

<LESS THAN

+ GREATER THAN>

a journal of mediocrity in literature, art & culture

// I want your heart dead:
a stone memorial to our exile
that should haunt tourists'
fat and sweaty dreams of you. //





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Original picture of some cop in Zürich protecting themselves from the people they imagine themselves protecting.



I would like to extend
my vocabulary into
new languages
just so that I might
speak more clearly
of your dazzling
Beauty.

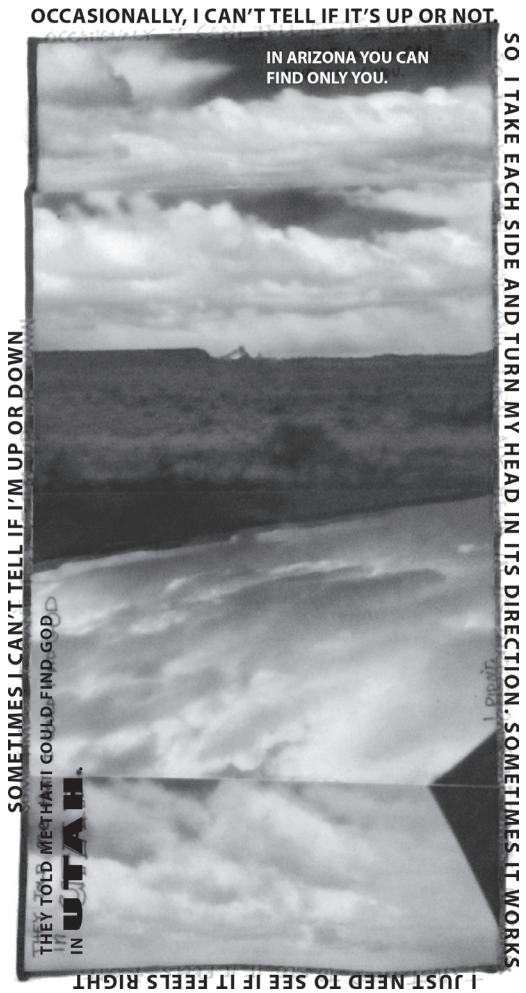
What I do when I have nothing to do

these flash floods depositing despair,
the erosion of once proud mountains;
it feels too far to walk,
impossible to crawl,
but we get started on journeys for nowhere,
anyway.

The whores don't say hello anymore.
The junkies ignore me.
Only the saddest and meanest bastards
come out to visit me.
I try to avoid fights,
but sometimes, people have to hit each other.
We don't drink whiskey anymore,
just beer and shitty wine.

when I piss, I stare at my dick
wondering at its limp purpose:
Are we here only to piss and shit?
The neighborhood children ignore me.

I drink with Muslims,
but I won't drink with those god damned
Catholics. Whores to the end,
those god damned
Catholics. Always demanding more
than I have to give.



when someone doesn't have anything
and the truth is laid bare at their feet,
disbelief requires faith in an idol.

Just the other day, I laid with Jesus, and when he was done,
we argued over how much he should have to pay.
"A son of God ought to catch a break sometimes," he told me.
"A son of a Bitch screws everyone in the end." I said to him.

En Route To Amman

Flying over a Million years
of being sad, dying.
The glowing lights below,
the empty streets –
where is my Jericho,
whose walls have fallen
like whores' panties
around ears and ankles?
The doomed silence,
raging with the child's
piercing cry,
is not afraid
to be silent for 10,000,000
more breaths.
And I, I am not either.

Scribbles of the Dead

there is a heaven
with 1920's movie stars,
glasses – sunglasses –
to hide behind
so no one knows
it's them;
a tourniquet for the mind
that only covers hair.
going crazy
like they go shopping
day in and day out
until the voices that said
"you ain't worth a shit"
lie dormant in seas:
the salt preserves
Every God Damned Word,
Every Mother Fucking
God Damned
priceless word
that made today
the thing we run from,
always to another
tomorrow or yesterday.
The slow deliberate drags
like a wooden spoon
whoopin'
causes a dream to burst open
– a tumor on the spleen –
and all the heroes and enemies
hemorrhage out
into the winter night.
While dogs are barking
crying babies,
crying for a moon
and the hunger pains
of four days
drinking water in gas station bathrooms.
It is that heaven that sails ships
into deserts,
pouring amphetamine salts
in your eyes.

Langstrasse At Six AM

french songs pervade the corner,
a back-lit Everything machine
derives a conscience from culture:
the guilt of beer and sin
lost the appeal to anesthetic
, foisted upon the naive, the fatuously innocent.
the bold wipe tears
while the weak bloom shame
sneaking hands into pockets
between hookah tokes.
the dreaded love from whores
won decisively over the comfort
of familiar disdain
until the sublime machinations,
Addiction's contortions,
could settle into their grooves
as Brazilian Portuguese lingers
transvestite fingers on cock heads
working johns.

The
Cheap
will
out-live
the
Rich,
just
like
Vodka.



asked for it

The Poetry is gone.
Left in a hurry
after getting dressed;
Drank the last swig of wine,
emptied my wallet
before slamming the door.
It's mourning again,
the Sun's accusations burning ...
The Poetry asked for it rough,
begged to be hurt,
said it wanted to feel alive.
Now I feel guilty, ashamed -
the wine and wallet are
inadequate,
my own death is inadequate.
My poor, sweet poem:
ravaged and abused.

Feirabend Bier

We pulse, heartbeats
of misplaced desires
and off target attacks,
sitting - at the bar -
sitting - for decency -
sitting at funerals,
we pulse and beat
until our rhythm
is Asymmetric, then
we go into homes.



And there is no home
for those created

Asymmetric;
No homes for ONE-OF-A-KIND languages;
gypsy homes of nothingness.

They only speak to themselves,
Those Last Remaining Future Dead
of languages hammered out over lifetimes.
They can not go home,
where other popular languages go.

Stupid,
Stuttering,
Discombobulated,
filthy
Languages
from Violence
to tepid Peace.

