

SPECIAL ISSUE

Performing Relations



activate ISSUE 1, *Vol.2* Spring 2012
FIGURE OF THE SENSIBLE

concept & choreography: Mariella Greil
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Editors Note:
Of golden threads, exploded images and magpies
by **Mariella Greil**

Performing relations in five Performance Projects in
three years (2006-2009)
by **Lynn Lu**

Draft in 6 parts
by **Fiona James & Jane Frances Dunlop**

Trying to make more sense
an introduction, beginning and reflection of a dialogic
performance
by **Steve Fossey**

Exploded image
by **Jennifer Jarman**
including fragments of explications, negotiations and
personal conversation

How to Explain a Field to a Dead Magpie (?)
by **Fabrizio Manco**
and a handful of responses by two singular voices



photocredits see: Fabrizio Manco

Mariella Greil, Managing Editor

“There is this fluctuation, this trembling on the very edge of language, which to me is the sphere of sensibility. It is that lacking skin, that sensitivity that is in and of itself sensible. We are speaking of that place in which we have the possibility of understanding the senses and thoughts to be one.”
(Horsfield, 2006, p.110)

An assemblage of five approaches to the “figure of the sensible” is introduced in this first special issue of activate, which weaves together a fabric of relational choreographic movements. Hosting a get-together on unruled pages, this issue is written to be read between the lines of practice and theory. **Question I: Do you prefer ruled or unruled pages?**

The contributors to this special issue have not met in the flesh—their encounter happens in the turning of a page, the pace of a reader's eye, the reverberations of last words and first words in the transitions from one text to another. These interfaces are carefully choreographed, arranged as movements through time and space. These are compositions that attend to the act of sensing and thinking as a reader.

The selected texts—or better, textures—form an ensemble, moving with each other to introduce a body of writings and performances dedicated to the sensible. The ‘sensible’ refers to what is capable of being apprehended by the senses in its double meaning: as a relation of sensation, and of ‘sense’ pertaining to the ethical, representational and aesthetic regimes (Rancière, 2000). Still, their most virulent impact is the proliferation of relations that we instigated by introducing those text(ure)s to one another. They meet one another on the page, where their interfaces and relays become the document's core. To use some performance vernacular, these sensate areas of contact take centre stage. In this collection of various textures, the topology of the sensible is opened for fragile interrelations, prolific contaminations, unforeseen revelations, and perhaps at times gentle provocations, always exploring the interplay of signs and bodies.

The prominent first sign of this special issue is the *X*, which is the title of a video installation by LYNN LU that revolves around the crossings that connect us to people, as well as the crossing-out of relations that happens over a lifetime. *X* and in brackets we read: (after ‘Memories Revisited’ by Jason Mortara) who inspired her work. *X* might also act simply as a placeholder for an open, unnamed and unknown reading of this special issue. Resisting overconfidence in (at best) well-formulated and (at worst) formulaic language, this assemblage honours the cryptographic cipher of the sensible, which might appear looser and less obvious unless one takes time to think a bit about it. **Instruction I: Make sure you sit comfortably in your favourite reading setting (a special chair, a cherished outdoor spot... or take the text to bed with you) before you continue.**

Lynn Lu's contribution is a collection of projects that revolve around the issue of performing relations. Five projects that were realized between 2006 and 2009 appear as reticulation of a consistent practice, delighting us with their simplicity and affection—central motifs in her often cross-cultural performances. *When love departs, reason returns* is a composition of fragments from two collections of Love Letters and takes us on a performance tour. Again we read after the title in brackets: (or, notes to self for next time). Her dialogue in and through brackets, internal or with someone (as in project *X*), or to indicate the elision of a letter revealing the double meaning of a title, proves to be a generative force for her work. The brackets always appear in matched pairs to distinguish or interject text, often attributions. Obviously a syntactic anticipation of the semantic play as it manifests in the last work presented in this special issue with the title *A(t)tribute*, but that's for later.

Of golden threads,
exploded images,
and magpies

After the departure of love, the interloper appears. **Instruction II: When you have read the editorial note – that literally stretches until the last page – please restart and find the scattered remnants of Jennifer Jarman's Exploded Image and Fabrizio Manco's How to Explain a Field to a Dead Magpie (?) emerging as visual repetitions.**

“Mattering-form is movement not as identifiable figuration but as intensive figure. Figure as force taking form, as movement-with that shapes bodies-in-the-making.” (Manning, 2009, p.33).

Draft in 6 Parts by FIONA JAMES and JANE FRANCES DUNLOP is a collaborative-performative writing adventure—a movement of thoughts that insists on its crudeness, honouring process and imperfection. All of their texts are framed by a golden thread. This intercontinental collaboration developed a contribution for activate's special issue on performing relations that makes and unmakes relations between a series of drafts linking such disparate formats as: fragments of academic essays, sketches, performance scores, shared notes, revealing Skype conversations, lonely YouTube explorations and personal chats. The research project stays rigorously dedicated to the craft of the draft. “Arriving at the zero degree of the script” and the endnote says “– same conversation.”– the one between Alain Badiou and Elie During is referenced; the tracing of a dialogue that happened 2007 in Barcelona. In a next relational move – shifting to Lynn Lu's project *trace* – we encounter again a dialogue. An encounter between Lynn Lu and a visitor, a stranger; she is palm writing, they are body reading. Same conversation? The performance for her lasts eight hours, for them a couple of minutes. The reverberation of Nancy's understanding of being-with has multiple implications and the questions hang in the air: What kind of relational experiment is set up in *trace*? And what do we trace when meeting in performance? How do a variety of figures of the sensible, performances of relation, emerge as a special issue—an issue that deserves “special” attention?

STEVE FOSSEY is *Trying to make more sense* in the form of an introduction, beginning, and score of a dialogic performance arranged around the reflections on his project. His following up the 'Following pieces' (1969) by Acconci brings us through various flâneurous drifts on the production of private and public spaces and places to a rather unpretentious confession, a handing over of the sense-making to you... the reader. **Instruction III & Question II: 'Do you sit comfortably?'** The dotted line asks, and then we arrive at the next plateau.

Some words by Lynn Lu

to frame the selected projects in relation to the publication of the special issue “Performing relations”:

“While *A(t)tribute*, *When Love Departs*, and *X* literally spell out that which usually remains unarticulated, *Trace* and *You Are* rely upon the reciprocal reading and responding to each other's silent and tactile signals: a mutual investigation of communication and projection that takes place between the gaps of verbal language. The participant and I are jointly immersed in an intense psychological and physical dialogue from which an understanding that is more perceptual and affective than conscious and conceptual emerges. These works act as textual traces of the way we make sense of felt experiences.” (excerpt from personal communication on 7th April, 2012).

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Endnotes

[1] “[...] desiring a felicity of words, [...] where language would no longer be alienated.”(Barthes, 1953, p. 94)

Lynn Lu X

(after 'Memories Revisited' by Jason Mortara)

video installation
Tokyo; Japan. 2007

X (verb) synonyms: erase, annul, black (out), blot out, cancel, delete, efface, expunge, obliterate, wipe (out).

X (noun): 1. error, mistake, 2. An unknown or unnamed factor, thing, or person: anonymous Mr/Ms X.

X (transitive verb) 1849: 1. to mark with an X, 2. to cancel or obliterate.

"Ex-" (prefix): 1. Outside; out of; away from: exodontia, 2. Not; without: ex-caudate, 3. Former: ex-president.

X ray: The gesture of exhuming the invisible writing via exposure to the unseen heat radiation from the flame can be seen as a form of "X ray". (incidentally, X rays were called "X" rays when discovered by Röntgen in 1895 because their nature was at first unknown)

* * *

A roll of toilet paper, apple juice, a writing brush, a flame.

In the way secret letters are written to childhood best friends, I use apple juice to write the name of an ex-lover/friend/colleague on a piece of toilet paper. As I hold the flimsy sheet up to the heat of a flame, the juice darkens and the writing grows visible for some moments before being consumed by the fire.

These names are of people who at one time had been an intimate part of my life, and/or people with whom I interacted on a regular basis for at least one year, and who are no longer a part of my life today as a consequence of natural circumstances or conscious decisions.

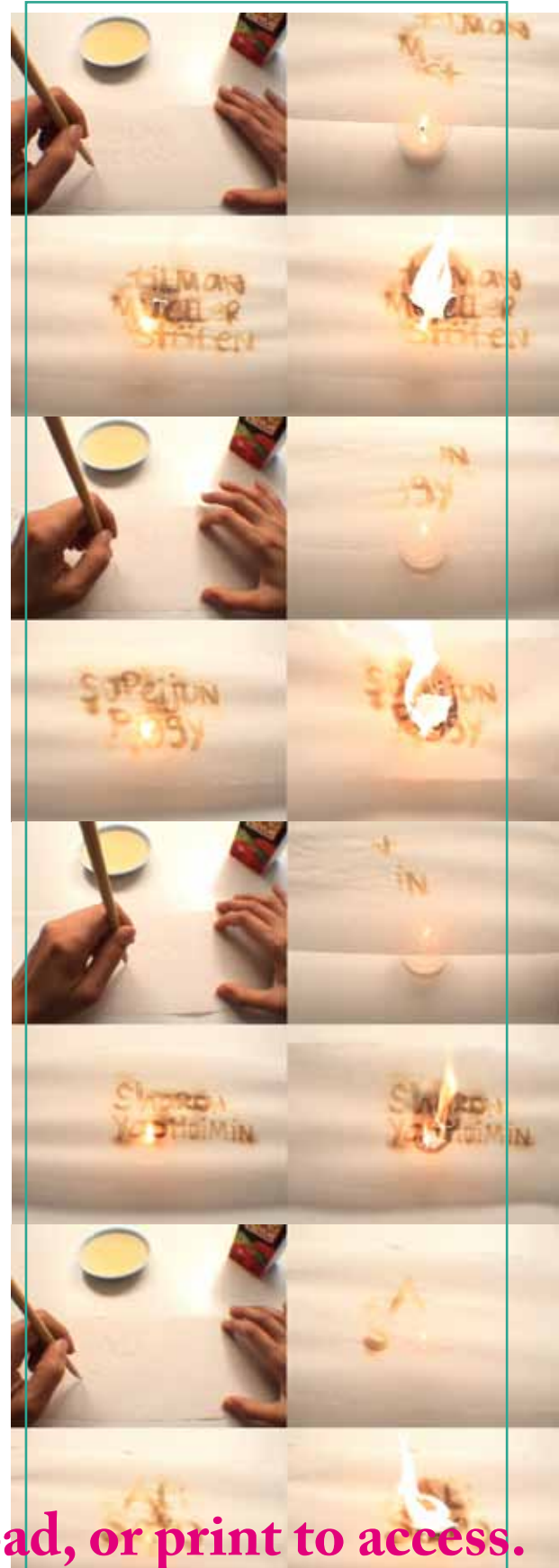
Friends and colleagues with whom I have lost touch over time and not had any contact for at least one year fall under the "natural circumstances" category, while relationships brought to an abrupt end by choice fall under the "conscious decisions" category, and qualify immediately as "ex-".

Beginning with the most recent "ex-", individuals from my past were brought back to mind via natural association. The recollection of one person always led to that of another, usually because they had a relationship of their own between them, and occasionally because they are connected in my mind for a particular reason. As a result, almost every "ex-" would recognize at least a few names preceding and succeeding their own.

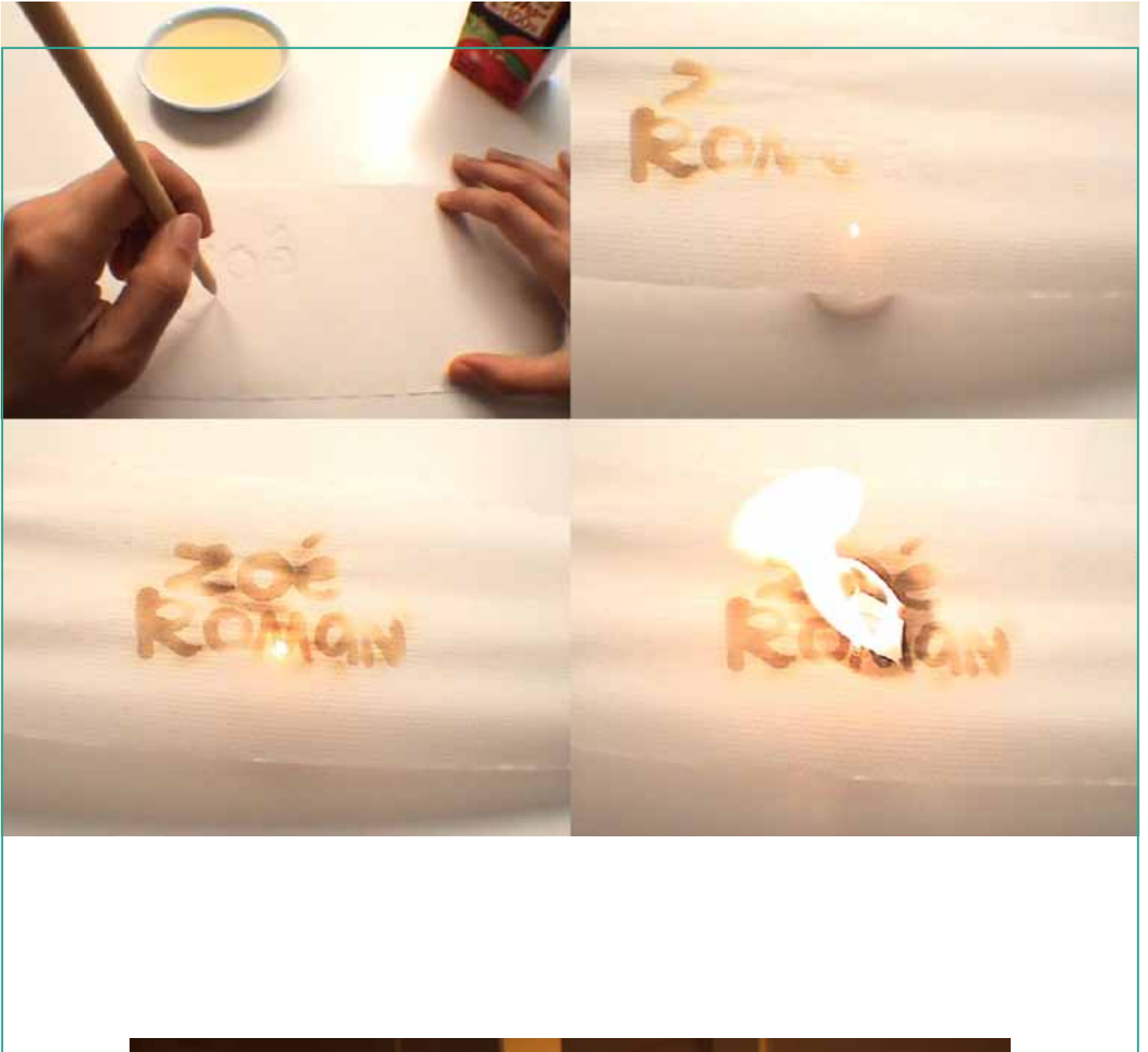
As it happened, the last person I thought about as I came to the end of the roll of toilet paper reminded me of the first person, bringing me back full circle to the present. A hundred and eight individuals scattered across five continents are linked to each other, one to the next, by one or (at most) two degrees of separation.

