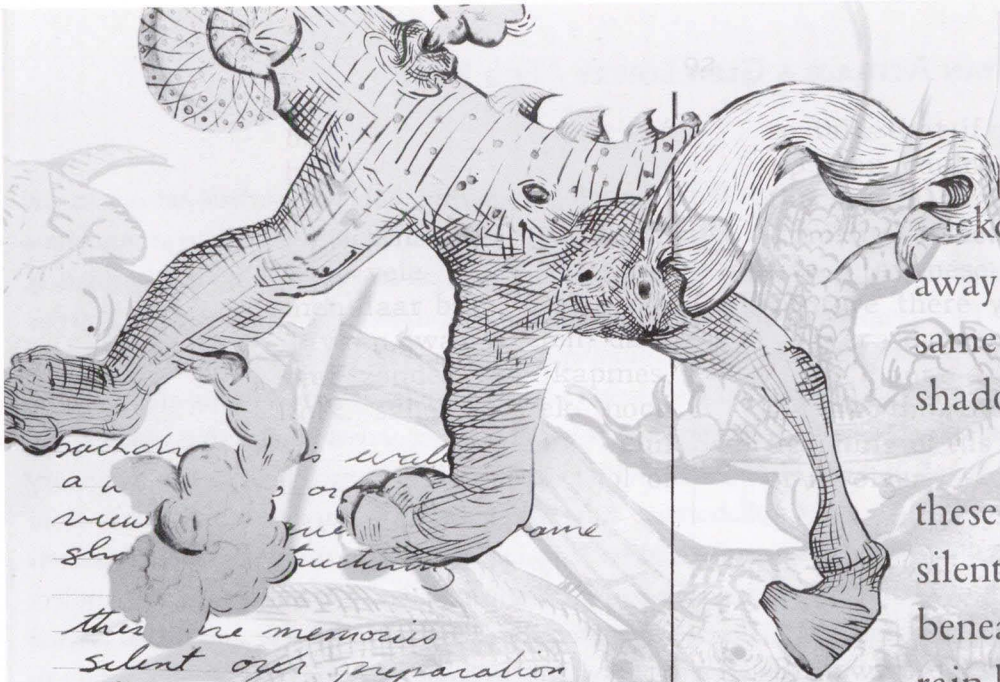


## DIYAN ACHJADI & GLEN LOWRY / *Fab Pac*

Pacific? Fabulous! up!speaking, taunting, inquiring, our writer-artists set out to cut across the surface of Magellan's tabula rasa, losing and loosing selves to an undercurrent of history and nature, location and mobility, memory and (im)pure speculation. *Fab Pac* brings together Achjadi's visual research, drawings and prints, and Lowry's serial poetics, composed over a number of months. The repurposed imaginary re-situates a European Colonial fascination with the wilds, or more specifically with the imaginary beasts of an imagined place captured in engraved manuscripts and textiles.

Taken up here, visited and revisited, the carefully constructed source imaginary provokes a series of collaborative translations that work across media, move from visual image to text to audio and back again. Drawing on the typographical conventions of a trilingual phrase book (Dutch, English, Malay), the images and texts inflect different voices and dialogues, mapping the labours of different and differentiated bodies. Following the movement from hand to hand—from artist to writer, writer to artist—the excerpt describes a larger body of work that sets in motion a movement through which image becomes script becomes type is recopied as carefully drawn script. Viewer and reader adrift.

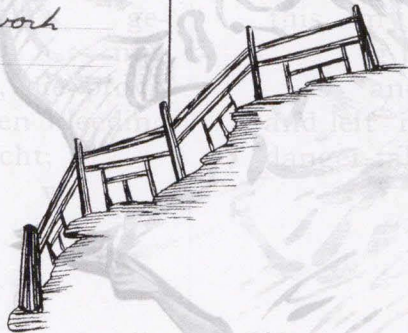
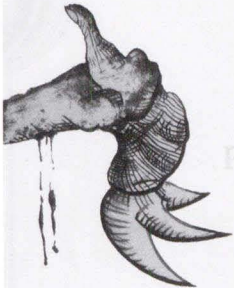


backdrop for this  
away into or out of  
same question of  
shadows in and out

these are memories  
silent in our preparation  
beneath cloud light rain  
peaceful (under my breath)

warm night last  
purses reek of the hunt  
sweat avoid  
pulled up more than hinted

the dog settles our  
careful routine relaxed  
nearby hands the work  
lensile and shin.



