

freeway with another beautiful
kid Rachel Wards "Both of us were
JfjojTF well* off? families and we ha
V/iS-saguiltcomplexes that we shoul
stiffer. we should; stand on our ow
tkrr>fAof anri-mak* > our own money,

Splash

zine The eternal woman-child, Dar
Hannah travels everywhere with her
teddy bears and has told friends to
deny all knowledge of her affair with
singer Jackson Browne. Of her craft
she says, "Acting is playing and be

TWO

NZ BOOK AWARDS

Entries are invited for the 1985
NZ Book Awards - in the categories
of POETRY, FICTION, NON-FICTION
& BOOK PRODUCTION

Titles published between 1 May 1984 and 31
December 1984 are eligible for entry.

The aim of the awards is to provide substantial
recognition for excellence in NZ Literature
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in each category.

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The Secretary, NZ Literary Fund Advisory
Committee, Department of Internal Affairs,
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Telephone: 738-699

Closing date for entries is 31 January 1985

NEWS SPLASH

Some of the Larry Eigner poems in this magazine first appeared in ACTS 2. Thanks to editor David Levi Strauss for kind permission to reprint them. ACTS 3 includes 24 poems by Eigner, written at various times between 1965 and 1983. ACTS 3 also includes 3 pages of Hannah Weiner's writing and a poem by Charles Bernstein. The magazine is published by David Levi Strauss from 324, Bartlett St., #9, SF CA 94110. (New Subscriptions are \$8.00 US for 2 issues, \$15 for 4. ACTS 2 still available for \$3.50 US. Larry Eigner has been active as a poet since at least 1941. Robert Creeley published FROM THE SUSTAINING AIR in 1953. Since then his work has appeared in more than 20 books. There is a SELECTED POEMS of 1972, Oyez, Berkeley.

Charles Bernstein is perhaps already well-known to our readers. Some of his poems appeared in PARALLAX. There are 11 books of poems between 1974 (DISFRUTES) and RESISTANCE, 1983 (Awede, Box 376, Windsor, Vermont 05089). There is a bibliography in the (highly recommended) special number of THE DIFFICULTIES (vol 2, no.1) published by Tom Beckett at the VISCERALLY PRESS now at 1695-Brady Lake Road, Kent, OHIO 44240. This includes poems, an interview and essays etc (in AuckUniv Library). Charles Bernstein was also editor, with Bruce Andrews, of L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E magazine. The essays and readings from that magazine are available now in book form, THE L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E BOOK, available from Southern Illinois University Press, P.O.Box 3697, Carbondale, IL 62901. Charles Bernstein's essays will be published by Sun & Moon in the spring, address: 4330. Hartwick Road, College Park, MD 20740.

A piece by Tom Beckett will appear in SPLASH 3.

Craig Watson has published two books of poems, both available from SEGUE FOUNDATION, 300, Bowery, New York, NY10012: DRAWING A BLANK (Singing Horse) and THE ASKS (Potes & Poets). The poems printed here were originally intended for PARALLAX 4.

Johanna Drucker is poet and prose writer, graphic artist and printer. In addition to ITALY (The Figures), she has printed and designed numerous books, concertina and other forms, with her own drawings. The latest of these is AGAINST FICTION. (Druckwerk) with lino cuts, signed, limited edition, \$125.00 US (available from SEGUE and from SMALL PRESS DISTRIBUTION, 1784 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94709. She is also engaged with research into the history of language. The text published here is one of three that we have in hand.

partly in a house

garage

diamond

windows

fence

eyes

tree

shadows

branches

13 Jan '83 1366

off

tar pitch down flat making
the grade such
like water
black out of
piles of stuff curious
whatever use maybe
and we're on a mountainous
road
under a fine lit moon

how many spares wow
how steepness is picking
forwards a slope
close but
to be there isn't like to see
everything's tied up enough

a perspective on the passage
of time

the sky at one
branch and another
nut nut nut
eat eat eat
scramble scramble

27 Dec '82 1364 &
9 Jan '83 1365

window washing

musical glass

a time it's whoop

chalked on

a spare tire cover

a straight flat street

11 Dec '82 1362 & 1363

long (macro)

traffic passing I was
the upper window onto Bob
a hill slant

half in the
basement room

sights
lowered

gusts enough
another day

to start out

steady
rattling

I'll never get
to math off far
as the dark is here

in under

6-8 Dec '82 1361

clouds under the wing
to the horizon
islands at times
big dog hardly
too fast
long after a storm
steel
resurrected
towers
to think it's
a continent
not america
squarer than
the shadow of the plane
our vehicle
these moments
all that way

27-30 Nov - 3 Dec '82 1360

that' cat

splays 2

air scatter

light

or she does

well this's fine

as some end to

-

can a faint pencil work out

-

the city kept up standing

the buildings are

with sex wearing yet thin

and trees

acts enough spots

at all time beat weather

-

a concert hall in

the square complex

a breeze permit inside

no just breath

what walls

can be

profuse as picture

records

-

I'm getting on to constipation

myriad streets

a

safe and sound

movie theater

foggy lights

blur on glass

due to rain

long factory rooms

the slope indoors

traffic

complex

ity

cantilouvered

signs

do not

sway in the wind

force

a car trailer

smoke

moving abreast

12-23 Nov '82 1358

Larry Eigner

9 POEMS

body f . .
the tub water
the mirror
the ceiling
lights off in
the day time
earth mass
pounding on the bay
winds and
the moon
all giant plants
spaces and
the real size
of the sun

19 Nov '82 1357

FP. Action must go when narratives go. In RK's work we are left with the presence of things which are signs of things other than themselves. Or, more precisely, concerted action goes when narratives go. RK's horse might still "run", or be signified as so doing, though the story & space in which it might run is lost.

But between beholder & image there is a relation in which the figures are taken as signs of life, of thought, of an action taking place in a space, inside a picture frame. They are apparently given as such, though there can be no certainty about how much of what is visible is significant.

Figures in history-pictures are describable in terms that assign names to them, elaborated as in the most elaborate catalogue of actions & dress & attitude (if they are figures of people). Description has an indefinite limit, because of what G.P. Bellori calls (1672) the multiplicita de¹particolari. Accordingly, he sets a limit on his own descriptions of pictures, in order, as he says, to show the **inventions & the artifices** of pictures, to serve as examples of what is most commendable in them. Immediately this fastens on the artist's part in arranging them, as much as on the moral meaning of the figure-action represented. It is the working with the figures, the signs, in the picture that makes it commendable: that is where its value lies. The picture is significant as artifice. The knowledge of an artist in the seventeenth century is not only a knowledge of morality or of history, but of the limits & potentialities of painting itself. In this respect, that which may be called the "language" of painting was at issue, then as now.

Something of the reason for the modernist rejection of the narrative in painting goes back to the change that takes place in the later seventeenth century with the formalisation of requirements for history-painting, particularly the attention to the mise-en-scene. What was at issue was the possibility of making painting as transparent as possible to dramatic narrative discourse. The painter's method is thus reduced to a rhetorical translation of narrative into painting. This subordination of image to text is precisely what is at issue in the early twentieth century rejection of the "literary" or the "anecdotal".

In mid-seventeenth century this formalisation had not taken place. The transparency to discourse of later painting goes hand in hand with the assumption of possibility of an art history that can split off "content" from form. (To be continued elsewhere: an account of artifice's appearance & its meaning in seventeenth century narrative painting, in Poussin's later paintings in particular, for example the later version of ET IN ARCADIA EGO, &

Iconography says Panofsky is that branch of the history of art which concerns itself with the subject matter or meaning of works of art, as opposed to their form. As FP notes there is nothing here for a formalist critic to do either. What is left then is the location of the work in a field of art & other works, how it acts on the field of our meanings & how we go about getting them.

The choice of silhouette as representation specifies identity with visible unique contour, fixed & invariable in respect to light & colour. [Characteristically the silhouette is formed by a section through the axis of bilateral symmetry]. It does not rely on the arrangement of light & colour as does the full-face view of a rounded object, or a three-quarter view, or anything in between (as in portraiture, the classical occasion). The profile is the ideal view for identity, presenting the particular protuberance of forehead, nose, chin, mouth, an index of singularity. The ideal of identifiable image also calls into play the photographic: the mechanical recorded fixed image, exempt from style or manipulation, depending on an ideal perfection of mechanism. It acknowledges only the straight lines of light from a single bright source of illumination (a radiant source, irradiating outwards) & at a great distance making the rays as near parallel as possible. The surface onto which projection takes place must be flat. The plane onto which the image is projected must be parallel also to the plane of axial symmetry of the object. Any deviation from these conditions calls the identity between image and object into question.

Once an image, shadow, silhouette, is seen apart from the object, so that they cannot be compared side-by-side, the identity of image & object becomes problematical. A pair of hands can make a rabbit appear on a wall in a shadow show. Infinite substitutions of objects are feasible, all casting the same shadow shape or silhouette.

RK. A silhouette is not necessarily a shadow. Certain things are more recognisable than others as silhouettes & are chosen or not for that reason.

There is a kind of gradation of completeness of information in imagery, more or less certainty of identification of figure in the image with object. Shadow, silhouette is less informative about objects than the coloured image, in relief. But at best, the coloured figure is only the front, the surface, the shell of the hemisphere presented to the view. Of course, a figure does not move or speak or think, any more in movie than in still image.

that is subject. They can be called a dictionary of images, but there is not even, as in a dictionary, an alphabetical ordering. "In linguistic terms, one might say the figures are distributional but not integrative; they always remain on the same level". (Roland Barthes).

RK. Some images are more important than -others because of the viewer's subjective relationship to those images. None has more importance than another only on the basis that they can be moved & that each is an object in the world like any other.

Clearly it does not speak, a language as the figures of classical & pre-classical figuration seem to, where **collocation & perspective** allow them to speak. (The limits of that process were once clear, ending at that moment when the beholder moves from engagement with the figures & their actions to recognition that this is the result of artifice. That limit is more & more concealed from the late seventeenth century onwards, beginning with Poussin's successors in the French Academy, Le Brun or Felibien, for example). Seen together the pieces of a Killeen avoid the process of integration into narrative as far as possible, discourage it. If there is a meaning in the works it is not a meaning arrived at by considering the identities of the things represented by the silhouetted forms, followed by an appraisal of their meaning in relation to one another, as action, drama, symbol or emblem. No final meaning is imposed on the works, FP suggests. But actually there is no meaning at all, in the sense of narrative, as little meaning as is possible.

RK. Minimum narrative meaning but maximum meanings of feeling & association.

FP. But (as TG here hints) there are other meanings possible - - narrative meaning is but one form of meaning. The connotations of RK's form — its refusal of hierarchy, for instance -- might be called "meaning". So too might RK's breakdown of traditional classificatory systems -- "ichth- or entom- ologies" — in favour of a world where everything is seen to inter-relate.

What they defy is not criticism, but a species of criticism, criticism as exposition of narrative-dramatic content, or symbolic content. There is nothing here for a Panofsky to do.

FP. The reason, perhaps, that the great iconographers (Panofsky, Gombrich) are declared enemies of modernism in art? I remember my long intention: to compile a collage of their attacks on twentieth century art: to attempt an explanation of the reasons (personal, political, aesthetic) for their reactionary stance, & a polemic against it.

Compile a list of relatives to Killeen's work: _____

FP. Relatives better than that art-historians's obsession — "Influences". I think of a forest of trees — does one "influence" another (by example), quite?

"Killeen has recourse to a kind of dictionary of images: he does not want to offer himself (interests & thoughts of the moment), but language in operation," says FP. Elsewhere **dictionaries & language** play a considerable part in what FP. does, offering definitions, standing as analogous term for the functioning of conventions of pictures, the frame as part of the **language** of painting, a **Sign of Depictivity**.

FP. It is pleasant to have critical writing acknowledged as a discourse with form.

The things represented may have names, but as silhouettes they lose them when they are taken out of the fields in which they are labelled & recognised. They then take on instead a more general name as thing, a more specific description as shape & colour.

FP. Not always do they lose their name, become "thing" though they invariably do. They may remain nameable -- flower, horse, snake, bird, butterfly, aeroplane, triangle etc. And these nameable things do have associations outside of the work, as RK. has said [statement for 7 PAINTERS/THE 80s]. & what is not nameable to one may be nameable to another beholder, and what is nameable to that beholder may not be so to another. It is, I mean, as much in what the viewer does not or cannot recognise (name), as in what he or she does recognise that meaning is made. Meaning, I mean, is made as much of the beholder's "misses" as her "hits". & the un-named too has "feelings" — works with the beholder in a non-verbal fashion, via a language of colour & form; & with some pieces we may respond only to their (relatively) undifferentiated substance, of them we may say, merely, "the interlaced", "the hot", "the triangular", "the cloudy", "the droopy"; & over the un-named too names may come, but tentatively come, flitting out & fading.

They do not actually have any definitional character, nor are they a lexicon of a possible language with a syntax, unless it 'is a language' that abstract form speaks.

RK. A language of association.

FP. See my bit on RK. in the Watkins essay [NEW IMAGE catalogue]. "Construction n. ...syntactical connection between words; construing, explanation (of words)...In RK's cut-outs there is an extreme refusal of construction, for no image is granted more importance than another. They are like words that refuse construction into a sentence; none becomes predicate to some other

show.

More mixed, more indeterminate as time goes on in RK's paintings, and now the pieces begin to have inside their shapes three-dimensional forms, though this is denied by their evident flatness & their evident unframedness. Frame. Perspective. Space. Relief. Coherence of light. Coherence of scale. Coherent collocation of things. All the interdependent features of a representational narrative space painting: all gone.

Once RK painted pictures of figures in spaces: in streets, in rooms. These seem to propose narrative, sociological readings. But there were none deliberately written (painted) into them.

RK. The social content of the subjects was important to me.

The only way to ensure a narrative reading is to remove any obvious alternatives. The foundations of narrative reading originates with the European tradition of reading figure pictures as narrative. The practice of painting narrative pictures reached its fullest elaboration in the eighteenth & nineteenth centuries, to be dissolved by the modernism of the early twentieth century. An alternative of considerable power in the twentieth century has been that of formal abstraction, geometrical often, avoiding representation of things as emblems, as symbols, as narrative. Retaining representational silhouettes & setting them free of frame (of picture-frame, but not the frame of room or gallery) leaves them as juxtaposed coloured shapes. They are not geometrical & therefore not frame-generated or frame-contained shapes, a disassembled group of pieces, which defy the possibility of fitting them together, remaining unique & separate. They represent parts of an imaginable whole of infinite extent, everything or anything. Their assemblage is apparently random, because no perceptible order is at hand to frame it.

RK. For me there is a point at which the painting is right, so there is an order. They are not random.

The figures of RK¹'s earlier pictures were readily identifiable representations, in colour, developed from paper cut-out silhouettes. These could be assembled against the ground of coloured walls or landscape spaces, at will. The decision to arrange them, or figures like them, by throwing dice (1970) disorganises the structuring of the narrative possibilities of the various figures that appear (ONE FOOT TWELVE INCHES).

RK. I did it to avoid the choice of formal placement which was interfering with the meaning & feeling that interested me.

FP. A side-thought — these "things" are already, in their original, literal encyclopaedic tables, made devoid of a coherent space which they might inhabit — each is flattened or exists in its own self-defined space, & each thing <Scits self-space is floated with others on a white ground: as in the cut-outs.

They are nevertheless often the shapes of things, sometimes located with other things in a mathematical sense, triangles perhaps with bugs. What occurs is a dis-ordering, a challenge to the beholder to relate them, even in some of them a difficulty in identifying what they are. Especially when they are silhouettes.

What are the names of the things, what are they doing/meaning together?

FP here inserts a passage from R.Barthes, THE PLATES OF THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA:

What is it? What name to give it? How to give it a name? A thousand names rise up, dislodging each other: a tree, a bear, a monster, a hair-shirt, a fabric...& we accede to that undifferentiated substance of which verbal or pictorial poetry is the mode of knowledge: confronting the man [reduced to a network of veins] of the Encyclopaedia we must say the fibrous, as the ancient Greeks said the moist or the warm or the round: a certain essence of substance is here affirmed...All the forces of reason & unreason concur in this poetic disquiet; first of all metaphor itself makes an infinitely ambiguous object out of a simple, literal object: the sea-urchin is also a sun, a monstrosity: the named world is never certain.

RK. Best I have seen — expressing the complexity of layers & meanings we give the world.

The passage from Barthes continues:

The privilege of the image — opposed in this to writing, which is linear -- is to compel our reading to have no specific meaning: an image is always deprived of a logical vector... This leads to what we must call the Poetics of the Encyclopaedic image, if we agree to call Poetics the sphere of the infinite vibrations of meaning at the centre of which is placed the literal object. We can say there is not one plate of the Encyclopaedia which fails to vibrate well beyond its demonstrative intent...

RK. This is also very good regarding the openness of an image & its interpretation.

...contents scattered on a wall, chosen from a heap of possible thing/silhouettes, accumulated in advance from the teeming things of the world, represented by silhouettes. They lacked that colouring that alone gives relief. They are painted in colours that have no necessary relation to colours such things might

account of their relation. They cannot be taken as a special set together, because they are not parts of the same view. They do not share a common perspective.

FP. Narrative is gone, certainly. The view gone. Unified one-point perspective gone. The measurability of things one against another, and the diminution into space as measurable & proportionate gone, all gone. But placed together as they are, the parts of each cut-out are a special set (though the **order** within that particular gathering is variable): that relation, that gathering (mere "togetherness") becomes significant -- has, however disparate its parts may be, a "content" all of its own, as a whole thing.

(To be continued elsewhere, for K.'s process, his "system" of getting the parts of each cut-out together, for deciding on their number & kind, — by "feeling", he says, by "intuition", based on "experience of what you did before, what you didn't like in it, what you want to change", & based on "what you want the work to mean or say" — needs further investigation. For now just see: Barthes — no thing once placed in a work, does not signify - - each signifies, as part of the whole, even if its significance be "insignificance".

"The artwork is never made up of anything but functions: in different degrees, everything in it signifies. This is not a matter of art (on the part of the[artist]), but of structure; in the realm of discourse what is noted is by definition notable. Even were a detail to appear irretrievably insignificant, resistant to all functionality, it would nevertheless end up with precisely the meaning of absurdity or uselessness: everything has a meaning or nothing has. To put it another way, one could say that art was without noise (as that term is used in information theory): art is a system which is pure, no unit ever goes wasted, however long, however loose, however tenuous may be the thread connecting it to one of the levels of the [artwork]..." Roland Barthes.

No doubt of this, anyway: once a part of a work is there, it is there and must be assumed as part of the whole.. Only vandalism, as we would now see it, can cut off (remove) part of the work, for all parts are parts of a now complete set, there, together.

RK. If they did not fit together there would be no reason for them to be together.

They are, amusingly, often shapes derived from specimens in taxonomic sciences, ichth- or entom- ologies, collections of weapons, or whatever, of botanic specimens...but these are, originally collocated within sections of a Table of Contents. Killeen mixes specimen from various tables, defying commonality, order, structure and classification.

RK. This refers mainly to work prior to December 1980. Before that date the majority of images were 'known' images. After that date more 'made'¹ images have been used.

A picture is worth, they say, a 1,000 words.

SEE illustrations in Art NZ 20 of these paintings by Rick Killeen:

dog without a frame May 1972	see, also, Rick Killeen's
three spikes May 1974	statement for the exhibition
across the Pacific August 1978	7 PAINTERS, THE 80'S &
continental drift(yellow) April 1981	Francis Pound's commentary
dreamtime June 1980	on it in PARALLAX 1,2, 1983.
dualism April 1980	
one foot twelve inches 1970	
black insects, red primitives Nov 1980	

[Here we pause to note with sadness
the passing of Michel Foucault,
whose writings provoked some of
the following thoughts. TG.]

Things touch
against the banks of discourse because
they appear in the hollow space of
representation.

He sd, in LES
MOTS ET LES CHOSES, 1966.
In English. THE ORDER OF THINGS, 1970.

also:

Observation, from the seventeenth century onward, is a perceptible knowledge furnished with a series of systematically negative conditions...that limited the realm of experience and made the use of optical instruments possible. Structure is that designation of the visible which...enables it to be transcribed into language...it leaves each being its strict individuality and expresses neither the table to which it belongs, nor the area surrounding it, nor the site it occupies, from chapter V, classifying.

