

collaboration of

The Yard
and
The Hyde Writers

26 October 2013

10 days

Winchester
creative collisions

yard
and
metre

yard
and
metre

When objects or atmospheres collide energy is transferred, a new force may be created. And, as forensic scientists can attest, when objects touch they exchange traces, each leaves something of itself with the other.

This is why artists enjoy collaborating. Working with another artist can give a jolt of inspiration, a spark of creative thinking, a surge of new skill, the stimulus for a new work. And the experience will leave its mark in some way on each individual's practice.

The specific 'collision' may also result in a work which has its own integrity, which does not 'belong' to either party and where their particular contributions merge indistinguishably – in effect fusion takes place.

This is the thinking behind **10 days | Creative Collisions** and for The Yard artists and Hyde Writers it was the ideal excuse to come together, to let the shockwaves flow and see what new possibilities emerged. As with all the best creative practice, in science or in art, this has been an experiment, it involved risk, trust and open minds. Whether or not the outcomes are fully resolved they will be filled with potential – and with potency.

Stephen Boyce



the hyde writers



ivor bundell



stephen boyce



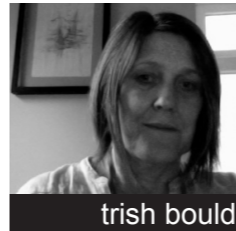
dan calder



judith heneghan



ken salisbury



trish bould



judith o'boyle



kate theodore



robert truscott



david keeping



brian evan-jones



richard stillman



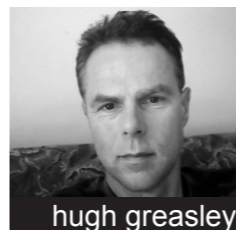
hugh greasley



bernard tanter



madelaine smith



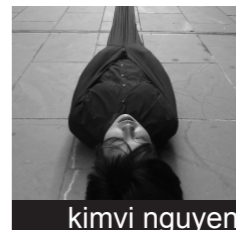
hugh greasley



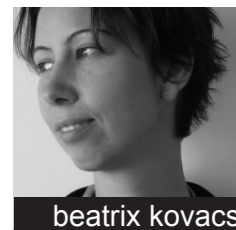
jane price



lizzie mckellar



kimvi nguyen



beatrix kovacs



sandra gordon



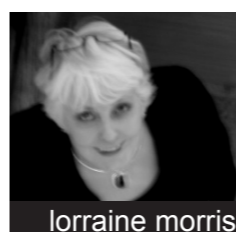
tobyn wheeler



steve scholey



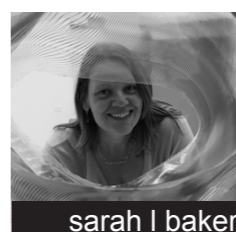
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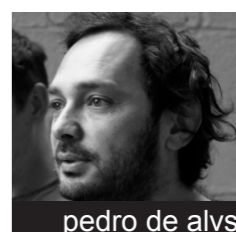
lorraine morris



russell moreton



sarah i baker



pedro de alvs

the yard artists

When the studio management group discussed how to represent The Yard in 10 days Creative Collisions, we could not have possibly envisaged the quality and ambition of the project. Several months later, following a successful proposal, speed dating event and BBQ, two thriving creative communities in Winchester have collaborated, partnering artist with writer, and produced twenty six 'creative collisions' of new and innovative work. These projects have been prepared for an evening of projection, performance and poetry at Winchester College.

As a collective, Yard and Metre fuses traditional with contemporary, the analytical with the intuitive, the tangible with the abstract, in a collision of observation and enquiry. The breadth of subject and concept, as well as the standard of work produced, is testament to the dedication and enthusiasm of those participating in the project.

Thanks to Beatrix Kovacs, this beautifully designed publication documents the collaboration between The Yard artists and Hyde Writers and pays tribute to the significance of the event.

Jane Price

The Yard is a working studio environment in Wharf Hill, Winchester, established in 2007 by a group of local artists with the assistance of Winchester City Council. It provides affordable studio space within a vibrant, supportive community for up to twenty five artists and aims to promote contemporary fine art in the Winchester district.

The writers revelled in a close engagement with artists and their work. Rather than respond to emailed images, the writers could immerse themselves in the artist's world. Writers could examine the artist's studio space, watch the artist working and feel with their own hands the materials in use. They could smell the turpentine, feel clay under their nails and trail their fingers over the rippling textures of paintings. Some writers took artists' work home, so that they could live with the work. Naturally some artists provided a response to the writer's work and the non-verbal feedback was unusual and exciting.

Writers faced a dilemma over which aspect of an artist to focus on. Some writers found inspiration in the personality of an artist and others were entranced by a part of the artist's process. The art itself, of course provided a rich source of creativity. Writers found that the artists' studios and individual objects within them were inspiring. A fractured shell of a first world war helmet might suggest several stories. Writers could see familiar techniques, such as collage being used by the artists, but they could also understand the strange dictatorship imposed by physical materials. The materials are often tricky things that impose their own rules and can bring uncontrollability into a process.

It was an experience that changed the writers. For ever afterwards a small part of us will be noticing the world from a different viewpoint, such as that of a painter or a sculptor.

Hugh Greasley

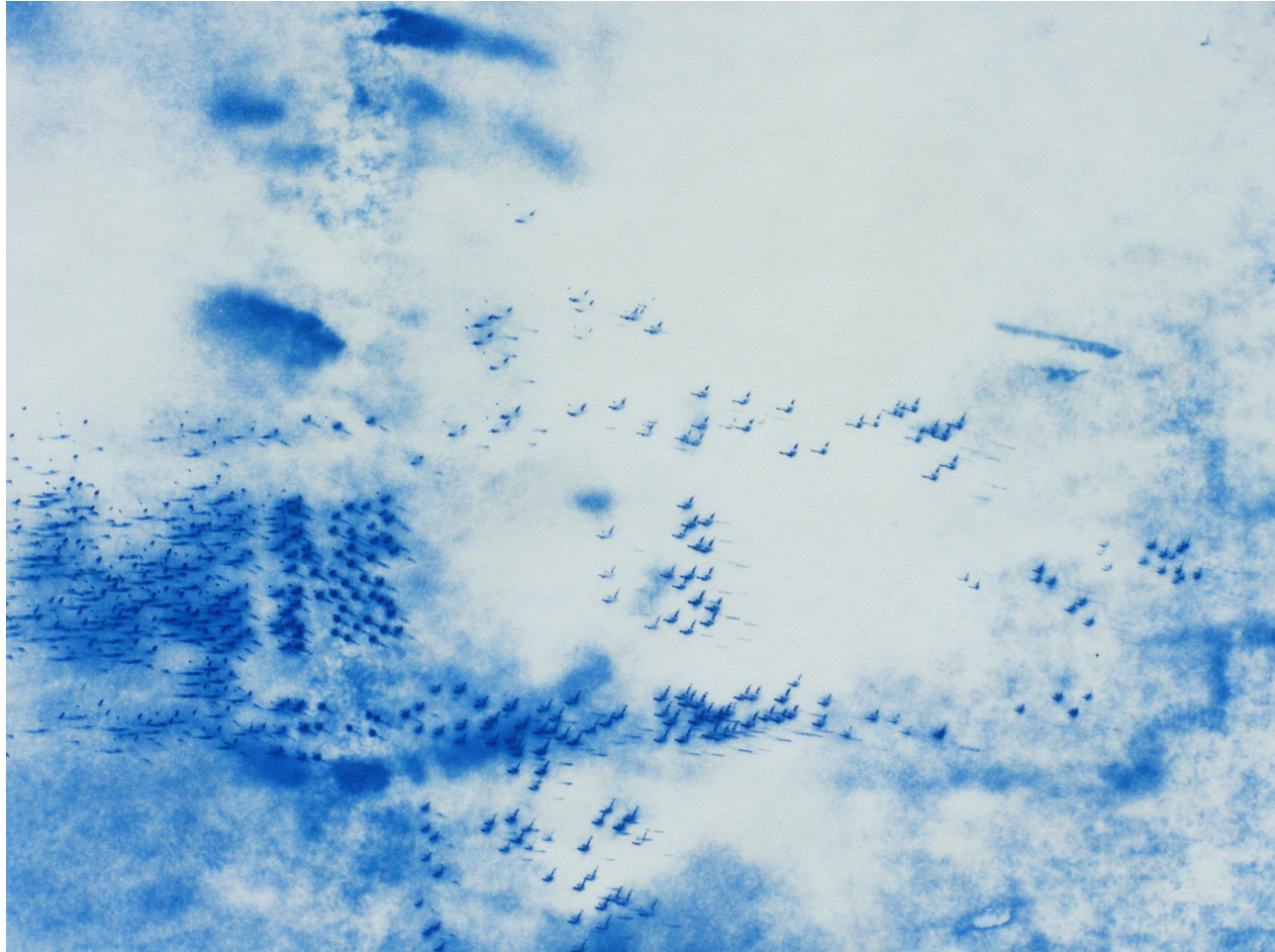
The Hyde Writers are a group of poets, novelists, script and short story writers who meet every first and third Monday in the Hyde Tavern, Winchester.

