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Saturday, February 07, 2009

[if you are reading this](#)

you have been very patient

8:24 PM

Tuesday, March 10, 2009

[it's alive](#)

i don't beat know your own soft skin
how until it hardens to write

stop another yourself with
line a fast flurry of punches of

tame poetry your desire

that's it the price has left
for me sitting and it feels ringside
at this strangely event
ok

9:57 AM

[if I can't imagine what we were](#)

was anything to be the stuff
of more cliches and important romance

this discovery and what has pushed
we are the envelope now
further is more like research

then we are for the good of traveling
through everyone
we are replicating scientific human history

and explorers will end up on the verge
of amazing discovery
back at the original feeling

12:05 PM

Thursday, April 02, 2009

[cattermole hill, ex-mountain of flesh](#)

was reared up by stress and sank under strain; tank it up, dank it up, tells the tailor to his tout;
entoutcas for a man, but bit a thimble for a maid; blimp, blump; a dud letter, a sing a song a sylble;
a byword, a sentence with surcease; while stands his canyouseehim frails will fall; was hatched at
cellbridge but ajoculated abrood; as it gan in the bequinnings so wound up in a battle of boss;
roderick, roderick, roderick, o , you've gone the way of the danes

2:00 AM

[the answer is no](#)

5:09 PM

[no, the answer is yes!](#)

5:12 PM

Sunday, April 05, 2009

[so yes is marginally better than no?](#)

the proof is in the kudos. what a positive bunch you are.
the original question was; have i read finnegan's wake? yes and no.
i read in it constantly, but i have not 'read it'.
'have you read it' implies some kind of sequential narrative and a finishing line.
this book is an ocean and i swim in it regularly.
then i dry off, and go about my business. better for it.
so there.

11:03 PM

[as neutron](#)

blast

we hover
just shiny metal
outside unbroken glass

the memory hubble horizon
is reconstructive of:

dissolving this universion
the now always changing the past

our human soil
architectural instruments

not quite petal

thank you, powerful city
for grinding us down enough
to predict outcomes

united at last

11:10 PM

[as we hover](#)

just outside the hubble horizon
of this universion

our instruments not
quite powerful enough

to predict outcomes

11:34 PM

[neutron blast](#)

shiny metal unbroken
glass

memory is
reconstructive:

dissolving the now
always changing the past

human soil
architectural petal

thank you, city
for grinding us down

united at last

11:35 PM

[so you can read again, - so read, you can better](#)

doublespeak: twice as good

11:36 PM

Wednesday, August 12, 2009

[hey babaluba](#)

it's fair to say the day only has 24 hours,
although one does not necessarily have to accept.
(feeble excuse)

it's also fair to say that this space has been left to it's own dervishes (you)
it is fair to say this is not necessarily fair on you, but i see you've kept the house
pretty nice & clean while i've been away. thx

having survived another a-ha album (the cat only has 9 lives)
it's fair to say that i will try to pay more attention to my own space again

as if you did not know this, my space is now inside the apparatjik wormhole
so you can't have it both ways - and eat it...with creampuffs on it!
(another cat reference!?!) plus, solo-projects are soooooo 5 minutes ago, n'est pas?

i guess what i'm trying to say is that a few things are in the works -
exhibitions, inhibitions, music, muisc, umisc...
i'll keep you posted (he said, tight after saying 'i'll fax you the check')

the poetrytrytry again seems to have dried up. who knows.
it's summer, and too easy to drink rather than think.

in the words of william boyd: no fool like an old fool
(any human heart)

i'm going down...to alphabet street

cya

m

6:32 PM

Tuesday, September 08, 2009

last will and testament

hey, guys – relax. i had just heard that some of you were getting spooked by the mail on sunday interview which i let myself be cajoled into doing... there's nothing wrong with me that wasn't wrong before, but thanks for asking. it's not the work it's the worry, as they say.

in fact though, i could not be less worldweary. i have just returned from 4 sun- and fun-filled days in a swanky hotel in barcelona, with my lovely oldest son and all my cold playing friends, their lovely wives and the entirely friendly circus-entourage of a monster-size band at the peak of its game, even managing to satisfy a 10 year restaurant-ambition in the process (elBulli, to the foodies out there).