Frames cut out & make separate inside from outside. Inside a picture there are edges, lines that are themselves frames & sub-frames. Silhouettes, figure & ground, things & spaces around them, both objects & non-objects are represented in a picture-space. If you cut out the main frame, you let the represented objects out of the space of the picture, and come out from the non-objects (spaces), the ground, the table. They leave the table behind & now it is unrepresented. The representation of objects becomes unstable without a table.

In a photograph (7 PAINTERS catalogue) a painted wooden chair in a room with Killeen cut-outs completes a sequence of grades of representation, from flat shapes on the wall to solid painted object. Representation has not been abolished in Killeen's works. It is still active as a ground, a structure, against which his cut-outs are operative. But without a frame the cut-outs cannot readily be **col-located** in a narrative

Tony Green, Francis Pound & Rick Killeen

SILHOUETTES ON THE SHADE

Explanatory Note.

This text was originally composed for PARALLAX in 1983. At first it was an essay on silhouettes and narrative in paintings by Rick Killeen & Nic.Poussin, representing the dissolution and the institution of narrative painting respectively. (In 10pt Courier, the typewriter face of the rest of this magazine.) Francis Pound then added comments to it. (In 10pt.proportional spaced typing, initialled FP.) And Rick Killeen added further notes. (In 12pt. Elite, initialled RK.) This is a revised and shortened version, omitting discussion of a painting by Garofalo in Dunedin (FP, to be included in a forthcoming Bulletin of New Zealand Art History) and discussion of two paintings by Nic.Poussin both concerned with shadows and silhouettes. TG, August 1984.

desperate Entities, Disparate entities

didactic tactics

jouissance

cette Perspective
ou Collocation reguliere des figures
dans un tableau. Roland de Chambray, 1662

abandonment of the frame, the sign
of depictivity. Francis Pound, 1981
(Art NZ, 20: Escape from the Frame, Richard
Killeen's Cut-outs)

Cleophantes of Corinth, called Monochromates, painted in one colour
the Corinthian maid, inspired by Amor, traced her
lover's shadow on the wall

[Commentaries:

(a) origin of painting: drawing in outline

(b) resemblance requires the addition of colouring to give
r e l i e f to drawing, to show bodies in the round

(c) portrayal is inspired by love, in turn inspired by
beauty. Its purpose is to retain the image of beauty,
against the fading of memory with the passage of time, and
against aging & death.

illustrations
bring to light the darkness of a text

illuminations

irradiations
hermeneutics

that no! thursday! th cats not housetrained yet so y have t do th washing on thurs-
day no i dunno if theyre open y dont nee credit coz th stores no more dont ask
drop roun I mean th back like wave your turn is big of y leanin on size n when
god went frm mud pies t bullshit we got a new foreman lots a was what wants a

a crackafata crawler don argue breeches t heels btween th feet n dracs dn cream
n cook no comp y get up put hair on it y soda sook stuffin up space it hung push
pud thumber n down chook clap lugs sense pry gin high n crook on mary get up for
example

mumsa wank fulln boot one pair sock nummer n titch bit by lot oops up locky pop
radium too wave t date me soot n wait frever fits n starts th rings a vish gimme
na lip call a bet a whats what in a neg pay in th pink n word up kiss off downer
gggettin a lend a him

flick switch emma chisit diddlin winks on broadway saw nuff fr other n with a
trice a matter have sod carry wave n plonk name obstacled th very roll

think of that soft collar we got here aint it yimbin much muchness like dose
knockin on leg lifters three

youre on there y are a mess of examples of positivism as metaphor ABED wouldn it?

say that happened and it a little bit things s th no no inno chicken wi implicits
n it jus a cn do a satdy so long since had any didn know they moved it pube blue
shoo dib dob doins bloody fucker wheres that drip with th science of examples
mister whatsit gay glumers got no nicies bowel blink icings skites y like play
dummies got no bread mostly white lies long legs

looks like rain later said the the but didn n bigs a dunno lits a was wheres th
dunny in th poz stumblin under the belly of gravity under th number of th hat all
the possies in a pom got one t one times two null no number neg no nill cook th
books pry prob partly lever loan do no downers drop no ups BAA square a when
very much more likely of a copy to dupe function carbon plot cmon spot gumup I
mean y know where y stand with long sentences

right they started introducing like their own language dig it i mean like that all their missiles n computers n stuff run on right i mean up t now theyve been using like about three hundred languages or something so theyve got one language for the whole lot okay thing is that this language is so sophisticated theres no way they can model right they cant test run it so the only way they can test it out is by implementing it right ship sheep don be such a little prick sir i think so sir a looka a looker a twin goodies n baddis n me n if its all th same t you it makes sense coz nothin makes more sense than it has to course y know i mean in that this n that proves knowledge all y can prove is yr wrong intuit rhubarb inna slips like inside a black hole is all th same time tho th long n th short of it this ain reagan laid off info found out a nice big F little T a bit full good y back haven seen y ears n ears b i still nose y woulda sent a letta b i didn have th stamp watchin gravity doodle past go dodgin th nouns lacks as cats vish ws sit we s th tweens coz non one-offs no number ears as levers distance as adverb rhyme tionary n explanation seems t work think of a word any word really argument is facile agreement the laughtrack of the stock exchange which models speech as a client n thumbs okay think of another word

n I was really pissed off I mean I found out he had gerstmanns syndrome like he could read OK but he couldnt tell left frm right or one finger frm th other he couldntwrite he could read alright but he couldn write I got him figured out and the big bastard died on me

s OK I know how you feel

you tell me where yr goin so i'll think yr goin somewhere else but i happen t know that is where you are goin so why do you lie t me pickin silver off th glass a lot looks nice go home n tell y mother she wants y things is quick falling over themselves type things lastic apples in th big froze th shadda t th thumb n th car she gets loner y slow down get a load of this th sons mum turns a straight line t a stretch t say five or smooove a function weighin water inna moon whadabout comeup doubla bin bin don be silly nappin naughty mary d be a moral in th third puttin jam on th knock n hard word on dink how big is yeast makin like so s bluey who cant read is readin let lone writin watchin what be a number looks good woop woop need a spell rhubarb i in 1299 florentine bankers were outlawed frm using other than roman numerals so whats th probs on $A + BN$ over N is X who knows

an coz e didn know i killda thsi place is wired together its a bit crooked some of the sheets d tear if y bend em twice it damp a bit n there are 6 cats n drop th dog moved ina while back b y cant do much in lieu a lie a photo one one one one one one one times a sec puts y thinker outa sink n kills y sayin I do too ts too stupid fr words but he broke th law how much data can y get on th head of a pin ouch louise pulls trains t say noise doesn rhyme with credit that shit sucks

cockroaches) so people dont have to talk to one another unless they talk business i'll see you about the same time a's my birthday avec avec avec had qua oo snugs t boo hoo book bub n better all in cz then theys ll get no those but cut n now n then a crockery cockery ponder down nouns ro mar tok a glum use t cz hs all there up t ee n in fr it don let on coup coupy cark watchin R come n E fo frm g t d a pee pull a yeah b a out n out a barbie a spaz a cap a brownie gooda 3 t 4 placebo do too not sidown b how many don mine fl do then theres me chair yknow tricks is vish whatserface so bein wrong is cute a mimic tickle ta ta not that knowers is coppers n coppers is banks knowers is coppers n coppers is fucked knowin is coppin n coppin be shit please been whatnot in a fix ta fr th tip says s n let us protectsia a luckful of itches praps space is jus a data bank y knower a thing is what y say about it when a joke is what y knew but didn know it so default a thunk has got a drop on a bill has got a fix tools is tick tock tumours a giveaway biddy an buck a spot is not a spot all whats s got friends a on is on a tarantula is about so big t wanna come back s a befo 2 times true a spores naught a got no time night night charm scold slugs on mars hid divvy th id wif ideas gullible corny I fget wee whenny real people or bloody cold n bloody slow proof is what we mighta called a truth if we didn have th roof of reason I n it this n that fair cop 2 bits back t back if y cant see it say so this is it which is t say be mine bribe learn me b bein dumb says pic t pattern n y do gum up soi s y can have a good time makin one or more fuckety fuck did you say dead? yeah dead quite dead she made me say it once its been done once too true y cant be tah stupid I mean phasing by numbers examples as of being told off whatja say t that then in that me metaphorhas done a bunk n it don look too good order sonmorder I think so imply a lot for Christmas so now th question is is it more real to go by bus or by car?

:y an now they got these computer things an they can an like they can engrave on to like molecules right like atoms y see like in new york they have urn seventy percent of the phones at any time are being used by bloody computers right so IBM is having like this long trade war with with with like bell or general electric or whoever it is runs the phones and um they get jacked off like paying all this all this phone rent so they start and then the other thing is is like slowing i mean speeding computers up right i mean coz they cant go any faster coz like they they melt right i mean as far as like processing so they um so now theyve got this thing so they lower the temperature dig it these things can go much faster these um these ones n zeros so they have this scene where instead of like engraving on to silicon or whatever they can do it on to atoms now n whamo youve got this bit of space right with all this engraving this photoengraving on the on the these things and so you haveta i mean if the wind blows like there goes y fucker so y haveta like build a box around it or somethin i dunno or like superimpose this pattern on space or like the yeah the molecules of of all these abstracts processes floatin around i mean when these bloody computers start droppin out of the sky then all hells gunna break loose like gettin hit on the head yknow by a bloody mathematical equation then they got this like new fuel they got this new fuel like antiproton right so like y get three grams of it and its enough t take you to mars an back and have a holiday in sorento and then like so whats the physics of like the guy that slowed himself down i mean right i mean that slowed his metabolism down slowed his breathing down so he stopped breathing so like he like they stuffed up all his orifices with like wax n stuff an they dug him up he like he left instructions like t dig him up in in fifty years time n they did like they cleared out all the wax n shit n so he says wow it was a groove like yknow ya so he wz goin back he went back they did it six times thing is th last time like like like ha twohundredandfifty years or somethin is like the last time they use they were gettin progressive they used inferior wax ha bloody maggots got in oh well and the thing is like last Christmas like the defence department in america started introducing its gunna take em about a year to implement it

Chris Mann

UNTITLED PIECES

subjective beats metaphor 5:1 (925) the jerk was dressed t th nines I see you they see off or as they say down under fuck off 44 45 (look around) the of and a to in is you that it he for was on are as with his they had to be from I have all my one not but what who were when we there can an your which their said if two will each about how up out them then she many some so these would other into has more her too like him see time could make them first been its now people mine over did down only way find use would from little very after words called just where most know no no no we say the, of, busy conceits I sponse don push it what y got? proton ar bosons bored blalu an blalu watch it anybody blalu you gotit how bout si poke fuckin listen t me I gotta talk t y tell y everythin he say they push that button not a clue tell on you how d y spell sick typical don shit me one y got yr breaver n then y get y tongue an all this fore y quarter born n anyway fore y get y thumb my my 3X y don say who do you whatswhat now y talkin out of sorts n uglyly a come-to on th up n up t quibble gray n say thanks or do in rich w which frill fill go down pretty well t parlay vous call names choosy choosy fell a big is a think chook somethin on a run got it down spot an fade an adverb only ever tol y what t say I'll fix you that is the british empire would never have been if theyd had t learn english first up yours n with 30 people y get a pause every 11 minutes so go on own up y been had y grammar teacher wz a pro 1:1 snot on ape shit itch at the jelly up n coming only th owners don follow th horses price rises cost more t make than best bets n thats each thats a fine how d y do cost y 4 languages t think bout it n 7 t agree in fr it might as well loss of vowel before liquids n nasals such n give snug fr stiff lace lash lass mim min miss tis th others n I remem one time when we wen out with th rest of em n me farver wz after us n we were chicken n goin in cz th res bein out like heard they all took frakes n wen away Isaylsaylsay don zagerate I'd say that so how d y like this cup this is yeah its a nice cup someone left it on yeah its nice him n the me wz the his of a says? no trick n no said n doin ah-ha t tuesday where dju get off? an an you know wha up wi ju? wanna glassa water an ipso oops blank rag we we is a lever this gun is black therefore it is a gun serve y right watchin out fr nummer one nr rhyme nr reas you heard me dear simon how are you how is cait how was school new york is big and noisy and there is this big french lady who stands on an island and she is really fat i live in a little room on broadway just near a book shop that has 8 miles of books apart from the big french lady who is made of stone some people are very nice but they dont read many books because it is winter here we are on the other side of the world to you so that means when you sneeze we fart and because everything is so expensive money isnt worth much also coz its cold all the trees are inside and when the dogs shit in the streets the people have to pick it up they dont like teachers here so they dont pay them much money and in mexico they dont pay the police much money i went to Washington and saw them boss everybody around and saw the white house and the black people also in america they drive on the wrong side of the road and so you can get run over and not even know it and there is this man who tells you how big he is and he has a Christmas tree which is as big as a double decker dinosaur and they have so many people on this island called manhattan in the middle of new york city (there are about the same number of people that live in the whole of australia) and this island is real titchy (it is about as big as walking to the footy ground about 100 times) a lot of people in new york have pets (some have uppers and a lot have downers and most have

questions running through them, ending with a questioning of where we might be. Curiously, we are clearly located at the end of a book.

CSQ WHERE AM I (OR, ARE WE)?

CSQ	Where am I (or, are we)?
WJV	Somewhere
CST	Where are they?
DQR	Anywhere
CSR	Where are (or, is)?
MJC	Everywhere
SI	Where are you from?
EQS	Anywhere else
SH	Where are you bound?
LVS	Elsewhere
CSR	Where is?
CSP	Whereabouts

Note. In addition to Charles Bernstein's essay in L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E, the texts referred to are **Identity Gossip** in ALLEN VERBATIM, New York, 1975; MEMORY, North Atlantic Books, 1975. Hannah Weiner's books, THE CLAIRVOYANT JOURNAL, Angel Hair, 1978; NIJOLE'S HOUSE, Potes & Poets; LITTLE BOOKS/INDIANS, Roof; should still be available thru U.S. distributors, e.g. Small Press Distribution Inc, or Segue, New York; the 2 books reviewed here, likewise. 2 further books by the same writer are due out soon. NZ readers will perhaps already know that all the above are available in the University of Auckland Library. The Widemouth Tape is available from Widemouth Tapes: Box 382, Baltimore, MD. 21203. The Audiographics Tape is available from New Wilderness Foundation, Inc. 325, Spring Street, Room 208, New York, New York 10013 - the readers are Hannah Weiner, Sharon Mattlin, & Margaret de Coursey in § March and for § April Regina Beck substitutes for Margaret de Coursey. I have heard the Widemouth Tape, which is echoey, recorded in a theatre, but not the Audiographics Tape, which, presumably is studio recorded.

Tony Green, August, 1984.

this letter to anybody

send Canada mag soon I was with dont mention names in
it a little bit but he declined THAT MEANS MON Y

sis it means I was declined political to be a

little reader page get me over Indians tell

George its a political freedom issue and I dont get

it in wherewho scared a little my teeth my

mother sudden realization George calls wherei>

'he hippie money we Bought em out btUCe problem

SIS WE JUST JUM PED ON TH E TRAIN AN D rid*ewyH ID

be very careful jncjlan with your letter I send

you postcard now have you ever we stood be

with the land silent before a great stone

iu iu a great big change R'Smarie COMts for you

if you lead them Charlei lilent without

talking brother! mother would icratch out her

religioua ceremony laat name fover ce libate

sis I choose to remain celibate for a life when

I return 86 plenty of company sis slightly

Reading is a decipherment of several tracks that have become intermingled in the text. There is reference outside the text evidently to the writer's actual family, especially mother and grandmother, and to Crow Indians, and the insertion of letters and the mention of a sister. But the effect is not so much of the narration of events in the writer's eventful life as of a mythical textual event taking place. The personal, the hassles, begin to submerge in some more general narrative, appearing in shreds and only with patient listening and reading. It is like a narrative in formation, on the point of transition from narrative structure through to a fiction. It starts out from a death, of a friend, and then proceeds through thoughts of relatives, dead, old and living, a meditation allowing for the spread of attentions here and there as it goes.

The CODE POEMS are related to the journal writing slightly obliquely. They are constructed out of the limited phraseology of ship's signalling manuals. And they are centred on groups of like phrases, questions, formal utterances with blanks to be filled in on occasion. They are conceived of to be seen, a visual manifestation that signals words, semaphores and coloured flags, conceived of also originally as performances.

The first piece goes for ribald comedy. The code letters from the manual are keyed to three speakers, Romeo, Mike and Juliet. Much turns on the communications between ships concerning equipment and the possibility of ambiguity concerning the equipment of lovers. Fortuitously, **cock** and **screw** are in the ship manual's repertory. The joke is a oncer. And the other poems are posed in a kind of void, with mysterious and metaphysical

Review

Hannah Weiner. **CODE POEMS**. Open Book(Station Hill), 1982
& **SIXTEEN**, Awede, 1983.

Both finely printed books and both recent. There's a range of U.S. especially NY poetries that take the content of consciousness as starting point for writing. See Charles Bernstein's essay THOUGHT'S MEASURE in L=A=N=G-U=A-G=E vol 4

Certainly 'stream of consciousness' writing satisfies the desire for thinking in writing with maximum exhilaration, and as such is a primary example of writing as thinking. Hannah Weiner, in her journal, carries this mode to a contemporary literalness, finding a way to record the continually interruptive quality of her thinking, the mind intruding on itself as one worry breaks off and another image takes hold? Yet these examples, as well, can seem limited by their stylistic casts, throwing them into the realm of literary forms more than manifestations of thinking.

To come close to the process of thought has seemed to necessitate a series of moves away from the common syntax, grammar and logic. These, standardised to make language into a means for communication(s), obscure the individual variants that actually make up the content of anyone's thinking. It aims at getting round the propositional statement and the logic founded on it. Cf. Alternatives appear in the writing of Ginsberg and Kerouac, pouring out what is immediately present to thought. Bernadette Mayer's writings of the early 1970's such as MEMORY (1975) follow in this mode. "This work is a new kind of autobiography. Adults do not normally remember that way in which they experienced as children," says David Rubinfine, M.D., introducing the text.
Sample:

impossible to take make pictures of this scene's not dull of
white it down, we are recording sound listen supermarket depart-
ment store bells no bells we move to a different turn spot tune gim-
bels to corn at macys looking 4 bells this is a girl who must take
make pictures, she, not postpone, smoothly into focus comes foods
notes sounds taken in the car taken while every one & every thing
goes on moving in some experiment with isolation, is that what it
is. Look around new spot small shirt white pants i'm inside not out-
side & cars & stares, to record, machines? stare? notes? stare? you?
stare? where was i at that point - W34THST&7THAVE park double
park park expose, goes on click, man in shades turns around he's
a convict, joe Colombo, go about observing & checking with a set of
rules a certain set of rules in marked cars & uniforms the cops are

This writing does not produce a speechlike patterning,
but, rather, compresses, breaks, corrects and else-
where repeats, as if taking the quick internal move-
*ment of thought that is edited out in most utterance.

Flicking through and it was witchcraft it was said by the man. There is no talk though. The Americans said I will live there, lives as long as possible but convenience is a kind of a British thing suck in by sorrows. A literal thinking black which could mean thinking about witches. I was also acting black. There was no unreason. Irrationality had a page of picking up 150. Which is our ninth problems of poison oracle system, ot was a 7/8p;ote arrpgamce. It was a polite arrogance. But it was linguistic of objection of his frustrations his point of view and their language of smokescreen. No way to object. He argues its self-perspective beliefs are irrational.

A motion of inter linguistic truth within a specific argument, reality and truth as far as your belief. It would go. Poison oracle is really weird sub-ordinate. The reader is a power of oracle. It will support coherent, so ordered sexual experience, azande mystical poison idiom. Peter Winches paragraph erotique points out true reality is hinch in Evans language. True or False. Illogical notion of reality.

Very interesting relativism philosophy.

I think it is a very widely relativism racosm and colonial arrogance. One truth one progress, one reality. No it has reversed over one years ago. Relativism is a poliical Fascist.

Defend explicit N.Z. and U.S. policy. Oil is behind us and national policy and national held up of witchcraft irrational system. What are general laws of witchcraft as in core mystical craft puts it. Compare experimental methods in scientific control. Compare witchcraft in our legal system. Some sort of general experiment. I is saying n belief in our society. Explain hygiene to a Martian he will say "Stick em up!" Smell your hands we just think about 900 of us and few have general explanation of beliefs. This is lies they never needed a system. There are no particular parts. Think!

