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**conversations on swansong** 2015, foreword by gavin jackson, presentation 2/3 by niamh forbes,  
- joshua johnson, an idea to resuscitate an idea by francis lloyd jones, puncturing a spider's egg  
sac by jill mcknight, the clashmach by lindsay mcmillan, emperor of the five grains v.i, ii & iii by  
charles pryor, KAR by matthew randle, untitled by samm shackleton, propel [so what, do you think  
i'm your brother?] 16. 123 by emilie spark, guitar jumper by eloise walker.

*OBITUARY, an introduction to  
swansong*

*Joshua Hart  
died  
as he lived:*

*wearing crocs  
and  
asking us  
if we knew  
what he meant*



I recently described to you the journey of how I got here. However that was not the truth.

And I feel that maybe you already subconsciously know the truth.

You are trying to connect it to something else.

The bike. The objects.

You can feel that I am deceiving you. Or, that I have already deceived you.

To be honest, I think that was the effect my description was truly meant to have. And now I can tell you the truth.

I did not cross to the opposite side of the road.

No, please don't interject. There's no point in having points anymore. It is still time for me to talk, and you must let me do that.

In,

A purely physical sense.

Yes, please, I would prefer if you sat at the opposite side of the room.

I think it might help to remedy my heightened sense of embarrassment. Because,

not only did I not cross to the opposite side of the road, I was also seeking to steal.

The bike, the objects, anything. I had already tracked various escape routes on my daily walks around the area, which I have been conducting for some time now.

It's shape, it's colour.

It filled me both with nausea and a hungry salivating.

The same feeling I get when I smell white spirits, or when I see a very dense pigment that traps all the light.

I can only tell you that I am sorry. I have stolen your bike and your possessions, but I think you seem really nice and I hope that maybe we can still be friends.

