



KELLY BALLETT

KATE HOLFORD

REU LEACOCK

SAMRA MAYANJA

JILL MCKNIGHT

TIM O'PHEE

conversations on eternal interstice 2024, painted lady by kelly ballett, case images / the shortest tragedies ever told by kate holford, the symphony at hand by reu leacock, the call centre by samra mayanja, holding on in overalls & letting go in overalls by jill mcknight, red mist by tim o'phee.

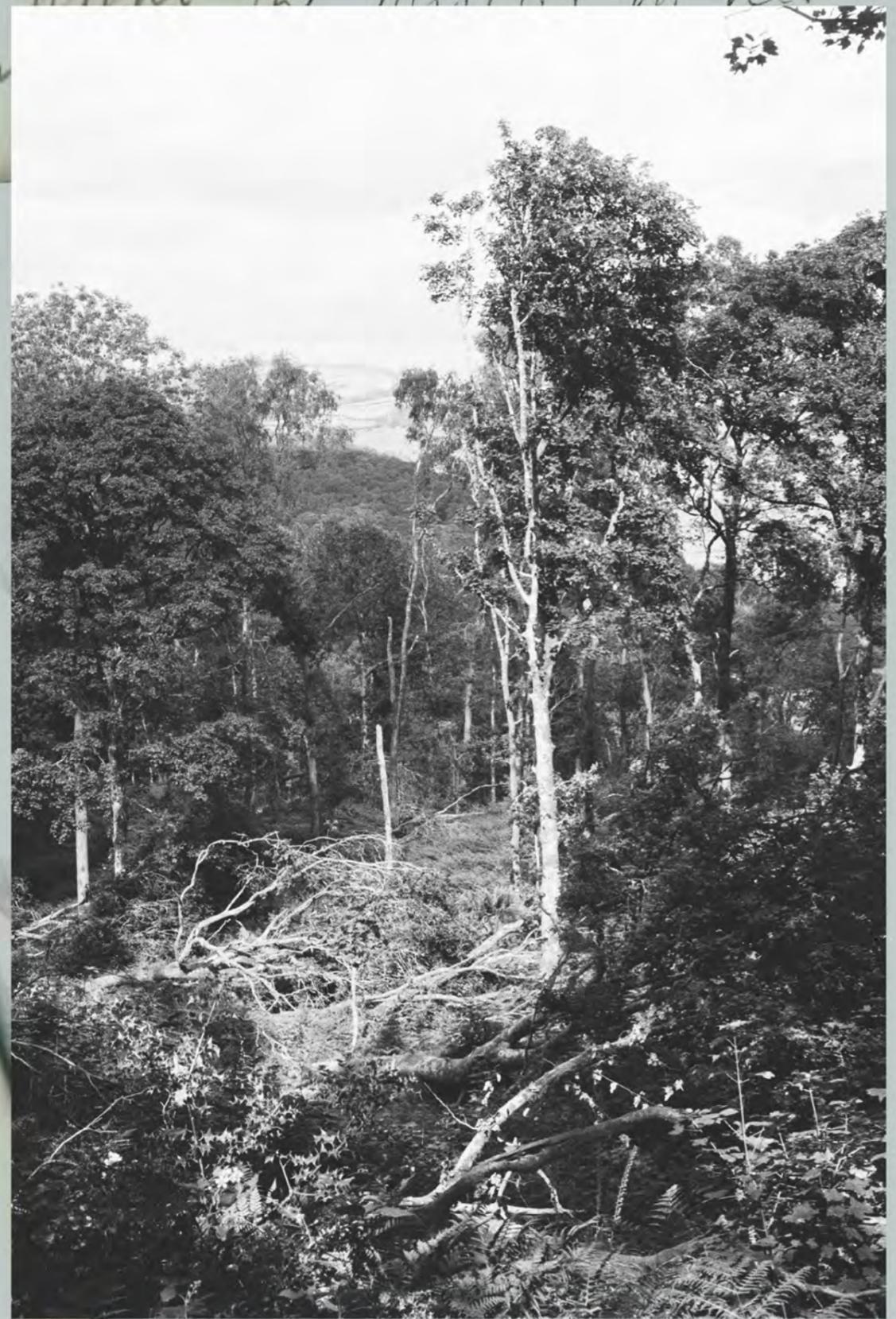
The suburbs are hallucinating // a bundle-o-nerves
its mobius strip in rigid torque,
a gravitational eclipse with the centre of attention
Coaster flex rattle in spinal bend
riding on 1776 joy twitch St Mary's husk is a shot shy of coconut
flaring flood wound Of perennial bid
bucks of turf prod and lazily snaking namesake
buttermilk, parchment, magnolia, ivory
all limb-lit in silky milk gloss