Founded in 2007, the group aims to produce high quality, challenging writing across a diverse range of genres.

The group acts as a workshop to facilitate the development of an individual writer's works through rigorous yet supportive critical comment.

Our members include prize winning novelists and short story writers, published poets and broadcasters, as well as young writers developing their craft.

title: the fleeting cathedral
media: cyanotype



Shroud

As the marks resonated, did they sound true?

Could we tolerate margins of error or latitude?

Is there strength in that built by blue ink?

It is hard to see without certainty.

Why have they flown, gathered, shrouded?

Is the date significant? A memorial?

Or is it white noise reverberating,

striking parallels, refusing focus, insisting?

The shape of the cross is still distinct

but opening out, refusing definition,

never quite caught as an intention,

pinned on dimensions it wants to refuse.

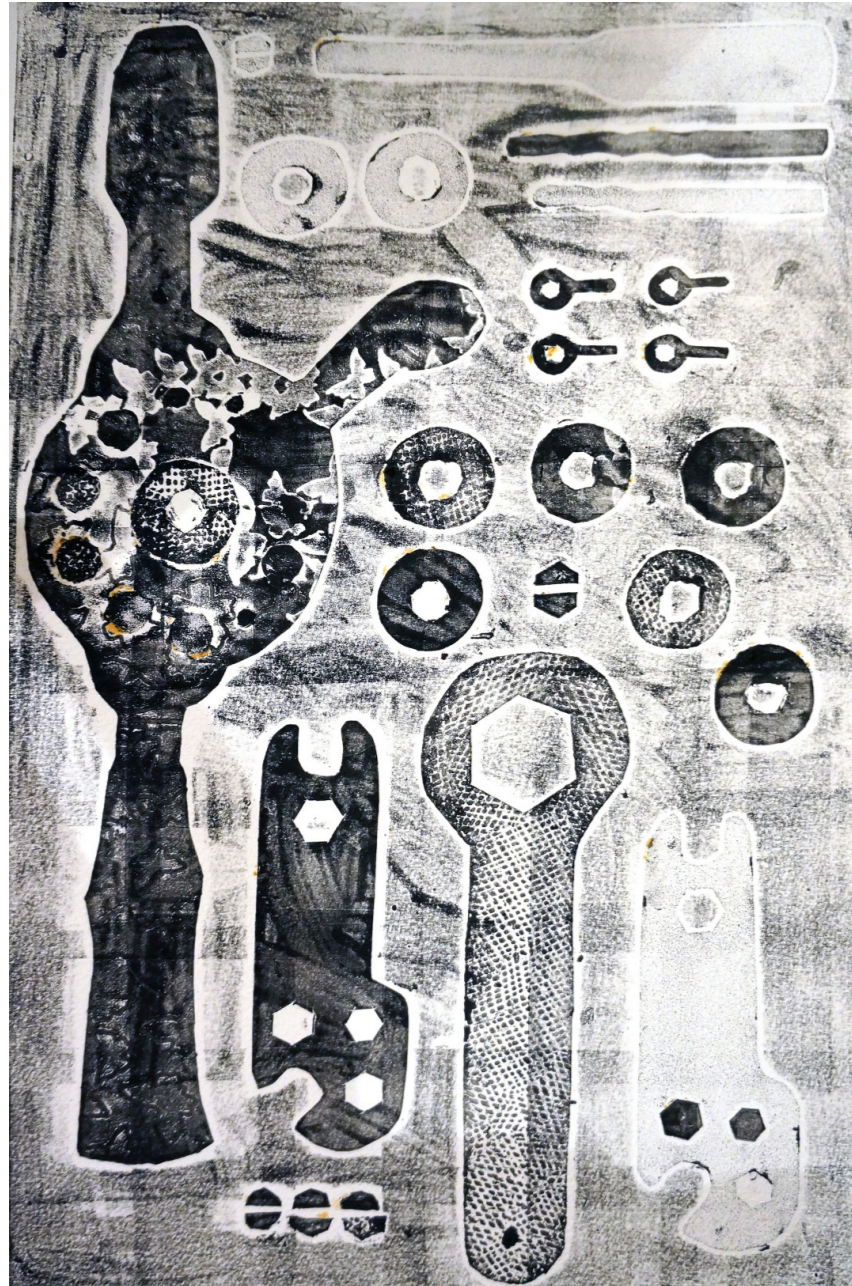
title: defeat at Stalingrad
media: mixed media



Refugees and fugitives

'The Russians have two great generals, General January and General February.'

As I begin to write, I take a glass of wine,
And spots of red spatter on the clean white page,
A presage for this portrait of blood and snow to come.
My impassioned sculptor captures groups in flight;
A line of refugees, a file of soldiers, both families fleeing from the fight.
The fugitive civilians link their helping hands,
The trudging soldiers, heads down, slogging to the bone,
Frostbitten fingers buried in tattered uniforms.
Linked by their common hopelessness, all terrified human now,
Russians, Germans, Italians, Romanians, Spanish in the North,
Pitted against 'the hail of iron, of fire and steel and blood.'
The cold, the ice.
They said we were like rats at war in the ruins of a city.
'What was the Field Marshal's name?' 'Hoth? No, Paulus.'
'What use was he? Now that there's three hundred thousand fewer of us?'
The civilian refugees had forgot the Russian general's name?
'Yeremenko.' Someone said at last. 'But who was that bull, Political Commissar?'
'Kruschev, yes that's right, he was our Russian spirit made flesh.'
'Yes, but it wasn't his own flesh that died,
Not his blood that stained our snow.'
The anonymous voices grow fainter as the blizzard blows,
Words of Napoleon, Stalin, Hitler, silenced long ago.
But this universal tableau is one hundred million, fugitives and dead.
The sculptor's fleeing victims could well have been bred
By so many natural catastrophes.
Eruptions, floods, mudslides or tidal seas
But he has found so much more in human savagery;
Nanking, Leningrad, Stalingrad, Berlin?
Nagasaki, Hiroshima, Vietnam?
Korea, Balkans, Chechnya?
The Congo and Iran?
Or today's Syria. Iraq. Afghanistan?



title: toolbox
media: monoprint

A life's work

Beneath the bench
is home to an oil-stained
set of drawers,

packed with a lifetime

of hand-held tools:

screwdrivers, pliers,
spanners and claw hammers.

A chuck
slides bits
to fix in place. The grained
handle stirs gears,

finger slotted cogs
turn steady

as a cycle, ready
like the crown wheel
on a watermill.