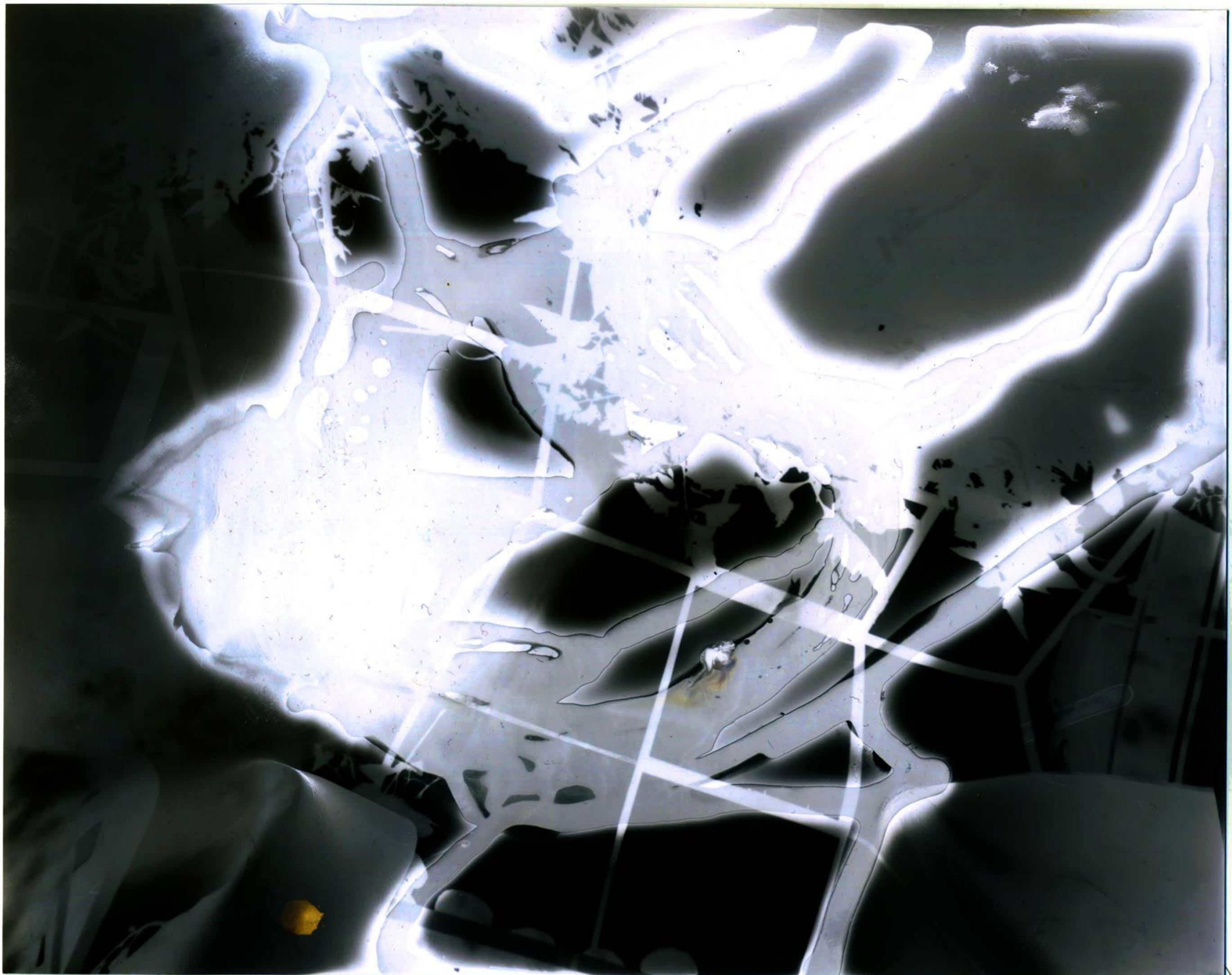


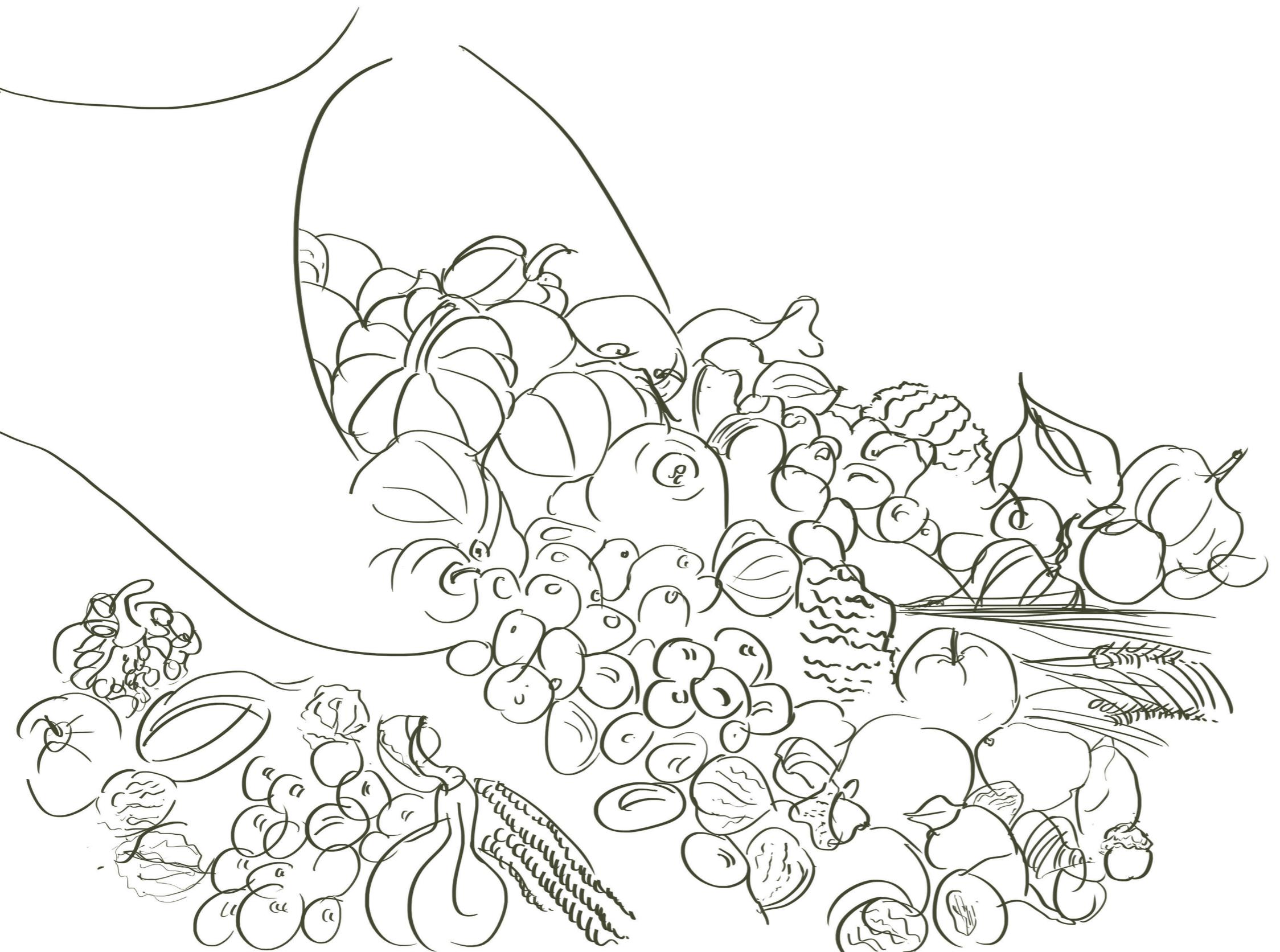
















LOVE

SNOW



(eat) the first meal of the day.

