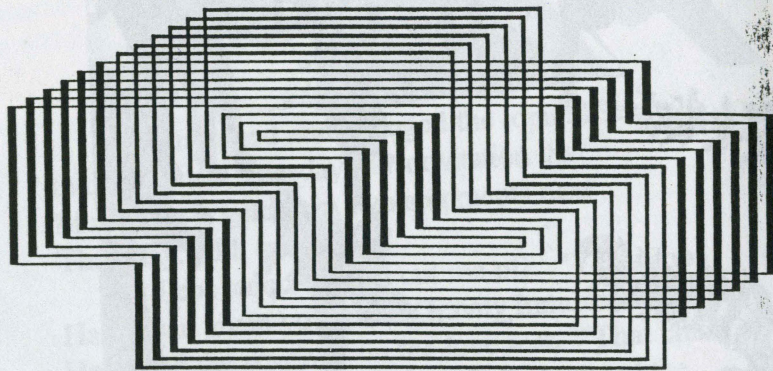
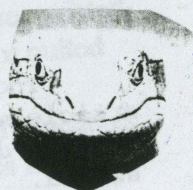


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Issue 24  
Volume IV



72 Ascension, 1942  
April 1996

My Haiku

Inside your mind lurks  
the labyrinth coral caves  
explore the devine

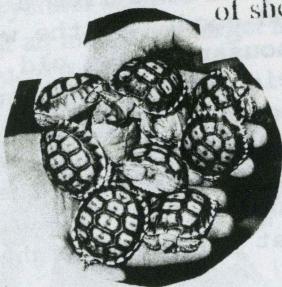
Cephalization

Many schismatic  
seizures and a juicy pile  
of shenangans.



Xaft

Topographical  
zip up in by recipe  
how inconvenient



Singing spirals to  
your mind dreaming deep within  
Ah, serenity

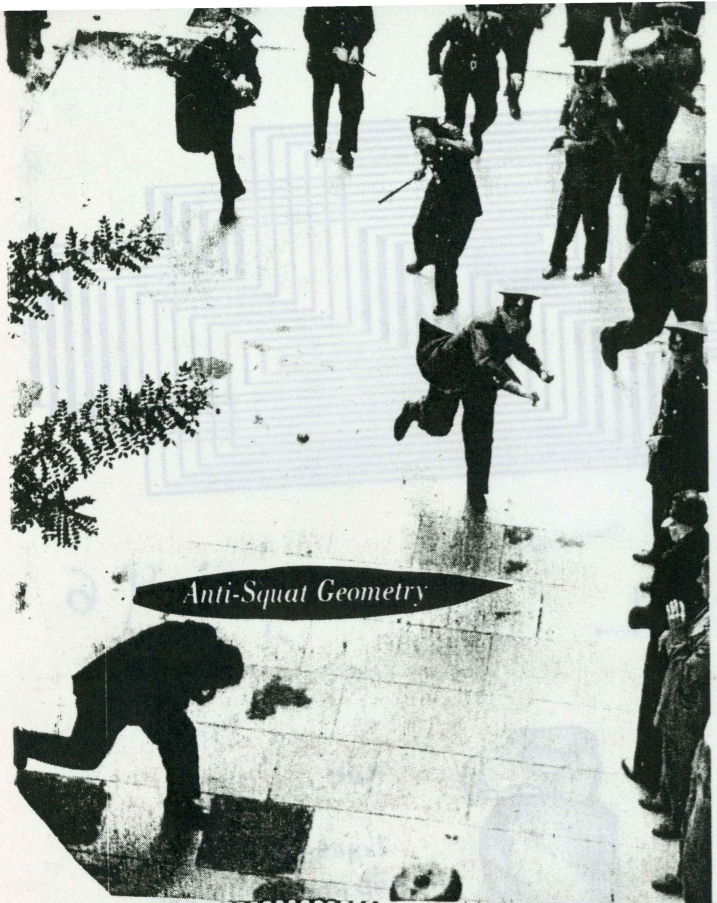
HUM

The hand hits the drum  
flames surge, erupt like a god  
mantis meditates



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Anti-Squat Geometry

Staph Bachs  
 Stay Joviall  
 Super-retro-chw  
 Xaft Minor  
 David Sears  
 Styx  
 Jay Witherfunk

Li Po  
 Allen Ginsburg  
 Samuel Taylor Coleridge  
 e.e. cummings  
 Edgar Allen Poe  
 Langston Hughes

"I didn't come from no monkey!"

