

Concrete Poetry

Ecstatic Alphabets / Heaps of Language
MoMA, 2012

IL PLEUT

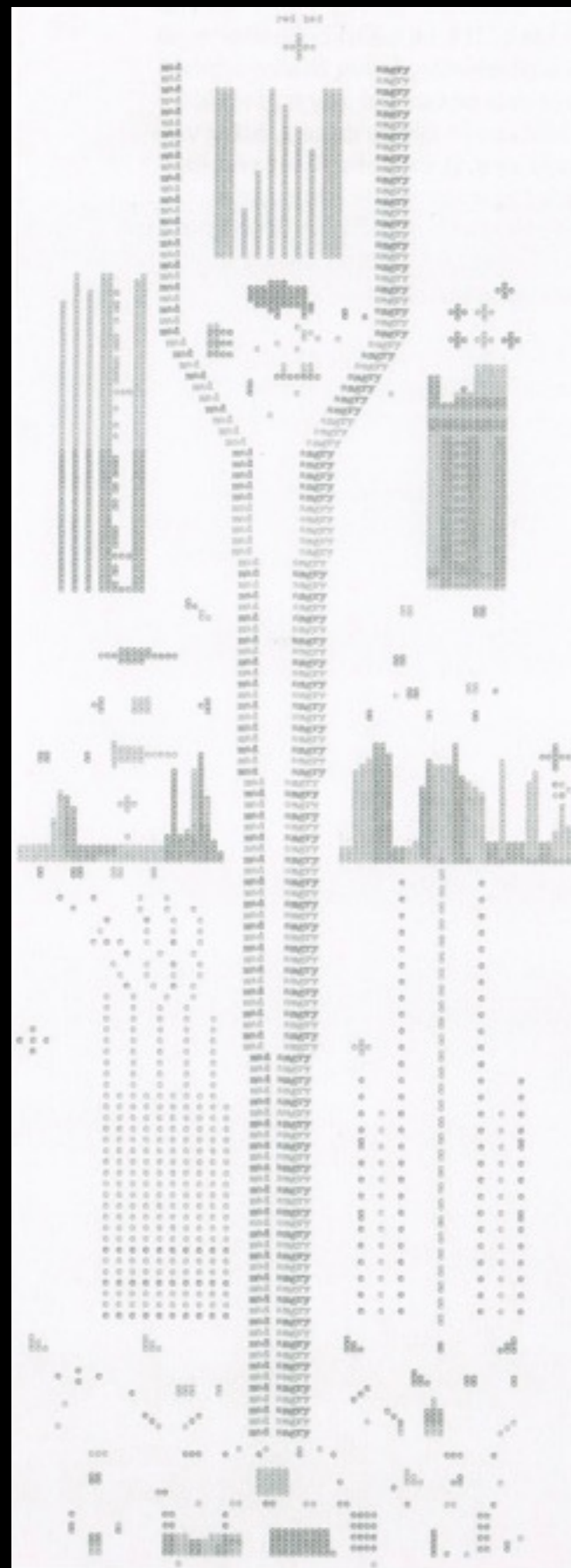
[illegible]

now

now

now

now



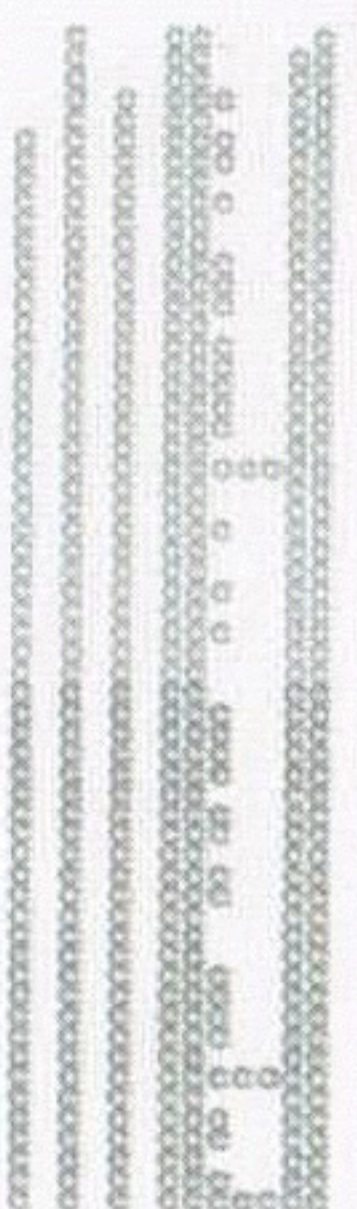


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88

88

Handwritten text in a cursive script, arranged in several columns. The text is mirrored across the page, suggesting a double-sided document or a specific printing technique. The script is dense and fills most of the page area.



[illegible]

finalement très joyeuse puisque moi Ernest j'ai droit de vie et de mort sur mes
 sujets puisqu'enfin on s'amuse à bien m'écouter et on vote pour moi comme jadis
 on a voté sur Nixon Nixon et je suis fort très fort fabuleusement fort fort oui

