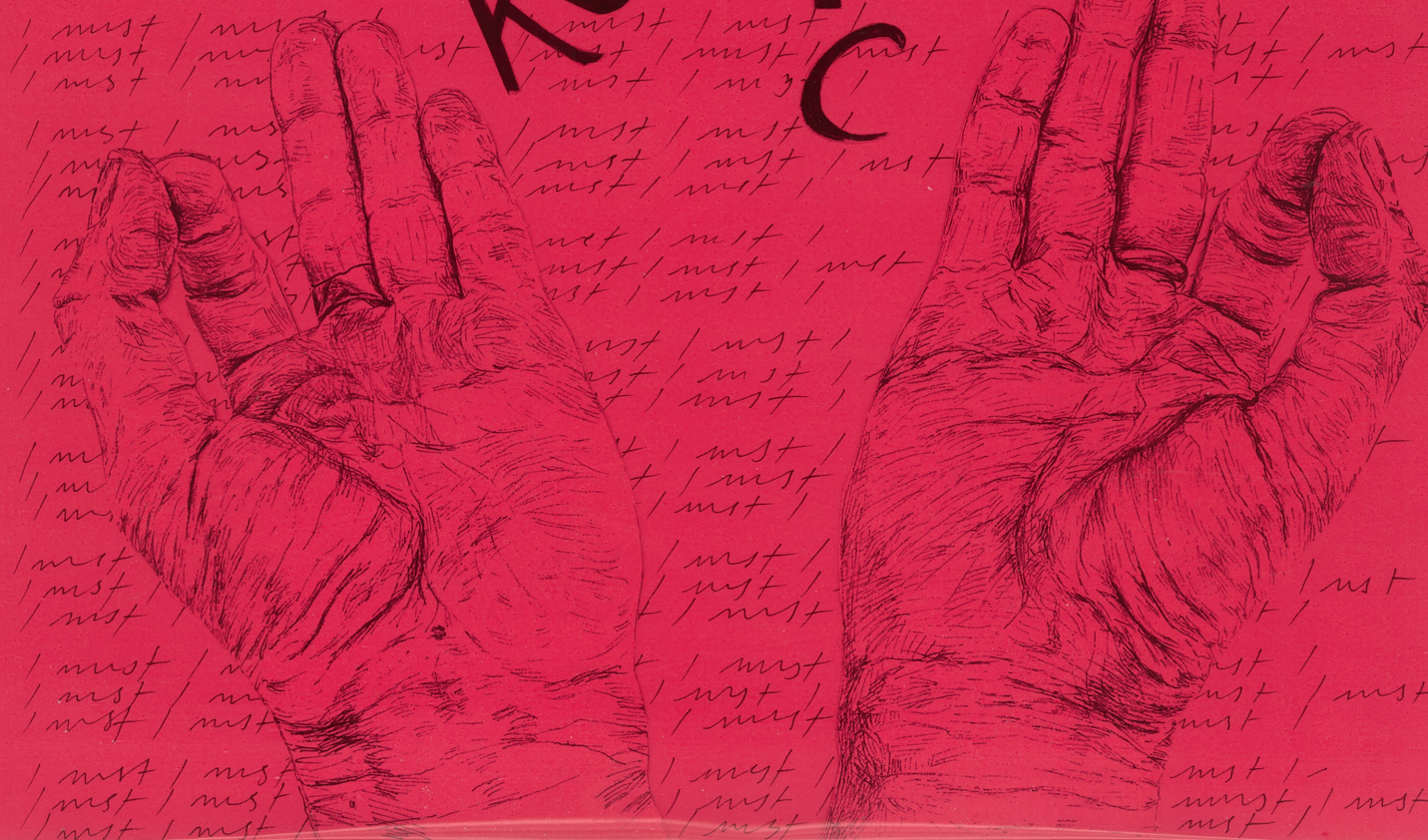




SMUC
KSTC



1704

2026

[cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo]

What do you do?

In April I open my bill

In these pages the Cuckoo is a clock, a pendulum; only irregular, wild, responsive:
a *visitor* - as we all are dear reader, and we must not forget.

