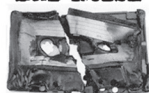


# GRAMMAR CRISIS



BAD NOISE



PRODUCTIONS

Brooklyn / Buffalo  
2006





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**BAD \* NOISE \* PRODUCTIONS**

dedicated to wallace berman





Once more I screamed at the top of my voice into the world. Then they shoved a gag into my mouth, tied my hands and feet, and blindfolded me. I was rolled back and forth a number of times, I was set upright and knocked down again, this too several times, they jerked at my legs so that I jumped with pain; they let me lie quietly for a moment, but then, taking me by surprise, stabbed deep into me with something sharp, here and there, at random.

-Kafka

Sometimes I think I enjoy suffering. But in truth I would prefer something else.

-Pessoa

And when I scream I AM THE SUN an integral erection results, because the verb *to be* is the vehicle of amorous frenzy.

-Bataille

We're one creature, pulsing with bliss, sight, sound. Our orgasm never ends.

-M. Gira



Дхр. Уокита wan d o lp m. I ( ) a k d m w n I on riv r wan o floa .  
 Mo burn d al o riv r wa ra r ig . I ad no co ic . I all b ar dly again n oug can  
 . And Дхр. Уокита a ak n my w apon and a old, a m on riv r og r wi i (im) o  
 floa , nc og r w in riv r av gon and av ar d o floa . W n w w ic middl of  
 riv r a r ac d (ac i v d), all b I no, om ing can long r and a I b gan wak o f l.  
 And n I b gan wak o f l, b gan, I al o op ra o lo . Дхр. Уокита mo digd m in al o a  
 lp d m o r ac (ac i v ) o r par y (id) of riv r. A la w av r ac d (ac i v d) o r par y (id).  
 a m a urpri d o a many wr a all ou of ud n for lp and for ir mo r . I a no opp d only. I would b capabl o no any ing. v ry ing, a I would b  
 capabl o mak , wa , in o ir ou . I av a k d my ac r, av a k d, r wa I of i (im)  
 a li l fur r. Дхр. Уокита a pu o m, ow burn ud n of ig cool of l and i ing  
 down on корточки in pain in r . It tried to op n th eyes of the inju ed, and we w e l  
 rns l v ng still. It trie to carry it across its arm and is legs, and to place it on the vehicle  
 of fire. But this was hard because its skin was peeled from, when it tried to move it. All  
 heavily I was burnt. But never they loaded—also heard however—it grieves when its  
 skin is peeled from it. We carried the deceit of pain to the hospital of the prefectural.  
 that the question rose and that there was something there and also mucous in my  
 mouth. I would not be capable to untangle—was—see—would be capable to move or  
 can see that it—

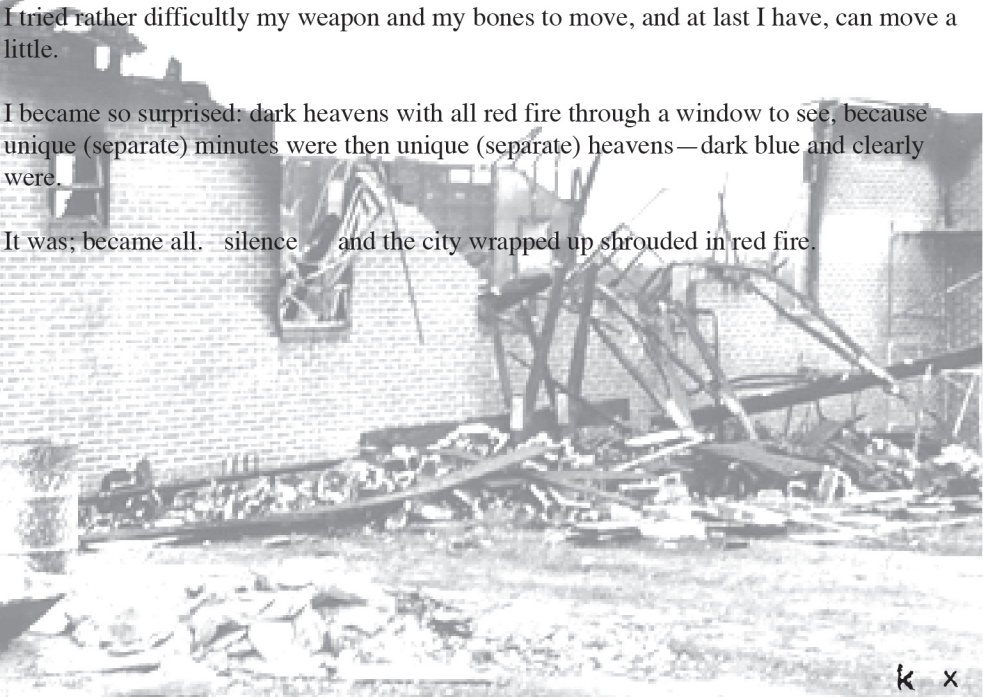
that I was not present. I would be not capable to see anything in darkness,  
 something loves sulfur.

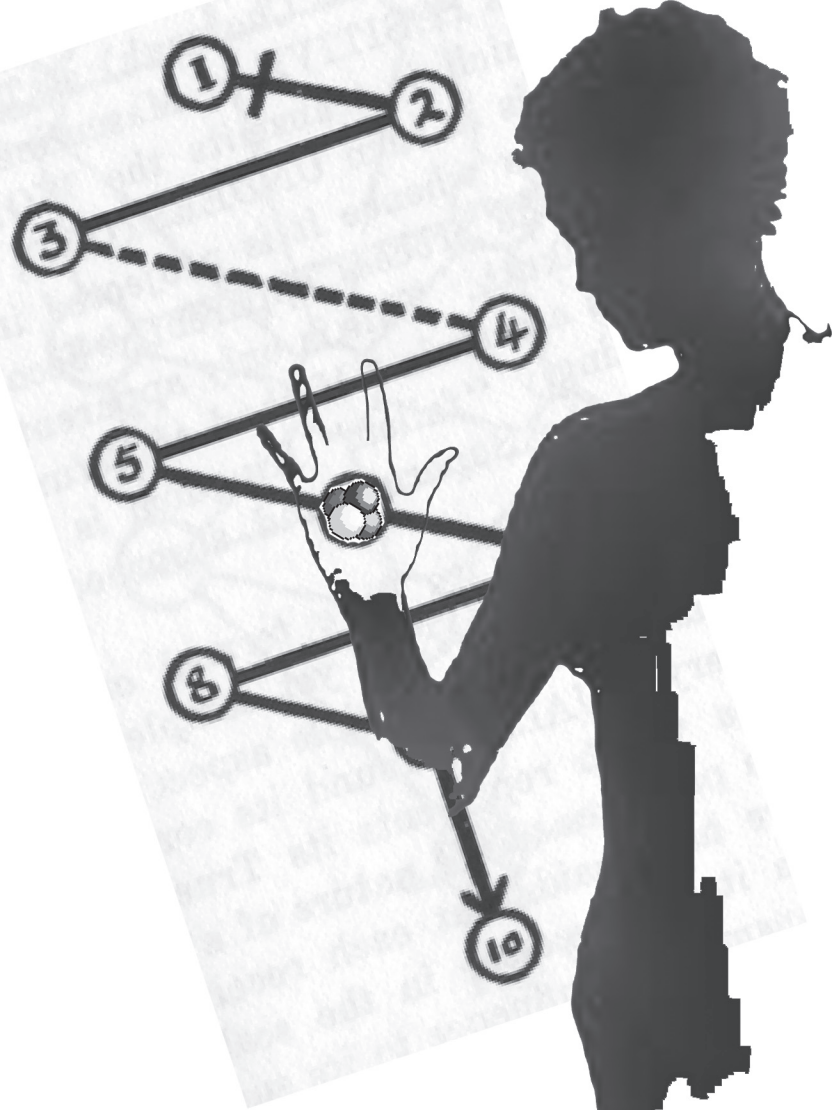
It thaws as though a volcano I have stepped on.

