



NEIL CHAPMAN & OLA STAHL

SPILLWAYS, PEDWAYS, SILOS

GOOD PRESS & PUBLICATION STUDIO MALMÖ



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NOCTURNAL STRANDS

At first there is  
a silence not  
contemplative  
nor intrusive  
but one which  
draws precise  
sensations into  
the communal

orbit between  
bodies. Into the  
communal orbit.  
Into the space  
between bodies  
sensations are  
drawn to float then  
coalesce and clot

eventually into  
tensions harden  
and pop open  
finally with a single  
crackle breaking  
the texture of  
silence. Then it  
begins anew.

Not a loop nor an  
echo but a mirror  
image. A skewed  
false double and  
on a tangent stray.  
So the silence is  
composed and  
so it strays. It is

not homogenous  
but differentiated.  
Made up from  
intervals. In the  
midst of this  
warping silence  
emerges a figure. In  
a pulsation. First at

the hemisphere's  
periphery barely  
noticeable. Then  
more clearly.  
A distinct but  
pixelated vision  
moves across the  
orbit sharpening

as the resolution  
increases its  
ragged contours  
more distinct  
before it fades  
again into  
the silence.  
Appearing then

disappearing.

Then another dark

cloaked figure

stepping silently

in the quadrangle.

The architecture

is dusted in ochre

fine earth clinging

to its stones.  
With the figure  
appearing and  
disappearing only  
then the wall's  
portico is seen.  
There are two  
steps between

levels and a paved  
expanse a verge  
worn back down  
to earth. Slabs like  
walls are layered  
in the earth's  
colour. Ash and  
bone beneath

m e c h a n i c a l  
protheses arms  
extended across  
the stone.  
Remnants of fecal  
matter and flesh  
on the paving  
beneath where the

obelisk towers up.  
Stone ornaments  
too. Animal figures  
in metamorphosis  
some dead others  
scouring the flesh  
of the dead for  
nutrients. Dawn

breaks on another  
sizzling summer  
day. The reacher-  
arm moves  
spasmodically.  
The tower blocks  
gleam bistre in  
the hills in the

distance where  
woods once  
were and where  
all vegetation has  
now been cleared.  
In the valley by  
stone columns  
and palisades

despite the blazing  
sun      vegetation  
has returned. In  
the midst in the  
stillness      of this  
vista a peripheral  
figure      emerges.  
Cloaked he was

brought into this world with little but rags beneath. His leather belt taken from a dead geek-boy. His father's waistcoat. In his pocket a notebook

two pens a wallet  
with some change  
and nothing more.

Tucked below the  
bucket of his belt  
the receiver, the  
needle the twined  
cord the nozzle the

nameplate etched  
and enameled.  
The steps of the  
portico are difficult  
for feet broken  
and poorly healed.  
He drags them  
stirring up a cloud

of ash dust and pieces of woven polythene. Here some relief from the scorching sun can be had. But he cannot stay for long. At night the

crowds will return.

Young people

in their droves

stumbling out of

clubs and spilling

out into streets

lit with neon.

Burgundy mist

of the nocturnal  
second sun.  
Drunkenly they will  
roam the streets.  
Geek-boys in  
white shorts and  
the blacktops.  
Then he will go in

search of another  
place to shelter.  
He will worry  
about it later. Now  
it is time to rest.  
Legs askew he  
crumples to the  
ground and falls

into a fitful sleep.  
In his dream  
he chants. First  
brought into  
this fragile world  
now he carries it  
along with him.  
In the distance

the tower blocks  
gleam bistre in  
the hills. There  
a figure appears  
then disappears  
and another dark  
cloaked stepping  
silently in the

quadrangle's  
perimeter.  
Ochre dusts the  
architecture fine  
earth clinging to  
its stones. Each  
footfall disturbs  
a layer. One

walking takes  
care to ensure the  
lightness of each  
step care evident  
from a distance  
but in vain the  
lightness of each  
step. Even with

care to avoid it a residue of ash and dust is disturbed obscuring for a moment the lower portions as the figure proceeds. Then the robotic

arm extends.

Cogs and dialsturn  
corresponding  
to the slight  
movement of the  
felt on the stone  
surface beneath.

Slabs of concrete

move back and  
forth in a rocking  
motion registered  
and translated  
back into sound.  
It is a movement  
hindered. The  
extremities of the

body beneath  
the body draped  
in felt and partly  
subdued in liquid  
fixed with wires  
to metal loops  
attached to the  
concrete slabs.

