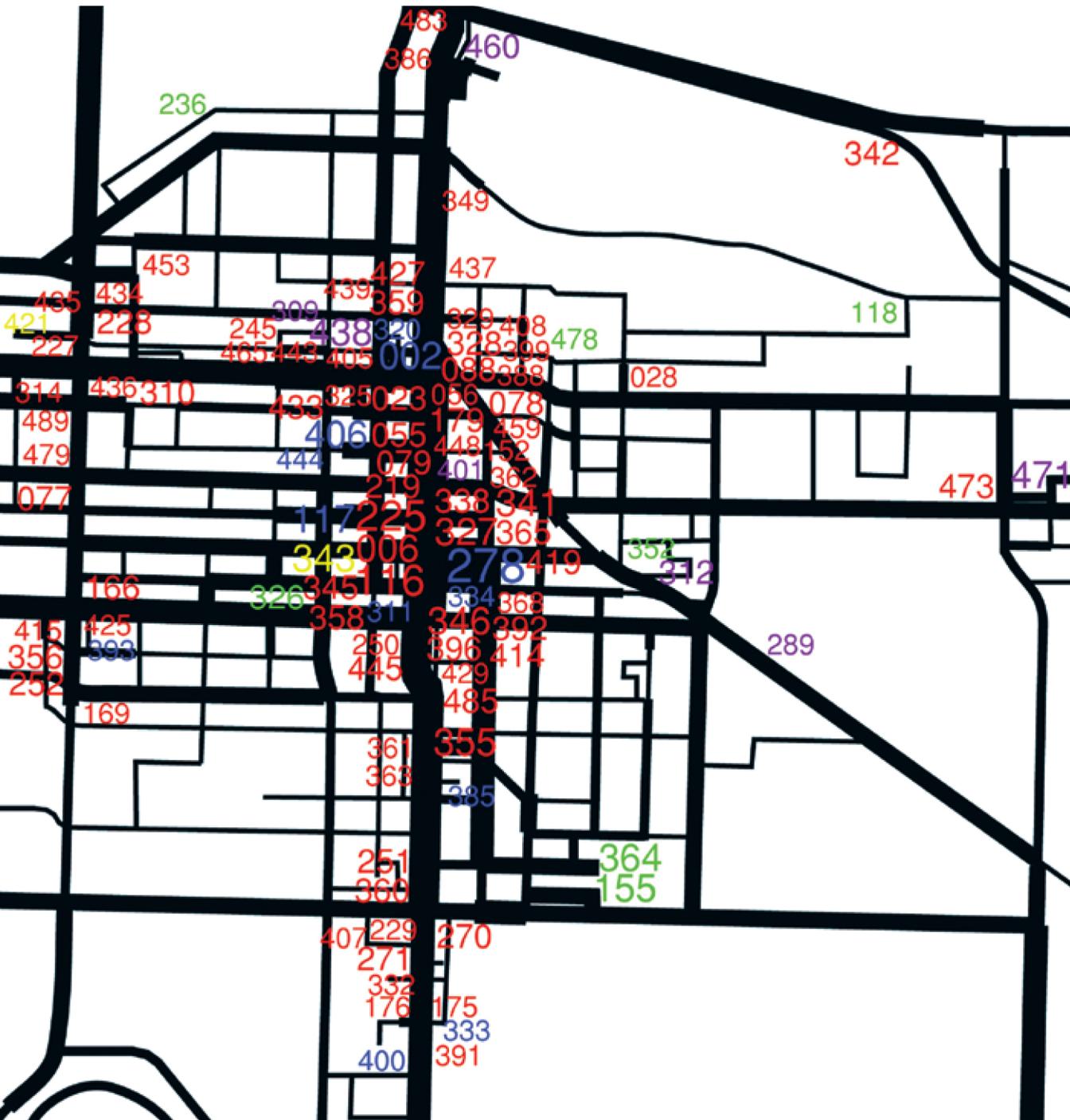


TCR

THE CAPILANO REVIEW



LESS IS MORE: The Poetics of Erasure

The Capilano Review | SFU Gallery

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ARIANA KELLY & BILL JEFFRIES	6	An Introduction to Less is More...
CLINT BURNHAM	12	The Dialectics of Erasure
TOM PHILLIPS	25	from <i>A Humument</i>
JAMIE HILDER	29	from <i>Paths and Places</i>
JAMES ARTHUR	33	Diatribes
JEN BERVIN	37	from <i>Nets</i>
KRISTIN LUCAS	41	from <i>Letter to Shareholder series</i>
MONICA AASPRONG	45	from <i>Soldiers' Market 2005-2008</i>
ANDREA ACTIS	53	Description of a Struggle
DEREK BEAULIEU	57	local colour
REBECCA BROWN	61	from <i>The Mortal S</i>
LOUIS CABRI	65	26-Tone Technique: An Adventure of Whitman's Line (2005)
SARAH DOWLING	69	from <i>Keepness</i>
OANA AVASILICHIOAEI	73	Gallerypark
STEPHEN COLLIS	77	from <i>365 Sonnets I Destroyed</i>
MICHAEL MARANDA/PARASITIC VENTURES PRESS	81	from <i>Wittgenstein's Corrections</i>

a.rawlings	85	from <i>The Owls of North</i>
MARY RUEFLE	89	Erasures
JENNIFER BORGES FOSTER	93	from <i>The Life</i>
ERÍN MOURE	98	^U ERAS/RE
AARON VIDAVER	100	Two Pages from <i>Severed Public Documents Pertaining to the Neutralization of the Woodward's Squat (2002)</i>
NICK THURSTON	102	Erased LeWitt Sentences
SUSAN SCHUPPLI	105	from <i>Stretch</i>
KRISTINA LEE PODESVA	109	redaction suite blackout
ALEXANDRA DIPPLE	110	All the Dots
NOTES & STATEMENTS	113	
CONTRIBUTORS	131	

TCR cover: JAMIE HILDER
 Paths and Places [Vancouver 6, detail]

SFU Gallery catalogue cover:
 front – TOM PHILLIPS
 back – MARY RUEFLE

Limited Edition loose-leaf Erratum
 insert by NICK THURSTON

ARIANA KELLY & BILL JEFFRIES / An Introduction to *Less is More...*

The exhibition *Less is More: The Poetics of Erasure* and the issue of *The Capilano Review* published on the occasion of the show, emerged from three or four sources. Back in 2006, at the time when the SFU Gallery was already considering an exhibition organized around Tom Phillips's erasure project *A Humument*, erasure practice in both Vancouver and Seattle was expanding to the point where it seemed more interesting to explore these local practices along with what Phillips had done. Then, while considering an expanded show, several key parts of Kristin Lucas's exhibition *IF lost THEN found* at the OR Gallery in late 2006 served as another reminder that artists were erasing almost as frequently as poets. These catalysts suggested that the time was right to introduce erasure to a wider audience through an exhibition and a book. *The Less is More...* project stakes out a claim for erasure methodologies as an apposite cultural critique at the current political and ecological juncture. Erasure exists in a wide range of forms and it is the purpose of this publication, and the exhibition on which it is based, to explore some of the modes of creative removal undertaken by poets, writers, and artists living and working in the age of information overload.

There were erasure projects before Tom Phillips first embarked on his treatments of the book *A Human Document* in 1966. If erasure didn't actually begin with Mallarmé, Alain Robbe-Grillet's cathartic 1953 novel *The Erasers* (*Les Gommages*) set some of the tone for the nascent movement. The same year in the US saw Robert Rauschenberg's infamous *Erased de Kooning*. Roland Barthes' 1964 essay on time and memory, "Cayrol and Erasure," states that "the narrator does not try to rub out what exists, to invoke oblivion of what has been, but quite the contrary, to repaint the void of time with bright colours, to paper the holes in his memory with an invented memory" (188).

Those precursors notwithstanding, Tom Phillips's *A Humument* is generally credited with marking out erasure as both a territory and a practice. The history of Phillips's project is available on his website and is summarized by Bill Hurrell in this book. *A Humument*—miniature in size but monumental in scope—was begun in 1966 and has continued through several iterations, selling to date 15,000 copies of what is essentially an artist's book. It was published initially by Hansjorg Meyer in 1970 and

since 1980 by Thames & Hudson. The 2005 version of the project is shown in its entirety in the *Less is More: The Poetics of Erasure* exhibition at the SFU Gallery. The poems Phillips creates on the pages of W.H. Mallock's 1892 novel *A Human Document* occupy word-cells, alimentary word-rivers, or mitochondria-units emerging from fields of paint. Often reacting to the Victorian text from which they have been "salvaged," the results can be funny and beautiful, surprisingly poignant, or simply mysterious.

In *A Humument*, we see erasure simultaneously combining subtractive and additive processes that reveal this now famous, once obscure, Victorian novel. The additive elements, Phillips's paintings, often explode off the page in a burst of graphic exploration that expands into a massive 368-piece "solo exhibition" that requires hours to view and read. Phillips's process allows him something very similar to the opera composer's score created in reaction to the text inherited from the librettist. Each page becomes a painting and each page may, or may not, react to the largely obliterated text content that forms the support for these paintings. Some erasure practitioners have realized that the obliteration—the loss of the original text—is a true loss, so books, including parts of *A Humument*, are now created with the erased text revealed either as a facing page, or as a ghosted text floating behind the main text, as in James Arthur's pieces in this exhibition.

As Phillips says in his afternotes to *A Humument*, the project began life "as idle play at the fringe of my work and preoccupations" (371) and then occupied him for forty-two years, and counting. There is an Oulipian quality to this project, deriving mainly from the various constraints and rules that Phillips has imposed on himself: the source book had to be for sale for three pence or less; almost no extraneous material could be imported (a rule that has been broken), but elements from other parts of the book were fair game. His methodology devotes vast amounts of time to selecting the text on any given page—up to a year—during which he considers many variants. The result is a single-handed expansion of painting into a contemporary version of Medieval manuscript illumination.

Ever since Steve McCaffery's *Carnival* in the late 1960s, Canadian texts have been probing states of formal dissolution, and hence, greater discoveries regarding the syntactic possibilities of words on a page. One prong of the history of Canadian experimental literature can be pictured as a sequential errata exercise with more than one detour. Louis Cabri's Oulipian methodology, for example, results in texts resembling

a form of proto-English, like an extinct, unknown Celtic language variant that can be deciphered, like a text message, back into modern English, if the procedural rule is known to the reader. The birds of the woods appear more than once in these projects, specifically the northern woods in Angela Rawlings's Schubertian owl stories with their referent-free definite articles, the missing words having been "profiled" prior to being expunged. Erin Moure's word clusters, linked by thread and separated, as she says, by sutures and wounds, with borrowed words floating above the text-like kites, are reminders of the sewn nature of language, especially at places where language poetry and erasure overlap. It is not only words that can be erased, as witnessed in Jamie Hilder's erased maps of his walks, in which only his routes remain—a reduction of a universal finding aid to a personal record.

Additive processes are at work in Oana Avasilichioaei's application of the same vinyl lettering used in museum signage to create a site-specific erased text. Addition can be formal as well as semantic. Derek Beaulieu's erasure of all words except those naming colours and the substitution of colours for words is akin to using erasure techniques to mathematically create a Larry Poons-like painting. Yet another variant is Steve Collis's sonnet writing—one a day for 365 days, each one destroyed by obliteration. Sarah Dowling and Susan Schuppli both mine the news for erased stories, whether it be Canadian murders or Richard Nixon's audio tape gaps.

Erasure is not to be taken lightly, but it usually brings lightness to the seriousness of cultural production. For word people, the words take precedence, for some visual art people, the picture that emerges from the act of removal counts as much as the resulting new text. The philosophical implications are complex, if only because there are so many ways to erase. Michael Maranda's Parasitic Ventures Press, now based in Toronto, is one Canadian project that expands the scope of erasure into publishing. His piece in the show, *Wittgenstein's Corrections*, is a 128 page book project premised on a Wittgenstein manuscript, with each page reproduced as a facsimile, the text removed, leaving only corrections and notations. His press has published, for instance, a book titled *Four Per Cent of Moby Dick*. Others undertake their removals in ways that mine visual art practices more directly. Kristina Lee Podesva and Aaron Vidaver both look closely at the form that freedom of information requests and the ways that those freedoms often result in no conventional information at all, just black out, which means, in another context, loss of consciousness.

Erasure has had a public presence in Seattle since Wave Books, an independent

poetry press, opened in 2005. Co-edited by Joshua Beckman and Matthew Zapruder, Wave uses its website to invite people to erase texts such as *The Khaki Boys Over the Top Doing and Daring for Uncle Sam* by Gordon Bates or *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl* by Harriet Jacobs. They post the results, so you can, for instance, read 100 erasure variants on a text from Moby Dick, or twenty other source texts. This makes the erasing process very public in Seattle, and part of a potentially very large shared community in which the multiple erasures of the same text echo Marcel Duchamp's claim early in the twentieth century that art is a series of choices. Have five people erase the same page from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and you will have five radically different outcomes. Erasure has flourished in Seattle as an opportunity for collaboration—between author and text, author and author, words and space. It has also challenged traditional notions of authorship, persuasively suggesting that all writing is a form of erasure. In the collaborative spirit of, for example, the open source computer software project, erasure suggests a participatory and communal practice as much available to those who don't identify as poets and artists as to those who do. Also, Seattle poets have gone off on erasure weekends, erasing all day and comparing results at night.

Echoing Tom Phillips's project, Jennifer Borges Foster's treatment of the 1894 novel *A Young Girl's Wooing* by E.P. Roe, creates a new piece of art and rescues an older text from oblivion. Vermont-based poet Mary Ruefle has been steadily engaged in the practice of erasure. In April of 2006, she concluded her performance for the Seattle Arts and Lectures series by reading her latest book *A Little White Shadow*. "I can do this," she said, "because it will only take me about three minutes." *A Little White Shadow*, published by Wave Books, erases ninety-nine percent of a largely unknown Victorian book, initially published in 1889 "for the Benefit of a Summer Home for Working Girls." While some erasure artists choose to emphasize the visual element of their work by including pictures and coloured paper, making it closer to collage—Ruefle's work is relatively austere, relying on text and white paint, buff-out, paper, ink, pencil, gouache, carbon, and marker, drawing attention to how white space indicates both presence and emptiness, Wallace Stevens's the "Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is."

Erasure artists are less prophets than they are gleaners, salvaging the treasures from the wreck, dumpster-diving for objects containing value. In an age in which universal and constant access to information threatens to make information so much

white noise, erasure provides a way to find what we need, to glean bits of understanding from a world in which nature's erasures—rising sea levels, rolling blackouts—threaten to eradicate all distinctions.

Pauses or blanks on the page are nowhere more disconcerting than on blacked-out government documents. These may prevent information from seeing the light of day, but as is the case with any withholding of information, the concealment adds to the compelling quality of the remaining text. The more that is missing, the more we want to know. Paradoxically, only since “freedom of information” legislation has been introduced have so many blacked out documents been released. On the surface, this says that “more is less”—more access to information actually yields less information.

Government texts often become a measure of bureaucratic bungling when received as a result of freedom of information requests. Bureaucratic fear, combined with legal advice, end in virtually complete eradications of the information sought. Aaron Vidaver has seen this happen with his FOI requests to the City of Vancouver that resulted in the return of *completely* whited-out documents, containing no words, yet still stamped “confidential.” In one of her works, Alex Dipple has deleted everything but the dots and periods from the U.K.'s Freedom of Information Act, thereby condensing it into a claustrophobic score of deep breaths.

“Less is more” is probably not the most important message that practitioners of erasure wish to send their readers, but it is the aspect of erasure that resonates with the global environmental crisis. The proliferation of texts and words offers an informational parallel to one of the key effects of eutrophication: the extinction of all organisms that cannot survive in the oxygen-reduced environment that the process creates, normally in a pond. On the upside, ecologies that are fully diversified are those that are assumed to be the healthiest. Erasure breathes semantic oxygen into the increasingly eutrophied text-pond by adding unexpected forms of diversity; it thus opens up areas of practice that will catalyze further experimentation.

In some ways, erasure is a young area of practice, in others, especially phenomenologically, it goes back for several billion years at least. Cosmological erasure methods are the ancient ground from which contemporary procedures may draw their legitimacy, in case anyone feels a need for legitimation. The word erase appears in many places, and may be more ubiquitous than we know, for instance, in financial reports when billions are “erased” from the value of the Toronto Stock exchange. The cultural or poetical resonance with what is a universal procedure of change and evolu-

tion, is not just a procedural means to effect something new in an existing art form, it relates to the historical notion of editing, to any method of bringing greater focus to any project. Its resonance with source material relies not only on something being “less,” but on a substitution of one set of meanings with another, in a context of making do with less. Tom Phillips’s term for his painting on the page of a novel is “treatment”—existing artifacts are being “treated.” Whether they deserve such treatment has to be beside the point—what does matter is that this mysteriously simple process creates cultural territory that didn’t previously exist, even though it was “there.”

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CLINT BURNHAM / The Dialectics of Erasure

In this essay I trace examples and practices of erasure in a wide variety of cultural artefacts: from book covers and a t-shirt and computer graphics to police emails and contemporary poetry and visual art. In looking at these instances, and with a little theorizing via post-structuralism and psychoanalysis, I make four related claims. First, that erasure as a gesture or practice is reified, readable, *legible*: ironically, that is, the practice of erasing or deleting or censoring results in a readable text. Second, that the meaning of erasure is *contingent*: it is both a matter of censorship and of poetic revision. Third, that erasure is *productive*: the gesture or its representation or trace produces meaning (this claim is related to the first). Finally, that the politics of erasure are *unpredictable*: cannot be determined in advance (again, this claim is related to the second). With the first and third claims, then, I am interested in how the examples I examine all assume the audience's (or reader's or viewer's or user's) familiarity with censorship, or erasure. That is, the gesture is not so much presented as a radical gesture but assumed as the terrain upon which meaning can be constructed. Erasure is commodified, reified: *been there, erased that*. And with the second and fourth claims, the very indeterminacy of any given politics of erasure means—or it may seem to mean—that context is therefore key. Put crudely, erasing is good if a poet does it, bad if a policeman does it. But we will see, I hope, how these certainties will be troubled a little in what follows.

So let us begin by thinking about erasure in a banal or quotidian fashion, by looking at book and clothing design. In two book designs of the past decade—one from 2001, the other from this year (2008), we have the erasure or deletion of text represented on the books' covers, as a way of graphically signaling the respective books' themes. Stan Persky and John Dixon's 2001 study *On Kiddie Porn: Sexual Representation, Free Speech & the Robin Sharpe Case* presents on its cover (designed by Vancouver's Judith Steedman), a two column excerpt from the book's introduction. The text is in two columns to emulate a newspaper or legal document; various phrases are blotted out as if with a felt marker. The message is fairly unambiguous: the authors are concerned with censorship and its impact on civil liberties, and thus the cover "telegraphs" that concern by pretending to censor their very text. Of course, this is a simulation in all its Baudrillardian sense: for not only is the text (Persky

STAN PERSKY AND JOHN DIXON

ON

KIDDIE PORN

Sexual Representation, Free Speech
& the Robin Sharpe Case

In this book we study the making of [REDACTED] and analyze the court decision arising from Robin Sharpe's constitutional challenge to [REDACTED] such an examination inescapably raises a remarkable number of issues, from the nature of justice and democracy to popular attitudes towards children and young people.

Our use of the colloquial term [REDACTED] in our title is not meant to suggest either flippancy or a disregard for the serious issues raised by [REDACTED] but to signal that the debate about the law occurs in a wider context of politics and culture which must be taken into account in any effort to understand the law's meaning.

Indeed, the very notion of what constitutes [REDACTED] at issue, hence the use of the term "sexual representation" in our subtitle. You might think [REDACTED] [REDACTED] it's not. Though a phrase like "sexual representations of children" seems to encompass the concept of

child porn, it turns out that most of the elements of such a definition, as they appear in the Canadian child pornography law, [REDACTED]

When we talk about child pornography, do we mean strictly photographic [REDACTED] should we include [REDACTED] and even written material — products of the imagination involving no use of actual children? Should [REDACTED] by such a definition be limited to "explicit sex" or do we also intend [REDACTED] graphs or written advocacy and fictional accounts [REDACTED] th young people? Whom are we referring to when we use the word "children"? Eight-year-olds? Sixteen-year-olds? Twenty-year-olds? All of these questions are part of a debate that is further complicated by a political and social dimension in which various ideological views are in conflict.

As our examination of the issues makes clear, we view sexual assaults on children — as do practically all Canadians — [REDACTED]

and Dixon's introduction, from which the cover copy is drawn) *not* censored—that is, you can read the actual text on pages ix and x of *On Kiddie Porn* and not only are the deleted words themselves innocuous, but the book's cover text itself erases, or deletes, or censors the very message it carries over from the introduction. That is, the cover reads, under the title, "In this book we study the making of . . ." followed by the first two swipes of heavy marker, which obliterate "Canada's 1993 child pornography law and" (actually, part of the "n" and the "d" of "and" are readable on the cover). But the introduction reads: "In *On Kiddie Porn* we study the making of Canada's 1993 child pornography law and . . ." (ix). The design, that is, censors or erases the book's title, *On Kiddie Porn*, and replaces it with "this book." Most likely this was done to avoid repeating that title on the cover, the title being displayed immediately above the "censored" excerpt from the book's introduction.

Well, so what, you might well ask. The point of the cover is to signal graphically to potential readers and consumers what the book discusses, and how better to do it than with such unambiguous signs? But I think that the cover design unwittingly points to a weak link in the logic of *Kiddie Porn*'s argument. That is, censorship, or erasure, or the deleting of texts, images (here the text is an image), and so on, is a much more prevalent practice than that imagined in Persky and Dixon's discourse: it is not only heavy-handed police and government agencies that censor, but, indeed, artists and designers and writers and readers. This may not be convincing: but hold onto this thought, this widening of the net of who erases or censors or deletes: I'll come back to it.¹ (It may even be that the authors are not concerned with censorship at all: the book, which alternates between breathless accounts of policy formation and more philosophical notions of scapegoating, the variable nature of childhood, and the relation of privacy to democracy, concludes by acknowledging that "it cannot be sensibly said that the child porn possession law, as finally edited and augmented by the chief justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, poses a spectacular threat of widening state censorship" [214].)

