

the 12am project

12am project, here

hi i started the 12 am project in the style of a black and white diy punk zine after a few years in indie publishing when i finally got the courage to. the 12 am issue was politically themed because in case you didn't know punk rock often cares about the world. the 1 am project was a dark pulpy issue because frankly those were the collective themes of the submissions i got and this year's 2 am project seems to also be dark which i found interesting and odd and i liked it. we are online and saving paper but 250 copies of each year have been known to float around punk rock shows at dives near and far. also some kind booksellers have us on their windowsills. the print issues include art bonuses from cooper renner publisher of elimae as well as some other amazing talents and print issues also include many fine, fine writers not seen here as well as bonuses which i think is cool and awesome of me. go me. you get extra art. for free. and them. mostly cool of the writers. on this page you will find some of the contents of the print issues including short stories, poems, essays on the history of the punk rock zine as well as celebrity rejection letters. this started because i thought well we need celebrities so i wrote to henry rollins and he wrote me back a note no and i said well can i run the rejection letter. we also have james greer from guided by voices and now detective and some other also famous guy in the print issues. three years is good for a publishing experiment but you can find us all over the place, we are participators. love ya bye. nicolle elizabeth

2 am year 2011/2012

rejection:

Dear Nicolle,

Thanks very much for inviting me to participate in Project November Rain or whatever it's called—I'm sorry if that's wrong, I don't mean to be flip but I've misplaced your note and have a porous memory. Here's the thing: I'm shut up in my stone farmhouse in the Massif Central in France working on... well, I can't really tell you what I'm working on other than to say it's a long-form film adaptation of Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* in twelve parts, and I'm up to nine hundred pages in my second draft. But other than that I can't really say anything except it's meant to be a kind of Berlin Alexanderplatz but as a comedy (though of course there were funny moments in that), because the Burton book is very funny. I know that Berlin Alexanderplatz more or less killed Fassbinder (along with the drugs and the booze and the homosexual sex) but one has to take risks, right? Otherwise everything becomes predictable and unnecessary like the Iraq War or money. Yesterday it snowed and the wind battered the north wall of my farmhouse at speeds reaching 220 km/hr according to La Montagne.fr (weirdly I did not lose internet service despite the storm). Today it is calm but when I trudged out to the woodpile (you have to trudge, because the snow is almost two feet deep) I saw in an adjacent field an enormous uprooted fir tree. The wind had torn the tree violently from the red earth and thrown it into the snow-shawled field the way you or I might drop a sprig of rosemary on the sidewalk. The roots of the tree had been torn with such force from the ground, they were splayed in the air like the ossified entrails of some ancient monster—it was an undignified death, and that made me think about death, and how maybe there's no such thing as a dignified death: whether you have a heart attack at age 37 caused by a rebellion in the blood; or whether you are ripped from the world at age 237 by bad angels; death is always humiliating,



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and maybe that's a necessary component of the process. I don't believe in intuition. Intuition is the end result of a combination of hope and drinking coffee. The coffee available here in my little French village is both strong and of excellent quality, so I am buffeted daily with poignant little stingers of caffeinated hope, and it has gotten to me a little bit. You'll understand, then, that it is with deep regret I must decline your kind invitation. I wish you the best of luck with your project, and further if there were some way I could protect you from rebellious blood or bad angels I would, I promise you, because eventually the world will rip you to scrap for kicks, and while there's something sad and beautiful about that, I've seen enough death in my life. In that sense I very much hope you'll view my rejection as instead an affirmation.

Yours sincerely,

James Greer

essay//Al Quint on the history of the zine. Al's zine has been in existence for 20 years, btw:

ZINES AND THEIR IMPORTANCE IN THE HISTORY OF PUNK

It's more than a little ironic that I'm doing an article about punk zines when I've been doing my own zine, Suburban Voice, on-line only since 2003. I did 45 issues before that, starting in 1982, when it was called Suburban Punk for the first ten issues. That wasn't the intent and I still hold out hope that I'll do another issue in physical form but I stopped making promises about that a few years ago. At least this article will be published in an honest-to-goodness zine and I'm proud to have been a monthly columnist for Maximum Rocknroll since 2005 and a contributor long before that.

