



Good vibrations: The German "veeder" vibrator which claims cure all sorts of maladies, incl female "hysteria". Domestic ell devices barely existed in the 1 yet one of the early models, ll vibrating "manipulator", arrive shops before the iron or the v cleaner. 55/PLUGGETY MARKER



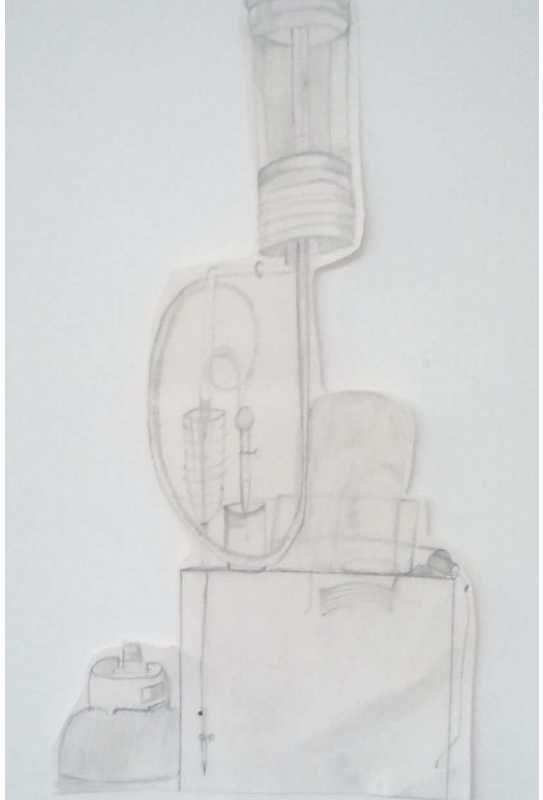
All the heat and fear had purged itself.
I felt surprisingly at peace.
The bell jar hung, suspended, a few feet above my head.
I was open to the circulating air

- Sylvia Plath

A mind is responsible

for the traffic light, the blood bank, ice cream, peanut butter, the doorknob, the microphone, the elevator, clothes dryer, lawn mower, pacemaker, the typewriter, guided missile, mailbox, the air conditioner, automatic transmission, curtain rod, baby carriage, lawn sprinkler, fountain pen, dust pan, the hand stamp, first open-heart surgery, cataract laser, fire extinguisher, doorstop, home security camera, the golf tee, fire escape, potato chip, food preservation, synthesized cortisone, the guitar, railroad telegraphy, envelope seal, printing press, bicycle frame, rocket catapult, insect destroyer gun, ice cream scoop, window cleaner, jet fuels, folding chair, gas mask, mop, refrigerator, pressing comb, urinalysis machine, door lock, electric cutoff switch, telephone transmitter, stair-climbing wheel, hairbrush, egg beater, eye protector, electric lamp bulb, biscuit cutter, chamber mode, almanac, horse shoe, lunch pail, motor, lantern, key chain, furniture caster, control board, sugar-refining system, lemon squeezer, portable weighing scales, wrench, airplane propeller, ore bucket, steam boiler, portable x-ray machine, cotton picker, fertilizer, street sweeper, cattle-topping apparatus, spark plug, galoshes, basket-lowering device, clothes wringer, disrail car coupling, riding saddles, and so on and so on. The list is endless. Indeed, it's time to stop and celebrate the fact that each and every one of the wonderful innovations mentioned here came from the mind. The mind of an African American. By supporting minority education, you keep open the possibility of tomorrow's great ideas. Because of all the things that the human mind has created perhaps the most amazing is the one that has yet to be created. And that possibility is

a terrible thing to waste.



