

Timglasat #7
Errata
Kit Records KR26

errata zine

Timglasel #7 Errata

A celebration of artistic mistakes, the use of errors and glitches in a creative way and other interpretations of the word.

Edited and erroneously designed by Joakim Norling.

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Front cover by Paul Greenan

Back cover typewriting by Petra Schulze-Wollgast

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Anthony Etherin is a UK-based writer of constrained, formal and experimental poetry. He tweets [@Anthony_Etherin](https://twitter.com/Anthony_Etherin) and archives his publications at anthonyetherin.wordpress.com

Bengt Adlers works with Poetic Pictures and Picturesque Poems. Likes a Fisherman's Friend!

C.R.E. (Chris) Wells lives in central Ohio, USA, with his wife and animals. He shares art regularly on his blog at faintpress.tumblr.com.

Dawn Nelson Wardrope is a Scottish visual poet and artist. *Necessary Errors* is a celebration of inner resolve.

Eva Jacobson, peintre suédois, educated at École des Beaux-Arts, Paris, living in Stockholm.

Francesco Aprile (Lecce, Italy) is a freelance journalist, poet and visual-poet, essayist. He is the co-founder of Unconventional Press (2012, with Cristiano Caggiula) and the magazine of experimental languages, www.utsanga.it.

Jane Pearrett have a tendency towards Dada but 'Errata' bought it out in her big time. Make what you will of her piece made on the back of an old envelope; if it makes you smile, all the better.

Johannes S.H.Bjerg. 'I need a word', someone says. 'I have a few broken ones. You can have those.'

John M. Bennett has published over 400 books and chapbooks of poetry and other materials. He has published, exhibited and performed his word art worldwide in thousands of publications and venues.

Jonas Ellerström is a Swedish poet, translator, publisher, and birder. He has particularly enjoyed

birding Papua New Guinea with its birds of paradise, including those called manucodes.

Lina Nordenström is a visual artist, working primarily with printmaking and artist's books, mostly with letterpress and/or typewriting. She is running a print studio called Grafikverkstan Godsmagasinet in Uttersberg (Sweden), together with her husband and colleague Lars Nyberg.

Malcolm Green, erstwhile dancer, Atlas Press co-founder, Dieter Roth Academy stalwart, Red Sphinx boss, lives on the sunny side of Berlin where he paints, draws, prints, writes, and occasionally scratches his head.

Marco Giovenale lives and works in Rome as a translator and editor, and (yes) asemic & experimental writer. None of these activities make a living, this is why "arte" is "povera", maybe.

Paul Tone makes art, music and video. He embraces errors and glitches both accidental and enforced.

Petra Schulze-Wollgast is a German artistic discoverer in old printmaking techniques. She creates abstract typographics on typewriters and with dry transfer letters or prints metal type graphics on the proofing press – and she makes books from her work.

Rachel Defay-Liautard is a French (artist, poet) born in 1973. Her latest piece – 'recombinant' 2017 for 'Foreigners' collective exhibition curated by Tony Trehy – can be seen in Bury Art Museum, Manchester, UK up until 18 November.

Robin Tomens: 'If the eyes are the window to the soul the backside is the gateway to your mind.' (Sigmund Freud). 'Free your ass and your mind will follow.' (Funkadelic)

errata tape



Kit Records KR26 Errata

Side A

1. Michael Björn interviews Thomas Walsh of Pugwash (17 May 2015)
2. Michael Björn interviews Thomas Walsh of Pugwash (20 May 2015)
3. Helena Celle - 11-12-2015
4. Devonanon - Tidal 4
5. HALFNELSON - Homing
6. Disasterpeace - A Horde of One
7. Dolly Dolly & Time Attendant - Error of Metabolism

Side B

8. Dominique Dumont - Henri's Dream
9. Jib Kidder - Four Seasons
10. Mary Lattimore - Dead Princess
11. Jake Meginsky - Congas thru record player
12. Amanda Feery - Folly

Compiled by Richard Greenan

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kitrecs.bandcamp.com/yum

code: _____

the box

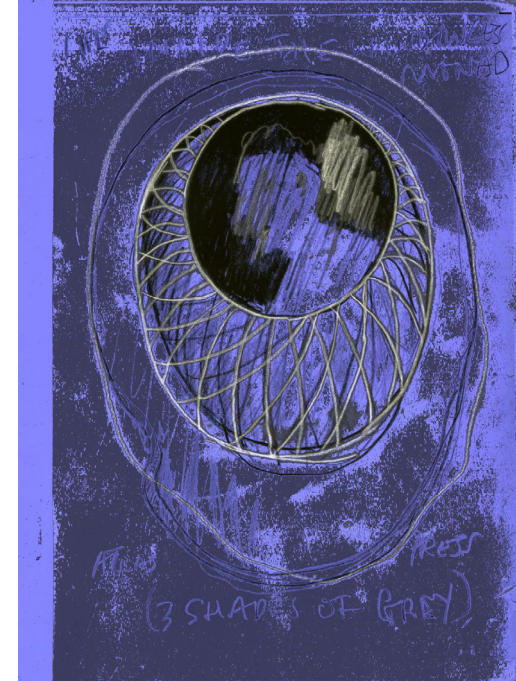
malcolm green

Over the years I have done a number of faux etchings on the computer, works with an etching look to them (ill. 1), which I liked, but one day I came across an article on how to do your own etchings (you can find lots of instructions these days on the Internet) with a few simple tools: a metal plate, of course, a few livid yellow balls of ferric chloride as etchant, stopping fluid to blot out bits that shouldn't have been etched but were, a computer printer, some light sensitive spray, a very strong light source... I was excited by the idea of doing my own real etchings like this, so I accessed the resources I needed and, following the instructions, printed my image from my computer onto a sheet of clear plastic, coated the metal etching plate with the spray (which I must have got from ebay), placed my image on the plate and then exposed it for a minute or two to intense electric light.

I had a bulb I acquired for a lot of money that was supposed to do the trick, and had made a cable specially for it with a ceramic fitting so I wouldn't scorch, and then I wasn't sure how to hold it without burning my fingers so I found an old table lamp at a flea market and used that instead. After exposing the plate you scrub it carefully to remove the spray that had been masked



ill. 1



ill. 2a and 2b

by the drawing on the plastic, which hasn't been fixated by the light, so as to leave the naked plate ready to be etched in a bath of freshly mixed ferric chloride. Which I had prepared. However, even before I washed the plate it was clear to me that the fixing process hadn't worked. Instead of my specially selected print at some point looking like this (ill. 2a), it would have looked like this (ill. 2b). I could move the film with my finger, it hadn't fixed, the spray was wrong, the light perhaps too strong... and then I accidentally knocked the lamp over and with that the truly expensive bulb made a "pop" sound, and that was that. It no longer worked. I guess this is all minor stuff. No big errors, just minor inattentiveness, mistakes, what have you.

I can also be very impatient when it comes to technology; I could have repeated every step, tweaked it, identified where the problem lay, bought another bulb, I didn't. I gave up, simply put it all in a box under the table. A little relieved, perhaps. Something else I didn't have to pursue to the end of my days. There was no identifiable error in the whole business, so far as I could see, I had simply been careless.

