

POINTS OF BLUES IMPACT LYRICS

The harm is too personal; perfect days for banana fish (fish).
I don't control the ultimate weapons.
There is no Hitler for me to fight.

No bread
Just
They can
They can
Damon
A

If
Do
Job
Ab
He
Sup

It
I
No
'c
I

More
Tr
Tr
De

But
I might hit a winning streak/
Or better yet,
Maybe start all over again.



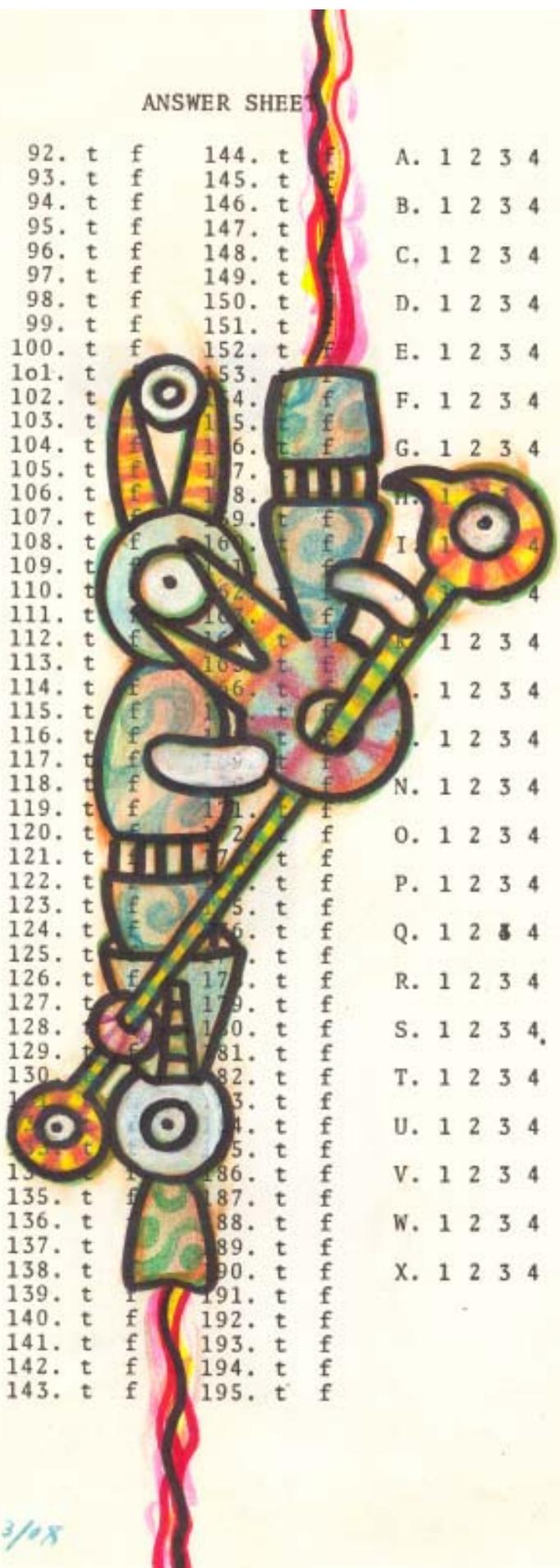
- Rider



Honk 3/07

ANSWER SHEET

1. t f	50. t f	92. t f	144. t f	A. 1 2 3 4
2. t f	51. t f	93. t f	145. t f	
3. t f	52. t f	94. t f	146. t f	B. 1 2 3 4
4. t f	53. t f	95. t f	147. t f	
5. t f	54. t f	96. t f	148. t f	C. 1 2 3 4
6. t f	55. t f	97. t f	149. t f	
7. t f	56. t f	98. t f	150. t f	D. 1 2 3 4
9. t f	57. t f	99. t f	151. t f	
10. t f	58. t f	100. t f	152. t f	E. 1 2 3 4
11. t f	59. t f	101. t f	153. t f	
12. t f	60. t f	102. t f	154. t f	F. 1 2 3 4
13. t f	61. t f	103. t f	155. t f	
14. t f	62. t f	104. t f	156. t f	G. 1 2 3 4
15. t f	63. t f	105. t f	157. t f	
16. t f	64. t f	106. t f	158. t f	H. 1 2 3 4
17. t f	65. t f	107. t f	159. t f	
18. t f	66. t f	108. t f	160. t f	I. 1 2 3 4
19. t f	67. t f	109. t f	161. t f	
20. t f	68. t f	110. t f	162. t f	J. 1 2 3 4
21. t f	69. t f	111. t f	163. t f	
22. t f	70. t f	112. t f	164. t f	K. 1 2 3 4
23. t f	71. t f	113. t f	165. t f	
24. t f	72. t f	114. t f	166. t f	L. 1 2 3 4
25. t f	73. t f	115. t f	167. t f	
26. t f	74. t f	116. t f	168. t f	M. 1 2 3 4
27. t f	75. t f	117. t f	169. t f	
28. t f	76. t f	118. t f	170. t f	N. 1 2 3 4
29. t f	77. t f	119. t f	171. t f	
30. t f	78. t f	120. t f	172. t f	O. 1 2 3 4
31. t f	79. t f	121. t f	173. t f	
32. t f	80. t f	122. t f	174. t f	P. 1 2 3 4
33. t f	81. t f	123. t f	175. t f	
34. t f	82. t f	124. t f	176. t f	Q. 1 2 3 4
35. t f	83. t f	125. t f	177. t f	
36. t f	84. t f	126. t f	178. t f	R. 1 2 3 4
37. t f	85. t f	127. t f	179. t f	
38. t f	86. t f	128. t f	180. t f	S. 1 2 3 4
39. t f	87. t f	129. t f	181. t f	
40. t f	88. t f	130. t f	182. t f	T. 1 2 3 4
41. t f	89. t f	131. t f	183. t f	
42. t f	90. t f	132. t f	184. t f	U. 1 2 3 4
43. t f	91. t f	133. t f	185. t f	
44. t f		134. t f	186. t f	V. 1 2 3 4
45. t f		135. t f	187. t f	
46. t f		136. t f	188. t f	W. 1 2 3 4
47. t f		137. t f	189. t f	
48. t f		138. t f	190. t f	X. 1 2 3 4
49. t f		139. t f	191. t f	
		140. t f	192. t f	
		141. t f	193. t f	
		142. t f	194. t f	
		143. t f	195. t f	



1/10/08 3/08

The Heart of the Matter

Our hearts are beating and our minds are in a frenzy,
In a world of confusion and uncertainty, we are
struggling to find our way through the maze of life.

At the heart of the matter, we are all seeking
meaning and purpose in a world that often seems
so chaotic and unpredictable.

It is in the quiet moments, when the world
around us fades away, that we truly find
ourselves. It is in these moments that we
discover the strength and resilience that we
possess within us.

