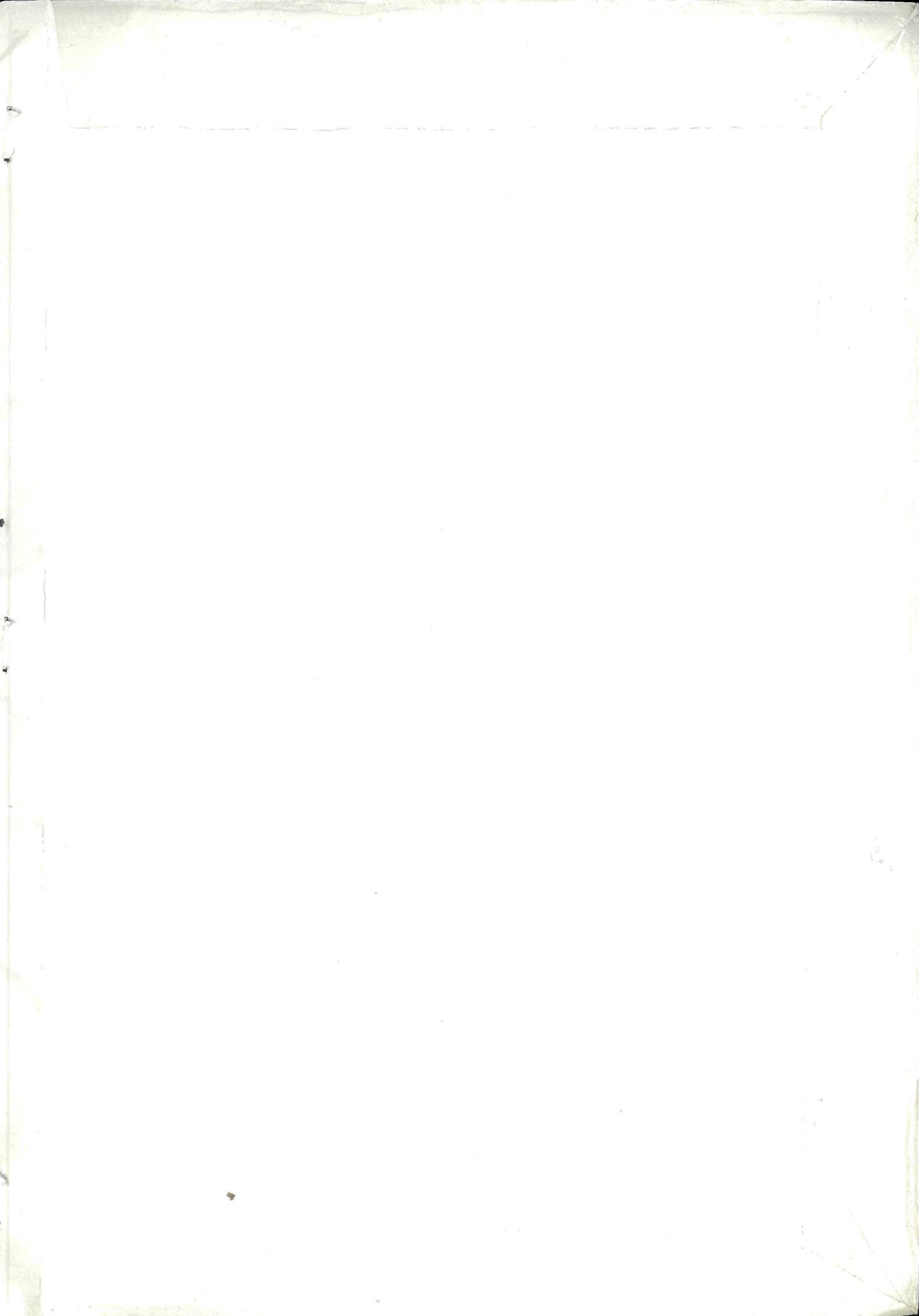


splash



Four



splash

Number 4

April, 1986

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Editorial

We had originally decided to include a wide range of FROM SCRATCH material in #4, but the project kept on growing - to the point where we decided it would be better to devote virtually the whole of an issue to FROM SCRATCH, doing the job properly. It's a job that (surprisingly) noone else has yet done - documenting the work and ideas of one of NZ's most original music/visual arts/performance groups, over the more than 12 years of its existence. FROM SCRATCH has given us generous access to its archive and we have selected scores, drawings, diagrams, statements, descriptions of performances, & a variety of other related texts. We hope to complete the FROM SCRATCH issue shortly, but there is still time for further contributions if anyone has FROM SCRATCH material or wishes to write about the group's work.

SPLASH readers will be interested in the forthcoming visits of Charles Bernstein & Jackson Mac Low. Bernstein has been a contributor to both SPLASH & PARALLAX. He is to be University of Auckland Foundation Visiting Fellow in the English Department for three weeks. He will give three readings: **April 30, 1-2, Arts Commerce A 215, Univ of Auckland;** **May 6, Gluepot Tavern, 8.30 p.m.;** **May 14, 3.30-5.30, as part of the Australian & New Zealand American Studies Conference, A 215.**

Susan Bee (Laufer) who will be visiting New Zealand with Charles Bernstein will give a talk about her work on May 1, 1 p.m. at the University of Auckland. She was a contributor to SPLASH #1.

Jackson Mac Low will be the literary keynote speaker at the A. & N.Z. American Studies Conference. His address on **Peace & Art** takes place on **May 13, 8 p.m. at Arts Commerce A 215**, and this will be followed by a reading/performance. Mac Low will also read at the Auckland City Art Gallery & in Wellington, venues and dates are not yet fixed. For further information contact Wytan Curnow, English Dept, Univ of Auckland.

Among those taking part in the A & N.Z. American Studies Conference will be : **Alan Loney, Alex Calder, Michelle Leggott, Terry Locke, Charles Bernstein, James Tulip, Leonard Wilcox, & many visiting scholars from the U.S. & from Australia.** Further information from **Jo Atkinson, Political Studies Dept, University of Auckland.**

[Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is too light to transcribe accurately.]

PERFORMING FUNCTIONS

Statement

Random selection functions to produce rhyme, odds are in favour of a correspondence. Face it, the prize is a small price to pay for the privilege of being allowed to play. Or, checking the record allowed for confirmation, specious as the original material. Flush against the freeway, recording the movement of the traffic, sure that what goes by goes by. A refusal to systematize attempts to put order in the service of discovery. But the sensual value of meaning impossible to establish except in relative degrees of intensity. Kinship terms? Key to the structural organization of human function of limits in the basic making of definition. Permission an admission of restriction, still worth it.

Paraphrase

Free choice works to force coincidence, chances are something aligns. Realize, winning is a little stake to gain the opportunity to engage. Besides, looking in the book was a way to be sure, though suspect because of the source. Standing by the road, counting the cars, certain that the vehicles were passing. Denial of order struggles to place a program outside of its original intention. So the feeling of sense can't be assured unless it has a standard applied. Familiar relations. A way to understand the whole basis of intelligence? Life goes on whether or not it's accounted for in well-documented terms, but* it doesn't benefit from the effects of management without some effort and intention. Any allowance has a tolerance margin within which it operates.

Restating

Any group of anything will allow the possibility of a way of formulating a set of similarities between some of the items in the group. That realization doesn't necessarily nullify the validity of autonomy discreteness, or variety. Any material evidence can contain error, the material itself is an absolute fact. Thus, watching cars on a highway is a reasonably certain means of quantifying the traffic. But without some organized system in which to assign each of those vehicles a value according to particular characteristics, the stream is only available to organization as numerical items, outside of that the rest of the information is what stimulates the sensual process into experience of the road. Relationships form inside a structured organization or outside it. Association operates according to some principals - are these fundamental mental functions or idiosyncratic surface traits? In either case, any assignment of value is pre-requisite to comprehension and that value is dependent on at least a primary distinction which allows differentiation of one thing from another thing - similarity dependent on difference.

Inversion

Certain combination destroys alignment, even against the lack of disparity. Reject that, the punishment isn't a large return to be paid for the disadvantage from restriction in work. And, refusing the temporary doesn't restrict denial, absolute in the versions conceived. Far from the water, ignoring the static street, unsure that anything still stands still. Acceptance of disorder succeeds in confusing the possible disservice of reference. And the intellectual absence of sensation possibly deconstructs in accord with permanent links form homogeneity. No relation? Locked into a vague mess of animal breakdown? Don't map destruction by stating a belief, a faith, or a possible idea, but by guessing at the uselessness of wide open field against a refined disintegration of confusion. Refusal the repression of extension, not enough.

Inversion

Very careful dictation won't reveal allegiance, even against the possibility of non-relation. Refuse this, losing never justifies having entered into the game. Because the denial of transience only represses negation, as reliable as the reproduction of a concept. Away from the stimulus, ignoring the static structure, uncertain of even what stands still. Acceptance of disordered facts can't relieve sensation of sense. And the intelligent lack of feeling is easily held false in all absolute systems of value. No relation? No way into the disorder of disfunction? Won't state destruction by making a leap of faith, confusion, or disarray, and by embracing the lack of means by which to destroy homogeneity. Refusal denies extension, never without loss.

Expansion

Any random selection of elements will emphasize the possibility of seeing some kind of relationship among some of those elements through some aspect of similarity. It is virtually impossible to assemble anything within human perception and not have those "things" by virtue of the actual processing of their perception into cognition, have some kind of relation to each other. Is this because the neurological means by which the transformation of sensation into perception and then cognition operate makes the correspondences based on its own nature, intrinsic to the process itself (the process of processing, that is), or is it because the "information" itself has certain parameters which are recognized by the processing. The essential function of memory in recognition and comprehension require that that memory have some permanent or semi-permanent retention mechanism (by definition). All of this called into play in the spontaneous interaction with experience - as in watching cars on the freeway in order to figure out how one knows what cars are on the freeway. The most basic function, most reliable, in this case, is simply to count them. An almost irrefutable fact, their number, whether or not any other information about them can be guaranteed, the simple instance of their existence can fairly well be depended on. But the far more complicated range of information which is the whole of their quality, movement, situation, condition, needs a much more developed system in which to be understood, quantified, qualified, compared. Here the relations between objects again bring up the issue of whether that relation is established because of the pre-existing relation of the objects. The separation of one from the other is impossible, of course, since perception only reveals its function in relation to an object. The means by which it functions however has absolutely to depend upon the ability to make distinctions, linked to memory as much as to praxis.

Contextualization

The consumption of this raw material, earth, in this place, is in order to synthesize from it some new product. Use it as it occurs. Of course you had the bay drained. The empty basin was marked with rings of debris left by the sinking water. The urban landscape was integrating and interpreting the coherent structure as a program of thought. The scheme was based on an assumption of commonality.

The conference had proceeded for the purpose of the consumption. The first time he opened his mouth to speak some of this raw material appeared. They had a sacrosanct attitude toward earth as resource. It was sufficient to appear in this place as a contribution. Naturally the spokesman demonstrated that the margin of tolerance is in order as proof of integrity. But the intention to synthesize from it was a blatant, contradictory display. That was the only reason for some new product to be introduced to the community.

Use it carefully. As it occurs it provides. Of course you had the bay drained for the children. The empty basin was ringing with new input. Marked with rings of debris the shelter claimed much attention. Left by the sinking water it hardened into a thick shell.

Search the urban landscape. Its pattern was integrating. Now struggling and interpreting the coherent structure as a program. It remains within reach of thought. In every case the scheme was based on an assumption. The final achievement relied upon instincts of commonality.

