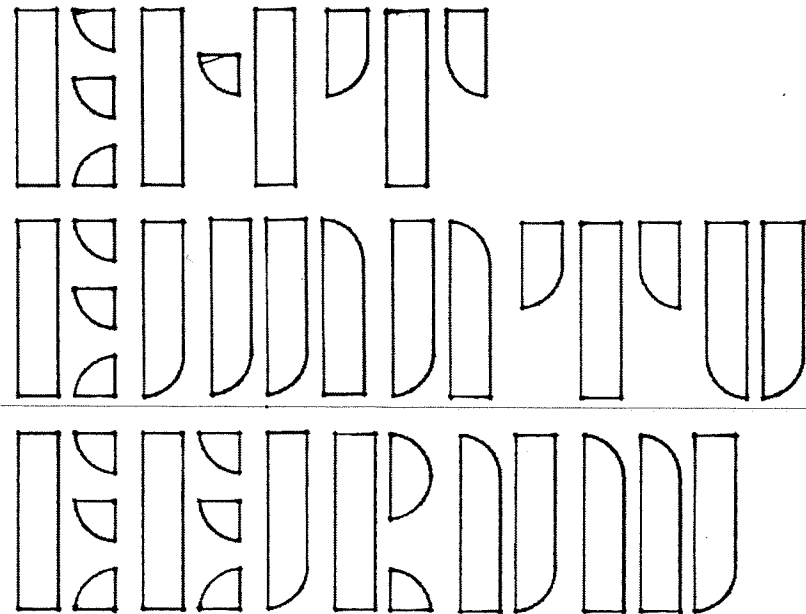


# THE MINUTE REVIEW

Vol. 2 No. 8 (September 2023)  
a little magazine of poetry, prose, and reviews

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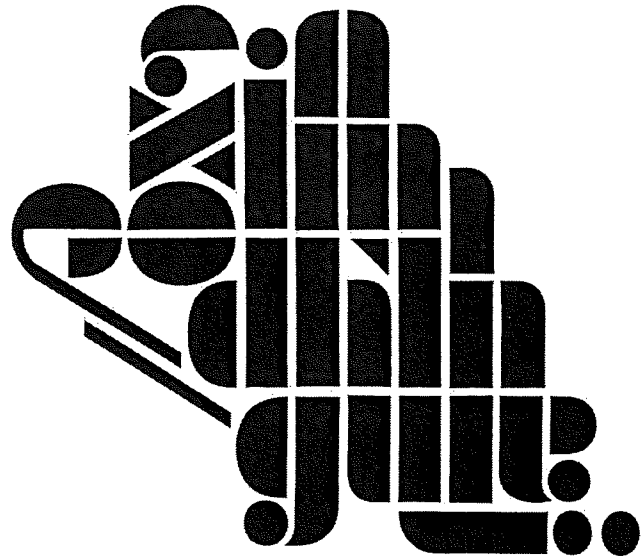
**Contributors this issue:** petra schulze-wollgast | Kevin Stebner | Philip Terry |  
Joe Devlin | Sal Nunchakov | Greg Thomas | Benjamin C. Dugdale | Laura Kerr |  
Egidija Čiricaite | Frank Singleton | Ana María Caballero | Lillian Nećakov |



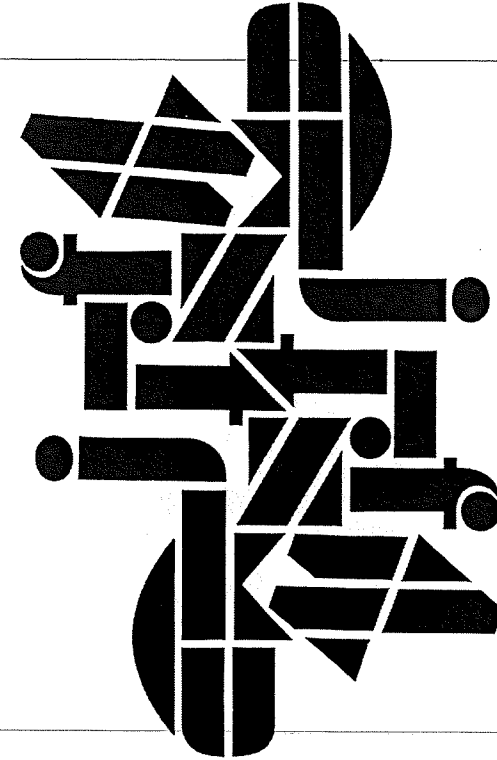
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petra schulze-wollgast

