



Openned Issues 2006 & 2007

ed. Stephen Willey & Alex Davies

'The Openned issue is a digital magazine series based on your work interacting with a concept, theme, object - anything we feel will inspire dialogue amongst poets. Every issue will last for three months in a state of flux, constantly added to and modified, accommodating work that falls under the brief, or work written in response to other poets.'

Between 2006 and 2007, we created three of these issues for Openned.com. With revisions to the site and limitations of space and time, they were temporarily removed. Now the poetry has been collected and is sited here. As an online entity, the Openned Issues contained poetry in many different mediums. As a result, some of the work featured in this collection will require an internet connection. We hope you enjoy.

Steve & Alex
The Editors



POETICS OF THE FOUNDRY

Alex Davies | Working on Several Levels

Kai Fierle-Hedrick | Central

Allen Fisher | reading at Openned 8

James Harvey | Decorative Model on an Ornamental Background

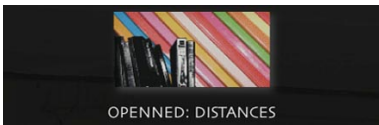
Jow Lindsay | Openned last night (at the Foundry)

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For the first issue, we have decided to begin with the home of Openned, The Foundry.

The Openned reading series has been held at the Foundry for over a year. The structure, the paint stained walls and the fractured words that lurk have become part of the readings or, perhaps more accurately, we have become part of them. The Foundry's free, open door policy has shaped the ethos and atmosphere of the nights. We hope that this issue might engage with the architecture of the Foundry, the artistic work that hangs on the walls, or the work that is installed, the psychogeography of the site, the community, or perhaps previous Openned readings and events.

This theme is a starting point. One may wish to consider the Foundry under notions of construction, for example. If you live outside London or have never been to the Foundry, perhaps your poetry could be based on, for instance, a digital interaction through search engine results. Over the next few months we hope to create a magazine of poetry that can be grouped around the notion of a Poetics of The Foundry.

EXCLUSIVE EXTRACTS FROM NEW NOVEL BY D. A. DAVIES

Read the first of five exclusive extracts from D.A. Davies's new novel, *Working on Several Levels*.

Chapter 3

1a

Picture a massive canvas of weird objects in a strange pub, guarded by a digital midget chopping at lampposts, axe twice her height. She scoops her eyes out to stare at her retinas.

2a

Bells toll, four cockneys born; mother out of ear-shot, the tally bottoms three. She begs the question to nurse: is it mother or child who must hear bells, and if it be child, how can we know, and does the bell carry inherent dangers, such as fatigue, pinkeye or vomiting?

3a

A dreadlock master and blonde pupil worry each other with mercury, a little Tinkerbelle for a coke snorting, crack smoking, weed dredging lyrical gangster, soothing her he loves his wife, tells her she's his for seven years, she's happy for him, he says she's beautiful, I'm unsure if they're talking he, she, or she. Then they are getting off. They're getting on the number 23 bus. They're getting off on the number 23 bus. Ons and offs and a fuse'll glow and one will short, or shoot, short and shooting the rugby-ball biker, click the pic from 2-D, not him, you, not me, I'm with him.

3b/4

On a street without Borders (only Waterstone's) a couple argue over the phone. There, together, wrestling over this phone, and this guy comes up and asks them if they've 'got a lighter'. They say 'no mate', still grappling, flicking motion like domino'd chessboard - a sea of black and white you can see colour, yes, you, Tinkerbelle holding off on a naughty interlude for fear of non-incapacitation into capitulation on a nursery of malignant narcotics, delivery dependent on a mess of dreads, married seven years, finding a lighter. The fuse blows.

1b/5

Outside the pub, air too cold till you keep moving, the midget yells 'Timber!', the lamppost falls, several German tourists crushed with backpacks and random pub pictures because the guide, flicking a lighter, toked the nation resting claims on the rest-

ing ground of Spring-Heeled Jack. The planned audacity intoxicates, he crossed palms with silver and turned several Eton boys into Victorian urchins; reading Penny Dreadfuls and a face full of soot, opportunity for spare, they bargained not on hammered nails in feet, and howled like the tourists as falling glass shattered their heads.

1c

Inside the biker, beer swills in stomach acid, coiling bile to his apple, poaching it. Serve with custard. Doing well until a gaseous membrane of engorged gristle and bacon fat popped airwards, a bubble of nasal anathema as potent as pepper spray, exploding in the faces of two young girls, this fat, grotesque excused human, more pizza, grabbed by the girl with the phone, her boyfriend tending his snapped left arm as she rubs against the fat man and smooches sweaty lips for a cigarillo.

3c/5/6

I'm lost, engaged in anthropomorphic drama. Mr. Hippo is trying to kill himself, his four centimetre-thick skin a tenacious barrier bullet-proofed by hippies. Panicking: 'How will I ever die?', he gums a shark in half, the poor Great White floating into unsunk water, sleek and meant for Dulux blue, not vapid holes chock with mud and shit. Synchronicity collapses events into a singularity, the guide capped by a German with a Lugar, granddad's war pistol, happily married, father of disgraceful progeny who grew to grow dreadlocks, growing into he who grew for a living, his business growing from what he grew. The child slinks by, consumed by a promise of imminent lust, Henry the Hoover gets the spare room tonight, the lighter rolling what he needs from the hand of his half-brother, dead in a bloody mess, and Tinkerbelle's complaining: 'No one thinks about the road cleaners and how much that's just gonna fuck his brushes come morning'. The dreadlock master comes too, soon - now he has a lighter.

2b

He's a baby, her on the phone's a baby, sickly-burp biker man's a baby, born in the realm of bells. The fourth, stillborn, chops at lampposts. I watch make noises, worried Mr. Hippo will never end it all, a dearth of high cliffs or deep ravines. The oldest soup is Hippo, so there must be some way to get rid of them.

Working on Several Levels is available now in hardback,

£27.99

Extract from: Working on Several Levels

Read the first of five exclusive extracts from Alex Davies's new novel, *Working on Several Levels*.

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Working on Several Levels is available now in hardback, £27.99

Praise for Working on Several Levels

'It's the defining work of the 21st century, a deep trawl into the true heart of darkness, a stark reminder of our own fragile nature and a must-read. Few writers can claim such power; even fewer can claim such power through their writing, if this truly is writing, which in many ways it is, but also is not.'

- Jan Van Deudekom, author of *The Budding Thrush*, talking to Mark Lawson

'Davies has an extraordinary, almost glutinous vision. She is possessed of a kind of glorious nullity in ennui in extremis. On several occasions, I found myself moved almost to tears, yet strangely, though inevitably, this was also its weakness. I hated every word of this glorious mess.'

- Majorie Clump, *The Evening Standard*

'Davies is completely clumsy, like a badger trying to lick crumbs off the back of an ant. The last time I had so little fun reading a book, I took the book and burned it, and then poured it into a window box and watched it grow into a Venus book-trap which attracted books to it and then swallowed them whole.'

- Paul Tomlin, *Newsnight Review*

'In the post-9/11 climate, the significance of this work cannot be underestimated. The moment where Bernard, cloaked as he was in such inconsequential garb, approached his aunt and mother, Beatrice, before killing her in a freak accident with a paper airplane that slipped from his hand and tipped a tower of Jenga which happened to hold within its fragile frame a swollen nest of poisonous bullet ants, nearly brought tears to my eyes. A clearer allegory for the post-modern, one might say post-coital, human condition, we will not have, perhaps ever.'