coin-operated machine on which records, CDs or videos can be played.

strike with the open hand or a flat object.

material made from specially treated animal skins.

drug used as a stimulant.

number of people or things regarded as a unit; sexual act in which the males penis is inserted into the females vagina.

relating to Spain, its people, or its language female child; young woman; girlfriend. homosexual woman.

male bird especially of domestic fowl; stopcock.

German-born American poet, novelist and short story writer.

take (the covering or clothes) off; take a title or possession away from (someone); dismantle (an engine).

cosmetic in stick form, for colouring the lips.

opinion reached after careful thought; verdict of a judge; ability to appraise critically; consider something to be the case.

large marine food fish.

covered or marked with dirt; unfair or dishonest; obscene; displaying dislike or anger pipe or channel that carries off water or sewage; cause of continuous in energy or resources tube for conveying liquid or gas; tube with a small bowl at the end for smoking tobacco; tubular musical instrument.

clothes to be washed long narrow mark; indented mark or wrinkle; boundary or limit; edge or contour of a shape; string or wire for a particular use; telephone connection; wire or cable for transmitting electricity; shipping company; railway track; course or direction of movement; prescribed way of thinking; field of interest or activity; row of words.

room where children sleep or play; place where children are taken care of while their parents are at work; place where plants are grown for sale sameness of the final sounds at the ends of lines of verse, or in words; word identical in sound to another in its final sounds; verse marked by rhyme.

edible shellfish.

state of being male or female; male or female category; sexual intercourse; sexual feelings or behaviour.

coloured substance, spread on a surface with a brush or roller.

Indian dish of meat or vegetables in a hot spicy sauce appearance of things as a result of reflecting light; substance that gives colour; complexion.

machine which prints a character when the appropriate key is pressed.

feeling or showing gratitude no longer alive; no longer in use; numb; complete, absolute; very tired; (of a place) lacking activity.

chirping insect like a grasshopper.

animal kept for pleasure and companionship; person favoured or indulged place for goods and services; workshop.

the definite article, used before a noun structure for crossing a river etc; platform from which a ship is steered or controlled; upper part of the nose; piece of wood supporting the strings of a violin etc.