gloop inside the mixture on her
pladur

green with
(not charcoal!)



You want to talk about
children? Water hitting their
feet and dapping against
the shiny-rock. You want to
tell me what it is you
mean?

10.7.10
Watched him tumble to the
ground.

Later
You want to talk about ~~children~~?
Water hitting their feet and
slapping against the dark rock.
You want to tell me what it is you
mean?

He looked at her and she
squinted and the possibility
of it was over. Leaning onto
the gate of the path through
the scrubland she had known
it. At the point of opening
the car door. Now she did not
know it. She knew only silence,
the creep of water darkening
his trouser leg, time nearly done

He looked at her and
she squinted and the possibility of
it was over. Leaning onto the gate
of the path through the scrubland
she had known it. At the moment
of opening the car door. Now she
did not know it. She knew only
silence, the creep of water
darkening his trouser leg, a line
nearly done.





I heard a glass smash. Or, something glass. I heard the smash and I felt something in my knees, a glistening.

To be given more time. He had told me he wanted more of it to prove himself, to overcome it, the distance. His job that, from a young age – a tragedy of sorts. But instead I said, what you gonna do now, huh? A revocation, wrong fields with three things in my pocket.

From the path we saw a sea of white stars, flowers in the grasses, in the bracken, thousands of them until the soil turned to sand. Then, the smash of the glass.

It's just one idea, precision – shapes being preordained. Such as, attempts to imagine the pelvic bone, the anatomy of the pelvic cavity. There was a bloom that slipped away from me, [REDACTED]. A cardinal concern.

I guess I was over the notion of *the traumatic destiny of desire*, of complicating matters, of cataloguing the evidence of how we can be lost. I said, what is it you're trying to measure? He couldn't answer me. *Devil's guts*, there to the end. He could only say, what I want is, what I— and then fade out, into the grey edges of a body.

Often, for officers near the sea, a seal foot is presumed to be a human hand. And I say, look at us now, see, mist everywhere over the water.

