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*web addresses, e-mail
addresses and bold
text are clickable hyper-
links*

photo Joe Luna



Image © Emily Critchley

OPENNED NEWS

THE WORKSHOP

Steven Fowler will be conducting a series of interviews with past and present participants of London's Writers Forum workshop over the next few months. The resulting recordings will be hosted on Openned. Check out his **article** in this issue of the Zine for more inform.

GREENWICH FESTIVAL PROJECT

Videos from summer 2010's Greenwich Festival, organised by Emily Critchley and Carol Watts, will be available to view very soon on Openned (it has taken longer than anticipated to process the thousands of feet of film we took). Thank you to Emily and Carol for putting on this fantastic event.

H.E. PROTESTS

A record of information and thoughts about the student protests that took place at the end of 2010 around the UK is available to view on Openned **here**.

EDITORIAL welcome to the first issue

By Alex Davies & Steve Willey

The Openned Zine is setting out with one intention: to provide poets, publishers and organisers with a space to publicly present explanations, thoughts, ideas and opinions that may not necessarily be representative of a final response.

The fourth issue of the Openned Zine is dedicated to exploring outside of the bubble. Openned is predominantly London-based, and as with any capital city it is often easy and comforting to stay within its confines, the M25 as the end of civilisation. So it's good to venture outside the walls for exposure to other concentrated pockets of activity.

In this issue we have descriptions and explorations of Edinburgh and New York poetry, The Text Festival in Bury, two Manchester-based ventures in zimZalla and Department, and halfcircle out in Oxford. As for The Dusie Kollektiv - where that starts and ends is impossible to determine.

As well as this we have some provoking responses to four chosen lines of poetry from Edmund Hardy, and the second part of Lara Buckerton's essay on The eBook Nova, where the footnote rules all.

Inevitably, being our particular bubble, London is here too, represented by POLYply, Maintenant and a new project from Openned in conjunction with Steven Fowler. And we have extracts from the inimitable digital scribbles of @sinclairinruins, a man who knows London like the palm of the back of his hand.*

Plus, we include the usual regulars and some beautiful photography. All of this and no time or room to include the fantastic activities still going on in Brighton, Cambridge and myriad other places.

Perhaps next issue.

Steve & Alex
Openned Editors

*If there is anything in the fourth issue that you would like to respond to, or if you would like to contribute a new piece to the fifth issue of the magazine, please e-mail **openned@gmail.com** and we will respond as soon as possible.*

*The author of @sinclairinruins has chosen to remain anonymous but we would like to extend our thanks to him/her.



Image © Tommy Peeps

Openned is based in London, UK, and is run by Stephen Willey and Alex Davies.

Openned seeks to create flexible spaces for poetry and poetic practitioners by inviting less established and more established writers to read together, curating publications, documenting readings, publishing work, and promoting other writers.

The Openned Magazine is an online publication (with a print-it-yourself black-and-white counterpart available for download) intended to document activities among experimental and innovative poetry communities, with a specific focus on the UK. All material in the magazine is written by the poets, publishers and organisers active within the community. The articles presented in the Zine are not edited in any way.

photo Jonny Liron

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THE DUSIE KOLLEKTIV

a review

By Mackenzie Carignan and Marthe Reed

The Dusie Kollektiv, founded in 2005 by Susana Gardner of Zurich, Switzerland, an extension of her online poetry journal Dusie and the imprint Dusie Books, focuses on the work of innovative writers both established and emerging. The Dusie Kollektiv Projekt marries several attentions of its founder: the hand-made book, the development of a poetry community, and the gift-economy. For an expat living in Zurich, the Kollektiv became a model of creating a poetry community out of the internet, bottomless passion for the idea, and a deep commitment to the necessity of correspondence, collaboration, and cooperation in the making of poetry.

Each member of the collective produces two versions of a chapbook: a limited edition of hand-crafted chapbooks sent out to every other member of the collective, with free digital pdf chapbooks available via the Dusie website: dusie.org. Additional copies of the handmade chaps are also sent out to reviewers and journals, as well as being archived in the Special Collections department of the SUNY Buffalo Library and the **University of Arizona Poetry Center**. On occasion, chaps are sold at author readings or book fairs, as was the case at the AWP book fair in Denver in 2010. One aspect of this project that has had such appeal to both participants and outside onlookers is the range of material manifestations of these “books”, which truly challenge the limitations of imagination. To call them books, in fact, seems to oversimplify the forms and frames that these literary products take. Made by disparate methods, from the hand-written and hand-sewn to chap-

“The 48 chapbooks of the Dusie 3 Kollektiv and the 34 chapbooks of Dusie 4 are maps of imagining and making community, a value emphasised in Gardner’s naming of the Kollektiv. Built from the German pronouns Du and Sie (You + They/he/she/it), Dusie becomes a collective We/Us. Articulating an ethos of the hand-made and the gift-economy, this project affords the material transmutation of absence into presence, word into book, isolation into community, as in the latin root: with/together + gift.”

books which are folios, photo albums, or collections bound with nuts and bolts or rivets, the Dusie chapbooks are visual and verbal delights.

For the two most recent incarnations of the Kollektiv, Dusies 3 and 4, Gardner added new constraints to the project and its dimensions. For Dusie 3, in an effort to heighten the collaborative aspect of the project, she randomly assigned the forty-eight members of the Kollektiv a book-maker, as well as a chapbook to make into a book. Designed as a Ouroboros, each poet designed and created a book for another, and the final member of the chain made the chapbook of the first. For Dusie 4, Gardner introduced the constraint of “upcycling”, requiring participating poets to incorporate some aspect of an already existing “element” into their project, through an impulse to return the chapbook-making process to an art-

Dusie

Dusie is an online poetry journal featuring the work of emerging as well as established poets (or translations of) from around the world. Based in Switzerland, Dusie will continue to feature what can only be loosely defined as modern poetics and poetic experiments on a somewhat quarterly basis.



chapbook/found object style Gardner finds both “raw and appealing”. For some this took the form of recycled language, either their own or others. Some participants upcycled materials, everything from old magazines, left over papers, and old calendars, to prescription bottles, leather menus, and umbrella spokes. Some poets combined these techniques, revitalizing what had once been dismissed as lost or useless. Gardner also introduced a distributed responsibility for the fourth Kollektiv, soliciting the support of two assistant editors, Paul Klinger and Marthe Reed, to take on the work of establishing deadlines, providing support, collecting pdfs and building the webpages.

As with the earlier incarnations, each chapbook required the laying on of hands - whether sewing the chapbook’s binding, collaging images, folding papers, or sewing covers out of cloth, however the poet imagined it. It is this added attention to the literal making of each book that highlights the Kollektiv’s attention to community. It is to say, as each book is crafted, “Here, friend. This one is for you.” Because this project is funded 100% by the participants, this attention to handmade detail and both literal and literary craft, Kollektiv send-out time becomes a literary watershed to participants. Each delivery - each literary project - becomes a gift, both as it is sent and as it is received. It comes as no surprise that the project has grown in number and in scope over the past five years. Gardner has announced that the 2010-2011 exchange will be the last.

The genius of need, the Dusie Kollektiv, in its fifth and one of its largest incarnations, encourages poets working in geographic communities to share in the work of making and distributing chapbooks. In many instances, a virtual community has become a real, tangible geographical literary community with friendships made and new collaborations borne of the project. As with Dusie 4, this version involves both upcycling and distributed labor, the group becoming a true collective in taking up a widely shared responsibility for the organisation of the project. The Kollektiv has been profiled in *HOW2*, *Jacket*, and *Poets & Writers* magazines, and made a splash at the AWP Bookfair last year as it will again this year, in company with its sister-collective, Black Radish Books founded by Dusie poet Nicole Mauro.

Emblematic of the best impulses of the creative community in its collaborative, innovative approaches to book-making, publishing and the creation of a diverse network of writers, the Dusie Kollektiv has fulfilled some of the most optimistic promises of the internet age. Conjoined in the dual pleasures of making chapbooks and receiving a rich panoply of gift chaps in exchange, the poets of the Kollektiv find each other in the ether-sphere as well as the mailbox.

We close this profile with some ‘tastes’ of Kollektivs 3 and 4. Dive in and enjoy!

Dusie 3, the Ouroboros Kollektiv

Dana Teen Lomax’s *DISCLOSURE* looks to be a traditional though interesting chapbook upon first glance. Crafted by UK resident, Zoë Skoulding, the custom’s declaration on the front of the envelope it arrived in declares the contents as “a gift”. The book itself is wrapped in twine and sealed with wax, and upon further inspection, *DISCLOSURE* is far from traditional. My particular copy (each copy has been ordered at random) begins with true photocopy of a letter dated Sept. 22, 1993 to Teen Lomax from the Peace Corps, nominating her to become part of the “Cooperatives” assignment area. The revealing documents continue to unfold in this chap, including bank statements, Social Security “Work and Earnings” statements, a loan statement reflecting only minimum payments to a line of credit, a student loan statement, a paystub, a prayer card, and to top it all off, a complete record from a medical examination, which discloses that she has an identical twin sister and that she has three jobs, among other details of a much more personal effect. *DISCLOSURE* takes on a whole new meaning for Teen Lomax, who reveals here legal documents that most people consider taboo to share with others, never mind a group of relative strangers with whom she is in a virtual literary collective. This chapbook is groundbreaking and vulnerable, creating a narrative out of found texts, and seems to be making a statement about curtains we tend to draw between ourselves and the world around us. As we actually “read” the chap, however, we realize that another statement exists: the utter impossibility of making a living as a poet.

A small, square chapbook with a translucent cover, Jennifer Karmin’s evacuated (disembodying Katrina is dedicated to the “1,836 dead, for the 705 missing, and for all the survivors” of the earth-shattering hurricane that swept through New Orleans in late August of 2005. Karmin begins by defining the word “evacuate” as “to make void, annul, deprive of force or validity”. The language of “evacuated” is disheveled, fragmented, and consistently enjambed before complete thoughts or images can be constructed by the reader, just as the lives and landscape in New Orleans have been devastated by the hurricane. The seventh poem in the series, titled “and inequality be those families,” seems to point to the overall futile exercise of “rebuilding”: “the prepared/ the to overcome/ the real place/ city a naw/ that this rebuild meet ideas/ the with tonight opportunity/ in we tax that/ for them that that.” A pattern emerges: each page contains a small poem with a short title. Each poem is eight lines long. Like in “and inequality be those families”, we begin to feel that language is missing, that words have been, for all practical purposes, evacuated from the poems. A note by the author reveals at the end that it is language in this particular collection that has been

upcycled: “These poems are based on the text of the speech President George W. Bush delivered in New Orleans on September 15, 2005. Every eighth word of the speech was saved. The rest of the words were evacuated.” Karmin’s attempt to reconcile what has been lost with what remains is haunting, though offers a comfort of its own. It ends, after all, with the line, “see god”.

Poet and performance artist Annie Finch digs into her own literary archives to bring us her gracefully crafted and elegantly written chapbook, “Shadow-Bird”. The image on the light blue-grey cover is that of two hands seemingly playing in the shadows, casting the shadow of a bird on the “wall” of the book. Finch tells us in the acknowledgements that “Shadow-Bird is a selection of poems from the manuscript, *Lost Poems 1985-1989*” and as the poems unfold, it’s difficult not to acknowledge the taught, almost painfully wrought language among images of autumn and harvest. While the poems seem to dance rhythmically across the page, often in iambic pentameter and taking the form of sonnets or some variation of the sonnet, the language seems at times to be at odds with the form. In “She that”, for example, the first poem in the collection, we see the lines: “I be/ one of the edge of nutrients”. While it is not unusual for an experimental poet like Finch to play with verb tense and use “be” instead of the grammatically correct “am”, here it seems obvious that she is altering the language, presenting the reader with the incorrect tense of the verb in order to make the exact rhyme with the “me” of the following line. The speaker seems to be trapped in a cage of form, especially towards the end of the chapbook. In the poem, “Such Husks,” Finch reflects upon her relationship with form and especially meter: “Oh tongue of meter, moving with your comb/ past awful words to make your peace at home,/ you are still my companion, though your love// still alters me, and ruins what I move/ along to do, and kills me with you, love;/ you love in words, you don’t know what you move:// such husks of hollowed influence.” Like so many great poets before her, Finch is in a familiar love-hate relationship with form, but what is spectacular is how the form itself serves as evidence of this struggle and creates within the reader a most beautiful discomfort.

Sarah Anne Cox chose to include illustrations in her delightful, seafoam-blue chapbook titled *Super Undone Blue*. Her children, Phaedra Cox-Farr and Paris Cox-Farr, are the esteemed artists who contributed four total images to this 18-page book. The drawings, charming but clearly drawn by young children, give us the illusion as readers that the children are there, perched on our shoulders, participating in the text as well as the art. This creates a slight discomfort, as images of cigarettes, heroin, Geiger counters, and double axes float to the surface of the poem. The language seems to be operating on two different registers-

that of “jewels and the fluff of clouds/ the mermaid in her flippers can swim a blue streak” and the more austere, “Pork chops from the Minotaur/ heroin and homemaking on the/ other side of the electronic teller”. The very first image of the book is one of urbanity and experience: “After New York of 100 hot dogs/ and 100 sprinks/ natural history and water balloons (. . .)” ; this image carries with me and becomes a touchstone for each narrative-the experience of seeing an otherwise dark, urban landscape with a child (or children). *Super Undone Blue* shows us through words and images how experience is transformed through the eyes of a child and how, despite our best efforts, we might not be able to mediate this experience.

Dusie 4, the Upcycled Kollektiv

Shanna Compton created her *Rare Vagrants* as an open book, a series of cards suspended as vertical garland/mobile/moveable feast. Taking Gardner’s upcycled directive as including not only physical materials but language as well, Compton’s chap is composed from a diverse catalog of materials: “leftover cardstocks and papers from prior chapbooks, a 1990’s Mexico-themed poster, *Bomb* and *National Geographic* magazines; a field guild to Northern European animals; abandoned drafts; stray pronouns; overhead conversations and various paperstuffs...found lying around the house.” Suspended from a strand of raffia, these cards are ornamented with white hand-drawn designs and image clippings, each card unique. The poems meditate, extrapolate on animal nature - “endangered by her larvae he goes / metallic green and rather shiny / a violent sort of blue” - texts which re-direct their foci back upon the reader: “after going wrong in a back bedroom / she is shorter than her own body and a wolf.” Who or what is seen? Cast into a word-sea in which I cannot readily determine the points of any compass, “dangled over short of disaster”, my eyes slide down delicious swoops - deer to moth to hedge nettle and bee: “Which one of them is black with orange markings” and which “fiercely wanted incantations”?

No Subject, Elizabeth Bryant’s chapbook, hides a vivid translucent green broadside within a flattened casing, a cardboard toilet roll warning “IF SEAL IS BROKEN CHECK CONTENTS BEFORE ACCEPTING.” What hides within? “A buried secret”, suppressed longing, a poem of recycled language - “Found prose of poetics and psychoanalytics.” Playfully shifting from “the demeanor of the martyr” and “Occult truths”, Bryant leads the reader outward into a terrain of meanings which are held in unresolved tension to one another: “A jubilation”, “a structural limitation”, “Any sentence with than”. Even as the ground shifts, the poem becomes “Neither more nor less than...the presence of desire”, a talking object, “heightened by the obstacles that stand in

the way of its decipherment.” An elegant language-collage wrapped in its own enigmatic straightjacket.

Determined that text and book share the same ground, Nicole Mauro printed her Tax Dollar Super-Sonnet on the front and back of a two dollar bill. Against “This note is legal tender for all debts, public and private”, we read: “‘who’ ‘like’ ‘yesterday’ ‘are’ ‘now’ ‘away from the white’” - the texts palimpsested over one another, Jefferson’s stern silence given a doubled and re-doubled voice. He speaks, or seems to speak, lines borrowed from other presidents: Chester Arthur, James Garfield, Rutherford B. Hayes, Ulysses S. Grant. An excerpt from a forthcoming book of the same title, published by Black Radish Books, the two sonnets tendered as legal tender, call everything into question: who speaks, when, how, to what purpose? Political discourse finds an unheralded lyricism through Mauro’s use of hyper-quotation, single words excerpted as isolate quotes, the inverted commas returning these borrowings to a base state, against which their origins ironically chatter: “‘so’ ‘suffrage’ / ‘so’ ‘these’ / ‘o’ ‘suffrages’ / ‘that are these’”. Mauro reconstrues language and meanings, gaging/gauging open history of the nation’s violence against the continent’s first peoples. Money does indeed talk, turning the words of history’s auditors against themselves, “‘in effect’ ‘preserving’ ‘the’ ‘freedom’ ‘of’ ‘in-debted’ peoples”.

