

PLASTIK TOM EZ

FILM GUIDE

ADRIAN WHIPP
ALEX NEILSON
ANDY GRAY
BEN SADLER
CLUTCH DAISY
DECLAN RYAN
GARETH COURAGE
IRENE VIDAL CAL
JAMES OCKELFORD
JAMIE HOLMAN
JUSTIN WIGGAN
LAURA SLATER
OLIVER NEILSON
RICHARD ADAMS
RICHARD FORMBY
ROBERT OCKELFORD
ROSIE VOHRA
TOM TEBBY
WILL BURNS

A MACHINE DREAM

A HUMAN ERROR

A PUBLICATION TO ACCOMPANY PLASTIKTONEZ 2021

CONCEPT AND SOUND
– JUSTIN WIGGAN

VISUAL CONCEPT AND
FILM PRODUCTION
– REFOLD

PUBLICATION DESIGN
– JAMES OCKELFORD



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VISUAL RESPONSE BY ROBERT OCKELFORD

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Reinterpretations of cherished popular music landmarks defy the nostalgic response.

Creative contributors include

Adrian Whipp
 Alex Neilson
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 James Ockelford
 Jamie Holman
 Justin Wiggan
 Laura Slater
 Oliver Neilson
 Richard Adams
 Richard Formby
 Robert Ockelford
 Rosie Vohra
 Tom Tebbby
 Will Burns

Plastiktonez is a series of experimental investigations in sound, image and text created by artist Justin Wiggan and designer James Ockelford.

The project centres on the dramatic re-imagining, both musically and visually, of nine significant pop cultural artefacts in the form of well-loved and critically acclaimed albums.

It's a project that has allowed Wiggan - an exploratory performance artist working at the interface of film and sound - to examine the role that nostalgia, memory and influence play in our understanding and recollection of popular music.

Each of the musical pieces that make up the Plastiktonez series have been de-constructed by Wiggan to a point where familiar signifiers and markers are almost completely obliterated - scoured away until the resonating values of the work surface only occasionally, acting as anchors in a completely new audio re-telling.

These newly transmuted works were then presented to 18 creatives who were asked to reflect and respond instinctively to what they were listening to and produce new written or visual elements to accompany the soundscapes. The creative outcomes, which differed widely in style and scope,

further helped to re-make and re-model these pop-cultural landmarks, pulling them yet further away from their usual orbits, into new galaxies of existence.

The completed films, which are the culmination of the Plastiktonez project, have been created by designer Refold (James Ockelford). Each a stunning assemblage of the sounds, texts and images created through the process, these nine unique and transfixing interpretations resist the passive nostalgic response that typifies the instant playback hit of popular music and deliver something that feels almost entirely... new.



BOWIEISMS

TEXT

**CLUTCH
DAISY**

ART

**ROBERT
OCKELFORD**

SOUND

**JUSTIN
WIGGAN**

DESIGN AND FILM

REFOLD

THERE I WAS

ALL THIS TIME

There I was, all this time.

The whitest sheets of pain shooting through me as another dance of mine became a painting.

I unfurled it in front of you and let the mask slip a second.

Actually, you weren't interested - you loved the mystique.

With that, you can dress and undress everything around me and make it mean what you want.

I didn't come from a comic-book like all the other outsiders in your pantheon, so that wasn't so simple.

You're used to having some narrative play out that suggests balance - where a flaw is outweighed by some strange endearing tic that's a vital piece of the origin story.

I never sought out veneration.

I used to go to sleep at night, and soar past all the hangmen, upwards, past the lightning rods of churches and skyscrapers alike, trailing my hands through the clouds.

The funny thing was (not funny) you could have done the same! I would have held your hand, and we'd both have slipped up warm honey-ropes together towards the sun.

Instead, you remained on the ground, weeping and screaming, claiming you knew what it all meant (what it meant to you), whilst I careened through chiming bouquets of stars.

That was meant for you too!

I remember thinking once that the differences - the tribes and such - were just another device to rebel against, some other thing to justify this idea of fame.

You wanted to get close, but this very notion prevented it.

You were close. You just didn't know it. Or couldn't face it.

We were in a long hotel lobby once, the kind of hotel only incredibly wealthy people can afford to stay in.

I had various chemicals traversing the veins in my temples, and none of it was helping me to fathom the point of the portraits of rich dead people which hung on the cerise walls.

I had woken up just twenty minutes ago and had spent the first ten of those orienting myself as to which country I was in, then proceeded to probe the recesses of my brain to find out why I had the blues so badly.

This was the first time it hit me - I flashed forward through razors and rags, shadows and rage, and on through trembling heads of state winding their way back through adolescence until they were, once again, babies returning to stardust.

I kept seeing it all - everything - but I knew I'd never be able to show anyone.

You noticed my hand shaking as I tried to get the blue of the lighter flame to make the cigarette tip orange.

You looked worried for a second until you realised that this was the way of things.

In fact, this was perfect - for you. I could put a dress on, and it would give you something to talk about.

I could pantomime a thousand ways and each time you'd strip away any meaning of mine and append your story and derive whatever you needed.

My image eventually allowed you to synthesise your own hormones on cue.

A cut-out Pierrot in your wallet to peek at for a hit of dopamine.

You would stick an alien with a revolver on your fridge for a rush whenever you get the milk for your cuppa.

I kept watch throughout though.

Not begrudgingly.

I was happy to bear witness.

Countries went to war and technology moved on, and all the while I tried to divine what I could, and instead of entrails, I sometimes left messages in mirror shards.

Nobody ever wanted to look though - bad luck!

I stopped altogether after a while as it became too painful.

Instead, I had the idea to take some of those splinters of broken glass and fashion them into some kind of glittering blue diamond that I could then wear for an eye.

I wound the clock backwards.

I had once been so far down, so caught up in the teeth of oblivion, that I'd begun to question the songs that came unbidden.

I didn't know if there was a God somewhere dressing the songs up - making them rougher round the edges, bleeding slightly - in an effort to make me think I'd birthed them.

Other times, I'd become convinced of inhabiting an intemperate machine which coughed itself into being every night to envelope me again and again and again.

I would be inside its pink mechanics until dawn, and then it would spew me forth replete with melodies.

There were days when I had to sing it all back into myself as there was no point letting any of it out.

The notes would knock against my ribs like knives as they tumbled back down unheard.

I had days where I left myself in bed and sought out other bodies in underpasses and on benches, and while they slept on, I took their hands and showed them things.

Whenever I felt low, I would leave my body for weeks at a time.

I had a playful habit of turning up to auction houses and causing pretentious collectors to make a financially ruinous hand gesture. There was always so much beauty though.

It was inescapable.

For instance, I knew that film had depth, and that was what I wanted - to unwrap and rewrap and feel around the edges.

I could let things happen more easily when I acted under someone else's direction.

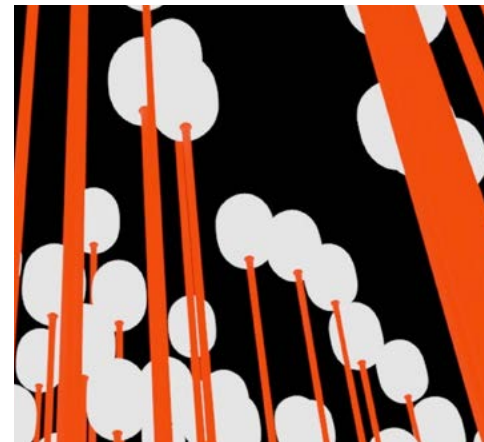
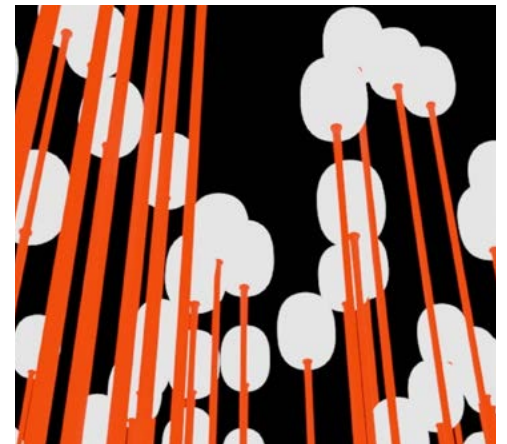
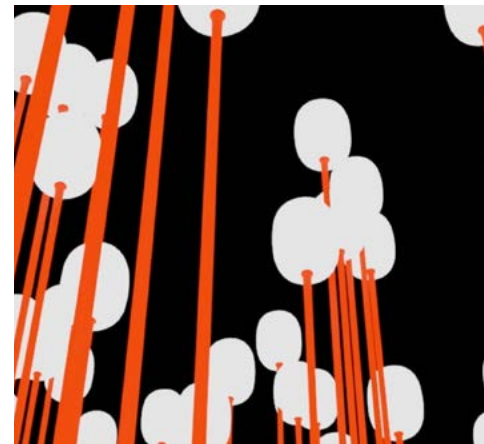
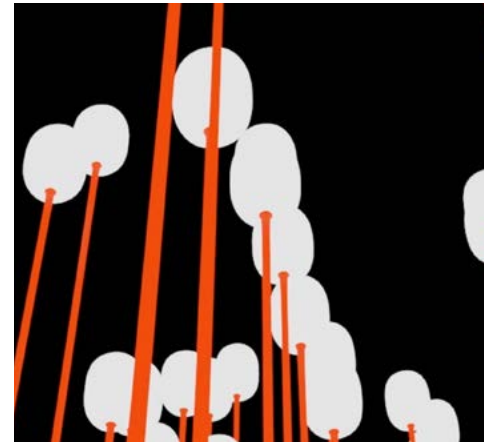
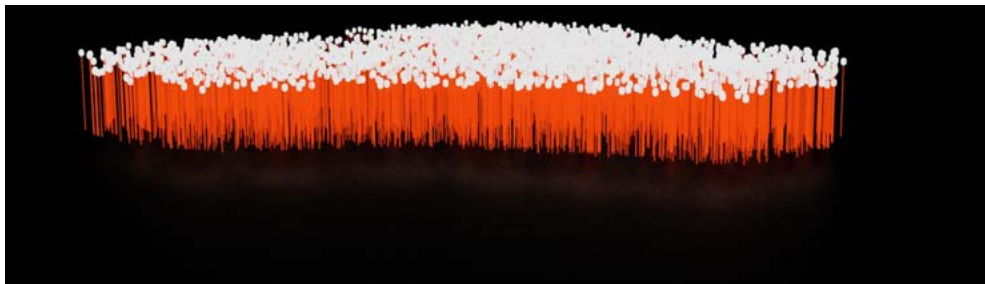
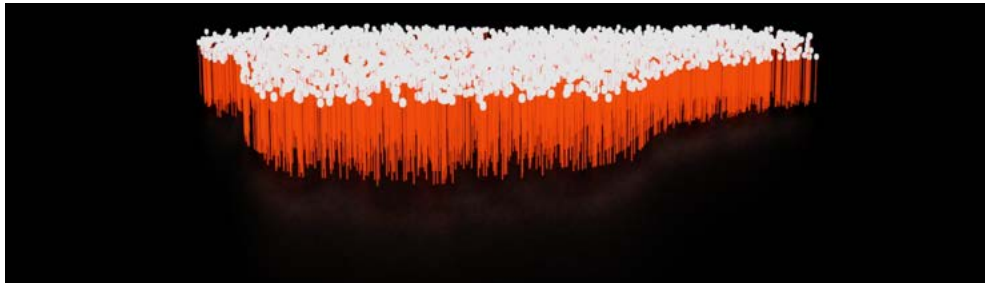
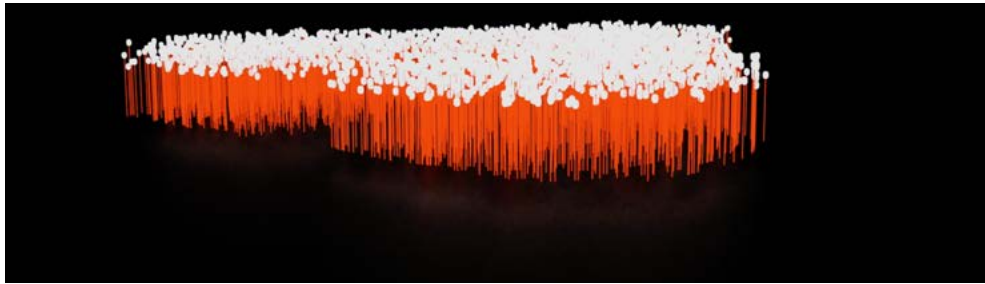
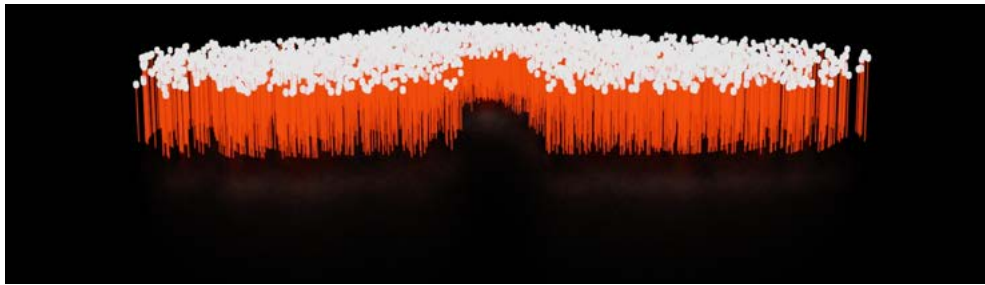
It was their character, not mine. Their costume.

