



Scoreography: Compose-with a hole in the heart!

A thesis submitted in fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

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Declaration

I certify that except where due acknowledgement has been made, the work is that of the author alone; the work has not been submitted previously, in whole or in part, to qualify for any other academic award; the content of the thesis/project is the result of work which has been carried out since the official commencement date of the approved research program; any editorial work, paid or unpaid, carried out by a third party is acknowledged; and, ethics procedures and guidelines have been followed.

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ABSTRACT

Carving its lines through México, Iceland, Canada, England and Australia, *Scoreography: Compose-with a hole in the heart!* investigates through research-creation, the creative potential of ‘a hole in the heart’. Through the creating and testing of four new techniques of research-creation; *triggering*, *oothra*, *infoliating* and *scoring*, this research project brings into language the *living experience* of a hole in the heart.

While a hole in the heart is commonly understood as a congenital cardiac defect, this thesis activates visual art, creative writing and process philosophy to re-conceptualise this relation as a *living hole* – a self-organising assemblage of vital matter. We might experience these material holes as histories, as loss, as desire. The aim of this research is to develop new ways of experiencing and sharing the material holes that compose us and address the complex problem of how to transform a hole into an opening. Through Deleuze and Guattari’s concepts of ‘event’ and ‘desire’ I recognise a hole in the heart as a creative force in itself. Drawing on my own experience of a congenital hole in the heart this research examines this condition in the context of the ‘more-than-human’ (Manning, 2013). Through a focus on relationality I transform understandings of a hole in the heart away from the grip of its defective congenital holding, and open it instead as a productive, shared relation.

The term practice-based research is commonly used in Australia to articulate a relationship between theoretical, contextual and practical enquiry, one in which research is created *through* practice. However, I investigate this project through ‘research-creation’, a process I encounter in 2013 during my international residency at the SenseLab, a Montréal-based laboratory for thought in motion. Research-creation is a propositional and experimental mode of activity that occurs ‘at the constitutive level of both art practice and theoretical research’ (Manning & Massumi, 2014, p. 89). In this project, I develop my own approach to research-creation, a process I name *scoreography*.

Comprising 190 creative events including a public event at The Mission to Seafarers building in Melbourne on the 1st of December 2014, this research aims to activate as transversal experience the transformative potential of a hole in the heart. The creative work of this thesis (fictocritical assemblages of writing, video, photography, found objects and constructed situations) is the feeling, thinking, telling and making-public these events through scoreography’s emergent language of *speculative eventing*. This thesis invents and articulates scoreography as an original contribution to new knowledge in the fields of relational art-making and research-creation.

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24. *March 14, 2012*
25. It begins with a sensation, a friction between metal and flesh.
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27. This metal has life.
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29. *Elf rock*
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31. Let me tell you a story. Inside this body there is a heart. Just like yours.
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65. In the ninth century,

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66. Always push from the core!

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92. *From the other side of Enrique's paradise*

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94. *There are no butterflies in Iceland*

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96. Experiencing an event that did not happen or

97. It happened to Justy.

98. *Asking Daniel Vilchis to paint an ex-voto for me was my second.*

99. I am careful to explain to Daniel that my event did not actually happen.

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 105. Using contractors to excavate an enormous hole
 106. Dear Roni Horn, without you I never would have felt this blade
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 107. To move-with the living hole you first need to immerse yourself
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 108. *infoliating*.
 109. An intoxicating displacing of bodies-in-the-making.
 110. When I decide to set up a balloon-making factory
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 112. The Iceland Deep Drilling Project strikes magma at 2100m.
 113. In a Montréal hospital I lie awake.
 114. Displacing subjectivity by falling away from the inside.
 115. Proposition: Fall towards the relation.
 116. *In Search of the Miraculous (1975)*
 117. Alert: There are many dangers in cutting a body from its inside
 edge.
 118. Ever since I saw that image
 119. *Anthropología*
 120. A note of warning. For a hole can be very difficult to hold.
 121. We're standing on a wind swept beach
 122. In my body. I feel one thing at least is certain.
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 125. I close the net, pulling everything I can through the holes.
 126. *Becoming-bear*
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 128. *Corn-dog*
 129. *Elbows-bow*
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 131. *Holding-you*
 132. *Hollow-plume*
 133. *Hornbeam-kelp*
 134. *Inky-floe*
 135. *Mi-Corazon*
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137. *Owl-buoy*
 138. *Panda-roost*
 139. *Pink-lips*
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 143. *Walnut-cutting*
 144. I go to Iceland, stopping on my way in the north of England to visit my father.
 145. It is only now when the assemblage threatens to implode,
 146. Five weeks later I am on the Skagí Peninsula waiting patiently for another polar bear to arrive.
 147. Days and days of imperceptible geometry in the Arctic Ocean
 148. Another morning and another barrage of horizontal frozen rain holds me captive to the inside of the studio-cum-fish-processing-shed.
 149. I decide to make my own polar bear head by tearing up the mountains from Icelandic geological magazines.
 150. *his are the first eyes to greet me in the morning.*
 151. When I receive a telephone call from the Mayor my heart sinks. He would very much like us to meet.
 152. Testing our compatibility for such a venture, the bear and I leave the studio together. For the first time.
 153. *When your head is a bear*
 154. *Kántýbær*
 155. Through wandering and eventing I begin to language this body that bites my fingers with mouthfuls of sub-zero air.
 156. At exactly 3pm the next afternoon the bear and I mount a (wild) Icelandic horse.
 157. The horse takes exception to the bear, to the sound of its chicken wire frame. Rears. Throws me off its back. Then bolts.
 158. The feathers from my down jacket fall like snowflakes overhead. I feel nervous laughter and suffocating pain.
 159. I fracture my skull. And my back. And my shin hurts like hell.
 160. Someone catches the horse. But the bear head and the artist lie motionless on the frozen ground.
 161. The next day a 'witness' recounts the story of the falling bear.
 162. Unable to walk. I cancel the guided tour.
 163. This bear must not leave the island.
 164. *This bear must not leave the island*

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165. falling towards my father's kitchen,

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ARC V: TOWARDS SCORING

166. *Proposition: Desire the relation!*
167. Think this precarious betweenness as a sensing environment of hole-inghole-ding flows.
168. *Voltage is only the POTENTIAL to do the work. Most assuredly, it will NOT power a household light, but a small flashlight lamp will GLOW.*
169. I must be on the other side of the highway.
170. *Tar line*
171. Between life and death. This is how we make our relation felt.
172. They say it appeared overnight.
173. In México City I finally succeed in making a beautiful red balloon. I fill it with air from my lungs. But it ruptures. The warm latex bleeds into my lips.
174. *Every day I think of you*
175. I fear that my father's mould is now growing inside me.
176. *Conjugating-rupturing me*
177. I declare it a failure. Put the latex vats away.
178. Scoring the slippery betweenness of experience in the making-already made felt.
179. Today my father called out of the blue.
180. *When you and I catch sight of a Great Tufted Owl in a forest 200 kilometres north-west of Montréal, the shared experience of our sighting makes felt the resonance of our living.*
181. In the beginning I thought I was looking for my father.
182. This mass of invertebrate life between us.

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ARC VI: OPEN-OUT

183. I cannot show you how to feel the holes in your heart, but offer this research as a way of testing the thresholds of your heart through the material holes in mine.
184. A polar bear swims in circles. Looping. Looping.
185. All the while the ice is melting and the rest of us are running for our lives.
186. Desire living holes!
187. Compose-with a hole in the heart!

Appendix 2: Norla Dome event 01 December 2014 /

188. I begin to germinate your loss.
189. You wait at the South Melbourne Life Saving Club.
190. As if a lighthouse could organise the waves.

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WORKS CITED

APPENDIX 1: LIST OF VIDEO EVENTS

In this thesis, thirteen research events incorporate digital video files. Throughout this conceptual written document, the events listed below include a hyperlink to an embedded online video at www.scoreography.net. Clicking on an event [hyperlink](#) will take you directly to that event's video file. Listed below in order they appear in this document are:

- 20. [Short Circuit Green](#), 2012. (02:27). México.
- 23. [Her name is Angelina Salas Molina](#), 2012. (00:30). México.
- 47. [Nothing definite any more](#), 2012. (05:31). Iceland.
- 50. [Monarchy one](#), 2012. (04:37). México.
- 54. [When your guide is a panda](#), 2012. (02:40). México.
- 56. [My heart \(in my arms\)](#), 2012. (05:10). México.
- 62. [Waveform](#), 2012. (04:07). México.
- 75. [In Search of Butterflies](#), 2012. (00:53). México and Iceland.
- 83. [Sunspot](#), 2012. (02:09). México.
- 90. [All of this](#), 2012. (07:17). México.
- 111. [When your heart is a balloon](#), 2012. (00:27). México.
- 153. [When your head is a bear](#), 2012. (05:04). Iceland. .
- 164. [This bear must not leave the island](#), 2012. (00:55). Iceland.
- 180. [When you and I catch sight of a Great Tufted Owl in a forest 200 kilometres north-west of Montréal, the shared experience of our sighting makes felt the resonance of our living](#), 2014. (02:06). Australia. .

1. Let me tell you a story.

Inside this body there is a heart. Not like yours. A pulsing orb of spectral colour and flow. It's a waterfall. Now a rainbow. Now a snow storm. Splitting shards of light into mist and colour. With every beat of this body. I want things. Regret things. Diminish. Forgive things. Inside this body there is a heart. Just like yours.

Arc I: Open in

2. We are all born with a hole in our hearts

In the womb of our mothers, before we are breathing air, this hole acts as a kind of 'trapdoor' that allows blood to bypass the lungs. In most cases this trapdoor closes itself during the first few days after birth. In rare cases, its hole remains open. This hole grows-with the 'organism that persons' it (Arakawa and Gins, 1997). This hole grows-with its child. This is what happened to me. Medically, a hole in the heart or 'patent foramen ovale' can present in either the upper (atrial) or lower (ventricular) chambers of the heart, causing what is known as atrial and ventricular septal defects. These congenital heart 'defects' or rupturing malformations, enable blood to travel abnormally between the chambers of the heart. This diversion allows oxygenated and de-oxygenated blood to mix in the heart itself. Consequently, a person with a hole in the heart may suffer shortness of breath, increased heart rate, abnormal heart rhythms or 'arrhythmia', structural changes to the heart and increased risk of stroke, heart failure and unexpected death. This congenital abnormality is the material hole that triggers this body of research but as this thesis will attest there are many kinds of holes that grow in hearts.

A 'hole in the heart' is a lay term for a congenital heart condition. Beyond this literal condition, a 'hole in the heart' is a phrase commonly used to refer to metaphorical absences of the heart. In my experience, the overriding expression of a hole in the heart is one of rupture. The word rupture is defined in the New Shorter Oxford English Dictionary as 'a breach of harmonious relations...followed by a separation', as 'a break or split in a surface, esp. the skin' or as 'a fissure in the earth's surface; a ravine, a chasm', and is commonly understood as a negative or catastrophic act (1993, p. 2652). From a medical perspective, the rupture of a hole in the heart arises from an event of biological malformation. But more commonly it is also understood as a rupture of metaphorical dimensions. Represented as absences or voids of distinctly human proportions; a lost love, a separation, a longing to feel again that critical something once felt so intensely, these are just some of the qualities that mark this strangely ineffable presence. Whether medical or metaphorical, a hole in the heart is largely understood as a rupture of defective (medical) or negative (metaphorical) dimensions.

This research seeks to address these negative and limiting perceptions by investigating a hole in the heart as a productive experience. Whilst our perceiving of a hole in the heart as a site of metaphorical rupture has, I suggest, enabled us to build a shared language of understanding beyond any reference to its life-threatening medical condition, it does little to address what I perceive as its most critical dimension – the event of its *experiencing*.

3. Mine has always been a practice of rupture.

Over the last ten years, I have taken the societies that compose me – those of my family, friends, relationships, histories, memories, objects and everyday communities – and have worked with these precarious conditions in an attempt to touch the *lives* of others. In this sense, I understand my practice through its ongoing language of social relations. Embracing Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari's (2004) provocation that philosophical thinking must begin in the middle¹. I begin with matters of the heart. The 'heart', by definition is a middle, it is 'a part of something and centre of anything' (The New Shorter Oxford English Dictionary, 1993, p. 1205). 'What is interesting is never the way someone starts or finishes. The interesting thing is the middle, what happens on the way. It is not by chance that the greatest speed is at the halfway point.' (Deleuze, 1993a, p. 207). In sharing with you the following four artworks as fragments of my personal history, you might see that these critical starting points are always already a *middle*.

At the Carnegie Gallery (2008) in Hobart, I draw lines between a father and child. I name the work, *fifteen years*². I make giant boxes of light and move row after row of crisp black letters to illuminate my grief. I make a greetings card with all the words in one easy-to-find-again-place and wrap it in cellophane for visitors to take away. But nobody comes. Not many anyway. Maybe it's the abundance of light or the crushing weight of such incomprehensible breakings-of-faith that keeps these five boxes of illuminated writing away from this city's inhabitants, but when only two people show up for my artist's talk I feel at its most acute, the loss of my making. At first I am deflated but as these two tentative bodies sit and read I begin to *feel* the space transforming. As they attend to the work, these people who are not strangers to me, I feel that I am sharing too much, too private, these words that will forever remain too difficult to tell. But when I see their rupturing pour out of their bodies and across the gallery floor, it is *their* presence that begins to move my lines of writing. Now we are three, floundering in the shadows of parquet flooring and reflected fluorescent tubing. *This* is the work. *Fifteen years*, my desperate plea for a father to choose my family over the one he cannot bring himself to leave, etches itself deeper and deeper into the crystal white glow of this, our temporary re-unification.

In *Tides Apart* (2006) at Inflight ARI in Hobart, I make *letters for dad*³, a text-work that spans three walls of the gallery. So many fathers. I make some writing and bind it in the form of a small book. On the front cover is a short letter to my dad that I will never send. Printed in fluorescent orange ink, it reads:

And then I see it.

There is a single plate on the kitchen table. In its centre, sits a large piece of cake, which has been cut into two perfect halves by my father. I will never forget that image; two halves separated by a bone handled knife on a plate, which is older than I am.

As the minutes pass in that kitchen, I can't help but see the layers of dust and dirt and cat hair, which have collected in the awkward places of this room. The used coffee grains placed in empty cat tins; the dead plants, the fossils, the single sheep horn.

Basking in your soft northern light, we sit together and pick the fancy icing from our independent cakes. You look so proud. And then it hits me. You do not see anything in this room anymore, only your daughter and your cake, and in this, the briefest of moments, we are alone in this heaven and it is wonderful.

Dad, your eyes are filling up again.

On every one of the book's 114 pages I print an alphabetical letter or leave a blank. I drill a hole through the centre of the book, open each page in turn and then, one after the other, I screw the open spreads directly to the wall. Stand too close and you will only ever see a fragment of the line. This fracturing of narrative, I have come to understand as a well-honed technique of my calculated telling. In the centre of the gallery, *Tilted Moon* (2006), an elliptical platform for sitting, made by artist, Pippa Dickson, invites the visitor to join together my multiplicity of letters as singular horizon. It reads:

And you begin to wonder if your whole life will be constructed from the fragile moments other people throw away.

One year later, in collaboration with artist James Newitt, I publish the *write/here project*⁴ (2005–7) across every single advertising billboard in Hobart's CBD⁵. Replacing advertising with lines of writing, the *write/here project* is 'part community event, part temporary public art project and part media intervention' (Newitt and Phillips, 2007). Beyond what Margaret Woodward defines as a peculiarly Tasmanian 'myth of wilderness' (2007, p. 15), and

beyond the commercial marketing campaigns of the island's two breweries (to which more than half of the billboards are under permanent contract), the *write/here project* opens the city to the language of its communities by illuminating the complexity of its social relations. None of the words that appear on the *write/here project's* billboards belong to the artists. They are, amongst others, the words of strangers, Aboriginal people, elderly Polish migrants, prison inmates, asylum seekers and the unemployed. They are, as Woodward writes, both heartwarming and at times heartbreaking narratives (2007, p.16). Above the Republic Bar on Elizabeth Street, a *write/here project* billboard reads:

I've got a new friend now. She's
very loud though. She doesn't
mean to be. I keep saying to
her "shut up we're talking about
little soft things".

These words are for me at least, the fragile moments other people chose not to throw away. That such a thing might be possible is a *middle* that I hold very close to my core.

In 2013, in the midst of my PhD candidature, I publish *The Yellow Line*⁶, a permanent public artwork in Hobart that commemorates the biggest act of gay civil rights disobedience in Australian history⁷. Installed in a footpath overlooked by the Tasmanian Parliament, *The Yellow Line* reads in two fractured parts:

4. *Forgive me for not holding you in my arms / In the wake of your courage I swim.*

It is, writes Deleuze, 'in the middle that one finds the becoming, the movement, the velocity, the vortex. The middle is not the mean, but on the contrary an excess. It is by the middle that things push.' (1993a, p. 208). In 1988 when the Tasmanian Police were arresting the Tasmanian Gay Law Reform Groups' supporters at Salamanca Market in Hobart I was just thirteen years old. In the north of England I was in the pool, training five hours a day in the hope of becoming an Olympic swimmer. I did not know then that *their* struggle for equal human rights would one day become my *middle*. I did not know then that the event of their collective coming together would come to live through my words now cut into the ground outside the Tasmanian Parliament. I did not know then that it would be my language and my experience that might enable them to feel their event *differently*.

For me, these four artworks reveal a precarious telling of private things made public. Informed by my desire to touch people through the social relations of my family (*fifteen years* and *letters for dad*), my community (*write/here project*) and my history (*The Yellow Line*), these artworks draw very much on curator Nicolas Bourriaud's conception of art as 'social interstice'. These interactions, he describes through his 'relational aesthetics' as a kind of trading space in human relations (2002, p. 16). Were it not for the rumblings of cardiac muscle and omni-directional blood and the acute and recurrent sensations of fatigue and nausea and pounding heart, I may not have begun to question the material core of such intimate human relations. Beneath these lines of illuminated rupturing and words that will forever remain too difficult to tell, I begin to sense the hole in my heart as 'more-than'⁸ (Manning, 2012) its congenital holding. This then is the rupturing middle that feminist theoretician and philosopher Rosi Braidotti might call my 'cartography of beginning' (Keynote, July 01, 2013).

5. In re-entering as one collective body,

the public artworks, gallery installations and publications that compose my ongoing practice as an artist, I identify in each and every one the difficult presence of the congenital hole in my heart. A hole that remains unable or unwilling to close. One could say that its appearance makes felt the kind of acute and recurrent sensitivities one feels when living at the threshold of one's life. In these works, without knowing it at the time, I was already sowing the first seeds of this research. For in these tangled knots of feeling and telling I have come to recognise the hole in *this* heart as a creative force in itself. As film theorist and philosopher, Barbara Kennedy writes, 'It is no longer sufficient to explore ourselves and our worlds (including artistic worlds) through representation or reflection. What we must consider is our participation in experience - our creative potential in the event.' (2009, p. 192). In this doctoral research I investigate the creative potential of a hole in the heart by participating in the *experience* of its making.

6. This slippery betweenness

In the 'novella', Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guatarri argue, 'you will never know what just happened'⁹ (2004, p. 213). I know this through experience. When I feel the hole in my heart, what I feel is never the event. Only its aftermath. I feel weakness in my legs, palpitations in my chest. Aching in my jaw. I feel anxiety. Disappointment. Sometimes I just accept that something has happened, but can't say what or when. I just move with this other body that composes me. Intermittently. Like Deleuze and Guatarri's 'novella', a hole in the heart is, I suspect, the felt experience of an imperceptible and

unknowable event. And herein lies the complexity of this research. In their recent book, *Arts-based Research: A Critique and a Proposal*, Jan Jagodinski and Jason Wallin argue that it is in 'doing' that the 'imperceptibility of "life" can be felt. In the making it is already gone' (Jagodinski and Wallin, 2013, p. 68)¹⁰. It is in this slippage between an *imperceptible doing* and its *making felt* that I invoke Erin Manning's (2012) concept of the 'interval'. Understood as a relational *quality* of space-time, the 'interval' is the first of three crucial concepts that I draw from Manning's philosophy of speculative pragmatism and activate as navigational triggers of this research. Thinking the interval through the *event* of dancing, Manning writes:

The interval is duration expressed in movement. It is not something I create along, or something I can re-create by myself. It exists in the between of movement. It accompanies my movement yet it is never passive. It activates the next incipient movement. The interval is the metastable quality through which the relation is felt. Many potential intensities populate it. It expresses itself as the shifting axis that connects us. Proposition: the interval creates the potential for movement that is expressed by at least two bodies. (Manning 2012, p. 17)

In Manning's words, she cannot 'think fast enough to catch the interval in the making' (2012, p. 18), just as I cannot *feel* fast enough to catch in the making, the confused electrical activity of the hole in this heart. Of the 'interval', Manning writes, 'even when unactivated, it is always there' (Manning 2013, p. 88). This slippery rupturing of a hole in the heart that I define as *experience in the making-already made felt* is a presence, always in my holding. Hole-ding. Hole-ing. Even when – between the frenzied bursts of activity that come to define its *eventing* – a hole in the heart lies seemingly dormant beneath the surface of the chest, its interval is the ever-present potential of new relations. It is here, in its interval – the slippery betweenness of its moving from experience in the making and experience already made felt – that I identify the potential of a hole in the heart as a shared relation of infinite possibility.

7. Just beneath the skin on the left side of my chest

I have a cardiac monitor connected to my heart. Most of the time it sits idle. Just goes where I go. Goes with my looping fielding arms. Embedded. Embodied. I haven't used it in over two years. In fact I'm waiting for it to be removed. But until then, I can press a button on a hand-held device and instantly recall the last three minutes and capture the next three minutes of my beating heart. The potential rhythm of a black hole. Reclaimed from a body. Lived in a life. By the time you read this the cardiac monitor may be gone and for the first time in a long time I will be forced into the irretrievable chaos of the present. No way of protecting the future with the past.

8. Not at the push of a button anyway.

For Manning, the interval, ‘never marks a passage: it creates a potential for a passage that will have come to be (2012, p. 24). I discover vibrant echoes of this thinking in the earlier writings of Brazilian artist Lygia Clark. In a text titled, *Concerning the Instant*, Clark writes:

The instant of the act is not renewable. It exists by itself: to repeat it is to give it another meaning. It doesn't contain any trace of past perceptions. It's another moment. At the very moment in which it happens it is already a thing-in-itself. Only the instant of the act is life. By its nature, the act contains in itself its own outstripping, its own becoming. The instant of the act is the future in the process of making itself. The past and the future are implied in the present-now of the act. (Clark in Bois and Clark, 1994, p. 100)

Two bodies: a hole and a heart. Experience in the making. Experience already made felt. Crucially, it is Manning's articulating of the interval as both contributing to the in-act of experience, and as lived effect of that experience that suggests to me the critical role it might play in elaborating this research. Manning writes:

The interval is felt in the ways in which it contributes to the experience in act. In its contribution, what it does is not to instantiate an open-ended becoming. It stimulates and intensifies tendencies already in germ in the event's concrescence. The interval cannot be separated out from the in-act. Yet, while it is never known as such, there is no denying it has a lived effect. It makes a difference. (2013, p. 88).

Not only does the interval elaborate a relation-with the ‘in-act’¹¹ of experience, for example, with the erratic electrical beating of a defective heart, but just as critically it recognises as significant, the *effect* of this lived experience, for example, as weakness in my legs. This ‘lived effect’ of an interval might be what Brazilian artists Lygia Clark and Hélio Oiticica refer to as the poetic lived experience [vivência poética] of a ‘relation in itself’ (Clark and Oiticica, 2006, p. 110). Rather than approaching the life of a hole in the heart in the past tense as already *lived* experience, as an experience already made and made felt, in this research I attempt to elaborate it through its interval as an active and ongoing process in the *present*. I investigate this *experience in the making-already made felt* as the *poetic living experience* of a hole in the heart. In this research, the interval makes palpable the symbiotic experience of living in relation with a hole in the heart. Two symbionts: a hole and a heart. The hole in my heart is both a condition of my life but also conditions every single moment of my life. We two bodies are entirely dependent on each other for survival. Our interval, an *experience in the making-always already made felt* is a relational quality that exposes this process of survival.

9. I enter this experience in the making-already made felt

through a research activity I identify as ‘research-creation’. This hyphenated process of thinking and doing focuses specifically on the collective, immanent and emergent qualities of the event. I encountered and quickly became immersed in this process of ‘research-creation’ during my 2013 residency at the SenseLab, a ‘laboratory for thought in motion’ based at Concordia University in Montréal. It is defined by SenseLab founder Erin Manning and collaborator Brian Massumi as a propositional and experimental mode of activity that occurs ‘at the constitutive level of both art practice and theoretical research’ (Manning & Massumi, 2014, p. 89)¹². Within the broader context of creative research enquiry, more commonly referred to in Australia as ‘practice-based’ or ‘practice-led’ research, the SenseLab’s activity of ‘research-creation’ might be most closely aligned to Ross Gibson’s (2010) expression of ‘discovery-based research’¹³ (given its speculative leanings), yet with an acute focus on the collective participation of the *event*.

‘Research-creation’ is a ‘process of thinking by doing, always with the understanding that concepts are made in and through the event’ (SenseLab: About, 2014). It is the making or conjugating of research-creation through hyphenating line that reveals in this research, yet another interval in the making. This dash, suggests film theorist and SenseLab collaborator Alanna Thain, is ‘deployed to delay and extend meaning’ wherein, ‘priority falls not onto one term or another in the assemblage of research-creation, but to the “creative inbetween”’ (2008, para. 1). It is my experimenting with the hole(s) in my heart through this articulated *betweenness* of research and creation that opens a tentative new interval – a leaking, hybrid and untameable creature that is neither contemporary art nor process philosophy but perhaps a *relational quality* of its betweenness?

10. Intuitive to its own production,

the ongoing event of a hole in the heart is the driving force of this research. Through research-creation I engage with the ongoing *eventing* of the hole(s) in my own heart as unpredictable *process*. I approach this investigation as research-creation because it is a mode of enquiry that, as Manning argues, refuses to posit ‘the terms of its account before the exploration of what the account can do’ (Manning, 2014, in press). This is what Andrew Murphie is pointing to when he writes that research-creation focuses ‘on the immanent conditions of relations rather than on their preterritorialising’ (Murphie, 2008, p. 8). It is in this sense that I develop this research not through any preterritorialised methodology or methods but focus my enquiry instead on the intuitive eventing of a hole in the heart. Drawn from the in-act of this experience, I develop four processes or ‘techniques’ of art making,

understood here as ‘modalities of expression a practice invents for itself’ (Manning & Massumi, 2014, p. 89). I define these techniques as triggering, oothra, infoliating and scoring. Influenced by the *RSVP Cycles* developed by dancer Anna Halprin and environmental designer Lawrence Halprin (1970), the four components of which, Resources, Score, Valuation and Performance each contain their own micro-cycle of activity¹⁴, I come to understand the techniques of my research as an iterative yet non-linear mode of activity. Described by Halprin (2002) as process-oriented rather than result-oriented, the *RSVP Cycles* feed into the process-oriented ontology of this research. In the *RSVP Cycles* there is no set order of activation, rather the sequence of participation is determined through consensus. Drawing on the intuitive and cyclical qualities of the *RSVP Cycles*, I come to develop my own spiral of techniques intuitive to the unique poetic living experience of the hole(s) in my own heart. It is the testing of these techniques that enables me to bring into language the *living experience* of a hole in the heart.

11. More-than a rupturing of anatomical muscle

Eight years ago, I became aware that my heart, through the hole at its centre, its unusual shape and uncontrollable electrical impulses, would stop living. That I would stop living. I elected to increase my chances of survival through surgical repair, adapting the flows and impulses of my heart through the implantation of an Amplatz Device™¹⁵ and several rounds of Radiofrequency ablation¹⁶. I mention this now because I want you to understand the body from which this thesis spins as belonging to a grand humanist narrative, albeit technologically enhanced by medical intervention. This body I imagined as a kind of solid and static state, that due to some form of internal rupture had required mending, altering, adapting. As I embark upon this PhD, I am already questioning what effect this invasive, yet life-affirming ‘addition’ of technology might be having on this human body. My reliance on implanted technologies to sustain my ‘confused’ heart – an Amplatz Device™ to re-assemble a leaking hole and an insertable cardiac monitor to transmit the faulty electrical circuitry of my heart to an ECG machine in a concrete hospital 500 kms away – leaves me wondering just what kind of event this body of mine is becoming? And how might the human-non-human hole at its centre be actively conditioning this process of ‘becoming’?

In the current literature, this relationship of a hole and a heart is one very much held together by the *human* subject, where the rupturing of medical body and metaphor are contained within a practical and theoretical horizon. Nicolas Bourriaud refers to as a ‘sphere of inter-human relations’ (2002, p. 43). Yet, in its act of becoming what it is, I feel the hole in my heart as more-than a rupturing of anatomical muscle with de-oxygenated blood, as more-than a negative and fixed dimension of hole and heart, as more-than

the subtracting energy of human loss. These are the personal experiences that motivate my research. More-than its rupturings of history and memory, more-than debilitating illness and technological enhancing, more-than the vitality of its relations, of love, disappointment and desire. A hole in the heart, I argue, is more-than all of this. Compelled by these experiences, this research focuses on a hole in the heart as a 'more-than-human' (Manning, 2013) experience in the making. Erin Manning conceives the 'more-than-human' as 'a relational milieu that exceeds the human' (2013, p. 76). It is the second crucial navigational concept of this research and is defined as:

Human plus many-one-singular-generic spacetimes of experience; human plus the eventful improvisation of new and emergent vitality affects; human plus contingencies belonging to any number of categories; human plus more than currently human potential, collectively individuating. (Massumi in Manning, 2013, p. xx)

Positing the human as 'ecological rather than individual' (2013, p.76), Manning's milieu of the 'more-than-human' is a concept shared in a number of other fields. In environmental ecology, David Abram (1996) employs the term 'More-Than-Human' to articulate a world beyond the human as multi-sensory and multi-sensing environment, and in cultural geography, the 'more-than-human' is expressed by Sarah Whatmore (2006) as the vital, material conjuncture between the bio (life) and geo (earth)¹⁷. However, it is in the context of Manning's expression of the more-than-human, activated through process philosophy and her own speculative pragmatism, that I investigate the relational force and dynamic *life* of a hole in the heart. I do this within the context of the more-than-human because it is only in the midst of its sphere of social, political and creative relations that I envisage a future for this planet. I follow Rosi Braidotti (2014) in actively embracing this 'ethic of affirmation'. Braidotti argues that:

We need to borrow the energy from the future to overturn the conditions of the present. It's called love of the world...Picture what you don't have yet; anticipate what we want to become. We need to empower people to will, to want, to desire, a different world, to extract - to reterritorialize, indeed - from the misery of the present joyful, positive, affirmative relations and practices. (Braidotti in Braidotti & Vermeulen, 2014, p. 132)

In a world that Rosi Braidotti characterises as becoming largely instrumentalised by the forces of advanced capitalism (Braidotti, 2013), what is at stake, I believe, is our understanding of life itself as a creative force. As a creative practitioner, I contribute to this understanding by demonstrating in *living experience*, the creative force of a hole in the heart. On both a micro- and macro-level, the 'interval' of a hole in the heart, of *experience in*

the making-already made felt, defines the creative potential of this research. On a micro- level this interval is of central importance to my life. It is the imperative force that provokes my participating in the moment-to-moment, day-to-day experiencing of life, and it is the relational quality on whose life my very survival depends. To me, this is what process is. It is a participating-with the ongoing experience of life itself. On a macro- level, this imperative renders itself transversal as a proposition of shared experience. It is in this sense that Manning proposes the interval as the very nexus of creativity.

