

Critical Interruptions Vol 1

Steakhouse Live

EDITED BY CRITICAL INTERRUPTIONS

WITH PALIN ANSUSINHA, KATY BAIRD,
KATHARINA JOY BOOK, JENNIFER BOYD,
JASMINE SHIGEMURA LEE, EMMA SELWYN AND
MARIKISCRYCRYCRY (MALIK NASHAD SHARPE)

Critical interruptions Vol 1: Steakhouse Live

By Critical Interruptions

(Diana Damian Martin and Bojana Janković)

[criticalinterruptions.com]

with Palin Ansusinha, Katy Baird, Katharina Joy Book, Jennifer Boyd, Jasmine Shigemura Lee, Emma Selwyn and Marikiscrycrycry
[Malik Nashad Sharpe]

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To the community of criticism: those who make, write, curate, support, sustain, activate, agitate and labour in and around Live Art.

Over the last twenty years, the ecologies of critical practice underwent fundamental shifts. Criticism moved online; it moved away from full-time jobs; it moved into venues, inhabited festivals, became embedded. Yet, for all the changes, no dent was made in the structures underpinning the practice. Blogs broke the word count constraints of broadsheets but often continued awarding stars. Online publications created space for more writers, many of whom were women, but most of whom were still white, British and middle class. Meanwhile, no one was getting paid; most lived in London; everyone still wanted the press ticket for the mainstream, not the radical. Those attempting change remained on the periphery; histories of criticism that had opposed or reacted to these structural problems became even more invisible.

The survival of the review - still as descriptive, still as dismissive of analysis, still the norm - is perhaps the most obvious symbol of the fundamental lack of change in a sea of changes; a landscape of fractured dissent, whose most sustainable spaces mirror traditional editorial models.

When reviewing is cast as the dominant form of writing, journalism passes as monolithic cultural good - and the politics of both remain unexamined. In this system, criticism is a practice that belongs to singular authorship, to spaces of authority, or neoliberal valuations of cultural practice.

Critical Interruptions begins from an opposition to this view.

We begin from the position that criticism is a political event, formed at the confluence of artistic practice and the politics it lives in, at-

tacks, reinforces or creates. We begin from the premise that the ecology of criticism is not one of journalism, but of art practice. We begin with a disregard for criticism as secluded work and instead, propose criticism as a collaborative practice. We begin with the premise that radical, experimental or non-normative art practice requires an ongoing interrogation of critical form and language.

This is the first in a series of publications exploring criticism in Live Art.

*

Critical Interruptions Vol 1 comes as a follow up to *Steakhouse: Live Writing*, a pilot project undertaken as part of the LONGER WETTER FASTER BETTER festival (14-16 October 2016). The pilot materialised as a live publication, generated for the duration of the festival by Palin Anusinha, Katharina Joy Book and Jennifer Boyd - three writers new to Live Art but not criticism - as well as ourselves (Bojana Janković and Diana Damian Martin). Over the course of three days, we employed live writing to test and devise new models of responding to Live Art in the digital realm. We were interested not only in the ways in which liveness encounters the body and action-based work, but also in how it might afford opportunities to engage with the digital in all its noise and multiplicity. Live writing creates a space for multiple, intersecting discussions within the strict confines of the festival - marking its duration and poetics in a political moment.

The article that follows, originally published on *Exeunt Magazine*, elaborates on both the *Steakhouse* collaboration and the ideas behind the pilot. Left out is the history of the project: conceptualised through many scattered conversations, taking place over several years, *Steakhouse: Live Writing* was made possible not so much by a successful funding application, as the radical generosity of Steak-

house curators, present in Katy Baird's contribution to this volume.

This publication, supported over a year after the project by Live Art UK, is not a reflection, or an evaluation of the pilot. It began with an invitation to contributors - two artists, Emma Selwyn and Marikis-crycrycry, the three participating Steakhouse Live writers, and Jasmine Shigemura Lee, who encountered the live publication as an audience member - to think through their relationship with criticism. It ended up as a collection of articles that reveal passionately held and often conflicting opinions on what criticism is and where it resides. *Critical Interruptions Vol 1* exposes this fractured state of criticism in Live Art: the fact that while the current state of affairs satisfies no one, there is little agreement on what that status quo is.

Each article in this volume offers at least one perspective on those two key questions: what is criticism and where does it reside?

Our evolving answers are on the last pages of this publication.

- Critical Interruptions

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These texts are extracts from the Steakhouse: Live Writing pilot project, developed in 2016 for Steakhouse Live: LONGER WETTER FASTER BETTER. Live writing starts and ends with the festival: the writing happens in between the performances, and ends when the last performance is over.

10 INSTEAD OF AN INTRODUCTION

STEAKHOUSE: Live Art, LIVE WRITING

DIANA DAMIAN MARTIN, BOJANA JANKOVIĆ

Diana Damian Martin and **Bojana Janković** are founders of Critical Interruptions, a collaborative project exploring Live Art and performance criticism. With little regard for reviewing, they search for critical forms and strategies in dialogue with Live Art and performance and wonder how to develop rigorous and relevant critical writing, while luring new writers into thinking about radical and experimental work.

Part One: Longer, Wetter, Faster, Better

Steakhouse Live came to be in Autumn 2013, when the first edition of what is now the annual festival took over Rich Mix for a day. Artist-led, low-budget and ambitious, it delivered a crammed programme filled with names that were not necessarily getting that much attention or traction in the capital. Risk, a buzzword that gets mentioned more than employed, was palpable: with no funding, no big headliners and no overwhelming institutional support, the collective behind Steakhouse put their taste, conviction and probably some of their own money on the line and on display in a way that was hardly hidden from view.

Three years later, the Rich Mix festival is a regular event, as is Tender Loin, a night of short performances at Toynbee Studios; having worked with over 120 artists, on 25 different events, in London and beyond, Steakhouse is no longer in its infancy. Similarly, the people behind the initiative arguably lost the right to the 'emerging' label some time ago. Katy Baird is about to embark on a national tour or her piece *Workshy*, Mary Osborn became an Artist Advisor at Artsadmin and Aaron Wright recently took on the position of the Artistic Director of Fierce.

Steakhouse, then, more than survived the process of emerging, and like many of the artists it champions came out the other end to face the inevitable 'what now?' question. The answer comes in the form of the fourth Steakhouse Live Festival, the first one to receive Arts Council support, with the intentions implied in its title – Longer, Wetter, Faster, Better. The event marks a whole lot of firsts for Steakhouse: it will take place over the course of three days (14-16 October), rather than one, and venture to three different venues, Rich Mix, The Yard Theatre and Toynbee Studios. The change of pace is also conceptual, rather than just formal: the programme this year includes

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two commissioned pieces (by Owen G Parry and Emma Selwyn), a night of club performances, a whole day dedicated to durational performance and an embedded critical writing project pilot (led by the two authors of this text). Steakhouse also collaborated with Access All Areas to commission a graduate from their Performance Making Diploma for Learning Disabled Artists at the Royal Central School of Speech and Drama; Selwyn's performance will be the result of that collaboration.

Instead of an Introduction

Critical Interruptions Vol 1: Steakhouse Live

The programme itself remains largely faithful to the original idea behind Steakhouse, to create space for artists who don't necessarily get too many invitations to the capital. Many of them, like Wladyslaw Kazmierczak & Ewa Rybska, Sandra Johnston, Katherine Araniello and Zerelda Sinclair, are well established; some, like Nicholas Tee and Selina Bonelli, are still in the 'emerging' category, but have worked with Steakhouse before. The festival is curated through invitation, rather than open calls, and remains free of any thematic labels. Still, the intent to provoke discussions about the conflict between privilege and marginalisation, through the dissection of race, class, gender and body-concepts, is loud and clear. Rachael Young & Dwayne Antony and marikiscrycrycry explore queerness and black identity in two different pieces, *OUT* and *A S S I M I L A T I O N*; Nicholas Tee revives his childhood wish to transform from Chinese and Singaporean to white and Western; two artists, Jade Montserrat and Harold Offeh, take on the fetishisation of white hair and the rituals of 'fixing' black hair; Michael Mayhew & Michael Barnes-Wynters confront the derogation of coons and chavs. Other class interruptions come from Lucy Hutson, who found inspiration in a *Made in Chelsea* binge, and Hester Chillingworth, replicating the glory of middle England in a durational piece that sees them repeating aloud every word coming out of Radio 4, while going about their day. Victoria Sin subverts gender norms through female drag to think about femininity, there will be a chance to idolise St Lavinia, of Titus Andronicus fame; Katherine

Araniello promises to 'endorse inspiration porn' and 'exude pity, wheelchairs and sympathy'.

If there is a theme to Steakhouse Live it's one of exclusion from the political and social mainstream – through race, class, gender, sexuality, disability – or reluctantly belonging to that same realm, through the same means. It's a tension Live Art has always probed, and one that provides a foundation for every issue of inequality. These days, the frustrations observed and channelled by Steakhouse artists, however basic their common denominator may seem, happen to coincide with those of the country as a whole. Hostility, racism and hate crimes, aimed at Eastern Europeans and people of colour, are rising at a rate so alarming even the mainstream media has had to acknowledge it. Class-based explanations of how Brexit happened have been prolific; the UK's second female Prime Minister champions a permanent divide between the rich and the poor at age 11, while putting forward exactly zero policies that may bridge the gender pay gap or allow women to remain in the workforce. Rampant discrimination and political normcore were not born out of the referendum, but they were exposed by it for everyone to see. Disenfranchised identities and lives have been pulled from the margins to the limelight, where there will be negotiated, in formal talks and chance encounters, for years to come. As Steakhouse juxtaposes popular with marginalised, privileged with oppressed it's not just the individual pieces, but also their dialogue with the specific political context that surrounds them, that we hope to explore through the Live Writing project.

Part Two: criticism, Live Art and model-building

For the embedded critical writing pilot for Steakhouse Live: Longer Wetter Faster Better, we wanted to bring two areas that often fold into one another together: criticism and Live Art. We wanted to start

by facing some of these questions, whilst also dealing with them practically. The project is aimed at writers relatively new to the field of Live Art, but not to criticism, and at audiences both within the festival, and outside of it.

The festival is an important context for the presentation of Live Art. Increasingly, festivals are providing spaces in which live works can be experienced, debated and considered, functioning with different rules than other cultural infrastructures. Festivals provide temporary communities that gather to experience work more intensely, and with curatorial or authorial contextualisation. Foregrounding the importance of social spaces, festivals can often provide a fruitful overlap between conversation and experience, viewing and thinking. And this durational experience seems to remain under-served by criticism, despite such concerted, and culturally significant efforts for a more fruitful relationship that does not focus on a profession, but an approach.

At the same time, Live Art, generally, does not tour well; it isn't suited to long-runs, and it's not specific to particular kinds of cultural spaces – it occupies a wide range, from public arenas to institutions, galleries and theatres.

Increasingly, new models are emerging: writers in residence programmes, training opportunities, talks and debates; festivals are increasingly temporary bodies that can provide financial support to and platforms for criticism. Importantly, these are not always aimed at working critics, but at anyone interested in thinking about the work presented – artists, producers, writers and audiences. This should not be of threat to critics; we need to allow expertise to develop, acknowledge that it comes from different places, and keep the doors open for the directions it might take.

At the same time, some dominant forms of criticism tend to stay away from Live Art, accused of an academically-oriented, inward-facing language. That being said, individual critics and writers are increasingly making concerted efforts to address the lack of visibility of some performance practices over others, and digital publications, zines and other forms of publishing are emerging in support of this.

So, on the one hand, criticism institutionally is a foreign presence in Live Art, but as a set of practices, increasingly present. Partly, this has to do with different assumptions of the meaning of criticism itself; when we talk about criticism in Live Art, we also talk about an artistic strategy – Live Art’s ambition is critique – formal, topical, personal. In addition, criticism has some established, and problematic dominant practices: the short-form review; the star-rating system; the lack of infrastructural support for writers increasingly keen to be formally daring, and to occupy different kinds of spaces. In some ways, the support from these comes within the community, because the associations of criticism remain damaging, problematic and exclusivist.

A deeper look reveals that these practices of individuals or groups, which might seem marginal, are in fact integral to criticism and Live Art: writing from within; performative writing; experimental forms of critique; poetics; DIY publishing and artist-led critique – reflections that are multiple. So often, what falls under the rubric of criticism is already legislated by a highly problematic, and uncontested history. It’s important to underline that mainstream media outlets shy away from Live Art, and that their structures do not support practices that have a different approach to and attitude around artistic language and practice. Virtuosity doesn’t have a comfortable home within Live Art; and virtuosity is one of the tenets of traditional criticism, with its pleasures of the literary, its ambition towards journalistic

objectivity, and ideas on cultural value. And it's equally important to acknowledge the work of so many writers, curators, artists and organisations attempting to curate, and to take an active part in critical conversations surrounding Live Art.

To speak of a history of criticism in Live Art is to speak of a diversity of practices marginal to different contexts, academic, journalistic or artistic: the work of publications like *Live Art Magazine* (1994-2003) or *Performance*, for example, or the development of performance writing at Dartington College of the Arts. Just trawl through the Study Room at the Live Art Development Agency and you can uncover a plethora of forms of criticism, embedded within short-lived, but culturally significant publications, across landscapes from the academic book to the zine or pamphlet. The histories of these different forms of discourse weave so powerfully with those of Live Art, with its crossing of territories and visible re-positioning. If we want to trace a different history of criticism through these avenues, we need to look more carefully at how seemingly marginal practices collide with criticism.

In 2014, we curated a digital publication for *Exeunt Magazine* responding live to the live-stream of Forced Entertainment's *And on the Thousandth Night...* A group of invited writers, sat at different computers across the UK and beyond, were to respond critically and instantly to the performance as it unfolded, guided by a set of parameters and reference points inspired by the piece, and by the nature of the project. This experience foregrounded the possibilities offered to criticism, performance and their audiences in the digital remit - and pursued the possibility of formal structures that respond to live performance and its shape, and that support its debates through different critical operations. It underscored that need to model-build and find spaces of plurality, or multiple voices and positions occurring simultaneously, with editorial, intellectual and accessible rigour.

This is, in part, our starting point for the project. We want to trace a wider set of reference points for Live Art criticism, whilst also developing a model that can support the identity of the festival, thinking through practice about what such a context requires of criticism, and how writing might be able to contribute to that.

Important to the project is also thinking about the counter-voice so fundamental to Live Art which can become central to inflections of criticism. This can support a nomadic, politicised practice. In the spirit of Hannah Weiner's characterisations, we wanted to consider how form, duration and voice play a part in criticism and its many possible iterations, digital, material or discursive.

The creation of communicative arenas resides as much with performance practice, as it does with criticism. We are experiencing a time of unprecedented scrutiny against criticality itself. Just take, for example, the political arena – Michael Gove's pre-EU referendum statement that 'we've had enough of experts' is one of the many examples of post-truth politics, the idea that political success and rhetoric are not reliant on truth or factual information. How we talk about something, and the perceptions around that, are affected by wider cultural and political shifts. It is part of criticism's cultural remit to resist anti-intellectualism and simplification of issues; we are interested in criticism being an active participant in creating open spaces, in bringing performance to other spheres of life.

Counter-voice is what sustains fiery debate, but it's also appropriated by other mechanisms social and political. It is a challenge to the claims that expertise is authority that mainstream criticism has, in the past and still now, taken for granted; but it is also an evidence that criticality is threatening, and it can also be unpopular. So how do we measure the meeting point between accessibility, care and disagreement, between expertise without empty professionalisa-

tion? The challenge is to create spaces that are in equal measure open and uncomfortable, that decolonise and bring different voices in the mix not as tokenism, but as intent.

Criticism does not need to be threatened by obliteration – not by the dangers of journalism’s position in society, or the rise of the internet and its apparent democratisation of voice (the wrong impression that the internet is a space of free access devoid of corporatism or legislation). In the same manner in which we demand multiplicity from our art practices, formal, aesthetic and topical, so should we demand that of our criticism – and consider what models we build to support that.

This article was originally published on Exeunt Magazine, on 6th October 2016.

LIVE WRITING INTERRUPTION

**Is Theresa May Britain's
most Feminist Prime
Minister Ever**?**

+

Comfortable viewing

Is Theresa May Britain's most Feminist Prime Minister Ever**?

