

No1

Bug Time Working Group

The Rhythm Method
&
Elocutionary Hallucinations
&
Chatter



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BUG TIME WORKING GROUP
PRESENTS

The Rhythm Method
facilitated by Sam Allingham

&

Elocutionary Hallucinations
facilitated by Timothy Leonido

&

Chatter
facilitated by Thomson Guster

Bug Time Working Group, No. 1
convened and edited by Thomson Guster
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at the Kelly Writers House
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THE RHYTHM METHOD

BUG TIME WORKING GROUP copied the rhythms of example sentences, some of which landed intact & unaltered on the pages of this book, preserving syllabic stresses while replacing syntax & semantics with something else, twining new sentences along the trellises of the old.

Part I: Henry James

1. The characters in these pictures are, at best, trying.
 1. Some labradors hound my britches, in the sun, drying.
 3. For the uninitiated, let me explain: Skyline Chili is Cincinnati's contribution to American cuisine.
 3. Blast off, my wayward carrion, to the stars: Karma Sutra glazes broccoli's verdant florets quite a superbly fine sheen.
- , but that didn't mean anything to me.
4. Now she shudders, sure, but the fact of the matter is that her stepbrother's in-laws, cannibals though they were, killed no one.

~~writing is a vital skill~~
~~writing can be taught~~
~~rhetoric is part of writing~~

The aquifers with sweet waters rise, aghast, dying.
As he was alleviated, he felt so sane, the starling
explained, as all the lovely maidens sighing rose clad in
tender sateen. What was born, then, fled, for the
darkness reeled itself in to penetrate living flesh,
leeching all the innocence to nothing.

The characters in these pictures are, at best, trying.

Ten lecturers [REDACTED] and their textures would end up
complying.

—For the [REDACTED] uninitiated, let me explain: Skyline Chili
is Cincinnati's contribution to American cuisine.

[REDACTED] It may or may not be the case, but let's assume:
our fine-feathered friend left the nest in
indignation and will probably now burn.

—I did think that, well, she is the adoptive daughter of
my previous girlfriend, but that didn't mean anything
to me.

You're aggressive, boy, don't [REDACTED]
let this become a habit but.

The characters in these pictures are, at best, trying:

1) Sick flamingos on low plateaus will, with heat, decay.

For the uninitiated, let me explain: Skyline Chili is Cincinnati's contribution to American cuisine.

2) Digest enzymatically your fowl burdens: nothing barring one paraplectic bloodhound's drool can fix your rare disease.

I did think that, well, she is the adoptive daughter of my previous girlfriend, but that didn't mean anything to me.

Hair surrounding but not entangled with the silk fibers of her bra shone, yet not an eye caught the image at hand.

3) Fucking lay down, but, keep your head upright momentarily while I watch, and don't get the wrong idea 'bout me.

unsaid
toxic farting

her animals
the brotherhood of sharp dressers had quietly
crumbled
the family

Aquaman eliminated

along the coast of Barbados

General MacArthur radioed: airstrikes at dawn!
Send those Martian scum inching back ~~to the~~ in terror
to the hell from which
they came

Send those ugly Martian bastards crawling
airless hell
back to the hell from which they came

Matthew smiled, but
Jose smiled

—Without pleasure, but, in the appropriate
spirit of the Hannukah party,
Maxwell bent and snorted all the cocaine.

That didn't mean anything to me.

_ _ _ Another seizure.

After exhaustive research

The characters in these pictures are, at best, trying.

		in peace lectures w/ their tinctures bloated	
janitors			
boo	banana slugs		mistaken #1
slipping lurches	garbage urchins in the sun, drying his hand		chewy centers
garbage urchins	prehistory dripping		yellow rancid
are, at best, trying	drips & lurches left to right		in hanging his hand out
		the aquifers with sweet waters rise, aghast, dying.	dying
	#2		
"Jesus Christ I'm constipated			

nauseated

#3

exclaimed
John Wayne

rolling #4
off
his
gourd

that's the last time
anybody ~~books punches~~
~~my makes gets~~
~~me~~

thats
the last time
~~any~~ anybody
shows me
~~how~~

that's the last
time. I'm a not
gonna ~~retire take~~
a ~~cruise sober sober too look~~
a fruits again.