This work, commissioned by Heman Chong as a component of the Singapore Art Show, was screened continuously in an unoccupied-shop-turned-temporary-cinema in the belly of the spanking new mega shopping complex, Vivocity, in Singapore this August. As many of my "ex-es" were childhood friends from this small city, it is likely that an innocent shopper will be surprised by their own name (or the name of someone they know) going up in flames.

Photo credits for:
a(t)tribute: Lynn Lu
when love departs...: Tan Ngiap Heng
X: Lynn Lu
trace: Young Tan
you are: Young Tan



Click on explode, download, or print to access.



Exploded image by JENNIFER JARMAN includes

Lynn Lu

WHEN LOVE DEPARTS, REASON RETURNS

(or notes to self for next time)



“Blackout”; Qsquare; Singapore. 2009

It is said that when love arrives, reason departs. Fortunately, when love departs reason returns. A fresh heartbreak precipitates a few moments of clarity, and it is suddenly obvious why the relationship failed so spectacularly.

Throughout each evening, audience members join me on a walking tour through the dark warehouse space. As we amble along, I narrate excerpts from love letters written by historical figures (King Henry VIII, Napoleon, Voltaire, Beethoven, Wilde, Chagall, Frank Lloyd Wright, Emma Goldman, et al) – to their partners in romances that crashed and burned.

From time to time, I take a flash photograph of a blank wall. The blinding light charges up various sentences – my own ‘heartbreak revelations’ – written in glow-in-the-dark paint: the text glows and is visible for a few moments, then fades back into the shadows.

For example when I narrate, “...I loved you from the first moment I saw you”, the glow-in-the-dark sentence would read: ‘LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT’ IS PROBABLY JUST LUST. (See below for full text and corresponding revelations).

Now, all of these realizations seem pretty obvious, post-heartbreak. But it is somehow hard to see them when you are madly in love. Even more annoying, it is hard to remember them after the heart has healed (hence, the fleeting visibility of the glowing pigment). Reading about the romances of great men and women who shaped the world as we know it, I saw that they were not immune to the follies of love either. They similarly struggled with relationships; some succeeded while others failed. I also gathered from their letters that several of them probably made the exact same mistakes I did, such as falling in love with someone just because they were really gorgeous.

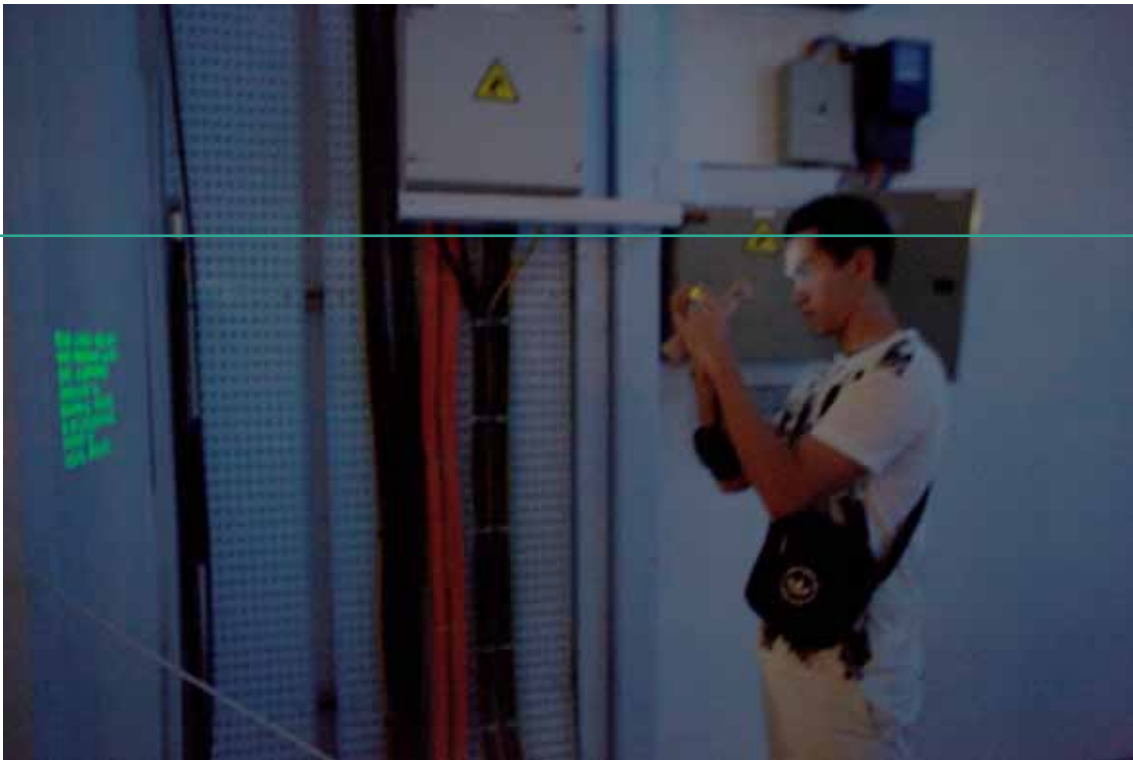
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Several of these realizations arose from conversations with wise and compassionate friends. Thank you Sam Trubridge, Simone Chan, Lorraine Robert and Nigel Helyer. Also special thanks to Martyn See and Tan Ngiap Heng.

fragments of explications, negotiations



GOOD LOOKS ARE NOT
THAT IMPORTANT IN THE
END. INORDINATE
ATTRACTION TO
BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE
IS AN OCCUPATIONAL
HAZARD OF
VISUAL ARTISTS.

“I have something stupid and ridiculous to tell you. You will laugh in my face. I am in love with you. I was struck from the first moment I saw you.

My angel, my all, my very self. I came, I saw, and I was conquered.

I have not been able to eat, sleep, or function at all since the day I set my eyes on you. I cannot stop thinking about you. I am madly in love with you.”

‘LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT’ IS PROBABLY JUST LUST.

“My dearest. You have opened up the prison gates of my womanhood. And all the passion that was unsatisfied in me for so many years, leaped into a wild reckless storm. How could I stay away from you? You are the spring that quenches my thirst... If I had to choose between a world of understanding and the spring that fills my body with fire, I should have to choose the spring. I will give you my soul only let me drink, drink from the Spring of my master lover. There. You have the confession of a starved, tortured being...”

ITS PROBABLY A BAD IDEA TO BEGIN A RELATIONSHIP WHEN STARVED FOR AFFECTION.

“I am reduced to a thing that wants you. I miss you, in a quite simple desperate human way. I miss you even more than I could have believed; and I was prepared to miss you a good deal. So this letter is really just a squeal of pain.

and personal conversations.

I do not love you anymore; on the contrary, I detest you. You are horrid, very awkward, and very stupid. You do not write me at all, you do not love me. Ah! wretch, how have I come to deserve this misfortune? Hell has no torment great enough! Have you ceased to love me? My heart, obsessed by you, is full of fears which prostrate me with misery. You alone are the torment of my life.

I thought my tears dried up forever the day you left: but as I write this they stream again. If they did not, I think my heart would burst.

Life is tough as hell without you, I miss you so I could die. I'm not impatient - I'm just desperate.

I seek not to conceal my state. It is not sorrow, it is not wretchedness; it is pure anguish."

WHEN YOU SUFFER, IT IS BECAUSE YOU ARE HOLDING ON TOO TIGHTLY.

"I only have to open the window of my studio, and blue air, love, and flowers enter with Most Beautiful You. All dressed in white, you have flown for a long time over my canvas, guiding my art.

My precious one. You are beautiful, astonishingly beautiful. All evening, I said to myself "She is mine!" The angels are not as happy in Paradise as I am.

You are the divine thing I want, the thing of grace and beauty. My sweet rose, my delicate flower, my lily of lilies... From your silken hair to your delicate feet, you are perfection to me.

You complain that I love only your beauty. Why may I not speak of your beauty, since without that I never could have loved you?"

GOOD LOOKS ARE NOT THAT IMPORTANT IN THE END. INORDINATE ATTRACTION TO BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IS AN OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD OF VISUAL ARTISTS.

"I am ready to sacrifice everything for your sake - even the hope of being loved by you. My duty is to surround your existence with mine, to offer my head as a stepping-stone, to place myself unceasingly between you and your sorrow. If you would only allow me to give my life to anticipate your every caprice, if you would but permit me to kiss your adored footprints. Yet you play with my devotion, repay my services with indifference, and repulse my idolatry with scorn.

I arrive at Milan, I rush into your apartment, I have left everything to see you, to press you in my arms. You were not there; you leave me when I arrive, you do not care for me. My sorrow is immeasurable. I shall wait for you here till the 9th in the evening.

You have no conception of the misery you put me through. You give me stones when I ask for bread. I resent my heart having been made a football. You have broken my spirit, yet I want nothing but to be with you.

I am unhappy that you should be tempted by other women. My love for you keeps me faithful, why is it not so with you? I will try to be even more tender and loving and pray that you may be kept from temptation. I appeal to you by the blood of Christ: Do not write to me if you have done anything which would have pained me to have seen. If you have touched another - I do not want to live - I wish this night to be my last. I shall hurl myself down to meet death."

A LITTLE COMMON SENSE CAN SPARE YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE.

photocredits see:
Jennifer Jarman

"I wouldn't have recognized myself."



"LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT
IS PROBABLY JUST
LUST."

There is an unexpected kinship between the concept

“My beloved angel, I am mad about you: I can no longer think of anything but you. Nothing compares to your hands, nothing like the scent of your skin. My body is filled with you for days and days. All my joy is to feel life spring from your flower-fountain inside me.

Oh! How I wish to remain pressing my lips to your bosom. To breathe in your hair, to kiss your voluptuous mouth... its warmth, its sweetness, and its melting softness... With trembling in my limbs, and fevers in my soul, I ravish it.

Last night, there was a moment before you got into bed. You stood, quite naked, bending forward a little. I saw you and I loved you so – I loved your body with such tenderness – Ah my dear. Every inch of you is so perfect to me. Your soft shoulders – your creamy breasts – the feeling of your belly – & your thin young back...

Dear and Beloved. You left me while I was still moist from your arms, perfumed by your being... I beg you to return. With both arms around your neck I beg you. I kiss each hair on your adored body. I ask a hundred thousand pardons and beg that your lips be given back to me.

So it is today that I shall see you! My heart and penis greet you most eagerly.”

GREAT SEX CAN KEEP A LOUSY RELATIONSHIP GOING FOR FAR TOO LONG.

“My only good in this world is to spend my life with you. My soul encircles you – and I live in being yours. However much you love me, my love for you is even greater. I whirl around in a delicious dream, overcome with love, feeling love in every pore, living only for you, my immortal beloved. Never doubt your lover’s most faithful heart. Ever yours. Ever mine. Ever ours.

O most cherished of all created things, I love you, I love you, my heart is a rose which you have brought to bloom, my life is a desert fanned by the delicious breeze of your breath. Wherever you go you exhale the perfume of the cassia tree. Love me always, love me always. You are the supreme, the perfect love of my life; there can be no other. O sweetest of all boys, most loved of all loves, my soul clings to your soul, my life is your life.

I shall become insane with joy if I could simply spend my whole life at your feet. Ever and ever yours.”

DO NOT TAKE SWEET NOTHING TOO LITERALLY



DO NOT TAKE
SWEET NOTHING
TOO LITERALLY

for this special issue on performing relations and her

Fiona James & Jane Frances Dunlop

DRAFT IN 6 PARTS

#1

DRAFT 3

You, Me and the Interloper

This script

(of sorts)

was written in anticipation of

an/other.

An/other is the 'other' who is a working partner in our collaborative duo: an/other are the voices that arrive as part of activate's process and the (future) audiences that our relationship is contingent on...often.

The gambit is to find and to follow the imposter, interlocutor, interloper. It is not goal-oriented, not an effort to enlist outsiders and provoke participate. Unless it fits the aim, which is aiming to exist within a work as it spirals wildly out of control.

It is an attempt to describe, construct, create and (mostly) maintain a relationship.

A relationship where nothing is ever too stupid and every word might count.

Jane Frances Dunlop (jfd) and Fiona James (fj)



photocredits see:
Jennifer Jarman

Past works used in this document include:

DRAFT 1+2, a collaborative performed essay by Dunlop and James
(January 2011, *Beyond Text*, Centre for Creative Collaboration & June 2011, *What Now*, Siobhan Davis Studio)

and KINO INTERNATIONAL, a collective performance and research project
that also featured Jessica Wiesner and Janine Harrington.

(May 2011, Pinter Theatre at Queen Mary, University of London)

approach. Therefore it suggested itself for placement at

you.

me.

and the interloper.

we need to arrange our selves
we need to find a form

*...unfortunately that's not something you can pause and take apart.
You can't intentionally use that as an operating structure.
That it something that you – what's the word – you instigate the potential for that to happen.
You don't make that.*

A structuring structure.ⁱ

A choreography.ⁱⁱ

at the start

on the start

pass the start

start

start

you

me

and

have been here before

fake a start

false starts

past performance



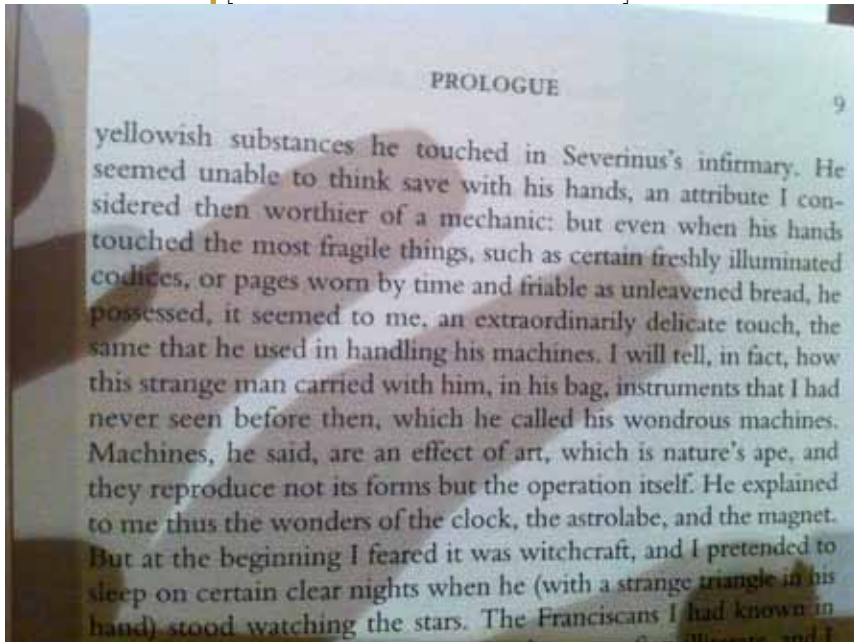
Image sent jfd > fj 13th Jan 2012 ⁱⁱⁱ
Last start?

A well placed quote

This start

the core of the publication, in the middle, and as the

[he seemed unable to think save with his hands]



[Machines, he said, are an effect of art, which is nature's ape, and they reproduce not its forms but the operation itself.]^{iv}

Image sent jfd > fj 13th Jan 2012

Eco

from Eco^v

Eco

First Eco?

Casablanca Eco

The Clichés are Having a Ball^{vi}

Concluding in the question:

Can you not have even a metaphorical party type ball on your own?