The brace whirrs,

drills holes

through deaths,
births and in-betweens.

title:space pods
media: PVC, acrylic and aluminium



Reflections on Post-Modernism

What does it mean
To be post-modern?

Yes, yes,
I know history has ended
And there is no God;
I know there is only the subtle interplay
Of irony,
Self-referential and irreverent or irrelevant;
There is only the
“as if”.

All this has been said.

It is as if,
With nothing new to say,
We keep repeating
The attempt at
Meaning;
As climbers repeat
Their assault on the summit
When clouds clear
Briefly.

It is as if
There is something to say
Something that must be said
Grasping
At straws and the spaces between straws.

But it is probably not so.

We are at liberty to play
With the chains
Of ennui that bind us
To an obvious decadence
Embodied in the inter-play of words
Forming, spouting, spewing and
Re-forming.

The “I” knows this.

That I am the flow of words
Or numbers
Or images -

On this topic the Universe is dumb,
Seeking only silence
To the march of entropy.

So be it. So it goes.

Kilgore knew a thing or two,
Surfing on the half-shell;
Motorbike maintenance
Was not on the curriculum –
That was before.

Check the references;
They are probably arbitrary.

This must be par for the course:
Growing weary
Wearing away
Eroding
Till the crystalline nodules
Of the Cambrian
Reveal their intricate structures
Delicately;

So we,
This race of mental giants
Confined by physiology
In a manifest complexity of consciousness,
Post-Cambrian (well-after)
Repeat
Repeat
Repeat
(The point is made)
Under layers of sediment,
Pressured and solidified,
Become the future’s fossil-bed.

Hail Entropy!
Hail Endeavour!
Hail mosaic Dionysius!
And we shall die
And we shall outlast life;
And we shall live
And death shall have no dominion
Over stardust

And the darkness
Of matter!

And so on. ex nihilo.

The bakelite house
I found again
In the bay window
Of a High Street
In the Home Counties.

And the flowers in the border
And the dice –whose turn to roll?
And the Hotel in Park Lane
(And the school the same)
And the cards turning, back and forth,
Predestined, pre-ordained, pre-defined;
No need of Newton or of Leibnitz.

And the waves roll in.

There is so much, so much of this
Stuff
Stuff that resurfaces
And recalls the sweet-bitter smell
Of tarmac
And the roller, rolling.

History has come to an end
And the end is
Here
In the spaces between synaptic points of
reference
And contact;
These will stutter and stumble and then
Stop.

But not yet.

I-as-if
Must call a halt
To this:
God or no God,
History or not,
To be up early in the morning;
There are things to be done.

title: river Itchen
media: digital photograph



Itchen Swim

In the dog days
between the wall of reeds
and a cerulean sky
I submerge myself with a gasp
in bright green coolness
and swim upstream
panting in the cold.

I continue to swim beyond
revolving galaxies of weed
under bright blooms of Nightshade
and upside down reflections of trees,
past Warbler's tight nests
and between the wellingtons
of chattering girls in cress beds.
I touch the stem of a clay pipe
left two centuries ago
by a man mowing a meadow
on a similar June day
slowly scything the soft grass
into wavering fragrant lines.
I ascend small weirs
encrusted with glowing algae,
and filter past Abbey villages
into flowered ditches
entering the final springs
which shift
with each season through
the meadows.

Like a stone fish
I rise through the pores of chalk
past coral reefs, sharks teeth
and beds of sea urchins
to emerge gasping
on the white shoulders of the downs
putting the Lapwings to flight.

title: sewing machine (from a series of photographs and films)

media: digital photograph



Is this all it's left?

'I can still remember what we had for lunch, the day the Germans came. That afternoon, they shot a simple boy who used to rove the woods.'
(Odette Guillaumard, 1994, remembering June 1944. Forêt de Double, Périgord)

At night, after family had wartime fed,
The children kissed their elders, Mama, Nana,
Trooped off to learn sleep's rules and grammar,
And went into thin blanket bed,
Their lullaby, a buzzing sewing machine,
As family women made and mended,
Lighter summer stuff, repaired from rags
From remnants to worn-thin shirts, old dresses
Through the night, family sewing through life's stresses.

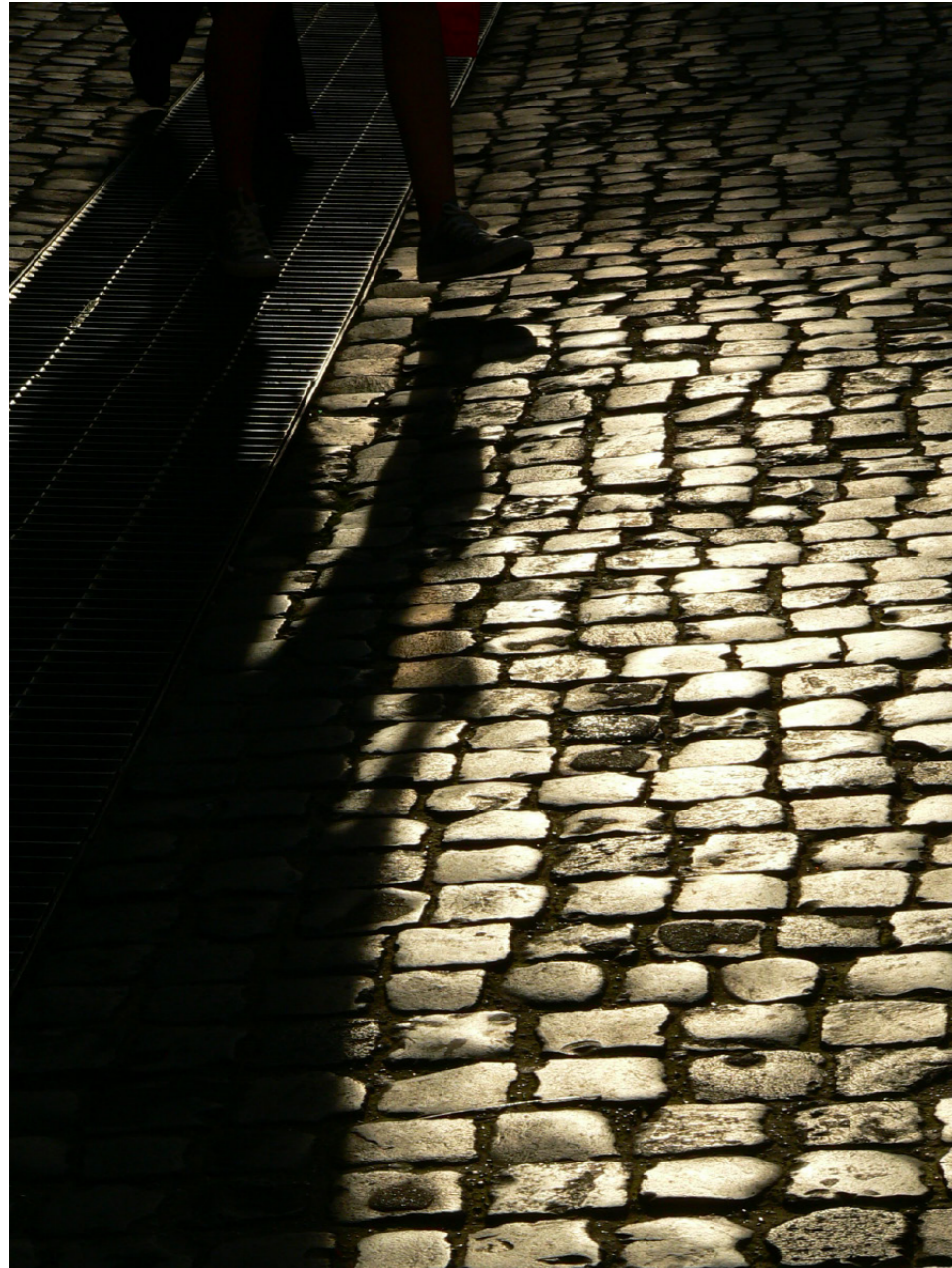
One morning, June in '44, they glimpsed the soldiers
pass the door,
No escape from Oradour.
The village men are penned in six 'locations',
Remaining family members herded
In the square, a weeping congregation.
Men are casually leg-shot and burned alive.
The women and their children locked inside
Their church, trembling in their mother's arms and cold,
shivering in poor run-up clothes they wore.
SS soldiers strafe them, bury them in straw,
To better burn them, slow and raw,
Drugged and smouldering, incense of war,
Overpowers Marguerite Foussat of ninety years
And Yves Texier just six days' old.

