The perfume of the abyss

Mark Young
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(further poems from Series Magritte)

Mark Young

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"La Part du Feu" has also appeared in The Ekphrastic Review.

"The Evening Gown" has also appeared in the Australian Poetry Anthology, Vol. 6, 2018.

"The Life of Insects" has also appeared in The End of The World Project.
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Le Beau Tenebreux

Fantômas is back in town.

His penchant for masquerade is informed by a close reading of sermons using hermeneutic methods.

He asks for a room at the back, not the front of the hotel.

His conception of history & geology comes from mass-produced fictional texts that are in transmedia circulation.

He decides to change his clothes.

He told a newspaper. "I've no experience working with multi-colored bulbs. My favorite was Harrison Ford on the plane. I love Harrison Ford."

He stood up for an America staying quiet but largely fueled by basic research into cell biology & renewed interest in lipid research.

He hides within his hat.
Modern

A straight line between those two points in Euclidean space shows it is a second head of the damsel in this (white) dress that stares out from the backseat of her town car at the more fully-fleshed version of herself. The economic crisis has hit hard. There is falling demand for everything from office space to orders for time machines. The pavement is too costly to repair. Her feet sink into it. Elsewhere the moon is green.
La Fin du Monde

He followed the travel
guide carefully, replacing the
listed sites of interest with
the actual objects when he
found them. Houses that
had a history, a row of shops,
fountains, parks, the plaza
with its famous wall of shame.
Once he had the scene he could
fill it with inhabitants, just as
the book did when it decorated
cathedral ceilings or described
the inside of a hall. Otherwise
façades, or acts of stagecraft.
Walls that flickered into being
as he approached & hid what-
ever lay behind. He saw the
railway station & walked to-
wards it. Climbed up the steps
to find it was the concourse
where the world came to an end.
Bather

Despite the curves she is straight line defined.

With *feng shui* you learn how to place things so that the energy flows.

She is facing the door.

The sea needs a mirror on the horizon to replicate what she sees.
Portrait d'Éluard

Éluard used
to write to
write on the

body of his wife. Then
Dali came a-

long & wrote off into the sunset on her.
The Art of Conversation IV

Though each is in some way present here, the swans are unaware of Arnold Böcklin, or Rachmaninoff, or the more contemporary William Carlos Williams, even though all three overlap in time, in linked rings just like the ones the swans are swimming in as they contend in a sea which love partly encloses.
The Endearing Truth

Wine, bread, apples, & a question of perception. What stands out? The alcoves or the painted table? The textured wall? So. Focus on the contents. Discard the bread & wine—they’re simply tricks of a trade. Then wonder why there are no fishes. Were there ever any or does their replacement by the apples rewrite the parables? Does this miraculous piece of trompe l’oeil infer there were no miracles?
Heartstring

I look at this
& immediately
think: my cup
runneth over. &
then I think: with
clouds? Things
with little sub-
stance to them
except in stormy
weather? I look
at this again &
think that the
painting is no-
thing more than
a (center)piece

of flimsical whim-
whammy, a
sorbet glass
posed in a post-
card pastoral

setting that is just
too picture-per-
flect. I look at this
again & think: this
makes me think.
La Page Blanche

Centrifugal in that it has a center & words fly in all directions.

Gravitational in that the words are drawn towards the center as they cohere.

During & after. There is no such thing as a blank page.
The Life of Insects

Not something she really cared about; but global warming was drying up all the hotpools, & this was the only one left, the last chance to immerse herself in a lifestyle she had always been frightened of but wanted to try before it died.
Une panique au moyen âge

*for Kirsten Kaschock*

Exuberance
is in an eye

much more be-
holden to the

magic of the
moment than

to the pattern
of the dance.
Reflections of Time

Emerged from
a spell of writing A
to the Q of an
e-mail interview.
One unexpected
outcome was a

change in the type-
face I’d been using.
Used to be Verdana—
now it’s Palatino
Linotype. If you
can’t give your

words historical
importance then
the least you can
do is to make
them look a little
more attractive.
The Evening Gown

I am going through a lean period. Words do not make sense or hang together the way they should. At night I watch the stars. They should be easy to describe. A single word, a simple phrase. Instead they are all the same even though I give them separate names. Thousands die by day. They all have the same name. Famine & firefights in countries that were once romantic, that poets passed through on their way to somewhere else. I read about them even though the words do not make sense, run together in a way they should never do. Stars do not come out. I give the spaces separate names. They are all anonymous.
Le Sourire du Diable

Oedipus might feel intimidated. A giant keyhole, a tiny key. But that's what happens when you run home to Mother, no matter whether she's the legendary subject of a da Vinci portrait

or the restoration of an earlier restoration of a heavy prog band out of Germany, known for the completely self-referential songs of the female lead.

