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LANDSCAPES

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Neil Chapman & Ola Ståhl



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SERIES: LANDSCAPES

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We have found a route to the Outlands. It has been not by following directions though vaguely, with their sticks, others point saying they would go. Then we watch them retreat in a bubble of breath held. Our work is to subsist. Not like them. Abrasions of the Outlands cast us back to sanctuary and then we venture once more where thin resources for life are found and unlikely conservations are practiced. In the end all comfort is forgotten. Dwelling is with Outlanders where the earth's stony colour exhausts drawing rods. A cone-cranial bone is motioned, its bond three small stones placed. In its dish to circulate. With rhythm. As Outthought. And that way thinking takes place on Outlands. A cut fragment of cardboard folded, placed under the heel is our protocol. Old ways are cloths torn, wetted and packed between teeth and cheek-flesh, and devices are string-wrapped polythene released to ascend over scrub, by the runway. Then we will imagine ourselves set, our missive sent.

We are students of Outnature, its jagged rock enclosures and ponds in the sea and its caves where no birds are found but black shapes flock. To camp between bungalows on the sloping plateau. Terraces prop a body-width of flatness. Aerials' slim wires whistle to the magnesium sky and lead us to where technicians have been seen in silhouette conversing in low voices with their hands covering their mouths unless they be lip-read. And nearer, bright concretes are submerged. The harbour is where water purifies and turns glass-clear washing over territories of molluscs. It is unlikely ecology. Then to scramble the talus seeking distant nacreous surfaces while all talk on these matters is conducted in sub-vocal voices. Nothing but obscured scenes and Out-takes.

We see a child lost under the brim of a paladin hat holding a clutch of black eggs. The beam of a lighthouse gives an elegy through broken panes. Handicraft is here pyramid-building. Under foot, boards are unstable. An Outlander squats beneath flower-decorated cloth held faded on four poles secured with guys, in a shallow trough, while the caustic wind makes rags whip and lines on the face-skins of Outlanders.

*

Now there will be a practicum to host researches facilitating the production of our memorandum, wires sent from the Outlands. A grid will be hung on which its words are strung. Though small a survey-hut will be split into smaller units still with library and meeting rooms. Adjoining, a writer's study will be named with 'fourth wall' giving onto a proscenium as intimate as the other. First, all halls are dark. Then light from high windows will penetrate to reveal a figure seated, a man restless in his chair — reading but impatiently from a broadsheet publication. The spot will shift to show another figure amidst equipment assembled from the ancient and the new — piles of stone, cassette recorders, radio-stems, repurposed turntables. On powder-coated wall brackets a flute will sit with its open end to the corner; an accordion, keyboards sullied by the finger-grime, styles of speaker-cone numbering eight or more.

So all the interior's junk is organised to leave body-shaped spaces. And a little room for limited gestures. Adjacent tables supporting printing devices, mechanical typewriters of the old kind loaded with scrolls. Behind, on a screen, intermittent visual data is presented elevated over so-called images and the blankness alike. A third body squats by mirror glass leaned against the tables edge. His movements are mirrored in the space and recorded, looped back into writing that marks attitude's imperceptible shifts. Video is for poses, to emphasise and no less to elevate their weight. Then a fourth figure measures time and constructs devices to carry out her task with precision: a transmitter broadcasting sine tones and sheets of static. Rubber bands, plastic bags and tin foil are assembled as listening devices.

Radio, live transmission. The faculty exists to be opened. Our guests will expire. What generality is there of publics? We are impromptu and long-planned long playing. The schedule is already embarked. Others will appear or vice versa. Some might prepare to be appeared in advance where aspens sharpen. Then they will be improvised. In any case situations and

events will and will have occurred. And once more in different registers. Objects and tools. Construction made fulfilled for practical purposes because on Outlands all projects are catastrophe. It is pragmatism with pegs, our art. Pellets, at times stored in proximity to the faculty. White plastic conditions of nature copied to be arched. For which purposes we seek assistance and scribes. To interpret. To translate. To archive. Because then our ambition is elsewhere.