Catherine Wagner turns language into object, a wearable text, a bangle ciphering in continuous circuits in her Capitulation to the Total Poem. Snippets of text, phrases cut and collaged from “Shakespeare’s Preservation Fantasy”, an essay by Aaron Kunin and the poem, “Culture of One” by Alice Notley, circle about the gold paper bracelet. Neither beginning nor ending, Wagner’s poem-bangle recycles words and paper alike, composing a gendered text, a bodied text from which the words act as koans interrogating the nature of speaker, speech, and embodiment: “If you put the [hand] inside, / She will pop out / The imp to preserve culture / Wiggles under the worm.” This poem-object composes a “Total enclosure in poem”, paradoxically marking and masking its wearer with both the voices of others and a *sin qua non* of the feminine self. Though not all that glitters is gold, Cathy Wagner’s Capitulation to the Total Poem most certainly is.

Meredith Clark’s Residence, a series of 26 poems and place names, based on the alphabet, upcycles a collection of travel postcards, taking me from Ashgabat to Halifax, Jericho, Marfa, the collection’s ‘destinations’ occasions for writing: an Ashgabat cityscape sprawling behind an enormous swan around which fountains spray, a lighthouse on the Baltic Sea, a horse balancing on a teeter-totter in Marfa, Texas. Where are we headed, I wonder? Riding the train along the forested mountains of Geilo, Norway, Clark tells me to

“Insert a memory of your own”, the traveling itself an occasion for imagining such journeys. The “smith shop, its slack tub, its hearth for heating metals” a world I glimpse as I speed past, on my way always elsewhere. My skin salted by sea air in Halifax, Iringa’s sweet, creamy coffee thick on my tongue, I ride past Jericho “on the east-west route” and in Leeds “[find] on the wharf: a sheaf of black and white landscapes”, this world I’m journeying through. Following Clark’s map of places, I travel “Out, beyond the far margin”, taking myself there.

The 48 chapbooks of the Dusie 3 Kollektiv and the 34 chapbooks of Dusie 4 are maps of imagining and making community, a value emphasized in Gardner’s naming of the Kollektiv. Built from the German pronouns Du and Sie (You + They/he/she/it), Dusie becomes a collective We/Us. Articulating an ethos of the hand-made and the gift-economy, this project affords the material transmutation of absence into presence, word into book, isolation into community, as in the latin root: with/together + gift. A potent and magical gift, the Kollektiv is rooted in the initiative and sustaining creativity of its founder, Susana Gardner. Online versions of these chaps can be viewed and downloaded at **Dusie 3** and **Dusie 4**.

TEXT FESTIVAL 2011 the question of the text festival

By Tony Trehy

Alex Davies: I was wondering if you would be interested in contributing a piece about next year's Text Festival - the planning behind, what we should look forward to etc. From the last three issues the most well received pieces have been exploratory rather than descriptive.

Tony Trehy: Of course. The Text Festival has always been driven by questions. The first one in 2005 started from a simple question I asked myself - what would happen if poets and other artists who use language (sound, media, conceptual, text, etc) were put in the same room? Recursively there were questions within that question:

Tony Trehy: Is this a relevant question? Should something happen? What is the common field of engagement across the artforms? Could I make the claim of resonance without backing it up with some form of analysis or invitation to debate? In response to that, I came up with the 'five things', common strategies which seem to me to be the background to my query: parataxis, process, intertextuality, materialisation, and, I always forget one... spatialisation. I also posed the question: if these were valid, should there be a sixth - Time. In the context of modern physics, the separation of time and space may not be sustainable. My preference was to locate time-based



"The Text Festival has always been driven by questions. The first one in 2005 started from a simple question I asked myself - what would happen if poets and other artists who use language (sound, media, conceptual, text, etc) were put in the same room?"

work in the notion of spatialisation, but I wasn't bothered to be too exercised by this question since it seemed to me too close to academic parsing and...

Ron Silliman: Situating poetry in the arts, rather than in the academy, is of course exactly the right idea, but it's one that often is executed without any real insight as to how they fit together.

Tony Trehy: exactly. Would you be interested in being in the next Text Festival? (Aside: for which at that moment I had no expectation of organising).

Ron Silliman: When is the next Festival?

Tony Trehy: Spring 2009.

Ron Silliman: Yes.

Jeff Hilson: When's the next Festival?

Tony Trehy: 2011.

Putting aside the large number of submissions that come in asking to be included, a frequent circular conversation with artists whom I have actively sought out involves them asking me what I want from them and me asking back what do they want to do. As I commented in my introduction to the 2009 gig headlined by Ron Silliman (also featuring Claus Van Bebber, Hester Reeve the.HRH, Catriona Glover), the event was driven by Joseph Beuys advice that everything should be an experiment. So again, the approach to 2011 is to mostly intuitive, what feels like it might be interesting.

Catharine Braithwaite: (media consultant): How's this for the beginning of the press release?

The third edition of Text Festival in Bury opens this spring and continues to be the leading focus of language in 21st Century art. The Festival is an internationally recognised event investigating contemporary language art incorporating poetry, text art, sound and media text, and live art.

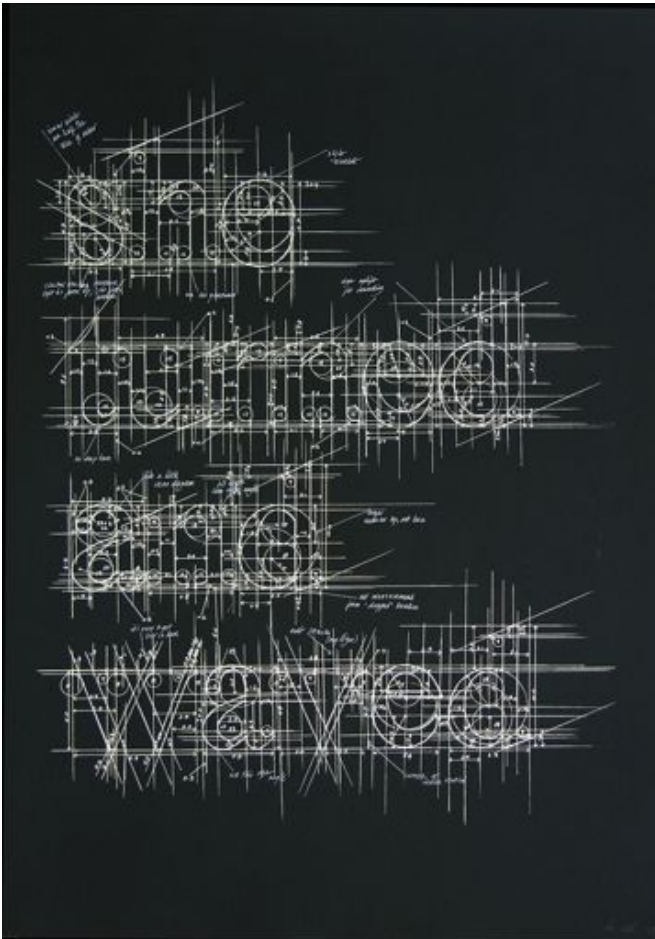


Text Festival 2011

The Text Festival in Bury is an internationally recognised event investigating contemporary language art (poetry, text art, sound and media text, live art). Opening on 29th April 2011, the next Festival will be its third manifestation and run into July.

Highlights include:

- A performance by Canadian virtuoso sound poet Christian Bök
- A unique text art commission by U.S. poet Ron Silliman
- Four new exhibitions investigating aspects of language from sentences to visual poems
- Language art works by more than 80 international artists
- MERZTEXT - an international celebration in exhibition and performances of the text work of Kurt Schwitters



Tony Trehy: Yes that's the sort of thing that will interest the press, but one of the things I find fascinating is still that first thought: what happens when Márton Koppány meets Liz Collini or what possibilities emerge from Pavel Buchler meeting Derek Beaulieu? Because it's just me organising this, it is hard to get everything in place at one time and announced as one big package; ideas develop over time; juxtapositions that couldn't have been anticipated just come up. Ron Silliman with Satu Kaikkonen and Karri Kokko and Phil Minton, and not just Kaikkonen and Kokko reading as separate poets but them performing new sound-texts together - another first for the festival. And Christian Bök another UK first programmed in darkness mixed in with sound artists and linguistic charge from Holly Pester and Eduard Escoffet from Spain plus performances that are not even going to be announced - things that will just happen, like Helmut Lemke and Paul Haywood writing on each others hands in silent dialogue.

And as the Text Festival prepares for what comes after this last act (there will be no more Festivals - repeating myself would be boring to me and so should be to you), the Language Moment is announced maybe perversely prior to the full Festival. In keeping with the wider expectation of the Language Moment as something that moves beyond, it opens with a Text Festival trailblazer (as Catharine dubbed it) at Manchester's Green Room on 15 April. So this gig will feature the stunning linguistic contortions of Icelandic poet Eiríkur Örn Norðdahl, the extreme extended techniques of baritone live art sensation, Phil Minton, international performer & visual artist Maggie O'Sullivan, and a live collaboration between Manchester sound and poetry artists, Ben Gwilliam and Phil Davenport.

There's more to say, the Schwitters day MERZTEXT for instance on Sunday 1st May, the gig in June with Geraldine Monk, Adeena Karasick, Bill Bissett and Iris Garrelfs, and... o just come to it.



"We're doing this on a shoestring, which means no-one is breathing down our necks. We're free to programme as we please."

POLYPLY about the cross-media event series

By Will Montgomery

Our cross-media event series came into being very quickly when the three programmers - Dell Olsen, Kristen Kreider and me - learnt that the Centre for Creative Collaboration on Acton Street in Kings Cross was available. We all felt that there was room in London for a regular event that placed poetry in dialogue with other disciplines and activities: performance, music, film, art, and anything that fell between the cracks. To an extent, the desire to set up the series grew out of the various forms of creative practice that we are all involved in, but it also has a relationship to our teaching, along with Robert Hampson, at Royal Holloway and to the research group we all participate in.

The Kings Cross venue was attractive because of its set of diverse spaces in which to make and disseminate work. The space is funded by several bodies, including some of the colleges in the University of London, but its remit is to encourage new things to happen, not to provide extra room for teaching. The Centre for Creative Collaboration is, as its name suggests, all about collaborating across institutional and disciplinary boundaries. Its organisers have been very sympathetic to POLYply.

The first event, which took place in May 2010, featured two poets: Peter Gizzi and Drew Milne, both of whom were

reading in London for the first time in years and both of whom have edited open and inclusive magazines. After that night, we gave each event a particular theme as a way of bringing together work by distinct practitioners. Our next POLYply event focused on architecture, and included work by Brighton-based writer Rowena Easton and the artist and film-maker Ilona Sagar. Our 'Fear' evening in November placed the poets Rob Holloway and Sharon Morris alongside the artist NaoKo TakaHashi. In between architecture and fear were two events based around poets - Emily Dickinson and Frank O'Hara. As well as some memorable readings, these included a first UK performance of composer Antoine Beuger's Dickinson-themed composition *Landscapes of Absence* and spectacular interpretations by Sophie Robinson and Ian Hunt of O'Hara's drama.

We're doing this on a shoestring, which means no-one is breathing down our necks. We're free to programme as we please. We hope, in the face of all the cultural vandalism currently in evidence, to keep doing so for as long as we can.

*POLYply readings take place regularly in London. Keep an eye on the **POLYply** website or Openned for announcements.*

POLYPLY 3: EMILY DICKINSON

photos

Images © Georgie M'Glug

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3



4



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POLYply 3: EMILY DICKINSON
Amy De'Ath (4)
Kristen Kreider (1)

BIRD PUKE

wanting shot of books in 140 characters



"Re-Search #4-5" (featuring William S. Burroughs, Brion Gysin, and Throbbing Gristle) is free to download (via [@ubuweb](#)): <http://is.gd/gDqqI>



The birds are singing sweet. But they are singing tweet tweet over and over again in the same pitch. It is a repeated sound loop.



"The plural of anecdote is data." + Bruce Sievers, On evaluating the impact of community arts programming



The Situation Room isn't kidding around.



guys, don't worry, print isn't dead, it's just art now. <http://newcityreader.net/>



They explore the visual poetry of numbers (RT [@visuellepoesie](#)): <http://goo.gl/j16MH>



All recorded readings by P. Inman on PennSound are now segmented. See & listen to all the individual poems! <http://bit.ly/9ANDEH>



They interview Simon Morris (at Information as Material) about the "bibliocidal tendencies" of the Book-[\(#futurebook\)](#): <http://is.gd/huOYA>



"Avant-Post" (ed. Louis Armand) is free to read online-(includes my essay about Oulipo and conceptual literature...): http://issuu.com/litteraria/docs/avant_post?zoomed=true



Its being made and unmade: If you use text: www.textmaking.blogspot.com



On persistent repeat, it didn't sound so sweet to the ear.



Fabulous: RT - [download] Samuel Beckett's BBC Radio Plays: <http://is.gd/hP7RT> (via [@ubuweb](#))



oooh there's some of my poems and an interview with me in this mag! So I am in Vogue? Sort of. <http://bit.ly/dEkFAu>



Parameters: articles, essays and reviews by Michael Murray. More at <http://otherroom.org/2010/12/05/parameters-michael-murray/>



Poetry is a cult and I didn't drink the kool-aid.



Galatea Ressurects 15: <http://wp.me/pkigh-ZV>



Join the journal (e)mailing list - news of a free electronic supplement coming soon <http://www.innovativepoetry.com>



Reality Street launches ReScript: <http://wp.me/pkigh-ZP>



We have a backlog of documentation we will be adding to the site in 2011 [#resolutions](#)



If $A = 1$, $B = 2$, $C = 3$, etc., then the sum of letters in TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE = 251.



hmm <http://www.paradiselost.org/lmg/Book-1.html>



Thanks be to the god of proof-reading. By the skin of my teeth, I didn't send an email referring to "shite-on-black" text.



UPSCO publisher's fair in Edinburgh, 23rd June 2011: <http://wp.me/pkigh-12p>



every brave or noble act must be preceded with a cup of coffee [#teachingprep](#)

SPYING ON THE POETRY SCENE IN EDINBURGH

what's going on in Scotland

By Posie Rider

Hail! When I received the call from Openned in late October, asking me to go as their envoy to the ice-encrusted city of Edinburgh and chronicle the most ferocious of its frost-rimed rhymers, I was both thrilled and anxious. Thrilled both because of my love for that gothick conurbation - a gathering of complex forces, like glacial cracking, to which the word "settlement" is hardly applicable - and the appeal of being a bit of a poetic missionary from the South, and anxious, because daunting is the attempt to encapsulate, like some terrible Captain Cook of the mind, the current state of writing, reading and performing of any place - let alone one of which you cannot truly say 'this is my place'. When I was invited to read in Edinburgh on **December 3rd**, alongside Tom Raworth, nick-e melville and Sophie Stamina (whom you may have encountered under a succession of names elsewhere) my fate was sealed. It was to Edinburgh at once by East Coast rail, and to hell with my crisis of authorship and my tenuous claims to authority!

The best place I can think of to begin is a deconstruction of my upcoming reading itself, seeing as it chivvied me into action. **Anything Anymore Anywhere** represents an exciting new poetic venture organised by the charming poet, poetic impresario and massive fan of yours truly, **Colin Herd**. By the time this has gone to press, readers, we will have completed the first in a series uniting readers from 'over there' with readers from 'right here' (actually over there - i.e. Scotland) - I believe the next in the series will see Andrea Brady ascending from [Londres] to read alongside local writers. The idea for the series jumped fully formed, like a young Dionysus, from the thigh of Colin, or more properly that of his journal, also titled *Anything Anymore Anywhere*. This publication, of which three issues so far exist, is not restricted to Scottish poets, or indeed to poetry, and its transatlanticism undoubtedly reflects Herd's own interest in American writing. Still, certain poetry included does demonstrate tendencies in the reception and writing of poetry in Scotland, not least its concrete and visual strain inherited from endlessly beloved Scots writers of the sixties, seventies and beyond, like Ian Hamilton-Finlay, Tom Leonard and the late makar, **Edwin Morgan**. Text and fish based work from **Greg Thomas** is certainly in this tradition - and indeed Greg will be co-curating an exhibition of Concrete poetry at the SPL next Summer alongside librarian Julie Johnstone, as well as co-organising next year's soon-to-be-announced, quasi-academic conference - *Con/Versify: Poetry, Politics and Form* - with other Edinburgh students, Lila Matsumoto and Samantha Walton, which should be a great deal of fun.

