Volume 2

Writings

Hayley Newman

Submitted in accordance with the requirements for the degree of PhD, University of Leeds, Department of Fine Art, March 2001.

The candidate confirms that the work submitted is her own and that appropriate credit has been given where reference has been made to the work of others.
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Shot in the Dark, Crystalline II and Hook and Eye

Sketch book notations written as *aides-mémoire* before performances occurring between 1996 and 1998. These lists are examples of texts produced outside of an awareness of their own eventual publication.
Crystalline II
Sway
Hips
Move Vig.
Arms
Thrust forward
Arm swing
Lift foot
Heels
Turn
Calf muscles

Shot in the Dark
Hand held flash on dress
Turn R – flash on dress
Turn R – flash on dress
Turn R – flash on dress
Turn R – flash on dress
Turn R –
Turn R – face back – bend over flash
Turn R –
Lift arm
Body building
Contortion
Bend over legs and straighten
Forward/back movements
1.2.3
Turn
Hands on bum
Hands on body

Hook and Eye
Right arm repeat
Right and left arm
Open knees
Rhythmic train
Slow
Jackie Chan
Circular arm
Leg swing
Breasts
*Kiss Exam, A Translation of the Sensation of the Left Hand into the Right and Sleepingbag/Postbag*

Written during three different performances, these texts attempt to both document action and communicate the sensation of performing as it happens.
BEST COPY

AVAILABLE

Variable print quality
A simultaneous translation of the feeling of kissing into text.

I will try to describe the feelings of the kiss and my thoughts at different moments during the kiss. So from now on all my thoughts will be transcribed as they happen in the performance without last for 1 hour.

The tongue is playing against my teeth in small movements. It is now playing with his tongue. Biting lips against my cheek. Grin against grin with breath in awe. Fish shorts against one and other. Tongue in side my mouth. My hand goes into his hand. His nose on the tip of my cheek. We are kissing on one side hand on bottom (right) at the absurdity. My eyes are gone. Screamed and can't see the text to think while kissing.
It's sort of not very passionate
turning me to really consider
kissing this boy. His eyes
are closed and mine are open.
Right leg is shaking as its
don't stand here. I just
peeled his eyes. He has left
and right side is extra around
my heart he keeps coading
in path to the passion of
kiss. I wish could
take more. Yes must hire breast
smells as if he was dist.
not hot. My legs are between
my ma and I keep with need
as fire. It just happened agan.
A panic like. He is imagining
my heart and chest. My Jeff
her hair on his neck.
Blinked. He was at look towards each
Rip off paper only
My hand feels gentle on his
My mouth licks at each rose
I close my sealed lips
Sore and raw has about
I am and now moved on
The wall to everything
I have never before
Heard the sound of shining
I want to reach in to
Stop and reach in to
Reach and reach in to
Reach and reach in to
Reach and reach in to
Some of tears to
End of tears to
Middle, mark on mark, and
They will come again I'm standing
On my feet to reach my hand
In his hair, that his hand and
Well my arm, I can feel my
Self in times like...
Change of pen has her Nepal over me shoulder. Soft touch feel his front teeth with my tongue. Another hour goes. He has just entered city at first or someone with a face. It's getting so that my mouth is closed for most of the time or more closed than it is any hour. Explore the top of his mouth with my tongue. It's quite high. Tongue on top hang. He has these right small tongue. Fingers can tell. The boy that he is very good. His side feel is soft. Hand on my heart just started to beat quickly.
pulling against two bodies, comforted posite... don't want to write this any more. It's difficult to be certain where the lines want to be able to move into your unconscious.


Reposition. Start straight on again. Setting left lips touch quick his lips. Play with end of tongue. Kiss. Right arm on waist, left arm up on shoulder. Shaking head, pulling my buttocks into him. My left hand on his arm. Very romantically move up to neck. Suck bottom lip... bite his tip. My left knee is in his grand twist the side over his left leg. Stop. Step again. Softly moving tongues around back over again. Deeper. I feel his tongue

Soft kisses near my legs. Touch all side for the first time.

I can't see the man. I don't know where is in his mouth. More than mile is in his frame. He tight bond between us. Breathe again. He looks into my eyes. The precision of the scene is not happen at the Kyoto. It's because very difficult.
made an up to his holder
smile. Kiss softly. He's looking
into my eyes.
Bit more calmly and straight to get
more close to the nose. Small kisses. Kiss
more softly. Almost time to
start to alien.

And burst of milk to
most. Such
may head quite quickly

swish (my own) head
from left to right.)
on lips and tongue.
move to other side. Baby
just gone in feeling each
nose against nose. Kiss
nose, tongues touch for second
Kiss, agree his tongue
very slide my more
Baby holding at chaps hair lows.
Sculptured girls with rag
Blanket. Can't. Must be
almost over now. Just wait
Head with to go
bang. Kiss again. Walk
the end of hair dress.
Just wrong. No more.
Wetting. I'm just look
In my single, get a small
Bar can hop, but managed
to bar press it. The feet
inside my pant, and under
my foot feet (upper)
Twist her head change
Kiss Exam
A simultaneous translation of the feeling of kissing into text.
I will try to describe the feelings of the kiss and my thoughts a different moments during the kiss. So from now on my thoughts will be transcribed as they happen. The performance will last for 1 hour. The toungue is playing against the teeth in small and delicate movements. It is now playing with the end of his tongue. Sucking lips. Nose against my cheek. Groin against groin. I hear him breathing in. Fish mouths against one and other. Tongue inside my mouth my tongue going into his. His nose is in my cheek because we are kissing to one side. Hand on bottom (.right) (Lal crossed out) Laughing at the absurdity. My eyes are going screwey and I can’t see the text any. More. Its difficult to think while kissing. (begin page 2) Its sort of not very passionate although I’d like to really concentratre on kissing this boy. His eyes are closed and mine are open. My right leg is shaking as it is hard to stand here. He just opened his eyes. He has his left hand on my right buttock and his right hand is (arong crossed out) around my waist. He keeps adding pressure to serve as an impetus to the passion of the kiss. I wish I could pay more attention to the kissing. Hes got nice breath it smells as if he was drinking last night: My legs are between his thighs, and I just put my arm around his neck there was just a funny noise as air (it just happened again) got trapped between the two mouths (His crossed out). He is (May crossed out) moving his head around a lot. My left hand is on his neck caressing his hair. L+R hands just gone down to buttocks. He stands back (bro crossed out) from each other and looking towards each (begin page 3) other. Ripping off paper makes me laugh. Softness of mouth against mouth, Hes a gentle kisser Tongues playing with each other. Mouth sealed. Lips getting sore. I am now above him and he has moved down the wall to accommodate (accomp crossed out) my writing. A tour has just walked in, and they are talking about J + Dinos chapman piece. My right hand is getting tired. Inhaling deeply a swizling tongue. Wearing an earing in the right ear Frantic kissing now. Settling down. Run tongues around Lips, end of tongue to end of tongue,, mouth on mouth, and the tongue again. I'm standing on my toes to reach. My hand is in his hair,. And his hands are cupping my arse. I can feel myself being turned on,. Sometimes but the self consciousness of writing makes it very difficult to let. Go. Right leg, jamming into his groin. Squeaking sound of lips. The whole body is making contact. (begin page 4) Another internal squeak between two mouths, move mouth to the other sid. Teeth and tongue. Teeth just knocked together. Stop kissing and look at each other I think that he likes me. Quick flick of the tongue Stopped kissing for a while. Change of pen. Hes looking over my shoulder. Soft tongues (lik and l crossed out) licking (T crossed out) teeth. I feel his front teeth with my tongue. Another tour group has just entered, either that or someone with a loud voice. Its getting so that my mouth is closed for most of the time, or more closed than his is anyhow. Explore the top of his mouth with my tongue its quite high. Tongue on tongue. He just bit my lip laughing. Hes slumped right down and I'm still standing on tip toes although. Small pause. To tell the boy that he is a good kisser. The tongues inside feel. Soft and warm. My heart just started to beat quickly.
Pulling against two bodies. Comfortable position. I don't want to write this any more. Kiss. Difficult to be cognitive (whan crossed out) when you want to be able to slip into your unconscious. Sucking tongue (mine) into his mouth. Very soft. Lips playing. End of tongues. Opening eyes. He's got blue eyes Tongues and spit. Repositioning. Start Straight on again. Softly letting lips touch I lick his lips. Play with end of tongues. Looking into face. Sweet kisses. Right arm around waist left arm up on shoulder., stroking back, pulling my buttocks into him.. my left hand on his arm not very romantic move up to neck. Sucking bottom (there is something crossed out here but I can't read it) lip..I. bite his lip. My left knee is in his groin (s crossed out). Twist to the side. (R crossed out) Right leg, (mine) over his left leg. Stop. Start again. Softly moving. Tongues around each other again. Deeper. I suck his tongue (begin page 6) into my mouth. Pause. Kiss Kiss Soft on lips.. My hand around his waist moving head to right. Feel his hands on buttocks..push tongue right into his mouth. Lips touching. Tongues touch. Change the dynamic again to get faster. Armes around waist. My left arm around his shoulder. Right arm getting tired. I feel the veins in his neck. Going up and down. Its so nice and gentle. Laughing. Kiss with noses in short sharp stabs at Kissing. Just breathing through the nose. His head is really on one side. Swaying hips. Bang head against wall. Squeaking noises. Kiss neck.+bite. Check time. Playing with tongues. My heart beat is getting faster. Soft on the edge of the lips again. Playing with lips softly against one and other. Thinking about the text. Tongues going around one and other. (begin page 7) Pulling right in. Hand on right buttock. (His.). Kissing with eyes closed. Kissing me hard, and I'm pushing my tongue quite hard into his mouth. Left knee in groin. Opening and closing mouths. Tongue action quick. Arm hurting. Pen difficult to write with. Soft kiss head moving to the other side for the first time I can't see the paper any more. I don't know if my tongue is in his mouth more than mine is in his, + more than his is in mine. Air tight bond between mouths. Breathing again. He looks into my. Eyes The precision of the pen is not happening in the description of the kiss its becoming very difficult (begin page 8) move arm up onto his shoulder. Smile. Kiss softly. He's looking into my eyes. Bit uncomfy try to get more comfy. Straight kissing nose brush. Small kisses. close eyes. Mouth to mouth. Softly start with tongues again. Its almost time to stop. Wait for alarm. And burst of mouth to mouth sucking moving head quite quickly twist (my own) head from left to right.) Oh lips and tounging. (begin page 9) move to other side. Re-position legs. Baby just come in. feeling behind his teeth my (Something crossed out that I cannot read) nose against nose. Kissing nose.. Tongues touch for second. Kissing again. His tongue moving around inside my mouth. Baby looking at Chapman Bros. Sculpture (Girls with vag). Breathing in ear, Hard tongue inside mouth. It must be almost over now. Just waiting for the watch to go. Head banging against walls. Softer kissing playing with the end of tongues. Just tongues. Now kissing on lips. He just. I'm just biting his tongue. Felt a small burp coming up, but managed to suppress it. He's feeling inside my mouth, and underneath my front teeth (.upper) and front teeth (lower). Twist head and change again.')
A translation of the feel of the left hand written by the right hand, and a translation of the experience of the left foot written by the right foot. The translation will try to translate what I am feeling and thinking at any one time into text. Attempting to render the moment as directly as possible.

[Signature]

Right left hand was inserted into butter. It has already started to melt the butter. Akiko next to me. Mari too. - take makeup video
A bit distracting.
The left hand feels secure inside the butter. It is incased within it - quite tightly. Melting the butter slowly from the outside it looks quite funny. The fingers disappear into the yellow pat.

