



Ruins

Hollingsworth

Two

Colquhoun

At first it was very hard the first two days were very boring very painful and I realised I wasn't anywhere near the end and I didn't see how I could go on but by the end of the middle of the second week I had begun to establish a routine and I began to sort of enjoy it there my days were full and very rich and I had a peaceful feeling and as ***** neared ending near closing I started feeling regret about leaving I started feeling like I wanted to stay and I actually considered staying but I knew that if I stayed that that I would be forced to leave anyway and that people would have considered me crazy I mean I knew that that they were going to end up for me but the fact that I was tempted and that I was very seduced into it to me that is the strangest part of this piece some of the energy I think of what was going on in my head was sort of conveyed to the other people I had a strange power around me sort of like a bubble or a repulsive magnet most people wouldn't come close to me in fact most people seemed frightened

Jim Colquhoun, January 2010

On the floor of a blackboard black space black drapes hang floor to ceiling
this terrain
intense white light haze as if illuminated by a million light sources - a banzai
Compelled to move but slowly, so very slowly inching across the floor, bare-chest
could feel finding traction on the gritty surface, prone, moving into the intensity of
blinding light filling eyes, beginning to perceive other elements, shifting
imperceptibly senses awaken, ears are filled with a pulse, a very low frequency
powerful loud, marking time like a heart beat, above this hovers another sound
changing as moving, intense flittering resonances, piercing high then low,
physically felt in bodices moving toward an illuminated white band that glows
intensely, sound and pitch rising in moving to efforescent light, a hard brittle
substance, sound and pitch rising in moving to efforescent light, a hard brittle
moving forward a shifting field of white - this terrain, An instrument, a type of
stylus, white light enters a retina, sight is white light, intense electrical field of
bubbling noise, a TV screen, a sea of white noise, or pink, or blue, proximity to the
light and pitch ratchets higher, physically, hard and slightly warm, pitch altering, a
subtly, all the time this shifting opposition of light dark, black white, a continuum,
field of energy, entropy, heat death of the universe and nothing and another
resonance on the field of sound, The light shows the way, the sound hocks, like a
madness that cannot be spoken, the sound eradicates all else, then a low thro