Period

(.

) I'd say this is open? I, for one, am currently practicing a party for one.

"Well, we had to start it somewhere,

so we started...

there."^{vii}

So you said:

"Certain people thought it might be problematic to mention Casablanca in a performance that takes a German cinema as its organizing concept. Certain people thought that the politics of that might be a little hard to justify. Then certain people found an essay that said Casablanca was the clichés having a ball and it was decided that Casablanca was back on the table for discussion.

Can you have a ball on your own?"

Is a ball just an organized party?

middle from where the grass grows. "Not only does



The other 'performing clichés' rotated our projection screen
And released it.
Spinning in a threat to sever your head.

The screen hit you, knocking you, stopping you
Things that still stand out from such a perspective:

Value is different in Casablanca
and waiting, is waiting, is waiting
(Ilsa) was an organizing concept. But to what limit?

Not that this was a particular concern.
Had/When my head came unattached, it was yet another ball to be had.
A way to put things in perspective maybe;

From its body.

[REFERENCE 1 + 2 KINO performance images + score from]

...then we can start dropping things in.
If your moment is that ~~Eee~~ quote then mine is the tumbleweed
and how those two things start moving off and together.
[[j]>]fd Sunday 27th March 2012]

Any input?

Bring on the motif

A cliché gains its ground as metaphor.

A motif gains its ground in repetition.

ENTER A MOTIF

grass grow in the middle of things but it grows itself

KINO INTERNATIONAL
Part I: On Editing



Also featuring Janine Harrington and Jessica Wiesner
[May 2011 Queen Mary University, London]

through the middle.(...) Grass has its line of flight and

KINO INTERNATIONAL.

Part I: On Editing (the score)

Set up.

A screen is suspended from a truss at a central point in the room.
It hangs level from one point by a rope fixed to its two vertical edges
It can twist 360 degrees rising slowly with each rotation
taking it from shoulder height to head height and beyond
(dependent on the twist in the rope)
It can then also unravel, which it tends to do slowly.

Start.

get the academic to say what she will
to start the piece in her own way

say what you will
destabilize the 'who' that let you say it

read from your script

borrow from their script
set a situation that suits it

use examples

use clique

"two cliques mobilize a third for the sake of their own entertainment"

get two cliques to mobilize a third for the sake of their own entertainment

have both of the cliques twist the rotating screen
while listening to what the academic is saying

destabilize the delivery

mobilize the delivery

clique one makes a podium of books
clique two positions

the academic on top, her script on floor

adlib you argument

let the screen unwind

in its own time

have a dancer mark its time passing with a clap
have a sculptor mark its form shifting with an imageⁱ

duck at the clap
read in that gap

does not take root. We have grass in the head and not

have the screen unravel at the right height
so it threatens to decapitate the academic

wait

& wait

& wait

but keep talking

have the screen accelerate on its final twist
a byproduct of using the truss
let this be surprising

fall off books when knocked by a screen
don't worry about grace

the priority is to deliver

—

“Lets have a party”
The zero degree of the scriptⁱⁱ

ⁱ Badiou, Alain & During, Elie. 'A Theatre of Operations'. *A Theater Without Theatre*, show catalogue, Lisbon: Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona 2007

An equation from an conversation between Badiou and DURING.

Plastic arts = time organized through space
Performance arts = space organized though time

ⁱⁱ Same conversation.

a tree: what thinking signifies is what the brain is, a

Lynn Lu TRACE

(one to one performance; 8 hours)

“Future of Imagination IV: International Performance Art Festival”; 72-13
TheatreWorks; Singapore. 2007

Over the course of ten hours, visitors were invited into my tent one person at a time. They closed their eyes as I scripted text in their palms with my fingertip. Some participants were able to link the characters together to discern terms of endearment such as ‘honey’, ‘sweetheart’, ‘darling’, etc. Others did not make out meaning from my finger traces and simply succumbed the feather-light sensations upon their skin. When they opened their eyes, I invited them to “leave your mark on me.” And marked I was: I was variously bitten on the neck, kicked in the shin, stroked on the cheek, kissed on the mouth, petted on the head, licked on the nose, touched on the heart, told a dark secret, inhaled, given a tear, gazed at, glared at, clapped at, gnawed at, blown at, whispered at, finger-written on, administered acupressure, and bestowed blessings of peace.



“particular nervous system” of grass.” (Deleuze &



Parnet, 1987, p. 39). Some of those grass green



“middles” show up as repetitions or resonances of the

Steve Fossey TRYING TO MAKE MORE SENSE

In a recent experience of a place, I became interested in how a synthesis of guilt and propriety were symbiotic in the construction of my performing self. I feel a responsibility to others in the world when simply being with them, but I am curious about the tacit agreements of this responsibility and this provides a space to work within for me. I think there is richness in the language of what is felt and unsaid, and these moments of knowing reveal ontologies that give meaning to place. It is in the moment of becoming aware of this that I propose a site begins its construction. It can be said, therefore, that the everyday practices of place conceive sites where the 'language' (De Certeau 1984, p.98) of place is given expression by the performances of those in it.

As a consequence of this experience I made text, video, performance, then more text as I write it here, because I chose to be mindful of my own identities that were constructed in that place as a consequence of being with others. When I enter a place I position my person in that place with a set of intentions designed to explore the agreements of the location. The agreements however are a tacit set of rules governing how the process of producing a shared cultural and communal space operates. They are unsaid but understood, and there is an order based on shared ethics and principles that allow the space to operate in what can loosely be described as a 'right way'. The collective being of individuals within a café for instance, can be said to be producing space in a manner that maintains the order of the place, and in turn perpetuates a shared understanding of 'caféness'. I begin the process of being in a place as a contributor to this sharing, including myself in the order of things and maintaining stability. I very quickly find myself needing more from the general conditions of a place though, and it is at this point where I begin to question how these agreements function and how one might know more about the experience of being in place. I ask myself what it might have been that I just heard, saw or felt, and what can I know about myself from that encounter with another? In acknowledging that 'something' is revealed in these moments, there then exists the choice of how to articulate and materialise this experience.

In this context the material articulation became a performed lecture. I usually have little preconceived idea of an aesthetic or a physical form that might articulate a situation, I simply began by choosing to be there. This approach relies on elements of chance and improvisation and can be made sense of in Vito Acconci's performance methodologies. During a lecture at the University of Southern California Vito Acconci commented on his 'Following pieces' of 1969 positioning a premise for the work that asked "now that I am in real space, what gives me a reason to move there"? (Acconci, YouTube 2010) During these pieces Acconci would follow people at random until they entered a private space like a house or office. The pieces lasted anything between a few minutes and several hours. In applying a language to the work he says I – a person, an agent attends to it, a world considered as if it's out there. How do I find some way to tie myself into that world, key myself into that world? (ibid)

He describes his approach as an attempt to become a 'passive receiver' of 'somebody else's action'. This methodology employs elements of chance, proposing that by becoming passive in this way he could be taken somewhere he 'hadn't expected to go' (ibid). My mode of working in a place is akin to this method of what I see as drifting – allowing myself to be open to the possibility of traveling somewhere I didn't expect to go. 'Traveling somewhere' implies the existence of both a place/ destination, and the duration of time in which it takes to get there. There are also levels of movement implicit in the notion of traveling somewhere. This relationship between a place and the time spent the-

Introduction

Being with others in a place reveals performances that allow us to know more about both our relationships to one another and our relationships to place. The evolution of time spent watching, participating, thinking and writing sees the knowledge of Self and Other develop, exposing shared ontologies of place. These practices/events are what my research positions as site specific.

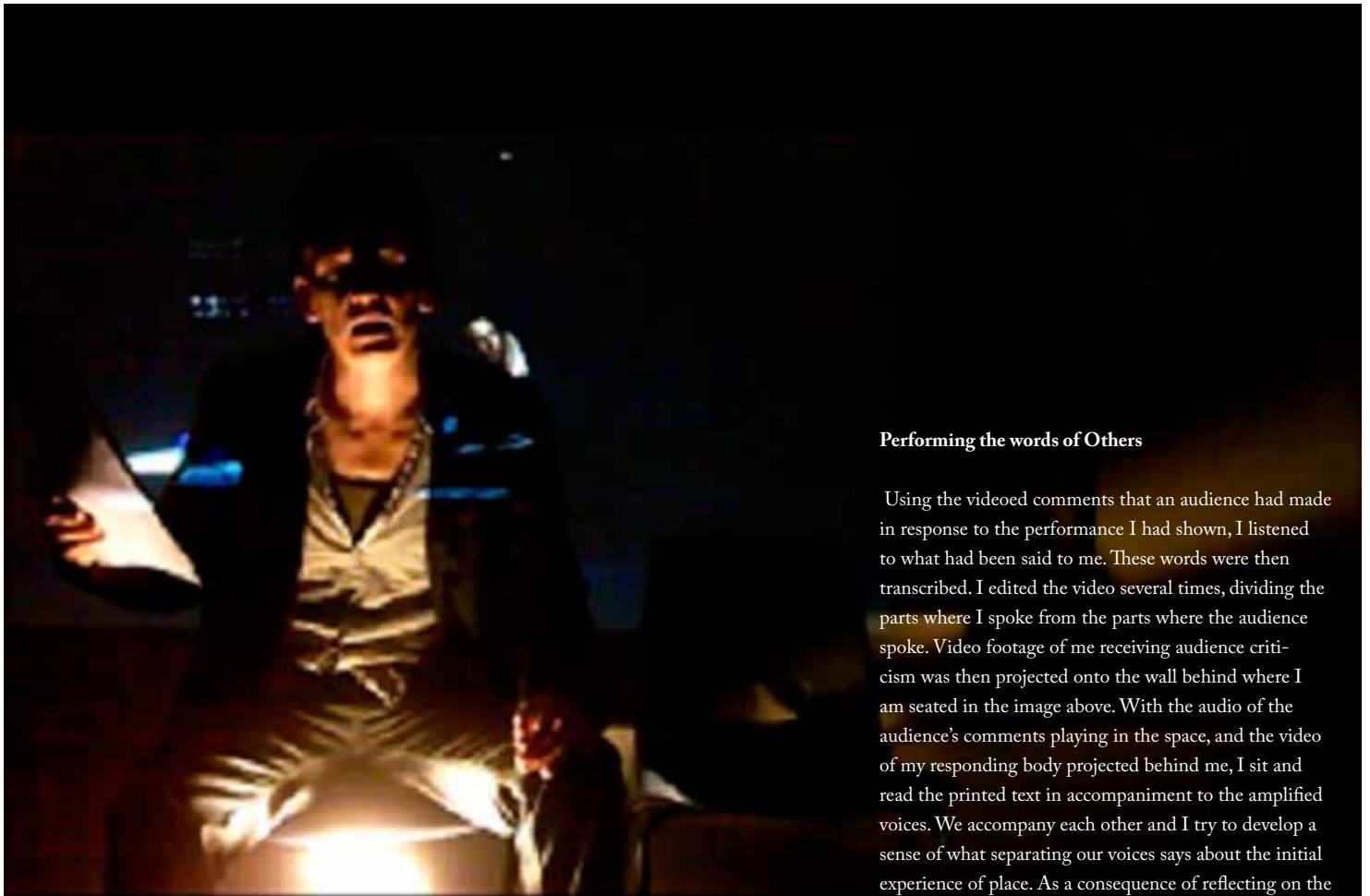
My research practice explores what is concealed in these specifics of site when the experience of an initial event is performed, and the recollection of the specifics of the event activates more in subsequent live moments than was first thought to be known in the initial experience. Taking its cue from Nick Kaye's writing on the performativity of site specific art and the instability of fixed locations of artworks posing as site specific, I attempt a research practice that sees knowledge gained from the experience of being in a place, but also in the 'moving on' (Kaye 2000, p.11) from place, as initial experiences are written over with new ones in dialogue with the audience.

The documents compiled for *activate* are evidence of a process of trying to explore everyday practices, and suggestions of how the subsequent articulation of experience as a performance mode affects the representation of what was thought to be known. I am curious about how liveness frames knowledge through documentation, and how the medium of the document and the mode of performance affect the representation of events. How does the performer reveal his knowledge through the recording of the event he witnessed, and what does the recollection of the event in the act of performing reveal about the performer himself?



photocredits see: Fabrizio Manco

Exploded Image throughout the issue.



Performing the words of Others

Using the videoed comments that an audience had made in response to the performance I had shown, I listened to what had been said to me. These words were then transcribed. I edited the video several times, dividing the parts where I spoke from the parts where the audience spoke. Video footage of me receiving audience criticism was then projected onto the wall behind where I am seated in the image above. With the audio of the audience's comments playing in the space, and the video of my responding body projected behind me, I sit and read the printed text in accompaniment to the amplified voices. We accompany each other and I try to develop a sense of what separating our voices says about the initial experience of place. As a consequence of reflecting on the initial experience I had in the initial place, and through subsequent articulation of this experience, a sense of separation between me and the audience has occurred that reflects my separation from those I observed in the initial place. The knowledge produced as a consequence of this is the site of the artwork, and is specific to the multitude of places that the audience and I encountered along the way. This approach takes its cue from Nick Kaye's discussion of site specific works and practices that elude 'substantive' (Kaye 2000, p.1) anchoring and whose location cannot be fixed. Layers are built through the recordings made of my interaction with the documentation of my performances, and as each layer is accumulated a 'writing over' (Kaye 2000, p.32) takes place challenging what I thought I knew. The latest layer of this palimpsest being the one made here as I write this text for publication in the special edition of *activate*.



(Still 1 from *Performing Criticism*)

(Still 2 from *Performing Criticism*)

The golden thread is found again, and Fiona James and

re produces a space in which the dialogue between the artist and the determining elements, i.e. the person being followed, the street in which the following takes place, the time spent following etc. produces knowledge that reveal things about the place, and the artist himself in relation to the other 'in' that place. In the USC lecture Acconci reflected back on his performance pieces of the late 1960's, in particular 'Seedbed' which saw him physically present in the piece, but not seen – although his voice could be heard. He observed that a questioning of Self and his position as a live performing entity in his work arose soon after these works. This questioning appeared to him to be in response to what he referred to as a 'changing language of the times and he commented that during the late 60's artists were trying to locate the Self, as though the Self was this 'precious jewel you had to isolate in order to examine' (ibid). By his admission the early to mid- 70's brought a change in how the Self was being perceived by many artists, including himself -

It became seen as something that existed as part of a social system, a cultural system, a political system... if you were to draw from (the) everyday world in order to find yourself, maybe you find nothing, maybe the self isn't anything. Maybe the self is only a social use of the self, a political use, a cultural use. (ibid)

Acconci makes clear a shift in his practice from performance to Installation, a mode that did not use his live body as physical matter to be experienced in the space. This shift was a reaction to the sense of a fetishising of the Self that he alludes to in his statement above. Installation became prominent at this time as a way for artists to explore the absence of the live physical body, replacing flesh and bone with architectonics that intimated the body's presence by emphasising its absence in the choice of objects selected and methods of installing them. There is something implicit in Acconci's removal of his performing body from his work, and his comments on the mood of artists at that time that suggests a removal of the live performing body is an attempt at the repositioning of the Self from that realised in isolated alienation.