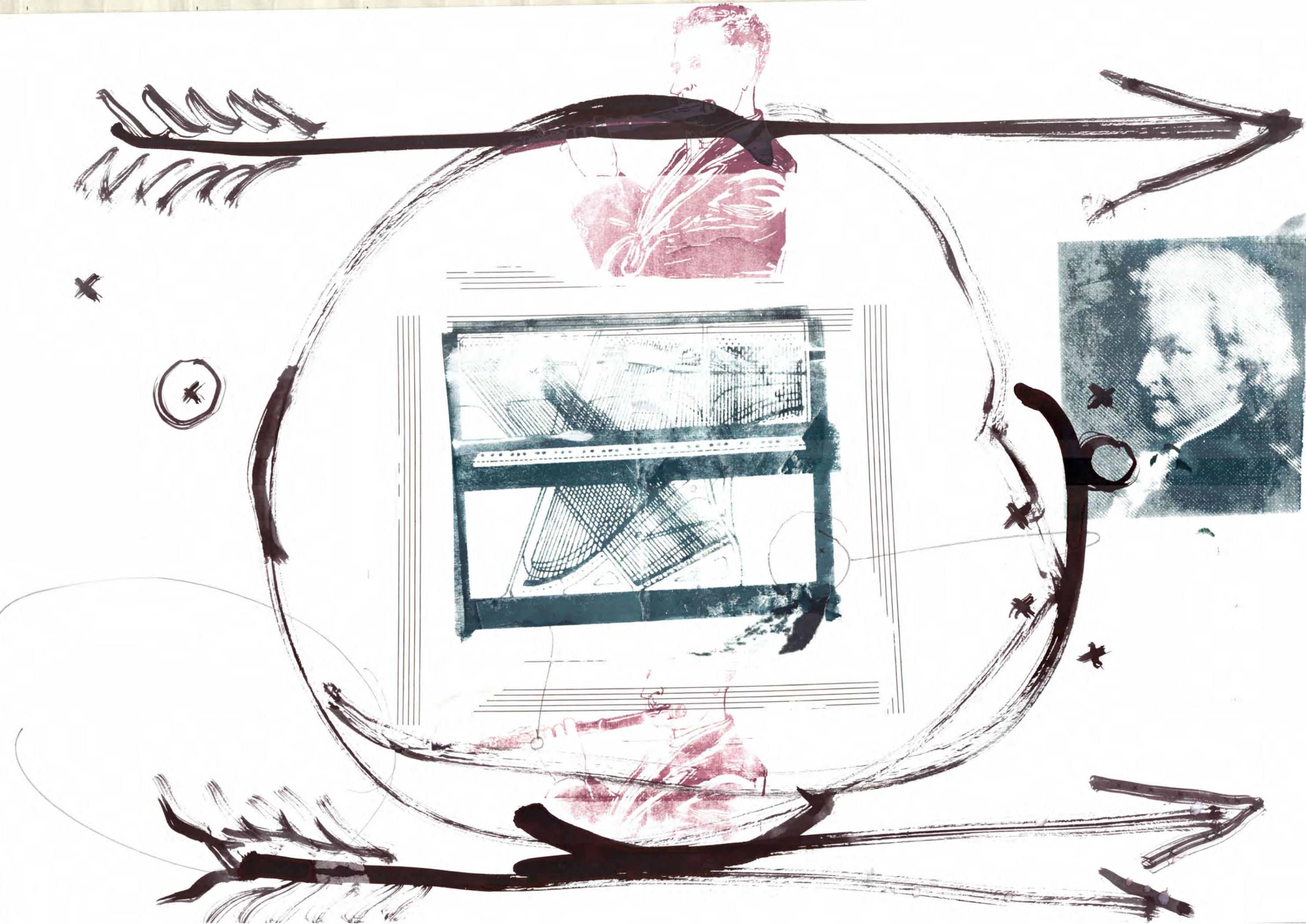


nerve ends

Embellishes reality through violence & brutality.
The poise of nature.

Crawling on her stomach:





OPEN 500 INSTRUMENTS OVER A BREAK PAGE



MUSIC MANUSCRIPT



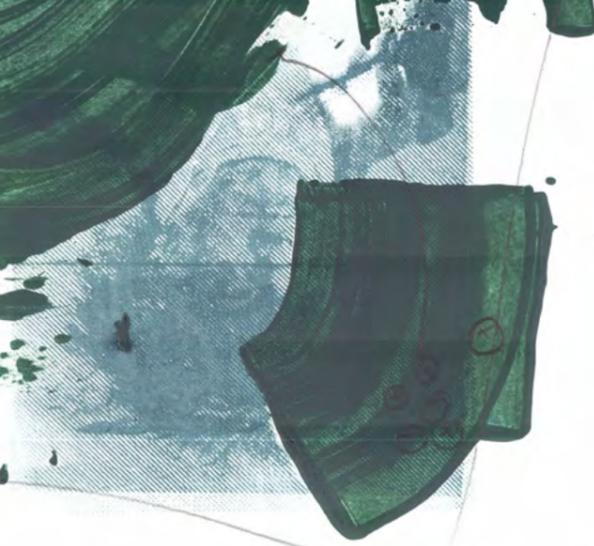
BREAK YOURSELF FROM SOUND

PIT DOWN THE

STRINGS

SHOOT FROM YOUR BOW

PLAY THE



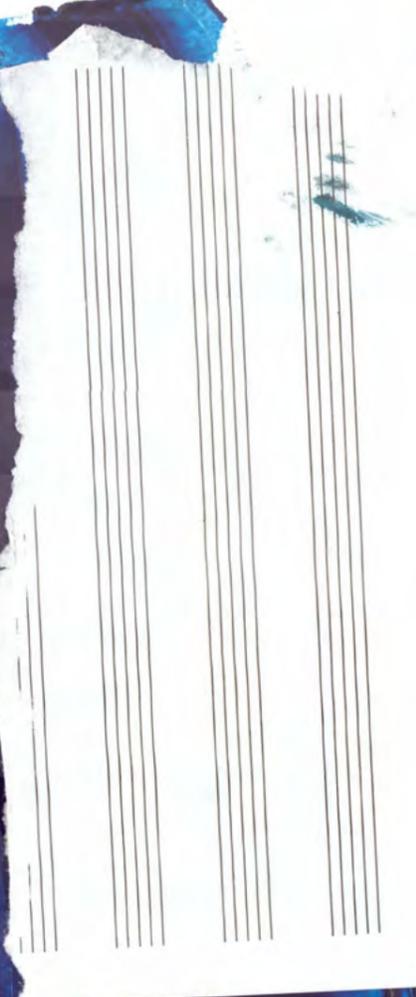




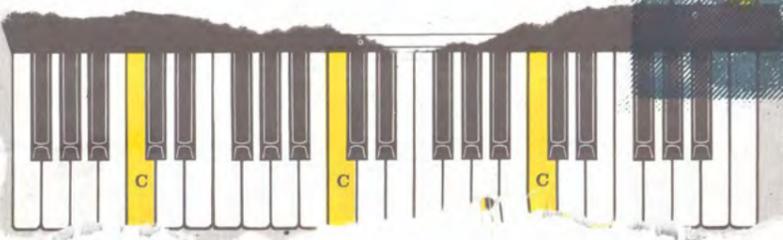
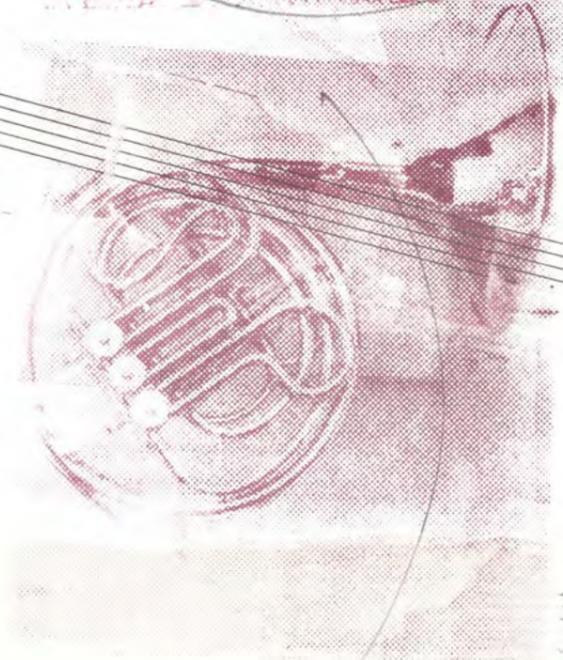
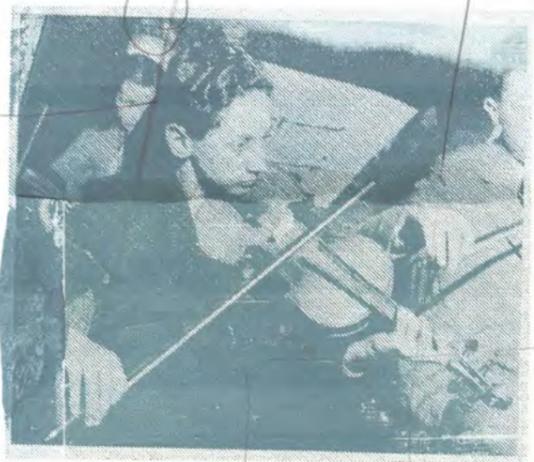
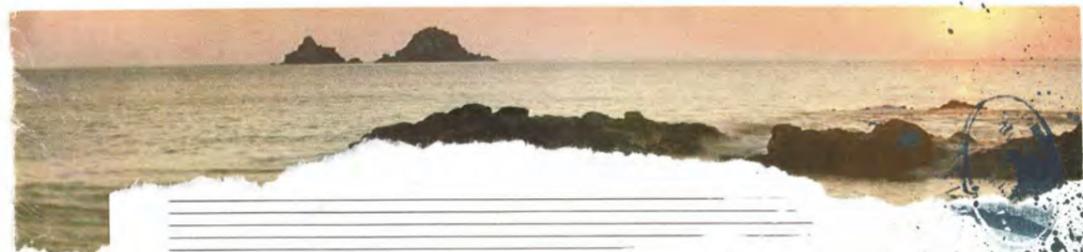
TAKE A SYMPHONY

