MYTH-SCIENCE I: The Subjects:

i *Hare*

Hare twitches and jerks his head up — smelling rain on its way.

He hasn't eaten for four days; hasn't tasted water for a day and a half (all this through choice… and as the suggested preparation).

Reaching down with one paw he releases his knife from its sheath and begins making the remembered markings on the post in front of him:

+/- +/- +/- +/- +/- +/- +/- +/- +/-

And then, sits back on his hind legs. And waits.

…

Something — a tangle of muted greens, yellows and reds — just about seen. Hare turns sharply: there sits Ribbonhead, cross-legged, head bowed, as if always there (which, of course, he is).

Hare swiftly averts his eyes and makes the requisite offerings: at this time, in this place, a bundle of ten pound notes. Then steps back.

Ribbonhead shuffles slightly, takes the money, and speaks:
"Two nights time, two miles east, over a river, under a bridge. See a knoll and walk towards. Behind, a quarry. Hear the tek-no-machine start its rack-kett. One there dances out-of-step and all askew. I SEE HIM."

The last spoken with some urgency and — could it be? — recognition.

Hare nods. Turns and hops back, limping, into the woods.

…

Hare sings his song as he goes about packing up his camp:

“Me-not-me-not-me-not!
Me-be-neither-nor
Not-this-not-that
Not-I-Not-me
Me be not a meal for a fat cat!
Me be a SLIPPERY-SLIP!”

Why does Hare sing this verse? Perhaps it’s the song that holds him together, that gives cohesion and consistency to an otherwise disparate collection of: gestures, habits, “thoughts”, noises, and so forth. After all, “Hare” is just a fiction, some-*thing* — a name that allows at least a little precarious continuity in a world that seems, to Hare, to have none…

Hare has no parents. In fact, has no community of which “he” could be said to be a part. But, from the other side, as it were, he is — and this is certainly his UNDER-STAND-DING — already a collective… a shifting scene that has taken a name.

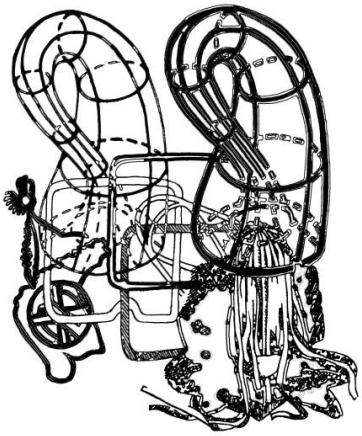
What does Hare want? Only to become background, to merge with the wood; to be in the world as water in water. But, like all his kind, he has raised his head above the earth and can never, fully, bow down. Indeed, his name announces this fact, this fundamental separation. He is at once a part of (where else could he be?) but apart from the world, which in his own perception and actions he processually re-creates with every moment…

At least, all this is the case, until NOW — and the discovery of THE TECKNOLOGY.

Now *other things* become possible… passageways become apparent in what were hitherto UNDER-STOOD as distinctly separate places and identities.

And it is this fact that has set Hare moving tonight: the possibility, at long last, of travel.

ii *Ribbonhead*



Once blazing coloured stripes adorned a head that was held up high; erect and proud. A paragon and a sign. Glittering and welcomed. Worshipped by some. Confident, single-pointed, unidirectional. Striding through town-and-country in its specifically neither-nor purpose.

If needed, then there he was. A new knot for marriages, births… and deaths. Watch: a twisting and turning, faster and faster — a rainbow-blur — and a different kind of trajectory is set (at least, for those static beings who chose to follow *that* path).

But, now, in other — darker — times; fallen and fallow. Mould, mildew and a stoop. Shuffling from a-here-to-a-there… restless and — he would perhaps admit this — resigned. Living on hand-outs when freely given (he no longer offers anything in exchange), or roots and bark when not. Drinking, always drinking…

Still, Ribbonhead remains — despite his own wishes — a reader of signs and divinations. A vast bodily intelligence broods beneath the browning ribbons, patchy and intermittent. But still with scope; still able to *see*.

…

Ribbonhead sits, knees drawn up, at the edge of the quarry — OUT-OF-IT —

and travels…

Look close and see his fingers moving tightly and deftly, at a speed at odds with his stillness: tying a cord. Knots and loops, loops and knots… a shape, then — as if from NO-WHERE — a stunted figure is formed. Blackened and brittle; a smell of charcoal and milk. It steps forth and speaks softly, then loud:

“A marking has been made by the Hare. Time to WAKE UP!”

Having delivered its message IT sprints to the hills — eager to taste, at least for an hour perhaps, EXIST-TANCE…

…

Ribbonhead takes another swig and reclines — collapses — back onto the bank of shale.