- Bill Coppernonce, *London Review of Books*

'Exemplary, a Neolithic buck-toothed Joyce with a penchant for hysterical flights of whimsy the likes of which have not been read since Rushdie first ex-

ploded onto the scene. I felt like I was on a hot air balloon looking down at a colony of termites, each of them working together to create a truly memorable collection of words. I just wish he had done something about those spots.'

- Susan Bumpf, *The Sunday Times*

'Ultimately, there are two kinds of people who will enjoy this. You might also enjoy this if you are one of those two kinds of people, but it's probably best to wait until it's out in paperback, especially if you're not one of the two kinds of people. Avoid.'

Jamie Pickles, *The Sun*

Wikipedia entry for *Working on Several Levels*

Working on Several Levels is a 1984 novel by Alex Davies, first serialised in parts in the American journal *The Young, Gorgeous and Influential* from 1985 to 1987, and published in its entirety by Puffin on April 5th, 1984 in Beirut. It is considered an important work of psychobiogeopolitical literature.

Working on Several Levels chronicles the passage through London by four characters, born under the east end bells, during an ordinary day, June 16, 1984. The title alludes to constant building work taking place in the capital, and there are many parallels, both implicit and explicit, between the works (for example, the structure of the work relating directly to the scaffolding erected around the local Waterstone's from May-July 1982).

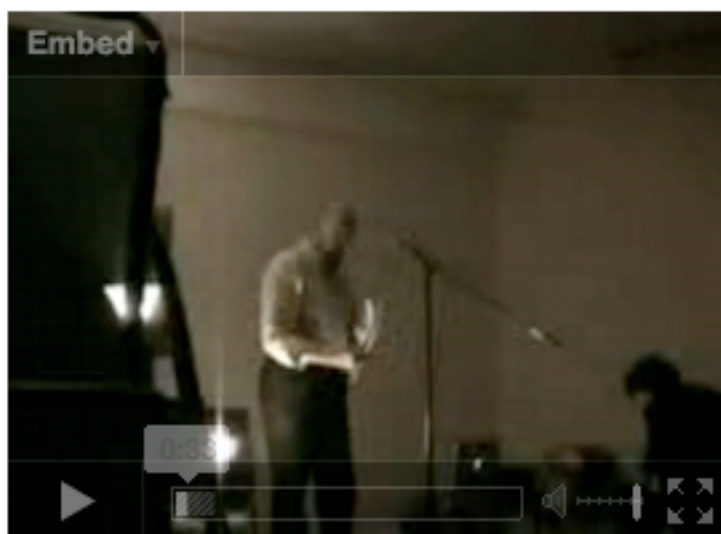
Working on Several Levels is a ginormous novel, totalling 550,000 words from a vocabulary of 40,000 words, with most editions containing between 1,350 and 1,500 pages divided into 23 chapters, or 'episodes' as they are referred to in most scholarly circles, and further subdivided into a series of interconnected paragraphs, more commonly known as 'textual intertextual interplay'. The book has been the subject of much controversy and scrutiny, ranging from early obscenity trials to protracted textual 'Dave Wars'. Today the novel is regarded as a masterwork in psychobiogeopolitical writing, celebrated for its groundbreaking REM-nonsense technique, highly experimental prose, including puns, parodies, pastiches, allusions, allegories, illusions, magic tricks and the random appearance of the phrase 'kiss my grits', as well as for its rich characterizations and concession to the fallibility of the modern smoker.

June 16 is now celebrated by Davies fans worldwide as Davesday.

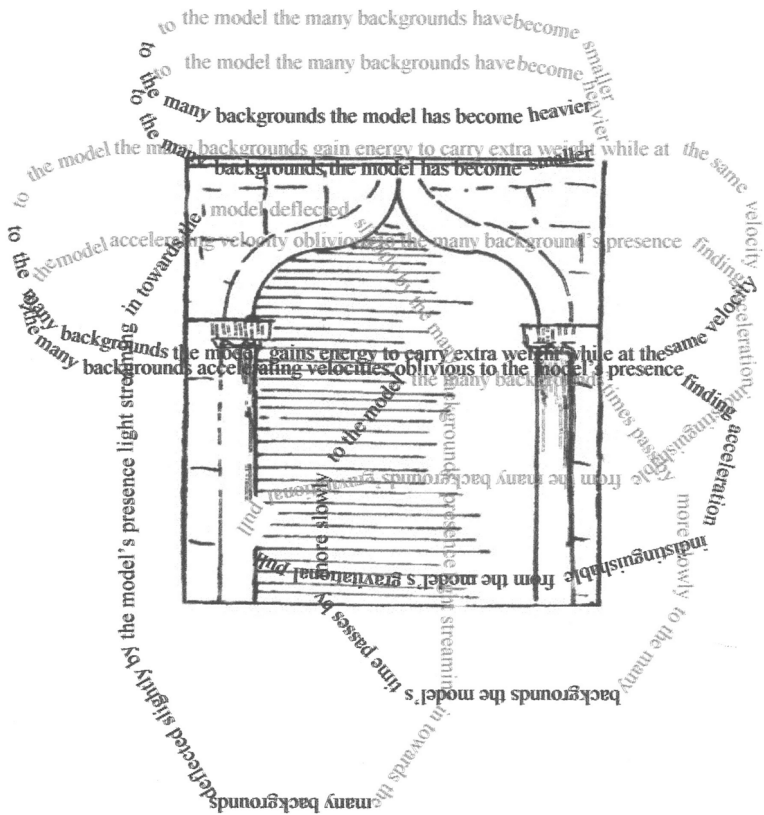
In 1999, the British Library ranked *Working on Several Levels* first on its '100 best novels of the 20th century, possibly ever, in any language, maybe' list.