It is one of the  
many things a  
body can be  
made to endure.  
At the terrace  
below some  
youths fraternise  
with members of

enemy forces.  
Southern music  
composed with  
reed instruments  
and oscillators  
blasts through  
c r a c k e d  
speakers. Male

prostitutes from  
the northern  
territories position  
themselves along  
the balustrade  
of a resort now  
vacant. From the  
vantage point of

the staircase they  
chart the premises  
for customers.  
So in a leisurely  
way and with  
care a rhythm is  
established one of  
appearance and

disappearance  
evident from  
both sides of  
the opalescent  
film. Over time it  
becomes clear  
that the cloaked  
figure does

not move. The  
movement is  
chimeric an effect  
of dust and ash  
disturbed as each  
foot falls. The  
figure is still the  
firm foot always

the hind one it  
remains caught  
in a continuing  
movement  
and one  
simultaneously  
arrested.



---

FROZEN DAGGERS

The team looks on from their vessel. To be stationed above the thin layer of cloud gives a measure of security. There on the opalescent

screen an image is  
cut out of the dead  
static between  
detectable  
pockets of  
information.  
Imagine the  
movement of

the sound the  
oscillation from  
speaker to  
speaker and then  
back. The pitch  
changes little  
over time and  
only inaudibly.

Then the image  
materialises. It  
appears on the  
screen. The  
figure. The cloak.  
Prosthetic arms.  
Ash and dust.  
Next the sound

cuts into the soft  
porous material  
of the image  
the gelatinous  
emulsion from  
which it was made  
leaving in its trace  
a barely visible

violet residue.

It disappears

only to appear

again at irregular

intervals. Posted

on the vessel their

assignment is to

assess conditions

for forthcoming  
operations.  
Beneath the  
vacuoles  
spherules are  
distorted uniformly  
to provide a surface  
refracting the light

differently as the orientation of the sheets alters. The dome of each distorted sphere is an integration of different curves testifying

to the diversity  
of disruptive  
impurities exerting  
their influence  
during forming. We  
see the same thing  
more commonly  
in mother of

pearl or on the  
convex surface  
of the natural  
pearl itself which  
both diminishes  
the angles of its  
gritty core and  
amplifies them in

soft undulations.  
On the screen a  
blood-coloured  
crescent spreads  
and thickens into  
a semicircle soon  
a complete circle.  
Two red suns

rotate around  
one another. The  
first blazes the  
other is nocturnal.  
They rotate in a  
convoluted ballet.  
At their mass-  
centre a smaller

body follows a  
flattened elliptical  
orbit. Around  
the vessel's  
parameters a  
catwalk is made  
from mesh thin but  
solid encircling the

large transparent  
dome. Its railing is  
low knee-high no  
taller. Fastened to  
the dome not with  
bolts nor spikes  
but a translucent  
foam. Remnants

left where the posts supporting the catwalk meet the dome's blank surface. Supporting posts are tubes of thin mesh like that

which makes up  
the catwalk and  
its railing. Around  
the dome the  
darkness has  
retreated slowly  
but perceptibly.  
From a distance

searchlights  
appear closing  
in their proximity  
making darkness  
retreat. They are  
no more than  
distant points  
growing in intensity

their illumination  
soon to colonise  
space. A focal  
point of white light  
becomes distinct  
and we are  
engulfed. Looped  
and layered and

looped again the  
crackling sounds  
emanate from  
behind us then  
cease. Then there  
is a silence. In the  
communal orbit  
between those

that make up  
the team some  
peculiar affects  
are drawn. There  
they harden and  
form clots and pop  
open. But only  
after a period of

tense anticipation.  
Popping open  
with a crackle they  
break the silence.  
And it begins  
anew. It is not a  
loop nor an echo  
but something

more ambiguous  
and hard to define.  
A false double or a  
feral twin. Straying.  
In the midst of this  
warping silence a  
figure emerges.  
On the opalescent

screen in a  
pulsation. First at  
the hemisphere's  
periphery. It is  
noticeable only  
to those most  
attentive and  
attuned to the

assignment. Then  
more clearly the  
figure distinct but  
pixelated moves  
across the orbit.  
Sharpening as  
the resolution  
sharpens its

ragged contours  
are now distinct.  
Then it fades again  
into the silence  
appearing then  
disappearing. All  
this takes place  
in the infinitesimal

space occupied.  
Or fails to take  
place. The vision is  
bound precisely to  
inactivity. A warped  
vacuum of deed  
or twisted paucity  
of happening. The

warp a twist too  
not a space nor  
its opposite not  
inside nor outside  
but the liminal  
bend between. A  
refraction is where  
it occurs and fails

to occur where  
action appears  
and where  
action is at once  
appearance and  
disappearance.

