

Math Bass  
*News!*

Must you, you must hear before you see.

The sounds of instruments. A cinder block impacts on piano keys, a resonance that follows and bleeds into room tone. Bass drum, high hat.

Sax.

A house being tented for termites made a hole in the sky. Cut away from it's house ness, a break in rhythm, the palate of the city is beige and sand and grey.

Something is reversed and then played forward.

One curtain is hung behind another. A narrow door way is cut away from the fabric, a directed opening.

The body is a negative space. The body is conditional.

In ones and twos it rolls, punches, leans and makes abrupt stops.

It does not always finish it's sentences as its image is displaced by other images. It moves in relation to other bodies. It moves in relation to sound. It makes and carries its own sound, which it can start and stop.

It moves slowly and it holds very still. It cannot be identified but it is someone. And then it gets lost.

One thing becomes another.