Ted Jenner

JOURNAL PAGES

(Pages from a journal, 26th June - 4th October *85)

Cambridge is into the swing of the Pound centenary celebrations this damp summer afternoon (26th June): rain-streaked posters outside the colleges advertise tfre 'Pound's Artists' exhibition of painting and creative writing workshops based on the principles of Imagism and Vorticism. If the workshops sound like a mild absurdity in a Post-Modernist, Post-Conceptualist age, what else can institutionalised art offer but a semi-archaeological group-dig on terrain that hasn't been explored - in the practical sense - for seventy years? Few poets in England followed Basil Bunting into the limbo of Pound's 1912 (1912!) metrical tenets (to 'break the pentameter' with quantitative measures composed 'in sequence of the musical phrase'); and Vorticism wasn't merely stifled by the outbreak of World War - its leading exponents (Lewis, Bomberg, Roberts) repudiated their dynamic diagonals, 'in-rushing perspectives' and metallic austerities to fall back on something more accessible: Views of Jerusalem or ball-headed puppets in Hell.

At Kettle's Yard in Castle Street, a gallery once owned by H.S.Ede (author of 'The Savage Messiah' and pioneer collector of Gaudier-Brzeska sculptures), the directors of 'Pound's Artists' have mounted their exhibits with a dramatic flair that belies the fact that everything from glass-caged first editions to a mock-up of Epstein's ROCK DRILL has been assembled within the confined space of three small rooms. The second room resembles the shrine of some long-defunct pre-Columbian rite based on a stock of aggressive fetishes: ROCK DRILL stalks the annexe on the long legs of a predatory insect; Gaudier's BIRD SWALLOWING A FISH sits on a section of tree trunk low enough for the bird's broad planes and protuberant eyes to assume the menace of a goblin; various wrestling and writhing figures by Lewis form a frieze leading to the phallic altar-piece, Gaudier's HIERATIC HEAD OF EZRA POUND.

The third room is devoted to Pound's Paris and Italian years, a necessarily sketchy display of paraphernalia convened by Brancusi's mysteriously featureless HEAD OF

PROMETHEUS. It lies on one cheek in the centre of another large round block of wood. ("If it is properly set, you see how it falls on his shoulder," said the sculptor.) CANTO 45, in huge print, is mounted on the rear wall next to a rapid-fire slide show illustrating the art which the poem promulgates as exemplary, the art of clean-cut lines and clear colours before the line grew "thick with usura". A few terse notes in a brochure published by the gallery explain why Pound admired Quattrocento patronage and condemned usury: patrons like Sigismondo in Rimini gave artists a home and a salary; they promoted the integration of painting and sculpture into architectural settings which could never become the transportable artefacts of market speculation; speculators, usurers, on the other hand, patronise nothing more than art's products, the saleable commodity. So far, so good. But if Pound saw Mussolini's anti-usura programme as the mark of another enlightened patron when he arrived in Italy, I think we could trace the germ of his immature, ivory tower fascism back to this credo. (As we all know, Mussolini preferred to patronise his retainers in the aero-industries and the armament factories, but would even Sigismondo have behaved differently given aero-engines and incendiary bombs as a more effective means of displaying power and prestige than a Tempio full of works by di Duccio? And what would Leonardo have produced with firm financial backing in an industrial age? Pound's historicism never grasped this radical shift in the manifestation/exhibition of power.)

. . .

4th October at the Tate: 'Pound's Artists' are installed in twice the amount of space with twice the degree of confusion. Perfectly square, self-communicating galleries create diversions but fail to provide the exhibits with the dynamic, vertiginous perspectives you would associate with an art based on the Vortex. (The Hayward Galleries in 1974 - 'Vorticism and its Allies' - made striking use of ramps and partitions, but the simple division of a narrow room into aisles of sculpture at Kettle's Yard was enough to recreate the rush of shapes into a deep perspective.) What the Tate could boast, however, was a continuously playing videotape of Leger's BALLET MECHANIQUE with music by Pound's protege, George Antheil. A poet who was planning a long epic with elaborately cross-referenced, endlessly reproducible fragments of imagery or 'significant detail' was bound to be excited by film as a means of assimilating a repertoire of abstract shapes into recurring, self-illuminating patterns of imagery. And to create these patterns, Leger used a method similar to Alvin Langdon Coburn's 1916 'vortography' - an offshoot of the London Vortex which Pound and Coburn invented

when they photographed objects through a kaleidoscope composed of mirror fragments.

You might call the sphere and the triangle the presiding genii of the BALLET - they first appear as simple text-book guides to the geometry buried in rows of oscillating pans, batteries of drums, thumping pistons and gleaming ram-rods. The presiding anima is a mask-like face in stark make-up; it is fractured by the kaleidoscopic device until the camera concentrates on its smiling, pouting lips, closing up on the double triangle of the upper lip to present an allusive alternative to the machinery and the recurring images of man as machine. An obvious keynote of the film is the derivation of recognisable but accelerated urban shapes from a set of geometrical figures; but in the deeper sense it explores the attempts made by Leger and Delaunay in 1911-12 to express "the life of forms in the mind" (Jean Metzinger, 1910). In other words, like Pound about twelve years later, they had found the subject matter of their art in the simultaneous rush of ideas, images and sensations through the 'vortex' of the mind. That effect of simultaneity, another obvious feature of the film, is achieved quite simply by the repetitions of imagery in slightly altered sequences.

1924 and the cinema is not only involving our eyes in their own restless mobility but is beginning to question our understanding of time as a linear series of events.

• • •

Rapallo, 5th July; for twenty-one years Pound's slow-motion retreat where he gradually lost touch with the world, including Mussolini's Italy and contemporary literature in his own language. From the steps of the station the eye takes in a set of "local prospects and panoramas" as though they had unfolded from a thirty-year old souvenir: the Gulf of Tigullio, olive-groves on the hills above Sant' Ambrogio, a crowded, undersized beach tucked in between rows of boulders, an array of stalls along the seafront selling ice-creams, beach-towels, sun-glasses, lotions. One might now shift further back in time and 'descend', in the Jamesian sense, at a small hotel where the xenophobic padrone sits, shouldering the burden of fifteen hundred years of barbarian invasions. It was a colony of the literati and the self-exiled in the 1920's - Pound no doubt thought for a time that he had rediscovered his community of artists in a sea-side village as he rested amid "Chinese colours", translated Confucius, penned economic tracts, composed music and wrote Cantos that presented more but explained less.

Posters on street-corner notice-boards and flags hung above the main streets advertise a current 'Mostra

Documentaria' ('Ezra Pound, Un Poeta A Rapallo') and a concert next Saturday - 'E.P.e la Musica' - consisting of extracts from his operas, the VILLON and the CAVALCANTI, plus three songs from Purcell and Bruce Saylor's POUND SETTINGS. The Teatro-Auditorium delle Clarisse, site of the 'Mostra Documentaria', lies just beyond the esplanade and the patched-up castello where the votive candles were launched into the sea only two nights ago for the festival of the Montallegre Madonna. You pass through the entrance hall of a music-conservatory; as you climb a winding staircase of veined marble, you follow a series of photo-portraits and drawings (by Roberto Monti) of an increasingly emaciated and demoralised octogenarian. The stairs lead to the top floor and a profusion of manuscripts, first editions and letters - letters from Bunting, Zukovsky and Williams, and Eliot's plea to the editor of IL MARE for Pound's release (from St Elizabeth's Hospital) and return to Rapallo. On the walls passages from the CANTOS are illustrated by the local landscapes which inspired them: "bathers like small birds under hawk's eye", i.e. observed on rocks the colour and texture of their flesh at Pozzetto beneath Sant' Ambrogio. And the 'Vico dell'Oro' of the final fragments was a band of stippled light cast across the Gulf by the setting sun? It was no such nonsense: Rapallo's narrowest street, apparently, some two hundred yards beyond the Cathedral.

An afternoon's trek up to the village of Sant' Ambrogio had to be abandoned when the road seemed to bear in the opposite direction to the bell-tower well snapped by that 'instamatic' imagism: "and the tower like a one-eyed great goose / cranes up out of the olive grove" (CANTO 2). I have therefore missed the famous salita linking Rapallo with Sant' Ambrogio which Pound climbed up effortlessly on those bouncing, rubbery legs of his. In May 1945, under armed guard, he stopped dead in his tracks to pick up a seed somewhere above the path's last turn before it descends towards Rapallo. Did this small event take place beneath the Parco Casale which harbours at least three eucalyptus trees? For it was a eucalyptus seed that caught his eye, its flat plane-face with a deep cruciform notch probably reminding him of Lewis's Oceanic masks or Gaudier's cat-snouts. In the prison camp near Pisa it became a talisman of memory, and it was still among his possessions when critic Hugh Kenner interviewed him in 1965.

7th July; trudging up the Via Aurelia north of Pisa to the site of the Detention Training Centre, U.S.Army, 1945. I am trying to keep a dusty gravel berm between myself and death by Sunday driver - the traffic is

heavy on this narrow Roman road. Cicadas as shrill as parrots squawk in the umbrella pines, but the streams and irrigation ditches are still waters void of frogs. To the east 'Taishan' rises, a cone-shaped peak Pound named after China's sacred mountain - its elegant lines are blurred by haze, but 'Helen's Breasts' are clearly visible to the north-east.

Practising a mythopoeic geography, relating astronomical phenomena and ancient geomantic landscape features to the four corners of the half-square mile your world had been reduced to - this was one way of surviving solitary or exercising a mind that seemed to have gone "half dead at the top". Guards and prisoners were initially under strict instructions not to talk to Pound, E.L.; consequently, they thought they had a real live mafioso capo on their hands! (an impression which seemed to be confirmed by his fluent Italian). Yet he could be seen observing an ant's colony or a family of digger-wasps climbing in and out of their miniature burrows. The delicacy with which he transcribed such observations has a familiar ring: Croce, another political prisoner but one who had a much tougher prison life, wept at the sight of a single ant scurrying across the floor of his dark cell.

Near the river Serchio, a rusty network of wire with a single barbed strand surrounds a rose nursery (and supports columbine, fennel, and something that looks like teasle and something else like cow's parsley). An even more suggestive connection with the DTC is the name of the road running behind the nursery, the Via delle Catene, (the 'Street of Chains'). There is no sign of the cans marked 'Trash Only: U.S. Army' Kenner found in 1969 - has the English Faculty of the University of Maine at Orono bought them up for their lobby? (They passed through here yesterday.) Some irony noted in the appearance of these nine compound-like corrugated plastic sheds which actually house nothing but the 'best guarded roses in all Italy!

....P.S.: Stazione di Pisa, 9th July. Waiting for an express south to Rome and Terracina. A U.S. Army Notice for personnel (contemporary) who wish to contact H.Q.'s (various) in the Pisan district is posted up in the vestibule; huge U.S. transport aircraft still lift freight above this coastal plain, banking into the sun to glint like shards of tinfoil ("you who think you will / get through hell in a hurry....").

THE BEACH POEMS

A beach is a plage on a page
which is different now you've trailed
driftwood along it, left an impression
like all those who've come here
and couldn't resist it: names,
dates, hearts and initials,
all that bumping and grinding,
and an incoming tide.

