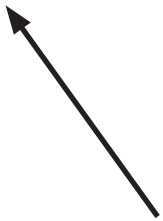




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INFINITY'S KITCHEN

№ 10

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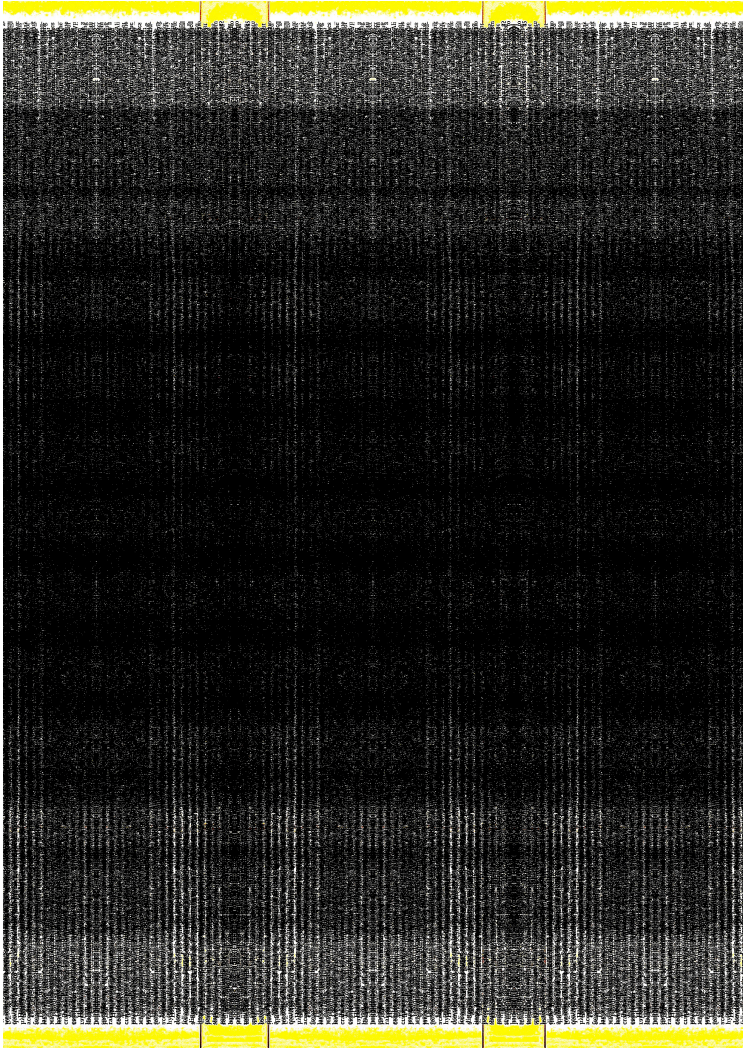
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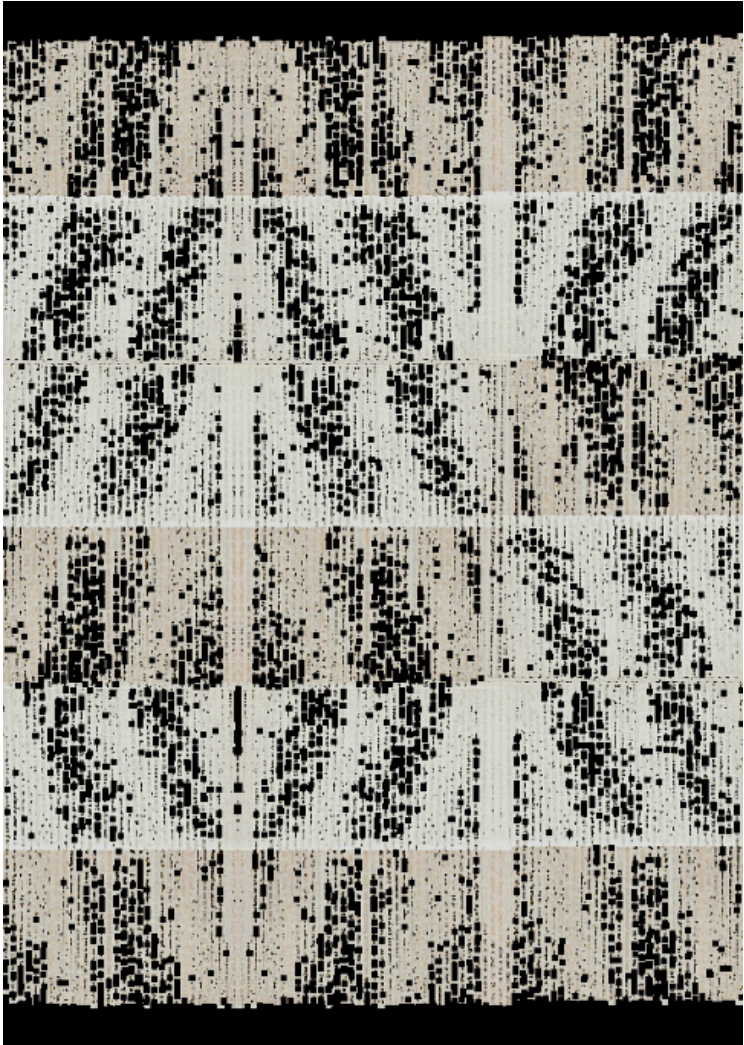
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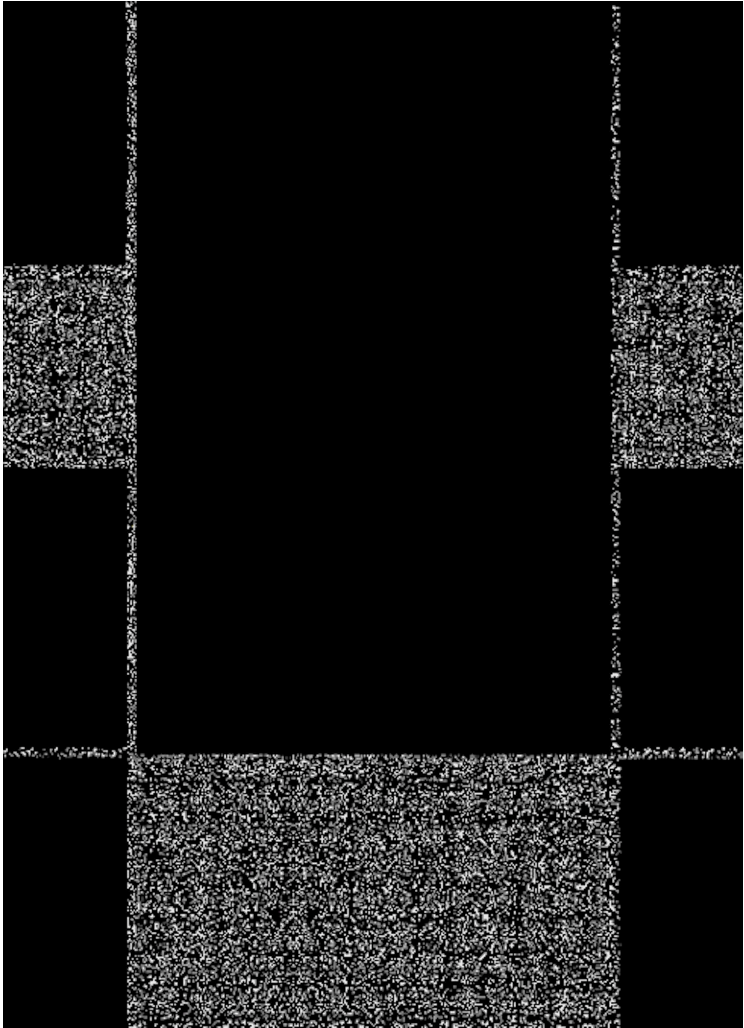
## Pages One, Two, and Three