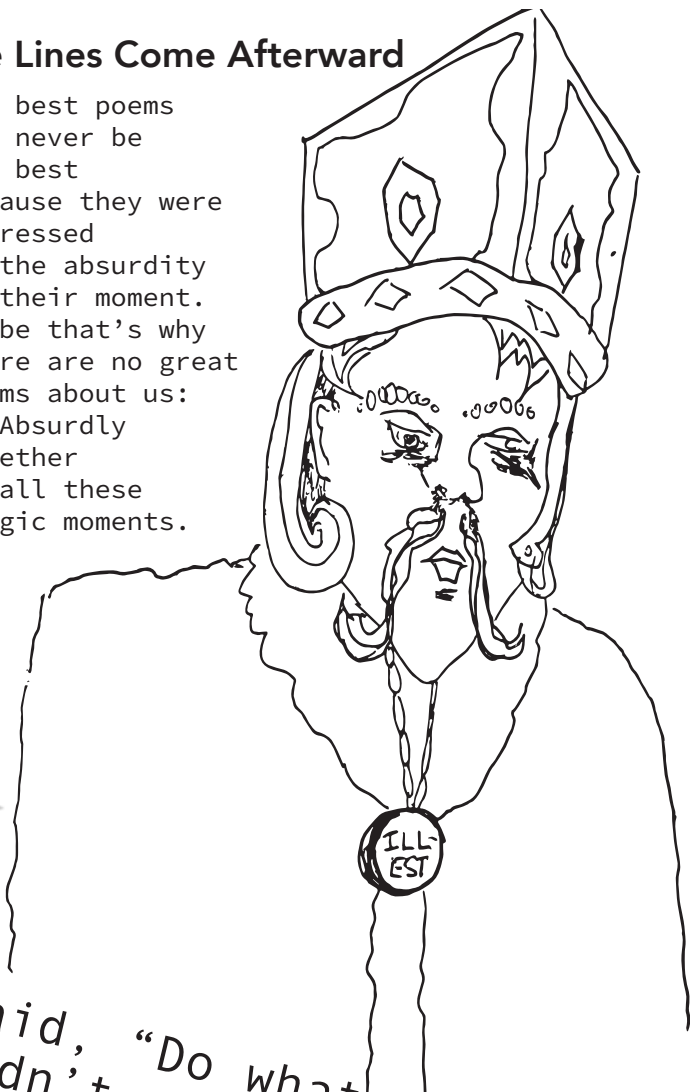
{
assholes, All of us,
conceited enough
to speak our own useless languages
}

faltering in definition,
a wonderful attempt,
But doomed.
doomed to be as
mediocre
as all the Common Languages.

We don't go home.
We only go to sleep.

All The Lines Come Afterward

The best poems
can never be
the best
because they were
expressed
in the absurdity
of their moment.
Maybe that's why
there are no great
poems about us:
so Absurdly
together
in all these
tragic moments.



I said, "Do what you want."
I hadn't considered that
she would also want
to confess.

Drinking to Forget

we finished off the wine,
smoked another joint,
then I went for the whiskey.
she took some pills from her purse
popped them in,
asked for water afterwards.
I fell on the way to the kitchen.
She asked if I could fuck her;
"Another time, perhaps" I told her,
"there's still some booze,
besides, you look too sad to fuck."
When the sun came up,
the blood was everywhere.
she said it was her period;
I knew it was her love.
The morning light crushed her;
suffocated her until she was blue.
She said she wanted a whole weekend
in bed with me.
I told her there wasn't enough to drink
and she still looked too sad to fuck.
She left in the rain.
i watched from the window
as the rivulets came down,
hoping someone would take care of her.

They recommend migration trauma specialists.
They still make appointments for 9 am.
Sadism is oft disguised as help.

