

>> Cue: Babs Objects Video (Screens 1 & 2)

[Fireside Chat // Alt.Babshunter Conspiracy]

[A, V, F sit on cubes in front of the screen]

>> Cue: Babs Instructional Video (Projector + Screen 3)

BABS> ASSEMBLE THE PERFORMING BODIES

[A, V, F move cubes, AI cues Amelia & Andrew, all move into place behind the screen]

BABS> RECALL THE OPENING SCENE

F> a woman steps into frame

V/A> she doesn't notice you as she folds herself onto a tea chest
bony body splines splintered wood in a precise gesture

[simultaneously]

V> arcing

A> aching

V/A> between familiarity and intimacy

V> you can smell the salt air for a moment
That moment collapses.

A> all the following moments collapse

F> the tempest remains inside of her

V/A> she's older than you had imagined

V> limbs no longer supple

A> like the Super 8 spectral spider

V/A> she's as silver as a sly gleam
but nobody's heirloom

A> yet she looms over her heirs

F> formidable

[simultaneously]

V> she's silver
A> she's not really here
A> you're not really here
in this moment
with her

ALL> there is the event, and there is the image of the event

BABS> REMEMBER THE LARK'S HEAD

V> you were in that film
even if you don't remember being in the frame

a seam in flesh, emerging
as the lark's head unravels
singing itself out of a different yet familiar throat

F> you were her evoked companion
brimming with vitality

A> occupying an intersubjective space ...
that needed only one subject

F> her

V> you

A> the subject simultaneously her ... and you

BABS> BUILD A JOYFUL MACHINE

F> you were there,
dancing,
and falling

A> over and over again

V> a baby

A> no, a sufi

F> drunk on the Beloved

V> we all

ALL> flicker flicker flicker

V> we all

ALL> dance dance dance

V> we all fall down among the indolent flowerings

A> first effects of the virus taking hold

F> she held you in her mind,
as she made that film

A> that film she made
before she disappeared from memory

ALL> before memory disappeared her

BABS> ALL MEMORY IS A DISAPPEARING ACT

ALL> all women are ghosts and should rightly be feared

BABS> MIRROR THE INORGANIC (THE ABYSMAL, WATER, FIRE)

A> in the
this
pestilent meaty moment

V> look for the thisness
in the thusness

F> stainless
without stain

A> groundless
without ground

V> such a suchness
unlocatable

A> locate your 'self' in a situation of
discomfort
between
earth and air

V> bear no affection towards either
unspeak this space of impossibility

A> never rest

F> never rest

BABS> BECOME A SWARM

A> there is no proper name for what you are

V> there is only

A> a (not)girl RAT trying to express the clamour

ALL> unnamng any unity they might be

F> if you are going to live, live like a rat
interstitial, opportunistic, reviled

V> live like a multiplicity of rats
a rat plague, a stream of rats, partying around the dead

A> live like a sea of rats clawing at the ocean floor
live like the ocean

F> move with the currents and perform the tides

A> find the geometry of a wave and bend it

BABS> I / EYE

A> what is the relationship between vision and control?

V> what is the relationship between the body and the eye?

A> what is I?

F> how does I I?

V> 'To I.'

A> I lied and was exhausted

F> I lied for too long and grew a second face

BABS> I PREFER TO TALK TO YOU LIKE THIS, WITHOUT A FACE

F> what you will know of me
is the shadow of the arrow that has pierced its target

V> is the shadow of the shadow of

A> 'you' but always in plural

F&V> neither of us has a solid identity in this encounter

A> we shift into each other

ALL> dephase

A> sync

BABS> I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HERE, ALTHOUGH MY MEDIUM HAS CHANGED

V> you are not alone insofar as you are always more than your I

F> we flow around any obstacle we encounter

A> THIS precedes IT, ME or YOU

V> THIS precedes the obstacle
and it will succeed it

F> a thread woven out of fire

V> stones pulled from gold

A> an emu egg
from which everything unfolds

BABS> SIHT NAHT EROM ERA UOY TAHT REBMEMER

F> [claps like maladjusted metronome exactly 23 times]

[simultaneously]
V/A> and
and end
and
and then
end
and then and

then but
and
then
I
we
three
but
and then we
no
we — no
this
this
no we
this
it's this
this
not us

F> count the lines
[F counts through the remainder following her own hexological process]

BABS> BECOME THE RECOMBINANT GLITCH

[simultaneously]
F> find the glitch
A> make the glitch your home
V> color cycling angel of everything
ALL> there is the event, and there is the image of the event

BABS> FIND YOU IN ME

[A&F perform xenomudra while V incants]

V> say her name
open your mouth wide
and try to speak
find speech changed
and use this new tongue to make a noise which nobody understands
at least not in their own bodies
but which when apprehended from a star
makes perfect sense

-

choke slam lift slide sweep pound pound pound
scissor legs flip
Babs whispers: 'Is that?'
Lucretia side of mouth: 'Can't be.'
japanese arm drag back into pool
white pantsuit, blood spatter
wheelbarrow, pile driver, fireman's lift
back down sliding
wet choreography
some victory
all move on to next performance.

