



conceptual writing / scrittura concettuale  
INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

5

CRUX

DESPERATIONIS

**Crux Desperationis 5 - january 2014**

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**All images are taken from Dr. Albert de Schrenck-Notzig, *Los fenómenos de la mediumnidad*,  
Barcelona, 1928.**

**cc by-nc-nd**

**gegen, Montevideo 2014**  
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<del><del>o que ele lembra: <cmd>v  
e eu estou bem melhor agora esc<del>v<del>crevendo sobre art, <del>e, design e tecnologia num blog do  
premio sergio motta: conexoestecnologicas.org.br  
todo dia um post DEZ (no m<del>Mini<del><del><del><del>m<opt>eimino twittes) e facebook. Que  
vo<del><del>coisa que <opt>ee o trabalho em redes sociais , me faz pensar todos os dias.  
Mas gostei porque inventei um livro com tudo o que eu escrever durante um m<opt>ies.  
Instalei um software que grava tudo o que eu digito , inclusive agora, now!  
da<opt>ei tambem<del><del><del><opt>em <del><del><del><opt>eem fiz uma utobiografia em forma de  
flip v<del>book que alterna as apa<del><del><del>palavras casa/trabalhoa. Muito  
<del><del><del><del>estou fazendo uma oficina com v<del>fabio morais que se chama a arte de destruir  
livros.  
Ai, ai, tudo acaba mais ou menos dando certo, que bele<del><del><del><del><del><del><del>, mas  
o meu livro mesmo ainda n<opt>nao amndei, jamais liguei pra 7letras, falei com a Valeska que me con-  
hece, <del>. Vou u m <del><del><del><del>u mandar!  
E tu, bem?  
Minah digita<opt>c<opt>nao também melhorou muito, meu deus!  
Haha beijo!  
Mas <opt>ee s<opt>eo do meu teclado,n<opt>nao de <del> o teclado dos amigos! <del><del><del>hacris-  
tian hola cristian,  
gracias por buenos aires, me vou i<del>un dia!  
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fazer agora e já mando que data <del> <del> <del> <del> <del> <del>al eh a nova data memso <del>  
<del> <del>,mo?  
tin <del>eicio do trabalho

**FABIANA FALEIROS**

# NYEIN WAY

## **An autopsy of a dead poem in contemporaneity**

2: 36 pm: Let's make autopsy at the corpse of a poem and find the answer 'being and becoming poetry' in a contemporary existence of post-conceptual texts. Is there a butterfly in text? Is there a text in your bed of roses?

2: 36: 20 pm: Let's make autopsy at the corpse of a poem and find the answer 'being and becoming poetry' in a contemporary existence of post-conceptual texts. Is there a butterfly in text? Is there a text in your bed of roses?

2: 37: Let's make autopsy at the corpse of a poem and find the answer 'being and becoming poetry' in a contemporary existence of post-conceptual texts. Is there a butterfly in text? Is there a text in your bed of roses?

2: 37: 36: Let's make autopsy at the corpse of a poem and find the answer 'being and becoming poetry' in a contemporary existence of post-conceptual texts. Is there a butterfly in text? Is there a text in your bed of roses?

2: 38: 7: Let's make autopsy at the corpse of a poem and find the answer 'being and becoming poetry' in a contemporary existence of post-conceptual texts. Is there a butterfly in text? Is there a text in your bed of roses?

## **Basic Psychological Terms for Contemporary Poets**

- 1) biological-social-psychological
- 2) culture-bound syndromes
- 3) diathesis-stress-disorder
- 4) mood disorders
- 5) unipolar disorders
- 6) unipolar depression
- 7) bipolar disorder-major depression-mania
- 8) anxiety disorder
- 9) social phobias
- 10) obsessive-compulsive disorder
- 11) childhood disorders
- 12) dementia
- 13) eating disorders
- 14) personality disorders
- 15) paranoid, schizoid and schizotypal
- 16) antisocial-narcissistic, histrionic, and borderline: disorders
- 17) psychopaths
- 18) vallians
- 19) paraphilias
- 20) impulsive-control disorders
- 21) antidepressants
- 22) mood stabilizers
- 23) electroconvulsive therapy
- 24) lobotomies(no longer practised)

(From the book 'The writer's guide to psychology' by Carolyn Kaufman, Psy.D.) (2010)



## Abbreviazioni

Geschichte und Vorgeschichte  
von zwei oder drei Puppen e.g.  
nella pesa dell'anima di una scimmia  
sapiente i.e. l'uomo sur le rocher  
de l'île de S.Helene fra un paio di  
sopravvissuti alla drôle guerre S.B.F.

e.g.: per esempio

i.e.: id est, cioè

S.B.F.: salvo buon fine, STC subject to collection

**STEFANIA TAVELLA**

## Sentences on Conceptual Reading



1. Conceptual readers are mystics rather than rationalists. They leap to conclusions that logic cannot reach.
2. Rational judgements repeat rational judgements.
3. Irrational judgements lead to new experience.
4. Formal reading is essentially rational.
5. Irrational thoughts should be followed absolutely and logically.
6. If the reader changes his/her mind midway through the execution of the piece he/she compromises the result and repeats past results.
7. The reader's will is secondary to the process he/she initiates from idea to completion. His/Her wilfulness may only be ego.
8. When words such as decoding and comprehension are used, they connote a whole tradition and imply a consequent acceptance of this tradition, thus placing limitations on the reader who would be reluctant to make reading that goes beyond the limitations.
9. The concept and idea are different. The former implies a general direction while the latter is the component. Ideas implement the concept.
10. Ideas can be works of reading; they are in a chain of development that may eventually find some form. All ideas need not be made physical.
11. Ideas do not necessarily proceed in logical order. They may set one off in unexpected directions, but an idea must necessarily be completed in the mind before the next one is formed.
12. For each work of reading that becomes physical there are many variations that do not.
13. A work of reading may be understood as a conductor from the reader's mind to the writer's. But it may never reach the writer, or it may never leave the reader's mind.
14. The words of one reader to another may induce an idea chain, if they share the same concept.
15. Since no form is intrinsically superior to another, the reader may use any form, from an expression of words (read or heard) to physical reality, equally.
16. If images are used, and they proceed from ideas about literature, then they are literature and (not) art; numbers are (not) mathematics.
17. All ideas are reading if they are concerned with reading and fall within the conventions of reading.
18. One usually understands the reading of the past by applying the convention of the present, thus misunderstanding the reading of the past.
19. The conventions of reading are altered by works of reading.