you looked  
hardly see  
backdrop for this  
away into or out of  
same question of  
shadows in and out

these are memories  
silent in our preparation  
beneath the cloud  
rain beneath our

the warm kisses of  
the reek of your  
sweet  
hunted  
and picked up

the dog settling in  
our careful routine  
relaxed to the focus  
nearby hands, wa

P. O, wat kranige kerels zijn ze! Waren ze niet voor  
O, what brave fellows they are! Were they not



alking  
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me  
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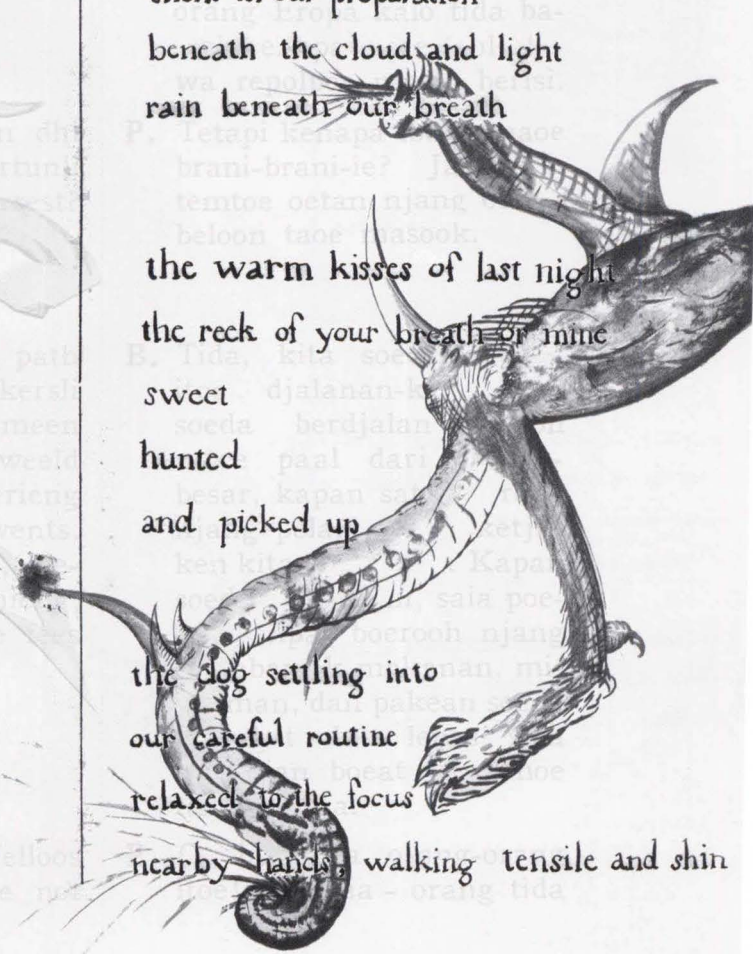
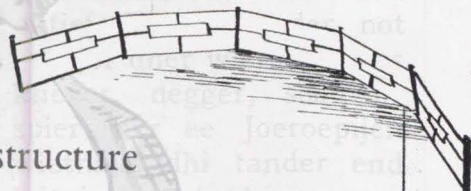
backdrop for this walking  
away into or out of you  
same question of frame  
shadows in and out of the structure

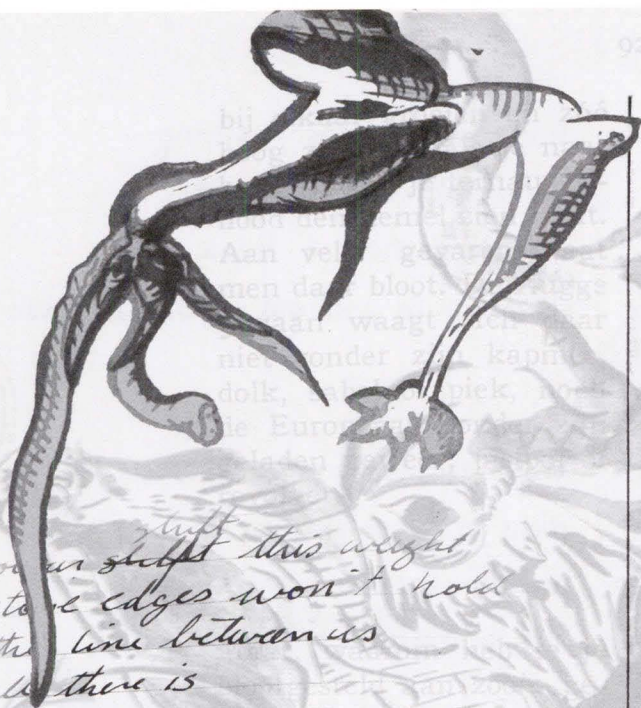
these are memories we share  
silent in our preparation  
beneath the cloud and light  
rain beneath our breath

