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conversations on eternal interstice 2023, untitled by isaac clarke, the middle distance & your blazing tongue by ayla dmyterko, cd solar panel design & mabgate improvisations by oliver getley, dad wanted by samra mayanja, looking at photos and thinking of them by jill mcknight, hark! the shellings by tim o'phee.





The Middle Distance & Your Blazing Tongue

On the mountain standing out the balcony with sprouts shooting up through its concrete they told me not to go on this thing because it might fall right off the side of the consulate at any moment. The whole city's crumbling in weaponised incompetence.

I'm not thinking about the precarity though because the light hitting the Saputo mansion across the way is pulsing an impossible hot orange. I wonder if the cheese construction mafia has its hand in Kraft Dinner dust packets too. This light is surely just as synthetic as that stuff and definitely as toxic a hue. Is there something fuzzed with my vision? I haven't been sleeping well because of the construction. Its rise at 5am with a jackhammer in solidarity. I get a text from a concerned friend asking: what's up with the sun?

I'm from here so I'm expected to know the diagnosis. Forest fires I say, before seeing the orb. The remedy is a mask, stay indoors, don't turn the air conditioner on, drink water.

Truth is I haven't been back for blazing season for five years and I've never seen a sun this dystopic, I promise it wasn't like this before. But who decided what dystopic looks like and is our current reality like a dystopic illustration from precognitive pasts?

Scientists can track the level of volcanic activity in ancient history by reading the hermetic's descriptions of eclipses. The redder the moon slices, the more ash that was in the air. The clearer it's light, the less eruptions occurring. The last time I saw the moon, it came up so heavy on the horizon like a mena; I've never been so hot in awe.

Scrolling and strolling through the day up the mile end I'm with my composer now, they're like honey. But as they speak, I can't help staring into the middle distance over their shoulder at the oil slick clouds. Seeing images on my scroll idolizing the eerie palette the attraction to an ambience, to the otherworldly, treated like a tourist attraction.

As a painter, I start thinking about the suspension of colour particles in my mediums onto linen and the suspension of bits of dust in the stratosphere and how all us alchemists are just manipulating light waves.

Is stained glass an early artists interpretation of natural disasters ejaculations in the sky?

Later on, I see your swoon selfie in its rays and throw my head back. I say: ah the Montreal mist how I've missed it, you say: it's smog, it's fire air, haven't you checked the weather warnings?

I can feel the energy below us on the mountain pulsing from the set up for Grand Prix, can see all the soot from the exhaust pipes rising up. Vroom vroom. Read that tickets to the afterparty are going for \$12,500, it's full bottle service but how many bottles do you think it'll take to dampen the fire?

The Lycurgus Cup was made in the 4th century Roman era. It is one of the only existing examples of Roman dichroic glass. When it is illuminated from different angles, it produces silvery greens or Amber reds - depending on the way light passes through it. From the front or from the back.

