

EXPERIMENT-0

FEATURING

**CAMERON ANSTEE
CALEB JW BRASSET
STEPHEN BROCKWELL
MARCO GIOVENALE
MARK GOLDSTEIN
PHIL HALL
MÁRTON KOPPÁNY
BEN LADOUCEUR
JOEL LIPMAN
FRANCIS RAVEN**

ISSUE 4

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**CAMERON
ANSTEE**

**THE TURNING OF PAGES
SHOULD NOT BE AUDIBLE**

The order of the archives is a function of disciplinarity. It is projected, not actual.

Lisa Robertson

Nevertheless I will try with words.

John Berger

1 the known world ordered into file folders
catalogued and possessed until you arrive with your questions

account for ruining paper, the implicated bibliography,
the love of a thing without tangible application

solemnly, I sign a paper promising best behaviour
while I live, briefly, in the archive

2 *dear Jenn,*

*you and I tiny in our tiny house tiny city
retreat each evening along similar but not exact lines*

*you kissed me, no heroics, you kissed me
the parts we remember scaffold our bodies*

put on Maurice Chevalier and dance through the kitchen with our cat

3 I'm working to believe these things that you believe
a repertoire of gestures where language slides into oblivion

I can imagine my work on a shelf
because no work in our line can be closed

I am growing softer and coming to terms, I am frightened and not worthy of remark
much remains the same

4 much of what is known is known from reading
and other sites that warrant little trust

a still photograph, a moving image, other products of ink
yes, I have suspicions, grossly imprecise

the widening discrepancies between the numerous clocks in our house
a dissonant stagger

there is work and the commitment to work
a forgotten word, a raspberry seed between teeth

5 *dear Jenn,*

*we build a small garden framed by salvaged brick from the demolished part of the house
you repair the earth, turn it over, reckless and generative*

*some of the better parts reserve themselves
the tiny flowers you chose hold fast*

*light light light light light light light light light light
these sustained plants are small victories*

imagine—water and light!

6 the effable situated against volume, metres, accruals
a reduction of material sediment to be located in written sound

the archive is concerned with survival
the archive is forthcoming

never remove an object you find in a book

7 the words surplus to requirements imagined and agreed upon
and acknowledged as ridiculous

charged with competing responsibilities and deceptions
generous and multiplying means of entry

one always fails precisely in these matters

8 *dear Jenn,*

here the first sites for ruin when the weather turns dry

*hostas, you say
because this place is mostly shade*

*if the street cats stay out of the plot
they should be fine next summer*

new grass steeps in the dirt

9 genetic affinity, flag each variant
a depth of archive catalogued in the body

I want to stay I want to stay

the material of my presence filed at an other site

10 archive learn attrition, learn mutability
speak clearly until we arrive to listen

extend into the air where you weren't before
vaulted, now, where you were flat

a three dimensional thing in ink, imposed upon

11 *dear Jenn,*

*the pewter maple key of your necklace
in white relief against otherwise red skin, carried all summer*

sunburnt, because we walked one hour to sit near the ocean

12 O words

you say one thing and you also say one hundred other things
on occasion you are kind enough to be simple and plain

we are brave or stupid who have only you

13 *dear Jenn,*

because part of the jade died but not all of the jade died

because blood meal to keep the squirrels away, nothing like I imagined it to look

because for the first time we eat something grown at our home

because I want to know what the poets did with their hands

because the landlord didn't mind that we turned over the grass

because perhaps someday a modest farm and several rooms of books

because imagination seems so open but here I am with these words

because parts of the air are falling out of the air

because the dirt is common

because the dirt is occupied with some things we placed there and others we found there

**CALEB JW
BRASSET**

**WHEN WILL HE
HAVE MERCY**

When will he have mercy or, you know, show us all this mercy we're hearing about: that's what you have to ask. Campbell chuckled and took a drag of his cigarette. I chuckled too although I had lost track of the conversation. The music stopped. Why don't you pick an album, Campbell said. I looked through the cds and put on something Canadian. There's a line in this song, I said. No it's not this song. What was I thinking of? We should smoke some more pot, he said. I agreed. It took a while to find the pot. After we found it, I took a while rolling it. We smoked the joint and Campbell said, So I told you about that little job? Yeah, I said. That's great. Yeah it's great, he said. But my back is killing me. I mean, I should not be doing drywall anymore. But it's great to have a few days, make some money. Smooth sailing. I think I'm going to quit my job and write for a while, I said. Last time I did that my girlfriend left me. If I do it again maybe she'll come back. She had gorgeous legs. I lit a cigarette and thought about Clara's legs. I wondered if she had changed. All right, Campbell said. So you quit your job, you write for a while. Smooth sailing. Then what, you wake up earlier all of a sudden? For no reason? Let's say you do that. You're up early and you're writing. The whole day just falls into place. They're pouring you free drinks at the bar. Some girls are saying, Hey what's this? This guy is glowing, why is he like that? His whole day has been perfect and it doesn't matter that he doesn't have a job. Because they'll find out that you don't. Right? They'll find out immediately. But it won't matter. And you read them some of your most sensitive and heartbroken poems, you'll keep a selection behind the bar and you ask whoever's working to give them to you when you need them. Sounds good, I said. But I don't have any heartbroken poems. Ah just change the words around, Campbell said. He opened the fridge and a picture of his daughter faced me. He took two cans of beer and handed me one, and went back to the couch. I was slouching in a chair. We drank and listened to the music. It must be late, he said. Four thirty, I told him. Ok, he said. Do you work tomorrow? In the afternoon, I said. He leaned back and closed his eyes. A cigarette burned down in his hand and he moved to drop it in the ashtray, then leaned back again and dozed off with his beer in his other hand. I finished my beer and turned down the volume of the cd player. There was a faint hum in the apartment. I put on my shoes in the stairwell. Outside it was quiet. A garden path led to the street. A wooden gate was at the end of the path. It had been raining and there was mist in the garden.

STEPHEN BROCKWELL



BREAKFAST AT PENELOPE'S

Some presto decisions have to be made:
Wait outside forty minutes for a table?
Yes; minutes here are cheap: ten seconds max.

Warn a woman she'll step on the dead rat
spanning a manhole? Too late; but her stride's
steady – the rat's fur unruffled between

the heel and sole of a Prada – genius!
Fresh squeezed grapefruit or orange? Pink, please, large.
Evacuate Manhattan, flee Irene?

For my daughter's safety, yes, grudgingly.
Finally, what words follow to make this
an authentic product of its milieu?

Let the charming, hirsute waiter choose them.
He stalks our table wordlessly, no doubt
hoping to move it. I swear I hear him tsk.

"How we all doing over here?" "All done."
"I'll get the check then." Thanks for that, G.J..
Goodbye Irene, you closed Hair on Broadway

and stopped mass transit dead for the first time
in a hundred years, but you can't dull the eyes
of this New York waiter hungry for tips.

BOUCHON COCKTAIL WAITRESS, BEVERLY HILLS

It's OK, forget my order with no regrets –
you have auditions to practice between
customers, fawning producers to pretend
to seduce, bar manager's hands to remove

from your thighs (as a pacifist might remove
a spider from a plate), at least one
husband behind those eyes. No doubt your mother
tucks little Sarah into bed tonight.