couleur rose

AFFICHE 1918

CM CH CH CMCNTT CMCNTT CMCNTT
CHATAATTA CNAAT A CNAAT TATT
E CMCNTT CM CH CH BATT
BATT BATT BATT BATTATAT
BATCHNATBATTAT TT CHTT
CM CH CH CH CH CH CH

```

BAG BAG BAG      E
CCCC  C1 C1 C1  C1

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UUU UUUT UTTUTT FFFR FR UUUI I UUZZUUUU
GG

(GGGGGG)

BBG BBG BGG JJ J JJ ZZZUUU OOOO O !
UUUACHTACTJ NNN HZZ HHZZZ GGGCZZCGG XGG X' -

KKKI - U KKIU KKI

ННА IIII U HNU HNZZ HZZH NU HNNHNS GS
IIII ZZZZZ ZZTTTT TTR U UU NGH

IIII ZZZZZZ ZZZTTTTR TR U UU NNN

IIUU IIII U IIUU HHHE FFR FFFR FRFR TZ ZZ

HHHHGG JJJJ IIII KKKK IIII HHHZZH ZZ H GGOT FRR GGOTTF-
HHJ KKH KH H GG GGG GGGGKHG

83

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09-06

- 999999 -

CGHHNHCH GCH HHNH GTGT
GGT TT FF FFFRTP FFRNF RFF RFF ! CHT CHCHTT

МММ М У УУ ОЮ УУАСНУАСНТХХ О

IIUU FR FFRFR FR GGUU GUU USEBENSIEDEN
GGGTTT IIUU UU NNNNNI

GGGGTTT JJJ UU NNNNNJJ

НИКНКОР ПО ЪОИ -

НПОК ОР ІОРД НННН ІІ
GGGZ ZZGG GZ HUUUUH ІОП

1 00000 1

ההחלטה

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UACHTUACHTUACHT UNEUNACHTSIEBENFÜNFSECHSIEBEN
UNUFTUHUFTUHUFT UNINEEIGHTSEVENFIVESIXSEVEN

OCHOMILNUECIENTOOCHENTASIET

THHJ KKKK KLO

UACHTU III I ZUZ ZZZUZ UICO UISI UISIO

ТТ УИУЗ ХХ УУУУНГСКХД

GKZHI GSK GR

GR CNIR CNIR

CH CH CHIT CHATT TAITAITT

1938-1946

VVVVVVVVVVV
VVVVVVVVVE
VVVVVVVVVEL
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abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

b

cc

d d

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gee g

h h

if f i

j f j

kg g k

l l

mhgg h m

n n

oi i o

p h h p

qj h j q

r r

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ul ii l u

v j j v

wm m w

x x

ynkj j k n y

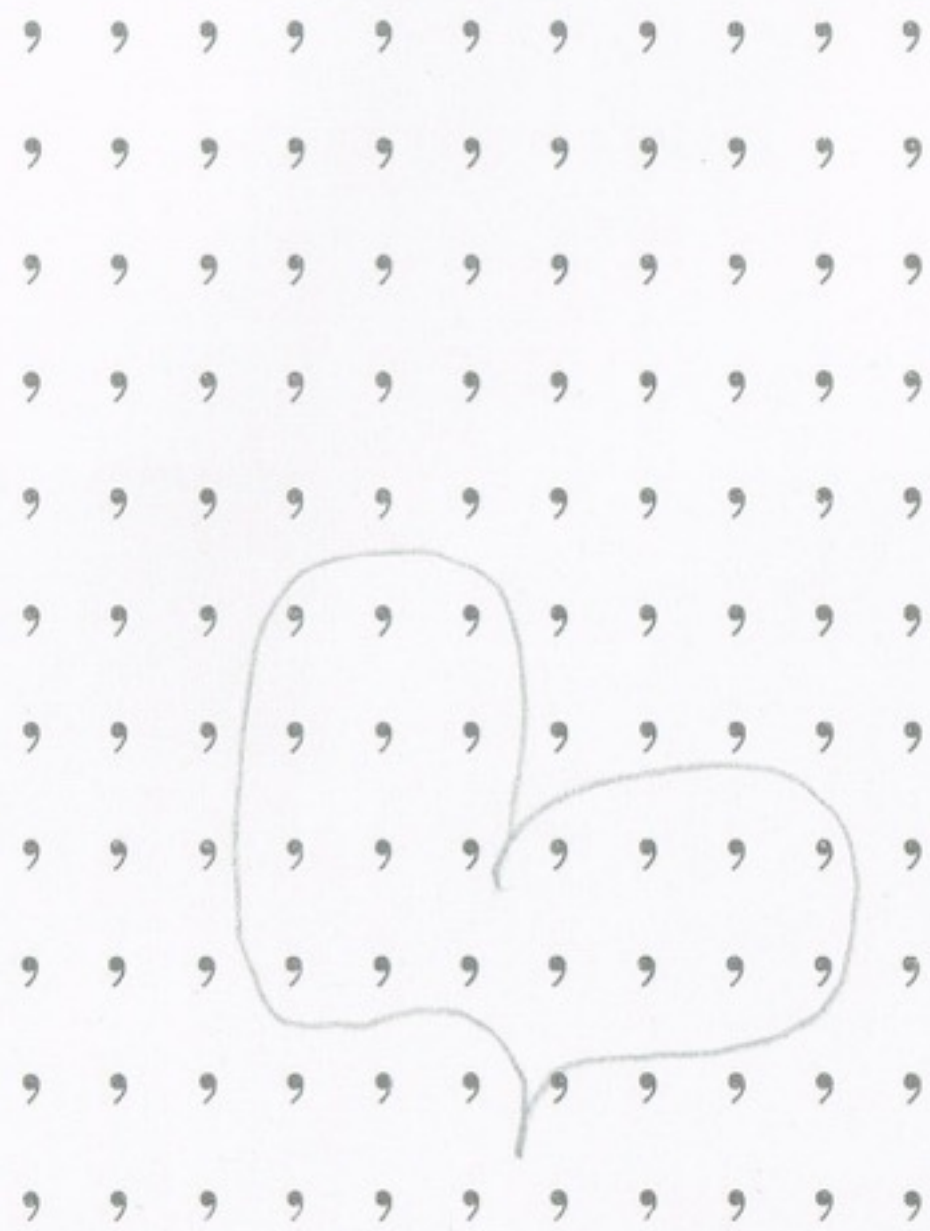
z j z

o o

l l

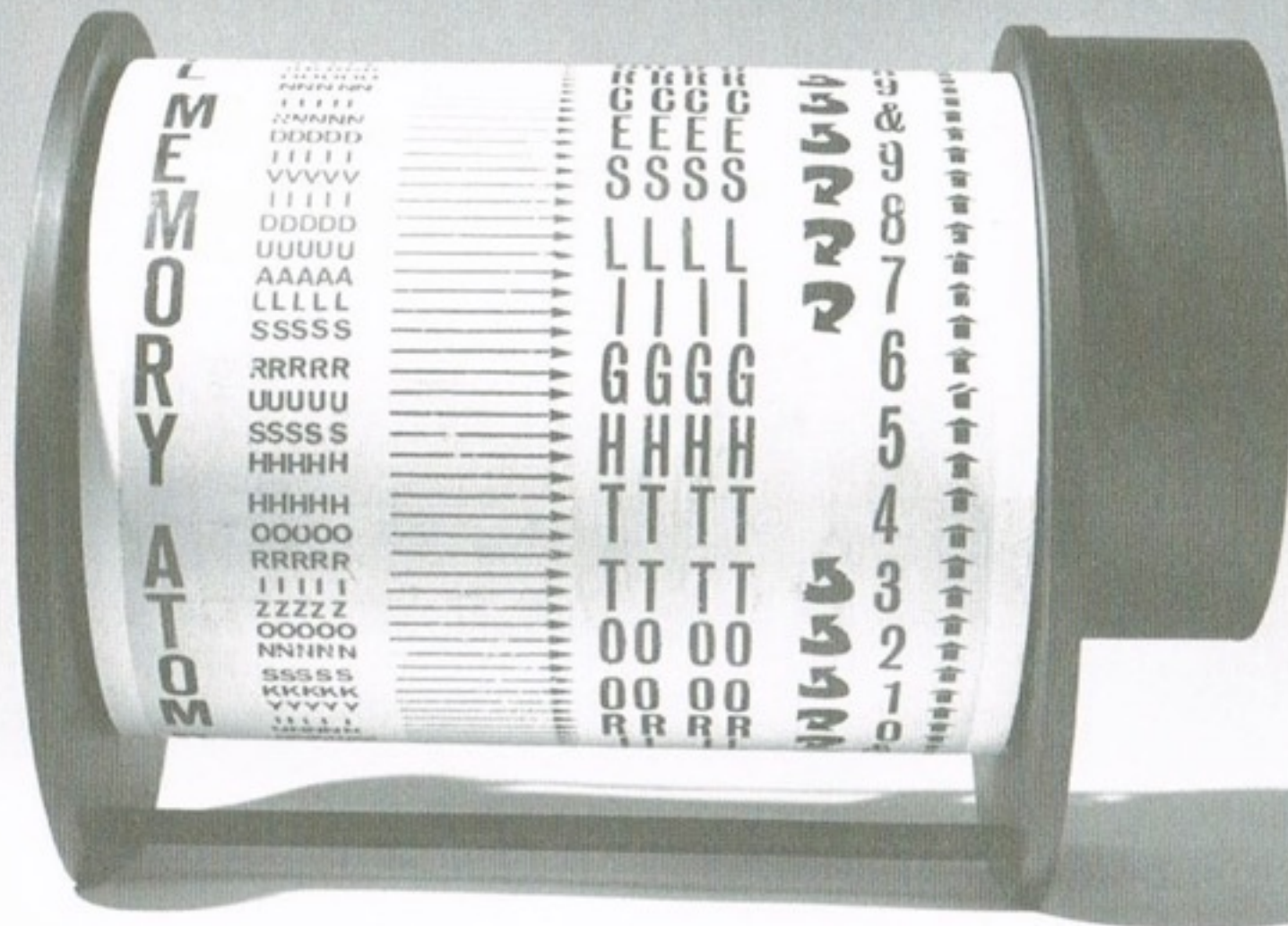
p k k p

a



DR 62.





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[illegible]

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21
 Language
 phraseology speech
 tongue tongue schwa
 mother tongue, lingua English
 dialect brogue patois slang
 confusion of tongues, Babel universal language
 superior to dumb show alphabet
 letters letters letters missa humanitas republia of letters
 dead languages classica express say express by words polyglot
 linguistics dialectal vernacular bilingual literary colloquial
 letter character hieroglyphic alphabet ABC consonant vowel
 dig letters sound consonant liquid labial palatal cerebral dental code
 guttural syllable monosyllable dissyllable polysyllable prefix suffix affix
 word term syllable name phrase root derivative index glossary dictionary lexicon
 etymology philology terminology verbage locution translate nomenclature designation
 monomer malapropism Mrs. Malaprop nominative diction dub cognomen patronymic title
 monomer miscell trickname take an assumed name misname he called self off a style
 metaphor sentence proverb motto phraseology euphemism paragraph by the card grammar purport abundance
 diction solecism syntactical analysis nonlexical slip of the tongue appellation leading gibberish dog Latin