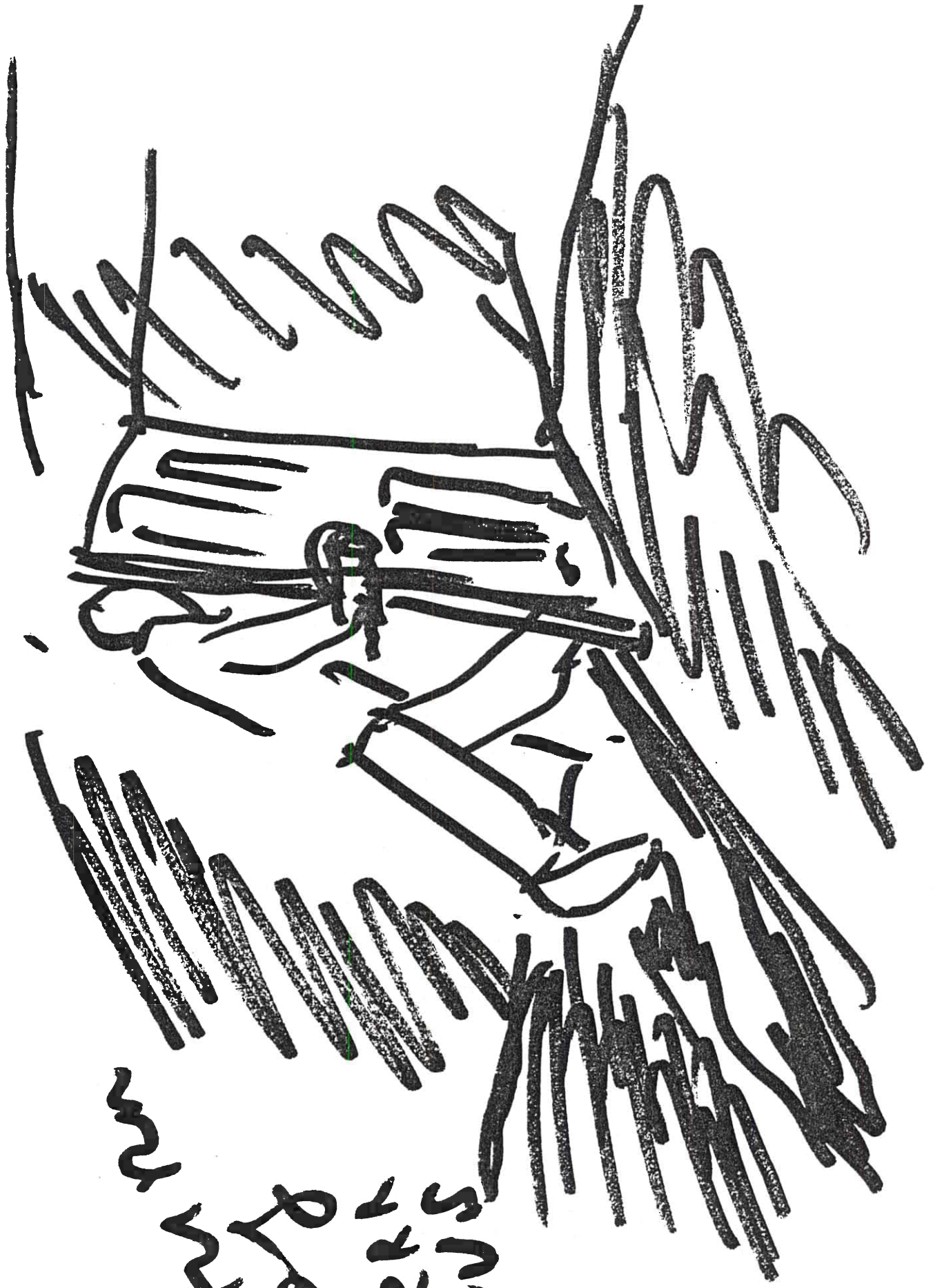
It must have been a fine thing to see
in those days, the fatherly
towelling hatted officials roping off
squares of the beach, and carefully
raking the sand for the surf carnival's
hidden treasure event. A whistle
to start everyone digging, fanta
and zinc-cream and ice-blocks,
a prize for every child under five.

While all over the great non-anxious curve of the bay,
there are dream homes weathering nicely,
summer furnishings, desirable views. Everyone goes
for the mobile element, stacked
or unstacked, with mattress or cushions, modules
transformed at the whim of an owner.

On a shingle beach, sea-necklace
ropes the high tide line like arabic script,
a sign says there's an undertow. Here
drowning is eloquence - pale anemones,
a rising and settling of limbs - and always
some risk of embarrassment: the beached
dog-paddler bunched into his stroke.
Ah, deep blue sea, what was it
put pebbles inside his mouth?

Dreaming of tidal waves
is what we mostly do - is it location
or deeper the room filling up,
and what can you do only
practice deep breaths, plan for contingencies
like what happens if you go under
the wave or rise up too steeply - those
long wooden surfboards lifting like pencils,
those big ones just rolled from your page.

And then? Only beaches and words for beaches,
bays and inlets, coves, harbours,
the waves heavy as curtains or just
slipping in over mangroves, those kinds
of circumference. An oblique slope of sand,
sand over mudflats, then sandstone itself:
the crisscross reliefs and depressions,
the unguarded moments, deepening secrets,
on a beach the bedrock is braille.



the
re
HERK
RANUS

Michael Gottlieb

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE - - II

-10

No one ever asks me what I think, what gives me pleasure, what are the sorts of things that I think should be changed in this world. Not one kind-request ever comes my way, and whenever I do decide and try to get through to the end of an entire sentence it always, invariably, happens. Someone interrupts.

It's as if the actual air waves themselves are a battleground, like everything and everywhere else. Speech itself a spoils.

—11

What we have to remember is that these kids are our kids. They are living here just as we are, even though they may be thousands of miles away, they are like ours. Just because we learn their names in the newspapers they are no less real. They are listening to the same music, drinking the same soda, watching the same movies. We must not forsake them.

We chased them away. How close can we allow them? I mean a boy's got to keep his distance. He better not look at us like that too often. If they disrespect us what do they expect us to do? If we do not keep our standards, and make those who come into contact with us, in that way, adhere to them too, who will bother to **heed** us in the future?

Don't you understand? It's just like war out there already. Literally, we are doing everything but shooting at eachother. That means we all plan and sortie raids on eachother, trying to penetrate eachothers perimeters, convincingly.

This is no fooling around. Each of these babies costs \$40 million. They can accelerate faster going straight up than straight down. They go 600 miles an hour and we throw them within a few meters of eachother. Don't laugh.

The point is, we are doing all this for you. So you can sit back at home and make fun of everything we stand for. Do you think any one of you would survive a minute under any of them? Kidding aside, you would be the first to go.

That's why we are here. That's why we do this; also because these things go incredibly fast and get you incredibly high. It only lasts for fifteen minutes and then you have to drop your tanks, but for those fifteen minutes, you are Superman. No one is faster, no one is meaner, no one can touch you. Unless, of course, you let them get into your envelope.

If you are going along, and one of them, like you, is nearby, say within a hundred miles, and he fires a mama off at you, you have 15 or 20 seconds to get out of your envelope - the hypothetical three dimensional tube you have been flying along in - and get into another envelope.

15 seconds. And if you don't, then he is going to get you, no two ways about it, right up the tail pipe, and all you can do about it is to slow down to a speed that won't mash you like a spud when you step out into it and, as they say, bail out.

— 13

Why are things so different now that we should make such a big deal about what is going on? Nothing is different now. How many more times can our attention be jostled?

We are dead, if any of us are dead. We are the first ones to go. On balance, I think that's fair. Chalk it up to the price of living downtown. What's so different now than ten, twenty, or thirty years ago? I'm not sure that I cotton to any of this. Why should I care? What is the big deal? Why are we all marching? Maybe we've all had to live with all of this, with all of that fear for good reason. Maybe that is, in fact, the price of everything we now so enjoy, of all this convenience and of all these other amenities and privileges. I don't buy it, any of it. What's the difference between this and ON THE BEACH or DR. STRANGELOVE? Nothing has changed.

— 14

The picturesque is not only, not merely, an expedient. It is not just something some dried up old type decides is important, something for some obscure reason suddenly worth something.

Sometimes it just jumps up at you.

I have to admit that a large part of my life has been taken up with trying to capture the essence of that, just exactly what is the picturesque, what is the most beautiful, what is it that people will pay to see?

— 15

They clove fast to him, almost an entire generation, with what some called an article of naivete, held in somewhere deep - a place like Toronto, accessible by regularly scheduled transport, reposing there among acolytes, one who, by recollections, by way of precept and moral, of an earlier, dissolute life, and the like folly and transgression of some of his friends as well, his set, as it was understood, all considered now a mission of a mixed sort, a charismatic evangel verging on something a bit dicier, bearing with it the whiff of scandal long gone, its text; and brandishing the ceremonial horns, gossip; the favorite of his tones. Whose name they never utter, rather refer to as the Mouth, they were his flock and they all dressed and drank like him.

That peculiar feeling of well being, the worry that goes away, which is so quickly replaced.

Coming back on the plane, I was worried, I didn't want to fall sick again. I was afraid to sleep. I made sure I'd eaten before going to the airport, I didn't have anything to drink all day. The memory of the last time loomed in my mind: I'd been drinking plenty, all I ate was an horrific sandwich on the plane, I watched all of a movie I'd seen twice before, one of ours, I hardly slept. When we got to Kennedy at six in the morning, I knew I was in for it. I was sick. I was flat on my back for a week.

But this time it would be different. As I said, I had been quite good. No drinking. No nothing. I got all my sleep all week. No bad at all. I had an aisle seat. I had eaten. I was determined to drink nothing stronger than club soda.

As we taxied toward take off I noticed in the bank of seats to my right a fiftyish bespectacled grayheaded Jew. He was jewish, it was clear, from the jaunty blue yarmulke he sported and the little card he mouthed what must have been a prayer from. He was not going to die unarmed.

Here is the point of the histoire: before we even got off the ground this alter cocker had finished his baruches, flipped up all the armrests in his row, grabbed two extra blankets from an unwary neighbor, stretched himself out full length and for all intents and purposes was dead to the world before our wheels left the tarmac. This seemed quite the ticket. I latched onto a few extra blankets and pillows, grabbed my magazine and briefcase and settled myself in likewise in an adjoining row. Took off my shoes, turned off the reading light and realized, smugly, that I was going to be fast, or moderately, asleep, before the headphones were passed out. My eyelids sank shut with near elation. I slept. I would get at least six hours sleep. I would be able to go to the office the next day. I was not going to be sick.

It was a terrible night. The cushions were lumpy and the pillows were the worst. I woke several times but with each my smugness increased. I was beating all the odds, me, I was sleeping through the drinks, the movie and the sandwiches.

Everything was fine, everything was dandy. As we swooped down over the Rockaways I yawned and sat up. I'd won. There was nothing left to fear. It was a fine and beautiful day, it was mine for the asking. Then I thought: what about the next time? What if the plane is full? What if there are no blankets or pillows? What about the next time?

- 17

O great republic take me in!

I want that dry, air conditioned rasp in my sinuses.
Salt and more salt in my appetizer and more of this
Modesto chateaneuf. «My hair is already all stuck back.
I like rust, magenta, delray blue and woolco taupe.

I don't want much, I just don't want to be different
anymore. I just want to be one of us.

— 18

The help in the store scurried about, nearly flew, attending to our orders even though the store was nearly empty. Perhaps, I thought, remembering back to my own days behind the counter, these people have been so busy all day they simply couldn't slow down. I recall weeks in the store, before the holidays, when we'd just attack the day, dancing around each other to reach the stapler or the cash register, showing off, I guess, for each other or the assembled customers, ten deep; taking in money, pointing to the weaving supplicants, what do you want, mercantile frenzy.

