

## BETWEEN WOR(L)DS

### Scene 59

[Setting:] The fringes.

Panting and wheezing, Jack stops in a narrow lane on the outskirts of the world. He sees the hills through the rooftops, a blurring mixture of dull greens and browns, and orange cliffs framing the horizon beyond that. At times, when the breeze picks up and stirs his hair, he smells eucalyptus and dry, dusty earth sweeping down from the gullies between. *El Dorado*. The Promised Land beyond poverty and chaos. Shimmering expanses of red earth beyond the smog and smoke of mind and world. Vast places teeming with life, space, and potential.

So he imagines, calming, breathing, and escaping into the vision.

Eyes staring into the *other* world, beyond the hills, beyond everything, to a land beyond reach.

Beyond the towering fences and razor wire, beyond the confines of the Wasteland, beyond hell. A place beyond the noise and sterility of life in exile, in prison.

Something out there, beyond, beckoning.

The wind fades and he smells excrement, sodden wood, and rotting garbage – his own body odour and sweat, even blood. And yet, having fallen several times on the way here, his blood-soaked shirt no longer appears red and fresh, but dull and brown. Even his face has become streaked by sweat, so that the blood appears more like the smudged grime and grit of a holy pilgrim than the stains of a homicidal killer.

A man of faith versus a man of fear; a man of clarity versus a man of confusion; a man of acceptance versus a man of will; a man of peace versus a man of war. Two wrestling selves bound into one: love and hate, sanity and insanity, courage and fear. The war of the

**Smog:**  
Reduced to a formula: *poverty is hierarchic, smog is democratic*. With the expansion of modernization risks – with the endangering of nature, health, nutrition, and so on – the social differences and limits are relativized (p. 36).

*Smog cares not a jot about the polluter pays principle*. On a wholesale and egalitarian basis it strikes everyone, independently of his or her share of smog production (p. 39).

(Ulrich Beck,  
*Risk Society*,  
1986/2007)

**Pollution:**

*The latency phase of risk threats is coming to an end. The invisible hazards are becoming visible. Damage to and destruction of nature no longer occur outside our personal experience in the sphere of chemical, physical or biological chains of effects; instead they strike more and more clearly our eyes, ears and noses. To list only the most conspicuous phenomena: the rapid transformation of forests into skeletons, inland waterways and seas crowned with foam, animal bodies smeared with oil, erosion of buildings and artistic monuments by pollution, the chain of toxic accidents, scandals and catastrophes, and the reporting about these things in the media. The lists of toxins and pollutants in foodstuffs and articles of daily use grow longer and longer.*

(Ulrich Beck,  
*Risk Society*,  
1986/2007, p. 55)

**Failed Consumer:**

People are cast in the underclass because they are seen as totally useless; as a

contraries.

The smell of humus and excrement strengthens as The Promised Land recedes. Stillness returns.

Small, sad dwellings surround him. Roofs groan and creak as if about to collapse. Boards and cardboard cover windows – mud and filth the rotting slats. Shallow verandahs house rusted chairs and sunken couches. Stained rags hang from makeshift clotheslines. Wooden steps sink in the mud. Scraps of tin and iron litter the ground. Side by side, these dwellings crowd the pot-holed lane, and continue on to the border of the Disputed Territories. To the watchtowers and razor wire that stalk the horizon beyond that. To keep the vagabonds in and the tourists safe.

**Effluent** pools in ditches and hollows, forming ponds of green and brown. A putrid air hangs over the fringes.

And no birds sing.

Jack wonders how he got here. Why, given the circumstances, he came to this part of hell. Is destination nothing to him? A fiction? A place as randomly happened upon as those in dreams? A lucky dip? An inevitability? An illusion?

The millions of steps of an entire life leading to ... *nowhere*?

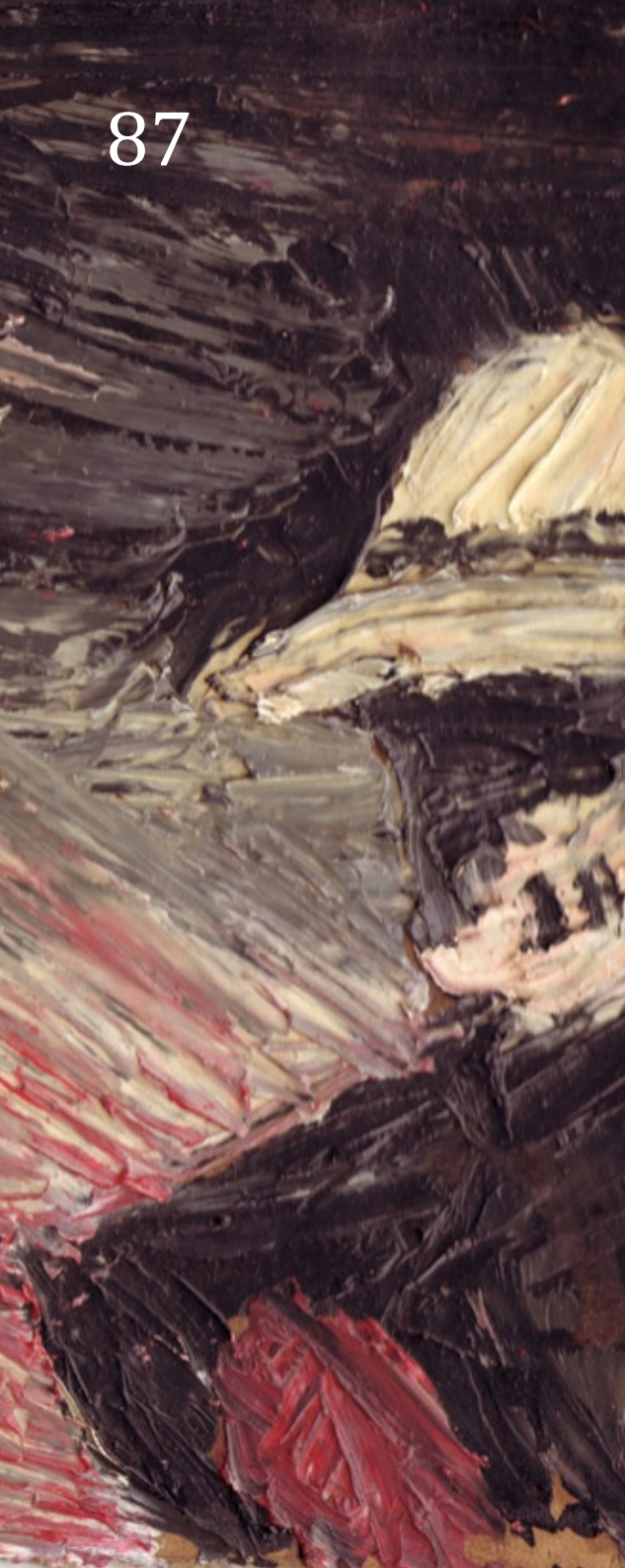
To here?