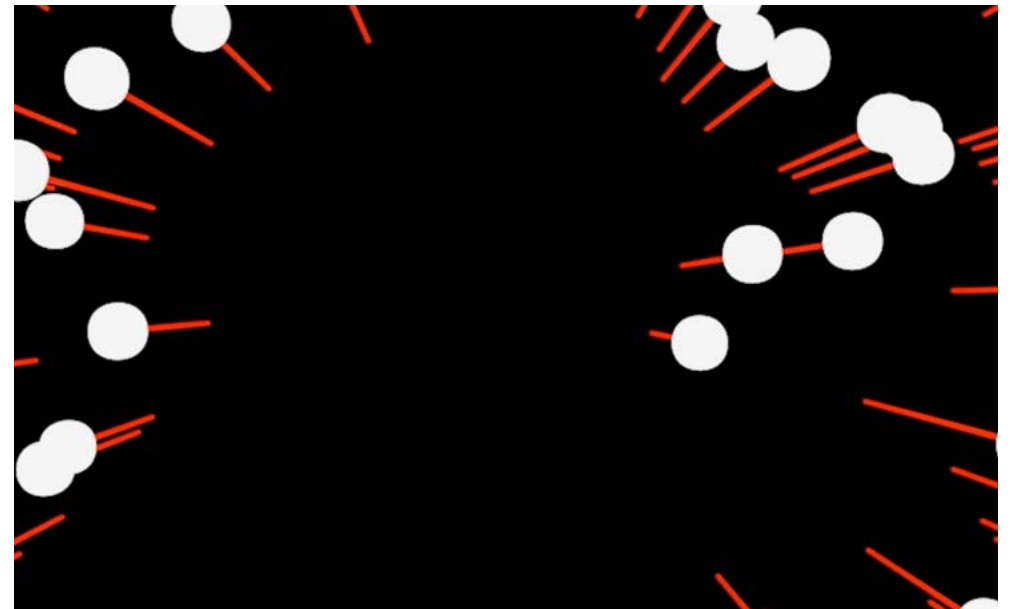
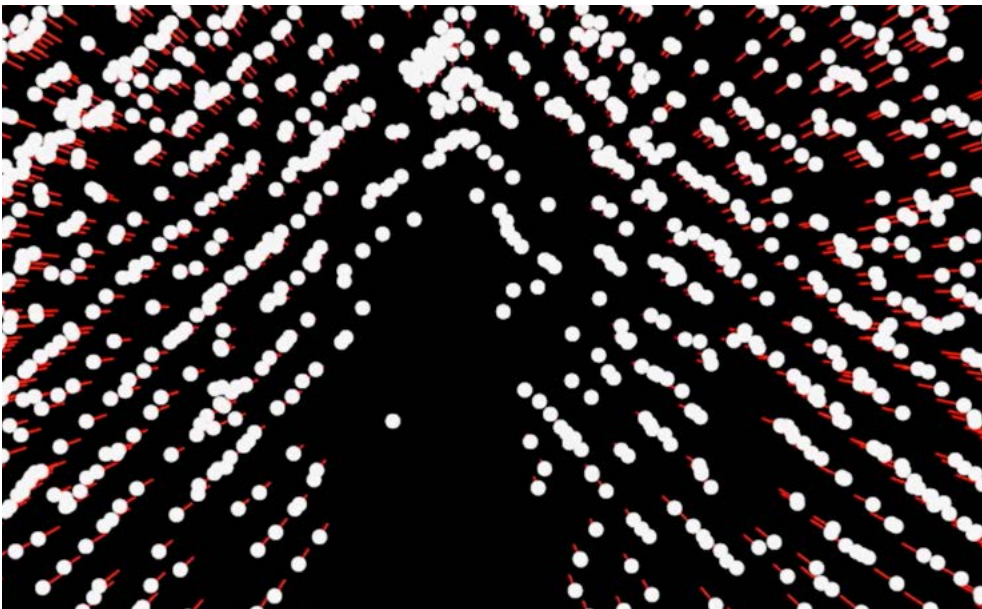
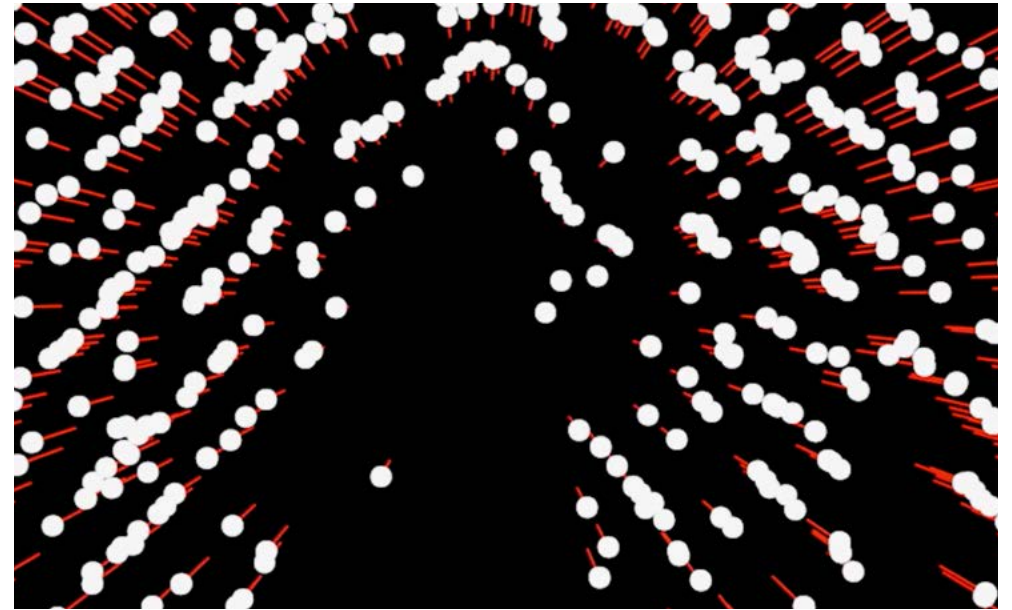
And sometimes it was sable or mink, and other times a patchwork of rubble, hessian and cactus - but I was always learning something.

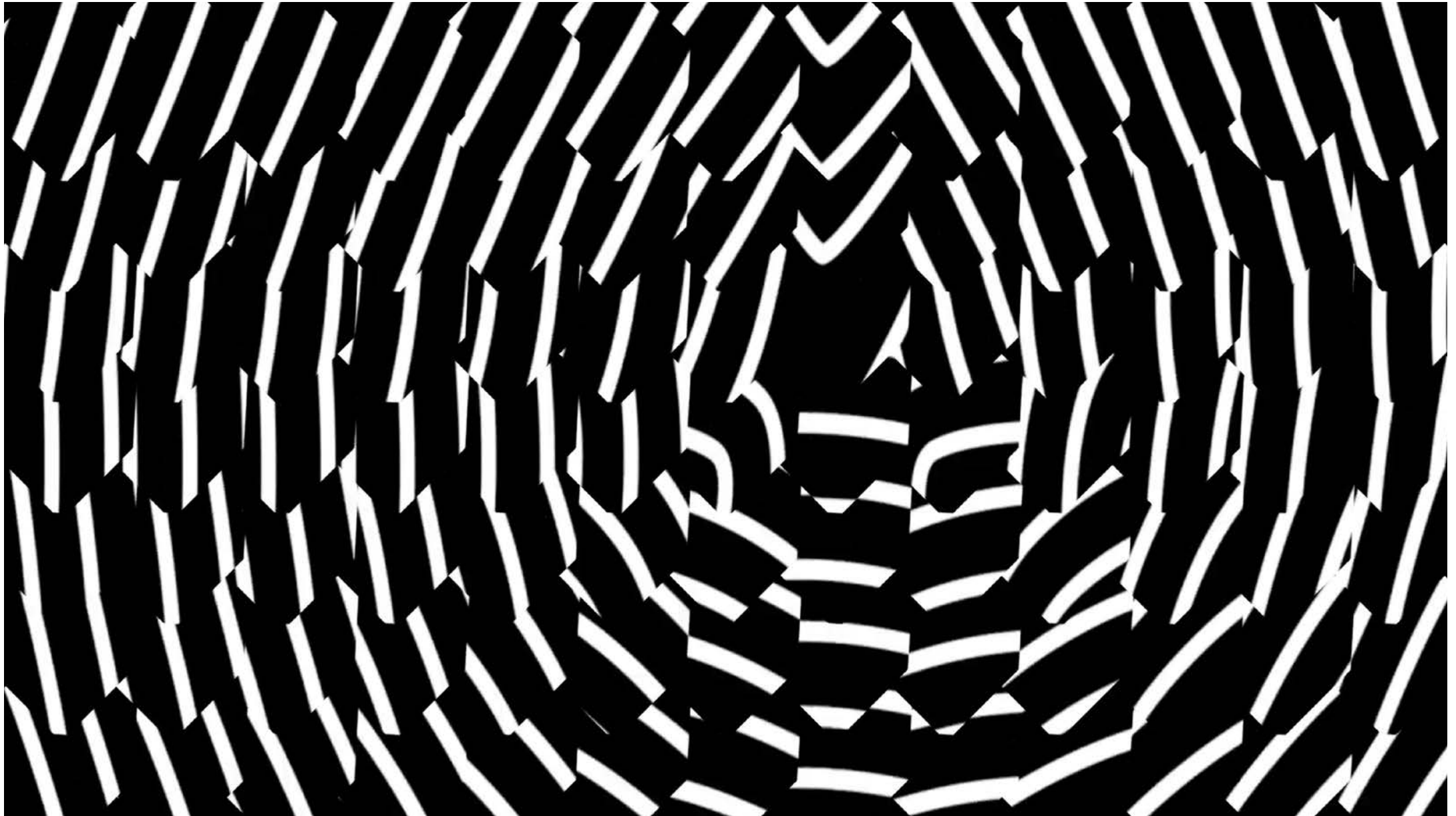
I knew how to ride on the malign ripples of the stock exchange as it exploded into life each day, and I would soon become adept at weaving tapestries out of spare broken digits.

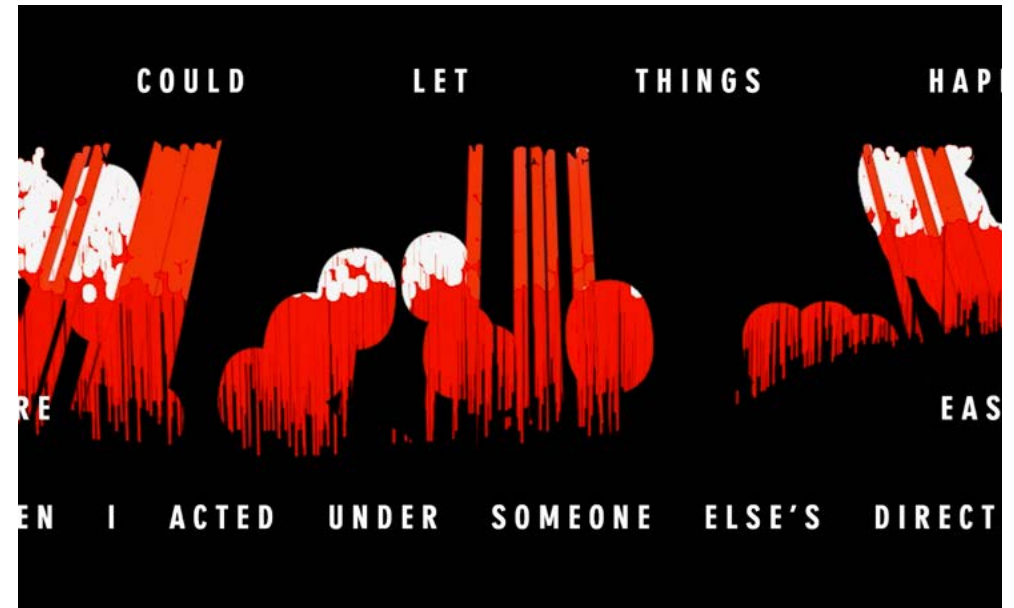
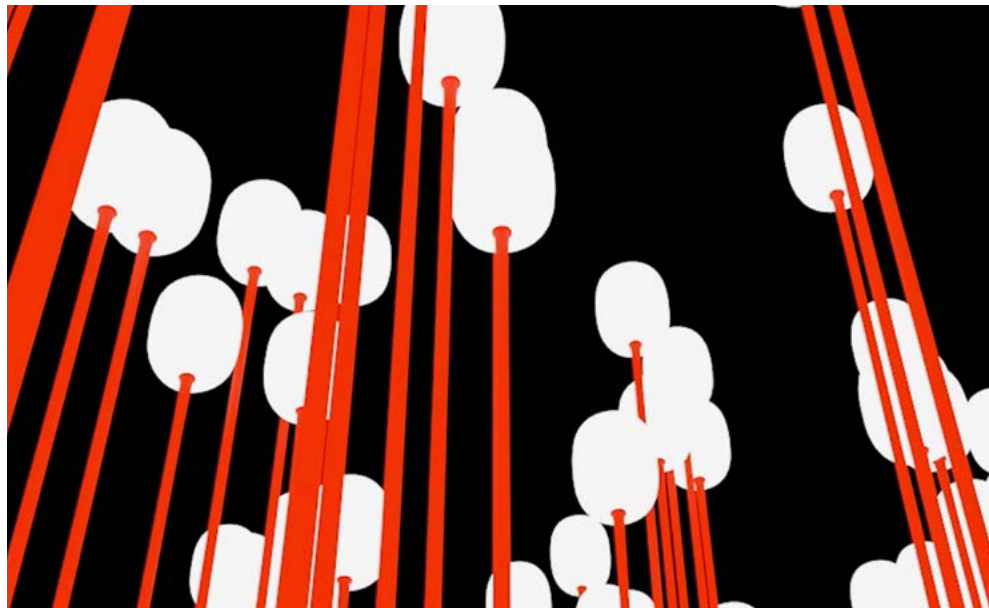
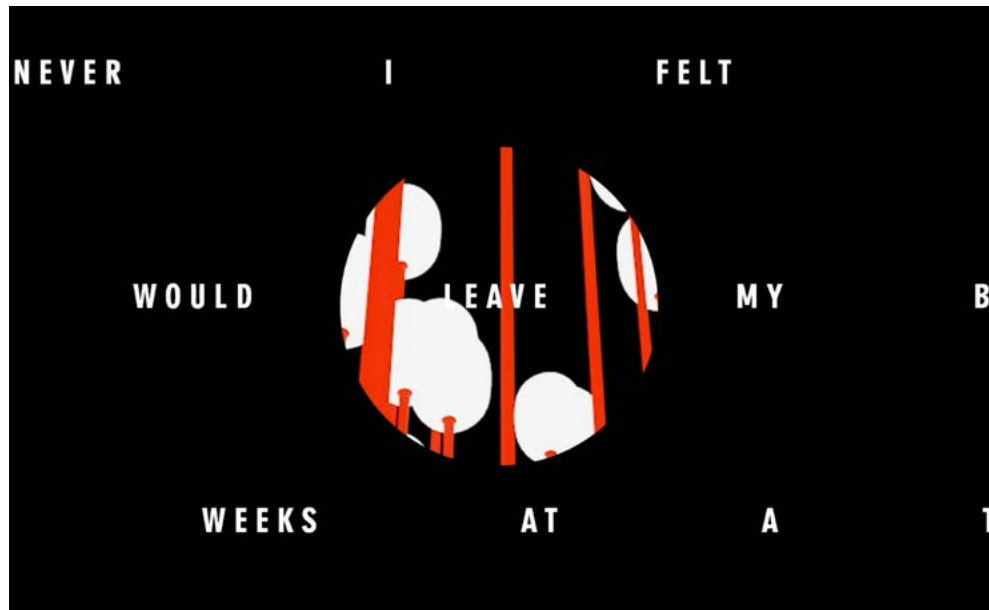
I gathered as much experience as I could, and I squeezed the life from it.

You can do the same. I've left you enough.











HNDSFLV

TEXT

**IRENE
VIDAL CAL**

ART

**LAURA
SLATER**

SOUND

**JUSTIN
WIGGAN**

DESIGN AND FILM

REFOLD

LA LLUVIA ES MÁS FUERTE

MI CARA TODAVÍA ARDE

1

La lluvia es más fuerte. Mucho más fuerte que tú. “¿Sabes de dónde viene la lluvia? Tienes idea de dónde viene? Ni siquiera el presidente lo sabe”.