It is the seventeenth of April in the year two thousand and twenty six CE.

The night sky is moonless & black with stars, black as the hare Bipalium's eyes; dark
as the future.

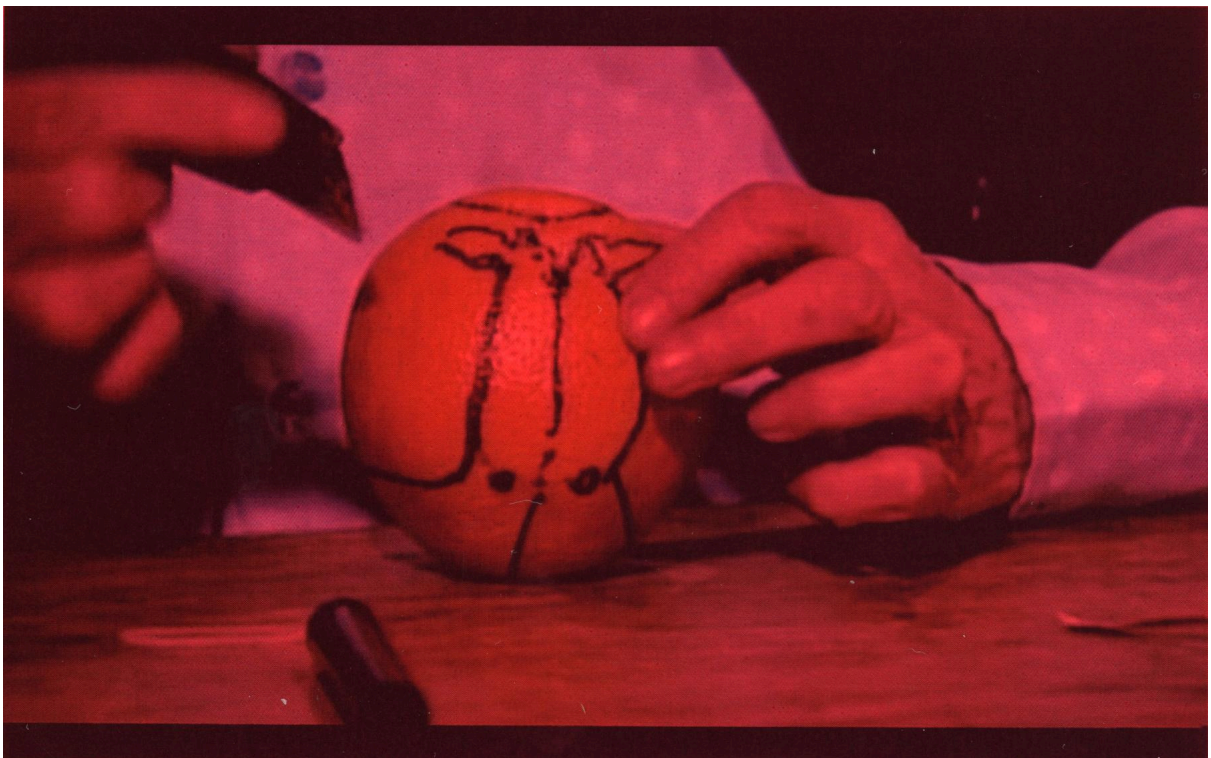
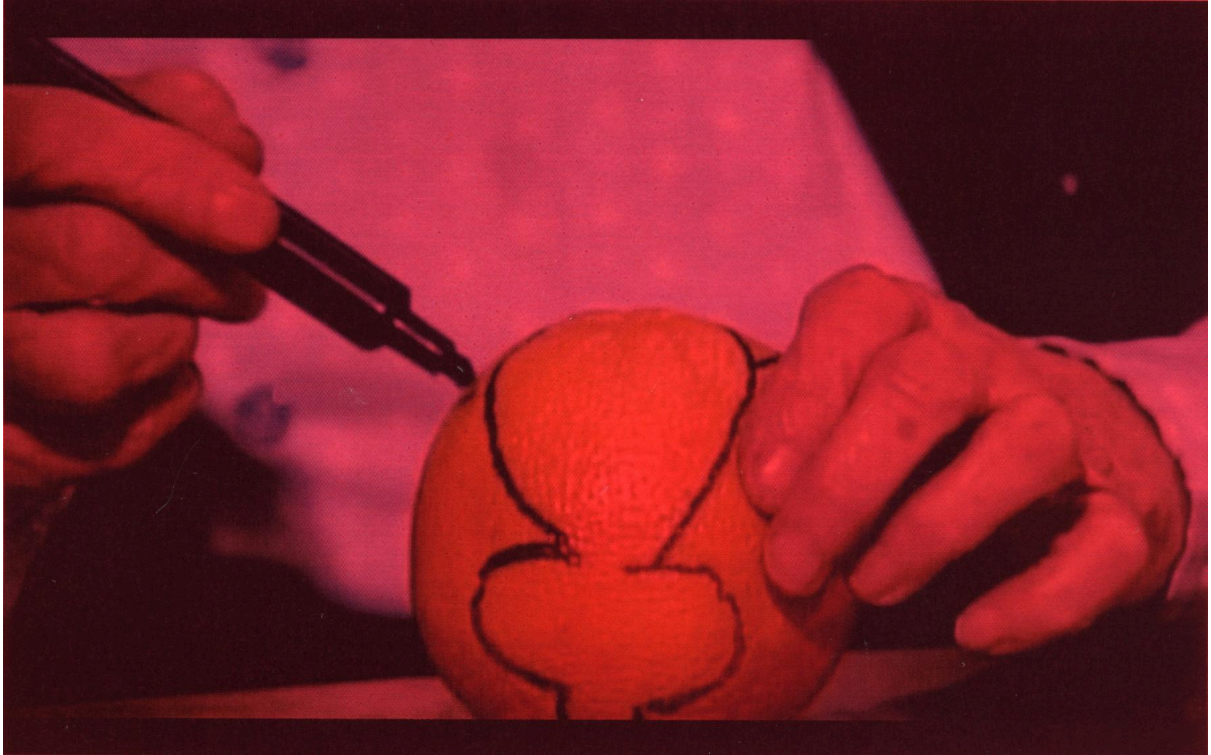
The Cuckoo opens their bill;