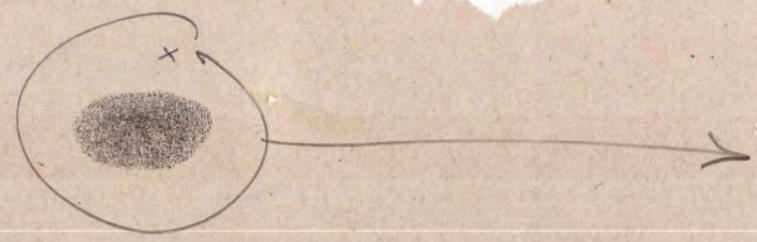
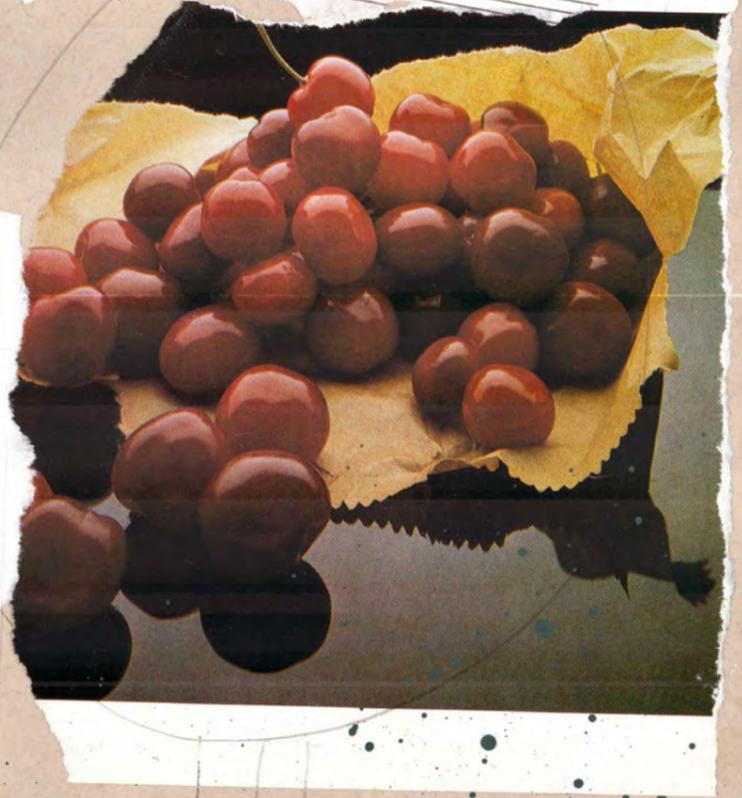