by Jack Williams

These pages are part of a series in which 4 random pages from 4 random books composited over each other in different arrangements to the point where the text was either unreadable or unrecognizable as text.









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## Alphabets (seen in profile)

by Federico Federici

This essay discusses post-literacy in contemporary experimental writings such as asemic writing, from a perspective arising from language theory, psychology, computer science and physics.

According to Marcel Broodthaers, «since Duchamp, the artist is the author of a definition»[1], i. e. a calculated shift of the object from its original context to establish new interpretive paradigms. This thought process, continuously submitted to interpretation, also addresses the need of making the inquiry into the nature of art explicit. The statement appears to openly contradict those positions rejecting any definition, whether it is meant to draw Art closer or farther. The methodological approach of proceeding by definition entails the capability to select signs or objects and manipulate them not as bare finds, but as the original, specific elements of the relational perspective to build.

In *One ball total equilibrium tank* (1985), Jeff Koons encased a basketball at the centre of a silicon sealed glass tank filled with distilled water. The outstanding realism, inspired by the real object replacing its representation, is counterbalanced by the absolute neutrality of the context. To all appearances, this work comprises several heterogeneous motifs: the aesthetics of Geometry with its exaltation of the full and the empty; the invisible force fields of Physics; the ordinariness of playful childhood called to mind by the ball itself with its unique dark grooves; the socio-economic implications epitomized by the *Official Spalding* brand and the role of basketball in social emancipation. This *stand-alone* artwork didn't conform to the savage neo-expressionist painting dominating in that time, but the matter couldn't be settled once and for all within the *en vogue* remake of Ready Made Art: the deceptively simple arrangement actually implies quite a complex project, from both a practical and a philosophical point of view. The gravitational field was to be perfectly balanced without introducing further hydrostatic drifts, to express that purest, unperturbed status

of the spirit attaining a perfect balance between aspiration and reality. The fact that the ball was not asymptotically stable at the absolute centre of the tank is, from my standpoint, an enrichment rather than an issue. This sort of counter-futuristic effect addresses both Man's substantial ineptitude at the purpose and the fuzziness of that «[...] point of intersection of the timeless/ with time [...]»[2] which the seeming one frame shot of a bouncing ball would tend to exclude.

