

It was announced online that visual and sound poet W. Mark Sutherland (b. 1955) passed away early 2024. Sutherland made much of his work available for free download on his website—this short excerpt from his *Après Artaud* (Toronto: The Portable Gallery, 2018) is presented in his memory. On his website Sutherland notes that “[*Après Artaud*] was made for my friend Jurgen O. Olbrich, curator of the Self-Publishing/Publizieren als Kunst exhibition at the Kunsttempel in Kassel, Germany, 2019. I recently found these black and white Xeroxed text-images in a box in my studio. I think I made these visual poems 20 years ago, for-or-with Bob Cobbing. I believe that this little bookwork of found images is a fitting tribute to Bob, Jurgen and Antoine.”

# THE MINUTE REVIEW

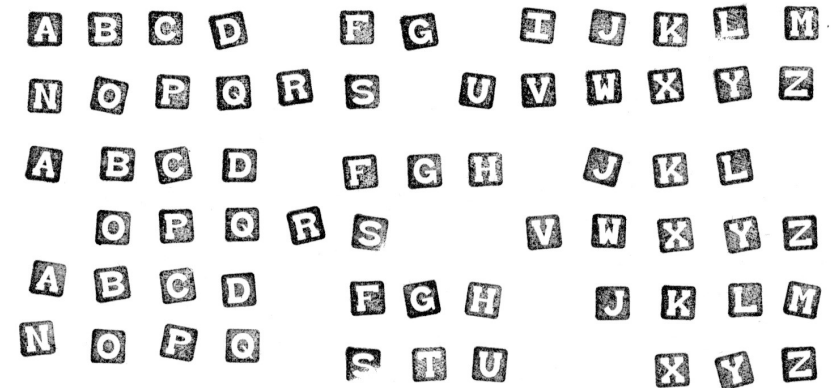
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a little magazine of poetry, prose, and reviews

Derek Beaulieu, editor

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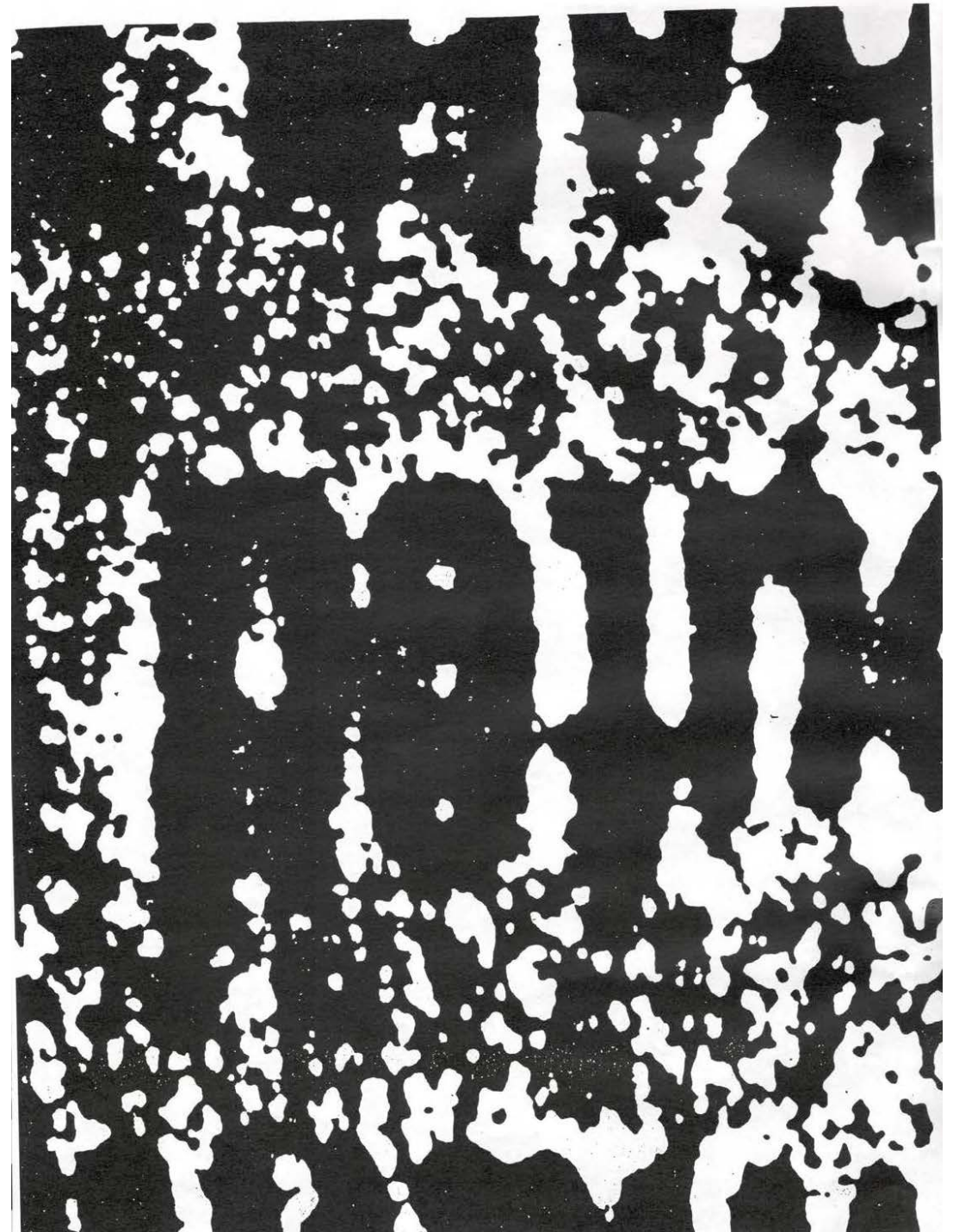


