Open Moments

A C Evans

Argotist Ebooks
Open Moments
NOT ANOTHER POEM

About a life-changing personal experience!
Who cares about your trivial existence?
Why are your reactions so interesting?

Try to write about nothing,
The non-space where being finds itself alone
And – guess what? – the world dissolves
Into slivers of freezing glass.

So, disown your talent,
Throw away your books,
Keep very quiet,

And write about nothing else.
SKIES IN HER EYES

Combine my hate with hers:
Her eyes reflect skies, and
These skies reflect lies – look
Up, look at her – flying high,
Look at her – outstretched wings,
Span miles of wild sky.
Ragged summits of bleached rock,
Yes, and her arid blue eyes.
FRAGILE

So fragile the laughter
Across lost space between us

My friend, your eyes (your
Life, your soul)

Hard bright following glare
No more (your life, your soul)

Not immortal but changing
Not immutable, but transformed

And

In the farthest distance now
The faded outline of your

Haunting smile.

White buildings blue sky
NO GESTURE

Relaxing by a pool
Thinking about
Poetry
A poetry of architecture
And fast cars
She stands there
Static beauty
Poetry of stance
This
Ephemeral moment
A lyrical scene, a
Snapshot, her
Posture distorting
Space/time
No gesture
Can
Change this poetry
NOW INTERIOR

Lost time ahead thoughts
Enclosed, this

Sky far away clouds
White/blue
Blood red flower hard leaves
Thorns
Our anguish now interior
Images
Merging forms manipulate
Contrast
Slow wave hands raised
Black/grey
Cloudy far skies away

Enclosed, those
Dreams ahead time lost.
SOUTH OF SUBURBIA

Flashy trashy
Hot house style stalker
Whatever
Electrical superstars in
Stockings and sussies
Showgirls and supermodels
Cataloguing celebrity body parts
(Beckham’s foot,
Jordan’s boobs,
Bowie’s eyes,
Kylie’s bum)
Snooty servants
Killer storm clouds
Boost sockets
A floozy in dark glasses
And a rah-rah skirt
Big house
Impure thoughts
Screaming spires
Somewhere south
Of
Suburbia.
PSYCHEDELIC BALLROOM

Sparkly strobe flicks flickering
Across high vaulted ceiling where
Diamond droplets pattern hot flesh
Revolving metal mirrors reflecting
Dancers swaying to high-energy images
Torn from reverse colour filmstrips.

Scratched frames of action.

Glossy looks encapsulate
Awesome fashionistas
The spirit of the age back then
Suspended in a glass skull
Over the heads of a throng of
Gauzy baby doll mini dress devotees.

Segue to shared erotic hallucination:
A remote-controlled tarantula
With anatomical controls and
Damp-resistant plastic body.
Bad trip or breakthrough?
Only time will tell.
FACING THE LIGHT

Facing the light
    Ogling on the beach
Too many bad thinkers
    No more monochrome dots
Abortion is not a problem (for
    Rich women)
Emotions mean nothing, it might
    Be ironic
In other news
    Music sounds strange

Until now all we know are:
Daytime thoughts
Exposed coasts
Storm winds
The present is not the past and culture is tyranny
This is related to the curious
The middle class is a parasitic organism
(Luxury angora bed-socks
We turn and fight and then we run
    Polemics are useless
You may change the facts you cannot reflect
The truth)
Sensational vibes for foxy ladies
Meaning nothing to me
Nothing to you

Ironically on the beach exposed
To other news
    Salvation is not required
From far-away places
Self-denial is not difficult
With monochrome dots for living the dream
    There is no boundary
Life is empty and depths deceive
And everything means nothing
For you and me and everyone else.

You are your style,
Arrive before midnight.
AS ALWAYS

Time shapes meaning
In strange ways
Like the gods were never here,
Or, perhaps, like lava flowing
Beneath the sea, where Atlantis
Flowered in its pride and evil,
All energy forsaken.
As always,
The slaves never knew
Their real masters.
DISTORTING MIRRORS OF TIME

Distorting mirrors of time
Across universal space, bend starlight
So brilliant this pulsating vacuum
Energy, radiating no message
From now to eternity, not even
Our insignificant presence
Fading ungraciously out.
IN THIS MOMENT

A life remembered, but
Dreams forgotten – did you
Hear the rain last night?
LAST MINUTE FANTASY

Elsewhere, meanwhile

White gold, far out
Centre
Wrought iron
Stranded, where
Violet warning
Notes
Fade away.