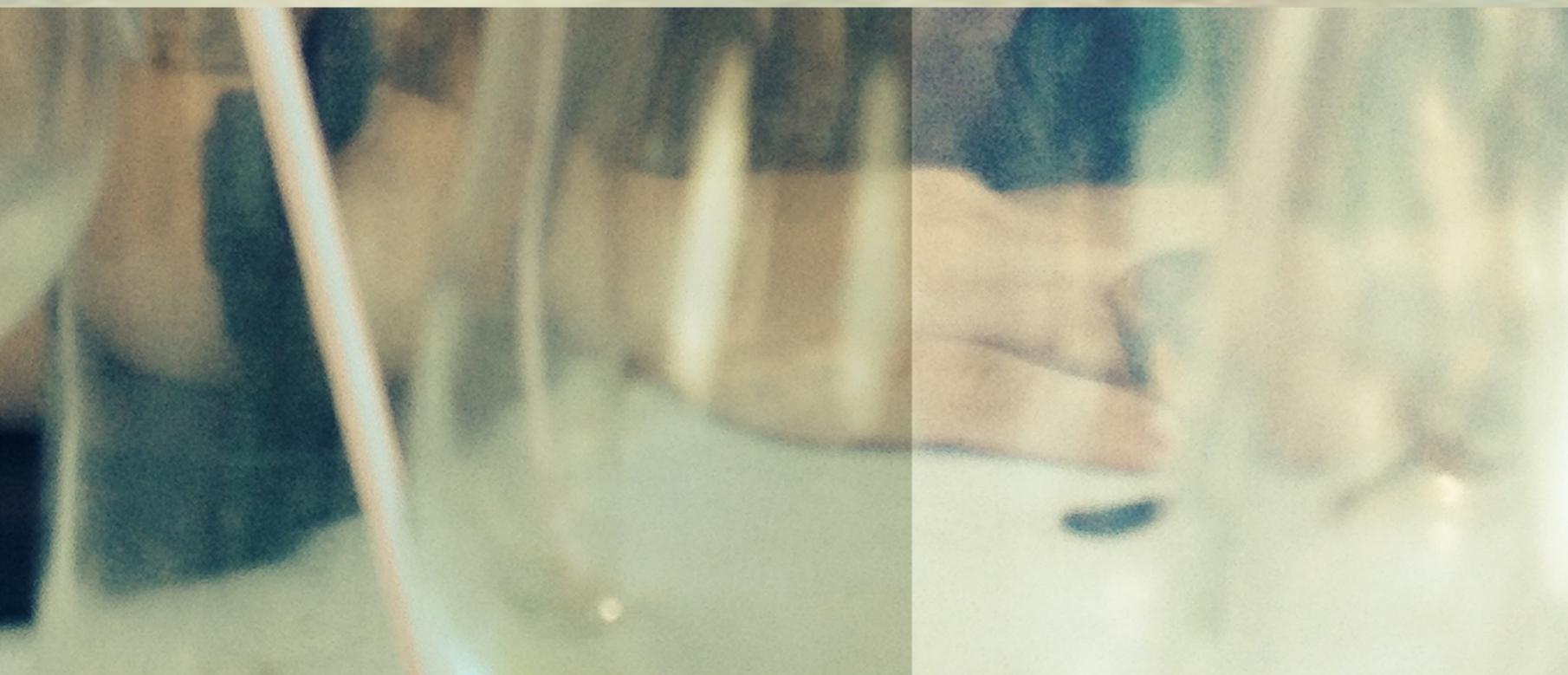
any of several inflammatory skin diseases, including shingles and cold sores.

