

Outwide

Characters:

A boy with a sense of remarkable things.

A girl who creates them.

Setting:

A world. Full.

Action:

Breathing. Pulses and sensations. Movement.

These lead to perceptions, formulations and thoroughgoing acquiescences to surrounding measures, numbers, signs, gestures (systems of habits and forms)

Which lead to utterances, thoughts and conversations, eventually reading, writing

Which leads to learning and error

Leading to experiences and relationship(s)

Eventually, with much time and exhaustion, experimenting and failures, to multi-layered and multiplicitous dialogues (even within the characters themselves)

Performance:

GIRL:

spilling ink onto a table covered with a heavy cloth-like paper pulped from wood. The ink (also a character) takes on a variety of significant colors. It runs on the texture's furrows, pools and seep-spreads on others. Girl scratches at the sopping paper with sharp objects creating trenches and wiry lines that the ink at times follows, at others leaves as grey markings of some arbitrary hand.

Girl plays or works, delights or suffers at this dance for hours. Using blotters, she drops or strings varying masses of tinted inks on, around, and over this large bed of fleshy pulp. To observe girl is to wonder. Is to climb a tangly aspen high on a mountainside from which the view would breath-take, but the limbs are fragile, the task perilous. One must weigh the risks and values.

Girl names this process of active interaction: "art." Through large life-segments of time and space she engages this activity fervently, this effort, this struggling interplay – battling and utilizing water, viscous stained liquids, and sheets of pulped forests. In involving her body, swaying, bending, reaching, seeing, wiping, thrusting, twisting, flinging and scratching, girl undoes herself. Girl begins to feel, as if wringing and ruling her body (commanding and surrendering at once) she creates fissures and flows, geysers and springs for her emotions and ideations (otherwise held within the boundaries of her skin) to extrude.

Anger comes forth, as does grief. Excitement, arousal, and pride. Loss. Fear. Frustration. All in the course of an afternoon, in a large room, at a long table spread with bedsheets and papers, near a rolling stand covered in little bottles of ink, variously coloured, a spray bottle of water, brushes, sponges, etching tools and paper towels. Also doubt and dream-like confidence. Sometimes love too, if love is an emotional ideasensation, and many more meticulously nuanced, dissolved and infused compounds of feelings.

When girl breaks from such activity (she calls “art”), she leaves large objects composed of shapes and colors and movement, things very much like herself and her body, exhibiting form and unformed markings, accidents and purposes, and mostly blendings of the three. Once they dry out and she has taken her dancing elsewhere (perhaps to husband, to children, to shopping or some other task), these new sizable objective sheets of an experience, an action, a process, a “work,” can be displayed or espied as if separate from, other than and entirely distinct to this girl on whom they absolutely depended in order to become, whom they fought with, led and followed, disobeyed and seduced. Engaged and refused. In short, they are freed up as entities even as she becomes elsewhere, goes on, each individual now out-wide and independent.

This she calls “art.”

BOY:

watching birds flitting about, perching momentarily, tussling, flapping within a small fat leaf-stripped shrub; also squirrels in their neurotic tremors and twitches peripherally casting about furtively, what he would call,

a woman running by, body visible, lycra top lycra shorts, exercising porpoise-like, piscine body daughter would wiggle her arm like an upright wave for “water” or “fish”, fluid, a rippling a torsion a reflexing porousness

the words on the pages of stacks of books he is, what he would call, “reading,” the wind blowing across ruffling, pushing the smoke from the burning of the dried plants rolled in a small sheaf of paper held between his fingers directly around his glasses stinging into his eyes, scenting his beard, facial flesh, threads of cotton stitched so as to cover his torso and so on, his arms bent akimbo, one up and out toward his coffee cup, steam still rising off its heat, it is morning, the other at nearly right angle making use of the elbow and functioning like an electrocardiograph or refined script-producing telegraph apparatus wiggling and jerking, holding in the hand like a fist a ball-point pen that jaggedly records circles lines and dashes across 8.5x10 inch pieces of very finely pressed papers lined in blue and red and punched with three perfectly round holes

Boy calls this “writing.”

Music, too, is flowing from rectangular speakers in wide varieties and styles of sounds like singing voices, rhythmic percussions, melodies, harmonies, dissonances and silences, accentuated by fingers somewhere at some time plucking at strings on wooden instruments or mouths blowing through objects made of brass or tin, perhaps animal hair tautly secured and drug back and forth over tiny metal wires.

Activity nonetheless, boy's eyes, ears, hands, hair, the skin all over his body feeling (at all times) a variety of things while his perceptions of hearing, tasting, smelling, touching, and vision, the minute functions of fine motor skills directing the wriggling trigger of his hand, signs, symbols, sensations and situation all molting, mixing, layering over and over again in the fashion (style?) of the fluctuations deep in seas create what he would call "interpretation," what others perhaps might term "thoughts."

As the letters formed by his stenographic limb collide, abut, link and silently sound one against another against another amidst music and leaves, amid carwheels whirring over asphalt, amid a throat declaring dryness and agitation in whatever ways a body does, taste of hot water compressed through ground up bitter sun-baked then oven-roasted beans, he at times interprets sense at times none and continues to ~~mark~~ cross out, rearrange, delete and insert other letters, dashes, dots, curlicues, until feeling starts to happen, different feeling from sensations,

nostalgia boy succumbs to, and longing, disappointment with rabid want and hope. He experiences disgust at particular rhythms, intrusions, accidents among the scribbles, dejection at what is interpreted failure, impossibility considered despair, arrowing red and blue-mark palimpsesting originary black, an uncertain ecstasy ringed round by cloud cover of doubt, moments of resentment, glee, grandeur and frailty. Among which ant-streams of fears and something like love purified by lust and desire, some erotics intended for fulfillment, perpetual boy considers in the work, play, effort and joy of learning / reading / writing, a world he occurs in, reorganizes and the what is called "language" or systems of signs he manufactures by borrowing by studying seeking listening for, cadence, content, something else, yes love must be in there in its angry grieving way

This boy calls "writing."

