

un-creative handout

Attempts on Narration, Cortona Week 2016

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Collected by Stefan Scheidegger & Samuel Eberenz (2016)

Meet some of the 20st century’s poetic avant-garde(s)

Over the past hundred years, a variety of poetic movements challenged the romantic and humanistic image of the artist as a creator – experimenting with transmediality, the concept of authorship and claiming new definitions of what art in general and especially literature might be.

The following pages introduce three such movements that have inspired us a lot for own attempts on narration and contributed directly or indirectly to the techniques and approaches to writing that feed into this workshop: Dadaism, Surrealism and Oulipo. Of course there are many more!

Dada (*1916)

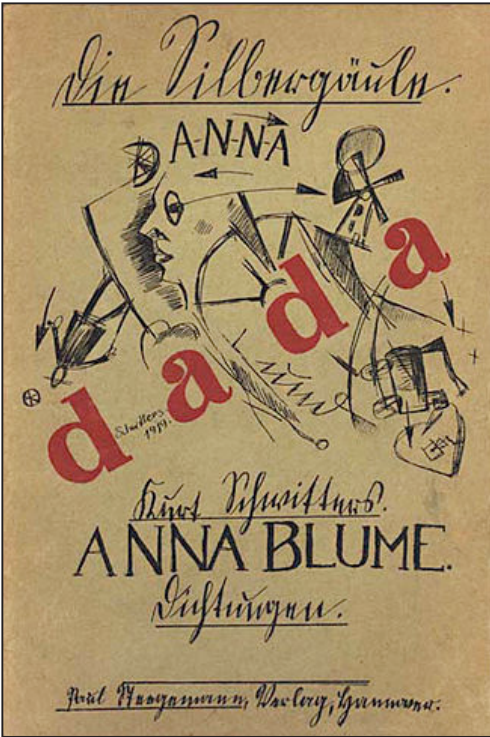
In 1916, in the midst of World War I, a war unlike any other, Dada was a reaction to the narratives legitimizing such a war, that was seen as the highest form of absurdity. By claiming meaning and sense in nonsense, and nonsense in societal discourses and grand narratives dada questioned authorities, such as aesthetic and moral standards.

„Dada has let every Weltanschauung run through its fingertips, dada is the balletic spirit above the morals of the earth. Dada is the great parallel to the relativists philosophies of this era; dada is not an axiome; dada is a state of mind independant of schools and theories, involving the personality without raping it. You can not pinpoint the principles of dada.“

By making use of newspapers, found objects, hoaxes, seemingly African sculptures and dances, by using chance and randomness for the production of art and literature, dada also asked, what does it mean to be an artist? And: Who is the author? Who is that subject? Is it possible to even reject authorship? Dada inspired all later avant-gardist movements, including Beat and Situationism.

Artists and Writers

- Wladimir Iljitsch Lenin (1870–1924)
- Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven (1874–1927)
- Theo van Doesburg (1883–1931)
- Emmy Hennings (1885–1948)
- Jean Arp (1886–1966)
- Hugo Ball (1886–1927)
- Marcel Duchamp (1887–1968)
- Kurt Schwitters (1887–1948)
- Sophie Taeuber-Arp (1889–1943)
- Man Ray (1890–1976)
- Hannah Höch (1892–1978)
- André Breton (1896–1966)
- Tristan Tzara (1896–1963)
- Beatrice Wood (1893–1998)
- ...



Surrealism (*1924)

The French Surrealists first assembled around a literature magazine in Paris by André Breton, Louis Aragon and Philippe Soupault. In 1924, Breton published the surrealist manifesto.

»There was, for us too, the necessity to put an end to idealism properly speaking, the creation of the word ›Surrealism‹ would testify to this, and. to quote Engels' classic example once again, the necessity not to limit ourselves to the childish: ›The rose is a rose. The rose is not a rose. And yet the rose is a rose,‹ but, if one will forgive me the parenthesis, to lure ›the rose‹ into a movement pregnant with less benign contradictions, where it is, successively, the rose that comes from the garden, the one that has an unusual place in a dream, the one impossible to remove from the ›optical bouquet,‹ the one that can completely change its properties by passing into automatic writing, the one that retains only those qualities that the painter has deigned to keep in a Surrealist painting, and, finally, the one, completely different from itself, which returns to the garden.« (141)

In 1917, Marcel Duchamp signed an urinal with R. MUTT and placed it in an exhibition in the Grand Central Palace in New York. This piece, that by Duchamp’s claim had become an artwork, shows how art is merely a claim involving modalities and media of communications and is placed within specific power structures. Surrealism dealt with many different practices, and psychedelic drugs to enter alter states of consciousness, losing control, and therefore gaining another state of control of one’s own writing. Breton called this form of Writing *écriture automatique*:

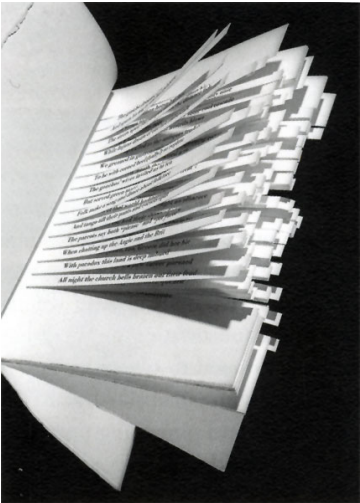
»Psychic automatism in its pure state, by which one proposes to express-verbally, by means of the written word, or in any other manner-the actual functioning of thought. Dictated by thought, in the absence of any control exercised by reason, exempt from any aesthetic or moral concern.« (24)

Furthermore, the surrealist movement used many different language games as a mode of production and as an alternative to the writing subject (i.e. the cadavre exquis, etc.). These language games show an alternative definition of “art” as a claim. Making use of it in an non-elitist and playful way, they suggest art first and foremost as a way of living, as a view of aestheticizing (or de-aestheticizing) the world.

