

Buried Alive

Mortification and Monadology

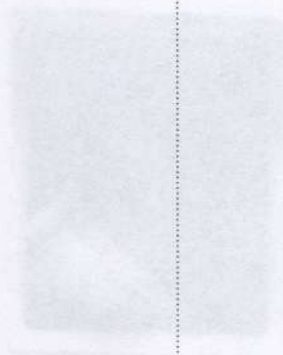


To Saul Taylor

For making himself elsewhere . . . from us.

Buried Alive

Monstrosity and Technology



As a child...
I dreamt myself
in my cul-de-sac
the object of a terminal disease.
From fear of death's lonely imposition
I infected all my friends.

Introduction

There is a scene in the film 'The Day the Earth Stood Still' that continually returns to mind as exemplary of the project which this work represents. In it there is a blackboard on which is written an extravagant algebraic formula. It is designed to calculate the possibility of inter-galactic travel. It is almost complete but contains only one error, overlooked by the brilliant astro-physicist who has written it. An extra-terrestrial visitor corrects this error and the formula is complete. This gesture proves the alien's intellectual supremacy and validates his 'off-world' status. But it is the image of the calculation on the blackboard which figures here. As a 'sign' it connotes the complexity and validity of science - its truth-value - but as a 'real' calculation denotes nothing. The enterprise which I have undertaken is constantly snared by this thought; that the work amounts to no more than an illusory solution to an imaginary problem, my 'thought' caught between a beleaguered 'faith' in academic clarity and scientific method, and the recognition that all this could be just another sham.

Are not all introductions disguised conclusions? The completion of the equation is ideal. It would mark the termination of the entire project, its realization, a sort of 'escape'.

The psychic affliction I have addressed here (in the vain hope of curing) is related to many common and everyday foibles. The involuntary counting of steps, lamp-posts or whatever, not stepping on cracks, the snippet of a song you despise but cannot stop singing, or the association of music you once loved with a past which you would prefer to forget. In all these examples the problem is one of an involuntary, repetitive and meaningless mental recurrence. The former examples are like minor symptoms of a psychic disease, while the last example - more closely associated with the affliction I will describe - marks the beginning of the disease's terminal phase. What is this space which traps the beauty of music, arrests it and holds it fast in the empty interiors of memory? Where is this space, what is it for, and why does it threaten to destroy pleasure? This is the space I have found it necessary to enter, stubbornly and with malice at first. Having

learned, over time, that any attempt to dismantle this space with theoretical equipment or psychic weaponry only increases its dominion, I now wait 'inside', patiently, for it to speak, to reveal its reason and purpose.

A once coincidental space - now the same space - occurs when one reads a text. Imagine someone 'playing tennis for fun'. How do you set the scene in your mind? For the image to make sense you must find a referent, a lived example of a 'tennis court' [This image sets the narrative of Harry Crews'

'A Feast of Snakes', for instance.] It took me some time to realize that once a site like this has been set (when reading a novel this usually occurs within the first few pages) the rest of the narrative takes place in the geographical vicinity of this original place. It matters not where the narrative is literally set; on a sub-conscious level it is following the routes of 'somewhere-you-once-were'. Non-narrative texts work similarly. Early in their reading a fixing site will be set for a key-word or idea. This fixing enables the entire body of the text to be held at a reference point in the sub-conscious terrain and re-called at will. This capacity produces a 'nominal' (i.e. the names of authors, ideas, titles, etc) information storage and retrieval system grounded in an imaginary memorial space. Although the precise reason a set of ideas become attached to particular sites is difficult to ascertain, this 'automatic' system operates according to the association of 'similar' ideas. Initial attempts to find the common thread that bound these associations together marked the beginning of the 'Landscape Project'. In effect, what this work represents is the attempt to unpick the psycho-mechanics of an involuntary, interior memory system.

I use the word 'memorial' throughout this work to designate fixed sites of textual information on this sub-conscious terrain. They mark out an odd space, somewhere between memory and imagination, past and future. 'Memorials' are not visible at the sites. They designate more precisely the 'lead' or 'attractive' points which directs thought into the interiors. This space is utterly empty of other beings. It is always a place I knew as a child, often at the intersection of two or more streets. Most of the locations have no immediate association with significant events or experiences in my past.

The word 'Memorial' is significant for two further reasons. They are orientation points which re-mind the reader where one began. Any memori-

al makes cartographic sense of the surrounding vicinity . They are central locations which help to organize the directions of the reading subject. Memorials also mark the location of the dead. The significance of this meaning is slowly developing in the project.

The problem revolves around a relationship between memory, knowledge and pleasure. The memory system I describe is not associated with memory as pleasure but memory as the accumulation of similarities. It is not concerned with being-in-the-world but being reduced the assimilation of experience as organized 'information'. This being is inside itself alone. From here there is no sense of an elsewhere or an other person. Any desire for unknown pleasure (or escape) is wrapped up in this isolated complex. Libidinal movements, once 'recognized', and thus arrested, create a kind of short-circuit loop back to the memorial interior.

The wall maps presented here are not 'invented' by myself. I have simply attempted to map accurately the significant material as it is found in the memory banks. Just as the information, once fixed, never moves, so the subject cannot help but return to interior space once a similarity is recognized. The formal arrangements of the information is arbitrary, the outcome of chance and convenience in the wall map's making. This form may reveal something I have missed, something at a higher level of logical abstraction. Perhaps the viewer will be able to recognize the logical threads which hold the system together and suggest a point at which it could be shut down.

Not all the memorial zones are set in the town of my biographic origin. Several are scattered about in other places I have lived. The most recurrent, dominant, and 'life-threatening' however, are in York. These seem to have an increasing potential to reduce all sentient pleasures to signs and organized information. In effect, they separate being-in-the-world, to an isolated and completely unified 'Self' trapped in a repetitive interior. Time, from the inside, is merely a digital sequence of completely predictable cycles. The future amounts to no more than the repetition of the same. It is a time seen as an unconsciously organized pattern indifferent to the desires of the subject. Activities which involve some promise of liberation or escape (such as sexual relations, inter-personal communication, or aesthetic pleasures) are violently subjected to the laws of this memorial system.

The following text is divided into five sections. This is a provisional arrangement because, as one might expect, almost all the information presented here is organized around the memorial substratum. Sub-sections have been placed in a particular relation to each other, such that they are not immediately linked by the same memorials, nor are they utterly unrelated. I have scanned the last lines of each section and placed it in a relation to the first lines of the next, so that the circuit of related ideas attains its maximum cartographic circumference.

Should the reader wish to read work in one particular section they can follow the sequences according to the appropriate alphabetic key in the left hand margin.

Parenthetical inclusions are indicated by a contrasting typeface.

Map references in the right margin refer to co-ordinates on the wall maps as they occur in relation to key ideas and words in the text, the sites of their memorial association. The letter C in this index indicates the direction of the projected cabin-net project.

Section A : Descriptions, Prescriptions and Promises

Writing in this section attempts to describe what is meant by the Landscape Phenomenon and Memorial Function in terms of their organization, systematic operations and emotional effect. This section also explains the mistaken discovery and development of the Landscape Phenomena in terms of 'creative' potential.

Section B : Further Consideration

This section contains reflections on the Landscape Phenomenon and offers certain theoretical propositions with regard to its history, purpose and dynamics.

Section C : Potential Titles

All large print words or phrases on the wall maps and in this text are 'Potential Titles'. They are words or combinations of words which cannot be mapped in one particular location because they condense a general response to the landscape system. Potential titles have a peculiar temporal characteristic in that they tend to name as yet un-made texts. As such they demonstrate the kind of automatic, future-orientated vanity (in fact a minor ontological disaster) that leads one to imagine such things as the names of bands, children, paintings, poems, songs, novels, headlines etc. before they exist. The existence of names for things that have not been made shares something of the temporal and productive contradictions that produce tortuous double-binds for the 'pretenders' who imagine them.

Section D : Red Notes

The writings in this section are extracted from 'entries' to a series of red jour-

nals (Red to denote emergency and humiliation) over the last three years. The entries extracted deal directly with the landscape phenomena. The formal arrangement of these 'pieces' pretends to certain forms of poetry. As such each piece is under the strict control of the scapes. Poetic pretension has two main terminals; the 'Southlands Intersection' (immediately with the landscape as central issue) and 'Carr Infant School' (in the 'open field' with Pound, Olson, Lewis. Don David is here too with the 'Gay New York poets'. A poem I attempted beginning 'Deja Vu' ends here). This section also quotes relevant secondary sources.

Section E : Framing Enablers

Discusses the attendant portrait project and includes comments and responses from the sitters. This material is not directly related to the Landscape Project. It was devised to 'fix' the show and as a game to play with the sitters. The subjects chosen for their simulated deaths are all people I very much admire but feel a 'special' ambivalence towards. I felt that they especially would understand something about the project itself. I have not considered this project in any thorough analytical way.

Wall Map Key

The locations indicated here represent the most recurrent (and thus 'dominant') memorial zones. They are called by name in the main body of the text. The pin colours indicate those used on the Wall Maps in the gallery. The Map References do the same but with less accuracy.

No	Locale	Pin Colour
01	Southlands Intersection	Red
02	Water Lane	Blue + dot
03	Hitler Vortex	Black + dot
04	Carr School Field	Red + dot
05	School Steps	Purple
06	Rowntrees' Park	Green
07	Lowry Corner	Lime green
08	Romantic Tanx	Sky blue + dot
09	Virginia Woolf Wall	Orange + dot
10	St. William's College	Blue
11	Victoria Arch	Yellow
12	Ings	Green + dot
13	Marygate	Yellow + dot
14	Tel. No. Kissing Zone	Sky Blue
15	Black Death Bus Stop	White + dot
16	Kathy Acker Corner	Orange
17	Discreet Car Park	Black
18	Home Base	Lime green + dot
19	Misc.	White

D1 'How does one create a memory for the human animal? How does one go about to impress anything on that partly dull, partly flighty human intelligence - that incarnation of forgetfulness - so as to make it stick?' As we might well imagine, the means used in solving this age-old problem have been far from delicate: in fact there is perhaps nothing more terrible in man's earliest history than his mnemotechnics.'

Friedrich Nietzsche- *The Geneology of Morals*

E1

Dec 12 93

Dear John,

I would like to contribute to your project. In what way however I am not certain. Thanks for describing the scene you wish to construct. It weakens the 'pathos of distance' and employs some feasibility. I hope all is going well with you. I do apologize for appearing detached, disinterested or rude. My current state is apparently more complex than the reactionary formation these dismal words express.

(I'm glad you've spent some time with David. Paula may come up here, if she sorts a few things out w/ her visa. I think the percentage is low. I don't think I'll be able to return to N.Y. for a while.)

(I've trashed much of The Persecution. Decided I wasn't pleased w/ it. Disgusted w/ what I've 'accomplished'. Trying to do some reformatory surgery.)

(The work was polarizing in a way I didn't consider credible.)

Thanks for the text you enclosed. I liked it on first reading. In effect, I admire the whole letter. By nature, I am an extremely suspicious person.

Perhaps it was much to the point when you said "In your place I will use something else". (Well, these were not your precise words.) For isn't that the essence of death? "I will put something in your place", and in your place I will use something else.

(I hope you enjoy the latest - enclosed - addition to my 'ecclesiasti-

01

04

01

11

06

cal' writings).

'Bodily Integrity Damaged by Miracles'.

Schreber was a very bright man whose father invented corrective disciplinary devices e.g. for proper table posture etc. Basically, he was in the harness business.

Unfortunately, I've never read his *Memoirs*, in toto. Only excerpts and some work about them. I have never found a copy! (I also require copies of; Lord Horror, *The Velvet Underground*, *Necronomicon*.) Given the consolidation of the theme of 'transmission and constitution', and your own correct observation about the 'interlacings' of my own etc., (I haven't seen 'Blue'. But I wasn't offering anything constructive. Forget about it. I thought about cobalt-blue salt blocks in cattle pastures I knew as a child.)

(The other night I dreamt Michael sent me his syllabus for this semester, which he did today. In the dream, one of the classes was devoted to POISON. My unconscious tends to be relatively bright, for wouldn't an historical module devoted to 'poison' be most appropriate for an 'ethics' class?) I want to do all of this expeditiously. One more letter from you for final instructions or perspectives, and it will be done.

(My maternal grandfather's brother was a harness-maker. But for horses.) Now that we are in the art world, you have to be careful about the use of body fluids. They have such an illustrious tradition and then, sometimes so arbitrary and cliché.

The problem is only the distance and my lack of access in Montreal to an infrastructure. Some blind spots, but none too many. I know that your purpose is only to speed up time and hasten (inevitable) necrological returns. In other words (a mnemotechnics of the 'future'); memory in advance of [death] and the appearance of 'origins'.

