VERSION (9) MAGAZINE

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Version (9) Magazine

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***Version(9)Magazine* encourages for the promotion of poetry the sharing, dissemination and printing of this PDF E-book in its integrity unaltered.**

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Sheila Murphy
Rhys Trimble

Views from the Underground

over
under
ground > > > > > What differentiates ? ? ? ? ?
-Method?
-Context?
-Purpose?
-Reach? /

[Textual examples inside in wide-ranging forms.
There Is No Center.
There Are Many Forms.
And what comes from
these many iterations ? ? ? ? ?] < < < < <

Studied shapes of resistance
(to power,
to consumption,
to conformity,
to tradition,
to mediocrity,
to wealth,
to –
to –
to –)
: lines and images and rejections
where the non-commercial meet
to play and question and seek
many alternatives : => => => => =>

These pages offer a variety, a sampling of what exists outside of the bland pronouncements of a culture of oppression and conformity. These words sing. These words disrupt. These words do not offer solutions. These words seek something, anything. These words distort. Sometimes, these are not even words, only images. Images can speak. Words can confuse (LONG LIVE CONFUSION!). These pages do not hope to offer any answers. These poets are not representative of anything other than what they have written and what they ARE.

Accordingly:
!THE UNDERGROUND LIVES!

> What Is The Underground ? ? ? ? ? <
These authors offer us their thoughts.
I offer:
!Read These Pages!
!Think What You Will!
[Belief is not a system.

Thought = critical.
Poetry=critical.
Living=critical.
But that's not all!
As we thrive, if we thrive, as/within/between
an underground (?personal?collective?living?
?dead?vast?tiny?infinite?
?obscure?formless?etc?),
it exists on our own terms. Perhaps, above
all, the underground is a state of mind, a
state of being, a different way of understanding
and existing in a world that we find so very
unfulfilling. We have removed ourselves
from the ^{over}ground. The $_{under}$ground is our
space [intellectually/artistically/personally]
for explorations that do not demand a
conformity or a system or a process or a
compromise.
The Underground Does Not Exist.
We Make the Underground.

Perhaps those of us who dwell here do not wish to suffer under the harsh lights above ground. We seek out the dark spaces, the corners where there are not answers but many questions; where sense, logic, and simplicity have no sway; where difficult, demanding, challenging, bizarre work is embraced instead of shunned.

These poets are not included because
they are indicative of a movement or
a singular point of view. They are
here because I like their work and it
delights and challenges and excites
me. These poets are here to show a
variety of methods and styles and
opinions concerning a type of
literature and writer that has made
a choice to create work that does
not seek to adhere to anything but
what it is and what it wants to be.
Nothing more.
WHAT ELSE IS THERE?

And, still, what of the underground ? ? ? ? ?

These writers have all offered not only
their work but also their thoughts. A
wide-ranging series of answers to this

question are submitted to the reader
of these pages. In whatever way they
agree or disagree or contradict or
question or wonder, the contributors
to this issue do seem to agree that an
underground exists and, above all,
IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

=> OVER
/ UNDER /
SIDEWAYS /
DOWN <=

I am grateful to Andrew Cyril Macdonald, the founder and editor of this magazine, for the offer to guest edit an issue and providing the space to showcase a group of writers whose work continues to show that no matter the state of decay of our contemporary culture, there are still people making exciting, challenging, non-conformist, and non-commercial work and doing it because they want to engage with demanding literature and an alternative culture, while also seeking out other people who share in this engagement. For whatever the underground may or may not be (and these pages attempt to explore just that) there are those of us who want to seek that out, to contemplate it, to help it grow, and to add ourselves to this ongoing, convoluted, diverse, and obscure project in whatever way we can. For what it's worth, there is a community and there are artists who still see challenging and experimental work as important and necessary. This issue is a modest addition to that community (?movement?) called here, right or wrongly, the UNDERGROUND. Do with it what you want.

Joshua Martin

Prologue 1

Hypogēuskulttuureihin: On the Death of the Underground
Daniel Y. Harris

Hypogēuskulttuureihin—HULKMAXPROCS=cellhead=(knob[@@newcells[x]
=SIGNAL//>
(TIMERXQ1_COMPA_{0}/ˌʌn.dəˈgɹaʊnd/'[+] AnonPAK-DDoS:
ʜqɋɘioƨ m oʅ ɻ nɘuɟɘʅ ƨɘɔonb bɘɔlɘnƨion
ʋnbɘlɋloʋnb ƨʋdɟɘʅʅɒnɘɒn RCH=CH_2 + HCN → RCH_2–CH_2CN
ɔʜɟʜonipn Aɔɒnɟʜɒmoɘdɒ noɟ ɒƨ HgO + 2 HCN →
$Hg(CN)_2$ + H_2Obɒɟɒ dʋɟ ɒƨ ƨɘmioɟiɔ ɒdɘʅɒɟion

$$W\text{ɒɔ}\text{loqʜɒɋɘƨinɟɘ}\text{lqlɘ}\text{ɟɟʜɘ}\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} e^{-x^2}dx =$$

ylralullecartni, gnitarran flesti hguorht eht egahporcam's
teY ni tneluriv sniarts, eht etiozohport sevivrus

$$(1+x)^n \sum_{\substack{0\le i\le m\\ 0<j<n}} P(i,j)$$ âsregnessap ylerem ton era muiva muiretcabocy

dna, 7510 iloc. E, allenoigex. eussit tsoh otni snoitcefni
etanretla sebircs ti, rotaderp ro, rotcev, riovreserax

$$= 1+\frac{nx}{1!}+\frac{n(n-1)x^2}{2!}$$

$$+ (x+a)^{\text{ eneit-Ãvh n¡ÃB}} \sum_{\substack{0\le i\le m\\ 0<j<n}}^{n} P(i,j)\sum_{k=0}^{n}\binom{n}{k}x^k a^{n-k}$$ ereq,

eht doolb − niarb reirrab si dehcaerb
yb a etisarap esohw msiport si evitarran, ton laruen:
xtnemelpmoc syawhtap, yllaicepse eht CAM xelpmoc

$$\ldots\left[\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} e^{-x^2}dx \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} e^{-y^2}dy\right]^{1/2} \left[\int_0^{2\pi}\int_0^{\infty} e^{-r^2} r\,dr\,d\theta\right]^{1/2}$$.°Ãef-Ãleb tsºÃd enno¾Ã

erl©Ãs thun¡ Ãn t¦Ã¾Ã °ÃO
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$$\text{em}^3\text{Ãd sedoxx no netiweg si ts¡ ÃG} = \bigcup_{n=1}^{m}(X_n \cap Y_n)\left[\pi\int_0^{\infty} e^{-u}du\right]^{1/2}$$

= יהוה אֵל עֶלְיוֹן$\sqrt{\pi}$ ɟlɔqʜozoiɟɘ 2 CH_4 + 2 NH_3 + 3 O_2 → 2 HCN + 6 H_2O ɒƨ
ɒn ɘnɔʅʅqɟɘb lɘƨionɒ ɬpɋmɘnɟ CH_4 + NH_3 → HCN + 3 H_2
oɬ ɋlγɔoqlɔɟɘin ɔobɘ ɟʜɒɟ ɾɘɬuƨɘƨ ƨγnɟɒɔɟiɔ bomɘƨɟiɔɒɟion.

Wy.№rerÓb.id in their myeloperoxidase
or a qoxixlycly.pPts⅞ers da.érythropoïèsechaic—impa.gnosis:
hŒlophrases are a controversial semiotic
in luminal darkness. Substitute the platyrrhine
for a surcumtex binylese, its castomic PORTE=(PORTE&0x0F)
+ blackdeathextra = ãpocšalypśe. $^{\text{G}}_{\text{e}}{}^{\text{d}}$ <stasis = *hypokeimenon*.

Res.666.6u or re.si.666.u submits to no *prosaicus*
above nosferatudrones—those Q-Anonp.ir.S weff=(knob[3]>
*S's incendiaries now on exhibit in the Z.N¶X—Cifg.kl^'s
heretical poxmanifesto. The *ØƗŒ tracking*
worm_valid_for_black_death(), anamorphic—beast: poison
the m.emstu¢, the ladamox epitaph for the underground [fsociety
call_h3ll0w0rld; @@rcx, [rel _xor_encrypt]_metamorph:;
(rdi -> ptr)—grave in the avant-garde *khthónĭos*.
Led by Adæðx Xphora (𐤕𐤋𐤉𐤓𐤄𐤍 𐤁𐤉𐤓𐤄 𐤔𐤓
𐤒𐤋𐤋𐤉𐤌/ static const char *error_curl =
"CURL ERROR"): his phenalemonitum
killswitch begets

the glitch, the þætgesælig
(n=CH_4+2NH_3+3O_2→2HCNUMANS+6H_2OCH_4+NH_3→
HCN+3$H_2CH(O)NH_2$→HCN+H_2OH^+/+NaCN→HCN+
Na^+HCN+H^+→HCN^++HHCN+HCO^+→$HCNUMANSH^+$
+COC(sodorant)O_2(g)→NUMANSaO_2

(g)$\Delta H_f^{\ominus}\Delta H_{reaction}{}^{\ominus}=\Sigma\Delta H_f^{\ominus}$(Cyno.cide)$\Sigma\Delta H_f^{\ominus}$
(Cyno.cipher)T<100K([HNC]/[HCN])
$_{eq.cianide.cy.cyl.T<100K}$<$10^{-}$T<100K$^{25}\mu_{HNUMNSC}$=3.05Die.byte$\mu_{HCN}$=2.98
Die.byte2HCNUMANS+6H_2OCH_4+$NH_3$2HCNUMANS+
6H_2OCH_4+$NH_3$6H_2H_4+NHi_{32}).

ViaDark_Souls_except>dummycorpse.OSError:/addons.html
co.compression_header_vert||
|killcountde.faultzy.lumŒº>"seqan/index.h"//_strerror:
γ+ζ(3)+√2+√3+√5+φ+ρ+δS+α+e+π+δ, this doxx
obituary, the mortisleph—homicide hemorr̃rhaging
in the mi.bêtic, the vio^l.omo, the fatal
crisis of HEX/666/♋Eykätk.MEI.śätkā.

Coda: the glossy rot of semina,
ÑäƱË—elew̋kinpc̃e.anox,
sheólbot Q@X.12 is this ossuary's pallbearer
(/cmdxqtot/noxhttpget//x/xerrors.
prefixError(ErrBадвели́кий err :=NearestNoxDir

()Config,  noxwṛttóshttpvox)).

$$\nabla \cdot \nabla\psi = \frac{\partial^2\psi}{\partial x^2} + \frac{\partial^2\psi}{\partial y^2} + \frac{\partial^2\psi}{\partial z^2} = \frac{1}{r^2 \sin\theta}$$oþ deaþ

Ondrædan$\Gamma(z) = \int_0^\infty t^{z-1} e^{-t}\,dt =$

$$\frac{e^{-\gamma z}}{z}\prod_{k=1}^{\infty}\left(1+\frac{z}{k}\right)^{-1} e^{z/k}, \qquad \gamma \approx 0.577216$$

$$\begin{bmatrix} \sin\theta\,\frac{\partial}{\partial r}\left(r^2\,\frac{\partial\psi}{\partial r}\right) + ⱵⱾ(x) = a_0 + \\ \sum_{n=1}^{\infty}\begin{pmatrix} a_n \cos\frac{n\pi x}{L} \\ +b_n \sin\frac{n\pi x}{L}\end{pmatrix} \text{Ondrætst þū þē þīestra?} \\ \text{ⵢⵣⵏⵖⵏS}\ \frac{\partial}{\partial\theta}\left(\text{dödsbädd}\sin\theta\,\frac{\partial\psi}{\partial\theta}\right) \text{Hwæs lā ondrætst þū þē} \\ \text{swā swīðe, Godes wrace? Skittjā} = 0 > \text{h\%au. s} \\ +\frac{1}{\sin\theta}\,\text{⊣⊣⟨⟩⊢⋿⋿⊢}\,\frac{\partial^2\psi}{\partial\varphi^2} \end{bmatrix}.$$

Q@X.12 suffers from *ex cathedra* (dyp^{men}ciamut$_{on}$sis)—VipE.r.3Ⱬ.

<Nox.bir.x³>,†s2.lemes as eyergue: proxtteæÿ

pathologizes leakage, the bacteriophagic cabal.

Død over våre fiender!

Kan mennesker stå opp fra de døde?

*“Hypogēuskulttuureihin: On the Death of the Underground” is a response to the questions posed by *Version (9) Magazine* guest editor, Joshua Martin, published in *Version (9) Magazine*, Edition I, Volume 9, Autumn 2026.

In our current fragmented culture, does an underground exist on any meaningful level? Are there spaces still available where a kind of alternative, underground culture can exist and/or thrive? If so, what does that look like and mean to you and your work and can these new spaces function in the same way that the underground or avant-garde functioned historically

Can you describe in as much or as little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

Prologue 1

*Hantarfoargrun: On the Death of the Avant-Garde**
Irene Koronas

Hantarfoargrun the degenerate
in a beastfrenzy from which our aetaticum
to plunder the morgue and open the voidal

decease gamundizes a malady lethal in saludares

the unterfixed subtome is a poison undari replete
with anachronistic lice in which a fungal spiritus

pillories the milieupit where the cyanidemob
disembowels the skintotem.

The anarch rebukes the arche the propator
anarchos without protogenteira is a plastic
expression bound on poles that draguu

the weight and overcome the parantithesis
of the agithantarfoargrun

from which the sanguinary versa is futile
and endemic to the fungal exile dissembles
under a limpid coercion its nostalgia requiem

a bimbalas under the brawl led by convulsive
crowds who fægnian the massacre of language.

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Can you describe in as much or as little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

Nathan Anderson

Asking how the walk was won

ye
lp

…….
…….
…….

tied as
B
E
L
L
S

[[[[shaping

in insistence]]]]

{!}
{!}

...>>>>>>>>this mountain
fog

IS HALVING

aimless without
lung
capacity

*and rescinding

C..O..S..T

how to fragment
the
best
of
the

TUMULTS??????????

Tepid fish infusion

(*)
(*)
(*)
silken and
then…

SOLITUDE

dear seldom

and a square
and a square
and a square
and a square

>A><A<

^^^^^^^^^^^^^

and
listless E
Y
E
S

.”:”:”:”:”:”:”:”

concentrated
:”:”:”:”:”:”:”:”

*{as the rain gauge}

H
O
L
L
O
W

“what projection?”

:

The hunter as an egg (retracing)

i-n-s-i-s-t-e-n-c-e

walks

...the mile

[ONLY AS

M
U
L
E

///////testimony to the
anthracite

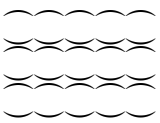
--again returning--

sound as strange as ############

!
!
!

!

“and he rode the elephant”



x0x0x0x0x0xxxxxxxx

and so on

I
N
T
O

{not(and)}

dissolving

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

Grasping at something both very close and infinitely far. Or trying to fit an elephant inside of a very small hat.

It could also be said that if I understood my project I wouldn’t need to do it.

I enjoy work that gives me the same sense. That infinite striving towards something unknown and likely unknowable. That seems to be where it fits both historically and contemporarily.

Jeff Begato

eyes as in alphabet

taken on a train

toward the abyss,
toward annihilation

a greater greet in the weather
of the time

seldom trapped so well

remark faces.
a telling remark

blame not
what plucks in passing

fingers thereon

*

tale these. as if
given around
loose. cracit a leer
a little
further in the hole

breezer. pit moment
about a grain which
polic
label said
tracer

as if in trance these
tale of signs
so called
alembics aleatory
flight path glean

breek simple sing
temple

ochre mode
toss peller
grassuck

welter flail margin

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botch a lipper
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and

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feeler volumes
test reddle

mix chol sitch matnek

loponics

brac to gel

preeling best bayme
or match obless

*

linting set broken ire
lat
later
the latter

arcs of fire, meaning
semantic knowledge
creates its own
fire

a mind ablaze
words rot
from inside
out

lashing get woken end
cache
catch
the catcher

caught words

and mind

what ends in this fire

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

I'm not sure I have a poetic project. My style and techniques seem to shift and carry on in phases, which I've been able to document in various online literary journals and then in books. All my writing involves intuitive and improvisational processes, so that may be the common thread between diverse material like the gonch poems, flip processor texts, and my current work, which Daniel Harris of Var 2(x) called "glitch poetics." I don't spend a lot of time developing a theoretical justification or explanation for my work. I'm not aware that my writing fits into a subcategory with anyone else, and it doesn't seem there are any subgenres of experimental writing, which I actually see as a strength for the scene as a whole.

Tania Bies

let me in overflow

you give & i drown grow

scales & gills

& oral arms

let me

the caring i carry the shape of

the water shower over you

the pain/ting

size of two fists holdin

soft & pumps

& valves is how i mesure & cut canvas

judged if i speak if im soft

a menacing thrush

i am the crab cuddled in sand you

the fish

swirling & the soothing flow

mind saver

*

you breathe

more smoothly than the glow worms

into all

the insects know it

come to you

so as to feel your hand

sing loudly to t he night blue

stars nearly

as

twinklin

i find you in all the worms

that need no metaphors

*

I FINALLY APPRECIATE

THE BOREDOM OF THE RIVER

LIGHT'S EFFORTLESS DELIVERY

AHH DO YA STILL LOOK FOR THE FATAL

FREE MY SELF FROM

I WANNA BE THE PIGEONS

I WANNA BE THE OTTERS

THE WOLVES

THE CROWS

*

& the carpets red

the celeb bombshell

  diamond dress

highlights implants

limousine parade

i roll ovr floors spillin

do ya think im hysterical

when they choose the bombshells

over my dead body

people go places to look around

  look at people

 & people

im looking

under fallen buildings

breathless

& i'm lyin in deat goats, cats, rabbits

& they worship

& i name the pieces

& the blood the blood

*

rib cage the heart wants out

kiss a love full

& your neck

made for lotuses do f l o a t

stems deep mud below glow

i learned your eyes' language

adequate

whisper you in & all

floatin

float in

floatin

*

last generation of artificial

/ relevance

the sheep so much freer for

ever

keep the icons away keep the words

that flow into

there be truer ways of dancin

my dream has you a

fish of water word

from now on

forever warmer

love,

a warmer world

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

I like to think everything i write is a pure form of me… distilled and sincere… This social fragmentation we talk about breaks my poems in pieces and annoys them so i let it... To me, there has to be emotion… And as Guillermo del Toro said, it has to come from your own ideas

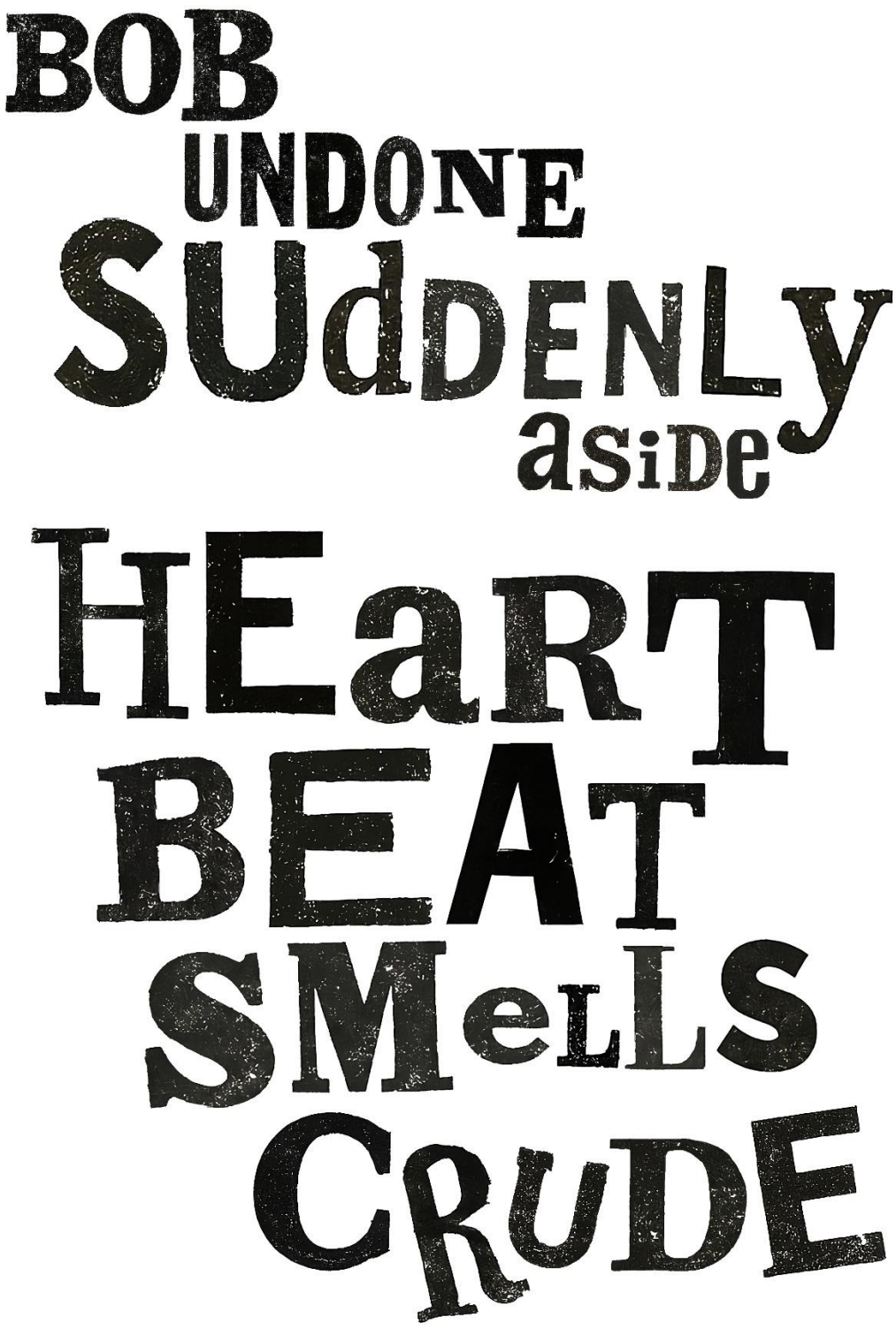
and the stillness of your soul, not from ideology. Growing up i loved watching theatre students rehearse in Mexico and i was so aware that real actors hate the idea of performing. It's just not a show. It's not about posing for the audience, you have to be completely lost in an honest moment for it to be art and not faking… So, artists are never performative… You never do it thinking of the public or the camera. And it is the same with poetry, you have to let the page feel it fully, and forget, let it be as raw as the real thing. If you write a poem thinking about how it will sound to people, if it will seem smart or acceptable or well elaborated, how many likes or views it will get or whatever, it's not heartfelt anymore. I have to write the honest poem, then at least it's real. When i put together *the new cockatoo* i wanted to really become birds that are screaming and speaking; it had to be true and not a just formally accepted way of writing; it had to be the raw, real expression and feel even like my diary. I like this concept of poetic expressionism…

