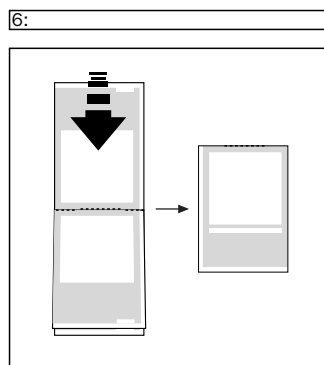
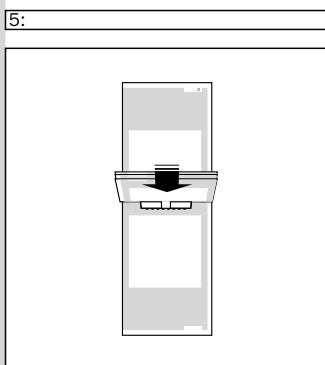
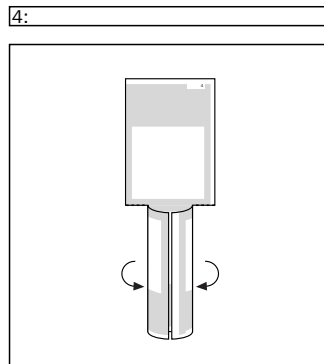
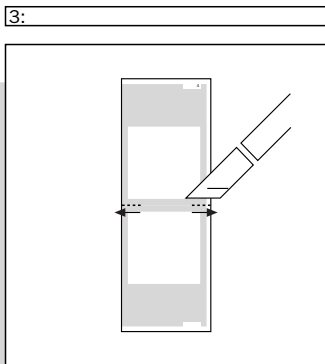
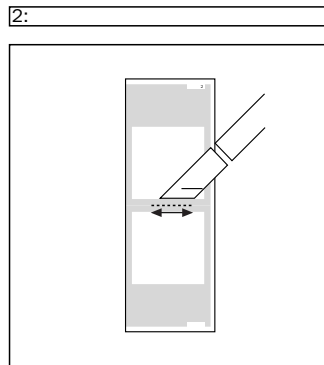
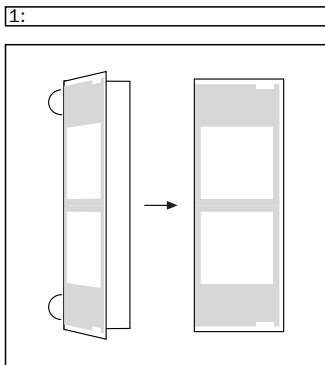


Construction



- 1: First, fold each A4 sheet in half along the vertical axis.
- 2: Using a craft knife or scalpel, cut a horizontal slot along the centre dotted line of the first A4 sheet. (pages 1/2/11/12)
- 3: Then cut along the dotted lines on all the other sheets. Make sure to cut to the very edges of the paper.
- 4: Stack the folded sheets in ascending order with the even numbers at the top. Curl the bottom half of the second A4 page (pages 3/4/19/20).
- 5: Thread the curled page through the centre slot of the first A4 page. Repeat this process with the third (pages 5/6/17/18), fourth (pages 7/8/15/16), fifth A4 sheet (pages 9/10/13/14) with the even pages in ascending order.
- 6: When all the pages have been threaded through, check the pagination. Finally, fold the booklets in half along the horizontal axis.

He remembers watching them, then, moving one of his feet above them, then, pressing down hard on them, crushing who knows how many. Everyone starts out being good, he thought, and then . . . Wednesday. Outside it rained for the first time in weeks. No one. Just cars. An empty carry out skipped into the gutter next to an oil spill as he filled the kettle and switched it on:

To this day he can hear the sound of their blind skulls opened by a stick. A sweatband pulled over one end of a favoured tool. The snap of their legs and the rasp of brown tape strapping a broken body to an aerosol can. The opening phut! of a tin of shoe polish and the sound of flames. The lid of a kettle going on and the bright click of a switch on the wall. The muffled dance inside. The panting. And then, he has a feeling of relief – of death at the end of a branch, within arms reach.