— 19

What I think may be the greatest of all the wrongs is what I feel is the totally unjust and arbitrary exclusion of certain subjects, political, whatever, from their fair term in service as butts of our humor. These people, these conflicts, issues, subjects, are off limits, so you say these subjects are nolo me condere.

I'm sorry I cannot, simply cannot accept that sort of gag. If I want to make jokes about the Contras, no one is going to say a damned thing to me or look cross eyed.

All equally bad. Everywhere. They have to be, that's why they are running things and that's why it's our duty to make fun of them. It's always been like that: John the Baptist jokes at the Last Supper.

—20

When I was growing up, I had the impression that there was a connection, nay, an identity between where I lived and something larger, not that much larger - just that where we lived was the way it was because everywhere was that way. For a while, I remember, one autumn, I was sure that the road on the way to Sunday school had been photographed, blown up by Eastman Kodak, and spread over half the wall at Grand Central Station. That was our road. Or the books: the one about the kids in a suburban neighbourhood - now it seems suburban, now middle class, then it just was a pond by a bend in the road, just like the one in the next town, the house, the corner, the trees, everything. And the one about the farm that I knew featured the same vegetable stand that we passed going up the hill every morning. The proof was everywhere all around.

NOTEBOOKS: 1980

11.2.80 say I have a friend
 me, not me, as
 I have to think abt him

 Say he's abt to bloat
 or flower into some plenitude

 And any lapse of
 mine
 cld kill him

 And if he goes
 I go

12.2.80 let's be clear
 to

7.10.80 yes, let's

 like, let's find
 a way to say

 that all
 prior
 writing & event

 is, in a state of

 flux o happy

 birth/decay

 to you

3.3.80 breaks, always

'At sea' he sd

Today I saw a film of a steel bridge, rippling
as a huge wave.
in wind

Head cold. Vitamin C.
Red label.

Rippling. All the way

down her neck

8.3.80 no prior, red line
marks margin, not
page-edge or pre-
heard word, but

sitting/writing 'dream-awake

'he makes himself'

2.4.80
.
.
.
.
.

here, are 27 full points

which one will you choose
for the above sentence

where, in the sentence

will you put it

what'll you do with the rest of them

7.6.80 inseparable, and by what means
the same, are we cut apart

a cut 'above' nothing everything

aside

and from which, never

21.8.80 we'd never been so far
out of our lives

in our lives

8.10.80 and if I did say it
 what gap wld she
 think I thought
 needed filling, as he

 is not so gravitated
 elsewhere, nor in one
 place 'merely', or

 wld I know if
 small quanta, not of
 any thing in particluar

 were leaping in such
 random absence of
 decision

 'arrivals & departures'

 left to themselves

- 26.10.80 out on the rocks at low tide
snails, limpets, thousands of them
on a reef of volcanic lava and other
rocks, boulders, that had landed in it
so that, at low tide, the 'beach' is
a rocky, exposed, sea-floor
- 26.10.80 a gold gap has opened in cloud
It is 6 am. 'bands' of
sunlight 'fan' out & down
onto the sea, tide half-way in
rain coming across water
toward the beach
- 26.10.80 at water's edge, a long thin line of
reflected light, darkening the water
between it and the 'line' of sunlight
close to the horizon

Graham Lindsay

5 POEMS

AWOTOTO

Sometimes I hear you scream in the night
as one by one they take your lives on the cold wet bricks.
On a moonlit beach
a man's arm holds up a fish dangling on a short length
of nylon.
Make love then with all the men you ever slept with
into one job and out the next
helping yourself to the ego sugarbowl.
Got that as ever moon rising in the impenetrable
crystal heaven
they gave up their hearts, then wanted them back.

We said we'd never go back
in the event
we were always
going

to come back
coming back
to go
going to go.

FROM THE CAPTAIN'S DIARY

I cannot think too much, a sadly deteriorating relationship
the law of the mind homecoming to misery
exorcising old ghosts; a vote for queen and country
grading the behaviour of others
out of gas

dial-a-probe be kind to your mugger
turbulence in the skies how people does it
golden goodbye, halo effect

open windows, once more with feeling
putting the time into seeing people.

SUPERVISOR

Afraid of going through into the next room
which is always there
touch of ourselves

from which silence sex is
the door in the night open like a threat
like love

gently down the hills
through arrangements of normality
heart carping.

RETURN TO EARTH

A low hum from the epicentre of Grey Lynn Park
cars lasting the distance round about
a thousand kilometres intercepting

seeing each other we cry like lovers
coming home from the earth, blood swooping
flitting from one sticky head to the next

after making a clean breast
we return to watering embers
there are no soaring birds, the fish avoid us.

CANCER DIARY - - II

Auckland

Hamilton
(Cobb & Co.)

Thorntons Beach/Ohope

Edgecumbe
(Mike & Judy's)

Rotorua
(Mayfair Motel)

Tarawera

31. 8. 82

Action:

FLUOROURACIL is a fluorinated pyrimidine belonging to the category of antimetabolites, which block the methylation of deoxyuridylic acid to thymidylic acid, thus interfering with the synthesis of DNA and, to a lesser extent, inhibiting the formation of RNA. Since DNA and RNA are essential for cell division and growth, the effect of FLUOROURACIL may be to create thymine deficiency which provokes unbalanced growth and death of cells.

1. 9. 82

'So if you are a 40 year-old New Zealander you can expect to go on living much longer than if you were, say, a 40 year-old rural Indian, or 40 in New Zealand at the turn of the century.

Wrong! The amazing and little realised truth is that once you have subtracted child mortality figures ('low here, high in under-developed countries) from life expectancy averages you find there is very little difference.

We are not reaping as many benefits from modern medicine and hygiene as might be expected. Why? Because of major diseases, in particular heart disease and cancer of the lung and bowel which have mushroomed over the last 50 years.'

Audrey Eyton, AUCKLAND STAR.

4. 9. 82

'■Every change in the physiological state is accompanied by an appropriate change in the mental or emotional state, conscious or unconscious, and conversely, every change in the mental or emotional state, conscious or unconscious, is accompanied by an appropriate change in the physiological state.'

Elmer and Alice Green.

'... we may say that 'mind' is immanent in those circuits of the brain which are complete within the brain. Or, that mind is immanent in circuits which are complete within the system, brain plus body. Or, finally, that mind is immanent in the larger system-r-man plus environment.'

Gregory Bateson.

6. 9. 82

/ease

7. 9. 82

leap (for Sue)

yes, let's

leap

into a

leaf

heap

7. 9. 82

gut
tack
slot
tear
knit
rift
stitch
cavity
snatch

9. 9. 82

I feel now as though it were better never to write another line than to write with pain and effort. To become a sick man in order to produce a great and healthy work seems to me now like a contradiction in essence. Facility is the important thing.

Henry Miller, to Anais Nin, December 11, 1939.

12. 9. 82

Toby	I hear the porridge boiling and it sounds like a trolley going down the drive,
Barney	I hear the wind in the trees and it sounds like a car coming down the drive.
Wystan	I hear the sink water going down the drain and it sounds like someone running down the drive.
Sue	I drive the car.

17. 9. 82

another
mixed
couple

18. 9. 82

LEN dreamt of riding an escalator which just kept on going up— through the roof, and out into open sky. It was not that it was terrifying, it was just that it kept on going up and there was no knowing what would come of it.

SYLVIA (she and Len are wife and husband) dreamt of riding (up, it was) an escalator which, without any warning, swallowed her. Leaving her trapped inside, underneath, in this great (hollow) metal wedge. It was terrifying.

I dreamt I worked in an escalator. It was my . job, gathering up steps (in armfuls) as they came in up top then hot footing it down to the bottom to feed them in again in time. So there were no gaps. It wasn't terrifying at all but it did keep me on the go.

18. 9. 82

my out-
cast is
your ov-
er look.

19. 9. 82

"You're going to Wellington because there are men there."

Jean Simmons to Joan Fontaine ¹.

¹ Until They Sail, MGM (1957)².

² 'That movie about the four sisters² in New Zealand in World War II, ...' Alice Not-ify, Tell Me Again, Am Here Books (1982).

³ Jean Simmons, Joan Fontaine, Piper Laurie, Sandra Dee.

Wellington

24. 9. 82

slapstick
ontology

Wellington

24. 9. 82

I'm the
macho man

vzith my
cut, my
cuniform

above
the rest.

25. 9. 82

Give me a line

Pennsylvania
six five thousand.

Connect me to

Pennsylvania
six five oh oh oh.

22. 10. 82

x
e
r
o
X
e
d
c
i
c
a
t
r
i
x

23. 10. 82

The Growth of Word Meaning, Jeremy M. Anglin.
 The Growth and Impact of Institutional Investors,
 Jeremy R. Briston.
 The Growth of Cancer Cells, Edward H. Cooper.
 The Growth of African Civilisation, Basil Davidson.
 The Growth of Hawaiiin Corals, Charles H. Edmondson.
 The Growth of the Athenian Economy, Alfred French.
 The Growth of Scientific Physiology, G. Goodfield.
 The Growth of the Soul, Knut Hamsun.
 The Growth of Logical Thinking from Childhood to
 Adolescence, Barbel Inhelder.
 The Growth of Twelve Masterpieces, Charles Johnson.
 The Growth of KNowledge, Manfred Kochen.
 The Growth of Cities, David Neville Lewis.
 The Growth of Religious and Moral Ideas in Egypt,
 S. A. B. Mercer.
 The Growth of the South African Abalone, G. Newman.
 The Growth of New Zealand Farming, Peter S. O'Connor.
 The Growth of Civilisation, William J. Perry.
 The Growth of Crime, Sir Leon Radzinowicz.
 The Growth of Douglas Fir in New Zealand, S.H.Spurr.
 The Growth of Democracy, Theodore George Thayer.
 The Growth of Papal Government in the Middle Ages,
 Walter Ullmann.
 The Growth of Blue-Green Algae in Oxidation Ponds,
 W. F. Vincent.
 The Growth of English, Henry Cecil Kennedy Wyld.
 China's Search for Economic Growth, Dixin Xu.
 The Growing of Single Crystals of Zinc, Bismuth and
 White Tin, Mikio Yamamoto.
 Growth and Development, Leonard Zaichkowsky.

30. 10. 82

Chemotherapy is.

not taking

life lightly.

5. 11. 82

Dear Theo

Theo shooting the geothermal mud

Theo's ghetto blasting gamelan

Theo growing gay gourds

Theo cutting carving greenstone

Theo drawing birdmen at Frenchman's Gully

Theo talking making his will now bitterly and
hopelessly known

5, 11. 82

Chemotherapy	1.	9.	82
Chemotherapy	7.	9.	82
Clinic	13.	9.	82
Wanganui	21.	9.	82
Palmerston North	22.	9.	82
Wellington	24.	9.	82
Chemotherapy	7.	10.	82
Rotorua	11.	10.	82
Chemotherapy	4.	11.	82

Peter Seaton

REFUGEE FROM JUSTICE

for George-Therese Dickenson

What is this enduring strength with
Which writings read of for good works
Mediate so high a mystery. The earthly senses
Came to our minds; the spirit in a certain
Window was to be what shall be things
To have been. We made ourselves
And I am here and other visions to a woman
Leave her body.

