

Final

Preamble

Go for a run

Have a bath

Read the News while having breakfast

Check emails

Check the previous day's online gambling

Check bank balance

Check for any free coffee bargains with O2

Walk towards the studio

Go for a free coffee

While drinking coffee

Sort out calendar and various teaching engagements

Check jobs.ac.uk

Check axis opportunities

Check twitter

Check LinkedIn

Enter studio

Check email again

Think about what I can buy from the market for a cheap dinner and make a list

Look at paintings on the walls and try to remember something

Look at books on the table and try to remember something

Pick up a book
Put the book down
Check fitbit
Make a cup of tea
Look at wall
Look at books
Open a book.
Read for two minutes.
Open notebook.
Write date in note book.
Read a passage from a book.
Feel something inside my head
Re read the passage.
Underline it in pencil and make a note of it in notebook.
Read the passage out loud.
Put the book down
Look at the walls
Stand up and walk towards the wall
Walk back to the chair
Pick up a book.
Read for two minutes.
Feel something inside my head again
Re read the passage.
Underline it in pencil and make a note of it in notebook.
Read the passage out loud
Put the book down
Look at the walls
Stand up and walk towards the wall
Swap two canvases around on the wall.

Walk back to the chair
Stare at the wall
Put the paintings back where they were
Pick up a book.
Read for two minutes.
Stand up.
Tidy the table top.
Tidy the table of materials.
Sit down.
Stand up.
Walk around
Wash cups.
Put on Spotify
Listen to music
Turn off lap top
Exit studio

Go to the market
Buy food.

Enter Studio
Put shopping in the fridge.
Sit down.
Stand up.
Sit down.
Stand up.
Pick up a book.
Put the book down.
Stand up.

Walk towards the wall.
Take everything off the wall.
Choose one canvas and put it back on the wall.
Sit down
Stare
Stand up
Look very closely at the canvas.
Turn it upside down.
Sit down.
Stand up.
Walk towards the canvas.
Turn it back around.
Pick up the pencil.
Pick up the stencil.
Say the words which you are going to paint out loud
to yourself.
Say them again.
Say them again.
Look at the canvas
Say the words.
Say the words.
Imagine the words on the canvass.
Say the words.
Notice how the words are changing.
Say the words to the canvas.
Address the canvas with the words.
Address the canvas with the words.
Address the canvas with the words.

begin
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Wait.

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Wait.

Wait.

Wait.

Wait.

Wait.

Wait.

Wait.

Wait.

Wait.

Wait.

Wait.

Wait here.

Please. I beg you.

Wait.

Wait.

Wait.

Look away over there,
on the horizon.

oh

oh

oh

speaking , writing , thinking,

summoning, summoning, summoning

oh.

a trill.

How to begin?

how to start?

How to start again?

Throw the words into the future.

See them land.

see them land.

See them land.

see them land.

See them land.

see them land.

See them land.

see them land.

See them land.

see them land.

See them land.

see them land.

Land.

A murmuration of starlings.

A murmuration.

words are not songs

we are not songs.

Seem them land.

Metanoia.

Throw the words into the future.

See them land.

see them land.

See them land.

see them land.

See them land.

see them land.

See them land.

see them land.

See them land.

see them land.

See them land.

see them land.

Land.

Land.

How to begin?

how to start?

How to start again?

A figure of eight.

A merbious strip.

A figure of eight.

How to begin?

how to start?

start again.

How to begin?

how to start?

start again?

How to begin.

how to start

start again

one
two
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tune
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tune
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one
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three
one
two

three

three little words

one

two

three

three words

one

two

three

three words

three

two

one

these words

one

two

three

three words

one

two

three

three words

three words only

there they go,

The words.

over the ocean

ooooooo

I love the sound of the sax from the other room

over the sea.

dee dah

dee dah

do
ray
me

dee dah

dee dah

dee dah

look at the bugs.
Flying, landing.

bugs

bugs

bugs

Craft bug struck keen eye

Plutonium at noon.

Uranium at Midnight.

Criss cross seals of laminate.

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check

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check

check it, go back

A figure of eight

A merbious strip

A figure of eight

A merbious strip

A figure of eight

A merbious strip

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A figure of eight

A merbious strip

A figure of eight

A merbious strip

words are not songs

we are not songs

words are not songs

we are not songs

words are not songs

we are not songs

words are not songs

we are not songs

words are not songs

we are not songs

we are songs

we are songs

we are songs

we are in the air, in the soil, we are in the air , in the soil

we are in the air, in the soil, we are in the air , in the soil

we are in the air, in the soil, we are in the air , in the soil

we are in the air, in the soil, we are in the air , in the soil

we are in the air, in the soil, we are in the air , in the soil

we are in the air, in the soil, we are in the air , in the soil

The work is a world performed in the mind.

