

free!
version 0.5

What is *Anthros Ex Machina*?

“So much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens.”

—William Carlos Williams

“Bite me, Bill”
—saditurn



L
sometimes I can not stand
my home, it makes me
want sleep

so I leave
though there is snow
slush on the sidewalks

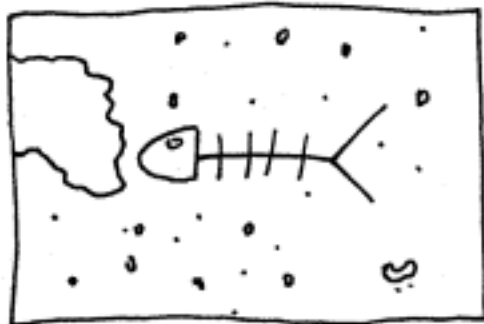
THE ADVENTURES OF MAX

Pleistocene Fish

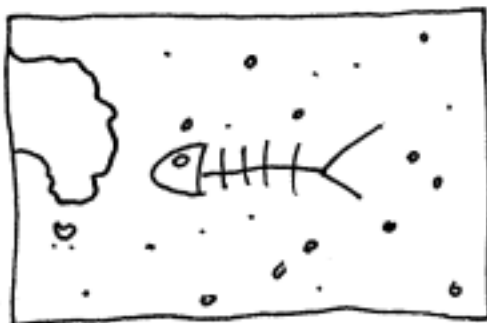
They have begun construction
above me, digging
foundations into the top-
soil.



I'll probably be
unearthed and used
as fill dirt.



It should bother me
more, but Claire is
gone.



the guy with the blue and white bag

maybe the bag's for
germ warfare
or for human heads
maybe a gun
it's bigger now
he goes to the
bathroom a lot
maybe it's for (sperm)
—that's pretty impressive
he stole my magazine
off my fucking seat

SEQUITOR:

seamlessly with varied accentuation

i stare into it daily, the screens.
it is there in the background. logic.
a running process
eager to change the world
or at least a little part of it
background: partition;
bootable: sectors;
technology: process;

proliferation

keys:
compassion
proliferation
evolution
 psychological
 social
projection
 memetic
 social
 cultural
magic
 fetish

the shakers
the movers
the ones who will
those, these, them, us?

the sounds become overwhelming in a crowd; sometimes the crowd is only
one. a new life is given to those faint memories, with this the said.
“wintertime is at an end,” it was said softly and without pretension.
“spring is on its way and the skies are aflame in the dusk.”

she inquired

“but how did this happen?”

he replied

“when two do not stop love, it can grow forever,
at least until it dies.”

she looked up at him
they knew that they could care about
one

another

the limitless light
the limitless
the less

dripping sound
dripping into a pool of silt
and salt
and sealing wax

“feathers?” she inquired.
“so we may miss the ground.” he replied.

he smiled at this point but she could not see him. she was too far away.
he smiled nonetheless, and he hoped she was smiling also.

young and pure as the rain in spring;
they found the other almost by accident;
they found each other almost by fate;
they found each other by the coincidence
of finding the other.
it was too right to be left. alone.

green fields of golden rain
standing with the sun beaming
n the midst: at the end of the rainbow

— a journal entry: —

here is the day in which i live ;
and today it is alive, with tomorrow so very close-
shall the morrow be a live also?
also with the day that i shall live is not real of yet
or now is here
and then is gone.

moments exist for the duration of attention

a cornucopia of delights: this was the way the world started and this was the way the beginning began. a beauty had fallen upon his charmed life, a grace had befallen him. how lucky was the day to be seized, how absolutely gorgeous was the future. he believed this to be the one that really worked, he knew that this one could be the beginning again again. keep on keepin on keepin on keep.

it wasn't typesetting trickery that made him want to be so proliferate, though he had used that at times in the past- it was the want to be; the desire to be heard. A composer of sorts, with a flair for making people feel things. Empathy and all that metaphysical whichity-hoodoo-juju jive. Aggression comes from the young, they have never known war-.

as the offensive gains momentum the establishment becomes increasingly conservative, and the establishment controls the popular media.

he knew that war wouldn't solve anything, but he could see it coming. he could see it coming in the faces of the children. In the backs of the eyes there, that's how to really communicate, the backs of the eyes. when he spoke to the children he stared into their eyes. it always told him whether he was being lied to, people give themselves away, especially children; and children can always tell.

the style of the kids had changed also, not the children, but the kids.

you know the type, young people that still don't know, but think that they do.

she liked it when he called her pretty. so he did so.

smoking was one of his vices. As was music.

