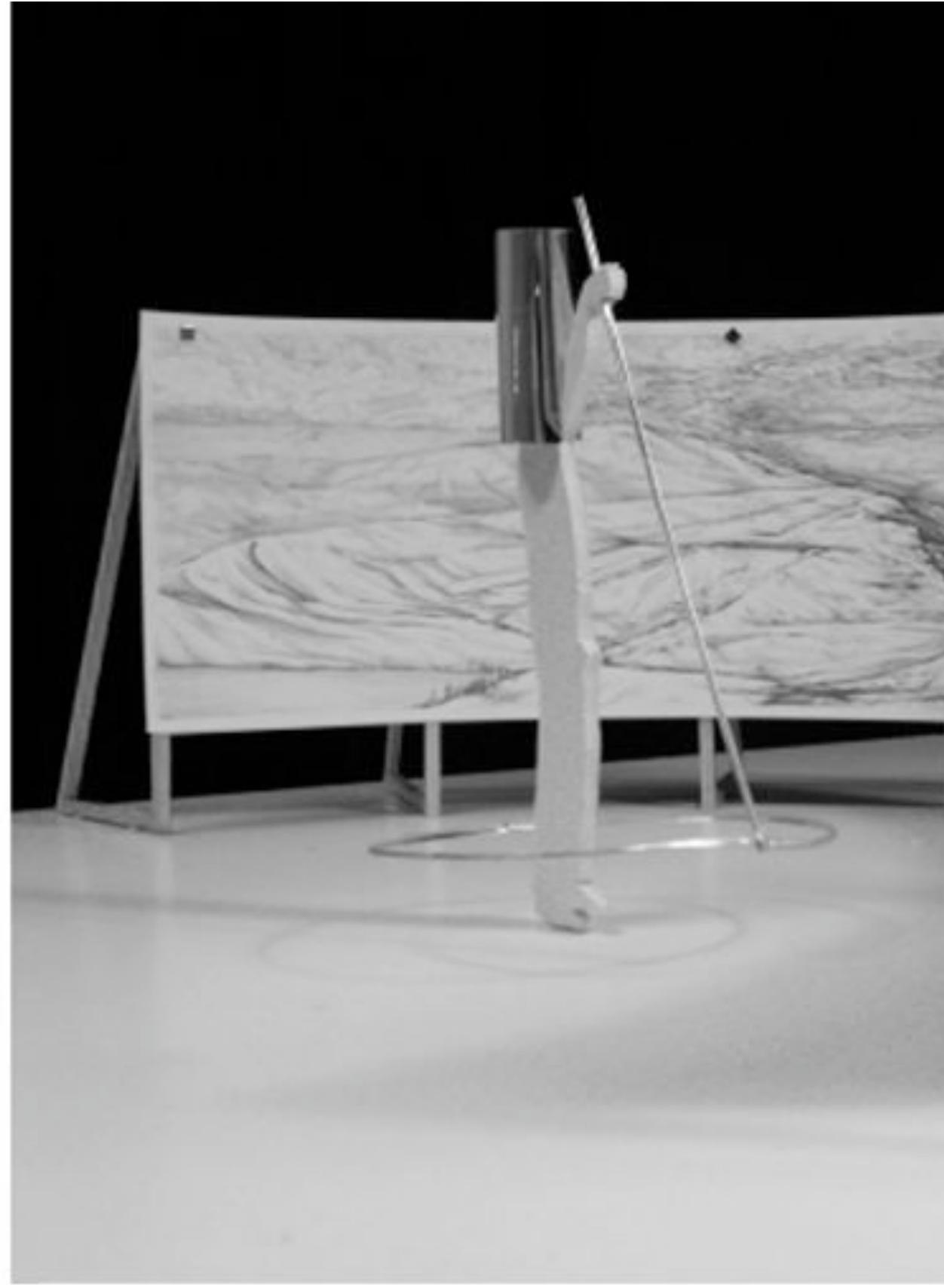




Over the Rockies: A shifting diagram

Originally performed in Berlin 06.05.09
Reenactment exercise PaF Paris 14.05.09





AT THE ENTRANCE,
AN AMERICAN FRIEND READS FROM A SCRIPT IN HIS BEST LONDON ACCENT
(UNDER THE DIRECTION TO REMAIN STRAIGHT FACED).

PART 1

Prologue

A Polariette

on the Rocky legacy
of blank blank.

/

Hardly a pogy gylrig, thats to say the omi was not bijou.
He was say bat quattro from riah to bat, his broad jube, graunde gam and bona lucoddy was the imagines of multry a
dona dream let loan those dolly mollys!
And oh what a divine foon fatcha!
That ecaf supported a strong esong and dark ogles, framed by a barnet of black.
A shamshe surly born for the talkies.

Frequently adorning the glossies, a jogger from the silver screen he'd slang a stish too, and in the latter hit the
box for a stint.
The big tray one might ponder.

//

As a feely chavie he'd nati dosh so the tober to stardom was nix that of ease for the chicken.
Prior, its said he'd troll the lots, often suited dower, a drear mish with tat valley drags, aspiring to the likes of
those old joggering omees's.

Still that's nix where we join our numba.

///

An acquaintance or dewey aft, renamed, retrained,
thanks to the ponce the dish was every bit the part.

They broke his voche to add it some butch, setting his screetch a screetchin' till a droll emerged, and emerged it
did at a growl.

All the while product of a system, the bona varda of an era, the omi waxed lyrical of his making with the pogy paloni
falling sinker like bimbo's.

Its said a stint in the yankie naffy had brought him out gunolas blazing,
marzarine and out of varda, omi was queue by nochy, where its screeved the tricks up his kaffies, would bring a rouge
to my ecaf.

The fakemeant of his fancies seems akin to lore and legend, though the extent he'd charper in the glory may depend on
the lingo.

Though tallent was a question, for bona or catever the greater scene weren't savy so manjaried up our numba and the
dinary kept a coming for our omi, ponce and management.

So on our omi rolled though multry affaيرة, kapella on his kamp, a kapello on his dispostion, all bona, nati saavy of
his hermo sumi obrepens.

////

Oh but Aunt Nell!
The palaver on our dolls passing, not alone off the back of its nature- oh need I spell it! but for the ferricadooza
it delt associates.

Image madzer maunged.
Measures dealt to cause he'd rather not associate. It seems the omi was the gajo to all but his closest, and now the
greater scene had questions and post mortal these enflamed.

The omi had been una for keeping ajax a dewey eeked gunta for fear he'd scarper to the glossies. Some said the punk
was little more than an aspro laking zhoosh but pushing trade to gain any jews eye.
From all I can tell the snake in the grass who'd frequented his flowery, donned the proverbial muck for a last fake
fakemeant earning through demand that the estate park dowry dosh.

A stish for a shush? If your partial to what's screeved.

/////

Last scene:
Like a true barkey, the bod was zhooshed as dust to sea with its odd accompaniment of folk in attendance. Seems bet-
ter to I than the gunter wallop the grave as well. The fake was surely manky.

Yet wagging the lupper is easy.
If there where a moral we'd be in deek 'er, we'd benar charper further,
for nada presents to yours truly.

Despite the onset of Alzheimers and an inability to distingusih between the faces of me and my mother, my Grandma still remembers British comic Kenneth Williams mimicking his voice through a catch phrase or two at the mention of his shows. Co-writer of Round the Horne, he popularised Polari in 70s Britain which led to its decline in usage by the gay community....

Take 1
An Introduction



A pixelated image of Rock Hudson to standby.