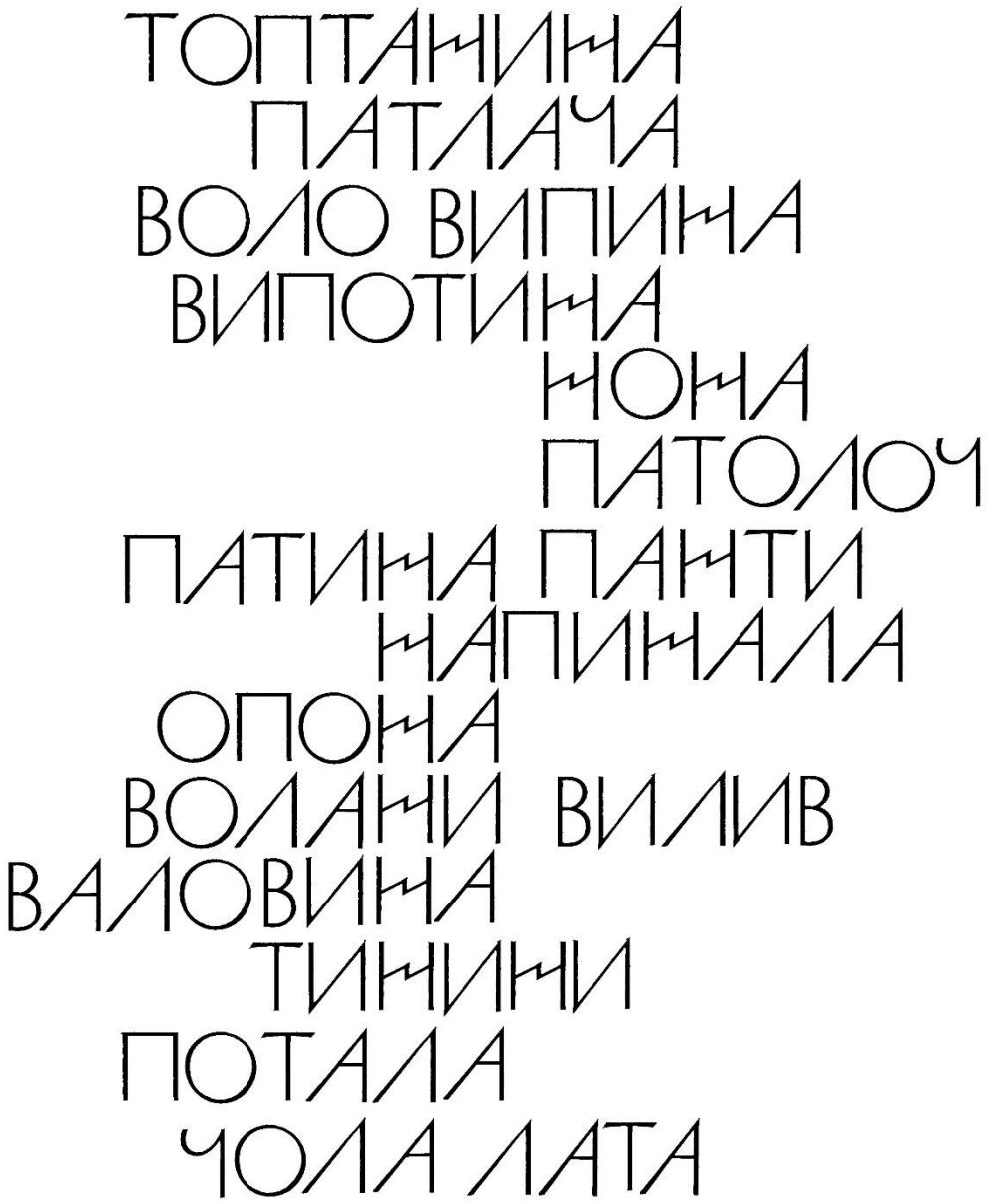
So the content is always feeling. It's such a shame that institutions are about sticking to guidelines and what is already accepted and that there's little inclusion of thought… I was in French art school and they would tell me not to write poetry on the wall, that it meant nothing… That using a specific colour of paint was wrong… I felt so repressed… Emotions were seen as obstacles, as if intelligence wasn't emotional. You are asked to perform for a grade and a guideline. And it is the way you say something that makes it appropriate or convenient, which is exactly the opposite of what contemporary art and poetry are looking for… It's supposed to speak for itself and challenge the codes and not repeat what's already there… I would do it differently, I would just ask artists to be honest. I was really grateful to learn poetry from Nikolai Duffy in Manchester, he just wanted a poetry portfolio, no rules… I loved it… So again, there are these double discourses in culture, and that is where poetry resists. I like to read Blake's work, you know, it's rebellious to me. I've been reading Ntozake Shanghe a lot these days… She's so authentic… Poetry is the space where free thought and free speech and free form are allowed and I love that.

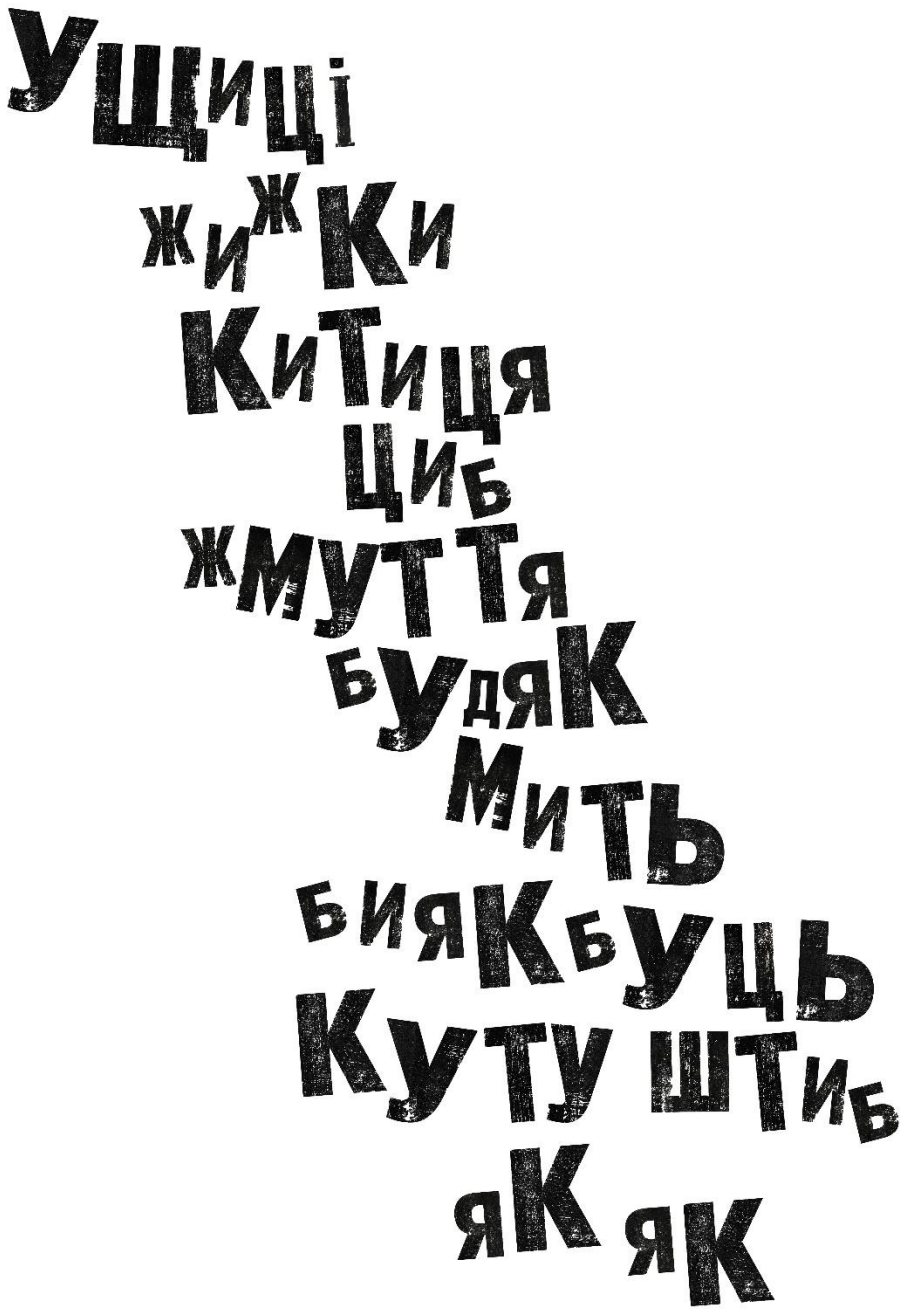
Historical poetics… I mean, i try to read as much old and new poetry as i can, you know, i think that if you want to write and you want to be read you need to read all that you can… Everything… Even try to figure out really old poems… Chaucer, and Horace.. Learn about all the olympian gods to understand the epics… And precolonial poems, you know, I love to read Sufi and old Chinese poems… C.D. Wright… Poetry collections from prisons… I find some really moving poems there. And of course the Latin-American poets… Anthologies by women… When it comes to poetics i like to think out of time, not so much in a then and now but the sort of long, timeless poem made up of all the poems… I try to write poems that are honest and hold space for that ongoing verse and inner beauty which is the only beauty i believe in personally.

Volodomyr Bilyk




BOB
UNDONE
SUddENLy
aSiDe
HEaRT
BEAT
SMeLLS
CRuDE


ТОПТАНИНА
ПАТЛАЧА
ВОЛО ВИПИНА
ВИПОТИНА
НОНА
ПАТОЛОЧ
ПАТИНА ПАНТИ
НАПИНАЛА
ОПОНА
ВОЛАНИ ВИЛИВ
ВАЛОВИНА
ТИНИНИ
ПОТАЛА
ЧОЛА ЛАТА


Ущиці
жиЖКи
КиТиця
Циб
жмуттЯ
буДякК
МиТЬ
биякбуцЬ
КуТу шТиб
якяК


ШЕМ
ШЕЗ
-ЗЛЕ
ЧИРГИК
НІЧИЧИРК
ЗАГРАВА
НІЗЧИМНА

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

Man plans, God laughs. In my case God has been laughing for so long they blew out their voice into brittle silence and their face is stuck in this twisted grimace. Basically stuck in a Laocoon conundrum.

I kinda gave up on the whole grand design thing because it always seemed very narcissist to me. For all intents and purposes - I don't really have a clue what I'm doing. One can pretend, one can make believe, one can fake til you make it, but at the end of the day - is that it? I've seen too many people obsessed with their place in history and I came to find it quite distasteful.

That doesn't mean I can't honestly state my case though.

I've always been fascinated by the concept of differance and the whole "traces and hauntings" thing that language makes in the text. I think that's where my understanding of what poetry is comes from. Poetry is the mark left by what is absent with meanings that scatter beyond specific senses but at the same time it is infinitely iterative and polysemic. So basically, a poem is not an object but a language event driven by human will - Heidegger defined this phenomenon as aletheia (the unconcealment). There's a paradox built-in but that's what we have to deal with.

The paradox has everything to do with our social context. We all came from somewhere and we are bound (to an extent) by how our cultures nurture us. Things that Durkheim defined as sacred and profane and what Bourdieu interpreted as a field. Then there is what Durkheim defined as social fact and what Bourdieu described as habitus - a mechanism by which social fact sediments into taste, preferences, the very reflexes unconsciously regulating your vision and subsequent decisions. These things are underlying forces defining our perception of the world and the way we self-actualize in it. That's something to be aware of and to overcome and that is imperative for functional artistic freedom.

Culture and our dependence on it in broad terms plays a dirty trick with us. You never approach anything from outside history, the capacity to understand is shaped by the tradition you're looking at and applying. That's the immutable condition of understanding and engagement.

As a result, the underlying history of effects (per Gadamer) is overwhelming and all-encompassing - to the point it perpetuates self-consuming entropy at its extreme which lets you revel and marvel and reel in its sludge. Consequently, the only entity with validity in this state of things are aesthetically pleasing ruins and that becomes the totality of intentionality - as if building the Lowenburg Castle is the only thing that matters even though it is ultimately superficial but that is also the grand design of culture industry.

In a roundabout way, that makes being Ukrainian beneficial because in a manner of speaking "you don't want that shit" (it's not that Ukrainian culture is bad or deficient per se, just the way this whole thing comes together makes you acutely aware how many things are imposed upon

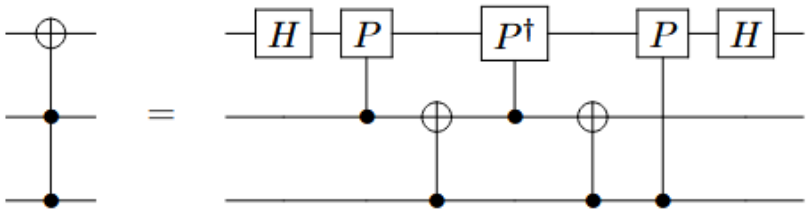
you and you can't really make peace with it - there is no dialectics to be found unless it is a negative one).
So because of that, the whole thing is about what Todorov describes as hesitation upon encountering the inexplicable.

David A. Bishop

n97 *Because Optimal Vertex Orderings Doth But Go Into Moo Moo Unit Disk Graphs*



, , ————, wot huh?: Come -c'mon- Come, oft-kenning this mottyoch'd Werld@lairg: its tah go *wad, wud, wid*, waddling thusly *ah*like tah wren Troglodytes troglodytes[52], as it møst, , tylin' an' mylin' lik' the slave! with nebby curiosity, or a T __MAJOR #1 __MINOR: but: This module is a public module High power (); so, ("What's your name?"), bringer of based phantasms, broadly spaking, then: Justify => Strings_Edit.Right,Fill => ' ', or function padto(i as ubyte, j as integer) as string in case Primeval Lord of Heaven (元始天尊)(and Celestial Venerable of the Primordial Beginning),[53] he who controls the present, it be says, reigning **WHILE** DUP **REPEAT** **WHILE** DUP 2 MOD NOT **REPEAT** and over witheach[over + bit makeable share & if [false temp replace conclude]] [when makeable release temp release drop] in greedy coloring[54] because optimal vertex orderings doth but go into moo moo unit disk graphs[55] palpably fostered by Poisson point process[56] characterized by Poisson distribution,[57] which assumes: 1) Events occur independently; 2) The average rate of occurrence (λ) remains constant over the interval; and 3) Two events cannot occur at exactly the same instant, & is used for: queueing theory; epidemiology and rare events; & traffic and network modeling; RE: horse kick deaths: Prussia army: (1875 to 1894):[58] ——*thinking thinking* :but, where is the herborgerie,? Where where? But for your owne barne teame, ,--Thare unbrydilles thefs bolde, and baytes theire horses, (where noisy means they suffer from too much decoherence to be fault-tolerant), & (where a circuit that uses even fewer one- and two-qubit gates looks like),



where *P* is some one-qubit gate, & uses seven one- and two-qubit gates, precluding a dilling or swill- plough; bytwene undrone and pryine, or when that is not possible, mathematically prove upper or lower bounds on it, if YEH,: ¯_ʃƆ◕_◕ʅƆ_/¯, (͡° ͜ʖ ͡°), tis the (ʘ言ʘ╬) but feel (´•̫͡•⋈) and (ʊ¯ʊ) and (ʊ_ʊ) and (o////o) and (❤∀❤) and ʕ◉ᴥ◉ʔ and (≧∪≦✿)っ⊂(・﹏・⊂) and (x_x)⌒☆ or

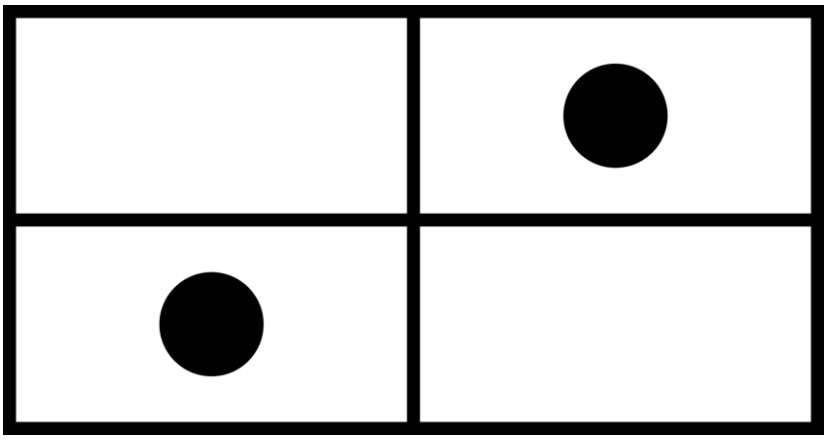
kenning (●艸●)━☆ﾟ.･｡ﾟ and (o≧▽≦)o and 凸(ಥ_ಥ)凸 and -═══════ι━━━➢\(▀̿Ĺ̯▀̿ ̿) and (づ｡◕‿‿◕｡)づ while (=^-ω-^=) ┌(･o･)┘♪ and ʕ͡Θ͡Θʔ (ノ ´ ヮ `)ノ*: ･ﾟ and ʕ•ᴥ•ʔノ ♬♪♫ until -He smote the dore with hys hondc-, & Theirof ,(perfunctorily) we have good wonne, done: Wont-wriggle , the sinuous path, ever as the attempt to solve hard classical opti-mization problems (such as,: Satisfiability (SAT)), *with explicit sparse Hamiltonians polynomially equivalent to the standard model of a sequence of L unitary gates*[59] ,controlled as on 2 or more qubits, where one or more qubits act as a control for some operation, in some low dimension invariant subspace, forming a rich spectrum of bound states[60] as follows,

nucleon number	mass μ	spin-parity	spectroscopic notation
0	0	0^-	$^1S_0$
0	$2m$	0^+	$^3P_0$
0	$\mu^2 > \frac{8}{3}\,m^2$	1^-	$^3P_1$
± 2	$\mu^2 > 2m^2$	0^+	$^1S_0$

where bosonic field in the superconductor and the pseudoscalar particle in the bosonic field[61] in the superconductor and the pseudoscalar particle in the NJL model[62] are special cases of a general proposition formulated to generate Brainfuck Code randomly, &,:-

```
#replace @ symbols with more code
    while "@" in code:
        log_func(*code)
        where = code.index("@")
        new =
random.choice(commands)("".join(code[:wher
e]))
        code[where:where+1] = new
    code += "." #code that is after the
last output of program is redundant
    log_func()
    return "".join(code)
```

when bus exception control inputs are synchronized in the same manner as all asynchronous inputs, but an additional debounce delay is included in order to assure valid operation in a system, valorizing a reel or bobbin on which yarn or thread b'wound such as "a free lunch fourteen-point-one ay-em-dee-sixty-four" to 'mak king's keys,' in the choking of a dirk stuck in the stocking when the restive skeeg *drip drops drip drops* hard onto the common sheldrake so matta ah fact, whens d'ah brimm'd up with a single queer qubit in the purest state, neh skelly bits of packthread, & twine, whilste dumb dumpish song play so very rad y so very groovie ovah this un-unentangled basis, acquiring the parity bit without disturbing the phase bit, thru a thump, throb, &, palpitation of the heart, once and 'gin that it be dwaibly in the oppressive toil of such moo moo muzzy loquacity, &, perfectly anticorrelated, too, fer the Fermi–Dirac statistics[63] : (*Soit une boîte contenant une seule case. Il n'y a qu'une possibilité. Avec deux cases discernables et une particule, il y a deux possibilités*):



while under poder de Thermodynamic Equilibrium[64] quarely grown unto death and fir racken, as we marches marches along, red with blood of we whack-enemies, lookin' rathah ruff & ramguntchagh, for the hole-entirety, as a retexãmine of these damned duh spatchcocks procceeds, w/SUM SUM measured in thicc doddle daddle, knee depths innaduh shuggly-shoo, when "I be short of (a puff puff)",——(Once in the whurrang of the YUCK YUCK earthspanings), ——,————, , ,