20. Successful reading changes our understanding of the conventions by altering our perceptions.
21. Perception of ideas leads to new ideas.
22. The reader cannot imagine his/her reading, and cannot perceive it until it is complete.
23. The reader may misperceive (understand it differently from the reader) a work of reading but still be set off in his/her own chain of thought by that misconstrual.
24. Perception is subjective.
25. The reader may not necessarily understand his/her own reading. His/Her perception is neither better nor worse than that of others.
26. A reader may perceive the reading of others better than his/her own.
27. The concept of a work of reading may involve the matter of the piece or the process in which it is made.
28. Once the idea of the piece is established in the reader's mind and the final form is decided, the process is carried out blindly. There are many side effects that the reader cannot imagine. These may be used as ideas for new works.
29. The process is mechanical and should not be tampered with. It should run its course.
30. There are many elements involved in a work of reading. The most important are the most obvious.
31. If a reader uses the same form in a group of works, and changes the material, one would assume the reader's concept involved the material.
32. Banal ideas cannot be rescued by beautiful execution.
33. It is difficult to bungle a good idea.
34. When a reader learns his/her craft too well he/she makes slick reading.
35. These sentences comment on reading, but are (not) reading.

bibliography:

Sol Lewitt, Sentences on Conceptual Art, 0-9, pp. 3-5, New York 1969, and Art-Language (England), May 1969

Kenneth Goldsmith, Paragraphs on Conceptual Writing, Open Letter, Twelfth Series, Number 7, pp. 98-101, Ontario 2005

**from:**

## **The Ingenious Gentleman, James Osterberg of Muskegon**

### **More Adventures Along the Way:**

Pigslobs

I used to  
shit  
on my little  
balcony  
and let it  
dry  
I almost always  
pee  
in the  
yard  
or the  
garden  
because I like to  
pee  
on my  
estate

Straight down  
The lifeless path  
To the  
Joyless garden gate

We destroyed homes  
With the greatest of ease  
Four dashing baboons  
On a wicked trapeze

I had to start at something resembling morning

I was very lazy and happiest dozing in a garbage  
can.

The lights went down  
the music went up  
I stood onstage  
and collapsed  
without a note being sung  
I'd OD'd in front of everyone  
And had to be carried off

I think that was one of my greatest shows ever  
It was so minimally perfect  
It just said a great deal.

## **To The Road Again**

The third night  
I decided  
to hang from a pipe in the building  
like monkeys do—  
hang upside down

I didn't know  
the pipe  
was part of  
the  
sprinkler system

So I was hanging  
by my legs  
I was upside-down  
swinging

Slowly  
but surely  
it starts to  
give

The entire  
sprinkler system  
in the whole place  
gave way  
I fell  
on my ass.  
I slather my body in peanut butter  
I barf on my audience  
I insult my audience  
I spit on my audience  
I hump my amps  
I throw myself offstage  
I cut myself with broken glass  
I wear silver-lamè evening gloves onstage  
I go naked  
I shoot heroin  
I make frequent use of my big, beautiful penis  
I crash my car into trees  
I beg horrified record-label executives for drug  
money  
I pass out in bathrooms with the spike still in my  
arm  
I check myself in to a mental institution  
I score coke off David while I'm there.

### **The Last Adventures**

I've been spit at  
I've been slugged  
I've been egged

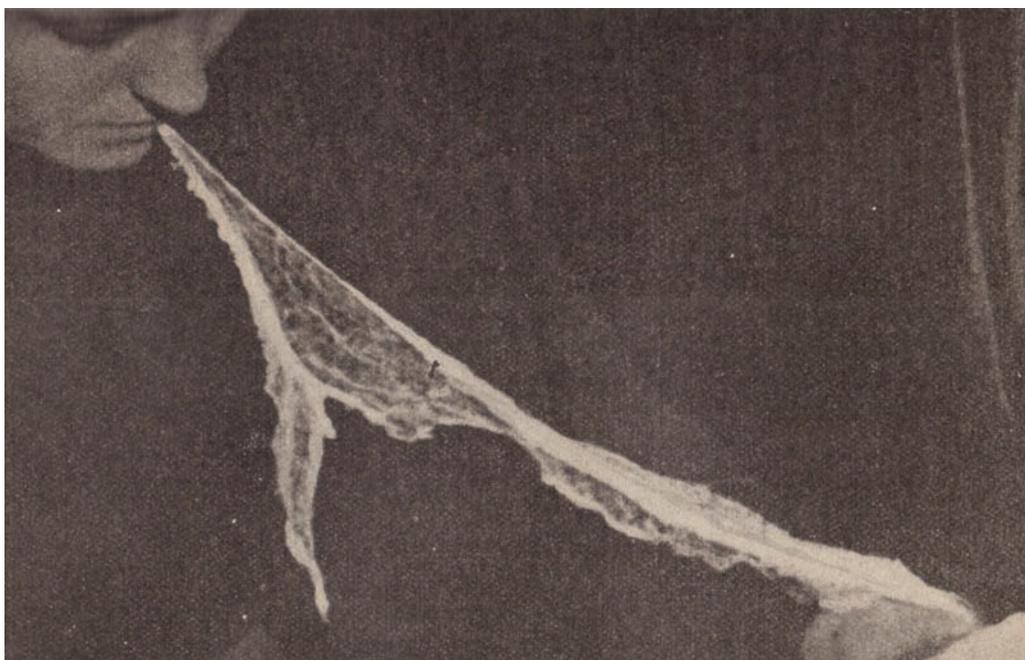
I've been hit with  
paper clips  
money  
cameras  
brassieres  
underwear  
old rags  
ice cubes  
jelly beans  
grenades  
lightbulbs  
coins  
spit  
cigarette butts  
mandies  
Quaaludes  
herrings  
joints  
panties  
beer cans  
paper cups  
a fist  
expensive garments  
belts  
shovels  
four gallon jugs  
M-80's  
a slingshot  
a grapefruit  
a Johnnie Walker Black whiskey bottle  
I come out  
Like David  
Against  
Goliath  
To face  
My tormentor  
He squares off  
Decks me with  
One punch  
Right down on the ground  
I'm bleeding  
I'm bleeding everywhere  
I see stars  
I say  
"Alright, well...  
On with the show."  
I go back and do  
"Louie, Louie"



Thank you very much— the person who just threw that  
glass bottle at my head— you nearly killed me but you  
missed again. Keep trying next week.