---

# SILENT CASCADES

All equipment is  
switched off. The  
dome itself and the  
catwalk encircling  
it are reposed  
in silence. Deep  
below the sea  
swells. Heavy

waves black and  
viscous bestow  
their slow beating  
upon a pale strand  
that extends  
indefinitely. Ashore  
made not of sand  
nor rock but fine

red dust remaining  
undisturbed by  
movements of tide  
beyond the littoral.  
A colossal rock  
face composite of  
innumerable cliffs  
black rock chips

a steady platform  
in a cone-shaped  
pile of many tons.  
Rock deposited  
by mechanisms  
powerful enough  
to do so. On the  
incline of its pile an

assent is made the  
order of black rock  
chips disturbed in  
slides as the boot  
kicks footholds to  
find its support.  
The rock cone  
is flattened at its

pinnacle to make  
a steady platform  
for a transmitter.  
A platform secure  
enough to hold  
a transmitter  
powered by a small  
reactor. Energy

source attached  
to its base the  
transmitter is  
placed securely  
on the platform.  
At its pinnacle an  
antenna deployed  
and extended

outwards from the  
strand towards the  
ocean's expanse.  
The team returns  
to find the structure  
compromised the  
crystal recorder  
displaced allowing

it to move apart  
from the reader-  
head. It is a slight but  
sufficient distance  
to interrupt  
transmission  
now turned to  
continual static. In

a cavern with limits  
indistinguishable  
under an  
encroaching  
ceiling echoes  
resound and  
multiply. Lit for  
a moment by

torch by naked  
flame something  
seen comes to  
correspond with  
the fractured  
sound. Thing  
in the cave's  
crevice following

its articulations  
and making cave-  
space evident as  
volume between  
rock faces. A  
fractured sight  
following sound.  
A flocking just

perceptible as it  
approaches and  
turns. Its parts  
are discernible  
as black shapes.  
They mutate  
sharp-edged in  
metamorphosis

assembling then  
parting into shards  
in time-spans  
of perception's  
smallest  
increment. Like the  
sound audible but  
unformed. They

are a foreground  
to weighted rock.  
A blink captures  
their mutating  
shapetobetubular  
scattering with  
the eye's opening  
and again with a

blink to cohere  
into a structure  
round the edges  
of the space in  
intervals smaller  
than cognition's  
smallest  
increment. The

cave's faces  
are patterns  
of polyhedral  
niches orifices  
obscured behind  
the crackling of  
space. A swarm  
visible in the dim

glow and growing.

The cave opens  
to the horizontal  
behind its mouth  
a vast hollow  
pillared with black  
structures. Plaza  
of the subterrain at

its centre a cubic  
block. Cylinder of  
polished onyx on  
a pedestal. From  
somewhere red  
light leaks in. Now  
double the speed  
of perception

see the particles  
granulate. Once a  
child enamoured  
with the account  
of atomic  
structure became  
convinced that by  
straining she could

see its lines and  
spheres. It irritated  
her instructors  
that their  
accounts should  
be elaborated  
so scandalously.  
But she stuck

to her claim until  
people came to  
comment on her  
habitual place by  
the window. She  
stares unseeing  
they said. Little  
did they know a

precise object  
focussed her  
attention. With the  
blink a disturbance  
of the eye's liquid  
film the debris there  
reorganised with  
the air's involutions

slowing and with  
the particles  
crystallising to  
sight their colour  
intensified. The  
background black  
of cloth is shown  
in sharply divided

increments of  
movement. Matter  
is displaced. To  
do away with  
thought and voice  
alike. Then once  
a sharp divide  
and again. But as

an effect of the machine seeming to pull back at the increment's edge as if with no ambiguity present. Ambiguity must be invented through

superimposition  
of edges. All  
equipment  
remains switched  
off dome and  
catwalk rest in  
silence. Made  
from a mesh

thin but solid the  
catwalk encircles  
the dome. Its railing  
low and fastened  
not with bolts  
nor spikes but a  
translucent foam  
there are remnants

left where posts  
meet dome's  
exterior. Then  
from a distance  
searchlights  
appear. Around  
them the darkness  
retreats. The

crackling sounds  
cease as lights  
colonise the  
space. Silence  
comes to engulf  
those present and  
in the midst of the  
silence a figure

emerges cloaked  
on the screen in a  
pulsation first at the  
image's periphery.  
Then more distinct  
it moves across  
the opalescent  
s c r e e n

sharpening as  
the resolution  
sharpenes then  
fading again into  
the silence.

