

**The Performing Body in the Event of Writing: *Lad Broke*, Camp & Furnace, Liverpool, April 2012.**

A thesis submitted to Kingston University in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

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**December 2012**

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## Abstract

This thesis centres on the 48 hour performance of *Lad Broke* in Liverpool on the 20<sup>th</sup> April 2012. This written component addresses a range of ideas that have emerged in relation to the event of durational performance including modes of inscription, the performing body and its position within a network of performance art and writing practice. By examining *Lad Broke* within the fields of art and wider cultural practices I am able to draw on ideas of duration that include narrative time, boredom and the effects of duration on the performing body and its spectators. I discuss duration within the context of music by examining rhythm, tempo and time signatures alongside the punk movement, where boredom and a need to act/react immediately remain significant factors in my performance and writing practice.

I explore inscription as a physical act of writing, mark making and labour in order to position performance and writing as a combined practical and critical enquiry that intersects in the event of *Lad Broke*. I also examine notions of the inscribed body in relation to the writings of Michel De Certeau, where he describes the body as written by authority and the law. I refer to experimental writing in order to demonstrate how writing can reveal the materiality of duration and time passing, while also discussing the temporal structure of *Lad Broke* as a continuous present, displacing traditional narrative structures and emphasising the act of 'doing' rather than the production of a complete and finished object.

The performing body is considered in a number of contexts that emerge in the performance of *Lad Broke*. Ideas around the labouring body are especially useful, where I draw on a lineage of labour practices that have informed my performance works. I look at ideas of labour in relation to wider cultural practice, raising questions around displaced masculinity and the role of the artist as cultural worker. I return to punk where alternative labouring practices position the body as a site of resistance and dissidence. This leads to a discussion of networks and the systems of dissemination that allow post sub-cultural groups to express themselves while evading a capitalist economy. I look at the zine as an art form that successfully provides a model of dissemination and autonomy which relates back to the formation of performance art networks, where the sharing of work displaces monetary exchange and subsumption into a capitalist economy.

The event of *Lad Broke* is examined through a series of viewpoints including the performer, the writer and responsive representatives of the performance art network. The event is then offered to a wider readership in the form of a zine, where the materials and leftovers of *Lad Broke* are reconfigured as a material response.

The content and structure of this thesis discusses and argues for the performing body to be considered as a site of inscription resistant to the commodification of cultural practice. Yet, throughout this work, it is the immediacy of the live event which remains vital, an event which refuses to be recuperated through these written responses.

## Acknowledgements

*I would like to take this opportunity to thank the people who have helped and supported me with this thesis. My sincerest gratitude goes to the Fine Art Department at Kingston University and in particular my supervisors Dr. Katy Macleod and Dr. Frank Millward. As an additional supervisor, Dr. Mark Leahy also deserves special thanks for his support and expert guidance. Special thanks also goes to Nathan Jones who helped me realise the 'Lad Broke' event as well as my support team and colleagues at Liverpool Hope University who have assisted in the delivery of this submission.*

*I would also like to thank Michael Mayhew, Victoria Gray, Vanessa Bartlett, Nathan Walker and Jon Davies for their collaboration in this submission, and last but not least my parents, my wife Rachel and my daughter Kayne for their encouragement and patience.*



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## Introduction

*Lad Broke* (2012), a 48-hour durational performance/writing work performed at Camp and Furnace, a post-industrial site in Liverpool, is central to this PhD submission. This performance and the whole PhD project presents the live body as a site of writing and the labour of inscriptive acts as resistant to the cultural commodification of the body. The live body in the event of writing and the subsequent resistance it performs can never be fully represented, thus, as a thesis, the event of *Lad Broke* is presented here in a number of alternative forms: a contextual chapter outlining the factors which have formed the setting for *Lad Broke*; a writing task which reflects on *Lad Broke* by employing eight six hour shifts of writing; and a zine constructed from objects, materials, traces, scraps and left-overs used in *Lad Broke*. This thesis also includes immediate written responses from Michael Mayhew, Victoria Gray and Vanessa Bartlett in order to activate further network responses to the live, durational event.

My enquiry fuels the hypothesis that since our society uses words as its primary means of social control, marginal groups find their most effective expression through the body's wider resources rather than the restrictions of verbal language. Hence, I assert the inscriptive act, working in and through the body, as a site of resistance. It is here that the act of writing can be considered not only in a traditional sense, but as an inscriptive act that leaves an impression on materials and space through labour and the production of work.

