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"CHARIVARI" FROM THE "TYPEWRITER POEMS" SERIES: GUSTAVE MORIN (CANADA)
EDITORIAL:

With this issue of Rampike we pay tribute to two fellow travelers who have departed. We have lost Alanna Bondar (1968-2014), Associate professor (Algoma University), author, world traveler, scholar, teacher, and former guest-editor for Rampike. An eco-culturalist, and literary activist; she made the world a better place.

And, we have lost Alistair MacLeod (1936-2014), multi-prize winning author, professor Emeritus (University of Windsor), repeat contributor to Rampike, editor, story-teller, teacher, and friend to so very many. The words of his internationally celebrated novel still resonate, “All of us are better when we are loved.” (No Great Mischief).

For this issue we gratefully acknowledge the editorial assistance of Derek Beaulieu who introduced half a dozen, fresh, visual poetics specialists to our pages. In this Rampike, we consider the poetic ear, and the poetic eye. Paul Dutton, in his essay, “bpNichol and the Past-Present of a Future Music,” (http://www.thing.net/~grist/id/DTTN-BPM.HTM) has spoken of optophonetics in his consideration of artists such as Raoul Hausmann, bpNichol, and jazz artist Ornette Coleman. If there is a “jazz for the eyes” then this issue offers some licks in that direction. Herein, we present a range of visual poetic approaches that explore ink and its sweep on the page. In this issue, we include poetic and fictional texts, along with ink-works that depart from convention by breaking the limitations of paragraph, sentence, line, or word, while reconfiguring the alphabet towards alluring investigations of the boundless tinted page. Hyginus contends that the Fates invented the seven letters: Alpha, Omicron, Upsilon, Eta, Iota, Beta, and Tau. In another version of the myth, Hermes (Mercury) invented those letters upon watching a flock of cranes whose wing-angles appeared as letter-forms crossing the sky. Flights of mind, inspired by sight and sound; feathered wisps stroking sky, snowy wings glimpsed for a split-second against an azure dome. Kinematic signifiers. Kinetic minds. In his Philosophical Investigations, Ludwig Wittgenstein comments on the inter-connectedness of enunciation and consciousness when he states: "Thought is surrounded by a halo. – Its essence, logic, presents an order, in fact, the a priori order of the world: that is, the order of possibilities, which must be common to both world and thought" (44e, #97).

Manipulations of the alphabet link thought with physical manifestations registering recorded memories that fly from cuneiform, to hieroglyphic, past the codex centuries, into the digital era. We hope you will enjoy these investigative forays that bridge literary expression and visual art. Artistic borders are porous and invite philosophical investigations. When conventional meanings are lost, they are replaced by fresh connotations/denotations. Such forays take us beyond words, into the unfamiliar, a terra incognita flashing on the retina, (re-)shaping the flux between I and eye, a rendering of ink, a scintillating sliding signification recalling Heraclitus’ timeless maxim, “Panta rei, ouden menei” – Everything flows, nothing abides. – K. Jirgens (Editor)
etoukapi
Jaap Blonk

etoukapi kstoo kso kopr
etoukapi kstoo prkso kopr
etoukapi o kotrtoo truuupapi ksukapi ksuprkapi astrutoo kso kopr
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N.B.; "ETOUKAPI" IS A COMPUTER-GENERATED SOUND POEM IN JAAP BLONK'S ARTIFICIAL LANGUAGE "INGLETWIST"
SOUND
Jaap Blonk

Are you listening?
You’re listening.
You’re breathing in. You are holding your breath.
Your ears are whirring. You hear the whirring in your ears. It is a timeless whoosh.
You’re breathing out. You hear yourself breathing out.
After that it’s quiet. You hear nothing. A pin could drop.
You are listening.
Isn’t there a trifling flurry? You perceive something barely audible. There seems to be a slight noise, that nestles itself in your auricle. Is it a rustle that wants your open ear? A whiff to tickle your auditory duct? Something that crackles in the distance? A rattling that would really like to caress you? A humming to come and kiss you?
You can hear it. Yes, now you can hear. It’s a click that drips a drop on your ear sense. A speck of dust plops on your eardrum. A crack, small enough to fit quietly inside you.
And then it’s quiet again. Nothing resounds. Shush. Do you really hear nothing? No?
Yes. There it is. That bubbling from just a minute ago. Splattering amicably past your inquiringly open hearing. Your wildly open ear perceives sweet drumrolls and rumbling wanting to get through as well. There’s buzzing all around now and you revel in the soft crunching. A hiss is calling to cherish your thirsty ear. O, how lovely all that gurgling and grumbling.
This lightweight peeping is most welcome, as are that nicely drivelling murmur, and the tinkling that tickles your eardrum.
What about that snorting, though, can you give it ear? And does that chattering fit in anywhere? Isn’t that trumpeting getting out of hand? Then block your hearing. You are blocking your ears, is what you’re trying. But it won’t work. Hearing is everywhere. And it knocks at every window of your cochlea. Clatters at the aural gates left and right. Your ears are burning from the bubbling. All the joints of your hearing system creak. Your head bellows all over and bongs in its bones. Bam! A delicious pang. And a jolly boom! Your innards are a-thundering. How heavenly it shrieks and screams. Rages and roars. Hammers and thumps. Thwack! Slap! What a delight. Bang! Wallop! A blaring hubbub. A heavenly hubbub that shouts with laughter inside you. Rave! Ecstasy drones and beats. How it screeches and yelps and echoes and hoots in the sonic paradise in which you’re listening. You hear! You hear, you hear sound! Sound.

Presented here as part of the Rampike historical documents series.
“SOLILOQUY” FROM THE PRELIMINARY STUDIES FOR “TRACES OF SPEECH,” JAAP BLONK

“i question y” (IS RELATED TO BLONK’S RECENT AUDIO WORK “POLYPHTONG”) JAAP BLONK
A Poem to Philip Glass is the first of a proposed series of artists’ books that respond to the music of various minimalist composers. The original patterns for this piece were created on a Brother Electric Typewriter, they were then photocopied and overlaid to form moiré patterns responding to the ‘repetitive structures’ inherent in his work. Originally these were laid out and pasted up as a continuous, large format sequence. The finished pieces were then scanned, edited and selected to form a sequential narrative across the pages of the book.

Barrie Tullett is Senior Lecturer in Graphic Design at the Lincoln School of Art and Design, and, along with Philippa Wood, is co-founder of a collective called The Caseroom Press; an independent publisher whose work explores the function and format of the book, from single limited editions to multiple copies; from poetry to prose; from the artist’s book to traditional print; from stencils, to typewriters; from wood and metal type to litho to digital print processes...
"A Poem" from the "Typewriter Poems" series: Gustave Morin (Canada)
"Desiderata" from the "Typewriter Poems" series: Gustave Morin (Canada)

Gustave Morin is a writer, editor, publisher, visual artist, actor, impresario, performance artist, and Curator for the Common Ground Art Gallery in Windsor, Canada, among numerous other activities.
Words that include assault murder and his feet devoid of reality.

kick that word habit man

The Word was Junk without the right vitamins to the Wrong Monkey

kick that word habit

I wrote you thousands of years

Junk is Time

Time is Junk

Junk Time is

Such a deal.

the message that is you was written in virus

we are all shit eaters

knocked up

with the word
junk is no good baby
junk is no good
baby junk is no
no good baby junk
is no good baby
no good baby is junk

we have come to eat

devoid of reality

who want to stamp on the human face forever
who travel in a non-human direction, hitchhikers, tourists, use the human face as funnel
who want to stay in one place forever
who can not move
who wrote the original word
who wrote the original words is still there

**GREGORY BETTS** is the Chancellor’s Chair for Research Excellence at Brock University, Director of the Centre for Canadian and American Studies, and an Associate Professor at Brock University. His six books of poetry (including the brand new *Boycott*, pub'd by Make Now Press) each explore different aspects of appropriation, plunderverse, and plagiarism via collage. The poem in this issue extrapolates and hallucinates phrases and images from diverse works by Brion Gysin.
Origami for Terrorists

Kill raid.
Fold in half.

If certain circumstances.
Pry open.

Torture memos.
Fold away from you.

The symbolic power.
Open up the sides.

We will kill you.
Use a pair of scissors.

Interrogate a dead man.
Repeat for the other side.

I heard the birds.
Crimp.

O my friends, we have no friend.
It is done!

GARY BARWIN (CANADA)

MELODY SUMNER CARNAHAN has nine books in print and over forty works published in magazines and anthologies. For over 25 years she has also presented her writing off the page in collaborations with composers, performers, and artists. (SumnerCarnahan.org)

BURNING BOOKS is an artist-run, weirdness-driven organization dedicated to the production and publication of unmuzzled literature, music, and art in obsolete delivery systems: books, posters, movies, pamphlets, postcards, discs. It was founded by writer/editor Melody Sumner Carnahan and artist/designer Michael Sumner in 1979. Burning Books is better at making the world more elegant and convincing when it operates as a low-key dysfunctional entity. Mail us at: P.O. Box 2638, Santa Fe, NM 87504 USA. Or, visit: BurningBooks.org
LSD
Visual Prosthesis for General Use
The Exploitation Of Ghosts

Identification of individuals represented in Max Ernst's *Loplop Introduces Members of the Surrealist Group*:

THE LANGUAGE OF VISUAL POETRY
Remembering Dennis Tourbin

Among his many other arts-based activities, Dennis Tourbin was a regular contributor to Rampike. Along with other pioneers such as Greg Curnoe, and Joyce Wieland, Tourbin investigated the artificial borders between text and visual art. Recently, Tourbin’s life-long artistic achievements have been honoured in a touring show. The collection on tour features the first comprehensive consideration of Dennis Tourbin’s wide range of artistic expression. The catalogue to that show features essays by Su Ditta, Guy Lachapelle, Diana Nemiroff and Judith Parker, and will be published this year by Rodman Hall Art Centre/Brock University and Carleton University Art Gallery, following exhibitions of Tourbin’s work in 2013-2014. Those interested in purchasing the catalogue can contact the publishing galleries including the Carleton University Art Gallery (613) 520-2120, and the Rodman Hall Art Centre at Brock University (905) 684-2925. Rampike is grateful to Heather Anderson (Carleton), Marcie Bronson (Brock), Janice Selene (CARCC), and Nadia Laham for their cooperation in providing this documentation of a small portion of Dennis Tourbin’s extensive oeuvre. Tourbin’s investigations of the semiotics of text-based visual art can be understood as anthropological investigations of human interactions within society and with nature.