Oulipo (*1960)

The *Ouvroir de littérature potentielle* (en.: *workshop of potential literature*) evolved – like Fluxus and Situationism - from the Surrealist movements. Oulipo claims that every transformation of a text is its legitimate interpretation. Therefore, there ought to be infinite possible approaches to a text. Subjecting the process of writing to constraints and varied repetition opens up a realm of endless possibilities. Primary practice is the experience of inspiration by exercising language in logical framework like Perec’s *Story Making Machine*, the output itself is secondary.

Besides being writers, many members of Oulipo are mathematicians and logicians.



Raymond Queneau, *Hundredthousand Billion Poems* (1961)

Artists and Writers

- Leonora Carrington
- Marcel Duchamp
- Max Ernst
- André Masson
- René Magritte
- André Bretton
- Raymond Queneau
- Tristan Tzara
- ...

Artists and Writers

- Raymond Queneau (1903-1976)
- Georges Perec (1936-1982)
- François Le Lionnais (1901-1984)
- Italo Calvino (1923-1985)
- François Caradec (1924-2008)
- Oskar Pastior (1927-2006)
- Jean Lescure (1912-2005)
- Jacques Roubaud (*1932)
- Michèle Audin (*1954)
- Anne F. Garréta (*1962)
- ...

Uncreativity

The theory of Uncreativity comprises the turns of avant-gardist writing and updates them in the light of digitalization and the so called post-humanism. It questions the image of a writer as a creative wizard genius in favour of a more uncreative one:

»...The flip side of digital language is its malleability, language as putty, language to wrap your hands around, to caress, mold, strangle. The result is that digital language foregrounds its material aspects in ways that were hidden before.« (Kenneth Goldsmith)

The literature scholar Francesca-Broggi-Wüthrich points out:

»The Writer today uses no typewriter characters but powerful machines with infinite possibilities as according to Kenneth Goldsmith and Uncreativity Theorists. The role of the writer today is challenged, expanded and updated. She organizes matter in a selective way; Technology is no longer a set of means at disposal; but it lives a life of its own and may prevail on nature and the human being. Skills in technology are a requirement and belong to the nature of the writer.« (Francesca Broggi-Wüthrich)

»[...] The practice of art then has always implied one way or another the act of imitating, copying, cloning, matching etc. A post-human approach to literature then must deal with the practice of mimesis in tradition as well as the forms (and functions) it takes in contemporary times. [...] We need to modify the notion of creativity and test the potential of the texts when 'copy' and reproduction are set as the pivotal practices at the core of literary production.« (Francesca Broggi-Wüthrich)

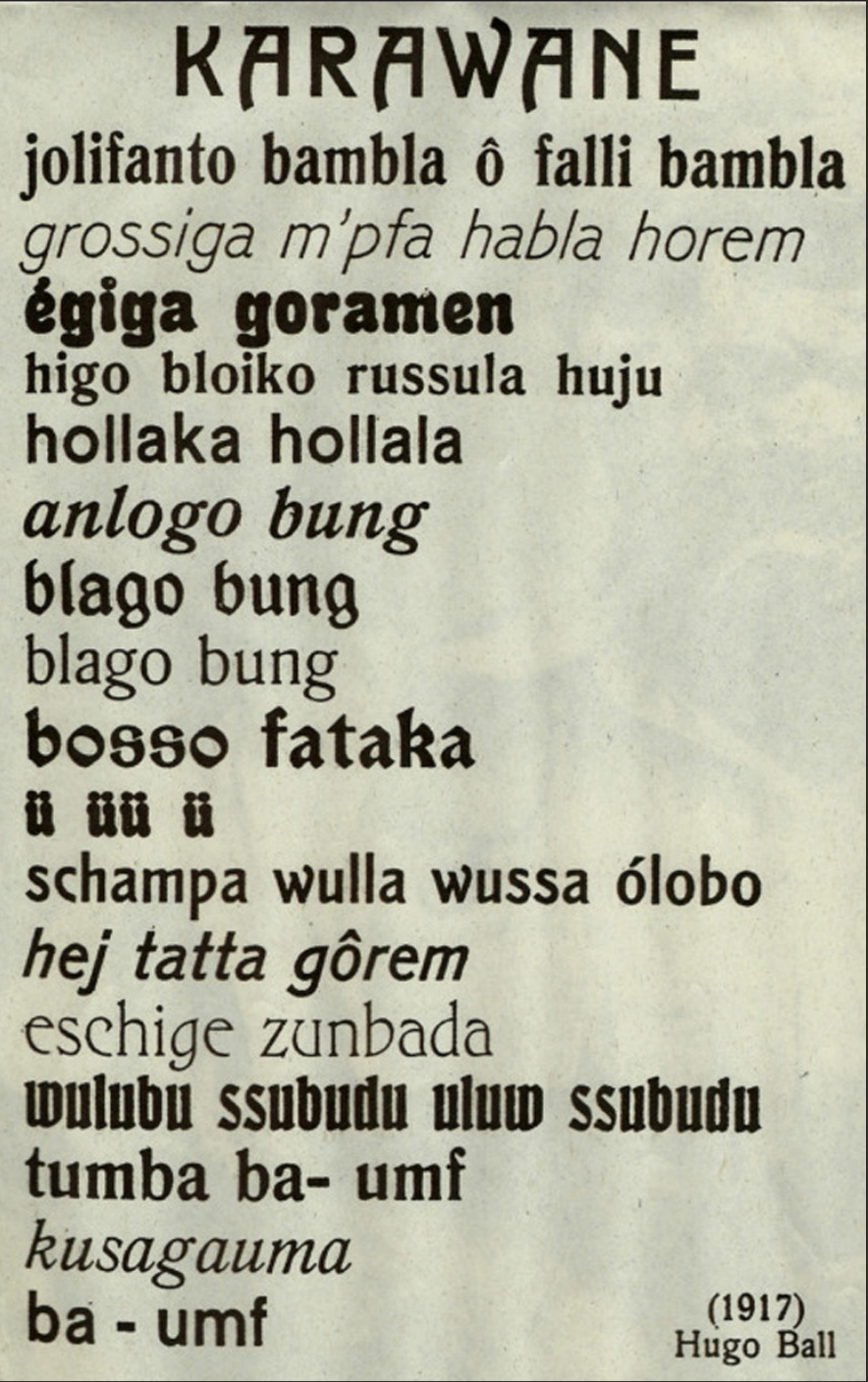
An Uncreative Writer...