In *Lad Broke*, the textual, performative and temporal structures of authoritative and informative discourses are replicated and recontextualised (or estranged) as an alternative to institutional recuperation. The labour in *Lad Broke* presents a 'circulation of desire' (Goulish M. 2004: 185), mediated through the body in order to counter the intertextual and convergent systems of collation which are implemented by a corporate leisure industry that aims to control and condition its subjects. By re-enacting and recontextualising these systems, my performance and writing describe and distil a matrix of investment and expenditure, while attempting to expose a materialist ecology based on perpetual motion and the gradual degradation of the performing body. Materiality is key here: in *Lad Broke* and other performances such as *White Mum* (Manchester, 2011), *POSH* (London, 2011), *Fankles* (London, 2011) *Eh Ged* (York, 2010), *Sid* (London, 2011) and *Ronnie* (York, 2010), there is a re-occurrence of text, objects and materials – razor blades, newspaper, dog food, and horse-shoes.

Durational performance practice presents a field of exploration for many creative processes. *Lad Broke* concentrates on a number of main drivers, namely duration, inscription, the performing body and its relationship to labour, and the formation of networks that support and disseminate performance art works. Performance practice has become more institutionalised in recent years with the growth of academic programmes and artistic research in this field. There are close connections between new processes of work and a belief that with these modes of working, the institutional boundaries of performance can be critically re-addressed. The potentiality of *Lad Broke* challenges established orders of production, the dissemination of art works and the hierarchical organisation of work which places an emphasis on process and documentation. Ideas that discuss labour, in both its physical and abstract forms are crucial in my investigations of performance art

from within an international network of artists and writers. In their introduction to *Performance Research*, 'Labour and performance', Gabriele Klein and Bojana Kunst outline the significance of labour in the context of performance practice:

The visibility of labour in performance practice therefore corresponds in various ways with broader changes of labour in contemporary society, especially with the immaterial aspect of labour, the production of subjectivity and the performance turn in contemporary culture society. The reflection upon performance from a post-Fordist perspective or the contemporary production of subjectivity makes many parallels visible between modes of production in performance and flexible, collaborative and precarious modes of working. It is evident that the labour of the performance artist is directly related to the production of artistic subjectivity, which in turn is in correspondence with changing modes of labour in contemporary society (Klein, G and B, Kunst. 2012: 1-2).

According to Klein and Kunst, performance works are a 'sensual and aesthetic diversion of commonality, a distribution of affective intensities and a temporal modulation of the shared perception' (Ibid: 2) where the relationships between performance practice, value circulation and practiced subjectivity directly adhere to a critique of contemporary capitalism. I therefore examine performance practice from a Marxist and neo-Marxist perspective – looking at Josefine Wikström's essay 'Practice comes before Labour: An attempt to read performance through Marx's notion of practice' (2012), alongside Michael Hardt's essay 'Affective Labour' (1999) and Maurizio Lazzarato's essay 'Immaterial Labor' [sic] (1996). In order to elaborate on neo-Marxist theory, and in particular ideas around labour, alienation and autonomy, I explore Franco Berardi's *The Soul at Work* (2009).

My rationale for the body as an autonomous site of resistance arises from a frustration with corporate and state collusion in the management of not only political and economic, but also cultural life, where individual and collective autonomy are at stake. It is here that I draw on the theories of Michel Foucault in order to reveal 'the body as object and target of power' (Foucault, 1991: 136), where endless coercion and supervision is exercised in order to control and discipline the operations of the individual body. This idea provides an interesting yet unresolved constructive tension, especially in relation to the conditioning of performance art practice through institutional discourses and academic committees that decide the value of art-works based on an economy of knowledge and understanding. Problematically, this site of resistance, however far in its physical situation from the institution remains conditioned through a set of social structures and dominant ideologies. How then does performance art practice rescue the body as target of colonisation<sup>1</sup> and become a site of resistance?

It is never the answer, but the question that sets the building on fire (Goulis, M. 2004: 184).

