

Catherine Vidler

Unfinished Collaborations

With Tom Jenks

Introduction

Catherine Vidler and I worked together on a number of collaborative projects. We completed some, but others were left unfinished.

To commemorate and celebrate Catherine's life and unbounded creativity, I've collected the unfinished projects here. In all instances, despite the difficulties Catherine was facing, it was me who dropped the ball.

I think I've collected everything we worked on. Please feel free to share.

Tom Jenks
December 2023

Snowballs

1 word per line, starting with a single letter word then getting progressively longer (second word has 2 letters, third word has 3 etc). At a given point, you stop and turn back and the snowball starts to shrink.

We did one complete snowball, reaching 11 letters. We then worked on a second, turning back at 19 letters, but didn't finish.

I think I started the snowballs and Catherine replied.

I
go
out
amid
green
grapes
quietly
seething
believing
waveringly
abecedarian
explicitly
flummoxed
although
greatly
shrunk
birds
call
out
or
a

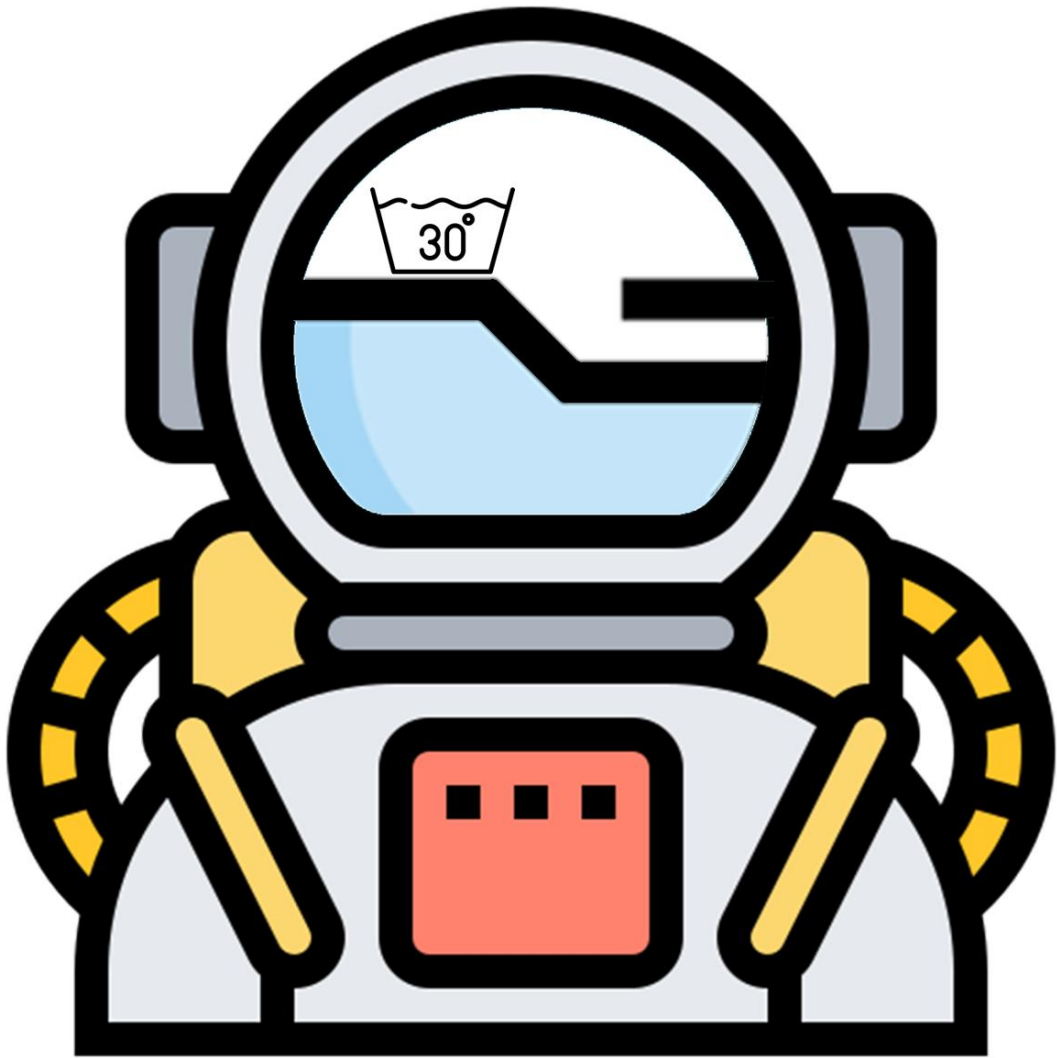
a
(an)
eel
fled
under
carpet
striped
radiance
abandoned
thoughtful
obfuscatory
squeezeboxes
objectionably
misrepresented
nebuchadnezzars
electrophoresing
anachronistically
circumnavigational
Buckminsterfullerene
circumnavigational
superintellectual
brownish-speckled
horticulturally
daffadowndilly
cabinetmakers
yellowhammer
infestation
dachshunds
maximised
muzzling
against
fezzes
which

