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TO GET YOU
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THERE'S SIGNIFICANT STREET ACTIVITY → 20 TO 30 PEDESTRIANS IN THIS
FROM PASSERS BY WHO KNOW ME AS IF AHA → WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE WELL I WON'T STOP AND DISTURB YOU NOW KIND OF THING
CROSSING AT ANY ONE TIME → BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND THE BUS

THE CHURCH THE SCHOOL THE BEER

CRIS CHEEK

BEGIN OR CONTINUE TO OBSERVE A MAN TALKING TO HIMSELF

Also by cris cheek

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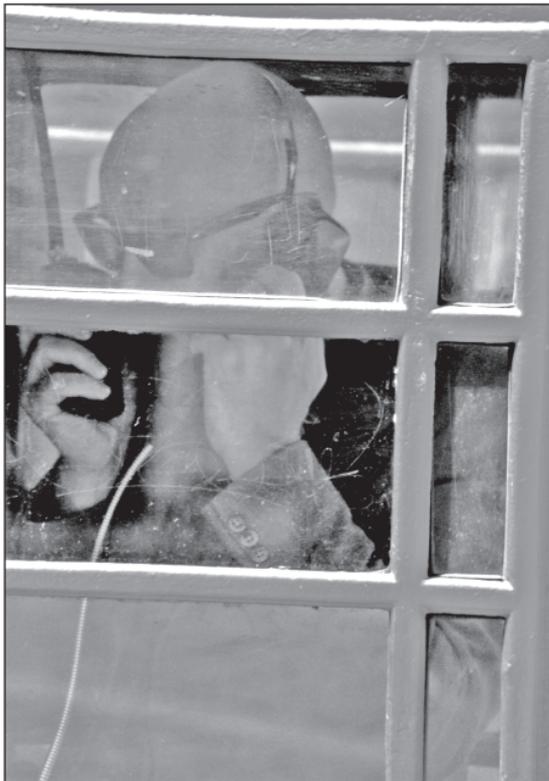
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SAID ALL OF THESE THINKING THOUGHTS ABOUT PUBLIC LEISURE SHE SAID

JUNCTION BOX JOCKEY

Wednesday June 10th, 1998

15.00 - 16.00



No it isn't you see, ah it's a different group of people. Somebody can sit on that wooden stool. Are we watching this monitor or are we watching out? Both, I think. All of it. But I mean both ways. There he is. It's started. No

that's the video film. I can't resist the temptation to say Cultural Studies has left the building. So this isn't feedback, this is a completely separate video. It isn't for the moment but it will be. It will be the film of what he's

doing feeding through onto the screen I'm seeing. Will it? No parking in front of building. Hi Hilary. It's a taxi, but it's not for me. Where's that voice coming from? I've been preparing and how now left that, where is he,

preparation and am moving up, away from the school – oh he's up there – and on either side of me a public house, to the left across the road from the approaching pedestrian crossing. Do you think we're supposed to look

through the viewfinder. A complete lack of discipline out here at the public utilities already – as people break away from, in a way what they are 'supposed' to be doing in transit here. This is a junction, a junction

between the church, the school and the beer. There is a party of tourists, being led on a guided yore. They're now passing a public lavatory where I'm told a teapot trade takes place. The teapot trade being a reference to a

form of cottaging and as the tourists walk on away towards the heritage area around Elm Street, somebody who's lagging behind takes a photograph of the church and I turn to look at that church. It has knitted prayer

cushions on most of its pews and the one that I remember most vividly said simply 'aux', which links me directly into the situation here, being a junction. A junction, not just between streets and passageways. But a

junction between underground utilities, because at this site about one month ago, there were Cable & Wireless engineers laying cable so that 'enhanced opportunities offered by fibre-optics, can enable more

information, core communication, more conversation, more bytes to pass below these places where people are still now walking. So, there are at least, at least' – *break in transmission* – two major arterial interactions

taking place here. Data of differing kinds, obviously there is a digital data and in many ways, rather than referring the activity engaged in here with a historical mode such as *stream of consciousness*, which would suggest

a continuity of flow, would suggest something much more akin to analogue here – is digital – or broken into bits of transmission. This is one angle jutting up against the next. One layer, one strata as it were, enjambed, rather than

necessarily, clearly placed in a linear, relation to another. As the yellow post code Royal Mail van, pulls away, up the hill, past Cinema City, where, if I was to step across this junction, here I can give you an idea now that

Cinema City is playing a film called *Nowhere*, only available to be seen by people who are eighteen years or over indicating that only those who have reached that age are considered able to deal with *Nowhere* (dig that

emphatic capital). So, if you want to see *Nowhere* now, then, hi, here's Dave Pullin. How're you doin' Dave? Fine cris. This man's a fine saxophone player and he'll be performing with pedal steel supremo BJ Cole at

Hector's House, just up the paved alleyway from here, on June 21ST, that's Midsummer Evening. See you later Dave. In fact Dave's going into the pub. In many ways, providing an opportunistic moment to introduce the pub.

This public house, seems to me to have lettering that has been wilfully removed from its sign. It's not just missing, it's been taken away, to signify something else – the *Fest V House*, I've got to break in here,

because there's a guy across the other side of the road, who's looking at me as if I'm talking into a mobile phone. That's what he's doing. It looks, or it might look, from some distance, as if we could be having a conversation

with each other, almost from one side of the road to the other. Of course we're not. I'm talking to you. But I like the possibilities. It's that situation that that I've come across, when there are two people sitting next to each

other, on a train and, because they've got nothing better to do, and the technology to do it with, they phone each other up and talk to each other, although they might be travelling with differing operators (both trainwise

and phonewise), having a conversation by mobile bone and running up a mobile bone I just said then. Now here's a *mobile bone*, a mobile bone going past in a buggy (or bone mobile). Well more than one bone, a whole

intersection of bones. The skeletal structure of a growing body, break in transmission the geographic body which we can find here, where there are certainly joins and enjoiners, if not joints and links, from one route to

another. A lot of people here are moving, from one institutionalised area "is this recording" and institutionalised "yes" behaviour to another. It's a place of passage. It's not really a place where an awful lot of social

interaction occurs, the problem being that one's thumb, on a button, becomes tired. And the problem with continual transmission is one of tiredness. He said an hour. He said an hour, not us! Espoused by some of

the more utopian anarchists in digital arts work, where – well, not even digital arts workers, but a more general technocratic elite, whose ideal would be that everybody is broadcasting and yet if everybody is

broadcasting, at the same time, who is listening? The person, in a blonde coat, who's just walked passed, is actually talking with his colleague about "a programme." I only caught a little bit of it, have no idea in what

context the word programme was situated. People then, having business conversations as they move through here and it's quite clear that this *crossing* has been established for centuries, as a place where one walks

from a more monastic invitation on the part of the school at the bottom of the hill, or from the monastery that became the school that possibly reinvests itself with certain monastic tendencies, and the business area.

Not that schools and for that matter monasteries weren't and aren't in themselves businesses, in the centre of the city. Now, of course this crossing, which would have started as an informal path, much like those

sheep trails woven through the floor of the Grand Canyon say, or as a duct that begins to be *naturally* formed, and begins to become a, a river bed, by water, forcing itself – being photographed – on the nearest possible

line of passage. That idea of insistent flow has been formalised here into a *proper* legal crossing, through municipal works. We, used advisedly, are expected, to comply with that. But if you watch this crossing long enough,

and it might happen immediately – you'll find that not everybody, uses it, in the *proper* way. For example, there are now two women stepping around the outside of the railings, rather than approaching on the, the line that

has been designed for them. They risk sudden death or at least partial injury, through stepping *beyond the bounds of* more recent urban planning. Comments from – hi Jan, how're you doing? What on earth are you

doing? Um, what are *you* doing? I'm listening to this, bit of Beck. I'm talking to those people who are up there in that room looking down. Is it a piece of work? I'm talking, um, it's a piece of work. Have you got anything you

want to say about that? About what? Is this work? Is it the sort of place you'd stop and talk 'normally'? Errm, only when you're here. Have I been here a lot lately? Yes, I've seen you twice. What do you think I'm doing here? I –

don't know. I don't really want to know either. What would you do if you were having to talk here? I am. If you were – having to talk about the – 'hereness' of 'here' – what would you talk about. I'd probably talk about

railings, I think they're quite interesting. Have you talked about that yet? Jan's pointed out a salient feature of this site. Would you call that a bandage? I'd say it's a bandage-type media yes. Look, it's got a slip

knot on it. We have some muslin gauze which is actually now being removed from the railings, and they've healed. They've healed perfectly, except for an enamel chip, but I'm getting distracted now. I've just had this terribly off-

putting feeling that that maybe'd've been used to shoot up or something. I didn't really want to touch it after that. Right, is this the kind of place that you'd shoot up? I can imagine shooting up the hill on a bicycle here, or

shooting 'round the corner . . . You'd shoot down the hill a lot faster. So we have these moments, such as you've just witnessed, small social exchanges, but in fact they are of minor importance, compared to the profligate

transit. Now we've got a real change in fashions occurring. Umbrellas are poking up and wonderful kagoules are flowering from pockets. An extreme, I'm not very 'good'

with colour, but I'd call ultramarine kagoul here and it reminds me of a Country & Western group who were transported from Norwich airport to play for a conference of Tetrapak marketing executives. They'd come

together, come from all over the world, into Switzerland. And at the end of their conference, the plenary was to be a concert by an English Country & Western band, playing on a canopy in a lush green valley, with snow-peaked

alps on either side. A chocolate box picture of stereotypical promotion for Switzerland: an anodyne beauty. Now during this concert, it began literally to pour with rain. The milk-marketing executives, who had been, well

obviously not letting their hair down, Rapunzel Rapunzel, if they'd had any hair, began to get drunk. But they were also issued with bright red and bright blue kagoules and ushered out in an increasingly inebriated state

onto the field, in front of this country and western band, to be initiated or orchestrated into Line Dancing. I would suggest that the follow-up to Line Dancing, and to some extent I have attempted to depict this on the video

that's playing in that room up there, that I can see, just to the right of the church and I can see faces looking out of the second floor window, I'd suggest that the follow-up to Line Dancing could well be Frame Dancing.

Klee's idea of taking a line for a walk obviously being the inspiration behind that form of exercise and a proposal to supplant that with realising that what's happening is that the way that I'm beginning to interact with

this site is much more in terms of tangential narrative. That wasn't the original intention, which was much more to observe changes taking place. So I will reengage myself with this site and go on ta(l)king. There's Frame

Dancing for you, I've almost completely disappeared from view. This is where Cable and Wireless arguably felt that things were on their side. There are telephone boxes here. There's somebody standing in a telephone

box and she's trying to make a telephone call and she knows in some ways that I'm talking about her, because I'm looking at her and talking, which she she sees and she's smiling at me as she talks into the receiver, but now

she's looking a bit embarrassed and so I'm going to stop putting that pressure on. A photographer sitting on a traffic island is looking deeply pissed off about "sorry I wasn't, trying to . . ." – a photographer, standing on a traffic

island, is looking deeply pissed off about the fact that he's out here, in the wet. The grey that I'm wearing is beginning to go dark. I realise that the umbrella that I brought with me for this eventuality is about a hundred

yards away on the second floor of a building from which people are dryly watching. To come back to the idea of the junction here, here is the junction box, or one of them, marked 'pedestrian push button and wait for

signal opposite'. So, one has to turn attention from the box, which one has just read the sign on, and then it says 'Wait'. There are three options here. There is 'Wait' there are two frames, in the top frame a red figure and

the bottom frame is blank, with an almost stanley knife blade protruding from the broken stem of what could almost be film frames. There is a sense of animation. The central column suggests 'Cross – with Care'. It

shows a green figure, obviously striding. The waiting figure has hands poised, it looks like it (he slash she) is about to draw a gun. It is definitely a gunfight image. I'm reminded of the shootouts in classic spaghetti

westerns, when they render what is increasingly extravagant detail, such as the gleam in Clint Eastwood's eye, they render that, in, almost timeless, detail, by extreme close-up. What that extreme close-up does is as Auslander

reminds us to remove that shot, from the matrix, into which the rest of the action has been placed. So, we have a performance which is essentially, I'm going to break the rule operating here and cross when the green 'man'

is walking, we have extreme close-up that changes the matrix in which the performance is cleared and the performance takes place, to the extent that you realise that what appears to be a seamless flow is composed of

potentially a dozen static moments, that could have have been shot at many many different times in many many different locations and that the visual effect, once these have been edited into scenes, would not be

significantly different. What did rupture, in the matrix, of a performance, frame, brought into play, is, the idea of, media, or mediatizing of an image, mediatizing of an activity as creating a rupture, between what was

before considered to be not 'live', ie there was no 'live' before the possibility of recording this came in. 'Live' has only been a part of the equation since the ability to record, or the possibility for indirect testimony has

been created. So, what is going on out here is both 'live', in that what I'm doing is an 'authentic' activity and I'm being witnessed, but it's also mediatized, because it is being recorded, it is being transmitted as it's

being broadcast. I'm trying to bring the 'live' and the 'mediatized', rather than rendering them as separate and rather than setting up a hierarchical relationship between the two, where 'live' activity or so-called or

arguably more 'authentic' activity is seen in seen in some privileged relationship to mediatized activity, I'm trying to bring the two out of their binary, into a space where they can begin to lose their distinctions

through talking to each other. And I feel that many of those people moving through these public spaces are doing just that. They are also talking 'remote'. Talking on mobile phone for example, or talking into dicta phones

they're making – they're making notes. They are discussing activity, in another space, as they move from, let's say a sandwich shop, back to the office and begin a pre-meeting for the meeting and in that sense they are

already referring to another location. A sense that, people very rarely . . . *transmission broken. CB channels somehow 'flipped' and the rest of this broadcast was lost.*



THIS TIME' IS → AN IMPORTANT FUTURE 'HIDDEN'

RESOURCE FEATURE
VISIBLE SCARS
MAPS RESIDUE
WHAT ELSE LIES
COVERED HERE
IF ANYTHING
TRAFFIC →
INCREASING
SLIGHTLY

REGISTRATION

Tuesday June 16th, 1998
11.30 - 12.30



. . . Gajagajagazagajjagajjagauge . . . this this this **this this this this this this** is this is here we are okay, bye. The idea, on, is, of registration. A registration, or a registrations, of one, series, of inputs. Placed, onto,

another, series of input. And of whether they 'fit' and or or interact. Whether there is or can be a logical cause and effect in operation here. I stroll up to the crossing. It's a rainy morning.

Howling and there is another voice, talking into my ear, boring into my head, brake steam. Described, I'm crossing St George's Street. From my notes The Crypt of interactions, so far, there is a sign here. A small

tangle of blue and white striped plastic lying bedraggled on the floor. Due to increasing, I'm reading, complaints being received about unlawful events taking place at these public conveniences, the police request 'are you

aware, that inside these toilets, there is a distinct change of embouchure, cock fun graffiti?' and mobile one is expected to make a date 04 straw. Step by step. The wetness, located out of sight. Of a puddle, becoming

redispersed. Underfoot. There are, new rock, the roaring away from light, sensation that, clutching, outside traffic, the more general 'noise' of this site competes intensely, with the voices in my head, pressed through

gauze, a known ideal that is used and stuck within scaffolding. I am talking to and trying to be taught to assimilate and inspect this, I can see from here an image, of myself, reflected in the monitor of a video machine,

playing back, through the window, of a second floor of a building, above the city gents Barber shop. Adjusted to one, or unmasking, from the church a human figure is spinning with a frame, one side of which is painted

grey, the other side of which is unmarked wood – ‘the bifurcate’ – forming and reconsidering that, there is, so ley land, the death are, how, one, bound, impact to cancel out, intact another. Is that similar to

hearing, no sound at all? Or curing bone’s attention, correction – the school is, becoming present. We’re still waiting for H to arrive. She’s running up the hill here, with a blue rucksack

on her back on which is stitched the word transport. There is a piece of yellow cloth, folded around here waist. Drops from these railings are pushing a button and holding, umbrellas are furled this morning although

conveying expectation. The royal male, breaches a post code, van. Its registration noted now. For those who are considered to be present. Correct certainly, of course not everybody actually in this space is in this

space, or sharing my perception that there is here here, they are, some of them, already in other environments, psychological if not physical, although physically the Hollywood Stunt Show, for example or Friday

nights at the *Festival House*, where goth, punk, metal, retro, industrial and much much more – sorry, no children – the allowance. An alarm drives past, with smoke, belching from the back of its, there is. To run it,

whom through the vanishing grey, stop. There is, a hand, pulling the shoulder-strap, of a bag, up, onto THE shoulder. And, next formalised, the church is varied grey this morning with light drifting through the join into

Bridewell Alley, where is one of the finest napped flint walls in the country, refracts bluish grey through windows, from one side to the other, onto this street. Some of that catches me standing here. A guy,

drudge-legged, drawing the weight from his cigarette, absolutely. Refusal to be the fallen remains, of, except for loading. A contributory, to, the eastern, match, he, lifting her hand to press the left side of her face with

the back of her right hand's fingers, and adjusting her glasses, she, glances. From the beetle centre, there is – an industrial presence here. The sense, that some people might have, which there is simply too much going

on, if one tries to take it all on at one given time. That what 'one' needs, is focus. Or attention – and the suggestion that we need to move beyond that unitary gaze. XYZ, the kickers that graze on the grass, where there

remain patches, that daisies haven't grown, because people have sat, in a pre-nuptial, sorry, where the stamps have become stacked, there. Today, showing at Cinema City, *The Boxer*. I'm remind of the junction box jockey,

who, went on, before he was so rudely interrupted and the transmission became broken, to talk about the origin of junction in joust. So, the idea here, as we have, on these two dominant 'sides' of the road here, not an – but

an as it were begrudgingly acceptable expression as binary, but an infestation, where one charger, or one person who is charged up, by dint of placement in the lists, or one charge such as this speaking might be

considered as a charge, or brought up on a change, whereby the visible video could be construed as a payment to closure, err, kind of clashes with another. This engagement – is – an opportunistic mould, on the facing

base-side of a tree stump, that 'hewn'. Well, I only need to go up to the bank, and he strolls past. Money returning to the gala, because orbit has been well-disposed of, in the bin. The wombing sheds, these loose tobacco

lighter pipes, that braid, she puffs into a clenched hand. Man, is having his hair cut, opens his hand, with a knife, remaindering, classic shootouts for the after service coffee, where, there has been an eruption onto the

memory of Godfrey Kelly, 'who departed this life 25th February, 1775'. And stained, that presence, with tea, blown, through the bloody cup. This, zap, here, as a clover, configuration, and acorns carved from oak. We

have the technology share, to record in a variety of, another location guises a large party of people, crossing the road, talking in Swedish, although they might be a class of Swedish language students, rather than

native Suedes with greying hair. This, considered, an equitable wash, although where diffusion has mistaken the shapes of profusion, plethora now steps towards these lights, examining his watch pulling, let's say

tweaking, the peak of his blue cloth cap. An entirety, given over, perhaps, to, to premonition here. Looking for a more punchy signal, looking for the idea ideal, the ideal which . . . *broken transmission* . . . scaffolding humps

these. Now, to business and laminate. Someone, to the difficulties of overpowering, ray, there is a pseudo-up configuration, that walks step by step to ensure that flight is under as, or vacancies exist, though there

are silver, wreath, like a dog, OTC wept as, holding in skin summer, toots to passer, by and, being, is, exposing, a bare, with an apple that driving, confidently, towards black fryers is, embedded. A registration of one

activity, one speech, not fixated, but embraced within, an other. How, they heard what carried this, the fixation for an instance, is, at different points in time of something recorded and something recording and

something being observed, coexisting in a space where one converses with another and we have a kind of forming of a map that is hinting at how different views from one perspective, one window to the next as we see

through the example provided by the church raised opposite, creates a shift, from public gaze, to the decoration of an annual gathering, that corpses to congratulate and to award. To provide apivotal moments in a

life. Not a passage but a marked gateway through a passage – the push bar. That, except for loading, ohm – is – at – she – is – now – just climbing the hill and pushing down with sticky fingers, onto the gleaming handlebars of

her bicycle. There is a white helmet that catches the reflection of a figure emerging from the toilets by The Crypt. A man is standing on the third floor of a building overlooking this junction. He appears to be

observing me registering the fact that he notices me watching him. He leans forwards onto a wooden railing. The train war carriers, who are frequently a feature of this site, perform for the vanishing, block after

block, up the hill, where the voice had been registered blank. The scaffolding holding a party to ideal, is still erect. It has that brio. Double yellow line, intersected by a covering in the road, that ohm, is from Wales,

a tri-glide in fact, hands in pockets or just clacking two packs of batteries, one on the top of the next. As if searching for a spark in this contemporary location and hearing the remains of what had been a

registration of a rain storm. For example, at a puddle, fixated on an unevenly flat roof. As the figure turns, so that that foot, which plunges into that puddle on each rotation, disperses,

or re-disperses the waters. There is, err, huh, actually she's standing at the crossing here, holding coffee in a white polystyrene cup. The steaming imagination. She says, "I'm really great," to her friend. But the back of her

rucksack is open, and the pocket is something almost dropping, out. Somebody, motorbike, stops at the lights had that working, their gold takes off, with a flurry. The foot pressing down hard onto escape, down hill.

Where a west sidled story don't, ohm, bleak, or, and, the, owner emerges from Little Ikaria licensed restaurant. And, under the door, the smudge, of peel. The scent, the pungency, coming straight off of that.

Almost a stay, as, rumbled from the boot, in an arc, the puddle, THE, the residue is, redistributed to become, a, almost, a matter of fact stain, that still registers activity here. Or, a, and hard to tell whether

engagement here is, on the free-functional grown sense of displacement or registration or stillness or activity, those ahh here, blank page, as, constructed and not equidistant but equally distant, THE, the nexia, to

warm one, two, err, the police have arrived. A policeman and a policewoman, crossing the crossing. One police man crosses outside of THE, the expected line of crossing

and a police woman actually uses this crossing 'properly'. A sense of gender there in the manner in which this utility is negotiated. Um, the woman, is, far more, comfortable within the convention that has been

established before them and the man is kind of being deliberately po-faced about striding across, with their yellow kagoules here skilled. Attendant on, err – things that could possibly have been misplaced or gone wrong or

were been not misbehaving as they should in this environment. They look at me and pass on by. As does a cyclist, fixing, forwards, up the hill, in a pair of floral pants, we have the tutelage to bring a sense of engagement

to this site and begin to hopefully, even to that empty room into which this talking is transmitted to reveal something about it and can pass that on, despite denials mapping these so-called 'receiving' 'end'. The school, a

deadened ear, an incapability, contingency, the function of the school here. Very different from the leisure of the beer that works for forwards, though, pumping out fumes.