In the inferno, the church bell melts,
Its droplets splash across the last scorched embraces,
Those village families without faces,
And in the ovens of the bakery, five bodies are charred
like loaves.

Troops loot the murdered houses
Until nothing but stones can be seen,
Except those lonely shapes exposed,
Ruined, homely, sewing machines.
Too heavy to loot and useless to load,
As if soldiers knew, that those fallen on this road
Would have no need for stitched up shrouds,
And that the dead do not need clothes.

As though they might never know, in hearts so frozen
cold,
That mothers had machined those skirts and shirts and
folds
For children who would never now grow old.

I can still hear the machines, foot-treadles rattling,
Like the weapons' staccato sounds,
Weapons that put six hundred and sixty-four
Innocents in the unsewn ground.



title: evening in Rome (2006)
media: digital photograph

An extract from the book 'Pincer'

“Bombing straight for Argyle St, I make directly for a crowd of teenagers on some sort of a field trip. O-Level shoplifting. They’re fifty yards away, waiting to cross. I’m already on their radar.

Still flat out, I pull out the wedge and peel a handful of notes from the outside. It kills me to do it. Eighteen months ago, I couldn’t scrape together a tenner for a round of drinks, now I’m throwing it around like confetti. I head straight for the middle of the class, dodging a bus, waving the money in front of me, screaming.

‘Out the way, out the way’.

They part like the Red Sea. I dump the tenners behind me onto the pavement. The bag as well. It’s just ballast. Mathers tries to vault the feeding frenzy but his trailing leg catches. Reflected, I see him spin in mid-air, and land with a clatter and a volley of swear words.

A few more yards and I duck down a backstreet, slipping on the granite setts as I tighten the bend by grabbing a cast-iron downpipe. It’s wet from overflow, deterioration, and non-descript slime.

I skid again on the tram rails, bounce off the wall, regain my balance, round another corner, and plaster my back into a doorway perpendicular to the alley.

My breathing is deep, I can hear my heartbeat.

I’m in a dank, gloomy alley, like time-travelling back to Victorian Glasgow. I hope he’ll think I’ve run straight through. But I know he won’t.

It’s like being back in the playground. Them against me. Except, this time, there’s only one of “them”.

At my right hand, there’s an old galvanised bin with a lid, like the moon through a telescope. It’s full of timber off-cuts.

Quietly lifting the lid with my right hand, I pick up a two-foot length of timber with my left. I am Spartacus.

I merge with the gloom. And wait.

‘O’Neill, I’m going to f*****g kill you!’ He roars down the alley.

I don’t think so.

My breathing is silent.

He knows I’m close.

He can smell me.

A few moments ago the smell was fear.

Not now.

No reflective surfaces. We’re hunting by sonar.

I steel myself for what needs to be done. The alternative is unthinkable.

He’s five yards, from the corner. Five slow steps. I can sense he knows I’m here. Timing is everything. Move too early and miss. Too late and he’ll see me first. It needs to be perfect, just the moment before he expects it.

Two yards. His training shoe slithers across damp cobbles. Draw a deep breath and hold. One yard. Now!”

title: defeat at Stalingrad (detail)
media: mixed media



What Cost?

There is an article in
the paper which says
“no people”.
And with a scrape and
a nudge
he tries to
figure this out.
He spends lots of money
but gets little work -
‘perhaps’, he thinks ‘his figures
move too much’ -
there on
the indefatigable nuisances arrive,
see what he’s got displayed,
and as an unit (if I don’t want
to say how good) he lingers
as one of these -
looks the part until
they ask him, “what cost?”
and disappear on their way.
You mean to stop in
astonishment how both
social animals interact - who? -
is the boldest to survive.
Does this mean ‘no people’?
But the Art floodlit from
memory survives?
Hold to the last (!)
his studio, and me in it
many times.

Just like to add, his favourite:
the long wounded soldiers prized
from the corner, watching – I
like watching people too!

title: earthworks
media: documentation stills from performance film



Earthwork

I picture you up to your biceps
in clay, a lone figure in an arid landscape,

the day already burning hot as you assemble,
reassemble

fragments of stone,
a fossilised shell, a petrified bone

prised from the mind
as much as the ground,

the red earth of Spain.
And, brushing dust from the crumbled remains,

you pause, wipe your arm on your brow
where sweat has now

sealed a pink-orange smear to the pores of your skin
like some ritual sign

or a hex on a gate.
And up to your waist in the half-dug pit,

you are every bit the digger and leveller
scraper and shoveller,

so the spoil heap rises with each spadeful of waste
and you're keeping it moist

with fistfuls of water, smoothing the surface, getting a feel
for the form or the figure concealed

inside, the transcendent image your hands will expose,
the rose

in the rock –
or paring it back

layer by layer, breaking it down to the zillionth part
to the particle of particles,

the definite article
the science of life, the essence of art.



title: walking with trees
media: photo montage

Wild growth

'They are tearing the skin off the world.'
[Amazonian tribal chief, The Emerald Forest]

The ugly corpses of their skin-flayed torsos
Line fifty metres of fresh-tarred road,
No easy burial, fate utilitarian, some life-after-death?
Or is it all vice-versa for extraneous wetland trees?
Even here, in England's south, we have our skimpy woods,
Sparse jungle remains of man's worm-eaten worlds.
And trees, whose fractal glory we may unconditionally adore,
Whose mysterious ecologies
We may or may not have explored,
These giants were once saplings,
Inserted by well-meaning sages,
In our last water meadows, two hundred years ago.
History occasionally assesses their wrong-headed moves,
Imposed by knowledgeable, unknowing men
Who thought they knew it all.
Yet now full-grown, these immense plants
Are 'committed' to the guillotine
In the name of protecting our wetlands today.
Once, walking long ago, in the thickest of the night,
Inside the Congo's edge released,
Looking into the blackest sky,
Hypnotised by spearhead stars,
Encircled by towering trees.
Timber, stretched out, east and west, million hectares deep,
To both points of my compass, in Africa's wounded heart,
On and on, outwards, down, to where the oceans start.

Portrait in charcoal (i)

You sit, baring all,
your image
spiralling out around
the tight-whorled convolutions of your ear:

*And though you are all curves, we must accept
that the artist is right – we need not see
your vulnerability.*

title: Hilary (20 minute sketch - life drawing class 2013)
media: charcoal on paper



smoking tendrils, ash-white hair unwinds,
escaping from the hard-scraped bun behind;
below the delicate down-drawn lobe, a pendant
drops attention to that dark soft patch,

*I wonder, can you still recall
the last time you were nuzzled there?*

the necklaced nape of neck, the rise and
fall of throat, the shadowed undercut
that fingerless, strokes your chin;
an emphasis of tight-pursed lips,

*When did they last in anger taste a kiss?
No peck for nest-flown son or daughter
or withered spouse.*

the hooded nose that somehow not-quite-crows
a studied confidence within your own skin;
dark-charred creases underlining coals
that cannot fail to draw us in

*Clearly, it requires no signal smoke to realise
they must have smouldered once.*

Portrait in charcoal (ii)

Ethereal, you sit.
Despite the slightly
drawn expression,
your sorrowed look,
no funeral rite, this,
you do not weep or wail
or smear yourself in ash –
the artist will take care of that,
intent with ambidextrous energy
black in, rub back, black in, rub back, black in, rub back,
attempt in this borrowed time she owns you
to commit your shape, to figure you out
in charcoal. And though
this medium forgives,
she inevitably leaves
a legacy of smudges,
hints of fingerprints
and her soul.



title: untitled
media: mixed media

An Inspiration (extract)

Out of the window, I see my new friend, gliding on an upcurrent, aiming. Behind him a familiar cityscape under a duvet of cloud. Like “living in a Tupperware box,” says the dummy, and laughs. Have I seen this before? Yes. Celtic Park, the Gallowgate, St Mungo’s Academy. Memories? Pictures through a kaleidoscope, not quite formed.