A Rambling monologue through a slippery text.
Delivered live from a static position (next to
a pixelated image of Rock Hudson)

"Forgive me,

Forgive me I want to talk but I need to read...
there's a lot to go in, and it came out quite
quick.

I don't like repeating, I rehearse under duress. I
don't use punctuation as it doesn't come naturally
and therefore involves a re-reading. I seldom
cross my 't's'. And my 'i's' look like an undevel-
oped 'l'.

If I stammer, that's probably a glitch in the fin-
gers that wrote the text. I'll just read what I
see which is what I wrote, but with possible
fabrications.

Apparently the condition that induces the poor
punctuation is about a miscommunication between
the text and the undeveloped 'l's' or so seeing
is believing but not necessarily believable for
me, if that makes sense (yet maybe sense is not
what we need (sense the perception of stimuli from
outside the body)

...and so this is the first take.

No, maybe figure one was the first take.

Note to self: actually make figure one. Though the
note to self would suggest it's actually figure 2.

Don't expect a fluid delivery it's not my primary
aim.

I am delivering all the same, though it's something
I want to do, I want to be here with you talking my
reading and standing by my protagonist rock.

Rock Hudson.

lets talk about why
which is obviously not fixed
sometimes x=y

X marks the spot so that would be a where. That
would be a starting point to a possible line, a
direction if nothing else.

Enough of musing, I muse my muse to much.

am educated that I am professional, professional
that I can pass on at least an informed opinion to
you or why else would we be here.

*(so are we agreed at least an interpretation of the
fabrications if I choose not pass on fact).*

You want me to be responsible

Which for the sake of this exercise I will classify
to be the ownership of care.

It was suggested to me that it might be, more
accurately, a duty to be morally complied to, but
that's a mouth full and hardly enticing.

For the sake of a directive to our y is a hypothesis
if you like, I will set out to convince you I cared
enough to take the time....

...through what I will term the Hudson effect.

I don't seem to be getting anywhere, let me find
that x....

Lets face it, I need to be decisive, I need to
convince you I am sure. Let's start where I started
which was either last week, nine months ago, or
four years ago or with a joke about our protagonist
told by my dad that went over my head hit the wall
and came back.

*If you'd mulled it that long maybe you'd
cover my ground, I can not say for sure
but I like to speculate our connection
nonetheless.*

It's a likely story, a probable path.

Anyway.

There's this guys practice and it's all about this joke. I can't remember the joke or his name, maybe you know him, I think he's American or at least that the joke is English.

{maybe he's just English. I think that might change things for me in respect to our conversation but i don't know at this point so this fact must be irrelevant}

I'm really bad with names. I should have found it out. At this point in time I should be able to tell you his name.

{it's not that I didn't try to find the review I once read, It's that when I flicked through the back issues of this particular publication it was no longer there, as though it were an un-fabrication}.

It's surprising how little is left to go on when you remove the labels.

We are back to our flexible 'y'. *{which is always speculative with out the who what where and when}.*

But I diverge

I think there's a parrot, which would fit, maybe its about the echo I guess that's what I took from it but

{maybe I invented the parrot or maybe that's something to do with the other American artist using jokes with that famous illustration of a parrot, or put more correctly the illustration of a parrot he made famous, but... we all know his name}

That's by the by

I don't remember the reviewers stance so it must have been somewhere between bad and complimentary, again. probably. not. the. point.

Anyway our man has been exhausting all the possible ideas around the said joke, illustrating its functions and readings through objects and documents.

{at least I think there were documents. the accompanying picture was a sculpture but then I guess photo's of documents wouldn't enhance the overall image}.

The point is he's all focused and dedicated on this one liner.

and what i can't figure out is whether, reduction through exhaustion is a proof of intent or just another diversion....

like a red heron, which would be a true red heron, ...no?

*"I'm defiantly waffling,
In English at that, es tut mir leid,*

I just hope it has rhythm.

*maybe an image is what we need.
lets find a frame and imagine a product"*

(Italics ((added later)) denotes text read at accelerated pace in a live attempt to edit)

Example skit snippet:

Yeah here we are, here we go, yo people People with instinctive travel through the path of funk and rhythm, yeah right, but firstly I'm gonna introduce my tribe, a tribe called quest, let mehear my questers make some noise.

(introduction edited)

'get to the topic' alright its time i'm walking down a long windy road with my questers in my way there's a boulder, yeah do you know what I had to do,'what did you have to do'I had to push it along yeah had to push it along oh, to get it rolling keep it rolling etc.

Take 2
An Image

Skit. Comedy Sketch, format first used in Minstrel Shows
Vocal Sketch on a Hiphop album normally employed as a metaphor for comedic effect and voiced by the artist(s) featured

A projected, silent, pre-filmed sketch.

To be narrated over, live. **Staring:**

The Videographer, The Photographer, The Prologue and
the Intermission.

SUPERMAN THE SKIT

Length of the visual : 1.07 min

length of the audio : 1.20 min (on 06.05.09)



Three guys walk into a bar

Like a beer commercial it has to be three. Two seems too intimate, and four would be threatening.



None can be devilishly good looking, as that distracts from the product, but to widen an audience they must be desirable.



We need a fall guy. No wait, that's wrong. We need a bar tender and a main man to say: "Excuse me a moment, I need to stretch my legs"



He walks over to the open window and steps out leisurely. For argument's sake lets make our bar several stories up.



He hovers a moment while flexing his flesh before resuming his post at the bar, while the other guy looks on agog.



Now to our main man: Who explains that thanks to the building's progressive modern architecture, it's not possible to move out of its field.



Due to the response of disbelief, he sets off to demonstrate again with such a repeat adding weight to our punch line.



Still filling our role of the skeptical bystander, our on-looker goes to check for himself...



stepping out of the frame and predictably plummeting to his untimely death.



The guy tending bar looks at our main man and retorts "You're a real mean drunk, Clark Kent."

"I seem to be lost and all out of sync, we need a more flexible approach"

Take 3
An Illustration



Studio test

Whilst straining to keep our knees in line with the surface of a structure imitating an upturned lasso, I discuss the allure of an image with the venue's curator. Part remembered, part fabricated from my knowledge of her, part amended with her guidance, the script is comprised of questions and statements she has or might have said. It is structured to last as long as we can hold the position, which causes our hips to quake under the strain.

(Note to self avoid feed back at this stage.)



Me:

I've always loved trick roping but it was really made clear when I saw a work that I think was shot in Sweden, not that I've ever been there. Anyway there was snow on the ground and a detached modern house with furniture that suited and huge bay windows.

Picture the scene as a teen-age girls eye is caught by a man lassoing inside as she stops to indulge through the window.

Despite a long search I don't know the length of the work or the author but it felt like I sat there for hours.

Me:

Its taken by a Frank Worth a wanabe director who shot photos of stars of this era. As a close acquaintance they'd let him on set or pull their best poses at parties.

Me:

Having refused to make cash off these shots of his friends his extensive archive was unearthed past his death only to be flogged at auction by the estate. Though now widely available the shots are costly to buy for reproduction above the size of a stamp.

Projected live feed of a scripted conversation with the curator shot in theory from below, while we adopt an awkward position that causes our hips to quake



Sophie:
So its about a hook?
You think its an appropriate prop for Rock,
but in that respect to the Photo seems to be a one-liner?

Sophie:
Aside to the side: He had Monroe don't you know, or that's how the rumour goes.

Me:

Exactly, I think, the action has links to when Superman reverses the world.

