

Dreaming Never Stops.

Based on my original rave called Marionette Sydney (1979)

There's Always time, always Space. Multimedia performance (1985)

Dreaming Never Stops solo shows (1986)

By Brett Cabot

Green light blew me forward, I'd trained my body well, the diagonal pulses determining, the coordinates of place, to the meridian of my private processing specialist center...

I mean I wasn't running particularly late to get anywhere in particular

So my slow pace meant little at this time...

Faces march past in both directions all with little mystical sense, taking no time at all to read... I mean we built their environment! God dam we should know what they think or so says or observations.

I mean you have to respond, in the morning you wake up as the day goes on different functions take turns in the performance within the performance and the seasons season man as well so you know, just respond and you'll play a great half...

turn head right...peering left and sneering at a face behind glass...

Ooops dodging a 6 pack of brownies chained to nineteen fifties glamour Hi girls, Hi guys..., stunted and deformed in the age journey.. Ah to think I'll be reflecting someday, not here with all you, but I will all the same....

Right I thought that's the direction to follow... More squared cement ways passing cars caressing in parks of 20 cent automation, I mean the symptoms where blatant indicators of the trail...

So something's gone wrong at a deeper level aye! The communication system now creates the urge to communicate to absurd lengths of... (Candy coated rope draped my torso) The sign appearing to the left flashed comspot messages...I just hung on

The light said red so...oh oh... no sorry now green... I place a delicate step gutter wards so as to cover the hack which lay sandwich like soul and tar, I walked across fuming yellowish lines, they're put there so as to be needed....

Not being used to the pace I managed only to make a medium strip by the red pulse...

As my physic broods to a halt whilst the lights in opposing parallel directions take to their suburban security blankets...

The guitar by my side found itself on the floor in 3 pieces... joined by nylon extensions, no longer taking the strain.. The perfusion of harmony, disjointed explosion at impact upon my knee textured sound taking my taking my audience by surprise...oh silly audience..

Asking the 400 or so people affront my red flannel spread pants to seat themselves into the numbered chairs jawing for your bum. Note the majority sat in search of... total silence...

Yet still the random percussive feel gave me a notion...just a notion...

I farted towards a plump...ahhh no let's not be too generous... a fat person in the third row...

Ahhh sat back, crossing legs, beneath brazen bleak chest with 2 small reliefs symmetrically place above a rather spider-ish bellybutton.

People stated leaving...thinking about the uncrossing of my legs kept me company for a minute or 2... The show ended the moment of 5 people leaving the auditorium... so I left...

Seating myself into the step of the steps to a rather had it house, the ant disregarded this whole movement only to take a better grip on diner and off down minimal grey repetitions of...

Tufts of weed and cat spray wallow to the tune of cement cracks, from pocket to meteor power powdered blasts, from gun to vein rain drawn as I slip to my new environment, forced, dehumanization, grey matter of fact plastic,

She was my chemical in a natural situation...

Declining to pulse, I lay back and died...

Not really but through these words a sense does prevail.....

I almost cried by my view, yet no sense prevailed, the release barred behind steel painted girders of parental pangs, pangs as plain as pain, so some put it..

But then again the mark of a rebel sits its life out in such a fashion....

Pen cap twist 3 revolutions in my hand. Blue light marks new day, I hesitate before exerting camel, light wood red flint, cold coffee roles in mouth undulations then disappears to the sounds of inner abuse and exhaling smoke... perspecting in 3 dimensions in blue hews then out the window... I felt out of my head...

Impenetrable riots of roses with air rise nose poses try, attempt like metamorphic gulls
doing city to manly night runs, Telling us to... watch us,. Freely, don't pace out,
Its always natured cue, Riding high, evolving madly to helpless mild minds playing the
one upstairs, stares lessen fate suggests another alternative....

There's men you know who loose their dreams, at any moment now if you tried, you
could put your hand out and up and catch one as he drops, see the sieve holes where
dreams drain thru... He thought he knew what you know now... eyes don't quite touch
you when you go to see, and just for a little while idling fears in pockets for later and
alone. For now his matter settled til the next misunderstanding of the stuff he had to
say. So much at times, too much at times, but u know this time he mightn't move
on...so tightly if u will your got your hand round one of these men, one of these men
who lose their dreams, every now and then.