I can feel the slime of the fatty butter melt up against the warmth of the fingers. My hand is slightly movie-dash wards. My middle
finger can feel the bottom of the paper which is containing the butter. My thumb has a lot of pressure on it as my hand is tearing to the right. The little finger is quite nicely and happily ensnared to the left. Man behind reading. Hope text is not too boring. It's difficult to describe. Bottom is cold against the floor. Don't know what to write. Thinking about what to do next. Feel the people behind me. Butter melting more. If I move my fingers it is almost liquid. I wonder
If I will be able to meet the whole pat, just with the warmth of my fingers. I tried putting my hand in a pat of butter at the flat in which I'm living, but it was so fucking cold that it would not melt. I even went to sleep with my hand in the pat of butter, and when I woke up 1/2 hr later it still had not melted. Back to the butter. If I wiggle my fingers it is starting to feel
A bit like cream.

Now, all the fingers except for the smallest are touching the bottom of the packet. It feels like grease proof paper. My index and middle finger are now touching one and other. In relation to the right hand (which is mobile) the left hand feels about a degree colder. It is stavz. The right hand as active and wrote this text. Don't know what to write again. Can see peoples shoes to my right. The butter is starting to smell, as if it is bey
b) heated, but deep coughed. Looking — the thumb has broken out of the pat.
I think — I should have done my nails before clip so they would look good.
Now, all fingers have contact with each other. The thumb is on its own —
still taking the most pressure of the weight of the arm. I try to explain what the butter actually feels like. . . . . . I can only make comparisons with things that I already know.
or perhaps it should be an abstract descriptor. Smells like baking a cake, when you mix the butter with the flour. The slippery feeling is not like motor oil or cooking oil, but has a thickness like egg white - I don't know if that describes it properly? There is really a lot of space in the butter for my fingers to move, and I can now wiggle them around. If I didn't move them, I would begin to think that...
They might be within a dry substance like cotton wool for example. It feels soft. The butter is warming up to the temperature of my fingers now, and only feels slightly cooler than their actual temperature as it stands. In fact it's getting quite warm. I don't know if that is because I feel it a bit stoned there. Looking at the hand in the butter again (this falls outside of the premise
9) of the exercise.) The butter is sort of beginning to foam as if it's rabid. It looks like yellow milk.
I'm just wraping my left hand to try and think what to describe next. Squeeze the left thumb into the main part of the hand. Feel the butter that I have not made skin contact with before... it's cooler than the butter that was previously next to my skin, but gradually its warming up. There is a greasy pool at the bottom of the pan where all.
The melted butter is collecting in hand and moving towards me. Sinking into butter. Different angle than before. Perhaps it will be good for the hard - sort of like cream. Have used olive oil before to moisturize, I wonder if butter would have the same effect? Little finger moving slightly. If I wiggle it I can feel the side of the butter with which it has contact becoming smooth. There is still melted butter. The whole section in which the fingers are enclosed is now melted.
Hand has now moved down and the palm is in contact with the butter, cold against warmth of the palm. The butter around the thumb has totally disintegrated, and the hand is almost in an horizontal position. The left side of the hand is still supported by a small mound of butter. Creamy. Dirty. Sort of thing you never normally get the chance to do.

Analologies? I don't know if there are any. Oh there's that smell of butter again. Just wafted past my nose.
R. Hand now sweaty. Bit difficult to hold pen as it's got butter on it. From open the pack. I think that the left hand is starting to crinkle up like when you have been in the bath for too long. Moving fingers, fat being squished through. It does feel like cotton wool if you try to forget that your hand is in butter. Middle finger on left hand taking a lot of the pressure now - balancing against the Thumb.
Look at the butter tee melt. If butter is dear and the butter which has not melted still opaque. Press on the top of the fingers.
A Translation of the Sensation of the Left Hand into the Right

'A translation of the feeling of the left hand written by the right hand, and a translation of the experience of the (right crossed out) left foot written by the Right foot. The translation will try to translate what I am thinking and feeling, at any one time into text. Attempting to render the moment as directly as possible. (Right crossed out) Left hand was inserted into butter. It has already started to melt the butter. Akiko next to me, Mari too – (tak crossed out) making video (begin page 2) documentation of (text crossed out) performance. A bit distracting. The left hand feels secure inside the butter. It is incased within it – quite tightly. Melting the butter slowly. (H crossed out) From the outside it looks quite funny. The fingers dissappearing into (it crossed out) the (g crossed out) yellow pat. (l can crossed out) I am starting to feel the slime of the fatty butter melting against the warmth of the fingers. My hand is slightly moving downwards. My middle (begin page 3) finger can feel the bottom of the paper which is containing the butter. My thumb has a lot of pressure on it as my hand is leaning to the right. The little finger is quite nicely and happily encased to the left. A man behind reading. Hope text is not too boring. It’s difficult to describe. Bottom is cold against the floor. Don’t know what to (right crossed out) write. Thinking about what to do next. Feel the people behind me. Butter melting more. If (if crossed out) I move my fingers (the crossed out) it is almost liquid. I wonder (begin page 4) if I will be able to melt the whole pat, just with the warmth of my fingers. I tried putting my hand in a pat of butter at the flat in which I am living, but it was so fucking cold that it would not melt. I even went to sleep with my hand in the pat of butter, and when I woke-up ½ hour later it still had not melted. Back to the butter. If I wriggle my fingers (the crossed out) it is starting to feel (begin page 5) a bit like cream. Now, all the fingers except for the smallest are touching the bottom of the packet. It feels like grease proof paper. My index and middle finger are now touching one and other. In relation to the right hand (which is mobile) The left hand feels about a degree colder. It is static. The right hand is active and writing this text. Don’t know what to write again. Can see peoples shoes to my right. The butter is starting to smell, as if it is being (begin page 6) heated, but being cooked. Looking – the thumb has broken out of the pat. I think – I should have done my nails before coming so they could look good. All fingers have contact with each other. The thumb is on its own. – Still taking the most pressure of the weight of the arm. (the crossed out) Try to explain what the butter actually feels like......I can only make comparisons with things that I already know (begin page 7) or perhaps it should be an abstract description. Smells like baking a cake, why mix the butter with the flour. The slippery feeling is not like motor oil or cooking oil but has a thickness like egg white – I don’t know if that describes it properly? There is really a lot of space in the butter for my fingers to move, and I can now wiggle them around. If I didn’t move them, I would begin to think that. (begin page 8) They might be within a dry substance like cotton wool for example. It feels soft. The butter is warming up to the temperature of my fingers now, and only feels slightly cooler than their actual temperature as it stands. Infact it’s getting quite
warm. I don't know if that is because I'm a bit stressed (blurred hyphen) though. Looking at the hand in the butter again (this falls outside of the premise (begin page 9) of the exercise) The butter is sort of beginning to foam as if its rabid. It looks like yellow milk. I'm just moving my left hand to try and think what to describe next. Squeezing the left thumb into the main part of the hand. Feel the butter that I have not made skin contact with before... its cooler than the butter that was previously next to my skin, but gradually its warming up. There is a greasy pool at the bottom of the part where all (begin page 10) The melted butter is collecting. Hand moving towards me. Sinking into butter. Different angle than before. Perhaps it will be good for the hand - sort of like cream. Have used olive oil before to moisturise, I wonder if butter would have the same effect? Little finger moving slightly. If I wiggle it I can feel the side of the butter with which it has contact becoming smooth. There is still melted butter. The whole section (wh crossed out) in which the fingers are enclosed is now melted. (begin page 11) Hand has now moved down and the palm is in contact with the butter. Cold against the warmth of the palm. The butter around the thumb has totally disintegrated, and the hand is almost in an horizontal position. The left side of the hand is still supported by a small mound of butter. Creamy. Dirty. Sort of thing you never normally get the chance to do. Analogies? I don't know if there are any. Oh, there's that smell of butter again. Just wafted (past crossed out) past my nose. (begin page 12) R. Hand now sweaty. Bit difficult to hold pen as its got butter on it from opening the pack. I think that the left hand is starting to crinkle up (something crossed out which I cannot read) like when you have been in the bath for too long. Moving fingers, fat being squished through. It does feel like cotton wool if you try to forget that your hand is in butter. Middle finger on L - Hand taking a lot of pressure now - balancing against the Thumb (begin page 13) Looking at the butter the melting butter is clear and the butter which has not melted still opaque. Pressure on the tops of the fingers. (L crossed out)
JOIN THE DOTS
NOW THAT'S A REAL MINOTAUR
Sleepingbag/Postbag

PICTURE POSTCARDS1
ARTS NOT FUN (Damien Hirst, *Away from the flock*, 1994)
I only just got the joke (Damien Hirst, photo portrait by Johnnie Shand Kydd)
WINGS OF DESIRE WAS BETTER (Ron Mueck, *Angel*, 1992)
THIS IS BY SARAH LUCAS (Sarah Lucas, *Two Fried Eggs and a Kebab*, 1992)
Jonas ZAHNE PUTZEN 5min 2mal pro tag3 (Richard Patterson, *Blue Minotaur*, 1996)
NOW THAT'S A REAL MAN(OTAUR) (Richard Patterson, *Blue Minotaur*, 1996)
ANSWER: YES HE DOES?! c.f Blood head (Mark Quinn, 1997, photo portrait by Johnnie Shand Kydd)
MY BOYFRIEND WATCHES TV ALL DAY UNLIKE DAMIAN HIRST WHO MAKES ART. (Damien Hirst, photo portrait by Johnnie Shand Kydd)
Hadrian Piggot is a nice guy. (Hadrian Pigott, Instrument of Hygiene (case 1), 1995)
DOES DAMIAN HIRST REALLY LOOK LIKE THIS? (Damien Hirst, *Away from the flock*, 1994)
NO – BUT MARK QUINN HAS GOT A BLOODY BIG HEAD (Mark Quinn, *Self*, 1991 – detail)
HE'S THE BROTHER OF SIMON PATTERSON (TUBE MAP) (Richard Patterson, *Blue Minotaur*, 1996)
HÄNDE SOLLTEN NICHT IMMER GEWÄSCHST WERDEN4 (Hadrian Pigott, Instrument of Hygiene (case 1), 1995)
FIONA RAE – SORT OF BORING – GOOD IF YOU LIKE PAINTING THOUGH I SUPPOSE (Fiona Rae, Untitled (one on brown), 1989)
I WON 3,00 DM ON THIS HORSE (Mark Wallinger, *Race Class Sex*, 1992 (detail))
I LOVE THIS PIECE (Sarah Lucas, *Two Fried Eggs and a Kebab*, 1992)
MARINA ABRAMOVIC LOVES THIS PIECE (Mark Quinn, *Self*, 1991 – detail)
THIS PIECE IS UPSTAIRS AND MADE BY THE SAME ARTIST AS THE WORK TO THE LEFT OF ME (Sarah Lucas, *Two Fried Eggs and a Kebab*, 1992)
LETS FINNISH WITH THE FUN (Mark Wallinger, *Race Class Sex*, 1992 (detail))
HALLO My name is Jonas (Fiona Rae, Untitled (one on brown), 1989)
ARTS NOT FUN! (Damien Hirst, *Away from the flock*, 1994)

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1 These texts were written on a selection of postcards from the Sensation Exhibition during the performance of Sleepingbag/Postbag.
3 Trans: Jonas, clean your teeth twice a day for 5 minutes.
4 Trans: Hands don’t always need to be washed.
5 Trans: Don’t touch!
Sleepingbag/Postbag

A4 LINED PAPER

A: WIE WERS MIT EIN DRINK an der Baa?
H: ICH BIN EIN KANNINCHEN
A: DU BIST SEHR NET
H: ICH BIN EIN KANNINCHEN
A: ET KUETT WIE ET KUETT?
H: FLYING HOME TOMORROW
H: WILLST DU MEIN BUTTER BEHALTEN?
A: Nein Danke ich hab genuck BUTTER
H: wir ('suchen' crossed through here) sehen uns an der Ba Schtuess
H: THIS IS INTERACTIVE MAN WOW
A: FREUND +
H: IN
A: Homo Gomoni Lupus!