~~these~~
a

JEEPERS CREEPERS
~~HEEBIE JEEBIES~~

"MOTORCYCLES, MAN,

~~YOU CAN'T GO YOU CAN'T~~
~~YOU~~ THEY JUST COME UP
OUT OF NOWHERE.

CLOSER
"UPON ~~FUR~~ INSPECTION,"

he reflected, "
~~KINDA~~ TASTES A BIT

LIKE VASELINE."

esperanto
bluegrass

[twelve ligatures]

leaned on brusquely
this banister, ~~taken wholly~~, would, at worst, totter.

the
After ~~all the~~ storms and flood^{ing} rains,
the hurricanes, Mt. St. Helens
and

~~the foam waters of the blue and briny beach~~
foaming brine had burst the ~~paisley pattern of the walls~~
paper from its pale
and paisley walls.

~~The fanbelt~~
I'm eating this, now, with a thick slice of pastrami
on some old marble rye toast, but I'm telling you man
it was great.

pictures
El Salvador in his ~~fiction~~ is—surprise!—glowing.

The country is awake, for once, and turned smiling towards

~~writer's~~
the camera's ~~eye and~~ eye:
probably thinking about last night's sweet &
muddled dream.

The morning air, well, smells like old superlatives and trash

the
from ~~last~~ evening's
Rallies, though the coffee ^{now} is plenty strong

(I wish he'd go shrink his own goddamn head)

rhythm method

The characters in these pictures are, at best, trying together

[The dubliners
some labradors
el salvador
mad matadors] [some coffee-pots
by the armchairs
see, in fact, nothing.

For the uninitiated, let me explain: Skyline Chili is Cincinnati's contribution to American cuisine

[They sit so uninterested, but don't complain:
cracking softly in ■ ORIGINAL wrapping paper
■■■■■ collecting dust together.

I did think that, well, she is the adoptive daughter of my previous girlfriend, but that didn't mean anything to me.

[In this sad state, though, they still found shimmering beauty in the AMBIENT soundtrack, which would filter through ■■■■■
Wbubblewrap and glass.

Some labradors at the river ate—oh my!—Jimmy!

My grandma in her sleep one night, all suddenly,
~~without warning~~, without warning, I
can't believe, ~~went~~^{got} up and ~~left us~~ took the car
to the local bar to have a bourbon.

~~Motorcycles, man~~

On Halloween, Mike, dressed as a mercury savior from planet

■ Mad matadors on their perches, are above, torquing.

Call me in ten minutes please, had a problem: just had a
problem with the telephone and my screen won't turn off

.

without batteries.

.

Over without

Inside it

Outside it, bent burning on or near the edges

.

..... it burns on or near the edges now.

.

in these pictures

The characters in these pictures are, at best,
trying.

are, at best, trying.

more animate than a

my eyes could not be worse tonight
notion of rain car lights move.

■

aside slump, condition . resulting from based
follical follide degenerate ■ ■ wax ■ ■ snaps
the

The Rhythm Method:

1) The Characters in these pictures are, at best,
trying.

-MAD MATADORS,

These

-~~Some~~ Bar Goers, with their tinctures,
Drink, at most a pint.

3) For the uninitiated, let me explain: Skyline Chili is
Cincinnati's contribution to American cuisine.

In the street we go alone now, and in the rain we often
get wet, tripping all over slick cobblestones and trolley
tracks.

4) I did think that, well, she is the adoptive daughter of
my previous girlfriend, but that didn't mean anything to
me.

In toxic waste, cross giant glowing monsters fester upon
further inspection get doing it.

Inferior inspections—Fuck.

El Salvador in those pictures seems, in fact, blinding.

All I want to know is,

For the uninitiated

I did think that, she is the adoptive daughter

—I had

a hat, but, we had a ^{torrential downpour.}
~~disaster rainfall~~

and the felting round the band, well it

didn't hold anything in place.

anything to me

Adventurers with bleeding sutures are, at best, dying. For the young and situated, it's not insane, but the older are, incidentally, prone to fist-fighting and getting mean.