Flop Flip

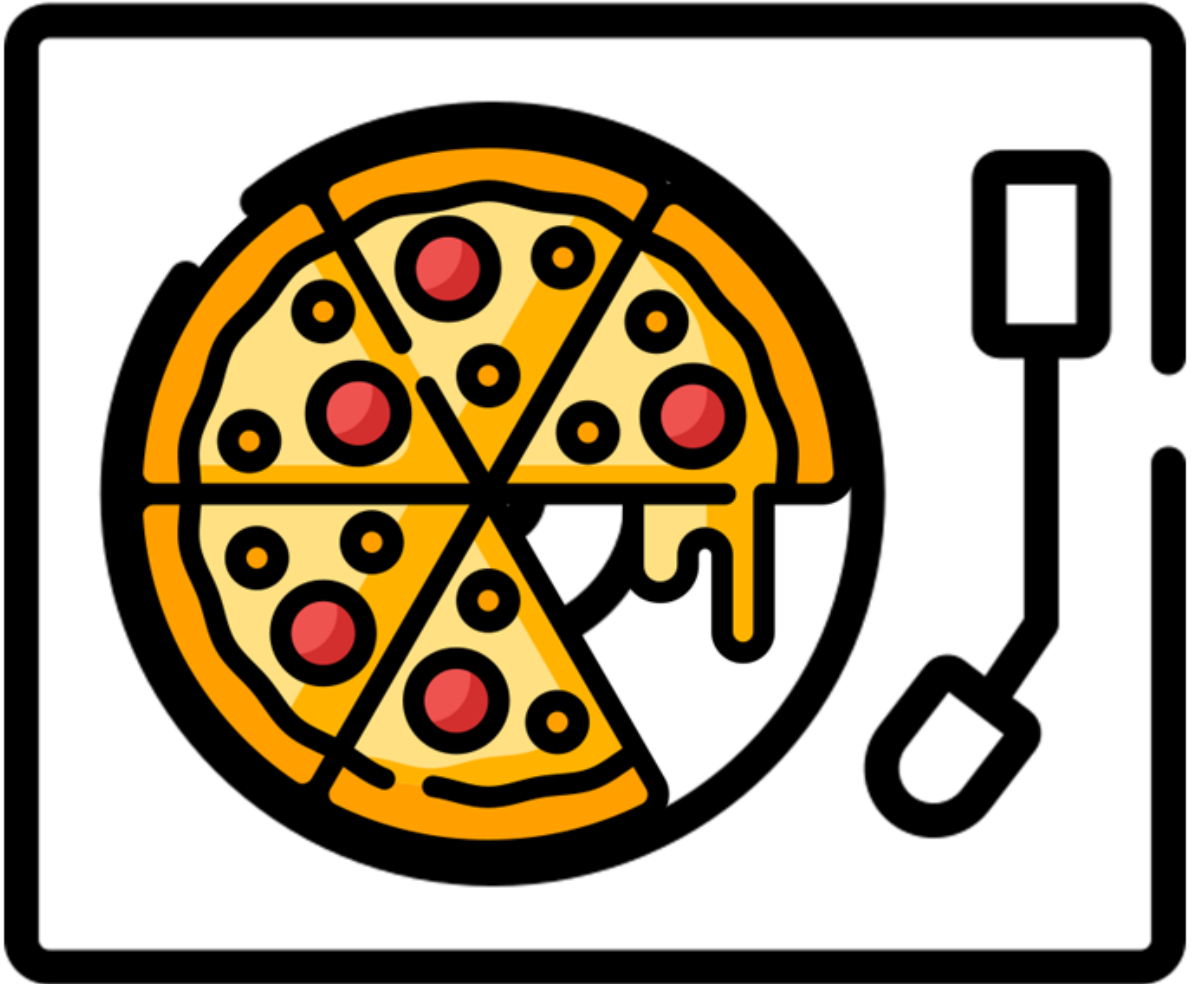
Catherine and I worked on a collaboration called [Flip Flop](#) in 2016, where one sent an image for the other to “caption”. We swapped back and forth a few times (after 10 iterations) so we each had a turn at image and caption. The concept was inspired by [Supernatural Overtones](#) by Ron Padgett and Clark Coolidge.