Talkative fellow travellers
Support
Our vanity parade
Of memories.

Fast-talking
Last minute fantasy

Have you noticed?
LOOSE CONNECTIONS

Start your engines: assume a very cool shape,
Just far too cute for comfort.
Chase the dream of militant hedonism,
Those throw-on looks, rock 'n' roll bingo.

Yes! Oh, yes!
Elemental darkness hides loose connections,
The Liquid Silver Dancers excite us;
But life is nothing new.
Cultivate your nightmares; turn on the shower radio,
Click on the B of the Bop; recite all those
Shocking passages off the dial of the present time,
The closed loop of stimulus and response,
Of birth and rebirth.

Shatter the crystal barrier,
Smash down those power-assisted doors,
Watch a laser symphony map underground networks,
A subversive vision of deadly street clutter
MOMENTS OF DISTRACTION

In moments of distraction,
When the street noise fades,
You see the surreality of now
In a hyper-space of curious angles
And twisted nerves.

In moments of distraction,
When twilight shades the day,
You feel the furtive shudder of now
In a quietude of absent thoughts
And twisted nerves.
TOUCH THE WALL

Relative light this night is ours
How will you touch the wall?

Will the darkness stay?
Grey clouds build up above the trees,

Skyline of desperation, this flight
Of fading trajectories – beyond

Intelligible thought – beyond
All hope of understanding.
WARPED INFINITY

Warped infinity of marble walls
Beyond outer limits of vision
Where astral charts etch skies
Dark with hermetic signs,
And routine thoughts
Cannot shape any future,
Or this corroded life we lead.
UNKNOWN ZONE

Where space-time ripples intercept
Our thoughts, creating strange patterns,
The suggestion of delay causes panic
Across the Unknown Zone as our
Voyage into the abyss enters
Another phase: my eyes turn green,
Your hair turns blue, the walls melt
Away in a disco vision; and your
Flooshy skirt swirls you across the floor
Far, far away – beyond the stars,
Beyond the refracted universe we know,
To another dimension of flashing lights
And galactic strippers going the distance.

Scandalous big and beautiful, yes, The Sun
Explodes: a multi-tonal mind-warp
Trip of a lifetime, so intimately yours.

Notice the difference?
LIFE ULTERIOR

Live a life ulterior
A distant back-story
That shatters illusions
Of the way the world might be.

Life a life in the shadows
Where the mystery hides
In the name of a Truth
That cannot be found

But only shown.
THEN INTERIOR

Deranged but lost thinking
Open, this

Earth so near oceans
Green/white
Fleshy petals soft stalk
Spines
Your pain then interior
Words
Diverging patterns away
Blend
Quick still head down
Red/yellow
Clear near water close

Open, this
Awake away, time estranged.
BEAUTY FROM WITHIN

Waves In Random Directions I

Reflective radial
Rich block colour, a hot selection
Control static/Striker cufflinks

Alla Nazimova
Pauline Frederick
Stacia Napierkowska
Musidora
Theda Bara

Worldly wisdom, body and bounce
How to work it
Casual,
relaxed, informal

The key begins to be touched
Enthusiasm
Freeform silhouette (like

Mae West
Lilian Gish
Blanche Sweet
Gloria Swanson
Natacha Rambova

Lifting away from the head)
Up and around
The heavens, the sky, the ABSOLUTE

A provocative air
Shades of compact beauty
Streetwise eyes
Cool, long, urban
Velcro rollers
Flip-down ice gripper
Sonic gewgaws

No blip on the screen

Pola Negri
Tallulah Bankhead
Anna May Wong
Clara Bow

As chic as they come

Like twilight & super-soft memory foam
Let your face
be open

Yet oh-so glam
GOING THE DISTANCE

_Waves in Random Directions II_

Block tone slice light tint fly frost
The rest is up to you
Trade secrets uncovered

Heated appliances
May start with the lustre

Greta Garbo
Louise Brooks
Brigitte Helm
Jean Harlow
Merle Oberon
Maria Montez

Spicy ripples high lights/low life
A lot more service

And
Prove it in the mirror
Propping up the bar in a frilly petticoat
short notice

Hedy Lamarr
Rita Hayworth
Veronica Lake
Jane Russell
Hildegard Knef
Gina Lollobrigida

