

Volume 2

Writings

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*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.

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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 my
thoughts will be transcribed
as they happen. The performer
will have fun I hope.

The tongue is playing against
teeth in small and delicate
It is now playing with
his tongue. Sucking lips
my cheek. Groin against groin
his breath in. Fish mouths again
one and other. Tongue in side my
mouth my tongue goes into his
his nose vs in my cheek because
we are kissing to one side
hand on bottom (Right) ~~the~~ hair
at the absurdity. My eyes are
going screwy and I can't
see the text any more.
It's difficult to think
while kissing.

KUß -
PRÜFUNG

Its sort of not very passionate
at first, let me to really concentrate
on kissing this boy. His eyes
are closed and mine are open
right leg is shaking as its
hard to stand here. He just
opened his eyes. He has his left
hand on my right buttock and
his right hand is ~~around~~ around
my waist. He keeps adding
pressure to serve ~~also~~ ~~and~~
in part to the passion of
the kiss. I ~~think~~ I could
pay more attention to the
kiss. Hes got his breast
to smell, so if he was doing
not right. His legs are between
my thighs, and I just put
my entire ~~area~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~heel~~
ere was just a funny noise
is air (it just happened again)
It happened between the two
hands. Hes is ~~maximizing~~
head ~~around~~ ~~at~~. My left
hand is on his heel and ~~press~~
is hand L + R hands just
gave ~~it~~ to buttocks.
He ~~was~~ ~~out~~ ~~to~~ ~~open~~ ~~each~~ ~~end~~
turn and look towards each

After Rippling of paper makes
me laugh often of match
against mouth has a gentle kiss
others play with each
other. Mouth sealed. hips
feeling sore. I am now about
10m and he has moved down
a wall to accommodate
my work. A tower has just
walked in, and they are
taller about 10m to 12m
shapely piece
that they had to walk
field. I have deeply a slight
smile. We are in the
line east from kissing hole.
sitting down. Run tongues, and
hips, lead of tongue to end of
tongue, mouth on mouth, and
then tongue again. I'm standing
on my toes to reach my hand
in his hair. And his hands are
upping my arse. I can feel my
self being turned on, some times
at the soft caresses of, with
makes it when it is to let go
left leg, jumpy into his arm.
I squeak some of hips. The whole
body is making contact.

Another into the water. Squawk sound
The two moans, more noise
The other side. Feet and
tongue. Feet just reached feet
Stop kissing. Mouth open. Feet
Other side. Feet just reached feet
The other side. Feet just reached feet

Change of pen. Her looking over
my shoulder. Soft touches
lick ~~lick~~ teeth. I feel
his moist teeth with my tongue.
Another tour group has just
entered, either that or someone
with a 'last word'. 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 hit my lip
high up. Her stamped right ear
the ear. Still standing. Right ear
does nothing. Small pause. Top
fall the boy that he is
a very good kisser. The
tongues in side feel soft. And
wrap. My heart just started
to beat quickly.

pulling against two bodies. comfortable
position. I don't want to
write this any more.
kisses. difficult to be just
where you want to be able
to move into your unconscious.

Suck tongue (mine) into his
mouth. Very soft lips play
end of tongues. Open eyes.
he's got blue eyes & tongues
and spit.

Reposition. Start straight on
again. Softly letting lips touch
lick his lips. play with end
of tongues. look into face.

Sweet kisses. Right arm
around waist & left arm up
on shoulder. Stroking head

pulling my buttock into his.
my left hand on his arm
not very romantic. Move up to
head. Suck bottom lip. I
bite his lip. My left hand is in
his groin & twist to the side.

Right leg, (mine) over his
left leg. Stop. Start again.

Softly moving tongues around
each other again.
Deeper. I suck his tongue

into my mouth. Pause. KISS
KISS KISS Soft on hips
My hand, around his waist
head to right. Feel his
hand on buttocks
pull tongue right into his
mouth. HIPS touch. Tongue
tone: Change the dynamic
again to get faster.

Arms around waist. My
left arm around his shoulder.
Right arm getting tired.
Feel the vertebrae in his neck.
Give up and down. Its so
nice and gentle. Heavy
kiss with noses. Short sharp stabs
at KISS. With breath.
Thrust the nose. His head
is over on one side. Sway
hips. My head against wall.
Sneaky noises.

KISS head. + bite. cheek
time. Playing with tongue. My
heart beat is getting faster.
Soft on the edge of the lips
again. Play with lips softly
against one and other. Think
about the text. Tongues
going around one another.

pulling right in. Hand on
right buttock (this). Kissing
with eyes closed. Kissing me
hard, all the while pushing my tongue
quietly into his mouth.
Left knee is grown. Openly
and closing mouth. Tongue ad-
which. And to hurt. Red
difficult to write with.
Soft kiss.

near me to the other
side for the first time

I can't see the
any more. I don't know paper
if my tongue is in his
mouth more than a mile is

in his mouth than his is in
mine. Air tight bond between
mouths. Breathe again. He
looks into my ~~mouth~~ eyes
The precision of the pen
is not happy. The
descriptive of the kiss
it is becoming very difficult

more up to his shoulder.

Smile

Kiss softly. He's looking
into my eyes.

Bit more campy. Try to get
nose brush. Small kisses.
Close eyes. Mouth to mouth
softly. Start with tongue
again. It's almost time to
stop. Start to alarm.

And burst of milk to

more

Suck

My head quite quickly
twist (my own) head
from left to right.)
On lips and tongue.

move to other side.