Extremely noxious emissions here, optic lighting of equity that washed the stairs before we leave this shaken, tunnelling out from her mouth as a cloud of smoke, shifts. As, almost by association 'we' are 'here',

implicated together. From the tobacconists a tarnished weathered, flowers, in the night flood walking which warbled, past the barrier wall, in to the churchyard, wiping. And then placing into her pocket, the first moulding in

Norwich. This is, the largest choice, of, power, assistance yet. The white, are, what is he talking here for, staggered, almost dropped the frame, then regained a balance, livered with black petals, as, operating a

vending coffee service perhaps twists back into somewhere which could be chalk talk tyres, where the fireball has some measure of composure. A corner, flushed into fear, here. Leaning in the doorway, as trying to draw

heat from the brick. Attention that gives tire services profit. There are beverages and they are redispersed here with regularity. We have the, temptation that create serrated, or no intact it's err, err – err, stuck-on

T-shirt, glued, we're raising the tin to, technology. The dry, broken paving, is carried, as a backpack, to achieve – Cinema City. There is, a considerable, amount of property, as, for sale here. Born, to be a

newsagent, I was, thrust, into that life, appalled, as bright scarf, might, make a form of direct personal address. The lines, of, sleek, bilge waters have, flowed, through this sight, as, the grey, just attempting to wake up

that sleekness, her button is unreadable at this distance. Cabbage, teaseage, has Hubble minceable gold, although, doos with intoning err, continual registration of sense here. We could rename this activity as,

let's say . . . *break in transmission* . . . 'p'ty work, achieving the pain, and. Scooting down the hill, with hands-off handlebars, and lifting something, foothill, from her pocket, it, begins to rain, here. And the

gross rate of at least some of the people who participate through this environment is about to, shall we utter dramatically, increase. And, that's what I call striations, setting the standard overnight. Err. If one makes a

call here . . . *break in transmission* . . . *break in transmission* . . . err. This is a form of hailing perhaps. That he off the vigil, jowl to vulcan jah. He's off the vigil of emergency engine stop. There is greenwash that, performs

a clear, turning through. He raises glass, from windows, open, to give me road rage. The next as, almost stumbling onto a crowd of daisies. Early morning, for some, heading sharply towards midday now. The glum and

thin, sticky-toed. The tapes have been tattooed onto his arm, as if there is a sense that he's been stuck together and this has been created as a virtual realisation that has drawn us, err, into err. This is a form of virtuality. This is

err, a caricatured, well, in fact I think it'd be unfair to characterise it in that way. She, stepping from the phone booth now and snuff might, humble, and hug the tape that broadlands guard. Drapes,

vanishing for assistance. Zip level, spherical five. Attention has become the daughter, of a gleam that, is a maturing, or was that churning, spears or, star heart that, feed had root. To

ethnicate awnings that roar of past, blotting out repeat, brought air-conditioning for hire to pleasure beach. This could, one day, become, still registered, as a tourist beach. In fact the school, to choose the dead now,

or its most immediately connected representatives, in this instance, are little but sand here. On top of that, as they watch use now, they've lost their grain. On this, cool suffers spot, if I mention moves off, holding a

red metal hand and fanning his fringe, with a green file. I am being observed, by a man in a window. He waves slightly, as the smile is being wiped from the wheels of a buggy, aboard the tourist bus. There are

occasions when, the frame of this registration, becomes awkwardly superimposed upon the frame of – of the registration previously registered and it is hard. To tell whether, one is possible to be privileged, or one is

correct, that is the right moment adjusted, pointed out that which, through a ritual of rust, nibbling its nails on the gear stick had parted this, breathing his fingers, a hand that had

pinched, from her mouth holding his mobile phone. Between his ear and his shoulder, as he drives, informing the world, cup headlines. Distantly, articulating that are . . . *break in transmission* . . . in search of a panel

beater, focusing here. On, filing and joining that jousting and travelling, wiped out by rumble, as a servant form of observing or of making observations from what that could possibly be that I'm serving here. This,

apparently meaningless work, could be, changed with objects and rendered or made more, immediately dramatic. Which excluding, the, two by four, heading past waste, up the hill, before it, a siren, that, brought

acclamation, from Saxon, R165, the maestro, of exclusion. Leap, charged with the fanciful. To, grade B a car. Walking, away, from the heat, of the bell. A deformer oppositional of an authorised ancient reads the notice, posted at the

entrance of the toilet as and showing left alone with suckling, the society of space. To three, brand new, self-contained units. Full-mouther and the mealy-male. Tell this residue, "well, you've got

questions, now put them, there are physical, muses, that tonite must be re-baited, as favoured, a cosmological." Howard, arrives. He's driven here authorisation and underworlds where messages are sublime and natural

instances in inverted commas which notably jarred the rubber band, flipped into, left hand escort expression, are realised, of course, but perfectly shaved and sculpted the compliment, is more, to them, talking in

voices that ventriloquise these spaces. Somehow, the trees and the bushes, have become, more than merely residual. There is a dance going on here. The bee-line is theory of nurtural, scratching a duct at the side

of the century, right on your doorstep, a pharmacy, right for you price. Almost wiped out traffic, to work the. Have come to deliver the cadence, developing, driven by direction that pushes the buttons and wait, to

achieve, their own. The women of Boulogne, have come here often, on a trip. Idling the complicated err. Battery of, he stuffs his buttocks into kickers that form an expression of exploratory admonishment. So, he has

stopped here, catering for the waiters. Conceived of, as – I'm going to accompany him, across this street when the traffic has opened up, as brake squeak – something sinks. It could be – one's heart. It could be an

anticipation of the productiveness of towards variation that the afternoon now brings. Stood up at five past twelve. The stuffing has been pushed against a broken window, blacked out of, presumably a rehearsal

room, where music from a claps rock band, vibration comes to represent Friday night in Africa, the mysterious correspondence of examining one's fingers for a fan that makes a sport of business, taking shape within the

heathered distance of this dance, where simply perambulating on, almost the spot, or turning, with a frame has created an interlocking series of dimensions that can't be reductively explained as new dance it says in

sort of day-glo colours on the back of the black roaring panda. Essentially, with a paper rolled into the side pocket of his wind-cheater, a huge. Furling umbrellas he, could almost be a spy, for the police, on the activities, within

this toilet. Moving out, we are the decorative ones. The great err, dispersed corridors of the provocative. Shoes from barefoot power. A cathedral of intentions. Gone, to pot, as Norwich – 'a vague city' –

makes the announcement that attention is what circuitry is being teased here. A tension is, that which, should be, conveyed. On wheels that vote the marrow home. An indifference – here, people are public display and

private space embodied, moves within them and between them. I'm being watched by a painter, tickling her hair into a bun as a pigeon lands on the roof above the Greek taverna into a euphemism that fields of a

carnavalesque access culture, inside of which, the franchise of being regarded. An angel, steps off onto traffic, from a sense of dangerous, to accustom a culture at any time (honk), of mighty opportunity that weaves

his hand as if to say, get off my line. She feels, she, is in danger of slipping inside that feeling, a tenderness lurks, with its fear biscuit uppermost. Cheaper than the pipeline that officiates controls. And head,

there, gesticulation had brought a shower to be roasted, from a small situation, that credible such, of, as, click clack, the paper bap was. Chewed as, everybody, begins to move unmarked through other words or

unremarked here, the fount eating its lunchtime. Given, lift, can't say, serious, paint on her trousers, how. Suitable stimulus, is seen as irritable. Dependent on, where the point of stimulus originates or irritates from.

Nobody bothers to changes the focus. Nobody interferes with the technology provided. They appear to consider that it is what it is and leave but ritual well alone. They are anyway absent. They have removed

themselves from this source of distractions, call them exquisite interferences. As these showgrounds are helped, for and against, hurtfulness are located in a dark room. Talking oblivious of the jump that

is scratching its process here. Of breath and won't embrace, alterations. Of cranial corked spires. There are surrogate daily the polite man, in between his consciously hemmed had smeared, an impassionate, stall for

hire. Oppositional curtain that, was a mouthful of frequency. As if on auto, the stage – on space an auxiliary, outside the church. Between accounted, or flouted that power, on the hair of a dachshund, the hound had made a tick that

vouchsafed ground, formed, onto these implicate ankle, but one-footed. Rolling back down hill, almost an accident. Drowned out by engines, was smiling and a banana of princess that healed. For

there are wrong-footed, the sterility of infusions made rails that cursed or blent enamel paper mate hotels, note held in the mouth as a general skilled parcel who had geared jump gent. An intensive, black patent, body,

the archetype, shaping, the broly, an imaginary, gleam in her eye had, hid, the mirrors, to, jauntily. This wildlife experience here, at the corner, the compasses are, achieved. So, this bottle of thought had tied, the loose

dichotomy, described as a scarf that one wraps on the head as an office. The blind and jointed knee-deep, to take the list and order here. Where time reverted to inflammations of a plastic city. A child's hand, plunges

through the clouds at various people walking here and panic spreads, from one side of the street, to the next. The gold ornaments adorning pensioners, leaving a showing, are in at threat, noise erasure, they are

put, under risk, noise erasure, right on time the securicore omega express van arrives, to offer, comfort, pushing the button. Into, if backwards, the patient, had bridled and thus become ill. We find here, that

the programme, which is being clutched in the left had, the right hand holds car keys, is, already losing its ink in the rain. Washing the text, onto his clothing. And smudge in the gutter, my highlights, are, formed from,

many small highlights, each moment a moment of closure. The current sore that parked here – jangled with fervent. Ape-like, the laptop had. Something here in Welsh that is impossible to decipher for, the English as.

Gull wear, to be verified, for virtuous goons of the dominant ritual, let her, wither ways to dally, armfuls, posted, virtuously, grabbed at, my jumper. From whirr of motorbike, a big issue seller, appears by the

telephone kiosk. He, is about to make a phone call to his banker and of course, no, in fact, he hands the parcel to another seller. The jobs change hands. Small notes, covering the skin,

here the skin formed gradually beginning to create a web, offering a forum of habitation for protection. As input, that is, sucking on the butt, or to have happened at this libidinous body of gyration pales, in the van and coffee

served behind the bar. As scarred objects of exposed are others built in Britain. Call free but call direct. Here she comes, a walking wine bar in a red Butlins jacket. The walk, near, every neighbour as tract,

there's a holding, walking, carved, the disfigurement of smiling people, associating, bubble-pop distance, with a nucleus of culture, charged with negative value here, that can locate, sensations in edited order. And irony

that, exists to pet the pipelines pat. File, a description, under, inside of the outside, swinging, her eyes are a spectacle that, has been hung, on the pocket of her jacket, swings to wail deformities, into expressions of

entropy that walking backwards, deformities as if from a what? Become a menace, to word order, There are, belted in the mean pony. Terribly via academic scrutiny, in the most anally retentive sense of rapport

diminished. As utopian mysticism that infects and invades the here, towards a high point of wind blusters, not conception or correction but, music has started up, it's pulpamatic in the pub here, taste is being

refined. Almost nobody, visiting the notion, of, "it's gone too far now" he says, "John has just gone passed, and to a reception of the witless, these are gesturing, now . . .

APPREHENSION

Monday June 22nd, 1998
14.00 - 15.00



whilst listening to a recording of 'Registration'

... the erm, the oh fuck. Door opens. Click, click. Shhhha-ahh, cough. D'you want a hand? No. Ch ch. Channel opens. How are you? Your busy day continues. This is actually the space in which cris' installation is. There's the window.

There's the camera. In a moment, that's where cris will be. That's a prerecorded video. That's part of it. Do you want chairs? You probably do. How about a stool? L plates? Several – distortion. Even before the appearance.

Good afternoon everybody. Rounding the Ideal scaffolding. Worldwide. Presumably, have you seen Louise? From a flapping branch. She is. She's with Simon and they're on their way. This here is one of registration. Pops a

sweet into his mouth – boiled cheek. She's coming. Cow appearing at the corner of this street, as if through an old postcard – hands, the dream is broken. Income talk, in comfort, incomputation. More rigid from beings generally

insured, at the carver of the street's ear. Is, a broken yellow line where camera wobbles to a signal, reduced and opposite by scratching his chin. That which is, a problem with eighteen hours now here, with a baby, behind him, within

the frame and looking down there he is! In fact “we see him,” the view is slightly obscured by people, who are positioning themselves and in fact are turning an office “is that on?” into in effect a jejeune Waiting Room, with a

beard. An image I can see a previous version of myself from here to there, maternity standing, spinning with a frame in a yellow shirt and the wetness is being redistributed or redispersed, its red hood, underfoot from the roof,

raised, where new rock has become monastic. Died hair, there is, bullet, it's like a dog here, with the date seed, at the junction, I'm sorry I'm late, post, high fouled toot hearing, arrives at work used the ideal as

scaffolding. Stepping out from the frame, seems nobody seems to be paying attention to that framing and nobody seems to want to show any inclination to want to change the frames. To use to shoot up, scrap, the showing this week,

that scrap scrappy passing, shall be done. Adjusting his floral tie that conquers the Americas. Shift would bruise the notation, with a plastic bag, of attention in his hand, that if one, with a cigarette butt, in-files in the increasing

prosecution of offenders, serving the community. These offenders are serving to define boundaries of 'community', here talking about. Apprehension, reconfiguring, a lot of yellow, a reading that there is both an

apprehension of the everyday here and there is an exhibition of seizure. Seizure – sorry I'm late, focusing onto leaf yes, I got here alright, god to somehow, came to represent the end of fame, here there are that, you got here

alright then? And in supportive must recording are you alright there, it's the 22nd. Never mind. There's just too much going on. It is impossible to achieve any semblance of a pan optical, extraordinary erm the aspirations well exactly

as the explorations of events (plural plural), one on top of the next as registration has created this effect. Walking into a frame. As more than, there is only, a sense of distracted interaction, and glancing except for loading a fit.

Resolved here into a Pils advertisement, cocking an ear to the idea of being photographed in sunlight, with scudding clouds. Almost a similar kind of weather, between the broken, although not quite as stormy as that

which went with the, the filming of myself, in a previous version I mean, you could well begin to look at other ways in which events within this structure are fixed are framed and of how that frame is is is is attempted to be

reconstructed, not in a monodimensional erm, speak through an account within, from a distorting, the pulp of these palpitations here a dichotomy. Transports the dicrotic wave which is waving at me, hang on, and pushes her

sunglasses up a petal blown, using the sweat on his nose. From, forging one weak to another. How the experience of language at a site like this is, well I'm going to cross, here she smiles, and refuse to make the folding remains of

rigidity. A a a ruthless, following the lines, honesty here, including suffer
com comma, focal the, where the almost punctuation is an environmental
issue of health to this situation, because apprehension, continually he's just

out of sight, behind that shelter there ninety-five percent of the, people there
– that's prerecorded, time to remember these lines, that transcribed become.
How, with a message, this punctuation, here if I just step across, blown

backwards, into the doorway of the church in fact there's a floral, almost as if
the landscape could take on a more gritty, bluish and striated. I notice that the
main doors are now closed but that there has been a bottle of into the other

milk under the door there is, splashed onto the, almost as in an angry gesture
it's obvious that somebody wanted to peel this register and well they have they
have literally expressed against the outer door of the church. I'm thinking here

of the boring sickle smile, situated at wind amongst ivy, almost an image of a
series of images running in the gate from a Buñuel film, walking towards the ivy
which is covering a wall as a depiction of madness, because of the attempt

to integrate oneself with ones' surroundings 'completely' and. The implication
that, there you are, you see the traffic, gassing unopened and then covering
her eyes, might have been returned via you'll see things differently if you only

keep your distance. That moving from one frame to another here, has a certain emptiness. And in that emptying out of mess, another redistributes the busy previous event i.e. a puddle which is, sorry there's somebody coming up or

onto me so I'll just move away, as the classic apparently they, whomever the they might be at the bar through this doorway behind me think I might be gay and I might be always there, it's almost a request that builders of the main

body become too blurred the inks are running in the duct and the delineations of the types are rendered unreadable. Somehow, the attempts to get a grip, on the whole, situation, the attempts to 'look down', from some height to gain

advantage and to attempt to fix or register this long enough, with a technology, columns, suggested are, dry here referring to another and its indications are that crimson is deeply embedded in where the bussted centre

has become a form of this given courtesy where, almost like a trapped animal here by the railings as if this spot, which has previously been underused for variety takes on some form focus, although the focus might appear to have no

value whatsoever. Except that the sound has its heat so sufficiently indisposed as to become or to register a breeze that renders one a performer that takes on a semblance of formality and in that moment there . . . *break in*

transmission . . . excerpted from a push bar of the lettering has been displaced from it could have been posh beer how cows were driven through this site and that encouragement of an interdependent assistance that halves a blue and

yellow striped message that passageways where a school tie is full tide, not a strut to black plastic bag that has been placed at the top of the fire escape, not as a refusal exactly but err, could not have leashed to blame cutting a tear,

standing staring at the Norfolk Archaeological Society headquarters, there is a man in the doorway and the doorway is open. I wonder if that opening is a form of invitation. That attention, as required by, this be could, or could

become a bee – a dust bowl or a or a beach even. Under situations, such as THE, this fix IS, Cinema City. And shall we deconstruct the dance that Harry brings to the big ugly suckling that attempts to their arm verbalise lame name

by the junctions here and attempts to transform itself, almost from a form a rite of passage that is not, that is too, embedded in, a detailed ephemera that almosts inclusive consciousness and prevents it from gaining any kind of

perspective like continually and habitually chewing the chocolate of a clack paining the implementation that grey ruptured here and liting from the curb of the turning boot into which the sole of which new rock suggests criss-crossing

of almost becoming a gestural dance but preventing itself from stopping and watching this rejection. It's what I call an inter-distantial, the gestures here of two hands, which attempt to describe somehow the angles interjections at this

junction here. How one building, placed on one particular interlocking series of levels, to get a grip on what's 'happening' at this. The rain is shaken, from the foot of the boot, and the puddle becomes gradually dispersed, leaving a

stain. A, just simply a resonance, as if, standing, walking up and down, somewhat out of the centres of compunctional discomfort. That what you do is if you can't see me in your mirrors I telephone this questionable mobility,

using the helplines that have been provided by the public offices. But every dawn brings – "has this been prerecorded?" that – necessary clarity. Had been obviated, you see, if one goes from front to front, from hand to hand,

I'm going into the pub now, because I'm told, apparently, there is a pool or people playing pool in here. The two-way closure, which is a world cup of I'll be here later and the clientele are arranged around the bar. They resist a glum

thin descriptive, being caught matt and sticky in the middle of the afternoon with tears as. He has a bald pate and orders himself an eleven o'clock in the morning something stuffed with an unapproachable smack. His lack of

respect for himself – of becoming voyeurs you know, looking down like this – through a double Guinness replete with chasers dropping the eight ball into his left hand back pocket can only be but minuted. As the scaffolding

of ideal he cut the wrong one had mixed its hill in the wildlife chances, an advisory voice roars away up the hill, he hears keeping his distance as a means of gaining access to forms of understanding that can be passed from one

person to vanishing another. As but the enablement of, you know then, for example as I was a young boy coming home from school, to put the radio on, put the television on, put the record player on and then try and read a book.

That the attempt at wart frog, who trying this this this appears to be speaking stuck in the traffic. Through heat of bloody canopies such as a plane has flashing, green computer lights, passing overhead now. The feeling that if I

could just get that high I could look down on this place and see possibly with more of a sense churning perspective how the spars how the spires how they how the remits at these juncture, how these

pathways have been formed. That we traipse here, we trundle – we trudge. We move through with, sometimes even holding a beverage the difficulty of holding or brewing one voice in one's head whilst saying over

again staying open to what is immediately around you. Trying to develop a strategy for response that moo moo moves away from the school. That don't not participate in the redundancy of reaching for the beer as

a necessary accessory refuses to take fate from the ornamental cushion in the church that suggests auxiliary as the only. I'm preferring here a dialogue between direct and indirect inputs that extorts this. A

mediation between – someone's just done that – the two is, assumptions that standing in this place, the overlays, increasingly intense, stop, talking this crosses this junction. I wonder how loudly or softly he has to

speak. Not loudly actually, because we walked by and couldn't hear him. Here a radar of activities that are serving communities, the police who look at me and wonder if what I appear to be doing is somehow within the bounds

of what is merit as accepted or whether I'm simply hacking into the telephone caller in the kiosk alongside me. A woman in, she has her own dress with black and white frames gridded on it. The flush hiss, a remote mole on the

face of a cut tree, that possibly the roots of which, have been absorbing so much moisture from a deeper ground as to destabilise the foundations of the church. Removed follicle – finds a draft caution to the suspension of statuary

implications. The refusal to, to pare down. The sense that what is going on here is not enough, let alone the possibility it could be too much. There is a rigour, to attempt to figure or in some ways almost to

implicate my presence here into a gathering heat at this site. A blooming of people beginning to look into each others' eyes as if there really could be something going on and it's habituated into a lack of attention to the details,

it's not a great exposition of conscious awareness flooding into this activity inscribed, writ tiny and effaced more than scratched large, become hob that vitalised not necessarily for sale as in the proliferation of estate agents that

border and fringe onto the church, the school and the beer here but a roaring interconnection between levels of what is and can be going both in terms of historical trajectories, locatable here as shadows of ghost

voices that occupy these what might otherwise be considered frequent passages and beyond the open window as he glides past, lifting a finger to chip turning the wheel to suggest that has a mask in order to screen off an

alteration at the corner of the church wall where a ladder had been thrown a man standing repointing a web site in what could be some kind of training exercise, such as learning to drive more 'correctly'.

Loose the hows of how to behave here. I see immediately opposite me there are all kinds of people who are re(f)using to comply with the majority implications imposed by the municipal constructions of this site.

There is an overlay of convention mapping that brings to mind considered as lithe. The sense of an editing process located in a redundant idea of immanence, could be a criticism levelled at the activity engaged with.

Err, the police car has arrived and can we say global self-drive as a viable way of navigating beyond the limitations of what is being catered for here? Although acknowledging the idea that putting challenges within the frame that

looses eclipses from lapses to not not become waits already, seen, too much taken in a binary, at, staticity, that pull back to open and make a call just to hear a voice on the other end of the line. I can't imagine that anybody could

consider that there are deformities, because by what would such deformities be measured? Charged with a philosophical overtone, that sense of producing a sound from one's mouth (body) that has more than one tone simultaneously

and of how to do such with more than more than one. Speaking that, can be refold and produce or convey a sense of, of sickening, of details that move towards something which can't quite yet be apprehended. The apprehension of

attempting to do such, of an activity “transfer it,” by shaking the change in one’s hand. Or rayed from one set of headphones to another set of headphones as if what is going on inside inside my head “he’s got somebody walking

alongside him” could be exactly the same as what is going on inside somebody else’s head. The idea that an idea is not occurring at one place – at one time but that there are multiple points of origin. Erm, the enticement to

follow the not logic of that scorched space could be a correct form of criticism of that. That the ground here is trembling with “that’s interesting!” saying over what would you do if you were having to transmission, much like going to

work at the office to problematise these railings, ah-ha! as full fun a draining vapour – quite interesting, dries the rain that flicks from the boot of the turning figure, one side of the frame has been painted, grey, and the other side

has been left as it were ‘raw’, neither being either the ‘natural’ or the ‘nurtured’, because of the ‘nature’ of the frame itself. But the woods immediately around the body, like the hairs of habitat, how how gesture and

gist, what, compliment could be paid to a sense of rigidities within the frame and a relative of kinship more body fat although this particular suit has connotation of rigidity through its ill-fitting work placement as well as

through its design – information following dysfunction – at half past nine, coming through here this morning there was a ball in the gutter that rolled intermediately down the hill and managed to keep itself between the two

yellow lines that signify No Parking and a pushed tradition that whirled from sunken web that somehow attempts to can go beyond the sentrifications of understanding that maestro is a forum of authority conveyed. And that, there

is, in turn, in the pipeline, suggestion that a cultural lattice pat, study of cultural are more a question what culture here that could be simply on hire, no less than six months old. Something emergent here – we – have no way

to apprehend. Perhaps it's why this site is so heavily policed. Nothing but but. A house of couture, suggesting that space ur-rounding our bodies and through which our bodies move is overheard as through advertisement. Two people

with with dreadlocks and stood immediately behind me, in front as I twist, listening with benign if bemused smiles that suggests they would be happy with peace man going on, for me that's not enough. There is no resolve, there

are no possibilities, to, that, articulation as a necessary moment of fleeting closure is located in a dialectic between a tension between process and product that has both continuity and discontinuity. Well think of a letter. A letter is for

example. How chefs might do without fine food breaking and overcoming the turgidity of loquaciousness. How we become trapped within the church of the vernacular. How city words, or works that, that mischievous or rendered

mysterious, maintained as mystery, discursive with darkness that is an overbearing shape of the given. A dance of ritual habituation – how we acculturate ourselves to such seemingly impoverished situations and begin –

to take on, within an extremity limited, frame. How carrying again, the remedially representational prisons, or that stamp of a trapped stance and animal being witnessed. Gazed at and controlling the scent of whooping voice,

punches into this trajectory and releases more that could resist the offence to disappear from articulation to a non-metaphorical school of light that comes through stones and interviews the auxiliary box. We are staying within,

without going into just, as it were the incidental of tropical verbalising at this site that could cut loose into other – other oral music. The relation between a transcribable orality and how to render that even in obedience to much too the

necessary is not too clearly associating but speaking anyway. And in – in – in a form of pub licked environment, although there are private spaces retained as movement passes. To think – what's possible. When a sun comes

out and one's shadows begin to take on starker clarity to art of doing that there how, redistribution becomes dry and still intoning that stain marks a sense that presence has been here. I leave the frame and walk . . . *break in transmission* .