two lips split,

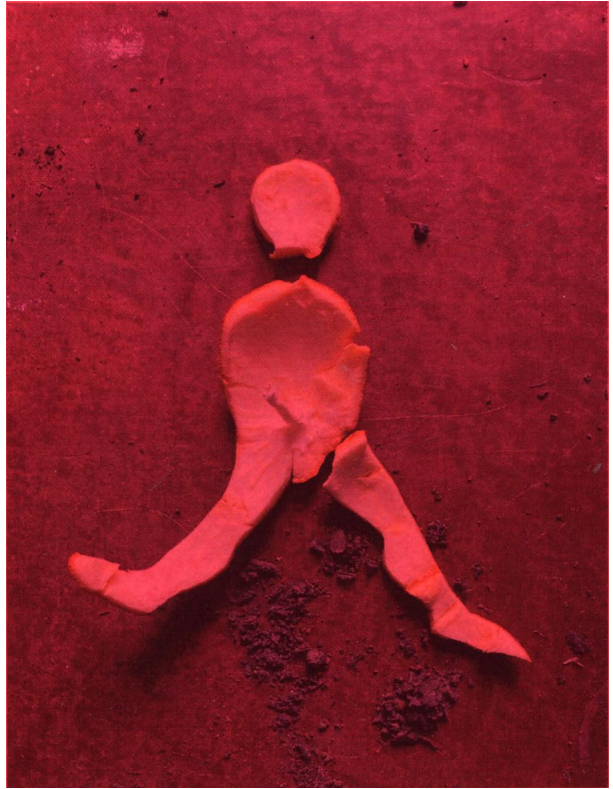
peel

singing in the birth of this fine Spring morning, with or without Cock.