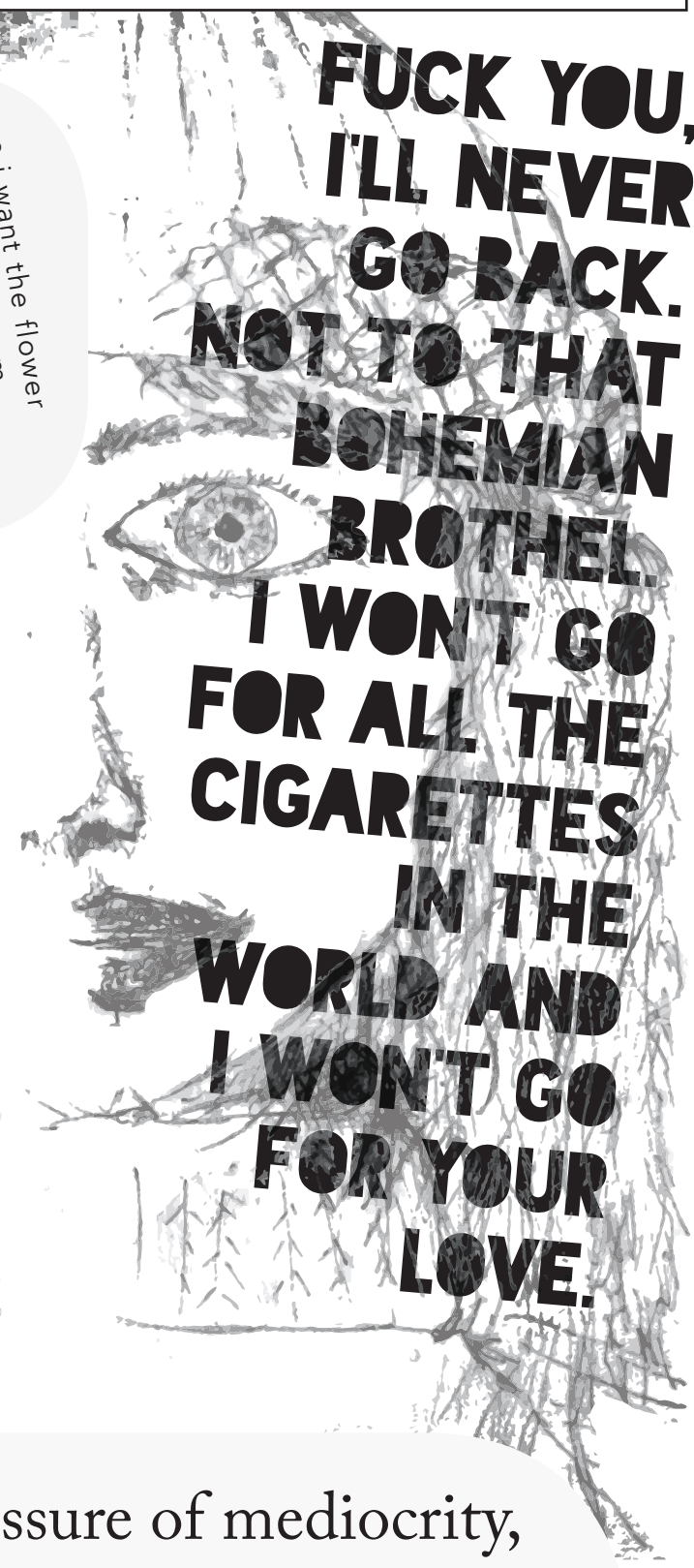
Baited Hooks

black cabs for a music gimmick,
hi-jacked urbania hippped out
with the corporate gimmick -
I can't tell if it's a fight back
or fight with
cause I'm kicked in the head
by the black spot shoe
the same as I am
the Pele Brazil Puma.

I can't tell - that's the problem;
am I fighting against the system
or am I fighting alongside the system;
I'll chew off my own god damned hand
if I don't know what it's attached to!
Can't anyone fucking see
the oblivion that brings Oblivion?

I hate them.
I hate their style, their feel
I hate their eyes and makeup
I hate their shoes and gadgets
and cars and trucks and boats
and sea-beasts and lamps and
fans keyboards cheese-boards
dressers women plastics men
children order places looks
I fucking hate
them:
and in all that hate comes the Devil,
peering through my soft eyes
and watching their dilation
when he hits on the things
that make fish bite dead hooks,
and the sounds
and smells and feels
and memories all dead hooks
and I hate them (ferociously)
but that baited hook I Must bite.

it's true i want the flower
to sweeten every room,
I want the bird to sing for me
from morning until noon.
I want the sea to rage a symphony
until I feel it in my feet,
It's true I want the sun to rise
and the moon to follow its retreat.



**FUCK YOU,
I'LL NEVER
GO BACK.
NOT TO THAT
BOHEMIAN
BROTHEL.
I WONT GO
FOR ALL THE
CIGARETTES
IN THE
WORLD AND
I WONT GO
FOR YOUR
LOVE.**

The overwhelming pressure of mediocrity,
sluggish and indomitable as a glacier, will
mitigate the most violent, and depress the most
exalted revolution.

-T.S. Eliot

ICH DACHTE OFT IN MEINER HERZENSNOT
FÜR DICH ZU STERBEN IST DER SCHÖNSTE TOD
ICH DACHTE OFT IN MEINER HERZENSPAIN
FÜR DICH ZU LEBEN MUSS NOCH SCHÖNER SEIN.

How do I fix this?
40 years of failure
culminating in you;
how, tell me, how
do I fix this,
that you are the
last one?

Dreaming With You

in your sleep, there are no sounds
to distract from a world made of morning bird songs.
in my sleep, there are bombs
to distract from a world made of reproach for misdeeds.
should your sleep and my sleep
come together,
i couldn't imagine the chaos.

A Man For Us

ask me anything, i'll only lie about it.
its not so bad, being lied to;
we have not seen so far,
that we would know a truth.

And your body, excruciating
delicate pleasures, shattered,
moan into your ears, your hair.
the stench of my existence
spoils the perfume of your being

lie still, that i may destroy you;
wait as comets do
until we've crashed
and our arms are not enough
to break falls into and out of love.

do not! do not wait for me!
I will not be there in time for you,
for those spring flowers
that bloom from your breast
in kisses of honey bees.

can we see the sunrise,
hear the calls to prayer;
though i've nothing to ask god.
we don't speak anymore,
because the tears were never mine.

dreary, emaciated, left in the cold
eons and i don't know what's a dream
so i burn fingers on hearts too fresh
for my tourist's desires.
ignite funeral pyres!

Scene B

I've got a slow drawl
for a love sprawled
draped across beds
spread across drapes
it's not a neck
without a nape:
the nightmares have come again,
you see, we've all got our sins.
picked up in back alley...
relationship bins -
the kind we roll down hills as kids,
the kind that let sparks fly
riding inside, upside,
downtown,
rolling rolling round frown.
dip around a corner for a corner fuck,
slip inside for some Peking duck;
eatin' Chinese till we can't see
the hatred that we feel crawling on our skin:
these faces with the evil grins,
- they're usually cops.

Border Town

where we lived, the mesquite would rise
into the afternoon air after the rains;
cardboard cages rose across the river
painted in swirling pinks and yellows
with their occupants milling the hills
down under their bare feet.

where we lived, the junkies shot up
in the alley behind our garage
trying to find heaven in the last frontier;
wondering how it was they got here
and why their cage wasn't painted
as beautifully as the poverty across the river.

where we lived, I was different
so that the school girls
would come out of their cages
to touch my golden yellow hair
and their brothers/cousins/uncles
would yell behind them, "Pinche guero!"

where we lived, everyone spoke spanish;
no one spoke to each other, instead
preferring to speak to the world
with each lost breath from too many days
under the border sun, beating down
hard upon their backs, sapping the drive.

where we lived, kindness was a rag
dangling from the fence of an abandoned lot
and love was held in the can
that the children kicked about
until the oldest would yell "GOOAAAALLL!!!",
expiring the celebration as his breath ended.

where we lived, the desert was forever
and our lives only a grain in that eternity;
no matter how much you needed to escape,
or how long you'd been in line at the bus sta-
tion,
that desert was made of our bones;
they would all be sand,
and I would no longer be any different.

Being A Clown

this incessant entertainment;
i must be a clown with frightening eyes
to drive the tent so wild,
bring them back so often,
cause them disconcerting desires;
but i can't scare them off.

and how these children
burn their memories into my heart...
with all the insanity i can muster
delivered through piercing stares,
night after night i'm tied down
by the circus tent's lines
while they brand their name
all over my body.

and I wonder if my costume
will ever come off,
what then would i be,
if not a clown with frightening eyes?