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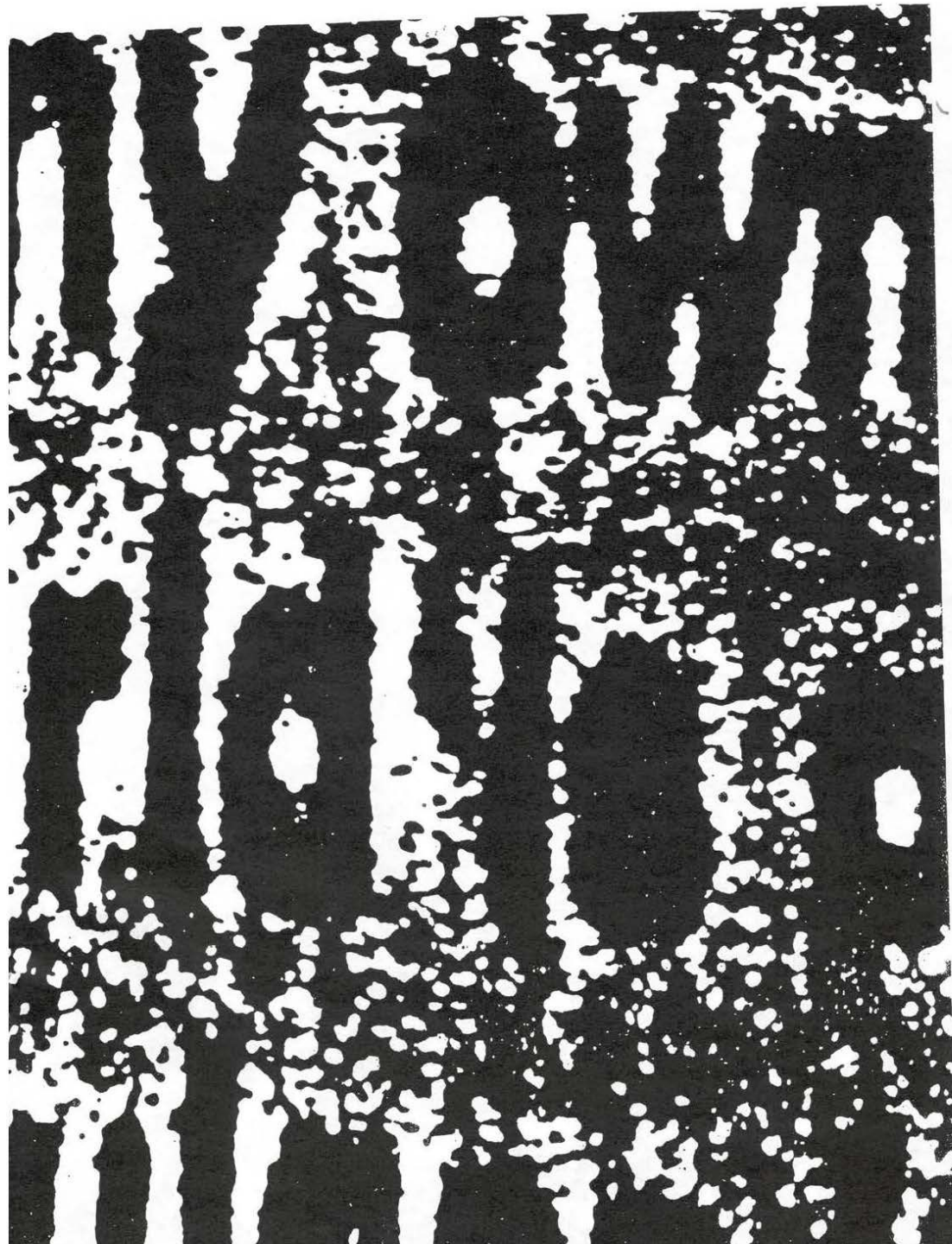