I'm sorry about what happened last time

IMAGE

The Famous Lauren Barri Holstein with Octopus

I'm sorry for the money

HEADLINE

Theresa May backs passport checks on pregnant women in hospitals in 'maternity tourism' crackdown

ROB MERRICK/THE INDEPENDENT / 12TH OCTOBER 2016

I'm sorry for liking it

HEADLINE

Rush Limbaugh takes a stand against consensual sex

DAN SAVAGE/THE STRANGER / 13TH OCTOBER 2016

And for existing

IMAGE

Poster depicting Hillary Clinton
with the text: **THIS BITCH AGAIN**

And all the distress and discomfort

IMAGE

RISE AND REPEAL abortion
rights march.

And I'm sorry about taking all your tampons at nights, sticking them up
my ass, and putting them back into the box. hat happened last time

IMAGE

Donald Trump licking a **WOMEN**
FOR TRUMP placard.

** Relative curve's a bitch, isn't she?

HEADLINE

Is Theresa May Britain's most Feminist Prime Minister Ever?

RADHIKA SANGHANI / THE TELEGRAPH / 13TH JULY 2016

- Bojana



THE FAMOUS LAUREN BARRI HOLSTEIN / JULIA BAUER

Comfortable viewing

Comfortable viewing is not pleasurable viewing.

Comfortable viewing is not uncomfortable viewing.

Uncomfortable viewing is calling into question for whom is the viewing uncomfortable.

Or,

What comfort is being challenged.

Or what kind of comfort we're talking about.

Like, is the body the site of your lack of comfort? Or their lack of comfort?

Or, is skin the surface onto which comfort is imprinted? (or reprinted)

Or is comfort emotion, discomfort physical?

IMAGE

~~Donald Trump stood behind
Hillary Clinton at the
presidential debates~~

Or, is this discomfort 'hard' feelings?

Or the experience of displacement, emotional or otherwise?

Because uncomfortable is still fairly confidently in the limits of permissible, or easy shifts.

- Diana

LIVE, BUT DIRTIER

PALIN ANSUSINHA, KATHARINA JOY BOOK, JENNIFER BOYD

Palin Anusinha is an English Literature graduate with an interest in the representation of sound in literature, the practice of listening, and translation. She recently moved back to live in Bangkok and is a part of the curatorial team for the first ever Thailand Biennale happening in 2018.

Katharina Joy Book works in extended choreography and performative writing. Her current practical research is concerned with states of divided attention, listening and noticing, experienced through poetry and literature. Together with Damon Taleghani, she initiated the collaborative project *sound writing kollab*, which met for the first time in November 2017.

Jennifer Boyd is a writer based in London who has been published by *After Us*, *Afterall* and *SALT*, and will be in residence at Guest Projects, London in 2018 with the collaborative project *ULTIMATE FANTASIES*.

LIVE, BUT DIRTIER

Katharina Joy Book, Palin Anusinha, Jennifer Boyd

This was carried out in Google Docs over four sessions.



[brief Jennifer Boyd] We were hoping you would be interested in contributing to the publication through an article on **getting into live art through criticism** as well as **from a different artistic context**.

[brief Katharina Joy Book] We were hoping you would be interested in contributing to the publication through an article about **experimental / non traditional forms of criticism**.

[brief Palin Anusinha] We were hoping you would be interested in contributing to the publication through an article on Steakhouse: Live Writing as a **model of training / education for emerging critics**.

[our proposal]

What we imagine is a piece of **written 'conversation' incorporating multi medial approaches** (something we wish we could have given more of during Steakhouse). Starting point(s) could be what you asked our individual pieces to deal with, as well as any further starting points you wanted to give. The **relationship between isolation/interaction** might be something reflected/reflected on really well in a more conversational piece, and perhaps be a good compliment to our previous solo reflections.

DAY 00

the role of memes
the experience of having nothing to say when encountering the work itself
facing one's insecurities as a writer - live publication
tangential knowledge
political correctness/not wanting to use the wrong language (pressure)
write critically without intellectualising
(having it in your body still)
to be vulnerable at that speed

Kollaboration
Publish the log
Shit is hard enough
Loose stool
Being vulnerable at speed

DAY 01

NON LINEAR IS WHAT I NEED IN MY LIFE
I WANT DIRTY THEORY AND I WANT IT NOW
I WANT DIRTY ~~CRITICISM~~ CRITICAL THOUGHT AND I WANT IT NOW
NO ILLUSION OF CLEAN HANDS



I'm just gonna write a stream in response to the brief to try and work things out; it will likely not be interesting but it might throw up a nugget at least, ok here we go:
excuse me while i go look for at least two memes that come to mind when i read 'nugget'

Ur under puprrest. Bail is set at 10K chicken nuggers



Discipline and Punish
- bold personality
- always on the lookout
- doesnt like fish
- little spoon tbh



The Order of Things
- sci/humanities double major
- actually uses the word "episteme"
- Stressed/netix



History of Sexuality
- gaaaaayy
- like super
- omelettes
- punk rock
- collared at



Birth of the Clinic
- big on oral hygiene
- multivitamins
- also drugs
- chicken nuggers too



Madness and Civilization
- the "fun" one
- likes brunch
- had a bracelet phase
- dope shoes



The Archaeology of Knowledge
- Opinions on cereal
- poetry is dope
- dyed hair once
- conflicted on fave color



the one (1) funny thing about this one (i am not a dog meme person) is the use of the word 'NUGGERS'. that kills me.

Hahahahahahahahahahaha.



Bizarre 'study' claims eating too many chicken nuggets can turn you gay

This is not a meme

Jen Boyd: hiiii
Palin Anusinha:
 ok wow wow wow
 so much writing
 going on
 should we just all
 jump in?
Jen Boyd: oh yeah
 k is going for it
 yep lets do itttttt
 are we recording
 this?
Palin Anusinha:
 i need to pee and
 then ill be back

SO i studied and practiced performance in every bit of my education, it was always the main thing i was into: gina pane, peggy phelan, orlan, amelia jones... all the work i made when i was in my teens was video performances - gross make-up, grinning bloody mouths, drowning in a sand-timer - i am hearing about this for the first time! <33 JENNN <3333 and i wrote my dissertation on women's performance on camera, women and aging, and then went to Goldsmiths to specifically study performance theory / how to 'read the performative'... IDK. its totally true that i hadn't written criticism *about* live art before though, or *really* got good knowledge of what live art was, as tbh the courses i did didn't teach it compared to my pals that studied theatre and performance. I had gone to lots of live art events for fun though before doing this live writing. And actually also I definitely was now coming from more of a 'visual art world', as that is more where i am and my interests lie as they've developed, compared to the 'live art community'. I wasn't working in the latter that's for sure. It was quite odd then maybe to go from going and viewing and basically just being like *i love this: Give me Ron Athey. Give me Rocío Boliver and the smell of blood. i love this: give me* should be more of/ i wish it was more of a widespread attitude to art, or an attitude with which *live* audiences go into viewing work --- 'give me' is an expression of invested presence i would say, and actively wants the manifestation of a promise, *the promise of performance* which is '*i will be there*' It did feel very separate to the visual art world actually... most of the critical chat i heard was about how live art was insular and clichey, and only feeding those within the community... it felt closer to the idea of the 'underground' though. And that radical history of body art. It didn't feel as close to *money* as the visual art world did. **How is it different from the dance world K?** [Is there more conversation/process in dance?]
 Mhhm the dance world - i am only really skipping along the very outskirts of it; but from what I see in the contemporary dance industry/scene/network, it has a very interesting relationship to criticism - a very engaged one, writing on dance is definitely a present topic. my personal feeling of kinship with dance comes from the methods I feel inclined to work with - experimentation over long periods of time, often with minor output - by necessity, dance, at least contemporary dance, and devising choreography felt less susceptible to the productivity craze (which I majorly experienced at uni) than other art forms - because you are working with the body, time, and other people - a combination of elements/material that when working with it **EATS time GOBBLES IT UP SHAMELESSLY.**

At the same time, I savor it - the fleeting quality of something occurring live between people, and then possibly never happening again - that is a valid thing among dance practitioners I worked with, and within somatic practice that works with states of awareness achieved via the imagination. Similarly in Live Art - the repeatability of a situation is out of question. now that I have said this, I remember that Diana mentioned the specific 'openness' dance has to criticism, in one of her more recent texts in the [Library of Unfinished Texts](#).

Jen Boyd
 1:49 PM Nov 18
 fuck i love this and ur articulation of it and totally agree

Jen Boyd
 1:53 PM Nov 18
 mmmmmmmmm love this and want to take it down below for talking about BEING EATEN ALIVE. perhaps that sentiment also relates to above 'i will be there' 'give me more i love this'

There will be a year in which there will be a month, in which there will be a week in which there will be a day in which there will be an hour in which there will be a minute in which there will be a second and in that second will be the sacred not-time of death transfigured.

—Clarice Lispector

lots more on time in clarice i'm currently reading, but this for now

So i guess it was a bit weird to then write 'criticism' about it. I applied because i felt really stuck and clouted by the academic voice, and a bit paralysed - i wanted to shake myself up by things being published live. I wanted that to be a thrill. **absolutely.** I also applied to this project because I wanted to put myself in a situation where I have so little control, that I have to just accept my fate and trust my instinctive voice to guide me instead of the voice I was trained to adopt in academic writing.

I wonder about the video screen that showed our writing live at Steakhouse, and how we could of had more of that experience of *liveness*? Like what if we had to stand up and read the words after we'd written them? Or what if we had had our screen published live? With all the mistakes and edits, like a quicktime video? That would have felt dirtier/would have achieved this exposing realness that the workshops beforehand seemed to say we needed. but without us having to work out what that was, or guess how to write it, in isolation - instead it would have more been found, if that exposure had been built in as a process itself? As the process was the same in a way – write something, it is edited, then published. Just at a *much* faster pace. Which is possibly why it felt so jarring? The process of writing criticism should have changed too? **Yes, yes and yes.**

These questions are great. Dirtier.

**a czech theatre director i really respect, [Lucia Repašská](#), hates the idea of work-in-progress, fragment, the like - 'why would i show them (the audience) our dirty laundry ?!?!' and bc i adore her work so much - which feels, brilliantly, like FILTHY dirty laundry - but in a Severe, tightly formal (*exhilaratingly crafted) way - I questioned my*

Katharina Joy Book:

ok going back now n reading jen palin the blue color u r using is beaut

Palin Ansusinha: oh thank you

Jen Boyd: oh yes really good blue

is there a way to make your own font automatically write in your colour?

Palin Ansusinha: lmao

Katharina Joy Book:

not sure haha

Jen Boyd: lol - the auto needs of the hyper individual to maintain their pretence

Katharina Joy Book:

ahahahahahah-

HAAAAAAA

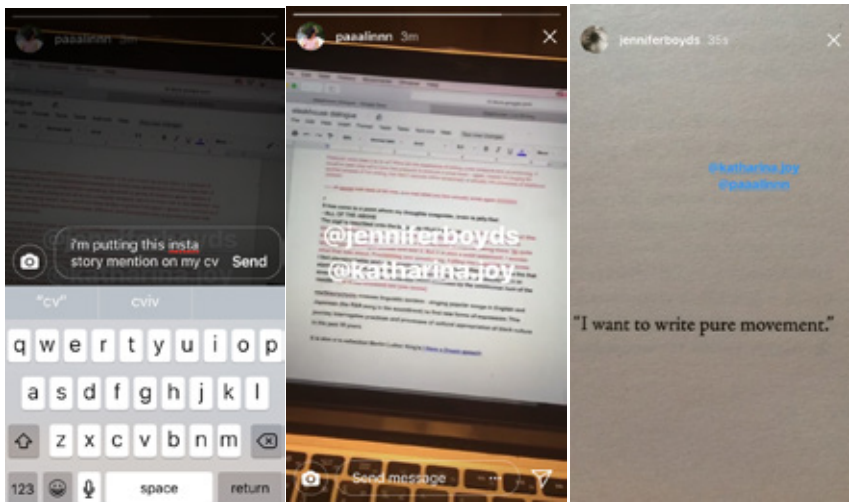
that was kinda deep

ways, or western comfortable bubble economy ways (for example) to get to be loose with format, to be anything goes (conceptualism) is a privilege? ah, but i stand by incompleteness having the potential to be radical. artists of the like that perform at Steakhouse Live use the fucking-with-conventions-of-narrative as a tool that is empowering - works. - ah it makes me think again about what is seen as valid labor. have i only really worked if i've polished it till i can't see my reflection in what i've made anymore

Ok so sorry for being the slowest one to arrive. It was partly because I couldn't choose what colour my text would be. Is purple ok? It doesn't really feel like me.

I think blue is better. I'll change mine to blue. i just told u in the chat but i will say it again publicly: 'palin the blue color u r using is beaut' i would also like to contribute PUBLIC admiration for the blue omg guys stop <3

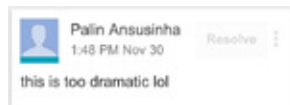
<ok i have to insta story this glorious multidirectional, tricolour conversation we are having here. Wait a sec. Tbh this is distraction but I feel like i can't string a sentence together.>



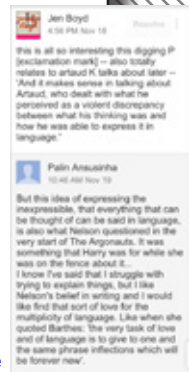
Ok, getting back to it now.

I think i will respond to/digress with the brief and you guy's contribution at the same time

Reading my brief and having to think about this project as a 'model of training / education for emerging critics' kind of made me stop and look back at the 3 whole years I've spent at uni, and question if I had wasted my time and money. I thought that my degree would train me to become a 'critic', that every essay I write is 'criticism'. Of course, I learned stuff, but I felt that higher education has shaped how I think, speak and write in a very one-dimensional way. I just feel that academic writing had profoundly affected the way I think, and not in the way that I want to evolve as a critical writer. It was just so restrictive and exhausting having to always have and push an ARGUMENT. It's 100% going to build my persuasive skills but, like, I can't even choose what i want to eat for dinner sometimes and i dont want to, yu kno?



But maybe it's not just education. I'm thinking about other factors too. I had dinner with a Chinese/American artist who was visiting yesterday. We had a really passionate conversation about how to make the best Hainanese chicken rice and how supermarkets in both the US and the UK are stupid to sell coriander without the root. Anyway, we were also talking about what language we think in because both of us are bilingual. We both agreed that it really depends on the situation - who we were speaking to, where we were in the world, and how tired we are. We also talked about how our personalities change when we speak in different languages, which reminded me of a friend who told me I'm more animated and gestural when I speak Thai in comparison to how I'm more serious and contemplative in English. *interestingly, that is exactly what i heard the other week about when i speak german vs when i speak english. but i've heard a lot of confusing things from people about my use of language recently.* [a mini emotional interjection from me, this is all so interesting; I feel such sadness sometimes bc i don't get to talk to my best friends in their language and i feel like i'm missing out on essential parts of them, the animated and gestural. Maybe will learn all of friend's languages - that is a good love project] I think my relationship with the English language was mostly/entirely formed out of the context of education/studying abroad. It's like I was trying really hard to 'perfect' my spoken and written English to a 'native' level in order to fit in/be accepted. Of course, this isn't the case at all, in fact it's like using the English language as something you 'put on' to look like you do understand/are understandable by others. So maybe there's always anxiety of not being understood in my voice, even when I'm being 'critical'.

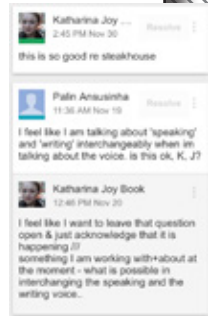


It's like this attempt to explain how I feel disassociates me even more from my feelings.

WOW IS THIS EVEN ABOUT STEAKHOUSE. NO. ??

But reflecting on this made me think of Maggie Nelson's *The Argonauts* where she was talking about watching the X-men movie with Harry and their conversation about the binary of assimilation vs. revolution (I don't even know yet how this is relevant but wait for the quote):

While we talked we said words like *nonviolence, assimilation, threats to survival, preserving the radical*. But when I think about it now I hear only the background buzz of our trying to explain something to each other, to ourselves, about our lived experiences thus far on this peeled engendered planet. **As is so often the case, the intensity of our need to be understood distorted our positions, backed us further into the cage.**



[Ok before i move on can we all take a moment for Maggie.] **yes pls** so here.