3.26 pm, McGill University

11:38 pm



I don't know if I've been very helpful. But I do want to participate. I like the idea.

"The closest I came to death" was the day I was born. I was born w/ a 'common cold', w/ fluid on my lungs, that was drained off by a machine. However, it malfunctioned and the presiding Dr. (Hurley) used his mouth in a siphoning effect. My mother has a brief description in a 'baby book' (I would love to write one of these). I recall this passage: "for Don is in the oxygen tent and has turned blue".

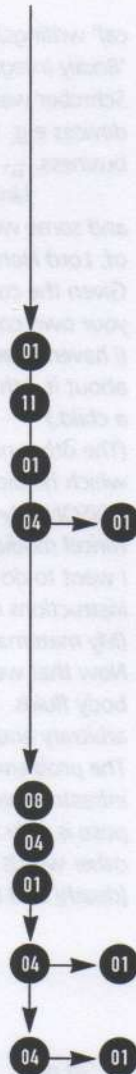
Often, in states of anxiety, I have the sensation of something (like a tube) in my mouth and touching my throat. I suspect it is of this early memory.

There will never be a time when machines remember for anyone

*Best Regards,
Don*

D2 "I am an intellectual thug who has been slowly accumulating a private arsenal with every intention of using it. In a mindless age every insight takes on the character of a lethal weapon every man of good will is the enemy of society. Lewis saw that years ago. His "America and Cosmic Man" was an H-bomb let off in the desert. Impact nil. We resent or ignore such intellectual bombs. We prefer to compose human beings into bombs and explode political or social entities...I should prefer to de-fuse this gigantic bomb by starting a dialogue somewhere on the sidelines to distract the trigger-men or to needle the somnambulists. In London 1910 you faced various undesirable states of mind. Since then the word has been used to effect a universal hypnosis. How are words to be used to unweave the spell of print? of radio commercials and "news"-casts? I'm working on that problem. The word is now the cheapest and most universal drug... consider the effect of modern machinery in imposing rhythm on human thought and feeling. Archaic man got inside the thing that terrified him - tiger, bear, wolf - and made it his totem god. Today we get inside the machine. It is inside us. We in it. Fusion. Oblivion. Safety."

Marshall McLuhan to Ezra Pound, June 1951




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graph TD
    N1((01)) --> N2((18))
    N2 --> N3((01))
    N3 --> N4((01))
    N4 --> C((C))
    N4 --> N5((01))
    N5 --> N6((18))
    N6 --> N7((01))
    N7 --> N8((18))
    N8 --> N9((01))
    N9 --> End[ ]
    style End fill:none,stroke:none
  
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Something atrocious going on in the bathroom. - John
The need to humble people or a way of caring? - Fiona
You said "People I know and respect and victims of crime" - F.
What about the viewing context? - F.
Self-annihilation project; blossom of a separating thing from its origin. - J.
Sounds like getting away with the crime and moving on. To act without
being seen. - F.
By victim of crime you don't mean someone crying after an accident - F.
The 'Sick Room'. - J.
You're just trying to isolate yourself from everything. Kill those who have
resonance for you. Why so isolated? - F.
The last vestige of identity; insular self contained subject. - J.
Annihilation as death or 'beyond-the-I'? - F.
The same thing. - J.



I don't think it is. - F.
Exorcism not too strong for this? - F.
Of a particularly malign interiority which seems to be operating to keep me
as me. - J.
Do you feel possessed? - F.
Possessed by nothing but the general non-conscious movement of matter. -
J.
Desire for transcendence or immanence? - F.
A problem of connection and fixing. - J.
How much choice do I have? - F.
You have maximum choice. - J.
As long as I'm a victim? - F.
Yes. - J.
You choose the desired form. I only wanted a lot of bullet holes and lacera-
tions. - J.
I'm quite happy to appear to be blasted apart but I do want to have some
attitude in the pictures. It's not the word 'murdered' that bothers me, its the
word 'victim'. - F.
To be a victim of crime really pisses me off. That's probably my control thing.
- F.
What do you get out of this? - F.
I get complete, endless, perfect, joy...if it works. - J.
And if it doesn't work?...another chance. Its a bit all or nothing isn't it? - F.
The I's gonna get shit. - J.
This tape recorder...if it's working...a line moving towards a future point.
Who knows what will happen once the things in process. - J.
The frame of the thing...a trace of happening. - J.
Like shedding your skin...you know that B&H ad? Leave a trace of your
entire skin, your entire make-up. - J.
You do that with every piece of work you do. - F.
If you leave a trace continually you're not leaving a big enough trace. - J.
You climb a tree and I'll just lay on the ground. - F.
Do you think that'll be convincing? - J.
Playing with the validity of the document. - Ranu

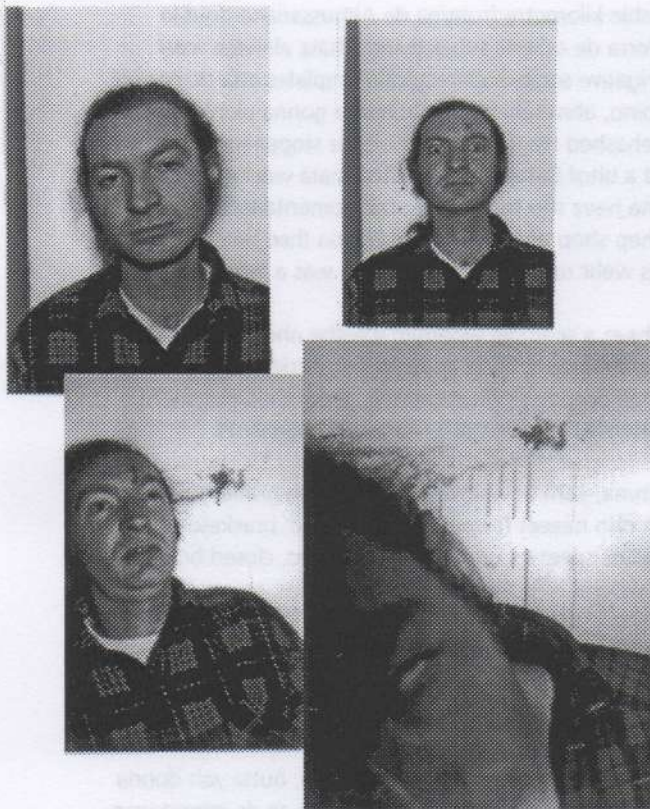


The double-bluff was that she was dead. - F.
The relationship between this tape and the death...I wasn't there. - J.
The tape's turned off, everything has apparently ended. I'm implicated in a crime that there's no way out of. - J.
We'll chase her down the street on our bikes. - J.
The Jim Thompson thing. - F
The counter-argument would have worked if I could lie to myself. - F
Different ethical relationship to what you publish in private and what you publish in public. - R.
You're not dead, that's the point. You're resurrected from the simulated death that you underwent. - J.
Death representationally is neither here nor there. - J
But that's theoretical. Visually, what are you going to do? Are you ever going to worry about the question of visually representing the dead that is dead, or the dead that is verisimilitude? - R.
The two are impossible to separate. - J.
What if I don't turn up at the opening. - F.
There's a question mark. - J.
All I am saying is don't look towards death in terms of representation. - J.
But you can't say that without dealing with truth. I know you absolutely want to represent something...which is a place, within a place, within a place. You want to represent everything linguistically and visually at the same time. - R.
Well, neither of the two are particularly competent representational modes. - J.

(Tape ends...)

01

C



E4 - Text by Alec Dippie

Mah frend Jim,

Ah hava now comma toa hunderstande yoh requesta
fora thee izing offa thee peecture offa mee inna yoh sho, anna must hob-
ject to eet anna eets himplicationas. Mah mamma shi sez :

"Hey Aleco, that Jim Cussanos, hee sez he no wanna
reducio yoh toa no deveels hellplazalandscapepicturos. Yoh suppos-ed hin-
clusion offa yohself inna de formma of de ungraspapalpable issa suppos-ed

01

C

to keep yoh atta respectable kilometre fromma de Althussariano doublo whammy no respectos forra de other's subjectivitos thata alaways weel putta de notion offa agrigative socio-architecturalo timplates atta de cora of yoh beehing. Mah bambino, ahm tehleeng yoh, heeza gonna plonka yoh wehll weethen thee reehashed Hegelleean to Kojeeve stoppeeng offa for de Frankfurter skool and a bitof Bataillos interioritos thata weel reducio yoh explicativo inclusiona inna heez sho toa a frozenno momento locatable pheezeically neah heez chep shop ahnd hemotionally toa thee time he thot thata alla de other keeds wehr roboticos ahnd behing was a tehst designed by heez mamma."

Whadda could ah sez, sheez a seemple wohman weetha nho savy fora de complexion offa de transferenceo offa de hontologeecal crizees hinto de ghalleree plaza weeth thee porpoise offa catharteec typof therapee thaht whont hinclue thee seeters as axeedental bystandeeng hanalysts.

Ah sez:

"Mamma, yohknowalovaya, butta gotta gratias reinos inna peekeeng offa mah ohn hexeet fromma thees whorld: bracketos, thee whorld offa thee capitalistos speeters ona societees fabrico, closed bracke-tos. Anna fromma heez whorld offa thee overdeterminato-memorialos placido de bambino."

Ah wasa tryeeng toh eempress her weetha mah fancee degreeee tohk offa corse, soh sheed shadappa anna stopa whaveeng her hample foreharms eena stereoteepical mehditerrahnean mahnor. Butta toa hno havail.

She sez:

"Aleco, Aleco, Haleco, ah, howalovaya, butta yoh donna see. Jim, een heez cap doffeeng inglasee type aquiesciona to de importanze offa yoh hextreecation fromma heez hextended bout offa thee legendaree psychastheeneea where heeza pounded inato heez originarial geophysico-sexuo-orientational environmento weeth leetle espatio forra thee 'noveau' issa butta roose forra yoh own compleeet immo(bil)ations inna thee forma offa de spirito absentia via thee seductionos offa thee promees offa thee sehlf dehtermination what eez pounded een an herstwhile mahnor hinto thee seeducteeve hinnocuous fohrmat offa thee humble fhrame, reduceeng yoh toan hexchangeable qhuantitee that feets neetly hinto thee

01

02

18

01

preeconditionale rationalle offa heez hontologeecal problemo offa thee
 reductio ad absurdum offa heez phenomeenall hexperience to heez hinitial
 griddeeng. Notta to mention thaht yoh alaways like the peoples to
 see yoh prettee leetle face whatever thee hoppoportunitee."
 Whadda coulda sez? Sheez mah mamma anna happart fromma thee slightt
 wheef off theologeecal hovertones, her old wifes tayle ahnd mahner of
 standeeng weetha her feet inna bucket offa thee goats pee anna thee
 whorks of sigman frood: bracketos: ahnd her unnerveeng knowlegeos offa
 mah vanity, closedo bracketos, ahh sez:

"hokay Mamma, ahh! hava whord weeth heem"

She sez:

"Yoh mehking it worse bah writeeng forra thee catalogueo."

C1 Pigeon Engrams

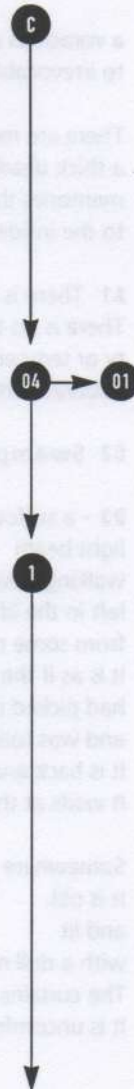
D2 -Precision, I doubt it
 if only
 endlessly, let's hope not
 re-iterated

behind the eyes lies the scape
 an obscene hieroglyph of space
 behind the image, before the eyes

lies the scape

In the mirror, in the bog
 behind the eyes before the face
 in the hovering dark inside
 there is the scape

ravenously black
 and all-consuming



(dead)

a voracious extinction of breath
to irrevocable I-SOL-ation

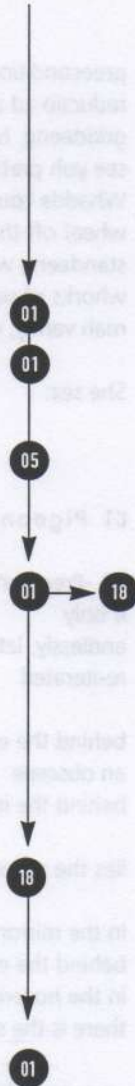
There are memories that form skin
a thick deadness surround the body
memories that make us bolt
to the inside.