Matthew Goulis's statement raises questions that engage with the linguistic materiality of the body in relation to the ideology of the institution. A way to question or antagonise the conditions or codes of the academic arts institution may be to situate the body in unmanageable durational frames according to the conventional temporal modes of performance. According to the artist and

<sup>1</sup> Colonisation refers to Brian Massumi's contention that, under post modernism, "the capitalist relation has colonised all of geographical and social space". I extend this argument to theories of subjectivity where individuals identify with a specific discrete form of subjectivity that best describes who they are, e.g. male/female, homosexual/heterosexual (Massumi, B. 1993: 19).

writer Victoria Gray 'the consequence of this strategy means that the effectiveness<sup>2</sup> of the work and its potential to produce a commodifiable image become ineffective [...]the body's ability to be represented exceeds the limits of representation' (Gray, V. 2012: 2). This effectiveness is replaced by a concern for the work's affectiveness, 'a scenario or situation where an experience of the work, in or as time, occupies itself with what the work feels like rather than what it looks like' (Ibid: 2). The performance is considered as texture, where the immediacy of those encountering the work is key. Peggy Phelan argues for a shared transformation between performer and audience, stating 'What distinguishes performance art from other arts, both mediated and live, is the promise of (this) possibility of mutual transformation during the enactment of the event' (Phelan, P. 2004: 19). This unpredictable exchange allows a co-creation of the work, where the senses, intellect and emotions of those present are triggered and subsequently absorbed into a circulatory system that eventually manifests as a collective 'utterance'<sup>3</sup>.

## Context

Duration has been key to my practice based research, with performances and collaborations that have ranged from small gestures - *POSH* (2011), *She Piped* (2010) and *Eh Ged!* (2010) - to expansive events lasting over a number hours, such as *Fankles* (2011), *Ronnie* (2010), *Is This His* (2010), *Free Cell* (2008) and *Lad Broke*. Durational performance/writing works have enabled me to provoke aesthetic and political questions, through inscriptive acts that culminate in a subjective, and a subsequent collective, performative utterance. I use references to other artists to demonstrate the extent to which my performance practice develops its object in real time and forms the basis of what I term as a durational aesthetic, where the effects/affects of time passing are revealed through the body writing within a specific context. This durational aesthetic unsettles and ruptures the structure of identity formations and reveals chaotic components from which they evolve. This is especially evident in Michael Mayhew's written response to *Lad Broke*; 'Does it matter that I arrive into this Marathon (*Lad Broke*) and do I take a gun to shoot the horse (Greenwood) that dances in front of me [...] or am I just here to watch Greenwood's self-punishment as he becomes broken in his own gamble?' (Mayhew, M. 2012: 6). In being exposed to these 'unbound elements, the subject has a chance to reformulate connections or to be unwittingly reformulated' (Walsh, M. 2005: 2). Once we are able to disrupt a sense of 'belonging', fabricated by temporal and institutional structures that secure identity, durational performance allows a critical intervention.

This contextual chapter discusses how the impact of a durational aesthetic, in conjunction with the subjectivity of both the performer and audience, makes representation and therefore commodification redundant. It is not the effectiveness but the affectiveness of the body and its unrepresentable-ness that has the critical potential to disrupt and resist. This idea of unrepresentable-ness is significant in *Lad Broke* where the body evades forms of surveillance and audience attention. Documentation of the body and its processes within *Lad Broke* are reduced to

<sup>2</sup> 'Effectiveness' and affectiveness' are used here in relation Teresa Brennan's publication *The Transmission of Affect* (2004), which explores the belief that emotions and feelings of one person can be transmitted or inscribed directly onto another.

<sup>3</sup> My use of 'utterance' here corresponds to J.L Austin's speech act theory, where performativity characterises the utterances issued as part of everyday life (Austin, 1975: 8).

limited immediate experiences, visual documentation and written/sonic recordings that fail to fully represent the wholeness of the performance event.

*Lad Broke* makes insistent use of repetition and sound. The flux of time is represented through a range of inscriptive acts and physical activities. *Lad Broke* describes the multiple relationships between writing and duration in a number of ways - for instance, as it is a performance based on gambling and the horse racing industry, a vinyl, long-player recording of Red Rum races is played. At times the stylus of the record player is allowed to scan the dead area of the vinyl surface, locked in an empty groove where clicks and crackles correspond to the consistent drilling and hammering of workmen heard within the same building. Paradoxically, the stylus reads and inscribes at the same time: as the quality of the vinyl diminishes with each playing, so too does the stylus. The stylus itself may be seen as analogous to my own body in the performance, where text is read, notated, transferred as circular revolutions that slowly inscribe the space.