In the bathroom he removed her dressing gown and looked at himself in the mirror, a thin red line above his waist where the cord was tied. Then he stood shaking in the shower. What to do? Not just with the day, or what was left of it, but with everything?

Thursday. A queue in heavy rain. He is on the pavement at a bus stop near to a school facing into a hedge. A nest of fledgling black birds are being eaten by black ants. He watches. And hears: the sound of wet feet spill on the asphalt. The shapes swarm; their scrawny flesh guzzled into. They cry out and he listens, for a long time. And then, he walks away.

Monday. He tripped on a paving slab. Fell and felt a sharp heated rush burst up his spine.

This time he returned with her fur hat and placed it in the cupboard with the red lambs wool cardigan, her white shirt, grey T-shirt, green sweater, and her pale blue shirt, and then he waited, in front of the open door – at her. A floorboard creaked as he changed his weight on it and he remembered sitting with his grandfather on a bench in the back garden one summer evening talking about the tomatoes in the glass house. At their feet, in the sandy gaps between the paving slabs, ants went about their work.

The climb up the stairs had seemed to take for ever. Each step avoiding something.

shape. everything but he wanted to be rid of it, to see it through to the end. To a final Tuesday. She said: You love having me around. I know you do. He had agreed, because it was the truth. It was a difficult thought to shake after

||| Sunday. Empty space.

end of the police tape. other and the paving slab. The paving slab that they'd used to hold down one end, the thinning trees blowing in the wind; the leaves rustling against each wall. He took in the bins, the wooden gates, the ditched carpet, the bed chair to his left and stared at the immeasurable point where it touched the the far left corner – brown – the stuff at his feet. He looked at the red plastic he think 'they'? His foot brushed a grasp of weed. The nameless weeds in

BETWEEN THE EYES EVIL SHAVED: KEVIN HENDERSON

Keywords: in, run out, in-hybrid, in-progress, the work, physical, saw, read, documentary, returned-together.

L(c)ocked



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L(c)locked (underlined)

At that place the minimum of flesh covers the bone of the skull, but even on this thin, thin soil the fur grows. The bone casing is almost concave. On either side of the space is an eye, large with its depths uncovered. It is the frontal centre of the head. In man there is no equivalent place. The sense organs are too concentrated, the eyes too close together, facing whoever approaches. By contrast the face of a man is like a blade with the cutting edge on this almost concave field of fur with its thin soil, you rub your hand and the animal nods in accord. But the palm of the hand is too soft: its pads muffle the contact. You clench your fist and rub again: this time with your knuckles grazing against the animal's skull. His eyes remain open, placid and undisturbed because for him there can be no danger which is that close.

It begins like this in childhood. But grown men, overcome by grief or remorse, thrust their foreheads, skullbone to skullbone, between a cow's eyes.²

of documentary writing and the images it summons, and examines how these may be returned-together in the form of a performance-oriented sound work. Language, like the photograph after it, is implicitly linked to a (collective) construction of contemporary experience: History, ageing, love, paranoia: as evidence. Evidence that is however, in the time of performance, a fugitive kind of testimony. This is an extract from the performance text (childlike in blue ink) instigated a further revision of the performance, *Five Rooms And One Empty Space*, (1999)

10 A wall projected photo-video (09:31:10:repeated). The title is an adaptation of a poem by the Scottish poet Ian Chrichton Smith, 'I thought I saw you', in *Love Poems & Elegies* (Victor Gollancz Ltd., 1972). The poem in its entirety: 'I thought I saw you on the street just now/in your biscuit-coloured slacks. It wasn't you./Nothing will ever die, not even lies./The taxi's meter clicked. There was a view/of Glasgow's ruinous land of green and blue./When will the heart learn better enterprise?/Hotels receive me. What receives your ghost?/What elevator, station, road or slum?/The mind has tricks that we are desperate for./How can we turn away? There is no home/other than it, and where you go or come/is here or elsewhere but is always here.'

