

1ST FLOOR 13 SEP - 24 SEP 1995

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1ST FLOOR: 5/95 VICTORIA STREET, FITZROY 3065. TEL. 417 1562. WED - SUN 12-6PM.

I was planning a quiet week of late starts and early finishes but as I lit-up my eighth Camel for the morning, Doris, my receptionist, put a call through. It was a well spoken bloke wanting me to chase his doll who'd left only the night before. At first I refused the case. Chasing runaway dolls is for teenagers and amateurs. But this fella offered me a very large sum of money and my car needed quite a lot of work if I was going to go on a road trip over summer. I agreed to meet him at his home an hour later.

The house was enormous, very carefully decorated with designer furniture. This bloke, Van Meegren was his name, was stunningly handsome. Despite the fact that his doll had left him the day before and he apparently cared enough for her to pay large amounts of dough to have her followed, his strong jaw and dimpled chin were clean shaven. We sat in a small sun room with a vase of gladioli on the coffee table. When I lit up a cigarette, he asked if I'd mind not smoking.

While he explained the situation, he affectionately caressed a small poodle. It seemed that they were very happy together. What doll wouldn't be happy with this bloke - very wealthy, good looking. Although he didn't say it, I knew that he knew there was only one answer - another bloke and this was basically what I was being sent to track down.

She had her own wheels and had already been pulled up by the cops for speeding so I knew she was heading north and on what road. I went hime to pack a change of underwear and seeing as I was heading north and had planned to take the week easy, my surf board.

I finally caught up with her some days later at a truckstop cafe. I was most surprised to find that she was still alone particularly once I got a good look at her. Was she a babe! Her tall slim form was wrapped in a blue dress with small white flowers on it. It was tight over her full breasts and finished just above her knee to show her long calves to their advantage.

I ordered a scotch and watched her from the other side of the room. She pushed aside the vase of artificial flowers that sat on a plastic doilie on the table. Out of a pink plastic bag, she took a number of books. It seemed that the actual books were not important but rather what was laid between their pages.

For numerous hours she sat, sipping coke, eating chocolates and musing over whatever lay between the

pages of the book. I guessed it was a letter from this new lover - about whom I was gaining no evidence despite having spoken to numerous friends of hers on the telephone. Not a single one knew of any lover. What is more most didn't seem concerned about this doll's running off.

She drove until about 10pm and then slept in her car at the side of the road. This struck me as a strange thing for an expensive doll like this to do. The next time she stopped was late in the day at a bar in a small town. Under lethargic ceiling fans, she drank martinis and once again pored over the contents of these books. She seemed to be having a mighty pleasurable time.

For three more days she and then I, would stop at bars and diners where she would sit for hours, thoroughly amused by these books. She would look down and then stare into the distance for sometimes half an hour. Then she'd let out a small giggle, turn the page and repeat the process. There was no sign of the bloke. She did not seem to have noticed me following her. She did not seem to be worried about being seen. She made no phone calls, recieved no letters.

Finally she pulled into the driveway of a small shack by the sea. No lover boy ran out to greet her. She opened the door with a key she had in her purse, closed it behind her and turned on the lights in rooms that were evidently empty. After a week or so, no one had arrived and while she was on the beach, I broke open the simple lock. The house was fully furnished in that beach house look of old furniture from the burbs. A bunch of agapanthus was placed on the 50s style kitchen table beside her books.

My heart racing, I opened one of the books to find, between each page, not the letters that were going to solve the mystery and earn me my living, but pressed flowers. The other book too, was full of them. The flowers in that book were older and browner than the others. None of them could help me with anything. To me they were meaningless. As I shut the book, one of the flowers slipped into the spine and was crushed into tiny, fine pieces. The case was in a similar state. I went for a surf.

lyndal walker.

Excavations in A4 ©tessa dwyer

An expanse of white names the area to be covered

A line is traced, initiating a regime of two-dimensionality, of causality, of history
 this line-dash-jotting marks a point of entrance and of closure
 revealing potentiality as the limit, its powers of description are deceptive
 as it names, renders, represents, it effects a distancing, a movement away
 proceeding in an easterly direction
 the line travels from left to right along a predetermined course
 uninterrupted its linearity stretches on to infinity and stops dead
 in the apprehension of the incomprehensible
 a series of interrelated sites are uncovered
 untranslatable, these sites are nevertheless infinitely reducible
 data is recorded and processed, results awaited
 in place of these anomalies, the linear model substitutes the letters S, V, and Z
 thus transforming their extra-textual plasticity into the language of capital and proper names
 capital and property, money talks
 the line records, re-traces, indicates, directs, connects
 it orders, demarcates, defines, delimits, all the while, remaining a surface effect
 its excavations are mere scratchings, its notes mere traces of what once was
 incomplete remains, incoherent mutterings of an ancient tongue
 its time is over, always already passed
 in its efforts to preserve life, the line of representation draws it to a conclusion
 and, drawing its own conclusions, it contemplates the artificially preserved nature of time, the temporal
 past, present and future

field notes...

S	V	Z
Commonly found in "iSm" formation	A derivative of the popular "iVe" grouping	Liable to mutate into "iZe"-o-morphic structures
The scenes depicted are referred to by a scattered arrangement of signs that are reminiscent of a shallow heroism, a nostalgic futurism, a kitschy fetishism, a not quite naturalism, an offbeat minimalism, a fragmented organicism, a static dynamism.	Within these curious objects, form and content, part and sum, are cohabitive, revealing a structure of pure surface(s), decorative and yet reflective, both positive and negative, excessive in their suggestive reversability, receptive to transformative possibilities.	These complex, collage compositions, attest to the presence of an overarching scheme that once devised, is then later materialized and sometimes metallicized. Familiarized objects are thus carefully rendered in tantalizing, mesmerizing form.
Images found were curiously arranged according to no particular logic or order. Although lovingly rendered with an accurate attention to detail, the scenes depicted are difficult to place, seemingly scattered and arbitrary. Although allusion to a narrative pattern was noted, it was unfortunately, undecodable.	Probably the most complete sample as yet uncovered. The objects have been neatly arranged in a circular grid-like formation. Due to the large amounts of light refracting surfaces, caused by the use of acetate & high-gloss paper, it was concluded that the materials were so arranged for scientific purposes. - A heated experiment was thought likely.	These objects were designed with preservation in mind and one can only lament that their surrounding structures were not as well tended to. These obviously treasured items have been pressed, pined, framed, painstakingly plotted and placed. They seem to form part of an elaborately coded system of worship and belief.
Suggestive of fleeting identities, a mobile, perhaps nomadic, lifestyle - certainly indicative of a widely felt "lack" caused by incessant distraction and/or a society that remained in constant flux.	Evidence of a satellite community constructed upon a border or buffer zone and gathered together for purely experimental reasons. A pervading sense of artificiality was noted.	All the available signs point to the existence of a well entrenched and particularly stable environment, not lacking in wealth or power. *Note - further excavations advised.