



Said (version 2014ii) from How not to be distant presentation, 2014

To start with recent events,
In my head I create a large, perpetually smiling patriarchal apparition
in order to fixate
all blatantly apparent and blatantly unapparent forms of fascism
onto him.

He is surrounded by a strange wind.
To get rid of this man I must try to understand these odd airs,
that take the breath out of me:
they leave my mouth and throat dry but choked with crying sounds and my vision
completely wiped.

This is an intro to the panic that in the past has been fought.
On its return I have had to start listen

to listen to this automatic sensory, physical, mental presence.
to visualise stepping stones out of this hell.
I go over and over things I have done.

1. Stepping stone one: Considering goodness; an attempt.
In trying to be 'good' – I end up making a cancer on a hard-drive.
Something to be ashamed of.
I will delete it but only when I no longer need to be reminded by naivety's terrifying face.

A day of peace possibly.
I draw slowly and methodically for 5 hours.
Then another crash the following morning.
The large man I recognise stands on the pavement as I walk out of the station towards the
building.
Crash.
I fall off the stone.
The waves come over again
I identify this increasingly familiar landscape.
Back on the stone I listen to listen to listen.

2. Stepping stone two: I learn to listen to late night image searches, epic folder files,
the collecting of them waiting to be heard.

Folder file: Shaker.

I have pictures of the shaker communal communities and their furniture and a few
remaining drawings,
their faith based on group visions and prayer and commitment in their every daily acts.
in their celibacy their reproductive function was to open their arms to outsiders.

Folder file Hermits:

mainly paintings of devotional figures,
in their solitude,

in their caves exterior to city walls,
working working working on their work- this figure now as maybe then,
performing an outside position.
I think of the hermits (both rural and urban) that I've met,
allowing myself to feel the angry frustration and acceptance I have of their positions.
Mainly angry frustration, no mainly acceptance.
No. sighs.
The hermit image search ends with three or four chosen Sister Wendy Beckett picture.
Oh Sister Wendy Beckett.
The early medium.
I wonder if I should try and visit you in your caravan,
but instead pick over the google search:
hands tipped upwards from the wrists either side of the object,
a chin tips up also under the bliss of your smile.
This is a contrived pose by them in charge of the creation your image for obvious reasons.

Angry frustration no acceptance no angry frustration no acceptance.
I will not try to visit you,
you are not and never were a physical thing for me.

3. **Stepping stone three:** I listened and I hear that it's a lie. I hear that saying it's a lie is a strategy, and so is that. Oh no! (this stone is a nod to Victoria)

Staring at my markings on paper.
I feel the tips of my fingers understanding my knuckles understanding my hand
understandings the muscles in my wrist.
That it can do **these** motions, with **this** speed.
I feel along the temporal edge of concentration periods,
with a cognition of what happens around a manual action around its awareness,
unawareness.
This temporal edge now feels like it's leaning into itself,
reversing and rehearsing.

The rocking backwards and forwards
between ideas and moments of fun and belief and sensual freedoms
to anxiety and not doing and trying to undo and dissolving all sense of self into various
different versions and trying to pre-empt which is going to be best,
what will be good what will be good enough and yet the movement carries on in motion, in
the repetitions and grinding away and pulling back together.
I enjoy this gentle pulsing coming onto the shore slowly but surely.
Every saying being a response to the previous saying
and every saying being the endless prototype
for the following said.
Sense of movement come from this feeling of overwhelm-ment,
acknowledging the unfinishness.

4. **Stepping stone four:** this stone is for Maggie and her songs

A story now about when we all sang with Maggie
– who had talked of female and queer solidarity in our shared experience,
who suggested using our oddness as protection.
She asked us to sing some of her improvised music.

The experience was to gather particular strengths and visions.
Not being thrown off balance.
She encouraged us to choose a note: I felt embarrassed and the arrangement of the room made it tiresome.
Also I was worried that if I closed my eyes and opened my mouth to make a noise, it would come out as a scream.
And it did.

Sitting in an academic auditorium box, the scream sank into 50 other sounds.
Then I shifted volume; and started enjoying the sound and concentrated on making it a beautiful note.
Eyes still closed.

After a very short time I started to see this staggered shape out of the cranial noise in behind my lids.
I've seen this before when I'm awake and my eyes closed and its different colours.
This time it was various depths of electric blue depending on which level I tried to look at —
but it could only been "seen" it if you looked straight down the middle.
To look at it a long time I guess I'd get vertigo though.
I'm saying that so you get an idea of its depth.
I was shocked to see it because,
even though I'd seen it before,
this time it came to me very fast and I've only ever seen this shape in other circumstances, usually just before sleeping and kind of by accident.

5. **Stepping stone five:** almost there.

The fat patriarchal fascist form had sent foul air to open up a revilement, inadequacy, inability to say for fear of saying.

Listening to this I adjusted my outfit out of his sight - I removed my smile, I removed the expectation of She, and he vanishes. I listen to moments of belief, clenched jaw, steady internal steering, the smile returns under different terms.