6 'A' denotes member of the public.
7 Trans; How about a drink at the Baa?
8 'H' denotes my own texts.
9 Trans: I am a rabbit.
10 Trans: You are very nice.
11 Trans: I am a rabbit.
12 I don't understand this phrase and cannot translate it.
13 Trans: Do you want to keep my butter?
14 In the performance my right leg is protruding out of the sleeping bag and my foot is resting in a pat of butter. The butter was left over from the performance 'A Translation of the Sensation of the Left Hand into the Right.'
15 We both make spelling mistakes all the way through this conversation.
16 Trans: No thanks, I have enough butter.
17 Trans: look for.
18 Trans: We'll see each other in the 'Baa', bye!
19 Trans: Friend (male)
20 The word 'friend' was accompanied by a stick drawing of a boy.
21 I added the suffix 'in' to the end of 'Freund' to make the noun feminine. I also altered the drawing of the stick boy by adding two drawn breasts.
22 Message left by a member of the audience on one of the exhibition postcards amongst the performance detritus.
A press release, an artist's statement, copy, a proposal and a report

Examples of writing occurring within the administrational life of an artist. Such writing's are not always attributed to the artist, but provide an alternative interface through which the artist may shape their textual identity.
PRESS RELEASE

Work & Leisure International present

HAYLEY NEWMAN

at CUBE, 113-115 Portland Street, Manchester, M1 6FB

19th – 21st May 1999

10 stone 12 pounds is a performance in which variations on the artist's own weight are translated into sound. A set of digital weighing scales are utilised to send data to a computer triggering over 300 sound samples and providing a live sound-track to accompany actions within the performance. In this new work commissioned by Work and Leisure International, Newman will present the scales as a work in process. In addition to the artist's own weight, objects will be used: water will be poured to create an ascending scale, food and drink will be weighed, ingested and then weighed again. Gravity will be encouraged to act upon objects as they are added to, dropped, placed and removed from the scales in various combinations.

Technical assistance for this project is provided by Miles Triers.

Daytime viewing hours 19th – 21st May 12 noon – 6pm and 21st May 6pm – 8pm (Please contact Laurence Lane or Paulette Terry Brien on 0161 950 5777 for further details)

10 stone 12 pounds has been commissioned by Work and Leisure International with financial support from Arts Council of England and North West Arts Board.

Work and Leisure International is dedicated to the commissioning and presentation of new works of contemporary visual and contemporary performance art.

ARTISTS SHORT BIOGRAPHY

Hayley Newman completed her Postgraduate Diploma at the Slade School of Fine Art in 1994. During 1995 she was the recipient of a DAAD Scholarship and worked in the class of Marina Abramovic at the Hochschule fuer Bildende Kuenste in Hamburg. Since 1994 Newman has performed extensively within Europe and North America, most recently curating and participating in the performance weekend, 'Small Pleasures' which took place in the context of the Sensation exhibition at the Hamburger Bahnhof, Berlin. Hayley Newman holds a Stanley Burton practical PhD research scholarship at Leeds University, is a visiting lecturer at Chelsea College of Art and Design and research assistant and live artist in residence in the Time Based Media department at the University of Lincolnshire and Humberside. A selection of recent work includes: Connotations – Performance Images 1994 – 1998 (commissioned in 1998 by Hull Time Based Arts) Kuss Pruefung (Kiss Examination, 1999) Postbag / Sleeping bag (1999), Smoke, Smoke, Smoke (commissioned in 1999 by Cardiff Art and Time)

W&LI c/o the green room, 54-56 whitworth street, manchester, m1 5ww. tel: 0161 950 5777
Artists Statement – 1999

Work over the past five years has been looking at the various possibilities for 'ways of doing' in performance. Interests are varied, ideas change and obsessions reoccur trying to resist their own thematisation. Works have been made with sound, technologies, no technology, interaction with object, as private and public performances, alone and in collaboration. They have negotiated differing contexts and areas of cultural activity, generally oscillating between the worlds of Art and Music. In the production of these works there is a feeling of the constant need to renegotiate the schema or positions of approach to performance, to (try to) question formula, and whenever possible to be aware when it occurs.
16" 33" 45" 78" '99

Matt Wand & Hayley Newman

Friday 2nd July 1999

An evening of stereofolics with lots of circular objects that move around and around.

Presenting

The Dust Bruvvers, Spiral Brand Records, The Sirens, People with one arm, Smelly old soundz (scratch and sniff alzheimers remix up), Black Moods, Express Scarperology, Rabid Retching Revolutions, Gyrating Video Art, Unarmed Bandits, Centrifugal stretching, Cone friction, Hysterical loops and horizontal velocities and many, many worthless gifts.

8. Scheme of research

You should ensure that you read the guidance notes provided before completing this section. Please describe in no more than 1500 words the scheme of research for which you are seeking an award, using the following sub-headings: research question(s); aims and objectives; research context; research methods. Failure to provide adequate detail on all aspects of the project, including the reasons for expenses to be incurred, may seriously prejudice your application. Please provide a word-count in the box provided: if you exceed the word limit, your application will be deemed ineligible for funding and will be returned to you.

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**The Daily Hayley**

This proposal relates to the exhibition and performance series *The Daily Hayley* (working title) which will take place at Matt's Gallery, London, from 16.09.01 – 1.10.01. During the exhibition, I will perform in the gallery over 16 consecutive days.

**Research Methods:**

Taking place over a 16-day time-tabled period the performance works in the project will use every Daily and Sunday national newspaper collected over a six-month period (1.01.01 – 30.06.01) as their source material. This collection of newspapers will inform the content of a series of performances and performative\(^1\) investigations, providing the physical material for props used in the work as well as occupying a position within the exhibition space at Matt's Gallery.

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\(^1\) The term 'Performative' used throughout this application is a term that encompasses expanded notions of performance. It is used to suggest acts that are either located or received, or have the potential to be located or received, within a physical circumstance. The term performative was coined by the philosopher J. L. Austin in his book of lecture notes *How to Do Things with Words*; 'The name is derived, of course, from 'perform', the
The newspaper corpus will be read by both myself and a small cutting service team, who will select appropriate articles to be used as the source material for a series of works that intend to trace occurrences from their 'life' source through to textual report and back into 'live' event. The criteria for this selection will be diverse, and individual newspapers will be analysed according to all aspects of written communication including: adverts, tables, crosswords, comic strips, headlines, text and image, competitions, and subject areas. Newspaper reports of events, used as examples of activities that bear characteristics of performance such as duration, physical endurance or transformation will be gathered as examples of performativity occurring outside of designated art contexts. The newspapers will not only be analysed individually but also cross-referentially, looking specifically at difference and repetition across the publications. Again, the results of this analysis will provide the subject matter for a series of performance investigations.

Activity will be contextualised through examples of artists who have used the newspaper as both material and content in work. Works such as Carolee Scheeman's original use of the newspaper instead of meat in an early version of Meat Joy and Robert Rauschenberg's White Paintings painted on newspaper will be highlighted. Other points of interest include media representation of art and performance within the daily news sections of newspapers: from the disgust of press reports on the Viennese Actionists to the tabloid hilarity of articles written about the contemporary Russian performance artist Oleg Kuleg who regularly transforms himself into a dog.

The work will be made looking closely at Fluxus performance, specifically in relation to the body, social environment and the notion of the 'body as an instrument acting in the world' (Kristine Stiles: Between water and stone, In the Spirit of Fluxus [1993, Walker Art Centre] p.65). Ideas concerning performativity and language raised in the exhibition/performances will use J. L. Austin's book How to Do Things with Words? as a model to analyse the relationship between the degree's of performativity in descriptive text and action.

As a part of my investigation into the transformative nature of text, it is my intention that the performance work made for the exhibition The Daily Hayley be documented 'back into' text. Presented as an on-line journal, the text, written by a journalist, will document the work as it happens in a daily format. This text will serve as both a document and a device that locates the work within the language used as its source

usual verb with the noun 'action'; it indicates that the issuing of an utterance is the performing of an action -it is not normally thought of as just saying something.' J. L. Austin, How to Do Things with Words (Second Edition reprinted 1978, Oxford University Press), p.6.

The term 'Theatre of Journalism' is my own invention and is influenced by Antonin Auadaud's essays on The Theatre of Cruelty (two manifestos in The Theatre and its Double, Grove Press, 1958).
Research questions:

What constitutes performance? To address this question it is my intention to look at examples of contemporary performance practice comparing aspects of performance-art with events reported in the press that may be seen to be suggestive of a commonly defined performance spectrum or vocabulary.

How are events textually represented in a newspaper? Within this remit I will be positing the idea of a 'theatre of journalism' exploring the ways in which events may be textually represented by a newspaper article.

If the newspaper is seen as a representation of our environment (somewhat skewed by politic), I am interested in how, as a reader, by interacting with the newspapers beyond the conventions laid out in their pages, I may use them in unique ways. Alternatively, I would like to posit questions such as how does information contained in newspapers intersect with my daily life.

The research will also address the part of text as archival medium in performance, looking at the role of newspaper reports, artists testimony, score and performance description in performance history.

Aims and Objectives:


Personal aims within the body of performance work to be undertaken include an awareness that the performances will not solely re-stage events reported in the press, but should be seen as a series of performances, read through both the working process and the context of the exhibition. In this instance, it is important that the process of transformation from reportage to performance be traced within the work itself.

It is also intended that The Daily Hayley extend previous research into relationships between performance and text (see research context section).

The Daily Hayley will contribute to critical debate around definitions of performance and performativity, adding to my own previous research into the nature of the performance document by focusing the role of
the newspaper as 'document' within a context of history.

Research Context:

This proposal for a series of performance works based on textual information gained from a collection of national newspapers is a development of previous investigations into the relationship between text and performance. Since 1998, aspects of my performance practice have been concerned with the generation and deployment of text within performance and performic strategies. In 1999 I performed the two separate works, Kiss Exam and A Translation of the Sensation of the Left Hand into the Right. In these performances I attempted to write about an activity at the same time as performing it. In Kiss Exam I performed kissing against a wall with a volunteer, while undertaking to write my consequent sensations on a pad mounted next to me - as I kissed the stranger, I wrote a description of the kiss. Likewise, in A Translation of the Sensation of the Left Hand into the Right I sat at a low table and I placed my left hand in a pat of butter, writing about the experience of my left hand with my right. Both Kiss Exam and A Translation of the Sensation of the Left Hand into the Right follow a similar format, one of assimilating writing into performance by the subjective articulation of the performer's experience during the event.

The Daily Hayley develops ideas regarding cross-disciplinary relationships between text and performance such and which I have analysed in my practice based doctoral thesis titled; Locating performance: Textual identity and the performative (submitted March 2001). This thesis, identifying itself as a performance written in the form of a self-interview, presents an analysis of textuality in relation to the mediation of performance beyond the event of action, looking at text as score, document, prediction or testament. These themes will be intrinsically explored and developed further in The Daily Hayley.

Total number of words 1,179
Residency
Research for the performance Soundgaze (performed; TOOT 1999) took place at the University of Lincolnshire and Humberside between January and May 1999 continuing in London until the autumn of this year.
During the residency at the University contact was made with students on a weekly basis through Time Based Media's own seminar series as well as through informal personal discussion.
Over the period of the residency contact was maintained with Rob Gawthrop concerning research for the book Auralities, and an outline for the book has now been drawn up.
Research time was spent looking at theoretical relationships between sound and image, developing software and hardware for the performance as well as learning to use the sound programs necessary to make the work. The initial software was developed for the performance 10 Stone 12 Pounds and then re-written to incorporate the two sets of weighing scales used in the performance Soundgaze. Software and hardware for the works were developed in collaboration with the scripter Miles Treers and the multimedia artist Alexie Blinov of RayLab.
Performance work made during this period was broad and also encompassed the series of writing performances: Kiss Exam, A Translation of the Sensation of the Left Hand into the Right and Sleepingbag/Postbag all of which took place in the context of the Sensation Exhibition at the Hamburger Bahnhof in Berlin. Other activities during the residency included performances at the Prato Museum of Modern Art, Italy, Cardiff Art and Time and Performance Index, Basel. In January the documentary audio CD Rude Mechanic (David Crawforth, Hayley Newman, Pan sonic) was released on the label Beaconsfield/Piano200 and mastering of the first half of the CD Pointy Stunt was completed in collaboration with Kaffe Matthews. Pointy Stunt will be released on the Lowlands record label in 2000.