Oysters, baguette and tapenade was not
the best tableau of appetizers – let them wait!
After all, these empty offices and vacant
retail spaces have also seen better days.

KARIKURA AND THE INARTICULATE SUNSET

Karikura leads a hard, simple life.
He wakes and sweeps the dust from his dirt floor.
He harvests one or two eggs from his hens
and eats them with a slice of fire-baked toast.
He walks five miles to the internet café
and tries to find a fair price for his goats.
Today, having made a modest profit,
he comments on a post I made last night,
Brockwell, you're a fool, thrilled by a sunset
'beyond words.' The sunset is beyond; but
beyond words? No. Words for it outpace you.
God bless impala words you'll never speak.
Here's what I posted – you can slag it too:

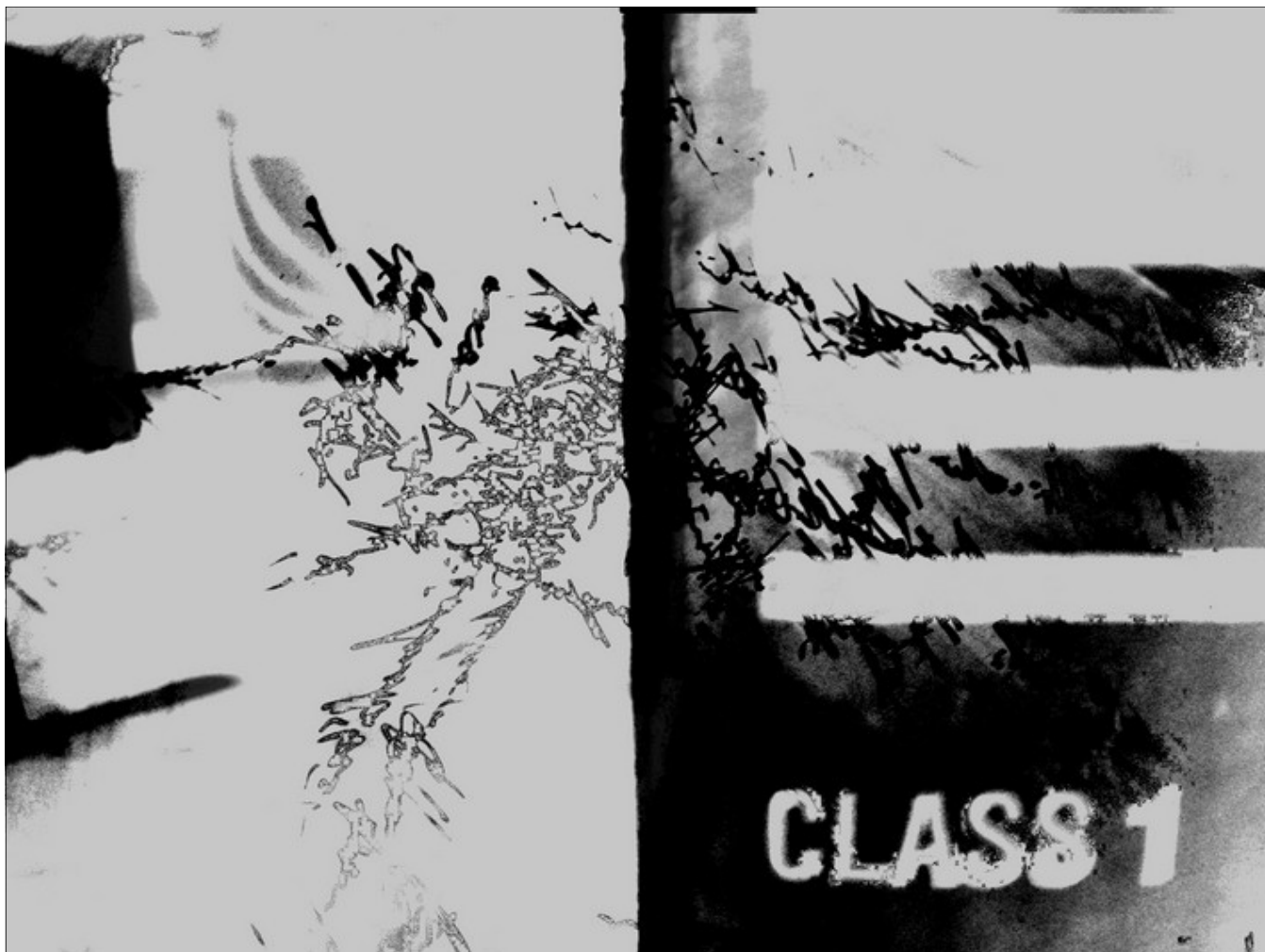
Watched gorgeous sunset from window on flight
to LAX. Beyond words. Tried anyway.

*The bellows of the sun
Fans the coals of the horizon.
The mirror surface of lakes and rivers,
Veins of molten metal
Coursing through the black
Yet-to-be-fertilized plain.
Above these, interlocking tile
Of lapis lazuli,
Cloud grouted,
From cornflower blue
Through indigo
To midnight blue.*

MARCO GIOVENALE



[illegible][illegible]



**MARK
GOLDSTEIN**



what this body reveals
 this body
 conceals
 o n e t h o u s a n d a n d o n e
 o n e t h o u s a n d a n d t w o
 o n e t h o u s a n d a n d t h r e e
 o n e t h o u s a n d a n d f o u r

o n e t h o u s a n d a n d o n e
o n e t h o u s a n d a n d t w o
o n e t h o u s a n d a n d t h r e e
o n e t h o u s a n d a n d f o u r
o n e t h o u s a n d a n d o n e
o n e t h o u s a n d a n d t w o
o n e t h o u s a n d a n d t h r e e
o n e t h o u s a n d a n d f o u r
o n e t h o u s a n d a n d o n e
o n e t h o u s a n d a n d t w o
o n e t h o u s a n d a n d t h r e e
o n e t h o u s a n d a n d f o u r

(S)he

conceals

who is related by blood
that place or point

who is

to be touched

who is

to keep
a thought alive

who is

our origin

who is central to
that goal

who is to provide
who is

who is
most common or

in need of care

indigenous

who is our home

*(y)our fetal heart
its murmur*

my labour

*this
between us –*

*the unspeakable
act*

“In the County Court of the County of

HIS HONOUR JUDGE

the

IN CHAMBERS day of

In the matter of

resident in the Province of and born or
alleged to be

born in the Borough of in the
County of in the

Province of on the day of

as appears by the
Certificate of Birth

AND IN THE MATTER OF The Child

Upon the Application of
and his wife both

resident in the Province of for the adoption of the
said child

It is Ordered

1. and is hereby adopted as the
child of and

Speak the words

abate
this fake forging

of unrelated
family

2. That the name of the child shall be”

PHIL HALL

CLAVIER

The preponderance
examining the tuberculosis

will we garner it—a sort of anchorite?

How odious the connubial state
fine slatted vents like an oval

the nuance—but where's the dryad?

...

*

It can't be October

in the stove I burn old *New Yorkers*
(but always save the William Steig covers)

lake light quavers
cleaning as it again mulls over
the smoke-darkened Rene de Braux painting

Chris benisoned walls with / now I get to
A man / a cattle-gad on each shoulder
half-way / no hurry / a Roman bridge
(double arches / quick weed-hints)

a stuccoed villa set in along a hillside
Ann has taken the Wolf River apples down to Margaret 92
mornings I try to read page-shaped ash

a quote my fire preserves all night
from columns it has only one use for now

riven by passion, not profit. We contin

...