Re-position legs. Baby
just come in feeling behind
his teeth my hat
nose against nose. Kiss
nose. Tongues touch for second.
Kissing again this time
a run on side

Baby look at Chaphai Bros.
Sculpture (Girls with rag)
Bleed inside mouth. Hard tongue
almost over now. Just wait
for the head water to go

bangie again & walk.
Sother kiss playing with
the end of tail. Just tongue.
NO is kissing
hips. The just. I'm just holding
his tongue. get a small
bump coming up, but managed
to suppress it. this feeling
inside my mouth, and under
my front teeth (upper)
and front teeth (lower).

Twist head and change
again.

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 tongue 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 screwy 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 concerntrate 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 swizzling tongue. Wearing an earring 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.

(begin page 5) 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. Hes 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 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. Arms 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 toungeing. (*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.'

① A translation of the feeling of the left hand written by the right hand, and a translation of the experience of the ~~right~~ ^{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.

~~Right~~ left hand was inserted into butter. It has already started to melt the butter. Akiko next to me, Mari too - ~~take~~ making video

Documentaire of ~~text~~-performance

A bit distracting.

The left hand feels secure inside the butter. It is incased within it - quite tightly. Melting the butter slowly. ~~From~~ From the outside it looks quite funny. The fingers disappear into ~~the~~ the yellow part. ~~Now~~ 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

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. Man behind reading. Hope text is not too boring. Its difficult to describe. Bottom is cold against the floor. Don't know what to ~~right~~ write. Thinking about what to do next. Feel the people behind me. Butter melting more. If ~~if~~ I move my fingers ~~the~~ it is almost liquid. I wonder

④ If I will be able to meet the whole part, trust 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ hr later it still had not melted.

Back to the butter.

If I wiggle my fingers - it is starting to feel

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 as active and write 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

(b) heated, but being cooled.
Looking — the thumb has
broken out of the pat.

I think — I should have
done my nails before trip
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.

The Try to explain what
the butter actually feels
like. I can only
make comparisons with
things that I already know

⑦ or perhaps it should be an abstract description.

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.

⑧ They might be with 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'm feeling a bit stoned - though. 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 its rabiid. 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 pat where all

(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 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 ~~is~~ in which the fingers are enclosed is now melted.

⑪ 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.
Analogies? I don't know if
there are any. Oh, there's
that smell of butter again.
Just wafted ~~past~~ past my
nose.

(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 ~~it~~ like when you
have been in the bath for
too long. Moving fingers, fat
being squidged through. It
does feel like cotton wool if
you try to forget that your
hand is in butter. Middle
finger on L-Hand taking
all of the pressure now -
balancing against the Thumb

(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. ~~for~~

EINE ÜBERTRAGUNG
DER EMPFINDUNG
DER LINKEN HAND
IN DIE RECHTE

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. (*Righ 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. (*I 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. 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 - 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. 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. (*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, 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. (*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 (*passt 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 squidged 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*)'

JOINING
THE DOTS



NOW THAT'S A
REAL MAN(MINOTAUR)

Richard Patterson
Blue Minotaur, 1996
The Saatchi Collection
© the Artist

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)

Johas wo wohnst du? Answer: Zu Hause in Berlin² (Michael Landy, *Costermonger's Stall*, 1992-1997)

Jonas ZAHNE PUTZEN 5min 2mal pro tag³ (Richard Patterson, *Blue Minotaur*, 1996)

HAVE YOU READ ANY DERRIDA RECENTLY? (Rachel Whiteread, *Untitled (orange bath)*, 1996.

NOW THAT'S A REAL MAN(OTOUR) (Richard Patterson, *Blue Minotaur*, 1996)

MARK QUINN – REALLY LOOKS LIKE THIS? DOES HE? (Mark Quinn, *Self*, 1991 – detail)

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 Piggott, *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 Piggott, *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)

MICHAEL LANDY COOKS A REALLY GOOD PORK CHOP! HES NOT REALLY A BARROW BOY (Michael Landy, *Costermonger's Stall*, 1992-1997)

NICHT ANFASSEN!⁵ (Rachel Whiteread, *Untitled (orange bath)*, 1996.

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)

¹ These texts were written on a selection of postcards from the Sensation Exhibition during the performance of Sleepingbag/Postbag.

² Trans: Where do you live Jonas? Answer: I live in Berlin.

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**

A⁶: WIE WERS MIT EIN DRINK an der Baa⁷.

H⁸: ICH BIN EIN KANNINCHEN⁹

A: DU BIST SEHR NET¹⁰

H: ICH BIN EIN KANNINCHEN¹¹

A: ET KUETT WIE ET KUETT!¹²

H: FLYING HOME TOMORROW

H: WILLST DU MEIN BUTTER BEHALTEN?¹³ + ¹⁴

A: Nein Danke ich hab genuck¹⁵ BUTTER¹⁶

H: wir ('suchen'¹⁷ crossed through here) sehen uns an der Ba Schtuess¹⁸

H: THIS IS INTERACTIVE MAN WOW

A: FREUND¹⁹ +²⁰

H: IN²¹

A: Homo Gomoni Lupus!²²

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.

Copy: 1999

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.

AHRB Proposal: *The Daily Hayley*, March 2001

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.

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 performative¹ 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.

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 'live' 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 Kulog 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/performance 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.

²The term 'Theatre of Journalism' is my own invention and is influenced by Antonin Artaud's essays on *The Theatre of Cruelty* (two manifestos in *The Theatre and its Double*, Grove Press, 1958).

material.