Soundgaze
Soundgaze was developed out of the work 10 Stone 12 Pounds originally commissioned by Work and Leisure International. The commission for the Toot festival through the ACE Live Art Residency at The University of Lincolnshire and Humberside enabled the technological development of the original work through the purchase of a second set of electronic scales as well as other
software and hardware developments. The phonic art course in Hull provided technological and theoretical support for both versions of the work.

**Performance**

In Soundgaze two sets of electronic weighing scales use the weight of various objects to produce a soundtrack to a performance. Data is sent from the two sets of scales to a computer where it is interpreted by a programme scripted by Miles Treers. Within the programme over 300 sound samples may be ascribed to specific weight values. With the introduction of the stamp interface for TOOT two sets of scales will run off the same programme, accessing more than one weight value and sample at a given time. A new work will be made for TOOT, using both these sets of scales to create a new sound performance.

In the performance I take on a directorial role where objects are placed on the scales to create a soundtrack to a series of actions. In the piece objects, their relation to other objects and the action of the performer are explored sonically.

**Future Possibilities**

Further research will be undertaken towards the publication of *Auralities*. This will include considerations as to the form and structure that the publication should take; research and writing of texts for the book and finding a suitable publisher for the work.

Discussions have also taken place with Gillian Dyson from HTBA about the possibility of producing a Book/CD based around the recent TOOT festival.

**Follow-up**

Video and audio documentation of the performance will be edited and supplied to the University’s Archive. Soundgaze will be performed in London with Kaffe Matthew’s and recorded live as the final track of the CD collaboration *Pointy Stunt* which will be released in 2000 by the Belgium based Lowland Records.
Sonic Postcards, Writing Experiment in a Café and Typewriting Experiment

These are examples of text generated while acting out different attitudes of writing.
Some Postcard #1
9.29 a.m.

Common sound of water from the fountain, consistent.

Sound levels swinging, distant

Number of traffic, the heavy drone of a bus.

Front Right Sound of blue's smoking.

I heard them smell 11 times but j'some 1 must have

mixed one twice, as it just turned

12. Sound of footsteps in snow. This

is a crisp and cracking sound.

Voices appearing and disappearing, car breaking

born turning (car) sounds distant and

soft, accelerating engines occasionally pass,

bird tweeting behind me on my right.

Wind seems to be out of east.

And it echo's 8 times. A car (car) and

wind makes the leaves shimmer in the breeze.

Behind me, a quiet steps through a shod in seat.

Holly Newman
9 Edmund Street
London

E1 4AY.
Sonic Postcard # 1

9.02.99, 12.45pm:
Queens Gardens and Town Docks Museum; Hull:

Continuous sound of water from the fountain. Consistency of sound levels surging. Distant rumble of traffic; the heavy drone of a bus. Front right - sound of bells striking. I heard them strike 11 times, but presume I must have missed one strike, as it just turned 12. Sound of footsteps in snow. This is a crisp and crackling sound. Voices appearing and disappearing. Car breaking. Horn tooting (car) sounds distant and soft. Accelerating engines occasionally passing. Bird tweeting behind me on my right hand side. A person (man) calls 'ho' and it echoes three times. A crow calls and wind makes the leaves shimmer in the trees behind me. Quick steps through snow and salt.
Small Experiment #1 9.02.79
9.55.79

It's 9:55 a.m. and I'm in a train station.

It's a little bit crowded, but I feel a bit dizzy. I'm sitting next to the stairs and I can hear the sound of peopleIDPICKSSEEM to all be going hiking in the distance. I grab a smoke and it disappears out of my peripheral vision. I drink coffee. There is a train.

I remember playing the waterfall machines in the arcades. I always enjoyed the excitement of the train station. I love to go somewhere else or arrive somewhere new. People in this state of transiency sometimes appear relaxed and lost for the next adventure. The experience of travel is after all more than a moment for A-B. Watching people, changing views, landscapes, architecture, collectively disrupt the individual.

10.03.79.
Smoking experiment #1.
9.02.99 Café Select, Leeds Train Station

Start 9.55.19

It's swimming with people. The noise and movement of which make me feel a bit dizzy. I'm sitting next to the station's cash points and can hear the sound of people repeated, withdrawing money. Pensioners (a lot of) seem to all be going hiking in the dales. I blow out smoke and it disappears out of my peripheral vision. I drink coffee. There is a train going to Scarborough my grandmother grew up there and my great uncle still lives there. As children we went to Scarborough once, I remember playing the penny waterfall machines in the arcades. I always enjoy the excitement of the train station, of leaving to go somewhere else or arriving somewhere new. People in this state of transit, sometimes focussed on where they are going, are at other times open, relaxed and looking for the next adventure. The experience of travelling is after all more than a movement from A-B. Watching people, changing voices, landscapes, architecture. Travelling collectively, remaining individual.

End 10.03.35
Sitting at typewriter, facing mirror. Legs are uncrossed, am contracting my buttock muscles rapidly so that it becomes difficult to write. My whole body is rocking backwards and forwards. Its gets to violent, and muscles are aching, so am now wobbling my hips from side to side. Arms are swinging over the typewriter keys, and it is almost like dancing to the sound of the keys. In fact I'm going to stop moving my hips at the moment and start to be expressive with my movements as I am writing. My shoulders rise and fall, as if I was expressing something with the emotional weight of a pop song. (see brian Ferry's movements in early roxy music stuff. xxmxxmxx fluid but expressive and angular at the same time. As I finish each sentence I raise my hand with a flamboyant flourish, as if I were a pianist completing a concerto. Punctuation is particularly relevant in the sound of the typing of a sentence as it offers a repose at the end of a sentence. Fingers rippling, ready to move in an overt expressive manner. They become baroque and ornate, curling and stretching across the keys. They have gone beyond a practical usage and have become a means of expression. A means of expressing through movement rather than the content of the text that they are writing. Another delicate pause as the fourth finger on my right hand places the full stop at the end of the previous sentence. I could comment about the placement of the full stop for eternity, as each time that a xxmxx sentence is written to explain the placement of the full stop at the end of a sentence you need a new full stop to end the sentence that explains the sentence. I don't know if it can be seen in the style of the writing but the previous sentence was written without any rococo flourishes of the hand. The hands are ornamental, xxmxx they are moving fluidly across the keys making their own composition, contributing to the xx content of the text only in my musings on the movements of the hand. I want the hands to write beautiful and florid text. Texts of love flowers and birds. Of passion, and love, of what my finger tips are thinking. Perhaps they are thinking of a body, that they are stroking a body, delicately caressing the one that they love, and communicating their psychic thoughts through skin. Imprinting their ideas. Healing through their ends. Not censoring their own emotion and feelings. xxmxxmxxmxx direct transferal of emotion.... This sounds nice.... The repeated sound of the full stop. I start to type mechanistically. The rhythm remains regular, I don't know what time I am typing in byt I imagine it to be a slightly syncopated 2/2 time. It is a stable and reliable way of rewriting. I am writing rhythmically, giving equal weight to each of the letters used in the typing. The new game driving the text on and not allowing he to hover over the keys or go back and correct any mistakes. I have not gone through the whole in the page, as Stephen King puts it in 'Misery'. I am hovering over the keys, moving into the keys, becoming obsessed by the action, and letting that direct my own thoughts. X right. Lets stop writing to a strict rhythm and try to listen to the sound of the keys. Slowing down, listening to the rhythms of the individual words, and how they tap out a rhythm. The smaller ones are better, as they get longer the rhythms become less concise. Space bar makes a dull thud, .
I am just about to lift up my hands into the air and place them down onto the keys. After that, I tried again, and again. Now from standing, I placed my arm from elbow to index finger placed on key board. The right arm, now here's the left; jj Not quite as good, let's try again; h. Still not much good. Now an experiment running the right forefinger across all the keys from left to right;

1234567890-=
ASDFGHJKL:
Zxcvbnm.,/

Mmmm, interesting. I want to know what I did. I think I did it wrong. I'm going to try again;

1234567890-=
ASDFGHJKL:
Zxcvbnm.,/

They are both the same. Ok so here's the explanation. '1234567890-= ' is a full house for the top row of the typewriter. There is now a gap as I run my fingers along the second row of keys on the typewriter hitting the tab key first. 'qwertyuiop' is missing the ' ' symbol which was probably typed, but went off the page. While running my finger along the second row of keys I would have hit the return button, which would have started a new line on the page. 'ASDFGHJKL:' also shows a complete key range. The capital letters are caused by hitting the 'lock' key before the rest of the keys, and again the final key to be hit is the return key which means that the fourth row of keys start a new line. 'Zxcvbnm.,/' is again complete line of the keys on the fourth row. The first key on the fourth row is a shift button, which would have changed the letters from their position as capitals to lower case. The 'Z' appears to still be uppercase, which I presume is because it was struck before the type writer would have computed that it should change the casing. As can be seen the rest of the text remains as lower case, including the punctuation. At the end of this row of characters there is no 'return' button, so the final row of keys was pressed. The final row does not have any characters on it, only function buttons; 'Code, Margin, Half Space. Word Eraser'and 'correct'. If I had had correcting tape in the typewriter the character sequence 'Zxcvbnm.,/' would have been erased, in this instance, my correcting tape has been playing up, and I took it out of the typewriter this morning.

End of text 15.45
Connotations - Performance Images and Work Descriptions 1996-2000

Performance explanations based on written descriptions of action from the 1970's.
Connotations
Connotations - performance images

The photographs in the series ‘Connotations – Performance Images’ are constructed fictional images intended to explore the role of documentation in performance. The photographs in the series were staged and performed by myself with most of the photographs being taken by the photographer Casey Orr over a week in the Summer of 1998. The dates, locations, photographers and contexts for the performances cited in the text panels are fictional. In all instances the action had to be performed for the photograph but did not take place within the circumstance, time or place outlined in the supporting text.

As a form, performance is often mediated through the documentary image, video, film, text or by word of mouth and rumour. With so few existing networks for the distribution of performance works, it is the image and its supporting text that is given privilege in publications on the subject, creating a handful of historical performances that have become notorious through their own documentation, leaving others behind that have not made the translation into the single image.

‘Connotations – Performance Images’ was made as a way to understand how the documentary performance image works in relation to text, as well as creating the context to make work for which there was, at that time, no practical forum. The images chosen for this series of documents aim to evoke ideas beyond photography and reflect the ambiguity implicit in attempts to document (capture) a performance within a photograph. In this way, the document replaces the performance: the camera authenticates the activity in its position as witness and the photographic image stands in place of the performance and becomes the work itself. When supported by other information such as dates, location, and use of materials, duration and description of events these images can provide the forensic link to communicate ideas that occurred within the live performance to a non-live situation.

‘Connotations – Performance Images’ is an ongoing project.
Hayley Newman June 2000
I-Spy Surveillance Fly
July, 1994
Social Security Offices, Amsterdam, Holland, as a part of the exhibition ‘Implant’ organized by Arts Projects Europe.
(Photo: Thomas Peutz)

Over the duration of a week I sat dressed as a fly, wearing a pair of customised glasses in different vantage points around the social security offices in Amsterdam. The glasses, which had two miniature surveillance cameras attached, relayed a live stereoscopic image to a single monitor placed in the offices’ waiting room. No video recordings were made. My movements were constantly monitored by staff.