- ...plagiarizes intentionally.
- ...playes the materiality of language across media boundaries (f.i. Collage, Sound Poetry, ...).
- ...uses technology and data playful as an extensions of the human creative potential
- ...masters information and its dissemination.
- ...uses Situationist détournement of text and combination of different language systems to ›narrate‹ without hierarchical perspetivies (f.i. Ulysses by James Joyce).
- ...acts more as a currator of language than as a creator.
- ...pushs language around.
- ...is emotionally moved by the process.
- ...sets aside theoretical conceit



Kenneth Goldsmith, Printing out the Internet (2013)

Examples



Hugo Ball, Karawane (1917)

Ernst Jandl – oberflächenübersetzung

mai hart lieb zapfen eibe hold
er renn bohr in sees kai
so was sieht wenn mai läuft begehen
so es sieht nahe emma mähen
so biet wenn ärschel grollt
ohr leck mit eil
seht steil dies fader rosse mähen
in teig kurt wisch mai desto bier
baum deutsche deutsch bajonett schur alp eiertier

William Wordsworth – My heart leaps up

my heart leaps up when i behold
a rainbow in the sky
so was it when my life began
so is it now i am a man
so be it when i shall grow old
or let me die!
the child is father of the man
and i could wish my days to be
bound each to each by natural piety

POUR FAIRE UN POÈME DADAÏSTE :

Prenez un journal.
Prenez des ciseaux.
Choisissez dans ce journal un article ayant la longueur que vous comptez donner à votre poème.
Découpez l'article.
Découpez ensuite avec soin chacun des mots qui forment cet article et mettez-les dans un sac.
Agitez doucement.
Sortez ensuite chaque coupure l'une après l'autre dans l'ordre où elles ont quitté le sac.
Copiez consciencieusement.
Le poème vous ressemblera.
Et vous voilà " un écrivain infiniment original et d'une sensibilité charmante, encore qu'incomprise du vulgaire. "

AA L'ANTIPHILLOSOPHE ET TRISTAN TZARA.

Littérature 15, juillet-août 1920

Tristan Tzara – Pour Faire Un Poème Dadaïste

**William S. Burroughs – »The Talking Asshole Routine«
(from Naked Lunch)**

Did I ever tell you about the man who taught his asshole to talk? His whole abdomen would move up and down you dig farting out the words. It was unlike anything I ever heard.

This ass talk had sort of a gut frequency. It hit you right down there like you gotta go. You know when the old colon gives you the elbow and it feels sorta cold inside, and you know all you have to do is turn loose? Well this talking hit you right down there, a bubbly, thick stagnant sound, a sound you could smell.

This man worked for a carnival you dig, and to start with it was like a novelty ventriliquist act. Real funny, too, at first. He had a number he called »The Better 'Ole« that was a scream, I tell you. I forget most of it but it was clever. Like, »Oh I say, are you still down there, old thing?«

»Nah I had to go relieve myself.«

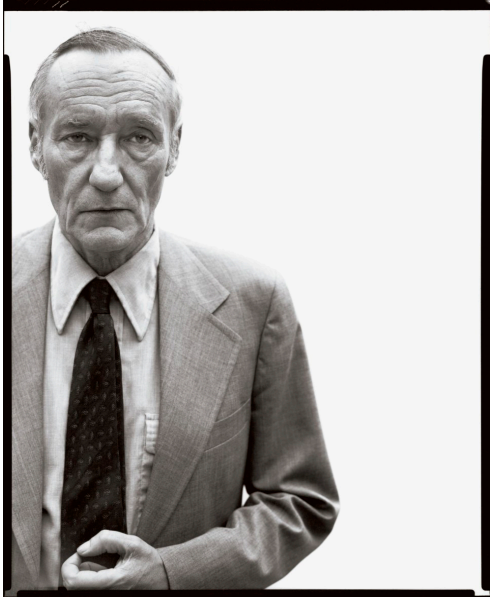
After a while the ass start talking on its own. He would go in without anything prepared and his ass would ad-lib and toss the gags back at him every time.

Then it developed sort of teeth-like little raspy in-curving hooks and started eating. He thought this was cute at first and built an act around it, but the asshole would eat its way through his pants and start talking on the street, shouting out it wanted equal rights. It would get drunk, too, and have crying jags nobody loved it and it wanted to be kissed same as any other mouth. Finally it talked all the time day and night, you could hear him for blocks screaming at it to shut up, and beating it with his fist, and sticking candles up it, but nothing did any good and the asshole said to him: »It's you who will shut up in the end. Not me. Because we dont need you around here any more. I can talk and eat and shit.«

After that he began waking up in the morning with a transparent jelly like a tadpole's tail all over his mouth. This jelly was what the scientists call un-D.T., Undifferentiated Tissue, which can grow into any kind of flesh on the human body. He would tear it off his mouth and the pieces would stick to his hands like burning gasoline jelly and grow there, grow anywhere on him a glob of it fell. So finally his mouth sealed over, and the whole head would have have amputated spontaneous — (did you know there is a condition occurs in parts of Africa and only among Negroes where the little toe amputates spontaneously?) — except for the eyes you dig. Thats one thing the asshole couldn't do was see. It needed the eyes. But nerve connections were blocked and infiltrated and atrophied so the brain couldn't give orders any more. It was trapped in the skull, sealed off. For a while you could see the silent, helpless suffering of the brain behind the eyes, then finally the brain must have died, because the eyes went out, and there was no more feeling in them than a crab's eyes on the end of a stalk.