Be that as it may, it wasn't all over, it became the start of something new. Only the start, well remarked. Nothing more. The Box became a fixed feature in my studio as by and by the etching stuff was joined variously by a collection of luminous paints

and those plastic sticks that glow in the dark when snapped, all of which I intended to use one day in a film, but which I discovered could be harmful to the skin (it was to be one of those films) and thus abandoned; a ball of pretty multicoloured twine used specially by notaries in Germany when sealing documents, which I thought would be nice in a sort of Joseph Cornell like construction I was making, but which I discovered went flabby when I strung it tightly between two battens, ruining the intended effect (I never finished the entire piece, but I might do one day, so it never went in toto into *The Box*); a special wax stick I bought to colour over the “liquid wood” I use to fill the cracks in the wooden cases I make, but which for all my (small) efforts retained an alien look and didn’t smooth down nicely; some linocut inks (black and white I managed to rescue, but here I am going ahead of myself, there must also have been yellow and red as well) which I tried on a set of printouts of Max Ernst collages I was re-collaging (ill. 3): I had worked over (overpainted) other images before, to great effect, but I made a mistake with this series and instead of printing them as black and white photocopies I printed the originals out as colour xeroxes, where unbeknown to me the ink is sort of welded into the paper and creates a hard shiny surface that resisted my pencils and pens: in my frustration, I thought heavy linocut inks would adhere, that I could do kind of screen print effects with them using cut card, but they dried too slowly, left uneven edges, were generally hard to control, and looked awful, so they soon got consigned to *The Box*; other things I found in my studio also ended up in *The Box*, for now it was becoming a collection of the faux, the failed and the faulty: some mould in a jar, which had been an attempt to grow liverworts on a kind of coconut mat for a show; a small travelling tape recorder that I had bought with the aim of capturing the sounds of our fridge, but which only really recorded its own recording sounds (whirr, grate, whirr, it was faulty, no error on my side); a painting on metal, mounted on wood, where the wood warped badly and ruined it all, a shame, it showed a Malevich red square combined with a Malevich black square to make a hammer, done in hammer finished paint, with a now no longer present newspaper clipping pasted on the back bearing the headline “Malevich under the hammer” – in reference to an auction of his paintings; a shaker for dusting the tops of cakes with icing sugar, which I boldly imagined I was going to use to make life-size Rothkos

ill. 3



ROSY FINGERED DAWN OVER REYKJAVÍK? YOU SHOULD SEE
HOW DAWN FINGERED ROSY! NASTY ART? NOT HALF!

using cocoa: one attempt, then into *The Box*; a postcard I made and then sat on inadvertently and ruined; the list is not so very long, there were other things, but the effect was however dramatic when – but now we are jumping ahead of the story: slowly the idea to do a show of all these curiosities, complete where possible with the failed results, hatched in my brain: I could do a show, a kind of declaration of love to the inventive spirit of the ‘artist’ (I always admire the sheer vision that artists have when they discover new pigments, for instance, from ground up Egyptian mummies, or new media for the paint from car lacquer or linseed oil, or egg yolks, dammit! (imagine Klein Bleu without the medium that Yves Klein arrived at with the help of a chemist: it wouldn’t be half as good), or the use of canvas instead of wood of copper for painting, and so on and so forth; artists strike me as seriously underrated in this regard, are seen as mere daubers, not

inventors of great grace and inspiration. Anyhow, I envisaged a self-abrading exhibition of failures and fiascos, an oeuvre of flaws, not errors except perhaps in a very minor way of judgement. Not errors, not until I forgot The Box.

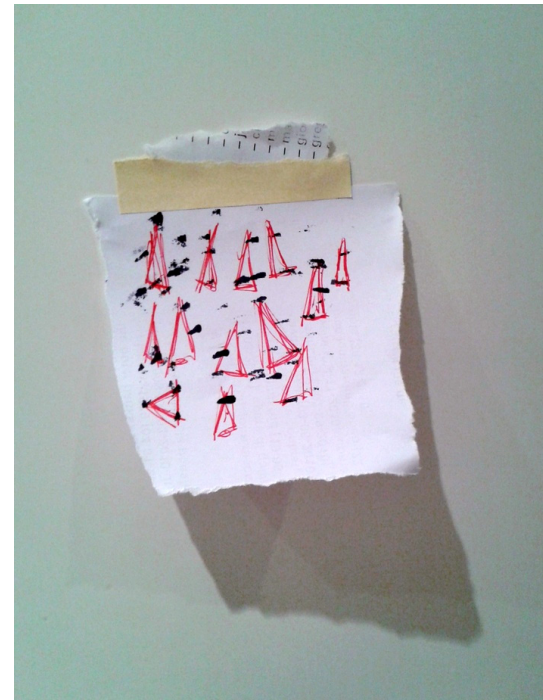
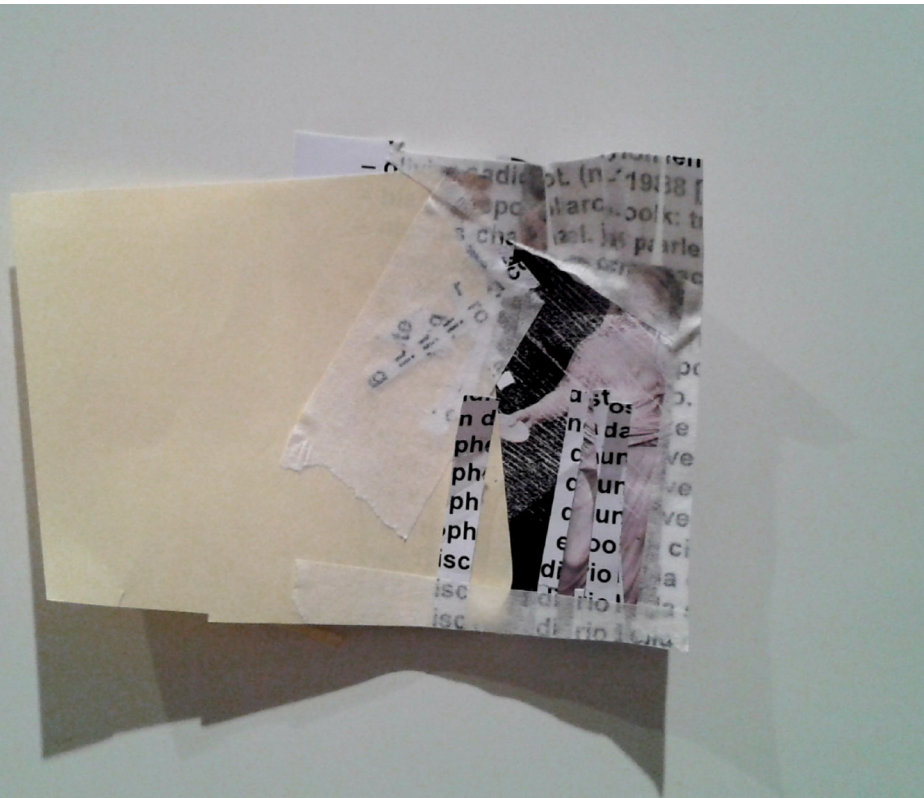
As I moved to my present flat in Berlin The Box ended up not in my studio but in the cellar, where it stayed for well over a year, untouched until the day the rains came in the early summer of 2017. Torrential rains, so that suddenly the cellar was about 2 cm deep in water. I think I should be using more pathos as I write this, but what I feel actually is a dullness, tiredness perhaps, or slight resignation as a number of works I had foolishly entrusted to what I had regarded as a warm dry cellar, not least almost the entire run of a suite of 20 prints titled *Ice and Fire* soaked up the rain and became unsaleable. (ill. 4) And The Box. It had perched somewhere on the very top of the other cardboard boxes, in safety, where it hadn't received any of the rain, which had come through a pipe set low down. But the boxes it was balanced on had, and as they succumbed to the wet and buckled, my Box toppled (I wasn't there to see) to the hard brick floor.