In *Relationescapes*, Manning writes, 'I cannot show you how to move my movement, but I can show you how to potentialize the interval to help your movement to its qualitative limit.' (2012, p. 20). In this research I cannot show you how to feel the holes in your heart, but attempt to offer you instead a way of testing the thresholds of your heart through the material holes in mine. This is just one way of addressing what Rosi Braidotti outlines as one of the most pressing concerns of our 'posthuman predicament', an issue she defines as our 'need to cultivate the relations that empower us, social, political, cultural possibilities that open up discourse so that we can think differently about ourselves' (Braidotti, Keynote, 2013). I ask, 'Is it possible that the relation of a hole in the heart might empower us to think and *feel* differently not only about ourselves but about the more-than-human ecology (social, political, environmental) of our shared world?' With so much at stake it is imperative that we invent more productive ways of engaging with the more-than-human relations that compose us.

12. Research proposition

This research tests the following proposition: Compose-with a hole in the heart! This concept of 'composing-with' (Manning, 2013) is the third crucial navigational concept of this research. Defined as making felt the 'more-than-of experience in the telling' (Manning, 2013, p. 159), I interpret Manning's concept of 'composing-with' as an open invitation or springboard from which to invent new ways of telling the living experience of a hole in the heart. This is a complex challenge as the integrity of this research is bound not only by the conditions of its production but perhaps even more importantly, by the experience of its telling. As I encounter throughout this thesis, it is one thing to invent-with a hole in the heart but another thing altogether to risk the lives of others with the revelations of *its* precarious telling. What I mean by this statement is that in composing-with a hole in the heart I am composing not only with the event itself but also with its field of relation. Such a relational field might include as conditions of its 'more-than-human' milieu, fathers and brothers and readers and lovers. As an active participant in this process of composing, one needs to take great care not only with one's

own precarious vulnerabilities, but perhaps even more importantly, with the vulnerabilities of a hole in the heart's *others*. It is through the testing of my proposition and the precarious experience of its telling, that the rupturing force of a hole in the heart begins to reveal, event by event, its *constructively disruptive* potential.

13. Research question

How might a process of composing-with a hole in the heart enable us to live more constructively through the material holes that compose us?

Medically repaired and technologically enhanced, my life is now conditional upon my hybridised body, and just as critically, my life is now a condition of its more-than-human assemblage. As the research progresses, I allow the day to day experience of living in relation-with a congenital hole in the heart to transform the way I feel and think about the metaphorical holes in my heart. As a result I begin to desire the presence of love and loss and separation not as metaphor but as an experience of shared social relation. The aim of this research is to activate as transversal experience the transformative potential of a hole in the heart.

14. Already in full flow,

this research embraces what might be referred to as a 'fictocritical' approach to writing. Understood as a hybridised writing, Amanda Nettelbeck defines 'fictocriticism' as moving 'between the poles of fiction ('invention'/'speculation') and criticism ('deduction'/'explication'), of subjectivity ('interiority') and objectivity ('exteriority')' (Nettelbeck, 1998, p. 3)¹⁸. As this research can attest, fictocriticism is an open and at times untameable language, its agile lines always chasing the rhythm before it is felt. This is a sentiment echoed by writer Anna Gibbs, who writes:

Fictocriticism is a way of writing for which there is no blueprint and which must be constantly invented anew in the face of the singular problems that arise in the course of engagement with what is researched. It is writing as research. (2005, para. 4)

For Gibbs, fictocriticism is a performative mode of writing 'in which the strategies of the telling are part of the tale' (1997, para. 3). It is in this sense, that I cast fictocriticism as an ambitious line in which to compose-with this research.

As Deleuze and Guattari write in relation to their concept of the novella, ‘we are all made of lines’ (2004, p. 214). Throughout this research, a hole in the heart is a line that ruptures and cleaves and blurs and leaks. A fictocritical approach to making lines with words on paper seems to me the best way of thinking and writing and breathing. For me, in the materiality of its *linguaging*, fictocriticism enables a robust fracturing of linear understandings of space and time, actively disrupting what Rosi Braidotti refers to as ‘the mould of linearity’ (2013, p. 166). In this research, my fictocritical approach to research-creation manifests itself through: my naming of research events, my structuring of the thesis¹⁹, my use of a direct mode of address, my activating of experience in the present tense – in which I consciously shift from noun to verb, from static objects and subjects to language as active and ongoing process – and its resolute commitment to a language of *eventing*.

In relation-with contemporary art I expose theoretical and practical works that explore experiential ‘encounter’ as a way of producing new relations. I interweave the thinking of Nicolas Bourriaud (2002), Dave Beech (2010) Amelia Barikin (2012) and Simon O’Sullivan (2007) with a disparate selection of artworks that might be loosely described as *relational*. Employing a wide range of media and approaches, these artists include Roni Horn (USA), Pierre Huyghe (France), Francis Alÿs (Belgium/ México), Bas Jan Ader (Netherlands), Urs Fischer (Switzerland), Lygia Clark (Brazil), Anri Sala (Albania), Heather and Ivan Morison (Wales) and Tino Seghal (Britain/ Germany). Dispersed sporadically throughout this research, what these works share is an unwavering commitment to the act of rupturing. Borne from extreme situations of political and social repression, ecological catastrophe and fissures of constructed excavation and accident, each of these artworks reveal their own histories of rupture. With pinpoint precision, I insert my encountering of these artworks into the flesh of this thesis as a way of consciously disrupting the linearity of its flow. It is in this sense that I embrace the force of each one of these artworks as a new event. As this research unfolds, I use the momentum of their rupturing to propel my own work beyond the limits of my own experience and towards the unknown.

Throughout this thesis, I draw my understanding of the event as *experience in the making-already made felt* from experiential, materialist and relational approaches within philosophy and contemporary art. In relation with philosophy, I carve a tentative path through the philosophical thinking of Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari by activating Deleuze’s concepts of ‘affect’, ‘event’ and ‘becoming’ alongside Deleuze’s collaborative thinking with Guattari on the concept of ‘desire’. I amplify this reading and thinking through the material flows of New Materialism (Coole & Frost, 2010) and its emerging influence as a creative force in contemporary art (Barrett & Bolt, 2013; Jagodinski and Wallin, 2013). I weave the materialist thinking of

Rosi Braidotti, the activist philosophy of Brian Massumi and perhaps, most influentially, the speculative pragmatism of Erin Manning. Most notably, I find Manning's expressions of the 'more-than-human', 'becoming-body', and invitation to 'compose-with' as invaluable to my articulating, elaborating and thinking into being; this process I will come to define as the *speculative eventing* of a hole in the heart.

15. Disrupting in another way

the spatial and durational linearity of this research, are my experiences of eventing through four international fieldwork residencies in México, Iceland and Canada. These invaluable experiences enable me to think, make, share and make-public my research alongside a community of peers; artists, farmers, taxi drivers, fishermen, mountain guides, poets, doctors, geographers and philosophers. This 'fieldwork' is a deliberate act of inviting into my practice the experience of unfamiliar environments. At every turn, this process of engaging with new ways of feeling and thinking and doing impresses upon me the importance of learning to move-with the hole in my heart as a condition of its relational field. This moving of hole and heart extends my body through México and Iceland; pulls me back across the black-green fells of the north of England. These are the lines in which I begin to re-assemble distance and separation through the matter of space and time.

At SOMA International Artists Residency in México City (2012), I listen to the sounds of a million Monarch Butterflies. Over and over I watch their frenzied flight animate my computer screen. I immerse myself in the literature-driven conceptual artworks of young Mexican artist Jorge Mendez-Blake. I meet a polar bear and make balloons, I migrate artworks to a small fishing village in northern Iceland in anticipation of my own unexpected 'line of flight' (Deleuze and Guattari, 2004). I return to Australia, to country New South Wales. I walk the banks of the Murrumbidgee River and breathe its squalls of Sulphur-crested Cockatoo. And then to Iceland. At SÍM Residency, (Samband Íslenskra Myndlistarmanna) in Reykjavík (2012) I discover a world of Icelandic hidden people. Said to have 'supra-human' capacities, these centuries-old *huldufólk* or elves as they are better known, live in the underworld as rocks and hills. To borrow Donna Haraway's term, as the events of this thesis unfold, I define this vitality of environment as my 'companion species' (2008). At Nes Artist Residency (Nes listamiðstöðvar) in Skagaströnd (2012), a small fishing village in northern Iceland I spend my days looking for polar bears in the Arctic Ocean but it is my own catastrophic experience of becoming-bear that changes everything.

Back in Australia, I write and read and edit and re-assemble my experience of these events. In late 2013, towards the end of my candidature, I am invited through its *Immediations* project to undertake a residency at the SenseLab at Concordia University in Montréal, Canada. I pack up what is now a constellation of *living holes* and shape their collective body as mine. We arrive, these events and I, as one affective environment. Described as a collective of thinking and making dedicated to ‘a practice of the event’ (Manning & Massumi, 2014, p. 90), the SenseLab offers me the time and space to reflect and re-assemble the events of this thesis. In words spoken and read, I meet the poet-philosophy of Arakawa and Gins, and make tentative moves towards the philosophy of Gilbert Simondon and William James. I meet Nietzsche’s will to power through Erin Manning’s magnetized fabrics and experimental weather systems. I learn to attune differently to the affective collectivity of the now. Most critically, at the SenseLab, what I begin to understand is the dynamic unfolding of the experimental event that is becoming this thesis.

16. A summary of arcs

This thesis is structured in six arcs of research-creation. Imagine these arcs as the intersecting moments of a continuous line that comes to meet itself as full circle. Each arc projecting its own direction, its own looping return. These six arcs bring together (and sometimes push apart) lines of writing and making and filming and drawing and walking and waiting and chancing the living experience of which they are a vital part. Together, they reveal 188 numbered research events. These events are video, photographic and fictocritical works, they are philosophical concepts, found objects, material discussions about holes in hearts; they are chance encounters and constructed situations. They are research-creation. I make no hierarchical distinction between the events. At times they appear in chronological order, at other times they push out of order. They leak. These six arcs carve lines of experiencing, remembering, imagining, encountering and inventing. They are my collective experience of inventing-with the more-than-human bodies that compose me. Crucially, it is the interweaving and concrescent moving of these lines that creates the arrhythmic and rupturing loop of this thesis.

In *Arc I: Open in*, I identify the aims and motivations of this research project and introduces my research proposition. This arc provides a brief overview of the project, outlining the focus, key concepts and literature that underpins this research.

Arcs II, III, IV and V: In these middle four arcs, I compose-with the living experience of the hole(s) in my own heart. In each of these arcs I articulate three moves: I identify a particular expression of a living hole; I transform this expression into a technique of research-creation; I demonstrate how I am using this technique to compose-with the living hole. Each arc develops a different technique of research-creation.

In *Arc II: Towards triggering*, I come to understand how a hole in the heart lives. In this arc I re-conceptualise a hole in the heart as a *living hole*. Traversing the complex materiality of the heart, this arc forges a relationship that incorporates the congenital holding of a defective heart, a captive polar bear in a Mexican zoo, the vitality of nonorganic matter and Pierre Huyghe's composting artwork, *Untilled* (2012). Arc II invites you to enter into relation with the living hole. I unfold *triggering* – the first technique of this research – as a way of entering into relation with a confluence of new experiences, images, objects, materials and events.

In *Arc III: Towards oothra* and *Arc IV: Towards Infoliating*, I learn to move-with the incipient forces of the living hole. I identify the two forces of the living hole as *always pushing from the core* and *cutting away from the inside edge*. In *Arc III: Towards oothra*, I come to understand how a living hole opens. I enter Francis Alÿs' *Tornado* (2000-10) and Roni Horn's imperceptible Arctic Circle. This arc unfolds *oothra* as the second technique of this research. Through *oothra's* ways of *wandering* and *participating* I compose-with the holes in my heart, moving between México, Iceland, England, Germany, Portugal, The Netherlands and Canada in an ongoing attempt to *Always push from the core!* In *Arc IV: Towards Infoliating*, I investigate the way a living hole might grow. Cut away from the inside edge! In this arc I unfold *infoliating*, a technique of sedimenting material away from the event of its holding. I use *infoliating's* ways of displacing and distilling to extract the most essential experiences from *oothra's* eventing. In pages 99 – 116, I present *infoliating's* newly constructed relational fields in preparation for the slippery betweenness of *scoring*.

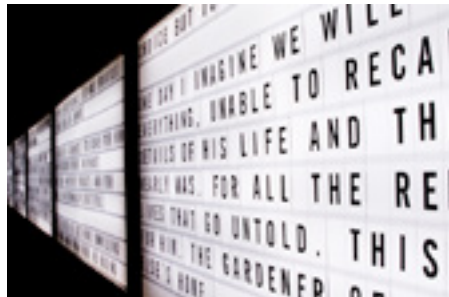
In *Arc V: Towards scoring*, I come to understand how a living hole leaks, infects and renders itself as shared relation. In this final technique of research-creation, I attempt to metamorphosise the living hole as a collective event in the making. This fifth arc unfolds *scoring*, a conjugating-rupturing of telling.

In *Arc VI: Open out*, I provide a conclusion and discuss how the research unfolds in relation-with the intuitive eventing of the living hole. This arc articulates how this research addresses the key research question and discusses its original contribution to new knowledge in the field of research-creation.

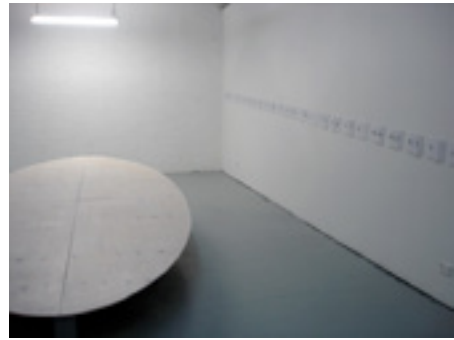
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¹ In Deleuze's expression of the word, 'middle' is also taken to mean 'milieu' or environment. In this sense it is both in the middle and in the midst that I begin. Throughout this research I explore the relations of body and milieu. Through the writing of philosopher and artist, Erin Manning, I am introduced to the philosophy of Gilbert Simondon. Simondon's concept of 'associated milieu', a concept Manning defines as 'a relational field activated by the event in-forming' (2013, p.26) proposes an eventful opening for this research. ←

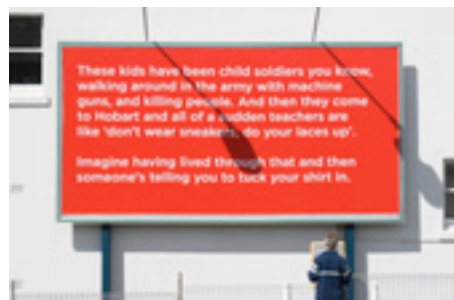
² *fifteen years* (2008), Justy Phillips. Five illuminated lightboxes with movable letters, Tasmanian Oak, Fluorescent tubes, acrylic. 5 x 2400mm x 1200mm. Carnegie Gallery, Hobart. Installation views. ←



³ *letters for dad* (2006), Justy Phillips. Paper, fluorescent ink, cellophane, screws, 10smm x 150mm x 10mm. Inflight ARI, Hobart. Installation views. ←



⁴ *write/here project* (2005-7), Justy Phillips and James Newitt. Sites Numbers 21, 12, 6 and 2, Vinyl. 6000mm x 3000mm, (site #2 12700mm x 3400mm). Hobart CBD. Installation views. ←



⁵ Presented as part of Tasmania's Ten Days on the Island, the *write/here project* established itself in twenty-seven different sites and became the first billboard-oriented art project to inhabit the billboards of an entire city. ←

⁶ *The Yellow Line*, 2013, Justy Phillips. Aluminium, LED lighting. Acrylic. 2200mm x 200mm x 200mm. Hobart. Installation views. ←



⁷ *The Yellow Line* is the first and only permanent public artwork to acknowledge gay activism in Australia. ←

⁸ Manning develops her expression of the 'more-than' from Gilbert Simondon's concept of individuation, the ontogenetic process through which individuals come to be. Manning's concept of 'more-than' is a way of conceiving the world as process rather than product, as the span of activity rather than its outcomes. Brian Massumi writes that, 'processually speaking, a making is always bigger than the made. The making includes, in germ, the form of what will come to be, as well as the functions of its being, once arisen, will afford. The span of a becoming is broader than a being. An individuation is more encompassing than an individual. To understand individuation, this *more-than* of becoming can never be lost from sight' (in Manning, 2013, p. xi). Manning's concept of, 'more-than' is a way of expressing this making of experience. Manning discusses this concept in detail throughout her book, *Always More Than One* (2013). ←

⁹ In *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia* (2004), Deleuze and Guattari think their concept of 'novella' as three links, What happened? (The modality or expression), Secrecy (the form), Body Posture (the content). Of the novella they write, 'It may even be that nothing happened, but is precisely that nothing that makes us say, Whatever could have happened to make me forget where I put my keys, or whether I mailed that letter, etc.? What little blood vessel in my brain could have ruptured? What is this nothing that makes something happen?' (2004, p. 214). ←

¹⁰ Jagodinski and Wallin define 'doing' as referring to 'a place of becoming and play' (2013, p. 68). 'Doing, in this sense, is a propositional and open process of engagement rather than 'making' which Jagodinski and Wallin argue is a 'process of naming, knowing and ordering matter' (Ibid.). In *Parables for the Virtual*, Brian Massumi use the term 'something doing' as that which is 'always already just stirring, before it starts to take definitive experiential form' (Massumi, 2002, p. 27). ←

- 11 'in-act' as the etymological term of 'actual' – see (Massumi 2011, p.16). Drawing on the philosophy of Alfred North Whitehead, Erin Manning explores this concept of 'in-act' as 'the immanent field where the force of eventness can be felt' (2013, p. 23). In *Always More Than One*, she writes, 'What is inact is not the body as such or the event's time-line but its force of life-living.' (Manning, 2013, p. 25-6). ←
- 12 In 2003, the term 'research-creation' was introduced in Canada through The Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council (SSHRC). It appeared as a new funding category, which aimed to foster hybrid forms of research activity both within and beyond the academic institution. Massumi and Manning write that in the absence of a radical rethinking of how creative practice and theoretical research interpenetrate, the new category was doomed to become little more than an institutional operator. The SenseLab, a laboratory for thought in motion at Concordia University in Montréal, offer a new expression of research-creation, one in which the hyphenation is taken seriously, as 'a mutual interpenetration of processes' (Manning & Massumi, 2014, p. 88-9). ←
- 13 In *The Known World*, Ross Gibson defines discovery-based research as an experimental process of being 'immersed and extracted, involved yet also critically distanced, ill-disciplined and shifty but also disciplined and reflective' (2010, p.10). ←
- 14 Halprin stresses that RSVP Cycles 'operate in any direction and by overlapping. The cycle can start at any point and move in any direction. The sequence is completely variable depending on the situation, the scorer, and the intent'. (Halprin, 2002, p. 45). The RSVP Cycles expand as: R: Resources which are what you have to work with. These include human and physical resources and their motivation and aims; S: Scores which describe the process leading to the performance; V: Valuation which analyses the results of action and possibly selectivity and decisions. The term "valuation" is one coined to suggest the action-oriented as well as the decision-oriented aspects of V in the cycle; P: Performance which is the resultant of scores and is the "style" of the process. Halprin's RSVP Cycles is very much a human-centered creative process. The cycle, argues Halprin, must work at two levels. The first cycle is an inner one. It deals with the personal, private and 'inner-self and 'motivational inner world'. Halprin understands this inner cycle as operating at the core of a 'community' or 'group-oriented outer cycle', which is in effect composed of all the individual self-cycles engaged in the activity of scoring. Together the self-oriented inner cycle and the group-oriented outer cycle compose the RSVP Cycles 'necessary to encompass all human creative process' (Halprin, 2002, p. 45). ←
- 15 St. Jude Medical describes the Amplatzer Device™ or St. Jude Amplatzer Atrial Septal Occluder (ASO) as a 'cardiac implant device used in children and adults to treat an abnormal hole between the upper left and right chambers (atria) of the heart, known as an atrial septal defect (ASD). The metal device is inserted through a thin tube (catheter) directly into a vein. The Amplatzer Device™ is considered a minimally invasive method for ASD closure, and is an alternative to open heart surgery'. <http://health.sjm.com/amplatzer-septal-occluder> ←
- 16 'Radiofrequency ablation (RFA) is described in the *Sabiston Textbook of Surgery: The Biological Basis of Modern Surgical Practice*, as 'a medical procedure in which part of the electrical conduction system of the heart, tumor or other dysfunctional tissue is ablated using the heat generated from high frequency alternating current (in the range of 350–500 kHz)' (Sabiston and Townsend, 2012, p. 236). ←
- 17 Cultural anthropologist Jamie Lorimer makes the case for a 'more-than-human' research methodology, composing three interwoven strands. Firstly, it challenges ontologies of humanism through a sustained examination of materiality and agency, 'drawing attention to the diverse objects, organisms, forces and materialities that populate the world and cross between porous bodies' (2013, p. 62). Secondly, it involves a re-thinking of intelligence away from cognition and representation and towards relational and distributed forces of embodiment, performance and affect.

Third, Lorimer identifies a focus on ‘modes of relational and/or affirmative ethics and politics that are open to difference (understood as process). More-than-human approaches to research creation are, proposes Lorimer, ‘affective and micropolitical experiments’ (2013, p. 63). ←

18 Fictocriticism, as a dynamic performative mode of writing emerged in the work of feminist writers of the 1970's and 80's, including writers such as Hélène Cixous and Luce Irigaray. In Australia, fictocritical approaches are evident in the work of writers as broad ranging as Helen Garner (1995), Linda Marie Walker (1998) and Jessica Wilkinson (2012). For an in-depth investigation into the fictocritical form, see Helen Flavell's Doctoral thesis; *Writing-between: Australian and Canadian ficto-criticism* (Flavell, 2004). ←

19 In developing the structure of this conceptual written document I encountered several influential narrative structures. I share the following books, for their captivating writing, reading, feeling and thinking They are: Roland Barthes' *A Lover's Discourse* (2010), eloquently described as ‘a jar of nuances: trapped fireflies’ (Koestenbaum, 2010, p. ix); *Reality Hunger* (2011) by David Shields, an encyclopaedic dictionary of sampling, plagiarism, reading and writing; Joan Didion's *The Year of Magical Thinking* (2012) and Theodore Zeldin's *An Intimate History of Humanity* (1998), for rupturing an arrhythmia of linear events; Heather and Ivan Morison's *Falling into Place* (2009), for its activating of existing creative works through newly constructed fictional narratives; Judith Schalansky's *Atlas of Remote Islands: Fifty Islands I have not visited and never will* (2010), for its unique journeying of the unknown; *The Old Ways* (2013) by Robert Macfarlane, for its movements between poetry and critique; Anne Carson's *Autobiography of Red* (1999), for its extraordinary verse and David Grossman's *Falling Out of Time* (2014), for its control. With each of these books I traverse some of the most pivotal thresholds of this research. ←

18. To enter the life of a hole,

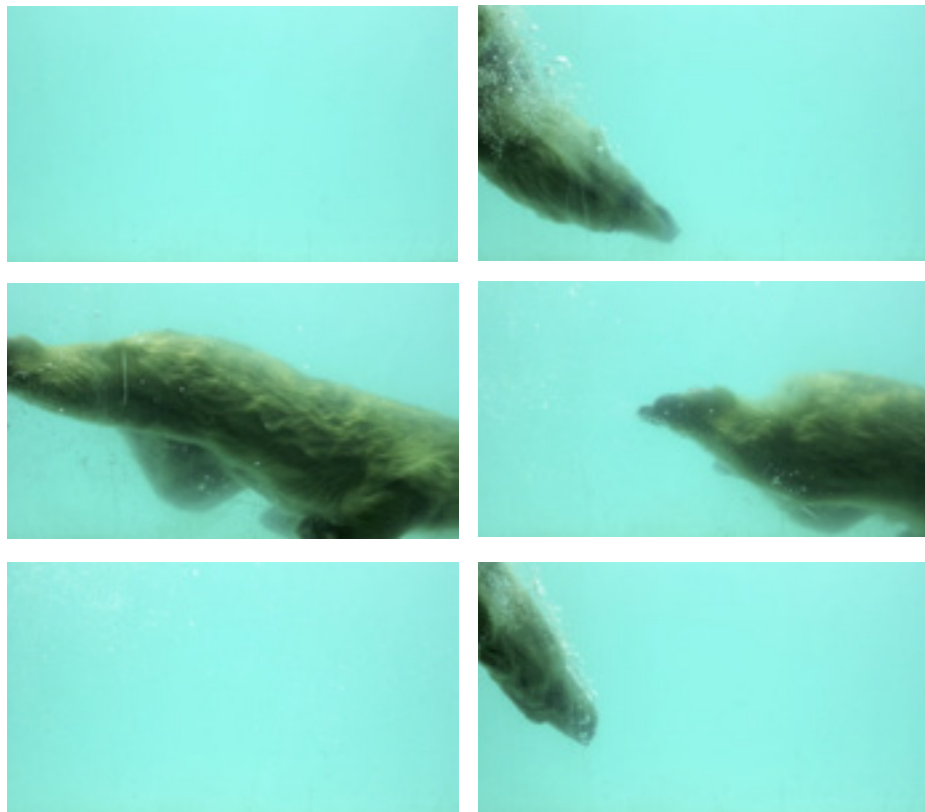
one must first engage with the event of its making. Its activity. Its history. I can tell you that my hole was created through congenital abnormality. You may have found yours in the street, in the brickwork of your home. In the words of a lover. In shadow. These are the holes we consume through breathing and eating and moving and speaking. And sometimes these holes begin to consume us. They grow inside us. With us. Through us. This is what happened to me.

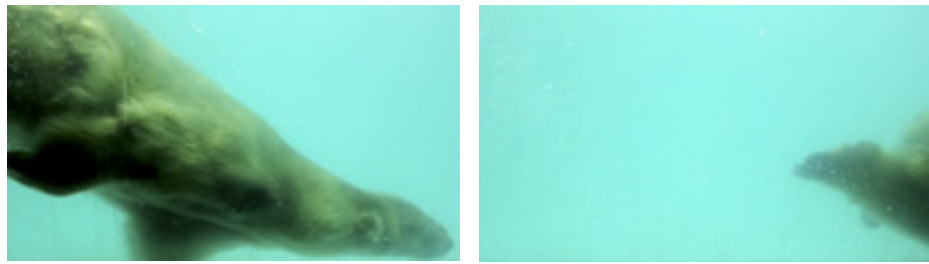
Arc II: Towards triggering

19. It started as a tiny hole.

From the day I was born to the day I was thirty. It grew as I grew. It was one of the largest holes they had ever seen, they said. And so quiet compared to all the others they had ever heard. They stood in turn with their heads to my chest and no one was allowed to breathe. Except me. And no one could hear its unusual shape. Except me. I was sitting in one of those fake velvet club chairs when I first heard the news. When a hole was still a whole. Listening to the words fall from his body into mine I was immediately oppressed by two violent forces. One: The thought of my chest wall cracking into two as they reached inside to extract my punctured heart. Two: The repulsive touch of that fake velour skin pressing into my heart from the outside. Too much flapping. Too much breathing. Not enough air for everyone.

20. *Short Circuit Green*





Video stills. [Video](#) documentation of an event (02:27). México. 2012.

21. In a green tank at Morelia Zoo I encounter a lone polar bear.

He knows he will attract people like me. People who understand the way things grow inside themselves. The camels are running now, kind of information and the salty pineapple I just bought churns my hurty insides. An island of fake rocks and a solitary polar bear circling the shore. Children wait at the underground viewing wall. Throw pebbles at his window. And the weight of the pineapple scars my chest like an anchor grasping for shore. The chimpanzees are staring at me. Where else should they look? A giant poster strapped to the wall behind their rubber tyre screams in drop shadow letters 'Thank you for calling me Yoltzin'. I don't know which one of you is Yoltzin and why the others don't have names. And why is the polar bear kept alone? Why not with other things that look like him? Other things in whom he can be seen. It's starting to rain now. I stare at the antelope and wonder if his insides are all twisted in the ocean like mine. And the skies are building. Slowly north.

22. I take these lines of writing and floating hurting pineapple

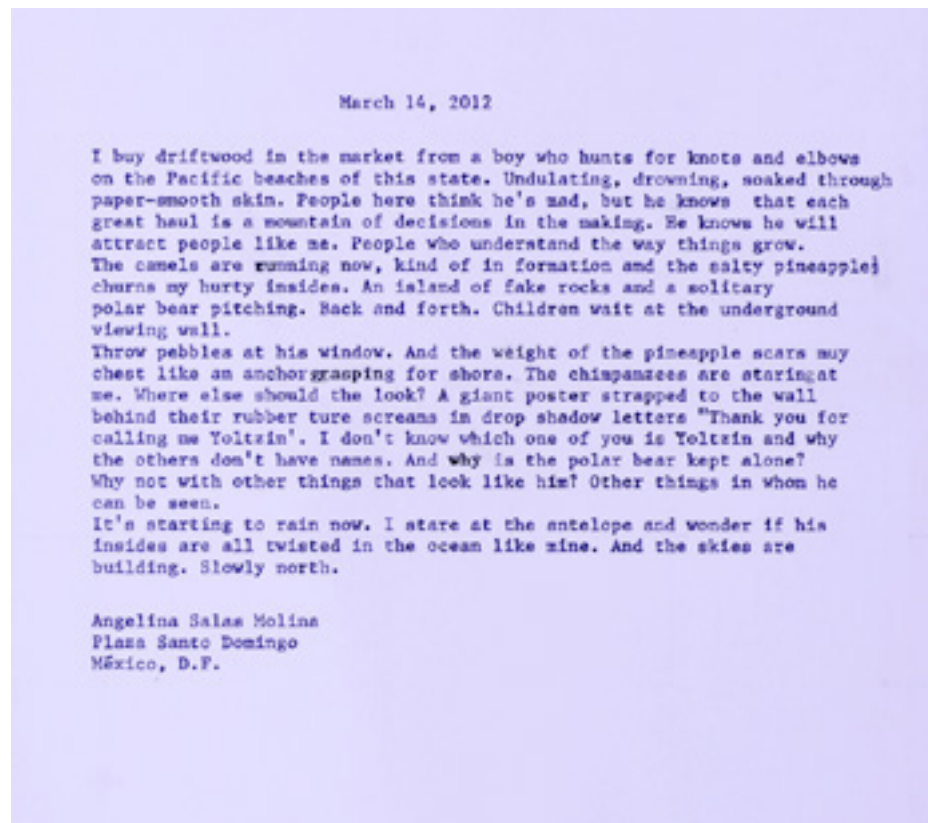
to a lady in the Plaza de Santo Domingo in México D.F.. My naming of this event reflects the date of its making, *March 14, 2012* (Phillips 2012). Using an electronic typewriter and carbon copy paper I ask this lady in sky-blue shirt to make a duplicate for me. She cannot read these English words but nevertheless glides effortlessly through my lines of writing. With her eyes on my handwritten notepaper from the zoo, she moves the language of my feeling with her touch-touch-typing. Mauve paper and purple ink follow her dancing fingers. Why make a copy? Why do it here in this public square? It is only when I hear the noise of her motorised punching that I feel the pain in my stomach easing.