---

# A DIM CLOAK

The composite edge of the screen is flat but with suggested depth like layers of superimposed plastic sheets.  
S o m e t h i n g

appears a spike  
now a hook  
twisted from  
concrete to catch  
things. Caught  
on it from among  
trash gathered by  
winds and carried

n o r t h w a r d s  
by           insistent  
winds       carried  
to the northern  
perimeter. A bag  
with       handles  
knotted caught on  
a spike's twisted

hook. Held there  
and disappearing  
again with the  
movements of  
wind across the  
concrete. Held  
there for a moment  
then gone again

it appears on the  
screen but briefly.  
Caught on a spike  
where buildings  
are flattened  
where iron spikes  
secure post to  
concrete. The

posts are gone.  
The buildings are  
cleared. Flattened  
with the structures  
by winds flattened  
though the spikes  
remain twisting  
out of concrete.

Trash cast across  
where buildings  
stood. Plastic  
things tough in  
the weather in  
their own time  
of degrading  
crossing concrete

to the north making  
lines of transit  
with the prevailing  
wind. Across  
what remains of  
dry land. An islet.  
Unstable place of  
boards clapping

as wind gusts.  
Posts square in  
section and sturdy  
to secure roofs  
and veneer-board  
walls. On the  
roof-irons some  
possessions

clay pots salt  
carcasses fire  
rocks no longer  
to be found.  
Carried away by  
looters combers  
predators. Posts  
arranged now by

the collapse as a  
lattice for veneer-  
boards. Splintered  
corners eroded  
by the weather's  
uses. Tense area  
of veneer-boards  
arched into curves

by the weather's  
uses. Clapped in  
the wind unsteady  
footing for looters  
and combers. A  
place for night-  
predators. In the  
day's grey light

things pointing

w i n d w a r d .

Colours wind-

bleached. Clear

polythene bag

c o n t a i n i n g

something yellow.

Dented volume

like an organ  
part-collapsed  
organ of the  
interior bag given  
volume by yellow  
thing contained.  
Bag also yellow.  
M e m b r a n e

turned inside  
out. Plastic skin  
crushed in folds  
and assembled  
with other matter  
having been  
crumpled by two  
hands with the

string round it in  
loops. Unravelling  
too or cut or  
broken at the  
knot. Remnants  
of string tying  
the corner of a  
yellow bag in clear

polythene inflated  
like an organ  
caught on a spike.  
Polythene body  
with organ within  
but not weighted  
by it. Trash-age  
polythene body

animated by  
crosswinds. Its  
surface a convex  
topography with  
depressions  
switching as the  
wind switches.  
With sounds of

polythene. Inflated  
as the wind inflates  
it through the hole  
through the o of  
its opening. By  
the knot inflated  
while its volume is  
buffeted. Organ

of the trash-  
age. Organ of  
the periphery  
caught on a  
spike animated  
by crosswinds.  
Looter's trace  
on veneer-board

evident. Scurrying  
movements trace  
feet and lift more  
traces between  
concrete. A  
resting place. No  
nest but a place  
for reassembly.

Temporary store  
for looted goods  
then carried off.  
Traces of blood  
here too. Traces  
of excreta. No  
sanitation. Filth.  
This is where the

dance must take  
place. The place  
is just right. The  
props available.  
Ample space for  
improvisation.  
Expression is  
made through

stylized and  
abstracted  
bodies. Consider  
the abstract  
geometry of the  
body. Neck's  
cylinder. Head's  
sphere. Features

are reflective  
squares the brain  
is ink-stained  
silicon. There are  
three currents by  
which the world is  
propelled. Body-  
hollow. Stray

impulses. Strict  
choreographies.  
To adorn the body  
exquisite designs  
remain crucial. A  
principle of trinity  
organises the  
work. There are

three acts three  
participants two  
male one female  
twelve dances  
and eighteen  
c o s t u m e s .  
Each act has a  
different colour

and a different  
ambiance. The  
first three scenes  
are played against  
a lemon yellow  
background and  
effect a cheerful  
burlesque mood.

The two middle scenes take place on a pink stage. They are festive and at the same time solemn. The final three scenes are staged

in black and  
appear mystical.  
Movement owes  
its substantial debt  
to the marionette  
here regarded  
choreographically  
superior to

the human.  
In any event  
the manifesto  
maintains all  
mediums are  
irreducibly artificial.  
This is how it  
works. The left

eye and the right  
eye of two faces in  
profile facing away  
from one another  
make the eyes of  
a third face. The  
eyes are masked.  
The mask is

golden adorned  
with ornate floral  
patterns also  
golden. Then  
the shape is  
completed as the  
jawlines of the two  
faces in profile

make the upper lip of the third face. A large golden gaping arch. They wear the piece as a mask covering the upper half of their faces. Large

squares of rough  
burlap provide  
the basis for the  
costumes tied  
with white cotton  
straps in a variety  
of ways indicating  
the status to

which each  
character on the  
stage conforms.  
A first movement  
is as follows.  
The costumed  
body squats on  
veneer-board.