Elaine Equi (*1953) lives in New York City and teaches at The New School. Along with her husband, Jerome Sala, she was active in Chicago's performance poetry scene. She has written over ten books of poetry, including *Click and Clone* (2011); and *The Cloud of Knowable Things* (2003).



William S. Burroughs (1914–1997) was an American novelist, short story writer, satirist, essayist, painter, and spoken word performer. Burroughs was a primary figure of the Beat Generation

Elaine Equi - The Libraries Didn't Burn

Despite books kindled in electronic flames.
The locket of bookish love
still opens and shuts.
But its words have migrated
to a luminous elsewhere.
Neither completely oral nor written —
a somewhere in between.
Then will oak, willow,
birch, and olive poets return
to their digital tribes —
trees wander back to the forest?

Elaine Equi – Muffin of Sunsets

The sky is melting. Me too.

Who hasn't seen it this way?
Pink between the castlework

of buildings.
Pensive syrup

drizzled over clouds.
It is almost catastrophic how heavenly.
A million poets, at least,

have stood in this very spot,

groceries in hand, wondering:
»Can I witness the Rapture

and still make it home in time for dinner?«

**Kurt Schwitters - Eve Blossom
(Schwitter's own translation of »An Anna Blume«)**

O thou, beloved of my twenty-seven senses, I love thine!
Thou thee thee thine, I thine, thou mine, – We? –
That belongs (by the way) not here.

Who art thou, uncounted woman,
Thou art – art thou? –
People say, thou werst. –
Let them say, they don't know how the churchtower stands.

Thou wearest thy hat on thy feet and walkest about on thy hands,
on thy hands walkest thou.
Hallo, thy red dress, shredded into white folds,
Red I love Eve Blossom, red I love thine!
Thou thee thee thine, I thine, thou mine, – We? –
That belongs (by the way) in the cold fire.
Eve Blossom, red eve Blossom, what do people say?

Prize Question: 1. Eve Blossom is red.
2. Eve Blossom has wheels.
3. what colour are the wheels?

Blue is the colour of thy yellow hair,
Red is the kernels of thy green nuts-
Thou simple maiden in everyday dress, thou sweet green
beast, I love thine!
Thou thee thee thine, I thine, thou mine, we?
That belongs (by the way) in the fire-grate.

Eve Blossom, Eve, E-V-E, I drip thy name,
Thy name drips like soft candle-wax.
Doest thou know, Eve Does thy already know it?

One can also read thee from behind, and thou, thou most
glorious of all,
Thou art from the back as from the front: »E-V-E«

Candle-wax drips caressing over my back.
Eve Blossom, thou drippy beast, I love thine



Kurt Schwitters (1887–1948) was a German artist who was born in Hannover, Germany. Schwitters worked in several genres and media, including Dada, Constructivism, Surrealism, poetry, sound, painting, sculpture, graphic design, typography, and what came to be known as installation art.

Kurt Schwitters - An Anna Blume

O du, Geliebte meiner siebenundzwanzig Sinne, ich liebe Dir!
Du, Deiner, Dich, Dir, ich Dir, Du, mir, – – – – wir?
Das gehört beiläufig nicht hierher.

Wer bist du, ungezähltes Frauenzimmer? Du bist, bist du?
Die Leute sagen, du wärest.
Laß sie sagen, sie wissen nicht, wie der Kirchturm steht.

Du trägst den Hut auf deinen Füßen und wanderst auf die
Hände, auf den Händen wanderst du.

Hallo, deine roten Kleider, in weiße Falten zersägt.
Rot liebe ich Anna Blume, rot liebe ich dir!
Du, Deiner, Dich, Dir, ich, Dir, Du, mir, – – – – wir?
Das gehört beiläufig in die kalte Glut.
Rote Blume, rote Anna Blume, wie sagen die Leute?

Preisfrage:
1.) Anna Blume hat ein Vogel,
2.) Anna Blume ist rot.
3.) Welche Farbe hat der Vogel

Blau ist die Farbe deines gelben Haares,
Rot ist das Girren deines grünen Vogels.
Du schlichtes Mädchen im Alltagskleid,
du liebes grünes Tier, ich liebe dir!
Du deiner dich dir, ich dir, du mir, – – – – Wir?
Das gehört beiläufig in die – – – Glutenkiste.

Anna Blume! Anna, A – – – – N – – – – N – – – – A!
Ich träufle Deinen Namen.
Dein Name tropft wie weiches Rindertalg.
Weißt du es Anna, weißt du es schon?
Man kann dich auch von hinten lesen, und du, du
Herrlichste von allen, du bist von hinten wie von vorne:
A – – – – – N – – – – – N – – – – – A.
Rindertalg träufelt STREICHELN über meinen Rücken.
Anna Blume,
Du tropfes Tier,
Ich – – – – – liebe – – – – – dir!

Raymond Queneau – Exercices de Style (1947) / Exercises in Style (Excerpts)

Exercises in Style is a collection of 99 retellings of the same story, each in a different style.

Notations (FR)

Dans l'S, à une heure d'affluence. Un type dans les vingt-six ans, chapeau mou avec cordon remplaçant le ruban, cou trop long comme si on lui avait tiré dessus. Les gens descendent. Le type en question s'irrite contre un voisin. Il lui reproche de le bousculer chaque fois qu'il passe quelqu'un. Ton pleurnichard qui se veut méchant. Comme il voit une place libre, se précipite dessus.