*Ultratum*  
Kevin Stebner



*Junxion*  
Kevin Stebner



Covid 140: Untitled (after Virgil, *Aeneid*, Book VI)  
Philip Terry

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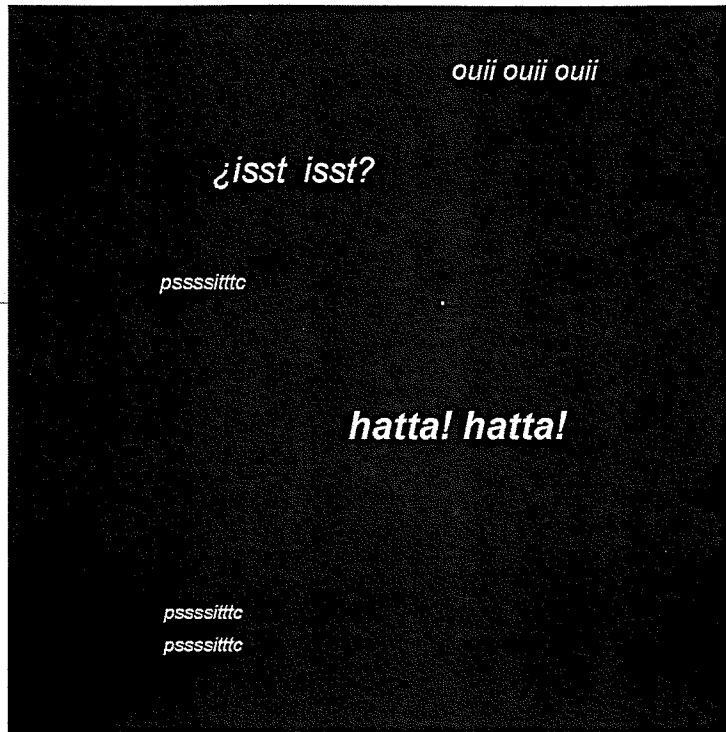
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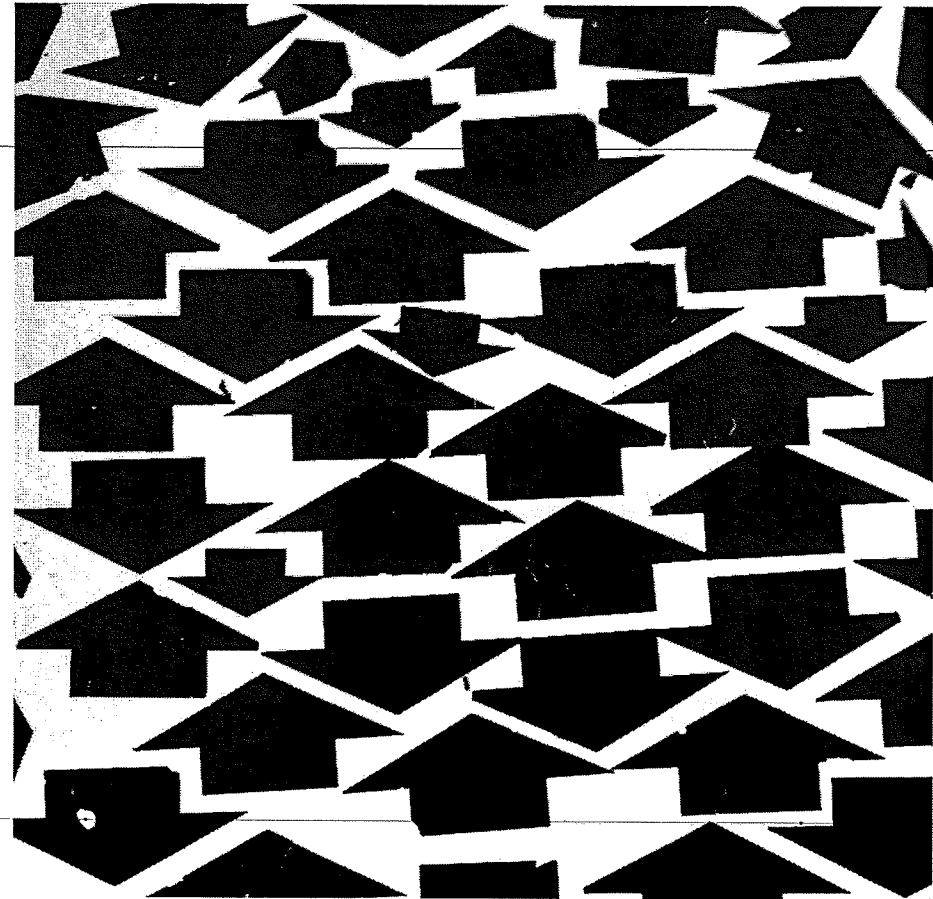
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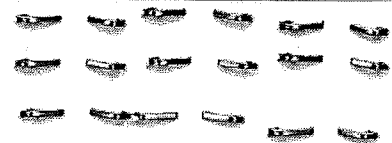