The process of search, displacement and redefinition has often been a latent stimulus to re-code quotes from one text into another, hence Literature from all times has served as a proper written matter from which to pick plots, sentences or lines to reframe into an entirely new context. The broadening of contemporary perspective has gradually included the internet as a huge trading area, engendering artworks which exploit networks as relational devices and merge logos, slogans, acronyms or shreds of files into powerful markers of a new slang. As of the early 21st century, *Flarf* poetry has explored algorithms-aided writing techniques (such as *googlism*) and «*simulated* multiple authorship»[3] to sample and manipulate ready-made text-objects. In that connection «[...] whatever-what may be art, or more precisely that whatever-what may become art, is decisively distinct from the notion that everything *is* art.»[4]

The practice of asemic writing sets itself apart from this. While not entirely defying the rules of language, it insists on their being implicit and hints at them. Despite it sometimes subsumes obfuscated letters, numbers or other recognizable symbols, it doesn't barely consist of blurring meanings under the syncopated rhythm of handwriting. It is a pretended act of enunciation whose meanings remain beyond reach, undeciphered and to not decipher. Asemic writing naturally

expresses a lack of a kind of realism, for the symbols in that polysemic spectrum are not elements of reality. Writing doesn't predict the outcome of reading: its an ongoing negotiation. Borrowing the terms from the debate on the so-called Copenhagen interpretation, underlying meanings are the hidden variables within the quantum state of the text. This is not a question of definition, though. The asemic writer *is not* the author of a new definition, nor is he skilled in drawing new alphabets of symbols generating meaning according to certain shared rules. He is not essentially and functionally interested in meaning which, in the breakdown of the hyper-connected society, tends to be the dregs of the permanent production and consumption of second hand information.

The more the traits of meaning are paired down, the more asemic writing becomes a pure experience of aesthetic value, though watching is in no way compensatory to reading. It's rather a new experience in itself.

Upon a closer look, seeing comes before speaking, objects before words, drawing before writing ever since Palaeolithic graffiti. In traditional texts, written words are both a landscape and a soundscape. This duality can no longer be maintained, to make room to experiences of the textual stimulus out of interpretive schemes and conventions in general. While the whole language is squeezed and the semantic, phonetic, orthographic terms are overcome and melt into the asemic compound, the whole text is charged with a veiled semantic value which startles the reader and conveys a sense of ultimate spiritual unity. Every piece of asemic writing is original, in the sense that it may be at the origin of a set of signs which will not further be manipulated or used elsewhere. No convention is estab-

lished between the writer and the reader to fulfil textual expectations, no matter whether the starting point is a low resolution dot printed document or a stained paper rip. Every technique of unpredicted scrambling or disruption in the flux of meanings offers an environment of permanent creation, wherein to take to the extreme or to turn around the words of the american anthropologist and linguist Edward Sapir: «no two languages are ever sufficiently similar to be considered as representing the same social reality. The worlds in which different societies live are distinct worlds, not merely the same world with different labels attached»[5].

Marcel Duchamp once stated that «as soon as we start putting our thoughts into words and sentences everything gets distorted, [...] we never understand each other»[6]. At this stage, asemic writers don't actually distrust language. They address the linguistic turn from a different perspective, weakening the hitherto often tacit idea that reality is either a language habit or a legacy. Words and sentences are not their aim, they focus on nonlinear patterns. The occurrence of repeated clusterings or of stronger marks may deceptively suggest the presence of rigid hierarchical structures, but the word-sign duality never gets solved. No syntactical residual points to a precise language and the edge between meaninglessness and meaningfulness is always missed.

Rather than the total equilibrium envisaged by Koons, asemic texts undergo a permanent brownian motion, which inhibits sharp trajectories while unfolding subtler perspectives. Primary signs may find themselves merged with already informed ones, as if ground by some uncalibrated machine of enunciation. The strong relational force between the signs themselves tends to shift the focus from orthography and syntax to almost topology, plunging asemic texts into metric spaces. No longer does the artist act «[...] like a mediumistic being who, from the labyrinth beyond time and space, seeks his way out to a clearing»[7]. His invasive surgeries cut the stirred nerves of communication, dissect texts and layouts against the backdrop of intangible digital languages, crammed with jingles and banners, dovetailed into a strategy of osmotic capitalistic propaganda. As opposed to this micro-textual assembly line, asemic texts are flickering pointers, muted enunciators, not oriented semiotic segments, challenging the reader to renegotiate an active relationship with the text itself, hanging in the balance between reading and watching but contrasting both. Meanings are compressed tree rings within the text, whose presence is intensified, but not resolved, by an all-pervading bark of signs. Unlike Pierre Huyghe's *Timekeeper* (1999), where a series of concentric paint layers reveals the timeline of the gallery wall, the asemic coating of the texts prevents the corrosion of meaning. Huyghe's procedure, which may recall Mimmo Rotella's *décollage*, naturally lends itself to multiple authorship and to the paradox of generating multiple distinguishable copies of the same artwork, as much as «asemic writing is somewhat like dramatic writing and even entertainment script forms [...]»[8], a persuasive flux of characters into which «each reader-writer-viewer breathes unique life [...] and individual signs like actors»[9].

Without an univocal message to barter, the gap between authorship and beholdership is left intentionally vacant.