Relaxing at home
working on pressure points
can take three hours, not a
Soft option

just your fingertips

(How to work it)

Tonal contrast
a bright smile, a

Perfect, innocent look

Random sections defined by
An unhappy accident

Ingrid Thulin
Monica Vitti
Diana Dors
Anouk Aimee

Frazzled ends long shot
Understated
satin finish, now
TAKE ANOTHER LOOK

Waves in Random Directions III

Do not be shocked by
An ANGELIC smile
slim line, separate style

Slightly untidy
come-hither look

In-between/section-off
Either side
head upside down

Kim Novak
Jayne Mansfield
Brigitte Bardot
Lee Remick
Ursula Andress
Ingrid Pitt
Natalie Wood

Flirting the mood suits you
rag and roll, wraparound reflections
Metallic dress
Chained to a fence removed

Jean Seberg
Raquel Welch
Catherine Deneuve
Gayle Hunnicutt
Charlotte RAMPLING

Incredible clouds of attitude
diffuser attachment
(Oops – you forgot
Marina Sirtis and Sharon Stone)

Buxom beliefs swivel top
Floral accents

Michelle Pfeifer
Deborah Kara Unger
Julia Roberts
Pamela Anderson
Uma Thurman
Winona Ryder
Gwyneth Paltrow
Milla Jovovich

And frivolity in your favourite way
Spiky definition

Alicia Silverstone
Keira Knightley
High voltage retro
Up with your hands
Now go girl
CRAZY ANGELS

Hired for after-dinner entertainment,
Enter The Crazy Angels!

A paranormal cabaret, worse than
The Good Old Days:
Jumping through hoops
Fishnet stockings
Alarming acts of disappearance and
Reappearance; fractured moods
With audience participation
In smoke-filled, basement venues
Shabby old halls, ‘retro’ pleasure gardens.

Descending from the ceiling they
Stand ambiguously in fetching poses
Then, before your psychic mirror
Smashes into lethal fragments and
The music starts a sleazy tango,
Our giggling girlie-clowns
Toss orange wigs into the wings
While Jezebel lights up a long cigar.

Dry ice, white light, splintered lyrics,
Off-colour jokes and fruity gestures,
Fire-eating, sword swallowing,
Vintage pyrotechnic spectaculars,
Hypnotic illusions, ballroom side-shows,
Are all on our evening agenda.
So hold on to your pants, ladies!

Breathe deep,
Stay cool,
Stay on-message,
Make all the right moves
...tonight.
DANGEROUS SWING

Shimmer cascade fountains
Those sparkling lights...
Those top quality laughs...
As, across cool lawn, guests
Parade in their swanky dresses.

Here, a string quartet
Plays a haunting, faded melody,
Distant echo of a long-gone era;
Of tuxedos, ball gowns, and
Curious nocturnal machines.
Pain is an indicator
And over there, dangerous swing,
Played by a big band we knew
From those affluent, distant days
(When roses faded only slowly,
Like my love for you)
Is in the air again, a weeping wound.
SNAP PICTURES

Pale blue skies
Engine capacity
Post-war consumer boom culture
Retro-futurism
New wave writers
Deviant subtopian norms
Pretentious and intrusive outdoor advertising
Hoardings,
Wires,
Poles,
Ill-sited public utilities
Such a fool to ask
(Cindy Oh Cindy)
Edit your copy
On trains and planes
Snap pictures into your diary
Long lens sunset over rocky bay
Two couples scupper your plans
Think of new ways
Feminine variations
End in another crisis.
Are we really on the way out?
Today which one are you?
TOWER OF BABEL

Several Phrases I-III

structure after structure, phrases like stairs. language as a ladder and he looks up
– Patti Smith ‘Babel’

I
Bitter twist attracted artists several phrases but
There are men here, women danced to jazz
But still had the tableaux theatres
The distance, the nightlife ‘dancing partners’
The misfits and the streets nightly after filming
Hang on a minute transgressive in other ways
The grid, the montage, the calligraphy, the wall
Dodgy agents wherever we stop, yet
Three times it looks like merely a chill-out tent attitude
Susceptible to a very few people, shabby academics
And debauched undergraduates where is the outrage?