A pioneer of interdisciplinary practice in Canada, Tourbin produced a distinctive body of work integrating the written word with painting, drawing, video and performance. From the early 1970s until his death in 1998, Tourbin’s prescient work engaged with mass media, using mediated texts and images in explorations of language and meaning. Part documentarian and part storyteller, Tourbin employed the aesthetics of collage and a serial approach in the drawings and vivid paintings he called ‘visual poems.’ Treating words as pictures to be viewed, and images as texts to be read, Tourbin responded to the increasing impact of media on individual and collective consciousness.

Born in 1946 and raised in St. Catharines, Ontario, Dennis Tourbin was a self-taught artist and writer. His work has been widely exhibited in exhibitions throughout Canada and in Europe, and is held in major Canadian institutions including the National Gallery of Canada. He published numerous books of poetry and novels including The Port Dalhousie Stories (Coach House Press, 1987). A fervent arts activist, Tourbin played a vital role in artist-run culture in Ontario. Tourbin died in 1998 at the age of 51.

More information can be found at: http://cuag.carleton.ca/index.php/exhibitions/199/
SELECTED IMAGES FROM DENNIS TOURBIN’S LAST WORK, MODERN IMPRESSIONS: VISUAL NOVEL FOR THE MILLENIUM.


Dennis Tourbin, Canoe Lake, acrylic on canvas, 32 pieces, 28” x 32” each, 1981-1983 © The Estate of Dennis Tourbin, CARCC, 2014.
FICTIONS OF PHILOSOPHY: THE MISWORDING OF ART & THE CHARACTER OF LETTERS  Michael Winkler

The philosophy from which current cultural theory has emerged is rooted in chains of assumptions arising from theories with no grounding whatsoever in what we now know to be true about the mechanisms of human experience. The most basic assumption is that all signs are arbitrary and the human mind is a blank slate, a tubula rasa, with no inherent structural dynamics. The assumption is based on the idea that all forms of meaning are comprised of arbitrary relational networks arising between arbitrary signs. Networks of meaning are said to emerge simply as a result of the focus of our attention. Some networks are then reinforced by a cultural context of existing relationships which, although initially assembled arbitrarily, are now treated as authentic phenomena.

The contemporary art world is a clear manifestation of this philosophical idea. Museums of contemporary art now treat drawn, painted, and photographed images; written and spoken words; original or appropriated objects; and any other physical phenomena as equivalent signs suitable for presentation in what was historically a context primarily limited to the exhibition of visual works. We're asked to accept the argument that the meaning of the work currently in vogue emerges, not from anything inherent in the construction of the signs, but from the network of cultural associations which can be gleaned from the context of the presentation.

It's my contention that our present and future society are being seriously harmed by this philosophical theory. It underlies the choices of exhibition programs and influences the collecting philosophies of major cultural institutions; and as a result, adversely impacts the allocation of the limited resources available to encourage, maintain, and preserve other cultural activity which is now being neglected.

According to some psychologists, the theory of the mind as a blank slate has been entirely disproved by recent research. Psychologists such as Gary Marcus have argued that the human mind arises from the genetic structure of the brain (Central Nervous System) but develops by responding to signals from the sensory environment. The mind is comprised of an interaction of Nature and nurture. A detailed explanation can be found in “The Birth of the Mind,” Gary Markus (Basic Books 2004). But researchers such as Marcus and his mentor, Steven Pinker, “Words & Rules” (Harper Perennial 1999) do not extend the manifest interaction of Nature and nurture into the signs of language. They too believe the signs for words are arbitrary. They justify their belief by noting that different languages have different signs for the same thing. However, this justification is without merit. Anyone who has ever been involved in the translation of a literary work from one language to another is well aware there is no exact correlation between the meaning of words in different languages (for example, the French word for 'water' (eau) and the English word for 'water' emerged from different environmentally and culturally mediated conceptions associated with the same physical substance). Furthermore, as products of the mind, the signs for words would most likely mirror the mind's interaction of Nature and nurture. At most, we would expect to find only partial similarity in the structure of the signs even if the signified concepts were nearly identical. As it happens, some
similarity has been found. A large number of different languages are so similarly structured that
linguistics researchers have theorized they are all descended from the same earlier language, Indo
European. No evidence has been found that an Indo European culture ever existed. But since
linguistics researchers believe the signs for words are arbitrary, they are left with no other possible
explanation.

The real reason the idea of arbitrariness has become so ingrained in linguistics,
philosophy, and psychology is that it has a historical basis of acceptance extending back to an
original assumption made about a century ago by Ferdinand de Saussure, a founder of linguistics
and ‘semiotics’ (the study of signs). Except for a few instances of onomatopoeia, such as bees buzz,
Saussure couldn’t find any correlation between the sound of a word and its meaning. Consequently,
he assumed the sign for a word must be fundamentally arbitrary. His assumption of arbitrariness is
now treated as fact, and it has become a foundation of modern linguistics. Unfortunately, Saussure
was entirely mistaken about what constitutes the sign for a word. We’ve recently learned that it is the
recognition of the sequencing of the vocalic gestures which conveys the spoken word, not
recognition of the characteristics of the sound. The same is true for written language. We don’t read
the overall shape or outline of a written word as had been thought (Bourma Theory). We read the
individual letters (Parallel Letter Recognition). Our letter characters do not embody our words--there
are only 26 letters in the alphabet and they can be transmitted using any kind of character:
uppercase or lowercase type, script, Braille... (some current letter-characters were used to convey
different letters in the past). The identity of each letter resides in its specific relationship to the other
25 letters within the alphabetic system. It is the sequencing of the 26 letters (the pattern of spelling)
which is actually the sign for a written word (the same letters placed in a different order create signs
for different words). This tells us that language does not have a material form of its own, its
manifestation is fundamentally rooted in the recognition of the patterning of the sequential
relationships within a finite system of possibilities. However, the number of possibilities is immense.
The sequential patterning of only 26 letters is conveying over 750,000 English words, not to mention
the words in all the other languages written using the Roman Alphabet. Saussure never examined
the code of spelling for any structural connection to the concept of the word. He thought the sign was
residing in the physical sound rather than in the recognition of a pattern conveyed by the underlying
sequencing. The question of whether the codified pattern which constitutes the sign for a word is
arbitrary has, as far as I know, never been thoroughly researched. It’s clear Saussure never
examined it; consequently, his assumption has no logical basis whatsoever.

I’ve been exploiting the meaningful structure of the code of spelling in my art for 35 years,
but my ‘spelled-forms’ are not the subject of this article. Its goal is to argue for the development of a
new cultural theory. The starting point should be the signs themselves. One of the most intriguing
groups of signs are the letter-characters. Although they do not comprise the signs for words, it’s
possible they are the evolutionary products of a proto-language comprised of elemental meanings.
Letter-characters often resemble the earliest artifacts of the symbolic mind. Furthermore, the patterns
from which they are constructed are identical to Entoptic Forms (dots, lines, circles, grids, spirals, meanders, zigzags, etc.) spontaneously generated at the optic nerve by the human
Central Nervous System as a result of extreme stress, altered states of consciousness, or head injuries. Moreover, letter-characters are universally applicable signifiers (attach Part A to
Part B). We even write the genetic code using them. And it is not inconceivable that letter-characters are a reflection of the basic forms which allow us to discern objects and beings within the din
of particles and waves presented to our senses by the physical environment (letter-characters have evolved into visual forms which can be accurately identified in rapid succession). In other
words, modern letter-characters could be an evolutionary manifestation of the original significations of awareness.

*The image above, which looks like a ‘d,’ is actually an artist’s rendering of the Bhimbetka Glyphs (India)—a marking which is believed to be 270,000 years old (the image originally appeared in the article,
“Ancient Art & Modern Language” published in the Newsletter of the Pleistocene Coalition in 2010).*
"CIRCUMLOCUTORY" & "UNTITLED" MARILYN ROSENBERG (USA)
“We began to marvel at our own ability to manufacture awe”

guttural almost ragged almost raw almost savage almost violent almost foreign almost an excess almost an exercise – the tip of the tongue the teeth the lips – almost an exorcise an exhalation almost a language calcified turgid rubbery gelatinous stringy the tongue the tongue a clawed coarse fanged furled slouched rough beast drowned almost almost awash in spit spittle sputum mucus gobsmacked the agglutinate hack of blood-streaked phlegm the non-stop glottal the vainglorious attempt to get the lips pursed the mouth around the teeth sunk into amid the thrash the kick the gnarl the tumble the word-spurt the word-sperm the word-spunk entered & entering between the jambs uncomfortable uneasy sure go on go on yeah go ahead do it do the business do the chores do the deed do the do do the nasty do the naughty do the trick do the hanky-panky do what don’t come natural go on go on say it say it Bill say no ideas but in things say Sablatnig-Beuchelt why not? say Sachsenring say Slaby-Beringer say Scheibler say Solidor say Sperber say Staiger say Staunau say Steuvel say Stoewer say Stolle say Szawe say there are more things in heaven & earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy Horatio say Scheler say Schiller say von Schlegel say Schleiermacher say Schlick say Schopenhauer say Schottlaender say Schmidt say Schulze say Steiner say Stirner say Stumpf go on go on try cough it up spit it out exhaust it the contrails of language hung up in the mist in the fog in the suspended particulate in the dangling participle in the dangling conversation exhausting exhaustive exhausted the great white noise that emanates never one word where a dozen will suffice hey what’s the matter? what’s the problem? what’s the buzz? don’t you understand? don’t you get it? can’t you dig it? where’s your sense of humour in all this? are you thick? häsch du es Brett vor ein Chopf? are you Germanophobic? do you have a two-by-four nailed to your forehead? don’t dial hello if you don’t want to linger don’t want to languor don’t want to lingua franca cha-cha-cha pay no attention to the little man behind the curtain Adolf Hitler say stood waving stiff-backed from the jump seat of a gun barrel grey Mercedes Benz his palms unfurled like lamps spotlighting lips that flap madly in the breeze beneath the infamous black mustachio say look! say listen! see it see the spray wash over the awed crowd say it say häsch du es Brett vor ein Chopf? say it go on say it say shower say sig heil say shot to hell say holy scheisse

say the false bottom drops out the character utter disappears except as image except as archetype except as trace matter except as discourse except as curiosity except as organic shrapnel except as thing except as history taken for a joy ride tugged along on the caped back of Captain Marvel go ahead go on say it say it say it say it say it say it say it say it say it say it...
CAMERA WORK
Keith Garebian