11 Peter Wollen, 'Fire and Ice' in John X. Berger, & Olivier Richon, eds. *Other Than Itself: Writing Photography* (Manchester: Cornerhouse Publications, 1989). Wollen introduces a notion of 'aspect' rather than 'sense' – locating an event in time in relation to speech. Aspect represents the events' internal temporal structure, and he goes on to break this down further into what he refers to as 'states': 'single complete events and those that involve processes. Chris Marker's film *photo-toman, La Jéte*, is cited as one example of what Wollen refers to as 'diegetic time'; 'set in the future and in the present as past-of-the-future, as well as an in-between near-future from which vantage point the story is told. In other words there is no intrinsic tense of the still image, any past in contrast with a filmic present.'

12 A photo-video (00:04:00:repeated), played back on a television monitor: a single image of the left-luggage lockers at Perth Railway Station. The image was duplicated in Photoshop (tm), turned a further three ways, and each given a one second duration in Premier (tm). This four image sequence is looped onto tape for playback and effectively acts as a clock of sorts, but one which induces an edgy, highly strung hypnotic state in this viewer. It is an allusion to Chris Burden's *Locker Piece* of 1971.

2 John Berger. *G.* (Bloomsbury, 1972: 36-37)

3 The following is anecdotal, recorded after a conversation on Wednesday 9th January with a post-graduate student, Douglas McMillan, after a seminar that introduced and discussed the nature of, *Between The Eyes Evil Shaved*. The origins (the person) of this fragment of a photograph are unknown to me. I had an idea, but that was all. However, as a result of the seminar, Douglas told me that he knew something about it. What follows is not fact, but neither is it fiction. As our conversation ended, *Born Slippery*, by Underworld, kicked-in on the jukebox. He said that he knew the person in the photograph, and that I did as well. That her work was characterised by role playing to camera; dressing up in evening dresses, tiara's; performing an adopted character. It was also more than likely that the photograph was a self portrait, caught using the self timer of a camera as this was characteristic of her work at the time. It is likely that the title of the photograph is, Miss Turiff 1977. 4 64 – 65 Monday 5th July, 122 - 23 Sunday 26th September, 170 - 171 Friday 7th October, 220 - 221 & 276 - 277 Sunday 10th October, 284 - 285 Tuesday 12th October, 308 - 309 Friday 29th October, 349 - 9 Sunday 31st October, 1999.

4 Two black and white photographs (12" x 16") – Sunday 17th of October, 1999. Wormit, Fife. Two snap shots at L. as she walked in both directions along the edge of the shoreline, toward the open sea, toward the source of the River Tay.

5 'Then we fell silent. The only sound the roaring of the river, side by side Urara and I fixed our eyes on the far bank. My heart was pounding. I realised my legs were trembling. Dawn crept up little by little. The sky changed to a light blue. The birds began to sing. I had a feeling that I heard something faint, far away. I looked to one side and was startled – Urara wasn't there anymore. The river, myself the sky – then, blended with the sounds of the wind and the river, I heard what I'd longed for. A bell . . . ' Banana Yoshimoto. 'Moonlight Shadow' in *Kitchen*. trans. Megan Backus. (Faber & Faber, 1993: 144-145)

7 Twenty four black and white photographs (16" x 12") of a to-camera performance made on the 24th of March 1999, at The Ring of Brodgar, Orkney. The Ring of Brodgar is dated 2800 BC. The pyramids 2700 BC – a crystal perspective to ponder. Originally a sixty stone circle, thirty six now remain standing or as broken stones. The to-camera performance involved finding a place for the camera on different parts of the stones, (wherever it could be placed without falling) before releasing the self timer. I then ran from it, toward the centre of the circle, repeating this action as I moved clockwise around the circle. The 24th of March was important for two other reasons: it marked the start of the NATO bombing campaign in Kosovo, and it was also the 38th wedding anniversary of my mother and father.

