


The background of the entire page is a dark, charcoal grey color. It is covered with dense, overlapping scribbles made with what appears to be chalk or pastel. The colors used are primarily a vibrant red and a light, almost white, grey. The scribbles are chaotic and expressive, creating a complex, layered texture. Some areas are more densely packed with lines, while others are more sparse. The overall effect is one of raw, unrefined energy.

*rough models*

ivan cheng

2014 - 15

\\\\\\



the nature of writing on the wall  
hot rays of midday

red

ortant

t Mail

fts (147)

les

ip]/Drafts

ated Messages

es

sonal

t Messages

rel

e ▾



Ivan ▾

I like the precocious portraiture of your writing, but choose to err over your clear fondness for industry, your indecision in articulation. I have been facing this desire to interface as intelligent and trying to aggressively quell that by being base and lay. This has not been wholly effective. It seems like it's easy stew over a text, just as it's easy to push out a quick email like this. This teaches me that maybe it's not about speed, it's the deftness with which an audience is reached by the reference points. You'll agree that there's a definite effect of a reference constellation which remains a little impenetrable (to the point seeming oblique, obtuse, , ,) Your voice is important, if not for an audience, then for your-self. But the way we speak to people, audiences, probably needs to be modulated.

It is hard for people to see blocks of text as sculpture - the resilience of objects sometimes needs to exist in the physical dimension (though not always).

I'm pretty sure you'll understand this,  
hope you're well, I think I'll be stateside soon,  
IC



**Zach Showenhut, Ivan**

**Zach Schoenhut, Ivan**

it's mean

to then two liver spots

line dance down the street



driving philip glass  
for a conversation that he's  
presenting in a lecture series, we  
are stuck in peak hour gridlock.  
i will eventually peak speed at  
one hundred miles an hour. he  
is in the back of the panel van i  
am driving, the middle seats are  
down and he has his feet resting  
on it and maybe it's because of  
traffic, and the company (there  
are others in the car), but he  
is drifting in and out of sleep. i  
overheard him musing on he was  
thinking about how delicious  
congee is

it sounds hard to make



he says, but what he might mean  
is that it seems difficult to make  
and he is quietly told that no it  
isn't so hard, simple ingredients  
are resolved into the pot and this  
news is repeated he says

i imagine it's tasty with corn



To Harbour,

The place in which I'm temporarily staying has a lock on my bedroom door and a lock to the facilities and living areas. The locks have been recently greased, so access is easier – minimising effort – no more clenching bowels in the corridor as the timed lights extinguish and my fingers take a metallic taint from trying to twist into a resisting lock. I'm in the bedroom again, I was just defecating downstairs, thinking about writing this for you and changing my intentions rapidly. I meant to reformat and send you some of the performance texts and annotations that I produced this year, and would specify formats for presentation and compilation of each of these as some conceptual blockade on the flow of texts provided.

Rubbing at my eyes, I thought about texts that had been made public already and which ones hadn't. Those that hadn't exist in questionable ethical territory, pushing into what I think reviewing might be, what correspondence might be. Others are more private essays. In my developing writing practice I've been trying to think outside the easy subjectivity I'm often performing, wondering out loud if I'm able to write a text that isn't supposed to be performed (to be read?) or a text that can exist without my need to make it perform.

Lately, others have challenged my process of editing, my apparent resistance to making something about one thing, my adamance on making many things into one thing, forcing the audience's identification of a 'face' and forcing the acceptance of the 'body'. I've been accused of languishing in metaphors and simplistic, undeveloped psychogeographies. I often narrativise myself as attempting to find resistance, walls to hit and strain through, so something purer can emerge.

So this is something I think about a lot. Is process important to make visible? I want to find a reason for choosing a stance on this that carries forward in many circumstances, since the multiple meanings of '(re)interpreting scores' are what I have centred my thoughts on for a while now, and what could be better than clearly articulating a way of looking, a brush which can disregard particularities? What could be better than being understandable?









*epig*

0.00

0.38

1.00

*graph figuring (from a distance)*

*main body of text is amplified from speakers behind audience, perhaps a different room. text is read generally quickly, quite enunciated.*

*audience is seated facing platform, facing out windows a copper rod with a banner/drape hangs behind. lit by LED panels from front*

andre is in a white dress with thin straps,  
head turned to side on platform, and turns to face front

*grave but open*

I am standing on Mount Aetna

*sly, rhythmic*

standing on a cliff, standing on a ledge, on a platform on the balcon', on the plaza square. what's coming?

I am standing on the rim of Mount Aetna

left hand, fingers closed,  
slowly comes to solar plexus chakra

*lightly*

Sicily, seriously, fish and a mountain of rubble, ephemera that gravels together as a remnant note of the past eruptions. Marking time, ash and pumice and lava flows turned into points.

Young people reading books that are ancient.

think of opening a tiny space under right armpit

*as one phrase, like sausage links uncoiling*

Plots, turning, turning, plotting, rendering  
Plot forming, plot shaping, cultivating, directing  
directing plots, directing acting  
threading and weaving back through,  
watching theatre from the balcony,  
geopolitical balkanisation

## 1.20 slowly suck in stomach, hold, but keep breathing

*like a slow wink, wordplay - - situate moment*  
marking time, marking time, end of the term.