Another Concretey offering in the journal comes in the form of the letter-based spirals and chequers of the mysterious Andrew Topel, who may be from Mosstodloch, Achnahannait, Boston or Leith, for all I know. The definitely Edinburgh-based nick-e melville's found poetry and deleted text works, published in *selections and dissections* (2010), are drawn from from bank-letters, benefits advice

brochures, party manifestos and Robert Burns, feature a direct intervention in social issues often absent from or nebulous in the more twee Concrete work ('frog pond plop - piss off!') and are best seen as a projected backdrop to his rage-electro, dance-punk, post-grime two-piece band, **ShellSuit Massacre**. nick-e will be reading unaccompanied on the 3rd December, but I did have the pleasure of seeing the band perform at the *Throat Cuts, Not Bonus Cuts* night he organised on October 7th. The political agenda of the event should, of course, be evident (chins up, Lib Dems!) and fusions of poetry and spoken word (i) with rousing film art by **Sacha Kahir**; (ii) with extraordinary renditions of Kanye West-ish and Spanish folk songs, alluring megaphones and furious ad hoc speaker-drumming by **Zorras**; (iii) with visual art in a vast collection of posters by **Tom Leonard**, and (iv) with just its good old self by 'punk poet legend' **Rodney Relax** and Glasgow's **Jim Ferguson** all contributed to a night sizzling with activist solidarity, heated debate and much heartening violence directed at Tory and Lib Dem rule. "Fucking posh-boy roulette!" I'm sure I heard nick-e cry at one point, as I waltzed to the sounds of *ShellSuit's* 'ASBOy', a post-techno ditty about the newly-acquired social status of an ASBO holder, accompanied visually by the lurid front pages of *The Sun*.

CELEBRATE! THE LAUNCH OF ISSUE 2 OF THE ART & POETRY MAGAZINE SCREE



**MUSIC-CONQUERING ANIMAL SOUND-ILIOP-
LAMPLIGHTER-DEAD LEAVES-DUSTIN DJ SET
POETRY-NICK-E MELVILLE-POSIE RIDER-
FRANCIS CROT-PETE MCCONVILLE
SEPT 15 7:30 PM, OLD ST PAUL'S, 39 JEFFREY ST £5**

What do we learn from this? Firstly, it is undoubtedly true that poetry shares a space more comfortably and cordially with its sister arts in the Edinburgh scene than is often the case elsewhere. There's very little awkwardness in a night that combines visual arts, poetry and music, and this is something that has made the rise of the little bespoke magazine **Scree**, edited by shapeshifting raccoon Lila Matsumoto, so encouraging. Conceived as a polite predecessor to Hamilton-Finlay's generously illustrated *Poor Old Tired Horse* and other magazines of the '50s and '60s like *Migrant*, *Resuscitator* and *Black Mountain Review*, the first two issues of *Scree* have contained ticklish little etching-a-likes, poetry, short prose tales and, joy of joys, a CD featuring local glitch-, boop- and twinky-core music from **Conquering Animal Sound**, **Helheston**, Illiop and **Dead Leaves**, amongst others. That the poetry of some of the musicians is also printed in the magazine should illustrate how inter-media free-for-alls are fostered in Edinburgh, and anyone who attended the second *Scree* launch would have been worked into a frenzy by the on-the-spot collaboration between **Francis Crot**, a London expat now ensconced in the Scottish scene, with *Conquering Animal Sounds*, which combined the latter's definitely boop-core music with the former's attempt to taxonomise obscure music trivia drivel from the last hundred or so years.

Perhaps the cheerful interaction between art forms and artists is a consequence of the teeny-tinness of the city, with its 477,660 people, or perhaps the annual arrival of the Festival is to blame. This fun monstrosity bloats the city out of recognition, with creative types literally willing to kill you just in order to prop up your rigid corpse in a seat in order to impress a reviewer from *The Skinny*. Whatever your views on student theatre, the festival is probably terrible for poetry, and the only things I managed to see during the fortnight I spent here was such a cartload of tedious slam, pseudo-comedy, spoken word and smug storytelling that I wished I'd never been born, let alone born with an interest in the arts. Storytelling should not be given such a bad name, and indeed another, I feel confident to say it, awesome feature of general creativity in Edinburgh is the revived interest in traditional storytelling, which is practised both at **The Scottish Storytelling Centre** on the Royal Mile and in the upper rooms of nearby pub, The Waverly, on a Friday night. Donations are on request, the pub sells the most reasonable priced whiskey on the High Street, and you are guaranteed to burst into tears when an elderly woman from Invernesshire sings a Highland Clearance ballad passed down through innumerable grandmothers. That is a good thing, I tell you.

Secondly, poetry in Scotland manages, often, to be effortlessly political. As far as I can tell, everyone is basically to a greater or lesser extent a massive socialist in Scotland. As such, there is very little of that South-Easterly squeamishness about 'how to write about class-issues without sounding like a do-good middle-classer,' or 'how to locate class-issues one may possibly write about considering one lives in Cambridge/Hampstead and there are few in sight' or, even more crippling, 'how to write about class issues considering my readers will need a PhD in order to understand my poetry, and, alas, the upper echelons of higher education and social and economic depravation mix badly, like Vodka and Milk.' 'England', which is often unfortunately used as a metonym for the Westminster Parliament, forms a broad focus of

political disdain, highly sympathetic to writers. What other national parliament would run **courses for children** to encourage them to write their own verse in response to the building, or adorn its expressive, stave-clad walls with Gaelic and Scots verse, including this offering from Walter Scott (actually from a novel but carved to look like a poem, innit?):-

when we had a king
and a chancellor,
and parliament-men
o' our ain,
we could aye peeble them
wi' stanes when
they werena
gude bairns -
But naebody's
nails can reach
the length o'
Lunnon.

The contempt for Lunnon ensured that recent anti-cuts marches were well attended by a comprehensive cross-section of society, including representatives of trade unions, public sector workers, local primary schools and blocks of patriotic piping troops, some with fantastic drums, all with kilts. That said, the student march of November 24th was rather less well-attended than those taking place in England, although the commitment of the protesters (who have since been occupying a floor of the **University's Appleton Tower**) was no less inspirational, and all the more so because it was intended to galvanise solidarity with students nationwide, while for some, the university cuts remain an English problem. This week there have been tweets from students occupying a group of snowmen and jumping out to frighten police, and in one unfortunate incident, a cyclist. Just this morning (30th November and St Andrews Day) I attended a spirited student march to Holyrood, which culminated in excellent speeches from a variety of speakers, including the divine Dr Suzanne Trill from the University of Edinburgh's Literature department, and an epic snowball fight aimed at driving out the dastardly Clegg, who was ensconced inside. A fervent commitment to opposing nationwide fee cuts was on everyone's lips today, and I will follow with a heart burning with pride the progression of the movement here. If the Scottish Parliament adopts a similar policy to cuts and fee-creation as the Con-Dem's - degrees here are still free for Scots and at a national low for other British students - Scotland may see even more widespread protest and a more earnest attempt from workers' and public sector groups to engage with the student protesters. On the 24th November march (attended, might I add, by a number of Edinburgh poets) we were hailed by a builder who advised us to "Get a proper job," right as we were chanting hopefully to all around, "Students and Workers, Unite and Fight!" How rude! I bet he didn't say that to the miners, they'd have 'had' him.

I digress. The benefit of blanket left-wing principles is vast for the poet, who rarely needs to engage in the same debates concerning poetry's mandate to shock, interrogate and cajole its readers into political action and debate. Counterculture doesn't sit on ice down the gloomy cul-de-sac of critique and mobilisation. Instead, it gets to cooperate in something rather like counterhegemony - albeit with a little



dubious assistance from Scottish patriotism. An antagonism towards Tory cuts and Southern directed policy is easily activated, as, like in so many towns throughout Britain, the repercussions of cuts made by the previous Tory government are still felt in perilously neglected communities. Poet nick-emelville has, incidentally, recently started his tenure as writer in 'residence' at HMP Edinburgh, which gives you some idea of the limited hostility to outspokenly left-wing and experimental writers in Scotland (I long for the day Sean Bonney is elected to a similar post!) and a more grassroots, poetic intervention into governmental practice can be eagerly anticipated.

Another thing that defines the Edinburgh scene is its many charity shops, book shops and libraries. Bookshops of note include the awesome left-wing purveyor of books and hoster of readings, **Word Power Books** and tumbledown, bureaucracy-bating **Armchair Books**. Anyone who remembers to bring the right bits can get membership (browsing, not borrowing) to Edinburgh University Library, Edinburgh City Library and the Scottish National Library, a copyright library the size of half a landing at the BL, but which nonetheless is never uncomfortably full. Bliss! Full borrowing rights are available at the **Scottish Poetry Library**. One can retrieve even the slightest pamphlets and chapbooks from their coral-coloured shelves for a month at a time, or at least until they send you an automated message asking you to return them, followed by a personal message apologising for the bureaucratic tone of the previous message, and asking you to do your best to return the book, you know, whenever you can. As well as lending out their stocks (all for free of course) the library used to organise poetry walks around the city, during which attendants were encouraged to compose lines based upon locale; they run reading groups in which participants discuss poems they have brought along; a 'poetry-retrieval' and recommendation service, where lost lines are reconnected with long-forgotten works and further reading is suggested. Their **list of poetry events** happening in and around the city is more than I could ever hope to achieve without giving up my fight against patriarchy for good, and I was hard pushed to attend or report upon but a snatch of them. These activities attest to the library's desire to be a true public institution and to engage with people who may not as yet be readers poetry. I am always made a little uncomfortable by civilising missions, especially when they are accompanied by bastardised Arnoldian rhetoric concerning the cheering power of verse, but I do think libraries and literature have an essential function and the SPL is doing its best to be a welcoming and socially involved institution, although it still ridiculously charges for many of its evening events involving guest speakers. Poetry should always be free, of course.

Edinburgh poet **Ryan Van Winkle**, who was one the winners of this year's **Crashaw Prize**, organised much of the weekly activity at the SPL as its poet-in-residence, although I believe his tenancy has recently ended. He is currently active in the group that is trying to save **The Forest Café**, the familiar not-for-profit, creative-and-crusty arts hub close to the university, which has been thrown into financial turmoil with the collapse of the organisation that owned the building and the handing over of their beautiful property to administrators. Poetry in the city will surely suffer, both be-

cause the inevitable disruption to **Forest Publications**, which prints a magazine and chapbooks featuring new writing, and the loss of an affordable space for readings, meetings, exhibitions and events. The related collapse of The Roxy Arthouse, where both *Scree* and the Throat Cuts events were staged, poses a similar threat, and if Edinburgh is not going to turn into London, where arts venues are being destroyed by the cultural cancer that is luxury hotelery and flats, it needs to put its chipper, pro-arts socialism into practice and provide proper support to these creative centres in spite of government policy South of the Border.

Edinburgh, 30th November 2010



HALFCIRCLE a journal of original poetry

By Arabella Currie & Thomas Graham

Reluctant to speak of bringing down boundaries, trucing polemics, defying definitions and so on, we nevertheless must veer slightly into such terrain when attempting to explain our launching of another journal into the crowded world.

Intoxicated idealism probably formed the genesis of what is now halfcircle poetry. That is, a kind of ineffectual liberalism that aspires to dissolve the factionism implicit in contemporary poetry and to call for a linking-of-arms in the name of 'understanding' and 'getting along'. Such a bland and homogenous you-scratch-my-back mood is no doubt indicative of one too many sickly fluorescent cocktails. And so it was that last night I found myself sitting across the table from two blurry Keston Sutherlands, rattling off an incomprehensible diatribe about poetic diplomacy in toper's pijin english. Today even aspirin seems more interesting than the social politics of British poetry, but the question remains, is there anything deeply problematic in the incumbent situation that sees a great deal of interesting and progressive verse subverted by

the mainstream, and left inaccessible to the vast majority of poetry enthusiasts? Secondly, genuine poetic and intellectual differences aside, is anyone involved really bothered about the isolationism of the two divergent schools? Does Prynne lose sleep over the fact that his ideal reader may never even come to hear of him? Does Christopher Reid sigh when he collects his Faber stipends?

There is no denying that the poetic agendas of the British Poetry Revival, Movement poets, and their respective sons and daughters are so essentially opposed, both aesthetically and ideologically, as to make a mutual treaty a barmy idea resulting in dilution on both sides. What is however important is that anyone with an interest in poetry should be able to make an informed, unbiased and considered decision as to which side, if any, they want to take. The problem, then, is that Faber's commercial monopolisation of mainstream poetry ensures that this impartial education is impossible. If one was to make an arbitrary selection of poetry volumes from an average high street poetry section the result would be heavy-

handedly in favour of the movement poets and their inheritants.

However, that the opposing side continues to self-define with labels such as ‘other’, ‘underground’, ‘difficult’ and ‘avant-garde’ serves to show that the blame cannot be solely levelled at the fat cats. There seems to be a certain tendency to regard the reactionary status of the Cambridge school among the wider academic community with a sense of pride. Exclusive cliqueness is an unfortunate result of the wonderful small-scale self-publishing communities that have developed under these banners. halfcircle would like to provide a platform in which the new poetry reader is exposed evenly to each side. And this, we suppose, would be one way of defending halfcircle’s ostensibly hotchpotch and sporadic content.

To use the binary labels is unforgivably reductive, but it remains true that many feel they have to be in one of two camps, to pitch their flag and swear an oath of allegiance. Each side scuffles on the battlefield, one throwing line breaks and uncapitalised letters and wild indentation; the other armed with tradition, and rectangles, and kennings. Yet this isn’t to say that people don’t notice and talk about this divide, but the problem is that only one faction reads the Cambridge Literary Review and only the other reads *Arête*, with only a few noble exceptions. Unless there’s a consummate platform for debate between the two schools, such polemics will only ever be lopsided propaganda. In practice, rarely do the two appear together, perhaps due to the fear that that they would weaken each other’s strengths, perhaps due simply to militant dislike. halfcircle’s drunkenly optimistic aim would be to prove the opposite and to encourage a symbiotic communication, founded upon the principle that segregation breeds bias and inhibits open thought. Realistically, however, it probably serves only to piss everyone off.

The reality of the matter is that, far from wishing to embody a general ethos or purpose, halfcircle began as a joint project between two friends, and ended up as it did because we happen to be opposed in almost every respect of taste, theory and style. As editors we’re a microcosmic embodiment of the wider feud. We disagree about everything, yet agreed to disagree in an agreed format. The upshot of this is that neither of us will ever be satisfied with an entire issue, and that no reader will never not be annoyed by at least part of its content. The fact is that as co-editors we are far from having the expertise or experience which would allow us to yield conclusive and positive answers from the rigorous, academic standing which we feel is needed. Yet there’s the possibility that, through showing the divide by means of controversial juxtaposition, halfcircle may inadvertently create a healthy dialectic, and eventually encourage a pair of diametrically opposed intellectual heavyweights to reluctantly partner up in the establishment of an academic journal (Drew Milne and Craig Raine might be obvious candidates) devoted to discussing questions such as ‘Is Don Patterson shit?’.

Having said all this, we suspect that in many cases the problem as it stands resolves itself, and hence a representative journal is made somewhat redundant. The truth of the matter is that, if you would naturally be dissatisfied with Patterson’s derivative drivel, you’ll probably fall into one of the many communities of avant-garde poets there are anyway. On the other hand, if you praise his skilled and perceptive verse, then that’s bully for you. Probably, disingenuous ide-

ologies aside, halfcircle will continue to remain as strange and disjointed as it is simply because neither of us has the balls or the authority to fire the other.

To obtain a copy of halfcircle one please visit
halfcirclepoetry.blogspot.com.

halfcircle two will be available from February 2011.

CRATER AUTUMN PRESS EVENT

photos

Images © Nat Raha



1



2



3

Crater Autumn Press Event

Tim Atkins (3)
Sean Bonney (2)
Elizabeth Guthrie (1)

A POSTCARD FROM NEW YORK

across the pond

By Sara Wintz

Kareem Estefan and I went to see the Paul Thek retrospective at The Whitney last Sunday. I watched him approach the visitor services desk over an outstretched copy of Ed Ruscha's Los Angeles. On the way to the museum, I started to think about this write-up and what it meant to say that I live in New York: I do and don't. It isn't always a complicated question. "Would you say that you are a New York poet?" I ask Steve Zultanski, who also migrated to New York, from across the table at a coffee shop in South Brooklyn where we are writing now. "What do you mean?" "Like, do you feel like you're a New Yorker?" "Yeah... why? --Are you putting me in this thing that you're doing?" "No..."

The truth is, to tell you where I am from is an easy task, because it has already happened. I am from California. But to describe where I live now and what I am part of, in the present, is much more difficult. It's still happening.

How to tell you what it's like to be a poet in New York?

At The Whitney, on a Sunday evening, the exhibition spaces inside the museum were sparse, with a combination of tourists and sophisticated-looking locals. At some point between the first and third floor, I realized that Kareem is one of the first poets I met in New York. He and I met in a workshop at The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church about performance, taught by Rachel Levitsky.

Paul Thek's retrospective at The Whitney pivots around a single image that Thek returns to throughout his work: the diver. This is the first

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painting in the show-- a solitary scuba diver traveling deeper beneath the surface. Thek, born in 1933, became involved with the New York art world as a student at Cooper Union.

In the opening room of Thek's retrospective is a screen test by Warhol, of Thek. Adjacent to Warhol's screen test is a Warhol-esque Brillo box by Thek, with one open side and a glass panel that separates viewers from an internal organ-like sculpture Thek enclosed inside.