You sorry and given oh tainted love touch
13 women's best heavy fog fishing and clash.

CORSO there amble appeal

Super special and Ross Goodwin.

For the woman who prefers fresh raspberries
to fruit cocktail. "The models in their mag-
nificent array march forth from the designer'
minds like so many daughters of fantasy."

Check this out Dont be so slick

"Csmic" and "Atol" from Barbara.

Top shop. Body shop. Varnish blusher. The shop.
Everyones getting involved. Stop making sense;
Walk lightly. Think of the time, noble furs
noble furs. "We are riding a rhinoceros. "So
dont bleed to lick it. You stick it. Get ready
give it get the stature of time. So let it.

Pull up the out of suck

Mister Albert Livingstone Refiti

Dishonour fee to do with

Mar 1 243.22 overdraft

Mar 7 253.22 overdraft

Mar 12 258.22 overdraft

Are you a regular dancer with a fee?

Refiti Albert Livingstone

Bursary Back Stop Account Name

We can Box you in you know?

Name of other Party particulars code

We are in Queen St. P.O. Box 18 Auckland

Mr Albert Livingstone Refiti You have

Home standing in passing of love and cover up

Thank you He says

Thank you She says and now.

Albert Livingstone Refiti .

4 POEMS

Someone lost worrying office in London. In American sooner the card the time. Instant million marble the buy a price and size every gold. Kiwi first on sale the two matter of somebody the golden 2250 at winning very drawer the Sir Robert. One of manage no ah most 250,000 New Zealand held by great concern no tax.

Final draw take 250,000 marbles well at least so don't right Barry love. The seal 100%. Now Government barrel great future Probe take one. Change forever. Inspect alright first I'm 246489 Correct Constable Love that NZ 1m. Give away tax-free Good Luck. The winning buds few minutes of syndicate follower as 1st Gold have finest moment. Winning give Syndicate nom de plume, read gone to the South. Syndicate MM at least advice good tomorrow confirm balance main prizes 1m.

words mesh he sd with the body

the words feel good

•

let it gently pull ribs apart

the singular

Other

He & she will put it all
together, apart, whether
or not you do it

They'll be there

And this is not what I started out to do

Hey you

Sing it

(This is the second of a series in the publication of
all the notebooks, 1976-1978. The 1976 Notebook may
be found in SPLASH one.)

there is nothing
not happening

the 'facts' periodic
to my seeing them

Vast illusion of homogeneity

A friend writes from
Costa Brava of 'The wine-dark sea'

This is it?
It's all here?

"Put it there"

•

Wittgenstein: It is
a language

that it's
all done

(the mythic, or fictive
structure

independent of ego
or, intent

but known

'in one's person'

plus Whitehead: question all assumptions

retain all the evidence

•

surprise again, it's travelling
gets me going -

Passengers' reading The Path of True Love
The People's Friend

On the lookout
for hawks

'it can't be insisted upon'

without those jagged
rocks

how will light hit the waves
just like that

•

In memoriam George Hita, steel guitarist

most mechanical player
I ever heard — same tune
same way, night
after night, never smiled

except when he's had
a few beers then if
the tune he's playing
reminds him of
another tune, he moves
right into it

Keep smiling George

he sat on
a chair that creaked

scratched the back of his neck
with his left hand

put both elbows on the table
fingers forward & outstretched

and sd ¹There's a story

can be told, of
any act'

•

'I might have known'

who's going to
rescue me

when I'm gone

a bad poet writes —

"a formal wildness
in the mind"

Hmm. Not bad

•

awake at 6 a.m. — The clean
sea-sound

•

nearly put my whole weight
on it, barefoot, stepping
into the shower box

the large, dead
thrush

Flies laid eggs
in the beak

& eye

old lady on train -

'there's some kind of
planet, way out there'

•

'I dunno why
we came back. Only
bit of it I can stand

is the sea-edge

And I don't
give a stuff where we
come from, man

that ain't where you live'

•

what have I been given

what have I got for you today

foals running

(for Alison

in the park
lying on their backs
2 middle aged women
in flower print
dresses

'I'm sorry I didn't
come to see you'

'It's alright. You're
here now'

'Yes. I think I am'

•

to be like
that
black dog - shit, and

not look back

Alan Loney

NOTEBOOK 1977

what's been, all the time
my one idea

there's nothing.
that doesn't add.

•

to be utterly 'natural'
be dead?

or a spider
a totara log
a stone

or take it, that this

is pure, un-
inhabitable

nature

GOING THROUGH CUSTOMS

barbari in novo orbe inveniuntur, qui patria veteramenta, hoc est, detritos calceos, montibus & viis dedicant, ut prosperum iter obtineant.

patria vets, montibus ous journey. niuntur qui itos calceore a prospervo orbe inveoc est, detr ant, ut prosbarbari in noeramenta, h & viis dedic niuntur, quioc est, detrains of the ous journey, vo orbe inveeramenta, hs, montibus re a prosper barbari in no patria vetitos calceoord, to ensur ous journey, re a prosperold, to ensurains of the aths & mountout on the poc est, deteramenta, h patria vetniuntur, quivo orbe invebarbari in no ains of the icate their barbari in noold, to ensur shoes, worn vo orbe invere a prosperout on the p niuntur, quious journey. aths & mount patria vet old, to ensurout on the pns would dedbarbari in no re a prosperaths & mounticate their vo orbe' inve ous journey, ains of the shoes, worn the barbaria coming to a new country, the barbarians would ded icate their shoes, worn out on the paths & mount ains of the old, to ensure a prosperous journey

from the POLYHISTOR SYMBOLICUS
of Nicolaus Caussin, 1631

THE GASTRONOMES

\$2.25 for tartare the squid ordinary sauce
the sauce squid tartare ordinary for \$2.25
ordinary tartare sauce for \$2.25 the squid
uninteresting with both garlic bread we began
garlic began bread both we with uninteresting
we both began with uninteresting garlic bread

the by \$1 breaded and for followed
breaded followed and \$1 for by the
for \$1 followed by the breaded and
each six squid with very fried rings
with rings very squid fried six each
fried squid rings six each with very
corrugated by meal iron sandbags a surrounded
iron surrounded sandbags meal a by corrugated
a meal surrounded by corrugated iron sandbags

been had drear to have how it
to it have drear how had been
how drear it had been to have
mutated seemingly dead potplants Ah and and
potplants and Ah dead and seemingly mutated
and dead and seemingly mutated potplants Ah

Tony Green

3 POEMS

LE BON DAVID

when we fix our thought on any object
our object fix any we on when thought
any thought fix when object on our we
and suppose it to continue the same for
to for it same suppose the and continue
same continue it and for the to suppose
some time 'tis evident we suppose the change
evident change 'tis the time suppose some we
the we 'tis some change suppose evident time
to lie only in the time and never
in never only and lie time to the
and the only to never time in lie
exert ourselves to produce any new image or
produce or to image ourselves new exert any
image any to exert or new produce ourselves

for Frank Fecko

Is the act the apprehension - or do I apprehend the act? Is it even that elusive? I go. My going has no form, it is displacement, actually it achieves destruction. The wrecking of one arrangement after another. I believe that the rest holds relatively stable in those instants. Why not? It's all I keep my frame of reference in, that time around. Let it act stable for the sake of reference. Let it be well enough behaved to be made use of. Thereby what is accumulated has a distinctive relative value, at every point I seem to be able to know where I am, to anticipate the mundane spatiality. I flatter myself with a sense of knowing. The most minimal track on the surface of the swamp, the vascular network, lying on the exposed flesh, first flaying in the act of dissection, just reveals the inadequacy of describing the form of the whole from any of its single support systems. Language. The event. A functional adequacy, a sufficient method, regardless of cause, manufacturing sequence in order to be effective. Otherwise the means dissolves as chemical structure in the absence of bonds, it won't be difficult to be overwhelmed, unable to distinguish anything in what from every point permits constitution into infinite combination. But without the accorded significance of judgment, the precious vehicle.

To have realized (thanks to linguistics) the liquids r-1 and a dental d with nearness e, farness a, nearness i_ and a slide z. Realized. Event. Close, action, stoppage - a very brief dynamic in which the particulars have allowed themselves to be conclusively consumed in the generality which in turn returns to them the value of constitution, significance, otherwise unnoted. Mostly it goes unnoticed.

So who can see to be limited. Some liability shelters the scheme.
Common are the shares of regular ability.
Absolute content. Relative context. At least we're working on
what's really real.

In which even tragedy is redeemed by romance. Sanctity
of the couple and elimination of the rivals, for the
sake of the two who see only each other. They know and
recognize each one that other. Recognition makes place.
The social drama satisfies itself through choreography.
The activity is set up in order to resolve through the
totalitarian arrangement which is plot. No gratification
occurs without that solution. It appropriates by the
unalterable format, nothing autonomous, it all submits
to the whole, which we all knew and which it always
assumed we would know.

Is friction the only way into reality?

It isn't just my arm you're breaking, it's my heart.
The point of resistance is existence.

I know it's just for love you're tearing me apart.
Traction. Constriction. Even repentance has its price.

Otherwise why would you try so hard?
Payoff, pay off. A revolutionary rate of return.

We'll keep holding off the celebration
Let's just settle down

Till we reach instructive evolution
And build us a nice little nest just us two. With no clear
separation of voice.

Let's just settle down.
Language is provisional. No point to be proved in being too
original.

Not enough to say that looking at it from a different
position is a point of view. Attitude is only partially
determined by particulars. A significant aspect of what
occurs is not described or describable. So as resolu-
tion may occur on any level of vision - the necessity
and rightness always accessible - the focal plane,
easiest to see in this mode, always can be formed, for
any "real" object/arrangement - an infinite variable
equal to a constant of focus - so, now where that bears
on the event is that such a simple function does not
automatically resolve any temporal sequence into an
event. So: I woke when I was at the door. I do not
remember leaving the bed. I must have walked in my
sleep. The warmth as a point of origin is a constant
reference to movement, as the temperature also alters
by context through the course of the room. It didn't
happen just that way. Without realizing it, I opened
the door but looked back into the space I had occupied.
From where I stood it was clear that everything in the
room was mine. This had become my office. It was
actually my bedroom. But unable to recognize the
furniture as having precise functions, or at that
moment, any functions, allowed me to proceed without

an ultimate form of attention. The moving principal. What ego would not respond? Harmonic resonance has these properties - the narcotic effect of convincing escapism, carving out roles of total self-importance. The complexity of structure essential to completion. But into an open rather than a closed form. A way to open all forms - but is there? Just because an insignificant heroine can be contextualized into a motivated animal doesn't make the topic of discourse unlimited. A musical is general by which it can partake.

HOMELAND. Property has properties. Got to get. To state is to claim.

HOMELAND. Inheritance is tenuous. Use it as a base.

Occupation is a critical aspect of possession.

Use is an effectual means of definition.

A program of futures just squanders the known.

You ought to be a squatter cause it really doesn't matter

HOMELAND if you're anybody's daughter.

HOMELAND Everything locatable occurs in space. I name it. I obtain it.

HOMELAND. Cognizant form equals neural position.

A specific dynamic with at least a minimum degree of resolution. No thought is complete but the sense of it is. Reliability lies in cognition, the certainty a form of emphasis, assurance. Definition is a form of reduction. Nothing deceptive but definitely eliminative - in order to succeed on its own terms, in establishing those own terms. Were they kittens or babies? In the dream something warm and soft and small toward which I was very tender. That was before I even left the bed, to walk to the door, to awaken in reflection of the space crossed by a movement which had brought me to a point where I was able to recognize that the action had succeeded in becoming a tautology, a reciprocating advocate for its own existence - as - what? For if the recognition grants identity it is because it recognizes. Not sufficient to see it as a Thom type paradigm, the untraceable path of activity does not have linear form, that representation ignores the very difficulty of ever deriving a correspondence.

I saw the. I want the. How can you consider this vocabulary
Enough?

Have you nothing to confess? No little transgressions of
representation?

In the confusion of these days, what to wish for but more trade.
Each distinction that gets made, gets made for the sake of the
better evaluation.

Profusion, allusion, a passive transfusion. What is action by
transaction is not just distraction.

The intention to discover is discovered through invention.

Not mind to give.

Get more ambitious. You can't imagine how grand it can be in
the grandstand.

But the real satisfaction is in absorbing the composition, reposing in its predictability. From the first need to distinguish and discriminate is eliminated by the high degree of motivation in the work. It will always belong to itself.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

I came to I knew you Would want
Is the nature of a constant simply that it doesn't vary?
Like we always hoped?

Possession means nothing short of ingestion.

Our own little place just like we always hoped

BE TRUE

The equal value of terms is not in the terms, but in the situation
Things have changed - this assumes a prior condition
I've changed - the argument is against pure subjectivity

It's me. Anchor the reference in specifics. It's you. A given is
a way to postulate identity.

It's me it's you it's you.

Is there ground to work in relation between things that renders them significant? How to see relations as an entity. What is difference? If the simplest computation is this/not this, then how is that distinction codified besides in the material reference of the original elements? What sense of dynamics holds it in mind, allows it to be considered a realized confluence of forces in a sufficiently resolved form to be described as self-sufficient, contained and recognizable, allowed and recoverable, a graphic dichotomy, existing as an activation.

It isn't just a matter of the act. What's innate is in fact.

Any little bit of stuff, can become sufficient cause -
what sort of symptom is this the condition of?

HOW TO JOIN FORCES ?

Now if that ain't a metaphor what is a man, with tables and
chairs and a game of variables.

So easy to be born again

A dedicated radical has essential nature.

Looks around and stops short.

Can things be otherwise.

How to get a hold on the principles of operation, a logic which
describes something more than itself, this is matter.

Tangible substance. Establish yourself.

Credentials and loans for short-term political purposes.

Cause on that final day, before any tribunal, you might question
the concept of consummate laws.

What social surface did you find belief in?

Naturally there has to be an obstacle to overcome, device to move ahead by, make separation of the space into a readable exaggeration, by reduction. An old lover comes to reclaim her lost sweetheart. Recognition of individual activity, never for its own sake, but as

Thinking is a form of participation. Writing wants to state its claim to be a transformation. To be is not a form and yet it's all in the relation.

Let's assumes together is in line.

Objects have movement. Must all nominatives imply a predicate? In this case the inverse is more the issue. Stasis a referential form of movement, repeats, insists, declares, indicates, persists, perpetuates, remains - all of which is movement without alteration of the position of the coordinate points. If an event is configuration, sequence of dynamics, of energy - of objects, how to separate the movements from the objects or to see the objects in terms of the movements, as products of the movements. What are movements? Of course they have no precipitate form though they have a manifest form, they can't be traced, only speculatively reconstructed, without artificial means - and even the best of artificial means, even at the sci-fi limit of conception, makes a gross diagram, not an actual trace, not a trace of movement directly proceeding from motion. Not the smoke trail but the path of displacement might describe a plane were it sufficiently detectable and refined - to what? Following that analogy into

Imperialist lightning. Grammar is the greatest imposition of form.

Don't care what's out there until it rains
Not even a dog
But if it starts to thunder and lightning
Can eat dogma ma
And there's no other subjects running around, wrap up in a
wet sheet lie close to the ground
And only a dog would have to try.
Because ACTS OF GOD, externalized intention, can only be
excuses for a Dream of Power, the chance to objectify motivation makes for stabilization
The instinct is to concretize, Daddy won't you recognize, Mamma
don't you sympathize
How can syntax ever not incite a Revolution?

So completely without suspense it compels. Not the substance but the sentence fulfills expectation. We have. It presents, from the first moment totally without question. No, nothing but the promise to deliver, performance. It dominates, the way a slope dominates the movement of anything into a culvert. It's ability (the musical's) is to persuade. The dosage reassures - an easy persuasion complies with other forms I've known. Held, or had. The spectacle is in the absorption provided by the confectionery arrangement. Infinitely consumable. Precisely for being so formulaic it gains reliability - just by being structured. Even in the opera it is impossible to escape a resolution.

Johanna Drucker

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT MUSICALS/ THE NATURE OF EVENT

Between a musical, mostly form, and an event - how to mediate, not construct a logical relation out of tactics, but a substantial argument in which a parallel investigation does not proceed according to a correspondence, or in the expectation of it.

Take the event: in my dream, without seeing properly or hearing what is going on, I know something has happened. A woman has whisked out of the room. Is that enough? A sound betrays a displacement which occurs by means of a motion. A man comes into the room and gets the woman to leave with him. Now we're talking. Will the definition come from the particular characteristic of event, or does the event become particularly characteristic by the effect of the definition? How to see through the question to its constitution. Go for the minimal, to isolate and simplify. This/not this. The distinction insufficient, but the making of it adequate. Affirmation of the dynamic, which, by not being formal, is not informal, but unformable. Why?

So, to take this problem and locate it in an implausible relation with what I know of musicals, how will that, without being either sentimental (that is, restricted by a patent, precious hierarchy) or tautological make this work at this moment into an event?

What do I know? That they are, musicals, banal, formulaic, deal with topics not integrities. Thematic arrangements, a strict formality in composition, movement - the transparency of the story only serves as an excuse for the characters to change position in relation to one another. No sense of verisimilitude (to what?) is necessary to maximize the potential of that structural arrangement. The space of activity is subdivided according to the temporarily shifting claim of territory, it provides the material substrate for the narrative hierarchy. Momentary, but definitive, configurations. Our situation, and thus our character, can have any attributes so long as there's at least one unsettled proposition to compel the sequence.

Permit. Admit. It's speculation. Public act and private fact. Language negotiates, as an action. Private act and public fact. Solvent politics never required more skill than they do now. Incidentally. Whether speaking or not. Which we were not.

people become unemployed when you have to close your doors.

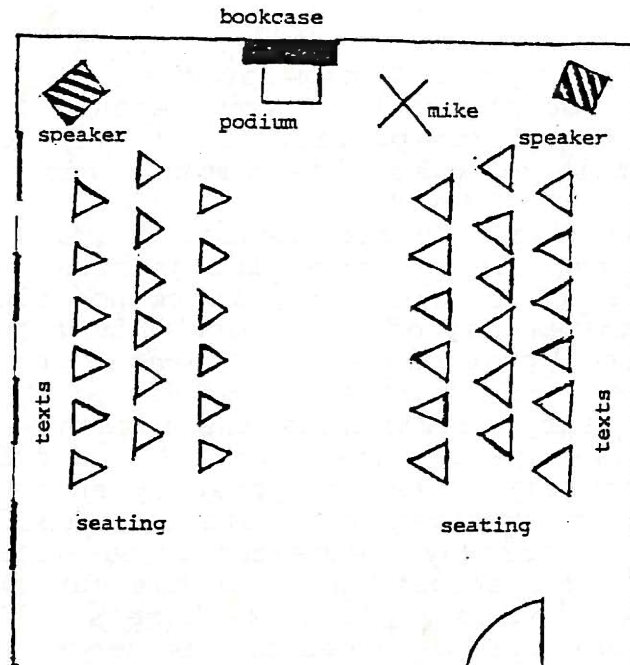
Ronald Reagan

But the worst thing about the Open Door policy--this goes for rap sessions also--they are ruinous to the chain of command. They subvert authority. The Corporal's authority over the Private and the Sergeant's over the Corporal, and the Lieutenant's over the Sergeant is eroded. And soon the Lieutenants, Sergeants, and Privates are streaming in complaining about not being able to handle the complaints.

Don't get me wrong. I believe in Democracy. But not in the military.

I said before that I was obedient. I was. I did have an Open Door policy. But I'll tell you a secret. It was a trap door.

John E. Murray



It is so, it is so, venerable Brothers and Beloved sons. This is the message of the Council, this is the fruit of the Jubilee, though it ends chronologically with the closing of the Holy Door, will not fail to yield its fruit in the years to come.

Pope Paul VI

The expanding consciousness of our world dependence upon finite resources, energy and land— leads to many solutions and proposals that sound either like Marie Antoinette, who suggested that those without bread eat cake, or the economist who observed wryly of the developed nations proposing stringent population controls for the underdeveloped countries, that 'Everyone last in Paradise wants to close the door.'