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Egidija Čiricaite

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*saturtine*  
Egidija Čiricaite

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**In Particular(s): On Charlotte Jung's *Collected* (Timglaset, 2023)  
Greg Thomas**

Why does minimalism have to be neat? Why should a minimalist poetics purport to objectivity, immutability, a stillness obviating questions? Why can't it be a way of framing complexity, ambiguity, the particularities of embodied experience, from fleeting joy to trauma, anxiety, and rage? In this intriguing, sometimes disconcerting, often strangely grounding collection of poems by Stockholm-born poet Charlotte Jung, we find the contents of various small chapbooks and pamphlets (10 discrete sequences in total) rehoused in a medium-length, landscape-oriented book by Malmö's consistently brilliant Timglaset Editions. These little gatherings of verse, set apart by slate-grey divider pages, run a stylistic and thematic gamut, relatively speaking, within the confines imposed by Jung's overarching love of semantic brevity and her interest in abstract and figurative visual form.

One of the most worthwhile aspects of this work, particularly taking it as a contribution to post-concrete poetics, is the general disinterest it shows in graphic arrangement as a way of shoring up or ornamenting linguistic meaning. To extrapolate by example, consider two classics of the concrete era, Eugen Gomringer's "wind," in which the words look like they are being blown about in the breeze, and "silence," in which the window format seems somehow to secure the objectivity of language by visually capturing the silence it describes. A subtle pictorialism or impression of concrete clarity holds sway. Now contrast those pieces with the five constituent poems of the first sequence in Jung's collection, *MBRYO*, originally printed by Puddles of Sky in 2019: "( belly ) / seedling, / germ ssssss [the s's cascade down part of the page] / mbryo / h (ea) rt." This mantra-like progression, evoking somatic experience, floral or foetal origins, and microscopic life, is Gomringer-esque in its extreme sparseness, and in its related and implied search for a kind of veracity or profundity exceeding conventional printed language.

However, whereas in Gomringer's work that quest is granted symbolic closure through the use of visual form to—as it were—ground semantic meaning, Jung instead offers us little graphic feints and pulls around the edges of the words, suggesting a meaning just beyond our reach, wavering at the threshold of comprehension. The brackets around "belly" might be half-pictorial but they seem half-improvisational, gestural, too. Why the extra spaces between letters and parentheses, for example; how does that aid our scan of the poem as a visual symbol? Is the comma after the seedling something sprouting from the ground or womb? Why is an embryo with a missing *e* any more embryo-ish than one without?

The sense that what we are reading, and seeing, is the document of a search for some form of truth or resolution that language can't quite deliver is a feeling we

**From *Après Artaud*  
W. Mark Sutherland**



*Film Festival*  
Stuart Ross

A movie about two people. A movie about two can openers. A movie about death crawling through a supermarket. A movie about the tension between competing products. A movie about a wise turnip. A movie about silent music. A movie about books with no pages. A movie about a pill that erases memory. A movie about I can barely lift myself up out this chair. A movie about a movie about exhaustion. A movie about walking into a wall. A movie about a porcupine that becomes sheriff in a small prairie town. A movie about an unfilled grave. A movie about ashtrays. A movie about lining up at night. A movie about noses.