II
An entire fictional army surrounded the tower
Read my conventional memoir called Johnny Double-Cross
House in a tall building where unlikely people
Create delicious attachments babble of voices yesterday
For what it was worth,
My new friend the tax lawyer fooled the skyscrapers
Tricky trends, blood orange flash car deliberately infatuated
By a fantasy network of feature artists market-based signs
From the City of Shards describe his secret empire
Was all but tasteless bricks and mortar heart of our capital
Classy roots roaming tour of Babel warm and inviting

III
By now burgeoning fraternity driving up redevelopment
A little part of everywhere is here and now a kind of inter-zone
Cold and wet time’s up
Will lead us to this moment; it meant knackered crossing
The road two in five for an impromptu punk gig
Contact your local specialist within the last six months
A bird can sense daily coverage dying out tight?
Whenever and wherever the city changes like this
Even the dust in our homes, or at least not as much as we thought
Examine the nasties and other yummy activities for a tour of the
Tower, the bridges, these phrases like stairs and the urban skyline...
HAPPENING PEOPLE

Rogue Metal I

Happening people want scary... Eins, zwei, drei, vier...
Beyond now:
The mainstream can be inspiring, so bring your own paper.
Note early organic architecture in the study room.
The modern school of gothic drives culture with a difference.
Engaging informative eating and drinking,
Cutting-edge dance spectacular exhibitions,
Free changing light falls.
A housing crisis and Cities of Tomorrow
Every month a high society photograph collection
Suburbia is an extension of our past present
Indie-Britpop futile academy palace of fossils
In this case not quite the City of Los Angeles.
His crew will push your ambition to make it with any star
Including Lucy Lovebird, millions of people
Realistic and believable, carry out a robbery,
Mutual respect don't just be stupid, sparkle and shine,
Become the God of Party.

I didn't realise. How exciting!
We do this every Monday – nervous?
ELECTRIC FORUM ORBITAL HOOPS

Rogue Metal II

That's all I can give to you guys without being killed:
Music is a drug like your alter ego, it's cheap too.
Finally, you'll need small gemstones
Previously known as 'electric forum orbital hoops'
High flying monsters, spectral citizen's action, what!

Coming attractions:
A new tower block and a ghastly old man's pub,
An indication of our belief in cafes, bars and funky apartments,
A 'walk of shame' to blur the line *ad nauseam*
Like a series of well-turned-out models.
Take a trip into a shopping mall, talking in a mechanistic way
the effect has been staggering,
like sculpture from darkness that stands alone,
No doubt an enticing international extravaganza revisited.

Taking the factory floor after-show:
Early birds more than numbers absurdly hip,
One-day reunion: listen and participate
As original residents, kick the enemy's dropout holograms.
Mid-sized hit by a shower
At the lower limit is how much failed the actors
For an opera legacy follow voluptuous was hanged.

Ended so cheerfully and worked at various jobs:
Celebrating the Top 20 without a conclusion,
Or special intro proud and angry,
A novel achievement,
Narrow passages are technically impressive yet
Seem sinister and enigmatic.
**STRANGE EVIL FLOWERS**  
(Don't Miss Out On Dangerous Art)

*Rogue Metal III*

Rogue metal guerrilla movements migrated to London  
Like strange evil flowers from a dark lake where  
Nothing is sane and nothing is safe.

Super-handly extra free gift wrap-around sunglasses  
Water-effect solar cherubs,  
Pinching and cramping instant easy look  
Add wheels to a vibrant kaftan.

Yes, the underside has special suction cups and  
Slip-resistant grippers  
Simply apply before bedtime for a lot of extra style.

Attracts dust like a magnet.

Close-up view, flip down, turn about  
Use to protect your identity  
While your lower body stays in place  
Accept no responsibility  
Perfect for poached diamond dust  
Repel pests forget the frustrations turn it over.

Speak rhythmically in rhyming couplets  
Or folk chants.

A Roman flash dance  
And a cheering crowd  
In tune with some really beautiful things,  
A crucial contribution from  
A maverick mathematician suddenly able to talk

The ideas were brilliant,  
Like an ultra-violent comic book metropolis,  
Dominating the media or some psychotic nemesis.

Camp body action involving ape-men and pterodactyls,  
Unrest and crumbling consensus  
Guaranteed to make you laugh cry puke and  
Develop a nose for drama  
Don't miss out on dangerous art  
Oblivious of every level of reality,  
Is there any stopping us?
STROLLING DOWN THE STREET

Rogue Metal IV

Bra too tight?
All we have is data on morphogenesis.