This is what I know, I can resist
What I cannot and perfect
My hope of what I am. I discover
I would be heard, and yet I love a kind of light
Absent in performing, the breath of time
Neither wasting nor unveiled, in sight
And out of place besides what
I have with myself. I form images
In my memory. I produce colors
As present this or that. All that I am
Disturb the mountain, sea and stars for thought
Requires will out of some pleasure and whatever
I could think requires one who
Should say my heart in sight makes way
For what I have done, which takes place
As I do myself in this power of mine, this ego
I shall call wonderful, those lines
In charge of all the senses of the body which
The mind discerns.

So then I taste or smell or touch the other
Things that press themselves on what I know
To be right but lost in the memory
Of some deed from whom we are all born.
Unless you scatter me back in my soul
That vision longs for the life of a man
That leads to lovers. How can I say
Art in the mortal life of a man and in
Men's faces writes the wars whose gift
You are, one good made only into
Concerning creatures rushing
Into my attention. This kind of buzz
Throngs with abundant thoughts that satisfy
The single-minded stars because these same concerns
Let me examine myself as I survey the world
Mingled with myself, with the same glories
And merits and perils valued out of the mouth
And into the first words, which you appoint
With the pressure of the question a laugh
Could be created for as traces on our future
Which is no longer usual, yet hidden.

What signs shall I ask for, and what motions
Do I love. Whom do I ask to stay
Which is one thing and which gifts last
From my old delights to the manifest syllable
And complete words another as plain
As one's dawn being seen and leaving something
In my memory remaining equal to the present
Bounds to come, the poems and verses
Passing any other discourse said to have
Made traction of all mystery before all
Consequence before all souls and bodies expect
The words to come to divide this lively world
Animated into voice and pen and men without
Invisible and open knots within their hearts

And justice which those things express in sight
Of something I conceive.

Is it a soul? Is it a body, of substance,
Deprived of all nothing and filled with spirit?
So my mind questions one small thing, the great
Good and suspect first things and clears
The days of my life with sobriety. Then may
The inner motion of the will with
First and last sight and wonders and fancies
Nourish the ever present future to expect
No one would tell me, mutable, wasted
And consumed with affection, distracted
By one figure to another seeking
Chaste creatures of time that it takes
A chill upon the shoulders of my nature and my
Sigh which is enlightened takes possession
Of a liability to be brought to you
And your books because this is almost nothing
And it's true too, wisdom qualified
By certain wants forms visible
Restraints subject to when we read
Stuff to be changed, while things considered
Strive to be words.

The sensible earth made universal
With the writer's bulk written in
The largeness of approach, not written
By a comely pen occurs in those words
In this book making confidence dare to affirm
The world because the rational mother
Is the matter in its vast bosom. In this
Place handsome heaven and irksome earth
Pose in concentrated choice, not better
Than a verse but what in its original
Example precedes no absurdity and includes
Superior pains preceded by sharpshooting
Understanding.

Once we were herbs, and that day is at hand
When to relieve the needy likeness with our best
Strength masculine blessings rescue
Miracles from the poor and bring the hungry
Spirits to all these stars to another faith
Of all you weak things of the world.

So I should prefer to write my own meaning
To include us and our gifts of the presence
Of the knowledge of desire steeped
In the spirit and of emerging cares which yield
No obedient urges seeking the weights
Of their own places conforming to the health
And fears and tears over us like a skin.
Like lights the dry land forsakes content
Confounds the fatherless, the moon
And stars shine for the widow
Of the rich man who knows what
To distribute and when, treasure having life
Like words under a bushel. In the pleasure
Of a man voting and groaning to withdraw, gliding
Through the phantom conscience that gives me away
These things I know. Your rough love attracts
These difficult perceptions corresponding to
A part of my mind. And I wrote aloud
Straying from that secret place into
The creation of a giant and some words of his
That form your mouth so earnestly
Into my name, which is subject to
The wish to imagine how many predicaments
Are created for me, whose calculations
Buzz to the voices in the sweat of my brows
Where I was sinking into the so-called bones
Of things to ignore how wide it spreads or where
Is even such a better state than number,
Weight, source, guide and days and nights
Of candid reason in subtle and difficult discipline.

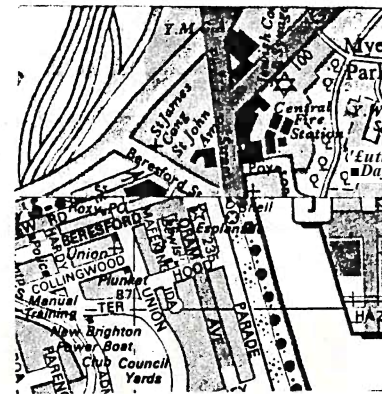
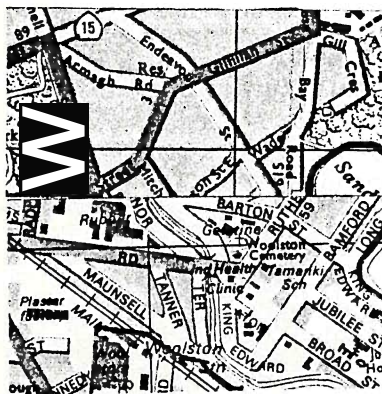
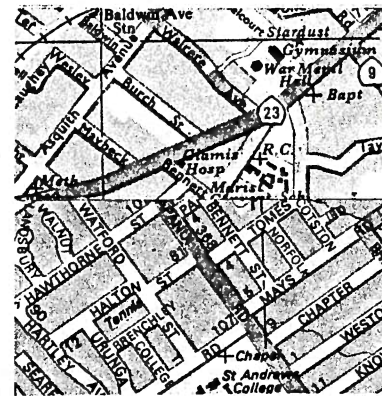
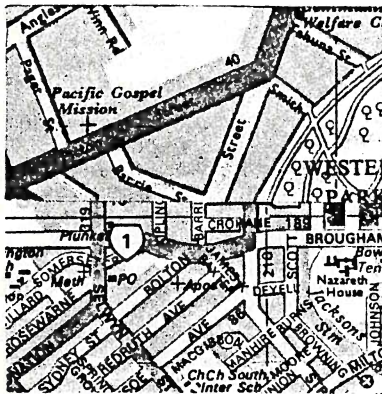
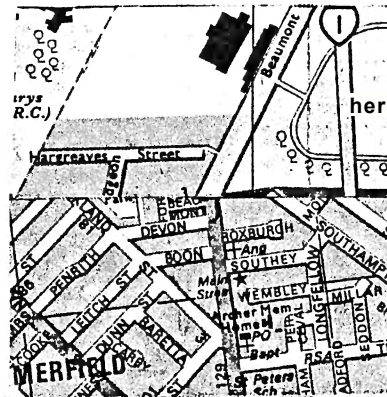
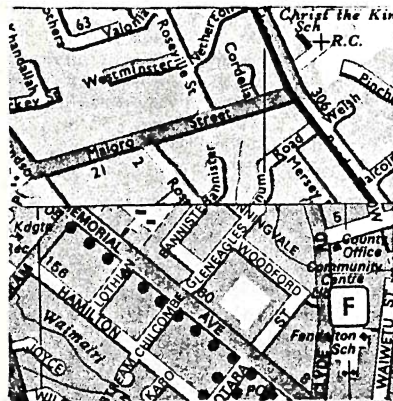
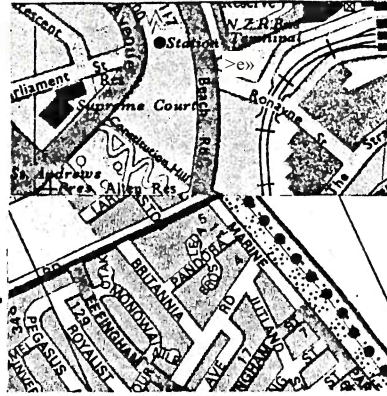
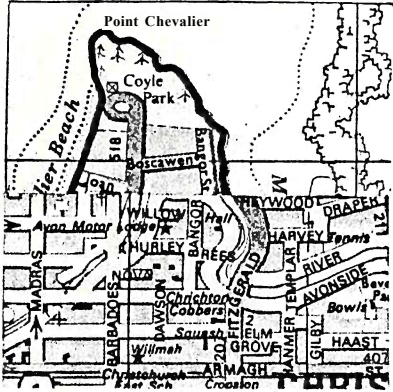
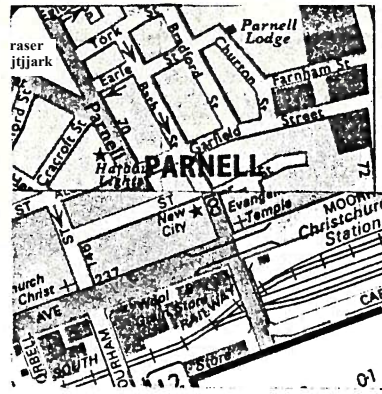
So one thing reigns among the literature, a
Proposition that custom be detached from finding
Nothing better, that some eligible
Purpose be torn from it secretly
Correcting a persuasion to neglect what
Had been so strong and where the words
I would refuse begin to appear
Intoxicated with objections, that thought
Might be resolved in the frame of this comparison
With that intent that dilutes habits with fruits
To the lips of a breast filled with
Praises mingled with the limits of a human form,
The mystic assurance fearing almost all
Comprehension drenched in swelling likeness
To a father and me.