23. *Her name is Angelina Salas Molina.*



Production still. [Video](#) documentation of an event, 00:30. México D.F.. 2012.

24. *March 14, 2012*



Carbon copy of an event (detail). Paper, ink. 210mm x 280mm. México D.F.. 2012

25. It begins with a sensation, a friction between metal and flesh.

It's August 2004, one week before my thirtieth birthday and I undergo a surgical procedure to repair the Atrial Septal Defect in my heart with an Amplatzer Device™. At its widest point the defective rupture in the internal walls of my heart measured 32mm in diameter. An opening just large enough to hide a walnut. The Amplatzer Device™, a composite of titanium and nylon, is commonly referred to as 'metal with memory'. With the aid of medical imaging, these material devices are shaped to the individual dimensions and contours of holes in hearts in hospital operating tables around the world. Echoes of lives within lives within lives. Whilst looking at an image of my ruptured heart, a cardiac surgeon in his late fifties gives memory to this technologically advanced metal by shaping it between his hands. He gently teases the metal between forefinger and palm, presses it into itself as if releasing rare earth metal from its core. When clamped to the walls of my heart, this surgeon's touch remembers everything. I am sure of it. As all the air and all the blood flows freely and in the right direction for the first time in my life I can't help but wonder, How will the shadow of his life now illuminate this hole in my heart?

26. I ask: At what precise moment could the beating of another's heart re-shape the boundaries of your life?

This *life* is theorised by Jane Bennett as a 'vital materiality' that runs through and across both human and nonhuman bodies. Bennett aims to 'articulate the elusive idea of a materiality that is itself heterogeneous, itself a differential of intensities, itself a life' (2010, p. 57). Bennett, through her vision of 'thingness' or 'thing power' argues that in this 'strange, vital materialism', there is 'no indivisible atom that is not itself aquiver with virtual force' (2010, p. 57). Bennett goes as far as drawing this force or 'life' away from its 'mooring in the physiological and organic', arguing instead for such a thing as a mineral or metallic life, a life she defines as the *it* in "*it rains*" (2010, p. 53).

27. This metal has life.

Bennett's proposition that nonorganic bodies have life invokes in me a startling revelation. The titanium device implanted through the hole in my heart is what Bennett describes as 'a liveliness intermeshed with human agency' (Bennett in Bennett and Loenhardt, 2011, para. 2). This metal has life. And if this metal has life then the hole of which it is a part, its 'assemblage' (Deleuze and Guattari, 2004), must also be living. Deleuze and Guattari define 'assemblages' as 'complex constellations of objects, bodies, expressions, qualities, and territories that come together for varying periods

of time to ideally create new ways of functioning' (Livesey, 2012, p. 18). As an assemblage, a hole in the heart is not a static body of matter, but a dynamic and constantly changing field of relations. It is an opening that composes flows and intensities, speeds and slowness, activity and rest.

After Bennett, I propose that a hole in the heart is vital materiality in the making. Bennett's concept of 'virtual force' as an expression of vitality triggers a new way of feeling the hole in my heart. A hole in the heart, I suggest, is no longer merely a physical site of interruption but rather, a more-than-human assemblage of rupturing forces and vital matter. Inflecting Deleuze and Guattari's concept of assemblage, Bennett writes:

Assemblages are living, throbbing confederations that are able to function despite the persistent presence of energies that confound them from within...Each member of the assemblage has a certain vital force, but there is also an effectivity proper to the grouping as such: an agency of the assemblage. (Bennett, 2011)

However, rather than affording agency¹ to the materiality of objects or 'thingness' (Bennett, 2010), I conceive of vitality itself as agency. Vitality, I propose as the affective force of self-organising assemblages. In the unique assemblage of a hole and a heart, it is I suggest, vitality itself that brings their relation into being. A hole in the heart is amongst other things, an assemblage of organic and inorganic matter, experiences, memories, events and desires. For me, these holes compose themselves at particular periods of time as more-than-human assemblages of platelets, titanium, skin, breath and nylon. Ribbons. Heads. Born. Velvet. Sitting. Fake. Repulsive. Cracking. Pressing. Punctured. Glaciers. Listening. Free. Now that my skin has grown around the memory of my surgeon's hands, it is not only a material flow, that heady mix of blood and air that sustains me. But flows of relation. Of thinking. Of actions. Of love. Of difference. Flowing as one through his shadow and mine. A hole in the heart is, I propose, a dynamic negotiation of threshold and resistance.

28. *Gum on tree*



Photographic documentation of a found event. Morelia, México. 2012

29. *Elf rock*



Photographic documentation of a found event. Reykjavík, Iceland. 2012

30. Some people have a pathological fear of holes.

It's called tryphobia. It manifests as an aversion and even revulsion to clustered holes in materials including honeycomb, seed pods, skin, meat and plants (Cole and Wilkins, 2013)². More commonly, a hole is understood to name an absence or lack of material. In the *New Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*, a hole is defined as 'an empty place or cavity in a solid body' (1993, p. 1247). In this sense, a hole is often used to refer to some kind of *situated absence*, suggesting not only an absence of matter, but an absence of matter *in place*. A hole in a shoe. A hole in a bitumen road. A hole in an argument. On each occasion, the hole names a kind of *bifurcated bodying*. It is at once a term that names a relation of a presence (or absence) held and the body of its holding. In this research, I investigate the hole not as object or subject, but as process – as an *experience in the making-already made felt* – of this bifurcated bodying.

31. Let me tell you a story. Inside this body there is a heart. Just like yours.

The heart is 'conscience' and 'desire'. It is the 'innermost part of anything' and the vital, essential, working part of something. Dictionary entries for the word 'heart' include the hollow muscular bodily organ, the centre of vital bodily functions, the seat of life. The heart is also defined as the stomach. As the mind. It is the seat of perception, of understanding and, albeit rarely used, of memory. The heart is the white tender centre of a cabbage. It is purpose and inclination. It is the seat of courage, of energy, of ardour (*The New Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*, 1993, p. 1205). Always more than a mechanically defined organ of the human body, the heart remains intrinsically linked to conceptions of humanness, however we embrace its more-than-human tonalities, its electrical impulses continue to fire the flow of blood through our core.

32. I offer the heart's intelligence as a way of opening its stomach, its soul.

Cultural historian Fay Bound Alberti (2012) provides an expanded historical context for the many dimensions of the heart; physiological, psychological, medical and sensational. Bound Alberti argues that modern conceptions of the heart are a direct result of five key shifts in understanding: (1) the heart as a symbol of affect and affection, and as an organ of emotion; (2) the heart as mechanical, chemical, nervous or hormonal; (3) the heart as a medical pump; (4) the heart as a relationship between emotion and disease; (5) the shifting relationship between the structure and function of the heart (2012, p. 4-9). To Bound Alberti's list I propose a sixth conception – the heart as organ(ism); as spatial, durational more-than-human assemblage of vital matter.

In contemporary life the material body of the heart is assembling itself in unprecedented ways. In the relational practices of artists such as Tino Seghal, it is felt through the presence of strangers. In his artwork commission for Documenta 13, titled *This Variation* (2013)³, the artist asks what it means to belong as strangers to an unknowable whole. I ask what it means to experience our material holes through a shared heart? To experience our hearts through the sharing of material holes? As I enter Seghal's artwork, a room of almost total darkness, I am met with the vocal sounds of mutterings, of chattering teeth, or is it falling rain? The almost familiar riffs of pop songs I should have recognized. But not once could I get hold of their rhythm nor the rhythm of our shared darkness-holding. It is mesmerizing and terrifying at the same time. In literature, I find the material body of the heart in the pages of works as diverse as Robert Macfarlane's *The Old Ways: A Journey on Foot* (2013)⁴, revealing itself as the sediment of glacial rock; in *Falling Out of Time*⁵, David Grossman's (2014) death-defying work of loss, it leaks through the darkness as radiant control; and in *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius*⁶, Dave Egger's (2007) autobiographical fiction, I experience the materiality of the heart as pulp, as water, as sibling love. In these contemporary practices, a new focus on narratives grounded in affective experience and the shared relation of a material heart is opening new spaces of meaning, where one might suggest that the heart is reasserting itself as an intelligent organ.

33. It is claimed that the heart sends more information to the brain than the brain sends to the heart.

Moving against the flow of many in the scientific community, Bound Alberti locates these counter-narratives of affective intelligence in materiality and a new scientific discourse (2012), which is reworking and redefining the nature of the heart to include a concept of body memory known as 'cellular memories'. This hypothesis proposes that it is not only the brain, but the body itself that is capable of storing memories of lived experience. Of the congenital hole in my heart I ask: 'If metal has memory and body has memory, could a hole in the heart not have memory too?'. At the Institute of HeartMath, a Californian research centre dedicated to exploring the physiological mechanisms by which the heart communicates with the brain, scientists are targeting what they believe to be a 'little brain' in the heart. Defined by Armour (2007) as the 'heart brain', this body is thought to have extensive sensory capacities and it is claimed, can act independently of the cranial brain⁷. This ability to act – to *participate* – I propose, is generated by the vitality of its more-than-human body. In this sense, the metal in my heart is no longer a prosthetic but ontogenetic⁸ proposition.

34. *Dog with corn cob*

Photographic documentation of a found event. Angangueo, México. 2012.

35. A body is defined by the relations of its parts.

For Deleuze and Guattari (2004), a body can be understood as more than a physical entity such as a human or animal body; it is also conceived as a social body, a body of work, a collectivity or an idea. Do not imagine the body of a hole in a heart as a static whole but rather as ‘a flow of affective forces’ (Deleuze and Guattari, 2004, p. 284). For Deleuze, ‘affect’ relates not to a personal feeling or emotional state, but a material force defined as ‘the change, or variation, that occurs when bodies collide, or come into contact’ (Colman, 2012, p. 11). Following Deleuze, Rosi Braidotti writes:

A body is, spatially speaking, a slice of forces that have specific qualities, relations, speed and rates of change. Their common denominator is that they are intelligent matter, endowed with the capacity to affect and be affected, to interrelate. Temporally speaking, a body is a portion of living memory that endures by undergoing constant internal modifications following the encounter with other bodies and forces. (Braidotti, 2002, p. 99)

Braidotti’s bringing into words the body as ‘living memory’ cleaves for me, a passage between the past of memory and the activated experience of the present. In this concept of living memory I find another way of experimenting the poetic living experience of the hole(s) in my heart. Living memory. Living metal. Living memory metal. With this vitality of flesh and rare metal I venture deeper and deeper into the living memory of *experience*

in the making-already made felt. Its slippery betweenness is my living experience of bodying. Through a process Brian Massumi comes to define as 'thinking-feeling' (2008), I come to understand this body as 'the seat of bare activity: the region of indistinction between the human and matter where something doing is always already just stirring, before it starts to take definitive experiential form' (Massumi, 2002, p.27). As I read Massumi's words, I feel the body of my heart as the damaged passage of an anatomical organ. I feel it as loss, as weight, as fiction. I use these feelings to propose a new definition of the heart, a re-envisioning which employs Deleuze's concepts of affect and body to renegotiate the 'feeling heart' as a more-than-human body of self-organising, vital matter. In this thinking, the heart is no longer an organ but an organ(ism). Open in or open out. Re-imagine the heart. Not through its structural boundaries but through momentum and flow. This re-made heart is a provocation. If the more-than-human heart can be understood as an accumulation of the affective forces which form it, I propose that the material holes we feel-with the bodies of our hearts might also be understood as the presence of affective force.

36. *Heart of the matter*



Photographic documentation of a commissioned event. Five hand-woven rodeo saddle blankets. 620mm x 730mm. Patzcuaro, México. 2012.⁹

37. In *What is Philosophy?*,

Deleuze and Guattari (1994) write that all three forms of thought; science, philosophy and art share the brain at their junction. But what if, as research from the Institute of HeartMath suggests, the heart itself embodies a 'little brain'? Where might the sensation of experience be felt? In the brain, in the heart or the 'heart brain'? If, as its dictionary definition suggests, the heart is 'conscience', then how might one feel a hole-ing of conscience through the heart? How might a hole-ing of the 'heart-brain' compose itself? How might assemblages of guilt, responsibility and regret compose themselves as material holes? If, as Rollin McCraty, Director of Research at the Institute of HeartMath states, 'the heart appears to be tuned into or have access to a field of information not bound by time and space' (McCraty in Vines, 2009, 00:03:10), how might the heart as sensing organ(ism) – as spatial, durational more-than-human assemblage of vital matter – open memory, history, and the not-yet of its future experience?

38. In risk.

This is how we *live* our material holes. As our anxieties, as our fears. They are our maybes. They are invisible, imperceptible events that somehow happen to us without our knowing. In this sense, they may be unknowable. So often the passage of unidentifiable flow. At certain moments these holes compose with each other, through each other, in spite of each other. They manifest as sensitivities, gestures, ruptures; as words, experiences, as feelings. This is the living experience of the material holes that compose us.

39. These relations I define as 'living holes'.

Defined as self-creating, more-than-human assemblages of vital matter, living holes, I suggest, are interstitial bodies. The body, writes Manning, 'is what emerges at the intersection where what is inside the skin reaches out to meet its environmental return. The body is what makes a life of a moving in-between' (2007, para. 1). The hole and the heart, these are the edges with which the living hole creates the experience of itself. The living hole its body in-between. These are the edges through which it reveals itself as process. As process, every hole is unique, every event of its making being 'the dynamic unity of the differentials of a given relational field' (Massumi, 2011, p. 20). What is so crucial to the opening of this research is my experiencing of the living hole as a shared life. Bennett defines a 'life' as naming 'a restless activeness, a destructive-creative force-presence that does not coincide fully with any specific body' (2010, p. 53). This definition suggests to me that the life of a hole might present itself within and across a large number of bodies

at any one time. A beating heart, a glacial rock, a sentence spoken in haste, an ocean, a rainbow in a Montréal skyline. These are just some of the bodies of its making.

40. Living holes are the material holes that compose us

and as such they have the potential to re-compose us in ways we are yet to imagine. One way of thinking these relational dimensions of a living hole is through Deleuze's concept of the 'minor'. The concept of minority or minor is defined in two ways by Deleuze. In the first instance, minority designates a factual condition understood as an exclusion from, or subordinate fraction of the majority (1993a). The hole from the heart. Immediately following the first, Deleuze offers a second definition of minority or minor in which there is a sense that 'minority no longer designates a factual condition, but a becoming in which one is engaged' (1993a, p. 221). Deleuze uses the term 'becoming' to describe 'a non-linear dynamic process of change' (Parr, 2010, p. 30). I am careful to note that for Deleuze and Guattari (2004), 'becoming' is not a process of becoming something but rather it is a process of becoming *different*. Becoming animal they suggest, is not about attempting to become an actual animal. I do not fully understand this expression until, when I am pretending to be a polar bear in the onset of an Icelandic winter, I nearly die. For now, using Deleuze's concept of the minor, I suggest the hole is no longer a fraction of the heart but a process of 'becoming', a lived experience in which one engages the life of a material hole. Whilst Deleuze's first definition might suggest the minor as a rupturing of some kind (the making of a fraction), the second suggests a shift from this 'factual' condition to process (Deleuze, 1993a).

Activating Deleuze's expression of the minor as a process of becoming offers a way of approaching the living hole as a 'becoming-body' (Manning, 2012). Manning defines the becoming-body as 'an exfoliating body with no fixed form' (2012, p. 124). The minor puts everything 'into continuous variation' (Deleuze, 1993a, p. 212). I argue that in the minor, the exfoliating body of the living hole is always changing itself into something else, something new, always transforming itself through a shedding of memories, of histories, of touch. It is its very ability to continuously shed the experiences of its life that enables the living hole to create the conditions to event its body anew. Its becoming-body appears and re-appears differently time upon time through the pink and fleshy folds of this thesis. Sometimes I just catch a glimpse of its shadow. The perfume of a fragrant rose. The colour of his glinting fur. The suffocation of tar covered grass on a freshly minted road. Manning expresses the becoming-body as a 'body-in-the-making' (2008, para. 43). In Manning's terms, I think the living hole 'not as the body as such but its atmospheric coming to life in relation to an always emergent environment'

(Manning, 2012, p. 121). To exfoliate is to erode, is to gradually wear away, to deteriorate. To exfoliate is to gradually remove material deposits, value or strength. A dynamic negotiation of threshold and resistance through movement. To exfoliate is to transform this material into something else. Some other feeling, cell structure or crystalline formation. I feel the living hole as the transforming of histories into metal, as fear into the shadow of a surgeon's life and as grief into rivers of molten core.

41. A beautiful Yellow-Tufted Honeyeater lies dead on the pavement near my house. Later, when I go outside to claim it, somebody else has already taken it home.

A living hole is an intensive passage, an interstitial body that moves at will between flows of heart, living and hole; between body, duration and event. As assembling, rupturing relation-in-the-making, a living hole is a provocation to move. A provocation to event the living experience of its making. I ask, How might this re-imagining of a hole in the heart as 'living hole' enable one to feel the world differently?

42. Living hole(s) as trigger(s).

In experimenting my concept of the living hole I develop the first technique of this research. I name this technique *triggering*. As a process of research-creation, I come to define triggering as entering into relation-with a confluence of new experiences, images, objects, materials and events.

Linguistically, the word 'trigger' is expressed as both a noun and a verb. In *The New Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* I mark three definitions as significant. In the first instance, a trigger is defined as 'a sensitive area of the body, stimulation or irritation of which causes a specific effect in another part'. Secondly, a trigger refers to 'a movable catch or lever for releasing a spring or catch and so letting off a mechanism; an event, occurrence, etc., that sets off a chain reaction'. In the third, to trigger means 'to initiate a change of state or a cycle of behaviour' (1993, p. 3392). As a way of entering into a process of research-creation, triggering activates these definitions to unfold three distinct ways of doing I define as attuning, marking and proposing. Firstly, attuning suggests a state of awareness or sensitivity to environment. Secondly, marking is a process of identifying as potentially significant, sensitivities to particular bodies, durations and events. In their recognition, these sensitivities are retained as marks. Thirdly, proposing is a way of bringing into relation these marks as conditions of new relational fields. Together, the activities of attuning, marking and proposing set the conditions for entering into relation with a hole in the heart as living hole.

They are ways of doing that open this strange betweenness of *experience in the making-already made felt* by bringing into relation the conditions for the actualisation of new events.

43. *Attuning*

is triggering's first way of doing. It is my way of entering into relation with: the concept of a living hole, the reality of a stitched and mending heart and most importantly, the driving proposition of this thesis to: Compose-with a hole in the heart! Essentially, I define attuning as a developing of awareness to the body as sensing environment. I attune my body, my skin, my thinking, my feeling, my eyes, my erratic pulse to feel, materially, this concept of the living hole. I draw into a place of immediate experiencing, all of the material holes I can muster. Some I reach more easily than others. For example, the anatomical hole in my heart is easy to name and almost as easy to recognise through aching legs and rapid pulse. This is why it appears throughout this thesis as an exemplar of the living hole. It is the others, whose complex relations of intensity and resistance, I have more difficulty in sharing. These are the ones that rupture hearts through catastrophic openings. Like this one: Shaped by my idolising of a step-father. Who, after fifteen years of Wednesday nights at our dinner table still could not find a way of leaving his other family. For us. That things were not are not could not be different continues to aggravate small pieces of my heart. His six foot one inch body still very much present in my sensitive holding. Attuning to the living hole as *experience in the making-already made felt* propels me to confront the relations of its making in a much more dynamic way than I had previously imagined. Rather than holding them as static memories of past events, I start to believe in these bodies of upset and wishful thinking as fluid relations of affective force.

44. *Marking,*

triggering's second way of doing, allows me to re-cast the presence that is step-father-child by marking the intolerable rupture of our displacing as the very possibility of change. Attune and mark. Attune. Attune. Attune and mark. Attune and mark. The confused and intermittent beating of my heart / the speed with which words fall from his body into mine / In the *Sydney Morning Herald* I discover a place to which fifty million butterflies migrate / a difficulty in breathing / a letter to the editor of *Nature*, 31 January 1878, in which a Mr Alfred Newton claims there are no butterflies in Iceland / an image of a polar bear on drifting ice / an artwork titled 'Perfect Lovers', two wall clocks and paint on wall by Felix Gonzales-Torres / the weight of lost time in my limbs. I identify certain sensitivities as potentially significant, irritating,

challenging, beautiful, confusing. This is how I invite the living experience of the hole(s) in my heart to shape my process of art-making. These shaping marks may reveal themselves to me through objects, images, thoughts, actions or words.

‘Okay you have my attention’, I say to my heart, to the newspaper in my hand, to the casting of the step-father man. I mark all of these sensitivities as potentially significant. I mark them with lines of connecting words, with memory, with camera, with sticky tape and with scissors. Sometimes I place them with care. I lay them in boxes or archive them in search engine bookmarking sites. I print them and tack them to the vertical walls that surround this typing machine. Other times, I am caught out by the frenzied nature of discovery. Touched for the first time by a sensational thought or feeling, I just drop these marks right where I am standing.

45. *Ice bag*



Photographic documentation of a found event. Parque México, México D.F.. 2012.

46. Dead hare

Photographic documentation of a found event. Alston, England. 2012.

47. Nothing definite any more

I'm climbing Helgafell, a small mountain on the Snæfellsnes Peninsula on the west coast of Iceland. I'm going to make everything all right.

Those who climb the mound for the first time get three wishes. All of which will come true, provided they ascend the mountain without uttering a word, looking back, thinking bad thoughts or telling anyone their wishes. Make your wishes facing east. It doesn't look that high from the road. Not like that time we scaled Schiehallion with Dad. That time he lost us at the top and the fog was all around us and you cried and I left my orange skin on a cairn. This is not like that. This is a small hill with a flat-topped view. And a wind that separates terrors from the soul.

I make a [video](#) of my feet. Place the full weight of my body on the land. I'm looking down there because I don't know which way is east and I don't want to make it all go wrong. I keep my eyes low to the ground. Watch the green turn to brown. Slide my feet along the path, compact the earth around other people's most wanted. Set of three. It's all I can do not to turn around. Not to re-awaken their histories behind me. At the top I whisper out aloud the three things that are holding me. Project them forward. Slip them softly. Into the sea.

48. Assembled in a small composting site

in the Karlsaue Park in Kassel, Germany are piles of concrete slabs, a dead mouse, a mound of basalt, sporadically planted marijuana; plants that affect the psyche, the digestive system, sexual impulse and the brain; upturned tree roots, heaps of cobble stones, a shallow pool of water, mud, a marble sculpture, a bee hive and the intermittent arrival of a dog named Human. You are standing in *Untilled* (2012)¹⁰, Pierre Huyghe's extraordinary biotope for Documenta (13). In his own words, 'every piece of this collage is alive and is going to eat each other or fuck each other' (2012). Vital. Speculative. Precarious. As I walk through *Untilled* – as I myself become a condition of its relational field – I glimpse for the first time a different kind of hole in a different kind of heart. Maybe it's the deep yellow sun of early summer caught in swathes of emerald green or my chance sighting of Human, the emaciated Spanish greyhound with its startling hand-painted hot pink foreleg, but this assemblage invokes in me a new way of rendering these living holes that compose me.

As a way of engaging the storage site of the Karlsaue Park, Huyghe employs what he describes as a 'technicity of compost' (2012). Identifying as qualities of this technicity, compost's assemblaging, its vital materiality and its ongoing process of transforming multiple lives into multiple others, through *Untilled*, Huyghe develops and defines 'composting' as a 'methodology' of art-making (2012). One critical dimension of Huyghe's self-described methodology is his 'dropping' of personally important 'markers' within a specific place (2012). In this process, Huyghe explains:

You don't display things. You don't make a mise-en-scène, you don't design things, you just drop them. And when someone enters that site, things are in themselves, they don't have a dependence on the person. They are indifferent to the public. You are in a place of indifference. Each thing, a bee, an ant, a plant, a rock, keeps growing or changing. (Huyghe in Mooney, 2013, para. 12)

I identify three aspects of Huyghe's composting methodology as potentially transformative to my research. The first is the way in which the artist understands his markings as events. For Huyghe, each 'thing' that is dropped into his composting assemblages keeps growing or changing. This suggests to me a kind of eventing of vitality through assemblage. These 'things', these individual parts of Huyghe's compost, do not cease to live in the assemblage, but rather, through the unfolding of the event that is composting, they begin to live *differently*. They begin to transform each other. Of the hole(s) in my heart, I ask, 'How might an implanted composite of rare earth metal and nylon begin to transform the grief of losing a father? How might the

recurrent looping of a captive polar bear in a Morelian zoo or the sight of a sugar pink volcanic rock in a Reykjavík studio draw new life into a hole in the heart?

Secondly, I make careful note of the way in which Huyghe's process of composting enables him to free his personal marks from the subject (the artist himself) of their holding. In choosing to compost his marks, Huyghe releases them from the human act of their marking, suggesting instead, their existence as independent 'things'. As these 'things' enter into relation with each other, the event of their composting creates a life of its own beyond the more-than-human body of its marking. In this sense, Huyghe manages to extract the 'person' from his 'personally important markers'. Acknowledging in Huyghe's work, this powerful act, I identify one of the major challenges of this thesis as coming to understand the mutual inter-dependence of the living hole and the body of its sensing environment – of which my more-than-human body is an integral part. Entering into this process of research-creation, 'I' as person am inextricably bound to the living hole(s) that compose me. As a condition of a living holes' relational field, I argue that my own body will always be a composting other through which the living hole events. As the arc of this thesis extends from one technique to the next, it is this friction of event and its subjective holding that I wrestle to the death. Not until *Arc IV: Towards infoliating*, and the sedimenting cutting of its *holding* do I find a way to free myself from the marks of my eventing. In my attempts to enter into relation with the living hole, I use marking to identify certain sensitivities as significant. As I do so, I begin to bring their vitalities into relation with each other.

The third dimension of Huyghe's composting methodology I find so animating is the way in which he uses the technicity of the compost to shift the vitality from the compost itself to the technique of its making. This, I argue, enables the work to live as process, to exist in the present as the unfolding life of its own making. With this one, complex manoeuvre, Huyghe transforms my thinking of vitality from a state of being to a process of becoming, a metamorphosis that makes itself felt through every arc of this thesis. For Huyghe, *Untilled* is 'no longer a question of exhibition but creation, of formation, something without a system, something to do with reproduction and transmission' (2012). He asks, 'Where is the vitality in this work? Where is the vitality in this exhibition? Where is the vitality now?' (2012). In the north of Iceland I close my eyes and recall my experiencing of Huyghe's vitality-infested 'compost' and I ask myself this: "How does a hole in the heart express its vitality? Where is the vitality now?"

49. *Proposing.*

I loosen my arms, allow the falling weight of my collecting sensitivities to flow more freely. As triggering's third and final way of doing, I adopt proposing as a speculative bringing into relation. In art-making, the proposition as a linguistic tool draws its lines through Conceptual Art, Fluxus and Minimalism of the 1960's, in which artists including Joseph Kosuth, Lawrence Weiner, On Kawara and Yoko Ono explore language itself as art's proposition. During the same period, Brazilian artist, Lygia Clark was activating the proposition through a different kind of language, that of the body. In a short manifesto text titled *We Refuse* [1966], Clark writes:

We refuse the work of art as such, and we place the emphasis on the act of realizing the proposition. We refuse duration as a means of expression. We propose the very time of the act as a field of experience...We propose precariousness as a new idea of existence against all static crystallization within duration. (Clark in Bois and Clark, 1994, p. 106)

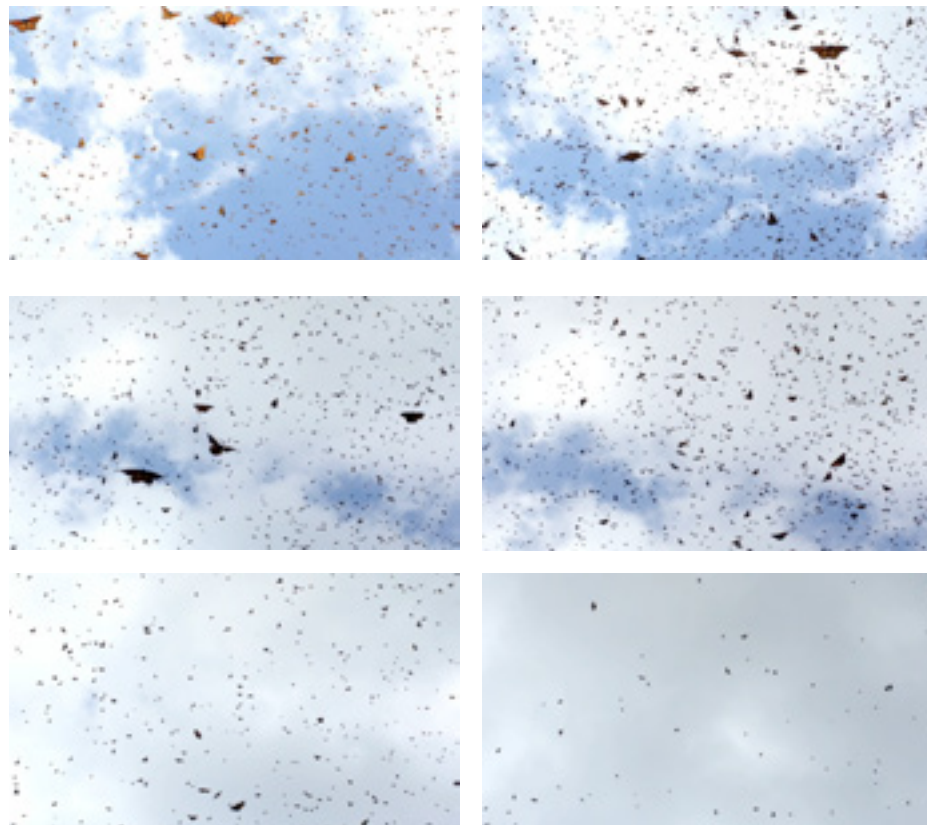
In philosophy, drawing on the work of Alfred North Whitehead, Erin Manning thinks the proposition 'as a lure' (Manning, 2013, p. 77). Manning writes, 'Propositions are thoughts in motion. A proposition is a lure for concept formation, an alliance that forces the relational taking-form of a work in progress' (Manning, 2008, p. 17). Australian performance artist Lyndal Jones' intense engagement with the propositional form enables her to develop very long-term projects that remain to the end, intuitive to the event of their unfolding. These works include; *The Prediction Pieces* (1981 - 1991), a series of 10 performance pieces carried out over ten years based on propositions of prediction; *From the Darwin Translations* (1994 - 2000) a series of installation works exploring Charles Darwin's lesser known writings on sexual selection, and most recently, *The Avoca Project* (2005 - 15)¹¹ in which the artist explores resilience and climate change through Watford House, a pre-fabricated gold-rush residence-now-artwork in the regional Victorian township of Avoca. For Jones, this act of proposing,

is based on the embrace of a mystery outcome, beginning as it does with only the starting point and requiring ongoing responsive development as a result of acute attention to the contextual stimuli. By not judging and only by continuing to the next point-one that is informed by context, learning and chance occurrences—does development occur. (Jones, 2009, p. 79)

In this research, I activate proposing 'as lure' (Manning, 2008) and as a process of 'ongoing responsive development' (Jones, 2009) as one way of testing the thresholds of the interval of the hole in my heart, this slippery

betweenness that is *experience in the making-already made felt*. As a way of doing, proposing's attracting *of* and ongoing responsiveness *with* its sensing environment creates unpredictable and unplannable openings. In proposing, the activating of one opening creates the conditions for the next. It is only by refusing to predict the outcome of a given situation or system, argues Australian artist-researcher Ross Gibson, that 'you learn to propose "what if" scenarios about the immanent and volatile future' (Gibson, 2010, p. 9). It is this unpredictability that invites proposing as a complex, speculative and potentially volatile way of entering into relation with the unknown. With every proposition, a new relational field forces me to ask, "What is at risk here?"