Soles flat and  
fingers pressed  
hard against the  
board to maintain  
the posture and  
inspect more  
closely the bag's  
yellow content.

A second  
movement  
follows. Right  
hand reaching  
to grab the bag  
from the spike's  
twisting grip as  
it disappears.

Bodies aligned  
then balance is  
compromised and  
compensated for  
by a rapid spread  
of fingers. Next the  
hand is retracted  
until a balanced

pose is assumed.  
But the screen  
goes blank. The  
air conditioner  
rustles and a  
termination fills the  
empty space.

---

# LUMINANT BLOOD

Through the film  
in the passage  
that appears the  
action takes place.  
Or it fails to take  
place. The vision  
is bound precisely  
to inactivity. A

warped vacuum  
of deed or a  
twisted paucity of  
happening. The  
warp is a twist too.  
It is not a space nor  
its opposite not  
inside nor outside

but the liminal  
bend between. A  
refraction is where  
it occurs and fails  
to occur where  
action appears in  
feverish inactivity.  
On The Strip there

are no echoes.  
There is a hive but  
no echoes. Voices  
are heard but not  
echoed not ringing  
out or resonating.  
Theirs is not a soft  
sound. No soft

sound occupying that space. This is recognised by those who inhabit The Strip. If they do not dress the same they dress similarly.

And they take  
comfort in it in their  
correspondence  
while they are not  
the same and it  
is often pointed  
out. Their place is  
filthy. And likewise

they take comfort  
in their filth. The  
Strip is their habitat  
where they dwell  
and procrastinate.  
Between them  
there is feverish  
inactivity. They loiter

by the board game  
studying its most  
minute details.  
A meaningless  
activity without  
direction and  
none take action.  
They crouch over

the board. None  
throw the dice. It is  
the way it is done.  
Wait in inactivity.  
For a thing is  
clearly to be done.  
A dance is to be  
performed. It is

to be performed  
by them but they  
procrastinate by  
the board game  
they wait so  
that it has yet to  
be done. With  
bloodshot eyes

they crouch over  
the board. They  
are not bored but  
swarm inactively.  
This is a hive and  
they are a colony.  
They take comfort  
in one another.

On the terrace  
below some  
youths fraternise  
with members of  
enemy forces.  
Southern music  
composed using  
reed instruments

and pure sine  
frequencies  
blasts distorted  
through cracked  
speakers. Male  
prostitutes from  
the northern  
territories position

themselves along  
the balustrade of  
an abandoned  
resort. From  
the vantage  
point offered by  
the staircase  
they search the

premises for  
customers. Along  
the balustrade the  
prostitutes squat.  
And there is a  
hanging room.  
There are heavy  
drones in the moist

air. They do not  
echo. And voices  
too like drones.  
They are not  
echoed and they  
do not resonate.  
Two attending  
will speak their

blessings. With  
each a gentle  
push in opposing  
directions sends  
the carapace  
into the deeper  
waters. The  
attendants stand

up to their chests  
and watch while  
the tiny blooms  
scatter and drift.  
Some adhere  
gently where they  
land on the wet  
skin. Others land

on water and  
float. The rest  
are taken by the  
currents. Then  
the dance steps  
are decided. No  
correspondence  
exists between

the drones and  
the performance.

The first attendant  
taps his toes then  
bends over. The  
second attendant  
straddles the first  
attendant's neck

then bends over to grab his waist and lift him a short distance above the stage floor. Then he lets him down again. His neck straddled he

now undoes his  
bend and moves  
as if he were to  
stand erect. Thus  
he lifts his partner's  
hind parts off the  
ground. Once  
his partner has

been lifted the  
movement is  
halted. Then the  
original pose is  
taken again. The  
movement is  
repeated slowly  
while the couple

completes a series  
of revolutions. This  
circling movement  
is significant. It is  
not set to music  
but neither is  
the performance  
silent. Expression

is made through stylized and abstracted bodies. Consider the human form. The abstract geometry of the body. A cylinder

for the neck. A  
sphere for the  
head. Reflective  
squares for  
eyes and other  
features. An ink-  
saturated nucleus  
in the midst of clear

silicon is the brain.  
Then following the  
trinity form this  
world is proposed  
as driven by three  
currents. A first  
current in body-  
hollow fashioned

in tin onto the  
surface of which  
are printed  
extravagant  
designs. A second  
current in escaping  
impulses or  
particles of the

most ephemeral  
kind jumping the  
event-horizon.  
A third current  
in choreography  
and the strict  
geometries  
of body-

m o v e m e n t s .

