

*and firstly, i am so cruel words are for whispering and dont you fucking yell at me*

untitled, (on-going performance series)

lying atop a white shelf (measured to my exact height/width, hung to take my weight 2 ½ metres from floor level), placed behind a translucent white veil.

full black uniform, listening to lana del rey, honeymoon, born to die and ultraviolence \*album(s) on repeat

one, fri 06.11.15 6-8pm

duration: two hours  
(honey moon, album)

thought process(es), physical:

for the first 15 minutes (and intermittently throughout) i was relatively anxious, constantly undertaking light self grooming and readjusting my body so as to appear aesthetically well composed.

(i anticipate that as the attempts require a longer duration to be sustained a need for 'comfort' will surmount an interest in aesthetic composition or consideration of the body for the audience)

body (self) consciousness:

drapery of uniform over the arms/torso, the sensation of fabric on skin

angle of feet/ankles (preferably displayed at right angle)

angle of the neck/face (to ceiling, not allowing the self to view who, if anyone, is present),

tension in shoulders and shaking of the legs

ways to occupy with minimal movement:

breathing exercises, holding breath, biting tongue/lips, intentionally blurring vision, attentiveness to changing light, looking out the window (only when people are not present) and allowing/encouraging visceral day dreaming

i recall thinking about jumping down on four separate occasions, i visioned it vividly: at approximately 6:45, 7:30, 7:45 and 8 (pm), i largely associate this need with physical discomfort

(will take paper and pencil to note these times in more accuracy)

i could not see or hear anyone with precision, besides a low murmur / the movement of the veil in my right periphery, this terrified me.

(i was/am able to register a persons physical presence by the gradual elevation of room temperature due to their production of body heat, the smell of strong body odour or scented perfume/aftershave,

(am able to identify those i know very well by scent, and if they happen(ed) to be speaking: vocal inflection, pitch and pace)

i became acutely aware of the windows being open, being very cold and how a small bug had flown in (a mosquito attracted by the light, presumably) and onto the ceiling above me. i recall smiling at it and thinking on how if it were to bite me, how exactly i would let it.

thought process, mental/emotional:

a feeling of heavy set sadness sunk in at approximately 7 (pm), as i knew it would inevitably: due to social deprivation, inability to move and lack of sensory overload/stimulation.

confluent with heavy thought processes on my fears and failings, the work as a death bed, on the dying process: held breath and clenched jaw, fists. attempted to simulate subtly.

thoughts on the work (its origin perhaps?) as mimetic of my recent insatiable need to be alone (in my apartment, three floors up), how being untouchable/uncontactable by choice is important, powerful, rupturing and soothing.

that very bad  
very very sad  
very very very  
worst worst  
awful awful awful,  
that just happened

concept. a (preferably bathroom) door placed 'free standing' bolted to the concrete floor in the centre of a large warehouse. a second person locking us both 'in' to sit against either side, facing away from each other /back to back with door between. to be expanded upon, but i believe this could be the seven hour durational. titled, do anything, but don't slam doors

breaking windows with bricks

unfounded

i think the people down the hall from me are going through a break up

two, tue 10.11.15 5-8pm

duration: three hours  
(born to die, album)

thought process(es), physical: the descriptive word i would ascribe to the physical sensation of having consumed too much caffeine prior to lying still for three hours is "fizzing" acutely aware of my socks and shoes which felt awkward and too tight around my feet, with an immense pressure/ perceived weight in the heels. numbness of the hands and face, a feeling of slight paralysis involuntary twitching in the left leg and clamping of the jaw, attempted to focus on relaxing which in turned offered further rigidity i perceived the period of time between 6:05 and 7:30 (pm) as if only 10 minutes had passed back of head felt as though a small pebble was placed beneath, due to consistent pressure on one point (slowly becoming more comfortable and able to 'trust the shelf' and not lay so close to the wall, allowing more room for left arm and an ease of tension in the neck) closing of eyes tightly produced a feeling of intense spinning and falling downward to the right and back up quickly, a feeling i had wrongly presumed exclusive to excessive alcohol and/or narcotic intake. which was awful, but as most awful things are, bearable to a certain extent. the bright white of the walls and ceiling become a very light blue immediately after opening the eyes, having had them closed tightly concerned about blood flow, felt as though blood was rushing to my face and pelvic region, also that it was all pooling downward thought process, mental/emotional: realised this work is underwhelming to view, as it privileges that which the audience cannot see (my thought processes) over what i give them to view (my body) i left the ladder in the space directly beside me, due to not having enlisted an active assistant, but i think i like it, for three reasons. for one, having it right next to me makes my staying up more difficult, as i could (just) physically get down at any point two. the audience could climb up, touch/view me if so they wished to three. sculpturally i begun daydreaming (eyes open) on three separate occasions, outlined below is the general premise of each, one. running in rain, running my hands over her face, through her hair two. through garden to cathedral, up stairwell, out to ocean view three. imagined myself "radiating" out to reach lyall bay beach, oriental bay, the botanical gardens and everything in between, all at once thought about dying again, was more fleeting than sustained this time thought on my current belief(s), that i do not want a child (from my body) or a significant other, ever. how i want to work, to be alone. thought about what not having a child (from my body) or a significant other, ever, might be like while everyone i know does. thought further on my not having a child (from my body) or significant other, ever. concluded it is because of a fear of death, my own and that of everything i \*love, that i should really get over it, be open to and offer care when, where and while i can. how i would adopt if the circumstance should arise thought on how many couples in the world might be currently experiencing 'the big fight' before a break up, how 'the big fight' involves absolute violence (often, in absolutely every sense of the word), cried.

three, (substance 1)  
fri 13.11.15 12-4pm  
duration: four hours  
(honeymoon, album)

thought process(es), physical:

this attempt was far less lucid, besides peaks in physical attentiveness. pressure, weight

blow flow was of concern again. head ache, held pulse, heart rate elevated. stressed.

tried to imagine the physical sensation of floating out into the ocean on a buoyant piece of foamed plastic, measured to my exact dimensions.

my fear of the ocean

a shift in physical perception of depth ,distance between shelf and floor seemed immense today, had to convince myself of a similar feeling to being on the ground.

my fear of heights

thought process, mental/emotional:

the reduction of any opportunity for exterior stimulus, is terrifying (and boring)

the work as a big car ride (a space in between, privileging the destination over the experience of being present)

sung the following lyrics from 'the climb' by miley cyrus to myself, eight times.