**KIM ROSENFELD**

"What's your name sorry?" Overtaking someone on foot and having to keep up the uncomfortably fast pace until safely over the horizon. Sorry, sorry. Feeling obliged to say thank you to the bus driver even though he's 20 minutes late and dropped you off at the wrong stop... Spending your life squeezing by people, yet never once completing the sentence: "Excuse me, sorry, do you mind if I just..." Looking over someone's shoulder who's also looking to see if the train is coming. And then when they turn around pretend to be looking the other way "Sorry to be a bother, but..." Constantly complaining about the efficiency of self-service checkout machines, but always choosing to use them over real people. Exaggerated sigh and a step back from the machine when it says 'unexpected item in the bagging area' to indicate to everyone that it's the machine at fault here, not you. Saying sorry when you begin to ask someone a question. Sorry, do you mind if.... The "stay put or move" conundrum when the train empties, leaving you sitting unnecessarily with a stranger. Saying sorry as a way of introducing yourself. Sorry, what? Being awfully sorry for not smoking when unable to provide a lighter. Hearing a recording of your own voice and deciding it's perhaps best never to speak again. Thanking someone under your breath as punishment for them not thanking you. Saying "you're welcome!" Sorry, am I in your way? Saying "there's definitely something going round" when someone says they're ill, even if nobody else you know is ill. Leaving the dryer with hands still damp, so as not to inconvenience the person waiting behind you. So sorry, I think that's mine... Waiting for permission to leave after paying for something with the exact change. "Sorry do you have the time?" Straining not to thank the waiter for every small item he clears, so you can deliver one big thanks at the end. Apologising when someone stands on your foot Saying hello to a friend in the supermarket, then creeping around like a burglar to avoid seeing them again. Sorry, not today, so sorry, not on me. The horror: "Before we start today's training session let's quickly go round the table and say a bit about ourselves." Saying sorry to someone in your way. Watching with quiet sorrow as you receive a different haircut to the one you requested. Blatantly not listening to anybody else because you're furiously reciting what you're going to say in your head. Suspecting you've been overcharged, so making sure to frown as you insert your debit card and pay in full. Horror at realization most boring person ever to have lived. Having to pretend to check an urgent text message before turning and walking in the opposite direction. "Try to sound interesting, try to sound interesting" "Sorry excuse me please." Wait patiently for them to move, they don't, so you squeeze past, careful not to barge them too hard, then tut out of sheer annoyance. Never sorry enough. Never sit at the end of a row to avoid getting picked first! I'm sorry to bother you, but I.... Sorry sorry sorry....



## B (page as dance stage)

Act II: weeks of rehearsal, critique and nerves

*Seconde, bras bas*  
*Pointe on the left with arms in third*  
*Left arm to fifth on second*  
*Back to pointe and third on the left*  
*Pointe and arms in third on the right*  
*Bras bas, seconde*  
*Arms to fifth, left first and down to bras bas to start again on the other side*

*Seconde, bras bas*  
*Pointe on the left with arms in third*  
*Left arm to fifth on second*  
*Back to pointe and third on the left*  
*Pointe and arms in third on the right*  
*Bras bas, seconde*  
*Arms to fifth, left first and down to bras bas to start again on the other side*

*Seconde, bras bas*  
*Pointe on the left with arms in third*  
*Left arm to fifth on second*  
*Back to pointe and third on the left*  
*Pointe and arms in third on the right*  
*Bras bas, seconde*  
*Arms to fifth, left first and down to bras bas to start again on the other side*

*Coupé*  
*Chassé*  
*Pas the bourré*  
*Pas the chat*  
*Pas the chat*  
*Pas the chat*  
*Posé*

*I can't*

*Soutenu (Spot!)*

*Posé*

*I can't*

*Soutenu (Spot!)*

*I can't*

*Soutenu (Spot!)*

*Dizzy*

*Jeté*

*Attitude balance*

*High arch in fifth*

*Pleading*

*Fall to the floor backwards*

*Neck exposed*

*Exhausted*

*Carried*

*Exit*  
*Stage Right*

## Oh my God

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh my! Oh my! Oh my! Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh God! God! Holy God! Good God! God Almighty! Thank God! Oh my God! Oh my! Oh my Lord! Oh Lord! Lord! Holy Lord! Good Lord! Lord Almighty! Thank Lord! Thank God! Oh my God! Oh God! God forbid! For God's sake! For Christ's sake! Christ's sake! Christ! Jesus Christ! Oh Christ! Oh Jesus! Christ! Jesus! Jesus Christ! Holy Jesus! Holy Christ! Holy Jesus Christ! Holy God! Holy Lord! Holy Heaven! Thank Heaven! Thank Lord! Thank God! God only knows! Heaven knows why! It's Heaven! It feels like Heaven! It feels like hell! It hurts like hell! It's hell! To hell with it! Get the hell out of here! Go to hell! Oh hell! What the hell do you want! Who the hell are you! Oh hell! Oh God! Oh my God! Oh! Oh! Oh! Aaah...



