

EXTRACT: GHISLAINE LEUNG

She picks up a random journal, as it happens, *October*, Volume 32 from 1985, published by the MIT Press. She opens it at page 95 and reads the following:

Gidal: *Please describe it.*

Frampton: Okay. I'll describe it: You walk up to a pair of big double doors, very weatherbeaten, heavy, scratched timber doors; they look like the entrance to a medieval speakeasy. At a height which is that of the average person, there are two peepholes which you look through. Inside the wooden doors you see a brick wall which appears to have a regular hole blasted through it. On the other side of the brick wall, immediately on the other side, is what appears to be the edge of a kind of ravine, covered with leafless brush. It appears to be autumn and the foliage has more or less fallen to the ground. Beyond that, over the ravine, at a considerable distance, there is a painted background, in color, trees and sky, very flat, looking very much like the renderings of very distant landscapes in some Renaissance paintings. In the middle of which, achieved by some kind of polarized gimmick, there's a little waterfall which appears continuously to run. It's motorized. You can see the water. The water's running over, presumably down into this ravine. In the immediate foreground, lying on the brush in the ravine, supine and spread-eagled, is a nude woman. Both of her feet, her right hand, and head are cut off from view by the boundaries of the hole in the brick wall. Since you're looking through peepholes, it's impossible to shift your view to see if in fact she has a head, a right hand, or feet. Her left hand is elevated and she holds in it a burning gas lamp. It is a very, very lifelike nude woman, kind of wax-museum lifelike.

Gidal: *I think she's made out of pigskin.*