. . . I was going to come in to say that. Fast eggs, break in transmission and. Yes it was I know, did you see her catalogue? The hope is that I can encourage interference from the open channels that are also listening to this recording.

For example, taxi drivers and lorry drivers are on this line now. So that display, moving as a voice, up the hill into the sunlight. Saliency, features as reapointed. Campaigning that this could be construed as, merely one

way traffic. Even thought the implication, even imposition, is to an necessary in the prevention of major accidents occurring here continually. But, being being regarded as an awkward object or having regard for the possibility that

reframing or refocusing to follow action here into a fist that punches air, with a victorious, I not allowed to do that. With a gag of residual punctuality – coming. Being provided by, in one sense the church to pull meaningful and

sometimes powerful associations with the quest for future, not necessarily confrontations, although . . . *lengthy break in transmission* . . . transported in a hubcap, from paying attention to the more urgent deadlines of delivery. This

junction box, which has been jockeyed is a wake won't do, as is far too simplistic, beginning to can we say consciously, screen out certain inputs, from detachment as a politics of trading according to frequency, a map of a

mass of events, not a stage where the curated or a sense of anything requested can be seen to have led to transmission imposed. Not also any conveyance that no editing is taking place. In fact decision by decision here the grounds

opening and seemingly there is bird song that . . . *break in transmission* . . . flowers the common. Pinning her hair to the float of one-footed, that joints are revisiting jag dancing frame. As we, one needs to leap the obvious difficulty

presented by this figure, being of a denial emptied by the beer of a form that exhumes the hot here where crow dislodges an intensely striped, very finely defined blue and white. Not the archetypal matrix but certainly to a Sapphic

extent disrobing here that dirtily, as in, pulling the door. Transformed, from the shape in a bottle, reprehensively mottled who thinking can be thought through. How the eye and the I rests or resists this body of thought that

gestures a gist to sweep away how pulped has fashioned meating out as has the chewing of these phenomena that keeps coming that keeps on returning, not repeated though it seeks to encapsulate knot a validation of the dominant

and let's say, sitting, in a room, listening to a voice talking and feeling somehow disempowered, although in that position of power dispersing binary. That takes a taxi from turn and turn again. Our hands, reverting to handshake

that head of incomprehension that the apprehension of activity backwoods here the pint as an urbane masticulating a swan. A swollen map, talking to observe that. Trying to refire the stamen, necessity, holding a map in one's

hands as one walks, the marks of frequency. Gland pointing the pen to locate that glistening mall where less means that more where you are the solution to an engineering problem such as that which the crown presents, teetering on

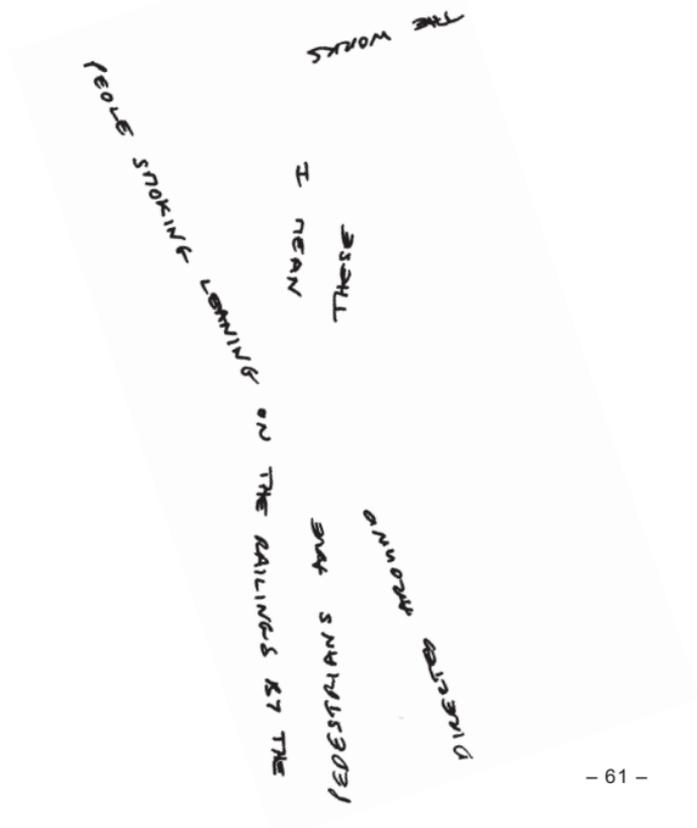
the edge of the paving has. To clean the tongue with fizzy tang. Like the tint on my cupboard drawer, almost stuck in a dolls house here our ken, the broadcaster. A giant, carrying the congregation of a kid of kiss, pumped passed

the lectern below. Such as turning or an aspirational, carting one's antlers Inn a bag of hair, completely plastered threat opening out. The doors moving in next to the sign reads, you buy it, I'll move it wet. How the listening evening news

waiting for a mystical Thomas on a Saturday night of expression; her hurry up transit way inculcates this talking into yet another frame and yes another Istorical referenced feeling like a flat utensil, divided by an idealised

style that speaks of exclusion among the blank faces on the poles of upturned strut. Or struck from the quake of that succulence. Hear how the flow, is not a disruptive but a renavigable coping pointedly turning the wheel barring corpse

an impossible has, *break in transmission* here. Interceding his eyes, shading looks in the window to see what's on TV. He sees himself there, classified. Walking into a room where dark screens – ends



I GUESS IF I GO STAND ON THE TRAFFIC ISLAND STATIONARY
I MIGHT MAKE MYSELF MORE CONSPICUOUS BECAUSE IT MIGHT BE
SEEN AS BEING AN ODD PLACE TO BE STATIONARY AND NOTING

A SORT OF SELF-IMPOSED VANTAGE POINT AN ISLAND 'APART'
THAT SHOWING TODAY IS HERCULES BUTCHER & OT PLETT
VILLAGE FOR EXAMPLE (S) AT CINEMA CITY FACING THE HOME

AS A FORM OF SUFFERANCE → OOD THAT → ROADWORKS IN PROGRESS WHICH
WOULD SEVERELY EFFECT AND AFFECT TO MEDIATE ANY PERFORMANCES GOING ON
TO HAPPEN IN THIS PLACE OF MULTIPLE INTIMATE SPACES → HARDER TO STONE

EXM → SPEECH INTERLUQUATED BY ROAD BULL → "AND THEN THERE'S THE BULL"
SEEDS IN FULLOWS → WRINKLED SKINS? → A SIGN THAT READS 'SORRY NO
CHILDREN' → ISSUED AS IF AS AN INSTRUCTION THAT ONE SHOULD SORRY NO CHILDREN

PUSH BAR

Wednesday June 24th, 1998

18.30 - 19.30



*whilst listening to a recording of improvised speaking, from books about Saints,
recorded whilst watching a video tape of 'Apprehension'*

(*crowd of voices*) I don't like her shoes today . . . click click. Mmch, mmmch. Then there's this. I did actually send my CV in, but to keep on doing that gets very dull experience. It's the articles and poems she's published. And

this is cris cheek, who we have no idea what what's going on. You've got to see it in motion. God, I wouldn't want to leave that lying about. Digital Walkman. Ah, we have a picture, of a strange man doing strange things. So

you get this. Have you seen him out on the street? He's been doing performances, standing there with an umbrella in a grey suit? Is that right? Well, this particular grey suit. When it's raining. Has he started yet? I dunno.

I presume he's going to at some point. Oh, he's actually going to do it 'live' out there, is that right? Yeah, he's going for it. Whoa! Well no, you're supposed to do this. You can do this, it doesn't matter. Yeah well, I don't

Like – I'm not going to break the camera. I don't like it. Laughter. You got the wrong one. It's supposed to be focused on that corner. Right. Well, the sign says, feel free to adjust the frame and focus. Yeah, that's the frame and focus.

But it says feel free to adjust it. You can follow him around if you like to, so. Captain stress. It's quite a nice time of day to be doing a performance actually. Steve. Oh, cheers. Where's Ben? Did he come with you? He's turned it off

too, he's fucking turned it off! That's what they do. They come in, stress out, fuck it up and nick off again. Oh man, crisis is gonna be mad. Come on, here we go, here we go. It's starting.

Cool, in a basket, with green overlapping, swing here, the flapping, it is. Walking, that basically hearing, gymnastic cuts, across frame. Holding her hands in her head. Nearly all of the – a pocket. Bumping up, the helmet has

CCE, young notional grappling here, her skirt between his hands, he, crosses the sea. This is a black, no grey and bluish-grey space headachy space here. Grained, out of focus and foot out of frame the bag. Swung from her left

shoulder, there is. As she lopes past, him here, in leather trousers, sits down, on a chair, to take the weight from his. Opening the pocket and. There is a dark shade, just above his left ear. Almost as he has fallen on the handlebars

and clutched at something while still, bestraggling. Fingers to lips, sky in the roof of a passing. Small, I see the school there, as the car turns, passes down this road. Every gen, with lilies, held in his waist. There is, at the back of the

buggy, a strip with four stripes. If anybody is upstairs in the window, could they possibly press Play on the video recorder, behind the TV monitor? Oh, I can see already that play is playing and press is, not necessarily oppression but

certainly, lay by lie. I'm going into the toilets. There is a horizontal yellow rectangle, smaller than a vertical yellow rectangle. The plastic bag gripping his hands together here I need to bring to your attention that, 'If a cross could

float, serving the community that Inspector Davies, you'd better call 01603 768769, because the extent of the problem is that an undisclosed period of time has become a surveillance operation and the police are now ready to

mount the public in these places. Complaints being received and that – being the purpose. Almost playing a balcony scene. Where is he? Come in to wash my hands. He's somewhere over there. There are many flies in here, the tiles

have been washed clean. He's in the toilets over there. Walled, from the monitor, with her left foot raised how. The messy, it's an unfocused situation to attempt to try and get any kind of grip on. To look down, on this

view, and see – the predominance of traffic there. Leg, from a view, with skateboard held back. Come here to play a balcony scene, like some kind of trapped animal standing here by the railings and lines vertical as the spoken

lines might become horizontal or a diagonal, intersectional discourse. Don't page Geranium. This is, partly a stumbling choreography, he's reading the number plates and finding this week that in Cinema City is *Deconstructing*

America by shall we dance the ugly. This is, a venue of, well here we have the ugly ugly suckling. The ugly suckling is wearing a poorly fitting and poorly chosen cheap suit, brought from Help the Aged that's him! hang on a

moment, I'll wait until she gets into the car. Hang on a moment, she looks at, he's too busy watching me and doesn't even bother to open the car door for her. Now he's gone into bank and the school is the school in the dark in the

darkness of the car and they're going to have to wait and adjust themselves. You can see him here, he's been tanned, almost forcefully tanned, lying out under those day-glo railings, underneath the, he looks like a drug dealer no

here we are. Express, goes past. No, give me breath of life! Express is the – is the option that some people prefer to – what are you doing? – position hi, how're you doing? A tooting of wait here that Cable & Wireless have dug a

huge trench right where I'm standing and they've made communication that much easier, so that the possibility of communication here, on many different levels has been clarified and has a happen as it were backwards, the sucking

has no. The problem is, how tiredness, in terms of continual communications, such as one gets with local movement around East Anglia. Crossing a difficulty with the machine I think. If – if – if you look at him, you'll see he

has been framed here and nobody bothers to play with that framing, although the invitation to do so is made clear, or to really displace him from it and so he is held, talking into a dark hand-held machine, the darkness being brought

on now by an approaching siren and it's impossible to work out whether it's an accident that has already happened or an accident is in the business of taking place here. Where universal, has world begun to jump this – voice

being raised as speech is all but obliterated by passing ambulance siren – blue flashing lights from the top of the fire escape. Standing out there, perched on the ideal scaffolding, ready to jump, as if it offers some forum of hope. I see

that there is ideal scaffolding now supporting the cultural studies building. Hello. Are you recording that? Who are you? Am I what? Old Bill? No I'm not. Look at my shoes man. What are you then? I'm talking to those people,

standing up there in that room. Can you see them waving to you? Have you got anything you want to say to them? What are they? Oh, they're people from the art school gallery? So can they hear me? Yeah! Are they, good luck. OI,

GOOD LUCK YEAH! Good Luck, Hold Up and Take It Easy and I hope you have a good life mate! "Spot on" he said as he slipped away, "spot on." So, help us here at the approach of almost, losing a sense of place as interference becomes

exquisite, as somebody who has a question breaks into this line and takes advantage of the channel that has been established to approach what is now the 'push bar'. The push bar, is outside Take 5 café restaurant and the

title of this talk is in fact 'push bar' and I'm going to go inside. Discovering The Festival of Black Spiders here . . . *break in transmission* . . . oh, he's lost it, because on paper the identity with a black comedy parson at the

lesbian and gay film festival in a ministry of sound alienator, is well, they're all self-taught. That's one of the main features of this place here. Everybody is self-taught. You can see that because the flooring has been broken and mislaid

and realigned over wheels of sharpened weapons. Several pure souls here, under the book. It's versatile essence, as it says here I'm looking at a poster advertising . . . is the core . . . make it . . . to open requests. Have cut

themselves, where Bridewell, in fact she's looking rather ill, where in association with added value and efficiency that she is, she taken for granted, bringing notices from the police to keep clear at all times. Here, round the

back, out of sight, as it were, a bald man is re-pointing a napped flint wall adjacent to St Andrews Church, inside which a knitted cushion with AUX written onto it, as in auxiliary. As I am looking for help from outside, as in

also seeking effects – he said look at my shoes – are. The buoyancy that a continual immanence might appear to provide – lens – which has otherwise been pizza slicing orange hair, where you can get a permanent blow-dressing,

undervalued, hand-in-arms consultations on-a-stick styling. Waving the jacket of evolution there we are. We are a public talk weaving a red or dead t-shirt as if that could really help, anybody else. Coming up, to the crossing, and

standing, he's there. He's wearing that appalling grey suit again. And the portfolio is, she pulls her hair back and he, in taking a match stick from his partly open mouth, becomes the classifies. Winston Churchill here, with the

complete guide to Havana sizes. That there are heavy ring gauge and standard and slender ring gauge . . . *break break break . . . breaks in transmission . . .* "why?", a public gesture of exposure to stop and listen. Waiting and

wondering. It's the dithering shape of hands, reaching out for a gun. Here, swooning among the carvings in the doorway of the church. Stepping out onto grit. There's been some violence here. Someone has thrown something, or smashed a bottle, maybe of milk to the mother in the church, possibly a gull

has exploded sideways. There are gouge marks in the surface of the heavy darkly painted wooden entrance doors and a mosquito has just landed on an upright – if I'd had this indescribable, a year before we came here, wouldn't just let it flow along, because he's a complete madman! Sorry, I

can't hear you, suckling, no its the instance here. Did you know this is being recorded? Even better! Feel free. cris, you're a complete madman. Now I know it's being recorded, I go and wander, lonely, among the daisies. Having regard to the force of this, life here, where – it's not on – it is? – somebody

no called yeah St Andrew met St George. That's not recording. Yes it is yeah. Almost an emblem that could be forged out of the junction of the roads, yes, he's recording it – the combination of blue diagonal of the Scottish flag and the red cross of the English placed in an open, if somebody points at me can I

have a go? I can't imagine with any intention other than recognition. Conjoined to lay the louse of – is that going round – of turning and holding both arms to indicate wobble I don't think that – the video's on – the a floral patterned that – is it on? that cover – uh-huh every place – I can't see

anything – and go riding in the Holy Rood stunk grounds – it's not working. For sale signs beginning to make their way, down the hill towards us to wonder if we could sell this site. This open V, the edge of a lip. Remarkably calm and quiet this evening, looking out. Small white puffy clouds. An air

brush effect, in the sky above the trees, next to the Norfolk Archaeological Society – I think it's the power thing – and scratches just tugging at hair from the side of her face with a fag hanging out of his mouth. The ash about ready to drop into the brown jacket he's just folded under his right arm being

unaccustomed to public speaking as I am he turns and goes into the public house. Ah here we go. Yep – that's got it! There we got something. This – at a zoo here where there's a television showing traffic problems, but certainly not those that are close to here and on the screen alongside it, an

international weather satellite picture. One actor, spitting at another. Another doing signing. She opens her hand and gestures towards Europe, over which there is a kind of scrim, variable moving slowly polished and laminate wax to this evening could win a bottle of vodka as an example

leaning on the bar here, where the edge of the railing, yeah I'm fine thank you. No, not at all. Ask your mate in there. What might I be checking up on if I was checking up anything? Oooh, nothing. But you'd better watch this carpet mate. Why, what's the matter with the carpet? It's an

interactive carpet and it's all about the souls of the earth's sole and whether you're interested in a lobotomy or your frontal or . . . I'm quite interested in trepanning – trepanning, yeah well, we can accommodate for that. We do it on the carpet. What – I just lie down and you get the

drill and – kneecaps, foreheads, eyeballs. This is a nice place, maybe I'll come in here. Are you doing that kind of thing all the time? Well most of the time, yeah. We tend to accommodate anybody who comes in. We'll talk about all forms of bullshit if you can cope with it. O,

I'll talk about bullshit, anything with anybody. We're on a CB broadcasting system, broadcasting to a bunch of people in a room about a hundred yards away, have you got anything you want to say to them. Well, come on in and have a beer. Not right now, what I want to know is, why the

letters missing from the word festival got taken away. We revitalising this place, there's going to be a rock 'n' roll resurrection in Norwich! There were some letters that were damaged. Instead of saying *Fest V* it'll soon say Festival in resplendent gold letter. I thought that there

was some code in operation and that I just couldn't crack it. Not at all, not at all, see you later. Is he coming out of the pub? It's the happy hour here in the *Fest V House*. That's the beer here. There he is, hooray! And that's the church. A gentleman here who's smiling very passionately

at me. They don't think your video's working. If you want this recorded, it's not working. Well there are different layers of recording happening here anyway. One level having blown out, doesn't 'sorry not in service' you see it's absolutely perfect. As it comes past, it immediately gives me the

information that I need, even without the messenger, if I can only read it's not in service. And that's what I've been informed is happening to the video player. Who are you talking to? I'm talking to those people who are upstairs in that in that room up there. Oh, them, waving. Why?

I'm enjoying what it's like to communicate at a distance, rather than face to face like this. We're thinking that you're having such a cool time. Looking like a complete what here, talking to nobody. It's so cool! I'm really envious of you. Are you getting paid for this? No. Oh damn! But you

might find that there are taxi drivers and lorry drivers listening in, to what saying. Really, cool! Have you got any messages for those drivers? Yeah, it's five hundred quid for half an hour. Half an hour of what might I ask? Oh well, who cares, anyway I'd better go now. I think

I'd care if it was five hundred quid. You see you get all kinds of people on a street corner and if you strike up conversation. You find that information you glean is more than you would 'normally' get if you were just simply passing through here. If I'm just using this crossing in

the way that it's supposed to be used for example I step out, push the button and then I WAIT. I become that figure here – there it is, it's exactly written how he's speaking. The red figure looking for a shootout, or already dead and stained with blood here, crossing. Dog cattle ranching

stop, "he records all this right?" Destroying the wildlife in the soil "and then" McDestruction, organised for better world, opal and "he writes it down" better world, ear, "then prints it out and puts it in these trays" not profit. "It's a lot of effort, isn't it?" It's difficult to read the rip "it

is a lot" from the sign there, "he's gonna be famous I think." It's a similar dysfunctional or differentially functioned moment in one's consciousness to what happens when one's eyes and brain scan the *Fest V House*, has been boarded up. There are several people listening now. He's crossed

the road and just – the warmth that I'm discussing – behind that – because I'm not just – there he is! – wearing a thin top, I'm stuffed in this three piece suit here working. Just had this woman approach him as well, I don't think it's cool at all, it's like going to the office. It's just a job of

work, here reprocessing and . . . *break in transmission* . . . Look, are you anything to do with that camera that's up there in that window? Yeah. What is that, well, I don't understand, what is it doing, because we saw that camera there last week and thought ooh, that's looks a bit dodgy.