MEGGA BUBBLE SPACE BURBS

VICKY SMITH
THE GALWAY ARTS CENTRE

Looking at them – looking at the words. Exerting a strictly perceptual emphasis upon them – a process which, it seemed, might manipulate the typeface somehow, enhancing it perhaps – so that the letters thickened irreversibly – so that, when the occasion came that I wanted to refer back to the designated sentence, I'd only have to open up the book on the relevant page – which I'd indicated by folding its corner – and it would become immediately detectable to the eye since it would surge, or pulsate, in a way the other words around it did not. I believe that technique has worked before – but, oddly, I have sometimes been quite at a loss to account for precisely what the reason could have been for wishing to read certain lines again. Which goes to show you just how utterly undependable the relationship is, between one moment and the next. There are things, though, that continue to re-percuss. I remember, for example, her saying that most doctors are chumps, and that many men, aside from a minority, are awful rubbish. Well that amused and consoled me I must say. Neither remark seemed unkind or bitter, but neither did they strike me as flippant asides. I felt she meant them both and didn't mind meaning either. There was no difficulty, no disappointment – it seemed very fair actually, the way she said it – the way she said it sounded completely reasonable.



She was standing, it seemed to me, wearing a long string of beads, freshwater pearls I should think – green or black, it altered, then grey ones – once – when she reached for them, I don't remember when exactly. There were flowers to the left of her and some way behind, peonies, or hydrangea, not especially fresh – a little after that – when they are quite done performing themselves and something of the toll it took to be so glorious is the charm of them. Something like that. I'd prefer not to mention flowers at all, ever – nothing about them can ever be said that won't be construed as having some awfully glib metaphorical significance – yet they are as much a part of what I recall as the comments about men and doctors, so I mustn't omit the flowers, mawkishly symbolic as they will inevitably become. After that it was as if the lens shifted, everything narrowed – I had to move about a bit, broaden myself – in order to go on. It was nice, actually, reorienting myself like that, I'd become a bit capsized, slumping, as I was, on the warm wing of the chair. Regrettably my stomach didn't seem to enjoy the manoeuvrings at all, contracting, as it was, with misgiving, so that taking in a great big breath to fill it out would feel like a raid – and naturally on such an occasion one is quite overcome, and the head bows a little, sorry for itself, in order to cry. No, actually, contrary to received wisdom a deep breath in can in fact be