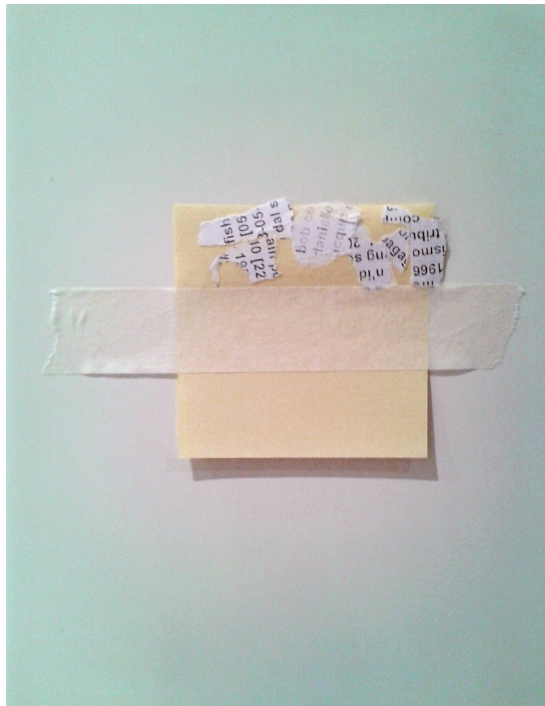
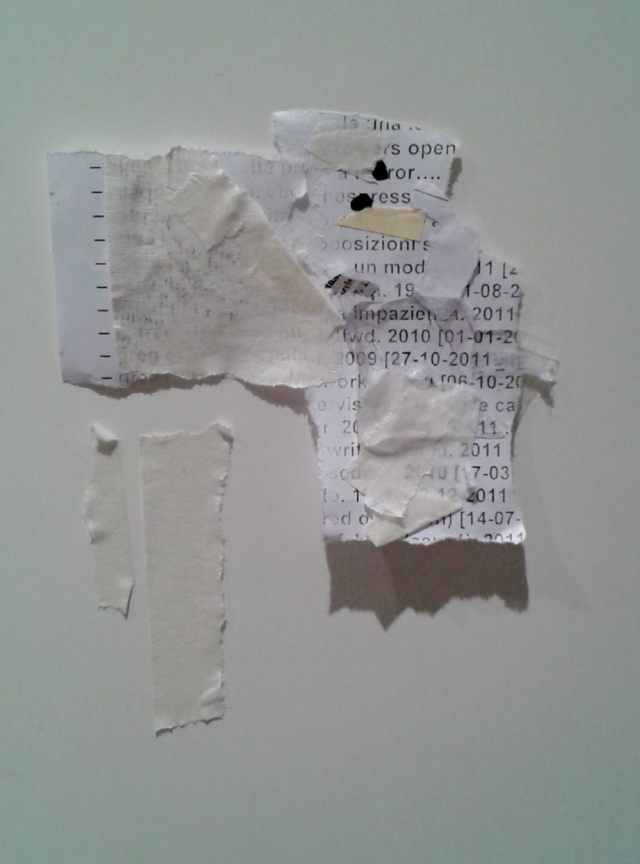
I had two major considerations when I found the mess, and a hideous, appalling mess it was: trying to save the prints, and wondering what to do with The Box... because the large plastic container with the stopping fluid had burst, as had the container with the ferric chloride, covering pretty much everything with a thick, black, tarry layer that was now spreading over the floor while livid yellow balls of etchant were gently fizzing away in the rainwater... Everything was ruined, with the exception of a UV light bulb, a small tin of orange dayglo paint, and the aforementioned linocut printing inks. I had to quickly buy some heavy rubber gloves, plastic bins liners, scoop it all up and consign The Box to The Bin. Yet even then I wonder whether the word "error" should be used here, because in its own way it had become perfect in its self-exemplariness: The Box which contained the exhibits for an exhibition of failed art projects had itself succumbed to that very fate in a crowning moment of wetness.



ICE AND FIRE GO TOGETHER LIKE LOVE AND PAIN 10/20
Salon Rye

arte molto povera
marco giovenale





the stringent blunder anthony etherin

Pests!

I maybe lapse.
I call a few trades:
I tame **the** vital error....

A **lung** is drawn in a yell.

Avatar, remind,
enact **intent**.

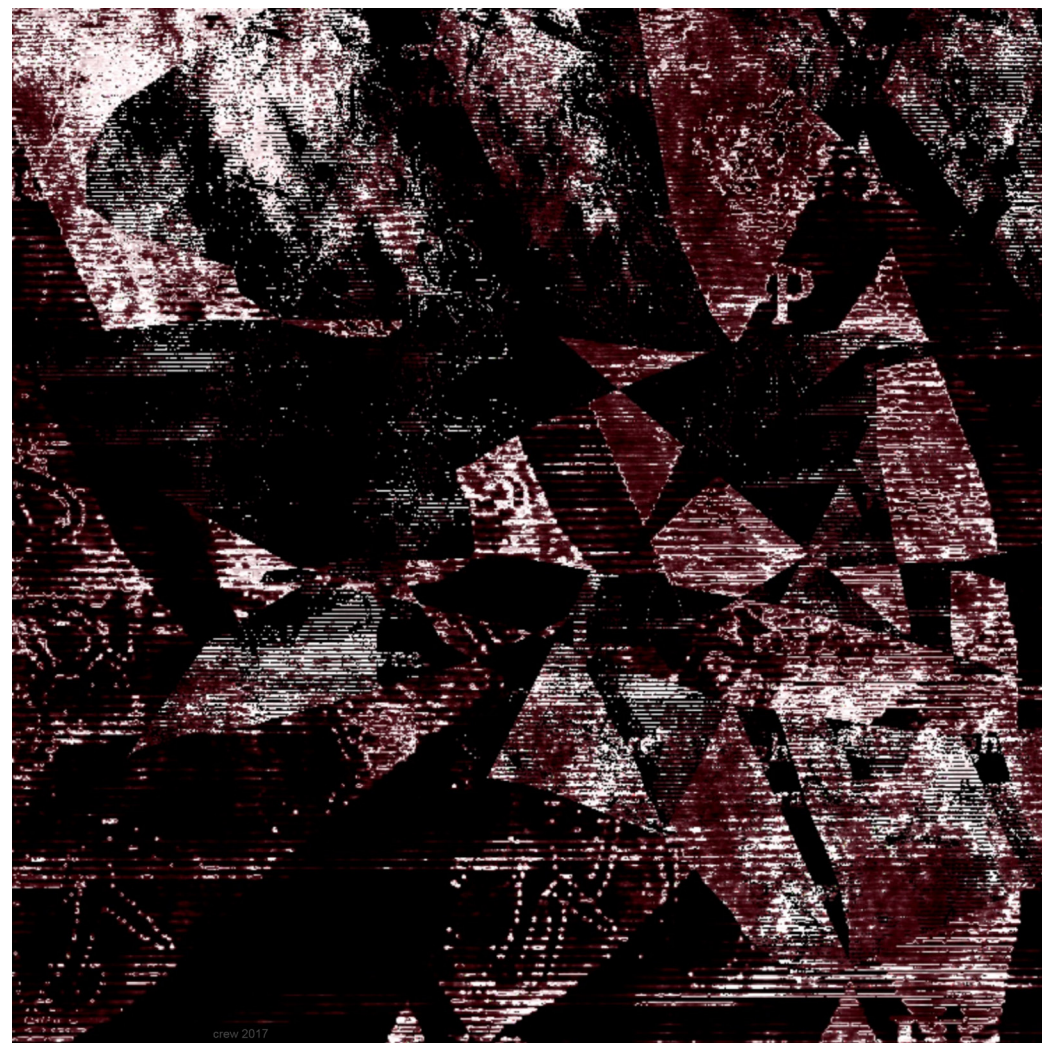
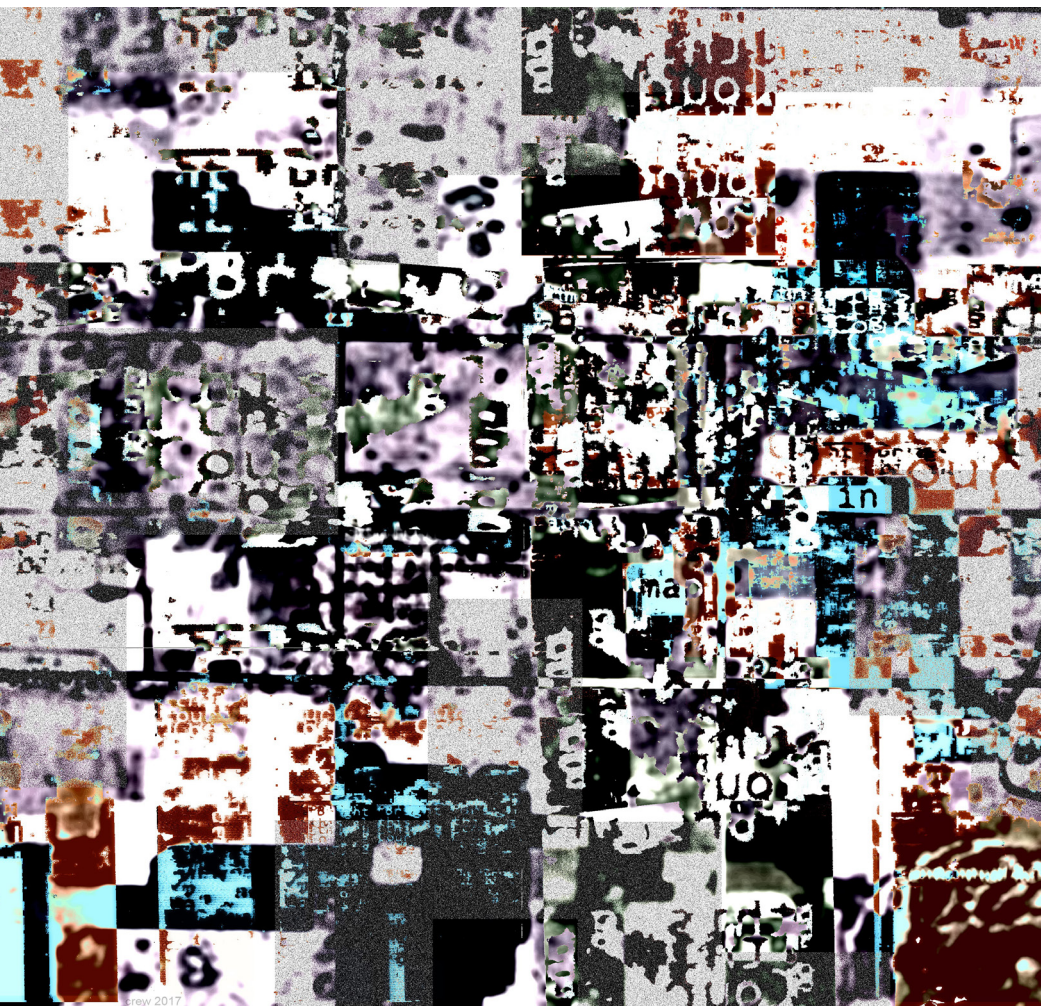
It can **end**.