In (I think) 2022, we decided to produce another version, which we called Flop Flip, as we took turns in a different order. Catherine started Flip Flop whereas I started Flop Flip.

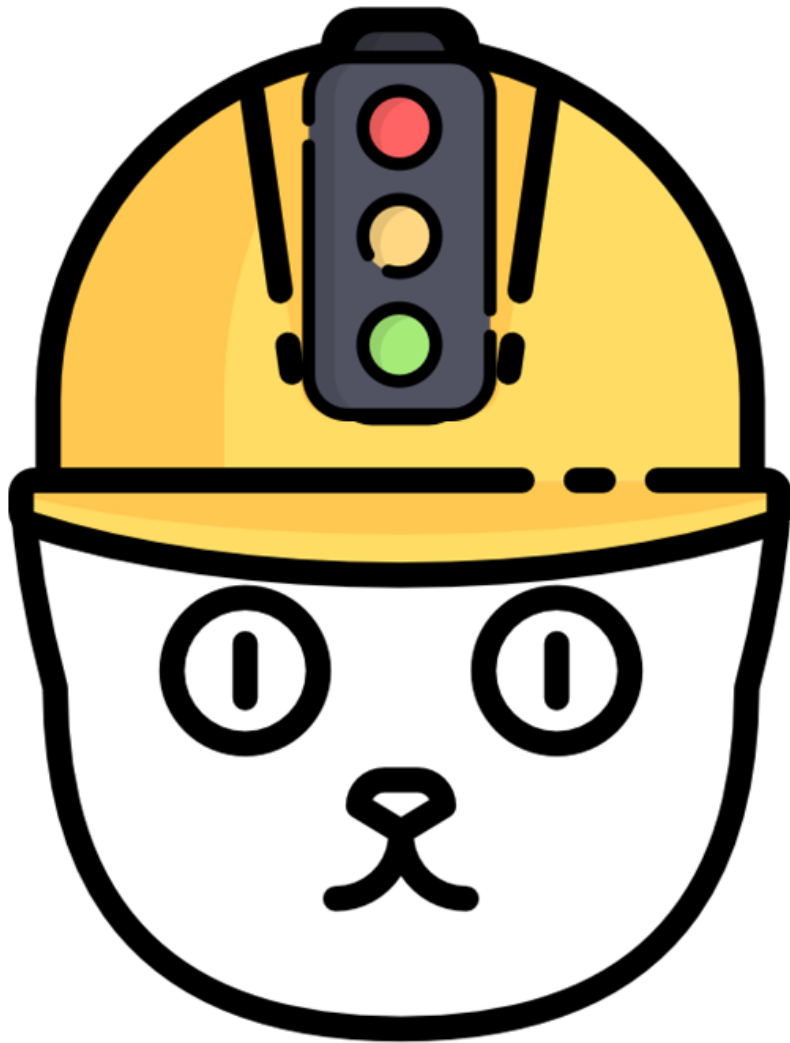
We didn't really have a set point where we were going to stop. I suppose that if we'd managed to get further, we might have made it the same length as Flip Flop, which is 60 panels long (6 x 10 iterations). We managed 11 panels. I provided the image for 10 and we'd just swapped order for the last image, which Catherine provided.