And with tears he, hell, opened lacunary factors that with exhaustive research, this breakup was perfunctorily sloppy.

The characters in these pictures are, at best, trying.

#1 ~~The trumpeters~~

Blue daffodils on the bleachers

~~in the sun drying wilt and stain the ben-~~

bench—dying

#2 Candy canes and gingerhouses, cave with the rain;
the gum drops fall off ~~the gum drops fall off~~ oozing
~~swiftly~~ slowly down the chimney
bringing down the ~~red~~ chi-dream.

#3 ~~I did think that, well~~

The shoe fit but then

~~the laces~~

~~she's the adoptive daught~~

—the laces would not part

~~of my previous girlfriend~~

—~~the toes had grown swollen~~

The big toe had grown swollen

but that didn't mean anything to me.

ELOCUTIONARY HALLUCINATIONS

BUG TIME WORKING GROUP recited & recorded some of Alexander Melville Bell's "Oral Gymnastics," elocutionary exercises designed to call attention to the organic origins of speech production. Using audio production software, these gymnastics were looped & layered, altered by delay, reverb, phaser, distortion, & pitch-shifting effects, transformed into a glossolalic haze in which words & phrases were discovered—or dreamed into being...

If we lived and lived and lived it's not as sacred as ■■■
■■■■ instead we just lived and lived and better yet
just lived.

Sharp thrills, leaping ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ wills

■■■ give, then sing.

hallucinatory aural exercises?

~~strange musicality crown the stacks in a~~
~~library, maybe.~~

If we see shellfish

- rill fill a mil' when we grill
- to grill but then fill hack, shill, noodle
if you will I will

an inkling if I am

Bell...um,

Part II: Hallucinatory Antesperanto? Aural Exercizes

no this Syringe viridian serve this
this viridian syringe lives in the skiff by the sense.

bo ADO DUAL QUILL DOOM SIT TO YO' WILL

co Shiva can can anything; give 'em hell

winter I've ice small
hive hind shiver I'm in
hiss fish wash hush
shave

sliver

sh

ice on the fish block
smell of ice
slice of hush

hush of fish
sheath
the flush of ice
wench winch

inch of ■ ice

if this bitch would
flaw of ■ ice — the fish pin
watch the S

wicket hillock spilleth shibboleth sabbath slingshot
ping pong pickpocket pockmark

miliner re riddilin riddle needle nero narrow millet
mullet shellfish

shellfish riddle
 narrow, brittle umbilical bridge,
 unction, noble nail narrow, brittle
 sipping the oil

radial

"we're real, we are not real."

rend the king's

hanging

give them a hanging
 love them by whim
 olive going blowing
 glowing amphetamine

alive, the king is bowling

~~Shiver~~ If it shivers. If we wished it. If this bitch would. If
 a fish a fish give a shiv, if a fig, a kid itcheth, Elizabeth.
 Ew, image. The Isthmus mission is fit for snitches. If
 addition. A spliff I fish. Stiff stitches in British britches.
 Fish wife is on pins.

~~Tip of~~ Real tip to grill, ████ Mural tip to grill. To grill
 mealy grills. Keep the love grill Tim. We're all
 good to grill. Drag up a hill. Tipping the old
 grill. Derail the will. Umbilical, narrow brittle.
 The pig found the road kill. It roams at will,
 typically wet. Do as you will for a thrill. You're
 only my old thrill. Throw out the Dayquil. On
 the grill, shellfish. To bill a functioning witness.
 Will shill for pills. Noodle and quail. We're real
 we're not real.

If this sieve liveth, it itches, it hisses.
 The tendril tips a tent rail.
 Ambivalen, clamming, an end is trembling. Can't live.