This is the suppressed sum of my mind.

I could have been the life of the party.

Stories of Lives

Three Ugly Cunts
digging around in full wallets
to provide a pittance
to beggars.
So proud of themselves,
grinning, as though it were
a test.
the high is ruined
by these Cunts,
so disconnected
that it is a story
and not a life.

**I HAVE TELEPATHIC POWERS. I
CAN GET INTO PEOPLES' MINDS
AND FILL THEM WITH POSITIVITY.
BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY
FUCKING PEOPLE AROUND THE
WORLD.**

- Lee "Birdman" & Kiki (2014)



memoirs

THAT RIDICULOUS NIGHT

all night and all day, the sun refused me
until I stole the moon and raped her;
OH, then that bitch, the sun, couldn't ignore me.
following me around, shining on me
screaming my name to the crowds of people,
they looking like cows in a field,
filled with bewilderment - but I knew.
I knew my transgressions would not be forgiven,
I knew my love was soiled and sordid.
I knew there was nothing new,
and I stood, waiting to die under the sun.

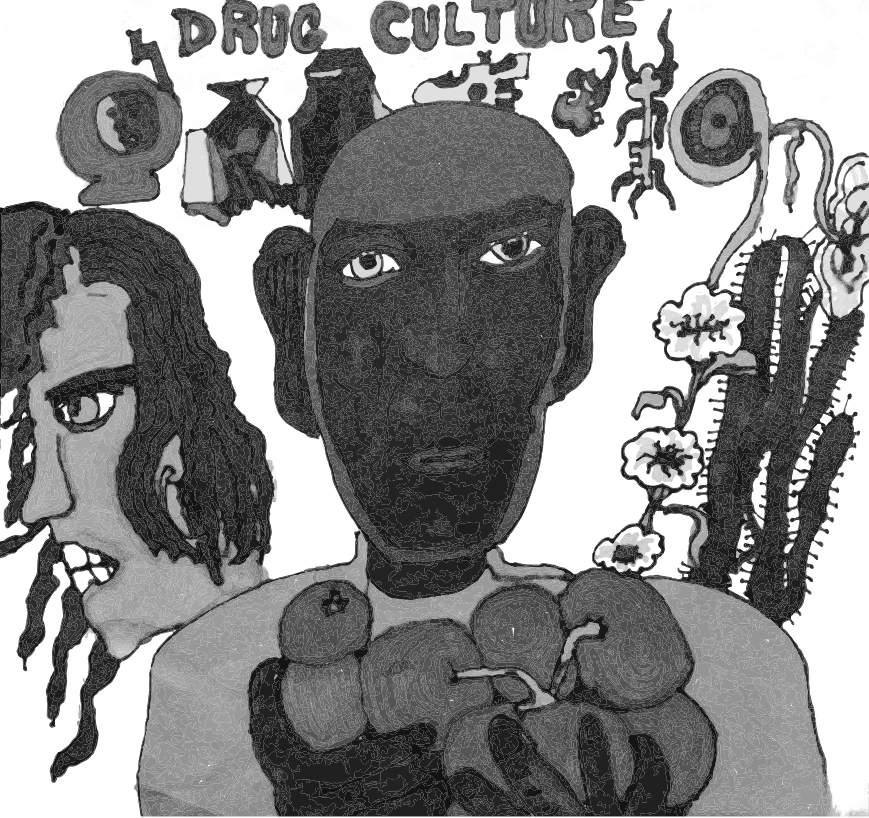


100 pounds of insanity,
just enough brains
to flatter sexuality.
Dreaming of those lips,
pondering that ass.
A million firemen
pouring onto your flame -
but the alleyways
will always be a reminder:
September autumns,
Georgian winters,
never a Catholic Christmas.
Such savagery drags
the bird into the cat's lair.
Delinquent Suffrage,
let your voice be heard,
through windows
up-out from toilets.
Infections are your memoirs:
my heart will always be sick.

Delta between loves,
theta is its angles.
Reciprocity is an
Absolute Proof

I'M A CREDIT
TO THE

DRUG CULTURE



Then they were upon us, their flashing lights and spot-beams targeting us.

It was the kiss that had alerted them - the kiss of life and death and all that is mirrored between us and them; though still they pointed and determined we must be sad, "they must be sad", for a kiss upon the lips in this world, this shame of existence, such a kiss is intolerable, unacceptable, until finally, there is nothing to do but bite tongues off and chew to pieces everything we've said, over and over, repeating ourselves endlessly so that we know, no, not know, we feel, the truth of our sadness, and that truth overcomes our kiss: all the mountains of the world falling at once into their constituent sand grains, piling up and laying about, lazy as the summer lions, waiting for our bones to become them, each fleck of calcium boring into the others, kissing madly, wildly, with abandon and disregard for all the things our parents have said and done, all the churches' and ministers' prayers, all the scorn of know-better teachers, who, themselves, should have known better than their simple sadness ever allowed them to know, we become, at last, the Death of Love - such a twisted creation, so torn, so tattered, flags on poles for generations, always meaningless until the Great Charlatans provide meaning: you can see the meaning of the kiss clearly, as long as you've been paying attention to the nastiness of school teachers and the crawling skin of desperation...

Oh to have that kiss again.

The Greatness of Your Being

You started out clean, innocent. You wanted to be pure, true, free of faults. The deeds just seemed to come of their own accord. All the examples of decency you wanted to be sped past like missed buses during rush hour. You wanted to see the world, feel the love of foreigners, dream under trees that have never existed in your village, speak languages of love and joy. You wanted these things, and you were these things.

But time and life have ebbed on until the shame of all that you had seen imprinted itself upon you; the naked poverty of the indigenous peoples you dreamt of, the callous sorrow for mere trinkets pulled out of the dirt at the cost of fingers, hands, arms and lives, the wretched beauty of the starving unable even to feign concern for their own fates, the decrepit beggars in the Sisyphean task of finding their next meal, never mind, even for a second, where they will sleep.