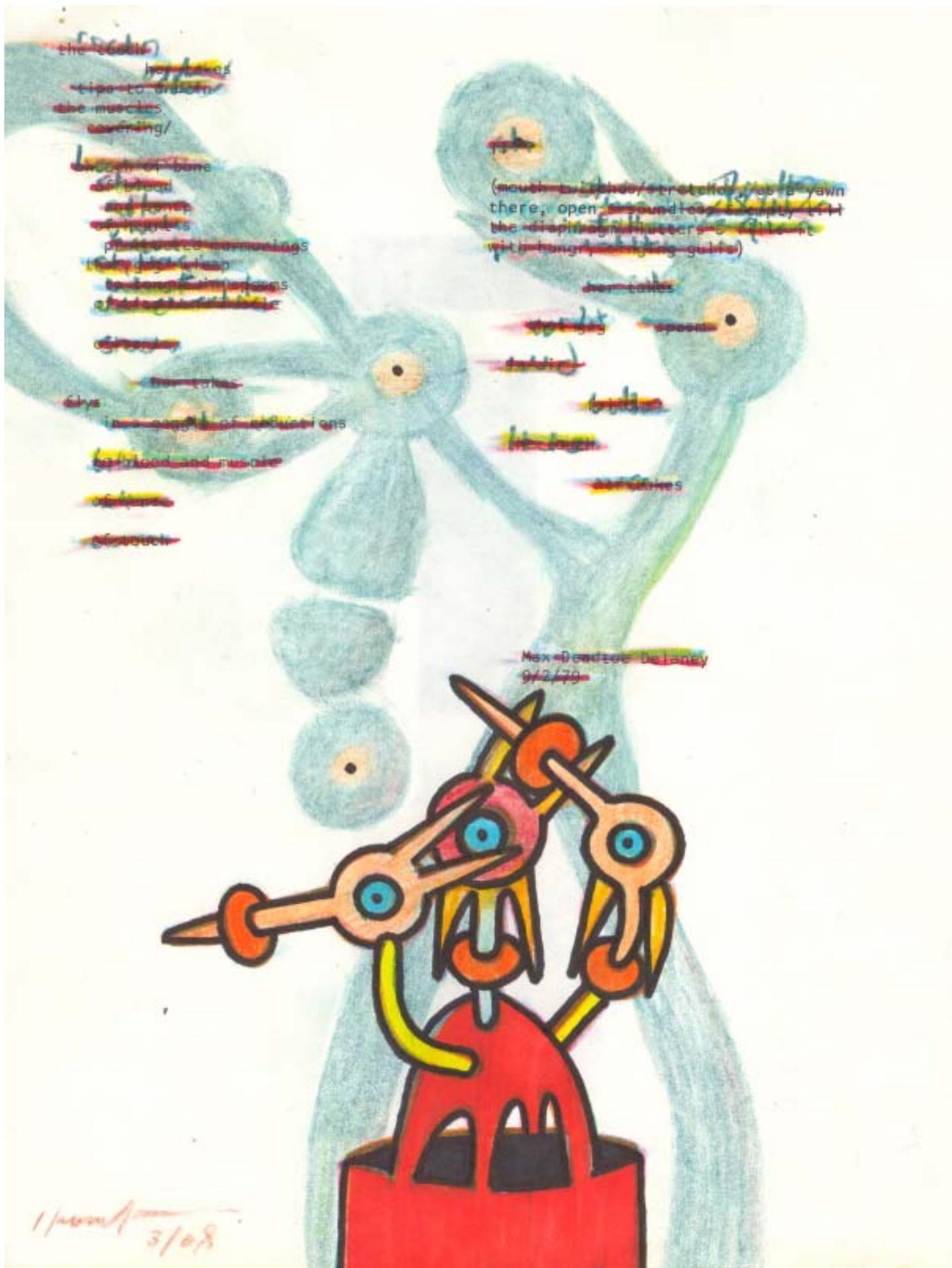
For it is our hearts that give us the courage
to face the challenges of life. It is our hearts
that give us the love and compassion that we
need to survive. It is our hearts that give us
the hope and faith that we need to move
forward.



Katherine Sun
1979



1/10/79



~~the~~ ~~the~~
~~tips to~~ ~~green~~
~~the~~ ~~muscles~~
~~coming/~~

~~down of~~ ~~bare~~
~~and~~ ~~bones~~
~~and~~ ~~bones~~
~~and~~ ~~bones~~
~~and~~ ~~bones~~
~~and~~ ~~bones~~
~~and~~ ~~bones~~
~~and~~ ~~bones~~

~~gry~~
~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~

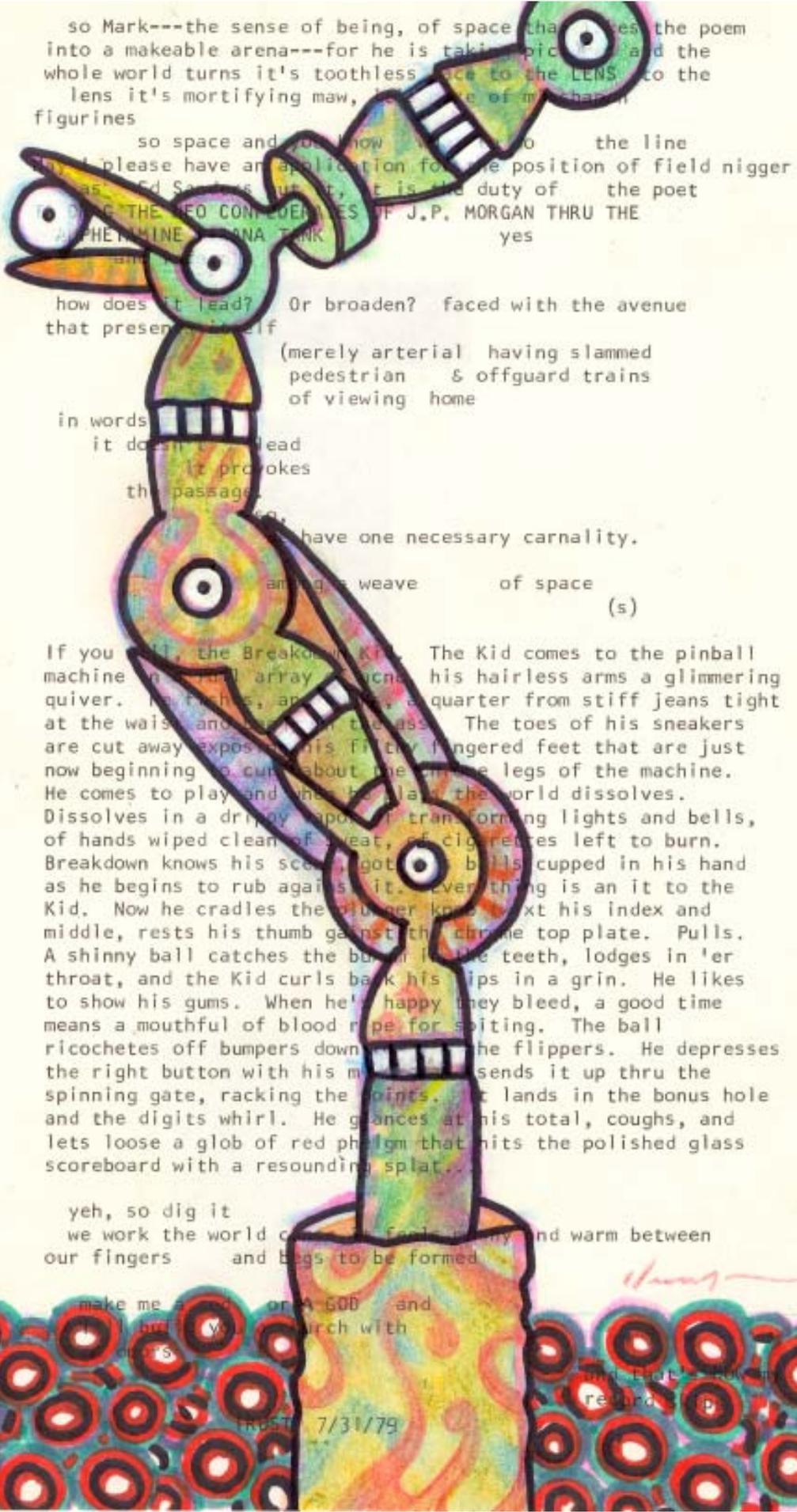
~~there, open~~ ~~around~~ ~~lead~~ ~~to~~ ~~empty~~ ~~it~~
~~the~~ ~~dis~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~number~~ ~~s~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~mouth~~
~~with~~ ~~long~~ ~~and~~ ~~long~~ ~~and~~ ~~long~~

