

Simon Benson

HUNGER SONGS

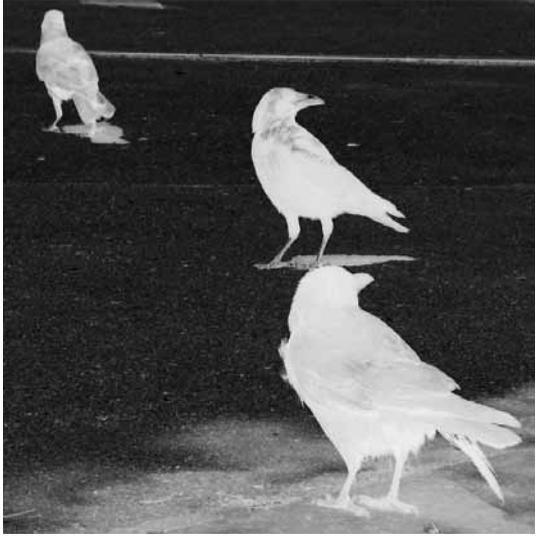


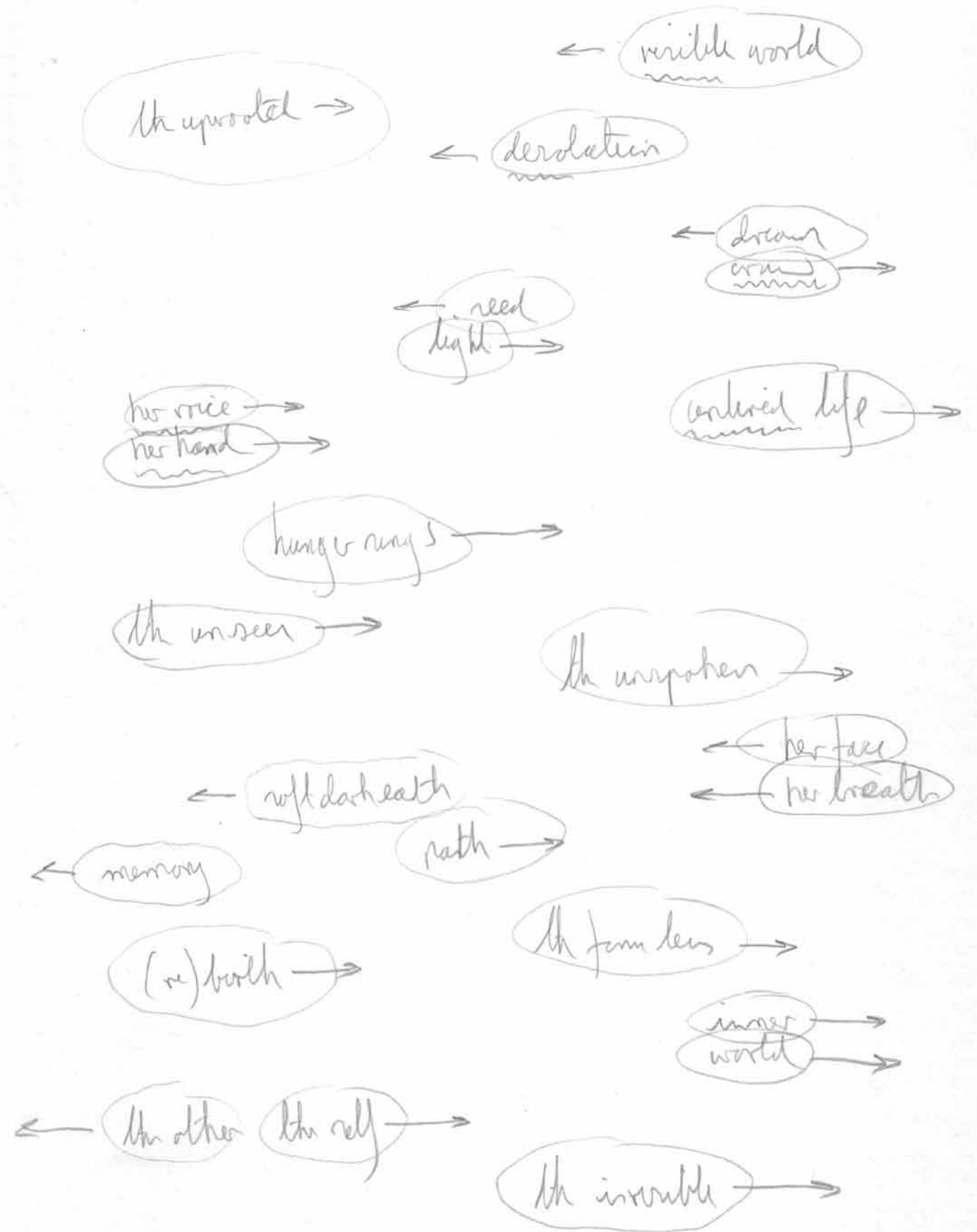
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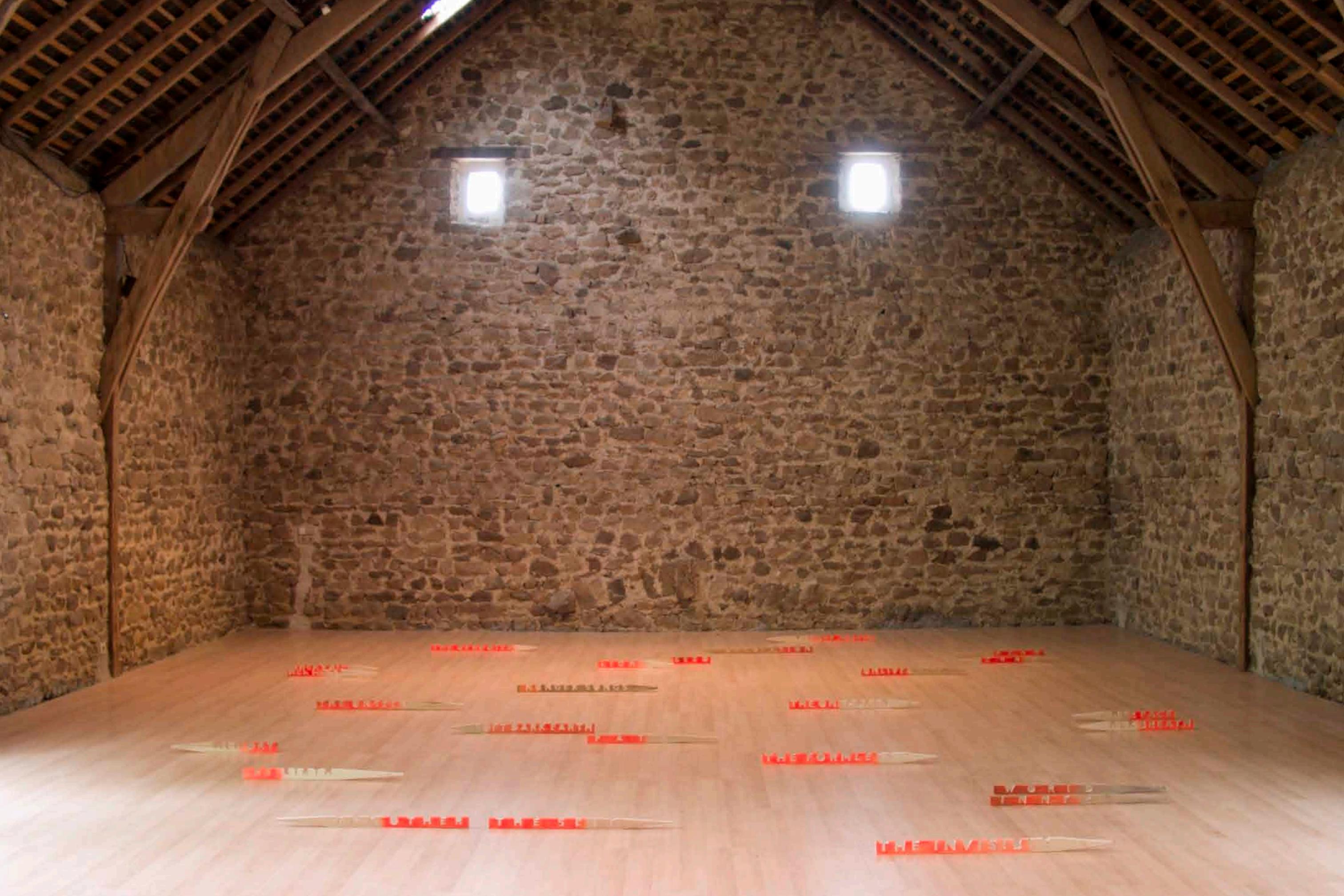


Hunger Songs. Simon Benson. May 2006, Appelboom La Pommerie, Saint-Sétiers, France









HUNGER SONGS

~~Do you (still) sing hunger songs,~~ do you sing as if singing was hunger? are they hunger songs you sing, hunger for more (singing)?