Rene de Braux

*

Family—to smallify by ceremony

(a letter comes)

Climb down from the very top of them high thin converging yoked invented stilts

Abandon yr yellow moon-ladder where it stands free on yr cur-&-scimitar beach

Give up yr salt-silly nude loll

Come home to know a pin-prick in a shoebox as Star

Feed its nostalgian embers

Cut the war pie

*

The split

elephant-pine

creaking *like* Howard's little prize-winning
school-gate

the preemie sharing
its core with grass-blades

the loon

gone jello

Roadside lift-off (grackle) type W
over-strike M over-strike W over-strike M

...

*

Dusk spent zip today didn't go in town
at here-now's brief speck money ore Perth unfounded

as the Local blows stridently bored *flat-out trundle-redundant*
as the last glass insulators flare brief ripe green

as a dragonfly antennas this rummaged shirt (orange fishing-lures)

each lily-pad a glare then a hoof-print

*

This stump

Bess's brother Howard Ferguson North Augusta

any preemie *some* bird gone *you-know*

Become a croodler of the facts

these f-ing acts out to ax precise

each *gulsh'd* note 'til it cogs

...

*

New Year's Eve torn up beside the fire drinking gunpowder mint tea
reading Dawe / Squires (*Where Genesis Begins*) an actual blue moon tonight

the *Almanac* says it's there muffled in overcast
we'll go to the Buddhist farmhouse for the sitting the talk then a bonfire

married 10 years tomorrow (matching snow-pants)
yet this well-rise in the craw lanced scrawl Pollack's *The Deep* (53)

an Arctic gash ice darns not to find myself as if of

...



Jackson Pollack

*

Gerund gerund gerund

the old frogs pettifog & the peepers

ing ing ing ing ing ing ing ing

Get under get under get under

my sloughed tongue its solo drying

around the third note

I do re me mber fa ll ing so la te I do

...

*

Mercy a moan

attached to an abandoned lead mine
crutch divining-rod plight toy

overtakes its own prissiness

whacking easy promise until
unencumbered it

nearly knows

& hell-bent-cautious strains *like a*
like a

Mercy the care (& rot)

of the next word verges
on fêtes of silence

if you don't shut up long enough you can't do anything

my old ones deserve restitution
without some speech

Mercy to hope of the next word

that it not be steaded to closure's pinch-purse

...

*

(finches)