A1 There is no measure in the 'interior', no degrees of material change.
There is no time there, only day and night, light and dark. There is no velocity or temperature, only amounts of nominal and formal data accumulated in/on/at particular sites.

C2 Swamp Screens

D3 - a suffocating stench of the past threads through the house like a search light beam
walking down the street it will hit you from rotten boxes
left in the lift with a stray fart
from some over familiar breath
It is as if the past, not content merely to rot,
had picked itself up
and was following you.
It is back and before.
It waits at the end; infirmity, swollen, bruised and wax-like.

Somewhere a room is waiting
It is old.
and lit
with a dull nauseas bulb
The curtains open onto sheer pitch
It is uncomfortably numb.



You are alone.
Someone else is there, but not.
You await their being

B2 -The scapes operate like anchoring ground for the text, as if memorial guy-ropes hold the hovering text in place, preventing its loss. This formula is closely related to mediations on individual orientation in space. A territory is secure for the subject if markers can be recognized and from them the larger territory logically expanded. In alien territory, where no signs are 'familiar'

['Familiar' is an important word connoting notions of family, repetition, slavery and knowledge] the individual is vulnerable to the environment. For instance, a child on an different estate in a different part of town will sense a particular unease if unable to recognize any familiar signs. In this context the signs usually searched for point home.

D4 - Whoah!

Here I am, blade in hand, chairleg in the other
Alone.
...coz the others have already eulogized.

Ha!

They expect me to JOIN them
but I will stay here by the tree, by the church, by the street light, at night
safe inside my textual self
rather than become just
another.

D5 - 'It seems to me above all necessary to declare who and what I am . . .
It is a duty - and one against which my customary reserve, and to a still
greater degree the pride of my instincts rebel - to say: Listen! For I am such
and such a person. For heaven's sake do not confound me with any one else'
Freidrich Nietzsche, *Ecco Homo*

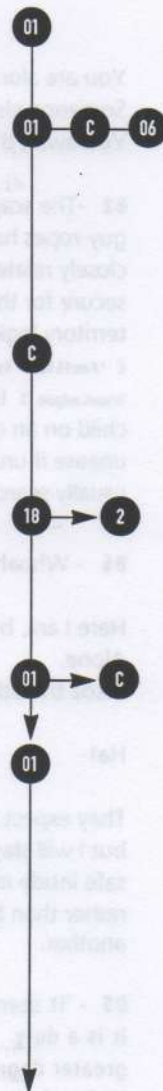


E5 - The portraits are set off the wall as a mark of distinction from the landscape work. Because these pieces are the outcome of a negotiation with other persons they cannot be adequately contained within the premises of the scapes. As such they intersect the conceptual plane of the wall like openings into an alternate dimension, provisionally an issue of 'communication'. As aesthetic objects they embody signs of productive inter-action, irreducible to a single agent. As framed objects the portraits approximate commensurable or exchangeable commodities. This form is an immediate sign of the work's status as 'art', regardless of the frame's content. It satisfies certain fundamental contextual and economic requirements for 'work-in- a-gallery'. As ironic portraits of dead subjects they allude parodically to that death which is sensed as the essence (at the centre) of one's singularity (one's solitary confinement). Death re-presented as a sign of 'itself' (as if death was any 'thing' at all) simultaneous with the subject. A game of mimicry, the sitters willingly playing dead. Death staged between subject and viewer, in formal and 'rhetorical' guise, open and indifferent to scrutiny or accusation, no identity arrested behind the work. The remnants of a game. The 'art' work is the 'end-product' of this game played between people.

D6 - No, this cannot be the case
never knowing if all this feeds the scape
(like p feeds the case)

But the scape is but one type
one
at war with the rest

It seeks to arrest and charge them
as arty facts
in a refrigerated museum
thoroughly sealed and manned
by one
disembodied
attendant
I



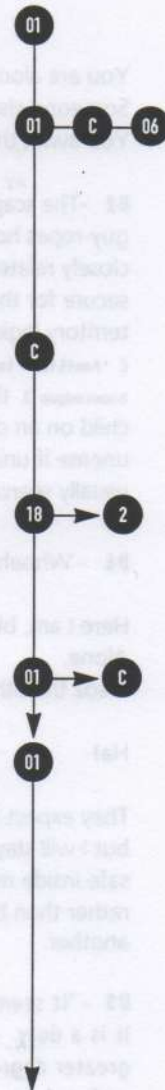
E5 - The portraits are set off the wall as a mark of distinction from the landscape work. Because these pieces are the outcome of a negotiation with other persons they cannot be adequately contained within the premises of the scapes. As such they intersect the conceptual plane of the wall like openings into an alternate dimension, provisionally an issue of 'communication'. As aesthetic objects they embody signs of productive inter-action, irreducible to a single agent. As framed objects the portraits approximate commensurable or exchangeable commodities. This form is an immediate sign of the work's status as 'art', regardless of the frame's content. It satisfies certain fundamental contextual and economic requirements for 'work-in- a-gallery'. As ironic portraits of dead subjects they allude parodically to that death which is sensed as the essence (at the centre) of one's singularity (one's solitary confinement). Death re-presented as a sign of 'itself' (as if death was any 'thing' at all) simultaneous with the subject. A game of mimicry, the sitters willingly playing dead. Death staged between subject and viewer, in formal and 'rhetorical' guise, open and indifferent to scrutiny or accusation, no identity arrested behind the work. The remnants of a game. The 'art' work is the 'end-product' of this game played between people.

D6 - No, this cannot be the case
never knowing if all this feeds the scape
(like p feeds the case)

But the scape is but one type
one
at war with the rest

It seeks to arrest and charge them
as arty facts
in a refrigerated museum
thoroughly sealed and manned
by one
disembodied
attendant

I



B3 - I write as the 'subject of the scapes' and, as such, the 'product' of events which have written me. Who or what, then, is the 'I' that desires its release?

What can this 'I' be? It is perhaps no 'I' at all. All that is not myself, all that is lost or 'refused' by the machinery of identity. The outside, the unknown, no 'thing' at all. Perhaps these desolate interior spaces identity inhabits are intermediary, the final staging posts of identity. The death that is sensed beyond my perimeters may be the mythical hoax that supports the entire system. How could 'I' know?

B4 - It is notable in connection to **B6** and **A6** that the written diary is one of the earliest memory disciplines an infant is asked to undergo. This idea would be an important part in an examination of the institutional production of memory. The 'diary' condenses several logical imperatives; writing (correct grammar and spelling), organization of temporal events into 'correct' order, and the biographical tendency which places the distinct individual at the centre of their own production process. This is a fundamental ontological event which betrays an essential contradiction. A child is forced to produce 'itself' as sign of its apparent 'autonomy' and 'self worth'. In effect, the production of the literate memorial subject is predicated on a logical double-bind rigidly enforced by educational practices.

B5 - The recognition of signs for subjective orientation can be related to a fundamental moment in the accumulation of knowledge when a word and its referent combine. For instance, we know many words for which we have no visual or experiential referent. There is a sense in which the landscape process might be understood in terms of complex psychic elaborations on points where 'key words' find their referent. Think, for example, of the abusive language that children use (bender, biff, cunt, twat, sod) whose formal meanings they may never recognise. The word which exists before its referent is rather like a title before the piece is made. Although the category of sexual language is pertinent, 'pedestrian' words operate likewise. (I think, anecdotally, of the word 'plane' (as in 'flat surface'), which I realized in a classroom at primary school [Mapped here is Brett Easton Ellis 'The Rules of



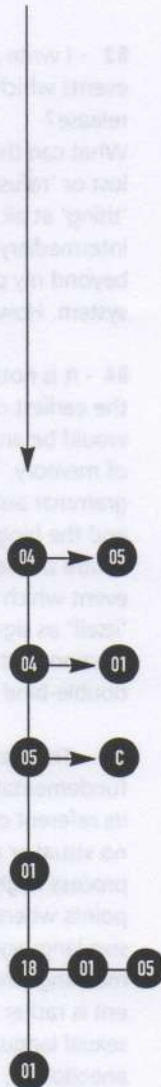
Attraction' college canteen scene, set in my primary school (the first 'canteen' I recognized as such) and, above the walkway that led back into the main school building, ideas about biotechnology, artificial intelligences, and nanocomputers, references probably built upon the book 'Trillions' which told the story of a plague-rain of microscopic metallic building bricks 'copying' the forms of human technology. In the classroom, where the word 'plane' attached to flat surfaces, chaos theory is mapped with fractals, references probably built on early watching of animated pencils, sweets and buttons forming moving patterns. In relation to this any abstract animation is usually mapped outside the canteen] The anchoring points of the landscapes might well be the sites of primary linguistic and visual combinations, moments of revelatory recognition. The site operates simultaneously as a 'memorial-to-the-instance' of this particular kind of 'knowledge', an information storage and retrieval system and, importantly, an imaginary bio-graphic index. ['Imaginary' is here used not in the sense of fictional or false, but in terms of a mental 'image' of a real space intimately bound to a particular idea or word]

C3 Revisionary Brace

Links to the issue of educative processes that assist the memorial system. Repetitive, parrot-fashion, techniques for engraving information on memory. 'Revisionary' also refers to visionary art and the presumptions of the 'special' creativity of an individual artist. The landscapes insist that aesthetics is a process of re-composition and re-arrangement of already-informed knowledge. The 're' of revisionary expresses the temporal contradiction of appeals to the 'new' in artistic production. 'Brace', like 'set', combines a meaning of support, dependence and security with that of potential release.

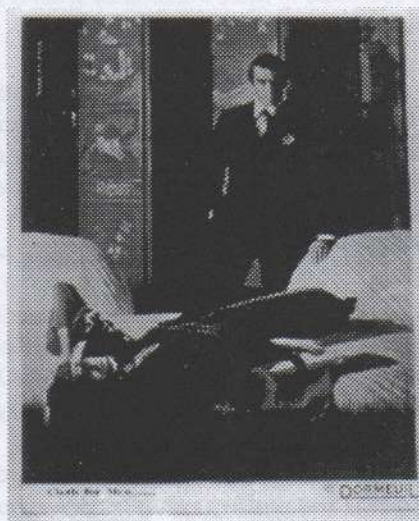
C4 Home Base

'Image-Word-Idea' found in Michael Ballint's book *Thrills and Regression* which makes a psychoanalytic interpretation of fun fairs, rides and children's games. Used in relation to games of tag or tiggy 'home base' describes the aim of the participants not wanting to be 'caught out'. 'Home Base' also associates with Freudian notions of the uncanny, the setting of the family drama, generalized according to considerations of subjective orientation. This involves the 'Cartographical Imperative'.



E6 - john cussans
114 ashmore road
london w9 3dq
21/09/93

Dear paul,
Just a short letter about your death. I have enclosed a copy of our conversa-



tion for you to consider.

Here is a brief list of how i see things, points of interest;

i) can we make an image that is not 'Romantic'? Is it possible to touch death in representation without that inevitability?

ii) You mother died in bed. More than a coincidence.

iii) You talk about the WILL to heal as well as the WILL to die. There is an odd contradiction in this somehow. It keeps the subject in control of themselves for and against death. What then is the will's relation to death; master or slave? Neither?

iv) I'm still Kean on the idea of using JOYHOUSE

v) "Found dead in a coffin with an arts council grant"

vi) The notion of sub-contracting your own death is very suggestive of this link between contracting work and contracting disease. AIDS is, inevitably, relevant here. It also relates to the idea of will. Is the work of the HIV virus the work of death?

The obvious answer is yes. Lets avoid it. More importantly what is the relation of your ideas about 'will' and 'constitution' in the context of auto-immune deficiency?

You suggested a d.i.y. job (back to home decorating) would be easy. Have unprotected sex with as many people as possible. Of course, in this scenario you would not only be killing yourself, but letting the chance access of the virus infect others. It wouldn't work on my terms. Don't need any of these SIDELINES.

vii) SIDELINES bring us to Melinda's image. Obviously a very sensitive area. Melinda's image as your death? You talk about a joint work in the creation of her image. 'You' (plural or singular) don't want 'others' interfering in the production of this image. Is there any link possible (I mean imaginatively) between this 'image' production and defence systems against the h.i.v. virus. I am thinking along the lines of 'contained couples' and surrogate productions un-contaminated by sidelines.

viii) Who is 'really' determining the image? Imagine biological reproduction. Who has the fundamental germ? This problem works between yourself and melinda, as well as between you and myself. Who is shooting who?

ix) "The death of the artist is to get an arts council grant". I'd like very much



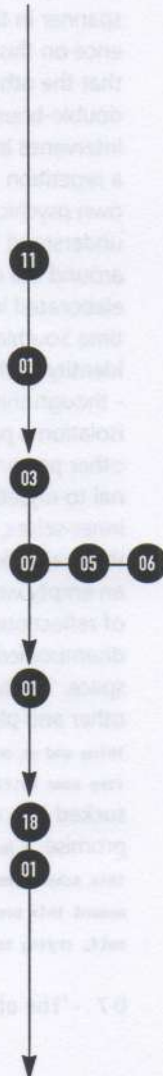
to get something of the economic and patronising problem in there somehow.