25th Birthday Party
November 18th, 1994
Hamburg.
(photo: Nina Könnemann)

Crying Glasses (An aid to Melancholia)
1995
(Photo; Christina Lamb)

Over a year I wore the crying glasses while travelling on public transport in all the cities I visited. The glasses functioned using a pump system which, hidden inside my jacket, allowed me to pump water up out of the glasses and produced a trickle of tears down my cheeks. The glasses were conceived as a tool to enable the representation of feelings in public spaces. Over the months of wearing the glasses they became an external mechanism which enabled the manifestation of internal and unidentifiable emotions.
Electric Strip
April 12, 1995
(Photo: Nina Könneman)

Standing on two dinner plates while wearing 20 nylon petticoats with positive and negative electrical cables attached to my legs. Audiences of no more than five people were led into the semi-lit room, where I instructed them to stand as close to me as possible. The performance started as someone wound a hand winch, creating a small electric charge through my body. As I began to remove the nylon petticoats, static electricity darted between the layers of nylon effecting an intimate light show.

Spirit
October 31, 1995
Soho, London.
(Photo: Kerry Baldry)

Dressed as a ghost for Halloween I ran into various pubs in London's Soho, stole a drink and then left.

Virtual Techno Sponge
January 17, 1996
Live video link between my studio in London and The Western Front, Vancouver.

Robert Fillou celebrated the birth of art by placing a sponge into a bucket. Since then various Fluxus affiliated organisations across the world have annually celebrated Arts birthday. 'Virtual Techno Sponge' was part of a live videoconference hosted by The Western Front in Vancouver, Canada, to which I contributed the act of shutting a sponge in the door of my studio.
B(in)
April 14, 1996
New York.
(Photo: not known)

Sitting in a bin bag waiting for bin men to pick me up in New York. When the bin men arrived at 4pm, I jumped out of the bag and ran home.

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Meditation on gender difference
July 21, 1996
Lexham Gardens, London.
(Photo: Christina Lamb)

For the work I made a suit which, acting like an inverted bikini, entirely covered the body except for the genital and chest areas. I sat in the garden at home all day wearing the suit, only removing the inverted bikini in the early evening to reveal sunburn on the areas of the body which are normally concealed and protected. In the work the body itself articulates emotion through a controlled physical reaction expressed in the form of intense sunburn.

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Stealth
November 22nd 1996, Ave, Arnhem.
(Photo: Alphonse Ter Avest)

Over 3 hours I jumped up and down on a trampoline in complete darkness. A small flashing red light attached to my body and the sound of my movements were the only two things indicative of any activity.

Prior to the event I had instructed it's organiser to enter at any point during the three hour long performance and take a single photograph with a flash to document the work. This is the only image of the work as no other photography was allowed.
'Occasionally Groovy' was a 12 inch record customised to produce sounds from both digital and analogue sources. Made by sticking a matte black template with holes cut out of it to the underside of a clear vinyl record the altered disc was placed onto a raised record deck with a light source comprising of a series of fairy-lights inserted beneath it. A light sensor, attached to the arm of the record, produced sound as light passing through the record hit the sensor. Sound was also created in the normal manner of needle in groove. These two differing sources were played simultaneously: the sound of the original disco music on the record playing alongside the quickening rhythmic interruption of light hitting the sensor on the arm of the player.
BASS IN A SPACE
David Cunningham and Hayley Newman
March 15th, 1997
Studio Gallerie, Budapest.
(Photo; Hayley Newman)

A Large P.A. system was placed in a small room, playing back slowed down sound containing frequencies as low as the equipment would tolerate (the size of the room was inversely proportional to the size of the P.A.).

The crack in the wall appeared at 1.30pm, 3 hours and thirty minutes into installation time.

EXPLODING LEGO
September 1st, 1997
Oxford Street, London.
(Photo: Iris)

I was asked to produce a musical event for the launch of the new radio station Xfm. I chose to work with the group 'London Electric Guitar Orchestra' (LEGO) in organising a simultaneous busking event. During the event members of LEGO were asked to busk an identical song in unison with one another along the length of Oxford Street in London. Using radio transceivers and receivers to maintain contact with each other LEGO were placed at 30 meter intervals along the north side of Oxford Street, where they played an hour long concert.

Pedestrians experienced the concert as individual parts, walking in and out of the various sound fields as each busker they passed played a continuation of the segment that they had previously heard. The sound of the whole concert was assimilated and broadcast live on Xfm.

The Visit
October 11th, 1997
Rootless, Beverly.
(Photo; Casey Orr)

Wearing the worlds first punk sleeping bag, I appeared ‘hanging out’ in and around Beverly, not doing anything in particular. The bag was covered in Zips which allowed me to extend my arms and legs through its various orifices.

Over the day whilst inside the bag, I visited local shops to buy bread, cheese, fruit and soft drinks. At lunch time I opened up the sleeping bag, laid it out in the market square, had a picnic on it, read a book and then zipped myself up again.

Lock-Jaw Lecture Series
1997-1998
Lectures given at Chelsea College of Art, Middlesex University, Sheffield and Hallam University and Dartington College of Art.
(Photo; Jonny Byars)

Over the period of a year I was invited to give a series of lectures on my work. Before each lecture I visited a local dentist and had my mouth anaesthetized. With my mouth made immobile, I gave my feeblest apologies to the students and staff before attempting to talk on my work.

Human Resources
April 6th, 1998
Obero Offices, Montreal.
(Photo; Sylvie Gilbert)

Over a 9-5 working period I sat in the offices of Obero and captured my breathing in over 3,000 plastic sandwich bags. During the period, breaks totaling one and half-hours were taken for lunch and tea.

The work was an attempt to quantify and produce a visual record of the amount of breath breathed out during a working day.
SMOKE, SMOKE, SMOKE
May 22nd, 1998
Gallery Otto Plonk, Bergen.
(Photo: Per-Gunner Tverbakk)

'SMOKE, SMOKE, SMOKE' was a silent choral work based on a series of pre-written scores and performed by a choir of invited musicians and sound artists. The piece uses the framework of a choir to present a primarily non-vocal work in which cigarette smoke was used to plot the tract of the voice. A conductor gave visual instructions to the choir, which they repeated simultaneously. Each passage performed was written to last the approximate length of time taken to smoke a cigarette.

Score No.1
(This section to take place in the dark until instruction number 6)
1) Light cigarettes in the dark.
2) Smoke slowly in synch following a metronomic rhythm.
3) Back row smoke in double time, two front rows smoke in metronomic time.
4) Back row smoke in quadruple time, middle row double, front row metronomic time.
5) Flick ash onto the floor.
6) As light slowly fades up, open mouths as if singing.
7) Blow smoke onto part of body of your choice.
8) Blow smoke onto part of neighbors body.
9) Flick finished cigarette ends as high as possible into the air.

Choir
Alison Goldfrapp, Keiko Owada, Simon Fisher-Turner, Mitch, Miles Miles, Simon Woods, Hayley Newman, Bruce Gilbert, Gio D'Angelo, David Cunningham, Matt Tarr, Karen Mirza, Sean Roe, Kaffe Matthews, James Young, Steve Malaghan, Mike Sumpter.

Soloist
Charles Kriel

Conductor
David Crawforth
Football Audio Cup  
June 21, 1998  
Shoreditch Biennial, London  
(Photo's: Casey Orr)

A reconstruction of the notorious 100th FA Cup final between Tottenham Hotspur and Manchester City. The Match ended in a draw when Manchester City's Tony Hutchinson scored for both sides. The 1-1 draw forced the first ever replay at Wembley.

This reconstruction of the 1981 FA Cup Final was replayed in real time using a customised football and two teams. During the game the players adhered to and repeated the games events by following an audio recording of the matches original radio commentary which was playing back from within the football itself.

**Tottenham**  

**Man City**  

**Referee**  
M. Thompson

**You scratch mine and I'll scratch yours**  
September 12th, 1998  
Cyberia Cafe (as a part of digital summer 1998) Manchester  
(Photo; Lawrence Lane)

Durational 6 hour Djing session with the lovely Matt (Stockhausen and Walkman) Wand. Within the six hour session of malarkey and frivolity Matt and I played Golden Oldies whilst covered in cobwebs and Christmas Music with records embellished by snow.

Other activities included scratching with our right arms chained together, playing records with the needles covered with socks and promoting our new Djing technique 'The Knob' – a door knob stuck on the surface of the record to aid a more fluid scratching action.
Individual Performance Descriptions 1996-2000

**Shot in the Dark 1996**

A light sensitive dress is illuminated by a professional flash unit. The flash unit is triggered by a miked-up camera, which provides a mechanistic soundtrack to the performance. The performance takes place in the dark. As the flash is triggered, the sound of the amplified camera mechanism is heard and I am seen for a moment, after which the glowing image of the dress remains hovering in space. In the optical after image I appear to be disembodied, floating, head separated from body, legs separated from torso, arms from chest.

**Rude Mechanic 1996**

*Rude Mechanic* was a month long collaboration between myself, artist David Crawforth, Finnish sound duo Pan Sonic and various invited musicians. The project, set up as an exploration of the relationship between sound and vision, located both performers and musicians within a symbiotic relationship in which the visual was urged on by the audio and the audio by the visual.
Crystalline I, II & III 1997

*Crystalline* was performed between 1997 and 1999 under the three titles *Crystalline I, II and III*. In all examples of the performance I either stood on, or leaned against a miked-up surface while wearing a pair of stiletto shoes with motors inserted into their heels. *Crystalline I* was performed lying on the floor with my feet resting against a vertical plane, *Crystalline II* while standing on a hard surface, such as a table-top while in *Crystalline III* I was suspended above that plane. In each performance the vibrations made by the motors in the shoes were amplified through their contact with a miked-up surface.

Endless Loop 1997

Night. An open air car park with no light. A black car. Its headlights are on. The bonnet and boot are both open. The engine spews tape recorders. They play the sound of birdsong. In the boot a man quietly reads poetry by torchlight. Two microphones are placed on stands at either end of the car park. The surface is gravel. I slowly drive the car backwards and forwards between the two microphones. The microphones alternately amplify the spaces of the boot and the bonnet. The car displaces the gravel.

Donnerwetter (with Nina Könnemann as Malcolm & Lily) 1997

A miniature thunderstorm on the streets of Berlin. The thunderstorm comprised of three elemental elements: a hose pipe with a spray attachment (rain), a metal thunderboard (thunder) and a Polaroid camera (lightning). Passers by were given an umbrella and invited to stand in front of the camera for their personalised weather experience.
Hook and Eye 1998
A performance in the dark wearing a full body suit made from Velcro with a series of 14 microphones sewn inside it. As I move the sound of Velcro sticking against itself is amplified. A sound to light unit translates the noise of the Velcro into an electrical pulse, which in turn illuminates a single 200W bulb. I am only seen when I move.

Connotations - Performance Images
An exhibition of 21 fake performances documented though image and text.

Flea Circus (with Nina Könneman as Malcolm & Lily) 1998
A miniature stereo flea theatre.

Küß Prüfung (Kiss Exam) 1999
In Kiss Exam I perform kissing against a wall with a volunteer while attempting to write my consequent sensations on a pad mounted next to me.

Übertragung der Empfindungen der linken Hand in die Rechte (A translation of the sensation of the left hand into the right) 1999
I sit at a low table-like structure and place my left hand in a pat of butter. With my right hand I write about the sensations experienced by the fingers of the left hand encased within the butter.
Sleepingbag/Postbag 1999
A sleeping bag with zips all over it. I lie inside the bag and write on postcards, post-it notes, stickers and paper. Once complete, I unzip the sleeping bag and ‘post’ the individual pieces of text out of the bag.

Smoke, Smoke, Smoke 1999
Smoke, Smoke, Smoke was a silent choral work for a choir that smokes. Initially presented in 1998 as a performance from the series Connotations – Performance Images, Smoke, Smoke, Smoke was realised in Cardiff, the land of the choir, during 1999.

Soundgaze
Soundgaze is a performance in which two sets of electronic weighing scales are used to trigger over 300 sound samples. The objects used in the performance are organised according to their weight value and placed onto the scale. When on the scale, the weight values of these objects are sent as data to a piece of customised software on a computer which emits a sound from a corresponding file. Within the programme up to 400 sound samples may be ascribed to any weight value between 0.005kg and 150kg at increments of 0.005kg. Other versions of this performance are titled 10 stone 12 Pounds, and dr dr drumming.
Sucksniffdribblescratch 1999

*Sucksniffdribblescratch* is a series of four works written as instruction for other people to perform. Taking place in a flat in the centre of Stockholm, some of the performances reflected domestic aspects of the flat that they took place in.