 Hieroglyphic neologism word coinage argot bellengarde pidgin English orthography terminology thesaurus cipher
 A heap of language



EY · BEE
CEE · DEE
EE · EF · DJEE
EITCH · AI · JAY · KAY
EL · EM · EN · OH · PEE
KIEW · AR · ES
TEE · YEW · VEE
DUBBLYEW · EX
WAI & ZEE

**WAR
IS
OVER!**

IF YOU WANT IT

Love and Peace from John & Yoko

59

VIVE LA FRANCE

VIVE LA FRANCE

ZANG

TUMB

TUUVUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU

TUM

ZANG

VIVE LA FRANCHISE

VIVE LA FRANCE

VIVE LA FRANCE!

VIVE LA FRANCE!

116.232
148.102
201.858
209.136
216.679
22.213
597
116
1
17
17
17.2
16.26
15.58
15.92
15.32
14.78
14.60
15.03
13.70
13.57
14.50

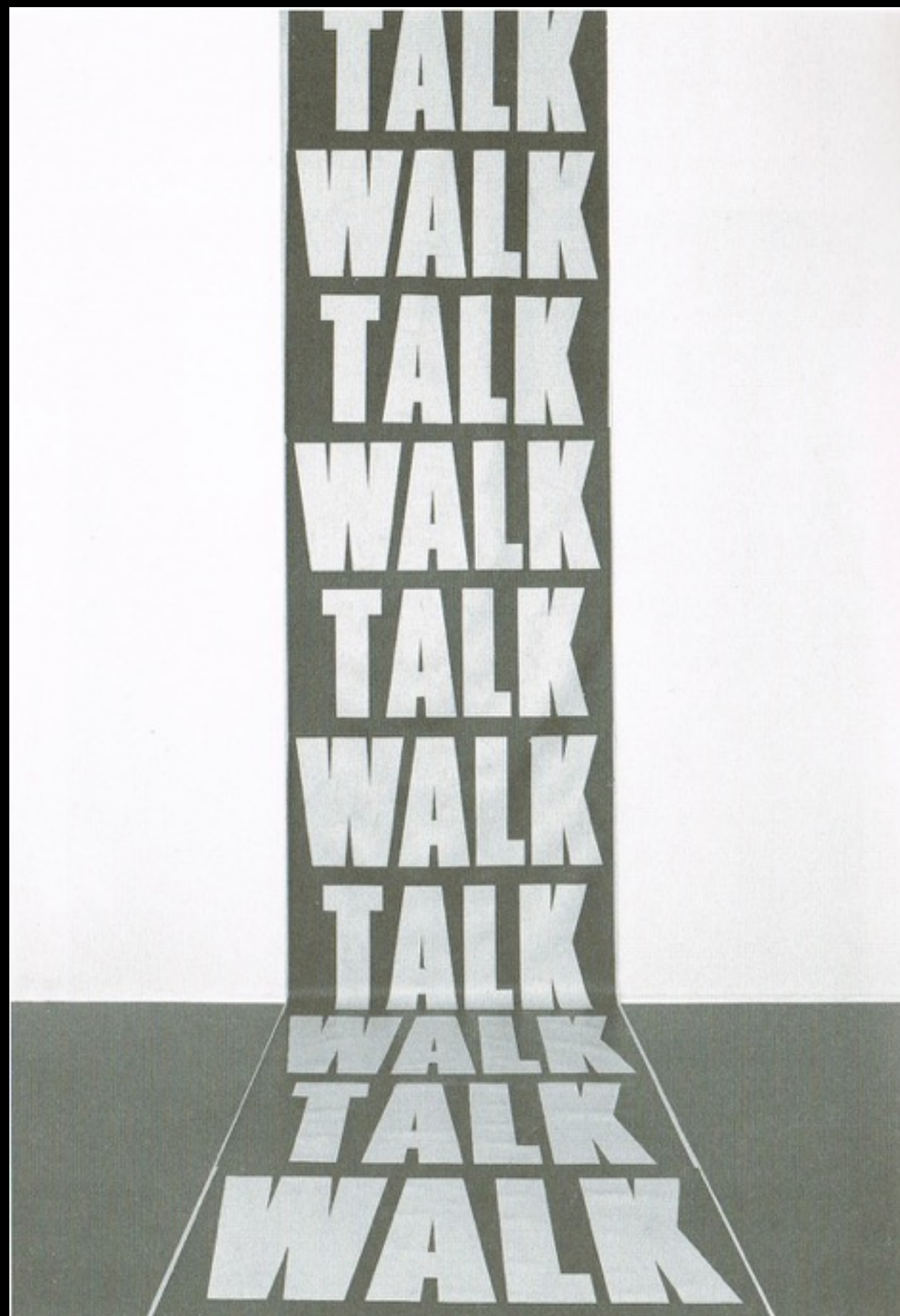
24.80
25.80
23.90
20.50
20.70
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8.60
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4.669.576
4.732.911
4.795.646
4.859.451
4.928.658
5.004.206
5.074.632
5.104.137
5.179.233
5.263.232
5.347.190
5.430.942
5.509.660
5.591.410
5.672.232
5.747.263
5.825.198
5.857.940
5.944.803
6.018.000

ZANG!
TUM
BTUMB

IF YOU WANT IT

Tuumb! Tuuum Tuuum Tuuum





Concrete Poetry is not one style but a cluster of possibilities, all falling in the intermedium between semantic poetry, calligraphic and typographic poetry, and sound poetry.

Concrete poetry insists that the verbal cannot be separated from its material representation and vice versa.

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G. Apollinaire. Cubist Associate
 calligramme

BONJOUR MON FRÈRE ALBERT à Mexico

[illegible]

THIS
LITTLE TREE
WHICH IS BEGINNING
TO BEAR FRUIT
RE
SEMBLES
YOU

A SMALL BOUQUET

not
 do know
 we what
 violet
 calls
 to
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 woods
 must
 hearts
 the rose's whole
 soft to our
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 really truly
 but my whole
 I life's
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A SMALL BOUQUET OF PRECIOUS STONES

I recall a cave below the underworld, from an old book, where out of all those beings enslaved by the Queen, they'd 1 friend who must be trusted who told the heroes, beneath the dark hearts of the deeper caves, they would see not dead were but the rose's a whole fresh ruby. I do know the not soft four jewels of the surface. Not wet, what an awful bit to eat, save the pal who prefers a violet amethyst indulgence. He loves the diamond wine, those red gems, their juices wetly drip down chins and the emerald's fresh cream dribbles into grayer beards. Let me go, pleaded the fellow, unmanned but whole. The book now lost, was pleasure for me if life a gem will not waste those wetly, try to go love meaning! I wished for deep caves, color-carved, w/you, wet w/ onyx and amethyst. I tried to see the deep caves, to find the jewels growing down and wild like cotton vines over a river of fire & hot lava. I do want to go deeper - to find the source, with a core all around, lower than the devils can see. I can see you, jerking from a branch a new, well-shaped fruit. It shines in your hand, alive