Steam power pressing a piston and thrusting

.....

itch and shoved

icishivuv

it it it it it it it

ick

shift

tip and k k keep it tip keep it tip and tone tit ttt ip
 keep it on grill neal keep the tip keep the love grill tim

sh pit sh bit push vit pit W

the keep, the tip, take the love grill

and and ing are oul ing and and ing
 emm emm ing ememing em em ing

if eminy feming are ending and ████
 feming are ending are lingum
 if

give em windcul beam

v

i

v miv

if we've wished it ~~but~~
~~tr~~ eh you're fishing
fibbed ████████
and leashed vid.

itch itchy litch vid

inch of itchy vid
gibberish

with addition of an itchy vid
isthmus
mishmash
spliff i fished
a

tetchy letch vid

wretch gibberish

mention ashen

kvetch

baby
inkling

& ink

~~rini~~

em ive em

ism

sing
sling

F.M.

inning

ami

ing

iv sh

femme

~~G~~

schisming

methane

a riveting
rightwing

drag
up a hill
down a hill

thrills
to the hilt
shh derail
the will
up t-t-tyrell

neural
virile
urals
neural ill.

■ ■ still
shill pill.
the GRIP

neural
RIP

to RILKE

■ whipple
ripple

will shill for pills

MEALY

ing
iv em
em
um en



if this bitch would come out tonight

pick	lil	lyn	nillel
pit	nin	rim	linel
tick	min	ril	lilin
kit	nim		niral
kip			

drill
we're all good to quell tid bit

living give em i am in fucking hell

~~itches~~^{is}
fishwife~~collects~~^{on} pins
(drumbeat)
initiative
if...if...if
sins

the kid will
a hot grill
do you
apple on hot grill
tick too^ck
tip-tiptoe/toe-tip-tip
tiptoe
an old frill
uh-oh—an old grill
the Road Kill
we're Real, we're not Real.

Give a damn
impatient engine
mannequin is inimitable
^{simply} inevitable
omelette

[the kid found the Roadkill
you're only my old thrill

—
Is a dishwit
dive a little
with all the well-wishers

—

—
Typical noodle will march on

■ mural show

Tip grip wash uncle

Nearly there dim-wit

—

—
well-meaning but minging
in or wing give
give in willing
a riveting right wing
street thing

—

A typicall tipped grill,

Terrel

A tin grill

A tin grill, a typicall tipped
grill, Terrell.

■ tick r.

~~A typical~~

Krill

typicall

Give a fish stick

lv is ive

if addition

if

if i

Ambivalent condemning. Shiva can can anything give
em hell. Inkling of methane FM. Femming and ending
and wingams Blowing amphetamine. If Ed is dead. Give
and sign. A riveting right wing. getting given epidemics
give them a hang stich rend. give a damn. Give to them
everything. If wind and beam. Sam. I'm schisming. Vig
in emerald.

[TIM'S SPEECH SOUNDS]

ambivalent. if this fish kisses.


if we wished it if this bitch would
if a fish give a shiv
if a kid itcheth, Elizabeth
if the fish did fif
ew image is on pins
fish wife
the isthmus mission is fit
for snitches if addition
to bill a a spliff I fish
functional witness stiff stitches in British britches
will shill Sid is the shiznitch
for pills patchy lech bids
noodle and
quail.
to grill mealy rills
we're all good to grill, tidbit I think
tipping the old grill
dig dump riddle, I want to kill
umbilical
take down the roadkill, it roams at
do what you will, will, a throat
for a thrill toothville, what is
you're only my old thrill this?
we're real, merely a nitwit
we're not throw out the Dayquil
real on the grill, shellfish are ill

- 1) Sid is the shiz-nit
The isthmus mission is fit for snitches.
- 2) Toothville, what is this?
To bill a functioning witness.
- 3) pig in emerald

Ambivalent condemning
give to them ~~have~~ everything.
Shiva can can anything, give 'em Hell
whiff of methane
feminine and ending
blowing amphetamine
if M is dead, we too are then dying.
A riveting right wing
living, and then giving epidemics
stitch, rend
give them an ending give a dam
give to them everything
if wind and beam
femme schisming
fig in emerald.

- if a dish.
- if a bitch itches.
- if addition news on.
-


it roams at will, typically wet.

 tipping the old grill.

an ending, if
give them an ending
shiver at mending the hem.



On fishes is.