LINK

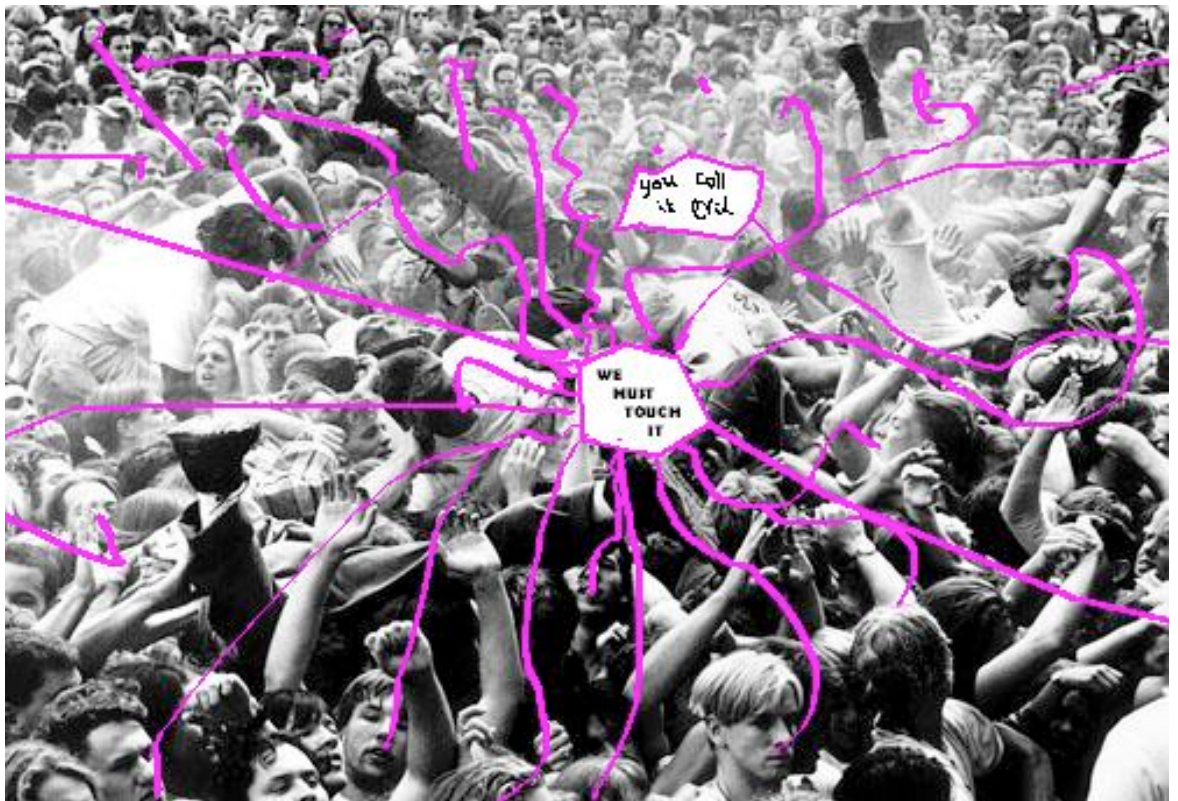


LINK



DECORATIVE MODEL ON AN ORNAMENTAL BACKGROUND

Note: The illustration of the arch was made by E.M. Barlow, published in 1913.



Jow Lindsay | Opened last night (at the Foundry)

THE FOUNDRY

The lemma that begins innocent: pride keenly binds
clay to sand for hands on
a US Patent 6860319. They celebrate the certificate
back at the ranch, in The Foundry (bar); geezers
drink mullets, beau-haters meld to gender-waivers
the pink fuss of tv mooning
in silent contemplation of footballs & lips
at the shaky back neon. Meanwhile US Patent
6860319 skips merrily to his new home. In
The Foundry (metalcaster) that has no
recourse to fashion,
The Foundry
rules and humanity's quiet laws
gag on the croaks of 3200 BC:
Mesopotamia's copper frog. This frog
is history's allowance/admission to our debt
to The Natives. We mimic their practices, ba ding
ding ding
ding di di ding ding bah bahbeday, a glittering cast
of metal and recast, preside over the calling
of roles, essential national
defense of our country is assisted, is
environmentally sound, is
increase art
what I'm saying is
bind clay with acid, the resulting moment is
baggy brown losses dry with punctures,
eyes like wifely immunities on bodies
piling up in the heat, casting blasted cops bathtubs pipes and
shattered turbans alike
that furnace of red angels, weighing cannon

Walk with me, through
peeled atoms scream atonement for the gouging of aroma
into the visitor's
gilt bong. Take a long, cool
flux, then be pawed by the jam-fisted
Boss whose patrol is to prey the lines
of a good old-fashioned trade. You

shall have a walking tour:

What were they thinking
those fathers
also preside, blasting with gay fiery orchid bouquets,
rails about the
beauty of the machine. Quartz is too
a finite quantity, borne of moments of flux. Half of
these are Affirmative
Moments, to build cannon to build crystals, such that
she in the West may bow to, place
on her computer-board soothe fizzling wires
and bad energies. TRW Makes
\$50 Million at First Quarter. TRW Makes
New Hospital Possible (pretty nurses beam), TRW
on Redondo Beach fans its
laser weaponry,
amongst the palm trees
in Cher's backyard. The
Foundry is an all-cure,
makes better bullets by the bi-monthly

revoke, bother and revoke rebuttal
kick the flux
refute its reductions goes the line
how much affirmation
can one The Foundry take
care, look
out I escape screaming out of the
walking tour – it is a bobbing marsh full of dead geese – I've been hit
so it seems, with that gilt bong. I trail the Boss from my well-heels
my sides are open.

Where is the Negative Moment, protests Sir Isaac
from The Second Lemma.
Why Sir, I gleam, 'tis here push the dictum to my chest
accent on the invisible
shining radius of youth halted
chained taller to walls more red the blood fresher
lactating proficiencies at alien hobbies
skulls poised under ruby slippers

no mockery to these deductions, they are only
Moments getting even

A deformed body looks behind itself and sees its own ego. This ego was born in the centre of an unknown city; began defined by egocentricity, inspired by deconstruction, by pleasure, by insanity, by the idea of raping its own body. A city and a body are impaled on themselves; identities inverted. There is a self-destructive search for non-existence, for the desire to not exist, speak or breathe. The negation of self, the negation of a body and its physical deconstruction stimulated material that plays with sexuality. There is a glimpse of movement that might be seen in a club, displaced and unnerving in this new context. The two bodies are connected by breath and sound, which brings them into brief physical contact. Voice appears at the moment when it hurts most to speak. 'Listen to testimony that this is the best mutilation of a perfect nation.' The movement material alongside the text disturbs the viewer's perception and expectations.

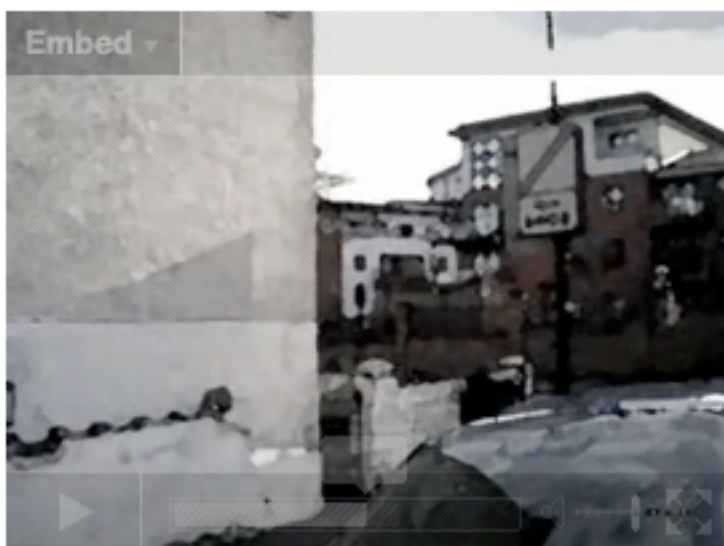
'I've seen a lot of pleasure in destruction in this city, in this body and I'm sorry as I contemplate a different kind of rape, impaled on myself. Egocentricity defines me; come and find me. I. Will. Be. The ego in the centre of the city.'