Gertrude Stein's repetition of words and phrases, with only incremental progressions of sounds and associations serve as a useful introduction to ideas about the relationships between writing, duration and time, as explored by Henri Bergson. Bergson describes qualities of duration and time and their relationship to the absolute time of lived bodies as complex and heterogeneous. Bergson states that time eludes measurement through scientific methods due to its constant mobility, and that duration can only be grasped by intuition and the imagination:

Instead, let us imagine an infinitely small piece of elastic, contracted, if that were possible, to a mathematical point. Let us draw it out gradually in such a way as to bring out of the point a line which will grow progressively longer. Let us fix our attention not on the line as line, but on the action which traces it (Bergson, H. 1992: 164-165).

Connections between Stein's writing Bergson's theories have already been traced by Sarah Posman, who emphasises the connections between Bergson's theories on duration and Stein's writing.

Stein's attempts to represent the flux of time in writing from the 1910s onwards share Bergson's critique of a scientific approach to time in favour of a phenomenological concern for lived time. Stein's 1920s landscape plays, moreover, can be read as poetic constructs by which to view temporality as both single and diversified. As such, they mirror the philosopher's concerns in *Duration and Simultaneity* (Posman, S. 2012: 105).

The longer *Lad Broke* goes on, both the body and writing surfaces are subject to a steady decay and decline in quality. The recorded surface of the record presents a set duration of roughly forty minutes, just as the task of writing corresponds to a set duration. However, the duration of the needle reading dead space depicts an unquantifiable loop, just as the periods of waiting and doing nothing within *Lad Broke* constitute a wasting or wasting away of time:

Duration becomes apparent when something does not work, stops or hardly moves. Perhaps the affective response is the consequence of the fact that it is duration that shows that we ourselves are actually not moving, but are being moved, that our inner perception of time (the time of someone who freely and flexibly projects their own subjectivity) is, in fact, heavily, socially and economically conditioned (Kunst, B. 2010: 133).

When things break down, the subject's is forced to contemplate the intervention of duration leading to feelings of dispossession, boredom and frustration. The subject is forced to wait, and in this waiting nothing is available for self-expression. According to Kunst 'the subject wants to act but does not know how' (Ibid.)

*Lad Broke* utilises tempo, rhythm, meter and percussion generating a structure of durational patterns. It is useful to understand duration as a musical term where it is used to describe the length of a note, melodies and the sustaining of tone. Posman returns to Bergson and Stein, this time noting melody as a metaphor for the conceptual understanding of duration:

Stein uses the notion of melody in order to convey her changed take on movement. She talks about the melody of existence and emphasizes the "very greatly increased melody" in which her attempts to concentrate her perceptive flux result. Melody, which according to The Oxford Dictionary of Music stands for a sequence of successive notes combining in a recognizable shape ("Melody"), embodies the sense of temporal unity Stein was after [...] Melody, now, is also the metaphor par excellence by which Bergson elucidates his concept of duration. Duration is the cornerstone of Bergson's philosophy. At its most basic, it stands for the experience of time as pure movement. Reviewing his project in his late essay collection, *The Creative Mind*, the philosopher recounts how, as a student enthralled by a Spencerian philosophy of evolution, it suddenly dawned on him that scientific frameworks fail to make sense of real time. When scientists study time as an absolute, objective phenomenon that they can take apart and measure, they miss the point that time moves, that the flow of time escapes subdivisions (Posman, S. 2012: 105).

*Lad Broke* exists as a prolonged and continuous present. The beginning of *Lad Broke* as an event is indeterminable, in a sense it is always in a state of having begun. Again I return to Gertrude Stein and connections between duration and the process of writing. In her essay, 'Composition as Explanation', she discusses the process of writing as belonging to a prolonged and continuous present, rather than a fixed beginning, middle or end:

This brings us again to composition this the using everything. The using everything brings us to composition and to this composition. A continuous present and using everything and beginning again. In these two books there was elaboration of the complexities of using everything and of a continuous present and of beginning again and again and again (Stein, G. 1925: 499).