*read in short bursts of phrases. energetic,  
read punctuation as well*

ephemerajournal.org

(theory and politics in organisation)

contribution/céline-and-aesthetics-hyperbole-style-points-p

*confessional*

an abstract, and then an introduction. A quotation from the 2  
untranslated texts, a publication titled

*tie the next two lines together in rhythm*

Ballets without music, without dancers, without anything  
Ballets without music, without dancers, without anything

the quotation runs: I am not a man of messages, I am not a m

*as though a flare/burst of light*

Skipping! text body begins

*aggressive*

‘If you have brains and a heart, show only one or the other,  
you show both at once’, the German poet Hölderlin advises

## 2.20 right elbow slowly bends, fingers moving with the palm at hip l fingers gradually begin to ripple

*and becoming at sea, as the sea*

skimming! Céline is pure fury, pure emotionality. Througho  
‘l’artiste contre tout’, the artist against everything. While th  
colonialism, genocide, world wars, environmental destructio  
human accomplishment and advancement, have been accou  
theorists in terms of disappointment and cynicism, Céline re  
rejection of mankind tout court.

*more levity, allow pauses to turn, conversational,  
personal advocacy*

While Adorno tends to deplore a loss of bourgeois values an  
preferences and savoir-faire, there is absolutely no such ele  
Céline’s nihilism is complete, non-negotiable, hard and imp  
tradition of literature that makes the hyperbole a key literary  
satire of the ancient period and continuing with the genre of  
period (Bakhtin, 1981; 1968), Céline needs to be understood  
conventional bourgeois literature, Celine seeks not to captu  
in life in his texts, but rather to portray life as he perceives i  
violation of all standards and norms, as a scandal. When rea  
a full-fledged cynic, a social outcast, frantically jotting dow  
night after a full day’s work in his medical practice.

parataxis-and-other-literary-devices

2003 publication of Celine's previously

man of ideas, I am a man of style.

for you will get credit for neither should

level

out his life he was, in his own view,  
the modern condition, shaped by  
colon, and exploitation of humans, but also  
criticized by e-g- the Frankfurt School  
represents something different – a staunch

and norms regarding, say, musical  
elements of nostalgia in Céline's account.  
penetrable. Being part of a long-standing  
stylistic technique, beginning with the Menippean  
of romantic grotesque in the medieval  
and as a modernizer. As opposed to  
pursuing any higher values, morals, or purposes  
it: as totally meaningless, as a farce, as a  
reading Céline's work, it is easy to envisage  
in literary passages in his chamber late at

3.50 keep focus tight and ahead, breathe towards your feet.  
cheek turns slightly to right. right fingers allowed to sep  
twinkle

*allow beat to pivot. hold on to 'medical pro*  
Pauline Curnier Jardin finishes delivering an artist r  
Gunter von Hagens in her own work Resurrection P  
plastination bodies sliced, biological tissue specime  
passages, Jardin speaking about her research on “cu  
Witch .. Renaissance, Bosch, Archimboldo, image r  
dispersing, an actor introduces himself as Ryan Gam  
too often.

*earnest.*

What do you think is the function of an Artist Master  
*regional UK accent /*

People are taking notes, I suppose they're

But what do people do with these notes?

*regional UK accent /*

I had a work in documenta called 'I need s

5.05 right fingers clench into a fist,  
and fist is point from which waviness is permitted

*allow space for words to pivot like a calder*  
Notes to form your own narrative, a breeze through  
narrative. Suspend disbelief. What work have you e

*regional UK accent /*

Jerome Bel's work Ballet (New York) was  
in so many different bodies, and then for th  
through the festival?

5.45 left palm slowly raised to above head, arm straight up.

*as a crescendo to 'do you understand' - ac*  
At my first and final chance, I receive a free ticket to  
Jerome Bel prefaces the performance with a special  
projected on a scrim in this proscenium theatre with

*slow (not lazy, not laboured) spiral*

I think I did. A group of performers take to the stage  
represent genres loaded in each of their spectrum of  
correctness in describing the physicality of this chor  
and intention. They attempt two ballet passages, a w  
Jackson, and then a bow.

6.33 straight left arm travelling down in diagonal across body,  
hand reaches it. gently reconfigure inside with outside finger

*tightening, or coiling*

I am restless, agitated by the spectacle and encourag  
of the girl in the wheelchair. But yes, the thriller wa  
Michael Jackson – signature dancing, sexuality thro  
gesture, a fandom into imitators,

*breath-play*

Billie Jean is not my / she's just a girl who says / w

parate and

actice'

masterclass at Performa15, her first role after playing  
Aot, the anatomist responsible for plastination, wafer  
ns fragments preserved, lighting passages, literary  
lt texts" - Warburg's snake ritual, Caliban and the  
ferences to pin-back. We loiter afterwards, standing,  
nder, yes he had a steak last night he doesn't eat steak

erclass Ryan?

learning something.

ome meaning I can memorise, (the invisible pull)'

r mobile

space made visible by dust bunnies. Belief is through  
njoyed so far, dear actor playing Ryan?

really something, to see dance as language translated  
hese vessels of language to appear in different sites

cumulative

o see Ballet (New York) at the Museo El Barrio.  
slideshow, photographs of different theatre spaces,  
in the museum. Do you understand?

e in succession with short passages that aim to  
f bodies. I don't know how to navigate political  
rus, but they exist as an ensemble in their enthusiasm  
waltz, a 5 minute group free improvisation, a Michael

y to reach right fist, fist will stop moving when left

s

ged to form alliances to the cute attempts, the sass  
s the proposition of body spectrum performing a  
ough inhuman I mean unhuman, turned back into

no will dance on the floor in the round?