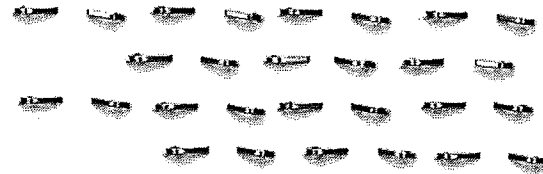
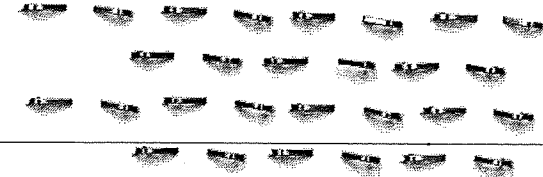
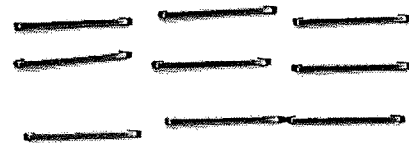
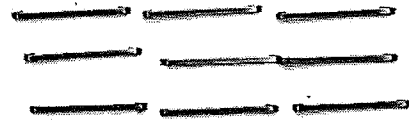
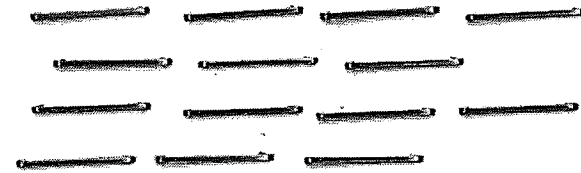
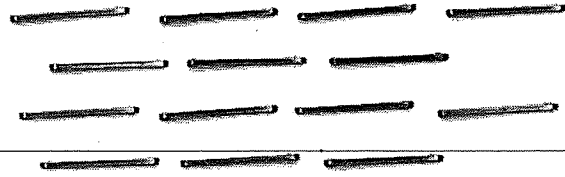
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*Three Arrow Drawings*  
Joe Devlin