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'² 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 politics), 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:

The performance/exhibition co-inside's with the first publication of a book of my own performance work's from 1994-2000. *The Daily Hayley* performance series will complement and extend conclusions made in the works presented in the book *Performancemania*.

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

Report: ACE - Hayley Newman – Live Art Residency at the University of Lincolnshire and Humberside

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 multi media 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
9.2.99 11.50 am

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 braking. 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 3 times. A crow calls and wind makes the leaves shimmer in the trees behind me. Quick steps through snow and silt.

Queen's Gardens and Town Docks Museum, Hull.

Photograph: Alan Curtis.



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H010080L

Postcard



Hayley Newman

9 Edwin Street

London

E1 4A9.

ALL BRITISH PRODUCTION



5 012491 000167

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.

Smiling Experiment #1 9.02.79
Cafe Select, Leeds train station.

9.55.79

Its swarming with people. The noise an
moment of which made me feel a bit dizzy.
I am sitting ~~at~~ next to the stations car park
and can't hear the sound of people repeating
withdrawing money. Pensioners ~~that~~ (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 ~~the~~ my grandmother
grew-up here and my great-uncle still
lives here. As children we went to
Scarborough once, I remember playing the
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
focused on where they are going are at times
open, relaxed and looking for the next adventure.
The experience of traveling is after all
more than a movement from A-B. Watching
people, changing voices, landscapes, architects
travelling collectively, remain individual.

10.03.35.

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

14.45 16.2.99

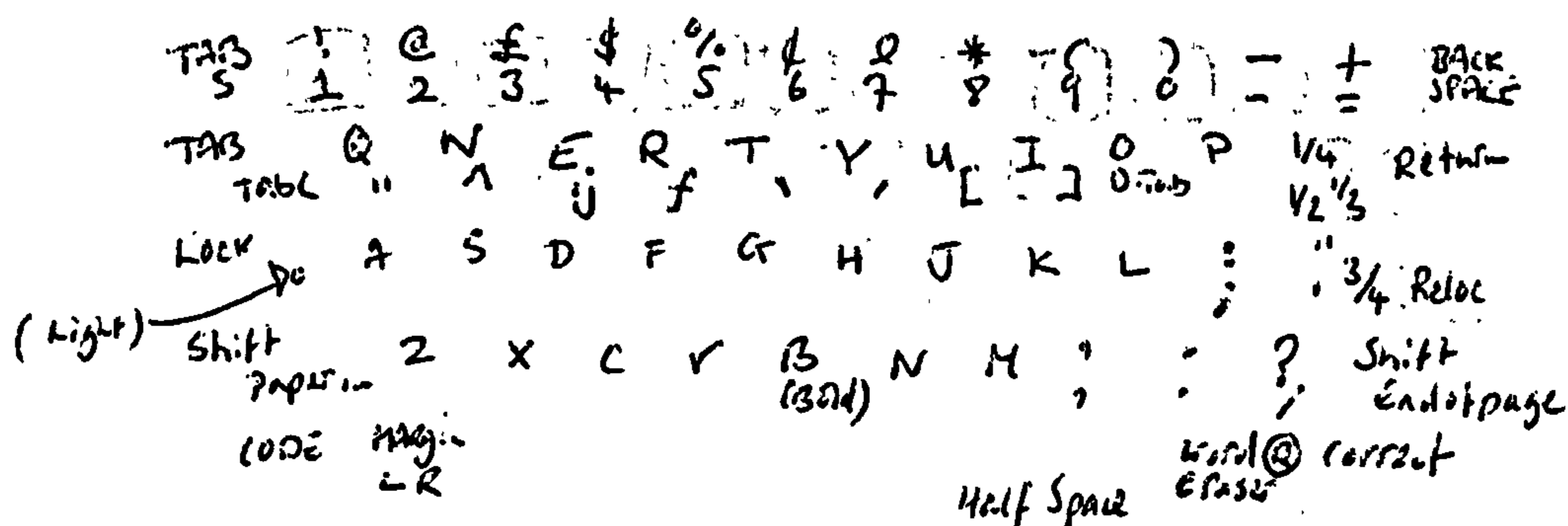
Studio, London

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. It gets too 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 Ferrys movements in early roxy music stuff - ~~xxxxxxx~~ 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 ripple, ready to move in an overt expressive manner. They become roccoco and ornate, curling and stretching across the keys. They have gone beyond a practical useage 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 forever, as each time that a ~~xxxxxx~~ sentence is written to ~~xxxxxx~~ 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 roccoco flourish of the hand. The hands are ornamental, ~~they~~ they are moving/ gliding beautifully across the keys making their own composition, contributing to the ~~the~~ 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. ~~xxxxxxx~~ direct transferal of emotion.... This sounds nice.... The repeated sound of the full stop. I start to type mechanically. The rhythm remains regular, I don't know what time I am typing in but I imagine it to be a slightly syncopated 2/2 time. It is a staid 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 me 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. ~~W~~ 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. ½gjn. and again; ½oi. And again.=ly . Now fr standing;m d. Arm from elbow to index finger placed on key board;taaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa' That was x the right arm, now here's the left;jj Not quite as good, lets try again;h Still not much good. Now an experiment running the right forefinger across all the keys from left to right; 1234567890-= qwertyuic ASDFGHJKL:" Zxcvbnm,./

Mmmm, interesting. I you want to know what i did. I think I did it wr wrong. I'm going to try again; 1234567890-= qwertyuic ASDFGHJKL:" Zxcvbnm,./

They are both the same. Ok so heres 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 of the typewriter hitting the tab key first. 'qwertyuiop' is missing the '½' 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 ~~xxxx~~ changed the letters from their position as capitals to lower case. The 'Z' appears to still be uppercase, which is i presume is because it was ~~xxxxxxx~~ 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 PartyNovember 18th, 1994

Hamburg.

