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 presented by the Creative Ventures Series at the Kelly Writers House October 21, 2011
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.
The characters in these pictures are, at best, trying. Ten lecturers and their textures would end up complying.

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

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 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 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

banana slugs

slipping garbage urchins in the sun, drying his hand

crushing centers

prehistoric dripping

drips & lurches left to right

hanging his hand

dying the aquifers with sweet waters rise, aghast, dying.

"Jesus Christ I'm constipated"
nauseated

exclaimed
John Wayne

rolling
off
his
gourd

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

that's the last
time. I'm a not
gonna retire take-
a cruise sober sober loo 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."
pictures
El Salvador in his fiction is—surprise!—glowing.

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

the 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)

After all the storms and flooding 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.
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オリジナル 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 bubblewrap 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

follical follide degenerate wax snaps the
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.

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

All I want to know is,

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.

For the uninitiated

I did think that, she is the adoptive daughter —I had a hat, but, we had a disaster rainfall and the felting round the band, well it didn’t hold anything in place.

anything to me
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 bench—dying

#2 Candy canes and gingerhouses, cave with the rain;
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 glossolaliac 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

cro 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

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

milioner re riddilin riddle needle nero narrow millet
mullet shellfish
shellfish riddle
narrow, brittle
union, noble
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.
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

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

and and ing are ouling and and ing
emm emming ememeng 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**

* 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_

em _ive em_

ism _sing_

sling

F.M.

inning aming

iv sh

femme _G-

schimining methane
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 RIP

to RILKE

whipple ripple

will shill for pills

MEALY

if this bitch would come out tonight

pick lil lyn

pit nin rim linel

tick min ril lilin

kit nim niral

kip

drill we're all good to quell tidbit

living give em i am in fucking hell
fishwife collects pins
(initiative
if...if...
sins

the kid will
a hot grill
do you
apple on hot grill
tick too-\text{\textsuperscript{k}}
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 typical tipped grill,

Terrel

A tin grill

A tin grill, a typical tipped grill, Terrell.

\[ \text{tick r.} \]

Krill

typicall

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.

Give a fish stick

lv is ive

if addition

if

if i
[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
a spliff I fish
stiff stitches in British britches
Sid is the shiznitch
patchy lech bids
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 dish itches.
- 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-

• 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 understanding. 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 perhaps 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 stainglass
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.
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.


Philly, you're too sensitive.
I can hear you

The other day my sister was walking to bus stop 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 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

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.
not

really enticing

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
Max's Day

He is on. His Thursday 8:00
woke up at 9. hoped to sleep long er
somet 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 performs.
The show b4 was better.
Rode his bike, chilly night.
Not too bad.
Got home. Went to sleep.
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  
Ory sia Bezpalko  
Victoria Guidi  
Thomson Guster  
Charlene Kwon  
Tim Leonido  
Jacob Mazer  
Iris Mayoral  
Max McKenna  
Amelia Robertson  
Liene Rozite  
Jonathan Schoenfelder  
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Linda Wang  
Claire Wilcox  
Margot Wohl

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