*Two Visual Poems*  
Sal Nunchakov



*Jessie Sheeler, 1939–2022*  
Greg Thomas

In 1961, Jessie Sheeler co-founded one of the most significant small poetry presses of the post-war era from a basement flat in Edinburgh's New Town. Then Jessie McGuffie, she was the partner of Ian Hamilton Finlay (1925–2006), whom she had met three years earlier on "a wet evening...in Hanover Street," as she recalled in a 2014 biographical note. McGuffie was from the Edinburgh family who ran the famous Edinburgh pub the Doric Tavern (formerly McGuffies Tavern) and was reading Classics at Edinburgh University. In 1960, Finlay's poetry collection *The Dancers Inherit the Party* was dedicated to McGuffie but by the following year he was moving away from his early lyric verse towards a form of poetic expression that brought visual form to the foreground.

It was this new-found interest that led Finlay and McGuffie to create Wild Hawthorn Press, while they were living at her flat in Fettes Row. The press would continue to publish Finlay's illustrated poetry booklets, poem-cards, and other works of text-based art until his death in 2006—at first, it also published international modernist writers such as Louis Zukofsky and Lorine Niedecker. The first issue of Finlay and McGuffie's similarly iconic little magazine *Poor.Old.Tired.Horse* appeared the following year, 1962, and presented the first examples of visually oriented, "concrete" poetry to British audiences. In Jessie's 2014 note, provided to the Fleming-Wyfold Foundation in 2022 by her partner Euan McAlpine, she described the early days of press and magazine:

"The Wild Hawthorn productions from Fettes Row were done by a mixture of laying pages out on the floor, cutting things up and fiddling layouts, having got local artists to do art works for us....There was a photo-offset printer at that time in Dundas Street and I got them to do the first productions as well as *POTH* [*Poor.Old.Tired.Horse*] in due course. Selling the books was quite difficult. Jim Haynes at the Paperback Bookshop took them, one or two others took one, but mostly they sold through the network of writers and artists who were interested in contemporary arts."

In 1963, Jessie met Dick Sheeler, an ex-student of Zukofsky's doing his national service on the USS Tanner, which was then docked in the Forth. They became a couple during his brief stopover from the states and married in Spring 1964 after Jessie had moved to North Carolina to be near the Tanner's new location. Bad feeling with Ian was put aside and in 1965 Jessie and Dick were invited to live with him and his new partner, Sue Swan, at Gledfield Farmhouse in Ardgay, Ross-shire. Gledfield was an important precursor to Ian and Sue's poetry-sculpture garden at Little Sparta, with works installed in the grounds and a pond dug out. Dick used his carpentry skills to help Finlay construct his first, wooden sculptural poem, a column reading "ajar" that stood in the house's stairwell.

The Sheelers left Gledfield in Spring 1966 but not before a daughter, Amy, had been born in an upstairs bedroom (two more children, Cluny and Ian, would

follow.) The same year, Ian and Sue moved to Stonypath in the Pentland Hills, later christened Little Sparta, and the rest is well-known. Living in England for some time but ultimately returning to Scotland, Jessie remained a keen documenter of Ian and Sue's work on the grounds of their new home over the coming decades and became a dedicated member of the Little Sparta Trust upon its establishment in the mid-1990s, remaining involved with its work for over 20 years. Thus, she was in a perfect position to publish the first illustrated survey of the garden, *Little Sparta: The Garden of Ian Hamilton Finlay*, in 2003. A guide to the garden followed in 2015, with photographs by Robin Gillanders and a comprehensive list of artworks by Patrick Eyres. These projects were testament to an enduring friendship and creative connection with its roots in the heady days of the Edinburgh counter-culture and the small-press boom of the 1960s.

**Squatting... On Derek McCormacks' *Castle Faggot*  
(Semiotext(e), 2020)  
Benjamin C. Dugdale**

I try for a long time to write a review of Derek McCormack's *Castle Faggot*. It's not impossible, but my phone redlines *Faggot* as an unreal word.

(lustre too; lustre than what?)

At first I try by attempting to write a short fiction in response, less a fiction and more a formative memory of mine with the scaffolding of fiction to constellate all the missing lustre from the memory. It is my first memory in-fact: Toys R Us, the cashier trying to talk my mother out of buying me a Polly Pocket play-set. Then thinking long and hard if she could outright refuse us.

In the story review I am grabbed by the wrist, locked in the back, the manager's office with a steel door with no slat to slide aside for a bouncer to scrutinize you through. *The deadbolt fucks the lock latch in its ass when the manager locks it from the outside, 4 year old me thinks in the thwarted story review.*

Inside the story review inside the office behind the steel door with no sliding slat to peep on me I find a Star Wars chip toy that plays phrases when you wave a little transparent plastic dog tag over it. I like Anakin's hair. I covet Devon Sawa's *Casper hair*. *Phantom Menace is out 1994 in the unconsummated story review.*

There are pneumatic tubes that carry packages up and away from the office full of confiscated toys and periwinkle lockers full of what I assume are more confiscated not-boys, like me. I want the Polly Pocket playset so my TMNT figures from their van playset have another place to fight crime, have a place to get pedicures and bitch and gossip if they need a change of pace. My mother bangs her fists bloody on the outside of the door, and the manager tells her the police are on their way, but that was so the police could take me away for being a girl and or a faggot, not to return me to her.

