

## III+P (reprised)

Barratt da Rimini Maxted

### Sound:

Use the digital version, using the orange mini.

### Actions:

- Fdr puts in different cassettes into the cassette player
- Fdr puts on blak boots upstairs. Is barefoot downstairs
- Stuart climbs up and cuts down the suit - V falls down with the suit
- FdR turns the seat upside down and drapes herself over it at the end as if shot.
- FdR rubs out 1 circle after 6th instruction (YO)

### Editing:

F:

Hindley Street, **more instructions from Yoko Ono (=6)**

- 2 per circle, 3 circles, rub out 1 circle after 6th instruction

V:

general

### Lighting:

Alice will turn lights on and off

### Tasks:

Tape on the floor:

Red and black (to buy) **or go with remnant..cd work aesthetically, add another black line, the next iteration**

**Wall pieces**

**Print at A0 size**

**(fix up the floor plan)**

Blutak **F has it**

Printout scripts + audience instructions

Holly rabbit stamp on instructions

**F choose and line up 3 cassette tapes**

**F ask Teri to be books + dream journals holder- new peta bag for books?**

**F print out invis mash and stick in book--dif pages?**

### Props:

Small round table w/ jug and glass

Red juice

Bondage shoes

**Liberation Range images ? 1? 2? 3?**

Crumpled paper pieces

2 wooden chairs for downstairs

3 mixed tape Cassettes

Cassette player w batteries

F's dream journals x ?

F's Laure + invisible committee + summer of hate

Chalk

Holly rabbit stamp

Headphones and shuffle

**Costumes:**

V: costume made of lots of strips of paper with words on them + stockings w/ words

F: velvet dress which she changes for black trench coat + francesca's new haircut

S: paper suit

**End:**

Audience instructions:

Revise and layout so legible and with a stamp so it's an artefact they take away.

Sounds to record

Straightening out paper and stepping on it

Tearing paper and chewing it

Pouring juice into a jug, picking the glass up from the table, drinking, speaking though paper and juice

Moving chairs from here to there

Walking up and down stairs

Ringling bell

Crowd walking up the stairs

Singing etta james

Paper sounds. Walking, falling, rustling.

**SCRIPT**

**ALARM (bell)**

V climbs down the attic stairs

V (2 minutes)

(we'll get **ALICE** to switch the lights off and on)

H E N N I N G C H R I S T I A N S E N

Audience Eve

In the evening, during the performances:

.....

.....

.....

after 5 min. turn off the light

after 5 min. turn on the light

after 5 min. turn off the light  
after 5 min. turn on the light  
after 5 min. turn off the light  
after 5 min. turn on the light  
continue through the whole program.

.....  
.....  
.....

If possible, then fade the light in and out,  
as beautiful as possible. (like the sea)  
1964

Francesca says:

I am anxious

You say:

I am indebted to language but i feel sick  
with it

She's been working in datasets all day, now  
she feels like data, which can be analysed  
this way or that, and so, maybe, she is  
lost in translation, having slipped across  
strata, blood turned brine, speaking the  
voice of the ocean, together with the others.  
The univocity of the brack bladderwrack  
furbelow, brine, the rip rig and panic, the  
seatangle and mossback, the ooze tang  
and ware.

As ocean floor they are littered, bedecked,  
studded with fossilised data. Beautiful, like  
ammonites. Or opals. That geological data  
is the darkest of matters.

How does one speak as data, or the ocean,  
or fossilised zeros and ones?

With the voice of calving ice? With the  
silence of lake vostok? With the righteous  
anger of the swans in the king's castle? The  
enchantment of a differencing engine? Or  
the voice of vanta black, all light swallowed.

2 mins.

## ALARM (Francesca counting)

V (1 minute crossover, 2 minutes silence)

### ACTIVITY:

Smoothing out paper into stepping stones

Moves to

Position: Stair Landing

**1 minute ALARM (Horsebreath)**

F SPEAKS for 3 minutes

Position: Stair landing

I am a Baby without Organs!

Pick up Laure book: read

Sacred, pp38-9 [1 m 14]

Put down Laure, pick up Invisible C, read:

IC: We aren't cynical, we are just reluctant to be deceived.

Put down Invisible C, read Chris Krauss:

CK: It's painfully clear that staging a Noah's Ark of repression is part of the regime's pageant.

One or two of each species is plucked from the social landscape and charged as State enemies.

It's just enough to keep the whole population on the same terror alert posted at airports and harbours.

We can fuck you up good is the message.

Put down Chris Kraus, read Invisible C:

IC: The decomposition of all social forms is a blessing.

It is for us the ideal condition for a wild, massive experimentation with new arrangements, new fidelities.

To no longer wait is, in one way or another, to enter into the logic of insurrection.

