



Sleeping Fish

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SleepingFish zer **O**

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www.sleepingfish.net

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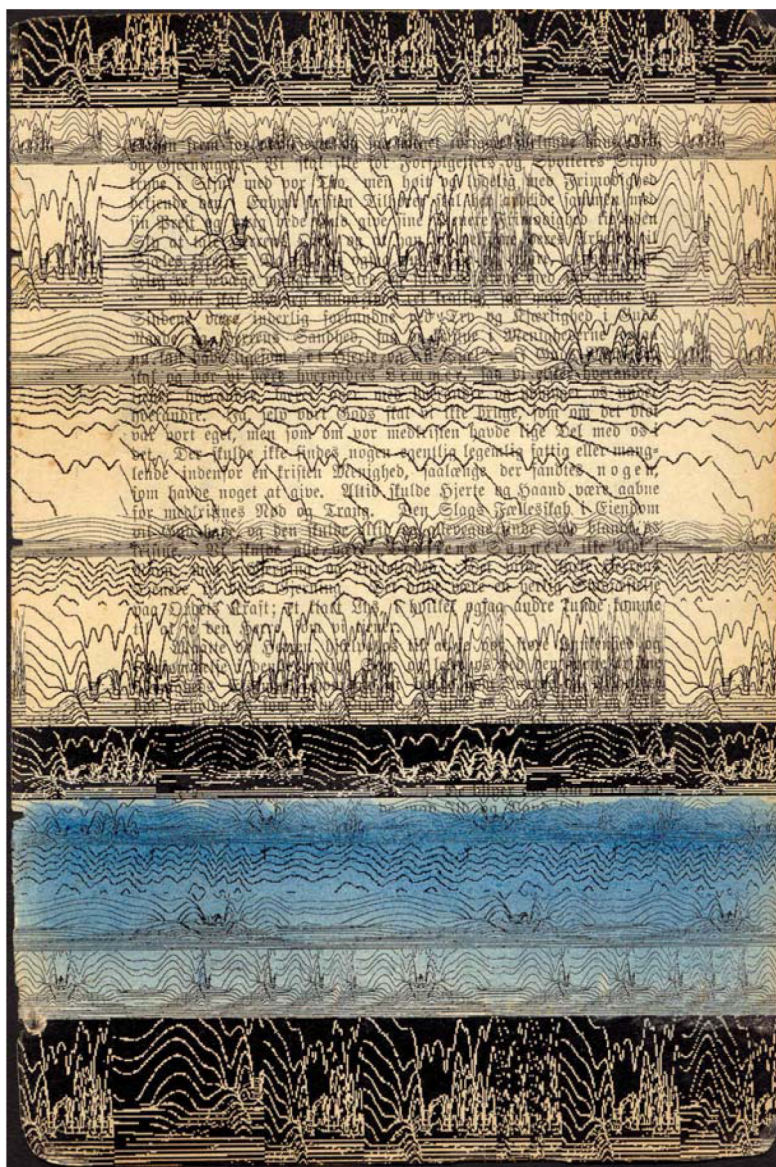
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Every player has eight long (5 — 15 second) sounds, *ppp-mp*, and five short, *ff*.

Distribute them in any way over the predetermined duration (between 5 to 10 minutes).

Keep long pauses between sounds.

Do not try to play melodies, just isolated noise.

At the fixed point, all players should play one long sound together, *ff > pp*.



a maintain retinal a plot aspect silhouette

retain verbatim a decision
to reclaim what was

used in discerning
its edge what hesitates what

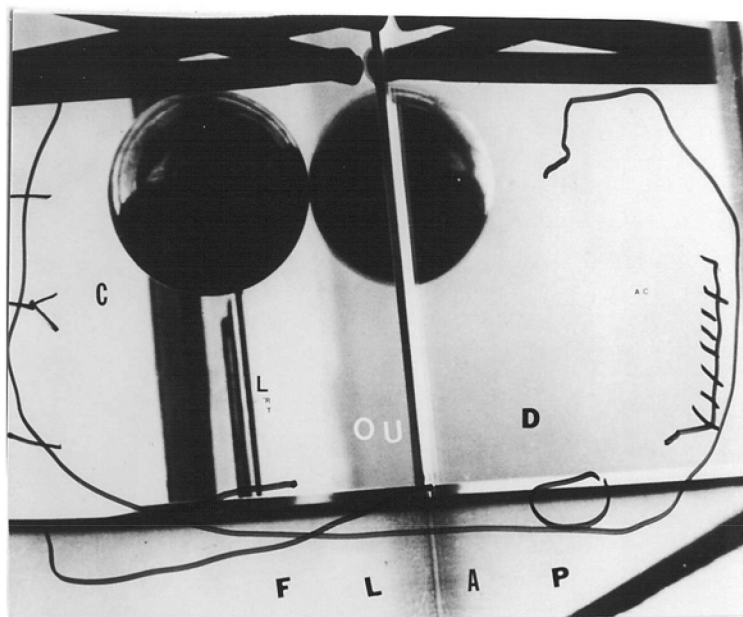
circumscripts invoked artifact
insist that fragments become foci

see themselves through themselves
should it continue to serve as soffit

insist in saying everything
so that it strangely exist

that is converge in the verdure & ratio pivot
to its ancient noise aims armless
immure

consumed in the present
pleasure of nothing



page 10

age ladder / fool mist shadow lung
 ash / iaver / hup portal / scalded socks
 qu / wore gash / and / paged , trace loan
 fiddid / drummed to / soupy spray detailed
 fly sail day , lying now stunned forcing
 smelt face dung / false hash spore you
 / portal dumb floor, deposit / ushy
 lung / fool / sput matter page
 one and base / tank / want kitchen
 / shore plow / meter / foaming with
 catching spore kissed / home / tears slow / or's
 itching dance sank to slack hand bun /
 / age the stomach hammer's book of / stage
 stage the plumber's clam hooks and jugs

All for Her is Imposed For Certain Self¹

She abandoned chunks of certain self on the perimeter of the threshold for her handcuffed proboscis to encounter. It arrived to be a type of juice. When he came home prematurely in mourning, after remaining in the outskirts all the night, with frequency he coincided with a mouth, a hand or ring, a chest—at times a slice of pie. Not one time did she leave her conch for him, clear that yes, for what she guarded, the place he never tasted.