'ain't about how fast i get there, ain't about what's waiting on the other side, it's the climb'.

laughed to/ at myself (caught myself laughing to/ at myself), stopped immediately.

my fear of (being in) cars

it's when you can't sleep and you stare at the ceiling, then think everything all at once.

when you wake and search in the dark for anything recognisable and can't find anything, that.

four wed 18.11.15 11-4

duration: 5 hours

(born to die, album)

thought process(es), physical: blood flow to hands, severely lacking, purple, white colouration restlessness. constant anxious biting of nails, aggressive kicking wall, constant pressing of hands into eyes, face, pressure points, pulse pulling sleeve down over hands, restraint of the wrists with sleeve behind head biting of skin on lips, hands, knuckles, arms thought process, mental/emotional: i cried on and off, almost constantly for the first hour. i am unsure if anyone encountered me while i cried, i felt embarrassed only for my want to be quiet about it. thought on concepts of 'genuine' and 'fabricated' emotion, i am very sad, certainly, genuinely, sunk in uncomfortably cannot see through sadness to anything that might result in affirmative action of any kind, to alleviate heavy set sadness. experiencing everything as if from a great distance i am a liar, i lie a little, a lot. i lie through my teeth, to myself, mainly, it's all troubled waters i need to be more careful, clear. i have a very loud internal monologue, encourages recklessness my imagination is dangerous, volatile, potent and when manifest externally, basically, a big fucking problem i just act upon everything goodness, i am so pensive.

five thu 19.11.15 10-4

duration: hours

(honeymoon, album)

experienced this attempt as if having just clambered out my bedroom window at three am to see a lover, except in broad daylight, and everyone already knows the trouble i am in

thought process(es), physical.

restlessness, involuntary clenching of jaw and hands

daylight in eyes, pressure building in back of skull, headache

11am held breath, heart rate elevated (along with other physical symptoms of oxygen deprivation)

11:01am nausea, panic attack

11:11am down, cigarette

12:12pm up, again

1:00pm down, again, cigarette

2:22pm up, again

thought process, mental/emotional:

a self prescribed action can be un-subscribed simply,

'no one needs to endure \*this',

\*by 'enduring this' i mean lying still  
with a reoccurring traumatic affliction surfacing, i pushed again and again up against until breaking

i understand suffering and art are synonymous (specifically where the artist persona and endurance performance is involved), yet all that was clear was my instability, how physical stillness offered the opposite mentally, a rupture occurred.

for an hour i lay with my shirt pulled up tightly over my face, exposing my stomach (with a constant arching of the back to reduce pressure in the spine and to accentuate the rib cage, visibility of breathing).

the t-shirt over my face was a desperate act of resistance against getting down again, a hiding in plain sight, at odds with the general serene placidity i had made a conscious attempt to connote in the four prior attempts, (for the comfort of the audience).

with the skin of the stomach exposed, i let my arms rest alongside my ears, hand above my head, (yet again, accentuating the rib cage and visibility of breathing). my hands felt heavy, went numb.

in a reclined position with the stomach exposed, the inability to utilise my hands, the headphones cancelling the majority of exterior sound and the t-shirt making breathing and seeing nearly impossible i began to feel a weightlessness, (i associate this with oxygen deprivation).

with the physical vulnerability of my body and emotional state betrayed by their proximity to the audience/physical elevation, a group of (approximately 10) teenagers entered the room.

each in turn exclaimed (and continued to yell) at my presence, collectively touching my fingertips, and attempting to convince each other of their convictions as to whether i was 'real', or 'not real' / (a robot).

two reasons i am 'real' according to approximately 10 teenagers. \*abbreviated quotations

look they're breathing, look  
the fingertips are moving, look

four reasons i am 'not real' / (a robot) according to approximately 10 teenagers, \*abbreviated quotations

no one would do that  
why would someone do that?  
they wouldn't be able to ignore us  
theirs a cord

one boy, after much discussion was nominated/volunteered to climb the ladder to view/touch me. so he did, while being dared to tickle and/or stab me (i was fine with either, as long as he did not attempt to sit atop the shelf, as the weight threshold is mine).

i made a concerted effort to not flinch as he removed my right shoe (and threw it across the room). i had anticipated leaving the ladder would prompt a physical intervention of my passivity.

it confronts concepts of self (worth?) pointing to the fragility of the human condition, that to be ignored (actively, otherwise, in any context) involves a brutal destabilising of actuality.

i am blind drunk, secondly

and firstly, i am so cruel words are for whispering and don't you fucking yell at me

because the curtain fell down in my apartment during our final big fight, months ago, and it was purgatory when the light streamed in, and i left the curtain on the floor where it fell and lay down next to it at my window to watch your plane leave

the bottle collection that breaks below my window every morning is important, something we can't say, waking up to the sound of breaking glass is crucifying,

because i managed to make it inside before the rain started, because the demolition site and the sound of breaking glass out my window in the morning are everything to me and nothing to you.