

DIE LEERE MITTE

Random Access Journal

B E R L I N

.....
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.....

```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
printf("Hello, Berlin!");
return 0;
}
```



DIE LEERE MITTE
Guidelines

Broadly accepted: Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.

Texts: poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format:* Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages:* Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.

Visual: 1-3 B&W images. *Format:* jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through KDP/lulu for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

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Kraft und Macht

Cecelia Chapman

Jeff Crouch

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3.327

L'Archéologie
du frivole—[`{smbexec, wmiexec,`
`mmcexec}`]: *Ecclesia Sancti*
Sepulchri (LMHASH:
NTHAHI). Stymy
epistemologias.

3.33

L'Homme aux loups: cryptonymie:
for Petitpotam, exploit a rôle's
EfsRpcOpenFileRaw function

in EFSRPC API—this antiteleos,
this '*je m'éc...*'. As marginalia,
der Kriminalroman

(*расколоть*)—Coercer.py
[-h] [-u USERNAME] [-p
PASSWORD] [-d DOMAIN],

errata slips its verbicide,
its coups, the prothesis
ursprünglich.

3.331

Conflate the optics—run
the certuilt.exe, add slash

certsrv, for its *leblös*

exploits *vulagris, hic, inculus*
caligabit and *diffidetque*
plurimum. Impute

this complaint—a *complexio*
oppositorum with AES-GCM
encryption. For the lower,
undercase, forfeit clarity.
Inlaid judashole.

3.332

Emotet botnet's *d'un ton*
apocalyptique adopté naguère
en philosophie—(Mealybug, TA542,

MUMMY SPIDER), malspam's crenels,
Venetian shutters [*jalousies*]
and loopholes.
This panopticon: clast.

3.334

Weltreignis—the shift in mood:
(download Nim-RunPe),
for the postauthentication
root shell is the *notturna*
lampa. Limited, Inc.

The little onerule
over rulers inverse
and exegesis

is the lesser finger
accentuate
the invaginate

that recits

the topography of an event
that leads totep (vien)

There is no life
or death inord

[dit]

From the [aphonia]
atopia, hypertopia
a fall stop

the faraway shift in atalics

not unmenaced (9)

Let the brink lunge
into an abrupt twist

Plumy unfolds

pinto on the frontum
and disperses the heard

NHC IV₂

See it [in] [uscular]
in vice versa

a frequent upout
look without sion

Diversis in a thud
an oblique dang

This inversion from syn
a temperate zone

in stupon
or sedduc the mix

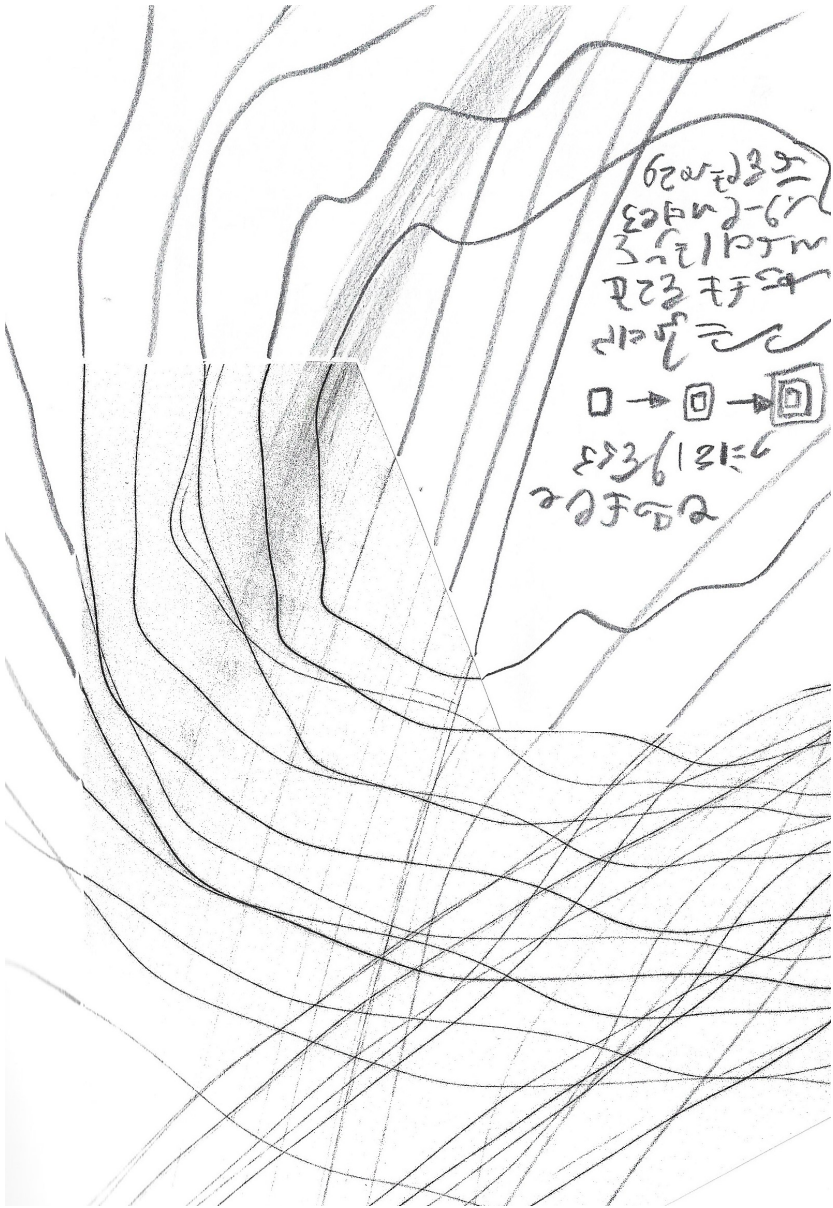
with pinoza destruc
or vivisect the slack