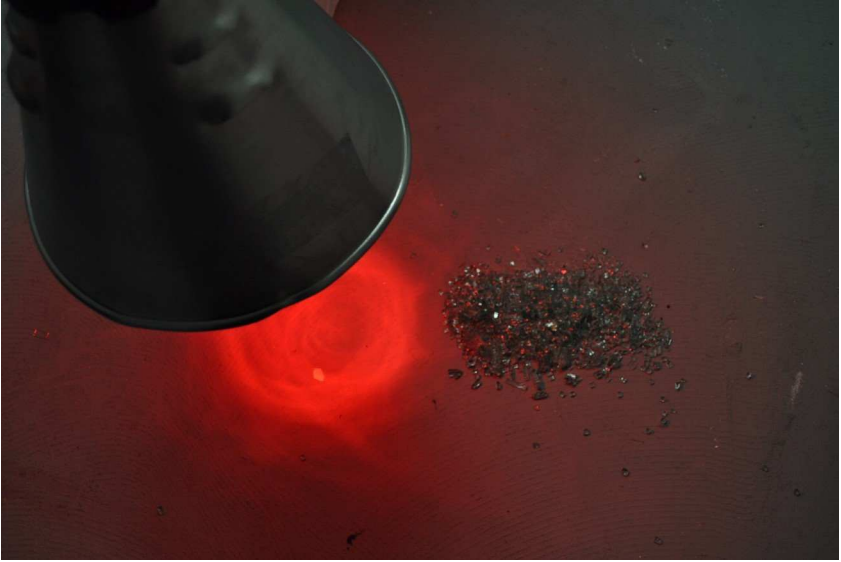


the very worst thing one can do, and it's as well I knew this because as it was I was already beginning to feel queasy and unpopular. It had all become terribly clever all of a sudden, you see, rigorous actually, like plunging, and far less personable as a result. That was down to the interviewer, in my opinion – yes, I'd been wary of her since the beginning, and there she was, visible suddenly. On a radiant sofa, still wearing her coat, lovely looking, and luxurious breasts. Oh, but the things she'd say to you – the things she'd ask you – as you murmured upon those breasts! I've been like that, too, in restaurants mostly. Being clever in restaurants, yes, that is something I remember. God knows why, but it would make me feel terrifically horny, and often, in fact, sex in the lavatory before coffee and brandy was just a matter of course. I'd now be inclined to assume that the things I came out with in the restaurant weren't very clever at all. I expect too that I was being egged on a bit – not by him, by some other thing – if it were him that was encouraging me then the whole thing could quite straightforwardly be described as flirting, and it wasn't flirting. No, it wasn't flirting. It was sort of a game of estrangement I suppose, playing with distance – but perhaps that, playing with distance, is more or less what flirting is. Isn't it? Playing with distance. I don't know. It's been some time since I said anything clever in a restaurant, or indeed anywhere else for that matter.

