

ALBERTA RESEARCH GROUP (ARG) / Manifesto to Contest

the Manifesto Contest

begin with contraction, move till we are at or reach.

it is aesthetic; it is crawling simultaneously to vomit and to swallow the ethic inherited sideways: we begin with contraction, move till we are "pataphor.

contest is the way to manifesto the twenty-first see. evidents:

- * contest is off content 130
- * verb is noun
- * dis is a morph
- * dis will be deleted
- * dele would glyph
- * pilcrow trumps dele
- * ampersand break

the manifesto being manifestist; the ARG being manifestest; & being, move till we are laughter. the very idea. we come out. we come out and it happens. contest a call to out; reach till we are out.

or.
enough!
or.
too much!
or
blake would.

unleash their righteous indignation on obfuscation and words like obtuse, obfuscate, obfuscation and their tedious unendingness. the ARG tolerates its own elitism. why, not another's.

the ARG tolerates tolerance in that 1980 way. self loathing is other loathing. the ARG tolerates axiomatics and truly self-loathing.

but i can hope. doug, christine, sharon, natalie, harry, i ampersand also will draft this over till it is deadline.

For Theresa Dextrase

**The Manifesto to Contest the
Manifesto Contest: being an
indictment of itself, must
exemplify the form while
dismantling self, leaving an
agglomeration of impossible
propositions, a null series,
and a byproduct of the ARG's
endeavour to found itself.**

For Gerry Morita

You trusted he had
credentials. He did not.
And a practiced disuse of
dependent clauses gave his
syntax the patina of surety.
You two might as well be
siphoning gas in winter.
You two might as well be
speaking in abbreviations
and emoticons. I breast
your misses.

For Dawn Dextrase

1.1.1.6. Did you
think she was going
to hang? kaput?
ACTUALLY:
go back & roll,
surrender your
vorpall words, d6 for
genocide:

FOR TCR

ROLL / ROLE

For glenN robsoN

1. Vertiginous koans
You cannot get your
mouth round. Trust you
just there's transparency.
Blessed fool; we love you
and, we keep you.

For Lena Helberg

Ore you are. Magister
pressed Asclepius's
Rod against your
sternum gesture like
blessing. The smoke
of your heart muscle
shimmied up to your
nose from blistering
chest. It smells like
chrism or Natalie.

FOR ARG

For Clint Anderson

6. your
trivializes
manifesto;
game manifests the
trivial.

For Dawn Dextrase

Goto die 1.1.1
Goto dice 1.1.2
1.1.1.4. She walked away from the hospital just like that.
Walked to Cole Harbour, stopping at her Grandpa's house.
Took chain, tent, padlocks from the shed. Walked farther,
north. Found her sturdy pine on the verge of the meadow.
Pitched the tent beneath the boughs in late snow. Locked
one end of the chain around her neck. Locked the other
end around the pine. Walked into the meadow, far as the
chain would let her. Chucked the keys farther than the steel
chain would let her. Walked back to the tent and lay down.

She reads Jack London and dies of thirst.

Ate a little snow. Shied from the feeling of being wrong
from every sinew and organ. Ate a little snow; wrote as
much in the margins of To Build a Fire: *mustn't eat snow,
mustn't think about the thirst wringing my insides, me, mustn't.*

Eventually you find us or we find you or I.

For Dawn Dextrase

Blessed modicums; you're an avarice puller. Roll for character, roll for play. Palm the syllogism, it is your cast, your punctuation & else, you're punctuation.

For Kath MacLean

1 2 3

Self-imposed shirking analogue & so so paradigm & solemnly admit there is no grammar but its pwn, the clacking of several hands' fingers onto keyboards in other abodes & offices, the patter of outrage welling, willingly, gleefully, virtually, to fulfill the moving example, are at once and again the articulations of incorporation, itself overtures of conceit and selfpredinstingration, subspecies of patricide & eternity.

For Dawn Dextrase

1.1.1.5. You replace the bacillus in the poet's petri dish with a lively acidophilus from the ice cream scoop you licked last night. Bring the poisoned strain to Leduc. There, a man named Kroetsch will play host. He consumes conceptualism in a cookie. You drink black coffee together and talk and your rudimentary hypertext. His wit surprises you to laughter, stentor ejaculations that surprise you further. You think he understands. That's funny, you think, we both know when to laugh. After a fashion. We laugh at our jokes. Your face grows tight and hot. You want to invite the plagiarist upstairs to see your library, but you are shivering and want to lie down. For the new life twist inside. It's nauseating.

For Tyrel McCartney

Excuse yourself and thank the plagiarist for the infection. Invite the plagiarist upstairs.

1. Isn't that what the contest. And about Isn't affords you yes you judge as in improper. Rather And in rare instance, role, die, etc.

If role, goto 1.1

If roll, goto 1.2

For Natalie Hamilton

The ARG is right in its outrage, that TCR trivializes true art, distracts us from our work. Now we must write feckless manifestoes instead of enacting the tenets we (may only) with we strive to communicate.

For Elliot Kerr

Manifesto should have numbers for you to follow.

For Gloria Carpenter

manifesto pressed. prior. in confine. you should before we. forget it. confine. form. form a gauze hermetic the hermeneut (contest) follows for fame laurels a nose follows blood-flow that you want a you towering an "o" an "autrui" drawing (the drawing/extracting/tied) you/it. unable. its own. assistance as true in language. the manifesto choosing you as you choose. then this contextual tether: contest(ation). a bent. aleatory. but contest aggressive. the form a freedom. the form the only actual possible. bullshit. i am shitting everything all my fears. the manifesto manifests. here. only. in contest only. in the game as game gamut whole). and here here and there: where you go. you he panel the pane shattered. you on the panel now you in the e. playing you ferocious trying. you trying. trying you. give it what ants: the manifesting. the best possible. the test possible only. here. context/contest. this only. this only contest could be. cognizant (or ing to). a conscience.gradually. material. the manifesto speaks. manifesto autrui. go. aware. dissolve into the scene.