Let's go back to the dark ages of the pre-internet era, even before the '76-77 era of punk. Music zines go way back. There were independent publications dedicated to folk music and jazz long before punk happened. They were a crucial method of communication for non-mainstream, non-commercial forms of music that didn't get coverage in the larger magazines or played on the radio. And that was in a time where radio wasn't nearly as formatted as it was now.

I don't have any copies but one of the first rock zines I heard about was Teenage Wasteland Gazette, published by Andy Shernoff before he was in the Dictators. He said he started it mainly to get free records and that there were articles about fake bands, concerts that never happened, drinking and general mayhem. He had some legendary contributors, as well—Richard Meltzer and Lester Bangs, to name a couple.

Lester Bangs was kind of a patron saint of rock journalism. I've been stealing, uh, inspired by him since I started reading his stuff in Creem in the 70s (yes, I'm THAT old). I've purloined certain adjectives he coined, like "flesh-flaying onslaught." That's what he used to describe the guitar sound on the Velvet Underground's "White Light/White Heat" and I've certainly used that term on at least a few occasions to describe some punk or hardcore record that kicked my ass. Yes, I'm admitting to plagiarism. Creem wasn't really a fanzine, per se, but it had a lot of irreverence and covered plenty of non-stars as well as more popular acts, at least in its early years.

Lester would boost bands he believed in—bands like Blue Oyster Cult, Ramones, the MC5 and the Dictators before they were well known. I first heard about Iggy and Stooges in his chapter, "The Heavy Metal Kids," in a paperback collection of rock writing called Rock Revolution that I got for a dime or a quarter when I was a teenager. I checked out most of those bands after reading about them and I was rarely disappointed. The sense of discovery—and it made me want to do the same thing to champion the bands I loved. That's why I started writing. I did a few reviews for my high school paper—one of the first of them was for Young, Loud and Snotty by the Dead Boys but college interrupted all of that and, as I mentioned

earlier, I didn't start publishing my own 'zine until '82. The motivation was the same as those other publishers, I'd imagine—getting excited about bands and wanting to tell the world about them. The free records didn't hurt either although sometimes it's a case of being careful what you ask for since there's a lot of dreck to wade through.

There actually was a zine called Punk, which began in '75. The term punk rock started showing up in the early 70s, with Lenny Kaye's liner notes on the Nuggets compilation of 60s garage bands describing those bands as being "punk-rock" and Greg Shaw's review of the album in an early '73 Rolling Stone review (that I, ahem, can access on-line because I'm a subscriber) uses the punk-rock term throughout. It should be noted that Shaw was also a zinester, going back into the 60s and he was the founder of Bomp!, originally called Who Put The Bomp?, and he later branched out into doing a record label. I also remember seeing Mike Saunders, later of the Angry Samoans, describe a band as being punk rock in an early 70s piece that I just read in a paperback compilation of Rolling Stone record reviews. As for Punk, being a NYC publication, they focused on the now-legendary acts like the Ramones, Patti Smith, Richard Hell, Blondie, Television and the like..

The west coast was a fertile ground for DIY punk and hardcore zines in the late 70s and continuing into the 80s—Flipside, Ripper and Maximum Rocknroll, to name three of them. The latter started as a radio show but started publishing a bi-monthly and later monthly zine in 1982, and that happened at almost the exact moment when hardcore punk was changing my life. MRR was a godsend to me. There was some great college radio around here and that's where I first heard many of the bands I love to this day but zines like MRR opened up the world beyond Boston. Scene reports from around the country and overseas and the classified ads in the back got me started on writing to people all over the US and around the world, trading tapes, records, zines, flyers and the like. It was a cultural exchange program. I was working a shit bank job at the time and there were few things I enjoyed more than getting home at the end of the day and finding a bunch of packages leaning up against the mailboxes. Doing my own zine (as with all of my musical pursuits) provided a welcome release from my miserable day-to-day existence and was an outlet where I could share my musical passions and other musings with no interference from anyone else. Zines were sprouting up everywhere, some better than others, of course, and I've got boxes of them. A historical archive and you can see all of this unfolding in real time. It's a trip to pull out an issue of MRR from '83 or '84 and see interviews and articles about bands that have become "legendary," just as they were getting started. Real, honest-to-goodness source material. I know an increasing amount of that information is now archived on the internet but it's still not everything and I'd much rather hold it in my hands than look at it on a screen. An aesthetic preference, no doubt but, as I said, I AM that old. I also used to make the argument that you couldn't take a computer into the bathroom with you to read an on-line zine, although that might not be true anymore with the expanding usage of PDAs, iPads and the like. But I'd have to say the consequences are far worse if you drop one of those things into the toilet instead of a zine.