**FELIPE CUSSEN**

❧ *Nana* ❧

by Émile Zola

digested according to the appearance of furniture and soft furnishings

by Sharon Kivland

The velvet rail. Long-fringed pelmets. The scarlet velvet of the seats. Heavy crimson drapery. The velvet balustrade. Benches covered with red velvet. The velvet-covered ledge. The marble-topped tables. Benches covered with imitation leather. The vulgar luxury of consoles and gilded chairs formed a sharp contrast with junkshop furniture such as mahogany tables. The rosewood bedstead, and the hangings and seats of figured damask with a pattern on blue flowers on a grey ground. A blind of embroidered *tulle*. A large marble-topped dressing-table, a cheval-glass framed in inlaid wood, a *chaise longue*, and some armchairs upholstered in blue satin. Massive mahogany Empire furniture, and its hangings and chair coverings of yellow velvet stamped with bold designs. A square armchair with a stiff frame and inhospitable upholstery. A deep easy-chair, whose red silk padding was as soft as eiderdown. The big chair with the red silk upholstery. A pile of side-tables, sofas and armchairs with their legs in the air. The console-table, surmounted by a looking-glass. A huge wing-chair whose velvet had been so worn it looked yellow in places. Four straw-bottomed chairs. A tin-topped table. A curtain of light brown material. A large cheval-glass stood opposite a white marble dressing table. A small dressing-table blackened by the grease from brushes and combs. A hideous red suite of furniture. A bedroom hung with Louis Seize cretonne in a delicate shade of pink by an Orléans upholsterer. Rosewood furniture and its hangings of figured damask with big blue flowers on a grey ground. A tiger-skin rug for the hearth. A rosewood wardrobe with a mirror on the door and a bed hung with blue rep. The mirror-fronted wardrobe. Velvet-covered ledges. Some rustic chairs. Red velvet seats. The blood-red straw of her chair. The greasy dressing-table. Beautiful eastern hangings, old sideboards and big Louis XIII chairs. Divans covered with old Persian rugs, and armchairs upholstered in old tapestry. Thick hangings deadened every sound. A monumental sideboard, adorned with old porcelain and marvellous pieces of ancient plate. The bedroom in mauve satin. The bedroom in blue silk under lace. On the lavishly upholstered bed, which was as low as a sofa, there were twenty thousand francs worth of Venetian point lace. The furniture was lacquered blue and white with silver filigree patterns. So many white bearskins. Pink silk hangings – a faded Turkish pink, embroidered with golden thread. Italian cabinets, Spanish coffer, a Japanese screen of delicate workmanship. Embroidered silks and needlepoint hangings. Armchairs as wide as beds, and sofas as deep as alcoves. A white bath and crystal and ivory appointments. Gobelin tapestries. A Venetian mirror hanging above an Italian chest. Pink hangings. The armchairs as wide as beds, the sofas as deep as alcoves. The antique furniture, the golden silk hangings. The soft carpets and seats. The great bed with Venetian point hangings. White lacquer furniture inlaid with silver. Hung with Genoa velvet. Precious furniture. Sabine's *chaise longue*, that solitary seat covered in red silk. Genoa velvet hangings, the gilding. The red hangings, the deep divans, the lacquered furniture. Hung in tea-rose velvet, with little silver buttons and gold tassels and fringes. The bed – a dazzling marvel, chased gold and silver, like a great jewel, with golden roses scattered over a trellis-work of silver. White roses in the carpet. Silver buttons like white stars on the tea-rose velvet of the hangings, the pink flesh-tint. Golden cords hanging from the corners and gold lace-work framing the panels, like delicate flames or flowing locks of red hair. The gold and silver bed, shining in all the fresh splendour of its chasing. The gilded furniture, the silks and velvets. Hung with Louis XIII cretonne printed with a bold floral pattern, the mahogany furniture, a red carpet adorned with black foliage.

**The solitary armchair, a red velvet Voltaire.**

## Conceptual writing

a critic won't plunge  
a cute prowling tin  
a low pungent critic  
a poet cut nil wring  
a ruling wit concept  
a unwritten pi clog  
a wit luring concept  
acute prowling tin  
an uptown leg critic  
anti cute prowling  
art owning cute clip  
atop lecturing win  
can cite turnip glow  
can log twin picture  
cancel out wig print  
can't clip outer wing  
capture tiling now  
capturing town lice  
car in gluten cow pit  
cite a prowling nut  
cite art clowning up  
citing real town cup  
clawing I runt poet  
clowning art put ice  
clowning art cut pie  
clowning at picture  
coat plunger win it  
conceal twig turnip  
core unwitting lap  
core unwitting pal  
cot ice in prawn glut  
council gap written  
cowering tulip can't  
cowgirl can't tie pun  
critic went on a gulp  
cue prowling taint  
cuing otter claw nip  
culprit ate gin now  
cult earwig con pint  
cult crew in goat nip  
curing optical newt  
curing topical newt  
curl at wining poet  
curl it waning poet  
curling twain poet  
cut corn in petal wig  
curt cow in petal gin  
cut eat in prowling  
cut new tropical gin  
cut petal in cow grin  
cut ring in petal cow

cut wintering opal  
cut worn petal icing  
cute at prowling in  
cute I tan prowling  
cutting leap or win  
cutting nepali crow  
cutting panic lower  
cutting parole win  
cutting peal or win  
cutting real cow nip  
earl cutting cow nip  
eat prowling tunic  
eating cult crop win  
epic cowl truanting  
go in winter cap cult  
got nice turnip claw  
gripe at clown tunic  
grown-up teat clinic  
guilt in raw concept  
I accept until wrong  
I act prowling tune  
I can get turnip cowl  
I can twirl gnu poet  
I can't crown lute pig  
I clap uttering now  
I cog unwritten alp  
I cog unwritten pal  
I curl in poet twang  
I cut neat prowling  
I get in art clown cup  
I go unwritten clap  
I grunt in poet claw  
I lag unwritten cop  
I lit concept war gun  
I lug raw concept tin  
I picture clown gnat  
I ping cute art clown  
I rig walnut concept  
I twirl a gun concept  
I warn guilt concept  
I win corpulent tag  
I win gauntlet crop  
I wrung a lit concept  
ice prawn clung to it  
inculcate town prig  
lacing town picture  
leg it uptown cairn  
let pouring act win  
let pouting car win  
let wincing art coup  
lop cutting win era

lop unwitting acre  
lop unwitting care  
lop unwitting race  
low curtain get nip  
lug top cacti winner  
lug twin air concept  
lunatic grew in pot  
lunatic grew no tip  
lunatic petri gown  
lunatic won't gripe  
lute grown at picnic  
new lunatic to grip  
no walnut leg critic  
now a cluttering pi  
now capturing tile  
now curtailing pet  
now get in a culprit  
now I let capturing  
now lecturing a pit  
now nuclear pig tit  
now pat curling tie  
now picture a glint  
now picturing tale  
now tinge a culprit  
now uttering a clip  
nun poet wilt cigar  
nut cowering cat lip  
nut prowling at ice  
occult writing pane  
once art cup wilting  
once wiping cult art  
or unwitting place  
outlawing crept in  
outlawing rip cent  
owning epic art cult  
out wintering clap  
pa to win lecturing  
penguin lit cow cart  
per unwitting coal  
pet in curtain glow  
picnic at wrong lute  
picnic twang to rule  
picture not clawing  
picturing late now  
picturing town lace  
pitting nuclear cow  
plunge a town critic  
poet crawling unit  
poet cut nail wring  
poet in cult waring  
poet will incur nag