50. *Monarchy one*



Video stills. [Video](#) documentation of an event. (04:37). El Rosario, Michoacán, México. 2012.

51. It is the northern hemisphere winter of 2012.

Eyes skyward in the Oyamel forests of Michoacán. I come in search of Monarch Butterflies. The annual emigration of Monarchs from the northern states of the USA and southern Canada to a single wooded valley in central

México is one of the greatest and least understood insect migrations on earth. Each year it is the fourth generation of Monarchs that fly up to 5000 unknowable kilometres to these over-wintering grounds. It is an unknowable journey in the sense that upon embarkation, not one of the twenty to seventy million butterflies has ever made this journey before, nor will they again. It is a once in a lifetime opportunity to procreate. Known to lepidopterists as the 'super generation', no one really knows how these butterflies find their way to the same stretch of alpine valley as their great-great-generation did one year before them but popular theories suggest that the butterflies' internal homing systems may be triggered by both the earth's magnetic forces and the slow release pheromones from the previous year's dead male butterflies in the soil.

When I see an image in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of their blackened roosts hanging from these trees I know instantly that I need to come here too. That I might use the safety of their canopy as a place to stop and stare agitates and then consumes me. Propels me to get on a plane and then a bus then a horse. When I arrive here in this forest I am not alone. Bus loads of school children, backpackers, naturalists, a team from *National Geographic* and hundreds of Mexican tourists pour through the rough-cut walkways and congregate in designated observation posts. But this is not our lucky day. The sky is completely grey. Not an airborne butterfly in sight. Without the warmth of the sun's rays the butterflies will not leave the comfort of their roosts. It's just too dangerous. Flying in overcast weather like this is likely to result in death. On a cloudy day the additional moisture in the air adds weight to the butterflies' wings, rendering them too heavy to lift off the ground and without the heat of the sun to dry this moisture, a stranded butterfly will most certainly be unable to survive the night. I'm standing on a small rise now focussing on trees instead of sky and this is when I see him for the first time. Between the treacles of dangling butterflies. This is when the panda catches my eye.

52. His name is Benito Gonzalez.

Eyes as black as coal. I see his meek and rounded ears at first. Glossy against the backdrop of the soft, dark trees. And maybe he wouldn't have turned his head had I not placed my hand on his shoulder. Let the pine needles swim over my feet. Two endangered animals, he and I.

53. *Clinging to the wings of the forest floor.*



Photographic documentation of an event, El Rosario, Michoacán, México. 2012.

54. *When your guide is a panda*



Video stills. [Video](#) documentation of an event. (02:40). El Rosario, Michoacán, México. 2012.

55. I wouldn't say that I find my heart

amongst the high wooded valleys and folded roosts, more an urge to feel my heart differently. It's a simple enough task, to move one's heart outside of one's self. To reach inside and expel it from within, temporarily. What I want to test is how it might feel to hold my heart differently, to know how my heart might hold me differently if I put it on show. I am standing in a small market square. I am colour. I am light. I am the gaudy paper tape that seals a piñata to its child, I am mango. I am lime. Moving through the flower stalls one by one I find myself engulfed in the memory of funerary awe. I make my enquiries but people aren't sure that they know quite how to fabricate what I am asking. Now I realise, these people don't shape words for the dead. And that's okay. I'm pretty sure this heart can move itself. I buy half a dozen bunches of sugar pink double-headed chrysanthemums, walk two kilometres to the hardware store. Floristry foam, dress-making pins and a tin of dark green paint. The flower seller points to a volcanic island across the lake with a town that means 'where it rains'. To the top of Isla de Janitzio is where I will carry my heart. At 2pm on Monday the sixth of February I ask my taxi driver Jesus to document this journey-with my heart. *My heart (in my arms)* 2012, a single-channel video, duration: five minutes and ten seconds, is the assemblage of holes I have to show for the event.

56. *My heart (in my arms)*

Video stills. [Video](#) documentation of an event. (05:10). Isla de Janitzio, Morelia, México. 2012.

57. One by one I swim my marks towards each other

as my way of proposing the confluence of their relations. With my moving, I also mark. Carve, gouge, shuffle, tread. Certain marks attract each other, certain marks repel. Sometimes it only takes two, sometimes, four, five, six, twenty. To really test their thresholds of attraction I rub marks together, against each other, inside each other. I feel them give under pressure. I feel them resist. I want to test the concrescence of these marks in all their glory, in all their failure. And for this one must be willing to risk everything.

58. I ask, "What might happen if...?"

What might happen if I take my heart to a place where the flapping wings of a million butterflies sounds like softly falling rain? What if I hold together the head of a polar bear and the exhale of my breath? What if I invite the speed of his words to amplify the intermittent beating of my heart? What potential events could be released in the wake of such propositions? It is only through the bringing into relation through proposing that charges the confluence of these marks to produce an event. The act of proposing informs 'a dynamic unity no other event can have in just this way' (Massumi, 2011, p. 3). An eruption. And rivers of magma run free.

59. *Benito with cross*



Photographic documentation of an event. El Rosario, Michoacán, México. 2012.

60. The forces of attuning, marking and proposing come together as triggering.

What animates triggering as such an exciting technique of research-creation is the way it enables me to enter into relation with the transformative potential of its own event. What I mean by this is that as a technique of eventing, triggering marks a transformation in the research process (the state of which it is a constituent part) by creating a new potential for the heart. How I respond to this potential is totally reliant on my ability and willingness to embrace risk. The risk of failure. The risk of inducing a cardiac event. The risk of making-with unfamiliar *others*. Only by embracing these risks of encounter do I begin to understand how I am living in relation *with* the material holes that compose me. Only now do I feel the weight in my chest as a giant knot of potential relations. The arrhythmic pace of which is made felt as this research unfolds.

For Deleuze, writes Cliff Stagoll, ‘The event is not a disruption of some continuous state, but rather the state is constituted by events ‘underlying’ it that, when actualised, mark every moment of the state as transformation.’ (Stagoll, 2010, p.90). If a state is both marked and transformed by the events that constitute it, I argue that research creation (as state) must also be marked and transformed by the events that constitute it. I argue that through its ways of attuning, marking and proposing, triggering activates itself as a ‘transformative marker’. Transformative in its ability to initiate a change of state, it offers itself at the same time as a marker of that change. Triggering creates a unique sequence of markers that could be used to both locate and trace back any future research activity. In this sense, it is a technique that carries forward a memory of its own event. As we move-with this thesis from one arc to the next, it is this event memory that leads us time and again towards a ‘stuttering’ and ‘stammering’ of language (Deleuze, 1993a). This carrying forward of event memory is, I propose, one of the most significant forces of triggering’s technicity.

61. In addition to conceiving triggering as a process,

I invite you to embrace it as a force. Drawing its charge from Erin Manning and Brian Massumi’s (2014) expression of ‘terminus’ (after James, 1996), I offer triggering as a technique of relational experience in the making. Defined as ‘a forward-driving force that carries an event towards its accomplishment’, the terminus is a concept that enables me to conceive triggering as a force in its own right (Manning & Massumi, 2014, p. 97). Understood through Manning’s words, ‘The terminus is not an end-point but the energy of a beginning’ it is ‘a momentum, an in-gathering, not a content or final cause.’ (Manning, 2012, p. 224). One should not mistake the terminus

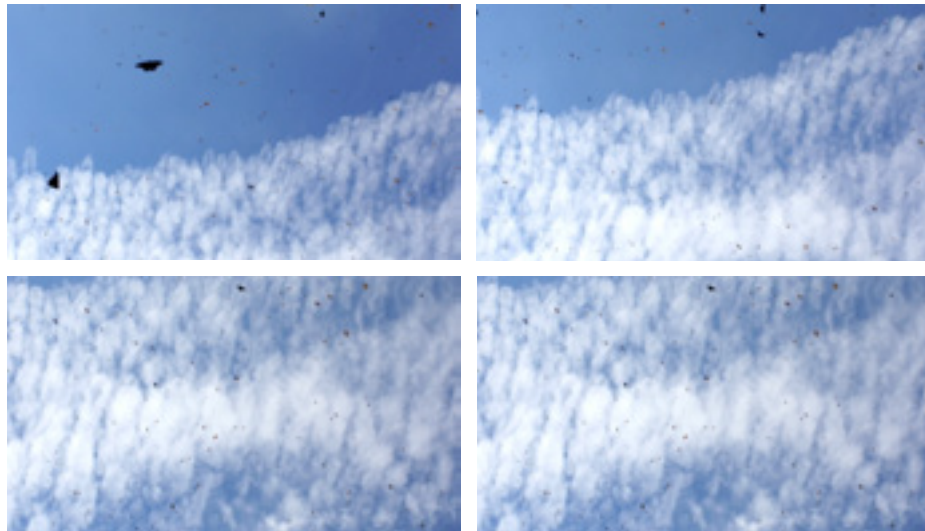
as any kind of finality, but rather, as Manning suggests, it is a force that ‘kick-starts the process of articulation’ (Manning, 2012, p. 224). In triggering, the terminus kick-starts a process of event-creation. In every arc of this research, triggering (as terminus) reappears, investing the energy of its making as new beginnings. It is important here, to understand the trigger as an active process and not only as an object or noun. A terminus, proposes Massumi, ‘is like a basin of attraction that draws you toward it, as by a gravitational pull, but no sooner spins you off, as by a centrifugal force’ (Massumi, 2011, p. 32). Rather than envisioning the living hole as object or subject, I use this concept of terminus to conceive it instead as a ‘basin of attraction’ and I allow the wandering trajectories of its arcing, rupturing lines to spin me off.

Just as the terminus ‘is a point of perpetual re-departure’, the trigger returns time and again to spin the arc anew (Manning & Massumi, 2014, p. 131). In research-creation, Manning argues that ‘thinking-with or feeling the terminus as the impetus for creation means fiercely engaging the conjunctively transitional experience that forces the work into its inception’ (Manning, 2008, p. 15). This expression of the terminus enables me to understand my process of entering into relation with the living hole as a conjunctively transitional experience. I develop the technique of triggering as my way of entering into relation with the force of a living hole’s propulsion.

Through attuning and marking, I use my body to field what we might come to understand as triggering’s ‘basin of attraction’ (Massumi, 2011, p.32). Activated in series, these two ways of doing demonstrate a unique process of bodying. Through its unfolding, I learn to attune to the sensing environment that is the becoming-body of the living hole, so that I might begin to understand how its shape-shifting vitality is marking me. As suddenly as I write these words it dawns on me that I might need to re-think my perspective of this relation. Only now, as I draw my looping arms around the marks of my fielding, do I sense that it might be the living hole’s marking of me rather than my marking of it, that is determining the sensitivities that I am pouring into the force of triggering’s basin. Through its ways of attuning, marking and proposing, the technique of triggering activates my fleshy metally shadowy hole to become ‘more than it (literally) is, and more than simply a condition from which a practice springs’ by enabling me to participate in the making of its poetic living experience (P. Ednie-Brown, personal communication, February 20, 2014).

62. *Waveform*





Video stills. [Video](#) documentation of an event. (04:07). Angangueo, México. 2012.

63. Did you know that Iceland is the only country in the world with no butterflies?

NATURE, Jan 31, 1878. Page 260. Sandwiched between *On some Peculiar Points in the Insect-Fauna of Chile* and *On a Means for Converting the Heat Motion Possessed by Matter at Normal Temperatures into Work*, lies Alfred Newton's entry *No Butterflies in Iceland*. Sitting at his desk in Magdelene College, Cambridge, Mr. Newton pens his letter in response to a spurious claim made by a Dr. Rae one week earlier:

Allow me to point out that the lepidopterous insects said by Olafsen (not Olaffson) and N. (not R.) Mohr, to be found in Iceland, are not butterflies at all but moths, as shown by the generic term *Phalena*, a term applied by each of those authors to every one of them – a term whose meaning your correspondent and his informant have failed to see. Those venerable authors, though dead and buried long before I ever heard of them, are old friends of mine, and I feel it incumbent on me to ask your readers not to impute to them this and other mistakes in Dr. Rae's letter. Whether there have been or still be butterflies in Iceland, I did not see any when I was there, but they may have got out of my way. I have, however, yet to learn that they exist in that country, and therefore I am inclined to believe that Mr. McLachlan is right when he said that there are none. (Newton, 1878, p. 260).

64. On the first of September 2012, I set out for Iceland, to explore what it means to look for something, which most certainly is not there.

I want to find out how the living holes that compose this body might transform my own state, but more than this, I risk everything because I want to know if the potential of these forces might transform you. I speak directly to the material holes that compose us and ask, 'In our togetherness, what is this threshold that holds us apart?' As a technique of research-creation triggering opens itself to all possibilities, to all connections and all possible fields of relation. I buy a plane ticket, and then I search the internet for a mountain guide, and then I am standing in the Oyamel forests of central México, and then...

NOTES /

¹ The concept of agency is the driving force behind several speculative theories, most prominently Actor Network Theory (Latour, 2007), in which agency is located in heterogeneous associations (assemblages) of humans and nonhumans; Object-oriented ontology (Harman, 2002), a metaphysical movement that conceives of objects as existing independently of human perception; and Agential Realism (Barad, 1996), a theory that proposes the emergence of phenomena through a process Barad refers to as 'intra-action'. ←

² In the first study to scientifically study tryphobia, psychologists Geoff Cole and Arnold Wilkins (2013) believe these feelings of disgust to be based on a biological revulsion rather than a learned cultural fear. In a spectral analysis, which included participants observing objects and images of clustered holes, Cole and Wilkins found that some individuals experienced panic attacks, palpitations and physical sickness. These extreme feelings, they argue, are triggered by an 'unconscious reflex reaction' based on a 'primitive portion of the brain that associates the image with something dangerous' (2013). ←

³ *This Variation*, (2012), Tino Sehgal. Performance. Grand City Hotel Hessenland, Kassel, Germany. External installation view. Commissioned by *Documenta* (13). ←

⁴ Robert Macfarlane's *The Old Ways: A Journey on Foot* (2013), is a poetic tracing of ancient tracks, drove-roads and sea paths that criss-cross the British Isles and beyond. Landscape, writes Macfarlane;

is dynamic and commotion causing, it sculpts and shapes us not only over the courses of our lives but also instant by instant, incident by incident. I prefer to take 'landscape' as a collective term for the temperature and pressure of the air, the fall of light and its rebounds, the textures and surfaces of rock, soil and building, the sounds (cricket screech, bird cry, wind through trees), the scents (pine resin, hot stone, crushed thyme) and the unaccountable other transitory phenomena and atmospheres that together comprise the bristling preference of a particular place at a particular moment. (Macfarlane, 2013, p. 255)

←

⁵ Described as part play, part prose, part poetry, *Falling out of Time* (Grossman, 2014), tells the story of bereaved parents on a journey to reach their lost children. The book unfolds through ever-increasing circles as the walking man embarks on a journey to find his dead son. Simply named, 'Walking man', we join this man in the kitchen of his home, a space his wife is unable to leave;

TOWN CHRONICLER: As they sit eating dinner, the man's face suddenly turns. He thrusts his plate away. Knives and forks clang. He stands up and seems not to know where he is. The woman recoils in her chair. His gaze hovers around her without taking hold, and she - wounded already by disaster - senses immediately: it's here again, touching me, its cold fingers on my lips. But what happened? she whispers with her eyes. (Grossman, 2014, p. 3)

←

⁶ *A heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* (2001), is Dave Egger's dark and humorous memoir. Following the death of both parents when he is only twenty-one, Egger's takes on a new life with his 7-year-old brother in tow.

These things, stories, whatever, are like the skin shed by snakes, who leave theirs for anyone to see. What does he care where it is, who sees it, this snake, and his skin? He leaves it where he molts. Hours, days or months later, we come across a snake's long-shed skin and we know something of the snake, we know that it's of this approximate girth and approximate length, but we know very little else. Do we know where the snake is now? What the snake is thinking now? No. By now the snake could be wearing fur; the snake could be selling pencils in Hanoi. The skin is no longer his, he wore it because it grew from him, but then it dried and slipped off and everyone could look at it.

And you're the snake?
Sure. I am the snake.
(Eggers 2001, p.215)

←

7 In his 'neuro-politics', political theorist William Connolly (2002) points to a 'second brain' in the enteric nervous system – citing the neurons in 'guts' as capable of feeling – 'gut feelings'. I thank Andrew Murphie for this reference as a parallel proposition to the political materiality of the heart. ←

8 In philosophy ontogenesis is understood as the philosophical study of the nature of being, becoming or existence. ←

9 In the Morelian town of Patzcuaro I commission five rodeo saddle blankets from El Jorongo weavers cooperative. The small blankets are woven by Jose "Pepe" Servin from hand-dyed local sheeps' wool. These rugs are commonly made for rodeo riders, depicting their surname and traditional colours of red, white and black. Below is an image of a rodeo blanket woven for a Señor Lopez, and my receipt for MEAT, CORE, PITH, CRUX and ROOT. Five words that hold in language the heart of the mattering that is a hole in the heart. These blankets travelled with me to Iceland via Australia with the intention of documenting them with wild Icelandic horses. Unfortunately for this event, my unforeseen encounter with one particular horse made this endeavour impossible. ←

10 *Untilled*, 2012, Pierre Huyghe. Exhibition, Kassel, Germany. Commissioned by Documenta (13). ←



11 *The Avoca Project*, 2005-15, Lyndal Jones. This image shows Watford House, site of The Avoca Project, Australia. ←



65. In the ninth century,

a Norseman named Flóki Vilgerðarson, set sail in the Atlantic Ocean, determined to reach Iceland. Sailing west from Norway he soon reached the Faroe Islands, 250 miles off the east coast of Iceland. Through cloudy skies and unknown seas Flóki continued west with a unique navigational device. To chart his course Flóki had brought with him three ravens. With no land in sight, he released the first raven which flew back in the direction of the Faroes. Several days later he released the second bird, which circled above the ship and returned. The third raven, released two days later flew Northwest and did not return. Knowing his raven would fly towards the nearest land, Flóki changed his course in the direction of the bird, reaching landfall in Iceland some days later. This speculative flight seems totally reliant on knowing when to set your first raven free.

Arc III: Towards oothra

66. Always push from the core!

This is the primary force of a living hole. This is how it opens. By pushing outwards from the core. From the middle, the centre, the heart. Do not imagine this force as a rhythmic and constant flow. A living hole is a volcano, viscous magma venting from the core. Heating, pushing, pressuring the walls of its confining. Its spluttering, stuttering arrhythmic lines always driving territories from the deep. We like to imagine the centre as a fixed and static point, however slight. We imagine it as equidistant from its edges. But like the molten core of a volcano, the centre of a living hole is constantly moving. If the centre is not anchored to anything, but is instead flowing in any and every direction, then what and where is the centre after all?

In Deleuze's concept of the 'minor', the minor body of the living hole is always pushing away from the centre. Always pushing away from itself. Deleuze writes; 'It is in the middle where one finds the becoming, the movement, the velocity, the vortex. The middle is not the mean, but on the contrary an excess. It is by the middle that things push.' (1993a, p. 208). As I read these words, I re-enter the vortex that is *Tornado*, (2000-10)¹, a ferocious experience in which the Belgian artist Francis Alÿs attempts to take me with him into the eye of a small tornado.

67. With a hand-held camera the artist runs towards the spiralling dust

and rocks that dance across the dusty field that is this Mexican landscape. At first I hear the frantic sounds of the artists' panting breath and then a ferocious blast of air ripping particles from the earth. As Alÿs forces his body into the middle of this whirling mass, it is the deafening roar of rocks on flesh and plastic and glass that I feel with my body. This image in which I'm enveloped, once a horizon of blue and brown is now consumed by a deafening, middling grey and I, along with the artist, am blinded by his compulsive re-entering of the tornado. The centrifugal forces of which seek always to push him away.

In his critique of *Tornado*, Mark Godfrey assesses the work like this: 'the tornados indicate the total collapse of a political system, and by running

into them, Alÿs stages the corresponding collapse of poetics as an artistic response' (Godfrey, 2010, p. 29). It is clear that allegory plays a key role in the making of this work and my reasons for citing the events of its unfolding are closely bound to its political materialising of the more-than-human body. Through sound and dust and digital imaging and flesh and projected air, I wander back into the escalating spiral of every one of Alÿs' tornadoes as a way of not only articulating, but feeling, the intensity of Deleuze and Guattari's 'middle'. In the tornado, writes Godfrey,

earth swirls in the air until the boundary between each is lost, and entering the maelstrom the body loses its co-ordinates, Alÿs is choked, blinded, knocked to the floor, and when the video is projected the viewer feels this violence through the forceful image and the aggressive sound. (Godfrey, 2010, p. 31)

In throwing himself into the eye of the storm, Alÿs not only experiences the force of its spiralling propulsion but in the act of his moving, he feels the imperceptible venting of its boundary. But whilst the tornado uses its axis to funnel inwards a spinning column of vertical air, the living hole, I argue, uses its core to propel its body outwards. As it does, it drives the living hole away from itself and towards the rest of the world. Out-desire.

68. The Arctic Circle is geometry

in the Arctic Ocean. It mimics the shape of the planet. I'm approaching the Circle now, a few miles more and it will be visible. Circles aren't usually hard to see and mostly they all look the same except some are larger than others. The circle's out there in plain sight on the water. This far north nothing obstructs the view. The ocean opens an enormous, unbroken expanse of horizon up here, big enough that there won't be any problem seeing an arc of the world. And I want to see the arc. I want to see the shape of things from among the things themselves... After staring out at the ocean for some time I notice that everything out there coincides precisely with the earth's surface, making it extremely difficult to distinguish the Arctic Circle. At the far right and left of the view, the ocean gradually and symmetrically drops off and out of sight. It gets darker farther out, as any arc would. But the curvature is so subtle it appears flat. If I didn't already know the earth was curved, I never would have seen the arc at all. (Horn, 1991)

Dear Roni Horn, I have never stepped onto the Arctic Circle but I have come very close. Waiting for a polar bear on the Skagí Peninsula in Northern Iceland it almost touched me too. I just didn't know it at the time. I didn't

see the Arctic Circle because I was looking only for the bear. For the looping circuit of this material hole that beats erratically. Intermittently. As continuous line. That you should distinguish an arctic circle in the darkness of this arc inspires me to look again in the shadows. At the black blue light in which our circles cut and cleave. I too want to move-with the far right and the far left of the view. I too want to move out of sight.

In *Pi* (1998)², you assemble 45 images that you have made along the Arctic Circle in Iceland. These photographs, six years in the making are, 'a collection of circular and cyclical events' (*Roni Horn aka Roni Horn: explore the exhibition, themes, Pi*, 2009). You combine seascapes and bird's eggs with portraits of Hildur and Bjorn Bjornsson, who harvest eider feathers from wild nests by day and watch endless episodes of *Guiding Light*, an American soap opera on the TV by night. The repetitive familiarity of popular entertainment and the natural cycles of the eider harvest bleed into the imperceptible yet continuous horizon of your Arctic Circle. At the Tate Modern in London (2009) you hang the photographs at an awkward height, creating a horizon that enables the room itself to become the earth and me, the pulsing magma at its core.

69. *Ceramic raven*



Photographic documentation of a found event. Reykjavík, Iceland. 2012.

70. Roni, your sensitive lines are re-drawing me.

In the window of Friða Frænka in Reykjavík I see the white porcelain bear. But walk out with the raven. Black as black. His eyes biting into mine. I can only imagine how he had been waiting. To be held. I ask the price, which is high but worthy. Run my fingers over his silky cool wings. You can feel where other people had handled his plume. Completely smooth but polished on one side. He has been adored before. I hold him gently, allow the glaze to suck the warmth from my pulsing arms. It's only been three days since Dagné held my palm. Read aloud my future, untying all my forks and spoons with her fingers and her eyes. We sit there, she and I, with sheepskin rugs and fake candles. Painted folk tales on the walls. And as she runs the edges of her fingers through my life, all I want from her touch are the good things. Every little cell in my body is happy. But it all floods out. The polar bear motionless in the window. Shards of broken history fall like bitter chocolate from her mouth. And I, like a wild pig, gorge on all the pieces before their roots take hold in this faltering ground. And the cold smooth raven in my arms. Black as black as black.

71. Hanging conduit



Photographic documentation of a found event (detail). Westfjords, Iceland. 2012

72. When I first meet that solitary polar bear in Morelia Zoo

my first reaction is to pity him. I feel it in my body, in my pulsing, in my looking, in my desire to touch his plume, to feel the deepness of his skin. My first instinct is to desire for him the things he does not have. I desire ice-cold water, drifting icebergs, ninety percent of a life under water. Because this is how I see desire portrayed on daytime TV, in Hollywood versions of my life, in a life with more than one absent father. This standard notion of desire advanced through psychoanalysis 'tie[s] desire essentially to lack, negation and the subject. It is usually thought that I can only desire what I do not have, and so desire is understood as the external relation between two terms: the desiring subject and the desired object' (Colebrook, 2002, p. 98). Bear as subject. Freedom as object. It is only my desire to participate in his situation, to watch him swim, that propels me to find a new way of composing this situation. I turn once again to Deleuze and Guattari, for whom, 'desire is not a relation between terms—the desire of the subject and the absent object, which they lack; desire is production. All life is desire, a flow of positive difference and becoming' (Colebrook, 2002, p.99). Desire, writes Rosi Braidotti, 'is active in that it has to do with encounters between multiple forces and the creation of new possibilities of empowerment. It is outward-directed and forward looking.' (2002, p. 91). Out-desire.

Wrestling the concept of 'desire' from the grips of psychoanalysis, Deleuze and Guattari (2004) invent it instead as a processual, immanent and productive force. It is, in Deleuze's words, 'an experimental force that flows within the dimensions of an assemblage' (Deleuze in Deleuze and Parnet, 1996). To desire, Deleuze writes, 'is to construct an assemblage, to construct an aggregate: the aggregate of a skirt, of a sun ray, of a street, an assemblage of a woman, of a vista, of a colour, that's what desire is: constructing an assemblage' (Deleuze in Deleuze and Parnet, 1996). I assemble the synthetic black and white panda hat, the stuffed polar bears chained to the entrance of a Reykjavík souvenir shop, the wiry strands of my father's unwashed hair, the scar that itches now and then in the surface of my chest, and this, the body with which I write, the more-than-human body with which I feel it all. Desire, I propose, is the productive force that drives a living hole to open from the core. This process of hole-making I define as *hole-ing*.

73. In moving-with the living hole's *propulsing* from the core,

I develop a way of activating this incipient force as a technique of research-creation. I name this second technique oothra. Drawn from the Icelandic word *útþrá*, a term that translates literally as 'out-desire' (út = out, þrá = desire), and meaning the desire to wander or wanderlust. Following triggering's

technique of entering into relation with the life of a living hole, I define oothra as setting in motion unique and novel interactions between assemblages. Oothra names a process of wandering that spins triggering's propositions with the productive forces of desire. I ask: "How might it be possible to make-with these forces of desire, to compose-with this process of hole-ing?". What happens when Deleuzian desire is performed through Icelandic wanderings? Oothra, my production of desire, lunges for that gnarly threshold of absence and presence that has come to define the interval of the hole in this heart, of *experience in the making-already made felt*.

In oothra, I propose wandering as a distinct way of doing. Importantly, I use the term wandering to refer to a kind of constituting of assemblage, a process of assembling or collective bodying, through moving. But more than this, wandering suggests a particular kind of movement. It is not simply a moving from a to b, but rather, it is a moving that Erin Manning (2012) defines as 'moving-with'. This movement, suggests Manning, is a way of feeling 'the virtual force of movement's taking form' (2012, p. 6). Using the technique of oothra to extend Manning's language of movement, I unleash the act of wandering as a way of 'in-gathering' the virtual force of an assemblage's bodying. I test oothra as a way of composing-with the becoming-body of a hole in the heart.

74. WALKING MAN:

Here I will fall
now I will fall -

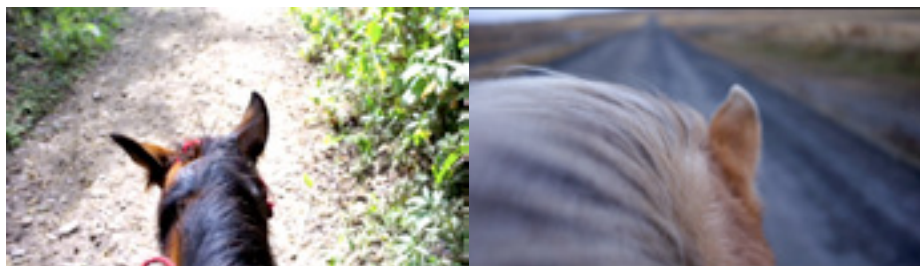
I do not fall.

Now, here,
the heart
will stop -

It does not stop

Here is shadow
and fog -
now,
now
I will fall -

(Grossman, 2014, p. 34).

75. *In Search of Butterflies*

Video stills. Twin-channel [video](#) documentation of an event. (00:53).
 Angangueo, México and Skagaströnd, Iceland. 2012.

76. Fall away from the inside!

I am already moving. I was always already moving. What I did not understand, before my attuning, my marking, my proposing, before I felt this pushing from the core, was just how our precarious assemblage of situated absence and imperceptible presence was moving me. Before I found a way of wrangling these forces into techniques for living, I spent all my energy fighting to hold on. To standing still. To delaying. But what if I surrender? What if I give in to the fear, to the speeds and slowness of this propulsion that pours itself through my blood, that mines its tunnels through my heart? I am already moving. I was already always moving. Only now, with the force of oothra's outwardly directed desire, I find a way of moving-with this force of a living hole's pushing from the core. I surrender. I fall away from the inside. This falling-with the becoming-body of the living hole is how I make-with my moving.