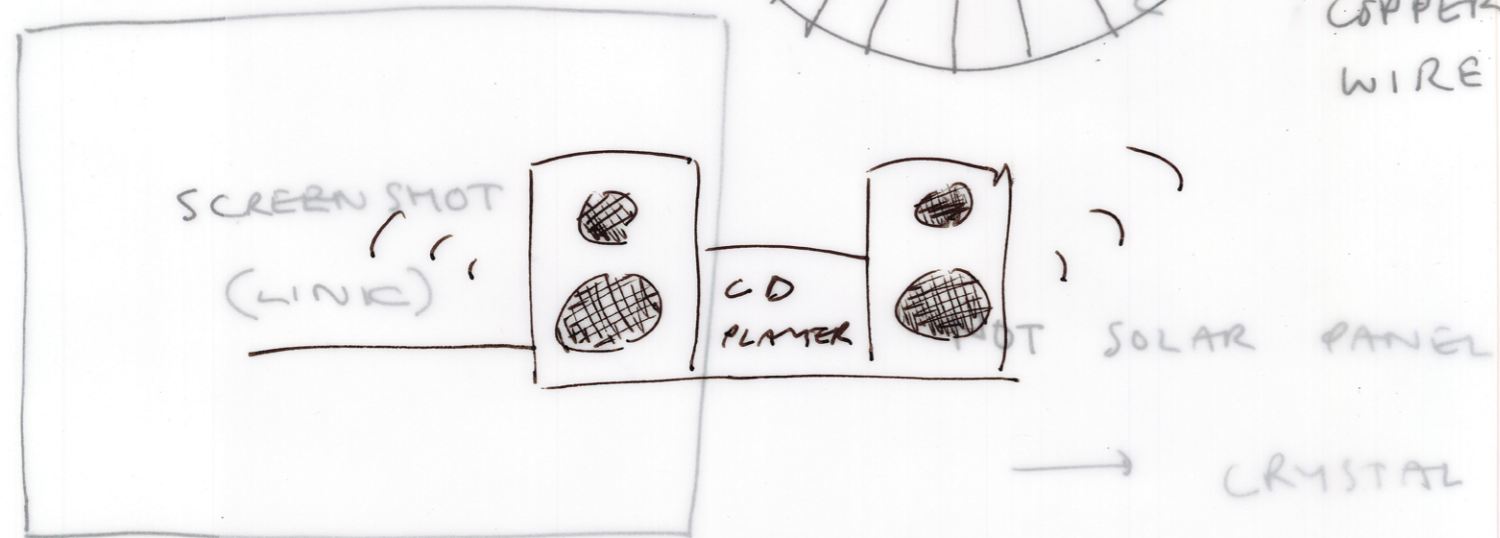
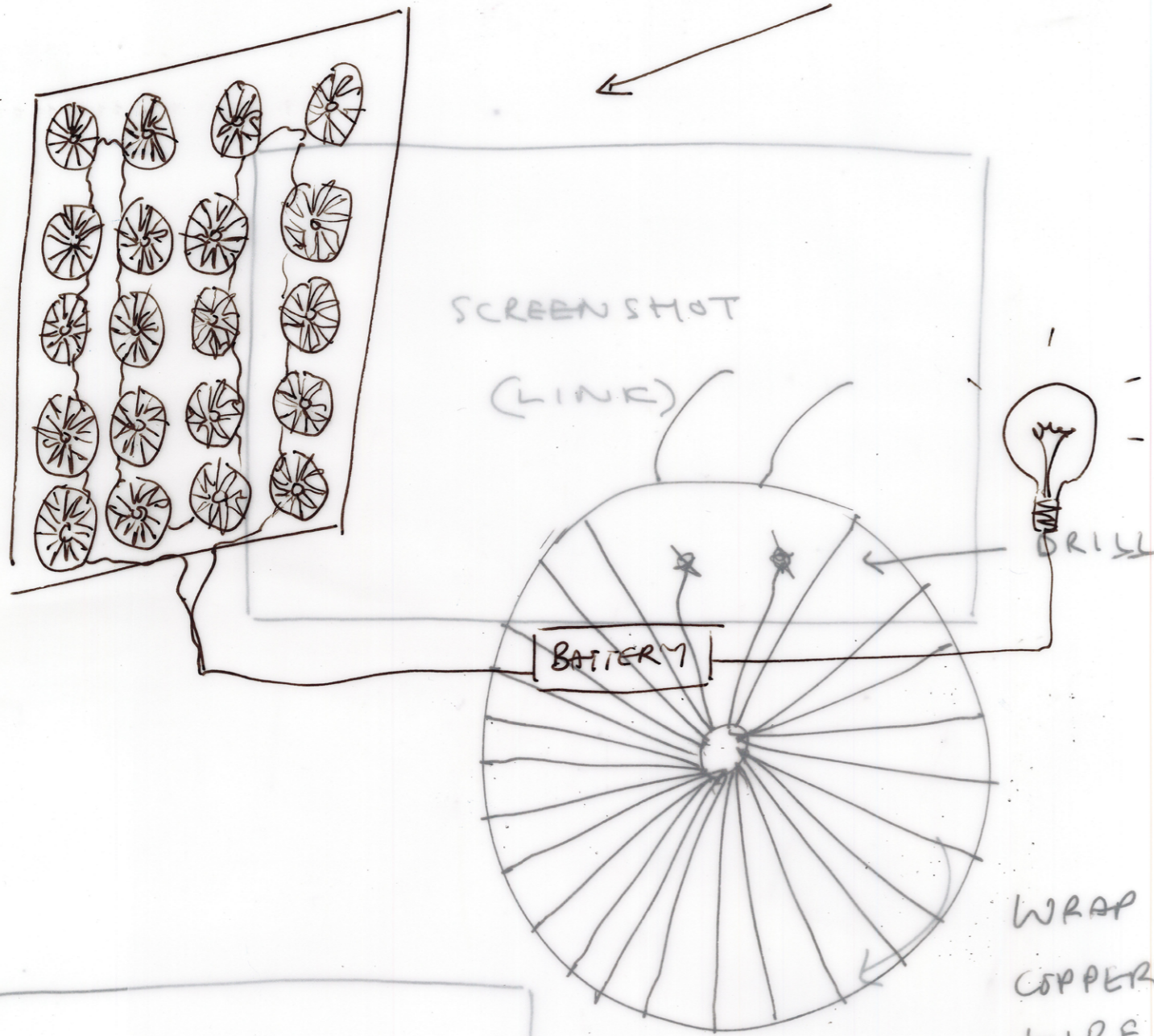
I wonder if all civilizations believe they are living at the edge of time, at the end of an era, on the brink of the end of an epoch because of the way light passes through it, and the way that we read it. If you're colour blind, maybe you'd be disinclined.