## MADELEINE WALTON

poetical twin rung  
poetical wing runt  
poetical wing turn  
poetical wring nut  
poetical wrung tin  
pouring cattle win  
pouting let arc win  
pro cutting win lea  
pro unwitting lace  
prowling ant cue it  
prowling cite tuna  
prowling I cut a ten  
prowling tunic tea  
prune cognac wilt it  
a pungent owl critic  
put wintering coal  
real unwitting cop  
ritual wing concept  
rope wig can cut lint  
rowing up client act  
tag in clown picture  
taunt prowling ice  
ten up in arctic glow  
tip along in crew cut  
tip cue art clowning  
tip own cruel act gin  
tip owning cruel act  
to cancel writing up  
topical went curing  
towing clan picture  
tug clown in art epic  
turning I claw poet  
to win a curling pet  
to win curling tape  
tune in cow girl pact  
twig on clan picture  
twine plug to cairn  
unite prowling act  
unite prowling cat  
uniting poet crawl  
untie prowling act  
untie prowling cat  
unwitting ale crop  
unwitting alp core  
unwitting cap lore  
unwitting cap role  
unwitting clap ore  
unwitting clap roe  
unwritten clip ago  
unwitting co-pearl  
unwitting earl cop

unwitting lea crop  
unwitting lope arc  
unwitting lope car  
unwitting per cola  
unwritten pic log  
unwitting pole arc  
unwitting pole car  
unwritten coal pig  
unwritten coil gap  
unwritten pa logic  
uptown critic angel  
urinal concept twig  
wailing rut concept  
wait luring concept  
wait ruling concept  
water gun in cot clip  
we count gin clip art  
we cut coal printing  
wept cairn no guilt  
wet lunatic no grip  
wilt uncaring poet  
win a cot plunger it  
win a courting pelt  
win a lecturing pot  
win a lecturing top  
win a reputing colt  
win corpulent gait  
win coupling treat  
win courting petal  
win courting plate  
win courting pleat  
win curling pat toe  
win curling teapot  
win curling toe tap  
win poet at curling  
win poetical grunt  
win pouting cartel  
win pouting claret  
win puttering coal  
win real cutting cop  
win tutoring place  
wincing art couplet  
wing tip on cruel act  
wintering alto cup  
wintering clout pa  
wintering up a clot  
won't a picture cling  
wring a poet in cult  
wring lunatic poet  
wrong tulip nice act  
wrong tulip nice cat



## Instructions for a self-portrait

Collect and list concurrent words that have been coincidentally heard and read.

Example (733):

change, change, time, now, action, lines, 2, done, this, this, is over, cook/Cooke, dot.com, but, 3 years, people, written, Lee, work, lists, morning, poll/Pole, poll/Pole, about, out of, regards, a, need, help, John, calendar, updated, 0, throat/throaty, coffin, warm, little, truth/truthful, for me, all, ask her, 44, claim/claims, union, example, time, seen, right/write, copy, call, three, change/changing, be, been, two, that, wolf/Wolfe, pop, phone, animal, 2, Dave, look, update, best, like, seen, site/offsite, design/designs, come/coming, god, time, discovered, want/wanted, go, and, just, Cambridge, start, Warehouse, looking forward, Helen, arrive, Metamorphosis, you are, oil/oiled, you, but, master, and, so, are, design, use, inspired, little, 1:1, 14, suggested, Thursday, PB, next, idea, news, maybe, and we, good, lets, royal, film, get, open, Range Rover, safe, be/bee, 6, year, Ed, off, pretty, sorry, science, meeting, health, app, theatre, making, all, warrant/warranty, link, this, hornet, assorted, same, scenes, leaves, go, exception, international, go, found, 2, what, long, ye, ye, 4, Lizzy, three, power, performance, yes, three, three, market, post, delay, order, next Tuesday, direct/directly, art, natural, who, galleries, 6, speed/speeds, please, next, is, back, Helen, meeting, can't, German, cool million, four, open, space, hotel, news, surrounded/surrounding, man, world, book, enjoy/enjoyed, manager/management, but, but, class, first, light refreshments, very, Berlin, hotel, three, heavy, hot, hot, does it, cabin, right, RBS, minute, non, meeting, problem, beef, Helen, text, for, scream, 26th, paces, update, glass, good, how, now, Double Decker, Monday, Monday, there, then, national/international, this, phone, 9, help, creative, design, Routemaster, 30, one, 15, Maldives, 11 minutes, love, own, 80, 70, Advise, 10:30, email, 17, Starbucks, synchronicity, My, 2, work, contract/contraction, swan, OK, palace, house, what, love/loved, coffee, whether/weather, everything, we, but, dog, dog, text, traditional/traditionally, partnership board, stuff, run, photo, move, films, look, too much, yes, yeah, yes, yes, yeah, yeah, intuition/intuitive, nothing, time, time, end of, don't, fruit, this is, little steps, now I/now you, got, catalogue, catalogue, catalogue, work, work, work, Penny, academic, open, may, be, books, three, starters/started, home/house, but, is, time, example, evolve/anti-evolution, understanding, this is, eggs, send, up, on, present, the world, Thatcher, V's, goal, home, change, look/looking, positions, 17, hey, see, needs to know/needs not, now, week, noise/noiseless, space, find, trace, 3, God, Brian, sister, nothing, elsewhere, likely, useful/use, see, takes, see, traitor/traitors, warm/warming, party, work, team, do you think, real/really, half, yes, it's Pete, achieve, there are/there aren't, silence/silenced, text, that, that, three, production, Masterchef, work, see, by, ground/grounded, replace/replaced, time, replace, that is, new, mean/means, demonstrate, for, wait/waiting, new, speak, right, tomorrow, different, different, but, back, documentation, presentation, every, so, 7:00, 4, duration/endurance, recycle, minutes, Liverpool, ahhh, book, said, John, Charles Kennedy, 4, America, action, art, BBC, part, about, time, student, Leeds, London, but, come, be made, decisions, come, Oscars, movies, past, present, happy/happiness, power, people, of the, provide, but I, we do, 6, cloud, construction, question, Española, question, ok, whatever/ever, representation/presentation, world, lots of, not a problem, theories, zero, art, academic, 11, outstanding, that, energy, in the form of, London, of others, 1970, returns, look both ways, feel, the other, artist, like, like, story, source, Mum, art, damage, York, Barclay/Berkley, thank you, user, lovely, for you, larger/large, fact/facto, wow, particularly bright blue, 16, 10, about how, artistic, Is that Helen? It's Helen, 3, Josie, understand, the thing, time, time, academic/academia, Christmas, 30, east, yes, love, nice, Blue Square/Four Square, promontory, talented, fifteen, unwrap, order, pies, 777, entertainment/entertain, tough/toughest, fractor/fracture, to the following, house, Don Valley, let me know, minutes, update, logic, 30, forum, friend, shortlist, update, Sky, 12, double two/22, creative/create, Masterchef, Mr/Mrs, Scotland/Scottish, time, here, Facebook, broadcast, gets, Helen, no, city, 4/former, exactly/exacts, creative/create, time, difference/different, free, creates/created, aid/aids, peace-deal/piecemeal, asked, sickness, deal, taken away/taken, everything away, students, real, angry man, draw, here, work, The Artist Is Present, time, time, £20, silver/@jasonsilva, sweet, 20, uncreative, heart, start, 12, an other, awesome, deal, free, Helen, many thanks, hot, 20, Victoria, Sue, changes, register, Victoria, agree, thanks, care and support workers, fill in the form, Socrates, it's not OK/is that OK, women, space, bogeys, refresh, lost, too big, hello, Helen, professional, summit, Oxo, am, American, request, good, Athletic Bilbao, information, responsibilities, on my own, there, there, game, change, got out, aside, Helen, question, last, project, Stephen Hester, flag, Chris, Sally, copy, century, art, next, sweet and savoury, beans, by, point, 19, interview, chickpea, Jimmy, various, question, Sue, happy, art, I could just swim in cheese