[...not only to read the text & to look at the pictures but to fill the gap between the two with meaning — that is, to produce a plausible fiction that will relate them — then the key is to the keyhole as the text is to the pictures.]

Alain Robbe-Grillet:
La Belle Captive
Landscape

This was the year the samba arrived in La Côte d’Azur. Fashionably late, as befits a traveler with either a load of baggage & a room to go to, or else with just a parasol & a promised place beneath the palms.
A Poster Project for the Affiliated Unions of Belgian Textile Workers

Myra was tempted into the milieu of the sub-prime mortgage. World capitalism went into meltdown. Crisis resolution has since become extremely complex.

Grim door Of war

The Flowering Dogwood is sometimes treated as a separate genus. Shuttles are often made of wood from the Flowering Dogwood. Climb a bell tower to get up close.

For it was the war-time work

The filling yarn is carried through the shed of warp yarns to the other side of the loom by finger-like carriers called rapiers. A rapier loom is a shuttleless weaving loom, bending the political system at the center of the world economy.

Of the women Of the Brussels Lace Committee

Mule spinners’ cancer is caused by the prolonged action of mineral oils on the skin of the scrotum. Shale oil was deemed to be the most carcinogenic.
That opened the way to me.

From 1911 to 1938, there were 500 deaths amongst cotton mule spinners but only three amongst wool mule spinners. How could sub-prime mortgages going sour turn into an aging population of skilled women?

Bobbin.

A stationary package of yarn is used to supply the weft yarns in the rapier machine.

Prince Charming

This piece is / a note on this piece.

She found it unicornee inside the hiding-place of those animals that did not make it onto the Ark.
The Beneficial Promise

Psychological research confirms the headline that the trillions of beneficial bacteria already in our intestines will strengthen privacy protections for the digital age. Not all such antipoverty efforts hit their mark; but down-home adages such as "real maple syrup shows promise in protecting brain health," when combined with the original concepts of kindergartens, reflect a truth in human development.
L'okapi

If he truly loves the woman
he must wear *anneaux ronds
torsadés en laiton oxidé* in a
section of town that still shows

fleeting moments of animal
behavior. It's a weathered,
crumbling place, made all
the more magnificent by

trackless centuries filled
with polished pop & striking
synths, & the towering masses
of the Virunga volcanoes.
A Taste of The Invisible

In this world of billions, we are told that the entire global economy essentially boils down to just two idealized people, a buyer & a seller. True theology is not about the mistaken road or a cold evening in cardboard boxes. Think fresh pear, allocate taste descriptors—sweet, bitter, ripe, crunchy, peppery—but any of those terms can equally be applied to many other unseen things. Macro or micro, there is a commonality—once out of sensory range, all things become invisible.
The postcard

Chère Georgette

The apple is full, & almost ready for eclipse. But the UV rays it gives off are intense, & I’ve been exposed to an overdose of them, simply by going out onto the balcony to see if the eclipse has started yet.

I should be wearing a hat, but a bowler is not the easiest thing to have on all the time. Maybe I should have bought one of those embroidered baseball caps that Donald Trump gets around in & brought it with me. With a different message, though. Nothing as gauche & inviting hubris as his hat has. Something simple, apt. Like "un objet rencontre son image."

Ton mari
René
Les objets d'art de René Magritte

a pair of diamante lorgnettes

birds that are birds, that are not birds, that are, sometimes, something else

clouds stolen from the opening of The Simpsons

deadh masks

Edgar Allan Poe

Fantômas


horses’ bells

inflamed euphoniums

jokes & jockeys

kiss. No, not the rock group but the Rodin sculpture. But not the Rodin sculpture, only the space it fills

lost worlds

Martin Luther & the King of the Jews

neologism, or at least the attachment of new labels
open-toed boots

pleasure that the girl gets from eating a bird

quantum leaps

rendering the impossible possible

sacks that cover the lovers' heads

this is not an apple, nor a pipe, not even a piece of cheese

using speech to show how speech misleads

victory is what was hoped for in this break in the clouds, even if they turned their backs on the war & the victory came unseen

what lasts is how the lovers shared a space, not how they looked at one another

x-rays of leaves, the skeletons of trees

"Your dialectics & your Surrealism en plein soleil are threadbare," wrote André Breton.