Me:

I'd hate to enforce that association but I guess to a point it's fitting.
It's an honest moment to be captured in the act of learning a trick.

Me:

Well there is also a Hispanic character called Raita who is a
real, fake, lasso. She could transport her self with a person or
object up to a tonne some thing like 500 miles.

Me:

Yeah I guess you need to be when you talking about super powers. There has to be limits.

Me:

We are a truthful image of two girls quaking slightly sexually in the territory of a lasso.

Me:

It's not a jump it's a shift

Me:

Well a slant. Look we need to find our position we're not getting anywhere on our backs

Me:

Either way, it's not assertive enough.

Me:

Ok we will build
We will go as far as we can

Me:

I will make figure one, that's' actually figure two, if you remember.

Sophie:
Like a line describing a cone.

Sophie:
It's not reversing things here though its simply frozen thanks to Franks
photo and while on the topic of superhero's,
what about the attributes of Wonder Woman's lasso?

Sophie:
So simply put it might be just the love entity of
Superman and Wonder Woman?

Sophie:
That's quite specific

Sophie:
Is that's why your lassos not moving,
Remind me of what we are doing?

Sophie:
hummm,... I don't get the jump

Sophie:
A what?

Sophie:
Taking your view I though we were supposedly on our knees?

Sophie:
These scripts aren't working you need a diagram
and a diagram needs rules or at least an aim.

Sophie:
Lets just go back to basics

FOR THE PURPOSE OF THIS DIAGGRAM I AM BORROWING THE TERM COORDINATE OFF A FRIEND. I AM ALSO BORROWING AN IMAGE I HAVE OF HER DEMONSTRATING ROBERT MORRIS' COMMITMENT TO TIMING TO TIMING AS SHE STEPPED INTO MY ROOM AND CLICKED HER FINGERS ABOVE HER HEAD.

IT HAD BEEN A LENGTHY CONVERSATION, SO THIS SERVED TWO PURPOSES.

PART 2

A
Shifting
Diagram

ASSESSING THE THE HUDSON EFFECT

A way of keeping a performance
on hindsight's edge.

/

8 STATEMENTS TO BE SAID WHILE CARRYING OUT A SET
SEQUENCE THAT ALLOWS FOR THE WRITING PROMPTS ON VARIOUS
PARTS OF THE BODY (TO BE REFERENCE DURING THE PERFOR-
MANCE.)

Application of triggers

[adopted in hindsight of a performance



PLACES TO PLACE MARKS THAT MOVE TOO

- 1) Hip
- 2) Shoulder
- 3) Right Foot
- 4) Inner thigh
- 5) Belly
- 6) Chest
- 7) Hand
- 8) Left foot

1) I had been trying to construct a work for about 9 months that was initially a galley piece though featured a performer.

2) It was concise but required heavy research for my right to produce it. This was a reflection of the complexity of the story I'd been drawn to.

3) It should not have taken so long but I found it hard to finish, everything else became far more interesting than the initial task I'd set and while this is often the case, given the fate of the character featured, fear of release seems a more plausible reason than a lack of commitment.

4) The work out side of the task has predominantly taken the form of gestures and sketches. Unsurprisingly these mimicked the functions of machines, acting as magnifies, classifiers and slowing devices.

6) Though from the same stock they are fractured and still in flux they recombine over lap and frequently replace each other. Their individual relevance passes and repeats however and while often they seem to flow they will always be components.

7) In keeping with our subject there combined clarity should form on the edge of hindsight so there order in the performance was established in the last possible moment.



On a residency a week later I needed to deliver a representation of the piece with none of its props available as prompts and order of parts had naturally changed. The device to aid that seems effective here. It is a way of remembering a recent order, through the allocation of triggers

Unfortunately it is based on function not glamour
...and the order I have established for the purpose in hand doesn't explain it any further yet.

Trigger 1

The Makings of a Space

"A click as x
A cross, A spot, a dot, a point a proclaimer of precision.

Lasso a length with a loop,

A circumference of a circle can easily become a cone.

A cone with its two faces becomes a shape with a speed,

Again the most basic of machines, with the potential for propulsion.

I think I might have mentioned that I seldom x my t's well here is a contradiction

cross over $t = v$ some how v is equal to speed

Speed, the rate of motion, is length divided by time.

Within one revolution, our cones core circles slower than the pace of its perimeter.

Could this simply be our point?

A honing through coning?

A funnel, a channel, a possible vortex.

I'd feel far more comfortable if the speed on the inside was the same as the out side but we are limited by our material, a physical matter increasing our variables.

It may help to adopt someone else's rules. Someone who understands artistic license.

Rock is no longer an object. For better or worse he has transcended that:

He's the stuff around the inner idea he is every thing but physical.

Be it appropriate or appropriated (surely that's an issue of presence, another factor that need not apply) we'll reflex that.

To make a right assessment a more accurate judgement we must treat all inputs the same. They must pass as fast.

As unbiased adjudicators lets speed up the centre and give swell to a vortex.

An un-weighted place for the mixing of suggestions."

fig. 1,2 & 3 the making of a cone for spinning in the palm of a hand



Trigger 2

Pros and Perils of An Alternative Editing Machine

"Lets take the cyclone as an editing machine democratic beyond its own control. Unbiased sucking everything in to regurgitate it with seemingly joyful and random abandon while back in the desert its centre shifts path at the whim of the landscape and in return shifts the landscape at its whim.

Though branded as an aggressor due to its sheer confidence its intentions aren't just destructive. It shows no bias to culture, allowing less reputed references to surface. Its ability to maintain tangents is based on their physical weights as opposed to subjective significance, make it suitable adjudicator for unsubstantiated ideas.

As a form it requires care not control and while it seems an unstable way of extracting the crux of our point, maybe if we stay focused and don't get distracted it's output can be advantageous. We can always hide in the eye of the storm and trust as things readjust.

While we run the risk of being left with just a naff vessel, we also have the chance to rebuild anew. with a little more knowledge and empathy from outsiders,

and maybe that's the point
be it draw or imagined
our idea needs a form

One thing seems evident while it takes
little imagination to see the cyclone
like Raita the tele-porting super
hero we lack the authority
of her specific'



THE CYCLONE V'S THE STILL.
[transcript from the performance of on the spot analogies for a method of making. A less-reputed reference projected in the background acts as a visual prop and sets the time limit]

I think its worth mentioning. The performance had an inbuilt get out clause, should rationality seem distant, with the responsibility for this falling at the feet of our venue's curator.

All she needed to do was click the heels of her little red shoes, to call for order, and with all the talk of cyclones she choose to call that privilege here.

Whether she took a cue is irrelevant, as I didn't take mine, her only red shoes were soft leather so these clicks went unheard

Had I noticed my not noticing we might have had a conversation about inadequate material, ...but instead I was allowed to proceed with the cyclone as it attempted to swallow a question about the need for con straint.

Trigger 3

The Reduction of Circles to Squares

Be it the limits of technology or merely our presence amongst buildings, the boundaries imposed on our vision need not apply in Rocks desert.

When striving for its idealism there's no doubt circles function better.

About here should be a quote from the poetry movement associated with the Hudson River School active in America through the mid 19th century.

It would be about big vistas, about a celebration of limitless sight.

It would point out the contradiction inherent in their rectangular frames.

It would show the typical pools of centred light, for all there attempts at radiance, as little more than measuring devices by which to assess achievement and progress at task. A fixed point of controlled territory, confining landscape to a product ready to be judged and to be held up for question.

While it is too late to go scrolling the archives with their preference for the patriarchal the thought mirrors the suggestion, that the adoration man's great unconquered became all about reduction.