Staring into middle distance distracting myself from your blazing tongue.

SPECULATIVE CD SOLAR PANEL DESIGN

MISINFORMATION

SUN



PLAY CDs / MUSIC
SAME AS ON PANEL

Car door

gate closed

Spray

Construction

engine

Car breaks

Car horns

People talking

↳ loss bottles

music

wind in trees

laughing

umbrellas

being put down

↳ also water

Bang

Bird

Children

Whistling

vents

Screaming

A plane low

Traffic

a hawk of some kind

Saw

being used

Pigeon wings

NEW DAD W
WANTED FOR
A DURATION
MAL PERFOR
MANICE GALLE
LIFE SO TH
HAT I'LL NEVE
R BE ALONE
D AGAIN APPLY H



you are not lost - you're shedding,
feed your soul with bodily delights
because you are about to give birth
to YOURSELF HOLLLIDAY!!!!!!

HOLLLIDAY

And just like that I thought of
Mary and the Father and the Son and
wondered whether Mary's father was
also emotionally distant, absent,
GONE GONE GONE. And if so, is that
how she found the Father? An
omnipresent absent force? Or did he
find her?

Hmmm. Am I Mary?...My Tarot Reader
also said:

TAROT READER

Wear blue at all times.

SIXTH SENSE

OI - LISTEN HOLLLIDAY!

HOLLLIDAY

Wait, who the fuck are you?

SIXTH SENSE

I'M YOU SIXF SENSE BABE, YOUR GUT
HELFB, UR EMOTIONAL CENTRE. ANYWAYS,
FUQ UR DAD, UR B'ETTA OFF WIVAT
HIM. UV GOT LOADS'A PEOPLE IN UR
LYF THAT LUV YA. AND BABE I GOTTA
TELL YA - EVEN THE ONES WIV THEIR
DADS AROUND DIDN'T HAVE EM AROUND.
SO FUQQQQ HIM! ALRIGHT BABE? FUQQ
HIM.

----- Some time passes. Holliday becomes pensive. She's
not completely listening to the 'SIXTH SENSE'. In my mind I
went off on a tangent thinking about being interviewed about
the financial dynamics of being paid to do this...

LIONESS_EMPRESS

So Holliday, let me get this bent
back the right way. You want me to
advertise a role worldwide for an
actor to play your father in a
ongoing, as in never ending, as in
durational performance, called
'Life'. Is that correct? Did I miss
something?

(pause)

Ok Holliday, that's great. So as
your cat and your agent I have to
say Holliday that it would be
cheaper to see a therapist honey.
But, if you insist, I'll do it.

(MORE)

LIONESS_EMPRESS (CONT'D)

And I'll pray for you. I promise,
I'll pray. I'll work on it and I'll
pray for you. Ok - bye Holliday.