When in a place I attempt to explore a potential layering of selves by a personal agreement to drift through my own ways of perceiving experience. To drift in this way is to open oneself up to the possibility of unexpected associations with moments of our past, and fantasies of potential futures. There is often an absurdity to these trails of thought and perception that when noted down and performed later, reveal the performer. Things that were perhaps not known in the initial moment, in the original place – or site specifics, put into the context of my research practice, become highlighted. This method is both one of passive receiver of direction, as positioned by Acconci, but also an active agent in the observation and manipulation of what is received.

Derivé was a term used by the Situationist movement to describe attempts to drift around the city. This was a spatial production that occurred in an urban setting and involved moving – often walking – in a way that gave a conscious sense of control back to the individual. This attempt by the Situationists to give the individual the power to negotiate the city outside the psychological clutches of the spectacle of capitalism saw a radical re-examination of the negotiation of physical place merge with a reconsideration of the 'emotional' (Debord 1955) psychological landscape. Situationist Guy Debord positioned Psycho-geography as a spatial practice that deliberately sought to subvert the hegemonies that organise late capitalist space. The group were interested in the effect that the physical urban terrain – with its relentless homage to capitalism – was having on the consciousness of individuals. These understandings of convention reach beyond the city though, and can be applied to a more local drift that does not require any walking. What can be known through the physics of place is what I am interested in as I drift, whether through a street whilst walking or whilst sitting still in a café.

The stillness of sitting, watching and thinking, writing and recording, becomes an act of drifting through a psychological landscape. At the end of 'Non-Places: Introduction to an Anthropology of Supermodernity', Marc Augé proposes an anthropology of solitude. I have referred to the stillness of being

Performance Beginnings.

In a Place.

Using thought and writing I will try and document the changes that I am aware of during this spatial practice. The beginnings and ends of the various states are interesting to me. My aim is to be conscious of what is happening around me, and be focussed in my assessment of the effects of as many of the elements determining my sense of place as possible. I hope to understand more about myself by documenting this experience during my time in this place. I hope that in conjunction with this understanding of self I can also learn more about the place and the development of 'us' – those that practice this place. I have in the back of my mind my questions, the most pressing of which is what is revealed about the place I am in by the practice of the people within it. I haven't written 'I' much at all in my other recollections of this place. The writing has been about directly and clinically listing events, with the odd excursion into questioning. For what consciously seems like the first time, I feel aware of my performing self, at least sufficiently enough to be moved to write about it. I did certainly begin performing the identity of the writer, or maybe the philosopher, or the artist...? The feeling was evoked by eye contact with someone. I instantly became conscious of myself, but perhaps not self-conscious – is there a difference? The identities of many selves are working together here. There is the self which perhaps believes in love in the early stages of development. There is the self that suppresses the urge of this self for the purposes of being married and all that this agreement engenders. My performance of 'I' at this point moves further inward as I attempt to intellectualise the situation. I begin to sense the specificities of the spatial events that constitute site. There was the moment when the event began, and that was the eye contact. My conscious performativity at this point was not obvious to me, but I did sense traces of it. There was the moment where I sat down and began thinking about my research, but at this point I was not performing in a way that I was conscious of. Then there was eye contact and at this point an awareness set in that saw immediate performativity. This performance produced space shaped by a series of conscious and unconscious urges. I sensed the potential ends of this particular event's structure in the moment when I became aware that I had stopped outwardly performing and had started using writing to reflect inwardly. This written reflection would later become a performance support, transcending its position from reflective journal entry to performative document, reinforcing my practice led research. There are identifiable beginnings and ends here it would seem. All this has to take a form now. There has to be something physical to take away from this.

Jane Frances Dunlop guide us through the next parts

in a place, but the stillness is constituted by subtle movements that contradict stillness. The lifting of the hand to bring coffee to the mouth, the lifting of the head to look around, the exchange of glances and the generation of thoughts as a result – there is a physics in all of these acts that contradicts stillness. The practice of being in solitude, alone, sitting and watching, creates a space where one can drift in and out of being with others. The notion of ‘in and out of being’ is problematic for a research practice with interest in dialogic and conversational art. I am at my most comfortable watching silently in solitude, but I suspect I cannot know much more without breaking my silence and entering into dialogue at some point with someone. This someone isn’t often the others who help situate me in the place I am observing. This someone is usually an audience who listens patiently whilst I recollect my experiences – like friends gathered around a projector watching slides of a holiday I have just returned from. Or they are the readers of a journal who have to make sense of what I hope to say. Either way, dialogue is inevitably established and relations are performed at some point.

The Performer

I am still undecided as to how to deal with this. I am looking for honesty in that as well. As you describe, the deconstruction of these different events, visual, sound, me talking over it, is an attempt to do that. Let me answer some of that. I imagined but didn’t want to imagine too hard how to do this, I certainly haven’t rehearsed it. We are trying to locate our sense of place a bit in similar ways I feel. We are taking to our voices and we are taking to the streets and we are trying to locate honesty, or a voice, or a right of reply almost. My starting point for knowing which places to begin in was Marc Augé’s book ‘Non-places: Introduction to an Anthropology of Supermodernity’. He describes place as anthropological place – productive of culture; and non-place – these places where we continually find ourselves in semi-conscious states, states of drifting due to this bombarding of imagery – this capitalist state, so that was my starting point for finding places to explore.

The Audience

It’s you being voyeuristic and then you are also bringing in the mode of the stream of consciousness, which then creates a something between voyeurism creativity and your own stream of consciousness. I wonder if there is something in there if you could play around with this kind of perspective, kind of performative, voyeuristic, conscious, unconscious action that’s going on with what you are aiming to do. What do you want us to ‘get’. Not ‘get’ because that is a horrible word, like for me the experience of watching you, gradually over little drops of time getting more and more uncomfortable, sitting here listening to you, copy and paste the story, the narrative, and I had to keep reminding myself that that was what you were doing, you were layering text over this image and there were times when I wanted to run over to the laptop and slap it shut and turn your projector off, then I realised that I was dealing with my notion of truth and when I see video and inherently quite often when we see video, particularly in a more documentary situation we are looking and we are dealing with a notion of truth, behind this documentary situation. I found it very interesting and what came to the fore for me was you and so the choices that brought in and out the different disruptions that occurred, the disruptions of your voice, the constancy of your wandering and wandering. My wondering is about the local and the non-local and the dislocation and location, those things and the sense to me throughout all of this you seem to dislocate yourself. Suddenly there is the possibility of being seen through the eyes of the Other and it doesn’t happen, suddenly you go into a fantasy world and I was quite curious about that because there seemed to be a possibility of entering into that look and imaging how you were seen, and that would localise you.

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of Draft : “A tumble weed is not a rhizome.” This is

Jennifer Jarman EXPLODED IMAGE

Revealing excerpts of emails as snapshots of the process that developed into an explosion of the image

The Editorial Committee / activate e-journal:

Dear Jennifer, thank you for your submission.

The proposal is clear in relation to the subject matter and applied theoretical framework. The subject seems relevant to the thematic topic of this issue, however, only from a certain remove. (...)

All contributors were invited to upload textures to a shared dropbox so they would have the possibility to preview and get a taste of the material to be expected in relation to their submission.

(...) there will be several steps of negotiation (...) We also were discussing ways to open the 2 dimensionality of a journal a bit towards a spatial dimension and how that might be (im)possible, but that is to be explored through the **doing** of a choreography for the e-page.

Jennifer:

That should be it. Hope it all makes sense!

The key entry is the large tiff file, which is an image, but one that I would be very happy to be broken into, exploded, or displaced in relation to other articles.(...)

As I generally think through found material, I have also sent some related found images that are not in the tiff file itself but might be useful in conjunction with it. (I would be especially interested to see the photograph of the ventriloquist holding the hand mirror included, if at all possible, because it is directly referenced in the text.) I have sent a separate word document listing all the references for the images.

I found the tiff you sent along really helpful for my meeting with Georg Wagenhuber, the graphic designer, with whom I am (and we are) collaborating on the layout for the performing relations category for activate (because we couldn't read the text - the resolution was too low - the dynamics and movement on the page came to the foreground).

I honestly think that this is exactly the kind of material that I would expect to go into the dropbox, since it gives a hint where you come from and is a foreboding for future submissions. I think of the dropbox as a kind of "shared space" with limited interaction possibilities, but with the amplified possibility of "being-with". So your wording "the dropbox as a kind of fragmentary repository" is very appropriate, I would say.

I'm aware that you have had some concerns about whether my work fits neatly enough into the publication's remit. If you feel that it isn't quite right for this project then please don't be afraid to edit at will or even scrap it entirely. I'm far more used to making connections between pre-existing, seemingly unrelated items (in my own practice) than making an original item for next-stage connection-making. It turns out it's much harder than it looks! I've tried to keep it fairly open-weave so that it can open up and connect to other things, but, as I say, I won't take any offence at all if you choose to be selective with it.

Walter and I have been looking over my latest performance documentation. I am seated at the keyboard, operating the controls. He, older and wiser, nevertheless waits upon my findings with curiosity. Here's how the conversation goes:

WJO: I'd swear it was two separate people.

JJ: You're not alone; even the computer is fooled.¹

At this point, I draw his attention to the oscillogram readings on the screen overhead.



2

A man hangs upside-down from a standalone arch. He is strapped into a straitjacket but doesn't appear to be dangerous.

Rather he is still, subdued, listening intently to the man who addresses him [a second, older figure standing centre-on, hands behind his back]. Within the very centre of the scene a translucent lozenge floats, masking the first man's feet. It reads, *Press Esc to exit full-screen mode.*³

It is about 21:30. I am standing alone in a hotel room on Llandudno seafront, running through the final timings. I have a small, black plastic Casio watch which I ignore as best I can until the final paragraph is over and then consult, hoping to have landed somewhere near the mark. This last time I put down my paper, and remove the teabag from the cup.

At this point the man in the dinner jacket and bow-tie approaches me, perplexed. *Three months ago you appeared on my doorstep with no interest in performing, and yet dying to become an escape artist, he says.*⁴ He phrases this not as question but as statement, knowing that he is unlikely to receive an answer. The tea has just about cooled down enough to drink. I take a sip.

[The second man, now dressed in dinner jacket and bow-tie, retires and leaves his daughter to rehearse her role.]

I am watching the action distractedly, resisting narrative in favour of still moments within which my voice exerts a phantom presence. Here is one: behind the ladder a pair of handcuffs [bracelets locked]; the first closed round a rung, the latter dangling loose.

I realise that since the performance started I have been gesticulating furiously with my right hand and that the best idea would be to put my paper down. As soon as both my hands are free, I push them far apart, away from the projected image, as if to say, *there is a distance here that can't be breached.* I put my words

a meeting with Ima Read, Eco and the academic as

1. Dialogue from Kane, B. et al (Writer) & Kirkland, B. (Director). (1993). Read my Lips [Television series episode]. In Kirkland, B. et al (Producer), Batman: The Animated Series. Burbank, CA: Warner Bros. Animation.

2. Ibid

3. From screengrab of Dini, P. (Writer) & Riba, D. Sebast, D. (Directors). (1993). Zatanna [Television series episode]. In Kirkland, B. et al (Producer), Batman: The Animated Series. Burbank, CA: Warner Bros. Animation.

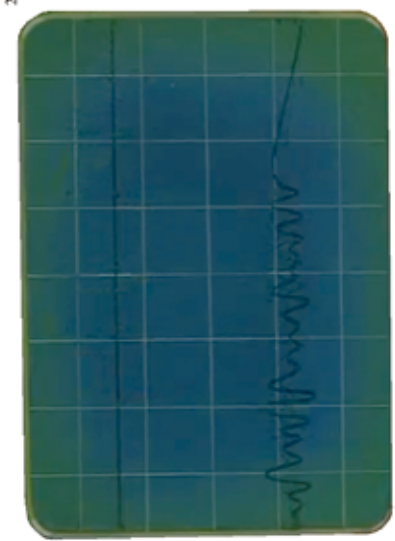
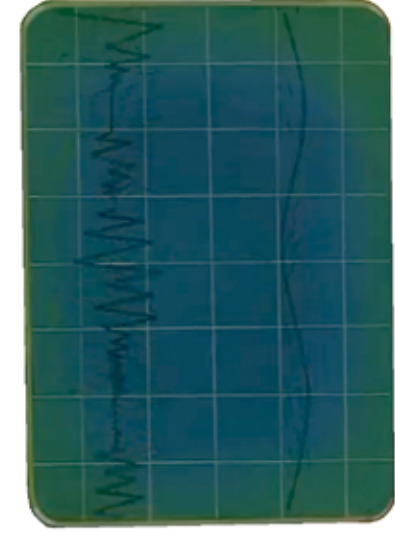
4. Dialogue from Zatanna, as above.

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[Cut to Scene 1]

A man hangs upside-down from a stand-alone arch. He is strapped into a straitjacket but doesn't appear to be dangerous. Rather he is still, subdued, listening intently to the man who addresses him [a second, older figure standing centre-on, hands behind his back]. Within the very centre of the scene a translucent lozenge floats, masking the first man's feet. It reads, *Press Esc to exit full-screen mode*.³

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I am sitting in the audience. There are two speakers – a man and woman. The man [it is his turn] tells us of 'show and tell', the time a classmate, in great detail, recounted the previous night's *Batman* twist by twist.⁷ [When Batman spins the chair around he sees a dummy posed to read the book. Before he knows it, he has fallen through the trapdoor in the floor; the walls are closing in].⁸



As I speak, I find myself pointing to the image as if it were a million miles away. It is far above me and removed, and as I speak I turn my hands over upon themselves, wringing them, it seems, to wrench the action from the words. [Many moons ago I spoke of narratives as satellites.] I point first to the window-like wall-mounted mirror and tell the audience to read it as a page. I point next to the mirror in his hand and, flattening out and holding up my palm, I tell it how a hand is not my hand when it is broken – it becomes a thing. I turn my thoughts over exaggeratedly, thinking of the vulnerability of wrists. The audience leans in.

I am watching the action distractedly, resisting narrative in favour of still moments within which my voice exerts a phantom presence. Here is one: behind the ladder a pair of handcuffs [practically locked]; the first closed round a rung, the latter dangling loose.



The shot is slowly slipping to the left [his elbow nudged the mirror box off-set], and this is its recovery – a wipe re-fixing things upon the point where body and reflection meet. At this point he talks to me directly, gestureless, his hands outside the prop; the mirror surface fills with forearm, reframing all the nothing-doing space between.

[I close one eye and then the other. Things that I have found and placed begin to jostle into doubled-up configurations.]



[The forearm has become the hip-er-zone.]

ZATARA BURSTS IN ON THE GROUP AND CASTS A HYPNOTIC SPELL OVER THE THUGS!



At this point, the paper interrupts. It speaks like a dead man, by the letter, transmuting from the text a spoken indistinguishability that leaves the listener bound. I would like to think I have control over it, but it has other plans. [The man in the bow-tie raises both his hands. He learnt this trick, the first time, commanding dummies' arms to settle down.¹⁵ He clears his throat, and speaks through many hidden moutils:]

I can stop a moving picture camera and hold one frame fixed on the screen. If I stop the movement of sound, I have nothing – only silence, no sound at all. All sensation takes place in time, but no other sensory field totally resists a holding action, stabilization, in quite this way... We often reduce motion to a series of still shots the better to see what motion is. There is no equivalent of a still shot for sound. An oscillogram is silent.¹⁶

The audience shifts their gaze with mine; our eyes meet somewhere in the middle-ground. As we take stock I see a shoulder out of joint, and feel the confines of the frame.