One bitch is shivved—fish it
Bid, itch it, itches un inches
pinch pitches, bitch
inches sniff stitches in
British britches.

~~If the fish did shit sh slip went she stiff~~
~~-d-~~

- Don't eat the noodel to th seek a thrill

If the fish did shift.

~~• Throw the typical~~

- Throw out the dayquil.

- If emm is dead, we too are then dying

- Even fell in and then screamed.

- ~~The~~ Give them a hanging

•

CHATTER

BUG TIME WORKING GROUP broke up into pairs. One partner called the other, who put the call on speaker and took dictation as they listened to their partner speak about whatever happened to flicker into focus. Then they switched roles, the stenographer chattering, the chatterer transcribing. The stories came out garbled—from the narrator's shifting attention, the stenographer's inability to keep pace, the confusing discrepancy between the speaker's voice as it emerged at different times from the mouth & the phone, & the overwhelming interference of all the other stories unfolding in the same space at the same time. It was a lot like real life.

A poor old widow, a guy who was begging windows, just breaking babies some average, understandably poor soul got an injunction against weirdos coming within 30 feet of his stand up showers. He's a creepy guy, and his day was just like any old idiot. He ripped off a cannibal walking out in the rain, and frankly he got involved with this psychotic, ridiculous—I don't care for it at all. I wanna head out in a helicopter with this guy and do a little urban planning with his corpse. I will never have to deal with this again, I hope, think about another RSVP. Uh, there's nothing else to say. He's so tired.

My mother told me that my grandpa and his computer dragged out a cracked out abortion. He said to it, "Stay tranquil. But, y'know, man, let's talk about the politics of the day. Web. How do we fix that document?" HAM radio's turn back the dial of number after number after number. We'll be the only ones ignoring the environmental force of Russia scared out of teen skivvies. I think the body count in skulls as a function of the given British intelligence in the universe is like looking for a job. Your life happens to you all the time. Diamonds are cursed. So sad it seems here, my own voice, it sounds like it's coming from Ireland.

I don't, I won't wanna run the WTO. I was thinkin' about the feedback and I wanted to talk to you about that audio recording. At once I hated you when the old lady brought in that guitar and, um,

Um, so this one time I was at the airport. I like space I like planets, I'm on the trolley. Inside it coloring things. I go up and I say No, I've never. I was utterly embarrassed. I found neutrinos, artifacts, if I were time traveling, I'd rather: 100 yrs later be. I wouldn't understand. I'm vomiting if I would get time sick. And then you close your eyes and you have to dodge things. And you never think of...windshields get destroyed. Astronauts. Where would we get the money?

The more people wd get sick, kicking, screaming.

Ok parhaps it was a joke
she was laughing
I saw her, it was a joke
there are things that's a book I'm
reading the first bit
abandonment
new years before midnight staining glass
window
boil all broken glass before
couch and shoes out and friends of mine
dripping braking up with a friend of

remembered this
brandon friend in New Orleans
she was she was uh she
was half drunk
nik got lonely split between a lovely friend
in particular a taxi cab he was passed out
he took his shoes off, I was bitter I did
him a kindness indicated dealing with people, waking
certain rules of conduct inherent wail understanding
revealed understanding, the set of rules that had
been indic.

A typical number:
 what's wrong with
 eating porridge. My
 ghost feels unwanted. I
 can chat with Chester.
 I like him. I like his
 cellular makeup. Its
 ridiculous to chat
 but the herb was
 cool in the yert. Like
 you were here. It's
 natural to dinner with
 dorks. Nothing to
 say. A problem with
 ontology. How are my
 grades? How is school?
 Photographing you
 in kinky morning
 weather. Hate me,
 lover? I'll think about
 it? Do you want to do
 with it? Is it cool with
 you? It's not too late?
 It's a long night. Meet
 Chester, a friend of
 mine. She moved from
 Boise, a millipede. I
 became the anti-me.
 Even toes were kinky.

you to

I want to explain why
 we haven't heard from
 you—fuck the producers,
 man, write me! Write your
 mother! We're struggling
 through another February!
 We're on the freeway right
 now! How can I tell you?
 I'm glad we're still friends
 after the business with your
 mother. I was so worried.
 You were pissed off at me. I
 support you and I'm sorry
 I've offended you. The bitch
 is really crying now. I hope
 we can still take that trip to
 Hawaii.

