

Editorial – Due to personal circumstances, I'm currently only able to keep the press ticking along at a very basic level. Even though not too much seems likely to happen this year as a result, I do plan to release a Hallowe'en booklet and an issue of **Xmas Bards**. So, if you wish to pitch a selection of poems for the latter or submit to the former, get in touch...

Online issues of **View From Atlantis**, however, have been appearing regularly and haiku continue to be added to **The 5-7-5 Haiku Journal**.

Best,

DJ Tyrer,
Editor

The **Atlantean Publishing Blog** (including PDFs, prices and guidelines) is at :

<https://atlanteanpublishing.wordpress.com>

Visit the **wiki** at

<https://atlanteanpublishing.fandom.com>

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Available as a PDF for **free** from the blog.

Please note that we take no liability for cash sent through the post. Sterling cheques and postal orders must be payable to **DJ Tyrer**.

Email for details of ordering online.

Tigershark ezine

Submissions for issue 34 should be available to download shortly.

33 issues remain available for download.

To download the current issue or all previous issues for free, visit the website

<https://tigersharkpublishing.wordpress.com/home/issues-of-tigershark-ezine/>

DJ Tyrer's **One Vision** remains available!

Available now!

Journ-E

issue three

174 pages celebrating pulp fiction, poetry and non-fiction in the categories of Adventure, Detection and Mystery, Fantasy, Horror and the Supernatural, and Science Fiction.

Available in print from lulu.com

View From Atlantis

74 issues of genre poetry online with more coming soon...

<https://viewfromatlantis.wordpress.com/>

The Pen

Submit upto 5 poems (<40 lines) to The Pen via post (include SSAE) or email.

<http://thepoetbandcompany.yolasite.com>
thepoetbandcompany.blogspot.com
Twitter: @poetryplus

Sample: \$4 (USA) / \$8 (RoW)
PayPal: givemequality@yahoo.com
Cheque: Arthur C. Ford, P.O. Box 4725,
Pittsburgh, PA 15206-0725 (USA)

5-7-5 Haiku Journal

The webzine which celebrates the 5-7-5 syllable form of haiku. Submissions are welcome via the editorial email address with 5-7-5 Submission in the subject line.

<https://575haikujournal.wordpress.com/>

Available Now

Bobcats and Billycocks

By *Emma Sanderson*

A new volume of poetry!

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cheques payable to *DJ Tyrer*

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The Supplement needs you!

As you may have noticed, this issue isn't that thick. That's because The Supplement depends upon your submissions and letters of comment! We always need reviews, articles, opinion pieces, and news. Whether a brief capsule-review or a 5000 word article, we want it!

Alternatively, send us your letters of comment, whether responding to another reader's letter or an article, your thoughts on an Atlantean publication, a reminiscence, or a comment about something going on in the publishing world.

Codex Kaiju

By Cardinal Cox

Atlantean Publishing

£1.50 (payable to DJ Tyrer)
from the editorial address

This is a direct sequel to **Codex Yokai**, which I gave a micro-review to in **Handshake 92**. In that first collection, the unnamed female protagonist has returned from Mars to become tangled up with The Great New Ones. Finally, she manages to summon help from her brother. This new booklet continues the story from the brother's point of view – his sister is now back on Mars. He, too, becomes embroiled with the baddies, called Kitsune, who “drag him down into the earth to the young shaman.” He finds himself trapped in some sort of computer program: “Strings of numbers – code / Binary bent to describe / Perception layers”.

The brother seems to have found a way to stop the star-beast jumping from world to world, “hungry for worship and a horde of mindless followers” by using “viral-marketing and multi-media platforms”. How this works, you’ll have to read for yourselves!

As in the first booklet, there is a mixture of haiku and short prose pieces in alternation. The results is pleasant to read and makes for an interesting way to present the tale. Things seem to have come to a satisfactory conclusion, but it may be there is a third instalment of this series yet to come – if so, it would be nice if it were all bound together in a single volume at some future point.

Reviews by Christine Despardes

Starlight

La Luce Della Stella

By Jane Stuart

Translated by Giovanni Campisi

2019, Edizioni Universum

Contact:

edizioni.universum@hotmail.it

Starlight is one of the recent translations by Giovanni Campisi of Jane Stuart's short verse collections. Here in this bilingual pamphlet is lyric beauty that tests credulity and induces restorative contemplation.

Bare trees, fallen leaves
cold moss clumped beside the creek
day before nightfall -
November's still-life brushed with snow
shines on every page

Bare trees, fallen leaves is a portrait of the invisible, intrinsic character of particular hours in a winter day. Hours such as the familiar one when the day's work closes into the supertime and anything that may have happened earlier on is accepted now.