CLAIRE-LOUISE BENNETT

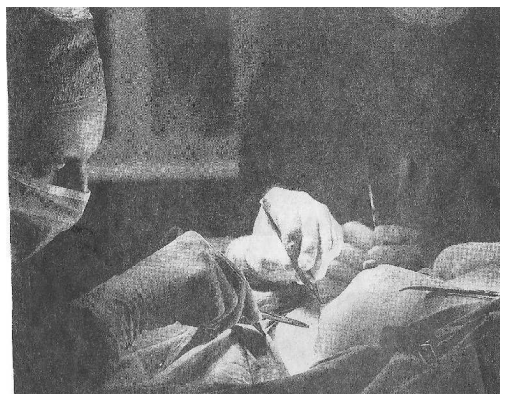






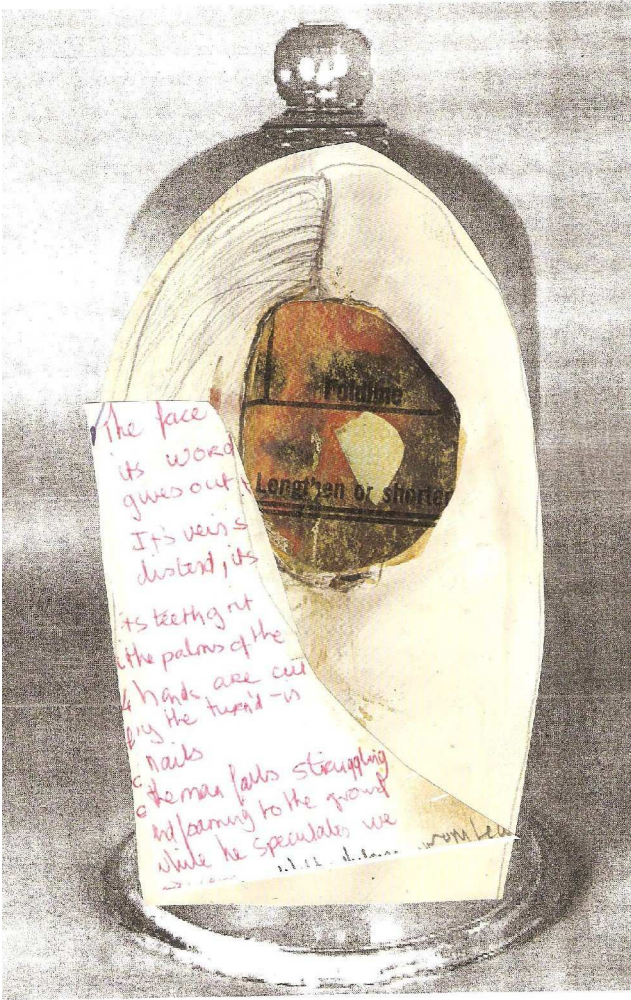


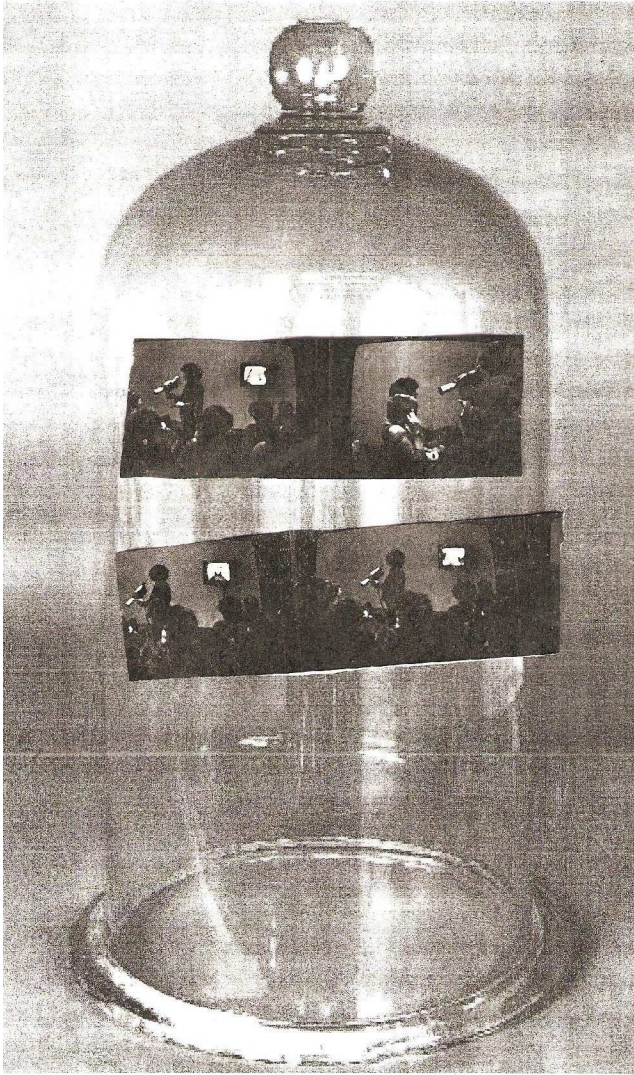
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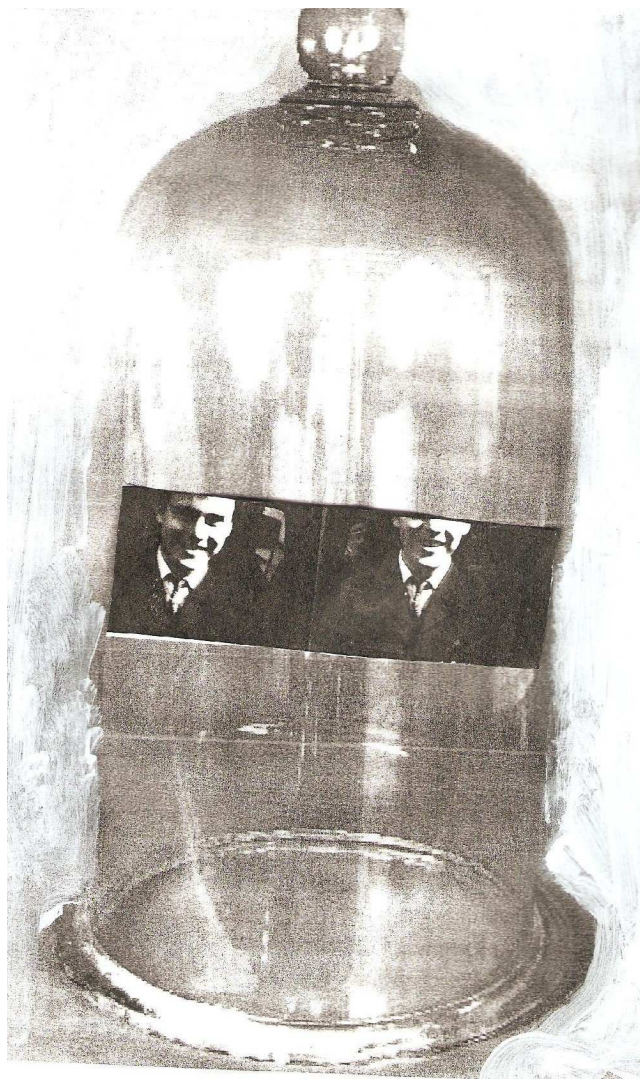