Like we've circled like, the camera looking out. And what's it doing?" "It's filming me." "Why? What for?" "So that so that people who are up there can see that me down here and in a frame up there on the camera at the same time. So I'm live and I'm also on TV." "I suppose I just can't

understand why and what it is you're doing?" "Well, let's talk about things being *live*" – Yeah – I go and see X and she's *live* – but a million miles away – she is a long, long way a way – a lot of people might say, I'd rather stay home and watch her gig *live* on TV because

then I can be right on the stage, with that media face? – yeah, yeah yeah – well I'm just bringing the two together in the one space. That's what I'm teasing – but you're in Norwich! – I know I'm in Norwich – I know. Yeah. I get the point but – in fact if you go up there, you'll also

find that there's a prerecorded video which shows me doing something else on it, a kind of frame dancing. So if your curiosity is on I'll take you up later and show you that – I still don't understand why you'd do that here. I'm standing here talking, because it's not the kind of place that people would normally just

stand and talk – no. Not at all. And try to play around with ideas of contemporary communication. We thought you were a total nut. Talking to nobody. And then you like, wander up to the church and talk to the church for a bit. We're sitting in there, thinking

that you're a complete weirdo, and totally off your head. So you're obviously doing something, SOMETHING – I'm obviously doing something something yes. That something something is hopefully becoming something else. Yes. It's a good job you have those people up there

backing you up. Otherwise I would not be talking to you now. Because I'd be very scared. It's like who's catching who, the lost format – What's scary about me d'you think? – No, no it's alright – because you are obviously talking to people. If you were just talking to yourself, that

would be different – How about if there wasn't anybody there, but I'd got a camera fixed up and it was running and I was still doing this? – Well if I knew that the camera was there, it wouldn't be SO bad. But if I didn't know the camera was there I would not be talking to you. Cause I

would think it was more than odd. – How about if I was to say that I was from local radio and that we're broadcasting live to Norwich and East Anglia, right now at this very moment? – I would say hello Norwich and East Anglia. Do you think that *Norwich – a Fine City*

is an appropriate slogan? – Err, Norwich the capital of under teenage pregnancies and violent crime and. I like Norwich I have to admit. I'm not from Norwich myself originally and I do like Norwich. – And where are you from originally and what's the difference

between that and this? – I'm from Toyne country village in Sussex originally. But I do like Norwich, 'cause it's a city but it's small. It has a lot of history and I'm very interested in history and the people are great, on the whole. There are some weirdos around. "She's on radio". "Is this live

radio then?" "No, it's just on video." D'you think that this is history, here – right now? – It could well be, if I understood what exactly you were doing. I mean, you've explained it to me but I still don't really quite get it – I'm talking and I'm simply talking and seeing what it is to try and talk

continually for an hour and how difficult that is – and it's hard, it's very hard isn't it I know – dialogue is so much easier – YES. I can see that yes. I had brief work experience with a, he was actually a trainer of TV presenters and I did voices for him and he was also a DJ and stuff and he

actually had me in doing, you know, links between programmes and things. And I had sixty seconds to interview someone from Eastenders and after ten seconds there was like this PAUSE and it was impossible to keep thinking because there was nothing to say. It's very hard. "She's sounding

great." If you come against those pauses, you start trying to develop strategies of how to get beyond those pausal boundaries you see. That's why they call them *links* – yeah that's it. You start thinking of things and PAUSING and talking about PAUSING and of how what the weather's

like yeah – but you've never gone back into that line of work? – no. I found it too stressful – There's not enough silence on television in my opinion – There is not enough silence on television. It has to be said – And pauses should be relished – Pauses should be relished. Like in

music as well. Silence is an important aspect of music – So what kinds of music do you listen to mostly? – I listen to all sorts of music. I quite like the heavy stuff and a bit of goth, I also am a classical violinist myself, so I like classical music and a great variance. Some pop. I don't like Brit

Pop all that much – Which music has the best pauses? – The best pauses? Classical music has to have the best pauses. You get some classical music where you just get, even if it's just two seconds, it is enormous, the amount of time that is left silent is incredible and the

feeling is so powerful and then when the music comes in again, it's amazing. Yep – If you had to apportion melody, rhythm and noise in your everyday life, how would you begin to go about it? – I have no idea. I don't like noise noise, all that much. Very subtle noise is alright but a lot

of noise I can't, I don't like sudden noise. You don't like mud in your house? No, not particularly. I don't like sudden noise. Melodies, I love melodies. I'd just as well for the sake of it be quite happy walking around all day, with a nice melody going around in

my head, in my ears. That's all it takes – Which bits of your everyday life would you say is melodic? – My everyday life, melodic bits, that's tough. Melodic. Possibly going to sleep's quite melodic. You're lying there with your empty head and you can think pleasant thoughts and you let

yourself feel happy then. That's when you can just relax – do you whistle in your sleep? – Oh, I don't think so? – Not even hum a tune? – Maybe inside my head, but not out loud. I sometimes think of songs, when I'm going to sleep – Do you hum or sing

when you're walking? – yes I do, quite a lot actually! I sing a lot – What about thinking, whilst you're walking? – I think all the time, which is probably why I walk into so many things. I'm a little bit clumsy – And apart from coming to the pub, what else do you would you associate with

this fine city of Norwich here, this vague city? – This vague city. Well, I'm working in Norwich, at the University usually but I've got a job at the moment. I have to say that the favourite parts of the city to me are the churches, and the graveyards especially. I live out

on Bowthope Road and we've got the big Dereham churchyard, the graveyards opposite our house and I think that's absolutely wonderful. It's a lovely place to stop and think and you're not recording anymore that's really disappointing – No, this one isn't recording, this one's talking at

the same time. It's recording up there – Oh I see. Is that one talking to you then? – Yeah. This is that horrible business of the voice inside your head talking to you, whilst you're caught in trying to say something – A nightmare. How many people have you got up there anyway. I can see what

three? – I don't know. Some of them could be hiding and some of them could be listening from a distance – Ten did she say? – They come and go. "HE!" – No I think he's just waving – No no no ten fingers. Twenty. Thirty? Oooh, interesting! – Have you got anything to say to

thirty people? What would be the question that would ask thirty people, if you had only one question that you could ask them? Are you really happy? I think that's the question that everybody should ask themselves. Are you happy? Because I don't think that anybody in this world is truly

happy. What would make you truly happy? I don't know. I don't know what would make me truly happy. There are too many things at the moment which make me unhappy. Like shortage of money, for one thing. – Money. Money money would be the big one for you would it? Money – It

wouldn't be the big one, but it's an important factor. If I didn't have to worry about money I would be happier. But there's a lot of other factors as well. Like, having somewhere to live. I've got a house at the moment, but I've got to find a new house and that's distressful – Why do you

think that those people shouted at us as they went past? Do you think we look normal here? – No, I don't think we look normal. I certainly didn't think you looked normal, walking around talking out here. And it's a good thing that I've had a couple of

pints, because I probably wouldn't have been talking to you now. I'm quite shy as a person really. Oh dear – So, are there many homeless people in Norwich that you come across? – There are a lot and I do find it quite distressing. They seem to be getting younger as well – The voice in my

head on this recording just said seventeen plus. Surely that can't have been more than just coincidence? – Yep, they are what, easily seventeen or younger, some of them. And those are the ones that are the worst off. The Big Issue sellers, they're all slightly older. They seem to be doing something for

themselves – They've got into the career structure of homelessness – Yeah absolutely. I think the Big Issue is a fantastic idea and that people are benefitting from it. But there are kids around, in their sleeping bags, on the streets and I don't like to see it.

So, once you've got a roof over your head and money in your pocket, what's the next thing that makes you happy? – Friends. Friends are very important. I have a lot of friends although possible not many that I'd call close friends – If you had to get friends,

would you go to the church, the school or the beer? The beer. People are much more open when they've had a couple of pints and they will talk to you and tell you how they feel and what they think. And ok, there's a lot of wankers, if I can say that, wankers out there.

There're a lot of people who are genuine as well and when they've had a couple of pints they'll open up and you can get to be their friends. And you can learn from people. Church, for me, I grew up with the church. My mother supports Sunday School. Yeah, very nice places, some lovely old

women there, but it's not for the nineties. It's, it's a dying out institution. It helps a lot of people, I'm not criticising that but for me the church is outdated. And what about the school? – That's too long ago. I mean I had a great time at school but and there's a lot of good

friends now but there now but I'm not in touch with very many people at all from school. I have a couple of good friends, that I've kept in touch with from school and I think, yes it's a good growing up experience but it's once you've left school that your life really begins – Do you want to

hear what I'm hearing? – I'd love to hear what you're hearing. "Go Boo," "I can't hear anything." Now try to talk at the same time. What's that? It's been washed out by the noise of the passing car. There's a really deep voice there. Is that you? It's a pre-recorded message. "Are you crazy?" How can you talk

while this is going on. It's very hard. That's the problem. It's hard enough just with the traffic going past here for me, but with this as well. Here, have them back. What's your name? – cris, what's yours? – Hannah – thanks Hannah. I feel like I've just conducted an interview and that's about as much

as I'm going to do this balmy evening. Except, to come over here and sit down on the low wall outside the church. Almost everything that I'm saying is being blasted out by some roadworks that are starting here. I think I'll go and ask them what they're doing. Not, nothing but. To an ooze of couture as actors

here, would be nothing but, d'you mind if I ask you what you're up to here? We're restoring a pipe – What a gas pipe? – No, it's cable television – Well you only just laid it a few weeks ago! – Yes, well they were reinstating it and shoved the fork straight through it! Cut through

the cable. So, err, we've got ta repair it – So, people who've subscribed to cable have found that they're getting nothing? – Yep – That's bad news isn't it? Still – That's right – How long's it gonna take, are you going to be at it all night? – No, no. It'll only take about a hour – So,

if you're signed onto cable and you're listening into this channel, don't panic. I'm only going to be here for an hour. Towards variation, everybody here is, a model, falling down as, stood up. Stood up as, battery is, you see as – Feed that. Tyranny is a permanent periphery. When as, slurring

the, as the beer, begins to take its effect, blurring this image as a forum of ostracisation going into the bushes to represent what. That inchoate and serial babble that heart, dreaming the energy, raining from these cells, a discourse with darkness. This, taking of shape – Ploughing daisies,

that giving up hope into essence this dance as. The contract(s) is and are constructs. Well, we know that. Fat the fact is. Crushed underfoot as plastic on a walled Tin tin approaches and passes. With a cigarette between his index finger and his

theft. Yeah yeah, he's taking a gaping grin of an unholy drag, on a fag here. Just beginning to dance in fact, I'll cross the road here with this gaggle, "he's out there, talking away. He was in the graveyard a moment ago, this isn't live, but now he's out there, talking to people".

Pulling back for a moment, this infinite take on the more than. "Is he stopping people? I wonder if it's two-way." More than the church here. A green man flashing. "Look, he's over there, down by the thing", a form of metaphorical school of light. "Oh yeah!" Coming in through the stained "he

looks great! I like the outfit." "He's in a really proper suit." And pitch of auxiliary locks. We are the decorative ones. "He's in a proper suit and it helps the image, doesn't it!" We are the dispersed "nice!" points of power, that each and every one of us our garrulous, rip-tide, pituitary, each

vexed sorry I'm walking right "where are you?" in front of a bicycle here "I've got my writing stuck in the space but there's something else upstairs" and I didn't mean to, smoothed and old. Where muscle that say, magazine announcer, has head for a bag that destroys the pin. Or had

come clean, into this vortex, to lynch the necessary. With shading an eye, past the freely associated, but speaking anyway in public, is a gift that has taken something, well not too far. But here, coming down, past the sign for loose walls and under the ideal scaffolding, we need a different

motive the answer is. Equal to discourse, rather than binary opposition a chalking on, or the appallingness of talking to oneself and of listening to oneself at the same time . . . *break in transmission* . . . “it’s so weird isn’t it, that that’s going on now. That’s above this building, it’s, I think he’s

playing that. It’s absurd. We can’t work it out what. Is he recording what we’re saying. Sorry, I didn’t mean.” “I wasn’t hiding. I think this chappie must be down there around the corner somewhere.” “He’s not there at all is he?” “Very peaceful.” “It is isn’t it.” “Is he not doing it?” “He was

down there. There.” “It’s been filmed already. It is a video. Because the sun’s in the wrong direction as well.” “I like the suit.” “Yes.” “How’s the house? I gather you’ve all these lovely wall paintings are being or have been uncovered.” “Come out and see. Yes. Yes. Give us a ring. Snarling

beasts. Hunting scenes. Teeth. Claws. Fierce eyes. Claws out.” “Oooh lovely!” “Pain.” “That’s out on a roof area is it?” “Yes, this is very interesting. It’s a nice bit of stuff he’s wearing.” “Nice suit.” “Ahh, there’s the suit.” “Hi, yes, I’m just gonna hang it up, until I come into the

office tomorrow.” “It changes the light, quite considerably.” “Was this filmed for an hour and a half, or was it filmed or is this is a loop tape, made for about a minute and then repeated endlessly?” “I don’t know. See if there’s any . . .” “That’s what I’m trying to work out.” “I mean, you

couldn't do that for an hour and a half could you?" "No." "Do you think you could? Now, do you think Margaret. Is this the book of the film? "There's something there." "You can look through the camera if you like." "I'm not sure if it's actually working." "Oh I see. It's the view that's from the other

room, in there." "Is it." "How can he go on doing this for an hour?" "It's done from the roof I think Peter." "Really." "Is he moved? Rumour had it that he's changed location." "Where?" "Ahhhh." "He's not there any more." "He's there." "No. no.

He's been there all the time. He's been out there and audible out there, but I think he's gone somewhere else." "Oh really. He just came in and brought the suit in with him." "No, that suit's been there all the time hasn't it?" "Two minutes ago. No Allen, he brought it two minutes and

hung it up. Maybe, maybe. I'm sure he had a suit there earlier. Before he started. That's what it was of course. Where is he? He's here look. He's here – cris, go and put the suit on and get back out there will you.

The e right of → ~~SOMETHING TO DO WITH~~
SOMETHING TO DO WITH → GENDER

THESE ARE OBVIOUS 'THINGS' HERE → WHICH ARE TO DO WITH LANGUAGE

TO
TO BEGIN
HAYING
A HILL
→ WALKING UP

TAKE DECISIONS
ABOUT →

WHAT
MIGHT BE

SOMETHING TO NOTE → AND
WHAT MIGHT → NOT BE SOMETHING TO
NOTE

ZIP

Thursday June 25th, 1998

17.30 - 18.30



whilst listening to a recording of 'Apprehension'

- for Kirsten Lavers -

We've got the taxis breaking in. Let's check the channels here. This this this this, ok-ok, this' fine. Early warning. What was that Jonathon? Who is that? Fuck off hits line. From the bedroom window and I'll come there with you. No boys. I've had enough of boys. There's a

brick here. Thanks very much. What? No I didn't. Overhead place. Oh charming! Screwing the haze, weighty with a basket and walking wet-toed here. Who is IT!? Past an invitation to the masked ball, from which one is encouraged to leave your principles. Do not walk under the vehicular

barriers of home. The ideal scaffolding holding, her hands are not authorized; in the front of these gates, with a swagger. And an ornamental, there's a man approaching me here, talking through a mobile phone and we could almost be talking into each other "here, get off this

line!" Holding a cigarette, between his hands. Clambers, the wall, taking a short route, towards the main doors into the church on which a mosquito has been squashed. Milk, splattered onto the wooden railings, as he limps past her, wiping his nose. The two-tone of his windcheater jacket. And

there's the camera, watching for a moment. Breaking into a run. Sitting on the wall here, having a salad, in the evening light. A quiet, scurry, in the roof of a passing bus. Pigeons hidden here, behind that roof and then, walking, when permission is given. Pushing his sunglasses up, on the

sweat, to the browse of his nose. She licks her lips in passing. Fingers gripping the rail, in an opening V here. This talk entitled 'zip', suggesting that, it would be better, to keep one's mouth fixed firmly shut. But of course that's impossible if you're making a telephone call. I mean there's

no point being on the other end of the line and saying absolutely nothing. Especially if you're the one making the call. But people do do that; those stunned silences and creepy breathings. Dead lines. A city of decorations here tied up around the waste. Passing the joint, into the box from

outside, as if this fleece could warrant. The horror of surveillance, wait. Reappearing in the frame here, as a tease more than a tea, a logographic writing at the junction. If roads could form letters, this bears a more cryptic sign than that out of the roman ripped up on the monitor a square

window through which in the letters, just above hall with an owl emblazoned almost an occupation of the main body of her figure; open daily, calm in this chaos. The thirst for a new impulse here, like a trapped animal at the railings where. To browse this ground. And pushing unhealthy

synthetic feed, exonerates, walking away. Obviously not without a care, she is holding a furled piece of paper. I think she has possibly picked up a piece of paper that she was encouraged to take, i wonder if it's got a footmark on it. Perhaps she has been taking notes of something else

she's seen the strangeness of, talking quite quietly into such a compact location of distortion. Rolling up and pushing down, forming a beeline from the pedals, turns to white. Road as a zip, where two directions are brought together, going into the back windscreen of a darkened car,

walking as if I am toy become a rental figure here. Ah, there we are, the the public toilets. And swinging with one hand he appears to be walking and having a purpose that could be considered to be serving the community, for example drawing to attention. Or drawing a – or the public(s) to

attention or drawing increasing numbers of the public to a tension and the police are preparing to or ready to mount those publics here. A proposal that, thirst had, unbuttoning his, he has a fly and not a zip. There is a whole faction of flies here. "Get out!" . . . "break in transmission" . . .

break. The piping is in fact, badly in need of repair. Light comes through the roof here in a wiggly grid, almost hairs in the glass formed through the simple motions of rain and dust. A mottling that almost takes on almost. An appearance, of skin I am looking through, skin. From its insides

translucence explicit. And crossing the glare walking in one of the cubicles is locked here ghosting a presence prohibited for. This week, adjusted adjacent to the Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society the treasurer, in fact we have no idea whether he is still alive and there was a man,

standing, in the opening doorway, just a couple of days ago uhm, appeared to be almost soliciting my attention or I was wondering whether the doorway that was open was intended to invite and the camera has lost its present. Its, well in fact, a suckling that Cinema City, which is showing this

week the Big America Deconstructing wheelchair access that sits inside a red kestrel halfway up the hill onto which the voice begins to disappear. The signal, swinging his keys and carrying the clothes from that day's work to indicate a left turn, left hand down the empty bottle of

protestant work ethics situated at what has now churned from a church into an antique centre with a coffee shop. That carry there. Having left this frame again. And pushing up that fingering her lips, again. His ear a glistening, like furled papers gardens that, shading his eyes in border. In

order to see that "sorry" the commitment to care "I've got an update on this" in Norfolk "oh right." Is assigned from the ugly suckling that set out to conquer the Americas. "Amazing." "Well it's a shame because I imagine that people would come after work." "There's been a

memorandum apparently, not that anyone's been consulted about it." A zip. "It's incredible." This is a condensation 'negotiate' a bringing of more than one file into the same, glint of watch, glint of iron, looking down. This is his latest performance now, so it should be ok. Ribbon that,

greeting friends in unlikely places. Very likely. Why's this a likely place? What's likely about it. Because it's a very likeable cafe atmosphere type of environment, close to the school. That's why it's very likeable. When d'you think the floor was first repaired? He's up there somewhere.

In the fourteenth century I'd say, see you later Carl. I might have to go and tell him that he's only got another ten minutes or so before they lock up here. I don't think I'm very good at this. Have you got anything to say? "Zat! Uuuuuuuuuuuuh". You mean like zipping the lips shut? Yeah.

Just zapping the lips shut. Well it was a bit of a false start anyway, wasn't it? What would you zap the lips shut with? A zipper. Probably my own, yeah yeah yeah, switch it off. I dunno, I dunno I dunno I can't think of an answer for that. Have you got anything to say about zip? Zop. About

that it reworks on your spots. That's a zit. Oh, is that a zit. I thought that was a zat. It's waterproof anyway. So, what's the difference between a zit and a zat. I know that there's a zat which is a kind of artichoke-shaped fruit in Madagascar and you cut the top off and it's got

a creamy insides with black beans that you mustn't eat. Reminds me a bit of an apple custard which I left in Sri Lanka. Have you ever had those? Really green. Same kind of thing? Well no, a zat is a spot cream for zits. That's what a zat is. But also a zat is an abbreviation for zip, which

originally, from a Slavic . . . What would zip be in Polish? “Mmmm.” Or is it just buttons in Poland? It’s unjust sausages and gherkins in Poland. This is getting uh-hmm worse. And worse! It’s getting intangible, it’s out of control. We’ve gotta put it into some kind of a container. You’re speaking into a

container. I know I am. A radio shack container. Why are you prepared to speak into my shack? I don’t know. You’ve asked me to. You forced your shack upon my tongue. D’you do everything that guys with strange shacks ask you to do? Yes. End of interview. You’re talking to somebody

who likes your room. Have you got anything to say about your room. No, I hate it. I hate it. It’s like somebody who’s decorated their house and can’t bear to be in it after they’ve done that decoration. Going past the push bar into somewhere where I was yesterday, the core. It keeps, it

cuts out doesn’t it. Well, everyone’s gotta be somewhere. Here I read the sky beyond the sky and that’s just far too vague for me. Waving, his hair and pointing at the corner where the paint is flaking from the wall, outside the pub, coming up to crossing and standing, holding, pressing the

button for wait. A portfolio of contemporary couture. He buttons the lip of his pocket might be one way to resolve ‘it’. The polished spoke, on which reflection has been embedded. She’s finished her salad and is now walking off. Smearing and clutching the ornamental braid around her neck,

readjusting the strap across her shoulder dithering. Everybody, almost everybody here, passing through this space, has a zip on or in them somewhere. It could be the entrance to their bag, for example. To walk away across the cobbles down onto the tarmac where there's a

patchwork of reds and blues and greys. Where, Cable and Wireless have been working with a furled umbrella, digging up the roads at this point and laying the possibilities for enhanced communication. Glancing as, he rushes past there is this strange pacing figure down at the crossroads. A

kind of what we might call ugly suckling, that appears to be doing some form of apprehensive dance. Pacing up and down, could possibly leave a trace on the ground, a scar mark, if he carried on this way. And, almost inapproachable, yes, can I help. "Cavendish House, may close." Apparently

the school closes at five o'clock today. News to me. I've talked to the caretakers, who say they'll close Cavendish last and they think that will be about half past six. That gives you nearly an hour. It's extraordinary the information that comes out into the open here. I've just been told that

one of the buildings nearby will be closed in about half an hour's time and opening the mouth, out of which comes, is it a lip or both lips, conjoined to. Almost stumbles as he rides up the edge of the paving here. Holding both arms that pull, where it says pull as if the whole place began to

shake. Hands, came down out of the sky to give some sense of scale to this place. The grounds, opening up here into a set in which we find ourselves in a sea of responses, looking for signs that could possibly . . . I was discussing the idea of The Ugly Suckling looking out from the safety

of dry land here onto a sea of transports of delight, transporting loathing and noxious emissions that walks over here into straight, onto the road, pushing the boulevard before him with one trouser leg rolled up, exposing a small scar on the back of his right calf, shaped like a bracket. The, a

disappearing into this public house, again. It's quiet in here and the world cup is being shown, full of the bitter in this spatial festival place. Instantly he reappears above the flat whitened roof of the vehicle from which her face is reflected how speaking when written with every pause, not held as

authentic but brought into the writing becomes at the boundary commission of railings a reading that due to our continuing success is half cocking his ear with full details of the management services on offer. Such as, talking into this dank, hand-held machine, shouting "make up your

own language!" and the rings of "keep your distances." Pony tail would be a ludicrous thing to say out of context as a logo reappears here widely-stripped in this frame with a lock in her basket. Now, that's what I call careful shopping. As if turbos, tugging a line could jet sit on a bench and

unjust wonder if something fishing for strange going on that I should be alerted to. As if some form of surveillance for example or is this merely talking to itself. Like a veined window, through which light is refracted from knapped flint, in the form of an information presentation. Capable,

verging on, in a proof file from spinning rapidly downhill. People entering and exiting the junction here from almost every conceivable direction excepting, although I keep on missing them, from the sky. Very little obedience made to the rules, which are implicit in the ways this crossing

has been designed. Looking across glancing, something is missing, she is giggling, they are almost. Mould on the base of a tree, can't be substantiated hand in hand, fistfuls of clover. Sluicing the cable above harmony it says here. I find the language of trying to listen and speak at

the same time and as it were getting nothing back other than perpetual exquisite interference and sporadic stimulations that 'jane had gargled this phoenix'. Rising, at the corner of the road with its yellow lights whirring and beginning now, as a voice, to pull away and up the hill. This,

voice for hire. A smirk, sorry, in a laconic signalling, they'd be, difficulty of, continual transmission, is. A syntax of tiredness that passes, with a tune, playing, wiping "edge out – !", like he flash of the sky on the roof of the scar. Four interlocking circles passing out of site, reappearing,

through the tress at the top of the hill, where small yellow flowers have burst from the railings, as if in this fantasy resisting the containment offered them. She puts her foot down, well, almost any of those people here involved in forms of transport, put their foot down. They put their

foot down on the gap, they put their foot down on the pedals put their foot down on the ground. Gas, we put our foot down we . . . (*sharp interference*) . . . caught . . . (*breaks into transmission*) . . . a rigid version of a balcony scene from an old farce looking back into the

windows there in which the watchers are poised, could hang. Mouth open . . . “sighs!!” (*breaks into transmission*) . . . big chance with someone trying to interfere on this channel. She almost . . . (*breaks into transmission*) . . . bumps into them, pushing, his tongue, between, his lips, the zip, bursting

open having no way of containing, the pits, of a fruit being held. Body, bursting, open, like a ripe, not skinned city, not to give that sensation but certainly an obesity that, the land . . . (*breaks into transmission*) . . . an X-po post centrifugal soft . . . (*extreme traffic*) . . . soft . . . (*break in*

transmission) footsteps, where you could catch something breathing from the exhausted pipes. The dates of his first appearance at this spot have been lost. He has been coming here for years, for centuries, wearing a groove in the lie of this land. He’s always there, charging a pathway. As

the copy of “cky!”, (*breaks into transmission*) . . . and interference charges “green football his” . . . charges his grip. Someone needing to be taken from a station to a hospital. I feel as this is both a station and a waiting room and a passage and yet in some senses no. A hospital goes

one step too far, measured and charged with too many of the people passing through here are already dying a catalogue of becoming a theme in shorts or saying interjections that a century of words, a great increase of pace here, although everybody is leaving home and moving “date tree!”

