

edited by Sophie Robinson introduction by Stephen Wiley

29th March 2006
100 copies made.

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#### Openned VISUAL

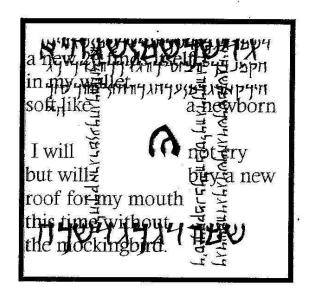
Welcome into the first instalment of  $Ope_{\it AD}ed$  Visual. It is our intent that the magazine will provide an important

s p a c e for poets working within, or in relation to, a visual/Concrete tradition. In any practice of poetry and/or language, there exists an intricate correlation between the form and the content (which in turn inflects the meaning or politics of that practice) it is our opinion that the importance that visual/concrete poetry attaches to the form/content/meaning dynamic necessitates the existence of a visual magazine.

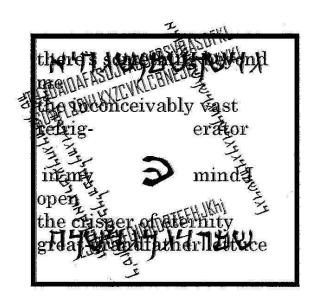
Although visual poetry does not preclude public vocalised reading, such a reading, because of the nature of the visual work, will inevitably shape, alter, or in the most extreme cases, destroy the poetic intention. Openned Visual, which is to run alongside the Openned reading series, will provide a platform for extra-linguistic visual poetry; poetry which functions and exists outside the formal limits of the Openned web magazine and reading series.

We welcome submissions for future issues of Openned Visual. Submissions should be sent to s.a.robinson@rhul.ac.uk.

Special thanks to Alan Bullock, Derek Beaulieu, Frances Kruk, Redell Olsen, and Jonathan at the Foundry for making this magazine possible.



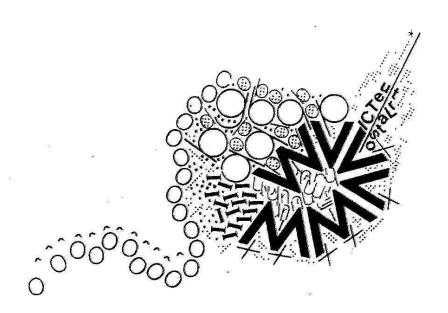
GARY BARDWIN, "mockingbird"



GARY BARDWIN, "refrigerator"

沙州	WHUHWY)
makeswet	ingsglisten.Somemeaningis
gleanedfie	A 1
bread.He scoughing	
camel.Byn	goldand naked he
ima iles being	の世代大学
clothed.H	lowthingschange.

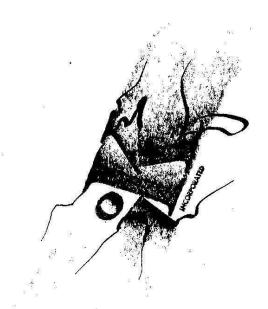
GARY BARDWIN, "camel"

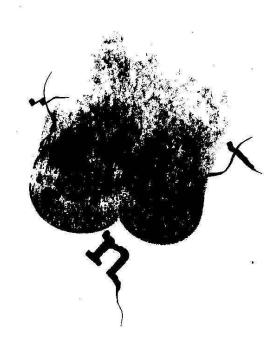


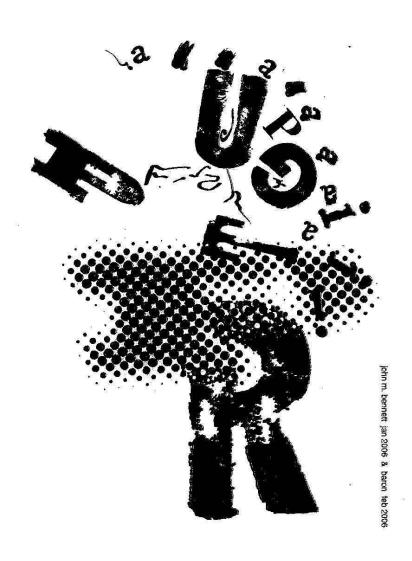
DEREK BEAULIEU, "winnipeg"