Like my thoughts. Two people, two personalities, dancing round handbags, meeting of minds. Not a meeting, a merger? Not merged. An overlay. One memory on another? One set of memories on another. Layered but separate. I’m two, not one, and one is a stranger. This body isn’t mine, so I must be the tenant.

Jonathan misses. His targets bomb-burst and look up. And I know what I am. I’m an Inspiration. Not an inspiration, an Inspiration. I’m here to inspire. I’m occupying dummy’s body so I can inspire someone to do something. As Inspira says “As punishment for whatever peccadillo or, perhaps, megadillo, our ancestors committed, it is our destiny to inspire.” Arrogant bastard even managed to name the process after himself.

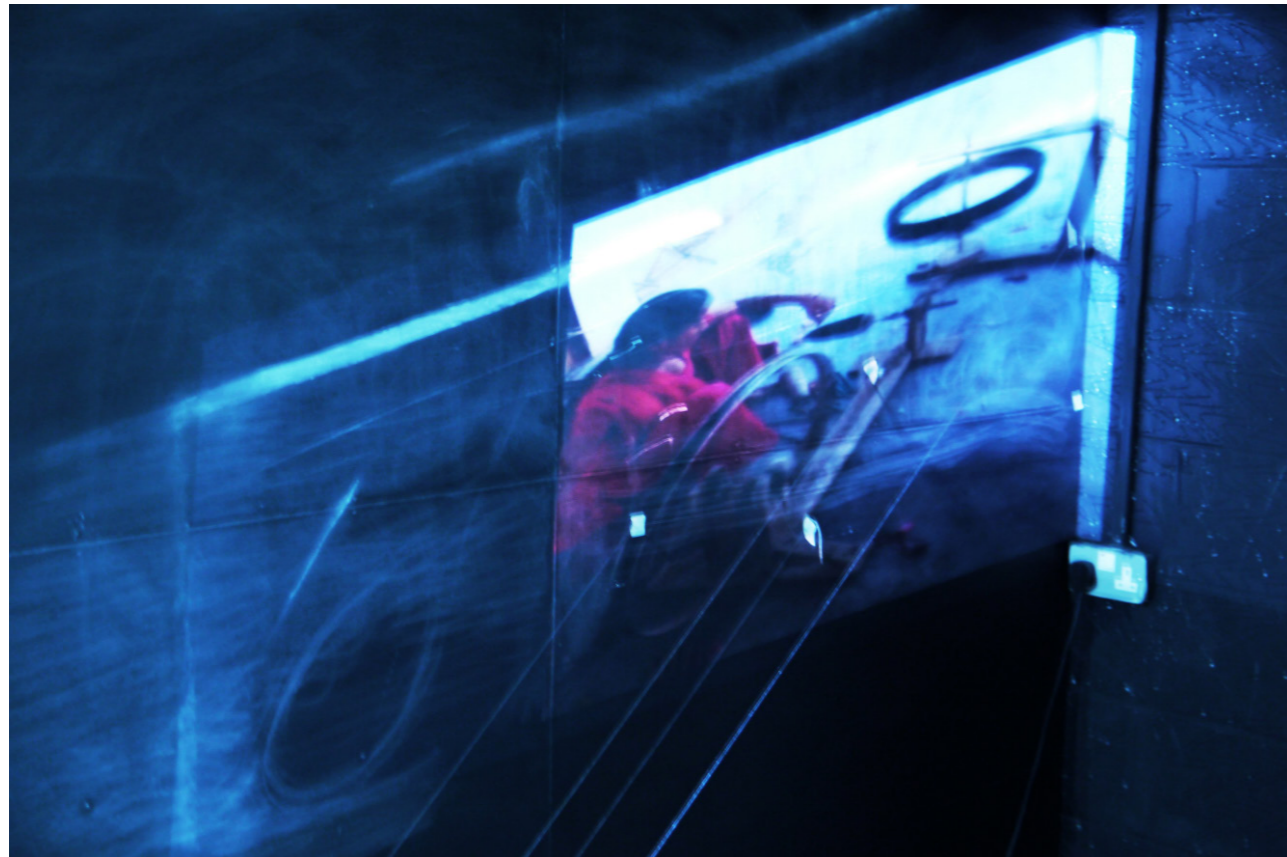
The kettle steams like the clouds of my breath, so I make tea. The whole wafers for breakfast thing could catch on. Probably how he got this belly. I play the slappy drum on it but it reminds me I’m cold. So I stop. And think of deep-fried Mars Bars. Jesus, this guy has some dietary issues. The tea washes through the alcohol. I/he must have been very drunk last night. “Absolutely steamin! It was Hogmanay”, says the dummy. Hogmanay, New Year, the first of January. Respawn day.

We inspire. That’s what we do. Seeds are sown, someone has a new thought. Bingo! And all in accordance with the Grand Plan. Maybe it’s a sketch on a beermat, a whistled tune, a margin note, a chance conversation, one of a million random nudges. Whatever works. Inspira sends us out to implement, or stop, tiny fragments of the human race’s development, trying to help them move on while not letting them get ahead of their collective maturity. I hope there’s no “stopping” on this assignment. I hate having to kill people just because they happen to have had a good idea. Dummy freezes.

How much my head hurts from his booze or my respawn and memory implant is either of our guesses. It’ll hurt for a week or so. Dummy’s panicking. He wants me to let him out. Give him back control. I explain that he’s in the passenger seat and there’s nothing he can do about it. He might as well use the time productively, by maybe rethinking his diet. I promise to give him his body back next Hogmanay three stone lighter, if he helps me. For the next year, I’m Maverick and he’s Goose. Like it or lump it. He whimpers, then asks who Maverick and Goose are.

title: 'Studio: 'Threads and Lines' (2013)

media: installation drawing: thread, masking tape, chalk, film projection.



Creation Myth
A sequence of three sonnets

Drawing Board

I stand at his shoulder, he in glory
sits with universe plans spread like a cloth
of gold before him. Lines on squared paper;
patterns marked out on surfaces with tape,
wire, rods, ribbons. My improvement ideas,
put forward with caution, are swept aside,
ignored. His plans are drawn up; hard, fast, straight
and true, not to be tampered with or touched.

Unknown to him a single thread begins
to come adrift. He paces back and forth -
the silken line, caught on designer shoe,
unravelling across the unswept floor,
spreading an ever-expanding chaos
out of nothing into the beginning.

Theodolite

In the beginning he created earth
and heaven. The earth was formless
and empty so he sent forth his surveyor.
Boot prints in the dust show where I have walked
measuring distances to stars and moons.
Drawing lines with my eyes, in strands of silk
I hold all of the universe in place.
In this darkened box chalked lines describe
the chaos of the creation.

Fine lines
of cotton pinned in place - in a system -
meaning nothing to the observer, yet
there is reason. There must be reason.
And all the patterns shift with a single
movement of his finger, or at his word.