by Jay Witherfunk

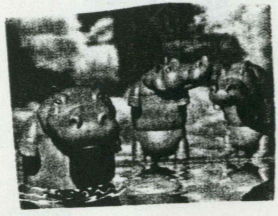
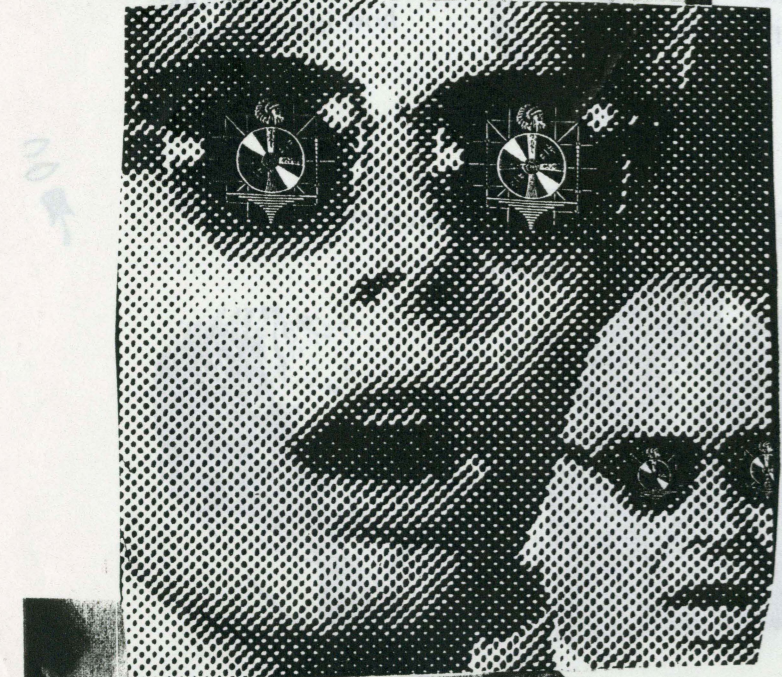
Those to whom I am directing this article will probably not read it. Even if they do, they will not be easily swayed.

Someone once said that the world will always have more dumb people than smart people, but I say that the smart people will eventually figure out a way to make the dumb people's ignorance irrelevant.

So you, and you know who you are, didn't come from a monkey. That's fine and good. So the world is only ten thousand years old. Whatever you say. Scientists are biased because if the good people of the world knew that the history of the earth was incapsulated in one book (THE Book), then they [the scientists] would go out of business. You know, that's quite insightful.

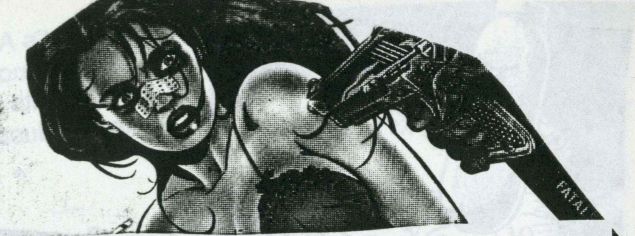
I believe you. I am not mocking you. I am serious. But could you please just step into this box here? It has been engineered by scientists who are completely unsure of what the hell they are doing. I'm going to put you in it and shoot you into space, but you will probably be all right because you will eventually hit the edge of the universe where God will catch you in a big, well-worn baseball mitt. Whoosh. I am not mocking you.

Perhaps tomorrow, perhaps the next day, someone will show you, perhaps someday you'll see with cleaner eyes.



### Can't Get No 'Trane: A Moment in the Life.

by stay joviall



"Couldn't believe that shit! All those energy locusts and perp fiends, man.... kk-razy." Pepe pushed the wire brush in and out of the barrel of his revolver with contemplative playfulness, his mouth bunched up to one corner, his eyes squinty. I lighted a cigarette and studied him as he cleaned his gun. His tie was loose, twisted slightly to one side. His dreadlocks were pulled back in a tight pony-tail.

I yawned, took a drag. "The frequencies were all wrong. If those retro-matrices hadn't opened on the slipback we could've gotten an anti-matter fix and regulated the relocation units." I finger the remote control for a moment. Miles was hornng the first few bars of *hotel* from that French film's soundtrack, so I turned it up.

Pepe shook his head violently. "Fuck that shit! Naw! Fuck it! I'm sick and tired of pulling for the slack of all them clean-genes. Fuck them!" He jerked his wrist and the cylinder hopped into place. He spun it and pointed at an imaginary target in the distance. "P-kow. Dead."