Stein's assertion of a prolonged and continuous present problematizes approaches to written, visual and sonic documentation of durational practice and performance. This problematic is discussed by Victoria Gray in her written responses to *Lad Broke*, where the action of trying to effectively record and capture the essence of a live performance practice results in futility and frustration:

Within the first few minutes of a forty-eight hour utterance, in this deceptively simple gesture, Greenwood's body has already offered us so much, too much perhaps. A forensic, anatomic 'reading' of this movement would glean so much physiological information that this whole writing could be centered around one gesture alone. For instance, his choice to use his forehead as the site with which to apply and receive the force of this first act of impression holds innumerable points of significance. In phrenological terms, the particular shape of a forehead is said to indicate intelligence, while esoteric concepts of the third eye site the forehead as the gate to higher consciousness. Further, the movement

of facial muscles in expression and communication produced wrinkled indents that tell us something of a body's lived experience. In forty-eight hours' time the smallness of this gesture will be forgotten and so it is the object of this text to preserve a minutiae of detail that may go undetected or ignored - the greater challenge being to write at the intersection of bodily and discursive practice (Gray, V. 2012: 3).

Gray attempts a close, anatomic reading of my performing body but soon realises the futility of such an approach in the context of a 48 hour work. However, by focusing on a series of isolated movements, she is able to communicate a sense of the body's lived experience and its visible cycles of generation (through movement and the carrying out of tasks) and de-generation (physical and mental fatigue).

Here, Gray offers a model of event/time intersection, a method of writing that echoes Kenneth Goldsmith's notation of a body in *Fidget* (2000), where the observer's attention is focused on the observation and mapping of a body in space. This notion of mapping the body in duration and its perceived materiality (or de-materiality) as a process corresponds to Goldsmith's *Fidget* (2000), which amplifies movements of the body over a set and pre-determined duration. Both *Lad Broke* and *Fidget* reduce body parts 'to a catalogue of mechanical movements by a strict act of observation' (*Fidget* cover notes). The endurance experienced by the body in time creates a document of shifting reference points that paradoxically undermine the approach of Goldsmith to *Fidget*:

Fidget's premise was to record every move my body made on June 16th, 1997. I attached a microphone to my body and spoke every moment from 10am, when I woke up, to 11pm, when I went to sleep. I was alone in my apartment and didn't answer the phone, go on errands, etc. I just observed my body and spoke. From the outset the piece was a total work of fiction. As I sit here writing this letter, my body is making thousands of movements; I am only able to observe one at a time. It's impossible to describe every move made on any given day. Among the rules for 'Fidget' was that I would not use the first person 'I' to describe movements. Thus every move was an observation of a body in space, not my body in space. There was no editorialising, no psychology, no emotion – just a body detached from a mind (Goldsmith, K. 2000, quoted in Perloff, M. 2000: 91).

Again, this parallels Victoria Gray's exposition of futility - the observer attempting to describe the multiplicity of minute gestures and movements made by the body in *Lad Broke* – where it becomes irrelevant or unclear where any discrete element within the larger event begins or ends. As labour, it is difficult to quantify except in the map of results such as the emerging output of slips on the elastic net-work, or the accumulation of red pens across the space which accompany the repetitive act of writing and re-writing.

In an attempt to read performance in terms of labour and practice, Josefine Wikström uses Marxist theory in order to establish and define performance as a transdisciplinary category that has both literal and conceptual connections to labour. Adopting a materialist approach, she defines labour as practice in order to investigate the ontology of performance:

What is the relationship between performance and labour? To answer that question one must first ask what is meant by 'labour' and 'performance'. Both terms are historically produced concepts, existing within certain philosophical, cultural and theoretical discourses. Within the context of art (to not even mention within the field of cultural studies) 'performance' is a broad category, which has come to mean

anything from staged dance pieces and sculptural installations to mass demonstrations. Labour, also a compound term, has broad connotations and can simply mean paid and unpaid physical work. But as well known, labour also appears in various forms and meanings in Karl Marx's writings, where it takes centre stage (Wikström, J. 2012: 22).

My task here is to attempt a specific reading of Marx's notion of labour and its affinity with the performance of *Lad Broke*. According to Wikström, a concept of labour must be understood in terms of the term 'practice' as it appears in Marx's 'Theses on Feuerbach' (Marx, K. 2000 [1845]: 171-3). Wikström suggests that 'any philosophical and conceptual inquiry into "labour" must begin with "practice" in order to understand the former's depth' (Wikström, J. 2012: 22). Wikström insists that performance is intrinsically tied to Marx's concept of labour and that performance relates to labour through its ontology.

Moving beyond contemplative materialism, Marx criticised the Kantian idea that 'sensibility and intuition are passive and, therefore, the conception that the world is there only to be interpreted' (Ibid: 24). In contrast to this idea, Marx argues against interpretation and instead emphasises that the task of philosophy is to change the world. Marx implies that the thinking subject, rather than remaining passive and separate from the sensuous world, defines itself through its own activity – labour.