The character of particular hours often goes right past us unnoticed, for one is busy, there are chores to attend to. But the hour can be a reason to stop, to take notice of and quietly celebrate.

Hence, Ms. Stuart's

On winter mornings
sunflecked pinecones glisten
in the dark green light

becomes, in Mr. Campisi's translation,

Nelle mattine d'inverno
il sole chiazza le brillanti pigne
di una luce verde scuro

The original image is not an easy one to capture in words. In reading it, one almost has to have noticed it in real life first, to *get* the verse. Getting it may require striking a balance between the English version and the Italian. Eventually, one gets it, for there is no escape, no uncertainty of description. Then, one notices the mathematical precision of Mr. Campisi's translation.

The richness of stillness and contemplation, the worthiness of the moment, moments we sometimes evade amid the swirling world around us: I think that is Ms. Stuart's message for us in the tumultuous, hasty digital world we live in today. In which, good times that once were, come again.

Haiku and tanka often appear amongst Ms. Stuart's works. A few carefully chosen words and precisely defined insights, and we're off – into a natural world that begs for contemplation.-

Mr. Campisi has done an exemplary translation here as he has done with Ms. Stuart's **Farewell (Addio)** and wherever else I see his work. He wields an exquisite pen, free of fluff or excess yet never *too* sparse. Not only is enough enough, it's more than enough.

Above all, once the bilingual pamphlet is read and there's no longer a need to look up the Italian words yet again, reading the Italian version aloud or silently takes one to another world entirely, that rare one of pure beauty. In which he complements Ms. Stuart's

creation exactly, with tonal and rhythmic sensuality that astonish.

The Russian Section

By Cardinal Cox

Free for SAE (Overseas: \$2) from:
Starbucker Publications c/o 58
Pennington, Orton Goldhay,
Peterborough, PE2 5RB, UK

It's hard to describe my first impression of **The Russian Section**. Cardinal Cox, in this new pamphlet, takes us into a world where mid-19th century Russian historical figures and fictional revolutionaries – ie, the fictional and the dead – coexist on a plane all their own.

Hence, real-life 19th century socialist-anarchist Mikhail Bakunin co-exists in Switzerland with Anton Prezhnev, the protagonist of William Le Queux's **Strange Tales of a Nihilist / A Secret Service**). Likewise, revolutionist Peter Kropotkin co-exists with Pyotr Verkhovensky, the main character in Dostoevsky's inflaming treatment of the times, **The Possessed**, or **Demons**).

Each of the pamphlet's thirteen rhymed and metered verses is attributed to a different imaginary nihilist (revolutionary). By means of whom Mr. Cox becomes a political pamphleteer pleading for change, providing examples of what life under the Tsar is like and why things *must* change.

Further, in-depth narrative is supplied by fascinating footnotes to each verse, where Cardinal's new, hidden dimension of reality is exposed in events where the fictional activists and historical figures interact.

The text and verse as a whole, this recent leap of creativity of Mr. Cox's, is captivating, unanticipated and thoroughly entertaining.

The mid-19th century was a volatile time across Europe, with revolutions of a common nature erupting spontaneously on the continent, including Russia. Anti-Tsarist feelings ran high throughout the country, where activists, assassins and terrorists faced the risks of execution and imprisonment in Siberia. The title – **The Russian Section** – might be a bureaucratic bounce-off of the name of Tsar Nicholas I's secret police force, the Third Section.

Visit Robert Ronnow's site at

<https://www.ronnowpoetry.com/>

Letters of Comment

Dear DJ,

I'm really impressed with Emma J Sanderson's poetry collection, **Bobcats and Billycocks**. Well written poems with fresh perspectives. I particularly enjoyed, *The age of Anonymity* and *Seasons*, but all the work here has merit. Recommended.

Yours,

David Norris-Kay

Dear DJ,

T'Supplement #103 pdf received and printed out in t'library. On first inspection, I couldn't make out whether it was a traditional artform, an outmoded 'anti-art' reaction, or the equally dated vanguard of some nearly-new 'radical' surrealo-dadaist text barrage aimed at uprooting the very foundations of the written word.

Then, I dropped it on the floor and rediscovered it as a concrete cultural object presented out of its – or any – functional context. I was about to mount it on a plinth when I accidentally read AC Evans's *Twilight of the Avant-Garde*. Happily, it seems to agree with me.