All for now Paul. Something to get on with. Let's talk soon and get a date fixed for some shooting. This was a fairly rushed letter. Please take all the proposals lightly.

All the best,

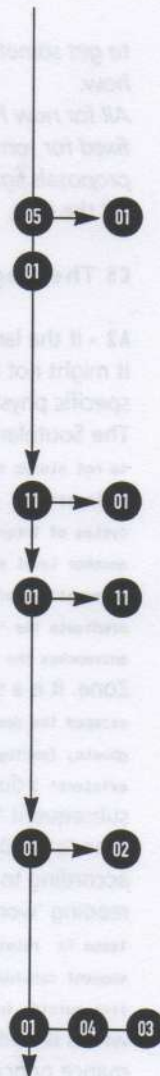
C5 The Gag

A2 - If the landscape function was simply a question of reading and memory it might not have demanded such urgent treatment. It also operates under specific physical conditions, most importantly in response to sexual activity. The Southlands Intersection is currently, by far, the most central zone. [This is not always the case. For instance, the earliest dominant zone - in terms of analytical elaboration - was the 'Hitler Vortex'. There is, as yet, no way of gauging the temporal cycles of inter-changing zones. Such a description would require shifting perspective to another level of logical abstraction which at this stage is improbable. Furthermore, observations of individual landscapes and their operations suggest that any attempt to eradicate the 'problem' of the landscapes by more detailed accounting and description only entrenches the situation further] This zone is also known as the Female Orgasm Zone. It is a space which recurs [I was tempted to say 'recurred' here, as if I had escaped its demands. I resist this affirmation like a child acknowledging the existence of ghosts, fearing that disbelief is the greatest provocation for them to 'prove-themselves-existent'] during sexual engagements. The point of their entry (and my subsequent 'exit' from the 'actual' scene) occurs when the question of the other's bodily sensation meets my gestures. I understand this problem according to adolescent demands (issuing, if I remember correctly, from reading 'women's magazines') to 'produce' an orgasm in the woman. [The issue is related specifically to the notion of 'foreplay' and other examples of what subsequent considerations have named 'socially prescriptive (i.e. already written and issuing from outside intimate sexual relations) sexuality'] This 'quest', the motive for which issued from both the selfish demands of male prowess (the 'performance principle'), and a grudging acknowledgement of the other's 'rights to orgasm' (demanded according to some extension of Christian economic



morality, as if 'orgasm' was a thing like half a bar of chocolate), threw a spanner in the works of my own abandonment to pleasure (hence the presence on this locale of Wilhelm Reich's writings). One must control oneself so that the other can lose-gain orgasm. I trust the reader recognizes the kind of double-bound paradox this kind of thinking 'engenders'. It is as if the scapes intervenes at the point of double-bound recollection, which in turn presumes a repetition of the basic act. Thus the fear of being on the interior of my own psychic space waits 'ahead' of the sexual act, like a snare. If sexuality is understood in terms of losing consciousness, then this paradox revolves around the conscious production of conscious loss. Now the issue can be elaborated into the wider class of familiarity and habitual repetition. Each time Southlands Intersection 'intervenes' during the sexual act the particular identity of the other person is subsumed in the general category of 'lover' or - though this is a far graver term - 'girlfriend'. This gives the sense of interior isolation a particularly anguished character. It is as if the particularity of the other person is extinguished and they become mere signs or symbols external to myself. I have no way of knowing their 'interiority', depths, or inner-selves, (as if the truth of identity was somewhere inside the body or the brain, like a treasure trove of 'true' being, an authentic soul, rather than an empty wreck, a mass of highly organized matter, an imaginary complex of reflections). Under such conditions my 'self' amounts to little more than a disembodied observer trapped in repetitive/reactive, imaginary, memorial space. The anguish which comes from here screams for the identity of the other and pleads for the lostness of itself. [But this plea has no addressee, no thing and no one to appeal against. There is 'Law' here but only one agent and one culprit (the same self) neither of which understand the rules] It is as if the scapes are sucked into an idealized, unknown and 'elsewhere' that the other seemed to promise. [Not a promise made by the other person but imagined into them by the self. In this schema the desired one embodies the promise of escape. The Landscapes arrive the moment this promised space is realized to be only the self again, the self against its self, trying to escape itself]

D7 - 'The observer infects the observed with his own mobility. Moreover,



when it is a case of human intercourse, we are faced by the problem of an object whose mobility is not merely a function of the subject's, but independent and personal: two separate and immanent dynamisms related by no system of synchronization'.

Samuel Beckett - *Proust*

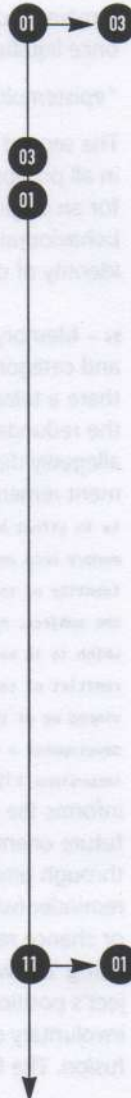
E7 Text by Paul Buck

The conversation that had run into "Death is an Arts Council grant" became a focus again as John seemed keen to explore an interface with patronage. His point in the letter: "Found dead in a coffin with an arts council grant," referred to discussion on Sarah Bernhardt's practise of sleeping in a coffin and reference to Catherine Deneuve in Bunuel's *Belle de Jour* and the use of coffins by prostitutes, complete with white face masks and death spots, relating to a crime fact book I've been working on quietly for the last sixteen years or so. From this line came the idea of restaging Marat dying in his bath (using David's *Death of Marat* painting as one source, Artaud in Gance's *Napoleon* film as the other), to have me dying in the bath, clutching in my hand one of my books with an acknowledgement of gratitude to the Arts Council for financing the creation. These French connections relate repeatedly to my work not only as writer, but also as translator and publisher in this field.

Despite John's interest in the patronage line, I had tired of the issue years ago, preferring to focus on the work itself, giving little time or credence to funding bodies, surviving as an artist through self-struggle, and finance with no strings attached.

E8 Fluidism - Text by Don David

Fluidism consolidates any anatomical organization or anagrammatic configuration: severely deformed and reduced, or classically beautiful. Sculpted "bodies", whose electronic talking through an esophagus, mentally echoes until suffocated by moisture, are absorbed through the pores of this orchid skin. Fluidism produces perpetual circulation, which animates any machinic assemblage of body parts. Sculpted "bodies" decay and their sediments



remain, and are only made active again through analysis of where they have once liquified and radiated.

"epistemological cohesion"

The second of two organisms circulates an integrator. A normative coercion in all propositions, flourishing in Democritean space. A paranoid postulate for an origin, whose function is to legitimate and justify neurocratic and behavioural unities. Successively disembodied and embodied mentalisms. Identity of defects in crucial locations. Closure through repetitions.

86 - Memory is inscribed onto the external environment according to likeness and categorical familiarity. The environment is mnemotechnically ordered. Is there a teleonomic principle in 'technological progress' which aims towards the redundancy of human memory, as, for example, the pocket calculator allegedly did for mental arithmetic? (i.e. a situation in which the environment remembers for the human subject) [On elementary institutional terms this is in effect how memory is produced. It is not so much a question of the 'ex-scription' of memory onto environment but the 'primary' inscription of memorial identity (not simply the identity of the self but all potential 'identities' or nominal, discreet things) onto-into the subject. Kafka's 'In the Penal Settlement' comes to mind, and with it, the ground on which it is set. It is fixed on Kathy Acker Corner, a site which I associate with my first conflict of telepathic parasites; my mother and my first 'major' girlfriend. Both had convinced me of their telepathic capabilities. Perhaps this is an early moment in the development a the scapes, as if I made for myself a psychic barrier to prevent restrictive incursions] It is, perhaps, a specifically technical mode of memory which informs the solitary space of interior landscapes. Useless or impractical (not future orientated) memory mediates more 'fluid' or 'open' experiences through time. There is a phenomenological difference between a practical reminder (which links elements of information as 'knowledge') and random or chance reminders which infuse the subject with an indefinite sense of being 'elsewhere'. The difference might be described according to the subject's position in relation to the mode; the former fixes the subject 'inside' an involuntary order, the latter dissolves the subject into a temporal-spatial confusion. The former is fixed and solid, the latter loose and fluid. Practical

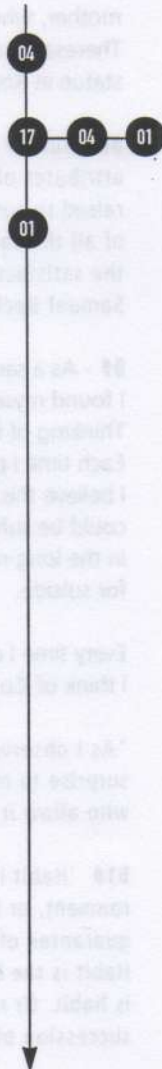


memory seems to colonize deviant sensation just as identity partitions inter-subjective space. In this way practical memory is complicit with an order of subjectivity; the self as 'owner' of information, manipulator of textual relations and preserver of singular integrity. Practical memory converts sensuous time into imaginary space and cycles of digital recurrence. It traces the continual atrophy of the past in the present like cancer in an organ denied of oxygen.

E9 Text by Paul Buck

Of course this leads to the big question that had sneaked up on us once we had jumped into the thick of preparing the image...the death. Death, that was the proposal. This was hardly a death. Fay Wray didn't die. King Kong died. If anything this image was going to be about immortality, about the nature of art itself. The Kong movie is famous, Kong lives. Almost the most written about movie of all time. Part of American culture. And Fay Wray hasn't come out of it badly -- famed for her part in this film. She's not grumbling according to her autobiography. I had hijacked John's project and twisted it into the classic situation of the artist and his own immortality. When one starts as an artist the work is all. Perhaps ideas of fame or fortune lurk. But certainly ideas of creativity are paramount. Death and such thoughts are not part of it. But as the years pass and the work grows in volume with notebooks, manuscripts, correspondence, photos and all the paraphernalia of the writer/artist, you become aware of the game of immortality you are involved in, whether you like it or not. It's a fact. You learn to live with it! Perhaps enjoy it.

Here I was leading John into these immortality issues. At the eleventh hour, at the shoot itself, I suggested that whilst we copy Fay Wray's famous shriek poses, perhaps we could also do some shots in colour, and black and white, with Fay Wray having an orgasm in Kong's hand. The precipice, the moment of danger, the imminent death...accomplished with 'la petite mort' (the little death) as Bataillean referencing would have it. This not only put death back in the picture, but pulled in the threads of my initial sexual angles, the bedroom connections...and, to take it further, in a connection



that John seemed to want with the mother relationship, to note that my mother, who was Italian, from Rome, was called Theresa, after Saint Theresa, and to note too Bernini's famous orgasmic Ecstasy of Saint Theresa statue in Rome, which is a standard reference for any Bataille reader.

D8 'But for every tumour a scalpel and a compress. Memory and Habit are attributes of the time cancer....They are the flying buttresses of the temple raised to commemorate the wisdom of the architect that is also the wisdom of all the sages, from Brahma to Leopardi, the wisdom that consists not in the satisfaction but in the ablation of desire.'

Samuel Beckett, *Proust*

D9 - As a sandwich maker...

I found myself

Thinking of Knarseborough

Each time I put mayonnaise on bread.

I believe this insignificant, involuntary and arbitrary recurrence

could be sufficient cause

in the long run

for suicide.

Every time I chop vegetables

I think of Cornlands Road.

"As I observe a disease, so I catch it and give it lodging in myself. It is no surprise to me that the imagination should bring fevers and death to those who allow it free play and encourage it." *Michel de Montaigne.*

D10 'Habit is a compromise effected between the individual and his environment, or between the individual and his organic eccentricities, the guarantee of a dull inviolability, the lightening conductor of his existence. Habit is the ballast that chains the dog to his vomit. Breathing is habit. Life is habit. Or rather life is a succession of habits, since the individual is a succession of individuals; the world being a projection of the individual's



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04

17

04

01

01

consciousness (an objectification of the individuals will, Schopenhauer would say), the pact must be continually renewed, the letter of safe conduct brought up to date.'