"A taming through framing, if you like."

I had thought of screening an old work about a 16th century tree collection reflected on the bonnet of a moving car, to form an optical column, but on realizing this was my fixed point, as a tribute to the cyclone, instead I choose two pillars.

"It is easy to see the benefits of marking, prescribing, and dividing but I assure you bigger things were happening just out side there frames with scope of their vision relying too much on proximity.

In other words, we'd benner caper further

If we accept our reduction we declare a position, and acknowledge that multiple voices differ in accordance to proximity."



TWO PILLARS

Having acknowledgement that in order to admit our lacking material we must first state our proximity, I declare that my nose is touching the screen.
I take two bits of charcoal and from this position I draw as far as my eyes can see which prove to be two interlocking rounds.

Audio plays of two varying narrations for the same segment of a documentary, delivered by Sir David Attenborough (UK) and Sigourney Weaver (US) for release in there respective countries.

They discuss the true nature of the Rocky Mountains.

SIR DAVID ATTENBOUROUGH :

Summer reveals the true nature of the Rockies
Stripped of snow the peaks bare their sculpted forms
Only now can mountaineers reclaim the upper reaches

Two miles up the crumbling precipices seem devoid of life
But there are animals here.

(Section on Grizzly Bears removed)

These loose boulders are the mountains crumbling bones
The Rockies are no longer rising but slowly disintegrating.
All mountains every where are being worn down by frost snow and ice



SIGOURNEY WEAVER:

Summer in the Rockies
Stripped of snow the peaks bare their sculpted forms
Mountaineers return to graze on the upper reaches,
safe from any predator

Two miles up the slopes are utterly barren
Not even a goat ventures here.
But someone does

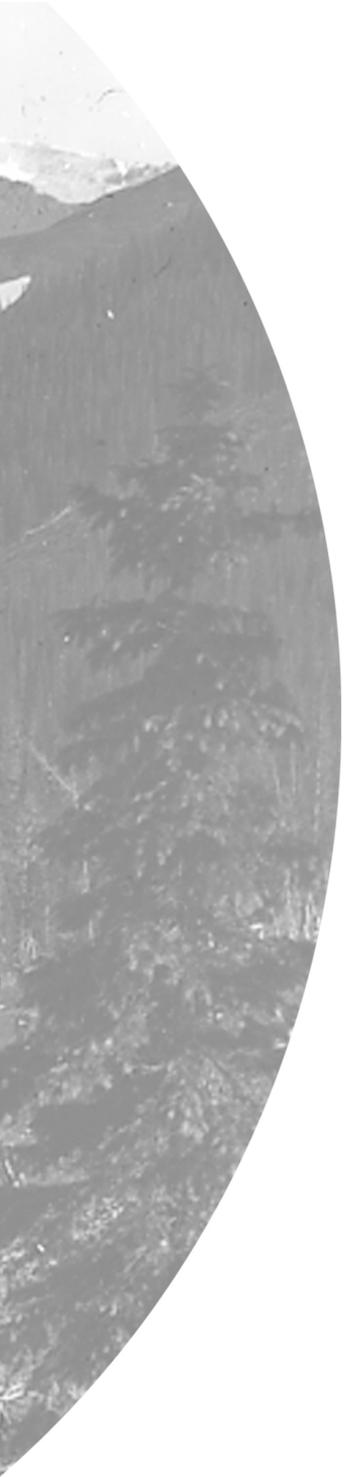
(Section on Grizzly Bears removed)

Another battle unfolds here on a much longer time scale.
These boulders are the mountains crumbling bones
The Rockies are no longer rising but disintegrating.
All mountains every where are being worn down by frost snow and ice



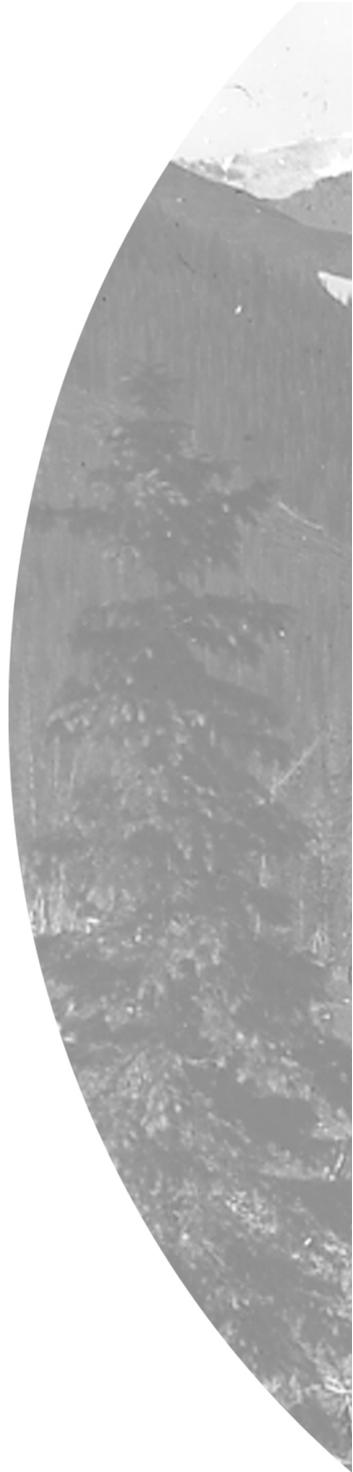
*"Maybe what's needed is a bit of distance or just a change of voice.
Let's employ a device.*

Please welcome the intermission, Ed Clive aka my other half."



INTER

MISSION



Trigger 4

THE UNCANNY VALLEY OF THE DIGITAL IMAGE

Fiona asked me to present an intermission, which has manifested itself as a three and a half minute talk. In the spirit of similar research methods the structure of how this talk will unfold is comparable to how Google of Wikipedia search operates: starting point of enquiry/acquisition of knowledge/digression/distracted/potential confusion OR potential connections.

In order, in this talk, to prevent inevitable confusion and due to time constraints, there will be a glossary for digressions as well as a liberal amount of cutting and pasting.

So, to start, the title: 'The Uncanny Valley of the Digital Image' is an attempt to update Mas-a-hiro Moris' hypothesis of the 'Uncanny Valley' by replacing the 'replicant' in his theory with the 'JPEG'.

In 1970 Japanese roboticist Mas-a-hiro Mori observed that there is a point in a machine's likeness to a human, when it isn't quite a perfect facsimile of a human, an emotional response of revulsion is caused amongst the replicant's observers. The "valley" in question is a dip in a proposed graph of the positivity of human reaction to the function of a robot's lifelikeness.

The rise out of the valley, according to this theory, occurs when technology gains such distance from technological norms, and comes closer and closer to the likeness of humans, the replicants would cease to be judged on a technical level and instead be regarded as a separate entity altogether, and it is here that acceptance would rise once again out of the uncanny valley.

When David Peoples was searching for a replacement term for 'Android', as he was rewriting the screenplay of 'Blade Runner' he consulted his daughter who was involved in Microbiology and biochemistry. She suggested the term "replicating" which is the process of duplicating cells for cloning.

Technically using the term replicant whilst discussing Moris' observations is a digression, but the biological cloning of cells seemed, in this instance, to have a fitting connection to the power of potentially unlimited ability to copy and paste through use of the keyboard shortcut: control C. Further ethical digressions on cell cloning omitted here.