Adornment of the  
body in costume  
design is all-  
important. The  
creation of the  
figurine. While  
they prepare for

the dance some  
limited movement  
is registered  
beneath the felt on  
the stone. Slabs  
of concrete too  
move back and  
forth in a rocking

motion. The  
extremities of the  
body beneath are  
tied to concrete  
blocks the body  
draped in felt and  
subdued in liquid.  
It is fixed with wires

to metal loops and  
attached to the  
concrete slabs.

There is pleasure  
to be taken in  
subjecting a body  
to such treatment  
to watch the body

endure what it  
cannot endure.  
The dance  
continues. On the  
screen a cloaked  
figure appears  
and fades again  
into obscurity.

It appears to  
disappear. Then  
another dark  
cloaked stepping  
silently in the  
quadrangle. The  
figure steps to  
stand still the firm

foot always the hind  
one caught in the  
knots and loops  
of a movement  
continuing yet  
arrested.

---

SCUFFED VINYL

The culvert is dug into the hillside below the resort. Tiered rows of identical bungalows among green foliage. Bars with

terraces and  
glass facades. A  
multi-storey hotel  
complex where  
prostitutes loiter  
scouring the lobby  
for business. The  
Strip beneath

is a place for clandestine activities. Among the debris and vacant structures dances and performances are organised. From

here the culvert  
can be entered.  
Dug out from the  
hillside before the  
bungalows were  
built for a reason  
either forgotten  
or shrouded

in secrecy the  
culvert consists  
of multiple planes  
on different levels.  
Some are near  
the surface others  
buried deep and so  
the opportunities

for different forms  
of life multiply.  
Colonising  
organisms are  
digging sloping  
passages  
between its  
different planes.

Space is ample  
the risk for territorial  
conflict low. As  
territories expand  
across tangents  
and between  
corridors the risk  
increases. All

the same there is little evidence that the culvert is a self-regulatory system. If they can take advantage of the decreased concentration of

toxins candidates  
will run but there  
are diminished  
returns. The space  
is sky-lit. The ceiling  
an opalescent  
diffuser of white  
light. Where two

tunnels merge into  
one though the  
space narrows  
quickly to its  
uniform width the  
passer may stop  
for a moment.  
They take license

to do so due to the impression of extra room although it is a deception. Two tunnels converge dark in their distances and incline upwards.

One splits. There  
is a skylight as if to  
illuminate the wider  
portion though  
the passage  
quickly narrows  
and descends.  
Nothing happens

at the junctions.  
There are no  
passers-by. The  
paving is laid evenly  
with a subtle curve  
down the ramp. An  
angled skirting of  
the same stone it

prepares for great  
quantities passing  
but no bodies  
pass. The different  
densities of static  
in the culvert gives  
the atmosphere  
an elasticity

compromising  
the boundaries  
between bodies.  
Shorter figures  
scurry across the  
concrete taller  
ones loiter. The  
passages narrow

gradually. A roof  
closes in or lifts  
imperceptibly.  
Warm wind is an  
influx of impurity  
in the lungs like  
another body  
too close. And

the culvert is  
itself a lung the  
figures occupying  
it impurities to  
be expelled  
or neutralised.  
Meanwhile one  
remains. His being

there is inevitable.  
There are several  
routes more or less  
dangerous. They  
vary in distance.  
Passageways  
between the  
corridors each

contain a set  
of more narrow  
passages. And  
between these  
passages others  
more narrow  
still and so on.  
Between the

corridors of the  
culvert fine grids  
form each offering  
ample places to  
hide. The culvert  
is composed of  
many corridors  
covering an

underground  
expanse. There  
are many grids  
many places to  
hide or get lost.  
According to his  
position by the  
exit the candidate

finds himself  
pinned between  
walls of greater  
or lesser distance  
and hears a  
sound of higher  
pitch or lower  
pitch. Scarcely

perceptible  
separations  
of walls and  
the frequency  
of vibrations  
increase. The  
culvert's roof  
renders it airtight.

Its atmosphere  
contains toxic gas  
that will be fatal  
with accumulation  
in the blood. The  
candidate must  
emerge from  
the labyrinth in a

period of less than  
fourteen minutes.  
Duration varies  
according to the  
individual between  
twelve and sixteen  
minutes. If the  
candidate does

not emerge within  
the allotted time  
there he will remain.

A figure appearing  
to disappear a  
pulsation at the  
periphery of the  
image.