the warm kisses of last night  
the reck of your breath or mine  
sweet  
hunted  
and picked up

the dog settling into  
our careful routine  
relaxed to the focus

nearby hands, walking tensile and shin



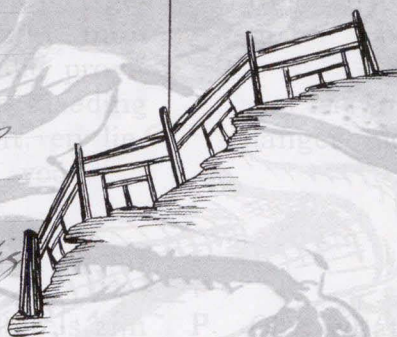


colour shift this weight  
stone edges won't hold  
the line between us  
all there is

this gaze trapped  
at the fissure of one  
seamless blind our narrative  
hunted up against

your beast's pores are real  
more dangerous than the illustrated  
fabled horn-ripping  
assunder

known unknown worlds  
this abutment of which  
plan whose after all  
clouds cool a morning light



colour shift  
the weight of stone  
don't hold the line  
all there is

sun gazes trapped  
of a once seamless  
blinding, hunted

beast's pores more  
dangerous, than the  
fabled horns imagined  
ripping asunder

known and unknown  
at the abutment of  
clouds cooling the

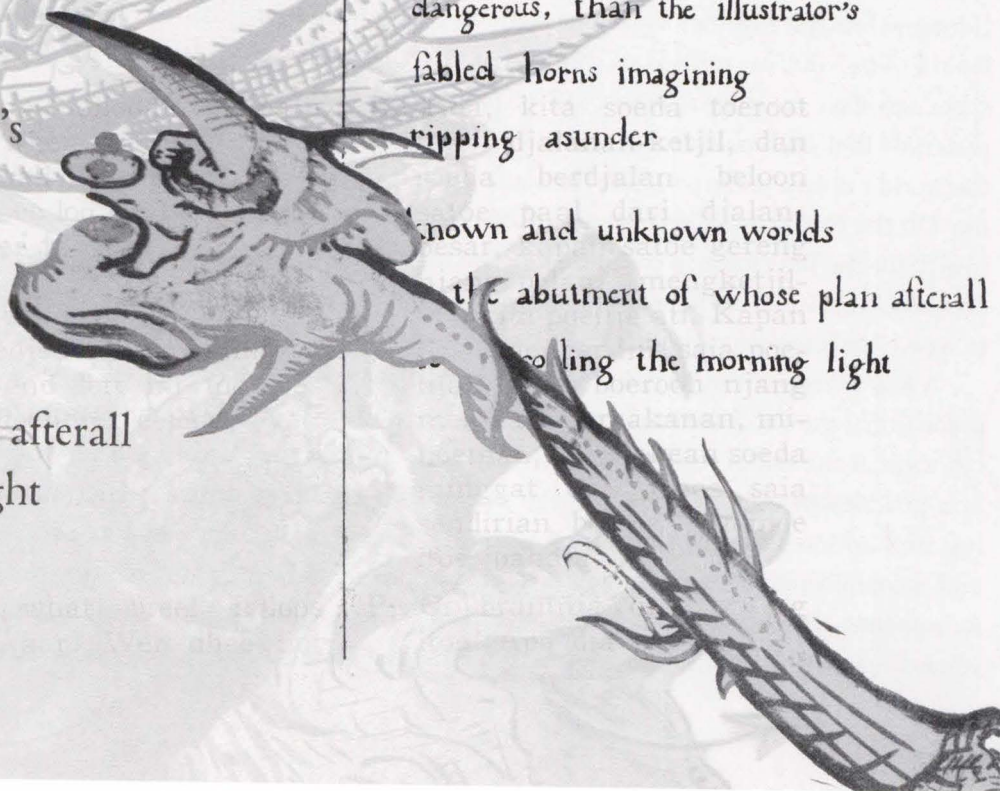




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between us

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narrative  
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ing



own worlds  
whose plan afterall  
morning light

colour shift  
the weight of stone edges  
don't hold the line between us  
all there is

sun gazes trapped at the fissure  
of a once seamless narrative  
blinding, hunted up against

beast's pores more real  
dangerous, than the illustrator's  
fabled horns imagining  
ripping asunder

known and unknown worlds  
the abutment of whose plan afterall  
rolling the morning light