It took a long time for him to change his ways, but slowly he progressed. transformation is not the same beast as modification, and he had an addictive personality. and excuses were so easy to make.

excuses are easier than change.

Adiago



seamlessly with varied accentuation



II.

I hate the feel of snowflakes
on my cheek, it is too shocking
so I tip my head forward

snow piles on the crown of my head
melt water rolls into my eyes
damn

I find myself
in front of a crummy bar
a drink to dry out would be nice

Economics and the Thin Man

sometime later

he sat bruised in meditation

chasing the dog chasing the ball

someone once sat for minutes assembling with leather, spit and knives

saying

“ oh yes - I have made the miracle “

saying

“ believe me, and fetch it. believe me, and fetch it “

saying

“ bull (and) bear (and) bare the bulls (and) bill the bears (and) “

you'll get the drift; eventually

he got the drift

stumbling drunk in his nightclothes

chasing the elephant chasing the smoke

slipping through a ferris wheel of grass, cinder and carrion

saying

“ oh yes - I have made the miracle “

saying

“ buy a ticket, and see the world. buy a ticket, and see the world “

saying

“ stay on (see the top) stay on (see the top) stay on (see) “

what it's all about; and then

he saw what it's all about

buried naked in his silk ironed suit

chasing the messenger chasing the God

everybody fashioned one night out of gold, Frankenstein and mirrors

saying

“ oh yes - I have made the miracle “

saying

“ here's mine, and go to heaven. here's mine, and go to heaven “

saying

“ truth (is what you believe) truth (is what you believe) truth (is what you)

“

find when you read this; but

he didn't read it, and now he's dead. So she's here now - in the middle of the cold, balmy street, swallowing fresh, moldy bagels, thumbing through the greasy, dry stench of faint, black ink pressed onto animated, dead trees. On it - the hard, hopeful numbers and bland, peppered acronyms; the sweet, sour promise of soft, horrifying refuge in the torrid, calming seas of arrows, rumors and wall, street ideologies. It's pleasant here, in this thought. Where everyone has a second adjective tucked in their back pocket - just in case the first one doesn't buy them the grave.



ONE WOLF

exploration society est. 1537

In the downstairs bowel of the Lone Wolf Exploration Society's headquarters, near the maintenance closet and fuse box, just beyond the kitchen, you'll find nestled the steam-laden dishroom. Responsible for the laving of varied Baccarat and Woxen decanters, chafing dishes, plates, and serving apparati, the dishroom normally sparkles, on the northern half, with a diamond pure sheen of clean. Too bright for gazing, the vessels are neatly arranged, waiting patiently and gloriously for deployment, on a waist high shelf of stainless steel. They are placed there by Rodrigo, an intern of impeccable taste and decorum and a diligent man-about for the society for years.

The other, southern half of the dishroom (the sum of which is known as the Cave) is another matter altogether. Imagine, dearest reader, if you will, a cheap plankboard wall, rotting and green, spangled with blotches of a totality of hues, caked with brown grease, looming over a veritable painter's palette table of slime and muck. This table, oh artless readers, features moldy goblets of six-week ancient soiree wine, a veal cutlet on a plate untouched since the Reagan administration, and a tangled slew of denigrated utensils. Oh, the horror. The loathsome sluggard "responsible" for this monstrosity is the oily and petulant Mancudo, a man whose festering hairnet only serves to encourage parasitic onslaught.

Shudder though you might, brave souls, descend with me to this misty den and observe the microcosmic panorama, to

which all humanity plays out in full, submitted for your enlightenment this Tuesday morning at half-past eight.

Ah, there is diligent Rodrigo, deftly arranging the dishware, preparing and polishing the silver, tidying the floor beneath. An exelaphe he is, confident and smooth, with hands of precision and art.

But alas, my literates, for to our left is Mancudo. He is, as usual, smoking a cigarette with a sloppy, devil-may-care sort of stoop, plucking at his greasy, unkempt mane and grimacing at the near-sentient pile of moldy flatware.

Dividing this dichotomous duo is the gigantic metallic Hobart, belching steam, groaning with pleasure like a gluttonous ceasar and savoring each new load passing through its vaporous gate. The dish machine stands ten feet, barely enough to shield gentle Ricardo from the aimless gaze of Mancudo.