---

# A STATELY DEATH

Where the land  
is enclosed  
between waters it  
soon becomes a  
home for a variety  
of species. Some  
swaggering  
chests puffed

out. Others  
more discrete  
beneath rocks  
and substrata.  
They dwell and  
they cannot easily  
be cautioned or  
counted. There it

is. Bag-instrument  
crumpled to be  
contained with  
string wound now  
gently pulled out.  
A fibrous spring  
unwound to find  
the string tied to

the bag tied to  
its two handles.  
But not to close  
it. The string  
wound no knotted  
handles. Knotted  
string but knotted  
more by careless

unwinding .

Unknotted now  
to find its use the  
bag-instrument  
held at full stretch  
of the arms then  
laid out and held  
flat to the grass and

unknotted. String  
unravelled having  
been wound  
withershins but  
still working as the  
bag is caught by  
the wind. Here  
the instrument

showing its  
workings already  
the string affixed  
at the other end.  
Tied to a stalk of  
grass the bag  
left to the wind's  
devices anchored

to the ground and  
affixed by string  
and stalk. Inflated  
and elevated  
instrument to  
measure wind  
direction and be  
visible from a short

distance. Visible  
for an operator  
engaged in other  
operations on the  
open grassland.  
By the perimeter  
by the runway  
where someone

must walk a short distance and be able at a glance to measure wind direction to assess the changing wind for the care of another operation.

An instrument  
asked to operate  
despite the  
prevailing wind to  
adjust its operation  
with respect to the  
wind. Something  
rising something

asked to rise and  
to rise directly  
despite the wind.  
White spherical  
body with  
instrument as its  
payload light metal  
assemblage and

armature stamped  
from a sheet tin-  
snipped and cut  
and bent. Drilled  
first then bent into  
a box-shape open  
box armature to  
support varied

components  
and hold them  
in a convenient  
manner. An  
instrument  
invented by steps.  
A bag with handles  
knotted caught on

a spike's twisted  
hook and held  
there disappearing  
again with the  
movements of  
wind across the  
concrete. Yellow  
bag plastic skin in

folds assembled  
with other matter  
and remnants of  
string. Polythene  
organ inflated.  
Peripheral. Caught  
on a spike. But this  
is no place to rest.

Each body rolling  
away with a faint  
crackle as slender  
viscous threads  
stretch to their  
limits then retract.  
Radio transmitter  
fixed on a plumb-

line to be carried  
into still air to work  
for a time to be lost  
and to transmit its  
data and be lost.  
Traces of blood  
here too near it  
traces of excreta.

A filthy place.  
Two cloaked  
attendants will say  
their blessings  
then push the  
covering into  
deeper waters.  
They will remain

watching as the  
blossoms drift  
and are taken by  
the currents. Then  
they will decide  
the dance steps.  
Drones resound.  
High pitched

frequencies are  
barely audible.  
One attendant  
taps his toes then  
bends over. The  
other straddles  
the neck of the first  
and bends over

too. Grabs the waist of his partner and lifts him above the stage then lets him down again. His neck straddled now he undoes his bend

and moves as if he were to stand erect thus lifting the hind parts off his partner. Next the movement is halted and the original pose

resumed and they repeat this pattern of gestures slowly while completing a series of revolutions. The circling movement is crucial. As they

turn they let go of  
all thoughts words  
and voices. From  
the vantage point  
of the terrace a  
heterogenous  
crowd watches  
apprehensively

as the dance  
progresses.  
Drinks are served  
but few among  
the audience are  
drinking. This is  
not a time for  
drunkenness. The

bar's interior is lit by  
coloured panels  
framed in alcoves.  
A flattering light.  
Clientele are in  
silhouette. Dark  
constellations in  
groups of three or

four remain inside  
separated from  
the crowd on the  
terrace by sliding  
glass doors.  
In line with the  
current fashion for  
eclecticism the

heavy wooden interior contrasts with the coloured panels. The style is redolent of other eras and their proclivities for elegant minimalist

decor. Again with  
the carpet which is  
gray and perhaps  
was once blue. It  
is rough and worn  
thin in patches  
while other  
patches remain

rugged and  
stained. Among  
the groups in the  
bar two men meet.  
No reason has  
been made explicit  
but the grounds  
of their respective

organisations are shifting. Though cast as opponents each alike will soon find his ambitions inhibited. While they circle the issue leaving

it unspoken

it remains

embedded in their

conversation a

ghostly trace of mild

disconcertment

and low-level

anxiety. In the

nature of things one  
is more effusive.  
His remarks are  
like windows  
onto another  
landscape. What  
he has to say  
may be trivial

but a listener is  
entertained. The  
other is in shadow  
a taller man and  
one amongst all  
present evading  
the interior's  
lighting. If his

companion's  
remarks are  
windows his  
replies are  
clinker blocks  
or obstructions  
rather than  
passages. Their

conversation is  
one that seems  
to move back  
and forth without  
making progress  
as if nothing is being  
said and nothing  
exchanged. But

this is not the  
case. Beneath  
the pleasantries  
passing between  
them their relations  
are mediated by  
something next to  
which they stand.

