

(Audience assembles in Basement outside lift)

Advisory Note to be explained by Chaperone prior to performance:

The Artist Lucy Pawlak can no longer move or retain any information whatsoever.

Viewers are advised to avoid breathing on the artist for the duration of this guided tour around her body as she is highly vulnerable to infection.

In addition we request viewers to kindly avoid looking at the Artist and to direct their attention instead to Richie and Romy who are being paid to perform as Pawlak's body.

Please enter the lift when it arrives - this is where the performance will commence.

(Audience chaperone calls lift, doors open to reveal Lucy, Richie and Romy already inside, audience enters, chaperone presses button to take lift to top floor, Lucy begins to whisper, Romy begins to translate simultaneously, when lift reaches top floor chaperone hold doors until end of first section - see below)

LUCY / ROMY:

Something in the Way

My name is Lucy Pawlak
I pay Ricardo to be my body
(Richie waves to audience)
I pay Romy to be my voice
(Romy waves to audience)

So, I need you all to try not to breathe on me,
And if you sneeze please cover your mouth,
And also, if you travelled on the metro, I'd appreciate it if you could keep your hands
in your pockets,
Because it's very dangerous if I catch an infection,
A cold, a cough, anything like that would be a really big deal for me.
Also if anyone's wearing a lot of cologne I'll need you to keep back.

In case you hadn't noticed I'm sick,
My blood is still warm and flowing,
But my brain won't communicate with my body anymore,
Because I've practically destroyed my entire central nervous system.

It was an attack from the inside,
In a way I'm like a terrorist, or a suicide bomber,
or an artist doing institutional critique...
Because *my* immune system is *so* effective it doesn't just wipe out the enemy it also
wipes out itself,
Destroying its own protection,

Immunizing against its own immunity.

Which is probably a great metaphor for the self-reflexivity and self-expressionism slowly suffocating us in this age of communicative capitalism.

But anyway...

From now on “we” will be “me”,

There will be 10 points in our retrospective of falls

Each point will form a new present

Each present will be a new fall

around which the world will reform itself

(Lucy is dragged out of the lift by Richie and into a position on the landing, Richie assumes pose 1, Lucy begins to whisper, Romy begins to translate simultaneously)

1. Fallen unconscious from drinking. She's lying on the bed and drunk and we have taken off all her clothes and drawn on her body. There's scribbling across her shoulders and back and we have written on her face. We take photos. She is our friend, Kate, and we have drunk Malibu and Baileys and climbed from one balcony to the next on the 37th floor of the Dionysus Hotel in Athens. Now we are dehydrated, tired out, we loll, lose our balance and hit the floor.... THUD!

(Richie falls from pose 1. Rises, drags Lucy her next position further down the stairs, then assumes pose 2. Lucy begins to whisper, Romy begins to translate simultaneously)

2. Fallen unconscious from drugs. When we wake up we are all lying on the dusty brown carpet. We have been smoking heroine for 2 days. We throw up and then smoke some more. We try and have sex but we can't climax. We are all very weak and it's nothing like as much fun as it seemed to be in Trainspotting... but we *are* experiencing a pleasing and paradoxical sense of a marvelous and complete safety mixed with hardcore Avant-garde transgression. We feel like *real* artists. We let cigarette lighters burn until they are red-hot and then sink them into our skin, it doesn't hurt at all! We're only a little worried that the foil that we chase the treacley substance across may be exposing us to high levels of aluminum, the side effects of which can include Alzheimer's in later life... We stand up too quickly and plunge into delicious velvet darkness... CRASH!

(Richie falls from pose 2. Rises, drags Lucy her next position further down the stairs, then assumes pose 3, Lucy begins to whisper, Romy begins to translate simultaneously)

3. Fallen unconscious from pain. We have woken up alone in a corridor in a wheelchair, we notice that our hands are in big white plaster casts like Mickey Mouse gloves. It seems only a second ago that we were surrounded by doctors explaining that they'd have to re-break the bones and that it would be best to be anaesthetized. We accepted gladly - we actually didn't need it because we have an *incredibly* high pain threshold but being sedated is fun... We remember how we'd watched in calm fascination as she'd stamped and kicked on our hands while

chatting on her mobile. We wonder how we'll manage to operate the camera for our upcoming art project, and then the pain hits... DOOF!

(Richie falls from pose 3. Rises, drags Lucy her next position, then assumes pose 4, Lucy begins to whisper, Romy begins to translate simultaneously)

4. Fallen unconscious from a large object in the anus. This has to be the most fascinating knock out of them all induced, as it was, by an exceedingly large, hard shit. We strain, screw up our mouth and eyes, we are 100% tense, then it's out, we slump forward, impacting with the toilet cubicle floor.... SMACK!