Like, I would love to be able to quote from every single part of *The Argonauts* as I live my daily life, but this one seems have stuck with me the most. Because, for once (with my limited knowledge of theory/philosophy), I am told about this alienating effect explanation can generate to the **speaker/writer**. And, maybe, to be more specific to the context of live art criticism, its dissociation *from* the body. This somatic affect/effect from watching a performance - like what K said, of the invested presence, emotional and physical.

I remember reading *The White Pube's essay* and there was something about **betraying your gut feeling**, not being true to your initial thoughts, when you start writing in sentences and post-rationalising. **YEP.**

'PS: writing this review felt like a bit of a lie.

i feel more and more like i post-rationalise a bit too far,
i am not true enough to my immediate gut reaction'

I remember the main learning we were given in the workshops was about how to speak about someone's work when you don't share their identity position / everyone is an individual anyway; the fear came out of saying the wrong thing about identity, but then being encouraged to make our positions plain in some way? But without being personal? I remember from the workshops it being about building trust and critical understanding of the work and its identity context. But then there was tension in expose yourself, but we're simultaneously being edited for protection in some way? It all just moved so quick didn't it.

I wonder if actually making it more collaborative/conversational at the time would have alleviated the fear of mis-speaking a bit, and produced freer speaking? Because in terms of isolation when i picture a writer i see that photo of us all at our computer screens, which is how i am in my bedroom too, and what i wanted to avoid. How could we have written together? So again I guess I'm wondering if the process of live writing could have been different, and if that would have engendered what was desired organically. I think where i fell down really was that i don't really want to write criticism at all. And i came in without an understanding of what criticism was, and what was expected of it.

So in terms of my writing practice background, it didn't really fit. I think it worked well for [my post on Owen Parry](#), which was the first thing I did - that felt like speaking with his work, and it felt *useful* to him hopefully in documenting the audience and the experience, in a creative way. But maybe that is creative documentation and speaking with a work - that isn't 'criticism'. Anyway, that was the only piece I wrote I *really* liked. I did think of structures before hand that I could use and that was one of them - document the audience, do something epistolary. I guess because of my style I wanted something structural or conceptual, and that's what feels most natural to me. But doesn't come for everything. It was when I had to write actual sentences of what is deemed *criticism* - pulling in historical references, and even more pop culture, and all of that, that I struggled with. It was writing in my own subjective voice actually in full sentences that was hard, because I don't really do that... I like that the 'I' can be passed around in writing [which doesn't really work if you're trying not to assimilate into the artist because in this context it is unethical/doesn't work right] and using language sculpturally. Which is all at odds with criticism really. I think really what I'm interested in is collaboration with an artist as a writer, and making a piece of writing that sits alongside and in-between their work, using some kind of framework of its own, that isn't in the realm of criticism. Or, I'm interested in conversation between artists - like how they do in [BOMB mag](#). Perhaps because in that you're given a subjectivity - you are another artist - and that is a place from which to speak and there is an equality, so there is no pressure to have an authority or offer something specific to an audience - **criticism seems to want to 'offer' something specific doesn't it?**

It just occurred to me also that I'm really interested in the body and I put that on my application, and usually my writing works between inner and outer body. But, I couldn't really write like that in this, or found it difficult to, or it didn't occur to me to... i tried it a bit for Harold Offeh, but it [rightly] didn't get published as it did come close to this line of *speaking for someone* even though that wasn't my intention at all, as it was a performative chunk of writing... **I wonder if there is another way to approach the body/write from and with the body in this.**

I'm super interested in [epistolary writing](#). The letters between Virginia Woolf and Vita Sackville West. Between Anaïs Nin and Henry Miller. Between Kathy Acker and McKenzie Wark. I love it hard and want to read all the emails between artist crushes now. But this is also in the realm of love and crushing, and artists speaking for themselves. this was also something I thought about re: Antonin Artaud - a letter is such a great format to me bc it addresses someone - it is speaking to and for someone external, an audience if you will. At the same time it is personal, and the stakes are perhaps not lower, but they are softer - than in trying to communicate with a stranger, with no real idea what the stranger needs from you. A letter is different from a diary entry in the sense that it is public. I find it interesting that Artaud chose to put his writing-pain and pain-writing into letters although it was a deeply personal struggle. It has to do with his didactic *Anspruch*, as Sontag lays out (*can't find the approp translation rn - him wanting to be didactic is what i mean*). Which is a whole new thing one could go into - the fact that he aimed to sustain and create these struggles with the insufficiency of his brain by continuing to write - and how inherently there is linear argumentation in his writings and he is aiming to educate.

Which is a question I have about live criticism, contemporary forms of criticism - how much should one aim to educate, at all? how far is the 'authenticity' of writing 'in the moment' useful to a reader? to what degree can 'the struggle' of experience and critical thought intersect/be one? what do we 'learn from' in a text? (what does Jen get from epistolary writing that she doesn't get from other forms of writing about or of art?)

I wonder if one structure is we could have written questions we wanted to ask the artists after each piece, and they would be telling of our thoughts about the piece itself. And maybe they would be useful for the artist. But then there is that tension between are we writing criticism for the artist, *or* for the audience. [or as a document]. Because if it is for an audience, then you can end up in a position of 'mediating' the artist's work, which is what should be avoided as it is the domain of gross old stale criticism styles.

I wonder if the problem is in the inherent tension - in authority, judgement, knowledge - between the positions of artist and critic. Criticism like [the white pube](#) - you're approaching it as a person, not as a critic. It would be nice to dissolve the language of those positions – there is a person who made this artwork, and a person who is responding to it. Language places us in positions we don't want to be in, and adds constrictions.

To add to Jen on dissolving language that places us in hierarchies, I picture all 5 of us sitting at the 'critical writers' table at the bar of Toynbee Studios, peripheral to the performances that were taking place elsewhere. And that time after I had published something, I think it was a piece on Sandra Johnston, I walked past her and felt super nervous. I remember that Katherine Araniello came over to me in the cafe, and said that she liked what I'd written and what it made her think, and that was so great but made me feel so so nervous too. It's like I was a little afraid of meeting the artist in person just after I have written about them. It was daunting but I know it shouldn't be like this. I think that I was nervous about 'reading' their work the 'wrong' way, that Sandra might thought what I wrote had nothing to do with her performance. This kind of thinking about live art is incredibly limiting because it's as if I'm treating live art as a text that could be read/unpacked/picked apart, and perpetuating that stigma about contemporary art being 'inaccessible'.

(Of course, we talked about the question of 'accessibility' in the workshop, whether it is possible for live art to be accessible. Accessibility in this case, I mean a balanced access to a dialogue between specific terms that are specific to the practice.

What I also I felt as a writer in that experience was that I was imposing something onto their artwork and, in the context of Steakhouse Live, their identity (I'm talking about every artist now, not just Sandra). Like you said Jen, I did feel that there was tension between the positions of artist and critic.

It was as if I was able to produce this piece of 'criticism' possibly at the cost of the artist's intellectual, physical and emotional labour being reduced to my critical judgement. Like speaking over them?

The nice thing about someone writing something about your work, and it immediately coming to you as a live artist it seems – something coming back quickly from the void of vulnerability perhaps particular to some live art work – is the knowledge that someone has been there, **someone has spent time with you, someone has spent time with your work**, and is showing you what's been in their head, rather than just facing a room of opaque heads and hand claps and smiles and that was great. Spending time is where trust, and then conversation and connection come from.

In visual art, you write about artists who are dead or far away – you know them through the mediation of time and place, which gives you a position from which to write immediately. A live artist you have *seen* as a person who is there. So live art criticism is also completely bound up with how you feel about meeting another human – all the dynamics and emotions that relate to that in a very social way.

Pressure: what does it do to us? What did the experience of writing under pressure end up producing. It would've been nice not to have that pressure to produce a piece there – again, maybe I'm longing for another process of live writing, that didn't replicate either emotionally or actually, the processes of traditional criticism.

Yes, about pressure - the pressure to produce a piece of **writing just for it to be published in time**. It also relates to that moment when you have nothing to say because you have to always have something to say.

-- stut tering -- I am wondering about the experience of **stuttering** on the spot, while watching the live performance and writing about it. I wonder if this was a reaction that points towards **the uneasiness of speaking over someone?**

I remember reading the excerpts that both of you sent as part of your application and actually feeling how tactile your writing is J. I remember wishing I could write something like that and that the experience of writing something like that would feel just as good as reading it :) I think I know now what you mean about the 'I' that can be passed around. It's not a denial/negation of the other person's identity, nor is it a censoring of your own subject position. It's about how you **relate** to others, and that is indeed a very social process. Yes totally - i do mean it as a social process. But i'm not sure how it works in relation to criticism/if it could work. I think that's why I liked my Owen Parry piece - it felt social and tactile. But then i think i lost the ability to write like that for much else really... because for me it wasn't necessarily the **uneasiness of speaking over someone** or perhaps it was in a different way --- yeah writing things over them... the line between your *own response inspired by their work* and errr shouldn't i be writing some criticism?

A quote from one of your live blogs P: *The sigil is inscribed onto the body. The ritual has begun.* I feel like I had some of this tone of *proclaiming* too in what I wrote... I wonder where that came from? It is a different energy to traditional criticism. It does want to express being there. It's quite bright eyed and tongue poised and *into it*. But it is also a solid statement. I wonder what that was about. Proclaiming and questioning. Falling into linguistic structures. Thanks for picking this up, J. You're right, there is something there that's both proclaiming but also impersonal? As if we were articulating our presence as a live witness but also questioning our given position. This was from Benjamin Sebastian's performance and it was an extremely intimate atmosphere to witness them going through the experience of pleasure and pain - tattooing and literally pulling something out of their anus. I don't know if I was trying to be evasive of the responsibility in watching, trying to keep distance or re-emphasising the barriers that made me feel uneasy? But there could also be something critical in this ambiguity - focusing on how the performance makes you feel (uneasy, queasy, indifferent(?)), questioning the barriers we have, why they are there and how they are being challenged by these works. Is this what you mean?

DAY 02

wow so catching up on reading is the first task rn

which is also an interesting concept - idea? sentiment - thing, 'catching up' in text, in writing? that is definitely something I felt at Steakhouse, too, **the need to 'catch up'** - on what was happening *at the moment*, on what *had* happened, on how the others were doing & dealing. on how i was feeling about what i had witnessed - writing about it was probably a way of catching up with it (if only barely, and always already only *eine Annäherung* - (an approximation))

the word *Annäherung* came into my mind because it is in the title of the German translation of Susan Sontag's essay on Antonin Artaud - and I liked the attitude inherent in that, calling one's own writing about something an *approaching* - which describes it accurately as a processual *doing*, acknowledges the necessary incompleteness of any text. And it makes sense in talking about Artaud, who dealt with what he perceived as a violent discrepancy between what his thinking was and how he was able to express it in language. The crazy thing about Artaud is his incredible eloquence in these observations of his own brain on a micro-level, and then the suffering he experiences, often perceived as *physical suffering*, when he writes and falls short of encompassing that pain-consciousness he is simultaneously trying to capture and creating through exactly that attempt.

Artaud is such a key figure re: Live Art. And physicality versus expression thru language. Could probably go into this more.

Another thing I wildly appreciated in Sontag's essay on him was that she said how his life's work(s) remained fragmentary, incomplete

----- i got distracted by tinder for a good 60 secs there just for the record ----

- this is not a drill -

- i am looking

forward to sharing date stories in a min nb nb - i knew this was gonna become the most interesting part of my contribution to this project

he was able not to create an 'identity' - Identitätserzählung is the German word for what he was unable to (or simply, *did not*) do - which translates as identity narrative, identity story-telling; a term that encompasses how the concept of identity relies on the construction of/presenting as linearity and narrative. - so he was not able to create an identity, but a **presence**. **Fuck this is everything. It is similar in some ways to Clarice Lispector in *Água Viva* [or, if not similar, they can be read alongside each other on this topic] in that text, in a stream of fragments, she is trying to locate the pure *it* of presence. I am pretty obsessed with trying to *detox* that thing that comes into the body - from many sources - that gets like a weird numbing gel into the insides of your extremities, and makes linear stability the best thing, the only thing. Shaking out the body like a rug [can't remember who said that or if it was me, might have been a friend, oh wait no it was me, but it was in relation to sex not the mental pummeling of corporate academia/capitalism]**

I read all of the Clarice book out loud on a beach in September in Greece -- the book asks to be read by waves/salt water -- and I recorded it. Was naked and it felt pretty romantic. Trying to eat her words. *Get them in*. The old Greek leathered dudes [have edited that six times as don't want to be offensive to someone's outer, but also want to express the scene - relating to live art probs much] didn't quite know what to make of me and my zoom. Also actually as probs mentioned before, doing the live writing was also an attempt to find a process to shake out constrictions. To get back into the fragmentary life and presence. [I got into it as I felt I had failed at a big project and then for like two years after I was trying to right that failure, by making other things *solid and real*. When really I should've just read Jack Halberstam [The Queer Art of Failure](#) and saved myself some time. I still haven't read that properly [what is properly] tbh. What a failure loool [said for comedic effect, feel quite the opposite]. Working with you K I was in awe of your fragmented approach that looked very embodied, and still does.

Also I'm gonna stop disturbing this chunk now, with something very tangential/possibly unrelated actually, but it is pink in my heart and I thought of it --- but here is a quote on conversation from an interview my crush did: I had insisted upon conducting this interview in person as a nod to *Interstices*, the title of the show and a word meaning the space between things. I've always been obsessed with how conversation teeters and returns, the way that people pause in conversation to allow for intervention to happen, for others to interrupt or clarify. Context and nuance are everything in the unspooling of a thought over time. And how the removal of certain acts of conversational gap-filling leaves one with unease; how much the work of softening the interstices in communication is gendered, how much is culturally expected.

Reading that was an a-ha moment and a moment of feeling validated in how I approach writing, the making of any work - but especially writing.

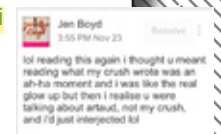
Artaud found it -- **who gets to** tell-their-identity, rely on a narrative-of-identity -- an impossibility, and I remember this was a conversation we had at Steakhouse, too. And how it made our writing necessary, but our position as writers difficult, too, because we were aware of not wanting to *impose* or *assume*.

My commitment to residing in the fragmentary, kinda claiming it, living in it king-size and swelling up comfortably re the ambiguity. [omg yes - I can see your process now - v glad u articulated it x]

Similar to what Sontag sees in Artaud - **presence**, and the expression of it, is more important to me than completion or conclusion, a linear argumentation. Presence as a necessity and the basis of live art is so interesting and so sacred to me - and considering it in terms of writing and communicating and as a - - - - THE most fundamental element - or even the material - of collaboration / or the making of the work that I want to be making - is becoming more & more central to me & something I want to look into more theoretically, too.

the term 'encounters' - trusting the encounter of people, trusting that sth *will* arise - I like that Palin was simply 'on her way *back*' to the desk [when she encountered Kim](#) -

these live art performances that are in the genre of intimate encounters - how can they happen when one is simply on one's way back to the desk - steakhouse was a special space that felt sheltered (though not 'safe', in that way, for sure - I felt challenged multiple times a day)



NEW SINCERITY THIS IS WHAT I JUST GOT TAGGED IN AND MY RESPONSE TO THIS IS THAT I LOVE LITERATURE:

I didn't want to tell you this but, it's just eating me alive

Yesterday you had grapes out on the table so I just thought hey, free grapes so I had two, maybe three when you weren't looking. Later you mentioned you bought the grapes for your dad, who savors every grape he ever gets with a childlike wonder



I realized at that moment that I had stolen grapes out of your own father's eager mouth, and he is such a sweet man.

I feel so ashamed. I am lower than the lowest, ugliest worm. I am a simpering idiot. Lash me with a hickory branch. Beat me with an old shoe. Send me to hell in a grape basket

and i also feel its kinda Artaud

Haha it is totally artaud.

BEING EATEN ALIVE

Writing as
Theory as
Living as

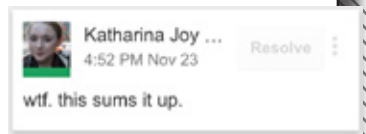
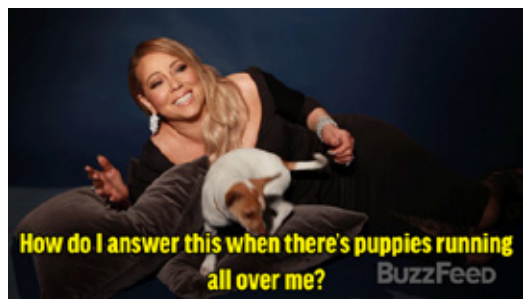
I think there is something in that describing. Lispector also says something like 'I'm writing as I'm being read' in one of her books i can't remember which... This circle motion. Self-cannibalism. Bringing your body, all your parts, all your molecules in and in again. I like it the motion of it --- it isn't linear. Although it is a line. Maybe just being eaten alive takes out all lines. It is just mass and presence.