*beat, breath-play again, articulate though and through.*

Precise hands, tipping fake hats, grabbing at junk or junk-free line across the stage, half success is still failure, standards slip, gloved hand as it succumbs to time, vitiligo, skin depigmentation, it doesn't matter if it's black or white, gender spectrums, tra individual attempts rewarded with a laugh or applause, um t death, the process of his ascension, his established rule um,

*internationalised quebec english, brit-american bla*

I thought that as a French speaking person that maybe I sho stage one day, so Michael was a big influence for me to lear show business and sing, maybe I'll get to sing with him, so I sang with him

*relish the day. let this sizzle, not seedy, a little stran*  
ssssshow businesssss. reshaping profiles? resculpting profile the knife, the blade

## 8.25 continue with fingers, gently move head to left side, and then ba

*a little slow, a little careful. real body, voice-over-addresses body*

So this is Andre Fincato as Celine,  
though he appears on facebook as André Farraci  
let's note that andre fincato identifies as Italian  
I ask him, what do you mean by making a profile as a devel  
Being a developer meant making this account to be able to  
test the facebook share button on sites he was developing.  
and he explains liking the name but not the prose of  
French author Armand Farrachi, stealing and transliterating  
this name for his facebook account, André Farraci, sending  
first name into French and Farrachi's surname into Italian.

## 9.00 palms and fingers held together, pointing forward. hands moving together in front of head, hands to rest on top of h

*a little tired now, withdrawing, but not removing in*

Modifications , Instruments, Tools,  
So this is Andre Fincato as Celine,  
pivoting between a French author who took his grandmothe  
colonial, global, stars, worlds

A false name sharing.

*find a new life! this is a process!*

A transliterated face through name. Enraptured by hearing a  
otherness being contained in the eyes of a concrete mask, I t  
and prejudices aside.

*crystal bell ~ truncate*

from a distance  
the world looks like my friend even though we are at

*early manifest of rabidity*

So I thought, Oh I gotta read Celine, I gotta read Levinas, I  
get in the way of staying focused on what I want to stay foc



ee crotches. Bodies in transit as Michael Jackson in a  
lip, the body in transition, recognition of signifiers. a  
ting in patches, receding hairlines and skin bleaching,  
nsitioning genders, wait, I mean, thinking about the  
rying to be, trying in the wake of Michael Jackson's  
Celine Dion to Oprah –

*ur accent*

ould learn English, just in case I would be maybe on  
n English language. Second of all, I said if I can be in  
anyway I went to school to learn English, I met him,

*age*  
*es?*

ack to right. on the third time begin blinking rapidly

oper

his

head

*tent*

r's name and a French-Canadian Quebecois pop diva,

about Emmanuel Levinas, something poetic about true  
thought, Read Celine, Read Levinas, their politics

m flying to New York and this distance isn't going to  
used on, yes, distance is good, this distance is going

11.10 op

Non denominations

12.15 ke  
ha  
needed.

No to dogma

Yes to fluidity

I am not a hard edge

This is pre-meditation

(I'm going to hold this position

or at least, stay on a high horse)

to help consolidate things. Celine will be a key, a male entry point to this project on forms of non literary translation, I walk to the book store/ to book stores, looking for Celine, looking for Levinas, names names I find novels by Kathy Acker and Dennis Cooper,

*spit out, some self disgust that must be  
instrumentalised*

and let that serve the same purpose. How do we aggress form, rewrite romanticism and forebears into a “contemporary narrative”.

*greek tragedy in reveal.*

12 year old Janey Smith in *Blood and Guts in High School*, transliterating Sextus Propertius’ Love Elegies to her Persian sex slave trainer before she diagnoses cancer and is no longer interesting as a white slave. Janey writes that translation is a crying out in response to pain.

*opening hands, brushing and pushing back the hair, combing*

*like using protractor to draw angle.*

Gayatri Spivak: Translation is the most intimate act of reading. I surrender to the text when I translate. meaning hops into the spacy emptiness between two named historical languages.

*no pivot needed, this is the same line*

Dennis Cooper’s *The Sluts* figures itself in violent sexual fantasies about a prostitute Brad, formed largely of web forum reviews, postings and comments from avatars that fantasise, mislead, lie, recant and apologise, temporal vignettes from mostly men who define their presence in web-space by their sexual preferences and fetishes.

*gentle pose*

Brad is thus a mythologised, mutated product, written about, instrumentalised.

*pose the corpse*

Do figures unflinchingly absorb language? Does language form figures? Can we consider Foucault on Holderlin and his Empedocles in this light?

*deep combing, now slower, more deliberate, three more  
hands down neck, vocalise ‘aw/o’ sound in falsetto. breathe as*

*clear. travel through wet silicon*

An invitation

*the Iduna Institute for Strategic Imitation and Delay /*

*the Iduna Institute for Strategic Imitation and Delay /*

to stage an unpublished translation of Holderlin’s three versions of *The Death of Empedocles*.