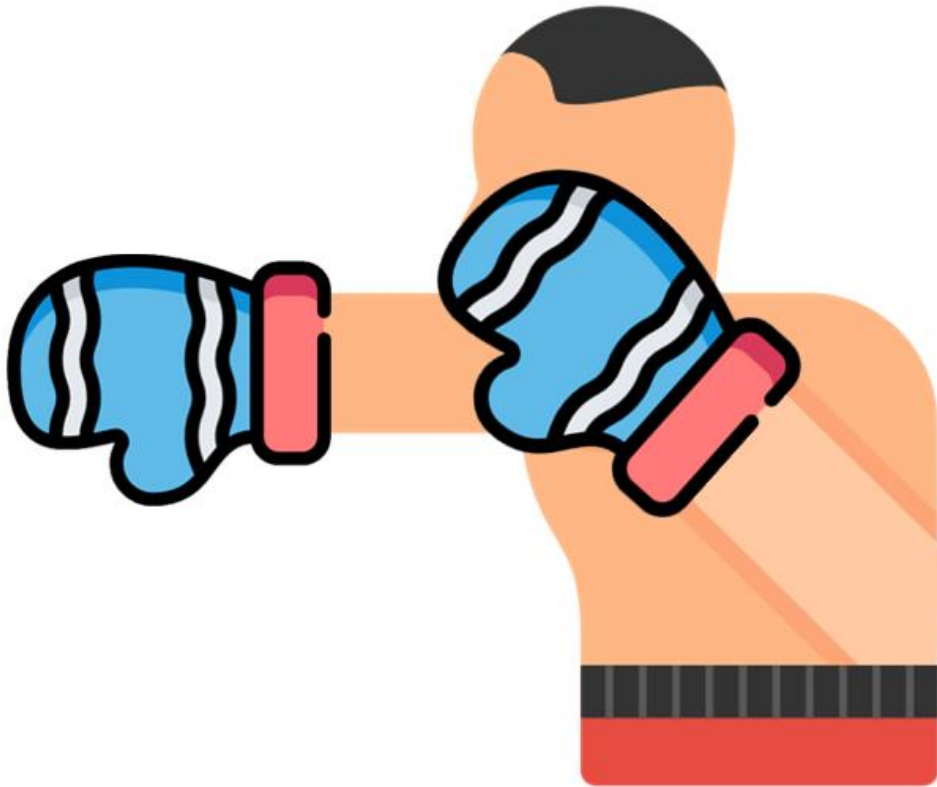
The new coffee machine proved a little difficult to operate.



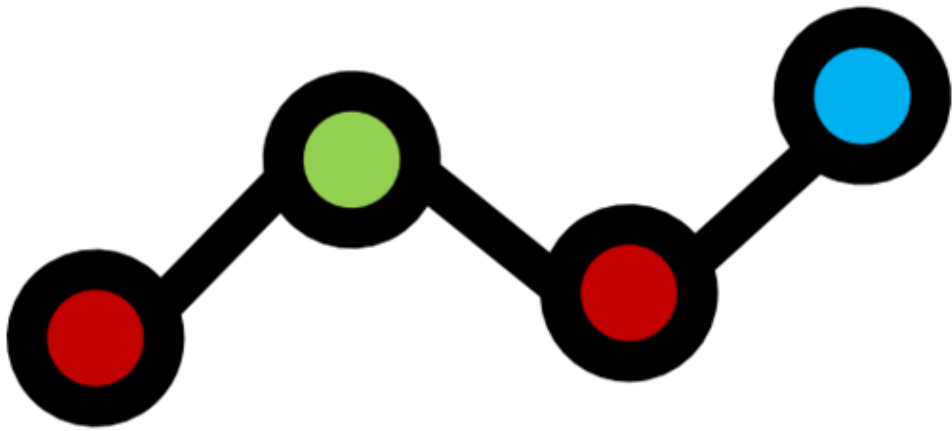
The piece of music was simply too delicious for the ears.