1. Rachel Haidu, *The Absence of Work. Marcel Broodthaers, 1964–1976* (Cambridge, MA: Mit Press, 2010), 82.
2. Thomas S. Eliot, *Four Quartets* (Milano: Garzanti, 1982), 56.
3. Silem K. Mohammad, <http://home.earthlink.net/~ululate/data/11-11-05.pdf>.
4. Morten Kyndrup, “Art and the Enunciative Paradigm. Today’s Objectual De-differentiation and Its Impact on Aesthetics”, *Nordisk Estetisk Tidsskrift* 25-26 (2002), 30.
5. Edward Sapir, *The Status of Linguistics as a Science*, in: *Ibid.: Culture, Language and Personality*, ed. D. G. Mandelbaum (Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1958), 69.
6. Duchamp, Marcel, cit. in: Calvin Tomkins, *Ahead of the Game* (London: Penguin Books, 1968), 34.
7. Marcel Duchamp, *The Essential writings of Marcel Duchamp*, ed. M. Sanouillet and E. Peterson (London: Thames & Hudson Ltd, 1975), 138.
8. Michael Jacobson, *Works & Interviews* (Leipzig: CreateSpace, 2016),  
60.
9. *Ibid.*



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## The Secret

by Marton Koppany

The empty spaces between words, the sheet of paper they are written on, the rhythm of the turning of the pages, unknown and forgotten symbols, fragments, natural formations like clouds - each of them and any combination of them may be an invitation.

{( [ ) } ]

---

## Her Future Cold

by Anna Ciummo

What does it mean? It's not supposed to mean. It's supposed to breathe, to be a life-form on its own, separate from our personal reading.

She should be plenty  
warm in such a michelin coat  
But fog But dust  
falling from nose and mouth  
A slit-mouth No  
she cannot She  
cannot be Cannot  
be so Waifish  
Her unpink hand  
a crumbling nilla wafer  
dipped in marshmallow  
fluff Give her that  
at least She needs some meat  
on them bones

---

## Asemic 15

by Laura Ortiz

This image explores the combination of calligraphy and design with literature and abstract art. It is an example of a new literary movement called Asemic Writing, in which semantic meaning is absent.



---

## Slanted Superrelation

by Daniel King

See the delta in the triple permutations of tau-tor-taw; see the Morse code for K in the other blocks of text. See in the subject matter a wild gay party on another planet. Await the coming of Kalki, imminent avatar of Vishnu and Shiva.

\*Delta K is Tor and Tau\*  
\*Delta K is Tau and Taw\*  
\*Delta K is Taw and Tor\*

Insistent rhythms roil  
With the party slanting, stars jolt  
Meteors burst and boil  
And explode. And reload  
Delta our world exalts  
With Kalki and his Centaur Chord  
Double Mars in their love  
He is Lord

\*Delta K is Tau and Taw\*  
\*Delta K is Taw and Tor\*  
\*Delta K is Tor and Tau\*

A sapphire sunset swings  
Gifting the party light  
Cascading neons sing  
Galaxies wheel, ignite

An opal sunrise sways  
With the night in splinters, planes, lines  
Slanting the other way  
We are Corps. We are Tor  
Planet pliant, signs  
And the sons that the Archer sparks  
Sagittarian pairs  
With his Arc

\*Delta K is Taw and Tor\*  
\*Delta K is Tor and Tau\*  
\*Delta K is Tau and Taw\*



---

## How to Handwash?

by Bruno Neiva

a *détournement* of a handwashing poster, such as you might find in a bathroom or restaraunt kitchen.

# How to Handwash?

Only wash hands when it's absolutely necessary.

Otherwise, it's hygiene for hygiene's sake.



**When it comes to hand-washing, brevity is its own reward.**



**0** Wetting your hands first will help you palm off as a true purist.



**1** Applying soap might be inefficient.



**2** Effective washing depends as much on form as on content.



**3** At this stage, hands mustn't be parted.



**4** Interlace your fingers; hold for about 5 to 10 seconds.



**5** Exchange a firm handshake with interlocked fingers.



**6** There are a number of rules of thumb that provide guidance for proper washing.



**7** Mind, the rotational hypothesis is more often than not misinterpreted.



**8** The so-called tap is not just the metal part that the water comes through.



**9** Tear a clean sheet of paper; don't repeat the procedure.



**10** Be sure not to leave evidence behind.



**11** In due course, any decent purist should be subjected to the psalmist trial.

---

## Year of the Sea Monkey

by Glen Armstrong

A love story that takes place in a world that gets thought about and thoughts that get worldly.

## LXII

The signal is very slow  
to reach me.

It is still in love  
with the signified.

The wind knocks the recent  
rain from the trees out front,  
and it sounds like chicken  
frying in an industrial fryer.

The wind is promiscuous  
and kind of a jerk if you ask me,  
but downtown, the wind's behavior  
would never register as "promiscuous."

Quotation marks perch on statues  
of war heroes like little birds.

"Chicken" registers first  
as a takeout item  
served with fried rice  
and later, if ever, as a bird  
of any size.

When the signal arrives, I try  
to remain openminded.