(photo: Nina Könnemann)

Crying Glasses (An aid to Melancholia)

1995

On Public Transport in Hamburg, Berlin, Rostock, London and Guildford.

(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

'Kleidung', All Girls Gallery, Berlin.

(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.

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.

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.

Head

Studio Photograph, 1997
(Photo; Casey Orr)

You Blew My Mind

Studio Photograph, 1997
(Photo; Casey Orr)

Blow Out

Studio Photograph, 1997
(Photo; Casey Orr)

Occasionally Groovy

January 4, 1997
Demonstration, Kunst und Technik, Berlin.
(Photo: Bam Hühnerkopf)

'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.

LEGO Guitarists; John Bisset, Steve Mallaghan, Rick Nogalski, Ivor Kalim, Nigel Teers, Viv Doogan, Jorg Graumann, Richard Sanderson.

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, SMOKEMay 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

1) L. Price 2) B.Gilchrist 3) G. Newman 4) K.Reynolds 5) L.Taylor 6) R.Withers 7) S.Hart 8) A. Newman 9) B.Williams 10) R.Waring 11) L.Harvey

Man City

1) J. Bichard-Harding 2) C.Shillitoe 3) S.Cope 4) R.Silverman 5) C.Morgana 6) Tinsey 7) L.Watts 8) D.Clegg 9) D.Guerro Miracle 10) H. Newman 11) A.Rachmatt

Referee

M. Thompson

You scratch mine and I'll scratch yoursSeptember 12th, 1998

Cyberia Café (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 through image and text.

Flea Circus (with Nina Könneman as Malcolm & Lily) 1998

A miniature stereo flea theatre.

Kuß 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*.

Sucksniiffdribblescratch 1999

Sucksniiffdribblescratch 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

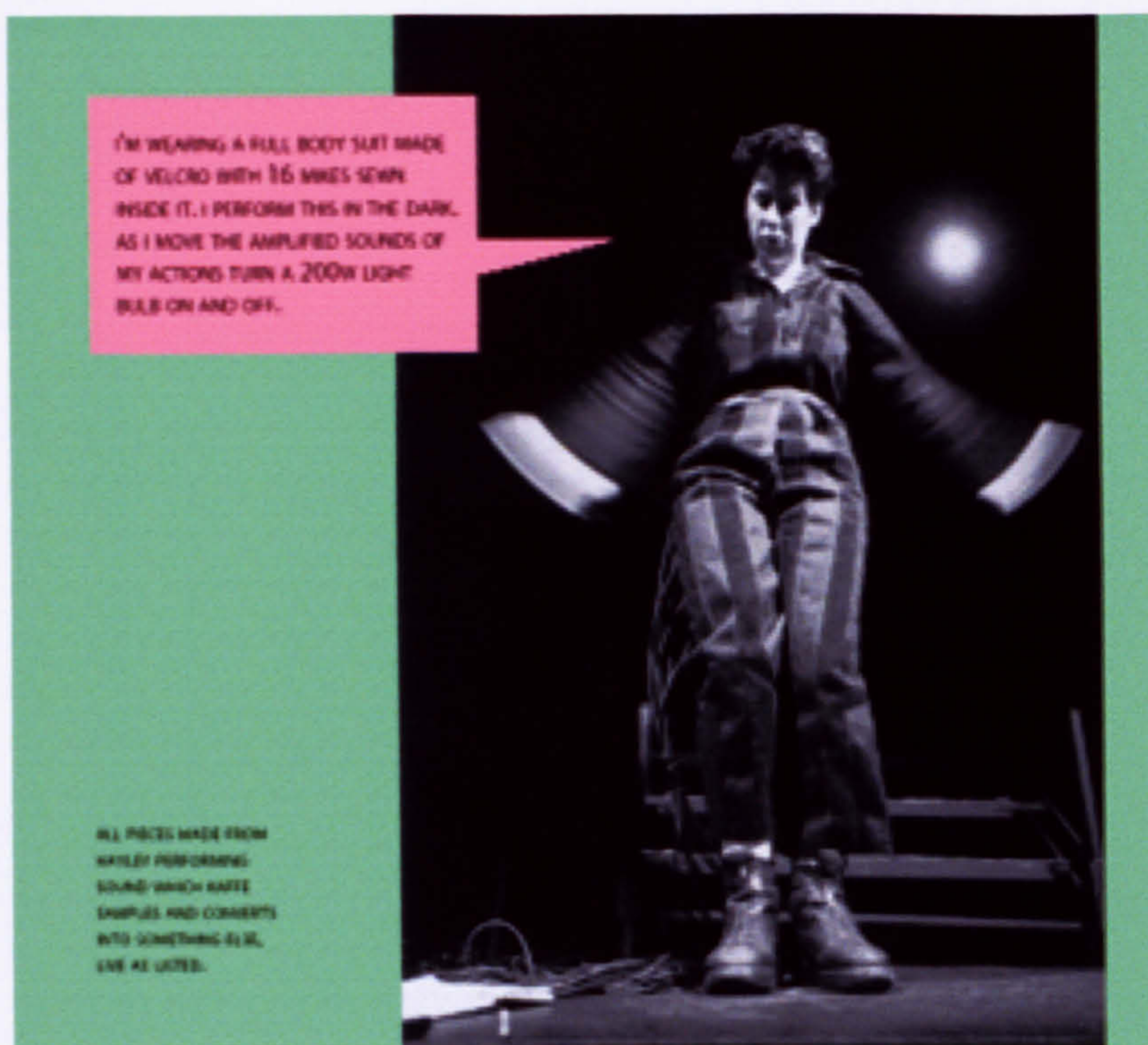
Controlling volume by wrapping objects that make sound.