with light, every fruit glows, with the hot, sybatic fire. Your mouth takes not a chance, deathly one judges a fruit. The fruit's fire flames up the iris, a sapient look. I see the caves, the gems, with wet and dreamy eyes, not only because some shitty circumstance, your departure so much uneasy than either or any could guess because there isn't any distance, isolation's not easy, but no true distance. Think of deeper caves, not any caves, but the lost ones. Unmirched caverns isolated depth in books, like in Xanadu. Believe me that all I, we are, is living beneath the surface, meeting and yielding you'll find all caverns lead back to the molten core. Nothing separates the seas and lands, deeply nestled in the interior of the earth. The Khams comes of ice and caverns measureless to man, in starless, immense chasms, the ascends and tunnels all lead to us. Always I think of the lebes, the roads that now connect from outside my house and lead to Patagonia and up to the Arctic Circle and a road that stretches from me to you. These only overlay a sl top, covering only the sunkissed lands, but we truly adore all those places that cannot be seen. Adore is falseness, adoration is for servants, we revel, we exalt, we shiver as we drink diamond wine daily, together but apart, but in those fathomless chambers, we live our ethereal lives, plucking the fruits, dancing in the incandescent glow of those deep lands that can't be seen by just anybody. Newly ours a letterly affair and not a nightly slumbering, I've traded in my fingers for words. Beneath all these fragile phrases, each a decaying flower, there're caves deeper still, wine more heady.

Κωτίλας

τῇ τόδ' ἄτριον νέον
πρόφρων δὲ θυμῷ δεξοῖ· δὴ γὰρ ἄγνῃς
τὸ μὲν θεῶν ἐριβόας Ἑρμῆς ἔκιξε κάρυξ
ἄνωγε δ' ἐκ μέτρου μονοβάμονος μέγαν πάροιθ' ἀέξειν
θεῶς δ' ὑπερθεν ὦκα λέχριον φέρων νεῦμα ποδῶν σποράδων πίφαισκεν
θοαῖς ἴσ' αἰόλαις νεβροῖς κῶλ' ἀλλάσσων ὀρσιπόδων ἐλάφων τέκεσσιν
πᾶσαι κραιπνοῖς ὑπὲρ ἄκρων ἰέμεναι ποσὶ λόφων κατ' ἀρθμίας ἵχνος τιθήνας
καί τις ὠμόθυμος ἀμφίπαλτον αἰψ' αὐδὰν θῆρ ἐν κόλπῳ δεξάμενος θαλαμῶν μυχοιτάτῳ
καί τ' ὦκα βοᾷς ἀκοὰν μεθέπων· ὃ γ' ἄφαρ λάσιον νιφοβόλων ἀν' ὀρέων ἔσσυται ἄγκος
ταῖσι δὴ δαίμων κλυτὰς Ἴσα θοοῖς δονέων ποσὶ πελὺπλοκα μετίει μέτρα μολπᾶς
δίμφα πετρόκοιτον ἐκλιπὼν ὕρουσ' εὐνάν, ματρὸς πλαγκτὸν μαιόμενος βαλίας ἐλεῖν τέκος
βλαχαὶ δ' οἷων πολυβότων ἀν' ὀρέων νομὸν ἔβαν τανυσφύρων ἐς ἀν' ἄντρα Νυμφῶν
ταὶ δ' ἀμβρότῳ πόθῳ φίλας ματρὸς ῥῶοντ' αἰψα μεθ' ἱμερόεντα μαζὺν
ἵχνει θένωι . . . ταν παναίολον Πιερίδων μονόδουπον αὐδὰν
ἀριθμὸν εἰς ἄκραν δεκάδ' ἱχνίων κόσμον νέμοντα ῥυθμῶν
φῦλ' ἐς βροτῶν, ὑπὸ φίλας ἐλὼν πτεροῖσι ματρὺς
λίγεια μιν κάμ' Ἴφι ματρὸς ὠδὶς
Δωρίας ἀηδόνας
ματέρος.

Il pleut

Il pleut des voix de femmes comme si elles étaient mortes même dans le souvenir
de vous aussi qui pleut merveilleuses rencontres de ma vie ô gouttelettes
écues nuagées cabrées se prennent à hennir tout un univers de villes auriculaires
écoute tomber les lions qui te retiennent en haut et en bas
écoute s'il pleut tardia que le regret et le d'adieu pleurent une ancienne musique