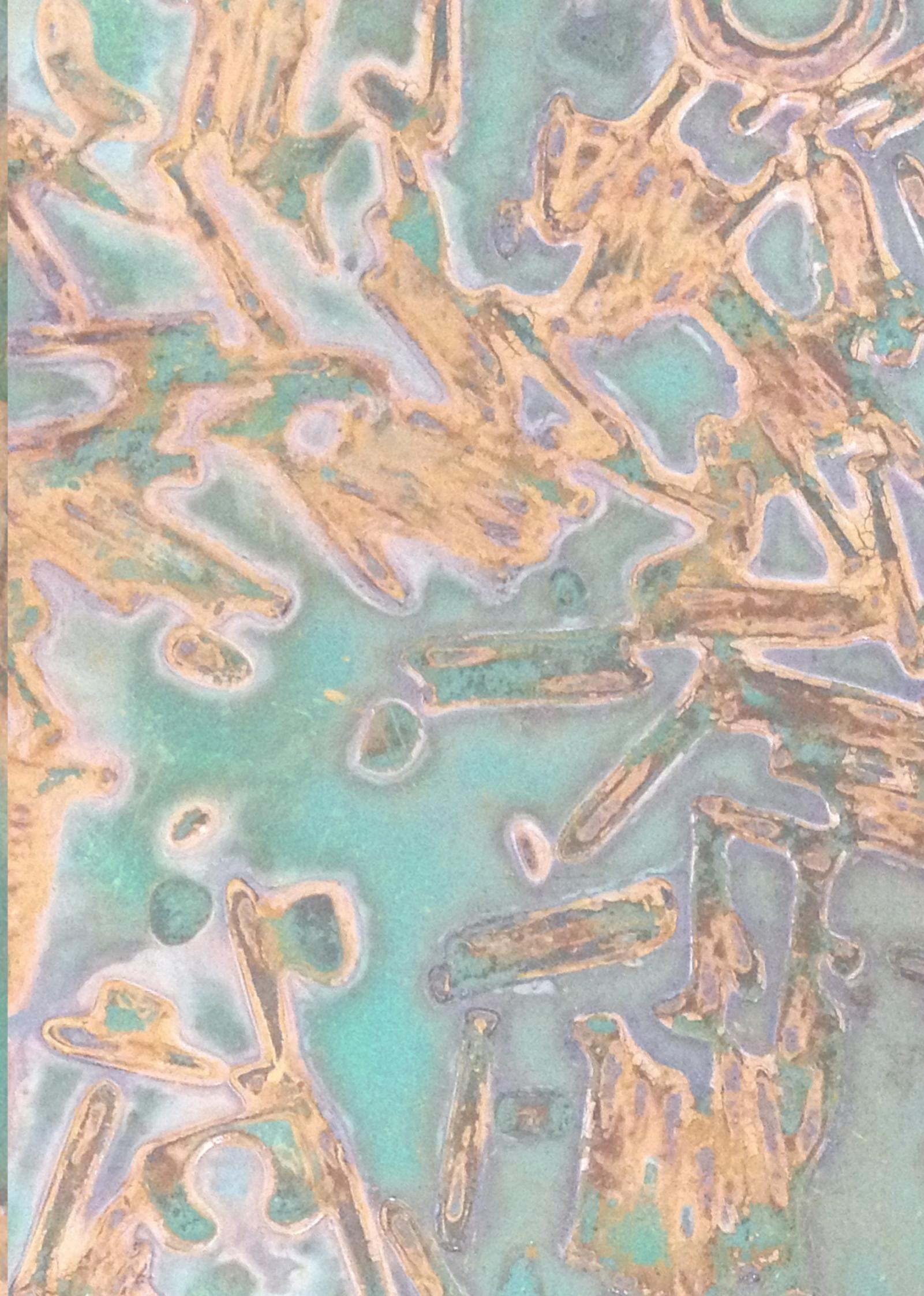
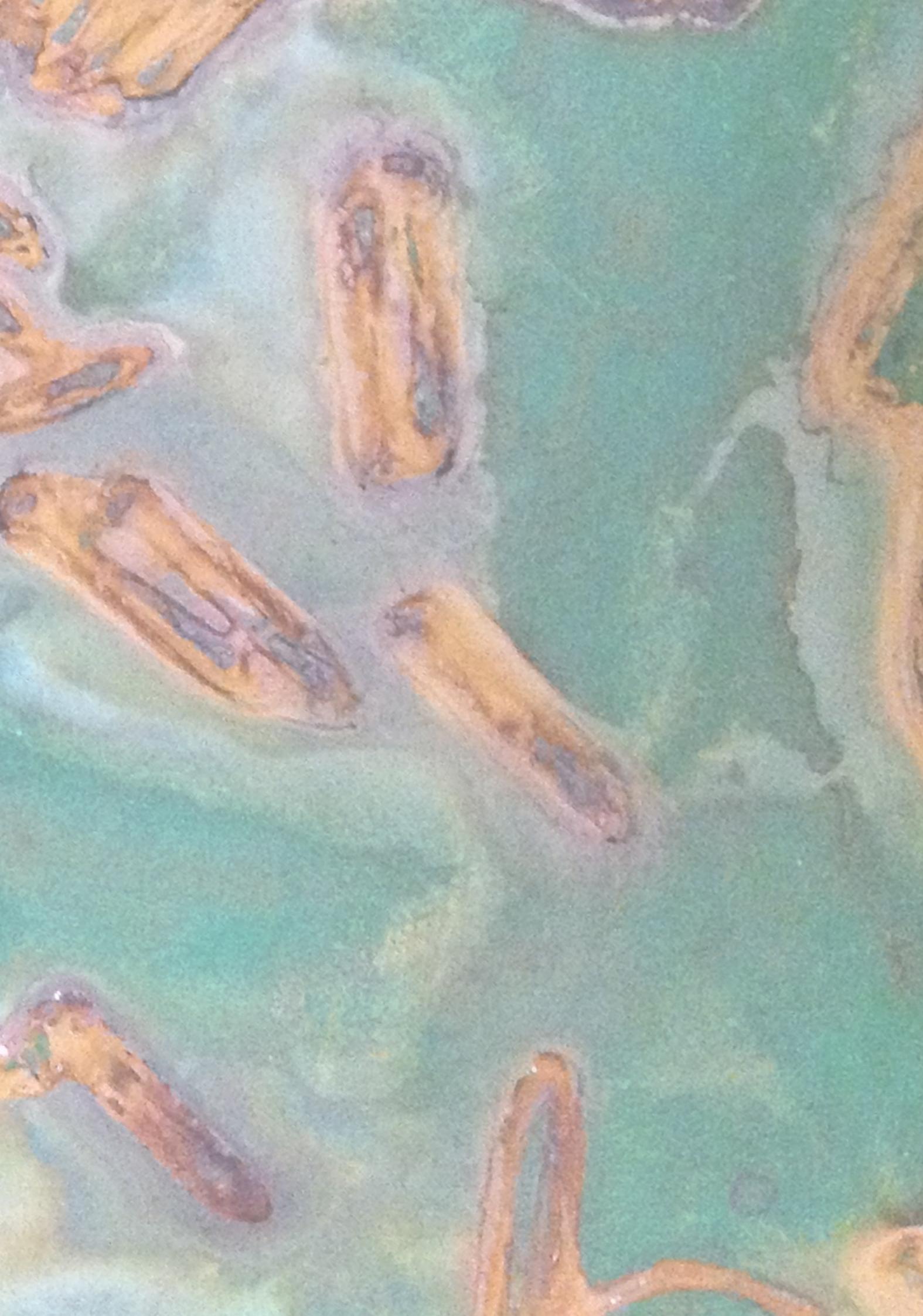
sequence of images projected on a screen, creating the illusion of movement; story told in such sequence of images; thin strip of light-sensitive cellulose used to make photographic negatives and transparencies; thin sheet or layer.