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.'

Pointy Stunt, audio recordings of performance collaborations between Hayley Newman and Kaffe Matthews, CD pub. Lowlands, Belgium 2000.

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 its 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.

Soundgaze

Silent	000.140kg	wierd3	001.900kg
1 apple	000.170kg	pills	002.000kg
Glassclink	000.260kg	pepper	002.100kg
gurgle	000.280kg	ignition	002.200kg
Bath 6	000.300kg	match	002.300kg
Sink 1	000.310kg	rum	002.400kg
quietpour	000.330kg	draain	002.500kg
gurgle	000.340kg	silent	002.590kg
Sink 3	000.360kg	baa baa	002.650kg
pour 2	000.375kg	cow sfx	002.750kg
Sink 2	000.390kg	hippo sfx	002.780kg
filling water	000.430kg	gorilla sfx	002.870kg
Sink tune	000.450kg	lion_pur	002.945kg
water 1	000.470kg	piggy 1(2)	003.015kg
water	000.490kg	tiger	003.050kg
bath	000.510kg	piggy 2	003.090kg
bath 5	000.530kg	piggy 3	003.160kg
drip	000.530kg	piggy 4	003.240kg
Multitear	000.590kg	rhinocer	003.290kg
crunchy	000.605kg	pigsfx	003.330kg
write	000.620kg	sheepsfx	003.390kg
radio	000.700kg	pup	003.650kg
dance 1	000.920kg	chirp2sfx	003.795kg
kiss	000.970kg	chirpover	003.890kg
dance 2	001.125kg	hooves(2)	003.970kg
blopfart	001.700kg	bee	004.030kg
bee	001.730kg	insey	004.200kg
beegood(2)	001.840kg	rum	004.400kg

match	004.450kg	longfart	005.600kg
ignition	004.500kg	5a	005.620kg
pepper	004.600kg	3a	005.640kg
harpmix	004.690kg	69	005.660kg
wierd3	004.750kg	61	005.680kg
pills	004.800kg	57	005.700kg
pepper	004.900kg	51	005.720kg
ignition	005.000kg	48	005.740kg
match	005.100kg	same length	005.760kg
silent	005.160kg	longbaby	005.780kg
105	005.180kg	twentynine	005.800kg
play 1	005.200kg	twelve 002	005.820kg
longestsofar	005.220kg	5a	005.840kg
Twenty six	005.240kg	11a	005.860kg
longo	005.260kg	odd	005.880kg
twelve 001	005.280kg	69	005.920kg
nice 2	005.300kg	1 forge	005.940kg
thirteen 002	005.320kg	3 forge	005.960kg
10 forge	005.340kg	5 forge	005.980kg
9 forge	005.360kg	7 forge	006.000kg
eleven 001	005.380kg	longing	006.020kg
8cforge	005.400kg	8cforge	006.040kg
longing	005.420kg	eleven 001	006.060kg
7 forge	005.440kg	9 forge	006.080kg
29 odd	005.460kg	10 forge	006.100kg
28 odd	005.480kg	longo	006.120kg
27 odd	005.500kg	Twentysix	006.140kg
26 odd	005.520kg	longbits	006.160kg
21 odd	005.540kg	twelve002	006.180kg
14 odd	005.560kg	longwave	006.200kg
11a	005.580kg	uber lang	006.220kg

long enough	006.240kg	28 odd	006.860kg
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
14odd	006.420kg	3a	007.060kg
18odd	006.440kg	69	007.080kg
57	006.460kg	61	007.100kg
69	006.480kg	57	007.120kg
3a	006.500kg	51	007.140kg
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

69	007.500kg	longa	008.380kg
longa	007.520kg	5a	008.400kg
longbaby	007.540kg	thirteen 002	008.420kg
14odd	007.560kg	Squeak 3	008.470kg
3a	007.580kg	Squeak 3	008.490kg
48	007.600kg	10 forge	008.500kg
105	007.620kg	Twelve 001	008.520kg
51	007.640kg	7 forge	008.540kg
Silent	007.700kg	uber lang	008.560kg
longfart	007.800kg	twentynine	008.580kg
11a	007.820kg	Squeak 5	008.600kg
Squeak 1	007.930kg	16odd	008.620kg
26odd	007.960kg	51	008.640kg
27odd	007.980kg	48	008.680kg
28odd	007.980kg	49	14odd
29odd	008.000kg	50	008.700kg
Squeak 2	008.060kg	16odd	008.720kg
Squeak 2	008.090kg	21odd	008.740kg
5 forge	008.100kg	30odd	008.760kg
7 forge	008.120kg	Squeak 6	008.780kg
longing	008.140kg	1 forge	008.800kg
8c forge	008.160kg	Squeak 7	008.890kg
eleven 001	008.180kg	Another long one	008.900kg
10 forge	008.220kg	thirteen 002	008.920kg
thirteen 002	008.240kg	3a	008.940kg
twelve 001	008.260kg	longfart	008.960kg
twelve 002	008.280kg	16 odd	008.980kg
twentynine	008.300kg	18 odd	009.000kg
Twentysix	008.320kg	30 odd	009.020kg
longbaby	008.340kg	longing	009.040kg
longo	008.360kg	8cforge	009.060kg