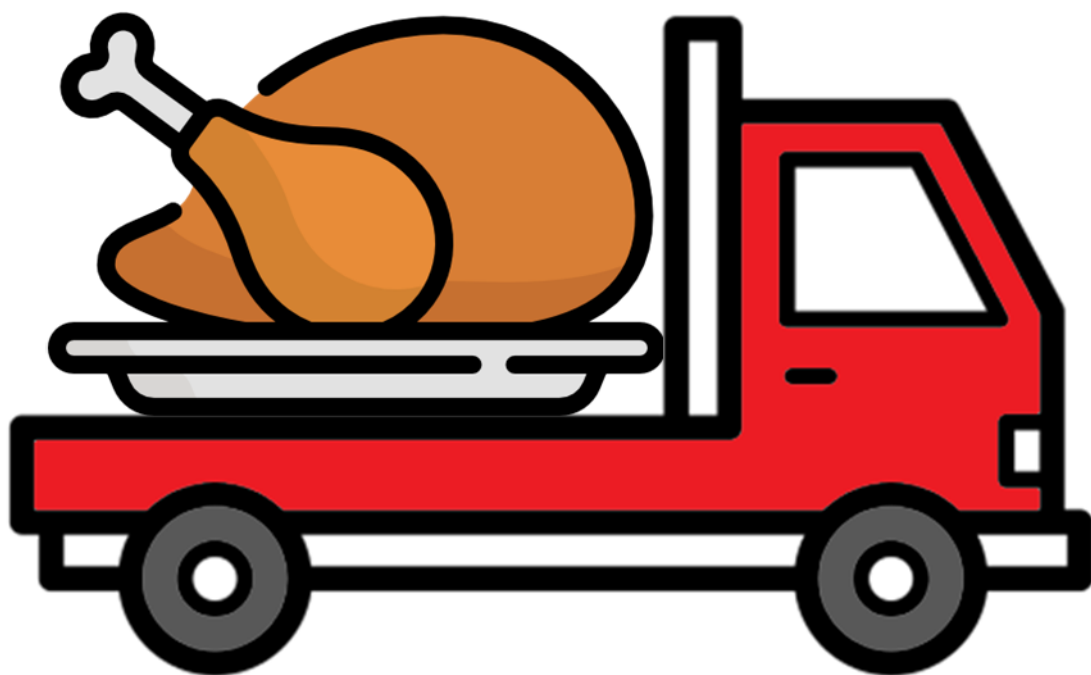
His entry in the virtual Easter bonnet competition was a real traffic stopper.



The response to the punchline was a little colder than expected.