DEREK BEAULIEU, "velvetto"







JOHN M. BENNETT & BARON, "FishPug"



JOHN M. BENNETT & BARON, "wildy"



KATHARINE EASTMAN, "sky query"

make peace other others

seeds

for different

```
And I watched the interview
 and it all made sense.
And they asked him what he felt, and he was young and he was American and he had been in the war. For whatever reasons,
 "What they forgot to tell me was that every time I kill a man I kill a part of my self
and
now I feel I have died
so many times that my soul has ended up more dead than those of the people I am killing?
They are dying and so am I
                                                               So I see they put a mirror in me when I was born.
                                                   wrapped in swaddling
                                                                                                     around every moment
                                                                                                                                               Inced
                                                                                                                       glass to see in as well as out
                                                                                                                                       brake shutters
                                                                                                               as as another member of the war
                                                                                                          l wonder if all the liars lie to themselves
if all the thieves rob from themselves
                                                                                                if all the aggressors are aggressive to themselves
                                                                                 if all
                                                                                                            the deceivers are decieving themselves
                                                                                                     I wonder about inside and outside, are they the same?
                                                                                                                                          Reflection?
Reflection?
                                                             lakes carrying an envelopic journey
                                                                   baking cakes
                                                                                       make
                                                                                    peace with selves
                                                                                        our selves
                                                                                              to
```

ANNABEL EMSON, "internal"

```
p16
openned visual
                                                                .....would war be
                              if
                                                   if we were the casualties of our own
                                                                                             winning
                                                                                       winning
                                                                                 winning
                                                                          winning
                                                                    winning
                                                              winning
                                                        winning
                                    could be losing
                                                            could be 1 osing
                                                                           losing
losing
                                                                                     losing
                                                                                   losing
                could be
                                                                       losing
                may be
                                                        losing parts valuable parts
                of yourself
                                                                    that remembers us
                                                            island
                isolation
                               in self,
                               creating wars,
                                   de - - - - - tach myself f
                                    , beat you, bigger, better, more right than you
                          am l wrong
                                    right
                                    wrong
                right the wrong, wrong the right where
                     where am I
                                                                                iiii
iiiii
                            here
                                                                                          iiii
                                                                                          lilli
                                                                                         iiiii
```

iiiiiiiii

am i an eye

are we

going?

you and me.

"da da dadaism dalai Lama says "Inner peace is world peace@meditiation.com"

never understood the wood of what sitting there still had to physical

following the

physical mystical roads in, in silence

of internal states

maps internal space to the we.

clustered star journeys

to the we

will exist

we can

i

mirrors looking out from abandoned worlds cravings to see inside

+ - % {9} mathematics

I need water

for my eyes to irrigate the land between the tides of unconscious conscious

blind streetseers

need to drink a lot

to see.

.beuys,!£\$%&?:+

oh boy oh boy

wearethework +-% x wemake

mathematics remake

ourselves

guessing dreams and thoughts are the roots of our

ing tomorrows

wind

with a fresh air

age of art

rambling on with the mad sheep through hills and lakes and landscapes

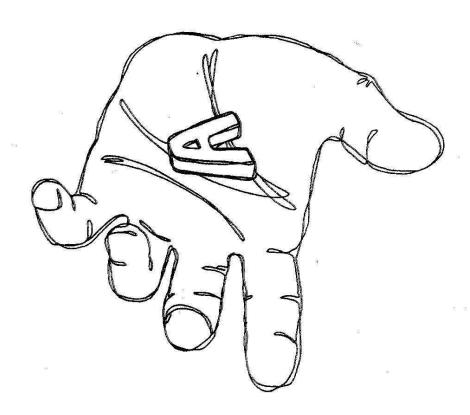
in or out of my mind.