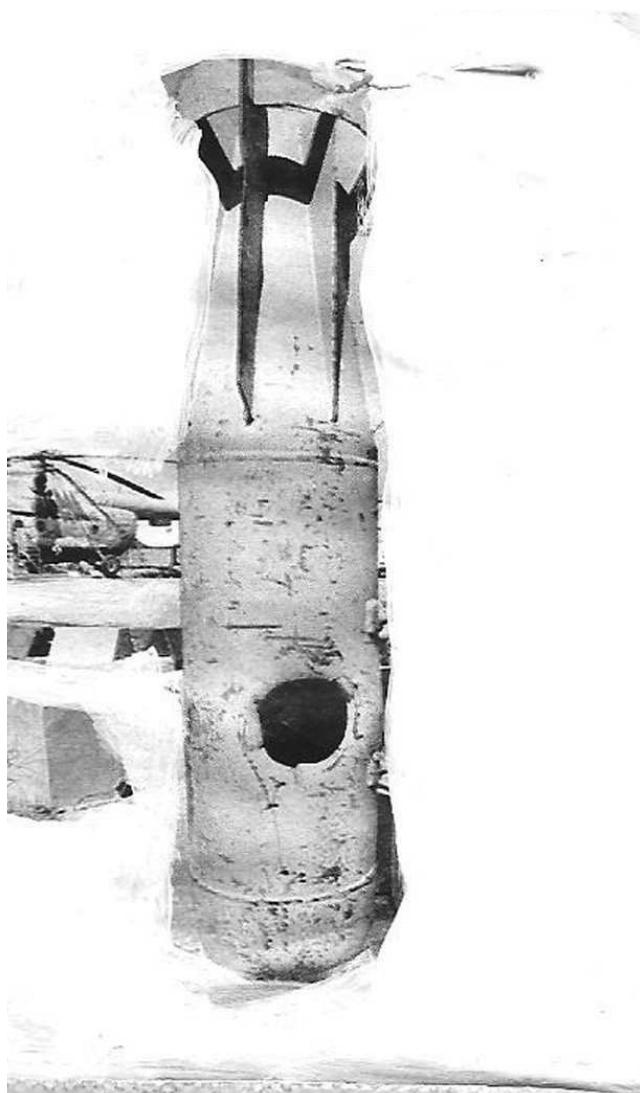




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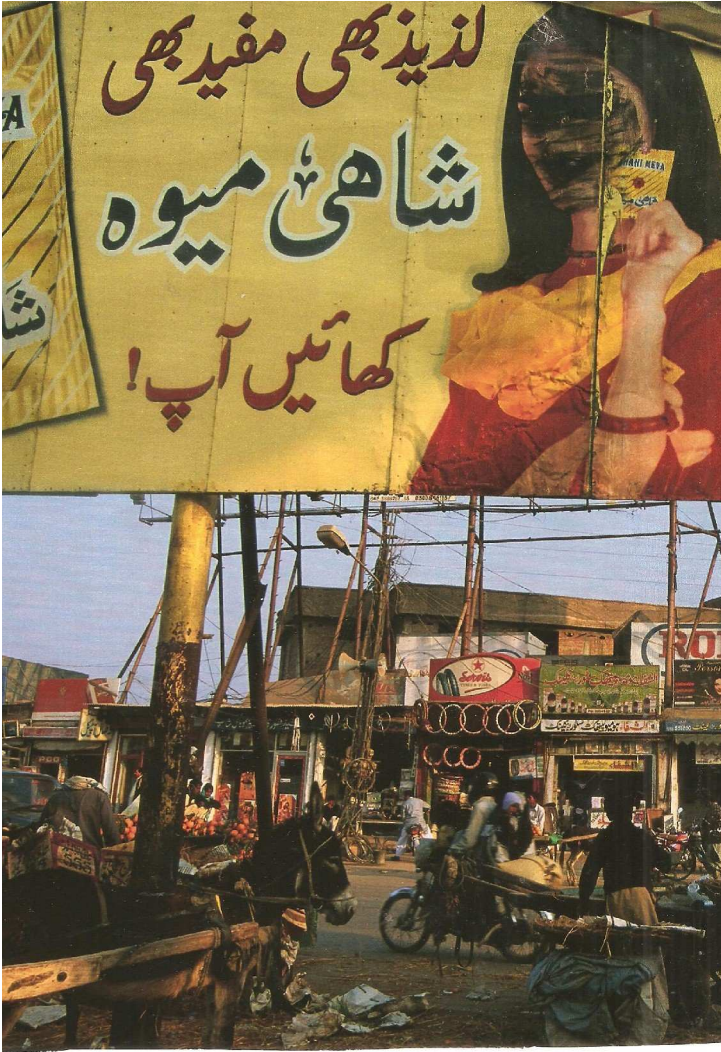


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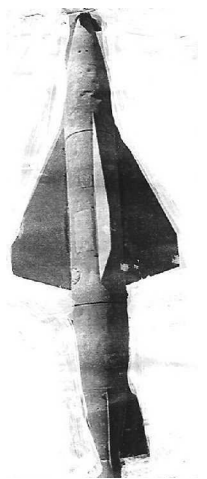