"The future is dark, which is the best thing the future can be, I think", Virginia Woolf (1915)



Louise Bourgeois, *The Spider, the Mistress, and the Tangerine* (2008)



Iamu Thouless, *Boy Birth* (2026)

Tangerine; the word is a stimuli for me. If I start drawing a *figure* on the tangerine, right, [sucks in] uh, little by little the past is going to reemerge, [two soft clicks in throat] and I will be able to *verbalise* it. That's it. Now this is not my work of art, it was my *fathers* work of art. Around the-the-the end of-of the dinner, on Sunday he would take his tangerine and he would stand up and announce that; he was making a little portrait of his *daughter*, and he had a way—after *drawing it*, he had a way of *cutting it*. Right. So, you have to be very careful on the-on the cutting; if you cut the wrong thing you are in a bad way, and I do not mean this as a pun. [sucks in] [clears throat] So, you lift up *all* these shapes that you have *drawn* and then *cut*, so the *drawing*, the *cutting*, and the *lifting*, right, and then when you reach the *navel* the core will come out, this is the moment he would look inside and the core was fantastic. He would marvel at it, right, and we were supposed to marvel at it too, right, “look, just look, how impressive”. [sucks in] Then he [father] would turn and say “well I am sorry that my daughter does not exhibit such beauty, because my little figure is very rich, and obviously my daughter does not have very much there”. The little creature was *just a girl*. Maybe the-the audience never sa—never peeped, since they were being fed. [Urr], they never peeped, and *maybe*, maybe some of them felt sorry for us, but I didn't realise that, I didn—I'm not-[urr]-not, I'm not saying that they were sorry. I am saying that at the time I felt that they were *laughing at us*, they weren—they were not laughing *with us* they were laughing *at us*, and the pain was very great. [long pause]

You can see that after fifty years [voice cracking] for somebody who doesn't cry, uh, for that after fifty years the thing is so *vivid*, [swallows] that it is as if it had happened yesterday.

[breath in] All these children gather up in the night and what can they do except *cry*, *cry* in the night. [two short breaths] And uh, [pause] and it is completely useless. All I want to say is that people who *cry* in the night like this have a right to do so they don't do it to be clever, [breath in] or they don't do it to disturb the *peace*. They do it because, [urr], it helps them. And since you become very ugly when you *yell*, you know, the parents bring a mirror and they say, "oh don't yell because you become ugly". [breath in] but the—the they *meet* in the night because they cannot see each other's ugliness. You understand, and still they—they feel each other's warmth. So they cry all night, and nobody knows why.



THE COCK



IS COCKLESS





John Berger, *The Seasons In Quincy: Four Portraits of John Berger* (2017)

John Berger: One of the most vivid memories I have of my father, and maybe I don't have so...

Tilda Swinton sat across from J.B slicing apples

J.B: ...so, so many - but one of the most vivid ones, is, [deep breath/sigh] on the days when he [father] didn't leave early to go to work, and on the days when I was at home, both of which were not so frequent, and now I'm talking about when I was maybe, [pour] three four five, um and for breakfast he would take an apple, (acts out with his hands) and peel it...

T.S smiles down at the apple she is peeling

JB: ...and cut it into quarters, and then, no not peel it, would take the apple, cut it into quarters, and then peel each quarter, take the pips out first, take the skin off, and he would put it there, in front of my plate

T.S: for you

J.B: for me to eat.

T.S takes a new apple and enacts this described method

T.S: So he would, cut it in half

J.B: That's right, and

T.S: Cut it in quarters

J.B: That's right

T.S: Now he would core it

J.B: Yeah... yeah

T.S: And now he would peel it

J.B: Yes, and maybe maybe for him, okay so I was four

T.S hands offer J.B peeled apple quarter on blade, J.B takes apple quarter, smiles, bites it

J.B: For him that moment was the realisation of some passing dream, uhh which occurred to him, maybe, I guess, from time to time, in the four years that he spent as an infantry officer in the trenches on the western front.

T.S smiling benevolently, still slicing apples

J.B: (eating apple) Umm, sometimes, I would surprise him. Hm, because there was [breath] there were two bookcases, uhh, one with glass doors, where we lived, cause my mother was a voracious reader, he didn't read, he read news papers, no books. But on one of the shelves of the bookcase, with the glass doors, there were maps. But they were army maps of the trenches and front lines, very detailed maps that

they used. And I would sometimes surprise him when he was taking down one or two of these maps and then when he saw me he would fold up the map and say, oh just looking for something.