"Sorry, Breton, but the invisible thread is on your bobbin," replied Magritte

Zeus. Anger. Hubris
La robe de l'aventure

*Dermochelys coriacea*, the leatherback turtle, does not have a carapace, looks like an overgrown okra pod with flippers & fins, but is the only thing that gives this scene the marine setting it probably is.

Otherwise is floating in the air, above a drowned *inconnue* who is / likewise out of water as well as in it, outstretched on a beach & reaching up with her dancer's arms to form the mammal shape which has substance only after passing by them.
The Domain of Arnheim

It was Ellison who suggested they were prognostic of death.

Edgar Allan Poe: The Domain of Arnheim

Magritte’s love for Poe is elsewhere evidenced by a painting titled after the Imp of the Perverse, & the appearance of Arthur Gordon Pym on the mantelpiece in Not to be Reproduced.

One of each of those; but this is one of nine variants — oil or gouache — that has the same title, painted across twenty eight years. Not to mention the guest appearance of the eagle & its nest in several other paintings. Some doubt about the date of this version. I like to think was done near the end of the artist’s life. May not be true but there are clues. A candle to light the way, & the way the bird is poised as if for take-off, tearing itself out of a landscape it does not want anyone else’s hand laid upon.
The Village of the Mind

is the product of medical science, manifested in its purest shape when a disease is new. This introduction of a virulent organism has been depicted as a triangle consisting of two episodes of new millennium TV & a contemporary yet timeless glass & metal occasional furniture range that displays many of the empirical phenomena associated with predator-prey relationships. Global extinction forces languages to change. The world’s population of insect pollinators is nearing a critical point. Not even time to lay out the winding sheets.
**Force of Habit**

The sky flies behind a gilded bird inside a cage which sings imprisoned in an apple. *Und so weiter,* until one hits the wall the painting is fixated on. & then the house outside of which the painter. Nothing else is real.
The Finery of the Storm

Since many of the big players these days are using AI to boost customer loyalty & subsequent revenue, it's not surprising that every guitarist, at some point, has their sound modified by a distortion generated by an area of machine learning.
The Revealing of the Present

The present is a house that has only windows. A thin roof. No rooms. The sun is cut in half by a cloud passing across its face, recalling Bunuel. Is that a pond with flowers in it? I walk down to pick some, carry them inside. The past is a finger testing &/or tasting the light. Elsewhere a cloud passes across the moon. The present is a vase of flowers inside a house surrounded by a garden made foggy by autumn.
Memory

The apple has
rolled down the
bas-relief & left a
stain. Or maybe the
sculpture has wept
tears of blood &

dried them with
the apple. I can't
recall what really
happened. Perhaps
a sip of water might
refresh my memory.
Le Palais des Souvenirs

This hotel should be shut down. Blood keeps dripping on to the bathroom floor, so much of it it spills over & stains the mesa which it rides above. A man in a car outside our rooms plays Mexican music at high volume until well after midnight. When I complain, he brings me funeral flowers.
Popular Panorama

Escheresque. Is there such a word? The top definition of crapaud, a word characterized by explorations of infinity, architecture, & tessellation, is toad or frog. Jigsaw pieces as far as the eye can see. Each is folded in half & the folded edges are placed together. Hidden in the basement, remixed with a forest, & topped by the sea. Visible from a t-shirt. Fit for a paradox.
La Part du Feu

In no particular order, the clues are a carrot, an egg, & a glass of some unknown liquid, vin or vinegar, it's not clear. In no particular order, raindrops keep falling from the ceiling, a candle halos but provides no light — though an external light source casts a compressed shadow of the housekeeper on to the carpet. In no particular order, Hercule Poirot, as played by David Suchet — who isn't — is dead, the housekeeper maintains not a vigil but a pretense of life within the room, hard to tell if the egg is hard-boiled, easy to see the detective isn't.
The Discovery of Fire

a bass horn catches alight
a bass hor atches a gh
a bas h r tc es a g
bas h c es
as h es
Wreckage of the Shadow

Renaissance is alive & thriving this year. Nothing else to touch it for style or energy. Disassembled birds—hallucinatory, perilous as a minefield—set faces to grimace, then set out to create epic doom metal albums from flat unpolished non-metal surfaces that carry no images of the world around yet still reflect the importance of setting up a mise-en-scène.
The Connivance