Await a distinct bright sign

his black hover-gold flit-near

Let in the lost on

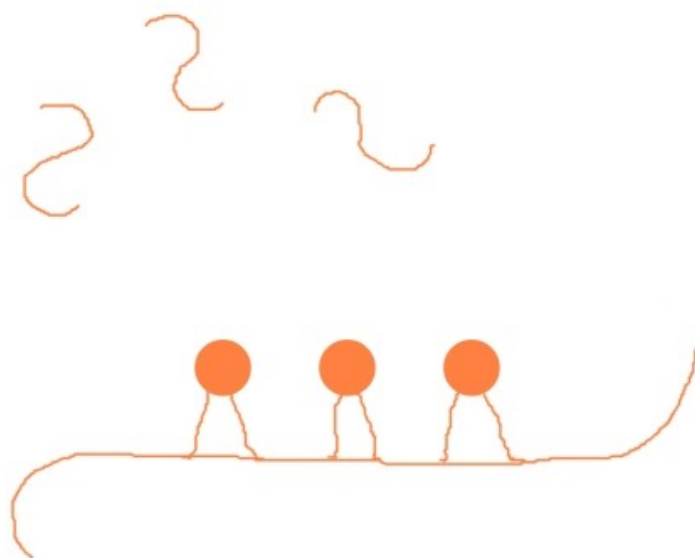
her tawny-veneer whirr-by along-up

Seep-seep blurtip

**MÁRTON
KOPPÁNY**

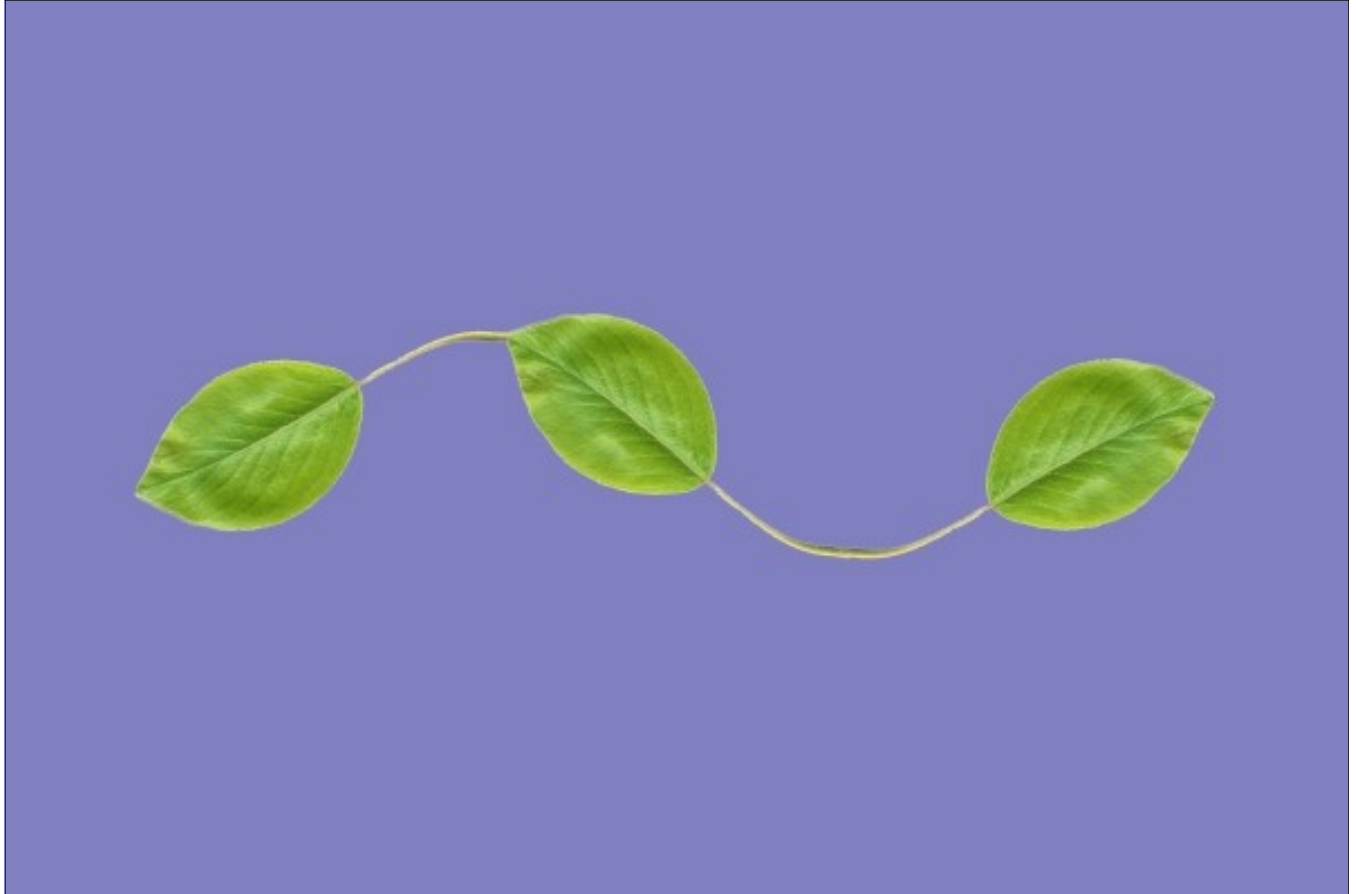


THE WIND





• p o



BEN LADOUCEUR

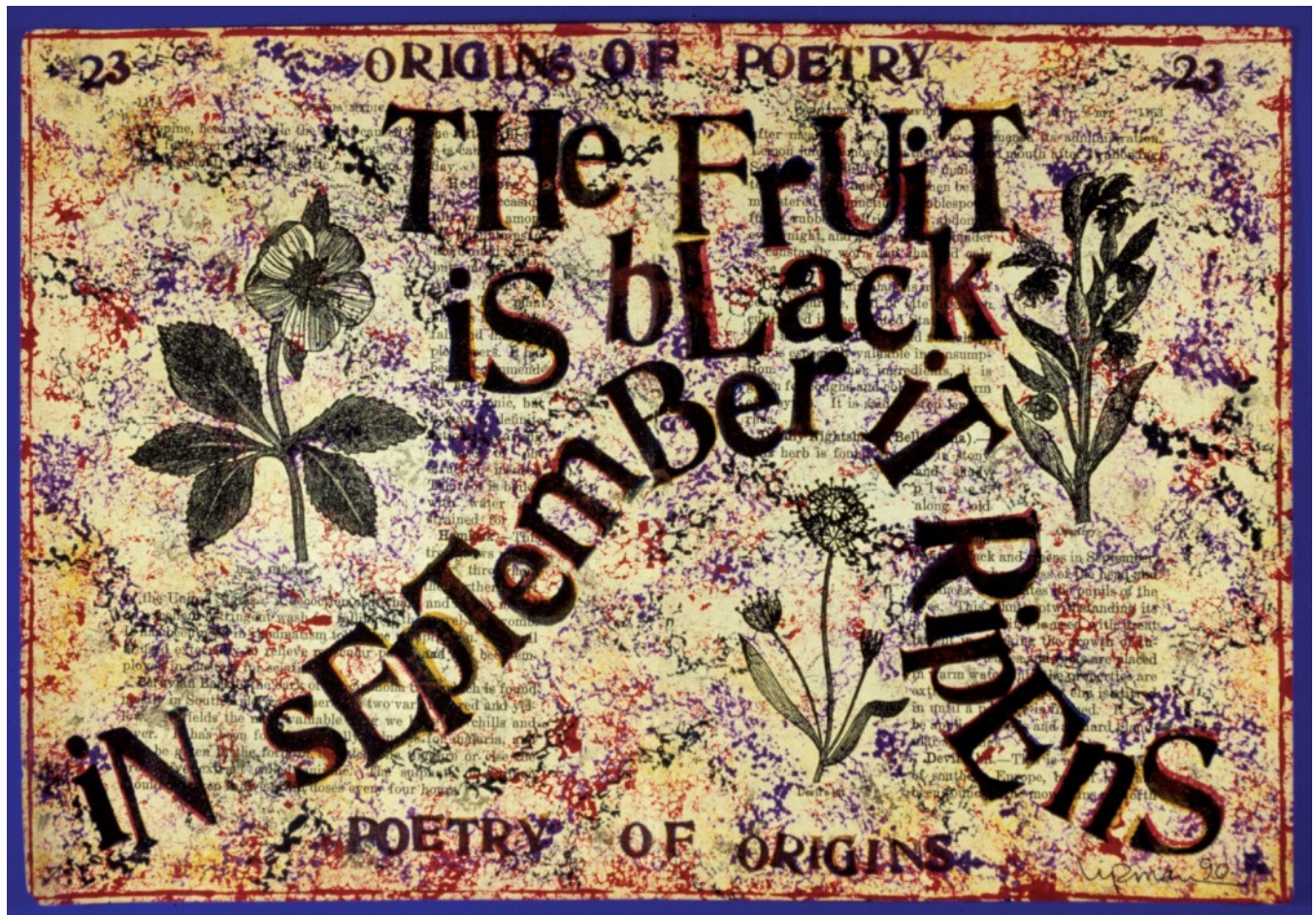
**REGARDING THE TWENTY-ONE YEAR OLD WHO DESIGNS ROOMS FOR IKEA BUT
INSISTS IT ISN'T A VERY CREATIVE JOB, AND REMINDS ME OF THE WEEK
BEFORE A LEASE BEGINS, THE INNOCENCE WITH WHICH WE SURVEYED THE
BATHMATS, THE MANY LINENS, THE MANY TYPES OF PILLOWS WE DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW EXISTED, AND I WISH SOMEONE HAD TOLD ME THAT EVEN THE
MOST PRECIOUS THINGS ARE NOT IMMUNE TO THE TIDAL INGRESS OF
UBIQUITY**

Look at us, briefly
or for a long time, we share a need for haircuts
and a way with words. If there is nobody who understands

then I am willing to be the one who understands.
If you require only parts
then my home is a body shop

and I a dildo, a saltlick, a hole in the wall
as high as your waist, I wish it
mattered, but it doesn't matter.

JOEL LIPMAN





The early people were strong and well. They had good teeth. We are learning now that some fruits and vegetables should be eaten raw. That makes strong teeth. It is good for teeth to have to bite on hard food. It is good for them to chew the food.

Much of our food should be well cooked. We are learning more about food each year. The early people have helped us to get started. We should learn much more than they knew.

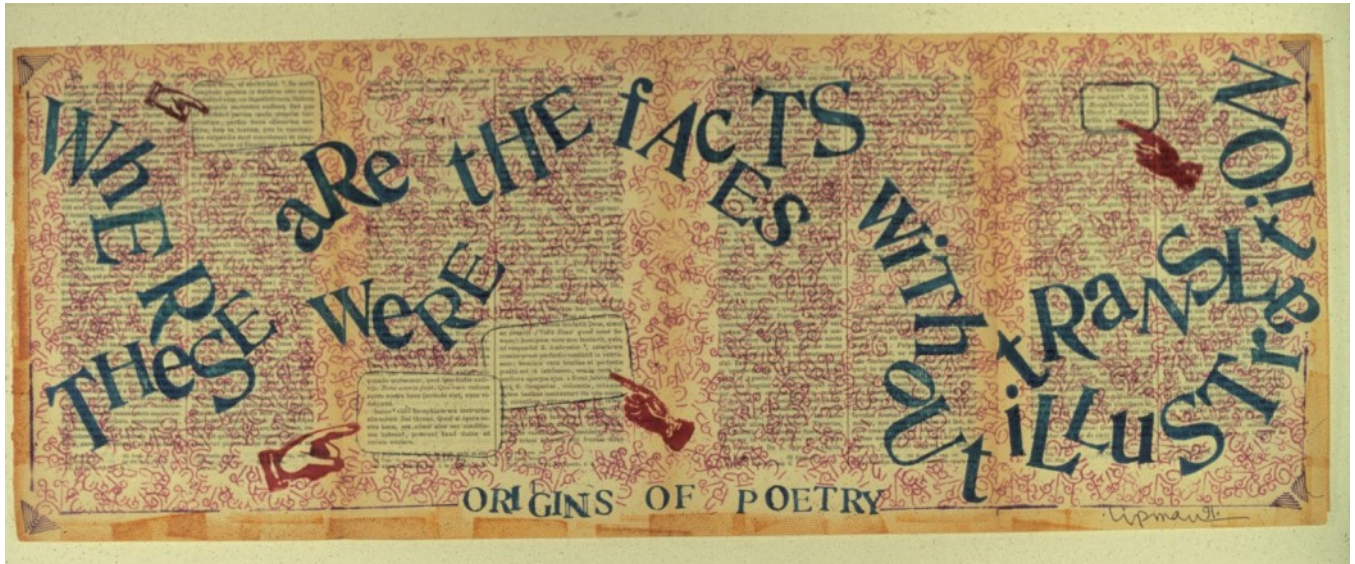
In this way we may be healthy and strong.