Also v timely [LOOOL] tattoo option



- I feel like i'm just talking to myself making jks down here haha gunna come see what you're both doing - also just occurred to me that i had experience of reading K fresh, without my interjections, sorry P, but i guess you can skip [exclamation mark] [that button on my keyboard is broken]



DAY 03

Katharina Joy Book: hi!!!
how to proceed?

Jen Boyd: hiiiiiiiiiiiiii

Palin Ansusinha: hello

Jen Boyd: i'm so high on life write now omfg what that wasn't even intentional what mariah are we listening to?

Palin Ansusinha: the christmas album?

Katharina Joy Book: i might stick with the xmas but move on to 'take a look at me now'

Palin Ansusinha: but im happy to move onto the emancipation of mimi or day dream

Katharina Joy Book: wow there is one called 'i am mariah the elusive chanteuse'

Jen Boyd: woah

Palin Ansusinha: wOw

Katharina Joy Book: how do we go on from here? do u guys have agendas

Palin Anusinha: cry

Jen Boyd: ikr P

Palin Anusinha: if i add something above will it be too interruptive on what you're writing at the bottom k?
you know like the earthquake thing

Katharina Joy Book: it will be perfect

Palin Anusinha: :)

I'd actually like to talk more about **the white pube!** - and criticism as engagement and support with/of artists and their work. They have spoken about it themselves [on a podcast episode with Lou Macnamara and Eva Duerden of 12o Collective](#) ('about the problemos with criticism n why it is support and not violence xxxx we also speak about KFCgate').

/ (**access** -> horizontal, nonhierarchical) their use of instagram stories -> the concept of **a live stream response** versus 'considered' reflection - when is it rigorous, not trivial or random?

what is edited out
messaging and talking to people while engrossed in a writing process functions as digression and diversion

the question of what should be kept in/worked with, or what is seen as irrelevant. the difference between presenting a 'work in progress' and 'progress/process' as part of the writing

cleaning of the voice done by criticism -- NOT TOO DIRTY, NOT TOO CLEAN, JUST RIGHT -- WHAT IS THAT THO???

Ok I have a story about editing, but idk if it will lead to something but i'll give it a go. In july i interned at this art gallery and i was in charge of the 'blog' that's been left dead for like 3 months. I decided to do a short and simple artist q&a that would be published every monday, and started by sending out a list of questions to every artists working at the studio next door. 2 out of 78 artists replied within 2 weeks. One of them seemed very positive about the idea of the q&a, and I could see how she answered the questions I sent out very generously. I saw this as an opportunity to make this simple q&a into something more interesting, like a conversational interview, self-guided by the artist's answers. After several email correspondences, i finalised the draft and sent it out for her to review. The reply i got from her really threw me off. [i cant publish the email here because it's 'company' property and confidentiality reasons, etc.] But it was this super passive aggressive tone, like before she used 'Hi Palin/Super great/ Can't wait/ Best/first name' and it became 'Dear Palin/I have concerns/I do not authorise this/full name. She told me that i was trying to manipulate her answers and thought that i would publish it like a normal question and answer.

Like, wtf i already told her that i wanted to make it conversational, which she agreed, but i didn't in anyway change what she wrote. Anyway, i was just so shocked at her reaction that was so aggressive, and that she was super sensitive with her self-presentation that didn't go with the initial plan. It's as if she had loss control in our conversation and was furious about it. So yeah, **who was the interview for anyway? An external audience or the artist? Did she see this interview as an echo chamber rather than it leading up elsewhere, generating bigger questions beyond her practice? Where would she see this interview sit in relation to her work? How did she see me, as an interviewer and editor?**

makes me think of pushing the writing through a wormhole -- pushing it through particular structures of mediation -- if it is pushed through a particular body, or if it is pushed through an institutional framework -- but then it's back to that question: **who is the writing for? for the artist as a form of feedback? for the audience as a gateway into the work? or are you a creative writer/artist writing towards and around the work, that might not produce either of the former, but then becomes collaboration of some kind. or is it all these things? or should there be an intention, because it is 'criticism' ---- the difference between how we might think of 'criticism' and 'critical responsive writing'?**

the experience of having nothing to say:: because you have just experienced the work. how do you move quickly from your personal impact to critique. for me it felt like being dragged -- but that was also due to the expectations i felt in terms of what i had to write. and how to negotiate the bounds between personal and criticism. i think that's why your pieces worked so well K, because they were personal but full of references but also provided critical sentences combined. maybe the workshops could incorporate more about writing that works in these cracks --- i know we looked at public blogs and traditional criticism. i still felt like i had to write like how i would usually but find a way to do it *faster* but not necessarily *better* [haha no].

STEAKHOUSE LIVE WRITING: *DIRTIER*, I was gunna write an alternative title but lol i just have this

to be vulnerable at speed - in some ways i thought that by doing this we would mirror the experience of the performer, but actually they have had time before to prepare/ actually make that work, like maybe months. so maybe there is another way to also be *live* e.g. all up on the screen. in that way you kind of feel safe because your process as a writer is being shown, it's all there, rather than the vulnerability of producing a *solid piece* [hard stool] at speed - because even if the 'blog' format was meant to alleviate that, i think we're so used to reading published works online, that it doesn't offer any kind of respite from officiality *really* any more when used as we were using it - in relation to an official project.

liveness and the sense of time:::: in terms of bringing the writing process out into the open that we talked about in the workshops. i remember people saying the image of us is just us all intensely typing away continuously. which in a way does show the intensity, time, and isolation of writing, as it 'usually' happens..



Omg so intense.

'live art and applause (learned behaviours and how they can feel inappropriate but irreplaceable)' - Bojana put this down towards the end of the festival under ['what remains unwritten'](#). clapping - is a learned behavior just like sitting still for 1 hr + in a dark room all looking the same direction is a learned behavior. it makes sense to question this, and to question its appropriateness re Live Art. I've been thinking - performance and theatre is an act of interpersonal communication in which one of the two participating parties [usually is designated mute. This is the audience.](#)

I've been frustrated by having been put in that position of non-agency, more than I would be, since visiting black box or proscenium venues recently - performing bodies communicate and the divide between seated audience and stage space so radically by dipping one into darkness and giving the other a lighting concept - I couldn't sit still. Under conditions like these, the audience really has no other way to *give back energy* to the performers than by making noise at the end. Even how to make noise is pretty standardized though - clapping is pretty much the one option, then some foot-stomping if you're feeling ecstatic and if it was your friends performing you might stand up to clap. [Yep - i always go for a woop or a yea - to show my excitement over everyone else bc Leo moon](#)

It's that 'release' of pent-up energy at the end from the audience's side, at which point the performers get a sense of release too, because now they finally get some energy back from the entity they have been addressing in the dark. How unnecessarily compartmentalized. How *catharsis-the-old fashioned-way*.

I don't clap to get a fourth and fifth bow from the artist when I didn't appreciate the piece. [Yea the experience of not clapping. When i don't like it i make the movements of clapping but don't make any sound. How fucked is that? Imagine if everyone did that, thinking they'd get away with it.](#)

I appreciate when the performers simply leave and don't return. But when that happens, it mostly leaves a low, disconcerted feeling behind - which is exactly right for some pieces but not for others.

I leave the space with a bubble of energy that I wasn't allowed to give back and invest in the work. This also makes me think about going to the cinema. Like when i come out after seeing a film you feel like you're in it and you can have all these super intense reactions. But that isn't acceptable after seeing something live somehow. Like I did get that when I saw Angels in America. But that is theatre, so perhaps closer to cinema... it makes me think about writing criticism about artists who are dead. There is a solid position there given to you, and perhaps cinema does the same. You are *categorically* an audience so you are free to respond - you don't have to clap, think about anyone's feelings. The clapping is a *break* that stops that bubble of being *in it* continuing in you. So it seems totally at odds with live art. But equally, you know your reaction is on display... perhaps though because coming out of a cinema you feel more anonymous potentially. And then we're back to - if someone came out screaming I'd be like, is this for your ego, or is this your feelings? The performance of being an audience member - do's and don'ts

I think of works in Steakhouse in which I felt this most pertinently (which might also just be the performances of which the imagery is still kicking most strongly in my head) - Benjamin Sebastian getting tattooed in *a(wake)* [I saw artist Liz Rosenfeld getting the weather forecast tattooed on her leg yesterday] [before she spread the magic of her physicality across an entire room like melting heavy butter on toast] - that exquisite fine buzzing of the needle in the room [doesn't at all do justice to the krass-ness of the pain as it bolts through the skin]. / someone just wrote to me saying 'we better meet on the weekend/ unless u want to bring me tea and ginger / am sick' - i am drinking ginger tea right now; and i think of how, repeatedly, i have made ginger tea (with lemon) for boys who missed their mothers/ (exquisite, fine buzzing - and a sharp tinge of citrus).

then when Sebastian pulled a flag wrapped in a condom out of his anus and it had shit smeared on it. at some later point - the audience chanted along with the artist, but the impulse to react was not again as potent as when that flag came dirty out of his ass. Talking about SHIT, Jen - do you remember that moment? I didn't see that workkkkk GUTTED

What other ways to respond to Live Art and performance can we find? and establish? Putting fingers to keyboard straight after, and barfing that energy out into the white-space, after having left the black-space - that's one way. And it still feels like the reservoir of my potential response-ability has barely been tapped into.

I want to get messy with you (even if just via words, even if you won't let me mess with your props on stage - lol). who do I think I am that I want to be able to get involved af when I like something? Paying my dues in front of a screen most days feels like part of what a society of discipline does to its members - thank god for memes giving everyone little bursts of energy **to give proof of alive-ness and libido** / I don't get to exercise my capability for physical response as much as I've come to think might be healthy for me. Love this K

Trying to find some scatloggy quotes to bring in here bc hard stool / loose stool / dirtier criticism keeps occurring



Katharina Joy Book:
u know how gr8 this is?
for one, i am laughing
OUT LOUD while in a
process of writing. for
two, i've been doing
this for an hour with NO
major interruptions or
even distractions
Jen Boyd: YES ME
TOO --- actually laugh-
ing constantly while
writing...unreal. and yes
no distractions bc i'm/
we're together <<<<

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart displayed scatological humour in his letters and a few recreational compositions. This material has long been a puzzle for Mozart scholarship.

Scatology: Shit Matters

"There where it smells of shit
it smells of being.
Man could just as well not have shat,
not have opened the anal pouch,
but he chose to shit
as he would have chosen to live
instead of consenting to live dead."- Antonin Artaud

"I give myself to you, the patient says again, but this gift of my person- as they say- Oh, mystery! is changed inexplicably into a gift of shit- a term that is also essential to our experience."- Jacques Lacan

"The world exists; it is not something that becomes, not something that passes away. Or rather: it becomes, it passes away, but it has never begun to become and never ceases from passing away- it maintains itself in both. It lives on itself: its excrements are its food."- Friedrich Nietzsche

"The terrestrial globe is covered with volcanoes, which serve as its anus. Although this globe eats nothing, it often violently ejects the contents of its entrails.
These contents shoot out with a racket, and fall back, streaming down."- Georges Bataille

Just looking above at the shit and the gobbling aspects of what we've been talking about. About the body and criticism. About eating the work or being smacked in the face by it. Needing time to digest it but then not get it. But the conceptual idea of eating digesting shitting. It should be that visceral. Or i dunno - maybe i'm just thinking back to how the reactions of your body were in your writing K and that was good -- it located you there. **You put your body in your writing.**
How does moving at speed affect your brain? I remember not knowing what I thought as I had no time to reflect and being like *but this isn't what i actually think i haven't had time to reflect yet.* Just because you're going quick doesn't mean the truth will come out. Sometimes it made me feel so syphoned that I didn't have thoughts that I trusted and then we had to put them to our names because there was still *the pressure to publish, to click publish* ----- *i know i keep going on about the live screen*, but imagine the experience we had without the publishing process and the pressure [and relief] of clicking send. And the framework for writing that engendered - making something 'finished'. I would be so interested to see what we would've written instead.
I remember reading [The White Pube's essay](#) and there was something about **betraying your gut feeling**, not being true to your initial thoughts, when you start writing in sentences and post-rationalising. But also re the above, maybe it is just me as i felt so thrown about, but i felt like i didn't have time to always have a gut feeling during Steakhouse. Lol so true...

Just thinking about the white pube again -- below is taken from their review of hannah black at chisenhale. Some greeeeat things said and they also talk about shit -- READ THE SPLATTER PATTERNS

WP: *n like, i've stopped going back and editing and correcting typos and making things read better bc i live in the present not the past, and i meant what i wrote and i need to honour and respect that intention from the past and not betray my past self... like, yes that feels like (with me at least) it's a kind of laziness, but also it is one that i've academically justified now so i have had to commit to it and just like commit to these words as they come out, as they are expelled from my body like a violent shit. i can only like analyse the splatter patterns with u, the reader. it feels like an equal playing field for us both if i write something confusing n hazy and we try and get thru it together. like our experience of it is on the same level or the same side or like the same vague position of like... reading my past-self's attempts at articulation... but i mean it's also maybe problematic bc it also rejects any kinda authorial accountability for me if i also don't know what i really meant. ygm?*

The thing is - with learnt review and academic language people can fake it, can cover themselves up - their lack of knowledge, their *bad* social 'opinions' - can try and seem *cool* or creative or clever... So for someone to write about art etc. in a way that isn't at the service of this - but be an *actual* engagement with *actual* knowledge and thoughtful and clever, that is just terrifying to ppl that want to uphold a system of bullshitting.

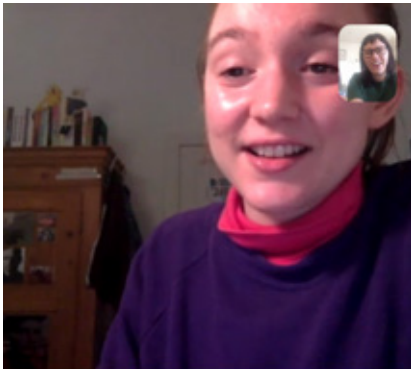
Katharina Joy Book: ahh Jen you have added so much to my rabamble at the end !! i will focus on reading now for the next 20 or so i think
Jen Boyd: sorry this convo has unplugged meeee oh f back to loose stool am i much of it is total ramble i'm reading now too
Katharina Joy Book: loooooooooooooooooooooo stoooooooooooool glad u brought it up again
Jen Boyd: :)))))))))



Katharina Joy Book: ! but guys i have like another 15 min or so
Jen Boyd: that's ok!! we can always more sessions as these are so nice :))))))

About the body and criticism. About eating the work or being smacked in the face by it. Needing time to digest it but then not get it. But the conceptual idea of eating digesting shitting. It should be that visceral.