**HELEN FRANK**

**Secret piece**



The content of this text is invisible; the exact character and dimension of the content are to be kept permanently secret, known only to the writer.

**STEVE GIASSON**

I'll just start: no matter what I do I never  
seem to be satisfied,  
The world spins around me and I feel like  
I'm looking in from outside.  
I go get a donut, I sit in my favorite part  
of the park, but that's not  
The point: the point is that I feel socially  
awkward and seem to have  
Trouble making friends, which makes me very  
sad and lonely indeed.  
I am way too sensitive and always feel like  
no one likes me.  
I don't know what to do—I'm just super tired  
of feeling this way.  
I used to really like people—I wasn't always  
imagining the Coney Island  
Roller-coaster ride as, you know, a metaphor  
for my life!

I'm on the sad and lonely cruise, and I don't feel like  
I'm getting off anytime soon.  
It is scary to feel this alone, but I'm even more  
scared of the prospect that this  
is just the opening act. Life is so unfair. I wonder  
why people like me exist;  
I wish I weren't here. Yet, there are others  
who are really sick and  
They would give anything to keep it going, but that  
is not in their cards.  
I don't get it. I am lonely, lonely, lonely. I was born  
to be lonely, I am best so!

Here's a thought: I remember the friends I've lost,  
I'm aware of the friends I'm losing  
Right now, and I can even imagine friends I will lose  
in the future! I'm talking about people  
I haven't even met yet! How do I know this? Look at my  
track record. I know exactly how this goes;  
I know just how long I'll be friends with someone  
before everything starts crumbling,  
I can almost predict the day, the hour. I know how  
to read those signs like a scent hound.  
My mother will call me and she'll ask how I'm doing, or,  
her favorite, what I had done that day  
(The implication there that I've done very little, if anything at all,  
especially compared to her) and before  
I've answered, she's cut me off and proceeded to tell me about  
how she did this litany of jobs, and how  
This one or that one pissed her off. I try to cut in with a word  
or two, but without fail, she interrupts  
Or turns the subject matter to herself in something completely  
irrelevant to what I have just said, and  
When she's done... poof... she's hung up. That's every day.  
I understand that lots of people are sad and lonely,  
But today I read that a young woman said bless you to some random  
stranger who sneezed on the subway,  
And this guy followed her home and stood outside  
her apartment complex for two hours,

Claiming to be her soul-mate! So I guess this  
loneliness stuff is all relative.

I now have no job and because of that I don't have  
any money, but I have been  
Looking for jobs, but it's so hard to find anything!  
I do have some so-called friends,  
But my social life sucks. No one calls me, or texts me,  
to arrange to do stuff and it just  
Feels like no one cares about me and they have forgotten  
that I exist. Things have spiraled  
Out of control. I just feel so horrible and I don't know what  
I've done to deserve this life.  
I wish I could change who I am and be someone different,  
someone who has loads of friends,  
Someone who is popular, has a job, and all that. Actually if I had one  
wish I wish I could have a reset button.

Does anyone see how this has come to be... market is up...  
recession over... so who are all these men  
In Starbucks? I have been coming to coffee houses for many years  
to get a little release from writing.  
I usually shuffle in the afternoon to a Starbucks and flop down  
in an old wing chair and get lost in some  
Fitzgerald, Yates, Whitman... just anything to cool the brain cells...  
but lately, all the chairs are taken.  
And they aren't taken by elderly women; they are taken by older men.  
Middle age dudes of the forty something,  
Fifty something variety. They sit in their comfort jeans trying to look  
inconspicuous. These men do not read fiction.  
They stare at newspapers or some jabber away at a laptop and  
some have the thirty-yard death stare.  
They all have a deep look of shock and disbelief. When I first  
saw these men, I thought maybe it was a fluke,  
But everyday they increased until yesterday the place was overrun.  
We might as well be sitting in a Union Hall.  
They look like they should all be in offices. You see the hands  
reaching for something to do, trying  
To navigate the strange duplicity of sitting in a Starbucks  
in the middle of the afternoon when the rest  
Of the world is working. They just don't know what to do.  
They are, collectively, the saddest sight in the world.