I'm errata, valley:
an inward,
singular or relative,
thematized art....
We fallacies pale,
by a **misstep**.

Of the errors that can arise when composing palindromes, some of the most frustrating, and difficult to spot, involve a stubborn digraph—a pairing of letters that, upon its return, refuses to reverse. In *The Stringent Blunder*, this failing is employed intentionally. Here, the five most frequently occurring consonant digraphs in the English language—‘th’, ‘nd’, ‘nt’, ‘st’, and ‘ng’ (highlighted in bold)—are used once and only once in the forward direction, with their letters unreversed upon their return, in an otherwise palindromic poem.

three poems
cre wells

Bright a Map in Me

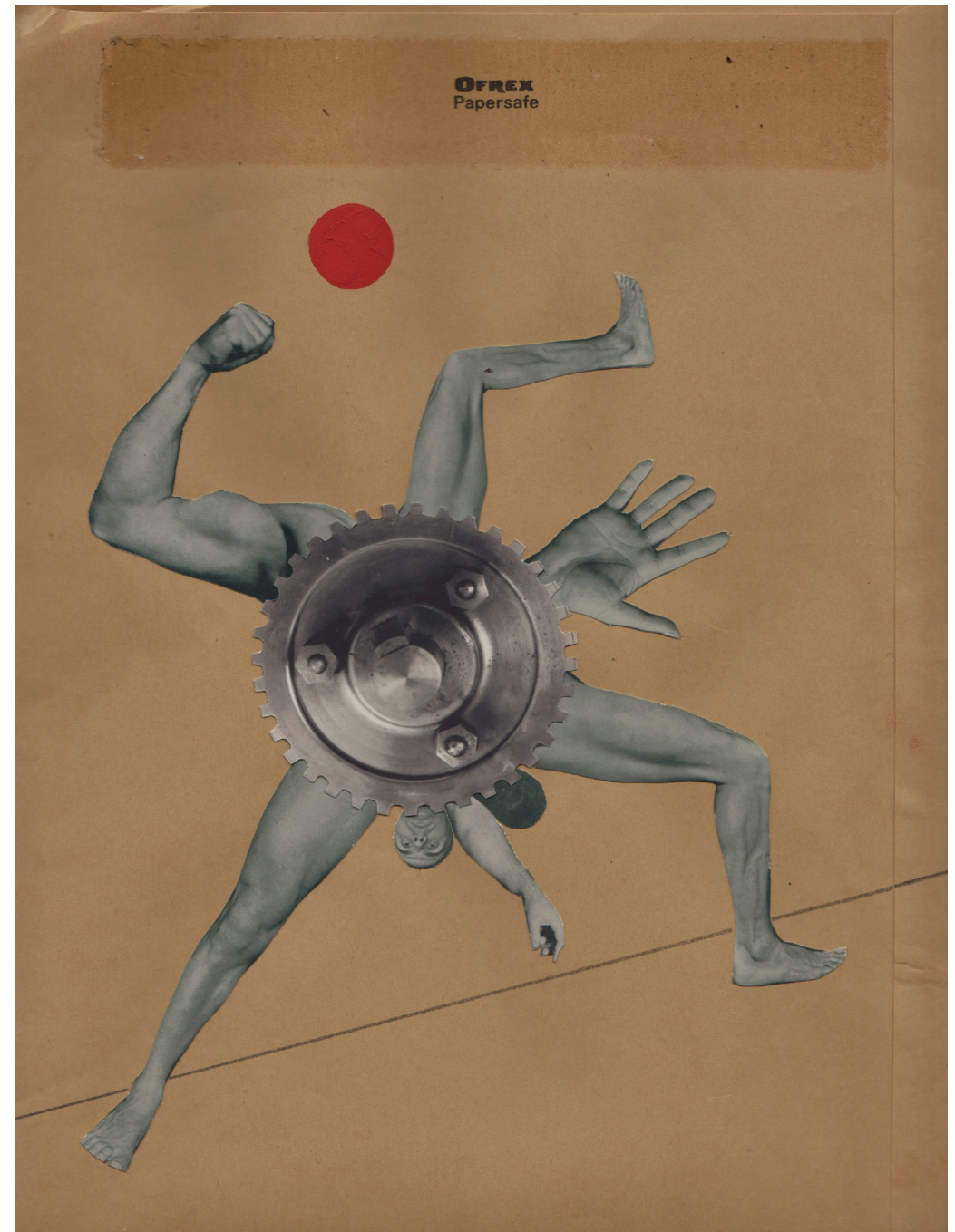


P vee

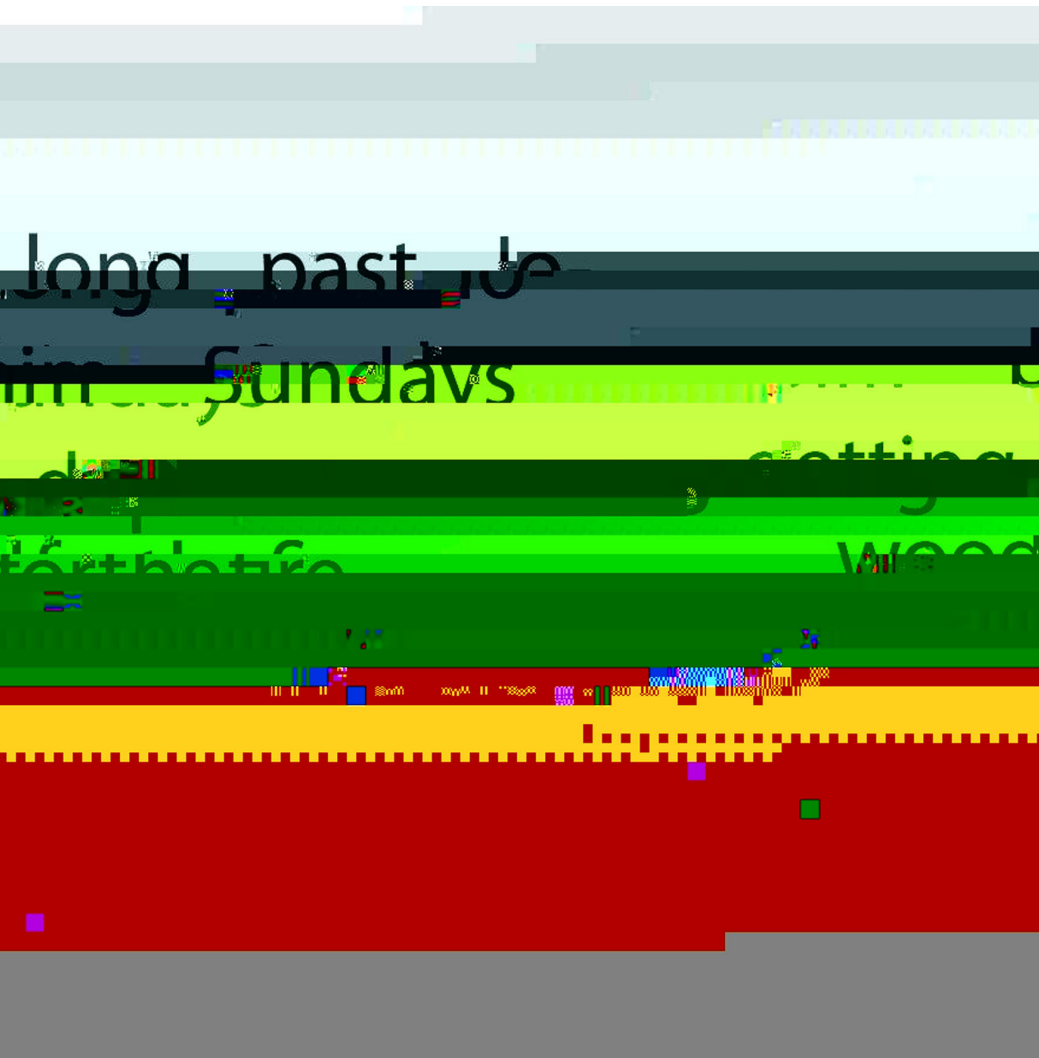


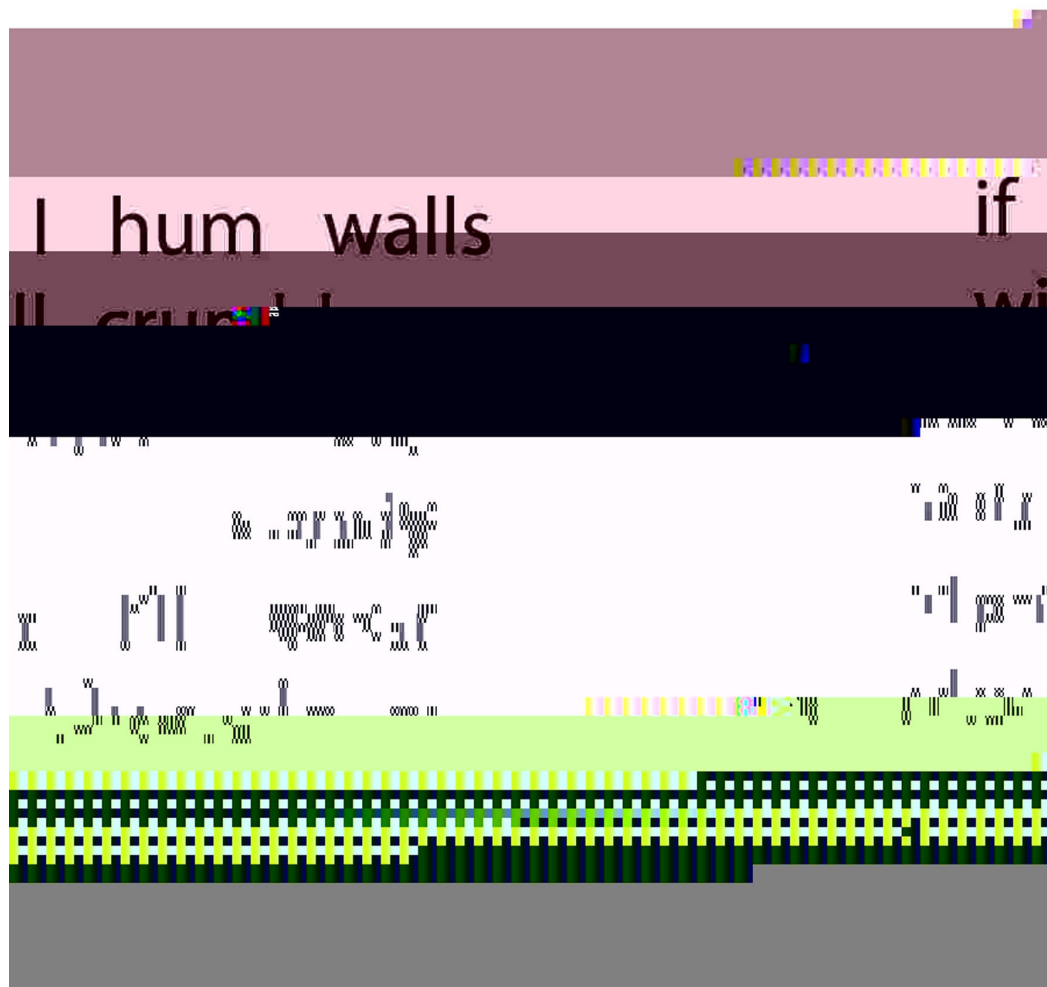
Things Between Never Said

muscles grouped according to their principal action