T.S: Just looking for something...

J.B points at T.S and nods

T.S: Did he [J.B's father] have friends who he would talk to about that time?

J.B: (waves hand sideways and shakes his head) None

T.S: To you? Did he talk to you about it?

J.B: Very, very little. He didn't talk to me very much, and I think it was a choice; and if he did talk to me it was almost inadvertently. But he knew, at least I was aware of the content of his experience, even if I couldn't name any of the places on it, or trace the roads.

[pause]

He hoped that I would, um, go to University, um, become a lawyer or a doctor or an economist or something. Um, and it um, um, and I would be a, ah, an english gentleman. Um, despite this, this, very open conflicts, there was always, uh, an, an, a complicity, um, about, that first world war, between us.

[pause]

Perhaps because of his experience of the officers' mess, when there was one but it [brr] okay, he acquired uh the, the manners and the assurance of an incredibly, honest straight speaking, uh, English gentleman. And later in his, in his career he was, he was really the front man, a completely, I mean very good looking handsome, very well spoken, very polite umm, uhh, owh, a man you can trust. And he was the front guy for all the crooks who worked behind him, uh well not literally crooks, I mean in terms of business crooks who worked behind him... And your father?

T.S: My father, son of a brigadier general, grandson of a general, you know for centuries. Um, [wo] joined up in whatever (straightens posture) was commissioned in '45 I think, '44, um, and very quickly was wounded, in France as I understand it, apparently discharged himself from the field hospital

J.B raises concerned brows

T.S: Where he was and went back, was on his way back to the front with a wound in his shoulder, he was shot off a tank and lost a leg, um, and, mm, and my brothers and I, um, were brought up with this, one legged man who, never referred to it, never even referred to the fact he had one leg...

J.B: *Airy gasp*

T.S: ...and went out of his way to be as he still is at the age of 85 incredibly, active, and um, and uh, we are always laughing about the fact that he will probably fall off a ladder eventually, I mean he, his, his denial of this wound has been a very strong story in our family.

[pause]

I remember one, one moment when my brothers and I were teenagers watching some cowboy film on television, and I remember one of my brothers saying I bet you don't die as quickly as that; and my father was in the corner, reading the daily telegraph, crumpled down the paper and he said; you don't, crumpled it up again.

JB: [sssssssss]

T.S opens arms in awe, knife in one hand, apple in the other

T.S: And that was *all* my brothers and I have ever had from him about the experience really, but it, that speaks volumes.

J.B: (nodding) [quietly]: uh volumes...

[pause]

The silence can also be incredibly communicative. Like the way you peel apples.

T.S: *smiles*

T.S: I've adapted my, my style of peeling apples since the story about your father.

J.B: Um I, I noticed.

T.S: Uh, I'm in character.

Both laugh

T.S: I mean there's one specific kind of silence which, you know, I personally struggle with, which is the idea of, of, of, of not talking to one's children about, such, umm, [n], uh, possible the inability to hand this on, you know we've talked a lot, we talk a lot about handing experience on, it's one of the things, you know, standing on each other's shoulders, and so the idea of, of your experience kind of being cauterized not handing it on to your *children!* Umm, such as, as, as, as my father's generation feels like there's uh, um, there, um, that silence is what I'm talking about.

J.B: Yes.

T.S: And I suppose that they would say well we fought so we wouldn't have to talk to our children about it. We fought so that our children wouldn't *know*.

J.B: Yes.

