

Stories

Allyson Clay

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from "Paintings with Voices"

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Costin & Klintworth Gallery

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For Enda, Kent and David.

Many thanks to Bill Culp of Eastside
Datagraphics, and David MacWilliam.

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Preface

A square labyrinth is based on a grid constructed with the same odd number of units per side. The inner space, or goal, of a square labyrinth is usually a minimum of three to five units square, although not all labyrinths have goals. A unicursal labyrinth can only simulate true symmetry, and when this is intended, the goal is usually located in the center. In the construction of this kind of labyrinth, not all odd number grids will work. The labyrinths on the following pages are based on grids of 25 and 39 units. A multicursal labyrinth is one in which there is more than one route to the goal or when the route(s) branch out, leading to dead ends or to other points along the route.

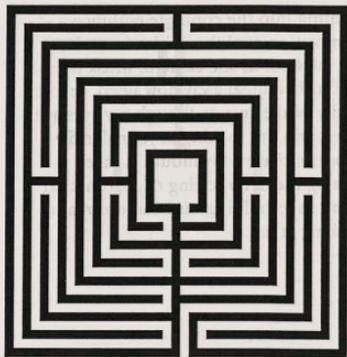
She poured a bag of flour over the floor making a large white circle with a diameter of three feet. The flour was thick and mounding unevenly, the perimeter of the circle was ragged. She took a new unused sunbeam cordless iron and loosely wrapped it with a folded sheet of unbleached wrapping tissue, taping it under the handle of the iron with scotch-tape. She set the wrapped iron upright in the center of the flour circle. The piece was complete.



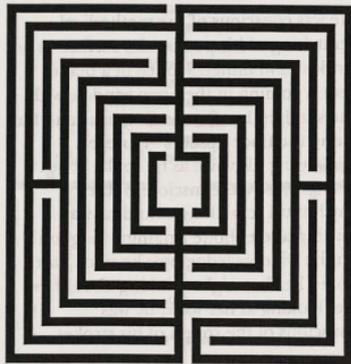
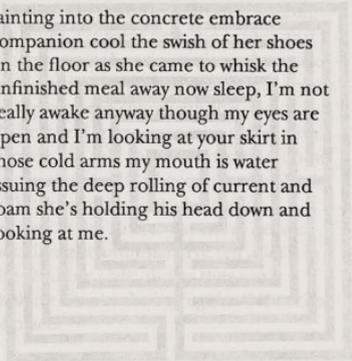
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Designed by David MacWilliam

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He used to go out all day often walking for miles. He went over the bridge and along terminal or down along the tracks into the downtown. He always had a pack of cigarettes to share with the slow drifters and spent time over coffee with friends. He told me this story about how once, when he had become so involved with his own thoughts, he couldn't recognize the streets anymore, he was out all night amnesiac. He fell asleep in the Ovaltine Cafe and as they were shaking him awake he regained his sense of place.



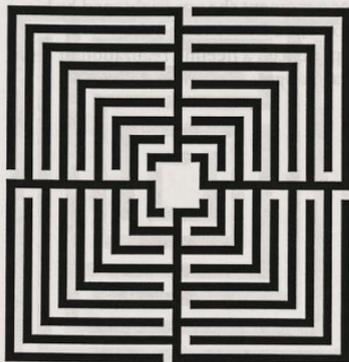
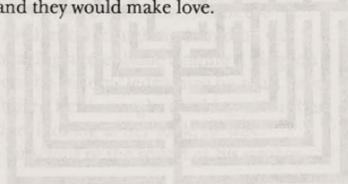
fainting into the concrete embrace
companion cool the swish of her shoes
on the floor as she came to whisk the
unfinished meal away now sleep, I'm not
really awake anyway though my eyes are
open and I'm looking at your skirt in
those cold arms my mouth is water
issuing the deep rolling of current and
foam she's holding his head down and
looking at me.



He was conscious of the methodical
scratching of his pen on the surface as he
worked and muted sounds of a piano
lesson coming in the open window with
the sunlight her feet patting near and far
along the floor upstairs her eyes
swallowing his voice as he spoke about
his work, he was conscious of the
rhythmical scratching sound he was
making a telephone ringing a pigeon
on the window ledge how he must have
bored her last night thinking about her
feel looking at her look, he was
conscious of the sound of his strokes.



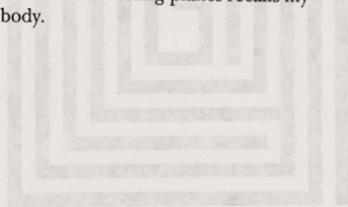
He would never waste time worrying if someone didn't like his paintings. He said it's like going out with a woman for the first time, and she not wanting to go to bed with him. He would convince her, maybe not right away, but slowly, after a few dates, she would see things his way and they would make love.



For a moment she was frightened by his
separation from her and she
experienced a fleeting realization of him
as a stranger; intangible, solitary.



The grey is composed of raw umber,
lamp black and china white watercolour.
The black is lamp black watercolour. The
watercolour is applied in layers; the grey
first, the black, then the grey. No edges
are taped in order that the nervous line
between interacting planes recalls my
body.

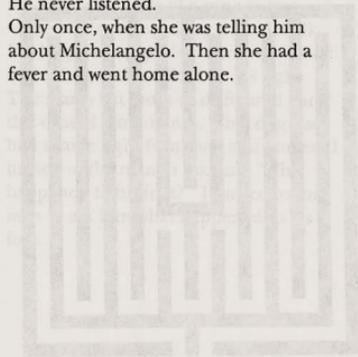


He was making use of a cane as he walked in bare feet along the sidewalk. His large young golden retriever walked on his left, and I walked on his right. The man's left foot was disfigured and this caused him to limp. The dog also had a lame right front paw and limped. I turned to the man to ask him, "What happened to his foot?" I turned to the man to ask him what happened to his foot.



He never listened.

Only once, when she was telling him
about Michelangelo. Then she had a
fever and went home alone.



Instinctively she put her finger into the small jar of bee pollen. She took it out and tasted it, looking around to make sure no one had seen her.

