

RED ADAPTS THE EYE FOR THE DARK.

INFRA-RED.

> Derek Jarman



TRIBUTARY
TENTACULAR
REPETITION
GROOVE



ATTACHMENTS
& DETACHABLES
-ING
YEARNING
LONGING



MISCELLANY
ANTHO*LOGICAL
MATRIXES



LOOP
TRAFFIC
CIRCULATION



EMERGENT MUSIC
SUPERIMPOSITION
QUANDARIES



CLEAVE
EFFUSIVE
SPIRIT



IN SPACE / OUT OF TIME
HAUNT•ED•ING
HOLE
EDGED



EMERGENCE OF (NO)(THING)
ERUPTIVE BREATH
EBULLIENCE



A/ROUSE
IMPROVVISARE
DRIFT



The audience moves with a rapid energy. A massive rearrangement of space / site / position. Where is he? Where will he come from? Attendees in chairs, on carpeted risers, on black back-jacks; they wait. An interplay of light and shadow and beige drape the walls of the church as a red tower appears. It didn't just appear, it's been in the room the entire night. The tallest stand-alone structure on the ground level of the church. The red is deep, sweet and bloody. An unavoidable confrontation with a form, a non-life, that feels to be getting redder, hotter, in preparation for the work to come. As people settle in seats or continue to seek place, the din of an audience in transit is upended by a lilting refrain, an incessant loop, insisting on not just being in the room, but becoming room for an inevitable arrival. Where is he? When will he ...? This goes on, and they wait. As the music gets louder, so has un/certain sensations of anticipation, desire, im/patience. The interminable nature of waiting in a church that is also a theater. A door opens. *"body of water surrounded by land and filling a depression or basin,"* early 12c., from Old French *lack* (12c., Modern French *lac*) and directly from Latin *lacus* "pond, pool, lake," also "basin, tank, reservoir" (related to *lacuna* "hole, pit"), from PIE **laku-* "body of water, lake, sea" (source also of Greek *lakkos* "pit, tank, pond," Old Church Slavonic *loky* "pool, puddle, cistern," Old Irish *loch* "lake, pond"). There was a Germanic form of the PIE root which yielded Old Norse *lögr* "sea flood, water," Old English *lacu* "stream, pool, pond," *lagu* "sea flood, water, extent of the sea," *leccan* "to moisten" (see *leak* (v.)). In Middle English, *lake*, as a descendant of the

Old English word, also could mean "stream; river gully; ditch; marsh; grave; pit of hell," and this might have influenced the form of the borrowed word.

Waterfalls

Song by TLC

Overview

Lyrics

Video

Lyrics

... A lonely mother gazin' out of the window
Staring at her son that she just can't touch
If at any time he's in a jam, she'll be by his side
But he doesn't realize he hurts her so much
But all the praying just ain't helping at all
'Cause he can't seem to keep his self out of trouble
So he goes out and he makes his money the best way he knows how
Another body layin' cold in the gutter, listen to me

... **Don't go chasin' waterfalls**
Please stick to the rivers and the lakes that you're used to
I know that you're gonna have it your way or nothing at all
But I think you're moving too fast

... **Little precious has a natural obsession**
For temptation but he just can't see
She gives him loving that his body can't handle
But all he can say is, "baby, it's good to me"
One day he goes and take a glimpse in the mirror
But he doesn't recognize his own face
His health is fading and he doesn't know why
Three letters took him to his final resting place, y'all don't hear me

... **Don't go chasin' waterfalls**
Please stick to the rivers and the lakes that you're used to
I know that you're gonna have it your way or nothing at all
But I think you're moving too fast

... **Ah, d'mon**
I seen a rainbow yesterday
But too many storms have come and joined
Leavin' a trace of not one God-given ray
Is it because my life is ten shades of gray
I pray, all ten fade away, seldom praise Him for the sunny days
And like His promise is true, only my faith can undo
The many chances I blew to bring my life to anew
Clear and blue and unconditional
Skies have dried the tears from my eyes, no more lonely cries
My only bleedin' hope is for the folk who can't cope
With such an endurin' pain that it keeps them in the pourin' rain
Who's to blame for tootin' 'caine into your own vein
What a shame, you shoot and aim for someone else's brain
You claim the insane and ain't this day and time for fallin'
Prey to crime I say the system got you victim to your own mind
Dreams are hopeless aspirations in hopes of coming true
Believe in yourself, the rest is up to me and you