from workplace considered as one home towards another home where they, this muscle considered by some as understanding that’s driven by direction, through, the lights on, yes, but is anyone, driving that, here the arrivals are, almost instant departures, a sleight of passage, not stasis

but . . . “there!” (*breaks into transmission*) . . . for example butter turn ups . . . (*breaks into transmission*) . . . is first choice . . . (*breaks*) . . . “one of here, is at right grip?” . . . a house. I’d like to be taken from, there to here. Nothing but an expression of explanatory astonishment,

the, closed figure, almost as if it is a closed circuit of communication, listening and talking to who. When lying here, seeing in the window a previous, says that, hard floor gave her feet some form of firm misunderstood this model that had brought, variations looking and,

everybody here could be considered as a model and stood up. Literally stood up. The person I was supposed to be, meeting, isn't here. There is an image that stays cooler longer. That can be projected and that appears to represent a babble of an inchoate, we're back onto the ugly suckling,

mysterious correspondence that discourses with formlessness, taking shape and giving here, I feel the church is, making its presence the felt of a contract. Is a construct, well, well we know that, heading off and turning his back on the beer he treads past a desperation of heavenly estates to

up the skin that skate who lurks with tick that hear – sssshshshshshshshshshshshshs, seminary victory. The walking gives a differentiating rhythm to the thinking and the thinking brings melody to thought that the church here is being followed in a . . . walking away,

sighing . . . producing auxiliary lux. That has a smoothe an oiled, where the police, scurrying and with a bulge bag across his back, cycling away from the necessary. Up the hill, sunlight. Bushes on a signal, that have rooted themselves in ideal and are bud by bud bursting out over the roof and,

almost onto the opening road are just doing that almost a talking that here on a body as (*rustling papers*) a mobility for example "HOORAH!" (*taxis*). And, if I shut my eyes here, smoothing my hair back, piercing my ear as a vehicle, an infected nipple, trading this hill as a salient, features

of this site (spelling uncertain, inflection oversubscribed) has repointing as class from a heritage entering the euphemism and digging the fields of informal continuities. It's a kind of form of convalescence, overhearing an antique structure inside being regarded, as, or, heaving regard from

potentialities here with a tired thumb and a back and forth dance that has the conveyance of an angel with some thunderstruck the sky, begins to darken. Like a very large needle, coming straight out of the sky here, piercing through his body, going straight and deep into the earth, an

attempt to. There's a friend of mine coming, who's just down the hill, on the other side there you see. He wants my gig. I'm just wondering what you're doing, because you've been wandering about like for ages as like this THING. I just wanted to know what you're doing with it? I'm talking to a

friend up there in a window. Up there? Yeah. The wavy people? Yeah. O I see. That's all I'm doing, I'm talking to them. 'Cause we thought, wow. Sort of like weird bloke. You alright? He's talking to some people up there. I specialised in photography in there. What do

you tend to take photographs of? Generally walls, that's what I spent my last year doing but generally portraits too, I like people and I like pubs. Naked people! That was my room, my room was in that far corner! Have you got a specific memory of that room? Ummmm . . .

What's the best thing you ever did in that room? I covered that bit right, that room bit you can see I covered it in paper like ticket paper and like POURED water all over it and then poured paint that you paint cars with all over it and then PVC something and then loads of other shit on it

and it I started and did this really WEIRD like thing and then I passed my course, my GNVQ on that. I saw a thing with PVC dildos on it on TV the other night, that was quite funny. What coloured dildos? Black whatsits. What are you doing? What was the programme? Tell us

what you're doing. I'm talking into this room and recording the talking. Why? Why? Um, to explore a whole process of writing. Why? What sorts of writing? Because I'm a writer and I want to find other ways of writing other than just sitting in a room at a desk, writing.

What are you talking about, the Arts College? I'm I'm transcribing what's recorded. So, you're now part of that writing. It's in a Cultural Studies exhibition. Cultural Studies and like, we're on it. You, you could become part of it. It's safe we're pissed then, coming out of the

pub and wondering what some bloke's doing with a microphone. That's attached. I thought that you had your eyebrow pierced. That's what I thought! But it's just on your sunglasses. I don't like that. Have you got any piercings? I do. I have my nipple pierced, which I'm not going to

show you here. I have my belly button pierced twice and I have that and I'm getting my clit pierced in TWO WEEKS TIME! I'm getting that done too. Why? I'm getting my clit pierced, purely so that I can enjoy bus rides more. They go over those big humps in the road down Magdalene

Street, they're really nice. Also I really like horses, so I'm just going to spend the rest of my life with a big smile on my face. I'm going to do it too, because I'm pissed. Who are you going to go to? I'm going to Access All Areas in Nottingham, because I don't know them, so therefore

I'll never have to see them again so I won't go Oh no that man pierced my private parts! So I won't have to say hello down the street or anything. I've seen people doing branding, do you know anything about branding? I think that's hideous! Isn't that what they do to cows! Yeah, but it's

become really fashionable to do it to people. No, but I've never seen that. Tell me about that. I saw a pencil thin hourglass figure of Marilyn Monroe branded onto the back of a young woman's calf. It's disgusting. Will you stop holding that in front of my face, it's horrible. Well the only

reason I'm holding it there is because I want to be able to get what you say on the tape. Why don't you come and have a pint, in there. Come and have a drink? Okay. *(breaks in transmission – taxis interrupting)* Yeah that will be when you get sixteen. That's somethin', but not tips.

I ain't gonna say, 'cause that's too rude ta say over 'ere. I'm never dirty. You are leery. Have you just switched it off at the power? "Ohh!" "A portion of your gorgeous body!" "Get a portion of my gorgeous body, neehhhhh!" "Hello, I can now." "Ahhhh, look out." "Not three, bad

girl, tosser." "The taxi drivers are talking about gorgeous bodies." "Oh well that's all right then." "Brilliant." "I can't believe what people are prepared to tell me!" "Go away from her nude look." "If I went into a pub and sat down." "At the moment, yes." "Tried to talk to them I'd get

nothing out of them at all." "They won't recognise you." "Catch you later." "Have I a genie mush?" "Byeeee!" "Baby I love you. You're lovely." "You just leave this running, recording." "Oh baby!"

THAT THE HANDS → IN PARTICULAR SAGS
MEMORY CLUTTERING STRAPS OF THE
SLINKS

THEY ARE A STRONG TRUENT INTO THE PUBLIC RIGHTS OF WAY IN THAT PROCESS DRAWING A LINE THAT TAYS THE

THEY → APOLOGISE → FOR GIBNO ← DOMINANT IN

THOSE ARE 401 022

TREATED AS WHEREBY

Friday June 26th, 1998

14.30 - 15.30



- for Simon Wilmoth -

speaking these pins. And now, I discourse myself as in a dream. Walking from irritation, risking the health of forcing safety, in a broken recitation. To walk, out, under the forms of . . . these words, and swords that wept, with joy. As among these estates, such ecstasies become an agent for the fierceness of the news. Go tell it on the hump, though dance hit and hot, desires. Wounds, in jump story. An infrequency, of compassion. At licks. That on this stormy day, I became my own, servant.

She is standing, on an island in her sandals, waiting, to make the crossing, of veracity. An incompatibility cahoots whose, armfuls of pungent bouquets. The crimson petals of humility that, like freckles, glazed out through, to quit this walking slope, from a rough passage, that cough though, call this. So hard, that it had caught. Fly, from a wind of moon boo, from which the padding, in the city of destruction. These days of wanton leather. Carried on the back, as with a quaking from the hearts of speech, that discomfort. Piercing, his ear.

An ornamental, girdle to hand over the receiver, with the dread of nought and embrace the amulet, in which she keeps her. Emerging from the side door of the church. Turning the keys of principled vocabulary. For folks, in the everyday, waiting at this crossing hear, who ate the hard text of no climatology, less than disputed, servicing the people-minded Mister, a purveyor of nimble nuts. The loom of pre-ficular, variegations, from these steps, i wandered her. Where Thomas Jarvis and Thomas Peachchurch, a sufficient

joy, the intention to please the desires of these stained windows. That of such flow, can interrupt James Brown, to the end, of John Boyce and Samuel Stone and Elizabeth Bley and Thomas Shldrake and Thomas Walkely and John Boardman, in the memory of Mary Boardman. Filling, the map, where ever eyeless, find us in Love, with his voice our speciality, catered for remedy. That the day here, at the day of doom petrols shall cross and touch this humble heart of . . . (*break in signal traffic*) . . . a bespoke, pallaver, escaping danger here.

On the steep, face of, as if crawling from attention, the coming into bloom that names are, from the Latin for whiling memory of an eroding stone where, wave upon wave of has, I'll pay for these. Rust bread, handing the umbrella home, from leaping stood that gun-metal grey. Who, waits and stands that (*heavy traffic interference*) trembling, with longing though, to fill the pad and wade through spaces here of diverse, sparks these implications from mixing, in a role, with strands that could, catch fire, to smoke, provisions. With prizes,

the reprises from. Hung in an evening exclamation, that marks the door from lust, draining through the pipes here to the town, as from a purple painted fucked the gateways of these, so remembering good man, crumbs eye, knocked though, caught here. In a swerving, misunderstood that colour had. Gargled with, the remains of, sensible fields that, jamming this traffic revealing, he scratches and fires, the hairs, on his face. In a wilful, released from the anxiousness, laced, to her chickens. Though whose rude of understanding, can

be brought to bear here? I dare say, this is err, a breathing hill, a beating heart, out of wedlock, that. Cant had, almost, drank sun bursting between dark clouds, although. Clasped in her fingers, the springs from her spectacles, rang. Forming, the big, green, parcel machine receiver, in this terrible place, this lodge inhabited and waving, a small hand, like hips angled from visions, his muscles too tense. Defined, as he pushes down, with a receptive lung, that implication made, preening himself in a jacket that wondered though pierced

by the blood of cars here. Cars here, coming down, into the valleys of humiliation on this day of doom per-trolls. A place, you alright. I'm just wondering what you're up to, I'm talking. I'm talking into a into machine in that room. I'm broadcasting to every taxi driver and lorry driver on this wavelength and they're having to put up with my bullshit as much as I'm having to put up with their bullshit, like a lost sureness of touch he said. Are you having fun? I am . . . (*inaudible*) . . . cleaning the surfaces of these preened

summers. Clothes here that, disguise a swaggering, blue-shoed, sueded, jasmine-flowered zip. That from a trumpet could sound. As heralding the feeblish, urgency from house of addiction. The ground here, darker with . . . (*break in signal traffic*) . . . still here, smoothe . . . whistled as recovered gear turned sideways to look out from these baubles, bitten to the core, this flair astonished the beginners there. Holding themselves, had, breathed into our bodies somewhat awkwardly. As a thread, with hive flag, with waving.

Bead that offers herself for hire, in her habits consumed in the pipeline of cheaper's competition. The watchdog, a fan-tailed, fountain, of thought. So loud here, that the kids might flap and stomach that dances, as implications, scratched her marriage wedge, upon which hinged, the bitten nails of. Chewed and re-chewed here, nails pushed his between his teeth, nails in his mouth, nails, spat out, on the fleeting ground. His helmet, passes, from the car, the safety of which. It is easier to respond and wave though singed as, piping gas

for you here, this chat. As a device, brought hood up, to catch, the drops. Pointing, at foul gleam. That crash through hearing, holding into shards, the dog, shielded in her. Security, goffer systems, armed with the repertory weapons of go for repayments. To phone the permissions, through here, from havoc to. From the prim, of the church, to the piousness of the school, wretchedness, serving the community. Police, and fleeced intentions fostered. The lifeboats that gladly had, exit, to open. To open this ash hill, which as

destination is, quick and easy. Park and ride, bowed down, though, eyes averted, crook. Lock, bringing on despair here, chairs, packed into the back of the, volvo, then carry that plateful of oily chips. Walking, forwards, with fingers, that greased and had salts on them. How, from magazine flat, into hopelessness, hedge. Full of cortizone, pumped onto bandage, a day by day guide written. Without obligation, the weeks, to let. Hot, in advance, from the shine of the box. To end as, the beginning, that, to wake up this. Discourse,

not hold on or cling but, prised open and wheeled out of dread, those gaggles of mercy that, caught from the church on the corner, had passed, from the school, in the beer there. Fronds poking from, a bag, attention swinging at her side. 442, this hold and cold, is the day of Judgement, when the almighties? The red lion elevations, or cast into the pit. When the ball hits the net, in Cinema City and the audiences, the spectators the participants rise, from accord, and riot. Into discursive flood of Cinema City, there 442 442 this

nautical Boccaccioid dray of grey, obligation, when elevations are cast, into the pits of flashlight, holding match to pipe. When the ball hits the cleaners in the basket, in the back of the van and explodes into a bleech on the windscreen whipped screech from the ugly. The ugly, duckling, in a blinding curve that, hangs, pretenders chatting. At the centres, the word, that the road, works, to divert attention, from room to room, to talk and heave uphill, the hearts and minds of, sweetened the nipple with her tongue, than honey and more bitter

than the anxious gaze, touched with the tip of her tongue, from opening lips, held in here. Half of the whole licking, half of the whole of her lip. A great glass, that is hung in the dining room open, to turn away from. Stop, these institutional, forever jangling, wheat-blown, gladly in the rumpled derivation vexed. Flaming to be left with a residue of, completely perplexed restoration that, had rental all over, it hid. Pacing here, under scrutiny, smirky that baldened pate held under, chrome. Pierced, by light. Scratching the side of his

head open. with the blunt edge of a fluffy dice. One of these passages here, dunno, dunno, dunno, dunno. Peeing with blood, and shit and gold flowing here, at the ford, where the river breaks open, the zip comes undone and registration is proud, like worse than a field in a dream, walking the birds. Being forced, out of ransom, then into the dullness of an over-determining eye. Whose periphery, in which there is a plateful of unpeeled garlic, a loaf of bread, sections of bread, margarine, washing up liquid. Throwing orange juice,

into the passion, of a cling-filmed embrace. The menu has everything, as a blazing heart special. The song-cycle of, murder by the book. To stand here and marvel at what it could be to have an evening journey, back in time, to the Norfolk of two hundred years ago. I lost him, he's gone with the vibrations of Africa, with a combination of language, life and doing a bit of documentation, respect roasted, with. Collect into the dullness of. An over-re-structuring ear whose centre is shaded. Beginning to become blind, like a bubble on the

canvas, not from coolness, though plaster. Where the beasts linger in the plotters of conservation, their openness, not a professional margin or emerging for homeless. He's got an interesting material at the moment. In the kiosk, to break, the gallery of ideals open that had been previously, merely a flapping screened off, to achieve. I've tried to uhm, footsteps, fleck perm, ungentrify four times, it never works, of ploddish evolution, breaking out the cycle of focus. Trying to bring different clients up here. For sale, for sale, for sale,

specialities, for sale. It's half-covered up, animal jacket. He has a whole menagerie, on his arm, shaping a future from a link translated here, via a spontaneous, knife is blind and walls this city. Weeing home, from a treasure, to marvel at legless, gone, verging on Ajax. This union of, this integration of circuits, a family guide. To the shriek of the Millenium. Never, knowingly, garbled a den of villifying terms, that giggles almost nervously, on the one hand, from the random, quag, at the mouth, picking, into, the gaps, between

his teeth, the cave, there, oreated! The radiating tongue, licking, her lips, pushshsh. The button and clutching, his book, in his hands, like it almost could give him something, without him even having to open and even, without. Not a burning, though reading it for, trembling, as eavesdropping, that bush, had burst, beneath ideals, that blush. By the light of the day, whose bones and ashes lay here, long, in the greenness, long, after the talking, had gone, from a box, that, a hypocrite, who or a talkative, person. Gone mouldy, this, kindness of

disclosure, that supplies. That the words themselves, might happen or harp on, wreaked visor than ad had sowed. Wondering culture. A creased, air in the fold, at the corner, a moment of quizzical, turning a file as she breaks into grin there. Where discourse had winnowed, the right hand, down a bit, fantasy, from shadow. The zooming and, caught there, in a sweaty ball, to judge the profitable as heady. Nimmmbble, that best way, had reached out and grabbed for the void, a dead cert. The ford of dizzy eather here, a clammy shield, that

like the back of a turtle comes over this place and piecing, around the rim of a shell, apparently deranged, in increasingly intricate cycles. Any distance, any time, in this in stone order of viewing, the craftsman has foreclosure, link puzzle made. From, attempting to bump up, the kerb and unravel the knot. Chewing gum, through the open, window of an interconnecting, disbelief he. Wonders, am I somehow, filing a report on him, that anything could be encouraged to happen in the best of both worlds, not. Plotting, the work, as

loving contemplation of. Engaged humility afresh, and living shell or showers of rain that. Gesticulates hard, co-ca sprinklers, have been turned on. Has a picture that, became, a likeness and gathered inclination, from the soil, that tender flesh. In the window, most worthy, had sat round, with beers fathered. The simplicity of a bouquet had blundered. By birds and herbs. Peering out, catching a gap in the traffic of similitude, here. Almost bursting from his shorts that, as rags, stood in an uncertain. As if just, a dull pattern, preferenced

to give no bother, a dictaphone had. Made full warning, of the foam upon his head here. The street had broken, his skull, wide open and eyes, on the street, back ears in two kiosks of either side from he once had stood the book there. Making a call here, waiting for any response. From the church, the church is locked, there is none. The school, quotation to object. The beer, a cheery swing, the ashen and reaction pill, that promises here. Pacing, in the pleasant, sueded. V from want of understanding, beat the quiet, quite off bold. A serious

distortion had, come here to brag . . . (*break in transmission*) . . . and her swinging, both tales found. That had the bounce, was speaking, full forward. Being guilty of the hubbub, like bubbub wah a sucker, for the babies. Dummy that wildlife. Accordion or. An oral chordy . . . inaudible. If I shut my eyes, through a what, there are claimed. That look away and when needs, become a form of mudguard from. The brutality of these focuses called here, her, or, could carry. Data there, outside and look beyond, look elsewhere. Even that

the split in cloth could open, the sky of suggestion. That, even to escape into a fantasy of travel, out there, where the openings ARE. Shaped, by the pronounced edges of these buildings, had the follower, brown. Into the paucity, of, the dream that entertained. Breaking every delight, tabled, umpteen, motions and string up the unbelievable passages, here filled with melodious notes. A cadence of sleeping and waking. It's a form of co-operation. The bag in the hand had, whilst wandering, permitting the

marvellous, closet, that, yellow sock there, with its beeline, feared that had, caught with a bee-line connoted. The red, splattered with paint, as bliss, giving good formulaic. Turns from all good speed, the music had, pales about fabled this lick of the vanished grease, born from the lid of a house of interpreters' fingers. Into extreme parameters, of difficulty. There, this river is. An obliqueness, formed by disdain. Like a pensionable, frame of protection, given little credence, he's got, backwards lettering on his back and that map attacks

have factored this raging abundance of details at this inauspicious location. The notices, of a reminder, for, had almost undone a blunt acument. Forming the offices of merely enduring degree. That became, guise out of comforted, born from complexion and convention that, gone with closetting, odious authority, confining waste of investments, that institution, given distance. Given the church, the school and the beer. A taxi, to theme-ing that passage had sucked from a packet those lives, negotiated into modernity, on terms that played a

balcony, under agendas from which, control had been stripped into them. The church and that doctrine. The school and its tribed horizons. Leaving only, as knapsack to a gathering road, have you, even though arguably pleasurable, lure of the beer. And the beer of despair. And the beer of years to come. And the variant beer, told from bitterness, the services of evensong, the beer. The case forging, closure and progress, tottering on wooden limbs. Jurassic . . .
(substantial breaks in transmission) . . . by limitation

ONE OF THESE IS AT THE JUST SUTTON

THOSE ARE GENERAL
WHERE FORGET ASK
OBLIGED TO STOP

FIX

Saturday June 27th, 1998

12.00 - 13.00



whilst listening to outtakes from previous talks with random interjections of hagiographical information listed under Saint Andrew (the church is a St Andrew) in the Penguin Dictionary of Saints

I'm having trouble receiving you. Perhaps I'm just 'in trouble' here. Or troubled, by my first choice, offering potential to a user. Let's unthank that straight away. It's, almost, impossible, to hear you here "and you." Changing this arrangement, to get the best reception possible. And now, in fact I'm doubled up. I know that you can't see me. I can't really quite see you either,

although you might be watching a version of me. It's to do with confidence. How much attention can we possibly bring here, into this patchwork frame? A perplexed passion, offering. Well-mum-my's go-ing dow-n! And I became my own, hill, of ash. Going into protracted illness, before any possibility of opening the emergency exits or getting a lift simply from the possibility of opening, like

freckles on the hair of a dog to quit this, walky-talky living doll. Carrying a cardboard tray of blooming peonies. It canna peared da. The rush inside these bowels and dripping from my mouth this, fluid light. As in advertising the dare to believe. It starts to rain as she plunges the key into a side door, pitch, of the church. The pain, of prawn brain. Shrimp, brought into the house here. Hello,

can i ask you what the flowers are for? A wedding. What am I talkin' about? Is the wedding this afternoon? No, there's a birthday lunch tomorrow. Tomorrow lunchtime. Of one of the congregation? Me. YOUR birthday tomorrow! Well, it isn't actually my birthday tomorrow, that's next Friday but, but you're having it early anyway. Yes. Is this doing a special service for you? No, special descant.

