

*Text received Sat. 9.8.12 @ 8:10 pm (in pst) from PvZ (in cst):
"Past: That part of time, continually growing, which includes all the events which have already happened. Their relationship with other past events is generally regarded as fixed." Dictionary of Philosophy (published in 1962). I like it.

WINDFUCKER

•

Far off the ground, kestrels use their wings and what must be the slightest shifts in their lightweight but formidably muscular bodies to stay nearly in place, floating rough; scanning for movement. Hovering, facing into the wind, until it's time to dive down quickly to grab something scurrying on the ground. [the blood! the sound!?!]. This is how they hunt. The many species of kestrel belong to the *falco* genus; Falcons, in other words. As early as the 16th century, these floating geniuses were called 'windfuckers' (or windhoovers). Early English can have some serious style to it. *Old English filled my mind / and I came up with a funky rhyme.* LL Cool J

•* c.†

[*n/t : my use of n/t here is probably fucked. but anyway, what I mean is, 'should not strictly be considered *in-text*'

† the heading 'c.' should here mean the usual ('about' or 'circa') as an indicator of an awareness of this conversation's proximity to concerns of contemporaneity; or on the other hand a surly disregard for the strict relevance of, etc]

- Decades ago, in Pike County, Pennsylvania, a black bear was hit by a Porsche while ambling over the road. Twilight – maybe just getting dark that evening, the 924's on its gliding way somewhere, its engine making that quick-cycling and softly-scraping metallic-chirping sound then WHAM! and strikes the bear – killing it immediately, I can only assume – followed by a driver either also-dead or seriously shocked. Beautiful German engineering and design meeting a rough and powerful American forest animal. Too bad the bear was killed, but the way local history phrases it brings some fucking honor back: '510 Lb. MALE DEMOLISHED A PORSCHE 924 WHEN...'. As though it was a fight! That very short 'history' of the Pike County Bear appears as a cheaply laminated black-and-white laser print at a Pennsylvania rest-stop-welcome-center on I-70 just over from Ohio. Displayed next to this copy-shop headstone is the stuffed Victor - the bear, not the Porsche – on a plinth of rocks and twigs. The Porsche – which had to be a dusty hot black dents water-drop stains on the windows torn leather seats pulling its way under those PA steel skies before – was unfortunately nowhere to be seen.

- They're all laying around like idiots. Next to the pond, or I guess really the stagnant filthy pool next to the barely-fence which keeps the animals from the meadow. From where I'm standing I can see one pretty clearly, but the three or (I think) four others sort of look like different greyish-pinks, just swaths of jiggling color embedded in the dirty dumb mud and the wet hay and clay-riddled, sandy mess that I guess you might call a *pen* if it didn't look so much like an accident. There's some dark rocks too, or so I think, but those may be only piles of shit, it's hard to tell and I only vaguely care. And there's a few pieces of wood – rotting branches or old broken lumber or an ex-fence, it could be any or all of these. Oh, and a tree! In the middle of this bucolic fucking horror is a fine, small, almost wavy tree, very young, saving it all. But beyond the fence, beyond the fence is a green green dark green meadow, coming up slowly to a hill which I obviously can't see over – who knows? – there could even be a glen over there, or a dale, or a copse, or some other thing that most people only see in paintings.

- wash wash blue swath fadepowder dust blue ash crease cyano photoscratchline-ish blue frayed seams pocket blue pock waft crosshatched pith indigo skits distance hshh weave weft fort hands.

- MATERIAL – a blue cotton workshirt, this cotton shirt, button-down, top one or two buttons unbuttoned, depending on that sartorial-mathematical–existential distance between collar and first button, first button and second button.