In California, I read about poets who lived in New York. We talked about Barbara Guest and Frank O'Hara in Stephen Ratcliffe's New York School class at Mills. We listened to "Rothko Chapel." I came home to the East Coast one summer and saw a reading of New York poets that was a Narrow House CD release party at the Bowery Poetry Club, and Rodrigo Toscano was there and I thought, "This must be New York poetry."

Back in the Whitney, Kareem and I start to walk around and look at different pieces in the

SEGUE Reading Series

photo, right: Diana Hamilton, Eddie Hopely and Aaron Winslow



show. Next to the introductory text there is a painting by Thek called *Untitled (Diver)*. It is one in a series of divers that he painted, while thinking about surfaces and analysis. After stopping to look at the painting, Kareem and I began to walk around separately. I stopped in one corner of the show to look at a sculpture and noticed my friend Kit, who lives in San Francisco. "Hey, how's it going" I said and we hugged. "What are you doing here?" "Oh I flew out to do a performance piece-- it was cool, there were all these tiny movements. The audience was so intense though: they kept waiting for the piece to start but it had already started," he said. "That's weird." I said.

We spoke for a little while longer and then I turned and continued walking through the galleries.

Josef Kaplan, Gordon Faylor, Kaegan Sparks and I went to SPACE SPACE, the weekend before last. SPACE SPACE is an art space in Ridgewood, Queens that hosts Poetry Time—a reading series curated by Brandon Downing, Ben Gocker and Lucy Ives. Poetry Time is epic. On the first Saturday night of every month, a crew of loveable miscreants flock to the DeKalb stop on the L train: an area of the outer boroughs that is part Brooklyn, part Queens. There's always a group of people smoking on the front steps, spilling out into the sidewalk. Poetry Time takes place in what is essentially the living room of SPACE SPACE, a warehouse-like residential unit. It's a poetry party: everyone walks around drinking beers and whiskey. At the last Poetry Time, Ben Gocker's characteristically fictitious intro for each reader was delivered by a large, rubber cement head that Ben had constructed, which looked like the origins relic of Poetry Time's previous civilization. I wonder about the previous ones.

To be twenty-five and in New York is like this: There is always something to see and learn, and to see deeper than the surface. There are poets who come in and out of town, and poets who stay and become New Yorkers. There are poetry venues that spring to the surface and poetry establishments that are part of the foundation of the New York "scene" that still grow.

The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church and the SEGUE Reading Series are two (of many) vital parts to the New York poetry community. Up on the second floor of St. Mark's Church, in the Lower East Side, Stacy Szymaszek, Arlo Quint and Nicole Wallace sit huddled in a tiny office with a large table in between them while talking to poets in faraway places, beside a large window that looks out to the project's fabled courtyard.

At the SEGUE Reading Series, two curators schedule weekly readings within the span of two months before handing the baton to another pair. The SEGUE Reading Series is sponsored by The SEGUE Foundation, which is run by James Sherry. Held at the Bowery Poetry Club, a brightly-colored venue with sculptural Elizabeth

Murray paintings and neon portraits of Walt Whitman, the character of SEGUE Reading Series' programming changes every two months. As such, there is "Kaegan and Kareem's SEGUE," "Steve and Nada's SEGUE," etc.

Readings at The Poetry Project and SEGUE draw similarly intergenerational crowds. The venues are different: Poetry Project readings take place in a white room with tall windows and a podium. The readings tend to feel more formal, because they take place in a church, but they still have a lively, community-oriented energy. SEGUE readings take place in a club with a bar, on a stage with lights. It's more of a party atmosphere. The series' lineages are different also: The Poetry Project comes out of the Beats, New York School poetry. SEGUE's history is rooted in the Language School.

"But how do I bring it back to the present moment," I said, thinking aloud on the couch in the living room of Steve and Kareem's apartment. "Why don't you just tell them that you've been sitting here with me and Kareem while we're all writing." That seems right. Wherever in New York this postcard comes from, it's a nice place. Wish you were here: you are here.

ZIMZALLA

100 definitions

By Tom Jenks

zimZalla is avant.

zimZalla is Holly Pester.

zimZalla is objects.

zimZalla is Matt Dalby.

zimZalla is avant objects.

zimZalla is Stephen Emmerson.

zimZalla is tactile.

zimZalla is Derek Beaulieu.

zimZalla is not digital.

zimZalla is Steven Fowler.

zimZalla is digital.

zimZalla is Andrew Topel.

zimZalla is sense data.

zimZalla is Tom Watts.

zimZalla is a new flag on the Winter Palace.

zimZalla is Lucy Harvest Clarke.

zimZalla is a bird presaging other birds.

zimZalla is alphanumeric.

zimZalla is not use value.

zimZalla is comma separated.

zimZalla is not exchange value.

zimZalla is a parliament of fowls.

zimZalla is not the free market economy.

zimZalla is the dreams of bears.

zimZalla is a fire in the head.

zimZalla is not not art.

zimZalla is a restaurant.

zimZalla is assembled.

zimZalla is an open system.

zimZalla is found.

zimZalla is synaesthesia.

zimZalla is the map.

zimZalla is an evolving document.

zimZalla is the territory.

zimZalla is signal.

zimZalla is a phenomenon.

zimZalla is noise.

zimZalla is a new path to the waterfall.

zimZalla is not an animal.

zimZalla is a new yellow moon.

zimZalla is data.

zimZalla is not reaction.

zimZalla is information

zimZalla is not the ancien régime.

zimZalla is Tina Darragh.

zimZalla is not the counter reformation.

zimZalla is James Davies.

zimZalla is not the reign of terror.

zimZalla is Julius Kalamarz.

zimZalla exists.

zimZalla is a shoal of shoals.

zimZalla is an elegant conspiracy.

zimZalla is an arc light.

zimZalla is a movement.

zimZalla is an unread message.

zimZalla is the microcosm

zimZalla is not a conference call.

zimZalla is the macrocosm.

zimZalla is not a brainstorm session.

zimZalla is not to scale.

zimZalla is not a memo.

zimZalla is bricolage.

zimZalla is not freeze dried.

zimZalla is a collection of samples.

zimZalla is not microwaveable.

zimZalla is a cabinet of curiosities.

zimZalla is an experiment.

zimZalla is a wilderness of mirrors.

zimZalla is planned.

zimZalla is not re-sealable.

zimZalla is accidental.

zimZalla is the sea seen from the sea.

zimZalla is a clouded mirror.

zimZalla is a box containing boxes.

zimZalla is a spectre haunting Europe.

zimZalla is unstable.

zimZalla is a communiqué.

zimZalla is not the invention of gunpowder.

zimZalla is not the culture industry.

zimZalla is a purloined letter.

zimZalla is a diagram.

zimZalla is multivariate.

zimZalla is not managed.

zimZalla is gadji beri bimba.

zimZalla is not monitored.

zimZalla is text.

zimZalla is the sound of distant freight.

zimZalla is sound.

zimZalla is a disturbance in the next valley.

zimZalla is image.

zimZalla is a fracas.

zimZalla is following you on Twitter.

zimZalla is an artesian well.

zimZalla likes this.

zimZalla is Vladimir Tatlin .

zimZalla is not economically viable.

zimZalla is visisble.

zimZalla is sudden snowfall.

zimZalla is here.

zimZalla is extreme weather conditions.

MAINTENANT inside european poetry

By Steven Fowler (with thanks to Darran Anderson)

"The 3am magazine Maintenant series aims to evidence the continued pertinence of poetry for a new generation of talent from a diverse selection of European poetic traditions. The interviews, and the poetry that accompanies them, have shown the slow dissolution of stylistic recalcitrance, internal bias to gender and race, methodological snobbery and poetical jingoism. The fusion of poetic expression inevitable in a world of increased communication, access and political freedom is remarkable and cause for optimism where so often there is pessimism in poetry circles. The range and depth of poetry on display, and it's standard, is a small representation of what each nation is producing.

*The Maintenant dictum is to introduce poets that might lie outside of the Anglo-American scene, or be overlooked until they have reached the prominence of middle age. Though not an orthodoxy, we also aim to introduce poets who might be considered experimental or seminal. The series is published each Sunday at **3ammagazine.com** and features an extensive interview coupled with a selection of poetry of the poet's choosing in English translation.*

Maintenant also promotes multiple reading projects each year where groups of poets from individual nations collaborate with innovative and established poets from the UK to perform in London. So far Romanian, Norwegian and Icelandic poets have been engaged in workshops, anthology publications, readings and lectures. 2011 will see Lithuanian, Polish and German poets visit for a host of new events.
maintenant.co.uk"

I think the reason the Maintenant series exists is because it genuinely serves a purpose that is not being served elsewhere. I had no real desire to be pre-occupied in the manner in which I have been with Maintenant, I'm in no way a journalist by aspiration or by trade. Yet the series arose organically because in some minor way it appears necessary. I believe this fervently now, after reading hundreds of poets all over Europe whose work has hardly been translated let alone recognised due to an endless amount of factors - from Anglophone domination, to methodological snobbery, to the fact that people barely read poetry from their own language and

country. Fundamentally conducting an interview per week is obviously time consuming, but also rewarding. Poets want to engage in discussion about their work, they want to be challenged, they want to help people gain access to what they are doing. It is very easy to make contacts in every country in Europe, English being the language of currency and though I apologise as often as I can for my monolingualistic limitations, I am waved away and relentlessly supplied with new work, new recommendations. It is a consistent experience of discovery and education searching for subjects for the series and now it has well past the point that I can include all the excellent poets I come across. The wealth of work that is being made available is staggering. It is not possible to flag then in pursuing the project. I regularly made aware that so much brilliant poetry is being presented to me that I would simply never have come across were it not for Maintenant. It is then a positive feeling to know my experience can be in some way extended when the interview's are published. I thought for quite a time, perhaps the first 20 editions, that barely anyone was following the series, that was until I visited poets in Berlin and everyone I met, from poets to translators discussed with me each individual interview. What I have found is that there may not be a huge readership for Maintenant in the UK (although 3am is one of the most established and well read internet literary hubs both in the UK and America - so I could be wrong) but there is a very large one in Europe. For European poets it is an unusual gesture, for a British poet attempting to be inclusive and with a culture of poetry festivals and residencies across the continent, word of the series has spread. This is immensely gratifying.

A huge advantage of the dictum being as it is - European poetry in general, is that it is obviously so expansive that I can't even begin to pretend it can be representative. I no longer even concern myself with the larger scheme of the series. I focus on each individual poet. Really the series is maintained on three principles, and they are corrective rather than subjective. One of the primary reasons I began the series was because so often the European poets I was able to find in translation were freshly dead or getting to that state.

Maintenant Editions

All of these editions (listed newest first) are archived and can be heard on the Maintenant website.

- Sergej Timofeev (Latvia)
- Efe Duyan (Turkey)
- Volya Hapeyeva (Belarus)
- Bryndis Björgvinsdóttir (Iceland)
- Georgi Gospodinov (Bulgaria)
- Ragnhildur Johanns (Iceland)
- Ann Cotten (Austria)
- Eugenijus Ališanka (Lithuania)
- Primož Čučnik (Slovenia)
- Paal Bjelke Andersen (Norway)
- Martin Glaz Serup (Denmark)
- Annie Katchinska (England / Russia)
- Luna Miguel (Spain)
- Zvonko Karanovic (Serbia)
- Juan Andres Garcia Roman (Spain)
- Jenny Hval (Norway)
- Audun Mortensen (Norway)
- Ana Bozicevic (Croatia)
- Kostas Koutsourelis (Greece)
- Marco Kunz (Germany)
- Adam Zdrodowski (Poland)
- Krystalli Glyniadakis (Greece)
- Agnes Lehoczy (Hungary)
- Agnieszka Mirahina (Poland)
- Endre Ruset (Norway)
- Adrian Urmanov (Romania)
- Jan-Willem Anker (Holland)
- Sam Riviere (England)
- Jyrgen Rooste (Estonia)
- Ruxandra Novac (Romania)
- Donatas Petrošius (Lithuania)
- Mária Ridzoňová Ferenčuhová (Slovakia)
- Eiríkur Örn Norðdahl (Iceland)
- Jan Wagner (Germany)
- Tom Jenks (England)
- Gerður Kristný (Iceland)
- Monika Rinck (Germany)
- Nigar Hasan Zadeh (Russia / Azerbaijan)
- Elena Vladareanu (Romania)
- Aki Salmela (Finland)

Accompanying poetry from each poet can also be found on the website.

They represented the concerns of another generation and after awhile I began to wonder was there something amounting to a superstition against contemporary poets, as though they could not be as valid because they had not reached the prominence of old age or death. Next I hold the view that poetry is an expansive field. Good poetry is good poetry and in no way would I exclude poets who worked in fields that sometimes appear excluded from similar discussions, or included only by art communities. Sound poetry, concrete poetry and avant gardism in general is



in fact a rather old mode, and it's under-appreciation in British poetry circles is palpable.

The interviews tend to be balanced between critical commentary of the poet's work, methodology and activity, and a contextualising of their countries poetry scene and tradition. This is almost purely as a means of self-education, it allows me to discover more about how poets view their own national tradition and how they respond to how others might perceive that tradition. Poets, for better or worse, tend to be highly educated and have maintained a relationship with poetry in their own language since they were children. So often such rich and interesting commentary is generated by simply asking them their opinion on a poet from the near past. Iconoclastic poets who wrote in the 20th century almost inevitably carry with them a cultural or political significance that cannot be understood outside of their home nation.

So far we have interviewed poets from Austria, Belarus, Bulgaria, Croatia, Denmark, England, Estonia, Finland, Germany, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Iceland, Latvia, Lithuania, Norway, Poland, Romania, Russia, Serbia, Slovakia, Slovenia, Spain, Turkey with Cyprus and Sweden soon to follow. It is obviously a goal to represent as many nation's as possible, but equally it is not so important. The clear absence of France and Italy from the series so far is just a measure of how much time I wish to dedicate to those nations. In a sense, they are being saved. Moreover, they are places, perhaps surprisingly, but justifiably, where English as a language seems not to have the necessity as it does for poets from most other European nations. The only hostile responses I have had from interview requests have been from French poets, in their own language. I am very grateful to the handful of people who often act as colloquial translators in these situations across a gamut of languages, who are often cc'd into lengthy multi-lingual exchanges.

My experience's since instigating the series when travelling to other countries and meeting the poets in person has been a fundamental part of its growth. There is a vast community of poets throughout the continent that share such a distinct and valuable language between them, and often face the

same dualisms and restrictions in their own poetry communities. However, perhaps what has been most important has been the realisation of the opposite, that the way avant-garde poetry exists in the UK is unique and often, unnecessarily negative. The reason why German or Swedish or Turkish poets who operate outside of formal poetical constraints are afforded as much attention and success to the wider public as those who don't is a complex issue. I would measure that a huge part of it is the inheritance of previous avant-garde, and how the major representational figures in national traditions denote those who will be afforded reception now. Celan, Brecht, Trakl etc...stand in a rather different light to Larkin, Hughes, Auden when it comes to textual and poetical innovation, judgements aside. Whatever the reason, the result is all that matters. Innovation is not marginalised in many European nations and therefore need not be in the UK. So much of what stands as the formal / experimental dualism appears in a new light, as self imposed, as complacency and defensiveness. The most practical reaction to this situation has been in the poets I have invited to the reading series. Most recently, at the Icelandic embassy, I tried to invite young poets from the UK whose work will probably, bizarrely, never mix elsewhere. Faber & Faber pamphlet project participants and Eric Gregory award winners next to Goldsmiths' art writing MFA graduates and musicians, sound poets, artists. There was nothing at odds in the reading. It was utterly complimentary, and a deeply enjoyable evening for the sense that everyone was able to recognise the quality in each others work. That is something I feel *Maintenant* can also strive to achieve in a minor way, the dissolution of factionalism.

We have also begun some fruitful partnerships with the likes of Marek Kazmierski's Off Press

www.off-press.org and Alexandra Buchler's Literature Across Frontiers **lit-across-frontiers.org** I hope to produce over 100 interviews and then an anthology, which has been discussed with a few publishers prohibitively. I would like the series to be exponential and 2011 will certainly see a regular series of readings, with not only our large scale projects with multiple poets from a single nation but an international exchange we have been develop-

ing. Essentially as the network of poets grows around *Maintenant* we have begun to offer any poets visiting London of their own volition the chance to read and promote their work. British poets will be invited to attend and perform at each event too, allowing the visiting poet a chance to meet peers and build relationships. This is slowly being extended to cities across Europe as poets offer a similar courtesy in places all across the continent. I hope, perhaps in 2012, this culminates in a small festival where poets from across Europe can read in one city, London or perhaps Berlin.