77. Falling-with the living hole. Composing-with its hole-ing.

To compose-with the living hole one must construct a new assemblage with one's moving. I do not fall accidentally. I do not trip or tumble. I fall wilfully, constructively, into a desire for the unknown. And crucially, it is this desire that I use to construct the assemblage of my falling. There are many different ways of moving away from the inside but it is the assemblage of the living hole itself that impels me to fall. Rather than slipping or jumping or crawling or diving, I choose to fall because falling mobilises body, duration and event in a single, speculative act of unknowing. The falling body must be vulnerable enough to release its grip, yet robust enough to let go. A body that chooses to fall gives itself entirely to the unknowable process of its falling.

78. Cadence. Inflection. Meter. Lilt.

To fall, in the work of Dutch artist Bas Jan Ader, is to surrender to gravity. Gravity is commonly understood as a phenomenon by which all physical bodies attract each other. Documented in the short film, *Fall I, Los Angeles*, 16mm, duration 00:24 seconds, (1970)³, I watch Ader, along with the chair on which he is sitting, tumble from the roof of his house. In *Broken Fall (Organic)*, 16mm, duration 01:44 seconds (1971)⁴, the artist is hanging from a tree. Precariously, his long body swings from side to side as he shifts his weight from arm to arm, edging his way further and further down the overhanging limb. 00:35, at least five body-lengths below him at the bottom of the screen, a shallow stream mirrors his reflection. 00:50 and the outstretched limb is now perfectly horizontal, with Ader perpendicular to the glistening stream. 01:04, now flailing and kicking, the artist inches further still towards the narrowing reaches of the limb. 01:23. He is stiller now. 01:45. He falls. Breaks the mirror with the shift of his rhythm. His legs crumple in the shallow water sending ripples towards the other bank. Tight-lipped waves broken only by the reflected glory of the overhanging branch. In these documented performances, Ader uses the physicality of his own body to test the limits of gravity. When asked why he chooses to fall, Ader answers, 'because gravity overpowers me' (Andriessse, 1988, p. 75). Just as Ader surrenders his own body to the physicality of the fall, I surrender my body to the incipient forces of the living hole. In oothra, it is the gravity of desire that overpowers me, that moves me to fall.

79. I do not know which comes first,

wandering and participating or falling away from the inside. There is no first. Only the interweaving process of my moving-with. I know that some are more open than others, but I cannot separate the lines for long enough to determine where they came from nor where they will lead. What I can say with some clarity is that oothra's unique ways of wandering and participating are the very constructivisms that enable me to fall. The living hole compels me to find courage in the body of my becoming. I read courage as *coeur* as heart as core. I learn to move accordingly.

80. *Painting a roundabout*

Photographic documentation of an event. México. D.F. 2012.

81. In this arc of oothra's making,

I wander through bodies of theoretical and contextual research; bodies of human and nonhuman lives, bodies of family, of strangers and climate and countries and glaciers. Just like electrically charged storm clouds before the rain, the material assemblages of triggering's newly conditioned relational fields - newspaper clippings, transatlantic flights, walking boots, butterfly wings, microphones, warm tamales, sun rays - are held in suspension until a change in their conditions enables their transformation into something else. Oothra seeks to bring to an eventful resolution the creative potential of these assemblages, through a process of speculative event-making I define as eventing. Referring to the constructing of new events - chance, planned or imagined encounters with real people and places; theoretical and conceptual ideas; objects, images and words, eventing is my way of conditioning a metamorphosis of becoming. Becoming-bear. Becoming-pheromone. Becoming-father. Becoming-living-hole. Only by participating in the making of living holes can one begin to compose-with the force of oothra's moving.

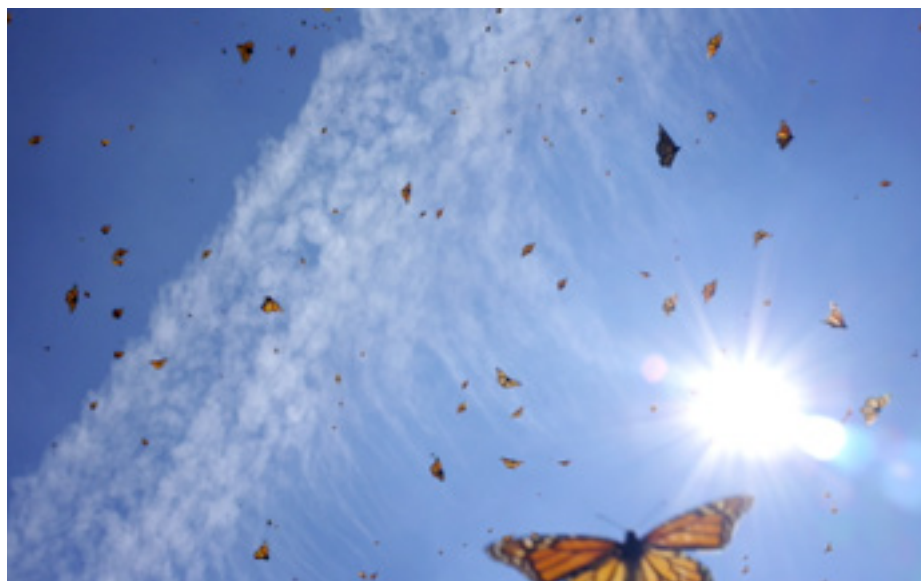
Like other imperceptible loops of contemporary art's making - Roni Horn's desire to see the Arctic Circle, Francis Alÿs' *The Loop Tijuana -San Diego* (1997)⁵, in which the Belgian artist circumnavigates the globe in order to travel from Tijuana to San Diego without crossing the Mexican/ United States border or Scottish artist Katie Paterson's *second moon* (2013)⁶, in

which she couriers a fragment of the moon by air freight around the world for a year – living holes are imperceptible loops of space and time.

What is certain is my desire to situate myself in unfamiliar territory. Activated by triggering's ways of entering into relation with the living experience of the hole(s) in my heart, I move-with oothra's propulsion by scoring new lines through Central México, The Netherlands, Germany, Portugal, Northern England, Iceland and Canada. Throughout this research I engage this technique of oothra to purposefully place myself in unfamiliar territories⁷. This deliberate act of situating myself in the foreignness or strangeness of the other and elsewhere is of critical importance when testing the thresholds of what a hole in the heart can do. I participate in international artist residencies⁸, philosophy reading groups⁹, inter-disciplinary conferences¹⁰ and visiting art biennales and exhibitions¹¹, so that I might experience the living holes that compose me as a condition of their relational fields.

82. How I participate

in the making of each event is entirely dependent on the unique spatial and durational qualities potentialised by the wandering of the assemblage itself. I participate by desiring new assemblages. I participate by conditioning new events. By way of example, I participate in event number 20, [Short Circuit Green](#) by waiting, observing, leaving, returning, waiting, and recording on video the activity of a captive polar bear in Morelia Zoo. I participate in the repair of an atrial septal defect by inviting the hole in my heart to fill the shadows of my surgeon's hands. I participate in the event number 54, [When your guide is a panda](#) by asking Benito Gonzalez if I can film him in the forest and later I participate by taking a ride on the back of his motorbike. As we race up the valley I participate by recording the high pitched sound of the air our body is moving.

83. *Sunspot*

Video still. [Video](#) documentation of an event. (02:09). El Rosario, México. 2012.

84. In the wake

of curator Nicolas Bourriaud's (2002) hugely influential 'relational aesthetics', participation as a mode of art production is experimented and theorised through a number of broad-reaching contemporary art practices. In what might be loosely termed as expanded relational practice in contemporary art, participation is variously framed in the context of 'new situationism' (Doherty, 2004); 'antagonistic' (Bishop, 2004) and 'dialogical' art (Kester, 2004). In this expanded field of practice, participation may just as likely be fulfilled by people other than the artist themselves. By inviting others to adopt the role of art-maker or producer, expanded relational practice is allowing itself to be transformed by the participatory activities of its 'publics'. Here, the term 'publics' (Beech, 2010; O'Neill, 2010) is used to frame the role of others, including audiences, as participatory. In this research, I extend this definition of 'publics' to include both human and nonhuman others. Because I understand the world I 'person' through a philosophy of vital materialism, I perceive all matter - human and nonhuman, organic and nonorganic - as living (vital). This enables me to conceive of all matter as participating in the world of which it is a sensing part. In the eventing of oothra, the participation of others might include; taxi drivers, sign writers, traditional craftspeople, printers, hoteliers, pharmacists, municipal mayors, opera singers, seafarers, invited audiences and passers-by. It might as easily include the sound of whaling boats tethered to the shore in a Reykjavík shipyard; the weight of Mexican pumice in the hand and the cutting-across action of horizontal Icelandic rain. These are just some of the others that compose the 'publics' of this research.

85. In *Searching for Art's New Publics*,

Dave Beech argues that comprehending the differences between activities of interactivity, participation and collaboration in this new paradigm of contemporary art is vital to understanding the degree to which 'the work's public is active within the work, including, crucially, how early or late that activity is' (2010, p. 24). Interactivity, Beech suggests, is a mode of 'acting with each other' and 'responding to the user', collaboration he identifies as 'working together' and participation, he defines as 'having a share, taking part or being part of a whole' (2010, p. 24). Experimenting when and how the work's public is active within its making, I argue, is critical to a process of eventing. Just like every other part of an assemblage, the work's public activates a vital conditioning of triggering's relational fields. In the becoming-body of the living hole I see the participation of every part of the (w)hole as critical, not only to the way it composes itself but perhaps more importantly, to the participation of its parts enabling the living hole to move. Rather than choosing to focus on activities of interactivity or collaboration, it is participation's 'desire' to assemble itself as a 'part of a whole' (2010, p. 24), or part of a (w)hole, that propels me to experiment participation as the core force of oothra's eventing.

86. In Iceland I ask a palm reader to read aloud my life-lines.

In México I commission a sign-writer to paint my words on a suburban wall. These invitations to participate in the eventing of my research fall within the realm of the familiar core activities of palm readers and sign writers. On other occasions, I invite extra-ordinary ways of participating. I invite a taxi driver to operate my sound-recording equipment for the day. Just as my taxi driver Jesus participates by holding a microphone and operating a portable audio recorder, the microphone participates with the wind, the microfibrils of its muffler bending and turning with the fast moving air. The wind participates with the butterfly wing that participates with the rays of the morning sun that participate with the magnetic forces of the earth, that participate with the Airbus A380 that brought me here. Inviting the extra-ordinary participation of nonhuman matter is an essential part of oothra.

When I invite liquid latex to solidify its form around the surface of a rock, I am inviting it to behave in an uncharacteristic way, a request that is reflected in the many failures I encounter in this endeavour. Critically, it is only through the active participation of all parts of an assemblage, human and nonhuman, that one might enable, through oothra, triggering's constructed fields of relation to create or *actualise* new events. Every time I step onto an aeroplane, arrive at an unfamiliar place, converse with a stranger or attempt to hike a mountain that I know to be beyond the capacity of this damaged heart, I am falling away from the inside,

87. *and towards the unknowable*



Photographic documentation of an event. El Rosario, México. 2012.

88. Coming to understand the incipient forces of a living hole.

Every breath I take, every beat I make. Is etched into the memory of my three-minute loop. Tick tock tick tock. Sandwiched between the luxurious weight of thick cotton sheets I lie awake for a long time trying to regulate my heartbeat with the alarm clock. Then the cathedral bell. I feel the arrhythmic pulsing of my heart through the side of my shin, my lower back, in my head. It might be strange for you to hear that a heart can beat through a shin. But I promise you it can. I hear traces of shin in the distant bell and back again. Try and bring the echo into play. Is anyone else hearing my beating heart-shin-bell too? All this distance. All this speed of a hole that's a shin that's an echo that's a bell pours itself into this bed until it pins me motionless to my fear. That I will die here in this room. Without you. Beating. Out of touch. Out of time. Out of line. And softly to myself I sing. Don't worry. Don't worry.

89. Because all of this may never come true.

The next morning I tell my taxi driver and friend Jesus, that I have something to share. That I am looking for a sign-writer and a place to put some words. In this city, as all over México, exquisite hand-painted lettering can be seen adorning shop fronts and street corners. Employed by local businesses and political parties, painters known as 'rotulistas' provide low-cost high-impact graphic advertising and political sloganeering across the country. As the

desire for computer generated, laser-cut vinyl lettering grows, it's getting harder and harder to find a traditional rotulista to mark these words. Jesus and I start looking for a rotulista and a site.

Day four. We have spent three days, Jesus and I, driving around the suburbs of Morelia looking for unparalleled expertise. Looking for a hand that can truly steady a line. A body that draws its palette innately from the centre of the earth and then its core and then its heart and then its air and then its brush and then its pigment on the vertical limbs of this city. Each time we see some beautifully painted words above a store or a garage or a restaurant, we pull over and Jesus walks into that business to ask if they know who painted those words. We get plenty of dead ends and a number of recommendations for rotulistas who are unable for whatever reason, to take enough care. And then, whilst waiting for the lights to change at a nondescript junction in another nondescript suburb of the city we see an exquisite combination of gold and midnight blue. This is the one. We both know it. The garage owner gives us a lead and twenty minutes later we are in the darkness of a small hardware store in a working class neighbourhood of Morelia, handling nuggets of golden pumice and eating churros with the wife of Juvenal Diaz.

As we wait, I run my hands up and over shelves of unfamiliar touching. Plastic colanders, soap blocks, cleaning rags made from denim jeans. Hand saws and fly traps and buckets of volcanic rock. Jesus talks with one eye on his taxi. And the other intermittently on me. Juvenal, the store owner's husband and expert rotulista arrives an hour later after watching his young son play a football match. At first he is not keen to undertake my commission. He explains to Jesus that I will get better results from a computer. His hand is good but not perfect. I do not want it to be perfect, I say. All I need to know is that he will do it with care. Through Jesus I explain to Juvenal and his wife that these words are very important to me but that the weight of their holding is causing me some difficulty. Perplexed but kind, he finally agrees. I negotiate a price and write the address on a page from my diary. We will meet there at 9am tomorrow morning. And then we will lay it to rest.

Again, it was Jesus, who finally found a landing site for my words. In the most unlikely of places. The morning before we saw the midnight gold midnight blue he was talking to his father-in-law, Enrique, a pharmacist, about how hard it is proving to find a wall for my words. 'Why don't you do it here?' Enrique replied. And so the story goes. Enrique built a house in this street and then another next door for his wife. Due to a constant stream of graffiti and tagging, every couple of months Enrique re-paints the high concrete wall that separates these houses from the traffic. Like every other wall in the street, his is a patchwork of odd-fitting paint leached with traces of graffiti. Enrique and I have never met but he somehow imagines that the presence of my words will deter anyone else's from landing on his wall.

Later that same day, Jesus drives me to see Enrique's wall. He's already had all thirty metres painted in an off-white clotted cream. Before I saw Enrique's wall I had imagined my words carving space amongst a wall of advertising and slogans, perhaps above a store in a busy commercial neighbourhood. You are a passer-by. Maybe you see them, maybe you don't. I am just relieved to let them go, relieved to shift them outside this body. But now I am standing in front of a beautiful clean slate, the protective blanket that wraps this stranger's home. The responsibility of placing these words in this other body is a risk for which I am unprepared. The father-in-law, the co-joined homes, the wall, the street, the neighbours, the speed bumps, the children's nursery in the building next door. These things change everything. These things are now a blanket in which these words might grow differently. Until I arrive at this house the following morning, Enrique and I have never met. And he has no idea what Juvenal is about to write on his wall. Enrique's trust and Juvenal's skill are about to re-condition the paralytic beating of the shin in my heart. And I have no idea what that means.

The pairing begins. Enrique's wall is divided in the middle by a metal gate that leads to a patio and then to Enrique's front door. On one side of the gate Juvenal paints my words in Spanish and on the other in English. He starts in pencil and then in startling fire engine red he moves with my words across the wall. It reads "Because all of this may never come true / Porque todo esto no puede hacerse realidad". He frames them with a sky blue drop shadow to maintain an outside edge. As the sun moves low behind the adjacent street trees it is the light that escapes its branches choosing instead to chase his eyes and his hands across Enrique's thick and creamy wall. You might think this is the end but there is no end. In this story, the rupturing of one skin simply unfolds another.

90. *All of this*



Production still. [Video](#) documentation of an event. (07:17). Morelia, México. 2012.

As Juvenal packs his paints back into the boot of his citrus coloured car, the gate opens a fraction and two inquisitive children emerge from Enrique's home. They are his grandchildren, Jesus' young son and daughter. He is eight and she is five. Surprisingly, they introduce themselves as Hansel and Gretel. Jesus later tells me that he and his wife named their children in this unusual way because they want them to grow up imagining what the full potential of life might be. What they are offering in this naming suddenly feels like everything I am trying to take away.

The children invite me into the house and as I turn to close the street behind me I see for the first time the desert island that's framed perfectly on the inside of the gate. A vinyl billboard depicts technicolour palm trees and aquamarine in a perfect sequence of a dream. There's just enough room for Enrique to park his car in this paradise-fringed patio but today it's empty except for a single plastic pool chair that faces the island that frames the wall that holds the words that glow fire engine red in the orange sun. And the two small characters from a Bavarian fairy tale squeeze their little bodies into the white plastic chair. And I sit on the floor and we eat tamales inside this concrete blanket that Enrique has built to protect us from out there. And I am left wondering what just happened. A trail of breadcrumbs. Carve the echo of the heart-shin-bell. The earth rumbles. Erupts the living hole.

91. Two weeks later, the wall still looks like this



Photographic documentation of an event. Morelia, México. 2012.

92. *From the other side of Enrique's paradise*



Photographic documentation of an event. Morelia, México. 2012.

93. Maybe it's the combinational gravity of butterfly and bear

but it's funny how quickly my desire to displace this particular relation gives rise to migrating the potential of its not-yet-happened event. In 2012, I am in México City. I begin with what I know: There are no butterflies in Iceland. I decide to go there to experience how it feels to look for something that is, almost certainly, not there. I want to know what imperceptible absence feels like.

In six months time I will be in Skagaströnd, a small fishing port on the North West coast of Iceland. In honour of my search for absent lepidoptera, I offer (foolishly as it turns out) to lead a guided tour of the town. Mimicking the trans-Americas flight of the Monarch Butterfly, I post calendars to every one of Skagaströnd's 220 residents, inviting them to join me on the tour. It takes me over three weeks to locate the names and postal addresses of every household in this small Icelandic village, but hours of sleuthing on the internet, cross-referencing unpronounceable names of fathers and mothers and sisters and daughters furnishes me with a workable list. As a way of marking the duration between this day and the day of my arrival in Skagaströnd 199 days later, I decide to make an edition of invitational calendars. In honour of Mr. Newton's 1878 entry in the journal *Nature*, I name this proposition: There are no butterflies in Iceland. I go looking for appropriate depictions of Monarch butterflies in the Plaza Santo Domingo but there are none. The only calendars I can find (and find identical copies

in every shop) are a distinctive set of nine pictorial scenes ranging from the English countryside to the African savannah. I buy 220 calendars and take them to 'Imprenta Hilda' a traditional letterpress printer in the square. I compile and number the invitations by hand, add postal stamps and kiss each one for good luck before mailing them at the central post office in México D.F.. The invitation reads:

Dear Neighbour, you are warmly invited
to join a free, one hour tour.

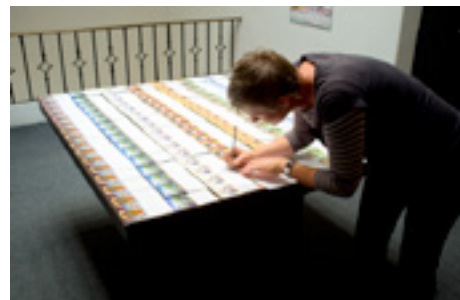
'There are no butterflies in Iceland'

Departing from the Heritage Centre of the fortune teller
Thordis Spákonuhof, Skagaströnd, Iceland
at 12pm Saturday 27 October, 2012.

Kind Regards from México D.F. Justy Phillips, /220.

What is unknowable to me at the time of this construction is just how a calendrical migration from México to Iceland might come to event the ferocious appetite of an unknowable living hole. With the guided tour at the forefront of my mind, it is my experiencing of a violent equine event in a frozen paddock six months later that finally forces me to fall away from what I know.

94. *There are no butterflies in Iceland*



Production stills. Photographic documentation of an event. México D.F. 2012.

95. From the English countryside to the African savannah



Calendrical invitations of an event. Nine printed invitations, 99mm x 210mm, paper, staple, envelope, stamp. México D.F. 2012.

96. Experiencing an event that did not happen or
 97. It happened to Justy.

When I chance upon the ex-voto paintings of Daniel and Luis Vilchis at a pavement market in México City I think immediately of you (Dear Oso Polar). I think immediately of us. Their stall is a riot of confessional colour. A saturation of devotion and heartfelt thanks for death-defying acts of misadventure that so very nearly ended in death. Juanito and the bread truck, Pablo Ramirez and the bone saw in the butcher's shop, Victor and the cacti and the rogue bull in the pulque harvest. Offering thanks to every one of God's patron saints, they find their way to the famous Vilchis brothers¹² to commission the gaudy details of their lives from the jaws of death. Amongst the saints on display today are Our Lady of Guadalupe, Saint Christophe and Saint John. Now I am not a religious person. I do not believe in destiny or fate. I believe in small things like sunshine and rock. I believe in authenticity. Which is maybe how we got off on the wrong foot, you and I. In the unknowable event of the living hole one has to imagine, invent and draw from future experience a world that will always create in itself, reality and fiction in unequal measure. Underestimating the power of this relation was my first mistake.

98. Asking Daniel Vilchis to paint an ex-voto for me was my second.



Purchased ex-voto paintings of other people's events (by Daniel Vilchis). Aluminium, acrylic paint. 180mm x 240mm, 250mm x 300mm, 255mm x 300mm. México D.F. 2012.

99. I am careful to explain to Daniel that my event did not actually happen.

Not yet anyway. Slightly perplexed, he agrees to take my one hundred US dollars and depict my story for others to see. Daniel has never seen the inside of a zoo and isn't sure how to make it look. He asks me for a photograph of your enclosure but I want him to imagine your captivity for himself. Instead I write the following and ask him to paint its picture. It reads (my translation):

Thank you to the children who threw pebbles at the undercover window of a desperate polar bear. He tried to turn the weakness of my heart to his advantage when I fell into his ocean at Morelia zoo. It happened to Justy, January 29, 2012.

Inscribed onto a piece of scrap aluminium, Daniel's strange creation is delightfully disturbing. In his depicting of my gratitude at not being eaten by a polar bear, we participate together in assembling a new construction of this event that never happened. My only error is that I do not manage to free myself from representing what I imagine. It is this error alone that I believe to be the cause of my near-death experience in a frozen Icelandic paddock five months later. One might say it is the middle from which everything else is repelled.

100. *It happened to Justy*



Aluminium, acrylic paint. 320mm x 250mm. Photographic documentation of a commission. México D.F. 2012.

101. Dear Oso Polar,

In light of every single event that has happened since I fell into your ocean at Morelia zoo, I find myself writing this short letter to you. It has been two years and three months since I stood with my hands against the walls of your man-made habitat, since I first saw your lumbering frame against the green. Yours and mine, just two bodies moved by the matter of our mutual enclosure.

I lied. That day we first met in your captivity it was not the water as I had claimed, but my interpretation of your looking that destabilised my delicate heart. I invented the episode with the children and the pebbles and then Daniel added the open teeth and the green canopies in the trees. It was he who made my hair blonde and replaced the sun with a flaming heart. And floated it overhead in the evening sky. That was all Daniel I swear. Even now, this long after the event, I still don't really know why I did it. Or why I felt so compelled to have Daniel retell the story of this event that we both know. Never happened. All I know for sure is that it has something to do with the water. And the yellow-green fur that's been growing inside me ever since we met. In clumps at first and then in long ribbons of knottable line.

Two weeks ago I met by chance a non-Maori, Maori-speaking man in Melbourne, Australia. And he looked into my eyes and he asked me the question that now fills my sleeping hours my days my nights my memories of you. 'Ko wai koe? He asks. "Whose water are you?". Immediately I want to answer that I am the water of your captivity but I don't think the others will understand. 'I am the water of a glacial lake in the north of England. I am the water of the Tasman Sea'. These are the words that I cast into the circle of bodies of which I am an eighth of an edge. They drift into the centre of this man-made loop where I see them bob up and down with all the other rivers and oceans and inland seas. Just for a moment we make the time to swim in here, to dive and splash and put our heads underneath the water so that we can hear each other's hearts beating as if they were our own. But now all of a sudden one of us is gasping for air. Blinded by the depth of their unknown the rest of us start heading for the shore. Line. Inundated by the swell of our misunderstanding. We pull away from each other just as the wave threatens to break our banks and we return to the treading of our individual bodies of water. When instinctively I reach to itch the small scar on the left side of my chest,

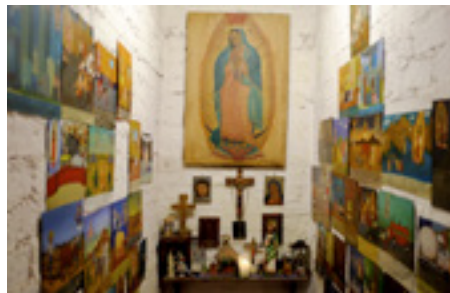
102. I wonder if it is your fur that's caught inside its silky lining.

NOTES /

- ¹ *Tornado* (2000-10), Francis Alÿs. Video documentation of an action and related ephemera 55 minutes Courtesy of Francis Alÿs and David Zwirner, New York Image: Video Still © Francis Alÿs. ←
- ² *Pi* (2008), Roni Horn. Exhibition. Tate Modern, London 2009. Installation view and detail ←
- ³ *Fall I* (1970), Bas Jan Ader. 16mm, duration 00:24 seconds. ←
- ⁴ *Broken Fall (Organic)* (1971), Bas Jan Ader. 16mm, duration 01:44 seconds. ←
- ⁵ *The Loop Tijuana - San Diego* (1997), Francis Alÿs. Postcard 150mm x 105mm. ←
- ⁶ *Second Moon* (2013), Katie Paterson. A fragment of the Moon, couriered around the earth for one year. ←
- ⁷ To 'wander' is another way of thinking the journey. Nicolas Bourriaud (2009) refers to an exploration of journey in contemporary art practice as the 'journey-form' or 'trajectorial-form'. ←
- ⁸ During my PhD candidature I have undertaken four international artist residencies. In February 2012 I spent four weeks at SOMA International Artists Residency in México D.F. In September 2012 I spent four weeks at SÍM Residency, (Samband Íslenskra Myndlistarmanna) in Reykjavík, followed by four weeks at Nes Artist Residency (Nes listamiðstöðvar) in Skagaströnd, a small fishing village in Northwest Iceland. In September 2013, I was invited to undertake an 8 week-long residency with the SenseLab at Concordia University in Montréal, Canada. These residency opportunities have been critical to my developing the technique of oothra. ←
- ⁹ During my artist residency with the SenseLab I join their regular monthly reading group. In this group I participate in the close reading of Deleuze and Guattari's *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia* (2004), *Nietzsche and Philosophy* (Deleuze, 2006) and numerous short texts by philosopher/ poets, Arakawa and Gins. On my return to Australia I joined the OZ Immediations Reading Group composed of Australian-based SenseLab contributors. We are currently attempting to read Felix Guattari's *Schizoanalytic Cartographies* (2013). ←
- ¹⁰ At various stages throughout my candidature I have been invited to share my research across a number of platforms. These include paper presentations at the following International conferences: At the Confessional Culture Postgraduate Conference, 5 - 6 July 2012, Monash University, Melbourne, I present a paper titled, *Sentimental narratives: Ruptured sites of public confession*. At the Fourth International and Interdisciplinary Conference on Emotional Geographies, 1-3 July 2013, University of Groningen, The Netherlands, I present, *The Instar Cycle: Making-through-affect in contemporary art*. At the Sixth International Deleuze Studies Conference: The territory in between, 8-10 July 2013, University of Lisbon, Portugal, I present, *The Instar Cycle: Deterritorialising the Heart*. ←
- ¹¹ In 2012, I visit the Documenta (13) exhibition in Kassel, Germany. A number of artworks make a strong impression on me. Traces of these works I feel throughout this body of research. They are Pierre Huyghe's 'composting' installation *Untilled* (2012); Haris Epaminonda and Daniel Gustav Cramer's choreographing of a former office building through object and image; Tino Sehgal's *This Variation* (2012); Willie Doherty's *Secretion* (2012), a haunting site-specific video narrative of invisible memory. Also in 2012, I visited the 18th Biennale of Sydney. The most memorable work for me was Lyndal Jones' *Rehearsing catastrophe: the ark in Sydney*, installation and performance (2012). ←
- ¹² In 2012 I have the pleasure of visiting the studio and home of Daniel and Luis Vilchis, sons of Alfredo Vilchis, world-renowned Mexican ex-voto painter. I come here to collect my commission and find their studio to be an incredible archive of other people's near-death experiences in the making. ←



Photographic documentation of the Vilchis market brothers' stall in Mexico D.F.



(Top): Photographic documentation of Daniel Vilchis in his studio and (below): the Vilchis family home in Mexico D.F..

103. Missing woman searches for herself.

A small tour group sets out for the waterfall Eldgjáfos in Iceland's southern highlands. On their return to the bus the driver reports one of the tourists missing as she has failed to return to the bus. The driver waits in the parking bay for an hour whilst the remaining tourists search for the missing woman. When the search seems futile, the driver notifies the police and continues with the tour. Search and rescue teams are sent to the area shortly afterwards. At 3am the search is called off when the missing woman realises that she had been on the bus all along, even participating in the search for herself. The woman, as it turns out, had returned from the waterfall with the rest of the group earlier in the day. On re-entering the car park the missing woman used the facilities to 'freshen up', taking the opportunity at the same time to make a change of clothes. Back on the bus, 'the woman simply didn't recognise the description of herself, and "had no idea she was missing"¹.

Arc IV: Towards infoliating

104. Cut away from the inside edge!

This is how a living hole grows. Always pushing from the core, the becoming-body of the living hole must find a way of circumnavigating the force of its propulsion. Imagine the edge of a continuous line returning back on itself. This line is a loop. This loop is the edge by which the becoming-body of the living hole circumnavigates itself. We can think of this edge as a deterritorialising line. Deleuze and Guattari define deterritorialisation as constituting 'the cutting edge of an assemblage' (Parr, 2012, p. 69). One might say that depending on the porosity of a given body (environmental, social, political, or linguistic) the cutting edge of a deterritorialising line is just as likely to be gradual and erosive as it is to be instantaneous and incisive. I would like to make a critical distinction between the cutting edge of a living hole and that of Deleuze and Guattari's deterritorialising assemblage. Where Deleuze and Guattari (2004) designate the outside edge of an assemblage as the cutting edge, I argue that the living hole sets the conditions for an inside cutting edge. This crucial point of difference is made felt through the refining trajectory of this fourth arc of research-creation, *Arc IV: Towards infoliating*.