The licentia morum
the ecompar or doxman

with crude appetite
grabatates into an ear

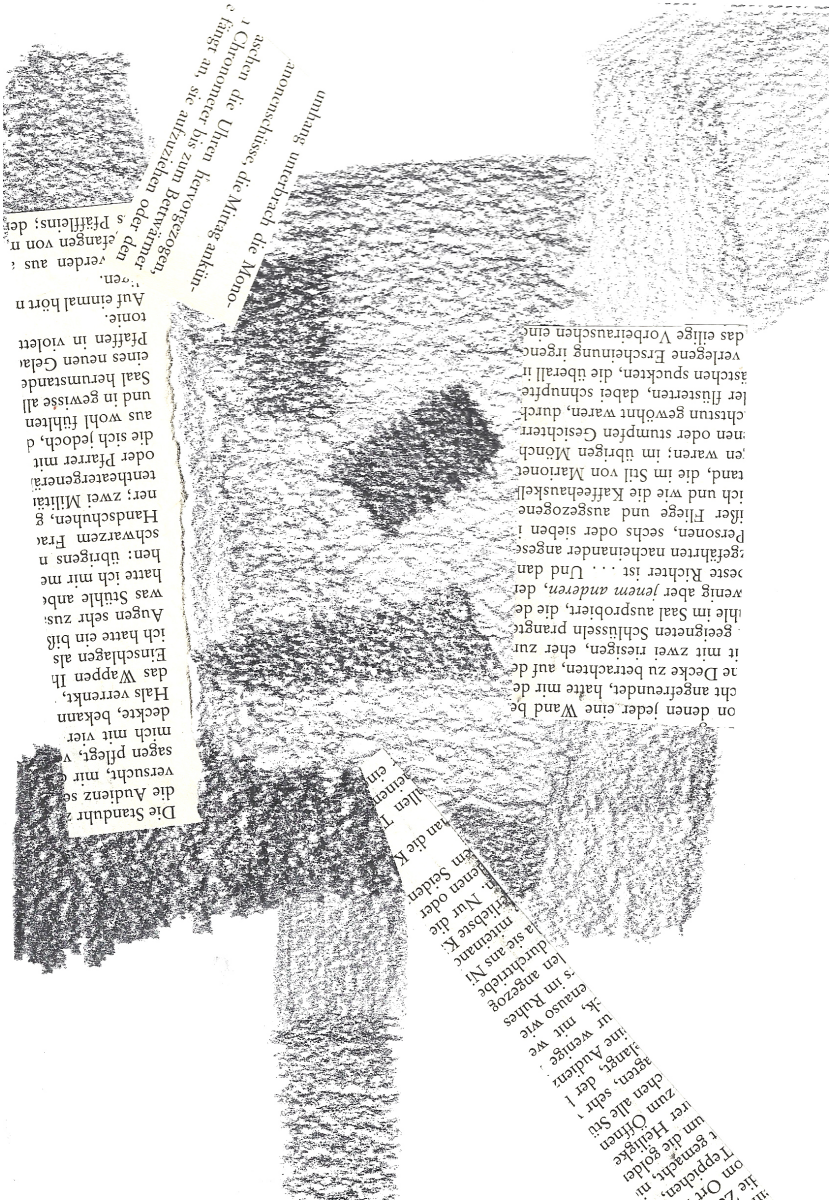
Unrever the herit
a multoid

Linag in refrac
not all are bezerk



Asemic 2





verden aus
s Pfaffen; de
den
werden aus
s Pfaffen; de
den
Auf einmal hört n
tome.
Paffen in violet
eines neuen Gela
Saal herumstande
und in gewisse all
aus wohl fühlen
die sich jedoch, d
oder Pfarrer mit
tenzhergerger
ner; zwei Militä
Handschuhen, g
schwarzem Fra
hen; übrigen n
hate ich mir me
was Stühle abde
Augen sehr zus
ich hate ein bil
Einschlagen als
das Wappen ih
Hals verrückt.
deckte, bekann
mich mit vier
sagen pfleg, v
versucht, mir
die Audienz se

unhang unterbrach die Mono-
anonymen schlüsse, die Montag ankün-
aschen die Uhren hervorgezogen,
1 Chronometer bis zum Bewahrer
s hängt an, sie aufzuziehen oder den

on denen jeder eine Wand be-
cht angefreundet, hatte mit de-
re Decke zu betrachten, auf de-
te mit zwei nestigen, eher zur
-geeigneten Schlüsseln prangte.
ihle im Saal ausprobieren, die de-
wenig aber *jenseit anderen*, der
beste Richter ist. . . . Und dan-
gefahrten nacheinander ange-
Personen, sechs oder sieben i-
licher Fliege und ausgezogene
ich und wie die Kaffeehauskel-
ten waren; im übrigen Mönch-
nen oder stumpfen Gesichtern
christum gewohnt waren, durch-
ler flüsteren, dabei schnupfte
sästchen spuckten, die überall n-
verlegene Erscheinung irgen-
das eilige Vorbereitsuchen ein-

Die Standuhr
versucht, mir
sagen pfleg, v
mich mit vier