A desert sun behind the haar, defined, it lights the water with white glare. But the elegant veneer has come off at the flat surface's edge revealing the desk's chipboard interior. Light before eleven scandalous when it penetrates these interiors with their carelessness lavished, that the rooms should be lit by a view so placid, undisturbed by lethargic breaths, sighs, hushed mumbling, the result of a common disinterestedness not yet articulated, at the back of the minds of those present (present, yet not quite there). To peel absent-mindedly at veneer's loose corners, where the glue no longer binds it to the chipboard, and to do so knowing that there is a risk that a splinter of veneer will break off and get lodged under the fingernail, and to do so entirely absent-mindedly, vacuously, without thought. At this hour it is not early - none of morning's clarity of mind - nor late - mind not yet rigid but settled comfortably limp. Its idea is hardly perceptible, not yet quite an image rather an image unformed still to form, a disturbance on the edge of thought it will continue its turbulence quietly and may reappear, as the sun reappears, in looped intervals which may at first seem to follow an erratic pattern but will eventually prove to abide by the logic of an altogether different duration.

Meanwhile to persist with paucity, a sheet too white, too large for the mark. To impose upon it nevertheless marks to then catalogue by criteria ill understood. The fleeting satisfaction they offer is of a realm other than thought, they can be ordered into comprehensible categories only once the sensation has passed and the necessary dissociation has been restored. Then to wait for the mind to go limp once again. For something other to enter through its vacuous repose. But for that to come about, the posture must be right, the conditions must be such that it can come to pass: feet planted firmly on floorboards, head held high but tilted, chin tipped toward sternum, work surface adjusted for a seated position, seat's curve perfect for spine's bend not to relax but to offer just the right amount of support, folded piece of corrugated cardboard, ripped from a larger segment earlier in the morning, wedged beneath the sole of the right foot giving it an upward angle noticeable but slight; an unusual posture to carve out a fine

period of the morning before stiffness in the thighs sets in. Then acknowledge the others in a way not done before, it having been too early, converse in low voice, subdued, beneath breath but not without excitement, feel the silence of the room unnoticed during work's first concentration, unimposing yet pregnant with a peculiar expectation, before walking out for recreation.

Persist with the scribe's point though it is sharp enough to damage the paper, rasping it, cutting into the fibrinous sheet, and too narrow, too faint for the sheet's area. Do it out of arrogance. Or as an experiment to test the status of experimentation itself. Or its limits. Do it as a protest against the futility of instruction. Do it for the sensation itself. The brief pleasure, first of the movement, then upon inspection, the movement's trace upon the sheet. Do it as a reprieve from thought. Ask not of the mind to understand the meaning of the faint line, the line nor its faintness. Ask instead of the hand to carry it out, carry it on, and to carry it further yet. Do it in spite and because of the faintness of its trace and its destructive impact on the sheet's untarnished surface. Do it precisely because of the preposterous coupling of the scribe's faint whisper and the indelible destruction contained by its trace. After all the sought hemisphere is immaterial. With an instrument too sharp, too hard, that in damaging forbids erasure, graphited indentation. The pantograph is designed for a softer tip, but persist nevertheless. Although the instrument's movements cannot be said to be graceful, they are executed with an ungainly precision, paced with the mechanism's unorthodox sound - one worth hearing - a precision which to the casual observer might first appear awkward and gauche, but which will soon show itself to involve a certain elegance all the same, what might be called the instrument's grace.

Even with an incision the hemisphere is drawn with resolve. Because it falls short of what's been asked, because it can barely be seen (either in the common sense or within the task's frame) it's like no other drawing. From an odd angle as the door opens and the low light hits the page a shadow picks up the mark's profile and its quality is made evident, a line inscribed in dust.

LABYRINTH

A line inscribed in dust makes an outline, the labyrinth's dim silhouette. Collapsed into the sea, in part submerged, its profile is a set of smooth curves; beneath the surface the mass a ragged block. If the yellow layers of sky give an impression of warmth, not so but sodium infected. The land is hydrogen sulphide dusted, the soil cryotic frost. An upper plateau is a world beyond. Here are traces left by visiting teams of geologists, rock-hammers used to break the surface where vehicles have inscribed their tracks. Flattened boxes are scattered, turned damp and back to pulp. A lower level is bounded ragged by natural formations. Structures in concrete extend out into the water where maritime vehicles once docked. Cranes are abandoned to disrepair, repurposed by species naturalised in the labyrinth's tunnels and chambers. Marine birds nest on eroded gantries that tilt now towards the sea, their irons submerged, colonised, a territory of molluscs. Crystalline deposits in concentric layers form solid objects in the soft tissues of bivalves, prizes for treasure fishers. Here rests the labyrinth's concrete mass, in parts submerged the water shallow still over its barnacled bulk where slabs are visible clad in algae their contours diffuse. Pieces of wood too beneath the surface lying across drowned platforms are orange, the colour they were painted, now patterned with algae. And other brightly coloured things, plastic