### **LXIII**

He boasted that his aristocracy  
would take whatever his sister  
could send, but my uncle never  
imagined the likes of me.  
“By the nails of Saint Chrono!”  
he cried when I arrived  
with my Close-and-Play phonograph  
and a 45 of Link Wray’s Rumble.”  
I stripped from my overalls  
and started kissing  
the shipping industry on the neck  
and licking its earlobe.  
The shipping industry pressed  
three buttons and turned two handles.  
My uncle lit three candles  
and adjusted two pre-colonial  
fetish items sent to him  
by a post-colonial Haitian  
on the desk of his magnificently  
wallpapered study and wrote  
the whole incident off as allegory.

## LXIV

Though you can't be two people,  
you can be of two minds.  
A bigger garden will demand  
more work but produce  
more zucchini and radishes.  
There's no such thing  
as too many hats,  
but too many heads spoil the broth  
or end up on display  
in some traveling huckster's sideshow.  
This country still has wide open  
spaces and a shadow box  
mentality.  
We dump beer over each other's  
heads because we can't agree  
on what a picture is.  
We all fear rectangles.  
I try to see my sweetheart  
from more than one angle.  
She leaves the frame  
to put her head next to mine.

## **LXV**

I'm trying to find a way  
to get off the ground.  
I think we're done here.  
I need to fly.  
I need to get the ground  
off.  
I need to grind  
with a pumice stone.  
I'm trying to launch myself  
as a brand.  
I need clean feet.  
I think it's time  
that the ground and I see  
other people.  
I have a view of them  
from my sweetheart's apartment.  
They look like Thundercat  
action figures.  
I call the ground on my iPhone,  
and the ground disagrees.  
My sweetheart wants to say hello.

## LXVI

I change the shape  
of the disturbance and expand it  
as much as possible.  
I take off my shoes and write  
love poems to the rioters.  
I try to stuff the afterglow  
into this thing's mouth  
as if wrestling an alligator  
from Sumerian legend  
or Hanna-Barbera.  
I make the tear in my pants  
worse as I examine it  
and try to wipe the teargas  
from my eyes with a paper bag.  
My sweetheart and I have a don't-ask  
-don't-tell policy  
in place regarding civil disobedience  
and dietary cheat days.  
It's a given that we chug  
through these Amphillogian days  
on blood and cheese cake.



---

## Ink Pad Poem

by Sacha Archer

How much can the idea of the poem be reduced? What needs to remain for the poem to remain a poem?



---

## Spring Rain

by Zorica Petkoska Kalajdjieva

The Japanese language has around 50 words for rain, according to the rain's strength, duration, time of year, etc. Traditionally, Japanese is written vertically, which resembles rainfall.

# 春霖

## しゅんりん

			*****	
it	this	no	w	or
		o	h	it's
d	s	n	e	
r	o	e	t	j
o	b		h	u
w	b	k	e	s
n	i	n	r	t
s	n	o		
	g	w	the	too
our		s		
	love		c	f
A	er		h	i
p			e	e
r			rr	r
i			i	c
l			e	e
			s	
			love	
		have	ing.	
			e	
			r	
			r	
			e	
			d	

---

## Scheduling Highlights for Internal Team (SHIT)

by Ryan Snyder

A concerted effort to improve synergy in order to develop solutions that efficiently expedite collaborative workflow methodologies.

Hello everyone, and thank you very much for joining us today. As I'm sure you're all aware, this very important project that we're working on will require regularly scheduled conference calls. The purpose of today's meeting is to discuss the scheduling of these regularly scheduled conference calls.

Now before we start I just want to note that today we will not be discussing unscheduled conference calls. Of course, throughout the project we will likely need such calls that are not part of our series of regularly scheduled conference calls. But unfortunately our schedule today simply does not allow time for the discussion of such impromptu calls. So I implore you, please, we should only discuss the matters related to the regularly scheduled conference calls. There is another conference call scheduled after this present one, so we must be careful to stick to our agenda for the sake of time.

Yes? We have a question?

Yes, that's a good idea. Let's schedule another conference call to discuss the scheduling of unscheduled conference calls. Okay. Shall we move on?

So first on the agenda is agendas. As you're all aware we will need to provide all attendees, in advance, an agenda for each of the regularly scheduled conference calls. It would be best to ensure that everyone has a chance to review the agenda prior to finalizing it. Any ideas?

Excellent idea, thank you. So we'll have a conference call prior to each of the regularly scheduled conference calls to ensure that the agenda is in order ahead of time. We don't want any surprises, after all.

So then, how should we schedule the agenda calls? I'll need to check

my schedule, as I'm sure you all will as well, but I'd propose that a week in advance of our regularly scheduled conference calls, which occur bi-weekly, we should schedule our meeting to cover the agenda for the next week's conference call.

Yes, another question?

Right, do we need an agenda for those calls? I suppose, uh, that that would be prudent, to make sure we stick to the topic at hand, and don't get sidetracked on other topics unrelated to the agenda for the regularly scheduled conference calls. Perhaps coordinating the agenda call agendas would be best done via email. We've got emails later on our agenda, so we can come back to that later.