On a plinth under  
spotlighting a  
trophy is displayed.  
A tubular form  
lit for effect as  
if by gravity's  
pull steers the  
subcurrent of their

dialogue towards  
the significant  
minutiae to be  
worked out. To  
trace the outline of  
their conversation  
therefore remains  
an urgent

concern. If there  
are scenarios  
unfolding for each  
pair in conversation  
and for each  
close group of  
three or four none  
are of concern

here except the  
meeting of the  
two who speak  
of things definite  
and in doing so  
prepare to speak.

---

TOXIC SWEAT

Outside where there are palm trees is no place to rest. There the asphalt and the paving slabs are too warm for him to walk barefoot.

He purchases a pair of sandals and keeps walking. There are palm trees. Customers can swim from the jetties. There are trampolines.

But there are no  
customers and  
have been none  
for a while. In the  
space beneath  
the jetties where  
the water is  
shallow they line

up and rest against  
the concrete  
columns. This is  
where they keep  
their equipment.  
Nine audio  
oscillators piled  
on top of one

another on the  
rectangular carpet  
at the centre of  
the main space  
with controls on  
the floor to control  
pitch to create  
pulsations and

rhythms using  
their hands feet  
and elbows. They  
play the drones  
backwards and  
inverted. This is  
the way it is done  
at The Strip a place

where dancers  
come to do their  
work. They swarm  
masked and they  
cannot easily  
be cautioned or  
counted. There  
are orange heating

rods telephone  
receivers in black  
bakelite four public  
telephones in a  
row beneath the  
deck sheltered  
there from the  
excruciating sun.

He examines the  
wound where  
the stitches were  
beneath the  
cloak beneath  
the rags a darker  
burgundy almost  
black where the

edges have been trimmed. The wound is on his left breast. It was cut and it flapped loose but was stitched back on. Likewise his

feet once broken  
have healed but  
poorly. Two more  
wounds there.  
Voices cannot be  
heard among the  
deep drones. In  
this hiding place

the ambulating  
light disturbs  
him. Nine audio  
oscillators on top  
of one another  
on a rectangular  
piece of carpet  
worn thin worn

to bare threads.  
The space is not  
furnished with a  
stage. Instead a  
rectangular piece  
of carpet sits at  
its centre. This is  
where the dancers

do their work.  
They rehearse a  
thing to happen  
on the carpet  
done by them  
the performers.  
He re-applies his  
purple nail varnish.

White paint on his  
back flabby belly  
and his breasts.  
The garlands rest  
upon his chest in  
the beige water  
where he hides.  
This is the place he

has chosen. The  
taps. The brown  
matter expressed  
at the joints. The  
pick-up. The  
arm reverses.  
An automatised  
process as the

drones fade out.  
There is a clicking  
sound then they  
resume but  
backwards. The  
Strip is not a place  
it appears briefly as  
if from a distance

the image on  
the opalescent  
screen from a  
distance. There  
is the spike's twist  
bag's knotted  
handle veneer-  
boards on

concrete and the  
squatting body  
of a dancer then  
gone again. The  
cloaked figure  
in arrested but  
recurring motion  
still then gone. It

appears on the  
screen a trace  
in itself saying  
something is about  
to happen. Bag  
in bag. Cloaked  
figure then another  
stepping silently at

the quadrangle's  
perimeter. A vague  
trace left. A track  
of two bodies  
rolling against  
one another each  
bringing the other  
to rest and so

agreeing. They  
exhale. There is  
the whistle the  
vessel's wheezing  
sound spreading  
like a virus. Sound  
of the many and  
of bodies where

they swarm like  
insects swarm. In  
a whispering voice  
they let you know  
but they always  
make you guess.  
You ask them  
where in a voice

subdued and  
inaudible there  
beneath the breath  
its kept beneath  
lips curled then to  
breathe it into the  
thin sheet softly  
into silence without

checking the time  
for the breath to  
be held. Because  
there is too much  
talk. Better where  
sound is sparse  
and considered  
where the spaces

between sounds  
have their own  
topography.  
There it is. And  
you are not meant  
to adjust tone nor  
volume.

---

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