'Becoming autonomous,' could just as

	<p>easily mean  learning to fight in the street,  to occupy empty houses,  to cease working,  to love each other madly,  to cast a thousand hexes against capital,  and to shoplift.</p> <p>We're setting out from a point of extreme  isolation, of extreme weakness.</p> <p>An insurrectional process must be built from  the ground up.</p> <p>Nothing appears less likely than an  insurrection, but nothing is more necessary  for our victory over this odious project.</p>
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**ALARM (HOLLY RAAAR)**

<p>V SPEAKS for 3 minutes  Position: Stair Landing</p> <p>The impossibility of remaining whole in this  space of fractured texts</p> <p>This modality demands that we live inside  the texts as each other, speak from inside  each others mouths, steal each other's  breath for our own voicing, enfold each  other in our multiplicity, become multiple  inside the one.</p> <p>Fold the outside of your text to touch the  inside of the text of another. Fold it again,  press it with the heel of your hand, flatten it  out, repeat. grow it. Let it self-eat, excrete.  Put it on the thumb and the first finger of  one hand and then another. Tell me the  answer, paper fortune.</p> <p>(coughing, singing)  The red shoes  Which red shoes?</p>	<p>F (1 minute crossover, 2 minutes  silence)</p> <p>ACTIVITY:  Walking downstairs to hall table, hands  John or Teri 3 books, shifting the 2 chairs a  few times. Sit in one eventually.</p> <p>Script position: on lower shelf of hall table</p> <p>Moves to  Position: Downstairs chairs  <b>1 minute ALARM (Running)</b></p>
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The ones  
 The soiled satin ones

But the architecture of the mouth can only  
 take so much  
 It is not made for speaking everything

We writespeak despite ourselves or  
 Writing writes itself behind our backs or  
 I have no idea how to do this or  
 Writing wounds us and makes the most  
 beautiful scars.

We are in constant crisis  
 We are inarticulate and incomprehensible.  
 We fail, and this is necessary.

2:45

**ALARM (LAUGHING AND CLAPPING)**

V (1 minute crossover, 2 minutes silence)  
**ACTIVITY:**  
 Eating strips of paper from dress  
 Walking downstairs  
 Taking a drink with the paper in mouth from  
 the hall table  
**Position: Stand by the table**  
**1 minute ALARM (Weeping)**

F SPEAKS for 3 minutes  
**Position: Chair near hall table**

Hindley Street texts:

**prelude**  
 You can often tell outa towners by the way  
 they say 'Hind-ly' street and 'Gouge -er'  
 Street. Almost subconsciously the tongue  
 and palate twirl towards malevolence.

**punch**  
 One night in Hindley Street some random  
 arsehole punched sweet Marilyn in the face,  
 broke her nose. Our boyfriends played in  
 Psycho Farmers. Mine, the lead singer and  
 guitarist, looked like Michael Hutchence.

We fucked a lot.  
 I was always getting pregnant.

**loathsome**  
 Beans Bar. West of Morphett. Uptight and  
 unwelcoming, and the only leso bar in town.  
 A bully with a rep for beating up women did  
 the door there. Once she paid me and C

out for dirty dancing to Madonna, coward punching us with her voice. There, in that queer club, exuberance and joyousness could be capriciously repressed. The joint felt like it was owned by crims.

### **sliver**

Around 1995 a great experimental electronic music club called Silverfish shone briefly, downstairs on Hindley, again west of Morphett. Later something else with a brown plaid vibe took its place, Super Mild maybe, too acid jazzy for me.

Anyway, one afternoon I'd been helping K make a chocolate dope cake, and I'd been licking the bowl. When we arrived at Silverfish with this birthday cake I was really body stoned. Had to leave, immediately.

I'm crawling up the stairs on my hands and knees. Humiliating but necessary. They poured me into a cab. I don't remember the rest.

### **protection**

Enigma. West of Morphett, south side. For a while it hosted a mid-week drag night. A beautiful boy in a blue shiny dress had his public debut, to Massive Attack's Protection. Mesmerising.

2003. During the bombing of Iraq I had a video work projected on Enigma's big glass window. I wanted to screen Liquidation Range, a drift through photos taken by Bagdad human shield Ruth Russell. I'd upped the cyan levels in the images, aestheticising the dead, the destroyed. War porn, M called it.