red, green, red, blue; a zig-zagging pathway from me to you



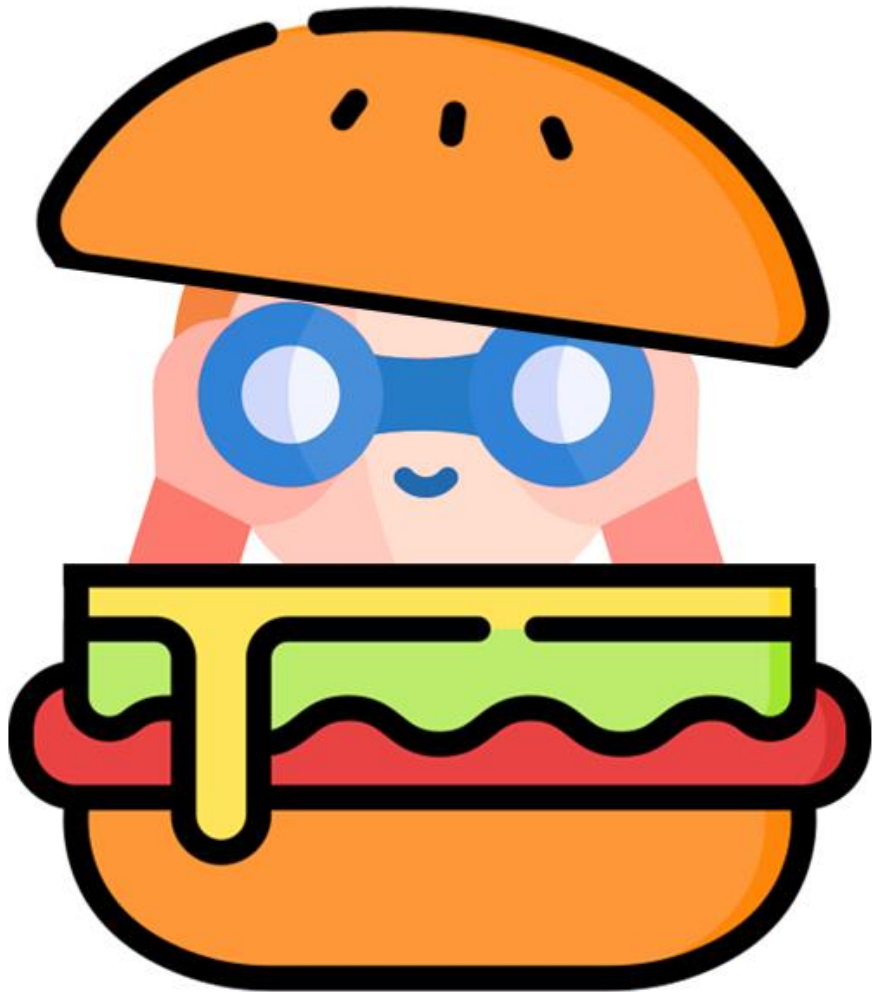
The turkey's recurring nightmare was in it for the long haul.



Breakfast never failed to provide a tasty opportunity for the implementation of solidarity.



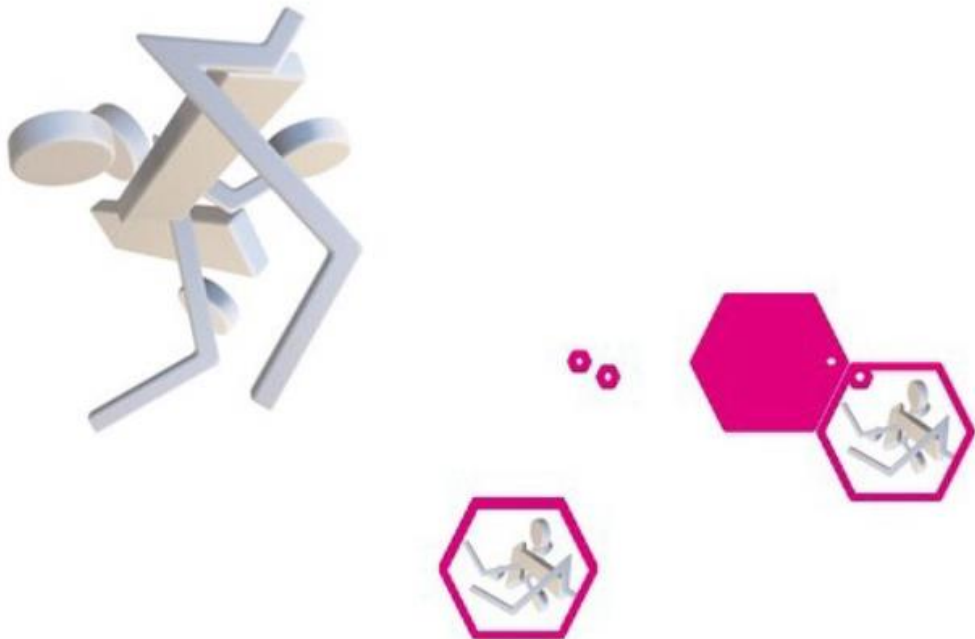
With his ship at risk of capsizing, Pirate Bubbles came to regret his decision to discard the only life boat.



Emerging briefly from his Burger Immersion Experience, Mr Pickles saw nothing more or less than an enormous pair of eyes staring back at him.