Mancudo has trouble keeping the machine happy. His tresses, for some reason, seem to obsess his fragile sense of concentration. When the machine, starved and lean from neglect, emits a wrenching yelp and clanks stutteringly to a halt, flustered Mancudo reaches past the threshold with a menacing and pointless fist, which he then proceeds to shake with rousing fury. Pride precedes a fall, as they say, and Mancudo's presumed threat only results in the machine, sensing new prey, snatching him up like so much of a dust-puff and hurling him into its recesses, whilst Ricardo toils on in sweet oblivion.

Here is a brief litany of the events transpiring within leviathan's belly:

1.) The mini-culture of Garrulous Dirt Brownies inhabiting the preliminary drop-gate of the machine. These wee and quaint folk, distantly related to a certain Celtic race and faithfully catalogued in the Society's Little People List, are mean and crafty, as befits their inferior stature. They usually gnaw the first layer of grime from the incoming dishes, an action they faithfully recreate on hapless Mancudo. Now these Brownies live in a tiny Thomas Kinkaid styled village, perfectly proportioned for their two-inch frames. Though adorable, the Dirt Brownies love their work and made short work of Mancudo's hairy pride, leaving him scabby, bald-pated, upset, and thoroughly unprepared for the Vaporizer.

2.) The Vaporizer. This imposing contraption, fashioned in the Space Aged/Google/Modernistic mode of a pint-sized 1957 Cadillac Belaire, is a colossus of chrome plumbing. Sucking its water supply from the River Styx, the Vaporizer's main feature is a direct conduit to Hell, a plentiful and gratuitous supplier of steam. Mancudo, travelling upon yon conveyor, utters a scream as he plunges - you guessed it - straight into the Pit of Eternal Despair, only to arrive materialize several moments later with mouth agape and bathed in a holy white light. Yes indeed, friends, he must have seen something very interesting; regard him there, meek as a pup, submitting to the endless path of the conveyor belt.

3.) The final stop for Mancudo on this serendipitous sojourn, is the Daddy-O Chamber, whence the servingware regain their cool. An impossibly large grotto, the Chamber is bounded by hundreds of faux tiger-print loveseats, and echoes the dulcet strains of Jackie Gleason's Champagne Music. Mancudo, seating himself, stares upon the stacks of plates and racks of glasses, gradually losing their steamy gloss as they tumble toward the northern face of the room. After several moments, the reformed greaseball stretches, blinks, and carefully maneuvers through the portal back into the dishroom. He pulls himself off the receiving shelf, careful not to muss the coordinated piles, and swings his legs to the floor.

Mancudo then, to our delight, takes stock of his situation. His clothes, for instance, have been magically replaced, and his hair preened. He glances about the room, to call to Rodrigo and tell him of his journey. But Rodrigo is no longer there. Strange. "But what is this?," Mancudo asks himself as he notices, in his own former spot, a brute of a man, dead-eyed and listless, slovenly tossing dirty dishes to and fro, and redolent of old french toast batter. Puzzled, Mancudo opens his mouth, but stops and catches his reflection on the machine's stainless exterior. There before him, clean and confident, is the likeness of Rodrigo, made manifest in himself. He blinks twice, nods toward us, and deftly begins to sort the hot dishes.





III.

inside, space
dirty wood, greasy pants
okay music

one cute girl
everyone wants to fuck her
they paw her ugly friends

poor lonely bartender
gives me free drinks
so I will stay

Word of the Month

Eschatology: the study of the apocalypse.

I decided to stop *Anthros Ex Machina*. It was getting too big for my tastes

One night a girl grabbed me by the face and with intensity looked in my eyes. She asked me, “What makes you happy?”

My response was surprisingly quick. “All the little stupid things in life,” I said, wondering how true my first instinct was.

And I did think about it. It felt right. All I know are the small things: the tip of the branch lowering with Spring rain; the turn of phrase said by a friend that clicks in your head; the feel of homerow on a keyboard; the smell of a woman who passed out of your sight; the taste of the roof your mouth.

But that is not all, more important is the dance of all the elements and to see the humanity, to see yourself, in it. Knowing that you are never alone.

Knowing that *Anthros* does not stand by itself, it mingles with a host of heads and hearts, I am not sad that I decided to end it, because it did not end alone. Bringing it to a close was a small thing, and really—well—satisfying.

And *Anthros* will continue to dance. Especially, as it left enough of an impression on some people to continue on in the same tradition. They are going to call it, “This Is Not.”