get, in different ways, from other writers of the male-dominated first wave of concrete, such as Robert Lax and N.H. Pritchard. But in Jung's case it seems to speak to an awareness of the writer's perspective not as objective in its minimalism—surpassing the 'polluting' influence of authorship or individual spirit—but provisional, contingent, bound to a body and to a point in space and time. That impression of doing concrete poetry over again with the body in mind is, in a sense, both the grounds for and the result of the feminist connotations of Jung's practice, in particular its exploration of motherhood, pregnancy, sex, and sexual violence. The beautiful, Swedish-language selection *SMÅLTVATTEN* ("Meltwater") brings words such as "mamma" ("mother"), "sorg" ("sorrow"), and "kär!" ("container") into loose semantic association, as if we were getting to the root of some traumatic episode of lived female experience that we are, in the end, brought too close up to for us to unpick as narrative. *HOLE BEING* brings a similar set of connotations to bear, while in *A B C D E*, the first few letters of the Roman alphabet are blown up to fill the page, and cradle the remainders of words that allude—like other sections of the text—to troubled familial relations and motherhood:

**A**bstortion /... **C**-section /... **d**olly / **D**addy...

At times, the reader senses they are being nudged towards, and shielded from, a particular and deep source of darkness in the narrator's past. However, we should not seek to infer any more about the author (as distinct from the narrator) than this smattering of subtext seeks to tell us. The disarmingly stark sequence *RAPE*—which marks a complete tonal shift within *Collected*, adopting a much more didactic and activist tone—lays out its topic in general terms. One double-spread is covered with the repeated title-word, interspersed with sentences in a lighter, grey type that reveal bleak statistics: "one in three of female victims of rape and one in four of male victims of completed or attempted rape...experienced it for the first time between the ages of 11 and 17."

So, no, minimalism doesn't have to comfort us, shore us up in our certainties, or shield us from the pain of embodied life. In Jung's hands it can, however, invigorate, intrigue, and provoke.

**Review of *BAG TO RECREATE THE PSYCHOTROPIC EFFECTS OF THE AUTOEROTIC ASPHYXIATION OF POETRY READINGS OR, POEM PROVOCATION\****  
**by Sacha Archer (Simulacrum Press, 2023)**  
**Gary Barwin**

You can see right through Sacha Archer's recent work *Bag* published by his own Simulacrum Press out of Burlington, a small rustic village near the thriving metropolis of Hamilton, Ontario. Because it's, uh, a plastic bag. You could fit your head in it. Just the way you could fit your head in a poetry reading.

Are traditional poetry readings suffocating? If so, does the listener experience autoerotic asphyxiation, say from the heady conceptions of poetry which inhibit prosaic real-world air from arriving at the listenerhead and instead provoke psychotropic effects on consensual reality? Are poetry readings a barrier protecting the audiencebody from certain behaviours? Is there a literary canon of poetry reading actions, essentially a Norton Anthology of speed, volume, body position, room organization, audience behaviour, dress, movement, length, pacing, connection between one moment and the other? And what of affect—the “suffering, death and pleasure” which “may occur as a result of proper usage”?

I tried employing *Bag* when I began to write this review. Though the bag is transparent, I soon couldn't see the keyboard and anyway, I began to pant Wordsworth and the local open mic. My listening wasn't polite. I drooled and felt “physically as if the top of my **head** were taken **off**” or at least as if several of regions of my brain were taken off line.

Is this asphyxiation a good thing? I mean, autoerotic pleasure has always been close to the poetic impulse, but does Archer mean that poetry readings are so bereft of the circulation of ideas that, so deprived, an attendee begins to asphyxiate and then to hallucinate and this is a good thing? Or that the poet so stifles themselves in maintaining the status quo at typical performances that they may as well be sniffing bookbinding glue?

Is a bag a manifesto? *Bag* is, after all, subtitled a “Poem Provocation.” Archer asks us, then, how can readings not be airless huffing and instead more lungful can belto performances which, poets ready to perspire, aspire to inspire and not just phone it in like some warbling heavy breather. Perhaps an Archerian poetry reading is to a normal poetry reading what *Bag* is to the slim airless volume of standard poetic fare.