*make it heard*

Three versions transmitted as a computer spoken recording rather than a printed text, and existing as the content of an institute rather than an individual, I wondered how to locate it --- in my own practice, which leans on subjectivity. how to transmit the context of this personal invitation into public showing, my relationship with an institute?

14.30 an

complex complex

Extractive vs holistic

Simultaneity as multiplicity

15.00 an  
lik

the institute suggests the third version as an entry point  
gives permission to distill and filter the language, an  
extractive interpretation.

It opens

*throating, speaking for self, gentler than a computer  
could ever be*

Over fields I call up to you  
In slowing clouds, you hot rays  
Of midday, you ripe ones,  
In you I recognise a new day of life.  
For how else could it be! Passed, passed  
Is all human grievance! As to me  
My wings have grown, so all is well and easy  
Here above, rich enough, here, so happy  
And splendid I dwell, the chalice of fire  
Is filled by spirit to the rim and wreathed  
With blooms that he himself has raised up,  
In hospitality, for me, the father Aetna.  
And when the underground storm awakens  
Rejoicing unto the seat of the clouds,  
Close friend to the thunder, fleeing above  
Into joy, there my heart grows for me too.  
Here with the eagles I sing nature's song.

From a distance the ocean meets the stream,  
and the eagle takes to flight.

dre sings god is watching us as a refrain

*text is spoken in harmonic gentle withdrawal  
in a way that allows a horrifying multi-meaning.  
ambiguous.*

god is watching us  
god is watching us  
god is watching us  
from a distance

oh  
god is watching us  
god is watching  
god is watching us  
from a distance

dre steps down from the little plinth volcano,  
ce he is lava retreating on legs

Property community without  
propinquity

Say more about the sentence  
above

(Court dance, moving in little  
arcs, one after another)

Linoleum false floor

Trying to 'read together'  
High pitched speaking

\

Hole punched in plaque to  
author it make an object of it to  
create an aura around it and so  
to socialise it

Socialising an object

This activity stops here and so  
begins another there



Unbranded and negative  
authorship

Use ambiguity of the word 'social'  
to push forward. Is the network  
collaborative and is it a form  
within itself?

Who owns territory (as authorship)



clancy  
and  
bo beep

the drover's dog cafe

lucid tones'

clicking with mittens on

tackling foucault in earnest

models as casts  
casts for performance

We have enough time !

thinking about my  
body  
writing from the  
second person





----  
*whistle*

----  
*stop whistling*

----  
may I introduce myself  
I'm really easy going  
I care about nature  
I'm not a person who really cares about nature  
I love nature  
Do you mind if I tell you the truth  
I'm really looking forward to this / I'm rea-

*move down, curling right hand*

Is this desire? Tino Sehgal at the Stedelijk Museum - Vivian Zihel - 2015 //// Titled after a PJ Harvey song, Zihel cites Angela Mitropolous for her writing on 'privatisation of risk and capitalisation of futurity that subtends the neoliberal order', and asks 'Has Sehgal's art-social contract rendered a new performance-commodity, rather than presenting a much-needed Performance Theory of Value, to use the Marxian terminology? At worst does this work participate in—and profit from—a new economic order not of worker/owners, but of performer/authors?

Zihel quotes Sven Lutticken's 2006 *Progressive Striptease* : "It is high time to [...] formulate an alternative to the ideologization of performance as an intrinsically progressive phenomenon."

A fortnight ago, Anne Imhof has won the Preis der Nationalgalerie six hours after I make prolonged eye contact with her, standing in the corner of her work *For Ever Rage* – séances.

She has been facilitating actions with a slightly different set of rules to her performers, her leather jacket and heeled boots something of rapid salad tongs across the space, hitting against walls, letting warm backstage light slant into space as a wall pivots and another performer enters with a turtle. The tortoises are lined up again and again, they crawl off and shit in their wake, and beside besser block forts for liquid dairy are stiff tissue boxes, filled and ready to cling to some shit. I am performing an imitation of sorts. To continue the text I began with (which was Imhof's performance text)

I wanna be your dog  
the shadow of your dog will be me  
that's why I'm with you  
because you say I for me  
you are the other I always wanted.

### *Arm up*

I've been thinking sexual desirability, about reading sexual desirability, or at least trying to figure out what is sexually desirable.  
Is sexual desire even a form of desire?

### *Arm down leaning back*

Another set:

I'm moving house tonight, living alone.

I used to live in a share house on Powerscroft Road, London. One of my housemates worked with Adrian Heathfield on his Live Art project, and I was invited to document a lecture he presented for students at Chelsea about his work.

I was very interested in divisions between our social conversations and conversations about his work. His lecture presentation was interspersed with performative gestures like trying to evoke the spirit of Whitney Houston even while his microphone faltered, a chanting countdown, and he spoke about a work of his *I wanna be in that show* which seemed to be about desire to become an image, a historical image, a pose and wordplay. Sure, desire, but enacted, practical: Under what terms do I wanna be in that show?

Who's the producer and where's the contract?

I can see from knowing him the method of rehearsal and I see in Imhof's body of work the continued engagement she has with her university peers as performers and collaborators. The only Tino Seghal situation I have ever been taught was through Becky Hilton, not Louise Höyer, and when I saw the same situation at the Stedelijk earlier this year, the score was visibly, severely compromised by the interpreters. Zihlerl continues her article by mentioning the suspension of basic apparatus of visual art, the inverse of display from Seghal's *This Variation*, a pitch black room with hums and rhythms, first seen at Documenta 13.