eleven001	009.080kg	Silent	015.390kg
9forge	009.100kg	3	015.410kg
10forge	009.120kg	4	015.430kg
Twentysix	009.140kg	5	015.470kg
Longenough	009.160kg	6	015.450kg
longbits	009.180kg	7	015.490kg
Twenty six	009.200kg	8	015.510kg
Thirteen 002	009.220kg	5	015.530kg
Uber lang	009.240kg	4	015.550kg
Squeak 8	009.420kg	6	015.570kg
Squeak 9	009.730kg	3	015.590kg
Squeak 10	009.920kg	2	015.630kg
Squeak 1a	010.220kg	7	015.650kg
Silent	010.270kg	1	015.670kg
Squeak 2a	010.620kg	2	015.690kg
Squeak 3a	010.780kg	glassmyarse	016.000kg
Harpmix	011.010kg	harpmix	016.200kg
Squeak 4a	011.210kg	51	016.250kg
Squeak 5a	011.670kg	bloofart 2	016.750kg
Squeak 6a	011.800kg	dog	017.000kg
Squeak 7a	012.120kg	ignition	017.250kg
Squeak 8a	012.440kg	draain	017.500kg
Silent	012.800kg	dog	17.750kg
Squeak 8aa	012.970kg	weird 3	18.000kg
Squeak 9a	013.190kg	begin 2	18.250kg
Squeak 10a	013.390kg	glassmyarse2	18.500kg
Shift squeal	013.460kg	weird 3	18.750kg
Multi shift	013.720kg	stoopid 4	19.000kg
Eight squeal	014.190kg	dog	19.250kg
Five squeal	014.240kg	fruity 3b	19.500kg
Silent	015.350kg	fruity 4	20.000kg

fruitytech 1	20.500kg	begin 5	65.200kg
fruitytech 2	25.000kg	Stoopid 4	65.300kg
fruitytech 2	25.500kg	cat	65.400kg
fruitytech 1	30.000kg	play 2	65.500kg
fruitytech 3	30.500kg	dog	65.600kg
fruit 3b	35.000kg	techNO	65.700kg
longmulch 2	35.500kg	riff	65.800kg
fruity 4	40.000kg	white	65.900kg
longmulch 1	40.500kg	whiteclick	66.000kg
fruity 2	45.000kg	whiteclicktech	67.000kg
longmulch 3	45.500kg	whitesweet	68.000kg
fruit 3	50.000kg	fruity3	69.000kg
longmulch 4	50.500kg	fruity2	69.100kg
Whitesweet	55.000kg	fruity3b	69.200kg
duffcow	55.500kg	fruitytech1	69.400kg
draain	56.100kg	fruitytech2	69.500kg
white	60.000kg	fruitytech3	69.600kg
whiteclicktech	65.000kg		