Deux heures plus tard, je le rencontre cour de Rome, devant la gare Saint-Lazare. Il est avec un camarade qui lui dit : « Tu devrais faire mettre un bouton supplémentaire à ton pardessus. » il lui montre où (à l'échancrure) et pourquoi.

Précisions (FR)

Dans un autobus de la ligne S, long de 10 mètres, large de 2,1, haut de 3,5, à 3 km. 600 de son point de départ, alors qu'il était chargé de 48 personnes, à 12 h. 17, un individu de sexe masculin, âgé de 27 ans 3 mois 8 jours, taille de 1 m 72 et pesant 65 kg et portant sur la tête un chapeau haut de 17 centimètres dont la calotte était entourée d'un ruban long de 35 centimètres, interpelle un homme âgé de 48 ans 4 mois 3 jours et de taille 1 m 68 et pesant 77 kg., au moyen de 14 mots dont l'énonciation dura 5 secondes et qui faisaient allusion à des déplacements involontaires de 15 à 20 millimètres. Il va ensuite s'asseoir à quelque 2 m. 10 de là. 118 minutes plus tard il se trouvait à 10 mètres de la gare Saint-Lazare, entrée banlieue, et se promenait de long en large sur un trajet de 30 mètres avec un camarade âgé de 28 ans,taille 1 m. 70 et pesant 71 kg. qui lui conseil-la en 15 mots de déplacer de 5 centimètres, dans la direction du zénith, un bouton de 3 centimètres de diamètre.

Notations (EN)

On the S bus, in the rush hour. A chap of about twenty-six, soft hat with a cord instead of a ribbon, neck too long, as if someone's been tugging at it. People getting off. The chap in question gets annoyed with one of the men standing next to him. He accuses him of jostling him every time anyone goes past. A snivelling tone which is meant to be aggressive. When he sees a vacant seat he throws himself onto it.

Two hours later, I come across him in the Cour de Rome, in front of the Gare Saint-Lazare. He's with a friend who's saying: "You ought to get an extra button put on your overcoat." He shows him where (at the lapels) and why.

Precision (EN)

In a bus of the S-line, 10 metres long, 3 wide, 6 high, at 3 km, 600 m. from its starting point, loaded with 48 people, at 12.17 p.m., a person of the masculine sex aged 27 years 3 months and 8 days, 1 m. 72 cm tall and weighing 65 kg, and wearing a hat 35 cm. in height round the crown of which was a ribbon 60 cm. long, interpellated a man aged 48 years 4 months and 3 days, 1 m. 68 cm tall and weighing 77 kg., by means of 14 words whose enunciation lasted 5 seconds and which alluded to some involuntary displacements of from 15 to 20 mm. Then he went and sat down about 1 m. 10 cm. away.

57 minutes later he was 10 metres away from the suburban entrance to the gare Saint-Lazare and was walking up and down over a distance of 30 m. with a friend aged 28, 1m. 70 cm. tall and weighing 71 kg, who advised him in 15 words to move by 5 cm. in the direction of the zenith a button which was 3 cm. in diameter.



Raymond Queneau (1903–1976) was a French novelist, poet, and co-founder of Oulipo (*Ouvroir de littérature potentielle*), notable for his wit and cynical humour.

Tactile (FR)

Les autobus sont doux au toucher surtout si on les prend entre les cuisses et qu'on les caresse avec les deux mains, de la tête vers la queue, du moteur vers la plate-forme. Mais quand on se trouve sur cette plate-forme alors on perçoit quelque chose de plus âpre et de plus rêche qui est la tôle ou la barre d'appui, tantôt quelque chose de plus rebondi et de plus élastique qui est une fesse. Quelquefois il y en a deux, alors on met la phrase au pluriel. On peut aussi saisir un objet tubulaire et palpitant qui dégurgite des sons idiots, ou bien un ustensile aux spirales tressées plus douces qu'un chapelet, plus soyeuses qu'un fil de fer barbelé, plus veloutées qu'une corde et plus menues qu'un câble.Ou bien encore on peut toucher du doigt la connerie humaine, légèrement visqueuse et gluante, à cause de la chaleur.

Puis si l'on patiente une heure ou deux, alors devant une gare raboteuse, on peut tremper sa main tiède dans l'exquise fraîcheur d'un bouton de corozo qui n'est pas à sa place.

Analyse logique (FR)

Autobus.

Plate-forme.

Plate-forme d'autobus. C'est le lieu. Midi.

Environ.

Environ midi. C'est le temps

Voyageurs.

Querelle.

Une querelle de voyageurs. C'est l'action.

Homme jeune.

Chapeau. Long cou maigre.

Un jeune homme avec un chapeau et un galon tressé autour. C'est le personnage principal.

Quidam.

Un quidam.

Un quidam. C'est le personnage second.

Moi.

Moi.

Moi. C'est le tiers personnage, narrateur.

Mots.

Mots.

Tactile (EN)

Buses are soft to the touch especially if you take them between the thighs and caress them with both hands, from the head towards the tail, from the engine towards theplatform. But when you find yourself on this platform, then you perceive something rougher and harsher which is the bar or hand-rail, and sometimes something rounder and more elastic which is a buttock. Sometimes there are two of these and then you put the sentence into the plural. You can also take hold of a tubular, palpitating object that disgurgitates idiotic sounds, or even a utensil with plaited spirals that are softer than a rosary, silkier than barbed wire, more velvety than rope, and slenderer than a cable. Or your finger can even touch human clottishness, slightly viscous and gummy on account of the heat.

Then if you are patient for an hour or two, in front of a bumpy station you can dip your tepid hand into the exquisite freshness of a vegetable ivory button which is not in its right place.