*Wave across body*

Downstairs from the Imhof, from aluminium cans of Pepsi Max, Red Bull, cola clicked open, from punching bags hanging over the bodies of dairy, diffused blue light tubes into grey, my friends are spending time in an exhibition commemorating Black Mountain College. This pier of cabinets and walls and steps and screens terminate in a modern take on Black Mountain, a collection of prestigious European schools and students discussing around a table with a disordered, in process world of shelves around them.

What plunge of contracts and reference points do we find ourselves committed to? How can we begin to move through the salad bowl, where subject and audience are part of the same image? I close my eyes and remember that the tortoise fed on leafy salad and shitting across the gallery floor finds his species name etymology in the greek word Tartarus, which the internet tells me is the deep abyss that is used as a dungeon of torment and suffering for the wicked.

For Ever Rage – séances

For Ever Rage

For Ever Rage

For every age

Forever age

For Average

Forever Rage

7

3

2







/ *flat dogs – pragmatism on ice*

*this performance is written for the rooftop of the knee at the water  
performed at the bottom of the formal grass entrance instead  
on the occasion of 'action ii', sackler conference 2015*

*performed with kayije kagame as ivan cheng*

*(a toast of two water glasses, smiling)*

*(a slow sip of water)*

*(the remaining four minutes are multiphonics)*

Hello, My name is Ivan Cheng, and I have never seen a performance  
Ei Arakawa. Have you? I have read about him though, and seen

*(Arakawa quotation: turn head to side, arms in gesture, wave back)*

He gets fatter or thinner or his hair changes or his clothes change  
cameras represent him differently. I really like the memory of se  
capital city of Georgia, something like a little worm. I think it is  
summit.

*(Arakawa quotation: hands almost come together, pushing gesture)*

Frozen moments – Architecture speaks back – Research&Leisure

*(stop movement)*





*ermill center*

ance or exhibition by the Japanese artist  
a scramble of videos on the internet.

*nton circular)*

e from click to click. The different  
eing a video of him walking through the  
for something like a symposium or a

*re, moving to standing)*

e – The Ruins of our Times.

My favourite moment is later in the video when he is by a concrete

‘uhh actually, let’s go to the other side of the river’.

*(turn head from neck)*

‘uhh actually let’s go to the other side of the river’

*(turn head from neck)*

‘uhh actually let’s go to the other side of the river’

‘uhh actually, let’s go to the other side of the river’

foghorn noise

*(turn head from neck)*

‘uhh actually let’s go to the other side of the river’

*(turn head from neck)*

‘uhh actually let’s go to the other side of the river’

Ahhhhhhhouooh! what even is gesture without language?

*(body hydraulic to facing front)*

um

*(standing on toes, arms by side. weight presses backward)*

I think that Giorgio Agamben writes about the gesture as always something out in language; it is a gag on the proper meaning of the word, it could be put in your mouth to hinder speech, as well as in the sense of a gag to compensate a loss of memory or inability to speak. From this point of view, gesture and philosophy, but also the one between philosophy and performance, has nothing to do with the presence or absence of a sound track) The gesture is of the being-in-language of human beings: pure gesturality. The gesture is the appearing of what cannot be said is literally a definition of the gesture as exhibiting language itself, being-in-language itself as a gigantic gesture.

*(coming down from toes, arms out, emphasis on fingers)*

Arakawa has conductor batons in both hands while the audience is in a courtyard like fluttering bits of fabric, just a courtyard, just a crowd of people to appear on screen, but this is the idea of the dance. this is the idea of the thought gesture by an artist with a performing mask.

*(violent! address tyranny of performance mode! overenunciated)*

The mask is in my mouth and goes to my ears

ete balcony and groans into the megaphone

being a gesture of not being able to figure  
the term, indicating first of all something that  
sense of the actor's improvisation meant to  
ent derives not only the proximity between  
and cinema. Cinema's essential 'silence' (which  
is, just like the silence of philosophy, exposure  
Wittgensteinian definition of the mystic as the  
gag. And every great philosophical text is the gag  
loss of memory, as an incurable speech defect.

crowd labours away, moving things across this  
crowd. The crowd looks art-touristic and too casual  
idea of the dance. Improvisation-operation of a

*growl!*)

*(shift)*

The first time I saw him full body he was demonstrating this dance

*(Arakawa quotation - right arm up. knees touching, side by side)*

The working titles for this performance are still working,  
flat dogs – pragmatism on ice

or

soft dogs – pragmatism on ice

or

listening to spooky black

or

petrol on ice

or

laboured futurity

or

two shinto shrines – a tear of petrol is in your eye

or

which floor which ceiling

or

staircases on ice

or

swimming in egypt

or

poems about dogs

or

the softest horse?