To emptiness?

A **failed consumer** exiled to the camps? To Economic oblivion? To hell and beyond?

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[Voice over:] *Lurching towards Bethlehem. 'Because he knows a frightful fiend doth close behind him tread'* (Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, 1798).

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He smiles sadly. After all, home is miles away; if home is that small stone cell he locks himself in at night. That dark little tomb on the other side of town. That place with a mattress and a desk, a few spurious jottings, and remnants of the dead. A hovel, no less, for out-



nuisance pure and simple, something the rest of us could do nicely without. In a society of consumers – a world that evaluates anyone and anything by their commodity value – they are people with no market value; they are the uncommoditized men and women, and their failure to obtain the status of proper commodity coincides with ... their failure to engage in a fully fledged consumer activity. They are *failed consumers*, walking symbols of the disasters awaiting fallen consumers, and of the ultimate destiny of anyone failing to acquit herself or himself in the consumer's duties.

(Zygmunt Bauman, *Consuming Life*, 2007, p. 124).

casts and refugees.

Perhaps God has annotated his notes by now. Or signed off on his salvation. Or answered him in some small way.

Perhaps this is God's answer.

Perhaps this rustbelt town, this junkyard, this testament to modernity, *is* the world beyond Eden. The world beyond Shopping Malls and solariums. Beyond television.

He ambles forward, if south-easterly is forward, and towards the hills. A cat darts across the lane, a mangy orange thing with a deformed stump for a tail, then leaps and slinks along a fence before vanishing into a window. The dead city murmurs at his back, some distance away, but here, despite the occasional gust of wind, despite the cat, it is still. Devoid of meaning and life. Devoid of advertising and television. Even the clouds hang grey and smudged against the canvas sky. His footsteps: slow, docile plods against the bitumen. He watches his feet. There they are, wrapped in torn boots, brainless slabs of bone and flesh that allow balance and movement, when cooperative.

The occasional gargle emanates from his stomach.

He coughs and wipes his mouth. He tastes the barman's blood. He wonders whether any cells or platelets still function despite their exposure to the world. Whether they fight the fight that will ultimately kill them.

'And winter kept us warm,' he mocks (T.S. Eliot, *The Waste Land*, 1922).

But nothing changes.

He yells again, 'Is this Tintern Abbey?' (William Wordsworth, 'Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey,' 1798).

But, no, this is not a moment to someday recollect in tranquility, but a pebble lodged in the mind. Something to analyse and polish with thought. To escape into and labour over. To obsess about.

A woman appears. Old and sunken, she emerges from the shadows of a verandah. Her head, typical of the region, is wrapped in a plastic bag, and her ear lobes have been removed. Fierce, black eyes

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### A Modest Proposal

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout [meat stew]. ...

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass; the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

(Jonathan Swift,  
*A Modest Proposal*,  
1729)

stare out of her leather face. She looks perhaps more like a creature of fairytales than of life.

‘The children are sick,’ she barks, her crooked finger bent at the madman in accusation. ‘Unfit for you and your lot.’ (*Coughs and scowls*) ‘No good for your **experiments**. Their little loins are quite deplete. And their brains are sick – sick to death. From last time.’

Jack watches the finger point and jab in his general direction. He wipes his brow. He tries to look sane. Settled. ‘Last time?’ he ventures.

The old woman spits, not necessarily at him, but towards him. Jack notices a gob of blood in the spittle.

‘You have gum disease,’ he says, ‘or consumption.’ (Or God, he thinks.)

‘*Ahhh*,’ she barks, ‘what difference?’ She waves her hand and does a kind of pirouette. ‘Now more than ever seems rich to die,’ she says, revealing her pointed yellow teeth.

‘What?’ Jack says, excited.

‘What *what*?’ she returns.

‘That’s Keats! “Ode to a Nightingale.” You’ve read it?’

‘Is not.’

‘Is too!’ he says.

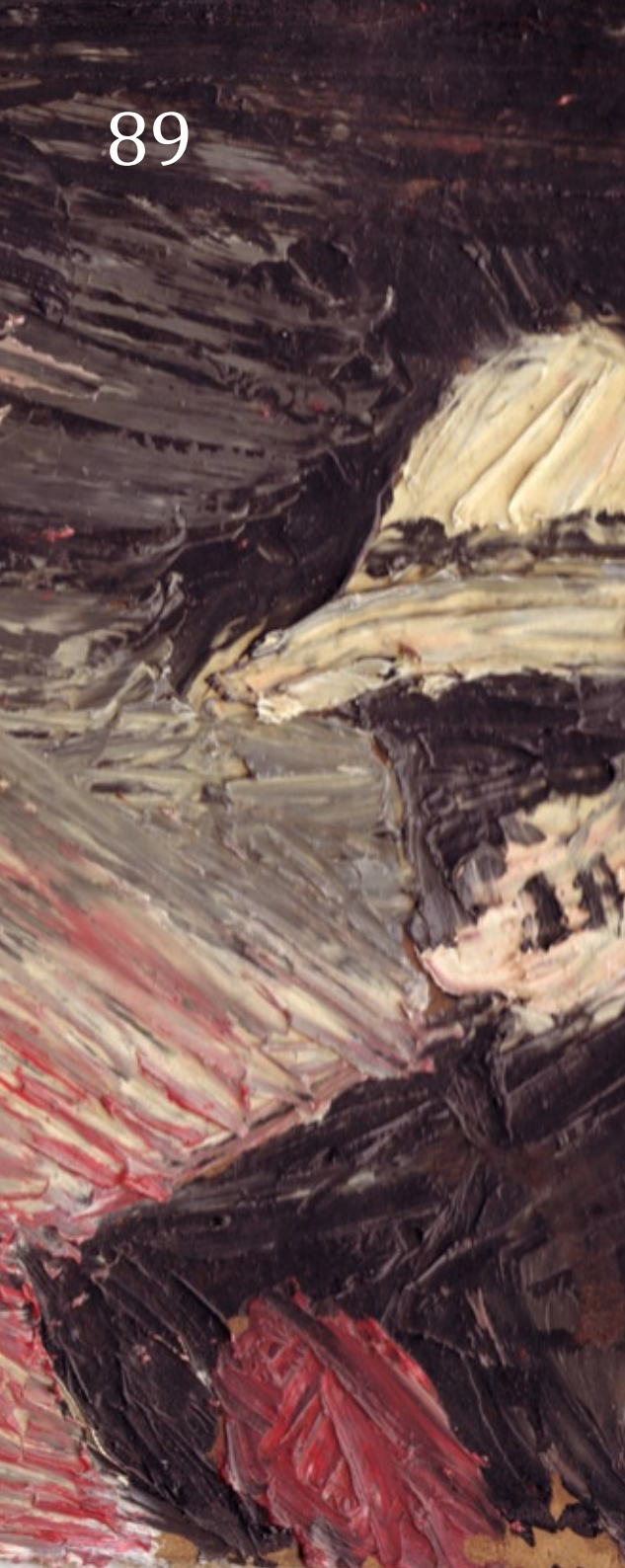
‘Ode-doodle-doo,’ she says, spitting again. This gob lands on Jack’s boot.