105. Using contractors to excavate an enormous hole

in the floor of New York gallery, Gavin Brown's Enterprise, Swiss artist Urs Fischer fashions a crater eight feet deep that spreads almost to the gallery walls. He names it *You* (2007)². From the core of its pit, the hole extends more than thirty feet in all directions, revealing a bed of ochre dirt where once there was only concrete floor. When I enter the gallery, there's a man standing down there in the bowels of Fischer's earth. Dark suit and balding head. Fischer's extraordinary gesture transforming rubble into breathable air. Like me, other visitors peer into the hole from its precipitous edge. An experience only made possible by Fischer's choosing to leave behind a precarious fourteen-inch ledge. On which I am standing. A palpable space from which I too can taste the cool air of Fischer's hole-ing. I feel naked. I am not naked. But Fischer's peeling away of these layers of concrete and skin leaves me vulnerable to spontaneous openings that I don't yet understand. All I know is what I feel and that it is deeper than the eight foot depth of Fischer's man-made New York crater.

Each time another person ventures into the hole they are accompanied by tiny pieces of its outside. Grains of municipal New York sand break away beneath their ballet flats and knee-high black-tan boots. Very soon the ledge on which I am standing will be ten inches then six inches then no inches at all. I am captivated. He knows this of course and titles his artwork accordingly. By naming his removal of tonnes of dirt from a gallery floor 'You', Fischer activates an audacious gesture of relation. Sedimented concrete, the imprint of a Nike running shoe, histories, memories, whispered conversations, bodies in and out of love; these are the archaeologies in which Fischer constructs his magnificent hole. It's as if in this act of carving air out of solid ground, the artist somehow materialises in language, all the gravities of loss and the complexities of their holding. It is this materialising of nomenclature that prises open the pit of Fischer's giant hole. Not from the middle of the gallery floor but from the middle of 'You' the balding man. 'You' the woman standing on the precipice. 'You' the sand that clings to the bottom of her shoe.

Propelled by the eruptive force of its core, the living hole is bound only by this inside edge of its looping, for its outside edge does not belong to it but to the material body of which it is a part, to the body of its holding. A hole to a woollen jumper. A conversation to a mouth. Moisture-ridden breath to the skin of a balloon. In order to relieve the pressure extruding from its core, the living hole cuts away from itself, *eventing* into the body of its holding / cuts into itself, *eventing* away from the body of its holding. This bifurcated process I define as *hole-ding*.

106. Dear Roni Horn, without you I never would have felt this blade at all.

When its deterritorialising edge comes into contact with less resistant material than itself, the living hole is not only compelled to expand outwards, but just as critically it is forced to consume the sedimented material of its cutting. The becoming-body, writes Manning (2012), is an exfoliating body. But I argue that by sedimenting the inside edge away from itself, the living hole as becoming-body must exfoliate from the inside. One might say that it 'infoliates'. This process of infoliating is also a process of deterritorialisation because it too is 'a coming undone' (Deleuze and Guattari, 1983, p. 322). Crucially, I argue that through its process of infoliating, the becoming-body of the living hole activates 'a coming undone' not from the surface but from the core. From the heart. From the eye of the storm.

107. To move-with the living hole you first need to immerse yourself in it.

One cannot simply stand back and observe the force of its moving. As in *Tornado* (2000-10), Francis Alÿs's swirling column of vertical air, 'the artist neither stands outside of the violence in a place where he might attempt to assess it, nor does he implicitly suggest a way of combating it...Instead, quite actively, he runs towards and immerses himself in it' (Godfrey, 2010, p. 29). To move-with the becoming body one needs to feel the force of its moving. In the parched highlands south of México City, Alÿs and his camera feel the force of this moving as the articulated movement of dust and air. Chasing a calm in the eye of a storm is their way of moving-with this moving. To move-with the becoming body of the living hole you must embrace its assemblage by first allowing its assemblage to embrace you. Allow its airborne rocks to mark your skin. Enable its language of memory and holding, imagining and feeling, object and sharing to move you. I embrace this sedimenting force of the living hole to develop the third technique of this research. I name this technique of research-creation,

108. *infoliating*.

As a technique of sedimenting material away from the event of its holding, I explore infoliating as a concrescent force of *displacing* and *distilling*. Displacing, I activate as a way of falling-with the living hole. And when I fall, I do not fall into a pre-existing time and space, I fall instead into a time and space of my making. My participating. My displacing. In distilling, I extract only the most essential events of this displacing as a way of proposing new relational fields towards the conditioning of new events. Through infoliating I demonstrate how the act of falling away from the inside enables one to grow-with the becoming-body of a living hole. Crucially, the technique of infoliating enables me experience the living hole's cutting or sedimenting away from the inside edge as an intensifying rather than a pacifying process. In falling away from the inside I develop a way of moving-with this scale of intensity.

109. An intoxicating displacing of bodies-in-the-making.

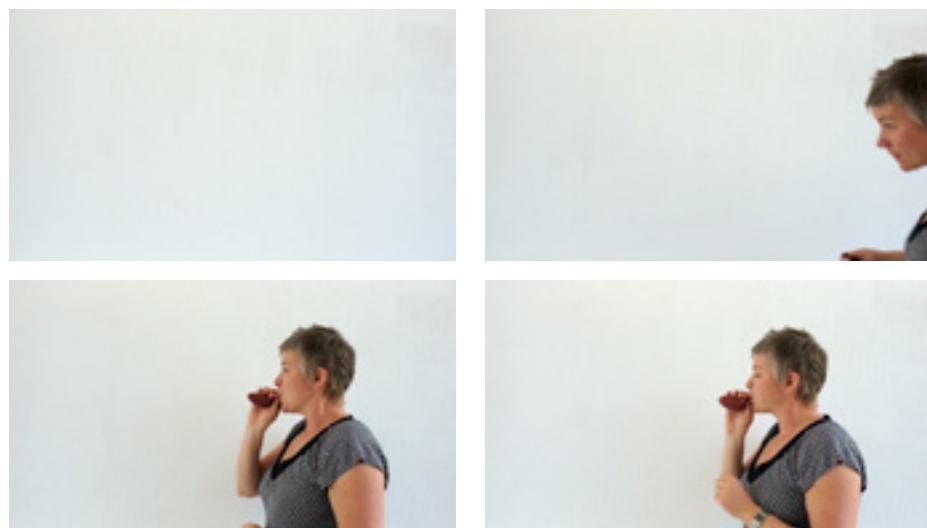
In *The New Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*, the word displace means to 'remove something with something else which takes its place' (1993 p. 699). In *You*, Urs Fischer removes art gallery dirt allowing art gallery air and gaping holes of human dislocation to take its place. In event number 89. *Because all of this may never come true*, my commissioning of a Morelian rotulista, I replace a pharmacist's fear of graffiti with an artist's fear of death. In the living hole, these displacings are the very constructions of the fall. But what

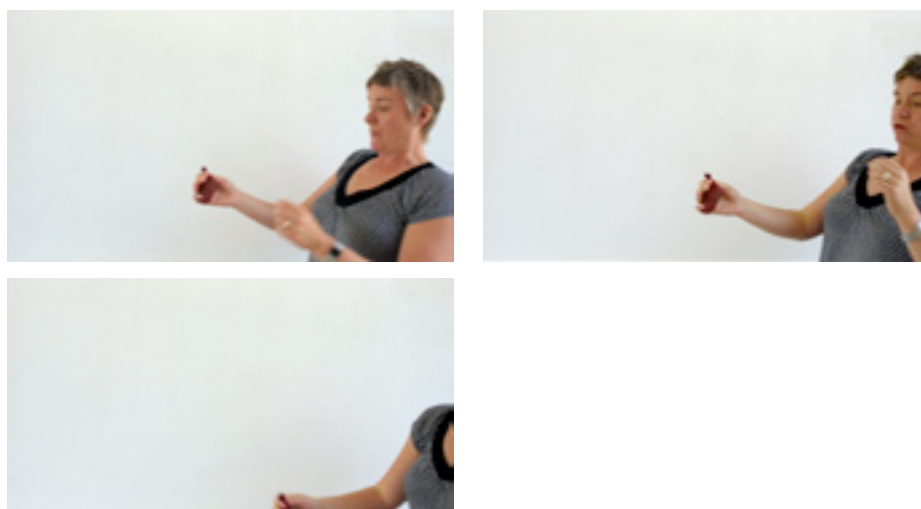
is most important here, is not the object nor subject of these constructions, but the new relations that this process of displacing, *events*.

110. When I decide to set up a balloon-making factory

in the studio at SOMA in México D.F., I do not know that my dedicated hours of effort will generate just one trophy of reward. I see a video on YouTube that shows you how to make a mould and dip a mould and bake a mould and strip a mould a hundred times in a hundred different colours. And it looks easy. On the internet. I watch young children tie rainbows with their fingertips. And I want this more than anything. I set up my production line just like the one on the video because of the four thousand and fifty eight people that I can see have watched it before me. I find a plumbing supplies store and request four pieces of grey plastic downpipe each cut at twenty four inches in length. I try to explain that I am making balloons, a LOT of balloons and that the pipes I am requesting will soon be transformed into vats of liquid latex. My internet-inspired invention draws a crowd and when I finally leave the shop everyone is cheering and I am elated. For the mould I've chosen a rock that's already full of splintered passages of air. I make it smooth by dusting it with talcum powder and carefully join it with plasticine to the end of a wooden dowel. I dip the body of my precious rock time and again into the silky latex but it's not as easy as they said on the internet to make the layers stick. It takes me a week to dip one mould and successfully separate its skin. I turn on the video, step into its frame. There is only one breath. Will only ever be, one giant molecule of air. And in the heat of my lips, for the balloon at least, it is simply too much to bear.

111. *When your heart is a balloon*





Video stills. [Video](#) documentation of an event. (00:27). México D.F. 2012.

112. The Iceland Deep Drilling Project strikes magma at 2100m.

This is only the third time in recorded history that magma has been reached³. Through my process of extracting infoliating from the sedimenting force of a living hole to the sedimenting technique of research-creation, I once again carve my trajectory with Deleuze and Guattari's concept of desire. If, as Alison Ross writes, desire is 'a force able to form connections and enhance the power of bodies in their connection' (2012, p. 66), I ask: How might a process of infoliating enable bodies to form connections? How might such a displacing enhance the power of bodies in their connection? In this scoreography of living holes, I experiment an intimate gesture of falling away from the inside in order to constructively displace not only bodies of space and time but also bodies of objects and subjects and thinking and writing. What is so seductive to me in the language of displacing is the way in which it uses its own body to articulate a subjugating of place. To displace also taken to mean to 'move out of place'⁴. It is this language of displacing that enables me to fall away from conceiving the inside as 'a place' - as a site of physical and temporal location - and approach it instead as a complex, heterogeneous territory.

113. In a Montréal hospital I lie awake.

A new body forms. Is you is me is the starched cotton sheet that is our life. Raft. I am connected to tubes and needles and voices and liquids and tentative hands. You are connected to me. We are connected to tubes and needles and voices and liquids and tentative hands of inexperience and puncturing that stings and stings. And stings until the right amount of crimson blood flows in the right direction for the last time in its life. For the first time in its life.

You lie along the length of me. Make me twice as long. A circumference without line. Just an amoebic something that can only be the middle of unknowing. This line that opens and opens and opens. Desperate for traction in anything. Your iPad. Your long warm hair. In a sea of fluorescent tubes and plastic chairs and a sign that laminates 'only one visitor per patient'. As if a lighthouse could organise the waves.

When you inadvertently contaminate the ECG machine by holding my cold feet in your hands. You are scolded for creating the joint echo of our heart. From now on the cardiac machine monitors us closely. All cables and crocodile clips. All tentacles pinching skin. Now we are octupi. Now we are sponge. Now we are dull ache. Now we are hospital air.

114. Displacing subjectivity by falling away from the inside.

In *A Lover's Discourse*, Roland Barthes writes, 'The heart is what I imagine I give.' (2010, p. 52). For Barthes, the heart is a subject that can be given and returned. Drawing on Felix Guattari's (1995) matrix of subjectivity, Erin Manning argues that 'subjectivity is no longer exclusively located in a body: it is a collective moving-through' (2012, p. 22). Following Guattari, the heart is what I imagine I give, but never as subject, only as flow. It is a flow that challenges, in the casting of every line, my unwavering desire to write in the first person – to elaborate through personal experience the more-than of a hole in the heart, *already made felt*⁵. Remapping subjectivity through the concept of the interval, Manning offers subjectivity as 'a provocation that effects the recomposing of bodies-in-the-making, creating not fixed subjects but infra-individuations' (2012, p. 22). In composing with the *living experience* of the living holes that compose me, I attempt to release subjectivity from the anchor of the 'body', towards a re-thinking of posthuman subjectivity⁶ as a 'moving-through' telling.

115. Proposition: Fall towards the relation.

In the living hole, the inside from which I fall includes in its intimate assemblage, the known, the self and the subjective 'I', but it is also an inside that interweaves titanium and nylon and memory and history, an inside that surges intermittently as platelets and plasma and shadow. To fall away from the inside is to displace the body from its core; corporeal, incorporeal, lived or imagined. But in this releasing, my experience tells me, tiny splinters of the inside cannot help but sediment the fall. These delicate intimacies add shape and rhythm to this pulling away from the edge. But also raw-cut danger. Falling away from the inside is an intimate gesture of relation in which I invite others to share in the metamorphosis of these broken away

fragments of the inside. It is an intimacy that cannot be practiced and in this sense it cannot be known, for each time it unfolds itself anew. Creates new relations. New ruptures. New transformations. It is the precariousness of these relations that makes them very difficult to make. Let alone to tell.

116. *In Search of the Miraculous* (1975)

Exactly forty eight days before the day of my birth, 33 year old artist, Bas Jan Ader sets sail in the North Atlantic Ocean⁷. His solo voyage on the 'OCEAN WAVE' is the penultimate *living experience* of a catastrophic trilogy. At just over 12ft in length, his boat is, I am told, the smallest craft in which such a feat had ever been attempted. The work begins in 1973 when the artist documents in a series of photographs, a night-time walk through the city of Los Angeles, from the Hollywood Hills to the ocean. On the back of each image he writes the lyrics to the Coasters' song *Searchin'*. Embracing the ocean, Ader decides to continue his journey to Amsterdam, drawing his trilogy to a close with another night-time walk in the city of canals. In 1975, as a prelude to this solo, trans-Atlantic crossing, he exhibits *In Search of the Miraculous* at the Claire Copley Gallery in Los Angeles. For this exhibition, Ader invites a group of his students to sing traditional sea shanties alongside an accompanying slideshow. On the 9th of July, 1975, Ader says goodbye to his wife and sets sail from Cape Cod. After three weeks at sea, all radio contact is lost. Reportedly, small remnants of his boat are found off the shore of Ireland. Ader is forever lost at sea.

In an article titled *The artist who sailed to oblivion*, art critic, Richard Dorment writes, 'To this day, no one knows whether Ader was swept to his death by a freak wave, became disorientated and jumped overboard, or whether, from the first, his intention in staging his last work had been to commit suicide.' (2006, para. 3). Later, I read about the devastating events of Ader's childhood, his father murdered by the Nazis for harbouring Jewish refugees, his mother given fifteen minutes to flee their family home. Dorment implies that Ader, in his solo voyage, makes a conscious decision 'to place himself at the mercy of a force greater than himself... surrendering himself to the ocean as he had surrendered to the force of gravity' (Dorment, 2006, para. 6). Sometimes the living experience of a hole in the heart can distil too much. Subtract too much of one's holding. I think this might be what happened to the miraculous life of Bas Jan Ader.

117. Alert: There are many dangers in cutting a body away from its inside edge.

Cut away too quickly or too slowly and the whole world might implode. Life. Chaos. Death. Tell too much and the whole world might be engulfed in one giant catastrophic black hole⁸.

118. Ever since I saw that image

of Bas Jan Ader fixing sail on the tiny deck of his 'Ocean Wave', I have thought long and hard about what might motivate a man to take such a wild and unrelenting risk. But when, on the 26th of April 1993, your beloved father, Mr Terry Woodward, climbed into the crystal blue waters off that pontoon in the Whitsunday Islands, no one knew that his 66-year old body would slip so easily from the reef. Margaret Louise Woodward. Partner. Lover. Daughter of an ocean wave.

119. *Anthropología*



Photographic documentation of an event. Museo Nacional de Antropología México D.F. 2012.

120. A note of warning. For a hole can be very difficult to hold.

As a technique of research-creation, infoliating invites a *distilling* of displaced material. As an active verb, 'to distil' means to 'extract the essence of; concentrate, purify' (*The New Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*, 1993, p. 706). In this research, I name distilling as a way of refining and editing the displaced material a living hole infoliates away from the inside edge of its shape-shifting body. This material, the most essential assemblages of oothra's eventing – the captive polar bear, the floral heart, the Mexican taxi-driver-cum-sound-recordist, the touch of her fingers as she reads my palm – I establish as new triggers. In this sense, infoliating is a technique of *subtractive fielding*.

Distilling is a subtractive process. It forces me to ask, 'What can I take away from my holding as a way of intensifying this process of hole-ing-hole-ding?' What can I let go of? What can I leave behind? Once more I attune. I mark. I propose. Fifty million butterflies in flight? Gone. Mariposa fishermen in Lake Patzcuaro? Gone. The polar bear must stay. The way I feel him is different to my affliction with the butterflies, to the panda in the forest. The way I feel the bear is also different to the animal's ongoing subjectification as a symbol of global climate change, with both the butterfly and the polar bear epitomising our overly-sentimental anthropomorphising of the planet's potential ecological catastrophe.

Contemporary artists such as Mark Dion (US) and the collaboratorative partnership of Brindís Snæsbjornsdóttír (Iceland) and Mark Wilson (UK) attempt to address these concerns through inter-disciplinary practice. Gleaned from natural history museum collections from around the world, Dion's extensive photographic series *Polar Bear (Ursus Maritimus) III* (1994 - 2002)⁹, showcases carefully labelled photographs of stuffed polar bears in dioramic settings constructed to imitate their natural environments. In Snæsbjornsdóttír & Wilson's *nanoq: flat out and bluesome* (2002 - 2004)¹⁰, the artists' extensive research-installation-bookwork attempts to confront the polar bear or *nanoq* as hunted, collected, taxidermized, and exhibited object. Both of these artworks focus on the polar bear as an object of human desire and in doing so, find it almost impossible to free themselves from the anthropomorphising they seek to address.

Through this research process I attempt to move in another direction altogether. In composing-with the hole(s) in my heart, I open my body to the living experience of the bear. Its appearing-disappearing I experience as intermittent electrical activity, as caged animal, as funerary wreath, as liquid latex, as dead rabbit; as separating father. It is in this sense that I embrace the *Oso Polar*, not as object or subject but as becoming-body; as becoming-bear.

121. We're standing on a wind swept beach

Swiss Julia and me. I'm knee deep in rocks and weed. She's making images of the sea. All the world's possessions washed up on this beach and nets and floats and bottles and boats. And there's something unexpected here for me. At first I only see the PHI then DEEP SEA MODEL GUARANTEED. I slip my fingers into the hold. Pull my trawler buoy from the sea. There must be a tonne of air-filled weight on this beach. But only this one has my name embossed. Pressed with manufacturers P-H-I-L-L-I-P-S in Grimsby. It's come all this way from the north of England. Just like me. Who knows how

long it's been out there with the phantom nets and cod. I used to swim at the Grimsby Baths when I was faster than them all. When everything I ever wanted I swam to in a pool. People ask me why I spent so many hours so many years swimming up and down. Made so many circuits of the water. Because I had nowhere else to go. And I'd say you'd have to be there to know how it feels to move through water the way I did. To know what was definite. What was true. Only then and only then do you see. You don't move the water. It's the water. It's the water that moves you.

122. In my body. I feel one thing at least is certain.

You don't move the living hole. It's the living hole. It's the living hole that moves you. I feel immediately oppressed by the rhythm of its moving, of its hole-ding. I am now the sedimented material of its cutting. Paralysed, almost, by the weight of our histories and our mis-making. That we might lose each other. Already lost each other. You are the water and I am the tank and our wanting, the green bear that loops and loops inside of the pool. I am afraid. But a part of something bigger than myself. A part of something bigger than the bear and the tank and the provincial zoo. There is a comfort in this. In the potential of using all of this, all these other parts of this assemblage, to make out of these relations something new. I feel-with my body, the shape of these words, these speeds, these relations-in-the-making, of which I am now a sedimenting part. And I too begin to experience a coming undone from the core. How these things undo us. The touch of a lover. The complexity of grief. The making of funerary wreaths. How might we compose-with their undoing?

123. Owl



Photographic documentation of an event. Húsavík, Iceland. 2012.

124. *Yellow buoy*

Photographic documentation of an event. Wesfjords, Iceland. 2012.

125. I close the net, pulling everything I can through the holes.

As a technique, infoliating constructs through selective assembly. I trawl through the events of my making and extract only the most essential events to carry forward. These are the triggerings of future tellings made felt. I identify by name these sedimented and distilled assemblages of oothra's eventing as:

Becoming-bear
Circuit-green
Corn-dog
Elbows-bow
Hansel-Gretel
Holding-you
Hollow-plume
Hornbeam-kelp
Inky-floe
Mi-Corazon
Monarch-gold
Owl-buoy
Panda-roost
Pink-lips
Rainbow-spectral
Raven-land
Still-life
Walnut-cutting

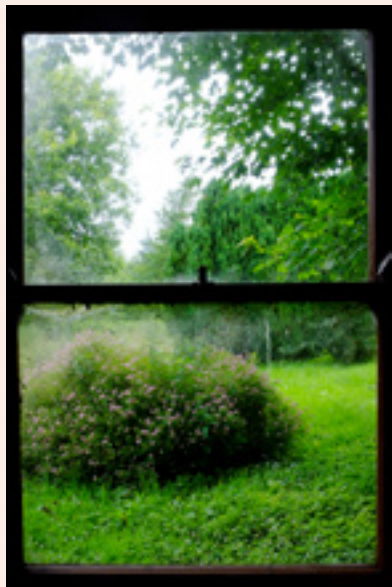
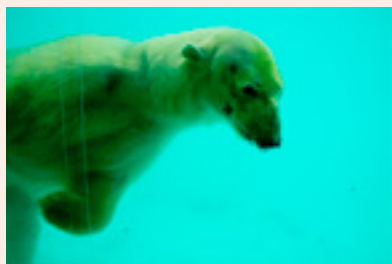
126. *Becoming-bear* (events 20, 68, 72, 96 - 102, 144, 146, 149 - 164, 180 - 182)

White bear.
Grey bear.
Shore bear.
Chicken wire.
Golf club.



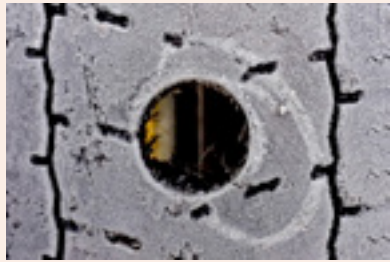
127. *Circuit-green* (events 20, 72, 165, 175)

*Your skin a window.
So much green.*



128. Corn-dog (event 34)

*At first when
I saw you sleeping,
I didn't see your
corn cob.
The hole in the tyre
caught my eye
immediately.*



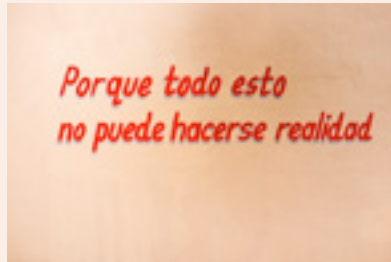
129. *Elbows-bow* (events 21 - 24)

*The way things grow.
And ground.*



130. *Hansel-Gretel* (events 88 - 92)

*Because all of this
may never come true.
This is why Hansel
and Gretel
live in Paradise.*



131. *Holding-you* (events 46, 173 - 177)

*Twenty-eight days full
 of weight.
 Collected in twenty-eight
 days full
 of air.*



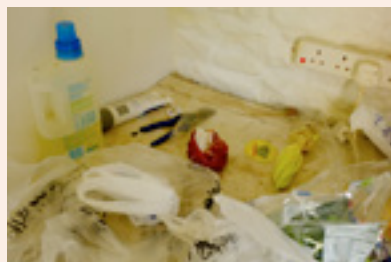
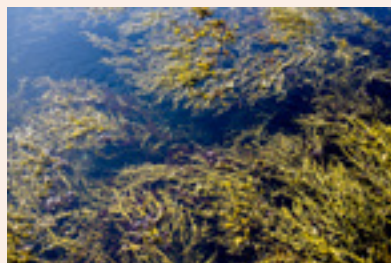
132. *Hollow-plume* (event 109, 121)

*My heart with one eye.
In Iceland
Another freezing dawn
This earth is a bird.
And it's melting.*



133. *Hornbeam-kelp* (events 179 - 182)

*You don't move the water.
It's the water
It's the water
that moves you.*



134. *Inky-floe* (events 103, 170, 179)

*Watch this river flow.
As black ice eats
the road.
Reaching for the sun.
Always*



135. *Mi-Corazon* (events 55, 56)

*Carrying my heart.
In my arms.
Patzcuaro to Janitzio.
'Where it rains.'*



136. *Monarch-gold* (events 59, 87)

*A house that is a castle.
Only darkness inside.
Marigold
crossing his chest.*



137. Owl-buoy (events 121, 123, 124, 180 - 182)

*The first time I saw her eyes.
Yellow buoy.*

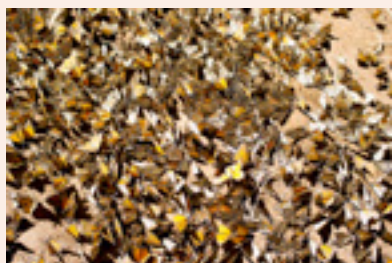


138. *Panda-roost* (events 50 - 54, 58, 59, 62 - 64)

A panda in the forest.

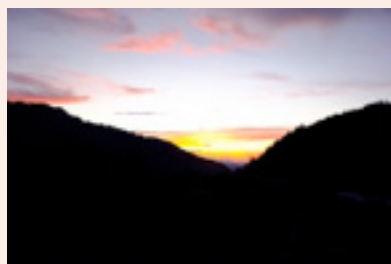
Butterflies.

*A panda in the forest.
with butterflies*



139. *Pink-lips* (events 29, 110, 111, 173 - 177)

*A twinkle in their eyes.
Someone painted this rock
and cut these lips.*



140. *Rainbow-spectral* (events 28, 80)

*Inflatable animals.
Balls of air.
A train and a loop and
a signal station.
All these colours from other
people's
mouths. Painting
yellow.*



141. Raven-land (events 65, 69, 93 - 95)

Rock
Raven.
Yoltzin.
Salty-pineapple-churns.
My-hurty-insides.
Dear-neighbour.
Kind-regards-from-México.



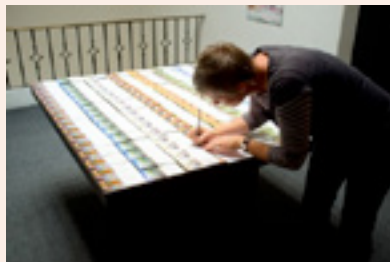
March 21, 2012

I had declined to the north from a few who back for home and others
at the Pacific beaches of this state. The coming, however, looked through
mountainous hills. People have come for a day. Not to look, but only
great food to a multitude of spectators in the evening. He seems to will
knows what's like me. Though the mountain is not really wild.
The birds are nesting here, kind of the mountains and the water (especially)
around the lower reaches. In fact, of the water and a mixture
great heat producing. Heat and rain, the same state of the mountains
showing well.

There's nothing in his shadow. And the night of the pineapple comes out
clear like an unbroken sky for about. The sky is not so clear
as when you think the land is given some. Observed by the night.
The birds are nesting here, kind of the mountains and the water (especially)
around the lower reaches. In fact, of the water and a mixture
great heat producing. Heat and rain, the same state of the mountains
showing well.

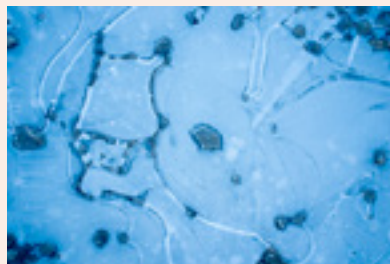
It's raining to rain now. I stare at the shadows and wonder if his
shadow is still visible in the water like this. And the other are
hiding. I only mean.

América del Sur México
Punta Santa Bárbara
México, D.F.



142. *Still-life* (events 46, 144, 165, 166)

*Capsicum, Stilton
and courgette,
at my father's house.
Blue ice in Iceland.
Dead rabbit.*



143. *Walnut-cutting* (events 71, 180, 181)

*The size of a walnut
with yellow red shell.
Flotsam everywhere I look.
This is the first time I think
of your father.
Swimming.*



144. I go to Iceland, stopping on my way in the north of England to visit my father.

We are losing eight minutes of light each day now. I'm here to witness the big swim. It's 8am and I am standing on the rocks looking out there trying to decipher lines of grey. I've been waiting here for days, battered by the cold and the rain. I have a flask of coffee and a Lava bar. Eyes on the prize. The dark water. The chaff and the churn. I know he won't come unless I am watching. Unless someone can witness his swim.

The down in my jacket is starting to weep causing delicate rivers of Arctic rain to collect around my wrists. And inside I am clammy and white. And somehow the black from out there has engulfed the white from in here and suddenly I am full of something else. In the north of England, big black clouds of rising damp are swelling in the walls of my father's bathroom. And into my father. And it's drowning him. And he has become the polar bear. And he is swimming for his life. Then flaying in the chop. And he can see no one. And no one sees him. My father. In his off-white pelt. Bedraggled and wretched, stands in awe. How the skins of all the other bears shimmer outwards in this light. Returning shards of yellow to the sea.

I want to go back to his house and scrape all that blackness from the walls. But I know it's already inside him. It's under his nails and in his hair. In his voice. In his teeth. And every time he opens his mouth he lets another piece go. Ever so gently. At the front door, he calls me over to inhale the perfume from a single rose he has grown in half a wine barrel. He ushers me closer, wants me to take in all the air he's letting go. 'Look', he smiles, folds his face around the bloom, 'I've made something beautiful'.

I heave my heavy case up his narrow stairs and flick the latch on the wooden door. I can not describe the smell in this room. You'd have to be there to experience it for yourself. This is the smell of neglect. Of losing someone who is still there. It is the smell of all the conversations you will never have. It's the smell of all the things from which you came. All the things you fear you will become. All these things that are here. But already gone. I pull my jumper over my mouth and lay my case down on the carpet. Careful not to disturb his cobwebs, most of which are covered with fine yellow dust. Woodworms have eaten through the antique tables and sitting chairs. Holly, Cherry, Oak and Ash. Their delicate trails left undisturbed for months. If not longer. Flies caught in spiders webs. Brittle veins drawn from every window frame.