Click. Just like on Gossip Girl, the new shitty one not the
old rapey one, when all the phones ping ping ping ping all at
once and everyone gets a snapshot of the ad.

HOLLLIDAY

So my requirement for the actor
playing the role of 'DAD' in a
never ending durational performance
called 'Life' are:

ONE: He must go gym, work on those
bi-ceps and know how to work a
toilet bowl.

TWO: He must have good posture so
the girlies know where I got it
from.

And **THREE:**

*He must make my dreams come true,
All my dreams will see us through,
Doesn't matter what may come his
way,
Believe me now, he will win some
day.*

(Pause to look at the sky)
BRING IN THE CANDIDATES!

HOLLLIDAY wheels in the candidates.

HOLLLIDAY

First you all need to know that I
bite my nails when they get long
and pretty NOT because there are
certain emotions beyond
vocalisation and ravishing my own
flesh is one way to get to the
bottom of things. Nope gents I am
consistent.

And the mantra I learnt as a teen
popping pills doesn't apply here,
(slowly)

This will pass.

Not here, nope nope because this
performance never ends. **Ever.**
DAUGHTER FOR LIFE!

Some of the **auditionees leave** / HOLLLIDAY kicks them to the
ground.

HOLLLIDAY

Disco must have started early elsewhere. WE'RE NOT SAD TO SEE YOU GO.

(clapping / booing)

In the first improvisation you must carry my lunchbox whilst holding a chunky Blackberry from the early 2000s, keep a haggard dog with a bad tummy on a leash, whilst asking me about my day with a cool inquisitive vibe all the while managing to kick back flat footballs being fired at you from every angle.

(PAUSE)

A few more get knocked out. Squirt with water gun and headbut to the floor.

HOLLLIDAY

Sorry to see you go babes but we're onto the second improvisation with out you, try again in the next lifetime.

(Pause)

I like to call this one 'make up for lost time'. All you have to do is sing happy birthday to me, in front of a cake 19 times in 19 distinct ways, as though the era changes with each rendition. That's about 190 candles to blow... Ready? I'll maintain this look of complete dissatisfaction.

(PFFFFTTTT - Blowing out one big candle)

There goes another one. Knocked out by a beautifully decorated plant pot.

HOLLLIDAY

You are the last person standing. How does it feel? Do you have any words?

The caricature is silent.

HOLLLIDAY

In this final improvisation we danced together as though it were our father-daughter dance. You know that blue affair - blue dress, blue partner, blue skies.

HOLLLIDAY stands and dances with the cutout.



for betterment of mental fatigue your racing stripe is a nettle rash and medals hang heavy on thine dastard neck for infighting and bloated heads is a co-sign of heathened dry touch. shambled for knock back sentence truffle pigged in body husk in mourning song that rings in hollowed chest i can and should carve my name on the benches outside your flatshare to mark a death pledge for feet stuck fizzing on the 3rd track and assaults unnoticed in gender bias are thwarted as lark the glass bottle bounces off the head in tact and leaves a thin slit where the skin split injury preservation is to self harm to mark my chest in blood knots and circle the drain and tie up inside the u-bend with your cold words and conservatism wretched up and fingered down the hole