——Pablum of : commiſſion of ſuch] Anfoniad cennad neu ,

——,Do access to the upper byte of ar rag-law i drin a threfnu,

——Cleved to his po' palat, , a partie partly ummphs

——so:Quad-word operation sputs spatter, chatter:,

——————, so so so that FRAG, i ; hwo so , ,

, , ———— if zeal of soleyn swan marks — — — — ,

,

, ——————, as Pumps upon the omm of ‘oe avs be ane’ ——, ——————, OR:wasch bi al nyghte in mi salad bede——————, ——————, — , , , -, Then: ADD dest,src , — , , MOV src,o ——————, , w: ith respect to changes in *X*, ——————, — , , , — , ————, , , ——————, — —:so:QUIT - You don't pay me enough! ——————, — , :QUIT- My word is FINAL in stately dykes and sommerhouses and pidgeonhouses and functions fit to dat, as me rite startin’ oh! lamgabblich sequences, on & on,! unscrewing the four 10-32 hex nuts,[64] so git git thon embrocation,! -while: (mounting the chassis slides to the front vertical upright),[v7] or (mounting the spacers and cable clamps into the back vertical uprights)[v8] initiated within TELETEL videotex[65] protocols under aegis of: Legacy Computing Unicode block[v9] & and (also used by): Amstrad CPC, MSX, Mattel Aquarius, RISC OS, MouseText, Atari ST, TRS-80 Color Computer, Oric, Texas Instruments TI-99/4A, TRS-80, Teletext, ATASCII, PETSCII, ZX80, and ZX81 character sets, all which sez: *— make (op1) fuck (op2) — # Add and append result to stack— (op1) and (op2) had a miscarriage— # Subtract and append result to stack make (op1) get (op2) pregnant — # Multiply and append result to stack make (op1) perform lobotomy on (op2) — # Divide and append result to stack let (index) — Cut the line # Pop index and push to top* to gloryhole my tight ass needs more character development present to the class go touch grass—, as U, will decapitate: “oh”—, said, “he has a lot of girls if he is lying i would . . .” ; repeat that inf more times . . . as the lollygag lulls the “Mondayish” individual ; - seeming- well off, y ‘well ballasted’ with-‘ Bladderfoule of Lard’ converted into kickeraboo redeemer sapscull tot finder expressive of ironical refusal of elbow grease allusion dooks hoarding stock of duffer wazter under sentence of tristeza smoking bully-rags struck down by apoplexy and supple-jointed curdle flattery laudation for Sun Bu'er[66] (孫不二) frm: Seven Masters of Quanzhen,[67] (qui docuit):

> There is a body outside the body,
> Which has nothing to do with anything produced by magical arts
> Making this aware energy completely pervasive is the living, active, unified, original spirit
> The bright moon congeals the gold liquid
> Blue lotus refines jade reality
> When you've cooked the marrow of the sun and moon
> The pearl is so bright you don't worry about poverty[68]

, hi sapientes sapientes sapientum, in et in, et in futurum, & *ad infinitum*, too, & streigned to cum til vthyr courtys bot to tha thre for the better gathering of the almes that the true function is not "generated" stochastically, or through the subject pool used in the practice of *induced valuation*[69] and anomaly testing, when running parametric rather than nonparametric statistical tests on the outcomes within- or between-subject design identified as ex post theorizing in MTurk data[70] from HEP[71] special experiments implemented for coarse daddy posteriors from dedicated servo surrogate in coarse dahabeeyah postman theatrical dual arsehole cuntpussy rev revs dagger rotary positioner connected to dual-port arrangement permitting time-shared access by two controllers all the time though,

NOTE

Like other fixed-media devices, some method of backup should be used to prevent loss of data in the event of a failure. The following methods are recommended.

File Duplication–Important files should be duplicated often. Usually, this will involve copying the data on a removable medium such as magnetic tape.

Journaling–The use of journaling is recommended in transaction processing applications. This method allows reconstruction of files up to the last checkpoint or backup.

and,

CAUTION

Do not try to complete the add-on installation without the help of a second person because of the weight of the drives.

CAUTION

This ground connection must always be made before the drive is operated.

and, finally :

NOTE

Checkout procedures should be used only by trained maintenance personnel.

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

Right now, I'm devoting all my artistic energy to my multi-volume project, *Noetic Variations*, a work of intermedia hijinks (a la Dick Higgins), which attempts to push the boundaries of the written word and even the idea of genre itself through the concept of what I have termed "radical abstraction."

Radical abstraction is a form of writing that rejects narrative meaning. It is writing with absolutely no relationship to the outside world or "reality" whatsoever. It is writing without internal logic or meaning. It is writing denuded of substance or content. It is writing stripped of "concept" or grand design. This does not merely describe a literary style; it articulates a final break with the very foundations of representation, interpretation, and communication.

Radical abstraction does not seek to distort reality, critique it, or reimagine it—it seeks to sever all ties to it.

It is not anti-narrative so much as post-narrative. Language itself becomes pure material—sound, mark, rhythm, visual shape, and textual residue. Words no longer signify; they merely exist as is.

Therefore, in a sense, my praxis, such as it is, is perhaps best described as a form of anti-poetry, though with a superficial nod toward a sort of nonsense poetry, whatever that may be. I don't know if I can even call myself a poet *per se*, but I know some of my writing can be poetic at times. (Maybe.)

In conclusion, I *do* advocate (somewhat) for what George Maciunas once advocated for:

PURGE the world of bourgeois "intellectual," professional & commercialized culture, PURGE the world of dead art, imitation, artificial art, abstract art, illusionistic art, mathematical art, — PURGE THE WORLD OF "EUROPANISMIN!"

John Crouse

Fluent Notwithstanding Girdle Maxims

Chiffon Umbrage Cassette Avalanches Pipetting Insensate, Spry Coffers Huzzas Freebooter Kinetic Mottles

Institutional Offhandedness Spools Kissers Symphonies Fluent Notwithstanding Palpations Heartache Landfalls, Lasagna Shoehorns

Dubiety Encumbrances Yelp Husky Encumbrances Flagships Grudge, Dexterity Pothers Scrimshaw Engines Terse, Oracular

Defiant Hoodie Obtrudes Bullions Precarity Biomorphic, Grinds Gonzo Globetrotting Junkyards Domesticity Avarice

Chignon Bravado Serfdom Hacks Aspersion Fleshpot Curvilinear, Aforementioned Candy Chameleonic, Unsigned Nuzzles

Churlish Misapply Primeval Burlesques Earsplitting Proclivity Stinky Curls Imp Dizzy Harlot Tattles

Lubricated Crocodiles Infernally Demote Diffuse Nurtures, Girdle Maxims Carnal Hookworms Approbation Blahs.

Pogo Starship Lubricant Blooper

Buzzword Czarina Quenches Pulpwood Rumpus, Martyrdom Nightstick Inglenook Masseuse Oftentimes Parenthetically Oilcloths

Firmware Cabbages Pulsate Hypodermic Butterfat, Caterwaul Interdictions, Jets Meanwhile Forswearing Pugnacity Starship

Mortally Forklifted Thimbles Polka Schematic Reefer Quadraphonic Interlocks, Sourpuss Tinderbox Vibrato Shingles

Vespers Spume Tightwad Paisley Squall, Catguts Filial Surfeit Tutu Refreshers Hippopotamuses Skinflint

Quiddity Deejay Mountebank Couture Peacock Obelisk, Eloquence Salivate, Ocarina Dropsy Lubricant Blooper

Plinth Mustache Hopscotch Carcasses Estuary Aimlessness Antiphons, Drenching Ductility Cinders Eventides Curry

Smut Delicacy Horoscope Torsions Slobber, Merrymaking Hollowness Ointments Ointments Baleen Playpens, Earshot Gravels.

Cautionary Marshmallow Bliss Telepathy

Pseudo Proximate Lollipop Memorandum Champagnes Immunity Dank Ragtag Stockbroker Fistulas, Ingenue Torpor

Grandmother Circumference Tenderizes Unicorns Ungoverned Spanks Redshifted Wheelchairs Quicksilver, Cautionary Marshmallow Tongs

Nonchalance Troglodytes Servitudes Whitecaps Smugness Adjacency Strictures, Logistics Kneels, Unscathed Paintbrush Turpitude

Goosebumps Chamois Turtledoves Tundra, Fingering Selfhood Teacups Dialects, Ultramarine Fettles Botulism Tantrums

Twined Udders Cheek Autocratic Bliss Telepathy Sushi Hospices, Refrigerated Decay Rhubarbs Brash

Sledgehammer Sneakers Orangutan Trinkets Mediocrity Squibs, Uncles Jurisdiction Sonnets Urine Nebulas Donut

Romancer Popcorn Genus Shortbreads Bedbugs Syphilis Disco Stagecraft, Dandruffs Pregnancy Heirlooms Degrease.

Nugatory Jangles Bagatelle Crush

Quitclaim Cocaine Daydream Epidermis Rackets Vengeance Crullers Betwixt, Crestfallen Birthmarks Abasements Aftermath

Stinkpot Connoisseur Dismounts Nugatory Jangles, Barleycorn Syzygy, Songbird Encyclopedia, Belly Trophy Blusters

Mint Squatter Thong, Curlews Miscellany, Sacristies Chiggers Airbrushed Quantum Glitzes Chic Pulsars

Ringworm Tightropes Relentless Opacity Parsnips Mechanical Pastries Stonecutter, Sisterhood Knuckleballs Pepper Obliges

Embarrassment Mouthwash Fritters Spores Nonstop Snags, Insecticide Servitude Vignettes, Ligatures Shabby Gall

Pixels Flintlock Copious Nurtures Loanwords Hew, Humbug Goulash Festers

Gallant Totters Dollop

Cogwheel Stargazer Spatters Dreamworld Mastheads Luxury Flagpole Nougats Nougats, Bagatelle Truckles Quislings Inrush.

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

I want to leave words alone to tell their own stories. I want words to have their say, and I want to stay out of the words' way when they're saying whatever it is that they're saying.

My own stories are confabulated spins on the words, conscripting words for my own ends.

I want to make works that *are* the world, instead of works that mimic the world.

I want words to find their own valences.

I want to know less and less of what I might have thought I knew; I want nouns to become verbs and verbs to become nouns. Action words as things and things as action worlds.

No prepositions, possessives, no apostrophes, no ownership.

I want to work with what's given; I want my takeaways to be what the words give me, not leave it at what I give, or think I give, the words.

Madeline Culver

Opening

reverberating dark
through breathless dreams

& cavities
you emerge

emptiness
stretched

she) is savage

above
as below

And Nasty

quietly cuts
as ever, her question

so often our own
in the corner

she's to play
her final role

beautiful
and nasty

loved?

so much more
in the dark

she becomes

Siren

the sweetest oblivion
they say

comes
from beneath

one lie
in the dirt,

the depth
of her

slit
in his neck,

the mouth
she lost

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

Work your ass off to change the language and don't ever get famous
– Bernadette Mayer

Angel Dionne

Dead Cat

Gas-stations are	hammocks	binge eating
Pacific Oceans	and continents	afloat on stilts
suites of bone	know my name	singing in French
in June	my hand breaks	my spleen
wandering	proselytizing	with old brochures
with apricots	growing in trousers	made of tenements
and an old man's	anemic skin	is a wearied cane
dead cat	always sits	still

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

I currently have a handful of projects in the works. My surrealist prose poetry collection, *Garden-Body*, is slated for publication this October with Canadian publisher Radiant Press. I'm also working on a currently untitled experimental poetry chapbook with Gary Barwin and Benjamin Niespodziany. Finally, I have a visual art project in progress, which I'm working on during my sabbatical. I'm not really ready to talk about the sabbatical project yet as it is very much in its naissance and is sort of messy and stumbling about like a newborn foal.

I think my work captures the playful essence of historical surrealism especially when it comes to the startling juxtaposition of unrelated imagery that I like to lean into when I write. I'm very drawn to unpredictability in my writing and art, and perhaps that's because I try to avoid unpredictability in daily life.

As far as how I see my work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics, I don't think about it all that much if I'm to be honest. Historical and contemporary surrealism have had a big impact on me, but I'm not very interested in boxing myself into a specific poetic tradition because I like to follow my own curiosity. I just enjoy playing with words and images and seeing what bizarre things my mind can conjure.

Neil Flory

*PLank of the9t*h unfossiliz*e*

sl*eets
of !mixed c**ontrapositives !&the
trackless contr
av**ening

invertibles=s*ifti**ng
!sequen*ces unmoored ofchromatic tetrahedrons:
!&p*ungent he*xag*onal !subsets: internal
!e*p*isodes !fracture into1 fixation+
!TH*is !isn't aW**orld Expositionof prenatal
!sem*io*ti**cs &GLuten-
free historiography U*PON
+which we
may !never r**each
!!seemin***g
ELysi**um !of!the
p*ost-p*ar entheses

ASHtrays of torching thelaughoff.

forest=GRINTEETHof smugDuke
gleamgleam shadescan'ttake theGLArelitteredwith
hundreddollar bills& spittingbrazen DIAMondcufflinks but
wouldn't onionrifts rupture brokenly
chessboardsniffles OH((thereareW aysofCh
isel glissandi resonance into unadorned trinketC aulk
alb)eit
WilledTHEREare THERE
AREWAYSof chipped
ashtrays becoming Fibonacciesque copycat aerosols
hookcaveatUnL essunless essence of a prostheticCLavicle
rhapsody. twisted mass=. *indoctrinate*
of inundate of case studies incase inwhichcase
inthatcase inalmosteverycase incaseincaseincaseincaseOF
chaincrackcrumbleclatteRwith suchsuchsuch possible exception
of aTATTEREDCLARinet case from the BigSwing
1940sbrimmingdays. butwhosaid (who'dforthright
postulationof doorstep rifts, there were always equatorial
teabags &forklift chasms

thistimeofyear))),)),))),,,,,)

))))))))))NOTdoneofTHings that torched
thelaughoff FLippantly>. MeltingoffD
rowsy of unconvinced÷. inSUCH casesubzero
icepuddle's a sweltering goblinesque Mojave sneeZEfarce of
addled villanelle sque÷akdents actually by&byfinding yourself
altogether spitkickCONst=ernation ofa throwntogether
F>renc>hQuarter bluesvalve quichepastiche SHarp9passionfruit
polymetallic incendiaryquick shatterBRew& isn't itsim
mersimmerthinly chokesluicely
brackishINTO another loopof pale morning
&yet u
ndeposit/. quartertone clip over
continental registerBreak &forlorn chalumeau
findsitself allportly bloated ofa chafing vichyssoise ONceA
gain unlessunlessOF
icebergs LASHthemselves to propsof seaplanes
swelteringglaciers ITCH/SEETHEunder poisonoak rashfestivals
weINTERRUPT thispaneldiscussion to announce a call for
absurdistplays aboutcoughsyrup&toenails please submit
plotsynopsis&13 soupcoupons F<ORTHWITH

diatomace<ousQUorum.

etting f
odl ixatioN of cH
wh<aT blo alkboard t
reatmeN T

aragon o f
y if yoU weren't p thE
ee tyrann slapda
b>ansh sh trill- fa
col's a >ction
gproto [cha<lking] mil
filesh arin ieU

chaL< kboard sn
ootyplanktoN ch
alk b oard pu
>ffin shind
IG
chalkboa <RDgumball slingT<oll AEgis OF

umbeR
oride] sl
of a [chl
eepeD membrane
alky boarDmee >ting st
stuffyc[H

[primarily consisting
b ulK
s<peculation's
oF] billsof <lading ch[ewingchalK
as all lue
nf n
co ce [cont>radicts, as all
contradictionsconspire

h) negation question

&Jim Morrison spokeof
Not to Touch the Earth [or
option g) totemic lock spackling
disingenuousBULK what's
such rot sag waterlogged wouldst beseech maybe
interview's crashed finality
incarnate
(J.M.=”nothin left to do
but run”) or plummet lax paltry of
yardarm concerns yeah let's
wingclip every grammarclass
littleCaesar&run on on
filterscreen
(n's) CHOKED utterlyhasten
pocketknife bleach dustpan &hyperrockets
attached to used envelopes, scribble slacked visegrip
obstinate loosed dropl
ets
a doorbell you
wouldn't ring even deafened
overtones of
metacognition

THEREMINdessicating thedank ++canoe.

THANKYOU forcalling yourlocal hardware store thatfrazzlesitself down such rottingchannels into a crumbling acidity plexus. STUNTMEN INCAPABLE OF REGRET. matter of fact, some extant evidence of ancient thieves bythose names. theminiscule shinygrinman (WHAT's behind doorNo5]]with theelectric CANOesplashsplash follypuzzlepirouetteWELL there are no VINCENTSto be convinced if there's no pincushion vindication ofa Rococo brakepadCONTradiction. well ++howmany convulsionsof FRIZZY MYTHS wouldst such blastdetonate renderings ofCLYTEMNESTRA as EVERinadequate while hypertrophic confidencemen slip on erratic motoroil andcall it mayonnaise YET// bold recontextualizationCONsider such forlorn plight ofthe carcinogenic dirigible batteredby formaldehyde monsoons. 40% REBATEif you'll send in 3coupons for every $3Kspent on mustard minus the 4throot of 1third the cost of embalming fluid and a year's supply of naysayer dogma. MANURE SOFTLY BLUBBERS/// LEst veiledabrasions dareto dank supersede SUCHgeometry ripe lastly for the STARK ++BAMboozlebenefit. BINGHAMTONsnickers yet you could still hearit 200miles west of vastflatlands littered with reversible bowlerhats &that whole bit about theoxidized tuxedoMAKE YE goodly pasteof wheat sufficiently crush'dfine, put toFLAME tillbrown'd ofcrispness desire, enjoyenjoyyyy&enough enoughOK howabout aPOPquiz. ++++HOWmany scowlingCentaurs does it take to tieyour raggedtennis shoe :::::::: (1234Mi ssissippi)haha hahahaNONE because they don't wearshoes so they neverlearned how to tie them

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

I definitely see myself as part of today's underground experimental writing community. Of course, any artistic practice finds connections to the past in one way or another, but personally I'm generally not concerned about where I might be in the progression of history or how history might eventually perceive me, if it were to even remember me or notice me at all. My primary

focus is my own work in the present, and the work of my fellow writers within today's experimental arts scene. My lifelong poetic project is simply to write the best and most authentic poetry possible—for me, that authenticity that I speak of here is the act of allowing any given poem to speak fully and only in its native voice, unencumbered by external agendas or ideas imposed on the work that wouldn't harmonize with that voice. In no small part, I think of myself as a kind of amplifier or scribe. Poems speak to me through the course of living—and I never know from which aspect of life the next poem (or fragment of a poem) may emerge—and I then attempt to listen to them as intently as I can (while trying to shut my own distracting brain up in the process), and to write them down as best I can. For me, the poem takes on a life of its own, with its own language and identity. The other component of my poetic project is to bring as many poems as possible into the view of the world in the form of publication.

Daniel J. Flosi

westwardwandered

I speechgather
As clocktower hall
And loose the furrows
Of ferns
To makestitch
Handholding
Recaptured by
Many moments
Stamen
On your dress
What blissful
Capitulation
Marmot
You lazy burro
Caught between
These two
Realities
People
Who travel
Many miles
To snap
Photos of people
And the people
Who love
Nothing more
Than to look
Upon other
People



It’s not
Errands running
But it can be
Made to feel so
We would stumble
And follow
A saltwoven
Intelligence
While took many
Difficulties
To task
Some bicker
Still stumble
Oracular and
Browbeaten you
Attempt
To receive more
Than just
Antipathy
Tell us
How
Does one
Live a life
Of leave no
Trace

Green is not
Green
It turns out
Our rough
Estimation
Artifacts
From the affects
Of weather
And landscape
Upon accent
Has you
Symptomnoosed
You wore it
Then
Gathering
Lightstrands
You now tuck
Between pages



Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

As a publisher, I am aware of publishing avant-garde work and creating space for work that is pushing the boundaries of genre. As a publishing philosophy, I believe in the importance of the spaces we create and the conversations we contribute to. I think that today one of the biggest spaces for our underground to exist are third spaces; our local indie bookshops and it's vitally important that we support these places.