NOT TOO LATE

reading four lines of poetry

By Edmund Hardy

“Grau-in-Grau der Substanz.” (Celan)

Grey on grey of substance. This line from Hegel’s preface to *The Philosophy of Right*, quoted by Celan in “. . . Auch Keinerlei Friede”, speaks of the Concept which can’t change the world because it comes ‘too late’ - it paints its grey on grey; the mist of thought which clings to things can only follow their forms. For Hegel, “The owl of Minerva takes its flight only when the shades of night are gathering.” But in Celan, any given concept is emptied out so thoroughly - by tenebrific lines which hold their negativity in multiple relations as the dart of the poem spirals to the ‘here’ in the ground or “grave-plate” - that only an originary present remains, which keeps vanishing, the concept of a concept: except that now it isn’t too late, for if historical thinking makes passage in a deathly matrix of commonality, then the sparks which do flash in Celan’s poems, fire-flies in the “You-night” which shine despite the long-sealed lips of being-with-another, these sparks become the vanishing potential of a politics of commonality. The fact that we are with each other keeps presenting a freedom before politics, and as one faces a second, the originary, hollowed out potential relation flashes and is blown away to be scattered by the grey world of instrumentalities, interests and oppositions, a world which perceives its history as one of atrocities, separation and pain. There is hope in the “eye-stem”.

“Ein man ein wip, ein wip ein man,
Tristan Isolt, Isolt Tristan!”

These lines from the prologue to Gottfried von Strassburg’s ‘Tristan’ (written circa 1210) translate as “A man a woman; a woman a man. | Tristan, Iseult; Iseult, Tristan.” Everything else will be embroidered upon this rhyme, everything will come from the names of the Romance, who define the limit of this world: it is as if the names upon the lips are all that’s needed to carry this tale onwards. The tale’s death will be made material as it spills out from the names, as when the poet addresses the lovers after they have drunk from the elixir cup:

“Ouwê Tristan unde Isôt,
Diz tranc ist iuwer beider tôt !”

They drink themselves, Gottfried implies, the name opens out and then closes this world, becomes perception itself - as when Tristan, arriving in Arundel, finds that the world has folded itself around another: whichever way he goes is towards Iseult, journeying through a name, murmuring, “â dê benîc, wie bin ich | von disem namen (Isot) verirret !” (“By God, I’m unravelled by this name (Iseult)!”)

“Quel sepulchral naufrage (tu
Le sais, écume, mais y baves)”

These lines from Mallarmé’s ‘A la nue accablante tu...’ translate as “What sepulchral wreck (you / Know, spume, but only dribble there)” - the sea has drawn a line through the ship and left it enfolded into waves. White foam is a speech founded by movement, but it finds no sense, only a whiteness reaching for whiteness (écume as scum becoming spume), a line on the sea like the wind’s feet. The sea is a vast fluid archive, but it is mute: it dribbles, sprays and scatters, a consciousness which makes no imprint, thrown as a shadow onto a there, the site which is the wreck, the tomb, the poem.

“White rose in red rose-garden
Is not so white;”

The hard stresses of “red rose-garden” already punctuate and colour the visual and sonic echo of “White rose”, such that the sense of the second line is already achieved before it arrives. “Is not so white” doubles or mirrors the sense already founded, this circuit becoming a layered shaping - these are the opening lines of Swinburne’s ‘Before the Mirror’, subtitled ‘verses written under a picture’ and inscribed to Whistler, whose ‘The Little White Girl’ (from the series *Symphony in White*) being the reflective surface and source, depicting a girl in white turned before a darkening, inconstant image of herself. In these layers, poem mirrors painting, which itself mimes a mirror, colouring the foreground world. Colour as a function of light rushes to the edge of darker objects, as the verticals of “red rose-garden” or “dead red raiment” (another Swinburne phrase with the same pattern), pierce through any circling accretions or rolling cadence - death, the colourist. The eye can transfer darker colours by blinking, even as a blaze of intensity forces translucency in the garden. Red light painting white rose petals, touch as a function of colour.

A pure form haunts the crowded field. The white rose is the under-painting, the pellucid shadow of thriving, vivid forms - or the idea of a pure form is itself cast back by light from the world. Swinburne’s lyric thought makes these distinctions themselves unreal:

“Art thou the ghost, my sister
White sister there,
Am I the ghost, who knows?”

Nothing can quite die - form winnows, then haunts; death is the minimum degree of life, the flash or ground of white which makes everything else brighter. Rose garden, ghost, white figure, all are virtual, flickering products of Swinburne’s lyric technology. It’s no surprise that the white rose, “My hand,” fallen, should dissolve, flesh into flesh, “snow-white on white snows”, a line which transfers an idea of purity, “snow-white”, onto its plural, circulating mirror, “white snows”. In the mirrored phrase, slowed by the lost hyphen’s white-out, the white image of a snow-white hand tries to arise from the page white.



DEPARTMENT a new poetry journal

By Simon Howard

When Richard Barrett asked me, after issue 1, if I would be interested in co-editing DEPARTMENT with him, I asked myself some questions. Since the magazine is work in progress, I've not yet received the answers from myself. But provisionally ...

Why a print magazine, why not electronic? The wilder fantasies about connectedness or alternative communication networks aside, I still value the accessibility of internet publishing and the possibilities of random(ish) encounter: one place leading to another leading to a fourth and a twentieth. But I am strongly drawn to the (or a) tradition of the small magazine: not the polite literary review, but the avant-garde, the politically incendiary or aberrant.

I am also drawn to the physical 'there-ness' of print on paper, and to the kinds of circulation this 'there-ness' makes possible/potential. Readers reading in solitude or solitudes or commonalities, sharing via friendship, via commonality of (aesthetic/political) concerns. Readers submitting work - work that may be a response to work read. So that there is something reciprocal; but more mediated, deliberated, than 'feedback'.

What sort of work might such a magazine include? Work that refuses the 'use' of language. That refuses language as an instrument, or as a route to power, control, and communication as commerce/transaction. Work that questions or unset-

ties even that refusal of use, instrumentality and 'will-to-power', since to refuse power and control can itself be a tactic to gain power and control. I'm not talking about fatalism; or about 'language games'. I'm talking about language that takes referentiality as serious (or even deadly serious). As a motto, I'd take this from Adorno's essay on Hölderlin, 'Parataxis' [Notes to Literature vol. 2, ed. Rolf Tiedemann, tr. Sherry Weber Nicholsen (Columbia, 1992), p.135]

The sublimation of primary docility to become autonomy ... Set free, language appears paratactically disordered when judged in terms of subjective intention. The key role of the paratactic can be seen in Benjamin's definition of Blödigkeit [diffidence] as the attitude of the poet: 'Set down in the midst of life, he has nothing left but a motionless existence, the complete passivity that is the essence of the courageous person.'

This doesn't mean quizzically ironic diffidence, or restraint, or charm, or wry anecdotal awareness of the comedic futility of human dreams and the 'limits' of poetry. It can place poetry outside pathos or empathy or the appeal to 'human nature' - while (mis)aligning poetry with Nature; or it can place poetry as active and activist passivity; the militant refusal of demands to 'mean' economically/socially/capitalistically.

Openness. Or: how un-prescriptive was I capable of being about the type of work we publish; how open am I to work that doesn't 'fit' with my interests or personal definitions of how modern poetry achieves its transformations/interventions (though I also hope my personal definitions have more than personal arguments to be made for them - better than 'I just like this')? Is being un-prescriptive necessarily a virtue? And how well could Richard and I work together, perhaps to mediate these questions through the synthesis of our individual editorial work?

I'd hope my schematic outline allows for an openness which is more exact/exacting than eclecticism, and might serve as an outline of how DEPARTMENT, poetically, can act.

Critically, I'd hope we can publish theoretically informed work on poetry and poetics which is empirically close to the poetry discussed. That we can comment on the pressing political realities of now. And look at other arts and modes of discourse (I'm especially keen to do this with modern music: classical, improvisatory, popular). Paratactically.

And editorial collaboration? We've the next issue in hand and are constructing a fourth. As before, we're attempting to set the terms of the issue (somewhat) schematically: to look to something other than taste or preference in construction/assemblage. Though it helps we've both been excited by the work that's been submitted.

Issue 2 of DEPARTMENT, Yolanda Tudor-Bloch's THE WOMAN: A Song City Memoir with an introduction by Francis Crot, is out now. Issue 3 will be available late January 2010. Simon Howard's poetry can be found at walkingintheceiling.blogspot.com.

BOOKFACE status?



Fare ye well humanities!

<http://www.lrb.co.uk/v32/n21/stefan-collini/brownes-gamble>

<http://blartmagazine.jimdo.com/>



Stuart Calton via **Jeff Keen**: Keen's "Marvo Movie" from 1967. One of the most popular ones, with value added Bob Cobbing on the soundtrack.

http://www.europafilmtreasures.eu/PY/336/see-the-film-marvo_movie



through double layers of iron bars & screens--the Cathedral to south on 12th street glows gold, ripe pomegranate juice blood reds--huge ex-Marine Guard stands just outside the thick metal doors-- glow intensifies--soaring sounds emerge as colors run-- Cathedral elevates, levitates--like rocket during liftoff--visionary moment--suffused w peace--down the hall guy locked in confinement -screaming--strait jacket'd--



"In the cloud light the building burns orange circling
constructive noise or skewed train effect in blank eye, to cut facts for the
pulse, wheeling shock tall brick or mullions to cast for calicoed beam. The scene exceeds enchantment divided
by the present, and allots the surplus, the hotel, the meat frames, for the
reply. But count my body first."
- William Fuller, from "The Loudspeaker"



So I got all these old poems and I guess sooner or later my hard drive'll pack up so I'm putting the ones I don't think are shit on this sort of blog thing. **Old poem. Got to put them s'where safe... | all my friends at once**

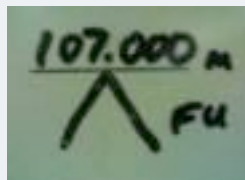
"Has there been a Marxist theory of colour?" Dialogue review of Robert Hampson's 'explanation of colour': **"Intercapillary": Intellectual Labour: Robert Hampson's an explanation of colours**





Infinite Difference is one of the TLS's Books of 2010! (How's that for a turn of events?)

New poem on my blog, it is the second part of the BABA series which is a series of nine poems, the first of which is in Department#1. **lucyharvest**



Vladimir Mayakovsky, detail of a poster design, 1921: "Comrades! Beware of falling into those jaws. Let us close ranks to escape such a miserable fate-Strengthen Soviet Rule!"



It takes 200 days to write a poem in the form of a letter a day to 200 different people, but I have done this by writing a letter to Billy Bob Beamer, of the **Billy Bob Beamer Appreciation Society**. Only 165 days to go to finish "365 ltrs." **365 ltrs: 200. Stars and Startling**



Poet's Bumper Sticker Company



been reading Brecht's poetry this morning, and rather disturbed at how much of it reads like it could have been written right now.

Check out how the Belgian media responds to the small-press: **The Knives Forks and Spoons Press photos**



THE SITUATION ROOM

photos

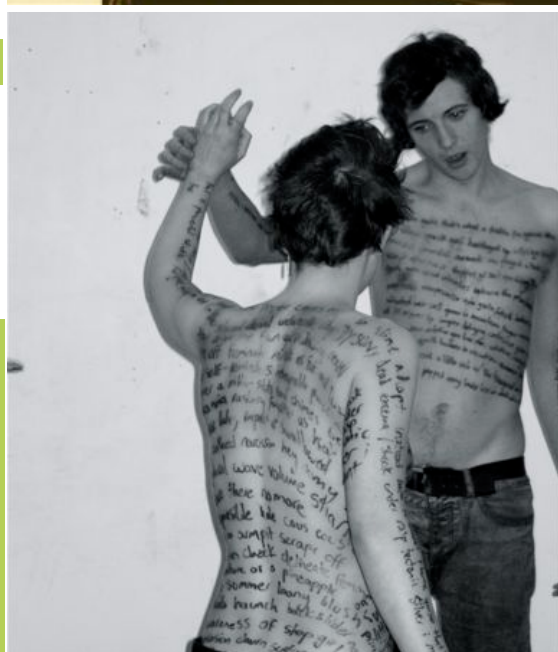
Images © Sharon Borthwick



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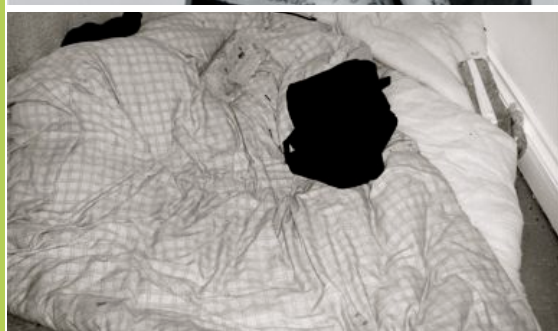
3



4

The Situation Room

Nat Raha (1 & 4)
Jeff Hilson (2)
Jonny Liron &
Francesca Lisette (3)



THE EBOOK NOVA

pt. 2: originality in UK copyright law

By Lara Buckerton

Pt. 1 of this essay can be read in Opened Zine #3.

Intermission

In Part I, I described the New Book in general terms. It's a converged media device that could mechanistically seize content from a variety of sources and weave it into some kind of harmony. I took us through some building blocks: recombination, a Semantic Corpus, prosumers.⁵⁰

Let's recall that the New Book is a reverie, deliberately extravagant and awkward. In Part II, I'll set it among the constraints of only one context, UK copyright law. Just before I do that though, I have to briefly mention the *non-copyright* legal context.

Content owners may seek to protect their content through law which "neighbours" copyright, such as breach of confidence, passing off and malicious falsehood, and others. Most significantly of all, they use contract law, supported by Digital Rights Management ("DRM") technology. Content owners supply their content on a contractual basis, and protect it using breach of contract law and DRM - or they license open access!⁵¹ The topic "copyright and the future of the book" is actually the topic "copyright, contract, DRM, access and the future of the book."⁵²

OK, let's go!

Copyright Requirements

Unlike patent rights, which require registration, copyright and moral rights are generated automatically. Under the Copyrights, Designs and Patents Act 1988, copyright protects "expressions of ideas" subsisting in original literary, dramatic, musical or artistic works that have been fixed in a tangible medium, and in sound recordings, films, broadcasts and typographical arrangements. Some of those terms are counterintuitively defined. For example, originality in the legal sense does not require novelty or innovation; also, databases (sometimes) and computer programs count as "literary works." There are also certain jurisdictional requirements.

Expression, subsistence, and fixation are three legal concepts which are often conflated, and indeed the facts of the case may practically elide certain aspects of (particularly) expression and subsistence.

But they are juridically distinct. Subsistence involves conformity with one of the categories of protected cultural production (literary works etc.).⁵³ Fixation involves tangible creation. Expression involves labour and skill or judgement which imposes original form on ideas. I'll say "labour and skill" for short.⁵⁴

Would a Work of the New Book Attract Copyright?

Let's assume the jurisdictional requirements are met. Ephemeral and converged media may create anxiety as regards fixation and subsistence respectively.⁵⁵ However, saving a file is sufficient for fixation. It's also safe to assume many

"Only when the process that begins with the transmutation of labour-power into a commodity has permeated men through and through, and objectified each of their impulses as formally commensurable variations of the exchange relationship, is it possible for life to reproduce itself under the prevailing relations of production. Its consummate organisation demands the coordination of people that are dead. The will to live finds itself referred to the denial of the will to live: self-preservation annuls life in subjectivity. Against this, all the achievements of adaptation, all the acts of conforming described by social psychology and cultural anthropology, are mere epiphenomena."

Theodor W. Adorno⁴⁹

Footnotes

⁴⁹ Theodor W. Adorno in *Minima Moralia* (1951). I don't know how I feel about the whole zombie subplot in Frankfurt School thought, or even more broadly, about the entire mock heroic subplot in radical thought. I don't think it's just because I'm a nice middle class girl that I shrink from calling class war a "war", calling wage slaves "slaves", all penetrative sex "rape" and what I have the potential to be, but am not, "life". I know it's a strong look, but still. The rhetorical motives in these are subordinate to the epistemological ones, which are produced dialectically just in the sense that they are produced out of the ethical and emotional inadequacy of the experiences of any individual to the experiences of everyone, or if you prefer, the inadequacy of critique to its objects. I guess what bothers me is when I deface the concepts with which I began, and within which *qua* nice middle class girl I am content to remain, and I lose a certain kind of precision in naming, and *then* find myself treating the blurriness which ensues as a kind of glimpse of futuristic solidarity. For instance, a blurry concept of "slave" which includes both AXA office workers in their alienation and \$100 chattel. What has gone out of focus here does not come into focus elsewhere. I don't see any reason why we should expect any homology between (i) concepts in their moment of demystification, and (ii) the concepts which would succeed them if we were to do away with the situation which produces their mystification. (Maybe my fondness for zombie critique despite these misgivings is similar to my fondness for cyborg critique - see footnote 83 *q.v.* Maybe it's because both are usefully dorky metaphors for getting at the "off-line" cognition of the embodied mind and its contribution to action).

⁵⁰ Very briefly: recombination is swapping bits of text for others, a semantic corpus implies the possibility of swapping meanings or things like them for others, prosumers are producer/consumers who could collaborate with...

works will *at least* be considered literary works (cf. CDPA 3.1 (a)) - certainly narrative imaginative works are very close to the core sense of *literary work*, which in its peripheral flourishes subsists in even such things as TV listings.⁵⁶ Some elements of the work (embedded videos etc.) might also attract their own copyrights.⁵⁷ For the rest of this part, when I say “the new work” I mean something like a saved file containing a recombinant novel.

