

## OPEN HOURGLASS

IVAN:

Changes. When thinking about what this action could be, I immediately thought about the drive by, the dash cam, the role of the witness. You'd be seated on the large platform, and I would drive Kathe, relaying poems while I played the clarinet, driving up a path in a golf cart.

Kathe demurred on my asking, suggesting that I instead work with Julia, and embracing this, I have also invited Alice to perform. I would drive Alice in the golf cart, Julia distant by the Africa house, a radio microphone, volleys. succession. Very distant, only a very close voice in a distracting space

But I was struck; what would change – certainly not my conception of my endeavours, and us, witnessing, would be taken by the ruse of transmission and passing on rather than any of the text.

So I'm removing some of the devices of formal or physical transmission that would have hopefully pointed continually to the language passing through the bodies that have permitted me to pass through it. I guess we have a responsibility to keep our eyes on casual territorialisation, subsuming and absorption of bodies. The danger of flow.

ALICE:

In Ivan's directions, my body is not addressed, as though I could almost be without a body, an avatar. I am amplified by a lapel radio mic, as though continuing a phrase, rather than beginning with (abrupt) OPEN HOURGLASS

speaking with sincerity, I saw like a deer in headlights, sudden illumination unlike a constant washing sun.

Links, golf course links with coastal sandy dunes claimed, unsuitable for arable farming but fine for firm turfs necessary for the game.

lyme disease, venison

(sensual) the game is what matters swinging clubs, clubs and woods, a club for swingers pendulous golfer, my pocket gopher tunnelling

gopher furrowing deeply, sand falling

(plucking) I might be Alice Stern but I might be another body too, and this is just for the temporary.

I am a tall glass of water, two bottles of wine poured into each other. drinking, dripping, a vintage atop a vintage.

or maybe I can just be Ivan Cheng. two bottles of wine dripped into one sack. some sand poured into a bag, heaving and straining

/

You are a bowl of discharge, you are too, you are a bowl of discharge,  
and discharge is anti memoir. anti-memoir is not a matter of disclosure  
– disclosure is memoir. anti-memoir notes the pathologies of memory,  
constructing non-chronological narratives, refusing progress and closure.

does the sand remember or does it fall

we're at a tributary

I am a causeway, I am the peninsula, this is the link

I am not sure what it means to own land.

what does it mean to be a landowner?

and who is the tectonic shift?

disasters come as surprises to most

note that Ivan has still been driving the golf cart and we are further away now  
though you can still hear my voice the same way.

climate controlled hourglass,

sustainable dunes, I'm only leaving footprints.

I might be Alice Stern but I can be another body too,

I was a tall glass of water, two bottles of wine poured into each other.

and I am close to being Ivan. two whines dripped into one sack.

some sand poured into a bag, heaving and straining

*JULIA:*

ha ha ha ha

ha ha ha ha

in a few minutes, i will begin juggling.

look at my hands, they bear scars from juggling flaming torches,

juggling chain saws,

juggling steak knives

yes steak knives, here's my pitch

a careless add on sales manoeuvre, an easy punchline steak knife

stake knifing, the weapon which kills a vampire or werewolf

four fully fully loaded. passing, passing as what it is, nothing strange here,

trans human, trans humans looking human enough and passing, limit reaching.

I am dressed as a vampire, I am dressed as a werewolf, I am dressed as I am,

I am passing as myself. interiority / discharge.

turning, and turning, infringing in turn.

here i am, standing in the drive, you are sitting in the drive

this is rubbish in a way, i'm not really driving, the sun is driving I mean

dragging me down. couldn't gravity spiral me instead.

remember this ; Anti-memoir considers the pathologies of memory,  
constructing non-chronological narratives, refusing progress and closure.  
what do you remember, and is it a sand, grit?

Citation as an effective form of reproduction.  
I reproduce the words of Sara Ahmed, quote –

Citing; reciting; an endless retrospective. White men as a well-trodden path;  
the more we tread that way the more we go that way. To move forward you  
follow the traces left behind of those who came before.

But in following these traces, in participating in their becoming brighter,  
becoming lighter, other traces fade out, becoming shadows, places unlit;  
eventually they disappear. Women too, people of colour too, might cite  
white men: to be you have to be in relation to white men. Not to cite  
white men is not to exist; or at least not to exist within this or that field.  
When you exercise these logics, you might come to exist, by writing out  
another history, another way of explaining your existence. If to cite is to  
wipe out your history, what then? Citations are academic bricks; and bricks  
become walls. You point out structure; they hear you as talking about identity.  
They think you are just concerned with being missing yourself; that you are  
making this about yourself. I have no wish to be a phenomenologist who inherits  
and reproduces this tradition. My aim is to queer the line that leads from one body  
to another. I want to be wonky; to get things wrong, even. not to accept history  
as a good enough reason for your own reproduction.

It takes conscious willed and willful effort not to reproduce an inheritance.

end quote. standing in the street. stopping the flow.  
I could be a street performer, I am passing as myself  
I could be in relation to an audience. I could be following my passion  
I could be some depiction of the streets, rendered onto screens, I could be  
notably a flag falling down on the road,  
grand prix, I'm too fast, I'm too furious, I'm every sequel to myself at once.

stop traffic.

golf cart speaking  
I am a game of golf moving over links  
I am two people talking.  
I am the transmission  
I, the irrigation shuddering and shuttering  
bore water  
I am that notable flag falling down on the road,  
a curtain sweeping across the turf