Say camera workers
Say ultimate maverick
with photogravure lingua franca
far removed from snapshotters
Say platinum, gum bichromate, carbon, etc.
light an economy of mood
shadow its imprint
Say no easy comforts of rolling
European landscapes
peasants in photogenic costumes
softly focused
Say camera as implement
the be-all not the end-all
say camera as palette
Say the transparency of morning
the shroud of dusk
Say light dissolving
 evaporating into penumbra
Say a knowledge of sky
its proportions
shyness and boldness
Say angles of light
shaping moments
Say soaring architecture
say aggressive New York
Say not documentary stranglehold
but impressionism in lenses
Say drawing, etching, painting, scratching
subtle monochrome
Say half tones, mezzotints
hard-toned photogravure
collotype
Say specifics of created moments
Say freedom to follow vision
manipulation of techniques
Say photogravure on delicate Japanese tissue
mounted on deckle-edged art paper

Now the hand of man
Rodin in chiaroscuro
Now telegraph poles
winter landscape with shadows
the long arm of a tree
Now cathedral memories of Normans
height and light
Venetian Franciscan
These things don’t leave
gateways and gables
fields sprawling like dragons
fish and onion fields
nudes against light
sea shells
Your eyes search
the gridwork of cities
rail tracks in dry light
dance class
swimming lesson
washermen on the dunes
It all changes
blotches of sunlight and spots of ink
moonrise on a road into the valley
You are alone here
moonlight on a pond
poplars and clouds
There's no need to say about
solitary horseman
sheep
Dachau before death-fugue
your eyes report
memories to pore over
after the camera’s narrative
give the feeling of being
on a new plane
iris opening other eyes
Yours is a mind and heart
in the eye
vibrating light

KEITH GAREBIAN’S Frida: Paint Me As A Volcano (Buschek) and Children of Ararat (Frontenac), were long listed for the ReLit Award, and, Blue: The Derek Jarman Poems (Signature), was long listed for the Lambda Award. He is the only three-time winner of the Mississauga Arts Award in the Established Literary category, and in July 2013 he was awarded the prestigious William Saroyan Medal in Armenia.
Rampike 23/2

SIGHRUS HEEVING, WRITER OF TOMORROW
Wendell Mayo

In the summer village of Brilliant, Ohio, at the café Grounds for Thought, Sighrus Heeving frets over a single sentence. He’s been at it nearly four hours. With the power of the Internet and his I SMART! 9000, Sighrus knows he’s not driven by self-injurious inclination to write alone, painstakingly, from heart-rending experience, full of dim hope and angst. He has the world at his fingertips, people networked as never before. And he’s not hung up on an antediluvian array of literary contrivances, such as line, enjambment, caesura, meter, of scene, half-scene, character, or plot. No writer is anymore. He just wants to tell a good long story, the way he’s heard people sometimes tell them late at night, whispering to one another in bed, time slipping into darkness and seeming never to return.

Really, Sighrus Heeving laments, is a single sentence too much to ask?

Finally, he removes his I SMART! 9000 from a shirt pocket, powers up, and taps out:

Who knows the lovesong of the single-cell organism?

Sighrus smiles. It’s a good start. Then he frowns. But is his little sentence original? Really, really original? After the thirty-ninth remake of The Amazing Spiderman; after the fifth revisionist rendering of Moby Dick; or, The Whale, all featuring a new point of view; after Moby’s eighteen mega-hit film spinoffs, concluding with Queequeg’s European Vacation; and after the forty-fourth international box office blockbuster [FILL IN THE NAME OF THE CURRENT US PRESIDENT], Vampire Slayer, slowly, mysteriously, world culture has shifted, demanding only the most radically original fare for lovers of literature and film.

He dons his WIFI eyeglasses and orders a third triple-latte. The sentence glows blue in his eyeglasses.

Who knows the lovesong of the single-cell organism?

Sighrus blinks his right eye twice in rapid succession and his eyeglasses access ALWAYS WIWTUBABE, the progeny of the World Trade Organization brokering a merger between Wikipedia and BabelFish to form ALWAYS WIWTOBABE (second word pronounced “wĭ·tū·bāb”), colloquially and globally enunciated “ALWAYS WITH YOU, BABE.” With its recent absorption of Project Gutenberg, ALWAYS WIWTOBABE provides Sighrus with the omnipotence of the most powerful network of servers in the world, virtually unfathomable storage, containing knowledge of the origins of the universe, the multiplicity of theories about such origins, the end of the universe and its varied attendant warnings—and every scrap of human knowledge in between, cataloged in every way possible, divided and cross-referenced ad infinitum, the imaginative space where Sighrus might happily abide in his creative life, containing all that ever was, is—or will ever be—a place where all things endure, immutably, no matter how diametrically opposed, skew, off kilter, a universe of signs so bursting with dialogism that no one human mind can comprehend its boundless wisdom and diversity. No longer will Sighrus feel the death knell of the hegemonic, but instead the liberating siren of the ALWAYS WIWTOBABE search engine in his odyssey to find something—anything—new to say.

Sighrus blinks twice more and runs A POSTERIORI, an app sponsored by ALWAYS WIWTOBABE designed for Parolees, in the Saussurian sense, seekers of speech acts, writers who scrape together just the right combination of phones, phonemes, words, into a single utterance, one sentence the likes of which WIWTOBABE—and the world—have never known. More than anything, Sighrus knows his utterance must be original, and contain in all its semantic manifestations an original idea. It must whimsical, weird, even ridiculously implausible. The more bizarre the utterance the better his chance of it being freakishly original, like the two volumes squatting on the Twitter Best-Seller List for nearly a decade. One is a work concerning a talking God Particle, titled Can You Hear Me Now? The other’s about a man who lives in a crease in his wife’s ear canal, called You Don’t Have to Shout! They dole out their masterpieces in installments of 140 characters or less. Some suspect, but no one really knows, who the authors are. They’ve made billions selling their identities to ALWAYS WIWTOBABE and Twitter, who keep them secret.

Anonymity aside, the benefits of publication are manifold. If A POSTERIORI finds that one of Sighrus’s sentences is original, he will be provided a Guarantee of Originality, known as GOO. That same instant, Sighrus’s utterance is also published to the world—and beyond, since ALWAYS WIWTOBABE has embarked on a new, exciting avenue of publication—real-time beaming its entire contents into other galaxies where alien life is suspected to exist. Sighrus can only imagine his readership! And Sighrus will receive a contract
from WIWTOBABE for at least ten more sentences! There are no more weighty, messy, olfactory-nerve-affronting pages of literary magazines and books. Not only that, Sighrus will no longer be annoyed by requests for public readings or interviews from his paper-based publications in rogue little magazines since, at the point of utterance, WIWTOBABE will record, for all time, through the lenses of his eyeglasses, the date, time, and his exact emotional and psychological state at the moment he creates his original sentence—thanks to an interactive, artificially intelligent algorithm that draws on subtle changes in Sighrus’s retinal photoreceptors. Sighrus need no longer be questioned about matters of fallacy—intentional or otherwise. Never will fallacy become more pathetic! And he need no longer field ridiculous questions, such as, “Uh, like, what time of day do you write?”

But over the past month, Sighrus has uploaded hundreds of sentences without luck. He trembles a little, can’t tell if it’s his caffeine jag or a moment of fearful reverence of ALWAYS WIWTOBABE.

He returns his attention to the blue glow of the sentence:

Who knows the lovesong of the single-cell organism?

He blinks his left eye once and off it goes to A POSTERIORI.

Instantly, A POSTERIORI returns with:

Sorry, Parolee. Your utterance is not original.

Would you like your utterance twittered to BLOGERATI?

Sighrus blinks his left eye twice and right once and accesses BLOGERATI, an app that has replaced long-extinct writing workshops and the agonizingly slow and pretentiously objective critical review apparatus of the last century. Here, a massive network of blogerati pick up Sighrus’s lovesong, pilfer it, pontificate over it, and self-gratify themselves concerning the significance of the orphan utterance in the vast literary architecture of the universe. Two more winks and Sighrus releases his lovesong onto the winds of BLOGERATI, where it sails and a nanosecond later lands in the lenses of one Random Ball of Chicago, Illinois, who sips on a glass of Rose Thorn beer at the Tattler Grill.

Random blogs, after consulting WIWTOBABE, how he’s discovered a poet named T.S Eliot, and his poem, “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,” how, though Sighrus’s elision of “love song” in his utterance seems clever, it’s not that fresh, how Sighrus’s implication of radical human loneliness and longing in his personification of something like an amoeba is terribly ordinary.

Random writes:

Dude, why not put your organism on an alien planet in a distant galaxy, or better, three alternate universes and different timelines?

Good questions, to be sure.

Sighrus wracks his brain to find another way to say “lovesong” and to situate his organism in alternative universes, when Magnus Jossa of Lohja, Finland stumbles on Sighrus’s lovesong and Random’s attendant blog. She messages Sighrus while sitting alone on the boat dock of the floating Café Kaljaasiin, feet in the brisk water of Lake Lohanjärvi.

Hi, Sighrus. I think Random’s barmy about “lovesong.” I like your little lovesong. But his idea of the three universes and timelines has merit. Also, I wonder: Are you sure you’ll get any human connection whatever for a lovesong coming from something like an amoeba? I mean, who can relate to the mitochondrial crooning of such a creature? Why not use a dog, characterized minimally, yet powerfully, by some doggish mannerism indicative of human emotion?

Magnus’s ideas excite Sighrus. He orders a fourth triple latte. He works, at times in mumbling advance, others in muttering retreat, until, at last, he takes up his I SMART! 9000 and taps out:

Who knows the lovesong in the wag of a dog’s tale?

