- 1. All work that is presented in this publication shall be referred to as "creative, text-based work" or "CTBW"; "creative" meaning nonfactual; "text-based" meaning work that is produced with the medium of a writing system or glyphs. 2. There are myriad variables in CTBW. It is wrong to try to group like example as this sets precedents for production and thus inhibits the creative process.
- 3. Labels for work and names for any perceived "styles" of CTBW must be eschewed, including but not limited to: literature, drawing, poetry, prose, typography, creative writing, artist writing, word art, *lyrics, fiction etc.*
- 4. There are no "types" of CTBW, but there are varying degrees of subjectivity. CTBW can be interpreted or defined differently by different people, but must be done so consciously.
- It is wrong to make assumptions about content as a result of execution- each piece of CTBW must be experienced in its own right, peerless unless otherwise intended by its creator.
- 6. By removing the need for CTBW to adhere to prejudiced definitions we make it possible for the work to exist in its own right and to validate itself, rather than having to conform to prerequisites about content, execution, reference or culture.
- CTBW does not have to take language into account. All languages – living, dead, organic, constructed – are potential vehicles for CTBW but are not its media.

We are always looking for new submissions. Please send any to hoaxpublication@gmail.com [Work will be printed in black ink and on A5 paper]



A free, independent literary venture to present all forms of creative, text-based work as equal and to remove useless definitions of what creative work can be.

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Fully unaware that she Archaic cheekbones and grace Crease in complement to her Rimmed with midnight, Pinpricked with stars and Luminous, those watery orbs, Tanglers and Tossers. After years of careless Finally found a suitable buyer Eyes sparkle sapphires that Dirty Brown. To darken her blush pink dialect a Thousand tiring dates, As a debutante, a Thousand dinners, drinks, and Solitarily loafed outside a Thousand occasions where she has Blue rinse reminisces a Tight with French tips, while The little valleys pull in In Brooklyn Drag. Captain Parker's Pub up

The tarmac glitters and swells, lighting Shimmering heat of West coastal sun.

Drags lazily on her Marlboro Red, in the

Bleached white jeans Old Lady Peach and

Still stops traffic.

30 IIII D B

9

suitcases whilst avoiding ed my brains for weeks now, lost teeth gained teeth, lost teeth again. The ideas never took the bait. I thought of other and The theme, like a sore thumb stuck into me. I rack the name of a homage. Then there's the actual m room, whilst sat limp from afar - as opposed to for bagging restrictions, or posting fragile objects to a hastily printed poster unzipped from a Pdf jacket thought around similar subjects but became less

The Vacillator lives a life of situational determination The Vacillator sees as many as almost all outcomes or

Imagines them, anyway

The Vacillator often finds he cannot answer questions posed

The Vacillator often fears questions he asks vex others

The Vacillator is for asking questions

The Vacillator is against asking questions

The Vacillator ceaselessly searches for answers and the answer in every Wrong place

The Vacillator experiments for consequence and with

**Results** 

The Vacillator repudiates and or accepts

The Vacillator aims to be equable

The Vacillator believes in equilibrium

The Vacillator is buoyant

As granite

The Vacillator is flaneur and wanderer

The Vacillator strides with no aim

The Vacillator meanders hopefully

The Vacillator never reaches a plateau

The Vacillator enjoys the apparent significance of synchronicity

The Vacillator struggles with differences

**Sometimes** 

The Vacillator sees the minutiae inherent

The Vacillator is awed by the grand

The Vacillator has no use for mirrors

The Vacillator finds little comfort in words

The Vacillator despises them but reads them all despite

The Vacillator is a friend-or a friend of a friend

The Vacillator fears doom in his mood

The Vacillator points out his own character

**Flaws** 

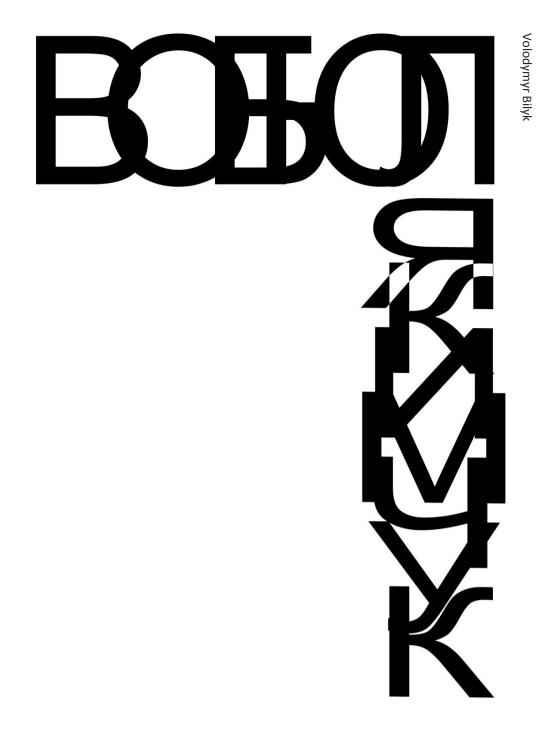
The Vacillator is a doggedly unreconstructed being

The Vacillator has seventy-eight identities

The Vacillator sees the signs beyond signs

The Vacillator is avant-garde populist

The Vacillator is off and ongoing



I'd get blown away

the day we unboxed the bulb.

To imagine - one hundred Watts

of electricity

beating like a pulsar!

Or,

the etching of your life

along the heart rate monitor,

undulating through

the tungsten filament

between two parallel contact wires.

A touch of heat enough

to tattoo my print to the globe of glass.

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