Performance – as a generic term links with Marx's theory of practice by 'rendering visible the making of the artwork' (Ibid: 25). The use of the body in artworks asserts the primacy of the body over inanimate objects. According to Kristine Stiles 'the regular, systematic and international use of the body over the past fifty years defined it as a medium and genre in the visual arts (Stiles, K. 1998: 228). The formative development of performance involved the physical body of the artist and a mediation with objects. Here, we can read labour as a material process in a literal sense. However, Marx goes beyond this cursory reading and instead sees practice as 'a conscious vitality of the subject that therefore, still operates at the level of consciousness' (Wikström, J. 2012: 25). Marx eventually extended his concept of 'practice' into 'production' – where objects are transformed into consumable commodities.

In *Lad Broke*, the performance relies to some extent on the creative imagination of the viewer and invites them to engage in a reading practice. The work requires a complex dialogue with labour and practice that moves beyond the literal and material transformation of objects. The subject in *Lad Broke* is the product of a sustained immaterial labour within the service industry seemingly working in order to earn a wage. This labouring body, is also working, in a more subversive way, towards academic accreditation through the medium of a performance practice. However, beyond this, *Lad Broke*, alongside other examples of performance practice defines individual human beings within a relational system described as a 'transindividual reality' – a reality where the social relations between the performer and a number of participants, spectators and audience contribute to the work consciously and unconsciously. (Ibid: 27). In conclusion, Wikström claims that:

[...] performance as a category in art and as a concept in its own right functions relationally independent of the performances performed. Understanding 'performance' as a form of 'practice' enables us to see the relationship between the constitution of the category of performance and that of labour lies less in performance's physical, embodied content in individual performance artworks and



more in the ontology of performance itself, which nevertheless is reciprocally dependent on these embodied and physical practices (Wikström, J. 2012: 27).

Capitalism has transformed in the past decades and these changes have been reflected in new forms and organisations of labour. Concepts of 'immaterial' and 'affective' labour have emerged becoming objects of debate in terms of a neo-Marxist or 'workist' approach to post-industrial working practices. Writers, including Michael Hardt, Antonio Negri and Maurizio Lazzarato have questioned the transitions from a manufacturing industry to a service industry, marked by a distinction between material and immaterial labour. Questions around value-production, social composition and how class composition shapes artistic practice are explored in *Lad Broke* in a number of ways – through the notion of a labouring body, a re-examination of working class leisure activities and reconsiderations of post-industrial space.

Hours before *Lad Broke*, I'm in the Blade Factory<sup>4</sup> constructing the net-work and aligning *Racing Post* form guides on the floor. The net-work is constructed following a series of diagrams, one from 2005 and one scribbled just prior to the event. Installing the elastic feels performative and laborious in itself, the knotting together of bands and hammering nails in walls to secure the net's suspension. My body begins to ache with repetitive stress even before the performance. I test the acoustics by clapping and singing to the bare white walls. I try out a variety of chairs and desks which will become the site of the act of writing, enabling a surface for the inscription of blank, white surfaces. The space is ready to be activated. I discover an area nearby, on the roof of Camp and Furnace, where I can escape if need be. I have a cigarette and look across the Liverpool 'Disneyland'.

I extend Jean Baudrillard's ideas of the unreal and inauthenticity to the context of Liverpool, where the dock area of the city attempts to recreate its own industrial history within a structure of tourist attractions and corporate retailers:

Disneyland is there to conceal the fact that it is the "real" country, all of "real" America, which is Disneyland (just as prisons are there to conceal the fact that it is the social in its entirety, in its banal omnipresence, which is carceral. Disneyland is presented as imaginary in order to make us believe that the rest is real (Baudrillard, J. 1981, quoted in Brooker, P. 1992: 154).

This corresponds to a shift from modernisation, where industry and the manufacture of goods or the extraction of raw materials has given way to a host of service industries characterised by a focus on information, knowledge and communication: a shift from forms of material labour to affective or immaterial labour (Hardt, M. 1999). In *The Soul at Work: From Alienation to Autonomy*, Franco Berardi describes a shift from material labour and a new emphasis on the mind and soul of the worker:

In order to describe the processes of subjection arising with the formation of industrial societies, Foucault tells the story of modernity as a disciplining of the body, building the institutions and devices capable of subduing the body through the machines of social production. Industrial exploitation deals with bodies, muscles and arms. Those bodies would not have any value if they weren't animated, mobile, intelligent, reactive. The rise of post-Fordist modes of production, which I will call

<sup>4</sup> The Blade Factory is the name of the room within Camp and Furnace, Liverpool where, formerly, blades were constructed from scrap metal.

