

A rocky island far out
in the sea,
and a second smaller
island.
They lie on the far
edge of the inhabited world.

On one island for
centauries some forgotten men
have lived.
And because they live
on the far edge of the
inhabited world . . .

Word has not reached
them that the earth is round.
They have retained the
belief that the earth is flat
. . .
. . . and that the
ocean far beyond ends in a
yawning abyss.

I see a man on top of
the rock.
For years he stood
alone looking out over the sea
. . .

. . . day after day,
always in the same
place.

He is the first one to
doubt.

Then, years later
Three other men join
him.

For many years they
gaze
Across the sea from the
rock.

Then, one day,
They decide to risk the
ultimate.

They want to reach the
edge of the
World, to see if there
is really an abyss.

Musicians accompany
their departure.

Then the men set out,
Pathetic and senseless.

In a boat that is far
too small.

CHISENHALE RESEARCH NOTES

(For you, Beloved)

At some moment and time in the not too distant
future, please write what you see me do and email it to me:
kira.oreilly@gmail.com

Sound architecture
John Duncan/*Palace of Mind*.
<http://www.johnduncan.org/>

Body bildung - interview with Kathy Acker
Art Forum, Feb, 1994 by Laurence A. Rickels
http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m0268/is_n6_v32/ai_15204420

Kathy Acker, *Bodies of Work*, Serpents Tail, London 1997.

Monica Ross, *Valentine*, Milch, London, 2000
<http://www.amazon.co.uk/Valentine-Milch-Monica-Ross/dp/1901832104>

Skellig.

Description of a *gasp*, it comes up in a while.
Herzog scene from *Heart of Glass*.

Last year I watched Werner Herzog's movie *Heart of Glass*, famous
for the particular somnambulistic qualities of the actors performance,
all under hypnotic trance with the exception of the central character
of the visionary. I wanted to make movement under hypnotism.

To play with where language and body encounter and manifest
Symptom?

An induced hysteria,
Movement, action, gesture as formal construct, object, thing
Material
Metaphor
Merging, felting, fibrous interweaving.

Felt?

Exploration and speculation on volition, making, imagination and
imaginary.
collaborative forays, with somewhere else.

The landscapes in *Heart of Glass* move between Bavaria, Yellow
Stone Park and Skellig Michael.

What does it mean for you to dance?

How are you doing this?

What is your methodology?

STRATEGIES

1) You want to move like within a task, like 60's task
based performance art, like moving rocks from one side
of the space to another.

An action where the conceit of the creative act is
torn away perhaps, where the body, it's action, is
revealed unwittingly through the demand of the task.
Where the creative act is incidental, dancing perhaps
is incidental.

What you perform when you dance is incidental, a deep
and compelling revelation. I am transfixed,
incidentally.

2) You want to move as textures, or within textures,
or from textures that are drawn from sound/music, or
you find yourself immersed in through that
music/sound, or are music/sound.

You are that music/sound, I see you as that, that as
you. Your presence is audible as you move.

3) You are using scores, or they are using you.
Scores which anchor you across space and motion.
Bright, brittle, sharp scores that hurt somehow. Like
the bit's that an editor cuts away to create
seamlessness of the cinematic image. Your scores are
a collection of edges press you up against the body
drenched in it's own searing depth.

I'm pressed up against you in those scores, even as I
sust a distance. The space fills and the slightest
movement of your body presses up against my cornea.

PRACTICES

1) Running, because it changes your body. RUN.
Running barefoot in the studio, because it's different
from running outside. RUN. Running outside, you,
because the air is cold against your face, and the
sound of your feet against the asphalt remind me of a
foggy morning. RUN.

2) (I added this one from today) You are spicy and
angry. You don't always know what it is that you are
asserting, but you know that it is something, and that
this something is in a perpetual state of becoming,
and so when the space for it's becoming is threatened
you assert it's boundary with a jerk of the knee.