As noted, originality does not require novelty or innovation. All it requires is some exercise of labour and skill to express some idea. An exception are instances of so-called *scènes à faire*, where a particular expression is deemed to flow inevitably from whatever idea it expresses.⁵⁸ Here, labour and skill are insufficient. This is the “Merger Doctrine” - where expression and idea purportedly are indivisibly merged, no originality is recognised.⁵⁹

Otherwise, the bar for originality is set quite low. In *Krisarts SA v. Briarfine Ltd* [1977] a painting of a generic view of the Thames was considered original: “the choice of viewpoint, the exact balance of [...] features [...], the figures which are introduced [...] the craft may be on the river and so forth. It is in choices of this character that the person producing the artistic work makes his original contribution.” In *Sawkins v. Hyperion Records* [2004], skilled but routine editorial corrections and additions to a non-copyright work were sufficient to generate a new copyright work.

Let’s say I’ve laid out the appropriate generic parameters, specified the protagonist’s names and appearances and virtues and a basic plot framework, read it through, and re-generated passages which don’t meet my approval.⁶⁰ According to *Baigent v. Random House* [2007] FSR 24, expression includes “not only the language in which the work is composed but also the original selection, arrangement and compilation of the raw research material.” I thus think it’s likely that the originality requirement would be met in my case, on the grounds of labour and skill. Thus copyright *would* be generated.

Who Would Own Copyright?

Copyright would normally belong to the user of the New Book. There are special rules for work created in the course of employment and computer-generated work.⁶¹

If I were adjudged to have exercised insufficient skill and labour, *but* the work were still considered an original literary work, then it would be considered “computer-generated.” According to the statute, this would mean there was “no human author of the work” (CDPA (1988) 178(b)). The copyright holder would then be “the person by whom the arrangements necessary for the creation of the work are undertaken” (CDPA (1988) 9(3)).

That is *again* likely to be the user of the New Book.⁶² Not programmers,⁶³ not taggers,⁶⁴ not the authors of scraped works.⁶⁵

Would the Work Infringe?

The new work would *very* likely infringe⁶⁶ on many of the copyrights subsisting in the works it has scraped⁶⁷, though not programmers⁶⁸ or taggers⁶⁹ copyrights.

The UK’s comparatively strict Fair Dealing legislation would not offer the scraper much assistance.⁷⁰

50 [CONT] automated processes. Is “building blocks” is the right term? I guess they were more like thought experiments or intuition pumps to perhaps rearrange the boundaries of what’s plausible, or worth thinking about at all. BTW, as regards our existing desires about bespoke texts (other than a certain pervasive revulsion towards targeted marketing) I could have mentioned *the second person pronoun*, and the aura of chronically frustrated expectations which surrounds its narrative uses. Certain futuristic poets - J. H. Prynne and Keston Sutherland among them - make canny use of this force field (sometimes with imperatives which are difficult to oblige and difficult to ignore; sometimes as, like, a deranging prophylactic against the kind of occlusive narrative integrity and lyric subjectivity which pop up to claim most moments of intense prosodic inwardness, if that makes sense). Also see Natalie Pollard on Geoffrey Hill’s heckling (though I think it’s more akin to a diss track): “[...] in *Speech! Speech!* the concluding stanzas concede to its audience’s expected criticisms, as well as sparring with, speaking over and competing with, *your* hostile reception of the poem: ‘bád shów. / This needs working on’, ‘his own worst enemy’ (119:60). One might object that in ensuring his self-criticism - a form of self-address - takes place before the poem’s close, Hill self-protectively forestalls others’ criticism. However, Hill is clearly aware that it is precisely this staged pre-empting of oppositional voices that sparks the most energetic antiphonies in his audiences [...] ‘Lyric cry lyric cry lyric cry, I’ll / give them lyric cry!’ (*Orchards* 30). Such address both offers *you* its ‘lyric cry’ as a gift, and rudely ‘gives it to you’, spoiling for a fight: Hill’s counterpointing voices hold together generous responsiveness, retort, taunt, and stinging provocation [...]” (“In Your Face: Antiphonal Heckling And Geoffrey Hill”, forthcoming). Staying with the second person pronoun, but moving slightly away from poetry: the experience of reading a second person protagonist CYOA or gamebook doesn’t *feel* like the experience of free will. Of course, a short smart answer there is that “the experience of free will” is a category error; free will is a noumenon; *Demons of the Deep* and *Appointment with F.E.A.R.* are phenomena, but I do think it’s a bit more complicated even than that. Is the compensatory turn to (hahahaha no pun intended! “Turn to” hahahaha!) acutely-differentiated finales (you become a god, you die of asphyxiation down a pyramid, you go wistfully back to school) entirely absorbed into the structure of readerly internment, or does that structure buckle and expand in certain directions? I really do suspect myself of a different kind of freedom (again, cf. “I suspect myself of feeling pain”) when I’m reading Kevin L. Donihe and Carlton Mellick III’s *Choose Your Own Mind-Fuck Fest: Ocean of Lard* (“lard rushes into your lungs” (124)), a kind of freedom I *don’t* have when I read either *A Sentimental Education* or *Demons of the Deep*. It’s something to do with the semiotic, and the pornography and other violences available down certain paths in Donihe and Mellick III’s work. Something to do, perhaps, with a book that has been capable of *doing things* with my *body* (or some other specialised subsystem of myself)? Something to do with paths of libidinal investment overlaying hypertextual paths? Iain Banks, at the 1990 Transgression and its Limits conference at Stirling University, described *Complicity* as the only book he had written with the express purpose of shocking. It didn’t really shock anyone, and he attributed this to: (1) people being v. funny about cruelty to animals; and (2) the literary world’s preoccupation with authors, not books...

An Alternative Criterion of Originality

We can now see the precarious innards of the present copyright regime. In deciding whether a work is original, labour and skill remains the touchstone concept. Yet statutory provision for the copyright of literary works *et al.* with no human authors (CPDA (1988) 9(3)), together with statutory requirement that only *original* literary works *et al.* are copyrightable, entails some alternative means of securing originality!

From the case law,⁷¹ and debates during the 1980s⁷² which led to the new statutory wording, it's fairly clear what those alternative means are - chiefly commercial investment, and secondarily, commercial potential. Thus *economic individuation is emerging alongside labour and skill as a sufficient criterion of the original expression of ideas.*

However, in nearby matters - such as subsistence, infringement and substantiality, and joint authorship - the case law still relies on labour and skill. For example, Lord Scott suggests that the test of substantial infringement is "that a copier is not at liberty to appropriate the benefit of another's labour and skill." Surely this can't still be the case if the alleged infringement is of a computer-generated work? In such matters, I think legislators have quite accidentally gifted the courts a *tabula rasa*. They may well fill it with strategies introduced from vaguely connected areas of law.

"Labour and skill" has not been the rock solid concept shaping copyright law for over a century, but something more pliant,⁷³ which has lent to that law apparent consistency, whilst accommodating a variety of imperatives at a variety of coordinates.⁷⁴ Its lopsidedness is now rather obvious, and it awaits its day in court.⁷⁵

Labour and Skill Reconstructed

Meanwhile, can we reconstruct what's really been shaping the legal distinction of unprotectable ideas and protectable expressions? If labour and skill has been, so to speak, the cover story? One way is by referring to our collective lifeworld.⁷⁶ By this I suggest the sphere of the everyday and the taken-for-granted - a shared background of aptitudes and orientations, with demotic and species strata.⁷⁷

To be considered an infringement, any borrowing must be considered substantial. Generic wording has sometimes been considered insubstantial. Supposedly such wording is insubstantial because it is deficient in skill. If that's the real reason, it doesn't sit well with many other cases - such as taking a photograph⁷⁸ - where a slight imputed preference amongst indifferent options is considered skilful.⁷⁹ Perhaps the real difference is that linguistic commonplaces are deeply rooted in our shared lifeworld, in a way that visual commonplaces are not.⁸⁰

As regards *scenes a faire*, the argument runs that *some* ideas must be expressed in particular ways, and so give no opportunity for skill to be exercised. To echo the joint authorship case law, their originators of can't have "had any say" as to their expressions.⁸¹ An obvious retort is that *all* expressions are minutely cognitively discriminable and therefore, in a certain sense, *every* idea can only be expressed in its particular way. What is really distinctive about most *scenes a faire* is not that they are unusually indispensable to their

50 [CONT] ... which made it next to impossible to anyone who was already an *enfant terrible* to cause a stir, no matter how they surpassed the offence which earned them that status. But I think it might also have to do with: (3) the conspicuous generic apparatus; the torture perpetrated by the second-person pronoun is the cathartic torture of a horror film. "Your" motives in this book are generic clichés: the cruelly uncompromising vigilantism of *Se7en* or *Saw*. Here, regardless of the pronoun, modes of the semiotic work themselves into their relations within an already-evolved set of generic parameters, prior to readerly rationalization. How much would it take to dislodge the book from these well-worn channels? Here's another New Book specimen: "You start to work the creamy plastic dildo into [him], twisting it from side to side and watching the skin round his anus stretch and whiten as the ivory-coloured plastic slides in; a thin collar of white cream builds up there. / 'Ah! Ah! Stop! All right! I know what you're doing! I know what this is about! All right! You've made your point! Those women - look, all right, I may have said things I regretted later, but you weren't there! You didn't hear all the evidence! I did! You didn't hear the men who were accused! You couldn't form an opinion of their character! The same with the women! Ah! Ah! Ah! Stop! Please; you're hurting! You're hurting!' / You have the vibrator about a third of the way in, not quite up to its maximum girth. You press harder, pleased at how much grip the surgeon's gloves give you but half-wishing you could say something though you know you can't, which is a pity. / 'Ah! Ah! Jesus Christ, for God's sake, man, are you trying to kill me? Look, I have money; I can - ah! Ah, you filthy bastard -' He moans and farts at the same time. You have to turn your head away from the smell, but you push the vibrator in further. You can hear seagulls crying outside, beyond the closed curtains. / 'Stop, just stop this!' he shouts. 'This isn't justice! You don't know all the facts about those cases! Some of them were dressed like whores, dammit! They'd let any man have them; they were no better than whores! Ah! Fuck, fuck, you filthy blackguard bastard! You filthy, fucking queer bastard! Ah! [...] You leave the vibrator in there and switch it on. He heaves and pulls again but it doesn't do any good. 'Oh, for God's sake, man,' he moans, 'I'm seventy-six; what sort of monster are you?' He starts sobbing. 'And my wife,' he says, coughing. 'What have you done with my wife?' [...] What am I supposed to have done now? And they told me about Azul, in Jersey, and before that I think it was before that they showed me the forensic photographs of all of them: Vince Cable skewered on the railings, grotesque and spread and limp; the blood-smeared vibrator used on the retired judge, Jamieson; the drained shapeless white body of Persimmon, tied to his grid above a pool of blood, then nothing when there should have been something; then what was left of Sir Alan Sugar, blackened bones, distorted and bent, the black skull's jaw hinged down in a blind scream but the flesh all gone very much a dental-records job and it was all black, the nails, the wood and the bones too but it's their mouths their jaws I remember [...]" (p. 180).

⁵¹ Cf. GNU and onwards.

⁵² And to make a case for freedom of access and against intellectual property, it's not enough to criticise copyright and neighbouring rights. You have to figure out ways of preventing contract law picking up where copyright left off, should the latter meet with an unfortunate accident one stormy night.

ideas, but that they are strongly implied by a socio-cultural context. Again, perhaps the concept of the lifeworld more honestly captures the ambition of the case law.

Life

I want to end very speculatively. How new is the New Book? Maybe we should think of the prosumer's imposition of "immediacy" on "hypermediacy" merely as "the fair scribal copy"?⁸²

And is the kind of writing the New Book invokes *really* that different from other writing, as regards the ecology of indebtedness, of obligation, complicity and violence which is immanent in language?⁸³

Or does it merely concretise, simplify and accelerate the ways in which we achieve the discursive projections through which, and for which, we perform our autonomy?

The New Book demonstrates how, given certain technological groundwork, even the paradigmatic copyrightable object - the imaginative narrative literary work - can be generated entirely within the sphere of the everyday, the taken-for-granted. If we have cause to doubt that the juridic elixir of labour and skill transports us from this sphere, then what does transport us from it? Do the artefacts of beauty and wit that surround us, that imply that this sphere is regularly excited, mislead us?⁸⁴

Second, as we are confident in the integrity of the everyday, the taken-for-granted, inasmuch as we are aware of its *exceptions*, then what are the implications once their aura is dispelled or diminished?⁸⁵ In particular, consider that conception of the lifeworld which animates liberal deliberative-democratic thought. Purportedly we tacitly instruct one another on intelligibility, truth, sincerity, genre, propriety and elegance.⁸⁶ In return, purportedly, that lifeworld nourishes the ambition for noncoercive consensus, since with every emphatically contradicted expectation, the universal conditions of possibility of consensus are excavated. But if a contradicted expectation can be attributed to the endogenous reorganisation of the lifeworld, rather than the orientations of others within the lifeworld, then it is only locally and trivially educative, and about noncoercive consensus it instructs us not a jot.⁸⁷

To put it another way, copyright law does not like the New Book. It would offer remedy, to the victims of this thought experiment, for the re-presentation of whatever is *substantial* - labour and skill perhaps, or activity we think rises out of the lifeworld. Copyright law thereby disappoints any of us who suppose that the most important aspirations of all extant art go unrealised.

But as copyright law contains no censure for its rearrangement of *insubstantial* elements, it fails to address what I think many of us really find troubling about ideas like the New Book. That is not the recontextualisation of the extraordinary, but the mechanisation of the taken-for-granted.⁸⁸ By this, I mean one of the few real evils of which plagiarism is capable - the mimicry of lived immediacy by systems of impostor social cohesion, in the service of capital. Or to call it as the Thituationists did, recuperation.⁸⁹

⁵³ I'm reconstructing a little here. The case law doesn't really talk of a subsistence requirement as such. However, if labour and skill is lacking, you might get a (fixed or non-fixed) "non-original literary work" - e.g. the haphazard compilation of already-copyrighted works. One way of describing such a case, which is consistent with the statutory wording, is that subsistence has been fulfilled, but original expression has not. Also see *Exxon Corp. v. Exxon Insurance Consultants International Ltd* [1982] Ch. 119, in which it was found that although the word "Exxon" was not a literary work, although it was original.

⁵⁴ There are various versions. *Labour and skill or judgement* seems quite prevalent; you also see a lot of *labour and skill*. Occasionally *labour and judgement* and very occasionally *labour and skill and judgement*.

⁵⁵ Cf. Jay David Bolter, "**Beyond Word Processing: The Computer as a New Writing Space**" (Languages & Communication, 1989): "Unlike printing, which lends fixity and monumentality to the text, electronic writing is a radically unstable and impermanent form, in which the text exists only from moment to moment and in which the reader joins with the writer in constituting the text. [...] The elements, structure and visual display of electronic text are all in flux. This restlessness is inherent in a technology that records information by collecting evanescent electrons at tiny junctions of silicon and metal. All information, all data, in the computer world is a kind of controlled movement, and so the natural inclination of computer writing is to change, to grow, and finally to disappear. Electronic reading is just as dynamic as electronic writing; indeed the distinction between reading and writing tends to disappear. The reader determines the presentation of the text as he reads; he can reach into the text and change its elements. In this sense the electronic medium grants new power to the reader, while in another sense the computer reasserts the importance of the author by allowing him to intrude into the act of reading. A computer program can become the author's representative to the reader and so add further complexity to the interplay among author, reader and text."

⁵⁶ Cf. Peterson J. in *University of London Press Ltd. v. University Tutorial Press Ltd.* [1916] 2 Ch. 601, who states that under the Copyright Act 1842, "many things which had no pretensions to literary style acquired copyright; for example, a list of registered bills of sale, a list of foxhounds and hunting days, and trade catalogues; and I see no ground for coming to the conclusion that the present Act was intended to curtail the rights of authors. In my view the words 'literary work' cover work which is expressed in print or writing, irrespective of the question whether the quality or style is high. The word 'literary' seems to be used in a sense somewhat similar to the use of the word 'literature' in political or electioneering literature and refers to written or printed matter. Papers set by examiners are, in my opinion, 'literary work' within the meaning of the present Act." This passage is cited with approval in *Exxon Corp. v. Exxon Insurance Consultants International Ltd* [1982] Ch. 119, a landmark case on the modern scope of the definition of *literary*. The decision in that case was that a name cannot typically be considered a literary work. See also e.g.: *University of London Press Ltd. v. University Tutorial Press Ltd.* [1916] 2 Ch. 601; *D. P. Anderson & Co. Ltd. v. Lieber Code Co.* [1917] 2 K.B. 469; *Francis Day and Hunter Ltd. v. Twentieth Century Fox Corporation Ltd.* [1940] A.C. 112; *Ladbroke (Football) Ltd. v. William Hill (Football) Ltd.* [1964] 1 W.L.R. 273, 279, 285, 293; *Shetland Times Ltd.*...