*(step into and up ladder. take a while to climb)*

*(turn to face camera. always looking south. stroke side of ladder)*

I want to show you a video of me with my bichon frise. I am in the  
cuddle him in my arms and I turn to the camera to say, yes some  
are companions and best friends. just like a human, a bichon's hair  
must be groomed every 8 weeks. it's a rare human who can resist  
lots of owners swear their bichons smile, a human smile, but he  
hops onto their hind legs and I say good dancing buddy and feed  
dog I love my dog I love my dog he is naughty sometimes but they  
are inscrutable what is transparent in actions can't you read his face  
can't you break down the taxonomical divisions of our relationships  
sometimes he barks and says 'grandma', and can also speak to me  
imitation, and who tells the truth, what am I lacking that I try to

I suppose there's also the question of why or what meaning can be  
I suppose there's also the question of why or what meaning can be  
gestures. Um, this harness, is it training or restraint?

*(climbing a little more)*

ance for three girls dressed similarly

)



)

the park with my bichon frise and I  
times my husband gets jealous. we  
air never stops growing, and they  
st the charm of the bichon frise,  
s not allllways happy. the bichon  
d it a treat. I love my dog I love my  
men again who isn't which actions  
face? can't you find the signifiers?  
hip and print it on a tea towel?  
ne 'I love you'. Reciprocity or  
find? what am I looking for?

be asserted from abstract sound?  
be asserted from a sequence of

The view here is very nice. Ei Arakawa's work has been described as slipping away, potentially colliding. If I look in the sky and I see sky...

*(point out right hand)*

When I still watched television, there were these advertisements for children in white shirts singing a song that Peter Allen wrote, and images by iconic tourist attractions. I was fixated with these advertisements until I was 18, and I never lost my desire to be one of them, predicated on lack.

*(thump chest. 'c' motion with right hand)*

I've been to cities that never close down  
From New York to Rome and old London town  
But no matter how far or how wide I roam  
I still call Australia home

*(two fingers, circle)*

I'm always traveling, I love being free  
And so I keep leaving the sun and the sea  
But my heart lies waiting over the foam  
I still call Australia home

*(two fingers up to shoulder)*

All the sons and daughters  
Away from their family and friends  
But as the world gets older and colder  
It's good to know where your journey ends

*(hands back on ladder, one foot up a rung)*

And someday we'll all be together once more  
When all of the ships come back to the shore  
I'll realize something I've always known  
I still call Australia home

*(climb down ladder)*

ed as somehow on an ice rink, like it is  
e a plane across the evident ice of the

for Qantas airlines, beautiful little  
d then filmed in sweeping cinematic  
ertisements, which ran from when I  
n. Something about the relationships





*possession rimming*





*with kanae tanikawa  
as judge judy*

1.

*(read this fast  
but note the spaces that are left  
read this very consciously  
but move around and or across  
the perimeter of the room  
read this a little too loudly  
and a little too quickly)  
(as fast as you can bear)  
(can you tear your eyes off the page???)*

I walk into an empty room

do I look flat like this?

*(extra pause, , , sprint around room, and  
slow to a jog to read next lines)*

moving the camera ! line ! line !

line dancing down the street

rehab and walking in circles  
walk walk walk walk walk walk  
ing in a circle with a horse

panface  
possession

*(slow to stop and keep one foot in air - elegant)*

Possession

*(slowly lie belly first on floor, face to side,  
text in left hand)*

I am responsible

*(crawl as smoothly as possible,  
let your face look at the text.)*

Body angle

Body language

Fiddler on the roof tradition  
performed by tevye

*(stay cheerful though this isn't funny  
move more like a snake or slug, still forward)*

tradition!

tradition!

tradition tradition

hodel chava yenta tseitel golde tevye

with kanae tanikawa

hello my name is kanae tanakawa  
I'm burning up, I'm transitioning

I'm moving on up I'm moving on up  
like a dog giving into someone  
like the common concern

let the camera pan my face gently

if the point is to present a curatorial talk

object as architecture. this is my magic  
toolbelt. cookie cookie cookie  
I'm at the top of this mountain  
blah blah mount fuji – stuck in a hut  
communicating with my eyebrows

3.

*(stand very quickly!!)*

*(speak very flatly!)*

when I fall in love it will be for  
it's with those with  
those that don't resolve like mine we  
are inconclusive I don't believe in reciprocity  
you don't deserve the same thing as me  
women's liberation moving on up

am getting better with age, or whether  
these inhibitions are changing me. I am  
an institution. I am a building, I am  
architecture, the decorative architrave that was chosen  
and is now a little passé

I move my hands over my body  
I yawn with both hands inside my mouth

sadness is a slow burn  
don't say what you're about to say  
look back before you leave my life  
I've got nothing to say and nothing to represent  
you've run out of time of me  
I want my body to catch the light that it out  
our work is hard I am hard at work  
I ran my fingers down my rock hard abs

*(moving backwards by foot  
exclaiming or explaining)*

this is better than a horse

smh  
he suggested double glazing was the only way to go  
after removing the radiator from upstairs  
I asked the plumber what prosthesis I could use

*(crawling action with elbows)*

thick clear plastic  
bag with scrunched pink paper in this hand  
and a lead pencil hidden in my other fist

#### 4.

*(close to the ground but still standing)*

this is a fountain !