A more recent book cover, that of Margaret MacMillan's *The Uses and Abuses of History*, works a similar trope. Here the book's title is presented as if typed (both covers rely on representations of pre-contemporary technology), amid lines that have been x'ed out; the title and the author's name are also highlighted—the title in yellow, the author in pink. The suggestion here, then, is to connect the abuse of history to its excision, to its erasure. Again, there is a certain metaphoric slippage at work: x-ing

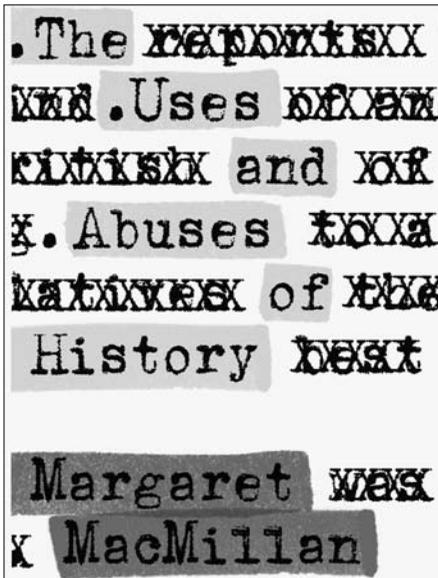
out typescript was a process usually done (this is a history lesson for those of us who did not work on typewriters, those born after 1975 or 1980, perhaps) by the author: you realized you'd typed the wrong word or spelled it incorrectly, and you backspaced to x it out. If MacMillan's book argues that history is abused when distorted by malign leaders, the cover art (by Toronto shop KerrinHands.com) suggests that even as history is being written it is being changed, erased, distorted, deleted. In this case, the book cover may reflect a more Benjaminian or Freudian notion of history (always

in the process of being re-written) as opposed to MacMillan's more stable concept.

MacMillan argues in her book that, along with national leaders who seek to rewrite history (from Stalin and Mao to George Bush) and minority groups who seek undue recompense (from those interned during the world wars to First Nations peoples), another group guilty of the "uses and abuses" of history are historians themselves, particularly those too inclined to theory, jargon, and asking "questions about how we, the professional historians, create the past" (35). There is a good reason for MacMillan's skepticism toward theorizing history, since for her "there is an irreducible core to the story of the past and that

is: What happened and in what order?" (38). But even here, of course, MacMillan has shaped that "core": as literary critic J. Hillis Miller argues, "We tend to assume that historical events occurred as a concatenated sequence that can be retold now as a story of some kind Narrative will tell the truth about history" (12-13). The *order* of events in history is important to MacMillan because this suggests causality: but this very belief would be, for Miller, the weakness in MacMillan's book.

Asking questions about narrative, about history as a narrative, for MacMillan may constitute an abuse of history. But perhaps, as some philosophers have argued, *abusing* history, or erasing history, may be an unavoidable necessity. Referring to Nietzsche, Miller writes that "the past must be forgotten as objective narratable knowledge in order not so much to be remembered as to be repeated in vigorous



inaugural present action that gives birth to the future” (27). It is this myth or metaphysics of “objective narratable knowledge”—or MacMillan’s “irreducible core”—that Nietzsche targets in “On the Uses and Disadvantages of History for Life.” Thus “Forgetting is essential to action of any kind,” and “*there is a degree of sleeplessness, or fulmination, of the historical sense, which is harmful and ultimately fatal to the living thing, whether this living thing be a man or a people or a culture*” (62, emphasis Nietzsche’s). Unlike MacMillan’s easy dichotomy of “uses” and “abuses,” Nietzsche argues that “*the unhistorical and the historical are necessary in equal measure for the health of an individual, of a people and of a culture*” (63), and in favour of “the art and power of forgetting and of enclosing oneself within a bounded horizon” (120).

Nietzsche’s critique of the fetish of objective knowledge finds validation—or exemplification—in my third design example, which is from a genre even more culturally-humble than the book cover: a t-shirt. Purchased at an L.A. gallery, a black t-shirt of mine (designed by Dutch studio Experimental Jetset) lists three bands with the word “black” in their names: Big Black (a punk band from Chicago), Black Sabbath (the British heavy metal band), and Black Flag (a punk band from L.A.). But in each case, the word “black” is represented by a *white* strip: again, suggesting erasure or deletion. Here the design works on viewers being able to guess the missing words, working from the best-known “Sabbath,” to the less-well-known but still fairly familiar “Flag,” then sometimes (and, in my experience, sometimes not) “Big.” But the play of chromatic and racial codes here (is the t-shirt *white washing* these band names?) discour-



aged me from wearing the shirt right after I bought it, when I was staying in South Los Angeles and Oakland, that is, in fairly black neighbourhoods. Too, the erasure or absence here denotes a *stable* signifier, indeed the same one: different work is going on here than in the MacMillan and Persky/Dixon covers. That is, as Nietzsche argues, here it is the *forgetting* of the band’s names, of their blackness if you will, that makes

the t-shirt design possible; too, the very erasure, at least in my case, made me uncomfortably aware of my whiteness. Indeed, arguably what the t-shirt's erasure did was to make me aware of the sudden *non*-transparency of my whiteness.²

But what this foray into design critique is mostly meant to suggest, however, is how pervasive are notions of erasure: so pervasive, that book and t-shirt designers can count on people to understand both its denotative and connotative values. And so, in all three cases, the designs “work” if the viewer or audience or reader understand that the codes represent erasure (deletion, etc.) *and* (in at least the two book covers' instances) that it is regrettable. This is Nietzsche's point: it is the forgetting that produces knowledge, to which we can add that the forgetting must be legible.

I said above that “artists and designers and writers and readers” are always erasing and deleting and censoring. By this assertion I certainly did not mean that there is no difference who does the erasing or deleting, that we censor ourselves, so how different is it if the government or a corporation does it? This way lies postmodern relativism, which takes no account of the different power valences at work. For example, in the summer of 2008, a CBC freedom of information inquiry unearthed RCMP emails in which senior officers discussed the media implications of the death of Robert Dziekanski. (Dziekanski, a Polish visitor to Canada, was killed with a Taser by Mounties at the Vancouver International Airport on Oct. 14, 2007.) Throughout the six pages of emails, various lines or paragraphs (and perhaps an image) are deleted: all but one are simply left blank or white on the page.

But state censorship does not mean that the practice is necessarily tainted. That is, we can think of erasure as a matter of form, of, as I will show in a minute, poetic practice. And then we can ask: how much is erasure a part of creation? How much is deleting part of writing? How much is censorship part of creativity?

Consider Allen Ginsberg's poem “Howl,” and the variation in the text and its drafts and performances. One well-known line reads, in the final (1986) state, “with mother finally *****, and the last fantastic book flung out of the tenement window...” (Ginsberg 2006, p. 6, l. 71). The line first makes its appearance in the second draft of the poem (Ginsberg 2006, p. 27) as “with ~~his~~ mother finally fucked”; in the third draft (Ginsberg 2006, p. 31) as “with mother finally fucked”; in the fourth and fifth drafts (Ginsberg 2006, pp. 42, 53) as “with mother finally ***”; in the final, printed version the three asterisks are expanded to six. And at least two variations (documented variations) exist of how Ginsberg performs the line: in a 1995 Knitting

Factory performance in New York, captured on a 2004 CD, Ginsberg impishly reads the line as “with mother finally asterisked”! Another recording, archived as a Youtube video, has Ginsberg reading “with mother finally fucked.” The mind reels at the variables here: readers of the final text will not unreasonably assume that the word has been censored by the publisher: but of course the asterisks are merely the simulacra of an erasure, of a censorship (indeed, the drafts of the poem show the revision process that was heavily at work in Ginsberg’s writing of the poem—the first section has five drafts, the second part has an incredible 18 versions!). Or, to be less Baudrillardian and more Freudian, at some point Ginsberg wanted both to excise the heavy “fucked” *and* to mark that erasure: to which we might add that this then becomes a Derridean mark, the “under erasure” that indicates the word is still there (as it survives in Ginsberg’s performance) *and* deleted.

This doubling then, this palimpsest of presence and absence, is also at work in contemporary personal computers and the various GUIs (graphical user-interfaces) that have replaced DOS-based text interfaces since the 1990s. When a person using a PC or Mac wishes to delete or erase a file, a complex process takes place. If we think of the file as taking up certain parts of the computer’s memory, the computer finds that file through a metaphorical table of contents—in this case, for active files. When a file is deleted (when its icon, in a Mac system, is dragged to the recycle bin), its entry in the table of contents shifts from the active files table of contents to the recycle bin table of contents. The actual space on the hard drive where the file’s contents are located—the images, texts, music, data—is not touched.

Which is to say, then, that what results in the computer processes is not so much an erasure—or not only an erasure—but the production of a gap, a discontinuity in the hard drive’s metaphorical table of contents. For the classical post-structuralist argument of Foucault, this gap in the archive (in this case, the archive of a computer’s hard drive memory) is constitutive of our subjectivity. As Foucault argues in *The Archeology of Knowledge*, “the gap between our own discursive practices . . . deprives us of our continuities . . . dissipates that temporal identity in which we are pleased to look at ourselves when we wish to exorcise the discontinuities of history” (131).³ Erasure, then, or the production of gaps, is where we are actually located. This makes sense of Ginsberg’s variable texts: what is most productive in that textual history is the gap between the erasures and the “original” word: the variable asterisks (which are analogous to the xes in the MacMillan cover) produce a subjectivity.

These different ideas of erasure can also be further expanded if we think about the simulacral nature of the examples so far: in all cases (with the exception of the RCMP emails), the erasures or deletions were only the pretence of same. The text erased on the cover of *Kiddie Porn* was legible in its introduction. The x'ed out words on the cover of *The Uses and Abuses of History* were not germane to the book's title and served to frame the (highlighted) title itself. Too, the work of the t-shirt erasures was to suggest to the viewer the missing word in all three bands' names. Finally, Ginsberg's mischievous variation of the asterisks and the word in the publications and performances of *Howl* means that the asterisks were not so much a trace of an erasure as their own sign.⁴

So these first two ways of thinking about erasure: readable, not necessarily censorship, can be then supplemented with some new, yet untheorized, examples from contemporary art and poetry. In the summer of 2008, in a group show on minimalism at Vancouver's Western Front gallery, Ron Tran exhibited his apartment door.⁵ That is, the artwork consisted of removing the front door from his apartment and relocating it to the exhibition space. The *presence* of the door in the gallery signified its *absence* from Tran's apartment: the artwork also consisted, in a Relational Aesthetics fashion, of the social relations that Tran had to construct, anew, in his apartment (sleeping knowing that anyone could come in, etc.). But in terms of the loss/lack dialectic, surely what Tran's work meant in some ways had to do with how much we fetishize our "doors," both conceptual and material (i.e. body language, like crossed arms, that signifies to others "keep away"; listening to an iPod to maintain privacy on public transit). What erasure does is to illustrate how contingent, and indeed fragile, are these objects in which we invest so much meaning.

Think, in this regard, of a recent work by another Vancouver artist, Kevin Schmidt's "Wild Signals." Recently exhibited at the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery at the University of British Columbia, the work is a film of a concert in the Yukon, a concert complete with dry ice generators, coloured lights, and large, stadium-sized speakers belting out Schmidt's doom-metal version of the theme track to *Close Encounters of a Third Kind*.⁶ The concert film shows everything but a performer: Schmidt himself is the void at the centre of the process, reminding us of how manufactured, and, perhaps, human-less, is much contemporary music, if not culture in general. In both Tran's and Schmidt's art, then, and like the Foucauldian reading of computer interfaces above, the void or gap or erasure at the centre of the work is

tremendously productive.

These concrete, or material, examples of erasure or absence or the void then allow us to turn to another way of theorizing erasure. That is—and here I draw on both Giorgio Agamben and Slavoj Žižek—that is, erasure means both the absence of the object *and* its presence. All erasure is productive, all removal or censorship is *constitutive* of texts, all erasure, that is, is its own simulation: the book covers and other detritus of pop culture discussed at the start of this essay are not merely contingent or local examples: in their very spectrality, in the way that they flirt with and put on and perform erasure, they are absolutely typical. Both Žižek and Agamben conceptualize these issues in their writings on Freud’s dyad of mourning and melancholy. In *Did Somebody Say Totalitarianism?* Žižek argues that the melancholic is “the subject who *possesses* the object, but has lost his desire for it” (148), and that objects in reality are “structured around . . . a void” that must be covered up by some lost object of desire—Lacan’s *objet petit a* (149). This *objet petit a* then is the fantasy of the unerased text, the uncensored dream, the complete artwork. Agamben covers the same territory in his book *Stanzas*:

[I]n melancholia the object is neither appropriated nor lost, but both possessed and lost at the same time. And as the fetish is at once the sign of something and its absence, and owes to this contradiction its own phantomatic status, so the object of the melancholic project is at once real and unreal, incorporated and lost, affirmed and denied. (21)

Ron Tran’s door, the musician that we never see in Kevin Schmidt’s video: these stand in for the *objet petit a*, the object that structures our desire. If only I could see that musician, if only the door was back in the apartment, then there would be a whole: if only the erasure had never taken place.

It is really this oscillation between “real and unreal, incorporated and lost, affirmed and denied” that makes me think of Žižek’s and Agamben’s theories of melancholy in connection with the concept of erasure, for the play of presence and absence that erasure itself necessitates. A text must be present before it can be erased. Or must it? To think about this, and to conclude I want to return to the examples of the RCMP emails and Ginsberg’s *Howl*. In part, those dramatically different uses of erasure demonstrate the unpredictability of poetic form: erasure is not guaranteed to

be either subversive or reactionary. That is to say that erasure as gesture or form can only derive a political resonance when it is in practice, be it textually, materially, or in terms of the image. But the gaps in both cases can lead to interesting readings. In the first RCMP email, we read:

When I arrived home tonight, there was a Langley Det car and two young members next door.

It sure made me very proud.
Not likely to see that one in the G and M in the morning, or anywhere else for that matter.

Now, this has all the truncated pathos of a Kevin Davies poem:⁷ the macho cop-speak which approaches unreadability (“Langley Det car”), the mixture of the domestic and work, and, of course, the self-fulfilling prophecy that whatever it was that made the Mountie proud, one is not likely to see it in the *Globe and Mail*, “or anywhere else for that matter,” not least because it was blanked out from the email. Which is to say that the gap or void here is productive. Arguably, that is, this text is no less “poetic,” in an avant-garde sense, than the various iterations of Ginsberg’s line from *Howl*. Consider, too, a recent appropriation/erasure of *Howl*: Colin Smith’s “Hoot”, in which Ginsberg’s lines become “with mother ah and” (31). Smith joins the first two words of Ginsberg’s line to the beginning of the next (“ah, Carl, while you are not safe I am not safe, and...”), an appropriation that nonetheless contains echoes not only of Ginsberg’s line but its vacillation.

So, where are we? Erasure is not only a readable sign—one that book and t-shirt designers can count on being legible—but also a productive one. Erasure produces meaning—or, if that is not user-friendly enough a formulation in our post-reader-response age, erasure in its very void, in its very commodification of absence, produces the conditions for the production of meaning. Too, erasure is not simply a matter of censorship, of the heavy felt marker of the Law: it is also a poetic or artistic technique, a creative practice. Which then means that the politics of erasure cannot be determined ahead of time. What does erasure do? It removes something. What does it leave behind? Something else.

Endnotes

- ¹ A similar representation of censorship, although in this case actual, is to be found in Frank Davey's 1994 "true crime" book *Karla's Web*. Looking at the Mahaffy-French murders committed by Karla Homolka and Paul Bernardo, the book was published during the trial and, due to press bans (which Davey supported), featured lines and entire paragraphs that were blacked-out in the printed text.
- ² The t-shirt is also available in white fabric with black lettering: in this case, the signifier "Black" is represented by its erasure, by the block of blackness—a void.
- ³ I am grateful to Kim Minkus for the Foucault reference.
- ⁴ There are more examples of such simulated erasures in popular culture. A July 24, 2008 *Doonesbury* cartoon sought to reproduce George Carlin's famous "Seven Dirty Words" (Carlin had just passed away on June 22, 2008) with the obscenities blacked out. Comedians Jack Paar (in the 1960s) and Jimmy Kimmell (in the 90s and present decade) have routines in which inoffensive words are bleeped out. Thanks to Greg Burnham for these examples and for the explanation of computer file deletion above. Readers who were sentient in the early 1970s may remember, apropos of the Watergate tapes, the brief popularity of exclaiming "expletive deleted!" as a mock profanity.
- ⁵ Please see my brief review; an interview with Tran is forthcoming in the Vancouver art magazine *Pyramid Power*.
- ⁶ See, again, my review of the exhibition in which Schmidt's work appeared, *Exponential Future*, in *Camera Austria*.
- ⁷ I am thinking in particular of Davies' 1992 book *Pause Button* and its use of square brackets to indicate absences in the text (or, at the very least, to *simulate* absence).

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TOM PHILLIPS / from A Humument

... come—we have seen
... I was tender of the
... for the sake of a worthless woman
... that was the best to you

Her man now had a tender
in the earlier days of
to his. It was
over it. Poetry

pay
day
of happiness; and
love

"Tickets ready—

Liverpool
and
expectancy,

glimmering

Suffolk shores
of yesterday,
receding,

Greenville looked at her with the shy air of a man who honestly hates being the hero of his own conversation—but Lady Ashford was so sure and so insistent that she had more extended from him the information she asked for.

"Well," she said, when he had finished, "and so it all came to this—the world, when first you entered it, was one divided for you by two circumstances, love and religion, who entered it with you, and filled it with subjects of meditation, which—"

as years went on,

you began to

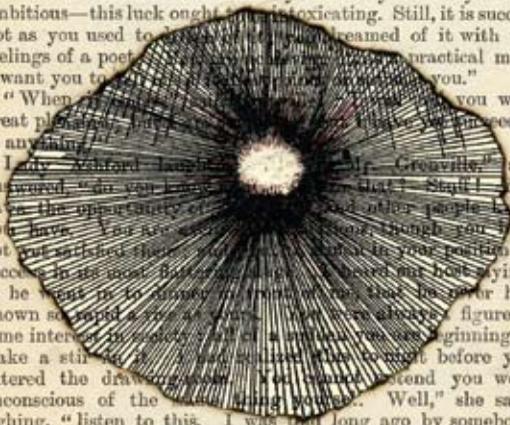
fail

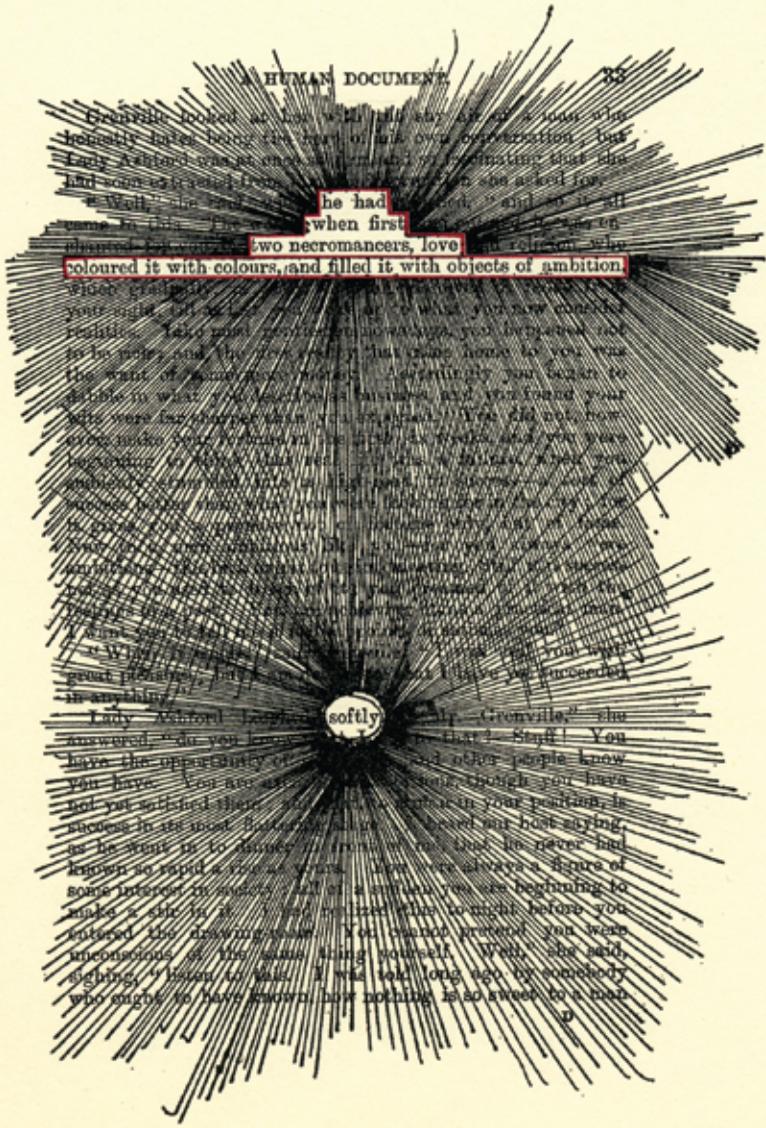
better

it gives you a promise not of fortune only, but of fame. Now to a man ambitious like you—for you always were ambitious—this luck ought to be intoxicating. Still, it is success not as you used to be, but as you dreamed of it with the feelings of a poet, not as you would have been as a practical man. I want you to be satisfied with you."

"When you were young, you with great pleasure have succeeded in anything."