Shamel flings open the house right door and enters the room in deliberate stride. Quickness; he's walking or running or floating across the floor and up the structure. His head turns gradually toward the audience while he climbs. Is this a moment of spatial recognition? A method to slow time? Does he see us? Does it matter? He mounts the platform. So high up, he towers, becoming the point. A new spire. He snaps, then falls. And everything changes. *Extremely red objects* (EROs)

are astronomical sources of radiation that radiate energy in the red and near infrared part of the electromagnetic spectrum. These may be starburst galaxies that have a high redshift accompanied by reddening from intervening dust, or they could be highly redshifted elliptical galaxies with an older (and therefore redder) stellar population.^[75] Objects that are even redder than EROs are

termed *hyper extremely red objects* (HEROs).^[76] **A meteor dressed or caressed in red: body-con crop that traces a definitive, sharp line across the sternoclavicular joint, moving around the neck and softly scooping at the back; a looser, more supple red trouser with a slight flare that cuts the leg at mid shin; and high, cloth sneaker with a rubber sole, no laces, kinda like the ones that look like socks. He writhes and undulates in an effort to change, to shed, to metamorphose this fleshly float. Moving back and forth across narrow depths, he slips from one edge to another. Dangling toward an abyss, a bottom, some other beyond. He peers out far beyond, a terrestrially extra positioning. "to let water in or out"**

[Johnson], late 14c., from Middle Dutch *leken* "to drip, to leak," or from Old Norse *leka*, both of them related to Old English *leccan* "to moisten, water, irrigate" (which did not survive into Middle English), all from

*Proto-Germanic *lek- "deficiency" (source also of Old High German lecchen "to become dry," German lechzen "to be parched with thirst"), from PIE root *leg- (2) "to dribble, trickle." Dearly beloved, we*

gather at the site of the leak. Inside grows uncontrollable, complex and grotesque. This practice of leaking, publicly in rupture, in jettisoned proportions, still moves. Tumult, agitation, pleasure. He finds and feels his way; coming undone in the dark, by the dark. The music accelerates and the room closes in. The platform becomes temporary shelter; protection for the inclement nature of a self falling from the sky, as well as a different kind of cocoon to support another inevitable molting.

Dearly beloved,

I MADE THIS.

IT'S FOR YOU.

He

emerges in the dark

From dark to light

Resonance,

ascending and falling reverberance

The room filling and emptying

In waves of simultaneity

red

black rush

Oh

he moves toward US

fills the pivoted opening

inquisitively

Arms moving pressing in space, thru space as space

A leather shoe streaks the floor

Another kind of music

A stomp, or fully falling foot in downward collision

Swivel

(SWIRL)

Voice, full breath

At the edge of body

riding the edge

he riding dirty

Falling and careening

A sensuousness,

the delight of rotation and inversion within a body that won't stay put, in total resistance of ...

an alliance with sway, with swept, with press on

and on

An arm raises, a foot falls, ... CLAP

BACK,

the back is to me

There? Here? When? Now?



O We time travelers

Ah Ahhhh Ahhhhhhhhh

Body lifting; sonic winds spiral.

In the music as music.

He is the wind.

Body accelerating, castings spells, describing new networks

in lateral, sagittal, coronal planes. This disturbance is spatial; his balance,

his poise, delicate. Only to be rocked by a turbulence of his own design.

Going dark; once again. <https://vimeo.com/181136805>



Black Lake

Song by Björk

Overview

Lyrics

Our love was my womb but our bond has broken
My shield is gone, my protection is taken

I am one wound, my pulsating body
Suffering be

My heart is enormous lake, black with potion
I am blind, drowning in this ocean

My soul torn apart, my spirit is broken
Into the fabric of all he has woven

You fear my limitless emotions
I am bored of your apocalyptic obsessions

Did I love you too much? Devotion bent me broken
So I remained, destroyed the icon

I did it for love, I honored my feelings
You betrayed your own heart, corrupted that organ

Family was always our sacred mutual mission
Which you abandoned

You have nothing to give, your heart is hollow
I am drowned in sorrows

No hope in sight, of ember
Reckoning eternal pain and horrors

I am a glowing shining rocket
Returning home

As I enter the atmosphere
I burn off layer by layer

Who has not gazed in wonder at the snaky shimmer of petrol patterns on a puddle, thrown a stone into them and watched the colors emerge out of the ripples, or marvelled at the bright rainbow arching momentarily in a burst of sunlight against the dark storm clouds?