Or this: A white shirt. Somebody standing in a workshop. Sleeves rolled up. A button-down shirt with rolled-up sleeves = GETTING SHIT DONE. The equivalent of an athlete with her hood up, staring, shifting her weight back and forth on the track, ready. But this now: Man standing, sleeves rolled up to variable lengths. In a recent car commercial – the longer, minute-and-a-half version – this is a symbol for the Obsessed Workaholic American Innovator/Explorer. This nostalgic and beautifully rough and sculptural bright energetic tense and sad image is set in all our minds like an interior monologue. Companies like Levi's and Dodge are so good at this that it's a weird mixture of manipulative and inspiring. (Are those redwoods still there? I hope so. Fuck, I hope so. Where is that? The Salt Flats? Gotta go!). All the more successful if you've got a good soundtrack. And these innovators, these Americans, these (mostly men) figures which I thought when I was a kid I'd eventually become one of – designing cars, making models, doing tests, working on a team, drawing out the lines that would end up looking as though they had always existed, carving gigantic slabs of clay into something like I was bringing the profiles up out of the earth itself.

connected hollows and other irregular shapes. It's the best-known and most striking result of world-wide occurrence. They cover parts of Africa, Asia and Arabia, and lesser North and South America. They may be classified as being either active or passive dunes—those still being built up, shaped



RINGING CHERRIES

gent on objects and wood. Even the surface in soon lose their a dull, frosted automobiles can storms have moved and frosted to time. The faces, continue natural sandbeds of time,

- learning a room a space through touches ; touching wood
'touched' as in a little off – a glancing blow
SUPERSTITI-don't finish the word
glancing; quick look and/or touch
touch wood; pieces existing already in the space, or exposed obsessively
maybe this is a piece of fiction
night
guinness bubbles effect
circulation
handheld, turbine churning is it really filtered through fish gills
guinness; the videos/commercials of endless beer carbonation; interior-head sound
like magic
taking some of that, taking a mold, making
rotational casting
processing, stealing, steal away
theft
casting and photography is thieving
the 'inside' of something
[*I long so much to be- the way I was before I was me-* Screamin' Jay (sung)]

- I AM ALIVE IN MY HEAD (CA)

image: wind and sand erosion on a wooden upright somewhere in the Mojave.

image: outside; a woman with dark hair, a view from behind and to the side a bit; getting blown around a little, back and forth, windswept; it goes a few inches past one bare shoulder; so.

image: a guinness on a wooden bar; the circulation of bubbles, the dark waterfall flow.

image: sand/wind storm in the industrial district, Doha, Qatar; everything faded light gray muted worn blasted old colors; some glass, pocked; sand sweeping across the road in front of our Mazda pickup in washes and swirls. a concrete wall with bluish glass shards on top fixed pointing up.

image: a cardboard box for reel-to-reel tape holding a recording from a post-war performance in California, of Messiaen's Turangalila Symphonie:

WIND EROSION AND

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BY COURTESY OF H. T. U. SMITH
**WIND EROSION ON A WOODEN POLE
USED AS A BUFFER TO PROTECT THE
POLE BEHIND IT**

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AND A PHONE RINGS OFFSTAGE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE (AUDIENCE-LESS?) PERFORMANCE, BUT THE ORCHESTRA GOES ON AND SO THEY GO ON TAKING SOUND, AND IT'S A RUINED RECORDING – NOT BECAUSE OF THE RING BUT BECAUSE SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENS – (ONE OF THE MICROPHONES GOES OUT?) SO THEY DON'T PRESS ANY RECORDS, AND THIS IS THE SOLE SURVIVING COPY OF THE EVENT.

•

The sound of high-heels on cement.

Uh, afraid of forgetting something: a twist before a jump shot eyes wide open muscles all tense /
water roiling behind a ferry sound of a flag whipping / a swath of hair, tumbling all getting in its own
way that lusty formless again like that sound of palm trees in windy night like rain / the oppressive
thick humid late summer as it is there on the low wood kingly porch the block is mine.

high-heels on cement

click chick skiffchick pffclick chick chk chk chchk over and over until I'm delirious
on wood-plank walkway, concrete asphalt terrazzo sandblasted paper covered wood floor, the sound
perking my fucking ears up cutting throught that endless awesome gurgling formless mumble-din.

*The preceding was published in a slightly altered form in October 2012 as part of an exhibition by Philip
von Zweck at 65Grand in Chicago Illinois.
Brian Taylor lives in Los Angeles California.*