8 A spoken word and sound performance art work. Performance date: Tuesday 7th March, 2000. The performance occurs in rooms described (suggested) by a schematic and to-scale drawing of a four metre length of carpet underfelt. It shows the dimensions and shape (entrances and exits) of a domestic hallway rendered on the floor with yellow insulating Tape. The performance invokes the distances between fragments

The novel *G.*, from which the above quotation is taken, has a red and black cover (black for the writing throughout) and is by today's standards a modest looking paperback. This particular copy is also falling apart; the glue along the length of the spine no longer able to hold the paper intact. I have since added a biscuit-coloured elastic band to the object to ensure that none of it is lost. The book, now in Adelaide, is being read again by a woman called Julie. Differently. *G.* the book. An object in a museum case and a set of photocopies of some of the books pages. And the bookmark, the one I used while reading it. A found fragment of a photograph showing only the lower part of what appears to be a young woman's face; her mouth, lips, chin and a part of her neck – the picture ripped (into umpteen pieces).³

That this particular fragment – disembodied from the rest of the picture (her picture?) – and the book *G.* should have come together was happenstance. It wasn't something I planned; I was interrupted (at page 36 on Sunday 4th July, 1999) and reached for the first thing that came to hand and it happened to be this piece of a picture – the event, so to speak – within arms reach – The way some things start.

It was only when I returned to the book the following day that I became interested in the affect of this part ghost drifting between the pages of Berger's novel, touching down on parts of his text, moving details of the meaning and altering the way I saw the writing, and the way that I read the fragment of the photograph: I recorded where I started and stopped reading,⁴ and it is these pages that make up the set of photocopies.

2000. <http://www.eat.asn.au> also <http://www.vervewrthng.org>
Between The Eyes Evil Shaved runs at the Experimental Art Foundation, Adelaide. 2nd March – 2nd April, at best provisional.

This text gives an idea of how things are at the moment, my early thoughts on those things already done (elements of installation); to be understood as the physical basis for a collaborative process due to begin – Julie and I meet – at 4pm local time on the 15th of February, prior to the opening on the 2nd March. It is the process of being created, one that to an extent has already taken some form. The in-hybrid as a form of continuous un-finishedness (as in the term in-progress), but one that delays the drive to achieve fixity. A number of forms yes, and ones that will be identifiable as the work; of the moment and relevant to the collaborative dissolution; of form in time; in-hybrid.

One thing at this stage is clear to me however, a hybrid, or an in-hybrid of 'prepared un-preparedness' is the process of being created, one that to an extent has already taken some form. The in-hybrid as a form of continuous un-finishedness (as in the term in-progress), but one that delays the drive to achieve fixity. A number of forms yes, and ones that will be identifiable as the work; of the moment and relevant to the collaborative dissolution; of form in time; in-hybrid.

been worked out this way.
Third Thought (bid), indeed, as is becoming increasingly prevalent, the organisation of the entire project has people through phone conversations, email without having met them'. (Alan Woods. *Every* like the way you can know people's voices on the radio without knowing what they look like – or like knowing people wholly online. 'There is a strangeness about phoning people in a place you don't know, something amongst other things, circumstance, context, and other people, particularly one other, my collaborator, Julie Henderson, a namesake but someone I have never met. The dialogue we have had to this point has taken memory) – as an as yet incomplete field of possibility, or fragment of the possible. And this, subject to insofar as *Between The Eyes Evil Shaved* exists at all, it does so – already in the realm of practice (and it has no pictures).

The performance-orientated work, *Between The Eyes Evil Shaved* is, at the time of writing, incomplete. There is a commission from an organisation (the Experimental Art Foundation, Adelaide, as part of the Festival of Adelaide 2000 Festival), a title, advertising etc., but no finished work – in fact, there is never likely to be. The time of exhibition will install another exhibition. 'Things seem to happen faster the further away you get. The light spectrum zooming into the ultraviolet zone, normally beyond perception. But the entire spectrum moves forward to take up the slack' (Christopher Chapman in the publication accompanying the exhibition. The other contributors are Julie Henderson, K.H., and Alan Woods.

1 There will be documentation and objects of aftermath, but that is all. That and the memory of the experience, the memory of movement in the body.