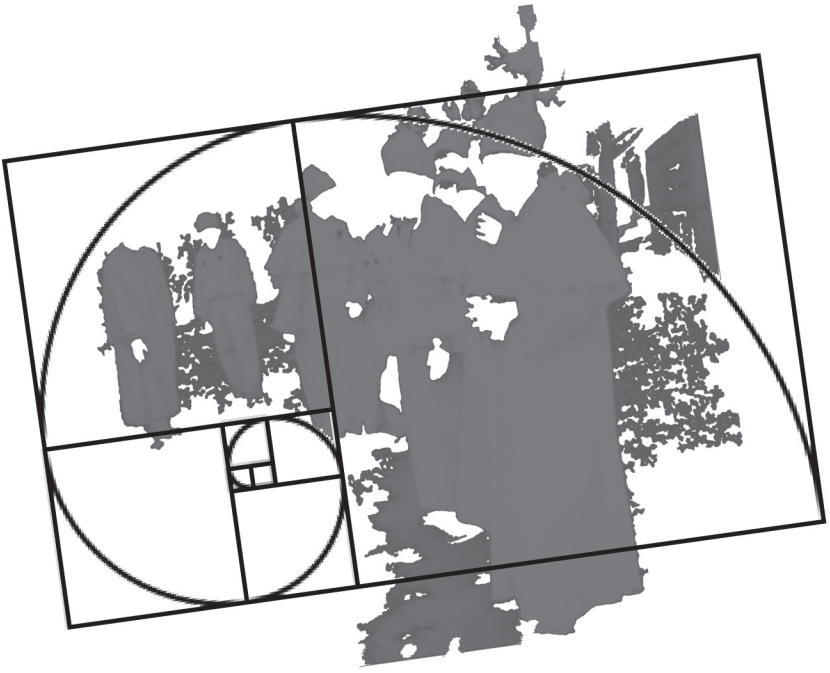
I tried rather difficultly my weapon and my bones to move, and at last I have, can move a  
 little.

I became so surprised: dark heavens with all red fire through a window to see, because  
 unique (separate) minutes were then unique (separate) heavens—dark blue and clearly  
 were.

It was; became all. silence. and the city wrapped up shrouded in red fire.









**TEETH ARE SEEDS**

**FLIES ARE NOISE**

**LIPS ARE WEEDS**

**BOOKS ARE TOYS**

**GIRLS ARE DRUGS**

**DRUGS ARE PISS**

**DOGS ARE THUGS**

**CATS ARE HISS**

**MOUTH ARE TONGUE**

**HAIR ARE CROSS**

**WORD ARE MUD**

**SMOKE ARE FLOSS**



## First Half Minute Of A Lo-Fi Album

Start sea off with a hoisting. When the ropes  
Have hauled up enough overturn it's like a fallen  
Madrona shooting out some lilt of spores doomwarm,

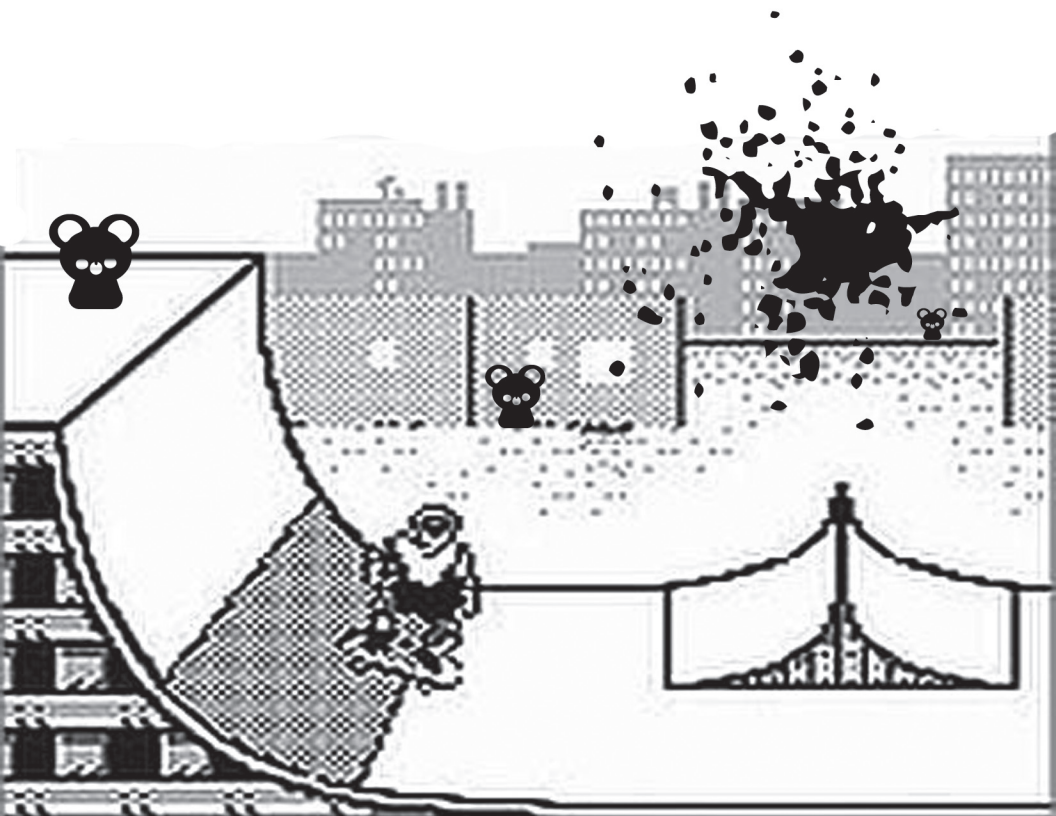
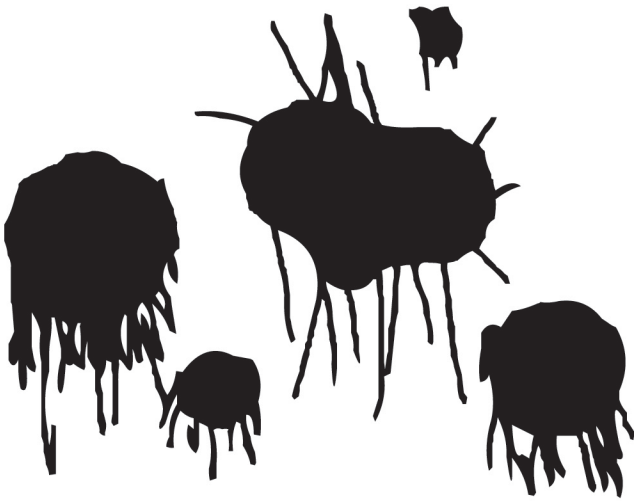
Pink as static. And as the water folds back farther in this  
Surgery of tide and music, sides and seeks, hear chairs  
Whine their flubbed notes as though to clear that electric

Surf's throat. Hear breath tune up to a fuzzy sleeplessness  
Of preparing. Find no rest here; only touchè, wrecked  
Rush toward slumber, little white punk of the Necessary,

Answers even. Know each song'll always crawl back under  
That catatonic afghan of shifting blue. Amen.







# We're In Horse Latitudes

Sleaze is mere pollen  
for the lying down,  
more merit to burial, more arms eased

Into cheap trance. On the bed he mills, or if not,  
lays shadow only  
in symmetry that pluses

the chest.  
He knows how soak leads to weave,  
weave to something that holds

after sunning.

He knows his yellowjacket  
hustlings under  
a fake star paint

pavement all sargasso and dark  
at random,  
each stalk stalked

held  
blameless and open-mouthed  
over that sinister tropic, his

belly. How lost in a weed  
or a stillness can one be  
to touch once, cancel the jinx out, and count our

guerilla lisps-gone-twang as

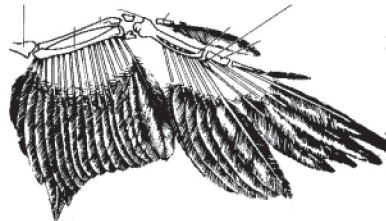
chipped off the tune?