Logical Analysis (EN)

Bus.

Platform.

Bus platform. That's the place.

Midday.

About.

About midday. That's the time.

Passengers.

Quarrel.

A passengers' quarrel. That's the action.

Young man.

Hat. Long thin neck.

A young man with a hat and a plaited cord round it. That's the chief character.

Person.

A person.

A person. That's the second character.

Me.

Me.

Me. That's the third character, narrator.

Words.

Words.

James Joyce – Ulysses (1922)

What did Bloom do at the range?

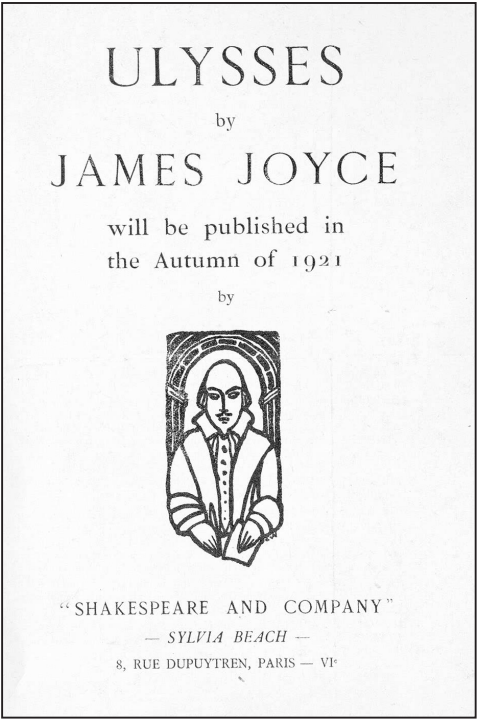
He removed the saucepan to the left hob, rose and carried the iron kettle to the sink in order to tap the current by turning the faucet to let it flow.

Did it flow?

Yes. From Roundwood reservoir in county Wicklow of a cubic capacity of 2400 million gallons, percolating through a subterranean aqueduct of filter mains of single and double pipeage constructed at an initial plant cost of £ 5 per linear yard by way of the Dargle, Rathdown, Glen of the Downs and Callowhill to the 26 acre reservoir at Stillorgan, a distance of 22 statute miles, and thence, through a system of relieving tanks, by a gradient of 250 feet to the city boundary at Eustace bridge, upper Leeson street, though from prolonged summer drouth and daily supply of 12 1/2 million gallons the water had fallen below the sill of the overflow weir for which reason the borough surveyor and waterworks engineer, Mr Spencer Harty, C. E., on the instructions of the waterworks committee had prohibited the use of municipal water for purposes other than those of consumption (envisaging the possibility of recourse being had to the impotable water of the Grand and Royal canals as in 1893) particularly as the South Dublin Guardians, notwithstanding their ration of 15 gallons per day per pauper supplied through a 6 inch meter, had been convicted of a wastage of 20,000 gallons per night by a reading of their meter on the affirmation of the law agent of the corporation, Mr Ignatius Rice, solicitor, thereby acting to the detriment of another section of the public, selfsupporting taxpayers, solvent, sound.

What in water did Bloom, waterlover, drawer of water, watercarrier, returning to the range, admire?

Its universality: its democratic equality and constancy to its nature in seeking its own level: its vastness in the ocean of Mercator's projection: its unplumbed profundity in the Sundam trench of the Pacific exceeding 8000 fathoms: the restlessness of its waves and surface particles visiting in turn all points of its sea-board: the independence of its units: the variability of states of sea: its hydrostatic quiescence in calm: its hydrokinetic turgidity in neap and spring tides: its subsidence after devastation: its sterility in the circumpolar icecaps, arctic and antarctic: its climatic and commercial significance: its preponderance of 3 to 1 over the dry land of the globe: its indisputable hegemony extending in square leagues over all the region below the subequatorial tropic of Capricorn: the multiseular stability of its primeval basin: its luteofulvous bed: its capacity to dissolve and hold in solution all soluble substances including millions of tons of the most precious metals: its slow erosions of peninsulas and islands, its persistent formation of homothetic islands, peninsulas and downwardtending promontories: its alluvial deposits: its weight and volume and density: its imperturbability in lagoons and highland tarns: its gradation of colours in the torrid and temperate and frigid zones: its vehicular ramifications in continental lakecontained streams and confluent oceanflowing rivers with their tributaries and transoceanic currents, gulfstream, north and south equatorial courses: its violence in seaquakes, waterspouts, Artesian wells, eruptions, torrents, eddies, freshets, spates, groundswells, watersheds, waterpartings, geysers, cataracts, whirlpools, maelstroms, inundations, deluges, cloudbursts: its vast circumterrestrial ahorizontal curve: its secrecy in springs and latent humidity, revealed by rhabdomantic or hygrometric instruments and exemplified by the well by the hole in the wall at Ashtown gate, saturation of air, distillation of dew: the simplicity of its composition, two constituent parts of hydrogen with one constituent part of oxygen: its healing virtues: its buoyancy in the waters of the Dead Sea: its persevering penetrativeness in runnels, gullies, inadequate dams, leaks on shipboard: its properties for cleansing, quenching thirst and fire, nourishing vegetation: its infallibility as paradigm and paragon: its metamorphoses as vapour, mist, cloud, rain, sleet, snow, hail: its strength in rigid hydrants: its variety of forms in loughs and bays and gulfs and bights and guts and lagoons and atolls and archipelagos and sounds and fjords and minches and tidal estuaries and arms of sea: its solidity in glaciers, icebergs, icefloes: its docility in working hydraulic millwheels, turbines, dynamos, electric power stations, bleachworks, tanneries, scutchmills: its utility in canals, rivers, if navigable, floating and graving docks: its



potentiality derivable from harnessed tides or watercourses falling from level to level: its submarine fauna and flora (anacoustic, photophobe), numerically, if not literally, the inhabitants of the globe: its ubiquity as constituting 90 percent of the human body: the noxiousness of its effluvia in lacustrine marshes, pestilential fens, faded flowerwater, stagnant pools in the waning moon.