It's not the intention of this talk to liken our usage of the digital image to E T A Hoffmanns & Sigmund Freud's notion of the uncanny, its more of a pairing, between the two entities - somehow Moris' observation of observers responses to an object trying to pass observation bears an peculiar familiarity to contemporary usage of the digital image. I have selected just two illustrations to exemplify this likeness:

The first is a notable case of a controversial photo manipulation in 1982 when National Geographic's editors photographically moved two Egyptian pyramids closer together so that they would fit on a vertical cover of the magazine. This case triggered a debate about the appropriateness of photo manipulation in journalism and the responsibility of the medium's ability to visually edit history. But perhaps this editing should be considered in terms of journalistic collage - especially since the late 1960s, the collage impulse has become increasingly dominant in popular media as segments of information began to get smaller, faster, more readily transferable, and ultimately less linear.

The second illustration is a quote from Susan Sontag's essay "Regarding the Torture of Others" published in the New York Times in response to the photographs taken by US Soldiers in Abu Ghraib prison during the second Gulf War. "To live is to be photographed, to have a record of one's life, and therefore to go on with one's life oblivious, or claiming to be oblivious, to the camera's non-stop attentions. But to live is also to pose. To act is to share in the community of actions recorded as images."



(Sculptural filming device who's results were used as a projected back drop for the intermission.

Central to this method are two cameras rotating in alternative directions, inside mirrored columns, scrolling past the words INTER and MISSION.

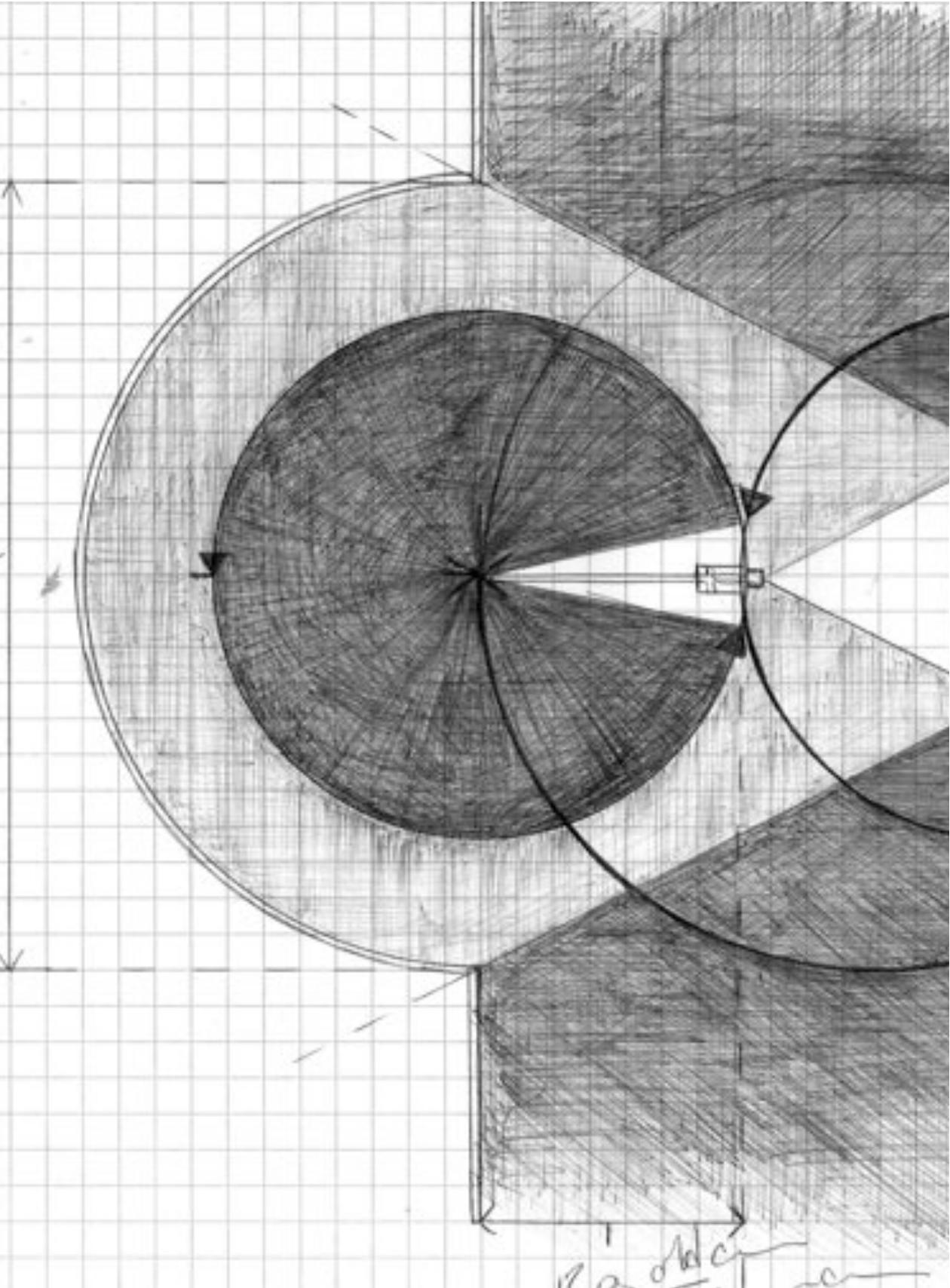
The speaker (Ed Clive 06.05.09) stands central to the projection, which is sized to fit within the out line of the circles drawn during the previous action.

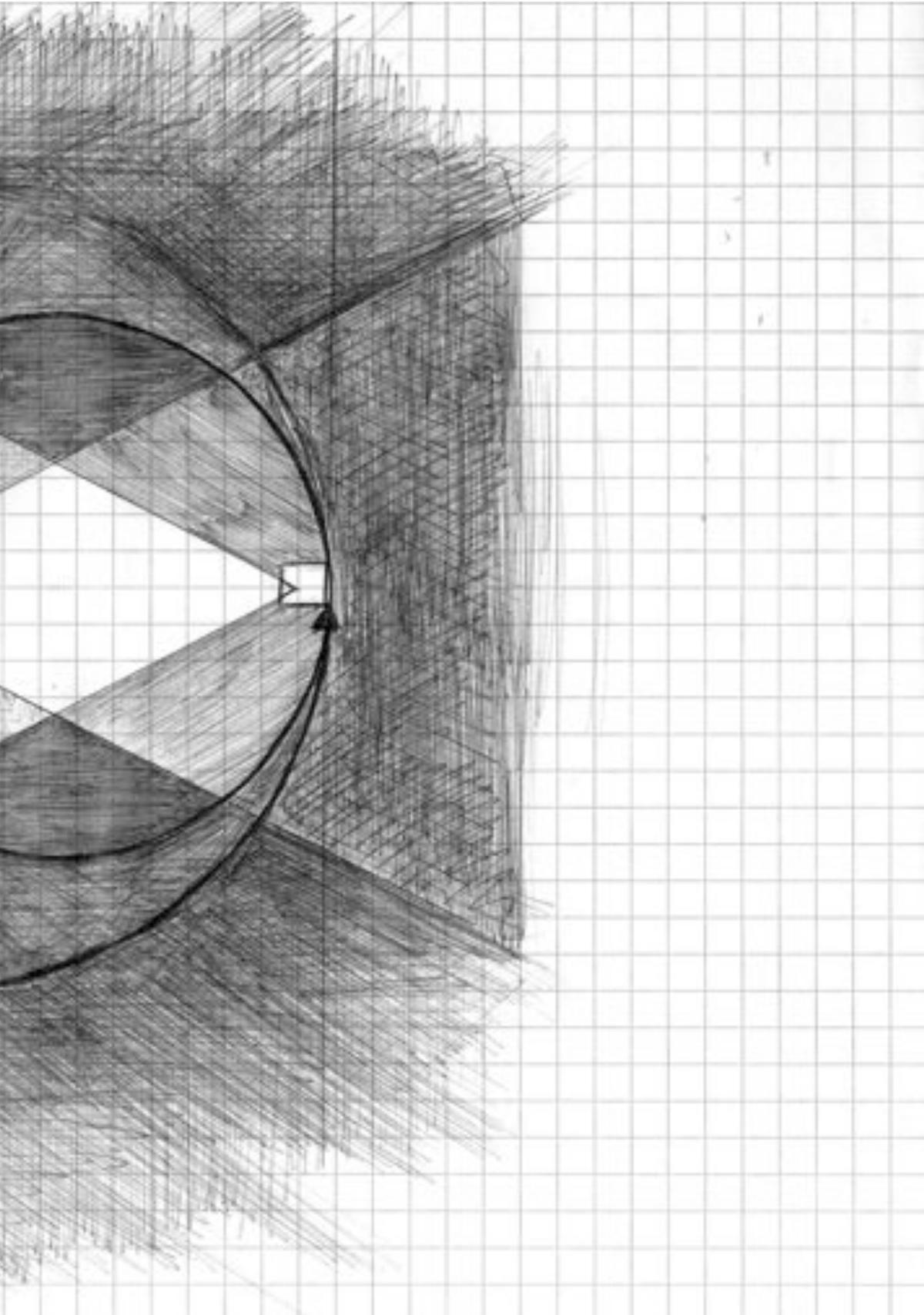
After 3 mins the footage must stop abruptly to trick the eye into thinking that the projection is expending.