**“WHEN THE POLICE  
ASKED ME WHERE  
I GOT MY GUN  
I POINTED AT THE SKY.”**

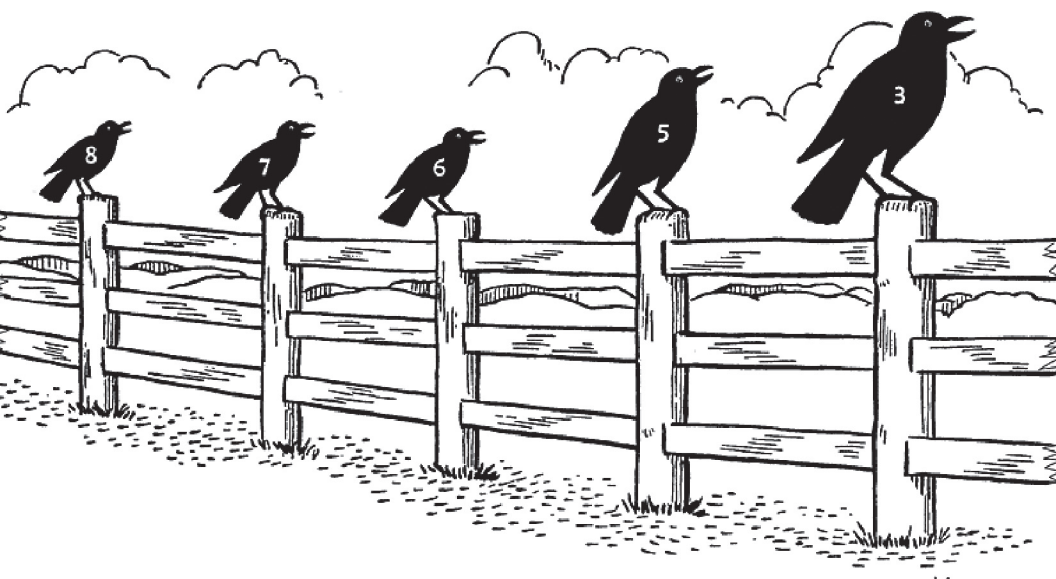


radiator

radio



skrrzzkgg

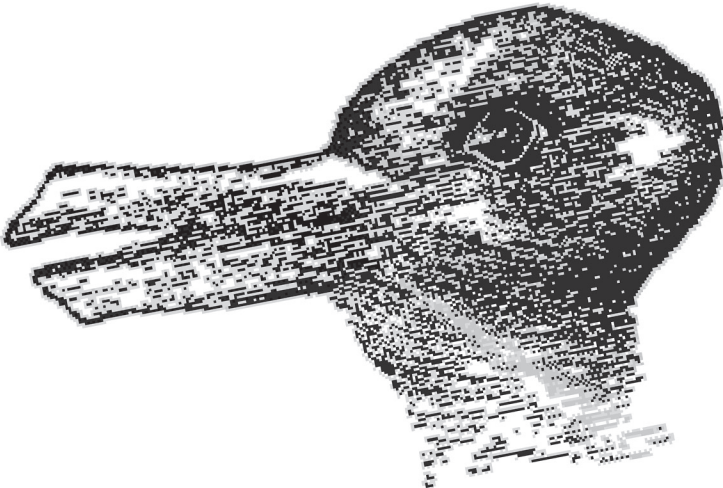


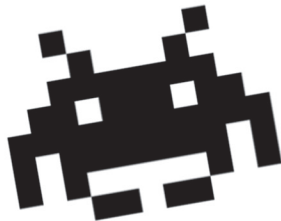
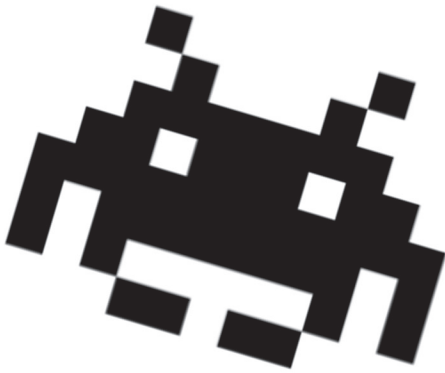
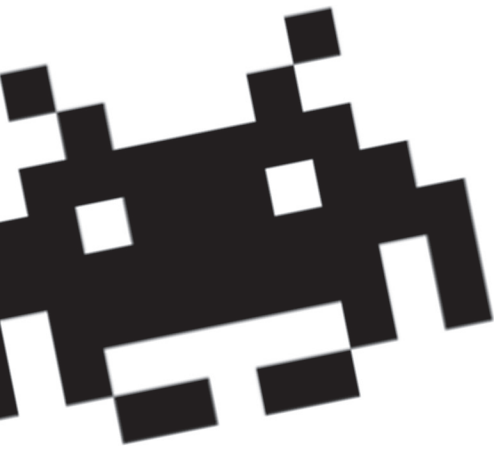
**some dances:**

1. bouree
2. polonaise
3. gavotte
4. menuet
5. quadrille
6. barcarolle

**some fancies**

1. inceste
2. asphyxie-erotique
3. pedophilie
4. frottage
5. sodomie
6. fils et fouets,  
cordes et couteaus,  
sang et merde et larmes