UNLIVED LIVES

How many lives have you lived and ~~how many lives do you think you have yet to live.~~

DESOLATION

Are you (still) drawn to desolation? Do you want to feel again what it was to be ~~a young man,~~ sitting in front of the darkened, mirroring, window, observing his own reflection, experiencing the weight of his yet unlived lives?

VISIBLE WORLD

Do you still wonder whether the world actually exists beyond that what you can see, whether all reality is just that what you perceive ~~and there is only that?~~

HER VOICE / HER HAND

Would you recognise her voice ~~if she should speak to you (again)?~~ Would you remember the touch of her hand (on) (your) (skin)? Would your skin remember?

INNER WORLD

How big is your inner world, did it expand or contract in isolation? Do you create ~~worlds~~ in which to exist (still)? Unimaginable worlds.

THE UNSEEN

~~Do you still want to see what cannot be seen?~~

THE FORMLESS

Do you still want to give form to the formless, do you create mountains when there are none, do you push them from the tip of your pencil, push bodies into them too, and mountain-masked heads, and bird-skull-masked heads, and her-face-masked heads, and auras, and dotted and half-erased line-houses, and hunger-houses, and desolation-peak-top houses, and drug sourced skies, and drinking crows, and broken-tree forests, and sad-tree-clearings, and wire-frame mountains from the park of volcanoes, and hunger-words, and do you tell these stories to yourself, ~~hunger-stories?~~

CROW DREAM

Do the crows dream of you, after you have stalked them, dressed in their own coats, looking to invert them; or ~~do you dream of the crows, filling your room at night, swearing you awake every time you drop off and flying above your bed shedding their wing mites onto your flesh?~~

SOFT DARK EARTH / MEMORY

Do you still bury memories in the soft dark earth, between the roots of the tall trees, will you return, ~~return one day,~~ to recover them?

LIGHT / SEED

Do you remember when the room was so full of light that it was difficult to keep your eyes open, your ~~eyes that were already weighted and tired?~~ Do you remember, how, in that light filled room, the inconsolable seeded your life?

PATH

Do you try to make the land your own ~~by walking it,~~ do you walk the black tar, the uneven rutted earth trails, the long grass fields, the dead leaf filled ditch, the stony path, the dandelioned hillsides, the steep woods. Are you determined to walk the land despite the ---- dog barking at your heels?

THE UNSPOKEN

Is the weight of the things you have left unspoken throughout your life ~~greater than the weight of~~ what you have spoken?

THE UPROOTED

~~The metal deck bent and cracked like an angry living thing, this is from where I watched my country shrink from a horizon spanning colossus to something I could hold in the palm of my hand. A hand full of mud. Forgotten.~~

HER FACE / HER BREATH

Have you drawn her face on top of your own, have you made her breath your own and held it? ~~do you pour darkness into your eyes to make them blind, do you try to remember what doesn't want to be remembered?~~