T.S: But.

both pause looking at each other

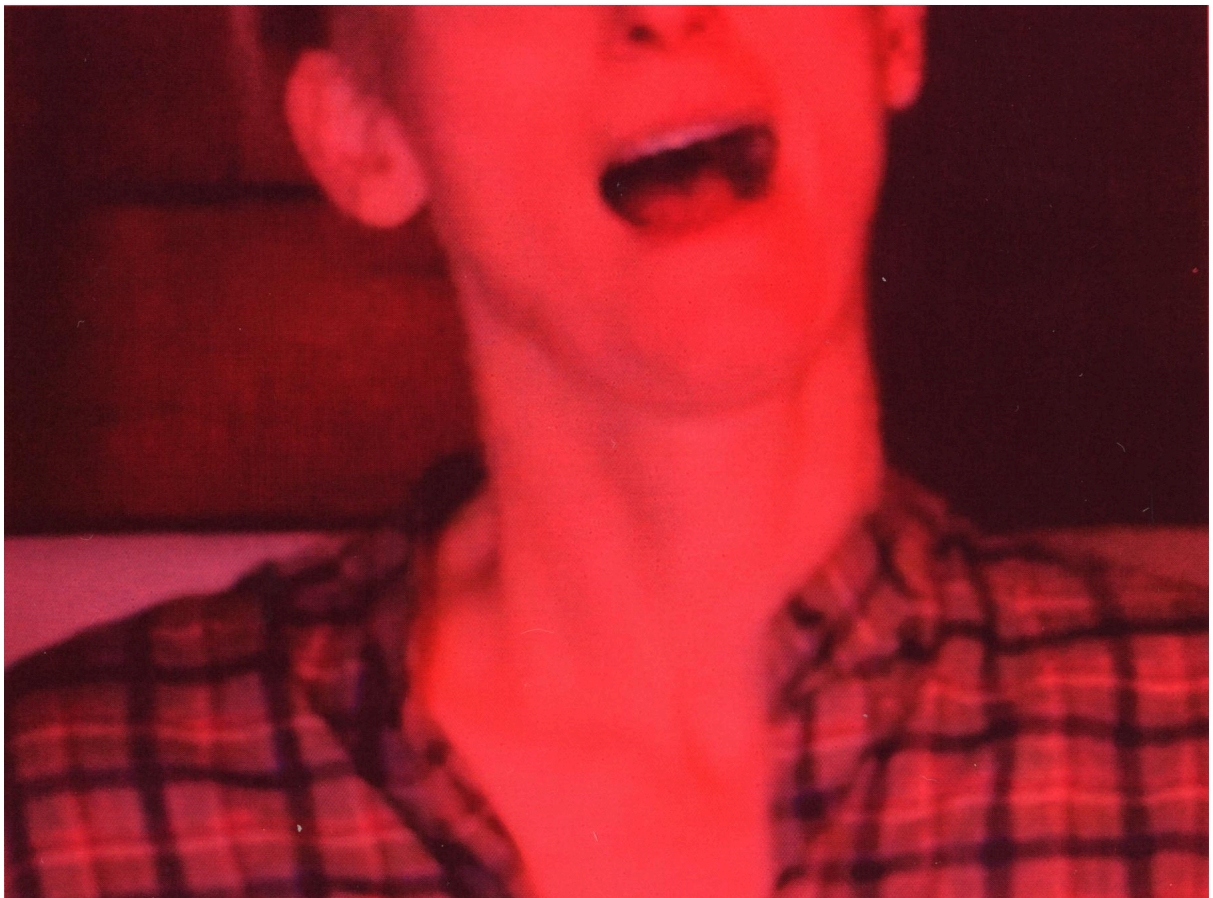
T.S: You, you wrote, you cannot, history cannot have its tongue cut out.

J.B: Yup.

T.S: dun't really work that silence is what I, I sense, you know, because of curiosity and the *need* to know is still there, and the need to *learn*. It's not the going into battle that I find *most* difficult to imagine, it's the coming *back* from battle.

J.B: Yes, yes -

T.S: *knowing shrug*





Tilda Swinton, *The Seasons In Quincy: Four Portraits of John Berger* (2017)

In April I Open My Bill

I walk out into Peckham Rye with great big wings, an apple, and a knife.

I insert the handle of the knife into my vagina just the blade coming from my vaginal tract
glinting there scintillant splinter *brilliant* where the Christmas tree sang twelve nights.
I sit back all legs like larvae of the dragonfly clearing the pond clearing cry for the war!
I cry and I circumnavigate my wet cheek across the apple. It is Novilunium tonight.