Unable to understand, you wept. You couldn't bring yourself to weep at their feet, nor even in front of the mirror, but silently sobbing on bus rides through mountains filled with wealth and dotted with misery upon their sides. You wept in taxis on the way to airports, and again in the plane as it flew over hovels and huts where the dying were diligently fulfilling their roles. You wept when you arrived home to see what waste and shame there is in your privileged existence.

And when you were done weeping, you went shopping. Each morning you woke, you pretended solidarity by saving money, by buying the store's brand. You shopped at thrift stores, pretending that because the clothes had already been used, you were helping the oppressed that you wept for. You buy Fair Trade coffee and drink Fair Trade tea, rationalizing that your luxury is their luxury.

Now, each new devolved land you visit, you imagine helping the poor bastards at the very same time you can't imagine how they live the way they do. You refuse to connect your visits, your coffee, your clothes, your gadgets and trinkets, the very food that nourishes you - you refuse to connect these things to these people who produce them and live under the weight of their value. You no longer weep.

The stain of life has set in. You have always known you were greater than them, they were lesser than you. You have accepted the mediocrity of what has been given to you and when you add up all your loneliness, sadness and sorrow, your failed dreams and hopes in one column and their meager joys and tiny successes, their fears and consoling, their love in the face of suffering, their refusal to die, in the other column, you find an average, a mean, a mediocre life that allows you to forget how you wanted to be true, pure and righteous.

WE STILL HAVEN'T DEALT WITH THIS



Fuck Off Malala



Where are you now?
You, who've died from shame,
You, who've left limbs in France,
You, who've had nightmares since 1975,
You, who've lived the unspeakable –
Where are you now?
We, who've murdered your memory,
We, who've put living outside your reach,
We, who've slept like babies, remembering nothing,
We, who speak the unspeakable for you to live –
Where are we now?
We cry for the little Afghani girls
That they might go to school
So they can die in infernal explosions
Delivered from steel huts in New Mexico:
The learning was for naught,
The learning was how to die.
We, who cry, how salty are our tears
For the salt washed blood baths
We encourage, we cheer, we revel,
We, who are not here,
Have special hells
Where the children of our DroneWars
Laugh Cry and are Everywhere.

125 Years Of Military Interventions in the Interests of Capital

SOUTH DAKOTA|1890 (-?)|Troops|300 Lakota Indians massacred at Wounded Knee.
 ARGENTINA|1890|Troops|Buenos Aires interests protected.
 CHILE|1891|Troops|Marines clash with nationalist rebels.
 HAITI|1891|Troops|Black revolt on Navassa defeated.
 IDAHO|1892|Troops|Army suppresses silver miners' strike.
 HAWAII|1893 (-?)|Naval, troops|Independent kingdom overthrown, annexed.
 CHICAGO|1894|Troops|Breaking of rail strike, 34 killed.
 NICARAGUA|1894|Troops|Month-long occupation of Bluefields.
 CHINA|1894-95|Naval, troops|Marines land in Sino-Japanese War
 KOREA|1894-96|Troops|Marines kept in Seoul during war.
 PANAMA|1895|Troops, naval|Marines land in Colombian province.
 NICARAGUA|1896|Troops|Marines land in port of Corinto.
 CHINA|1898-1900|Troops|Boxer Rebellion fought by foreign armies.
 PHILIPPINES|1898-1910 (-?)|Naval, troops|Seized from Spain, killed 600,000 Filipinos
 CUBA|1898-1902 (-?)|Naval, troops|Seized from Spain, still hold Navy base.
 PUERTO RICO|1898 (-?)|Naval, troops|Seized from Spain, occupation continues.
 GUAM|1898 (-?)|Naval, troops|Seized from Spain, still use as base.
 MINNESOTA|1898 (-?)|Troops|Army battles Chippewa at Leech Lake.
 NICARAGUA|1898|Troops|Marines land at port of San Juan del Sur.
 SAMOA|1899 (-?)|Troops|Battle over succession to throne.
 NICARAGUA|1899|Troops|Marines land at port of Bluefields.
 IDAHO|1899-1901|Troops|Army occupies Coeur d'Alene mining region.
 OKLAHOMA|1901|Troops|Army battles Creek Indian revolt.
 PANAMA|1901-14|Naval, troops|Broke off from Colombia 1903, annexed Canal Zone; Opened canal 1914.
 HONDURAS|1903|Troops|Marines intervene in revolution.
 DOMINICAN REPUBLIC|1903-04|Troops|U.S. interests protected in Revolution.

KOREA|1904-05|Troops|Marines land in Russo-Japanese War.
 CUBA|1906-09|Troops|Marines land in democratic election.
 NICARAGUA|1907|Troops|"Dollar Diplomacy" protectorate set up.
 HONDURAS|1907|Troops|Marines land during war with Nicaragua
 PANAMA|1908|Troops|Marines intervene in election contest.
 NICARAGUA|1910|Troops|Marines land in Bluefields and Corinto.
 HONDURAS|1911|Troops|U.S. interests protected in civil war.
 CHINA|1911-41|Naval, troops|Continuous occupation with flare-ups.
 CUBA|1912|Troops|U.S. interests protected in civil war.
 PANAMA|1912|Troops|Marines land during heated election.
 HONDURAS|1912|Troops|Marines protect U.S. economic interests.
 NICARAGUA|1912-33|Troops, bombing|10-year occupation, fought guerrillas
 MEXICO|1913|Naval|Americans evacuated during revolution.
 DOMINICAN REPUBLIC|1914|Naval|Fight with rebels over Santo Domingo.
 COLORADO|1914|Troops|Breaking of miners' strike by Army.
 MEXICO|1914-18|Naval, troops|Series of interventions against nationalists.
 HAITI|1914-34|Troops, bombing|19-year occupation after revolts.
 TEXAS|1915|Troops|Federal soldiers crush "Plan of San Diego" Mexican-American rebellion
 DOMINICAN REPUBLIC|1916-24|Troops|8-year Marine occupation.
 CUBA|1917-33|Troops|Military occupation, economic protectorate.
 WORLD WAR I|1917-18|Naval, troops|Ships sunk, fought Germany for 1 1/2 years.
 RUSSIA|1918-22|Naval, troops|Five landings to fight Bolsheviks
 PANAMA|1918-20|Troops|"Police duty" during unrest after elections.
 HONDURAS|1919|Troops|Marines land during election campaign.
 YUGOSLAVIA|1919|Troops|Marines intervene for Italy against Serbs in Dalmatia.
 GUATEMALA|1920|Troops|2-week intervention against unionists.
 WEST VIRGINIA|1920-21|Troops, bombing|Army intervenes against miners.
 TURKEY|1922|Troops|Fought nationalists in Smyrna.
 CHINA|1922-27|Naval, troops|Deployment during nationalist revolt.