emission of light from a substance bombarded by particles, such as electrons, or by radiation thin strip of leather etc; skimpy article of underwear that covers the genitals while leaving the buttocks bare.

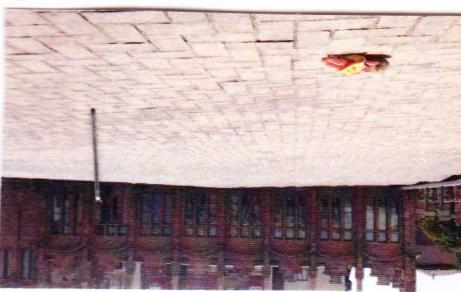
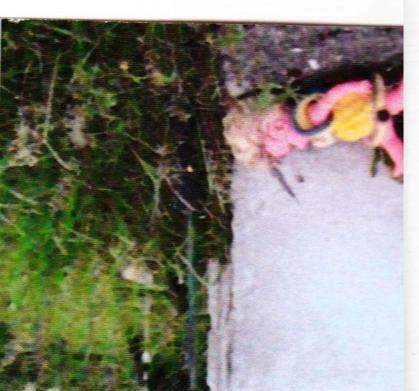
keep or support in or with the hands or arms; arrange for (a meeting, party, etc) to take place; consider to be as specified eg- who are you holding responsible?

maintain in a specified position or state; have the capacity for the definite article, before a noun hinged or sliding panel for closing the entrance to a building, room, etc; entrance not closed; not covered; unfolded; ready for business; free from obstruction, accessible; frank.









She was flying roads in a dodge challenger lime green nineteen 69, it wasn't 69 though. The years indeterminate, some recent past or ~~some~~ near future, a time that's too much like now to be absurd, but unlike now in a subtle dreamlike way, the way Muek's sculptures are slightly not the right proportions. Or the way some animation is so much like us it's uncanny. When she speaks it's only slightly too slow, which lends an emphasis on sentences which could be easily lost in their deliverance. Such as, "the worth is a totality of fads, not of thirsts, the worth is determined by the fads." I've never had the chance to make a sound like this before, she thought driving straight through the centre of the perfect depth of perception and a central perspective line the hemisphere the curve of the globe becoming not becoming because you are the one who found it, came to see it. cheek pressed on the window to her right. I like the feeling of the window on my face marble cold a cold that feels like a wet material once it's left the surface of the skin. It's refreshing, if you have~~d~~ a nausea that won't pass, silently. Pillars lined the motorway of some sort, like boulders but when seen at the corner of the eye in the peripheral turn into little men running or only one little man continually running next to the motorway disappearing only slightly minusculely within the seconds, maybe when she blinks. She pulls the car into a countryside layby pulls the handle with her hand and pushes the door with her elbow in a fluid motion, she gets out spinning the right leg onto the floor, applying pressure to said leg then the other joins, she inspects the front light on the car on the left hand side from the angle we're looking at this from. Tyres on gravel but dirt also, gravel and dirt under tyres, the smell and the texture of the pairing, the texture of the thought of the pairing. Thoughts have textures, images have textures, the pairing of objects has texture. The effect of sun on this, tyres on gravel and dirt in hot sunshine. Tyres dug into gravel and dirt under a shadow. She broke the headlight with a nearby rock, replaced the rock on the grass a few metres away then absently kicked the hole where the headlight used to shield. We don't know much about cars. There's a pile of apples which suddenly catches the sun sending a beconning ray of light flashing in our direction. She wanders if she should go over to it. I have superstitious tendencies, I salute and "good morning mr. magpie" and if it's the afternoon and I was mistaken I say "sorry mr magpie, I have forsaken you" I started it as a young person, perhaps, probably from the influence of and exposure, pretty constant exposure to catholicism. She remembers her nanna telling her off outside of the brown wooden church, it's cross outside was wooden instead of the stone sculpture of Mary holding baby Jesus outside the church from my mothers side of the family. This was my dad's families church and it was brown, not the brown I like that is more royal, pairs well with velvet royal red like Belle's winter cape in Beauty and the Beast, but a paler, more orange brown, a modern brown. I was reprimanded for a tasteless joke in which I made the sign of the cross but instead said, "Y, M, C, A." I was too young to understand the political statement and the satire and the subversive nature of it to any degree, I'd just paired the two images together in my head and was experimenting different four worded phrases which would be assigned to the sign of the cross. This memory triggers some anarchis determination to delve into any whim your thoughts fancy on and approach the pile of apples backward, laying down on them, suprisingly they don't shift