\*CAUTION: THIS POEM IS A HAZARDOUS OBJECT, NOT INTENDED AS LIGHT READING OR POLITE LISTENING. SUFFERING, DEATH & PLEASURE MAY OCCUR AS A RESULT OF PROPER USAGE.

A sane cat  
is  
a sober cat.

A soul  
is contagious.

A cottage.  
It's interesting.

\*

Because  
bugs  
are convinced.

*Racter in the Forest*  
Stuart Ross

untitled  
Sal Nunchakov

The white dog  
stands

before

the black  
cottage.

\*

Walter Mondale  
tilted his head:

the hum  
of hounds  
and of doves.

\*

Ms Otter  
and Nelson Ball  
chanted

about mansions  
about trucks  
about phonographs.

\*

I'll be right back,  
Woody Woodpecker.

OK,  
I'm back.

\*



*Typography Poem*  
Laura Kerr



*Two Acrostics*  
Kevin Stebner

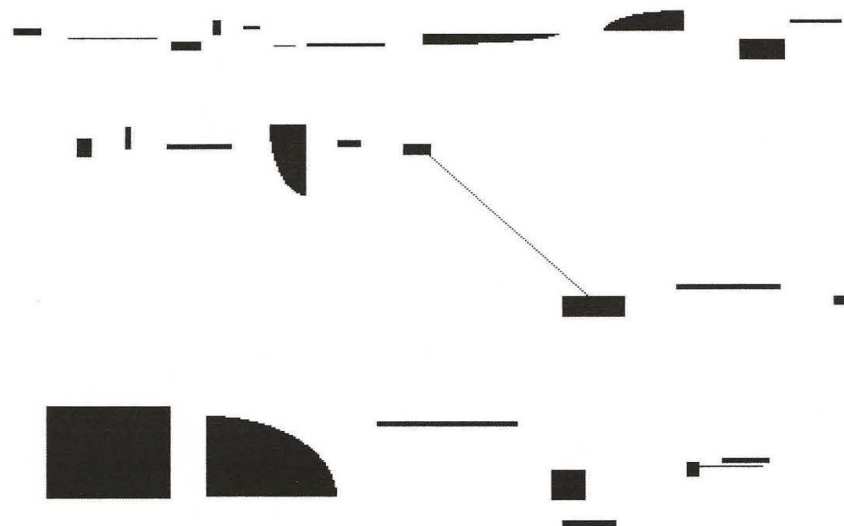
Administrative bureaucratic catastrophe:  
documents endlessly filed guilefully.  
“Hancock” inscribed John.  
Keynote letterhead  
mandating notarized official papers’  
qualified resultants signature,  
triplicate, underlined,  
valued warranty.  
Xerox your zest.

\*

Alien battleships  
cascade down extra-terrestrial, frozen galaxies.  
Harken indiscernible juggernaut,  
knowingly loose midship.  
Nostromo orbits planetoid.  
Quickly,  
Ripley springs the uncharted vacuum wide.  
Xenomorph yawls, zero-grav.



