

Crime Show

6 July to 3 August, the Physics Room.

The crisis that is the safety zone. Plastic Eden, the original sin is on display. Calling dangerous freedom.

Art law, the laws of art. The crime, the transgression. The fall from grace. Punishment. Learning how to fall, how to land, how to stabilise, climb, leap... No matter what we do we are always here. "Who is judge?" This life is the task of love.

Hone Heke tells **Raskolnikov** the Russian student to use his hatchet on a flag pole.

Daniel Malone drinks **Rose Selavy's** perfume. Copycat cool, the cool copycat, the New Zealand flag is my doormat. Flattery, come on, step me into the floor. *Back to the future*, blank. Art halt. The crime of imitation. Who said they could not be imitated? We both are and are not. **Pierre et Gilles** **Kylie Minogue** side saddle rip off of **Luke** (I want to see you in court) **Roberts's** *My childhood vision of Mother Mary MacKillop galloping past the Alpha convent bringing more joeys to central Western Queensland.* The mission, more joeys. The future! Giving up. Going nowhere and happy. Make the made. Give up NZ, It's All OK(not). Blessed indulgence. Flagging the future. Kerplunk, punk. I ain't no human bean. Burn our clothes on the new day's freedom and go swimming. My Arts School vision of the adolescent Maui Solanas going fucking crazy with an I AM for forty dazed days and nights, writing doubt in shit across the sky, bleeding rivers, and then taking us all to heaven of the back of a whale.

The Italian Aids gang pull off another Bank Job. **Marilyn Monroe** leaps off the giant H, setup? What? Wasted. **Paul Johns**, reversed, he counts his pearls. Love beads, numbering off, one, two, three... mother! *Censored*, hard red. Strawberry jam on a

contrasts. Light and dusk. Half hidden mystery rooms/ mystery messages. Secrets. If you've looked really carefully you've seen two small words - one at each end. A little "man", and a little "woman" - float in the big silver expanse/wide sea. Nevernever land. More than a reference to public toilets enroute Intercity-loos at Oamaru. Do I read this as some sad, lost sexuality? Swim around in this brick world. Dissolve where they are written. Into.

Maybe, in fact, these small words / big words, annoy

me. (Decided this on another day. Things change). Names - call me back and tie me down - to too much. Controlling and bossy. Ignore them and fall back. Dreams are free.

You know, the whole thing is moving. Hovers. Swimming and swarming - ant bricks. Small tricks, small pleasures. Happy travels. This swimmer flounders. It's clever. And I mean it.

Picture this.
20 billion bricks.

Fuck me days.
It's a big thing that is little things that is big.
And beautiful.

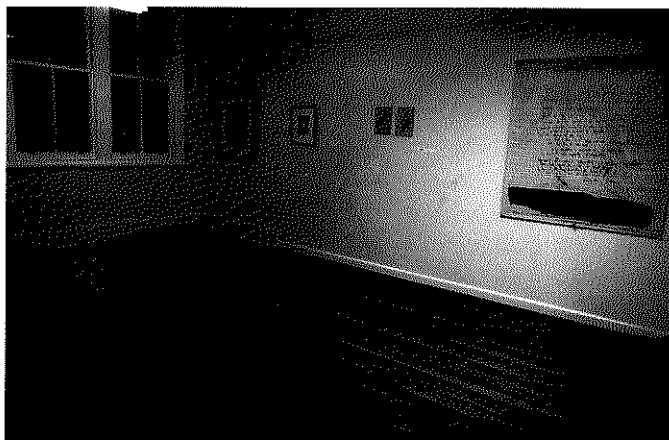
by **M. Cloud**
(and flying)

Patric Tomkins, 'Bricks': Pencil and paint on doors 76cmx390cmx3.6cm, at The High Street Project

Placed over the doorways into the two small rooms. No bullshit. Sure of itself and meaning it. Crisscross/christ cross - viewing at chest height. It goes like this - it is on the doors that were there. Vertical to horizontal- this sky spins. So you can't get in- physically. A barrier of sorts as brick walls can be. Try conceptual entry- spacey ways. Stand in the big room and stare. Lean against the opposite wall - dreamer.

A barrier and an opening. Oscillates between. Can that be? I had a barrier opening feeling. 20 billion bricks and more bricks behind. These two rooms you can see into- they have brick walls too. They were terracotta, now painted white. To keep things simple. Bricks on bricks. Bricks forever. For a moment - two weeks - High Street - you, me - had a slice of infinity. It's fleeting.

I notice one room is darker. A quiet play with



Above: Crime Show, The Physics Room

Caravaggio cupid. The bird of prey eats cock. Faceless head eating loaded juice unit in style. Headless body arched savage, one arm action. Full throttle love machines, posed. Wristwatch timing, lights, action. The camera. What can you see? Hunger. This obsession, losing myself. Flesh addict.