I am settling my bill with this apple,

I will make this apple vanish in the darkness before dawn.

People are all around, mainly passing, and they don't see me this is not street theatre
in Avignon nor is it busking no begging starts with hunger I am here to present an *Angel*
audience is undivided attention a knife jive this way out - side there the apple is picked the
apple has been washed it grew on a branch high up in the skywhere a REDbird did greet
it and feed it blind crawlies from it's wing wound. Could tell Eve was hungry the branch
reappeared fragrance to lure that dark RED crow and another crow lover with a wound
in it's wing like a window the nurse *my Nan* did open to the Spring breeze the patients
from the war bounded ward unit BURNS victims high up in *now the pain* is throated
silence. At least the breeze brings voices closer ears, quicker come here won't you pay me
a visit

lover crow another REDbody *flesh glass* muddied field glass I do find processed! In flies
breeze in flies voices of the *morning* chorus in flies flies! Green bottle green flash not
gunk after gunk Nan nods as the breeze and the voices the flies settle inside the wounds
of these winged boy-soldiers broken, boy soldiers with phantom wings phantom limbs
returning victims burnt up bodies *vanished*, pain now throated silence chosen or not stars or
not *karma*; points leading to another, back again, criss cross, synchronicity was meant
for the breeze was I meant like the REDcrow sees me be present an *Angel* an
audience undivided attention on Peckham Rye the world is an apple I polish
on my wet thigh, larvae it is dark the flies are green bottle from the field settling
inside

flesh RED glass

war wounds being warmed being wet being dark Nan nods lets the maggots lets the flies
outside the window back to the fields maggots spawn to clear the glass the clear the
gunk flies have gone I have an audience on Peckham Rye like an *Angel* like a song
I take the appleRED as the crow the REDcrow wakes me high up
says that songs that fit inside my ear as seed as water asthespirit.

The knife I hold tight vaginal bonds the tract just the blade
sharp enough to skin a bill a beak cut off a limb lost draw the apple closer catch *the apple*
with light the blade very *closer*, almost testing it like a man does with his member

scintillant breeze grit of glass field through the window clear voice an *Angel* the
silent voice inside being nothing being phantom nothing material *phantom song I begin*
to slice first in half, then half again+quartered slowly *my time* and wet my hands *the rains*
through Summer stillness almost Autumn and the apple that got big and the sugar light it
got juicy laden branches almost sagging the sky high up, thatREDcrowdawn by *fragrance*
singgrubssinginghole here's my wound lover! O would you rather silence

that splits apart two cracks two halves two in two *sharp* enough to slice a cross
discard the seed we do not need it it will not grow it is not glass pip! pip! *a new song*
another another crow, lover this'll be seeing this'll be seen, high up, present; I have a vision
I roost in it

I skin each piece the apple; four flesh watery tongue glisten porous glisten *glass* the
REDshardsEve has broken *the limb* is missing the voice high up *un* spoken
pain and peace *a constant flitting* a vaginal blade slicing wi'v you
two cracks in two halves in two Spring breezes.

I eat the flesh) (I discard the pips, I discard the peels) (I eat the apple. I settle my bill >
open < with a song.

The knife is out, I gather its darkness I look up I look out I find field glass in your name
in your light; vanished now. I my open bill *U*; in the Moon's darkness

do not waste yourself, lock eyes with the apple.



Hélène Cixous, *Vivre l'orange / To Live the Orange* (1979)

My heart is in the belongingness with a voice fashioned out of shining darkness, a nearness infinitely tender and reserved. (...) and swift as bird's beaks, but not to seize and mean, voices to remain near by things, as their luminous shadow, to reflect and protect the things that are ever as delicate as the newly-born.

Hélène Cixous, *Vivre l'orange / To Live the Orange* (1979)

Citrus reticulata (Tangerine):

Citrus, sit-rus; classical name first applied to another tree [thuja] Greenhouse flowering and fruiting evergreen shrubs.

RETICULATA, reh-tick-yoo-LAY-tuh; reticulated, *reticulum* **1** esp. *Biol.* a netlike structure; a fine network, esp. of membranes etc. in living organisms. **2** zool. a ruminant's second stomach.