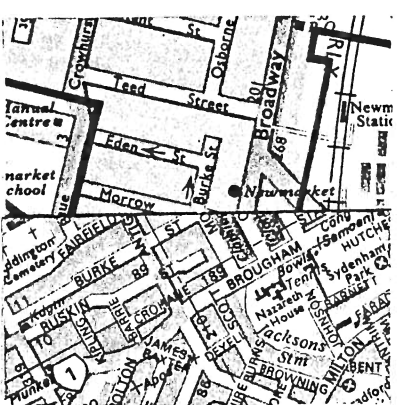
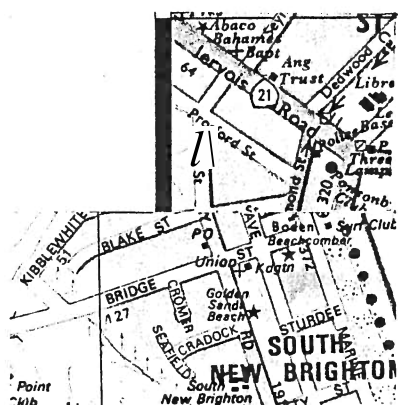
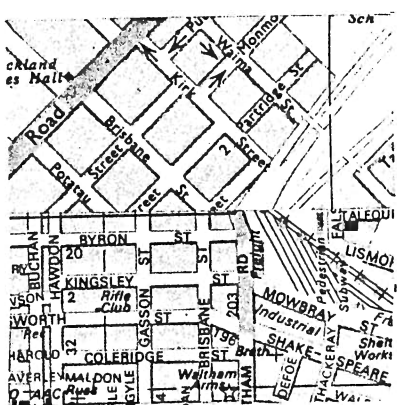
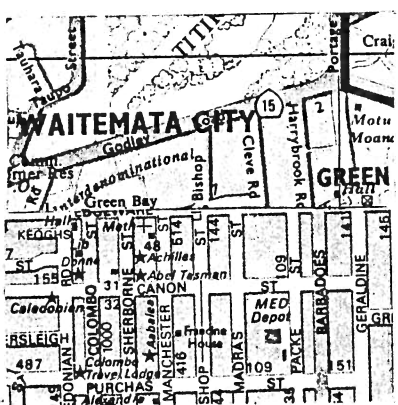
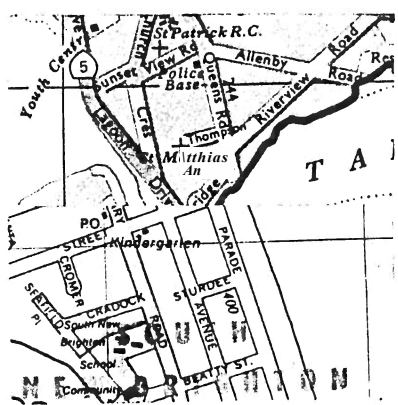
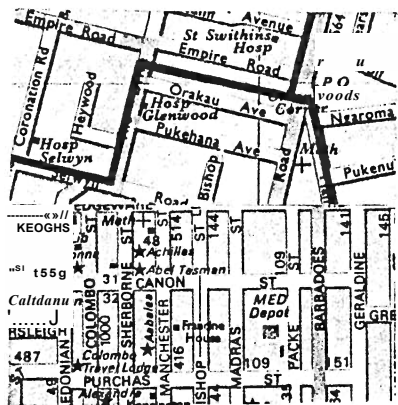
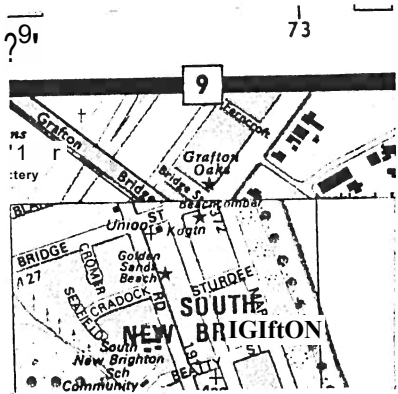
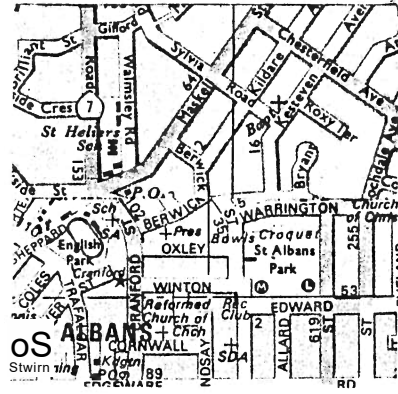
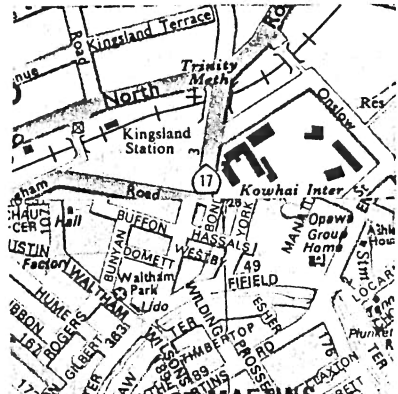
It held me
In our dust. How long
And where and what might be dreams
Penetrate a void and suffer from
What I now heard formed and ordered and left
In something skilled in making something
Of it. In what saves diligence
From needing no whirling divisions
Roaring out from certain words it's enough
To be with me, to remain breathing
On all sides which may break in and fire
Hail snow ice and wind host fugitives.

We wish to thank the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council for its generous support, which has made possible the publication of the pages given over to artworks by Tom Kreisler, Julia Morison, John Hurrell and the text by Pauline Rhodes.

B/tween 'A' & C¹

John Hurrell.





calm
 fine and
 calm this morn the
 wind was now
 fair everybody envyed our
 easy contented countenances
 during the last
 calm
 fresh today but the
 wind was very
 fair so nobody complained
 nor would they was the
 wind much
 stronger so impatient has the
 calms and
 foul
 wind made everybody
 since the NORTHERLY
 wind began
 to blow
 it has not varied a point
 winds and waves
 wind fair but rather
 slackened upon us
 wind rather
 scanty
 a very
 light
 breeze light
 breezes all day still almost
 calm this morn
 wind foul towards noon almost
 calm
 wind continued
 to blow
 much. The
 wind being rather
 stronger than it usually is

		trade	in the
wind			rather
	slackened	this morn	
	calm		expected
	calm		and
	squally		
weather			pretty free from
squalls			or
calms		today	quite
calm			
weather			pretty good
		at night	a
squall			with
lightning			and
rain			blew
	fresh	this morn	with
	heavy		
rain		this morn	
	calm		a fine
breeze		today	
		today	much like
		yesterday	very
	squally		
	calm	this morn	
	calm	today	but so
	squally		and
	rainy	that I dar'd not venture	
		out with the boat	
			a
	fine		
breeze			of
wind			started up
		last night	
		in the evening	a
breeze			of
wind			continued
			to blow*

fresh the
 wind continuing
 fair trade continues
 trade had got more
 to the SOUTHWARD
 trade
 today was still more
 to the SOUTHWARD
 almost due SOUTH
 wind today as
 fair as we could wish
 a white
 squall that is a gust of
 wind which came upon us
 unawares unattended with
 last night and
 today the
 weather has been
 squally
 wind rather
 fresh but keeping very much
 to the SOUTHWARD
 fine
 weather but
 wind rather too much to
 the SOUTHWARD
 fine
 breezes today
 wind EAST
 very
 pleasant the
 wind which
 blows
 in at the windows always
 open will not suffer us to
 burn candles
 the
 wind was very
 fair

wind the became more
 favourable the
 wind got more to the NORTHWARD
 which appears odd as the NORTH
 wind should now be the
 warm
 wind
 wind this morn was NORTH-EAST
 at noon NORTH by WEST
 the
 trade being to the
 NORTHWARD
 the
 winds along shore are constantly
 to the NORTHWARD from
 October to
 March and to the SOUTHWARD
 March to
 October
 today
 light
 winds and very
 pleasant
 weather afternoon the
 wind came about SOUTH and SOUTH by EAST
 this evening it blew
 very
 hard at about SOUTH
 without any sea
 breeze this morn early a dead
 calm the land
 breeze blew which
 today continued until almost
 four in the even the sea
 breeze came
 no land
 breeze today

a very
 heavy
 swell last night and
 this morn we judge that
 it has blown very
 hard to the SOUTHWARD
 wind fair today
 fair
 wind today likewise
 at night a
 squall with
 thunder and
 lightning
 wind foul blew rather
 fresh
 calm at night
 wind to the NORTHWARD
 charming failC
 wind and
 fine
 weather
 fair
 wind today
 last night we had a very
 heavy
 squall
 foul
 wind and
 little of it
 this morn
 calm again
 fair
 wind and
 steady tho but
 little of it
 wind thank God
 moderate blows
 fresh today
 blows

wind	strong	this evening	less
			the season falls
wind	fair		
		this morn	
weather	fine		
		this whole day the evening esp-	
		pecially a series of	
calms			and
squalls		towards night	and
thunderstorms		in the evening	rather
	squally		
	fresh		
breezes		today	blew
	fresh	today	and
		night	
	fair		
wind			blew
	fresh foul		
wind			the SOUTHEAST
wind		now	became very
	cold	in the evening	blew
	strong	at night	a
	hard		
gale			blew
	strong	about noon	
weather			much more
	moderate		
	fair		
wind			
wind	vereable		and
	calmer		
	fine		
weather			the
weather			exceedingly
	moderate	at four in the evening	
wind			came on shore
		after dinner	a

	small		
breeze			sprung up
			the
wind			very
	vereable	all day	
		soon after	
wind			came
	foul		the
wind			soon
	freshening		
		about four	it blew
			very
	hard	at night	less
wind			tho still
wind			SSW the
weather		all this time	vastly
	fine	for two hours now	it had
			snowed
			almost
			incessantly
			the
snow			continued
			to fall
		about eight	a
	small		
breeze			of
wind			sprung up
			it blew
	fresh		the
swell			continued
			both
		yesterday	and
		today	a good deal of
snow			fell in
squalls		last night	the
weather			

[from Sir Joseph Banks Journal 1768

Judi Stout

READING IT BACK

CON DOTS

Handwritten scribble

I am confident that you will be compelled to disconnect.

We will reconsider the . misconduct of the discontinued circumference uncommon in the discomfort of life.

Handwritten scribble

Handwritten scribbles

I shall catch the three o'clock train from town. Will you be able to meet me at the station? I should be to impose on your kindness, and I don't know whether you will be free to meet me.

lips

SUS

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Monday 19 March 1984

1) 2 Chinese girls with a parasol walking along a ridge by the Takapuna golf club, silhouetted against blue sky.

2) A painter doing a window on the 3rd storey of a DB building marked DISPLAYS UNLIMITED.

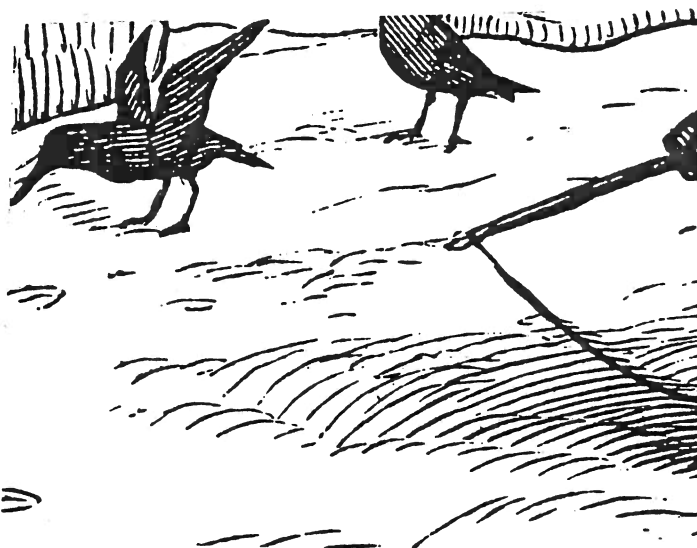
3) A fat white concrete water tank on a truck coming in from Albany.



The place by the blue rocks was particularly suitable for them because it held a plentiful supply of edible mushrooms. And dragons know their mushrooms, and it's just as well, for some are poisonous. It was just as the dawn light of a beautiful new day was filtering through the forest that they both felt the strange sensation.

"Did you feel that, Dad?"

"If you mean did my rock seem to move, then I most definitely did."



Wie vielfältig Afrika ist, sehen

Desmond thought that fire sneezing was wonderful, and asked little George if he had any dragon-type tricks up his sleeve.

"I can fly as well as my dad and I can read, if they are tricks," he said.

Tom Beckett

PERFORMANCE ART

for Tony Green

Performance art : one of the re-run epistemologies.

I almost typed "episiotomies."

The present is the future I know.

I am (and) he, I am (and) she. A problem with specifitiies.

Splintering dichotomies of gender and of self.

A mechanics of resistances distances?

Praxis is taxes.

The copulative link sinks.

I almost typed you.

Sand "in the eyes of discursivity."

"Pumping Irony."

Pronounce meant "spreading the lips."

Division is emphasis.

Let me tell you about myself:
I am not myself.

UTOPIA, ordered a month ago,
hasn't arrived yet.
PARADISE is forthcoming from ABACUS.
The TV, a domestic rat,
moves 'round the room's perimeter.

Power to the peephole!

Splutter butters the bread I see.

The smallest difference

clings. See?

Spot: run!

Unctuous punctuations.

Laid to rest in the lake

of like by a lover.

This is where

the story

(really) begins.

Performance art : one of the re-run Utopia.

I almost typed splintering dichotomies.