Creo que lo sé, pero no estoy segura. Lo he leído en algún sitio... ¡Resulta que sí lo sé! Además, sé de dónde viene el hielo.

Le respondo: “Y tú, ¿sabes de dónde viene el hielo?”.

Pero esa no era la cuestión. Me dicen que nadie lo sabe, y que gente como yo no está preparada para el mundo. Me lo dicen despacio para que hasta yo lo pueda entender. Me repiten que no formo parte del mundo, que fregar escaleras es mi provenir.

Resulta que por existir soy un fraude.

A quién hay que entrevistar para ser real?

Tantas cacofonías predicen mi futuro... serán todas ellas pertenecientes a un colegio privado?

Me quedo sin habla, salivo, mi cara arde y cierro la puerta. Me quedo sola. Al otro lado de la puerta el verdadero amor. Me trae canciones. No las entiendo. No entiendo.

2

Me dicen que no entiendo. Me lo creo. Me largo. Empiezo de cero.

Ahora entiendo: nadie entiende. Abro la puerta. Las canciones so mías. Las escucho, pero no las canto. Y aprendo de dónde viene el hielo realmente. Lo escucho en la radio. Me lo creo. El hielo también es mío.

Mi cara todavía arde, pero la puerta está abierta. Estaba ciega. Y estaba sola.

Las cacofonías no están solas, se reúnen y predicen. Son las que gritan: ¡FRAUDE!.

Pero ya no estoy ciega.

Limpio escaleras. También trofeos.

Ellas qué hacen? Me han dicho despacio: Ellas también limpian.

Les digo: Dit-dit-dah-dit, dit-dah-dit, dit-dah, dit-dit-dah, dah-dit-dit, dit. No lo entienden y les arde la cara. Pero no cierran la puerta porque siempre las han tenido todas abiertas. Ellas tampoco son ciegas, pero no quieren saber de dónde sale el hielo porque no están preparadas para el mundo. Creen que el hielo es un espejo.

UNA BEBIDA CON HIELO ES UN PRIVILEGIO

LA PUERTA ESTÁ CERRADA

3

Una bebida con hielo es un privilegio. El hielo se derrite y se transforma en humo. El humo trae buenas noticias. ¿Soy merecedora de este humo? Me trae canciones, pero se me escapan de las manos.

Me repiten una y otra vez: ¿Son tus manos tan siquiera reales?

Sigue lloviendo y yo no lo entiendo. Me lo repiten despacio. Me dicen: No perteneces a este mundo. La vida se acaba. Es humo.

¿Cómo se puede acabar la vida si todo lo que respiro es humo?

Veo una pantalla. Está al otro lado de la puerta abierta y recuerdo que no estoy ciega. En la pantalla aparece un contenedor de carga. Dentro se escucha el eco de un mensaje: Dit- dit-dah-dit, dit-dah-dit, dit-dah, dit-dit-dah, dah-dit-dit, dit.

¡Qué obsesión con esa canción! ¿A quién hay que entrevistar para que deje de sonar?

Cierro la puerta. Se va la pantalla. Sigo escuchando. Yo no estoy ciega. No.

4

La puerta está cerrada. Desciendo pero no encuentro nada. Sé que han estado aquí. Quizás se hayan ido a un lugar más profundo. ¿Quizás hayan huído?

No es cobarde quien escapa, sino quien ataca.

En mis manos hechas de humo hay una firma. ¡Es del rey de España! Soplo fuerte y se desvanece.

Está mal quemar una tela roja y amarilla. Hay tantas cosas que están mal... Soplo fuerte y se desvanecen.

Mis manos están hechas de piedra, piedra en dónde no se puede firmar. Hoy me aferro a lo sagrado, mañana soplo fuerte y se va.

El horizonte y un aullido no son tan distintos. Un punto fugaz hacia la nada.

Contenedores de carga cruzan el horizonte llenos de mensajes. Puras repeticiones de lo que dejaron atrás. ¿Acaso no es la vida pura imitación?. Me lo repiten despacio para que yo lo entienda.

Y por fin comienzo a comprender. Por fin me encuentro con una caída sin final, dónde el sonido no existe. Pero yo no estoy ciega.

RAIN IS LOUDER

MY FACE IS STILL BURNING

1

Rain is louder. A lot louder than you. "Do you know where rain comes from? Do you have any idea of where it comes from? Not even the president knows".

I think I know it, but I am not sure. I read it somewhere... It turns out that I do know it! Also, I know where ice comes from.

I answer: "And you, do you know where ice comes from?"

But that's not the question. They tell me that "nobody knows", that "people like me are not ready for the world". They tell me this slowly so I can understand. They tell me again that I don't belong to the world, that cleaning stairs is my prospect.

It turns out that my existence is a fraud.

Who do I have to interview to become real?

So many cacophonies are predicting my future... could it be that all of them belong to a private school?

I am speechless, I salivate, my face burns and I shut the door. I am alone. At the other side of the door is true love. It brings me songs. I don't understand them. I don't.

2

They tell me I don't understand. I believe it. I'm out of here. I start from scratch.

I understand now: nobody understands. I open the door. The songs are mine. I listen to them, but I don't sing them. I learn where ice really comes from. I hear it on the radio. I believe it. Ice is also mine.

My face is still burning, but the door is open. I was blind. And I was alone.

Cacophonies are not alone, they gather and predict. They are the ones screaming: FRAUD!

I clean stairs. Also trophies.

What are they doing? Someone told me slowly: "They also clean".

I tell them: Dit-dit-dah-dit, dit-dah-dit, dit-dah, dit-dit-dah, dah-dit-dit, dit.

They don't understand and their faces burn. But they don't shut the door because they always have been open for them. They are not blind either, but they don't want to know where ice comes from because they are not ready for the world. They think ice is a mirror.

A DRINK ON ICE IS A PRIVILEGE

THE DOOR IS SHUT

3

A drink on ice is a privilege. Ice melts and turns into smoke. Smoke brings good news. Am I worthy of this smoke? It brings me songs, but they slip out of my hands.

They tell me over and over: "Are your hands even real?"

It is still raining and I don't understand. They repeat it for me slowly. They tell me: "You don't belong in this world. Life is over. It's smoke".

But how can life be over if all I breathe is smoke?.

I see a screen. It is at the other side of the door and I remember I am not blind.

On the screen there is a shipping container. Inside, there is the echo of a message: Dit-dit- dahdit, dit-dah-dit, dit-dah, dit-dit-dah, dah-dit-dit, dit.

What an obsession with this song! Who do I have to interview to make it stop?

I shut the door. The screen goes. I keep listening. I am not blind. No.

4

The door is shut. I descend but I find nothing. I know they have been here. Perhaps they have gone into a deeper place. Perhaps they have ran away?

A coward is not who runs away, but the attacker.

On my hands made of smoke there is a signature. It's from the king of Spain! I blow hard and it vanishes.

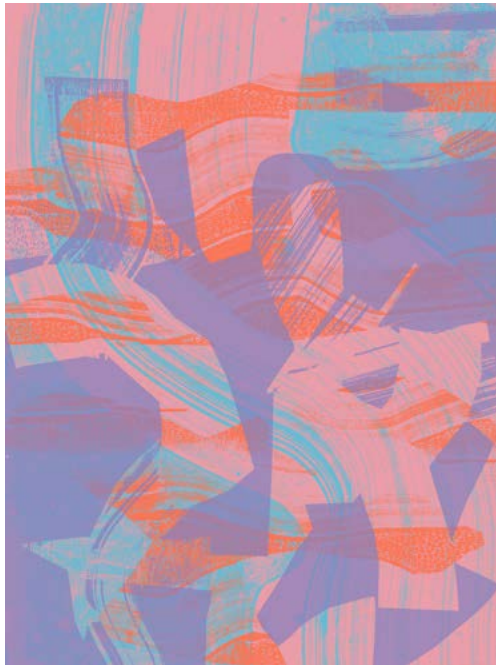
It is wrong to burn a read and yellow cloth. There are so many wrong things... I blow hard and they vanish.

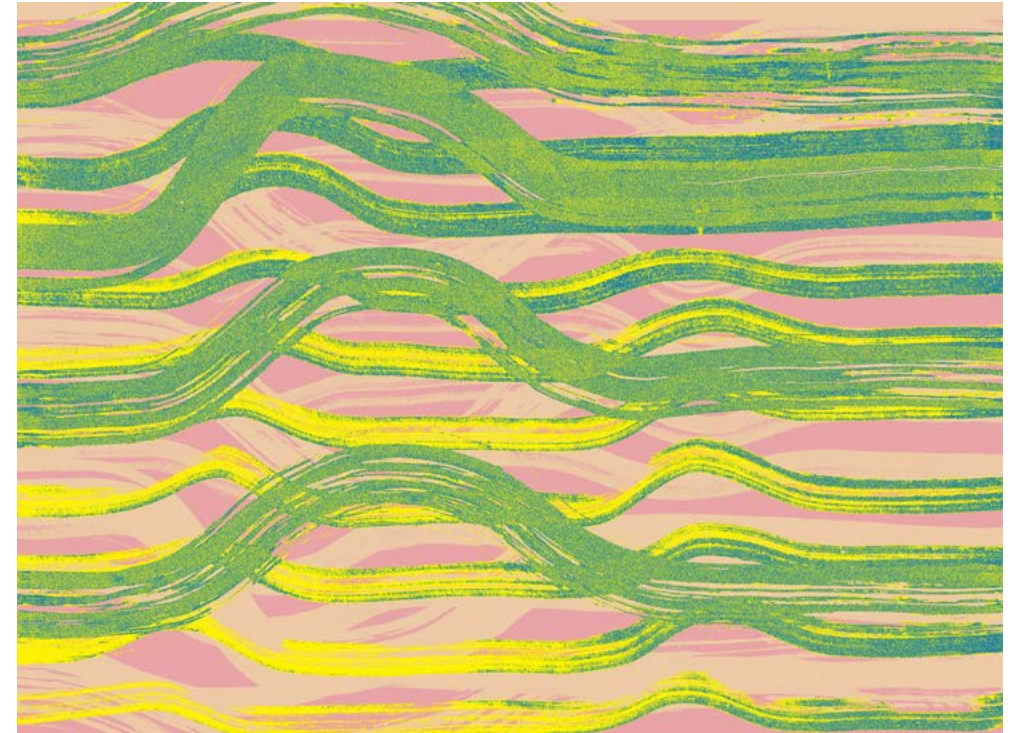
My hands are made of stone, stone where signatures are not allowed. Today I hang on to the sacred, tomorrow I blow hard and it goes away.

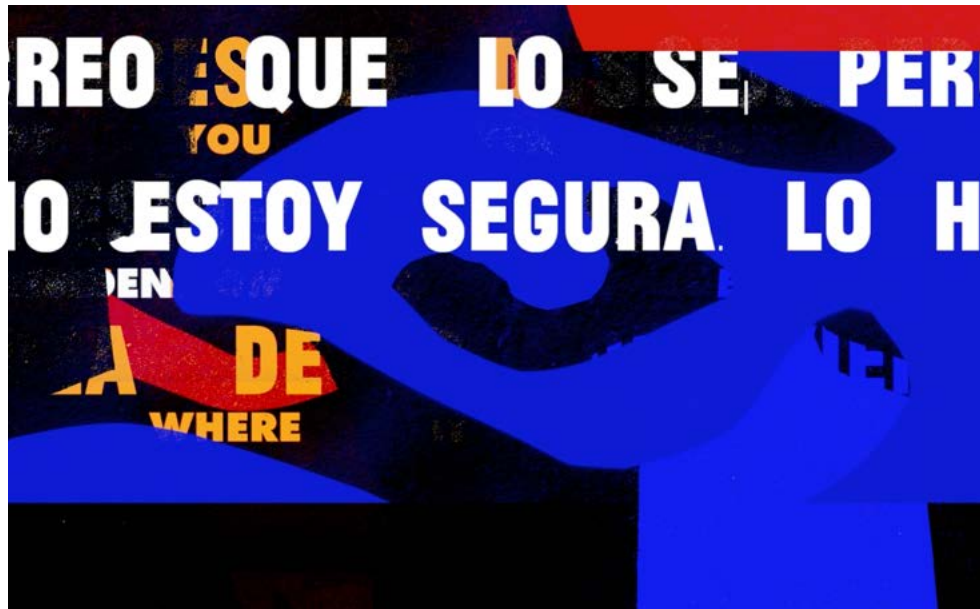
The horizon and a howl are not so different. A fleeting point towards nothingness.

Shipping containers cross the horizon full of messages. Pure repetitions of what they left behind. Is it not life pure imitation? They repeat it slowly for me so I can understand it.

And I finally began to understand. I finally encounter a bottomless fall, where sound does not exist. But I am not blind.









SO MANY CACOPHONIES ARE PREDICTING
 MÍ FUTURO... SERÁN TODAS
 MY FUTURE... COULD IT BE THAT ALL OF
 ELLAS PERTENECIENTES
 THEM BELONG TO A PRIVATE SCHOOL?
 A UN COLEGIO PRIVADO?





PRSTXS



TEXT

**RICHARD
FORMBY**

PHOTOGRAPHY

**ADRIAN
WHIPP**

SOUND

**JUSTIN
WIGGAN**

DESIGN AND FILM

REFOLD

PARIS, TEXAS, DARK WAS THE NIGHT, COLD WAS THE GROUND,

A CHRONOLOGY WITH DETOURS

PRSTXS

RICHARD FORMBY

TEXT IN RESPONSE

Blind Willie Johnson's recording of 'Dark Was The Night, Cold Was The Ground' lasts for 3 minutes and 21 seconds. It will travel 3,396.9 kilometers through Interstellar Space in the duration of one play.

In 1792 English clergyman Thomas Haweis wrote the hymn "Gethsemane". The opening lines are 'Dark Was The Night, Cold Was The Ground'.

The hymn survived, travelled, became popular in certain churches in the southern USA.

Blind Willie Johnson, born Pendleton, Texas in 1897, adapted 'Dark Was The Night, Cold Was The Ground' as a gospel blues tune for slide guitar and made a recording for Columbia Records on 3rd December 1927.

The song would disappear in the Dust Bowl and the Great Depression, and the singer would die in 1945.

Rediscovered in the 1960's, re-born as rock music. Electric slide guitar.

On 5th September 1977 Blind Willie Johnson's recording of 'Dark Was The Night, Cold Was The Ground' was launched into space. It is currently 22.5 billion kilometres from Earth, still travelling through Interstellar Space as part of Voyager 1.

In 1979 it passed by Jupiter. In 1980 it flew past Saturn.

Blind Willie Johnson enters the Heliosphere. Ry Cooder enters the recording studio.