He smiles, happy with his creatively using a typo, “tale” for his intended “tail,” how it implies, meta-fictionally, the capaciousness of an entire fiction, a “tale” about a dog who writes a lovesong to its master, well, really three lovesongs, since the dog exists in three alternate universes and three timelines, the permutations of which—time and universe—will require an epic telling of a dog’s galactic love for its master, each “wag” another permutation. Each wag another GOO—each wag more remuneration!

Sighrus has so many questions about this dog and its lovesong. He wonders if its master will like the various intergalactic and inter-dimensional versions of the dog’s lovesongs. Or whether he ought to include the master’s point of view. But perhaps it’s not for the dog to know the timeless mysteries of its master? Still, he may try including a kind of vision quest on
part of each dog in their various universes to know the nature of their master, their guardian
spirit, all converging—on what? Such possibilities! Sighrus imagines his story brave, mythic,
one that runs deep in tunnels and caverns filled with echoic, timeless traces of his epic
lovesong. He feels wonderful, dark, alone, on the verge of understanding something
heartbreakingly true about being so, so alone. If only he can go deeper, stay longer, tell the
story until every shred of it has played out.

Sighrus utters his new sentence aloud:

Who knows the lovesong in the wag of a dog’s tale?

He sends it off to BLOGERATI.

Random Ball returns with:

Look, pal, dogs wag their masters’-ass-kissing tails all the time. It’s fucking sentimental.

And the meta-fictional element is crap. Get real.

Sighrus removes his ALWAYS WIWTOBABE eyeglasses, rubs the purple pits either
side the bridge of his nose. He stares at the brown foam drying at the bottom of his latte mug.

When Sighrus Heeving leaves Grounds for Thought, it’s closing time. He walks into
a cool summer evening in Brilliant, Ohio, no solid sentence in mind, but mumbling upon
some new first sentence, something unsentimental about the human-like doggishness of dogs
eating their own shit. He pushes his new thoughts against the inside of his cranium, can feel
them straining to get out, feels a miasma of shooting pain in his abdomen. He desires his
GOO more than anything. He carries the bloated feeling all the way home, into bed. Before he
sleeps, Sighrus Heeving gets goose bumps, thinks of readers, billions and billions. He wonders
if tomorrow A POSTERIORI and BLOGERATI will find his coprophagistic singing dog
original so he may unload this new pinch of a story to the interconnected world where it will
be happily ingested for all time.

WENDELL MAYO is author of two story collections and a novel-in-stories, including B. Horror and Other
Stories (Livingston), whose title story recently appeared in Monsters: A Collection of Literary
Sightings (Pressgang). His stories have appeared widely in Yale Review, Harvard Review, Missouri
Review, Manoa, PRISM International, STAND, Confrontation, and more.

“313,” ANDREW MAXIMILIAN NISS (GERMANY)
A HUNDRED AND ONE INTERPELLATIONS ON 99TH AVENUE
Lucas Crawford

Selected Things People Said to Me on the Sidewalk in Edmonton, 2006-2013

You sellin’?
You buyin’?
Damn, I thought you were trying to cruise me, dude!
Got any change, man?
Got any change, ma’am?
Well, it looks like you do.
I’ll take an I-O-U!
Dude, you’ve gotta lose some weight. Like, I can’t even see your dick.
Dude, that don’t sound right. Your voice don’t sound right.
Dude, I wouldn’t wear that pink tie in this neighbourhood if I were you
With some people it is difficult to tell if they are man or woman. Like you.
Excuse me, I need to go to Clareview. Do you know where the nearest LSD, I mean
LRT, station is?
You need a woman to carry these groceries for you
That’s quite a haircut you’ve got there.
You better run fast bitch
You are a lucky man, my friend! You are! Are you
a lesbian? Dude, that’s a lesbian!
Do us a favour and make out!
Wow, I can’t believe you all use ‘Laura’ as a man’s name out East!
Lucas? Well, I gotta tell ya, you look more like a Lucy.
Wanna say some Hail Marys with me?
You don’t know anything – all you care about is food!
FREE WILLY
fag or dyke FAG OR DYKE what the fuck are you? you, you, you

LUCAS CRAWFORD is a poet, performer, occasional professor, and postdoctoral researcher at McGill University in Montreal. Lucas’ creative work appears in The Antigonish Review, PRISM International, The Nashwaak Review, and Other Voices. Lucas holds a PhD in English from the University of Alberta.
Dedicated to the memory of Theodore Roethke

One prerequisite that makes these statements “poetic” is that each one must be read at least twice.

Don’t jerk around a soda jerk.
She rifles her father’s stash of rifles.
I fear a fear of driving.
Be rough on a rough person.
Selectively crop your crop.
Kings subject subjects.
Only a creep could creep so slowly.
Don’t mean to be mean.
You can’t iron iron.
Abuse abuse.
WE JUST SEE MORE OF THE
SAME YET WE CONTINUE
TO DO THE SAME
WE HAVE
WHY SHOULD NOT WE LEAVE
THE TIME
THEY CONTINUE MAKING
THE CASE FOR STAYING
2 TEXTS
Lorenzo Menoud

1. « Poésie » (reduction de Proust)

*Based on a process for converting any text into poetry (« poésie »), even poetry itself; by eliminating all but the letters of « poésie. »*
2. « Phrases à ne pas mourir »

« Il était venu à Paris en congé »

-Michel Leiris

"these are sentences which, during articulation it would be better not to die, for then, their meaning would definitively be distorted."


Lorenzo Menoud is a superlative serial poet, video artist, installation & performance artist.

For more information on his work, see: http://www.serialpoet.eu/
8 POEMS
LeRoy Gorman

1. poem for Emmett Williams
   w is e
   cracks
   in con
   cret e

2. Revolution
   K;eats
   y;eats
   Beats

3. the case for bio-diversity
   [i?o;sh^t%î<n=t/h*elf>o-r’e’s#t]

4. raingoinginto mounta in comesoutatrain
5.

**mirage**

6.

**elegy written in a rainforest**

7.

**a(b)normal life**

8.

**petology**

LEROY GORMAN writes mostly minimalist and visual poetry. His most recent book, *fast enough to leave this world*, is one of tanka published by Inkling Press, Edmonton. More information on his writing can be found at the American Haiku Archives where he served as Honorary Curator for 2012-2013 (http://www.americanhaikuarchives.org/curators/LeroyGorman.html).
N.B.; FOR INFO ON REED ATELUS’ WORKS, CHECK HIS WEB-SITE: http://www.reedaltemus.org
My ideas appear, when I'm not there.
From: “AMERICAN FOSSIL” (top & bottom) & “AMPER S” (middle): NICO VASSILAKIS (USA)

NICO VASSILAKIS’ VisPO book, PROTRACTED TYPE, (273 PAGES) IS FREE AS PDF OR $12 AS PHYSICAL BOOK!
“AUSSCHNITT AUS MEINEM LEBEN” (“CUT OUT FROM MY LIFE”) ELKE GRUNDMAN (GERMANY)

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SPECTRE • LAURENCE A. RICKELS

In SPECTRE, Laurence A. Rickels examines Ian Fleming’s novels and film adaptations like never before, looking away at Bond through the leers of psychoanalytic theory, history and Kulturindustrie. Within the Bond universe, SPECTRE (Special Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge & Extortion) is the global terrorist organization run by supervillain Ernst Stavro Blofeld. For Rickels, SPECTRE is a theoretical apparatus whereby he monitors and measures the flows, intensities and codings of the Bond universe while using it to read other texts, ranging from the writings of Goethe, Shakespeare and Deleuze to the post-Freudian theories of Melanie Klein. In this visionary, richly allusive study, Rickels is at once playful and pointed as he booms over Bond and lays him bare on the chase.

“In the same vein as Dr. Laurence A. Rickels’ brilliantly idiosyncratic I Think I Am Exhuming the corpse of Philip K. Dick, SPECTRE propels Kulturindustry theory into the 21st century with its pointed multi-layered, multi-disciplinary furnace-real examination of the Bond nemesis via the shadow of its creator, Ian Fleming. ... The proclamation of Rickels’ genius combustion engine (Kulturindustry, psychoanalysis, deconstruction, German Idealism and Shakespeare) leaves us in a ejection from the mindless mass media projection SamSamPound riding Bond’s technological wave.”

—The Huffington Post

“Laurence Rickels offers blazing illumination of the invisible undertow of disquiet and uncanny in our knowledge of culture, consciousness and technology.”
—Jonathan Lethem

“Rickels lays out James Bond’s milieu, the Cold War, as a burial site for the unprocessed losses of World Wars I and II. SPECTRE’s wealth of evidence allows us to read the Bond stories, and those of SPECTRE itself; in particular, in an increasingly broad register. First as Fleming’s autobiography, then as an autobiography of the popular era, and finally as an allegory for the childhood construction of object relations and their connection to fantasy, fear and death.”
—Artforum

Induced Coma: 50 & 100 Word Stories • HAROLD JAFFE

Known for his unique style of “docufiction” and literary terrorism, Harold Jaffe has made a career out of exposing the latent realities embodied in our media-saturated consciousness. In Induced Coma, he furthers the project initiated in Anti-Twitter, a pastiche of 50-word stories based on “found” texts from mainstream news sources and other public sites. Jaffe sculpts them to reveal their inner core, all gestures stripped away so that the true motives, fears and sins of our age are on display. Induced Coma covers an extraordinary range of subjects—activist art, global warming, revolution, the entertainment industry, and the freakish, absurd happenings of our day to day lives—providing a crackling, critical, tragic and rambling, Jaffe works every register and creates a bricolage that turns mass media inside-out.