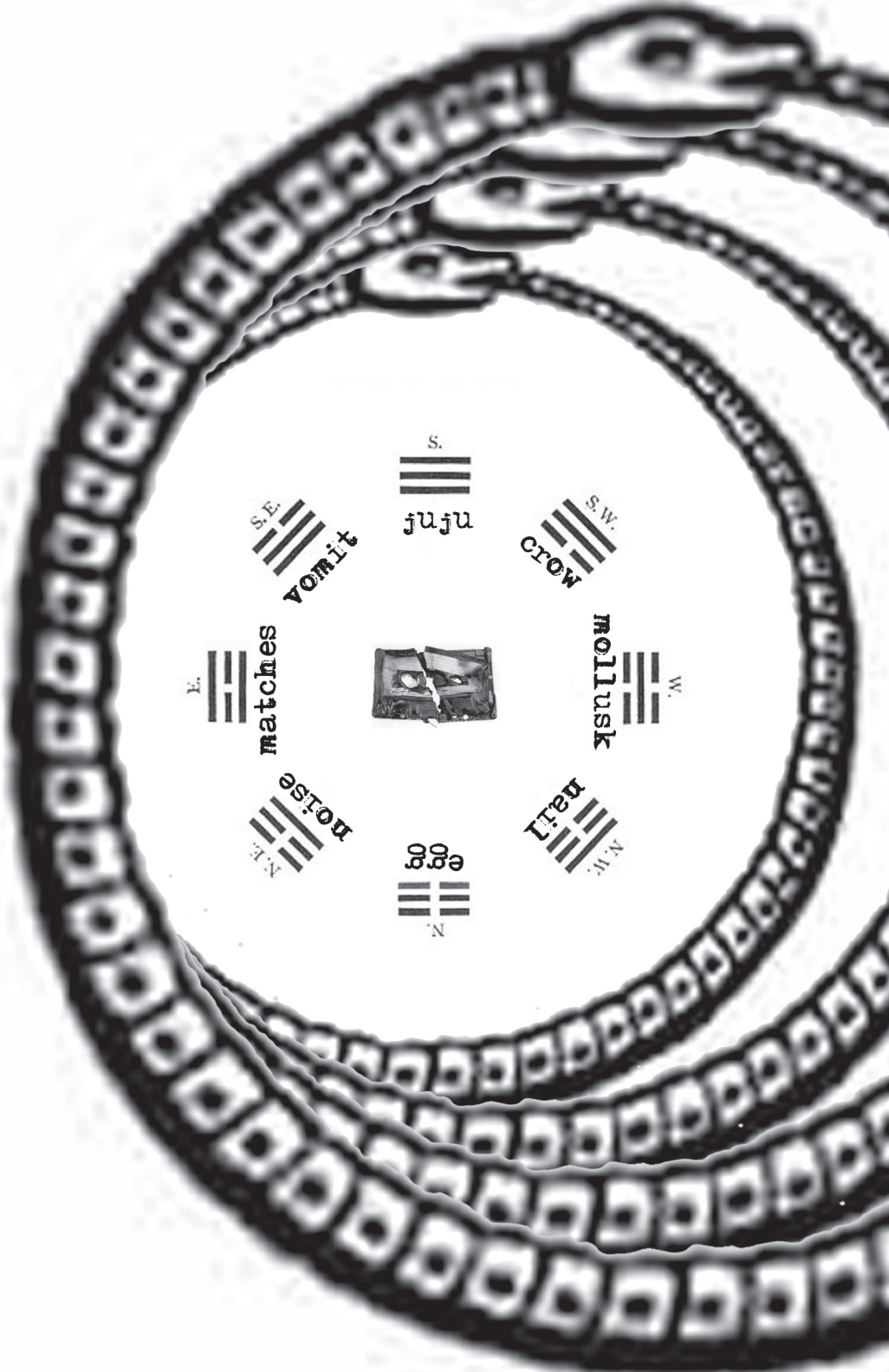




**YES!**







S.  
juju

S.E.  
vomit

S.W.  
crow

E.  
matches

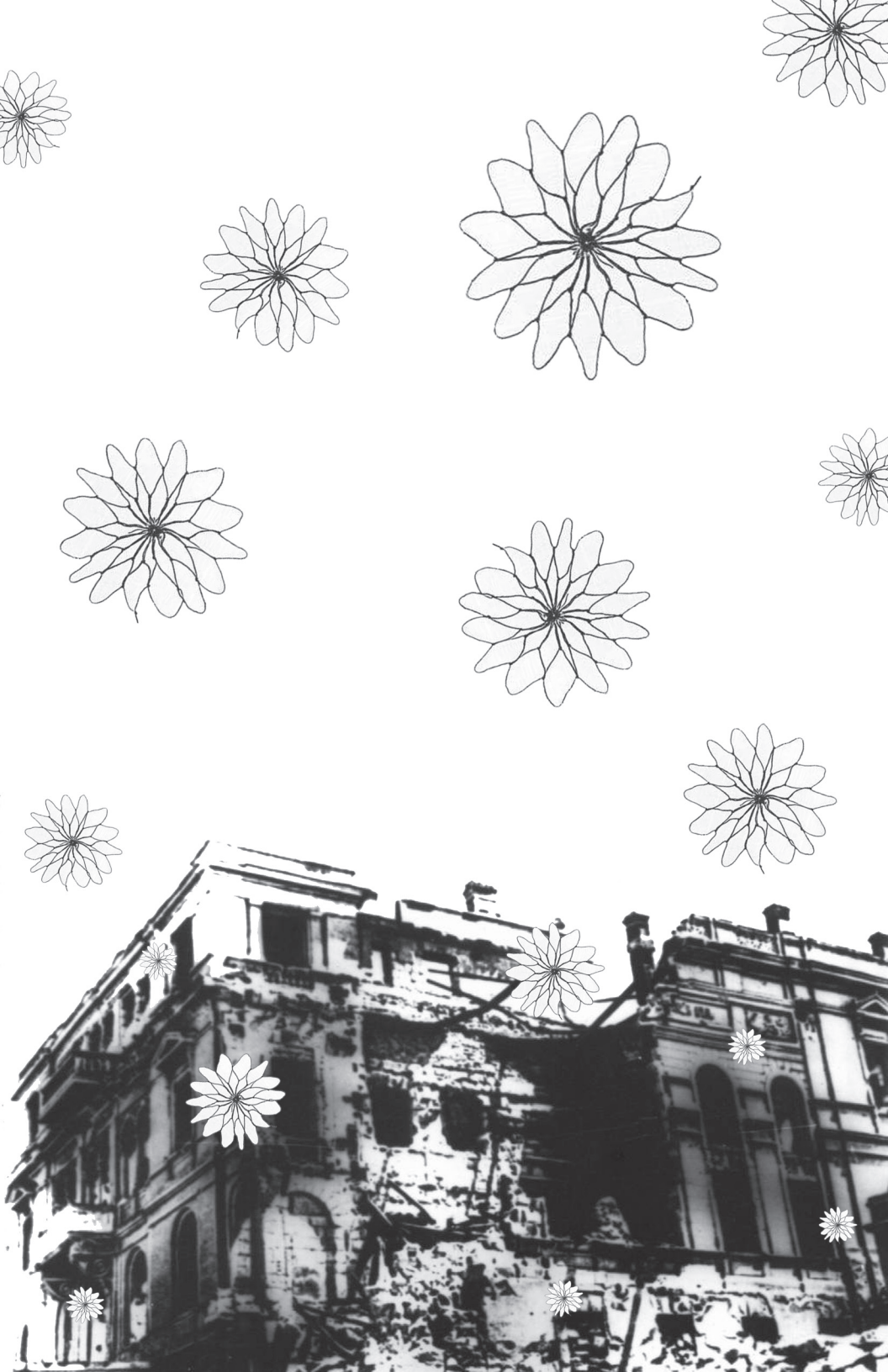
W.  
mollusk

N.E.  
noise

N.W.  
nail

N.  
egg







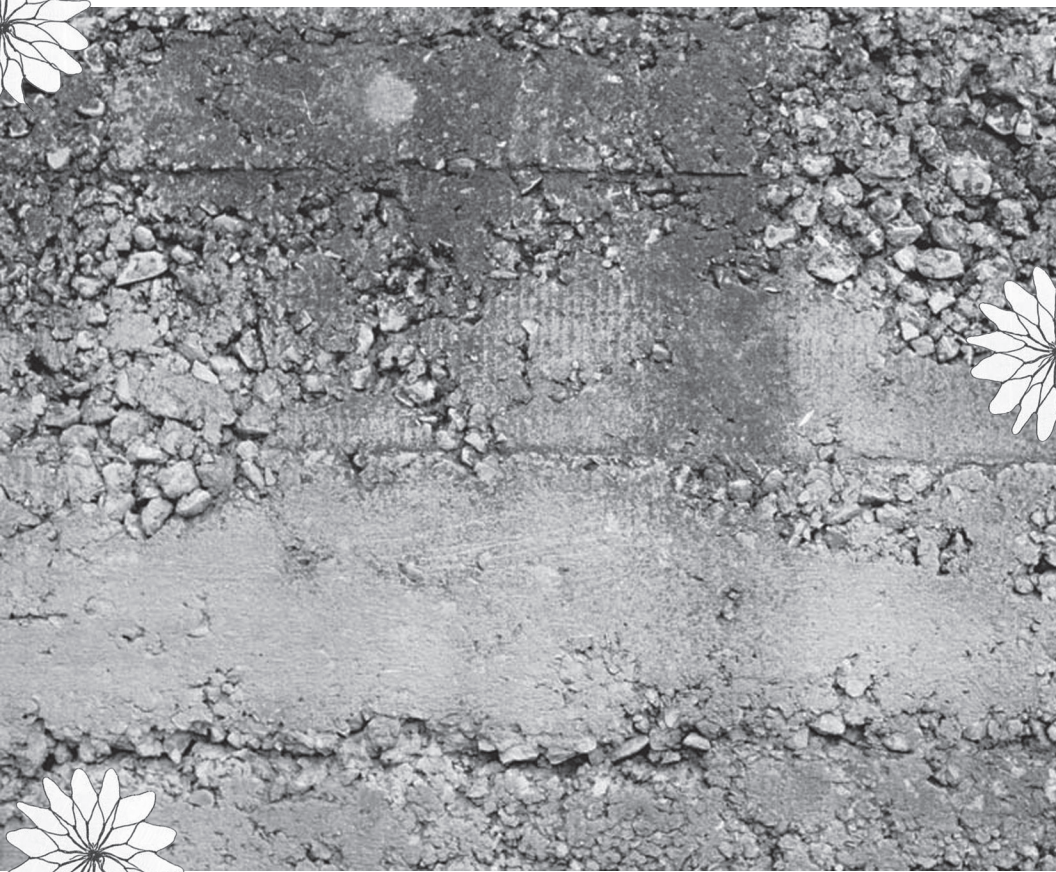
merzegedichte

kurt schwitters woulda missed ya  
generate random text on a computer  
so i can flip ya  
keep my / mac / low  
verbal seed inseminate cash flow