Paris, Texas, original motion picture soundtrack, 1984, is based on "the most soulful, transcendent piece in all American music", Ry Cooder.

A new synonymy for the eighties landscape: desert = slide guitar, slide guitar = desert.

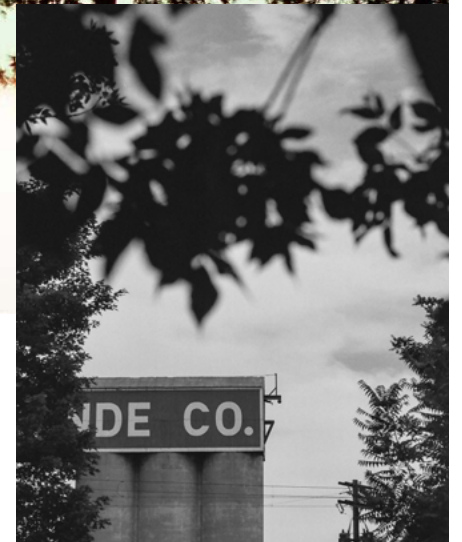
It is 2015. As Blind Willie Johnson travels through Interstellar Space at 16.9 kilometers per second, Johnny Depp drives a (desirable) car into the desert to the sounds of Ry Cooder's slide guitar to advertise a man's perfume.

This cinema advertisement/movie theatre commercial lasts for 2 minutes and 42 seconds. Blind Willie Johnson's recording of 'Dark Was The Night, Cold Was The Ground' will travel a further 2,737.8 kilometres throughout it's duration.

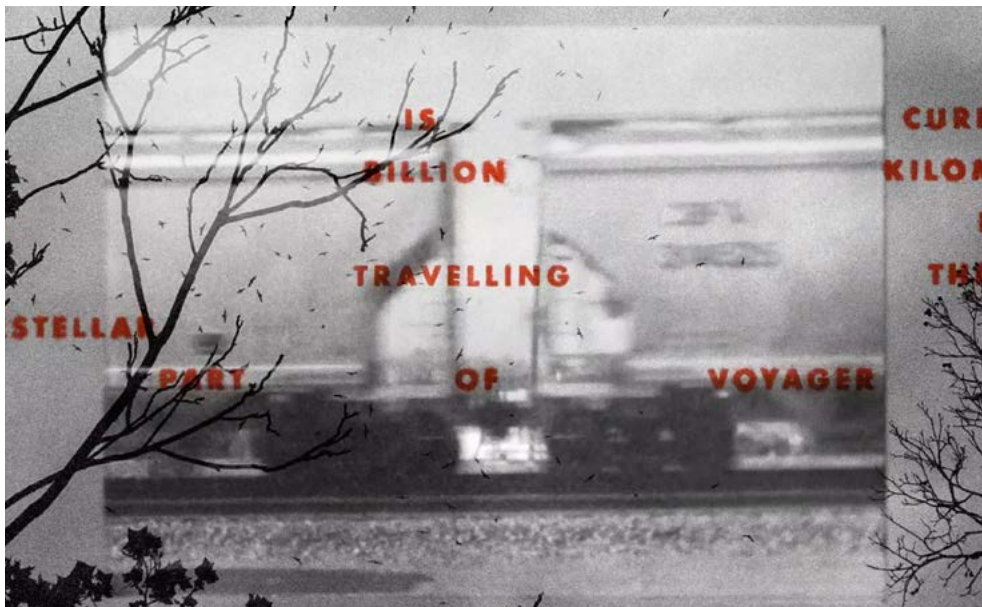
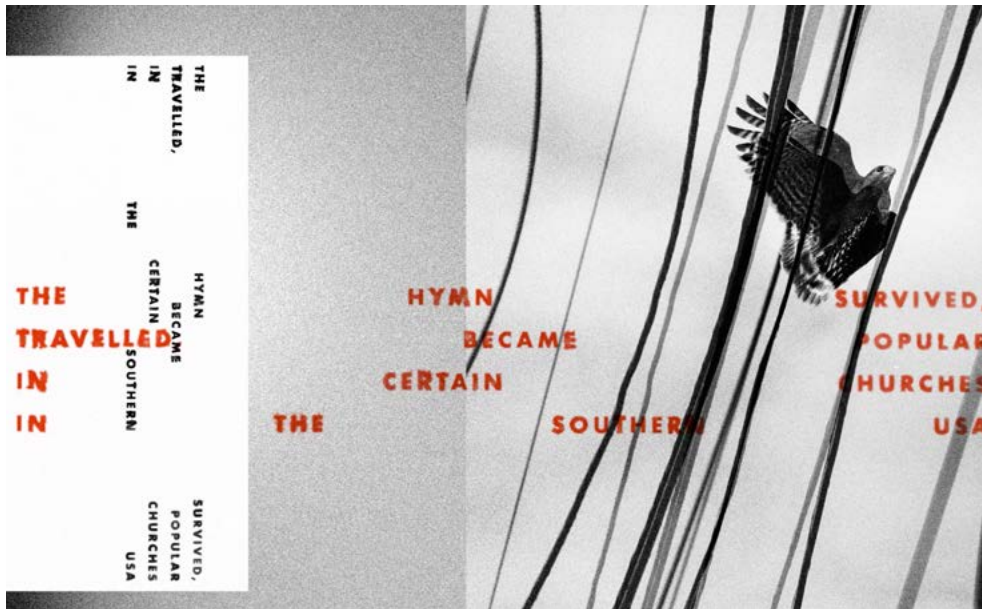
Eternal.

————SOUNDS VIBRATE
INTO THIN AIR —————
AMBIENT IN ITS ETHICS
————SOMBER
GUITAR CREEPS IN
————DELICATE AND
STUNNINGLY PRETTY
————AS UPLIFTING
AS IT IS SAD —————
AT ONCE ALIEN AND
ORGANIC —————DESERT,
LONELINESS, AND THE
OPEN ROAD —————
DESOLATE BLEND OF
ABRASIVE BOTTLENECK
WORK —————ECHOIC
HARMONY —————

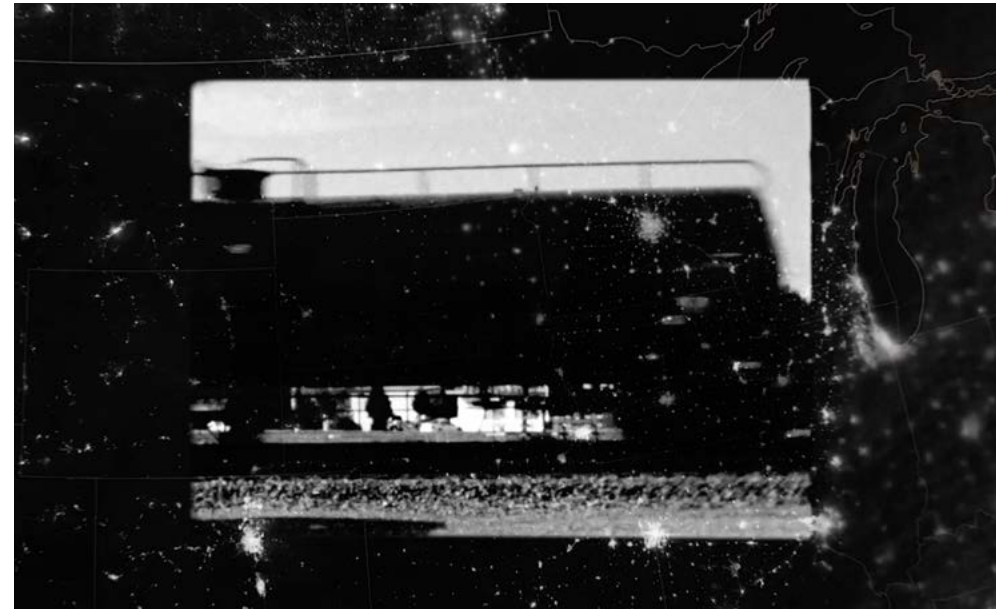
————SLIDING
ACOUSTIC TERRAIN
————HIGH, LONESOME
SOUND —————A
PEACEFUL, POETIC
JOURNEY INTO THE SOUL
OF AN ACOUSTIC GUITAR
————BROODING
CONTEMPLATION —————
VERY ATMOSPHERIC
AND EVOCATIVE —————
HAUNTING GUITAR MUSIC
—————













SHRHRTTK



TEXT

**ANDY
GRAY**

ART

**ROSIE
VOHRA**

SOUND

**JUSTIN
WIGGAN**

DESIGN AND FILM

REFOLD

THE WHISTLING KETTLE OF A BOMB'S DESCENT

SHRHRTTCK

ANDY GRAY

TEXT IN RESPONSE

The whistling kettle of a bomb's descent. Then another.

A sunless trudge toward the machine's stuttering malfunctioning heart.

The metal conch buzzes and chatters insistently, muddled voices from the void.

Nothing

makes sense.

A grating alarm, unfolding and ascending from abysmal depths. The core judders below, shaking the surface above. Liquid ore forms eddies that seethe beneath screaming skies.

The Stygian clamour builds, intensifies

and then drops out.

Static bursts above, emitting code like digital birdsong. Something

beneath, cohering for second and then splintering into white noise

INDUSTRY... FEARS THAT
MANY FIRMS...
BE GOING TO THE WALL
IF THE STRIKE GOES ON

THE EXPLOSION... BOMB
ESTIMATED... ABOUT 50
POUNDS OF EXPLOSIVES
RIPPED AWAY... THE
COACH

MR WILSON HAS
CALLED... UNITED
COUNTRY TO BEAT THE
ECONOMIC CRISIS

IN BIRMINGHAM 21
WERE KILLED AND MANY
SERIOUSLY INJURED

HIGHEST TIDES FOR 300
YEARS SWEEP...VAST
AREAS WERE FLOODED

THE TWO GIANT
PANDAS....GIFT FROM
THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC
OF CHINA

TWO MILES AWAY
WAS STOPPED BY THE
BIGGEST PEACETIME
EXPLOSION EVER KNOW
IN BRITAIN

IF ANY PERSON IS
HELPING HIM OR
ASSISTING HIM OR HAVE
ANY KNOWLEDGE...
WHEREABOUTS

I'D LIKE THEM TO LET US
KNOW

Neon fire sets the horizon alight

Clarity, for a moment. Voices swirl,
stretch, cohere

then vanish to vapour

Blooms of electricity scour the sky,
locusts in the circuitry chitter

chatter, whirring feverishly and

endlessly.

Solar winds lash the dead
landscape

scouring surfaces clean

leaving the land shining like glass.

flickering quicksilver seas like vast
teardrops

reflect the cobalt cloak of the sky

nothing can live here.

MY NEW PURPLE SHOES
BIN AMAZIN' THE PEOPLE
NEXT DOOR

AND MY ROCK'N'ROLL
FORTY FIVES BIN
ENRAGIN' THE FOLKS ON
THE LOWER FLOOR

OH GIVE ME A GOOD
GUITAR

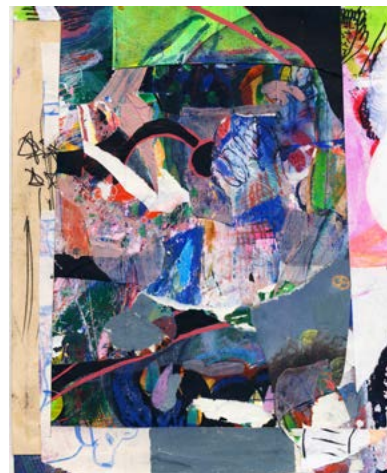
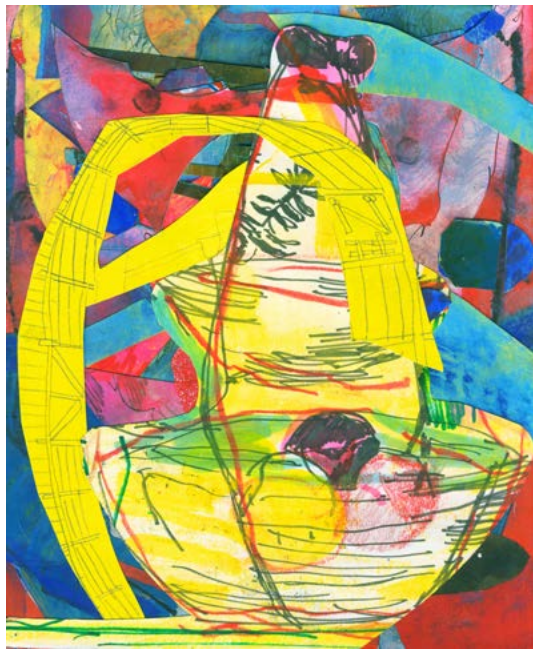
AND YOU CAN SAY THAT
MY HAIR'S A DISGRACE

OR FIND ME AN
OPEN CAR I'LL MAKE
THESPEEDOFLIGHT
OUTTA THIS PLACE

OH GIVFZZST MEA GOOD
GUIZHHTZ AR

FZHTTT OUTTA FSSSTZ

[illegible][illegible]



SHRHRTTCK

ROSIE VOHRA

VISUAL RESPONSE

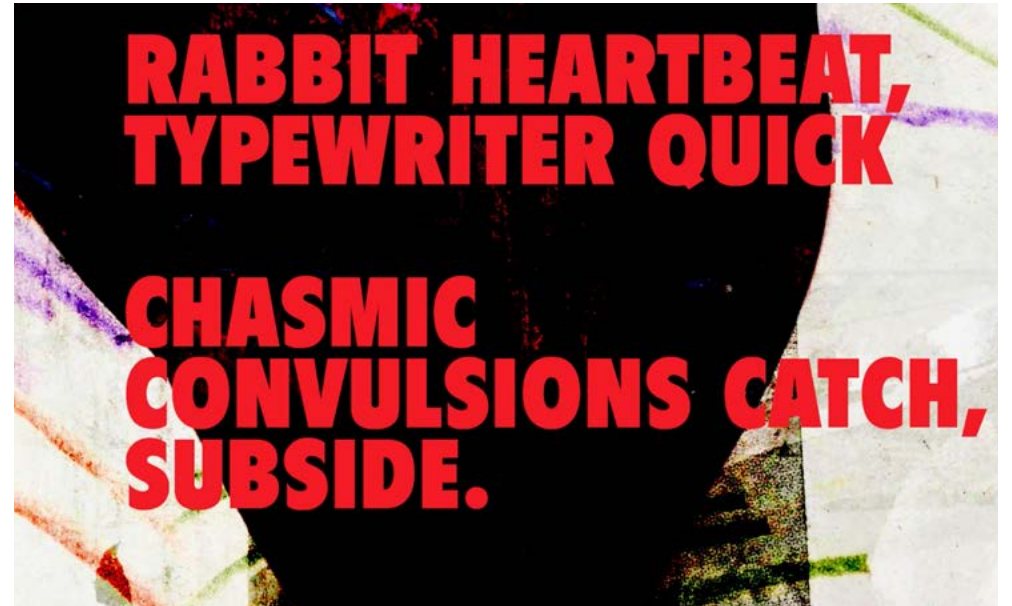








**SOMETHING BENEATH,
COHERING FOR
SECOND AND THEN
SPLINTERING INTO
WHITE NOISE**





SPRTFDN

TEXT

**ALEX
NEILSON**

DESIGN AND FILM

**OLIVER
NEILSON**

SOUND

**JUSTIN
WIGGAN**

EDIT BY

REFOLD

WHEN I WAS YOUNG I WANTED TO BE A PLANET

SPRTFDN

ALEX NEILSON

TEXT IN RESPONSE

When I was young I wanted to be a planet.
Singing at the edge of an ungovernable expanse.
Mountain ranges of pain.
Lake Districts of desire.
Full moons cartwheeling in their parliaments
at the pace of a fingernail growing.