Calls attention in a way, recording reordering of a body full of inputs slowly leaking out in other ways like breath like blood like the expended energy exercise is, eventually resulting in exhaustion at which point boy lies down or showers, speaks to wife, prepares a meal, mows the lawn or plays with children,

leaving behind him small stacks of stapled 8.5x10 and 4x6 rectangles of white striped paper bleached just so and now covered with all that emerged in the combinatory motions of his senses and readings, environments and thoughts also his emotions in process of selection and collocation, reference and deconstruction, areas, objects, artifacts now witness to this process this strange symbolizing signifying systematizing activity and practice, boy calls "writing."

POSSIBILITY: AN ENCOUNTER A DIALOGUE

Setting:

opening of an exhibition of various “art” pieces by girl in a public space of a public building therefore these process-remnants are now available, that is, whatever they derived from her in their tangling engagement, struggle and celebration with her, now on display for strangers, foreigners to her and her process, people seeing these objects AS objects, i.e. things removed from their contexts, orphans of their natural habitats – institutionalized “items” public calls “art.”

Characters:

A boy with a sense of remarkable things (also practitioner of “reading” and “writing”)

A girl who creates them

Soft noises issuing as music from circular speakers throughout the ceiling of an open room

Many entire and entirely unknown human beings milling about as if aimless, as if for passing time, as if waiting and seeking at once

Some human beings familiar to the girl and the boy but never quite known (acquaintances, family, friends) these either making utterances or more carefully acting out perceptive interest in the “art” hanging about the comfortable room

Lights – some bright causing glare on inky surfaces and marble counters and floors, spectacles and drinking glasses, silver platters

Noises: squeaking of shoes on floor, rustling of clothing against arms, legs, torsos of humans present; whispers, chatters and shushings of people randomly traversing the room’s space

“Art” – objects strung up about the room as if flayed meat at a butcher’s shop or medieval criminals on dungeon-walls. Explosions and striations of (now-dried) colored inks and fluids on creamy large rectangles of textured thick papers, secured into frames, borders to keep the pictures “in” – presumably safe from one another’s influence, intrusion or competition of shapes, colors and movements, also ensuring they do not attack or fall upon the humans viewing them as if at a zoo or a place with nude women featured in suspended cages

The Action: The Dialogue:

Boy arrives. Enters. Avoids words. Seeks what he calls “art.”

Girl sits. Feet shuffle. Goose-necking humans. Feel like voyeurs. Her specimens. Orphans in the hall. Girl aches to soften, to soothe, to protect.

Boy bumps bar. Sculptures tremble: texture and light. Boy holds still. Keeps moving. Boy sees the framed array. A hall of spirits, some dancing, some cloaked, figures suggested by absence. Oracle whispers. Boy holds still reading lines and margins.

Girl rises to explain, to defend. Dizzies, offers to help. None is wanted. Gees squawking, gurgling, murmur and swoop. Girl meets boy, asks what is he thinking with thanks. Boy rocks from ball to heel.

Boy startles and recoils. Not prepared for words. Mumbles greeting as dismissal, asks the artist, not who “made” them. Thinks “birds and blood, grief and fire in fear.” Thinks “motion.”

What the girl hears: “not-art” “not-good” and “interesting” as a kindness. Hears indifference. Girl’s offspring, unwanted, unseen. Says thank you, thinks “born of brokenness and flight” thinks of loss and burn, the uncertainties. Eyes dart and fold away. She moves.

Boy does math, unsuccessfully. Figure to form, form to process, what embodies. Regrets the impossible fraction: subject/object = overwhelming context, infinite room. Boy shames and sweats, looking for exits. A chaos of lights.

Girl totters and scurries, hoping for drink. No exit. Obligated. Dodges gander’s swooping, swerving past their darts. Wonders boy, now cornered, sees around him a nimbus of words. She senses the night.

Boy skitters to dusk. Saved by two lights exposing a flow of form in frame, an isolate figure. Constellations. He breathes, he compasses, he stares through. Begins to restore.

Girl looks to see him looking. Her work is safe. Opposite and parallel she seeks to read. Makes out “milky way” and “moon” just over his shoulder, “this glittering dark” just beyond his brow. Girl ponders.

Boy turns to see her looking. Feels exposed but two lights emerge to save him. He stares through, singing “in their making,” “forming process content moving through” and “stars are the movement of light.” Boy moves, moving toward.

Girl’s glance flicks off, away. Takes in shoes, hearing voices, nods and smiles. Wishes else and other. Feels a swarm, a buzzing hive, hearing “this is wonderful work, full of what embodies in its absence, all that forms the forms.” Listening with her gaze, she informs. Says thanks, thinks “I should like so.”

Boy moves, trailing a mantle of words, foaming from the ends of his hair like the spray of a cascade. Is silent. Moves on.

Girl takes up the immaterial and begins to braid, to weave. She will wear this, they will fit. It is process. She dreams, the garment holds.

Boy feels the content flow. Begins to sense a meaning. Ideas are embodied, his ghostwords streaming home.

The threads will find their way outside.