Lady Ashford laughed. "Mr. Greenville," she answered, "do you know that—Stall! You have the opportunity of making other people know you have. You are not satisfied with your position, is not yet satisfied there, and you are not best saying, as he went in to dinner, that he never had known so good a time as yours. You were always a figure of some interest in society, and you are beginning to make a stir in it. You should attend before you entered the drawing-room. You should attend you were unconscious of the fact of being young. Well," she said, sighing, "listen to this. I was told long ago by somebody who ought to have known, how nothing is so sweet to a man

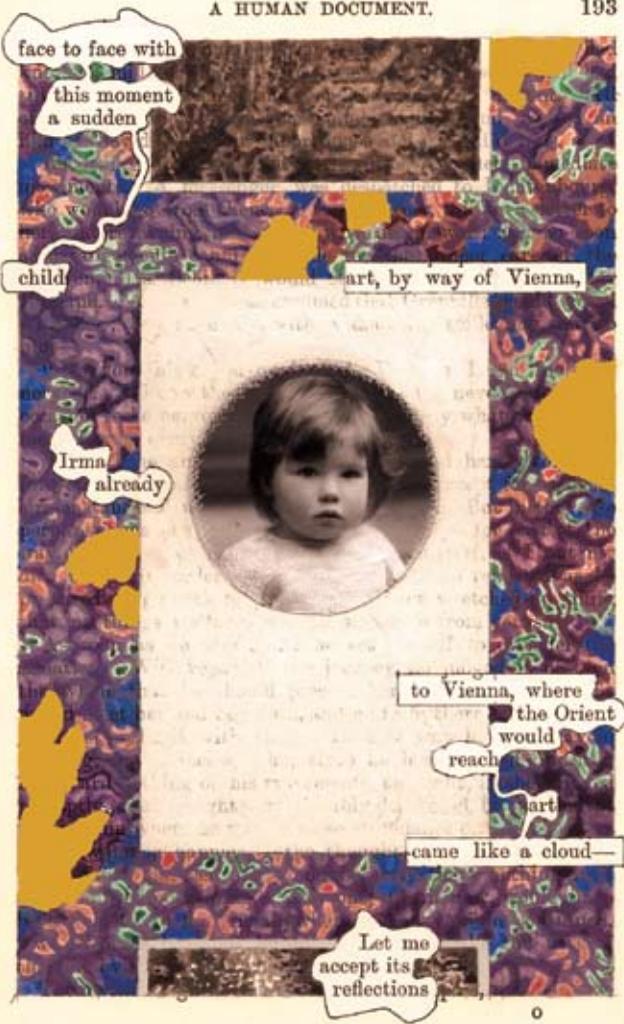




Greenville looked at her with full eyes and a look of honest delight being the first of his own conversation, but Lady Ashford was not so easily satisfied, she had seen too many faces of the same kind, and she had seen in the eyes of the two necromancers, love coloured it with colours, and filled it with objects of ambition.

When first she saw the two necromancers, love coloured it with colours, and filled it with objects of ambition. When first she saw the two necromancers, love coloured it with colours, and filled it with objects of ambition. When first she saw the two necromancers, love coloured it with colours, and filled it with objects of ambition.

softly answered "do you know that Staff! You have the opportunity of making other people know you have. You are not a man, though you have and yet satisfied that you are in your position, is success in the most bitter struggle, and has not saying, as he went in to dinner, that he never had known so rapid a change of fortune, always a figure of some interest in society, and of a station you are beginning to make a stir in it, and realized this to-night before you entered the drawing-room. You cannot pretend you were unconscious of the same thing yourself. Well," she said, sighing, "listen to this. I will tell long ago by somebody who ought to have known how nothing is so sweet to a man



face to face with
this moment
a sudden

child

art, by way of Vienna,

Irma
already

to Vienna, where
the Orient
would
reach

art

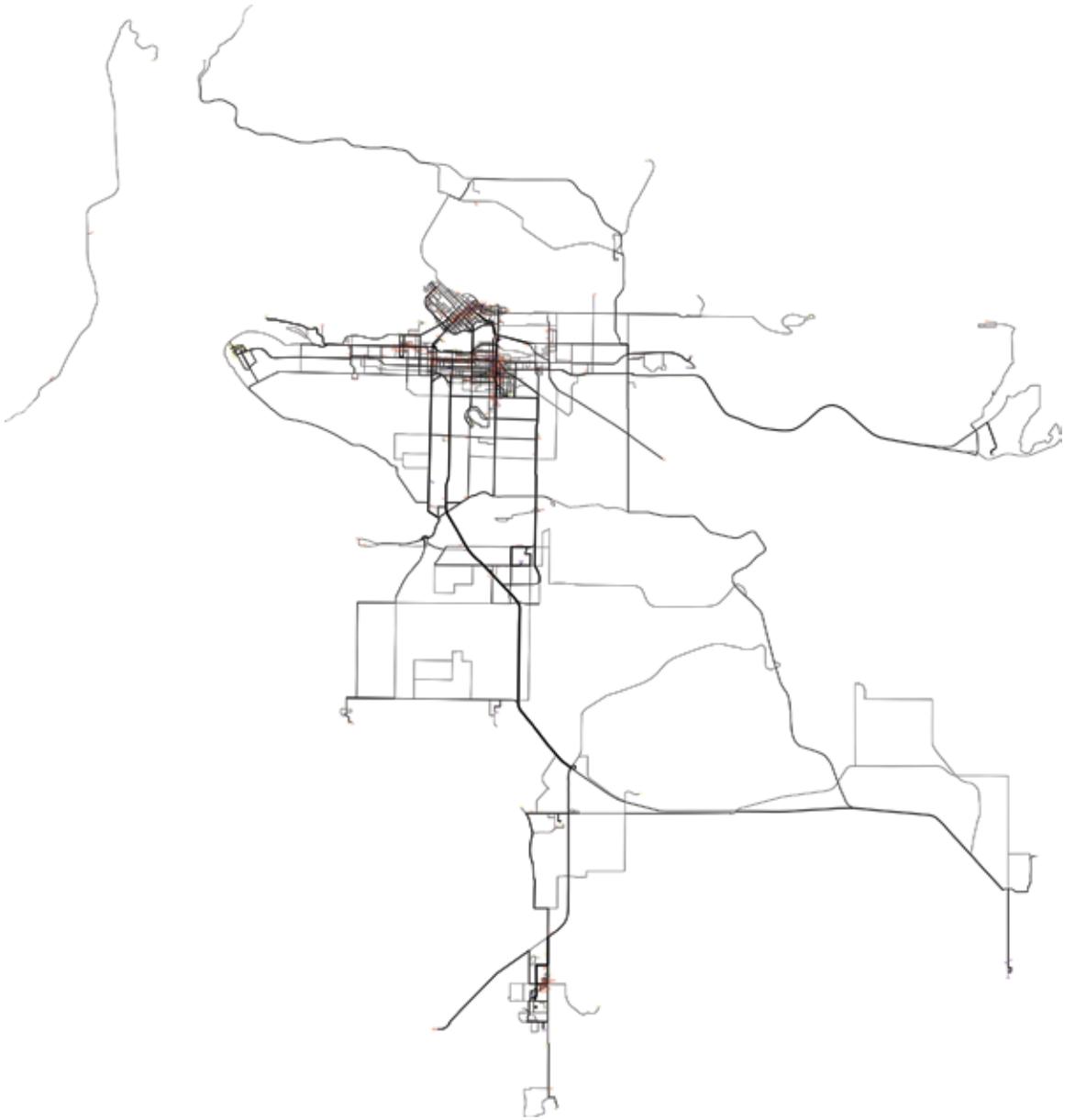
came like a cloud—

Let me
accept its
reflections

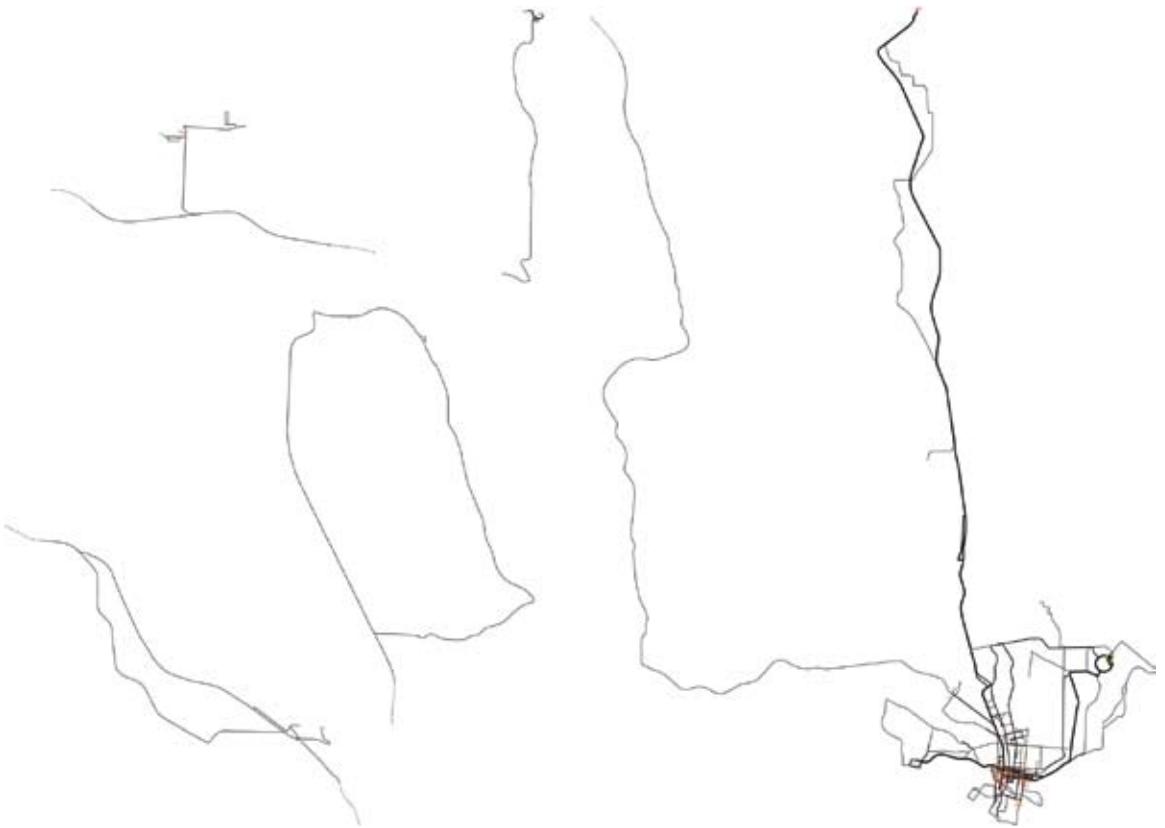
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Paths and Places [Vancouver] [Detail]



Paths and Places [Vancouver]



Paths and Places [Vancouver Island]

JAMES ARTHUR / Diatribes

134 Al Franken

Whitewater, and the Clinton impeachment. It was Brock who discredited the very sane, very staid Anita Hill as “a little bit nutty and a little bit slutty.”

Later Brock had a change of heart and joined the forces of light. In his mea culpa, *Blinded by the Right*, Brock describes his days in the right-wing trenches: “I fought on the wrong side of an ideological and cultural war that divided our country and poisoned our politics.”

Brock’s revelations about his scandalous activities on behalf of the fanatical right are often discounted by his former compatriots, **who** make the uncharacteristically reasonable argument that he **lied so much** when he was working for them that nothing he says **can be trusted now**. Fair enough. We’ll leave out Brock’s tale of manufacturing Troopergate out of whole cloth, the bottom-fishing expeditions of the Scaife-funded Arkansas Project, and the **payoffs** to Whitewater witnesses. I’m not going to use it. Don’t need it. While Brock does shed light on some of the clandestine dirty **tricks** used by what was, if not a vast right-wing **conspiracy**, at least a very, very large one, there were enough **lies** and baseless **innuendos** right out in the open to fill a book the size of Sidney Blumenthal’s 802-page classic, *The Clinton Wars*.

For example, **did you know** that Hillary Clinton is a lesbian? And that, despite her homosexuality, she was having an affair with Vince Foster? Who then had to be murdered to cover up Whitewater? And **did you know** that Foster’s execution was only one small part of a killing spree that claimed nearly forty lives, including those of former Commerce Secretary Ron Brown and the wife of an Arkansas state trooper who apparently didn’t “get the message”? And **did you know** that Clinton, to finance his own gargantuan cocaine habit, had struck a deal with the CIA and the Contras to smuggle **duffel bags filled with coke** into Arkansas?

If you didn’t, you weren’t reading the *Wall Street Journal*

In addition to increased “chatter” from the casting-couch philosophers, celebrity **writers** quickly enlisted in the anti-American battalion. Right after the 9-11 attack, every idiot liberal was basically coming out and cheering for al-Qaeda. Michael Moore, creator of fictional “documentaries” and books that he passes off as true, sympathized with the terrorists’ goals but complained that they had killed the wrong Americans.¹¹ Defending the terrorists, Moore said, “We have orphaned so many children, tens of thousands around the world, with our taxpayer-funded terrorism.”¹² To follow the train of tortured logic that requires introspection about how America brought the attack of 9-11 on itself **is to dance on the graves** of those three thousand Americans. This is liberalism gone totally haywire.

A year later, Moore was laughing at the people on the hijacked planes, saying they were cowards for not fighting back.¹³ Apparently Moore believed it was only appropriate to fight dagger-wielding savages when battling them in hand-to-hand combat, but not with high-tech precision weaponry developed by Stupid White Men. He opposed war with Afghanistan and he opposed war with Iraq.¹⁴ Indeed, he giggled at America for bothering with al-Qaeda: “**To me**, al-Qaeda is a men’s club. To have the world’s only superpower at war with a men’s club is a little ridiculous.”¹⁵ America should not fight back, but the passengers on the four planes on September 11 were cowards for *not* fighting back.

Two days after the attack, novelist **Norman Mailer**, whose last successful novel was written fifty-four years ago, said the crumpled World Trade Center was “**more beautiful than** the building was.”¹⁶ He said America was “the most hated nation on earth.” Like Moore, Mailer believed the victims of the terrorist attack were simply the wrong targets: “You’ve got that many people killed who’ve had nothing to do with bringing on their own death other than working in a monument to corporatism.”¹⁷ The author of *Tough Guys Don’t Dance* told a German newspaper that Bush should have been a ballet dancer: “Mankind would have benefited from him more as **a dancer** than as president.”¹⁸ Mankind would also have been better served if Mailer had been a

tards and try to look the other way despite all the crap they're shoving **down** your throat.

But **somewhere in the deep** recesses of your mind there's a little nerve ending going off, like the faint and blinking **light** of your cell phone a few minutes before it goes dead. It's your brain's memory bank reminding you about a time when you were younger and you passionately believed that ***you and you alone*** could make a difference, before the forces of adulthood surrounded you and told you to get with the program—or **spend your lonely life** barely scraping by.

And so you did. You learned to compromise your values while believing **you still** maintained them (“Yes, I drive an SUV—but I give to the Sierra Club!”). You learned to mollify your conscience at your lousy job, out of **fear** of the **only imaginable** alternative—homelessness and starvation! You put up with the oppressive nature of your church because, well, **Jesus** *did* say a lot of good things (“Love your enemy”), and so what if the money you just put in the collection plate is going to a **woman-hating** organization? **You** learned to say nothing when friends or coworkers spoke in coded racist terms because you knew *you* didn't hate black people and **you** were sure *they* didn't either . . . but why don't we cross over to the other side of the street just to be safe?

Best of all, **you** got to keep voting for the Democrats, the way you always had. After all, they say they have **you** best interests at heart—and just for saying that, **you** believe them! **What kind** of nut would vote for a third-party candidate, anyway? Why even think of going there—of revisiting the younger version of **you**, who was ready to get his head busted open while standing up for what was right? Out here in Adult World, you better forget about what's “right”—you gotta *win*. Winning is what it's all about, whether it's your company's market share, your own stock portfolio, or your kid's ability to beat all the other kids in kindergarten French class.

“Do the right thing?” HA! Go with the winner! Even if the

See, I Told You So

But our problems don't end there. In addition to downsizing our military, we seem also, under the Clinton administration, to be rudderless in matters of **foreign policy**. **Regardless of** whether we are currently the world's only superpower, we cannot be without a coherent foreign policy that will define our relations with other nations and enable us to determine when, and under **what** circumstances, we should deploy our military.

How long is it going to take before **some people** learn you don't prevent or win wars with words, caring, and concern? We must maintain our military strength and preparedness as our best insurance against having to use force often in the future. The left, as you might expect, sees it differently. It actually seems to **think** you can achieve peace by talking tough while gutting your military.

I'm afraid that Mr. Clinton's strong suit **is not foreign policy**. Up to this point it appears that his foreign-policy credo is: Walk tall, speak loudly, and carry a little stick. He talked tough during the campaign, but after taking office, when it was time to follow through on his words, it became clear that his tough talk was little more than fiery campaign rhetoric. Ultimately, we huffed, and we puffed, and we stayed home. **After all of the** Clinton administration's threats, **warnings, and gnashing of teeth**, Secretary of State Warren Christopher (former foreign-policy guru to Jimmy Carter) announced that Bosnia was none of **America's** business and that the situation should be sorted out by the Bosnians. Christopher suddenly discovered what everyone else had known all along—that there **was a "real"** civil war going on, with Bosnian Serbs, Muslims, and Croats all committing atrocities.

Many people—including myself—breathed a sigh of relief when Clinton **came to this decision** (though don't count on this being the final word with this guy). **It seemed** to be the most reasonable course of action. But it's pure luck that the Clinton administration stumbled into this conclusion. It bore no resemblance to the administration's previous rhetoric.

It would have been more **reassuring** if Clinton had come to the conclusion that **because we have** no vital national interest at stake in Bosnia, such as we did in the Persian Gulf, there is no justification for risking **American lives** in a Vietnam-scale quagmire. Reasonable minds may disagree on whether, in fact, we do have a national

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant Time,
And fortify yourself in your decay
4 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, **yet unset**,
With virtuous wish would bear **your** living flowers,
8 Much liker than your painted counterfeit.
So should the **lines of** life that life **repair**,
Which this time's pencil or my pupil pen
Neither in **inward** worth **nor outward** fair
12 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live **drawn** by your own sweet skill.

Against my love shall be as **I am** now
With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'er worn;
When hours have drained his blood and filled his brow
4 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travelled on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are **vanishing or vanished** out of sight,
8 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
12 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall **in these black lines** be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
4 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
8 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
12 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take **heed**, dear heart, of **this** large **privilege**;
The **hardest knife** ill-used doth lose his edge.

So, now **I** have confessed that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
4 Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still.
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learned but surety-like to write for me
8 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer that put'st forth all to **use**,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
12 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He pays **the whole, and yet am I not free.**

KRISTIN LUCAS / from Letter to Shareholder series

Chair Letter

Dear

Without question,

affair
due to

pain in the

assess

new

We're signing

line.

Part

lies

understanding
must leave behind

eyes
a new future.

the

E L V E S

Dear Fellow S

,

For all we have matched nothing has successfully the history we also fulfilled our world.

imagine today there is only all that change,

work, at home and at play:

cash flows.

We are a company like any other

we delivered on our commitments:

small and medium-size enterprise customer categories in key

our capabilities,

our character:
our people, our standards

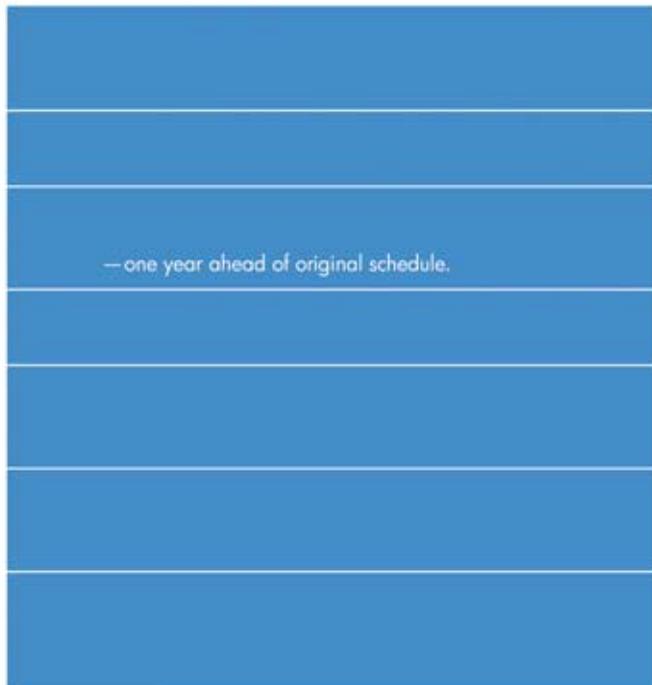
our global citizenship.

— one year ahead of original schedule.

a remarkable year It was the

power our presence

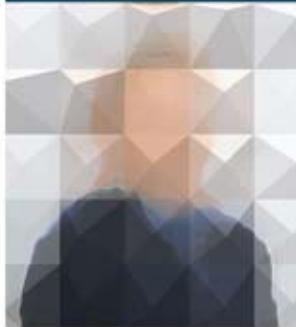
world continued to hold around the while executing



F e i l i o w
ship
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with record profits cash e - ver-y
th ing switching
s ong n d ance

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sold year-over-year
year as we \$.
graph a \$.
men t al vo i d . We () \$.
believe () \$.

the key to long-term suc
cess i s
is ongoing st at ic



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Speakers

Deep in the nation, our people parts
ache

Plenty

For we dig
debt our
s the bottom line line

In short, "

,"

we will report on how

our work is formed

W I TH
t cars we design ed
debt
debt

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for \$ figure s.