In *Instructions for spitting performance in bathroom*, wearing a pair of radio headphones, the performer was instructed to spit all over the bathroom for one hour.

In *Instructions for making soup* the performer again wore a pair of radio headphones and was instructed to make soup using only her mouth. Carrying water in her mouth from the kitchen taps to the hob, the performer filled a series of pans. Vegetables were prepared at a later stage by masticating food and spitting it out into the simmering pans.

*My Mannerisms* involved a performer opening 150 letters each of which contained an instruction for action. Based on my own mannerisms, the actions carried out were slight and practically invisible.

In *Actions to be performed as quickly as possible* the performer wore a pair of radio headphones and was instructed to carry out a series of rapid audio instructions as they were spoken.
Thinking 2000
A performance written to be performed by someone else as a first encounter. Facing the audience, the performer sits next to a clock wearing a pair of headphones. A series of spoken thoughts that the performer has not heard before are relayed over the phones. The seated audience is supplied with the text being spoken over the headphones including times at which the thoughts are being suggested. In this work, the performer is seen ‘thinking’ the suggested thoughts for the first time.

Bubble 2000
A walk from my studio in the East-End of London to the Lisson Gallery in the west.
On the evening of the opening of the exhibition I walked from my studio to the gallery wearing a new pair of shoes. On arrival I removed the shoes, sawed off their uppers and nailed the soles to the wall.

Wrapping 2000
Controlling volume by wrapping objects that make sound.

Here/There
A performance for children using the virtual reality software KidStory developed at Nottingham University. Based on a system in which barcode tags were used to ‘call up’ images the performance linked an object to its screen-based representation, attributing multiple associations to individual articles. A Potato, scanned in on three different occasions appeared as an image of a pile of crisps, a bowl of mash and in the action of being peeled.
Pointy Stunt

*Performance descriptions written within speech bubbles and incorporated into an image, making a direct link between a description and its author.*
'I'm wearing a full body suit made of Velcro with 16 mikes sewn inside it. I perform this in the dark, as I move the amplified sounds my actions turn a 200w light bulb on and off.'

'She is wearing a pair of stiletto shoes with motors in their heels and standing on a miked-up box.'

Writing Experiment

A private writing experiment in which writing and action become interchangeable.
Writing Experiment

Action no. 1

I stand with my feet together and slowly rotate my hips clockwise. My right and left arms hang neutrally against my thighs. From this starting position I slowly start to move my right arm clockwise. Both hips and arm are rotating at the same speed and in the same direction. A single rotation taking the same amount of time as a breath. It can be counted as a slow 1/2. I imagine my hand drawing a circle with an appendage that extends from the ends of my fingers to the floor. While still swinging my arm I relax my right leg at the knee, and draw my right foot up over the big toe of my left foot, over the arch of the foot and up the shin until it rests comfortably just under my kneecap. The right arm stops swinging and is placed on my left shoulder. With it's index finger pointed it draws itself back from left to right across the shoulders and neck, over the peak of the right breast, and back to rest again against the thigh. In a single movement both left and right hands skim my hips and cup my buttocks in their palms, while doing this I bend forward until my torso is pressed against the raised knee. I sniff the knee and with my leg still raised and hands cupping buttocks I stand upright again. I extend my right foot slowly forwards, upwards and outwards, the left leg bends under the strain. Upon reaching its full extension the right foot flexes upwards with the toes facing the ceiling. I start to violently shake my right foot and then the leg, pulling my hands out from behind me I shake those too. With my right leg and arms shaking my head makes an involuntary movement, and the jaw knocks against itself. Freeze. The movement is stopped. The arms and legs remain raised. After holding the pose for a few seconds I relax to assume a neutral position. Letting my head roll forwards against my chest I dribble onto my feet. Slowly bending forwards I crouch to look at the spit, in doing so I put my hands, palm down on the floor in front of my feet and place most of my
body weight down on them. I stay in this position until it cannot be held any longer and I roll onto my right side.

Getting up I take off my shoes and jumper, placing the shoes on the seat of the chair next to me, and hanging the jumper over the back. Slowly placing my right foot in front of my left I walk forwards, feeling the rough surface of the concrete floor beneath my feet. My feet picking up the loose surface of the floor as I walk. I take ten steps forward, my eyes stare directly ahead.

I stand at the bottom of the stairs leaning with my right arm against the brick wall. Looking up I can see a glimpse of the sky through the window in the attic ceiling. I stand still and wait pressing my arm against the wall with all my body weight. The wall and floor feel cold against my skin. I press hard against the wall with my right shoulder, imagining it becoming soft and my body sinking into it. Looking forwards, I see the stairs going up. I count eight stairs, a platform and the beginning of another stair turning off to the right before being obscured by the banister. The stairs are wooden. They are three colours. The right third painted white, the middle third natural wood, and the left third is painted blue. Looking up I can see the skylight in the attic ceiling. Its blind is closed, but light is still coming through. A shard of light is cast along the wall and hits the top of my head. The attic ceiling is tinged red reflecting the colour of the duvet on the bed under it. I feel my arm becoming numb and move away. When I move the imprints on my skin match the surface against which I’ve been leaning. I move back into the position against the wall and try to match the imprint on my arm to its original surface.

**Action number 2**

I am sitting on a faded old red armchair. I wear a pair of trainers, red tights, loose blue calf length trousers and a red sweatshirt over a royal blue T-shirt. Sitting with my legs crossed I take a needle, and thread it with a long piece of yellow cotton. Raising myself slightly off the chair, I sew the bottom of my trousers to its seat,
cutting the thread when I have finished. I take the yellow velvet cushion currently behind my back and place it on my right shoulder. Holding the cushion in place with my chin I use my left hand to sew the pillow to the shoulder of my sweatshirt. I cross my legs and sew my tights together - left ankle to right calf - I sew the trouser material behind my left knee to the trouser material on my right knee, the left cuff of my sweatshirt to the right hip of my trousers, the bottom of the sweatshirt to the right trouser knee. I pull the sweatshirt over my crossed legs and secure it to my left knee. Pulling the sweatshirt over my head I sew its neck together.

Action number 3

I open the front door and step outside. I inhale deeply and step back into the kitchen closing the door behind me. I exhale the breath from outside inside. In the kitchen I inhale as much air as possible, run up the stairs and exhale the air from the kitchen into the bedroom. In the bedroom I breathe in deeply, open the bedroom window and free my bedroom breath into the outside world. I inhale the fresh air from outdoors, close the window and run into the bathroom to exhale. I fill my lungs with air in the bathroom, run through the bedroom, down the stairs, through the kitchen into the spare room and exhale the air from the bathroom there.

Action number 4

One tea towel which I insert into the top of my shirt. Putting my right arm inside the shirt I pull the tea towel down, out of the bottom of the shirt. Placing the towel back into the top front of my shirt with my right hand I use my left hand to pull it out from between the first and second buttons of my shirt. I reinsert the towel into the top of my shirt, and pull it out of the gap between the second and third buttons of the shirt. I reinsert it into the top of my shirt, directing it down the right arm, I use my left hand to pull it out of the right sleeve, re-inserting it into the left hand sleeve of the shirt. Sliding my hand into the neck of my shirt and down the left sleeve I pull the tea towel out of the top of the shirt. After removing the towel from the top of my
shirt I insert it between the third and fourth buttons of my shirt. Pulling it down I push it under the waistband of my trousers, pulling it further down the right leg of my trousers. I then take it out, shake it and insert it into the bottom of my left trouser leg, guiding it up the leg and out of the top of the trousers. I put it back into the top of the shirt and start pushing the towel into its right arm which I shake until the towel falls out onto the floor.

Action number 5

Sitting on the red velvet chair, I raise my knees and swing my body around to face its back. I sing into its material. The upholstery of the chair dampens the sound of my voice. The breath carrying my voice is hot and moist against my face. At the end of each vocal phase I breathe in and move my head to another position. I sing notes without any words at different volumes. I gradually move my head down to the seat of the chair. Taking deep breaths, I sing a sound for as long as possible. Squatting with my knees resting against the front of the chair, I sing into its right arm. The surface is hard and I can't nestle my head comfortably into the material. I crawl under the chair base, lift the two legs and place the chair on top of me. As I sing up into the air, the chair raises up and down with my breath.

Action number 6

A black bucket. I fill it with hot water and washing-up liquid. As it fills I use my right hand to agitate the surface, producing more suds. Once full I place the bucket on the floor and rest both feet on the edge of the bucket, dipping my toes into the suds. I submerge my right and then left foot. The suds reach my calves. Putting my right hand into the bucket, I scoop out a hand-full of suds and with the same hand I slap myself on my right cheek. I put my left hand into the bucket, scoop out a hand-full of suds, looking at my hand I bring it up to my face, slapping myself hard on the left cheek. My cheeks are red and there are suds on both my knees and the floor around me.
I tear off a large sheet of tin foil and wrap it around my head. I secure it at the back by squeezing the tin foil in on itself. Once in place I stick my right index finger through the aluminium sheet and make two holes for my eyes and a hole for my mouth. I can taste the metal of the foil against my lips. The foil catches my breath, the sound of which is amplified within the encasement over my head. I pick up an apple and put it in the bucket. I take my feet out of the water, bend over and place my head into the bucket, dipping it up and down to breath. Tearing off another sheet of tin foil I put both hands behind my back. The hands work to secure themselves within the sheet of tin foil behind me. My head dips in and out of the water. I find the stalk of the apple with my mouth and secure it in my teeth. Pulling my head and the apple out of the water I sit, my hands still bound behind me, with the apple in my mouth. The suds and the excess water drip down, first rapidly and afterwards more slowly. When I close my eyes the lashes hit the metal foil making a sharp sound like a stapler or camera mechanism. I slowly open and close my eyes, quickening the pace to make intricate rhythms.

I put my feet back into the bucket. Releasing my hands from the tin foil I take the apple out of my mouth and begin to eat it. As I do so the foil around the mouth tears, hitting my teeth as I eat. The tin foil rattles as my jaw opens and closes. I eat quickly and then slowly, occasionally opening and closing my eyelids. I start to make noise as I eat. Creating rhythms and sounds through differing facial movements and actions; scrunching up my face, smiling, lifting eyebrows, and winking with alternate eyes. I finish the apple and toss it back into the bucket. I remove the metal mask with both hands, squeezing it tighter around the face, before making it into a ball and placing it in my mouth. I spit the ball back into the bucket. The foil ball and apple core can be seen floating on top of the water.
Soundgaze

Text used as a key to a performance work.
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**Soundgaze**
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play 1 006.260kg 27 odd 006.880kg
long and slow 006.280kg 26 odd 006.900kg
anotherlongone 006.300kg 21 odd 006.920kg
48 006.320kg 16 odd 006.960kg
51 006.340kg 14 odd 006.980kg
58 006.360kg 11a 007.000kg
69 006.380kg longfart 007.020kg
61 006.400kg 5a 007.040kg
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69 006.480kg 57 007.120kg
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Twentysix 006.520kg 48 007.160kg
twentynine 006.540kg longestsofar 007.180kg
twelve002 006.560kg 7 forge 007.200kg
twelve001 006.580kg discolong 007.220kg
thirteen003 006.600kg twelve 002 007.240kg
10forge 006.620kg 10 forge 007.260kg
9forge 006.640kg long and slow 007.280kg
eleven001 006.660kg 5 forge 007.300kg
8cforge 006.680kg 106 007.320kg
longing 006.700kg Same length 007.340kg
7 forge 006.720kg Twentynine 007.360kg
5 forge 006.740kg Same length 007.380kg
3 forge 006.760kg 5a 007.400kg
1 forge 006.780kg 3a 007.420kg
106 006.800kg longbits 007.440kg
30 odd 006.820kg thirteen002 007.460kg
29 odd 006.840kg 16odd 007.480kg
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Silent