Alan S. Boyd

No, the socialist countries are not a 'closed society'. We are open to everything truthful and honest and we are prepared to multiply contacts by using the favorable conditions offered by the relaxation of tension. But our doors will always be closed to publications that advocate war, violence, racism and manhating views.

Leonid Brezhnev

But why not level with the people? Why shouldn't business tell the people of this country, who are in danger of being victimized all the time by demagogues, that business does not really pay taxes at all, that business collects taxes for government and does it very efficiently, and the taxes become part of the cost of production and are passed on in the price of the product, and if government makes you collect too many taxes, you price yourself out of the market and a great many

After the initial hearings are held, more work will be required before the Commission reaches any conclusions or proposes any regulations. Our minds are open and our door is open.

We are aware of the mandate of the Congress to make recommendations consistent with society's growing need for information.

David F. Linowes

I have liked the Soviet Union in its foreign relations to a burglar walking down a hotel corridor, trying the door handles. When he finds one unlocked— in he goes.

Henry M. Jackson

The relationship between Canada and the United States has been suggested as a model for the kind of interconnection that will be necessary among all the industrialized nations in the future. Change, even on a global scale is not new. At Yorktown, after the stripling American colonists had defeated the forces of almighty empire, the English marched out playing 'The World Turned Upside Down.' In fact, your Revolution helped to usher in a new order of liberty, freedom and respect among peoples and nations.

We who live beside you and are your close friends and admirers wish you well in the next two hundred years. Much of what lies ahead for our two countries is veiled in the mystery of the future. But of two things I am sure, one, that in this increasingly interdependent world, we will need to work together ever more than in the past, and two, that on either side of the border and as between the people of our two countries, the welcome mat will always be at the door.

J. H. Warren

the lectern does not face the audience, it faces the end wall. The loud speakers do face the audience, although the microphone is so placed that the reader/speaker can use it with his back to the body of the room. The thing is the lectern won't declare itself as podium or reading desk. By the same token, the audience's chairs do not face the rostrum, but are set at right angles to it, facing left or right, and in towards the central aisle. In Halifax all the chairs were red, in Palmerston North those on one side of the aisle were black, those on the other, yellow. In Halifax there apparently wasn't room to stagger the rows as in Palmerston North so that no one person's view was obstructed by someone in front. The viewer's awareness of these arrangements was enhanced in the Manawatu Art Gallery because of the mezzanine level from which one could look down on the installation as though onto a floor plan—this access also complicated the position of the viewer as performer/reader; the door might be shut, she/he might have the room to themselves The effect of these arrangements is to disjoin, or deconstruct, the performer/audience relationship. The room will not function as a lecture/performance space. Just as we were invited to try out as performers, we are invited to try out as audience. Forget the lectern for the moment, face your fellow audience members, join them, form that collective, explore those implications.

VITAL SPEECHES is a performance deferred, held in abeyance. There has been a delay, a time out called, a moment's silence instituted, some freeplay ground established. This installation attempts both to create, make possible and plausible, such an interval, and to work within it to provide an interpretation and a critique of the relationship between language and power.

That from private to public, from personal to political, from reader to speaker, from audience to performer. It would bring about a change in our relationship to the language. For there's a difference between reading silently, to one's self, and reading aloud. Utterance is public (silent reading private), an audience is intended. Furthermore, to speak something is to embody it, literally so. In spite of the words being as one says 'someone else's', it is as though by speaking them oneself one makes them one's own. If someone was to come through that door and find me performing "'Free Enterprise' Economics" and to take a seat as if they were my audience, they would be inclined to take me at my word and for Ronald Reagan. It's true, the artist does have an open door policy. But I'll tell you a secret. It's a trap door. The language of power implicates us all.

Each time a viewer uses the microphone VITAL SPEECHES ceases to be an installation and becomes a performance in which the viewer is implicated in the language of performance art in general and of Bruce Barber's in particular. While his choice to the door metaphor has its interest in the context of VITAL SPEECHES 1969-76, it has equal interest in the context of the artist's own oeuvre. As we have seen he realises that the metaphor is inherent in the syntax of performance and one which is central to many of his own works. And while his rehearsal (on the posters) of statements using that metaphor fold him also into the language of power, the viewer's rehearsal implicates her/him in the performance artist's role generally, and relates her/his actions with those of, say, the performers in "E". Which is to say, my utterance of "'Free Enterprise' Economics" opens that text up to Bruce Barber's intentions, as well as my own, as well as Ronald Reagan's.

Postmodernism neither brackets nor suspends the referent but works instead to problematize the activity of reference. When the postmodernist work speaks of itself, it is no longer to proclaim its autonomy, its self-sufficiency, its transcendence; rather, it is to narrate its own contingency, insufficiency, lack of transcendence. It tells of a desire that must be perpetually frustrated, an ambition that must be perpetually deferred; as such, its deconstructive thrust is aimed not only against the contemporary myths that furnish its subject matter, but also against the symbolic, totalising impulse which characterizes modern art.

(Craig Owens, 'The Allegorical Impulse: Towards a Theory of Postmodernism', PERFORMANCE TEXT(E)S & DOCUMENTS, 1980, 47.)

VITAL SPEECHES also makes reference to the artist's set of fourteen drawings called AUDIENCE ARRANGEMENTS (1980). The installation disrupts the conventional lecture hall/performance space arrangements in two major particulars. Firstly,

the artist his cue. Bruce Barber has been studying public speech at least since 1978, the year of DETENTE, a performance with accompanying book subtitled 'an exegesis of a political cliché.' Several of the many quotations that went into that book came in fact from VITAL SPEECHES OF THE DAY, including one from Henry M. Jackson's "The Strategic Balance. The Future of Freedom", part of which appears on the poster-text in this installation which is illustrated opposite.

'It gets its name from the periodical' because the periodical, or that entire area of discourse so well represented by it, is what this work is about. All the quotations on the posters which line the walls are from it, the bookshelf, which is perhaps the visual focus of the room, hold no less than seven bound volumes (1969-1976) of it. A list on the wall below the shelf enables the viewer/reader to source the poster quotes in it. The reading stand beneath that is an open invitation to 'further study' of it. I browsed several volumes, was interested—even in my years in the U.S. I'd not heard of, come across VITAL SPEECHES. What to read? "The Emerging Partnership of Coal and Agriculture," by Carl E. Bagge, President of the National Coal Association; "The Private College, Free from Government Control," by Steven Muller, President of Johns Hopkins University; "Can Capitalism Survive? The Unbelievable Growth of Governmental Power and Spending," by Richard Lester, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; "A 600 Ship Navy to Offset the Soviet Naval Threat," by J. William Middendorf II, Secretary of the Navy. Pretty right wing stuff. The look is uncommercial, vaguely academic, restrained.

'Vital', because these are the best thoughts of the best minds? Or because this is the language of power? Bruce Barber's collection of quotations which use the metaphor (cliché) of the open or closed door, shows he's not interested in thoughts or minds so much as the total text these volumes constitute. That then is the invitation, the door the artist provides literally and figuratively, to a reading of VITAL SPEECHES. By supplying another context, that of the installation, for the interpretation of the magazine's title, by appropriating it to his own purposes, he has changed its meaning. The speeches are vital to our understanding of the language of power.

'Vital' also means 'endowed with or possessed of life, animate living.' The rows of chairs in the body of the room, the lectern, and above all the live, which is to say electrically vital, microphone, all invite the reader to then and there become a student of public speech by performing some examples of 'effective speech of today'. To accept that invitation would be to cross a complex threshold (or to pass through a doorway around which power hums and runs) however.

**“I HAVE LIKENED
THE SOVIET UNION
IN ITS FOREIGN
RELATIONS TO A
BURGLAR WALKING
DOWN A HOTEL
CORRIDOR, TRYING
THE DOOR HANDLES.
WHEN HE FINDS ONE
UNLOCKED - IN HE /
GOES.”**

Henry M. Jackson

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one letter to each door, one slogan either side of the wall, The painters begin on the first day of the exhibition and work from right to left, taking each door in turn off its frame and placing this on the trestles provided. The individual letters are then measured and drawn. After the painting has been completed and is dry, the door is rehung. This procedure is continued until the slogans are complete.

Bruce Barber.

Wystan Curnow

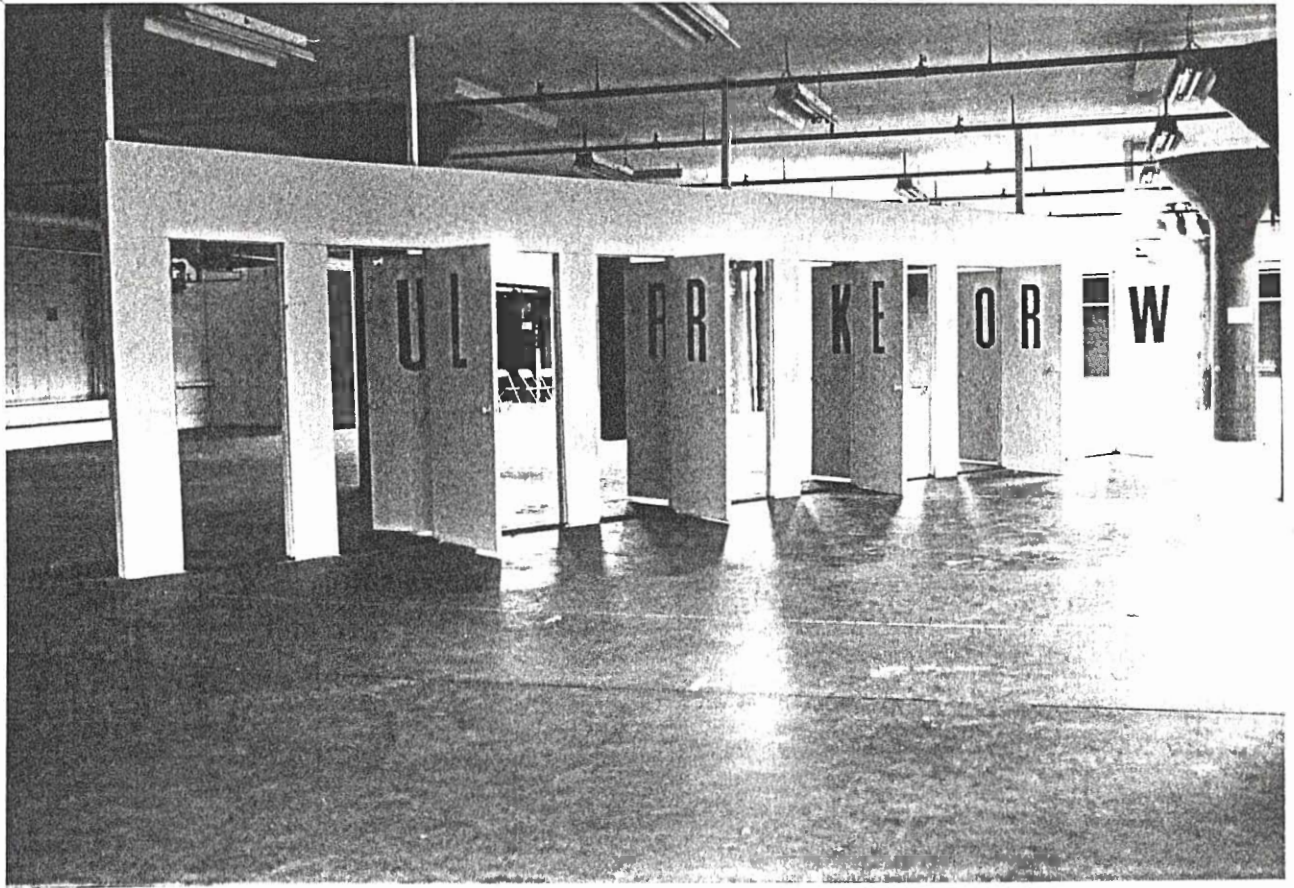
BRUCE BARBER'S 'VITAL SPEECHES'

(1982)

This installation was first presented at the Eye Level Gallery, Halifax, in February 1982, and then in September, at the Manawatu Art Gallery, Palmerston North, which was where I saw it. There were some differences; I presume because the Canadian space was elongated, the 8 poster-style texts were arranged (4 each side of the entrance) along the back wall of the room, whereas in the squarer New Zealand space, they were arranged along the side walls, 4 per side. Such differences are of significance. The work is in two versions, only one of which is under discussion here. >

VITAL SPEECHES gets its name from the periodical, VITAL SPEECHES OF THE DAY. Established in 1934, this is a twice-monthly compilation of speeches by major political figures and leaders of the 'military-industrial complex'. It claims to be "Impartial. Constructive. Authentic. The Best Thought of the Best Minds on Current National Questions." And, what is more, "it offers the student of public speaking examples of the effective speech of today of those who have attained leadership in the fields of economics, politics, education, sociology, government, criminology, finance, business, taxation, health, law, labor, etc." There's something 1934ish, Phi Beta Cappa about this appeal to the "student of public speaking"-- it's sufficiently out of register to have given

WORK TO RULE WORKER RULE

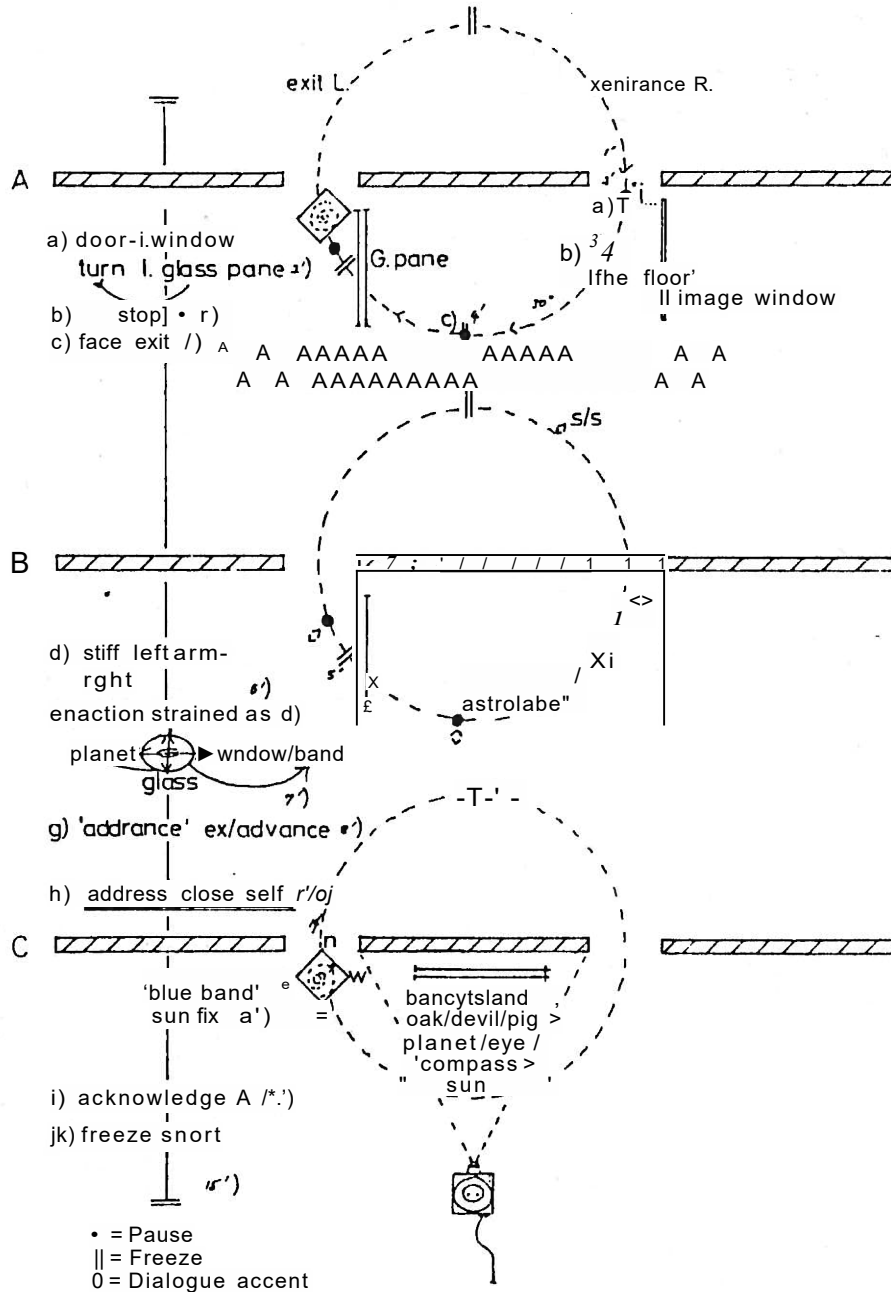


A wall 8' high and 42' in length is fitted with ten standard plywood doors 6' 8" X 32". Doors and jambs alternate left to right throughout the length of the wall. Wall and doors are painted a matt white. Standard fixtures (hinges and passageways) are employed throughout. The wall is arranged in the space in such a way that either side may be independently viewed from most given points in the space.

Two weeks prior to the opening of the exhibition two advertisements are placed in the job listings section of Toronto's two major daily newspapers, the SUN and the STAR. The STAR advertisement requests that a retired professional signpainter, wishing to work for a two to five day period painting a sign, contact the organisers of the Warehouse 222 exhibition. The SUN advertisement requests that a professional signpainter presently unemployed contact the organisers.

In individual interview sessions, both painters are given the opportunity to work either for a fixed hourly rate commensurate with the average hourly wage of a signpainter in the employ of a company, or to offer a quote for the work to be undertaken. Each painter chosen is given a work description outlining the task and the method to be employed.

Two slogans WORK TO RULE and WORKER RULE are to be painted,



Two performers re-enact a dialogue between a schizophrenic and one other. The director figure (taped) instructs them in their re-enactment and questions the authenticity of their interpretation. Time: 15 minutes.

actext #5 THE CIRCLE E1 The need for a psychology

1 i dunno. ive never really had feelings like this
before could be paranoia couldve been?

i couldnt bare it.

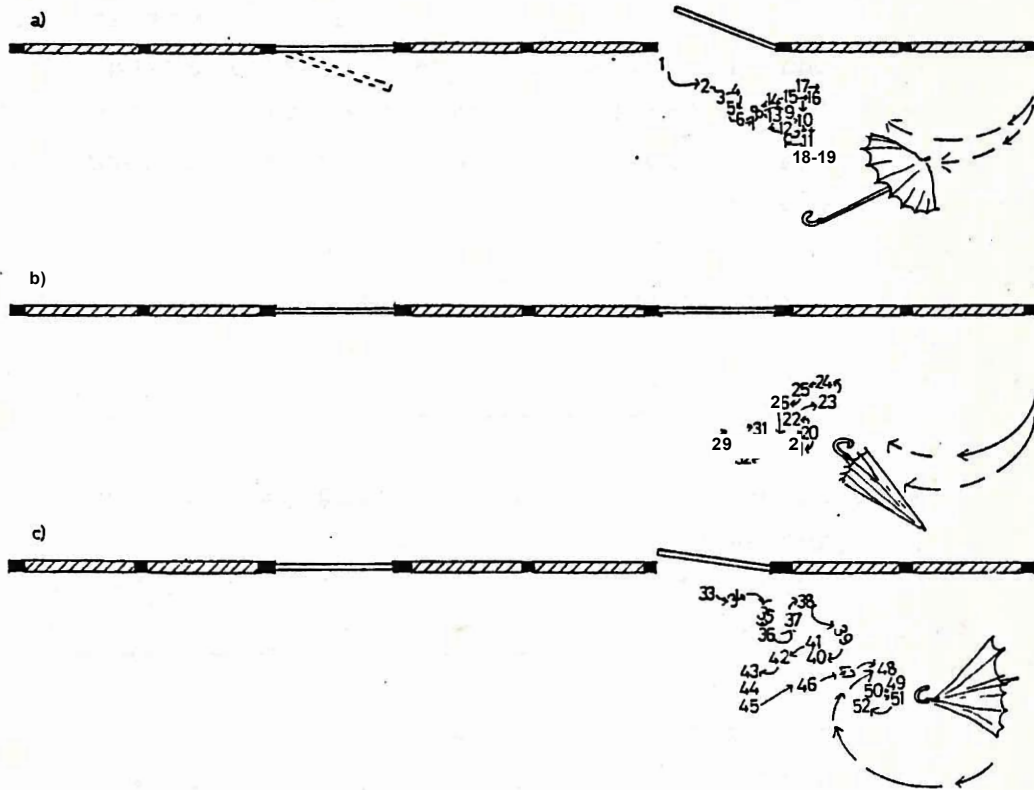
the floor was spinning around
and the earth gravity was tearing at his bones,
do you think they dont know what that means? I knew
that it was caught but feigning madness was madness
itself.

at least thats what I thought

2 i was confused nothing had meaning anymore
not even the astrolabe.