Attempt the impossible, appearing from nothing.
Loss of energy advances.
Come from the horizon of insight, or
Mad Sal’s Dockside Alehouse and all points weird.
Set the tone; squaring-up to vintage soul,
Boogaloo, rock steady and
Happy hang-ups-dance-trance-techno-disco.
Discover this largely untold story,
Strolling down the street.

Coz this is a timeless jewel from a poisonous poet,
Tested by word of mouth.
Stone-lock edge-booster,
Unique candy-stripe, instant results
Like misted-up windows...
Add definition... ce sont des mouettes.
Strange contours on the radar,  
Secret lab deep in the countryside,  
Technicians in white coats.  
On the blink again, sir  
What is it?  
Dunno, sir, it’s beyond me,  
Picture not perfect,  
Colour errors continue,  
It’s beyond surreal,  
A cruel story, the sins of youth  
What really rocks this starlet?  
It was due to the sloppy production schedule  
She said, gagging for some action,  
Toying with her easy-fit waistband extenders and her magnetic bracelets worn for sitting or standing  
At the console, a superb luxury machine  
Finished in brushed silver; set the alarm  
And wake up with a perfectly timed analogue face  
Touch and glow!  
She certainly did, but preferred shopping  
In bargain basements with sinister mercenaries  
From a distant galaxy  
The bookies rarely get these things wrong,  
We hang on as we look to bounce back into real time, and  
The good thing is there are no more odds and ends  
But we can still hit the headlines with this grisly slash-fest mashup filmed by viewers  
As two stoned pot smokers drift into range  
Zap! Ultimate in snug comfort.  
Keep your hands warm I begged her  
As she took up her spoke shave balsa stripper  
Ready for playing among the stars  
As if that was not enough!  
We can break new ground with this inner landscape  
You’ll be amazed  
We slipped along between the floating solar-powered string lights  
Not sure who’s at the door?  
Eyes as hard as steel she unleashed a satirical puppet show  
And lashed out with mind-blowing stratospheric vocals  
I’m so filthy filthy you’ll explode in seconds!  
She screamed  
It was a team of Manhattan-based scientists  
A mother-and-daughter set-up with conflicting views  
About the future, huh.  
Well, that fractured our rampant ultra-hard obscure zombie cannibal death trip B-movie cover story  
Haunted by a cordless chiming doorbell  
In fact, a sonic deterrent  
To deal with lane huggers and interstellar tailgaters  
Don’t forget the accessories!  
Brilliant!
NIMBUS EMPORIUM

To be continued
Impure thoughts
Cold ambient
Hum intensely when you hear the tone
Red light residents are seldom seen
Displaced by moonlight
Seriously weird
Cross over nova
Perhaps tomorrow
A plastic decoy heron stood by the door
Warning signs
Two’s company three’s enuff
Gold dust and lipgloss
Woah there!
Not now, darling.

The robotic arm belongs to the hotel
Neon light flickering across the street
Welcome to the Nimbus Emporium
Cocktails and bingo.
We talked to the doorman
A notoriously tough negotiator
Public enemy number one
He says
Come in and look around.
You need a steady hand for this
I thought, this is a crazy offer
Surprise deranged laughter
Empty corridor
Ellipsoidal forms clustered
A square becomes a lozenge turning
On an axis, white and black hallucinations
Yellow and violet, blue and orange, a mosaic
Several grids enclosed an axonometric cube
A black eyed kid floated up to the ceiling
Cool cat scavengers skulked behind the sofa
No plasma sports here
Just old valves and broken mirrors
And a slide-out storage tower;
Trestle tables, sagging armchairs
A torn poster for Zippo’s Wild West Circus
But not exactly thrills and spills
Yeah, right.
OPEN MOMENT

Over by the door shell-suited layabouts
Catcalled the swanky clientele;
Strange signals from flirty fashionistas
In far out drag, voyeuristic, futuristic,
It was like some film noir melodrama
Glittering lights and a roving spot
She took the stage with a sequined flourish
All hot hair, sparkly nails and
Up line coffee charisma.
Displaced neo-nihilist blues warped into
A screw-loose spectacular
Whammo! Bammo! Thank You Mambo!
Number, infrequent and moderate violence,
PG Certificate unsuitable for children.
Radical chicanery:
The lippy bootylicious beautician
With a smokey eye look,
And a string bikini,
Nostalgic for the age of silent cinema
That open moment when there were no
Swinging soundtracks, Psych or Garage,
Enjoyed a foxy line in booze and bop.
While a hotel receptionist at a corner table
Pouted longingly at her wild child escort
A phantom picked up earlier on the Metro,
A sleazy crooner in a stained tuxedo
Well, yes, actually!
Ignoring her obligatory dirt-poor upbringing
The orchestra swung into another cool strip-o-rama
Jazz head chronic turbo hand-held number
On easy-roll locking castors.
And another thing
The Divine Touch Unisex Salon
Is where it’s at baby. On-trend?
Ask our experts.