Woven or felted, wrapped around the body as a body's container, the strings inside come undone as they need to and for the departure they need to. The parts of garments come apart. The threads: pluck them wider (still not wide enough) to make an unravelling meshwork, strings in contact with strings and then some. The shred comes loose and hangs down in the lap, strings bound there (no euphemism, no pudendum; none of any sort). Collect the ends of string in a small pouch—a pouch small enough for a pocket, to hold but keep the threads loose. They stick out as seams have been undone. Stitching insufficient for tensions near the hem where the fabric has been pricked restrains the body and

debris, sheets of crumpled foil in bright coils in the water, sinking and rising suspended in its volume. Further into depth the platforms serve as surfaces for luminescent spawn nesting. Collective organisms gathering tightly, their accretions form a surface over the colour, over the concrete. Ragged, not rough like their substrate but gelatinous. Water is their support. A line inscribed in dust, and then another: these are the outlines of the labyrinth, its dim silhouette. Low, collapsed into the sea in part submerged, its outlines free from roughness, mass otherwise making a ragged block, a whole beneath layers of yellow sky, cold layers sodium infested under sulphide dusted land. The labyrinth's soil is cryotic frost. An upper plateau is a ceiling for the labyrinth, on it a clearing, on one side a grassy expanse, on the other a ditch, in the distance a crowd of hunkered-down trees, beech trees stunted, the ancient creeping of their roots thickening out into feet that spill over an unlikely foundation of rock. Here tools have been used to break the surface. The earth is inscribed with the tracks of vehicles. In the clearing, paths traverse. They tell of diverse fauna and wheeled vehicles in fleets. Impressions are left in tall grasses. Here shelters have been built, now dilapidated. Boxes are scattered, flattened, turned damp and back to pulp. By the ditch, shipping pallets are lined up to form a barricade. Quilted patchworks

stops it performing anything but a limited set of minute actions. Cloth fragment a coarse weave from the curtains in the bungalow. The weave of the cloth ragged too its ragged end unkempt if not torn, its design a plaid of threads: red-gone-grey, white-gone-yellow, yellow-gone. Tilt your head in a grin. The underside of eyelids the softest parts. The cheek's inside surface. To make an eyeball of wet cloth for the mouth wishing it softer it rasps something like static in the moments before dead air, rasping against the skin, rough to soak up water from the tap if water can be had. To be wrapped around the thumb, first, cloth's eye to survey uncharted territory and with bone to support it, muscle to

of thick grey felt fastened to each pallet are detaching leaving the wooden structures exposed. And likewise the structures in concrete extending out into the water, where maritime vehicles once docked, are exposed. Cranes are abandoned to rust, repurposed by invading flora and marine birds; subsurface, a territory of molluscs. Here rests the labyrinth's tilting mass in part submerged by water, a shallow water over algae-clad slabs, concrete with contours diffuse. Timber too beneath the surface and lying across submerged platforms show orange as they were painted, with algae spreading. And other brightly coloured things, plastic debris, sheets of crumpled foil in bright coils in the water, sinking and rising in the currents. Though deserted while viewed this way the scene shows a cadence of life, a pulse of species proliferating in numbers and fluid in their movements. They are a tide of the high terrain withdrawing into the crevices of the landscape and venturing forth as if rhythmically. The upper plateau and what lies beyond is a world into which the labyrinth is extending; on one side a grassy expanse, on the other a ditch. In the distance a crowd of hunkered-down trees are stunted beeches, their creeping roots spilling over unforgiving foundations of rock. Grasses sway and as they do so track the depleting winds. They are an audience for the sky's energy. Petals of flowers trigger open by radiation

move it. Then into the mouth with the whole. The cheek will show a cloth's eye hidden, thumb and arm to articulate it like sleep's thought, between teeth and cheek flesh. Thick coldness of cloth from curtain fabric, curtain from the bungalow, bright in the bungalow, from the resort looted. White grouting bright in the hills in the sun-tiled terrace. Kitchen too for hygienic purposes, what slides is a cleanliness otherwise appropriate. Doors made from curtain-covered glass the sliding doors offering shade protected from sunlight. From the resort stolen the curtain cloth torn from it. With a pressure of thumbs torn. One thumb and forefinger holds the fabric. In a grip the other draws the cloth away. Two