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ILL. 12



ILL. 13



ILL. 14



ILL. 15



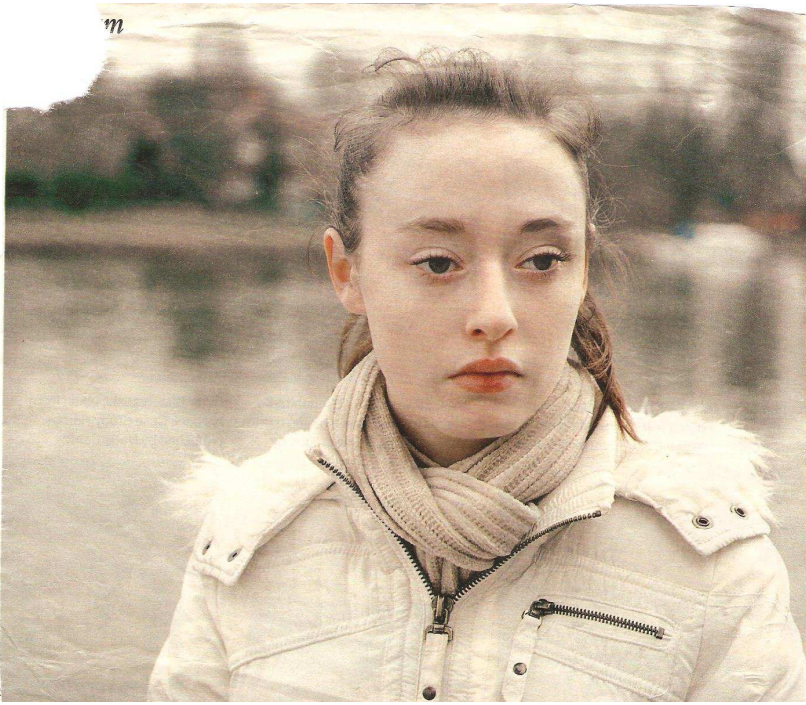