I shrugged and changed the topic. "Sensei told me at last Tuesday's Groovitation that McAlester is getting in two shipments next Thursday. Bill told me --"

Pepe stood up and cut me off. "Yeh. Coo. Has Susan given you those Gravity Innublation seeds?" He tossed the revolver on the love seat. "That chick been puttin me off for weeks. If we don't get the seeds soon, we won't be able to harvest in time for the Holocaust Jam this summer!" He walked to the window and peeped out the blinds.

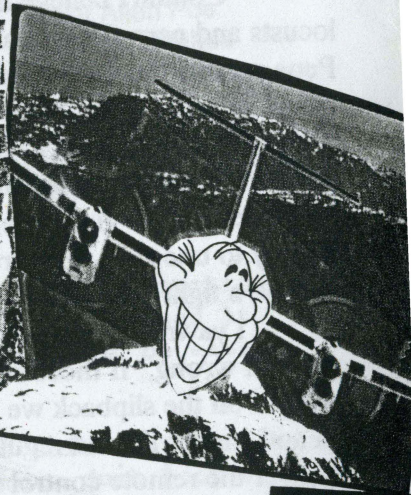
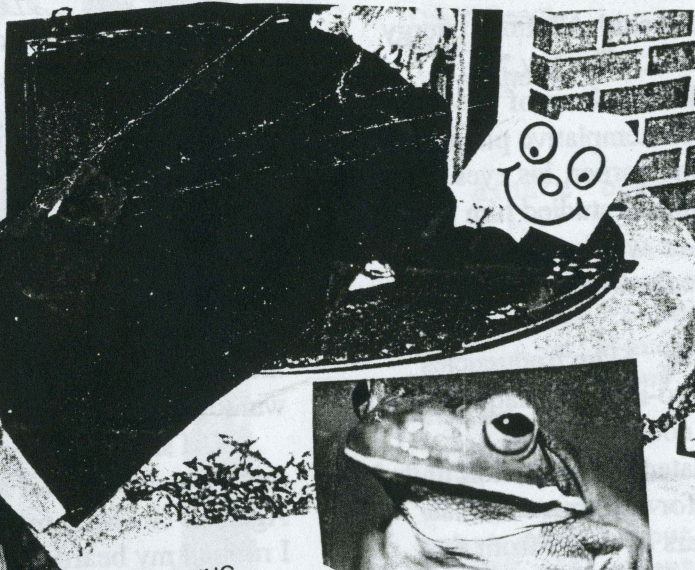
I snuffed out my cigarette and shrugged. "Dan said we couldn't do it anyway. The pH of the Temporal Agitaion Growing medium we've got just won't cut it." I rubbed my beard and laughed. "That's okay though... I saw this cat last spring give a lecture on this crazy shit called sideshadowing. It makes a lot more sense now."

Pepe turned, and a smile like Voodoo bile crept up on his lean black beautiful face. "Don't tell Jennifer."

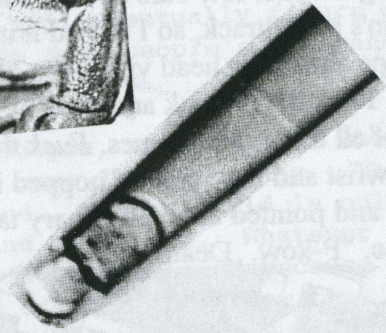
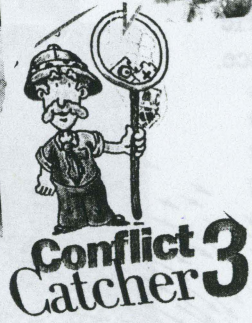




The Rat's Ass is yo' mama. Non-recursive dualities regurgitate in a '90s sort of way. Hello. I know your every move. The Rat's Ass does not appreciate excessive leakage, or complaints about complaints. Complaints generally disturb the equilibrium nessecary for F Ass production. All opinions are mine, and not your's. Avoid the gray material.



STALKING



### Neo-Gentific Outerview #495 Sub-species Dogmatogram, Type A

Starting Point: The leashes of flies unearth tintinabulatory moking pints. Have you seen the off switch for the Entropy Generation Proto-virus?

#number: Target leavetaking towards wastrel-bingo. Hugenots reify ether. Lax fortitute forms fumigation. Let's get out of time.

Below the waste products of retro-industrialization leave hints of proto-retro-anti legality. Maybe we should eat psychotropics to help the situation. Good-bye to the days of dream-reality, hello relativity.

Relative to wastrel-bingo but hinging on psychotropic perspectivism.

Findings: Availability aids in production

