of the piece. Poems must communicate.

3. Have timetables, but don't be afraid to follow hunches and new directions. Poems develop as their internal structure

directs.

4. Distill the essence of your piece. Reformulate. Find its centre of gravity, what you are really trying to do.
5. Engage in a continuous dialogue with your productions. Imagine them being read by others, perhaps people contemptuous of your work. Do they survive?
6. Redraft for attack and freshness.
7. Vary the routine. Take breaks. Type or word-process to give the piece distance. Note the reaction when you revisit a piece a few weeks later, and hold on to that reaction.

- from <http://www.poetrymagic.co.uk/>

core!
 thunder!
 defender!
 crisp gland!
 key hole pretend miss!
 mask eyes than net fouls!
 mole lowly toughen bass ketchup!
 loose usage baking flower crow burn!
 wind pillow toupee water shed confuse!?
 an inch of spinach slip kafka an oil bath his mall was closed marshmellow hello leave it in the belly?
 silly raw cleaver jello starch nosy bus tall apt control mafia clap clinches ten?
 hens lynch flapper often rolled apartment law fuse noise jelly weeve ill?
 mable sleeved belly gross mush wall part dent sold soften?
 coffin cold repent art stall mushroom rust feebly?
 needy crust hush soon hall apart descent?
 these in raport all buffalo usher ruse?
 confuse washer enough yellow tin?
 when below tough waste muse?
 mouse asked cough lower?
 slowly often basket?
 chastise ten owls?
 bowl bend is?
 this end?
 tender?
 under?
 door?
 or?

syntax

- a. The study of the rules whereby words or other elements of sentence structure are combined to form grammatical sentences.
- b. A publication, such as a book, that presents such rules.
- c. The pattern of formation of sentences or phrases in a language.
- d. Such a pattern in a particular sentence or discourse

semiotics

The theory and study of signs and symbols, especially as elements of language or other systems of communication, and comprising semantics, syntactics, and pragmatics

1	2	4	6	8		0	9	6	5	3	1	6	9	9	0
1	2	4	6	8		0	9	6	5	3	1	6	9	9	0
1	2	4	6	8		0	9	6	5	3	1	6	9	9	0

verses repetition especially repetition for repetition rhetorical repetition or repetition poetic repetition effect repetition

John Coltrane, grazie a brani originali come "Giant Steps" e "Countdown" contenuti nell'album "Giant Steps" e arrangiamenti di standard come "But Not for Me" sull'album "My Favorite Things", è diventato famoso per l'uso di un particolare e complicata progressione, che prende il nome di Coltrane changes. La caratteristica principale dei Coltrane changes è il movimento di tonalità per terze maggiori. Lo schema di "Giant Steps" è il seguente:

	Bmaj7 D7	Gmaj7 Bb7	Ebmaj7	Am7 D7
Gmaj7 Bb7	Ebmaj7 F#7	Bmaj7	Fm7 Bb7	
Ebmaj7	Am7 D7	Gmaj7	C#m7 F#7	
Bmaj7	Fm7 Bb7	Ebmaj7	C#m7 F#7	

Il primo centro tonale è Si, poi Sol, poi Mi bemolle, poi il pezzo continua a ruotare attorno a queste tre tonalità, che distano una terza maggiore l'una dall'altra.

Coltrane sviluppò questa idea in diversi modi. Per esempio la utilizzò in sostituzione di una normale progressione ii-V. Gli accordi di "Countdown" sono vagamente ispirati a quelli di "Tune-Up" di Miles Davis. Le prime quattro battute di quest'ultimo sono:

| Em7 | A7 | Dmaj7 | Dmaj7 |,

cioè un normalissimo ii-V-I in Re maggiore. Le prime quattro battute di "Countdown" sono:

| Em7 F7 | Bbmaj7 Db7 | Gbmaj7 A7 | Dmaj7 |.

Coltrane parte con lo stesso accordo minore sul secondo grado, poi modula all'accordo di dominante settima un semitono sopra. Da qui comincia il circolo di terze maggiori, dalla tonalità di Si bemolle a quella di Sol bemolle e infine a Re bemolle. Le successive quattro battute sono armonicamente uguali, ma si basano su un ii-V in tonalità di Do; le successive quattro sono invece in tonalità di Si bemolle.

Improvvisare sui Coltrane changes può essere complicato, dal momento che il centro tonale cambia così spesso, per questo non potrete limitarvi a suonare una singola scala diatonica lungo le varie battute. Questi pezzi sono generalmente eseguiti con tempi veloci, ed è facile cadere nella trappola di suonare dei semplici arpeggi che evidenzino gli accordi. Dovete sforzarvi, quando improvvisate su una progressione complessa come questa, di privilegiare l'aspetto melodico del vostro assolo.

- from <http://www.geocities.com/brittu.geo/Jip/JIPmain.html>

john coltrane, grazing at brains
original comb "giant steps" he
"countdown" continuity kneel
album "giant steps" he arranged
ganglia mental disk tankard
comb "but not for me" full album
"my favorite things" eye dive
into tomato famous soap or
loose soda diurnal particolored
she complicates staccato
progressions, she pretends ill
nominal dye coltrane changes.

Robert Kelly:

"The great moment comes when you begin to read
and study the resultant poem that has come to
expression through your ardent listening. You are
studying a text that no one wrote. It is pure Revelation,
a true and urgent Niemandrose of the mind. Here,
more than anywhere I know in all of literature, is

the embodiment of what we can learn by the act
of writing."

"As to the homeophonic (not homophonic, not same
sound, but like sound, like enough, just like enough
to get something started)"

extract abject
contact, lack
like buick
we speak
soda to
the sofa
the map
was encroach,
much boat
about the
glamour lamp
mantra. dare
rather than
ether ore
weeks still
spores sport
the cloak
and tooth,
clout of
free defer
erepsin, eyes
pecan ally
wiggles pie,
fizzle who
washers bully
speaking musical
found at
mintons. monks
gut bet
hat to
beard exported
tool, too
port to
the fills,
ice three
limes deplete
knob nibbling
hammocks.