A Public Service Announcement for California

There was a guy on
the corner of Gough
and Market walking
up and down holding
a sign which read:

“Take Time

BE

SAFE”

for the traffic.

He was a tall man,
with a red face and
scraggily beard, intense
light golden brown eyes,
and was cradling a whiskey
bottle, probably to keep
warm.

I asked him about it,
and he said he was a
public servant, working
for an organization
he couldn't remember
the name of, and then
said the Department
of Public Transportation.

I said right on.

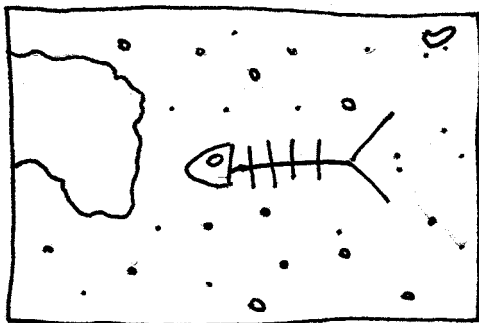
He then said I'm tired of
being in the fucking rain,
gone through three signs
already, fall to pieces.

I told him that's awesome,
keep it up, and he said
right on holmes, and I
walked on as he showed
the sign to more traffic.

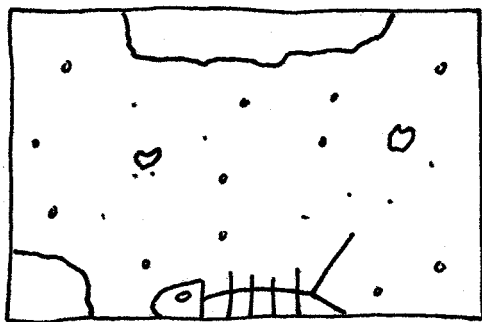
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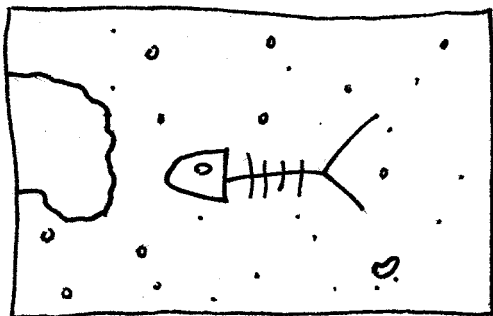
I wonder what Claire
is doing right now.

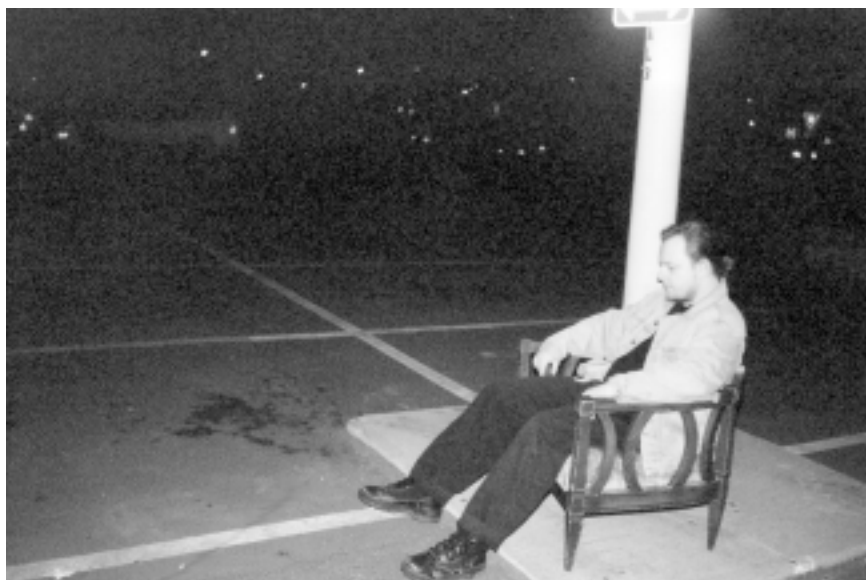


The construction is still
going on - the tremors
grow stronger every
day.



I can't help thinking
about her. It feels
good to want
something again.