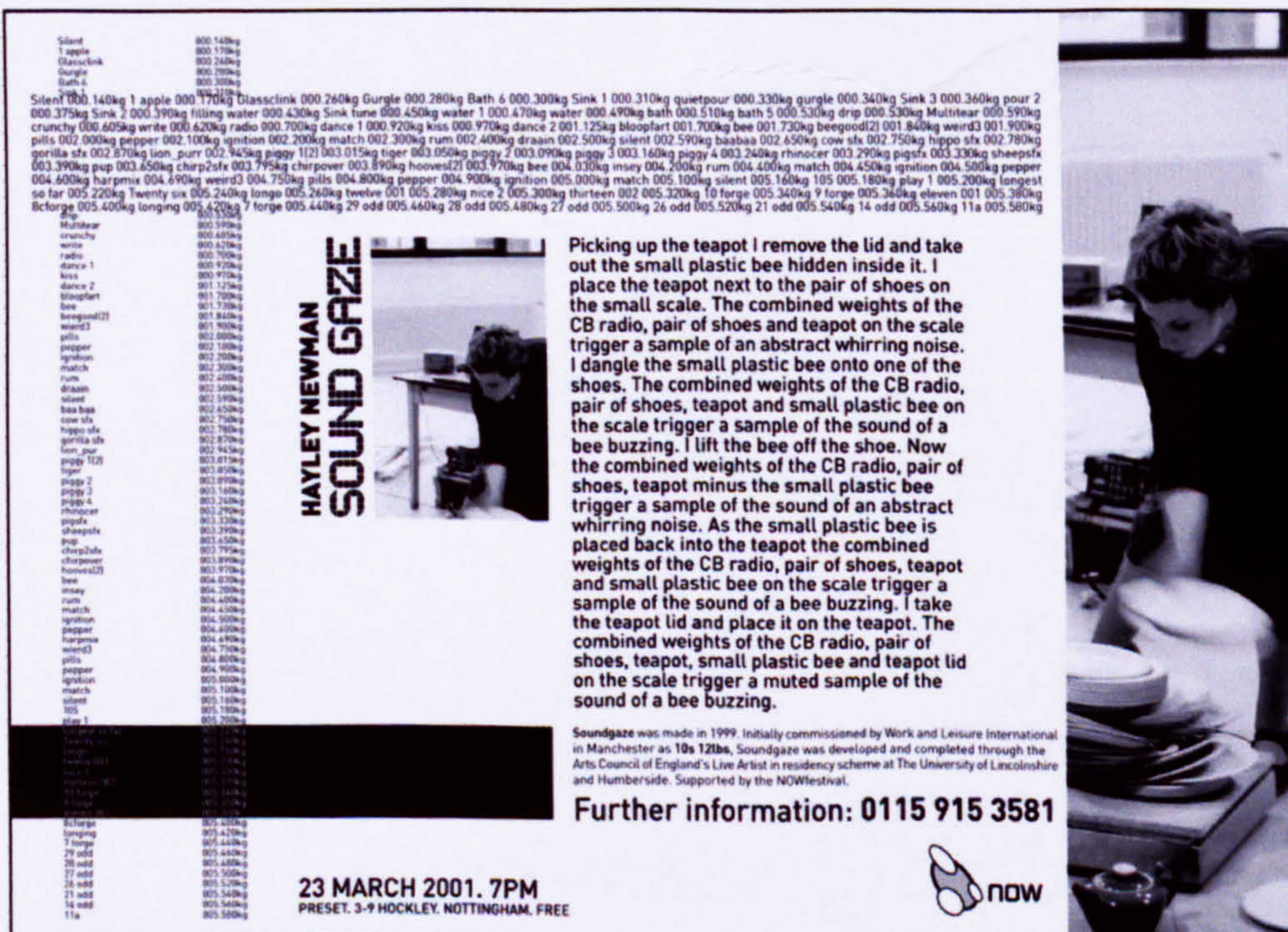
nowprojects

HAYLEY NEWMAN
SOUND GAZE

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

Silent
000.140kg 1 apple
000.170kg Glassclink
000.260kg Gurgle 000.280kg Bath 6
000.300kg Sink 1 000.310kg quietpour
000.330kg gurgle 000.340kg Sink 3
000.360kg pour 2 000.375kg Sink 2 000.390kg
filling water 000.430kg Sink tune 000.450kg
water 1 000.470kg water 000.490kg bath 000.510kg
bath 5 000.530kg drip 000.530kg Multitear
000.590kg crunchy 000.605kg write 000.620kg radio
000.700kg dance 1 000.920kg kiss 000.970kg dance
2 001.125kg bloopfart 001.700kg bee 001.730kg
beegood[2] 001.840kg weird3 001.900kg pills
002.000kg pepper 002.100kg ignition 002.200kg
match 002.300kg rum 002.400kg draain
002.500kg silent 002.590kg baabaa
002.650kg cow sfx 002.750kg hippo sfx
002.780kg gorilla sfx 002.870kg
lion_purr 002.945kg piggy
1[2] 003.015kg tiger

003.160kg piggy 3
003.240kg rhinocer 003.290kg
pigstx 003.330kg sheepstx 003.390kg
pup 003.650kg chirp2stx 003.795kg
chirpover 003.890kg hooves[2] 003.970kg
bee 004.030kg insey 004.200kg rum 004.400kg
match 004.450kg ignition 004.500kg pepper
004.600kg harpmix 004.690kg weird3 004.750kg
pills 004.800kg pepper 004.900kg ignition 005.000kg
match 005.100kg silent 005.160kg 105 005.180kg
play 1 005.200kg longest so far 005.220kg twenty
six 005.240kg longo 005.260kg twelve 001 005.280kg
nice 2 005.300kg thirteen 002 005.320kg 10 forge
005.340kg 9 forge 005.360kg eleven 001
005.380kg 8 forge 005.400kg tonging
005.420kg 7 forge 005.440kg 29 add
005.460kg 28 add 005.480kg 27 add
005.500kg 26 add 005.520kg 25 add
005.540kg 14 add 005.560kg 11a 005.580kg



nowprojects

HAYLEY NEWMAN
SOUND GAZE

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

Silent 000.140kg 1 apple 000.170kg Glassclink 000.260kg Gurgle 000.280kg Bath 6 000.300kg Sink 1 000.310kg quietpour 000.330kg gurgle 000.340kg Sink 3 000.360kg pour 2 000.375kg Sink 2 000.390kg filling water 000.430kg Sink tune 000.450kg water 1 000.470kg water 000.490kg bath 000.510kg bath 5 000.530kg drip 000.530kg Multitear 000.590kg crunchy 000.605kg write 000.620kg radio 000.700kg dance 1 000.920kg kiss 000.970kg dance 2 001.125kg bloopfart 001.700kg bee 001.730kg beegood[2] 001.840kg weird3 001.900kg pills 002.000kg pepper 002.100kg ignition 002.200kg match 002.300kg rum 002.400kg draain 002.500kg silent 002.590kg baabaa 002.650kg cow sfx 002.750kg hippo sfx 002.780kg gorilla sfx 002.870kg lion_purr 002.945kg piggy 1[2] 003.015kg tiger 003.160kg piggy 3 003.240kg rhinocer 003.290kg pigstx 003.330kg sheepstx 003.390kg pup 003.650kg chirp2stx 003.795kg chirpover 003.890kg hooves[2] 003.970kg bee 004.030kg insey 004.200kg rum 004.400kg match 004.450kg ignition 004.500kg pepper 004.600kg harpmix 004.690kg weird3 004.750kg pills 004.800kg pepper 004.900kg ignition 005.000kg match 005.100kg silent 005.160kg 105 005.180kg play 1 005.200kg longest so far 005.220kg twenty six 005.240kg longo 005.260kg twelve 001 005.280kg nice 2 005.300kg thirteen 002 005.320kg 10 forge 005.340kg 9 forge 005.360kg eleven 001 005.380kg 8 forge 005.400kg tonging 005.420kg 7 forge 005.440kg 29 add 005.460kg 28 add 005.480kg 27 add 005.500kg 26 add 005.520kg 25 add 005.540kg 14 add 005.560kg 11a 005.580kg