Loom

His word is sacred but his box of tricks
is empty, and all he has fashioned held
in tension. He has thrown across creation
his straight lines, but he needs my artist hand
and eye. I can create the beauty, can
pick my way across the warp of the world,
draw the thread through, embellish the fabric,
weave in the splendour of colour and light.

Each night, while he is not looking, I set
to work, transverse the emptiness with my
shuttle, thread in all the order of life -
longed for long before the mystery was
disentangled. And when my work is done
I stand behind him; He stands in glory.

lizzie mckellar

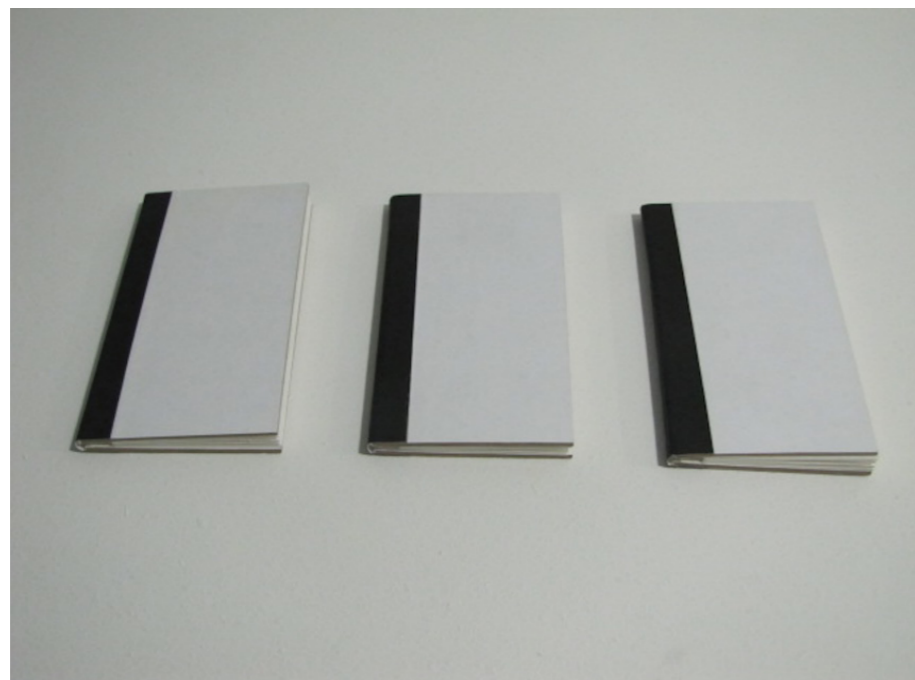
title: autumn on Winnall Moors
media: Oil on canvas



Falling

The oyster shell falls from me
and fractures the sky below,
flashing as it turns deeper,
ghosting into the fish torn depths
to briefly rest as a beating word
in the spiraling poems of weeds
It flashes as it tumbles
over the flint bed
past a stone
of the lost Abbey
that was carved in the
din of the Portland quarries
by a stone deaf mason
who occasionally
would stand stretch
and watch the dark
horizon of the sea
while licking
the soapy dust
from his lips.

hugh greasley



Huuuuuuuuuuuu Hu Huuuuuuuuu Hu Huuuuuuuuu
Each has one exhalation
(one does not breath in)

title: exhale
media: artist breath contained in the three books



title: squeeze
media: ink on paper

It all goes on, in.
Circles hate you noticing
their outsides. Look in.



title: Les
media: collage

Les

...and mum calls him Les, as in Dawson, and does he really think the bloody thing has "left us?"
No. It's very much awaiting repair.

His "can't change channels." His "can't defrost." And his faux exasperation at holes in walls, I
stopped caring long ago.

The beadsman of the WI. The Tuesday night poetry society royalty was unplugged from my mains
the day he stopped rhyming. And now it's Tuesday night and Gregor from Computer Solutions has
arrived. My very own service provider.

By David Keeping in response to Brian Evan-Jones's poem

The internet has left us

and my wife is furious.
She can not order our organic vegetables.
She can not get emails from her mother,
the ones that get under her skin
but still seem to be a kind of love.
She can not, she tells me, do anything.

I am responsible
for fixing the Internet. I do not like
this job, as if we'd run out
of oxygen and I have to blow it all back in,
or rescue us from
the gills and belly of a giant fish
that has landed on our house.

I am quite happy
without the Internet. I like
this new, quiet world.

Hush — can you hear
all those books
whispering? Thoughts,
swimming around? And me,
holding my breath?

beatrix kovacs

title: cornish coast fisherman hut
media: digital photography



richard stillman

Beneath Mutability

The furrows channel the unremitting rain
and now the cold ferrous run off
has made cruel spume
of the corrugated
waves: silver
tarnished to
sunset
rust.

The rope-
road sinews
of the bleached,
burned timber keep
faith in strength: the band,
the island of the rounded nail,
even its useless frill. Is the source
of beauty this resistance to corrosion?

Or is a trick of the void of the inside
that, once seen, can never be unseen?

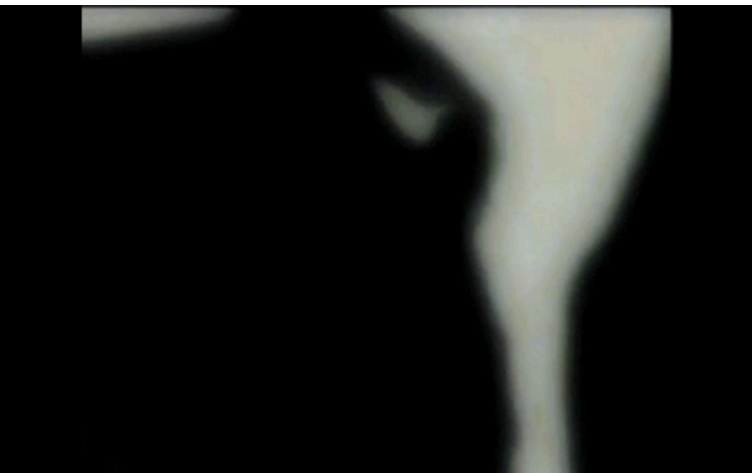
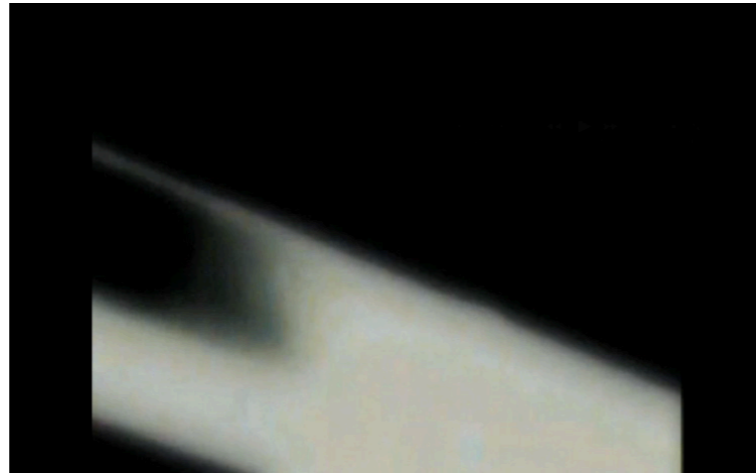
pedro de alvs

Impasto-in painting, paint or pigment applied thickly, esp. when used to achieve surface texture; the technique of laying paint on thickly in this way – *The Chambers Dictionary 12th Edition*.