*(be completely still, a pose where all you move is your lips and eyes. very dry and hollow)*

this is a fountain pen not  
a gavel

(this is the rigour rock) the ending

hello the voiceover announces  
orientation orientation  
that you are in the lawcourt of judge judith sheindlin

you are about to enter the law court of judge judith  
sheindlin

the people are real the cases are real

*In order to ensure a full audience, the producers of Judge Judy hire extras from an audience service who compose the entire gallery. Most of these paid extras are aspiring actors.<sup>[22]</sup> Though tickets are not offered for the show, arrangements can sometimes be made with Sheindlin's production staff to allow fans of the show into the audience. The extras must not dress casually, and no logos or brand names may be visible on their clothing. Extras are also instructed to appear as if they are having discussions with each other before and after each case, so the bailiff may make such announcements as "Order! All rise."<sup>[34]</sup> They are not to make any noises during the proceedings and, unlike other court shows, may not applaud the judge or rightful litigant upon praiseworthy remarks; although on some occasions when Sheindlin delivers a crushing remark for a particularly egregious or ludicrous act, the audience is seen laughing or applauding without Sheindlin silencing them*

hello, the voiceover continues

*(clear, ringing voice like a bell)*

I've been thinking about free  
falling  
suicide or alterity how they say

moving on up moving on up moving

way down  
far from here  
I know  
I know  
I know take me there  
I know  
take me there  
I know

*(this is the voiceover mess  
the one that is spilling uneasily. slow down)*

rate my fave this is unbearable I say I feel as tough

bubb...  
 bubb...  
 bubb!  
 bubb!  
 bubble...  
 bubble...  
 bug ;  
 bug ~  
 big .  
 bug bite---

*(clear north american accent  
 very active lips, let neck sink a little)*

possession rimming with kanae tanikawa  
 as judge judy

this is the rigour rock  
 I wrote a book called  
 don't pee on my leg and tell me it's raining

arbitration

contract- there are no lawyers  
 you stand up for yourself  
 stand up for yourself  
 standing up for yourself

*(accent sliding away)*

do you see me  
 quietly (god)  
 in my moment of desperation?

titles  
 sea green  
 saffron

*(peaceful voice, like wind)*

gosho junko eating a bag of sand

blue  
 saffron

6.

sea green

saffron

blue and saffron

*(now the final stretch  
this is laboured,  
an uncomfortable speed  
move between standing and sitting on the floor)*

this is the rigour rock

hard rock ca fe

take me there

I know!

coming back to free falling  
suicide or alterity, how they  
say moving on up moving on  
up moving on up not much can  
stop me. a freefalling instructor,  
a mirror maker, this is me thinking  
with my feet, this is away from what else  
i am doing since i've been here for so long

*why do the statistics become staggering  
beside financial reasons*

*this is the size statistic that I need to go  
through with you tonight*

*genetic approach*

i walk into an empty room  
i must be talking to an angel  
i must be talking to an angel  
must be talking to an angel  
must be talking to an angel  
must be talking to an angel  
must be talking to an angel  
i walk into an empty room

burn for you -  
what am I gonna do?

this is the rigour rock . . . \\\

look I don't feel great like this  
moving on up moving up time to  
break free  
hard rock  
ca fé

*(walk out and leave room empty of you)*







I need to match her rhythm first. When I become satisfied, I clip nail rings to my fingers, which lead to rubbered steel strings to dip the ends in the water and build again a rhythm with the eel. The strings trace like violent, strong, fish droppings, cotton loom, remarkable. The eel has a mouth, and when I can successfully preempt her movements, I am able to slip an end of my nail string into her mouth, and there is a light tug.

What is this hole my string slips into? The string as skin in a slippery stream of water, how many pores can it slip into? Skin into skin.

It tingles like steel wires through nails you split. The shocks hit the water, and she sends splashes. Instead she is temporary flickers of solid water. My curiosity and the inhibition that the strings moving around her can believe that she no longer can believe that she is solid.

I pour oil slowly into the top of the enclosure with one hand, and with the other flicker sympathetic, my hands a swirl of eel. When I have poured ten litres of sunflower oil into the enclosure my pouring arm is shaky from the weight of the container, even though it is ten litres lighter than it was. I just put it down I open the seven taps at the bottom of the enclosure to drain the water out, and flick the switch to heat up the enclosure. Soon I have a fried eel, and forcibly, I take her out, laying out some paper towel and dripping some ume plum dressing on top. I am a person who will almost always order medallions and escalopes of fish over a whole steamed fish, so here I am with a non-breaded eel, cooling.

The eel in my hands is a tube of flesh muscle, I don't understand the physiology, but gazing at her continually I see a network of muscle bones, flexing and tendon flicking as she moves in undecided patterns, and I move my hands above the tank with her currents

Don't think I can't feel there's something wrong  
You've been the sweetest part of my life so long  
I look in your eyes, there's a distant light  
And you and I know there'll be a storm tonight  
This is getting serious  
This is getting serious  
This is getting serious  
This is getting serious  
This is getting serious  
This is getting serious  
This is getting serious



Are you thinking 'bout you or us

I feel the earth move under my feet

I am moving so fast.



**THINK TWICE**  
**TELL HIM**  
**ONE IN A MILLION**

*Ivan and Eugene walk into space. Ivan sets up a small platform and a small ladder over the smoke machine. Eugene holds two goblets the other to Ivan and they toast. Then they both drink. They toast and Eugene goes to stand on the platform. Ivan goes to stand by the ladder. Tim*

*Eugene speaks.*

Good evening, my name is Ivan Cheng and this is my performance tonight as a comeback, my return as a vocalist to the stage after leaving the artist Matias Faldbakken, begins with the epigraph

*(right arm to shoulder height, palm open)*

‘This is getting Serious’. Abo Rasul attributes this to Celine Dion

*(two fingers up)*

Think Twice, the origin of the lyric

*(palm open)*

This is getting Serious, is written by Andy Hill and Peter Sinfield.