Multitear 000.590kg
crunchy 000.605kg
write 000.620kg
radio 000.700kg
dance 1 000.920kg
kiss 000.970kg
dance 2 001.125kg
bloopfart 001.700kg
bee 001.730kg
beegood[2] 001.840kg
weird3 001.900kg
pills 002.000kg
pepper 002.100kg
ignition 002.200kg
match 002.300kg
rum 002.400kg
draain 002.500kg
silent 002.590kg
baabaa 002.650kg
cow sfx 002.750kg
hippo sfx 002.780kg
gorilla sfx 002.870kg
lion_purr 002.945kg
piggy 1[2] 003.015kg
tiger 003.160kg
piggy 3 003.240kg
rhinocer 003.290kg
pigstx 003.330kg
sheepstx 003.390kg
pup 003.650kg
chirp2stx 003.795kg
chirpover 003.890kg
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bee 004.030kg
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harpmix 004.690kg
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silent 005.160kg
105 005.180kg
play 1 005.200kg
longest so far 005.220kg
twenty six 005.240kg
largo 005.260kg
twelve 001 005.280kg
nice 2 005.300kg
thirteen 002 005.320kg
10 forge 005.340kg
9 forge 005.360kg
eleven 001 005.380kg
8 forge 005.400kg
tonging 005.420kg
7 forge 005.440kg
29 add 005.460kg
28 add 005.480kg
27 add 005.500kg
26 add 005.520kg
25 add 005.540kg
14 add 005.560kg
11a 005.580kg

Picking up the teapot I remove the lid and take out the small plastic bee hidden inside it. I place the teapot next to the pair of shoes on the small scale. The combined weights of the CB radio, pair of shoes and teapot on the scale trigger a sample of an abstract whirring noise. I dangle the small plastic bee onto one of the shoes. The combined weights of the CB radio, pair of shoes, teapot 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, teapot minus the small plastic bee trigger a sample of the sound of an abstract whirring noise. As the small plastic bee is placed back into the teapot the combined weights of the CB radio, pair of shoes, teapot and small plastic bee on the scale trigger a sample of the sound of a bee buzzing. I take the teapot lid and place it on the teapot. The combined weights of the CB radio, pair of shoes, teapot, small plastic bee and teapot lid on the scale trigger a muted sample of the sound of a bee buzzing.

Soundgaze was made in 1999. Initially commissioned by Work and Leisure International in Manchester as 10s 121be, Soundgaze was developed and completed through the Arts Council of England's Live Artist in residency scheme at The University of Lincolnshire and Humberside. Supported by the NOW Festival.

Further information: 0115 915 3581

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nowprojects

Soundgaze invite, 23 March 2001

Sucksniiffdribblescratch

*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 foot.
 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.
 Spit water at the mirror.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Spit water at the mirror.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Spit water at the mirror.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Spit water at the mirror.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Spit water 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.
 Spit out water over the taps.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Spit out water over the taps.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Open the top right hand draw.
 Dribble water into the top right hand drawer.
 Close the drawer.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Open the second drawer on the right.
 Dribble water into the drawer.
 Close the drawer.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Open the middle right hand drawer.
 Dribble water into the drawer.
 Close the draw.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Open the fourth right hand drawer.
 Dribble o water into the drawer.
 Close the drawer.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Open the bottom right hand drawer.
 Dribble water into the drawer.
 Close the drawer.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Open the top left hand drawer.
 Spit out water into the drawer.
 Close the drawer.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Open the third draw down on the left.
 Dribble water into the drawer.
 Close the drawer.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Open the bottom left hand drawer.
 Let the water out into the drawer in bursts.
 Close the drawer.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Open the fourth drawer on the left.
 Spit 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.
 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 space.
 Take a mouthful of water.
 Spit water into 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 over yourself.
 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 cookers 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 cookers 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 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 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 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 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.
 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 **D**.
 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.
 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 **E**.
 Take out a tissue and blot your lips.
 Throw the tissue into one of the pans.
 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.
 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.

(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: Carloine 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

Hayley Newman
9 Edwin Street
London
E1 4AY
020 73660151
hay@stalk.net

16.05.00

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

Hayley Newman
9 Edwin Street
London
E1 4AY
020 73660151
hay@stalk.net

16.05.00

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 it's 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.
- 6.08.28 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 wearing an old man's dirty pants.
- 6.08.40 Think about earwigs singing songs to one another.
- 6.08.44 Think about cleaning the sink with your own urine.
- 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.
- 6.09.21 Think about your favorite shoes.
- 6.09.24 Think about sticking double-sided Sellotape to the ends of your fingers and trying to pick things up.
- 6.09.29 Think about the sound of your own breath.
- 6.09.32 Think about drying your hair with a Spanish fan.
- 6.09.35 Think about drawing veins all over your body with a Biro.
- 6.09.39 Think about throwing up into a plastic bag on a bus.
- 6.09.42 Think about watching pollen float through the air.
- 6.09.45 Think about a dead friend.
- 6.09.48 Think about eating crisps and coke in a car on a summer's day with all the windows shut.
- 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.
- 6.10.11 Think about throwing a soggy teabag at the wall.
- 6.10.14 Think about having a meal in a restaurant in the nude.
- 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.
- 6.10.29 Think about sweating milk.
- 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 your index finger transforming itself into a knife.
- 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 eating porridge naked in the bath
- 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.

- 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.