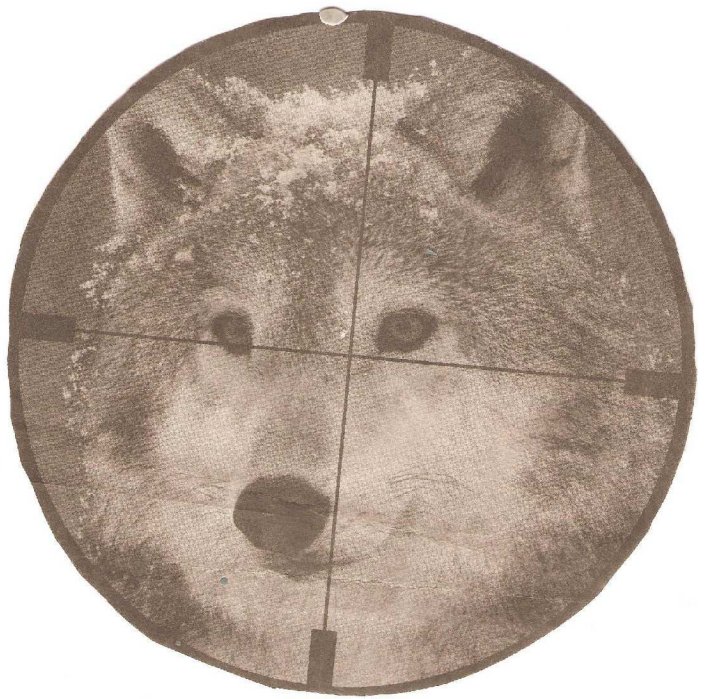




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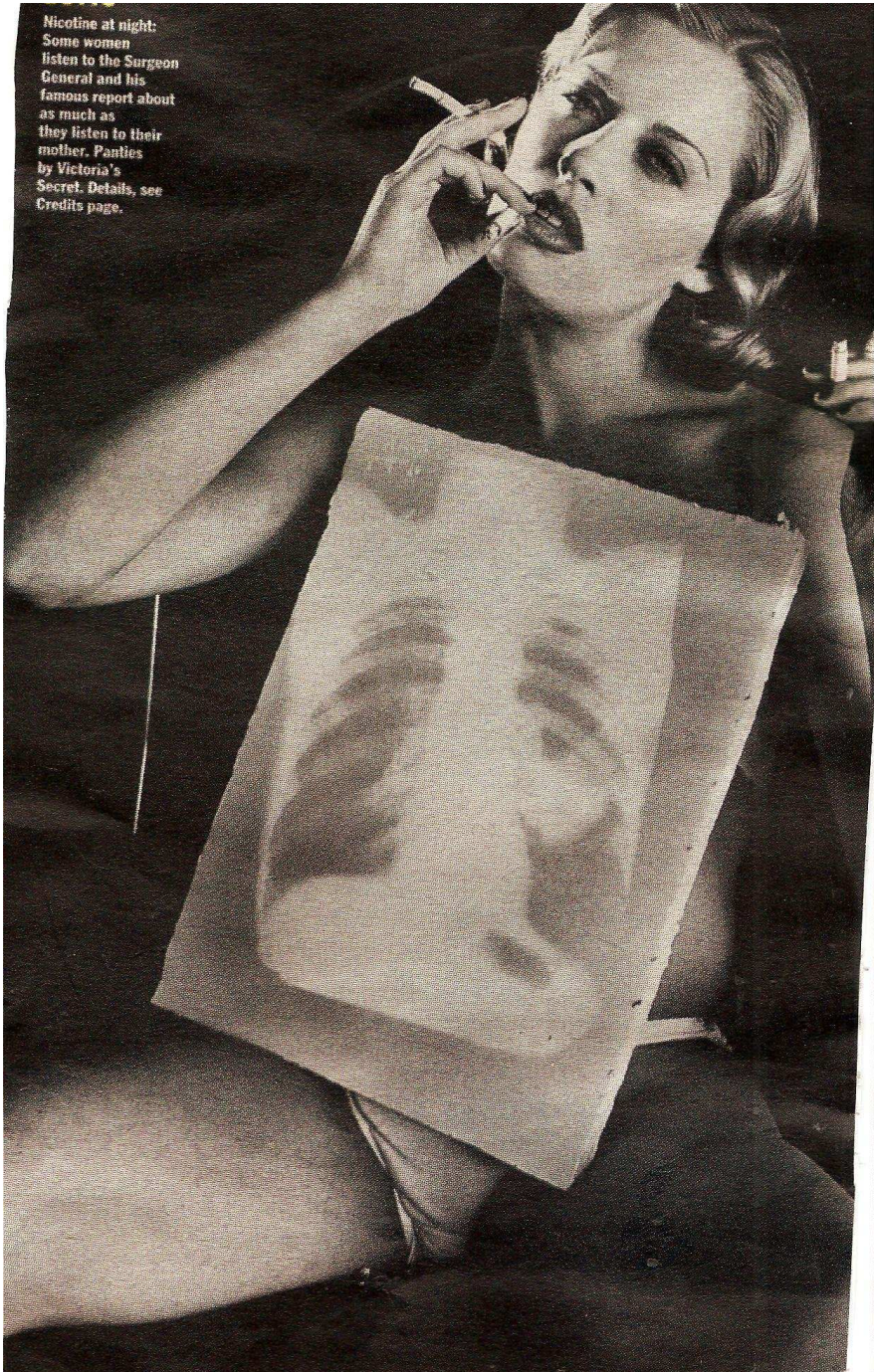