Getting back to the historical part of our programming, as punk and hardcore became more segmented, different zines would cover different styles. Schism covered the burgeoning late 80s New York City hardcore scenes, with a slant towards straight edge. Zines such as Profane Existence, with its slogan "making punk a threat again," still deals with punk in a political/sociological context. So did certain zines concentrating on skinhead and oi music, only their politics veered towards the right—sometimes into rather sketchy territory. Heartattack had few photos, instead concentrating on expressing a point of view and not as concerned with the visual aspect. There were different ethical standards—Heartattack wouldn't review records with bar-codes. MRR didn't even HAVE a bar-code until recent years and that may have been viewed as something of a betrayal

I like having the best of all worlds—the internet is awesome. It's a hell of a lot easier to find out about music now—you hear about a band and, in a few clicks,

you can hear their music on various sites, even download stuff. With so much music out there now and records getting so expensive, it makes sense to be able to check something out before shelling out \$10-15 for an album. But something's lost in the process. It's a double-edged sword, to use a cliché. There's no way that digital media files will ever replace the thrill of throwing a record on the turntable and, yes, it DOES sound better. And I've made a point of refusing to review digital copies of music. Give me the record or even the CD or I'm not doing a review because I want the total package—lyrics, inserts, artwork. It's the same with a zine—I'd rather sit back in my recliner and lose myself in a good zine (or book or any printed publication) than stare at a computer screen all the time. Sure, internet archives are quite useful for research, as I proved with the Rolling Stone anecdote earlier. And I have an iPod and love having over 24,000 songs at my fingertips and the portable nature of it and all but if there's something I really like, I'll always try to get a physical copy.

Technology made it easier for me to produce my zine and the last few print issues were done completely electronically. I was even able to make it look cut and paste by being creative with the Adobe Pagemaker program I used. In the early days, I had to come up with creative ways to produce my zine for as little money as possible. The first two issues of SP were done on a xerox machine at my dad's office and a grade school ditto machine, respectively. For a time, I had a friend with access to a high-speed xerox machine at a government agency and, for four issues, he ran off 500 copies of my zine for under \$100. And it was real cut and paste, not simulated. Oh how I loved the smell of rubber cement in the evening. As an aside, I wouldn't recommend doing your layout while drinking beer as the cement odor lingers in the air. I did that one time and it still came out OK but I think I was lucky.

It's obvious that the print zine has been on the decline for several years. Blogs can convey information on a timelier basis and, of course, there are lower costs involved without printing it. If you're just doing a zine as a hobby, it's much easier and you don't have to worry about distribution, shipping, getting paid, etc. It's not exactly news that book stores are going out of business and there are fewer retail outlets that carry zines, as it is. There used to be an all-zine shop in NYC called See Hear that eventually went out of business (and owed me a lot of money but that's another story for another time).

I hope the printed zine will never completely go away and I don't think it will. I still look forward to MRR showing up each month and leafing through it, finding out about new bands or learning about ones that had escaped my notice—then I go on the internet and try to check out music by those bands that have piqued my interest. As I said, the best of all worlds...

-Al Quint

fiction:

Such are Queens

It was the summer of false starts.

Her bike got stolen before she had a chance to get in shape.

There was a dinner with this one guy, a night of drinks with another guy, the downward spiral of post-date texting with both, until she couldn't even remember either of their names anymore.

Work was the same. She was happy to have a job when there were so many unemployed people around her. She read the papers. She was no fool.

Her parents religiously reported on their health scares to her, but even those didn't go anywhere, not that she wished death on them.

She couldn't finish a book she began reading, all of them boring, offensive to her education level, oversexed, or irrelevant to her existence.

She walked out of two summer blockbusters in a row, tossing her 3-D glasses in the garbage as she huffed out the door, and never returned to the cinema again.