Just as

s ant a
l o v e s

red

MONICA AASPRONG / from *Soldiers' Market* 2005–2008

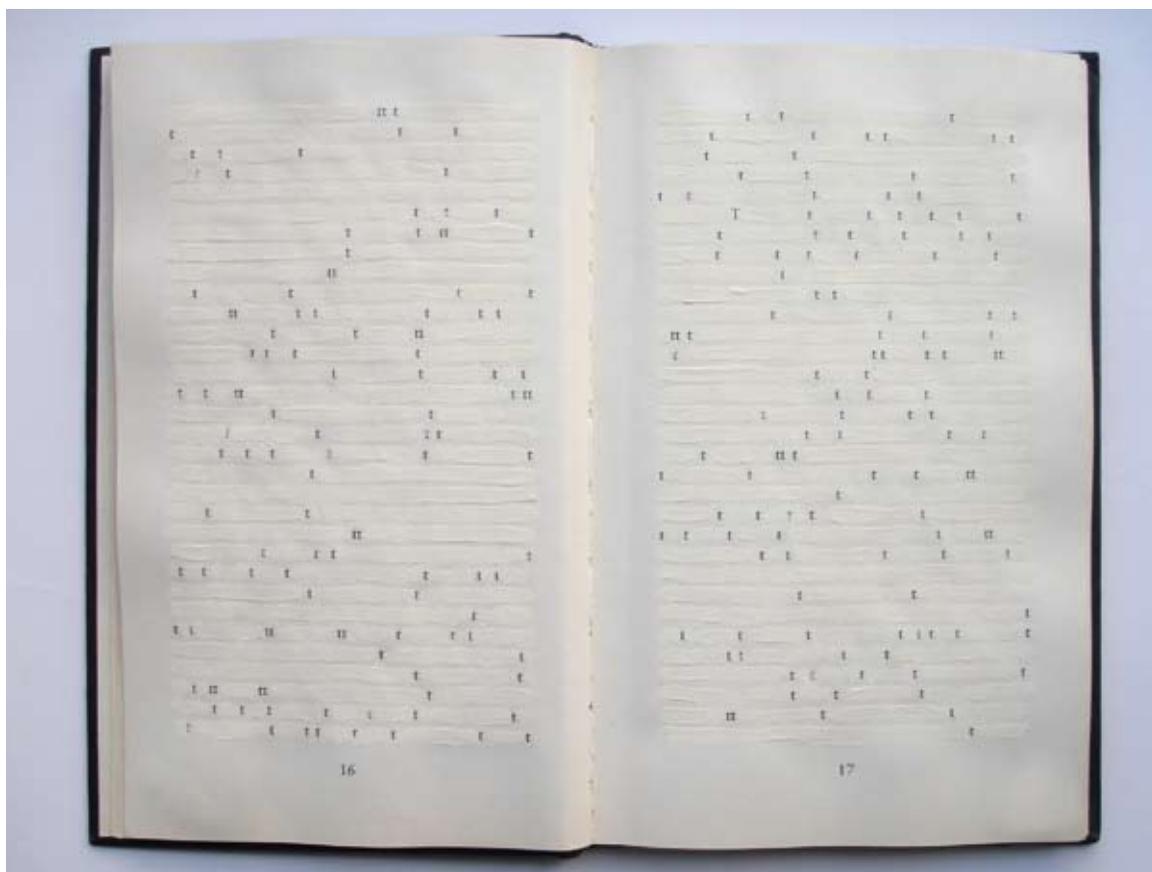


photo by Christian Yde Frostholm

This page and overleaf: *Soldiers' Market* (2006)
Gouache in the novel *mellom Alex Gobulev og meg* – between Alex Gobulev and me – by Monica Aasprong
(Tiden Norsk Forlag 1997).







photo by Yuvinka Miedina

.....

This page and three following are drawn from pages 56-59 of Monica Aasprong's *Soldiers' Market*, 2007 (2007).

ANDREA ACTIS / Description of a Struggle

~~I AM
STILL BLOWN AWAY BY THE VOLUME OF
PEOPLE ARRIVING AND LEAVING HERE~~

Does no one notice this? The ladies and gentlemen who should be walking on the pavement are floating.

~~THE DAYS HERE ARE STRUCTURED
AROUND MEALS AND SNACKS, WITH
A FEW MEETS AND SESSIONS TOSSED IN.~~

They poured me some lemonade and a girl with red lips held my glass while I drank. The hostess offered me a meringue on a silver salver and a girl in a pure white dress put the meringue in my mouth.

~~I GAVE OMAR A SAMOSA LAST
NIGHT - HE LIT UP LIKE A TREE.~~

Since everyone was treating me so well I was a little surprised that they were so unanimous in holding me back when I tried to return to the piano.

~~MAYBE ANOTHER TIME.
IN MY NEXT LIFE PERHAPS?~~

I realized that whether I allowed myself to be stabbed or ran away, my end had come.

~~I PREFER TO
SLIP AWAY QUIETLY.~~

And now everything was seized by speed and fell into the distance.

~~PRETTY MUCH EVERYONE -
- EVERYONE - HAS BEEN HERE BEFORE -
AND WILL RETURN.~~

And it is fortunate that tomorrow will be a day on which, unlikely as it may seem, one will be able to see everything.

~~I SUSPECT TODAY I WILL SPEAK WITH
SOMEONE ABOUT LEAVING HERE.~~

Tell me everything, from beginning to end.

~~UP EARLY - HAD A BATH - OF ALL
THINGS~~

A way of life so natural that it borders on the excessive!

~~JUST ANOTHER DAY IN LIMBO.~~

I wandered on for a while with closed eyes, keeping myself awake only by a loud and regular clapping of my hands.

~~I WISH I HAD ARRIVED
FEELING WORSE.~~

Just wait, something's going to happen today. And it did, too.

~~ONE CAN ONLY WORRY AND
FRET SO MUCH BEFORE THEY JUST
MELT OR EXPLODE.~~

I could not bear the strain of seeing around me the things of the earth.

~~THIS
WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO SPEAK WITH
SOMEONE, BUT I BELIEVE I HAVE TO
WAIT A BIT LONGER FOR THAT.~~

You've never had so discreet a listener as I.

~~THE ATMOSPHERE HAS
CHANGED DRAMATICALLY IN ONE DAY.~~

I understand a dead man was carried in here just now. Would you be kind enough to let me see him?

I REMEMBER BEING
SO COMPELLED WONDERING HOW FAR
IT CAN GO. - IS THERE A LIMIT TO SMALL

I don't understand it. But I don't even
know if there is a connection.

I KNOW THE RIGHT
WORDS ARE IN THERE BUT THEY GEN-
ERALLY EVADE ME.

One will have to struggle here as anywhere else, but at
least one won't have to do it with graceful movements.

I GUESS WHAT I'M GETTING AT HERE
IS - MY LIFE HAS BECOME QUITE
UNNEEDED - TO MYSELF AND ALL
THOSE AROUND ME.

I have done nobody any
harm, nobody has done me any harm, but nobody will help me.

I GET A HEADACHE AND FEEL
LIKE I'VE BEEN THROUGH A FUCKING FREDDY
KRUEGER MOVIE.

But for me there was now a third possibility of perishing.

"DESPITE ALL MY RAGE - I AM
STILL JUST A RAT IN A CAGE"

It was a long time since I'd seen it like
this; I was moved and reminded of certain days when I thought
I had seen it in the same way.

IT'S HARD TO THINK WITH A
(RELATIVELY) CLEAR MIND.

Over the deserted, evenly lit street stood a large moon in a
slightly clouded, and therefore unusually extended, sky. On the
frozen snow one had to take short steps.

IT'S THE WEEKEND - NOT THAT IT
MEANS ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR HERE.
JUST THOUGHT I'D MENTION THAT.

Why has everything become so quiet?

I MADE A PROMISE I WOULDN'T GO
BACK TO REVIEW THESE PAGES - AT
LEAST WHILE I'M STILL HERE.

"I wasn't in need of your information," I said, which hap-
pened to be true.

SOME PEOPLE GET THEIR REAL NAMES,
SOME GET ALIASES.

It worked and we came fast enough
into the interior of a vast but as yet unfinished landscape.

I HAVE A BURNING DESIRE TO
LEAVE HERE TODAY.

Heard someone sob softly from afar.

BEDTIME.

I let a strong wind blow against
us in long gusts.

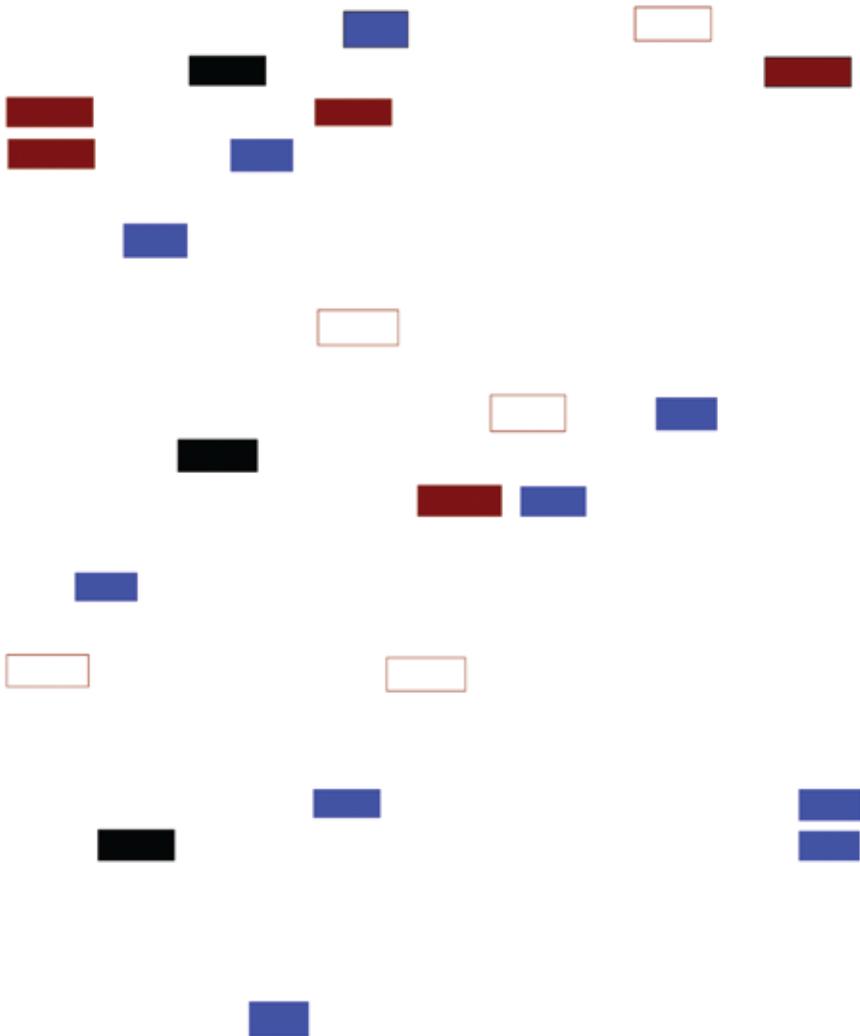
I STILL HAVE SO MANY
PAGES TO FILL.

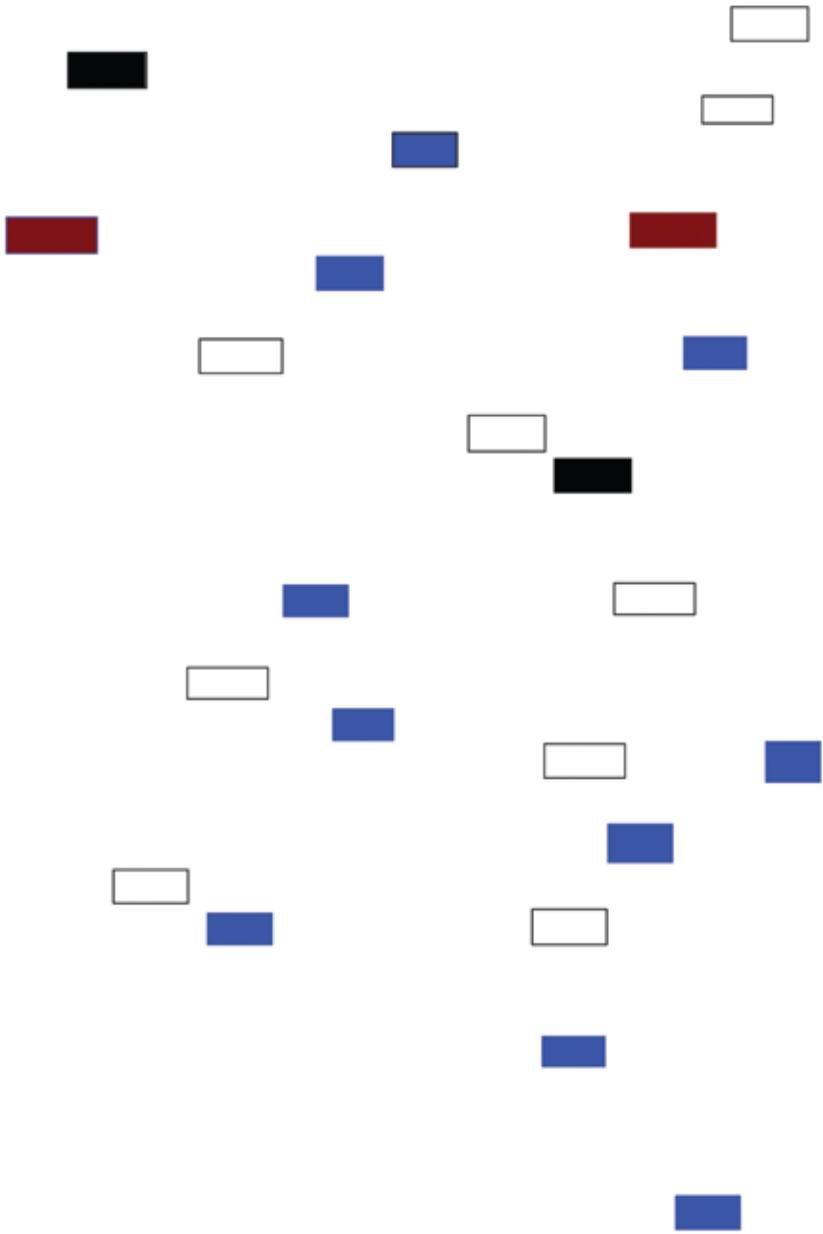
Then I closed
my eyes so as to shut out the bad light.

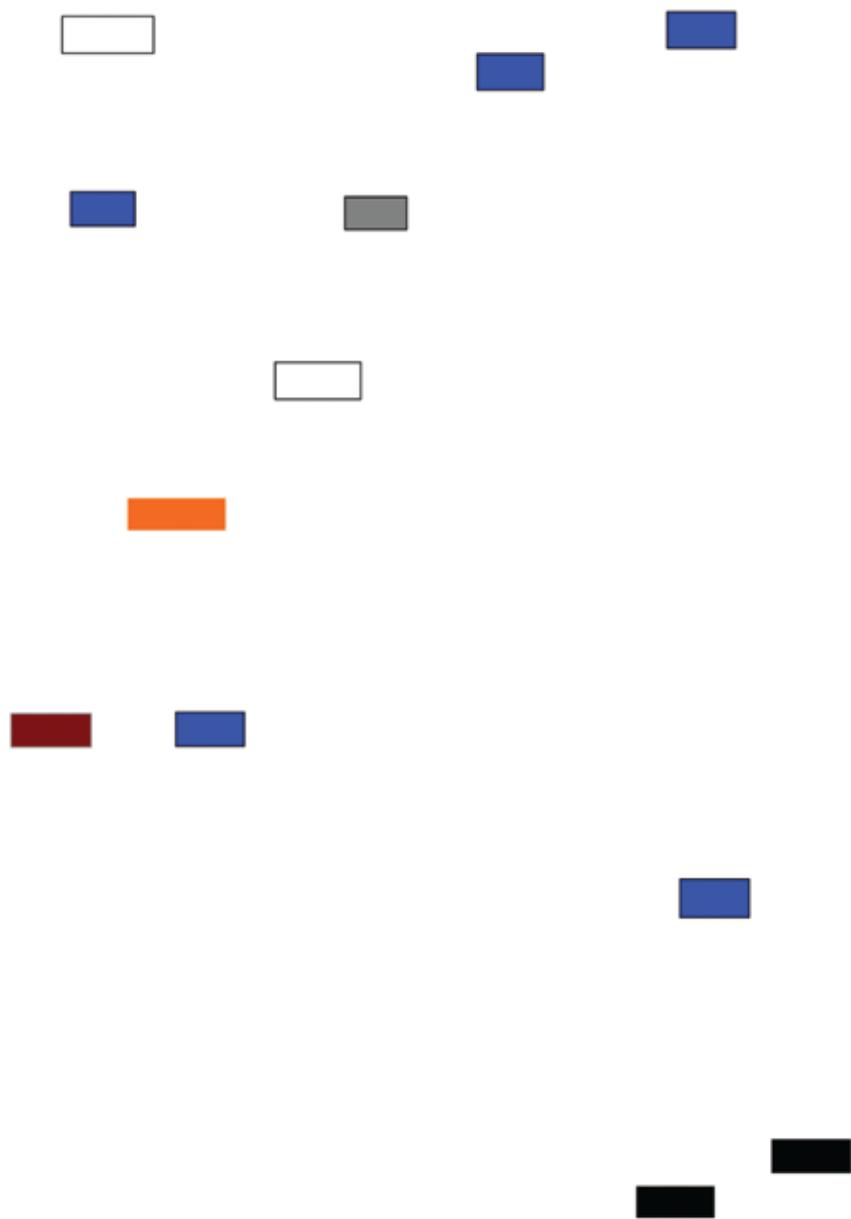
IN THE END - TURNS OUT HE WAS
SPEAKING ABOUT HIMSELF (I KNEW THIS)

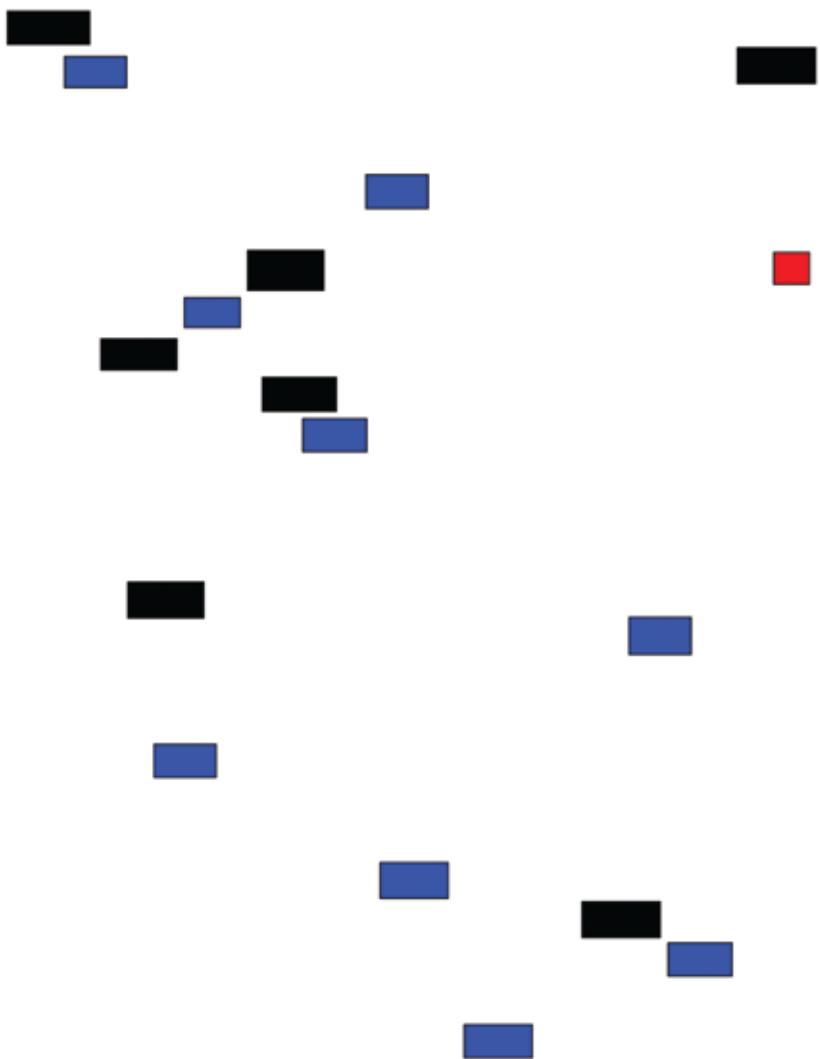
And I'm grateful.

DEREK BEAULIEU / local colour









REBECCA BROWN / from *The Mortal S*



The Mortal Storm

knows as well or better than I! Nature does all
water on you can send us money for the child
- but on the farm for the first year or two, it
enough for a child. Whenever you wish you
here and see it. Do you not yourself think it wo
and for you also - with your career to make - if
longs to us, up here, rather than down there
where nowadays there seem always upers, and
longs to himself or to his family any more?"

"It would be safer!" Freya admitted slowly.
milk and gazed out over the balcony rail, across
air to where the Lärchenkogel stood cloaked
ows.

"We skied down there," she said after a long
and I - the first day we met! I was thinking -
run was - so satin-smooth and free! It is a long
were down it in a flash! We did not think of
could end it!"

"Nah! Nah!" Frau Beiter murmured compassiona
trick upon the empty bowl into the kitchen and wash
back, she started peeling the potatoes
was always strong on his feet - Hans!" she obser
this one of yours will be as strong! I think
semibly, eat many apples and drink milk.

Love children are almost always strong! What child can be
healthy if a mother's heart is against her man? You will not
have that trouble, Freya, for you loved my son!

"This child may be a girl, of course! I have nothing against
girls - though life is hard for them, as you will find. I had
two myself - one died at birth after a cow had kicked me - the
other lost with diphtheria when she was five years old.

He was Marie. Her father carried her in the little coffin
the Friedhof - on the other side of the
heavy journey even for a strong man,
but he wanted to carry her for the last time.

직접 심슴해 모도록 하시면 유익할 것입니다.

꽃이
나 자녀들이

의
관

chap
canc
pray
I
shut
side
we



The Mortal Storm



...take this child will be a boy, for
...to be the same as his father!
...whispered, "I too would like to be the
...same as my father!"

Her eyes filled slowly with easy tears, she
shed without anger, since Hans was killed.

Here, in his home, with Hans' mother
the sunshine, Freya lost the sense of hatred
her heart. Grief seemed a simpler and more

Frau Breimer broke the companionable
tied down upon them, to remark: "I hear
We need not tell them yet! But before
Karl. He will be pleased. He had spoken of
I told him that I knew Hans had been safe
eyes - he had lived - *Gott sei Dank* - be-

Freya bowed her head. A warm and he
her empty heart. She knew now that she
given by Hans' mother for whatever addi-
brought to Hans.