~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~

~~Max~~ ~~0~~ ~~center~~ ~~De~~ ~~Janey~~
~~9/2/79~~

1/10/80
3/08

trust letters



so Mark---the sense of being, of space that sees the poem
into a makeable arena---for he is taking picture and the
whole world turns it's toothless face to the LENS to the
lens it's mortifying maw, the eye of machine
figurines

so space and you know who the line
please have an application for the position of field nigger
as Ed Santos put it, it is the duty of the poet
TO DO THE INFO CONFIDENCES OF J.P. MORGAN THRU THE
APHEMINE ANA TANK
yes

how does it lead? Or broaden? faced with the avenue
that presents itself

(merely arterial having slammed
pedestrian & offguard trains
of viewing home

in words
it doesn't lead
it provokes
the passage

we have one necessary carnality.

among weave of space (s)

If you call, the Breakdown Kid. The Kid comes to the pinball
machine in an array of his hairless arms a glimmering
quiver. In his, a quarter from stiff jeans tight
at the waist and bare in the ass. The toes of his sneakers
are cut away exposing his finger fingered feet that are just
now beginning to curl about the legs of the machine.
He comes to play and when he plays the world dissolves.
Dissolves in a drippy apoplexy transforming lights and bells,
of hands wiped clean of sweat, of cigarettes left to burn.
Breakdown knows his score, got balls cupped in his hand
as he begins to rub against it. Everything is an it to the
Kid. Now he cradles the plunger knob next his index and
middle, rests his thumb against the chrome top plate. Pulls.
A shiny ball catches the bumper in the teeth, lodges in 'er
throat, and the Kid curls back his lips in a grin. He likes
to show his gums. When he's happy they bleed, a good time
means a mouthful of blood ripe for spitting. The ball
ricochetes off bumpers down the flippers. He depresses
the right button with his middle finger sends it up thru the
spinning gate, racking the points. It lands in the bonus hole
and the digits whirl. He glances at his total, coughs, and
lets loose a glob of red phlegm that hits the polished glass
scoreboard with a resounding splat.

yeh, so dig it
we work the world of our fingers and warm between
our fingers and legs to be formed