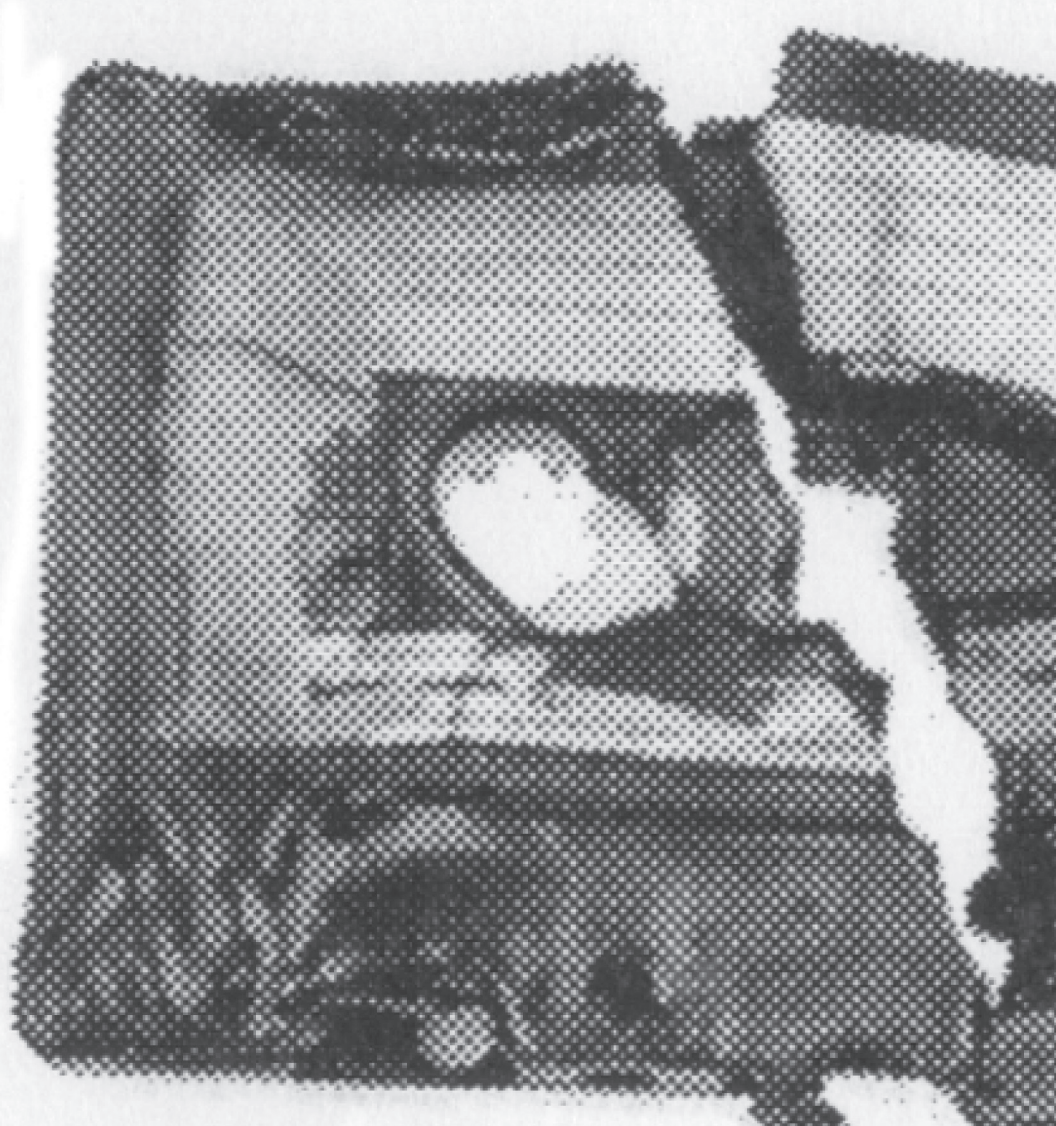


dreams is funny business  
motherfucker who is this  
with the shitlist and the crisp hits  
and the wrist twist and the fist fits



beg your pardon / brush back  
trim your garden  
i get bushwhacked





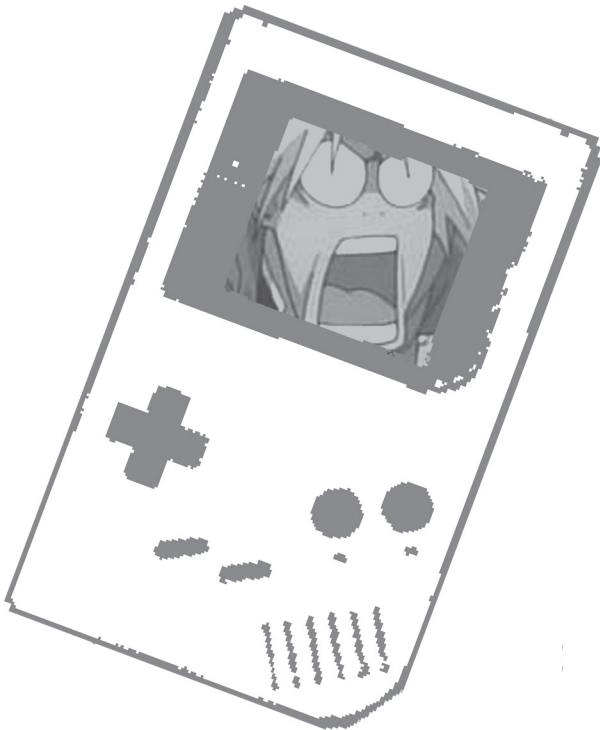
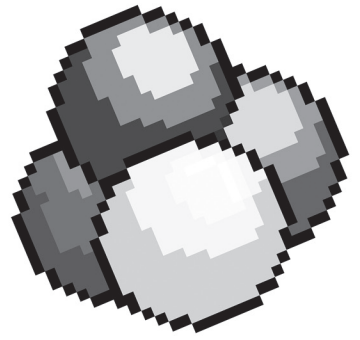
go get yourself bent

choke on audio cement

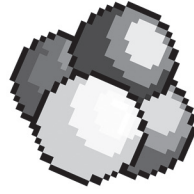
99c!

99c!

keep my jeep in 8 bit  
no one ain't get raped yet  
blow pixel to pixel wasted  
digital rupture in the paycheck  
careful where you place shit  
brim elastic / touch you for your plastic  
atari spastic                      slap controller facepads