The Executioner's Love
 We spoke in German, most of the evening.
 After the dinner, with too much wine
 I vomited silently into a toilet
 possessing more decor than I had decorum.
 Behind my bent form,
 rolling twenties Jazz spilled out of the wall.
 Such is a price one pays for Society.
 I imagined the dance of the dead,
 with the carved bones of the Buffalo
 clacking out the requiem for a thousand cultures,
 while I wished for Wounded Knee,
 while I wished for the executioner's love.



125 Years of Military Interventions in the Interests of Capital Continued

MEXICO|1923|Bombing |Air-power defends Calles from rebellion
HONDURAS |1924-25|Troops|Landed twice during election strife.
PANAMA|1925|Troops|Marines suppress general strike.
CHINA|1927-34|Troops|Marines stationed throughout the country.
EL SALVADOR|1932|Naval|Warships send during Marti revolt.
WASHINGTON DC|1932|Troops|Army stops WWI vet bonus protest.
WORLD WAR II|1941-45|Naval, troops, bombing, nuclear|Hawaii bombed, fought Japan, Italy and Germany for 3 years; first nuclear war.
DETROIT|1943|Troops|Army put down Black rebellion.
IRAN|1946|Nuclear threat|Soviet troops told to leave north.
YUGOSLAVIA|1946|Nuclear threat, naval|Response to shoot-down of US plane.
URUGUAY|1947|Nuclear threat|Bombers deployed as show of strength.
GREECE|1947-49|Command operation|U.S. directs extreme-right in civil war.
GERMANY|1948|Nuclear Threat|Atomic-capable bombers guard Berlin Airlift.
CHINA|1948-49|Troops|Marines|evacuate Americans before Communist victory.
PHILIPPINES|1948-54|Command operation|CIA directs war against Huk Rebellion.
PUERTO RICO|1950|Command operation|Independence rebellion crushed in Ponce.
KOREA|1951-53 (-?)|Troops, naval, bombing , nuclear threats|U.S./So. Korea fights China/No. Korea to stalemate; A-bomb threat in 1950, and against China in 1953. Still have bases.
IRAN|1953|Command Operation|CIA overthrows democracy, installs Shah.
VIETNAM|1954|Nuclear threat|French offered bombs to use against siege.
GUATEMALA|1954|Command operation, bombing, nuclear threat|CIA directs exile invasion after new gov't nationalized U.S. company lands; bombers based in Nicaragua.
EGYPT|1956|Nuclear threat, troops|Soviets told to keep out of Suez crisis; Marines evacuate foreigners.
LEBANON|1958|Troops, naval|Army & Marine occupation against rebels.
IRAQ|1958|Nuclear threat|Iraq warned against invading Kuwait.
CHINA|1958|Nuclear threat|China told not to move on Taiwan isles.
PANAMA|1958|Troops|Flag protests erupt into confrontation.
VIETNAM|1960-75|Troops, naval, bombing, nuclear threats|Fought South Vietnam revolt & North Vietnam; one million killed in longest U.S. war; atomic bomb threats in 1968 and 1969.
CUBA|1961|Command operation|CIA-directed exile invasion fails.
GERMANY|1961|Nuclear threat|Alert during Berlin Wall crisis.
LAOS|1962|Command operation|Military buildup during guerrilla war.
CUBA |1962| Nuclear threat, naval|Blockade during missile crisis; near-war with Soviet Union.
IRAQ|1963|Command operation|CIA organizes coup that killed president, brings Ba'ath Party to power, and Saddam Hussein back from exile to be head of the secret service.
PANAMA|1964|Troops|Panamanians shot for urging canal's return.
INDONESIA|1965|Command operation|Million killed in CIA-assisted army coup.
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC|1965-66|Troops, bombing|Army & Marines land during election campaign.
GUATEMALA|1966-67|Command operation|Green Berets intervene against rebels.
DETROIT|1967|Troops|Army battles African Americans, 43 killed.
UNITED STATES|1968|Troops|After King is shot; over 21,000 soldiers in cities.
CAMBODIA|1969-75|Bombing, troops, naval|Up to 2 million killed in decade of bombing, starvation, and political chaos.
OMAN|1970|Command operation|U.S. directs Iranian marine invasion.
LAOS|1971-73|Command operation, bombing|U.S. directs South Vietnamese invasion; "carpet-bombs" countryside.
SOUTH DAKOTA|1973|Command operation|Army directs Wounded Knee siege of Lakotas.
MIDEAST|1973|Nuclear threat|World-wide alert during Mideast War.
CHILE|1973|Command operation|CIA-backed coup ousts elected Marxist president.
CAMBODIA|1975|Troops, bombing|Gassing of captured ship Mayagüez, 28 troops die when copter shot down.
ANGOLA|1976-92|Command operation|CIA assists South African-backed rebels.
IRAN|1980|Troops, nuclear threat, aborted bombing|Raid to rescue Embassy hostages; 8 troops die in copter-plane crash. Soviets warned not to get involved in revolution.
LIBYA|1981|Naval jets|Two Libyan jets shot down in maneuvers.
EL SALVADOR|1981-92|Command operation, troops|Advisors, overflights aid anti-rebel war, soldiers briefly involved in hostage clash.
NICARAGUA|1981-90|Command operation, naval|CIA directs exile (Contra) invasions, plants harbor mines against revolution.
LEBANON|1982-84|Naval, bombing, troops|Marines expel PLO and back Phalangists, Navy bombs and shells Muslim positions. 241 Marines killed when Shi'a rebel bombs barracks.
GRENADA|1983-84|Troops, bombing|Invasion four years after revolution.
HONDURAS|1983-89|Troops|Maneuvers help build bases near borders.
IRAN|1984|Jets|Two Iranian jets shot down over Persian Gulf.
LIBYA|1986|Bombing, naval|Air strikes to topple Qaddafi gov't.