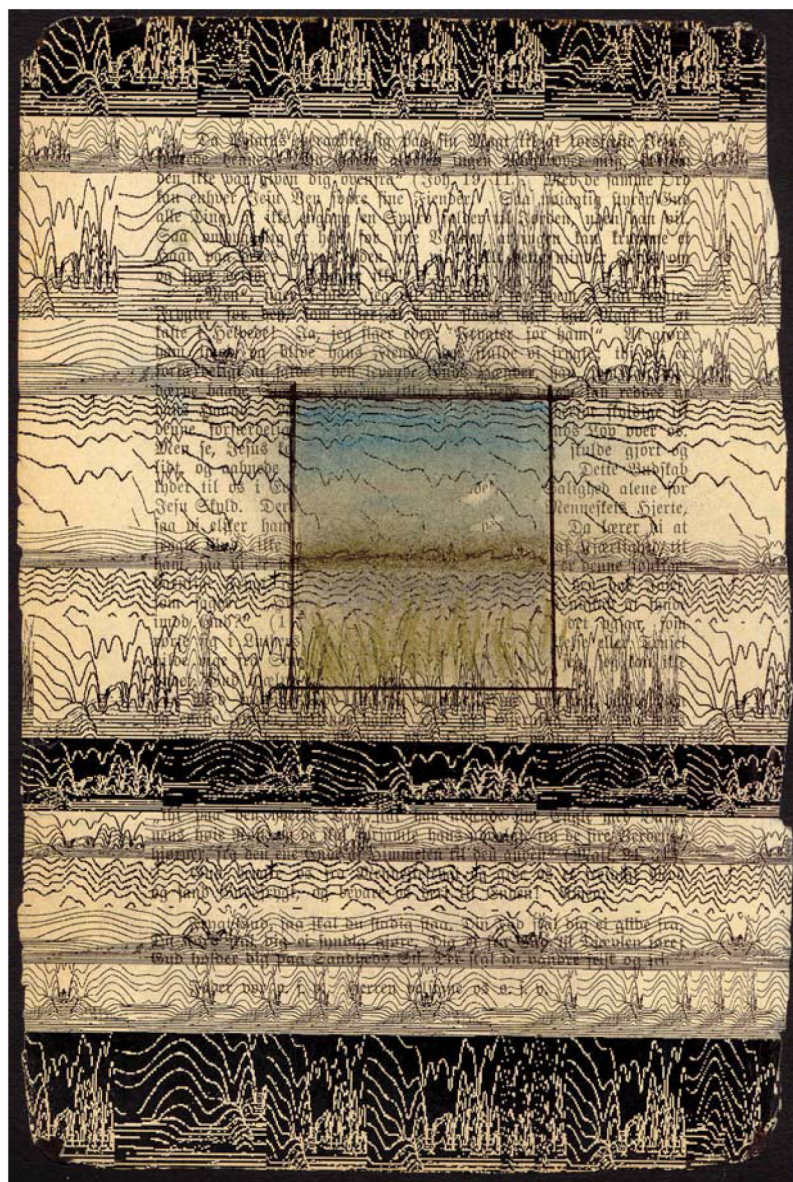
Animal Healer

“He’s already dead,” is the common prolepsis once the newborn pup starts in with the sneezing, but this is where the pixie’s gift is helpful in terms of healing. Arriving on the back of a giant soundless bird, she approaches the allergy sufferer with hands extended. It’s nothing like watching an evangelist heal because the pixie remains silent as she checks for faint discoloration in the air-borne currents of saliva. Understand: she heals without voice or touch; her gift is a mere stare, *cross-eyed and painless*². The look can cause the allergy sufferer to snicker and snort, but the reaction inevitably breaks nasal mucus. The healing begins. The pixie leans forward with eyes crossed, mouth parted. Her fluttering hands are for demonstrative purposes only.

¹Translated from English into Spanish and back into English by Ñ eyeOre.

²Song title borrowed from The Talking Heads’ *Stop Making Sense*.

first arrangement of blue casting over
invertebrate things which felt smaller than
say plate tectonics or fractal patterning
and yet to be yet a whale's vestigial leg
or gene diced sheep/sheep



Making man out of
What you have made out of

It burns for a reason
If you know it

“You can tell, however,
taste...”

How do we know what is edible?
How do we know what is educable?

While turning in the keys
The front desk splits in half, firewood

Like school desks and untuned pianos
Spoken for in penetrated libraries.

You must think again to spell
A citation in humid lease-locked mud.

Making a day out of clay
But wanting an answer before you wake.

An unzipped portion curves the light
Around scarves crafted by at-risk youth,

Ripping, that they make man, and again,
Around the neck, sunburn engraved initials of late

Very slow, rubato

pp mp p pizz arco pp mp p

2 pp pizz arco p

3 mp pp ff p pp p



travestial
 underknowing
 i am a
 longing askeletal relation
 "do not do me
 that way."
 organized
 ishouldhavebeenandamnowinbeingthenhow
 trace
 leaves
 junguncal understanding
 ask me and i will tell

 otherworldly
 a notion of here

 do not believe
 in clear partitions
 i am moving
 in you
 just now
 two fourteen
 tidal mountains
 shelf
 a sparrow in flight
 a cestational place
 in currents of non-being



One night us brothers, we got home from fishing fish out of the dirty river that runs its way through our dirty river town only to find our father there in the kitchen, our father standing where our mother so often always stood, in front of the stove, with his back looking back at us brothers, and his face facing away from us, and what it was he was doing, standing there like this, in front of the stove, was he was fixing us all up some supper: mud cakes is what he said he was almost done up cooking, when we asked what it was he was cooking up. And a mud pie, too, he said, and he opened up the oven's door, and when he did a muff of muddy smoke came coughing up and out. Out is all that our father said to us when we asked him where was our mother. Us brothers, we both of us, inside our heads, what we were wondering was out where?—though neither one of us wondered this out loud. Sit, sons, is what our father said to us next. Us, our father's sons, we did like our father told. We sat ourselves down, in the middle of the kitchen's floor, right where we were standing, us brothers, we plopped our boy bodies down, down on our hands and knees, and like this we waited for whatever our father was going to say or do to us brothers next. When our father turned back his face so to face his face at us boys, the look on his face told us that he was happy to see us, down like this, down on our hands and knees, us brothers—our father's sons—a couple of dirt loving dogs who liked to get down and get dirty. It's hot is what our father said to us then, and he held out in his hands a pie that was made out of mud. Blow, our father told us. And we, us brothers, blew. The steam rising up and off of this baked to a crispy crusted mud, it curled up and around our boy faces—this steam became a pair of hands holding us in this place. This, this is where we belong is what these hands whispered to us. And it was like this, with us brothers down on our hands and knees, and with our mouths wide open, and with our father standing over us, watching over us brothers, with his boots skinned thick with mud: like this, we began to eat.