In the future (that is, the real future of things to come, and not the artistic future of TV science fiction), none of this confusion will be necessary. Once the brain implants of every individual are connected to the omni-net, no concrete, plastic or projected imagery will be required, and art will be transmissible direct from brain to brain in less time than it takes to say, "Wait a minute, that's been done before." (Trust me, I know these things.)

Allowing for an inalienable right to free expression (go on, indulge me), so much art will be transmitted simultaneously that an infinite number of aesthetic collisions occurring at an infinitely accelerating rate will result in the collective brain of the human species turning into a constantly changing kaleidoscopic splat. Thus the ultimate meaning of art will be revealed, but no-one will be suitably detached to notice.

Loved Neil Leadbeater's *Incident in the Library*. I shall be keeping my eyes peeled for divine retribution on book throwers in my local library, hoping the gods haven't gone into the same twilight as the avant-garde.

In which case, I'll just have to give them a dirty look.

As for Todd Sullivan's *Letter From Heaven*, for some reason I found this more chilling than reassuring. I suppose if the letter comes from a Heaven where everything has already been done and the best possible outcome achieved, then it does function as a prophetic spur to action. But I can't help feeling it's more of a temptation from some 'Heaven' of wish-fulfilment than a promise. Maybe I'm just a weary old cynic.

Yours, going "Splat!" over and over again,

Neil K. Henderson

Dear DJ,

A few observations and comments on the always enjoyable **Supplement**, here in its 103rd incarnation.

As usual your reviews – especially **On Spec** – were succinct and informative.

I loved the description of Dada as a "normality malfunction" in A C Evans *Twilight of the Avant-Garde* and the observation that said avant-garde became so ubiquitous eventually every corporate boardroom and office lobby boasted an abstract painting. Todd Sullivan's *A Letter from Heaven* might just as easily been entitled *A Reverie from Literature*.

With *Lightning Tree* Aeronwy Dafies reminds us that there is something poetically enticing about trees: they stand forever against all kinds of weather and Man's malevolent designs, until they don't; they are ephemerally immemorial... they can be planted, grow, then die in one person's lifetime or survive countless generations; they can be viewed by millions of visitors over the years or never seen by any human being; they have inspired everyone from Buddha to Plato to Isaac Newton to... Aeronwy Dafies.

Best Wishes,

David Edwards

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Tune in your Wireless

By Cardinal Cox

In the early days of lockdown 2020 local radio became essential listening. The poetry community of Peterborough were no different, with the hour a week of *BBC Upload* becoming a focus. With in-person open mic's forbidden this became

the next-best option. Most of the BBC local radio stations have this slot to broadcast their audience's creative outpourings.

Initially, in Cambridgeshire, it was hosted by an intern (Juggy) and then was taken over by one of the regular presenters (Thordis) – disclosure, I had met Thordis a few years earlier, late at night, in a bar... Local poets were regularly getting their work broadcast and (as my magazine column was on hiatus I was tweeting congratulations.

Forward three years to February 2023 and Thordis handed over her programme to a new presenter (Louise) and on her second night I got on air to talk about the city's poetry scene (such as it is). Rewind to the previous autumn and it looked as if the magazine I write for (**Rhythm and Booze**) was going to fold. I had started to contemplate some pitches to other publications. What if I pitched something to **BBC Radio Cambridgeshire** now? I'd had my column in print for eleven and a half years that must be worth something...

So my pitch at the beginning of March was what if I went on once a month to talk about poetry news from this end of the county, and I got a friend from Cambridge to go on once a month in-between to chat about what was happening there. I got a reply. Louise liked the idea except

- I would do it all
- I'd go on Monday nights
- And, due to forthcoming

changes in the structure of local BBC, it would probably only last until the end of April...

First week was the week before *World Poetry Day* (21 March) and I had to try and enthuse the public to the idea of writing poetry. I was due to go on at ten past eight. I put my phone on to charge. At ten to eight I thought I'd check my emails. Message from the show, could I remind them of my phone number...

Second week they used a different poet (that's okay, I tell myself) but I did get a mention. The following Sunday morning (Louise also does the religious affairs programme) I was described as the

poet-in-residence. Hang on, I thought, that was a quick promotion. Maybe there's been a mistake...

Week three and the Monday night plan was scuppered as speedway (that notably radio-friendly sport) had started up.

Week four and there was no speedway. I emailed in some comments or other. Could I come on the Wednesday night show? Not a good idea I replied as I'll be down the pub. It might be memorable radio. It might be legendary radio. It would not be good radio. Louise read this out and suggests (on air) to her producer that they needed to ring me on Wednesday. Fortunately, they didn't.