jane pearrett



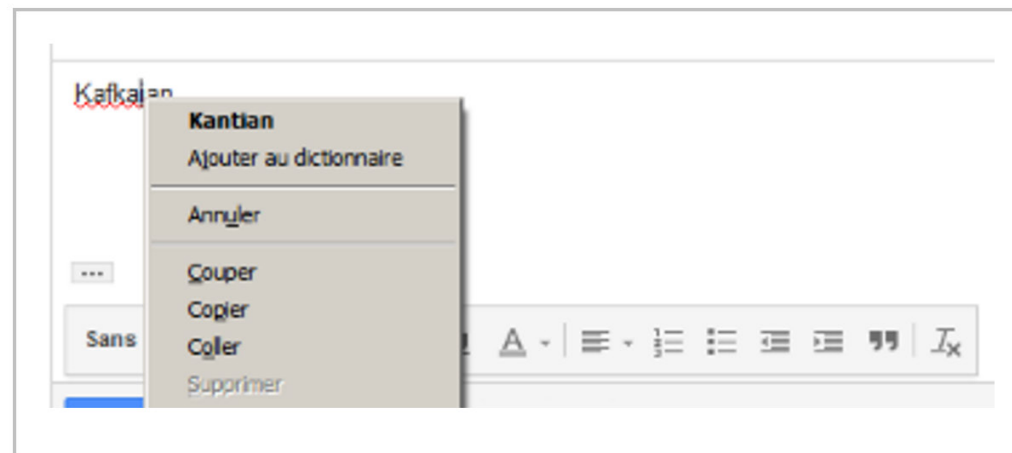
i hum walls
johannes sh bjerg





post scriptum
rachel defay-liautard

PS: erratum: "the only kind of word" = "the only kind of world"



post scriptum

2017-06-30 to 2017-07-17

A series of emails exchanged with Márton Koppány last summer gave me the idea of the `post scriptum` diptych*

As a poem, `post scriptum` is also the result of a series:

within the emails'matter, discreet operations

_ framing, screenshots, sampling, transfer, paste,

framing.

snow birds kiss my face my grassy legs shine

paul tone



PS: *trptych.

call for mr manet

a most successful failure

eva jacobson

*Asparagus asparagus on your edge
In your shadow eternity rests*

In fact: the necessity of making a better asparagus-painting than Manet emanates from the statement that I am a better painter than him and that the asparagus-painting would be the proof.