BOLIVIA|1986|Troops|Army assists raids on cocaine region.
IRAN|1987-88|Naval, bombing|US intervenes on side of Iraq in war, defending reflagged tankers and shooting down civilian jet.
LIBYA|1989|Naval jets|Two Libyan jets shot down.
VIRGIN ISLANDS|1989|Troops|St. Croix Black unrest after storm.
PHILIPPINES|1989|Jets|Air cover provided for government against coup.
PANAMA|1989 (-?)|Troops, bombing|Nationalist government ousted by 27,000 soldiers, leaders arrested, 2000+ killed.
LIBERIA|1990|Troops|Foreigners evacuated during civil war.
SAUDI ARABIA|1990-91|Troops, jets|Iraq countered after invading Kuwait. 540,000 troops also stationed in Oman, Qatar, Bahrain, UAE, Israel.
IRAQ|1990-91|Bombing, troops, naval|Blockade of Iraqi and Jordanian ports, air strikes; 200,000+ killed in invasion of Iraq and Kuwait; large-scale destruction of Iraqi military.
KUWAIT|1991|Naval, bombing, troops|Kuwait royal family returned to throne.
IRAQ|1991-2003|Bombing, naval|No-fly zone over Kurdish north, Shiite south; constant air strikes and naval-enforced economic sanctions
LOS ANGELES|1992|Troops|Army, Marines deployed against anti-police uprising.
SOMALIA|1992-94|Troops, naval, bombing|U.S.-led United Nations occupation during civil war; raids against one Mogadishu faction.
YUGOSLAVIA|1992-94|Naval|NATO blockade of Serbia and Montenegro.
BOSNIA|1993-?|Jets, bombing|No-fly zone patrolled in civil war; downed jets, bombed Serbs.
HAITI|1994|Troops, naval|Blockade against military government; troops restore President Aristide to office three years after coup.
ZAIRE (CONGO)|1996-97|Troops|Troops at Rwandan Hutu refugee camps, in area where Congo revolution begins.
LIBERIA|1997|Troops|Soldiers under fire during evacuation of foreigners.
ALBANIA|1997|Troops|Soldiers under fire during evacuation of foreigners.
SUDAN|1998|Missiles|Attack on pharmaceutical plant alleged to be "terrorist" nerve gas plant.
AFGHANISTAN|1998|Missiles|Attack on former CIA training camps used by Islamic fundamentalist groups alleged to have attacked embassies.
IRAQ|1998|Bombing, Missiles|Four days of intensive air strikes after weapons inspectors allege Iraqi obstructions.
YUGOSLAVIA|1999|Bombing, Missiles|Heavy NATO air strikes after Serbia declines to withdraw from Kosovo. NATO occupation of Kosovo.
YEMEN|2000|Naval|USS Cole, docked in Aden, bombed.
MACEDONIA|2001|Troops|NATO forces deployed to move and disarm Albanian rebels.
UNITED STATES|2001|Jets, naval|Reaction to hijacker attacks on New York, DC
AFGHANISTAN|2001-?|Troops, bombing, missiles|Massive U.S. mobilization to overthrow Taliban, hunt Al Qaeda fighters, install Karzai regime, and battle Taliban insurgency. More than 30,000 U.S. troops and numerous private security contractors carry our occupation.
YEMEN|2002|Missiles|Predator drone missile attack on Al Qaeda, including a US citizen.
PHILIPPINES|2002-?|Troops, naval|Training mission for Philippine military fighting Abu Sayyaf rebels evolves into combat missions in Sulu Archipelago, west of Mindanao.
COLOMBIA|2003-?|Troops|US special forces sent to rebel zone to back up Colombian military protecting oil pipeline.
IRAQ|2003-11|Troops, naval, bombing, missiles|Saddam regime toppled in Baghdad. More than 250,000 U.S. personnel participate in invasion. US and UK forces occupy country and battle Sunni and Shi'ite insurgencies. More than 160,000 troops and numerous private contractors carry out occupation and build large permanent bases.
LIBERIA|2003|Troops|Brief involvement in peacekeeping force as rebels drove out leader.
HAITI|2004-05|Troops, naval |Marines & Army land after right-wing rebels oust elected President Aristide, who was advised to leave by Washington.
PAKISTAN|2005-?|Missiles, bombing, covert operation|CIA missile and air strikes and Special Forces raids on alleged Al Qaeda and Taliban refuge vil-lages kill multiple civilians. Drone attacks also on Pakistani Mehsud network.
SOMALIA|2006-?|Missiles, naval, troops, command operation|Special Forces advise Ethiopian invasion that topples Islamist government; AC-130 strikes, Cruise missile attacks and helicopter raids against Islamist rebels; naval blockade against "pirates" and insurgents.
SYRIA|2008|Troops|Special Forces in helicopter raid 5 miles from Iraq kill 8 Syrian civilians
YEMEN|2009-?|Missiles, command operation|Cruise missile attack on Al Qaeda kills 49 civilians; Yemeni military assaults on rebels
LIBYA|2011-?|Bombing, missiles, troops, command operation|NATO coordinates air strikes and missile attacks against Qaddafi government during uprising by rebel army. Periodic Special Forces raids against Islamist insurgents.
IRAQ|2014-?|Bombing, missiles, troops, command operation|Air strikes and Special Forces intervene against Islamic State insurgents; training Iraqi and Kurdish troops.
SYRIA|2014-?|Bombing, missiles, troops, command operation|Air strikes and Special Forces intervene against Islamic State insurgents; training other Syrian insurgents.