FOOTNOTES

A line of twenty four photographs pinned to the wall. And twenty four sandbags arranged in a circle on the floor near by. Many of the pictures are horribly distorted but this is not intentional. It was the way the camera saw the figure and the surrounding landscape. It is not the result of digital manipulation. This figure (this man), in perpetuity, runs from the camera, away from stone within a circle of stone – always running to the centre, always caught (by the invisible tether of the camera's self timing device) at various distances, to or from the camera; petrified (the tether visible).

Running Man⁷

– A rendezvous that may only result in hearing the sound of a small brass bell being rung somewhere in the middle distance.

L. walking toward⁵ A conceit of two images, side by side: pictures giving the appearance of approaching the self; one's self. A construct. An imagined (physical) encounter. A question, meeting another question. What would we recognise? Would it be good? Is it good (or evil) that we desire to meet this other and, by implication, what would this meeting offer us? A ghost? The uncanny? A dissolution of self; a disappearance? Death?

L. Walking Toward Herself⁵

L(cl)ocked (looped)¹²

I Thought I Heard You is cyclical, a narrative, one without sound, that successively examines Peter Wollen's idea that the semantic structure of still and moving images may be the same or, at least, similar – that the still image (sequenced and given duration) can carry a narrative as effectively as a moving picture. That sequencing (editing) not movement makes the difference, by determining duration differently.¹¹

Five Rooms And One Empty Space (A Version)⁸

I She hovered over it at first, frost covered in the frost, branch like. Flower like eyes weary in their sockets. And then, through the pale morning, through the bare winter branches of a tall tree and over a stone wall she would effortlessly glide before falling, toward the ground, returning. Returning to brush the dark freshly dug soil where she again waited; worn out in the crumpled sheets of the bed – she had no words for it. None that she could summon. Nothing was said when she returned like this, fearful of even the slightest movement.

In the broken glass of her eyes – between the slow shutter of her eyelids crunching the dim light – he witnessed the horror as she came to.

On these occasions, and they were frequent, he would take her a glass of cold water, cup her other hand cautiously in his, and listen, to her soft weary voice say; thank you. And. Can I have some more?

He asked: What is it?

She wrote in isolation. Remote.

I am lonely, and I don't feel well. With my family, it is my family that makes it worse; like a light on a table accentuating distance, illuminating the emptiness of being here. Things are not the way that I thought they would be. It's difficult.

People here are different. It's hard to settle down. The noise. He put the sheet of paper down on the kitchen stool and listened, to the rain searching for new places to fall on the leaves of the trees. Then he opened a second, postmarked with the same date as the first, a blue one this time, and removed a sheet of paper folded carefully around a white napkin. Inside this, the wing of a butterfly.

The butterfly flew to my hotel last night. I was on the balcony eating supper and it landed on the table – I thought that you had come to be with me. He looked at the wing and willed it to move. Willed it to disturb the air once more, the air around its once hairy but now absent body. Close up it shivered, its subtle autumn colours, pollen on the napkin; on the tip of his index finger where he'd touched its delicate fur. But that was all.

Before everything happened, everything was frozen. Now that everything is, it is, at once. This is what she thinks. This is what she feels, with love, at the foot of the page.

He looked through the kitchen blinds to the stone wall surrounding the garden below and imagined floating over it. Free. High above in the sky, in the capsule of a spacecraft – to see the garden, the garden wall, to see it as he had never seen it before. Differently. A different kind of picture.

You worry to much. You are remote. It will not be of any good for us. He wrote back. I know. Knowing that it would do no good; but that it had to be written.