"In the name of who?" says Mr. Manet when I call him. "In the name of me", I say, and then I start laughing; "admit that you're afraid of the challenge, tout simplement".

"Mais pas du tout", says Mr. Manet with that trembling voice of his.

(Did you know that Freud, only 26 years old, got the whole story about penis-envy from observing the asparagus-painting at a dinner in Paris chez Mr. Charles Ephrussi, the publisher, who had recently acquired the painting by Manet. First Manet delivered a bunch of asparagus for the price of 800 francs, but since the publisher paid 1000 franc, Manet also painted the small single-asparagus-painting and sent it to the publisher with the note: "There was one missing from your bunch". As for the science of psychologie to say if it was a big mistake or not by Manet to paint a single asparagus. Anyhow it gave many generations of



Edouard Manet, *L'Asperge*, 1880,
huile sur toile



Eva Jacobson, *Asparagus as green*, 2017, *huile sur toile*

western people the idea that all women suffered from the lack of a penis.)

(seriously, who wants a penis nowadays?)

(let's not talk about Freud anymore)

The difficulty with this project is to not make a copy but to make a different asparagus-painting, different and better.

I try with a green asparagus, mon dieu, is it ugly!

Maybe an asparagus en grisaille like a french movie...

Another call for Mr. Manet:

"I've found something in your painting that concerns me".

"Yes?"

"I think in fact that the asparagus is an alibi for trying to mold eternity."



Eva Jacobson, Asparagus en grisaille, 2017, huile sur toile

"Is that so?"

"If you take away the asparagus from the painting, only the edge is left. The edge of something. What is beyond the edge Mr. Manet, can you see it from your view?"

"All I can see is that an asparagus painting without the asparagus is no more an asparagus painting. Eternity or not".

Suddenly I observe that my model passed away. What is left on the edge is dry and wrinkled. And beautiful in a way. Of course I paint it. Une vraie nature morte. The truth about an asparagus. The truth about all edges. La verité tout simplement. And a better painting than the asparagus of Mr. Manet.

Call from Mr. Manet:

"I saw your last painting. The one with the asparagus as dead. Maybe you are getting too close to that edge..."

"You think so?"

"I think you started this whole project because you wanted to fail. You longed for a beautiful failure, so you invented this asparagus-thing. You know for sure that you're not a better painter than I am."

"I admit that I searched for a failure and I found success. Mr. Manet, could you tell me; is succeeding with a failure a success or still a failure?"

La silence from Mr. Manet.



Eva Jacobson, Asparagus as dead, 2017, huile sur toile

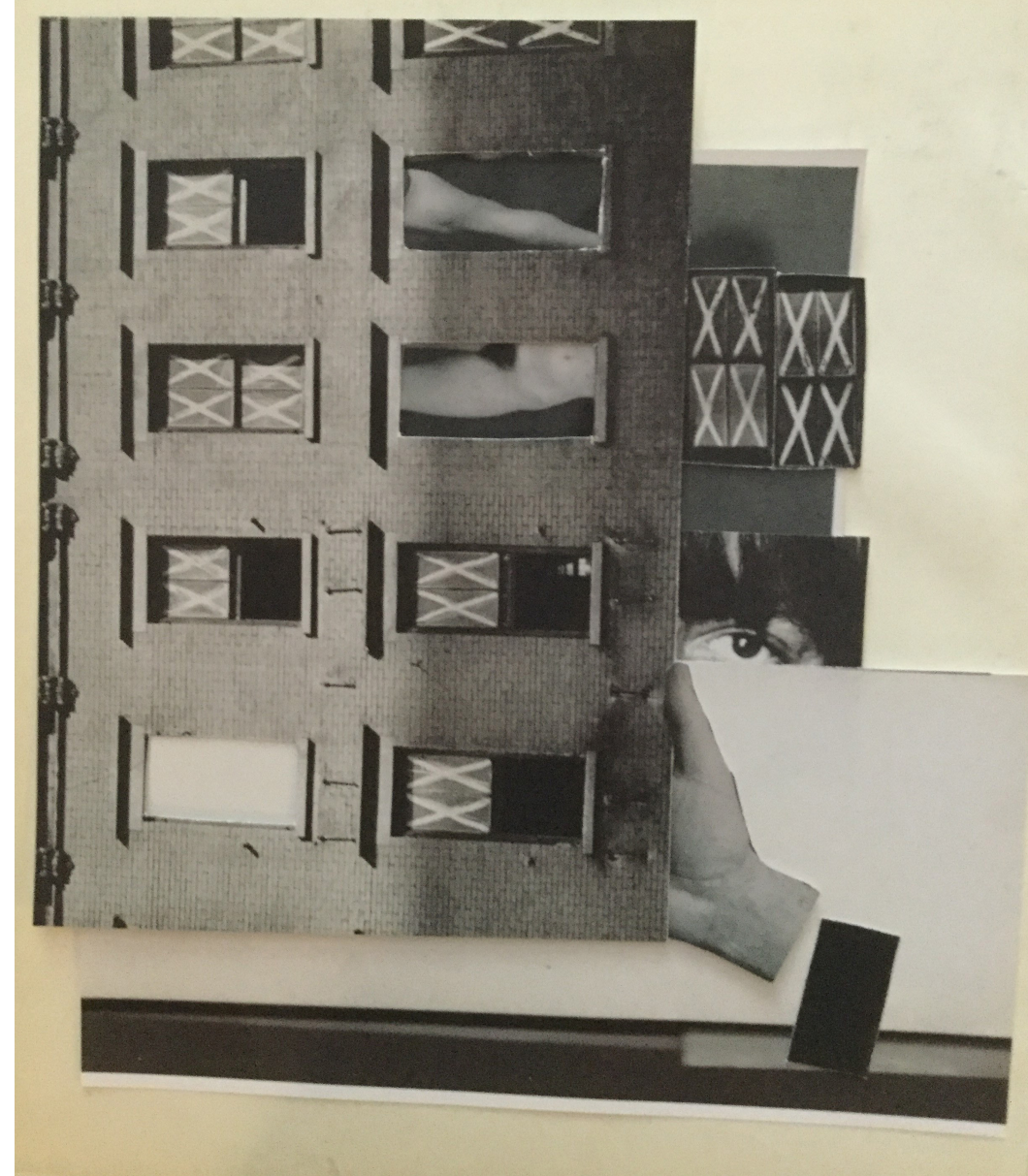
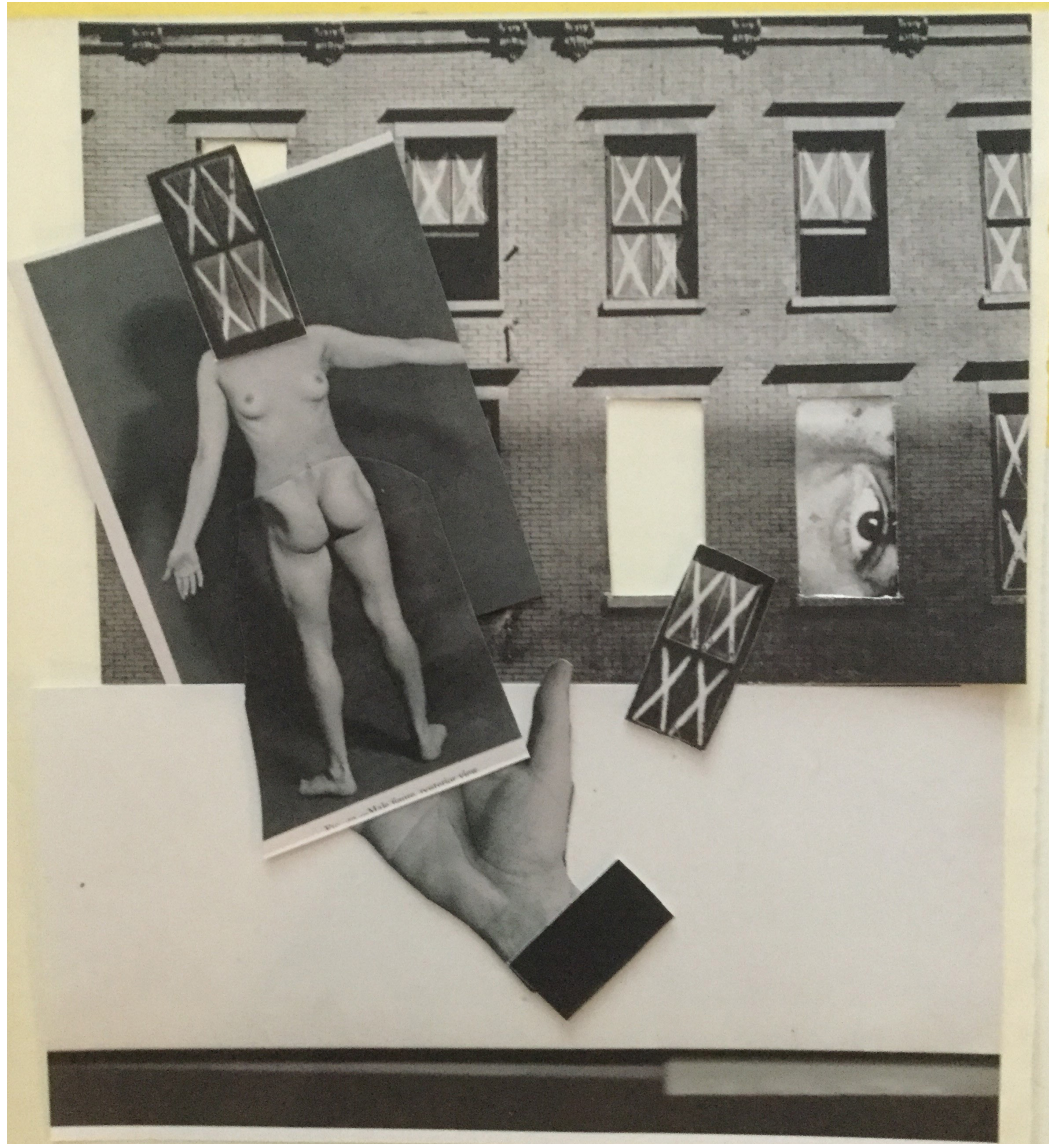
(still of course, I know now that I'm a better painter than Manet, n'est-ce pas?)