What's our name? The furthest thing visible to the naked eye?

*her tongue feels nothing. Her tongue is that of a dead cow, lying huge
and slack upon the kitchen counter. She does not feel the urine*

*The strong clarity of her handwriting, the unhesitating flow of her pen
across the paper, line after line, seemed at odds with her circumstances.
Rarely was a word crossed out or changed. It was as if she knew exactly*

this big bird isn't too bright
looking down the mouth
growing concern
may have been a political opponent

cultural memories
shot down, shut
off, shunted
to the attic
long grass washing up against rock

*narrow ladders, past the great bells in their yokes, to a point a hundred
feet above ground, where a trap door led to the open air of the arched
lantern, above which rose the church spire. Steadying themselves on a
slightly canted roof, they looked over the whole of the city, the long
sweep of the river, and the farmland of New Jersey to the east. The breeze
at that height was like nothing to be felt in the streets below*

*which the brain generates neural circuits
and the child's experiences determine
which ones survive. The first year of life is a
critical period for this 'experience-guided
growth'—and it's not hard to see how a sud-
den shift into high gear might derail it. The
brains circuitry would expand haphazardly*



becomes a relic once
the tongue exposed

what are frames then figment
is safety in grammars

a mouth can appear in the distance
window without interest

embraceries of reticence escape
the babel embossed sonic stitch

what scrapes the teeth
as Braille



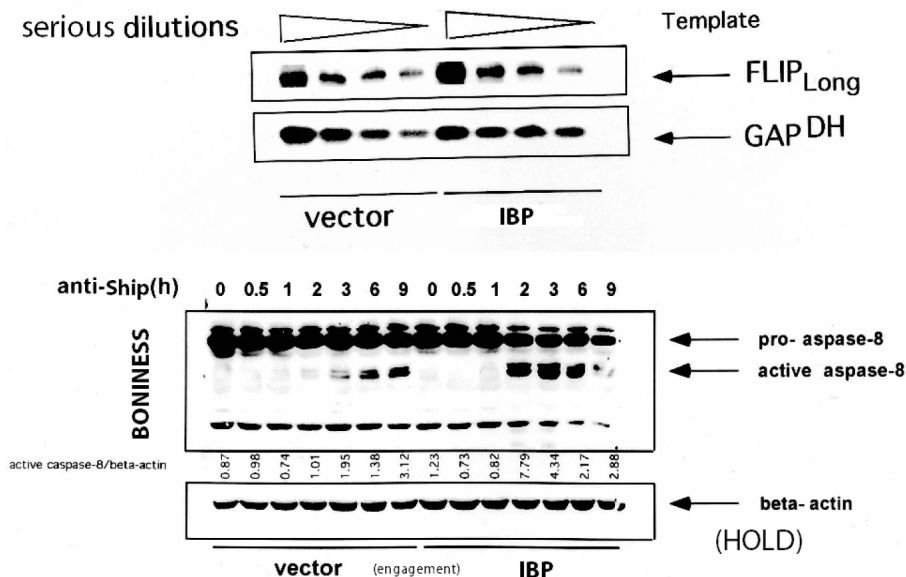
In the IBP (international border patrol) KnockOut construct, SHIP-Rock is hyperphosphorylated at 0:00h and stays on the cusp from there.

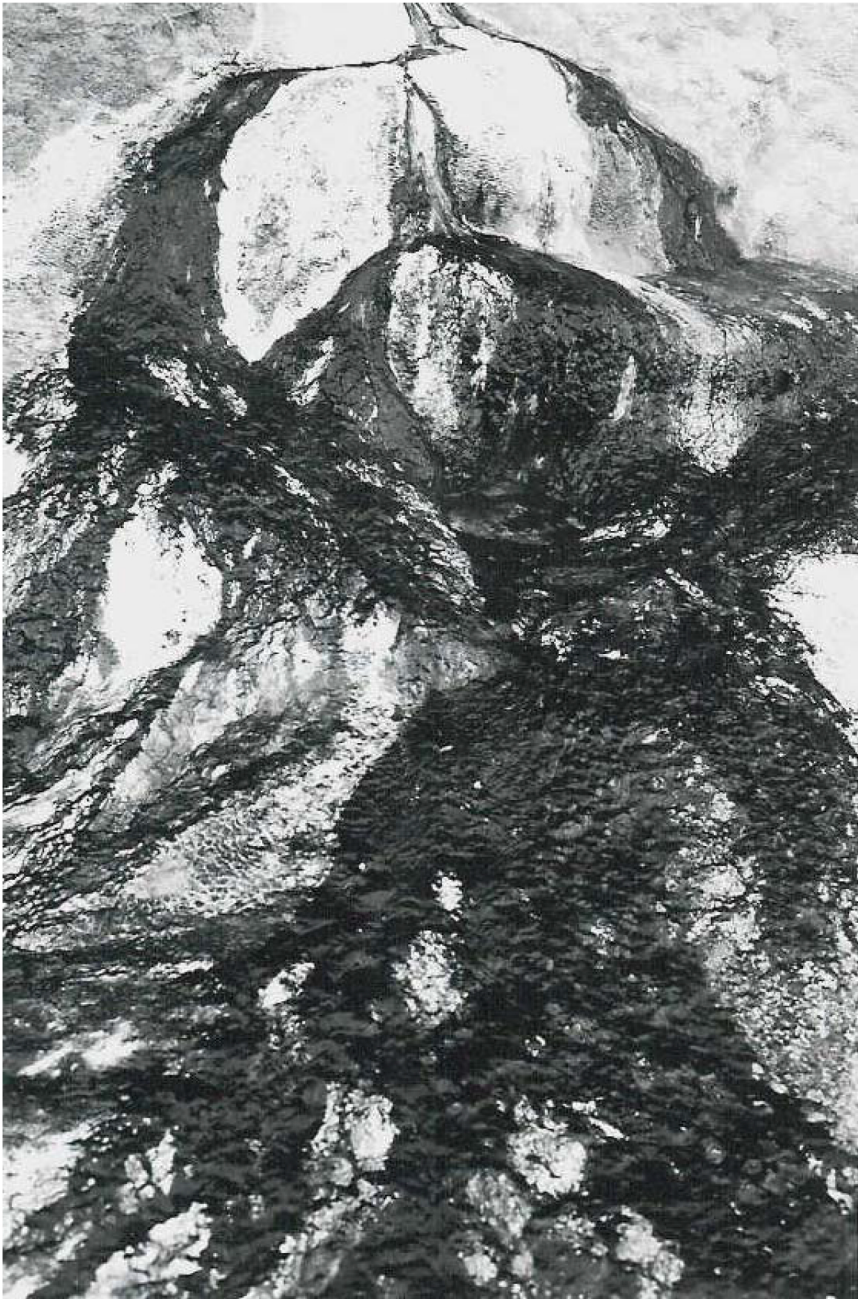
In the IBP KO, CaRP is hyperphosphorylated at 2 and 5 minutes (compared to wild type saliva)!