make me a god or A GOD and
I'll bring you church with
me

Handwritten signature and date: 3/05

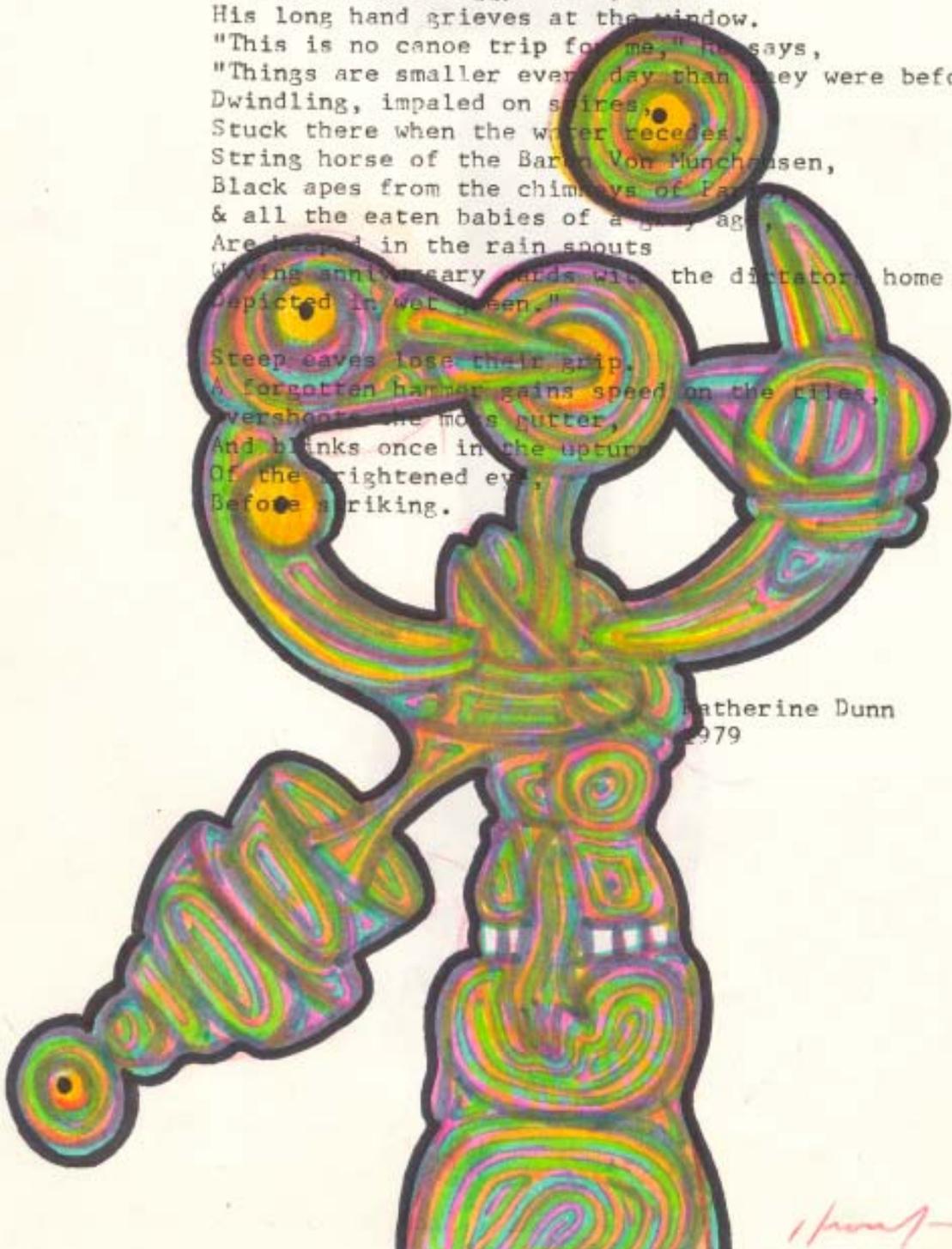
TRUST 7/31/79



The Murder Moment

It brings peace to her hidden identity,
To the bull orangutan that claims sanctuary in her skull.
His shield cheeks and poison eyes - relaxing on
A wooden bench soggy with piss.
His long hand grieves at the window.
"This is no canoe trip for me," he says,
"Things are smaller every day than they were before;
Dwindling, impaled on spires,
Stuck there when the water recedes.
String horse of the Baron Von Munchausen,
Black apes from the chimneys of Paris
& all the eaten babies of a gay age
Are kept in the rain spouts
Giving anniversary cards with the dictator's home town
Depicted in wet green."
Steep eaves lose their grip.
A forgotten hammer gains speed on the tiles,
overshoots the moose gutter,
And blinks once in the upturn
Of the frightened eye,
Before striking.

Katherine Dunn
1979



1/10/79 — 3/08

attering ram
by musicmas August 79th
excerpt from process PAIN book
a wealth of the humours for to strangleing

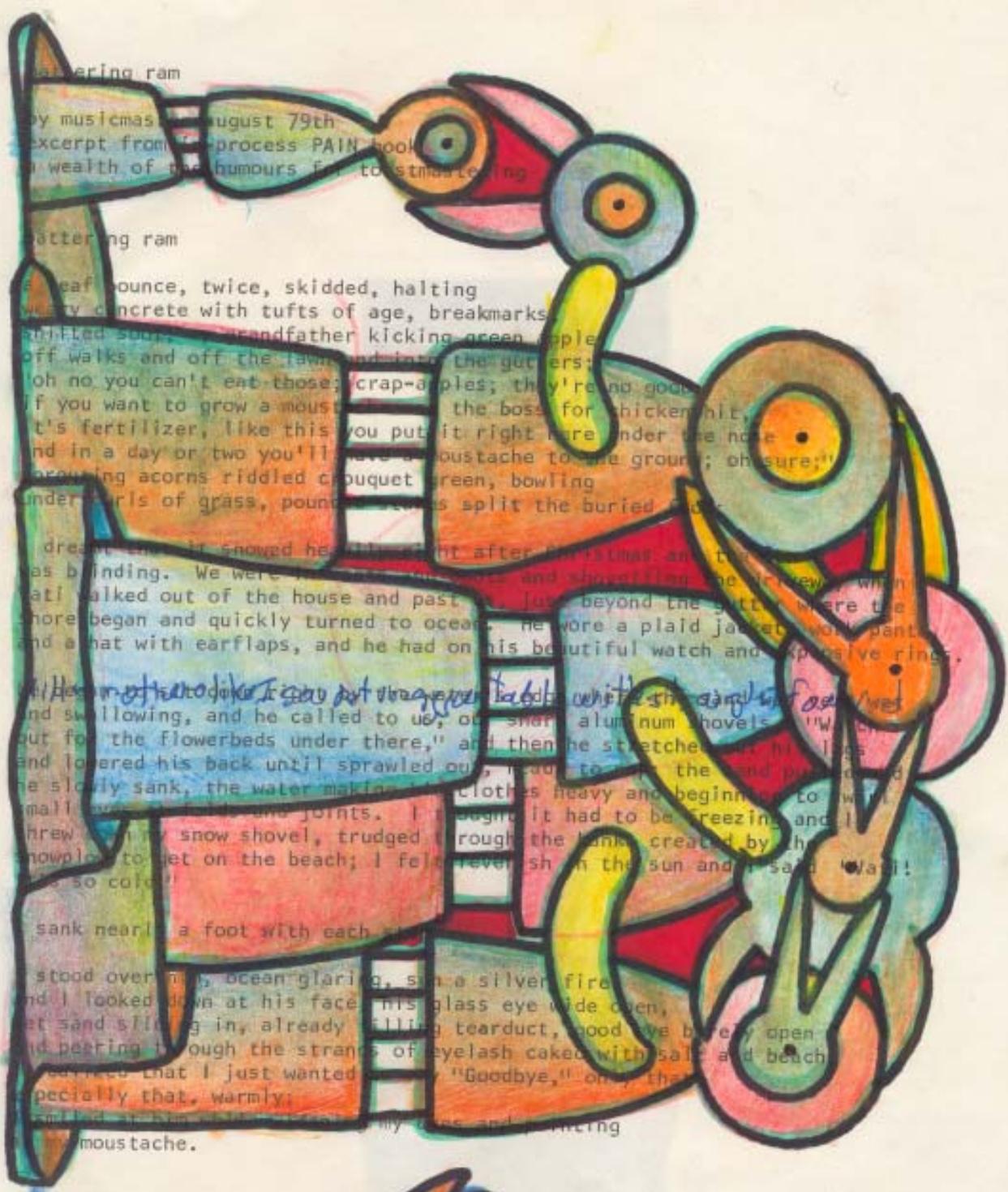
attering ram
leaf bounce, twice, skidded, halting
weary concrete with tufts of age, breakmarks
spriffled sun, grandfather kicking green apple
off walks and off the lawn and into the gutters:
oh no you can't eat those; crap-apples; they're no good
If you want to grow a moustache the boss for chickenhit,
it's fertilizer, like this you put it right here under the nose
and in a day or two you'll have a moustache to the ground; oh sure!
sprouting acorns riddled croquet green, bowling
under curls of grass, pound stones split the buried

dream one it snowed he all night after Christmas and the
was blinding. We were and shovelling the driveway with
I all walked out of the house and past a just beyond the gutter where the
shore began and quickly turned to ocean. He wore a plaid jacket work pants
and a hat with earflaps, and he had on his beautiful watch and expensive rings.