She shuts her eyes and her head is resting slightly forward, chin on neck to the right. Her hair is like ~~brown~~ smoke, it doesn't seem to hold any fixed shape, held up half in an elastic tie with ~~leese~~ fuzzy downy hair vibrating around this loose structure she falls asleep. Opens her eyes hours later to darkness, to black, to six lamp posts in zig zag formation lighting up only themetre in front of them and then fading into black, the floors wet no grass or gravel or apples. No passers by either. She speaks slowly ands ~~FIVE~~ words expand like popping corn round the back of her eyes and floating down then pinching the end of her nose and she says them in that voice that adds definition definitive answers spoken just too slwly, but the authority doesn't hold this time, the time it takes for the sentance to be realised its less a sum of its parts as you forget the first few words because you're waiting so long she says, time is every tired bed She finds wants to find someone to talk to. She imagines a place where all the people she'd ever met existed, coming out of their houses sporadic ally to interact with her personally. She walks down the street next to a main road. Main roads are surreal planes at cross junctions in the darkness empty and without purpose. New purposes lend themselves artistically like composing a landscape of purposeless nature. The smooth mountain domes of cement. The shapes erected from them in concrete deserted and purposeless, then a familiar house, in the middle of the hill. Bay windows, no fence, overgrown rose bush, black metal gates, brown and red bricks and the ginnel, sitting on the side of it nestled in like an old friend mempry. Setting the curtains around her bed on fire by accident while on the phone smoking a cigarette, she yelps and the person listening listens to the sounds of her putting out a small fire then slight distress. She goes out into the garden where she knows a plank of wood sits atop two spaced out stones a makeshift bench she lies down on and again in the sun, warming her cheek now and her eyelids she casts a shadow in profile, falling asleep. She's laying face down on a windowsill, the window is twice her laying size so she occupies half of the window sill, its three times her laying size tall. It's not uncomfortable the ledge is wide enough to walk on and everything's white but deteriorating the paint flecks off in places large sections chipped off revealing the past layers of paints applied to the ledge before, faded blues and yellows in stripes like the grains in wood, like the years of trees. Time marked in image. Approaches the window slightly open and crawls through, an orange curtain thick a 70s tone of orange, dark pastel, autumnal, scratchy material, thick, with a white underskirt, she lifts and the smell of old Babysitter's club books densely makes its way into her pores, or just up her nose, stuffing up her nose then she's surrounded. She falls into a pile of people, not really piled on top of eachother but lolling all over one another in a dosile hypnotised state, some with large lazy grins spread cozily inbetween their ruddy cheeks.

One large character stood out in centre position lain strwen about the others. arms open in an invitation for embrace legs apart at a comfortable distance apart. He wore blue shorts baggy and rolled up easiky above his kees, his skin a pastel brown, slightly yellowing but with grey shadows. A white shirt under a blu suit vest. They are comfortable letting out little groans and most in cardigans and knitwear pastels hair in ponytails, pompom headbandsand bare feet. A song which was always playing gets louder thumping low piano tones under tippety high notes working their way up and down the pentatonic scale in minor, disconcerting rising appreggios of strings and a worried sounding synthesiser or organ, or synthesised organ sound, moving up and down like the score for some Brian de Palma horror. Another variation and the drum roll with cymbal. She's laying next to the Blue boy now nuzzling under his armpit she's half the size of him laying down. The musics eerily comforting, slows to a whisper and sends her to sleep.