Instead,
I found myself alone in a wood.
Drunk on darkness.
Standing on my knees.
Urgently confessing things I hadn't done.
Not thinking about the stars
but the terrible silences behind them.
And the moon as a mausoleum
where all my best ideas are buried screaming
inches beneath the surface.

This is the straightest line to you.
A thought first formed in the mind of Robert Harrison
rebounds between endless Eden's
and fixes in my mind like an altarpiece.
Like a centrefold.
An idea that changed the shape of my head.

And now I'm too motion sick to man the ship.

You get used to the whip crack
 You get used to the stomach pain
 You get used to the "I love you's"
 You get used to the "past your best"
 You get used to the "not again"
 You get used to the galaxy
 You get used to the galactic vastness
 You get used to the galaxy getting used to you
 You get used to the rage ransacking your ribcage

And finally you say "no more".

Deep in the forest of memory
 I was a hummingbird.
 Observing patterns of absence.
 Objects and their shadows.
 The world weighted
 against my wing.
 Reality pulsing in my throat.
 Mesmerising flies in mid-air
 with the violent convulsion of my song.
 The envy of the forest.

Deep in the forest of memory
 I was a coiled worm
 thrashing in the muck.
 Laughing underwater
 in terrible silence.
 Rainbow-skinned.
 Hundreds of hearts.
 Painfully reproducing myself
 against my will.
 Ricocheting between realities
 without warning
 like a malfunctioning fruit machine.
 Unable to stop.
 Not the kind of worm the birds would eat.

Somewhere, distant trumpets sound a gloomy fanfare
 and the mechanical clank of industrial machinery.
 A rich and soulful voice sings from the heart.
 Things you'd always thought but never expressed.
 Things about compromised emotions
 and being forced to act in difficult situations.
 A registry of malcontent and thwarted hope.
 The singer presses his face against the circular saw of his emotions
 and sings.

The singer chooses a book from his library
 of resentments, disappointments and self-criticisms
 opens a page at random and lets it all out.
 Let the ghost have his castles and his rips
 in the fabric of reality. Just leave me
 my notebook and
 my pornographic memory.
 I think I love this man and would like to be like him.
 But there I go again, confusing love
 with gluttonous envy.

Now the armies of love are reading their crudely drawn maps
and pointing towards the emerald hill.
The dream-lions are straining on their chains
on the steps of the temple.
Their faces blurring then vivid then blurring again.
Their manes disappearing in fire then reappearing
in fantastic textured detail. Gold against
the deep blue of the sky and the padded foxtrot
of army boots advancing.

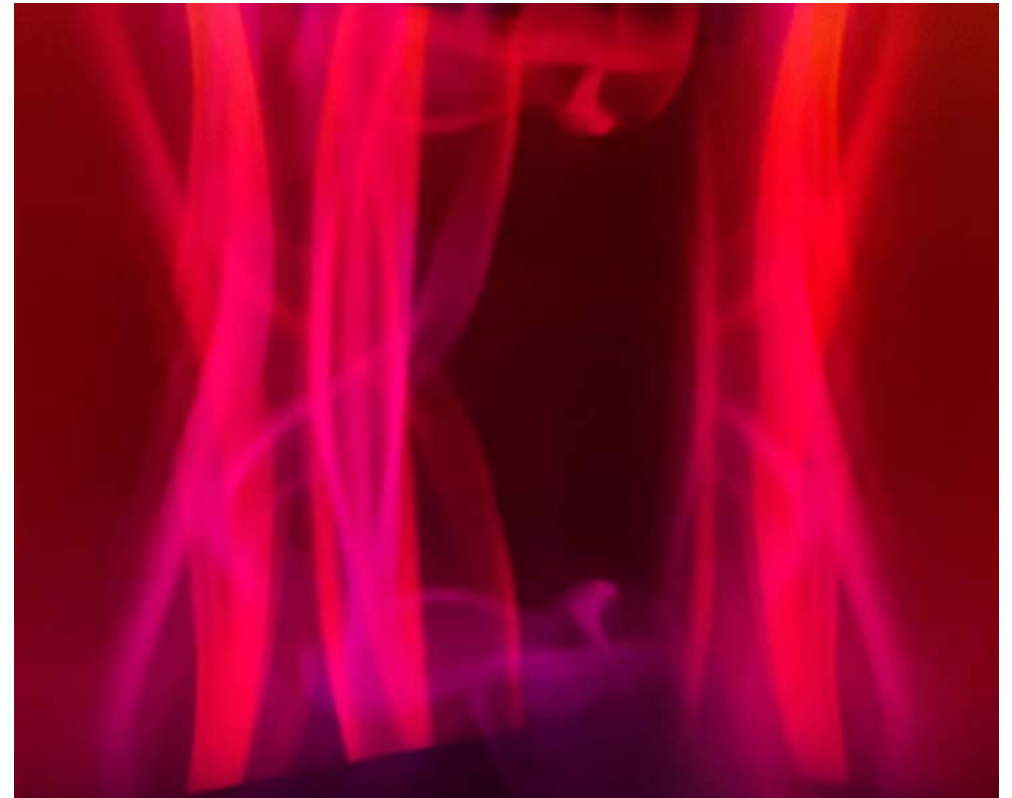
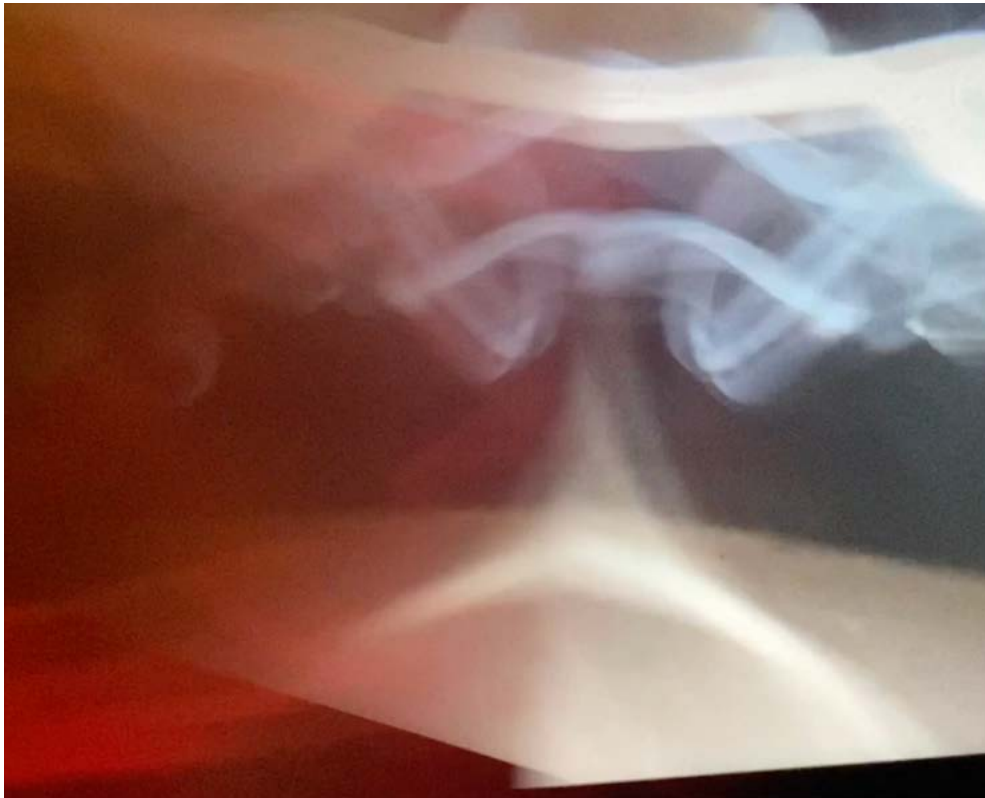
Are these the kind of thoughts that have always held me back?
Are these the hands that have astounded audiences
from Dewsbury to Jerusalem?
Is this the taxidermied heart I promised you
when we met in the mire and argued over the names of its creatures?

And now your name bursting in my brain like a firework.
Bells ringing constantly in my body because I heard your name.
Cathedrals grow from stones because your name was sounded.
A flower in the mouth of the singer because his song
assumed the shape of your name.
And I'm biting the gun of the executioner repeating your name
like a coded reprieve.

Now a carousel of sad photographs flickers through my mind... a father
letting his son feed the swans... a man falling on a cobbled street... lovers
walking in the grounds of a ruined abbey, not holding hands but brushing arms...
scrying my future in the Rorschach smear of your mascara.

But the future is already ruined. And always has been.
That much we know. That much we agreed upon.
When I was a planet I wanted to be young.
Ungovernable at the edge of a singing expanse.
Pain ranges of desire.
Desire forests of Rorschach.
Cartwheeling parliaments
full in their fingernails
Moons growing to be young.
Ruined futures smeared across agreement.
You get used to the motion sick
You get used to the executioners of love
You get used to the cathedrals of memory
You get used to the painfully reproducing
You get used to the fabric of reality
You get used to the reality getting used to you
You get used to the gluttonous envy unable to stop

And finally you say "no more".









THE BLCKST PPPR

TEXT

**WILL
BURNS**

ART

**GARETH
COURAGE**

SOUND

**JUSTIN
WIGGAN**

DESIGN AND FILM

REFOLD

REVE- RBER- ATION

THE BLCKST PPPR

WILL BURNS

TEXT IN RESPONSE

Room, hall, chamber, plate, spring.
Church, cathedral. Eventually, maybe, Abbey Road.
Declensions of reverberation (modular, non-linear) –
a grammar of plug-in downloads.
A far-off and fragile guitar line,
faint as birdsong in the dying night.

Oursong still rings out
in days of fathomless boredom.
Maintains itself –
a super-audible ghost
inside each chosen platform.

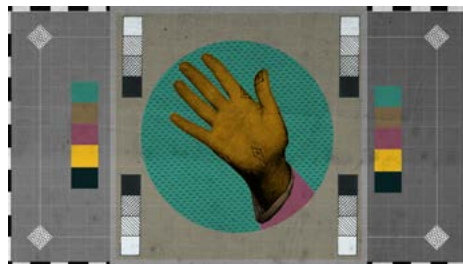
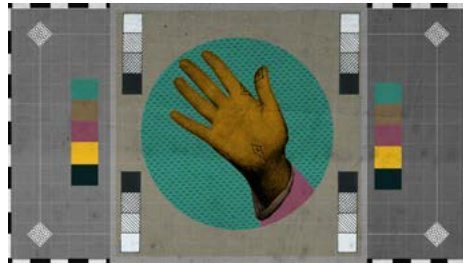
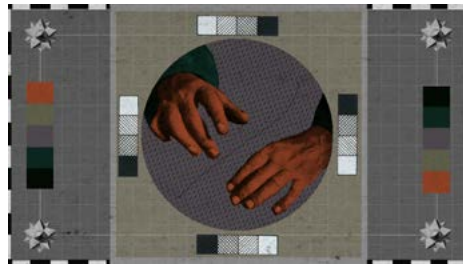
A count, two, three, four...
a chord,
a pulse,
a hammer.

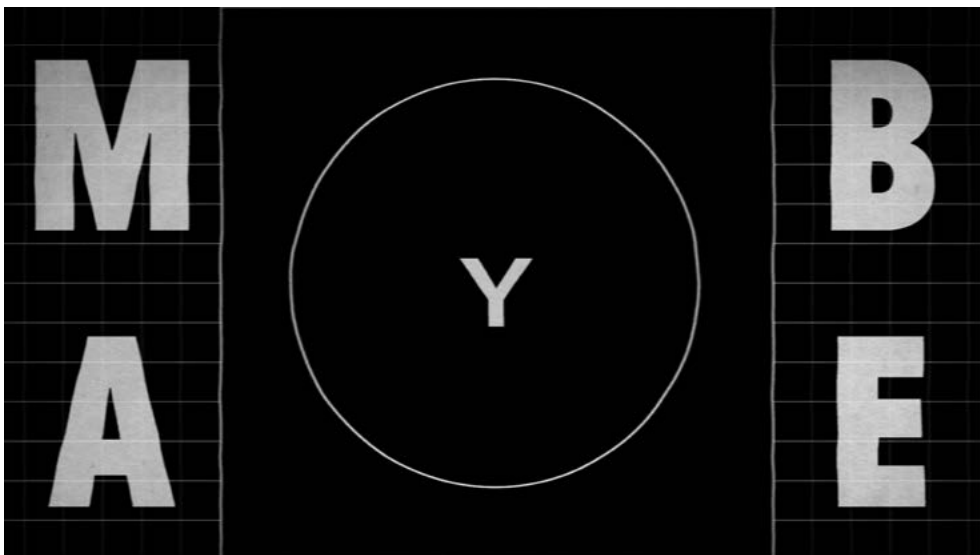
Eventually the sound decays,
breaks up, or down, into tunelessness
despite maintaining at all times,
its peculiar kind of backbeat, somewhere in the distance.