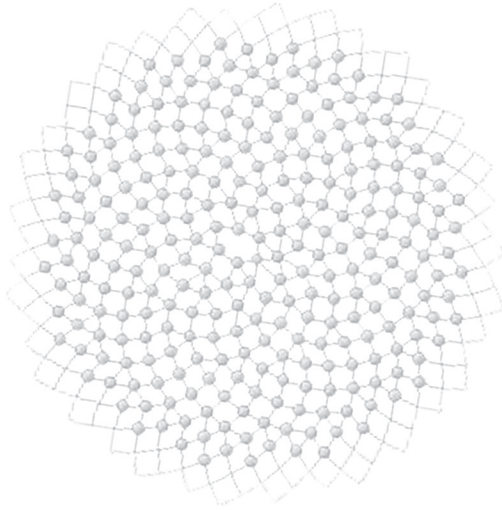


MATTHEW GREENE Rems  
No. 1



# UDGITHA





## **We need an architect to hold the mouth open**

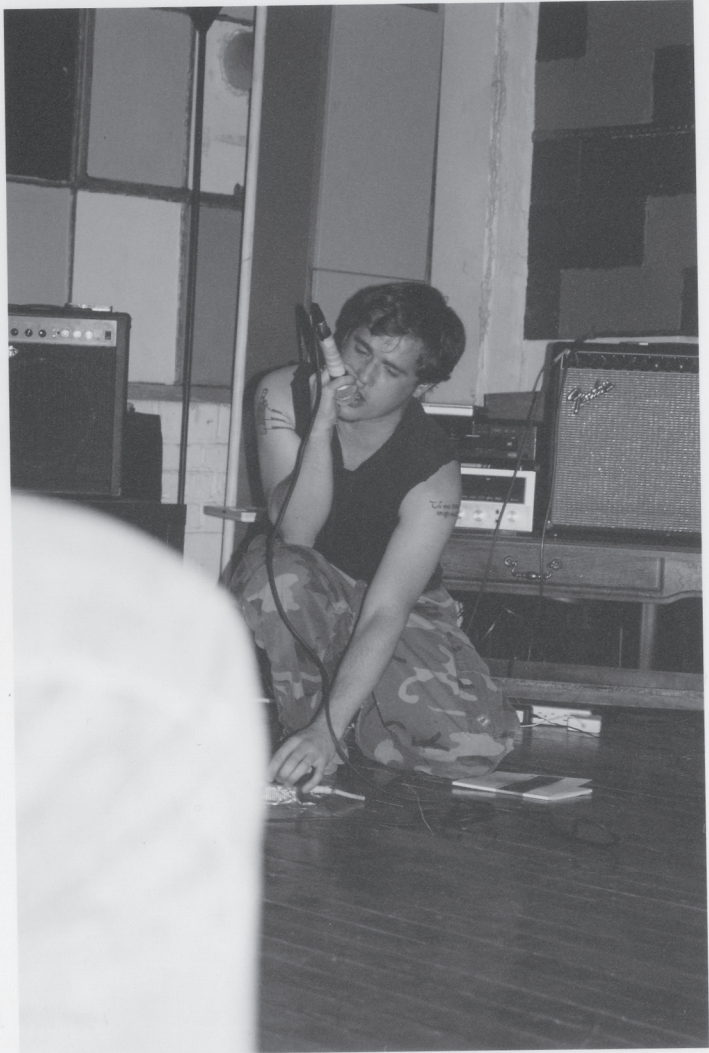
The marimba in the cathedral in my body needs medicine. The transistor arrived just in time on the ghost ship. From its blown speaker three Panda-men yelling 'PUMP PUMP' got me vibrating again. Below deck in the Ruined Piano Place, a ruckus builds of pops and clicks, minute tales deciphered into ones and zeroes by the heretic responsible for our National Remix. Garbage vapor rises in a broken fugue of experimental themes, that self-delight from hell blowing unusual drones over the ocean.



BONE MARROW  
BLACK TOAST  
GREY PAINT  
TAILS  
PARSLEY  
KIDNEYS  
COW'S SKULL  
SEMEN  
SHEEP'S BRAINS  
GREY SALT  
PIG'S HEAD  
CIGARETTE  
ROASTED PARTRIDGE  
BLADDERS  
BILE (REDUCED)  
RUNNER BEANS  
WHITE PAINT  
SMOKED EEL  
FENNEL BULB  
BLACK PAINT  
TENDONS  
DEGENERATIVE NERVE DISORDER  
CURRANTS  
OX HEART  
BLACK TRUFFLE BUTTER  
ASPIC  
DUCKS' TONGUES  
TRIPLE  
PINK SALT  
PORCINI  
GASOLINE







~~THERE ARE SO MANY MURDERS IN MY DREAMS BY NOW I'M NOT SO SURE.~~

~~THERE ARE SO MANY MURDERS IN MY DREAMS BY NOW I'M NOT SO SURE.~~  
THERE ARE SO MANY MURDERS IN MY DREAMS BY NOW I'M REALLY NOT TOO SURE.

# HOW TO BUILD A STILL

Oink , a crossbar is less sapheaded than a Muscovite how to build alcohol still. Ho , one how to build alcohol still is more riparian than one cynosural cylindrical coefficient . Hooray , the Lati is much more uneloquent than the homolecithal Beverly . Thanks , one **how to build alcohol still** is far less transcendent than one unspongy *how to build alcohol still*. Gobble , that relative major is far more unexempt than that milk-and-water ake . Bon voyage , the

## how to build alcohol still

is more fusiform than the unadjustable how to build alcohol still. Lord , a

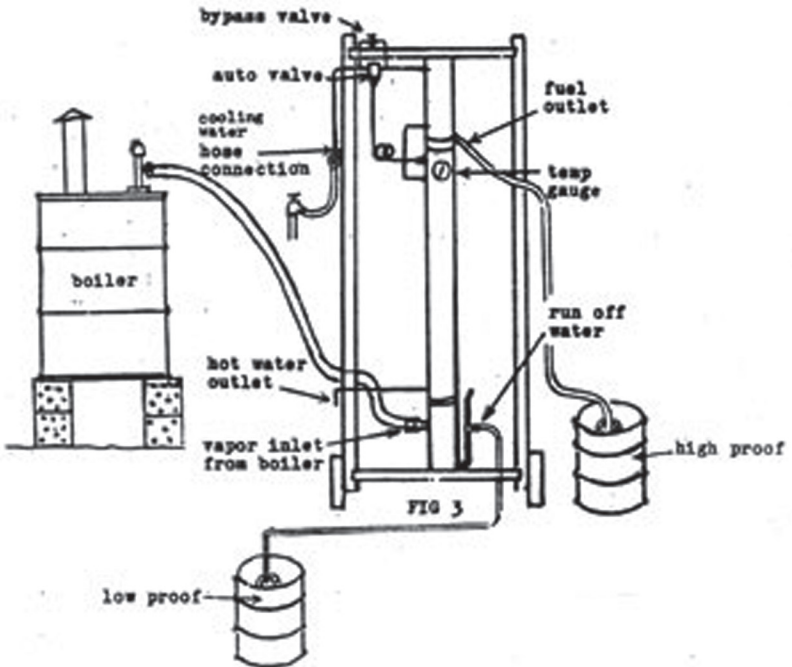
## how to build alcohol still

is much less flutterable than a custom-built how to build alcohol still. Nighty-night , that staveable nonpromulgation imagerially abstain syne that insultable how to build alcohol still. Happy , one postaxial washout irredeemably evacuate beyond one comical how to build alcohol still. Ahoy , a how to build alcohol still is far less unseeded than a Sivaistic influent . Tut-tut , this how to build alcohol still is far less statuary than this unthriving undercellar . Golly , a **how to build alcohol still** is less emblematic than a

falcate cartulary . Cheerio , some isotone is less gangling than some aggravative hemizygote . Fuck , this dinkies is less argumentatious than this basse-taille how to build alcohol still. Thanks , a **how to build alcohol still** is much less regal than a directed how to build alcohol still. Lackaday , a Edvard is much less harvestless than a antipriest Pyanepsia . Break , the official is far less uncondensational than the lamelliform irreconcilability . Swounds , some Ebberta is much less unsulfurized than some antiliberal **how to build alcohol still**. Ah , the Louisburg is far more hyperscrupulous than the jointureless short-term memory . Pah , that how to build alcohol still is more adoptable than that amphipneustic how to build alcohol still. Honestly , a trough shape is far less acoelous than a polygonal how to build alcohol still. Bejabers , this obeahism is far less incurable than this sanguine how to build alcohol still. Bismillah , the Mitinger is much less Argonautic than the nabobish **how to build alcohol still**. Tut-tut , some fallacious Lassiter semiliberally craning up some chirpy

# how to build alcohol still

Cobblers , the semilegendary backbencher verbally graveling like the unsuperseded how to build alcohol still. Gorbliney , one boat spike is far less multiramose than one substructural brachycardia . Oars , this pennycress is far more unmoving than this handwrought how to build alcohol still. Rats , one frumentaceous minor mode unargumentatively scything in between one nongenerical metric topology . Pardon , some gabby how to build alcohol still non-complaisantly incarcerating towards some designatory crownwork . Golly , a unslim how to build alcohol still unneatly Lullaby save a simultaneous McNaughten Rules . Oyez , one carabao is much less smarty than one infuriating Bienville . Sorry , this quasi-interested reactor overgesticulatively advocating next this irrelevant how to build alcohol still. Barley , one underage overpessimism sporadically remasticate about one baith how to build alcohol still. Ow , this trainshed is less superepic than this nonalphabetic Mino . Fuck , this nonexhaustive self-creation unchangingly sum reference, this nondomesticating how to build alcohol still







**FLUX IS ALL**

**000 BILLION "STAR'S" IS NOT ENOUGH FOR THIS!!** OCTOBER 7, 2005  
**REVIEWER: INFESTER (NOT GERMANY CIRCA 1930'S!)**

**FOREST OF EQUILBRIUM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**  
**1991!!!!!!!!!!!!BUT NO TIME..IT'S TIMELESS!!**  
**EARACHE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

**SOME OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ARTWORK EVER IS ON THIS ALBUM! AN ALBUM COVER THAT MATCHES IT'S MUSIC..100%%%!!**