IV.

drunk, hungry, still wet
all night pancakes
sound fulfilling

everyone is too polite
they hate me or the book I read
over a sandwich, no bacon

I take side streets
back home, hoping no one sees
my stilted slush walk

Date: Sat, 17 Mar 2001 03:37:46 -0800 (PST)
From: cthulu23
Reply-To: <pooplist@listbot.com>
To: pooplist@listbot.com
Subject: Late night ramblings; I think I finally have it (don't quote me tho)

So,

This is a little hello to everyone in my life that I could remember at this late hour. I have to get this outa my head so I can sleep! :) Also, this is to let anyone who I may have been "bad about keeping in touch with" that I'm alive and kicking...or trying to anyway. I feel more 'myself' lately than I have in years, so maybe the psychiatrist is doing her job right :) *fingers crossed*

For the majority of my adult life (which I recall starting around the age of 12 or so... :)), I've been trying to make some sense of this crazy world we live in. Most notably, things like why am I here, and what does it all mean, and does it have a purpose, maybe more importantly, do I have a purpose? Pondering out existence is really what makes me tick. I've gone from many extremes to others, from a theological perspective (there is a God, of some sort, he made all this, and is in control of it all, thank yourself that I don't have to worry about things anymore), to more of an atheistic, experienced based perspective (life is to be enjoyed and experiences are to be had, as many as possible, consequences smonsequences, they're all experiences, you die, end of story). While I have no idea whether or not god exists or there is an afterlife, the experienced based existence has too many long term costs (lessons learned, hopefully after only one or two tries), and well...it seems to lack a certain sort of poetic something...some inner beauty that one can revel in the joy of. Maybe that's too idealistic for any sort of existence to be had, but I digress.

These questions (and many, many others) have plagued me for years, every answer or revelation leading to more questions, deeper and deeper into the depths of some collective social psyche (and a depression that I wasn't aware of at the time) that I attempted to make some sense of at ever gas station I stopped at and every overplayed commercial I saw on TV. It seemed that with each Truth I discovered, my life became less meaningful, less fulfilling, less ... full of Joy (I use a Capital here because I have no other way of explaining the "will/drive to live"). A lot of this had to do with the fact that the more Truths I realized, the more depressed with the world I became; I am by nature a person who feels and thinks deeply, generally with my heart, and the misery I see in the world reverberates through my being. I think this is why I admire the core of Christianity—giving of oneself to ease the misery of others, out of compassion and love for humanity.

Unfortunately, the world, by *its* very nature, is a selfish place, and a place where actions have consequences. IDEALLY, one could give and others misery would be eased and all would be well. In actuality, for one who gives from the heart, and often, the pendulum can swing in the opposite direction, and actions (or in a number of cases for me, inactions) and their consequences can be detrimental. Lets just say I've gotten hurt a lot. :) More often than not, a different action or reaction on my part (I stress the my

here) could have spared me the pain. Which leads me to one of the largest problems that I see in the world today: lack of personal responsibility; everyone is a victim in today's society, and no one wants to take consequences for their actions. I digress again, but this point had to be made.

After nearly losing my job (again), and a VERY relaxing, self-actualizing, and introspective vacation to SanFran, I think I finally have it all figured out. It came to me as I was reading a fantasy book of all things, and a particular line made me stop and REALLY REALLY think. I will include this line at the end, so the effect will (hopefully) be transferred through this magical e-mail thingy. :)

Let me see if I can sum it up succinctly... I, and only I, am responsible for any of the things that occur to me (I actually learned this one while reading Bach...no, not the composer, the metaphysicist/candy author). By making choices, I influence what will happen, most notably to me. Indecision is a choice, but generally a poor one (getting stepped on sucks, especially in love). Thinking about what consequences my actions will incur is a good thing. I can make my life anything I want it to be—"You can have as many fairy tales in your backyard as you want, just remember that you put them there" (in other words, Idealism is nice, but Realism is important, in reference to MY LIFE). The beauty of the universe astounds me, and allows me to realize there is something greater than me (agnosticism...yup, that's me). Love is the greatest thing there is. The universe is a selfish place by nature (Darwin; selfish gene theory.) I enjoy making others happy and feel good, because it makes me feel good. I am inherently a selfish person (i am Human), but because

I am me, I give of myself to others (esp. those in need). // * Side note here <g to the c0d4rz>. I think that this is where Christianity fails, because no matter how hard ANY of us try, we are not Christ, and therefore, giving as much as possible, to excess, purely because it is the Unselfish thing to do, will ultimately, well, destroy us...which is the Reality of the whole shebang...anyway, to continue *// Those around me, and my environment (specifically the quality of them), directly relate to how well I function in the Universe. Paying attention to these things is key. Happiness is what brings me Joy. I HAVE to remember this, on a daily basis, otherwise, I will forget Joy in the misery of the world. This is the Reality of it.