I wonder if I can escape through a mailer tube or if I'll get into a pickle the way the fat kid in *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* did. *I find a large pastel castle play-set with a fecal bouquet wafting from it. I shake it upside down and all the tiny faggots dead from murder or from sewer slide all decide to fall out from it, like I've burped a baby.*

Inside the story review I take a tube and it takes me not to the playset nor to the amusement park promised in the "service-writing" (D.M.) describes it this way in a Zoom reading) of the book real-bonny has read IRL. I don't tell you where

it takes me at all, but I'll give the clue, not where Derek thought it'd take me 2 neither.

(somewhere on that journey some unseen switch flipped.

you flip *C.F. from its Disney-sheen*

into a claymation special, read it upside down.

yelled at by old lady in Receiver Coffee, Charlottetown)

In the real world "service-writing" reminds me of service-top, which every queer partner I've ever had calls me, and many of my intuitive long-distance fag friends who I haven't fucked (yet) also somehow know to call me. I used to be pithily mad when people without cocks adopted "historical" gay jargon but at this point I'm just glad to find some of the tenderer (tenderer than what?) tenderqueers/gaybies out there are learning a little about gay history at all. Suppose I'm not *gay proper either. I'm just happy to see us all thriving, learning new ways to stand one another, love one another (anoth-ber? I hardly know her), fuck each other cross-eyed so hard we forget to breathe after.*

I stole the first "blank-er (\*there, blank-re\*) than what" feigned ignorance joke above from an ex, an AFAB enby who feels most like a faggot when fucked by AMAB enbys (see: me, you're welcome, TERFS, who were desperate to know what our genitals are).

I wonder if I have lost my tenuous fag cred by mostly ass-fucking AFAB enbys who feel like fags most when I ass-fuck them; no, I don't think I have, it's just cis-men are increasingly harder and harder to stand spending time with.

(harder than what? I herdly know hard)

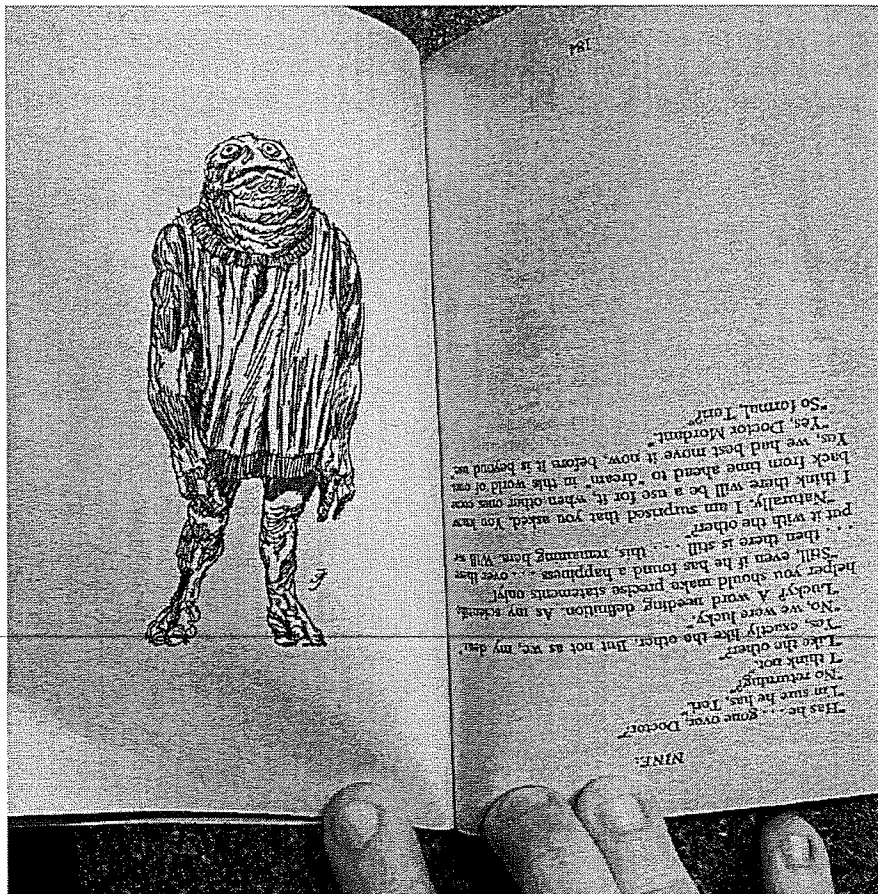
Not in the story review but in the 'real world' that is the literary world that is most often now Zoom talks or Teams talks &c., in the 'real world' here there's a UNB\* talk with a few people including Mahdur (the phone is redlining again, as with enbys) Anand, who I'd seen talk a few months earlier in Vancouver during a chance overlap between a D&D podcast performance and the writer's festival.