Week five and it was Easter Monday and would have been speedway except it isn't due to traditional Bank Holiday weather. I go on on Wednesday night (again I'm described as being poet-in-residence. Surely the BBC has guidelines for such things). Again I emailed in with my phone number. Now I wasn't totally comfortable with the poet-in-residence title (I've done that before, three times, so I'd do it again if the situation was right). I'd have much preferred to have been the poetry correspondent. More reporter than creator. More in-line with my column.

Week six, I'd been away for the **Dracula Society** weekend in Derby where I met Barry McCann who has had a similar post at **BBC Radio Lancashire** for the past few years. We swap notes. There was, of course, speedway on the Monday evening.

Week seven and as Louise was covering the afternoon slot I go on for 15 minutes (after keying out from my day-job, going in an office and messaging them my phone number) to chat about that evening's Poet Laureate of Stamford final. (Yes technically that's in Lincolnshire but only *just* over the border.) Once the winner was announced I emailed the station with the winner's details. They were interviewed on the Thursday afternoon show.

The end of April, my tenure was up (maybe...). I could relax.

That Thursday night I went to a local poetry night... where all hell broke loose. I can only liken it to a bar-room brawl in a cowboy movie, except with poets. So less fists and guns and more pointed couplets. I was looking at the woman behind the bar. She was looking at me. Neither of us knew what was going on. Accusations. Recriminations. And I'm thinking "... if only I was still the poetry correspondent."

So that was my brief tenure at **BBC Radio Cambridgeshire**. At the time of writing, they haven't publicly announced how the stations are to be combined (my suspicion is alphabetically, so Cambridgeshire combines with Cornwall and Cumbria). However, Louise has been on social media asking which union she should join. If I get to continue with this adventure (and if there's anything worth reporting) I'll let you know.

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Abstraction And Reaction

By AC Evans

It is no longer enough to think in terms of changing the world through the arts anymore.

The arts are a form of prurient entertainment.

– J G Ballard

Just for one fleeting moment accept a common view of art history; a scheme which asserts that Abstract Art was the 'progressive' evolutionary culmination of the avant-garde.

Now, it is possible to articulate a disturbing observation.

Perhaps this 'progress' – from Realism via Impressionism and Fauvism, to the 'pure' Abstraction of De Stijl and Suprematism – perhaps this was, in fact, a progressive *retreat*: a reactionary retreat from reality. One might suggest that avant-garde-ism is 'progressive' in the same way that some diseases are 'progressive' – and of course, because progress is often uneven an illness may go into remission or the patient may experience a relapse. Brancusi tried to forestall this suggestion of progress when he denigrated as "imbeciles" all those who "call my work abstract". For him Abstraction was an attempt to capture the essence of things, to capture 'the idea'; and the *Idea* was ultimate reality. This way he tried to define his aesthetic as 'more real' than the Realists,

yet it is tempting to see such explanations as confirming our proposal.

There is no law to prevent us defining Brancusi's aesthetic as regressive, as retrograde as a cultural relapse, a return to ancient philosophical conceptions – namely a re-affirmation of that pernicious Platonist belief in a perfect, changeless, supernal, 'higher' world; a world 'behind', 'beyond' or 'above' mundane appearances.

Wyndham Lewis was probably correct when he asserted that 'anti-natural' art movements faced an impasse in the early decades of the twentieth century. He observed how 'pure' abstraction contained within it the seeds of its own demise. Modern Painting now appears a dead-end development, a completed project – a 'head-in-the-clouds adventure', or, more charitably, an exhausted phase of a wider Modernism.

Even so, it is instructive to ponder the dynamics of escapism and to reflect upon the cultural significance of unreality. How is it that ideas of, or beliefs in, 'ultimate reality' are the most unreal ideas of all? In fact such phenomena are not really ideas as such, but phantoms of wish-fulfilment, or, and this is more likely, symptoms of a common malaise – delirium's fevered imaginings masquerading as profound thoughts. The antique provenance of such thoughts ensures the reverence of subsequent generations who, out of sheer cowardice, always like to think that a viewpoint sanctified by longevity is preferable to conclusions derived from unmediated experience.

Remember, any art that is not therapy or entertainment is propaganda.

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Hallowee'en Poetry

Xmas Bards

The deadline to submit to the Hallowee'en poetry booklet or pitch a selection of poems for Xmas Bards is the end of September.

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World's longest pier
A bridge over rich-brown mud
Connects land to sea
Anglers still visit its end
But no more day-trippers come

By DJ Tyrer

Originally published in *Atlas Poetica*