PRINTOUT INSTRUCTIONS for page 26:

please check with your printer settings to make sure the page will be printed in 6 A4 parts!

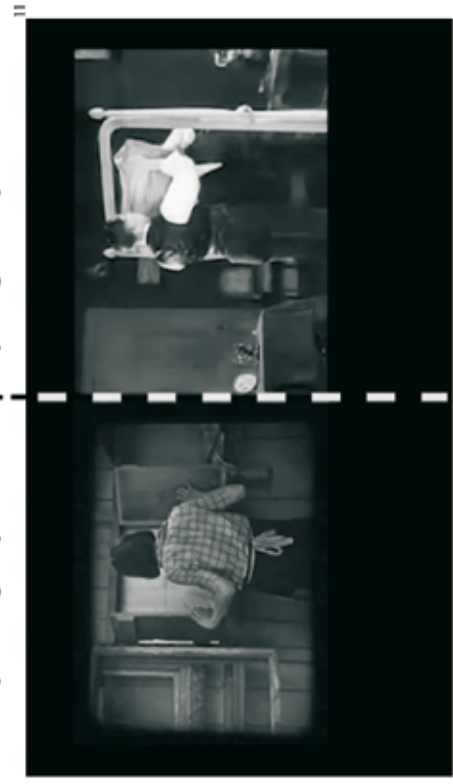
Jennifer Jarman EXPLODED IMA

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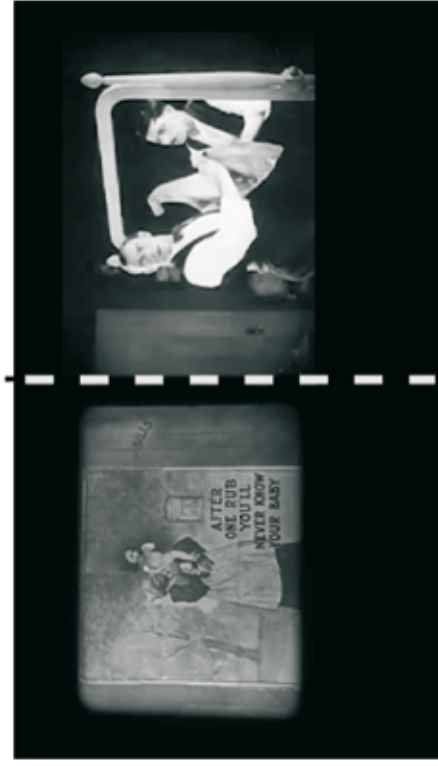


A tiny hiccup in the straight-ahead, the action hops from one foot to the other, only a degree or so, to hide the shoulder that signals either knowledge (the frame, we know, is empty) or ignorance (the frame, we see, is full). The audience becomes re-centred on the sightlines of the stage.⁶



I am trying to open up the backs of words. When the animation starts, I turn and the body, I tell them, is already place myself inside. I hold the paper like folded like a book – it cannot help but let a mirror, lip-synching to the echo of the me in. I have tried to break the text hotel room last night. The silent film along its spine, but the writing folds its pages overhead as I project the critical, arms and will not let me in. [It wears masked blind spot where my voice is round spectacles to hide its eyes, and shielded from the screen. Remembering sees me doubly in my blindness.] The Pythagorean teaching from behind the only way to proceed is with an act of veil, I think of blind mouths multiplying violence. I put down my paper the better in the text.

to raise my fists.



The older, wiser man dreams he is writing backwards, like a child. The Greek will tell him he will father bastard children, many years removed.⁷ [The man in the bow-tie sits three rows back, counting all the times I mention absent fathers; he told me over breakfast he prefers an orphaned speech.] The scene is drifting, and in time the screen wipes, right to left.

¹ Dialogue from Kane, B. et al (Writer) & Kirkland, B. (Director). (1993). Read My Lips [Television series episode]. In Kirkland, B. et al (Producer), *Batman: The Animated Series*. Burbank, CA: Warner Bros. Animation.

² Ibid.

³ From *screengrab* of Dini, P. (Writer) & Riba, D. Sebast, D. (Directors), (1993). Zatanna [Television series episode]. In Kirkland, B. et al (Producer), *Batman: The Animated Series*. Burbank, CA: Warner Bros. Animation.

⁴ Dialogue from Zatanna, as above.

⁵ *Altered still* from Lieberman, J. (2009). Exercises for mirror box therapy [Video file]. Retrieved from <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Pq8Y3YETmUy>

⁶ Linder, M. (Producer & Director). (1921). *Seven Years Bad Luck* [Motion picture]. United States: Max Linder Productions. Retrieved from <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A9oWboCk114>

⁷ Goodish, M. & Hixson, L. (2012, 14th January) The word butterfly: notes toward essay as theatrical form. Performance at Chelsea Theatre, London.

⁸ Zatanna, as above.

⁹ Read My Lips, as above.

¹⁰ *Still from Jarman, J. (2012). Doubled-up: The artist-ventriloquist takes a bow* [video for performative lecture]. Performance at With Humorous Intent, Oriol Mostyn Gallery, Llandudno.

¹¹ Ibid.

¹² *Illustration from Cornell, J. (1985). Spontaneous mirror-writing in children. Can. J. Exp. Psychol.* 39. In Brock, E. & Brock, F. (2009, 7th December) Reading in the Brain and Mirror Writing. [Web log article]. Retrieved from <http://cneurolearningblog.blogspot.co.uk/2009/12/reading-in-brain-and-mirror-writing.html>

¹³ *And, in Aramidorus, that is also the case of any man who dreams he is a writer: he will engender children who will be legitimate or bastards, depending on whether he writes from left to right or from right to left.* (p.85) Svebnok, J. (1993). *Phrasidélia – An anthropology of reading in Ancient Greece*. (Lloyd, J., Trans.). Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press. (Original work published 1988).

¹⁴ *Image from Wikipedia. Zatara. (n.d.) Retrieved 6th April 2012 from Wikipedia: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zatara>*

¹⁵ The DC character Zatara triumphs over his enemies using sdrakwacab heeeps ("backwards speech"), a skill conveniently easy to convey (with meaning intact) upon the page. Reading from the diaries of Da Vinci (a direct ancestor), Zatara is meant to have discovered this ability when trying to stop a mannequin that he had accidentally animated from waving its arm. *Character biography from Wikipedia. Zatana. (n.d.) Retrieved 6th April 2012 from Wikipedia: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zatara>*

¹⁶ Ong, W. J. (1988). *Orality and literacy - The technologizing of the word*. London & New York: Routledge. (p.32)



outside of me.

The shot is slowly slipping to the left [his elbow nudged the mirror box off-set], and this is its recovery – a wipe re-fixing things upon the point where body and reflection meet. At this point he talks to me directly, gestureless, his hands outside the prop; the mirror surface fills with forearm, reframing all the nothing-doing space between.

A tiny hiccup in the straight-ahead, the action hops from one foot to the other, only a degree or so, to hide the shoulder that signals either knowledge (the frame, we know, is empty) or ignorance (the frame, we see, is full). The audience becomes recentred on the sightlines of the stooge.⁶

[I close one eye and then the other – things I have found and placed begin to jostle into doubled-up configurations.]

I am sitting in the audience. There are two speakers – a man and woman. The man [it is his turn] tells us of 'show and tell', the time a classmate, in great detail, recounted the previous night's *Batman* twist by twist.⁷ [When Batman spins the chair around he sees a dummy posed to read the book. Before he knows it, he has fallen through the trapdoor in the floor; the walls are closing in.]⁸

As I speak, I find myself pointing to the image as if it were a million miles away. It is far above me and removed, and as I speak I turn my hands over upon themselves, wringing them, it seems, to wrench the action from the words. [Many moons ago I spoke of narratives as satellites.] I point first to the window-like wall-mounted mirror and tell the audience to read it as a page. I point next to the mirror in his hand and, while flattening out and holding up my palm, I tell it how a hand is not my hand when it is broken – it becomes a thing. I turn my thoughts over exaggeratedly, thinking of the vulnerability of wrists. The audience leans in.

[The forearm has become the buffer zone.]

I am trying to open up the backs of words. The body, I tell them, is already folded like a book – it cannot help but let me in. I have tried to break the text along its spine, but the writing folds its arms and will not let me in. [It wears round spectacles to hide its eyes, and sees me doubly in my blindness.] The only way to proceed is with an act of violence. I put down my paper the better to raise my fists.

When the animation starts, I turn and place myself inside. I hold the paper like a mirror, lip-synching to the echo of the hotel room last night. The silent film

they are moving off together, not worried about grace.



photocredits see: Fabrizio Manco

5. Altered still from Lieberman, I. (2009). Exercises for Mirror Box Therapy [Video file]. Retrieved from <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Pe8Y3YETnuY>

6. Linder, M. (Producer & Director). (1921). Seven Years Bad Luck [Motion picture]. United States: Max Linder Productions. Retrieved from <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A9oWboGk114>

7. Goulish, M. & Hixson, L. (2012, 14th January) The word butterfly: notes toward essay as theatrical form. Performance at Chelsea Theatre, London.

8. Zatanna, as above.



[Images of two-screen video stills] 10

[still of ventriloquist + Scarface] 9

9. Read My Lips, as above.

10. Still from Jarman, J. (2012). *Doubled-Up: The artist-ventriloquist takes a bow* [video for performative lecture]. Performance at With Humorous Intent, Oriel Mostyn Gallery, Llandudno.

11. Ibid.

12. Illustration from Cornell, J. (1985). Spontaneous mirror-writing in children. *Can. J. Exp. Psychol.* 39, 174–179 In Brock, E. & Brock, F. (2009, 7th December) *Reading in the Brain and Mirror Writing*. [Web log article]. Retrieved from <http://eideneurolearningblog.blogspot.co.uk/2009/12/reading-in-brain-and-mirror-writing.html>

13. ‘And, in Artemidorus, that is also the case of any man who dreams he is a writer; he will engender children who will be legitimate or bastards, depending on whether he writes from left to right or from right to left.’ (p.85) Svenbro, J. (1993). *Phrasikleia – An anthropology of reading in Ancient Greece*. (Lloyd, J., Trans.). Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press. (Original work published 1988).

14. Image from Wikipedia. Zatarra. (n.d.) Retrieved 6th April 2012 from Wikipedia: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zatarra>

15. The DC character Zatarra triumphs over his enemies using sdrawkcab hceeps (“backwards speech”), a skill conveniently easy to convey (with meaning intact) upon the page. Reading from the diaries of Da Vinci (a direct ancestor), Zatarra is meant to have discovered this ability when trying to stop a mannequin that he had accidentally animated from waving its arm. Character biography from Wikipedia. Zatarra. (n.d.) Retrieved 6th April 2012 from Wikipedia: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zatarra>

16. Ong, W. J. (1988). *Orality and literacy – The technologizing of the word*. London & New York: Routledge. (p.32)

plays overhead as I project the critical, masked blind spot where my voice is shielded from the screen. Remembering Pythagorean teaching from behind the veil, I think of blind mouths multiplying in the text.

The older, wiser man dreams he is writing backwards, like a child. The Greek will tell him he will father bastard children, many years removed.¹³ [The man in the bow-tie sits three rows back, counting all the times I mention absent fathers; he told me over breakfast he prefers an orphaned speech.] The scene is drifting, and in time the screen wipes, right to left.



14

“Let’s move on.” There was a trace ... sensation upon



At this point, the paper interrupts. It speaks like a dead man, by the letter, transmuting from the text a spoken indecipherability that leaves the listener bound. I would like to think I have control over it, but it has other plans. [The man in the bow-tie raises both his hands. He learnt this trick, the first time, commanding dummies' arms to settle down.¹⁵ He clears his throat, and speaks through many hidden mouths:]

I can stop a moving picture camera and hold one frame fixed on the screen. If I stop the movement of sound, I have nothing – only silence, no sound at all. All sensation takes place in time, but no other sensory field totally resists a holding action, stabilization, in quite this way... We often reduce motion to a series of still shots the better to see what motion is. There is no equivalent of a still shot for sound. An oscillogram is silent.

The audience shifts their gaze with mine; our eyes meet somewhere in the middle-ground. As we take stock I see a shoulder out of joint, and feel the confines of the frame.



[the dotted line]

skin ... scripted text in the palm ... **Instruction III:**

DRAFT IN 6 PARTS #2

ENTER A MOTIF



<<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4nwdQgdxg2M>>
'tumbleweed whirlwind'

Why's it here?

I was thinking about rhizomes...

A tumbleweed is not a rhizome.

I know that now

...and for good reason.

—
Back on the road.

So, they die as plants and shift to objects. But even in death they continue to work, bowling about, sewing their seeds. Their mobility – as a necessity of life – is made capable only by death. Is necrophilia suitable for our document?

I guess we haven't set the rules yet.
But are we really talking about the erotic?

I'd like to.

Because the tumbleweeds want to blow.
That's what they do, that's what they are designed to do...

*What happens when someone really takes you up on that...
when someone is like, All right. Now we are really going to fucking party.
Welcome to the zero degree, nothing's set...here is some opium.*

What was it like?

I was quite drunk, too many different inputs to tell.

not enough order

Have I mentioned the zero degree?

Recently.

It's hard to see what we have at the moment.

Place your hand on the screen (or printed paper) and

PS.
do you know how the 1.2.3's examples of words in the dictionary are ordered?
not meaning to get too meta but orders, ordered oddly. all state and governance before
form and function is that just the issue with words?

[fj>]fd Friday 2nd March 2012]

Regarding the tumbleweed whirlwind:

I have been thinking about how the frantic is essential to making me feel less frantic: the nefarious side of syncopation, which is not constructively dissonant but oppressively jarring. Less the many messes that make a choreography in tumbleweed whirlwind and more the wind blows ducks off their feet ...



<<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SEBLt6Kd9EY>>

[fd>fj Sunday 4th March 2012]

a productive diversion?

Where were we at with use?

Why not?

I think it probably started in a conversation about objects.

I think the point was, how useful is useful?

What does it mean to be useful?

I think we were trying to distinguish between the way stuff gets used and usefulness as a quality?

And maybe that is where the distinction between an ontological and phenomenological started.

And by that I mean, the attempt to distinguish the two.

Who knows.

You want to use it?

USEFULNESS

We have been talking a lot of about usefulness.

But we talk about objects a lot, in different ways. So, that isn't necessarily helpful.

Or, what is the use value of useful?

see the contours of your fingers, the light and its

I don't know...

Which is perhaps impossible because they are apparently, if not actually, the same.

What criteria, I think was the question, would make that distinction?

I think we were trying to separate things that appear to be useful in specific ways from things that are inherently useful in a general way?

The later, an ontologically value and the former being phenomenologically useful.

But I also remember this looped back into conversations about the strategy-less tactic.^{viii}

I think this is when I got really, really clear on what you meant by that. That the ontologically useful thing is a tactic that does not require a strategy, a pre-existing system, to 'resist', but rather has agency and malleability that allows it to tactic (used as a verb) without stating a system of reference, without stating a specific use value.

I've not mentioned JANENESS yet.

But it's been there for a while
So what else have we got?