The Enigma peeps decided that the imagery would be too full on, worried someone would smash their window. So instead my Liberation Range video glowered out at the night walkers. A montage of dissolving angelic doomed

	<p>creatures from Pier Paolo Pasolini's Salo, bejewelled with American weapons.</p> <p>When the US bombing of Faluja started I stopped watching tv news. That's when I made these videos.</p> <p><b>zero</b> Hindley, east of Gresham. My twin remembers another punch, Tony and I witnessed it too, the percussive shock of a young man's head against the footpath.</p> <p>The street's changed so much, (but it hasn't either), and the seediness remains constant, a strange equation.</p> <p>Down by law. More than zero.</p> <p><b>reprise</b> We fucked a lot.</p> <p>I was always getting pregnant.</p> <p>I wear a crown of ghost babies.</p>
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**ALARM (Anne Sexton)**  
**STUART FOLLOWS FRANCESCA AND STOPS ON THE LANDING**

<p><b>V SPEAKS for 3 minutes</b> <b>Position: Move to the chair that francesca vacates</b></p> <p>I don't remember much, or maybe i don't want to remember. I can memory-smell Hindley Street though. I can smell violence and I can smell the uncomfortable clash of otherness living alongside otherness. But the natural home of otherness is necessarily risky. Time was full of dense flows of delire and desire. Acid house was everything. Mad love and bad gay bars. I was ambivalent. I wanted something but i wanted it with better music. Nothing felt quite right. My skin was an ill-fitting suit.</p>	<p><b>F (1 minute crossover, 2 minutes silence)</b> <b>ACTIVITY:</b> Empties her pockets of coins, fluff and paper fortunes. Walks upstairs to the dream corner Puts on trench coat and black boots Picks up dream journal # 1</p> <p><b>Position: Dream Corner</b> <b>1 minute ALARM (Crow)</b></p>
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Dancing was my best thing.

### **#7 sex**

I wasn't living in Adelaide at the time. But I came to town to do something for ANAT and to see the Mistress of Detestable Pleasure and the rest of the DNA Sluts. The day before I left Sydney for Adelaide I went out on a date. My bag was stolen, and while we were making out on the front seat of her station wagon (bench seat) the police came and knocked on the window and told us to move on. In Adelaide there was a women's march. I made tshirts that said "girls of the world say no to war". Sounds like a Beyonce song. My date from Sydney was in town. After the women's march we all went and sat in a cafe on Hindley street to eat and then there was some unpleasantness on the footpath about who was going to go home with who. It was clear how that was going to go down. S and I walked from Hindley street to Porter street in a meandering fashion. We had nowhere to sleep, but I saw the lights on in T and A's house in the middle of the night. I called out and they gladly gave us a room, and bought us food when they thought we might be low on sustenance. It was so dark in the room day or night or day. We didn't come out for 3 cycles of the sun, and when we did we were different, bruised and blinking against the light. Then I put on my white crocheted mini dress, walked through the parklands and spoke to earnest people about art and technology, concealer making me a clean and proper body, erasing the contused violence of desire.

### **#8 ugly mugs**

Crazy horse where Meg used to dance. We'd go in there and visit her while she was dancing. It's always nice to dance for friends and for women, not just for johns. I know, I used to used to dance. I used L's costumes, and called myself Precious.

<p>There was rarely a friendly face in the panopticon, but I could make my own playlists, and dancing was always my best thing, so it was just fine.</p> <p><b>2:51</b></p>	
<p><b>ALARM (Typewriter)</b></p>	
<p>V (1 minute crossover, 2 minutes silence)  <b>ACTIVITY:</b>  Walking upstairs  Turning on the light by the chair  Placing a book face down on the chair,  Freeze  <b>Position:</b> Chair  <b>1 minute ALARM (Glass Breaking)</b></p>	<p><b>F SPEAKS for 3 minutes</b>  <b>Position:</b> north-west Dream Corner, inside iron ring, scattered jacaranda blossoms within</p> <p><b>EDIT - CHOOSE NEW DREAMS FROM OLDER JOURNALS</b></p> <p>part of the self leaves the body when we sleep  and changes shape</p> <p><i>The dying place</i>, 1 May 2014 [1 min 10s]  <i>The exhibition of Garry's autopsy</i>, 26 November 2009, 1 min + 30 secs  <i>Twig Man</i>, November 2014, 16 secs</p> <p>all was a vision,  all a dream</p>
<p><b>ALARM (Glass Breaking)</b></p>	
<p><b>V SPEAKS for 3 minutes</b>  <b>Position:</b> Chair Upstairs</p> <p>(we will put a chair in place for this)  Chair Piece for George Brecht  Before the performance, place an empty chair in the center of the center aisle, equipped with a reading light and a book. If nobody has taken this seat by the intermission, one of the performers should do so.</p>	<p><b>F (1 minute crossover, 2 minutes silence)</b>  <b>ACTIVITY:</b>  Walks to the corner on a diagonal  Draws 3 circles moving from corner to off-centre of room.  Step into corner circle.  <b>Position:</b> south-east Yoko Ono corner  <b>1 minute ALARM (ice cracking)</b></p>

1965

DREAM

I don't dream

I had a dream:

Hello caravan face

I say thank you for every full breath. There is a small space that refuses air.

I don't fuck anymore. There are no safe hauntings.

I reject them all.

I never remember my dreams.