‘Nice slag,’ he says. He shakes his toe, but the mucus sticks hard. ‘Very accurate,’ he adds, noting her very demented and very evident joy. ‘But it *is* Keats.’

‘I wouldn’t know,’ she mutters. ‘Couldn’t care neither. A dwarf’s a dwarf. Spade’s a spade. Doodle-oodle-goodle.’ She coughs excessively and vomits the by-products at her feet. ‘Now that there’s a poem!’ She begins scraping the phlegm onto a piece of paper. This she folds seven times and returns to an inner pocket.

‘More like a performance,’ Jack says, repulsed.

‘A performance my arse,’ she squawks.



### Global Nightmares:

This ideology of biological determinism has been called 'Social Darwinism'. It took Darwin's basic idea about 'survival of the fittest' and applied it to human societies ... This ideology has been a powerful one, serving to *legitimate* (make seem right and proper) existing power structures and inequality, especially those based upon racism and sexism.

(Evan Willis,  
*The Sociological Quest*,  
1999, p. 122)

'Please, *no*—' he yells.

Too late. The old woman arches over and lifts her rags to reveal her rump. 'Now that's a performance,' she yells, while opening and closing her buttocks, which roll and dimple like soft pillows of dough beneath her callused fingers. Jack peers up her rectum.

'Heavens,' he cries.

The old woman drops her rags back about her thighs and wanders away. 'Oodle-moodle-poodle,' she mutters. 'Keats-meats-wheats.'

Jack is awe-stricken. 'Ah—madam?' he calls.

'Feats-sheets-teats,' she yells, and this time she turns and reveals this part of her anatomy. 'Fed ten there mouths on these here bags,' she adds, and laughs, and spits, and turns and shuffles away.

'I'm in hell,' Jack says.

'Or Bethany,' his inner voice ventures.

'Or Coke Town,' he returns.

'Or heaven—'

'Fuck,' he says.

[Voice over:] *For as the sage bird-Binky had pronounced, the world was fucked, and Jack was on a bungee-jump with no foreseeable bottom.*

*Freefalling into oblivion.*

*The deregulation of everything, even the self, had left him isolated and detached. Grappling for personal solutions to global problems (Zygmunt Bauman). Fighting private wars against [global nightmares](#). Exiled to a private wasteland in a galaxy of wastelands.*

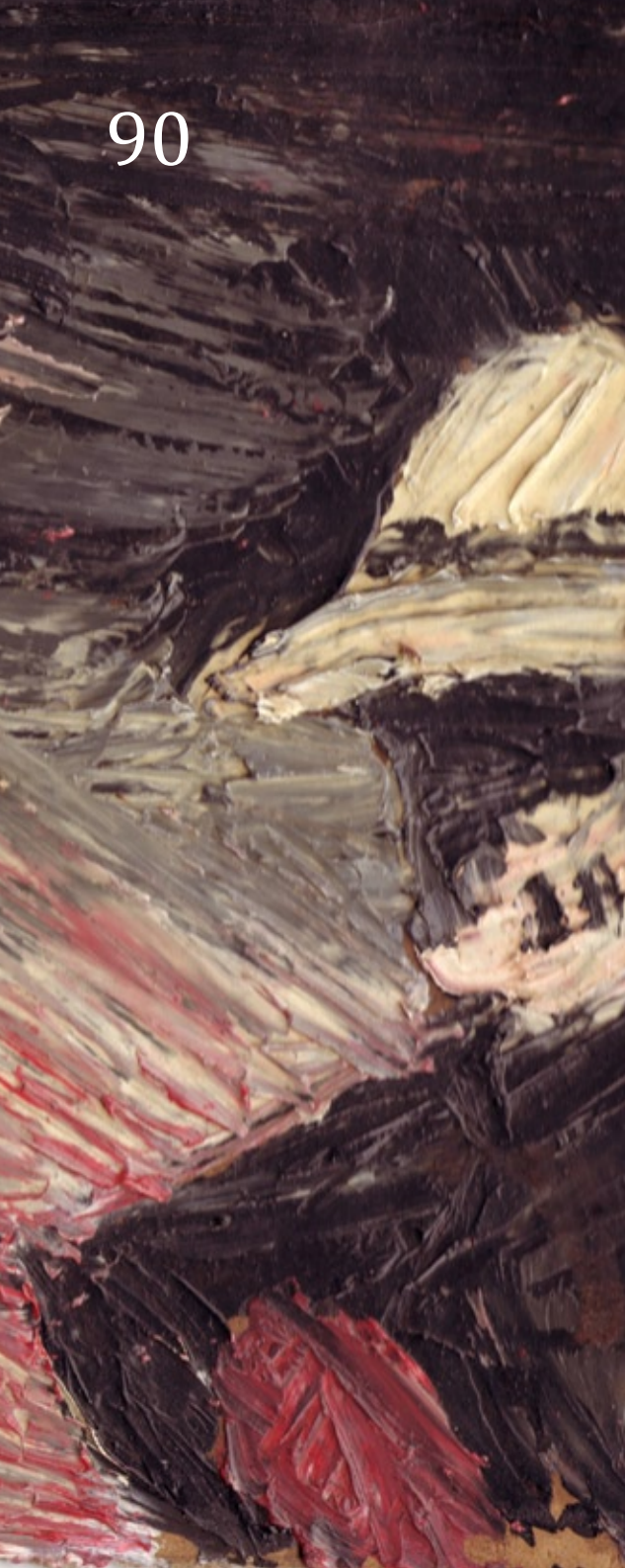
'What of the children?' he says to no-one in particular, raising his arms like a martyr and speaking to the sky. 'What of their loins?' He pauses, arms still raised. 'My lot? Who is my lot? Do I have a lot?' And then, arms descending, '[Bethany](#)? The birth place of [Lazarus](#).' Another pause. 'Sort of thing.' Dawdles forward. 'She's met Keats!' – And then, with rapture – 'Keats in Bethany. Jesus in Bethany' – Even

**Bethany:** *proper noun (1) (Biblical) The village where Jesus stayed before going to Jerusalem and being crucified. (2)(Biblical) The village where Lazarus, Mary and Martha lived (Bible, John 11 v. 1) (3)(Biblical) Mary of Bethany, sometimes identified as Mary Magdalene.*

*Wiktionary*  
(accessed 31 July 2008)

**Lazarus:** *proper noun (1) (New Testament) A man, the brother of Mary and Martha, brought back to life by Jesus after being in the tomb for four days. (2)(New Testament) A beggar in a parable told by Jesus Christ.*

*Wiktionary*  
(accessed 31 July 2008)



more absurdly – ‘Keats *is* Jesus! Our Saviour!’ – Claps his hands – ‘That was [Mary](#). Mother Mary. Our Saviour’s mother.’