(you always find the truth inside the parenthesis)

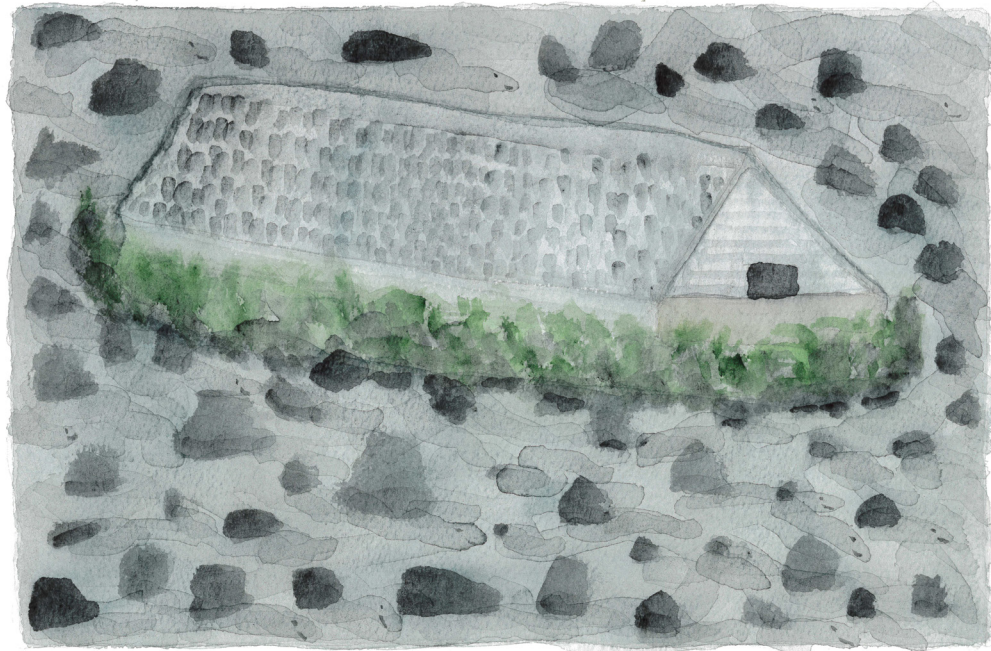


Eva Jacobson, Asparagus-painting without asparagus, 2017, huile sur toile

errors of the human body
robin tomens



eels spawning and playing around the eelhouse
bengt adlers



Leken vid Åhuset i Aldern Bengt Adler 2017

Much of my work is born through mistakes that I try to benefit from. In this way most of my projects develop in unexpected mysterious ways. Every work is a journey into the unknown. These eels came spawning because of some brushstrokes that went wrong.

hard knob end
john m bennett

singgle fone ah ectics
sp ate of ,ssneeze re
gressions ,crime of
st ate yr bblind in
vestiments run with
blood the yarny beast
ial one the half a
head crawling in a
mirror what strings
a stone a long what
día lectics vomit on
the gate yr huh huh
aftermath slashing
through yr shoes
the long bone cr
ossed upon yr chest

...graznidos al cruzar una laguna infernal.
- José Antonio Ramos Sucre

3.1.17

error writing
francesco aprile



vägval – when deviations show the way
lina nordenström

What is considered to be perfect, what does exactitude mean? I have been asked many times if I use a ruler, if I measure my networks, if I use an L-square.... I never do. Quite the contrary; I let warps and irregularities guide the growth of the network step by step. Every misstep has to be balanced for the whole to become harmonic. I never correct my mistakes; I adjust my work in accordance with them. I even think the general impression of the work is more harmonic if the network has been allowed to grow that way, rather than if mathematical exactitude has prevailed.



The book *Vägval* is drawn in Indian ink on transparent film, but still exists in five copies – of course with variations. I draw through every book from the last page to the first and let every page guide the one before (if by chance anyone "reads" the book from first page to last).

This series was completed on the west coast of Ireland, year 2000. A meditative pursuit.