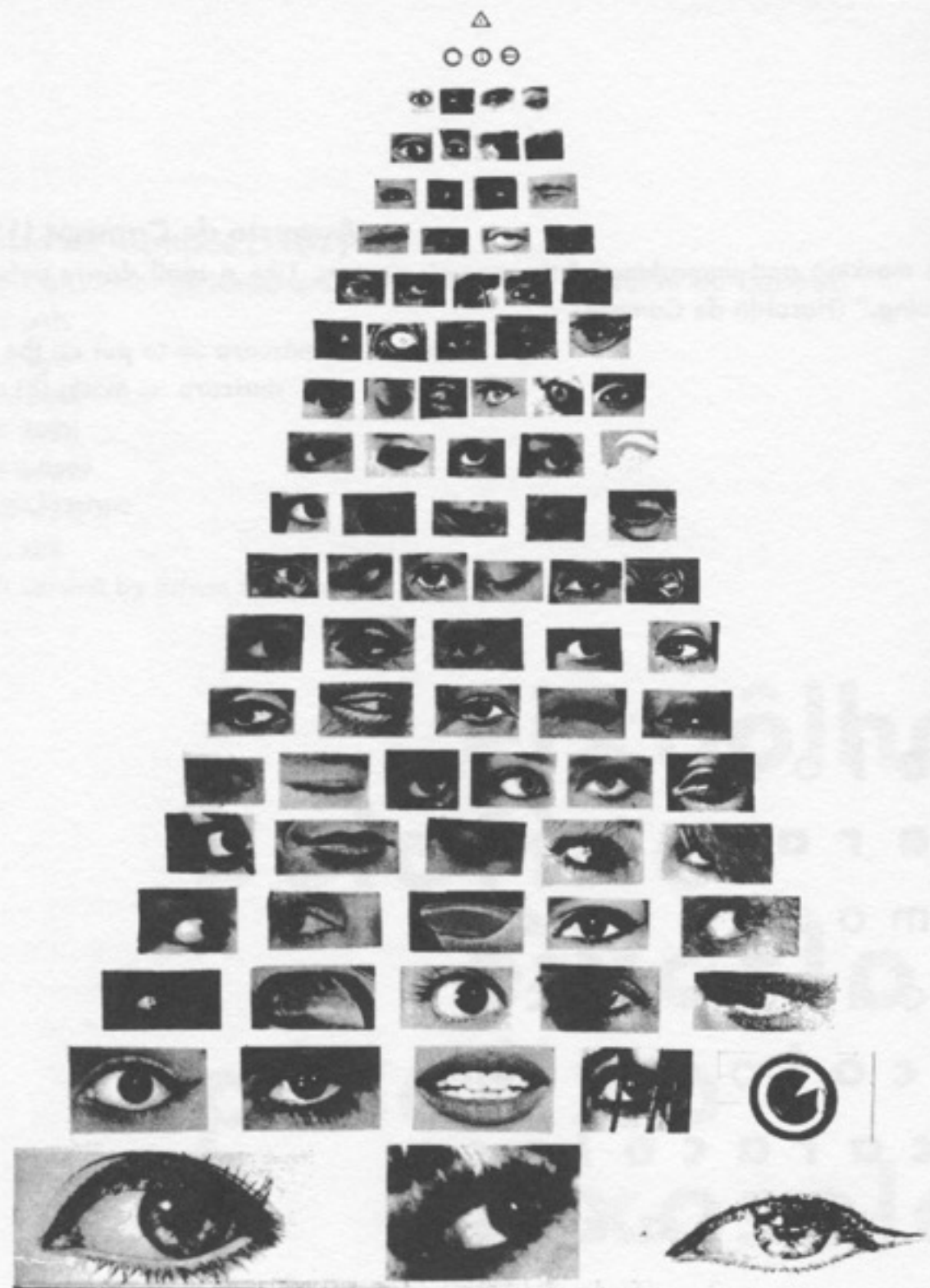
IL PLEUT

[illegible]

Das Horn der Glückseligkeit.

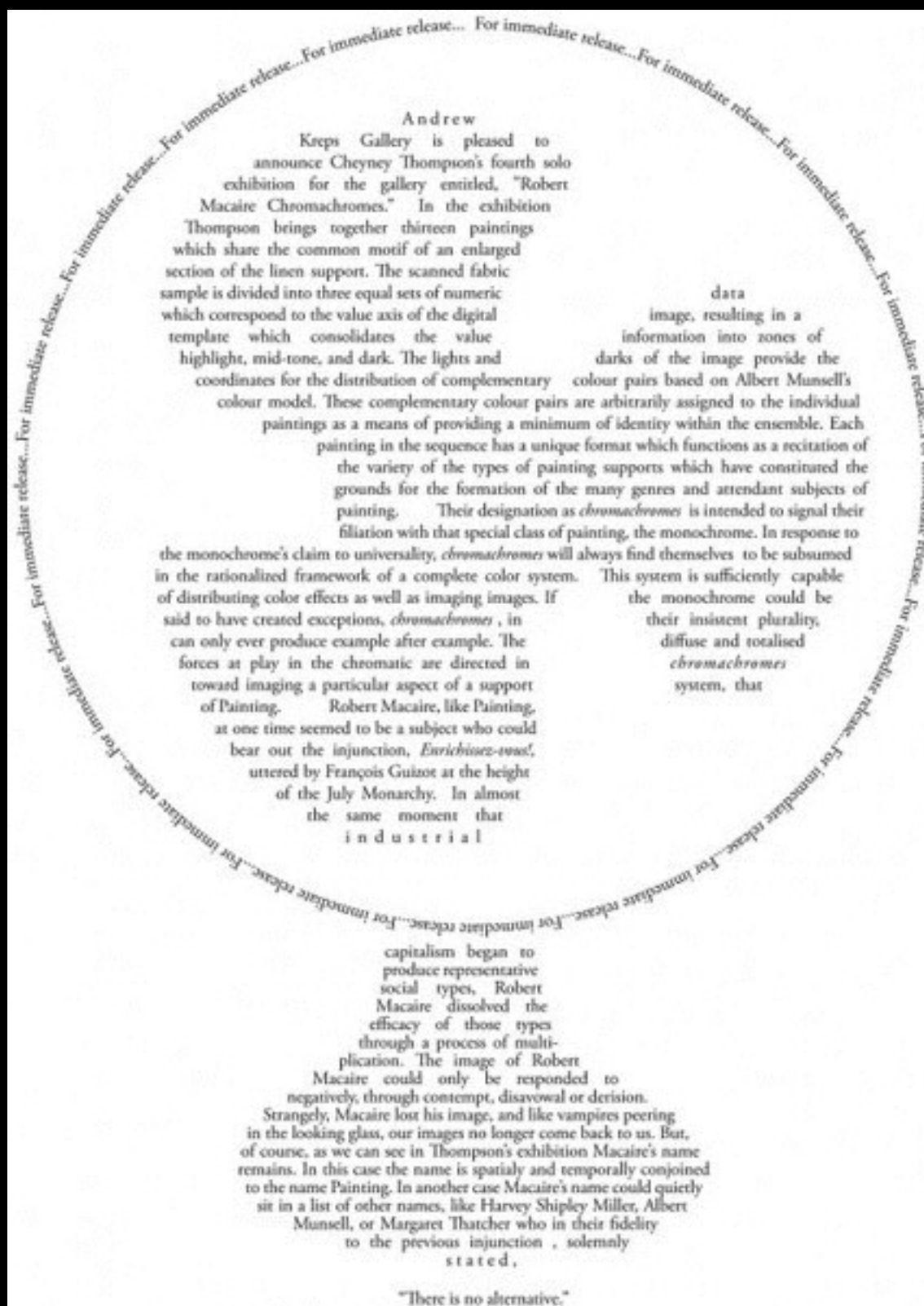
Schöne Früchte:
Blumen / Korn /
Kirschen / äpfel /
Birnen / und Wein /
Und was
sonst mehr
seyn /
sind hier
in diesem
HORN /
das Glück /
auf daß
es uns
erquillt /
hat selbst
es so
mit hül
und fül
erfüllt.
wol dem /
dem es
ist
mild.
¶

"It _is_ a long tail, certainly," said Alice, looking
 down with wonder at the Mouse's tail; "but why do you
 call it sad?" And she kept on puzzling about it while the
 Mouse was speaking, so that her idea of the tale was
 something like this:----"Fury said to
 a mouse, That
 he met in the
 house, `Let
 us both go
 to law: _I_
 will prose-
 cute _you_.--
 Come, I'll
 take no de-
 nial: We
 must have
 the trial;
 For really
 this morn-
 ing I've
 nothing
 to do.'
 Said the
 mouse to
 the cur,
 `Such a
 trial, dear
 sir. With
 no jury
 or judge,
 would
 be wast-
 ing our
 breath.'
 `I'll be
 judge,
 I'll be
 jury,'
 said
 cun-
 ning
 old
 Fury:
 `I'll
 try
 the
 whole
 cause,
 and
 con-
 demn
 you to
 death'."





A circular arrangement of letters forming the words "Washing" and "Machine". The letters are black and stylized, arranged in a circular pattern around a central point. The letters are: W, a, t, c, h, i, n, g, M, a, c, h, i, n, e. The letters are arranged in a circular pattern, with "Washing" on the left and "Machine" on the right. The letters are black and stylized, arranged in a circular pattern around a central point.



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[illegible]

das schwarze geheimnis
ist hier
hier ist
das schwarze geheimnis

le mystère noir
est ici
ici est
le mystère nior

fog fog fog fog
fog all fog fog
fog fog oer fog
fog fog fog fog

el misterio negro
está aquí
aquí está
el misterio negro

the black mystery
is here
here is
the black mystery

horizon
hohorizonon
hohohorizononon
hohohohorizonononon
hohohohohorizononononon
hohohohohohorizonononononon
hohohohohohohorizononononononon
hohohohohohohohorizonononononononon
hohohohohohohohoho onononononononononon

This is a square poem.
This poem is a square.
Is this square a poem?
This square is a poem,
This square is. A poem
Is a poem - this square.
This is a poem-square.
A poem-square is this
Poem. This is a square.
A square poem is this
Square. This is a poem,
This is. A poem-square.

XLV

you
in win
ter who sit
dying thinking
huddled behind dir
ty glass mind muddled
and cuddled by dreams(or some
times vacantly gazing through un
washed panes into a crisp todo of
murdering uncouth faces which pass rap
idly with their breaths.)“people are walking deaths
in this season” think “finality lives up
on them a little more openly than usual
hither,thither who briskly busily carry the as
tonishing & spontaneous & difficult ugliness
of themselves with a more incisive simplicity a
more intensively brutal futility”And sit
huddling dumbly behind three or two partly tran
sparent panes which by some loveless trick sepa
rate one stilled unmoving mind from a hun