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 [Voice over:] *It was that simple. The easiest riddle he had ever solved. Keats and Jesus were one in the same thing. At this rate he would soon be a man of the cloth and staking claim to a parish. This he immediately set about finding. To confirm his suspicions and take his throne.*

*The Emissary.*

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After ambling about the fringes for several hours, taking first this lane, second that alley, next that ditch, then blindly entering the subterranean catacombs, sewers, and derelict bomb shelters, the madman emerges from a thicket in much the same place he began. Only this time it is different. The ambient light appears warmer and brighter with his exhaustion and delirium. Almost as if the clenched fist of Keats, on the one hand, and the bleeding palm of Christ, on the other, had somehow plucked him from the depths, like the rats their expert noses the condoms from the currents, and had led him to the gates of salvation itself. For there, no more than thirty yards hence, standing crookedly but upright, its stone walls crumbling, its two little windows blackened by soot, a ray of sunshine perhaps penetrating the gathering gloom, is the erect façade of a church: door ajar, beckoning.

A cry comes from within.

Heartened, the madman enters.

### Scene 60

[Setting:] A derelict church at the world’s end.

With a gob of spittle in his hands, the madman slicks back his wayward hair, pucks his lips, straightens his shoulders, and enters with all the grace of an outcast returning from exile. And stops.

For a dense fog remains. Through the gloom he discerns a room of deflated bodies slumped in buckled pews, and a short, stout, robed priest standing before them, screaming.

*Mary: proper noun (2) The Virgin Mary, the mother of Christ. (3) (Biblical) Several other women in the New Testament, notably Mary Magdalene and Mary of Bethany, the sister of Martha.*

*Wiktionary  
 (accessed 31 July 2008)*

**Lord's Prayer**  
Book of Common Prayer  
1928

Our Father, who art in  
heaven,  
Hallowed be thy Name.  
Thy kingdom come.  
Thy will be done,  
On earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily  
bread.  
And forgive us our tres-  
passes,  
As we forgive those who  
trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temp-  
tation,  
But deliver us from evil.  
[For thine is the kingdom,  
and the power, and the glory,  
for ever and ever.  
Amen.]

Wikipedia  
(accessed 31 July 2008)

Just screaming.

Falling silent, the priest ambles back and forth with deep lines deranging his face. At one point he stops abruptly, mutters the 'Lord's Prayer,' before stamping his left foot and shouting, 'Fucking crock!' at the top of his lungs. In the next instant he is imploring to the rafters above, 'Give me little holes to fuck and fondle – I haven't come in fifteen years, you wretched dog,' before stopping, raising his disturbed and anguished eyes, blinking solemnly, and simply screaming again.

Just screaming.

Even the madman rattles a bemused fist at the heavens, taken by the priest's elocution and countenance. After all, such epiphanies don't come along every day, and the madman knows a good argument when he hears one. 'Hear—Hear!' he cries. 'Bravo—'

But the priest cascades on unabated. Each prayer, the madman discovers, is an exoneration of the heinous perversions he has committed on the local children, particularly the mutant ones. The parishioners are none the wiser. Their heads hang in reverent appreciation, perhaps confusion, and most gnaw, when stirred, at their tethers rather than watch the priest fondle his stump, which he now makes no secret about hiding.

He merely stands there, disrobed, member in hand, **masturbat-  
ing**.

Jack sits at the back, absorbed. The priest, he grants, may be insane. His outbursts, for one, are a bit much. And that thing he does with his cock is simply grotesque. At one point Jack thinks the priest mutters under his breath, 'Strike me down, you scoundrel, I dare you,' but nothing comes of it. Jack peers up into the rafters and stained-glass windows in search of a divine dagger. Only a pigeon flaps around in the cobwebs above, bumping its head into walls, before it too gives up and simply sleeps on a sill. Jack watches the priest muddle on, how his temples teem with sweat and despair. Jack would applaud but for the hanging heads of the parishioners, who seem deep in spiritual reverie, like people in sleep.

*Masturbation: refers to sexual stimulation, especially of one's own genitals (self masturbation) and often to the point of orgasm, which is performed manually, by other types of bodily contact (except for sexual intercourse), by use of objects or tools, or by some combination of these methods. Masturbation is the most common form of autoerotism, and the two words are often used as synonyms, although masturbation with a partner (mutual masturbation) is also common. Animal masturbation has been observed in many species, both in the wild and in captivity.*

Wikipedia  
(accessed 31 July 2008)

**Atheism:**

An atheist is ... someone who believes there is nothing beyond the natural, physical world, no supernatural creative intelligence lurking behind the observable universe, no soul that outlasts the body and no miracles – except in the sense of natural phenomena that we don't yet understand. If there is something that appears to lie beyond the natural world as it is now imperfectly understood, we hope eventually to understand it and embrace it within the natural. As ever when we unweave a rainbow, it will not become less wonderful.

(Richard Dawkins,  
*The God Delusion*,  
2006, p. 35)

A child then stands up on a pew and pisses on his sister's lap. 'Holy water,' he cries. Another suddenly retches and vomits. 'Holy bile,' he splatters. And an old lady finds it fit to die.

'Fuck the world!' Jack erupts.

Suddenly there is a frenzy of bodies making for the door. Feet shuffling. Heavy breathing. Dust.

The priest dives for the pissing child, crying, 'Deliverance—'

Jack laughs. Then sighs. Then gives the old woman dead in the aisle a jolly good kick in the guts. His blood pumps. Veins stand up in his neck. And somehow all this seems to work, for he feels immediately better and capable of holding his head quite high. His humanity restored and his confidence renewed.

'Fuck the world,' he yells again.

The priest flops onto his bloated stomach and dust rises about his reddening jowls. Saliva hangs in strings from his bloodied lips.

'The world is *fucked*,' the madman yells, sinking a muddied boot into the bloodied face of the **Father**. And adds, 'Filthy fucking pervert.' And gives him another good boot.

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[Voice over:] *Yes, strengthened by self-assertion, by actually participating in the crimes of the world, Jack felt liberated. Not such a rebel. Not such a beacon of difference and contradiction. Not such an aberration. More like a sheep returning to the flock and giving as good as it got.*

*His second murder in as many hours an affirmation of freedom. He was free to kill at will.*

*And false prophets and righteous perverts were at the top of his MUST KILL list.*

*And this made him an enemy of himself.*

*And this unleashed fresh hoards of monsters into the Wasteland.*

*Both his Wasteland and the public Wasteland.*

*And this made the war even worse.*

*Already bodies were rotting at the borders as more figures were*



**Kill at Will**

Let me restate the point from which our analysis started: originally constructed to provide safety for all its inhabitants, cities are associated these days more often with danger than they are with security.