And THINKS:

(…a line between not about or afore… curling, spiraling, testing… takes shape… and direction… becomes razor-sharp: cuts… then folds… cuts… then folds…)

And, suddenly, Ribbonhead understands: it will be in THIS quarry and under THIS moon — but at another time.

And for the first time in quite a while, Mister Ribbonhead gets up and begins the long walk…

iii *Fox-Owl*

Suffocated by a symbollik that was not of his own magicking he fashions a mask from the things at hand that will be of him and not for him. Two punched eyeholes, pointed ears. Feathers. A face, at least of sorts, but one not formed on the usual mold.

On his head it goes, tied tight, and: silence. Or, perhaps, a quiet babbling, a murmuring with no words.

Fox-Owl — for it is indeed he at his genesis — speaks, at last:

"Fux-Rowl me is KNOT! No more human-time fur! This one is GONE!"

And, all-of-a-sudden, darts away into the dark under-growth.

…

To make the spell two are needed, so as the-in-between can be made and not trapped within alreadies. A lonely TECK-NE this is — but, let's admit, always singular in its results. A capture and an exchange produces a difference.

Nothing escapes the central processing machine that is set up on high. All has its very PARR-TICKK-KU-LARR code (Fox-Owl included, albeit that his is a *little* scrambled). This is not a return to a pre-modern scene; but neither does Fox-Owl herald an easy way beyond the impasses of the present. All one can say — at a pinch — is that, like the past that is his milieu, he survives and subsists.

But, so what? No-one is about to listen to this FILL-LOSS-SO-FEE: Fox-Owl is already moved on, is attending to something else more pressing: the building of a treehouse — (or nest, why not?) — from which to watch the goings-on of the quarry, yes, but also other goings-on a little closer to home.

…

Two days later and it's done: a house for this particular FUX. All uneven and liable to crash, it nevertheless serves its simple purpose as a place to bring the nuts and berries, the occasional dead vole…

A FUX sits and watches the comings and goings — the risings and fallings of his own subtle bodies. With a strength that is animal in its dumbness he resists the call of pain and pleasure, dwells in a no-where-and-no-place of non-reactivity. At the very tip of the apex he be taut and well-strung… an instrument to be played by the external *and* internal winds…

What there then? What tune? Certainly not one that can be heard by one-who-is-too-firmly-in-the-world… but rather, at last, a call from an Outside, which — and this is NOT new information — is also an Inside; is itself *further away than any Outside*…

iv *King John*

"Do they Owe us a Living? Of course they FUCKING DO!"

A sound-system all-set-up-and-ready-to-go in late summer in a quarry (see below). Figures sat huddled in groups around the cliff edges. At 3am the noise is cranked up — a jump-start with a sub-bass… repetitive beats… GABBA GABBA GABBA… ALL HAIL THE GREAT GOBBLER!

… things start to happen…

King John, naked from waist up,
His broken body, temporarily healed and fluent,
Moving at a speed much faster than everything else,
But also, slower-than-slow, every move considered yet automatic,
in tune with trees and stones and the stars…
communicating…

On his back, tattooed high up but now fading:

CRASS: YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD

Lower down, and elsewhere, other stranger — but more banal — tattoos. John's stupid archive.

In this particular brain-body assemblage there is a new foreign agent adding its own code to the mix — impure and locally manufactured it accelerates its host:

I-am-you-and-you-is-me-and-we-are-all-TOO-GEVVER!

Over and over and over and over and over and over…

THIS place, THIS time — a privileged point — a gathering *sub specie aeterni*.

King John chomps his brown teeth, grimaces through his greying beard, hands and fingers spin like windmills, feet shuffle throwing up clouds of chalk dust… something is indeed being transmitted. A diagram of sorts is being drawn by this body-sound-landscape in this quarry tonight…

…

A particular ratio between life and death, the entity in question lives an oscillating, intensive state that identifies itself with different named things — tries them on for size (it ain't got nothing better to do!). At certain times catatonic: frozen and collapsed… and then, when the OTHER-THING-INSIDE has the upper hand, a blur of movement, swifter than swift… and… IT'S AWAKE!

…

King John once had a queen. All his opposite she were. Light on her feet and quick to laugh: a diagram drawn with a fainter pen; and always in movement, outline never fixed, being endlessly RE-drawn… What can one say?

The two of them together made quite a sight.