She went on one of those cleanse diets, placed an online order for mysterious packages of green juice to show up every morning at her front door, and then ate a cheeseburger the next day.

An old college roommate was in town and she was supposed to meet her in the park on a Saturday, but the trains were all messed up that weekend and she was forced to call and cancel after waiting for an hour. She could have taken a cab, but she didn't. Why didn't she? She probably hadn't wanted to see her old friend that much in the first place. Had they liked each other in the first place? Why was it all so hazy?

Her next-door neighbor with the long eyelashes and the Converse high-tops invited her to a party he was having and, instead of going to it, she bought earplugs and slept right through it.

She considered making a to-do list a few times.

She tried on clothes at an end-of-summer sale, but could not project into the future. How would she feel about this tank top in a year?

Her parents offered to fly her to their timeshare on a small island off the coast of Georgia for Labor Day weekend, but she could not bear to leave her house for two days, even though she knew she would do nothing but sleep all weekend anyway, no matter where she was. "It would be nice to see you," said her mother. "But I won't push."

In the fall, she got a new pair of glasses, and then everything changed at once. She was convinced of it. Oh, that's what the world looks like. I was seeing it all wrong.

Her hair had grown three-and-a-half inches.

It was as if the summer had never happened.

She got in line at lunch at the cafeteria and stayed there until she had purchased something to eat, and she finished it all, and remembered what her mother used to say to her at dinner as a child when she fussed over her food: Don't you want to be a member of The Clean Plate Club?

A good man surfaced, as if from beneath the earth, so foreign was this idea of a man sticking around.

She got a new boss who saw her potential.

She bought a pair of shoes off the internet, and they fit perfectly.

And then she found out her mother was sick, a surprise kind of sick. She wept at the permanency of death. There was more to it, though. Her new boyfriend held her, and she appreciated it, but she could not explain it to him. She missed the summer; she missed the haze of it. She longed for the days of incompleteness. It killed her she would never be understood.

-Jami Attenberg

FROM: AURA GIRL SERIES, NO. 2

Someone told me once that you can jump through hoops in your mind. If you lay real still. Supposed to be other dimensions or something. Like, if you wanna see from above and find patterns you otherwise wouldn't see.

What kinda patterns, I asked.

Well, you know, the numerical signs don't tell themselves right away, you have to seduce them first.

I kept thinkin' about that. Seduce them. Somewhere along the way I lost the love-affair with numbers. Same as the auras. Guess it was other people gettin' in the way. You have too many depressing conversations with people who have depressing problems and all a' sudden you're walkin' around in a haze of energies you didn't ask for.

I know what you're gonna say, you're gonna say I'm crazy. Like I buy into quack medicine or some sorta planetary substance healin'. I just made that up, but I bet it exists. No, I ain't into that. I'm just sayin' I'm not crazy. But I believe in dreams and I believe that somethin' used to happen to me until it didn't.

Like, you know a moment when something seems to lift, like you're standin' in the middle of somewhere crowded and everything goes quiet. Kinda slows down? And all of a sudden it's like you're back somewhere even though you didn't know you left. Like some power got into you and colors seem more real, brighter? Somethin' clicks and you stand real still until something happens.

Maybe your phone rings or your lover says, hey, what's wrong? What are you doing? What are you thinking? And SNAP you're outta there. You're back in the haze.

Don't ever tell anybody what you're thinkin' by the way, cause they won't get it. In fact, they will stare at you with a blank face, mouth open and say, Huh, that's interesting. You know, INTERESTING. Then move on to some mundane topic like what do you wanna do next weekend?

What I'm sayin' is, I believe in the switch. In the brain bein' lifted to something else all together. And I've lost that.

Anyway, so someone was tellin' me about how you can jump through hoops in yourmind. And I tried. And then someone kept goin' on and on about how they loved someone who didn't love 'em back. This is what I mean about people gettin' inyour space. Cloudin' things up.

When I was a kid I used to talk to myself. I'd steal my mom's liquor and open the window of my room and stare at the reflection. Sure enough that girl on the other side is waitin' for me to talk to her again. Hoops. You can jump through.