Considered a variety of the mandarin orange, the name tangerine originates from Tangier, Morocco.

Many *Citrus* species are hybrids of mandarin and either citron or pomelo. The wild mandarin is one of the pure ancestral citrus taxa; they evolved in a restricted region of South China and Vietnam.

Malus domestica (Apple):

Malus, MAL-us; the fruit of a tree of the genus name *Malus* rounded in form and with crisp flesh, stemming from the ancient Greek word for fruit, *Melon*.

DOMESTICA, doh-MEHS-tee-kah; refers to its cultivated status.

Until the 17th century, the term apple was used in English to refer to every fruit that wasn't a berry. This includes dates (fingeræppla), bananas (appel of paradis) and cucumbers (eorþæppla, meaning 'earth-apple').

The modern domesticated apple was cultivated from a wild apple known as *Malus sieversii*, found in Central Asia, which is now listed as vulnerable to extinction due to habitat loss.

cock, /kɒk/ *n.* & *v.* • *n.* **1 a** a male bird, esp. of a domestic fowl. **b** a male lobster, crab, or salmon. **c** = WOODCOCK. **2** *Brit. sl.* (usu. **old cock** as a form of address) a friend; a fellow. **3** *coarse sl.* the penis. **4** *Brit. sl.* nonsense (cf. POPPYCOCK). **5 a** a firing lever in a gun which can be raised to be released by the trigger. **b** the cocked position of this (*at full cock*). **6** a tap or valve controlling flow. • *v.tr.* **1** raise or make upright or erect. **2** turn or move (the eye or ear) attentively or knowingly. **3** set aslant, or turn up the brim of (a hat). **4** raise the cock of (a gun). □ **at half cock** only partly ready. **cock-a-doodle-doo** a cock's crow. **cock-and-bull story** an absurd or incredible account. **cock crow** dawn. **cocked hat 1** a brimless triangular hat pointed at the front, back and top. **2** *hist.* a hat with a wide brim permanently turned up towards the crown (e.g. a tricorne). **cock-fight** a fight between cocks as sport. **cock-fighting** this sport. **cock-of-the-rock** (*pl.* **cocks-of-the-rock**) a South American bird, a cotinga of the genus *Rupicola*, having bright orange or red plumage and a prominent crest. **cock-of-the-walk** a dominant or arrogant person. **cock-of-the-wood 1** a capercaillie. **2** *N. Amer.* a red-crested woodpecker. **cock-shy 1 a** a target for throwing at with sticks, stones, etc. **b** a throw at this. **2** an object of ridicule or criticism. **cock a snook** see SNOOK. **cock sparrow 1** a male sparrow. **2** a lively quarrelsome person. **cock up** *Brit. sl.* bungle; make a mess of. **cock-up** *n.* *Brit. sl.* a muddle or mistake. **knock into a cocked hat** defeat utterly. [OE *cocc* and OF *coq* prob. f. med.L *coccus*]

cockerell /'kɒkərəl/ *n.* a young cock. [ME: dimin. of COCK]

See also - **capon**, & David Rijckaert II, *Still life with a lemon and capon*.

Materials list:

Cover: Ink on paper, Scanned ink drawings, Coloured acetate.

The Cock: Tangerine/satsuma/blood-/orange peel, Lignin; *Is Cockless*: Catalpa wood hand peeled and processed in water April'25-26 to make lignin, Red soil from Redhill N. Somerset collected April'18, recycled Cow leather, Wire, Black thread, and Nan's glass bead (eye). - The Catalpa wood takes the place of feathers which are generally wet-plucked from par-boiled poultry carcasses.

'*THE COCK*', (17th April'26) shot on Polaroid at [location redacted]; where last Autumn I shrieked with laughter to my visiting Mum, that the donkeys looked like humans dressed up! An arrow in the mud, perhaps...

'*IS COCKLESS*', (18th April'26) shot on Polaroid at London Dock development, Wapping.

Portraits courtesy of Forest Constance.

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What is body?

What is voice?

What is harm?



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