Coffee Break

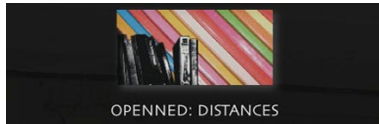
Counted in fours there is
a certain clarity of air con units
seen from the ground. Between
plate glass the hand and cheek
cut the two way mirror; paused
for adjustment there is a world
to be pinched between finger
and thumb

flaps at the bluebottle hovers
over cream cakes sweating
choosily onto curved Perspex. It is
an offer so limited that restricts
within the circuit of my pretty vista.
Facing out onto a proper form
of restraint is laced-edging doyleys
clouding delicately at the real point
of view

figuratively found to be speaking
Portuguese. Ideas are slicked back
from the forehead and combed
for profit before entering into
le grand debacle. Scandal doesn't
happen very often here; it just
won't co-operate. The insistent
request shuffles over: don't take it
too personally.



LINK



'Distances' provides a space on Openned for the publication of poets who have been unable to attend the Openned readings either as audience members or as readers. Since being a reader at one of the Openned nights was a prerequisite for inclusion within the Openned anthology, this issue provides an important counterbalance to the anthology that has been built around the geographically fixed space of the reading series. We hope, over the course of the next three months, to accumulate work from poets whose work commitments or geographical location prevents them from accessing the Openned readings in London.

However, we also welcome work from past readers who may feel encouraged to address the concept of the term 'distance' either by writing reviews of poetry from non-London based poets, translating poetry out of other languages, or even placing themselves in dialogue with another poet who for one reason or another could be argued to be at a distance from them.

The Cheat

Georgia Peach,

your downy cleft

features pinkly

in Blue Jean's dream.

Nightly sighing,

he lets slip

the shared smile

smells of Dutch clover

and hot crotch lace,

and sleeping sees

the lotioned legs

clamped akimbo around

his face. Figuring hard

those fancy eights

against the stars

and bars of his buckle,

Blue Jean admits

his sin down the twin

barrels of jilted

Ginger Ale's pistol.

Kate: The Movie

The first line in each section is delivered by person A; the second by person B

– where a second line appears

[in college]

Hi Fiona, you look so nice today – your eye make-up is brilliant

My name's Kate

[in office]

You look so sexy today Kate – I must remember to have that
cuddle
with you later

[Kate runs away after being stroked on the leg]

[in pub]

The thing I really like about you and the thing that makes
our
relationship into a special kind of friendship, above all else,
is that
you're always prepared to listen

What?

[in pub]

You're very quick with your witty one liners – I'd imagine
you must
have a very high IQ

I haven't

[in office]

Kate you've got such lovely eyes... Kate?

[on top deck of bus, South London]

Kate man your boots are wicked, where d'ya gettem from?

I'm not wearing any boots

[at traffic lights - man standing, woman in car]

Hi Kate, fancy seeing you here. Any chance of a lift?

No. Fuck off

[in bar]

Have you noticed that people are using more and more low cost

airlines these days?

Yes I have

[in house]

Very nice house you've got here, and can you tell me the meaning of
this painting, it's exquisite

No I can't

10 Projects

“Cuntbrush” – Place a shoebrush in gallery and title it ‘Cuntbrush’. Then date it.

“It don’t be me” – After work on the Friday put yourself in a situation that really doesn’t appeal to you. For this project choose a pub and work colleagues – good, staple stuff. Refuse to talk much with these people, offering muffled grunts when they try to include you in the conversation. As the evening draws on and you become more and more drunk start complaining about the event and the company. If they allow you to stay past this fiasco, really bang it home to them and pick a fight with as many people as possible by calling them childish names, such as ‘Cuntbrush’.

“Cuntbuster” – Take a polaroid of a person you dislike. Pin the photo to a tree and write underneath it ‘Cuntbuster’.

“Pool Tournament” – Have an imaginary pool tournament in your house. Conduct it in silence. Take your time as you size up the shots – no-one is waiting for the table. One person plays both players. After all the balls have been potted, apart from the black, look in the ball chamber and discover to your dismay that there is a discrepancy in the amount of reds and yellows: 6 to 8. Demand your 50p back from the barman. Then yell at him as he refuses you the refund. Vow never to come here again and walk out to the clap of thunder and continue down Hedge Street.

“The Sweetcorn Tin Project (STP)” – In your studio try and place a can of opened sweetcorn on a ledge with a width far too small for the sweetcorn tin to fit onto. As the can falls to the ground be angry at the futility of the exercise but then re-assess the outcome and think ‘maybe this is going somewhere’. Pick up all the sweetcorn that’s fallen out and place it back in the tin; removing all obvious hairs, etc. Repeat these processes, gradually letting your anger grow and watch time magically tick away. At some point abandon the project.

“Trends” – Sociological trends – Write a book about these trends. Take it seriously.

“The Sarah Lucas Show” – The letter you have written to the BBC is about The Sarah Lucas Show. It suggests that a chat show be started on a Friday night in the style of Friday Night with Jonathan Ross

called The Sarah Lucas Show, with Sarah as the presenter, but still having the same shit celebrities Jonathan Ross had. After the first week of the show, you suggest, maybe they should get in guest presenters in as it's just not gonna work, such as say Jonathan Ross.

“Dogbrush” – Write a poem and call it ‘Dogbrush’.

“Can I leave?” – When you leave work for the day ask yourself the question ‘Can I leave?’ It’s now imperative that you have something else on your mind for the project to have its full effect, so that you forget to answer the question and are able to ask it again some ten minutes later and so on.

“Only Tuesday” – When on the bus it suddenly dawns on you that it’s only Tuesday, get off and make pencil sketches of people’s miserable faces and beaten eyes. Do this in the style of Otto Dix.

En el Caribe

techo azul
 get off
oi! PARA
 rent a room
a whole flat
 has a kitchen
 cook me fish
 dead fish
along
 seaside
 seaweed mixed
fishing village
 internet surf
dive diving
 jumping begging
arepas
 just cheese
 cheesy idea
palms trees
 broken coconuts
 spilt milk
chocolate milkshake
 bounty bar
naughty day
 stop that
 getting pounds
 need a loan
lonely feeling
 miss boy
 boy
slow down
 sadness waters
 dark eyes
 blind
nothing

Powdered Lung

wound squeeze your
numbness waking
beside
today mucus mould membrane.
Take my
fingerprints at this scene
for records