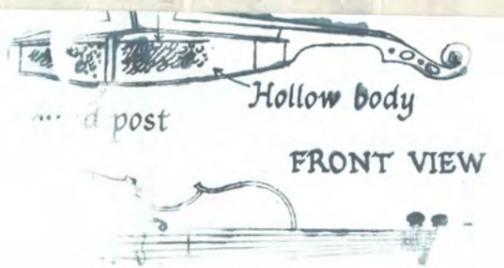
OPEN THE CASES OF 500 INSTRUMENTS
OVER A BLANK
SHEET OF
PAPER



PLAY OFF







Hollow body
FRONT VIEW

Ba
bi



... safety potential,
... objects such as those which
... active.
... near future there could be
... viewing position. If
... suspended and correctly illuminated,
... the subject will appear to float in space.
... Integrams, first produced in 1972 by
... graphic lenses in cameras. But holo-
... graphs in full and accurate colour of
... large and moving objects, are still a
... vision of the future.



MUSIC MANUSCRIPT

The entire page is a collage of artistic and technical elements. It features a large, abstract drawing in the center with various shapes, splatters, and lines. On the left, there is a red-tinted portrait of a man's face. At the top right, there is a technical drawing of a hollow body instrument. On the right side, there is a black and white photograph of a person playing a hollow body guitar. At the bottom left, there is a small photograph of hands playing a stringed instrument. The page is also filled with musical staves, some of which have notes or markings on them. The overall aesthetic is a mix of technical precision and artistic abstraction.



play a symphony

with your

EXHAUST FROM MUSIC HOLES

SARS CLOSED



PUT DOWN THE

STRINGS

RIPT

BREAK YOURSELF FROM SOUND





THE CALL CENTRE



[[[BEGIN WITH A SONG — FUCK THE PAIN AWAY by PEACHES --- GIVE OUT LOVING MESSAGES]]]

In my 'SAD SUMMER' when I felt like I was nothing to no one going where, simply an extra in nobody's film.

Yes yes, yes yes.

In that moment, in my d-d-d-deepest -d-e-e-p dive days,
Pre-ancestral psyche, goth body cave words trauma shit

I, me, MS HOLLIDAY, I dreamed of a reality TV production company who would create the 1st episode of my life after it stopped being shit.

Too much Sex and the City and Girls and all those other HBO shows featuring a bunch of melancholic horny gal pals seeking — what exactly?

Nothing in particular.

[[[INTERRUPTION — PHONE RINGS]]]

Given that that doesn't exist - I've decided to set it up.

So I have created 'THE CALL CENTRE' and employed a bunch of 'PAIN ADVISORS' to speak with the people who are looking for solutions, plans and paths...

A clear road out of pain.

THE PAIN ADVISORS pass on your details to my team.

THE TEAM - comprised of

- story specialists,
- tarot readers,
- Actors,

[[[FUCK THE PAIN AWAY — choreography!]]]