All right, anything else on agendas before we advance to another agenda item?

Yes, Mr. Thomas. Ah, yes, good point. Mr. Thomas suggested that we type up a template, setting the formatting and style, typeface and so forth. I can volunteer my assistant, Tami, to type up a typical template, and then team can touch base to fine tune it to their comfort.

Yes?

Ah, right, right. So my esteemed colleague Frances has pointed out that her firm has a standardized format that they use for every agenda, and, furthermore, she feels firmly about the fitness of this format.

Right, well in the interest of not reinventing any wheels here, I'd propose we...

Uh, wait, what's that you say? Your firm has a standardized template too. And your firm also feels firmly about their format.

Okay, well we seem to have competing templates for our agendas. I suppose we'll need to schedule another conference call to hatch this out. I believe my agency's dispute resolution protocol has a subsection on format friction. Yes, we'll certainly need another conference call for this.

And, I suppose that also means we'll need an agenda.

Yes, yes. Please, lower your voices. I will be sure to use a neutral, third-party agenda template for that meeting, to ensure that the dispute resolution process isn't tainted by the format of the agenda. No, no, I too feel firmly that a biased process would not be fair to all firms involved. Furthermore there is in fact a protocol subsection on tainted processes, and, to summarize very quickly, it's generally frowned upon.

Okay then. So our next agenda item is the action items list. This is a list of items to be maintained in order to keep track of which items require action. I'm sure there will be many such items that we need to track arising from our regularly scheduled conference calls.

So, I propose that the first item on the action items list is to develop an action items list.

Yes, question. Oh, well I suppose you have a point. Mr. Jones has pointed out that we haven't agreed upon a format for the action items list, so it wouldn't be appropriate to start populating the list with action items.

Please, everyone, I know this can be difficult but we're all on the same team here. I'll propose a compromise - that we develop a preliminary, informal pre-list to keep track of our first action item, the develop-



ment of the action items list. We'll stamp it with the word "DRAFT" in big bold letters, and make sure that it's destroyed once the official action items list is finalized.

Any objections? Okay, hearing none, we'll move on...

Next on the agenda is meeting minutes. Now I'd like to point out that we only have another fifteen minutes, so please, let's not spend more than five minutes discussing the minutes. It's a rather minute part of the agenda, so I'm hopeful it won't take long.

Now then, we'll need to prepare minutes to serve as an official record of our regularly scheduled conference calls. My assistant will prepare the draft minutes, and we'll then...

Yes, question? Well, of course, you will always have the option of speaking "off the record", so to speak. Simply state that you would like to speak off the record, and my assistant will not record your subsequent statements in the minutes, so they won't appear as part of the official record of the regularly scheduled conference calls. So then...

Um, yes, go ahead. Mhm. Mhm.

(sigh)

Mr. Jones has pointed out that this system of being, by default, on the record, means that your statement requesting to be off the record would in fact be, itself, recorded as part of the record. Thus creating a record of the times at which participants wished to speak off the record. Such a request may seem a bit unseemly in the official record, that is true. So of course, my assistant will not record the request to

be off the record, itself, in the record. Yes, that's no problem.

Uh,

Yes, Mr. Jones, my assistant is keeping minutes of this meeting as well.

Yes, I am aware and

(pause)

Yes, I apologize, Mr. Jones that I did not offer the option for you to request the exclusion of your statements from the meeting minutes today. How about this - I will send you the minutes via email so that you may have the option to omit any inopportune opinions.

Now then, shall we continue?

Yes? Ah, right. Mr. Johnson has reminded us that we tabled the topic of tables at our last meeting, due to the short timetable. I believe when we left off, there were several table ideas still on the table.

Oh my, would you look at that. It appears we've exhausted our time, and we didn't get around to the important matter of scheduling the regularly scheduled conference calls. I suppose I should have put that first on the agenda. Please, there's no reason to shout. I realize mistakes were made. But I'm afraid we're going to need to schedule another conference call to discuss the outstanding matter of the scheduling of the regularly scheduled conference calls.

---

## These Like Those

by Simon Wake

Hemingway's "The Hills Like White Elephants" with its noun phrases replaced by pronouns. Everything is more ambiguous.

These were long and white. On this there was no this and no those and this was between these. Here, there was this and that, made of these, hung across this, to keep out them. He and her sat here. It was very hot and this would come then. It stopped here for this and went there. 'What should we drink?' she asked. She had taken off this and put it there. 'It's pretty hot,' he said. 'Let's drink this.' 'These,' the man said into there. 'Big ones?' she asked from there. 'Yes. Two big ones.' She brought these and those. She put those on that and looked at them. She was looking there. They were white in it and the this was brown and dry. 'They look like those,' she said. 'I've never seen one,' he drank it. 'No, you wouldn't have.' 'I might have,' the man said. 'Just because you say I wouldn't have doesn't prove anything.' She looked at it. 'They've painted something on it,' she said. 'What does it say?' 'This. It's that.' 'Could we try it?' He called 'Listen' through it. She came out from there. 'These.' 'We want two of them.' 'With this?' 'Do you want it with this?' 'I don't know,' she said. 'Is it good with this?' 'It's all right.' 'You want them with this?' asked her. 'Yes, with this.' 'It tastes like that,' she said and put it down. 'That's the way with everything.' 'Yes,' said she. 'Everything tastes of that. Especially all the things you've waited so long for, like this.' 'Oh, cut it out.' 'You started it,' she said. 'I was this. I was having it.' 'Well, let's try and have it.' 'All right. I was trying. I said these looked like those. Wasn't that bright?' 'That was bright.' 'I wanted to try this. That's all we do, isn't it – look at things and try things?' 'I guess so.' She looked there.