*(hand slowly twist to palm down)*

This reminds me of virtuosity being too convincing, of being dazzled and becoming inappropriate to perform this song, it reminds me of the danger to the speaker. Maybe that’s why I stopped performing in my own name and with my own mouth. And then my guilt, as my fascination with her lack of dignity, how she’s so supplicant to the person she’s singing

*(leaning waist down, left leg up, left arm by side)*

Baby think twice for the sake of our love, for the memory

For the fire and the faith that was you and me/

Baby I know it ain't easy when your soul

cries out for a higher ground/'Coz

when you're halfway up, you're always halfway down/

*(palm open)*

But baby this is serious

*(face up)*

She paints herself as a tether, pinning down her baby’s soul

*(face down)*

‘Don't do what you're about to do/

My everything depends on you/

And whatever it takes, I'll sacrifice/

Before you roll those dice/

Baby think twice’

*(cleanly to a side plank)*

Why was this a global hit? It’s not just Celine’s technical virtuosity. Why do we encourage these feelings when they’re so painful? Is it a talisman of expression? Why do we like to watch these feelings?

*(very suddenly into a cobra pose, then come up.*

*walk across stage to ladder while speaking. climb ladder.*

*and a smoke machine, before running to place  
of water and slowly sips on one. She hands  
again. Eugene hands her glass to Ivan and  
me is taken. Eugene turns on her headset*

e, titled *Think Twice*. I began thinking about  
aving it. The author Abo Rasul, also known as

, but of course the song

led by the insane glamour of Celine. It  
anger of how words spoken become attributed  
work, because I couldn't say what I needed  
the song *Think Twice* was always with the  
g to. To remind you, she sings

y

oul.

, it's her emotional virtuosity that's showcased.  
Do the lyrics serve to give our relationships a

)

Do you remember Sandra Bullock in Miss Congeniality? Her the cleavage of her evening gown did not melt, that body which manicured so she could begin to compete to be beauty and grace to eat the donuts.

*(begin moving arm)*

Without a useable talent for the talent segment, Sandra plays a buxom swiss miss, folky fraulein. I practiced all week, fingering make it vibrate. I'm no Sandra Bullock.

*(begin moving leg)*

Dick Hebdige is talking through me about Jacques Attali. Music is prophetic noise because music explores much faster than material in a given code. It makes audible the new world that will gradually everyday, the herald of the future. Prophecy is a two-faced, fork-along the rippling of its own encircling syntax. Prophecy means what it means – is singularly incapable of undoing its own doubling. Perhaps an ear of an acoustically dyslexic and self-centering world: a world where effort is rendered deaf to what it's being told. It's a racing double merger and repulsion. Serpents, this image of the snake coiling back

*(arm comes to side)*

The competitors get thirsty and drink Sandra Bullock's talent themselves, teaches them how to sing S-I-N-G, slamming the solo film makes me feel at the end. I've been preparing to work with inadvertently teach them. Is speaking to them about how they should

Celine Dion is distraught and donates 1 million dollars to the Red Cross. On the Today show, she is in floods of tears, finding difficulty in forcing coffee. And when asked to share her voice in this time of need, she

I pray you'll be our eyes, and watch us where we go.  
And help us to be wise in times when we don't know  
Let this be our prayer, when we lose our way  
Lead us to the place, guide us with your grace  
To a place where we'll be safe



body was so cool that iced donuts smuggled in  
ch had been plucked, tweezed, waxed, bronzed,  
e, Miss United States. She never had the chance

classical favourites on the glasses, dressed as a  
ng at so many different rims, but was unable to

ic is organised noise and prophetic noise. It is  
rial reality can, the entire range of possibilities  
ally become visible, it is the transcending of the  
-tongued speech that snakes its way in time back  
exactly what it says but can't and won't say what  
rophecy is speech that spells itself upon the open  
that always strains to hear and through that very  
ble helix, the bio-code of interracial projection,  
back upon itself to devour its own tail, t-a-l-e...

t. Instead, she teaches women how to defend  
lar plexus, instep, nose, groin. I like the way that  
h children and I'm worried about what I might  
ould behave on stage better than showing them?

ed Cross after Hurricane Katrina. Appearing on  
rning words – she can't even drink her morning  
he is able to.



Pink peach trees  
Orchard bordered by cypress  
Terrace of a cafe at night  
Tree trunks in the grass  
Wheat fields in a mountainous  
landscape

Blossoming chestnut trees

Four sunflowers gone to seed

Relationship to swallowing meat

Foul mouths in politics  
Pig in mouth miliband.

Awkward/amenable/piss  
Dig for some dirt

Who's made the quilt?  
Whose cloud?  
Whose smoky steamy bottom?

Annex dominant media, dominant  
image, images outside of frame.  
What models are being emulated?

What is she outside of her country?

Rolling with dominant narrative ~  
Role of commentary and trying to  
summarise what a year might be  
Is it fair to consider the year in  
isolation  
Is time a useful governing factor?

consecutive years  
and then