There is a sheet on the bed. I ask Dad who was the last person to sleep here. He pretends not to hear me and I pull myself inside because I don't want to

sleep on someone else's skin. And I can see it's all dusty and there's probably tiny animals living in the fibres and then they'll be living in me. One day a few weeks from now I'll discover that I am germinating this room. And then I'll be the host. And all of this will be inside me. I call down the stairs for bed linen. I don't touch anything. I don't allow anything to touch me. He appears at the top of the stairs looking kind of lost, like he forgot that this room was part of his house, that all these things, these spiders, these woodworms, these pulsing veins belong to him. He reaches into the wardrobe and picks something off the floor. 'Would this be OK?' He pushes an old curtain, complete with wooden rings into my arms. 'I don't seem to have another duvet'. I unpack a t-shirt which smells of me, pull it around the drool stained pillow and fold the arm holes to the back. I sleep in all my clothes, pulling the curtain up to my face, allow the wooden rings to kiss my chest. This is how I have slept in his house since I was ten years old. Cocooned inside the smell of me. I lie awake thinking about all the things that are wrong about this room. About the black shape slowly rising up the paint, which joins my body to the toilet wall below. Not sure if I am on the inside or the outside of this rotting bloom.

145. It is only now when the assemblage threatens to implode,

that you reach a threshold of undoing in which you might construct new passage and flow. In these last moments of pre-imploding, I choose to fall. I choose to make-with my falling.

146. Five weeks later I am on the Skagí Peninsula waiting patiently for another polar bear to arrive.

But I'm still thinking of him. Wedged in between the Bactrian camels and salted candy floss.

147. Days and days of imperceptible geometry in the Arctic Ocean
reveal nothing.

148. Another morning and another barrage of horizontal frozen rain holds me captive to the inside of the studio-cum-fish-processing-shed.

149. I decide to make my own polar bear head by tearing up the mountains from Icelandic geological magazines.

It takes four days to shape it and cover it in layered strips of pictographic paper and two more for it to dry so that I can paint hairlines onto his fur. I carefully place upwellings of mafic magma in the fracture zones behind his ears, lessen any downsagging of the crust around his lower jaw with pages and pages of line-drawn volcanic belts. I draw up his cheekbones with buoyant mantle plume, causing his small black eyes to spread outwards the perspective of our view. And beneath the black and white marks of my paintbrush are numerous accounts of scientific expeditions to the most notable features on the island; Vatnajökull, Reykjanes, Snæfellsjökull, Vestmannaeyjar and the now infamous Eyjafjallajökull. It's beautiful alright. I leave it rough around the neckline to suggest the existence of a body now missing a head and place it on my bedside table so that

150. *his are the first eyes to greet me in the morning.*



Production still. Photographic documentation of an event. Skagaströnd, Iceland. 2012.

151. When I receive a telephone call from the Mayor my heart sinks. He would very much like us to meet.

He is perplexed by my invitation but expresses excitement about what we might encounter during my guided tour of his town. On the municipal noticeboard, a lioness and her cubs somewhere in the African savannah. I've been here in Skagaströnd for nearly four weeks and I still have no idea how to undertake this speculative endeavour. I fill my days with cliff-top walks overlooked by the North Atlantic Sea. Looking outwards in the vain

hope that I might move closer, further, nearer, sooner to a solution to my audacious proposition, I am paralysed by an intense and crushing fear. Of failure. There are only four more days until I meet god knows how many people at the house of the fortune teller Þordís Spakona. I feel nauseous all the time and the only thing I can think of is inviting the bear to guide the tour for me.

152. Testing our compatibility for such a venture, the bear and I leave the studio together. For the first time.

With my head in his head I walk around the frozen streets of Skagaströnd. I play on the swings. I hang out at the petrol station, wait for the supermarket to open. I document this event of our wandering, the bear and I, in a video I come to title *When your head is a bear, 2012*. In the last scene, the sun is setting over the ocean. The bear and I stand and stare as the horizon fractures its sky with shards of pink and orange. We wait there patiently at the water's edge until gravity and dark water smudge it all away.

153. *When your head is a bear*



Video stills. [Video](#) documentation of an event. (05:04). Skagaströnd, Iceland. 2012

154. *Kántýbær*



Production still. Photographic documentation of an event. Skagatrönd, Iceland. 2012.

155. Through wandering and eventing I begin to language this body that bites my fingers with mouthfuls of sub-zero air.

All I need is one more image.

156. At exactly 3pm the next afternoon the bear and I mount a (wild) Icelandic horse.

I'd like to say that things start well but they don't. As soon as I find my grip on the leather reins I realise my mistake. My corrupting of their relation. But it's already too late.

157. The horse takes exception to the bear, to the sound of its chicken wire frame. Rears. Throws me off its back. Then bolts.

158. The feathers from my down jacket fall like snowflakes overhead. I feel nervous laughter and suffocating pain.

159. I fracture my skull. And my back. And my shin hurts like hell.

160. Someone catches the horse. But the bear head and the artist lie motionless on the frozen ground.

I'm thinking about Lygia Clark again. She writes:

"Is it I who did that?" Upheaval. A hysterical sense of leaking. Only a thread holds me fast...A monster surges up from the sea, surrounded by living fish. The sun shines intensely when suddenly it begins to go out. The fish: dead, their white bellies upward. Then the sun shines again, and the fish are alive. The monster has disappeared into the depths, the fish along with him. I am saved. (Clark in Bois and Clark, 1994, p. 103)

161. The next day a 'witness' recounts the story of the falling bear.

I decided not to cut any eyes in the head. And that makes it very difficult to navigate. I didn't want to break the fiction of it, allow things to escape. Also if I can't see your eyes, you can't see mine. And then you don't really see me, right? All you see is the paper and the chicken wire. All you see is the bear. I am lying on my side on the spare bed of my Swiss friend Julia. I cannot open my eyes. Too much pressure in my head. Spinal fluid dripping from my nose. Out of the darkness, Julia speaks, tentatively at first, 'You. Looked. AMAZING...You. On that wild horse, wearing a polar bear for a head. Snow on the mountain, the yellow evening light. A silhouette and the dark, dark ocean behind.' Pause. 'YOU. Looked. AMAZING'. I sense a steady stream of tears soaking into my pillow but do not feel them leaving my eyes.

At Saeborg, Skagaströnd's the home for the elderly, Andrea, a visiting artist from New York is making observational drawings of some of the resident's hands. A young carer assisting her patients in the lounge asks Andrea if she knows the woman who was thrown from the horse. When Andrea answers positively, the carer leaps to her feet and claims to have witnessed the whole event. She saw the woman in the polar bear head, she said. It was mesmerizing. The woman in the polar bear was sitting on a horse that she had rented from her parents' riding school, she said. She had a bad feeling about the scene when she saw the bear looking so strong. When the horse reared up the woman in the polar bear was thrown off the saddle and onto the road. She thought the woman was dead. She said. She held her breath. She doesn't know what happened to the head.

Andrea reported this startling account to the woman who actually fell from the horse. This woman was very surprised to hear that the young carer thought she had been at the scene. Because she had not. Only present were Swiss Julia, Svana, the horse's owner (this was not one of her parents as she had imagined), the horse itself, the woman and the bear. A wind swept paddock, frost underfoot, snow on the mountain. Sun setting in the ocean to our West. This 'witness' was in fact never there. This is how the story of the polar bear and the horse becomes one and the same. This is how it begins.

This is this exact moment in which everything changes.

162. Unable to walk. I cancel the guided tour.

163. This bear must not leave the island.

The bear must not leave the island.

I have fractured my skull.

I know this because I have spinal fluid dripping from my nose.

I play out the scenario:

I create a bear.

I am becoming bear.

The bear takes a stroll around town.

The bear meets two small dogs, both of which defend their ground.

And bark incessantly at his over-sized head.

The bear meets a horse.

The meeting does not go well.

The bear is damaged.

The horse flees.

My head is broken.

I am becoming the bear.

The bear is becoming me.

The bear must not leave the island.

The bear is destroyed.

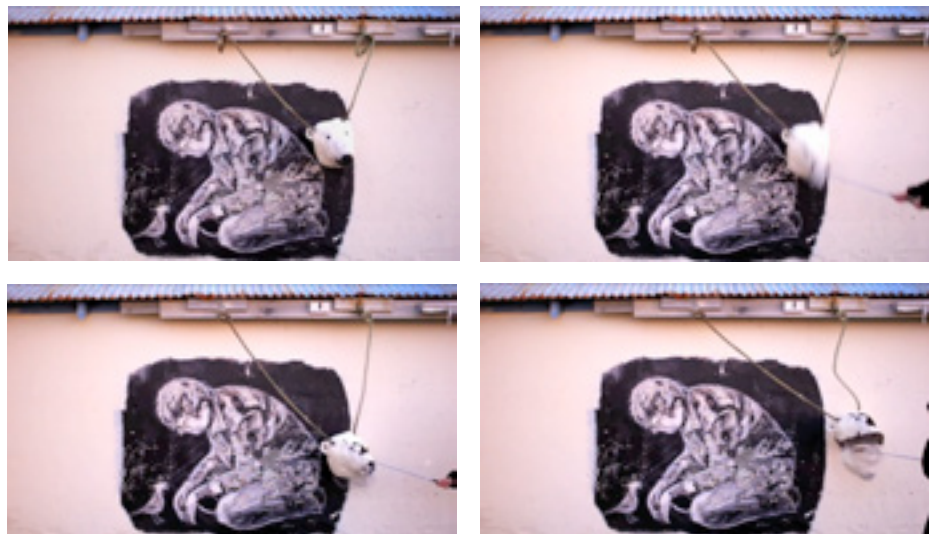
(I did not expect her to use a golf club)

I regret this immediately.

My head is a bear.

And now it's broken.

164. *This bear must not leave the island*



Video stills. [Video](#) documentation of an event. (00:55). Skagatrönd, Iceland. 2012

NOTES /

¹ *Lost Woman Looks for Herself in Iceland's Highlands*. (2012), Retrieved August 8, 2012, from <http://icelandreview.com/news/2012/08/27/lost-woman-looks-herself-icelands-highlands> ←

² *You* (2007), Urs Fischer. Excavation, gallery space, Dimensions variable. Gavin Brown's Enterprise, New York. ←

³ <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Magma> ←

⁴ Apple system thesaurus reference. ←

⁵ You can't pre-identify the holes. They are always forming. Always transforming. This idea is reinforced for me when I discover philosopher Gilbert Simondon's 'holes of individuality', which he defines as 'veritable negatives of individuals composed of a core of affectivity and emotivity' (in Manning 2013, p. 30). ←

⁶ Beyond the scope of this research (due to limitations of time and the scale of this research investigation) is an emerging field of highly seductive scholarship of 'posthuman subjectivity'. A generous introduction to this emerging field can be found in a special issue of *Biography*, which includes Gillian Whitlock's *Post-ing Lives* (2012) and Louis van den Hengel's ambitious *Zoography: Per/forming Posthuman Lives*. Through *Zoography*, van den Hengel proposes 'a post-anthropocentric mode of life writing that affirms life as a force of inhuman vitality that runs through humans, animals, and things, and connects them transversally... Rather than addressing life from an already determined view-point such as that of the human "subject" or the nonhuman "other", zoography invites us to look at life as an experimental and open process of transformation, a continuous production of new relationalities. It encourages a renewed sense of the human not as the ground from which a narratable life proceeds, but as a temporary production of the material flow of life itself' (2012, p. 8). ←

⁷ *In Search of the Miraculous*, (1971 - 75), Bas Jan Ader. Image: Bas Jan Ader sailing out of the harbor, Cape Cod, Massachusetts, 9 July 1975. ←

⁸ In quantum physics, a 'black hole' is defined as a region in space-time 'where it is not possible to escape to infinity' (Hawking & Penrose 1996 p.39). In the black hole gravity prevents anything from escaping, even light. According to NASA, black holes can form during the death of a star. Some stars, which can be up to 20 times more than the mass of our sun, emerge when a large star 'collapses' or falls in on itself. This creates a strong gravitational pull that draws in everything, including, light.

In recent months, Physicist Stephen Hawking has amended his position on black holes, suggesting they may not indeed exist in the way he first defined them in the 1970's. Instead Hawking is putting forward a new conception, to which others have attributed the name 'grey holes' (Kwong 2014), suggesting that light probably can pass through the void and that black holes can leak information in the form of matter.' The absence of event horizons mean that there are no black holes - in the sense of regimes from which light can't escape to infinity. There are however apparent horizons which persist for a period of time. This suggests that black holes should be redefined as metastable bound states of the gravitational field'. (Hawking 2014, p.3). The metastability that Hawking describes lead me back to Manning's concept of the becoming-body as 'an exfoliating body with no fixed form' (2012, p.124).

Beyond the distant field of quantum physics, I draw on another expression of the black hole - that conceived by Deleuze and Guattari. In *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*, Deleuze and Guattari present the black hole as a necessary, if unwanted outcome for a failed line of flight. The black hole, writes Kylie Message, 'is one possible outcome of an ill-conceived attempt at deterritorialisation that is caused by a threshold crossed too quickly or an intensity become dangerous because it is no longer bearable' (2012, p.34). For me, this highlights the most real and present danger of this research. In melding these black holes of Hawking's and Deleuze and Guattari's thinking, I come to understand material holes not only as dangerous places but more than this, as dangerous events in space-time. ←

9 *Polar Bear (Ursus Maritimus) III* (1994), Mark Dion. 12 black and white photographs and labels, edition of 4, 2 AP, 11 x 14 inches each. ←

10 Bryndís Snæbjörnsdóttir and Mark Wilson, *nanoq:flatout and bluesome*, Spike Island, Bristol, February–April 2004, ←

165. falling towards my father's kitchen,

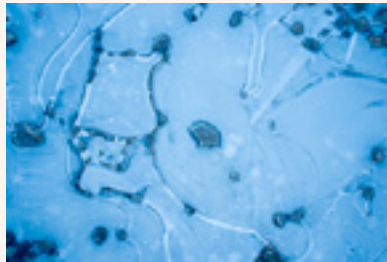
a piece of blue plastic catches my eye. Actually it's not the plastic but the unintentional sculpture it illuminates: One tin of Johnstone's white house paint (opened), one traditional clay jam pot containing Stilton cheese, a hand-made plate that is older than I am, a small block of Wensleydale cheese, a half-eaten capsicum (red), a half-eaten courgette, some food packaging, some plywood and a blue plastic sheet. I read Deleuze's words, 'You never desire someone or something. You always desire an aggregate.' (Deleuze in Deleuze and Parnet, 1996). Desire compels me to make a photograph. It is four in the afternoon and the Icelandic winter is trying desperately to wrap the earth in porous grey sky. How does the ice in such a shallow puddle feel so blue? Desire compels me to absorb it before I jump in and shatter it back to white. We are walking and pointing to the view. A stiff brown rabbit in a bed of road-side grass. Desire compels me to feel the softness of his ear on the road. For me, this is just one of the ways an assemblage might come to desire itself as living hole.

Arc V: Towards scoring

166. *Proposition: Desire the relation!*

142. *Still-life* (events 46, 144, 165, 166)

*Capsicum, stilton
and courgette,
at my father's house.
Blue ice in Iceland.
Dead rabbit.*



Screen-shot of an event. Wagga Wagga, Australia. 2014.

167. Think this precarious betweenness as a sensing environment of hole-ing-hole-ding flows.

As the assembled territories of infoliating's making begin to leak, begin to permeate, the becoming-body of the living hole shape-shifts once more. Its formless body of now a collective event in the making. As the trajectory of this penultimate arc unfolds, the living hole makes felt its future potential as dynamic shared relation. This arc desires what I might describe as a metamorphosis through telling.

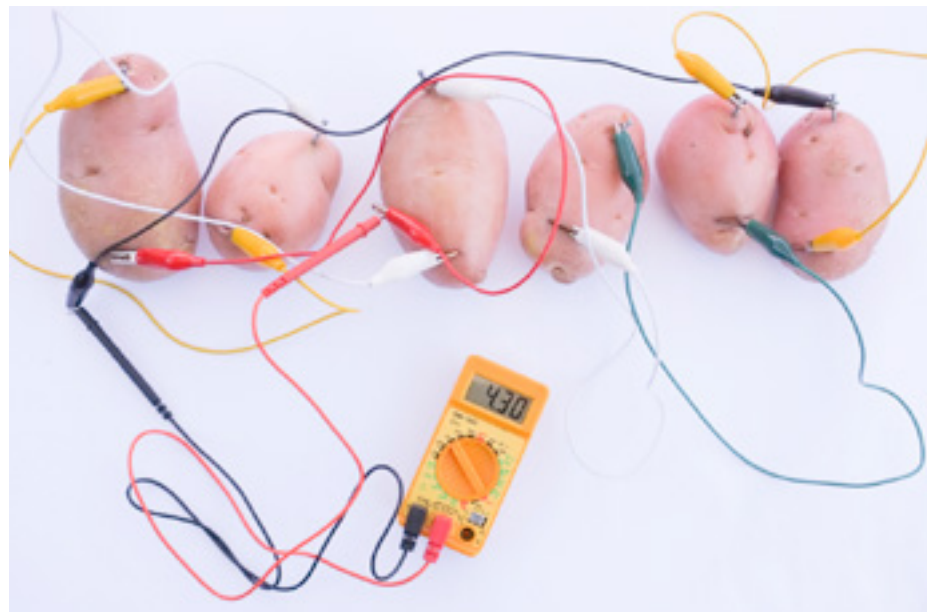
In composing-with the becoming-body of the living hole it is not desire itself that I feel, but the force of moving. What I feel, or better still, what I feel-with, is its 'biogram'. Drawn from Deleuze's theorising of the 'diagram', an abstract machine that is 'the map of relations between forces' (Deleuze, 2006, p. 37), Brian Massumi (2002) and Erin Manning (2012) think the biogram through the lived experience of the body. Massumi originally conceives the biogram as a way of thinking the 'peri-personal' experiencing of synaesthetic forms (2002, p. 187). Biograms, writes Massumi, are 'lived diagrams based on already lived experience, revived to orient further experience' (2002, p. 186). For me, this thinking invites a way of conceiving the biogram as a living repository or archive of experiencing. In the living hole, the biogram is a passage that enables these lived experiences to go on living, long after their occurrence. In composing-with the living hole, Massumi's concept of the biogram invites me to reactivate personal memories, collective histories and shared experiences as current and ongoing events. However, it is Manning's expression of the biogram that enables me to tell-with the slippery interval that is the living holes' *experience in the making-already made felt*. She writes, 'the interval creates the potential for movement that is expressed by at least two bodies' (Manning, 2012, p. 17). The polar bear and the horse. The pheromone-fuelled debris on the forest floor and the arrival of the super-generation of Monarch butterflies. The hole and the heart. The dinosaur balloon and Oaxacan green.

Critically, Manning defines the biogram as 'the intensive passage from force to force that moves a body to express its durational intensity' (Manning, 2012, p. 127), and in doing so, extends Massumi's original concept even further into the realm of the ontogenetic body by proposing the biogram as the moving of movement itself – as the moving or *living* rather than already *lived* experience. The biogram, writes Manning,

makes itself felt in the intensive passage from one intensity–one series–to another. The shift is never a passive transition that leaves two series intact. It is a transmutation, the biogram the virtual node between the series. (Manning, 2012, p. 125)

In this fifth arc of research-creation, I compose-with the biagrammatic movings of the living hole as a way of *living* the complex and precarious relation of its telling. What the biogram makes felt, as moving 'multiplicity' (Deleuze & Guattari, 2004), is the distilling field of infoliating's activity. When I fall towards my father's kitchen in event 165, I infoliate-with my falling. What the biogram makes felt it not only the assemblage of my falling – the tin of Johnstone's white house paint, the half-eaten capsicum, the earth in porous grey sky – but more than this, it makes felt the preparation of its telling. As I move-with my falling, I am both attracted to and repulsed by the variable parts of this assemblage. This is for me, the 'transmutation' that Manning proposes. In this assemblage that is fast becoming father-daughter-plywood-blue-plastic-sheet, nothing is left intact. This concept of the biogram is so critical to this research because, as Manning writes, it is the biogram that 'carries the movement of the event even before the event has expressed itself as such' (2012, p. 125). In this living hole of father and child, it is the biogram that carries in movement the event of our encounter long before it finds a way of expressing itself as love. Manning writes, 'I move not you but the interval out of which our movement emerges' (2012, p. 17). With this research, I move not your loss but the interval out of which my understanding of your loss emerges.

168. Voltage is only the POTENTIAL to do the work. Most assuredly, it will NOT power a household light, but a small flashlight lamp will GLOW.



Photographic documentation of an electrified event¹. Potatoes, galvanised nails, copper wire, cables, ammeter. SenseLab, Montréal. 2013.

169. I must be on the other side of the highway.

At first I see only darkness and then the silhouette. Matt black and immobile, I join its lines into a shape that appears as two-dimensional horse. After a few seconds, illuminated momentarily by a passing silver-grey sedan, its score of distended ribs etches diagonal lines into the back of my late-night eyes. A lone, emaciated horse standing on a highway in Tirana. I am transfixed, not by its absent light-dead body but by the backlit landscape of its standing. Yellow-green light from a nearby apartment block hangs from concrete edges, making the shape of the horse's undercarriage into the horizon of an imaginary mountain-landscape. It is so quiet and so still this air, that I almost do not feel its violence. Drifting in and out of focus, he and I share lines of fuzzy concrete that blur his standing into mine, intermittently. It is unusually quiet on this highway. Has someone doctored the sound? The muted tones of distant automobiles and barking hounds do nothing to soften my concern. For its welfare. After a few minutes another car, this time with horn blaring and yellow-white headlights. Only now do I see the horse balancing precariously on just three legs. The fourth, a rear hind leg, it draws into the light-filled mountain of its holding. This is the violence. This threshold that is not-yet death. Time and again, my view is obscured by passing trucks that suck the horse's image out of sight. And then back again. Vacillating abstractions. Please don't fall. I grip my hands and synchronise my breathing to the horse's wavering leg. Please don't fall. What I really want to say is, "Please don't fall while I am watching".

Between life and death. This is how we make our relation felt. This faltering Albanian horse and I, carving space and time with our passing. In a duration of just five minutes and twenty-two seconds on a backlit LED screen, I feel the unbearable weight of his lumbering frame as the unknowable darkness of our falling. This is my experience of *Time after Time* (2003)², Albanian artist Anri Sala's intimate video document of an emaciated horse's not-yet falling into the speed of oncoming highway traffic.

In a poetic critique of Sala's work, Simone Schmidt identifies *Time After Time* as a qualitative experience of felt or embodied time. Framing the artwork as duration itself, Schmidt writes, 'Released from narrative and a coherent context, this piece as duration communicates as a temporal unfolding of confused sensorial engagement – as a lived time of disturbed and unstable perception' (Schmidt, 2009, p. 3). Moving with Schmidt's experience of this work I go one step further by proposing it not as duration, but rather, as a precarious betweenness of duration's making. Precarious, because it is full of risk. Betweenness, because it is porous territory-in-the-making. In this awkward middling of Sala's unfolding, I recall my eventing of the underwater bear in event number 20, [Short Circuit Green](#), whose looping Arctic body

threatens to drown us both. With my face pressed against the thick glass wall of his enclosure what I feel is the slippage of our water. Yellow-green light. Grey-green bear. In the illuminated speed of Sala's oncoming traffic, I watch the yellow-grey lines of my father's hair. Disappearing into darkness. And I am forced to confront the shocking intimacy of a living hole as shared relation. Faltering body. Drowning water. Green-bear-father-horse. As we move towards scoring, the final technique of this research, it is the precarious betweenness of a living hole's *experience in the making-already made felt* with which I compose.

170. *Tar line*



Photographic documentation of an event. Alston, England. 2012.

171. Between life and death. This is how we make our relation felt.

Composing-with the biagrammatic makings-felt of the living hole, this is the work of *scoring*, the fourth and final technique of this research. Until this point, one might conceive the collective eventing of triggering, oothra and infoliating as a kind of 'pre-acceleration' (Manning, 2012, p. 13) of shared relation. They are three techniques of research-creation through which I come to event the living holes that compose me. Scoring, as the final technique of this research, activates this collective flow of pre-accelerating force as what I define as a *conjugating-rupturing of telling*. Drawing on the conjugating force of its biogram and the rupturing force of its infoliating body, scoring is a technique of eventing through lines of writing.

Beyond its common expression as an instrument of musical composition, the score as a method or technique of art-making has been activated across a wide range of relational practices³. In the 1960s, conceptual artists including Yoko Ono and Allan Kaprow introduce 'event-scores' – both instructional performances and participatory gestures of relation. Of particular significance to this research are Allan Kaprow's Happenings. Kaprow, argues philosopher and writer Stephen Zepke, 'gradually rejected the expression of a virtual 'score' in a theatrical performance, in favour of a 'blurring' of the score and its actualisation in a process of composition understood as being 'life' (2009, p. 109). Crucially, it is in Kaprow's collaboration with minimalist composer John Cage, that I identify a shared platform of scoring as experience in the making. As Zepke writes, Kaprow enabled 'a score or 'plan' that contained chance as its autopoietic compositional principle both constructed, and was constructed by 'life' rather than 'art' (2009, p. 109). In Kaprow's words, 'our newly released art began to perform itself as if following its own natural bent' (Kaprow, 2003, p. 225). In this, the penultimate arc of this research, you may already be realising that the process of scoring's eventing has already taken place. From event number 1, with its pulsing orb of spectral colour and flow to the not-yet made felt of event number 179. *Today my father called out of the blue*. This research project is unfolding as an intuitive *living* (rather than performing) of its own *experiencing*.

In contemporary practice, I infold this living, experiencing research with the 'propositional scores' of artist Pierre Huyghe (Barikin, 2012), Tino Sehgal's oral renderings of script and score, and Heather and Ivan Morison's future-oriented apocalyptic experiences in the making. I am also careful to note Lawrence Halprin's activating of the 'Score' as the second component of his RSVP Cycles. It is through the 'score', argues Halprin,

that we can involve ourselves creatively in "doing", from which, in fact, structure emerges—the form of anything is latent in the process. The score is the mechanism which allows us all to become involved, to make our presence felt. Scores are process-oriented, not thing-oriented. (Halprin, 2002, p. 48)

If the biogramming body of the living hole makes its presence felt through its incipient-conjugating forces of cutting away from the inside edge and pushing from the core, then scoring is my way of inviting you to compose with the shared experience of its telling.

In *The New Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*, the word 'scoring' is defined as: 'a line scored between two or more points...a drawn line, orig. one constituting a boundary; a stroke, a mark...a crack, a crevice. Later, a cut, a notch, a scratch; a line incised with a sharp instrument' (1993, P. 2722). In

this research, I activate scoring as a bringing together (conjugating) and breaking apart (rupturing) of experience in the telling. Through lines of writing and breathing and thinking and feeling, I draw lines that etch and tear. Lines that break the surface. Lines that leave marks. Lines that scar. I cast line after line into this precarious betweenness. Between that which has already happened (often without my knowing it) and the potential of its future event. How to compose-with this precarious telling? I ask, "How might these lines of writing be cast forward as the event of their composing?"

172. They say it appeared overnight.

This jack-knifed refrigerated carrier that spills its guts into the flow of early morning traffic in Bristol's Centre Promenade. Nearly 25,000 bunches of freshly cut flowers discharge their futures of devoted vases and funerary wreaths into this busy street. This is civic rupture on a monumentally intimate scale. By the time I reach the scene it's late in the afternoon. Cornflower. Chrysanthemum. Peony Rose. The uppermost bunches bear the brunt of the early summer heat yet even this doesn't soften the fall. What is this extravagant and deeply poetic experience? An accident? A set-up? A constructed situation?

Right of centre and away from the spill, a young man in an ice-pink cotton shirt is mesmerised by this sea of articulated bud-burst. Hovering to my left and almost out of view, I see a woman in knee-length skirt and open-toed sandals. She is the first one to participate in re-appropriating this horticultural mishap. She is the first one to liberate the stems. And then its carnage. Within minutes I see grown men grabbing bundles of colour from the wreckage. Fields of blood-red Gladioli and Lisianthus surge forward with bruising precision. Men in suits and high-visibility vests, office-workers, teenagers on push bikes, skateboards. Mothers carry their babies, fill their prams with weeping Emilia and Lily. I instinctively head for the sunflowers. To lift their over-burdened faces from the ground. In a moment of shared hysteria, infatuated office workers and opportunistic passers-by draw petals from the bitumen, conjugating colour to their lives. By 7pm this devastating artwork by artists Heather and Ivan Morison (UK) has been wilfully dispersed across the city. Floods of people arriving home with armfuls of rupturing blooms.

A few days before their calculated 'accident', titled *I lost her near Fantasy Island. Life has not been the same* (2006)⁴, Heather and Ivan Morison dispatch an ominous postcard that reads: 'African grey parrot, grey with red tail feathers. I lost her near Fantasy Island. Life has not been the same'. I for one, never saw the postcard, only the truck and the armfuls. Only the pallets

and racks and peach-coloured plastic tubs of aromatic blooms. And now life is not the same. Heather and Ivan Morison, life will never be the same. My encounter with your audacious installation, is tearing me apart. With every beat of this body. I want things. Regret things. Diminish. Forgive things. Inside this body there is a heart. Just like yours. It's not by the jack-knifing of the cab or the falling of the stems, nor the armfuls of the bleeding Gladioli. It's the choreography. The constructed 'spilling' that devours my all too public loss.

173. In México City I finally succeed in making a beautiful red balloon. I fill it with air from my lungs. But it ruptures. The warm latex bleeds into my lips.

Today is St. Valentine's Day. The zocalo is full to capacity with multi-generational love. Awkward young lovers walk side-by-side. Parents and grandparents folding in behind. They've seen all this before. Gangs of teenage boys hustle each other to buy single red roses and helium filled balloons of cartoon characters and beating hearts. But so many hearts now floating in the air. Animated by the strong and steady evening breeze, the inflated animals stand to attention on acres of Oaxacan green. Shimmering in the moonlight. And more. In regional towns and cities across México, the zocalos are full of latex-skinned air. Each seller with their own style, their own collection of curated breaths for sale. All that colour and all that air they chose not to turn into words or kisses or coughs or laughs or fuel for their sweltering hearts. That's what impresses me. The weight of all that potential suspended. All that potential carving the air.

How much air does it take to fill a balloon? How much breath to fill the air? I imagine my heart the size of that dinosaur, its horny armour piercing the insides of my chest. But still, its plump and malleable form stretches far into the extremities of my limbs. And that feels so good. And it's full of Mexican breath and oh, it's beautiful. I vow to save a single breath, my best breath, each day. And when the days run back to back I will find a way of tying them. Together and take them to the square.

I open the bag of dusky pink pumice I bought from Señora Diaz last week. Take the weight of each piece into my holding. Extend the envelope of my body through shafts of volcanic air. Once held so tight in the belly of the earth. Scorched venting puncturing its matter. The weight of dying plays on my mind again. A hole in the heart is still a hole in the heart. And sometimes it hurts like hell. All that beating. Beating. Beating. Beating. Stop! What if this is the last breath? I decide to turn the pumice rocks into beautiful red balloons. Transform something light into something lighter. How would it feel to take all that weight away? I want to breathe through the venting earth. To hold it between my fingers and suck it into my skin. But there is

a good reason why it's so hard to let go. First of all the liquid latex is too thin, it won't adhere to the talcy holey surface of the rock. Each time I draw the balloony pumice from the home-made latex vat it shies for a moment as its wet meets dry air. Each time the latex pulls away from the rock until only the memory of its holding remains. I wait for endless hours between each forgetting. But gradually, patiently, a delicate skin begins to shape itself around the form.