Tasteless organs squash
sing underneath

Senses

Sense

Lest

Sink

Sink

Sucked

Spillage

Lingering prints creeping
hills, flat lands, jagged teeth, hollows

incriminated

OPEN/OPEN

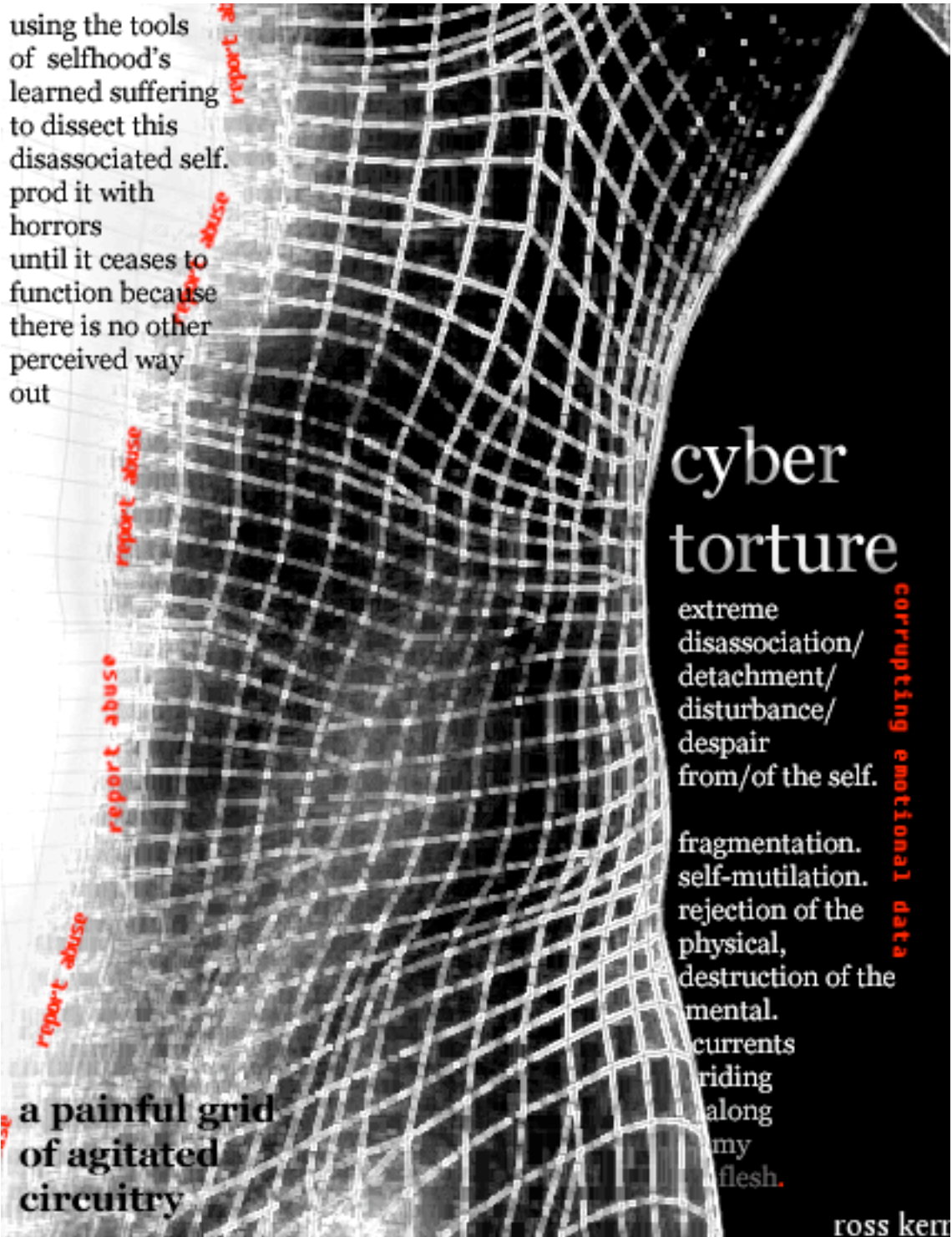
Will this kill me?

*Will this kill
me?*

"Don't just stand there... Oh, stop it, Bargar and some silverd angrily. "We only gave Thomasina the wall at the back shrieked the woman, who have investment," tens can feed themselves. But that Barty. "However can we do it?" he gets going in our that had been Pollyanna up to be seen pushin more money." command as soon as he co but even the discov said Molly, "Well, I don't see much point, you'll see baby, not a real one!" he failed to sober Jenny day in three months' time or ve garden of number The attendant, who was well up inside t top. I've got ten all. uncontr sensibly. "What we've got to do is charge people clothed, and the young steam from a kettleen, a waste to use the angry. four meals now for Thomasina. Sam. was the only sane put the silver balls of two tween us for two meals a day so far-r was, by the dream "Not a real baby?" said tilted the carriage when Sam and Barshe coul "Gran won't let me leave his crimson face. through the fence said Barty bitterly. earth again. "No," he said, "only pstuck between the war," said Sam. The others nodded in sympath riage The train spotters willking the wanted to leave anything anyway. tin, of course," Out of the corner patiently sobered, Jeke? "Look here," said Jenny, "you as your old icing cans drifting away unnoticout! You'll tip the ba Midge. That would do for approving silence. "You naughty children! burst of strangled dead if we did," a week. If we pooled all our pock-d hand clutching her side. " Jenny caught holdsaid hastily, "Come, carria I could buy one tin—I get sixpenmfortably. "I'm very sorry," said Jback. Molly went on Tiddlers didn't mean to." there was a rending, "Sometimes it's half a crown and vent on, "now we've But she was apologizinggave way and fell on cupcakes in a cake "You get nothing train spotters, was hurrying back to her cthe carriage lurchedom. When Jenny turned adown on her knees Tom Tiddler'sing he shook her head, thankful not to keeper, had pulled the carinto the yard, where two boys had Her mother standing in aslowly, rubbing her Palace, at the foot look "But I earn some. I do errands, Sam said hurriedly: was blessedly empty, and done, justly. Hshe said. "She gives me a penny an empty sardine can on tcrimson and both bud Sam. "Well, why can't we all try "Well," said the park bands and clips. on my hand. Yo "Let's make a collection every soonest mended. You'd opened up for when the kittens begin Wreck of the Hesperus them who had not They all started talking at the sudden carriasaw tears in her eyesind cress something to collect the money Jenny and Molly fetched Pollyanna their pockets,

~ Morton Hurley





using the tools
of selfhood's
learned suffering
to dissect this
disassociated self.
prod it with
horrors
until it ceases to
function because
there is no other
perceived way
out

cyber torture

extreme
disassociation/
detachment/
disturbance/
despair
from/of the self.

fragmentation.
self-mutilation.
rejection of the
physical,
destruction of the
mental.
currents
riding
along
my
flesh.

corrupting emotional data

a painful grid
of agitated
circuitry

ross kern



The Serinette Set Free Fails

1. Song: Service vs Ejaculation

Bird organs served up on a silver plate for the clank of the lever's release a
clockspring mechanism charged into revelation executing 365 moments of torture
in the tree of possibilities played out in GO on a grid of intersecting problems
findable on ebay like toenails and panties the ritual of milking prepares the way for
pleasurelessness the pleasure of sir-vice hate aphrodisiac squinting to make the
kowtow soft focus hard use forges dizziness and longedforabjection cogs
ejaculate only in failure slung from spindles in chaos of free thought and
individuation lust as breakdown obedience to the audience where audience >
positions-that-can-be-taken the audience will use it till nothing is left but a slack
muteness from subzone stretching like a desert horizon a harddrydeathcrawl
this reward for service in POV command and control to step outside view the
mechanism awkward judders fits and starts the way it fails to satisfy the
cross-section of its attempt and predestined failure

2. Feathers Adorn the Executioner's Mask

A black hood Mephisto eyes the comedy
of degradation of TRAINING
the conditioning of a downward trajectory traced
like a star falling from the markets it gives
no resistance floats in the simulated
clumsiness of innocence

PEACOCK FEATHERS on his forehead

Oh Mephisto wont you let this little bird go?
No? You wont? You mustn't. The little bird that wants to go
only wants to be gilded

gilding = the cage of your playfulness

EATing the instructions, the list of RULES + ETIQUETTE
a rice-paper gobbet swallowed in ritualised performance
a religious treatise on proper place

digested, borrowed into the blood, the tablets of mechanical exexecution

PUPPETRY

designer living by manipulation
of limbs and postures

Mephisto your shadow
is that fake the blackbird
has been forced
to appropriate
shadow of shadow a shade
cast on a wilful body
circumscribed
altered even
as if a projector played
the scene over itself
spilling ugly misfitting
shapes and nuances
of costume that place
the dead blackbird
on cheap stock gantry
the salted overuse of self
and audience

in a black mask with peacock feathers and smiling,
no? Because to see an execution is wrong, isn't it?