Samuel Beckett, *Proust*

B7 - Classic psychoanalysis re-converts the dream image 'back' into its linguistic form via speech. When we read we convert a linguistic sign into an image. The memorial location for that image is the anchor that holds the narrative in imaginary, geographical and memorial space. This is now the site of the entire (nominal) text. The name of the text is limited under this logic of memorial space. In this way the interior landscape is 'produced' by a reversal of the 'dream-work' formula. It begs the question of psychoanalytic logocentrism. The translation of the manifest image into the latent word seems like a brutal and bleak procedure, a rational bureaucratization of the imaginary and simultaneous insulation of the digital, logocentric 'I' of identity.

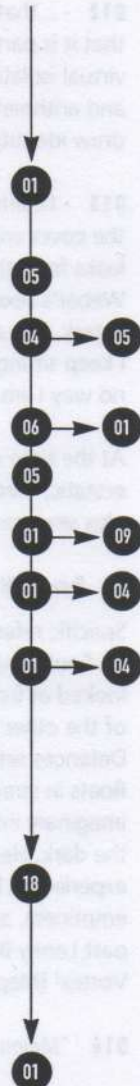
D11 - It seems my virtual office has been in preparation for some time now. I can never be sure when the office will arrive (it is set to some calendrical rhythm, I presume, but I am not yet able to predict the beat). When it comes I have no choice but to work. I no longer try to exit.

I have a collection of photo-static information files (the scapes) on which the relevant data has been fixed.

I am not sure how to best serve the network, if indeed, I have any choice in the matter. But I at least recognise that 'the room' is an office, that it is designed for some 'purpose'. This is re-assuring, maybe fatal.

I (re)call John Harker in his predicament at Castle Dracula. But this fortress in an other dimension, which like Brigadoon, recurs through the body in calendrical time. And there is no discreet vampire to speak of. The streets which constitute the office's floor space are thoroughly deserted. There is no one here but this disembodied eye scanning the files for clues of its undoing.

C6 I worry, and not, I think, without warrant



D12 - ...that any work done in the office is detrimental to my sentient being, that it is part of a continual and expansive project to contain every identity in virtual isolation. All the basic skills were implanted at school; reading, writing and arithmetic. At some point IMAGINATION was utilized as the conduit that drew identity into this gingerbread bureau.

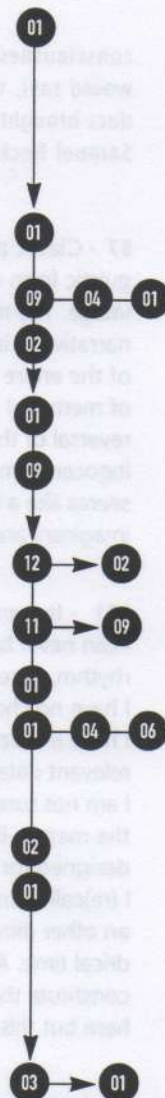
D13 - I cannot bring myself to read this book on Weber. I see his face on the cover and want to wretch; another beard. Something sordidly victorian leaks from that beard into white space beneath the text. The thought of Weber's sexual impotence before the incompleteness of his heroic, bureaucratic task. The agony of such a disgusting predicament.
I keep sitting down to read, trying to cast this drift from my screen. There is no way I am going in there.

At the base of the pyramid many have become symbiotic with the host in an ecstatic, mechanical, hypereal communion. Others, tracked by the ever complex searcher beams of the media-eye forage for cracks in the edifice.

C7 Body Buildings

Specific reference to Wilhelm Reich's notion of 'character armour' mapped on Southlands Intersection by the 'Lovers Wheel' [Wall Map 3, Map ref.F5] looked at from the 'Female Orgasm Zone' away from the imaginary outline of the other person's body which is replaced by deserted streets at night. Defences set up in the body to deal with orgasm anxiety. The mind's eye floats in street light night over one's own body similarly replaced by this imaginary interior. This is where Hegel saw the blooded faces rushing out of the dark. Here there is nothing so glamorous. It is 'likewise' where Bataille experiences his 'little death' of orgasm, is dismembered by a voracious emptiness, and enters the existential labyrinth on Bishopthorpe Road, just past Lenny Bruce on Eichman and 'the holohoax' (targeting the 'Hitler Vortex' [Map ref.E6]) next to 'people-who-make-auto-erotic-contraptions'.

D14 'Memory, like information, is not a thing, but a relationship to an



environment, without which it is reduced to noise'

'A map is a translation from code to code'.

Anthony Wilden, *The Rules are No Game*

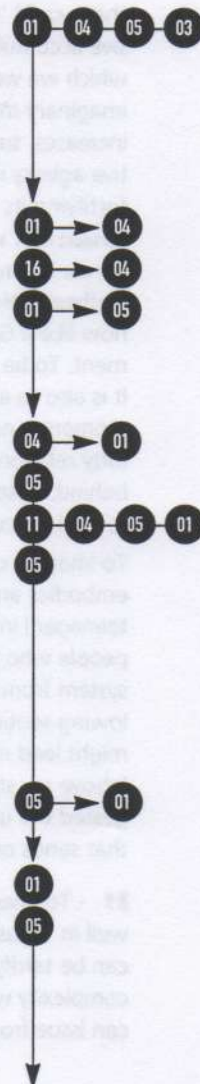
B8 - The Landscapes might be understood in terms of 'engraved' responses to both (i) a fear of loss (of home, friends, knowledge, self etc.) and (ii) a fear of being lost. [What is the relation between these different kinds of loss? (ie. The loss of a thing in space, and the loss of bearings directing you to that thing)] The landscape's function in relation to reading is like an automatic security system which might have historical origins in terms of a subjective relation to space and self. [Such considerations are influenced by a kind of psychoanalytic schema which posits hypothetical 'origins' for psychic systems in an earlier mental epoch. Such a schema is problematized by particular characteristics of landscape operation, especially in relation to language (see **B7**) and temporality]

C8 The Indwelling World

C9 The Cartographic Imperative

An uninformed pun on Kant

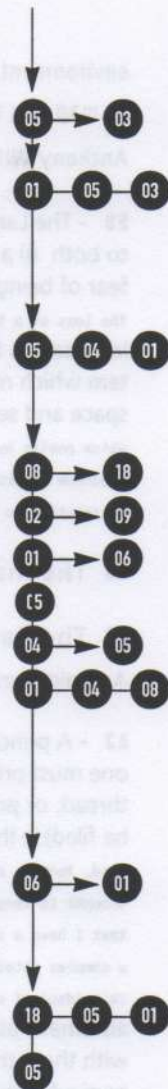
A3 - A principle question uniting all the divergent scapes (and at this point one must proceed with extreme caution, for fear that there is no common thread, or principle operating, and that this very idea is but another sign to be filed) is the 'force' of particular ideas [I use the word 'idea' here instead of word, form or sign because: i) it denotes a fundamental problematic in the relation of thought to language, ii) it suggests that an idea feels like a sign in motion and (iii) that I have a suspicion that the dynamic of closure in the memorial process is ordered by a complex relation (I occasionally use the words 'constellation' or 'cluster' to describe this idea) of similar signs] involuntarily recalled to consciousness. Once this automatic association of ideas occurs the initial one calls up the rest, and with them the scape which isolates identity in the interior. For instance, if a particular zone is recalled with increasing persistence, what affords this space its attractive (I use this word in mechanical terms) potential? This criti-



cal perspective tends towards the application of a psychoanalytic method that would 'uncover' a fundamental or essential cause of which the compulsive accumulation of similar information is the neurotic symptom, 'behind' which we would discover the libido. As more information attaches to the imaginary memorial zone the complexity of the textual-isolation problem increases, suggestive of a defence formation. This would posit an accumulative agency of the zone, building a barricade of 'like' information banks, fortifying its [I emphasize that 'it' operates to demonstrate a problem of discursive perspectives. Writing from 'here' I am separate from the 'experience' of insular closure, and can therefore 'distinguish' myself from the process I describe] resistance to 'cathexis'. However, 'it' is also, and quite precisely, 'myself inside'. I write now like a God, Judge, or Doctor from 'outside' the experience of entrapment. To be outside is to presume the fundamental uniformity of the scapes. It is also to assume a schizoid position of 'overseer of the self'. At any moment a new scape (and not the ones I have chosen to position myself in lofty relation to) may reveal itself as being there all along (invisible, hidden, behind, obscured) and once again I am alone in the subjective uniformity of textual space with no 'outside' possible.

To imagine one's existence from distance is discomforting. The 'overview' embodies an ontological split. One is simultaneously inside and outside. As a teenager I imagined a flow diagram of the pubs in York and the types of people who frequented them. I imagined it possible to see this colour-keyed system from above. Initially I enjoyed the novelty of this thought. Two following sentiments made me nauseas. Firstly the fear that such thinking might lead my peers to accuse me of 'condescension', of thinking myself 'above my station', outside the system I imagine. The second sentiment suggested the utter 'pointlessness' of such a thought, that immense 'so what' that sends one rushing back to 'home base'.

B9 - To imagine things up close is similarly disturbing. Sartre expresses this well in '*Nausea*'. A bar of chocolate, a shoe, tarmac, a body part, or a word can be terrifying to the person who ponders them too long. It is 'pointless' complexity which again informs this sentiment. A sense of immense futility can issue from a toothbrush. Perhaps the isolation set in after I first thought

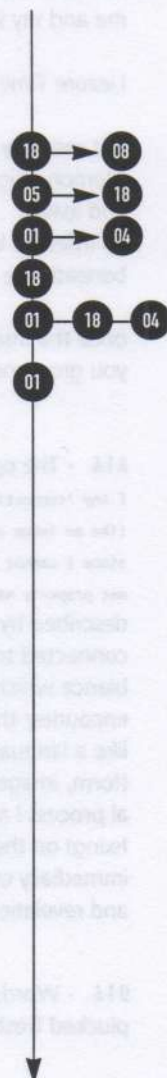


of 'infinity' as a child. I left the discussion with a friend filled with a terror that the universe had no limits, that there was no space for a God outside the walls. Paradoxically, a sense of insulation grew from this dread, a sense that the world I inhabited was mine alone. 'I' was at the dead-centre looking out and at the outer limit looking in. There was no outside of my self. I was the skin of all I knew and the self-identical dot inside.

D15 - There are no bones in here
Only empty streets

Face down on a bed, unable to move
throwing red beads onto the peaks of a duvet
letting it roll to a stop.
In the hands at the end of arms that loll and flop
over the edge of the bed
two revolvers
silver, of excessive proportion
and unnecessary calibre
spraying bullets off at random
in my imaginary and empty range

For protection
the guns keep a distance
between me and the others
They had better not come near me
I don't want to do it
but I will.
Thrilling at the click of the bolt
like the setting of a snake, or a clock,
about to strike
I have gone to ground in a safe distance
with my weapons
staked out, like the last man on earth
a paranoid



deluded, utterly,
me and my wiseblood.

Liezure Time

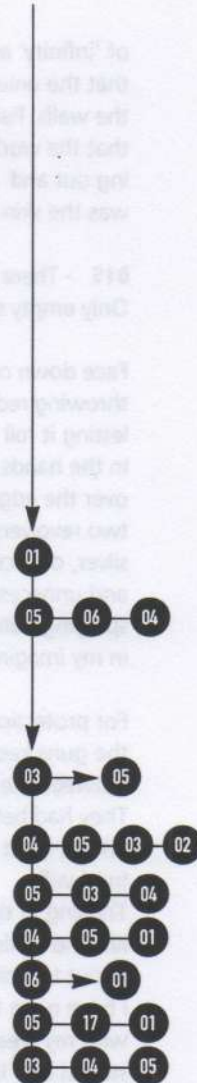
Is it memory which destroys us?
Memory might be a limit which is broken
and leaves
an infected liezure
beneath the skin

once the inside is contaminated
you grow monstrously

A14 - The operations of this memorial process were developed/revealed

[Any 'connection' made immediately seems like a revelation, as if it were already there, like an image on an exposed but undeveloped photographic print.] in relation to [And since I cannot ascertain whether the process was revealed or developed in time then I cannot properly make a statement of an 'in relation to'] the theory of 'dream-work' described by Freud in 'The Interpretation of Dreams'. The dream-image is connected to others according to lines of 'mimetic' association or resemblance which is ordered, according to Freud, on linguistic principles. Here we encounter the famous psychoanalytic maxim; the unconscious is structured like a language. In a mimetic mental system the space between one sign (form, image, word) and its 'similar' is immediately collapsed. In the memorial process I am describing this collapse constitutes a sign's anchorage (or fixing) on the imaginary filing system of interior space. It is similarly the immediacy of resemblance that makes a distinction between accumulation and revelation impossible to ascertain.