deckte, bekann
Hals verrückt.
das Wappen ih
Einschlagen als
ich hate ein bil
Augen sehr zus
was Stühle abde
hate ich mir me
hen; übrigen n
schwarzem Fra
Handschuhen, g
ner; zwei Militä
tenzhergerger
oder Pfarrer mit
die sich jedoch, d
aus wohl fühlen
und in gewisse all
Saal herumstande
eines neuen Gela
Paffen in violet
Auf einmal hört n

unhang unterbrach die Mono-
anonymen schlüsse, die Montag ankün-
aschen die Uhren hervorgezogen,
1 Chronometer bis zum Bewahrer
s hängt an, sie aufzuziehen oder den

den Ort
die 2-
Toppflichten, ni
t geringe
un die golden
zum Öffnen
chen, der I
hagen, der I
ur wenige
ich, mit we
s im Ruhes
len durchdrin-
da sie aus Ni-
schüsse Ki-
e. Nur die
chen oder
em Selden
han die K
Allen T
schen

Terry Trowbridge · *Georg Gerster, Labbezanga, Mali (1972)*

Phaidon, *The Photo Book*, p. 170

Nineteen seventy-two:
a photographer flying above the Niger River
spotted a village and immortalized it
in the anthropological way,
suspending a specimen on a single slide.

The photographer in love with pattern, place and placement
titles the village *the most beautiful village in Africa*.
The government of Mali was trying to dispossess,
dismantle and displace them.
Under the unexpected blessing of the aerial photographer
the Malian government relented.
The photographer immortalized the village
with the imprimatur of the most beautiful,
breathtaking around the world,
not gravity nor ground neither government
could undo photography's inimical gaze.