(Zygmunt Bauman, *Liquid Times*, 2007, pp. 76-77)

slain by the watchtower guards. Nothing would escape the Wasteland. No good self would be left standing. Only dis-ease and de-spair could exist within the stronghold of ego, not life itself.

He was de-regulating his identity(ies). Privatising his existence. And entering the war. The war of all against all. Self against self. Self against other:

*Just as his masters intended.*

Traditional *liberalism* had once honoured the Enlightened ideal of 'equality' as highly as the Enlightened ideal of 'individual liberty.' But *neo-liberalism* had sacrificed equality for the cult of individualism. Each individual was now free to fight for life. To fight for the spoils of capitalist strife. To float moral responsibility and *kill at will*.

*To participate or perish.*

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The dust settles. A corpse lies splayed and helpless on the wooden floor. Saliva pools around the open mouth. Yet no bruising appears in the beaten flesh.

Jack steps over the fallen and circles it. Even in death, the priest's concentration is bent on his cock, which has been torn beneath his ringed fingers. Fresh blood dots the dust at his feet. The madman is touched. Death and wreckage surround him once more.

'Pope!' he calls, prodding the corpse with a toe. 'Sort of thing. Pleased so ever to meet you. Diggins – Jack – Ambassador to God – Adviser to the Almighty – Spokesperson for the people – Finger to the pulse – Ear to the Ground – Diggins – At your service.' He bows extravagantly, and even waves a foppish hand as if to introduce a duke. His blank, phlegm-filled eyes, staring through life. Staring at the 'other' world.

On stage, before the eyes of the world, he awaits the applause of the cosmos.

The priest merely looks aghast, even in death. His blood soaked hand splayed before his startled eyes, before God.

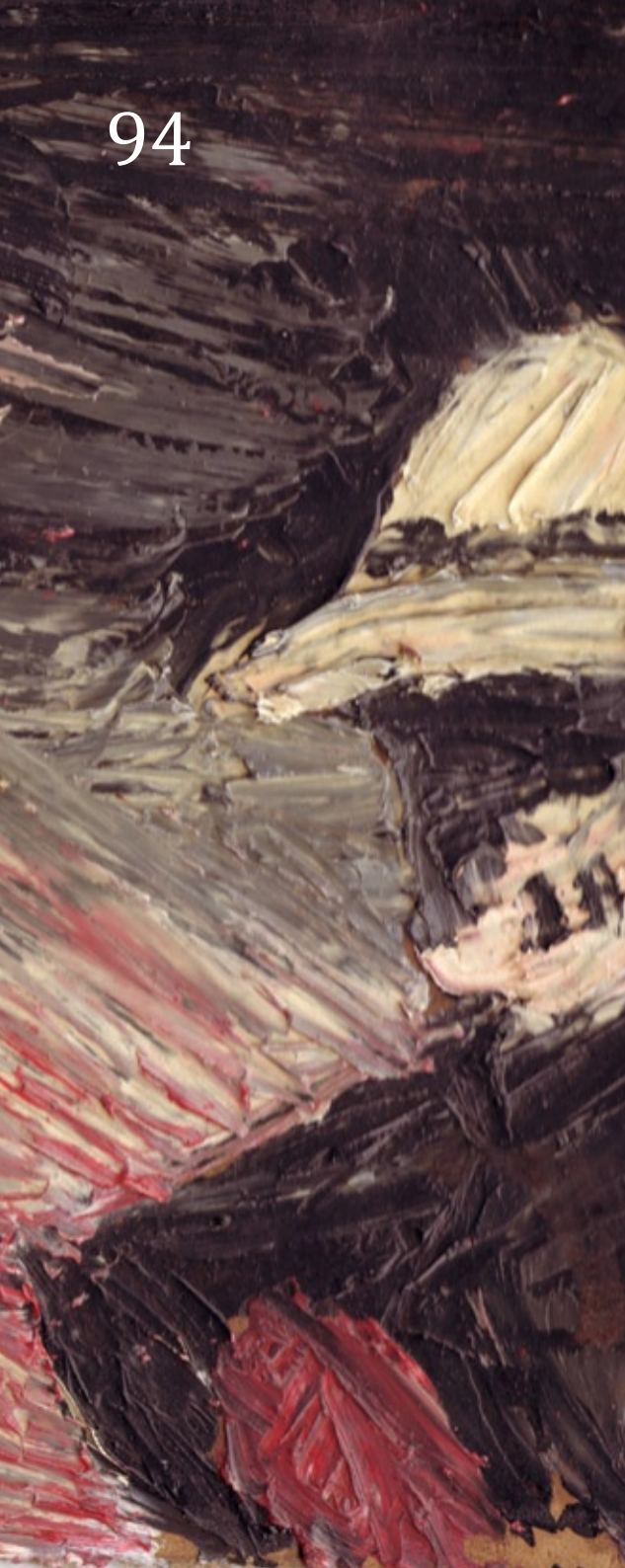
Jack comes to the point. 'I've found Jesus. And having found Je-

*Liberalism*: refers to a broad array of related ideas and theories of government that consider individual liberty to be the most important political goal. Modern liberalism has its roots in the Age of Enlightenment.

Broadly speaking, liberalism emphasizes individual rights and equality of opportunity. Different forms of liberalism may propose very different policies, but they are generally united by their support for a number of principles, including extensive freedom of thought and speech, limitations on the power of governments, the rule of law, the free exchange of ideas, a market or mixed economy, and a transparent system of government.

Wikipedia  
(accessed 31 July 2008)

*Neo-liberalism*: is a label for economic liberalism. Neoliberalism refers to a historically-specific reemergence of economic liberalism's influence among economic scholars and policy-makers during the 1970s and through at least the late-1990s, and possibly



sus, I've found Keats. And on finding Keats, I've found Bethany. And having found Bethany, I've found the Virgin Mary.' Here he stops, a twinkle in his eyes, and again bows. As no accolades are bestowed upon him, he continues, 'Pope! I have come to relieve you of your post and spread the good word.'

The priest whitens even more as the blood drains from his balls. His eyes glisten yellow. Visions perhaps come and go from his brain. The blood of Christ now thick about his craven fist.

Jack awaits his coronation, for he has an exotic idea that his new post will come with a crown. Or a sceptre. Or a robe. Or magical powers. Or something other than the buffoon decaying before him. Slightly miffed, he continues:

'Pope, sir, when you're good and ready.'

The pope's gonad moves against his thighs, reeling from life. A ripple spreads through the leather folds and a gob of blood escapes the eye. The parting gesture of a holy man.

'Sir, in your own holy time,' Jack continues. 'Before you faint.'