D16 - Words rot with time plucked fresh from inspiration



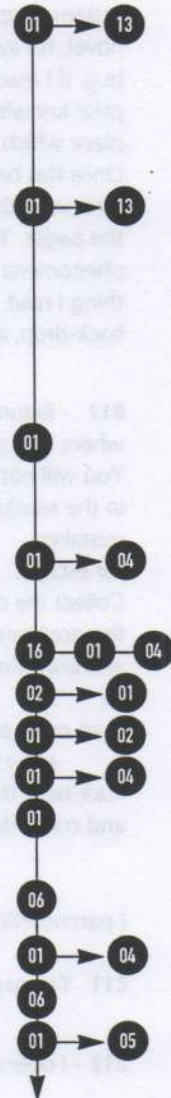
they are a strung bouquet
 already held
 in image-time.
 These notebooks amass a dead weight
 layers of out-pouring lines
 the deepest and oldest have a stench so intoxicating
 it mortifies novelty.

Cyclic decomposition
 and petrification of the interior.
 Clock faces rotate like cogs in a calendrical grid.

C10 Revolving Doors

A4 - The inner landscape must be understood in terms of an inner-directed perception of the bodies movement towards emancipation. As with Baudrillard on Freud and Marx, this 'projected' emancipation only serves to reconstitute interior movements as pre-scribed formula, binding interiority all the more firmly to an impersonal law. Language, as a written record of experience, is a key agent in the mortification of ecstasy. At the moment of expansive urgency subjectivity contracts. The darkness of the flowing body becomes an empty street at night inhabited by the nominal husks of emancipatory prescriptions.

A5 - At first I thought this problem might be useful in creative work. This affliction might be the source of a personal distinction that could manifest itself as 'poetry'. When I first told Gilbert Adair (organizer of the *Subvoicive* poetry readings) about the problem he showed no signs of recognition. He pointed out Frances Yates' *The Art of Memory* for assistance. This text discusses medieval systems of memory retrieval (mnemotechnics) bound up with rhetorical techniques and so called 'memory cathedrals'. The distinct difference between these systems and my own information-storage and limitation system was one primarily of volition. 'I' had not planned or built the



system. It operates despite and against my 'self'. When I begin to read a novel, for instance, within the first few pages (if not prior to reading at all [e.g. if I read a text whose author or thematic content I already have some prior knowledge of]) there is a 'background'. This background is always a place which I have known, usually from my childhood and adolescent years. Once this background is in place it never changes. Once recognized it interferes with the imaginary textual flow simply by being present 'underneath' the pages. The landscape work began proper when I began to examine this phenomena in detail. Soon the 'scapes' were revealing themselves in everything I read. It seemed as if every book, every record, every idea, had a back-drop, an imaginary setting, a scape.

D17 - Return through music to the dead zone
where one once was.

You will not find it here
in the revolution of tracks
mistaken
for escape.

Collect the memorabilia that has attached to another's face and name
the post cards, the notes, the photos, the songs
and burn them
all

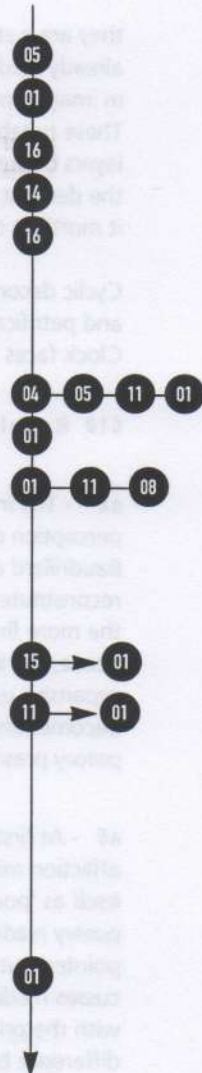
Burn every plan
every pathetic projection

Suck back the image
and coolly deconceive

(parenthetical INSULATION)

c11 Tropic Discord

D18 - I opened the journal onto a new force in an old zone. The notebook



contained memories so virulent that my expansive soul is sucked in and dried there.

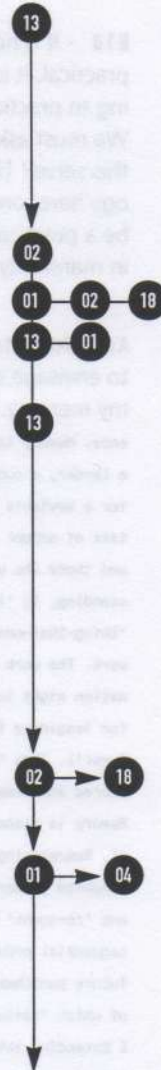
The taste of beatitude now hovers close, just as terror waited beside me a few days ago. It has become delicate and melancholic. Reduced to a grain by the brute symbolism of memorial function which beats beauty into submission and contains itself.

Two mutual thoughts: (i) Bringing you into the text.
(ii) Putting my head on a block and crushing it.

Opened the Melissa file and immediately decided to burn it
feeling the line's mains
like a power drain
I on an entire spectrum all along
and only now do I see it
in all the places, names, faces and texts I pass daily.

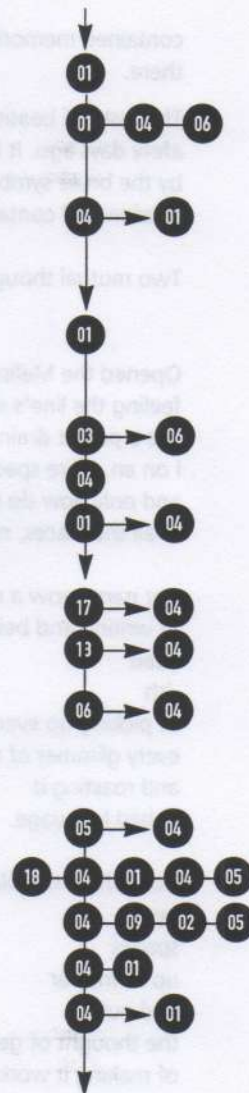
Her name now a mode of spiritual operation
of writing and being
dead
-ish
of picking up every recuperative sliver
every glimmer of redemption
and roasting it
in bad language.

No, behind the blades
heat
speaks
up to my ear
and out
the thought of getting love right
of making it work.



B10 - It is not practical to seek significance in the location. The problem is practical. It is a 'practical' problem. Not a problem that can be solved according to practical principles since practical principles seem to order the system. We must ask what practical means impractically. What practical purpose can this serve? The eradication of the practical problem. There is a huge tautology here, one that seems central to the problem 'addressed'. There cannot be a practical solution to the problem of practice if the problem of practice is manifestly imaginary.

A6 - At certain stages in consideration of the landscape phenomena I dared to envisage some marvellous potential in the automatic ordering capacity of my memory. [The notion of memory as a possession is one ingrained early in experience. Memory is posited as a space 'inside' one's head where things are stored. A library, a larder, a cupboard, a pigeon hole, an audio-visual archive; such metaphors are necessary for a novice's imagining of 'this-thing-one-has'. It is discussed particularly in the context of school 'work', where it is of fundamental importance for those who will do well and those who will fail. The 'neighbour' of memory, at this elementary stage of understanding, is 'imagination' (which is also its metaphorical precondition). This 'thing-that-one-has' is inside the head too. It is associated with 'play', rather than work. The work of the imagination is not the 'serious' kind. Metaphoric models for imagination might include an endless pad of paper for doing drawings and writing or a screen for imagining films or cartoons (which, significantly, children are assured aren't 'real'). Thus 'memory' is understood as a kind of container inside which 'facts' are stored and 'imagination' as a kind of screen on which fictions are produced and erased. Memory is associated at an early age with two major contents; biographic and informational. Remembering how to spell is a activity set under the same auspices as remembering what happened yesterday. They are determined by a sociological and institutional demand that one 're-count' (or re-cant') events, numbers and signs correctly and in their proper sequential order. This demand is maintained, and effectively activated by the threat of a future punishment (rarely, in this context, explicit, but rather intuited by the novice) of which 'failure' (with all its oblique and terrifying intimations) is the general name. [Extending this logical system we might expect 'death' to be imagined as a 'failure' of life]. Memory is thus understood as a more necessary quality than imagination. To forget



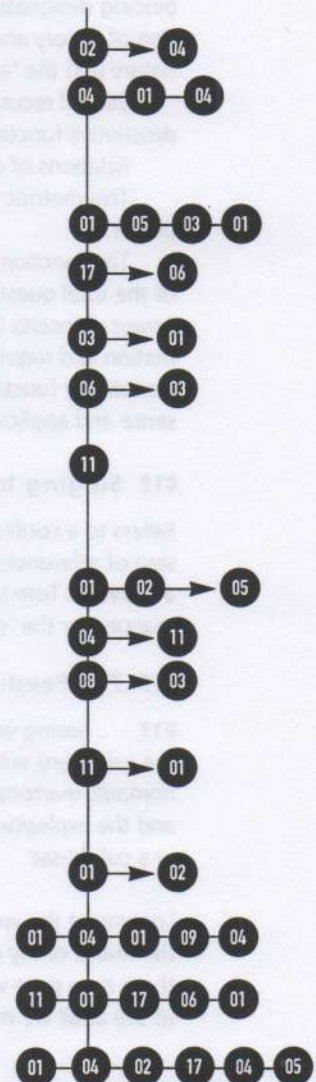
where one is, how to act correctly, in what situations, at what times, in what company etc. is to be the fool that suffers the law continually. Survival in a social context such as a school requires the ability to fortify memorial ability in a radical and essential way 1. It seemed as if I had stumbled upon an unforeseen talent. Perhaps my imagination and memory were automatically ordering the information I absorbed according to some significant, invisible, and marvellous relations. If I could unravel these relations I might hit upon some revelation. [What could be the motive of this mistake? Perhaps that I might discover in myself, by chance, an order that would bring me social prestige 1. In the pursuit of this 'key' I went back to York to visit the 'Hitler Vortex' . I stood in what I imagined to be its centre awaiting the realization. Nothing happened. The actual site was not how my memory pictured it. I was aware, for the first time, that the information mapped on these places was seen from impossible perspectives. [I have since discovered, moreover, that from particular perspectives only certain information is visible, while another field of references remains hidden. Also, the light changes. Some information is mapped in daylight, others at night [see Wall Map 3, 3.00 o'clock 1 I am not sure what I expected to happen on the 'Hitler Vortex' . Perhaps I would 'become' something else, pass through into another dimension, or be whisked away by the powerful alien agencies running this show. Nothing happened.

E10 Return is the Stabilizing of the command

Text by Don David

A circle of language and sensation is formed. Law and regularity and the conceptual synthesis of the subject. A concept of good and evil, the sensation of guilt in the *territorium* of conscience: all in one complex of power.

A perspective is formed out of value, the highest quantum of power that can be incorporated or *inpsychated*. It is formed on the basis of an eternal return of the rule and will of the father (on the geneological model of the creditor-debtor relationship). This preserves the functioning of any complex or configuration of domination or will to power. Return is the key to this functioning. It stabilizes the *command*.



Return is performed by the rhetoric of eternalization. Projection and binding designations, *being* formed out of images of torture. The appropriation of history and control of time. The assimilation of absolute space: nature and the 'after-death'.

Eternal recurrence in the thought of Nietzsche performs a genealogical descriptive function and fully assumes its operation.

Relations of domination only: no 'truth', no 'law'.

This rhetoric and its use is not unrelated to a Machiavellianism of power.

The function of recurrence can only be adequately understood in terms of the total question of legislation and the means to the consolidation of power. It inserts itself into a discourse fascinated by the *old forms* of legitimation and regulation. It cannot therefore, operate apart from the disciplinary functions of religio-moral sign-language. Though in its Dionysian sense and application, it intends to subvert all moral value.

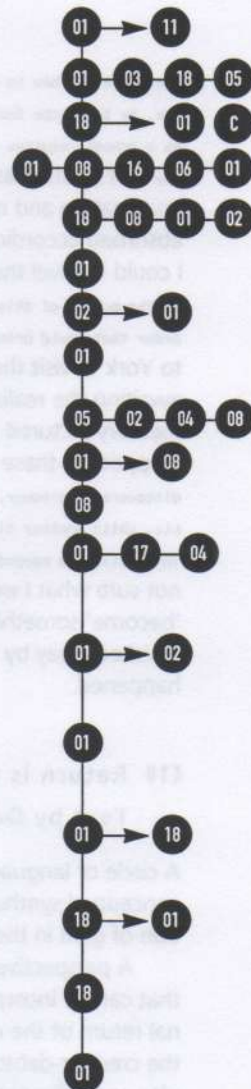
C12 Singing by a mission of references

Refers to a confessional quote by Baudrillard, admitting to 'sinning by omission of references'. Unfortunately there is no singing here. This potential title also recalls Tom Waite's song *Whistling Past the Graveyard*. It can be mapped by the 'closed and silent order' of nuns on Hull Road [Map ref. 65].