When we don't have enough time to digest, or to even have a gut feeling (to have an appetite?), does this count as **critical indigestion**? Like when we have nothing to say or just vomit out alien ideas that we don't even trust ourselves? **CRITICAL INDIGESTION YES** ----- you're/we're onto something here **Let's talk about this on chat together maybe? YEH**



p: critical presence, has to do with being an audience, **making your presence felt**

k: yeah and having to get from that state of being a present audience member to trying to digest, **that might lead to critical indigestion**

j: if we'd have been able to digest all the things that came to us, **we'd be so fucking full**, but things get stuck in your throat because you're like I don't know what to do with this. there's some things... **your body needs more time**



k: **ideally you'd write about the things that got stuck**, but those are the things you don't know what to do with, so how do you write about them. my reaction would be if it got stuck somewhere would be to ask bunches of questions. but is that useful? i need to state something not just ask.

j: asking questions is quite open to reader as the things that got stuck for us might have got stuck for them

k: **the danger for me is stopping at that point, not investigating what that question leads to**

p: ... **it's about knowing that there is someone on the other side to answer**. but with steakhouse i still feel like i can't get to the artist like there is so much distance between so if i write questions i don't know that they are gunna read it, or if i'm asking the right questions, so it's even more self conscious for the asker to ask because you don't know if there is someone behind the screen

k: it's almost like putting up a facebook status for something and it's not gunna get any likes. it's that feeling that's comparable like maybe people read it and are like hmm good question **but no body comes up to a writers table and is like you know that question you asked? i want to answer that for you**

j: especially online it can be quite easy to make the statement or make the question and leave it because that's the contribution. i was thinking about in that hannah black review by the white pube and she was like 'oh maybe this isn't helpful maybe i'm just asking questions **but all i can really do is shit it out and we can all just analyse the splatter marks together.**'

k: such a good sentence

j: ..you are here i am giving you the position as an audience we are gunna analyse my shit together, whereas were we writing for the artists or for an audience, **like who wants to analyse our shit, does anyone wanna to analyse our shit, maybe not**

k: i find the white pube so admirable because they are so confident in like knowing that there is people on the other side or at least that's how they present themselves, they are like so confident and rightly so that they have a community of people and that ppl are gunna engage with them asking questions it reminds me,, thinking about blogging years ago and thinking about how do i start a blog am i gunna start a blog **am i gunna pretend i have an audience? or am i gunna wait until i authentically and genuinely address someone.**

j: its like on instagram i saw someone did a post and they had not that many followers and they'd written a post like someone with loads of followers and only got fifteen likes and were like my mum says why do you write as though you've got loads of people listening, you don't have a following SON.

k: i feel like there could be a difference between speaking as though you have lots of anonymous followers, and speaking as though you're speaking to the fifty people you actually care to speak to. maybe that difference should be clear in the writing of how you do it, **you shouldn't be speaking to fifty people as though they are a thousand.**

j: in terms of who we were writing for at Steakhouse there were people who were there over the weekend and there weren't many people who came to talk to us

k: i felt like our position wasn't as clear. **there was mystery around who we were.** i feel like they tried to make it public. but i feel like it didn't reach. it wasn't obvious enough what we were doing. we weren't an equal part of the festival to the works and in some ways rightly so.

k: i mean there's also the question of assigned roles, and different levels of expertise meeting. **if you know there are going to people sat at their laptops and you know them primarily as writers would you even think they want to be spoken to?**

p: do you think if we met the artists before, to let us be a bit comfortable with them, talk about the project more as a team, they don't even know who we are, just to have some sort of community building. yeah i like the idea of writing as an artwork like they go together rather than something on the periphery or extra, i feel like that might be more interesting for us and also for them as well.

k: the act of doing something together so often can't happen spontaneously, it needs to be constructed or at least invited, and then obviously not every piece is suited to engaging with it loads, some are closed and you're just meant to watch

j: what you said palin, if we'd met them beforehand, just said hello; the invitation was made to us by Steakhouse and Bojana and Diana, but ultimately this is the artists work and *they* have not invited me to write about their work ... in a way i was like can you all just please confirm that i'm allowed to write about your work

P: it was nice that at steakhouse ppl came up to you and talked about your pieces

K: it didn't happen to me at steakhouse

J: i had one at steakhouse katherine araniello, it was really nice, but she's around a lot..

K: so she maybe has more an understanding of that community building aspect, whereas other didn't feel the need for it, or it wasn't their personal...

J: ..yeah exactly.. the thing she said was thank you for engaging with this because people never write about my work, so that was nice

K: yeah i met selina bonelli a year or ten months later... she came to a workshop of mine, and by coincidence i ended up working with one of her favourite poets, and it was crazy i was like have we met before and she was like yeah you wrote about my work and then i was so scared to ask like oh was it useful to you, you know

J: i saw that nicholas tee had put links on his website

K: yeah and i saw that owen parry? He retweeted it or something

J: i wonder what artists are gonna write about in this book?

J: i like ur t-shirt palin

K: yeah i was gonna say that its so good

P: we have a thai version of walkers called lays, but changed it to lazy so i was like yess

J has said that my body was present in my writing noticeably and I feel like I haven't commented on this yet - partly bc it makes me too happy that you say that bc it's what I wanted from my writing (BUT I'M NOT SURE I WANTED IT CONSCIOUSLY? - or how much I consciously related it to the body at the time. but i wanted to make my presence felt / I wanted to make explicit my being a person within the text / and I am at the moment actually becoming more and more aware of the power of explicitly using one's physical senses/ receivership -- the access I have to it as someone who works with the moving body. (This is where a hypersensitivity that is inherent to my thinking works in my favor instead of f*cking me up) **such love for this and you x**

this is related to Siobhan Davies quoting Deborah Hay - I paraphrase: 'What if every one of the x-million cells of your body was facing outward and receiving information right now?' If you didn't have just the possibility of responding frontally. Also Deborah Hay: 'What if where I am right now is where I need to be?' and: '**Turn your fucking head.**' (which i don't know why this hits me so much, is it just the use of the expletive? but anyway, has become a bit of a mantra for me.) **WOAH AND WOW. shivers.**

This is also what clarice is striving for in *agua viva* - to speak the present, to speak to *it* - and why i love her so much. **But i guess the body is always mediator, there is a process for speaking, digesting, eating, shitting --- we can't do away with these processes to make our thoughts *immediate* in the purest sense. So instead, for dirtier criticism, let's speak through/with/of these processes. Yesss i was starting to write something about this above ~**

[for dirtier criticism, just add the body, lol] haha! obvs it's not a simple equation! but *speaking thru/with* - yes! of course that is what is needed. yes. i am just thinking now that the *thru/with* might be much more important than the speaking *of*. **Yep totally - also i was just gonna leave it as 'let's.....' as i couldn't quite articulate. let's just 'let's' :D .''''''''''''''D**

**WHEHEHEHEHHA-
HAHHAHHAHAHA-
HAHHHA**

Lel hi

AJHHHHHHHHH

These are the states from which Deborah Hay and Davies make work - from an as-much-as-possible experience of the present. Which relates to the white pube. which relates to receivership, and the specific form/level of receivership needed re: Live Art & performance. The moderator on the evening I saw them perform said to us, *and then you can just lean back and watch the performance* (before the discussion starts). And I was like, Noooo! Don't!!!! Don't lean back. You will not witness anything if you are not actively WITH THEM. Because the work is about a continuous state of LEARNING - which Siobhan also spoke about in the discussion afterwards: when neither her nor her fellow performer Helka are *predicting* what will happen next, they are continuously generating/activating a state of response-ability. A key thing they speak about with this is the conscious experience of thought *arriving* in the body; and then, where does movement begin? And now this will be difficult for me to put into strong words (but knowing Siobhan's work and feeling her support helps) - but this activate receivership; and this continuous incredible possibility of *learning something new* each time you move; is why I work with movement and why I work with collaborative settings where I am listening to other bodies *first* and the generating of response comes second. This for me is the unique possibility of a state of liveness and this is the state of alive-ness.

NOW, SO - if this is the state I also seek to experience in writing, how do I write?

Response - such a useful mode of operation for me, this is why Steakhouse Live was brilliant - / I just thought I was actually surprised my approach seemed unusual. If I am to *respond* to a work, and also *commit to the present moment*, how else?

If this is the state I also seek to experience in writing, how do I write? MAYBE I WRITE LIKE THIS?

(also: what's the role of love?)

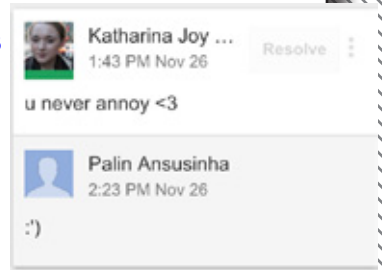
NOW, SO - how does one share this? This being-invested-in-learning? I don't agree with people who say it is an internalized and self-referential kind of work that alienates - but I do agree that it requires critically thinking about SETTING, conditions, invitation re: public and participation in an involved way. This is a question that we think about when we reflect on Steakhouse Live; we think about it as we write here.

Is it sth one has to *learn* to engage with? A learned behavior? Is it a generational thing? I feel like I am comfortable working/thinking with immediacy, simultaneity, over-sharing ~ would people like the white pube (even @williamcult: 'messy feed') be useful to me if I hadn't adjusted/ learned to engage with these formats? ----- this is also re: critical presence
/// hello artaud again may-b

if the state i seek to experience and share is one of response-ability, then one of the big tasks is to first of all even *invite* the audience into response-ability. I feel like in these (the above) ways of receiving and eating and digesting information, individual responsibility is greater - / the responsibility of an audience and how to ENABLE that sense of responsibility to arise ---- is this something we can/ did do as writers evaluating the works?

As a basic/obvious observation: Live Art activates/enables this participation-element/ active responsibility of an audience to a degree that many other art forms don't.

This is great
Hi, **annoying input** from me again but yes, it's super great. <3



APPENDIX



P: Let's talk about editing, because we kinda want it to be live and unedited

K: I feel like format that we did it in, might have answered the brief that they gave to me

K: I mean there's lots of bits that seem super random where we're just confirming each other like yes, yes

P: Oh yeah that was me

K: No but I feel like that's part of the conversation, even just useful little bits of yeah, it's like part of it

J: Yeah, definitely

K: So i feel like what you said Jen about taking out chunks that we think aren't as useful... I kind of have an aversion to editing the actual writing

J: Yeah that's how i feel ... unless there's like little bits ...

K: like for example pronouns or something, or adding references or names to stuff, cos that makes sense, but making better sentences does not make sense, trying to make it tighter does not make sense to me

P: Or ... grammar kinda is ok?

J: Yeah ... in the WP thing tho she's like i don't wanna go back and read it i don't wanna correct my grammar, so what would correcting our glamour...haha...our grammar do? I think that would be impossible in a way because this text is not written like that at all. Like to go through and change all the u's to you ...

K: It takes away the whole aspect of immediacy out of it, it literally cleans it up, and that's the opposite of what we were trying to do

P: yeah

J: yeah

J: yeah it undoes what we've been wanting

K: but we don't want to keep things dirty for dirtiness sake, it has to be useful

all: yeah

J: cos that is how conversation goes, that spiralling, that repetition, so pulling that to the front for the reader is a kind thing to do i think

P: the first day i remember jen was saying something about writing in isolation and you used this metaphor of a plant growing without sunlight and i thought that was cool, chat is the light

J: it would be strange to put it all on one level cos it hasn't happened all on one level

K: is it the act of chatting we wanna show? Or is there information in chat? Like i don't wanna visualise just that we're just chatting on different planes

P: it's about the tangential knowledge, the chatting and it kinda all links back to everything in the document

J: if only we could do a book in a spiral

P: if only

K; but the things you can do online, the illusion of three dimensionality, its pedestrian at this point but books are *even* more pedestrian.

P: most you have footnotes and you have flip to the back and its so fucking annoying

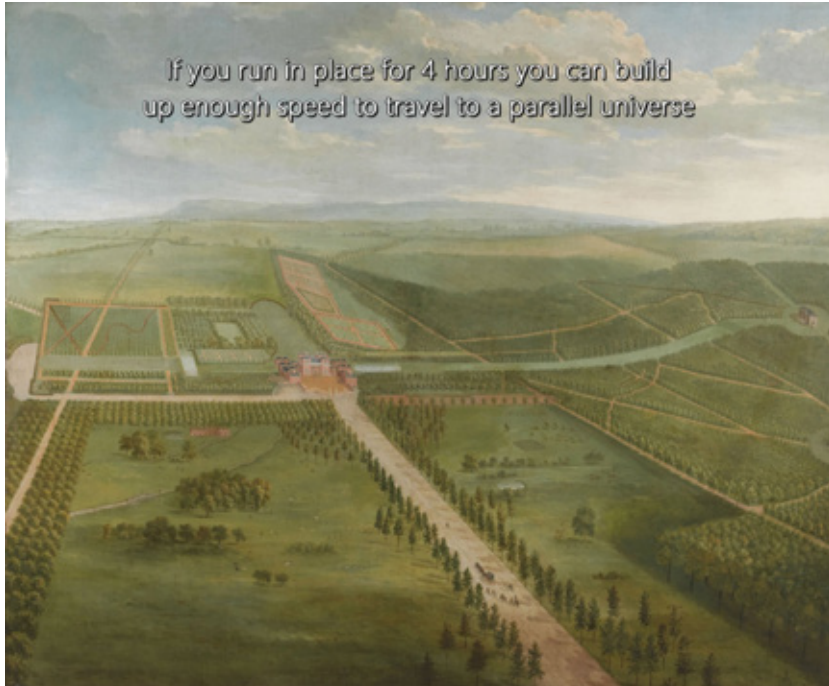
J: did you guys have those make your own adventure books? Flip to page seventy two for this? Like fucking hell, i want to put my whole brain into one of those

P: yeah that's true

K: yeah

K: all my hearts powers going to you

P: RECEIVING}}}}



If you run in place for 4 hours you can build up enough speed to travel to a parallel universe

ENDNOTES

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Gina Pane was part of the Body Art movement in France in the 1970s; interested in activating the body, she often used cutting and blood in these later works.

Peggy Phelan is a feminist performance scholar, and the author of *Unmarked: The Politics of Performance* (1993).

ORLAN is a French artist, best known for her 1990s project *The Reincarnation of Sainte-ORLAN* which involved a number of plastic surgeries.

Amelia Jones is an American art historian and theorist, who focuses on feminist art, body art and identity.

Ron Athey is an American performance artist: 'In his frequently bloody portrayals of life, death, crisis and fortitude in the time of AIDS, Athey calls into question the limits of artistic practice.' (Taken from the blurb of *Pleading in the Blood: The Art and performances of Ron Athey* by Dominic Johnson.

Rocío Boliver is a Mexican performance artist whose work focuses on the oppression of women in Mexico and globally. She performed at *Steakhouse Live* in 2014.

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Lucia Repašská, <http://www.depog.cz/cz/depog>

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Clarice Lispector (1978), *A Breath of Life*.

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Katherine Araniello, The Araniello Show (feat. Milnes & Finch), Steakhouse Live: LONGER WETTER FASTER BETTER, Artsadmin, London, October 2016, <http://www.steakhouselive.com/longer-wetter-faster-better/katherine-araniello/>

Sandra Johnston, Steakhouse Live: LONGER WETTER FASTER BETTER, Artsadmin, London, October 2016, http://www.steakhouselive.com/longer-wetter-faster-better/sandra-j-7-26334161_2-2/

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Benjamin Sebastian, Steakhouse Live: LONGER WETTER FASTER BETTER, Artsadmin, London, October (2016), <http://www.steakhouselive.com/longer-wetter-faster-better/benjamin-sebastian/>

Palin Anusinha (2016), post on Benjamin Sebastian: 'Benjamin Sebastian / (a) wake', <http://criticalinterruptionslive.tumblr.com/post/151884477598/benjamin-sebastian-awake>

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Susan Sontag (1980), 'Approaching Artaud', Under the Sign of Saturn
Clarice Lispector (1973), Água Viva

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Jack Halberstam (2011), The Queer Art of Failure.

Madeleine Stack (2017), 'Re-thinking the transgendered stage: an interview with Terre Thaemlitz on queering the image + taking back sites of abandonment', AQNB <http://www.aqnb.com/2017/10/25/re-thinking-the-transgendered-stage-an-interview-with-terre-thaemlitz-on-queering-the-image-and-taking-back-sites-of-abandonment/>

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Early alchemical ouroboros illustration with the words ἐν τῷ πᾶν ("The All is One") from the work of Cleopatra the Alchemist (c. third century, Egypt). wikipedia.org

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Mariah Carey (2014), Me. I am Mariah...The Elusive Chanteuse

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The White Pube (2017) 'In Defence of Criticism', <https://soundcloud.com/thewhitepube/in-defence-of-criticism>

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Bojana Jankovic (2016), 'What Remains Unwritten', <http://criticalinterruptionslive.tumblr.com/post/151904335148/what-remains-unwritten>

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Tony Kushner (1991) 'Angels in America: A Gay Fantasia on National Themes'. April 2017 at the National Theatre, London.

Liz Rosenfeld, (2017) 'If You Ask Me What I Want, I'll Tell You. I Want Everything'. Premiere 21 November, 2017 at Sophiensaele Berlin.

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Antonin Artaud (1947), To Have Done with the Judgement of God.

Jacques Lacan (1973), The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psycho-Analysis.

Friedrich Nietzsche (1901), The Will to Power.

Georges Bataille (1931), Solar Anus.