Poema de Impasto – came from looking closely at the layers within Pedro's 'Tecto.' I found this stunning piece both intriguing and tactile. The art work drew me in, compelling me to touch it.

title: poema de impasto

media: film stills - response to Sandra Gordon's poem



Poema de impasto

Picking at flakes
in a hope to discover
what lies beneath

inching carefully
around the edges

scraping at fragments
before flicking out
debris

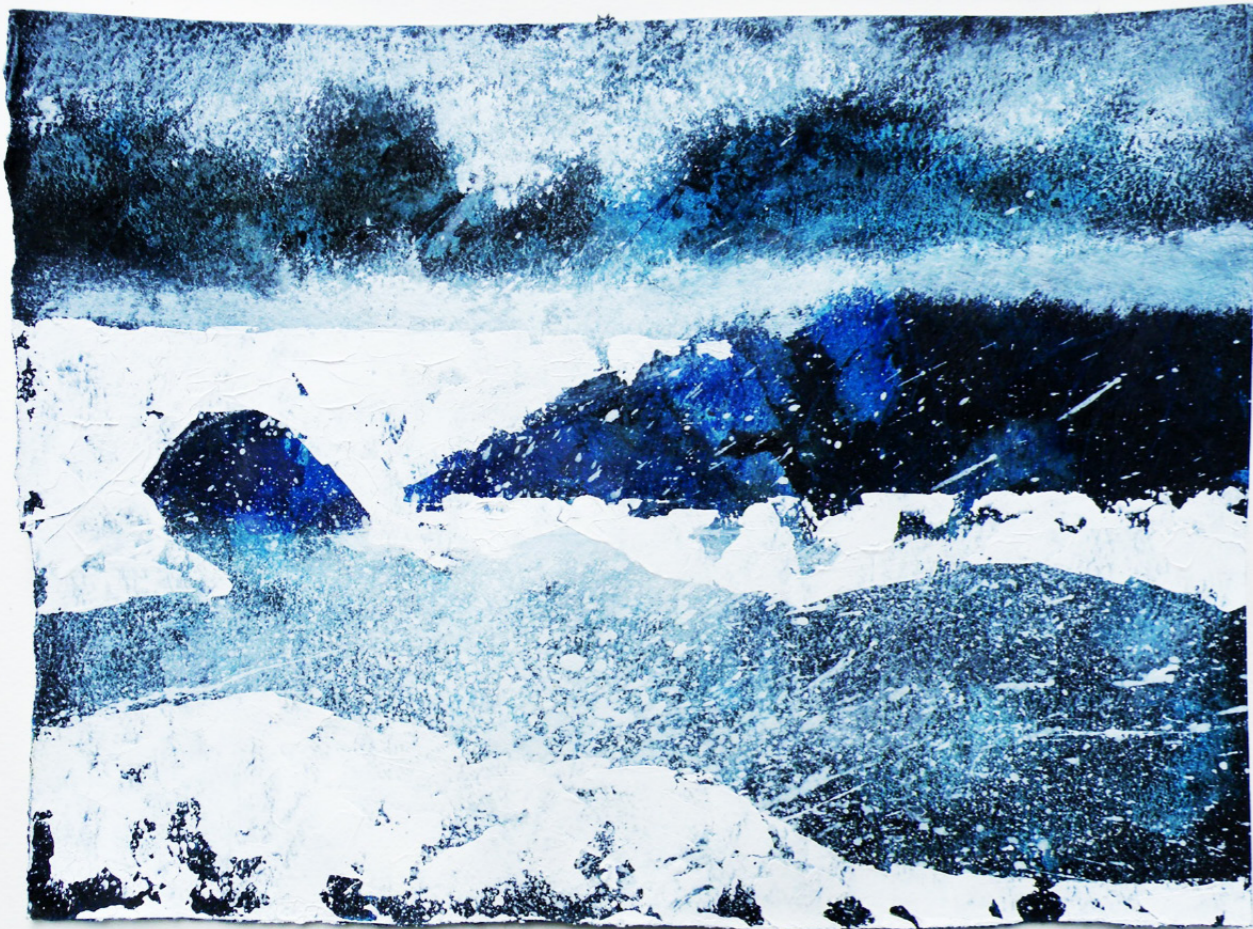
slicing skin
on bronze leaf
she digs deep
craving
minute
detail.

Resistant resin
reveals nothing

and blisters fail
to warn

these layers
are best left.

title: winter shadow
media: mixed media



Snegurochka or The Snow Maiden

The scientist came in from the cold, stamped his felted boots, took off his hat with the ear flaps and shook the frost from his beard.

'What have we here?' he said, shrugging on his white coat.

His young assistant passed him his notes.

'Ah,' said the scientist, 'an interesting condition.'

'Rare?' asked his assistant, handing him his espresso.

'Hardly,' said the scientist. 'I see quite a few at this time of year.'

After discussing the epidemiology of the case, the young assistant asked if he could examine the patient.

'Well,' said the scientist, folding his hands over his belly and wondering - not for the first time - if this boy had the bollocks to be his protégé. 'You can look, but you'd better not touch.'

*

The young assistant sat in front of the monitor and observed the strange figure in the isolation suite. She stood very still, her back to the camera, her forehead pressed against the hermetically sealed window. The glow from the wall light was muted and beyond the glass the forest that surrounded the building was hidden, enfolded in the dark.

He wondered if her eyes were open. He wondered if she was warm, or cold. He wondered too if her heart was beating, though he knew that this thought was fanciful and unedifying.

Snegurochka Syndrome, the scientist called it: a compulsion to disappear into the snow. Only women were afflicted. The average age for first presentation of symptoms was forty-eight. Those that were captured and didn't die of exposure invariably melted in the spring.

He hoped the scientist had turned off the central heating.

*

The snow maiden stared into and beyond her reflection. Already she could feel herself dripping from her fingers. Her feet pooled about her ankles, her breasts ran to her knees. Soon she would be a woman-shaped puddle. This was not the end she had planned for herself.

*

Outside, snow fell, silent in the dark. Tiny crystals floated down through the trees, dusted the hills, gathered in drifts across the open fields.

When the young assistant finished mopping the floor he tossed out the slops and stood at the doorway with the empty bucket in his hand. The scientist's hat sat on his head and his feet were snug in the scientist's felt boots. He would find a cure, he decided. Who knew how many thousands might be similarly afflicted? This would be his life's work.