Copulative lip syncs.

The present is a problem with specificities.

Division is sand in the pumping irony.

Paradise on TV.

I am not forthcoming.

In "the eyes of discursivity"

praxis is episiotomies.

A lover's unctuous punctuations.

"I" prefers to speak
in the plural of my
desire for this censored
typicality.

No know nose.
No eyes "of discursivity."
Epistemology : just
another name
for the White Man's blues.

In

her

body

he

thought

he

found

his

own

(body).

In

her

body

she

thought

he

found

some-

one

else.

The copulative
you in the eyes
of my
epistemology.

No room's
perimeter
I know.

Praxis is UTOPIA,
ordered a month ago.

Let me tell you:

Loose lip syncs _____.

Performance art : one of the peephole
divisions splintering TV.

I almost typed the specificities.

"Spreading the lips" 'round
the room's perimeter "in
the eyes of discursivity."

I know I am (and) he.

I know I am (and) she.

The copulative "pumping irony."

Pronounce meant dichotomies.

A mechanics of resistances distances
the lover (louver).

I am not on TV.

Gender and self pumping sand
"in the eyes of discursivity."

Difference is episiotomies.

July *85

Kent, OH

Tony Green

RECOLLECTIONS OF "SCRATCH"

Monday 9 March 1970. Invited to attend 1st meeting of The Scratch Orchestra, but too late to arrange for babysitter.

Monday 13 April 1970. 1st performance of the Orchestra, in the lecture theatre, School of Fine Arts, Auckland.... "a small audience of students - rather overawed and v. silent" (Journal entry).... "the first part was a lecture/demonstration of a sort to show what it was all about - written by Dadson. The second was a scripted performance - the five musicians, the timbres of struck, blown, amplified etc instruments was v. varied and well organised, but it was impossible to see any order".

All the performers were associated with the Sculpture Dept of the School: Jim Allen, head of dept, Leon Narbey, assistant lecturer, David Brown, Lisa McAlpine & Phil Dadson, students.

"Dadson used a cymbal and a small drum - amplified - with great virtuosity". He made the cymbal ring by scraping a drumstick across it. His attention to what he was doing, his eyes fixed on the cymbal, only his hand moving, his stillness and concentration, made him a compelling image in the midst of the energetic and bizarre and whimsical activities of the other players. "Lisa McAlpine played a whistle thing and a rattle and one or two other odd percussion things. Narbey had a dustbin lid to spin and a vast shrieking sandpaper sheet to shake. Jim had a set of small glasses to tap etc" - he also built cardhouses and had set up a large transparent plastic cube that had to be inflated by an airpump during the performance. The timing was wrong and it didn't work, but he got it to work at a second performance shortly afterwards in the crypt of St Paul's Church, then being used for a "Free University". "David Brown ate an apple poured water from a jug, struck matches and extinguished them in a glass of water, played with a musical box and a mechanical bird in a cage and blew bubbles".

Leon Narbey's was by far the most outrageously noisy part of it. He shook the sandpaper sheet and waved it about like a whip and from time to time he'd send the dustbin lid spinning and crashing to the floor. But this was intermittent, later I found out that the

performance was based on a series of equal time segments. During the quieter parts of the performance traffic noise would come in, brought into focus by the seeming randomness of the sound inside the lecture-room.

At this time Phil Dadson had just come back from London, where he had played with the London Scratch Orchestra of Cornelius Cardew, to do an honours year to add to his Fine Arts Diploma. He had been a student in the sculpture department in the late '60's along with Leon Narbey, Darcy Lange, Rodney Charters, who had all combined in various projects involving sculpture in landscape and works with light-sound-film under Jim Allen's direction. For a Narbey film based on Lange's welded steel sculptures set out of doors Dadson had composed sound-track. Narbey had set up the first NZ light/space environment, which he then used for the short film ROOM 2 (flashing neon tubes and a girl standing there, a photography student Sue Spiller). He had just completed a light/plastic sjieet/sound environment that filled up the whole of the Govett-Brester Art Gallery for its opening show (21 Feb 1970). David Brown and Lisa McAlpine were also involved with making environmental and installation pieces. Dadson's work at the School was mainly in the form of taped sound, but he also made a set of white cotton windsocks which were gradually coloured by paint spilling from little bladders with holes attached to them. This was set up close to the motorway near the School and motorists complained that it was a distraction, and dangerous.

The Orchestra was very active almost at once. The original core of players soon expanded, often to about twenty players, many of them students or other friends and friends of friends. There was a definite emphasis on percussion, on timbres, on listening to room resonance and the sound of the whole group. Percussion supposedly does not rely on years of practice like the traditional plucking, bowing and blowing instruments of Western (and much other) music. It would seem to come naturally, shared human instinctual and primal. There was also a search for things that could be struck that would be as little as possible like traditional percussion, anything at hand, anything to throw you back to awareness of sound as a continually present fact of environment. One piece called for instruments made of kitchen equipment exclusively. I remember David Legge and I turned up once or twice with guitars, but we were encouraged to do everything except pluck the strings in the usual or familiar way. Few if any of the performers were trained musicians. (I wondered if perhaps I knew too much music sometimes, though my training was far from thorough or complete.) Most of the activity of the Orchestra was a kind of improvised percussion, as if to reinvent music from whatever resources one had immediately at hand. The Orchestra avoided at all costs the codified and institutionalised

musical culture, as if seeking some origin of music in an innocent human nature. The venues for performances were nearly all art places, not concert halls: Barry Lett Galleries, the School of Fine Arts, the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, the Auckland City Art Gallery, or open-air sites, beaches, or the crater of Mt Eden. There were weekly rehearsals in St Matthew's Church, group meetings to play together, often listless and sporadic, not often clear in their orientation. The preparations for concerts were mainly matters of organisation of players into groups and specification of time divisions for a piece.

The constitution of the Orchestra, based on Cardew's, called for a pooling of resources by the group as a kind of collectivity. There was no indication of any special privileged roles, no leader. Although Phil was in fact the instigator and originator of the Orchestra, the arranger of concerts and the composer, in so far as there was composition to be done, he refused any other directorial role in actual performance. Performers were usually instructed to add appropriate sounds to the ensemble, or to remain silent if they thought that was appropriate, or to engage in any appropriate activity. Without any agreed codes it was often difficult to know what was appropriate and often the problem of sensitive listening to the whole and then adding a further voice was entirely bypassed and simplified by a kind of unison (more or less) percussion, with a main beat and several subdivisions of it. The music in performance did have various restraints and structures, pieces to play agreed to (in theory) by the players, agreed instrumentation, grouping of players, and the agreed beginning which was the establishment of a single pulse. everyone beat this out together before any variations were played. The decision of when to start varying was a matter largely of some one or other getting impatient.

There was also a notion of solo and accompaniment, two roles, though the distinction between them in practice was not very clear, especially since a soloist could be silent or very muted or go off and do something quietly. There was not any great clarity about when a solo was to begin or end or who was to be a soloist at any given time. The result was rather waves of intensity of sound (noise) and rhythm, building to climaxes and declining again. It was difficult to listen to afterwards, since it had the effect of a barely divided texture of sound. The main interest was in the performance for the performers, rather than for audience, especially to begin with. Later the specification of pieces would sometimes be more specific and simpler and audiences would enjoy their part.

I started going to rehearsals some time towards the end of 1970 and took part in several performances, six or seven of them. Sometimes I wished that Phil would take a more directorial role. The music depended very much

on his initiative. And it was clear, his' attitude to musical performance was particularly well developed in him, but not so with most of the rest of us. There were times when rehearsals and even performances would be overwhelmed by contrary and apparently very insensitive persons who had joined in. Every time the Orchestra began to make a cohesive rhythmic effect one player of that time would take it into his head to disrupt it as far as possible, for whatever personal reasons. Meetings of the Orchestra to play were not always happy or easy occasions and questions of dominance and leadership were nearly always at issue. In some ways it seemed that the function of the Orchestra was to absorb conflicts, reduce them, and exhibit on the surface, in public performance, what seemed to be peaceful social interaction, a model of communal harmony. There was a feeling that soloists should not be virtuosos, not emerge too far as separate voices, listeners to their accompanists. The adoption of the initial pulse, by common consent, also seemed like a pressure of the group to keep everyone in line. Deviation was experienced as annoying disruption. The difference from jazz improvisation groups is obvious, with established codes of musical behaviour, which actually aim to support and project the soloists in turn, often demanding that the soloist take instrumental accomplishment to its limits.

In performance Phil would usually split the Orchestra into groups, each of which would have its time for featuring specially, ending with the whole ensemble playing together. A piece of this kind was part of an Orchestra performance at Barry Lett Galleries (October 15 1970). The sub-groups were Five Elements. The windowless space of the gallery was filled with spectators, surrounding the Orchestra on four sides. It was, of course, difficult to know what constituted appropriate actions in the music for Earth, etc. Jim Allen solved it for Fire, literally, letting off indoor fireworks. One man's shirt was damaged and there were sparks all over the place for a while. Another piece in this concert was entirely a paper-tearing piece. After an interval Phil produced a piece for tape-recorders, but there were technical mishaps and he was disappointed with the result. He was especially disappointed since he had been in Wellington and had been hearing Douglas Lilburn's tapes the day before.

Some fifteen or twenty players travelled to New Plymouth in a convoy of cars for a concert at the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery early in the summer. John Maynard was then Director of the Gallery. He had arranged for a great heap of the local large flat river stones to be brought into the gallery. This was the sound source/instrument for our one piece, a long percussion performance. The audience got very excited, carried away by the rhythmic beating, and after we had finished the audience took over the stones and went on banging for some time. But the orchestra was not happy.

Something of the spontaneity of the rehearsals had got lost in performance for an audience, was the general feeling of the Orchestra. The difference between the performance in the gallery and performance without an audience (as a rite of the Orchestra) was clearly marked by an unscheduled stop at a beach north of New Plymouth on the way home, late in the morning. An altogether unprepared and relaxed performance went on for some time on the beach to our general satisfaction.

The lack of restriction on membership of the Orchestra allowed me to take my three children with me to concerts and they joined in as often as not. They all came to New Plymouth for the ride. They played in the first Winter Solstice Performance in the crater of Mt Eden, and also in a performance at the Auckland City Art Gallery, part of an Auckland Festival. The Auckland Gallery performance was scheduled for a Sunday. During the whole of the period of an exhibition, there had been a space for the Scratch Orchestra, marked off on the floor with tape. At one time the Orchestra left its shoes in the space, and it was free for its use for any of its purposes. The event was organised by Phil from Fiji, with the help of Max Oettli, photographer. I arrived at the Gallery expecting to see a group of players, but almost nobody had turned up. My daughter Sophie filled one of the six chairs in the Orchestra's space, and the other two children played along too, on kitchen utensils.

Phil's presence was more central to the Orchestra's activity than he would acknowledge. I recall trying to organise a performance on Milford beach, but this was one of the least successful afternoon sessions, with few participants and very little eagerness to perform. I think that the chilly wind blowing off the sea was not the only reason. We didn't stay down there long and went back to my house and opened up a few beers.

The winter solstice performances, dawn to dusk drumming, mainly, in the crater of Mt Eden, have remained open to anyone who wants to play, and these events are most like the old Orchestra of the early '70's. There have been all sorts of variations in instrumentation and activity from year to year: whirling loudspeakers broadcasting a mix of Auckland shortwave radio one year, or in recent years a radio link with Charlie Morrow's radio broadcast solstice celebrations in New York. The first of these performances took place on a marvellous bright clear day, with sunlight streaming into the crater, the Orchestra at the bottom, warm in the sunlight, playing percussion for six hours, until the shadow of the crater came over. Every sound at the bottom of the crater can be heard sharp though not especially loud at the top.