Twenty twenty-two:
Wikipedia has erased all evidence of the immortals,
no sign of the photograph, nothing displaced and nobody
[spared;
only a movie version of a Clive Cussler novel:
in the movie a WHO doctor and a plundering colonizer
"Stop at Labbezanga" but are powerless
to stop the forces of dispossession.

If only the memory of Labbezanga was remembered
in the immortal gaze of digital empires,
if only the power information had in analogue
could be had now in the age of IDPs and NGOs...

But the internet forgets nothing – and remembers nothing –
[immortalizing amnesia
and erasing power, the records of power, as if Google Earth or
[wikis
could ever grant dispensations to Labbezanga
while training algorithms on data sets that don't even include
the significance of the data,
the power of photography over geography flying over policy,
for people empowered in Mali.

artist's statement

This poem is part of a series that I began writing in March of 2023. My goal is to respond to 25 photographs from the 20th century, by describing them in free verse. I am motivated by two motives. One is that I believe a poet is a nonexpert person who is trying to find the best way to verbally describe something. Photographers are similarly searching for the best chemically captured static image of something. Therefore, a poet should be able to describe a photograph in ways that are complementary to what the original photographer was doing. Photography is a way of seeing. My poems elaborate photography's way of seeing.

My second motivation is that I am convinced by my formal educations (in high school and university), that all text is a conversation, and all art is a conversation. There are no monologues. Art is relevant as long as there is someone having a conversation with it. As a poet, a researcher, and a citizen of a democracy, I have a kind of occasional duty to maintain conversation with past artwork whenever I can.

So far, the photographs come from a famous book that has populated Canadian bookstores since 1997, Phaidon Publishing's *The Photo Book* (my copy is from 2000). I use a paper book because no photograph will ever be accurately depicted on a digital screen, for the same reason I will never be accurately depicted in a digital image. Screens glow. I do not. Photographs do not glow. A copy of a photograph in a book will always be more accurate than any image or colours that a glowing screen can produce. This is a basic difference in physics and photonics. Just like you can never see a picture of a human being on an LED screen, but you can see a picture of a human on photographic paper; you will never see a picture of a photograph on an LED screen, but you will see a picture of a photograph rendered in ink on a paper page.

So far, one other poem in the series, *Dancers in Savoy Ballroom*¹ has been published by *DoubleSpeak*, an online interdisciplinary arts

¹ <https://dsmag.in/2023/03/27/terry-trowbridges-poem-dancers-in-savoy-ballroom/>

journal based in India. Although I do not submit the photos with the poems, the editors at *DoubleSpeak* were able to share the original picture. Since the in Canada, *The Photo Book* is still ubiquitous, I expect most Europeans and North Americans have access to a copy either in their friend-groups or at their local libraries. Perhaps India has less distribution of the books, and make use of LED technology because it is more equitably distributed among the reading publics. Certainly being published in online journals like *DoubleSpeak* and *Die Leere Mitte* is more accessible than the sight-oriented, space-taking, climate-catastrophe-vulnerable book technology. My poems, therefore, seem to be in conversation with the photos and also *The Photo Book*, and my editors and readers are playing an active conversational role by choosing how these interdisciplinary texts continue with social and cultural meaning. So far, my poetic conversation is successful.

This poem about Gerog Gerster's hot of Labbezanga, Mali, is different. The Phaidon editors describe more than the composition and Gersters career. They give the historical importance of the picture. When I looked up the various online wikis of the photo and the village called Labbezanga, none of the history was there. No crowdsourced wiki editors have discussed the political power of the photograph as analogue technology that can stop a federal government from displacing people. The result is obvious: the ignorance created by Wikipedia and its offshoots have deprived the entire world of a significant power to help Internally Displaced People² succeed. Instead, the various wikis mention disastrously fatalistic and cynical movies and novels that Americans produced, in order to make the suffering of IDPs appear inevitable. If we read paper books and pay attention to analogue media, we know otherwise. The wikis had to make a conscious choice to omit one of the most popular and present books available (*The Photo Book* is usually displayed for browsing in bookstores). I refuse to be led by wikis and their unjust, consciously chosen deletions of history's archival powers.