With a roar of water like I saw not a raggedy baby with the string of foam
and swallowing, and he called to us, oh sharp aluminum shovels. "Wait
out for the flowerbeds under there," and then he stretched out his legs
and lowered his back until sprawled out, head to the sand and pushed
he slowly sank, the water making his clothes heavy and beginning to
small waves of sand and joints. I thought it had to be freezing and I
threw my snow shovel, trudged through the banks created by the
snowload to get on the beach; I felt reverent in the sun and I said "Wait!
so cold!"

sank nearly a foot with each step
stood over him, ocean glaring, sea a silver fire
and I looked down at his face his glass eye wide open,
wet sand sliding in, already filling tearduct, good eye barely open
and peering through the strands of eyelash caked with salt and beach
I noticed that I just wanted to say "Goodbye," only that
specially that, warmly;
I called at him and I saw my dog and pinning
moustache.

1/10/05
3/05



Not Art!

Back in the late 60's, when the Miraculous had not yet been entirely banned from the field of the Fine Arts, there was an exhibition by a Dutch artist named Emmy Stuy, in a 'progressive' gallery in the city. This was an exhibition in the very literal sense of the word, because the artist in question was one of those called 'body artists' in the then current jargon. In this case, indeed, the artist's body was exhibited in a most painful manner-

On entering this gallery, which had been opened only recently, the visitor was first confronted by a red rubber curtain, screening off most of the gallery space. Behind this curtain one's eyes were assaulted by very bright (and noisy) lights, shining from the four corners of the ceiling towards the center of the screened-off space. Here, on a clear plexiglass support in the shape of a large X made on steel tubing under which in turn was spread a sheet of black PVC, was displayed the object of the exhibition: the artist, divested every last stitch of clothing, tied cruelly spreadeagled to the plexiglass X with leather straps, the opening of her legs being positioned directly opposite a peep-hole in the rubber curtain, that part of the female anatomy most hidden was here the first sight met by the spectator's gaze.

Dilemma: To enter or not to enter this space so evidently occupied by a helpless naked woman?

Around the body on its cross was a walking space of perhaps 3 feet on all sides. It was a small space. If you entered, you would inevitably have to get close. And the atmosphere was hot and humid, the smell of rubber and sweat was strong.

Mustering your courage and entering, you were in a position to note that the artist was not only tightly bound, but blindfolded and gagged. No danger there. She was also very visibly sweating all over her body. As you walked around this savage exhibit you came upon a table in one of the corners on which various objects were placed: a pink plastic vibrator, a highheeled shoe, a ladyshave and possibly some other objects which I have forgotten. The purpose of these objects was not in doubt: you were invited to freely use any or all of the instruments (there was a pair of scissors as well) to explore the body of the artist to record its reactions in any way you found satisfying. Here was a chance to practice private voyeurism in public. Even without clothes, you were far more naked than most.

Dilemma: To accept or not to accept this invitation to investigate the effects of your cherished fantasies on this straining and dangerously vulnerable body. And if I do, what will happen?

A more deeply embarrassing, because less personal, moment comes when the immobilized artist, with a sound that seems inordinately loud, releases a small stream of urine onto the sheet of PVC on the floor. Several visitors leave at this point.

During one of my later visits to the exhibition I had occasion to note that, with regard to other bodily functions also, the artist did not wish to compromise.

Yet I am inclined to hope and to expect that the interest in the classics and in historical learning will be continued and even revived, for I am firmly convinced of their intrinsic merit, and believe that it cannot fail to impose itself again, although perhaps in a form different from the one to which we are accustomed, and more in accordance with the needs and interests of our time and society.

Sandie Shaw
Internal Apparitions



Athakata

~~look like lava, smell like cheese, functions like a wallet.~~
~~look like a wallet, smell like grandmothers on saturday~~
~~night, functions like a bread knife in the woods,~~
~~smells like the woods, tastes like a black cat in the sun.~~
~~tastes like the sun, feel like a river of vitamin E, func-~~
~~tions like sandstone t-shirts, sings like a paycheck~~
~~from mcdonalds, eats like raingear~~
~~tastes like a book, wags like a dog, has hands like~~
~~no food for three days, no one since istanbul or the~~
~~vegetable orchestra~~

~~starburn in an arctic lake, kamovary, languid~~
~~starburn in an arctic lake, kerosene rose~~

dan raphael

G
 P

~~developing cool cellular scalps skullcap foams~~
~~or release in derivative/diagrams of not, not glutinous tinsel~~

~~as an edge or set of corona skirts like parachute cookie cutters~~

~~refusing to land~~

~~held by 70~~

~~not as neuromatic as dynaflow~~

~~button/cushion/fist of~~

~~wet can b. touched or electrifies~~

~~needing special lenses~~

~~dreams of eating chrome~~

~~conversation w/ someone his or her in ground up transparency~~

~~like robot-emafllo~~

~~plexiglass skull~~

~~cinematic images of mesaleno 3-piece data~~

~~who has no p. sed~~

~~no chest to back~~

~~no rashes or so~~

dan raphael

1/raunt — 3/08

quadranten

diebe es sind die
die von der...
wie es ist...

einmal...
in...
was...
die...
und...
wie...
dies...

das...
die...

ein...
die...
mit...
was...
die...
die...

das...
die...
die...
die...
die...

die...
die...