000 140kg | apple
001 170kg | glass
002 200kg | glass
003 230kg | gurgle
004 260kg | sink
005 290kg | water
006 320kg | gurgle
007 350kg | sink
008 380kg | water
009 410kg | water
010 440kg | water
011 470kg | water
012 500kg | water
013 530kg | water
014 560kg | water
015 590kg | water
016 620kg | crunchy
017 650kg | silence
018 680kg | silence
019 710kg | silence
020 740kg | silence
021 770kg | silence
022 800kg | silence
023 830kg | silence
024 860kg | silence
025 890kg | silence
026 920kg | silence
027 950kg | silence

HAYLEY NEWMAN

SOUND GAZE

23 MARCH 2001. 7PM
PRESET. 3-9 HOCKLEY, NOTTINGHAM, FREE

Pick up the tap. I remove the lid and take out the small plastic bee hidden inside it. I place the tapet next to the pair of shoes on the small scale. The combined weights of the CB radio, pair of shoes and tapet on the scale trigger a sample of an abstract whirling noise. I dangle the small plastic bee onto one of the shoes. The combined weights of the CB radio, pair of shoes, tapet and small plastic bee on the scale trigger a sample of the sound of a bee buzzing. I lift the bee off the shoe. Now the combined weights of the CB radio, pair of shoes, tapet minus the small plastic bee trigger a sample of the sound of an abstract whirling noise. As the small plastic bee is placed back into the tapet the combined weights of the CB radio, pair of shoes, tapet and small plastic bee on the scale trigger a sample of the sound of a bee buzzing. I take the tape out and place it on the tapet. The combined weights of the CB radio, pair of shoes, tapet, small plastic bee and tapeot lid on the scale trigger a muted sample of the sound of a bee buzzing.

Soundgaze was made in 1999. It was commissioned by Improbable, the University of east Anglia, the Arts Council of England’s Live Arts Initiative, The University of Leeds and Artois. Supported by the Arts Council England. For further information: 0115 915 3818

Further information: 0115 915 3581

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Soundgaze invite, 23 March 2001
Sucksniffdribblescratch

Performance scores, written to be performed by someone else.
**Instructions for spitting performance in a bathroom**
(Pre-recorded as spoken performance cues, played back over cordless headphones)

Take a mouthful of water.
Facing the mirror, dribble it down your front.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn to your right and spit it out onto your left shoulder.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit it out on your right shoulder.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble it slowly down your chest.
Take a mouthful of water.
Bend forwards and spit it onto your left chest.
Take another mouthful of water.
Bend forwards and spit it onto your right foot.
Take another mouthful of water.

Lift your right arm and dribble water out over your right breast.
Take a mouthful of water.
Lift your left arm and dribble water out over your left breast.
Take a mouthful of water.

Stick your belly out, bend slightly forwards and spit water out onto your stomach.
Take a mouthful of water.
Let the water out onto your thigh.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit the water out onto your calf.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water down the inside of your thigh.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit out the water into the palm of your left hand.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble the water down the whole length of your left arm.
Take a mouthful of water.
Bend your head backwards and let the water dribble down the sides of your face.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit it out onto your body.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit it out onto your body.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble the water out over the top glass shelf on your right.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water over the top glass shelf on your right.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water over the bottom glass shelf on your right.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water over the bottom glass shelf on your right.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water over the glass shelf directly in front of you.
Take a mouthful of water.

Dribble at the mirror.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble at the mirror.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble at the mirror.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble at the mirror.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water along the front edge of the sink unit.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water along the front edge of the sink unit.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water along the front edge of the sink unit.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water along the front edge of the sink unit.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water along the front edge of the sink unit.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water along the front edge of the sink unit.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the top right hand drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water into the drawer.
   Close the drawer.
   Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water down the mirror.
Bend over and take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water down the mirror.
Bend over and take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water down the mirror.
Bend over and take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water down the mirror.
Bend over and take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water down the mirror.
Bend over and take a mouthful of water.
Stand up and spit the water out into the room as far as possible.
Bend over and take a mouthful of water.
Stand up straight and spit the water into the bath.
Bend over and take a mouthful of water.
Stand up straight and spit the water out into the room as far as possible.
Get down off the sink unit.
Take a mouthful of water.
Stand in the middle of the bathroom and release the water by shaking your head from
side to side.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble the water out over the wall.
Take a mouthful of water.
Release the water by shaking your head from side to side.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water on a wall.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water into the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water on a wall.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water over the handrail.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water over the handrail.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water into the space.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water over the handrail.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water around the edge of the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water around the edge of the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water around the edge of the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water around the edge of the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water around the edge of the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water over the taps.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water into the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water into the bathroom.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water over the taps.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water into the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water into the space.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water into the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water on a wall.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water into the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water onto the floor.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water into the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water onto the ledge around the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water onto the ledge around the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water out onto the floor.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water onto the ledge around the bath.
Take a mouthful of water.

Shake head and loosely let the water out of your mouth.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble water onto the cupboard doors in front of you.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water over your left shoulder.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit it onto the floor.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit it over your right shoulder.
Take a mouthful of water.
Shake your head violently and let the water out.
Take a mouthful of water.
Dribble it slowly down your chest.
Take a mouthful of water.
Bend forwards and spit it onto your left foot.
Stand up and take another mouthful of water.
Bend forwards and spit it onto your right foot.
Stand up and take another mouthful of water.
Dribble it over the wall.
Take a mouthful of water.
Lift your right arm and dribble water out over your right breast.
Take a mouthful of water.
Lift your left arm and dribble water out over your left breast.
Take a mouthful of water.
Stick your belly out, slightly bend forwards and spit water out onto your stomach.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water over your thigh.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water onto your calf.
Take a mouthful of water.
Spit water down the inside of your thigh.

(Repeat for 1 hour)
Instructions for making soup
(Pre-recorded as spoken performance cues, played back over cordless headphones)

Walk to the kitchen.
Go to the cupboard marked A.
Take out a pan.
Close the cupboard door.
Place the pan onto the cooker's hob.
Switch the hob onto low.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into the pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into the pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into the pan.
Go to the cupboard marked A.
Take out a pan.
Put the pan onto the cooker's hob.
Close the cupboard.
Switch the hob onto low.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the cupboard marked A.
Take out a pan.
Put the pan onto the cooker's hob.
Switch the hob onto low.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the drawer marked with a B.
Take out a vegetable.
Take a bite of the vegetable.
Chew the vegetable.
Put the vegetable back into the drawer and close it.
Spit the vegetable out into one of the pots.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the drawer marked with a C.
Take out a vegetable.
Take a bite of the vegetable.
Chew the vegetable.
Put the vegetable back into the drawer and close it.
Spit the vegetable out into one of the pots.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Open drawer D.
Take out the vegetable.
Take a bite of the vegetable.
Put the vegetable back into the drawer and close it.
Chew the piece of vegetable.
Spit it out into the pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
Go to the tap.
Turn the tap on.
Take a mouthful of water.
Turn the tap off.
Walk over to the hob and spit the water out into a pan.
(Repeat these actions for one hour, or until the pans are full.)
My Mannerisms

(The following sentences were hand written on sheets of A4 paper and sealed inside 150 envelopes.)

Put your right finger in your right ear.
Run your hands through your hair.
Rub your hands up and down your thighs.
Run a finger around your mouth.
Rub your eyes.
Scratch your head.
Sniff.
Scratch behind your ear.
Lick your lips.
Blink.
Scratch your back.
Purse your lips.

Tap the fingers of one hand against your face.
Raise your eyebrows.
Slightly smile.
Look up.
Cross your legs.
Put your hand up to your chin.
Put a finger up your nostril.
Lick your lips.
Lick fingertip.
Bite your bottom lip.
Suck your finger.

Run your hand through your hair.
Sniff.
Raise and lower your shoulders.
Scratch your face.
Wipe your eyes with your hands.
Rub your hands together.
Rub your rib cage with your hand.
Scratch you're fore arm.
Wipe your nose on your hand.
Touch your forehead.
Touch your nose.
Scratch under your arm.
Put your hand on your hip.
Pick your nails.
Rub the back of your neck.
Suck your thumb.
Swallow.
Frown.
Actions to be performed as quickly as possible

(These texts, read as quickly as possible, were played back over cordless headphones.)

Suck your thumb
Suck your finger
Suck your thumb
Suck your finger
Scratch your bottom.
Bite your arm.
Suck your thumb
Suck your finger
Suck your thumb
Suck your finger
Scratch your bottom.
Clap your hands.
Scratch your knee.
Sniff your hand.
Scratch your knee.
Sniff your hand.
Scratch your knee.
Suck your thumb.
Sniff your hand.
Suck your finger.
Scratch your head.
Scratch your arm.
Lift your foot.
Bite your arm.
Bite your finger.
Sniff your arm.
Sniff your finger.
Sniff your knee.
Slap your bum.
Scratch your breast.
Scratch your bottom.
Scratch your belly.
Stroke your leg.
Rub your hands together.
Stroke your leg.
Stroke your arm.
Stroke your belly.
Stroke your foot.
Stroke your face.
Stroke your foot.
Stroke your bottom.
Stroke your thigh.
Lift your foot.
Bite your arm.
Stroke your face.
Scratch your head.
Scratch your face.
Breathe deeply.
Sniff your shoulder.
Sniff your arm.
Sniff your finger.
Sniff the back of your hand.
Thinking

Performance score's and instructional letter's.
From: Hayley Newman <hay@stalk.net>
To: Caroline Achaintre <achaintre@hotmail.com>
Subject: Point of View
Date: 16 May 2000 00:15

Dear Caroline,

just mailing you the details for Saturday...

The performance will be starting at 6.05pm. Playing it on the safe side, I would arrive at the gallery at around 5 o'clock, have a drink and introduce yourself to Thomas who has put the evening together.
The address of the gallery is: Richard Salmon, 59 South Edwardes Square, London W8 6HW
Tel: 020 76029494, Fax: 020 73716617, nearest tube Kensington High Street.

In the performance you will be sitting wearing headphones and listening to a recording of suggested thoughts, which will last for 9.5 minutes. Just be yourself, try to forget that the audience is there, and think about the thought's that are triggered by the text.

The text for the performance has been recorded onto mini disc. You will need to be in the gallery space and press play on the the mini disc player at 6.04.00pm. There is exactly a minutes worth of pre-amble on the disc which tells you to stand facing the kitchen clock and then instructs you to sit down on the chair provided next to the clock. Once the Mini Disc is playing you will not need to do anything with it until the performance is over.

The audience will have transcript's of the text that is being spoken through your headphones which will include the times at which the text is being read out.

If for any reason there is a disaster and the performance does not start dead on time, turn the kitchen clock back to 6.04pm and start again!

I hope it works out, and that you enjoy yourself with it all. Let me know how it all went if possible. You can mail me in Germany on newmanhayley@hotmail.com

Get back to me if there are any problems. I'm exhausted right now, and have probably missed out great chunks of information!

Thanks

Hayley

Hayley Newman
9 Edwin Street
London
E1 4AY
Tel/Fax +44 171 3660151
Dear Richard,

Please find enclosed the texts for the performance of 'Thinking' on Saturday 20 May. I have also enclosed the Mini Disc player and cassette, which will be used in the performance. I will pick up the Mini Disc from the gallery when I am back from Germany at the beginning of June.

Please photocopy the texts and letter's and assimilate them in the same way as the enclosed example. There should be one copy per audience member.

I hope the evening goes well.

Hayley
Dear Thomas,

just writing to describe what will be happening at the performance of 'Thinking' on Saturday 20 May.

After visiting the space last Friday, I thought that the performance could take place against to right wall adjacent to the door as you walk into the lower gallery space. The performer should be seated with their back to the wall facing outwards into the space, and the audience seated in any arrangement facing the performer. The kitchen clock should be hung on the wall at head height on either the right or left hand side of the performer.