This talk, Anand wonders if she is "the first" to do a book that flips with *This Red Line*. . . . *The flip, such a simple, material and potent trick; me telling ex b.b. 'flip over. come'on, on yer gut, now,' doused beardwhorl jaw gone from cunt to ass in an impatient huff of breath, then the cock those same rounds minutes later.*

(you flip in the middle. you spread it wide in said split. stick your face in it)

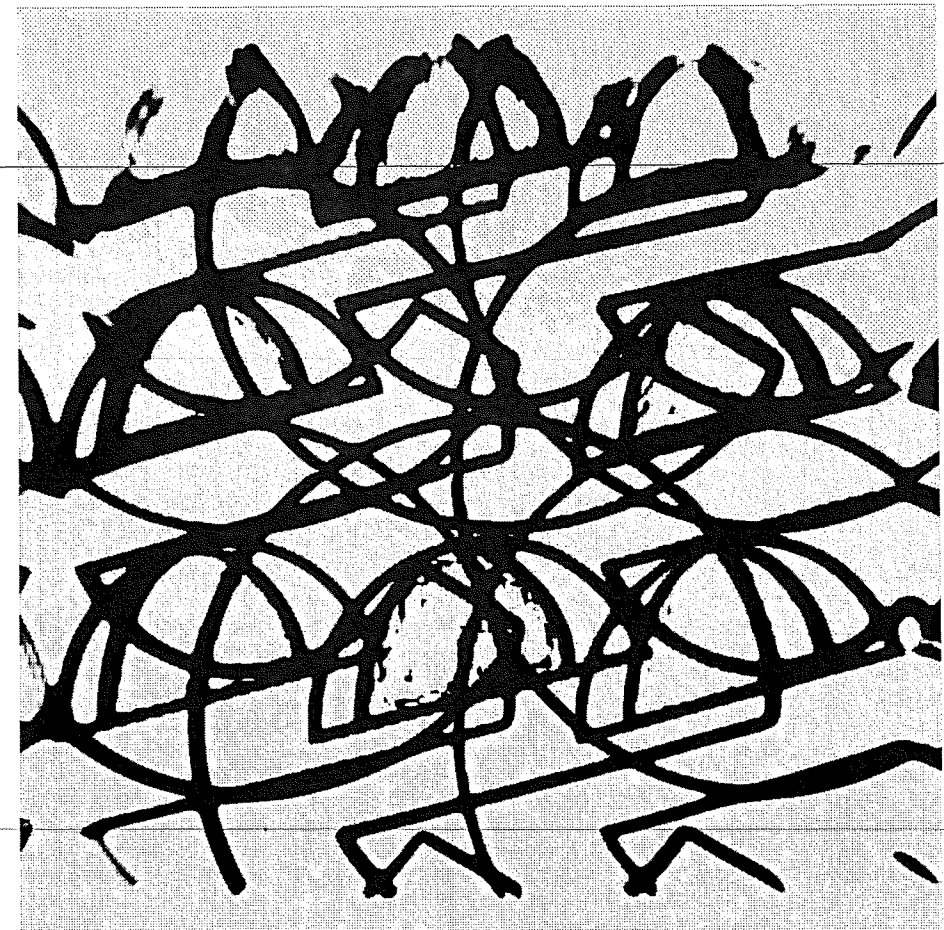
I think of the fantasy pulp Vance/Wayman double, Kess Mohammadi's translation/original *wjd*, a few pages from Jordan Abel's *INJUN*, and a para-novel claymation Christmas special in the bowels of Castle Faggot—a home I hope to squat in one day with all the tradqueers and paraqueers and tenderqueers and any and all of others who can ably break in in the night; to squat in the haunted Castle and someday service with a review like a deadbolt. Would you rather be the first, or the fist?