12-wired png jazz poem
jonas ellerström

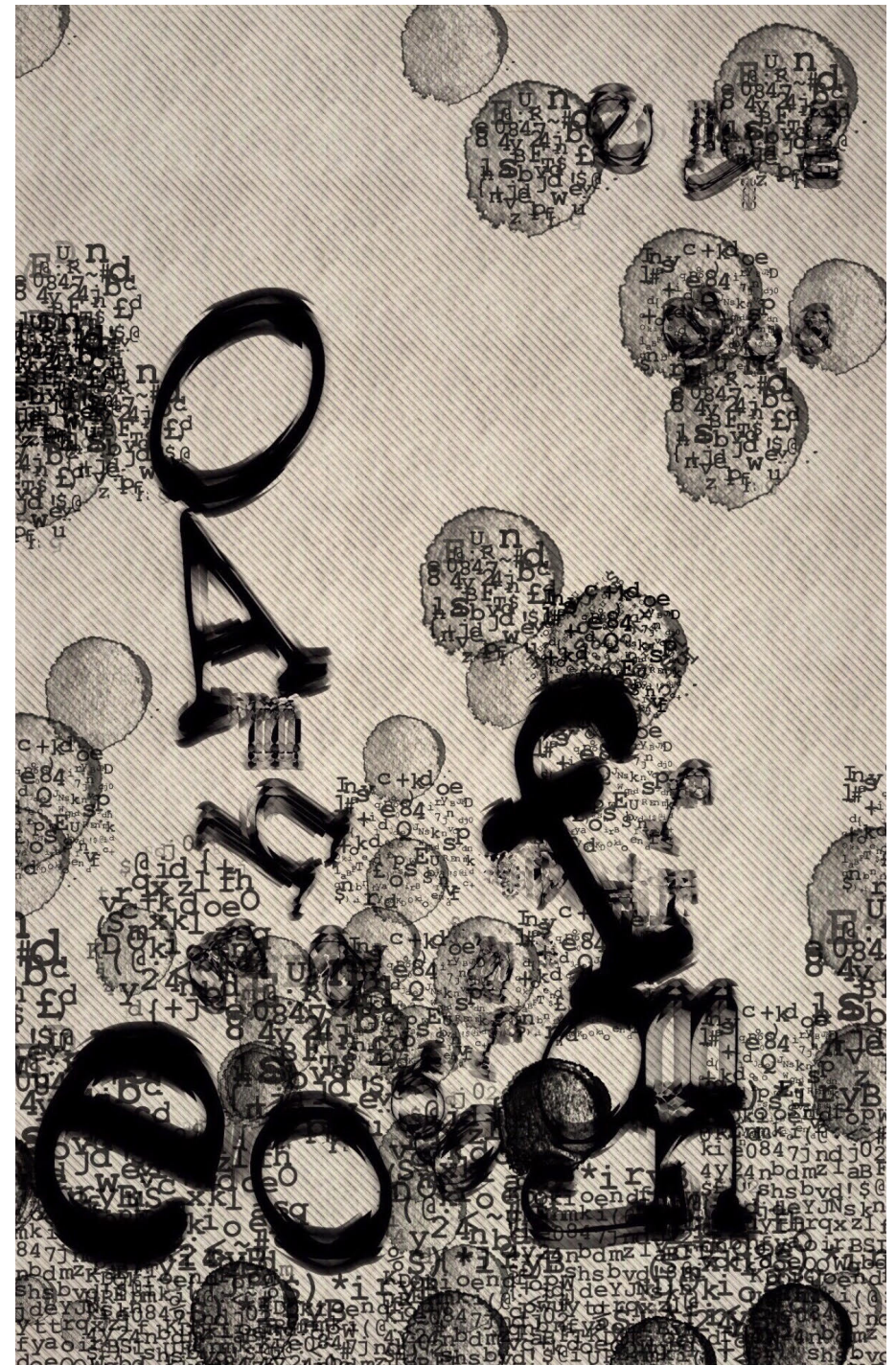
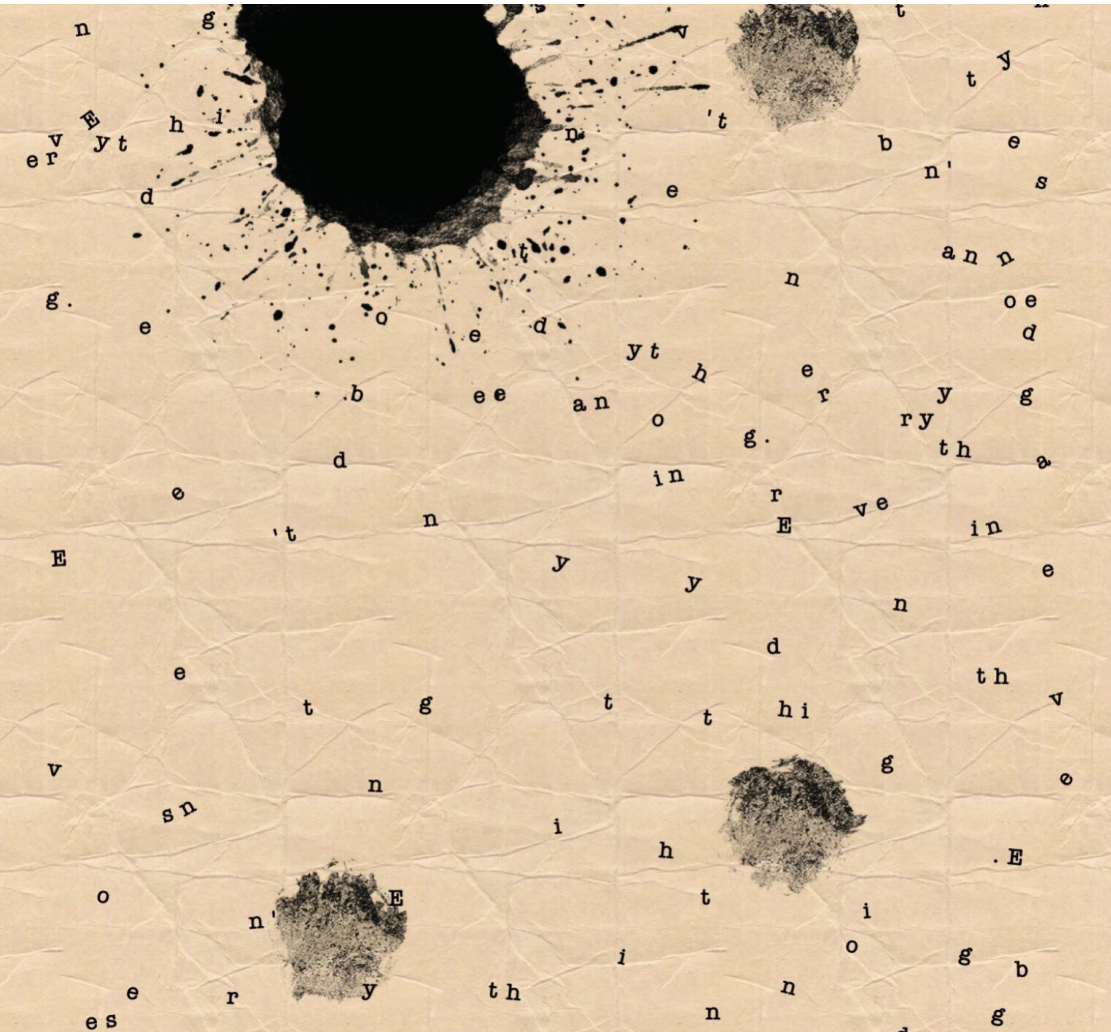
Blue Bop
Greater Bop
Lesser Bop
Magnificent Bop (Mag Bop)
Raggiana Bop (Rag Bop)
Emperor Bop
King Bop
Red Bop
Wilson's Bop
King of Saxony Bop
Trumpet MC
Glossy-mantled MC

Envoy:
Crinkle-collared MC

So many poems are failures. And, unlike novels, they are so quickly discovered to be failures. How does one avoid this? Well, the found poem, *le poème trouvé*, is one solution. No-one can criticize you for what you pick up from the street/the page, right? And while in the right you might just as well play around with your findings and do some re-arranging of them. Like I just did. So: here's an example of the consciously/playfully failed poem, that none the less likes to pretend being a success of sorts: *the right stuff*, a real cool thing.

necessary errors

dawn nelson wardrope



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erratorna