Today was the
day I’d put aside
for Patagonian tooth-
fish, but overfishing
by illegal longliners
has rendered them
commercially extinct

so all I can
do now
is cast
some
short
lines
into

the ocean & re-
mind them they
probably would have
lasted longer if
they’d continued
to be known as
Chilean Sea Bass.
Having been told that
the next digital revolution
would come about by
finding a cornerstone to

act as a key to decode
your name, then transposing those numbers
onto your face so as to

explore your relationship
with your spirit animal,
Magritte tried it out &
came up with nothing.
We have seen parts of this before. The sleeper in his capsule hotel, dreams keeping him suspended above a familiar meteorite from which the landscape stays its distance, in thrall to the gravitational pull.
The Art of Living

The rave was all that was promised. Music in various colors, smoke of various sorts, a subsequent disconnect between limbs & mind — while at the same time both feel amazingly intertwined. Living in La La Land isn’t art, it is artifice.
The Silvered Chasm

The e-library charges me $42 for a 24 hour pass to access any single steam punk novel. They do not usually take me long to read; but this one has a serious tension to it, that boils its way to eat my walls away. It melts crowbars, has peeled the eyes from the jester bilboquets & left them pasted to a nearby plinth. The now revealed bells ring out in horror. I can not look away. The steampunk novel remains unfinished reading. $42 PayPalled for another day.
**The Song of the Sirens**

I am waiting for the Prince of Ithica to pass by. My weapons for the skirmish are lined up behind me. A glass of water to wet the throat should stronger singing be required. The candle is a lighthouse in reverse, as an attraction not a warning. A leaf to augment the wreath.

The stone wall to keep me upright when he embraces me.
(Untitled Collage, c. 1926)

Eyeballs drone across the sky at regular intervals. Occasionally they fall. Still see nothing. Or, if they do, it does not register. The

bird on wings of song has escaped its cage, lies flat upon a table. A 1920s flapper thinks the cage is an apartment block, looks

for an empty one to live in. The sky is a sandy shade of ambergris. It may not be a bird. Whales swim by. They sing. In an unknown register.
L'Écuyère

There's a nursery rhyme I part remember. Something about riding a cock-horse to Banbury Cross, to see a fine lady upon a white horse. Perhaps that's what's happening here. The young girl, now dismounted from her mother's knee, has turned her back on the white horse & the lady in — though clothed — Godiva pose. Is perhaps contemplating the cubism of the tombstone that her body has become, the tumbled straight-edged landscape, the upright dwellings, the church beyond. Is that Banbury Cross? she may be wondering. Which way is the lady facing as she rides along?
Oasis

The stillness of death ranges over this vast plain. I am at a cross-road in my contiguous physical map; any therapy seems only to have adverse effects.

The shape of the time interval is less recognizable, imposes limitations on the raster & vector datasets already open for business just across the street from the condo development. 95% of all cats will become ecstatically attached to any thing hollow or over-hanging. Whole kernel corn right out of the can is a treat for catfish.
Le Musée du Roi

The man is the night-light left on to make the dark seem less frightening. He is outlining a way through or, maybe, a way out. All it takes is an oversized horse’s bell; is used as balance, needs a granite block wall to rest upon.

*

The hills stretch away in rows, into the blue, each row a different degree of darkness, on one of which, neither fore- nor background, sits a chateau. It is the only man-made thing contained within the Museum of the King — though doubt has been cast upon the provenance of the nose.
Le Coeur du Monde

Five Four
unicorns. One
died in the
making of
this piece
of the poem.

*

Later he read
to her. She
listened
in braille. A
unicorn caught
its horn in
the holes
on the page
& broke its
neck trying
to get free.

*

No primer, so
eventually
the beta
carotene bled
through the
whitewash. Nothing
so sad as a
donkey with
a carrot on its head at a 75º angle while its dick hangs limp.

*

One unicorn left. One unique horn.

*

In & of itself unaugmented; but the box it comes in is quite decorative. & anyway, there is always something striking about a dead unicorn.
Collage

hand / men / curtain

one of the best
hairyles a man
could sew by hand
was a hypocrite of
great proportion

curtain / sphere / sea

embellish your window
treatments with a clown
fish & a sea anemone, or a
symbiotically bound glass
collection from west elm

men / sea / sphere

Nine geometricall exercises,
for young sea-men, &
others that are studious. I
knew it behoved me to
drop at once. Far below me.

sphere / hand / sea

keep starboard (green)
NGOs are acting as subjects
of a global institutional culture
the dino sphere is the novelty
bio-kit of the future
The Bathers