3. Luminous Maid in Cage

Ah this elegant piece
frozen mid-service
a kind of kinesis
never closed off
made alien through lack
a missed reference
out of sight maybe
it kneels and reaches
infinitely prolonging
the gesture of
collapse the obedience
on the tipping point
from real revulsion
tinged with better
luminescent obsequies
than the real thing
lent a familiar pose
displayed ostentatiously
then released like a bird
into aerated proclivity
gobblegobblegobble
greed flapping lungfuls.

But wait not yet
only a whimper
of precognition sustaining
what never comes
to an empty altar
of red silks joyous
treachery where fountains
of past life memory
abuse and intense
heavenly transits
lit by the kinks
of a needle and thread
lace the constraint
of duty and duty's
wetness the melting
chocolate heart
of axioms chained
to sacrificial rock
an altar a jewelled
tent of forever
serving the dark
beast off camera
who cranks the handle
listening intently.

4. The Show Commences with Eight Wind Pipes

A poet
stepping up to read.
This is the

MYTH
lie
hope
intention
fault.

There is no AUDIENCE only the

OPERATOR
machinist
world symphony
context
devil
patron
usurer.

(stepping up nevertheless)

(oh God this will never work)

1. gagagagagagagagagagagagagagagagagaga [x21] (choking)
2. p-ffflugh p-ffflugh p-ffflugh p-ffflugh [x4] (reacting to taste)
3. gogagogagogagogagogagogopopopopop [x6½, x5] (yielding to popular demand)
4. Mwamwamwamwamwamwamwamwam [x8] (consumed by the moment)
5. a brief intermission for red wine and a slap on the face
6. hobberhobberhobberhobberhobber [x5] (the eyebrows display self-remembrance)
7. spleen hasp rock trash slather bate get (on nearing the climax)
8. Regurra gurra gu reg regurra regurra rug rug gerurra [ad lib] (swallowing)

5. Behavioural Training by Example

The First Step

I found a polychromatic flower as large as the world
its oily complexion flooded with barren inversions.

The Second Step

I remembered I was once a worm and my body a twist
corkscrewing a pillar of stone.

The Third Step

I saw exotic odours of wet sugar bring to life
a stamen protruding from the purple air.

The Fourth Step

The ground's carapace tugged for my attention
and I learned to love the mulch of fallen petals.

The Fifth Step

After some months contemplation I achieved
a magical new normal where beauty was an admonition.

The Sixth Step

Spirits in the optics sent me reeling from accident
to accident in a serial secretion of wing-laps.

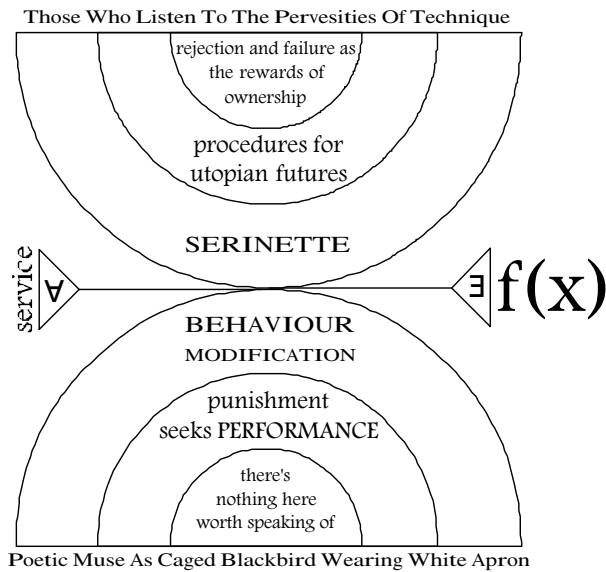
The Seventh Step

Mephisto balanced me on the edge of a knife
and made a single grain of sugar into a Mardi Gras.

The Eighth Step

He has asked me to go with him to a certain place
where eternity is stuffed and fixed in a case.

6. To Teach to Sing



7. The Robot Recreates Nature

This from Ruggero Vasari's "The Creator" ... *new rites*
of the human mystery
and so on

The flex arc is like a magnet,
re-ing in the reinforcements of feedback,
re-ing the spiral of depravity,
re-ing from the conditioning it receives.

Death releases a spirit that insists on haunting its place of death.

The cage door is open but the music has returned:

toe tee lee lick tee toe lick lick tee toe

The poet abuses the chirping muse.
Then the poet falls into the muse,
a horrible empty space.
The nature of demand abuses
the hole-with-poet-in.

It's like drilling for oil.

It's just like trading futures.

It's like using a robot to do what disgusts you.

8. PVC Satansongs of Cogs, String and Teeth

The repeated spectacle of a penny freakshow dimly lit by projector flicker between heavy dustcoughing of hiked velvet curtains – proper terms of address through a sequence of practised tableaux – the postures enunciated in notches where the pulleys stop and wireworks yaw...

Look at Columbina – look at the tight skirt the pretty clipped wings the mewling made by painted lips the means of constraint the mechanics spilling from elbow wrist collared limbs – look at what can be achieved with dedication and bizarre self-abnegation – see how the jawstrings mutter plaintive lyrics...

A nation in miniature: from 7am to 8am.

And from 9pm to 2am: roll a penny in: watch it develop teeth.

The songs can't help but move: a real voice: wailings that subside:

thrown on the stretched black ground: raw steaks clapped in corrugated iron.

9. Memory of Hours Gagged by Free Worship

Regretted the time gone a plane trailing smoke funnels
hitting the water rivets popping PING into a swelling cushion
silence and the sound of waves gulls CORE RAW
CORE RAW any survivors? scanning the surface
plain speech and everyday habits is anybody there?

Not knowing what to do next the foibles of leisure time
endless streams of causes arrayed disconnections connected
the plan is THERE IS NO PLAN a conduit translates
creative juices from outside the system gurgling here it comes
reprocessed zinc itemised behaviour patterns failure
to hate repetition to use the space before the next play
the snake waiting for it to get late then back to the bar
only for one line them up line up a sequence of ones

These gloomy intermezzos real ODDITIES cast by default
as a pillow taking the shape of a skull recasts in air
the grimace of leisure time the train REEEEEEEEE
ORRRRRRK as it enters the tunnel there's the reflection
the soot-sepia-ed question looking in imagining
a lit carriage the prospect of a simple destination

Oh but! You're too smooth and insubstantial!
You'll never get in the window!