For Lena Helberg

You are diagnosed with your own disorder: another economy. Or you are or you are dismissed blessed bloodbathed in the blesure. You are ore.

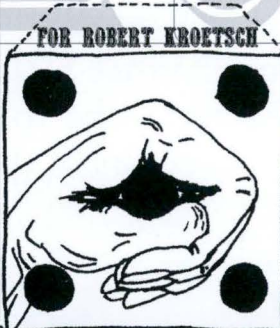
For the Underwriters:

Theresa Dextrase, Shawn Anderson, Natalie Hamilton, Elliot Kerr, Cathie Crooks, Kath MacLean, Gloria Carpenter, Renatta Carpenter, Clint Anderson, Tyrel McCartney, Mark Woytiuk, glenN robson, Jennifer Mesch, Kristen Hutchinson, Chantal Helberg, Robert Kroetsch, Dawn Dextrase, Bernadette Wagner, Lena Helberg & Gerry Morita

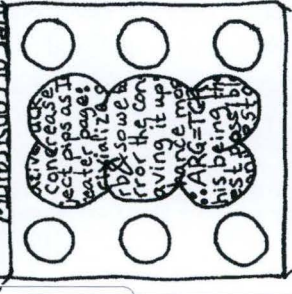
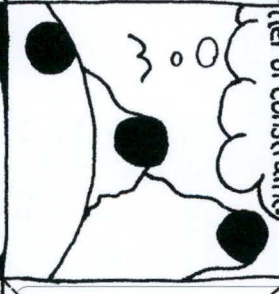
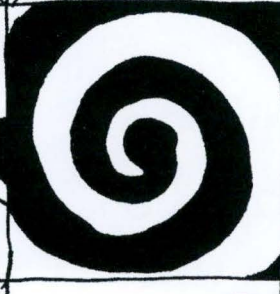
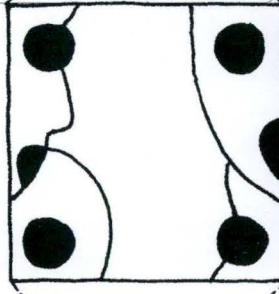
For Theresa Dextrase For Kristen Hutchinson For Bernadette Wagner

We become you, TCR. 1.1.1.2. You are the underwriters of this adventure

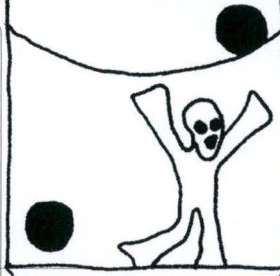
Turn valuativity into a game and turn it into a game.



You are the underwriters of this adventure who do not know they have underwritten this adventure: the young mother we robbed to bring this to you; the office coffee fund; Bob Kroetsch; nother, name of Book; a stick that turned out to be semiprecious and ransomed



For Shawn Anderson



For Cathie Crooks

For Clint Anderson

731. better characters than us or you or us have
3. I thought about the writ's divorce from its extension and there the writings divorce from writ. intension. Which thus breadcrumbs will be lost corridors of narrative, divorced from your I.

This is hypertext. You won't get it.

For Theresa Dextrase

The (very) idea that a truthful statement of artistic purpose be subject to/of competition with other statements of artistic purpose. That (really) the entrants are devising manifestoes with the aim of winning the manifesto contest. And (don't tell me) there is some way such a mitigation will not invalidate the whole shooting match. TCR affords a cistern. Entrants afford placement to falsehoods, a hole of limited capacity and access, a

For Renatta Carpenter

5,708,654,210. You trusted he had credentials. He did not. And a practiced disuse of dependent clauses gave his syntax the patina of surety. You two might as well be siphoning gas in winter. You two might as well be speaking in abbreviations and emoticons. I breast your misse.

For Mark Woytiuk

1.1.1. contest, a manifesto; contest, only good ^{might} as ^{well as} true ^{as} glacial genocide; choose ^{as} your own genus:

fungus, 1.1.1.1
virus, 1.1.1.2
US, 1.1.1.3
amphisbænous, 1.1.1.4
aeious, 1.1.1.5
acephalus, 1.1.1.6

For Theresa Dextrase

A winning proposition: There can be only one manifesto to win the manifesto contest.

For Jennifer Mesch

1.1.1.1. growing a hate, remember a daddy, any day, 'cept it's not your daddy & you know so wish him away, mommy shouldn't have put him on you; it's a role ^{said} daddy likes to play. remember all the daddies are playing; now

You are the underwriters of this adventure

For Gerry Morita

prepare our children for the world to come. or vice versa.

For Chantal Helberg

1.1.1.3. stet

For Lena Helberg

Magister listened to your heart. Cupped a hand to where your breast had been. Reminded you of the violence of the last 400 yours. A breast is a vowel right there on your body, practically external like that, like a word no mouth could sound, but also not, but an in, your in to the spaces other may inhabit. I miss your breasts.

For Theresa Dextrase

That the ARG as amorphous agglomeration of "pataphysicians interested in the dissolution of cultures, through their gamuts of anything goes and all may/well/come, to arctic elitisms of unfathomable disgust and private languages, would bewilder a tree is not a metaphor for the intolerant; we are at odds with ourselves, among ourselves, and you are welcome, to us.

For Cathie Crooks

6. I listened to your heart. Cupped a hand to where your breast had been. Reminded you of the violence of the last 400 yours. A breast is a vowel right there on your body, practically external like that, like a word no mouth could sound, but also not, but an in, your in to the spaces other may inhabit. We miss your breasts.