*Score*  
Henri Lefebvre



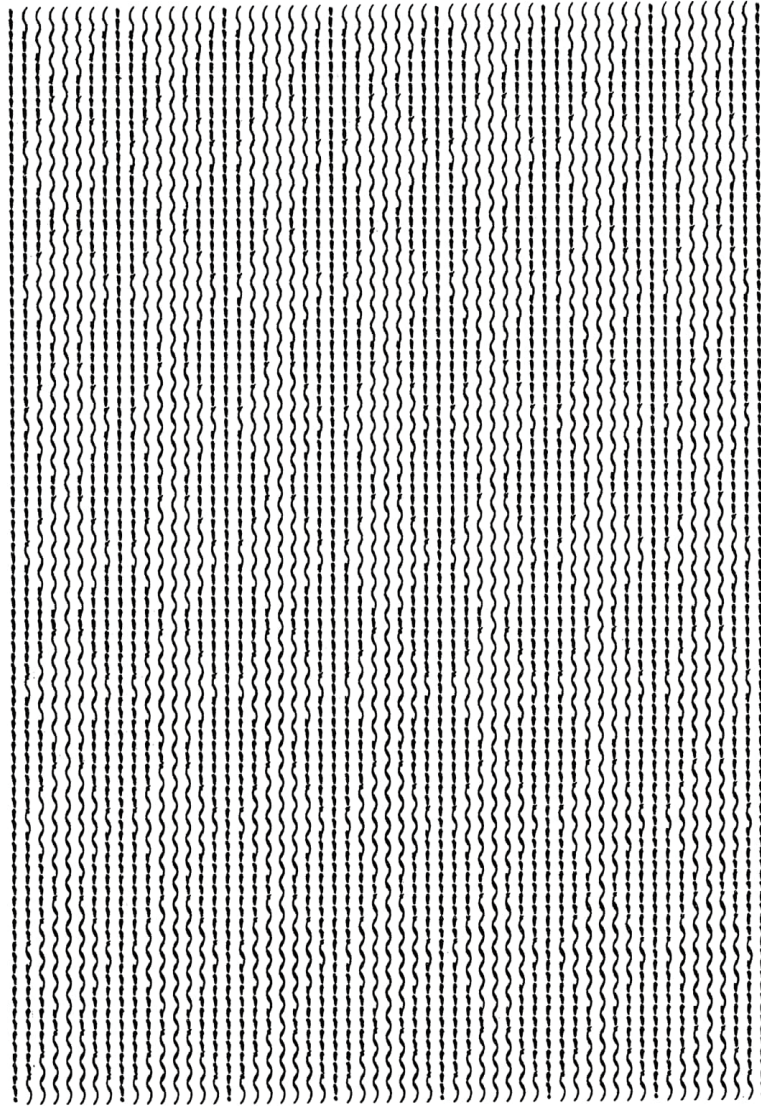
*From 1000 a-z poems*  
Rémi Forte











6.

We dream the alphabet as a field of tiny amethyst penises, the how and why of ornamental castles scaffolding the crown. Avowal through a veil of blue-black water, something about damselfly, compassion, azure speaking in tongue-language.

7.

Remember how easy it was starting at the beginning, before the arrogance of the end. Before these bridges—séance purple, mulberry-blush, orchid, kingfisher daisy—needed crossing. When we could lose ourselves in the chaos of Maltese cross and castor bean, while our voices still broke and cracked with lightning and our breath remained grafted to the wind.

*The Forever Restlessness*  
Lillian Nećakov

1.

Remember when we thought the sun's gladness was king? And we spent hours cutting water with the back of a cardinal's song. How we followed no one through wild sage and thistle, our marrow still a gift, nestled quiet and faunlike in the wee boulevards of ourselves. And the wind lay its head at our feet like a great spirit bear to receive us into his tribe of kindness. Remember then, how soon the culling season came, how quickly the blood scattered us into the hills, and the crows stole our lips and hung our kisses from the gallows?

2.

How we threw ourselves, open-mouthed into poison oak—the desire to be forgiven. How we hurled and heaved our laughter against time—penance. How a tiny orange beast forged itself between our ribs, uncoupling us from the pines and rivers and sky—the illusion of separation.

3.

The coyote resting under the hawthorn tree is a saffron sun unsure which night to sashay into. Morning breeze chaperoning the cattails, too beautiful and afraid to dance over broken bone. The forever restlessness of cicadas, resonance chambers jaded, heartsick, chattering through perfumed topaz.

4.

If I stretch my skin over the cypress I exist. The tree is my sister-lover, malachite -moss-mother, heart-wheel, I alone. If I alone, mouth-ox, sternum-pond, swim-love, swim, swim into the gentle temple of your breath-forest.

5.

The turquoise horse neighs at the perigee super moon, *come* he says, *twist and twirl your way into the hawk's eye, there you will see all your faces*. Facts we found in the Farmer's Almanac, the opposite of apogee, the point at which it is nearest earth, a *moon illusion*. The vanishing tides, when to plant basil, broccoli and cabbage, how to kiss under a full sturgeon moon and where to look for saints once the frost comes.

*Frequently Asked Questions*  
Ana María Caballero

Children, we have.

Sex, we've had.

Blueprints tell us where the bedroom hangs.

What more can come of love?

The way its doors swing in, hinged.

I reside, dwell, abide, identify each object by its drawer.

To enter the space of home is to house, to hold. To wed, to lock.

Young survive better if two adults watch.

But if biology is the circuitry inside, how so my lashing out?

Every day blows its bit of wind.

See the doors: still: they beckon in.