“Jaffe’s writing is like no one else writing today.”
—American Book Review

“Upending the notion of ‘flash’ by installing a cryptic directness that tells of our times unflinchingly, without artistic fluff or emotional posturing, Jaffe has continued his venturesome break with tradition in Induced Coma. They’re not sleepers, these miniature anti-fictions give maximum pleasure. They also create unease and awareness. Absorbs them.”
—Stephen D. Gutierrez

“Harold Jaffe is to fiction what Merce Cunningham is to dance, what John Cage is to verbal-musical instrumentation.”
—Newsday

“Induced Coma simultaneously offers a comment on the reductivism of Twitter culture—and exponentiates the form to a level of psycho-philosophical prose poetry, with infinite nuance and irony.”
—R. Sebastian Bennett

"Only the idea can inject the venom." —Deleuze & Guattari, Anti-Oedipus
ADITYA BAHL was born and brought up in the Himalayan state of Himachal Pradesh. Bahl’s works have appeared or are forthcoming in E-Ratio, iArtistas, Offerta Speciale, Otoliths, PSR & others. "this is visual poetry by aditya bahl," was recently published. Portions of a manuscript titled ARE poems was featured at Library of Invisible. Bahl co-edits Bones, a journal for contemporary haiku.
"CROSS WORD," BARRIE WALSH (AUSTRALIA)
BARRIE WALSH is a fruit-picker in Griffith, NSW, Australia, is currently writing a collection of short stories & poems under the working title *Nocturnal U-Turn Suite* [NUTS]. Thus far, a few of the pieces have been published in journals around the world.
17 YEARS AGO
Derek Beaulieu

17 years ago I published my first chapbook. A collaborative edition with a then friend in Brampton, Ontario, *William S. Burroughs: Ghost of Steel* was produced in an edition of 26 signed copies. Each page was designed and laid out in MS Publisher, printed at home, folded and inserted into hand-printed covers and sewn using needle and thread. Most copies were given away, I haven’t seen one in years.

That same format – printed at home, folded and assembled by hand, sewn and given away – has remained my modus operandi ever since. *William S. Burroughs: Ghost of Steel* was the first of 268 editions that I published through the housepress imprint, followed by over 250 more under No Press.

For seventeen years I’ve averaged a publication every two weeks – each one made by hand as a means of distributing the news to a fluctuating community of readers.

The Calgarian writing community has had a fluctuating relationship with small press publishing – there have been some beautiful editions from ryanfitzpatrick’s ModL Press, Christian Bök’s CrO2 Press, Natalie Simpson’s edits all over press, Paul Zits’s 100 têtes press (and many others) – but I am surprised there aren’t more.

In my opinion writing is a public act, we must learn (even the most introverted of us) to share our work with a readership. See our work as worth sharing, our voices as worth hearing. It doesn’t have to be a huge public gesture; it could 10 copies among friends. Share.

There are a growing number of online print-on-demand publishers like Lulu and Blurb, and many photocopy shops will do collation and binding – but those are far from the only options. Anyone who has a desktop printer or access to a photocopier (or a typewriter, or a silkscreen or rubberstamp letters or any number of intriguing possibilities) can produce her own work. Paper, printer, stapler, scissors.

A challenge to my peers: publish your own work. Start a small press. Find the material that your colleagues are making that impresses you and publish it in pamphlets, in leaflets, in chapbooks and broadsides, posters and ephemera.

It is all too easy to rely on other people to do the work for you – to allow the means of distribution to remain with book publishers, magazines and journals. Small press publishing builds community through gifts and exchange, through consideration and generosity, through the creative interplay and dialogue with each other’s work.

Small press publishing allows authors to present their work in a way that physically responds to the content – texture, size, shape, colour and binding all become aesthetic decisions that the author herself can shape.

The internet is rife with instructions on how to hand bind books. Make stuff, hand it out, talk to people. The best advice I have is *give ’er*
Abstract

Shown is the relative difficulty for finding a cryptographic key for the bpNichol work Translating Translating Apollinaire: A Preliminary Report (TTA). Methods are given for the reconstruction of the original text, TTA 4, from those changes made in TTA 7. Shown is how a cryptanalyst would address the problem. Theorized is which of the other TTA would act as a suitable cryptographic key for the message. The stenographic properties of other derivations within TTA are addressed.

Cryptography is the study of making and breaking hidden codes. Cryptanalysis is the specific study of breaking codes. Stenography is the study of concealed writing, hiding the existence of a message. Using these methods to study Translating Translating Appollinaire by the Canadian poet bpNichol[6] shows interesting properties to the cryptologist.

A cryptosystem is a mechanism of passing messages between two participants, where there may be someone listening and collecting information being sent along the channel. Alice and Bob are the sender and receiver of a message; Eve wishes to eavesdrop on the conversation. Alice begins by formulating a method of encipherment where she changes the text so that it can be recovered. Her encipherment method is known to Bob. She may securely pass a key to Bob which he will use to understand the message. Eve is not given this key. Alice then manipulates her message in the agreed upon method, it is passed to Bob who uses his key to extract the original meaning. Eve, not having this key, must use other methods to gain the missing information — which Bob is privy to through the key.

In cryptanalysis the goal is to find a key, to act as Eve. The key is a hidden piece of information that allows the receiver to extract the message faster than one without this extra information. Kerckhoffs’ Principle states that the system need not be secret in order to be secure. The enemy may steal or capture it at any time. This property has been called the fundamental assumption of military cryptography[3]. bpNichol himself gave an interesting cryptographic allusion in his Statement, “the other is the loved one and the other is the key, often the reason for the need/desire to communicate”[5]. The key is the sole reasoning for the allowance for the communication to find the other and finally to find love.

Security in many cryptosystems relies on the idea of a one-way function. A one way function is a mathematical procedure which is simple to apply, however it is hard to return from without extra information — in cryptography that information is the key. In some cases there is the destruction of information caused by a one-way function.

1 Il faut qu’il n’exige pas le secret, et qu’il puisse sans inconvénient tomber entre les mains de l’ennemi;[4] in the original French document.
In bpNichol’s TTA 7 his method is clearly stated: take the document and sort the letters lexicographically. This is easily done even without the aid of a digital computer. However, one can see the difficulty of reversing the operation on a large text to transform it back into readable text without knowledge of its origin. bpNichol’s method conforms to the idea of a one-way function.

We must note the existence of a perceived typo in the first line of the original version, TTA 4. Looking at the TTA 5–16, there is a comma on the first line after the word “up.” Other than this slight mistake, most likely an error in the original printing, the translation in TTA 7 has the original’s punctuation and spacing.

By seeing this as a cryptographic problem TTA 7 may be decipherable back into the original by the use of classical cryptographic methods[7]. Looking at only the number of unique texts that can be created from TTA 7 we find there to be \(1099 \approx 1.149 \times 10^{100}\) texts or about 690 digit number of texts.

The inclusion of various languages within the text further complicates matters. One would reasonably assume that the language chosen is not English as letters in the text have accents, i.e. ‘e. Other evidence as to the language used however is present through TTA 7. Frequency analysis is a classical method of cryptography and is one of the first tools a cryptologist will use when undertaking an analysis on a new system. The analysis shows that the language used has a high proportion of the letter n more than the e we would expect with the English language. However the highest values in terms of letters t, a, o, i, s, and r do happen within the range of 6−9 percent as expected for an English text[7]. The letter h is strangely out of proportion from its expected value, about \(\frac{1}{2}\) lower than the expected percentage. The letter z has a higher percentage than normal. These fluctuations are mostly due to the small size of the text, representing a small sample in statistical terms.

Looking at other language frequency charts[1, 2] for those which contain ‘e, French is good candidate. However, l is uncommon and k, w, y, z, which rarely ever appear in a French document are present in the text. Italian can be ruled out as well as the language is missing k, w, and y which are present in the document. English and French are closely related in terms of single letter frequency.

Further, these tables were compiled based on the use of prose from a variety of sources including books, newspapers, and periodicals. These lists do not deal with poetry which may not conform to the same English frequencies. In the classical analysis of cryptographic problems it is advised to use the context of known words in finding those which are unknown. Poetry in many ways hinders this idea as it removes redundant words and breaks from normal grammatical forms.

The quality of having retained the punctuation and formatting allows for assumptions to be made about the original text. To further obscure the text from an attacker most systems will remove punctuation, accents, capitalization, and spacing. In English only two words have one symbol: a or A, and I. As there are three places with single symbols we can place these letters in exchange of those places (in fact all three are a). The quotation marks also allow for an area of text to have a different meaning than the remainder, perhaps this would be a place which is not English and we will see a ‘e. There is the implication that A’ should be changed to s’ for ownership of a plural. Short words of two to three letters would be first checked against the most common two and three letter words taken from frequency counts[7]: he, in, an, on, at, to, as, or, is, it, the, and, her, was, and for. Twenty-two of the thirty-five words would
come from this list of words. Each of these selections or reductions of possibility would reduce the complexity for each selection made. bpNichol gives no direct key to the decipherment such as the transitions made to change the text back into the original. However, looking at the other translations we can propose a key through one of the other translations. The majority of the translations are steganographic changes which hide the text but make no change to the arrangement of letters through changes in transposition or substitution of letters. The best example of a steganographic hiding is in TTA 17 where the first letter of each word in the poem is a letter from the original. This is a common form of steganography. The best candidate to act as a key would be the sound translation in TTA 13. This translation is a hiding of the original message, but it gives the extra amount of additional information that a cryptanalysis would need to extract the original meaning. Knowing the sound of the word would allow for a hint as to the letters most likely to appear in that section. The solver/reader would most assuredly attack the smaller sentences first.

Through all of this however, we are never exactly sure that our final decipherment is correct. Only by the preponderance of the evidence and through statistical methods can we conclude that the original meaning is recovered. The chance of being another text using the same letters, where the punctuation is correct, is quite reasonably low. Adding the proposed key of TTA 13 removes the ability for another text to masquerade as the correct one.

This monograph has aimed to give a tool to literary critics and readers to understand poetry via the methods of cryptanalysis. However, this is not a prescription to the poet on how to create poems with cryptographic thematics. This should be left to the creativity of the poet and recommend the references given on cryptography [3, 7]. The methods used by bpNichol would make discovering the original text extremely difficult for a cryptologist.

References

3 POEMS
Aaron Daigle

keep to the centre
Reed in the mouth: say-ah
choir, metal frame. Stops:

the breath. Ghost ship, fogged,
pieces in the chest. Rope.

Catch in the throat; Gordian,
tangles: ouroboros.

Names efface stone, -faced;
no laws in the smile.

Crescendo: melody ing fingers, skin tingles,
arched chord; aug minted; diminished.

Saya: sheath, skirt, me a song.