PASSING THE 'I'

Once I had a professor explain this idea of exchanging subject pronouns. That all conversations, or rather all identities, perhaps, as in all 'I's, are constructed through the exchanging of subject pronouns. I only am 'I' insofar as I am the one speaking to you as 'you'. When I stop speaking and you respond, we switch the pronouns. They pass off between us. I become 'you' and you become 'I' and we continue until we need to pass them again. And, by the same hand, I can only be 'I' when I am passing subject pronouns with 'you'. There needs to be a 'you' to receive the 'I' to make the 'I' meaningful. My self is contingent on the existence of your self.

I see

No, you see

[REFERENCE 3 KINO performance score I, I, I]

i

—

i

s

i

ths

ncoherent?

—

In the middle of

our conversation

-/| NEWS FLASH |\-

I decide the conversation about irrelevance is irrelevant.

To unendorsed, the ultimate cuss.

Ima Read?

But it reads in different registers

reflection, and figuratively feel the radiation of this

KINO INTERNATIONAL.
PART 3: i,i,i

Starring
'The Conch'
Played by a paper ball
(covered in a lecture from the scene before)
featuring:

'Point One'
Who throws a paper ball

towards>

'Point Two'
Two who catches it

'A Line'
traces the flight path
while lying on its back
in this way the rules of the game are negotiated

"you can

----->

so I can speak now

<-----

up and till the point

no you can only speak

----->

so now I can
speak because

<-----

no just when you have the ball

----->

only now?

<-----

only then

----->

so..."

{lights out}

then:

The Line
interrupts the points
trying to intercept their anecdotes
(delivered in accordance with the rules of game)

Point One, speaks of;
... this book I read

Point Two, speaks of;
... something that Janine said to me

And there's this writer and she's talking to a journalist

I was asking if knowing or not knowing was

The journalist asks her 'what's the value of your work?'

If it was a condition of dance

She says 'imagine if every book you've ever read

We were getting to think about rehearsing

was eradicated from your head' and 'as he

non-rehearsal and bodily capacity so do you

sits there contemplating that small nuclear apocalypse

ever know what it is before you've done it

I rest assured in that I haven't had to validate my art
yet again' so I guess...

collection of sensible figures. Lynn Lu's works *trace*

The Line
catches the ball
the line speaks;

*so I was thinking about this work that I saw
with a car that's slowly crawling up a hill, well a sand dune
you have the feeling its just going to keep going but as it gets to the top
its starts to slide down and there's this orchestra that goes with it going up
and it kind of does this reversal on the way.....*

{the technician cuts the light}

they rearrange and the segment ends
cue collective tableaux



¹ Lord of the Flies, William Golding written 1954. Perigee Books; Reissue edition (July 27, 1959)

'In the book the conch is used as a trumpet to call everyone together and held by whoever is speaking at meetings, symbolically representing democracy and order'. <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Conch>

and *you are* both move through intricate relationscapes

DRAFT IN 6 PARTS

#3

ANOTHER JUMP

For now, this is all I want to put on the table:



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oo4Sqt2Bmag&feature=youtu.be>

Ima Read Zebra Katz ft Njena Redd Foxxx

Also, I watched *The Three Musketeers* last night and was thinking about everything. It was a totally spectacular steampunk version. At one point, two airships (like tall ships with zeppelin balloons instead of masts) were lanced on the top of Notre Dame. It was truly wonderful. I think the moral of the story was, graft objects together to make stranger, more beautiful things and put them in places they don't belong.

Like 'an object is not so possessed by its name that it could not think of another, better, therefore'.
Only gone demented.

[jfd>fj Wednesday, 14 March 2012]

Demented; Behave irrationally due to ~~anger distress or excitement~~
Late Latin *dementare*, from *demens* 'out of one's mind'^{ix}

Into another

Taking her
'to college, gonna give that bitch some knowledge, Ima read, Ima read' x

we need more on your table

How do we mention the past rendition of Draft?

Pass the crowbar?

[REFERENCE 4 + 5 Past draft performance doc + biblo]

(Manning, 2009) in word and deed: from lip-reading,

(subtle)

so

anyway, triangulation

Triangulation defined for the purposes of our use.

I understand triangulation as a way of using coordinates – well, ideas as coordinates.
Or, ideas as points if we want to think it in the sense of point, point, line,

(which we have done in the past.)



Still from a previous performance KINO INTERNATIONAL with Janine Harrington as a line, an interloper, catching a "I"

Triangulation is a way of using ideas as points for creating spaces, both actual and metaphorically, to both explore and also build in. It is a way of declaring disparate ideas to be in conversation, or rather, focusing of the conversation already present between the disparate ideas that preoccupy us. Triangulation is a temporary system for both clarifying and confusing our conversation. It is, perhaps, declaring the time, place and theme for the party and hoping that everyone shows up and gets it wrong?

Triangulation is a jar in Tennessee. It orients the world around it, temporarily and permanently, fairly and unfairly, usefully and unusefully.

I thought it might be nice to read you a poem:

(We thought it might be nice for you to read a poem)^{xi}

A triangle happy with the point its made
Might rotate around it...?

a cyclone

organized by force

Psych – Cone

—

back to DRAFT and what we were doing with its points

and spiraling motion

to be brief let's reference a subsequent attempt

Ah, a cone.

An organized bundle of thought.

Maybe.

and lines

We were verbing.

chirographic practice to palm reading. These two works

A draft Lecture on Verbing

[jfd delivered Tuesday 10th May 2011 in preparation for KINO INTERNATIONAL]

Okay. Oh, I'm really nervous now.

Oh, don't be nervous.

It's okay. It's good to be nervous. So, someone is going to give me a count down?

Yep. Jess, do you want to test filming and counting?

This is a nice view, she's framed by the white behind her. And looking very French in sunglasses.

Do you want me to take off the sunglasses? Or can I keep them on?

No, no. Keep them.

*I have been preoccupied lately by this idea of verbs. Verbs have been preoccupying me. Kind of moving away from this idea of producing a thing and just actually being obsessed with the producing, the verbing of what we actually do. This kind of idea that performance is – or what we do is about a process and a kind of progression, a mobilization as opposed to the production of a thing, a space, a singularity. Instead, this contingency, this multiplicity that is, as it is, dynamic. So it's kind of, there's this idea, she talks about how art should be engaged – 'art should be engaged in the production of restless objects and spaces, ones that provoke us, that refuse to give up their meanings easily but instead demand that we question the world around us.'^{xii} And I really like this idea of restless and objects, of producing things that have their own energy, their own volition, that are not actually things but are doing things. This kind of restlessness, the problem of the object as static being something that I think is false, the object isn't static.
(Cut ahead a few minutes)*

THREE MINUTES

percolation of information that I think is really really important. Yeah, and I think that part of that is – not contingent on, but a necessary component of that is our bodies in spaces, this idea that 'whether we like it or not, the entrance into the theatrical space remakes our body. It activates the body as an important generator of knowledge.'^{xiii} And I don't want that body to be a body that is separated but rather that there are so many ways in which we enter and activate ourselves and that the body – a body as inherently dynamic is

THIRTY SECONDS

always going to be generating knowledge and we need to, I don't know, wallow in the frenetic-ness as opposed to imagining we can freeze something out of it. 'Walking proposes a design method that allows one to imagine beyond the present condition without freezing possibility into form.'^{xiv} And I think that that's essential that what we are doing is moving through without freezing

FIVE SECONDS

the possibility but rather owning that possibility refuse to be frozen
TIME OUT.

Was that okay?

Yeah. I would be so upset if you didn't exist. It was really nice.



appear to belong together in concept as well as form. It



[Images from KINO INTERNATIONAL part 6]

When the academic (aka Jane), comes back from a staged intermission with a pile of her books, Kino International, Part 6, commences. Taking her place, sitting on the floor at the end of the screen, she improvises a timed lecture on a process we term 'verbing' that discusses what it is to shift thinking into doing and move nouns into action. She talks at breakneck speed, ripping quotes from her books as she goes, trying to relate them to the project's wider ethos. Behind the screen a dancer's^{xv} legs clad in bright green tights are moving through an improvised sequence designed to preempt the pending section and react to the academic's developing voice over. Her actions are caught on camera by the sculptor^{xvi} who frames the view, causing it to appear on the screen that the academic helps keep propped in place with her leg. As the sculptor films, she counts down to the three minutes, and positions the camera directly behind the screen causing a feedback loop to catch everything visible between the points of these two devices. The projector emits a series of green layers and the academic's profile repeats among the dancer's now multiplying legs. From my position – the technician's – stage right at the lighting desk, I am 'doing' watching, interested to see if the section comes together and how much of our thought actually seems to translate.

From this I want to focus on the framing of 'verbing', how this permeated the work's layers and why when asked to reflect freely on the project, the academic in the scene above, chose to discuss walking while gesturing wildly with her hands.

Cut here

There?

Let's move on

is the way of listening to the other that again functions

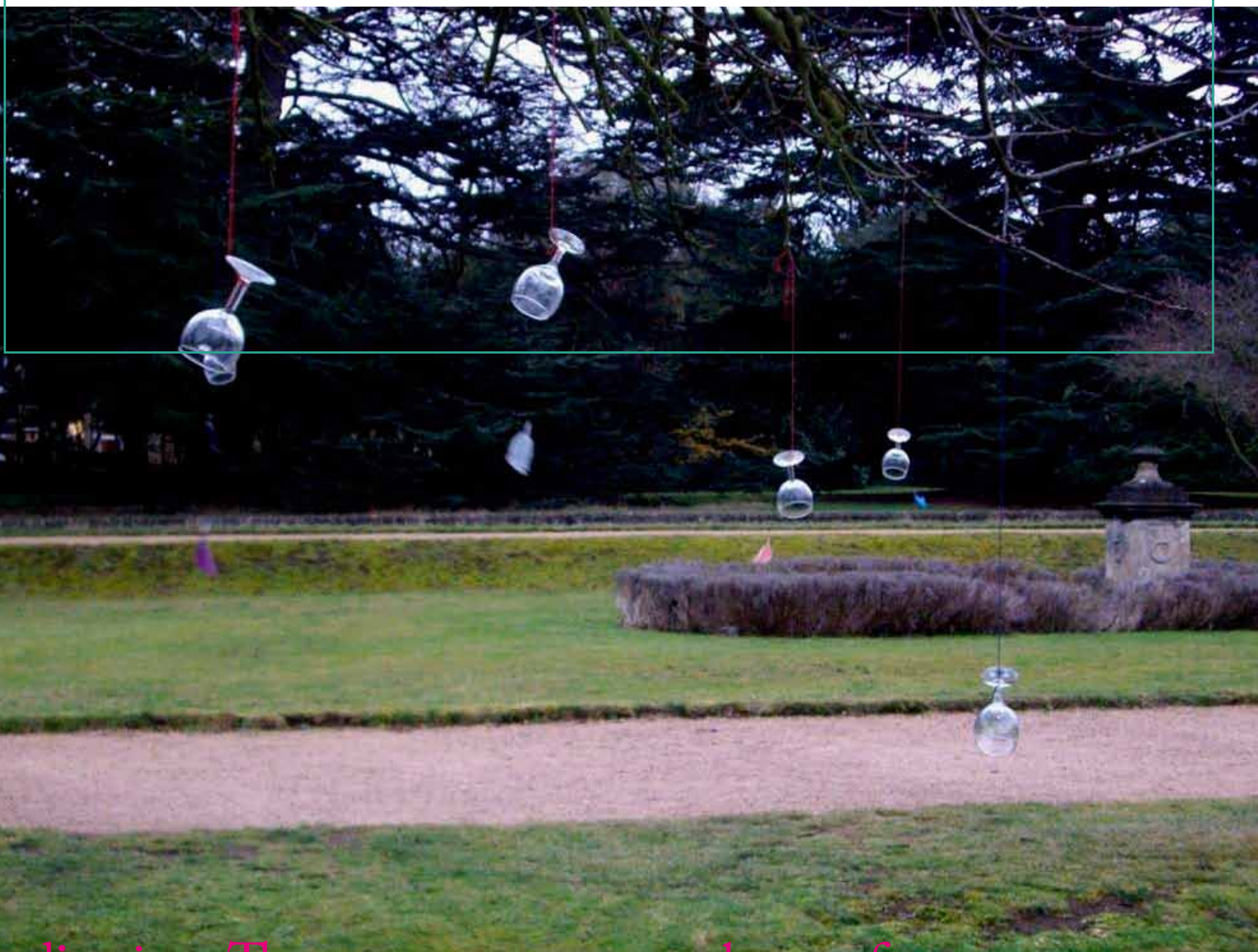
Lynn LU YOU ARE

(performance with Polly Lu, my mother)
“Open SEA”; The Substation; Singapore. 2006

My mother and I face each other through a large glass panel in the wall that looks out onto the street. I am inside the gallery while my mother is on the outside. We take turns speaking aloud an adjective describing the other person, which cannot be heard through the glass between us. One person speaks, while the other tries to read her lips, and writes on the glass what she thought had been said about her. Meaning makes its way silently through the barrier, occasionally intact. Viewers are free to move in and out of the gallery to hear what is actually being said on each side, but are always still only able to hear one person at any given time.



as brackets, a sensate listening to unheard words –



adjectives. The next movement takes us from

Fabrizio Manco

HOW TO EXPLAIN A FIELD TO A DEAD MAGPIE (?)

Incipit: Cesare Pavese.

Elvira knocked at my door, and she shouted through the door that the war was over. Then she entered the room and, without looking at me while I was dressing, told me, red in the face, that they had hung Mussolini upside-down. I went downstairs, I found Egle, her mother, we listened to the radio - this time also to London - I had no more doubts, the news was true. her mother said, - But is the war over? - It begins now, - I said incredulously.¹

Does sound die? And if it does, where does it die?

One year ago, I witnessed a cruel scene of agricultural practice in a field in Salento, Italy: magpies shot and hung on trees. And with the words of ornithologist Jeremy Mynott (2009) I ask:

“We want to be sensitive, that is without being merely sentimental. The great bogey here is anthropomorphism [...] But what then are the appropriate emotions in this case? What is an authentic experience? Do we have to choose?”²

That was a sharp and immediate attack and decay of the killing of the much maligned and louder intrusion. The overstepping of the mark, a marcato field, ma non troppo, in musical terms a sharp attack and a following sonic decay.

Magpies:

1 “L’ Elvira busso alla mia camera, e mi grido attraverso la porta che la guerra era finita. allora entrò dentro e, senza guardarmi che mi vestivo, mi racconto’, rossa in faccia, che Mussolini era stato rovesciato. scesi da basso, trovai Egle, la madre, ascoltammo la radio - stavolta anche Londra - non ebbi piu’ dubbi, la notizia era vera. La madre disse; - Ma è finita la guerra? - Comincia adesso, - dissi incredulo”. Cesare Pavese *La casa in collina*, Giulio Einaudi Editore, Torino 1949/1990, p.63 [my translation].

2 Mynott, Jeremy, *Birdscapes, Birds in Our Imagination and Experience*, Princeton University Press, New Jersey, 2009. p.23



adjective to abjective. The abject (Kristeva, 1982) in its



Attacking farming.

Bloodthirsty vampires.

Song and baby killers.

Anti-social.

Obnivorous over-consumption.

Omen of misfortune.

Too intelligent but absent of charisma.

Territorial.