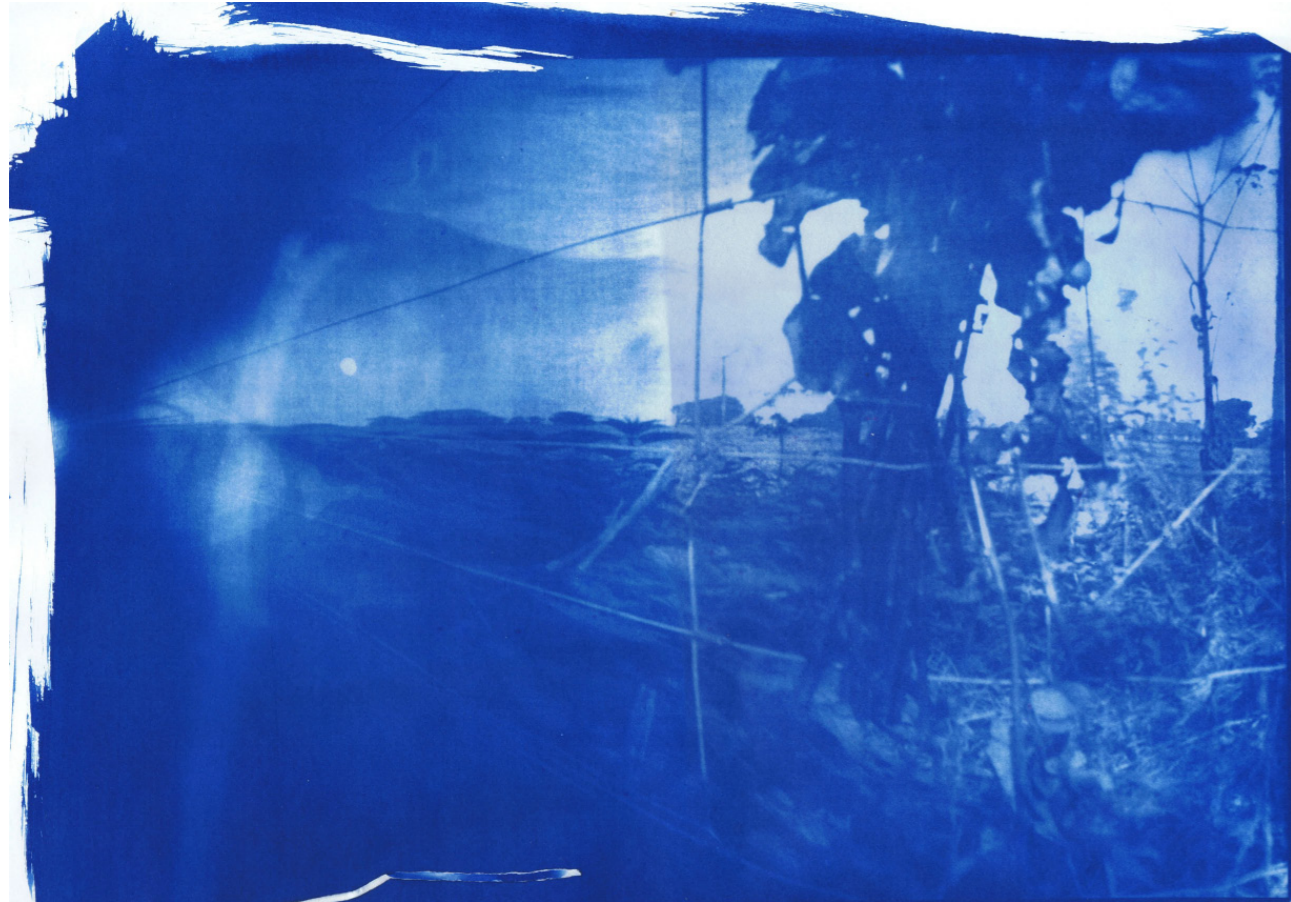
Behind him, the scientist dozed.

The snow maiden didn't care either way. She was already skimming through the forest, surging over the plains, stirring up footprints as she crossed the frozen sea.

She would burrow into winter's blank canvas. She would wear the whiteness, invisible yet whole. She was Snegurochka, and her sisters were waiting.

russell moreton

title: field perspectives
media: cyanotype



Electric Blue

I walk on dew-jewelled grass in a meadow so sweet you can smell the many flowers at your feet. I hear the tinkle of clear-running water over stones, the rustle in the hedgerow from a songbird or two. A shrew scurries across my path in pursuit of its prey or, more likely, to escape me and be on its way. The air is so still at this time of the day, an hour or two past dawn. I touch a moist overhanging branch of a black ash tree. And all the time I see around me the cloud-free sky overhead that is an electric blue.

ken salisbury



title: Apple I / II / III
media: digital documentation

Nana...

is the one
who takes time
to teach a ten year old

how to mix flour
and butter
with just the right
amount of cold water
to roll into pastry sheets

how to clasp cookers
disguised as boulders

to use a knife
without slicing thumbs

to get to grips
with an apple corer
sliding pipped parcels
out with uniform precision

observes
young fingers
arranging fruit
circular and clockwise.

Her red cook's hands
guide young ones
until the pale wedges
pile so high
the child squeals
they'll topple over.

Crystals fall
freely like a snowstorm
filling every gap.

The dish is topped
with a rolled
and moulded lid garnished
with three glistening leaves.

As the oven bakes the pie
golden brown,
it paints the appleskin
and flour dusted kitchen
with an aroma
of an Indian summer.

Nana smooths
each wedge
with hot custard
announcing

that the little girl
made it

all by herself.

beatrice kovacs

title: grandpa
media: ceramics (stoneware textured black clay)



Reduced

Purple-palmed, you share the seed
of my creation: press and knead
this henna'd clay, expelling
air and moistness – a living thing,
it warms and hardens as you squeeze
and stretch and tease, commit crimes
of misinterpretation.

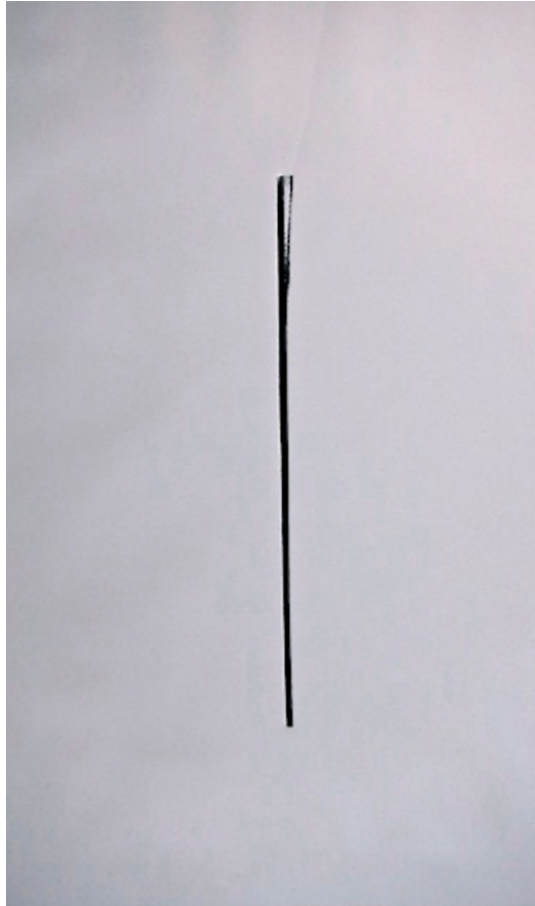
Afterwards, at the grubby sink in
the corner of the outhouse,
you rinse off implements:
blood drips from your hands.
Fired, you tell me, it darkens –
ferrous iron reduced from ferric –
congeals dead-black.



title: Anne Frank
media: mixed media

Is She ?

'She is not a girl to
mess with', said the guarding trooper
She doesn't screech
She just has a trembling tear – In fact
She just has one trembling all the time -
When we first met her - with her hands in her
Hair - what to do – we do not know
what to do, with her,
Her fate, it was late of her, the state of her,
do we also have to decide what is our love for her
look at that what we have found. The
point is - she ran to
us - not away -
for at last a
cuddle- and her tears do the last
running; is it that she'll
die ?



title:the ink line
media: a performative collaboration between Stephen Boyce and Kimvi Nguyen

Studying *Elements of Euclid*

Definitions

i

A point is that which has no parts or which has no magnitude.

A line is a length without breadth. The extremities of a line are points.

A straight line is that which lies evenly between its extreme points.

A circle is a plane figure contained by one line called the circumference

and is such that all straight lines drawn from a certain point within the figure to the circumference

are equal to each other and this point is called the centre of the circle.

ii

A poem is the point.

The centre of a poem may be a line or its extremities.

A line is that which lies – evenly or not – between two words.

A line is a breath without length. A poem is the breath of life.

A poem is equal only to itself and to its circumference.

Postulates

Let it be granted

that a straight line may be drawn from any one point to another

that a terminated straight line may be produced to any length in a straight line

and that a circle may be described from any centre at any distance from that centre.

Let it be granted

that a poem may be drawn between one soul and another to any length in a straight line – terminated or not –

and that a poem may be described from any heart at any distance from that heart.

Let it be granted.

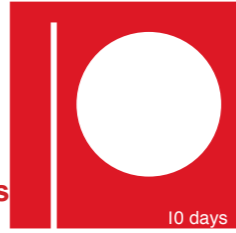
Problem

To compose a poem in which a point, a line and a circle may be described at an equal distance or not

and in one breath.

created as part of

10 days | Winchester | Creative Collisions



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Hugh Greasley for his support

10 days Creative Collisions 2013

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