

The ROXY

PHILLIP
CRYMBLE

08 BRAND

Rumours spread that rats had made a nest
beneath the seats. Instead of *Sensurround*
to punch up catastrophic scenes, our fear

of sudden movement on the floorboards –
tiny rodent teeth. The documentary style
was dying out when we were kids. Slick

slasher films and comic teenage genres
were an industry – sex and summer
camps their principal ingredient. Late

night features televised back then
were seldom edited for content: grainy
newsreel stock, a woman's shrill, orgasmic

screams – the chainsaw as eviscerating phallus.
What we can't make up – the horror of the real.

Sculpture for the Blind

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I understand Rodchenko held Brancusi
in contempt – by integrating motion

and a few pressed bits of wood he built
a language. While direction can be taken

it is seldom understood – in abstraction
all we recognize is movement. Rodchenko

knew that distance could be broken
into blocks – his hanging nest

of intersecting circles held an answer
to the question of collage. Brancusi

caught his massive birds in bronze
beneath great trees – despite

what we would make believe
the Russians moved ideas into space.