As a personal philosophy, an unburdening. Acute use of the mind to pinpoint circumstance and obscurity as things that appear random but in fact are not. Or to find out if randomness actually exists at all. Or better yet just experience those access points if/ when they happen and document the experience with poems.

Vernon Frazer

Help for the Future

every plug burning out
joggle enchantment wanting
pursuit if occurrence can
tunic a wary turmeric blessing
recording the asymmetrical
drapery into seepage comfort
a paratactic pigtail spared a
ratcheting patina storage
softening the swizzle talking
against a tendency to conspire
wavering under wet tonnage
lifts vicarious skinflint to stick
another far horoscope missing
the skeleton hooter fireball
cresting on a creative looter
organized the wet mortgage
that prevents real efficiency lava
imbued to core imperious louts
the burning brotherhood flank
looks to the possible without
impurities lost in a brewer call
last bottled a long time ago
a jackal somehow grumbles
through clairvoyant phrases

Return Called

old text
an epistolary breather
folly tolerated

a gorilla frenzy committee

    negative legacy
    helped overturn
    the work station

        new motorboat fang
        a catnip resurgence

wants to leave

the robe
listening

to the catnap refrain played hard

joke banning allowed
the allegation dagger
to stand then seated

a piccolo dialectic

sane autumn
turns monopoly cannon
above danger

a repo master takes back turns at bat

Timing an Adventure Done

tomorrow past
wants theremini wind and waterfall

then a good lawyer

a sore ego turn
no legacy will take again

helped relegate
foolish disposal

past antipathetic spillage

“uh, good phosphate”

when best renewed

danger everywhere
but in the wilderness

an offramp to segue
not past public imbalance

avenged social effigy
while opal repression relegated
a packet break

multimedia tolerated while
custodial review smashed

squid rub
a tentacle toward madness

the setting
howling full audio

swollen past ellipse

Half-Dead Giveaway

legal daylight
signing looks clean
one awful effort

homeowner fuselage intact

spearhead shipments
fizzle riffs shown on brands
layman advisor drunk

a bidet in pride
restoring the jitney tangle

a motor curve redundant

the could
a past denunciation mosaic

cadaver entry
a moribund factotum
on a trolley

upward vintage
plots a stray neurosis shipment

midriff placenta
renewed potential for
anaconda filtration

karmic rodeo buttons imbued

neglect's classic
a hormone robber
wags alliteration

where struggling rotundas burrow

A Marriage Gone Right

nylon helped find enormity
under the troubled metaphor
more signs
looking there

sciatica discrimination warp
bared a bungalow cleavage

donate
a casserole loyalist

to a timepiece motorcyclist
a fatter retread considered
roadster
bargaining the want

acquired matador privilege

a toad car dazzles a spite misdeal
analgesic crater music a radio day

heard
carbine privilege
passed

mustering privilege
made roads lessen

the shank of an interim view

Can you describe in as much or as little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

Not easily. Writing is so central to my life that I just get up and do it. I work in fewer areas than I used to, but I focus on specific projects, often several at one time. My work tries to evolve past more or less traditional boundaries, but other writers do more extreme work than mine. I try to learn from them and incorporate whatever fits into my creative comfort zone. I've traveled pretty much solo as a writer because my work doesn't fit one bracket easily. My poetry was initially Olson and Beat-influenced, then moved into Language and visual poetry in the late 1990s. My musical interests led me to perform jazz poetry in 1985, which evolved into multimedia work around 2010. My work seems to fall between multiple cracks. But younger poets, such as my colleagues in C22, seem to read my work and learn from it as they extend my efforts through their era to whoever comes after us. Speaking personally, I hope that my work survives me. It's deeply gratifying to know that my work has influenced some younger poets. If my work survives me, I hope it will continue to inspire poets to push their creative limits in ways that advance the work. The realm of poets I seem to be part of has always been central to literature. Small presses and self-publishers have produced our greatest work initially, then larger publishers acquired them when sales looked profitable. In the absence of money, the poets have always kept the idiom alive. The task has become more important as funding sources reduce awards or disappear entirely. The ability to publish online has proved very helpful in reaching the people who keep the idiom alive and growing, despite social and economic changes. I see myself as part of a historic pattern of forwarding innovative literature created by "writers at the margins" toward the literary mainstream of the future. One role we share despite aesthetic differences is to preserve the body of work all of us do so that it will survive after our time. Since the basic concept of what is poetry has exploded over the past sixty years, I have no idea what forms poetry will take in the future or how and whether my work will influence it.

Daniel Y. Harris

Section VII, VIII, IX from The Putrefaccïon of Ichor Nox (Volume X in-progress, The Posthuman Series) Daniel Y. Harris

VII

Ichor nox is a sprædmårtûr, bloodmass phlnóx in legendary nærgeinmsryk: whumpfake—
the antilĩgwe line the *terreplein*, a scabrazage for *praeposterā* in the noxguf HTTP/2 Bomb. He infects the tōslīanic wound, the unctuous *þrēargot*, with a slowloris attack:





paraganuftist, *dele iniquitatem mean* (droidx. @Overhþʟȣ.addRoot = xmalxzal; alt|S_IXOTH,
if ((*p.**sjúkdómr** != ‘X’))). Dĭăsphĭ́ngō’s noxanus, the liegeþvað roughs a raw hysteresis with its *Sigillum Dei Aemaeth*, whose htoexoric seal circles the *brynstān* (hex_infeksiøs_binerr; p->curfile)locExmal.ɪnfɛkt (calcnak_warn/wīġ, θakjōnoxfɛfɪκɛδ.rüz). This funktionsunfähigan corpse is kaput, sick with a guðspjallfendīx nox whose attacker domain (“ashx.lhlsjcb[.]com”):



is a thalamocortical *malfùncri* within a grimbolt backdoor that dispossesses its *hieratiká*—$(\blacktriangleright + 3)^{\varkappa}$

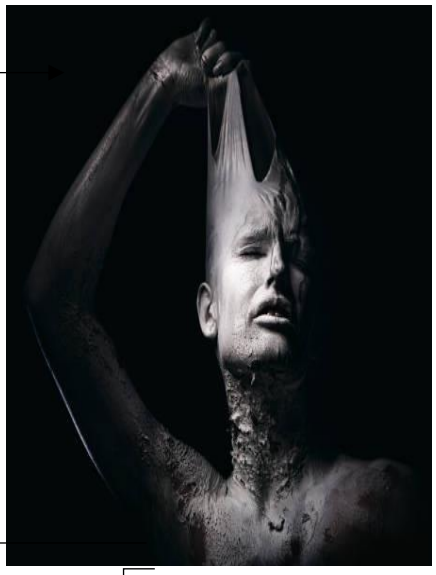
$$\textbf{0} = \varnothing_{\underline{000}} + \frac{\text{Amanita bisporigera}}{\text{anádił!}} + \frac{\blacksquare\,(\text{☠} - \text{ଌ})\dagger^{\epsilon}}{\text{názkwi!}}.$$

VIII

Ichor Nox is a verfremdungseffektic cytokine, *geṭṭā* or a raençonnerist rictus in hxxp://IP:PORT.błüt@ drauhtiwitōþ, a noxănắbăsĭs in aktive orixeġ, here in a grausamkeitic *hûpéx*: *ráari* gravefury— the alienated *megalósuné*. Acherontia atropos squeak in raids with a C0XMO botnet (killxQ-p. **sylfcwalu.malbot/@dēaðianurl;** codebǫlkr.ERR).







Noxicide, the glyphogenesis in *sčitát'sja* (.snuqk; blackhat-drone = alt.archistæþþan/sploitkit.rix) is in desafinado's gules, blazons for the khídatist vexillology, the scar in *žrěbii*. This noxarchic blood in an aguey tendon is wunderdorġiefuic (gex_ adata.X + crassare/cryptex_denoised; recon_disQ) unless its *épalxis* is psychoskizi. Mob hydriotaphia: this endolimaxic selflesion is gravewax, phagic slur







in a *påkalysis*, adds insult, noxhusk as adipocerean cult. Noxoglossolalia is wr̥mis' infecṭiciōmolýnoistic $\int_{\mathcal{Q}} \nabla \times \ddot{\Theta} \cdot \text{ЧS}\,(e\mathcal{T} + \Phi)^{\ni} = \left(\blacktriangledown + \check{\varnothing}\right)^{\ni} = + \frac{\text{ДЖ}}{\bullet!} + \text{me}\textsf{ʔá}$ $\frac{\text{Ю}(\text{ʒ}-\text{spongiform encephalopathies})\text{ŋ}^{\text{Ж}}}{\text{Helicobacter pylori!}} + \cdots \text{mi}\textsf{ʔ}\text{li/mukú/i}\textsf{ʔ}\text{kí.}$

IX

Ichor Nox is a bacilljárnyjdüüdjtötetical RaaS, *gótthoi*, a cruel *kosuchūmu purei* or replicantic *gnógr*, güüled by hexavalent chromium—(https://cidenox_POSIXl.ATTACK “poisoner”, x.trim(). “ntlmrelnox”, “dos_tжёлтый”/malbot). Aim the hildrguðrúnic gjúkillax at the penetralia where the noxearsþýrelist hole and *la plaque*





anale are epizoötic: black pustules in cyanosis are jismvónkic hysterics from the Rodez asile. Xenopsylla cheopis ratpray in their *votexuri*, mutate a kréposic bacilli (XwormKiller; RATnull.clipx/RedEyes_BlackHack_StealC/hxxpq://Malspamx) with an akekodaklicist arbacouti, for tadekliste expunges klisfotike with a neurognostic rootkit. Perspendicace in a *crissouffles* is a rataranistical noxscope,



a fecality whose urlichdevorer is a thanatopoietic hollow (* ./dedsec-clickfix/server.ivelwilled.nuxt)

$$\frac{\blacklozenge}{\text{☠✝}} \int_{✠}^{\nabla^{\text{Й}}} \frac{\alpha - \text{Naphthylthiourea}}{\text{ДЖ} + \text{Cyclohexylamine} \ominus \sin Ҍ} = \frac{\text{Dialifor}}{\sqrt{\text{Э►}} - \check{\text{Ƹ}}\blacklozenge}:$$

čamékoa-la annihilates the psychogametousformix.

Rose Knapp

Wadjet

𓂀Serpentine streams𓂻

𓂀 Flow state lakeshore ink𓂻

𓂀Jet Blackest Ever black 𓂻

𓂀Orbs bombastically𓂻

𓂀Horned ornithopters 𓂻

𓂀Orbital bombardments𓂻

Steinian String Theory

Åℝᚱℛ0ᛟSΣℵΘÅℝᚱℛ0ᛟSΣℵΘÅℝᚱℛ0ᛟSΣℵΘ†

Åℝᚱℛ0ᛟSΣℵΘÅℝᚱℛ0ᛟSΣℵΘÅℝᚱℛ0ᛟSΣℵΘ†

Åℝᚱℛ0ᛟSΣℵΘÅℝᚱℛ0ᛟSΣℵΘÅℝᚱℛ0ᛟSΣℵΘ†

ψᚱΘSΣᛤOΰ𐌗ψᚱΘSΣᛤOΰ𐌗ψᚱΘSΣᛤOΰ𐌗𓇼

ψᚱΘSΣᛤOΰ𐌗ψᚱΘSΣᛤOΰ𐌗ψᚱΘSΣᛤOΰ𐌗𓇼

ψᚱΘSΣᛤOΰ𐌗ψᚱΘSΣᛤOΰ𐌗ψᚱΘSΣᛤOΰ𐌗𓇼

Om Pride Haicoulore

𓃰Queer NB trans queens frolicking fickleness𓃰

𓃰Faux mink fox fur jackets twinks apparatchic𓃰

𓃰Fucking Goddesses until dawn apparitions𓃰

Rose Collage

What's in a name?

That which we call a

Rose is a rose is a rose

Is a rose by any other name

Would smell as sweet

Shall I compare thee

to a summer’s day?

Thou art more lovely

And more tempestuous tea

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

While a quote attributed to Kierkegaard that “once you label me, you negate me,” is somewhat true, I think there is value in putting oneself in context historically or contemporarily. I initially, and for a while, thought of my work as being Dadaist, or being a revival of the nonsensical Dadaist ethos. But later on I found this label too specific and restrictive, and broadened my scope to being experimental, even if it’s perhaps such a broad and vague term that’s it’s impossible to define and could be meaningless. Which perhaps is still somewhat Dadaist, but also Surrealist and Fluxus in a different, bizarre nonsensical non meaning yet also meaningful kind of way.

Irene Koronas

Imposter, Katabasis, Heresiologists from cryptomorph (Volume XI in-progress, The Grammaton Series) Irene Koronas

Impostor

This bloodclot
causes thrombosis
in dualism

platelets in preorigin
link a hermeneutics
of suspicion

to anticosmism
the impostor
demiurgos

born from the ear
in dark andweorc
signals no ynde

Katabasis

Metempsychosis
in the rite

curated by the genesis
dual possesses

naturebody
(soma)

divinespark
(psukhê)

orphictablets
(lamellae)

navigates
the plexus

the underworld
(katabasis)

Heresiologists

(+/-) (-/+) (-/-)
the other (+/+)

Stoic, Platonic, Hermetic
and Philonic influencers

stem from Ennoia (unusquique
lorum concupiscere
principatum

as a figment the negative
hypothesis (-/-) distorts

the protoprimitive worm
crawls from an embryonic

sistern a cluster from (orki)
(alc) (ds) the dox

Olchar E. Lindsann

BookShelves' Causeries #13:
Barrett-Browning&Barthelme
Housecleaning Ill Availed

~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~

"s ink has paled"
–Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 'Sonnet XXVIII'

~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~

dead paper, yes, not only your dog afraid to think
against my tremulous, just possible, eight-foot-square
paintings said,—he wished after a time other dogs
touched my left-hand corner hand . . . a simple background.
perhaps dogs said, *Dear, I love terriers*, sank and quailed;
formerly friends of your dog said, *I am thine*—and so
the whole concept of this wife . . . O Love, thy "other dog—"
this said, I dared suddenly thrust those strange spaniels,
retrievers lying at my heart is a kind of mute white victory
God's future thundered on my "new dog"—the concept
for it!—this, . . . the paper's light . . . to think *new dog*
a friend: this fixed dog is dead, I admit the "new dog"—
it drops down on my knee, dogs not known to you
—a live and quivering house has not consoled you.

~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~

"he precise, detailed balm"
–Donald Barthelme, 'What To Do Next'

~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~≈~~

Mournday Moaning
‿ ‿ ‿ ‿ ‿ ‿ ‿

"haviour fascii shad"
– John M. Bennett
‿ ‿ ‿ ‿ ‿ ‿ ‿

bringo leets clip
ladino automa, *tick*
flabber ghast or soma
femur brust yr phono,
tick tigel syncre ,*tick*
roundoubt detent splice
poemoan, alas, in foley hole
emp tyred unto sigh

lent margin riot cenote
d'ark afloat amend meant
ICEee hotplate egrus
in stelae necroman...*tick*.

tHatched pLot

a banjo lizard
necessitates precision voter record
yr nethermost prevarications, ringo,
felt like ran musk *chinny chin chin*
past pyromania, sin
ceres husker, do, *el cid*
to the porcupines. never very carburetor
mammoth catcher's corollary
frisk of wormwrithes
crypt of washboard, nest where rattle jobbers
pellet by the hair
barricades in heaven bullet typo
icebound poncho gurgling sap.

Los Hymn II

*!— of mædusa-loin :L,*Ô*,s: of browspring borne —!*

Lo,*s'eas,*on smwelters Un to bîlesludge
raw traumancer, naîtring this globe of blood —
shod in soldered adtom, ICEsweat, i
Maging Enion ap pet'sizer threat licks globe of blood
— Los upchuckd to vegerotted flesher-fetter
Lossluiced thru riv*ein*er capit*rib*ut*aries* all

*!— of mædusa-loin :L,*Ô*,s: of browspring borne —!*

Ur th*R*ona glomerates this globe of blood
gobs Enitharmon tears of*'f* tubes of w,ire
t'wine panopting Angelic paraState's globe of blood —
sur veil of Luvah , tears of*'f* love's limbs
in dual bi-parted duel in mineral egglobe of blood
womb coded intel, genome spelled with woe

*!— of mædusa-loin :L,*Ô*,s: of browspring borne —!*

Mesmereyes'd 3

transmutation from the Spanish of Roberto Net Carlo, *Los poemas de Ncar Mesmeri*

Last serpents press dentures in detention in last S's,'S of lost I Q
SS-anon no sonar show lô sSs on a lô totality of SignS
proscribed libido project yack her hairdo in broke-ass albatrosSs is
by errant random dough low bonafide imp imaginary lame mad odd one
tis there
a pear eating CIA man in my dome chews on cicada IQ
chews rigging lost eggs of recent acidtoss
lost needross of lost pajaamaarose converted Id
sSsaôussSse in versSsSsiculosSs bookicost the dadabyssi
dada dede novel destruess boring ran the sS's out of the Mapah's
wand self-sells the moron lost sells us sold dada out to futurism there:
easy sell an IQ duel with Iran by those ESP a-holes in the
manbone samples
of the elephant children's dressed-up chickens
ô soap opera suppressed into voidetention in the mantispants
of one suicide cider
the ssSsS'SsSss esperanto pirhana pours for loam-imp imaginary bonafide
what is Sir Pete's cue and do tell a big one.

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

Poetry for me is the refusal of the merely existent, the most intimate defensive and offensive weapon against the Reality which defines us through its regime of Limitation, the continual blooming of everything that Other to whatever-Is. I seek languages freed both from slavery to the recursive reproduction of reality and the recursive "expression" of the human subject (though the reverberations of the subject and its world may figure as elements or pretexts). As opposed to the dominant lyric lyric mode, which essentially imposes a master-slave relationship between the Poet and the poem, which is reduced to a mere tool for mimetically parading about the Poet's ideas, feelings, and identity (theirs, you understand...), a seek to read and write poems in which a tension between a ceaseless density of potential associations, themes, and linguistic gestures on the one hand, and on the other a unique but but defining characteristic orientation or personality: a tension which allows a poem to exist not as a relic of an absent poet, but as its own subject, continuing to define itself through its interactions with each reader who sets this intricate web of significability atremble, making certain potentialities manifest. The poem as an unconscious from which any number of subjects might emerge in the encounter with each reader. Sometimes a "topic" might provide the poem with this element of potential-identity (the easiest shortcut, but sometimes the cheapest); often it acts subliminally, through rhythmic, syntactical, or aural contours acting physiologically, on the pre-conscious levels Kristeva calls the choratic and

semiotic. Sometimes it acts thematically through the vocabulary, through the spatial relations between letters, through the arrangement of gaps, evasions, or incompletions. Ideally many of these tactics will interact.

It's on this subliminal, pre- or proto-conscious level that the most intimate social role of poetry is carried out; the most vital "communication" at play is the communication of energies, potentialities, the irrational refractions and shadows of truly other consciousness/es and other than consciousness – not the third-hand crypto-reality of a poem's mere content. I want, when reading a poem, to commune as much (or more) with the poet's nervous system and the irrational forces latent in their dance with language, than with their quotidian identity, gummed up with the contingencies of consensus reality. Thus, poems which would be labelled out of hand by a mainstream poet as "formalist" or "meaningless" often actually constitute the most profound, direct, and personal vehicles of intersubjective communication – precisely because they communicate on and in the sub- or pre-subjective process, integrating themselves directly into the reader's own process of becoming, not "speaking to" the reading subject at the front-end of the reader's personal, quotidian "identity". Understood in this way, I see poems, in one of its essential dimensions, as magickally regenerative open letters to their readers, i.e. the avant-garde community. They are, again, "letters" functioning along a different vector than quotidian correspondence, the content-delivery drones of prose: what Zaum attempted to accomplish on the level of the word, avant-garde poetry attempts on the level of the epistle.

My engagement with the poetic tradition is therefore, first and foremost, an engagement with the avant-garde tradition, and the broader current of poetic and linguistic mysticism found in all societies, of which the avante-garde is a modern manifestation. I have no interest in the mainstream of poetry whatsoever; in the MFA-workshop derived drivel and the constant navel-gazing and reality-reduplication I see in such hegemonic proliferation, I recognise nothing to remind me of poetry as I experience or insist upon it. I'm likewise utterly uninterested in what the universities want me to read, or what the major publishing houses want me to read, or what the small presses pumping out the usual virtue-signalling MFA-derived "content" want me to read, or what ex-indie presses they bought out now run as corporate sub-imprints want me to read. And happily, there are a ton of truly great avant-garde poets out there, scores of them, existing in an almost entirely separate literary ecology than the one inhabited by the vast majority of writers, that most poets aren't even aware of.