(Richie falls from pose 4. Rises, drags Lucy her next position further down the stairs, then assumes pose 5, Lucy begins to whisper, Romy begins to translate simultaneously)

5. Fallen unconscious from erratic heart beats. We wait for them to take it out of us, oh god, we are so glad it can finally be removed, at first they said they weren't able to because it was too small. We waited in the waiting room, where one girl cried and two others chatted and laughed and there was a woman with her husband and a teenager with her parents. On the street outside a man was constantly kneeling and praying, we looked at the floor to avoid his eyes but he knew that we'd do that and so he'd taped photocopies of bloody fetuses there. We think about how much we could have loved you and our heart falls into an abnormal rhythm, skips a beat, murmurs and goes out for a while... BANG!

(Richie falls from pose 5. Rises, drags Lucy her next position, then assumes pose 6, Lucy begins to whisper, Romy begins to translate simultaneously)

6. Fallen unconscious from panic. We are masturbating. The bright side of having no feeling in our fingers is that it's like someone else's hand is touching us. The numbness started in the tips and has crept up into the arms and now it's hard to write or draw or even brush our teeth. It's starting in the leg too, it makes it harder to walk but for some dumb reason we worry most about it creeping up into our groin and preventing us from orgasming. There is clearly something very wrong here. We take rapid shallow sips of air and see stars.... POW!

(Richie falls from pose 6. Rises, drags Lucy her next position at the bottom of the stairs, then assumes pose 7, Lucy begins to whisper, Romy begins to translate simultaneously)

7. Fallen unconscious from holding our breath. We are sliding in and out of MRI scanners and it's making us think of some terrible techno rhythm that never kicks in at a party in a squat and we start smiling and then giggling and we worry that soon we will be shaking with laughter thinking of Crusty Hippies dancing to Gabba. A voice comes onto the intercom warning us that if we aren't perfectly still the scan won't work. When we finally glide out, the lab technicians are all lined up, they don't even bother to unlock us from the molded plastic head clamp, so eager are they to impart their discovery of several lesions in our brain and spine... to them we are

little more than a fucking game of *I Spy*. We stand in front of the black and white printout of our insides on the light box and hold our breath for a long time... SLAPP!

(Richie falls from pose 7. Rises, drags Lucy her next position in the toilets, then assumes pose 8, Lucy begins to whisper, Romy begins to translate simultaneously)

8. Fallen unconscious from asphyxiation. We are in a marble room with black leather sofas. We are naked and we've just served him a Mezcal. He says we have to serve him as punishment for helping ourselves. He's one of the Mexican entrepreneurs that form part of our new art project. We deploy our long blonde hair and slim body in a Tinder profile designed to infiltrate the Mexican elite. The idea is to act as a vigilante, a double agent, brain-hacking the impune masters of the Universe during pillow talk, metamorphosing them into tender, care-centric Feminist Marxists.

We are determined to do something useful with our body before it expires... but we're already exhausted by this project. They tell us that *there are indeed days when they wish they could never again feel the desire to control or hurt another human being, but then there are other days when they're just having a ball...* They read us poems they've composed in which a three-year-old child functions as a metaphor for their penis. We're developing allergic reactions to their aftershave. We think we might be working ourselves to death. Their penchant for strangling us during sex sets the stark modernist interior spinning into a psychedelic kaleidoscope.... KUNK!

(Richie falls from pose 8. Rises, drags Lucy her next position in the toilets, then assumes pose 9, Lucy begins to whisper, Romy begins to translate simultaneously)

9. Fallen unconscious from a punch. We're just lying on the ropes and letting her hit us. We're learning how to assimilate the blows, learning to ship the shock out to different parts of our body; learning to absorb it and still think clearly. Maybe that will stop the illness? Maybe all illness results from a loss of communication between mind and body? That's certainly true of a knock out. So, we can't get knocked out if we see the punch coming. Right?

Fighting, right here, right now, is awesome, mythic, greater, more powerful than anything, it's unlocking the present, raising our consciousness, we're using fighting to get over certain points. Being a fighter enables us to attain certain ends. You don't even know what were up to!

Of course all this will finally entail irreversible losses, deterioration of the internal organs, clotting...

And then... head swinging sideways, brain thwacking against the skull,

Something in the way,

Something we can't see on the other side of a wall casting a shadow,

A terrible darkness, the black lights of unconsciousness, fireworks, the most beautiful burnout.... WHAM!

(Richie falls from pose 9. Rises, drags Lucy her next position in the toilets, Lucy begins to whisper, Romy begins to translate simultaneously)

10. Reset.

After they've cleaned out our body,
And replaced everything right down to the marrow in our bones.
They will shine torches in our eyes.
And ask us what date and year it is.
And we'll promise we'll put our body to better use this time around,
We'll swear to carry our selves into a future beyond a single existence,
Art projects, the Art World, Artist's statements, we'll vow, swear, cross our hearts
and hope to die, promise, that these will be things we'll only look back upon.

Thank you for coming to this retrospective...

NOTES:

COSTUMES:

Lucy - bright white trainers, black tights, black mini-dress, purple quartz gemstone on chain

Richie - black hot pants and vest-top, bright white trainers, purple quartz gemstone on chain

Romy - Black clothes, white shoes, purple quartz gemstone on chain