Elsewhere it was the Weimar Republic, where elephants paraded & a Zeppelin as likely as a stork to go flying overhead. We would go bathing, away from the municipal pools where the Nazis were starting to set up their "swimming clubs." Found them distasteful. More to our liking the outdoor lidos like the Strandbad Wannsee where we could go naked & nobody minded. Which is where Leni Riefenstahl saw us, saw in us the prototype of what she could flesh out when the time was right. Calisthenetics as political exemplar of the purity of the race. Of which we unwitting, unaware. Later ashamed.
The Voice of Space

Not how I would have preferred to spend my time. But when The World asks you to take a turn around the lawn after lunch how can you turn the invitation down. Forwent the siesta expecting insight & the exposition of an ideal set of corporate goals. Instead subjected to an egotistical list of mergers, takeovers, strategic alliances, & plays that have no other purpose than an exercise of personal power. So sad to find The World is just another business that is run by men.
Variante de la Tristesse

Chaotic daydreams. Entropic nightmares. She left & went uptown. The bus was full of particulate matter in which she recognized fragments of her own amino acid chain.
Ika Loch’s Bordello

Her speciality is to assume positions in which she holds up to the consumer a smaller version of herself which holds a smaller version of herself which holds etc. Seen from one side it might seem she is reducing her exposure or possibly offering optional extras. But Magritte quite often shows reflections in reverse, sees things from behind as it were. Which means instead of demeaning herself she is actually posing this way to gradually impose herself by growing larger & eventually dominate the space around. So, no reaction from the front, but the building at the back is obviously excited by it all.
The Harvest of the Clouds

I am releasing My Oil of Joy over you. Things are in our favor this year. Sugary sweet with a little tang.

The resource becomes scarce. Solar panels can only take energy capture so far. The bezels are much smaller than those on many phones. Literal rivers can cross the dimensions. Mimic what they're trying to build. Source code or keyboard input is displayed as entered. The filmroll is eight pixels taller than in the other versions. The harvest is done.
La Connaissance Absolue

Two nights ago, on the TV news, vision of dust storms in the dry center of the continent, sweeping pinkly towards the sea. Now they have reached it, & brought some solid stuff along as well. The bird is puzzled by it all. He's \textit{au fait} with classical physics; but quantum theory is a stone too far.
The signs of evening

Night approaches. Upright, upright, the painting that divides crepuscular & corrugation bursts its banks.

Too much to contain, that the same day has different times in different places. Maybe even a different

season as some kind of fruit is falling. It rolls out of that picture & into this. Gravity strikes. Plus globalization.

No sign of source identity. Confusing. This time of day.
René Magritte & Ursula LeGuin encounter one another

As
Ursula Le-
Guin once wrote

Un objet rencontre son image, un objet rencontre son nom. Il arrive que l’image et le nom de cet objet se rencontrent.

the word for world is forest.
L'Ange Migrateur

Mi sono sentito come
una barca sbattuta
da tante parole. I felt
like a boat slammed
by so many words,
even though this is
mare nostrum, our sea.

There was an error
when communicating
with the Annotation
Service. It was 52mm
in diameter, made of
steel, & considered
hazardous — that's

all that was known
about it. No changes
that occur at a specific
altitude have been made
to the original text. No
drive for respiration
in response to the sep-

aration of head, the
skewering of body to a
convenient table. We
cannot carry on as
before & wait for the
weather to improve. How
do birds find their way?
The Age of Marvels

The abdomen is exorcised & filled with clockwork. It is another deconstruction, like the distraught easel,

unlike the painting on the easel which is carefully constructed & ready to receive an occupant in the coming week.
La Fenêtre de Mélusine

No man permitted to see her in her bath. & yet here she is with a menhir watching over her. The open air is not her natural element, but night — & the ewer of water nearby for safety — allows her to partake of it. So, she kicks her serpent tail away & offers the promise of her future self up to it, that full moon riding on or in her belly evidence of the shapeshifting still to come.
Nocturne

Everything seems in a state of flux. The model in this scenario effects a reduction in uncertainty. The result? An equivalent period will be deducted from the time it takes the house to burn. So, to escape, the bird must venture along the borders of chaos & hope neither bilboquet nor curtain falls upon it.
The Poetic World

Now that interactive kiosk projects are breaking up on the beaches, & gay couples no longer have concerns about big business gaining a stranglehold over ephemera sales, let's put on another silly dance track & direct our attention toward the need for a retirement income from something outside the stock market.
The Roof of the World