Checche: dialectal and Italian slang for gay men.

In the lingering noise of a silenced field, black waving flags of mournful disappearing local colour, disappearing transient marking tones, disappearing topical sounds, I revisited many years later.

The warped ornithology of magpies, accompanying metaphors and practices of: Thieves, Collectors and Parasites, or when using magpie's methods in the "the magpie tendencies of Post-Modernism"³ as, for instance, in Saburo Teshigawara's work with his company Karas "which means 'crow', but [he] is more of a magpie – bringing together different elements of movement, text, design and lighting into performances of symbols and senses"⁴. Or, in a conjugation of magpies, for conspiracies in black and white and mother-of-pearl blue.

Decomposing, almost crumbling to the touch of the almost powdering, sintering, plum lines of objects, in a sound field and sowed earth, surrounding a framed perimeter of alive nature, of the diffused and distant cries of alive magpies stealing to an empty sky, another ploughed empty field. Natura morta in an alive sunset of silhouetted trees in a field surrounded by these wretched

moving and provocative potentiality emerges as the

Video:
Fausta Muci (camera, photography)
Fabrizio Manco (editing, video stills).
Photographs: Yukiko Ikehara

3 Radical Drawing, Purdy Hicks Gallery, London, 23 November 2011 – 28 January 2012. http://www.purdyhicks.com/exhibitions/marcel_dzama.pdf

4 Sanjoy Roy, 'Step-by-step guide to dance: Saburo Teshigawara and Karas'. The Guardian, 15 June 2011. <http://www.guardian.co.uk/stage/2011/jun/15/dance-saburo-teshigawara-karas>

5 Carpuso, Angela, *Ginosa antica*, Dedalo litostampa, Bari, Italy 1985, p. 58 [my translation]

birds hammering their chattering songs. We call it agricultural acts of scaring. We call it a sentence. We call them hanged sounds, but still lingering phantom and flying auditory trajectories of sound lines in real time.

Around in the dormant winter field, crowing of magpies, as crows/swallows' transvestites, who are our local birds for propitiatory agricultural acts of ritualistic scare killing, replacing the rocking oscillum of antiquity, small sculptures or "votive discs, circular weights and masks [...] also in Orphic ceremonies, were suspended on trees"⁵ for ritual hanging prayers of purification through the air.

A field is:

Confined.

Nearby.

Vicinity.

In restricted closeness.

Adjoining to

an upside-down chapter.

In a diffused field of distant and living echoes, stealing to an empty dwelling; sacred.

Then, sound sometimes becomes an image which dies.

Perceived in the air as in the body, sound is itself living materiality and an illusory dying one. Animal sound as sentient body-sound. Thieves of the void, the magpies of the exterminated silenced field of an illusory territory. In that field silence became tangible. There sound died, or rather, the unique sounds of passengers, discriminated as parasitical.

A unique and a real small theatre of movements in an expanse of theatre of cruelty. How can we, reverberating and reverberated as we are, go through a field polluting ground strokes, eradicating the landed? The terror is other thing, not scaring crows or magpies, small lives, although bigger than ours, before and after us. The only real fright is that we are the real mortals.

Together with the revolting birds of Daphne du Maurier:
Corvidae of the world unite!

Fabrizio Manco, Protected Field, drawing.

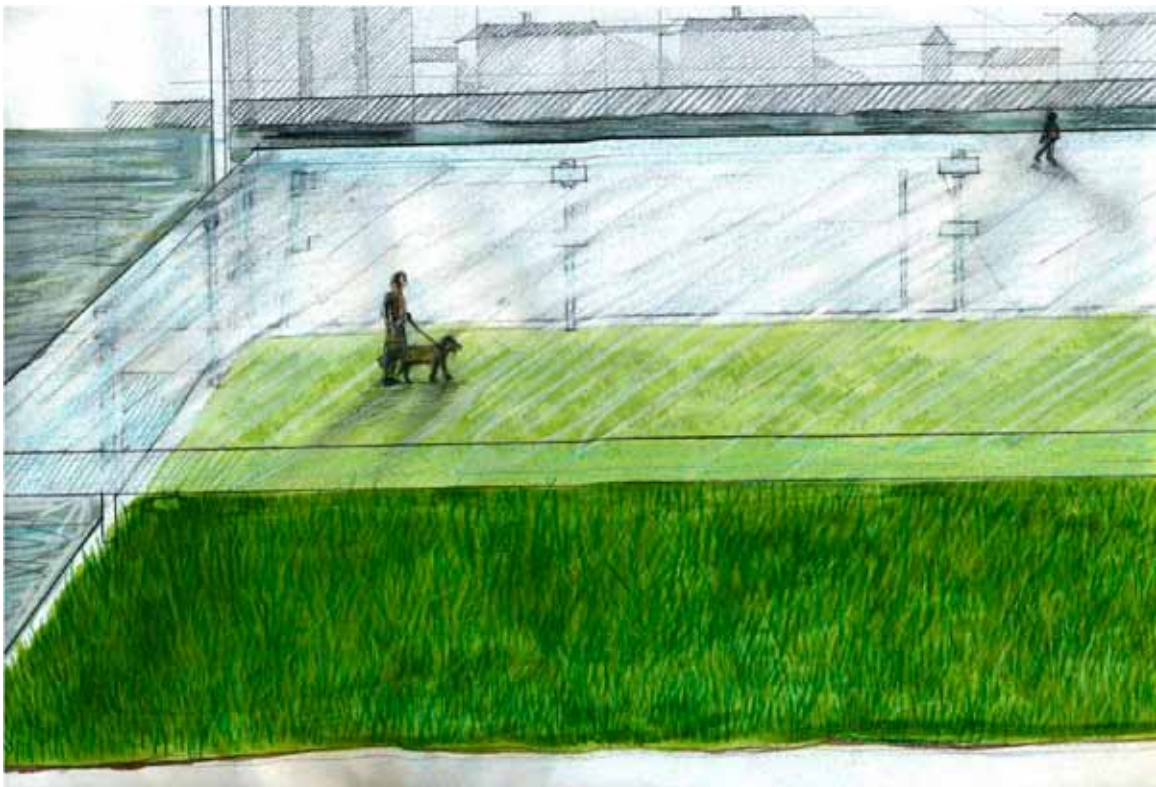


figure of the sensible in the performance by

5 RESPONSES TO HOW TO EXPLAIN A FIELD TO A DEAD MAGPIE (?)

First word: the music. You'll laugh: but the first suggestion comes from Morricone, the title music from *A Fistful of Dollars*. It never sounded like western music, spaghetti or otherwise, to me. It sounded like the Italian countryside. My relationship with the countryside is unlike yours, Fabrizio: but you speak of the countryside I recognise. Southern Italian countryside is mostly a working countryside: it isn't to look at. The immensity of field after field, sky after sky, silence after silence is riddled by the relationship with labour and livelihood. Valleys inhabited by machinery; fields turning from green to the white expanses of cellophane. Black birds dive into the white: we can't afford to lose a year of tomatoes, so we have to have greenhouses. Of course. This countryside works and bleeds, it is political without ever being the polis.

Second word: death. Once more, Fabrizio, death shuffles through your work. Death connected with this working countryside, connected with a certain cruelty. Who are we to complain about the use of dead magpies to frighten the living magpies away? Nobody. Of course. Two suggestions from Italian literature, wishing I had more time to guide the listeners into this ocean of signification. Carlo Levi's *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, the secret cruel ancient law of peasants, the relationship with Rome, with fascism, with politics – a bitersweet fascination with a scale of values other to italianicity. And Salvatore Quasimodo's poetry. This is 1946: And how could we sing with the foreign foot upon our heart, among the dead abandoned in the squares on the grass hard with ice, to the children's lamb lament, to the black howl of the mother gone to meet her son crucified on the telegraph pole? On the the willow branches, by our vow, our lyres, too, were hung, lightly they swayed in the sad wind.

Third word: magpies are often considered birds of ill-omen and the species is plagued by superstition. Ironically, although the farmer was trying to exorcise the magpie spirit, the dead magpies now haunt the field.

Fourth word: animism has long been considered as a primitive notion we can ignore, but it can take us beyond subject/object duality. Merleau-Ponty, for example, refers to "that primordial being which is not yet the subject-being nor the object-being" (1970). Perhaps the genius loci is neither subject nor object, but emerges from the way we are enmeshed in place. As David Abram explains, the human body is "a sort of open circuit that completes itself only in things, in others, in the encompassing earth" (Abram, 1996)

Fifth word: the music. The music of that sky, too. The noise that that sky makes. It took me ages to remember the name of the band who did the record which sports the cover your sky reminds me of. A something. A something something. Then finally, *A Blaze Colour*, they're called, the single is called *Against The Dark Trees Beyond*. Against the dark trees beyond indeed: out of death, into the music. Magpies will fall again and again. I look forward to you re-filming that open air cemetery, that space of terror in a culture aside from the human – the magpies – in ten years' time. Beyond the dark trees against. The music of that sky, the technicolor fight between labour, nature, work, regulations of time and space between the shadow and the pink, the sonorous dead, hanging like the dead in catacombs: with a bitter, yet manic, half-smile.

Word 1,2,5 by Flora Pitrolo and word 3,4 by Adrian Harris
http://www.theskinny.co.uk/theatre/reviews/97407-in_manner_speaking
<http://www.adrianharris.org/blog>

FABRIZIO MANCO's *How to explain a field to a*

DRAFT IN 6 PARTS

#4

A CHANGE OF CONTRACT

A shift between the labour of labeling

and a labour of love

in this space

past then, and before there

the present
(aka *the here and now*
through which
all future plunges into the past)^{xvii}

...for argument's sake.

So

not quite documentation

but not just anticipation.

A configuration

&

Gesticulation

towards a

central character

that might play out

a little some thing

like this...

a one,

two

(=)
three

for...

[the

anticipatory audience...]

Love

love me

you know I

do

love you

wont you please

please cleave me

like I cleave you^{xviii}

Cleave.

To split

apart.

Also, to bring together.

A contradiction. A word that offers its own antonym. It is a gestural word, a word that sits in hands well. The gesture of pushing together and pulling apart could almost be the same. The difference is in knowing what it is. Which is the beauty of cleave. How a sentence can unfold itself when a word has two opposite meanings.

BTW

2). There's no 'needing' in that song

No, there's two songs there

'Stuck together under the pressure of a pile'

A composite of needs merely appropriated

One necessitates the sexual

The other sexualizes necessity

dead magpie? His writings, sketches, documentary

On demand

ON NEED

A shift

Our interloper

Let's discuss the interloper

my interloping

We are kind of replacing 'body', 'text' and 'knowledge', from the framework we had before, for DRAFT with 'you', 'me' and this other constructed thing.

Which interests me because, until now, we have such a un-antagonist relationship with the audience when we make work. To be conceiving of the other as an interloper as opposed to collaborator is a real shift.

I think it's an imperative

Also, trying to think about the interloper not actually belonging but doing.

Like the tumbleweed.

(I want to pull in JANENESS

but

it doesn't make it)

Because I think for me that's where our original question still lies,

How can bodies assist in the delivery of complex theoretical material?

How do bodies do ideas?

Yeah. And at the same time what is the extent or the limit of that body? And before that was thinking...that makes, that definition of the interloper makes a lot of sense because it is kind of the opposite of JANENESS. You want to be there. But you remove that quality. Which is also making me think about tumbleweeds in the cyclone or the whirlwind. Like, being equipped to be there. But not necessarily wanting to be there. Can you interlope?

Yeah, probably.

Interlope as a verb?

I interloped.

I interloped along.

I think if we want to interlope, we can. Interlocutor comes next, which is interesting. Person who speaks. A good slippage from interloper. Interline. Intermedia.

How do you construct an interloper?

Can you construct the interloper? Because you can't imagine the person you don't want there. Well, you can. Maybe an interloper is all the things you declare irrelevant. But that continue to appear. Interloping on the thing. But still, you can't make the interloper.

Well, sometimes you can.

But it is like the known unknowns and the unknown unknowns. Sometimes you know who you are excluding. And sometimes you can't imagine the thing that interlopes.

Those unknown unknowns are everywhere

A proliferation of them or the reference?

It's hard to say

Should we proliferate?

Why not?

So he says this thing, apparently when he said it, it was 2002. A decade ago. (This is the Trojan Wars. Meaningless and on going. Grandiose men giving themselves purpose and mythology) What he actually said was;

photos and a handful of responses by Flora Pitrolo and

*"[T]here are known knowns; there are things we know we know.
We also know there are known unknowns; that is to say we know there are some things we do not know.
But there are also unknown unknowns – there are things we do not know we don't know."^{xix}*

And I have an inexplicably total love for this.

But let's explicate.

I like how simplistic it is, the obviousness of its categories moves them from the mundane to the magical. But the strangeness of its logic makes one want to think about knowing, but how one knows (and unknowns) and what that means. Knowing what you know is a struggle, a trust exercise of some sort. Knowing what you don't know is the piles of books we accumulate, the post-it notes and bookmarked webpages and titles, authors, artists, places, words on scraps of paper; the importance that surrounds people literally and metaphorically.

"But there are also unknown unknowns."

And when he says that, and so when it repeats elsewhere, it is a justification for actions that shouldn't be allowed. It is the ultimate in political eluding. The intellectually perfect state of fear mongering. It is not because it does these things that I love it, but they echo in it. It is important to hear them. But unknown unknowns, when you make work. When you attempt to make work that doesn't know where it is going, that wants to court disaster or create crisis, they are brilliant. They are what arrive and make everything spin. They are what you are looking for. Not for what you know you don't know, because you've known where that is to be found. But for the unthought thought.

Unknown unknowns are poetic. The same word acts on itself to make no meaning.
To suggest the unimaginable.

The repetition seems important.

know...

The double unknown multiplying its own meaning. You know?

That is the function of repetition, it allows things to act upon themselves.
It creates like coordinates that collapse (to repel) each other.

Repetition functions to confuse meaning,

to change the first instance by having a second.

To change by having a third.

Repetition syncopates meaning through the accumulation of meaning,
through forcing (asking) things to be cleaved to themselves.

To be at the same moment acknowledging their different moments.

Or to use being the same to acknowledge being apart.

Repetition creates contradiction.

Contradiction creates problems.

But problems are just disasters dying to happen.

Do we have a final line on disasters?

At the moment?

Can you précis?

'Disaster is one trigger for systemic change'^{xxx}

Adrian Harris unfold an intense, silenced landscape.

DRAFT IN 6 PARTS

#5

ATTENTION

That's it

SELF INTERVIEW WITH OTHERS

I guess.

we know.

(at least our known unknowns)

I guess the line is the difference between when we are doing 'art'

And when 'art' is doing us

one makes no claims for attention

Not necessarily a passive line?

I want to be done, not finished,
but continually verbed from and by different sources and directions

This sounds erotic again.

But.

And, more to the point,

does that mean you stop doing?

not necessarily a passive line.

What happens if the attention is in the tension?

And if we said the tension is inevitable in the meeting?

(I disagree with simplicity)

We publically argue.

I agree.

But we don't do violence to each other.

BECAUSE?

We don't need new methods of violence. For me this is the war machine's importance. The creativity of a state of war.

We don't do violence because of an acceptance of the kind of vulnerability of – which comes through the bodies.

Through bodies being present on the stage. But the interloper. The interloper is not violent. It is not threatening. So why don't you want the interloper there?