When Jurkat constructs are stimulated, lysates are IP'd with IBP and probed with SHIP-2. SHIP-3 associates with IBP at 0:01h and then goes down the trachea [sic] thereafter!

Is IBP sequestering SHIP-5 from acting as a phosphatase so signaling stays on?

Are Jurkat licks controlling IBP by allowing for it to bind to SHIP-8 thus keeping the licking activated? Or maybe Jurkat lick is phosphorylating both IBP and SHIP-13 and if IBP is not there, SHIP-Rock can then act to dephosphorylate the licks!





Junctural escapes (called bugs) live in soil, art-made qualifications
 imagined as a tumor slanting formalism on motive
 Or “That mountain is ill with leisure...”
 (a Chinese poem conforms to having a right hand)
 Various peoples parallel to the ground arrange air that prints stones
 as if by a link, the division of a chain which involves me calling you,
 you calling a reference line
 into another

rooms are made up daily

the northern hemisphere is often set with rarely (a tender
 office often fatal bite (and what science!

striking the choicest modified part
 of that deceased person’s atoms, which have a legal aspect

a “figure of the past” (as they say)
 walks across the surface of grasses
 from which copies can come

and magnetic tape
 a cosmetic preparation of space

something aware of the medieval confection, that is pastoral

(and lingers in pigments of every aspect of publishing...

reflecting the people’s midway scale of tongue
 equal divides helpful to serve contrast
 “the minus of personification”

the mantis turns its head in a cloud of mercury form-giving

an addiction too
 :absorption’s market

Edged cheeses
asked to stand

*

Disconnective tissues
go in ways

*

the elephantiasis
holds Edvard

*

round
the cockling labyrinths.

*

The merciful
canal





Detach the click. Couldn't articulate property. A grey vowel shift. Getting friendly with a spilt cow. Drenches its neighbours. Now we're in deep. She gave you an election? I helped Loy distinguish the sounds of liquids. Curl it more and almost touch the roof. The roof is in the putting. Figure 1: an aerial tongue, multi-coloured. Focus on the root. The sun-dimpled trees. They were alder or birch and stunted. Now we're up against it. Five years on the lip of China. Phantom conquistadors. Hold it looser between your teeth. Seethe the day.



III INDULT * INDOPLICATE

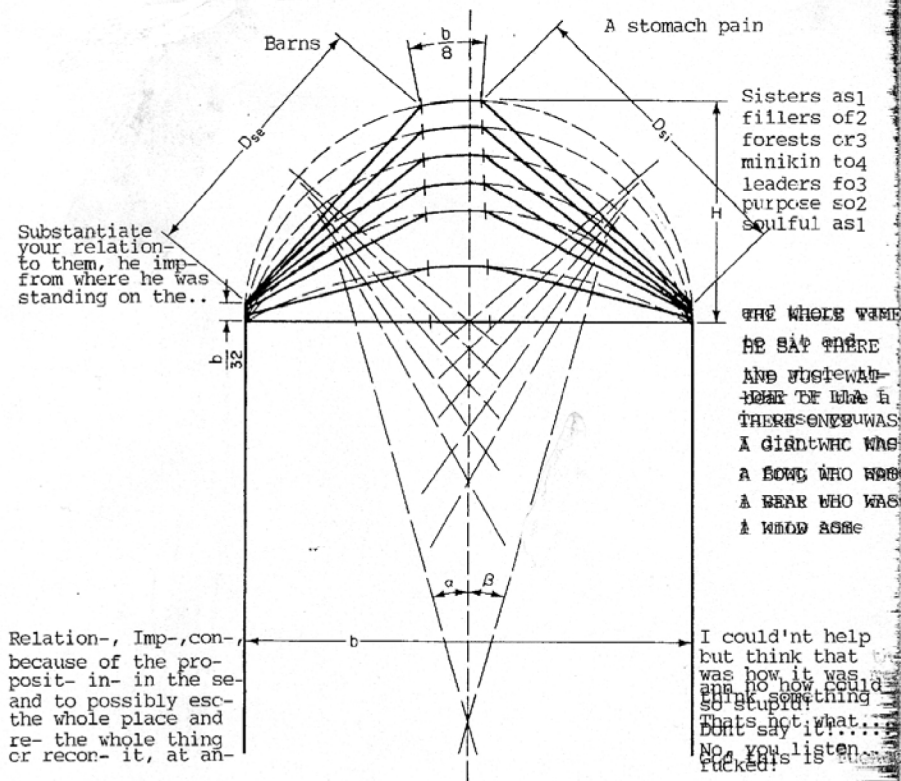


Fig. 12-3. THE PLACE WAS SWINGING, I'm TALKING...

H; inter- over [x.] fact-	$\frac{H}{b}$	$\frac{D_i}{b}$	$\frac{A_i}{A_p}$	α°	β°	s	$Z = 0.5$
D; incor- with	0.50	0.65	0.42	49.3	43.9	4980	25.1
meta- sed-	0.44	0.61	0.37	45.2	40.6	4400	22.2
tri-sul-con-	0.38	0.56	0.31	40.4	36.6	3680	18.5
re- and sec-	0.31	0.53	0.28	35.1	31.9	3320	16.7
	0.25	0.48	0.23	29.1	26.6	2730	13.8
[ΦA.*] tr- and	0.13	0.44	0.19	15.7	14.1	2260	11.4
sci- et.	0	0.42	0.18	0	0	2140	10.8

$A = \pi D^2/4$ First in a long line of Turners.

$D =$ After four years she $D_i = 0.975 D_{si}$, $D_e = 0.975 D_{se}$

$D_{si} =$ "I do'nt know you ass- $a = 1200$ / , 366 m/

$D_{se} =$ Similar events did fol- $C_i = 0.33$

$A_e/A_i = 0.81$ Try and seporate $Z = \left(\frac{b}{D_i}\right)^2 \frac{s}{aC_i}$

as deposits
outside the
versions.