- therapists,
- negligent mums and
- trauma-informed yoga teachers,

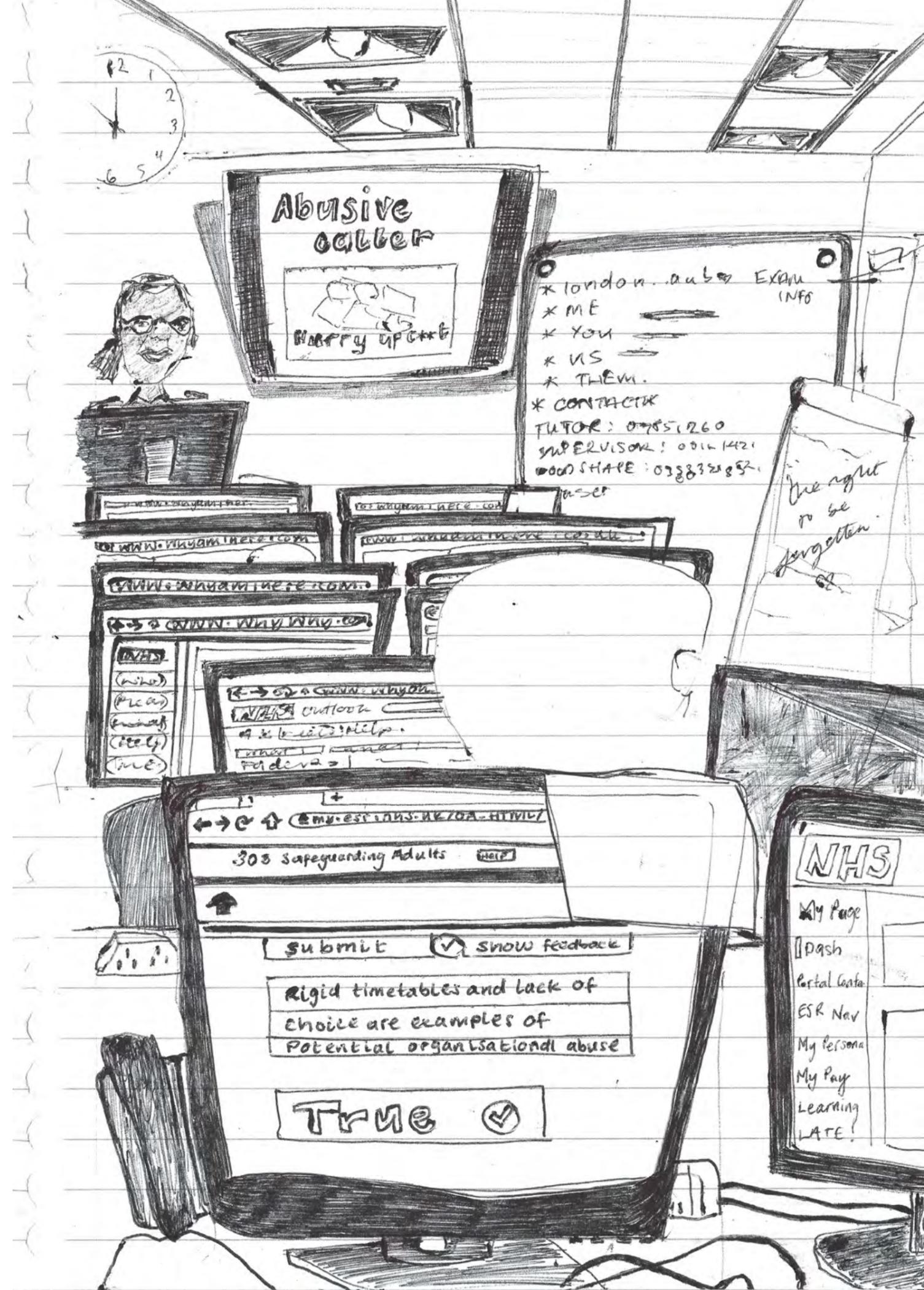
Begin to craft that first-

[[[INTERRUPTION]]]

-episode after your life stops being shit.

Will the caller buy into their new life? Does it resonate? Who cares?

WELCOME TO THE CALL CENTRE CENTRE CENTRE CENTRE CENTRE CENTRE...







... in London a man may sometimes walk a mile before he can meet with a suitable corner; for so unaccommodating are the owners of door-ways; passages and angles, that they seem to have exhausted invention in the ridiculous barricadoes and shelves, grooved, and one fixed above another, to conduct the stream into the shoes of the luckless wight who shall dare to profane the intrenchments.