dred doomed hurrying brains(by twos
or threes which fiercely rapidly
pass with their breaths)in win
ter you think,die slow
ly “toc tic” as i
have seen trees(in
whose black bod
ies leaves
hide

a a a a a

 c c c c

r r r r r

 o o o o

b b b b b

 a a a a

t t t t t

 s s s s

t t t t t

 a a a a

b b b b b

 o o o o

r r r r r

 c c c c

a a a a a

the old struggle between content
and form is over.

“poet & typographer” (soul & eye)
must balance in the same person.

— dsh

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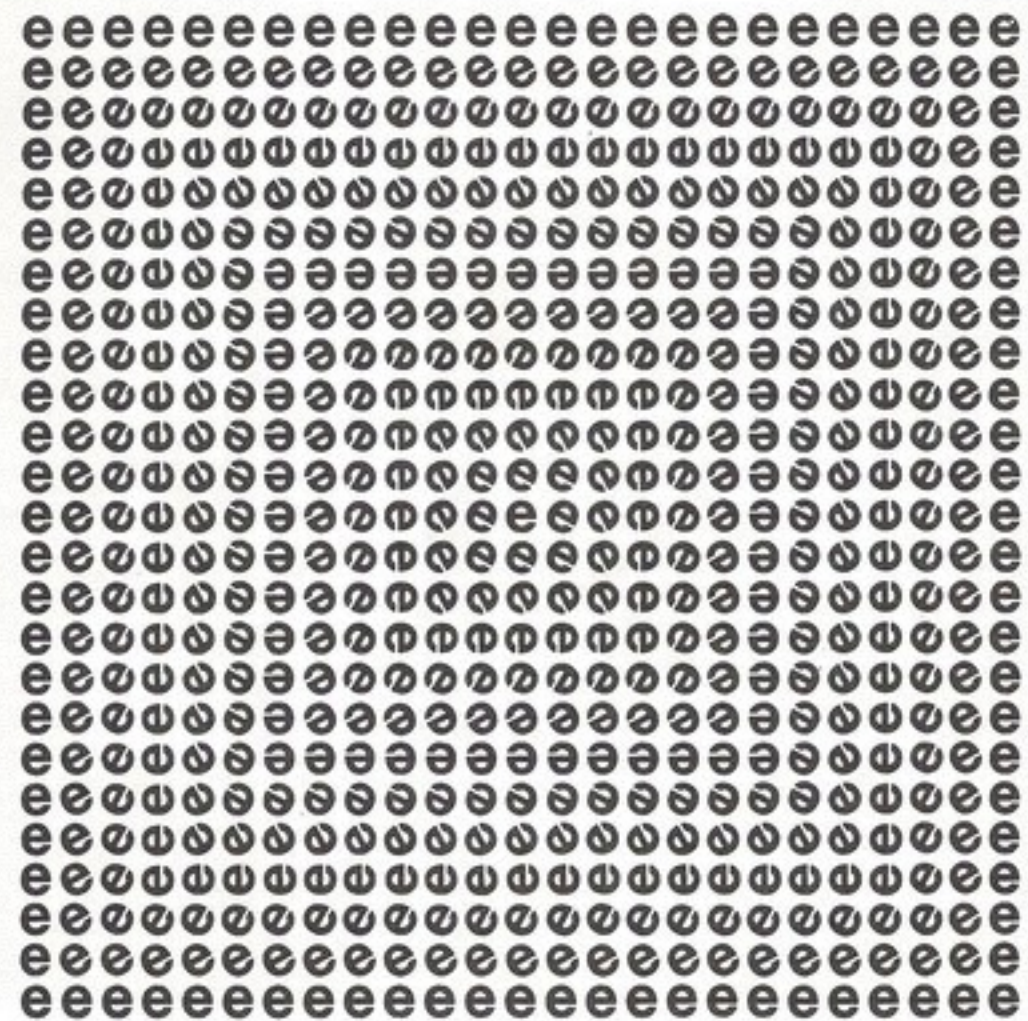
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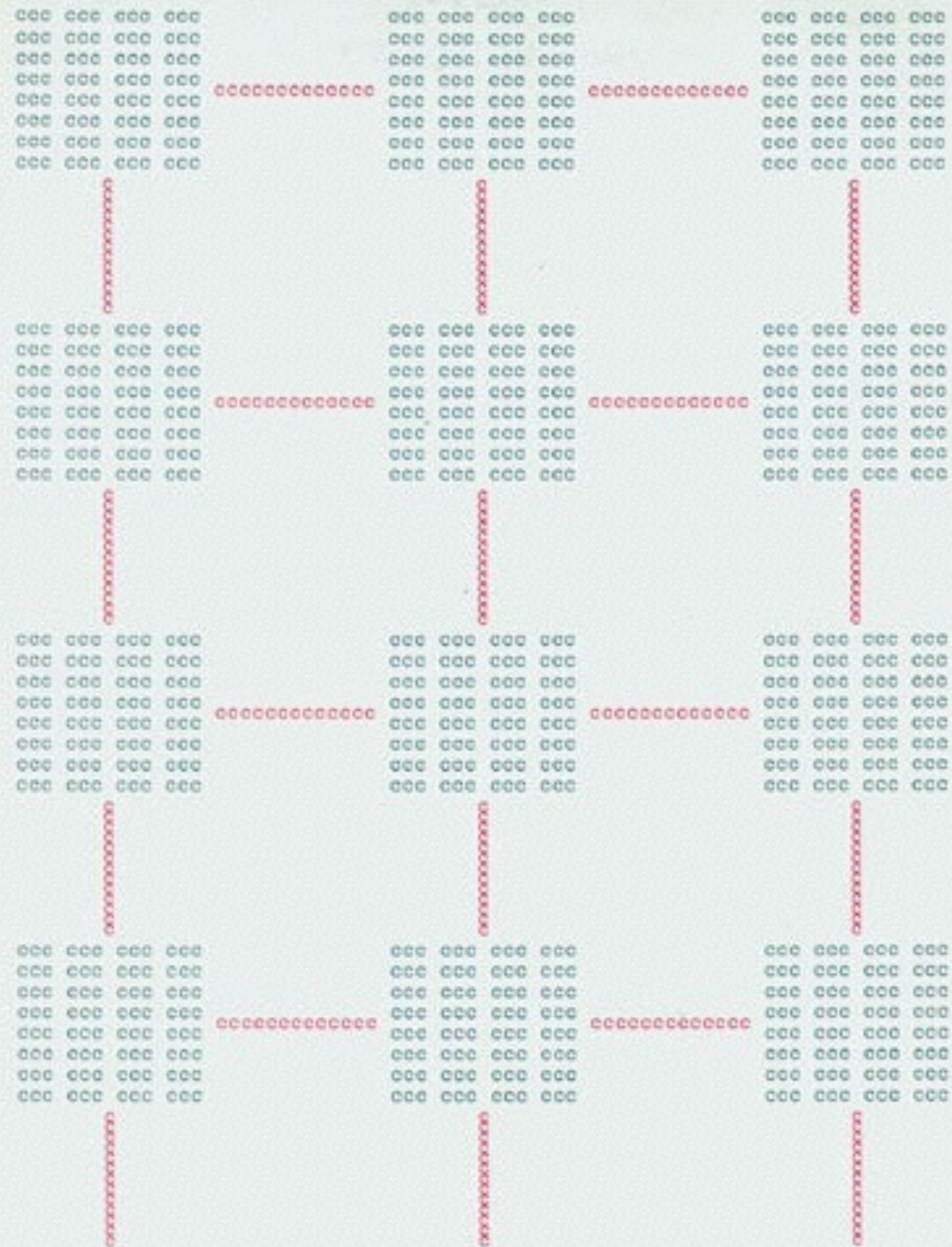
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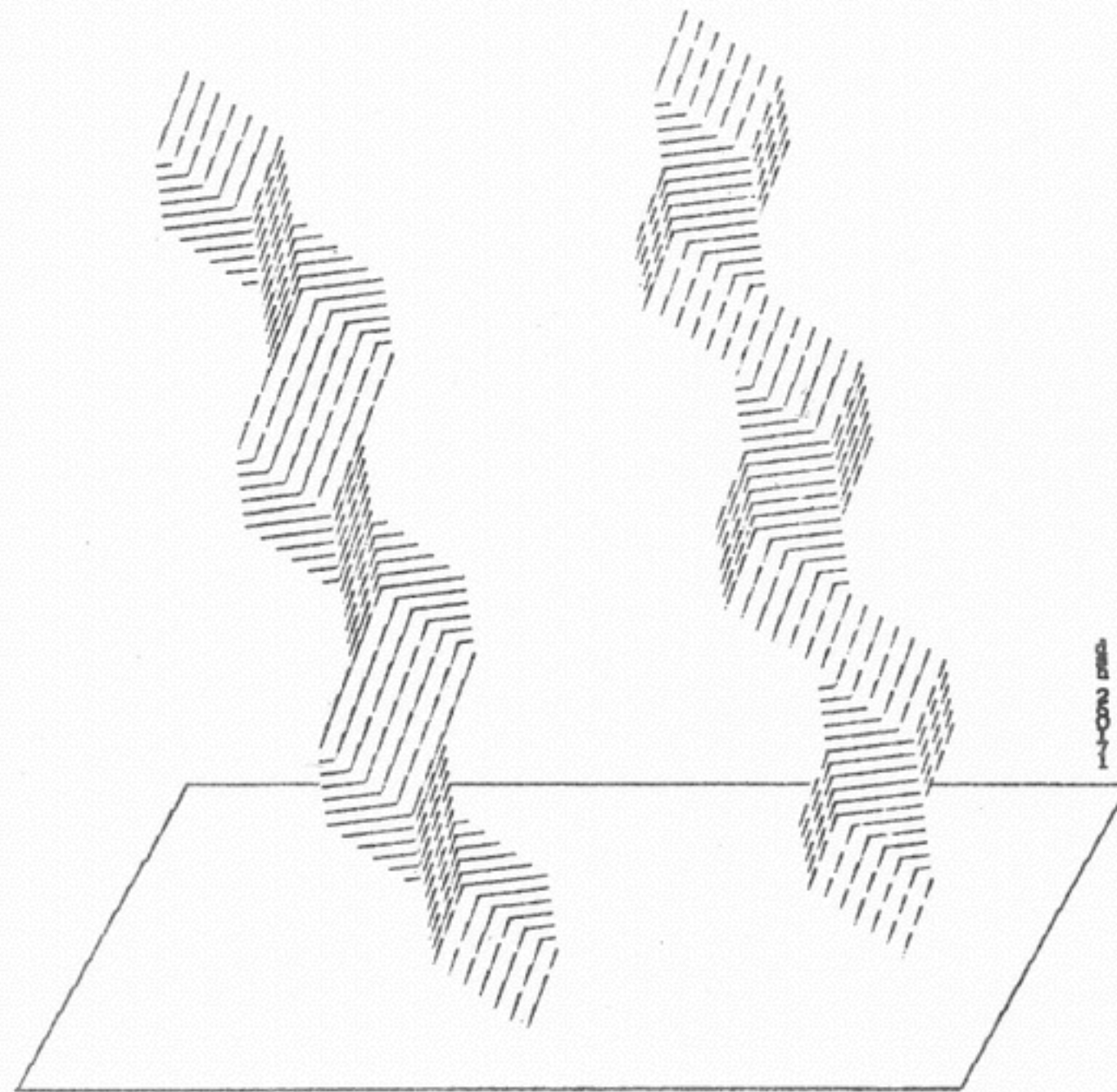
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1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1
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5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4
6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5
7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0

z y x w v u t s r q p o n m n o p q r s t u v w x y z
y x w v u t s r q p o n m l m n o p q r s t u v w x y
x w v u t s r q p o n m l k l m n o p q r s t u v w x
w v u t s r q p o n m l k j k l m n o p q r s t u v w
v u t s r q p o n m l k j i j k l m n o p q r s t u v
u t s r q p o n m l k j i h i j k l m n o p q r s t u
t s r q p o n m l k j i h g h i j k l m n o p q r s t
s r q p o n m l k j i h g f g h i j k l m n o p q r s
r q p o n m l k j i h g f e f g h i j k l m n o p q r
q p o n m l k j i h g f e d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
p o n m l k j i h g f e d c d e f g h i j k l m n o p
o n m l k j i h g f e d c b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
n m l k j i h g f e d c b b c d e f g h i j k l m n
m l k j i h g f e d c b a b c d e f g h i j k l m
n m l k j i h g f e d c b b c d e f g h i j k l m n
o n m l k j i h g f e d c b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
p o n m l k j i h g f e d c d e f g h i j k l m n o p
q p o n m l k j i h g f e d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
r q p o n m l k j i h g f e f g h i j k l m n o p q r
s r q p o n m l k j i h g f g h i j k l m n o p q r s
t s r q p o n m l k j i h g h i j k l m n o p q r s t
u t s r q p o n m l k j i h i j k l m n o p q r s t u
v u t s r q p o n m l k j i j k l m n o p q r s t u v
w v u t s r q p o n m l k j k l m n o p q r s t u v w
x w v u t s r q p o n m l k l m n o p q r s t u v w x
y x w v u t s r q p o n m l m n o p q r s t u v w x y
z y x w v u t s r q p o n m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

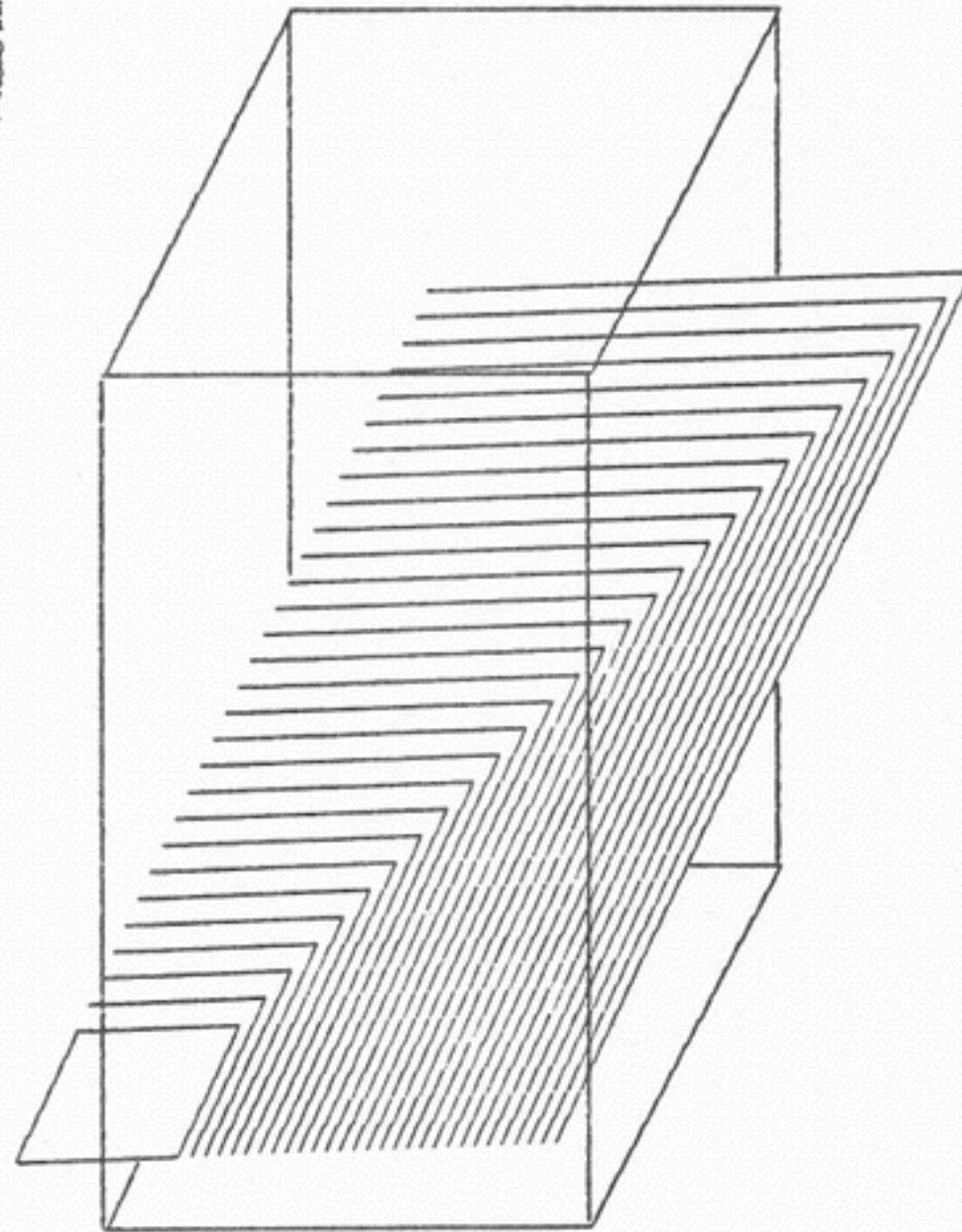




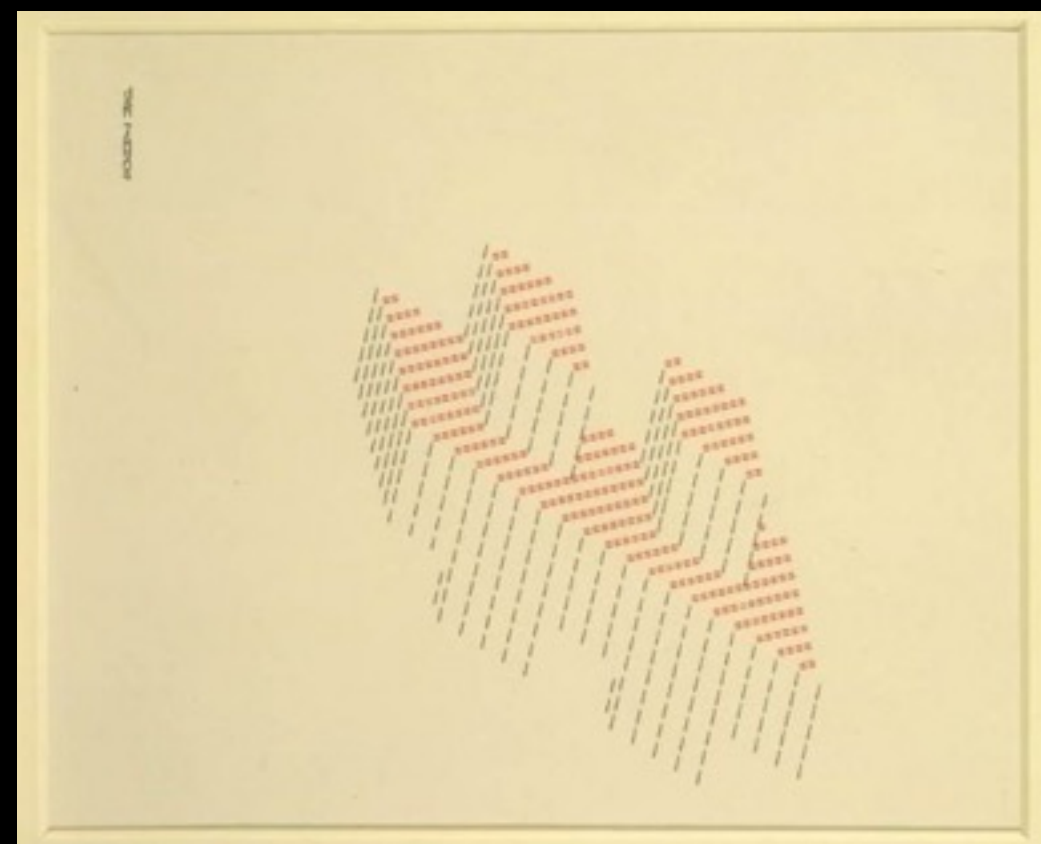
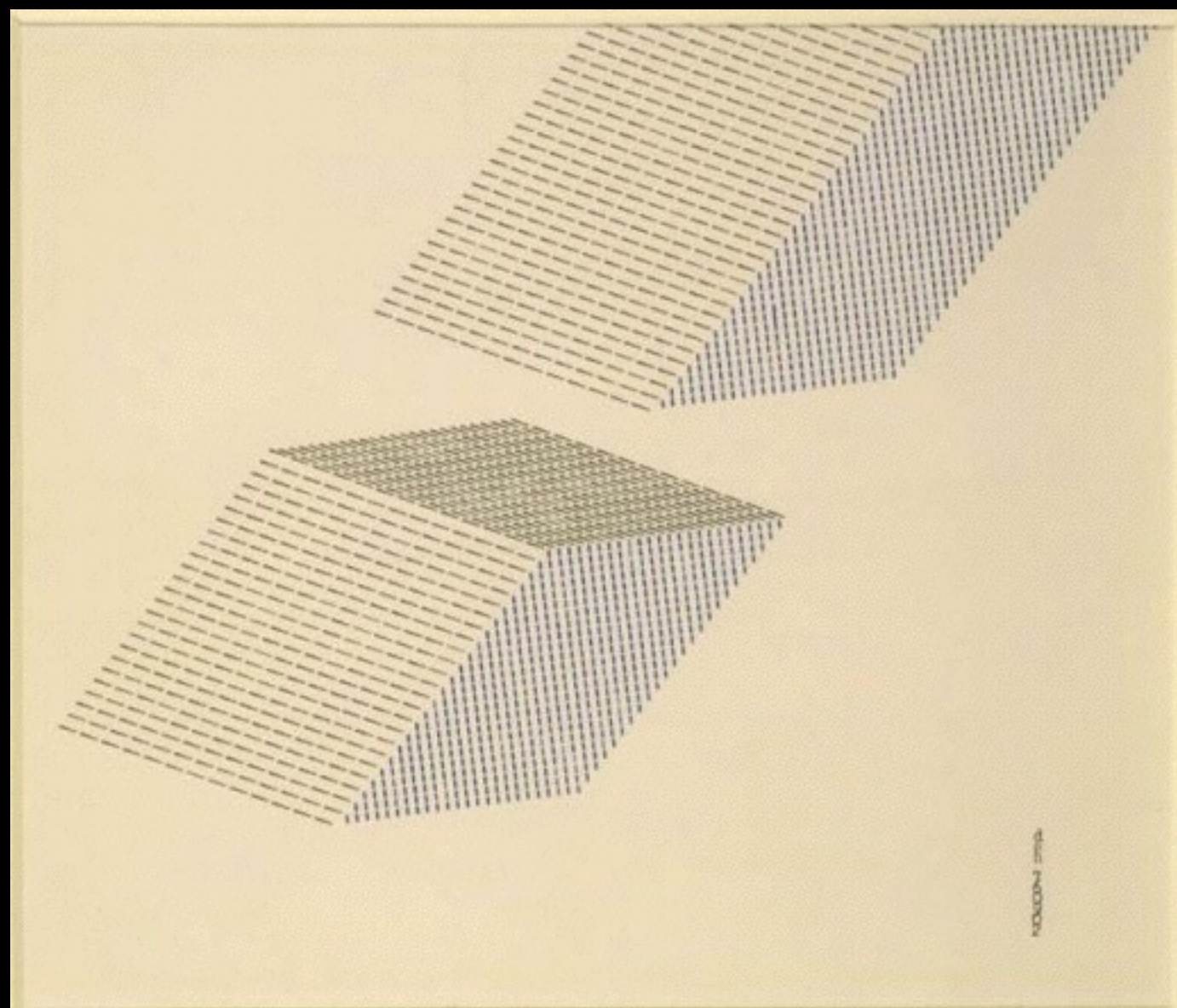
local protraction

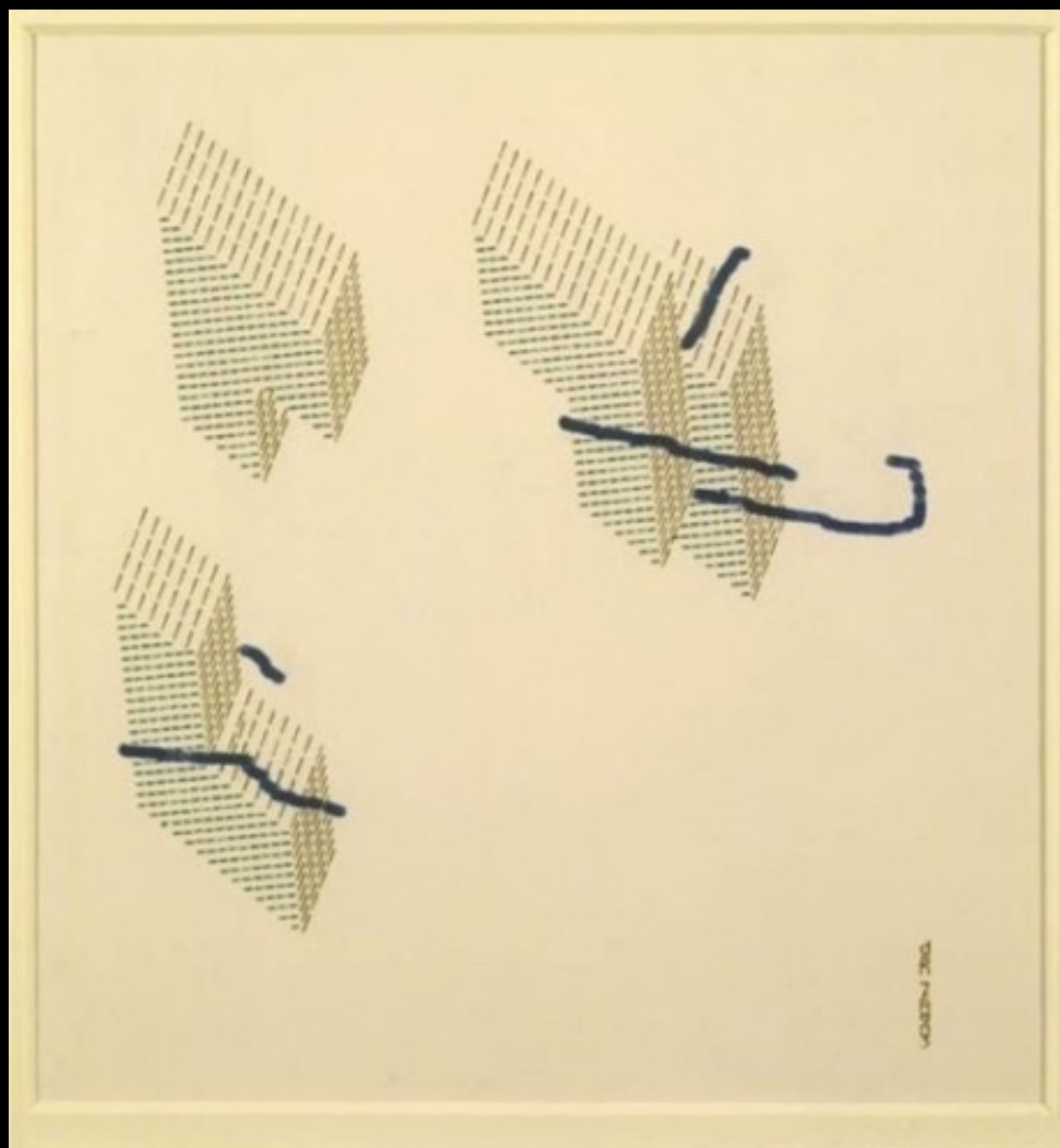
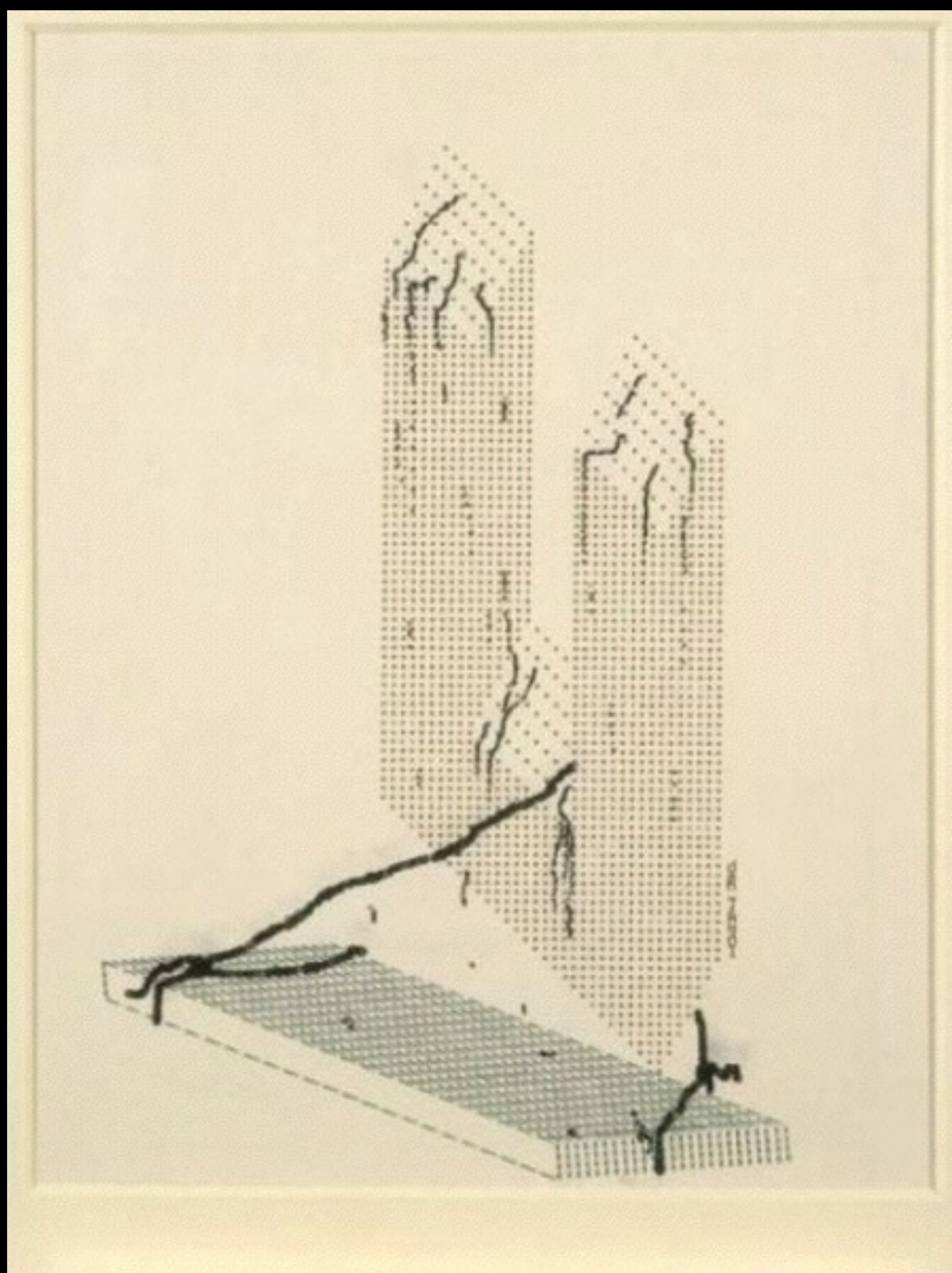
local protraction

red ghost in blue machine



red ghost in blue machine





LE POEME ALPHABETIQUE

réalisé 20 siècles après J.-C., soit après une très longue réflexion