I Thought I Heard You¹⁰

A photo-video. Fifty nine still images – repeated. Photographic images given duration, given a determined sequence: the time of cinema, as opposed to the time of the viewer – the time of viewing determined. But it goes in circles as well, repeats, for the length of a three hour video tape and takes thirteen seconds to rewind on the VCR – the tether of the self timer on the compact camera used to take the photographs – before starting again, automatically. Photographs from a number of different sources, but all taken using this same self timing device. Different types (genres) of photograph implying different perspectives within durative situations and sequences of situations. Thirteen seconds of blackness. The flickering projection reliant on the machine for its visibility. A number of the to-camera performance pictures taken at the Ring of Brodgar are seen. Others were taken in the self catering flat, Ellisland, in Stromness (on the 26th March, 1999), still more were taken in a tenement flat in the Stobswell area of Dundee. Others are pictures of gardens, or the trash and detritus found in them; chips, supermarket bags, white polystyrene chips, empty tins, dog shit, sheets of newspaper . . . there are photographs of the close's concrete stairs; the bits of chewing gum, cigarette butts, gob, dog shite, white polystyrene chips . . . and there are two photographs of two skulls that can be seen on the walls of the church cemetery at Glamis, at the entrance to the church itself.

I know. I do not know why. You are always.

He tried to write supportive, encouraging words. Asked her not to worry. Don't worry. Give it time. Things will work out. Soon. Families are . . . Yours are not so very different. I promise.

It was with a picture of her beautiful handwriting that he went into the close carrying a bag of rubbish. And it was with these lines sounding in his head (You worry to much. You are remote, and this does not make it easy for me. I need you to be here, now!) that he flipped the bolt, opening the wooden gate of the binshed and found her body twisted in with the rotting garbage; bound hands and feet.

This is what she had seen. This is who she had been searching for in her airborne dreams. This is who she had been trying to find. This, the reason for them.

The (she writes . . . ink spent; a different colour) soil was freshly turned in the garden the last time I saw it, like ashes spilt from a grate; frost grey.

He is in dark water. Nothing around. A terrible depth of dark water. And a sinking horizon. Freezing slush eating at the face of his body; returning it to primordial broth. How he got there he doesn't know.

But now he is walking over a bouldered shore listening to seals howl out on a rock. Out on Beggar's Rock. Hearing the waves rumble the beach. Waves

Anxious About Kerry⁹

Sorry for the noise last night. I did not know I was being so loud (sic) as I was fighting with Alan. Also for the noise my friend made at my door as she had lost her keys. Kerry.

After the bus stop, and without thinking, he went into a second hand shop where on the Saturday he had taken in two binbags of her clothing. Now he looked for her. Looked for anything that had once belonged to her. Looked for the smallest glimpse of her anywhere inside the stuff on the racks. Outside he removed the red lambs wool cardigan from the carrier bag and lifted it up to his face. And then he stood, for a long time, breathing in through the soft wool. Friday. A pine tree grew in one corner of the garden into which he would climb with binoculars. He couldn't name those things that he saw; the neighbours daughter – on her backdoor steps. Some years later, as a gift, she gave him a button from her blouse. He said: Thanks. But listen, there's no need. She said: But there is.

That now break over his head. He feels the water crushing him, walls of salt grinding into his sudden weight. And then, he sees the dark serrated shape appear only to slither beneath the surface again. Later to rise and then away. Each time, each half circle, its lamp-black-saw-like-back rasped through the grey skin of the ocean. The tea felt soft in his mouth. He shifted the curtain to see if the morning had started, but no, it was still dark. She must have brought the tea and woken him and said that there was tea for him by the side of the bed and then left and then he had fallen back to sleep. Where was she now? Next door? It was quiet. How old was this tea? How long had it been at the side of the bed? He couldn't hear her at all. Not so much as the rustle of her dressing gown, or the chink of her own tea on the living room table. He slurped more of the brown liquid, bringing the cup quickly to his mouth two or three times before resting it on the damp bed sheet until he caught his breath. This visitation never harmed him, only threatened to. Each time he thought that it was about to happen he would wake up dripping in sweat. It was silent, as it always gets around the Stoby for about an hour of each morning of any day. And then a door slammed. A mortise key slammed in a lock. A foot slammed-down on the first concrete step, followed by others, like percussion caps struck with the force of a finger poked into an eye. A tap turned on, then off, then on again. The thing around here, to hear the run of water. And then, the silence. This way it starts. Later in the day he returned and the grass in the small square was cut, an empty foot tin amongst the unhealthy looking cut. He stood at the foot of the close and looked into the shorn garden – at what they had missed. Why did