\* UNB: you enby, dumb sonic gags ringing so loud I need to tuck them in down here for posterity's sake



The crack of overlap in the Vance / Wayman title, *The Last Castle / World of the Sleeper*.

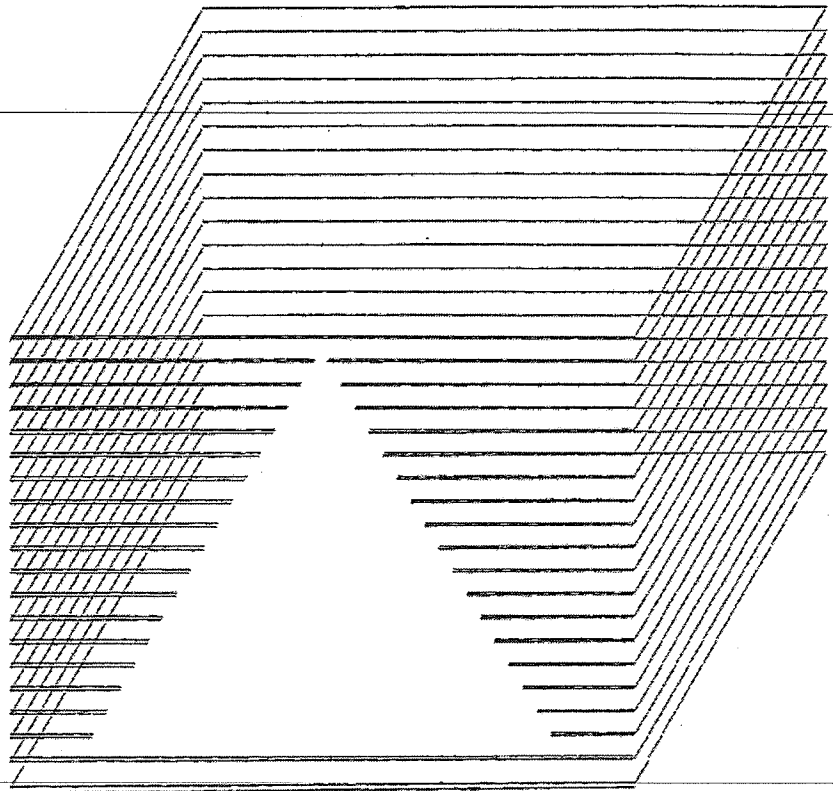
*Typography Poem*  
 Laura Kerr











*Mammal*  
Ana María Caballero

The hunger strategy is not working ::

Starving the home      as I am starved

Better to serve it      as I am wrought

Bathe it                  as I am dowsed

Clothe it                 as I am clung

To retort

as if dumb

O, something somewhere has ended ::

But not here where my      middle spawns a soul

Watch me sit                  while my gut constructs bone

Hear me speak               while my trunk accretes brain

Think me filled               while my belly builds tongue

I transform—yes—transform      stupor

into skull

A girl named Phyllis writes to Albert Einstein asking if scientists pray, it is 1936. Albert responds, *god is the shadow we are assigned, the skin of the soul, waxing and waning but sometimes, nothing more than the absence of light.*

I imagine Phyllis moving through the sacred geometry of shade, propelled by invisible forces, knees skinned by the physicist's words. I imagine her as an ornithologist touching a wing, a beak or a feather to her lips, the orderly harmony of what exists.

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The emotion of water, life listening in the back pew of the cosmic church, rain falling, hydrogen piggybacked by 2 atoms flanked by a tasteless gas. Water as memory, as solid, liquid, changing the molecular structure of what she believes and does not believe.

I imagine another kind of water where wild rice and cranberries once grew, where she kneels to drink, to bend, to rein in and debone the dark, peculiar animal cradled between the  $7 \times 10^{27}$  atoms someone christened *Phyllis*.

Phyllis as a blackbird with a broken throat, Howlin' Wolf over the chimney tops in Frank O'Hara's Heaven on Earth Building, *I asked for water, she brought me gasoline.* I imagine Phyllis lying with her shadow, waxing and waning. I imagine water as an open door.

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