



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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