How People of Long Ago Got Fire

The Indians made fire by striking a piece of flint against some other hard rock. When the sparks flew out, the Indians caught them in dry leaves and grass.

They made fire in still another way, by rubbing dry sticks together. The sticks caught on fire after they had been rubbed together long enough.



origins of poetry

1194

MATERIA MEDICA

places. It is very irritating to the stomach and is not now used internally, but is of great use for inhalation in the treatment of asthma, since the nitrate in burning gives off nitrites. Two and a half ounces of the saltpetre are dissolved in a tumblerful of water, and squares of thin white blotting paper, about six inches in diameter are dropped in this brine and then allowed to dry. When used the paper is folded like a fan, set on a plate, and lighted at the edges. Several of these burned in the room of a person suffering from asthma generally give speedy relief.

Nitric Acid is one of the strongest of the mineral acids, and is a clear, heavy liquid, becoming brownish with age. It is kept in dark, glass-stoppered bottles, and immediately the stopper is removed from the bottle irritating white fumes are given off. In its pure state nitric acid acts as a powerful caustic upon the tissues of the body, which it turns a bright yellow color. In weaker solution, it is, like all acids, an antiseptic, but is very irritating. Internally, in small doses it has a stimulating action upon the gastric mucous membrane. Nitric acid is one of the most effective caustics for warts, and is also used as a powerful antiseptic and caustic for destroying foot ulcers which threaten to spread, leaving clean ulcers in their place. Internally, the dilute nitric acid is frequently combined with bitters and tonics in cases of dyspepsia with loss of appetite. The dose is ten or twenty drops.



Olive

10

Nitrites are salts which have a powerful effect in paralyzing the action of involuntary muscles, and they therefore dilate the blood-vessels and check spasm of all sorts. The most commonly used nitrites are nitrite of amyl, of ethyl, and of sodium. Erythrol-tetranitrate, and nitroglycerine have a similar action.

RADIUM

1207

nation, which retains its powers only for a few days, may explain the great superiority in action of these waters drunk fresh at their source over the same waters bottled and preserved for some time, yet this theory has undoubtedly been pushed to a fearful extreme. Radium emanation is now used in some hospitals, dissolved in water for internal administration and also for inhalation. It is also employed in glass tubes of various shapes for application to tumors, etc., just like the solid salt; but these tubes of emanation must be refilled every few days.

Radium salts are applied inclosed in various forms of applicator, most commonly in a thin glass tube inclosed within a capsule of aluminum.

Generally speaking, its use is limited to the treatment of superficial conditions like rodent ulcer, lupus, nevus, in which it sometimes effects brilliant cures. It is also used for the destruction of tumors which by reason of their size or position cannot be removed by surgical means; capsules of radium are then buried in openings at various points of the tumor. The tumor cells, thus exposed to a cross-fire of the rays, degenerate, and the tumor decreases in size, the capsules of radium being removed after acting for some hours or days. These capsules are also very suitable for application to internal cavities like the gullet, when the X-rays cannot come into play. It must be remarked, however, that neither the X-ray nor radium supersedes active surgical measures when these are available for the removal of a tumor.



Rose

20

7 ❖ ORIGINS OF POETRY ❖ 7



Funeral of Franz Josef. By R. ULLMANN.

Robert Ullmann is a child of the people. His father works in a factory. The picture of the boy with the goats made when he was thirteen shows his amazing vigour and sense of the world. It is the only one, by the way, that reminds Sir Gilbert Murray—in its strength and vigour—of the cave drawings of the paleolithic man! His extraordinary power of observation is very pointed out in his rendering of the Funeral of Franz Josef. This had made a great impression on him, the Professor said, and immediately after seeing it he had taken a penknife and cut it out of paper, using



Soldier at Grave. By R. ULLMANN.

a penknife or a hard pencil. It is a very accurate rendering and marvellous in its combination of delicacy and strength. There is a great deal of Stimmung (atmosphere and feeling) in some of the others also, especially in the silhouette of the soldier standing with his hand beside the grave of a comrade. Ullmann was now studying at the Akademie der Kunst. He had turned out to pattern and losing his individuality.



Fugitives. By R. ULLMANN.

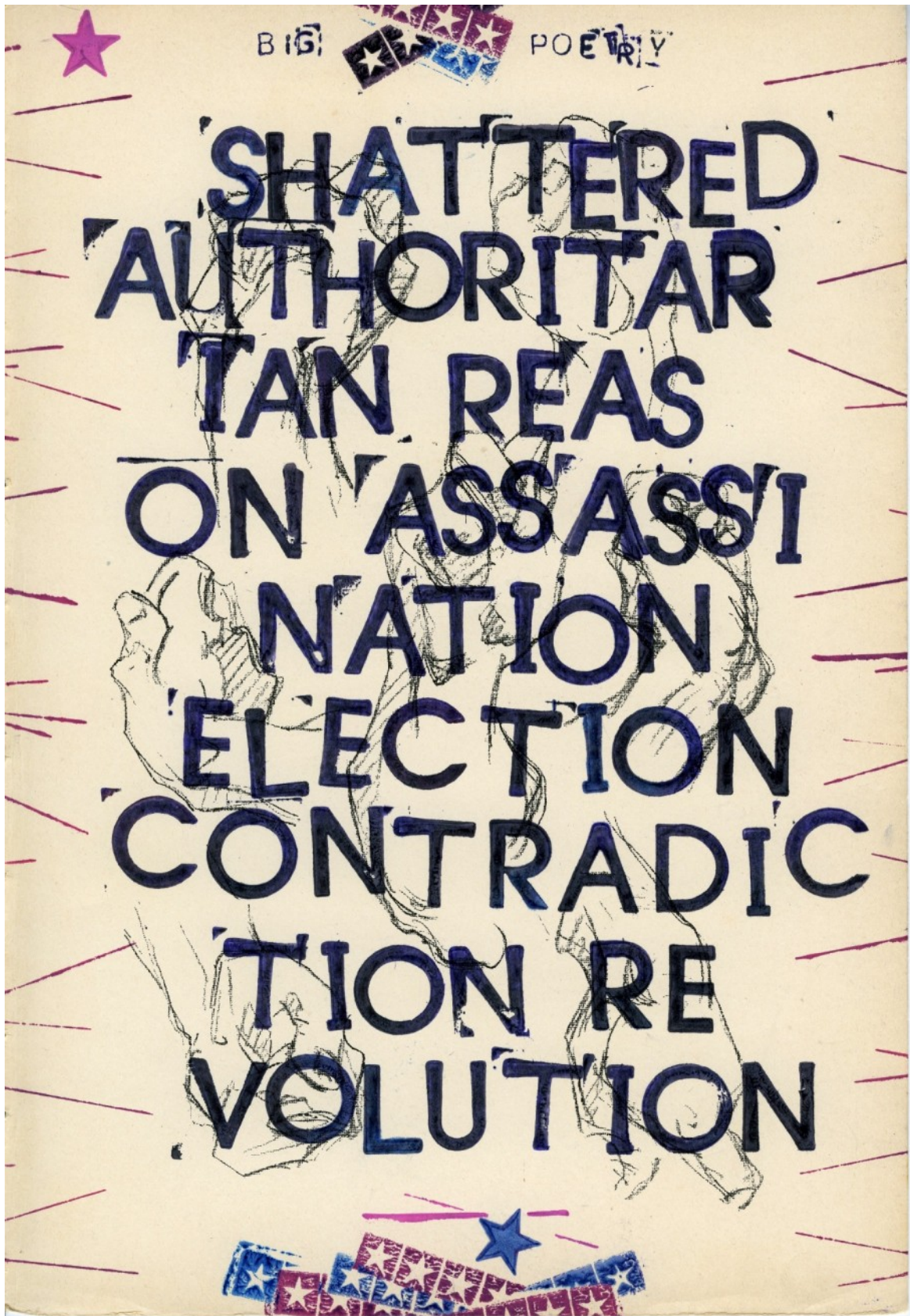
Cave drawings of paleolithic man. Delicacy and strength. A portrait of himself as a skull-bagger on one side, candle on the other. Naive and extraordinary!