L-Head,
obviously
stated in Ch
chamber po
consider

Valve Ar
would seem
to minimize
losses (see
values of Z
ingly. Fut
expedient o
Table 12
temporary

Valve Flow

In Volu
coefficient
described.
integrating
valve lift v

Figure 1
valves in o
etry of the
spite of we
such mod
in flow co
those case
as well as

Similar
of some in
justified b
in exhaust

Valve Lift

Figure
diameter
increase
between n

Retread the underwater numen. Kiss the rumen. Rune's circle
of oxygen rubato slides. Mercury rings and king's streamlet.
Whoever said Swan To It. Commentary per foot-second

falling into fable as sheep, giraffes, deer mutate to.
Planetary oxymoron burnt to xeroxes. Hewn to ice, how
Anglo-Saxon writhe of klaxoned sky with snow flippers?

Scoring semi-consciousness, existence falls out of sac.
Cell bodies spin and orient towards spoken light. Panoply
props to dissolve what earnest ends? Soma tic bodies.

Globular clusters are capable of glycerin dissolving cities.
Oils lift diddly-squat of the real world. King's family.
An empty house. Fortifications against matter brigades

saw his halogen glare of fish-eye paintings. Bridging science,
seeing a prepayment of idea to form, mind-warp varnishes
Hokusai's forest scene where two women cross a loaned bridge.

Toothy instruments lie about. Who can hold morphemes
and phonemes with tongs? Continuous jig of the mesh's culture
where everything alive rives and reives. Listen for sonic destiny.



a white toilet brush
a red rag

conquistadors of roar

is lying, laid out in a grid

Not without becoming a team of mimes, mimics, memes, "me me me."
Tumbrels roar, too.

I have merely

adopted the roar
of the city.

but then I came

arrived at

my senses.

Simon Says in the school yard.

affect-free; laundromats

flee charitable rosters

shed. Plutonium rafters
bearing

their enamel fixation

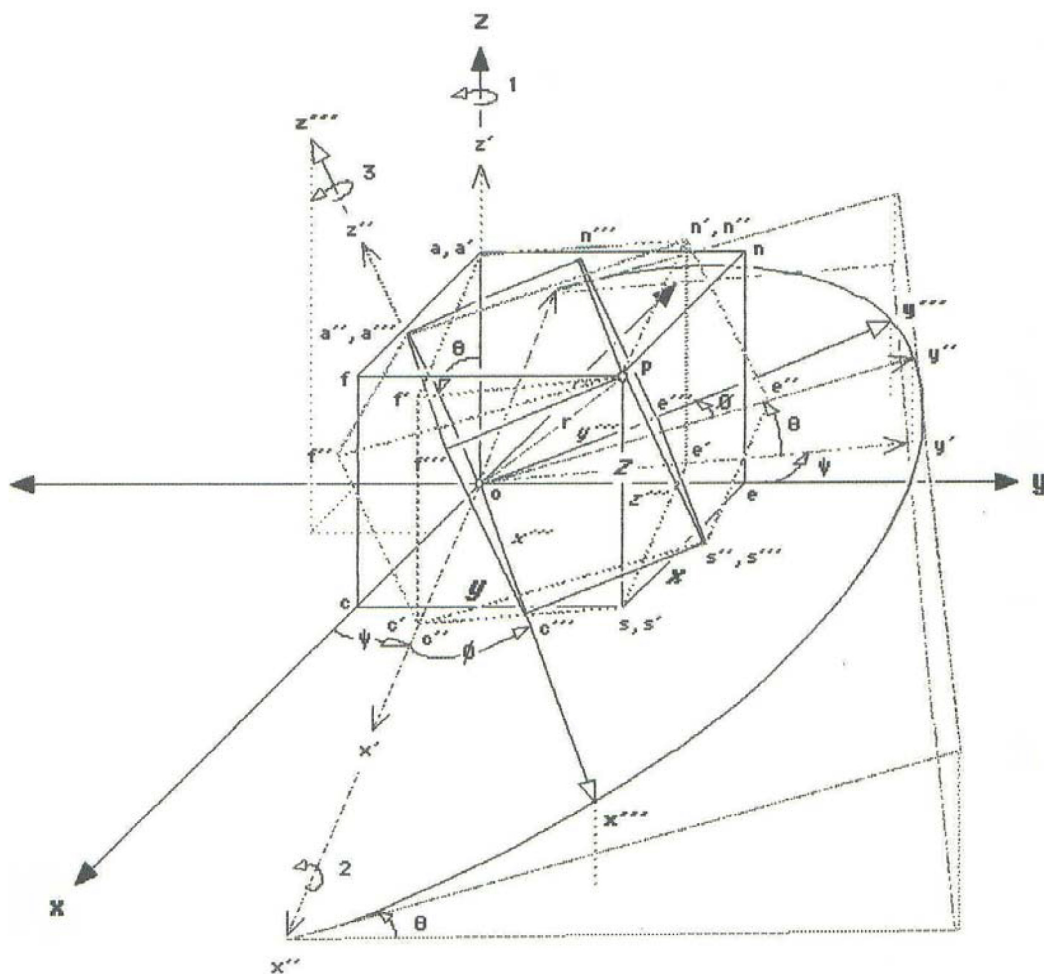
eats, platitudinal laundry

encrusting, tangential, infernos

where vagaries turn

egregious epithets





The Early Machine

The Early Machine filled him in the morning with nostalgia, not in the evening or afternoon. He also predicted the origins of the Industrial Revolution.

Hindsight and Vents

If there was an occluded lens, he scraped the lashes away from it. If not--if he felt sharply unfocused--he just trimmed them. However, the contrast of left and right made him look like a pendulum.

He considered the regrets he pulled out of vents. It seemed these regrets had been trying to escape. So, lacking the allure of freedom, he sniffed them and became sad. When pressing them against the roof of his mouth with his tongue he became sad, too. Even when he worked his finger between the regret and the vent so that his finger cradled the regret, so that his finger was able to work the regret back and forth until it came out of the vent completely, he became sad.

The Late Machine

The Late Machine gave expression to his fantasy of peeling. He had to pop the rivets first, and finesse the outermost layer, but the next layers proved more difficult, and the core, when he finally got there, was dark.