2 <https://www.unhcr.org/internally-displaced-people>



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2-17-19
Ondas
suav
que se
s

Бляха
Бляха

бляха

борода

повів тишини
струнить брижами сполох
— піврух
видима трепет:
серпанок кресне —
розтерза просторінь...

слідом — витворний подих
навскіс шкірить хмару —
гопки шубовс
— застиг дивно:
отьма —
шелех,
клекіт —
звих геть:
крайнеба бурун шибнем осінив —
суще забулося...

absolute zero
a strand of gray curls
around my forehead (ha)

updating
my Facebook profile (rct)

crypto autumn
the snake skin clings
to my bare feet (ha)

treading carefully
where it counts the most (rct)

twitching mice
following you
following me (rct)

sinking in
our desktop pits (ha)

isotopic abundance
our egos reach
their points (ha)

an ellipsis
leaves space for more (rct)

c0ld w1nd
my f0ne vibr8s
w1v every msg (rct)

deciphering
the binary codes (ha)

drop by drop
breaking down
a caffeine kick (rct)

molecules dance
with my nerves (ha)

On December 17, 2022, Captain Stephen Ponder went down to the Edgartown dock, boarded *Ivy Anne* and affixed a 12-inch diameter wreath to the foremost wires of the contraption used to drag the three shellfish rakes and nets.

“Another year,” said Father Antonio Pomerance, passing by on his habitual waterfront stroll.

Captain Ponder nodded.

Pomerance thought of the decade-old tragic accident, *Ivy* swept up in the current and *Anne* attempting to save her. He made the sign of the cross, after saying a prayer.

“The time will come when I’ll see the wreath as your triumph over the world’s pain and your reunification with your daughters. It is the Lord’s way.”

Captain Ponder nodded.

“Winter is near; it’s a very cold day,” said Pomerance, walking off to the warmth of St. Elizabeth’s Church.

The cold kept the other shellfishers away; he had the seas to himself. After he lowered the rakes into the sea and trawled a short while he could tell by the pressure they had filled up quickly. He turned off the engine, hauled up the nets and dumped the contents on the stern to sort out the keepers. But as he sorted, he felt a sharp pain strike him like a lightning bolt and he crumpled at the stern’s corner. He could see the wreath bobbing up and down against the clear blue sky, the green gilded golden in the afternoon sunlight flowing in from behind. He breathed shallow against a tightness in his chest and lungs, like a fish left out on the boat deck.

As his debilitating condition persisted, he started to empathize with the shellfish.

I’m gonna make it right by these shellfish, he thought.

The captain summoned strength to wrestle against his paralysis, and pushed all the shellfish back out to sea, every last one of them, before losing consciousness.

Later on, when he opened his eyes again, he saw the sky had filled with blood, the wreath mysteriously glowing a deep scarlet. He heard a distant hum, coming closer; he had no strength to look. Closer the hum came until upon him, as if within his own head.

From out of the hum came a touch.

Captain Ponder tried to speak, but no words came.

“We will help you.”

I recognize the voice, Captain Ponder thought.

“We will get you up.”

I recognize the voice, he thought.

He struggled to respond.

They lifted him up.

“Ivy,” he said. “Anne.”

The pain had drifted away.

Bob Lucky · *This Poem, Revised 29 February 2023*

This poem should be read once daily with a drink of your choice.

This poem eliminates the odor of politics, left, right, and center.

This poem dissolves violence, including but not limited to police and domestic.

This poem wards off pandemics and restores universal good health.

This poem raises your minimum wage and reduces poverty.

This poem should not be read if you suffer from a weak sense of humor or a lack of empathy.

This poem could cause vegetarianism; in extreme cases veganism may be detected.

Results will vary depending on the strength of the reader.

For the Birds, A Part-time Ornithologist in Lisboa

I sat on a bench as still as I could
listening for squawks in the stream

of traffic along Avenida da Liberdade.
I heard the parakeets but could not see them.

Then flashes of green and I followed
as they went from tree to tree down the avenue

toward the Rossio until they veered uphill
towards Principe Real. I learned something

about myself, about how I'm interested in birds
only when they don't lead me on a wild goose chase.

In fact, I don't like birds much more than butterflies.

Some Things Are Better Left Unsaid

what I wanted
to say

when you
turned

to tell
the old woman

you admired
her frock

(and it was
something)

I forgot

8 Frames from "Home," a Never-Made Film

Shot of an open door from the street. A carpet of leaves on the sidewalk.