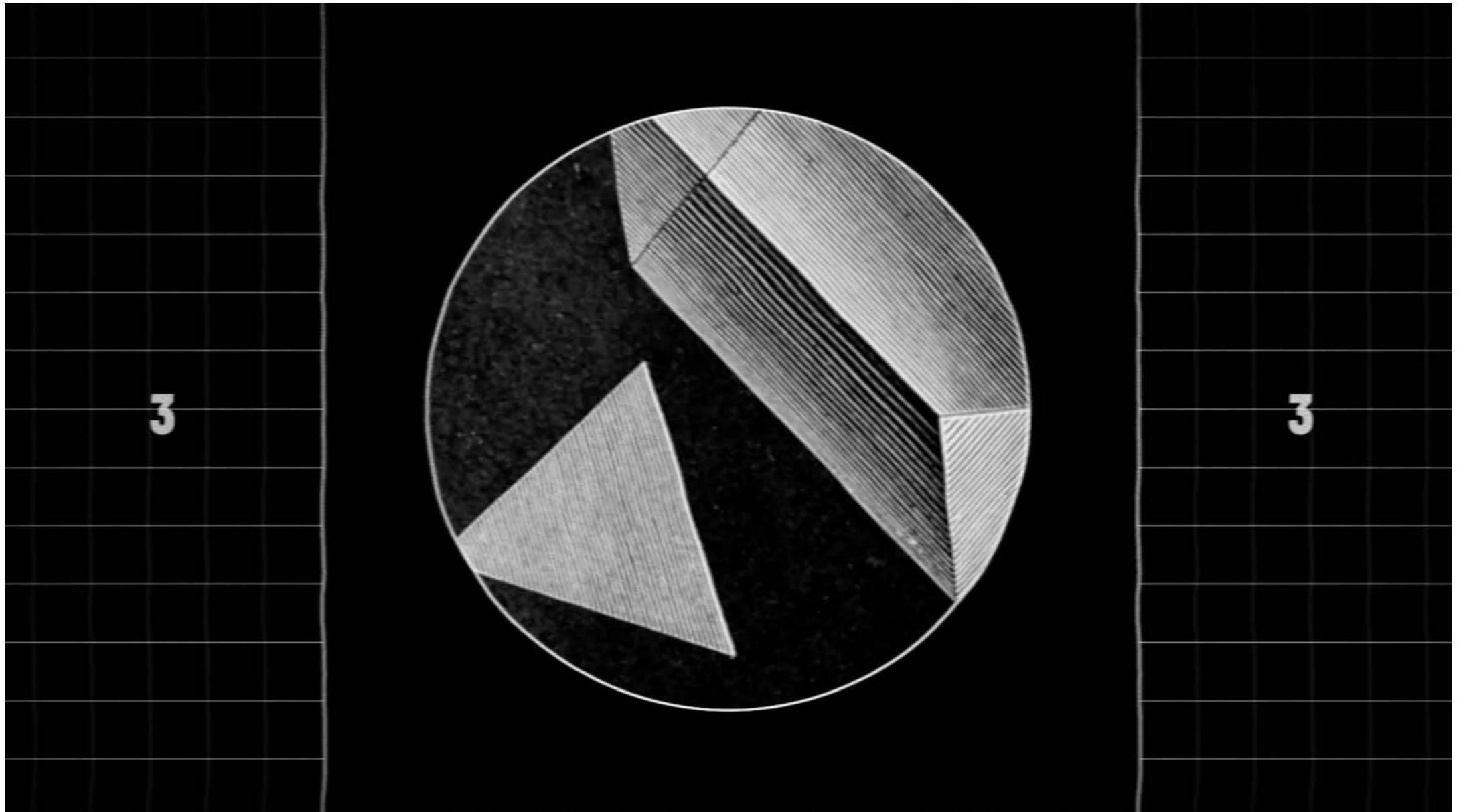
Then a kind of counter-melody. Incidental noise.
The slow degraded wave-obsolescence.
The tunes, of course, still carry
through imitation, repetition, cover version.
Languages visited one upon the other,
their references move biblically,
through the blues, gospel, work-songs, soul, to the pop-cultural.
Ingvaenonic, Anglo-Frisian, Old English, Scouse,
finally, perhaps, standard digital command.

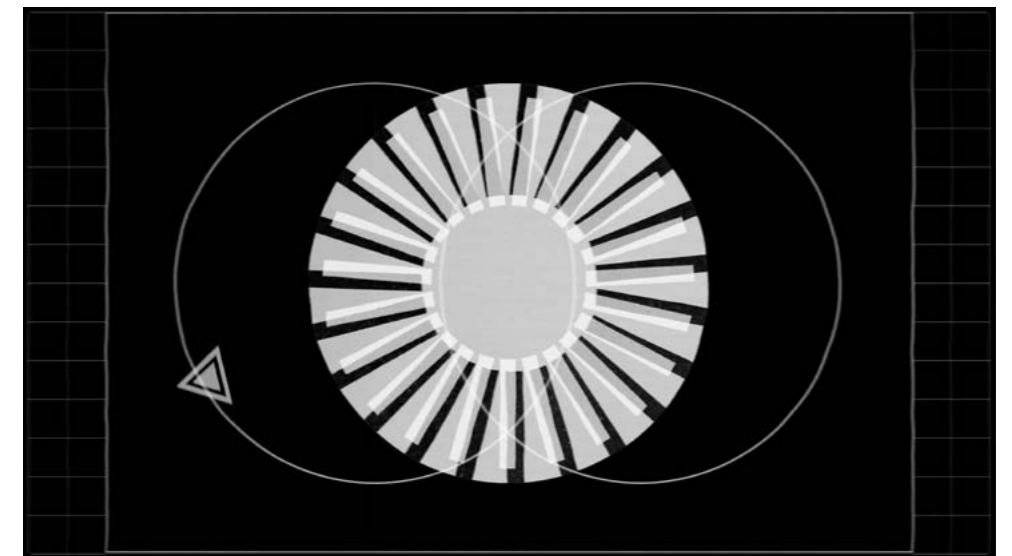
Remembered the sound as it used to be.
As it was originally.
Inexpressible in silence (though, as has been said,
that is itself impossible.)
There was a joke that the band's name
sounded like 'penis' in the Low German.

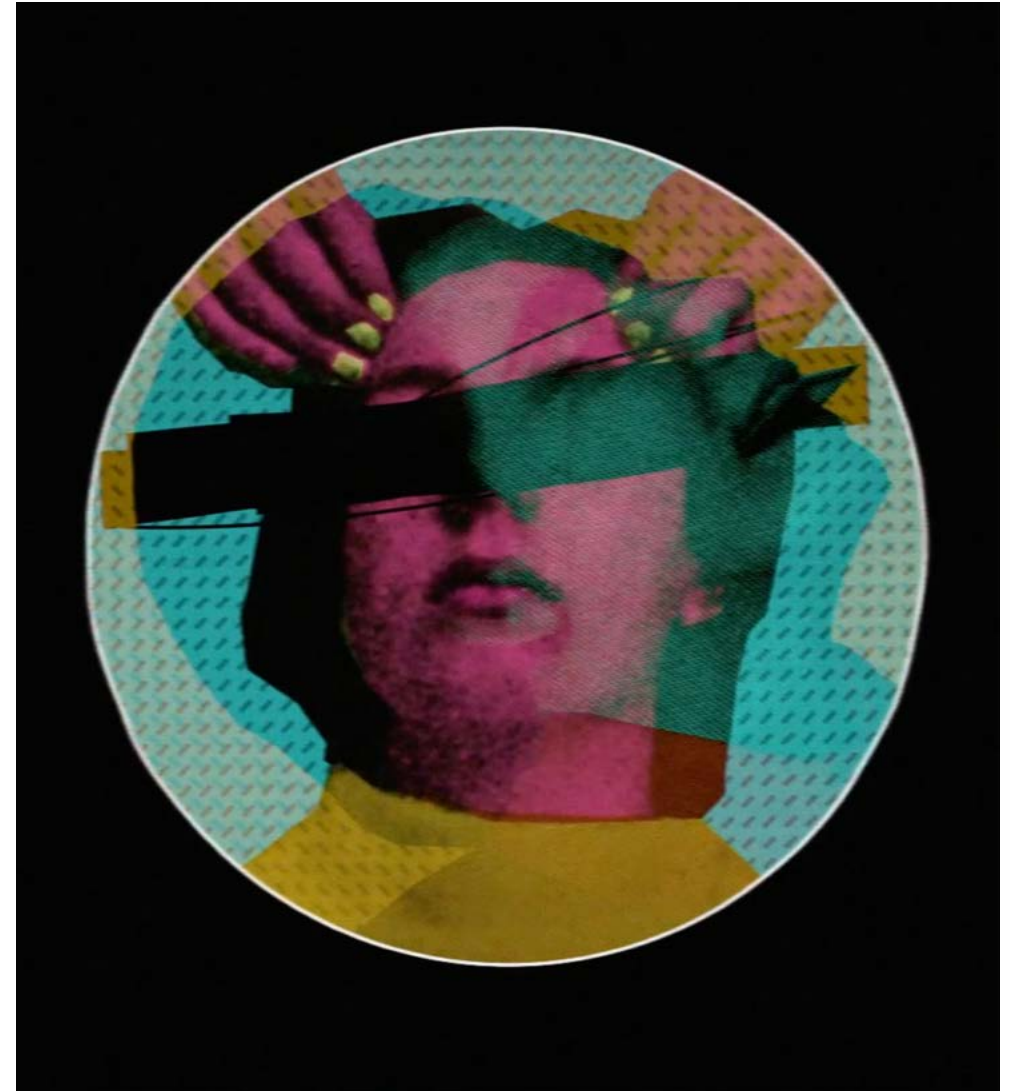














TLT

TEXT

**DECLAN
RYAN**

ART

**JAMES
OCKELFORD**

ART AND SOUND

**JUSTIN
WIGGAN**

DESIGN AND FILM

REFOLD

A DEAD SOUND AT THE FINAL STROKE OF NINE

1

You remember that dream, the one we talked about so often;
I was in the car, the passenger seat empty beside me
and you were running, Ninetto, anxious, running from behind,
there were tears in your voice, yelling and running,
asking me to take you with me, saying you'd pay
for the journey, this journey of a life.

Only in a dream could you have been so bold,
could you have asked me so openly, but you are not a dream
Ninetto, who said those words to me then,
those words you still blush over every time I bring them up.

Unpeopled city,
no crowds on London Bridge,
no flow up the hill and down King William Street,
Saints Mary Woolnoth, John the Revelator, Joseph and St Pier,
Star Of The Sea, Martyr, Virgin,
all still keeping the hours
with a dead sound at the final stroke of nine
and another at ten,
winter dawn unseen, death having undone so many
for so long.

The pages had squares of fabric,
lemon, magenta, cocoa, gray.
There were stripes, batiks, Egyptian cottons
light enough to read through.
They were like old friends; a vast understanding
had risen between them.
They chose a cloth that was printed like feathers,
feathers of dark green, black, permanganate,
another the colour of deerskin,
and a third the blue of police.

Follow government advice for safer travel.
Follow signs, listen to announcements and pay attention.

Always the same corner table at The Cock Tavern,
by the painting of the old cockfights, the place heaving with the boys
from the market just off-shift, the pumps serving since dawn, a few
to take the edge off the night's work, bloodstains still drying
on the turnups of his jeans, this country boy, this man who knew
nothing of the city, who knew his way round a shoulder, his way round
a joint, easing muscle off the bone, his white overalls burnished,
sweepers calling to each other as they poured out the disinfectants,
the office workers starting to arrive when he was five or six pints down,
ordering their thin cuts of steak, lurid, nearly orange in the neon,
lemon bloody cola, bread instead of peas, always bread instead of peas,
lemon bloody cola and bread instead of peas.

CHURCH ORGAN

I know that our deceased friends are more really with us
than when they were apparent to our mortal part.
Thirteen years ago I lost a brother,
and with his spirit I converse daily and hourly in the spirit,
and see him in my remembrance,
in the region of my imagination.
I hear his advice, and even now write from his dictate.

2

Customer metrics for Farringdon Station
showed increasing congestion and bottlenecks
that needed solutions in a major way.
The 465 metre long concreting train
is a sophisticated mobile underground concrete batching factory.
Farringdon Station is located in a strategic part of London.
The ability to mix and batch concrete on the move
meant the concreting train was able to deliver a high daily output.
It will be London's central transport hub,
delivering tens of thousands of additional commuters each day.
When the concreting train was not operating in the tunnels
it had to be split in two due to its size
and located on two of the eight railhead tracks.
It will provide links to London's three major airports,
while significantly reducing travel times.
It was based at Plumstead.

Le boucher découpe du veau pour deux.
C'est un jeune homme rose aux cils blancs.
Je pense qu'il connaît ma vie.
Comment nous préférons a manger quand il fait froid.
Son sourire est le sceau officiel de mon mariage.

Well the relationship was really based on one poem,
that Butcher poem.
I sent him that poem without thinking
it was all that brilliant, you know.
I think he was disappointed with me for the rest of the time.
It wasn't quite up to that standard.
It was a bit inhibiting, also it was a bit of luck that first time.
My god I tried, every other bloody shop in the high street.

"I suppose", said Netta, still looking into the fire
"that it's because he's so big that he's so silly"
A perfectly off-hand and unstudied observation,
yet such was his state, it made his heart leap up
in hope and joy. It was the kindest, most cordial
thing she had said for weeks. It was the mention
of his bigness which particularly delighted him –
the naming and friendly admission of his one asset.

By 10pm the deliveries begin to arrive in lorries the size of small barns.
This is as slick an operation as you can imagine.
The cutting and processing staff are waiting to begin work,
so that by the time I arrive
on the scene the place is a hive of activity.
The market is at its height between two and six am.
It is a great feeling though, to see the market at work.
Even regulars stop to admire the cutters who are incredibly skilled.
Their precision in cutting meat is awesome,
because they know how even the slightest mishap can ruin a carcass.

Netta. The tangled net of her hair – the dark net – the brunette. The net in
which he was caught – netted. Nettles. The wicked poison-nettles from
which had been brewed the potion that was in his blood. Stinging nettles. She
stung and wounded him with words from her red mouth. Nets. Fishing-nets.
Mermaid's nets. Bewitchment. Syrens – the unearthly beauty of the sea. Nets.
Nest. To nestle. To nestle against her. Rest. Breast. In her net. Netta.

I confess I do not believe in time.
 I like to fold my magic carpet, after use,
 in such a way as to superimpose one part
 of the pattern upon another. Let visitors trip.
 And the highest enjoyment of timelessness –
 in a landscape selected at random –
 is when I stand among rare butterflies and their food plants.
 This is ecstasy, and behind the ecstasy
 is something else, which I cannot explain.

3

The place is built like a theatre.
 In the centre on the floor stands a circular table
 covered with straw and with ledges round it,
 where the cocks are teased and incited to fly at one another,
 while those with wagers sit closest around the circular disk,
 but the spectators who are merely present on their entrance penny
 sit around higher up, watching with eager pleasure
 the fierce and angry fight, as these wound each other to death
 with spurs and beaks.