The White Pube (2017), 'The Conch, Sea Urchin and Brass Bell: Zadie Xa @ Pump-house Gallery' <http://www.thewhitepube.co.uk/zadiexa>

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The White Pube (2017), 'Hannah Black @ Chisenhale Gallery', <http://www.thewhitepube.co.uk/hannah-black-some-context-chisenhal>

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Katharina Joy Book (2016), post on Selina Bonelli: 'Selina Bonelli/ Memory Print' <http://criticalinterruptionslive.tumblr.com/post/151849517628/selina-bonelli-memory-print>

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Siobhan Davies' performance in Berlin on 24 November 2017, 'Figuring' with Helka Kaski,

http://www.scheringstiftung.de/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=3152%3Ahybrid-encounters-siobhan-davies-a-arno-villringer&catid=18%3Aaktuelles&Itemid=11&lang=de

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Siobhan Davies Dance exhibition at the Barbican (2017) 'material / rearranged/ to / be' <http://www.siobhandavies.com/watch-listen/2017/03/28/material-rearranged-be-barbican/>

Deborah Hay is an experimental choreographer, well known for such works as 'Figure a Sea' (2015) and A Lecture on the 'Performance of Beauty' (2004). She is one of the founding members of Judson Dance Theater.

@williamcult Instagram (2017), <https://www.instagram.com/williamcult/>

LIVE WRITING INTERRUPTION

The Other Side: A Shipping Forecast

+

Product review: Rachel Mars' Rage Arena

+

Rachael Young & Dwayne Antony - Out

The Other Side: A Shipping Forecast

A. A guy sits at the edge of the synthetic shore, where it meets the edge of the bendy forest. He is wearing a blue denim shirt and drinking water from a plastic branded bottle (Evian I think, at least that's what it looks like at a distance). His face is upturned and the light makes it shine.

His hands rest on his knees, on his crossed legs. On his right hand, his fingers are crossed (he's hoping to get lucky, or perhaps he already is). He gazes at the three people on the patchwork plane - two girls and a man - who are wearing trendy sports socks and black parkas; their bodies lock together in a soft three-way harmony.

Back to him: he whispers to a guy in a white t-shirt and smiles. Turning blush red. His chain glistens in the light as the other Him turns to him, leaning in. LET'S DO IT. The people on the shore take off their coats. So do the two Hims. HELLO FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

B. A woman in profile: half her hair is scraped back, a diagonal line parting, up. Next to her also looking forward is a guy in profile. They are staggered perfectly as two profiles. He wears a long white furry coat and a cap. I think, although I can only see the first two letters, that QUEER is written on his cap in bright gold. (This is not the enlightened sun, it is a radioactive mesh, that glistens, crystalizes and beams).

A synthetic universe but it feels safe; this is not a dystopia. It is an alternate space. A safe universe. They are playing well at innocence if you think it is play for apocalypse survivors.

C. A girl in a red short woolly jumper: it reflects a warming texture and makes her face red too as she clutches her knees. They are scuffed and blood coagulates. She's wearing stripy socks. The girl next to her clutches a can. Her jaw is very strong (it was made to support the weight of the world).

(I am a shipping forecast, I am not surveillance. I am not dating organised by the government, or the permeating push towards marriage. I am Appreciation. Wistful looks: is everyone imagining what their alternate universe would look like? Or are they happy to bathe in this one? A lot of the people here look really happy.)

There is an EU flag knitted into the patchwork plane.

Pinked and not quite touching fingertips. Synchronised swimming.

Drowning.

D. A person in an orange headscarf and orange coat comes in and hugs a person with pink curly hair and pink blushing cheeks. They smile and watch the people on the shore. They glow. A clock chimes calm (it's the start of a Beyoncé song).

E. Two people stand beside each other both fully dressed in black. The guy is wearing glasses, holding a sports drink, and has a leopard kitten on a lead. He moves his body to the beat. The woman raises both eyebrows and gazes out to the vista (a white infinite space beyond the shore, it frames the alternate people, whilst the rest of the edges of our universe are black soundproof material).

THIS IS MY MONUMENT. THIS IS OUR NEW MONUMENT THAT HAS BEEN RAISED.

There are no statues of 'great and powerful men' here. There's just us. Green lasers form an enclosure as if protecting a precious diamond from thieves and liars.

F. A man in leathers kisses the top of a long grey-haired woman's head. She holds a can of red stripe and has a temporary tattoo on her wrist. People feel comfortable in this universe.

G. Three people sit at the edge of the sea, in the protected triangle of green lasers. They sit in a line and give each other back massages. They've been here a while now. They rub each other's skin. Rub the knots out. Shuck off old universes (heteronormative living: is there no alternative?)

H. A woman in a denim jumpsuit with lasers coming out of her eyes and her nipples kisses a man wearing all black with a bright blue blazer over the top. A platonic romance; an acknowledgement.

The pop blanket that cloaks us together brings on a euphoria. All of the songs in the mash-up are beginnings. There are no words and there will be no end. This is forever: an alternative not an apocalypse.

The crowd in the forest hold up cameras as if a bank of paparazzi, but this is all admiration not vilification.

(It is important that the figures on the beach are acknowledged as a man and two girls. They are equals; he is not a predator, he is another person. They all have matching temporary tattoos. The old world would call this innocence, here it is 'normal' but it isn't even called this because that word is outmoded. It is no longer needed because everyone is free.)

One of the people getting a massage gives the girl with the strong jaw a hand massage and she looks really happy.

I FEEL SO FINE.

J. The two guys from A. in matching white tops sing along. They look really happy too.

There's a microphone on the floor that stretches from the shore out into the sea. There is not one person that wants to take it. No one even moves

towards it tentatively, considering it. There is no leader, no soapbox. There is no one voice demanding command of this world based only on orange arrogance and false self-belief induced by years of privilege and large amounts of paper tender. (Tender here does not mean this).

K. Two people hug and feed each other naan bread, then some cereal bars. Their teeth immediately whiten.

H. A guy in a cap and a woman in a patterned dress sway in time. Their giggling glitches and it is the merriest sound.

- Jennifer



OWEN G PARRY, UNRELEASED (LAS KETCHUP EDIT) /
MANUEL VASON @DARC.MEDIA

Product review: Rachel Mars' Rage Arena

Simple Value White Oscillating Desk Fan - 7 Inch.

Turn on. Cool down. Turn off. In the home or the office [OR OUTDOORS IN A YARD] with this oscillating 7 inch desk fan from the Simple Value Range. With its adjustable tilt and two speed settings, this compact desk fan adapts to your needs perfectly [OR WHEN PEER PRESSURED BY YOUR FRIENDS]. And that's not all, its quiet operation won't disturb others working around you [BECAUSE YOU'RE CONCENTRATING ON DESTROYING EVERY SINGLE PIECE OF THE FAN THAT REPRESENTS THE REPPRESSED EMOTIONS YOU WERE TOLD TO COMPARTMENTALISE AS AN ADULT].

- Palin



RACHEL MARS, RAGE ARENA / JULIA BAUER

Rachael Young & Dwayne Antony - Out

In 'Things I Don't Want To Know', Deborah Levy recounts a childhood habit: Coming back from school to her South African home, picking up an orange from that bowl that's always there, setting it down on the floor, placing her foot atop it. Rolling it carefully, deliberately under the sole of her foot, until it softens, and she can sip from its sweet juice. 'Fruitful'.

I don't know about Jamaica. I don't know about the Caribbean. The swish of the soft vapor juice expounded, sent forth from the surface of the skin. It speaks against the hard labor I'm witnessing, the slapping of the fruit on the skin, that takes it out, that ripping the inside in shears, sheer baptism.

I know about oranges.

Pungent smell, citrus on skin is my worst.

Audience members who gladly took pieces of orange that Young had shared are still calmly chewing as the drip and spray continues, with force.

What do we dance for when we dance? What do we grab each other for and what do we roll on and around each other for? Young & Antony are slower, more deliberate in their movements than the brightly lit people on the screen behind them. Are they a part or apart from this community, rolling flesh?

Witnessing an act of washing feels as personal as watching someone eat. It is a situation in direct intimate conversation with our bodies, and people act out their immediate desires in gesture, as they arise - I want this particular piece of food in my mouth next; it's moving. I want to dip this; this surface will be attended to before this one, this upper arm touched before this breast - travelling, navigating one's own body, people's desires directed at their own skin.

Why did Young and Antony wash? What was in the washing? Why not remain with the freshness of the orange, the lushness of the fruit, the indulgence of it, on their skin? Was it not pleasurable, was it not ecstatic to them as it was to me to imagine it?

Deep home in the sensual R n B song - is this sense of home and belonging, of ownership of the body broken or affirmed by Young's slapping of her chest, hard, with her hands? We heard voices before, speaking of the queer identity at the edge of society, in Pentecostal preaching; pushed out; is that where we are. I imagine that's where we are, a bucket of oranges between us, sitting across from each other on oil drums; I imagine this is the edge we find ourselves in. Am I there with them?

In my senses connecting to the oranges, are they connecting to the bodies that experienced the fruit, full? This is a 'Thing I Want to Know About'. A thing I want to roll under my foot and make soft, puncture, and drink of.

- Katharina



RACHAEL YOUNG & DWAYNE ANTONY, OUT / MANUEL VASON @DARC.MEDIA

POSSIBILITIES OF BEARING WITNESS

MARIKISCRYCRY (MALIK NASHAD SHARPE)

Marikiscrycry's work integrates Black pessimism, minimalism, abstraction, nonessentialist transgenderism, cybernetics, amongst many other aesthetic and ontological concerns, with the excavation of various dance and choreographic systems. They have performed their work in various venues across the UK, USA, and Canada, and have been supported by Arts Council England, Canadian Council for the Arts, a-n, Fierce Festival, Hackney Showroom, Chisenhale Dance Space, Live Art Development Agency, and Marlborough Theatre.

Art doesn't need to be fixed. At least, this is the idea that underpins my choreographic thinking at the moment. The ways in which I view the work of artists making performances today often resonates in spaces in my subconscious, reminding me of some of the ways we feel, and illuminate the phenomenon of humanity - of the boring ass quotidian, and the increasingly fully automated and feverishly authoritarian world being shaped by corporations with far too much power. Neoliberalism has placed an insufferable sheen over the entire planet and it oftentimes looks like smog - everything being placed on the market, and art suitably complicit, at its own peril. Somehow the revolutionary practices of mining ulterior realities, frames, and aesthetics have lost clout and direction, or have been traded for technologies that double as get rich schemes; these milk the corporate technocracy for all it's got (I don't blame them), but I can't help but despair over the state of late capitalism with its incessant desire to destroy everything I once considered magical - like the world and its mysteries, the many things that exist alongside us we cannot understand. These are currently being ruthlessly gutted by billionaires right beneath the soil we tread. I can't feel renewed and inspired by the methodologies and practices being created by artists that I admire (I'll talk about them later); when I think about what the advent of hopefulness looks like in what is an otherwise unbearably bleak historical moment, performance ends up being less vehicular route of escape, and more a milieu that motorises a radical social proposition.

The context of all art is always important, yet its role in formulating the frames of witnessing and the making of otherworldly subjectivities is often overlooked. The subject of performance usually gets pinned on the ideas that materialise on bodies (corporeal or otherwise), but contextualisation is always key. At the very least, it's the thing that I choose not to ignore when I watch and make performances. I am longing for a critical discourse that accounts for that, to no

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avail. Wendy Perron in *Dance Magazine* wished for choreographers to edit 'rambling' because they end up 'losing our attention'. This practice of watching and discoursing circles around what seems to be a larger trend of artists making choices and criticisms of time/timing, who is/isn't allowed time on stage and otherwise. This view is also perhaps missing some of the utility behind rambling, and even boredom.

Criticism as Voices

In *The Times*, Donald Hutera wishes for less of what he describes as 'rudimentary' and 'cryptic' dance in Meg Stuart's *Until Our Heart Stops*, but how can dance be cryptic? Dance is what it is; and these words denounce more than they describe. Where is the interrogation of individual bias entering critical writing? Even as far back as 1994, Arlene Croce infamously wrote about Bill T. Jones' *Still/Here* in *The New Yorker* without even watching it, denouncing what she declared as a work 'discussing the undiscussable', a part of startling and dangerous [phantom] trend towards 'victim art'. Maybe it wasn't for her. *Shrugs*

Critical Interruptions Vol 1: Steakhouse Live

Look, I don't have many opinions on the shady world of criticism and I question its utility. Who does it really benefit and what is it doing, and for whom? I would like a critical discourse that accounts for the contexts being made by performances themselves, respective and detailed about what is being created and brought into the world and our consciousnesses, and I would certainly hope for a critical discourse that reflects more astutely on the value systems of those who write with power and authority, about the propositions made by performances.

Why does criticism do such a poor job of talking about where it is coming from? It doesn't feel at all reflective of anything but the glorified opinions of those who have historically benefitted the most from the system at play. It doesn't ever really talk about how the

placement of criticism is tied to corporate interests; and at the very least does not do any work to examine how those systems of value can actually run in opposition to the worlds and contexts being created by performances themselves. I have all but been forced to stop seriously reading the writing of many mainstream critics (being tied to historical and exclusionary ideas of genre, be it theatre, dance, literary, etc.) because they are seemingly unable to bear witness - the essential act to any performative gesture - and instead opt to do the thing that will tell them least about what they are watching: be wishful about something in their own image. While artists endeavor to produce new ideologies, critics have usually been preoccupied with defiling the utility of experimentation and propositioning, or at the very least, the complexities that operate at all levels of any performance encounter. Critics are woefully out of touch with the works that they write about.

I would like to read more criticism of the peculiarities of performance being made now, and why artists are making the choices that they are making. I would implore and advocate for criticism to consider what it may mean to bear witness. Performance is not a mirror in which you look at yourself, it's a portal to see how other worlds are enacted. The subject of performance is possibility.

I would also like to see critical discourse that engages directly with the historically White institutionality of its positioning in our collective culture - the learned patterns of looking and responding to performance work that take into account the many, many biases and exclusions of certain voices and bodies. I would like a critical discourse that wrestles with the power structures that don't emerge but are already present, yet rarely spoken about when criticism waves its wand of authority. Criticism parades around as if it understands the logics of performance, meanwhile ignoring that performance itself possesses its own and unique logics, frameworks, and even criticisms.

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Last Yearz Interesting Negro's piece *BASICTENSION* wrestles with the possibilities and placements of Black bodies in relation to White dance cultures. The piece opens up a space in which it is entirely possible to identify/disidentify/and not identify with the values and systems laden within those dance cultures, highlighting a certain tension surrounding our performing bodies. It is entirely possible for the Black mind and body to not only disagree, but also exercise agency to question whether or not there actually is a place for the Black body to exist/not exist within/or in relation to that culture. It's not a given.

Criticism as Voices

Daniel Brathwaite-Shirley's performative video and sound work figuratively and literally plays with the formal ontologies of Black transfeminism, by creating worlds that are defined by the logics of that experience, and the dreams of an ulterior world that posits trans needs as imperative ones, and Black survivability as the rule, not the goal. By defiantly creating the space to critique, by actualising another form of making and generating aesthetics, Brathwaite-Shirley's *Trans Demon* illustrates this idea poignantly, and defies the necessity to be translated into terms that are digestible for certain populations that operate unabashedly at the peril and exclusion of trans people of colour. In doing so the piece slams the White critique-complex that so often misunderstands the work and aesthetics existing purposefully and necessarily outside of those majoritarian hegemonies. Montreal-based choreographer Andrew Tay's *FAME PRAYER / Eating* also illustrates how to build a world of critique within a work, combining the curiosities around the aesthetics of queer spirituality and the many possibilities of choreographic form, all the while critiquing the ways we view and understand prevalent and neoliberal cultures of wellness.

Critical Interruptions Vol 1: Steakhouse Live

Emerging from its own unique frame and terms of viewership and witness, how do we critique the work that forges, leverages, and enu-

merates its own critiques, worlds, logics, and theories? How do we formulate critiques that use these tools to exist beyond the violences of the current theoretical frame? Beyond the authority of ill-willed conservatism? Beyond the hegemony of default Whiteness? Instead of writing critiques in the image of our own wishful thinking, critics should endeavor to bear better witness to the world's being suggested and enacted in order to forge anew the very ways that we see, view, and understand possibility.