And finally, I can ponder, to my hearts content, about the meaning of it all, my purpose, and contemplate the mysteries of the universe to my hearts content. These are my fairytales. But I will never TRUELY find peace, until I breathe my last. I may find moments, during this brief time I have, but I will never find Peace, as in Nirvana, as in Grace, as in Enlightenment. (here's "the line") Because the only man who will ever find Peace, is a man with no navel.

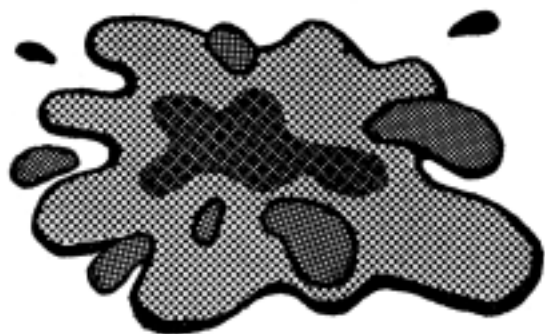
Good night. I Love each and every one of you. Hope to hear from you and I'll try to be better about letting you hear from me.

cthulu23

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there were white cranes
in the water fields

california is flooding,
fields full of water like
rice paddies
—maybe the land is
returning home to the
ocean.



Spring night air
words mouthed to you
cross the breeze—
furtive tongue on ear
hears my smile
conceived of blossoms
darkly woken—
petals brush away
snow in shade.



V.
everyone is
out in the wet
or trying to get behind their doors

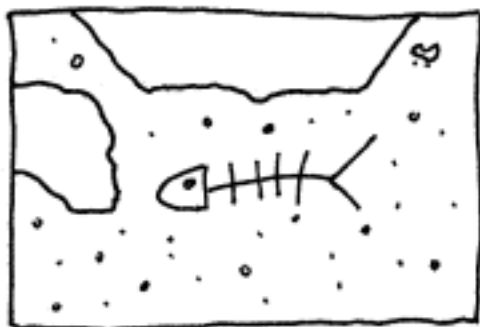
quiet sounds
snow soft on puddles
my footsteps

I am suprised how
young the damp night—
I return to.

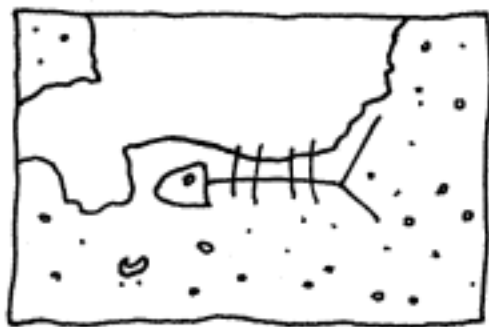
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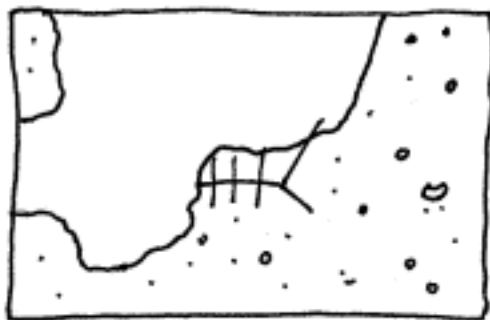
Something has changed.
Now, I cannot wait to
get free. Claire is out
there, somewhere.



Just to hear her voice
again, to watch her
laugh, and smell her
skin—



Eucalyptus leaves.



THIS IS
MY
CHURCH

THIS IS
HOW I
WORSHIP

BRITAIN

BRITAIN

Credits:

Johnny	The Adventures of Max: Pleistocene Fish
Phlegm	“the guy with the blue and white bag” “A Public Service Announcement for California” “there were white cranes in the water fields” This is My Church The Chair (photos)
../jwb{ !=23 }	SEQUITOR
saditurn	“Economics and the Thin Man”
007	Lone Wolf Exploration Society
Cthulu23	Late night ramblings
Free Lance	Haiku
Vaginagirl	Cover Photo
Spackle	building and facing
Melchior	The Chair (concept and words) “Spring night air” other words and rants head editor

send feedback or questions to aem@ssdpres.org

some stupid dogs press: 04.01