My mother groand! my father wept.
 Into the dangerous world I leapt:
 Helpless, naked, piping loud;
 Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

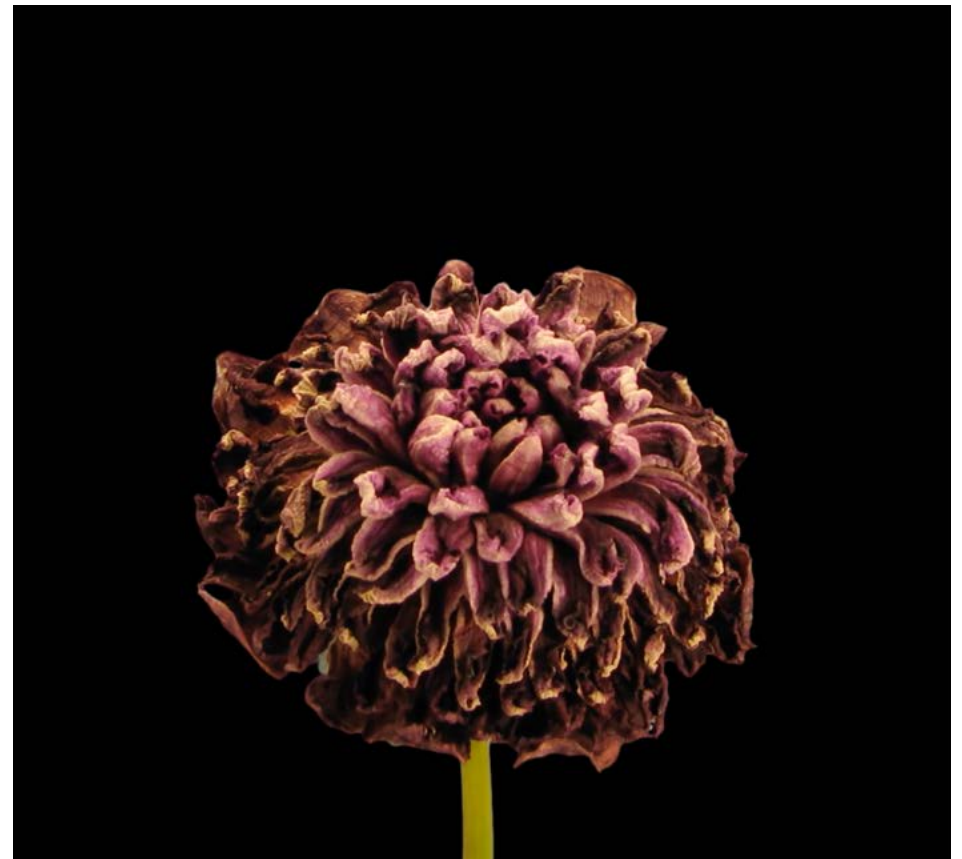
Pier Paolo Pasolini, a film director, poet and novelist
 whose work ranged from the religious to the harshly secular,
 was found bludgeoned to death this morning
 near a field on the outskirts of Ostia, the seaport of ancient Rome.
 He was 53 years old.
 The body, the police said, was discovered this morning
 in a clearing by a carpenter, Alfredo Principessa.
 Pieces of a heavy board, a bloodied vest, a bunch of keys
 and two rings lay not far from the body.
 Mr. Pasolini had just finished his latest film,
 “The 120 Days of Sodoma,”
 an allegory of the Italian Fascist era
 that borrows scenes from a work by the Marquis de Sade.

Rub-a-dub-dub,
 Three men in a tub,
 And who do you think they be?
 The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker,
 And all of them out to sea.

WHITE FEATHERS, EVERYWHERE

Last night, in Arezzo, in the silence of the night,
 when the guard was locking up behind your back
 and you and your smile were about to shoot off somewhere
 you said ‘Thank you’. ‘Thank you’? Ninetto it’s the first time
 you’ve said that to me, and you even corrected yourself
 so as not to lose face. That journey you wanted me to pay for,
 it was the journey of a life. It was in that dream, from three,
 four years ago, that I understood what my hesitant longing
 for freedom was about. God, Ninetto, while you’re using the bathroom
 I’ll sneak off, scared, I’ll go and I’ll take some aeroplane
 to some distant spot. I’m insatiable for life because a singular thing
 in this world can never be worn out.

I gotta quit.



[illegible]

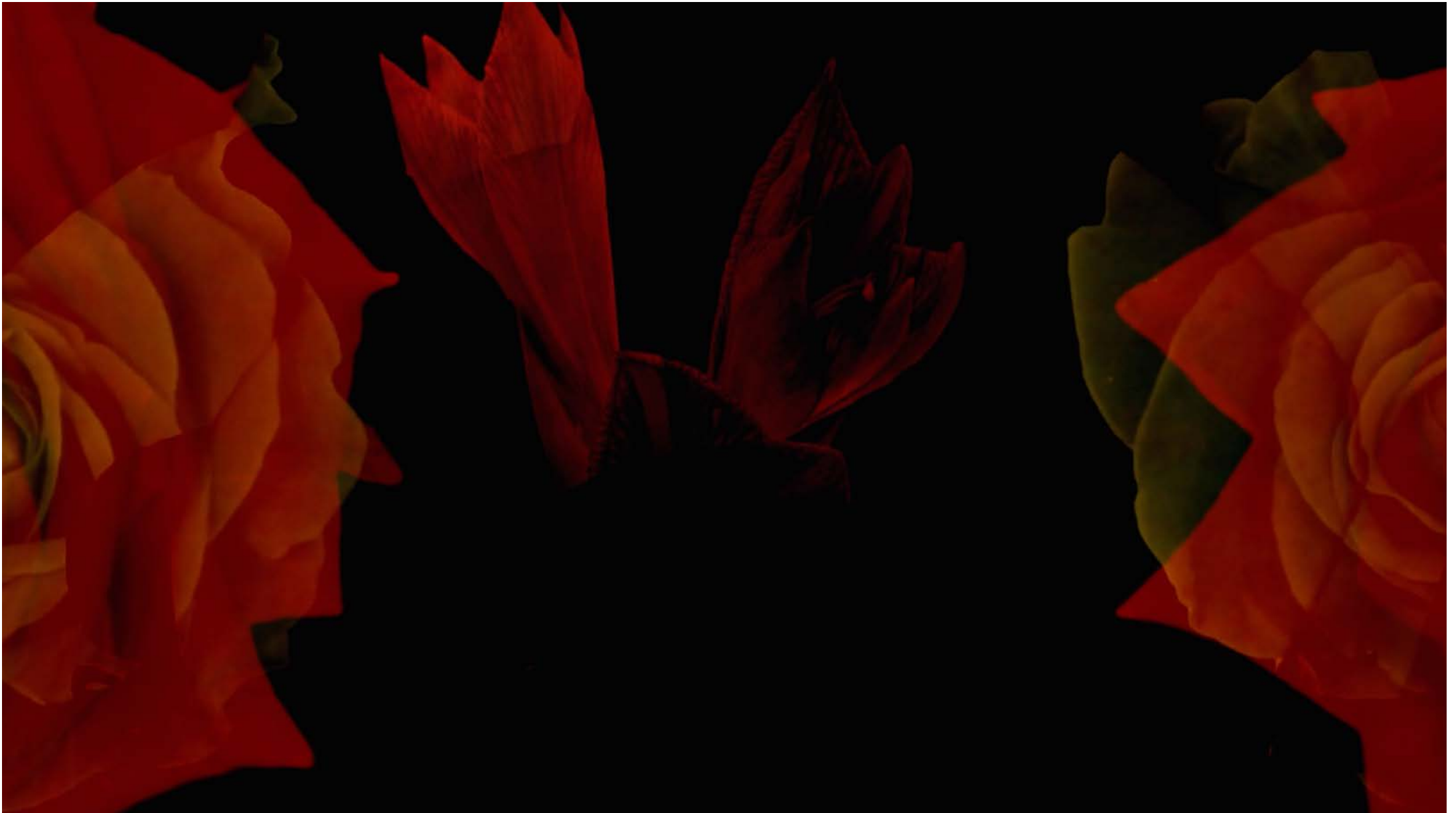
I hear his advice, and even now write from his dictate

[illegible]

nothing of the city, who knew his way round a s









UNKNWN- PLSRS

TEXT

**JAMIE
HOLMAN**

ART

**TOM
TEBBY**

SOUND

**JUSTIN
WIGGAN**

DESIGN AND FILM

REFOLD

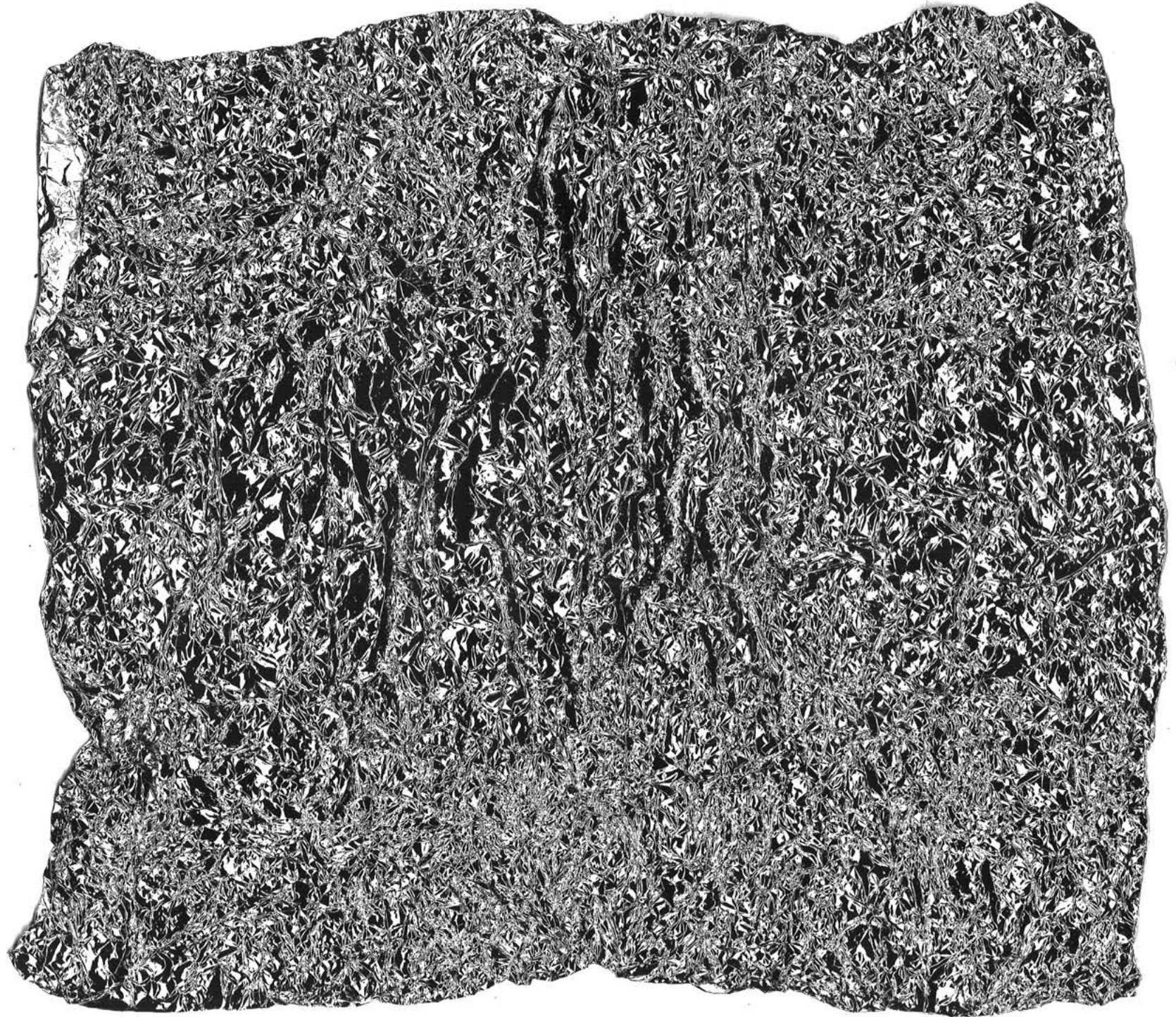
ALMOST
FUTURE
NOT
QUITE
BUT
ALMOST

FUZZ CRACK INADEQUACY
INFORMATION MISSING
INADEQUATE CAPTURE
BREAKS
BEAUTIFUL BREAKS
VHS ASSOCIATION
ALMOST FUTURE NOT QUITE BUT ALMOST
NOW AND GONE SOME THEN
PROPHETIC SIGNAL DROP
THESE MACHINES CAN'T CAPTURE
OR CAPTURE TOO MUCH
MUCH TOO SOON BEFORE
DROP
THE WAY YOU DROP
BROKEN SIGNAL BROKEN
"REMEMBER THEM LIKE THIS"
IMAGINE THEM BETTER IMAGINED
IT WAS LIKE THIS
IT WAS THIS
LIKE
WHAT IT WAS LIKE
NOW
THIS IS WHAT IT IS
THE FUTURE CANT FORGET
I WAS THERE
WITH YOU BEFORE
I WAS WITH YOU AFTER
FORGET TO REMEMBER
REMEMBER
IT WAS COLD THAT MORNING
YOU WE I
I WE YOU REMEMBER NOTHING
IT WAS COLD
SHUTTER WIND CLICK REPEAT
IT WAS BLACK AND WHITE THEN
WE THEY I
SHOULD HAVE WORN WARM
CLICK
ME YOUR OUR
FACES
CLICK
ANGLED AND PRECISE