QUESTIONS

1) What is the socio-political relevance of this, of
dancing, of moving. This question hangs in the air
for you. You told me this, and then you remembered
that there is a discourse which is not verbal, not
literary, but is visual. It is it's own language. I
agreed, it is possible to make an intervention into
visual language which is relevant, poignant

Thanks to:



Doran George
Fiona Wright

Skellig Michael is the larger of two pinnacles like islands that spike out of the sea off South west Ireland.

It is a place of profound childhood significance, memory, placement in landscape.

Its appearance in the film was like a dissolve between in interior and exterior. Spatial and temporal dissolution. Re-cognition of the profoundly familiar.

Fictions of truth.
I remember really well.

Monica Ross writes: “*As in a dream the strange slips away from speech, from the just after when language seeks to make an account of experience. What cannot be said we call forgotten.*”

I dwell on the island as I inhabit the studio. Dances are made up the carved rock stairs in the negative spaces that remain around the imaginary island. Vertiginous steps are taken, unbalancing into the upper reaches.

... fingers of rotten ectoplasm ...

... fucking undisciplined cells ...

William Burroughs *Naked Lunch*.
It's fucking *funny*.

Sewing objects of protection and *listening*

Syncope.
Learning how to fall.

I learn how not to fall.
I cannot unlearn how not to fall.

My falling is carefully wary, it's artifice becoming choreographed leaps topplings out of head stands and hand stands.

Contrary to what people think
I don't like hurting myself.

More almost Falling and post orgasm dances.

Acker writes: “*Within strangeness you find yourself without a language*”

All the movement sequences begin to emerge out of long protracted actions; running, running, running, sKu-mNyé, expansions contracted into terse, tense actions, flickers and stutters of movements working with time, over time, underneath time. Don't know how to contract that time into the platform format. Body *requires time.*

I buy more time.

Monica Ross writes: “*Her body is taut, slightly turned, her bare feet poised. She stands at the brink, in a not yet and a just before of erotic rupture*”.

Doran tells me that I perform of the edge of can and can't.

Acker writes: “... *body growth and shaping, occurs in the face of the material, of the body's inexorable movement toward its final failure, toward death*”

Old Japanese b/w movie, no idea what it's called or even if it ever really existed, woman in height of sexual jealousy and frustration attempts to fuck a tree, embracing its wide trunk in fury. Erotic vector collapses borders between

taking over, without being forgotten.

without taking over, without being forgotten.

kingdoms. Taxonomies be damned, when it comes to *fucking*.

Heart of Glass, girl finds two men dead on the ground and *gasps*, in restrained hypnotic economy, as if the gesture has been oddly curtailed.

Two scores from Doran:

1. *Move between the two film scenes and transitions.*
2. *Bone is moving
Skin is still
Each movement slices the gaze*

(but I am stuck.)

*Dance propelled out of
Places of difficulty
Other than rational.*

I take hands away from supporting a head stand and crash.
Hurting myself.
I move hurt.
Edges.

Guns.
Shooting them.
Arm tremors.
All the way to the shoulder socket.
Closest thing to being shot is shooting the damn things.

Astonishment.

The Green lady shifts and shifts.

Running.
Hand stands.

Lowering out of handstands into almost collapses. Last second failure to fall.

Cunty dances.

Shoe and *felt* section. Silver, they didn't have gold.
Buy high heels.

Make felt coverings for knees.

Felt?

Wear with a green head dress the same as the black one. Place a large mirror between legs? I forget the mirror.

Questions:

1. Does my bum look big in this?
2. You who are BELOVED/who are you?

“... dance is primarily organised for spectators rather than audience...” Martin Hargreaves wrote that about Bock and Vincenzi's *Invisible Dances*.

Felt?

SKu-mNyé/
<http://arobuddhism.org/community/sku-mnye.html>

Ling Gésar
<http://www.ling-gesar.com/>

Iyengar Yoga
<http://www.bksiyengar.com/>