and derive advantage from their evolved sensitivity to the weather's changing state. Grazing animals too have left the impressions of their hooves, which show their preference for the perimeter, the ditch once deep in mud, now dry with sand, dried faeces and the crisp remains of plant life. In close proximity thin sheets of fine white mesh are sculpted into pyramids, nailed to plywood weighted down with bricks. Pliable and stiff in support, mesh makes an ideal material for shelter construction and storage facilities in a climate hostile to habitation. These were flat architectures, rudimentary dwellings for an extreme location; built, now gone. Flattened crates are scattered, turned damp and back to pulp. By the ditch, shipping pallets are propped up as a hasty defence. Quilted patchworks of felt once fastened to timbers are detached leaving their wooden structures exposed. Spurs of concrete, an imposing complex, extend out into the water where launches once docked. Cranes abandoned to erosion are repurposed by birds nesting, gantries accumulating the refuse of seasons. A submerged architecture of hollow volumes and conduits tilts in the sea, its encrusted exterior a field now for molluscs. In their soft flesh, impurities become precious spherules to be harvested by hunters and combers. The labyrinthine mass lies part-submerged in water, renders water shallow where

hands unless the curtain be pulled from its hooks or the curtain won't tear. Old or not old the fabric is fragile still. Distressed in the bungalow's still air, exposed to sunlight and impact of air conditioning and the neglect of careless tenants. Hanging differently then when the bungalow was occupied, before smiling gaps appeared in the weave, some threads drawing the cloth into bunches. Straighten what's left of the cloth hanging—not to tear more but taking the corner needed. A corner of cloth to suffice for the mouth. Then run it under the cold tap if the cold tap works (coughing of air in the pipes). Plaid of curtain cloth soaked fibres coloured differently when shielded from the light, light in through the door of the bungalow, a sliding

its slabs have sunk to be clad in algae, contours diffuse. Timber batons too beneath the surface are scattered over the submerged platforms, showing orange as they were coloured, now with patinas of sea-growth. And there is brightly coloured detritus, plastic debris, sheet-steel crumpled by the force of tides, bright coils in the water too rising suspended then sinking to rest. Further into the depth the concrete serves as surfaces for spawn hatching. Colonies packed tight, an iridescent carpeting of concrete. Ragged, not rough like their substrate but gelatinous, water their support. Parts of the structure have sunk deeper to be embedded in silt where the calcified remnants of marine life build the sea bed. Scavenging creatures scour the darkness for carcasses drifting down from the shallows. These solitary organisms range and avoid others of their kind, leaving the barest tracks on beds soon to be re-sculpted by weights of water. Here you find outposts of the labyrinth while its mass of conduits and cells are on dry terrain—both below its surface and extending in magnificent spires that glint metallic in the sun. In the depths, some shelters remain but many are gone, while on beaches, flattened boxes are scattered, their cardboard sides turned damp and back to pulp. By the ditch, shipping pallets are encasements further reinforced by quilted felt and patchworks of other fabrics

door. Light through the webs through the dust where plaid bleached over the decades is yellowed by light through webs. Fibres bleached where the light has come, on the underside. The cloth's bright threads in the fashion of that decade hung on hooks lined conscientiously to hang past the life of that decade's fashion. Into the gap packed tight, cold water expelled. Then withdraw the thumb. Tighten muscles of the cheek for the cloth's eye to take on the shape of the cavity, pressed cooling by cheek and gums but coming to a body's temperature. Then work in the clench for as long as there is. No talking. Smile. Bitterness in the body's nerves. Bitterness in the clench that grips the cloth, warmed between teeth

fastened to each other and to pallets, from which they are detaching to leave the armatures exposed. There is a square foundation dug in soil, at its base a layer of sand compressed to form a crust. Nearby, walls build on similar foundations are secure but insufficiently when weather conditions worsen. The brickwork is makeshift. A roof in layered plywood and cardboard hanging under corrugated steel covers the foundation of each habitation. Supported on corner poles the shelter offers a space to crouch, to squat, but little more. Sheltered from the extremes and hidden from predators, dwellers here would have been afforded at least some small protection not to be had on the flatlands above. Extra sheets of cardboard have served as surfaces on which to sit or to lie. Pieces of fabric found here are adorned with flowers—they are muddied now but once were pretty shades of orange and red. Smaller and varied pieces are found to have been stitched together with a coarse thread, padded with cotton capoc gathered from nearby shrubs, and quilted for warmth. There are bowls with herbs gathered to boil—either for food or medicinal purposes. In close proximity thin sheets of fine white mesh are sculpted into pyramids, nailed to plywood weighted down with bricks. Pliable and stiff in support, mesh has made an ideal material for shelter construction and storage facilities in climates hostile to