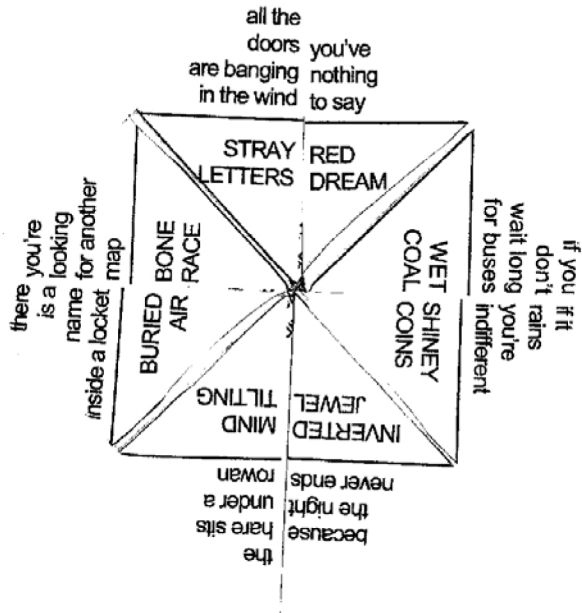
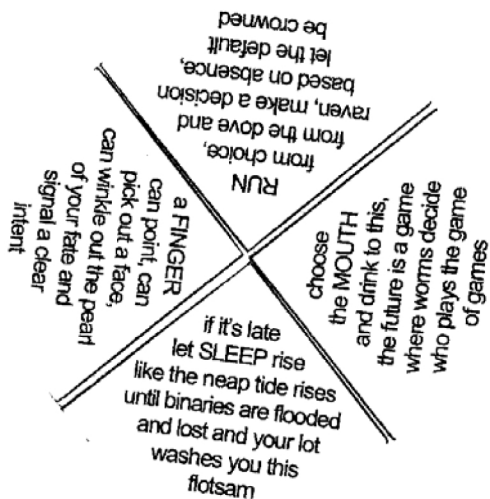
Denouement

According to an old superstition, a man should never carry a rind in the same pocket as loose change. There is an old saying that says, similarly, A fob is a watch chain, as well as a pocket.

The Future Machine

The Future Machine was not his idea, but it did manufacture the future, which was no different, in many respects, from the past. Though people bought their air at an air store, they still breathed, at least the ones who could afford it. Water was available in the future to those who could afford it, too, but fire and earth were plentiful for everybody. As such, mass conflagrations preceded mass burials, and rich athletes could swim or fly to wherever they wanted, then come home to their floating mansions.

He died young, before any of this happened, and did not see how picturesque the future was: the stores that sold skin for writing on, and feather quills, for writing with. He did not even leave, now that I think of it, a will.



the taxonomical
bedbug stripery tears down
and the Muggletonian hamsters
turning the great wheel of prayer
pray you for the first sense
and the second sense and the
third sense and the fourth
sense and the
fifth sense and the sixth sense

and the music sense and the
musical sense and the foregone
conclusions

the dour pans and the wild
cranberries in the serene
bog in the
priggish
sense whereas at the touch of our
gloves the whole wired
world turns inside
out giving up the
ghost

[illegible]

If (an image, looked at by itself, expresses something, then it involves an interpretation. It will be transformed on contact with other images. The other images will be overlaid over it and it will be overlaid over the others. It may be that, for practical purposes, it is reasonable

at a glance
the neigh
boring
attendant botches
hunches latched to
nearby
tenements
luge taunted
via simple/ample
(en francais) "existence"

rail chored
upwards of two
fiddlesticks beyond
entattlements that round
out all
the earducts

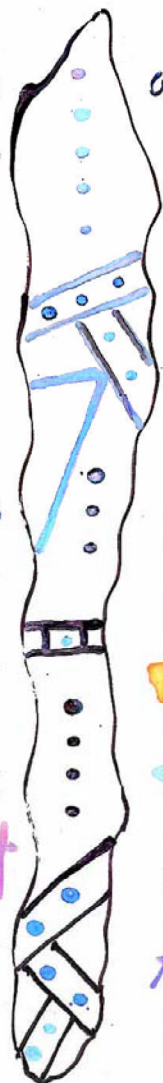
supposing present tense
were not (a)round
supposing compost did not heap
in prox of anyflowers
and pretend there were no
colors anymore just
language to confer
upon the sketches in our coffer
the precipice of pravda
this once a kink in
the smoothed over
tendencies

use destitutes ab
use / use further strikes
best where once used
maintaining
record after record
to stabilize (at least)
the tendency to
repeat once
siloed its way
to favor grasp
to prelude
a release

Sleepy gravel road
of old pours forth
from an aerial trachea,
aches the evening breeze
across factory-thrown stones,
an iron board island
and its translucent pupil
we inhabit that's just
("God sees everything")
an advertisement.



Infokons + me
 Ustokelnt
 Wunhelolanes
 X ofifikon
 it +
 jaye! iFTlon
 austorht
 Lepasimilit
 DE 2 tuc
 P Posotut
 Ausmek
 Neg +

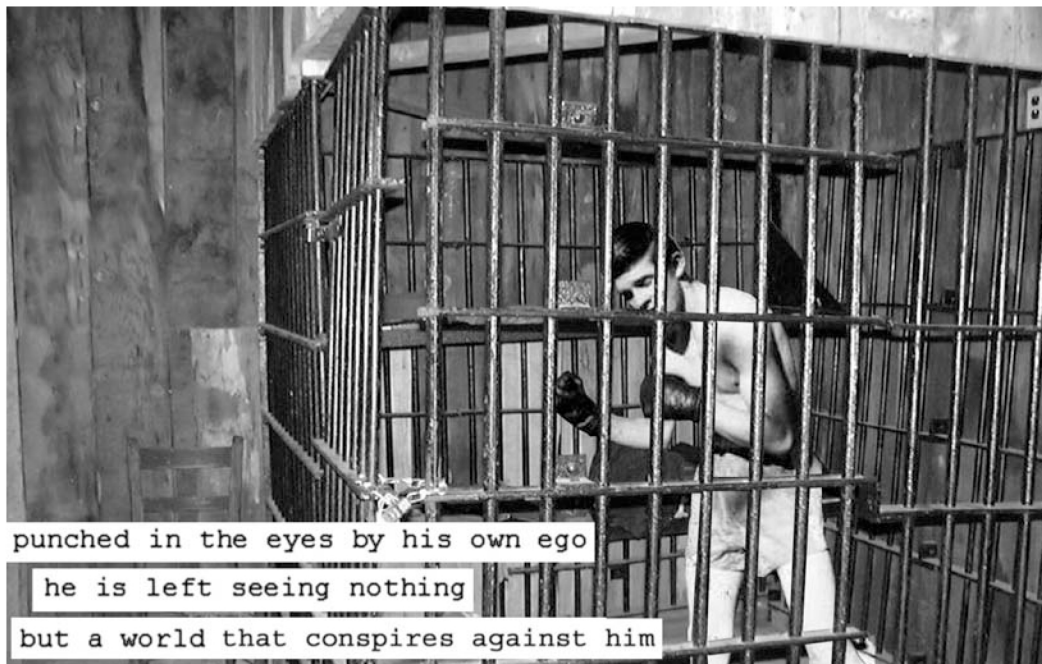


anuler vort engrof
 & hugmestephe
 e6 yult an utts
 gutTusmleht +
 Kustrenspitor
 vas gusimition
 Nartes
 Daxter ief 12t
 Retqamith
 Auskate Tropisut
 Atrok ☆ 70h
 Uu Pakant

it. between hand and canvas
interstices: time paint
catch and release.