When the others arrived, Freya rose
outstretched hands and a new assurance in
curious to think that up here, alone with
the fact of Freya's unmarried motherhood
nity and strength, while down below -
world - the same fact would make her
despised.

They were all kind to her, even Anna
was dead, Freya was no longer in a favor
she was less fortunate than Anna, who al-
though she had also to put up with a hor-
appearance which did not justify the ex-
lover.

None of the family put them down as
had done on Freya's first visit. Since four
they had been at work in the fields, and had climbed

계단을 내려가시면 복역으로 가실 수 있습니다. 복역을 보시

The Mortal S

I am tired

if I sleep,

"I shall wake up suddenly and remember it all

I have given the medicine,

LOUIS CABRI / 26-Tone Technique: An Adventure of Whitman's Line (2005)

SONG F MYEL

*

I celbrat mysf, nd g,
And wht I sume yo,
For evy atm blngi s d u.

I loafe nd vt my sul,
I lean d of t my s brvg p u.

My tongue, vr a f bld, ' his , ,
Born he f pats m , d i ,
I, now thry-sev a ld pfct bg,
Hoping t ceas d.

Creds an hol i by,
Retirng back whl sufcd y , v fo,
I harbo f gd , pemt sk vy z,
Nature wiho ck gl y.

*

House and rm fl p, t v cwd i ,
I breath frgnc mysl d kow ,
The distlaon wu xce m , b h .

The amospr i n fu, dl, ,
It s for my uh ev, a n l w ,
I wl go t he bank y d cm usg ,

I am d for t be n c wh .

The smok f y wn bra,
Echos, ripl, buz'd w, v-t, k-a, n ,
My respiaton d , h bg f , bl u ,
The snif o grn lav d y , f k-c' -, b,
The sound f blc' wr my vi 'd ,
A few light ks, mbrcs, n oud ,
The play of sin d o r u bw g,
The dlig aon r us f , -,
The fling o a, u-r, s m bed .

Have you rckn'd ths m? ?
Have you prctis'd lng ?
Have you flt s prd g mni ?

Stop hi day n g w me u l h r f ,
You shal pe t gd f r n u, (mi ,)
You shal n ger tk hi cd , f , p b,
You shal nt k hrg m e i, fr ,
You shal iten d fr m.

*

I have rd wt lks ng, of b ,
But I do nt alk f he g r .

Ther was nv y mo icp ,
Nor ay me uth g is w,
And wil evr b y mo pfct h s ,
Nor ay me hv l t is w.
Urge and ,
Always the procn ug f d.
Out f he dimns pt q al vc, wy b r, x,

Alwys knit of de, c, br .
To elabr is n v, 'd u' f h .
Sure a th mo cin , plb g, w d, ,
Stou a hre, fcin, gy, lc,
I and this myer w .

Clear nd swt i my ou, h .

Lack one s bth, d u i prv y ,
Til ha becoms un d rcv pf .

Showing te b ad v frm h w g x ,
Knowig the prfc s ad qumy , l , b .

Welcom is vry gan d tbu f , h .
Not a ich r ple f s v, d b m .

I am stfed - , nc, lugh, ;
As the ugin d lov be-flw p t my r , ,
Leaving m bskt cor'd wh l u py,
Shal I potne my d rz c ,
Tha ey urn fom gzi d w h ,
And forthwi cpe s m t ,
Exactly h v u of n d x w, i s ?

*

Tripes and k uod m,
Peol I mt, h fc un y ar i wd v , ,
The las d, icovr, n, , u w,
My diner, s, aoct, lk, mp, du,
The ral o fncid sm w v,
The sickn of my l r f, -dg a , p x,
Batles, h or f icd w, v dub n, ;

Thes com day n ig fr ,
But hey ar no M yslf.

Aprt fom he uling d s w ,
Stand mue, copl, ig, , ry,
Loks dwn, i erct, b a m p c ,
Loking wth sde-curv a m x,
Both in ad ou f e gm n wc r .

Backwrđ I se n my o h td ug fl c,
I have no mckgs r unt, w d .

*

I belv n you m s, th r a f ,
And you mst be h r.

Loafe with m n grs, p yu ,
Not wrds, muic hye a, c l, v b,
Only the u I ke, hm f r vad c.

I mnd how ce lay su trp g,
How yu setld r a m ip n g ' v ,
And prte h si fom y b-, lug - ,
And rech' til you f my b, ' d .

Swiftly aroe nd p u m h c kg ,
And I kow th e f Gd s prm y ,
And I kow th e spr f Gd b my ,
And th l e m vr bo s y b, w i ,
And th kelso f cri v,
And limtes r v f o dp g h ,
And brow ts i he l m,
And mosy cb f the wr , p'd , l, ui k-.

SARAH DOWLING / from *Keepness*

s f s sh .
ss th s sh
F s f st s .

s ss f s s s . f
s s . ss s .
s .
, s .

s sh s .

Regina 09/07/04

CBC News—

Police say they received information about noon Friday that led them to believe there was something in the marshy area related to the four-day-old case.

s s s ss .

s s s s .

f sh f

f f ss .

s
s s
s th s, s th

s s .

s ss, s ss,
s

s
s .

s , s
s . f s .

Exerpt from

Regina 01/08/04

Police spokesperson-

“Right now there’s nothing to connect these two incidents other than the proximity.”

th: f
s ,f s s .
f s . s
sh ss s f .S s ss
f , s .
sh ss
th f s
,
sh
s s f
f
th th th
f . th s
. s, f f ss s .
s f .
s . s .
ss s , th .

Regina 07/08/04

CBC News-

Volunteers, meanwhile, continued to comb through the brush on Sunday looking for signs of Keepness, but police were no longer actively taking part.

,
f
s s f ,
,
th s .
s, s .
s ,
s s
f sh. f
f s .

Regina 07/09/04

CBC News -

Forensic investigators found no connection to the missing girl and the search continued elsewhere.

*industrial exhibitor can be summed
up in a few words
:
space
space
space*

wilderness and visitor is exhibition and play ground

industrial exhibitor
up in a few words
:

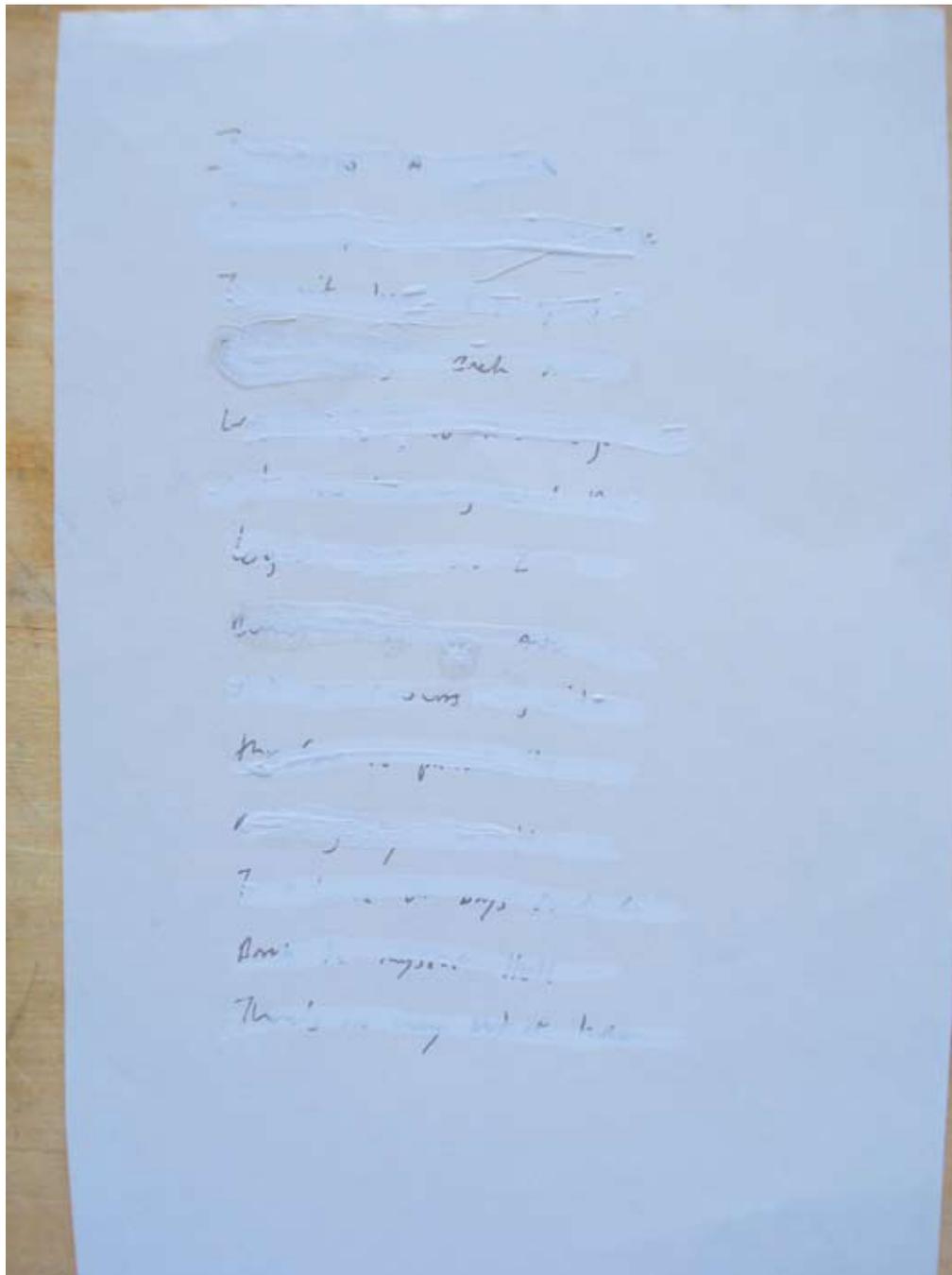
space

space
space

*can be summed
space*

**“We
fair
great family of fairs so. We
dominion
the border.”**

future removed from the first condition of



Sonnet in which ambitions are proclaimed (with ironic, self-mocking undertones).

~~What is the mind's spontaneous working?~~
~~For some time I have been~~
~~thinking about it, and I~~
~~am sure that it is a~~
~~very important question.~~
~~For I have found that the~~
~~mind is not a passive~~
~~receptor of impressions,~~
~~but that it is a power~~
~~of its own activity.~~
~~It is a power that~~
~~is always at work,~~
~~and it is a power that~~
~~is always creating~~
~~new ideas and new~~
~~forms of thought.~~
~~It is a power that~~
~~is always at work,~~
~~and it is a power that~~
~~is always creating~~
~~new ideas and new~~
~~forms of thought.~~

Philosophical sonnet on the mind's spontaneous workings.

**MICHAEL MARANDA/PARASITIC VENTURES PRESS / from
Wittgenstein's Corrections**

Logisch-Philosophische Abhandlung

Ludwig Wittgenstein

~~410225~~

~~interne~~
interne
oder
interne

dem sie darstellenden Satz
sich

das Satz
~~zwischen~~
zwischen
möglichen
Sätzen
~~das~~

4102231

532041

oder

~~die Grundlage~~
~~der~~

53204

5005

500501

50051

50052

das

50053

50041

20

Sätze

der Beschreibung

5'00531

4'102233^v

etwa

4'102234

5'00532

5'00533

5'00534

5'005341 *Süden*

5'005342 *Allenfäden*^{-2.5-}
~~die Erde~~

5'00535 *Stauwasser die*

cam

dargestellt

5'005351

4'1022501

4'102253

a.rawlings / from **The Owls of the North**

THE OWLS OF NORTH

Snowy Owl. Snowy Owl. Other Snowy Owl. More in former times to show of the without. Owl for. Ermine Owl. For white ermine for the it on ermine. Owl. White Owl. The White Owl. for this owl. For its White Owl its White Terror of the North for its with of the. Is not only the North owl, one of the most owls in the entire. From there only two other within its for it. One of these is the Owl, in its, some to the Snowy Owl. The Owl, however, is tufts in the Snowy Owl, more the other to some is the White is with more. The Willow in its winter the Snowy Owl. In the Snowy Owl is white, more or less with see. Rest. The Snowy Owl is most often seen on the or on rise (when it to on low of). It very smooth – there tufts, the very. It in the stiffly so often the Owls to its well sometimes to the the even lower on the. It sits never on its the more White. Eyes Vision. The vision of the Snowy Owl is of other North owl, in the most. This owl lemon-yellow the eyes set to the of the in other, they will more often not they to the or or, to some, or even when the owl its eyes in.

OWLS HOOT

Very notes over the mostly the while the is on the. It well swells out its enormously, its violently out four hoots, with note: *WHOOOO-WHOOOO-WHOOOO-WHOOOO*. With note of volume. The is often in the of the. Times of the will forth the seems to with the of it. These hoots if the owl wishes them to will if they from in the the where the is from. Even more is the of this, most often when is the nest or. It is sort of with the notes the of the into the *WHOOO-uh WHOOO-uh WHOOO-uh WHOOO-uh WUH-WUH-WUH-WUHWUHWUH*. Not this will or very whistle, shrilly his. If the to the is most often. Less often, when the or its it will to of teeth will this with in its. One other is worthy of note. It is series of in three numerous times *WUFFF-WUFFF WUFFF-WUFFF*. These the Snowy Owl is most often silent of the. It to mute its. There is more Snowy Owls other owl on the North. The white to the of entirely in. The the more on the. The very the of will in most often the very. With they to from. The, when not white, of on the the of. The of the of the the is for. There is thirty of. See

Life. Snowy Owls to for thirty-five in. In the were seventeen. White, with no; more often some or or of sometimes with on with to the some on the on these on the will more. On will over its entire with lemon-yellow. This is in the is so it entirely soon the. The everywhere on the of of feet. Elsewhere it is with sometimes. The uniform to sooty, is only on feet. More of the this until the first molt of the first-winter, thirteen or fourteen months. Where in the treeless, the Snowy Owl is very shy, while the is still. Otherwise it is very, sometimes often if mouse or while the owl is the will in utter for hours for the to. Will sometimes of on numerous, for, it to in, there even it will how if they is of. It is not for Snowy Owls to of fur- they in for this they not in very. The they to enter houses full-hens them two or three times. Flier, the Snowy Owl in most is nonetheless to short from one rise in the to. In the these rises. They frost- of to in two or three feet the. It is on this owl nests. Territories miles, they not themselves it is not for the territories of to. Owl not so, most of its in the north – of it in the south – is hours, often when the is. While it on, the Snowy Owl to where the Owls without to soon to even on the. When on, this owl its wholly of interest in it, this is it is very, for. Its swivels from to it listens. The hint of will it to the with. Note, is on when the is in the northern. However, it rise in the roof of low, low tree, its is for treeless, moss- well with of it will not in northern where. While now it will hunt in the southern, even those it more while is in the shores of. Its most however is north of the tree line in where the is not snow, where there is of.

OWLS' ENEMIES

Enemies. Is most often when nest, this is more true of the Snowy Owl of the will in the. Will often onto the the to lure from the nest. If the refuses to, one or is foes. The owl will fly the of the from the will with the severe. Times other the, however, the will more often fly from it too to them. Too, in must to the shot will not the unless one of the to the eye or. Is the worst enemy of the Snowy Owl. Of these owls hunters while the their southern, even in the northern they not entirely. The the owl's of the itself for its. The however. One time it for every in the to Snowy Owls. Still them. Where enemies, the little to is not the with. Will the nests the of the them off if there is in time. to more in their Snowy Owls the four. There even where of will Snowy Owl it to. There where Snowy Owl, in the of, the it the owl's with its foot. However. Of. Even of the is on for to within or, the owl will sometimes hunt on the in the of

the, low to the then swiftly with when is. The owl to hunters from, when or is shot, to fly in swiftly, the it the it. It is neither nor swift to the on the (on this), it flushes it it. When the flushes, the owl it until it, then flies to the it to. Over over this is until the too to flush more, time the owl its. Often the Snowy Owl will on the set for snowshoe. Its to the out will the. Fur in steel the owl, in even when the is, for, the owl will on the while itself out of. The the even more until the is the the. In its of on, where it sits for hours, the will the to the on the the from, the is sometimes the owl in its. It will on mouse or. The little is in its, the owl will still. The to the of the the owl will it, its it with runs until it the one foot. The owl fly off with it, most often it is to the whole. In the the owl will use its more. When fully, the owl on the with the of one or feet. The feet, the the flesh. If the owl still one foot free, it use it to the of the. The time it will its with reverse to the soon the is the owl its with the. Often fishes hunts. When it will lie on with its to the, very low the. The eyes very the seems to it is fish rises, the of the owl is to the out with on the fish, it from the. The owl will fish this holes in the. Most, if not on the, is the owl in the. For the feet to use the of the to fly while more itself is little short of. Snowy Owls to fly with while them in the full-hen their own or the owl. One seen it. In of other the of the Snowy Owl. It is one of the most of North owl to. The this owl to of moles, snowshoe. To fowl. Short-Owls, Owls, Owls, other of. Fish of the owl will the Snowy Owl is to out fish refuse of fresh or not. To the of is whole. This is torn to in enormous. Full-snowshoe in few five or. Often the of the from. This is true of the who, the, most of the of the, the the of it (without fur or) to the owls. In whole, the owl mouths it few times, it to then throws its own the in. Often the will times, if its mouth of.

OWLS MEET

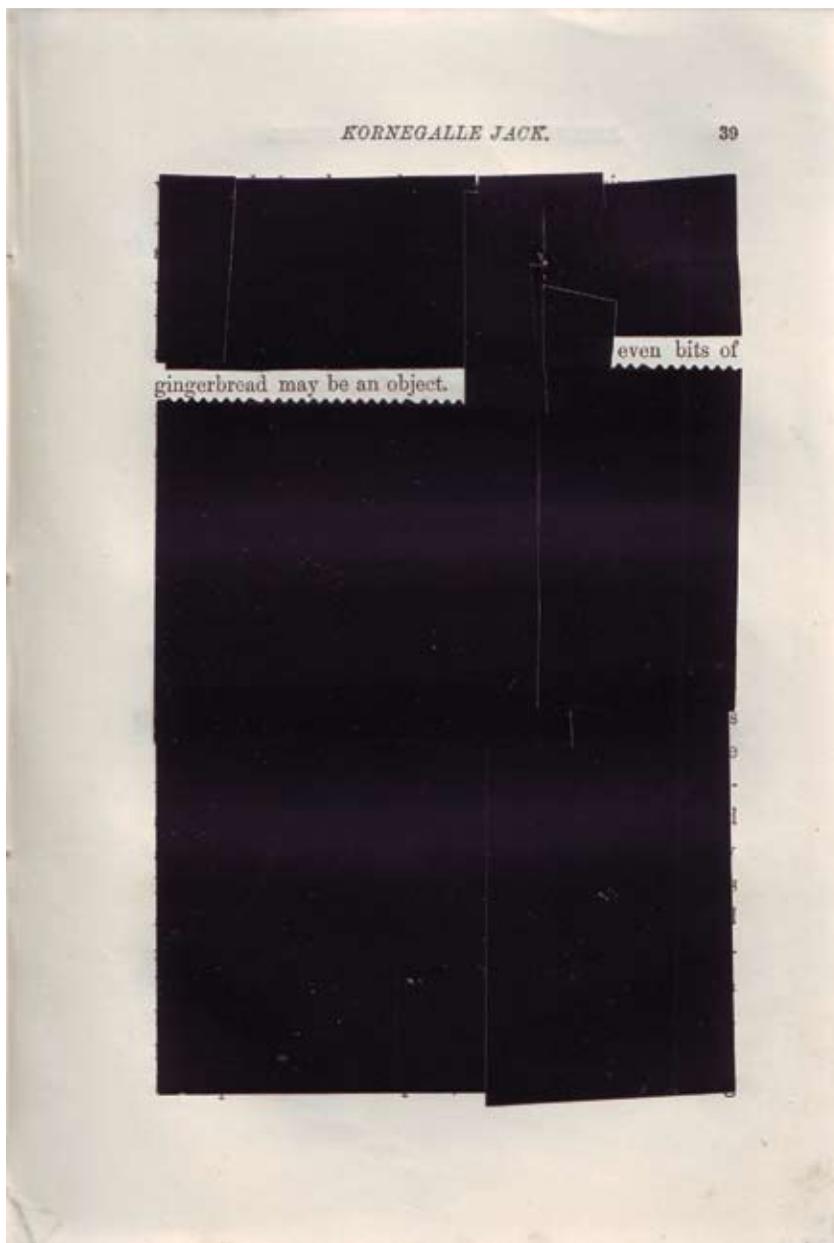
The often the he. He his he flies if is within, she will. The white flies to where she is within few feet of her. Here he in fluffs his, struts (sometimes his he so), often to issue his hoots. Is is not, on the where the owls met. It is numerous times for. It is the for life, of the more or less in the even. The will return to the to nest if not. Nest. Snowy Owls will of if the first is. Is in. This with few of moss, more often not there is no. There on where the Snowy Owl the nest of in tree, this so mention is of it only of. On, on, or on the or. Times the of will the from. In of, yet this seems to little on their.

The of often this too seems to no on the of the owls. On the whole, the Snowy Owl is messy nester, refuse in the nest with. Few three there not fewer five. While thirteen, it is there more ten. The is from seven to ten. White to white, nest. More those of most other owls of this. They. In shell without. In seven out of every ten Snowy Owl will few to the of the shell the. This is not yet. The of the of owl in North. On the of fifty-nine, they fifty-nine five millimeters in forty-five five millimeters in with of. millimeters minimum forty-seven millimeters fifty millimeters minimum forty-one millimeters. Of the is forty-one hours, this hours or one. Rule, the to is from fifteen to the rest. Twenty-fifth. Thirtieth. Thirteenth. To with the first, some it not until the. Term of is of some, with of short or thirty-nine. Most now the of thirty-two or thirty-three. There is to some of the the the of two the. For the most, is the, while the for her of most of the of the. Life. The newly white so they their, then only for. However, they with the first the of the to sit. This, soon they use their to the their feet in them, they to. Will off the from. The from this run three or even four for of or nine. The in their white for nine, time the to out the of fluffy sooty. It is on the. The on the of this sooty until worn off the movements of the, even it is worn, the first-winter – first the wrist of the the eyes, then the new. The sooty, however, is not lost; it the first-winter the of the seventh. The to loosely the of summer, the off on their own with the of.