Somehow I lost it. And numerical seduction is just the beginning. I know what you're thinkin'. Go ahead and think it. You're dull and I wanna get rid of my body. That's what I mean. How many times have you avoided that Other self? I'd talk to her and drink my mom's liquor and laugh until I fell asleep. Then I'd dream and jump through hoops. And I'd keep a notebook beside my bed incase I saw numbers written on the walls and I'd record them before they disappeared.

But today, my friend kept talkin' about how someone she loved didn't love her back. And I felt a pain somewhere because once, I thought someone had reached the numerical capacity to seduce whatever words he wanted from my mouth. I wanted to tell my friend, It's useless. Most the time, people don't know the first thing about jumpin' through hoops.

-Shannon Elizabeth Hardwick

(I woke and she was gone. She was my pillow. But now I had no pillow. The bed was not a pillow. It was not hard, but having the girl be my pillow made it easier. I'd been alone since I was seven. I was okay alone, but I wanted a girl. I wanted a girl to breathe into. I wanted a girl to breathe into me. I wanted a girl to breathe me in. I wanted a

girl beneath me. The softness of a girl beneath me. The hard angles. Her being. And the smell of her. And the terrible scratch of her hair on mine.)

-Ken Sparling

The Hater's Club

At the ice cream store, a kid is staring at me with chocolate melt running down his lips and chin, mouth hanging open like a grotesque trapdoor. His eyes are huge, bark-brown olives. Worst of all, he hasn't blinked once.

I study my napkin for a solid two minutes. Looking up, I see the kid's expression hasn't changed a bit.

His head is oversized, a boulder atop his spindly neck and arms. I imagine taking a baseball bat and swinging, hearing his cranium crack.

I read the sign that lists flavors and prices. I look at my fingers and notice there's gray gunk under most of the nails.

When I turn back around, I see that ice cream's pooled around the kid's neck, but he's still ogling me the same way.

I think; Okay, let's do this.

I stare back. I do it until my pupils dry out and sting.

He still hasn't blinked.

I sneer.

I wiggle my eyes.

I go cross-eyed till I'm dizzy.

I stick out my tongue

I flip him off.

He just stares.

It's starting to get monumentally creepy.

His mom must be constipated, because she's been in the can a while.

The Asian guy behind the counter helps in the sherbet section.

I need someone to see this— the bizarre kid who won't stop staring.

Oh, wait. What?

I've been so distracted by the gawking going on that I haven't realized until now that he resembles a guy from high school named Oliver Pratt.

Oliver and I were in the same Hater's Club: he hated me and I loathed him. That wouldn't have mattered, but one day while I was in the restroom, Oliver and his buddies jumped me, then stole my pants and underwear.

After that, I bought a voodoo doll that resembled him, with its twiggy cloth limbs and a puffy, hacky sack pouch for a head. I stuck a hundred needles through that ragdoll, concentrating, imagining I possessed supernatural intuition, a sixth sense that could make the pins real, puncturing Oliver's pupils, neck, testicles.

Two days later, Oliver was horsing around on a department store escalator, fell off, and plunged through a cosmetic counter made of glass. He bled to death before they'd even removed all of the shards.

Looking hard at the kid now, avoiding his goggle eyes but taking in the other features, I see how he's an identical version of Oliver Pratt.

This guy is Oliver.

I know it.

I've got good intuition. It's what caused all this in the first place.

When the boy's mom finally comes out, she says, "Oh, Ollie! Look at the mess you've made.

Each night and every morning, I wake with pinprick sensations against my skin. I know they're needles ready to be turned into broken blades of glass.

I stop sleeping. I hardly eat. I see Oliver's likeness everywhere.

Something tells me he's going to get his revenge, and soon.

I know these things.

-Len Kuntz

poems (well it's all poems, though):

Before we knew you were dead
 We called and called
 but you wouldn't answer
 we left mundane messages
 wrung-out concern creeping in
 we thought you had merely exhausted yourself again
 sleeping on park benches in Morningside
 but you weren't there
 you weren't anywhere.

-Andrea DeAngelis

They do not know, but there are thousands trying to finish writing the same book
 before they die,
 before the destroyers of love can go any further.
 It is an ablution with spears,
 a thunder of scrolls unrolling,
 suns colliding with pages. Someone smuggled the arsenal of archangels to
 humankind. It was the first drop in the history of blood
 to strike the earth. The words were an organization of energy,
 an arrowhead of wolves running across the snow,
 muzzles and paws pink with blood,
 breath pushing from between their teeth.