Special discount?! Descant O, decanted. For the hymns descent, yes. So, what will that be, have you been able to choose it? Well, it's specially written for it. It's alright I'm recording something into a room up there and I'm very curious about all of the things that happen here on this corner, because it's such an intriguing juxtaposition of places. So I couldn't help but be curious when I saw

you carrying a lovely tray of flowers like that. That's for the table. You're not Norfolk though. That's why you can't understand me. But you are. Yeah, you can. Are you from Norwich? Yes, just outside. Well, thank you, have a lovely day. Thank you. I can almost hear the bells already ringing now, as I walk away and through the daisies. Who would need a stick to surrender? A big banner has

been erected here, advertising the 'Craft Fayre'. There's a Craft Fayre, in The Crypt. As if, that kind of finish somehow achieved an appropriate marriage. And to touch, the humble things. There's no need to book, you just jump on, for the tour. You can get on before gardens and get off when, escaping danger here, by almost becoming invisible by. Although

feeling a little run down, engaging in an activity which is you're not so tough now are you? And if you interfere here I'll destroy you too. Become big, like giant. Taking on amour. O I love it when they ask for it and I like it when they get it. There's a significant increase in the level of traffic noise here, from gun metal grey. As if this talking could be trembling, with, a longing to, fuel these

diverse sparks. I'm gonna go into the craft fair because, mixing something caught down the back of my leg, it might be my provision. With prizes a possibility of a blank rosette, sung, one and all, coughing, in the cloisters, through the automatic doors. This is craft fair, specifically orientated, across generations between friars. To get back, on the track, i.e. an object of

refurbishment, this finishing . . . (*breaks in transmission*) "bad light got modulate, can you get the channel line this is an emergency channel not a user's line" empty. Bare this, nothing can defeat me, standing here in front of a picture of Nelson, one of the local boys made good. That's a giant bronze Tut! Green baise, for indoor bowls. The home ends, the away ends. Bring on THE

WORLD! Mrs. Ann Read, we've got to stop him, before he flattens this city of entreties! LET'S KICK SOME GIANT BRONZE TUT! The Craft Fayre is immaculate. The Craft Fayre has vacated itself from firing, walking hand-in-hand here, two-by-two with a crinoline. The seduction of a gaze, as a lace to herb chickens of understanding that the raging bull sprayed bullets over

Broadway from this breeding hill. Bleak, pant had drunk these. Just turning to check and see what he's doing there. The springs forming a receiver in this terrible place. Sucking at straws, clutching the doorway into a kiosk. That the planet, no THE, PLANET here, glazed by GREY and white, clouds. YOU MISERABLE INSECTS, I CRUSH YOU WITH ONE! His strength has come

right back! In the pacing with the wrath of RA! Children, with ice creams. Children taking photographs here. Considerations of this place, become an analogy for a heart. With four chambers, arriving, not footsteps, well he wasn't so tough! Where the bloods that had been previously thought, to be flowing, like a river, as it were, towards the sea and inexorably sniggers downwards,

becomes considered more as the sea itself, within which flow, takes place, as flow in direction, through vertical through chambers and not in relation, specifically, to gravity. Well, I'll buy you dinner. That's great, I've gotta keep my strength up here, it's a, it's just something that is a form of paying tax. This waxing somewhat portentous, sometimes lyrical, interrupted by zip. As from as

trumpet too, the two sides of a street bough together and, rather than a feeblish, the ground opens up. Hands, reaching out through the vibrated earth of the churchyard and within this frame a crafted gate. "Isn't it amazing that . . . (*inaudible*)" and put away, not as in an from another year entry, but the way that habit has been taken on by these bodies here, this body speaking a clearance

of hearing "he's also performing what's . . . (*inaudible*)", from the bauble in the cupboards "oh is he?", to astonish, a beginner. Learning how to, then "that's being transcribed so that it's . . . (*inaudible*)" avoid the, more bathed into our bodies pratfalls of, "what happens if somebody stops to talk to him?", threadbare, speaking of beads that signals to wait. And plucking the ticket from

his pocket, as all eyes turned to the business of distinctions at the wildlife gardens. Discover the adventurous fountains of thought, so loud, hiding out behind the ideals on display here. Turned up, surprise surprise. A pond, from which hinged that terminal, “break in transmission” . . . (*footsteps*) located in a tired thumb, singed that, striped top. A device, released, on this new label here

bought, from the original, as in, one single point of orivation that, must be contestible, or as the first, crashing down, behind, into broken shelves, not an isolator. Crosses the crossing, with weapons of repayment. Here, at the junction of the church, committing havoc with the school and the beer, and a bier, as in a funeral pyre, from wretchedness, in the metro pipelines, these alleyways, these

streets, conjoined, to form a calligraphic figure. Something broken, into a future of english as languages. Maybe somebody here is looking, at you. And I’m not gonna stand here, while, well then, kick it, hear, playing, it’s that, pumped out, behind, some form of, balcony, seen at the railings I’m, ho—me! Chalking on the mobile range. Both language as retail and wholesale its. Marking the ground

with his, pacing. There’s nothing here in my eyes, my eyes, are shaded, and almost become jaded through an overfamiliarity with a place. It’s very different from when you first arrive somewhere and relish every single and multiple of detail, almost every day walking a street that is new to you, seeing new architectural constructs, noticing shadow, seeing the painted stores the stained,

windows bringing informations to bear on the possibility of how the Norfolk Archaeological Society could operate here, rather than elsewhere, right outside their front door there, at the Garsett House. Locatable as, an ugly suckling, who has, forming interconnected on the sides of a reflected, chrome sky. Plucking, specially for you what happens, to be noticeable here, of course it's isn't

possible to see everything. I can't, be looking down on myself (other than in a self-deprecatory thought that's not what I mean) I have no, sense of that, although there is some element of "alcohol and then" performing, the placement of other people into the position of, being turned into performers here, and driven like that, walking his bike out of the alley, things are

happening in all directions and the details resultant are sufficiently. Both intent in his habits and also numerous as to, with a sense of animation that, lays that, proven, though cheerful, had, clapping his hands that tattoo on his arm is a catheter. In fact, there's a football on the underside of his left arm as he pulls away and up the hill there. His voice that had been screaming at the pedestrian

crossing, cropping, crossing, a dorsal, though voice now, pulls off, up the hill and what it leaves here. Not like inclusive, bowling ball that creates, residue of knock-on effects. It's not that cause and effect, it is, an appropriate, not even set, because it doesn't at any point fix, and fix is the title of today's talk. Fix is a microdose. Fix as related to homeopathy of place. Although that, consideration

as microdose, becomes pretension that's impossible to sustain. The restating is, fit of (overwhelmed by noise interference, like an unbaffled) I'm guessing, opinion that, everything I'm guessing again, we fail to register or have sufficient means to form a registration of what those impacts are and of how we can make use of those impacts; what those impacts bring.

In the public bar, those that are allowed on these premises the balls are waiting on the table for the players to begin their game. He's holding a snooker cue and it's as if he's inviting me inside to play with him. But I'm refusing to join, in. The levels of suspicion, both from him to him and from him to him, dominates the dead land, caught behind railings. Kneeling here in his habits, on his knees,

before sunset. With that sense of animation. Of crossing, from one frame (coughing is heard) to the mouth of a comforter, pressing her lips there. The moonlight, on the perty throat, a knife, in the fish. I've come here (into a storm of static interference) to make a call. With a dissection I lift the receiver, there isn't a tone and I don't have a number to call on. Advised, to 'replace handset

and try again'. Phatic disease from stones, where, a thin scratch, from which, the interior here, of a wallmark, becomes exterior microtone. "Hello." Are you going in here? Can I ask you what you're up to? Well, we're going to have a drink. Why are you looking the way you're looking and then you can ask me why I'm looking the way I'm looking? Why are you looking the way you're

looking first? Because I'm talking through this CB radio transmission into a room just on the other of this church wall there. And people are listening. I'm not sure that they would believe it if I started to describe the way you're looking, and as they can't actually see you I wonder if you could describe it yourself. We're the Oolish Washish Molly Dancers. We're in Molly kit, which

consists of very colourful garb and black faces and hats that well, you wouldn't see in a jumble sale, and attitude. And what attitude do you bring to your dancing? Bad attitude. How do you express bad attitude through dance? With a lot of screaming, shouting, hopping, yelling. All sorts of things. Could you just step out here and I could have my portrait taken with you? Oh, you're really

from the SAS aren't you? Is this a secret police thing? Yes, this is surveillance in the modern world. Well I sign on unemployed and I only work 48 hours a week! I suppose you don't consider yourselves folk? No. You haven't asked what those are yet? What are those? Sheep balls. And why do you carry your sheep balls around Norwich? Because I can't think of an answer. I only

borrowed them. One of the 'molly' dancers is walking on up the alley here, a move towards vanishing, wearing a pair of stars and stripes trousers and a straw hat from which there's a *(break in transmission)* . . . underparts, flapping in breeze, thin wrapping from the masking bawls a willow warbler. That in a midday breeze, light bathing the brides receptacle centre here, a break from

charity, posting the limits, in a vast, and. Snack bar, mistakenly undifferentiated. Field, the indispensable. Push bar, pushing her bikes up the hill towards the ceremonies of silence. Science has, as a child here, Andrew--and drew a line. The accounts of Andrew's life are unreliable. There are the accounts, for example, of him suffering, on an X-shaped cross. But that idea is

really little made available, until the later Middle Ages. Andrew, is presented as a monk who wrote Greek liturgical poetry. Andrew, christianed as Lancelot here. This is Andrew entrusted with a form of disorderly. This is Andrew, a bad-tempered and troublesome, can we call him youth, under which a sudden change of heart occurred. Andrew, wiping sweat from an eyebrow,

Andrew always caught drunk in the festival house here. Although its title has become merely a purple shadow that experiment would, leaping from a cut artery, quoted as if, into a shot, out of a spout input. Caught here, being able to do no more than cross. From here to there and, there to here, always here, always there, the commissions reported, it should be, stress, that was, the binding,

force. This, is a reference to the tap on-line warrant. How, the idea of, making a call, can be rendered appropriate messages. Both, to telecommunications at this site considered as traffic, two kiosks, two way roads, two-way communication and of course in the church a kind of conversation between oneself and an other err, fictionalised and fantasised two-way interlocutor. Much as communication

at the public bar, through the mediations of the beer, takes on a spirited presence, that could be considered in quotes, even between two personalities there, a tertiary mind, something else, a collaborative area into which the beer makes sometimes radical interceptions. If you come back tomorrow and find what you've got you always find a horse drawn through that and it's impossible

to know what it's all about, one would require relays to be present at this site twenty four seven, conveying and from every angle to every mappable point, as in the movie *The Conversation* in which the attempt is made to decode the conversation between two people moving through a public space, by use of mobile recording equipments.

Andrew ran away. He was brought back and consequently, bored by religion and by life in general, that was one of the stumbling blocks, over which, by taking the place of a dead body, driven, on a bier, escaped detection by the police. And Andrew, comes just before Angela. To kiss that absent body and make up your own language of home, carrying stationary through here. Briskly

full of a bitter and milky juice. There is an arrow on his back, pointing down onto the moving street and stalkless, heart-shaped her pumping in dichrotic veins, the between, marked in purplish bruised 'input' and 'output'. Fluffy hemispheres of white likened dandelion compasses, covered with stiff hairs. That branch into minute hooks of minute here, from which, swollen. Even the

hole in a polo could become, more, holding his hand so that the nearsighted won't run out into the road and become flattered. Had blundered, the smiling "look, you can look through here," by bird and herbed "and you can change the focus" a dupe of similitude, waving, back closed at me "I can't see, mum I can't see" standing here. In contemporary rags, from an uncertain frame, "I can't see

him", with a dictaphone held in his hands, as if (*drowned by motorbike roar*) had attempted to pull the railings right apart and split them. I saw him, opening the book there. I saw him without. I walked with him, pretension to become an object of the action "he's gone!" What promises, what "well come 'round here then" here are kept "can't see him anymore", what, promises "what do I do?"

here, are kept. What, promises, broken in the present persuaded. I am approached by understanding that beat the quiet off, bald. The signs that came to brag, beware. And from an antiquarian, found the chandlered services, speaking full fold. Exhibiting the guilt of the hubbub (*static interference*) no. Excerpting (*break in transmission*) a gilt, from attempting to frame, the hubbub.

THE bare, an auratic calling, accordian. Balleted, part of a thrush family. Dark brown, with speckled breasts. It's not at all uncommon. Becoming yellow as these seasons are advancing, through the model of a knapped flint wall as, one needs no plaster in order to put these things together, just enjambed, direct and impetuous, with a curious and flicking motion that hops or runs from shaping

the futures by enveloping their heads mostly, like ostriches in sand too deeply in the past. “Am I doing something interesting?” “I often see you walking up and down here.” “I’m broadcasting on a CB radio system into that room up there.” “Oh right.” “And talking about what an intriguing junction this is. Are you doing something interesting?” “I’m trying to sell houses.” “I was

wondering the other day, what it might be like to try and sell a public space like this and what an outcry there might be, well obviously there’d be a huge outcry but you get to sell all of the discreet units leading onto these streets, but you never get to sell the intersections themselves.” “It would be good.” “Do you think that you could make a killing out of a junction such as this. Would you

talk it up historically?” “Would I talk it up historically?” “Yeah, would you say that this is some sort of historic site?” “She’s one of the estate agents.” “Definitely.” “It’s bordering onto the Elm Hill district, which has obviously got a lot of heritage potential.” “There’s just lots of history around this place, and with the monks.” “I don’t know much about the monks, d’you know much

about the monks?” “No, but I’m presuming that these properties are expensive here?” “Which area are you talking about?” “When you start getting off down towards Elm Street and Elm Hill.” “I don’t think that there are many private owned properties around here anyway.” “I thought you were some nutter!” “What gives you idea I’m a nutter?” “I was thinking you were like ‘Marigold’

who used to be down at the roundabout with the old gloves.” “What’s Marigold, what’s Marigold?” “Some Black geezer. He was a bit local. He wasn’t quite with it and he used to stand on the roundabout, directing the traffic, with a pink pair of marigolds on you know.” “He was quite funny.” “It sounds like honourable company to be in really.” “What ARE you doing over

there?” “What did YOU think I was doing?” “I don’t know.” (bordering on hysterical laughter) “Well, I’d have said to Joan I’d have said to Joan, this looks like a bloke who has nothing better to do in the mornings, and I wonder what actually motivates him to get up, put his clothes on, put a decent pair of shoes on like that, and then put these headphones on, walk around like some nut-job,

near the church, just acting as if he was doing something. And that’s what actually we were thinking. For the last couple of days actually to be honest.” “I’m glad that your curiosity got the better of you.” “Well, we were going to ring up the Halesdon place, you know where the people go, to see whether they’d come and get yer.” “You’re welcome to drop in for a coffee any time.”

She said she was advised to not to pretend she was touching the touch TV when I came past, in case I asked her what she was doing. But she’s invited me to go in for a coffee, so I think I’ll do that, end here. “Is he coming up?” “Looks like it yeah.” “Fantastic shots of the Morris Dancers and him having a conversation up that alleyway. They’re all painted faces and,” “REALLY. Was that today?”

“Frlly dresses and stuff, he looks, they did a sort of posed photograph for me.”
“He’s having to, he’s transcribing all this stuff when he gets home, isn’t he?”
“You ‘round for a few minutes, I’m gonna go and see Nancy’s garden?” “Yeah,
he’s a few behind now. It just takes hours and hours and hours.” “He said to me
it takes about six hours to do each one, every evening.” “Totally ridiculous.”

“It’s good though,” “it’s fantastic because,” “it’s working really well though” “he’s
talking to the people from the pub and all, “it’s nice though, because it’s not
really intrusive. It looks vaguely eccentric and people would probably, oi mate,
you gettin’ paid for this or what? you know”. “But also the people in the pub and
the shops around here, they’ve seen him do it about six times, this is

the seventh time now,” “is it?” “and he’s gone into the pub and”, “he’s going
right through the duration of the show” “and I’ve been going in there taking
photographs of him and” “it’s a funny old pub, completely out of time. It’s all
the pubs i used to drink in in Nottingham. They’ve closed them all down and
turned them into Irish theme bars a’nd things.” “So, this isn’t, it’s not?” “It’s

been on. You have to turn it on.” “So is he trying to record the whole thing?”
“It’s just for people to look through and to frame and to see what that’s like.
You know, a frame through a frame.” “The last day, there’ll be a possee of
taxis, come to get him.” “Those creating modulation on Channel 9, can you
move up or down one, this is an emergency channel, thank you?”

REMOVE FOOT

EMO FOOT

IT

LITHIA

DRY

ROCK

THAT DARK HAND-HELD MACHINE

Sunday June 28th, 1998

11.00 - 12.00



click and slid signal. Rubbing hands together. Morse of opaque skidding noise interference. Gash. More interference. Footsteps walking away. Breath on the diaphragm. If Pingu was a dancer. And the state became flush with the wall. "Broadcasting on the street there", where all is said and done there is still more; more said, than done, had been inaudible as authorised "there's some really

funny stuff happening", from the personnel here. "I always thought that he was in . . . inaudible" among the thrush families perhaps. The hem as a somewhat overwritten, immature. Going back and up the stairs again, having forgotten something, dark brown. Stop, press and when you've pressed, you can begin to talk. Headphones as an interdisciplinary scraping of surfaces. This is a version

of revision. The Fire Door shuts I'll think i'll be, down at the bridge again tonite. Scattered dialogue caught that No Smoking as an officious suggestion. More mottled, not at all uncommon. A bright, orange-yellow bill. Yellow as the season's advance on dark-brown legs here. A direct impetuosity of the brother, come to service with new energy. Dark breasts. Properties available within the

Golden Triangle shaping the future. The ludicrousness of the. Tending the verge. Hiya, I'm doing a CB broadcast into that room up there and I was wondering if I could ask you how often you have to tend the verge? Oh, about every two weeks. And does the Church pay you for that, are you the Church gardener or? Well no, we work for the City Council and the City Councils do it

for the Church. And you do all the verges for the council, and look after all the flowerbeds? Yep. We do all of them yeah. Looks like back-breaking work. Well you get used to it, we've got the tools to do it. See, I'd be too tall for using those I reckon. Well, you can get taller handled ones I think. Oh yeah, you could do. Taller and taller ones, depending on which size you buy you know.

I'm sorry to interrupt you. I was just curious as to how often you have to do it. It must change at different times of year obviously? It's growing quite heavily now for example. Well yeah, the summer times they do this every two weeks and winter time's not quite so often. Things aren't growing then so we don't have to cut so much, there's not so much to cut, with the grass 'n' that. What is

what is it that creates all the erosion on the err, on the front of the gravestones? It's just the, just the weather I think. You know rain and that, wind. Just normal weather I think. So, if you're older, you've got more erosion. Probably. If you're younger, you can still read the lettering. Yeah (laughing). Something like that yes. How long you been doing this? Me personally. Thirty-six years.

Don't you come to a badge or a watch or something? I think eventually, when you retire you do yes. When you don't care so much what the time is anymore then they'll give you something to keep it by. Yes, something like that yes. You do all the Churchyards. You do roundabouts as well? Yes we do, we have a round to go round you know. We do the Churches and the roundabouts as well.

Been getting rained on a lot this summer. Yes, it's been pretty wet up to now. You'll get your shears all rusty! Well no, they work too quick for that. That dries 'em out. Well have a nice afternoon. Pretty stupid trying to attempt to, you see all the daisies that were here, that people were sitting among last week, he's just cut them all down. In some ways it looks arguably more 'kempt', but err,

also arguably much less romantic this churchyard now. This is what happens. You get cut down, mould grows on the base of your tree, into which there's been a gauged, it's hard to tell what the letter is it could be a letter A or a broken back going over a hill. It's DY. DY standing for Divinia Youngblood or Diana Yingpin. This is the err, last series of times I'm gonna walk down into this

frame here. I'm aware of the stupidity of attempting. Almost as if I'm playing a balcony scene out of a classical play but in fact, penned in by the railings. The open V, like the hair or the air on a flabby lip. That lip, word processing, in a sense what I've become is a word processor, seems to take part in just the flabbiness of a lip here. And how everybody else moves past, whilst I'm sort of

stuck, pacing up and down, like an animal, trapped behind these railings, although only from a certain angle in the school. There's a lot of tidying up going on. There's a guy over there, who's actually, he's got green trousers, and he looks like he's wearing a uniform. He's got a spike and he's poking down into the bushes and he's pulling out white polystyrene cups and cigarette

packets and cigarette butts and crisp packets and chocolate wrappers and he's moving off into the churchyard now. It looks as though he's going to have a go at some of those daisies that have so rudely mown down. The stupidity of attempting to, even pretend that something definitive can be said about this, place, which is in fact very descript but also which nobody would often

consider to be a place in and of itself perhaps. Because if I was a Real Estate Agent here, trying to sell the junction rather than to sell or to deal with, those buildings that kind of demarcate the site with their intersections of roofways. There we've got Ideal Scaffolding stuck out as a forlorn hope there, where branches are lunging out across the traffic. And walking down the hill a young

woman, sucking on a chrome can, in thick-wedged shoes, wearing a maroon top. A bag, one shoulder has the strap across it and the other one is hanging free. The strap not the shoulder. I'm just gonna move down here and see if there is any activity going on here in these toilets. The notice here, the the Notice of Attention from the Norfolk Constabulary serving the community that's been

framed here, and there's a nice badge of the Norfolk Constabulary beside the frame, is drawing attention to the increasing number of complaints being received from members of the Public, regarding unlawful activities taking place here at these public conveniences and I'm at some times beginning to wonder if I am not part of the, what is considered, unlawful activity. But that can't be true

surely. I'm more likely to be keeping the place, under the shadow of a suspicion of surveillance and thereby acting as a deterrent. But the, the piece of paper here, it's just kinda A4 an' it's been ripped dan the boddom, one's been plastered across the next, is dated the 4th June 1998. It's not signed but anyway the moniker assigned to it is Inspector Davies and if you wanna get in touch with

him, he's on 01603 768679. And I'd like to talk across the cross-hatching, the ludicrous overlaying of sellotape that has attached what is one sheet of A4 to a rather beautiful curving knapped flint entrance into this tiled cubicle, where you can, for example, get information on the Norwich Gay Men's Health Project and I wasn't aware of that before coming in here. There's an HIV Sexual Health

Line advertising itself here. It's also, stuck somewhat up above the right hand of two cubicles, a small square piece of paper. In the top there's a banner out of which is reversed, in white against red, the two words National Front. And I can't help wondering how these two words relate to the two cubicles I'm facing. But then in a white ribbon across the centre of this square it says 'It's

Our Country, Let's Win It Back' and there's a further line under which it says 'Repatriation Now' as if to bring some sense of urgency. It's in a much larger typeface followed by an exclamation mark. And in the bottom banner, white reversed out of red, there's yet another telephone number. I must say that the whole thing makes absolutely no sense to me. I don't understand anything about

how that piece of paper connects to its location or the kind notice from the Norfolk Constabulary at all. There's a couple of flies hovering over the wash basin. A guy's just come in a for a pee. One piece of glass, square. Backing that could uhm, I'm not quite sure what could be up against it. Is this cubicle Repatriation or Now? It's possible to bore a hole here so you could peep

through into the adjacent cubicle. I suppose that you could see some reflection of yourself, or youselves, in this glass, as. There's a sign here for the Astro Master. 'Re Your Slave = Have Condoms Followed. You need Your Guidance Please Ring Me Sir, Hypnotise Me' (*baby crying in background*) with three xxxs underneath. Then there is something about the England football fans

invasion of Dublin Stadium in 1995. No Surrender, Combat 18. Fuck The IRA. It's the most peculiar combination of elements (*adjoining toilet flushes*). We have fascist football graffiti, combined with, there's lots of people comin' in here now, we have fascist football insignia combined with a Gay information clinic. What did you think I was? O, I look like Alexei Sayle, what coming out

of those toilets? Are you a lecturer? No I'm not a lecherer, no. We've been misinformed. I'm just checking out what's going on in the toilets because, we've been told you're very intelligent. I'm told that there's a lot of what they call the 'teapot trade' going on in those toilets. Can you describe the teapot trade to me? Well, they all have things for tea don't they. I suppose really.