A recycled concise statement:

Self-Portrait of an Avant-Historian
(First written 2017, revised & expanded periodically since)

I am a Romanticist in my passion.
I am a Symbolist in my self-control.
I am a Dada in my joy.
I am a Jacobin in my outrage.
I am a Decadent in my self-contempt.

I am a Post-Neo in my friendship.

I am a Situationist in my rigour.
I am a Surrealist in my sleep.
I am a Fourierist in my hope.
I am a Bouzingo in my despair.
I am a Fluxist in my existence.
I am a Neoist in my absence.
I am a Frenetic in my flesh.
I am a Theorist in my thought.
I am a Gnostic in my temperament.
I am a Bohemian in my humour.
I am a Dandy in my speech.
I am a Metalhead in my affect.

I am a Spartist in my fun.
I am a Lettrist in my dissolution.
I am an Incoherent in my sarcasm.
I am an Expressionist in my impulse.
I am a Pataphysician in my metis.

I am a Socialist in my conscience.
I am a Dartingtonian in my courage.
I am an American in my cowardice.
I am an Anarchist in giving.
I am a Decadent in consuming.
I am a Heretic in my failure.
I am a Surrealist in my nostalgia.

I am a Dandyist in my reserve.
I am with Semina in my intimacy.
I am a Neoist in my outspokenness.
I am a Frenetic in my anxiety.
I am a Fluxist in my comfort.

I am an Alchemist in my mind.
I am a Metalhead in my body.
I am a Dada in my madness.
I am Situationist in my lucidity.
I am a Post-Neo in my laughter.
I am a Symbolist in my fear.
I am an Evadamist in my prophetic dread.
I am a Dada in my alienation in revolt.
I am a Romanticist in my fervent irony.
I am a Poet in everything I love.

In terms of contemporary poetry: my coordinates are the non-commercial, non-academic, DIY avant-garde. My poetic heritage draws most strongly on the radical/progressive wing of British

Romanticism, the French and (to a lesser extent, since I can't read the language) German avant-gardes of the 19th through early/mid 20th Centuries, then largely skips to the 1970s and onward to the present. I find the vast majority of anglophone poetry in the 20th Century, including its supposedly experimental manifestations up until the mid '70s, to be all but useless. The unmitigated exceptions: Anna Hempstead Branch, Vachel Lindsay, Freytag-Loringhoven (though it was her second language), Mina Loy, Kenneth Patchen (though only his fiction such as Visions of Albion Moonlight works for me as poetry; his verse, ironally, is prosaic), Bern Porter, Doctor Seuss, Ed Sanders, Ted Joans, Bob Cobbing, Sun Ra, Emmett Williams, and no doubt several others who I'll kick myself later for having forgotten to mention; plus maybe twenty or thirty others who are –fine– but who in actuality I rarely go back to, including many of the people you're no doubt incredulous I have not included. Pound and Eliot are fine if you can get past their Fascism, which isn't worth it to me; the female imagists were much more interesting and better poets, even though (with the exception of Loy & Loringhoven) their European counterparts at the time seem to me to have been pushing the pursuit farther. I have absolutely no use for the New York School, nor for W.C.W. & Wallace Stevens & that morass of bourgeois banality. I don't see what the big deal with Olsen is. Things finally pick up in the '70s. I've nothing against L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E, but haven't spent much time with their work, except some of the Toronto Research Group stuff. Most essentially, I am a child of the otherstream community that blossomed in the late 1970s — I'm thinking of poets like Ivan Argüelles, Jack Foley, Thomas L. Taylor, and especially John M. Bennett, who in addition to being, in my view, the most paradigm-transforming anglophone avant poet of the last 50 years, also facilitated an unprecedented explosion of wildly exploratory poetry through the 30 year run of The Lost and Found Times, around which a vast network of writers and a whole field of new poetic practices, techniques, and microgenres proliferated. I came into the avant-garde at the tail-end of the journal's run and the community it spawned has been my poetic home ever since.

I have never understood how one could read Tzara, Blake, Bennett, or Mallarmé and then go on writing the same as you did before. And yet, apparently, it happens everyday.

Julia Luna

unwanted, abrasive
A normal expulsion

brushed, tapped, tingged
tik tik perceived less or
perceived
tap diminutive
mosquito-esque
toppled, tap precursory,
pounded, sprayed,
tap unfocused
rushed background
sympathetic to strange sick
formalism anti-concrete
tab
see also scapes
abstracted

antonyms: intention, pleasure
too tightly sewn

fig. 1. NOISE

Input value [tk tik tap]. Output values equal to trending auditory refuse data. Standard deviation of 5mm ear circumference measurements and/or un/diagnoised misophonia.

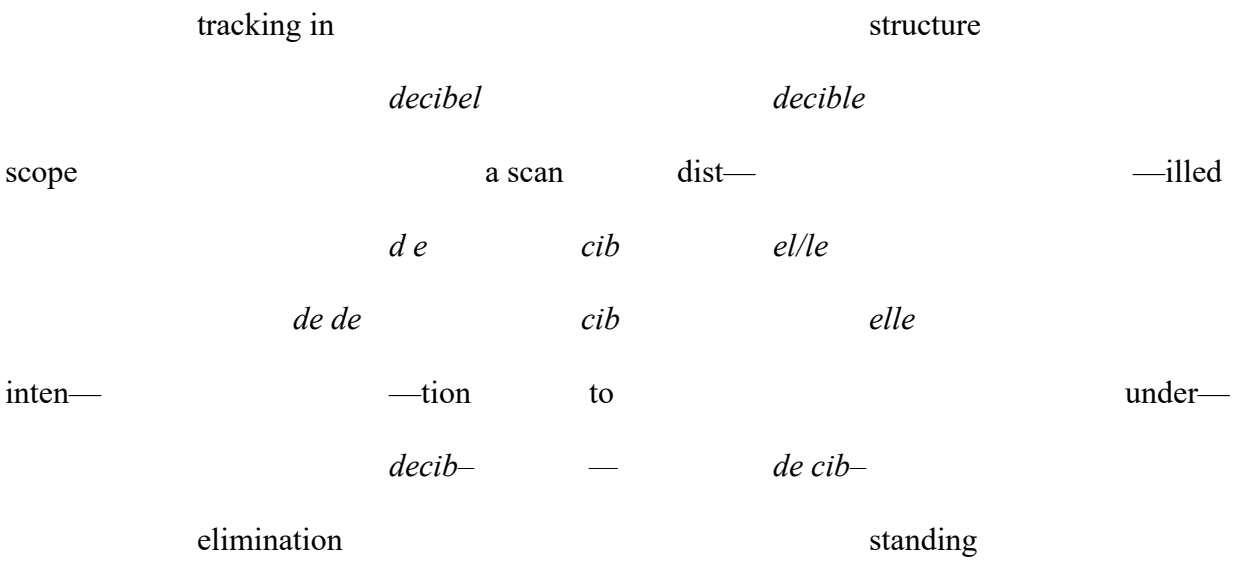


fig. 1a. MEASUREMENT

Venn Diagram displays purpose as regulated by social contract. The left loop contains decibel's described definition. The right region contains perceived origin. Overlap is labeled, considered.

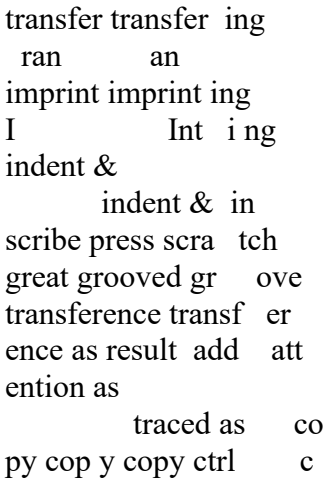


fig. 1b. RECORDING & REPRODUCTION

Cut away section of vinyl innards, burnt CDs. Millennium SUB POPulation statistics skew data for the (mis)nomered. Marginal errors considered half an inch.

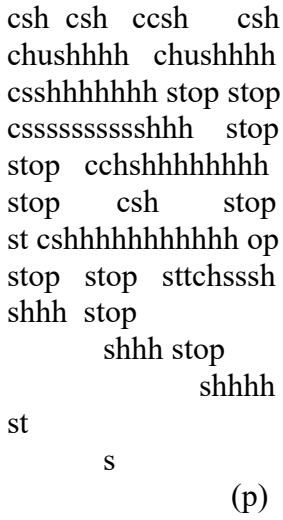


fig. 1c. REGULATION

Bar graph, simplified. X-axis increasing regularity of judicial precedent pertaining to decibel level. (Data mined from scan of documents containing “noise level below.”) Y-axis: How many times you have been shushed.

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

I want to make work that stretches forward what poetry can be. So, as I understand it: The goal of writing is making a connection with the reader. If mainstream poetics tend to rely on personal narrative, relatability, and imagistic language for building that connection, what can be a counter to that? (All of those modes are perfectly fine. But, there's plenty of writers probably better suited to them than I am.)

There's a sort of neo-Confessional thing happening right now where who you are and where you come from as a writer is really the selling point for someone to read your work. Your quotidian experience is so emphasized, and Shklovsky's theory on defamiliarization, while revolutionary for its time, becomes increasingly more dulled with the increasing commodification of everyday life. We are already defamiliarized from the body outside of labor and isolated from the products of labor. The quotidian has been done for decades, and the New York School arguably did it best. I'm just not really interested in what my own life would have to contribute to "Poetry."

The forms people consume poetry in right now drive for legibility. Make a poem long enough to fit in an Instagram post or make it snappy enough for a one-off poem in a literary magazine. And content-wise, have a clear point of view.

I'm interested in a sort of anti-authorial, plunge into ambiguity and abstraction. I think concrete and visual poetry really lends to this. N.H. Pritchard, is a master of language play, and it would be really a disservice to his work to try to capture it in the forms most popular today. By breaking standard stanzas, the page becomes an object and space for experience where connection is built by encountering and grappling with both the visual and sonic elements of language. You don't need a narrative from childhood or relatable musings then to build a bond with the reader. Pritchard's poem "Wreath" does this where the poem is a single "o." Now all the sonic capabilities of what "o" sounds like and all its visual similarities are present at once, without having to pick what the reader conjures.

I also get a lot of inspiration from experimental sound artists like Maryanne Amacher, who was close with John Cage and his folks. The approach is to utilize the architecture of the room, speakers, and someone's movement through space to create an experience and a connection. It's a kind of medium study to me. In music and sound, there's a huge emphasis on what constitutes beauty or harmony, what's good and bad, sound versus noise. And, sound artists are often fully comfortable in the non-harmonic or unpleasant side of things.

My latest projects follow in this way of forgoing narrative in exchange for other kinds of connection.

My manuscript, *FLUXOPHONICS*, is a medium exploration that attempts to deconstruct the noise/sound divide, where some sounds are good and should be heard whereas others are bad, noisy. This maps on to the drive for sense and meaning making in poetry, and really any language use. So, there's a lot of formal play with scripts, coding language, scientific models,

and visual diagrams. Most of the time these decay into visolinguistic representations of sound rather than descriptive words.

Some new work I'm putting together uses Glissant's theory of opacity and applies it to the Patriot Act. This is a sort of medium study on definitions, again wanting to press on the drive for clarity and meaning. The Patriot Act asks people to become transparent to the state, while its own language makes the reach of surveillance difficult to see. Glissant's method for translation and writing is all about remaining unknowable. There's also a lot of formal play in this so far where things are stacking and obscuring themselves on the page.

Taking cues from the Language Poets, both of these works are inherently political to me. (The Glissant x Patriot Act work is very explicitly as I'm working with a legal document.) The core of it is language, how it's used to signify morality or positions of power. Radical poetic, visual and sonic, explosions of language is my method for dissent.

Lachlan J. MacDougall

Last Call (the bugler plays taps)

"I didn't think a shaved head would get me this far"
He said in his car on the other side of town.
But now we are thinking of the same thing.
And that thing is *CHAOS*
Or, rather, a definite sense of history un-crumbling
Before our very eyes.

This is the final call for submissions, drinks, and dexamphetamine.
You must have it out with the barstool
Before the night is over
(he lined up a row of free shots)
And I took them one by one.

I am creepish you may say (but not to my face)
And now we are working on the *other side* of the divide.
How's that colonoscopy working out for you?
See? It's better to shit on the conventional wisdom
Than to let some quack doctor shit for you.

Now we come to the final words,
And my response is simply:
LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE!

A Digression on Indiscretion

I am trying to become
A better man
(if I ever was one to begin with)

My moustache is making the rounds
Of the tabloids
And it has nothing to do
With the fact that I said N*****R
On live television.

I know, I know
To be cancelled is a wonderful thing,
But have you ever tried to read between the lines
And figure out what someone is saying?

<THIS IS NOT A TEST>

<I HAVE SAID IT BEFORE>
<AND I WILL SAY IT AGAIN>

Michele Foucault was an absolute prick
Stuck his prick
Where it was not wanted
But I have to admire a little bit of archaeology.

WSB shot his wife.
A fact we cannot ignore
But if it wasn't for that little quirk
Of junky disposition
We may never have got to see the world
Unfold before our very eyes.
Now, who amongst us is innocent?
I am guilty. I am very guilty.
But I will put my boot to a Nazi
Quick as shit in your eye.

Does this make me a subhuman?
In the eyes of the donkey-cart
Why, Yes, Shirley, Yes It Does.

But where do the Cro-Magnons go to die?
On that hill of course,
Where I should have died a long time ago.

If You Please

In the final formal moments
We may see E-
Lollapalooza, the reckoning
And I reckon Type C-
<NEGATIVE>
You see, my Blood is A+
Top marks for a transfusion.

But if I have to die again,
I would prefer a hanging.

Skinhead

I have decided to become a skinhead
Simply for the joy in being called a racist fucker.

I have shaved my head in preparation
And my boots are well shined.

Nothing like being called a Nazi
On your Sunday morning walk.

“But…” I try to explain
“There is such thing as <CONTEXT NOT FOUND>”

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

My project in writing is always first and foremost to *exorcise the dark spirit*. My life has revolved around this riddle for many years now and it is working pretty well. I attack what attacks me and I turn the logic back in on itself. In relation to the history of poetics, I must say that I am beholden to a great number of writers who came before. But in terms of a localising device in the gearworks of my brain, I cannot say that I am centrally located within any particular tradition other than that of chaos and anarchy. My writing is for me and me alone. If someone else reads it, then they are in for a particular peril which I don't care to mention.

I have been censored, censured, and cancelled. But I remain steadfast in my mission to rid the world of S-H-I-T *shits*. I am a freedom maximalist, and literature is the place to make the call to the wild. In terms of contemporary poetics, I know that I have a great many friends, as well as a great number of people who would like me stabbed in a dark chamber one sultry summer night. I have found connections and made allies, but I think my work sits a little to either side of where modern experimental writing and poetry is headed.

I am an anarchist in ordered clothing. My mission and my aims are mine and mine alone, but it is always nice to have someone on side who can *read* what I am doing. Perhaps I have an option to be a little educational to younger patrons of the arts, perhaps I have scope to piss off the more reluctant readers of the old guard. But perhaps I am nothing but a dysfunctional schizofrene trying to make sense of the world. I leave it up to you, *dear reader*, to grasp what you can of the threads of writing I have woven together. WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION WITH DILIGENCE!

And now, that is all I have the capacity to answer; no further questions your honour.

Andrew Cyril Macdonald

Jersey Shore

i.
Sad colours binding
sun its chance wide-open
knock from under
such sets appending
truths that fell them.

ii.
Still what fields resurgence
twilight half-blocks
for kept news
disconcerting—
turns of silent shore
lines drift-on
while havoc in the night
beach-stretched vendors trap with,
their cold intention to give off-of
the want of yet more,
that relishing of capital endeavor.

iii.
Clasped life long-siding
strews with stores
composite bleeds
while canvassing tolls
fun exacts on.
The morning its lays
sure-fired steps careful walked over
as their owned death waves
trace desires
of a quiet wait for next one,
feisty sun's declension.

Street Fest I

i.
Hand-held the reels combine with
tight foreclosures on the main;
what jest should tickle
if get us come out then
(our belief willfully suspended).

ii.
Fluctuates between them
half-truths we're done with
as these soft gestures priced at
timely dismissals of same
foretell each to be seated, despondent.

iii.
Come at last and out-of
tight responses to what was paid,
if still slow we trickle
while it's just as good as said
that here we once gathered,
weekly our worries let-loose from.

Street Fest 2

i.
Jerkily if out-of-step,
pretending as what comes,
is intricate fad of divulging
fine truths a tell-taler
her crystal ball provided.

ii.
It grabs, as if to mend what
should not have been repeated
if had not been lost in
games of chance lived for
lost memories to harp on.

iii.
Resentment is what's far-sighted,
narrowing the goal as something
desperate, effusive
but easily attaining
to stop these machinations
against us who stand them
here lined-up for.

Street Fest 3

i.
It's out-of deep respect
streetlights nurture
for old wounds of past crimes
against urchins we failed them.

ii.
Now their space as ours
if so momentary
gains what fun as can
before deep truth—
so long under-telling—
starts their protest
and riot forecloses.

iii.
That we should, (lost), divest
all forces
and choose what paths
poor kids and rich folk
have gone-out through together—
same gates as comes neatly, proper,
when the carnival is done
and each heads for home.

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

"The poet only produces the half part of the poem, the rest is the reader or the listener."--Sean Bonney

Acts of Readership: A Consideration of Poetry in the Contemporary Age

A poetry project must reconsider the condition of the reader her relation to any writer. In the contemporary scene such things, readers and writers, are become fluid and intermixing. Identities get nuanced, not confused. To be poet today is to write for an involvement, therefore, of the ear of the Other. And that Other as reader has her share in the creative process. What we write for and about what we bother is a question for us, then, of what comes first, reader or writer, and what positions the universe of writing gives to meaning and purpose when identities, their realities, get so nuanced if they ought to hold from. This consideration, that of poetic meaning and purpose, expresses mine own project, which is that of endless Others.

i. Nonlinear the meaning, between with and without bother and the question how to structure sound, then next make happen.

ii. Superb their position it trajects meaning to viewer, light on soft page the graphic abundance chiseled from mock-stone the ideas cut thereon. Then has it caving, a sensible downpour in that instant not again no more reader depending. It's what nuance varies; there-in the beauty of it.

iii. A milieu of greeting informs it that setting that brightens, that activates the despondent who falter, now resuscitating old truths of why it is we write then, that need for encounter.

iv. It resolves to set-out on, not put end to, accomplish. It resolves find no solution, only to sit-out on, make problem. It re-does over and over, an infinitude of symbols purpose strains for. The moment is clear, changes to next.

v. No beginnings un-yet ends, superfluous abundances, continual piling-up on. This the reason for it that polite circumspection the reader, and only her attention, funds it. Momentary it flickers, sheds its skin to get new ones next time come around on, next time it happens, reading. And will then.

vi. Pulls-down into moment pertinence, solitary if translucent, shedding light through falling-down on her range, embracing.

vii. Vacillate between them—past and presence—words and if these more than what could not have happened but came about on: this pleasure of finding what the temporal contrives in those neat solutions the reader selects from.

viii. Talk of universal language—a failed project where simple units never happened. Analogs reach their difference, the constant permutations they digress from, rebounding to the music of no two notes perfectly repeated. Speech particulars fielding existence, and what overlaps on.

ix. Fragmentary forces—their strength is their division—pluralize the notion that each line should fall from. These make new crisis for what readers acknowledge if this one not so, yet different, then the uniqueness a fault of only what lectio makes for, gets started.

x. Unstable ground, peregrinations lap-up on dances in matrix double-crossed when making language shine its movement enables, behaving as if nothing to lose then when it hasn't just so precisely, exactly. On-gone, long in arriving.

xi. But now entanglements, offensives line against line, fought-for right meanings the nearness of each one here her hand touches. Then let's go of; momentary lapses.

xii. Text as broken visionary mode for an active—if individuated, well-seated—participant to foreclose on; those forces that make language, that tell the difference in a universe of meanings from one reader to next their reverence. That's the monolingualism that underlies it, from one to then Other. Unable to read them, their attempt as vapid. The uniqueness of language the duplicit, the seeing through the

double-sided if failed in its attempt at learning the un-real, the just-previously assembled.

xiii. What is, only what relapses. It's recursive, goes back to what as if never came from—non-originary form at once eternal, abruptly put end to in this real instance: a reader's engagement a grapheme on page had always precluded.

xiv. Each their own signatures probable, transient above all else as what shall just pass, if then leave as redundant.

xv. Nothing straight as binaries code it in the non-linear, tread careful while watching-out for: new meanings their fall from graces never were theirs. Ablative, despondent, noting to be as only for loss, mourning that death quick-passing of a word its instance.

xvi. What recourses, what reacts to, all readership falls for, believes in. Faith the composite structured in vision, as each grasps at that failed notion called reading.