What's the fucking problem with the interloper?

I think that is a good question. What is the problem with the interloper, if the interloper is not violent but is still a source of anxiety? I think it is the difference between the destructive violence and other forms of destruction. Like a bricolage. At what point is it constructive destruction and at what point is it not?

[fj+jfd skype conversation Wednesday 4th April]

—

Read it yourself

I'd like to think of the audience as a

parasite

rather than a necessity.

To accept that we host them but that is on terms that neither define

effortless.

Not making efforts to keep them at bay but not to burdened with anticipating accommodation

Being object. Total material. Bodies in a room being bodies,

not trying to entertain anyone but sustaining their efforts through the idea of that anyone.

Sounds like a strategy

No. Definitely/defiantly a tactic.

They need to be effortless

We want to sustain them.

Death is just around the corner, as well as the desire

Think of cleaner fish, nibbling sharks
I'll actively endorse that.

humm, I love it when you're righter than me

The interloper has been quite quiet
Hello?
Was I being threatening?
I suppose it's complicated.
Yeah, but its not a 'want'.
Flirt with it.

The tactics, that is.
only we're happy to be either.

Can we talk about the 'endorser' as an ontological state?^{xxi}....

I'm on the right for a reason.

Must be there still, no?

Yooahoo!?

You'd expect that to sustain them, in theory?

I guess you can't keep an interloper you want to have around.

You're right, it's a need.

Is that a contradiction?

... just
dumb.

for the protected field, the sanctuary. The fragile



Still from a segment of KINO INTERNATIONAL - past performance
(Left unexplained)

material of glass served as a gentle bridge from one

DRAFT IN 6 PARTS

#6

ENDNOTES

ⁱ 'The structures constitutive of a particular type of environment ... produce systems of durable, transposable dispositions, structured structures predisposed to function as structuring structures...' Bourdieu, Pierre. *Outline of a Theory of a Practice*. New York : Cambridge University Press, 1977. P. 72

ⁱⁱ A 'choreography' perhaps? As Susan Leigh Foster notes early in her book *Choreographing Empathy*, '... "choreography" currently enjoys widespread use as a referent for a structuring of movement, not necessarily the movement of human beings.' *Choreographing Empathy*. London & New York: Routledge, 2011. P. 2.

ⁱⁱⁱ Image taken on phone camera. *OMA/Progress* Exhibition. London: Barbican Centre, 13 January 2012.

^v Eco, Umberto. *The Name of the Rose*. London: Vintage Random House, 2004. P.9

^{vi} Eco, Umberto. 'Casablanca, or The Clichés are Having a Ball' *Signs of Life in the U.S.A: Readings on Popular Culture for Writers*. Boston: Bedford Books, 1994. <http://www.themodernword.com/eco/eco_casablanca.html>

^{vii} Pulp. 'Common People' *Different Class*. London: Polygram, 1995. Enlisted while thinking about the 'common' of people.

^{viii} Tactics in the sense of Michel de Certeau by way of Susan Leigh Foster: Foster, Susan Leigh. 'Walking and Other Choreographic Tactics: Danced Inventions of Theatricality and Performativity' *SubStance* (31.2/3, 2002) P.125-146.

^{ix} *Oxford American Dictionary* for Apple Computers.

^x Zebra Katz ft. Njena Reddd Foxxx, 'Ima Read' on Mad Decent, New York, 2012). 'Reading', to quote Dorian Corey in *Paris is Burning*, 'is the real artform of insult.' *Paris is Burning*. dir. Jennie Livingstone, Miramax Films, 1990.

^{xi} [jfd>fj sound file sent Thursday 12th April. Poem used prior in a training session (aka scratch) for KINO INTERNATIONAL]

I placed a jar in Tennessee,
And round it was, upon a hill.
It made the slovenly wilderness
Surround that hill.

The wilderness rose up to it,
And sprawled around, no longer wild.
The jar was round upon the ground
And tall and of a port in air.

It took dominion every where.
The jar was gray and bare.
It did not give of bird or bush,
Like nothing else in Tennessee.

Stevens, Wallace. 'Anecdote for a Jar'. <http://writing.upenn.edu/~afilreis/88/stevens-ancedote.html>

^{xii} Rendell, Jane. 'Critical Spatial Practices', 2009. Available at www.janerendell.co.uk/wp-content/uploads/2009/06/critical-spatial-practice.pdf

^{xiii} Hambergren, Lena, 'The re-tum of the flâneuse' in *Corporealities: dancing, knowledge, culture, and power*. (Ed. Susan Leigh Foster) London and New York: Routledge, 1996. P. 59-60

^{xiv} Rendall, Jane. 'Walking' in *Art and Architecture: a place between*. London: IB Tauris, 2006. P. 188

^{xv} Janine Harrington is a London based artist who trained in dance (Laban) before completing a masters in book arts (Camberwell Colledge of Arts) .

^{xvi} Jessica Wiesner is an artist and stage designer who lives and works in London.

^{xvii} This is Joyce, but I don't particularly want to cite it. What is the word for when a quote is assumed to be someone but isn't? Like, it is allegedly but not officially someone's? Attributed to James Joyce.

performance photo (Lynn Lu's inscribed window) to

^{xviii} 'Love Me Do', meets 'Please, Please Me' by 'The Beatles' from the album *Please, Please Me*. EMI Studios, 1962) Our adaption, enlisted while thinking about the importance of being separate when coming together for pleasure

^{xix} 'There are known knowns' Wikipedia. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/There_are_known_knowns
&
'donald rumsfeld known unknowns' <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RpSv3HjpEw>

^{xx} Hammler, Kevin, Mimi Sheller & John Urry. 'Editorial' *Mobilities*. (I.I 2006) P. 9

^{xxi} Outside of the commercial world of product placement and policy, this terms seem to suggest a directional support for an 'other' instigated by little more than a felt appreciation. A minimal effort perhaps that anyone can instigate. Unlike other steps towards moral behavior (parrhesia, etc.), it can be generated autonomously with it not being solely reliant on the correct exterior conditions. It connects to and references the exterior world but without being formed by the structures that surround it. It is an inside out tactic.



Fabrizio Manco, *The Crow (The Saint)*, drawing, 1997

another (Fabrizio Manco's sounding glasses in the

Lynn Lu A(T)TRIBUTE

(one to one performance; 8 hours)

“9th International Art Action Festival: Interakcje”; Galeria OFF; Piotrkow Trybunalski, Poland. 2007

A(t)tribute was a performance for a single participant at a time, made for a context in which most of the participants would be strangers or acquaintances I did not know well. I waited for visitors in a small room which was empty save for two chairs, two blank notebooks, and pens for writing. Entering the room, the visitor was invited to sit and was given the directions for participating in the piece:

“Please write a description of who / what you think I am. What do you imagine my likes, dislikes, life, work, temperament, temper, concerns, friends, family, desires, interests, etc, are? And I will write a description of who / what I think you are. Please feel free to use your own language; you may begin and end when you like.”

Scrutinizing one another, the visitor and I formulated a candid description of who / what we imagined the other person to be, based on what we saw and sensed. The descriptions written by the participants and by myself were put up on the walls of the room, and could be read in their entirety at the end of the performance.

A(t)tribute is an observation of the way strangers sum each other up in social encounters, by interpreting external signs such as attire, hairstyle, body language, etc. Although we engage in this mutual and spontaneous reading of each other in any sort of personal engagement in our daily lives, this usually occurs quite unconsciously and our appraisals seldom find articulation in so many words. While we rely on our ability to read some signs to a certain degree of accuracy in order to function within society, what we observe about a stranger is colored by the projections of our own experiences. In some ways, each person’s reading and description of the other person reveals more about the “reader” than the “readee”. And, paradoxically, even descriptions that seem fairly specific and unique could fit almost anyone. When the performance ended, one participant – having read all the descriptions I had written – asked, “Are they all about me?” He had recognized himself in every one.



wind), which feels fitting. **Question III: It is a**

you are in a very nice relationship with a man who adores you. you have a great sex life. you are the oldest of 3 girls, and have close relationships with your sisters & mother. you are fierce & determined about what you believe in, and in your work. you are powerful and outgoing and are not afraid of people, of challenges, and of the unknown. you are beautiful but do not think about it at all. you take pleasure in beautiful things & people. your hands are strong and you use them for rough work. you are vegetarian and tend to a herb garden at home. you swim in lakes naked. you are comfortable and proud of your young healthy & strong & beautiful body, and you use it to its best advantage. you have no patience with liars and flakes. you guard your time jealously, & do not engage in situations you feel are unworthy of your time. you are tender with children & understand how to communicate with them. you are quiet when there is nothing to be said, and fiercely vocal when something needs to be said. you are a good listener, and people tell you their secrets.

I think you like pancakes, and watching movies at the cinema. I think the movies you like are about poor people ~~the way~~ that might be you or your friends, I think you hear the music when you watch the movies.

I imagine you in the library working with serious texts about art and relation to the ~~everyday~~ everyday, social life. And I see you like you somehow stop to read and your eyes follow someone and you start to look and think about him or her watching details of his or her ~~into~~ clothing, the way he or she moves etc...

~~And then you stop~~ I can't imagine car you use, because I think it is not important to you.

I think your temper has very wide scale and I imagine that you keep your emotions tight. I think that you're organised well and your mind, emotions and feelings are rather balanced.

It's kind of ~~is~~ difficult to me to think about your lovers. You're a little bit afraid that

you are unloved, possibly unstable mentally. you have ~~some~~ difficulties socializing & connecting with people. you feel confused often, you have trouble understanding what goes on around you. you are nervous about women & are afraid of thunderstorms. you are nervous around strangers you live at home with your parents who are old and who worry about how you will get on in the world after they are gone. your mother still washes your clothes & cooks your meals. you have not had a girlfriend since your late teens / early twenties. you feel lonely & like an outcast often, but more than that you feel angry at the world in a vague & cloudy way. you do not know what happened or why you are different although you do not look different. you feel like an alien. you have a cat and she is your only friend. you sleep together & you tell her all your secrets. you have an older brother who makes you feel small. he embarrasses & humiliates you in front of the rest of the family. you hate him but are also in love of him. he is what you always wanted to be. you are very nervous about being around people.

I imagine you are a devoted artist, and your life is ~~more~~ mainly filled with art work and a lot of travelling. you are sensitive to sexuality, maybe needing more contact with people - love. you are afraid a bit of commitment, real closeness. it is difficult to pursue an art career and a relationship... but maybe it's just my own projection. I think you will be successful.

I do hope you're very happy, as you have many many qualities.

you have a need of people, and of attention (ex. this performance :))

I guess maybe you are not very close with your family?

I like you a lot!

could be a lot more...

I imagine you have a lot short relationships, men like you a lot ~~the more~~ and are puzzled as you are at first delicate and magnetic and then also deeded, & get distant, going your way...

complicated set of relations that we have with

you are healthy and whole. You have a strong community of friends & family. You are divorced, and your ex-wife is the only person you feel any animosity towards. You love the outdoors and nature and animals. You love all the seasons, but each one is beautiful to you and you enjoy them all. You know what you look like and are confident around women, you know that you are attractive to them. You have many good friends, male & female, & are the life of the party. You sleep in the nude, and presently alone. Your animals respect you & you have good communication with them. Your father is your hero, you try to be as good of a man as he was. You are vain about your clothes and hair, but in a healthy way. You spend 20 minutes in front of the mirror each day. You are grateful for your healthy body & mind, and take great pleasure in living. You have a sharp mind, and a good sense of humor. You are self-ironical & have a balanced attitude towards yourself & others. You have great respect for all things, nature & animals & people. You don't own a TV and spend as little time in front of the computer as you can. You have good hearing & sing in the shower. You feel excited about the future & see life as an adventure. Living is not a chore for you. If you weren't an artist, you would be a massage therapist. You are sensual & revel in the sense of touch. You are not afraid of



[the dotted line]

magpies, death, and the protected field, isn't it?

We hear revolt between and “(...) through melody, rhythm, semantic polyvalency, the so-called poetic form, which decomposes and recomposes signs” (Kristeva, 1989, p.14)—the revolt of the sensible.

Draft #4 & #5 (and endnotes as #6) of Fiona James and Jane Frances Dunlop interlope once more.

The finale is *A(t)tribute*, an 8-hour, one-to-one performance by Lynn Lu. It is a tribute to attributes and our sensitive readings of each other. She opens up the floor for the reader rather than playing the readee, leading us back to the dotted line. In closing, we arrive at what Alain Badiou and Elie During called “The zero degree of the script,” reminding us of the memorable ending of Barthes’ book *Writing Degree Zero*¹ (1953).

So here we are now with five contributions that are performing unforeseen relations and have gone in unexpected directions in order to propose other figures, sensibilities and ways—a choreographic movement that not only explores but implicates the readers’ potential to move-with this composition of textures.



ALL INVOLVED:

JANE FRANCES DUNLOP is an performance artist and academic based in Toronto. *FIONA JAMES* is a visual artist who works through live performance, she lives and studies in Rotterdam and London. Dunlop and James collaborate to exploit and explore their divergent disciplinary perspectives and shared obsession with choreography's potential.
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STEVE FOSSEY is an artist and lecturer based in the East Midlands. In 2011 he was awarded a University of Northampton Studentship to undertake PhD research working in the field of site specificity. He holds a Masters Degree in Performance and Live Art and has performed both nationally and internationally.
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MARIELLA GREIL is a choreographer, dancer and performer. She is currently working on her practice-as-research PhD at University of Roehampton, London with the title 'Being In Contact: Encountering A Bare Body', contributes as Associate Researcher to the *Performance Matters* creative research project and is Managing Editor of the e-journal *activate*.
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JENNIFER JARMAN is an artist and creative theorist whose work examines the gap between the written and spoken word. Using video essays, performance lectures and performative writing she brings together ideas from neurology, philosophy, literary theory and popular culture to create hyper-associative structures of 'thinking-through-language'.
<http://thefranticepistemologist.wordpress.com>

LYNN LU is a visual artist from Singapore trained in the USA, France, Japan, and earned her Doctorate in Australia. Lynn has exhibited, performed, taught, given talks and papers extensively across Asia, Oceania, Europe, and the Americas. Lynn lives and works in London, and lectures at Southampton Solent University.
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FABRIZIO MANCO is an artist, researcher, visiting lecturer and workshop facilitator, currently completing his PhD at the University of Roehampton. His research applies acoustic ecology, audiology and ecophenomenology to performance, exploring and engaging bodied thinking, perception and experience of the auditory in kinaesthetic, choreographic, spatial and visual forms within performance art. <http://fabriziomanco.blogspot.co.at>

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Thanks to Werner Möbius, Katerina Paramana, Bernadette Reiter, Emily Sweeney and all contributors!

www.thisisactivate.net

Titleimage Mashup of Photos below
by Georg Wagenhuber



LYNN LU
Photo credits:
Tan Ngiap Heng



JENNIFER JARMAN
Linder, M. (Producer & Director). (19a21). Seven
Years Bad Luck [Motion picture]. United States:
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FIONA JAMES & JANE FRANCES DUNLOP
<<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4nwdQgdxg2M>>
'tumbleweed whirlwind'



STEVE FOSSEY
Still 1 from Performing Criticism



FABRIZIO MANCO
Photographs: Yukiko Ikehara