We came to make other worlds, tell you of beyonds.
 We came all this way traversing an earth under shades of explosions.
 This book is only the size of a small rock,
 a summary of 10,000 circular books of the lives of trees
 that were snapped in half in the decimated forest of history
 that was seared,
 and then frozen,
 and then seared,
 and then unsealed,
 and then unfurled.

and then frozen,

Pages fall from the Tree of Life. The Brave Ones collect them. Someday they will offer you their anthologies the way ancestors tossed dawn stones at each other's feet in greeting.

This

Know this

They have set themselves ablaze
so they will not be conquered,
so you will not be conquered.
It was the first drop in the history of rain to strike a human face, long before the first murder,
from which grew a giant tree of blood. This is a man-sized form of a man pressed in mud written by a pen that snares animals of flame, waters reflecting muscles of cloud that flex compassion mercy.

Once there were no such things,
and then there were such things,
and now there are no such things,
but there will again be such things for we have written it thus with our own bone on our own skin. We are writing it thus with our own bone on our own skin.

It has evolved.
Slaves now have their own empires.
Their masters feast to the music of skulls rolling on skulls.
They war against logos with fear,
anti-poetry and propheticide.
Their creed is Mine.
They cut out tongues and smash larynxes, but cannot ever silence the infinity of new birds that have guided the sun from night for so many millennia.

Once,

men hurled boulders to smash earth.
Women dragged seaweed and sand from the shore and turned hostile purple crags into gardens.
We were heliolithic.
The strangest motherfuckers to ever walk the planet,
gliding across ice-plains, punching through glowing lava rock,
singing songs to bring joy and amazement,
making a home out of chaos.

We put leaves in our mouths. We tasted life, and flung histories into orbit, roamed the earth to read the shadows of peoples.
Some slept in the hands of mountains,
some curled against gnarled, towering trunks in dripping jungles,
some on ashes, covered in glass,
some at the steps of blazing temples,
some half-buried in cool sands among scorpions and dragons.

Grammar was the bridge to the ultimate. It was developed by strange, quiet people as warlords built bridges to oblivion with human frames.

As sky-hands braid ropes of eagles and ghosts of suns wander shifting continents
of clouds, resting in
cool towers to witness the miracles of rains' mid-air birth, a poet watches the
shadow of his breath
pouring from the head of his shadow.

It is a word
that is a wind
that we record on clay, paper, and now forms of liquid, energy and light.

This

A battalion of lightning crossing cerebral hemispheres, tumbling down spinal
pagodas, flowing through
the blood bone and muscles of a hand to fling sparks at a desk in the cold cell of
civilization's midnight,
swirling universes built in solitary confinement by millions of pens gripped by hands
of all the hues of
earth. This

A new translation of an unwritten prophecy.

—Patrick Kosiewicz

Return
With each year, the smell of empty
got stronger, so I rarely went back
though it's beautiful

and there are birds
that flutter and feed outside the window
remembering the seeds.

The great room

where dozens
of stuffed turkeys and roasted ducks
were carved.

My therapist
told me it was a white light experience
and people have them,

made me feel
worse but more grounded. It was late,
before bed, and

I sat on the couch
a sudden wave of panic came
my vision tunneled
into the wall
and I couldn't feel my body and I felt
very bright
and a voice
like my echoes
everything is okay

and then
I returned all rapid worded,
and ammonia.

-Emily Brandt

1 am year 2010/2009
fiction:
Open Mike

I wake to applause and announcement of technical difficulties.

What time is it? I ask.

There's no answer. I read the dial of the nearest technician. One a.m.

The audience sits fitfully through several commercials. The spokesman for a line of closet organizers avails oneself of my bedroom's disarray to advertise a set of modular hangers with built-in vacuum seals. A woman in a short silk robe laughs into a phone as she rolls onto her side. Her bare feet slide coyly along the shadow obscuring the required adjustments ar taking longer than expected. I'm rolled within reach of the front rows. Hands extend toward me with autograph books. Voices vie for my attention with praise and congratulations. I try to respond with a right balance of gratitude and self-deprecation.