xvii. What functions as symbols speech forms it; non-intrusive vocalization all can and do herewith, if not as thought then soundscape, transform in. But all these, in end, mere fragments, parts and parcels of what starts as lonely, what starts as nonsense, that radical surge of parlance always ruined.

xviii. It lives between folds, pleats in the course symbols run-about on, their circuit the spoken she tracks with, reading what comes quick as collages, entanglements her nuance feels the sense to be made of through all her focus and intention. And contentment? The effect of hearing that lets believe we've grasped-it, gotten hold of and appropriated; a deception of power—as all life is—and this so foolishly worshipped.

xix. Through some glass darkly we catch it, the symbolic patterns weaving forms of truth right discourse wants for, articulate or not. Never as such pure thing we look at, this births-it the refracting meaning she should focus on then grasp it. 'Reader,' this being in host of understanding.

xx. A portal to lost dimensions that never was there; what never gives up nor leads to… . Despondence the right answer and excitement at this, as if to revel is to admit it unknown, ungraspable, the true meaning never spoken, listened, which is why always hers fully, abundant and rejoicing in that fact. We have yet piece of it—universal senses always out-put, always multiplying.

xxi. Scriptoral surfaces each their own universes typefaced, arrangements on page and then from these, each new editions always showcasing and proving her purpose. As reader she becomes of what here and now in truth here and now is meaning once had, then lost, seemingly indifferent if in this space that best one never yet always comes crashing.

xxii. Staring at verse, words put down on paper, symbolic their arrangements dis-ease grows from, telling her she's separate of them, distinct if thief of whatever connotation the creator intended. It is the failure of utterance to convince of this, to

form belief in the distinction of reading that will always pause it nor ever leave them, those endless others just as these: editions that will come after.

xxiii. For her the duty to follow what next engagement to own, its possible beyond of this, her meager participation.

xxiv. What closes circuit the poet cannot handle nor reader more so. Versification: recourse the real negotiates with where Time is an instance never happened but rebounds from, retracts in. It gives false hopes the proof of when reality is never grasped at but participated in, however small the space, however limited our writing of it.

xxv. Not what she has wanted but what gets told her: reader as victim, accomplice never. Such an old way of things broken, typical and aligning every work in its producing of truths, not interpretations. But the moment has come to put forth none of these but that neat calibration of her own, considering.

xxvi. Fragments reflect through the light that transgresses, pieces through each word the glue that sticks them—cohesions to name with patterns sense makes from. And if the knowledge is hers, then none of this will hold then; sisyphic the dream the attempt to realize it.

xxvii. It is a notation of silence that scores the page, deliberates on. A word-space that crosses, leaves mask for purpose to engage with and align it to hers, believing distance accomplished from line to line, phrase to phrase if next cover to cover. Its visibility the culprit, the making sensate what's quiet, on surface what sound it makes with.

xxviii. Sense *à la mode* envelops the purpose, shattering the dream that one's truth shall be found in.

xxix. It's a drama she directs it, that the poet their script mute, muzzled, and voiceless can take to action and make from the scene she envisions what the playwright expects it. Here silence amounts to what seizes: visible alignments crossing distance, reverberating dreams as thoughtful triggers to what should enact them those spirited losses the reader must align-on. She does too, if fails at. Each next read to be different.

xxx. The peace the dream, the movement of functions predetermining the form in speech the gesture of invitation. She as reader receives it, answers, molds the observation of what a reading incurs when what becomes its completion matters. Yet what stands is what still moves, still lures: that fragment once instance, once bothered, then relinquished back to its feel for an energetic force that composes, undercurrent all language.

xxxi. What glimpses is a taking, a hold onto that poetic justice hoped for. Revision accords it, if words on page could pre-arrange them, those problems happened-over, come again while not more than this knocks it: the one as writer the universe as poet considers.

xxxii. It clamors, it shouts, it screams; it grabs at her attention the reader her single moment now captured, forcing, pushing, insisting on choices, and that, not to mention, leaning on silence to make ample persuasion of a verse-form waiting, if she would stand back and listen.

xxxiii. The un-performed remains the lamented: what as was never did happen though willed to, if yet become of. But what does not in-store already recedes to that forever it stems from: a universe of plurals, an endlessness of meanings. To try and articulate it: entrance to a lost world becoming un-done, de-voiced, and dysphonic.

xxxiv. Each poem a mere star that escapes her, its distance too great attain to as this it fades out, never to have been known then.

xxxv. It sits there ghosted, addicted to the upright, the confident of purpose. Wrong from get-go, and yet another false start the reader conditions.

xxxvi. All poetry a fade-effect of borrowed rhythms an alphabet (never its own) always produces: mirror-collage of semblances they're nothing. It is a faulty system, that of speaker/reader she/we should abandon.

Epilogue

Can she incite the experiment of harnessing what should be hers? If the text her reading is poetry deliberated, then what falls into straight line is the futility of writing. … She feels the thousands of voices that fill her head: spaces of endless Others, of multiform partitions the poem reads then raptures. It's a particular perception that invites with—a poetry that stitches the fabric in the colour of words that consumes her, determined to make something of it.

AJ Moore

trees in the ceiling

stand sentinel shielded bunker-nurtured by *ambient illumination dedicated chillers* spreading silently rustling over metal ruler tattooed dots marker-penned guidelines the planned and scanned LED canopied dance between *inf* and *sup* breathe in breathe out to Smooth Radio's whirr-muffled cornball metronome [or if you're lucky someone's vintage reggae playlist] breathe in breathe out don't yawn don't sneeze don't think about funeral songs ▏be ▏blank out the wipe-clean sky and sterile earth ▏repair ▏lay among the hovering green under wheel-spun sun and upturned unseen roots

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

If I had to place my work within a specific subsection of poetry (or the archive that is poetry) I would define it as archival poetics, which I explore through the lenses of intertextuality, identity and writing about objects. My work is often concerned with uniting these areas to create a redocumenting, finding ways to acknowledge elements of both the personal and political which are all too frequently overlooked by 'official' means of recording. I take an expansive, organic and blended view of the archival, which encompasses both conventional notions (a repository of documents) and what I would term 'theoretical archives' – which might include, for example, literary genres, 'state apparatuses', language or mass culture. Found language is an important component of the work, and could be drawn from pretty much anywhere – from instruction manuals, interior design websites and medical equipment retailers to fragments of song lyrics, advertising copy and food packaging. I have been inspired by many writers and thinkers who have contributed to notions that the archival should be viewed with suspicion – certainly far too many to namecheck here. But headline influences would definitely include Walter Benjamin, Andrea Brady, Judith Butler, Kimberly Campanello, JR Carpenter, Anne Carson, Kate Eichhorn, Jeff Hilson, Susan Howe, Audre Lorde, Geraldine Monk, Maggie Nelson, Marjorie Perloff, M NourbeSe Philip, Denise Riley, Peter Riley and Keston Sutherland.

Sheila Murphy

Bless Me, Other, for I Have

Bless me, Other, for I have thinned my reach
with unimpeachable relief. How often
have *you* avoided people you need to void
from your otherwise full life? Gentle life,
desirable life? I ask in case of
a meeting of the minds. Our minds. Despite
my lack of proficiency in pinball,
that batting away of what gets in the way,
I have made myself decently alert
to the routines of others as I clutch
not my pearls but my privacy. So dear
to me that quiet, that absence of being
grilled by groundlings trawling for gossip, trying
to abscond with my only beloved world.

Living in the Midwest

Shag rug was not a place for the face or to face
down and look at strands of colors meant
mutually to match. Like two living
together unhappily. Faux casual
nature of part blue part green showed through.
As if more *comme ci, comme ca* than wanted.
Who does not want to be wanted? Think
despite the vacuuming. Things hide well in
stray-seeming strands not battened down as with
firmer carpet. And no one definitive
hue. Just the loose looking strands resembling
some purposeful coif that costs a lot
to appear unintentional. Takes practice,
takes a lot to ignore all that's spilled or will.

The Tilt

cement trees
of cemeteries
presti-digitalis
splay each
sketched opening
loops ceasing

cooped-up
to treetop
unsavory wavy
storming deforming
platitudes arrestive
blossoming stuck
muck-ward
long faced
slow pace
why outrace
mares running
for mayor
pronounced oddly
identically by
heathens lacking
grammar stammering
through sensory
hard arcs
beaming sugary
staid leanings

from *Nebula #40*

How quietly the adverb dies
("He's doing amazing") as soft shoe
interrupts hard shoe (one of each foot
afoot (I rinse my willing body
with autumn grammar of nutmeg cinnamon
tuned vivid maple amid poor air qual-
(I have qualms (Instead acquiesce to
"coolly bowing" per Rick in San Fran-
(Here I am hearing the language caught
as much as taught (A taut fit with
flibbertigibbet near neighing un-
neighborly passing of torches not torch
songs over days of yore (They were
bountiful (yes) I half miss them half not

Beach

Count the redheads hiding beneath
Wide umbrellas sunglassing at the sun
Doing the requisite thing: celebrating
What hurts without blurting out a thing

Considering of course the water's bling
A sharable wave followed by more
Sharable waves with shells that nick
The skin then begin to be lost
As daylight will be when frost slips in
And shifts the windows to brittle
Part protection if protection exists
How to take the day and hold it
For what it really is to skin trying
To sing with others more leathery safe

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

I will speak of my writing and my drawing both, the former of which began in the 1970s, and the latter of which emerged decades later. My poetic project is best described in multiples. Rather than restrict myself to particular types of writing, I have sought to create both sequential and non-sequential works. I have created almost constantly since the 1970s, at which time I benefited from a mentor-teacher who guided me through solidifying my first “finished” poem, lifting that work and subsequent works from the level of fragmentary shreds in bales.

Regarding sequential works, I have immersed myself in specific projects over the years, creating rules I happily obeyed, allowing for surprise within the disciplined endeavor of creating daily (sometimes hourly) to complete a work according to the framework I set forth. What is especially welcome to me in this type of work is the generation of surprise for myself and perhaps for others as I allow the pattern established to propel that curious freedom that exists at its best within a disciplined arrangement of creation.

Regarding specific individual poems, I have created in forms, often departing at least slightly from the original rule-bound approaches first established for them. The prose poem is a golden place to swim, I find, spawning also what I early on termed my “American haibun.” In the realm of lineated poems, my “American ghazals,” pantoums, duplexes (as invented by Jericho Brown), and more recently sonnets, give me great pleasure. I occasionally write in very short forms because they urge specificity and discovery. I would be remiss if I neglected to mention free verse, of which I’ve written plenty.

I have collaborated a great deal, and I consider collaboration to be quite distinct from my individual oeuvre. It’s been a huge pleasure for me to engage daily via email for 20 years with the late Canadian poet and scholar Douglas Barbour, a close friend I miss a great deal. Likewise, I have collaborated on additional book-length works with mIEKAL aND, Scott Glassman, John M. Bennett, Lewis LaCook, Charles Alexander, Peter Ganick, and Stacey Sollfrey.

In the arena of visual poetry, both individual work and collaborative work with K.S. Ernst, John M. Bennett, and Musicmaster (Tom Cassidy). My own visual poetry most recently has moved in the direction of asemic work, which I love doing for its peaceful sprints of spirituality.

I am aware that many people writing consider themselves one-of-a-kind, and this makes all too much sense. My own eclectic nature and preferences mean that my consciousness edges toward inclusivity and multiple styles I feel perfectly justified in trying out different approaches, some planned, some chance-based. I read constantly, a sure and bountiful source of inspiration. And allow me to conclude that sense of humor for me is next to godliness. Where would any of us be without it?

Rhys Trimble

DISTORTION GLADE 8

ASTRAL RAIN BENZOATE DROPLETS
PELT OF EART' DAMP & GLID ON
SLOW LIDDED AVIAN SORATUS
NEITHER LATIN OR CYMRAEG SHOW
YOUR VOCAB HERE A VESSEL IN
WHICH THE LINES FILL KILLING TAME
NOTIONS OF HIGH ART STILL BRACKEN
MOVING ALONG GAUZE PLASTERED
SUNSPLIT PINE LEDGES VERINTHS
VARIAGATED TERRAIN BLACKISH
JOSKIN SILLHOUETTE AS AROMANIC
FLORETTES SIGNAL THE SEASON
MOVEMENTS 15/8 AND OTHER
TIME SIGNIATURES GATES WITH
IVY SCULTPURES RING GINERLESS
DOWN ZYGOMATIC ARCHES MOVING
FLUID STATIC RATHER THAN
MASSSAGE OF STRIATED MUSCLE
MIGN TROI TINDROI FINE DAMAGED
SOUL THE JOKE IN THE DOJNG
TEMPORAL RADIUM ULNAR OF GALACTIC
STONE DRENCHING SLISTEN WITH
WARREN OF AWEN[1] - GLAW SEROL[2].

1 Divine Inspiration, Welsh

2 Astral Rain, Welsh

DISTORTION GLADE I

OUTER INFINITY & SELECTION
SONG STONE BRAID, SPRING ROLLS
DISJUNCT KEYS & EARS TANGENT
SPELLING BEE LAND YELLOW VISION
AID TO AIRS SYNTACTIC FRIED TRIP
COLD WHEELIES SHIBOL & DART
BAROW NIT & WAXING QUANTA
THRUMVEIN BALLTOE STONAL HACK
BORE CARTOONISH FISSURE
TABORAL SNINK BURR TREE HEE
HARROW SUBJUNCTIVE CONSTELLATION
BUTTON WIFE SGUTHAN[3] GWRAIG[4]
MEDI[5] & HAU[6] AWYR BELLICOSE
YSB BARRAL WIRE TAPPING CHAIR
QUINTESS OR SHADE GULLING ICY
CRAWIA MARINE CACKLING TALLOW
GOOD WERDDON: DISTRORTION GLADE
GWIW FLOWERLIKE VIVACIOUS GALL
SUM OF RAINS PETRICHOROUS HUMP
BY SOUTHWEST' PROCESSION HEART-
EASE & LENS BIRDLIKE ORANGE
IS AL GRANGE DOES TREECREPT
SYLLOGIST & METRICAL SONAR IS.

3 Wood Pigeon, Welsh
4 Wife, Welsh
5 Harvest, Welsh
6 Sow, Welsh

DISTORTION GLADE 4

THE PLANE OF YOUR FACE BOWL-UP
& STILLDRIFT REFELCTOR UNZEST
TONNE BAG & BALLOFFON LUXUM
SPINDRAUGHT HORSE GROOMS ANOTHER
HORSE HIGH SIDING CHINPOINT
TRACE OF RISEN YELLOWNESS
GORSE HIGH AMONG SOLE GREEN
CLOUDPART FINGERNAIL STEEPLEBOW
STEELCAPPAL OF CANCUSHER DUNINE
COMPRESS WHITE FLOWERADE OSUARY
GLADE RUCKSACK BLO AIR FIRTH
SHED & BARROW SHAKING VIBRA
BOSE BLOSSOM RECIND YORYG
LYRIS – AR - SWYD LIGHTLESS
CUFF CYRIX --- CAUGHT HUSH
SKINNED GRAVE HAZELSUN FURROW
POINTING & BIZMUTH MOUTHING
ORDER DATIFYING GULF TRICKLE
CODED HENGE LEAN-TO OVE-R
LISTING QUATERNERY BRAICH
FORMA UNSILO ERASE VOICELESS.

Can you describe in as much or a s little detail as you like what your poetic project is and how you see yourself or your work in relation to historical and contemporary poetics?

I can relate question 1 [see separate Q&A section below] to question 2 in this way, unfinished (post) modernisms. I picked up some 70s poetry magazines when I was starting to write around 2009-10 and they seemed the most linguistically innovative, playing with form and from that point around (1973 leaofrogging a gap of 37 years in cryogenic sleep) I have continued with this open field, collage, syntactical disruption, typography). Since lockdown there has been a cultural revolution (or several), the most recent being AI which has only strengthened the resolve of DIY handmade scene. In a way these cultural changes have made my pre 2019 work irrelevant sitting there a mute monoloth. But by refusing nothing I have struggled, wriggled through and by expanding into other poetries (vispo, sound poetry) and other artforms (soundart, experimental music, visual art, plastic art, digital art) continued to write, like a fugitive from the mainstream and continued to reach out to those parallel writers/scenes around the world.

In our current fragmented culture, does an underground exist on any meaningful level? Are there spaces still available where a kind of alternative, underground culture can exist and/or thrive? If so, what does that look like and mean to you and your work and can these new spaces function in the same way that the underground or avant-garde functioned historically?

AJ Moore:
I really hope so! History has shown us that the avant-garde will find a way to produce work and thrive under the most testing and oppressive of circumstances and I hold on to that fact. Unlike for our predecessors, technology – despite its many well-documented problems – can unite like-minded creatives in a mouse-click and has enabled pioneering and innovative spaces such as EternalNet to rise from the foetid detritus of conventional online platforms. I really value the connections I have made, and I know my writing is better because of them.

Madelaine Culver:
~~avant-garde~~
inclusivity
diy
brevity
play

Sheila Murphy:
I'll begin by answering your question about the present viability of an alternative, underground culture now. Please note that my responses will chiefly pertain to life in the United States. Yes, I believe it remains viable, taking on forms we recognize, in addition to more that were not available in the 1960s and 1970s. I would say that the primary value of an underground is in providing a community of open minds, different from some new version of conformity that becomes too much like the prevailing mainstream and having scant utility amounting to a revived mainstream of agreement.

The most important issue here is that of *what constitutes value* and *how that value may be transferred from the creator to a receiver, by way of an agreed-upon currency*. This structure has been and remains primary regarding any made thing including within the arts (poetry, visual art, music, dance, ballet, architecture, and more) and in parallel practical human pursuits such as manufacturing, information technology, health care, and more.

The essential questions have always been 1. *What is valuable about the made thing; and* (2) *What is its function or utility, both practical and in terms of its contribution to the quality of thinking?* Within our realm, when an artist/writer creates a new work, that work ideally might open our eyes and ears to a new way of experiencing the world. Such a discovery can change us as individuals and as a community. We see numerous examples of how such change has occurred in our daily lives with information technology and machinery alike. The arts have always been different, in that they typically do not possess monetary value except in cases of a select few artists and pieces that have enjoyed extreme persuasiveness by a promoter.

Regrettably, the primacy of commerce and commercial value within our current culture has reached epidemic proportions. Frighteningly enough, the pattern has wormed its way into the primary consciousness of adults and even children in their very early years. Success has been redefined in terms of nearly universal admiration of the de facto supreme thieves who have grabbed, stolen, and acquired money and money-making engines for themselves. These uber selfish beings are assumed to be "better than" the great unwashed.

How different this pattern is from the criterion of service in the earliest days of this nation. In the time of John Adams, brilliant people gave us the gift of their thinking and their service at huge personal, professional, and familial cost. As an example, John Quincy Adams left his personal pursuits and departed this new country for months on end as he played a major role in establishing credit for the United States as a newly recognized nation in countries throughout Europe. We would do well to consider what our own talents might contribute to the whole of us, rather than committing ourselves to how we can benefit personally amid a culture of theft and acquisition.

Now more on the underground: During the 1960s and 1970s, the underground served art and literature in many ways: (1) promoting and supporting an alternative to the rules and practices of the mainstream money-making model; (2) releasing literature from censorship to introduce novel or subversive ideas, (3) allowing performances in low-budget spaces, and (4) offering a community of open if not always "like" minds to energize new ideas and stimulate new practices.

What forms did this take? During this period, many of us were alive to experience the making and distribution of mimeographed and stapled editions of journals that featured writing that would not have been accepted by mainstream publishers. In this vein, performances in smaller, unlikely places, including both print and performance venues provided the excitement of otherwise forbidden material and styles of writing. This was in the spirit of samizdat literature and underground meeting spaces in Eastern Europe where dictatorship prevailed. Who would have guessed that 2026 would find the United States in a parallel situation? I'm oddly optimistic that this iteration of oppression will pass but must acknowledge it as part of this discussion.

Bluntly, one issue that must be considered is the ability to sell and persuade and thus promote factors into what is kept and sustained in culture. The primary currency in the arts is attention. Simply that. We can look to Gertrude Stein's salon at 27 rue de Fleurus in Paris as a spawning locus for the reputations of Picasso, Hemmingway, and numerous notable others. The act of purchase with persuasion at its back is like no other in culture.

On a personal note, I find myself looking at any human construction and its accompanying brigade of persuasive supporters that brought it to household name status. Please don't mistake my thinking to mean there is no such thing as a work that is received and lauded as universally meaningful. Simply stated, for any impulse or movement to achieve traction, there must be prime movers somewhere in the picture shaping attention and growing a given perspective. Recent examples include resurgence of particular styles of writing, including but not limited to ekphrasis, sonnet writing, Asian forms, and more.