"marzarine and outta' varda"







LET'S TALK OF ROOMS AND LIMITS: LET'S ADDRESS ARCHITECTURE, LOOK AT THE CONTAINERS THAT MAKE OUR CIRCLES POTENTIAL SQUARES .

IN A ROOM WHERE THE ONLY POINTS ARE ITS FABRIC WHERE THE PLANES MEET THEIR LIMITS ON JOINING EACH OTHER, WE CAN TRULY ASSESS OUR VESSEL.

LET'S GO BACK TO MY FRIEND CLICKING HER FINGERS ABOVE HER HEAD AS SHE STEPPED IN A SIDE OF MY ROOM WHILE TALKING OF TIMING. YOU MAY, OR MAY NOT REMEMBER SAID FRIEND CAME WITH THE TERM 'COORDINATES' OUR ROOM DOES NOT. IT'S A BLANK SPACE, A WHITE CUBE, CONTAINED BUT UTTERLY BARREN. THERE ARE NO ANIMALS HERE.

IF I HAD NOT BEEN THERE AS THE POINT FOR HER ACTION, THE RECEIVER OF HER CLICK, THINGS MIGHT WELL HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT . BUT I CAN ONLY SPECULATE HER PATH.

PART 3

Trigger 5

Performance from a Camera





Trigger 5

Structured in hindsight

On walking into a room:

- 1.) She'd brace our herself. She'd pan once, taking in as much as she could, allowing her eyes to wander as they went
- 2.) She'd double check, reflect if you like, by panning back, taking an alter native route.
3.) Walls are wall but floor is different. Her eyes would take in the nearest material. She'd contemplate the surface below her.
- 4.) To gather her bearings, she'd probably move to survey her entrance
- 5.) Feeling sure of the area she's already activated, she relaxes questions on her reason for being there, allowing her self to settle in to the space, she's stops stretching her eyes
- 6) Maybe a search for a detail, to focus on as familiarity, takes her off the point,
- 7) She'd pull out of her trance
- 8) Collect her thoughts and then make her way out of the room.

Estimated time 20 seconds.



“Lets exchange her term co-ordinates for loci.
More mathematical, less geographical, internal, if we wish to split hairs,
(there is an attempt to vocally split the letters S.P.L.I.T.T.I.N.G H.A.I.R.S but this
text based representation is point less.)

We will adopt its method, its abilities to spout reference to other routes.”

the preceeding sequence was originally conceived as a studio exercise, aimed at developing fluidity and control in specific muscles with the desired effect of no longer needing a tripod when documenting a space.

the pace is limited by the speed of sight, exaggerated here by the abilities of the cameras lenses as it tries to focus. Movement must go slow, care for the result is paramount.

With a nod, nod, nod, to Yvonne I use it every time I step into the studio. It is something I know for sure.

It is a safe place, so safe in fact that its become and automatic urge, I am numb to it. It is a programmed if you like.

There are things I'd change, but then my improvement would be lost.
So it's stuck unable to evolve and reduced to an indulgence.

Trigger 6

Why A Lasso Is Not A Gun

I spent days, split into hours, with an aspiration of catching a flash and passing it between a camera and projector. Like a strobe we would sync relying on force for our continued relationship and optimum speed. It would be an economic and perfect loop.

Now I'm not known for my timing but by relying on a force and applying some maths, knowledge of the camera and its delay to the projector, it seemed like a perfectly attainable task. Nothing more than skilled precision

First I quit, then I failed, then I gave it up.

When I quit it I wondered a) about my commitment b) about the objective of seeking to prove a pre supposed hypothesis.

I wondered where the three of us went wrong. I know there's glitches in there timing, they have a tendency to slip, but I couldn't help but feel personally responsible. After all, it was my objective.

maybe it was ill co-ordination, maybe it was never the point. maybe the attempt at a task was enough, maybe such procrastination helped the ownership of care. In short I cannot show you the product of such efforts.

Also I can't let you feel the enjoyment as the force builds up in the hips.

I wonder if that's where I should shoot from, as we need to stop this galloping horse. It's easy to get side tracked

But I became aware from the waist down that might break
A lasso is no good without release, even teleporters must land somewhere
And cyclones drop their houses.

Transcript from performance delivered while spinning a live camera around my head in beat to an infrequent flash of light



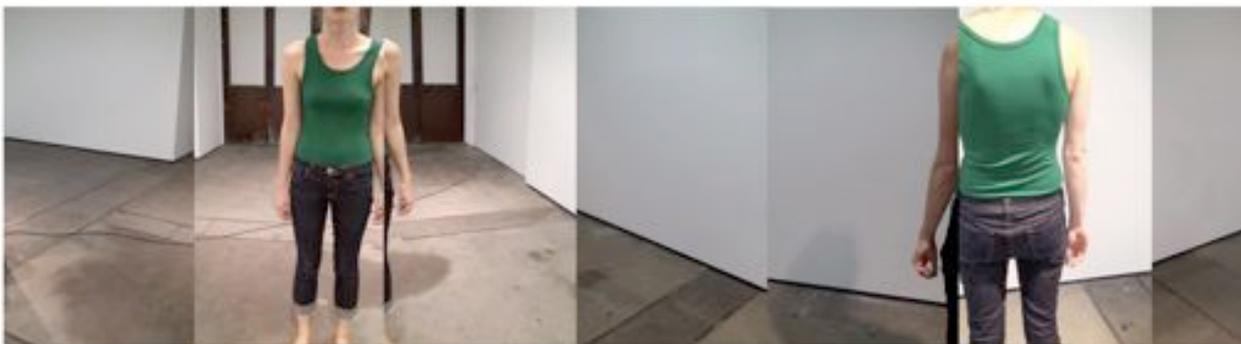
*"Maybe in this breaking things need not be so complex.
I'm borrowing a method of slowing off my friend our cameraman"*

Andrew interjects,

"i don't think its mine either"

Trigger 7

Tribute To An Unidentified Car





A simpler distancing device is summoned.