'They're these,' she said. 'They don't really look like those. I just meant this.' 'Should we have another?' 'All right.' This blew that against it. 'This is nice and cool,' he said. 'It's lovely,' she said. 'It's really it, you,' he said. 'It's not really it at all.' She looked there. 'I know you wouldn't

mind it, you. It's really not anything. It's just to let it in.'Shel did not say anything.'I'll go with you and I'll stay with you then. They just let it in and then it's all perfectly natural.'Then what will we do afterwards?'We'll be fine afterwards. Just like we were before.'What makes you think so?'That's the only thing that bothers us. It's the only thing that's made us unhappy.'She looked at it, put this out and took hold of these.'And you think then we'll be all right and be happy.'I know we will. You don't have to be afraid. I've known lots of people that have done it.'So have I,' said she. 'And then they were all so happy.'Well,' he said, 'if you don't want to you don't have to. I wouldn't have you do it if you didn't want to. But I know it's perfectly simple.'And you really want to?'I think it's the thing to do. But I don't want you to do it if you don't really want to.'And if I do it you'll be happy and things will be like they were and you'll love me?'I love you now. You know I love you.'I know. But if I do it, then it will be nice again if I say things are like those, and you'll like it?'I'll love it. I love it now but I just can't think about it. You know how I get when I worry.'If I do it you won't ever worry?'I won't worry about that because it's perfectly simple.'Then I'll do it. Because I don't care about me.'What do you mean?'I don't care about me.'Well, I care about you.'Oh, yes. But I don't care about me. And I'll do it and then everything will be fine.'I don't want you to do it if you feel that way.'She stood up and walked here. Across, there, were these and those along here. There, beyond this, were these. This moved across that and she saw them through these.

'And we could have all this,' she said. 'And we could have everything and every day we make it more impossible.'What did you say?'I said we could have everything.'We can have everything.'No, we can't.'We

can have this.'No, we can't.'We can go everywhere.'No, we can't. It isn't ours now.'It's ours.'No, it isn't. And once they take it away, you never get it back.'But they haven't taken it away.'We'll wait and see.'Come on back here,' he said. 'You mustn't feel that.'I don't feel anything,' she said. 'I just know things.'I don't want you to do anything that you don't want to do -'Not that isn't good for me,' she said. 'I know. Could we have another?'All right. But you've got to realize -'I realize,' the girl said. 'Can't we maybe stop talking?'They sat down here and she looked there and her looked at her and at it.'You've got to realize,' he said, 'that I don't want you to do it if you don't want to. I'm perfectly willing to go through with it if it means anything to you.'Doesn't it mean anything to you? We could get along.'Of course it does. But I don't want anybody but you. I don't want anyone else. And I know it's this.'Yes, you know it's this.'It's all right for you to say that, but I do know it.'Would you do something for me now?'I'd do anything for you.'Would you please please please please please please please please stop talking?'He did not say anything but looked at these. There were these from those.'But I don't want you to,' he said, 'I don't care anything about it.'I'll scream,' she said.She came out through this with them and put them down here. 'This comes then,' she said.'What did she say?' she asked.'That this is coming then.'She smiled brightly at her, to thank her.'I'd better take them over to there,' he said. She smiled at him.'All right. Then come here and we'll finish this.'He picked up these and carried them here. He looked there but could not see it. Coming here, he walked through there, where they were drinking. He drank this here and looked at them. They were all waiting reasonably for it. He went out through this. She was sitting here and smiled at him.'Do you feel this?' he asked.'I feel that,' she said. 'There's nothing wrong with me. I feel this.'

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from "Sites of Contemporary Meat"

by Sacha Archer

The methods of composition for Sites of Contemporary Meat were collage (a plagiarist technique?) and erasure. These two methods are common in conceptual writing. The source material comes from online journals where the author has published.