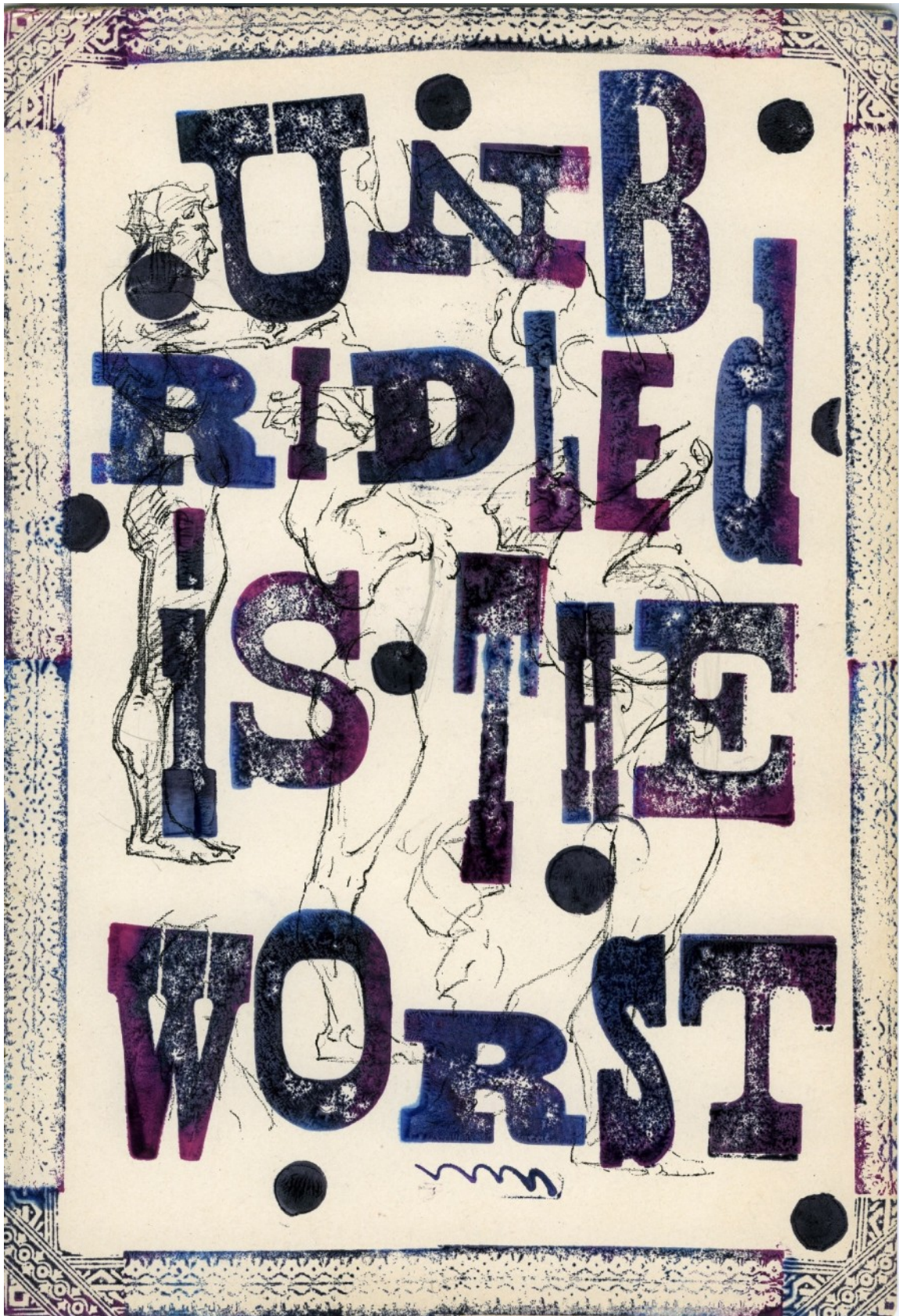


By FRANZ PROBST.

Franz Probst is a remarkable instance of uninfluenced personality. He will be remembered as the boy who has such an uncanny skill in painting criminal and degraded types. "These are the types that attracted him when he wandered about the streets," the Professor said, "though he did not know it. He was sure that they had it. He was a naïve and unspoiled child when he first started to make these pictures, but he could not bear the normal and ordinary. He was only interested in the criminal and extraordinary. How linearly and straight his imagination is! Here is a portrait of himself, for instance"—and immediately there appeared in the sketch a skull-bagger, and with a candle at one side of it and a candle on the other. This was not a danger that the boy possessed, we were told. It was his latest and best one. He had been looking over Vienna trying to find one, and at last discovered one which

7 ❖ ORIGINS OF POETRY ❖ 7





vociferously for the favored spot, and had to retire behind a tree to conceal his laughter.

"By Jove!" he said, addressing Skaggs, who with hands in pockets, and tired from a day's work under such a strenuous driver as Jones, leaned against the nearest tree, "it looks to me as if I'd missed quite a lot of fun."

"Fish bitin'?" Hank asked, without shifting his tired frame.

"Bully!"

"Wish I'd a-fished instead of takin' this job. Hang that there little fat feller! He's a regular heller for work, he is."

"Looks like it," cheerfully grinned Lester, surveying the drenched appearance of the auctioneer. "He seemed rather disappointed because I didn't want to do a day's work for him. He offered me two dollars."