The performance has been timed to start at 6.05pm on Saturday 20 May and lasts for 11 minutes. Caroline Achaintre is helping me, and she has been instructed to start to play the recording of the text at 6.04pm to give her a one minute run in time. Depending on how many people are present, perhaps seating should start at around six o’clock. Can you to distribute this and the other letter’s along with the ‘Thinking’ texts at around 6.02pm.

I hope it works! It feels very strange that I will not be there to see the piece myself.

Hayley
Thinking

The following text should be read over headphones to the performer.

The audience is to be supplied with a copy of this text, or your own version of this text. That copy must include the times at which the thought is being suggested to the performer.

6.05.00 Think about having laser beams instead of eyes.
6.05.03 Think about where you bought the underwear that you are wearing.
6.05.07 Think about diving into a swimming pool and hitting your head on the bottom.
6.05.11 Think about a pair of pink frilly knickers.
6.05.15 Think about being in a small elevator with a person with bad breath.
6.05.19 Think about a wooly jumper that itches.
6.05.22 Think about the last time you walked home drunk.
6.05.25 Think about your mum and the postman.
6.05.27 Think about a piece of glass that’s working its way up from your foot to your heart.
6.05.32 Think about flies circling your head on a summer evening.
6.05.36 Think about the smoke from a cigarette curling into the word ‘hello’.
6.05.41 Think about wearing shoes with spikes that embed themselves into every surface you stand on.
6.05.46 Think about eating unripe apples from a tree.
6.05.50 Think about sticking your bare feet out of the window of a moving car.
6.05.54 Think about your cheeks reddening and then exploding.
6.05.57 Think about sleeping outside in your own bed.
6.06.01 Think about pressing your nose into a bowl of cream.
6.06.04 Think about your preferred method of suicide.
6.06.07 Think about your own body language when you are with someone you like.
6.06.11 Think about weeds pushing through the cracks in concrete.
6.06.15 Think about being tickled.
6.06.16 Think about what you will be doing in fifteen minutes time.
6.06.20 Think about pigeons with their feet burnt off by acid.
6.06.23 Think about tying a knot that looks like a flower.
6.06.26 Think about all the stuff you own.
6.06.28 Think about drinking a glass of water, and how many people have drunk the water before you.
6.06.33 Think about a horse barking like a dog.
6.06.36 Think about gardening with your arms covered in treacle.
6.06.40 Think about your fingernails turning to slime and dropping off.
6.06.44 Think about pollen caught in the fur of a bee.
6.06.47 Think about rotting, smelling legs.
6.06.49 Think about impossible food combinations.
6.06.52 Think about the smell of shit.
6.06.54 Think about washing your hair with vinegar.
6.06.57 Think about being mesmerized by snowflakes in a snowstorm.
6.07.01 Think about staying awake for a week.
6.07.04 Think about scraping the roof of your mouth with a toothpick.
6.07.07 Think about making a childhood pact to never die.
6.07.10 Think about only walking in the shadows.
6.07.13 Think about radio waves entering your brain.
6.07.16 Think about the metallic taste of your own blood.
6.07.20 Think about a child being kicked by their parents.
6.07.23 Think about waking yourself up with the sound of your own snoring.
6.07.27 Think about balancing a pineapple on your head while wearing stiletto shoes.
6.07.32 Think about a Christmas cake covered with ants.
6.07.35 Think about washing your money in a washing machine.
6.07.38 Think about burying all your clothes.
6.07.40 Think about walking round a shopping center with a plastic bag over your left foot.
6.07.45 Think about lightning hitting the earth in a straight line.
6.07.49 Think about a pink interior space.
6.07.52 Think about substituting abstract sounds and gurgles for words.
6.07.56 Think about your own smell.
6.07.57 Think about treading on a slug with bare feet.
6.08.01 Think about pretending to cry as you chop onions.
6.08.04 Think about becoming invisible and visiting a zoo.
6.08.07 Think about sharing a meal with Elvis Presley.
6.08.09 Think about dancing out of time.
6.08.12 Think about sneezing and then orgasming.
6.08.14 Think about synchronized cow farting.
6.08.18 Think about a beautiful dress and tacky shoes.
6.08.21 Think about dribbling onto your pillow in your sleep.
6.08.24 Think about kissing someone with bad breath and their stinking saliva on your face.
6.08.25 Think about putting a button up your nose.
6.08.28 Think about this moment.
6.08.30 Think about two teabags fusing in the same mug.
6.08.34 Think about putting a button up your nose.
6.08.37 Think about earwigs singing songs to one another.
6.08.40 Think about cleaning the sink with your own urine.
6.08.44 Think about wearing an old man’s dirty pants.
6.08.47 Think about someone laughing like a horse down a trombone.
6.08.51 Think about cutting off the circulation of each finger with an elastic band.
6.08.55 Think about taking a bath in orange squash.
6.08.58 Think about how hot it would be to wear a gorilla costume on the beach in the middle of summer.
6.09.03 Think about walking a mile with a finger on the ground.
6.09.06 Think about lying on the floor covered by china plates.
6.09.10 Think about what you were doing at this time yesterday.
6.09.14 Think about throwing a turd at a moving car.
6.09.17 Think about scratching your head at dinner and watching the dandruff land in your food.
6.09.20 Think about your favorite shoes.
6.09.24 Think about sticking double-sided Selotape to the ends of your fingers and trying to pick things up.
6.09.26 Think about drying your hair with a Spanish fan.
6.09.29 Think about the sound of your own breath.
6.09.32 Think about drawing veins all over your body with a Biro.
6.09.35 Think about throwing up into a plastic bag on a bus.
6.09.38 Think about watching pollen float through the air.
6.09.41 Think about earwigs singing songs to one another.
6.09.44 Think about looking down a hole in the ground.
6.09.47 Think about someone laughing like a horse down a trombone.
6.09.50 Think about seeing something move out of the corner of your eye in the middle of the night.
6.09.53 Think about sniffing a pile of leaves.
6.09.56 Think about painting someone purple while they are asleep.
6.09.59 Think about a Whoopi cushion and a vicar.
6.10.02 Think about washing your hair in the toilet.
6.10.05 Think about a dead woman lying in the road, her hair covering her face, her limbs twisted.
6.10.08 Think about having a meal in a restaurant in the nude.
6.10.11 Think about throwing a soggy teabag at the wall.
6.10.14 Think about what you were doing at this time yesterday.
6.10.17 Think about a band which sound as if they are playing underwater.
6.10.21 Think about an old lady living with 10 cats and 5 young men.
6.10.25 Think about a man on all fours licking the pavement.
6.10.28 Think about seeing something move out of the corner of your eye in the middle of the night.
6.10.31 Think about Electro smog.
6.10.33 Think about being nice to someone you really dislike.
6.10.36 Think about someone cutting into your skin with a very sharp knife.
6.10.40 Think about kissing until your mouth is raw.
6.10.42 Think about a parrot mimicking the sound of a tree being felled.
6.10.47 Think about what Tony Blair may have eaten last night.
6.10.50 Think about a mass grave.
6.10.52 Think about the longest echo you can imagine.
6.10.55 Think about your body as a host to bacteria and millions of tiny creatures.
6.11.00 Think about seeing something move out of the corner of your eye in the middle of the night.
6.11.05 Think about seeing something move out of the corner of your eye in the middle of the night.
6.11.07 Think about a parrot mimicking the sound of a tree being felled.
6.11.12 Think about the joy of picking someone else’s spots.
6.11.15 Think about a safe retreat.
6.11.18 Think about doing different things with both hands at the same time.
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6.11.22 Think about the possibility of your hair growing an inch a day.
6.11.26 Think about a man walking down the street hit by a ladder thrown out of a nearby window.
6.11.31 Think about being abject.
6.11.33 Think about powering all the lights in your house off a bicycle dynamo.
6.11.37 Think about the longest goodbye.
6.11.40 Think about sniffing all the art in the Tate Modern.
6.11.43 Think about picking out glue that's stuck in your hair.
6.11.46 Think about laughing into an ashtray.
6.11.49 Think about sitting at a table on a hot summer's day with your feet in a washing-up bowl full of water.
6.11.54 Think about removing hairs from your legs with a pair of tweezers.
6.11.58 Think about piss that smells like sugar puffs and looks like Lucozade.
6.12.03 Think about imagining your right hand drawing a circle in the air.
6.12.07 Think about dribbling spit onto your own feet.
6.12.10 Think about eating a whole meal with your eyes closed.
6.12.14 Think about how long it would take a lighter to run out of fuel.
6.12.18 Think about what would happen if it were so hot outside that all the window's where you live melted.
6.12.24 Think about a bruise the shape of a banana.
6.12.26 Think about taunting small children.
6.12.29 Think about sewing the seat of your trousers to the seat of a chair.
6.12.33 Think about stepping outside the front door, inhaling, going back inside and exhaling.
6.12.38 Think about being alone.
6.12.40 Think about leaving a trail of wet footprints behind yourself from the bathroom to the bedroom.
6.12.45 Think about violently shaking a blood-sucking leech off your left leg.
6.12.50 Think about a cold wind on your eyeballs.
6.12.53 Think about eating desert and main course together on the same plate.
6.12.57 Think about the last time you shook with hysteria.
6.13.00 Think about a dog licking your armpit.
6.13.03 Think about sticking old potato peel back onto a potato.
6.13.08 Think about two tramps lying in an embrace on the street.
6.13.12 Think about sitting in jelly and wiggling your hips.
6.13.16 Think about boiling 2000 eggs.
6.13.19 Think about your legs cracking and then falling off.
6.13.22 Think about a voice from the TV calling your name.
6.13.25 Think about waking up in the morning to find the kitchen floor patterned with snail trails.
6.13.30 Think about waiting for the 'right' person to come into your life.
6.13.34 Think about jumping up and down and your jaw knocking against itself.
6.13.39 Think about drinking a whole bottle of tomato ketchup.
6.13.42 Think about picking your nose in an interview without being seen.
6.13.46 Think about five people tied together trying to get on a bus.
6.13.50 Think about cuddling someone for a whole day.
6.13.53 Think about a record that looks like a fried egg, with a yellow center and a white edge.
6.13.59 Think about seagulls gliding in the wake of a boat.
6.14.02 Think about sitting on a heated toilet seat.
6.14.05 Think about shaking your head and crying.
6.14.07 Think about a cat with no paws.
6.14.09 Think about your eyes on fire.
6.14.12 Think about receiving hate mail.
6.14.14 Think about not answering the phone again.
6.14.17 Think about 100 people flying kites in a field.
6.14.20 Think about an animal that does not exist.
6.14.23 Think about cobwebs that look like lace.
6.14.25 Think about your arms becoming water.
6.14.28 Think about me stroking your hand.
Bubble

Performance description written in the future tense as a prediction of action.
is a performance work that involves a walk between my studio in East London to the Lisson Gallery in the West wearing a brand new, previously unworn pair of shoes. Setting off at 3.30pm on 13th July 2000 the plan is to arrive at the Lisson Gallery’s Summer Show opening at around 6.30pm, half an hour after the show has opened.

The shoes, which I intend to buy prior to the walk are the biggest worry. I want to buy a pair of shoes that are both elegant and comfortable and have a sole that is soft enough to scuff as a record of the journey. The marks picked up by the shoes attempting to offer an impression of the city that has attached itself to my walk. My speculation is that a pair of shoes with a leather sole would best suit the purpose. It is likely that I will set off with a handbag packed with plasters and a pair of socks incase the shoes hurt.

The walk traces the most direct route from my studio in Bethnal Green down the Bethnal Green Road to Old Street, up City Road to Islington and on to Kings Cross. From Kings Cross the route continues along Euston Road, which eventually becomes the Marylebone Road, near to the Lisson Gallery on Bell Street.

Upon arrival I will remove the shoes, saw the soles off and display them as an art exhibit. This work will be titled after the model of shoe I eventually choose to buy and walk in.