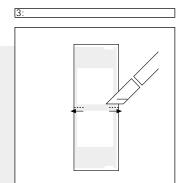
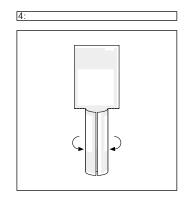
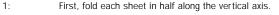
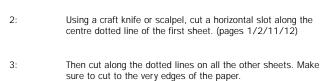


#### Construction

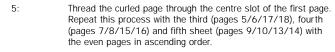


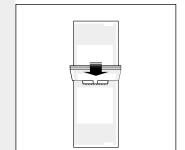


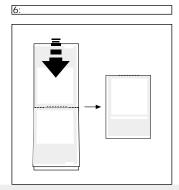




Stack the folded sheets in ascending order with the even numbers at the top. Curl the bottom half of the second page (pages 3/4/19/20).







When all the pages have been threaded through, check the pagination. Finally, fold the booklets in half along the horizontal axis.

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12

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.

BETWEEN THE EYES EVIL SHAVED:

KEVIN HENDERSON

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 floorboard creaked as he changed his weight on it and he remembered sitting able to 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.

something.

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

ədeus ieui

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 everything but he wanted to be rid of it, to see it through to the end. To a

Sunday. Empty space.

end of the police tape.

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

documentary, returned-together.

Keywords: in, run out, in-hybrid, in-progress, the work, physical, saw, read,

L(cl)ocked¹

d16605100

facing whoever approaches. the face too sharp. By contrast the face of a man is like a blade with the cutting edge of edginalent place. The sense organs are too concentrated, the eyes too close together, eye, large with its depths uncovered. It is the frontal centre of the head. In man there is an At that place the minimum of flesh covers the bone of the skull, but even on this thin, thin

qənger which is that close 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 on this almost concave field of fur with its thin soil, you rub your hand and the animal

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

of documentary writing and the images it summons, and examines how these may be returned-together in the form of a performance-onientated sound work. Language, like the photograph after it, is implicitly linked to a (collective) construction of contemporary experience: History, ageing, love, paranola: as evidence. Edidence that is however, in the time of performance, a tugitive kind of testimony. This is an extract from the performance text.

9 A sheet of notepaper from a woman called Kerry. Framed. This fragment of hand-written text (childlike Empty Space, (Centrespace', Visual Research Centre, Dundee Contemporary Arts. 6pm Thursday 9th December, 1999)

away? There is no home/other than it, and where you go or come/is here or elsewhere but is always here.

10 A wall projected photo-video (09:31:10:repeated). The title is an adaptation of a poem by the Scottisch poet lain Crichton Smith, "I thought I saw you," in Love Poems & Edgies (Victor Gollancz Ltd., 1972). The poem in Its entirely: "I thought I saw you," he heefly last now, in your Moching will ever die, not even lies. The taxis' meter clicked. There was a view/off cliasgow's uninous land of green and blue. When will the heart learn better enterprise? Motels receive me. What receives your and of green and blue. When will the heart learn better enterprise? Motels receive me. What receives your should see that the property of the

future, as well as an in-between near-future from which vantage point the story is fold. In other words there is no intrinsic tense of the still image, any past in contrast with a filmic present. one example of what Wollen refers to as diegetic time; 'set in the future and in the present as past-of-the-17 Peter Wollen, 'Fire and Ice' in John X. Berger, & Olivier Richon. eds. Other Than Itself: Writing Photography, (Manchester: Comenhouse Publications, 1989) Wollen introduces a notion of supercit rappear states are received to the speech. Aspect represents the events 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 temporal structure, and he goes on to break this complete still produce that Involve, is citied as one example of what Wollen refers to as dieedist inner; set in the tructure, and in the oresent as passed in the oresent as one example of what Wollen refers to as dieedist time; set in the tructure and in the oresent as passed.

hypnotic state in this viewer. It is an allusion to Chris Burdens Locker Piece of 1971. 12. A photovideo (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 (im), furned a further three ways, and each given a one second duration in Premier (im). This four image sequence is looped onto the ways, and each given a one second duration in Premier (im). This four image sequence is looped onto the ways, and each given as a clock of a corts, but one which induces an edgy, highly strung the purposite state in the unions if it as alluries of corts, but one which induces an edgy, highly strung the purposite state in the unions.

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in writing from the publisher

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BETWEEN THE EYES EVIL SHAVED

Series Editors: Giles Lane & Catherine Williams

DIFFUSION Print design by:

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www.diffusion.org.uk

Kevin Henderson

Noel Douglas

L(cl)ocked (underlined)

18 / I.

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 if fiction. As our conversation ended, Born Stippery, by Underworld, kicked-in on the jukebox. He said that he knew the person in the photograph, and that I did as well. That kicked-in on the jukebox. He said that he knew the person in the photograph, and that I did as well. I hat her work was characterised by role playing to camera; dressing up in evening dresses, flata'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 sity 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 wedfine anniversary or for my mother and father. 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 exist) of a domestic hallway rendered on the floor with yellow insulating Tape. The performance invokes the distances between fragments

2000. http://www.eaf.asn.au also http://www.vervewriting.org Between The Eyes Evil Shaved runs at the Experimental Art Foundation, Adelaide. 2nd March - 2nd April,

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 – as it Apm local time on the 15th of February, prior to the opening on the 2nd March. It is a best requisional.