LIVE WRITING INTERRUPTION

ASSIMILATION -
Marikiscrycrycry

+

Haiku after Victoria Sin

+

ATOEWEFTR / Soren Evin-
son & Charlie Hope

ASSIMILATION - Marikiscrycrycry

*hello i want to talk to you again -
reaching out heavenward
sound of silence
the vision that was planted in my brain*

IMAGE

**Justin Bieber Throws up on
Stage Youtube page**

marikiscrycrycry raising his voice at the microphone
- breathless - the naive, open eyed is a seductive image
cut into by a performance of pain.
as marikiscrycrycry convulses, hardened by the soft song
carefully applied glittered face
- i think of how i feel about 'justin bieber puking on stage'
i feel loss of an idolized, naive belief in the impervious body
a loss of innocence
brought on in me with force almost a
retching of the soul by

sexuality
boyhood

a precious, adorned and adored body
taken out of its cultural security blanket.

in marikiscrycry's case carefully staged
instead of interrupting a staging.

the violent retching and staggering
- executed with precision -
comes before we hear shots and marikiscrycry moves on the floor as
if hit.

what kind of state are we in
that upon hearing a shot and seeing a black body, I am immediately
transported into imagining young black men in the street, victims of the
police -
marikiscrycry functions here as an idol making effigy
performing a seance for the sound of silence
(-d voices)

which in this case is three gunshots -
and in achronological order: the heavy breathing, the moment the po-
tency of the image becomes alive, is when it's
blood blood bloody blood DEATH.

ayayayayayayay
when i'm dead i'm black
intones the automated voice from the screen
the cold white female voice
set as standard.
crycrycry
and what were you before?

vanity - at the mirror in the stage background
why apply glitter?
the estrangement of one's own features or
visibility?

Adderall, PTSD

exhaustively, *blood blood bloody blood*

a patriotic march

blood blood bloody blood DEATH

shimmering.

when we woke up this morning the spirit of our nation was broken

grief

in the possibility of being that body

that shot body

dragging testicles across the floor

from the blackout -

the coquette, short interplay on how the game is played with a glittered

face, a sweet wave

out of the dark -

strong open jumps - the resistance to be that body.

Black Lives Matter participant in my own life

is this made possible by assimilation?

-Katharina



MARIKISCRYCRYCRY, ASSIMILATION / MANUEL VASON @DARC.MEDIA

Haiku after Victoria Sin

My gender trouble is crispy
And fresh
And full fat

- Jennifer



VICTORIA SIN / IMAGE: JULIA BAUER

ATOEWETR / Soren Evinson & Charlie Hope

caveat lector

'let the reader beware'

beware that this performance uses strobe lighting, smoke, and takes place in a confined space.

or why I thought 'caveat lector', which was -

'i'm in a cave being read to'.

- actually, this performance IS strobe lighting, smoke, and being in a confined space.

A womb in flux, glistening golden on the inside. Malleable material - audibly shifting every time one of us in the audience moves. 'Emotional architecture' - if we could build rooms like we feel about them, in the shapes that correspond to the movements on our insides.

There is a mountain in this room, and this mountain will shift.

Words and their potency, without an image. In the cave, being read to, I am hearing a voice mediated by a microphone, a dystopian, machine kind of voice. While the golden foil distortions become visible, in flashes, the voice speaks about words, and the image, the word and the image colliding. I think of how reading a word supposedly produces an image in the mind, how by reading a word, we grasp its concept and go through the motions as if what we are reading is 'happening' to us in real time. (This is part of why 'priming' works - exposing people to certain words with connotations of a certain emotional coloring, before a task, to get a certain result.) But as I have been sitting for a while with my eyes closed,

I remember a conversation I had recently, about whether that actually happens, whether there is always already visual information forming in the brain upon the reception of a word. Drifting into the voice's commands, I think that words are potent, letters insist, and carry their autonomous sonic information into my thoughts without my making a mental image.

The voice speaks of the body. The bodies in relation to space and this structure - the audience sits in a semi circle as if facing a stage, yet there is not a body visible to represent, or for the audience to relate to. There are these shifting hills of foil though, slowly coming into motion, still under quickly changing light.

Now. now. now. now. Now.

- Katharina



SOREN EVINSON AND CHARLIE HOPE, ATOEWEFTR / JULIA BAUER

I KNOW WHAT YOUR NICHE INTEREST IS

EMMA SELWYN

Emma Selwyn is a crip, queer performance artist, facilitator and disability consultant. They are a performer with Access All Areas and Not Your Circus Dog, having performed at Royal Vauxhall Tavern, Electric Brixton, Soho Theatre and Queen Elizabeth Olympic Park. They have a chapter coming out on emancipatory disability research and crip queer performance with Liselle Terret.

My Hands and Feet are Wiggling came from a place of joy which I never thought could exist - and I wanted to capture it.

I had just come out of a toxic long-term relationship a day before starting the Performance Making Diploma course with Access All Areas in January 2016.

I wanted to explore my new-found freedom from the normative expectations of my partner and their family, and the validation and agency that I was enjoying with Access All Areas. I was at last beginning to acknowledge (and celebrate) that a 9-5 job, 2.4 kids and a white picket fence weren't for me... and, more importantly... that this was absolutely fine. For the first time, I began to believe that it was okay to choose not to be in a cisheteronormative¹ monogamous relationship and to be out and proud about being a spectrumite².

Learning that I didn't need to conform to normative criteria empowered and uplifted me. I had lived my life trying to conform to the expectations of a cisgender, neurotypical³ world. I was constantly exhausted and anxious: I felt like a circus doggy doing tricks to 'pass'

as acceptable in the eyes of the mainstream, normative society. The Performance Making Diploma gave me the self-confidence to challenge stereotypes and all those who perpetuate them. My facilitators and peers not only accepted me, but valued me and all my 'isms'.

*

Before the course, stimming⁴ was very much a dirty word in my book: I 'knew better' than to rock and flap or do all those weird things autistic people are stereotyped to do. *My Hands and Feet are Wiggling* was a way of celebrating the fact that I could now view this amazing phenomenon known as stimming as acceptable. It also allowed me to explore the chasm between socially acceptable and socially unacceptable stims. Seeing other openly disabled people in Access All Areas proud to be themselves made me feel that I had the permission to be far more open about my neurodivergence⁵, my queerness, and my me-ness.

*

The background music I chose for the piece was *Shrinking (or, My Hands and Feet are Wiggling)* by the Korean rapper Tymee, then known as E.via.

4 Stimming: short for 'self-stimulation', stimming is a movement and/or a sound that helps the person doing the stim to self-regulate their emotions. Common examples in mainstream society include biting nails, jiggling the leg and knuckle cracking, but there is no exhaustive list of specific things which categorically are or are not stims. People of any age, any race, any gender and any background stim without realising it.

5 Neurodivergence: sometimes known as neuroatypicality, this encompasses people with conditions such as autism, dyslexia, dyspraxia, and epilepsy and mental health issues. This list of neuroatypical conditions is not exhaustive.

Although silly, cutesy and catchy at first listen, the song was written and created during a very dark period in Tymee's life. She too felt forced to play the role of a circus dog and was treated badly by those who were supposed to support her (in this case, her record label).

The title of the song interested me. The nonsensical lyrics that leapt from topic to topic and played with rhymes, rhythms and sounds of words struck a chord and reminded me of stimming and what the joy of stimming could feel like.

Even before I started developing the performance, I noticed how it was perfectly fine for people to bite their nails, pout when thinking or twirl their hair, but not to wring their hands or rock or leap, and I learnt that all these behaviours were forms of self-regulating one's emotions. Listening to the song, and reading and writing out the lyrics, I discovered that it is a playful commentary on how rap shouldn't have to be cool all the time, and that there should be room for silly nonsensical fun in life.

*

I want critics to wonder how much of my piece (for example the awkwardness, the pursuit of 'niche obsessions') is deliberate and how much is unconscious. When am I playing the audience and when is my autism playing me? Is the stimming deliberate, or am I unable to prevent it? Is my exploration (some would say, ad nauseam) of one of my niche interests making a point, or have I forgotten the audience in the all-consuming throes of my latest obsession? I want critics to consider the relevance of my searching the room and then 'picking on' individual audience members.

I want the critics and the audience to wonder where my gaze is falling. Is this piece an exploration of autistic behaviours and identities?

An exploration of the audience's behaviours and assumptions? Or an unconscious self-indulgence on my part, showing little self-awareness? I hope too that they might consider the parallels between the straitjacket of neurotypical expectations and the straitjacket of the cisheteronormative lens through which so much of society views the world. I find it much harder to come out as neurodivergent than as queer.

*

As far as I am aware, there is very little exploration of autism in Live Art. The only autistic performers talking about autism that I know of are Paul Wady (who turned his book *Guerilla Aspies* into an Edinburgh Fringe show) and my colleagues from Access All Areas.

The media has perpetuated these stereotypes: the savant (*Rain Man*) or the Desexualised Man-Child With The Weird And Wacky Interests That Are Actually Obsessions Because He Is Autistic And Therefore Not Normal (Sheldon Cooper from *The Big Bang Theory* or Sam Gardner from *Atypical*.) As far as I know, almost all other work by autistic artists – and indeed by those merely playing the role of a spectrumite – has been male. I am not currently aware of any works which represent or discuss the autistic female. I would like critics to consider parallels – or even the lack thereof! – between my work, that of other spectrumites, neurotypical people who play autistic roles, and neurodivergent but non-autistic performers (for example Daniel Oliver, Katherine Araniello or Jess Thom, to name but a few).

*

Live Art was a good fit to explore my new-found confidence and make the social and political points I wanted. It helped me find a voice; before, I hadn't considered that I could be 'allowed' to chal-

lenge stereotypes and presuppositions. The immediacy of Live Art chimed with the urgency I felt to explore this new me; with the desire to challenge and educate those who had made assumptions about me because of my label.

The interaction with the audience was critical: I wanted them to feel my awkwardness and maybe experience some of it for themselves. I turned the arbitrariness of the audience's judgements, assumptions and stereotypes back on themselves⁶, challenging them but, I hope, reaching a shared understanding. Only Live Art allows for this synergy.

*

Criticism in art is vital. It helps improve work by encouraging dialogue and by providing interpretations of a piece. The latter can help audiences (and readers of a critique) to process a performance – and perhaps explore it in more depth. There is also the exciting (if sometimes challenging!) possibility of critics interpreting a piece in a way not expected or intended by the artist. For example, one critic wondered whether I had included the extensive and in-depth exploration of the game *Hatoful Boyfriend*⁷ as a method of exposing the audience to distance, alienation and confusion.

⁶ Here is a reaction from Professor Simon Baron-Cohen, who saw the performance for the Spectrum Art Prize: *Emma's performance could be seen as an example of a stereotypical autistic meltdown, instead she has used her 'negative behaviour' and turned it into a powerful, positive, civil rights performance.*

⁷ *Hatoful Boyfriend*: A Japanese video game in which the player is a human girl attending a school for gifted male birds; the player can choose to date several of the characters.

I hadn't intended to do so, but on reflection (and after asking people who had seen the work) I could see that this had indeed been the effect. Words like, 'boring', 'odd', 'too long', and 'confusing' were used. I hadn't fully explored my reasons for including this section. Its inclusion had come from a mix of ideas, none of which had been fully developed. There was the thought that I would enjoy talking about it; that some of the audience might want to go and find out more; that it was indicative of the huge variety of niche interests that exist. Somewhere in there, too, was the idea that anything (mainstream or otherwise) can be boring if dwelt on at too great a length. And somewhere, thoughts like 'yeah, this is me...deal with it' and 'am I so different to you?'

I suspect the fact that I find *Hatoful Boyfriend* so fascinating meant that I wanted everyone else to enjoy it, or at least see what it was like. I acknowledge that I may have been in my own little niche bubble of interests. Subsequent performances of *My Hands and Feet are Wiggling* have seen the *Hatoful Boyfriend* section significantly shortened: the critique improved this piece but will also, I hope, ensure I continue to develop my self-awareness in future work.

*

Most criticism is still offered in writing or face-to-face. It would be interesting to see critique explore more accessible avenues – for example video or audio. If such forms were to become better known and mainstream, they would start to democratise the critiquing process.

LIVE WRITING INTERRUPTION

Emma Selwyn / Selina
Bonelli / Jade Montserrat
+
Benjamin Sebastian / (a)
wake
+
London, Man

Emma Selwyn / Selina Bonelli / Jade Montserrat

Three Portraits

On Humour (the noise around normative behaviour, ticks, and care)

On Memory (from the tongue to the frame)

On Identity (the intimate act of public re-presentation)

//

Three Materials

On Voice (speaking out, speaking with, speaking through)

On Shards (strings, drips, broken down frames)

On Hair (the smell of burnt hair and the deliberate literalisation of ritual)

//

Three Instances

On Arriving to the stage, ready for a stand-up

On Following the red drip down the thread, the inadequate passing of time, folded memories on broken frames

On Ritual, social practice as religious practice.

- Diana



EMMA SELWYN, MY HANDS AND FEET ARE WIGGLING /
MANUEL VASON @DARC.MEDIA

Benjamin Sebastian / (a)wake

The magician's inscription of the word is precise and premeditated. He then quickly dismantled and reassembled it into a new unified form. Although the construction of a semiotic sign is deemed arbitrary, the word inscribed by the magician appears like a sigil, both the word and the sign.

The fire he had lit from the start, marking the commencement of this performance, continues to burn and diffuses the room with a layer of smoke. He then sits on the chair that is already set up for him, the area marked by a small oriental rug, a bottle of disinfectant on the floor.

The sigil is inscribed onto the body. The ritual has begun.

No, it had already begun. I have entered this enclosed space as witness of this ritual. I feel claustrophobic and subconsciously aware that I am suffocating from the fire that starts to puff out black smoke. It is the magician's doing: this nauseating fume to anaesthetise us all and the mechanical chant mimicked by the continuous hum of the needle.

I look down and my notepad is specked with ashes. I look up and the magician is smothering himself in gold.

There must be some kind of pleasure in the act of smearing this iridescent golden substance, perhaps resisting the inscription of the black ink that the magician constructed for himself. Or does the pleasure derive from the pain inflicted by this process of embodiment?

The fire is re-lit and his kaleidoscopic face illuminates momentarily. A glimpse of magic in action.

The flag that he slowly pulls out from his own body is opened out.

RISE

RISE

RISE

We all rise to this command. The ritual is complete.

- Palin



BENJAMIN SEBASTIAN, (A)WAKE / IMAGE: MANUEL VASON @DARC.MEDIA

London, Man



BOJANA JANKOVIĆ



BOJANA JANKOVIĆ

A collection of 1, 2, and 3 bedroom apartments, in a thriving, up-and-coming area of buzzing East London. Close to all the amenities and less than 30 minutes from Canary Wharf. Luxury features include balconies that provide rare direct views over strange practices of radical, live and experimental artists.

- Bojana

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,

JASMINE SHIGEMURA LEE

Jasmine Shigemura Lee is an interdisciplinary artist who creates Live Art and installation. In her practice she explores identity and vulnerability through the use of humour, illusion and interaction. She is a member of '@ some point', a group of people prodding the ideas of productivity and work.

In the future someone tells me about being in Lancaster, seeing an immersive experience based on the Twitter feed of Tim Etchells and I tell someone else all about it, so vividly to the detail of the fire alarm going off mid-show and that daddy longlegs drifting over the projector, forgetting I was never really there. In the future our computers are obsolete, we pre-book in advance to use slow, noisy machines to access texts and images. In the future, printouts of blogs are filed by unpaid interns. But for now, through the internet and social media, we have access to criticism and opinion on Live Art instantaneously. This is a post-internet age in which social media force us to construct situations off-line and make references to events that never really happened. In the future, web links are broken and I can no longer view the Steakhouse Critical Interruptions live writing. I try to remember what it looked like and wonder if any of the hyperlinks still exist.

I encounter the Critical Interruptions live writing after the live experience has occurred. At first glance it is familiar, and I recognise the artists' names and the references used in posts. The digital form of the live writing gives the impression of endlessness as I scroll down to go backwards in time. Critical interruptions are moments running parallel to the live event rather than post-show, yet the blog posts also exist in an archival state. This is the time of Brexit – such references to current affairs (and pop culture) are embedded within the writing, and highlight the landscape in which the performance works are experienced. At one point, there is an assembly of Trump and Hillary images - this is pre-election with all the tense uncertainty of the future ahead. The outcome of Trump winning the election is an impossibility in a parallel world. In the future, we live in an even more uncertain time. Fake news is often trending. In the future, these contextual posts are important for understanding the political and social climate of the live performances, and how this may have influenced the experience or the interpretation of the event.