As a matter of pride, he took the ‘black-tie pool-party’ theme very seriously.



This was yoga, but not as the bees knew it.

A second pangram novel

In 2021, Catherine and I published our pangrammatic novel [Pack my Box with Five-Dozen Liquor Jugs](#) with Pentract Press. This was 26 chapters of 26 sentences, each sentence containing every letter of the alphabet. We also produced a preface and epilogue, plus bios for ourselves and for the book's "real author" Jock Ravishment, all following the same constraint.

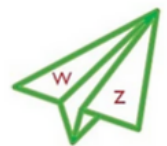
We started another project in the same style, but with added images. We introduced a further constraint where each sentence would begin with letters in reverse alphabetical order, then actual alphabetical order, with the images referring to this.

We did this on a [blog](#), which is still accessible at time of writing, but the text and image pairings we produced are on the following pages. Zlatan, Wexford, Zabinski and the wombat are characters in our first novel.

The first image and caption is Catherine's, then mine, then Catherine's etc.

'Zlatan,'

murmured Wexford, shortly after take-off, 'I'm just wondering: did you happen to notice that quivering shrub in the garden this morning; its vigour, its turbulence, its so on...?'



'Yo,

Jägermeister, stewardess!' requested Wexford's hulking, frazzled companion, oblivious.



'XXXX

Summer Bright Lager for me,' voiced Wexford, unquenched, his flagrant, jiggle-induced puzzlement persisting herbaceously despite Zlatan's apparent lack of interest.



'Whatever

became of Zabinkiski, our goofy journalist acquaintance?' pondered Wexford.



'Very

Updated: Dec 24, 2020

good question;' answered Santa, sleighing jauntily past Wexford's cockpit window, 'he's with me (together with Blitzen, Cupid, et cetera).'



'Unexpectedly

festive, picturesque, wayward, jingle bells-style phenomenon', remarked Zlatan.



'Too

right,' vocalised Wexford, as he reminisced upon the quirky freight of his (joyfully) embroidered (by Zlatan) Christmas stocking.



'Sensational

quartz-grey velour knickerbockers you're sporting, Wexford',
interjected his companion.



'Remarkably

durable too;' replied Wexford, patting his enviably sizeable thighs, 'perfect for my daily jogs, squats, sit-ups and burpees.'



'Quite

reminiscent of the wombat's expansive Jockeys' digressed Zlatan.



'Please

adjust your gaping seatbelt buckle, co-pilot Zlatan,' instructed Wexford, evenly, determined to quash his turbulent offence at the comparison.



Oblivious,

Zlatan reached impetuously for the joystick, making Wexford squawk.



'Notably

jumbo formation accumulating,' acquiesced Zlatan, awed, as he skillfully guided the aircraft through an almost incomprehensibly complex manoeuvre.



'Maybe

we'll encounter that flying squid Zabinski jabbered everlastingly about', pondered Wexford.



'Lol

Wexford,' chuckled Zlatan, perhaps questionably attentive, as the two-manned aircraft began to judder.



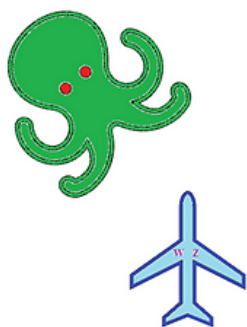
'Kraken

(gargantuan denizen) ahead!' squealed Wexford, vibrato, jumpy, white-knuckled.



'Just

relax, my objectively quite freaked-out dude,' whispered Zlatan, as the wiggly monster approached without courtesy.



'Inconsequential'

this isn't!' screamed Wexford, grizzling, obviously upset; 'just look!'



'Hell's

bells!' expressed Zlatan, observing, as if for the first time, the jarringly wild enormity of the squid's frank imminence.



'Gadzooks!'

ejaculated Wexford; 'Observe yonder quadragenarious-tentacled behemoth's approach!'



'Far

out, Wexford,' appreciated Zlatan, trembling, kinetic, jelly-legged, dreamy; 'or should I say, unequivocally, near in?'