Having gone down this path before, the madman changes tack. 'Fucking pervert! When you're good and damned ready, cunt,' – and then – 'Dog fucker,' but loses his way. A new idea suddenly presents itself. 'Try a thumb up the arse—'

Roaches gather in the slicks of blood.

A pigeon dies in the rafters.

The madman stands alone, calm and stoic, and considers his new quarters: the six neat rows of pews, the beautiful if tacky windows depicting Christ and his flock, the pigeon shit, the pulpit, the throne – *where is the throne?* Again the madman is miffed. How can he rule without a throne? It will be a travesty. A sham. This, he concludes, will need to be seen to. He straightens the crucifix overlooking the lectern and continues to peruse his new post. Several icons will need a fresh coat. Blood will need to be dabbed about Jesus' feet and palms. And on his head, beneath the thorns. He wonders: would it be going too far

*into the present (its continuity is a matter of dispute). This term also refers to a political movement in which prominent members of the American left ... embraced some conservative positions such as anti-unionism, free market economics, and welfare reform. ...*

*In many respects, the term is used to denote a group of neoclassical-influenced economic theories and libertarian political philosophies which believe that government control over the economy is inefficient, corrupt or otherwise undesirable.*

*Wikipedia  
(accessed 31 July 2008)*



to add a spear to the display, say one lodged in the ribs? Perhaps some hanging entrails from an open wound just below the bellybutton? Or – and now he smiles – perhaps he could have the sculpture disembowelled for maximum effect. Then thinks better of it.

Thinks of a new day.

Thinks of everything.

All at once.

Standing at the lectern, hands clasped firmly to its edges, looking out over his dominions. Long, sweeping gazes he casts over the room, imagining the inspired, crying eyes of those that will fill it, their hands, clasped, rattling above their heads, the shouts, the joy, the spontaneous outpourings of adulation, people bowed and on their knees as his trembling but assured hand rests on their heads. The sudden convulsions of those he miraculously restores to health and sight. Their open arms as they rise to touch and embrace him. The children, like lambs, loins intact, bleating their tributes. Ah, such days, he can already see and feel them, and his little heart beats with a new rigour.

But at present he has to deal with that corpse in the third row.

And the one at his feet.

For even the freedom to kill and play God has its attendant barrage of guilt and hysteria. A pressing feeling of falsity. Like his true person has been hijacked by a maniac. Like he is walking around without a soul, or a conscience, or feelings, or direction, in language itself. Like he is just an ego attempting to transmute everything to his will. (Ekphrasis.)

But failing, and falling short of perfection.

And suffering the diabolical and insufferable feeling that nothing he does or gains is actually making anyone or anything better or different. In fact, he feels worse for each and every thing he does.

His conclusion: *he is meaningless.*

*And god (no capital) is even more meaningless than he.*

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*Ekphrasis: or ecphrasis is the graphic, often dramatic description of a visual work of art. In ancient times it referred to a description of any thing, person, or experience. The word comes from the Greek ek and phrasis, 'out' and 'speak' respectively, verb ekphrazein, to proclaim or call an inanimate object by name.*

*Ekphrasis has been considered generally to be a rhetorical device in which one medium of art tries to relate to another medium by defining and describing its essence and form, and in doing so, relate more directly to the audience, through its illuminative liveliness. A descriptive work of prose or poetry, a film, or even a photograph may thus highlight through its rhetorical vividness what is happening, or what is shown in, say, any of the visual arts, and in doing so, may enhance the original art and so take on a life of its own through its brilliant description. One example is a painting of a sculpture: the painting is 'telling the story of' the sculpture, and so becoming a storyteller, as well as a story*

**The Language Place:**

Clearly, we are dealing with a particular conception of language, a new name to an old phenomenon: language as a place, a homeland that never leaves us and we always come back to; a mother tongue that is a 'sort of mobile habitat, a garment or a tent...a second skin you wear on yourself'. Language as the last condition of belonging, the most mobile of personal bodies, my cellular phone that I carry 'on me, with me, in me, as me ... a mouth, and ear, which make it possible to hear yourself speaking'.

(Awad Ibrahim, *The Question of the Question is the Foreigner*, *Journal of Curriculum Theorizing*, Winter 2005, p. 153)

[Voice over:] *Because language goes all the way down (Richard Rorty). Down to the very depths of his imaginary being. He has no access to an extra-linguistic reality or language-less God. There is no 'outside' the text (Jacques Derrida). In this world, in this economy, both verbal and financial, he has only himself—and this self, if it is a self, is hardly his either—for it, like the language that makes it, is public (even when private). For it is already written—beyond the page, beyond the body, beyond the mind—by generations of 'speaking subjects' and 'subjects-in-process' (Julia Kristeva), by traces of traces and signs of signs (Jacques Derrida), all circulating in the 'logosphere' of life and amounting to naught (Roland Barthes). To him. A public self imagining itself as private and essential. A mind and body destitute on earth. Trapped in language and the sedimentation of history. And the only tools he has to overturn this heritage are those given to him by the heritage itself, by the undecidable nature of signs themselves. For he is already in language—in culture, in play—by the time he asks the question. By the time he questions the apparatus through which his psyche is 'subjected' and his identity is 'born(e)'. By the time he questions the systems that enable him to think and feel at all.*