so if you haven't already puked at the shamelessness and namedropping by now, you will at least reconsider your concern for my early demise.

anyhow, your nurse-like instinct has provided me with a nice cue for this self-important title (thank-you-very-much), and given me the final impetus to man up and thank you all for the kind words and support of my spacial wordspouts.

over the years, i have invented a few things and shared them with you, surely confused you, most definitely toyed with you, no doubt irritated you - wilfully withheld things from my crowded inner space while exposing quite a few others...

you have read, listened, laughed(?), commented, harrumphed, corrected, touched and defended me royally, followed my labyrinthine doctrines, and (i would assume) all but given up on the way, suffering bad cases of the flummox.

i picture you all now congealed into one person, and i realise that i really like that person.

maybe it all boils down to the banal fact that this person clearly likes me, but i like to think it also has to do with the fact that whoever it is, this person has a heart (baboom baba-boom boom) and a head, grace, compassion, sensibilities, wit, and a wicked sense of humor - what's not to like!

the fact that this amalgamated person is also predominately female is fine by me. i may come a cross as a bit of a lad, but it is women who bring out the best in me.

so here it is, honeys; i'm outta here. not to disappear off the radar completely of course, (don't get your hopes up!), but to create havoc somewhere else. 09.09.09 here i come.

the intellectuals among you have already found this out; for the foreseeable future i mean to dedicate my weird and wily contributions to weblife to a most inspiring communal congregation of comrades. yup, you guessed it. 3 of the most beautiful guys you could ever happen to work with. troubled souls, sure, but hey - in my dictionary, troubled is the definition of beauty. i'm of course more than happy for you to follow me should you have the inclination: you are all apparatjiks.

as most of you may know already, a full apparatjik album was recorded more than 6 months ago, but its release continually delayed out of respect for the current (and really good) mew album (also pretty continually delayed). so if you were in this for the music, you know you have something to look backwards to.

(and, hey - if someone has found mr berryman's iphone somewhere, this means you already have the apparatjik album, along with a truckload of telephone-numbers you most definitely should not have in your possession!)

before i...eh, you go; i have to say that the ones among you still on my much neglected mailinglist will soon be offered a new way to rid yourself of money with (another) one of my limited edition projects - coming your way in a couple of weeks...all i can really say is that i have never enjoyed having my hand quite this far up morten's behind. figuratively speaking, of course. once the 'privileged' have gotten their magne f-ix and are all happy, i'll post a link to the info on here for the rest of you.

there it is, folks – in the words of the shepherd: let's get the flock out of here.

mf

ps: remind me, would you please, not to make any serious attempt at fictional prose until i have tamed my compulsive need for adjectival adjectives and flowery sentence-structure ...doh!

10:05 PM

Monday, October 05, 2009

[lust, want and lasting enjoyment](#)

dear letterheads,
as promised, here is a finyl (tsk, tsk) update of news-ish character, just to let you in on what is probably no longer any kind of secret anywhere; alpha beta has been unleashed on the mailing-list, and as of....eh, now....on the unsuspecting world at large.

if you want to see more of the project go here:
<http://paulstolper.com/store-magne.html>

the mentioned vinyl record is called word symphony.
here are a few track.names to bake your noodles:

side a

- 1 before beautiful beginnings
- 5 mmmyeahee
- 7 no mystery, no meaning
- 8 making it real from memory

side b

- 2 you & i with me
- 3 come backwards
- 4 the adjectivist
- 6 re verb orator

there. although there is more, that is probably all you need. the real thing is for enthusiasts and the vinylly inclined.

as the titles imply, it's perhaps a little more magne f than mags, but in actual fact it's ALL morten. nothing but, as they say. oh, well, you do the math. whatever it is is music and havoc.

thanks once a gain thanks
and hasta la vista, ðŀs
m

ps
maybe you're not too impressed with my output on the apparatjik channel yet, what with my big announcement and all...
but one day it may just be worth the struggle. i think.
my job is to confuse. and i do it so well even i am in a daze.

7:21 PM

Tuesday, October 27, 2009

[purple prose](#)

dear friends

the wordsymphony is now finished and currently in glorious purple vinyl-production.

the print editions are also close to being done, and will be signed and shipped shortly.

shortly, as in during the month of november.

thank you for your patience.

Mf

3:54 PM