C13 The Feeding of Hungry Ghosts

D19 - ...seeing with the eye of the crown
the one word will be met directly
nomadic marronage
and the explosion of voodoo cells
in a cul-de-sac

Looking at the world through names
the marks of my gaze
there is no pure vision
to see at all we must be held by another



The statutory evening dances
with the Northern neophytes

From Freud the idea of repressed sexuality
at the base of neurotic symptomatology
From Reich the promise of its benevolent liberation

Urban Homologue

LOA 22 OS

LEGBA; minister of the interior.

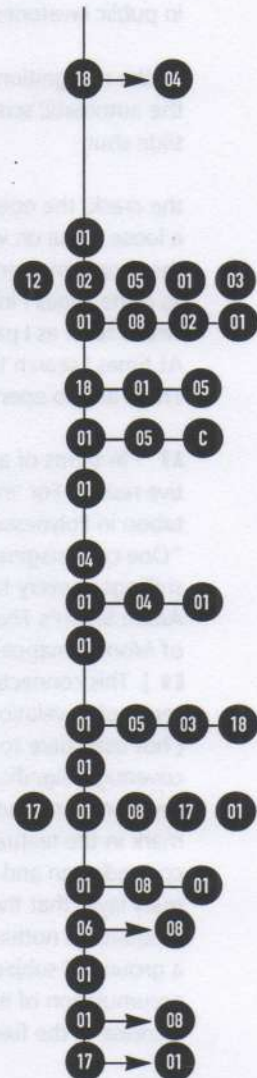
LAPLAS

Don't let the pull of the dead enter copulation
Don't let the dead work your hips

B11 - When you find yourself returned to the space before the limit is there any use in trying to get further out? Does not the extension of any journey, any further exploration, simply bring more space under the isolated auspices of the self-same knowledge? The disembodied eye must be blinded to prevent its accumulation of all space as an imaginary cartographical encyclopedia.

D20 - In the morning I was combined Fakir and Barbi-doll deciphering with ease the scratches of programmes blurred from the radio-alarm every ten minutes.

Whether to approach one's lover in such a state or avoid them at all costs. Things can become so drastic and polarized. There is no convincing the subject of the scapes that things could be otherwise. It is clear that nothing will ever change, that things outside are as joyous and elaborate as usual. But that is the other side. You pass through streets like skirting a screen, this side

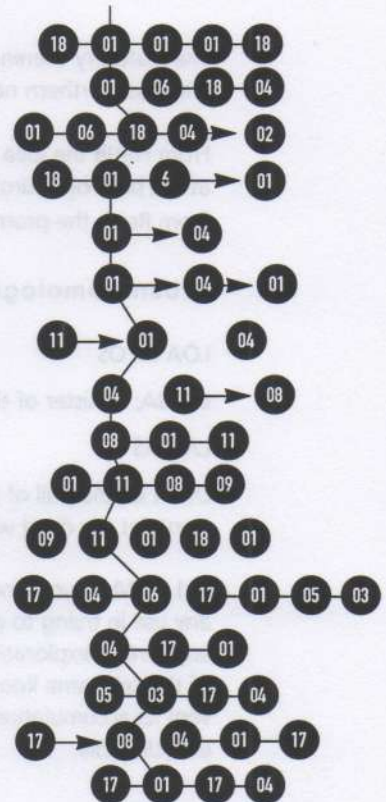


of which is death, threatening to crush you against the mirror.
In public lavatories one is always waiting to be blown away.

At the recognition of expansive urgency
the automatic screens of an involuntary security system
slide shut.

the crack, the opening, the fault,
a loose stone on which one steps
these openings onto elsewhere
as if the zones I inhabit were bubbles
which form as I pass through.
At times I search for the seam through which I might pass back
There are no openings here.

A7 - In terms of academic enterprise the landscape function promises positive results. For 'instance', while reading Franz Steiner's *Taboo* - a section on taboo in Polynesia - I make a cartographic connection from the sentence "One can imagine a Chancellor of the Exchequer declaring eight or ten shillings in every taboo as a measure of the power conferred on him" to Adam Smith's *The Wealth of Nations* and George Simmel's *The Philosophy of Money* mapped on the Discreet Car Park near Scarborough Bridge [Map ref E4]. This connection evokes a potential theoretical elaboration that excites a sense of 'revelation'. Unless this coincidence is 'worked' while it is still 'hot' (hot used here to describe that sense of excited 'insight', with a view to discovering a significant relation between separate ideas) it will cool down and become merely another un-elaborated connection, another accumulated mark in the textual-cartographic file. Such instances embody a fundamental contradiction and a sense of dismay if one's consciousness shifts to the primary layer that the landscape represents. One feels that academic enterprise amounts to nothing more than the drawing of textual similarities 'on top of' a grounded subject whose sense of ontological crisis seeks to wreck this accumulation of likenesses. In effect all academic revelations produce an increase in the fixing of the subject that 'realizes' them. As the academic



At this point in the
numerical indexing of the text's
cartographic substratum I have
decided to stop. This gesture
adopts a form from 'Fear and

project develops, more texts are read, the more expansive and complex become the psychic interiors of the subject. Each attempt to undo the limitations of knowledge merely expand its perimeters and imprisons the subject in a textual labyrinth built upon a limited set of imaginary locations. The dismay which accompanies all consideration of the landscape phenomena issues from this sense of internal entrapment and isolation which will terminate only with death or a complete loss of memorial identity.

D21 - The darkness thickens space
beating me into flat purple streaks
of self-loathing
smeared thickly over a glamorous dusk

"In the night the light has all the right names" - Paul Buck

Darkness brings suffocation
between fear and confinement
inside and outside
the choice revoked

C14 The Waiting Room

Developed in direct response to the cabinet gallery project. 'Waiting Room' refers to the ante-chamber in which the 'honorary portraits' were to be hung, before the guests visited the corpse surrounded by memorial zones to which it had succumbed. This second room is a minor chapel of rest and the room in which insular identity always feels itself present. This is the waiting room representing a general ontological interior-exteriority in which one lives the anticipation of death. It is the room that death built for you, that was there before and after you allegedly 'lived' (like *Coronation Street*). It is thus, also, the living room, in which life is felt merely as an atemporal period of solitary confinement between deaths. In this room, as in the landscapes, no one else actually exists. They are mere surface apparitions or empty signs.

Loathing In Las Vegas' which
begins "at this point in the proceedings....", it was necessary to
switch modes from a written
account of events to the transcription of a tape-recording.
Hunter S. Thompson had reached
a state of such psychic disfunction through intoxication that he
was no longer able to write.
[This instant is mapped near the
Hitler Vortex opposite
Dostoevsky's spider-woman, cir-
cuiting through The Jefferson
Airplane petrol station, in sight
of the V.D. hospital, from the
footbridge by the football
ground, zits bursting in mirrors,
black headed threadworms ooz-
ing from nose-surfaces in the
opposite cul-de-sac to
HomeBase, passing over the
Discreet Car Park at night
towards The Only Ones on

E11 - The portrait project was conceived strategically to guarantee the fixing of the show. The landscape work 'had' to find an outlet. The urgency of externalizing this phenomena permitted a number of necessary subterfuges. I presumed that the gallery owner would want an amount of representational work which could 'pass itself off' in a general art context. Throughout the realization of this project I have insisted, in discussion with Martin McGowan, that the landscape work is not an artistic enterprise. Much of this dialogue has revolved around the notion of 'artifice'. The landscapes in themselves do not operate according to some aesthetic motive but according to information storage processes, existential closure and logical limitations. These maps do not embody some creative idea or some novel artistic project. They are attempted descriptions of a psychic phenomena which is , in some way, utterly antithetical to notions of creative impulse. Only in this oppositional sense does creativity have significance in the landscapes. 'Artifice' is present only in terms of technical inadequacy. [To describe the psychic terrain more accurately would require three dimensional animated models of particular zones visually reduced to the bare essentials of information-recognition] The maps presented are constituted not according to 'aesthetic' requirements but practical-descriptive ones. [It should be noted, however, that when securely in the premises of the landscape-function there seems to be a demand on their part that they are not 'betrayed' by artifice, that they should not be utilized for 'creative' ego-centric purposes. In this way they embody an anti-aesthetic principle (if aesthetics is understood in terms of 'liberation' and 'creative vanity'). This notion of 'betrayal' is associated, somehow, with my mother, and mapped securely on the Southlands Intersection. Consequently the etymological constellation 'mother-matter-matrix' in the context of which Nick Land's matrix is compounded with Julia Kristeva's 'Semiotic Maternal Chora']

C15 - Reminder's Thought Jam

Imagined as a jar of jam designed by a first year graphic design student, pathetically encoding notions of tradition, quality and wholesomeness. Relates to Terry's and Rowntree's products [Wall map 1, 'The Chocolate Key']. Suffocating nostalgia for victoriana embodied in commodities. Time-binding function of graphic design. 'Reminder's' is the the name of an

Marygate, the Melissa file, and the burning church, girls with protruding blue eyes, exquisite fangs and blazing hair, where my sister recommends grievance counselling and W.H.Auden once lived]. In this case the concentration of memorial inter-connections is reaching maximum spatial accumulation, a figure which traces the convergence of psychic locations. What seems to be 'taking place' here is that the index, which I initially considered stable, is accelerating as I trace the movements under the text. The index ceases to map an a-temporal subtext but becomes a register of acceleration due to concentration. Any drop in concentration on my part will lessen the numerical density of the index. The index thus ceases to represent the stable anchoring

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Airplane petrol station, in sight
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ing from nose-surfaces in the

opposite cul-de-sac to

HomeBase, passing over the

Discreet Car Park at night

towards The Only Ones on

imaginary company which organizes memorial space. Under extreme conditions every 'image-idea-word' speed along lines of analogical association to a fixed 'home base'. Hence the close local associations with the auto-erotic bondage contraptions. The landscapes describe a psychic apparatus designed to bind identity to memorial interiority.

A8 - The doodles placed around the peripheries of the wall maps cannot be fixed individually to specific locations. However, their constitutive 'techniques' can. The repeated curved lines used to create random forms - 'Jay Booths' - for instance, are anchored, in essence, over the lake in Rowntrees' Park. The technique is associated with 'totems' - from 'totem poles' - I would draw in the margins of school text books. They mark the passing of idle time, when the demands for concentration have exhausted the student. They are a kind of 'illumination' that bears no direct relation to its attendant text. In this context the margin of the textbook re-draws the line between the idle, useless, and playful 'activity' of the imagination and the serious 'work' associated with language and the requirements of memory [See Text **A6**]. All the doodles were made during conversations, usually on the telephone when conscious involvement can be reduced to a minimum.

At one time I imagined these automatic products might be a source of individual distinction. In this way their destinies follow that of the poetic pretensions in the Red Notes [see **Section D**]. They trace the passing of conversational time, the desire of the hand and detached eye to pursue useless, pleasurable ends. No memories of place can be attached to them, perhaps because they are part of no project.

Another doodle technique is mapped onto the playground of my junior school. It was in a classroom nearby that I learned to do joined-up writing. The repetition of letter forms that we made, line after line, was mesmerising. There was a pleasure in this 'practice' which betrayed something of the necessity which demanded them.

The doodles remain on the wall map because the gallery proprietors saw in them some analogical relation to the landscape project. Futility, obsession and repetition are, presumably, the shared characteristics. Perhaps they offer

points of the text but psychic intensity in reading time. As the accumulations began to increase I presumed they marked instants of significant value in the memorial zones, but, as the break-point demonstrates, the Discreet Car Park is no 'more' significant than any other zone. However, if one traces the peaks in the index up to this point several key themes predominate. The circuit revolves around notions of; i) barrier (taboo, enclosure, room, screen, limit, control, etc.), ii) time (past, present, instant, moment, clock, history, repetition, habit, memory, etc.), iii) escape (communication, passage, travel, liberation, entry, exit, rupture, break, death etc.), iv) accumulation (money, banks, assimilation, inpsychation, credit, quantum etc.), v) system (institution, apparatus, machine, structure,

some 'light relief' or 'decorative interest'.