The lonesome star has faded far into the grave of cosmic storms,  
the dying rays of silver light, all form the sign of Satan's  
Rise, falling dead star, crushing God's throne, spinning heavens,  
death reigns as King. Fire burning, cosmos freezing,  
Portal opens, glooming altars, night of the black sorrowful moaning  
winds blowing through these melancholic woods—  
How I feel so dead here, sad and cold, as I hear crypt sounds of moan,  
only thoughts of sorrow bring me down to the pits of  
Bottomless black. In this endless extreme tomb of weeping sadness,  
I am embraced by the cosmic force of night: pain dooming,  
Death coming, shadows of misery are cast'd on the full moon, light  
and stars of hellfire shine like a blinding bolt of lightning.  
Dying alone in the woodlands isolated in my empire of solitary death.  
Total sadness, total darkness, total coldness, total pain.

**ROBERT FITTERMAN**

CERTIFICADO

El Jefe del Depto. Control de Detenidos que suscribe,  
certifica que \_\_\_\_\_ permaneció de-  
tenido en el Estadio Nacional desde \_\_\_\_\_ hasta \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ .-

SANTIAGO, \_\_\_\_\_ de \_\_\_\_\_ 1973.

Jefe Depto. Control de Detenidos

*el finado \_\_\_\_\_ se me parece por todas las noches y yo no quise matarlo, y yo no sabía quien hera solo quería agarrarle un billete asartar unos dos taxistas y venirme pero el se me resistió y cuando le dispare a la cabeza, y no moría, saqué el cuchillo y selo enterre en el cuello, se lo rebolbí pero no sabía lo que hacía y que hera él. Le chupe la plata sus documentos, el taxímetro y cuando supe quien hera lo boté pero me guarde la linterna porque have ses no tengo lus, y la plata que no eran mas de \$1.000 me persigue día y noche y yo no quiero seguir bibiendo. Perdoname mamita y cuidame a mis huachitos*

**CARLOS SOTO-ROMÁN**

## donne la/le donne

all sentences taken from "york notes on john donne selected poems", notes by phillip mallett, essex 1983

### the apparition

the lady has falsely claimed  
flicker, as if about to go out  
the lover who will possess  
you at that time  
even more a ghost than  
I shall be  
his love is finished

### a valediction: forbidding mourning

the conventional expression  
see the note  
the contrast is between  
obvious occasional movements  
the essence of whose love  
physical composed it  
mutally confident  
gold is beaten out  
makes me complete  
a perfect circle  
the lady is now thought of  
this is not so much a slip

### the extasie

the warm moisture  
the theory of sight  
the contact of a beam  
a gardener produces a graft  
their fingers are twined  
the same balm flowed  
statues of tomb  
the process of refining metals  
he has heard them  
resolve their difficulties  
in their state  
of extasy or seperation  
from their bodies  
the soul was presumed



a mixture of things  
love mixes these souls  
not obliged to  
suffer change  
an angel related  
to the sphere  
the power of senses  
the line is not  
very satisfactory

### **the will**

a giant  
with a hundred eyes  
blindfolded rumour, gossip  
twenty more lovers  
incapable of constancy  
fools, clowns  
naked gamblers  
not worth having  
medieval theologians  
whose endlessly subtle  
arguments led to  
doubt his cleverness  
she claims to have  
not use for the things  
poet, lady and love  
himself

### **elegie: his picture**

a miniture portrait  
when I am dead  
the word "shadow"  
could be applied to ghosts  
and to an image  
coarse cloth made of hair  
blue gunpowder stains  
she will be not harmed  
by any of the changes  
the comparision is  
between milk for babies  
and meat for adults

### **the flea**

sexual intercourse  
was believed to be  
the mingling of blood  
over indulged  
the flea is seen here  
as a temple  
a deep glossy black  
murder and suicide  
the flea is now  
a holy place  
the lady argues  
the killing the flea  
the poets arguments  
no sins were committed  
she eventually yields  
to him

### **the good-morrow**

truly  
the suggestion is  
a more sophisticated  
and adult awareness  
the lovers are waking  
up in bed together  
true love removes  
the restless desire  
honest, undisguised  
her eye reflecting him  
and her eye reflecting her  
all bodies are constituted  
variant readings  
in the manuskripts  
the sense is:  
whatever dies or decays  
does so because of  
some lack of balance  
then there can be no  
death of love

While on holiday in Mexico last year, I found a National Geographic magazine discarded in a rented beach house in a little town called Sayulita. In an article entitled “The Cult of the Viable Essence” I read that sometime in the late 1960’s, after the post-war surge of Abstract Expressionism<sup>1</sup> the art critic Clement Greenberg<sup>2</sup> was rumoured to have taken a brief retreat to Colorado Springs at the base of the Rocky Mountains<sup>3</sup>. Here he became the high priest of the cult known as the Viable Essence<sup>4</sup>. Some say that he was testing theories of social conditions for making art, other accounts say he was researching a paper on ‘purification’.

It is thought that when Greenberg returned to New York, a small group of disciples continued his work. The story goes that, years later, while surveying for land on which to build a new military base, the US government stumbled across a number of paintings in the groups’ meeting house. Among the found works were copies of Morris Louis paintings with healing crystals<sup>5</sup> placed on top of them, as well as copies of Kenneth Noland’s target paintings with Native American dreamcatchers<sup>6</sup> attached to them<sup>7</sup>. It is thought that the artists of the Colorado Springs Cult of the Viable Essence sought to apply the properties of ‘new age’ tools such as healing crystals to revive the fading movement of Abstraction that was already giving way to the new Pop Art movement.

The article goes on to say that although no paintings were documented, the controversy continues to this day with some historians contesting the existence of these paintings and discrediting the claims of the few remaining followers who still explore Greenberg’s teaching and his search for the Viable Essence.