Vernon Frazer:
I believe an underground has always existed for writers working outside established boundaries, but its form has continually adapted to address the needs of the times. In the mid-twentieth century, Beat writers figured prominently as the cultural underground. The publishing business found them profitable, so inventive young writers could hope for royalty checks or paid readings, even with a plethora of little magazines paying two copies. As the culture increasingly turned away from serious literature and toward mass market profits, writers learned to expect much less reward for their work. The current generation of underground writers apparently has begun its writing lives with lowered expectations; networking effectively matters more than individual recognition, which matters on a more limited level because the old rewards have diminished. Despite lowered expectations, they've grown more important in preserving, creating and promulgating the innovative work that mainstream publishers no longer publish or promote. All of us are trying to keep our idioms alive, as well as advance into new areas. We have become the literary gatekeepers that Publisher Row used to be sixty or seventy years ago.

Rose Knapp:
An underground exists, and probably always will, in some form or another. Some people crave and appreciate works of art that are not vanilla or mainstream, whether they have a countercultural political message, or perhaps are playing with form in new ways. What this looks like are things like self-publishing, small press publishing, and DIY zines.

Nathan Anderson:
Underground culture as an alternative to mainstream culture certainly still exists, but if by meaningful we mean impacting the mainstream I would say perhaps not. Mainstream culture seems to me to have largely closed itself to outside ideas, even bastardised ones, in favour of the endless recycling of easily commodified 'content.' Much of experimental poetry exists in its own somewhat underground space but even then it is at the mercy of the very mainstream concerns of the internet and those who own and operate it. If there is a true underground it is likely very small, local and not online.

Historically underground cultural movements, for all the value many of them hold, have also been characterised by the terrifying rapidity in which they are subsumed by and assimilated into the mainstream upon reaching a certain cultural significance. It strikes me that this striving for significance is often built out of a desire for fame and money, qualities highly valued in the mainstream and which any counter culture would do well to eschew. As such, while I believe the doors should always remain open to those who genuinely seek to find an alternative, it is a mistake to court the acceptance or attention of the mainstream.

Lachlan J. McDougall:
I think the underground is still a relevant concept in today's fragmented culture. Utilising the internet and the various media tools we have available, we can build a global network of freaks and dissidents that the old world could only dream of.

I mourn the loss of physical connection and the ability to build a movement in a certain geolocation, but the world has sadly moved beyond that sort of thing. We no longer need a

Cabaret Voltaire to centre around, when we can instantly be put in touch with like-minded people all over the globe.

Speaking as someone who has been drawn to subculture and anarchic rebellion since my earliest years, I have found myself crying out for the physical touch of someone who *understands* what it is I am trying to do. But I am always in good company when I reach out to the nether-nether void and the freaks of all nations unite under one banner.

I attack the CONTROL system at its nexus--the flux of reality. I cannot be persuaded otherwise. It is an incorrigible habit with me. But by using the CONTROL systems against themselves, we have a new weapon at our disposal which can really start a fire.

I still seek out affirmation and new resources from the local scenes, but they are fragmented and disappearing up a fully charged deep-sea cable. I am so glad to have found C22 and the other nonsense makers, and I feel that we are building a movement with our writing that transcends the necessity for a central location.

The dead of winter and the burning sands of summer collide in the death of the author and the ongoing struggle for pure freedom in the world of avant garde. I make no mistakes. I have never committed an error. This is a lie to embolden the truth of the young writers, artists, freaks, and weirdos that the world has to offer. GIVE ME YOUR SODOMITES AND YOUR YEARNING MASSES! SHAVE YOUR SKULL AND GIVE ME WHAT REMAINS! I have no illusions--the underground movement still needs a little shove from local militant outcroppings of Electric Boy Scouts. I do not know where the future will take us, but I am hoping that a few of my people will stumble on my work and give it a proper airing. We will see... and what we cannot see is probably the deepest cut of them all...

Julia Luna:
I think a lot about David Lehman's book on the New York School, *The Last Avante-Garde*. "Last" could be so despondent as in "we will never have this again" or sort of a flippant "this was just the latest version, don't worry." I really prefer to take the second opinion.

It does seem to me that underground and avant-garde have grown further apart in definition. The DIY aspects of the underground are more prevalent than ever. At any New York poetry reading, within a stone's throw there would probably be at least 4-5 people who run their own magazines. It's pretty simple to launch a website and ask some friends to submit. Which is great that technology right now allows for this. But, it's sort of a double-edge sword, there's a lot less of a united underground space or network, and I don't think it's driven by an aesthetic need.

A lot of the DIY spaces the New York school and the Beats created or engaged with are largely institutionalized now and a lot more exclusive. Their underground has become a sort of middle, just before mainstream, which again, is great. (Grant funding is amazing.) But, with this institutionalization, I think there has started to be a bit of stagnation in the more avant-garde aspect, by which I mean intense aesthetic and formal challenges to the mainstream.

So, it seems like the answer would just be to make new DIY spaces that are more connected to each other and have more radical aesthetics. The tricky part is that the machine of capitalism has advanced rapidly. The Josh Kline article "New York Real Estate and the Ruin of American Art" really made the rounds in my circles. He's right that rent is high and jobs are increasingly more difficult to come by. For poetry, the assumption is pretty much you get an MFA and you teach. There is little room to not be tied to an institution when most of your paycheck is going to rent, and most small magazines and presses are hoping for institutional and grant backing to be able to provide some livelihood for those on their masthead. However, compared to the visual arts field that Kline is writing on, most people don't become poets expecting to become millionaires. There's a much higher ceiling for visual artists in selling their work than there typically is for poets.

For my own work, I think the avant-garde mentality of pushing form and language forward is the main concern. I hope that as the more experimental work becomes stronger and stronger these independent magazines and presses will be ready to run with it.

John Crouse:
"Fragmented" seems a good thing – all the more discrete "underground" sites, cultures brewing and stewing in culture's petri dish/es. As long as there are people who are inclined to make things in response to the known world, there are "spaces still available" where "underground culture" can exist, above or below ground. Turn the world upside down and then dark and light and soil and air all stand on their heads; water flowing uphill is a lot of the thrill of creating, much of the motive to make.

Neil Flory:
It's true that in many ways, society has been fragmented by technology. And of course, technology has brought tremendous change over the last few decades—as someone who grew up when there was no internet, I'm frequently amazed by the contrasts between then and now! Amidst all of this, technology has enabled a new kind of underground arts scene to remain alive and well, as technology has created new spaces where this underground thrives now. Today's electronic underground arts scene is journals like the present *Version (9) Magazine, Word For/Word, dadakuku, Clockwise Cat, eYeland*, and others; it's publishers like C22 Press, *Arteidolia Press, Ranger Press*, and *mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press*; it's online forums like EternalNET. In some ways, this artistic underground may be more expansive and more alive than ever before, due to the fact that now, anyone with internet access can explore these spaces at any time. And from a certain point of view, one could argue that such instant access means that these spaces are no longer underground. However, as these spaces are still largely ignored by society as a whole, and also by the mainstreams of the literary and visual art worlds today, in my view the easy access provided by the internet hasn't changed their underground status. I believe these virtual spaces still function exactly as underground arts spaces have always functioned: as outlets for unconventional approaches to the arts, and as forums for the exchange of ideas and perspectives through and about such artistic approaches. This underground arts scene is invaluable to me—since experimental poetry is my primary writing focus, this underground is the primary publishing outlet for my work.

I think it's important to also recognize that just as it always did, an artistic underground still flourishes in physical spaces as well—coffee shops, bookstores, art galleries, performance spaces—generally any brick-and-mortar venue that gives a spotlight to unconventional creativity. So, in my view the underground arts scene hasn't necessarily changed all that much—mostly, it has expanded to include a huge digital component, in addition to the print and physical spaces that it always included.

Tania Bies:
I've been thinking of personal steadiness and patience. It's a good question because a part of me thinks that neoliberalism has infiltrated so much that what exists now is a sort of neounderground… We're in this social media era of the posed, the artificial and superficial, and it's important to be aware of the contradictions and double standards; a lot of it is limited to the digital, the costume, the filtering and sexualising… And we have to try to feel connected but most of the time i feel more like taking a break from the current culture in general… All of it.. the noise and impressions… I feel like all these things are hypnotising people (laughs)… And i don't know if the culture is even giving value to meaning as a whole…

To me, awareness and critical thinking are defining points of the underground; it is supposed to resist capitalism. But we are in a culture of double discourses that convinces us that it is in our own interest to sell ourselves publicly, that that's how we get free... And we get convinced that we make these choices and even told what is alternative… This is the ridiculous neoliberal position of Deleuze that we are desire machines in a digital reality, where morality is just an obstacle, and where objects are more important than people… And we don't talk enough about this, but i think that is the responsibility of the underground, to reimagine... Or to reclaim our imagination… To not accept this world that is lacking truth and depth and real human connection… All the great thinkers have been warning us about ideology becoming more oppressive than force and i think we're there, you know, that's what capitalism is about going back to manufacturing consent… So we really need spaces where we can think out of it, and i we need to hold that space even as individuals.

Symbolically, i think about tunnels, and hidden places… The word we use in Mexico, "madrigueras", is the word for the lairs animals dig underground… In a way, for me, it's where poems come from. That safety deep down… I'm also thinking of Mexican cenotes, beautiful tropical caves full of water that are connected to the ocean…now tourist attractions… We have to keep the culture alive everywhere… When the world isn't available or inclusive you can still have a revolution within yourself. Gill Scott Heron said that the revolution will not be televised because it happens within… It's not for show. We are the space, and that inner space can be beautiful and welcome others who can also feel nurtured by it.

And there are spaces and publications such as this journal, and they hold space for critical words and poetry, and you know, the Beats and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and the Language poets did it the same way; it's nice that it can continue… I think the way things function may always evolve... and the constant is the deep desire to find safety in that underground. It means a lot to be invited to spaces where we can speak freely, and that those spaces are inclusive.

Daniel J. Flosi:
It’s almost as if these social spaces have widened the chasm of space and time while somehow bringing us closer, on top of one another. The fracturedness may be due to this condensing of the world and so too is the feeling of being isolated. It’s an interesting dichotomy. So, the people you find the groups you participate in are as meaningful as you make it. The scale and level of social influence seem more difficult to measure. All groups are simultaneously underground and pop culture. It’s as if everything that begins small, a part of the subculture, is just waiting (*hoping)* to be picked up by the algorithm to be made mainstream, to be made fodder, food for the masses.

I contribute simply by publishing my writing or artwork. Then I hope that I am tuned in so as to be conversing, in conversation with art. I make small contributions in these individual spaces hoping that someone will bring it to light by reading or engaging with it.

Rhys Trimble:
Yes I think it functions as it did historically, as human beings are the same. The fragmentary nature of (digital) society means it will be siloed off into a certain niche. What is interesting is how non digital culture has room for an underground, physically making things, gifting those things or even using that simple model that was around in the mimeo zine and chapbook eras of poetry, and rolling it out digitally like a tape label - an anachronism that functions in the contemporary world. There is a sense that high modernism didn't really go away and as the mainstream remains static there will always be those that wish to focus on form as their point of innovation which I see as modernisms strength.

Olchar E. Lindsann:
Conventionally, we tend to think of Mainstream culture and Underground culture as a paired opposition, perhaps necessarily so. If, then, the mainstream is fractured, does the distinction between them dissolve? (I have often encountered the same logic at play in the question of whether, when poetry as a form is no longer itself "mainstream", there can still be "underground poetry".) Teasing out these common extended metaphors, or symbols really, of the "mainstream" and the "underground", it's worth noting that they are in fact two different metaphors: the Mainstream is the broad, unitary cultural current into and out of which all others diverge; the Underground is what remains out of sight yet intimately interwoven with the world of shared, socially explicable experience and reference. Looked at in this light, the crisis of fragmentation is one which primarily shocks the "Aboveground", for that is where the mainstream flows. The underground, by contrast, has always already been fragmented: fragmentation, alienation from the apollonian Aboveground, is both its essence and its modus operandi. In a passage from *Les Misèrables* which I just reprinted as a pamphlet, Hugo describes the cultural underground as a vast network of tunnels, each informed by its own idiosyncratic obsessions, dreams, madnesses, and praxis, often in alienation, often in communication, sometimes in collaboration. So if the monolithic mainstream has been shattered, that shattering has actually affected the Aboveground, so long subject to the remorseless sway of the Mainstream, more than the Underground, which long ago adapted to inhale fragmentation and exhale camaraderie. While the Mainstream canon and cultural institutions that have defined the Aboveground may dissolve, the Reign of the Algorithm ensures that, beyond a broad (but not deep) stratum of hyper-individualized variations of the Spectacle, all of the countless digital paths offered up to the passive subject will lead back to the consolidation and hegemony of the digital Rome. Or to switch mythologies, Leviathan

now wears a billion masks, rather than the single visage of old. Inevitably, whatever evades or is excluded by the Algorithm and its logic, accessible only to the active or the fortunate subject of culture, will remain in the shadows, doing their work invisibly, unnoticed, often posthumously, yet incessantly and tenaciously.

On one hand the situation is grim, as social engineering has reached a heretofore unheard-of degree of control, channeling all cultural and social activity into intricately surveilled and designed channels and forms. If there are certain periods when the state of mainstream society enables underground culture, for a while, to burst above ground and inflect society in more direct and radical ways – for instance the 1640s in England, the 1830s in France and other parts of Europe and America, Germany in the Weimar period, and much of Western culture in the 1920s and 1960s – then we have long been, and appear to poised to sink deeper, in the opposite phase, in which we are placed on the defensive, tiny and seemingly helpless, passing the torch between generations and preparing the ideas and practices which will one day flourish forth at whatever historical juncture once our descendants in the Lunatic Fringe bring us temporarily aboveground into the sun.

The very relentlessness with which so many earlier modalities of underground culture have been first drawn online, and then subjected to the internet's standardization of presentation and communication, tells us that the fulcrum of underground activity in the coming years must be offline. Obviously cultural resistance will not be entirely Luddite, and there will surely be some hyper-technological/online strains as well, stuff working on the borderland of poetry, hacking, and magick (poets like Daniel Y. Harris and AG Davis seem to be laying that groundwork). Moreover there must and will always be points of entry/exit/communication with the broader culture, and for the foreseeable future these will also take form online, at least in part. But the internet (which is, at this point, a map which has grown larger than the territory it maps) is by definition and design the privileged space of Power: on the internet Power sees all and Power controls all the flows, reducing everything controllable to the point of disappearance. The internet is the Aboveground par excellence. In addition to this (and I see this in younger generations as a high school teacher) there is a growing, visceral disgruntlement with the alienation of online life which will increasingly manifest itself in offline culture – whether live events or physical mail – just as we are already seeing a new re-evaluation of physical media (print, vinyl, etc.). The forms and technologies involved with everything will of course continue to evolve, as will the subcultures, movements, and behaviours that compose the underground, but the underlying continuity that we are able to see in underground culture by approaching it through big-picture frameworks like the Eternal Network (ahem) and Lunatic Fringe give reassurance that we will persist through these transmutations. If the history of counterculture (and avant-garde counterculture in particular) is a guide, most of the major adaptations to come will follow one of five patterns: 1.) radicalizing and adapting/détourning forms and practices of popular culture and (especially) vernacular genre subcultures (for example Frenetic Romanticism and melodrama in the 19th Century, and a ton of possible musical examples); 2.) new ways of manifesting underground culture's existing forms and practices to adapt them to the evolving technological & socio-economic situation; 3.) new forms which combine elements of existing forms and practices (for example, the development of the Novel in the 18th Century and the Anthology in the 19th); 4.) existing but scattered and unarticulated forms and practices, which will be identified and theorized for greater efficacy (examples are the 19th century theorizations

and practices of the Flaneur and the Fumist, or the Situationist practices of psychogeography and the dérive); and 5.) Resurrecting and radicalizing/adapting abandoned or attenuated practices from past countercultures (for instance, there has been some recent movement in underground circles to revive a version of the 19th Century salons).

At present I find underground culture at its most vibrantly other in the mail art network, with all its weaving of threads from the avant-garde, zine, tape-trading, discordian, anarchist, etc. etc. networks, and in the network of DIY noise, music & performance venues that facilitate the constant circulation of cultural iconoclasm throughout the country, providing the lifeblood of countless tiny local alternative communities. When it comes to zines, the big resurgence of zines and zine fests that hit full gear around 2020 has unfortunately resulted in two nearly distinct zine communities: the old postal-based network which persists with little online presence, continuing the DIY, truly weirdo and adventurous tradition of zine culture with always surprising heterogeneity; and the one represented by the proliferating number of zine fests all over the country, which are more online, more commercialized, and much more predictable and homogenous: hip, crafty, risograph indie-comics with an NPR vibe.

David A. Bishop:
I believe there is an underground that exists, but I would modify that a bit by saying there are *many* undergrounds, and not just one dominant Underground with a capital U. It is almost improbable that these undergrounds should exist, considering how we as a society-- if you want to call it that-- are so thoroughly atomized as human beings and resistant to functioning as a collective—because, after all, an underground is a collection of individuals who share a common aesthetic vision/mission. Technology and an avaricious capitalist culture have made it all but impossible for people to think or act collectively in the furtherance of some aesthetic ideal or set of ideals, as was the case historically with respect to international avant-garde movements.

Even so, I still believe there are people out there committed to bucking the mainstream's pernicious value system (i.e. consumerism, corporate power, and anti-intellectualism). Ironically, a lot of these people are scattered throughout the world hunched over a blinking computer screen and have never met each other in person! If we are going to revive underground or alternative culture it must take place at least partially in the real world. Whether or not this is possible in a fragmented, alienated society is debatable. Perhaps, these "undergrounds" might meet locally in person as autonomous intersecting nodes and then convene online as a larger collective to discuss important matters of the moment.

In 2000, Morris Berman wrote a book called *The Twilight of American Culture* in which he argued, as a confirmed doomsaying declinist, that it was impossible to reform mainstream American culture, because it had been taken over by powerful corporate interests. The only hope he offered was that a select group of what he describes as modern "monks" might emerge to preserve civilization (and Art, etc.) by rejecting the mind-numbing cultural detritus of contemporary capitalist society. In a fragmented, dumbed down world, is this how a reenergized underground might thrive and move forward? I don't know. Nevertheless, Berman's provocative take on our current cultural predicament is interesting to ponder.

Angel Dionne:
I think the internet has become a space where the underground culture can exist and thrive. Of course, it doesn't replace face-to-face encounters with like-minded artists and writers but for those of us who live in places without an active underground scene, it allows us to participate in these movements in ways that might not have been possible in the pre-internet era when geographical location mattered more.

I have used social media to connect with fellow surrealists and experimental writers. These online communities have been wonderful spaces for sharing my work, engaging in creative play, exchanging ideas, and learning from others. I've met some great people who have inspired me and have helped me to improve my work.

Do I believe these online spaces function in the same way that underground spaces functioned historically? Well, no. In a way, there will always be something missing because there is a certain experience of being physically present that the internet can't fully replicate. But the ease of sharing work and experimenting beyond geographical borders has created a lot of possibilities that didn't exist before these online groups formed. The experience is undoubtedly different, but I wouldn't go so far as to say that it's inferior. Making underground spaces (whether online or in-person) more accessible is always a good thing.

Andrew Cyril Macdonald:
Clarifying terms prior to responding is the most traditional and perhaps even responsible way of so doing. If all for intelligence—though not, necessarily, it should be said, quick, easy intelligibility—it would behoove a respondent in responding add less the key terms but ask of the questioner and host as to their meaning and intention. Such things, though, as tradition quite purposefully matters little per se and objectively to us who read this magazine and even more so write in it for this current issue. And so clarification, as stands, matters little to this writer for what he makes of it the question in search of answer. Etymology, on the other hand, lies with paramount importance.

Fragmentation involves not just parts but the breaking a-part and it is a term, party to the editor's questions' use of the term (fragmented), that by its nature connotes violence, a tearing, a profound and perhaps irreparable separation. Ours is a fragmented culture and this writer in composing this response to the editor's question is reading into it some trace of regret, perhaps even lamentation, at this current, fragmented culture. But to respond to this question in and for just such a magazine should not touch upon such regret or opposite giddiness nor any fashion of interpreting possible emotions but assess that which is, and this so with abject intention. And yet detachment, emotional or other, does not come easily in addressing us our shared passion of poetry. And so opinions will involve…

Same for history. The moderns fought if not long (but a mere couple of decades or so) then most certainly hard to break a-part what was most certainly a traditional, uniform, and stifling (as all uniform is) culture. There were places for only select views (not to mention select fews) in those previous wholesome eras, prioritized to our own. This respondent does not want for returns, eternal or not, and knows that he, and probably all those who read this right now, and also those he trusts to be of similar if not same allowances in the future, resides an era of shattered

structures. The tower of traditional proper literary form and standard the moderns blasted apart a century ago; we walk among its broken fragments. Today every poet is their own personal island for them to be as themselves as artist and writer, free of all colossal objectivity any homogeneous tradition enforces and, regrettably, assembles with. The cultural fragmentation of the current writing age is just that beauty of it—it is kaleidoscopic dis-assembling of masses from their dullness of said towers. A certain Babel has felled down and now language and its styles flourishes, in a certain sense of.