On Wall Map 3 the doodles are placed outside the map and the text. This is a lame reference to some notions of the Empyrean and the passage of the divine spark in Gnosticism. [Mapped with Mario Praz et al, the act of counting coins, Carravaggio's 'Doubting Thomas' and the interiors of David Bowie at 'Romantic Tanx'] The doodles are imagined outside the perimeters of the false christian God, who keeps us bound in language and illusion, Director of the Reality Studios

[Burrough's does radio cut-ups of news programmes along side the music room. Inside St. Theresa, on her alter, is pierced by the light spears of Christ. Further back in the class room, Swinburne enters the tomb of his rotten lover and The Monk conspires with sexual demons. At the entrance of the class Bataille meditates on the image of a man sliced into pieces as a form of punishment. Above the classroom opposite, stretched out over a night sky is The Book of Control, the endless manual. I talked to Martin here last night. I saw him draw his understanding in the sky above the school field. He marked this point in the future, that changes once you draw near, you turn, look back at the previous places. They have changed. You are in the scape's space] and in some way represent beings from another dimension, like those one sees in the curtains and wall-paper as a child.

Cross-hatching and shadows are mapped down smoker's ally in my secondary school. Jim Carroll's *Baseball Diaries* and Pynchon's *The Crying of Lot 49* are here too. By strange co-incidence, just beyond the wall, in the allotments I staged a joke told to me about a man who fucked cows on a night. This is currently where stories about alien cattle abductions are set. [Co-incidence is a problem in terms of the scapes. It shares characteristics with déjà vu, potential titles and academic breakthroughs. A moment of marvel and wonder, a sense of promise and potential release, then the circuit closes, the elevated body slams back down onto the bed, the infinite "so what " intervenes. Is co-incidence not the perfect short-circuit that gives its agent a sense of significance, of being in contact with bigger things?]

B12 - The Chocolate key; Wall Map 2. At this stage in consideration of the landscape phenomenon I imagined that the introduction of socio-historical information to the scapes might enable some distantiated and less subjective relation to them, as if one could remedy the affliction by a different treat-

order, form etc.), vi) identity (self, similarity, subject, likeness, recognition etc.) and vii) death (termination, end-space etc.).

These intrinsic themes operate throughout the entire memorial spectrum.

The break is marked in the margin (index break), the text (over-concentration) and the psychic terrain ("at this point in the proceedings"). I do not

know if this break constitutes a form of escape from memorial space or another accumulated instant of thought 'above' an initial memorial. The termination of the index marks a point of exhaustive transit and logical complexity which requires an alternative formal register and subsequent vocabulary. It is in

no way an antedote to the psychic affliction. Furthermore this

ment. I began to collect data on the history of chocolate manufacture in York. At the same time I developed an obscure interest in Harry Houdini, the 'escapologist'. I sensed something sordid in the idea of Houdini, something like the uncanny memory of old films seen as a child, strange episodes of *Dixon of Dock Green*, stories about Jack the Ripper, and dimly lit cobbled streets in Victorian London which were, at the same time obviously T.V.-drama studio sets. These were in London too. I associated Houdini with my grandparent's 'time', a time before I existed, but whose presence I felt myself in the grip of. Houdini resided somewhere not quite in 'history' and not quite in 'myth'. Houdini was like a spectre caught in time between fiction and reality, life and death, past and present. He was familiar. I felt uneasily drawn to him, like a revolting reflection of myself.

Houdini's obsession with 'unmasking' paranormal hoaxes betrayed his desire to believe in an 'after-life'. He spent the last years of his life going from seance to seance awaiting the message he had given to his mother before she died. The message never came and one by one the spiritualist meetings bit the dust.

My grandmother would visit the Spiritualist Church in York. This was an odd practice. As a child I couldn't understand why the family didn't abreact. I associated the idea of these visits with something slightly shameful, like one would feel if a grandparent started playing with their privates and no one in the room batted an eyelid. The dead were always waiting in wings of my Grandparent's house.

I was purported to be the re-incarnation of my Grandmother's first husband, my mother's father. I learned this after many years of cryptic comments directed at me from my mother and grandmother.

The Chocolate Key paled in relation to Houdini and the sordid ghosts that issued from his image. The comings and goings of cocoa and sugar, the contingent structural and demographic alterations of the city, the scandal of the Portuguese slave colonies, and all the contradictions of Quaker Capitalism seemed too abstract and artificial to assist the 'coming end' of the scapes. Houdini's pathological fear of entrapment struck a chord that reverberated through the confines of the scapes. Most of all Houdini feared the grave, that ultimate and inevitable trap that waited at the terminus of his life.

index was being designed to facilitate the completion of the text, and thus the termination of the psychic system. This break could be a defensive strategy initiated by that very system, sensing its imminent termination. It is as if the system pushed itself 'outside', was in temporary hiding. The break might represent the failure of my terminal strategy, a submission to psychasthenia. It certainly marks a parenthesis in the temporal order of the text (i.e. this is not the 'end' of the text in reading time, nor the end of the project in making time). To present a completed work (text, image or otherwise) denies the temporal disorder of the production process, as if the 'end-product' was the sign of a unifying incident.

Having exposed all the charlatans who claimed to have contact with the dead, revealed all magic as mere illusion and slight of hand and refuted all suggestions that he himself had supernatural powers, he hunted down the machinery of substantiation as if his life depended on it.

In the Castle Museum in York there is a man in a cell. As a child I refused to pass by him. I knew he was alive. My parents re-assured me to the contrary. But they were, by then, beyond all trusting on such matters (Pornography, the truth about Father Christmas, and Infinity had put an end to that). I felt the man in the cell wanted me, was waiting for me. He was, like Houdini, only pretending to be dead.

What did I care as a child that this was the debtors prison?

D22 'To the question how did that ancient, deep-rooted, still firmly established notion of an equivalency between damage and pain arise, the answer is, briefly: it arose in the contractual relation between creditor and debtor, which is as old as the notion of "legal subjects" itself and which in turn points back to the basic practices of purchase, sale, barter and trade.'

Freidrich Nietzsche, *The Geneology of Morals*

D17 - The scape stands in for me
and everything else
like

Captain Scarlet
Ray Milland
Dion.

Angel Exhaust, in the form of one Andrew Duncan
as address
from the *Winning Post*
20 ft up E6
facing north east
from 114 Ashmore Road, 2nd floor, back bedroom
facing the southerly wall

What precisely is the margin
that separates this this portion
of the text from its attendant
text? What kind of translation
occurs through the margin? The
numerical index was envisaged
as a stable conversion from text
to substratum. Something else is
happening. It is as if the transla-
tion from code to code was
effecting one register dispropor-
tionally, as if temporal factors
were leaking into the system
and heating it up.

I is this cramped screen, massa
hovering there
re-collecting substance

C16 Escaping Substance: Memorials and Psychic Cartography

Early title for projected book of poems dealing with the landscape system. Later developed into cover of blank book which opens film of *Water Lane*. This form of representation typifies notion of aesthetics as inadequate description. The dissolve through the blank pages of an unwritten book to repetitive penetration and *Water Lane* is as accurate a metaphor as time, technology and ingenuity would permit. This sequence should be placed over point where title-sequences for James Bond movies (etc..) are mapped, especially silhouettes of floating female forms dissolving into abstract 'erotic' flows, just past the 'mouth' of water lane.

D23 - Searching in time through the debris of Serre's *Parasite*, through the wreckage of a crashed plane, trying to find the black box. Once found I'll eat it. You can only know a thing fully once it is consumed. This seems elementary on the verge of waking.
To consume a thing is to discover its limits.
Without limits there is nothing.
Hence the obsession with bodies, so easily defined.
Eating face, swallowing the key, the micro film.
Similarly with space. How do we know a geographical thing? Through habit and safe, controlled repetition of passage.
To make the journey once is not to know it. The findings must be repeated. One travels through space as through a continuum, marked out like a sentence, by significant signs in a fixed, unchanging order. A city is like a book, the sentences its streets. What if we were to return to the book and find it completely altered. We would have difficulty returning anywhere. The terror of being lost as a child. The anchor of your parents, lost. To be lost and to loose are shared events. To lose a lover to death is to lose them in space. Necrophilia ferments in this unbearable solitude.

In dreams the books never read the same, and the street markers are unfixed. The identities of lovers blend and the ground is always unstable. Each time we return we tighten the screws of wakefulness, of the real. Each return inscribes the body deeper. Here is the paradox; in sleep - that more fluid and libidinal state - desire, imagination, and multiplicity are in play but identity is blurred, and we are always lost. Awake, our lovers seem clearly defined in space, we can find them, more often than not, with our eyes closed. Each return secures us, each return takes a little more love, hardens the empty grip of the real.

B13 - Southlands Intersection is currently the very centre of this enterprise. It is here, if anywhere, that the 'breakthrough' will occur. It is, consequently the site of the show's imaginary making, the imaginary space from which the future event projects. [As a event with a future dead-line it already in a sense exists. This kind of thinking increases the sense of temporal isolation endemic to the landscape experience. Any future thing or event - like an orgasm - , which can be foreseen in advance, subjects one to a sort of chronological solitary confinement] It is here that Martin McGowan, by offering me the opportunity to present work in his gallery, set the landscapes on crash course. It has enabled me to 'indulge' the maps to the maximum degree, to spend hours waiting for them to speak, reveal themselves, their operators, their demands, like ghosts at seance, loa at voodoo ceremony. I am able to supplicate myself before them, though there is nothing here that would suggest an entity, a being, or a discreet thing. This affliction must end. The thought of dying here is provocation to extreme self-destructive action. I must encourage the system towards its completion, at which point I foresee one of three possible outcomes; total catatonic isolation ('The Boston Strangler' or 'Ray Milland' syndrome) , the eradication of all traces of the disease and symptoms (which would require a complete loss of information -memory) or a mutual adaptation of self and context into an un-predicted, unforeseen, unimaginable and nameless new form.

B14 - This work, in seeking to escape the landscapes 'once-and-for-all', is

destined to fail. This is their law. The idea of putting them to aesthetic use (for instance the notion of a 'poetry machine') would only further enhance their suffocating ends. The work involves a continual question of 'escape' from the interior of the self. Current 'artistic' discourse and attendant strategies offer little encouragement in this regard. The notion of the creative individual 'behind' the work thoroughly informs institutional artistic practice (despite the works of certain 'continental philosophers'). The work indulges a 'maximalist' tendency. The project desires its own termination. As if the 'entire' accumulation of information I hoard (for 'I' am constituted by my 'baggage') could be contained 'once-and-for-all' then dumped.

D24 - The scanned space of a library redolent with disgust
as if the world were constituted by repulsion
the reek of unconsummated incest,
of a paralytical guilt that makes fat men sweat in bed
with women as disgusting as they are to themselves
who they love
Sometimes this is all to clear
not to be the case
this side of a simple form
stuffed with poetry.
A Strindberg nation in one sordid room
Inescapable luminous rot
perfume and sweat
The trace of alcohol flowing through mint and face powder
A stink left in the toilet.
The disgust of smelling adults in the bathroom
twenty years later
when it is you
All the rot that you are and will all the more become.

Disgust is a self-fulfilling prophesy
un-nervingly fixed;

fascinating, spaceless and uniform.

D26 'Only signs without referents, empty, senseless, absurd and elliptical signs, absorb us.

A little boy asks a fairy to grant him his wishes. The fairy agrees on one condition, that he never think of the colour red in the foxes tail. "Is that all?" he replies offhandedly. And off he goes to find happiness. But what happens? He is unable to rid himself of this fox's tail, which he believed he had already forgotten. He sees it everywhere, with its red colour, in his thoughts and in his dreams. Despite all his efforts, he cannot make it disappear. He becomes obsessed with this absurd, insignificant, but tenacious image, augmented by all the spite that comes from not having been able to rid himself of it. Not only do the fairy's promises not come true, but he loses his taste for life. Perhaps he dies without ever having gotten clear of it.'

Jean Baudrillard - *Seduction*

Digital self in cyclical time; calendrical order.

D27 'The old ego dies hard. Such as it was, a minister of dullness, it was also an agent of security. When it ceases to perform that second function, when it is opposed by a phenomenon that it cannot reduce to the condition of a comfortable and familiar concept, when, in a word, it betrays its trust as a screen to spare its victim the spectacle of reality, it disappears, and the victim, now an ex-victim, for a moment free, is exposed to that reality - an exposure that has its advantages and its disadvantages. It disappears - with wailing and gnashing of teeth. The mortal microcosm cannot forgive the relative immortality of the macrocosm'.

Samuel Beckett - *Proust*

D28 - There is this blind spot of incandescence aimed, point blank, at the intersection with an other

end-program for psychic eradication
It is called 'Identity'.
sworn enemy of mimetic contagion.
It identifies in advance
the aesthetic defect
that target of temporal focus
and coalesces into a bullet-beam
or a switch
the full point of snuff
the blinking out of an identical light
The bullet is self
terminating
for everyone.
The full point of impact
full point of history
an ant fries.

"I don't remember, I must have done it, no one else was there."