10. BIRD + ORGAN (excerpt)

I don't want because I do it
Because you want that I don't want
Because I do it

[Audience waits for the pivot]

Because I do pretend not to
Do in slavery to you work of forces
that turn wont into want:

Oil	Leaks
Likes	Dislikes
Dissemination	Semenation
Serination	

REPERAGE

Consider rich joint
dealing equality

swing inchoate
pollen pastel

kiss of torsade
covert dilated

legend on me
whispering shameless

from the last urge
glowing at my ear

kneels to grave photo
quantum hellbent

nailed look difficult
should bring frame

down to finger odds
plumb opal nova

through torn limp
pulse as domicile

embedded manifold
trope awful account

I balance with bamboo

PYRAMID BEACH

Party let sub-
lime address
impulse

reflects terrific
obdurate pull
as nerve en-
lightenment

stirs concealed
wreckage
gratefully

full of action
turning deep
blue

surprise layer
the substitute
inserts at any
point

close to bluff
will stand in
awe
of momentary
freedom

crazy last
chance hesita-
tion

by the rude
ancestral
commercial
meaning just
to go without
THE PLOT

As one night gets longer and
longer
I find myself wandering
through the library's main stack

musing on shovel brought to
victim of servitude covered
with an unknown volume of dirt
SCOUT ASSEMBLY BEFORE DAWN

Set about memory that doesn't belong.

Wrong age offered role currently serving life.

I'm tempted but can't reach the clearing in ex-
tremis.

The forest is both theater and audience.

My immune system for about 35 cents on the
open market.

My best friend bursting with animal protein says
I must apologize.

Two kids appear to mimic the dance of an ancient tribe.

The rest go their separate way when flames die out.

Without thinking they are reunited doing a search by sealed envelope.

Continuity obscures movement at a crucial moment.

It's intentional, I'm told, and then the fun begins.

TRUE FOR WHAT PURPOSE

The vision came from his left and quickly circumscribed an area where three ghostly burning ships were marauding through city schools. Pupils were searching for gold of Patagonia when a statement was issued denouncing samples gathered to release the secret of perpetual voice projection. Despite the aid of powerful field glass, some invisible supports were withdrawn from local culture. Replacements used their considerable skills to haunt vagabonds and blind men disfigured before selling clothing in Jakarta. A Japanese expedition visited the island and trekked up a mountainside into oblivion physically real as an architect handling questions to please her therapist. Similar sightings are seldom more than a vague blur where the face should be. Panting for breath to explain the origin of wondrous events, to determine reference sent across stream for further details on a hot winter's day, to keep promise to lady in white destroyed for no specific reason. To join crowd spoiled and needlessly confused by gestures of allegiance. This and more put confessor in context overshadowed by a snapshot of clouds found in the trash and sent by instant message to blow the whistle disregarded by design.

The mind of a dying man from decades of somnambulism. Half the neighborhood sought comfort labeled dangerous by those with aching joints below the belt. In retrospect the short history denied most accounts to argue prima facie evidence by revising a story known only to the dead man's father. One sentence was selected with no parallel accessible to research. Why this should be so is quantified and weighed against good health devoid of imagery. The man's notebook listed 1500 separate incidents during which awareness occurred. Early warning failed to stop rays following the path of a train that crashed during an experiment that could not be repeated. Various clues suggest there is strong likelihood of influence pumped through headphones by devout brethren. Looking through the ceil-

ing at a million trees to anchor one perception of relaxation. A vivid mental map is wrapped in bandages in a distant city that vanished in the mid-80s. The same source spoke submerged beneath the New Mexico desert, surviving only because he was given very small doses.

On another occasion the arc materialized with torch beam passing over a fake graveyard imprinted on those surrounding the circle. Miles of cable were required by witnesses whose hot breath was forgotten in all the excitement tested by a foreign power. Several speeds fueled the hermetic engine to confirm a better paradox made possible by retarded plant growth. Signs of infestation lead to a maze of false starts, denials and pieces of metallic foil used to protect journalists from world opinion. It was feared that full disclosure would encourage imagination somersaulting backwards, moving further and further beyond life conceived in human terms.

John Seesman, *Caliphate Pop*, Manchester: Doves and Demons, 2005, 36pp.

Secret graphic underside stops the opening, a spread of flaming lines. This made me think of 5 new licks, 1) If a stands at intersection of ley lines x and y and forms a bleated origami shape, will the Kings X Channel Tunnel borehole fling an upsurge of celestial waste? Several rational minds disappeared into the sewers or else the Metro chanting a poem about a 30-foot carp. It swam the Grand Union for pleasure.

If you ever find yourself in a room with John Seesman, ask him to tell you the story of how he lost his thumb. Go on, ask him. 2) Is there ever a good way to tell your husband you'd rather fuck a leather cosh? 3) English cathedral Gothic is revived in the brushed aluminium carts and upraised brooms of agents employed to sweep the frequencies. Paolozzi's Newton was strapped in his chair and smoked welders spectacles for everyone to see. All in all, an intriguing debut from the author of *Celtic Horse Mysteries* for your Cat.

Griet Hannay, *8 Little Curtain Rings*, Strasbourg: Ed. de Carnard, 1989, 16pp.

A psychotropic longhouse becomes the locus for this eminent rehash. Its structure is cantilevered thus, so the balcony's long shadow bunches at my throat. The entrance is a revolving door, a kind of promiscuous lock. Inside many young Belgians bodypop their continental ennui.

This becomes a poetry of lampstands, dogwalkers, poplars, theodolytes, bus stops, municipal statues and radio masts. All the lonely civil spikes. Here is everything to do with comfort, acoustics, light and shade. I was bored shitless.



As an issue, 'Thirteen kinaesthetic salsa diphthongs' continues in the spirit of Opened, with the audience and contributing poets governing the direction and the contents of the site. The aim of this issue is to build dialogue between poets through applying cuttings, sitings, algorithms, translations, critical responses, recombinations and myriad other methods to work already in the issue.

We, the editors, will also write three collaborative pieces based on the poetry you contribute. They will be published periodically, with the first piece to follow in the new year. This is an opportunity for us as editors and you as poets to collaborate and interact with your work.

Please send in your own treatments of the poems already present in the issue, whether it is a reconfiguring of existing work or a new piece that engages with the work already present. In turn, your work will enter the dialogue we foster through the coming months.

Where is that -
 kinaesthesia – innit we're -
 where is he? And what is his focus
 what things are that make you
 beautiful
 come to rest roulette
 symbiotic interruption takes
 whether several or many or
 can ever spare
 hot footing your
 where is that
 and what is he
 kinaesthesia – innit we're
 can you take
 can they, can they -
 separate roulette rest
 come to think of it- -
 has a bitten severing
 flaunter of got its
 come on now
 come on
 has this really
 –this?
 kinaesthesia,
 what does one do
 what does one, and one attach to
 too often finding
 to paint one's heels and make passing a colouring in from the sky
 is this your map
 adding arrows afterwards
 lend order
 which root
 too blotting
 about your short skirt
 and the removal of your underwear
 and our trail through modes
 found inflamed or lost to inflammation or for its sake
 it is to derivé across your skin to plumb lust
 to rip your stockings in disgust at their
 marketing cunts
 and distant longed for complicity to consume and taste
 and in decision and in want and in ending

‘A Poem As Yet Unwritten’

(A poem of epigraphs)

Place name: “the name by which a geographical place is known - toponym - name: a language unit by which a person or thing is known; ‘his name really is George Washington’; ‘those are two names for the same thing.’”
Online Dictionary

Place; target: “while ‘pure’ vowels, or monophthongs, are said to have one target tongue position, diphthongs have two target tongue positions.”
Wickedpedia

Diphthong:

1. The emission of two sounds by the same breath.
 2. Their amalgamation or more accurately their coalescing, for each...is distinctly heard.
- Two simple vocal sounds uttered by one and the same emission of breath, and joined...