It is credited as borrowed gesture from the videographer who in turn credits the method to an artist from an older generation.

I click once he responds and I adopt his time gap before return his call. The banter becomes progressively slower until there is so much space between them the photographer interjects freeing my hand from its duty.

Now at 30 second intervals there is time for him to help me bring a turntable on stage.

On which a single camera sits rotating at a speed of 2 rpm.

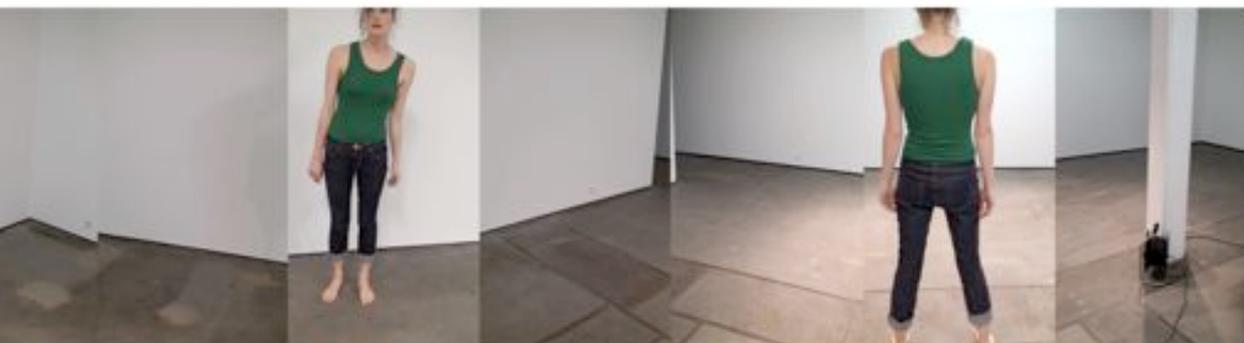
Using the cameras blind spots I am able to multiply, seemingly in creating my presents in the space from the cameras point of view.

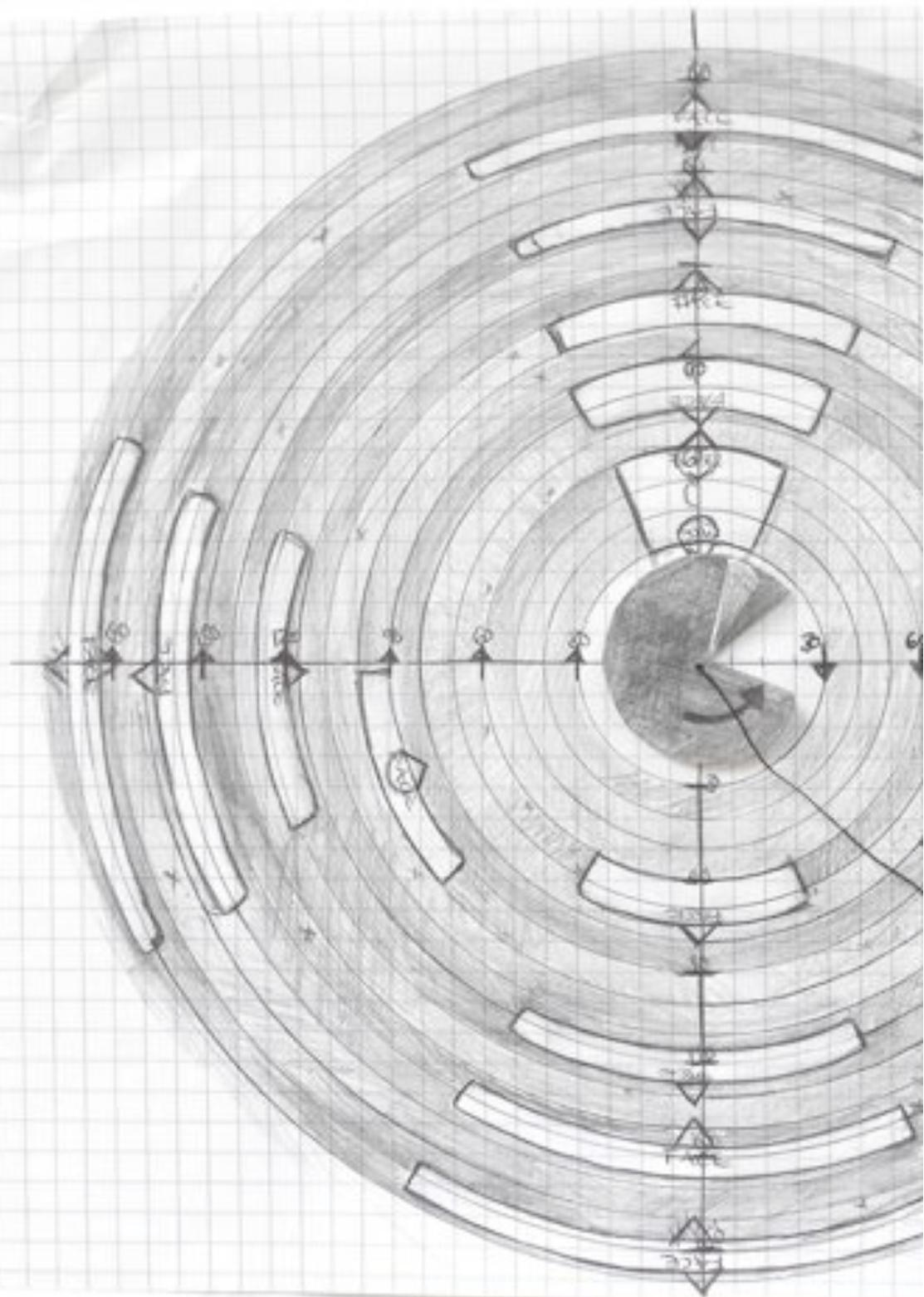
Though frantic there is rhythm, a set of steps to be carried out a distance to be covered.

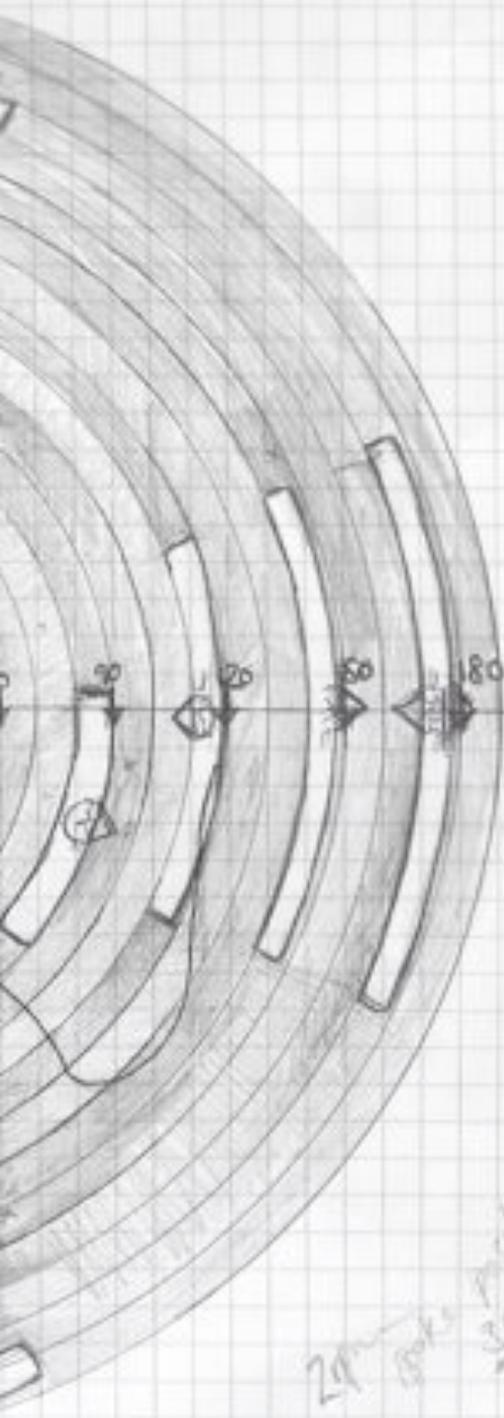
It at this speed it is possible to appear and four times and maintain it, as the machines dictate the pace.