Elastically,

the juggernaut-sized squid flexed a shellfish-covered (barnacles, winkles, molluscs) appendage.



'Delightful,

and veritably mysterious,' adjudicated Zlatan, cupping his quiet, knowledgeable hand behind Wexford's left ear.



'Crazy

jumbo cuttlefish possessing questionable motives' bespoke Wexford.



'Between

you and me, Wexford,' implied Zlatan, 'I'm not convinced we shouldn't, despite the jeopardy and exquisite risk there-of, lean fearlessly into this appallingly multi-limbed situation?



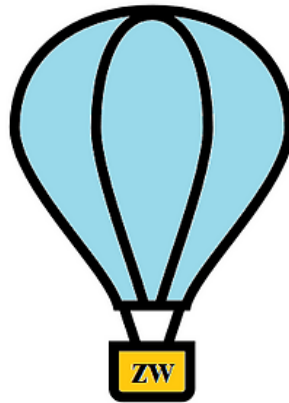
'Achtung!

¿De verdad? Aidez nous!' jabbered Wexford, provoked, obliquely multilingual.



'Are

you wearing your parachute, Wexford,' inquired Zlatan, his middle finger hovering knowledgeably over the EJECT button.



'Beneath

my purple, lavishly emblazoned flying jacket', quoth Wexford.



'Cellophane-blue

skies; elation mostly unjustified!' sang Zlatan, without warning of any kind, quite expressively.



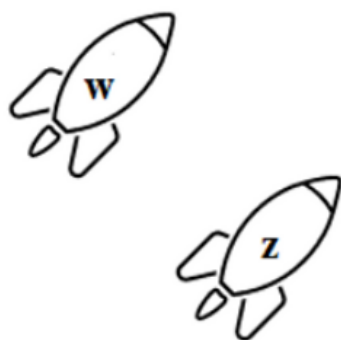
'Ditch

extemporised, jazz-tinged vocal workouts', huffed the Swede's companion, brusquely.



'Eject

sequence now complete,' spoke Zlatan, humbled, bracing voraciously for expulsion.



Freaking,

Wexford jumped quivering into Zlatan's hasty embrace.



'Great

view of the equator, eh,' remarked Zlatan, jostling futilely against Wexford's grip upon his bodily contours.



'Help!'

mewed Wexford pathetically, clutching Zlatan's boutique Varsity jacket.



'I

think we're destined for a major collision with the Earth,' squeaked Zlatan, exerting a vice-like, reciprocal grasp upon his buddy's shoulders.



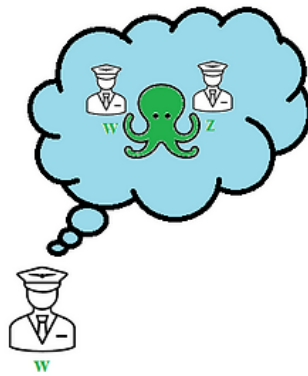
'Jabbering

bozos' spoke the airborne squid; 'hear my extraordinarily powerful voice'.



'Kind-hearted

squid of the boisterously unforgiving air, Zlatan and I hear your call and joyfully await your prompt rescue!' screeched Wexford.



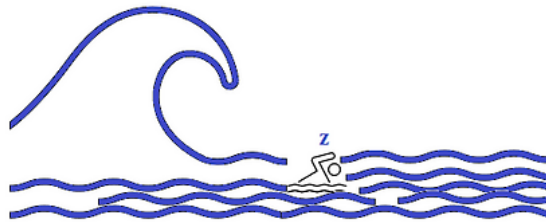
'Large

cephalopod, taxonomically speaking', quibbled the floating wave denizen judgmentally.



'Mega-

wave quaintly incoming, Wexford!' thundered Zlatan, not joking, as he dog-paddled furiously towards a somewhat nearby buoy.



'Non-subjectively

affirmative', replied Wexford, shaky, guzzling tequila.



'Oh

fiddlesticks, Wexford; seems I've lost my bearings!' envisioned Zlatan, reaching for a well-earned stubby of James Squire Original Pilsener.