This bit of history is only relevant to the extent that John's dance is his attempt at mimicking hers. An attempt to MOVE ACROSS to another perspective, or, lets be clear, to inhale a common air, to draw, at last, the DOUBLE-DIAGRAM…

MYTH-SCIENCE II: The Objects

i *The Devil's Arrow*

Surrounded by the nodding corn and spotlit, when clouds allow, by a Hunter's Moon: a standing stone twenty feet tall, tapering, grooved…

There is no single time, but many times all co-existing,
a patchwork of:
Pasts in the present; of
Futures in the present,
all pinned together at certain privileged points, like this one.

The Devil's Arrow cannot be *understood* because: there is *no-thing* to understand. But it has been 1. Intended; it has 2. Function; it has 3. Direction — albeit that this 1. Cannot be fathomed. 2. Cannot be easily switched on. And 3. *Cannot be found inscribed on any man-made compass*.

Hence the stone's most peculiar contemporaneity: it is not for us at all, but has been hurled forwards from a past, or — it comes to the same thing — hurled backwards from a future, into our own time.

A spatio-temporal quilting point then — of sky and land *but also* of land and myth *but also* of myth and non-myth *but also* of non-myth and void *and also* of their time and our time *but also* of human time and geological time *but also* of time and no-time.

…

Three dreams happened here to cement this working collaboration: 1. A circle of children, all garlanded, holding hands around the stone's base and chanting in tongues. 2. The corpse of a recently killed deer flung on top, blood running down the striations of the stone. 3. A single figure — out of time and out of luck — stranded in a summer that is long gone (but that is also a prophecy for those who can read such things).

This stone operates in *many* worlds, but only in this one is it, truly, what is seen. And *what* is seen, as has been said *many many* times before (but is so very rarely heard) is

the proverbial tip of something MASSIVE. It is a point upon which something slowly turns…

…

The Devil's Arrow plays its part in the drama that unfolds in the quarry — it is, afterall, *sub*-adjacent to it. It is a *character*, an intensive state, albeit *one that does not itself act*. It watches and then, just once, make its intervention via a medium of flesh and blood who, of course, does not know what plays them (although this particular actant certainly *feels something*).

ii *The Long Man*

On a hillside a Dodd-Man with two sticks of uneven length, measuring the way out of things. Off kilter with the what-is he continues with his task, oblivious to any phase-shifts in human endeavours.

A strange relation to those that made him: drawn in chalk, then abstracted out, pro-jected, become deity. Caused, but now a further final cause himself of his progenitors: YOU FUCKING MADE ME!

This Dodd-Man is now, also, a repository of desire for something that is not of the usual telematic standardisation or of web 2.0 and its offspring — hence the seasonal gatherings around his feet and at his groin, all of which he despises.

When the figure was first drawn — in that first act of violence against the hill — no-one could have predicted that this particular diagram precisely re-activated an older sigil in exactly the same place; nor that this man, too, would be barren.

But, how else could it be? To draw a figure on a landscape that has already been surveyed by an eye that sees figures *everywhere*. No face was drawn. But still: *all-too-human*.

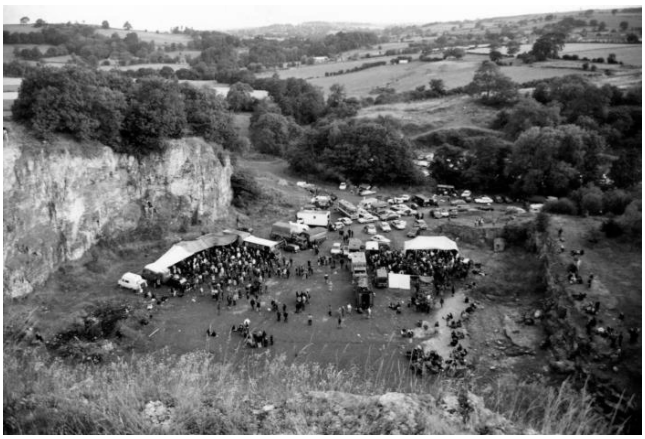
So, on the near side, figures *like him* but quicker and — he feels — *better*. On the other, cold flint and chalk at odds with the organic but, and this would make him cry had he eyes, *that from which his very contours take shape*.

But this is not a lament! The Long Man knows of what he is, and the tears — if they ever came — would not be of any sadness.

…

Like his cousin the stone (see above) this chalk man pins together worlds and times. But unlike that cousin he longs to join one or the other… no longer to be suspended between. ANYTHING but this neither-nor that is seen by his manufacturers as the very core of their creative act.

iii *The Quarry*



At the edge of the trees
a third and final human
intervention — more recent,
but still an old, deep scar,
forming a shallow basin: a
natural amphitheatre.

What else is here?
Smell of damp fern,
old workings,
a hill riddled with voids,
the occasional burst of a
sound-checking TECK-NO
machine.