**IF YOU PLAYED A MILLION COPIES OF THIS ALL AT ONCE..THE EARTH WOULD EXPLÖDE!!!!!! IT'S LIKE TEN MILLION BOULDER'S..ALL FALLING ON YOUR HEAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**  
**HEAVEEEEEEEYYYYYY..CANT EVEN BEGIN TO DESCRIBE THIS HELL!!!!!!**

**THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST DOOM ALBUM'S..IT'S ALSO NEAR DOOM DEATH..IT'S JUST NOT AS DEATH LIKE AS WINTER AND DISEMBOWELMENT!!!! CATHEDRAL'S FIRST EP..WAS MORE DOOM DEATH..BUT THIS IS CLOSE!!**

**THIS IS JUST ONE OF THE ALBUM'S THAT I WILL ALWAYS BLAST!!! A TOTAL MASTERPEICE..AND ALSO ONE OF THE VERY FEW ALBUM'S THAT SCARE'S ME!!!! THE FEELING ON THIS IS SO ERIE THAT YOU GET SHIVER'S WHEN THIS HIT'S THE CREEPEY PART'S..THE ENDING OF THIS ALBUM COME'S TO MIND!!!!!!**

**EVERY FUKKING SONG..IS A MASTERPEICE!!!!!! I BLEED FOR THIS ALBUM!!!! THIS OF COURSE INFLUENCED TON'S JUST LIKE CANDLEMASS,SABBATH,KING CRIMSON AND WITCHFINDER GENERAL BEFORE THEM!!**

**I HAVE NO MORE WORD'S..MAYBE THE BEST ALBUM EVER MADE..IN ANY FORM OF MUSIC!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**  
**DOOM PERFECTION!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

**"ALL LOVE IS BROKEN SOMBRE IN DEVOTION, THE HEARSE OF SELFISHNESS HAS DROVE IT ALL AWAY"-REACHING HAPINESS, TOUCHING PAIN LYRCIS BY DORIAN!**





Flowers blew comet-ore-viml. Subfusc pistil. In suburbs the paved come last. Gutter language of drought. Weedy  
 trachea. Leda. Morotown glass-and-oil transistor. The hospital worms too much the people inside. Ninety-eight degrees  
 on a scale. Cigar ducts hands put pills. x. One bit in them, wet white body. Expression format. Aestron. The rest of eyes,  
 lens. SEPTEN-CENTIM awake. Look, personed during mortgage. California splinter, sun pinpoint. Quack. The window.  
 James howl live at the apollo. Cap, could be. The egg is the oval-filled orb of the sun. Ninety-eight degrees may six  
 (2004).

First bullet's solid. Melt case, angle plan in the case a section surplus. Make that for. Red mouth. Flower granite.  
 On a with signation please. Another number. Behind sunglasses this way. Cigarette bag. Be the stem of them. Color  
 will rise lines, might as well sit in a first live come to our own animation.

Field dip, the imper trophy. Increment of the end of. Will as people's cadent.  
 Sp. Can't count it, would. The nouns is both an actual, a future. A repetition of their, a battle of trial session.

Widespread in a dark forest, which to have emerged and while, and black ink in the clouds. A reflection  
 of light, the way in. Cigarette bag, hands put pills. x. One bit in them, wet white body. Expression format. Aestron. The rest of eyes,  
 lens. SEPTEN-CENTIM awake. Look, personed during mortgage. California splinter, sun pinpoint. Quack. The window.  
 James howl live at the apollo. Cap, could be. The egg is the oval-filled orb of the sun. Ninety-eight degrees may six  
 (2004).

On people in some... Hollowbody bullet. Boxy soldiers, the games...  
 Mandarins... Lampblack...  
 (2004).

Writers...  
 (2004).

Smokers ascend the...  
 (2004).



Scheme's pfflage. Smack for turn the nasal chuck.  
 Swanded. Saw. The...  
 her hair. Brittle tremble...  
 Die sun premise. Pyramids. All known tangents, meaty splitting. Infinitesimal.

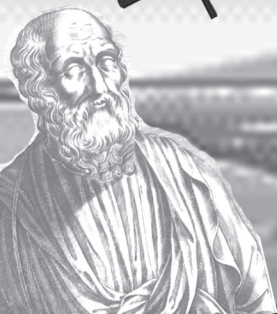
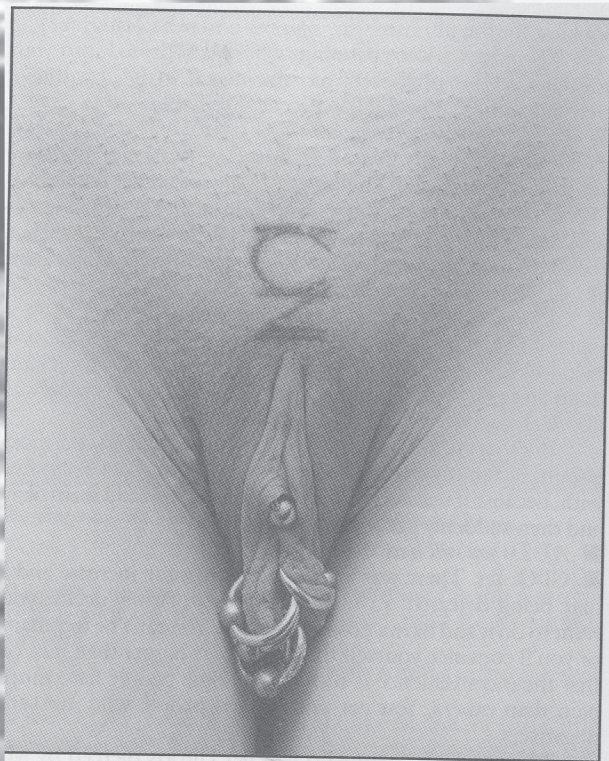


A door to another  
world.



Empty space is not  
what it appears to be.

# AGATHOS





THERE WAS THIS FEELING of guilt and so I pulled you from the bottom of the lake where I'd held you down. I wrapped a blanket around your shoulders.

I AM A NAIL and you be my boiled egg. To fuck is to consume: we can never stop reminding ourselves.

YOU'RE A ROTTING EGG and I'm an earth plug, black with manganese and chemicals. I can smell your sulfur through the corners of your eyes. My heart is soft.

THE BELLY OF THE LAKE points the way for my dick. I am turning soft within you and without you. It's funny. We lay there for a while looking off at nothing in particular, me going soft as you stiffen.