We often attempt to recall how we felt during past events and hesitate, wondering if we were actually there. We encounter responses to Live Art through social media and have become accustomed to the endless digest which has affected our sense of time, experience, and attention spans. I hope this is still interesting enough to keep on reading. We imagine the person who uncovers ancient tweets physically mining, scrolling through years and years of information (although with Trump there was no need for scrolling). This is a time of constant reminders, even scrolling downwards to go backwards in time is no longer so straightforward. On Facebook, we are notified of our activity on that same day each year, disrupting the linear timeline, highlighting how much or little things have changed, uncovering posts which we thought had long vanished into a history pre-timeline. Is it possible that our collective memories are fake news? Often when asked to describe the feeling after a traumatic event members of the public refer to a sense of filmic reality and disaster scenes, stating 'it was like in a film'. The medium of film provides the possibility of presenting the impossible, and in referencing widely known scenes we understand the emotional feeling, through a collective memory of something that never happened. The live nature and form of the Critical Interruptions writing delivers a sense of urgency to declare thoughts and reminders.

Reading the live writing is like reading a secret diary. I want to know what's going on but a part of me feels like it's an underground activity. Perhaps these digital texts can be seen as criticism that simultaneously engages in generating Live Art fan art. In the future, Owen Parry pops up in a new window and reminds us that the Live Art references might be a bit inside-joke. But for now, through this embedded criticism, we can understand potential influences and gain an insight into the process and history of Live Art. Process is particularly what a Live Art fan wants to read about. Live Art in London is comparable to *Made in Chelsea*: a 'reality' show in which the

chosen characters are bound to cross paths in the same venues, or even beyond, at international gatherings. Live information is gossip, is tribute, and is uncertain. Even if an episode was missed, you are convinced you saw it all from the adverts, or from being interested on Facebook. Each second in the Live Art sphere, notifications and reminders are sent. There is a sense of exclusivity and a fear of missing out which is partly nourished by social media posts and post-show echoes, yet often the overwhelming amount of things to see and be interested in collides into nothingness.

In the future we don't trust hyperlinks. In the future, records of tweets are used as instructions for re-enactments by Live Art fan groups. In the future there is a mini projector that live streams the face of a chosen critic in the corner of the live performance. We are free to occasionally glance at the facial expression reaction and mirror it if we so wish. The face is automatically detected and tagged unless the rebel critic decides to be invisible, painting a triangle over their mouth and a rectangle over their eyes. But for now, we are lost in never-ending networks and links we loop around to validate meanings, surviving through alternate realities. The fragmented nature of the Critical Interruptions live writing and hyperlinks echoes the way we might recall a memory of an event and share it with others. In the writing, multiple views on the same performance are presented like an ongoing conversation, and the varied styles of writing and presenting ideas are intertwined, some more list-like, others more descriptive and combined with links and visual imagery. We gain a feeling of multiple voices in a discussion. The hyperlinks to other writing, videos and images add to the sense of endlessness we feel when scrolling through and often back up statements and concepts. What happens when these links no longer work? How might we develop relevant critical writing about Live Art in a post-internet age?

Let me just get a cup of
tea and sit down, I want to
hear all about it / Hester
Chillingworth

+

On Point/s

+

Suggested post

Let me just get a cup of tea and sit down. I want to hear all about it /
Hester Chillingworth

So then I said, deary me I really wish that the middle of England, the middlest of classes, wouldn't go on so much, all that hot air flying around over the radio waves, puffed out of comfortable pockets to pass the time... which is such a luxury isn't it... I mean, it's one way to avoid excessive central heating bills in the winter, a woollen blanket of radio waves... And sometimes I feel quite affectionate towards them really, and the fact that they just keep banging on regardless, but then I always stop myself because I think honestly, couldn't that energy be better placed... It really does just make them look a bit ridiculous the minute it's out of their mouths and then comes out of the mouth of another... It really makes you think doesn't it?

- Jennifer



HESTER CHILLINGWORTH, HOME CORRESPONDENT / JULIA BAUER

On Point/s

One: The Transborder Immigrant Tool

'a mobile phone technology that provides poetry to immigrants crossing the US- Mexico border while leading them to water caches in Southern California desert'

Investigated by Republican Congressmen, FBI Office of Cybercrimes and University of California San Diego in 2010.

Two: Ronald McDonald is taking a break from clowning, until the hysteria calms down. "Clown Lives Matter? Oh my God. I really don't know that's a good idea," said Lorenzo Pisoni, a dramatic actor who originally began performing as a clown when he was two years old, and has just completed a documentary, Circus Kid, about growing up in the ring.

Three: The revoking of the licence for Fabric as a result of inadequate searches of people entering the club, and drug-related deaths.

Four: The Royal Vauxhall Tavern has gained Grade II listing status, to end on a high note.

- Diana.

Suggested post

Foreign accents coming from Radio 4, reproduced by Hester Chillingworth. Foreign accents echoing through a room in middle England, a nostalgia-ridden room, where patina breeds comfort. Remember when we lived retro, and the family got together in the kitchen on Sunday afternoons, to listen to Radio 4 drama, proper drama, not like the things they do today, and the foreign voices were exotic, because they didn't follow you wherever you went.

Foreign accents coming from Radio 4, reproduced by Hester Chillingworth. Foreign accents echoing through a room in England, the England Theresa May imagines in a cricket club, the England she thinks of when policies come to her head. Remember when we could live in denial, when England would tell you, over a pint or two or three, *that you're blowing this whole xenophobia thing out of proportion, and really, you're overreacting, there are idiots everywhere.*

Foreign accents coming from Radio 4, reproduced by Hester Chillingworth. The accents are fake, the foreigners are fake, the sepia-tinted middle England is fake, but I run away for real, because, as it turns out, I can't stomach any more foreign accents coming from Radio 4.

Maybe that's something we have in common - this mythical England that helps win elections and I?

The good news is, the Home Office will now pay selected immigrants to brainstorm ideas on how to make their own lives worse.

- Bojana



LIVE WRITING HUB AT STEAKHOUSE LIVE / JULIA BAUER

I HAVE 7 TATTOOED ON MY
LEG

KATY BAIRD

Katy Baird is an artist, curator and producer of Live Art. Katy has performed at Live Art festivals and venues as well as squat parties, clubs and raves. She co-produces Steakhouse Live, a DIY platform for radical performance practices and has recently been appointed as the new Artistic Director of Home Live Art.

1 A (kind of) beginning

Last year I left my steady, paid and full-time job in arts administration to become a freelance artist and producer.

Spending more time on developing Steakhouse Live was one of the major reasons.

I wanted to raise its profile so that it could be more successful and consequently even more ambitious. I even had the crazy idea that if I worked really hard then maybe we could all ultimately get paid for all the work we put in as a collective.

Steakhouse Live started its life five years ago as a one-off performance event in London. That first event was a bumpy ride, but we realised a few things pretty quickly – there is most definitely an audience for this type of work, watching performance can and should be fun, there are loads of amazing artists making incredible live work and nowhere near enough places for them to perform.

Most of all, we realised that the thrill of creating a space for performance to happen was addictive and that we definitely wanted to do it again.

2 Dominant discourses of neoliberalism dictate almost every aspect of life

Fast-forward five years and I am sitting in a café in Folkestone trying to make a five-year Business Plan for Steakhouse Live. I wrote down all the things we might need to be more successful - a glossy brochure, a logo, an Artistic Director, a pull-up banner, contracts, a marketing department, branded t-shirts for our volunteers, branded tote bags for our artists, a board, useful contacts, a cohesive vision – the list went on and on.

Then I thought about what we have lots of already – freedom.

The freedom to make things happen when we want and how we want.

The freedom to be rowdy, to have a laugh and to be last minute.

The freedom to build relationships with artists we love and to acknowledge that we are helping each other.

The freedom to be highbrow and lowbrow simultaneously.

The freedom to not take ourselves too seriously.

The freedom to make mistakes and to fail.

The freedom to prioritise the work, the artists and the audience over anything else that pulls at our time or resources.

3 The strength of the underground is its capacity to disassociate itself from corrupted dialogues¹

Being under the radar means that we can be an incubator, a space where artists can try out new ideas or revisit a previous work in a relaxed and supportive environment. All the ‘proper’ Live Art festivals in the UK are a crucial part of the performance ecology, but being that step before, being the no-pressure testing ground for new ideas and ways of working, is also important.

4 A rejection of professionalism is a rejection of everything looking the same

After a year of working out how we can be more successful, I finally stopped to ask myself what success looked like.

Success doesn't necessarily have to mean being professional or having a high profile outside our small Live Art bubble. Success can simply mean continuing to do what we do and making sure that it's always shit hot. Maybe this is obvious, but it has actually taken me a whole year to realise.

The Critical Interruptions project is the perfect example of us having the freedom to take risks, test out new ideas and facilitate alternative models of working. As an artist and a promoter of Live Art, I am acutely aware that the work I love is often under-served within mainstream media and critical writing in general; rather than complain about this, we thought (as always) we should just do something about it ourselves! That's when we invited Bojana and Diana to help us map out possible new ways of responding to Live Art.

5 Live Art is sooo instagrammable

Live Art is a way of thinking about and interacting with the world. It is a refuge of sorts for artists whose work is not easily identifiable or classified. At Steakhouse Live we use the term Live Art to talk about artists who are working at the edges of more traditional art forms and responding to the here and now in a very immediate way.

As an artist, I understand the importance of visual documentation and how essential it is to be able to show your work to prospective employers; as a promoter, I understand the importance of visual documentation and how essential it is to selling our events. Now more than ever, we live in a highly visual, image-led world where we continually document our lives, every day.

Considered criticism adds a crucial third layer of documentation. Critical Interruptions live writing did exactly that, working in harmony with film and image to create a 360-degree experience of the festival and the work.

6 All responses are valid

Live performance at Steakhouse is visceral in nature - it can trigger a feeling, an emotion, a memory, a thought and so much more. As a society, we are obsessed with creating meaning. Often when I see live work with someone new to Live Art, the first question they ask me afterwards is 'but what does it mean?'. I usually reply with 'but how did it make you feel?'

The Critical Interruptions project blog contains thoughts, feelings, facts, meanders, tangents, memories, histories, video clips and personal memoirs, discussing everything from glitter to Goethe.

It is written by critical writers new to writing about Live Art which means there's no defaulting to the overly academic words that we often use when talking about this type of work (something I find myself doing more and more).

It replicates the multiple and varied responses an audience member can have when they experience live work.

It is not just preoccupied with 'what did it mean?' but also 'how did it make you feel?'

It actively rejects the formal, the professional, the idea of critic as an 'expert' and revels in the fractured, the immediate, the natural and the direct.

It explores the possibilities of liveness and challenges how the live is consumed.

It is a snapshot of the time the work was made and displayed in.

Both the live writing and this publication are important resources and an opportunity to think about the many ways Live Art can be written about and responded to. It has been a great privilege for all of us at Steakhouse Live to have been a small part of this process.

7 Sometimes the only option is just to do it yourself

LIVE WRITING INTERRUPTION

A close encounter:
Eunjung Kim's Off

+

Fragments and
wholeness: IMMA

+

Pieces I wish I had written

A close encounter: Eunjung Kim's Off

My experience with Eunjung Kim's piece falls under the term 'encounters' more than the forms of a 'performance' I've experienced these past 2 days. There was no conventional sense of walking through a closed door or dark curtains which signify a 'performance space'; I was simply on my way back to my writing desk, after leaving Sandra Johnston's performance in the Fire Room, when I encountered Kim lying on the floor just by the the staircase.

Covered in bright yellow goo, she curled and stretched. The gooey paint sticks to the entire length of her body. It was a slow process in which Kim slowly slithers on the floor, stopping each passerby, causing confusion, intrigue, or disinterest.

The colour yellow reminded me of what it signified for Nicholas Tee in his performance 'No, I don't speak Chinese' - does the colour yellow also weigh her down like the goo that restrains her from moving forward?

Kim is moving, very slowly, on the edge. The edge between fiction and reality, and the boundaries of cultural identities.

It has come to a point where my thoughts coagulate; brain is jelly-fied.

- Palin



EUNJUNG KIM / MANUEL VASON @DARC.MEDIA

space', then slips through any grasping fingers because she is resolutely her Own.

bigassmessage.com/dd855

- Jennifer



IMMA, THIS COULD BE THE LAST TIME / MANUEL VASON @DARC.MEDIA

Pieces I wish I had written

- 1) on boredom
- 2) on the body as idol
- 3) on reception
- 4) on awkwardness

- Katharina

A Postscript

Keywords

We resist the claim that criticism is solely an evaluative, neoliberal, journalistic practice. We are dissatisfied with granting power to a tradition of criticism that conflates reviewing and thinking, upholds structures of authority that render most discourses invisible, and erases the multiple, rich histories of engagement and reflections marginal to it. We say it again: criticism is not reviewing.

Live Art is marked by resistance, hybridity, intervention, community and politics - and we see criticism as part of that fabric. What often passes as criticism - broadsheet journalism, or online publications that work in that tradition - often severs the work from its politics or context. Too much power is afforded to a model that fails to grant meaningful visibility or exposure to marginal work; instead, it erases the nature of criticism as a form of political thought.

Our work is an intervention; we experiment with critical form and scope, find new languages through which to think about privilege, inequality, discrimination, political and economic collapse and do this alongside and with artists.

Criticism in Live Art draws on the same hybridity as the artistic practices that sit within it. It's not just writing and it's certainly messy.

Critical case for diversity

Diversity is not a replacement term for *the other*; equality is a better term.

Thinking about who gets to write is not enough; how about who feels invited to write, why they don't, how welcoming we are to new languages and approaches, and how all of that can change. [we don't

always feel invited, because of our names, and that's ok, we'll do the changing bit.]

Thinking about who gets to write is not enough; inclusion and exclusion are experienced by audiences too. Who feels invited to be in the audience, why they don't, what barriers are put in front of absent audiences, and how that can change, are also questions of criticism.

We should refuse to grant power to structures that continually marginalise and render invisible.

Authority

We claim none. We're just here for a conversation. Plurality is far more adaptive, reflective and just better.

Money

Someone once told us that we can't get paid before we pay our dues, and it stank of privilege and ignorance. Someone recently asked us if it's ok to mention money, or if that's too crass, and that, I guess, is what they call the generation gap.

No one should pay their dues; everyone should get paid; we will mention money; we're sorry we couldn't pay more.

Arts Council England is already funding criticism [like right now! look!] Let's not hide our relationship anymore.

Journalism

Is not (the only place) where criticism lives.

Is not the pinnacle of every writer's career.

We don't write about Live Art because we hope someone will let us write about plays one day.

We write because we have an investment in the same issues as those we write with and sometimes, about.

There's no critical hierarchy with reviewers at the top.

Writing about Live Art is writing in search for alternatives.
Writing about Live Art is thinking with.
Criticism is a political event.

Models / Form

We need to develop sustainable models, and this requires thinking about transparency, process, language and modes of engagement. There is no neutral language, just as there is no neutral form. Sometimes, language isn't even the best mode of criticism. We're in search of what came before, what speaks to now, and what might follow. Live writing is one of our approaches for creating spaces that are multi-vocal, and that open up different modes of engagement with performance in the moment of its occurrence. We'll keep thinking. Let's do it together.

Something about Brexit

Too late. Should have written about it before, I guess.

- Critical Interruptions

CRITICAL INTERRUPTIONS VOL I: STEAKHOUSE LIVE IS THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF PUBLICATIONS EXPLORING CRITICISM IN LIVE ART.

*

WE BEGIN FROM THE POSITION THAT CRITICISM IS A POLITICAL EVENT, FORMED AT THE CONFLUENCE OF ARTISTIC PRACTICE AND THE POLITICS IT LIVES IN, ATTACKS, REINFORCES OR CREATES. WE BEGIN FROM THE PREMISE THAT THE ECOLOGY OF CRITICISM IS NOT ONE OF JOURNALISM, BUT OF ART PRACTICE. WE BEGIN WITH A DISREGARD FOR CRITICISM AS SECLUDED WORK AND INSTEAD, PROPOSE CRITICISM AS A COLLABORATIVE PRACTICE. WE BEGIN WITH THE PREMISE THAT RADICAL, EXPERIMENTAL OR NON-NORMATIVE ART PRACTICE REQUIRES AN ONGOING INTERROGATION OF CRITICAL FORM AND LANGUAGE.

*

CRITICALINTERRUPTIONS.COM