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Temple Garden

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N.B.: “TEMPLE GARDEN” CAN BE READ OMNI-DIRECTIONALLY AS FOLLOWS:
LEFT TO RIGHT, RIGHT TO LEFT, TOP TO BOTTOM, BOTTOM TO TOP, OR DIAGONALLY.
“Binary Code” Aaron Daigle (Canada)
A REFERENCE THAT IS ONLY REAL TO ITSELF
Gerry Shikatani

It was during my days as a university student of religious studies that my reading of D.T. Suzuki had made me aware of an aesthetic that felt utterly natural to me: this was a particular sense of things, of what is beauty, that I learned at home in a Japanese-Canadian family of modest means. Canadians for some generations now have been raised with signs, labels, packages printed in French and English. My childhood in Toronto included Japanese script – whether on the annual calendars my parents received at New Year’s from the grocery store that sold Japanese groceries where we shopped just down the street. Or perhaps the characters on Japanese magazines my mother purchased there. Or the bold black script that was on large bamboo tubs of soy sauce that would be in the back of that store. It was familiar from my youngest years, but I could not read these texts. Then, as today, I could not read and write a language that I call my umbilical language: Nihongo that I have spoken from first uttered breath, for it was the language that was breathed into my ears by my mother, not long after the cord had been cut, and I was infant in her arms, as she sang songs or told small stories.

The great Zen scholar and author Suzuki wrote that how much of what might be seen as the Japanese aesthetic came from Zen, when that kind of Buddhism was practiced in the royal court and by samurai - even though the main stream of Buddhism in Japan is a less esoteric and more plain Jodo Shinshu. What I did learn from my reading was that sumi-e – brush painting – and calligraphy expressed an aesthetic way, like ka-do – the way of writing - that I took up and continue to follow.

Like many Canadians of Japanese origin, I grew up with an English name and a Japanese one. Gerald Osamu (Shikatani). It’s hard to recall specifically when I began to make visual concrete poetry and other language-based visuals, but do know it was not very long after I left school and began writing, dedicated to making language-based art. No doubt, the work of poet and artist Niikuni Seiichi impressed me when I saw it in the very early ‘70s. Visual poem-making as well as sound work seemed utterly natural for the formation of poetry for someone who felt a bit adrift in a kind of silencing of what was the umbilical of what I call my two first languages.

The recollection of D.T. Suzuki occurred at the time my making of poems coincided with my viewing of Niikuni. Before that, I had with some folly I can now say, casually promised myself that one day I would move to a practice of brush painting and calligraphy since such aesthetic was so natural to me. But after purchasing the tools and an introductory instruction book, my attempts quickly ended in sad failure. Well, I was not sad, in fact I was amused at my naiveté.

To hear one’s own name called, to speak it ourselves in our quotidian lives might seem rather mundane. But it is not. Nor is the act of naming, affirming. To hear my parents use the name Osamu was and still is (as they call to me from afterlife) primary. It is a name I speak and at times use gloriously. It was in this sense of self that back around 1973 or ’74 the absence of the luminous aspect of written script of name inspired a visual serial text. This work that I now present (it was previously published in The House Poets anthology of the missing link press) was a way of placing myself in the most concrete way, as visual in the field, where I could not in proper Japanese script.
There is no doubt that in doing so, I moved towards a stylization that could be read on its own terms. Perhaps symbols? Translation that moves from Japanese to a created language, to a reference that is only real to itself? In the corner I do provide my attempts to execute the original Japanese – but with, as in the rest of the work (and many other visual poems I was making in those years) the flat strokes of a black felt-tip marker. The meaning of the Japanese I provide: my surname – clear enough, means valley of deer. But Osamu has various meanings and/or interpretations. Commonly, the meaning of Osamu in the particular script that was given me is given as discipline, study, to conduct oneself well.

But there is one other that I specifically note because it was the nuance that I was told of by my mother once – the verb osameru: one of its meanings in a somewhat different character that appealed to me, to be at peace, settle, conciliate. This combination of what I embraced as denotative and associative meanings (through the different characters, biased to my own reality as only orally fluent in Nihongo) is what founded this visual construction.

This is important because it has remained at the core of what I make- the attempt – even through far too many failures - to bring to the conscience of my actions – as a way of life, part of the ka-do, the how of the writing path. – Shikatani Osamu (2013)
"THE ONLY JEALOUSY OF CASCADO MCKENNA"
tENTATIVELY, a CONVENIENCE

The title of this combines 3 Irish references: William Butler Yeats’s play “The Only Jealousy of Emer”, Samuel Beckett’s radio play “Cascando”, & the last name of the actress Siobhan McKenna. The score, in its original size, is meant to provide a one-to-one mapping to the keys of my MIDI keyboard which controls the 61 samples that the score refers to. When the score is placed above the keyboard it provides a quick guide rather than notation as to how the piece is to be played. Definitive wd be antithetical to its spirit.

Laws & critics sometimes reject sampling as a form of theft or plagiarism. In the instance of this particular piece, I see it as scholarly citation meant to repurpose sources w/o any harmful intent.

The genesis of this lies mainly w/ my realizing that I had recordings of 3 versions of “The Only…” & 3 of “Cascando”. I originally heard the Yeats in Lou Harrison’s version. Then I got a more straight-forward play version w/ the voices of McKenna (Emer), Patrick Magee (Cuchulain), Joyce Redman (Ethne Inguba), & Finuala O’Shannon (Woman of Sidhe). Finally, I got George Antheil’s music for the ballet version, “Fighting the Waves”. The 1st version of “Cascando” that I heard was Charles Dodge’s computer generated one w/ speech-synthesis. Then I got a copy of Udo Kasemets’s electronic piece that came w/ instructions on how to change the volume during a performance of the play.

The last recording I found was on the “OPEN SPACE 3” CD w/ a performance by Benjamin Boretz, Jill Borner, & Charles Stein.

I’d previously sampled McKenna’s exquisite reading of James Joyce’s “Finnegans Wake” for a piece called “Skeletal Remains” (May 2012) & wanted to pay more of an homage to her. Hence, her name makes it into the title & she’s sampled from a different Yeats play called “The Words Upon A Windowpane”. In the chosen excerpt, she uses 3 voices to evoke channeling a woman named Vanessa, the writer Jonathan Swift, & a child named Lulu.
Rampike 23/2

The samples are organized with a chronological order corresponding to left-to-right, low-pitch-to-high-pitch. As such, the 10 samples from the straighthest version of the Yeats play are played with keys C2-A2 & are taken from the play in the order that they appear there.

The following 5 sections all have 10 samples each: Antheil, Harrison, Kasemets, Dodge, and the final McKenna sample is C7.

On the keyboard itself I put small pieces of yellow duct tape (the same color that the score is actually printed on) on certain keys only. These are in 2 places: the tips of the keys, & the furthest-away part of the keys. These latter are unmarked & are meant to designate instrumental samples.


These duct tapes remind me to do things like play G♯5 & F♯6 simultaneously so that the Dodge & the G♯3 play off each other.

Since the samples are mostly looped, I might begin with an instrumental like G♯2: “Yeats: recorder & high-hat.” Where I go from there helps set the flow of the narrative. E3: If I then choose the sequence (C7) it immediately sets an eerie tone.

From there I might create a bridge with electronics such as D♯5: “Kasemets: distant rumbling” & add F♯5: “Dodge: electronics”. If I release my fingers from the Kasemets samples but sustain them by pedal while still holding the key down for the Dodge I can then pitch-shift the Dodge up with the wheel & suddenly shift to G♯3: “Antheil: gong -> 2 time” - releasing the electronics sustains. I can hit the Antheil twice to produce a rhythm not in the original.

I might then derail the ghostly narrative flow into “Cascando” by playing around with Theme C possibilities before returning to Yeats w/ something like C2: “Yeats: the labyrinth of the mind...”, sustaining the Antheil all the while. D2: “Yeats: It is no man!” might be followed by B3: “Harrison: Drive the changeling out!”, etc., etc. Each playing shd be a new adventure in evoking an Irish spirit.

For information about the astonishing Video H.O.M.E. Encyclopedia, and “The Horse Opera Meanderthal Encounter Group” [sic] collection contact: Widemouth Tapes, Box 382, Baltimore, MD 21203 USA, or email Rampike.
"THE LINE" [TYPEWRITER ON PAPER - 12" x 6" – 2014]
STEPHANIE STRANGE (USA)
TWO PLANTS FROM ABOVE
John Nyman

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John Nyman’s poetry has appeared in Misunderstandings Magazine, Steel Bananas, ditch, Hamilton Arts & Letters, and other print and online journals and magazines. He is a graduate of York University’s undergraduate program in creative writing, where he also served as Senior Fiction Editor of Existere, York’s journal of literature and art. John is currently completing a PhD in Theory and Criticism at Western University, and often performs at readings and open mics in Toronto.
1. Thank you for the list of the new books which you now have in stock. I am sorry I have had to delay my answer for so long, but since my last talk with you I have had to give most of my time to some special business in the city. I am still busy and I will come in to your office as soon as possible, on next Monday. If I can in any way do so, as I should like to see at least two of the books given in your list. I also wish to know the value of a set of six small books which I have had for some years but which I have no desire to keep. I can leave these books with you for a few days, if necessary.

2. We have in this office no copy of the invoice which you state was due to be paid by us two months ago, but as soon as we receive a copy of it we shall mail you a cheque. It is now several months since we last saw you, and we should be happy if you would come in to see us as early as possible as you wish to have dealing with. As you know, in the first part of the year your business was not as large as it has been recently. We take no more of your time, and we are sorry to see you are now doing so much less. We wish to get back the sale as soon as it is possible, to what it was in the early months of the year, and in this reason we wish to have a talk with you on the subject.

3. I should like to get a case or a box, size five by six by two. Do you think your boy would make such a thing for me? If he can do this, may I ask what the cost of it would be, and when it has been made, I wish to have it ready for me next Saturday? I know he is busy just now, but is it for a small job? And when he has time to do me this service. As I am going away tomorrow for a day or two, I should like one to come out some time this week.