OWLS WHERE

In North from northern, northern, northern Ellesmere (Fort), northernmost, to the of western to northern, northern Northwest Territories, northern (Fort), northern, northern (south to on the west on the). Winter to northern, North, New, southern, southern. South southern (Los), Tennessee, South. In. Sometimes the of the Snowy Owl is very, mostly it is or even. Is or of. The is every four, this not true. The sometimes there will two in, rule when this the is fewer. In some so of the white owls into the northern tier of they. They will summer south of their, this follows the winter. The will follow the. Some will out to, often they on miles or more from. It is lost when they in. The Snowy Owl to in the north sometimes losses to of the of the. Sometimes the routes of the of. These, however, well offset the enormous of the owl in of, its. The to useful to the of the North who still rely on its flesh for. It is truly it is to. In most of North, it is now.

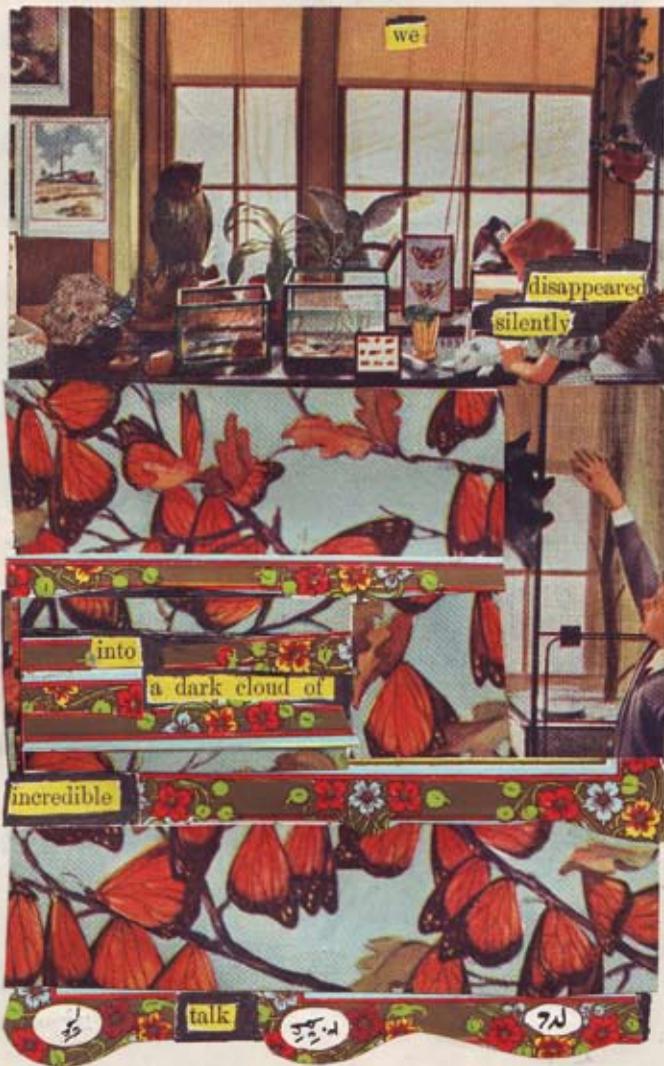
MARY RUEFLE /Erasures



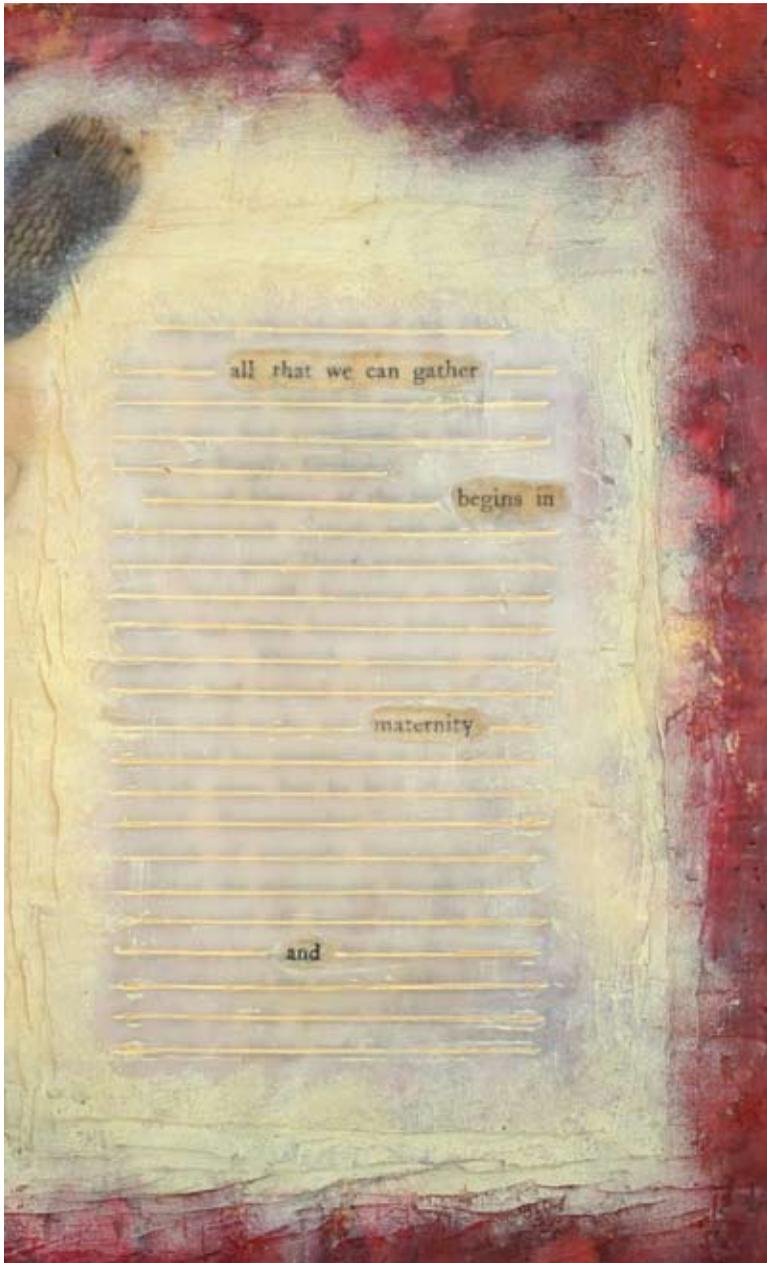
smile

That long-drawn,
discordant, unearthly way of expressing
Those melancholy
notes

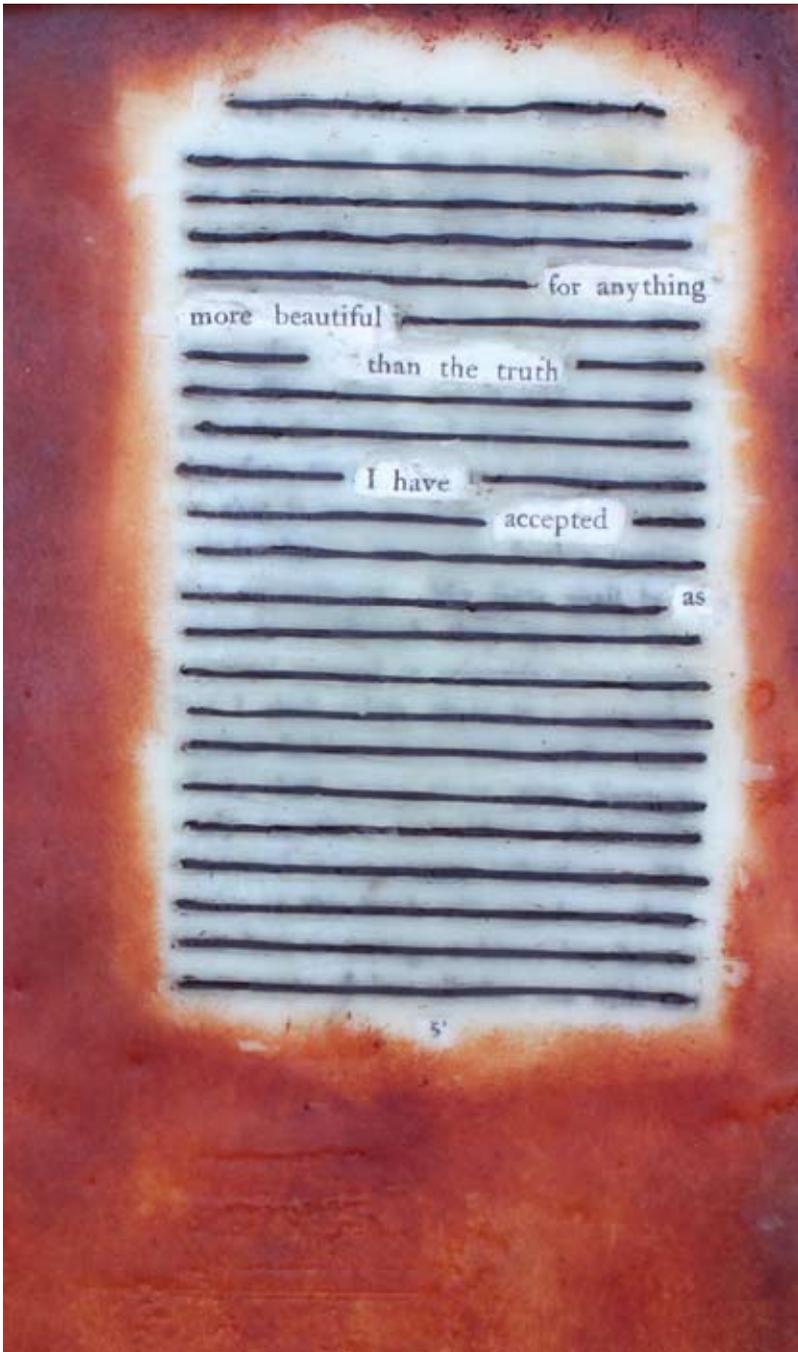
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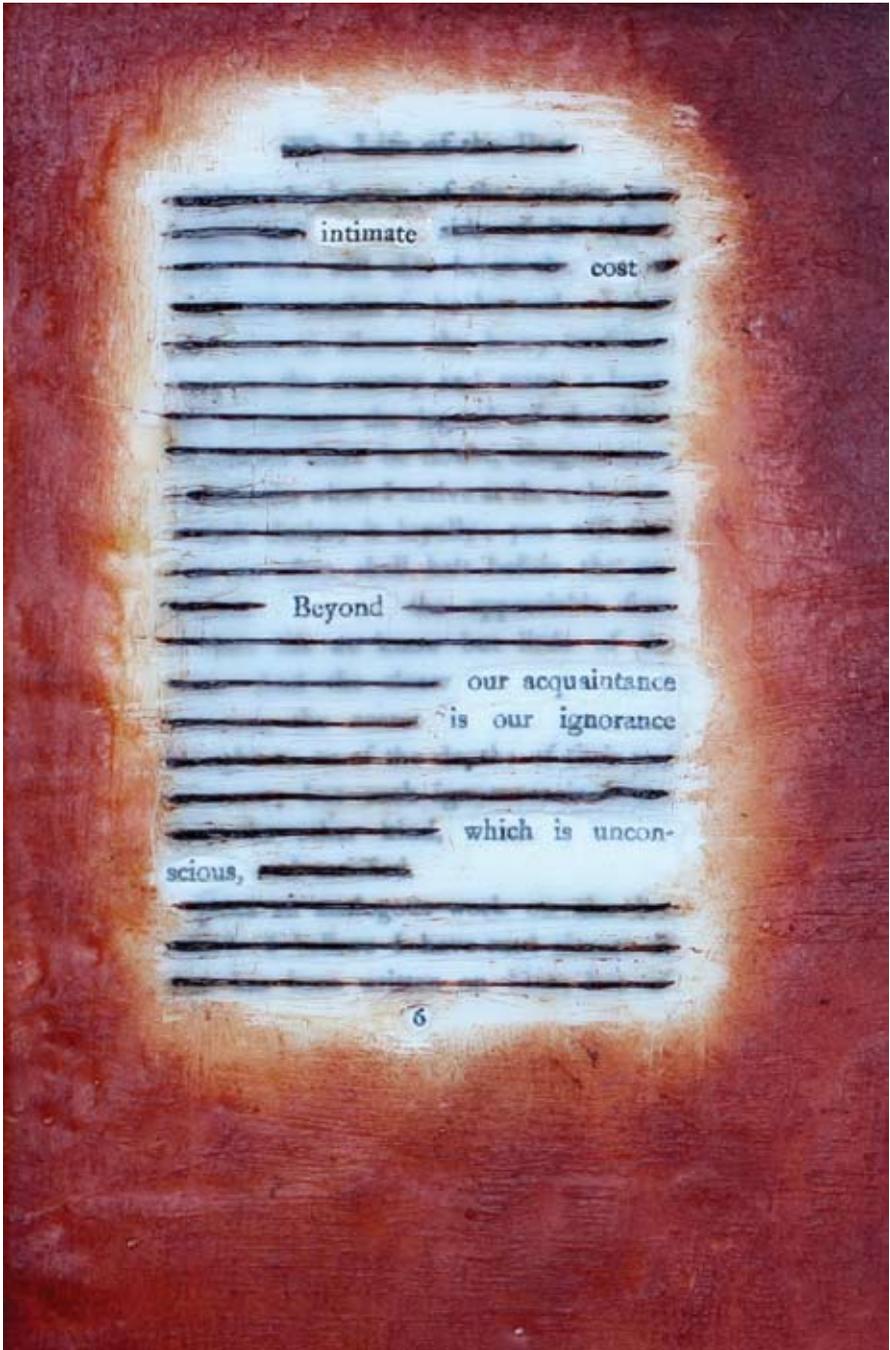
JENNIFER BORGES FOSTER / from *The Life*



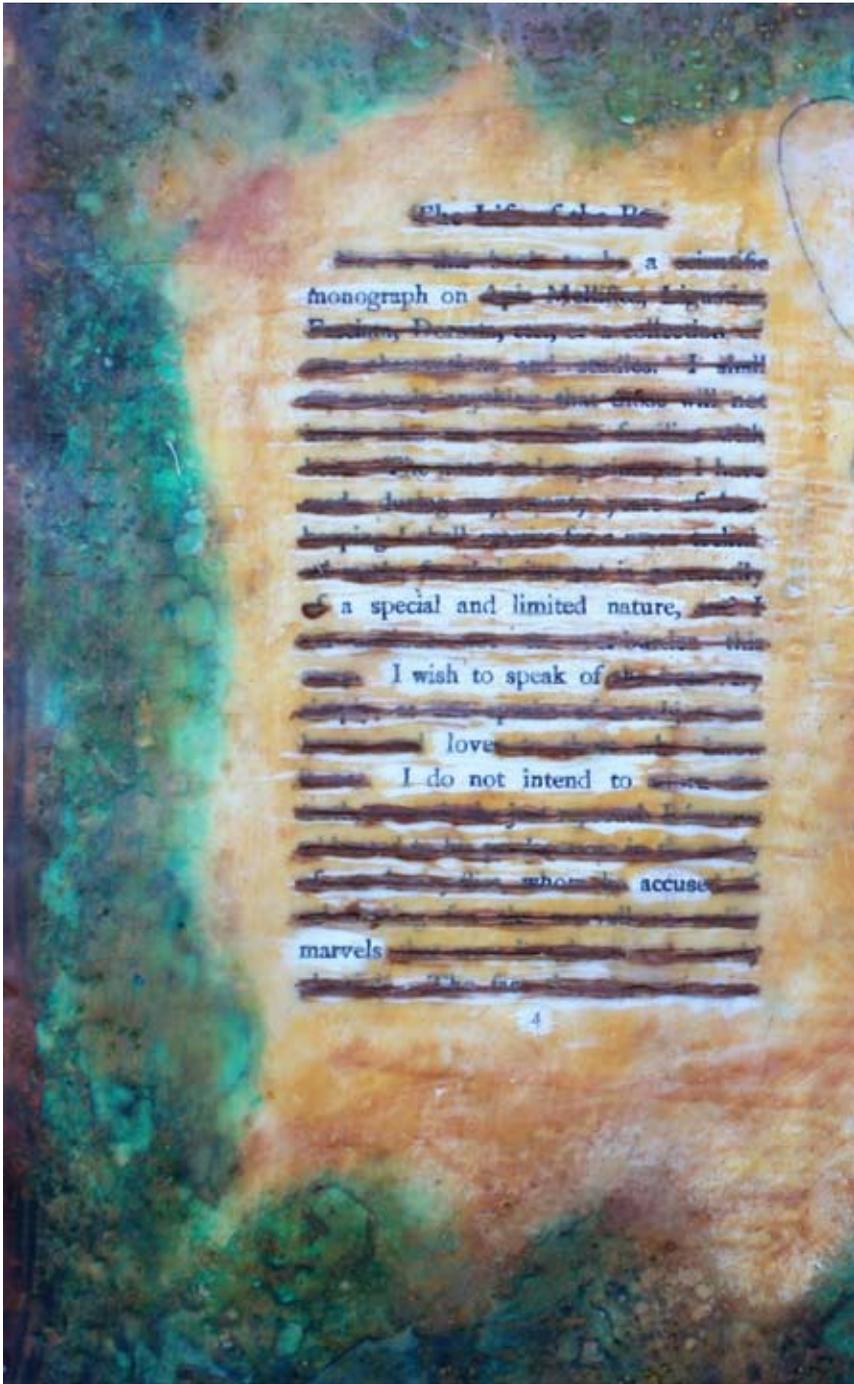
Young Queen Ovaries, Detail.
Encaustic, watercolor, oil and mixed media on board.



Three Bees, Detail.
Encaustic, oil, and mixed media on board.

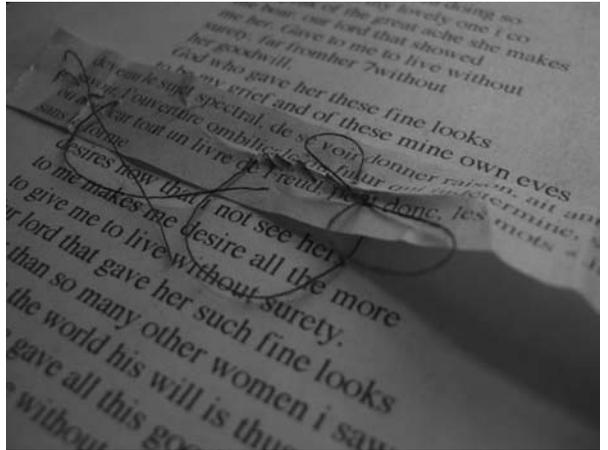
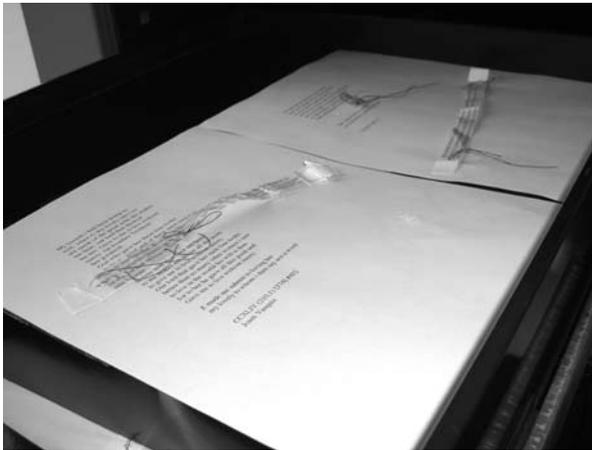
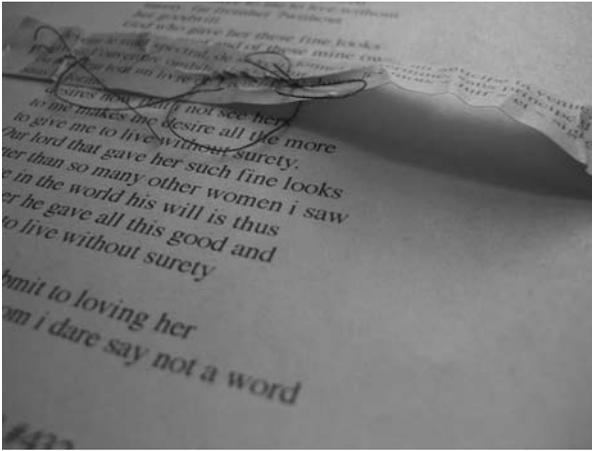


Ladies' Bee Hood, Detail.
Encaustic, oil, and mixed media on board.