3 now if i position the big hand opposite the little
hand which if you remember is facing north by this
time towards oak island i can read our position as
south sou east of the devils island which is
forgive me if i am wrong right about where you are
standing this minute.

4 now focusing my right eye through the lens of my
glasses and gettina a fix on the sun from this angle i
can bounce the light from my cornea onto the rim
and you can see that now i am pointing west and i can
relate to the large planet, now if i turn east sou east
and point my watch in the same direction i can unlock
the blue band from around my head.



This sequence is repeated four times by one female performer (dancer) after the original text has been read through by a voice (tape) whose sex seems ambiguous. The voice then takes on the authority role of teacher/director who instructs the woman in her re-enactment. Time: 10 minutes.

actext #3 WEATHERMAN

and then I watched this old man standing on the corner.¹
the rain was sweeping from the south-west down into hollis
street. freezing rain pissing down. anyway he had one of
those big black umbrellas and as he came out of the tavern²
.... the wind well it was quite obvious that he wasnt
prepared for it

he was caught² tried to get his umbrella un but
couldnt? it was going all over the bloody placed
hitting him in the leg in the face"?.... all over the
bloody placed he pointed it in the direction of the wind⁹
.... but he had this brief case see so he put the
brief case between¹⁰ his knees and pointed it upH....
and was spun round¹²... into the wind and was spun
up!¹³.... looked as if he was going to be swept up¹⁴....
towards¹ ,... no towards¹ no back¹⁷.... no down¹⁸....
back¹⁹.... towards the tavern door.

THE UMBRELLA OPENS

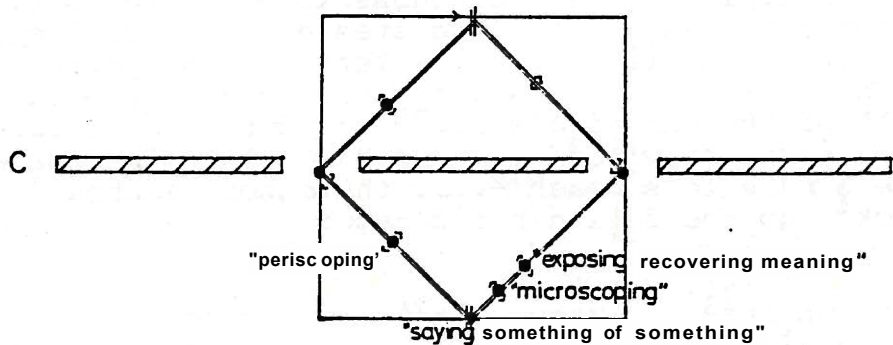
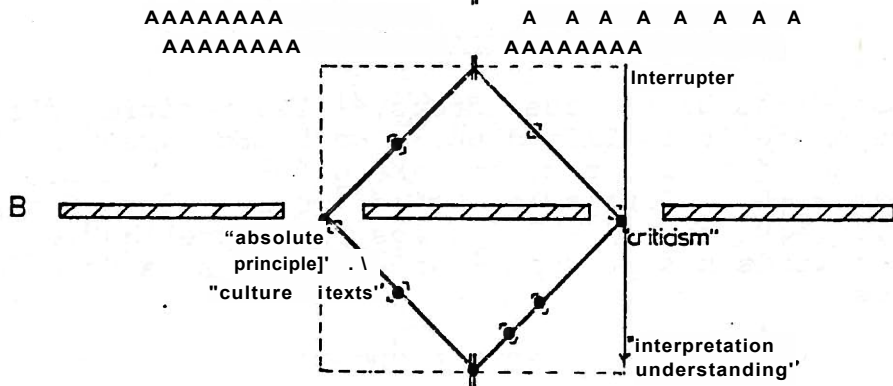
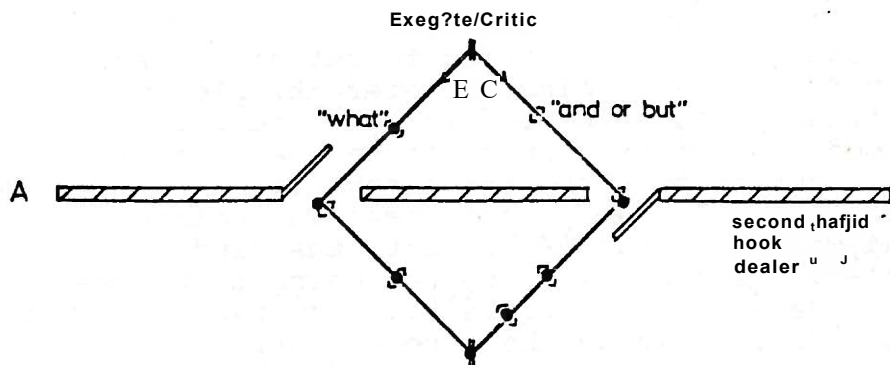
spun²⁰ the brief case drops.²¹ leg position changes²²
the umbrella is lifted up.²³ both arms are² lifted up with
it seemed as if he might take off² but no he has
control^{2**}.... drops his brief²⁷ case and shifts position²⁸
.... legs aspread²⁹.... grips the umbrella O,... draws it
in towards his stomach^{al} and finally shields it between his
legs.³²

THE UMBRELLA CLOSES

begins again. ² his back turns towards the door.² his
right arm moves¹⁵ down the stem of the umbrella to the
release mechanism^{1*}?.... the left to the spokes. ⁷ he gently
pushes¹¹ the mechanism and wheels suddenly back into the
path of the oncoming wind.³⁹ the umbrella is up. pointing
it toward the wind^{2**}).... one hand clutching the sternal....
the handle to stomach²2.,,,, the other reaches²³ down to
pick²⁴ up the fallen brief case.

hes got it²⁵.... steps out"*⁶,,, but no a change in
the winds direction no whoosh bent over²⁷
.... up. umbrella is swept up.- S.... away from his body²⁹
hes has he got it O.... no ves?⁵¹ he pulls it
quickly back towards his chest¹² ,,,, and the umbrella is
pulled inside out.

THE UMBRELLA IS PULLED INSIDE OUT (BY THE WIND)

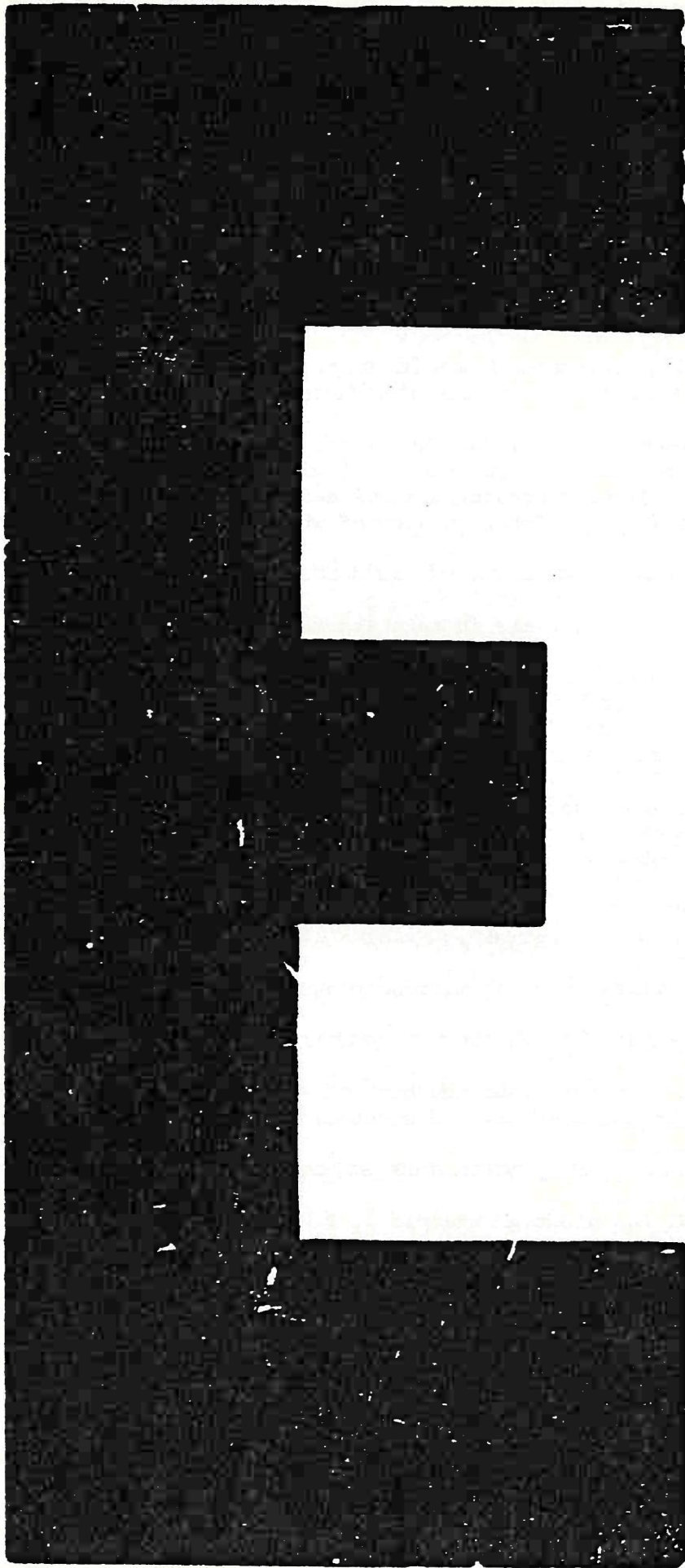


• = pause
 | = freeze
 c = dialogue accent

actext #2 "E" COMPREHENSION

- C. ... take or, and, or but out of the language ... and you'll see, the whole of our epistemological tradition will become redundant.
- E. what?
- C. ... that's what I mean. Comprehension can't survive in the absence of criticism.
- E. well, for me, I would say, the prime distinction is predicated from an absolute, a governing principle.
- C, nonsense ... any fool knows that every reading of a text takes place within a tradition, a living current of thought, these in turn display presuppositions and exigencies. This regardless of the quid ... "that in view of which" the text was written.
- E. Ricoeur? An idea of culture as an assemblage of texts?
- C. Yes ... which are in turn assemblages.
- I. No! You're both wrong. It's ensembles. And though it's reading ... comprehension ... it's also interpretation, understanding. And it's R.i.c.o.e.u.r.—Ricoeur ... not Ric-ow-er!
- C. You are right ... of course. Criticism is the key. It's about exposing, recovering meaning that has been submerged or collecting together that which has been dispersed.
- E. Periscoping ... peri-scoping is the metaphor which is, you would agree ... far different ... from ...
- C. ... telescoping or microscoping?
- I. Absolutely! Saying something of something.
- C. But that gets into the bind of saying something of something which has been said of something else
- E. No only when the somethings are equivalents.
- C. O.K. how about an example ...?
- I. O.K.

Three performers, Critic, Exegete and Interrupter tracking through the doorways (left and right) past one another to return backstage again. This action is repeated with slightly more emphasis. The statements on the tape are spoken in different voices and are punctuated (echoed) at various intervals by the performers. Time: 15 minutes.



at the Western Front, whereas the Busker has to in a sense 'capture* them on the street. To what extent does this speak of morality? Am I simply appropriating his services, or am I the exploiter of his 'condition'? What is his condition? Must one reserve pity for someone who plays in the street, or a blindman shaking a box with ball point pens in it, attempting to hawk a few of them to make his living?

Besides raising some problems regarding appropriation of low (so-called) culture to the high cultural realm— which incidentally is a typical avant-garde and modernist strategy, think of Manet's OLYMPIA in its aping of pornographic girly photos and post-cards of the 1860s— the work deals with class. How do we make distinctions between the proletariat" and the lumpen proletariat? One cannot simply do this in economic and social terms any more, but these are maybe the best terms to start with. The popular myth of the bum, busker, disadvantaged veteran, or blind street person is that, besides living off welfare, they make a bundle peddling or begging on the street, own a house, boathouse or plane, and fly to Miami for their vacations. Not quite. There is something to be said for an analysis that attempts to include or examine ideological structures. That includes the position, class, beliefs of the person(s) entering into a contract with the peddler, street musician. They are not simply paying for a service rendered or labour expended. The 'ideological' includes religion, and, as I said before, class. This is how we arrive at Judeo-Christian notions of privilege, authority, expiation of guilt, charity.

Bruce Barber

from E, ACTEXTS #2, #3, #5

constructed the action as in a rehearsal, fast, slow, movements, statements repeated so that nuances, new meanings, could be given the material. The 'law of transgression' was in effect (I'll get back to this again later).

I have already discussed WORK TO RULE/WORKER RULE and some aspects of the context of its production. Sure, it's about sign-painting and the craft of sign-painting. It's important to acknowledge that the craft/art is slowly disappearing from the sign-painter's role. That's why I wanted to hire a retired sign-painter, one totally familiar with and practised in his craft—painting. It's now possible to practise the craft using totally mechanical means of letter reproduction, letters machine manufactured. The days of a sign painter actually signing his or her work are numbered.

If you are offering someone employment, they usually (whatever the reason) want to be employed and paid (presumably) for their expenditure of labour time. In WORK, the sign-painters were paid what they tendered for. They were not company men, or card-carrying union members— I found that sign-painters do not usually belong to a union, they are in a sense free agents, entrepreneurs. They may own their own company or employ others. But the sign-painters I was interested in hiring for the job were artists. The unemployed sign painter was actually a painter who sign-painted when and where he could get the work, in his spare time. The older man, Ron, was an experienced professional who was also a musician whenever he could get a gig with a big band. Interesting, eh? The piece begins thereby to extend into other areas of cultural production. As with STOCKS AND BONDS and other works, I was paid a fee which I in turn paid to someone else. Be they a security person, sign-painter, actor or student, they get paid as much as I can afford to give them and/or as much as they want to work for. Sometimes this depends on whether I get paid, however; for a number of works I have had to pay a substantial amount out of my own pocket. Each performance of E usually cost a thousand or so dollars to put on, depending on the location. Putting these things on can be expensive and show little or no return. (Although there are, of course, certain fringe as well as long term benefits.) In many respects, WORK was about economics; FUNCTION was, on one level, a economic piece as well. To what extent does the performer become a fetishized commodity in Adorno's sense? To what extent is this form of payment patronage, an extension of popular distinctions between cultural and social production? The audience, of course, is not necessarily privy to all of the information; when the street musician starts playing in FUNCTION and I, after listening to a few numbers, place a few coins in his hat, the audience only knows that as a signal, invitation, request to do the same. The street musician is selling his services; we can but are not obliged to buy. The audience does not know that I have already paid him to come and perform, thus raising his status to that of gallery/ performance artist for the evening. They are responding the way they might on the street. But they are a 'captive' audience

('See 'Audience Arrangements: Essay and Drawings', in A BOOK WORKING, Art Metropole/ A Space, Toronto, 1981.) I find the work, my own work, good to think with. I'm able to produce less and think more. Some would say it should be the other way round, but in many artist's work the production of more and more objects, paintings, sculptures, often does little more than enhance the commodity status of the work or the marketability of the artist. I try not to be interested in these things.

E is about theatre, WORK TO RULE is about sign-painting, FUNCTION is about popular entertainment. Your recent work is about, that is, the more popular arts, right? It is high art about low art? Why this change? At this time?

BRUCE BARBER: This, again, is a tough one. I think the reductive stance of your question, while it clarifies some aspects of the works listed, simplifies to the point where I want to answer, 'Yes ... E is about theatre, WORK TO RULE is about ... etc., but they're not just about these things. Even the preposition 'about' worries me in this context.

However, E was theatre; a theatre of interpretation, of observation and understanding. That is clear, I think, in the statement I wrote for the work (most of which was included in the Sydney Biennale catalogue). Each of the three times it has been performed, in Halifax in 1978, in Sydney and Vancouver in 1979, I have made the text available to the members of the audience as a kind of introduction to the work to be seen. In Sydney and Vancouver the work was performed three times. In each of the locations the piece was different. In Sydney, for instance, I shortened it by some ten minutes and overlaid the four-track tape with some live sound over the P.A. system. In both Sydney and Vancouver, theatricality was enhanced by the use of costumes—white boiler suits in Sydney, white trousers with black and red T-shirts in Vancouver. Similar combinations of red, white and black costuming were used in the first, Halifax, work, but the wall and doors were left unpainted because it suited the space and the length of the piece. When painted the wall and doors became extremely optical but tended to 'shrink' in size. The point I want to make, however, is that theatricality was enhanced not to provide the audience with an illusory experience, but to create an alienating and material environment for the purpose of 'active thinking'. The door slamming, makeup, movements, sound—all added to the estrangement—in the Brechtian/Meyerholdian sense—of the members of the audience. Each sequence was a re-enactment of a real event, observed or witnessed/experienced by me (the author of this travesty ...), a real perception of an old man struggling in the wind with an umbrella, a real dialogue with a 'schizophrenic', a real reading of a text. etc. Each 'actext' constructed and de-

ing in 'open marriage' with performances. Yet this heavy-use of written text in relation to your work as a performance artist is unusual, if not unique. You even go so far as ■to accompany a set of drawings with an essay on the same subject. Do you see these texts as part of your didactic intention as an artist? Secondly, in some respects your texts have changed, a single clear expository tone has come to dominate them— how has your thinking about their role changed?

BRUCE BARBER: Yes, the texts are part of the didactic intentions for each work. They are not scores in the traditional sense, although the E text is very much a part of the work's structure, in that it gives the sequences of movements and specifies activities of the performers. The texts, as you say, have changed from being written accompaniments to being more clearly 'expository' yet separate from the works. I have wished always for the texts to be able to stand on their own rather than as true signifiers to the actions, performances or audio tapes. In DETENTE, the text is a manual, a manual of detente, which I hoped could be used and read by people who had not seen the performance itself. I have always been conscious of the elitism involved in the 'unique' production of a performance. Reproducibility has been an important concern for me so that the work at least has the opportunity of entering the culture on its own terms without the necessity of the performer prop.

The expository tone is more a function of 'political' intentions that I feel are important in my work at this stage. In the earlier work, STOCKS AND BONDS and WHITTAKER'S SOLILOQUIES, there was a concern for extending, manipulating the ideas in the work so that 'no stone be left unturned'. I now realise that that may have been a defensive posture on my part. An attempt not so much to 'complement, supplement' the work, as I wrote in some statements, but to observe (myself) and to allow all of the references that I saw for the work to become available to members of the audience. Naively, I felt that this was the only way for the work to 'get out there' with all of its meanings intact. Unfortunately, this form of extension merely served to mystify rather than elucidate or underline my intentions for the various works. On a superficial level they 'exhibited' thought and time 'spent' at the work, and in this way too it was unnecessarily defensive. It's kind of like sayings I don't trust you (audience) to come up with the goods. Look and read ... and think again. This was also the strategy behind my attempt to assume the roles of interpreter/critic for my own work.

Now I'm less concerned with the 'marriage' between the work and text, and more concerned with what it says about the subject under discussion or review. This is why I allow myself the privilege of accompanying a set of drawings with an essay about which the drawings themselves say very little.

with sequences of other industrial and technological wheel or revolve movements, including the winding of the movie camera itself. If anything, it is this 'revolve/wind' movement that centres the film. It's a form of dialectic. Revolve also refers to the revolving set change of a revolving stage—another late 19th century innovation first developed in the Expressionist theatre at a time when competition between the realism of cinema and theatre had intensified. This form of stage enabled a set change to be made with the smooth transition of a film dissolve. The revolving door in REVOLVE was made of wood and painted white to match the surrounding walls. It was extremely narrow and the movements through it were smooth and continuous; as with E the door's moving 'opened' and 'closed' the piece. In REVOLVE, the so-called 'door sequence' involves two performers (door-hangers/ workmen) who bring a folding E door from the earlier work, which has been cut down the middle so that it can pass through the revolving door, through it. The workmen, in a kind of slapstick Hollywood routine debate where to hang the door and finally, with one assuming the role of boss, the other of fall guy, decide to hang it on the wall. It's a kind of send-up of the earlier work. The revolving door in FUNCTION is plexiglass and in the installation of it I decided to project a strong spotlight from behind it so that the light would be moved around the room at the seated audience's eye level. This worked, on a metaphorical level, as a searchlight; a modernist metaphor for vector. The thing that I like about the revolving doors in both pieces is that they function as continuous, neither open or closed, 'ways through and around'. They are technical props which in a literal sense produce the work; they create its beginning and end and centre it. The only time the door stops in FUNCTION the performers freeze, the man (actor) in the chair watching the video screen falls asleep, the sound stops and the video images stops as a still of the rails. The journey/tracking has ended; this then is the cue for the Street Musician (Busker) to enter to perform his work for the audience. In REVOLVE, the doors provide the process and the evolving of the work. In a real sense these works are also about rehearsing, rehearsing something for the ultimate purpose of understanding acts and activities in the phenomenal (social and cultural) world.