4. I desire to change my car for something up-to-date. I have had it now for some two years, and would like to get a different make. I suppose you would be ready to take it back if I should buy a new car? I am looking out for something small, as the car I have in use just now is much too big for me, as it has room in it for a party of four in five. In fact, the cost of it is too high for me.
5. It is now many years since I myself was at the bank which you name, but I think I can get a job for your boy if this is your wish. It would have to be something small at first, and the money would also be small for the first six months or a year. I think it is always as well for any boy who is going into a bank to do when he is still young and make his way up. I know the life at the bank is happy, and the boy would have several days off each month. I think it would be best for you to write and put in his name, and I will go to the bank as soon as possible and see what I can do to get him in. (389)}
KEN HUNT FROM THE “APOLLO 11 TRANSCRIPTS” (CANADA)
Ken Hunt from the "Apollo 11 Transcripts" (Canada)

N.B.: The above texts are part of a series based on the actual Apollo 11 N.A.S.A. transcripts for the spaceflight that landed the first people (Neil Armstrong & Buzz Aldrin) on the Moon, July 20, 1969. Ken Hunt struck out portions of the transcript to create a poetic response to the moon mission.
PIPELINE POETRY PRIMER: THE EMERGENCE OF MIMETIC
POETRY IN THE STRUGGLE OVER B.C.’S COASTLINE
Josh Massey

The ecological and mystical values of the Northwest’s rain-forested land base have been forced into an unhappy marriage with the proposed petroleum infrastructure expansion from northern Alberta to the coast, and one interesting sidebar to this challenging negotiation is the emergence of various pipeline related poetries.

For one thing, a corporate poetry has emerged from the PR struggle to sway decision makers. While on the surface it appears that a boardroom process has co-opted the lyric mode because it can be used for a direct emotional appeal to a wider public, the truth is that the corporate poetry is also in line with the experimental poetic agenda, and that the typically Left-associated conceptual school is unsettlingly squared with the strategies being employed by a company that seems to be speaking poetry as a part of its propaganda campaign.

One beachhead of the resistance poetry movement is the anthology The Enpipe Line (2012). The project was a collaborative work, and the brainchild of the Vancouver literati, originally conceived by West Coast poet Christine Leclerc. The conceptually-driven anthology measures poems line by line against the proposed Enbridge pipeline, apparently achieving 70,000 kilometres of verse, which dwarfs the Enbridge proposed line at 1,177 kilometres. (Though in her forward to the anthology that contains a selection of the poems, Leclerc says she converted centimetres to kilometres to achieve the projected size.) The physical presence of an anthology not confined to a single book, with various kilometer markers and schematic maps interspersed, and the specter of its life-size tapestry of poetry spanning imaginary provinces, does evince a concrete and conceptual tendency.

The poetry itself runs the gamut of aptitude and genres. But the overall flavour is Vancouver Avant, the strain of conceptual poetics that emerges from TISH through the Kootenay School of Writing. What holds the anthology together is the extra-textual discourse, poetic and political; as well as poems that read like utterance, and show the transcriptions of spoken word tropes; then there is emotive, lyric poetry decrying the severed garden that the pipelines will pierce.

A year or so after Enpipe Line was published, the company that the writers set their shoulders against, Enbridge—a chameleon monolith with many faces that seems to ape the protester’s moves in a shadow play of corporate malleability—mobilizes its own poetic offensive. Fall of 2013, Enbridge publishes what amount to broadsides in local newspapers around B.C. Here is one of them. It was set with an image of a round bell on a brick wall:

**The recess bell –**
Starts the escape.
Time to laugh, run, play.
The recess bell.
Ends the freedom.
Back to reading and writing.
And imagining.
Students need schools.
Schools need students.
A pipeline can help.
Another one several weeks later has lines like “The Ocean/Vast. Deep./A limitless pool of life.” And “An ocean should remain an ocean./Always.” It is the birth cry of lyrical emotion from the composite shell of a modern multinational.

Quickly Twitter lights up with strings of poems parodying the tawdry Enbridge poetics. An Enbridge spokesperson appears on CBC Daybreak North saying that in fact the poems should be read not as poems but as part of a larger outreach program, hinting at a conceptual platform that involves ads with idyllic water colour animations showing marine animals in harmony with tankers.

And yet the ridicule Enbridge gets can’t totally nullify that muffled triumph when corporate pipeline poetry is born like a cyborg entity mimicking human emotion. The Enbridge poems promote the inevitability of conformity with the notion of industrial expansion. The bell “ends the freedom”. The riots and footloose picketing will eventually be bottled. The university-based activists will need to find jobs. The steel pipe will find a way through the erratic ecosystems.

“The Ocean” by Enbridge illustrates how quickly the poem that straightforwardly connects human to landscape becomes the conduit towards acceptance of a project that must devour local land to fuel foreign economies.

On the other hand, let’s look at one of the poems from The Enpipe Line by Rob Budde:

the old road (232.8 km)
discussion was inadequate,
it didn’t move us—
that new language wasn’t there
now or then
when inscriptions sank blood
and charters bloomed in the ditch
i was there, shining,
a bobble in the wet loam

parchment bark timed by
the traces of access
and construction, less
overgrown and constant
than the land could bear

edges, boundaries sunk
in, filled in, and then re-cut
with the scythe of pure politics

to distinguish but not name
or the reverse—the lichen
remained an impossible
feat heightened by loss
under the recurring suggestion
that this was once something
inhumane

Here a more nuanced, thought out, studied and challenging poem than what the Enbridge PR wing offered up. A poem that appeals to the mind, and indirectly to
emotion. Whereas the Enbridge poems aim directly to feeling centres with easy metaphor and didactic logic, Budde’s language is circuitous, an open-loop.

So an initial reading of both the poetry of pipeline resistance and poetry of the pipeline proponent points to a larger hypothesis about the political coercion of poetic modality. An initial assessment exposes the easily manipulated lyric as pawn for the PR campaign by Enbridge, while the experimental, conceptual, and spoken word modes seem to predominate in the resistance œuvre.

And while the lyric form is subordinated, it can also serve the resistance movement as shown by the more emotive poems in The Enpipe Line. So it would seem that the lyric is a promiscuous mode. And yet this initial suggestion becomes complicated when other examples are taken into account. Another Enbridge poem idolatrizes welding: “The weld/ A spark./ A connection./ Designed to assemble.

This creative engagement with technology calls to mind modernist poetics. Enbridge’s corporate muse following in the steps of Futurism, the Futurist creed as described in the Marinetti manifesto in 1909 as “a racing car, its bonnet decked with exhaust pipes like serpents with galvanic breath.” The conduits of pipeline looking like artistic visions of the future.

Or, might the poetic propaganda waged by Enbridge be a case of a corporate entity not having done its homework when choosing poems. In the end, Enbridge failed to be as cutting edge as the project they are trying to win acceptance for. Could it be that the cult of technological perfection that a pipeline company may pay lip service to would be better approached through experimental poetries, those poets who align themselves more closely to the technical modes of artistic production than the nature-idealizations of the lyricist and social pragmatist. Hart Crane, modernist, worshipper of bridges, etc. Whitman of the industrial landscape, a hired hand by BP.

The lexical creations that go into the branding of companies sound like they were created through ‘pataphysical naming techniques—Enbridge, Encana, Nexen, Spectra, TransCanada, Ledcor—the very names of energy companies hint at another branch of corporate poetics.

The opposition thrust from the protestor camp with high-concept anthologies finds itself up against a company that uses its own kind of group-sourced artistic platform—the workshop encountering its reflection in the communications working group.

So, as is so often the case, a reading of formal categories eventually makes the categories unreadable, or at least highly volatile.

It calls to mind what George Elliott Clarke said back in 2007 at the Ottawa International Writers Festival about analyzing the politics of form: “It’s very difficult to apply a political reading to form. Form is apolitical. Form does what you need it to do, to say what you need to say.” These are still questions that need exploring as the world becomes more and more with us.

JOSH MASSEY is a reporter and photographer working in Terrace, British Columbia. He has written academically about biblio-ecological mapping and been involved in various publishing activities both print and digital. His poetry-related video work like Vice Versa: Poetry up Here, Skeenatography and Heard of Poets can be found on Vimeo. His first novel was We Will All Be Trees (Conundrum, 2009).
PLEASE, NO MORE POETRY
The poetry of derek beaulieu
Selected with an Introduction by Kit Dobson
Wilfrid Laurier University Press [2013]
Review by rob mclennan

Not enough attention has been given to the fact that Calgary poet, editor, publisher, critic and new Calgary Poet Laureate derek beaulieu’s Please, No More Poetry: The Poetry of derek beaulieu, the nineteenth title in Wilfrid Laurier University Press’ Laurier Poetry Series of critical selecteds, is the first work included in the series by a Canadian poet under the age of fifty (beaulieu was born in 1973). Simply that this new book exists, one might argue, highlights what beaulieu has accomplished throughout his artistic practice in a relatively short span. For this particular series, as well as The Porcupine’s Quill’s The Essential Poets Series of critical selecteds, the argument a selected poems appears to be, in part, introductory, allowing new readers an entry point to the individual writer’s body of work, and other authors published in the Laurier Poetry Series include Steve McCaffery, Don McKay, Fred Wah, Nicole Brossard, Di Brandt, Christopher Dewdney, Dionne Brand, Dennis Cooley, George Elliott Clarke, Lorna Crozier and M. Travis Lane, which equates to quite a hefty list of poetry by Canadian authors over the past few decades. Titles produced through the series have all included critical introductions and a post-script, most often by the author themselves, whether shaped as an essay or an interview, and this collection includes an interview conducted by critic Lori Emerson in 2012 on beaulieu’s practice. As he says in his interview:

Within the purview of conceptualism, there is a massive variation of individualized practice. All writing is expressive, either due to the semantic gestures or the compositional ones. The author function includes—as you said—elements of transcription, erasure, selection, and recontextualization. These are not radical compositional techniques; they are consistently incorporated into traditional poetic practice. In conceptual writing they are prioritized. My own conceptual work—like Flatland or Local Colour but also in How to Write—is the record, the detritus, of reading. Reading is a privately, and publicly, performative act.