One thing at this stage is clear to me however, a hybrid, or an in-hybrid of 'prepared un-preparedness' is in the process of being created, not the term in-progress), but one that delays the drive to achieve thinty. Or continual un-fixedness (as in the term in-progress), but one that delays the drive to achieve thinty. Or unmber of forms yes, and ones that will be identifiable as the work. Of the moment and relevant to the collaborative processes involved. But this idea of the hybrid is not so much a form, as an act of formation, and subsequent dissolution; of form in time; in-hybrid.

been worked out this way.

like the way you can know people's voices on the radio without knowing what they look like – or like knowing people through phone conversations, correspondence, email without having met them'. (Alan Woods. Every Third Thought, bidd,) indeed, as is becoming increasingly prevalent, the organisation of the entire project has heen worked out, this way. Insofar as Between The Eyes Evil Shaved exists at all, it does so – already in the realm of practice (and memory) – as an as yet incomplete field of possibility, or fragment of the possible. And this, subject to memorals other things, circumstance, context, and other people, particularly one other, my collaboration, Julie anamesake but someone I have never met. The dislogue we have had to this point has taken the anamesake but someone I have never met. The dislogue we have had to this point has taken place when the properties of the properties of

Woods. It has no pictures).

to be. The time of exhibition will run out – and the gallery will install another exhibition. 'Things seem to happen easier the further away you get. The light spectrum coming into the outbristopher Chapman in the publication accompanying the exhibition. The other contributors are Julie Henderson, K.H. and Alan the publication accompanying the exhibition. The other contributors are Julie Henderson, K.H. and Alan 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 felstins Adelaide 2000 Feathal), a title, advertising etc., but no finished work – in fact, there is never likely to the time of the commission of the

experience, the memory of movement in the body.

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.

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

# Running Man'

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

ghost? The uncanny? A dissolution of self; a disappearance? Death? meet this other and, by implication, what would this meeting offer us? A would we recognise? Would it be good? Is it good (or evil) that we desire to imagined (physical) encounter. A question, meeting another question. What the appearance of approaching the self; one's self. A construct. L. walking toward? 6 A conceit of two images, side by side: pictures giving

L. Walking Toward Herself

16 gt

### 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 image 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.<sup>11</sup>

# Five Rooms And One Empty Space (A Version)<sup>a</sup>

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.

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

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.

the foot of the page.

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

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, but only under his breath as he brought the napkin; on the tip of his lace to better see 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.

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 wing of a butterfly.

People here are different. If's hard to settle down. The noise. He put the sheet of paper down on the klitchen 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,

14 81.

### I Thought I Heard You<sup>10</sup>

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.

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

## Anxious About Kerry

She said: But there is. He said: Thanks. But listen, there's no need. gave him a button from her blouse.

daughter - his wife - on her backdoor steps. Some years later, as a gift, she with binoculars. He couldn't name those things that he saw; the neighbours Friday. A pine tree grew in one corner of the garden into which he would climb

through the soft wool.

lifted it up to his face. And then he stood, for a long time, breathing in Outside he removed the red lambs wool cardigan from the carrier bag and

for the smallest glimpse of her anywhere inside the stuff on the racks. looked for her. Looked for anything that had once belonged to her. Looked where on the Saturday he had taken in two binbags of her clothing. Now he After the bus stop, and without thinking, he went into a second hand shop

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 close and looked into the shorn garden - at what they had missed. Why did empty food tin amongst the unhealthy looking cut. He stood at the foot of the Later in the day he returned and the grass in the small square was cut, an

water. And then, the silence. This way it starts. turned on, then off, then on again. The thing around here, to hear the run of percussion caps struck with the force of a finger poked into an eye. A tap lock. A foot slammed-down on the first concrete step, followed by others, like morning of any day. And then a door slammed. A mortise key slammed in a It was silent, as it always gets around the Stoby for about an hour of each he thought that it was about to happen he would wake up dripping in sweat. his breath. This visitation never harmed him, only threatened to. Each time two or three times before resting it on the damp bed sheet until he caught He slurped more of the brown liquid, bringing the cup quickly to his mouth

dressing gown, or the chink of her own tea on the living room table. of the bed? He couldn't hear her at all. Not so much as the rustle of her door? It was quiet. How old was this tea? How long had it been at the side then left and then he had fallen back to sleep. Where was she now? Next woken him and said that there was tea for him by the side of the bed and had started, but no, it was still dark. She must have brought the tea and The tea felt soft in his mouth. He shifted the curtain to see if the morning

grey skin of the ocean.

Each time, each half circle, its lamp-black-saw-like-back rasped through the appear only to slither beneath the surface again. Later to rise and then away. grinding into his sudden weight. And then, he sees the dark serrated shape that now break over his head. He feels the water crushing him, walls of salt