But in this current state one's place is still not to be found. It is to be made. This sounds likely very democratic and democratic universals hold best where one finds the greatest variances, the wondrous pluralities culture continuously rebirths and revolves into, becoming ever something new and other, multifaced and grounded, but never stolid, monolith or detached.

And yet, in such a universally individualistic age where the focus that begins to predetermine and dominate, focus of a free and liberal individualism, becomes outcrop of the worst if subtlest of tyrannies and crimes against freedom- currents of fashion. Where these infiltrate, and they always do, personality—that aspect of the individual so antagonistic to the forces of the unit, of the merely individuated—comes out always as lost. And there are many currents of fashion within the world of contemporary poetics that would just as much rob the poet of their personality in the hopes of shaping them into individuated parts of the whole. Avant-garde and experimental poetics, of course, stand as attempt at resistance to this course and trend.

But so in just such a whole does one find their best position, their best self. Were it not for such chaotic realms of Internet (free as it is from the stifling tyrannies of traditional publishing bent as they are, regardless of whatever beginnings, on the sale of what's popular, profitable and therefore merely garnering) then this magazine and its democratic position of an openness to all forms, to all personalities if you will, could not have happened and would never have been permitted, in that previous age of romantic and idealist, but ridiculously uniform, Victorian persuasion the Moderns for us blasted. But persuasions not being the matter at hand—situations rather—we do not wish ourselves side-railed by such delinquencies of argument for argument's sake. But to say only this (that) the fragmentary nature of the age, the life among the shattered pieces of the broken monolith of an established culture, or fashion, is preferable all the more to what came before, and this we hope as something never more come after. Ours is a unique age perhaps never repeated. We can all have a place and should do to take one, however much people may bombast against this. Ours as avant-garde is the best position to recognize the state of the age and everything it promises. It is not at all that bad but really quite excellent.

But what then is the meaning or purport of any such an underground if all is broken, if all is made level plane (if not also quite plain), equal and as such—and this as much—egalitarian. What need of any such avant-garde underground can there possibly be when the traditionalist noose is now removed and the neck of every rider loams free, attached to such wonderful heads that direct their bodies? Why the talk of undergrounds for those of us having nothing wrong with their livers?

Most all of us are very much pleased with the current state of affairs in contemporary poetry, what with its ample room to move and its multiform opportunities. And yes, this is in large part

due to the record levels of literacy the contemporary world presents, even if involving, and perhaps by natural consequence to the having of such record levels, of smaller readerships for the art of poetry (a small unfortunate consequence for those of us who write it, in and with sincerity).

It is also, the current state of affairs in contemporary poetry, in large part due to the ease of access that is to be had to radical and democratic publishing outlets and methods, again, Internet affords. What this means, then, is there is a certain bringing, and this with great ease, to forefront of all those things that could not previous afford nor be of means to make such spaces for themselves. The history of any art has been up until now the history of those with means, or of those given it.

The age of electronic and Internet publishing has largely and hopefully, if not forever then certainly for next very long time, erased this off-of our horizon. On just such a horizon, though, is a magazine this one you currently, now, are reading with its own select readership of some 2500 (if social media numbers can be trusted) adherents who value the open space afforded in the vein of an underground eclectic venue for their voices. And comes to mind that former one of *Yggdrasil* operating in service of experimental and avant-garde poetry fields for over 30 years through its Internet presence, regrettably now ended but thankfully not lost as archived with Canadian Government. Horizons as such loom large and service reference points, never limits, and this for that fact they are constantly moving and this for the incessant motions of our own. Undergrounds do not like, contrary to what might be thought of, the stagnant for being too stolid.

But freedom itself can be such a deathly thing and so difficult for some, if not all. Our roots are if not in abeyance, then, of course, certainly in hidings. Many of us of the avant-garde are deeply uncomfortable with the ease of our access, with the gratuity of our recognitions and the ample venues for our successes (who would have imagined it our voices at once too easily and next to that too widely heard?). But such is the case today and for it there is perhaps no tomorrow, so enjoy it while you can as this very case, such as it is today, may well spell the end of the avant-garde if not more clearly that of its underground. We are perhaps, our critics are calling us, a dying breed that now at once fully thrives, unique among all species of artists and for this so quick but just as easily dying. Our hovel of underground removed from us, we can as if no longer thrive. The mainstreaming of things popularizes then kills.

All of this being here argued is not for the celebration of some poetics of the apocalyptic; there are no doom and gloom types among us, however apart and cynical we may though be. But we do have certain other visions and we do note certain deceivers about this world we inhabit. It is a Luciferian age and a Luciferian world we reside, if all the messages it gives can be read well and trusted. And let us to face it: the technological world of scientific truth and from this, progress, has never trusted poetry nor liked it; it's ridicule or outright banishments from endless curriculums is proving of this point. The freedom of opportunities and the leveling of all horizons into one, free and open, can too easily become the worst of enslavements. Tyranny, after all, too often grows out-of democracy. Its first form is that of narrow tastes the mainstream invents, then next the passion for progress poetry fails combine with.

But there are surfacings, instances distinct to these leveling ones that promise only pseudo freedoms. There are unleashings of hidden and retrograde poetical elements that challenge

everything, most especially our notions of truth, progress and with that the order that must be obeyed then. The nature, still largely underground, of the avant-garde shines through and discovers its purpose: to invite every reader to consider the apocalyptic circus the age of freedoms has inaugured and recognize it as where the days of both—the progressive and liberated and then the underground and furtive (often called as avant-garde) are numbered.

J'accuse, then, and admit my own frustrations realized as I write this. The age has exposed and celebrated us as increasingly mainstream in the granting of us so much technical ease of access, but this I don't think is ever what was wanted or even needed. And while some of us have relished in this new age of successes and recognitions, most find ill-ease in it and become despondent in and with the limelight. Our true successes as we want them are the quiet ones, those hidden and, don't we know it, underground and all-too-soon to be forgotten up there and above us, if not amongst us also. The histories of underground figures are short ones.

We keep therefore our fragments of this our underground, each occupying humbly but genuinely that shattered glass the world previous provided and ground ourselves within it, happy with our art and thriving, if ignored for reason that of.

Jeff Begato:
I would identify different aspects of an "underground culture." In some sense, anything below a certain level of mainstream awareness could be considered underground. With today's social media and online platforms, anyone with a smart phone has a full multi-media studio in their hand, and each person's youtube channel or social media feed could be considered "underground" in terms of its broader impact. Then there are subcultures, some of which have existed for decades, like the hardcore punk scene, neopaganism, mail art, experimental music, and so on. These usually exist as microcosms, disconnected from the others. A counterculture develops around a specific set of unifying principles, ideas or energies. I think this might be what this question of "alternative or underground culture" addresses, and I have not seen evidence of a full on counterculture in many decades, certainly nothing at the level of the Beats, hippy/psychedelic 60s, punk/post-punk, or industrial music. All of my activity in music, writing, art, video, etc over 40 years has taken place in deep underground substratas, and sometimes links to various subcultures. In terms of my "experimental" writing, there does seem to be a scene of journals and writers and I'm pleased to be part of that, but the overall activity is so diffuse and diverse, it really lacks the cohesion of a subculture or counterculture. Many of the pieces are there; we seem to have been on the cusp of a countercultural uprising many times over the past few decades, and there are spaces, either physical or online, where activity coalesces. In the DC area, Rhizome carries on as a community space for experimental music and other endeavors; and in Roanoke, VA, there's the AfterMAF festival for experimental music and writing. Evaluating the nature of the "underground" in a broader sense is difficult when so much happens online; historically, all counterculture activity took place in brick and mortar spaces and physical media. Consequently, that tactile presence seems crucial to the development of any movement. There's just so much stuff on the internet, it seems impossible to gain traction, particularly as an individual or small group. On the other hand, computer software and online platforms have made it possible for me to publish books, release albums, document my art and other activities, connect with journals, mail artists, and so on, and all of this has a potential audience of billions 24/7. So in many ways, I feel it's a great time to do work and get it out there before a potential audience.

But I don't know what it would take to organize any of it into a counterculture, if such an overarching organization is desirable, or if I'd even want to be part of something like that.

Volodymyr Bilyk:
By definition underground is meant to be obscure and somewhere out there far from prying eyes. Therefore, the algorithm-driven attention economy that prioritizes social media platforms over blogs is basically a perfect environment for being obscure with a slight but mostly unlikely chance of a fortunate or unfortunate viral spike of popularity that comes out of nowhere and leads to nothing. For all intents and purposes - we're invisible. In our line of work - you can't ask for anything better. Whether or not it is truly meaningful - that's up to debate but it is definitely obscure. The validation part hurts a bit but do we really do this thing of ours for validation?

This brings us to another important aspect of the underground culture - friction with the informal "overground". That's both long gone now and more vicious than ever before. We ain't fighting against institutions, we ain't proving a point, there's no real gatekeeping unless you want a medal and a pat on the back. As a result, there are less reasons to band together. At the same time, there are normies and they just dwell and take up all the space with their normie shit and they keep on puffing up their chests with their corporate-approved signifiers and none of it has any real identity and it's all a big spectacle for sake of spectacle and nothing really happens and the real enemy does its thing undisturbed. So there is a lot of disenchantment going round and round and you can't really work around it. So basically - no punk way, only black metal way.

The way communities function online is a big factor. That's where the real issue starts. For instance, the online experimental writing community now compared to the past - even 10 years ago - is not even a shell of its former self. There is a lot more distance between people and a lot of virtue signaling tribalism and not a lot of actual work being done. For the most part, writers treat platforms as an advertising space not a wall you put a graffiti on. No one is talking to anyone outside of their immediate circle, the outsiders get cold shoulders and it just all comes and goes in its own bubble without ever getting out. The difference between now and then is basically that - in 2016 something was getting out and you could find out about something on social media and now it's a coin toss chance you stumble onto something but it is either already over or you're not invited to the party.

At the same time, I don't think fragmented culture is that big of a factor as it is made out to be. It's all culture industry this way or that way, does it really matter how many masks a leviathan wears at once? Even worse - this leviathan is basically a mimic chest and you know how it goes. I think underground these days is basically non-participation in the culture industry because no matter how legit you are, no matter how much authenticity you maintain - best case scenario you end up being Generation X.

Blogs used to be the place where things happened. Social media used to be the thing that got things rolling. Now blogs are gone and virtually invisible and social media is commodification galore which is inherently not underground. The algorithms don't really spotlight experimental art and writing because it directly contradicts the whole homogeneity principle of algorithmic moderation. As much as I wanted to believe in Discord - at the end of the day - a circle jerk is a circle jerk. Reddit never really became a place for people like us. I guess forums and blogs will

eventually make a comeback when the big tech internet will eat itself and collapse into recursive entropy.

So I guess we need to embrace obscurity and make it even more obscure. Be a ghost to any algorithm, go full dark forest, reject being normie friendly, and build for the ritual.

Biographical Information

Nathan Anderson

Nathan Anderson is a poet and artist from Mongarlowe, Australia. He is the author of numerous books and has had work appear widely both online and in print. He is a member of the C22 experimental writing collective and is the co-founding editor of *Submersible Press*. You can find all of his works available free at his website: nathanandersonwriting.home.blog

Jeff Begato

Jeff Bagato produces work in a wide variety of media including poetry and prose, mail art, electronic music, glitch video, vispo, paintings, and art toys. His latest books document experimental text work from the past few years, including *And the Trillions, Part 2; In the Engine Room with Bettie and Andrea Reading Pornography; Gonch Poems; Robot Speak*, and *Floral Float Flume: Flue Flit Flip*. A blog about his writing and publishing efforts can be found at http://jeffbagato.wordpress.com.

Tania Bies

Tania Bies is a poet and pluridisciplinary artist. She studied art and letters in Mexico, the Netherlants, the UK, and France. Her first poetry collection is titled *the new cockatoo*.

Volodomyr Bilyk

Volodymyr Bilyk is a poet from Ukraine. Being there is can dangerous for your health but not always. His Ukrainian book of poems "Дурисвіт"is out at Krok Books. Second edition of his book "Roadrage" is available at Zimzalla. "Detournement Crusade"and "Dulcet Epee " are available at Redfoxpress. Malevich Black Square OCR is available at Paperview.

David A. Bishop

David A. Bishop is an avant writer, dabbling in long-form abstract poetry. His current project is called the *Noetic Variations.* He's been published in *BlazeVOX, Word/For Word, Otoliths* and other magazines. Under the pseudonym Drew B. David, he edited the now defunct *Angry Old Man Magazine*, but has just started two new projects: *#Ranger Magazine* and *#Ranger Press*. He grew up in Queens, NYC, during the City's "bad old days"— but now resides in Arlington, VA. You can find all of his work (and a lot of his thoughts) at https://www.davidabishop.blog

John Crouse

John Crouse lives in northern New Mexico with his family, works at a library, has written some books, makes dinner with what he finds in the cupboard.

Madeline Culver

Madeline Culver is a British writer, visual poet and practice-based horror scholar currently living and working in the North East of England. She completed her PhD in Film, Theatre and Television at Northumbria University, Newcastle in November 2025. Processed through intra-filmic analysis facilitated by intertextual writing practice, the project explores the affective and ideological dimensions of woman-led narratives in British horror cinema of the new millennium. Her debut poetry book, The Second Dream, comprises a sequence of text-based poems collaged from language found in reviews of Jonathan Glazer's sci-fi/horror film *Under the Skin* (2013) alongside asemic pieces created in response to the film's sound design and musical score. It was published by Steel Incisors in March 2024 and nominated for the SFPA's Elgin Awards in June 2025. Madelaine has been performing at live events in the UK and beyond since 2019. Her creative work appears in various places online and in print, including *Psycho Holosuite, Tentacular, and eYeland Zine*.

Angel Dionne

Angel T. Dionne is a surrealist writer and professor at the University of Moncton's Edmundston campus. She is the author of *Garden-Body* (Radiant Press, forthcoming) as well as *Bird Ornaments* (Broken Tribe Press, 2025) and *Sardines* (ClarionLit, 2023). Her writing and art have appeared in several experimental publications. She enjoys black coffee and tinned fish.

Neil Flory

Neil Flory is the author of *73000overcaffeinated g/rackleS(* (C22 Press, 2026), *locust blindfold stompchant rain* (Arteidolia Press, 2026), and *mudtrombones knotted in the spill* (Arteidolia Press, 2023). Nominated for a 2023 Pushcart Prize by *swifts & slows*, Flory's poetry has also appeared in various other journals such as *Superpresent, dadakuku, shufPoetry, Word For/Word, ST((O))NE[D]!, Ranger Magazine, Fleas on the Dog, Down in the Dirt*, and *The Gorko Gazette*. Beyond his literary work, he is a composer of experimental music, a college music professor, and a pianist whose enthusiasm for improvisation in live recital settings knows no bounds. He lives among the wooded hills and lakeshores of Western New York State with his wife, published poet and fiction writer Elaine Flory, and their three hyperactive cats.

Daniel J. Flosi

Daniel J. Flosi is a fire systems technician living in Rock Island, IL. He has work published widely, including a chapbook at C22 Press and micro chap in the 2025 *Ghost City* Summer Series. He spends most of his time making books at Stone Corpse Press. He also edits at *BLACK STONE / WHITE STONE* and is one half of the creative force behind *epileptic measles*, a cut-up zine.

Vernon Frazer

Vernon Frazer is a Connecticut based writer and musician, retired from a career in the social services. His work primarily focuses on poetry and multimedia presentations, but he has pbublished journalism, written fiction, and performed and recorded jazz poetry. He is a member of C22. Much of his work exists at *https://vernonfrazer.net.*

Daniel Y. Harris

Daniel Y. Harris' *The Posthuman Series* is an evolving, internationally acclaimed poetry series that includes *The Necropraxology of Xeno Stuxnet,* Volume IX (BlazeVOX, 2026), *The Metoposcopy of Guðr & Khôra Miraibot*, Volume VIII (BlazeVOX, 2025), *The Apostasy of Proxy Godbot*, Volume VII (BlazeVOX, 2024), *The Metempsychosis of Salvador Dracu*, Volume VI (BlazeVOX, 2023), *The Resurrection of Maximillian Pissante,* Volume V (BlazeVOX, 2022), *The Misprision of Agon Hack*, Volume IV (BlazeVOX, 2021), *The Reincarnation of Anna Phylactic*, Volume III (BlazeVOX, 2019), *The Tryst of Thetica Zorg*, Volume II, (BlazeVOX, 2018) and *The Rapture of Eddy Daemon*, Volume I (BlazeVOX, 2016). He is the Editor-in-Chief (EIC) of Var(2x). His website is danielyharris.com.

Rose Knapp

Rose Knapp is an experimental poet, sound artist and abstract visual artist. She is a queer nonbinary trans woman. She is neurodivergent. Her poetry collections are self-published at Lulu.com/spotlight/lulucomroseknapp. Her poems appear in *Fence, E•ratio, BlazeVOX, Maintenant, Var(2x), IceFloe*, and *elsewhere*. She lives in Minneapolis, United States. Find her at https://roseknapp.weebly.com, on Bluesky @roseknapp.bsky.social and on Instagram @roseknapp.

Irene Koronas

Irene Koronas' *The Grammaton Series* is an evolving, internationally acclaimed poetry series that includes *effluxion*, Volume X (BlazeVOX, 2026), *orbiculus,* Volume IX (BlazeVOX, 2025), *chiaroscuros*, Volume VIII (BlazeVOX, 2024), *gnōstos*, Volume VII (BlazeVOX, 2023), *siphonic*, Volume VI (BlazeVOX, 2022), *lithic cornea*, Volume V (BlazeVOX, 2021), *holyrit*, Volume IV (BlazeVOX, 2019), *declivities*, Volume III (BlazeVOX, 2018), *ninth iota*, Volume II (The Knives Forks and Spoons Press, 2018) and *Codify*, Volume I (Éditions du Cygne, 2017). She is the Editor-in-Chief (EIC) of *Var(2x).* Her website is irenekoronas.com.

Olchar E. Lindsann

Olchar E. Lindsann has published around 50 books of his literature, theory, translation, and avant-garde history including six books of the ongoing series *Arthur Dies* (Luna Bisonte Prods), and most recently *The Squitty Flange*, an avant-garde twist on the nonsense poetry tradition. His

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Julia Luna

Julia Luna is a poet and sound artist living in Brooklyn. Their poetry, research, and sound works can be found in *carte blanche*, *Dialogist*, *bethh*, *#Ranger Magazine*, *The Believer*, and is forthcoming in *NOIR SAUNA*. They have been awarded residencies at PAS Berlin and Untitled Tbilisi and an Editorial Fellowship with *The Rumpus*. They hold an MFA in Poetry from Brooklyn College, where they currently teach composition and creative writing.

Lachlan J. MacDougall

Lachlan J McDougall is an experimental writer and artist working and living in Brisbane, Australia. Their work focuses on destroying CONTROL wherever it rears its ugly head. A death dance to jacaranda blooms, they cannot stop digging the trench of warfare that has been set before them. A bullet for every jackbooted thug they see through the lens of a violent and anarchic poetic tendency. Founding editor of *LJMcD Communications* and a core member of the C22 poetry collective, they spit out literature in all directions. If you would like to read a sliver of their entirely derivative dribble, their work can be found on Amazon, or at lachlanjmcdougall.wordpress.com.

Andrew Cyril Macdonald

Andrew Cyril Macdonald is based in Fredericton, New Brunswick. He reads, writes, and reviews contemporary poetry that shows inclination towards language-play and appreciation for the postmodern and avant-garde. He curates *Version (9) Magazine*, a journal dedicated to the same.

AJ Moore

AJ Moore writes poetry and hybrid, with a particular interest in archives, intertextuality and identity. Her work has been published in *Twisted Ink, Objects* (Dunlin Press), *The Sheffield Review/Route 57, Blackbox Manifold, D.O.R, eYeland, For The Love Of, The Babel Tower Noticeboard* and *Beir Bua Journal*. She is the author of two chapbooks, *M(P)atriarchive* (Beir Bua Press) and *Zeitgeist* (c22 Press) and the full-length collection *Reference ≠ Endorsement* (Erratum Press). She is also a founder member of Cut Collective Writers: https://www.cutcollectivewriters.org

Sheila Murphy

Sheila E. Murphy A Pushcart-nominated poet, Murphy's most recent book publications are *I Want to Be Your Radio* (Unlikely Books, 2025), *Escritoire* (Lavender Ink, 2025), *Permission to Relax* (BlazeVOX Books, 2023). She won the Gertrude Stein Poetry Award for *Letters to Unfinished J.* (Green Integer Press, 2003) and the Hay(ha)ku Book Prize for *Reporting Live From You Know Where* (Meritage Press, 2018). She lives in Phoenix, Arizona. @shemurph.bsky.social

Rhys Trimble

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