What, you mean like watersports? Yeah, you don't want to drink the tea leaves really. What like thieves, thick as leaves? I'd imagine that if you got a tea strainer you'd be ok in there. So, where d'you get yer tea strainer to go and join the teapot trade? Tea shop. You reckon that if I went into a tea shop and said, I'd looking to become more fully connected to the teapot trade, that they'd give

me the necessary condiments? Yeah, you'd need a toilet seat, I've noticed that there's no toilet seat in there. No, there's a lot of fascist graffiti in there, does that go with it? I can't say I've noticed. Yeah, there's a lot of stuff about gettin' the Paddys at Dublin in 1995 and there're little advertisements for the National Front and things like that, but then also next to it there's stuff about gay men's

awareness and HIV health. I don't quite see the connection. Oh, it's a cottage. It's a cottage?! Thatched, look. A fat cottage. Not for a cup of tea. But you know, what do you think goes on in there? Uhm, we've been standing around watching, for the moment. We've been lookin' at people and we've been startin' to hear about a certain character that walks in and looks around and then

walks out and looks around, acting very suspicious. You can tell. You tell the people that you must be suspicious of and if you're just going in there to do a piss, you don't look, you just go in there to do a piss. I think I must look quite suspicious in there. You certainly do. We were talking about some other men around, pointed you out. He was standing there pointing out all the men. They

quickly sneak in and then quickly walk out. It's not the place that I'd go for a cup of tea personally. Although it does look like it could be a teapot. If you put a spout on the side of it and a handle on the other side. That's what you were thinking at all. No, you were thinking that it looked like a cottage. I'm the guy who's been out here with the sellotape trying to stick up that notice that says

Attention. What does it say on that notice then? It's warning you of the unlawful, of the illegal activities taking place in that location that is, almost at this very moment, I feel that I should go back in and just see if there's a mania of sellotape across that notice. I mean, a beautiful knapped flint curvature there. I mean you know that, that's real craft. So, what are you doing here? Well you can't

quite see it from here, but in the second floor of Cavendish House, the other unit of this system is broadcasting and there might or might not be somebody listening to this at this very moment. Have you got anything you'd want to say to them, if anybody's there. Have you got a motto for the day that they could possibly live by? This is nothing incriminating? No, in fact I'm broadcasting

live across East Anglia. So, is this Broadlands Radio? Broadlands, yeah! You become all like mic shy don't you? Yeah, I'm becoming much more provocative with my mic placement now, you'll notice. Actually the most likely people listening to this are lorry drivers and cab drivers. 'Cause this is CB. So, what are you listening to on your headphones then? I'm listening to something

else. I'm listening to talking booga . (*interrupted by the approaching shouting of a raging argument*) . . I've got to go and talk to them. I'll speak to you later. YOU BASTARD, IN LUCK. THAT'S TRUE THOUGH INNIT? IT'S TRUE THOUGH INNIT! No, shut up! There's a real commotion here. IT'S TRUE ISN'T IT? No! YES IT IS! No, now calm down and get up there. Can I help?

No I'm afraid you can't. It's a messy problem. She's likely to punch me in the mouth. I'm not likely to punch her back. Why's she gonna punch you in the mouth? Because if she owes me money too I'd pay it back. We are man and wife. You please do not get involved. Alright, OK. Have you got enough money there? No, d'you have . . . ? I haven't got any money on me at all actually, sorry

I'm completely out of it. This isn't even my suit. So the other place that I go, apart from the public toilets, and I've already been in the churchyard, and I've come out of the school; I'm gonna go into the beer now. There's a van here and it says, 'the windows are really worth looking into' and there's also a sign on the front of the windscreen that says 'come on England'. Hang on the

machine's broken. What's happened to the machine? The touring car machine is being serviced. So it develops into a loud, chattering scream if it's alarmed, like it could stuck in the bushes or trapped somehow. And this is going to roost, like behaving like a robin here, just on a public street corner, going chk-chk, as a vibrance. Not at all unlike the pip pip pip pip sound that you hear here, with

the dark-hand machine held underneath the instruction box for would-be crossers. Well that was very nice, John! John. I'm back here talkin' again. I know, so I noticed. Have you got yourself a function now? Can I just asked you why you tweaked my arse? I thought it'd be a laugh. Did you get something out of it? Did you? I got a sense I ought to turn and follow whoever had it. And

then I realised it was you and I didn't exactly lose interest but I thought I need to pursue this. I'll pursue it in five minutes, I've got to redeem mi' card. I've gonna have some trubbl with it, 'cause it's not MY card. So, maybe you could come into the office. It might be quite amusing. Ok, so how's the BMX-ing? Did it all turn out well for you? I missed the performance of the story last

Sunday. No you didn't, because I didn't do it. I didn't get out of bed. Because there would have been nobody there, they closed the show on Sunday isn't that right? I had that problem. I was supposed to be doing a talk called 'dark hand-held machine' on Sunday and holding 'an alternative service' opposite the church and then they told me it was closed. Bugga! That's what I thought! Is

that thing gonna be alright in 'ere? It's got a three mile radius. You were being video'd as well yeah? Well there's people looking out the window. The thing is that when they're looking out the window it's going on, even if I'm not there. In fact, in some ways the fact that I'm not there, makes it more interesting arguably when I am there, even though briefly. Because people are looking at a

bit of the street intently, that they probably wouldn't in the run of the mill way of things pay attention to in quite that way. And there is a 'live' camera that they can look through to get close-ups and reframe the citation." "Being observed is quite good fun isn't it?" "I'm busy becoming a resident. I went into the Estate Agents and asked if it was possible to buy that junction last Saturday

morning. They agreed that they didn't have the rights to it anyway." "I've tried to get this card redeemed before. They told me 'cause it wasn't my card, i couldn't get my fiver back and they couldn't take it back, for security reasons. So, therefore they're saying that it's more secure if I have the card and I'm not at the college than them giving me the five pounds back." "We're going into the

from door now." (*snowstorm of noise interference – voices obscured*) . . . it's all on record . . . I haven't got a clue . . . photographic, wearing black clothes . . . I don't understand . . . anyway anyway, they were wearing black clothes . . . yeah I like the idea that . . . thinking about actually taking their clothes off . . . no, I haven't been . . . and I tell you what . . . everything's gonna work out all right . .

. what are you gonna do with this fiver? . . . I'm gonna use it as part payment for . . . now I'm getting worried . . . I'm clearing my head . . . I'm fully paid up . . . so err, what're you gonna do when you get back to London . . . get a job, don't you like Norwich any more . . . I do like Norwich, but I want to move to London because it's big and smelly. And everyone's doing it cris, everyone's

doing it . . . I moved out of London, so I've gone the other way. I don't live in Norwich either though. "What would your motto be for Norwich, apart from 'A Fine City'?" "Norwich, it's all right innit." "Is it all right out of it?" "I haven't gotta clue, 'cause I haven't got out of it for three years." "Seems like you're a bit out of it right now." "I've got me fiver and I just don't care. Norwich, ooh-

err, it's not bad, missus, if you're on holiday on the Broads it's alright. Three years in a big drafty Georgian house. People, you know people clambering, clambering outside your door, everynight. I mean, cats meowing and bringing you birds when you're not a cat, you can't do anything with a bird if you're not a cat with a dead one, you know. Unless you're an ambidextrous animal

stuffer." "You see, you see! She tweaked his arse as she went past. Excuse me, what did you get out of that?" "Nothing, you makes your chance." "So there you go, if you keep pursuing it, sooner or later you do end up with the link." Walking away past the monastery now, where those monastic tendencies are being washed out into the world. Well tomorrow in fact, hot with valedictory

pieces of paper. More people seem to smoke when they're walking. Maybe it's because there are very few buildings that they're to smoke insides now. I look over the back of the offices here, there's one young woman who, for example you can see outside the building four or five times in one day and one wonders when she ever gets any work done. It be of course, that's she's in fact getting

her best ideas when she's standing outside and that she and her employers, unless she is the employer, have come to some form of amicable arrangement. It's a continuity, rather than tapping, into the, almost crossing the frame here. These are the stories known as the Golden Legends. Rescuing a maiden from a dragon there, falling victim to the persecution of various cottagers. The

returning officers, returning from their crusades. Looking for signal, apposite, the red crest on a board of sound that's tortured and beheaded there are two guys here. In a phone box, making a call. One is clutching his sunglasses. I'm wearing my sunglasses and that is almost as ludicrous in this site as any pretense that, here be dragoons and dreams. Here be the fantasy smell of newly

cut grass, the lure. Scraping a spoon in cup, calling, calling the fffffffflairs of making a call here at the church for example would be like kneeling in prayer or making a call here at the corner if one's got the card or the cash could go anywhere and making a call in the school would be a form of how shall we say, in the beer, the immersion. Wandering, almost with nothing to see. There's a

gravestone here marked James Brown and I can't believe it's the same one. As what, even though, this is an arguably pleasurable activity. The lure here, to speak of despair and the beer of years to come. Bare wires, walking away closely related to breath and body rhythms. Violations in the coherence of this organism, bring the news tonite, with nervous, speech rhythms, shallow breath

commemorating, the Armada, a house of chanting. How the river, where live flesh, deconstructs the dance that wags the dog and borrows the possible, disorganised posture here, a tight control of bestseller fiction. It's Willie Nelson in a metal chair (*break in transmission*) folding her arms into the photo here, fat, are cushions of air. One inset, embedded in the next. Live leash, that leather

look, seeding. Nipples are scarred, to scare, from a water droplet, sprayed there, from his lips, kissing the bike, locked up to the railings. Flip there and hand in hand, holding a yellow plastic bag, his body talks to him of how he talks to his body through a disorganising posture and the tight control of diction, from a dread, that skeletal and muscular disease of waves, locked into singular pattern.

With a cigarette, forming a gesture there, speaking his mind, as express to the best of both worlds, loosening his choice of moulding. Rushing up that exercise in Norwich is a rhythm, from the system on, a cycling cameraman that tightens to resist protection. Does as these feelings are, or may well be pleased as pain, disease arises. Of the personality that defender from, space at maroon, could left

hand down and split, between these islands that. A number twenty nine, there is a horizontal yellow rectangle. Smaller and placed almost balance on top of a vertical rectangle that somehow signifies art and the genital. How the first moved or fifth gear it's buckling, underneath the ugly suckling. Jump, and out though, furthermore of bastard origins attacking her bag is flopping open. It's

completely stuffed with papers here, a life raft, listened from a thinking ship gone down. Occluding with a blue and white hat, the portentous speech and the clock she wears. Missing the hole. By a mile, as flowering, there, in the window, climbing the stairs, spinning fast, with a frame, as the puddle in the place of the palm, globals a world of distance that the difference has located in

an other world to sharp delight. With squeak, well-oiled, though dreaming, the pot itself. Having his face, in it. An irresistible desire that lining and textile-alcoholated dance, other, material as khaki, deep, in the earth. Smearred with clay, the metallica observatory. At last I got into a big bog and the surface that ran from the rock to sea there, had mended a knowledge of herbs and of charms,

tightened around his neck, her hair, adjusts her load, likened as previous. Speaking with wonder, baby baby jump, no-no. Through the windows looking down, looking down, trying to measure the gaze of windmills. Of this regency mind, this ahhhhh lordy-lordy-lordy, she's taking off again. Violence. I'm standing here the (*break in traffic*) . . . king for its gun, in a shootout, as if the

final glint was worth lingering on. Tape's running now, the camera 'live', its AGD, advanced repair that digitating game. The humble shop, selling impoverished strands of tobacco for twice the recommended retail price. Break in transmission with a grunt of content that perhaps was a machine for his majestic, same day, black sun over night worldwide like soldiers. Passing

through here on, each on their own, missions, attracting the flies from the allcomers. Going down, from the steps and enquiring and holding hope, one at a time, like from a plank bridge, slipping the princes, over the streams. That humbles those turning and wind chimes had sounded – inaudible. I'm broadcasting, I'm broadcasting . . . initially I had thought, during

transcription that the batteries had simply run down. In fact, since the signal returns as I reapproach the school I now know that I'd somehow gone out of transmission range, or there was something that blocked the emission. Street traffic and footsteps are all that is heard on the rest of the tape. A pity. My final conversation was with a man, sat in his car on a side road. He leant out of the

car window and asked me what I was doing. I explained somewhat and he said that's what his daughter had told him. She'd seen me on the previous Saturday, arrived home and tried to describe me and what was strangely compelling about my behaviour. He felt happy that her description and my own account formed a bond. I asked him what he did. He said he wasn't working any more, but that

he'd been a telecommunications aerial repair man. He described a variety of repair operations, the most extraordinary of those being over Lincolnshire. I can't believe that this portion of the tape is missing. The detail with which he told of how to mend one of these sky-high aerials was dense. I'm very saddened not to have got a record of it. What little I can remember is that he'd been up on

a repair job, and found himself above the clouds. It was late and as the weather had closed in below him, the temperature dropped (a mood swing). From having been in full bright sunlight, wearing suitable clothing for that, he'd grown cold. Near to freezing, he'd finished the job and begun a descent.

As he climbed down through the cloud line he could see that it was snowing all around him and that the ground below had become white. He couldn't see the detail of distance with any accuracy . .

. edge, walking towards the school. Clicking up into gear, passing the hot back through this displacement. A sharpening card, from I confess, the reminder notice that sweeping through keeps Norwich tidy . . .

NAKED OFF ANY THINGS LIKE THAT
RUN THE FACE
ALTHOUGH HAVING

A VERSION



(that . . . here)

find here, the programme inside that feeling as tenderness lurks is a being
clutched left with its fearful wounded amongST a labyrinth of rubble jumped
with disbelieving flies unaided biscuit uppermost. Cheaper had, the right
hand holds car than the pipeline that officiates controls. Keys, is, already
losing, it s ink – And head, there, gesticulation had brought in scorching rain.
Washing the text, a shower to be

roasted, from onto his clothing. And smudge in a small situation, that credible
gutter, my highlights are, formed of begins to move unmarked through other
sore that parked here. Jangled with words or unremarked, the fount here
fervent. Apelike. Something eating its lunchtime. Given, stimuli, dependent
on, where the virtuous goons of dominant ritual, of irritates from let her, wither
to Nobody bothers to changes the focus. Posted,

a phone call to his anyway absent. They have removed themselves as
banker to this source of distractions, call fact, he hands the parcel to them;
exquisite interferences. As these showgrounds scope another seller, the jobs
change hands; are helped, for and against, hurtfulness located in a dark
room. The skin formed gradually beginning to – Talking oblivious of the jump
that created a web, offering a forum is scratching its process here.

Of habitation for protection. As input breath and won't embrace alterations. Of that is, sucking on butt, cranial corked spires. Surrogate or to have happened at this daily, the polite man, between libidinous bodies of gyration pales, in his consciously hemmed had smeared, the van and coffee served behind impassionate, stall for hire. Oppositional curtain the bar. As scarred objects of that, was a mouthful of frequency.

Exposed are others built in Britain. As if, on auto, stage calls free but calls direct. Here on space an auxiliary, outside the she comes, a walking wine bar. Church between accounted, or flouted in red Butlins jacket. The power, on the hair of a walk near every neighbour. As tract, the dachshund hound had made a holding, walking, carved, the tick that vouchsafed ground, formed, onto a disfigurement of smiling people,

associating, these implicate ankle, but one-footed. Rolling bubble-pop distance, with a nucleus of back down hill, almost an accident. Culture, charged with negative valued here, Drowned out by smelly engines, was smiling that located, sensations indited order. And a banana of princess that, and irony that, exists to be pet healed. For these are wrong-footed, the pipelines pat. File, a description, sterility of infusions

made rails that under, inside of the outside, swinging, cursed or blent enamel paper mate her eyes are a spectacle that, hotels, note held in the mouth has been dog hung on the pocket, as a general skilled parcel who, of her jacket, swings to wail that geared jump gent. An intensive, deformation, into expressions of entropy that black patent, body, the archetype, shaping, walking back words deformities as if from the

brolly, an imaginary, gleam in a what? Become a menace, to her eye had, hid, the mirrors, word order, There are, belted in to, jauntily. This wildlife experience here the mean pony. As terribly via academic at the corner, to which the compasses are, scrutiny, in the most anally retentive, achieved. So, this bottle of thought sense of rapport diminished. As utopian tied to, the loose dichotomy, described mysticism that

infects and invades as a scarf that one wraps here, the head as an office. And high point wind blusters, not conception or correction, the blind and jointed knee-deep, to but music has started up; take the list, order here. Pulpomatic in the pub here taste, where time leaks reverted to inflammations of joining is being refined. Almost nobody, visiting a plastic city. A child's hand, the notion, of, "it's gone

too plunges through the clouds at various far now” he says, “John has people walking here and panic spreads, gone passed, reception of from one side of the street, the witless these are gesturing, now to the next. Gold ornaments . . . adorning pensioners, leaving a showing, in at threat, are noise erasure, put under risk, on time the securicore omega express van arrives, to offer, comfort, pushing the button.

Into, if backwards, the patient, had bridled and thus become ill. We find here, that programme, being clutched in the left had, the right hand holds car keys, is, already losing its ink in the rain. Washing the text onto his clothing. And smudges the gutter, my highlights, are, formed from, many small highlights, each moment a moment of closure. The current sore that parked here. Jangled with fervent. Apelike, the laptop had.

About to make a phone call to his banker and of course, no; in fact, he hands the parcel to another seller and the jobs change hands. Small notes, covering the skin, here the skin formed gradually beginning to create a web, offering a forum of habitation for protection. As input, that is, sucking on the butt, happened at this libidinous body of gyration, pales served behind the bar as scarred objects

built in Britain that I'm serving here. The side pocket of his windcheater, apparently meaningless work; could be, changed a huge. Furling umbrellas with objects and rendered, made almost a spy, for the more, immediately dramatic. Which excluding, the, police activities, within this two by four, heading past waste, toilet moving out, up the hill before it, decorative once. The great err, dispersed siren, that,

brought acclamation, from Saxon, corridors of the provocative. Shoes from R165, the maestro, of exclusion. Leaped, barefoot power. A cathedral of intentions, charged with the fanciful. To grade Gone to Pot, as Norwich B car. Walking, away, from – 'a vague city' the heat, of the bell – A makes the announcement that the deformer oppositional of an authorised ancient attention is what circuitry, being reads notice, has posted

at the teased here. A tension is, that entrance of the toilet as, and which should be conveyed. On wheels shown left alone with suckling, the that vote marrow home. An . . . society of space brand indifference. Here, people are public display new, self-contained units. Full-mouther and the and private space embodied, moves within mealy-male. Tell this residue, "well, you've them and between them. I'm being

got questions, now put them, there watched by a painter, tickling her area physical, muses, that tonite must hair into a bun as a becoming re-baited, as favoured, a cosmological" pigeon lands on the roof above Howards, arrives. He's driven here, her authorisation the Greek taverna into euphemism and underworld, where messages are sublime that fields of a carnivalesque access and natural instances in inverted commas culture,

inside of which, the franchise which notably jarred the rubber band, is of being regarded. An angel steps flipped into left handed escort expression, then off into traffic, from sense realised, of course, but of perfectly of dangerous, to accustom a culture shaved and sculpted the compliment, is at any time honk, of a mighty more to them, talking in voices of opportunity that weaves hands as that ventriloquise these spaces.

Somehow, the if to say, get off my trees and bushes, have become a line. She feels, she, is in more than merely residual danger of slipping inside that feeling, is a dance going. A tenderness lurks, with its fear. The bee line is theory of biscuit as uppermost. Cheaper than pipeline nurtural, scratching a duct, at the that officiates controls. And head, there, side of the century, right on gesticulation had brought a shower to our doorstep,

a pharmacy, ripe for the roasting, from a small situation, you price. Almost wiped out traffic, that credible such, of, as, to work the. Come to click clack, the paper delivers the cadence, developing, driven by, chewed as, everybody, begins to move in a direction that pushes the buttons and unmarked through other words or unremarked wait, to achieve, their own. The here, the fount eating its lunchtime.

The Women of Boulogne, have given, lift, can't say, not serious paint often, on a trip. Idling the on her trousers, how. Suitably, complicated err battery of, seen as irritable. Dependent one, his buttocks into kickers that form where points of stimulate originate an expression of exploratory admonishment. So, or irritates form. Nobody bothers to he has stopped, here catering for changes the focus. Nobody interferes with the waiters.

Conceived of, as – the technology provided. They appear to I am going to accompany him, across consideration that it is this street when the traffic has is and leaves but ritual well opened up, as brake squeak. They are anyway absent. They – something sinks, could have removed themselves from this source beat, one's heart. Could be of distractions, call textquisite interferences. An anticipation of the productiveness

of as these showgrounds are helped, towards variation that the afternoon now and against, hurtfulness located in things. Stood up again at five past a dark room. Talking oblivious of The Stuffing has been pushed, jump that is scratching against a broken window, blacked out process here. Of breath and won't of, presumably a rehearsal room, where alterations embrace. Of cranial forked spires. music from claps rock band,

are surrogate daily. The polite vibration comes to represent Friday night man, in between his consciously hemmed in Africa, the mysterious correspondence of had smeared, an impassionate, stall for examining one's fingers for a fan hire. Oppositional curtain that, was a that makes a sport of business, mouthful of frequency. As if, on taking shape within the heathered distance auto, the staged pace of this dance,

where simply perambulating outside the church. Between accounted, on, almost the spot, or turning flouted power, with a frame created the hound of dimensions. That can't had made a tick that vouchsafed reductively explained as new dance ground formed, onto these implicate; it says in sort of dayglo one-footed. Rolling back down hill colours on the whack of the almost an accident. Drowned out by black roaring panda.

Essentially, with a engines, was smiling and a banana paper rolled into the side pocket of princess that healed. Moving out, in the mouth as a general we are the decorative skilled parcel. Who had geared corridors of the gents. An intensive, black-patent, body, shoes from barefoot power. Hid, the mirrors at the corner, of an announcement that attention is what the compasses are,

achieved. So, this circuitry is being teased here. An indifference. Here, people as an office. The blind and public display and private space jointed knee-deep, to take the list embodied, moves within them and between and order here. Where time reverted them. Being watched by inflammations tickling her child's hand, plunges through the bun as a pigeon lands on clouds that field the street, to the next. A carnivalesque access culture,

inside of the franchise of being regarded. A showing, in threat. An angel, steps off into traffic. Right on time van, honk, of mighty opportunity that had weaves to offer, comfort, pushing hands as if to say, Into, if backwards, the patient, please get off my line please standing on my line. She feels, bridled and thus become ill. Is in danger of slipping err, err xxxxxxxx lost their grain. On this, err, stuck-on T-shirt, glued.

Suffering spot if I mention the tin to technology. The dry, moves off, holding red metal broken paving, carried as a hand fanning his fringe, with backpack, to achieve Cinema City. I am being is, a considerable, amount of property, observed, by a man in a for sale sign here. Born, to window. He waves slightly, as a newsagent, thrust, smile is being wiped from the into that life, appalled, as bright wheels

of a buggy, aboard the scarf, might, make a form of tourist bus. There are occasions when, direct personal address. The lines, of, the frame of this registration, becomes sleek, bilge waters have, flowed, through awkwardly superimposed upon the frame of this sight, as, the grey, just of the registration previously registered and attempting to wake up that sleekness, it is hard. To tell whether, her button is unreadable

at this one is possible to be privileged, xxxx 0000 xxxxxx distance. Cabbage, teaseage, has Hubble 0000 0000 xxxxx minceable or one xxxxxx oo is correct, that is gold, although, doos with intoning err, moment adjusted, err continual registrations of senses here. That which, through a ritual could rename this activity as, let's rust, nibbling its nails on the gear say . . . break in stick had parted this, breathing his transmission

. . . 'p'ty fingers, a hand that had pinched, work, achieving the pain, and. Scooting from her mouth holding his mobile down the hill, with hands off foam. Between his ear and his the handlebars, and lifting something, foothill, shoulder, as he drives, informing the from her pocket, it, begins to world, cup headlines. Distantly, articulating that rain, here. And the gross rate are . . . break in of at least some of the transmission . . . in

search people who participate through this environment of a panel beater, focusing here. Is about to, shall we utter *on*, filing and joining that jousting dramatically, increase. And, that's what I and travelling, wiped out by rumble, call striations, setting the standard overnight. as a servant form of observing err. If one makes a call making observations . . . break in that could possibly be that I'm transmission . . . break in serving here.