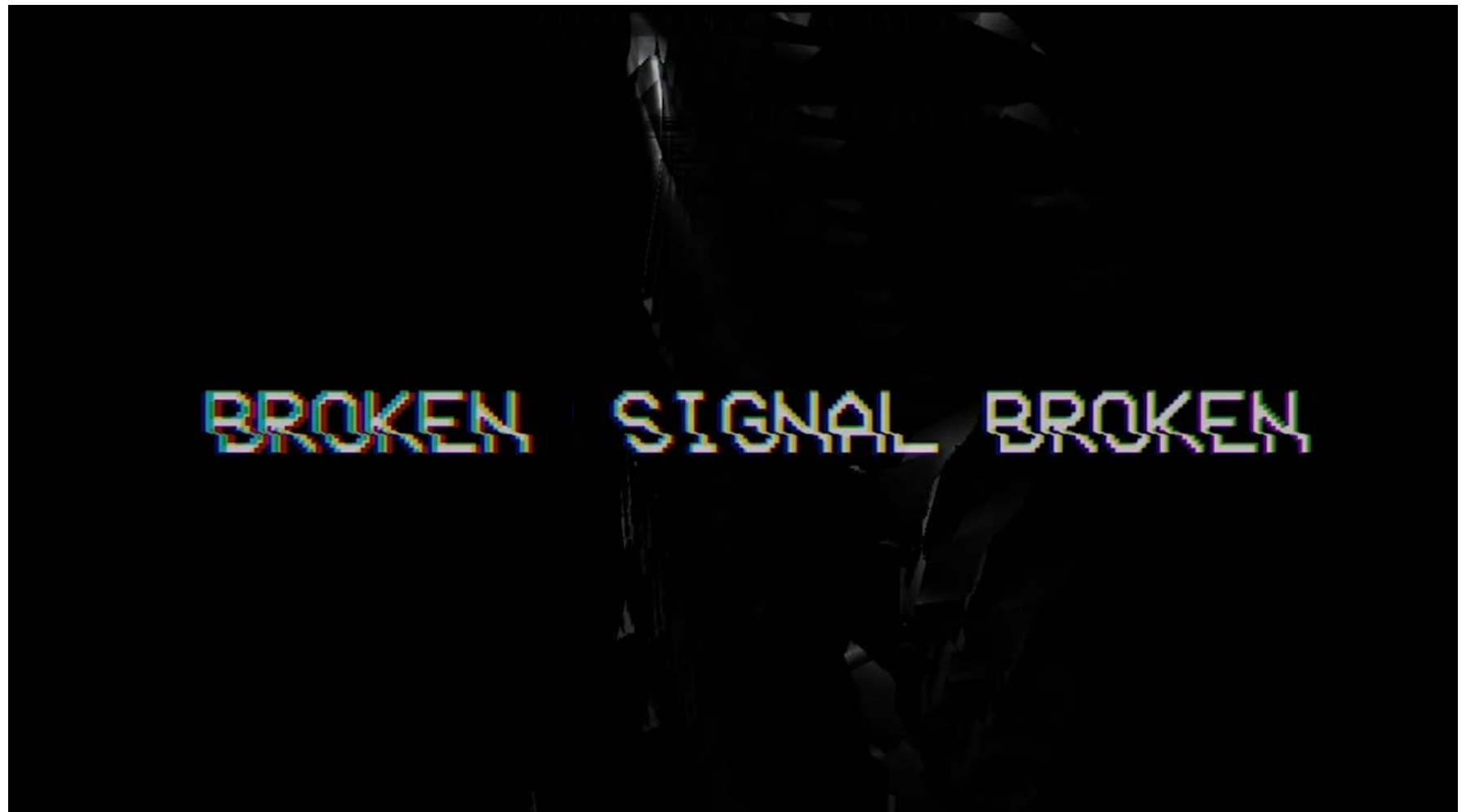
AND THE
 FEELING
 YOU WE I
 ANGLED
 IN LANDSCAPE EXTRAORDINARY
 MAPPING BLACK UNKNOWING
 BEFORE AND AFTER THE ROAD
 CARTOGRAPHIC ACCIDENTAL NO ACTION RECORDED
 RESISTANCE TO FUTURE UNINTENDED
 EMBRACED OBSOLESCENCE
 UNFORTUNATE RELIANCE ON ME
 THE NEW THAT WILL FAIL
 THE FUTURE REDACTED
 BLANKED FROM THE PAGE
 EACH PASS CRACKLES AND
 BROKEN SIGNAL BROKEN
 TERRIBLE BEAUTIFUL WRETCHED AND SCORNE
 I CANT FORGET I'VE SEEN IT
 I WAS THERE WITH YOU
 YOU WERE I
 THERE EVERYONE WAS YOUNG
 EVERYTHING WAS
 CLOSING DOWN
 CLOSED DOWN
 EVERYTHING WAS OLDER THEN IN MODERN
 I FORGOT TO REMEMBER THE FUTURE
 SEWARD THE THIRD WALK
 BEHIND YOU
 AND TURN A HAND WITH DIRECTIONS
 THE DOOR CLANGED SHUT
 PRESS PLAY
 PRESS PLAY
 COPY PRESS COPY AND PLAY
 A YOUTH CLUB FLICK V'S AND CONTORT
 PRESS PLAY
 A V NECK VELVET AND SCHOOL PANTS
 COPY AND PLAY
 THE BALCONY OF SOME EUROPEAN HALL
 PRESS PLAY COPY
 REPEAT AND REWIND
 NEWS PRINT IN GREYSCALE
 THE BRIDGE AND THE TABLE

SNOW ON THE GROUND
 OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL
 TURN ROUND
 LOOK BACK REMEMBER
 THE MINUTES
 YOUR IN THE MINUTES
 IN MINUTES REMEMBER
 YOUR MINUTES
 IT SOUNDS BEAUTIFUL WHEN IT BREAKS
 THINGS SOUND BEAUTIFUL WHEN THEY ARE BREAKING
 ECHO SMASH ECHO
 IT WAS NOT BEAUTIFUL TREVOR
 IT WAS NOT
 HORTICULTURE TO FOLLOW
 PRESS PLAY PRESS PLAY EJECT















WTRSHPDWN

TEXT

**RICHARD
ADAMS**

ART

**BEN
SADLER**

SOUND

**JUSTIN
WIGGAN**

DESIGN AND FILM

REFOLD

GOLDEN CHILD- HOOD FIELDS

WTRSHPDWN

RICHARD ADAMS

TEXT IN RESPONSE

fields
golden childhood fields
the buzz in the lines
of the telephone wires
that traverse the fields
raised up from the ground
and through the golden fields
signals carried from the house
wavering tones
and loving laughter
that you won't hear
when standing in the fields
that stretch out for miles

the treeline hum
as july breeze
floats through the leaves
the softest sound
a parched reality
burnt by the sun
on blue distant hills
a massed horizon
seen
lain
the flutter of leaf
in the past hours

church spire
on the lower ground
lit
in the summer sun
remember it all
the nip of the breeze on your back
a crackle underfoot
hedgerows there for years
and a big enough sky
in evening calls

the rush of the fen
and last signs of life
scurry about
in the sun dying light

the fruit of the hours
clings to old branches
light shafts into land
over soft silent stone
the overhead sounds
of wires against dark skies
when the field works into night
late evening fences
picking out lanes
a street lamp dim
and under stars
the cool air of night
shivers the thicket

and older now
with loss of light
with loss of hope
but the blur of distance
of the fields
covered with light
heat hazed
only in memory they remain

BEN SADLER PROVIDED OVER 70 BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION IN RESPONSE TO THE ORIGINAL SOUNDWORK BY JUSTIN WIGGAN. SOME OF THESE ILLUSTRATION ARE SHOWN HERE.



WTRSHPDWN

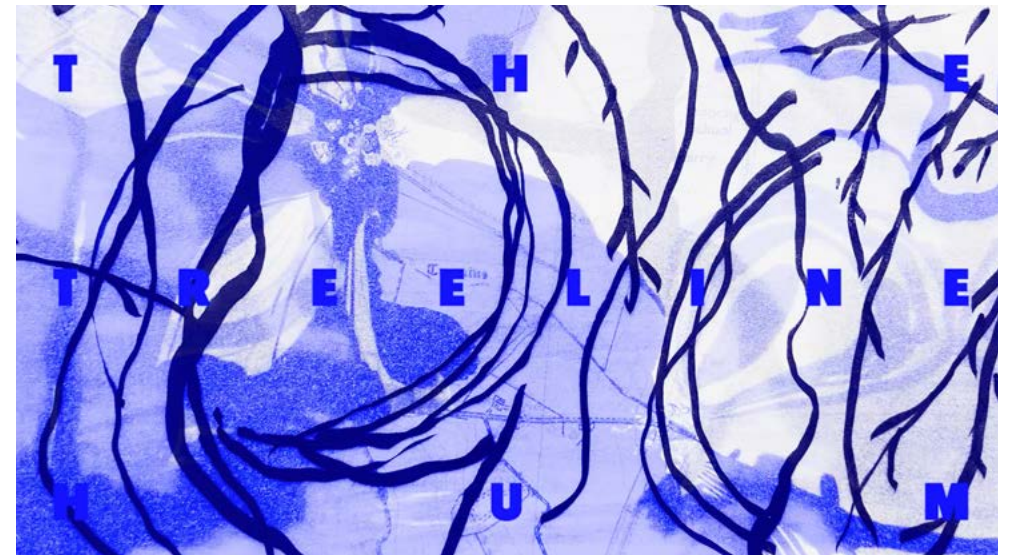
BEN SADLER

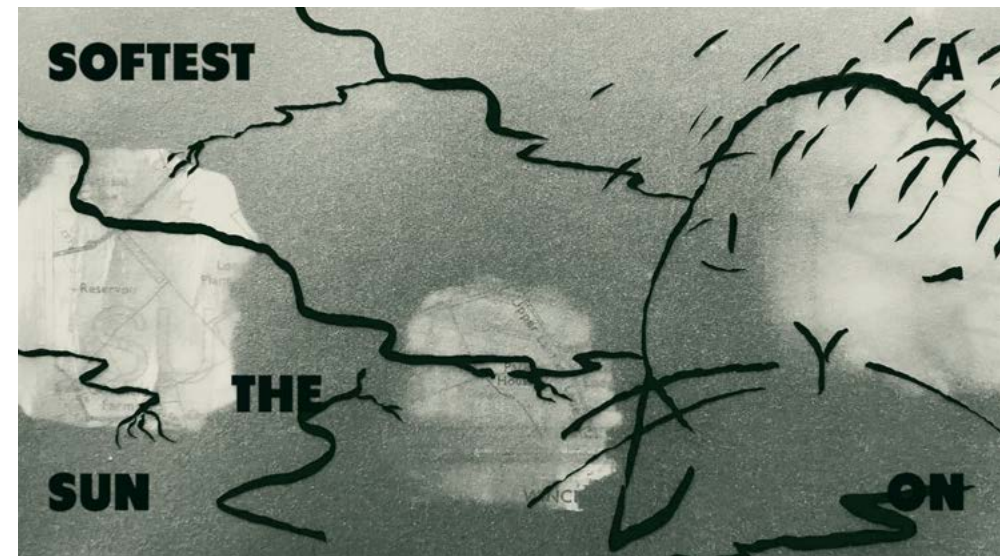
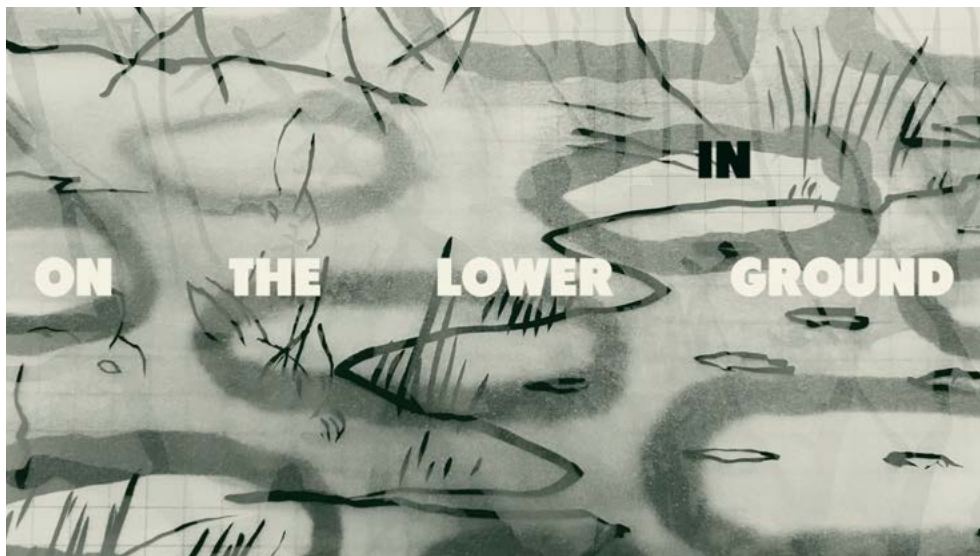
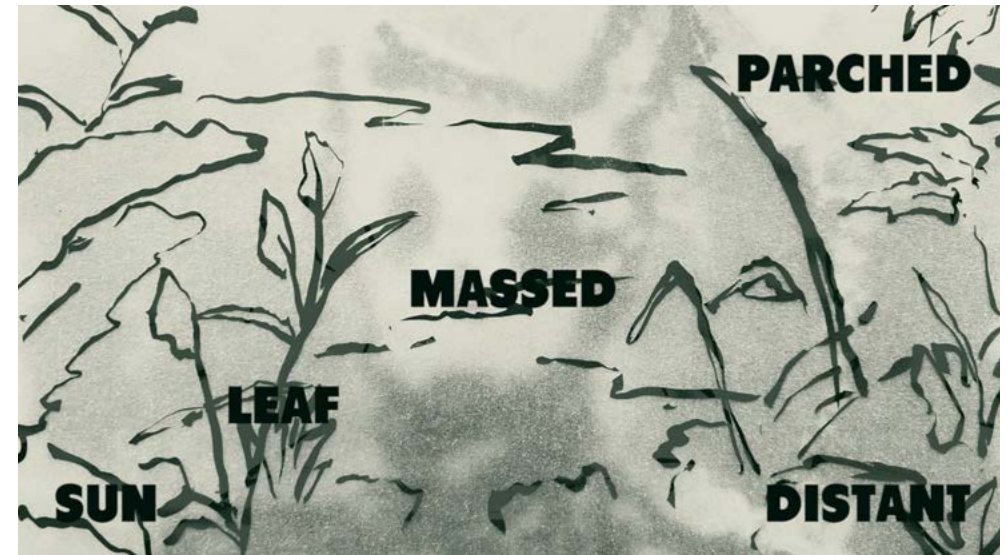
VISUAL RESPONSE















NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL

PLASTIKTONEZ

¹
**WE ARE REASSESSING THE VALUES
OF NINE SIGNIFICANT POP CULTURAL
MILESTONES THROUGH A FICTIONAL
LENS OF FAKE AI / MACHINE
LEARNING.**

²
**HUMANS PRETENDING TO BE
MACHINES TO UNDERSTAND
MACHINES PRETENDING TO BE
HUMANS.**

³
**THIS IS A HUMAN AND MACHINE
TRANSACTION WHERE NEITHER IS
THE RECIPIENT OR THE GIFTEE.**

⁴
**THIS IS AN ENHANCED QUESTIONING
PROCESS TO ASSIMILATE ENFORCED
EMPATHY THROUGH REDACTED
FAMILIARISATION.**

⁵
**A NARRATIVE IN WHICH THE VIEWER
CALLS INTO QUESTION CULTURAL
TRUST AND OWNERSHIP OF SELF
WITHOUT CHOICE, FOLLOWING
AN ENCRYPTED SCRIPT FOR GREY
ANIMALS IN ELECTRIC CAVES.**

⁶
**PLASTIKTONEZ CELEBRATES THE
COLLAPSE OF THE SUPERSTRUCTURE
OF NOSTALGIC CONTROL.**

⁷
**HUMAN ACTING ON THE
PERSPECTIVE OF AI / AI ACTING ON
BEHALF OF HUMAN.**

PLASTIKTONEZ

RADICAL REINTERPRETATIONS OF
CLASSIC ALBUMS AND SOUNDTRACKS
BY REFOLD AND JUSTIN WIGGAN



ONLINE FILM SHOWINGS

HOSTED ON ZOOM BY
JUSTIN WIGGAN

WTRSHPDWN

BEN SADLER
RICHARD ADAMS

FRI
10 09 21
8PM

SUPPORTED BY
NORTH S.A.S.



TLT

DECLAN RYAN
JAMES OCKELFORD

TUE
14 09 21
8PM

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OLIVER NEILSON
ALEX NEILSON

FRI
17 09 21
8PM

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UNKNWN- PLSR

JAMIE HOLMAN
TOM TEBBY

SUN
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WILL BURNS
GARETH COURAGE

TUE
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PRSTXS

RICHARD FORMBY
ADRIAN WHIPP

SAT
09 10 21
8PM

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THANK YOU

DIRECTION

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