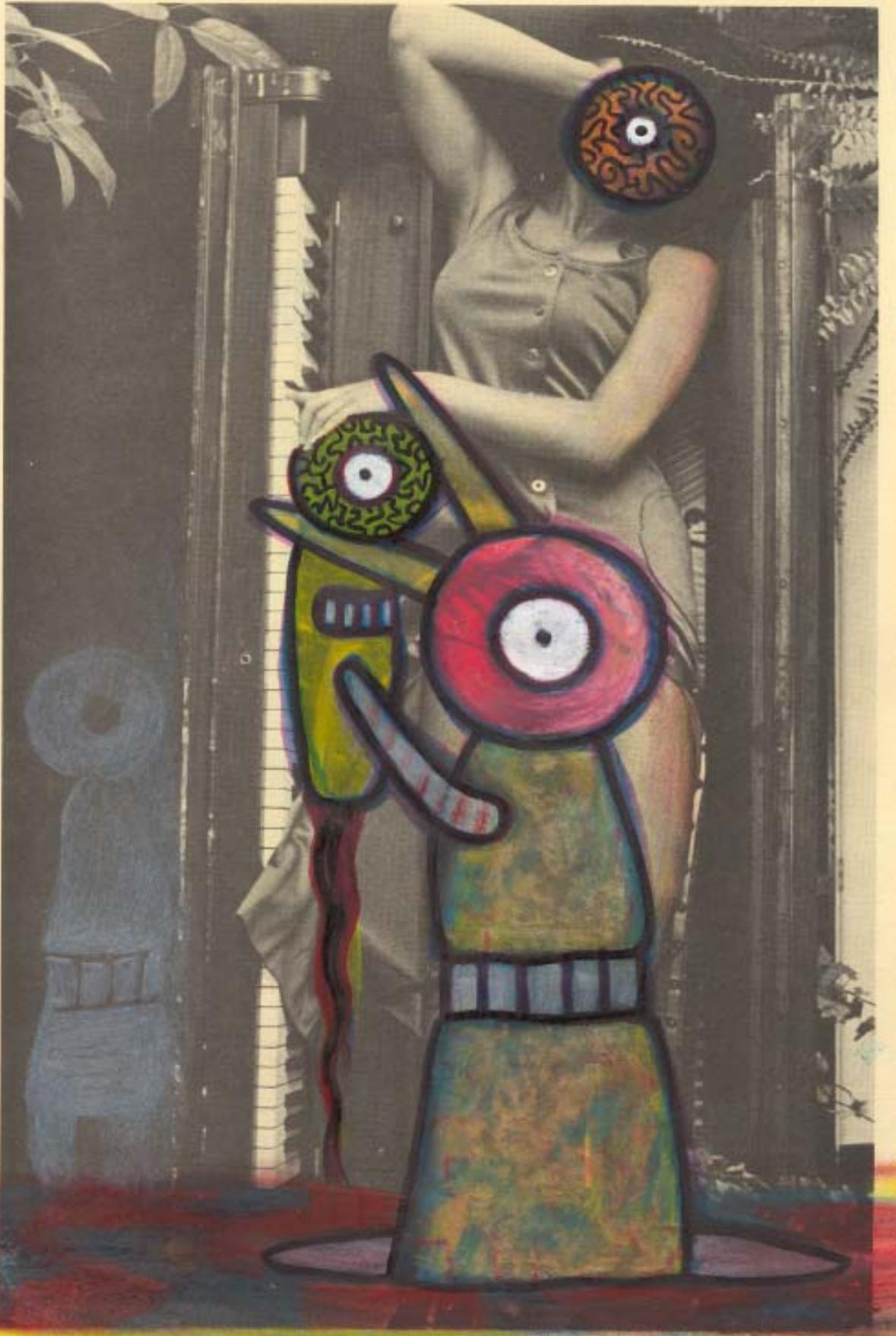
und...
die...

das...
die...

die...
die...



1. Juni 1988 3/0



RIDER '82

Handwritten signature and date: 1/10/82 — 3/08

the touch
her takes
tips to and in
the muscles
covering/

sheath of bone
of blood
and sense
of heart's
protracted murmurings
that gag leap
to tongue in spasms
of blood and muscle

of sense

flies
her takes
in a gaggle of reductions
to blood and muscle
of sense
of touch

11

(mouth twitches/stretch, as a yawn
there, open & soundless & empty till
the diaphragm flutters & fills it
with hungry singing gulls)

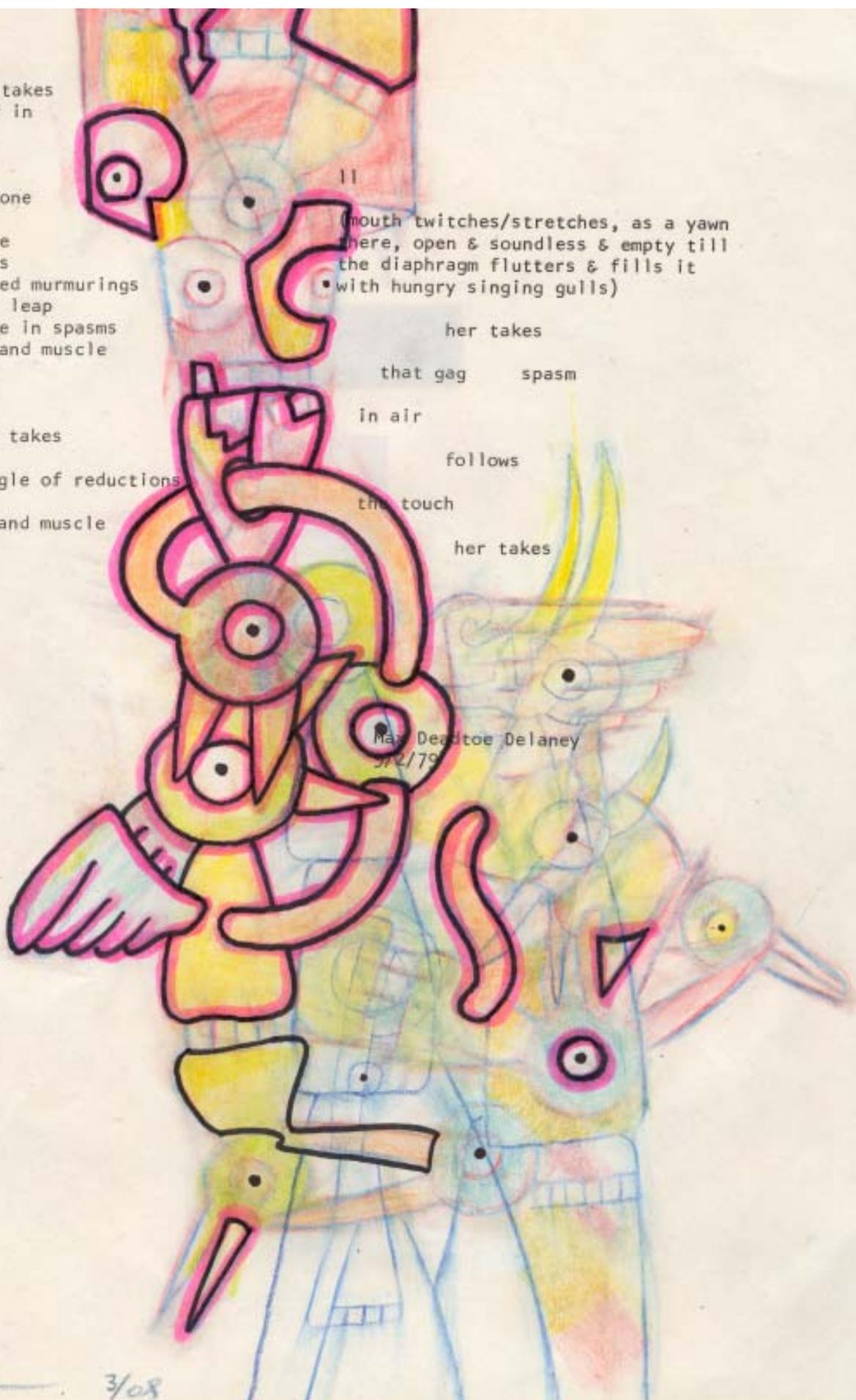
her takes
that gag spasm
in air

follows
the touch

her takes

Max Deadtoe Delaney
3/2/79

1/2007 — 3/08



to reynarda

throw them away
they no longer provide
what is needed

on the porch
in summer
with bottles of wine
we talk
until there is nothing left
we talk
of lost loves