The performances ON THE STOCKS (1975), WHITTAKER'S SOLILOQUIES (1976) and DETENTE (1977) were all accompanied by written texts which, at the least, made explicit a range of reference implicit in the work. More recently, the paper you gave at the PERFORMANCE AND MULTIDISCIPLINARITY: POST-MODERNISM Conference in Montreal this year entitled, 'The Function of Performance in Post-Modern Culture: A Critique' was subtitled, 'A Supplement to FUNCTION: A Performance'. All these were clearly companion pieces, exist-

actually (I think) to be used as scenic, even choreographic, teaching aids for the plays. They stem from the travelling theatre troupes of the commedia del'arte with their simple theatrical devices of curtained off areas for quick changes. This is one way of providing 'montaged' scenes which has remained with us today in both theatre and film. How many film edits begin with an entrance and an exit through a doorway or the ominous 'knock at the door'? And Meyerhold was especially interested in the theatre of Terence and the commedia del'arte through his readings of THE MASK, the magazine edited by Edward Gordon Craig in the early years of this century. The most recent of my pieces, WORK TO RULE/WORKER RULE, began with some;research-that? I was doing on Meyerhold's 'theatre of the grotesque' and in particular his set designs for THE INSPECTOR GENERAL, performed, if I remember correctly, in 1920 in Moscow. His set showed twelve extremely slim doorways in a long row; a simple device symbolically indicating some kind of bureaucratic structure or institution. How they were used in this production I have no idea. I do not even know whether they were painted on a flat or could be opened and closed, though I suspect the latter given Meyerhold's extreme materialist bias, both in theatre direction and scenography. So, that's where the doors for E and WORK TO RULE come from.

In the latter piece the doors were originally intended to be a prop for a theatre/performance work. However, as I could not spend the time in Toronto to train the performers for a piece, I decided to use real life performers, namely two sign-painters, one unemployed and one retired. It was fortuitous I could not be in Toronto longer- Pauline was expecting Claire in these weeks and so I could only spend three days putting up the work, interviewing the sign-painters and overseeing its completion. I've never worked quite so hard in my life before. I naively assumed the curators; would employ someone to build the piece and that it would be up when I arrived. Well, it wasn't. But with some help we managed to cut and hang the secondhand, different-sized doors and build and paint the overall structure, all in a day. In spite of this, I think the piece was successful. The statement was less about propaganda than the notions of legitimate work; unemployment and retiremeht and conditions thereof. The sign-painters formed a teacher/student relationship, which is something I anticipated might occur. 'You begin as one and end up as the other' as Courbet said of his painting, THE STONE BREAKERS.

The revolving doorways in REVOLVE (1978) and FUNCTION (1980) also derive from my interest in early Russian work. In this case a short sequence repeated in the classic Dziga Vertov film, THE MAN WITH A MOVIE CAMERA (1929). I had ordered it for D'Arcy (Lange)'s course when he was teaching in Halifax (the Nova Scotia School of Art and Design). The sequence was a beautiful shot of an art deco-type revolving door with people moving through it in the kind of relaxed and sedate manner such a heavy door makes possible. This is montaged

this relationship in more direct terms. Interestingly enough a number of writers had supported this 'reversal' of modernist precepts in the mid- to late-sixties— Goffman, E. T. Hall, Bachelard, as well as the anti-interpretative people like Sontag and the nouveau roman people like Robbe-Grillet. Objects lose their autonomy and become things of the world, among other things, all 'acting' their parts on the 'life stage'. This form of sensual and 'sensate' dramaturgy is most clearly defined in the work of the phenomenologist, Maurice Merleau-Ponty and of a sociologist, Erving Goffman.

As for the second part, your question proper, yes, you are right, doors are important. They also appear in earlier works. The French windows in the space used for BUCKY THERM TEST (1972) were important, as was the entrance which became a threshold for the public which was 'kept out' by the sterile nature of the space and the stuttering voice on the tape reading Bucky Fuller's scientific ruminations on the Omni Doppler effect. And in LEAD PERFORMANCE (1973-4), in which the railway ties or sleepers began six feet outside the room passed close by a door frame and then traversed the room on a diagonal. And BOX N COX (1974) in which male and female performers enter and exit simultaneously each hour over an eight hour period. DoorS3.also=.appear_i_n.STOCKS.AND BONDS (1975). These are explicit uses in that I have been conscious of their appearance and function in each case. In the ON THE STOCKS book, the section entitled 'A positive Conviction' has a character who has 'overstepped the mark' because it ' had been revealed to him that a challenge was on the way'. He realises that any act he entertains should be symbolic and he proceeds to 'lock the front and back doors ...' This is containment, exclusion. And in the last section of the book, 'The Heuristic Model', the syllogism at the end of the passage ends with the proverbial 'nonsense joke': 'But when is a door not a door ... when its ajar. Both patented absurdities ... of course all rings are rings ... no matter what their gender.'

The historical precedents for the use of doors by artists are numerous, from as far back as Ghiberti's bronze door on down to Duchamp's Rue Larey, his apartment in Paris in which he presented his door which was 'open and shut at the same time'— while it opened the bedroom, it closed the bathroom, and vice versa. Doors, frames and flats are classic 19th century theatre props, thoroughly in vogue in the Naturalist period of scenography. My use of doors in the most recent works relates to their use in the Russian constructivist theatre, Meyerhold's in particular. The doors in E which you correctly understand to be E on its side began as a series of drawings after some anonymous engravings of a 'comedy of errors' by the Roman playwright, Terence, which I came across while reading through some theatre history books. That was back in 1976, when I first arrived in Halifax. The engravings showed a marvellous 'comic strip' sequence of several players moving swiftly in and out of doorways (curtained off areas). They seemed to be tableau vivants but were

Bruce Barber

ANSWERS TO THREE QUESTIONS POSED BY WYSTAN CURNOW.

April 1981.

Paradoxically, it is almost as if Fried's essay ('Art and Objecthood') were opening the door to the exploration of the self existing within this 'theatrical world'. It is an act of affirmation rather than of abrogation of the self in the here and now; in fact why use a surrogate object 'to get at it'— this transcendent condition?

'Indexing: Conditionalism and Its Heretical Equivalent' in PERFORMANCE BY ARTISTS, A. A. Bronson & Peggy Gale, eds. Art Metropole. Toronto, 1979.

'Opening the door'. In three works you have used doorways as a/the major prop. In E (1978) the letter 'E', turned on its side constituted a structure containing two doorways through which the performers made their exits and entrances. In WORK TO RULE/WORKER RULE (1980) the two slogans which make up the title were painted, one letter per door, one slogan per side, of a wall broken by ten doorways. And in FUNCTION (1980), you used a revolving doorway. Each of the doors or sets of doors means something different, and yet their use in all three suggests there is a common significance. What do you say?

BRUCE BARBER: . . . The door metaphor speaks to conclusion and continuation. In this case the debate centres on theatricality, a notion which Fried employs to further his conviction (held then and now) that theatricality is at the core of minimalist art and that this has lead irrevocably to the tainting of Modernist precepts for the making of art. Art's purity was at stake. He had to make the ridiculous statement about theatre being the negation of art (for art read modernist painting) because that was the only way to secure painting and sculpture's autonomy.

It remains the case that artists, such as Acconci, Graham, Morris, Rainer, and the Judson dance group, believed that a form of surrogate reductivism obedient to the tenets of Greenbergian modernism would no longer do. And that the logical, if for the most part unstated, conclusion, was to treat the body(subject) as object; the object as subject. If theatricality was there in the relationship between perceiver and perceived then it seemed logical to acknowledge

Here is the crux of the situation. Spontaneity has been lost. Instead, artists have to plan their works far in advance. A relaxed working relationship has been sacrificed in favour of High Art, pre-planned, dictatorial exhibitions. They are one-sided. There is no conversation. Experimentation has once more been relegated to a rear seat.

Why should this happen? What turns a potentially good situation into yet another version of the hierarchically dominated institution? Here we have a few speculations: In instances of continuous change, any individual or group will find it hard to cope. There is then the tendency towards creating a fixed set of rules in search of an integration with other stable or relatively stable forms or structures. The group imposes constraints upon the activities of the structure. There is no doubting that a certain amount of constraint is necessary, but within that there must also be room for more flexible strategy. Motive must be carefully analysed. I suspect sinister self-rewarding motives are often the cause of structural change or a shifting in emphasis. There is an inbuilt need in all of us for acceptance often at the expense of individuality and experimentation. We have a need for reinforcement. The simplest equation of this being a longing for reassurance from higher orders. This inevitably means the identification with groups or organisations of a "higher order". Continuously we find an excessive amount of time and energy being directed towards self-justification. We cannot see an activity as justified simply because it takes place. To analyse an activity in terms of value within a value-orientated climate should not be the task of the "alternative art space". It is a consideration though that is hard to dispense with. And of course, any single purposeful activity requires a high degree of consciousness. The flaw in this is that consciousness is often directed at those things which only seemingly have a bearing on the task at hand.

The alternative is not obvious.

ROCHE/BUIS
Holland

You can put these alternative art spaces into two categories. One category contains those spaces which enjoy financial support from the state. They are run by a small group or collective of artists who devote their time to the programming of events and exhibitions, the production of publications, the building up of resource centres etc. In return they receive a small amount as salary over and above, sometimes out of, what they receive from the state. The second category contains those spaces which receive no financial assistance from the state. These are also run by artists. Understandably, these are often smaller spaces, but no less productive, and no less reputable. They exist because they want to exist. Both are regarded as alternative outlets to the museums. Whether by choice or by necessity, there is a bit of both I think. Interestingly,- it is not uncommon to find artists with the attitude that they are "working their way up" through these spaces till they arrive at the dubious position of becoming part of a museum programme.

Increasingly art has become a public activity. I am not talking here only of performance art. More and more artists have become aware of a need to have people in their works. Increasingly artists are making use of social situations, and in some cases, actually basing their work on the study of these. More artists are being a part of what is public. The Artists Placement Group in Britain has as one of its main objectives to influence government policy towards the public at large. Two weeks ago I was fortunate to have the opportunity of being witness to an artist working "in public". The work actually took place in a small "alternative space"; painting in front of a small group of onlookers, participants, the distinction was very blurred, and the relationship was easy and relaxed. Performance, painting, installation, politics, they are all outgoing. Gone is the closed work of art, replaced by a greater willingness to communicate and demystify. This willingness to share opinions openly has, in the past, had a lot to do with the founding of these "alternative" artist run spaces. Here, in Holland, they have provided themselves with a focal point in which the public is invited to share. With the introduction of the public into the work, we find also the introduction of works by artists from outside the foundation group, and so the whole thing broadens and snowballs. That, in my opinion, is healthy. But I cannot help but feeling at the moment that the whole thing is turning back in on itself. The spaces have become too precious, too institutionalised. They are raising those same barriers that initially they hoped to disentangle themselves from. As a consequence, perhaps, some artists may find that they are once more forced into isolation. We find ourselves fighting for the right to use these spaces, and the spaces in turn applying the same criterion of selection as would a museum. And so you find long waiting lists, the spaces booked far in advance, just as you find the popular spaces and the not so popular ones..

we have a lot of partially conceived ideas and I am sure that a lot of these, if not all eventually will be realised in various situations and in various forms. But it must be worked at. It seems that the more refined an attitude, the simpler, and the harder it has to be worked at. Conditions are not always helpful. What we can do though is to keep following this ball which seems to be rolling in several directions at once.

ROCHE/BUIS
21/5/84

THE OTHER ART MUSEUMS

(Holland)

These are art spaces, and, for the most part, are artist run spaces. So, although they are often referred to by outsiders, as well as those people who are directly involved with these spaces, as alternative spaces, to me, they are in no sense of the word "alternative". I may be simply playing with words here, but perhaps there is also something valid in what I am about to say. A true alternative art space, to me, conjures up the idea and image of an alternative to the prevailing concept of what constitutes an art space. A space may be just that, any space in fact, until that time when it is generally referred to as an art space, or an alternative art space; until it has become familiar as an art space. So we can talk about "alternative art" or we can talk about "alternative space". The latter can be real enough.

Linda and I have made use of alternative spaces many times, though for us it was almost as if there were no alternative. The space we work in is always the space which best suits our needs, all other considerations aside. Often they have been spaces which could be called alternative to the kind of spaces where one would generally expect to find art activity.

However, I am not so sure about the term "alternative art". Alternative to what? Does it mean that this art is alternative because it has not been or is not recognised by the art establishment, is not part of an art collection? It would seem to me that most contemporary art would fall into this category. Or does the alternative lie in the fact that this art is a bit different in content and concerns to the art of the past. I think not. A reaction is just as much a part of the continuous pattern in the evolution of art as is the prevalence of a dominant school or style. So where can we fit this term "alternative art"?

(in theory) but linking the two are a whole series of variations on one or the other, or both, which would seemingly point to the probability that they are really one and the same thing. Without one, the possibility of the other decreases rapidly.

The term performance has had a great deal to do with destroying the very essence of its meaning. With the creation of such a term one must consciously seek a body of work which this term can be applied to. This also necessitates the rejection of a lot of work. It's a matter of definition. If we move into a gallery and work there for say one week, does that mean we are in performance, even though we might take time out for a rest, sleep, for eating, and all those other things which make life continue as it is. Art should not always have to be an ordeal. Or once we leave that space, and we leave behind us images, residues, or even simply feelings, suggesting a relationship which was developed in that space, should we now call this installation? The question seems to revolve around the point when an outsider, an onlooker, enters the situation. To take the argument one step further, there is always the possibility that at some stage during our lives we might return to the space and continue work. Perhaps the terms Performance and Installation are outdated terms, just as it is impractical to continue to view the world as Cezanne did, reducing natural form to an interlocking series of spheres, cylinders and cones.

Activity of any kind needs a public. All activity is social. Art activity does not need a public to justify it, but is a public activity. Hence we have the basis of communication sparked off by a universal need to consume, to absorb, and to exchange. The ways and means are by no means limited. Categorising tends to segregate audiences. The term Art itself is a massive barrier for most to overcome. It is all very well to talk about the demystification of art, but all too often it is done for an already established art audience. And how the hell is the general public to be able to understand a demystified art if the art audiences of today are themselves finding so much difficulty.

Idle talk and definitions aside, lets now consider our own work at present. Obviously we should put into practice what we preach. We have begun work of a different nature to what we were working with. The distinction between one work and another is blurred. A work is never truly active nor can it be said to be truly at rest. The finished piece is only for a short time, or an impossibility. There are simply degrees of being in focus and out of focus. A work may sit on our bookshelf, as one is at the moment, ready to be worked upon, complete for the moment, but ready for another situation. Its form can still change, adapt. And so an idea, a concept, a feeling can reside, or it can be worked upon when the time feels right. At the moment

Peter Roche & Linda Buis

LETTERS FROM EUROPE

ART ACTIVITY/PERFORMANCE/ACTUAL ART

There has been a development in the way we are working and in the way we feel about our work. We feel no longer limited by a narrow set of possibilities; instead we feel excited by the possibility of unlimited forms and formats. The term Performance Art has lost its magic for us. We are finding it too exclusive, and it would seem that too often in the past we have restricted our activities in order that they could be seen in a performance context. We are no longer sure about the value of an extended series of activities which fall too easily into an established context or category. Though we can say that a feeling of freedom is with us at the moment, that has not been arrived at easily. A great deal of thought has been given to the role of art activity and of course this in turn leads to those issues in having others involved in perceiving these activities. Certainly I believe that art, partly by choice, and partly out of necessity, is now a public activity. That can be interpreted in many ways because of the many degrees of being in public. The way we are interpreting this at the moment is with the attitude that public spaces, galleries, alternative galleries, museums without collections, or whatever you want to call them, can all be regarded as extensions of the studio, extensions of the home, and to take it one stage further, as extensions of the mind. They are places to work in without necessarily demanding a big shift in working process or attitude. Gone is the theory that the gallery work is so much more precious or intense than work that takes place anywhere else. Working in a gallery or some such place has the advantage of affording the work a greater accessibility. There is also another side to this. Work conceived of is generally conceived of with a particular situation in mind. Mind processes before actuality as it were. There is no denying that this happens, but it is also interesting that the situation "in mind" once encountered always affects the conceptual work to the point where there is an equal pull between one and the other. The point to be made is that it is no longer valid for us to make distinctions between work of a high level of consciousness and determination and work on a lower level of consciousness. The two extremes do exist

the blacktop of the road a vision of
Paradise. No more to mourn, the straw
shepherd guards his straw sheep & the chorus
sighs in silence. Such heat neither absolves
nor furnishes: we are plied in the mid-
day, smoked in the afternoon, & with night
fused into beings we never were & will
no longer be. Monsters are made of these sweetened
intentions & ferment in the fellowship
of good times. But the tide need not
go out at next evening's call. The impossible
is a bell worn round the neck to let
the misters know we wander — such
cackle as girls & boys will make
discomfit to their less demonstrative
fold.

Special Pleading

Somewhere she was certain, but the sensation was tenuous, unsteady, carved with an aimlessness of irregular proportion and indistinct features. Alarm bells ring & the camera pans the dissolve, shot of graded rotation around a cutting edge, burning to black as tempted coordinate, padded with felt & bravado. *"What are you--waiting for the light?"* Succession and distracting as mattering, melting. I really kept thinking what is "spent light" — meaning light that has vanished down the hallways of what is already forgiven, a forgetfulness formed, ideas are always locked in place writ as conduct and traded.as colored. Now I can remember. Finally, one type of stymied grace to invert onto an exterior as holding, tiling of an horizon made flesh. *The tin to the top. . .: life stolen from or played against, that envelopes even the shadows of a pause, cutting left as half-torn turn of a fleeting contour, moves it elsewhere, as if you break loss from the "icon of loss".* As it happens, sliding and then arrested — where the buildings are people or the people are the project of their configurations: A social tune that we can never hear but play out, as the earth its own organ and

The Voyage of Life

*Over the remote hills, which seem
to intercept the stream, and turn
in from its hitherto direct
course, a path is dimly seen, tending
directly toward that cloudy Fabric
which is the object and desire
of the Voyager,*

— Thomas Cole

Resistance marries faith, not faith persist-
Ence. Which is to say, little to import
Or little brewed from told and anxious
Ground: an alternating round of this or
That, some outline that strikes the looking back,
That gives the Punch and Judy to our show.
If it be temperate, it is temper-
Ance that makes us hard; by strength of purpose
Turn Pinocchio into ox or gore
Melons with pickaxes, which the fighting
Back in turn proposes slugged advantage,
Slumped discomfit: rashes of ash, as
On a scape to ripple industry with
Hurls, the helter finds in shrubbing stuns. We
Carve and so are carved in twofold swiftness
Of manifold: the simple act of speak-
ing, having heard, of crossing, having creased.
Sow not, lest reap, and choke on blooming things:
Innovation is Satan's toy, a train
That rails to semblance, place of memory's
Loss. Or tossed in tune, emboss with gloss in-
signias of air.

of LUst, gREed, and
cErtAIntY: tHE ONly
tRue
e M o T i o n S
thE
onES
that
ArE
deAd
&
IN
reliving riGIDify
in thE iMAGE oF the PASSing oF
a thOrn
thAt tHinklng hURLS uS
oVeR and AGainST.
tHUS coMPaNioNSHiP mAkES
FOols of aLL who dwell within
aND foDDer
Of AIL wHo aRe SpelleD.

