

Note to self: What I think I did.

Chisenhale Space Bursary research platform.

Friday 7th March 2008.

Set up section

In the middle of the front edge of the dance floor:

I placed a pair of silver high heels

Behind them I placed two home made red felt knee protectors, pads of folded felt with broad bands.

Behind them I placed a green feathered head dress.

At the back of the dance floor in the middle, just in front of the wall I placed a green feather from the head dress.

Mid way between the front and the back, towards the right of the floor I placed a homemade square head cushion, made from folds of red felt.

Lighting,

One single light at the front, very gently illuminating the space, particularly the middle section.

I come in naked with my hair parted in the middle and tied back, no make up.

I approach the front edge of the dance floor.

The rake is full so people are seated on the floor.

They make space for me and I use their shoulders to balance when I put on the silver shoes. First I tie on the knee protectors, then the shoes then the head dress.

Walk to back wall section

I kneel between the seated people. I grab one foot (left) behind me and try and grab the other but fail and get the shoe heel instead and I totter forward on my knees.

I get past the people, pretty steady and bring my elbows back as far as they will go and then begin to loose my grip.

I take my time; I've given myself 5 mins to do this although I think it will be shorter.

I pull the left foot back again and grab my foot and then get the right one, and go forward again, the elbows coming back into angular posture.

I lose momentum, the ties are loose from the actions, I stop, stretch out my right leg and re-tie them, the same on the other side, enjoying the extension of the leg.

I resume a third time and reach the middle of the back brick wall.

On the back wall a shadow of the feathers gradually appears followed by my body.

I stop.

I place my hands on the floor and do a dog pose; I spread my legs wide to get a good look at the audience and for them to get a good look at my arse. I hope it's funny.

Two lights come on softly to illuminate the back wall.

I kick into a handstand.

The head dress brushes the floor, filling the space between head and floor perfectly.

Eureka.

I stand on my hands, and turn my head slowly, looking at the audience upside down.

I stay there a while, steady and comfortable.

I kick off one shoe and then the other.

I lower myself and land.

I remove the knee protectors and put them on the floor.

I take off the head dress.

I put the green feather on the floor onto the tip of my tongue where it sticks.

I turn so that my left side is to the wall and I go onto my toes and lean as far back as I can with knees bent without falling over. I use my left arm to assist with balance.

I come up again.

I turn towards the audience and begin to move towards them.

Forwards section

Gradually, John Duncan's *The Palace of Mind* begins to fill the space.

Lights come on softly from the sides.

I do an assortment of small steps and actions along a straight trajectory towards the audience.

I take my time.

My left arm goes out, locked at the elbow and with splayed fingers slaps down hard onto my thigh, again and again and again.

It's loud.

My arms flutter up into a gasp.

Tiny quivers of fingers.

Knee raises forwards, other knee bends, on toes, precarious, tiny movements, tiny finger fluttering, looking at audience, regarding them, slightly frustrated that the lighting means I cannot see them very clearly.

I continue.

I pick up nipples between fingers and pull.

I grasp arse with hands and pull apart.

Arms and hands float forward, bent at elbow, gentle.

Playing between hard, precision of staccato movements and almost gestures, physical muttering.

I consider some other movements and trajectories, tired and tested in the studio but this eventual and contained gradual progression feels right, I remain.

Much tiny detail I am unable to recall.

Repeat of left arm slaps.

Repeat later with right arm, but not hard.

Gasps, finger flutters, tiny, actions that are allow to cascade throughout the body, so the minuet consequences of one are felt and seen somewhere else, I worry that they cannot see.

I am almost to them.

The sound stops.

It's been playing for 5 mins.

Silence except I am panting delicately, I allow the pants to continue and to fill the space quietly.

I continue in the silence.

The green feather on my tongue has remained there the entire time; I spit it out gently to float in front of the people, sitting on the floor.

I gasp again; arms float upwards precisely as the house lights go on with the tinkle and stammer of fluorescent lights, immediately the sound kicks in again.

Run section

I begin to run, to my left, anti clockwise. Feet pounding. Not the ball of foot running, but full lifted thighs and full feet running, as fast as I can. I didn't know I could run so powerfully and accurately.

I thud the perimeter of the space, again and again and again.

I run towards the wall slightly to the right of the middle and launch into a hand stand.

I do not know that people think I am running into the wall and will hurt myself. I have done this in the studio lots and know the score. But never this fast. I remain there.

I allow myself to fall backwards slowly, slowly, slowly, backwards, legs over head to the floor.

I lift the legs, arms bent at the elbow, hands fluttering

I raise my legs and torso as straight as possible until then fall way from me, I bend my legs as they fall, balls of feet hitting floor and then thud my arms down to kick my legs back and to do it all again.

I think I move myself onto my front, legs bent, tongue to floor.

I take out my tongue and breath and lick it's tip to the floor.

Then up and running, again.

Same powerful run.

The to wall, left of centre this time.

Back to wall, place hands onto floor and walk legs up wall, bend legs at knees and bend arms at elbows so that shins are up against wall, back is arched and the forearms and palms are on the floor.

I lift my head and look forwards to the audience; I open my mouth and lick the floor.

I move my body forwards.

I get up.

The sound stops.

It's been playing for another 5 minutes.

Head stand/fall section

I go to the red square, position my palms and head into an equilateral triangle, with my head on the red felt cushion.

I straighten my legs and lift them up so I am in a 3-point head stand, erect and straight.

I remove my hands from the floor and fall.

I repeat.

The lights go off into total black.

People begin to clap.

I haven't finished.

I lift into another headstand as they clap the dark.

As the noise of the clapping subsides I allow my body to slam into the floor again.

Then I get up.

And leave.

Later I discover there is a huge red mark of coagulated capillaries on my left thigh.

10th March 2008