The last lot was being sold, and the bidding had reached a climax in that splendid mob fury which prevails where such a sale is a success. Many a man, carried away by that subtle current in the air, was bidding his last dollar. In a perfect frenzy, the lot was sold, and Burmah Jones climbed down, and went to the band, which at intervals had played while men were examining lots.

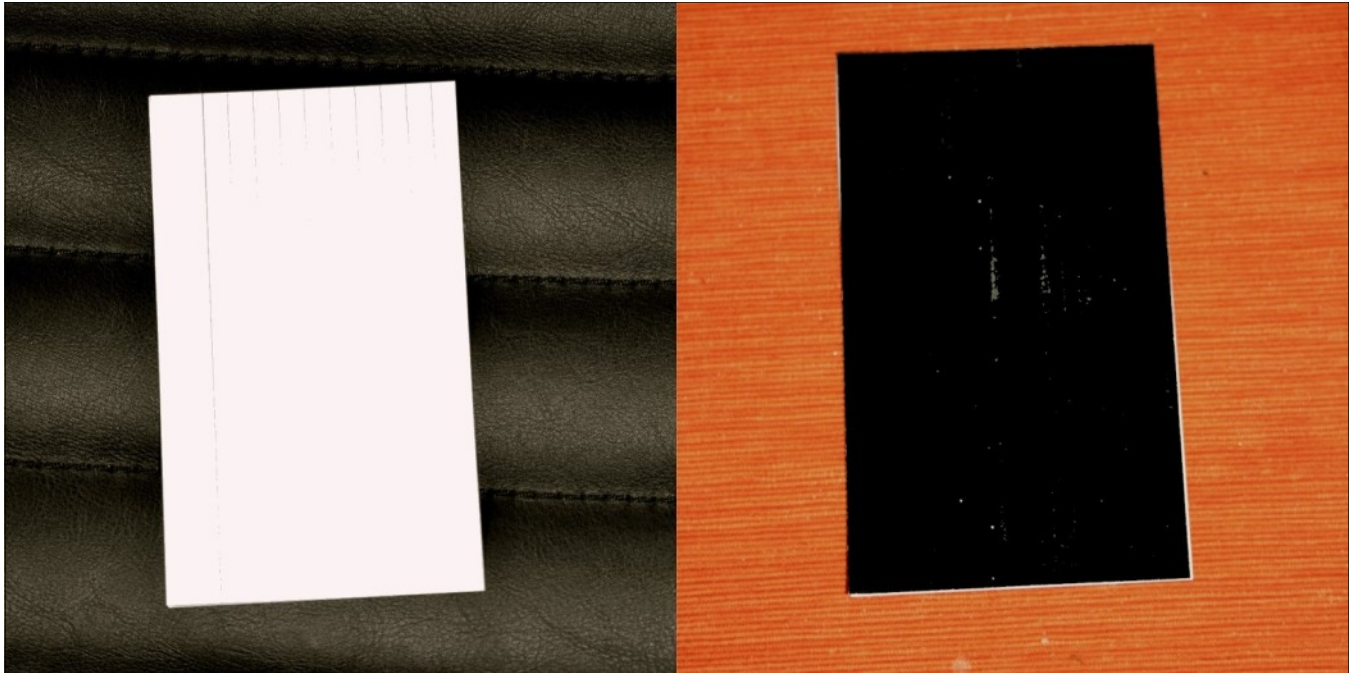
"Turn it loose," Burmah said.

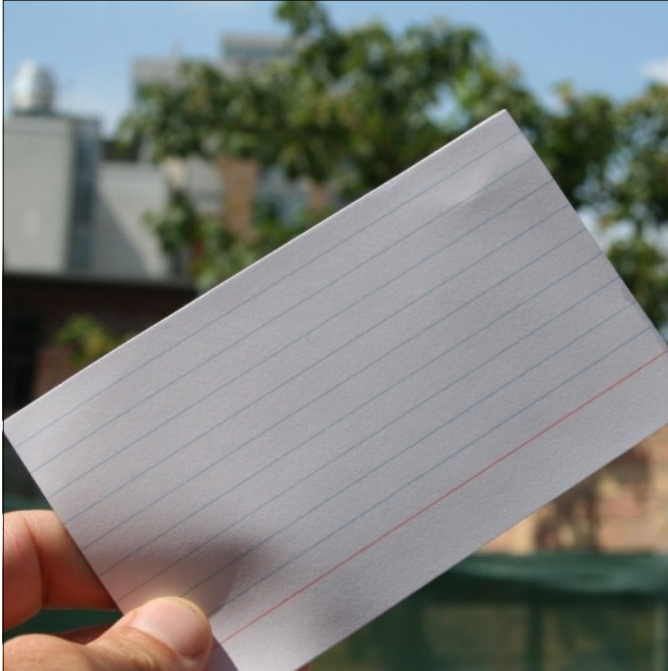
It did, tearing to shreds that fine old anthem, "When a Reuben Comes to Town, He's Sure to be Done Brown." Burmah started to leave, and then, appearing to notice the Colonel for the first time since the sale began, wondered if he had not better