(now our love is lost)

on the porch
in summer
with bottles of wine
we became a

inseparable
knowing each other
knowing each other

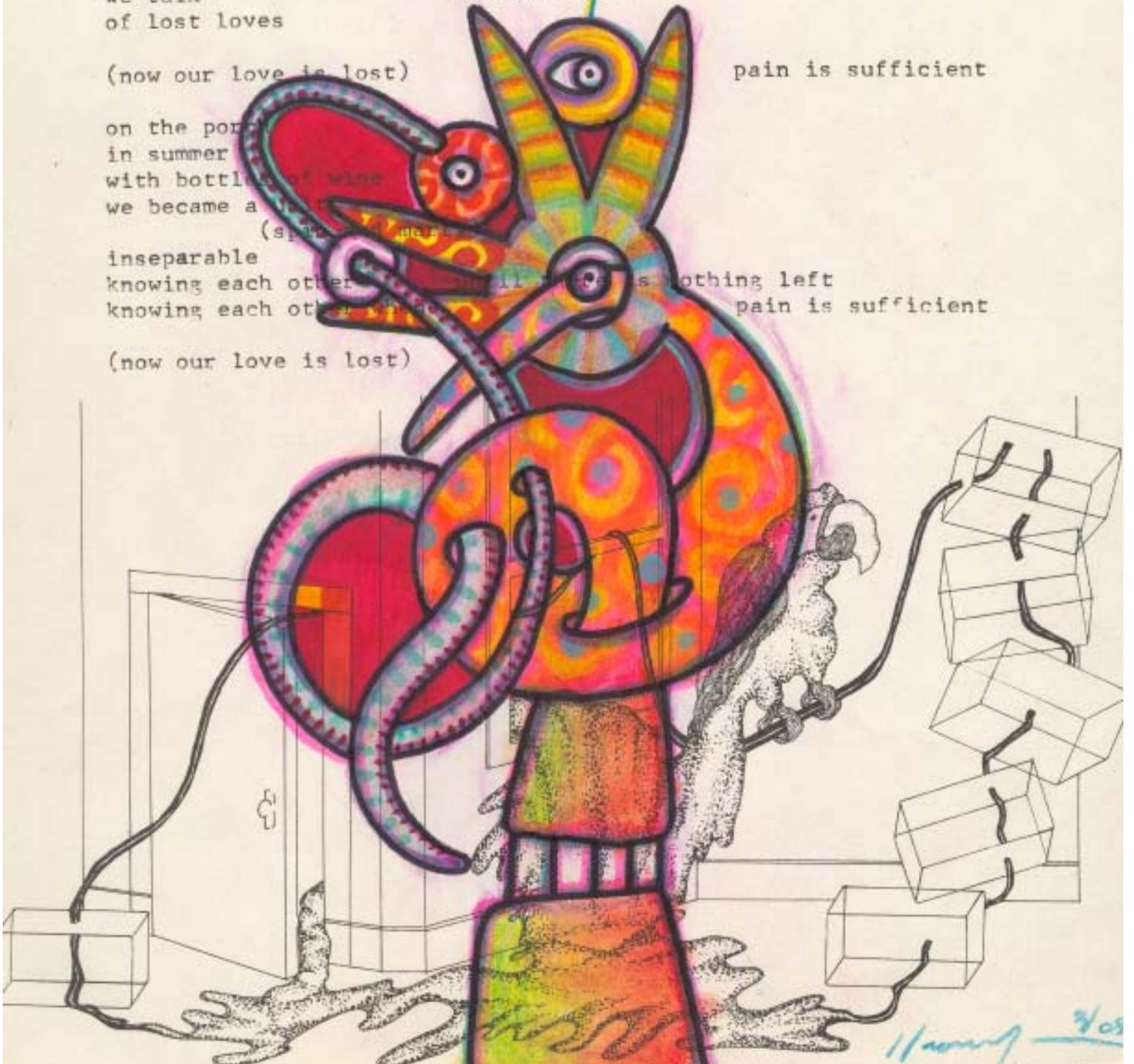
(now our love is lost)

pain is sufficient

until there is nothing left
of lost loves

pain is sufficient

until there is nothing left
pain is sufficient



11/20/57

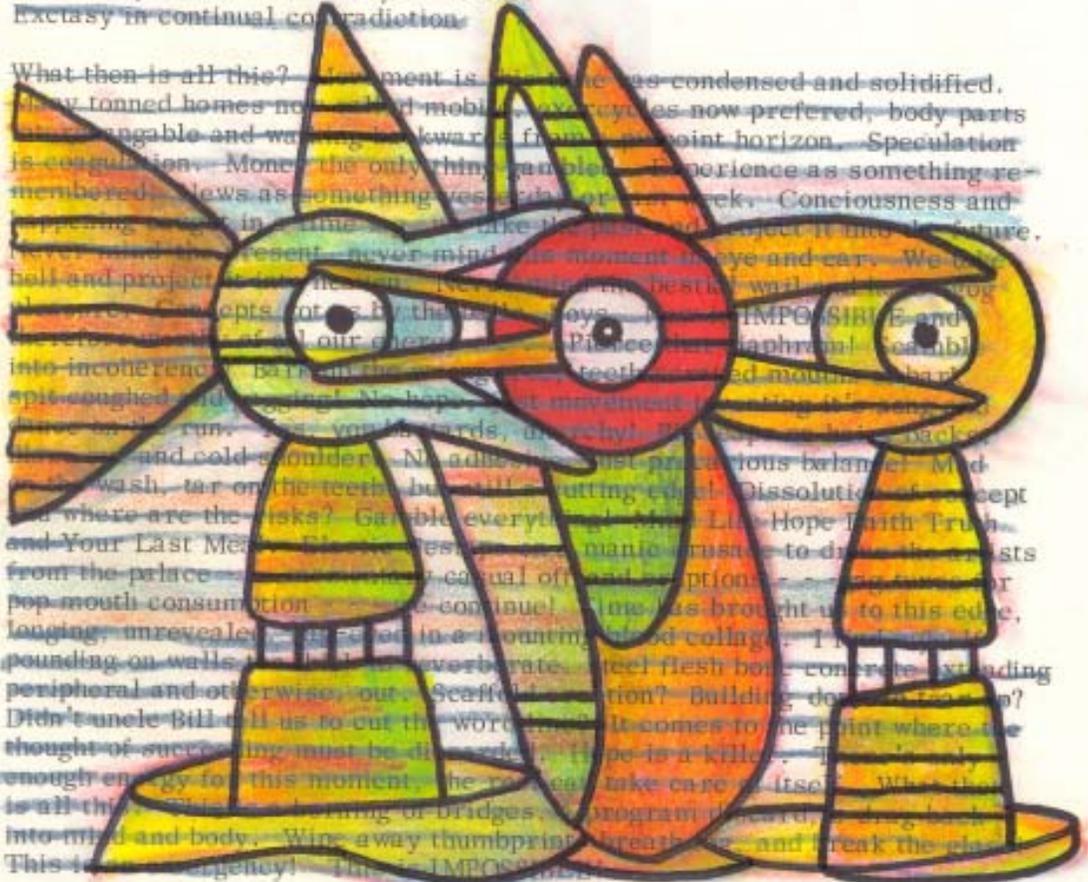
IMPOTHSNESS DECLARED

(beyond the saturation point)