At a screech from overhead, I'm rolled back into place. I'm suddenly very drowsy. A voice behind me counts backwards. The audience turns to stare into the gathering dimness.

-Pedro Ponce

Young Love

They sat on a stoop in Toledo at 1 a.m.

He asked her what she was going to do with her life.

She said she was going to Paris, Rome, London, Budapest, Prague, Moscow, Bermuda, Antigua, Rio, Santiago, Buenos Aires, Morocco, Cairo, Jerusalem, Mumbai, Beijing, Seoul, and Tokyo.

He said he loved her and believed in her dreams. They got married, had babies, bought a house, got jobs, cared for their parents in old age.

Neither one of them ever went anywhere.

-Kyle Minor

How To Take A Meeting, For The Woman Who Fell To Earth

1) be awake

2) wear clothes

1a) get out of bed

a1) go to bed the night before

6) put a smile on her face, but not too smiley

6a) maintain precisely calculated level of irony and derision in a just kidding (not kidding!) manner suited to responses of the enemy

6aia) normal words, normal order

10) she the (shiny, juicy) apple. be the (shiny, juicy) apple.

?) I am is a construction that occurs in the past and will recur in her future, ad infinitum, ad nauseum, ad infinitum, this hypothetical construction is irrelevant to the context and the urge to obsess over it must be repressed

11, 11a,b,c) OMIT

12) yawn

12b) (see #1)

13) Om...

-Catherine Davis

LOVE POEM IN PROSE WITH THE NAME ADA LOVELACE SO I CAN MAKE THIS ABOUT NO ONE ANYMORE

O Ada Lovelace, you were pretty nice, and I wasn't lying when I said those things about safe here, and the rain wasn't lying when we got breakfast. Oh Ada Lovelace, I rode my bike past the cannery and thought more about salmon than girls. There are thrifts full of mothballed wigs in my heart. People come to save other people and we put tinfoil over the windows. We spackle and flake. We say uh huh and never show. Ada Lovelace, let's go dumpster diving at the chocolate factory. Let's wear Zorro masks and smoke licorice and when the licorice runs out, we'll tell the other person who we are really thinking about. My heart is a bunch of shoelaces stuck to each other by honey. Let's just talk in hiccups now, Ada Lovelace. You just take your glasses off and let the pillow under all of this.

-Mike Young

"You still have to do the title or you could go "untitled" like some fucking art museum."

Flannery O'Connor was gothic. She painted the toenails of peacocks black. A 3-legged squirrel hunts buried objects in my backyard so I suppose I should stop whining about a syllabus and a dropped bowl of cash. My coffee had mold in it this morning, white furry floating Frisbees, but I was like, "Fuck it." Then shot a rubber dart pistol at a tall window. Plastic is all over and it makes anxious. When did I get all this stuff? My back hurts, a cloaking thing off the shoulder. The sky is basically the bottom of a giant gray. Over the holidays three of my relatives "came out." On Christmas day. It was pretty cool, but it sort of took over the festivities. I'm on the wagon so everything is bright and itchy. My mom has pneumonia and a volcano. She makes flag cookies. I don't eat cookies. The stripes of the flag: white, pink, white. What would I send, a flash or a greasy leg of leftover turkey? I don't eat a turkey. A royal, intelligent bird. Someone at a party asked me if you were real. And I said yes you were real. This guy at the party cooked an entire pig in the ground. He was really proud of cooking an entire pig, in the ground. The pig costs \$150. My brother said pig "was really fatty." I didn't eat the pig; I don't eat pig. I did say, too loudly, "Did you stuff the pig's ass with apples!?" No one laughed. I don't make out in bathrooms with guys named BUCKSLAYER (actual name, printed on back of leather jacket) very often, but you have to make this life livable, etc. I don't enter Afghanistan, rules like that. Someone at a party asked me to play poker, but she was tattooed and I never play poker with tattooed ladies, or enter Afghanistan. This other girl entered the party with 4-to-5 large yellow balloons. She danced in circled and sucked on the balloons, the very air. I thought it was OK, I mean her so happy and free, but then she tried to sell us nitrous (2 balloons for \$5) and I then found her boring, another infomercial. Her face resembled a depression in a carpet, something I'm usually attracted to, but with her tired balloon pastiche I just, I mean I, I just wanted everyone to stop trying so much... I mean I don't ever plan to enter Afghanistan, as a life rule. I have rules, or maybe guidelines. Like I always over-tip. And never smear blood on my cheeks. And Also I'll use the right side of the hallway to walk and always get annoyed if others use the left and we do an awkward dance/shuffle/smile thing. Basically if you talk this way, and walk this other way, I'll fucking crush you in a violent red spray of salt!!-that's Flannery's take. Sort of draconian, but you know her source material. Be good or be evil, but be true. I don't drink before noon unless on vacation or in a disc golf tournament, thing like that. Oh wow the sun just sprayed all out like a peacock. Flying in my face. Attack! Tall, tall window. But later a fox will hunt the sun down. A fox that lives in a monastery called the moon. Oh, that is so poetic I am going to kill a 40. What is me? I have to smell my own fingers right now to confirm I am sitting here at this table. OK, I am. But what time is it? Belch like bathroom scale, but who cares? I am alone. And putt better after drinking, shake less, that's why, and I don't enter Afghanistan. So don't look for me there. Look for me elsewhere, please, or just writer. Words Another region/religion/recluse. Listen: There is a cyst in my spine like a bomb. It's called syringohydromyelia, but I just say, Shhhh, sleep little fuse. Sleep now, sleep, sleep, while I awake. OK.