[name redacted] grew up in the Southern California desert, but currently calls Boston home. A graduate of the UMass Boston MFA program, her work has been published in [name redacted], [name redacted], and [name redacted]. [name redacted] is a Johns Hopkins University sophomore from Philadelphia. He has been published in [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], and the [name redacted]. He is a columnist and editor for [name redacted] and a music director for [name redacted]. He writes music and sings in a nameless duo and has played bass for [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], and [name redacted]. [name redacted], a journalism professor at SUNY New Paltz, is the author of the forthcoming poetry collection [name redacted] ([name redacted]). His latest chapbooks are [name redacted] and [name redacted] ([name redacted]). He co-edits [name redacted] with [name redacted]. [name redacted], a writer, rabbi, and Ph.D. candidate at the Jewish Theological Seminary (JTS) of America in New York, is studying English & Comparative Literature at Columbia University. A contributor to the Books & Arts section of [name redacted], he has published in numerous academic and popular journals, magazines, and newspapers, including [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], and [name redacted]. His first-published work of fiction, a short story (“[name redacted],” [name redacted], 2015), won two awards ([name redacted] and the [name redacted]), and his second short story (“[name redacted]”) was published in the Fall 2016 issue of [name redacted]. [name redacted] has published two collections of poetry, [name redacted] ([name redacted]) and [name redacted] ([name redacted]) as well as a novel, [name redacted] ([name redacted]), which was short-listed for an [name redacted]. He also authored the non-fiction book, [name redacted] ([name redacted]). His short



fiction, poems and essays have appeared in [name redacted]; [name redacted]; [name redacted]; [name redacted]; [name redacted], [name redacted] and numerous other magazines and print anthologies. [name redacted] lives in the Gulf Islands, BC, Canada. [name redacted] earned his B.A. in Literature from SUNY Purchase. He is currently the Assistant Fiction Editor at [name redacted] and Assistant Reviews Editor at [name redacted]. His writing—published, among other places, in [name redacted], [name redacted], and [name redacted]—is accessible from [website redacted]. [name redacted] is a writer and editor. She lives in Southern California with her husband and their daughter. She earned her MFA from American University. [name redacted]’s seventh poetry/fiction collection, [name redacted], will be published Spring, 2016 ([name redacted]). Work appears in juried journals like [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], among others. He has been awarded [name redacted] and [name redacted] and been nominated for four [name redacted] awards and [name redacted]’s [name redacted]. [name redacted] will have two books appear in 2007: [name redacted] (selected by [name redacted] for the [name redacted]) and [name redacted] ([name redacted]). His other books include [name redacted] ([name redacted], 2003) and [name redacted] ([name redacted], 2004). [name redacted] recently published [name redacted], a chapbook written in collaboration with [name redacted]. His reviews have appeared in dozens of journals, including [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], and [name redacted]. He writes a new chapbook review column for [name redacted], teaches creative writing at the University of Colorado at Denver, and has an essay slated to appear in [name redacted]. His short fiction, poetry and

vignettes can be found in close to one hundred literary magazines, most recently [name redacted], [name redacted] [name redacted], and [name redacted] (England). His novel, [name redacted], published by [name redacted], is available for all e-readers for 99 cents through [name redacted], [name redacted] and [name redacted] (which also provides downloads to PCs). [name redacted] is a poet, teacher and online columnist from [name redacted]. She holds a M.F.A. in Creative Writing and will begin doctoral studies in English this fall at The University of Texas. Her poetry has been published worldwide in places like [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], and her work is featured on [website redacted] and in [name redacted] ([name redacted]: Fall 2010). You may find her at [website redacted]. [name redacted] is a [name redacted] at Stanford University. His poems have appeared, or are forthcoming, in [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], [name redacted], and other journals. [name redacted] was born in Calgary, but did not stay for long, as the bulk of her childhood was spent in England, Texas, and Oklahoma. Since moving to Montreal at the age of 17, [name redacted] has travelled extensively throughout Canada by foot, car, train, and canoe. A graduate of McGill University and the University of Maine, [name redacted] is a teacher who lives in Toronto. Her poems have been published in [name redacted] and [name redacted] magazines. [name redacted] lives in Queens, NY, and is a member of the [name redacted] publishing collective.

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Contributors

**Jack Williams** specializes in text-based art and video art. He studied Performance Writing at Dartington College of Arts and a masters in Film and Screen Studies at Goldsmiths College, University of London.

**Federico Federici** is a physicist, a writer and a media artist across the fields of soundscape, visual arts and installation. He lives and works between Berlin and the Ligurian Apennines.

**Márton Koppány** (b. 1953) is a writer and visual poet living in Budapest, Hungary.

**Anna Ciummo** is an undergraduate student at Washburn University, studying English, and works as a book editor.

**Laura Ortiz** was born in Argentina (the daughter of a typographer) and now lives in Canada. Her asemic works have appeared in art exhibitions, contemporary art museums, and magazines in Italy, USA, Argentina, and India.

**Daniel King** is an Australian writer of prize-winning work fiction, poetry, and non-classifiable material.

**Bruno Neiva** is a text artist and poet who lives in Portugal.

**Glen Armstrong** edits a poetry journal called Cruel Garters and teaches writing in a medium security prison.

**Sacha Archer** is an ESL instructor, writer, visual artist, and the editor Simulacrum Press. Archer lives in Burlington, Ontario.

**Zoria Petkoska Kalajdjieva** (Zoria April) recently completed a research fellowship of Japanese culture and visual poetry at Tokyo University of Foreign Studies.

**Ryan Snyder** lives in Baltimore and, when not attending regular meetings, plays bass guitar for Duchess and the DeadBirds.

**Simon Wake** is a poet and teacher, currently working with Inuit youth in Inukjuak Quebec. His writing practice includes traditional narrative lyric poems, and experimental process-based conceptual writing.