The word is a work performed in the world.

The mind is a world performed in the work.

The world is a mind performed in the world.

The writing.

The writing on the wall.

or on the screen.

The writing coming from the screen.

Here it comes.

I see you.

Lets be clear.

Let all things be clear.

Firstly though, try to ignore the ambient noise,
of endless art videos.

or the rackety noises of children.

Instead;

let us project these words into the future and see
where they might land.

Of course we can only speculate.

Speculation is what we do.

We are speculated ourselves.

By ourselves.

It's what we are.

Limpid pool like projections of our enfeebled minds on
murky screens of tomorrow's world.

Not much else.

But in that speculation.

See those words landing softly, floating almost from
the telescopic heavens upon the spring meadows
where the buttercups are dancing.

Look!

Look!

Witness it and offer your testimony.

Speak to the children whilst standing on the ancient

stones whilst reading the inscriptions, eyes rolled back, sinews tightening. The man under a sheltering sky with a breaking back and the rest of the film yet to come.

Meanwhile, evanescent penumbrae of delicate flickering hues against almost pungent fetid shadows crawl sideways across the scree.

There was no word for the repugnant, not then, but there is now.

It's repugnant.

No shape for the glossalalia.

Apart from, in spatial terms, perhaps. The murmeration of starlings.

You may not get it now, or later, but be sure that future progeny will not get it either.

They lose the keys to the door.

Can you hear me mother?

I'm coming for you!!

A collage.

Perhaps.

Perhaps not.

Meaningless and insignificant alone they maybe, but
still they arrive and settle briefly.

Like locusts.

And then they are powerful, these pioneers.

Into the new fertile territories they go.

But Look!

Look. ahead.

What comes next?

What transformations await?

The vortex stretches backwards, as well as forwards.

Back so far.

So far.

And it goes So deep.

Infinitely.

In deep, deep time.

Pre-human of course.

And fast also.

It meets the future in the past and all it takes is a cross. A cross like mark to signify it.

Like the sign of a kiss.

Such heated and flushed terror in a peck on the cheek and a soft 'night night'.

It seemed the crystalline perfection of a future loss, felt in the present.

When else would it be felt?

I see you.

You know that.
I see you now.
and I see you back.
and I see you forward.

But you see me back.

don't you?

don't you?

You do.

So does the work perform in the present?

What emerged from that slagg?

I remember the chimneys.

The fug.

The red doorstep.

The gas cylinders and the sut covered walls.

At what point do we cease to write?

At what point do we cease to be?

If we can establish that, then perhaps we can identify what the writing actually is.

The writing and speaking is not a what.

But a wenn.

A whenn.

The writing is when it STARTS.

Found 'objects', dancing ping-pong balls on the air streaming from a hair dryer.

All huff and puff.

All latent potential disguised as something already in the world.

In Venice.

All the world's futures are summoned forth.

They stand to attention for the hyperbole.
Lined up for a monstrous, infinite head count.

But wait!

Where is the apostrophe?

Is it worlds', or worlds'?

It's not how many futures there are.

Its how many worlds.

How many subjects as worlds.

Its no accident that worlds and words are connected.

I sing.

The work is a score performed in the mind.

The world is a work performed in the words.

The mind is a work performed in the world.

Is this what we mean by the 'contemporary'?

an infinite here and everywhen.

Is this where the dead go?

Into the flat terrain of language?

The uncharted waters of the mid-point.

I don't know why I cannot sigh?

I don't know why I cannot cry?

I feel as if I could. and should.

But when I try it goes awry.

The work is a world performed in the mind.

The word is a work performed in the world.

The mind is a world performed in the work.

The world is a mind performed in the world.

In and out of excess.

One.

One, two.

Owon, toooo

Ho Ho

Oh Oh

Oh No

Oh !

one

two

three

won

tooth

ree

back and forth

back and forth

forthenback

forthenback

kcabnehtrof

kcabnehtrof

kcabnehtrof

kcabnehtrof

kcabnehtrof

uh

uh

uh

uh

uh

uh

sp

sp

sp

uh

one

two

testing

I imagine a text work, along side a voided painting, a series, one next to other, an infinite series.

There is no such thing as repetition