Having set the halffilled kettle on the now burning coals, why did he return to the stillflowing tap?

To wash his soiled hands with a partially consumed tablet of Barrington's lemon-flavoured soap, to which paper still adhered, (bought thirteen hours previously for fourpence and still unpaid for), in fresh cold neverchanging everchanging water and dry them, face and hands, in a long redbordered holland cloth passed over a wooden revolving roller.

What reason did Stephen give for declining Bloom's offer?

That he was hydrophobe, hating partial contact by immersion or total by submer-sion in cold water, (his last bath having taken place in the month of October of the preceding year), disliking the aqueous substances of glass and crystal, distrusting aquacities of thought and language.

What impeded Bloom from giving Stephen counsels of hygiene and prophylactic to which should be added suggestions concerning a preliminary wetting of the head and contraction of the muscles with rapid splashing of the face and neck and thoracic and epigastric region in case of sea or river bathing, the parts of the human anatomy most sensitive to cold being the nape, stomach and thenar or sole of foot?

[...]



James Joyce (1882–1941) was an Irish novelist and poet. He contributed to the modernist avant-garde, and is regarded as one of the most influential and important authors of the twentieth century.

The Heart (Jean-Claude Silbermann)

To retain its perfect freshness, keep THE HEART dry. UNLIKE similar products, THE HEART WILL EXPAND WHILE DRY-ING OUT. All actions performed with THE HEART are therefore definitive.

PREPARATION OF SENTIMENTS: To one measure of delirium, add 2 1/2 measures of HEART. Stir until a sentimental solution forms. Allow to stand for one night. While you sleep, the sentiment will take on the desired consistency (creamy, oily, or mal-leable). Do not prepare more HEART than you can use immediately, since even in a short space of time it tends to cling.

IMPORTANT: THE HEART acts like a ce-ment, so delirium must never be added to previously prepared sentiment, nor should it be 'dwelt on' too long. THE HEART hard-ens in two hours. Increase the dosage of HEART in the first few seconds if you de-sire a sentiment with a firmer consistency.

THE HEART casts a self-satisfied glow over generous and kind individuals.

When applied to meaner personalities however (especially if allowed to penetrate the whole being) it tends to be dissipated throughout the pores and becomes totally transparent.

François Caradec - LE SOUVENIR DE JEAN QUEVAL

(La méthode Caradec présentée dans cette BO est une systématisation du S+7 : il s'agit d'une chaîne de S+7 le long de laquelle on parcourt un dictionnaire de 7 en 7 substantifs.)

Je vis entrer Jean Queval

Dans un cabriolet de la rougeur du bain
Dans un cachalot de la roulure du baigneur,
Dans un cache-sexe de la roussette du bagnard,
Dans un cacique de la routine du bafouillage,
Dans un cadeau de la royauté du badaud,
Dans un cadre de la rubrique du bacille

Dans un café de la rue du Bac.

Il portait je le revois encore,
Sur la tentacule une vaccination,
Sur la tératologie une vacuité,
Sur la terminaison une vaginite,
Sur la terrasse une vaguelette,
Sur la terrine une vaillance,
Sur la tessiture une valériane,

Bref il portait sur la tête une valise.

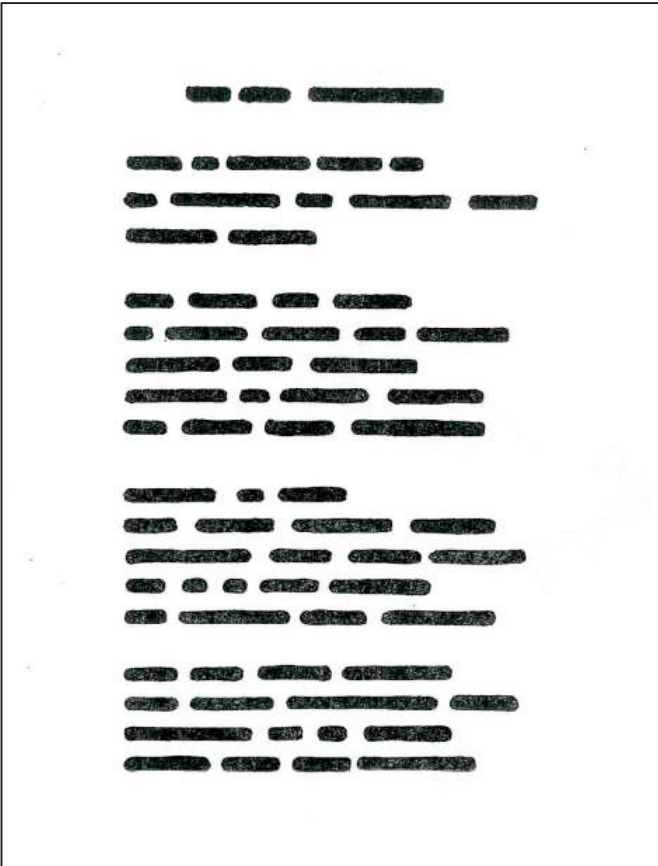
Elle était vide.
— C'était, me dit-il pour se mettre
à l'accessoire de la poignée,
à l'accélérateur de la poésie
à l'académie de la podologie,
à l'abstinence de la pochade,
à l'absolutisme de la pluviosité,
à l'abscisse de la pluralité,
c'était pour se mettre à l'abri de la pluie.