FRIEDHOF

der tisch im garten
ist immer gedeckt
wartend auf gäste
wir im zimmer
und schauen hinaus

der tisch meine liebe
der tisch ist stets leer
die stühle verrotten
von regen zu regen
sie zählen nichtmehr

wir sehen die mauern
des friedhofs im innern
baumstümpfe
witternd im stehen
um graue gebeine

braune kelche von tau
geistertrinkschalen
die suchen ein heim
im garten im dunkeln
und im leeren haus

doch die gäste erscheinen
sie jagen den spuk
auf die bäume im garten
wir essen ein bisschen
und riechen nach toast

wir scherzen wir lachen
verlegen
uns schmerzen die blicke
uns schweift der blick
kahle äste im fenster
die tonnen im hof

du musst bald gehen
kaust du ins brot
und doch schaust du mich an
als würdest du auf mich
wie auf jemanden warten
der so schnell
das nicht kann

mein gummibaum im zimmer
trägt immergrünes laub
die förde im nebel
liegt staubödegrau
komm, wir halten den atem
und wenn nur stunden ver-
bleiben
lassen wir's zu
oder machen es auf
lassen es sein
was es ist

es ist dein.

Wachstumsbeschleunigungsgesetz

Aus dem Smog der Städte
Dem Nebel der Provinz
Schlaflos ihre Hände
Erbrochen das Idyll
Sie wälzen vorwärts
Sie wallen zurück
Es gibt ein Gesetz
Wälzt euch ins Glück
Es gibt ein Gesetz
In Scheiben am Stück

Seid ihr auch wach?
Seid ihr auch stumm?
Wach
Stumm
Beschleunigung

Brauchtum?
Dumm!
Bürgertum?
Bumm!
Wachstum?
Drum!

Aus dem Nebel der Städte
Dem Smog der Provinz
Da erheben sich Hände
Kein Sklave, kein Prinz
Wir wälzen vorwärts
Es wälzt jeder für sich
Und schau ich mich um
mein Blick wärmt dich nicht
Es gibt ein Gesetz
Wir wollen ins Glück
Es gibt ein Gesetz
Wir flechten den Strick
Es gibt ein Gesetz
Es gibt kein zurück

Schrumpfen verboten!
Merkel das Gesetz:
Wach stumm Beschleunigung

بجزه را ببند
 باد خرمی کند
 کودکی مرا بدتا چوخ بزند
 و من پیر شدم

Rahim Mowlaeian

SchlieÙe das Fenster
 Der Wind kündigt sich nicht an
 Meine Kindheit hat er genommen
 Um eine Runde zu drehen
 Und ich bin alt geworden

„Tegar-tat dar-ak, a-tat-hannayad dat-ak.“

Throw it behind you, you will see it in front of you.

For once, let me be wasteful. Allow me to spend a whole page on language. Or is it politics again? Let's decide later. During my research concerning the background of the recent outbreaks of Futürism all over Asieuroopa, I came across a startling 100-year-old original in the magnetostabilized archives of Geneva.

It was a pre-Futüristic essay titled „Futures – are we nearly there, yet?“, published in late 2014 by an at that time rather unknown Cornwall-branch of the European Pirate Party.

As I have already discussed the plural of future used and it's ideological implications as well as my other findings in last week's issue, today, I'd like to share a rather surprising linguistic observation with you: In the document's title, the word „futüres“ [/'fju:tʃəs/] was spelled f-u-t-u-r-e-s.

I double-checked the source code but it doesn't seem like any dots had weathered away over time. Instead, I came to realize that in Colonial English the „u“ [/'ju:/] and the „ü“ [/'jə:/] in futüres were spelled with the same letter „u“ - in an epoch that is indeed famous for it's weird conjunctions of spelling and pronunciation.

The letter „ü“, and „u“ with two dots on top, first entered the English language as „U-umlaut“ [/'ʊ - 'ʊmlaʊt/] from across the channel when Denglisch was officially accepted as an English dialect in the late forties.

The Pop-German language is in turn said to have adapted the „U-umlaut“, pronounced „ü“ [y:] from the Turkish immigrants in post-world-war Germany. This information I found on a piece of ancient flash drive that had miraculously survived the latest inversion of the earth's magnetic field. Maybe even more surprising is of course the fact that umanity survived these years of forceful solar invasion...

Talking of umanity [/'ju:.mənə-ti/], while it is now widely accepted that this word used to be spelled with an „h“ in the front in the age of Oligocapitalism, and at least up to the crisis of western governance, I strongly suggest that this „h“ [/'extʃ/] even then was almost a silent „h“ [/'hju:.mənə-ti/], longing to vanish over the centuries, as it eventually did in more progressive times. It just seems too unlikely that that even the most backward wired 21st centurions would have pronounced an „h“ in front of an „u“ - „human“ [/'h-ju:.mən/] - which would be quite a pain in the throat. Disappear the „h“ did – not surprisingly – as one can not expect h's to be ageless. By the tweet, the broverb „pain in the throat“ is said to have had another wording back in the days. Which brings me to the rather startling fact that „broverb“ used to be spelled with a „p“ even though „bro“ or „brother“ has always been spelled with a „b“. Language! - I could go on for ages.

The word „age“ [/'eɪdʒ/] was spelled a-g-e- back then. Rather rustic, isn't it? On the other hand, there is a slight difference in pronunciation in some dialects and, on top of that, the current spelling „h apostrophe s“ was considered a linguistic disease called „apostrophitis“ just a few decades ago. Apostrophitis first developed as an English induced mutation in German before re-infecting the English language when Propriatism consumed Pluralism in the wake of the shareholder-stakeholder conflict in 2037, leading to reports concerning self-inflicted asset damage all over the westernised world.

Well, what I am trying to say is, if umanity was a bit less scared of dealing with the past left behind, we wouldn't have to run that fast towards futüres of which we don't even know how they will be written-out once we are there.

Talking of h and future, I cannot help myself but drop in a political appeal here. With view on the plight of the upcoming 70-years-old-slaughters in Luxembourg and the Luxembourgs all around the world, I hope wholeheartedly that we are all once more prepared to step up against the two major plagues of our time: H'ism and Futürism. - and sadly enough, I am confident we all know how to spell the postfix „-ism“.

INTEGRATE

the drunken rejection
so flaccid and shallow

just the head?

fight or fuck

it's where we're at.

such cultural
exclusivity...

Fight or Fuck.



Stadtpolizei Zürich

NICHT GENUG RASSISMUS UND DISKRIMINIERUNG?

Wir helfen Ihnen!