

Without a Title.

Beautiful and Untruthful
(the objects and the stories)



White blue and green.

The smell of loneliness.

I forgot about the flowers.

Though I don't know about that until nearly the end.

And I try to save it.

Vinter - mörkare
andra?
Växer ut ur - trär
alkantarer
lampetter
saxum dop

temperatur: 300 stöpat
- lina incept
strot
daylight bits
skin cleaner
drosspungen
- strot ut ur stöpat





From
fluff
kiddies!



Eyelash Adh
EYELASH



I.

Colours.

The Heart of Fire.

The Blue Train.

Four Auburn Hairs.

Scarlet Red Crimson.

Grey Eyes.

(there is always something that is mentioned again and again. He fell for a girl with pale eyes and a heavy jaw. He says she took his attention away from me)

And a comment on lions (from another novel):

- Lions, presumably didn't use irony. There was nothing ironical about a lion. It sprang. It roared. It used its claws, presumably it took large bites out of its prey.







II.

Observations of elements. (the Play).

The entrance

The cupboard

The mirror

The chair

The cocaille

The seabull

The wave

The ivy

(the thing that is mentioned again and again. Later he experienced the rush of another girl having a crush on him. She told him quite a lot about all the things he liked about her and sent him a song. He said he didn't like it very much. Eventually I will depart)

Processes.

There is nothing to leave behind, and like the wave, I will wear everything down. Leave a trace of nothing behind. Not even a mark of my make-up on the wall. If there is something left behind I must have dropped it on the floor.

Spaces.

there is a saturation of residue, even the dust is specific. There mustn't be a conversation and I shall breathe in the particles. (would one think to alter the function of furniture into objects and let them become spatial decorations rather than what they are / don't sit on the chair).

Garment.

Implications of the Blue / and Water.

Involving a transformation that is repeated on a daily basis. Wear a dress. Wear shoes. Again and again until one pulls on wellies and walk into the wild sea and keep walking:













III.

Reflections in water (admire your perfect features and beautiful smile) /
Waterfall (like a shower of glittering water drops) / Pearls of the Cocaille
(made of tears by Mermaids who never cry) / Bottomless black water (the
deepest dark velvet without reflection) / Icecovered water (look through the
ice and see fish gliding soundlessly through the shallow depths) / Drown,
drawn down by heavy clothing into under the water (the waves catch the
fabric and twists and turns)

*(certain things keep being mentioned. The German girl. He did nothing
wrong and made a stack of her presents on a shelf. They were suggestive he
told me. Eventually I will be gone)*

Trees.

Implications of *becoming a tree*.

Involving a transformation (as Daphne became a Laurel Tree, and Apollo
took to breaking off branches to wear around his head) and then a full stop
(and one would be adorned in leaves and there would be no shoes to fit, one
would be rooted).

Tomorrow to do list (the Play).

Make a costume.

Look like a wave.

- Moving about.

- Bundled up.

- Spread out?

Plans for Tuesday

Artist Interference.

There are certain things to hope for.















IV.

Statement of sentiment (of things I don't want).

I don't want to be precise.

(if you call my name, I don't want to answer).

I don't want to model to limiting ideas or execute obedience.

holding the scissors I don't want to cut up the beautiful blue fabric.

(it is mentioned once more. He will no longer listen and says that he doubts whether this is it, whether I am the the right one. The next day he buys me a dress and I am convinced that I will leave before long)

The Unspoken Field of White was a series of photographs I made of my parents cutting up a tree in a wintery forest. There is so much white here, the chair, the sea bull, the mirror, the tea mugs, the table, the cupboards, the walls and the ceiling. My t-shirt is white with just a little paint smeared on the front. It might also just be brown dirt. And later on a little streak of green paint.

The Play.

Ivy grows out of...

Paint Plants grow in the cup board, on ...

The wave ...





V.

Symptoms.

Fatigue.
Persistent headache.
Tingling arms.
Vertigo.
Back ache.
Weakness.
Difficulty to breathe.
Pain during intercourse.

The Play.

Gränslöshet. Exploration of boundaries. The walls move in my flat. branches grow in through gaps and corners. spiders everywhere. I wish I smoked. my heart beats faster.

they worked hard on the surface *in order to* master the depth. the sea is impenetrable and they keep working. like water, like sea, spreading everywhere. it is the greatest advantage of all and there is nothing they can do about it.

(it is mentioned that we should have fun. I am not a girl of much fun. But this time I pretend like nothing and start dancing on a table. On the way back I kick a glass and break my toe, he says nothing. It is not long left now)

Bridge& Sea is a Super 8 film about the Golden Gate Bridge and the Pacific Ocean at Julia Pfeiffer Burns National Park. In Oregon I wore a black and turquoise bikini and got caught by the current. Ginny (*Virginia Rose*), Turner's grandmother, stiffened with worry. I did not think about suicide for one second. I was thinking about movies and the dream of the unknown.

Dreamsss.

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will be put
Andriolo.



Brown dream girl goe

Maev Kennedy

The poet Robert Browning brought up a child brought up a gentleman – and had a famous bronze of a dreamy conversationalist surely never have

The process of casting was less languid than the result: the python a model, and the artist was forced to show

The sculpture weighs more than the poet. It is by Robert "Pen" Barrett, the offspring of Robert Barrett, who eloped

Both adored the argument of the dressed: Elizabeth's shoulder length until he was 10.

His curls were died in 1861, and turned to England wanted him to return. However Pen, who was a drinker, failed the test and became an artist under Rodin. He spent his life in Italy, in a palazzo on the Grand Canal.

The models for the Apollo in the form of his own pet snake, a woman named Adelia Abbruzzese, his mistress. It was turned down at the 1887 Royal Academy exhibition.

Pen died in 1910. His American wife – who became a nun – ordered this sculpture. It was in the collections until now, but Bonham's in London

Pen Barrett Browning's sculpture, which was rejected by the Royal Academy

VI.

Chapters of modes.

(production parallell observation).

Kissing with the surreal

(art as the lover)

Being in a collaborative process

(art as the partner)

Glancing at the impossible

(art as love without pretence)

(it is not mentioned any more)

Snake Bride.

I receive it in the mail and it felt like a present.

The lies they would wisper in your ears.





PERSPECTIVE

ARTEMIS



VII.

The first thing.
I have forgotten the other.
I think about the third thing.
And it goes on.

Other women.
Women as muses.
Myself as muse, the last point of inspiration.
(It is hard to think of as even remotely interesting).

They become trees. I become trees. I become Others.

(after it has stopped being mentioned I relax and sleep without dreams)

Fainting, in a video I wear a dress my mother tailored for my graduation dance. In the video I engage in searches through waiting in impossible, or wrong, places. Put together in a looped manner the video offers no resolution or even respite.
Now, the woman in the video is turning away, and so turning into a tree in the photograph *Fainting (Becoming a Tree)*.



VIII.

the Viewer

She came out and asked where the art was

It was informed there was a photograph and she was told to go and have another look

She came out and said she could still not see the art

(I wake up and start packing my bags. I have booked a flight to Stockholm. Departure is imminent)



IX.

The day the moment I fell in love

(and there was) behind the counter serving drinks. Slowly reaching for a drink and slowly getting a bottle opener and slowly taking a glass from the shelf and slowly pouring the drink and I fell fell in love.

(I board the plane and I don't look back)

White and Blue. The cocaille fell on my back.