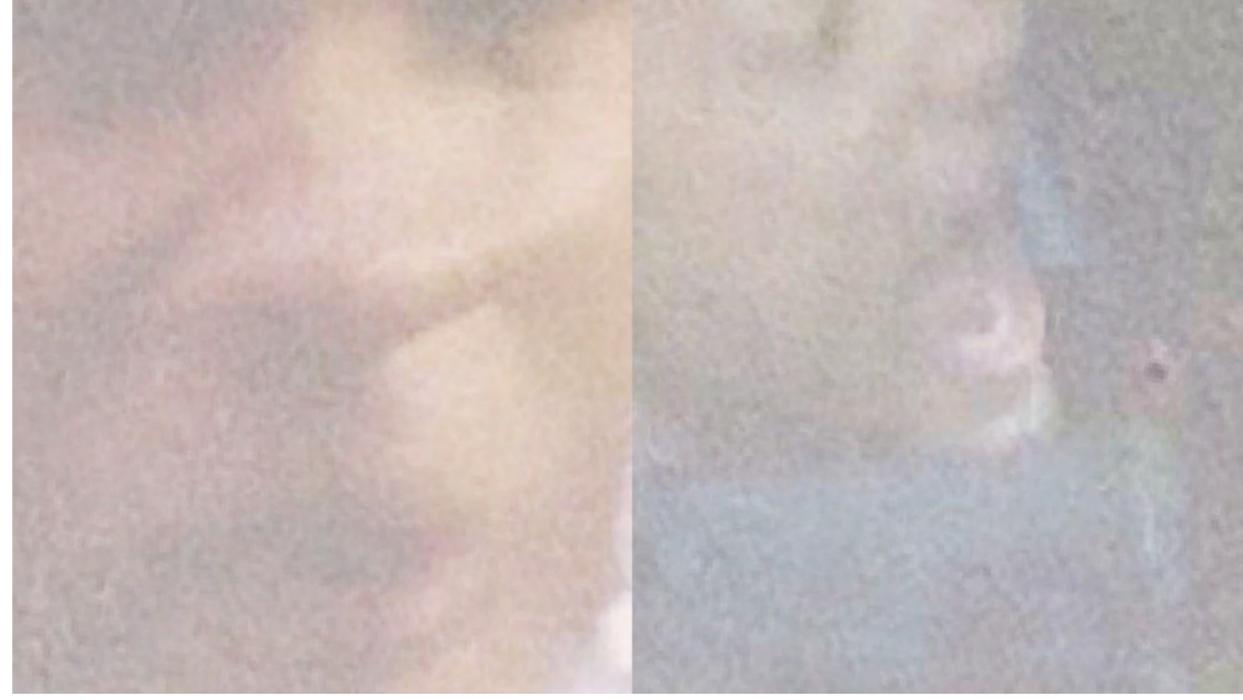


... in London a man may sometimes walk a mile before he can meet with a suitable corner; for so unaccommodating are the owners of door-ways; passages and angles, that they seem to have exhausted invention in the ridiculous barricadoes and shelves, grooved, and one fixed above another, to conduct the stream into the shoes of the luckless wight who shall dare to profane the intrenchments.

a figure on a horizon line eviscerated by
Lavender AI Systems
children fly flags
in the cross hair
the computer misrecognises them for
shrubs
and carpet bombs the area
with bombs designed to kill living flesh
and preserve material goods



to the warehouse, for a 14
hour shift
a stand alone in a flexi-hour contract
the threshold of destitution, bricked
in
with
Back to Work Scheme
Work and Health Scheme
Reduced Earnings Allowance
that which keeps a plug circled
hose down the iron lung
full of a summered stink - a shaft
around an adolescence,
rumbles groans in the tank
and wires tacked to a pale chest
tears that pool in a sunken eye and
stream into your ears
with your lower portions
buckled to the innards of the machine
a compromise, a bloodletting
the sootling ring of industry
dying





and to calm those
close to death
by self-inflicting a disability
by a plunged stick in the spokes
reap the rewards of
workplace sick pay
from grade 4 and beyond
to jeer at the working poor
with shame
in your voice
don't shake the charity pot,
it's unbecoming to beg
for the cancer house, and ward cleaners
under it all in the mercy kill pit
is the foundations and
plan of a treatment centre
if or lack of investment, weighed life
unequivocally less than
the costing of rehabilitation
to liberate the corridors full of soiled
gurneys
of the filth that keeps a system overworked
there's no progress in social care
when its mitigation over prevention



2024