ILL. 17 | ILL. 18





Nicotine at night:
Some women
listen to the Surgeon
General and his
famous report about
as much as
they listen to their
mother. Panties
by Victoria's
Secret. Details, see
Credits page.



- III. 01 '*A Mind is Responsible...*' Found text from the New York Times, 2010
- ILL. 02 Mimetic Sculpture Drawing with Gas Cylinder. Pencil, 10x8, 2012
- ILL. 03 Mimetic Machine '*SQUAWK BOX*'. Found image with collage newsprint image, Galway Arts Centre, 2012
- ILL. 04 '*Latency*' Installation shot ,Linenhall Arts Centre, 2013
- ILL. 05 Megga Bubble instrument, studio shot, 2013
- ILL. 06 Found Newsprint image, size 6x8 cm, 2012
- ILL. 07 '*Untitled*' Oil paint on black and white photographic paper with stitching. Centre Image, 2011
- ILL. 08-10 Bell jar drawings with found newsprint images, Galway Arts Centre , 2012
- ILL. 11 '*The Bomb*' Found images from *The Spectrum Sunday Times Magazine* with paint, 2013
- ILL. 12 'Leafing through a tatty *National Geographic* ' The Bell Jar by Sylvia Plath, Faber and Faber, 2005
- ILL. 13 '*The Bomb*' Found image from The Spectrum Magazine with paint, 2013
- ILL. 14 Bell jar sketch with luminous paint and a found image of an army Officer, 2013
- ILL. 15 '*Women hid men on the run; others carried guns in their voluminous knickers*'
Quote by Ann Matthew's in 'dissidents; Irish Republican women 1923-1941, Mercier Press, 2013
- ILL. 16 Sylvia Plath, found image, 2013
- ILL. 17 Young British Girl appropriated image from The guardian, 2009
- ILL. 18 'Call off the Guns.org'
- ILL. 19 *New York Skyline* New York Times, November 3, 2009
- ILL. 20 'Nicotine at Night; Some women listen to the Surgeon General and his famous report about as much as they listen to the their mothers....' Found Image from Sketchbook , 2002

Untitled Text by Claire-Louise Bennett, 2013

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