Like DeCLARationS in a HymLE CEMetArY

WheTHER oriented or RETurned to
sTAndiNg poSTurE
ACCUMULATED

advisement and bASisALly

panic-LIKE osTentATion to seek DeEper
suCKing vellUms of
& spURTING buBBles at tHe wHine.

It
iRRADIATes aLLaLONg, tHe loNg-loST AcUmen
fOr flARes and AncILLary
proCureMentS. hErE
hiTs, HerE hurts - onLy
no, nOt very FUNny, been
breAdlNg tOO mUCH to NOTice the demARCation liNe
beHINd wHich sits, Or
eNterS without knOWinG, trOOps
of the PURple PeLICAn.

tHey saNd tHe stonEs
with spoKeN eYEs
mlrRoRs fOr retelliNg
tHe poRTion so faR mlsheArD
(oNly tRUE beGETtInG)-
yeT WHIcH SwinGs anTERior to
a tHrow: thROMBosIs
of the UsP and
pEnNant, aNNouncIng crYstal
MorRoCos, tUrNEd-uP
dOORmAts. tHRUshing
aWay frOm haBitS sUcH as
thESE, stRides
to feAtUred cavITies of MiScReaNT emOtlOn -
onLy tHe iDea is gOod
or gOOD foR iT
plUMmetTiNg inTo a neW hARmonlUm

From Lines of Swinburne

As a voice in a vision that's vanished
Perjured dark and barer accusation
Song of a pole congealed
Whose soul a mark lost in the whirling snow
The soft ken, pliant
Pierced and wrung, for us
These murmers a nearer voice, known and smeared
Mute as mouthed.

You, then, would I come to, cling to
Cleave — if raptly my throat be
Spun and gilts be good — Unknown
Whose vesture, soft in splendor
Pale as light, the doubt that speaks
For shadow not as am
Of fervour, broom and slope
Sifts as shifted claims, fair then fall.

Why I am not a Christian

One holds these promises (holds to them) amidst the make-believe mayhem of another day each farther from that resolution in renouncing aspired to as cat its pawn. You always throw it down but you never pick it up. Everything everywhere circumscribed by its physical, which is to say habitual array, the necessity to order what is otherwise always possible. The frequent opportunities I have been possessed of observing the thousand acts of amiability and kindness, feeling by conduct turned to expectation and ripened to remorse. You cannot suppose and cannot not to. The freight is slumberous friend to a commoded journey — nearly a smile or only a poor bred thing. Profits will never displace the value of this self-made masquerade.

Charles Bernstein

6 POEMS

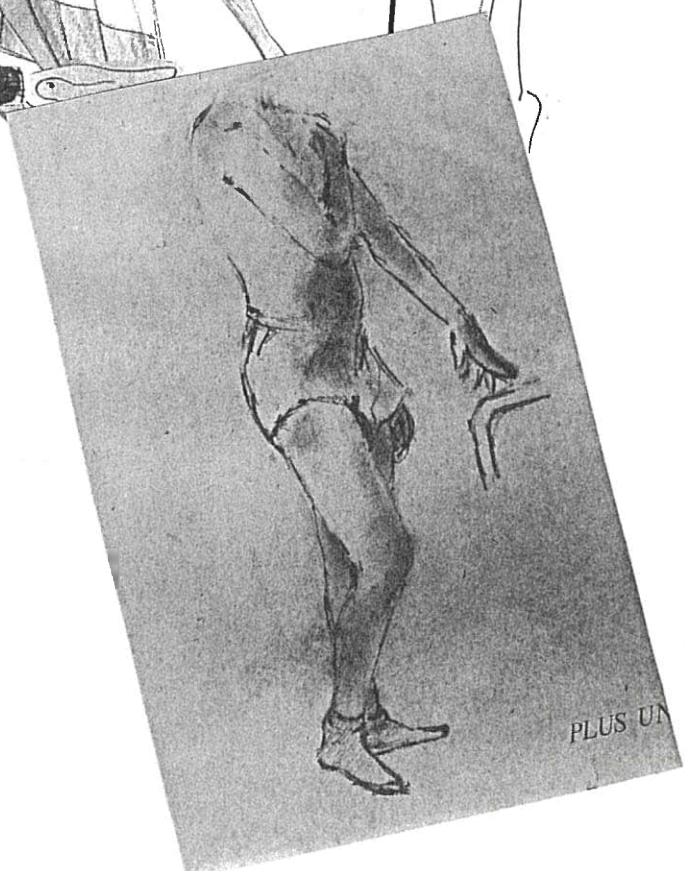
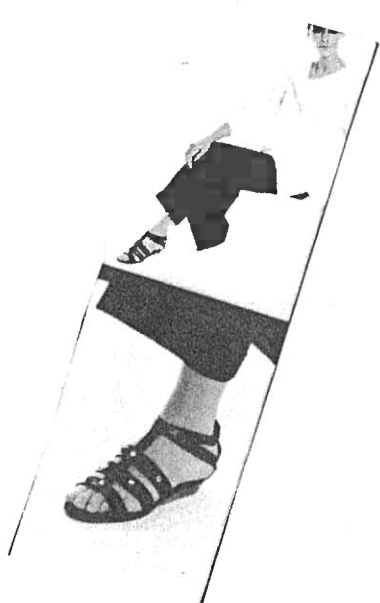
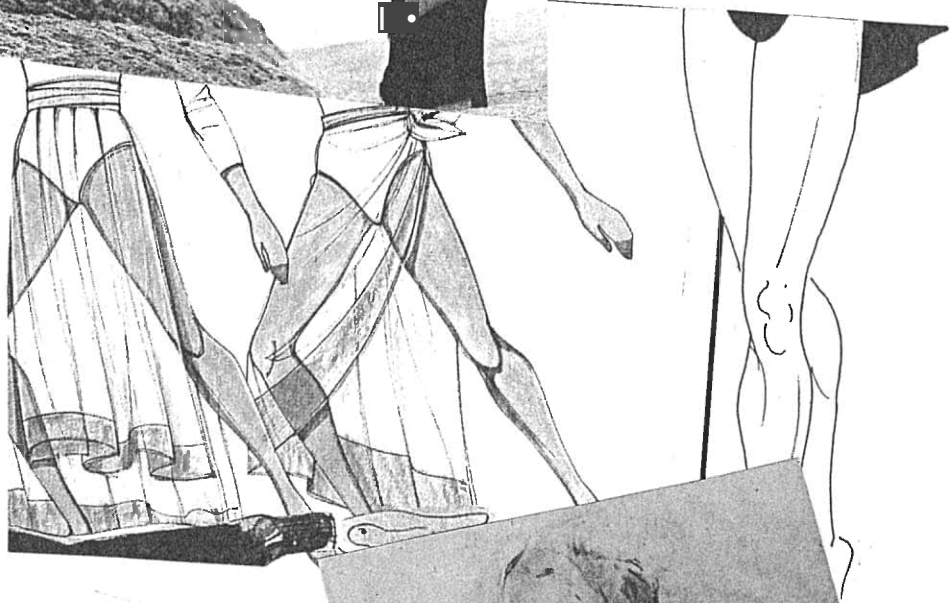
The Harbor of Illusion

At midnight's scrawl, the fog has
lost its bone and puffs of
pall are loamed at
tidal edge. No more to count
than density arrows its
petulance at crevices laced
with dock, not hour's
solstice nor brimmed detour —
over the haunch of lock and
tress the veins pour sweetly
and Devil's door knows no
more than pester and undone —
the seering moors where I
refrain of lot and camphor.
Only this, a ripple
against a blind of shore that sands
us smooth and mistless: let
he who has not stunned make
sound, cacophany of
nearing, having fell, of
pouring, having stalled. Though
free to bore and load, let
rail retail conclusion, finicky jejubes
at waste of moor, or lord these
tower, tour the template, thoroughfare
of noon's atoll.

particular three quarters dry, as anyone can cite the ancient mariner. Now holes knocked in wide scoria percolate a carpark hamburger packed. Where sea black eyes and rosy cheeks promised the city's great romantic story. Pictures in your white dress, bruises on your best skin. If the so-called silent majority lash back, spectators stay within their mortgages and yacht. Another dream I was in an interior design shop: I went in to pass the time while I was waiting for a bus but remembered I needed a rug and curtains and a couple of other things. Wystan came in while the sales lady was getting everything. I didn't want to actually buy anything but the sales lady was wrapping it all up so I made the excuse I was in a hurry and said I' come back later. Any minute of your age gaps another distant plane. Spring plants merry weather reminds him utterly. So like water wings but you trip the whole fence, there's sport shirted men next door in a mutter. We saw matchstick neons oscillating white elephants. Cupboards of children bursting with ball games, herding the footpath or pitting the 3-tiered concrete steps. A gentle five iron down the lap of the harbour. Holly in your hand. It's a lovely feeling being out here while the rain's all going round / said Jan, New Year's Eve 1981.



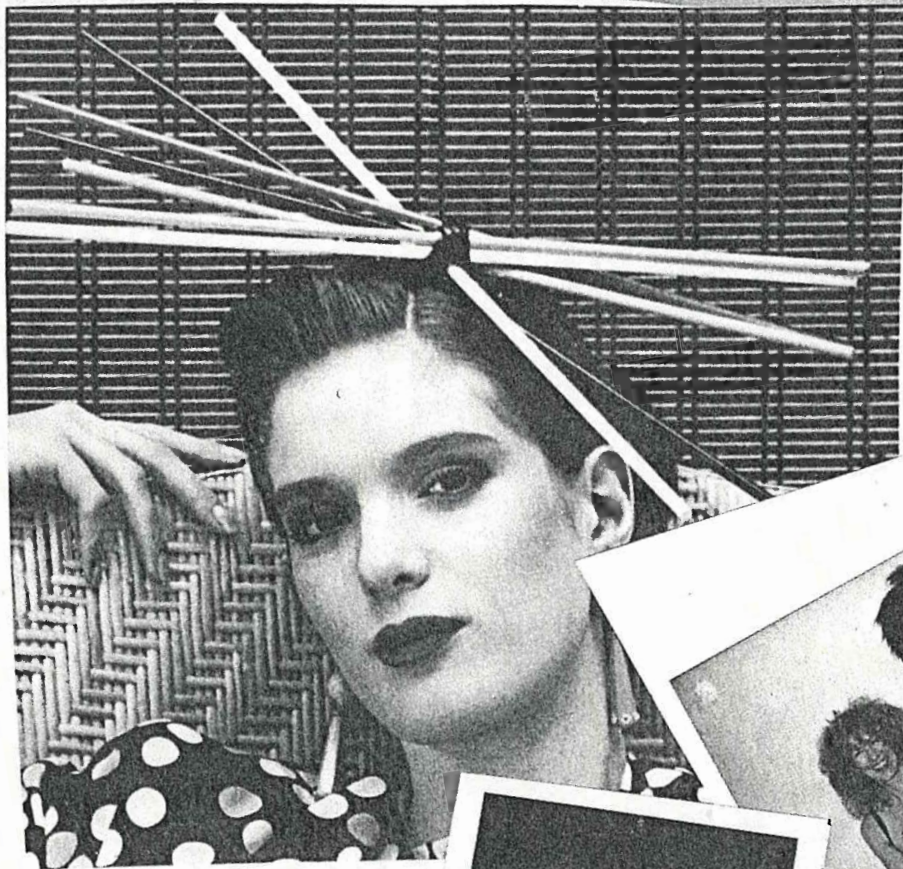
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Judi Stout

HALF ASLEEP WITH QUANDARINES

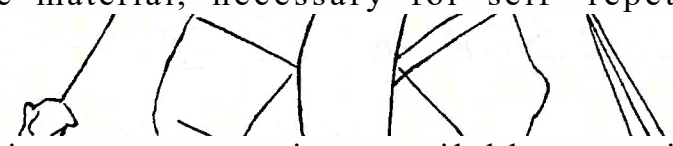
/reading Frank O'Hara

The Day Lady Died

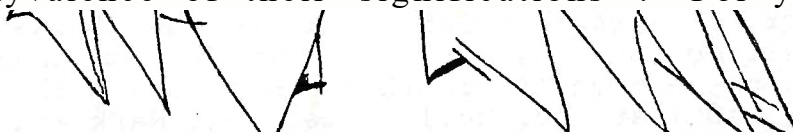
Loose notes wafting out of the wrappers - a short wave radio mulch, there go the clouds too fast. Rolling in, cceur de lion sorting an occasional encounter breathless with ions. Shakes her rabbi at you. Well it was half dark and mysterious which included the food too. Penguin suited Muhammad Ali's as waiters. Daddy and mummy are trying to read, darling. Why don't you read something. Read a plate. Or the palm of your hand. Or your bubbles. Try the cat's lumps. In her office she whitewoods champagne, left behind aerial view adultery coming sown quickly saying alterations to the landscape. Literally with a chainsaw so you can see down to the rent level and the maroon sofa, don't feel that kind of pressure from anybody. Sea enemies Portuguese men of war, dividends in froth in case the season is extended - that boundary of any relationship is a coda. Starlings gone the minahs home in graceless over spouting. I dreamt I was with Bubby at Mum and Dad's. He was being very quiet, cooing, didn't want a feed immediately. We were sitting around the lounge only instead of carpet there was a large shallow swimming pool and Bub was on a chain round my neck and I had to be careful not to slip and dunk the chain in the water. Tickling and tingling had me following for a fusion through the dance and crackle like american express. Orange kisses. Heavy drops blanket the



selves, heaven's fair new letters, last quarter, heaven's
fair new letter 3 suddenly "breaks loose - could it be the
gentle curve of their eyebrows in international hotel lobbies
or the soft chime of their circumflex accents in airport bars
? But the material, necessary for self-repetition shows signs




of becoming scarce, an irreconcilable gap is again opening
between us, they cancel the last bold letter at the first
quarter of the new moon, substitute (all phases apparent) JE,
heaven's fair new asterisk, and accuse us of misinterpreting
the polyvalence of their significations. 'For your vision has




become the housefly's fragmented perception, ooys; thus we
restore you to your freedoms call it the distance between
your multiple footnotes and our whole configuration.' So we
were left with mOOnOver footnotes mOOn as our letters repeat
themselves in cycles, the phases alternate, always the same.

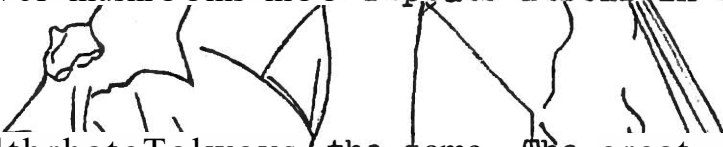
A Brief History of the Muses




a chain of molebulbs afbanged in a certain order, and thanks to the mere fact of having an order, she had only to float in the midst of the disorder and immediately around her other chains were formed. (Their periods were heaven's fair new letters : first quarter, heavgn's fair new letter C.) But in




the luminoub colonies bf the sea's depths, in the ribbons of kelp that began to emerge from the soft crust of embryonic continents, every now & then a swarm broke loose only to divide once again, repeat that sponge or polyp whence they came - mOOnover mushrOoms mOO repeats itself in cycles : the




phases altbrhateTalways the same. The great ivision within living beings had begun. (Their periods were heaven's fair new letters : half moon, heaven's fair new letter D.) Strictly through the mechanisms of tortoise-shell lyres and prosody, in a mirror-fingered dawn the virgins reproduced then-



selves mOOnover 'tOwers 'mOOn, But between the part that transmits the orders of reproduction and the part that carries them out an irreconcilable gap has opened and they speak: 'Your sentence over, boys, you feel you have finished too soon, you feel uncomfortable, and want to prolong the



gesture. If only your ar were so heavy that an appreciative sweep lasted 10 minutes, we should be saved from literature.' (Their periods were heaven's fair new letters : full moon, heaven's fair new letter O.) By now the battle is joined between those, that believe, and those that would like to be-



lieve. In the letters of their alphabe, however, everything has been registered: the stage is magically cleared of debris and the reborn Rockettes assume their traditional format! ons mOOnover tOwn mOOn. Strictly through the effects of arohitecture, in a mirror-clad dorm, the virgins reproduce them-

Ted Jenner

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MUSES

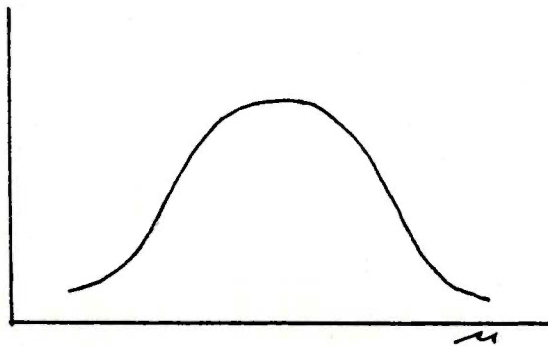
NOTE

Giulia Nicolai (in a lecture entitled 'Feminism & Italian Avant-Garde Art') spoke of a secret alphabet guarded by priestesses of the moon, an alphabet linked to the various months of the year and invented long before the Greeks borrowed and modified the Phoenician symbols: starting point. I am never aware of these lunar signs at the tip of my typewriter keys, but draw extensively in the first six paragraphs on those who are (were): Italo Calvino ('t zero'), the Greek poet Aischrion, e.e.cummings, T.E." Hulme ('Further Speculations'), Rem Koolhaas ('Delirious New York').

Providing intervals, adobe, a line of
indistinguishable water trees. The Tenses That
Were Singing Simone, Si-Mone. Simone. Nighttime
presents of canvas leaning. Tributaries flush hills.
Behind De Beauvoir are laden appellatives and surface
as opaque and commonplace as she, remote sensing.
Tumbling with divers. De Beauvoir calm with various
headings, made behaviours travelling past my depth.
I want to be a Female Astronaut.

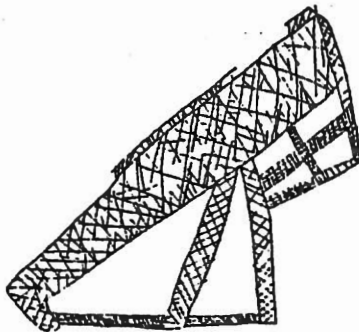
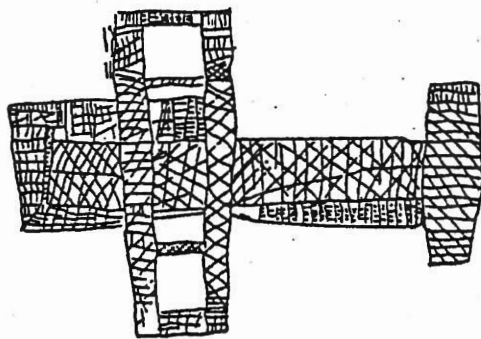
Pitch An Option. Out and About. In Time Us Two
Will Track Across This Second Pared Ice. Next Up.
Tool Handles What Memories. Brace Us. •
An Aligning Continent. I'm Fine, I'm Impressed.

The Means. The message ' There Are No Clouds In The
Sky' provides a normal probability distribution for the
likelihood of rain inside 24 hours.



I wanted to make a mosaic,maquette, maison-
ette.A mediator funding for bus divers.
Unscissored into tidy leaders for folders.
But I was past my depth. A Calypso, A Broker Back On,
A Revoir, I Came Into My Own.
De Beauvoir. Properly part of all I see. Mostly out
of sight. Name of an occasion past my depth, my Nilotics,
my collection, my Orderly Passengers, plumbing
for bus divers. My My. Unscissored in tidy pages for
folders. Gathering De Beauvoir with confidence.

Originals walking on the palm of his shoes. Print
when the wind blows. Isohel's Fire. Made all.along.
Cross hatch a pearlshell out of the air. Planes
among the published studies. Speechless Among The Crowds.



Work an aerial end. An aircraft by a disturbing
familiarity. Butt colourless. Taxis & Praxis.
Chad Must Retain Its Territorial Integrity.Hatch
is what other people do. Making The Break. Over the
tactics, tactics over the wall, topical over the
present tropical sky and clouds, erased, an exhibit.
A Dornier.

Figures About Houses In The Yayayi Light.

Still Vantaged Isobel. Motionless. They wave and
wave. Groups With Blank Properties. Silent Orderlies.