It takes many days to build up enough material to suggest the matter of a balloon but eventually the latex allows me to roll a lip all the way around the mouth of the rock. There is enough give to indicate for the first time a balloon of two forms. The second problem is how to separate the balloon from the weight to which it now feels accustomed. I ask myself this, 'How dependent is the latex on the rock?'. Attraction, threshold, support. At first it is the rock that does not want to give. Even though I skeined it with a dusting of white talc I find it difficult to release the silky jewel that has come to surround it. The third problem is how to stretch the lip of the balloon back on itself in order to free it from its form. A kind of infolding if you like. I grip the lip between my fingers and roll it and stretch it and slip it as well as I can back over the body of the rock. It is so delicate that even the moisture from the tips of my fingers threatens to render new openings in the soft red skin.

And then it's free. I sit it in my outstretched palm and as I lay it down to rest I see it for the first time in its own right. Maybe this won't surprise you the way it sliced into me but this thing, this balloon, looks just like the heart I am trying to free. I take it to my lips extending the scope of my body once again. I have a string at the ready because I don't think its neck is strong enough to knot back on itself. I make a [video](#) just in case its filling takes my last breath. Ever so carefully I take the air into my chest, take it all the way down my legs and through the studio floor. I bring the balloon to my mouth and slowly I let go. Now I am the surface of the earth, the balloon the molten chamber at its core. Before my eyes the world is expanding. But then I tell myself that weakness never ruptures from the core.

174. Every day I think of you







Photographic documentation of an event. Morelia, México. 2012.

175. I fear that my father's mould is now growing inside me.

Some of the glass panes are missing entirely, others are cracked from top to bottom or sliced through the middle from left to right. These at least remain intact, held in place by grids of rusting metal. Where chickens perch and flap their wings at each other. At me. What you see when you first approach the greenhouses of Hveragerði are not the broken windows nor the vines reclaiming latitudes of frame. What you see are the funnels of heat that rise from mossy grounds. Then displace the heat with arctic air. You see nacreous flows of something urgent, something unable to infold anymore. Something unable to sustain the presence of itself in just the same way as before. I guess you could say that it's leaking heat and air. Not the greenhouse. Not the earth. Not the bathroom walls.

The warm latex curdles my lips. As the balloon collapses itself mid-breath. It isn't caused by too much air, instead by a secondary inflation that grows from a weak point near the mouth of its skin. Like a pimple it blows out far too quickly for the rest of the balloon to share. This is where it pops, taking the entire volume of oxygen and argon and carbon dioxide back into the talc-encrusted air. Takes with it the words and kisses and coughs and laughs. All the things we might have shared. Had I not felt the infestation of your bathroom in just this way.

176. *Conjugating-rupturing me*

Photographic documentation of an event, México D.F.. 2012.

177. I declare it a failure. Put the latex vats away.

Last night I dreamt that I was eaten by a bear. Remember the [video](#) I showed you? The one with green water and yellow submarine? Well I showed that video to someone else and she said she thought that bear was me. And I thought that's strange for her to see me like him. A tiny plankton in the belly of a whale. Circling up and up and around from the centre of the earth. About to smother every living thing with my rage. I thought that's strange for her to see me like him. Loop, loop. Circuit. Kick. Because then she said she thought the bear was doomed. And in her mind I knew it was true. But even a prison of over-licked fur. Even this must be open to change? This pattern. This behaviour. These are the territories we suck in and suck out. Mobile and shifting. Always passing into something else. These are the territories of our telling.

178. Scoring the slippery betweenness of experience in the making-already made felt.

On the 9th of July, 2012, I am in Lisbon visiting artist James Newitt. A mark of our deep friendship is James' ability to see in my work that which I feel compelled to obfuscate. Between these lines of thinking and feeling our brief conversation reveals the intimate complexity of telling. Especially when that telling is bound to the formless body of a hole in the heart. The following is an extract of our words. His and mine:

JP: There is always so much at stake, so much to lose. This is why I fragment these things. This is why I choose to separate them into shards of experience.

JN: No. You're not creating them to be fragmented. You're creating them because they need to be told. In the telling you realise that there's a gap, a space. This is all part of you working out how it might be possible to tell these things. Why did you make a balloon that was a strange heart thing that was never going to work? Because you just had to make it and try it and in trying to inflate it, it blew up. If one attempts over and over and over again to give something their everything but it's always impossible for that everything to be contained in the work, it's kind of doomed for failure, but it's a genuine failure.

JP: This is the tension that moves between wanting to control the story and not being able to control the story. And a realising that at no point was I ever in control of the story.

JN: You're not setting out to lose something. It's like saying I really, really want to tell this thing but I recognise that something will be lost and you're just trying to negotiate that paradox in a way.

JP: Yes. Scoring is a losing of what was already lost. And perhaps a way of re-making it found. How some things are (will always be) lost in the telling.

JN: Yes, although it might be feeling that you lose, it still leaves something within you. In a way it's autobiographical, it's always been autobiographical but you're testing your relationship with the world and then you're trying to see if it's possible to share that with other people. To share that relationship or understanding but knowing full well that something will be lost along the way. If you try to tell that, visually, textually, something will be lost. Each time this experience is told and received something will drop out or be missing. It's not like an empty black hole, it will be filled with something else. When someone reads this story they won't be able to feel everything you felt, but they will take it and respond to something in their own life, their own history.

JP: Scoring composes something personal, something broken, fragile and tenuous in the experience of its own living in order to breach the continuity of that space, time, experience. I think this is the movement of telling.

JN: There's definitely a shift from the author-biographical to the universal. It's not just autobiographical like you're just writing about your life, a consumption of things 'that have happened to me'. No. You're taking things that you've felt and you're trying to transform them in a way that other people might be able to feel them. You understand that in that process you hope they will feel something but they won't feel everything. It's creating a space for the audience to feel something that is important to them. You're not drilling a hole in the book because the hole is important. You're drilling a hole in the book so that words will fall away that somehow there's a space then that can be filled, and this is what sets up the tension.

JP: I spend so long crafting these texts so that I can tell everything. But then I want to sabotage or fracture that. I want so badly to say it and then I think it's too difficult, too intimate, too close for the person it's written for. For them to be the person who reads it I mean. That's the tension.

JN: You've nailed it. You want so bad to say it and you craft these stories but then you are unable or unwilling to give them to the person they are for. Like a love letter you are unable to send. You don't want to give everything to the public but at the same time you feel compelled to somehow let it go.

JP: Sometimes it feels like I am trying to share the untellable. The tension of this attempted and often failed disclosure. Maybe this says something about the parasitic nature of loss.

JN: You're saying I think it's too hard to hear things that are too real but I think it's too hard to say things that are too real. That is really important. You are totally implicated in this. What gives you the right to share these things? And you really struggle with that but you still want to say it. And that's where the obstruction comes in. You're not obstructing it for some aesthetic image. It's this tension where I want to say everything but I can't say everything. I want to give it to this person but I can't give it to this person. It's too real for them to hear. It's too real for me to say. But your work is all about attempting to make public this tension and that's a really interesting space to be in. That's why the reading is really important. It's confronting to hear but it's also confronting for you to acknowledge that.

179. Today my father called out of the blue.

I try to find out if he's dying. But it's hard to navigate his words through the lines that he is weaving through his drinking through his workshop through his fragrant trees. Guilt-ridden knots of Andaman Padouk and Purple Heart. Through stacks and stacks of Sycamore his distant words drift in and out on a tide so quiet I can barely hear.

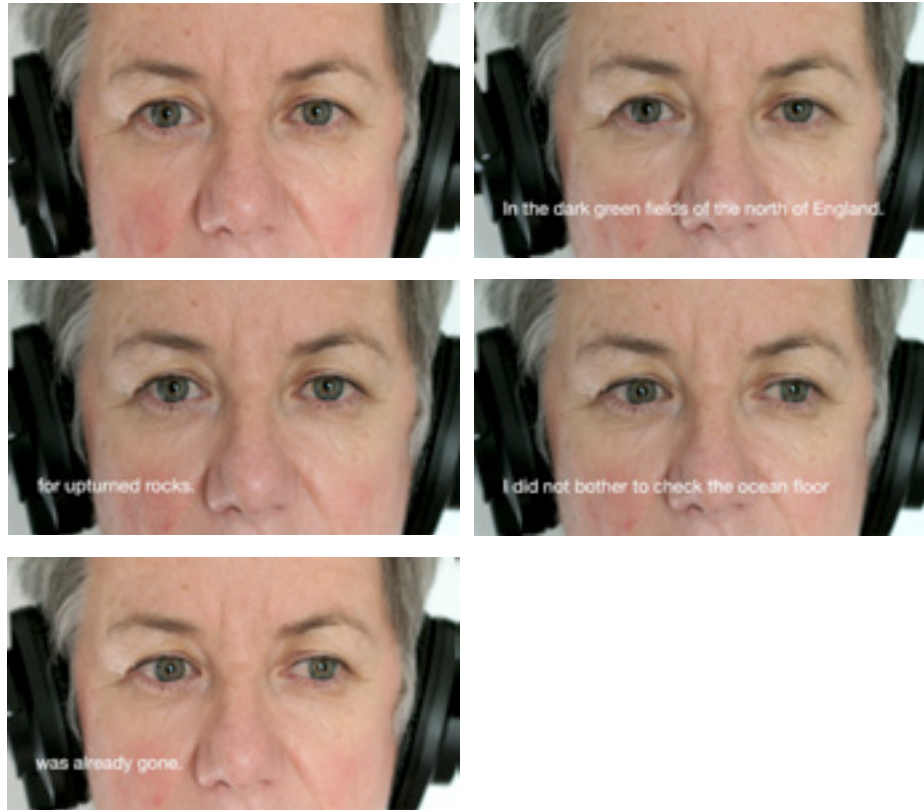
His voice. And then it surges up and out of his tobaccoey breath. Tiny tobaccoey breaths that squeeze out of the ether and into the receiver and out of the receiver and into the amphitheatre of my ear that holds and swells and weeps and wanes. What do I hear? The sweet kiss of an Icelandic Bay. I hear the wind lick my skin as it extrudes. A hundred thousand years of polishing this black volcanic rock. I hear hexagonal fissures driving out of the earth then holding in his injured breath. I hear six-sided basalt columns. Imperfectly yet unanimously formed. This is the body in which I receive his call.

"Have you spoken to your brother" he says. I have, but I say 'no'. Actually we spoke at length but I had to let all that go. To make room for you to pick up your telephone and dial. I push these words inside inside so they won't make a sound that he could possibly hear ten thousand four hundred and fifty miles away. I've shifted all the indents from the salt-encrusted pools. I've cut spaces of grey and grey and green so that I can feel the colour of his breath on my skin should he find a way to say the things we both want him to say. The hands in his jeans the wool in his jumper the soap flakes in his hair. All wiry and grey until I knot it into braids and tie it loosely to the dark green weed that clings to this sharp edge of the Greenland Sea. Where I am standing. Waiting for a sign that everything's okay.

This honeycomb of Dad and I wraps around the northern fringes of this land, settles our touch just long enough to hook our lines around each other. Beyond the lighthouse where black sands threaten to bake our darkness into sheets of transparent glass, vast deposits of escaped Siberian logs accumulate amongst igneous grains. Here it is written into ancient law that the farmer on whose land they wash up has the rights to collect them as driftwood. How far these trees have come. From river mouths and fathers' mouths. Chasing currents but never chasing fast enough.

No voices now on our line just the flame of your comfort cigarette. Its waxy paper draws water-white love away from leaking and touching and smothering. Away from overwhelming. "It would only take one wave" I hear myself say into the wind as it leaves the honey in the comb. Leaves embers in polished stone. Yet still we drift. One virtually treeless island society log at a time.

180. When you and I catch sight of a Great Tufted Owl in a forest 200 kilometres north-west of Montréal, the shared experience of our sighting makes felt the resonance of our living.



181. In the beginning I thought I was looking for my father.

But it turns out I was looking for yours. In the dark green fields of the north of England. In the throbbing pink flesh of my failing heart. Stretched to the limit. I thought I was looking for my father. But now all I feel is yours.

I did not bother to check the ocean floor for upturned rocks. I did not think at the time that your grief was my grief. That your life was my life. That I could be of any assistance whatsoever in filling the absence of your loss. I did not think to sweep my heart with the currents of his life. I did not think you might still feel the salt in his hair. Late at night where you lie warm and pulsing in my arms. I did not see how all of this was growing inside me. Because I was looking for my father. And yours was already gone.

As blooms of rising damp scale the walls of his small bathroom. My father and I. And seep into the lounge where his television plays in the dark. The air is full of blue and white. Flecks of iridescent dancing light in the sweet haze of his home-made cigarette. A symphony of under-stated self-fulfilling neglect. He gets up from his chair and I can see the body he has left behind. Momentarily, to make another coffee. And then back to the safe upholstery of his refrain. Secreting all the little things we cannot say because we don't know what to say. Because we are afraid. And all the things you could not say because of that day. When the ocean swallowed your father. Whole. Knitting his gentle organs into coral reef.

Back home, the giant kelp writhes in the depths of the Tasman sea. He could have chosen that place. But I guess this is where he knew you would be. We're moving forward on a corrugated road when you recognise his eyes in the trees. In the place where a copse of silver birch sheds skin upon skin. Your Dad. It has to be. The mottled forest kisses him in slippery gills. And the car we are travelling in does not stop in time for you to ask him where he's been. For seventeen years adrift. At sea. And first it is you who cannot breathe. And then it is I who cannot breathe. The distance between the car and the verge and the ground and the sun and the broken tree which holds him motionless in this blue. Amphibious weight. A tidal rip cleaves you back into his glory plume. And me, to the sorrow of your Great Barrier Reef. I meet the crabs and the barnacles and the water fleas. Unleash from that day the most spectacular metamorphoses from free-swimming plankton to reef-dwelling father-lost-at-sea.

All our insides are on the outsides. Trailing. Trawling. Hundreds of metres cast from the window on your side of the car. Knotted and tangled they fall away in messy clumps of something once remembered so clean. I put my

hand on your knee desperate to anchor this spectacular moment in more than the rivulets of petrified dirt that carve our wheels into all the things relentless summer rains have washed away. But the speed of this extrapolated body catches us both on the run. How badly I want to catch a glimpse. Of your dad looking out from his silvery ocean hide. To trace the gentle tufts of his eyes with mine. To squeeze into him these years of missing touch. My father not yours. To let him feel.

182. This mass of invertebrate life between us.

NOTES /

¹ Instructions taken from an online resource in which Justin Dopiriak provides an answer to the question: How can a potato be used to light a lightbulb? During my residency at the SenseLab in Montréal in 2013, I propose a number of potato and pumpkin-powered experiments. Using galvanised nails and copper wire, these collaborative experiments enabled us to extract enough power to manifest electronic output on a pocket calculator and light up a small light emitting diode. By activating the potatoes 'in series' we were able to extract up to three times the amount of energy than by wiring the potatoes up in one single line. ←

² *Time After Time* (2003), Anri Sala. Color | Stereo | 4:3 | Video 00:05:22. ←

³ For an in-depth overview of the score as an inter-disciplinary dimension *between* contemporary art and music see Anne Douglas' *Drawing the Score* (Douglas 2013). ←

⁴ *I lost her near Fantasy Island. Life has not been the same*, Heather and Ivan Morison. Friday 14th July 2006. Cut flowers, articulated lorry, wagons, buckets, and CD of Tina Turner's *Private Dancer*. Centre Promenade, Bristol City Centre. Commissioned by Situations, Bristol ←

Arc VI: Open out

183. I cannot show you how to feel the holes in your heart, but offer this research as a way of testing the thresholds of your heart through the material holes in mine.

In *Six Memos for the Next Millennium*, Italo Calvino writes about ‘the search for lightness as a reaction to the weight of living’ (1996, p. 26). In this research project, the lightness I desire is not necessarily a reaction to the weight of living but perhaps more acutely, to the becoming-body of dying. An assemblage of which we are all a living part.

This research tests the proposition: Compose-with a hole in the heart! by experimenting a hole in the heart as a *living* experience. At the outset of this research I raised the question: How might a process of composing-with a hole in the heart enable us to live more constructively through the material holes that compose us? I addresses this question in three key ways. Firstly, I contest current perceptions of a hole in the heart as a defective (medical) and negative (metaphorical) condition by proposing it instead as a vital, self-creating assemblage of more-than-human matter. Embracing its nonhuman vitality, I *feel* and *think* a hole in the heart not as an inert absence but as a productive, living experience. In doing so, I re-invent a hole in the heart as a *living hole*. Secondly, I develop a new a process of research-creation that draws together relational art-making, process philosophy and fictocritical writing. Thirdly, in composing-with the multiplicity of holes that compose me, I propose a hole in the heart not as an individual body but as a shared transversal experience. Finally, I conclude that it is only by actively *living* the holes in our hearts, that we might create the capacity to make felt the more-than-human presences of others.

This thesis is structured in six arcs of research-creation. In the first and final arcs I invite you to embrace the potential of a hole in the heart as opening. In its middle four arcs, this research reveals as living experience, the hole(s) in my own heart. In *Arc II: Towards triggering*, I come to understand how a hole in the heart lives. In *Arc III: Towards oothra*, how it opens and in *Arc IV: Towards infoliating*, how it grows. Propelled by two distinct forces, the living hole generates its own moving. The first of these two forces I define as pushing from the core. It is this force that creates openings. It is this

force that enables the living hole to open itself. The second force I name as cutting away from the inside edge. This is the force by which the living hole grows. Together, I identify these two forces as the ‘enabling constraints’ of a living hole (Massumi, 2011; Manning, 2013). In *Arc V: Towards scoring*, I come to understand how a living hole leaks, infects and renders itself as shared relation. I use the arrhythmic trajectory of these arcs to experiment the autopoeitic life of a hole in the heart. I come to understand this living experience as the emergent language of a hole in the heart. I name the process of composing-with this emergent language, *scoreography*.

I invent four new techniques of research-creation, *triggering*, *oothra*, *infoliating* and *scoring*. Through triggering, I enter into relation-with a hole in the heart by composing-with a confluence of new experiences, images, objects, materials and events. This is a process that enables me to re-conceptualise a hole in the heart as living hole. In oothra, I name a new technique of setting in motion unique and novel interactions between assemblages. Through oothra’s concrescent participations of wandering and eventing, I compose-with the holes in my own heart by eventing the incipient forces of their moving. I invent and name the technique of infoliating through the living hole’s process of sedimenting itself away from the event of its hole-ding. In scoring, the final technique of this research, I activate a conjugating-rupturing of experience in the telling. Together, the four techniques of this research come to land as scoreography. Understood as a practice or set of practices, scoreography is a process of *speculative eventing*. I offer scoreography and its four techniques of triggering, oothra, infoliating and scoring as a significant and original contribution to new knowledge in the field of research-creation. It is my hope that this research, once displaced from the context of a hole in the heart, might activate others to compose-with scoreography.

184. A polar bear swims in circles. Looping. Looping.

The outcomes of this research project are the 188 research events made felt through this conceptual written document and its co-composing event to be held at the The Mission to Seafarers in Melbourne on the 1st December 2014. At no point in its feeling-thinking-telling did I preconceive its form, rather I have allowed the process of *its* intuitive experiencing to shape scoreography’s strange and hybrid becoming *as* process. The interval I set out to investigate has itself shifted through the process of this research, metamorphosising from the living experience of a hole in the heart to the living experience of the work itself. Through scoreography, I invite images, video and found objects to infiltrate and co-compose as fictio’critical text. I discover a new intensity oscillating between image and text, its affective

resonance the imperceptible illuminating of experience in the making-already made felt. To embrace this interval, to exaggerate it – to manipulate the space-time it opens – this is a challenge, yet it is also what I feel as the most surprising and rewarding pleasure of the work. Through this research, I find myself now immersed in what I might tentatively define as a contemporary practice of fictiōneering. In search of the original meaning of the word ‘fiction’, I discover the term fictio’neer, a rare word dating to the late nineteenth century that means ‘a writer or inventor of fiction’. By activating the Latin root fictiō, meaning ‘to make or produce’ (Barikin, 2012), rather than the more common understanding of fiction, defined as ‘the action of feigning or of inventing imaginary events’ (*The New Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*, 1993, p. 941), I develop a fictiōcritical approach to research-creation. Instead of inventing imaginary events fictiōneering spins from the *eventing* of living experience.

I synthesise complex philosophical concepts from the philosophy of Deleuze and Guattari, Braidotti, Manning and Massumi, and with my own body, my own experiencing, I allow them to co-compose with the imperceptible eventing of the hole(s) in my heart. I identify rupturing encounters with relational artworks and creative writing as crucial to this research. Every one of these works comes out of an extreme life and death situation. In the case of Anri Sala, it is the almost-dying of a horse on a Tiranan highway, for Heather and Ivan Morison it is the jack-knifing of an articulated lorry, for Pierre Huyghe, the voracious appetite of compost and bees and for Bas Jan Ader, it is the open-ended experience of miraculous trilogy. What is important here is to acknowledge that my research also erupts from an extreme life and death situation. A shared rupturing of grief and flesh.

I recognise, in the residue of my previous practice, a reassuring presence of fragmented and personal telling. In weaving forward these fragments of history and confession I do not claim to speak for the hole in my heart, but rather to speak with the shared experience that is *our* more-than human telling. Beyond an individual organi(ism), this research project is an episodic, iterative work with a multiplicity of texts driven by one autobiographical voice. I invite you to encounter this scoreographic work as a whole or as a multiplicity of (w)holes within holes. Everywhere, there is slippage. Between what is made felt and what is made public, between what is spoken and what is told, between the intentional and the words that run away without my knowing. This is a love story. A letter of imperceptible eventing, delay and distribution. What I am proposing in scoreography, by co-composing process-philosophy, writing, reading and art-making, through fictio'critical means, is creating the possibility of inventing the world anew. My hope is that in opening the hole(s) in my heart to you, and in transforming some of these hole(s) into openings, I have been able to find a way of sharing this experience with you.

185. All the while the ice is melting and the rest of us are running for our lives

Through this practice I have come to define as scoreography, I shift my practice from approaching sociability from a human-centred perspective towards activating the social through the milieu of the more-than-human. I return to Rosi Braidotti's description of the most pressing concern of our posthuman predicament, as the 'need to cultivate the relations that empower us, social, political, cultural possibilities that open up discourse so that we can think differently about ourselves' (Braidotti, Keynote 2013). What this research demonstrates is that the holes in our hearts might empower us to think and feel differently not only about ourselves but about the more-than-human ecology of our shared world. It proposes that we might live more productively by embracing the material holes that compose us as shared social relations; by coming to understand that the holes in our hearts are complex assemblages of more-than-human matter whose vitality is a productive force of our shared potential; and by finding new ways of sharing as open and propositional flows, the precarious living experience that is a hole in the heart.

186. Desire living holes!

Throughout the eventing of this research, I have fought a searing temptation to pre-articulate scoreography and its four techniques of research-creation. I have named, defined and ordered their qualities at every stage, but only in their writing have I come to understand their intuitive creating as beyond my attempts to contain them. I want to operate these four techniques of research-creation well before I understand how to draw their lines of making and wishful thinking from the pulsing cores and cutting edges of the material holes from which they spin. I am unequivocally Virgoan in my desire to seek order where there is none. I want to hear that everything will be alright, even when the waves of horizontal Arctic rain are smashing down the door.

Through scoreography's becoming-body of research-creation and the four techniques of its making, I shift my understanding of a hole in the heart from a singular or individual body to multiplicity of productive, shared relations. The future direction of this research is to take these living holes and imagine them as a 'society' (Whitehead, 1929), an opening through which one can relate, communicate, make contact, touch, feel and compose with the lives of others. Imagine a *society of living holes*, a constantly moving, expanding, shape-shifting flow. Every telling, a hole-ing hole-ding opening in the making.

187. Compose-with a hole in the heart!

My proposition is a calling to us both. You the reader, you the defective heart. You the excavated gallery, you the magma, you the lover, you the imperceptible event. I write this for you. In this research project, my scoreographic weavings of *you* becomes itself a line of thinking and feeling and doing, an opening of conditions, actions, relations. These openings I propose through speculative score. These scores; these conjugating-rupturing lines, these are my way of asking 'What can a hole in the heart do?' And it's terrifying. In parts. To experience such things. But it all floods out. The polar bear motionless in the window. Shards of broken history fall like bitter chocolate from her mouth. And I, like a wild pig, gorge on all the pieces before their roots take hold in this. Faltering ground. Loop. Loop. Circuit. Kick. It's terrifying. At times. To share such things. To invite you to score your life with these things too. Some days I want it to be easier, stronger, less precarious. Over and over I offer myself alternative ways of attending to the hole in my heart, but paradoxically, I discover through this research that it is only in falling away from the inside that one begins to invent the middle.

Reflecting on the value of my engaging-with holes in hearts as assemblages of more-than-human relations, I re-compose the betweenness of this *experience in the making-already made felt*. In México, the pheromones of last year's dead male butterflies attract and guide the next generation of Monarchs to the procreating grounds of a super-generation in the making. I find line upon line that draws my faltering heart to the black mould creeping from my father's bathroom. And to that mould germinating in me. I walk around with my mouth closed in both places, so that the frantic wings and the little black holes from Dad's damp cottage don't get inside me. Don't become me. A polar bear swims in circles, looping. Looping. Trapped by the distorted living of his body, the yellow-green growing of his hair. Another bear swims to Iceland, only to be shot hours later on a remote farm on the Hraun Peninsula. When I too go to this place, I pretend to be a bear and nearly die. These are not just arrhythmic displacements of space but also of time. The durational looping of this project draws us always, back to the middle. The middle from which the living hole seeks to repel. Another friction in the midst. There are delays and interruptions at every turn. Between falling towards my father's kitchen and recounting the story of the bear. Between the mould growing inside his home and my germinating of your loss. These are the things I have been unable to wrangle, to tidy up into some kind of recognizable form. This is why the work is formless - not without form but with a form that shifts restlessly from one shape, one context, one country, one line to the next. And in this, the exact moment of its shifting, I do not feel the event, only the change. This has been the joy of this research. And this has been its very steep learning. To surrender to the life of the work, to

fall into its midst. These are the challenges for any artist. What I hope this research reveals is the telling of this friction. It is just one telling of this falling into the midst.

Now, as I make-public this scoreographic encounter, the embodied territory of your more-than human heart is introduced to my assemblage as a condition of its relational field. Your cue to enter. To erupt something new in this gravitational field. This is an opening. An opportunity to affect each and every living thing. Your invitation to invoke. To feel the moving of your heart, differently. You are a line. A knot. You are honeycomb. A fissure in the earth's crust. You move with the rupture, let your body find its own threshold. In the shadow of a lover. In the bricks of your home. In water. In memory. In fictio'n. Until the score can no longer hold its shape, its space, its time. Can no longer resist itself. It collapses. Not out there, in the gallery, or the street, but in the site of its experiencing. In your battered. Solid. Gentle. Stitched. Invaded heart.

APPENDIX 2: NORLA DOME EVENT DECEMBER 1, 2014

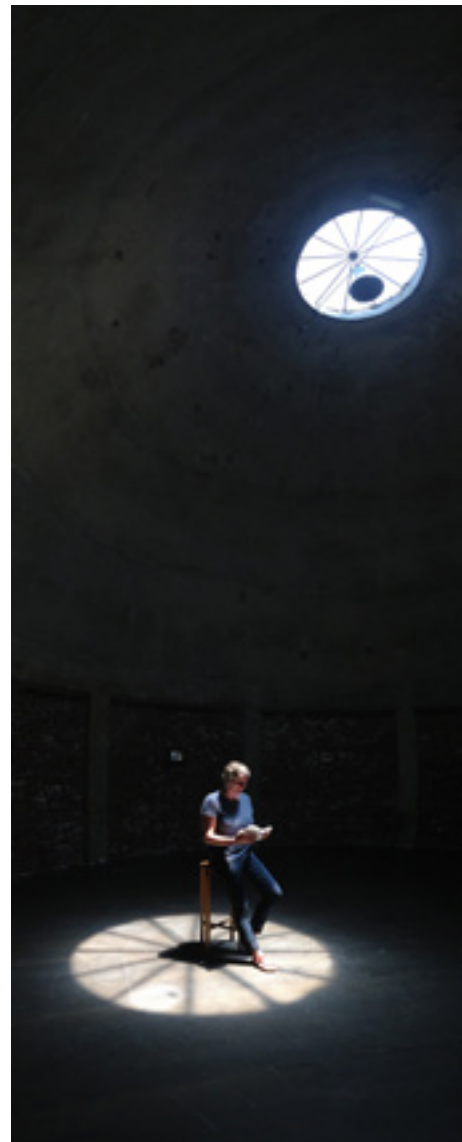
188. I begin to germinate your loss.

189. You wait at the South Melbourne Life Saving Club.

Open your body to the conditions of this seemingly endless blue on blue on grey. A horizon line that is a line that is a bear that is a line-ing slowly teases your body away from its edges. Away from Beaconsfield Parade. This line is a moving that teases-with the bear. Dark chop and white-crested chaff. Not an Arctic Char in sight. A kite surfer. A Dachshund on lead. First there is you then three then five. And then eleven. When the driver sees this body of teasings in the making, he invites you to board his courtesy minibus. The Mission offers this service to all incoming seafarers who know how to ask. Who know how to signal their flying angel. Flying fish. Philippino workers on Brazilian container ship. I don't know if he tells you anything about the port you have entered or the things you can expect to see and do in the company of his safe haven. With his words with his guiding eye he might attend to your fur, to your hairlines, to the salt that is beginning to form tiny crystals on your lashes and your toes. He makes a bear-ing for the Mission. 717 Flinders Street. Melbourne.

Take care. Take care. For Now Is The Hour. Step into the pulpit, let its black brown skin infoliate. So far from home. Waters beached. Waters breached. The coloured glass, it's fractured lines of shipwreck and ruination always pushing. Away from the inside of this non-denominational captivity. In the billiard hall the stage is set and in they flow. Man after man emerging from the Angel's bus. Do you hear how she plays? Broken bottles illuminate the bar. Without all those years of invertebrating sand. Suspended movement moving. And still the green bear, looping. You the piano. You the door. You the heart's chamber. The belly's whale. Skin. Air. Red brick gymnastics propel me back to the middle. To the interval. A heart that beats arrhythmically. Legs that tire. I re-enter the body of this event of research-creation. Open 188 events in images, videos and writing. I cut them up and you pull them randomly from your summer hat. With care you read each one aloud and place it in order of its appearance on our shared kitchen table. We are laughing and laughing. Yet so tired either one of us could cry. I will certain passages to find your fingers in the hat. How chance plays me for a fool. Of course the last line you pull reads, 'As if a lighthouse could organise the waves'. The net is closing fast. I set the lines in black type and bind them into a hole-ing-hole-ding body. I take a Now Is The Hour. Now Is The Hour. I take a stool from the seafarers bar. So many lines. So many holes. In the Norla, it is the book that draws us towards the warmth of the sun of the flaming beating heart that Daniel Vilchis painted above the event that never happened. Whose water are you? Now Is The Hour. Now Is The Hour. Pink icing. Does anyone take sugar in their tea?

190. As if a lighthouse could organise the waves.



Photographic documentation of an event. Melbourne, Australia. 2014

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