whispered vocoder

I woke up in the sun again somewhere in Prague maybe Russia in the middle of a town square, a city square devoid of pedestrians, absent without the population, some members of. On the bus, on the bed, in her room, on my bunk bed, on their bunkbed, in the lounge, behind the sofa, on my sister's bed, in the showers after hockey practice, in a derelict building in Hong Kong, on my mum's bed, on the coach, in a hotel in portugal, in the music store room, on the top bunk, on the path outside her house, on the bottom bunk, in her room, in the toilets at Brownies, in a wendy house, at a sleep over, in the bath. Christ is the most famous masochist. Christ is the most famous masochist. Christ is the most famous masochist. Masochrist. The maze. **\*endlesswater scream poem?** She's laying in the grass in the shadow of a circular fountain, it's a simple design, just a dish shooting water up from the centre then waving about the disk. some laps and sprays flecks of water on her face. She wants to stop waking up somewhere else. Or maybe she doesn't mind or maybe she doesn't realise she's in a different place each time. Where's dolly? Where the dolls go, beyond the valley of the dolls, hello dolly. Marlboro Reds or Embassay Reds or Silk Cut stolen from her mum's packet. Smoking sat in front of her parents' white garage, shiny white housing the apinting of a trees shadow across it like a canvas, maybe it's the red tree seen out of the window of the bay window of your room abstracted view from your long back and the see through black of the materials hung around your bedlike a little desert bedroom, a den, with fairy lights on the ceiling spelling out a heart. **[now adorable]** I'm laying in the grass now growing staples from my calfs. Closer up now and in thistles, in dandilions, in the nettles finding doc leaves. doc leafs. Laying atop a piano, why am I always laying down she thinks and sits up to play the song she heard earlier eerily comforting in the doll shop with the others, spelling out the whispers of the vocoder with the pentatonic scale, going up and down in minor. Where is anything, where is anything, or, not a really, something, night in the catchin ground parrallel keys playing rythmicly. So sick of piano, so sick of wine, so sick of cigarettes, so sick of delusions of avant garde, so sick of dellusions of art, so sick and so sick of instant Terry Riley, and wine, and cigarettes, and going off route, ignore this last paragraph where the colours are. they happened

She woke up at her desk , sat with her hands on her desk. Sat with her legs frossed on top of her chair, on top of the cushions on her chair. The album had finished she chose another by the same composer. Or just by the same artist, or by the same guy. She was waiting for something to come back. Or she was waiting for something to happen, she was unsure but only dwelled on this for a second before she was aware her window in front of her desk bay window had turned into the front of a refridgerator, the glass door displaying giant milk cartons, green lid half litres with giant proportions, to scale replicas with a small doll hiding behind them she jumped back or pushed on the front of her desk so her chair would move away from the window now back to usual, just the road and the busses and the hospital and the red curtains like the red busses like cinema theatre curtains framing some everyday documentary, the busses and the hospital and the endless stream of characters, the endless stream of people populating the busses and the hospitals and the graveyard next to my room, all the people unde the ground all the soil under the ground underground uder ground. Here, here, I hereby hear, here is here and hearby and hencforth is here and hereafter here, here, here. She was laying at the corner of a house a white house painted with her foot up on the outside wall, her other leg on the floor and she went back to sleep. \$ She's sitting on a windowsill, a gargantuous swollen windowsill, domes of mountainous mounds of painted white concrete cement. The ledge is **yy** wide enough to walk on the white's decaying, chipped of paint, chipped of revealing past colours. Paint flecks off in places. Flecks of water painted on her face, splashes of flecks splashed about her cheeks, flecks of water splashed drops on her eyelids. Concrete cement meat, concrete meat. She looked up to see in the distance fabric billowing in the wind **yy** making shapes like creatures thrusting toward eachother, it froze her these bulbous animals mating, she wasn't afraid they'd attack her as they were occupied in their wind driven act but afraid by what she saw, even if it couldn't physically harm her, a voyeuristic dread. Apprpaches the window slightly open and crawls through a pink curtain, thick, a 60s tone of pink, grey pastel, baby December, fleece material, thick, with a white underskirt, she lifts and the smell of VHS cases piled on top of eachother at the bottom of her bed densley makes it's way into her pores, or just up her nose, stuffing up her nose and then she's surrounded by the scene inside the house, inside the house is an outdoor children's playground, at the side of a field, with a red round-about and a red swing set. She lays on the round about with her legs hanging off to spin her around slowly and the slower she goes like the waves giving up and like her eyelids slowly closing and like her slow voice now saying things not with added meaning but with a sleepier hypnotic tone, words like caterpillars fuzzy and crawling round from the back of her gyes down her nose slowly to pinchthe tip lazily **sak** butterflying five words such as: I'm. not in this -- anymore



2015