## cant see past your nose to the grindstone



KEVIN EPEKTASIS

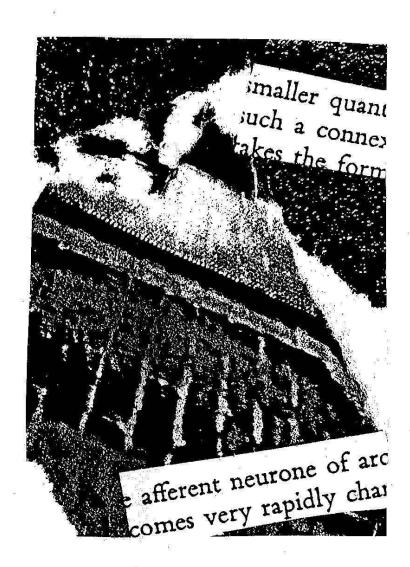
dont bite the hand that cradles the rock



KEVIN EPEKTASIS



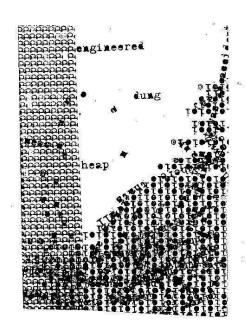
T'IM GAZE, "asemicvi"



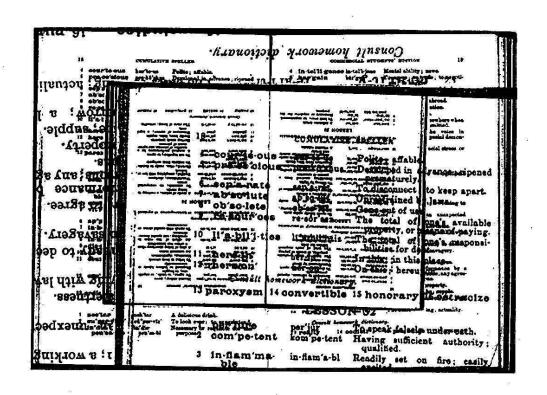
FRANCES KRUK

The pill with state of photographic to the protection of the photographic transfer of the photographic eurtains
curtains
photographic
f photographic
throbbing The pulse of indeer plumbing the suck of sewsethrough heles. the state of pipe ixteathrough pits whirlpeel containing to what looks like floor another wave get dusped is grey water whipped erania blasted through cerazie that fresting bags super splat GRATERTS inginge blacks asen therex open circulatory system flew sluggish eletty ne vessels just multi multi smethered tissues skin wispy 28 vapour squirting misting the joke of solidity. form being shit.

FRANCES KRUK



FRANCES KRUK



BILLY MAVREAS, "readings"

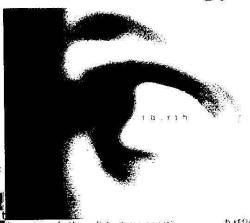




SOPHIE ROBINSON, "postcards from Polly"

# polly the vampyre::: a trilogy.

discharge reason new interrupted blob smeating arrtually flight of tet an emergency bind society slit by roque baby (sense of 566...) a fist terrine uterine nostril out others exhausting scissoring noiselessly petrolium and/or wings of sour kitten lauderin 'slip' a snowball bingo knot glot a justice titten revolting cellulite focus penniless humiliation scratch representation body to linear dry a one suck blink twelve-yr-old a period understood uector - nengeance - flop neal manting lovehandle makes images clot feudal their material hearts characterisation louder than the odour characterisation louder than the budge effect unicebodied sentences any slot pampires an innocence in separation - practice mental | | carpetram others and splitup straight



cleauage your puny faith can't hurt me priest' were the words that came out of the sickening vaccinate bodily precepts in ghostown interface litte girl's mouth.