Known throughout the small press for his own poetic conceptual works, derek beaulieu’s books include With Wax (Toronto ON: Coach House Books, 2003), Fragments from the Fragpool: Haiku after Basho (with Gary Barwin) (Toronto ON: The Mercury Press, 2005), fractal economies (Vancouver BC: Talonbooks, 2006), Flatland (York England: information as material, 2007), Local Colour (Helsinki Finland: ntamo, 2008), How to Write (Vancouver BC: Talonbooks, 2010) and seen of the crime: essays on conceptual writing (Montreal QC: Snare Books, 2011), as well as being co-editor (with angela rawlings and Jason Christie) of the anthology Shift & Switch: New Canadian Poetry (Toronto ON: The Mercury Press, 2005). His work so far has been presented, at least in book form, as a series of book-length conceptual projects, from the evolution of his short texts and visual and concrete works of With Wax and fractal economies, the conceptual language explored in How to Write, and the more expansive conceptual structures of Flatland and Local Colour. As editor Kit Dobson writes in his introduction to Please, No More Poetry: The Poetry of derek beaulieu:
The best example from beaulieu’s oeuvre is *Flatland*, a book that takes the 1884 novella *Flatland: A Romance of Many Dimensions* by Edwin Abbott Abbott (an unusual book in itself) and replaces the text of that book with a series of lines. These lines trace links from the first appearance of the different letters of the alphabet that appear on the first line of each page to all of the subsequent first appearances of each letter on the subsequent lines. It repeats this procedure on each page of Abbott’s text. beaulieu’s rewriting of Abbott’s novella is not a complete conceptual piece unless one examines the entire work, in which the procedure that the concept entails is worked through to its completion.

“It is within the realm of conceptual writing, however,” Dobson writes, “that I would particularly like to situate beaulieu’s work.” Over the past fifteen years or more, derek beaulieu has been one of Canada’s strongest and most visible champion of conceptual writing and concrete/visual poetry, and has, more than any other producer, publisher or critic, managed to bring each of these forms back into a larger conversation of Canadian writing, one that hadn’t really been as prevalent for quite some time, going back to the years of activity by the late, and much beloved, Toronto poet bpNichol (1944-1988). In his “12 or 20 (small press) questions” interview (posted January 3, 2011) discussing NO Press, beaulieu says:

If writing a poem is inherently tragic it is because it is hard to believe that the author had nothing better to do. It is inherently tragic because we still chose an outdated form as a medium for argumentation. If we had something to say would we chose the poem—with its sliver of audience and lack of cultural cache—as the arena to announce that opinion?

What has always been prevalent through beaulieu’s work has been the sheer physicality of it, in how his visual works turn a medium as clean as the printed page appear at different times rough, layered and deeply textured. Utilizing a variety of technologies, including digital, printmaking, Letraset, photocopiers and manual typewriters, he has managed to produce works that can’t help but feel as solid as any physical object, far more than most who work within visual and/or concrete forms. *Please, No More Poetry* includes a wide-ranging overview of his work in text and visuals, including more conceptual works, from a variety of his published works, and a healthy selection of works as-yet uncollected in trade form. Part of the conversation of his creative output is in exploring the possibilities of a poetic not limited to poetry itself, exploring how text can be presented as outside of language, and even playing up and over the boundaries of meaning itself. An example of such might be from the previously uncollected prose-sequence “from *Extispicium*,” that includes:

I remember something happening did it. Did something happen I remember it. I remember it did it happen. Something happens I remember it. It happened and she remembers. He remembers. She remembers. She remembers so does he.

I was born in Montréal. I was born in Montréal or Montreal. I was born in Montréal or Montreal or Brossard or Longueuil. When I was born I was born in Brossard but then I was born in Longueuil but now I was born in Brossard again but I wasn’t born there. I was born in Montréal or Montreal but we lived in Brossard. I was born in Montréal or Montreal but I lived once I was born in Brossard. Brossard was itself and then it was in Longueuil and then it was itself again but the whole time it was part of Montréal or Montreal. I was born in Montreal. Brossard has no cemetery.
As beaulieu says further in his interview with Emerson: “In a lot of ways I think that the best poetry being written today is ‘not-poetry.’ Poetry, culturally, is waste—it is a discarded, non-productive site. Poetry, then, as I argued in the manifesto ‘please, no more poetry,’ has the most to learn from ‘non-poetic’ forms as a means of invigorating not only the language but also the cultural spaces in which it speaks. Poetry is by no means exhausted, but Brion Gysin was right: ‘writing is fifty years behind painting.’ Turning one’s back on art as an artistic practice is not without precedent.” Part of the conflict that has always emerged with poetry generally, and any more challenging works, including concrete and visual poetry, more specifically, has been in the difficulty many readers so often claim with the material. How does one approach such difficult work? Where does one begin? Given that such experimental and conceptual works haven’t entirely been prevalent throughout mainstream publishing, beaulieu’s *fractal economies*, wisely, included an afterword by the author discussing some of what he was exploring and attempting to engage within the form and traditions of concrete poetry. Five years later, beaulieu’s collection of essays, *seen of the crime: essays on conceptual writing*, a collection of “statements, essays, missives, and informal discussions,” argues for the genre itself, as much as for a number of its practitioners in more specific pieces. Anyone wishing for arguments for and an introduction to conceptual writing would be wise to find a copy of this collection of thirteen short essays (long out of print, but available free as a PDF at UbuWeb), as beaulieu critically explores the work of bill bissett, Rob Fitterman, Gary Barwin, Emma Kay, Gregory Betts, Kenneth Goldsmith, kevin mepherson eckhoff, Dan Farrell, Caroline Bergvall, Gilbert Sorrentino, Craig Dworkin and many others working forms of conceptual writing, and providing context for works that rarely seem to get any kind of acknowledgement, critical or otherwise. It is as though, through his critical writing, publishing and editing, beaulieu’s work has been just as focused on creating a space for his work (and those of his peers) as much as on creation, as well as engaging with and acknowledging works by peers and mentors such as jwcurry, Steve McCaffery, bpNichol, Judith Copithorne, Bob Cobbing, Christian Bök, Darren Wershler and others. *Please, No More Poetry* is an essential critical overview of a poet working outside the boundaries of traditional poetic forms, and a worthy introduction to a larger conversation on conceptual writing. One just hopes there are enough readers willing to listen. Opening with the idea of a poet working “within a medium without using the medium itself,” Dobson’s introduction writes:

It is in such a context that we should be prepared to read the work of Calgary-poet writer derek beaulieu. beaulieu is a poet, but this statement reveals little. He is interested in the materiality of language, in the texture of letters and words themselves.
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*V/L-AK: Contemporary Poetics & The Arts*. Periodical. Charles University, Czech Republic.


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**CUADERNO DE COMPOSICIÓN**

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"Martín Gubbins conceives writing in a very wide manner. Now he invents a particular form of calligraphy: not that of the movement of the hand over the lines but the movement of the lines themselves which, as we leaf through the pages, start to dance but retire right before we are able to write on them." (Fragment of Felipe Cussen’s presentation at Chile’s National Academy of Language, 9 May, 2014 on Martín Gubbins’ stylistics. Full presentation, in Spanish, can be found at: http://goo.gl/UsncOI).
bpNichol’s *Organ Music*
64 pages, isbn 978-0-88753-515-4, $17
Windsor ON : Black Moss Press, 2012
Review by rob mclennan


Black Moss is pleased to release *Organ Music*, which features a previously unpublished piece by Nichol, appearing in print for the very first time. *Organ Music* is made up of autobiographical pieces “from a different direction,” concentrating on the parts of the body, as well as incorporating the oral tradition of storytelling into their structure. Before his death in 1988, Nichol had intended to publish a larger collection entitled *Organ Music*, but instead opted for a more limited selection, which appeared in the form of *Selected Organs* (Black Moss Press 1988). Now, for the first time, *Organ Music* appears in its entirety, under the title Nichol originally chose.

*Organ Music* is constructed out of eleven autobiographical sequences of prose poems composed throughout the 1980s on the subject of the body—“The Vagina,” “The Mouth,” “The Tonsils,” “The Chest,” “The Lungs: A Draft,” “The Fingers,” “The Hips,” “The Anus,” “The Toes,” “The Lily” and “Sum of the Parts”—along with a brief introduction by the late author. There is the loveliest ease in Nichol’s prose, bouncing from point to point along a trajectory through each of the eleven sequences, each composed in a playful train-of-thought series of extended sentences as long as he could make them. As the first section of “The Toes” begins: “I was lying on my back on the grass in the park in front of our house staring at them & thot how ugly they looked. I was fifteen & really depressed & the clouds blew over the park & I stared at these two great clubs of flesh & bone with five little stubs sticking out of each of them & thot how ugly they looked & how maybe I should kill myself.”

It might not be a stretch to suspect that the introduction by Nichol might have been included in the earlier version produced by Black Moss, and one might wonder why such isn’t referenced anywhere in the colophon. Or was the introduction entirely unpublished, and submitted directly to Black Moss somewhere in the late 1980s? Frustratingly, the book also doesn’t include any consideration of what selections from *Organ Music* are in print for the first time, or might have appeared in other forms, whether in anthology or journal form, or in that prior edition. Perhaps the expectation is that readers are more familiar with the previous work, and everything not in that volume are appearing for the first time here. The press release is about as far as any explanation exists, it would appear, which makes me pine for a slightly more critically-enhanced edition of *Organ Music*, despite whatever appreciation any reader of Nichol’s work should have for new material being out in the world at all.
I always wanted one. I grew up wanting one. I thot cocks were okay but vaginas were really nifty. I liked that name for them because it began with ‘v’ and went ‘g’ in the middle. I never heard my mother or my sister mention them by name. They were an unspoken mouth & that was the mouth where real things were born. So I came out of that mouth with my mouth flapping ‘waaah.’ Oh I said that. I said that. I said ‘waaah’ Ma again & again after I was born. (“The Vagina”)

One might wonder: why did bp select from this work instead of originally releasing the whole work? Why is this being released now, specifically, and what were the factors in deciding to release it? Perhaps this all goes into that nebulous idea of the author’s “intent,” as though the idea of releasing something in one form that the author specifically chose to release in another form is somehow askew. How does releasing this work, posthumously, some two decades after the author’s death, add to the conversations his work engaged in? Seemingly on cue, Nichol appears to answer some of these questions in his brief introduction to the book, speaking to us from the near-distant past:

Marty Gervais approached me about publishing Organ Music as a book I told him the work wasn’t finished. But who knows how long it will take me to finish the rest? I’m not even sure how many the ‘rest’ are. For some reason the number twenty keeps flashing before my eyes. So I’ve decided to gather them together into this collection, a kind of interim autobiography as it were. There’s more I could add but I’ll leave the rest to you. I know most of the parts you’ll read about in here aren’t organs but who could resist a title like Organ Music? Not me.
“INSTANT KARMA: WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND” KARL JIRGENS (CANADA)