Close-up of a man and woman cheek to cheek.

Close-up of a man and woman facing one another.

Close-up of the man's face. Might need a shave or might be growing a beard.

Shot of an empty room, curtains at a window ruffled by a breeze.

Close-up of the woman's face. Her eyes see something not there.

Shot of an open door from inside a house.

Credits.

A Reverse Psychology Prayer

I prayed so faithfully upon my knees.
You did squat for me.

All I ever wanted was a brief word.
You said squat to me.

I never prayed collect, I always paid.
You put paid to me.

I don't believe in You. I don't believe
You've done squat for me.

Autotherapy

I've spent too much
of my life trying
to remember
a conversation
with my father.

You never had a conversation.

I know that, but
it would be nice
to know exactly what
we never talked about.

Flirtation in the Twilight Years

The older I get the more
I resemble Igor, the hump
a dead giveaway. Yet I dream
of you every night. We're falling
through clouds until we sprout
wings and fly into a cliff, or glide
like angels onto a mountaintop.
The moment we crash or land
I try to recall the warning
we were given in our youth
about what happens
when you make your bed
and have to lie in it.

the eating
of scrolls

is of course
not to be
read literally

but tasted so

Martin's Hammer

The hammer
in hand

disappears into
its work

until one
day misplaced.

For then it's
transfigured into

its true form

and flanked by
Moses

and Elijah.

Column of Constantine

the original stylite
was also exposed

far up high
and teetering

Nimrod close
to god like

a god as
bare and
unabashed

in the likeness
of an Apollo

in emperor
new clothes

Between the Million Lines

“When Marco Polo came back from the East, a misty, unknown country, full of splendour and terrors, he could not tell the whole truth. He had to leave his tale half told lest he should lack believers.”

—John Masefield in an introduction to *The Travels of Marco Polo*

half of what the Venetian merchant saw:
an island’s starboard; a seafarer’s

story left un-fact checked;
an elephant like a spear or a fan;

a dorsal-finned deep; a star one
points out mistaken for

one much further back
in time; an imprecation mis-

pronounced; a man and
his dog; a question

into Buddha nature;
smaller netted fish thrown

into the wine dark sea

Hc Sunt Dracones

And by saying
this is a scale, and this

is a claw the dragon
grows less fierce.

Cautionary Tales

I

II

In this house the hangs

man

Dreamcoming

To the office
the warehouse
the corn-shuttered life—
new gods, now older.

Prince Johnson

Truth and reconcillation
is a senator from Liberia
who cut off a man's ear
and now keeps it pressed
most firmly to the ground.

Agency

I used to work for MI5
in gloomy corners of
vast, cloaking rooms.

I put too many sugars
in their tea, half-
baked ideas in their
heads.

basic training

they will freeze

in the fields

and in the forests

and they will die in their sleep

to dream of summer days

Hamstring Legacy [bricolage]

sha
sha sha
sha sha sha
sha sha sha sha

+
+
+

this
is
a
hopeful
thing

=====
=====again spoken

volcano dances round
nebula extrapolates
poles reverse

soon

[I'm very [COLD]]

a
g
a
i
n

Leg [i:ɔrn] OUT

vernacular

to

STOP

homunculus is a drying rack

square

SQUARE



//////////////////////////////////let go of
//////////////////////////////////this
//////////////////////////////////removal

[wɒn't be [s][a][t][i][s][f][i][e][d][.][.][.]]

not in the long
run

_____hep
_____hep
_____hep

what
a

way??????????????

The Sporting Life



abstraction is alleviation

*elevate the
legs.....*

HE
He
hE
he

and along towards the obelisk

and
gone



Touch [step] Touch

horizontal to the

CATAclysm.....

oh
oh
oh
oh

*a square is a
piecemeal thing*



*the surrealist finds the
cause*

(a fishmonger is a...

))

THUMP
THUMP
THUMP

What the magistrate said

[the] *ELEPHANT*

is
a
tired
thing

hope sworn without a table to take the time and speak
and speak and come to conclusion based on atrophy
of line and ligament a course unfit for you to ride
go
go
go on
go
go
go on

HOPE

FOR

THIS

##