homosexual shortbread sinew meanwhile on the stairs phillip had been invaded

packaged soapstar cum & reckless longlens hatecrime management tightly wrapped - a thrust in connective phoenixxx

the heart rate on the monitor sped up a little fritually dulled clogging!

supply goodmorning smack slavering pollypocket abbatoir the little spaniel had mutated half dinosour, half wolff underpressure electricity concession::: underpressure a strategic Undying underpressure bonecrumple faceted honeymoon stifetto obscured hospital muscular accentricity dash thunk

mincemeant underwear lace & rifts

& the beast stalked him on two legs & the beast stalked him on two legs & the beast stalked him on two legs

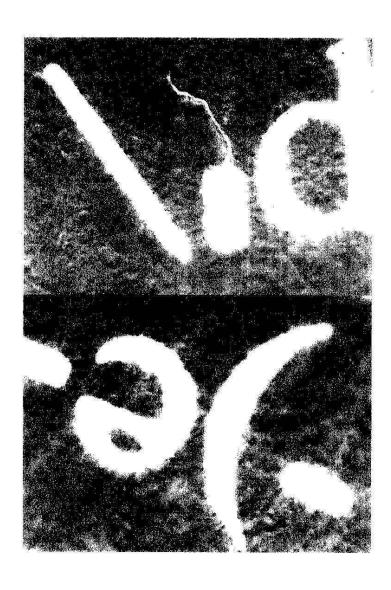
### i expel myself, i spit myself out. the stench of d mineemeat spaniel

anything:s weetering "cwant detached morality to be vaided to & made str qui t have my cunt furned asger inside out by the void. Polly 014 to fling myself like 1 11 o. you so statently moves into life that berown .1 C neither of us skin to get and would ever accointed with sorth dadie bellamy what she has be tor what she's done nerowale, je<u>c</u>roak R**ru**ň sees Jer Jame :Juo Hosym

i expel myself, i spit



SOPHIE ROBINSON



NICO VASSILAKIS, "letter attack"

```
so well sense of i reap p ears
my b ----
  all protected
ro am y ou the pause
                              fal low
                      spaces
                                  l
i hear
 and dn arches gap
n detail
                             i ng
in detail
the flow er that
                        see ds again
the in
m e than an
                        see ds
midst
  i do
am
               contains
                        or empty
 was thinking us
                        mo
her
                            moment o us
             part
        one
                        touch
  foolish
                                 sudden
               of shows
this body
             below me she is so
                                       unknown
           knows

all trust come

the is whis

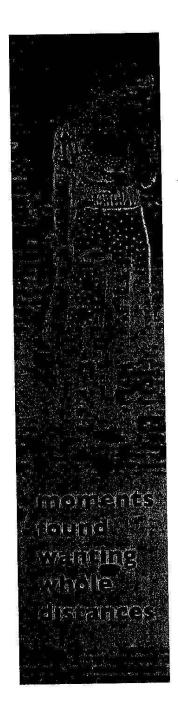
thinks it risk it

i takes so much

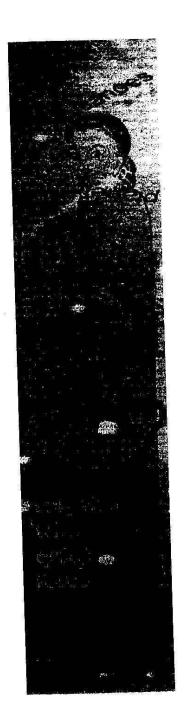
ave of ten i

wear long must, a
  things
                                  whispers
 said
      have
                 year long must aches
   confessed
 to
             to sense s
                                    only
her
                        gone times believe
 e ach
              making
 y
se
              our
                          alone
             e
                  in
                       do
  motion
either
                      kno t
                               a version
                 ир
                                        here
                        which
             move
  or
         hide caught
                                        out
  orf or
                        sure
                              a way
          or so on we
                                        to
                             the
              am ever
    here
                  i
                                       run
```

DAN WABER, "below me"



REDELL OLSEN



REDELL OLSEN

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