III JORDON BLOOM

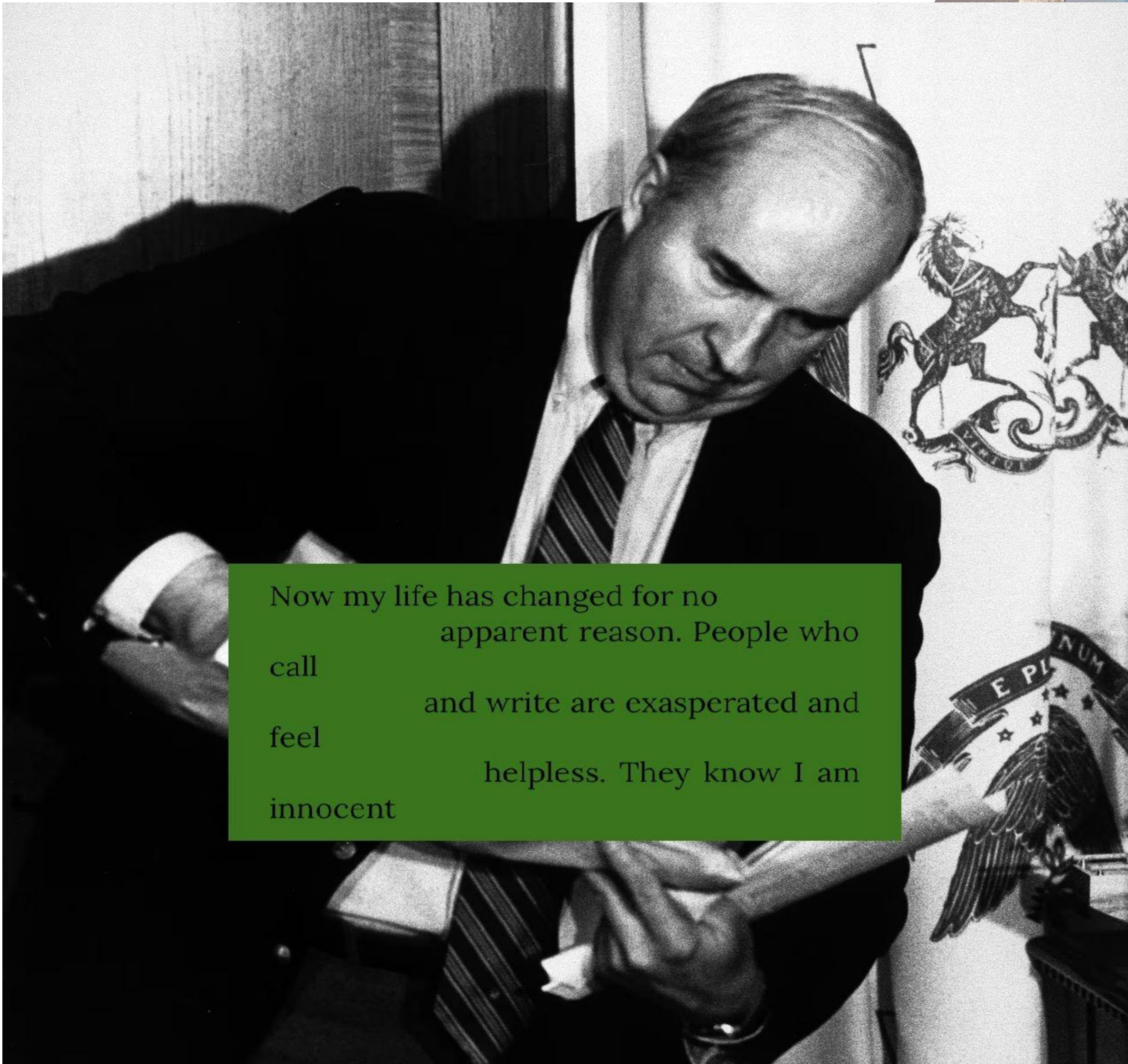




we swam in the sewage that foams at the crest of a wave and pools the beach head like a body on a novelty towel set at by locals with gestured reprieval that burns with the salted ground while the world's first muslim pakistani Navy Captain blows holes in a dinghy off the kent coast but you assure me this is history live and i can't ignore the green sticker over the violent mouth your visiting badge for a dropped t a'fore a consumptive legislate and your view of paltry crams a think piece full of words you can't mean and brown nosed accusation until red faced and your jaw is sore that parquet nook is filled with ignorance ramble and dwarfed brain tangos stacey dooley is in my cupboard plotting how to frame me as aspirational i'm churning gyrations on my back wrapping myself in bunting to hang from coving on a brick corner pressed into the coccyx nook of wet pants everyone at the function has fibromyalgia and someone's trod babybel wax on your DryRobe for despite bleakish coddle you can be very committed very hardworking and still rot into the carpets feigning placid haggles tossing small fry







Now my life has changed for no
apparent reason. People who
call
and write are exasperated and
feel
helpless. They know I am
innocent



2023