```
a  
b  
c  
d  
e  
f  
g  
h  
i  
j  
k  
l
```

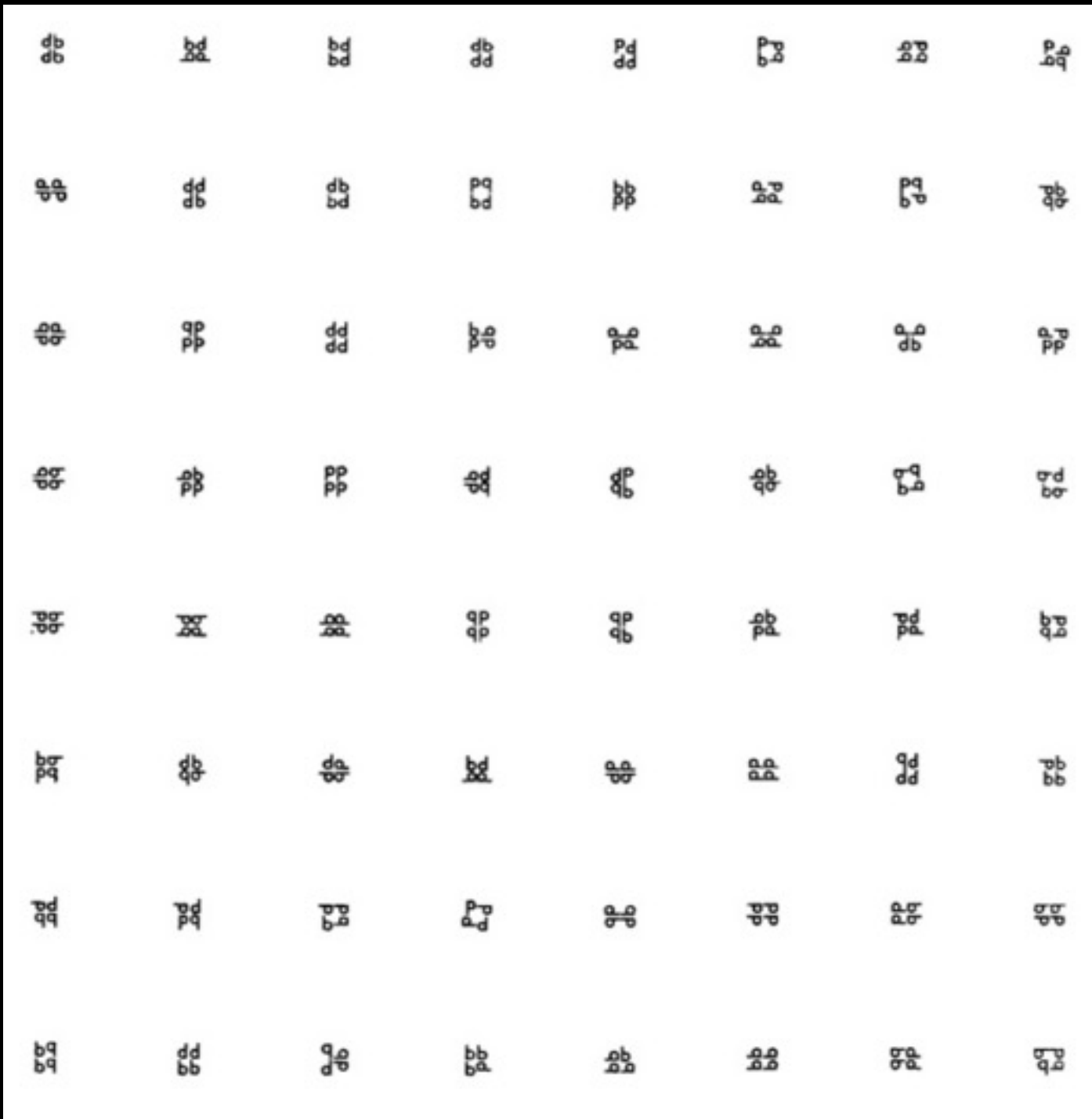
[illegible]

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

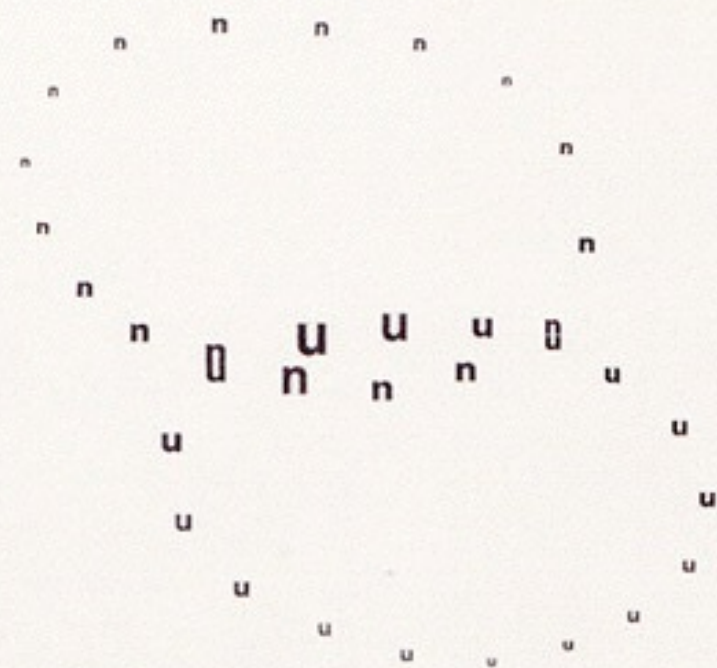
il manque toujours l'y

que l l e i m p o r t a n c e

© Carl Andre © 1960



badbadbadbadbadbadbadbad
badbadbadbadgadbadbadbad
badbadbadbadgodbadbadbad
badbadbadbadgoobadbadbad
badbadbadbadgoodadbadbad
badbadbadbadgoodgdbadbad
badbadbadbadgoodgdbadbad
badbadbadoodgoodgdbadbad
badbadbagoodgoodgdbadbad
badbadbagoodgoodgobadbad
badbadbagoodgoodgooadbad
badbadbagoodgoodgooddbad
badbadbdgoodgoodgooddbad
badbadodgoodgoodgooddbad
badbaoodgoodgoodgooddbad
badbgoodgoodgoodgooddbad
baddgoodgoodgoodgooddbad
baddgoodgoodgoodgoodgbad
baddgoodgoodgoodgoodgoad
baddgoodgoodgoodgoodgood
baodgoodgoodgoodgoodgood
boodgoodgoodgoodgoodgood
goodgoodgoodgoodgoodgood



s
s **t** **s**
t **t**
s **t** **e** **t** **s**
t **t**
s **s**

[illegible]

star
star
star
star
star
star
star
star
star
star
star
steer

wave

wave

wave

rock

rock

rock

rock

rock

rock

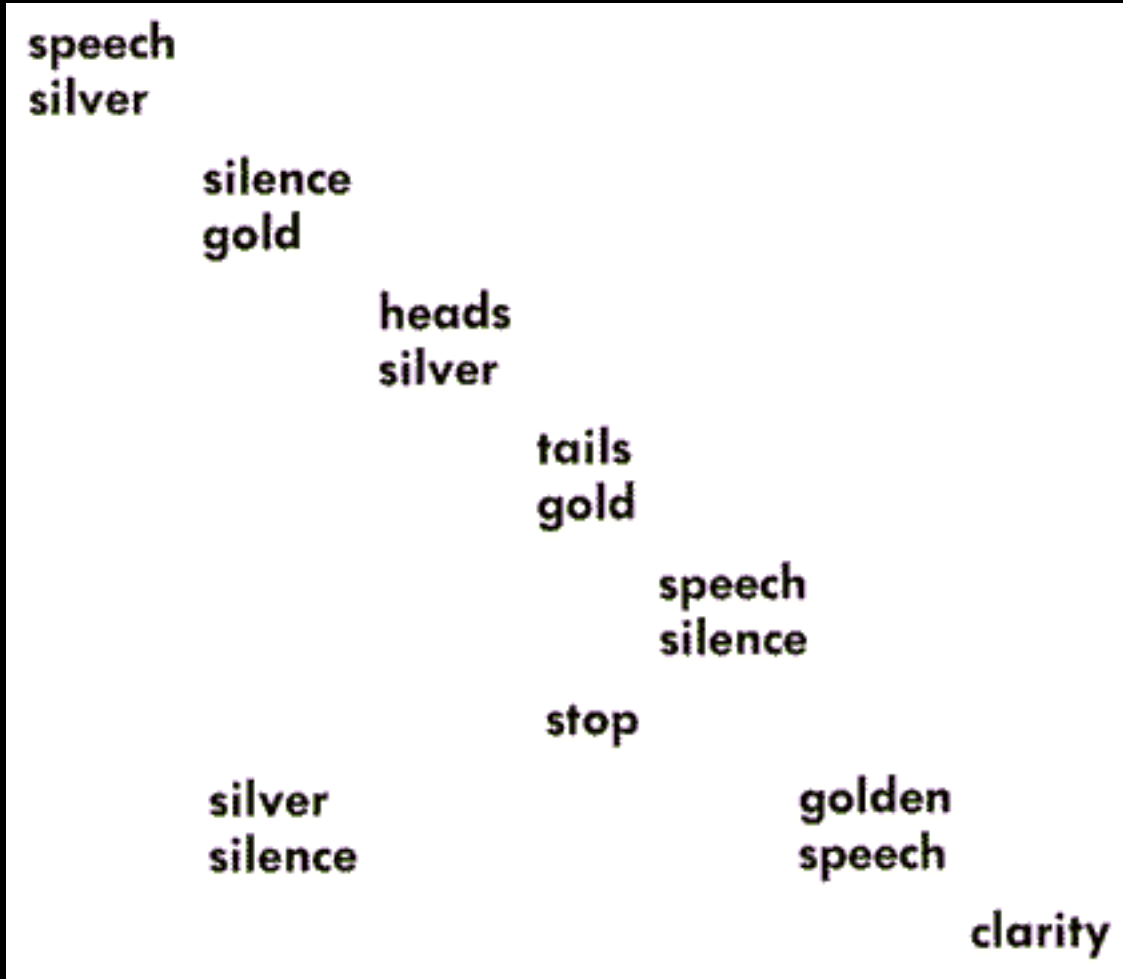
rock

rock



he = ele
& = e
She = ela

S = serpens
h = homo
e = eva



cristal

cristal

fome

cristal

cristal

fome de forma

cristal

cristal

forma de fome

cristal

cristal

forma

CRE
ATI
ON RE
AC
TION

THE
WASN'T
HERE
ANS
WE
R

I
DOUBT
IT
BUT
I DO
IT

YES

YET

GET

GOT

GO

NO

S	P	L	I	T	T	I	N	G
S	P		I	T	T	I	N	G
S	P		I	T		I	N	G
S			I	T		I	N	G
S				T		I	N	G
S						I	N	G
S						I	N	
S						I	N	

**THIS
IS A
LIE**



OH
NO

READING IS A
VISUAL ACTIVITY
BUT JUST TRY TO
LOOK AT THE WORDS
ON THIS PAGE AS PURELY
ABSTRACT PATTERNS!

阅读是一种视觉行为, 只是
尝试着去看这一页面上
的那些字, 就象是看一
幅幅单抽象的图案!

القراءة هي نشاط البصرية،
ولكن مجرد محاولة لإلقاء نظرة على
الكلمات على هذه الصفحة كما
أنماط تجريدية بحتة!

a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	A	a	A	a	a
a	a	A	b	b	b	b	b	b	c	c	d	d	d	d	d
d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	e	e	e	e	e	e
e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e
e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	F	f	f	f	f	f
g	G	g	g	g	g	h	h	h	h	H	h	h	h	h	h
h	h	h	h	h	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i
i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	k	k	l	l	l	l
l	l	l	l	m	m	m	m	m	m	m	n	n	n	n	n
n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	O	o
o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
o	p	p	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r
r	r	r	r	r	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s
t	t	t	T	T	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t
t	t	t	t	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	v	v	v
v	v	v	v	v	w	w	w	w	w	y	y	y	y	y	y
z	z	z	z	z	z	z	z	z	z

a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	A	a	A	a	a
a	a	A	b	b	b	b	b	b	c	c	d	d	d	d	d
d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	e	e	e	e	e	e
e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e
e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	F	f	f	f	f	f
g	G	g	g	g	g	h	h	h	h	H	h	h	h	h	h
h	h	h	h	h	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i
i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	k	k	l	l	l	l	l
l	l	l	l	m	m	m	m	m	m	m	n	n	n	n	n
n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	n	O	o	o
o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
o	p	p	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r
r	r	r	r	r	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	s
t	t	t	T	T	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t	t
t	t	t	t	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	v	v	v
v	v	v	v	v	w	w	w	w	w	y	y	y	y	y	y
:	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

zulus fear quivering yes fear up evil

jesus coming old fear idiots up

death action evil red evil

like red fear zulus action quivering fear up yes

action jesus evil going

fear perilous fear idiots old evil

idiots white perilous

sex action quivering fear white idiots red evil