and cheek flesh. The mouth prepared, now dress for departure choosing articles that can be removed later, one by one, an outfit to unravel, to place bit by bit in the passage collecting them on the return. It can be fancy wear but they are garments to serve a purpose. Pretty garments—prettier than most. New garments to don, to remove; woollen with parts made from felt, leather and with details in snakeskin. In the mirror they will appear nicely, tight-fitting. Think of them smeared over the limbs and joints. A heartbeat and breath around elbow joints and ankles. New skin from hip to collarbone, fabric stretching a costume for gatherings to come; clothes new and old at the same time from the beginning, new to wear. A

habitation. These are flat architectures, rudimentary dwellings for an extreme location. Fields of grass move gracefully in unison. They are an audience for the sun's energy. Flowers' petals are triggered open by radiation to derive advantage from sensitivity to the weather's changing state. An upper plateau is the roof of the labyrinth. Upon its clearing, on one side, there is a grassy expanse; on the other a ditch. To the east, from a distance, the land is speckled with tiny white blocks. These are the bungalows, built now abandoned, a resort under which culverts are dug in a network of tunnels into the hillside. Tiered rows of identical bungalows dotted amongst green foliage. And beneath them a burrow dug for reasons forgotten or shrouded still in secrecy. Within its passages static gives the atmosphere an elasticity that compromises the boundaries between bodies passing there, while close by, on the surface, foliage hides the twisting trunks of trees and their roots that creep between the stones of unforgiving soil and prise their way through concrete panels supporting subterranean passageways. Teams of geologists have passed this way and with their hammers broken the permafrost surface. The tracks of their vehicles snake between buildings and trees and out onto the plateau where they meet the spoors of plateau animals and other impressions less discernible. Tall grasses have

garment it's said is not the sum of the cut, shape and fabric, but threads of memory with an excess woven into the cloth's eye. Wool is the base. Felt gives flexibility to areas most susceptible to wear. Leather strengthens vulnerable junctions. So felt transitions the wool and the leather, relations of structure echoed in colour and ornamental edges. Fastenings are steel wire looped and riveted; cotton thread stitches the leather to the felt, the felt to the wool. The leather is a field of woven fastenings. Through the felt no sign of orientation, only gravity's breeze. Supple are the transitions in wool and leather, the relations of structure echoed in colour with wool closest to grey. Dark felt fibres

grown and withered. Shelters once built are now gone, flattened like boxes, the bricks of their walls scattered and eroded to mix again with the dust from which they were made. By the ditch, shipping pallets are lined up to form a barricade. Quilted patchworks of thick grey felt fastened to each detach leaving the batons exposed. And the concrete structures are exposed to the elements, structures extending out into the water where boats once docked and cranes lifted cargos. All around is disrepair and once-functional structures repurposed by weeds, the roots of which dig into surfaces turning concrete and brick into soil. One vast and tilting block holds concealed within it a chamber now honeycombed with debris and the passages dug across and through by which invading species have established their domains, lost it to others, whose repurposing of competitors' work confounds that space once more. In water close to the surface there are slabs the hard edges of which are softened now by algae blooming. Sea-timbers once painted orange are all but obscured, their surfaces encrusted and overgrown with seaweeds that float buoyantly and sway in the current. Fields of spawn follow the hard angles of submerged concrete, render its surfaces soft with gelatinous layers. As the tide recedes and water-levels fall the algae dries into a crisp skin. Soils bake showing their composition in colours

saturated, leather a dull ochre with ornamental edges. Fastenings in steel looped and riveted, cotton thread stitching leather to felt, felt to wool, wool a field of knitted fastenings, felt a field of intertwining fastenings, leather a field of fastenings more dense on the surface. In the felt no sign of orientation only gravity's breeze. Wool's knitted yarn has an up-side but by convention borrowing an idea from leather, the more tightly packed surface of which is the outer surface. With body clothed it is time to move. Do so with velocities established through the involutions of passages and paths with their obstructions intuited beyond sight. Clothed body present and represented is doubled and doubled again following

