

Terry Craven and
Joan Fleming

AGAINST THE END /
REMAINDER

Kirsty Dunn, Kāhu Dunn,
Kommi Tamati-Elliffe and
Āio Te Uruao Tamati-Elliffe

Kato || Arero

Sancitya Mohini Simpson
The Inheritance

essa may ranapiri

Alba and the atua

Terry Craven and Joan Fleming

AGAINST THE END / REMAINDER

Thank you for the unbearable hello. We are only keeping track. The end you drop on a white page, shadows exact as the name of my life.

...

What obligations do we hold open? Living names graven alongside who brought them. They smell our traps: the draw of the fallen so easily human—silks, stomach, and breasts. The black accidental, also human. First conceded cause.

...

You know to thicken texture from loss, to conceive a way to order these takings into a dark broth. Bodies like black loops, loops, possible black on black on “beautiful”. With black-black, might a viewer ask, *Is there anything? Am I not?* A bucket filled with spin will not hold her balance. So many birds mean nothing.



Record of taking [] into the body 1 (2021)
420mm x 600mm
acrylic, chalk, oil pastel, and pencil on canvas

A set of minutes to the edge of drowning. Right up to the edge. Panic, this morning, was muddy with nothing. Worlds are risky, surely; empty of was. I observe you, small gesture: a black dot, thickening the entanglement. Fact: the sick land we happen on bites every want to belong.

...

Us us: complex pest, famous for nesting. A fine bag of disorder—binging on power—living where craving lives, in the lower path. A last night. A circle in dust. The dream's determination to exterminate, while the dog feeds.

...

What can a fledgling do against Rat's *anywhere*? Trees can't remove the mark, so painful to look at. Hubris, endless. The dissonant underneath names Nature *mine, supplier, waste*. The river beds pool in rich red and aqua green punishment.



Record of taking [] into the body 2 (2021)
420mm x 600mm
plaster, ink, acrylic, pencil, oil pastel, and soil
on canvas

I know we are the body. And if we, there, in the body
(where heat, fight, black, loss, and sleep keep piling
up) don't want to continue—;wild, sick, crumbled!—I
say that each dot was felt, as death sprouts a new
head of arriving blossoms.

The text—by Joan Fleming—is an erasure
of the polyphonic essay Joan and Terry
contributed to *Correspondence* 1.1. The
constraint Joan set was to keep all words
in their original order, though tense and
plurality could be altered. The paintings—
by Terry Craven—were made while
corresponding with Joan about how to take
the facts of mass extinction into the body.
Their correspondence spans Issue 1.1 and
Issue 1.2.



a new head of arriving blossoms (2022)
420mm x 600mm
acrylic, gouache, oil pastel, saharan storm
sand, and pencil on canvas