Contra the received information it is a quarry *and not a ruin* that is in the realm of things as an allegory is in the realm of thought. The quarry evidences the desire for something *beneath the surface*…

But a quarry is not only a sign but also a thing-in-itself; here, a *venue* for a gathering of its own — this time, a rave…

A frame of scaffolding holds turntables and a collection of random lights; a spray-painted banner strung between announcing a project and a destination:

MYTH-SCIENCE

Hitherto housed in the urban sprawl or in a truck when on-the-move, now laid out — operational — in this particular pit: an addition to this site's history, and thus an accretion rather than an extraction, it is welcomed by the quarry.

Figures move in and around, involved in the many technical and other mechanical tasks required to set the scene for an event such as this.

Vehicles all parked, tarpaulins pulled taught.

Number 3 starts a generator as numbers 4 and 5 prepare other — more unstable — ingredients…

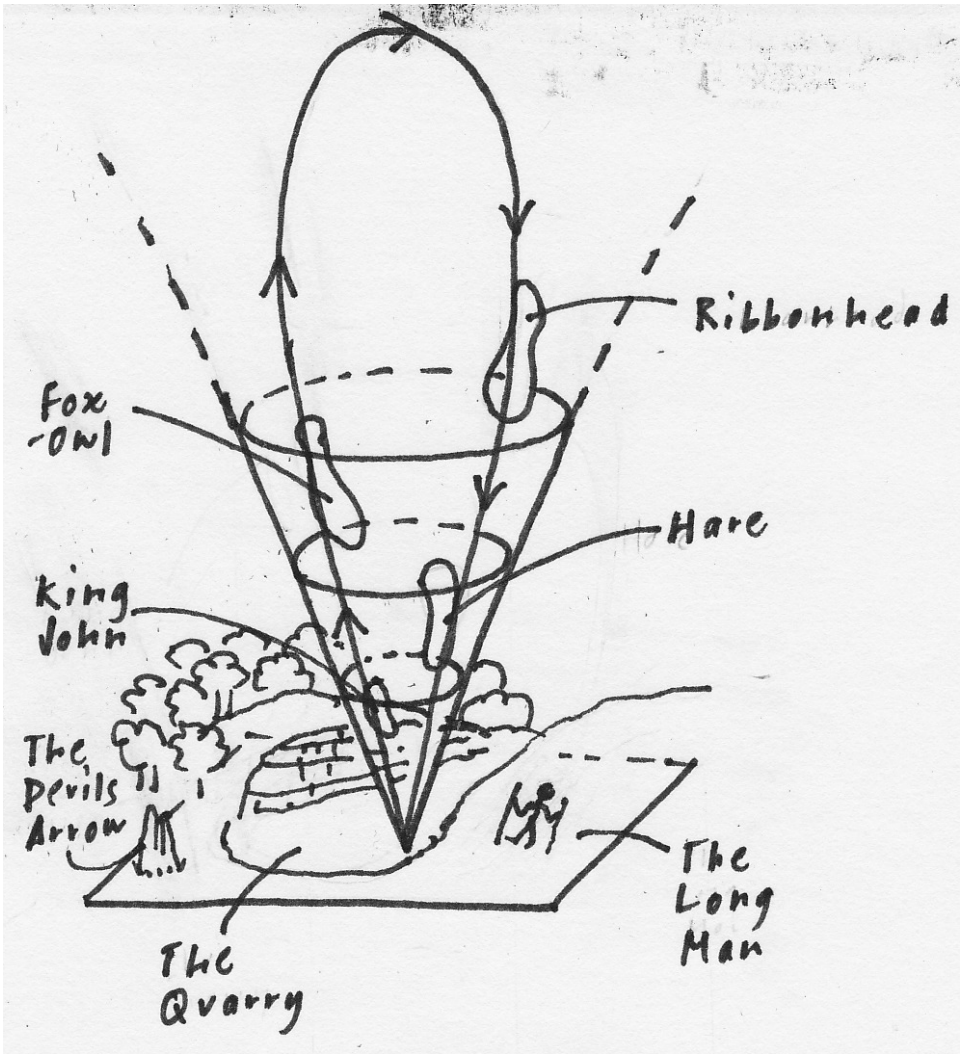
The scene is set. The diagram is SLOWLY being drawn… the assemblage SLOWLY begins to tip…

…

The sound travels, but only so far… if you're looking for this place then you are already tuned into the sound it radiates; you are on the CORRECT-SCANNING-FREQUENCY.

Certainly it draws some forth and provides for them a platform, of a kind, upon which, at last, a larger diagram can be drawn between them all…

iv *The Diagram*



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MYTH-SCIENCE

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