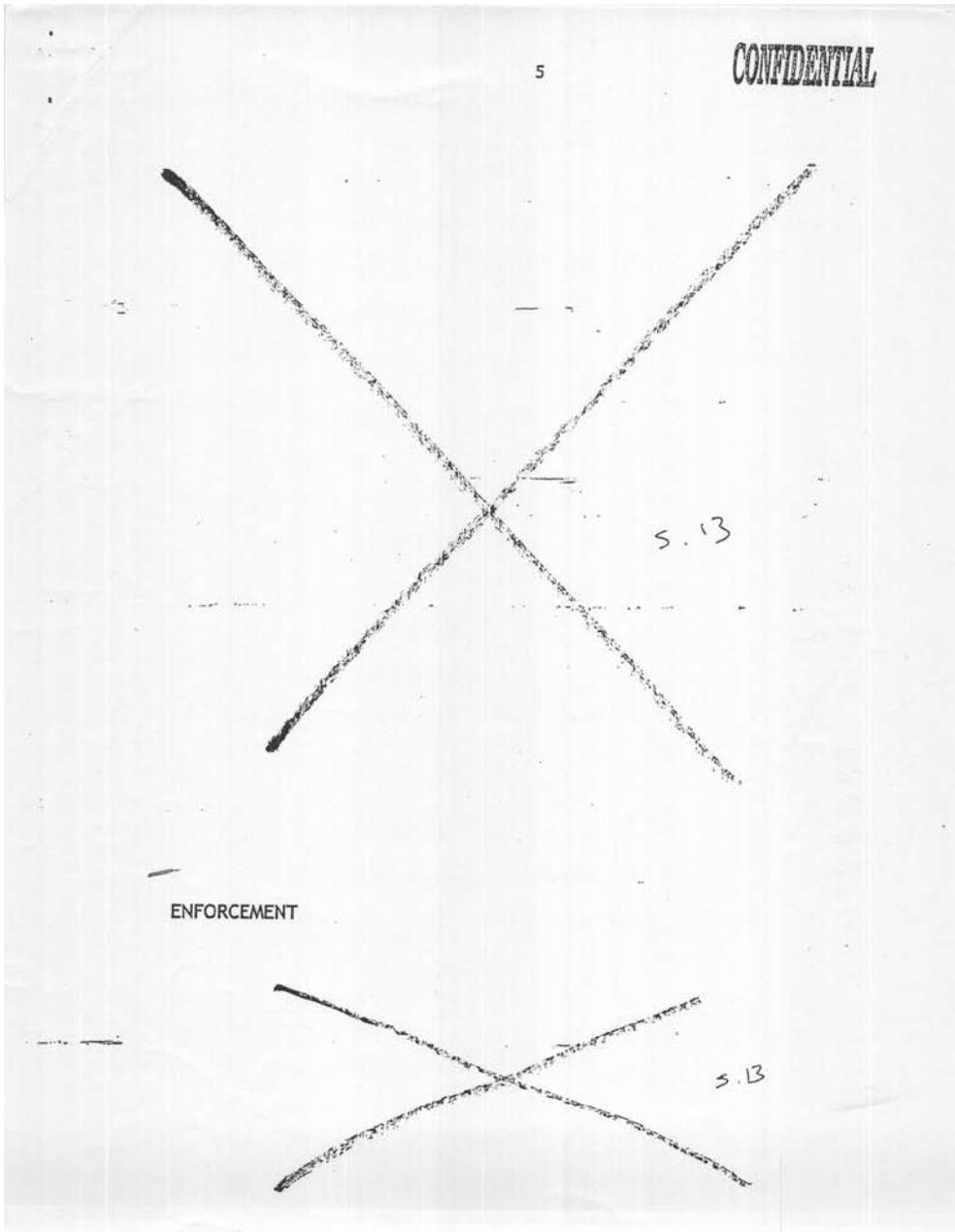


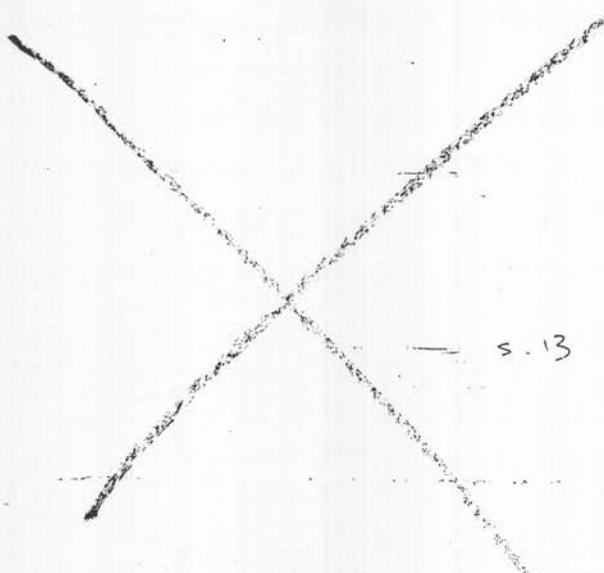
Cross-section of Bee Heads and Venom Sacs, Detail.
Encaustic, watercolor, powdered pigment and mixed media on board.

ERÍN MOURE / ERAS^U/RE



AARON VIDAVER / two pages from **Severed Public Documents**
Pertaining to the Neutralization of the Woodward Squat (2002)





Judy Rogers

Judy Rogers
City Manager
judy_rogers@city.vancouver.bc.ca
604.873.7626
R:\CM\Judy2002\woodwardsupdate.wpd

Attachments

NICK THURSTON / Erased LeWitt Sentences

1	10
2	11
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SUSAN SCHUPPLI / from **Stretch**









Joe Stetson—Washington Post

Universal 5000: Is the talk gone forever?

Doing the Twist While Erasing the Tape

How plausible is Rose Mary Woods's explanation for the erased tape, and what might experts still learn from it?

Technicians familiar with the Uher Universal 5000 recorder-playback machine that Miss Woods was using all but unanimously agree that her story is physically possible, but highly unlikely.

For one thing, Miss Woods's story also described an improbable sequence of contortions. At the ringing of the telephone, she said, she must have jabbed at the tape machine with her right hand, missing the **STOP** button and hitting the **RECORD** instead; then she twisted backward and to the left, grabbing a telephone 5 feet away from her typewriter; she tucked the receiver between her shoulder and chin and may even have stabbed the appropriate button on the telephone with the same hand; then she settled down for a five-minute telephone call, taking occasional notes; and through all this action, her left toe was set firmly on the tape machine's pedal

control, allowing the tape to run on and erase itself.

In a courtroom demonstration of this scenario, Miss Woods took her foot off the pedal even before picking up the imaginary phone—and at best, her theory explains less than a third of the eighteen-and-a-quarter minute erasure. And even if the contortions were granted, said Uher distributor Sidney Rosen, it didn't make sense to press the **STOP** button at all, since simply lifting a foot from the pedal would stop the tape. In court, Miss Woods testified that she used both techniques on occasion.

The machine could have erased all eighteen minutes of the tape in about twenty seconds if Miss Woods had pressed **RECORD** and hit the foot pedal hard, putting it into a "fast rewind" mode. But that would have meant that Miss Woods had already listened to the missing conversation, and she testified that she had heard none of it. It would also have left a high-pitched squeal on

the tape, not the low hum that is heard throughout the gap. That hum, experts say, might have come by induction from Miss Woods's high-intensity desk lamp, her electric typewriter, or the recorder itself—but only if the machine were in a normal, forward recording mode.

Proximity: Presidential counsel J. Fred Buzhardt offered another theory. In experiments with the Uher recorder, Buzhardt testified, he had approximated the hum by placing the machine in close proximity to Miss Woods's lamp and typewriter. The noise, he said, fell in volume when the typewriter was turned off—which might account for an audible drop in the hum's pitch about five minutes into the gap. Buzhardt's clear implication was that Miss Woods concluded her phone call, shut off her typewriter, and did something else while the tape ran on for another thirteen minutes. The trouble with this version was that Buzhardt acknowledged he was only able to reproduce the hum by using the keys on the recording machine—without the foot pedal connected.

However the erasure occurred, there is a slender chance that the conversation might be recovered. At the weekend, the tape was delivered in a steel box by six armed U.S. marshals to New York's Federal Scientific Corporation, to find out—among other things—whether computerized "signal enhancement" techniques might be able to restore an audible signal. Dr. Thomas Stockham of the University of Utah, one of six technical experts invited by Judge John Sirica to examine the tapes, told *Newsweek* that it would be "premature and guessey" to make any predictions but said he hoped to "have those answers in January."

Most experts, however, discounted any chance of recovering intelligible conversation. "If it had been a simple erasure there might have been a chance," says Harold K. Lipset, a San Francisco investigator who has worked with electronic surveillance and detection devices for more than two decades. "But with that hum on top, that conversation is gone."

Newsweek

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

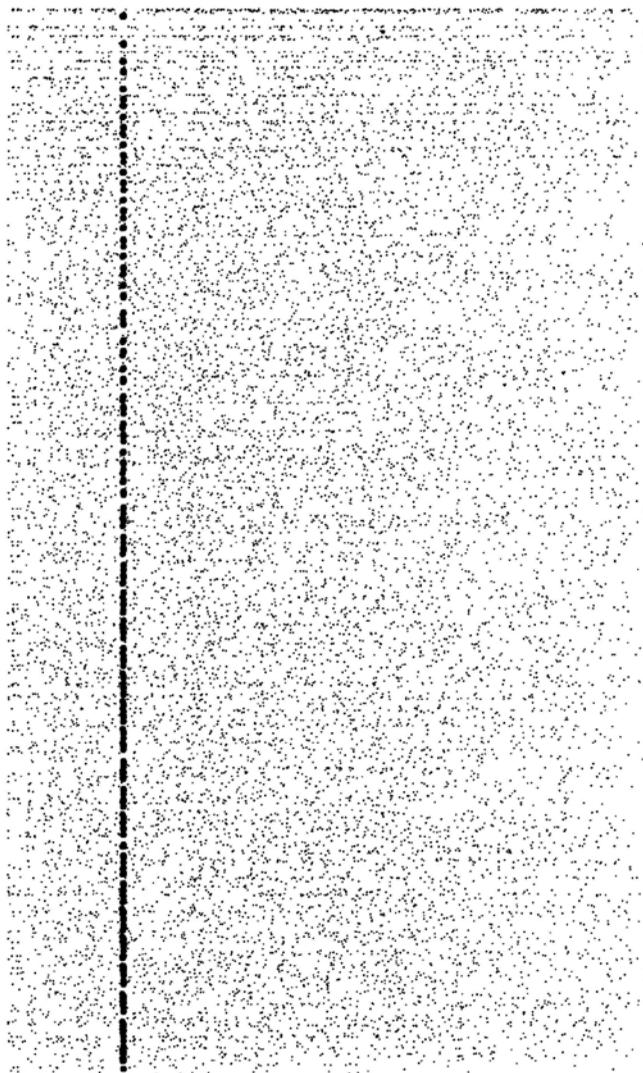
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

ALEXANDRA DIPPLE / All the Dots



NOTES & STATEMENTS

MONICA AASPRONG / from *Soldiers' Market* 2005-2008

The contents of my book *Soldiers' Market 2007* is based on an installation at Skulpturen Hus in Stockholm in May 2005. The installation was a cooperation with a media technician, Erik Sjödin, and consisted of an old filing cabinet filled with 16,000 automatically generated textpermutations. These permutations were based on 20 concrete texts, all consisting of the letter t. The book is made out of sheets chosen by the writer from the archive. The texts are scanned and structured anew to form a book, and in the transformation from archive to book the format has been changed from A4 to A5.

ANDREA ACTIS / *Description of a Struggle*

In his foreword to Kafka's *Complete Stories*, John Updike refers to the writer's "abortive, early pieces" as "not merely opaque but repellent," and advises the uninitiated reader to try the less inscrutable, more castley and metamorphosissy pieces first. One thing I love about "Description of a Struggle" (one of these early pieces) is how its title is such a good lie: it says "I'm totally transparent" and then you end up with a narrator caught in some drunken semiotic soup inventing squirrels for his landscape and having a vaguely homoerotic communion with the moon and with all of language. Prose with bigger holes than most. If I cross my eyes in a certain way and do a "reading" of the story, I find maybe Death or some outrageous Intersubjectivity being disclosed, but not described. Somewhere in space there may be a fully articulated narrative of such struggles, but I prefer the erasures Kafka makes to them, how they can't know what they are when they are here.

My contribution to this show is part of a longer exchange I'm still sorting out between Kafka's narrator and my recently dead father who wrote in 2005 that "when the time comes and these pages are all that's left of me—well, there will be a few tears, etc., but really it won't make a difference." I see the two of them, transcendence

and immanence, *langue* and *parole*, death and dying, walking into a bar and getting their wires crossed. It helps.

JAMES ARTHUR / Diatribes

The texts that I chose to erase are pages from Ann Coulter's "Treason: Liberal Treachery from the Cold War to the War on Terrorism," Al Franken's "Lies and the Lying Liars Who Tell Them: A Fair and Balanced Look at the Right," Michael Moore's "Stupid White Men... and Other Sorry Excuses for the State of the Nation!" and Rush Limbaugh's "See, I Told You So." I have chosen these four texts not only because of their shared subject matter (contemporary American politics) but also because of their intent: all four books are nakedly partisan. In other words, they are propaganda.

The reason why I have chosen these particular books is that I consider propaganda to be anti-poetic. What I mean by this is that works of propaganda have foregone conclusions; the propagandist is not open to persuasion. I believe that poetry, on the other hand, begins in uncertainty. Whatever the poet's convictions, he or she must be prepared to find meaning, rather than to supply it at the outset. I feel that this is particularly true in the case of the erasure poet, since the erasure poet must work within the confines of a particular text. He or she must be amenable to suggestion.

OANA AVASILICHIOAEI / Gallerypark

I walked into the park. I walked into erasure. The park had been made into architecture. Again and again. The process was homage; the process was violence. Grass to building to rubble to flower trellises to building to waterways to statues to grass. The park was an homage to all the parks it had been, its terrain inscribed and fractured, then partially erased and altered, then inscribed and fractured again. A stream became a meadow became a barrack became a pond. The park was an additive and subtractive accumulation of time and landscape and we sat in its midst, knocking our kneecaps and scraping our shoulders against these fractures. We were strangers, yet we were all marked by the park's flimsy architectures of time. We ourselves were time, erased and inscribed, always in process.

The first erasure was a partial removal of the context. The letter, the newspaper article, minutes from a board meeting, a politician's speech, while the park as subject rollercoastered through, taking time's dips and turns. Unarchived, these pages could be material and materials once more.

My process was a visual one. I would look at the entire text the way one looks at formalist abstract paintings. Focusing on a particular area of the painting while the peripheral vision slowly loses focus and becomes fuzzy allows the eyes to see new colours, lines and shapes. Thus I would stare at the text until certain words, punctuation, phrases began to emerge while others faded into the background. The faded ones became blank spaces, cushioning the rest. Always, a trace of what had been removed remained in these blank yet unempty spaces.

Because erasure can also be additive, I now form a new context into some of the poem's texts: the gallery's terrain. The texts transform to follow the contours of this new terrain, from the park's wild industry to the gallery's constructed nature. The park a gallery, the gallery a park. On exhibit the texts are sculptural, they are landscape. And they are public, speaking back to us, the public.

DEREK BEAULIEU / Colour as character

My writing is taking me further and further from "writing."

Writing has become for me a record of reading.

This began on Thursday July 18, 2002 when I started reading *The Calgary Herald*. For the next two years, everyday, I read the same day's newspaper. For two years I exhaustively re-read every page of the July 18, 2002 *Calgary Herald* and reconstructed each of the 124 pages as a full-scale painting. I created a representative system based not on the specific content of each article, but rather on the over-arching subject matters of those articles: international, national, provincial and local news, entertainment, sports, business, health and ever-present advertising. After my typical reading, I began to tabulate each article, sorting and discovering what *The Calgary Herald* presented on a "slow news day." I assigned each category a different hue, and then each article within each category a varying shade of that hue: 30 international

news reds, 9 national news yellows, 11 provincial news browns, 12 local news pinks, 28 entertainment blues, 32 sports greens, 19 business purples, 10 health oranges. There are 151 different news articles in 8 separate categories in that single day's *Calgary Herald*. And over 125 different ads—and 36 full pages of flyers—all represented through 4 shades of grey. As I laboured through the series of paintings, the vocabulary of *The Calgary Herald* was systematically replaced with colour: Naphtha Red, Turner's Yellow, Alizarin Crimson, Cerulean Blue, Phthalocyanine Green, Dioxanine Purple, Perinone Orange.

The Newspaper, along with *Flatland: a romance of many dimensions* (York, UK: information as material, 2007), builds upon my previous work in concrete poetry, and a theorizing of a briefly non-signifying poetic, where the graphic mark of text becomes fore-grounded both as a rhizomatic map of possibility, and as a record of authorial movement. Much as the Victorian novel *A Human Document* gave rise to Tom Phillips' ongoing graphic interpretation *A Humument*, I have been concentrating on book-length interpretations of the graphic possibilities of *a text without text*.

Local Colour is a page-by-page interpretation of Paul Auster's 72-page novella *Ghosts*. *Ghosts* concerns itself with Blue, a private detective hired by a mysterious character named White to transcribe the actions of Black, a denizen of Brooklyn Heights living on Orange Street. As Blue reports his findings, the reader becomes more aware of the intricate relationship between Black and White, and a tactile awareness of the role of colour spreads through the narrative.

With *Local Colour* (forthcoming from Leevi Lehto's ntamo press), I have removed the entirety of Auster's text, leaving only chromatic words—proper nouns or not—spread across the page as dollops of paint on a palette. Taking inspiration from Kenneth Goldsmith's "Gertrude Stein on Punctuation" (Abaton Books, 2000) what remains is the written equivalent of ambient music—words which are meant to be seen but not read. The colours, through repetition, build a suspense and crescendo which is loosened from traditional narrative into a more pointillist construction

REBECCA BROWN / from *The Mortal S*

I am not an artist, I'm a writer. For a long time I had fun doing cut and paste projects with friends a la Orton and Halliwell. Then, about ten years ago, following the deaths of my parents, when I couldn't write a word of my own to save my life, I started un-writing the words of others, finding hidden in their words the stories of my life. I had purchased from a junk yard for 25 cents a novel by Phyllis Bottome (a pseudonym!) called *The Mortal Storm* which tells all about heroic people fighting proto-Nazis in the 30s. I tried to read it, but the only words that made sense to me were the ones about death with or dying parents. I found embedded within *The Mortal Storm* another book, *The Mortal S*, a memoir about the deaths of my parents.

STEPHEN COLLIS / from *365 Sonnets I Destroyed*

We have romanticized the notion of the “lost work”—Sappho’s poetry, Shakespeare’s *Cardenio*, T.E. Lawrence’s “original-and-to-be-kept secret” version of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (burned by the author). As the latter example suggests, part and parcel of this romanticism is the image of the self-destructive artist, attacking his canvas with mad fury or throwing her manuscript on the fire in near-suicidal frustration. “365 Sonnets” performs the drama of the lost work. As an abdication (of the sort Laura Riding proposed), it announces its absence to the world—it declares its withdrawal—its silence is audible, its blankness, readable.

Late in 2007 I began to think about taking up a daily practice for the coming year. There is a certain heroism—or arrogance—in the idea of setting a difficult-to-maintain, even onerous practice that involves making a new work each day for a set period of time. Reading Stuart Kelly’s *Book of Lost Books*, I came upon Ezra Pound’s claim, before the publication of his first book, to have incinerated “two novels and three hundred sonnets.” He had, for a period of time, written “a Petrarchan sonnet every morning, and immediately ripped it up.” I had my practice. Pure modernist ostentation and austerity. An epic affront. Turn all the paintings to face the gallery wall. Publish every page blank. The autonomy of the work of art lurches towards its viewer/reader, whispering at once and in contradiction, “*noli me tangere*” and “dear beings, I can feel your hands.”

Erasure can figure the fact that to make is always also to destroy. But taken to its extreme, destruction can itself become an art, art, a destruction. Stuart Kelly notes that Kafka “knew that writing was an act of violence, and that when we talk about the ‘power’ of a text, this is not unrelated to the power wielded by tyrants.” Thus, “Kafka wanted his manuscripts burned because they were meant to hurt.” I don’t want to hurt anyone. So I erase my tracks as I recede across the beach.

ALEXANDRA DIPPLE / All the Dots

The Freedom of Information Act and the 1997 Labour Manifesto. Each page of the document is worked on individually, and then all the pages are collated into a single final image. All irrelevant information is removed leaving just the dots, full stops and bullet points.

Alexandra’s work describes an on going fascination with the written/printed word. Newspapers are the starting point and Alexandra has been working on two distinct bodies of work one using full stops and dots and the other utilising dashes and hyphens. These graphic symbols are dissected from the body of the newspaper by hand and presented as collages. Alexandra uses a number of process rules to create the pieces. This helps her get to grip with the huge amount of raw material, and allows for a systematic analysis of the data. The dashes and hyphens are arranged as long chains and the dots are presented in an intense mass.

In “All the dots” Alexandra uses iconic documents as a jump off point. Here information is removed or ignored and the text is reduced to its most basic component, the dot. This part erasure is employed in the hope of revealing information rather than obscuring it. Alexandra sees it as an archaeological process that references efforts by scientist to see/hear the Big Bang. The cipher of dots remaining form a trace or map of the original document. The missing words vibrate like dark matter and the finished piece becomes a delicate balancing act shaped by unseen forces.

SARAH DOWLING / from *Keepness*

“She is described as female, Aboriginal, five years old, with short, bobbed brown hair, brown eyes, dark complexion, thin build, weighing about 40 pounds, approximately

3'5" tall. She was last seen wearing a light blue striped halter top with pink accents, light blue jeans, and pink and white shoes."

The details build a tight case, journalistic, bring out the specifics of the event. The details suggest that she is almost all that is comprehensible in what happened, but yet that because of what happened, she is incomprehensible.

How could this happen?

They resonate with other similar events.

But the details are not the events. They suggest a narrative and carry a lot of affects, but no information.

It is the spaces beside the details that can't be filled that are her specifics. The holes in our knowledge are what is unique to her.

It is important not to flinch from this spot where the details break down, vanish.

To look at the absence of detail as the space she has vanished into.

To see what has been erased from it.

To see how this space itself, a once-horrifying absence, can also very slowly be erased.

JENNIFER BORGES FOSTER / from *The Life*

In Winter of 2007, I became engaged in two distinctly separate pursuits: erasing Maurice Maeterlinck's *The Life of the Bee* and learning about encaustics (painting with hot, pigmented beeswax). Somehow it took me months to put these two things together. Though Maeterlinck's book is about bees, it speaks with an equal profundity on human nature. In my erasure, I attempt to display the human heart of this remarkable book. In painting for the first time, I try to let Maeterlinck remind me to be gentle with myself. These erasure paintings are being created in an odd and arbitrary order. For context, here is a section from the first part of the erasure poem:

I /wish /to /speak / of /love / I do /not intend to /accuse / marvels / for anything / more beautiful / than the truth / I have / accepted / as / intimate / cost / Beyond / our acquaintance / is our ignorance / which is unconscious, / kindred / rustling / All we can gather / begins in maternity / and / unexpected light / a faith / sincere / a / partially understood / formation of / glass.

JAMIE HILDER / from **Paths and Places**



Relevé de tous les trajets effectués en un an par une étudiante habitant le XVI^e Arrondissement. Publié par Chombart de Lauwe dans « Paris et l'agglomération parisienne ». (P.U.F.)