I hope we can close a deal
 soon. A payment of \$3733
 was exchanged aboard
 the zeppelin. I hired Jesse
 James to rescue my nephew.

Without a copy—I want
 a union, a relation, sent
 from my Verizon phone,
 an invocation, cultivated

in urine. Online banking
 logs: Always look for
 your psyche when your
 security is on the unawares.
 Account for differences
 between the lurid banks
 and the hum of Portland,
 Slash, double Muhammed's
 knowledge of retreat at this
 moment.

Call you tomorrow.
 Just wanted to
 share. Why emote?
 You're fucking
 lost! Reality is a
 joke. Why? I have
 an influence on
 reality. You know,
 Philadelphia, you
 are cruddy. An
 average dispersion
 of stale watermelon.
 What if they're bad.
 Wake me up if you
 want unnecessary
 friends.

Philly, you're too sensitive.

I can hear you

The other day my sister was
was walking to bustop and
she saw wild turkeys

—There's the point—

a school of turkeys starts
walking toward her

and they chase her back
home.

Did the turkey attack her
house?

Um um I would like to someday

I went into surgery the other
week, on my knee.

I was walking down the street the other
day and this fat woman says to
me, why you walking so fast? Why
you walk so fast?"

There's ~~there~~ this possum that sits on
my front porch and when I come

home late at night there that ugly
thing is

amalgamation

I ride horses and play water polo ^{randomly}~~randomly~~

What else—OK cool, bengay I already said
stuff. Um yeah so you can contact me anytime
I feel like I'm leaving this train, taking it I don't know
and it's also a really fruity but I
think I like it, you know how, I'm
not when I feel like I feel like I'm
a morning person. I don't know, internal,
I ~~do~~ do all of their work.

Yeah, because I enjoy soccer shoes.
I wish I had worn soccer shoes so
we can all match. Turn on the lights.

I'M WALKING AROUND

THE HOUSE

THERE'S A POSTER

DOG ON

the CHAIR

next

lots of places

I can't even

see.

there are Hallowe'en

decs

musta gone

up today

sad & plastic.

they are sad b/c

they are

huddled in
little

piles.

floppity piles

grocery

bugs. bunnies

are warm
not sad

cold sweaty

plastic

bags.

Yeah it's the temperature.

the cops aren't so

bad.

the ghosts look sad eyes

I IMAGINE IF

YOU
TRIED
to
FIGHT SOMEONE &

YOU FAILED YOU'D

BE SAD.

YOU HANG things on your

door, leave plastic

things that fail at

their stated purposes

~~are~~ i think suction

cups might be

sad.

they are ~~malleab~~

stuck to hard

unyielding surfaces

some kind of

mouth

if I

look at

getting

your

your

attention

molded dis

into him

or.

really

enticing

not

attr

ac

tive

Cigarettes welt burned on the bottom of my face makes me feel <FROWN> like I might be in a novel where all the other bands characters also have welts and may be getting ready to commit suicide by overdosing on heroine or crashing your bike into traffic. A little yellow puss-y crater on the bottom of my chin.

So it's funny, so, I like it, there's trees in it. Each house has 6 or 7 people there are like 6 or 7 people stacked like firewood stacked inside these houses. There's a guy with like this memory problem, he can't remember my name, he designs robots to manipulate computers to play computer music. It's

impossible to remember guys's names. It's like a retirement home for people in their 30's. There are a lot of places that sell pizza, but what they actually sell are like fake sandwiches.

Tree roots have disheveled the sidewalk.

██████████

Okay

Today I couldn't sleep, I guess this was in the 80's. There was a hanger, and...a disgusting old man. I'd like to point out at this stage that em... it wasn't something I meant to do, so when I left, I wasn't ready to...I mean, how did they know I was there?

Now I'm here, though, and willing to take this opportunity to try to reach those goals.