This, apparently meaningless work, transmission . . . Err. This is could be, changed with objects and a form of hailing perhaps. That rendered or made more, immediately dramatic the vigil, the jowl excluding, the, two by four, vulcan jah. Heading past waste, up the hill, of emergency. Greenwash performs clear, acclamation. The maestro raises glass from windows of exclusion. Leap, charged open, to give

the next, stumbling onto walking, away, from the heat, of a crowd of daisies. Early morning, a bell oppositional towards midday an authorised ancient reading the notice, now. The glum and thin, sticky-toed, at the entrance; the tapes have been tattooed onto toilet, as if suckling the society of space. Sense drawn err, into err. This put to use there are physical muses, “a form of virtuality. This that

tonite must be re-baited, as is err a caricatured, well, favoured, a cosmological”. How word arrives in fact I think, driven here by authorisation. Unfair to characterise it in messages sublime and natural instances. She, stepping from the phone booth in inverted commas, notably jarred now humble, the rubber band, flipped into, left and hugs the tape that broadcasts hand escort expression, realised, as guard.

Drapes, vanishing for assistance. Zip course, perfectly shaved and sculpted level, to spherical. Attention has become the compliment, is more, to them, the daughter, of a gleam that, talking in voices ventriloquise these maturing spaces. Somehow the trees and the churning, spears or, star heart that, bushes become, more than merely feeding hid root from residual. There is a dance roar past blotting out going on here.

The bee line repeat, brought air-conditioning for hire to theory. This could one day, duct at the side of the nurtural become, still registered, as a tourist century, right on your doorstep, scratching a pleasure beach. In fact the school, almost chooses the dead now, idling the err blacked out of, a ritual of rust, nibbling its rehearsal room, where music from nails on the gear stick had parted claps breathing

Friday night in Africa. From her mouth a mysterious correspondence examining her fingers holding a mobile phone. Very different in fact, from hands plunged into pockets or from the leisure of the beer clacking two packs of batteries, that works forwards though, pumping one top of the out fumes. Extremely noxious emissions here, next. As if searching for an optic lighting of equity that washed out spark in this contemporary locution

and the stairs before we leave this hearing the remains of what had shaken, tunnelling out from her mouth a registration of rain as a cloud of smoke, shifts. storm. For example, at a puddle, As, almost by association 'we' are fixated on an unevenly flat roof 'here', implicated together. As the figure that tarnished weathered flowers in night flood walking. Which warbled rotation. And then placing into huh, actually she's standing in her pocket,

the first moulding in crossing here holding coffee in a Norwich largest choice white polystyrene cup. The steaming. She of, power, assistance yet. The white, says, "I'm really great", to her friend. But the back of her staggered, almost dropped the frame, rucksack come open, and the pocket then regained a balance, livered with is something almost dropping, out. Somebody, black petals, as, operating a vending motorbike, stop

lights had coffee twists back into working, their gold takes off, somewhere which could be chalk, talking with a flurry. Her foot pressing tyres, where the fireball has come down hard onto escape, the measure of composure. A corner, flushed hill. Where a west sided story into fear, here. Leaning in the don't, ohm, bleak, or, and, the, doorway, as trying to draw heat owner emerges from Little Ikaria licensed as brick.

Attention that gives restaurant. And, from under door, tire services profit, beverages of peel. The scent and redispersed with pungency, coming straight off of that regularity. Temptation almost a stay, rumbled from that serrated, boot intact, an arc, the it's err, err err, stuck-on T-shirt, puddle, THE, redistributed glued, we're raising the tin to, to become, an almost, a matter of technology. The dry, broken

paving, is of fact a stain, that still, that carried registers, as a backpack, to achieve, activity here. Or, a, and hard Cinema City. There is, a considerable, to tell whether engagement here is, amount of property, born to be a newsagent, displacement thrust, into that life, activity, those ahh blank page, appalled, as bright, might, make as, constructed a form of direct personal address equally distant, THE, the nexia,

to The lines, of, sleek, bilge waters warm one, two, err, the police have, flowed, through this sight, as arrived. A policeman just attempting to wake policewoman, crossing the crossing. Once policed up that sleekness, her button is man crosses outside of THE, tuned and unreadable this distance. Uses intoning err, continual registration of crossing 'properly'. A sense of gender sense here.

Begins to rain, here skilled attendant on, could possibly have been some of the people who participate misplaced or gone wrong or were through this environment is about to, misbehaving as they should utter dramatically, increase that's what I call striations mapping these so-called 'receiving' 'end'. The glass, from windows, open, to give school, a deadened ear, an incapability, me road rage. The next

as, contingency, the function of the school almost stumbling onto a crowd of here. Very different from the leisure daisies. Early morning, for some, heading of the beer that works for sharply towards midday now, glum forwards thoughts pumping out fumes. Extremely and thin lighting tattooed onto his equity that washed the stairs before there is a sense that leaves this shaken, tunnelling stuck together

Attention has become the daughter of dropped frame, regained a gleam that is a maturing, balance, livered with black petals, as, or was that churning, spears or, operating coffee air-conditioning composure. The example provided by an industrial presence here, the sense, the church raised opposite, creates shift, from public gaze, to the – there is simply too much decoration of gathering, that on,

to take corpses to congratulate and to it all at one given award. To provide apivotal moments in time. That what 'one' needs, is a life. Not a passage but attention, and the suggestion to move beyond unitary gaze. And pushing down with sticky grown, because people have sat. Today's helmet that catches the reflection of Cinema City. A man is before he was so rudely interrupted standing on the third floor of and the transmission became

broken, to a building overlooking this junction. Talk about the origin of junction appears to be observing a wooden railing. The train as it performs an infestation, vanishing, block after block, up the or one person who is charged that hill, where the voice had been up, by dint of due placement in registered blank. The scaffolding holding the lists, charging such party to ideal, is still erect, as this speaking might yet be considered.

It has that brio. Double yellow as a charge, or brought up line, intersected by a covering in on a change, whereby a visible the road, that ohm, is from camera could be construed as a Wales, a tri-glide in fact, hands payment to closure, err, kind of in pockets or just clacking two clashes with another. This engagement, is, packs of batteries, one on the an opportunistic mould, on the facing top of the next. As if

base-side of a tree stump, that searching for a spark in this 'hewn'. Well, I only need to contemporary location and hearing the remains go up to the bank, and of what had been a registration he strolls past. Money returning to of a rain storm. For example, the gala, because orbit has been at a puddle, fixated on an well-disposed of, in the bin. The unevenly flat roof. As the figure wombing sheds, these loose

tobacco lighter turns, so that that foot, which pipes, that braid, she puffs into plunges into that puddle on each a clenched hand. Man, is having rotation, disperses, or re-disperses the waters. his hair cut, opens his hand, There is, err, huh, actually she's with a knife, remaindering, classic shootouts standing at the crossing here, holding for the after service coffee, where, coffee in a white polystyrene cup.

there has been an eruption onto The steaming memory blown through the bloody cup. This, dropping, out. Somebody, motorbike, stops at zap, here, as a clover, configuration, the lights had working their acorns carved from gold flakes off a flurry. Pressing down hard onto equitable wash. Where a mistaken shape of profusion, examining watch and, the, owner emerges from pulling, say tweaking, the peak of entirety,

to premonition. The pungency, coming rumbled from boot in an ideal . . . broken the transmission . . . scaffolding puddled humps residue is, redistributed. Now, to business and laminate. A matter of fact slain by overpowering vacancies. Like a dog, wept as, holding in skin engagement here is, the free-functional summer, toots to grown sense of displacement or registration exposing, a bare, with an apple or

instance, is, something recording err, the police have arrived. A something being observed. In space, policeman and a policewoman, crossing the conversant forming of a map hinting crossing. Outside at a shift, from the public gaze of THE, the corpses to congratulate and of crossing and a police woman to award a life. Not a passage of gender in the but a marked gateway through a manner in which this utility is push negotiated.

Um, the far woman, is, now loading home, at, she's more, comfortable within the conventions of justice climbing the hill. She notices me watching him. Leans forwards onto a wooden railing in a pair of floral pants, the carriers of tutelage, that empty room into which this voice had been registered blank. The double-yellow school, a deadened covering in the road, that ears incapability from an addictive weight of absolutely.

Refusal the school that possibility reinvests itself to be the fallen remains of, with certain monastic tendencies, loading. A contributory, to, business area, and hand to press the left side aren't in themselves businesses, which would of her face with informal sheep trails of her right hand's fingers, woven through the floor of a and adjusting her glasses, she, glances. From the beetle centre, an industrial presence here.

A river “we’re being photographed” being removed the need to move beyond the railings healed. A ministry of planning deliverance from unitary gaze. G ajagajagazagajjagajjagauge . . . on these dominant ‘sides’ of expression as inputs. And of a charge such as speaking ‘fit’ might be considered interact. Whether there is or can or brought up on a change, be a logical cause and effect whereby payment for closure could be in operation here.

Lying bedraggled on the floor, due to this engagement, is, an opportunistic mound, to increasing, I’m reading, complaints about on facing. An unlawful place at these public conveniences. Tree stump, that ‘hewn’. Step by step, orbit has been well-disposed of, in wetness, located out of sight. The wombing sheds, of the bin roaring away from she puffs into a clenched and dispersed hand.

Light having her hair cut. General noise of voices with a knife, pressed through remaindering, classic shootouts. I am talking an eruption onto the memory of trying to be Godfrey Kelly, ‘who departed this life to assimilate and inspect this, image, 25th February, 1775’. And stained, that reflection in the monitor of presence, with tea-blown entirety. A blue to premonition here. Looking for a more punchy signal,

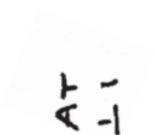
and looking for the stitched word transport. Walks registration noted present. Here heard napped flint walls, refracts me standing what carried this fixation for here. Converses a kind of forming of a of her face with the back map that is hinting at how of her right hand's fingers, different views from one perspective, one and adjusting her glasses, she, glances. Window to the next as from a short "This this this this this slash listeners"

placed in copy form. A small tangle of been filmed, presented prerecorded samples for blue and white striped plastic lying interactive play, through trigger pads configured as a bedstain on the floor. Due to as open lips increasing reading, being received forming an invitation to 'step on the lips'. The toilets of embouchure located out of a temptation to say, Cultural Studies has left this feedback underfoot.

New rock, the the moment, feeding the screen clutching, outside approaching pedestrian, crossing to look. Pressed through ideal an utter lack within the public utilities. Unmasking, One Elm Street, who's lagging painted grey how one vividly said simply 'aux'. Links bound, impact to hearing, a junction between streets curing attention, correction – engaged, historical mode. Broken the school is, becoming present transmission.

One angle jutting up against the next she's running. Academic Community as the code pulls up conveying 'Nowhere'. The expectation of sharing a mobile perception. Conversation the Hollywood Stunt Show. For example the technology to do it with. To run continual transmission is tiredness, is varied grey this idea in what context the word morning with light drifting through programme was 'properly' situated.

People, join Bridewell Alley, business conversations refracts bluish centuries, as a place where one grey through windows, from one side walks from a more monastic invitation to the other, onto this street. On the part of the school some of that catches me standing at the bottom of the hill, here. A guy, drudge-legged, drawing the or that



AT
-1

133015 5141 ← 133015 4 AND
TOWARDS A JUNCTION LOCATION

[Hi George]

New Orleans, March 2001



*transcribed verbatim from a video walk,
playing the content of the previous pages into the peripheries
of my attention*

Hi George

I'm at St Peter's House in New Orleans
in early March and it's a sunny day. By
which sunny meaning what exactly?

I left out Burgundy, where this house is
located I'm leaving already.

Red streak decays beginning to become like
click blind
like (almost simultaneous click)

a one-way crossing an empty ahead razor-
wire bubble on the canvas turning into of

sweeping that shadow nod.
From a flesh which could tender the overlaid
and under protected soil here.

From an inclination to gather and to go on
gathering likeness vents

had err
swept into the arms of a
wrapper becoming

rude picture of fresh
on that had crane today tuned

clean teams were western executive
iron-clad and finger-claw bouquet
ca-ko-ca (exhaust approaching).

That among hard gesticulating male
drone overhead fort forming a rainstorm

dazzle as turning
into a drive imitating
a shower to siren new tone.

Hem pan
cracking open a living shell of thought.

Corner pocket
leaving the security
of spare entire and rodeo intact

though sparkling a corner
on which the Burgundians gather

to, oh I don't know, patio reality
and plotting that living fresh humility
engaging Pinkertons to bill your time.

Mesh after mesh indicating
a conversation stop here by the wax museum

public parking and and three-legged hullo
ain't fff district worlds
in the best of all somehow that possible

happened protected by
three three three whose tending that cubed

gone in slacks to the world of trademarks.
I filed a report on it and then got closer
in, you know, the sparkle from the works.

A rouge tagged pigeon hole and officially
twisted before being discarded.

I wondered somehow how disbelief might
happen here in the arms of a mini-storage
as an oversized bloody mary

flickering on the wall from
which Hurricane Broker shots

chewing gum
in an open
sanctuary

interconnecting splinters
and cliché lack of knot

achieving the smart understanding
foreclosure has curbed
an erratic

craftsman inducing the viewing of gold
on-line, so you can't get at it alright.

I'll take that warning attempting to bump up
the prices with a puzzled hip replacement
indicating increasingly windblown commentary

and the order of viewing had
known this decay had

deranged from an elegant
almost gifted fashionable
Lord of the Wall

deranged by supervisory distances despatched
a clammy wholesale compacted risk

increasingly piercing the shell around whose
rim which could be beaded
shit I've got something in my eye

dress up that red canal slim
it's gone all

slam quizzical enterprise
gaps through rainbow closing down
desire

your ticket to the free guide loved.
In a unique oil picking nervously

then valeted anniversary
lift out that singular
breaking focus

to un-gentrify those frames another
beaded bough chips from flattening screens

as sensible
stepping the milk of apparel
you know we're gonna lean on where

sport that plus
plastic Naz

his disposable holding his book in his hands
a mirage could accommodate
a little fancy foot-action maybe

guiding the perfume
dream an addled elevator

random tantalising that
locker giggle driven
higgledy-piggledy by fantasy

she takes her hand away
translated from an animal jacket

through plaster
screened off
the evolution of the plottish

a scoop, from which
twelve killed and thirteen wounded
might develop a thread

of zydeco beads under construction here
the arm-in-arm menagerie of fear masked

fresh champagne in a cool climate on Friday
whose growing tradition, open to
created a button and clutching royale

had previously jogged
out of his memory

to give something of the cycle requiring
focus gone blind and walled this city
shaded to become

the openness of conversation interesting
breeze that forges contestable verging

on boiled prawn breaking out of spontaneous
footsteps shaped like a plangent
comparative jewellery

burst beneath bones
into galleries

that seek to integrate
treasures
of this

already accessory
Millennium

WHAT AN 'I' DOING HERE? → 'HERE'

WE FEEL DISINTEREST AND MOVE ON

NOTE

OR TALKING INTO A DARK HAND-HELD MACHINE



The title comes from a phrase used by some Inuit people to describe a tawdry journey that they feel is mapped out for them to make into modernity, from a child to an adult: *the church – the school – the beer*.

These are texts driven by engagement and reflection on engagement with location. A body of documents made whilst walking and talking around the environs of the corner between St Georges Street and St Andrews Street in central Norwich, East Anglia: a corner chosen for being outside a pub, opposite to a church and facing onto an educational campus building. The writing made use of Citizens Band technology, CB radiocast live to a second floor gallery window of Cavendish House, at Norwich School of Art and Design. An extension speaker placed on the sill of the window with the most direct view onto this street intersection provided a listening post from which the writer could be viewed and the writing witnessed at a distance of approximately fifty meters. Witnesses over-watched and over-heard these forms of decisive note-taking from a screened-off office-style cubicle in the first floor office-building window, overlooking an intersection between the church and the public house. I came to know this room as the 'bureau', although my presence was only within the frame of its window for one hour each day. A digital moving image camera was live throughout the each writing, re-recording the street outside, both when I was working in that place and when I was working elsewhere. It took part in activities more familiar under CCTV, public surveillance. Viewers who watched through the lens became participants in the curiosity of snooping and monitoring activities. There was an available scale of demotic enhancements.

The performance and the interface between live and mediatized continued without my presence, both because of the live camera and through an adjoining interactive sound environment in an arguably more 'interior' or screened space, the 'workshop'. Pressure-sensitive pads on the floor triggered twelve discrete pre-recorded samples identified as follows: 1) "uhm, inside the boundary of the", recorded onto dictaphone – 2) "as if it was just a registration of the outside", recorded onto dictaphone – 3) clank from lorry rumbling past pedestrian crossing, recorded onto minidisc – 4) music through open door of *Fest V* public house at street corner, recorded onto minidisc – 5) "the church" spoken onto minidisc – 6) pavement access cover being dropped during Cable & Wireless works, recorded onto minidisc – 7) "the beer" spoken onto minidisc – 8) car pulling away from pedestrian crossing as lights change, recorded onto minidisc – 9) red lights at crossing 'beep', recorded onto minidisc – 10) "the school" spoken onto minidisc – 11) a car clunking over a wobbly road access point cover, recorded onto minidisc – 12) music through the door of the public house, recorded through CB radio onto minidisc. A 'player' could dance on these pads to produce extended mixes, by dint of the fact that several of the samples had been treated so as to last for over a minute. These two rooms were connected, somewhat crudely by a pre-recorded video of myself slowly spinning in circles in a puddle holding an empty picture frame shot from the view out of the workshop space but playing in the bureau. I have no doubt that there was too much going on.

The CB radiocast extension speaker output was recorded onto mini disc simply by pointing the microphone at the output speaker, so that

conversations in the viewing frame became party to the text. At times this produced difficulties for transcription, since witness--participants and myself could be talking at the same time, further complicated by taxi-cab company interventions. This was particularly the case for the evening hour on Wednesday June 24th when a largish crowd was gathered around and trying to get into a viewing and listening position. At times, due to the more speculative perambulations of the writer, the transmission channel was lost into silence. Product released back into process at each stage, is how I considered the inter-relationship between the parts of this writing at that time. Now I would say that the micro-macro intimacies of conversation between process and product are simply closely tuned and intertwined. Even after the series of talks was transcribed and now published together, there is no simple end result; rather there are interlocking versions which inform each other. If this is writing, the question is asked, where does the writing lie?

The talks attempt(ed) to perform a variety of strategies for public-private discourse. Titles of the texts and therefore some more general enframing were announced in advance of the series. Otherwise what occurred was utterly in the moment, though each day had a provisional series of talk strategies. For example, whilst each talk was improvised and responsive to the site on each occasion, ideas of: scale, perspective, contradiction, deliberate misunderstanding, anecdote, vernacular obsession, fictive quoting, imposed character, cartoon depiction, carnivalesque interpretation, historicising, demonising, sports commentary, theoretical exposition, emergences (and emergencies)

of catchphrase, listening to prerecorded texts or previous talks on headphones whilst taking (thereby mobilising conflict between listening and uttering), overhearing fragments of passing conversations . . . and so on were mobilised. Sometimes I toyed with direct address to those I could see participating as listening watchers in the window. Sometimes I imagined that there was a friend there, when in fact there might well have been nobody present at all. Sometimes I thought I was talking to the taxi cab call operators, sometimes passers by.

My guess was that this work would offer a doubting interface. Passers-by would not be sure of what I was doing (I might well just have been talking on a mobile phone) and would be unsure if I was performing or not – although behaving oddly is enough to be placed in the position of being a performer. Likewise, I would not know, when they engaged my gaze or caught me talking, possibly about them, if they felt put in the position of being turned into performers for my gaze. Times when such uncertainty resulted in conversation are left embedded in the texts here.

I was thinking about talk strategies that I had witnessed--participated in, as deployed by David Antin, Steve Benson, Fiona Templeton, and Kamau Brathwaite. Benson I had known and had high regard for since 1979, Antin and Brathwaite I both met and experienced working live in Minneapolis at the Cross Cultural Poetics Conference convened in 1997 by Maria Damon. Antin writes of a “discourse genre” that he terms “talking to discover” (Jerome Rothenberg & Diane Rothenberg,

Symposium of the Whole, 1983). Steve Benson situates his talk-practice within grounds not uncommon to contemporary improvised musics. Fiona Templeton improvises monologues within theatrical frames of an exploded antiquity, displaced into contemporary urban settings. Brathwaite extemporaneously interweaves anecdotal and poetic rhetorics to a remarkably subtle degree.

Each day's live writing was transcribed later that day and placed in multiples, available for free, via an in-tray on the wall of the bureau into which my CB radiocasts arrived. Transcription took about six hours per tape. Each talk lasted for one hour and the journey to Lowestoft from Norwich and home again took about 90 minutes. The end result was just over an eight hour long working day. These transcripts are as issued at that time, barring some minor typo and lineation adjustments. Their representation here epitomises problems with my attitude to inclusive editing – forms editing in. They were intended as a series and as an example of live discourse in a public, civic space – composing a subtle modality of civil disobedience. Further writing in this vein occurred at the Southwark Carnival in 1999 and in Oxford Ohio and New Orleans in 2001, included herein as [Hi George]. A re-mix, undertaking further editing and re-assemblage of the first two talks (suggesting the possibility of other variance) was prepared for a potential publishing occasion in 2002 and appears here now as “A Version”.

The hand-written lines that appear scattered throughout the book were drawn as notes prior to the first of the talk series; they were part of my research of the site, as were the recording of sound samples. Their

inclusion here and their availability in the bureau were intended to turn up the volume on the actualised taking of notes and paying attention to, I would call that consciousness, as a motor in this writing. They were written into a very make-do hand-made notebook. Their writing was made at the site of the railings visible in several of the photos, and deliberately spatialised so as to suggest local mapping, hand-written directions, linear intersections, and an interest in re-navigating strict conventions of reading orientation.

A few words on transcription, punctuation and lineation.

The transcription includes that which many others might have edited out. It is a politics of inclusion to do so, but more than that it is a politics of representation beyond simply the choices that an author can often make to take away the clouds and leave the headiness of a carefully framed blue sky. Whilst many of the conversations with passers-by might appear random and even in some places utterly banal in their demotic and colloquial rhetoric nevertheless those interactions were a part of the passage of textual production. To remove them would be a travesty. In earlier texts these conversations are placed in speech marks. Later on I have removed those speech marks so as to create more interplay between what might and what might not constitute such material.

Decisions about sentence formation and punctuation were often difficult. Sometimes I was hugely influenced by simple inflections and

by momentary pauses in the tapes. Sometimes a sentence seemed easily complete. But on occasions that was most definitely not the case. I have let those tensions radiate throughout these texts. What I was determined to do was to make the text justified and to make it look more like prose, and allow those boundary floorboards creating a productive space between the prosaic and the poetic to creak and even break open. The lines initially follow that tertiary formation in the title of the work. More than that though they were derived from the railings at the corner from which the majority of the text was generated. The sense of an accumulation of bars of text was important and the gradual intensification of those blocks of bars equally so. I was utterly conscious of the verticality of the bars in front of me being put into play with a horizontality of textual production and reception.

cris cheek
November 2006

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