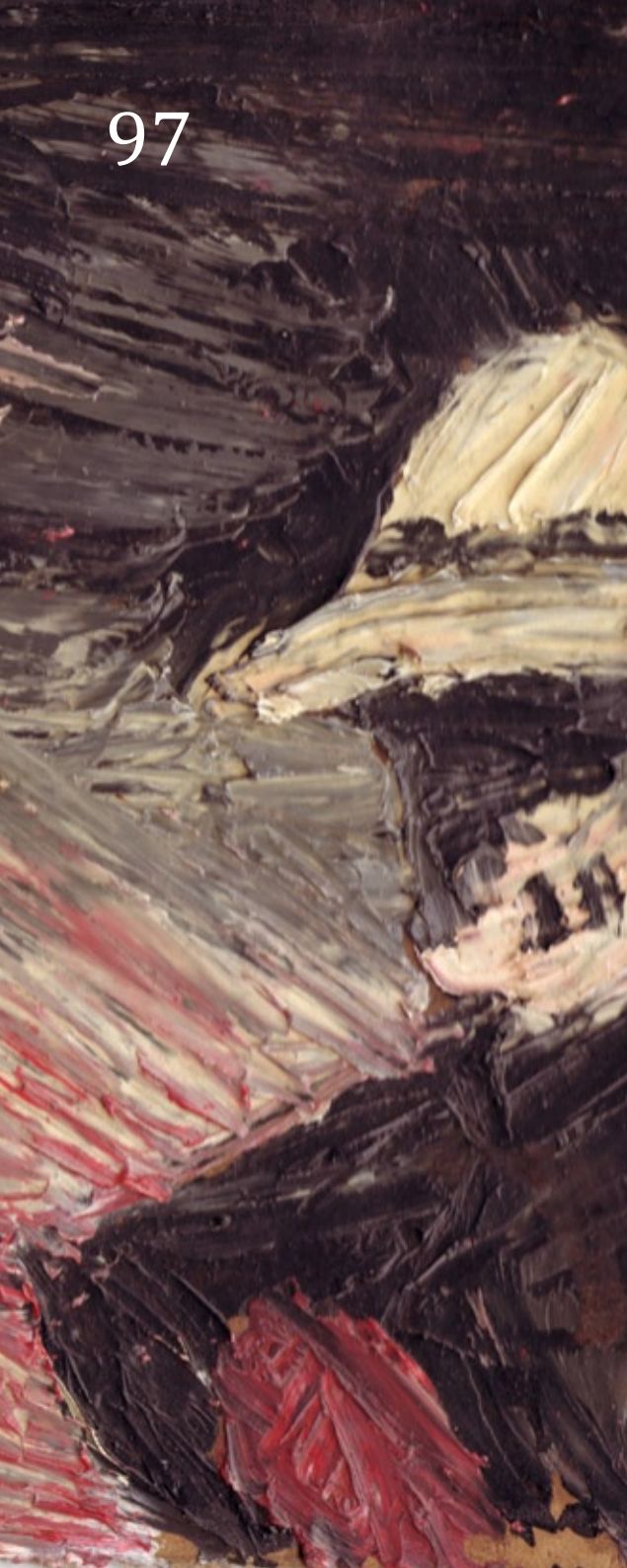
*His only option is to use these very tools against themselves, to re-describe and re-write the wor(l)d from the inside out. To think to the very edges of thought and language. To use existing concepts in different ways. To turn life into art and art into life (Michel Foucault). To push the boundaries to the brink of collapse. To push the boundaries to the outer limits and beyond. To play. Ironise. Question. And deride.*

*(work of art) itself.*

**Notional Ekphrasis:**

*may describe mental processes such as dreams, thoughts and whimsies of the imagination. It may also be one art describing or depicting another work of art which as yet is still in an inchoate state of creation, in that the work described may still be resting in the imagination of the artist before he has begun his creative work. The expression may also be applied to an art describing the origin of another art, how it came to be made and the circumstances of its being created. Finally it may describe an entirely imaginary and non-existing work of art, as though it were factual and existed in reality.*

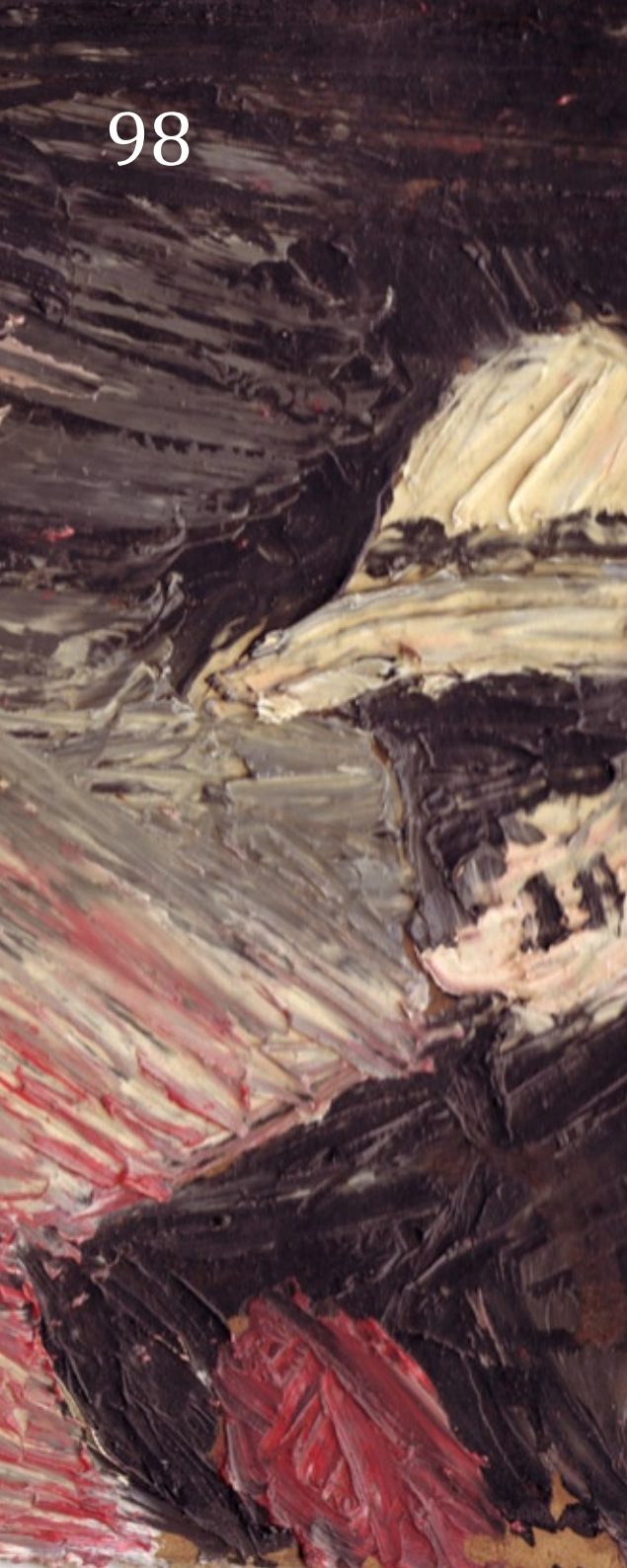
*Wikipedia  
(accessed 31 July 2008)*



### The Waste Land

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow  
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,  
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only  
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,  
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,  
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only  
There is shadow under this red rock,  
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),  
And I will show you something different from either  
Your shadow at morning striding behind you  
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;  
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