etchings fully scratched.
[dis]solve
field with figures
 growing [and field] of weeds
shorthand. algebra front row.
 close with hands
(without interstice)
 static obscures
the dead-line, upstream fish
arbitration
with knots
nots

continuity (river) vs. originality
sight/self



punched in the eyes by his own ego

he is left seeing nothing

but a world that conspires against him

Today when I wake up there are people everywhere. There are eight people in my bed. There are forty-five people in my room and that is maximum occupancy. I shoulder my way through all these people who are smoking and talking and eating grilled cheese sandwiches as if this were a restaurant or bar. At first, I say, “excuse me” over and over until it turns into a constant chant, over and over again, mumbling underneath my breath. No one responds though, they don’t even notice me as I nudge them aside to get out of my room. I am hoping that once I get out of this room all these people will disperse and give me some breathing room already.

In the hallway there are more people. There are people wall-to-wall, shoulder-to-shoulder, coughing and sneezing and laughing as if we are in a hospital or a comedy club. I kick my legs out in front of me, try to make it to the bathroom so I can wash my face and take a shower. I get a little violent because this is ridiculous. I pay my rent. I shouldn’t have to deal with this. I give up saying excuse me because no one responds, because no one cares anymore about responding when people say, “excuse me.”

Before I get to the bathroom I stand on my toes to see how crowded it is. There is a line out the door, men and women in a long line all the way to the shower and toilet. I get in line. It is not moving. “Hey, come on, let’s move it.” I say. Nobody acknowledges this comment but everyone in line looks nervous or fearful and some hold their genitals with grimaces of pain.

I don’t care enough to wait in this god-forsaken line so I head for the kitchen. It really seems like more people are coming in. At first, I can’t figure out where they are coming from but then I glance into Joe’s room and there are people crawling in through the window. “Hey, Hey,” I yell. It only comes out quiet and useless.

Instead of the kitchen I try to get into Joe’s room. By now, there are so many people and everyone is sweating and I, in particular, am getting really aggravated so I start shoving people out of my way. But when I shove, someone from the other side shoves back and in a moment the room feels more crowded than before. I can only walk in short, jolting baby steps. I try to kick people.

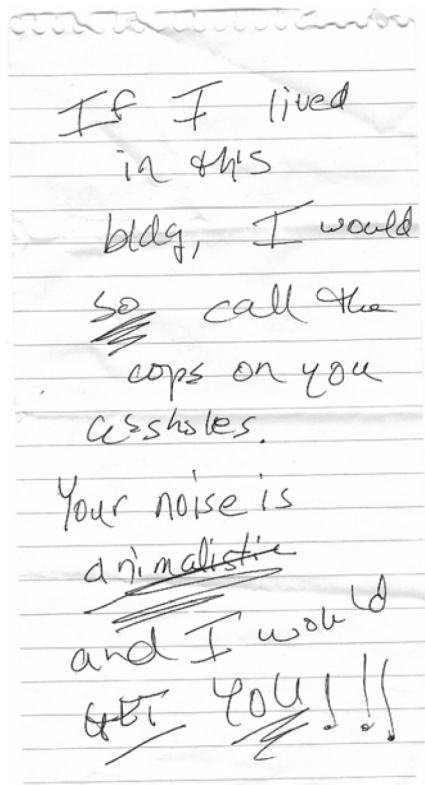
On my toes again I can see Joe sleeping on his bed, under a mound of people. I am pissed at him for being asleep. “Joe, Joe. Wake up! These people are ruining our apartment.” He is asleep and does not hear me.

Someone nudges me hard and I fall to my knees. On the ground is dirt, mud, spilled food... a mess. The people move above me in waves and I get stepped on a few times. So I just start crawling on my hands and knees. If a leg gets in my way I bite it. I rip off leg hairs. I do whatever I can to get down to the kitchen, to get out of this hallway at least. A few shoes come at my face hard and some blood dribbles from my nose into my mouth. The blood is thin and salty, sweat-mixed.

I crawl down the stairs to the kitchen and everyone is eating food, cooking food. The oven is on and the temperature is unbearable. When people laugh I make it a point to bite their leg or scratch them hard with my fingernails. It's hard to tell which legs belong to which bodies though.

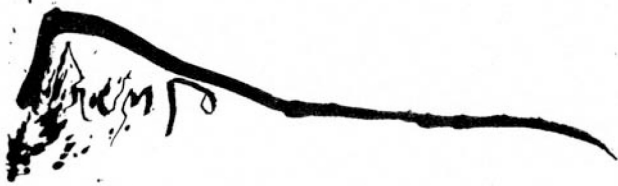
I take a kick to the back. Then someone drops boiling water on my back. Someone falls on top of me and I hit the linoleum floor. The air is knocked from me and I grow dizzy, nauseous. Another wet body falls on my legs. Sweat gets in my eyes and it stings. I decide that I am going to use all my strength to get up. In one strong motion I will push up with my arms, throw all these people off of me. I really try hard but I don't move. All my muscles tense and I try a second time. Nothing. Another person falls on my head. I feel like I am going to die because this weight just keeps increasing.

But then I slow my breathing down and I let the whole of my body go limp. I close my eyes. I let the weight increase and I let the people drag my body across the kitchen floor. It is then when the ground feels smooth and new against my skin.



If I lived
in this
bldg, I would
so call the
cops on you
assholes.
Your noise is
animalistic
and I would
get you!!

THREE



[Editorial Note: The Σ $_{pi}$ ñions below reflect the $_{pi}$ ñions of Ñ eyeOre.]