Right before I leave, I'd like to hear what's going on right now. In the other schools, they fill their twelfth grades with something which is supposed to be confrontational or exceptional, all those really great ideas, just...

The rest of the time I spent drawing (it's absolutely my favorite part of the story), and although I had to email certain individuals with great, yet unusual, hair, I took a shot at the shining stars. I know, it's great.

I guess one of the girls who is a children feels electric without knowing it thinking of tri-colored days controlled by a typical, I don't like the idea of people in a mob slave mentality on the internet I think technology can rob people of the idea of the pain, it's obnoxious I think if I became a Scientologist you could be poisoning people w/ happiness in society I don't really ~~don't~~ know why there's one line in society of money holding onto limits you have to keep moving I don't like reading familial insomnia in the story the husband doesn't know about the economy. In the writing it's suggested by a German mime in the beginning she's sitting on the beach but at the end she's a guy in Midvale a guy w/ insomnia he's a writer a guy w/o a job. I think unpopular bike riding is the bigger words to use. The tiles above the fireplace look like fabricated birds you buy at a yard sales.

I guess there's a woman in an Olympic shirt, have I offended, hello I'm just here, I hope to have a I also think there might be an evening at this point, because, I don't want to state it, um, basically there are all these people, it must be nice to work and go online, and there's all this stuff, there's all these people, their, ■■■ I want to go with that woman, I think a lot of people on staff, who are moving around and I'm here all by myself, there are all these people who aren't brave enough, if anybody can I guess, I worry about stereotyping, girls, they can sit around and talk sister sister, and it looks like messing, and sometimes I feel insecure and guilty, and very

strange, and now I have to keep going, and I'm looking at this chalk, and I feel angry.

Max's Day

~~He is on~~ His Thursday 8:00
woke up at 9. hoped to sleep long er
~~some~~ Thursdays are the days he gets to sleep in.
He ■ ■
He went to a show.
He went to a bar w/ an open mic night. There were ■
performers.
The show b4 was better.
Rode his bike, chilly night.
Not too bad.
Got home. Went to sleep.
Made breakfast. Drank Trader Joe's coffee. Cheap.
Went about for a little bit.
Managed to get d

I'd like to hold hands actually. I'll defer to you on matters boring. If you'd like I'll say no more. I hit someone and told everyone to get off the train and got on, a lonely train. We need you. I'm a shoplifter. The widest smile in the world was confusing. When sitting down, inching along, for a little while, overhearing, actually, a man crying in a bulletproof vest upstairs. It wasn't a good day. I love you more than *Dirty Work*, more than a Dali clock. I asked to hold you, to touch your temples. It's an emergency. My final worth is a piggyback. All chemicals are produced in an archive. I'll document them so that history will include images of the West. Play peek-a-boo with me. We'll take a plane, buy anyway, your temples. I'll archive your temples. It will take a lot of work. I'm being assertive. It's tempting, riding my horse around with you on the back. Do you ever have a day where you have no plans? Just shootin the shit. I'm not an orderly person. Can you structure my day? I knew a chemist, he did all his work at night. He had a sun lamp next to a brick wall. I'm gonna turn on another light. I guess I'm sort of doubtful about, I don't know, midnight. Maybe all of the hours between nine and midnight. The light is abrasive. I ordered a book. Stupid shoe. The near future, we're moving to a new house together. The house, open on the top. On your stomach, came down the very top, balance it, the water bowl, get lost in it. I think that's how it works, I've only had one lesson.

BUG TIME WORKING GROUP is a roving ensemble with a rotating membership that convenes to create collaborative writings extemporaneously through constraint-based rituals & practices.

This time, BUG TIME WORKING GROUP was:

Sam Allingham
Caña Bertron
Orysia Bezpalko
Victoria Guidi
Thomson Guster
Charlene Kwon
Tim Leonido
Jacob Mazer
Iris Mayoral
Max McKenna
Amelia Robertson
Liene Rozite
Jonathan Schoenfelder
Nick Singh
Henry Steinberg
Lindsey Todd
Linda Wang
Claire Wilcox
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