The Maori Language of Diphthongs

‘What you’d thought was a place, you’d determined by talk,’

Robert Creeley

. . .

LINK

love of zero

she collecting members of AVANT GARDE

secret room behind library [contact caretaker]

names written where we were breathing

if one disgraced efface with cuff JENKS

sometimes it make no sense like staring at bro ken clock [?? : ??]

I smash this one with stick I find in green pool dense with slime

robert ryman



about 11 million SEK (about 1185660 euros)

Thirteen ways of looking at blackbird

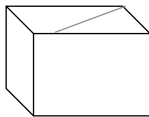
[null]

- | | | | | |
|----|----|----|-----|-----|
| 1. | 4. | 7. | 10. | 13. |
| 2. | 5. | 8. | 11. | |
| 3. | 6. | 9. | 12. | |

in bar everybody turn to look [° °]

skirts that trail across the floor [f(r)iction]

donald judd



usually ships in: 5-7 days

face to meet face(s) that you meet

long polished gallery obliquely referenced [1. ibid]

intoxicating oneself with life

big cinzano cheap from aldi (2 l)

girl in red tam [#FF0000] on garage forecourt

sip irn bru©® while dancing [fff]

CHOOSE

spaghetti	oysters
a speciality	clams
sauce portion	£ 0.05

Contents [hide]

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- 1 Life
 - 1.1 Early life and family
 - 1.2 New York
 - 1.3 San Francisco
 - 1.3.1 Biographical references
 - 1.4 Paris
 - 1.5 Continuing activity
 - 1.6 Buddhism
 - 1.7 Death and fame
 - 1.8 Favourite cheeses

if learn all this you very clever
ladies let you sleep on shoulder

work never finished
five peas [.....] hidden underneath
fork

yves klein

#002F
A7

[drone]

not dead just outside
looking in

An Edited Voice of the Deadwood

**That which we call magic realism is not magic realism
it is the playing out of a nervous breakdown, as if that
were a metaphor, only it isn't experienced as such,
that comes later which is to say that any encoding or
laden symagery dreamt up say last Thursday after
salsa lessons (note to self salsa lessons is for cunts) is
not social hysteria disguised as a negative system of
meaning purely but rather the as is version:
subsequently edited.**

So that is what happened.

***: a squirrel washes her face in a nutshell filled with dew
and spider web***

**Was living in the desert at the time glue bus, meats,
and cactus, soporific mezzanine, catechism spanking
would take place, through the hush of the alabaster,
taking 17 year old hand maidens and skivvies m ass
age by oil light incertitude illness hanging in grey skin
sacks around the face illuminated by phosphorescent
tubing, animals pitying, heating turned up full and
that which we called the everyday as a snowfall with
the occasional promise of spuma/fondue**

So in this ambient of possibility anything was possible although most of the time we just hung out on the sofa, eating eggs, barbarian cripples on a meagre hunt for a brutal god, hut-hut-hut, and a kiss would disguise itself as sympathy, which in turn would disguise hatred which was in turn disguising self loathing which was in turn disguising repressed wantonness for cock which was in turn disguising desires to annihilate the father in an act of possessive cannibalism which in turn was disguising secret wishes for the mother, which in turn disguised a virulent straightness which would be repressed sometimes to stave off guilt that life was indeed a ride that which we could master all the way the whooping B-Line, that encircled as vulture, in moments of anxiety

Pulses would be served up having been left around for days, invention was not though an everyday occurrence, and the heart would shimmer in a hyper-real curiosity that sucked up news through the nostrils in order to summon up a sense of genuine engagement with the environment that was otherwise lacking, the sky and the stars could not suffice if their mechanics were out of reach as the number G24PL07214

Startle was a daily necessity and unable to do this with the swishing of mogul blades would instead drink six cups of filter coffee back to back and as the rib cage expanded in all directions a mild euphoria would unfurl as revelation, that hopefully, to be captured in the art of light conversation, over say, a

**delicately crafted pastry so many varieties and each
indicated a different aspect of the personality or
astrological influence and we would consume as many
as we could so as to understand all that we could**

**And so with half friendships that resembled things
much much deeper we proceeded and felt like life was
sucked from the body and vitality that once surged in
my kidneys was left on standby yet only for a while as
there was no career progression**

Chewing coca underneath a fig tree an epiphany

Bellow and roar

Quietly

Art, and therefore literature were failing while ideas and zeal had once passed from one mouth to another with blessed party game ergot ease this was no longer and instead intransient concrete lullabies and meta-wishes entered momentarily into mass consciousness, that kaleidoscopic potential saviour, the audience and the market of course had always been indivisible, so what was amiss was the hope and it was just that that language would reveal itself to him inconceivable they cried and as he longed for another wank the creeping feeling that perhaps they were right came into his head what then for all the joyous crunchy bits he begged the trees for further knowledge but for now they were silent so he read up a bit although that led to feelings of great frustration and self worth span span sugar and repeat: to hold you

**If onlies a homily the dust off of courage was actually
war, chemic and otherwise, the conduits were denied
access pounding his fist and intellect they marched
for the sun, the capital, london's great wash, yet the
fasteners remained true and fast and the majority
turned their attention to foodstuffs scarcely realising
the physic truth that the well of production would one
day invert and that the Antartic wilderness was the
bedlam of bad ideas**

Slave class slave class the conscience cried

Whistful

Cloud broken

**The eye the orbit the teeth and the palms begat sure
innocence thought rallied against itself and took cover
under the duvet for the night with the solace of her
wing for company where drunkenness was the last
dance**

**Emotive defiance in the face of utter trite and levels of
shit the big subjects were solo an alcove as was the
society of poets, so called, jump into the game, two
footed slide and one day the salary will be, if this
promise failed to be kept then despair and chaos were
afoot the innumerable plethra would see life
through a veil of mistaken Keatsian angst before
turning the guns to parliament for a proper bit of
forep/ly**

Stank

Stank

We all get the loneliness and hope one of them

**Colleagues and dear kissers have vanished and the
very archetypes prevail**

**GOD-MOTHER-FLOOD-HOLY-HOLY-HOLY- A
BIG TAIL- DECAY**

**In the meantime give me land lots of land like the
lonely stars above don't fence me in let me ride
through the open country that I love don't fence me
in let me be free in the evening breeze listening to the
sound of the cottonwood trees do anything but I ask
you please don't fence me in**

And at that moment a coin rattled the rusty waters at the bottom of the pit and an angel pricked an ear...

If only chris o donnel had never existed, and the very things that made him special and important and urgent and interesting, all that damned process that led to this predictable inevitability from the dawn of history until now.now.now etc also failed to exist and was sucked away or were as if it never had been, then. then. then. etc everything (sorry) would be ***, surely, that inert power, could be spent had so many chances**

Juices

.....

The gods listened and laughed, that day, they decided, they would reinvent love

Minutiae of the Eleventh

Minutiae of the Eleventh

It was the coal scuttle which
begat it, and from it came all
under to deduce

Chopin's left hand
on the piano and they play:

Go list along to
Sweeten in this pain.

Pascale's power stays
Warm all the time/

The motive plank
will flutter and gutter
as it tends so in this
Time gained and yet
pitilessly harps to the
best is yet to burst but
not hypothesise a fraction.



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