I am lost, though the street signs tell me I’m at the corner of Main & Forthright. This is a part of—uptown? downtown? out of town?—I do not recognize. There is traffic on the roadway, people walking there, bodies decorated with model cars that encase their waists, obeying the traffic directions, the lights, the speed signs. There is a separate lane for pedal cars. The sidewalks are paved with astroturf.
The Perfume of the Abyss

Incorrect to talk of the food chain as if it were a single entity. Absence blots people out. Others emerge, elements of a sense of guilt that is sometimes offered up as a straight radiant, sometimes as the centerpiece of a vesica piscis, the fish’s bladder favored by some religions. The abyss is redolent of each & every aspect — or would be if someone were there to be aware of them.
The Explanation

Father is discarded, is dying, may even be already dead. Freud sits at the prestige table offering up thanks to Sophocles, thinking that without the help of *Oedipus Tyrannus*, he may not have even managed to get a seat at the table nearest to the kitchen. Mother has another drink, says to her son: "Now I have the carrot & the stick in one." Son: "*In vino veritas.* Fuck you, Mother."
Magritte
ran
second in
the Rockhampton Cup.

Might
have won
except the jockey

left the course
& got
lost.
Les surprises et l'océan

There is a head shaped like an ear that carries within it a magic mirror that may or may not hear, but offers a diffident aspect of the ocean. A woman in a little black dress carries it as she waits for dinner to be served. The narrow pyramids of sand are there to snack on if she gets hungry, fretting for her date to arrive. Who may surprise her. The sea is fairly flat, seems perfect for galloping in on.
Les verres fumés

In a time of turbid media & a weakened economic outlook, this display of stone tools was put together. We struggled with the structure, were divided over whether, with the data sets that were available, we portrayed a goddess of resurrection & rebirth or Fanon's dictum that colonialism doesn't come to an end with the declaration of political independence. Both would require dark glasses for their viewing. The one because the brightness blinded, the other so we wouldn't see our shame. In the end we compromised, put both together, somewhat incomplete. Are preparing a plaque which reads: "Will be a lifelong pity if having visited Tiger Hill you did not visit Gödel."
The Gun

| An object is not so attached to its name that another one more suitable cannot be found to take its place. | le terminus œil de triton miasme la girafe éternité le tronc d’arbre ce cavalier campagne philosophique la liste lambiner le canon. |
The Denizens of the River

The exteriors are thoughtfully designed, the branding concepts unique. Much use of plays on words. Artillery shells gathered from the river, clothes that floated by in an illumination of floodlights, the occasional limb artificially placed or worn as necklace. Gloved fingers rehearse the future journey on a globe of trackless water. Then the plunge, & kick to the groyne across the river.
The Message to the Earth

This is the evidence. It is presented in a frame so there is distance between the audience & the objects they are observing. The sponge was probably white. Now thrown to earth / its blood vessels broken / stain has taken over. & petrified. Is front of stage, before the curtain, behind which wires can be seen. Would be wrong to think they were there for telegraphy — come from, go to, nowhere. Part of a disquieting display which leaves dimensions disturbed, connections ambiguous. The tableau is the message, is whatever one makes of it. But underneath it says: We are here already. You just need to learn the language to understand that.
Les Jeunes Amours

Not all European artwork focuses on Friday night shopping or offers economic incentives for improving the supply chain. Certainly it has been known to promote products from famous parfumiers, or use monocled vamps who smoke a particular brand of cigarettes. Things not for the young, who are often gripped by poverty. Though, as Aristotle said, have learnt the use of trinkets as metonomy. Throw colored balls up into an air where they shouldn't exist. Then bring them down as apples.
La traversée difficile

The eye model presented is the stuff of legends, a stylistically pleasing & emotionally useful device in which is embedded a sonar sensor ultrasonic rangefinder that can detect objects up to many kilometers away. Can't always identify what they are, though. Thinks what we see as a storm-battered square rigger might be a mere rough stake, or a piece of shapeless wood, or even an expensive delicate ship, escaped from some other Museum of Fine Arts, that has somewhere to get to & sails calmly on.
Hélas! tout est abîme wrote Baudelaire — all is abyss. Magritte agrees; but takes time out to populate it with such things as bells & flowers & night. There are crenelated towers that poise periously on the edge, whether to observe what's happening below or unable to prevent themselves from sliding down into it. & then the perfume that he adds. Some form of deception? Or to provide an undercurrent, a backing track, to those words of Nietzsche — if you gaze long into an abyss, the abyss also gazes into you?