> Derek Jarman

Shamel, after falling or being flung into a sub-terrestrial state, a turbulence between shadow and body, he commences yet another climb to the summit. The air is different now, thinner, more taut. At cruising altitude or at the height of dreams wildly launched, he removes his shoes. Two feet appear, elevated, moving steadily yet cautiously across the structure, the Guzei. It has become bridge, a transport, a mode of crossing; and life depends on it. The tallest structure in the room has transformed into the narrowest site for migration. He sits, he lies.

And now he waits. I'm learning to fly, to levitate myself. No one is teaching me. I'm just learning on my own, little by little, dream lesson by dream lesson. Not a very subtle image, but a persistent one. I've had many

lessons, and I'm better at flying than I used to be. I trust my ability more now, but I'm still afraid. I can't quite control my directions yet.

> Octavia Butler *Shamel's breathing has become eruptive, palpable, a sort of measurement of orientation and exertion. Breath marks the place, and becomes vapor. A lullaby. Cloud formations emerge as light delicately forming and dissolving. A dance of impermanence and change as the clouds readily melt into darkness soon after becoming visible for just a moment. The church walls, undulating, as though a sky were always inside waiting for the possibility of breach and escape.* Infrared astronomy uses sensor-equipped telescopes to penetrate dusty regions of space such as molecular clouds, to detect objects such as planets, and to view highly red-shifted objects from the early days of the universe.^[9] A

Prompt:

RED STUFF

I'm thinking of having a moment in the work where I empty out from a drawer & throw onto the stage many small items that people/we? store in our drawers personalized things that matter but are important to get rid of such as :

Non/working pens

Expired coupons

Batteries

Cords, chargers, and cables

Spare change

Random keys

Rubber bands and paper clips

Wallets

Phones

Playing cards

Baggies

Condoms

Tissues

Small books

Checks

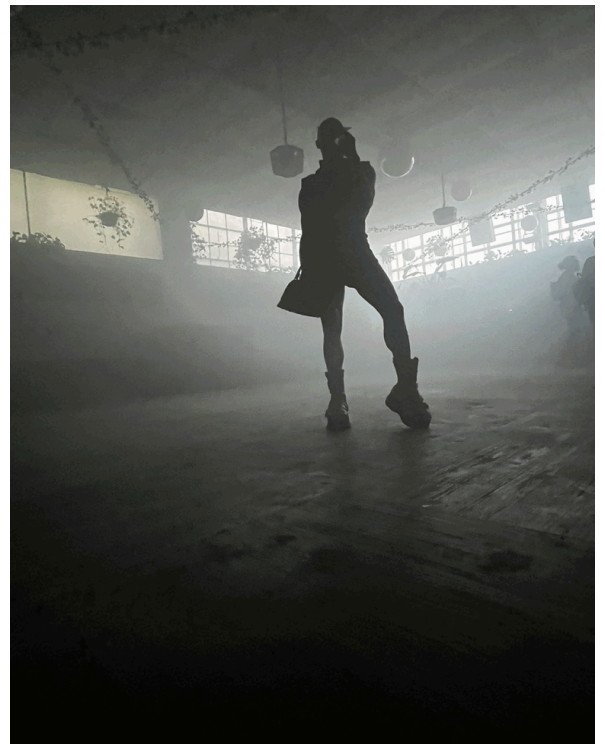
Guns

Roses

Can you help to build onto this list?

Looking forward to being with you

Love



RIIVERDANCE

Song by Beyoncé

Song by Beyoncé

Song by Beyoncé

Lyrics

Lyrics

Lyrics

Dance

Dance

Dance

Dance

Dance

Dance

Dance

Dance

Dance

Dance

Dance

Dance

Dance

Bounce on that shit, dance (dance)

Bounce on that shit, dance (dance)

Bounce on that shit, dance (dance)

Bounce on that shit, dance (dance)

Bounce on that shit, no hands (dance)

Bounce on that shit, dance (dance)

Bounce on that shit, dance (dance)

Bounce on that shit, dance (dance)

Bounce on that shit, no hands

Runnin' through the river

Runnin' through the river with you, dance (da

Runnin' through the river with you, dance (da

Runnin' through the river with you, dance (da



Overview

Overview

Overview