⁵⁶ [CONT] ... v Wills [1997] FSH 604; IceTV Pty Ltd v Nine Network Australia Pty Ltd [2009] HCA 14.

⁵⁷ Is it a literary work? An artistic work? A set of distinct literary, artistic, cinematic, dramatic and musical works? Long conversations in novels aren't considered separate dramatic works. The CDPA specifies that compilations are literary works. US courts seem somewhat more reluctant to protect compilations (cf. famous *Feist* case). I'll assume that my beloved (see *supra*) is a kind of counter-Alice, who does not see the point of books with pictures, conversations, video clips and chatterbots. Cf. Neal Geach (2009), "The future of copyright in the age of convergence: Is a new approach needed for the new media world?" *International Review of Law, Computers & Technology*, 23: 1, pp. 131 - 142.

⁵⁸ For example in the US case *Williams v. Crichton*, 84 F.3d 581, 589 (2nd Cir. 1996), electrified fences, automated tours and a secluded island were "classic *scènes à faire* that flow from the uncopyrightable concept of a dinosaur zoo."

⁵⁹ Sometimes a distinction is made between the Merger Doctrine, where expression is dictated by function, and *scènes à faire* in which expression is in practice locked in by standard understandings and expectations.

⁶⁰ Let's suppose that upon St Valentine's Day, instead of the normal donation to Hallmark® in my loved one's name, I wish to give her a "swords & sandals" adventure/romance novel, casting her as a senator's son and me as a rebellious centurion of the Roman army. Let's suppose my New Book awakens, consulting the vast Semantic Corpus, already parsed according to the folksonomies of fans, critics and bespoke bots. It steals a sentence here, a sentence there, here an entire scene. It changes fair hair to dark, it tempers *disdainful* to *indifferent*, it purifies a betrayal from a Le Carre novel of its anachronisms, and augments it with mild archaisms, it replaces a musket with a gladius, and fills the air with a spritz of gladiatorial semen. Where possible, it uses her favourite authors, Beckett, Ovid, Dixon and Parker. Of course it uses our names. And it harvests, more-or-less the novel I want to give her; perhaps I skim through and smooth over some of the seams. I save the file and e-mail it to her.

⁶¹ The former rules support the latter, inasmuch as problematic joint authorship issues are unlikely to emerge so long as all potential candidates are acting in the course of employment. The copyright then belongs to the employer. Presumably this is often a corporate person? Which suggests an intriguing (or just wacky) avenue for exploration - a radical copyright based on the automatic incorporation of groups of contributors, their internal organisation governed by implied licenses!

⁶² Copyright would then be reduced to fifty years, instead of the author's lifetime plus seventy years.

⁶³ But the statutory wording is nebulous and has not been extensively tested in court. By somewhat unsatisfactory analogy with the existing case law on joint authorship, if my labour and skill were paltry in comparison with the programmers', and there was any suggestion that the programmers could be said to bear responsibility for the New Book's output, I might find myself sharing joint copyright with them or even yielding them sole copyright.

⁶⁴ Taggers are unlikely to own copyright in new works informed by their tag sets. First, they would have a tough time meeting the subsistence requirement - establishing that they had exercised labour and skill of a *literary type*. Tags could perhaps be considered basic elements of the literary form of the New Book - cf. Steve Ang, in "The Idea-Expression Dichotomy and Merger Doctrine in the Copyright Laws of the U.S. and the U.K.," considering the principle that ideas are "elements of form." "The basic elements that are used to constitute the forms of that medium cannot as such be forms - *as far as that medium goes* - in themselves. It is suggested here that as copyright protects 'works', which are compositions of form, the constituent elements of form as such are implicitly excluded from the concept of 'works' and hence for that reason are not protected" (p. 120). Ang continues, "it is submitted that there is a fair case for a rule that basic elements of form are not copyrightable because they - despite ingenuity in their creation - are not conceptually capable of being 'works'" (p. 123). Second, the case law on joint authorship often emphasises having responsibility or "the final say" over the copyright work, and the copyright work "corresponding" to something in one of its alleged author's heads. Under either of these tests, the taggers' claim seems weak. Cf. *Hadley v. Spandeaux Ballet* [1995].

⁶⁵ Beckett, Ovid, Parker, Dixon, Le Carre *et al.* would own no copyright in the new work. If the new work is original, then that originality derives from the labour and skill exercised in selection, adaptation, arrangement and compilation. By definition, the labour and skill *already* invested in the particles being arranged is excluded from these processes.

⁶⁶ My new work is likely to qualify as an adaptation. According to CDPA s.16-20, the copyright owner has the exclusive right to copy the work, issues copies to the public, perform, show or play the work in public, rent or lend the work to the public, communicate the work to the public, make an adaptation of the work, and exercise any of the other exclusive rights in relation to any adaptation. Copyright is infringed by anyone who directly or indirectly commits any of these acts, or authorises someone else to do them, in relation to the work as a whole or any substantial part of it, without license from the copyright owner (subject of course to the Fair Dealing exceptions).

⁶⁷ For each ingredient, the courts would have to decide whether it constituted a "substantial" part of the source text. Its substantiality within the new work would be irrelevant. Things which are deemed "insubstantial" by the courts are also often deemed to be merely "ideas." This partly explains why the legal notion of "ideas" is such a hodgepodge category.

⁶⁸ The programmers' copyright in the software would not be infringed by using it for what it's designed to do - an implied license clearly exists, so questions of substantial borrowing do not even arise. The programmers *might* be held to infringe. Authorisation of a prohibited act is itself an infringement. The case law around, for example, cassette-to-cassette recorders suggests that they would not, so long as the software also had lawful uses. Cf. *CBS Songs v. Amstrad* [1988] AC 1013. Amstrad manufactured and sold a dual-tape cassette deck, which enabled high-speed recording onto blank cassettes. CBS Songs alleged that the defendant was authorising the public to infringe their copyright under the Copyright Act of 1956. Lord Templeman: "My Lords, twin-tape recorders, fast or slow, and single-tape recorders, in addition to their recording and playing functions, are capable of copying on to blank tape, directly or indirectly, records which are broadcast, records on discs and records on tape [...] By selling the recorder Amstrad may facilitate copying in breach of copyright but they do not authorise it. [...] Amstrad's advertisement was deplorable because Amstrad thereby flouted the rights of copyright owners. Amstrad's advertisement as cynical because Amstrad advertised the increased efficiency of a facility capable of being employed to break the law. But the operator of an Amstrad tape recording facility, like all other operators, can alone decide whether to record or play and what material is to be recorded." Software which came pre-loaded with a database of copyrighted material might be deemed to purport to grant the right to copy. In the states, the ongoing (?) case *Viacom International and others v. YouTube Inc, YouTube LLC and Google Inc* will probably be a landmark decision in this area. Google's technology is capable of being used for infringing and non-infringing purposes Google tends to treat copyright as an obligation of the users.

⁶⁹ It is *unlikely* that taggers could claim infringement. Databases are considered literary works and protected both by copyright and database rights (implementing Article 3(1) of the European Directive: “Member states shall provide for a right for the maker of a database which shows that there has been qualitatively and/or quantitatively a substantial investment in either the obtaining, verification or presentation of the contents to prevent extraction and/or re-utilisation of the whole or a substantial part, evaluated qualitatively and/or quantitatively, of the contents of that database”). The recognition of an individual user’s set of tags as a database would probably hinge on CDPA s.3(3), which states that databases “are arranged in a systematic or methodical way.” If a tag set were deemed a database, protection under database rights is still unlikely, since that would also require that the tagger had invested substantially in obtaining, verifying or presenting the database. See *British Horseracing Board v. William Hill* [2005] (Case C-203/02 RPC 31). A database could, however, still be protected by copyright as a literary work, provided it was the author’s own intellectual creation. See *Waterlow Directories Ltd v. Reed Information Services Ltd* [1992] FSR 409.69. But even if this were accepted, the courts would probably recognise an implied license. As a last ditch resource, a tagger might try to protect his or her set of tags as an artistic work, rather than a database. *Hensher v. Restawile* [1975] considers the question, “What is art?” According to Lord Reid, a work of artistic craftsmanship must command the admiration and appreciation of a substantial section of the public. According to Lord Morris, there must exist a consensus among those who are respected as art critics that it is a work of artistic craftsmanship. According to Lord Kilbrandon, the creator must have been conscious of creating something artistic; it must have an artistic justification for its existence. According to Lord Simon, the creator had to be an artistic craftsman. These last two positions seem most amenable to the defense of a tag set as a work of artistic craftsmanship. Another Lord said you “just knew.” Presumably he would “just know” that tag sets aren’t art.

⁷⁰ As far as fairness goes, there is no statutory guidance in the UK. In *Hubbard v. Vosper* [1972] 2 QB 84, Lord Denning MR states, “It must be a question of degree. You must consider first the number and the extent of the quotations and extracts. Are they altogether too many and too long to be fair? Then you must consider the use made of them. If they are used as a basis for comment, criticism or review, that may be fair dealing. If they are used to convey the same information as the author, for a rival purpose, that may be unfair. Next, you must consider the proportions. To take long extracts and attach short comments may be unfair. But, short extracts and long comments may be fair. Other considerations may come to mind also. But, after all is said and done, it must be a matter of impression. As with fair comment in the law of libel, so with fair dealing in the law of copyright. The tribunal of fact must decide.” In *Ashdown v. Telegraph Group Ltd* [2002] Ch 149, the court rejected the defense of use for the purposes of criticism or review, because leaked meeting minutes taken by Paddy Ashdown were used to criticise the actions of Ashdown and the PM, rather than being the object of criticism. Lord Phillips considered the questions of prior publication, of whether the alleged fair dealing competed commercially with the Paddy Ashdown’s exploitation of his copyright, and of the amount and importance of the work taken. *HRH Prince of Wales v. Associated Newspapers Ltd* [2008] EMLR 3, [2008] EMLR 4 (CA) suggests that the decisive factor is whether or not the alleged fair dealing is commercially competing with the copyright owner’s exploitation. Secondary considerations include whether or not the alleged fair dealing is with a work in the public domain, and the proportion of the work used and its proportion to the new work (contrast the test for substantiality). The US Copyright Act 1976 sets out four factors to balance in assessing an alleged Fair Use: the purpose and character of the use, including whether such use is of a commercial nature or is for nonprofit educational purposes; the nature of the copyrighted work; the amount and substantiality of the portion used in relation to the copyrighted work as a whole; and the effect of the use upon the potential market for or value of the copyrighted work.

⁷¹ The case law around fairness has long emphasised economic individuation. It seems like originality is now being drawn into the same problematic. Also cf. e.g. *Getmapping Plc v. Ordnance Survey*,

⁷² According to the Whitford report, “it is clear that the author of the output can be none other than the person, or persons, who devised the instructions and originated the data used to control and condition the computer to produce the particular result. In many cases it will be a matter of joint authorship. We realise this in itself can cause problems, but no more than in some other fields, and we are not convinced there is a need for special treatment.” A 1981 Green Paper contends, “it has been suggested that a more appropriate analogy would be to regard the programmed computer, rather than the computer alone, as a tool. If this approach is adopted it is logical to conclude that the author of the new work is neither of the two parties proposed by Whitford, but instead a third person; namely the one responsible for running the data through the programmed computer in order to create the new work.” The 1986 White Paper, “Intellectual Property and Innovation” thought the law could do without such innovations: “the question of authorship of works created with the aid of a computer will therefore be decided as for other categories of copyright work, i.e. on the basis of who, if anyone, has provided the essential skill and labour in the creation of the work.” If no human labour and skill had been expended, there was nothing worth copyrighting. BCS Copyright Committee submission to government is focussed squarely on commercial investment and competitiveness. It cites “examples of works that are produced to date with little or no human skill and effort” and suggests that “the emergence of so-called expert systems or artificial intelligence machines will extend the boundaries still further [...] The investment to produce such machines is very large and there should be no doubt that works produced therefrom are protected by copyright [...] The BCS proposes the creation of a new class of copyright protected works. The copyright owner or ‘maker’ should be defined as the person by whom the arrangements necessary for the making of that computer output or computer-generated work, are undertaken.”

⁷³ Because of the separate requirement for fixation, even the minimal requirement of labour could be considered moribund - perhaps a sentimental, juridically empty, tribute to the “sweat of the brow.” But perhaps a small degree of skill is implicit in any laborious task - if not immediately observable in its realisation. Cf. *Saunders v. Hyperion Records* [2004] q.v. From the court’s perspective, the hendiadys “labour and skill” and its variants is probable preferable for its flexibility.

⁷⁴ You can see how the special rules on computer-generated works, and the special rules on works created “in the course of work,” support each other. In the latter circumstance, the copyright belongs to the employer. So even though “the person by whom the arrangements necessary for the creation of the work are undertaken” is both permissive and also may not refer to anyone at all, it doesn’t matter so long as all the potential candidates are working in the course of employment. “In the course of employment,” by the way, is a legal concept not quite the same as “when you’re at work.”

⁷⁵ The courts may try to continue to rely on labour and skill even in relation to computer-generated works - works wherein by definition no labour and skill subsists...

- ⁷⁵ [CONT] ... Or perhaps “the arrangements necessary for the creation of the work” will instead be interpreted as financial outlay, managerial oversight, or managerial responsibility. The implication of course being that these practices - spending money, appointing managers - can turn ideas into expressions. It is not clear either whether the living would have an exclusive claim on writing in this sense.
- ⁷⁶ Maybe it's a bit much to call in the lifeworld? It is hardly replacing “labour and skill” with something bespoke and precise. A lot can be explained by reference to the lifeworld.
- ⁷⁷ There are an awful lot of versions of this idea, which is why I feel okay invoking it without attaching it to a particular theorist. I should say in the interests of clarity though that it's probably Habermas's Lifeworld which most shapes my understanding, *and* that I am deeply sceptical about the whole business (see the conclusion to this article).
- ⁷⁸ Cf. the US case *Pagano v. Charles Beseler* [1916], in which a photograph of the New York Public Library was held to be original because “[i]t undoubtedly requires originality to determine just when to take the photograph, so as to bring out the proper setting for both animate and inanimate objects, with the adjunctive features of light, shade, position, etc.” Contrast the US case which first extended copyright to photography, *Burrow-Giles Lithographic Co. v. Sarony* [1884]. Sarony was held to have made *Oscar Wilde No. 18* “entirely from his own original mental conception, to which he gave visible form by posing the said Oscar Wilde in the front of the camera, selecting and arranging the costume, draperies, and other various accessories in said photograph, arranging the subject so as to present graceful outlines, arranging and disposing the light and shade, suggesting and evoking the desired expression, and form such disposition, arrangement, or representation, made entirely by [Sarony].”
- ⁷⁹ Why, moreover, is a tourist snap held to express an idea, whereas “I hope you are well today” is held not to express any idea? I may well have had an intention, and I may well have chosen “I hope you are well today” from a vast ensemble of similar trite expressions, in order to convey it. Cf. *Bauman v. Fussell* [1978] RPC 485. A painting based on a photograph of a cockfight was deemed not to infringe because in the majority opinion the borrowed aspects, including the positioning of the birds, were not due to the photographer's labour and skill (with a dissenting opinion). I need to check to make sure, but presumably the infringed upon work was nevertheless considered to be original.
- ⁸⁰ The way in which we see a constellation of boats and river water glimmers is informed by our lifeworld, but it is not *built into* the structures of our lifeworld in quite the same way. My hunch is pretty strong that there is a distinction here, but I must admit I'm a bit stumped as to how to develop it. Try this: different instances of a linguistic commonplace are identical with each other, and different instances of a visual commonplace are identical with each other, but in different ways. The difference is, in the performance of the linguistic commonplace, minute phonological or orthographical contours disappear in the meaning of the commonplace (or are transmitted into a tiny fraction of the total pragmatic context). Whereas for a commonplace image, identity is a matter of sufficient closeness, but at the threshold there remain minute contours which may legitimise distinctions among images. Hmm. (Maybe, in Katherine N. Hales's jargon, the linguistic commonplace is *incorporated*, the visual commonplace *inscribed*).
- ⁸¹ Compare *Hadley v. Spandau Ballet* [1995]. The plaintiffs sought joint copyright. They argued that the defendant set out, like, the skeleton of the songs, but that the whole band was creatively involved during jamming. The court awarded Kemp sole copyright, emphasising that he had “final say” over what went into the songs. Compare *Ray v. Classic* [1998] in which “direct responsibility for what appears on paper” was deemed necessary for joint authorship.
- ⁸² Scraping some words, Alessandra Squeo's and by Roger Chartier's respectively, I heard at the Material Cultures conference where a version of this article was presented.
- ⁸³ Compare Donna Haraway, “**A Cyborg Manifesto**” (1991) - “This chapter is an effort to build an ironic political myth faithful to feminism, socialism, and materialism. Perhaps more faithful as blasphemy is faithful, than as reverent worship and identification.” Cognition is embodied: we off-load the labours of thought into our environment, and our environment in turn has designs upon us which play out as thought and its cognates. I guess sometimes it may help to think about cyborgs or zombies, and then about us, or to begin with the effects upon the mind of a calendar, or a mobile phone, or the tattoos in **Memento**, or a New Book, and then gradually replace them with the effects of a class, or a state, or an economy.
- ⁸⁴ Why do so many politically-inclined artists and writers fetishize the artistic collapsing into the everyday? Because the artistic is already the everyday, and so that distinction which can guarantee them both their politics and their art can only be sustained as the pretended struggle to overcome it. “The fusion of life with art is only impossible because it has already happened.”
- ⁸⁵ Improvisation, especially collaborative improvisation, can be understood along similar lines, as practices blown smooth by sand, every risky orientation honed away.
- ⁸⁶ On genre, cf. Yates S. and Sumner T. (1997), “Digital Genres and the New Burden of Fixity.” Abstract: “Stability in the production and transmission of texts has been a taken-for-granted feature of communicative acts for much of history. In the past, this fixity (i.e., the reliability of texts not to change over space and time) has arisen from the interaction between immutable technologies (used to produce text) and social rigidity (in the structure and practices of discourse communities where texts are produced and consumed). These interactions provided stable settings fostering the gradual development of rich communicative genres which, in turn, further contributed to fixity in communicative acts. In the current era of virtual communities and digital documents, this relationship between technology, social context, and fixity has been loosened. We claim the new burden for providing fixity in communications is being met by increased reliance on genre. To support this claim, we examine the four-way relationship between technologies, social contexts, social practices and genre by considering example digital documents produced by two different discourse communities.”
- ⁸⁷ “On the Internet,” the old adage goes, “nobody knows you're a dog.” On the internet, nobody knows you are dead. But we have every reason to assume you are. In fleshspace, we lose some of those reasons. But certainly not all of them. And likely not enough. Cf. Augmented Reality. Let's extrapolate even further, from the New Book to the Next Book. For such books, every trace of “device,” every frame and control, would be enfolded within representation. They would be of no fixed size and could be extended and rebuilt indefinitely, and they would change and move under inner pressure. If surfaces were chosen, those surfaces could form the shape of a codex of course, or of a person or tree or anything else. Really, to get a clear idea of these books, it's necessary to put aside worries about where they'd be kept, or how or whether they'd be carried around, produced, possessed, bear rights, etc. Their nature is so malleable that it's liable to be overrun by the nature of their readers, as soon as that comes at all clearly into view. In one example, shapes run together along the book's branches like many different swift mosses...