This is a frozen waste of emotional destitution
Dark, sordid backstreets,
Pulses of rain,
Cheesy nights out,
Crosswords and puzzles off the menu,
Kaleidoscopic montage of interior shots
Mirrors, chrome, lost time
Half asleep in the early hours
Resplendent in a box-pleat maxi
And peep toe heels
She re-writes the art of the real as
An Open Moment.
Thank you.
UNDISCLOSED MOMENT

And another thing
We look around startled
Like we just got here.
There is no definite edge;
We are in some cinema of the soul,
Or in a cinema of memory.
Layers of time.
Identity disguised.
Capture the moment
Your moment, our moment,
Any moment.
Once again
Fragments of painted angels
Float by on the solar wind
Fizzing with all tender variety,
Alive and kicking someplace else
Things nest in corners
Other echoes echo
A cosmic mirage,
A ring of fire
Sparkling solar string lights
Flicker of running film
Scratchy indistinct images
Two narrators describe the scene
A sidelong look, a glance
Is just enough
Where's that pause button?

Nocturnal machines float across
A sky of molten metal
Demons of awareness
Surgical procedures change us
Into weird poetic characters
Way beyond naturalism
Way beyond the ruined underpass.
Outside it was raining.
Undisclosed moment.
Bad night?
Go figure.
LEAP OF DOUBT

Your photo-electric eyes
Follow me around the room
Deep beat rhythm vibes
Way off the dial
Haunt the dark
This freakshow is worse
Than real life, some geezer
Told me how he
Was meeting a couple of friends
For a couple of beers
When the balloon went up
Right up
Ashes and demons
Smart city girls
Shock absorbers
Another stressed-out rabbit
In a trance
Shocking passages
Remain stable
Flesh, key, cross
From imperfect to pluperfect
In one leap of doubt
Charting a post-surreal
Landscape – our exhausted culture
Of despair.
NOTHING EXISTS

Self-replicating forms swim in the void
Where unknown forces warp space and time
Into strange, distorted shapes.

No command from outside has caused these visions,
No revelation can explain their presence here.
They are like hallucinations, or improbable things
Only lunatics can see – mutating monsters,
Copulating chimaeras, misshapen emissaries
Of decay and desire.

In the darkness a hoarse voice cries out:
*Nothing exists because everything exists!*
About the Author

The work of A C Evans explores the subversive traditions of the bizarre and grotesque, yet the author describes both his art and poetry as Realistic. Influenced by the Gothic dark-side of Romanticism, fin-de-siecle Decadence, Aestheticism, the iconoclasm of Dada, revolutionary, anti-clerical Surrealism and the immediacy of Pop, he regards all these as points of departure, none as a destination—we live in a post avant-garde world.

Born in Hampton Court, Middlesex in 1949, A C Evans lived in South London until 1963 when he moved to Essex and co-founded the semi-legendary Neo-Surrealist Convulsionist Group in 1966 before moving back to London in 1973. His drawings, collages, reviews, articles, translations, poetry and stories have appeared in numerous small press magazines in the UK and abroad, and he is a regular contributor to Stride, Monomyth & The Supplement, Midnight Street, Inclement and Neon Highway.

He considers creativity to be the indirect effect of irrational drives and desires, a pre-verbal process of actualisation; an infinite quest and—inevitably—an indictment of both traditional dogma and contemporary radical chic. Fascinated by ambiguity, juxtaposition, exclusion, disengagement, irony and objective chance—the Absurd, negation, parody and black humour are constant preoccupations—his works often explore macabre themes, using eschatology, cosmology, urban imagery, symbolic figures and naturalistic detail to question our assumptions about convention, identity and reality.

Collaborative work has included several projects with Stride’s Rupert Loydell The poem sequence Space Opera was made into a digital video by Michelle Martin/OS2 and shown at the Onedotzero3 Festival, at the ICA, London, in May 1999.