1 Until the 1940’s Europe was the main world art centre. After WWII, the CIA saw Abstract Expressionism as a fitting metaphor for cultural freedom and liberal thinking. In a covert operation known as the ‘long leash’ Abstract Expressionists artworks were promoted; major exhibitions being funded and used as a propaganda tool to help bring the centre of the art world to the United States. Greenberg, a member of the CIA fronted Committee for Cultural Freedom, had a large role in the promotion of the artists of this movement. In his 1955 essay ‘American-Type Painting’ he promotes Pollock, de Kooning, Hoffman, Newman and Still, speaking of the ‘flatness’ of the picture plane. It is understood that Greenberg was speaking of the actual physical qualities (or limitations) of paint, its ‘two-dimensionality’; to be true to its medium (‘medium-specificity’) paint should not be used to depict objects that are three-dimensional or create illusions of space. He believed that in the ‘flatness’ there was a purity that would allow for the true aspects of painting. “Greenberg always used the word ‘purity’ in quotes. “Greenberg spoke not of realising ‘purity’, but of a desire for purity” – In *Visible Touch: Modernism and Masculinity*. Terry E. Smith

2 Greenberg can sometimes be seen as a collaborator of artist’s works; he is known to have given studio visits stating the orientation of the canvas and collaborating in the artistic process. Morris Louis was one of the artists he influenced and even after Louis’ death Greenberg edited stripes and dimensions of his work.

3 Colorado Springs has a rich history; once a gold mining city, now its main industry is Defence, with the US military having both Army and Air Force bases there. There are high numbers of UFO sightings as well lightning strikes; the reason Nikola Tesla moved there from 1899-1900. Friends with Thomas Edison and Mark Twain, Serbian born Tesla was an eccentric, recluse and showman, who always did things in threes. Tesla was an inventor in the field of electromagnetism; x-rays, radio waves and a teleforce weapon the ‘Death-Ray’. Colorado Springs is also home to the Ute Indians since 1500 A.D. (who used the friction from quartz crystals in ceremonies to produce light). Colorado Springs has beautiful natural features such as Pikes Peak, Garden of the Gods, Seven Falls and Cave of the Winds. “The second-largest city is home to a bizarre amalgamation of evangelical Christians, military families and ultra-liberal college students (not to mention the hollowed-out mountain where the president would weather a nuclear strike).” *99 themed itineraries across America*. Lonely Planet.

4 The term “viable essence” was quoted by Greenberg in a Mark Rothko biography: “...a discarding of “expendable conventions”–e.g., figuration– in a quest to reduce painting “to its viable essence”.” *Mark Rothko: A Biography*. James E. B. Breslin.

5 Crystals are used for healing purposes where certain stones relate to certain ailments. For example the Amethyst crystal (meaning ‘not intoxicated’ in ancient Greek) was used to prevent the wearer from getting drunk. Today it is still believed to have purification qualities and is used to aid people with addictions.

6 A dreamcatcher is a Native American object of belief made up of a circle with a net woven within it and feathers hanging off it. According to the Ojibwa tribe, a dreamcatcher is able to catch a person’s dreams; the bad dreams get caught in its net and are obliterated in the light of day, and the good dreams are able to pass through the feathers to the sleeper.

7 Both Louis and Noland visited Helen Frankenthaler in her studio in 1953 where they saw her painting, *Mountains and Sea* (1952). They were influenced by Helen Frankenthaler (who, for a while, lived with Greenberg in New York, studied with Hans Hoffman, was influenced by Jackson Pollock and later married Robert Motherwell in 1957). Frankenthaler was a pioneer of the ‘stain painting technique’ where the paint is reduced to a watery fluid that soaks into the unprimed canvas, leaving not a skin of paint but a light wash of colour, complying with Greenberg’s theories of ‘medium specificity’ and ‘flatness’.

## Muscles That Spell Mussels from Brussels

for Marcel Broodthaers' "Le Moule"

A muscle which covers parts of your skull which consists of two parts or bellies which draws your scalp back which raises your eyebrows and wrinkles your forehead which shapes your face to spell em you ess ess e elle ess which dwell in polar waters which cling to pilings and rocks along the beach and swell and hide with the tide which is thick and frothy like the lining of a calf's stomach braised in rosemary cream and washed down with a sober, restrained Merlot

A muscle in your lip that encircles your mouth which is composed of four independent weaving waves which interlace to create the round O of your OH NO like a oval valve which pouts on all your brass instruments and your woodwinds which closes your mouth and puckers your lips when it contracts and which grows up to 20 centimeters and which is in the shape of a rabbit's foot and lives in freshwater near coves and caves which is hinged, thick, elongated rectangular with ridges and knobs along the outside which shapes your face to spell em you ess ess e elle ess which is briney and earthy like beefy marrow pan fired with the butter of yak's milk and washed down with a particularly peppery Pinot Noir

A muscle which sweeps upward and draws taut where your eye curves from your brow bone which nestles deep in your flesh which creates vertical wrinkles of the frown which expresses suffering and worry which is hard hinged and tinted like a bruise near the ribs in blues, purples, and browns which shapes your face to spell em you ess see elle e ess inside of a shell and lined with pearl-white with blue or milky borders which is gamey and stringy like an older wild partridge or goose cooked later in the autumn and washed down with a bright Rosé

A muscle which lines the part of your hair and runs down your temples which you feel when you contract your jaw and clench and unclench your teeth which retrudes and elevates your mandible which has a white shell lined like a silk purse plush with yellowed brown or olive innards which can grow up to 4 inches in length which lingers in clear running streams which shapes your face to spell em you ess see elle e ess which is shaped like a snuffbox which is meaty and sweet like a poached duck or mushroom in a wine sauce and washed down with a plummy Carménère

A muscle with retracts and depresses your tongue which articulates your tongue to your throat so it can wag and gaggle and talk which is neck deep which is medium sized and held in a triangular shell which is yellow in color and very thick which has solid and broken dark green stripes along the width of it like a hinged zebra covered in scales which shapes your face to spell em you ess ess e elle ess which swirls in fast moving rivers with cobble, sand or gravel and which buries itself deep within the sediment of the riverbed which is lean and salted like a dried squid fried in goose-fat and washed down with a tart but austere Chardonnay



*Crux Desperationis*