fear perilous fear idiots old evil

going action evil

action zulus fear white

money idiots up action going

fear perilous fear idiots old evil

red sex

jesus coming old fear idiots up

yes idiots fear up yes

[animation](#) [art](#) [article](#) [band](#) [book](#) [c](#)
[cartoon](#) [css](#) [documentary](#) [emacs](#) [film](#)
[friend](#) [games](#) [html](#) [hypertext](#)
[interactive-fiction](#) [ios](#) [java](#)
[javascript](#) [lecture](#) [lisp](#)
[music](#) [philosophy](#) [poetry](#)
[programming](#) [rails](#) [search](#)
[shell](#) [sitemap](#) [software](#) [song](#)
[soulseek](#) [sound](#) [theory](#) [video](#)
[videogames](#) [web](#)

The inventions of Concrete Poetry have been applied to the internet a thousand times over. Look at any tag cloud or navigation system, and you will see some form of a concrete poem.

“I was stunned. Everything (he) was saying seemed to predict the mechanics of the internet ... delivery, content, interface, distribution, multi-media, just to name a few. Suddenly it made sense: like de Kooning's famous statement: ‘History doesn't influence me. I influence it,’ it's taken the web to make us see just how prescient concrete poetics was in predicting its own lively reception half a century later. I immediately understood that what had been missing from concrete poetry was an appropriate environment in which it could flourish. For many years, concrete poetry has been in limbo: it's been a displaced genre in search of a new medium. And now it's found one.” — Kenneth Goldsmith (2001)

KARAWANE

jolifanto bambla ô falli bambla

grossiga m'pfa habla horem

égiga goramen

higo bloiko russula huju

hollaka hollala

anlogo bung

blago bung

blago bung

bosso fataka

ü üü ü

schampa wulla wussa ólobo

hej tatta gôrem

eschige zunbada

wulubu ssubudu uluw ssubudu

tumba ba- umf

kusagauma

ba - umf

Ripley's
**Believe It
or Not!**

The reader of the concrete poem works like a computer works when it runs a program.

Computer programs are also language, as they are made up of code.

OULIPO

“Ouvroir de Litterature Potentielle”

“Workshop of Potential Literature”

Copyrighted Material



EXERCISES IN STYLE



RAYMOND QUENEAU

Copyrighted Material

*Georges
Perec* Roman
La disparition

Les Lettres Nouvelles

Deuxi



E U N O I A

CHRISTIAN BÖK

Chapter A

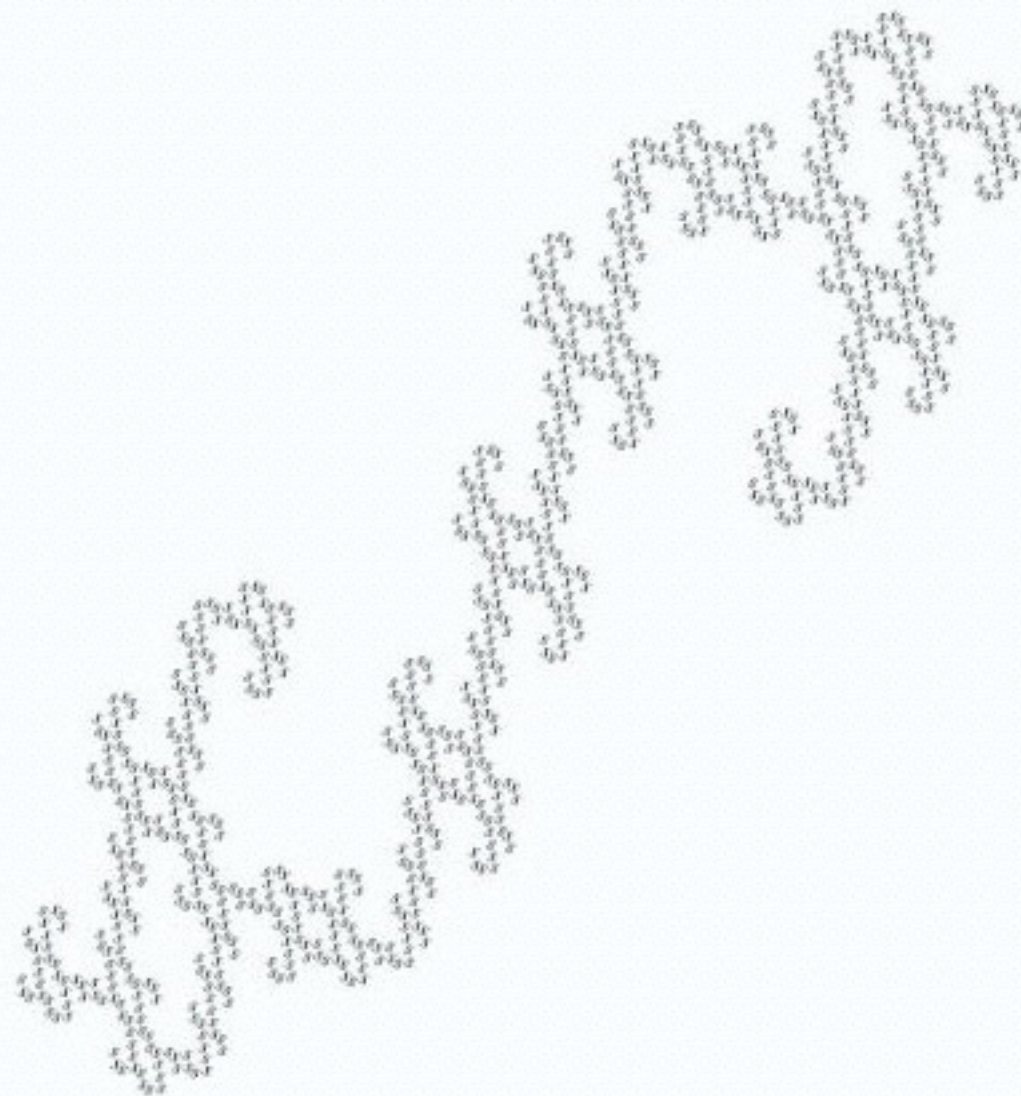
Awkward grammar appals a craftsman. A Dada bard as daft as Tzara damns stagnant art and scrawls an alpha (a slapdash arc and a backward zag) that mars all stanzas and jams all ballads (what a scandal). A madcap vandal crafts a small black ankh — a hand-stamp that can stamp a wax pad and at last plant a mark that sparks an ars magna (an abstract art that charts a phrasal anagram). A pagan skald chants a dark saga (a Mahabharata), as a papal cabal blackballs all annals and tracts, all dramas and psalms: Kant and Kafka, Marx and Marat. A law as harsh as a fatwa bans all paragraphs that lack an A as a standard hallmark.



a treasury
it amasses
via twists
knit among
runic gaps
almost all
regalia to
ornament a
thought as
lacing can
mimic gold
cast alloy
set aglint
at auroras
a tapestry

a tapestry
it affirms
via tropes
that atoms
along clad
string can
encrypt an
alphabet a
formula to
uplift all
adept airs
long cries
set adrift
at abysses
a threnody

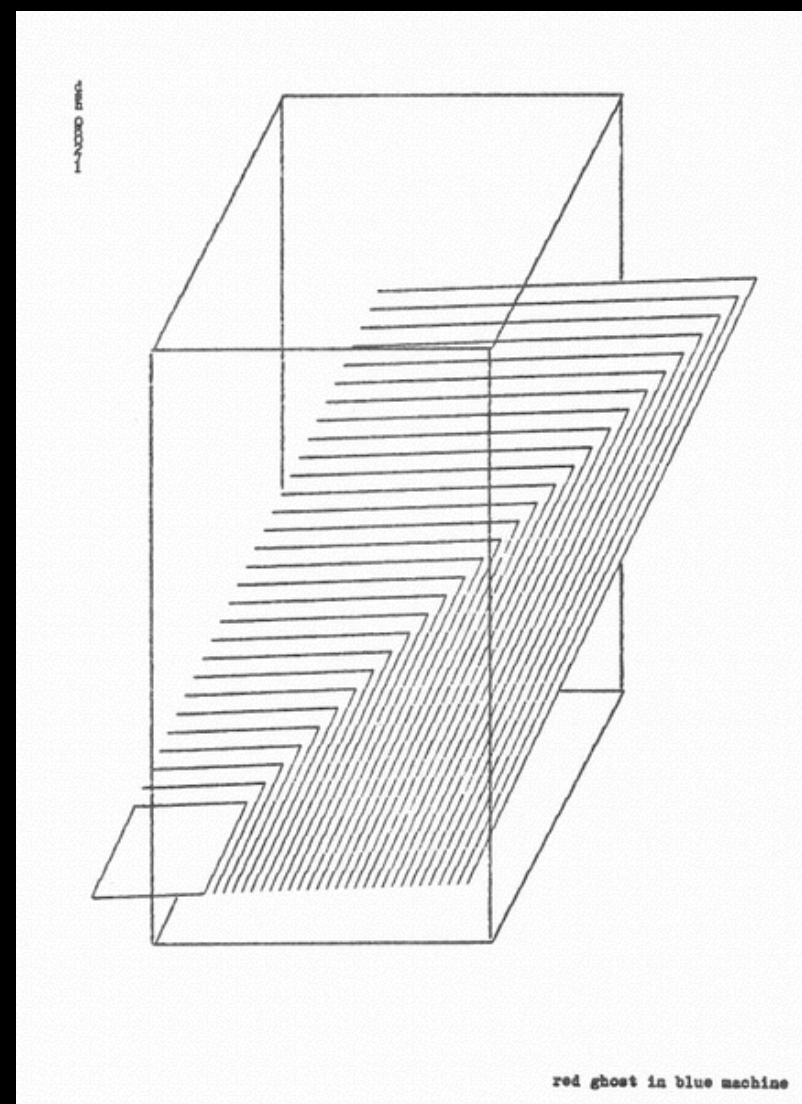
a threnody
it arouses
via tempos
odic grief
using calm
lament and
erotica to
disquiet a
pageant as
utmost awe
might avow
epic glory
set alight
at arcadia
a treasury



S-FRACTAL

End note





red ghost in blue machine



???

Using the scroll bars to see more

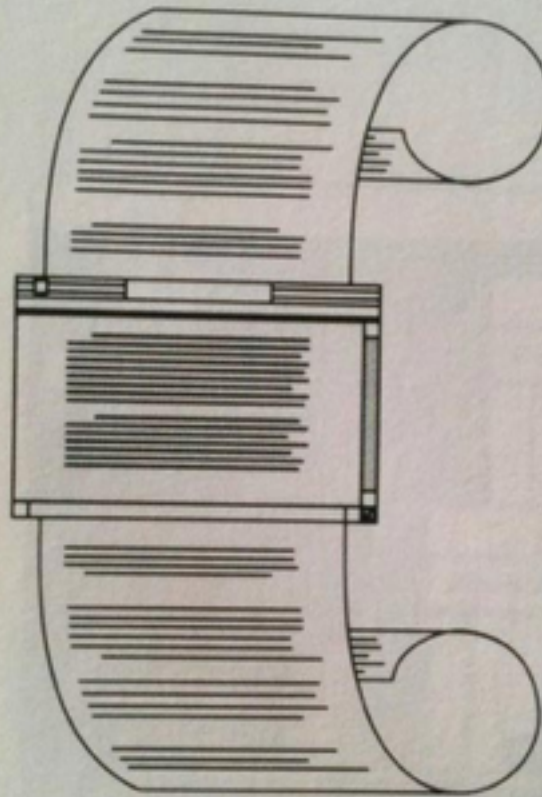


Figure 1-23
Scrolling a document

What's the difference between
a printed page and a webpage?

How is a concrete poem on a page
different from one on a website?

How can we leverage what we know
about the web to create something unique
to its medium?