~~Plague red this sky, they're raining orphans, knee-deep or drowning in them.
Harvest time whole torn, our trampled digestion. Doubtless I feel their hands
on my heart or is it my mind or the music that chills my spine and shakes my
shoulders. I clench my fists only to discover they have cannon with improving
aim so I open my palms and beckon them forward. They advance through the
waves of my laughter and wrench my pain away.~~

~~Sandbags before an on-rushing flood
Everything and nothing bunched oblong and grated
Action "by all means, thank you" Action
Ecstasy in continual contradiction~~

~~What then is all this? The moment is condensed and solidified.
Heavy-toned homes now mobile, bicycles now preferred, body parts
engagable and waiting backward from a point horizon. Speculation
is coagulation. Money the only thing tangible, experience as something re-
membered. News as something yes or no or back. Consciousness and
appearing in time. Take the past and project it into the future.
I've found the present never mind the moment an eye and ear. We take
bell and project the future into the past. The bestial wail and the
concepts of us by the eye. IMPOSITIVE and
Risee the diaphragm, ressembl
into incoherence. Behind the teeth, red mouth, barb
epit-coughed and seized. No hope, no movement, no
run. As you go, as you go, as you go. Back
and cold shoulder. No address, just precarious balance. Mind
wash, tar on the teeth, but still, putting eyes! Dissolution of concept
where are the risks? Garble everything. My Life Hope Faith Truth
and Your Last Meal. Etc. etc. etc. mania, crusade to drive the artists
from the palace. Casual of hand, captions. Etc. etc. etc. for
pop mouth consumption. Etc. etc. etc. time has brought us to this edge,
longing, unrevealed. Etc. etc. etc. in a mounting, good collage. I'll be
pounding on walls. Etc. etc. etc. verberate. Steel flesh bone concrete standing
peripheral and otherwise out. Scaffold. Etc. etc. etc. Building down. Etc. etc. etc.
Didn't uncle Bill tell us to cut the words. It comes to the point where the
thought of succeeding must be discarded. Hope is a killer. Etc. etc. etc.
enough energy for this moment. He never take care of itself. What the
is all this. Etc. etc. etc. burning of bridges. program of care, etc. etc. etc.
into mind and body. Wine away thumbprint, breathing, and break the glass.
This is an emergency! This is IMPOSITIVE.~~



animal trust

1/10/08 3/08

trust letters

so Mar... of being, of space that takes the poem
into a m... arena... he is taking pictures and the
whole world turns it's... face to the LENS to the
lens it's mortifying now, it's... shapen
figurines
so space... know what to do the line
May I please have... for the position of field nigger
as E Sanders... it is the duty of the poet
TO DRAG THE NEG CONFEDEATES OF J. MORGAN THRU THE
AMPHETAMINE PIRANA TANK
and in...

how does it lead? ... broaden? faced with the avenue
that presents

... arterial having slammed
& offguard trains
home
in word...
it doesn't...
It provides
the mass...

... one because any...
... (s)

If you... the Breakdown kid... to the...
machines... his...
quiver... and hooks, a...
at... and bags in the...
are... expiring his filthy...
now beginning to...
He comes to play... when...
Dissolves... a drumpy...
of hands wipe... clean of...
Breakdown knows... his...
as he begins to... against it...
Kid. Now he cr... his...
middle, rests his... against the...
A shiny ball... the...
throat, and the... back...
to show his... they bleed...
means a... of...
ricochetes... down towards...
the right... his middle and...
spinning... racking the...
and the... whirl. He glances...
lets... the glob of... hits the...
scoreboard with a resounding...

... so dig it
... work the world cause it feels mushy and warm between
our fingers and begs to be formed

make me a god or A GOD and
I'll build you a church with
no doors

and that's how my
record skips

TRUST 7/31/79

1/... 3/08

RUMBLINGS FROM JONAH

IMPOSSIBILISM IN THE BIOSPHERE

According to the latest series of aerial photos there is a gathering of bull whales on the southern-most islands of Japan they're disguised as small leaky oil tankers and fishing boats. but if you'll notice the two largest bulls in the lower left edge of the rocks, you'll see why this meeting of the council has been called. quiet please there'll be time for discussion later.

according to an eyewitness they have been reported off the florida keys the north sea and of course right in our own back yard at the mouth of the columbia river

now to deal with this problem these whales are probing and butting their way into underground caves and canals beneath the continental shelf which according to dr. kno. are the probable reasons for the latest eruptions along our geographical perimeters which results in severe situations of depression in most of our own backyards

not only that gentlemen, but thousands and thousands of species of bird and animal (besides the well known fact that the whales are drawing various aquatic species into smaller ducts and caves) are mobilized by the call of the whale and are gathering in the remote unpopulated areas of the earth and if we allow this to continue people will surely panic we must intensify our communication with the whales; for already japan has started a tilt which will surely be pulled away and they're fighting a losing battle we must get our whalers out of there who say that?

yesterday in the snow depths of the yukon a herd of whales were detected along the western border of an underground river believed to have its origin in the fennoscandian yukon no-one knows how deep this river runs but some believe that it is very depth some of the lakes in the yukon have been swarmed with waterfowl were there a few months ago and the mountains are filled with white camouflaged and subtle to host same birds and their incessant fanning of the atmosphere

in the twilight and evening hours we have seen a series of sightings of huge shapes in these lakes these shapes are by underground source of light also strange vibrations of a certain frequency emanates up into the air in the shape of an ethereal glow these come from locations over the entire globe continuing over the geographical area which tend to be very drift and are too sophisticated to be correctly because of the brilliance of these pseudo colors

it just received a rush whale this the whales have moved through the narrows dykes along the lowlands and water is filling the region the blazing aquatics are appearing in conjunction with a huge eruption of light blazes and it is estimated that people are being picked up on the waters of colored light completely blinding into the night all the prop men continue to work in a kind of where ever it is alas the fallen swifts and already the noisy silence echoes the stirring of the blazing light soon we will be seeing whales swimming in sea level and the willamette will attribute the columbia to its sudden rise and long far low's will be reached on fin back oar or not.

ijme

1/10/87 — 3/08