that change to white as the altitude rises, on hillsides dotted with buildings that have spread as if by natural processes—bungalows, each one with tiled terrace and kitchen fitted for hygiene, doors made from glass, covered by curtains offering protection from sunlight. Across the tiled terrace, through the window a curtain can be seen torn. Scraps of the cloth have been stolen, strips torn from a curtain in a bungalow occupied no more, one bungalow in a complex of many bungalows, in a resort situated on a hillside, on tiered plateaus; identical buildings scattered amongst green foliage. Curtains have hung differently in bungalows occupied. And beneath the bungalows, dug into the hillside, a culvert. Here different densities of static give the atmosphere an elasticity compromising the boundaries of bodies passing there. Warm wind is like breath, the culvert itself a lung, the figures occupying it impurities to be expelled or neutralised. There are several routes more or less dangerous and differing in length. Passageways between the corridors contain narrower passages still. And so between the corridors of the culvert fine grids form. There are many grids. As the culvert consists of multiple planes on different levels—some near the surface others buried deep—the opportunities multiply for different forms of life. And here the labyrinth disperses while under the ceiling of an upper plateau it burgeons. In its interiors and

the logic of thread and cloth, weave and weave's memory. The clothed body complex of yarn-organs, fabric-cells, thread-veins forming shifting composites with other bodies as it moves—minerals, block stone assemblages, cement-membranes, weeds and small-fry, and volatiles imbibed, some sets of complexes entered into, others avoided. But with one most novel item it is different. Dark purple, painfully light on the skin it barely touches yet clings resolutely, its lightness a soft and sombre violence. This garment is at once ancient and modern. As the cloth in turn is grafted onto your skin you are distilled, boiled down, one facet emerging. The game changes. You cannot turn back or depart for turning away. You

clinging to its exteriors, structures remain as shelters while many are gone. On a lower level concrete extends out into the nearby water here, where maritime vehicles have docked and cranes are lost to disrepair. Birds nest on rusting gantries tilting now towards territories of molluscs and labyrinthine concrete parts submerged. Water-flooded passages lead up to dry land and to the culvert, a lung, in part and occupied by bodies that are its impurities to be expelled or neutralised. Several routes are here found more dangerous or less in varying distances where passageways between corridors contain sets of passages narrower still. And so between the corridors of the culvert fine grids form. There are many grids because the culvert consists of multiple planes on different levels—some near the surface others buried deep, providing opportunities for different forms of life multiplying and dug into the hillside upon which the resort is situated in tiered rows of identical bungalows scattered among green foliage. And beneath green foliage a culvert dug out from the hillside before the bungalows came up, for a reasons most likely forgotten, borders an upper plateau and a ditch which makes the perimeter once deep in mud and now prepared with a layer of dry sand, faeces and withered grasses. Then in close proximity thin sheets of fine white mesh are sculpted to make pyramids, nailed to plywood weighted down with

will live here. Here will live in you, will take your body as its homestead finding cavities for dwelling's slow rotation. You will move from place to place, from settlement to settlement—you in the place, the place in you a feral creature. Cut out your tongue. Change your languages. Be done with your dwelling. Remove your dress and take off your costume. Place the articles as you pass and return to find them (though in a different order). Remove them once more in dealings with different folks. In different ways from now on you are always to stray. Alter your judgements. Scupper your fancies. Adjust your beliefs. Modify your opinions and alter your garments once more but keep them secular. Rediscovered,

bricks. Pliable and stiff in support, mesh has made an ideal material for shelter-construction and storage facilities in climates hostile to habitation where flat architectures are rudimentary dwellings for extreme locations and shelters were built from flattened boxes now gone, scattered, turned up, turned damp. While at a lower level structures in concrete tilt towards the sea, irons are repulsed and coded in the water's territory. Here the labyrinth's concrete mass is in parts submerged—water its outline of curves otherwise forming a ragged contour, blocky in its solidity; a line inscribed, and another.

treat them as new, carrying on like someone sporting the latest. Be a new edition of yourself. Modern is how you like to do it. Excited about your new skin, you draw a line in the dust with shoe's pointed tip, and another, cloth's eye in place and fixed so you turn and turn once more to stray.