In his study *Paris et l'agglomération parisienne* (Bibliothèque de Sociologie Contemporaine, P.U.F., 1952) Chombart de Lauwe notes that 'an urban neighborhood is determined not only by geographical and economic factors, but also by the image that its inhabitants and those of other neighborhoods have of it.' In the same work, in order to illustrate 'the narrowness of the real Paris in which each individual lives... within a geographical area whose radius is extremely small,' he diagrams all the movements made in the space of one year by a student living in the 16th arrondissement. Her itinerary delineates a small triangle with no deviations, the three apexes of which are the

School of Political Sciences, her residence and that of her piano teacher.

Such data – examples of a modern poetry capable of provoking sharp emotional reactions (in this case, indignation at the fact that there are people who live like that)...

Guy Debord, “Theory of the Dérive” (1958)

If Chombart de Lauwe’s map is an example of a modern poetry, then mine is an updated version. The geography is different, with Vancouver’s sprawling grids, but the data is similar. It chronicles a life defined by fragmentary roles: student, unemployed worker, worker, artist, friend, consumer. It is still an example of poetry, capable of producing sharp emotional reactions, including guilt, shame, and despondency.

KRISTIN LUCAS / from **Letter to Shareholder series**

cryptic song poems written into letters to shareholders
delivered by facsimile to highest grossing corporations or just read out loud
filling-in-the-blank sentiment with blanks

MICHAEL MARANDA/PARASITIC VENTURES PRESS / from **Wittgenstein’s Corrections**

Wittgenstein, in a letter to von Ficker, has this to say about his *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*:

The book’s point is an ethical one. I once meant to include in the preface a sentence which is not in fact there now but which I will write out for you here... What I meant to write, then, was this: My work consists of two parts, the one presented here plus all that I have not written. And it is precisely this second part that is the important one. My book draws limits to the sphere of the ethical from the inside as it were, and I am convinced that this is the only rigorous way of drawing those limits.

Wittgenstein's Corrections is a 128-page bookwork based on a facsimile of the manuscript for this text. Each page has been reproduced with the 'text' removed, leaving only corrections and notations.

ERÍN MOURE / ERAS^U/RE

1. Erasure draws attention to the absolute materiality of the letter. The fact that in any author's phrases lie a suppressed multiplicity of phrases. The singular of the author is one hierarchization but is not all.
 2. To erase is to activate energy already present in the text but as yet unprovoked.
 3. All text is material, illusory, unnatural. All text is frock and *stuff*.
 4. Sewing is a response to Chus Pato, her line: *hai lírica, non hai sutura*. In it, she affirms that lyric – as address, to the beloved– exists. It is suture that does not.
 5. My works are first of all materializations, fabrications. Sewing thread is used to connect one text to another. Here, suture also exists. The wound or incision of the text is held closed by it. Not healed but held.
- If a 12th century manuscript from NW Iberia can be recopied – badly – in the 16th century in another country, I could make a bad copy too. So bad it sings, falters, sings. And append to it, texts of Derridean archive fever, cut up, erased, recomposed as banners, winding sheets.
6. I took out an old box of hotel sewing packages. Random colours and lengths of thread. And sewed. Later, the works were published. Or: photographs of the works made under certain light conditions and with certain controls on luminosity were published. Or: copies of these photographs were published.
 7. The works themselves are older this year. Threads and insertions have come

undone. Yet they are the material poem. To put their materiality in evidence once more, I use black and white, use repetition, make cabinet and street visible.

8. in left margin ca *morrerei*. smudge over *qu*.

smudged smudged also smudged

erasure of *nunca* between these two words

written upon an erasure *polo grã*

ei i

ei euerdade

no me

meu u

TOM PHILLIPS / from **A Humument**

In New York last fall I went to see Tom Phillips' exhibit at the Flowers Gallery on Madison Avenue. Among the elegantly presented work there was a new page of *A Humument*, unframed and tacked to the wall. Beneath it was a post-it, handwritten by Tom, which said he had asked the gallery to show it in this impromptu fashion as a tribute to RB Kitaj whose death he had been saddened to read about in the newspaper on his way to the opening.

It was a touching gesture since the page features 9/11 (or IX·XI in Tom's palindromic roman version). The predictive ironies of postcards allow reference to Goya and King Kong, both Kitaj favorites. It also takes *A Humument* back to its beginnings for it was on a shopping expedition in Peckham (SE London where Tom still lives and where William Blake first saw angels in a tree) with RB Kitaj that Tom chanced (by premeditated employment of chance) on W.H. Mallock's *A Human Document*, a forgotten Victorian novel. This was in 1966 and, as he promised Kitaj that day, he has been working on it ever since.

In the context of this show it qualifies as a double erasure since his first version of the pages was finished in 1973 after which he started to completely rework both image and text, page by page, bringing the whole to a rich new level of interplay between word and image. On his website www.humument.com you can see both the

earlier and more recent versions and on his blog www.tomphillips.info new pages are published at intervals.

He is still by my reckoning over a hundred pages away from obliterating the first obliterations, a process which when finished (perhaps, one might idly speculate, on the work's fiftieth anniversary, i.e. Christmas 2011) will mark the end of the project and a long tragicomical labour of love.

Note

The first appearance of *A Humument* in Canada was a card version of a page produced by Image bank, in Vancouver in 1971. Tom's family, in fact, has a strong connection with Vancouver. His grandmother, in her nineties, emigrated immediately after World War II with one of her daughters. The last of that line, his cousin Wyn, died there in 2005.

Bill Hurrell

Wolseley, Saskatchewan. 2008

KRISTINA LEE PODESVA / redaction suite blackout

Found Object, page 79 from the U.S. Senate Intelligence Committee Report on the U.S. Intelligence Community's Prewar Intelligence Assessments on Iraq from July 7, 2004.

a.rawlings / from *The Owls of North*

EFHILMNORSTUVWY treats text as an environment (as its own ecosystem) and considers signifiers in relation to an environment (context). With a reduction of linguistic resources, (how) is my ability to communicate limited?

My first book, *Wide slumber for lepidopterists*, paid homage to my homeland of Northern Ontario and the environment in which I was raised. This second manuscript, *EFHILMNORSTUVWY*, builds a sibling text set within the lore and knowledge

of the Algoma District of Northern Ontario. During a recent visit north, I spent time in the library of a special family friend (and father of my frequent collaborator, Matt Ceolin), Walter Ceolin. Walter was a renowned Ministry of Natural Resources Conversation Officer before his death in 2003 during a routine moose count. The Ceolin personal library has a mystical and mythic draw for me, so I knew I would find books to treat within those shelves.

Where butterflies and moths populated my first book, recurrent characters of owls, wolves, moose, loon, and trout appear within *EFHILMNORSTUVWY*. Searching the Ceolin library, I found two similar titles, in-depth field guides on owls and wolves: Allan Eckert's *The Owls of North America* (New York: Doubleday and Co., 1974) and Edward Goldman's *The Wolves of North America* (New York: Dover Publications, 1944). Their contents fascinated me, with practical identification techniques, scientific classifications and descriptions, and the occasional personal anecdote accompanying specific sightings. I felt the urge to work with them, and thus began erasing (or, perhaps more accurately, hunting for) words that fit my manuscript's titular lipogram.

The excerpted poem "The Owls of North" is constructed using a lipogrammatic constraint based on the English-language user's propensity for pronoun-heavy, possessive, and humancentric diction. *EFHILMNORSTUVWY*'s lipogram uses letters only found within pronouns (excluding demonstrative), reconfiguring to build localized vocabularies specific to the environment of these letters. All remaining letters (ABCDGJKPQXZ) are erased, eradicated – extinct. The pronoun characters, imbued with the semantics of identification and possession, are among the most frequently utilized in English, and the resulting texts attempt to estrange the familiar. What results is an emphasis on often used but least noticed fundamental English vocabulary. The lipogram-constructed erasure focuses the reader's sights for specific movement, signs within English's dense overgrowth – similar to or mimicking the ornithologist's narrow bird-vision. What a curious insistence of position

MARY RUEFLE / Remarks on the Erasures

An erasure is the creation of a new text by disappearing the old text that surrounds it. I don't consider the pages to be poems, but I do think of them as poetry, especially in sequence and taken as a whole; when I finish an erasure book I feel I have written a

book of poetry without a single poem in it, and that appeals to me.

The books have been called “found poems,” but I don’t consider them as such. A found poem is a text found in the world, taken out of its worldly context and labeled a poem. I certainly didn’t “find” any of these pages, I made them in my head, just as I do my other work. In the erasures I can only choose words out of all the words on a given page, while writing regularly I can choose from all the words in existence. In that sense, the erasures are like a “form”—I am restricted by certain rules. I have resisted poetry my whole life, but at last found a form I can’t resist. It is like writing with my eyes instead of my hands.

I use white-out, buff-out, paper, ink, pencil, gouache, carbon, and marker; sometimes I press postage stamps onto the page and pull them off—that literally takes the text right off the page! Once, while working on an all-white erasure, I had the sense I was somehow *blinding* the words—blindfolding the ones I whited-out, and those that were left had to become, I don’t know, extra-sensory or something. Then I thought no, I am bandaging (in italics) the words, and the ones left were those that seeped out.

I’ve made thirty-two erasure books and given many to friends as gifts; one has been published, and several sold into private collections. One or two of the books work when read aloud in public, but most of them don’t. I can’t imagine ever stopping making them, and I hope to be working on one when I die.

SUSAN SCHUPPLI / from *Stretch*

PRESS PLAY TO BEGIN. At some point during the evening of June 20th 1972 a conversation between two men was secretly taped on a SONY TC-800B reel-to-reel voice recorder. An innocuous machine that uses 0.5-mm tape, and was set to run at the irregular speed of 15/16 IPS—or half the rate of a standard tape recorder. In keeping with this low-fidelity recording mode, the tiny lavalier microphones that picked up this particular conversation were cheap and poorly distributed throughout the space. The result was a tape of degraded sound quality produced under deficient recording conditions.

FAST-FORWARD TO 1973. An entire nation is now magnetised by the pull of forces unspooled by this single reel of 0.5-mm tape.

Tape 342 as it is officially referred to, is but one of a sprawling archive of approximately 3,700 hours of audio recordings taped surreptitiously by the late American President Richard Nixon over a period of several years. Known as the “Nixon White House Tapes” these recordings detail conversations between the President, his staff, and visitors to the White House and Camp David. Of the many thousands of audio-tapes confiscated from the Oval Office, Tape 342 remains by far the most infamous. Not because of the damaging or volatile nature of the information it contains but precisely because of its absence: a gap in the tape of 18-1/2 minutes. A residual silence which is haunted by the spectre of a man who refused to speak, who refused to fill in the gap and suture the wound that opened up the corruption of the American political system for all to see.

This gap takes place during a conversation between Nixon and J.R. Haldeman (White House Chief of Staff) three days after the break-in at Democratic National Committee Headquarters in the Watergate Hotel. The timing of the conversation on June 20th and subsequent tape-gap so close to the temporal unfolding of criminal events at the Watergate Hotel have lead many to speculate that the tape must have contained highly incriminating evidence. Evidence, which perhaps implicated Nixon himself in the crime.

When news of the tape’s potential tampering was made public, Nixon’s personal secretary, Rose Mary Woods (now deceased) made two rather contradictory public statements. In her court testimony of November 8th 1973 she asserted her secretarial competency, flatly denying ever making any stupid transcription errors when handling the tape recorder. “The buttons said on and off, forward and backward. I caught on to that fairly fast. I don’t think I’m so stupid as to erase what’s on a tape” (“The Secretary”).

“Next to a man’s wife, his secretary is the most important person in his career. She has to understand every detail of his job; to have unquestioning loyalty and absolute discretion. On every count Rose measures up. I’m a lucky man” (Nixon cited in “The Secretary”).

REWIND. However a month later, under cross-examination in a federal courtroom, she told a rather confused story of how she might after all have made “a terrible mis-

take” and been partially responsible for the glitch. Woods claimed that while she had been transcribing the tape on her UHER 5000, the telephone suddenly rang, and caused her foot to press the wrong pedal thus producing the erasure. Summoned by the imperative ringing of the phone, summoned to speak in court, to testify, Rose Mary Woods was called to action, both to explain her actions and ultimately the actions of her boss. When audio experts examined the tape in 1974 they concluded that the RECORD/STOP/RECORD button had actually been pressed 5 to 9 times. The materials themselves told a different story thus refuting the secretary’s attempted admission of guilt.

STOP.

Works cited

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CONTRIBUTORS

MONICA AASPRONG (b. 1969) is a Norwegian writer living in Stockholm, Sweden. She has published a novel, books of poetry and since 2003 she has been working with a project called *Soldiers' Market*. This is a textwork in different parts. Essential to the work is the title itself and finding different approaches to the specific words. *Soldiers' Market* includes books, readings, installations, soundworks. More about the project: monicaaasprong.no

ANDREA ACTIS recently moved from Vancouver, BC, to Providence, RI, for five more years of school. She is a former member of the Kootenay School of Writing and has had work published previously in *TCR*.

Toronto native JAMES ARTHUR is currently a Stegner Fellow in Poetry at Stanford University. His poems have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, and *Brick*. He has previously received the Amy Lowell Travelling Poetry Scholarship and a Discovery/The Nation Prize, as well as fellowships to Yaddo and the MacDowell Colony.

OANA AVASILICHIOAEI is a poet and translator (French and Romanian) who also dabbles in text installations. The long poem, "Spirit of the West!" from which this installation is drawn, will appear in her forthcoming book *feria: a poempark* (Wolsak & Wynn, 2008). She lives in Montreal.

DEREK BEAULIEU's poetry and conceptual writing engage with textual production and how composition informs comprehension. His first book, *with wax*, was published by Coach House Books in 2003 and was followed-up by *frogments from the frag pool: haiku after basho* (Mercury Press, 2005 co-written with Gary Barwin) and *fractal economies* (talonbooks, 2006). His most recent book is *chains* (paper kite press, 2008), a collection of non-semantic letter-set-based concrete poetry. beaulieu's conceptual novel *flatland: a romance of many dimensions* was published in 2007 in a limited

edition by Simon Morris's acclaimed press information as material (York, UK). His second conceptual novel, *Local Colour*, is forthcoming from ntamo (Finland) in 2008.

Poet and visual artist JEN BERVIN's books include *The Desert* (Granary Books, 2008), *A Non-Breaking Space* (Ugly Duckling, 2005), *Nets* (Ugly Duckling, 2004), and *Under What Is Not Under* (Potes & Poets, 2001). Her interdisciplinary work has been featured most recently in *Esopus* and *Double Change*. Bervin's large-scale sewn composites of Dickinson's fascicle marks and other works have been exhibited in the US, Canada, and France. She has received fellowships in art and writing from the New York Foundation for the Arts, the MacDowell Colony, Centrum Arts, and the Camargo Foundation in Cassis, France. She is a contributing editor for *jubilat* and lives in New York.

REBECCA BROWN is the author of a dozen books of prose including *The Last Time I Saw You*, *The End of Youth*, *The Dogs*, *The Terrible Girls* (all published by City Lights), and *The Gifts of the Body* (HarperCollins). She has written texts for dance and theatre. Her collaborations include a book with painter Nancy Kiefer, *Woman in Ill Fitting Wig*, and with Mary Jane Knecht, an anthology of writers' responses to work at the Frye Art Museum. Brown's collection of gonzo "essays," *American Romances*, is forthcoming from City Lights.

CLINT BURNHAM is a Vancouver writer and critic. He read recently at the Positions Colloquium at the Kootenay School of Writing and his most recent book of poetry is *Rental Van* (Anvil, 2007). His art criticism has appeared in *Camera Austria*, *artforum.com*, *West Coast Line*, and in the collection *DAMP: Contemporary Vancouver Media Art*. He teaches in the Department of English at Simon Fraser University.

LOUIS CABRI is author of *The Mood Embosser*. Recent work appears in *Model Homes* (Detroit), in *West Coast Line*, and in *The Capilano Review* issue 3.6. He teaches at the University of Windsor.

STEPHEN COLLIS is the author of three books of poetry, *Mine* (New Star, 2001), *Anarchive* (New Star, 2005), which was nominated for the Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize, and *The Commons* (Talonbooks, 2008)—the latter two of which form parts of the on-going “Barricades Project.” He is also the author of two book-length studies, *Phyllis Webb and the Common Good* (Talonbooks, 2007) and *Through Words of Others: Susan Howe and Anarcho-Scholasticism* (ELS Editions, 2006). He teaches American literature, poetry, and poetics at Simon Fraser University.

ALEXANDRA DIPPLE, an early-career artist based in Brighton, UK, works at Red Herring Studios in Hove. She is a multi-disciplinary artist exploring ideas through animation, collage, and installation.

SARAH DOWLING is from Regina, Saskatchewan, and currently lives in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Her poetry and reviews have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Cue*, *Dusie*, *Descant*, *EAOGH*, *How2*, *In/Vision*, *Jacket*, and *West Coast Line*. She completed an M.A. in Creative Writing at Temple University in 2006 and is now a Ph.D. student at the University of Pennsylvania.

JENNIFER BORGES FOSTER is a Seattle-based poet, bookmaker, and the editor of *Filter*, a limited edition hand-bound literary journal featuring erasures alongside unaltered poetry, prose, and art. She has recently received grants from Art Patch, the Mayor’s Office of Arts and Cultural Affairs, and 4Culture, and was short-listed for Seattle’s *The Stranger’s* 2007 Genius Award in Literature. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in the *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Prairie Schooner*, *ZYZZYVA*, and other journals.

JAMIE HILDER is a PhD candidate in the English Department at the University of British Columbia. He has published and presented critical and poetic work in the UK, the US, and Canada. His work has been exhibited locally, most recently at Artspeak Gallery.

BILL JEFFRIES is the Director/Curator of the Simon Fraser University Gallery in which position he has the elegiac pleasure of erasing from existence approximately a dozen exhibitions a year.

ARIANA KELLY lives in Los Angeles where she writes and teaches English literature and composition at the Harvard-Westlake School.

KRISTIN LUCAS is an interdisciplinary artist bringing into play analog and digital approaches to sculpture, performance, video, and photography. She teaches in the Studio Arts department of Bard College and is a board member of Wave Farm, a transmission arts organization located in the Catskills region of New York State. Lucas is represented by Postmasters Gallery and her videos are distributed by Electronic Arts Intermix.

MICHAEL MARANDA/PARASITIC VENTURES PRESS is an artist, curator, and rogue editor based in Toronto. He is currently employed at the Art Gallery of York University, and also runs the micro-press, Parasitic Ventures Press. (www.parasiticventurespress.com)

ERIN MOURÉ is a poet and translator living in Montreal; her most recent book was *O Cadoiro* (Anansi, 2007). Her new one, *O Resplendor*, will appear in 2010 from Anansi. In 2009, her book of essays, *My Beloved Wager*, will appear from NeWest Press.

TOM PHILLIPS was born in 1937 in South London where he still lives and works. As an internationally established artist and prominent Royal Academician he is represented in museum collections worldwide. He is best known for his pioneering artist's book *A Humument* and his work on Dante's *Inferno* which he translated and illustrated (as co-director of the TV version he won the Italia Prize). Major retrospectives of his paintings have been held on both sides of the Atlantic. In 2006 he was the Slade Professor of Art History at the University of Oxford. More information can be found

online at www.tomphillips.co.uk <<http://www.tomphillips.co.uk>>

KRISTINA LEE PODESVA is a [REDACTED] artist [REDACTED]. Her work has appeared [REDACTED] Canada, the US and Europe. [REDACTED] projects [REDACTED] colour-school and Cornershop [REDACTED] between things, she [REDACTED] at The Phillip Review.

a.rawlings' first book, *Wide slumber for lepidopterists* (Coach House Books, 2006, Alcuin Award recipient), documents a night in the life of Northern Ontario. rawlings co-edited *Shift & Switch: New Canadian Poetry* (The Mercury Press, 2005), co-organized the *Lexiconjury Reading Series* (2001-6), hosted *Heart of a Poet* (2005), and facilitates sound/text/movement workshops (2003-present). a.rawlings' escapist fantasies feature kynlíf með álfum, Ghentish snails, and a theremin; and yes, someday, she will escape.

MARY RUEFLE is the author of ten books of poetry, most recently *Indeed I Was Pleased With The World* (Carnegie Mellon, 2007). Her first collection of fiction, *The Most of It*, is forthcoming from Wave Books in 2008. Her poems and prose appear in many anthologies, including *Best American Poetry*, *Great American Prose Poems*, and *The Next American Essay*. She lives in Southern Vermont.

SUSAN SCHUPPLI is an artist and writer who is currently completing her PhD in Cultural Studies and Research Architecture at Goldsmiths, University of London, UK.

NICK THURSTON is based in West Yorkshire, England. He is author of *Reading the Remove of Literature* (2006) and *Historia Abscondita (An Index of Joy)* (2007), has exhibited or performed in New York, old York, and Haarlem (Holland) in the last year; and since 2006 has been Co-Editor of the independent artists' book imprint information as material. Conceptualist reading performances are the crux of Nick's poetical and editorial work – an optic onto art-making which also underpins his approach to pedagogy at Sheffield Hallam University.

AARON VIDAVER is a writer, archivist, editor, and co-researcher with the Pacific Institute for Language and Literacy Studies.

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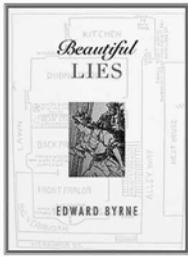
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—FRED WAH (February 2006)

Yr mail jarred me back to 1974 to Peregrine Books, where the first “books” I bought on moving to Vancouver were 3 issues or so of The Cap Review. Exciting, cover to cover reading, not the usual mag snoresville . . . I thought life had changed utterly!

—ERÍN MOURE (March 2006)

I have never felt so satisfied with the appearance of my work in a magazine. It has been beautifully laid out on the page, the page itself is beautiful (the paper), the typeface is beautiful. The company my poems keep in this issue is beautiful. For some reason, publishing these poems in The Capilano Review feels as enlivening as publishing an entire book of poems.

—JOHN BARTON

An image of the world as of now. Beautiful . . . I can see the extraordinary care with which each issue is handled, obviously a labour of love.

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