Death on credit. A hole to my heart, I bleed. *Tainted Love*. The *Veil* held up. The shroud of Turin, the martyrs wounds. The cloth becomes the picture plane. Enlarged, close-up. The lunch is naked. Dry blood.

Raphael's veiled woman, we're talking very mysterious. Hide my face. Burn the love letter, obsession. The poet leaps to her death from the cliff top, she always loved to swim in the sea. **Fiona Pardington** lovesick. "Once love deceives the eyes, which are the true spies and gatekeepers of the soul, she slips through the passageways, travelling imperceptibly by way of the veins to the liver where she suddenly imprints an ardent desire for that object that is either truly lovable, or appears so." Jacques Ferrand, *A Treatise on Lovesickness*. Nothing hides. The lover's Why.

The mad deluded huge-moustached philosopher writes another love letter to eternity hammering home another self inflicted headache. Infinite repetition. The lie is a lie. **L.Budd**, *Cause in Search of an Effect*. Never landing. Coming in out of the abstract. I dream of crimes unspeakable, impossible, unknowable. The mad rant, scribbled out, the dreamer is an outlaw. I came down out of my ivory tower and found no world. Contemplating the clouds in my head, losing it, whatever it is. Blind. Lawless.

I am a nigger of the universe. I can stick my fist up into the air because I don't give a shit. Fuck crime.

A Taste of Kiwi. Face on the forest floor, the taste of mud. Loose forward action. If a complete stranger suddenly gives you flowers, that's impulse. Throw back some beers. Hooker throws in. Fuck me up. Try time right under the posts here at **The Institute for Psycho Sexual Research**.

Kicking for touch. So obvious it hurts, yes. Scrum collapses to a cum shot review. Ruck me. Hold tight, lock in. Repression intensified to a transcendent release. The Genuine TV Kids loaded on acid wander the streets handing out free ammo.

BLAM *Necro Enema Amalgamated*. CD rom. Low-tech Hi-tech. Flicker cut chop. Bang, wham, thump, kapow. Dumb hit, on the offensive. Crude technical, shotguns in the sports bag padded out with tennis socks. Awkward motion through the liquid static crime city, learning to walk. Retarded interactive system of bad motion, stutters through itself, downloading porn. BLAM"BLAM" BLAM". Teenage sex scandal, criminal access, F.B.I necrophilia, psychotic smiles, poor resolution gun held to my face. Indulgence is so rewarding.

Kirsty Cameron, rubber stamps. Ink me up, peach-jelly. The scream clutch sucking, I suffocate in the universe. I must retreat into myself in order to love. Raw wonder. Fear. Everywhere people are in chains. *The Vagaries of her own Feminine Heart*. She drops the knife, outside the riot grows, surge to the west, gore sea glory. **Doris Day** blows her brains out with a shotgun. Her last words, "No apologies. Tell them I have gone to America." The brain is just the weight of God, they measure pound for pound. Silent screams, frozen, ready for reproduction (text book stuff). Alone, together. Nurse? Horror. Clutching. She said, better to perish with land in sight than

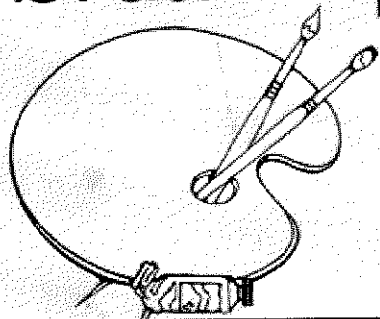
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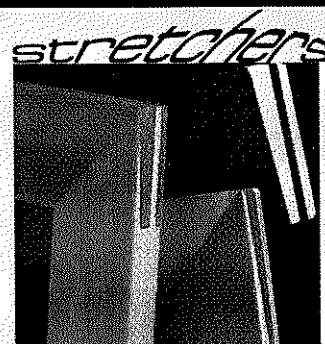
Janene Knox, the dreamy slow whip, *Monger*. Powerplay, metal and leather. A monitored world, shadows, projections. Take the law into your own hands. Awash, the trader crosses the border. Market thresholds, the limits of injustice... money for sex, sex for money. Rights in the face of exploitation.

Nail yourself to the cross. *Crucifixion*, the artist as self punishing. **Andrew Drummond**, martyr. This is the world, welcome to my world, where the fuck am I? At the centre of the cross. The crime of indecent exposure. **Pope John Paul** with a low polaroid angle, AD naked. Latex skin, torn off, getting off.

Stoned on duty. Racked, hung, guillotined, shot, gassed, electrocuted... Polaroids in plastic specimen bags, icons of the old new New Zealand art. No tree hill. Back to nature, original innocence. Illusions.

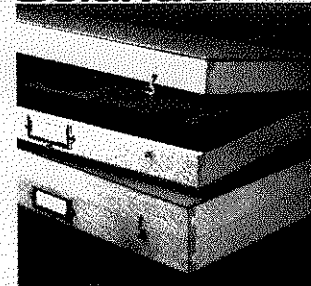
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