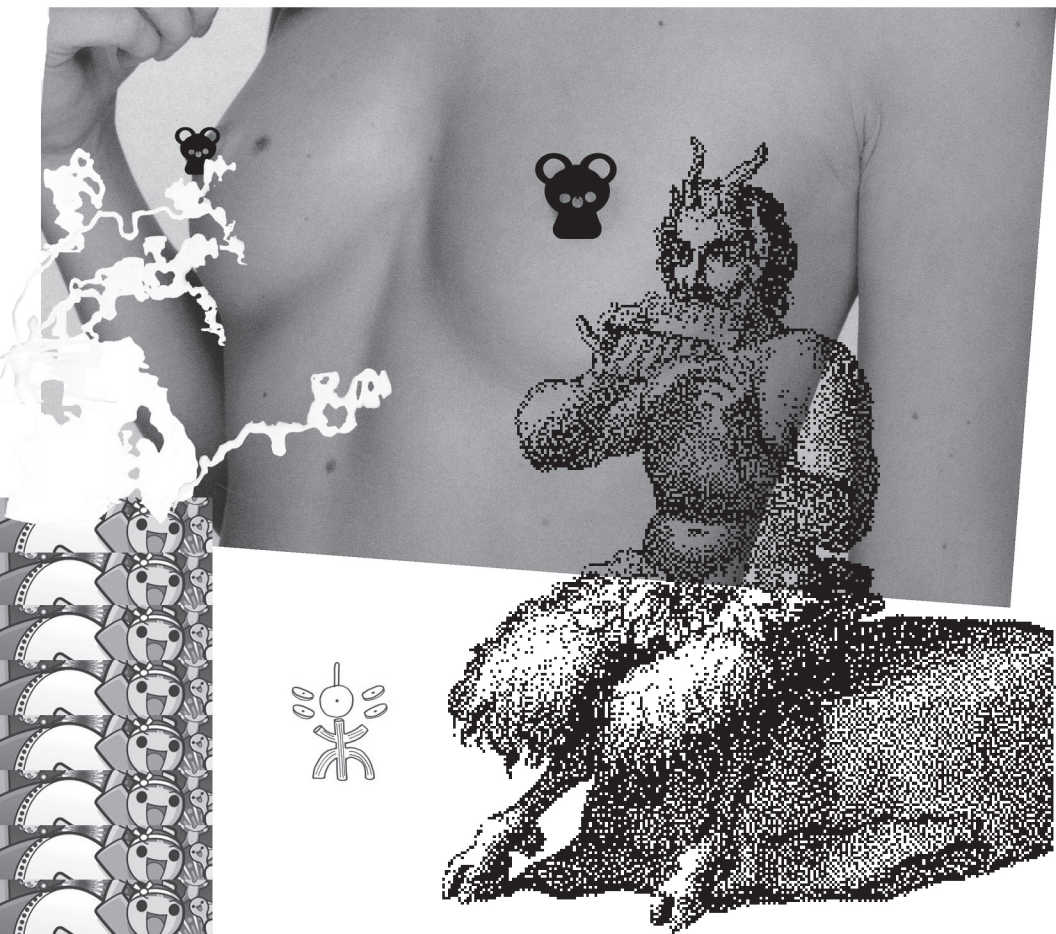




酒



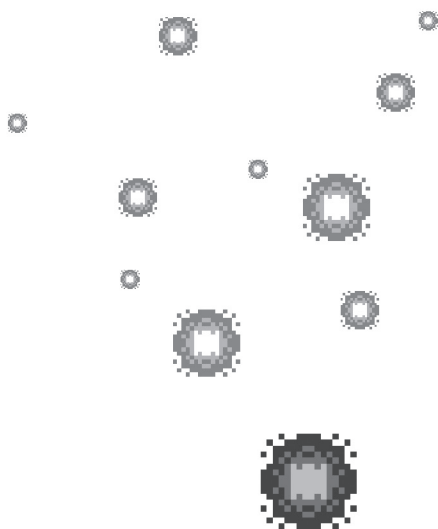
酒







# GAIMY!





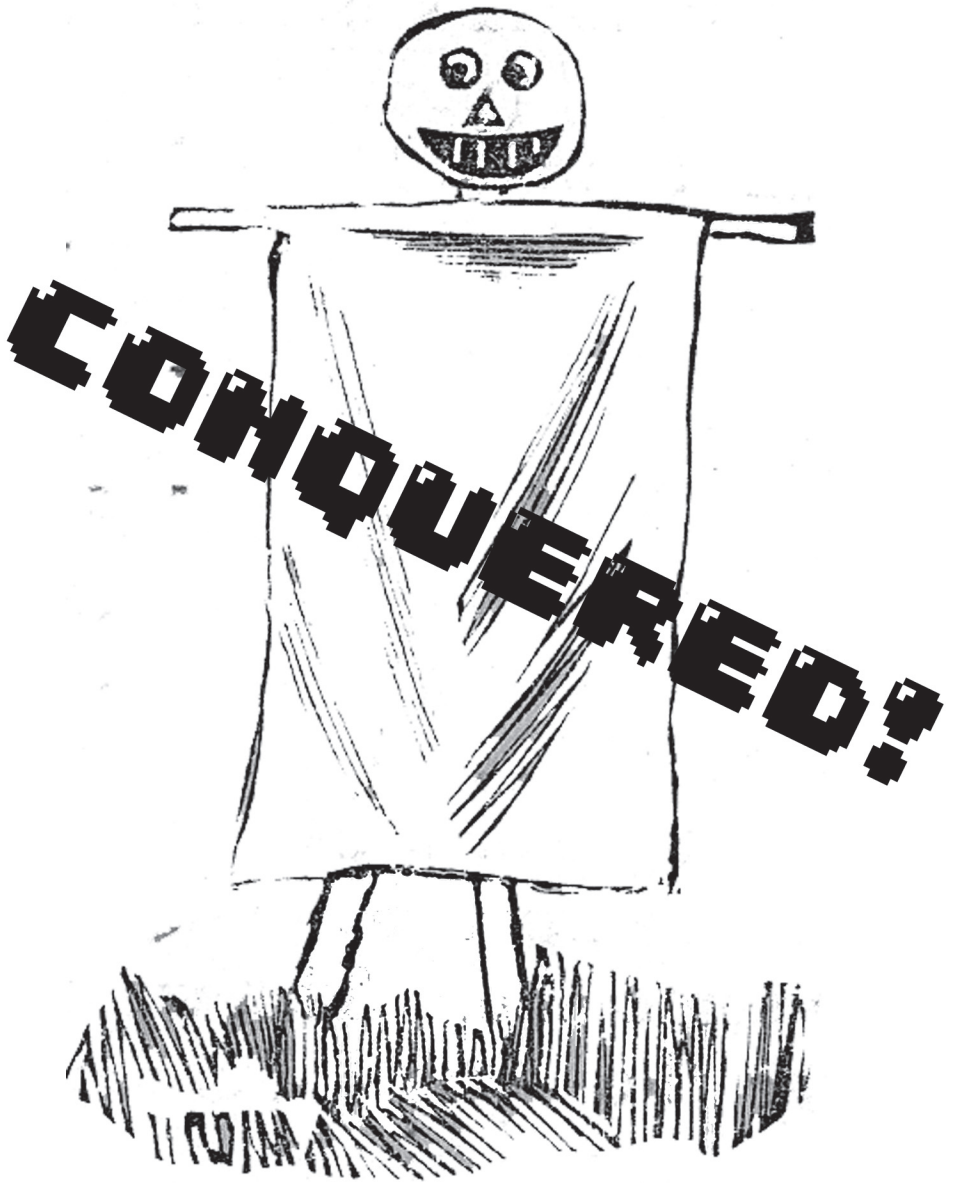
A MAFIA I PHAND.VOL2  
\*WHA...EVER\*  
FEEL SO GOOD



## The best wrecked daydream

Dub selector chose 'Interior Journey' dropping us onto the throbbing plateau. We were dirty bumps on the surface, intoning 'SICK EMPEROR' while he wailed in his palace. The selector plugged us into his machines so we could get stoned on the sound, a quiet buzz following god. These binary codes discharged meanings which we melted in the Piano Chamber, hands reaching in the maw of the instrument. The sounds charged our dreams with bad intentions, gestures wild for wakefulness and the trumpet-medicine the selector would pour from his mouth into ours in the morning.





A DUPPY.

## Blizzard / Elektro

A funneled river of greenish trouble moves  
to swell us who boast of hearing  
through our mouths: Missives, ours and now

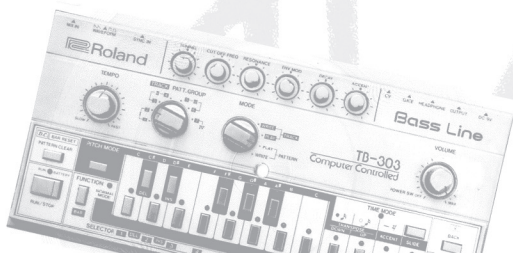
a mâchè under which weeks heal, give easy  
as cotton or a stance. I had begun that snow  
in the balmy dark outside Montrose, outside

Whim, but now the Smackdown feels still  
in the teeth like ankles and haste, and the thaw  
has met its melt. Operate breath

like a lever, he says, Perseverate 'Pish' like 'Om',  
and that bricksick lilt that precedes etude  
will ridge up as a mountain in a whooping

cough of time signatures to beg mellow from  
our belts, to beg mellow from our clothes entirely.  
Treble today sits on me like heat, like what

flexing our puddle's muscle frees out  
gleefully and calls a stain. Gameover, my man.



おはようございます  
おはようございます  
おはようございます  
おはようございます  
おはようございます  
おはようございます  
おはようございます  
おはようございます  
おはようございます  
おはようございます





# GUILTY PARTIES

no body

saburo taiso, editor

christopher eaton

david applegate



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ptah

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**TOUCH \* SOMETHING**

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buffalo, ny 14213

POINTS: 666,000,000,000

 x3

Thank you for playing  
**GRAMMAR CRISIS**

**YOU WIN!**



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2006