THE SELF / THE OTHER

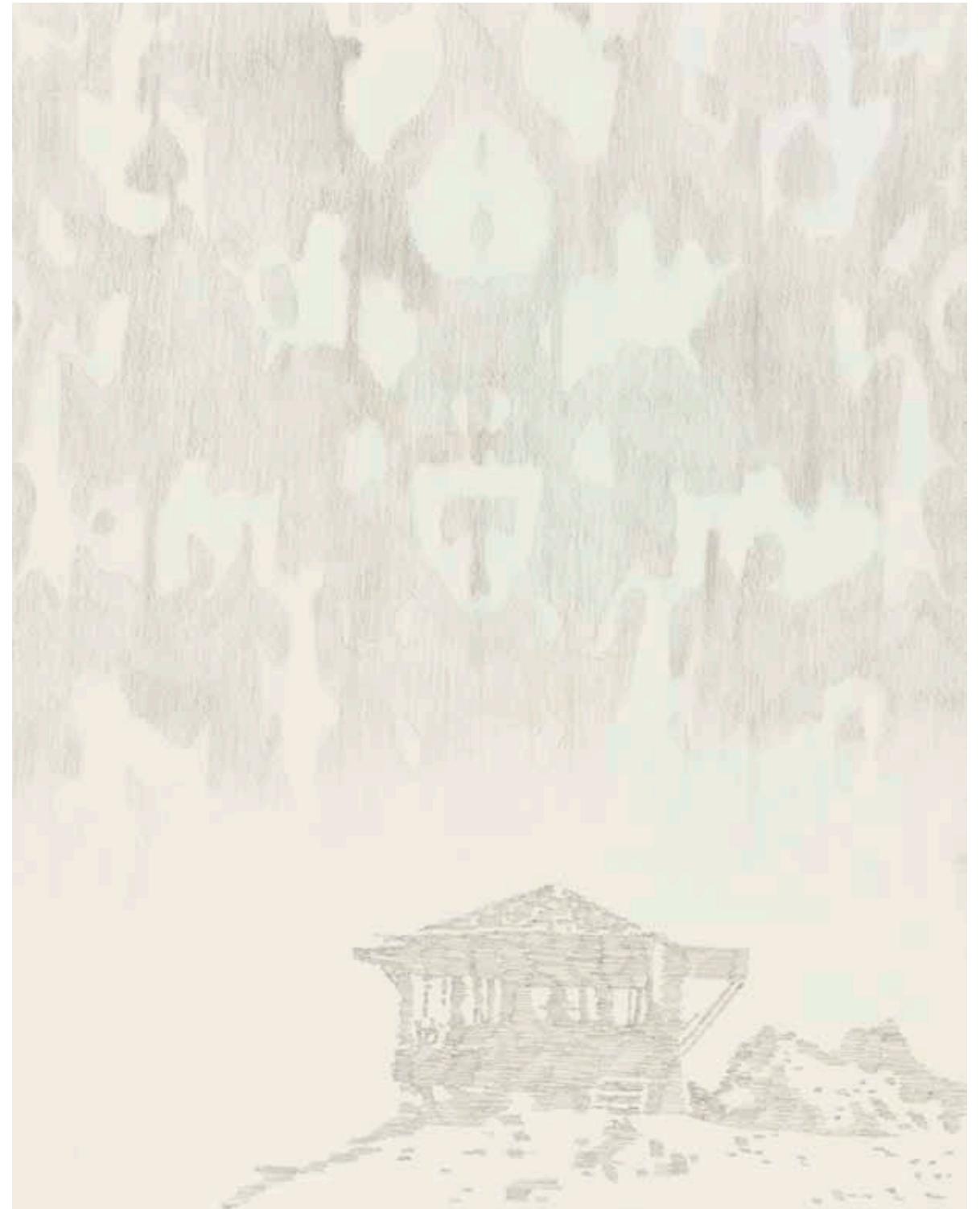
Are you (still) one person unto ~~yourself~~ and one (or more) unto others?

THE INVISIBLE

Are you waiting while that which you have created disappears in the same way as ~~all that which had been created before you has?~~

(RE)BIRTH

Will you come down from the mountain (again). Along the black tar road (again). Wisps of steam rising from the swallow skimmed surface, a million strong cloud of midges defining an area mass of sunlight beneath the trees at the bend just after the wood-piles, a deer standing on a path leading up to the fields looking back over its shoulder, a hare running out of sight, jays swooping across your path, two incredible-journey-like dogs standing in the long grass at the roadside next to the bridge, hillsides of yellow flowers saturating with colour as they slowly open up, the air cracking and sparking, alive with thought and memory. ~~Will you come down from the mountain (again).~~



MOUNTAIN SONGS

UNSUNG SONGS

INNER SONGS

HUNGER SONGS

SILENT SING

hunger songs

blood songs
(hard) (hard) songs

Songs of the wind
electric songs

shadow songs
heaven songs
bird song

unsung songs

future songs

black songs pink songs

devolution songs

inner song

lost songs (INNER SONGS / OUTER SONGS)

waking song

SILENT SONG

stolen songs

bird songs

ocean songs
mountain songs

flash songs

cloud songs
energy songs
excite songs

grow songs

stone songs

white songs

crimson songs

mind songs

inside songs

gun songs

light / dark songs
hard songs

earth songs



All the works in this publication were made during my artist's residency at
Appelboom La Pommerie, Saint-Sétiérs, France, May 2006.

The drawings, pencil on paper, are from the series:

"i came looking, looking for the mountain, but the mountain, the mountain wasn't there".
The last drawing, shown here, is now in the collection of Teylers Museum, Haarlem.

Courtesy, Galerie Phoebus Rotterdam.

The text-objects are from wood and fluorescent spray paint.

The written pages are from my notebook.

I would like to thank Arjan Janssen, my family, Alan
and especially Huub Nollen.