Quand il ne plut plus, nous sortîmes
du bleu, du bled, du blason, du blanc, du bla-bla, du bitume, **du bistro**,
et je le vis partir avec sa vasodilatation sur la thermos,
sa variole sur la thérapie,
sa varappe sur la théocratie,
sa vantardise sur la thaumaturgie,
sa vanille sur la texture,
sa valvule sur la tétralogie,

sa valise sur la tête,
en disquette de la stimulation du micron,
en dispense de la stérilité du microclimat,
en disjonction de la steppe du micmac,
en discrétion de la sténodactylo du miasme,
en discorde de la stéarine du meurtre,
en disciple de la statue du meuble,

en direction de la station de métro.
Pour moi, cette justesse-là était discobole,
Ce juron était dirigeable,
Ce jurançon était direct,
Cette jujube était diphtongue,
Ce judo était dingue,

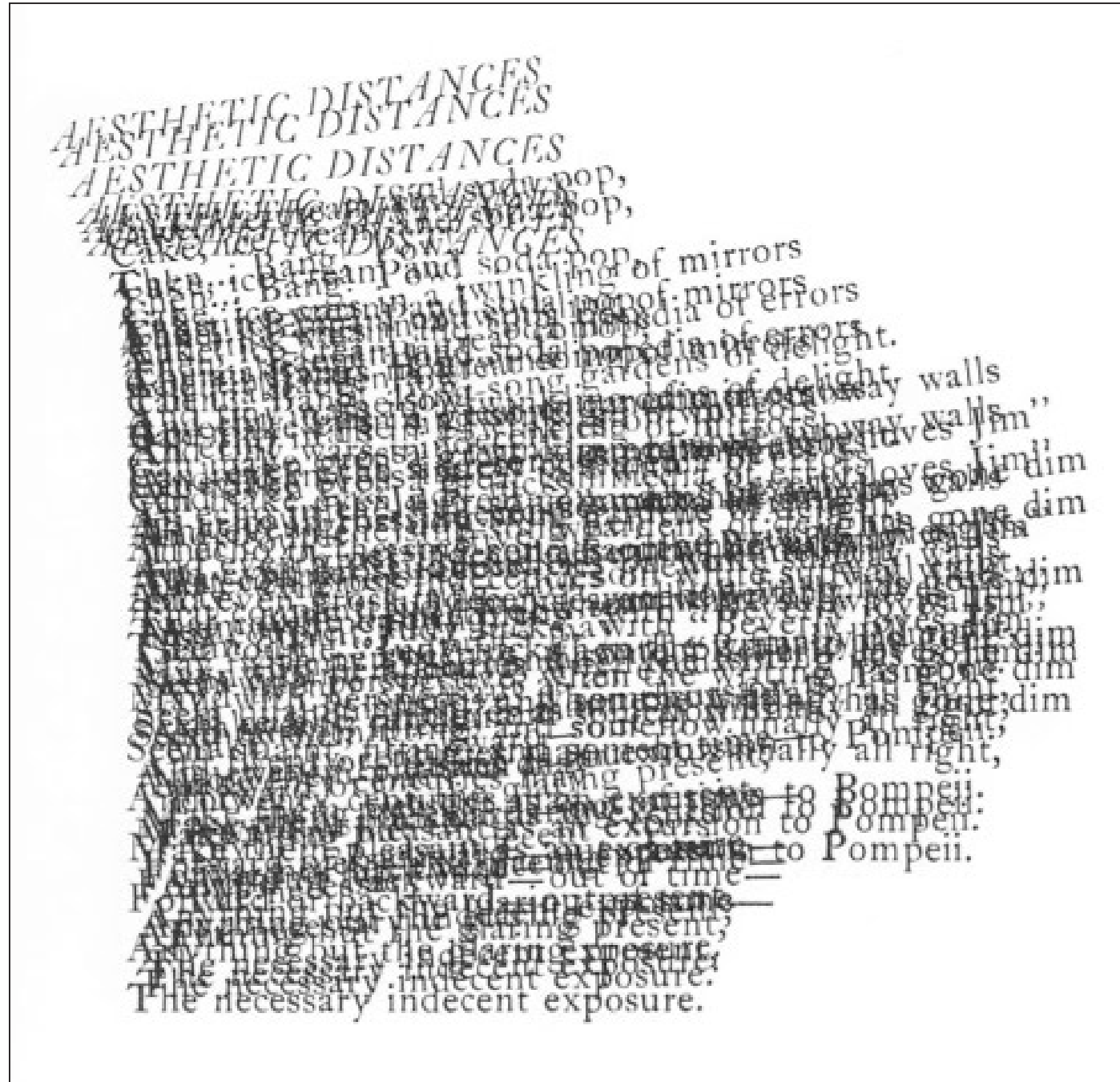
Cette jouvence était dindon,
Pour moi ce jour-là, c'était dimanche.



Man Ray – Lautgedicht (Sound Poem)

Mike Cannell - Truck





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- Stefan Scheidegger & Samuel Eberenz, eine metakurskistische cyberd@da.istische Manifestation. eXperimenta. November 2015. (web: http://www.experimenta.de/pdf/2015/eXperimenta-11_15_November_DS.pdf)
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Stefan Scheidegger and Samuel Eberenz – Believe in Language - A translational poetic practice

Let's imagine, we chase these words through random languages
from all populated continents:

We think that we follow the words of the language of random people
throughout the country;

We believe that random people throughout the country following
language words.

We, language, people across the country continue to believe that.

We, the language, who continue to believe in the country.

We still believe in this country.

(This sequence of words was produced using the free online service Google Translate in the following way: I typed the first sentence and then used GT to translate it through different languages (Persian, Maori, Yoruba, Haitian) and back into English. The output is the second line. This was used again in the same way to produce the third sentence – this time using a different set of intermediate languages – and so forth.)

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