

Tipp-Ex and marker pens.

By attacking *Un coup de dés* from so many angles in this way, engaging as many of the senses as possible, Avant Kinema have set out with the dream of expanding the parameters of literary translation, opening up routes through the rough terrain of twenty-first century art towards new, pioneering modes of practice. Scottish interdisciplinary artists AVANT KINEMA (Sarahjane Swan and Roger Simian) have collaborated since 2010 on an eclectic body of work: experimental films, installation art, alternative music, writing, photography, sculpture, artist manifestos. Their films have screened internationally. The hand-processed Super 8 short *Boy and the Sea* was exhibited for several months at the Royal Scottish Academy (part of an SSA/VAS/Cutlog exhibition) and was awarded the Pauline Fay Lazarus Prize for work using the human form. Songs (as *The Bird And The Monkey*) have also aired frequently on BBC 6 Music. Grants received: South of Scotland VACMA, Creative Scotland and Hope Scott Trust.

[work 4]

ANNA CHAPMAN PARKER

Monday or Tuesday / an hour in long grass

2021

Ink and gouache on paper, 61x89cm [2]

Sliding into sleep I'm aware of entering a new terrain, a *terrain vague*, some ambiguous space outside the known and useful. Stagger toward the window – what's the ground beneath it – only this will identify which house I'm dreaming from – the earth outside. Weeds are uncurling from the bowls of consonants, blades of grasses peeling off the cusps of serifs, sepals lifting from their brackets, reaching out from the paper's pitted surface, but towards what?

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On my desk: a yellowing paperback (1991) held open with my elbow at page 137 – 'Monday or Tuesday'. On the screen above two photographs of the same short story, but in the original Hogarth Press edition printed in the Woolfs' dining room in 1921. I'm looking between the two accounts, one backlit, smooth and near-vertical, the other a rough, curling paperback, its cracking spine becoming linked somehow with the awkward ache in my elbow.

The paperback's text is much more reasonable than the 1921 edition; it fits the whole story on a single page, and its justification of the type forms an effortless rectangle, calmly spaced. The Hogarth edition has all the dynamic vagaries of letterpress; and why should vowels, words and the gaps around them appear with measured consistency in print, when they never do, uttered aloud? Each letter has arrived via the choosing and pressing of a metal object; each dot is deeply black, a point stabbing harder than a line. Spaces between words are wide and uneven, making the sentences read breathily. Most breathless of all, Woolf's em dashes dive off the page, growing longer and blacker and wilder as I look. Each dash is a leap suspended in mid-air, a holding of breath –

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I sit an hour in the grass drawing the weeds that lurk in the sward: selfheal, yarrow, silverweed, clover. Back at my desk I scan the drawing in and print it out in pieces, enlarged back to life-size. Would weeds, with their usual opportunism, take root in those gaps amidst the text? *From ivory depths words rising shed their blackness, blossom and penetrate.* I overlay the printouts against my screen. Stems of consonants and plants entangle, blacken the page. The dashes sprout lines of ryegrass on the diagonal. Is the word *truth* less definite or reliable if its outlines are porous, globular, standing on uneven feet? If *truth* is threaded to the word above via a blade of grass, does it feel more connected to what's gone before? As I work, the letters begin to forget their purpose and drift in the

direction of the rye. Near the bottom of thesecond page, a shadowy image bleeds through – hands folded in a lap. But the weeds have taken over now, and the gesture recedes into the grass.

ANNA CHAPMAN PARKER graduated in Fine Art from the University of Edinburgh, later gaining an MA from Wimbledon College of Art, London. Her work is concerned with immersive experiences in landscape, exploring how we record or report such experiences in an increasingly mediated context.

Recent exhibitions include *Sonikebana* (with composer Martin Parker) commissioned by Edinburgh College of Art for Edinburgh Art Festival, and *I sat till I could see no longer* at Fife Contemporary Arts, St Andrews. Her writing has been published in MAP magazine, *Rake's Progress* and *Happy Hypocrite*.

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[work 5]

CHRIS KOHLER

The Book

2021

Collage, A3 [6]

In Bruno Schultz's short story 'The Book', (in *Sanatorium Under the Sign of the Hourglass*) the narrator describes a childhood memory of a vast book whose white pages wear away to reveal hundreds of colourful images hidden beneath the text. As he attempts to find the book in his father's library, he is met with confusion and obfuscation, his father tells him that The Book (as he has begun to call it) is a myth, that its pages are scattered across all books. But down in the servant's quarters, he finds a few tattered pages, and a servant who says, 'It has been lying here all the time; we tear a few pages from it every day and take them to the butcher's for packing meat or your father's lunch.' Our narrator resolves to 'collect these allusions, these earthly approximations, these stations and stages on the paths of our life, like the fragments of a broken mirror. We shall recreate piece by piece what is one and indivisible – the great era, the Age of Genius of our life.' He aims to recreate The Book from the parts which lie scattered through history, through literature and through his own life.

The first three collages here, in black and white, show writers amidst rubble. The chaos of crumbling traditions, and the destruction of the streets, precarious assemblages of brick and concrete. A headless man faces a street of crocodiles. The street winks, or grins, or stares dumbly, teeth shattered, eyes empty. Hands poke out from holes in the rock, anonymized by the rubble, their heads hidden, or gripped. They write anyway. A writer sits at his desk, head heaped with shattered brickwork, doorways that lead nowhere. A man looks over his shoulder, and many hands contend for his pen. His eyes look in two directions. Letters are cut into stone. Mikhail Bulgakov claimed that manuscripts don't burn. Schultz's only novel, *The Messiah*, wasn't burnt, but was lost. He claimed to have posted a copy to Thomas Mann.

The last three collages simulate the bright pages of Schultz's book. A domestic diorama of bedcovers and blankets becomes a bucolic landscape, by way of a scatter of clothes pegs. Then a street scene on the right, a bike on the left, a bride, a kissing couple, a stomach, a pregnant belly beside it, and scattered over the image, a strewn shopping trip. Syrup and honey, eggs, lettuce, potatoes. The sleeping couple from the first image, maybe they're married? In the last scene, the colours give way to dark images of crowds. Snow covering their caps. Inverted crowns. Bayonets, conflicting with a procession of priests. Amidst it all, another glimpse of our sleeping couple, the back of a neck, an arm draped across it.

Who is our protagonist in each image? The young child taking a telling off? Or the young man in bed with his girlfriend? Or one of the faceless, disembodied arms, the hands reaching out to one another?