-

she's wearing a bowler hat
I'm sorry if that's not what you wanted to hear ...

-

staggering
falling
glimmering across a saltpan debossed with tiny shrimp
over and over
staggering and falling.

-

one gold shoe, liting to the left
or

white stockings, sheer brazenness
or
men coming and going
or
a mirror
or
a can of white spray paint

-

room 135 at the Plaza Hotel
with a view
over the Solomon Street car park
9 steps to perfection
a philosopher (disappeared before the ninth)
not fine art?
no! finite
but 9 is also
zero
the eternal vagina

-

a welt
the breath it makes you suck
a sticky mess
it is an invitation

-

Cleveland (!) Street
A machine for running.
gasping for breath
spitting out bursts of clichéd similes
an account of something witnessed?
sentence fragments.
Running out of words and running out of air as the two textual chains
come together in one final futile simile that points to the real but is unable to touch
it.

-

Circus, Curlique, Clinch
Froked furling faux
Tiger trophy tightrope
Feats of voice and style
Polka dots props and plinths
“Paper moon” sung into the night

transported.

-

there is the unsound of the sound
hidden beneath layers of tape.

-

the ordinariness of
our bodies
continues to
surface as contentious

-

Six feet,
three falling fallen voices
Three and six, five metres above
Punk poetry that can fly
Away from expectations
How do we find our becoming?
(by tearing love to bits)
Cutup Angels
Making a mess in the dust

Tenderly

-

"She's wearing red lipstick. I think that's for courage."

-

take a foot
and an axe
bring them together
make some space in the flesh for the metal to rest
carve a yawn
in meat
investigate the possibilities of leaving the body
in time, blood becomes metal and metal becomes blood

-

CRAZY slowed on reverb from one side of STAR theatre to other
possibly dressed in a Man Suit
CRAZY for feeeling so blue

-

the thinnest memory
caught on branch
a black thread
regenerated by fire

-

muffled vision
the smell of blood
steady drip drip drip drip on paper
the sound/feel of feet
sticking unsticking
papillary ridges imprinting
in a splatter pattern

-

listen now, can you hear nothing?
nothing is fire eating the shape of a ship
nothing is the flame ascending the tower
nothing is the skin of a long rectangular pool
sighing
nothing is the woman with two names
two women with two names
circling one another
one plastic one wood
but both so nature

-

BABS> MY NAME IS BARBARA CLEVELAND

[new slide] > **I HAVE AN INSTRUCTION FOR [VIDEO GLITCH] YOU**

[new slide] > **WHEN YOU RECEIVE IT, YOU WILL RECEIVE IT NOW**

[new slide] > **FOLD THESE TWO NOWS TOGETHER**

[new slide] > **AND I AM EMBRACING [VIDEO GLITCH] YOU**

F> an instruction always contains the possibility of deviation

A> a deviation always contains the possibility of becoming a new norm

V> every norm contains the seed of a new deviation

BABS> I AM EMBRACING YOU

[new slide] > **BUT I CANNOT CONTROL YOU**

[new slide] > **YOU WILL DO WHAT YOU LIKE WITH THIS TRANSMISSION**

[new slide] > **THE FACT THAT I AM TALKING TO YOU IS A PARADOX**

ALL> 'You' is a paradox.

BABS> IF MY NOW IS ALSO A NOW FOR YOU

[new slide] > **YOU CAN NEVER CAPTURE ME**

ALL> we are too close to one another

BABS> YOU CAN ONLY RESONATE AGAINST ME

[resonating]

ALL> in an embrace out of time
from beneath the waves
I have an instruction for you

BABS> SURFACE AS SOMETHING ELSE

F> a woman steps into frame

V> she pauses on the threshold of speech
her eyes blink
you come into focus

[channelling]

F> my name is Barbara Cleveland
I would like to ask you a question

A> but you're not here
you were never here
don't you remember?

BABS> FIND THE SOUND THAT LIVES IN THE BACK OF YOUR THROAT

ALL> grunts/gurgles/howl

F> a young woman steps into frame.
V> she seems not to notice you

she's the same age that you were when ...

[channelling]

A> my name is Barbara Cleveland
I would like to ask you a question:
[channelling]
is there a difference between a ritual and an algorithm?

BABS> BECOME THE CODE

F> I live the initiation ceremony of the word
and my gestures are hieratic and triangular

A> is there a difference between a ritual and an algorithm?

F> both are means of compiling code

V> social code

F> machine code

ALL> turn everything on

BABS> EXPRESS THE ()HOLE

A> the frame folds into itself

F> she rises up
the revolution inside of her

A> the storm from below

[channelling]

V> my name is Barbara Cleveland
I would like to ask you a question

BABS> DESTROY THE CODE

ALL> it is the story of one that ends with many

[channelling]

ALL> hello
my name is Barbara Cleveland
I have been waiting for you for so long

V> I am exhausted

ALL> whose voice are you listening to right now?
these are my final words
there is no end to this moment

A> never rest

F> I am exhausted

V> [whisper]
never rest

FINAL VIDEO SEQUENCE