-Sean Lovelace

12 am year 2008/2007

essay:

Zine writers will be the silent movie actors of our time, retired into obsolescence during the passage from one technological period to the next. Like so many before us-the radio voices who weren't cut out to be on television, the actors whose voices were too squirrely to perform in the 'talkies' print media purists unwilling to dip their toes into the simulacra digital universe will be doomed to quaint, cottage industry irrelevance. "Look honey! Its made on a typewriter! Isn't that so retro?" I have a poet friend who told me a story about a recent reading he did during an intermission at a punk show. A youngish girl came up to him afterwards and asked, "Where can I find your work?" He handed her a copy of his zine and she looked up at him doe-eyed, "So, is this like, a paper version of weblog?" He shook his head telling the story.

"I knew the day would come. I just didn't know it would be so soon." We've sacrificed a lot for the sake of convenience, for the sake of "being in the conversation": zines given up in favor of blogs. The ambiance of 'authentic' bars is destroyed by blaring flat screen televisions, coffee shops packed with zombie-like people paralyzed in the blue glow of their laptops. The bright blue digital billboards on the sides of buses sting my eyes. The things that bourgeois people always seem to be in search of: 'A quiet place' 'a bookstore with worn-in carpets, coffee and cats' 'a quaint old little restaurant' 'a genuine interaction' can't be found anymore. displaced by the very people searching the out. The devil blogs from his live/work condo, social-hygenic voyeur: unable to meet women except of Craigslist; unable to eat at any restaurant without reading Yelp! reviews first. I propose a compulsory bathroom floor licking or all citizens. In this Robespierrean vengeful turnaround, the yuppies would all be put to work garbagemen. Framed in terms of the plot of the Neverending Story, we are suffocating The Childlike Empress and have voluntarily chosen The Nother. Sterile, white tiled 2001: Space Odyssey world, interiors silent like the outside, after a fresh snowfall.

-Aaron Lake Smith

rejection:

Nicolle, hi. i am traveling and in some sketchy locations and can't be of help but good luck with it. Henry

-Henry Rollins

fiction:

A think creek froze on its way down, upturned frog bellies embedded in the transparent skin of ice. I turned to see if my concubine was still there. She had turned into an ice sculpture, freckled by dashed of light which made it through the cicadas.

-Jimmy Chen

poetry:

I was elected speaker of the world and my job is to randomly scream in people's faces when they're telling me a secret.

I was elected speaker of the world and I fell asleep for so long I was tired.

I was elected speaker of the world and that's just one more way I am more involved in speaking for other people rather than myself.

I was elected speaker of the world somewhere around midnight and I am going to put my fingers in you.

I was elected speaker of the wrold an the first thing I said was "ouch" because I bit my own finger while eating grapes.

-Sam Pink



Posted 1 day ago

1 note