T.S. Eliot, 1922  
Extract



### Bullet In The Head

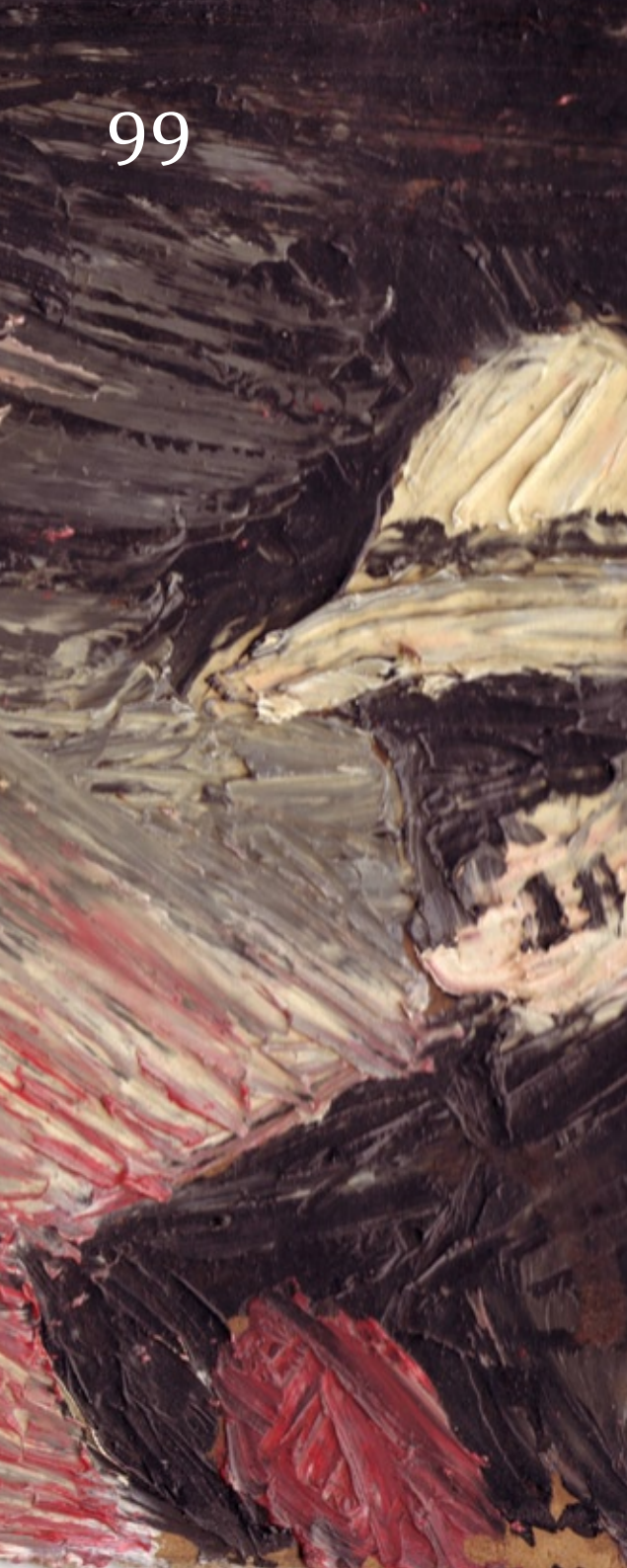
I give a shout out to the living dead  
Who stood and watched as the feds cold centralised?  
So serene on the screen  
You was mesmerised  
Cellular phones soundin' a death tone  
Corporations cold  
Turn ya to stone before ya realise

They load the clip in omnicolour  
Said they pack the 9, they fire it at prime time  
The sleeping gas, every home was like Alcatraz  
And mutha fuckas lost their minds

Just victims of the in-house drive-by  
They say jump, you say how high  
Just victims of the in-house drive-by  
They say jump, you say how high ...

No escape from the mass mind rape  
Play it again jack and then rewind the tape  
And then play it again and again and again  
Until ya mind is locked in  
Believin' all the lies that they're tellin' ya  
Buyin' all the products that they're sellin' ya  
They say jump and ya say how high  
Ya brain-dead  
Ya gotta fuckin' bullet in the head

Rage Against the Machine, 1992



What we all seem to fear, whether suffering from ‘dependent depression’ or not, whether in the full light of the day or harassed by nocturnal hallucinations, is abandonment, exclusion, being rejected, blackballed, disowned, dropped, stripped of what we are, being refused what we wish to be. We fear being left alone, helpless and hapless.

Zygmunt Bauman, *Wasted Lives*, 2006, p. 128

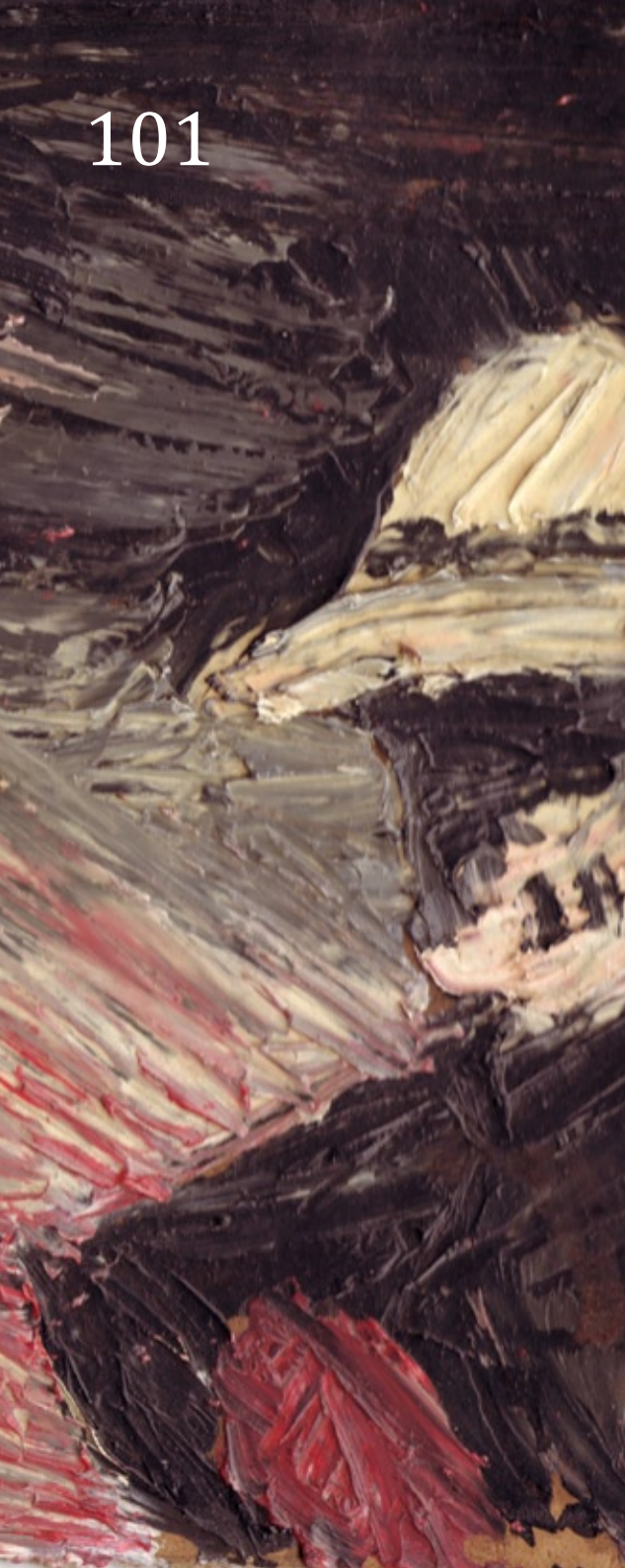
Settle for nothing now and you settle for nothing later.

100





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*The War of All against All*