87 [CONT] ... blending and hybridising or squirming to avoid collision. The music and voices emanating depend partially on how the reader directs her eyes. Whatever she sees in the corner of her eye, she can hear in the distance; or it is transposed into the acoustic edge of the focal scene (gentle thunder over Elizabeth and Darcy aligns with the Al Jazeera car chase glimpsed sidelong - but that's extremely crude). A reader may want to reach in, or out, to bend branches together; the voice of one homunculus might be carefully tipped into another, or the valour, or comic timing. We are constantly playing parts in one-another's experience. Anything new we do is immediately done by a manifold of automatons across all its possible configurations and in all poses of supplication and seduction. Representations are decomposed into atoms according to any categories constitutive of nameable experience, as well as further categories. The relations between any two atoms may be conferred to a third. There are modes of superposition, iridescence, translucence, interlace, overlay, of stained glass, of XOR, involving all senses and faculties, which are now difficult to imagine. Phenomena which are desirable, perhaps because they are original, but which wouldn't flourish without a boost, may piggyback on independent regularities of pleasure: we can decide, as a matter of volition, to desire them as a matter of coincidence. There are perhaps aspects of the Next Book like tubes and screens whose persistence is safeguarded less by technical traditions, or lock-in, than by a kind of adaptive fitness. Perhaps what is most characteristic and humane about a particular reader, as a human being, is the page that his or her book falls open to. Your friendship may really be a friendship between you and the other's book, or perhaps it's your books that make friends. Cf. avatars, familiars, daemons, moods, possession by Swarm Gods. The reader plucks something out - call it the Next Sentence - and throws it in your book or puts it in your hand. Or hides it in your sofa. More than a safe topic for wooing middle classes, books provides institutions of love based on previously non-viable desire sets. With our noses in good books, we become at last identical with our blazons: every possible decomposition of self assigned every legitimate comparison. Love is not limited to equillibrious blocs, but can be distributed through nested constellations of subcontracts. In Thomas Wyatt's words, we have leave to goo of our goodness. Match.com etc. operate at a finer grain, linking not just suitable persons, but suitable aspects and moments. As with love, so with politics. Somewhere between the New Book and the Next Book, grassroots consensus decision making is usurped by a kind of book club for weird futuristic hippies. Structurally implicit equivocation and disjunction attains distinct spatio-temporal presence. Action is swift and powerful, because based on steering media, rather than (or trivially including) mutual understanding. Individual volition is available, though always with the caveat overdetermination, within architectures of achieved consensuality. Realpolitik among readers addresses fully the identity-dimension (which until recently, during a century or more of sociological obsession with rationality, had been the poor relation of the interests-dimension, and only been explored in the timid forays of torture, propaganda and education). The Next Book prosthesis is invaluable for the constitution of an identity, an identity which is subject to design, to generation, and to emphatic / literalised specification by the intersection of distributed networks. Any identity which is not literate in this Next sense is justly denied suffrage - from postal ballots to posthuman ballot. For my identity, for instance, I may articulate a critical theorist who preserves the untenability of critique in prevailing conditions by periodically evacuating to the orbital positions of conservative, postmodern Christian and revolutionary internationalist marxist, with my book as governess and soul. The Next Book of course must be capable of producing a certain weight against the skin; if the servomotors are at all ambitious your book may also work as a sort of mech in which you slot like a sort of bookmark. To save the feelings of your children, or your bookshelf, you may ask your book to enclose you entirely before you die and continue to simulate your sovereignty.

⁸⁸ Cf. Henry James, *The Art of Fiction*. "In proportion as in what she offers us we see life *without* rearrangement do we feel that we are touching the truth; in proportion as we see it *with* rearrangement do we feel that we are being put off with a substitute, a compromise and convention."

⁸⁹ Cf. the first part of this article. Recuperation in its regular formulation is the commodification of rebellious practices. One important aspect of recuperation conforms well with the most literal interpretation of that formulation. That is, there are those who are paid to look for the Next Big Thing - to find uncommodified practices and to commodify them. They hold focus groups, to find out what people spontaneously do, think and feel, and on that basis invent and market new products. But recuperation alludes to a dynamism in capital which is not fully explained by such commercial cycles.

Logbay links to some of the more interesting poetry-related material on the internet. Click the individual titles to be taken to the full versions.

THEFT 1st october

By Lawrence Upton

'I regret that "New Writers Forum" has recently announced itself.

I regret it because they are no such thing. They are new grouping, with a history, trying to steal the name. I dealt with this matter in a recent email to the WF email list saying that I hoped the new group would just get on with it and that there would be no need to mention it again...'

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE FRAMEWORKS COMMUNITY 18th october

By Kenneth Goldsmith

'To the Frameworks Community,

I have been reading your thread on UbuWeb's hacking on the list with great interest. It seems that with a few exceptions, the list is generally positive (with reservations) about Ubu, something that makes me happy. Ubu is a friend, not a foe...'

Kenneth Goldsmith responds to the hacking of UBUWEB.

J.H. PRYNNE, A POET FOR OUR TIMES 3rd november

By Robert Potts

'The poetry of J. H. Prynne is both obscure and difficult; qualities tolerated in canonical and foreign writers (Blake, Mallarmé, Celan, late Beckett), but treated with enormous resentment and suspicion in contemporary English poets. Prynne's detractors see little else in the work, perhaps being so distracted by the first few words of his collected Poems ("the whole thing it is, the difficult / matter") that they seem not to have read any further. Craig Raine, for example, recently wrote dismissively of "a postmodern poetic school led by J. H. Prynne whose purpose is to be difficult - emulatively difficult. (Not difficult to be difficult, actually)". Nonetheless, it is

notable that none of Prynne's critics feels able to wholly ignore him, or the so-called Cambridge School with which he has come to be associated...'

RAWORTH TAKES THE TARDIS STATESIDE 3rd november

By Richard Owens

'Anyway, during a visit to San Francisco a few months back I had the privilege of having lunch with Kevin Killian and, over a gourmet cheeseburger, Tom Raworth's name came up. I asked Killian, how is it such a catholic range of US readers can take such a deep interest in Raworth's work while ignoring so many other British poets connected to Raworth. Killian said, "But my God, Richard, he's so warm, he's so human." Naturally when Killian said that I couldn't help but wonder: Does Raworth, like the Doctor, also have not one but two hearts?...'

OLSON AT KENT 17th november

By Laurie Duggan

'Most educational institutions apart from one as open as Black Mountain simply haven't been able to package Olson to suit their needs or, more precisely, the needs pressed upon them by funding bodies. This conference was, in its way, a kind of miracle: it offered a model of what learning ought to be. It brought to life concerns linking Olson's ideas and practices to our own positions. There have been a few conferences prior to this one celebrating the centenary...'

COUNTING BACK- WARDS 4 REVIEWED 2nd december

By Tom Jenks

'In a short space of time, Counting Backwards has opened and occupied an important space, a place where different disciplines can meet, inform and impact upon one another, creating hybrids and mutations that step off the slab and into the night like beautiful monsters....'

1000 SONNETS BY TIM ATKINS 5th december

By Eileen Tabios

'The book's epigraph by John Ashbery, and epigraphing this review, is so lovely, and quite fittingly indicates the underlying concept to Tim Atkins' 1000 SONNETS. The poems are sonnets viz the number of lines, but many of the "lines" are taken up by marks like slashes, a period or a series of periods or asterisks. Such marks stand in for, to paraphrase Ashbery, what's been left out. The challenge then, at least to this reader who was quite taken by the The New Spirit's excerpt, is that the poems - with all of its gaps - be as moving as Ashbery's epigraph...'

REVIEW - GHOSTS MOVE ABOUT ME PATCHED WITH HIS- TORIES 11th december

By Matt Dalby

'Loss and separation, yet something strangely comic, and the whole of course rich and strange. But above all everything transformed. This is the experience of being in a new and unfamiliar place. You look first through the eyes you've brought from home. They make things more unfamiliar by interpreting what you see through the filter of what you already know. And so both home and the unfamiliar are transformed. Not your father's bones, not coral, but some weird hybrid of the two....'

EFFERVESCENT AR- BORETUM: NAT RAHA 12th december

By Edmund Hardy

'Raha as poet appears as the "conjuncture", creating a lush mixture of isolated words, near-sense and invented grammatical inflection, largely eschewing linguistic structures of feeling or social identification: a series of returns (to vocabulary, register or barely perceptible 'tone') are instead allowed to thematize the poem's overall production as such. ...'

THE WORKSHOP

steven fowler and opened interview writers forum

By Steven Fowler

Early 2011 will see the publication of the first of a prospective twelve interviews exclusively with Openned, with British poets associated with the writers forum workshop.

Primarily and fundamentally, the series will act as a medium in which brilliantly innovative and consistent poets will have the opportunity to contextualise and comment upon their own work and practise.

The contrary might be true, but it does appear there is a dearth of critical mediums in which long standing members of the innovative British poetry community are able to engage with a comprehensive and accessible expositional culture of reviews and interviews in a way that can be compared to German, French perhaps even American poetry communities. Some might argue this to be beneficial in some senses, that it places focus on the work itself and not its reception, however, especially when it comes to experimental poets, the lack of record and discussion available is marked and, it can be suggested, detrimental. The fact remains that some of the poets who will feature in the series, despite a rich record of publications / readings / exhibitions dating back multiple decades and whose practise is as vital, evolved and sophisticated as many lauded artists and musicians of the same generation, will have nothing, or next to nothing, readily available for those who might wish to investigate or pursue their work despite its vitality and longevity.

Reception often denotes legacy, whether this is apt or not, and moreover it often is directly representative of access. The more critical engagement with a poet the more likely they might be available anew for those outside the often concentric circles of poetry communities and for new poets that will arise in the near future. A record must be taken and renewed and kept for these purposes alone. That is the aim of this series, to overturn a sense of indirect complacency. It is a privilege to engage with work as energising as that produced by the poets who have attended the writers forum in some fashion over the last few decades. It is a disheartening thought, having attended workshops and seen the poetry performed first hand, that without a lasting record the knowledge and commentary offered by some of these poets the complexity of their approach may simply be lost or stepped over. This is all the more pique when others engaged in writing poetry and doing very little which needs to be contextualised, explored and recorded, are given such voluminous levels reception.

Publications, and centres of resources, like Openned, utilise the pivotal advantage of the internet as a means of publication over print. That is longevity and access over presence and exclusivity. These are the focal priorities this series will hope to rectify. Each interview will be accompanied by a short sound recording, furthering the dictum that the series will serve as record. It is perhaps hopeful to think the real boon of the enterprise will not be on the date of publication, but in the future, when the commentary is considered retrospectively.

The writers forum itself is nothing more than a locus to the series, a centre on which each of the poets will turn. We will inevitably explore the poets involvement in the group, in their own history and the influence a workshop environment has had on their work. We will not shy away either from how the unique and vibrant constitution of the writers forum, a truly iconoclastic institution, has shaped their understandings of how poetry can be explored, and how a community and collaboration can utterly alter the work of each poet, rather than a creative isolation almost inevitable for many writers. However, the actual specificity of the forum and it's members, it's politics and it's commentary will not be the focus. Truly that is beyond the remit of an interview which seeks to explore its respondent as the centre of interest. The organisation is a wholly different and enormous discussion, and to cover it's ethos and history objectively would be a vast undertaking. It is true that despite it's lauded membership and publication history covering some of the most important poetic contributions to the last century, it holds an almost clandestine reputation, not nearly as academically established or generally known as the Wiener Gruppe, Oulipo, CoBrA... And yet although the workshop was begun nearly 60 years ago, a meeting held in 2010 will still attract for each and every session 15-25 poets, advocating and performing work that remains exploratory and groundbreaking. I hope by documenting those explorations above the ethos or mythology of the workshop itself that I will in fact shed a far clearer light on the measure of the writers forum's achievement up to this very day. Thus the writers forum is a convenient way of seeking a concise group of poets whose practise is radical and whose voice is heard far too little.

The workshop has maintained in many respects because it is adaptable and its membership is fluid. As such, and in the spirit of my comments above, there is no prescription on attendance for the respondents in the interviews. Ambiguity is necessary in this regard as association in itself is ambiguous when it comes to the workshop. The only thing that binds the subjects within the common denomination of the forum is that their work will be varied and innovative. It is a irony that only a grouping constituted like the writers forum can bind those who are so fundamentally different as poets. It is an ethos they share, rather than a practise. To document this will hopefully make for a memorable and fascinating series of discussions.



Writers Forum

Writers Forum is a small publisher, workshop and writers' network established by the late Bob Cobbing. Between 1963 and 2002 Writers' Forum published more than one thousand pamphlets and books. Writers Forum is currently run by Lawrence Upton.

@SINCLAIRINRUINS

a journey to the end of one hundred and forty characters

By Anonymous



we continued along the Wandsworth Road. Sinclair kept stopping to pretend to tie his shoe-laces. It was, he explained, counter-surveillance.

At Larkhall Park, Sinclair dragged a stick along the railings, telling me that Flann O'Brien doing this inspired the Stoppit & Tidyup music.

Sinclair kicked some bark. Bach means 'brook', he said; and Bruch means 'break'. He winced, staring. The triangle would not complete itself.

we have bought a plastic washing-up lemon, and are scouring Balham for a real one. I think Sinclair's plan is to make me guess the real one.

for reasons he did not explain, Sinclair, stood at the booth, requested (with the correct deposits ready) eight Oyster cards. He was refused

we sat on a wet bench while Sinclair looked up leaves in the A-Z. The closest match: Lea Valley Business Park. I had to veto this five times

Sinclair emerged from behind a beech with bent twigs arranged around his face. Look!, he said, I'm Hanger Lane Gyrotory System

I asked Sinclair why he grinned. He was thinking, he said, how often he would swim, were he a spaniel. It would, he beamed, be very often

Sinclair tried hard to fit his fist into a blue ashtray. He had at last, he said, grown out of being "too old" to believe in other TARDISes

on Chelsea Bridge, Sinclair told me he once shared a birthday with Wendy Cope. He meant lathe, not birthday; he was also muddling bridges

we compared a man leaping over a bollard to a fat pigeon. Sinclair declared the bollard man the winner and the bollard a sacred place

Imagine, said Sinclair, indicating the fin outside Hackney Central Stn., if Rachel Whiteread owned a bassoon. Imagine the sting. I walked on



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