I don't dream.

i envy dreamers, falling back into their dreams, tumbling, with the telling. Dreamers are so languid. I expect i appear envious as i listen, rapt, wishing i could steal their dreams for myself.

I don't dream.

Sometimes I have these unconscious experiences of repetitive processes, like an old adding machine or something, trying to make sense of the numerate, the numinous, but it never works. It's just exhausting.

Sometimes i wake lost for words, and being lost for words, then, also lost to myself, having fallen out of the house of language. And having fallen out of language, then, there is no way to know i or the i's body, which does not know structures or limits. It doesn't know worldly architectures and doesn't know it cannot fly, and so falls to the bottom of the stairs, broken and breathless and making animal sounds. Dead to the world.

I don't dream

Last night i woke myself up from near sleep laughing. But i had wet eyes, all the dear dead dark eyed darlings on my mind. I had forgotten history until we spoke in the attic, and i was so pleased to remember for myself and for you.

I don't remember my dreams.

I had a dream.

A house and a landscape. A tall person stepping out onto an ice lake rugged up against the cold. They took one step and then on the second step the ice fell away and they were pulled away under the ice. I could see them through the ice, being pulled away very quickly, face up. They became a skeleton before my eyes. I could see this from all camera angles.

2.30

### ALARM (Holly counting)

V (1 minute crossover, 2 minutes silence)

#### ACTIVITY:

Turn off the lamp

Turn over the chair

Walk to the window, sit on the sill

Position: Gargoyle

**1 minute ALARM (Trumpets in the sky)**

F SPEAKS for 3 minutes

Position: south-east corner

**6 instructional pieces by Yoko Ono, and a reprise by doll yoko**

#### Stone Piece

Find a stone that is your size or weight.

Crack it until it becomes fine powder.

Dispose of it in the river. (a)

Send small amounts to your friends. (b)

Do not tell anybody what you did.

Do not explain about the powder to the friends to whom you send.

*1963 winter*

### **Tape Piece 2**

#### **Room Piece**

Tape the sound of the room breathing.

- 1) at dawn
- 2) in the morning
- 3) in the afternoon
- 4) in the evening
- 5) before dawn

Bottle the smell of the room of that particular house as well.

*1963 autumn*

#### **A Piece for Orchestra**

Count all the stars of that night by heart.

The piece ends when all the orchestra members have finished counting the stars, or when it dawns.

This can be done with windows instead of stars.

*1962 summer*

**Choreography: walk to second circle**

#### **Shoot 100 Panes of Glass**

When a person hurts you badly,  
line up 100 panes of glass  
in the field and shoot a bullet  
through it.

Take a copy of a map made by the

	<p>the cracks on each glass and send a map a day for 100 days to the person who has hurt you.</p> <p><i>1966 fall</i></p> <p><b>Voice Piece for Soprano</b></p> <p>Scream</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. against the wind</li> <li>2. against the wall</li> <li>3. against the sky</li> </ol> <p><i>1961 autumn</i></p> <p><b>City Piece</b></p> <p>Walk all over the city with an empty baby carriage.</p> <p><i>1961 winter</i></p> <p><b>Choreography: walk to third circle</b></p> <p><b>reprise</b></p> <p>I wear a crown of ghost babies</p> <p>I wear a crown of ghost babies</p> <p>I wear a crown of ghost babies</p>
<p><b>ALARM (crow)</b></p>	
<p>V SINGS for 3 minutes Position: Gargoyle</p>	<p>F (1 minute crossover, 2 minutes silence) ACTIVITY: redraw circle 3 times Walks to the chair. Place chair next to shelf, take script, sit.</p>



it's a shame,  
a bird like you in this crumbling ruin of sorrow

the worship of authority  
constitutes the bureaucratic mentality par  
excellence

above all, the state and government are  
organisations for war  
    their ears are stopped up,  
    their eyes shifty,  
    their mouths lying

the plain fact is that anarchy requires work,  
responsibility and a big gamble

you are the traveller,  
you are the path,  
and you are the destination

there is something diabolical about your  
audacity

but watch out!  
when you are happy  
you no longer understand the suffering of others

art is not outside politics,  
but politics resides within its production,  
its distribution,  
and its reception  
    all of this makes it relevant to  
contemporary reality

in the fifth chamber were unnamed forms,  
which cast the metals into the expanse

we call this politics *ecstatic*  
its aim to create participable magic,  
techniques for inhabiting not a territory but a  
*world*  
and this creation,  
play between different economies of presence,  
between different forms-of-life,  
entails the subversion and liquidation of all  
*apparatuses*

one can hardly breathe,  
the voice becomes choked,  
and one can no longer speak except by signs

<b>ALARM (laughing and clapping)</b>	
<b>STUART HANDS OUT SLIPS OF PAPER TO THE AUDIENCE</b>	