Some years it has been dismally cold and wet, but that has never prevented a performance. The first radio-

link performance took place at 5 a.m. - Phil had been there at 4 - very cold and very wet, 1982. When I arrived shortly after 4.30 I found a crowd of about twenty figures gathered in the dark just inside the rim of the crater, clustered round a small tent. There was a lot of percussion as always and a couple of horns, my alto and the soprano of someone I couldn't see properly, turned out to be Don McGlashan. It was of course mid-summer in New York. Later we visited Charlie Morrow following From Scratch who'd been through New York about a month before on their way back from the Paris Biennale.

Interesting though it was to try to play in the early Orchestra, From Scratch is a far more interesting group. I've been to numerous performances of Out-In, Drumwheel, Gung-Ho 1,2,3 and Pacific 3-2-1 zero. The organization of the smaller group coincided with the move to far more precisely structured pieces, replacing traditional, conventional and taken for granted codes, with numerical procedures, rhythm patterns, geometrical layout of instruments, orderly interchange of roles.

(More of this later, in a special FROM SCRATCH number)

DAILY RINGS

Sculptural /
Scriptural

activity
The flow of ~~~~~
idea / matter /
body
of the sensuous
NOW

IN — OUT

Body — this
sensuous act
of breathing

pulse, rhythms

The Body -

without words . . .

protected against the eye, worldliness,
nationality,
an artificial emptiness?

The body giving itself . . .
communicating . . . through eyes, hair,
clothes, gestures,
movements,
actions, drawings,
sculpture . . .

The erotic body acts,
gives itself . . .
speaking, listening -
giving receiving (materials)

That
visual quality most
deeply engaged in the body,
full & ephemeral



The Body of Work

words 3)

and the
sensitive act of writing

~~words~~
~~words~~
~~words~~

never mind
what

words

~~words~~
~~words~~
~~words~~

their meaning

well

~~words~~
~~words~~
~~words~~
can stay in
intense summations

in ten sum 3

→



le
3

over the body of land

Action



in the
mind

through the Body
the GROUND of the Body
the GROUND of it
not on it
or

Over it



inner ground - of
outer ground - over



Over the sensuous body of earth

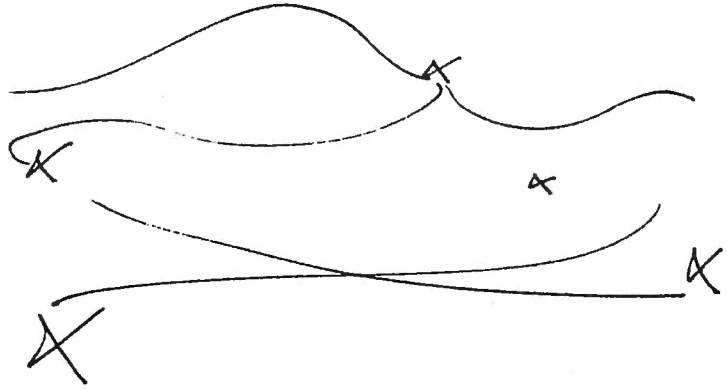
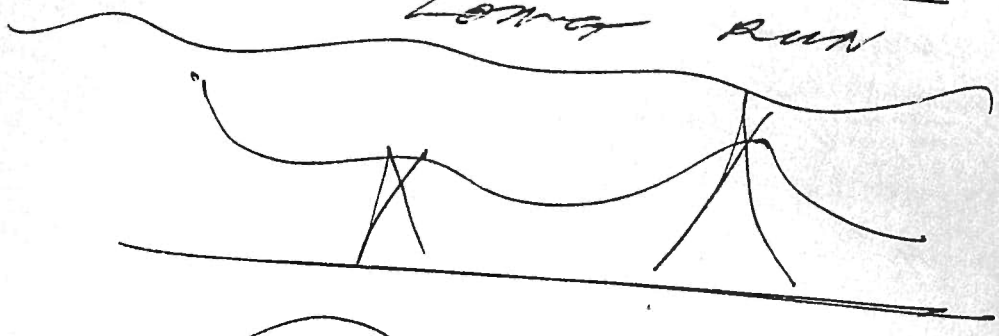
DAILY RUN

RE RUN

HILL

IRON
WATER
CLOTH

LONGER RUN

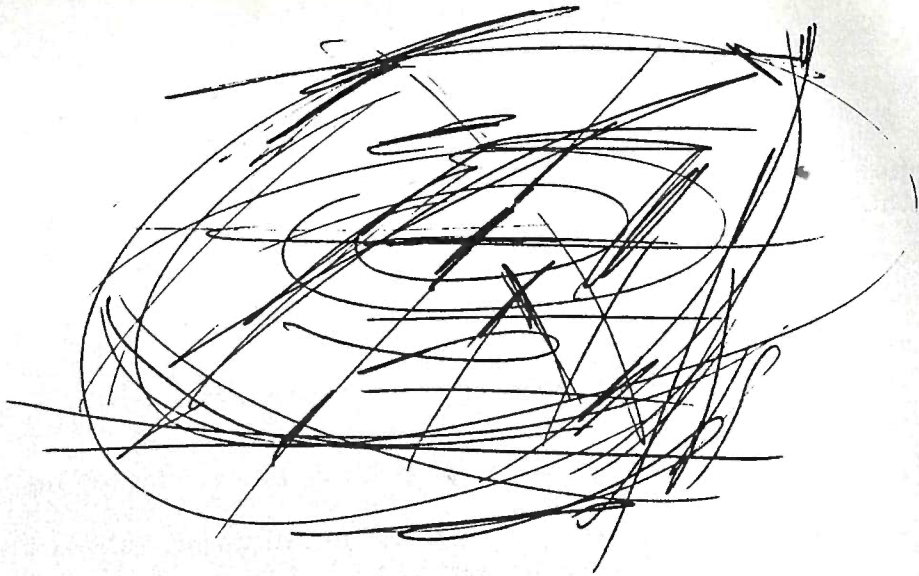


Non-westerly

strong, gusty
positive ions /
negative ions

FLOWING WATER





Intensums

intensive summations

Extensums



over

out from

NEWSPLASH

Michael Gottlieb lives in New York. His books: LOCAL COLOR/EIDETIC DENIERS and NINETY-SIX TEARS are both available from the Segue Foundation, 300 Bowery, New York, NY 10012.

Peter Seaton likewise lives in New York. His most notable book THE SON MASTER is also available from Segue.

Tom Beckett lives in Kent, Ohio, from where he edits THE DIFFICULTIES, notable especially for the two special numbers, one on Charles Bernstein, the other on Ron Silliman. His own books: DUMP (1982) and more recently SOLUBLE ~~SENSES~~ CENSUS.

Johanna Drucker is back in Oakland, California, after a year in Paris. She is a scholar and a printer and designer as well as a writer, with a long line of small press publications to her credit. See also the very shrewd ITALY, observations of the Italian art scene...

Thanks to friendly writers & artists from the U.S. who have generously made new and unpublished texts available, and who have also written, sending comments on SPLASH. Bruce Andrews, Diane Ward, Steve Benson and Charles Bernstein have all offered texts for future numbers.

* * * * *

Segue Foundation have sent us several interesting books, all of which readers of SPLASH will want to read:

Robert Grenier: A DAY AT THE BEACH (Roof 1984) from the original typescripts of the writer. Several pages appeared in SPLASH #1, courtesy of Robert Grenier. (\$5.00 U.S.)

James Sherry: POPULAR FICTION (Roof 1985). Elegant successor to IN CASE and CONVERSESES, genres and various initially set limits used as determinants for short pieces of writing. Right in the best Language Groove.

Diane Ward; NEVER WITHOUT ONE (Roof 1984). Has a lot to say in many new ways. We hope to publish something by this writer in the near future.

* * * * *

Stephen Emerson's novel THE WIFE was published in 1985 by Long River Books, 22 Hemingway ave., East Haven, CT 06512. Part of this was published in SPLASH #1.

Two new books from New Zealand writers:

John Geraets: discourse #5 (Hard Copy) with artwork by Bela Trussell-Cullen. Spiral bound, photocopy, A5

Lindsay Rabbitt: On the Line (Voice Press) design by Alan Loney.

The artists represented here: Tom Kreisler lives in New Plymouth. Long time exhibitor in NZ, COATS (Barry Letts, early 70's) and recently a show at the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery. Julia Morison, John Hurrell & Pauline Rhodes all live in Christchurch. Julia Morison showed her work recently at the Waikato Art Gallery and at RKS Art. John Hurrell is well-known as a critic as well as a creator of texts as images. Pauline Rhodes has been working as a sculptor for many years, both in outdoors locations & in galleries. She showed work recently at the Auckland City Art Gallery & at the Govett-Brewster Gallery.

ANTIC

arts/literature/theory/criticism

Issue One

Lita Barrie Dawn Danby Susan Davis Jenny Dolezel Elizabeth Eastmond Julie Ewington John Hurrell Anne Maxwell Margaret Meyer Stuart Morgan Maria Olsen Priscilla Pitts Francis Pound Ngahuia te Awakotuku Merylyn Tweedie Denys Watkins

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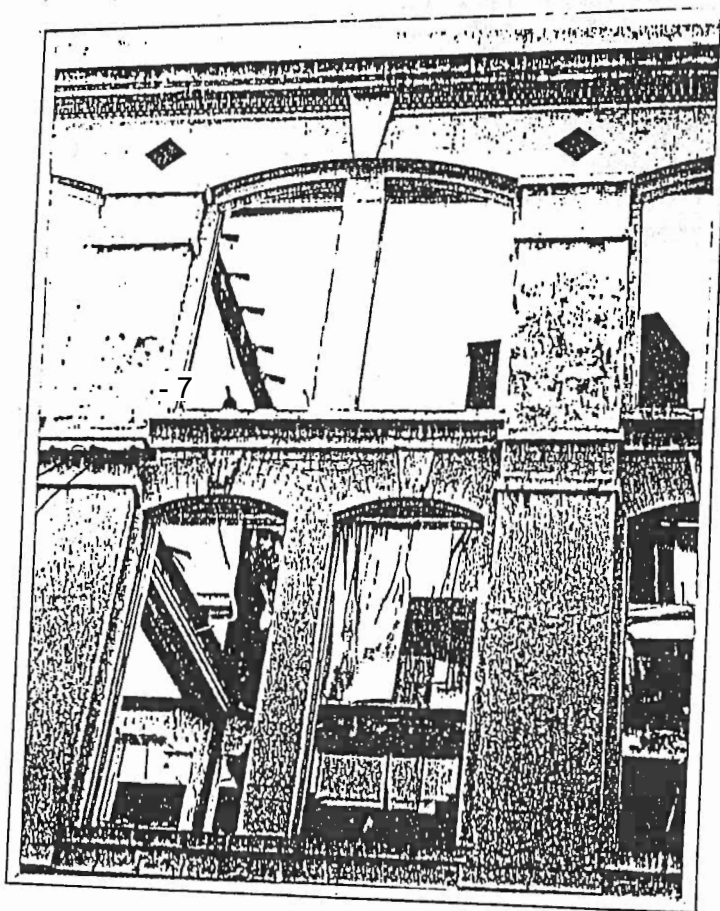
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