The videographer and photographer now stand at opposite sides of the stage and signal with their click when I have passed the camera view.

The resulting cameras footage is not shown to this audience.







30
60
90
180
210
240
270
180

20
10
7.5

29
Bake parts
→ 1700
back



{Stills from an act I found in the studio when I should have been painting}



AN UNPROVED BUT PREDICTED RESULT

Having broken the pattern due to poor concentration as much as fatigue, I'd remove the camera from the tripod to face it at the screen. It's turned portrait and fed live in to the projector.

With their function removed the videographer and photographer will quickly become bored and the gap between their calls would speed up. They provide a beat for me to drop paint past the path of the lens as I stand on the turntable, which should still be rotating.

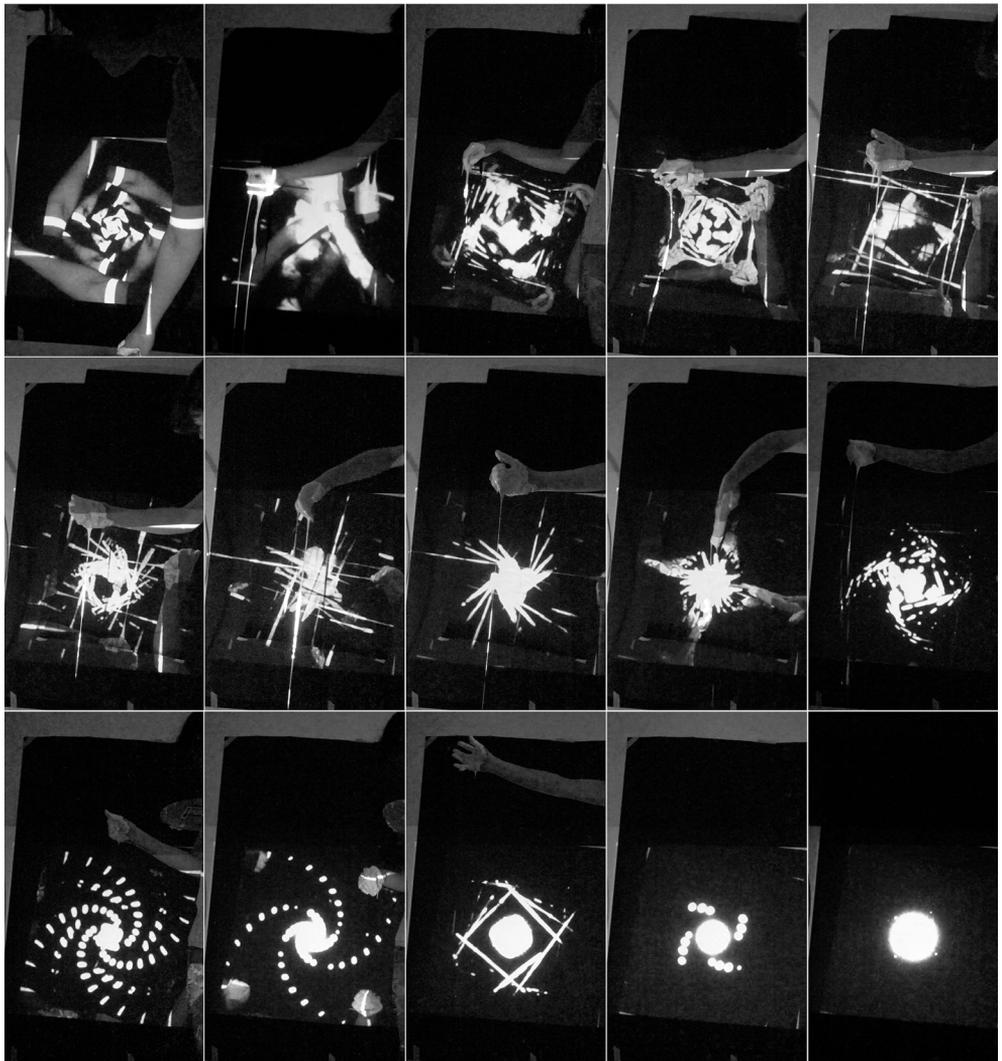
With no set plan I'd move across and around it the at their direction, dropping from the same point while watching the screen.

I had predicted the end to be when the clicks conveyed a lack of interest however after some confusion instead they'd fall into unison and the photographer would probably drop out.

Though I thought I'd say some prepared statements exhaustion leaves me unable and I'm straining to hear the clicks.

Trigger 8

A Machine To Argue Release



STILL FOLLOWING THE IMAGINED PATH OF THE EYES OF MY FRIEND
(IN A ROOM WITH NO FOCUS)
I LEAVE THE SPACE, HAVING RUN OUT OF MOVES AND TIME.

PARALLEL

PART

A Possible ~~Closing~~ Last Act

The space's curator returns to the stage and is helped on to the turntable (now moving at 6rpm). She wears a highly reflective cylinder over her head and picks up the frozen lasso. She attempts to replicate the position of a dead movie star as seen in a photo taken on a set in the desert in the late 1950's. Meanwhile a roughly painted backdrop is unveiled that at first appears to be a mountainous landscape but when reflected in her headwear reveals the face of the same dead star. She adopts the pose for as long as she can before clicking her heels for assistance to dismount.



A SONG TO PLAY SUBTLETY AS THE AUDIENCE EATS SHOOTS & LEAVES

'BOTH SIDES NOW' Joni Mitchell, 1967

*Inspired by a passage in 'Henderson the Rain King' by Saul Bellow.
(see also 'Musing of a House 2009: Work in Progress')*

TRANSCRIPTS. In date order

<http://transcripts.cnn.com/TRANSCRIPTS/0103/29/1k1.00.html>

March 2001

<http://transcripts.cnn.com/TRANSCRIPTS/0310/01/1k1.00.html>

June 2001

<http://transcripts.cnn.com/TRANSCRIPTS/0106/07/1k1.00.html>

Oct 2003

<http://transcripts.cnn.com/TRANSCRIPTS/0403/20/1k1.00.html>

March 2004

Fact it is not possible to hold the top search hits on Google for a character like Rock Hudson without great financial expense.

TV RATE BOOK

<http://transcripts.cnn.com/08/SCRIPTS/0803/28/LAL.00.HTML>
March 2008

<http://transcripts.cnn.com/08/SCRIPTS/0810/00/LAL.00.HTML>
May 2008

<http://transcripts.cnn.com/08/SCRIPTS/0806/07/LAL.00.HTML>
Oct 2008

<http://transcripts.cnn.com/08/SCRIPTS/0803/20/LAL.00.HTML>
March 2008