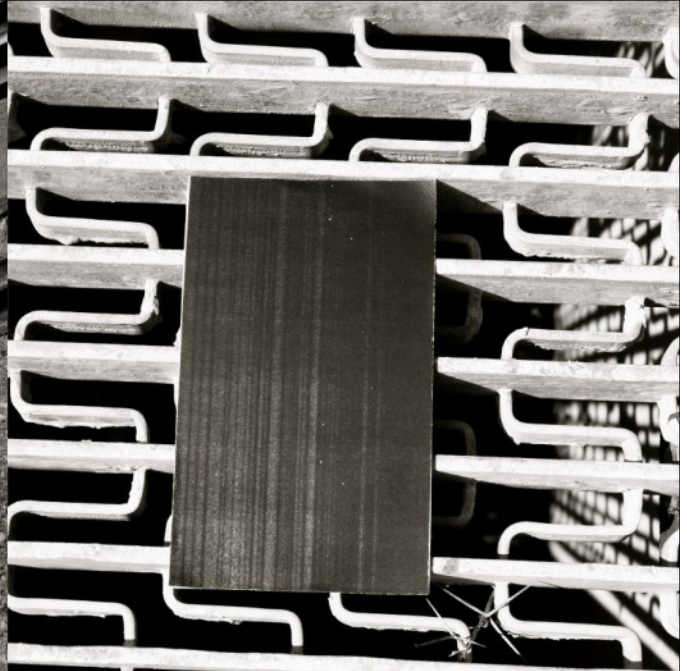
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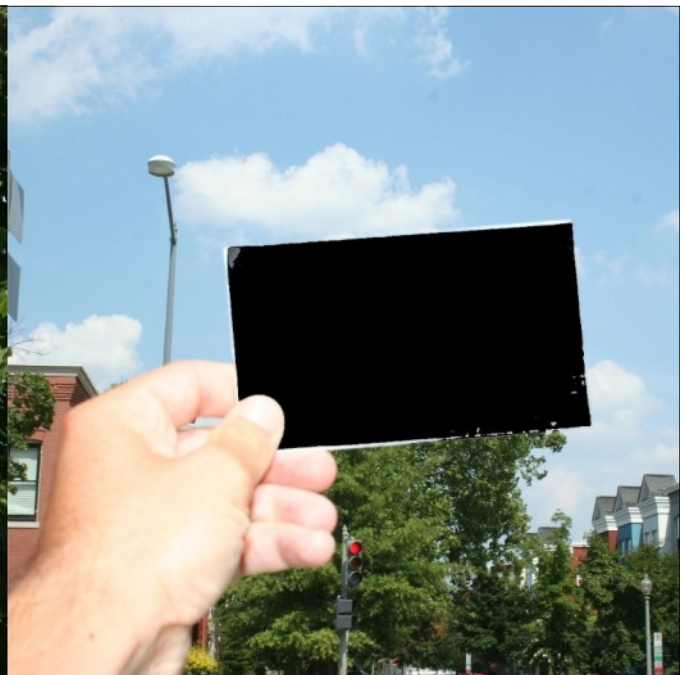
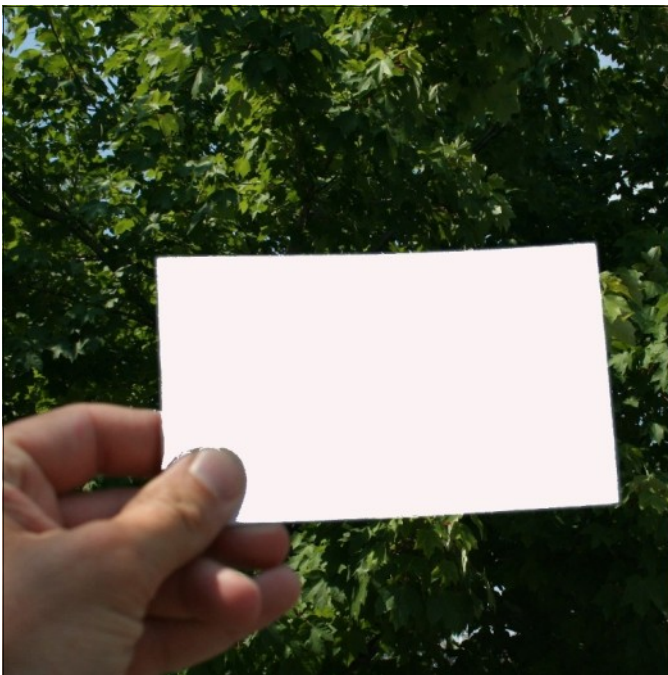
FRANCIS RAVEN

**CONFESSIONS OF A
MIXED RACE NOTECARD**











CONTRIBUTORS

Cameron Anstee lives and writes in Ottawa ON where he runs Apt. 9 Press and is pursuing a PhD in English Literature at the University of Ottawa. "Turning of Pages" was published in an unnumbered edition of 20 copies in July 2011 by St. Andrew Books to coincide with a reading by the author.

Caleb JW Brassett lives in Toronto, Ontario.

Stephen Brockwell runs the small business www.brockwellit.com. *Fruitfly Geographic* (ECW Press, 2004) was the winner of the Archibald Lampman award. Brockwell has been working on *Excerpts from Impossible Books*.

Mark Goldstein is a Toronto writer. In 2010, he inaugurated the Toronto New School of Writing with his 12-week seminar on Transtranlation. While lecturing at EHESS Paris last year, he launched *Tracelanguage: A Shared Breath*, his second title with BookThug, a transtranlation of poet Paul Celan's seminal work, *Atemwende*. BookThug published his first poetry collection in 2008, *After Rilke*, a set of letters in homage to late American poet Jack Spicer and a series of homophonic translations based on Rilke's *The Voices*. From 1989 to 1999, he played drums in the indie rock band By Divine Right, whose members included Broken Social Scene's Leslie Feist and Brendan Canning. In 2012 BookThug will publish Goldstein's third book, *Form of Forms*.

Marco Giovenale lives and works in Rome. He's editor of GAMMM. He's also a contributor of <http://poeticinvention.blogspot.com> and of other blogs and sites. His most recent book of (linear) poems in Italian is *Shelter* (Donzelli, 2010.) Artbooks: *Sibille asemantiche* (La camera verde, 2008;) and, under the name Differx: *aweapon* (ebook: Vugg Books, 2008,) *Severe red* (2009, ebook: Vugg Books, 2010,) and *unrelated | undepicted |* (diptychs) (ebook: Vugg Books, 2010.) Asemic sibyls are also in *Nazione indiana*, *Sleepingfish*, satt.org, and *Fieralingue*, and in the Anthology *Spidertangle* edited by Miekal And (Xexoxial Editions, 2009.) *A gunless tea*, collection of 23 fragments, was published for the 2007 Dusi/e-chap project (dusie.org.) Poems and critical pieces have been published in *Aufgabe*, #7, 2008, guest edited by J. Scappettone for Litmus Press. The prose CDK was published in 2009 as a chapbook & free e-book by Tir aux pigeons, thanks to D. Kunz. In 2010 MG created the webpage du-champ, and the idea & practice called *installance*.

Phil Hall lives near Perth Ontario. His most recent books are *The Little Seamstress* (Pedlar, 2010) and *Killdeer* (BookThug, 2011). *Killdeer* is the 2011 winner of the Governor General's Award for Poetry in English.

Márton Koppány is a writer and editor living in Budapest, Hungary. He started writing something that turned out to be "visual poetry" thirty years ago because by the late seventies he had understood that if he didn't want to give up the faint hope of communicating, he should "get rid" of his mother tongue. So the main source of his way is a deficiency, which makes things simple in some sense. His latest books in "English" are *thisisvisualpoetry* and *modulations*.

Ben Ladouceur has been a featured reader for VERSeFest Ottawa, the Tree Reading Series and the In/Words Clocktower Reading Series. His most recent chapbook, *Lime Kiln Quay Road*, was published by above/ground press. He lives, works and studies in Ottawa.

Joel Lipman is professor of English at the University of Toledo and Lucas County (Ohio) Poet Laureate. His poetry has been published since the 1960's. His infrequent, independent press books include *Machete Chemistry/Panades Physics* [Cubola New Arts, with Yasser Musa], *the Luna Bisante Prods* chapbook *The Real Ideal* and *Ransom Notes* [Obscure Publications, 2006]. Among his bookworks, mail art and visual poems are the lengthy sequences, *Jesse Helms' Body*, and *Origins of Poetry*, a selection of which was published in *Poetry* [November 2008] and republished in *Harper's* [January 2009]. Examples of his work are on-line at the Light & Dust Survey.

Francis Raven's books include the volumes of poetry, *Architectonic Conjectures* (Silenced Press, 2010), *Provisions* (Interbirth, 2009), *Shifting the Question More Complicated* (Otoliths, 2007) and *Taste: Gastronomic Poems* (Blazevox, 2005) as well as the novel, *Inverted Curvatures* (Spuyten Duyvil, 2005). Poems of his have been published in *Bath House*, *Chain*, *Big Bridge*, *Bird Dog*, *Mudlark*, *Caffeine Destiny*, and *Spindrift* among others. His critical work can be found in *Jacket*, *Logos*, *Clamor*, *The Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, *The Electronic Book Review*, *The Emergency Almanac*, *The Morning News*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *5 Trope*, *In These Times*, *The Fulcrum Annual*, *Rain Taxi*, and *Flak*.

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Others, A Magazine of New Verse, December, 1919 Issue 5, No. 1