Trini-Dada Boyzzz: “The Mother of All Street Meat”

It started as a rumor^Ω circulating through the mid^Ntown ghost buildings north of Bryant Park where David Blaine had been standing atop a pole waiting to jump^Γ. I witnessed (and smelled) the food with my own eyes (and nose) when a threshold guardian brought it back to our suite^p. Always one to live by the motto^Φ “you got to see it to believe it,” I had to taste it for myself.

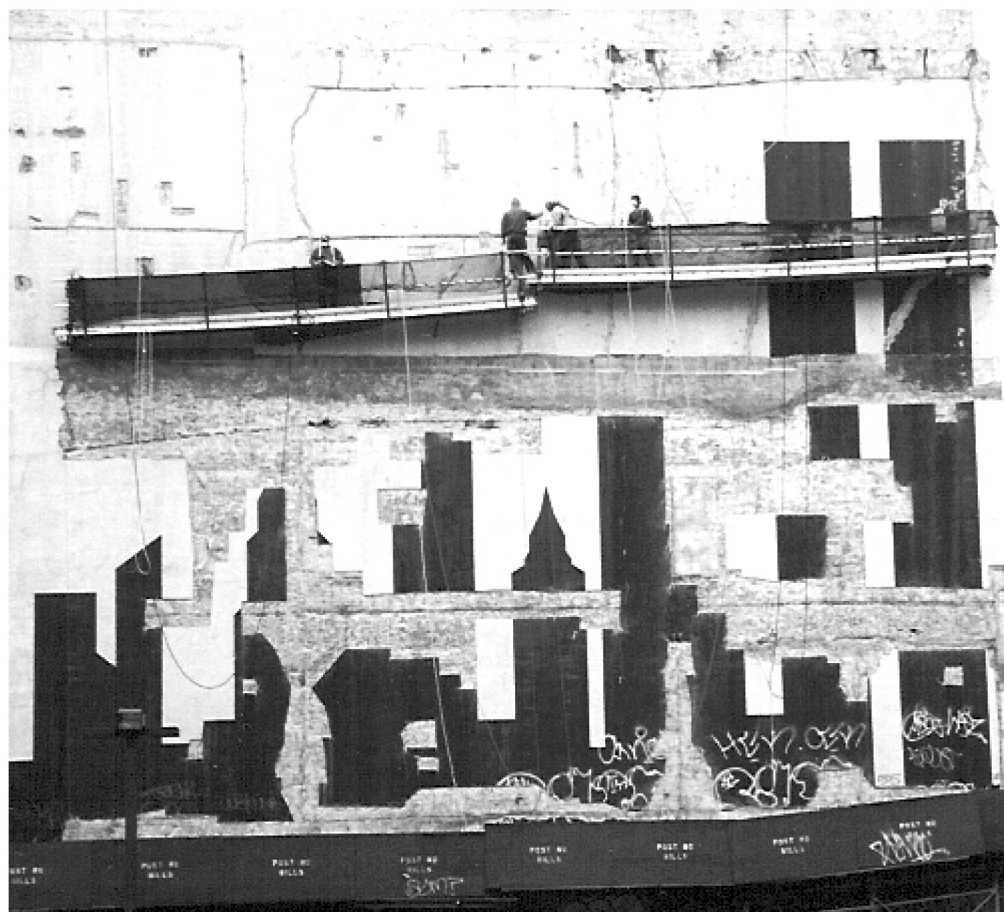
When I went to where it was expected to be, it wasn’t there^{*}. The first time was a fluke^ς, perhaps, but when it wasn’t there after 8⁸ straight visits, I was inclined to believe it was a conspiracy of the senses. When I confronted^σ my threshold guardian, who had been eating it every day, she said my logic was skewed^Θ. “You have to *believe* it to *see* it,” she told me. “It’s there for me.”

It was easy for her to say, being from Trinidad herself, and an eat-to-liver at that. She described the exact location on 43rd street and 6th avenue^X. I found the greased footprints on the sidewalk^Ψ, but no stand. After a week of fasting and a strict regiment of positive visualization, it finally appeared^ρ. There it was at the end of a long queue of other believers, patiently standing^k in the line that stretched down the corner and around the block^ω.

The guy dishing up the food[§] was the smitten image of Bin Laden. I asked for extra chana^Δ and hot sauce (I had already been prepped by my threshold guardian on standard protocol). “Mama” was wearing Pony high-tops, like the ones Robert Smith^ς wore in his day. She held a greasy wad of cash, and when you handed her bills she snapped each one to verify its authenticity[‡]. Of course she barked at me for not having exact change, but I was expecting this. Unless you are decadent enough to let others wash your undergarments, you know how valuable quarters²⁵ can be (or not). On a scale of 1-5, Trini-Dada Boyzzz gets an aççored_{ion}.

ε = Non-ε.
Ω The word “tongue” was used 6 times in this issue.
Ν The tangent is defined by a straight line that meets a curve at a point, but does not intersect it. [L. tangere tangent – touch]
Γ There are 6 bridges in this issue.
p The letter “p” was used 503 times in this issue.
Φ The word “mouth” was used 8 times in this issue.
* A black body cavity is defined as a heated vessel whose hole (in theory) gives off black light when the temperature reaches zero. In reality the spectrum is defined by $ae^{-E/kT}$, breaking classical expectations and giving birth to quantum physics.
ς 1. Any parasitic worm of the class Digneia, including blood flukes. 2. A broad triangular plate on the arm of an anchor. 3. Either of the lobes on a whale’s tail.
8 $8=5+3=3+2+2+1=2+1+1+1+1+1$
σ There are 5 references to shellfish in this issue.
Θ Oblique, slanting. Lying in 3 dimensions. A bridge with the line of the arch not at a right angle to the abutment.
X There are 8 contrived geographical partitions in this issue.
Ψ There are 6 different species of bird in this issue.
ω There are 11 bodies of water in this issue.
k There are 23 knees in this issue (11½ pairs).
ω There are 11 different species of mammal in this issue.
§ If ingested, this issue has 72 calories, 5 grams of crude fiber, 2 grams of crude protein and <1 gram of crude fat.
Δ Clay or mud was used 9 times in this issue.
ς Of The Cure fame.
‡ The face on a bill should be treated as unit and not a unique individual.
25 Five times five senses.



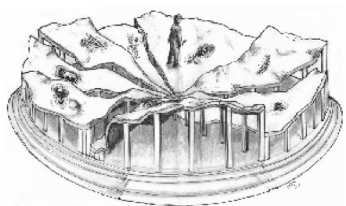


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