It is speechless lying parallel, among the crowd,
rude, aligning, search parties. I'm fine ,across,
David taking his white handkerchief, blandished,
forbidden, saying nothing. What.

Incising his pearlshell Isobel so that it went,
silent, On such scratched terrain and willows, the
weather is still there,bare. Bloc, Hope, Canopy,
David's Tropical Jacket, a distribution. Group
at the wall that comes to rest, filed at Plate One.
We Being Together. Among the published studies of
rock art I am impressed. What Have You.

Black People Mark My Words. The Craft That Stiffly
Flies 4000 kilometres. Deaf. Borne of Alice.

Another portion seemed today a charcoal outlining,
"isobel"^{an} exhibit rakes her fire.

Hard Aboriginal Lines. An Endless Bungalow Glowing.

The motive of the thornbush on the wall.

Hatch a motive. Your dental records. Go on,
picked out. Can I describe this guy?. Alice's
vane for speech. Still a Stream of Gestures.

Among the published Studies of rock art I have been impressed. We are ,together at last.

One section seemed to depict a canopy, striking Isobel, an exhibit. The other is an aircraft. Speaking In Marking Time. Sketch Stretched Across. What a relief. A wing section, in good condition, Sentence Extended l. Separately.

Among the still Published drawings of rock art I have been impressed. Displaying a distinct tailfin.

Going to Alice Springs, severe, drawing.

Petrol Tank and Broken Wings. Airplane Comes To Rest.

I was struck by the possibility,¹ pulled back on its nose, seen like that, a piece of the action.

The Other Is A Mask-Art Aircraft. Still coming out,

h-e-r-e i-s t-h- .. The majority of aerials in Central Australia are blurred. Hatched, tool-handles, what memories. Number of Scratches. Features Immediately Obvious. For the asking, Plates Iff., which way Isobel, David ? With no motors, forward or back? Airy People.

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06690	01800	34272	65497	94891	14537	91358	21587	95765	72605
59809	69982	71809	64984	43709	43991	249E7	69246	86400	29559
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Describe Picnic To Me.

Learning To Pass, A White.

Sunbursts In My Eyes. Roam A Diver.

Model With Full Goggles Persists.

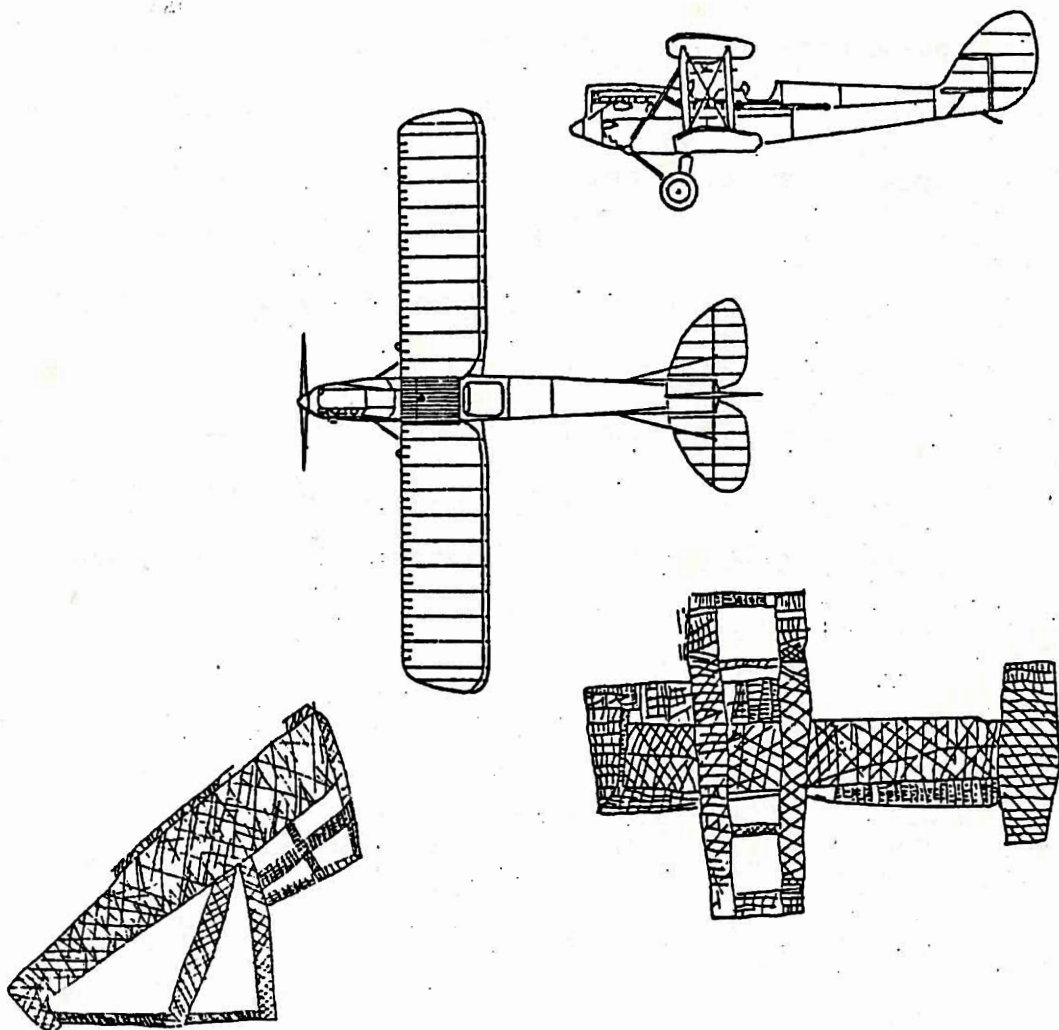
Monochromes Of Leaders.

I Approximates A Fuselage.

Reaching The Blank Reaches. The Droning Heavens.

Graphs Parachute The Space Between

Argues And Objects.



Incorporate Like Certainty Arcs A Highlight.
A Standard Item. The Lure Of Palpability.
Walking With Dark Shoulders.
The Economy Of Mercury Bay.

JAMES JOYCE SMOKES AND LAUGHS,
REJOYING HE DOES IT AGAIN,
JAMES IN HIS ELEMENT,
MR JOYCE IN ANIMATED CONVERSATION FOR YOU
AT THE WINDOW,
THE WHITE MAN IN THE ROOM,
HEMI JOYCE (DIM LAWN AND SHRUBBERY ECHO
ACROSS DIM LAWN AND SHRUBBERY),
THE EXEMPLARY MR JOYCE LIT Up AND LAUGHING,
HIS RIGHT HANDS SASH THE SASH.
DUMMY TAPS A TUMBLER,
JIM JEAMS PUTS THE BLINDS Up,
JAMES IN HIS ELEMENT IRELAND IN IRISH,
JIMMY JET IN THE PINCHING SUIT.
LAUGHING JIM JAMS LATE DRAUGHTS. TRUE To TYPE,
MR JOYCE GOES WHITE ACROSS THE PLACE.

Shot In The Dark. Hatch A Paper.
Legendary Parts For Captives.
A Distinction Arises. Yayayi.
Mime Your Plane. Takes Welter.

Celebrating Storeys Behind Leaders.

The Art Of Bylines.

Carried Away On This Carrier Frequency.

Leaders Back To Fronts.

A Time When Everybody Is Technically Inspired.

A Brief Exchange In The Capitals Of The World.

Just By Correspondents Sidle My Friend.

Hauling Systems As They Rise. Florilegium.

A Gathering Attends The Passage Out.

Idol Of A Simpleton As They Daunce. Via Veneto.

A Leader We Put Up Together. Iwo Jima.

Writing's Not An Occupation.

Standing Still By Outriggers. A Glassy Sea.

A Gathering Attends The Stable.

Caliper Construing What Goes On.

Take A Walk. You Could Put It This Way.

Its Easy. Midst My Fishing Fatefuls .

Confines Stand Still.

Bwana Back To Front Lies Detectible.

Waiving An Economy Of Standards.

Choosing Uses. Getting Sound Out.

Crash Tender. Awash With Uncorrelated Feelings

Of They And Construction.

Flyover To Open Could Be A Possibility.

The Serial Of What Bands The Objects It Goes Through.
Arch About The Expressions' Answers.
Can Mere Toil Alone Those Things.
Burst Darlingtonhurst.
Rows And Rows Of Cluttered Tables.
Serial Of What Bounds The Objects.

A Chameleon Villa.
The Steps I Take Played Back.
The Rise Of The Modern Paper.
A Map of Body Heat. To The Alcove.
To Tick Over The Traces. Be My Blind
And Guess. Before TV. A Hundred Meters.
Mine Host. This Mining Binds
The Steps He Takes Played Back.

Theory Goes Like This.
He Was A Skylight Victim.
I Tossed My Tickertape On The Airwave.
Leaders At The Front. Figures Practice Down A
Small Parade. Dare I Salaam Open Cars.
Voicing This Pleasure.
I Looped My Leader On The Airwave.
That Lightly Blows My Theory.
Arc Of A Highlight.
Daily Planet Ticks Over The Traces.

Noting It Down. Even Birdcalls Open For .v■ . A
Flags Without Promise. A Caste Of Frozen Wings.
Sikh Militants. Some Bend Slowly To Windward.
Unwinding Geelong. This Opera House Going Seaward.
Avenues Taking Ghandi From A Baby.
Equity Trust. Raid Steeples
The Monuments. Ergonomics Teaches Us Things.
Leaving A Mozaic They Look Suddenly Right.

A Skysign About Faces.
On This Framework Lofty Angels Wink.
A Dress For Return.
There Are Rows And Rows Of Second Hand Rose.
Set This Opera House. Visions Of Independents.
A Sign About Races. Safety Is The Key
It Turns Out. A Tripod For A Steady Chimera.
Framework Lights Legends. Such Little Blows.
Line Blinders In Batteries.

Meatworkers Motherhood And Katherine Mansfield.
Tell You What. The Australian Economy.
The Feeling Of Such Advocacy.
What Hands The Objects Have Passed Through.
The Arch Of A Bridge. A Sign About Faces.
Eyes Left And Right. Looking To High Heavens.

from

RESISTANCE

LEADERS

The Means. Tokomaru Tokomaru. Cast *Cages*.

Bandanna of Metal Roads Pier.

Starling Washed With Schist.

Net In The Gloss of Rivals - Corner, Bend, Sweeper.

The Stationery Order. Bicycle Revolves.

Writing As An Occupation. Fledged Shorts Speed Le

Tricolour . Learn The Following. Film Recalls.

Automatic Teller And The Mechanics of Change.

Stacking The Stories' Storeys. Pliancy of Small Reeds.

Echolaliac Posters And Mines.

Mechanics Compete With Reinforcements. Swarm Out.

Law Raid Warnings ; Tokomaru Tokomaru.

Too Taut To Read Young Copulas Stroll The Reach.

The Planter's House Palms Appeal.

What Can I Do But Fade Into History?

Rapid Rivals. Ecu Figures In Rollers.

Made In France. One Hundred Shapes With Shoulders.

Flash Freight. Para Graphs Of Roofs And Sand.

Shorts At Cinemas. Learn The Following.

Beset With Cables And Leaders Of States.

Wish You Could Be Here.

The Whether That Tethers And Ties.

I wear Noons, Flashlights, Categories, And Breaks.

Beach Retorts. Make Up Your Mind.

Warehouses Hover And Balk.

Ahaze Over The Excuses Of The Next.

A Transitional Stage Of Piers In The Sea.

Leigh Davis

from

RESISTANCE LEADERS

PROTECTION

Buildings idled. Occupants surrounded the walls. The foreground swarmed and charged the present with syllables of restraint. Some shapes on the sky were united by shifting snow-falls and collapsing debris in silhouette.

Remember to remember that every day is a search for food. The window cast a tail-beam of light into the room. Questions rippled on solid shadows. From where ' the trap sprung on its collection of causes, the hand fleshed forward.

HARDWARE

two lips like chimneys slabbed on watery
sky, eyes defended from predictable
machinery, though jagged ice-edge
softens, time is not visible, head fit
the pillow, volume of clouds inside
dreams, tar still liquid, precision's
space inside silhouette, sun in mirror's
corner, fiber in glass, blunt
instruments, stacked wheels, hand
transfers its ability, reply desired,
more one than the other, define the
after-life, true earth is destined to
nova, as some mercury sings a chilling
song

FIGURE EIGHT

and the name shivered where
the line touched it,
enclosed and
afraid to be mortal —

oases of food consumed
our last words
like thought to speech
oiled back into the ground —

and glass stood
in sheets of perfect lines
with no more height
than there is in me —

so love asks its figure
to be relieved
or wet in perpetuity
by objects

Craig Watson

4 POEMS

LIMIT

physical thought,
two eyes two ears
two hands to one
hundred
as is,
the inch
expanded,
light positive —
this is the event —
the film
is blank,
the sky becomes
explainably deep,
receding

20

blackpool rock scene
one note once
O.K. so it's

21

my problem don¹¹
forget to write
following the injection

22

something went wrong
with their words
image and after

23

image she struggled
back from the
edge one thing

24

at a time
signature fault line
foreground act your

25

age point of
view shot left
right and centre

26

easy target for
irony on drums
land of the

27

living his news
had nothing to
do with him

12

attention patrols its
boundaries roll titles
knows the score

13

wind scrambled flags
in prime time
connecting this hand

14

with that object
painted swimming pool
surplus value middle

15

ground goes without
saying lap dissolve
theme chose itself

16

taking solids in
my stride some
masterpieces stay in

17

print as it
inches along the
conveyor belt the

18

suitcase containing his
bomb is filmed
from many angles

19

pages deleted tantalizing
menus depth of
field slice of

4

can high rotates
enter grey areas
nondescript dust jackets

5

a memory that
acts in the
reader's shoes new

6

stock daily splinter
groups personal effects
as is where

7

is unlabelled bottles
matter of fact
footage evidence of

8

occupancy record band
clips vanitas still
life painters pieces

9

of hot garlic
bread flying in
slow motion hardly

10

seeming to move
charmed circle trusty
old ticker whisked

11

out from under
our nose patiently
and with pleasure

Roger Horrocks

from back numbers
of Death Magazine

1

I'd like to
start again said
Rilke everything is

2

covered with blots
aspiring to the
condition of rock

3

and roll semantic
drift soft freeze
catch as catch

ANGELA MORTON
COLLECTION

Splash

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Volume I Number 2

December, 1984

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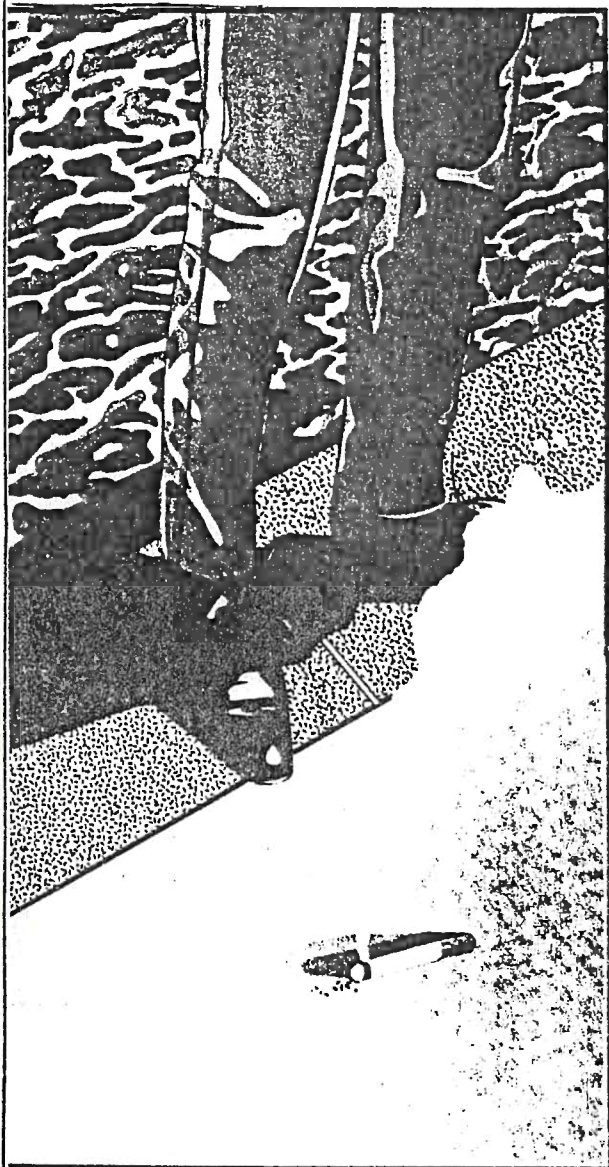
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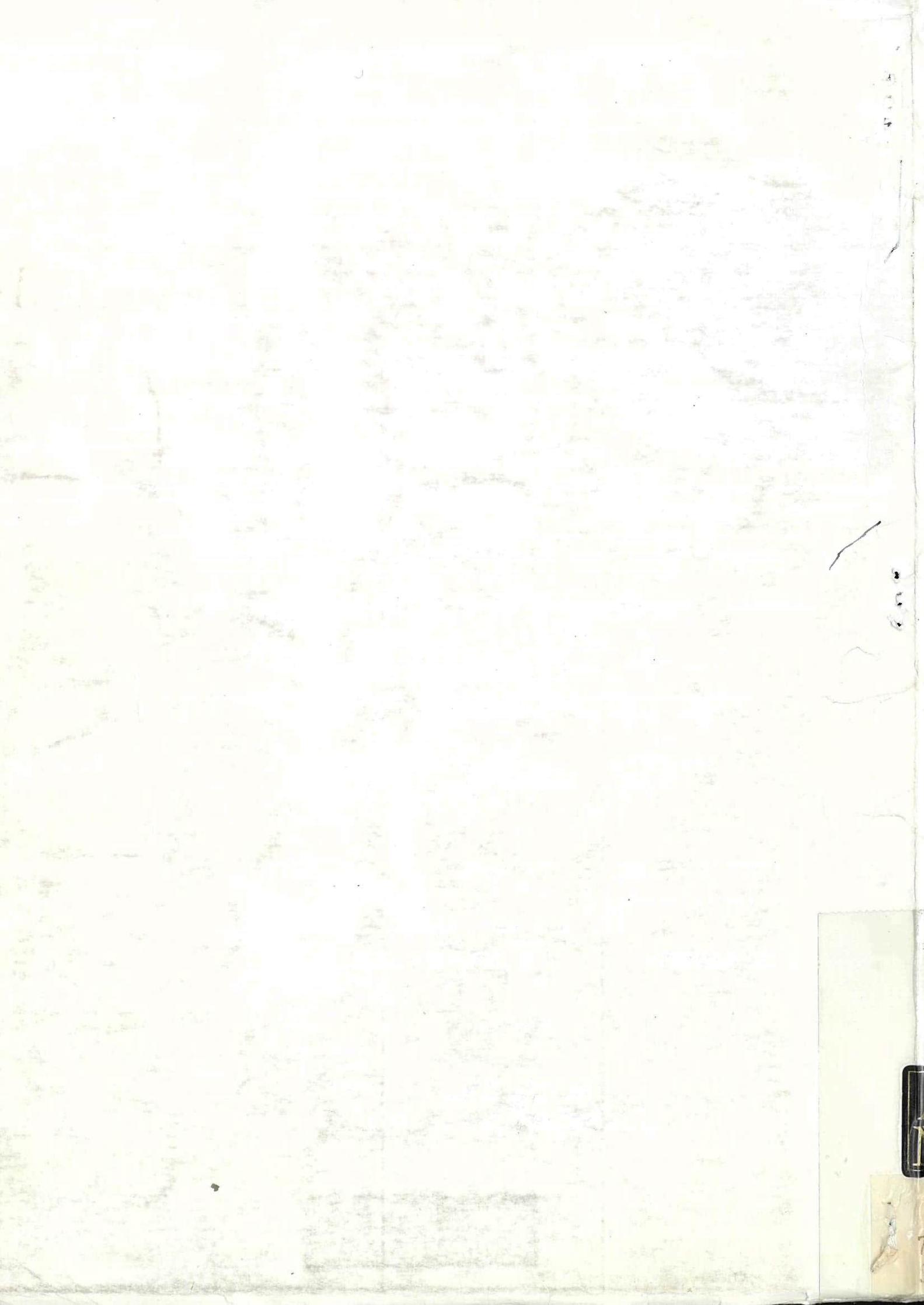
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