Semiocapitalism, takes the mind, language and creativity as its primary tools for the production of value. In the sphere of digital production, exploitation is exerted essentially on the semiotic flux produced by human time at work (Beradi, F. 2009: 21).

Here, Beradi uncovers new forms of alienation in the techniques organised by hegemonic structures such as those in the service and leisure industries and is able to extend his argument to artistic or creative practice. This is especially useful to the process and making of *Lad Broke*, considering how my time within the service industry has informed the work, the labour involved in the production of the work and also the relationship of the work with regards to the academic institution:

Putting the soul to work: this is the new form of alienation. Our desiring energy is trapped in the trick of self-enterprise, our libidinal investments are regulated according to economic rules, our attention is captured in the precariousness of virtual networks: every fragment of mental activity must be transformed into capital (Ibid: 24).

My hometown in the North-East of England, was central to a number of industrial labour practices including ship building, manufacturing and coal mining. Education aimed to provide and prepare these local industries with a workforce – where school leavers were absorbed by a particular place of work according to their abilities. Beradi describes a scenario of alienation arising from this process:

In the history of capitalism the body was disciplined and put to work while the soul was left on hold, unoccupied and neglected. What the workers wished to do with their souls, their thoughts, language and affects presented no interest for the capitalist of industrial times. Eight hours a day (or nine, ten, twelve) the body is forced to repeat strange, alienated, hostile movements (Ibid: 115).

However, contrary to Beradi's statement I would argue that the industrial capitalists were eager to ensure that the soul of the worker remained content. This appears manifest in a variety of activities that appeared conveniently located in the vicinity of the industrial workplace. Pubs and betting shops sought to ease the alienation effect and it is here that we see another 'trick' of self-enterprise. Sport and leisure activities may also have been perceived as remedies to alienation, allowing subjects to express themselves through cultural interests. How then, would these activities transform within a post-industrial era? Beradi describes alienation from a post-industrial perspective:

Within the postindustrial domain, we should talk of de-realisation, rather than reification. The concept of alienation is then understood as: 1) a specific psychopathological category; 2) a painful division of the self; 3) a feeling of anguish and frustration related to the inaccessible body of the other, to the dis-tonic feelings of a non-sympathetic organism incapable of living a happy relation with otherness and therefore the self. It is the third meaning of the term alienation that best describes our present times: an era marked by the submission of the soul, in which animated, creative, linguistic, emotional corporeality is subsumed and incorporated by the production of value (Ibid: 109).

Ideas around inscriptive acts can be extended to areas of leisure and cultural consumption where the labouring body is inscribed into shape and action by the needs of the means of production. However, according to Dale Leorke there has been a significant shift in the relationship between consumers and their relationship to dominant culture:

When de Certeau first published *The Practice of Everyday Life* in 1980, the potential for consumers to participate or collaborate in the creation of a cultural text, image or product was limited. The users of cultural products, de Certeau (1984) argues, “appropriate” and “adapt” the “language” imposed on them by the dominant culture for their own ends; not the other way around. Today, however, the conventional boundaries between “users” and “producers” are fast eroding. The traditional models of production, broadcasting, and publishing are being challenged by a networked culture of users whose blogs, music, fan art, video mashups, online communities, videogame mods, and virtual property now exist alongside, and often compete with, those of the dominant entertainment industries (Leorke, D. 2010:3).

The body of the affective labourer is inscribed by the emergence of new technologies and modes of communication, inverting the traditional model of producer consumer relationships. However, there is an illusion of control here, where dominant modes of cultural production are still capable of inscribing the body:

With the dissolution of the traditional user/producer paradigm, however, the ability for the dominant media industry to appropriate and exploit the products created by users of these technologies increases. The content created by modders of computer games like Half-Life or Halo, the efforts of designers of apps for the iPhone, and the vast volumes of personal information stored on Facebook profiles all quickly become re-appropriated and absorbed back into the systems which created them, and potentially used for purposes beyond their authors’ intent. Further, the formal and informal rules which govern the production of this new content gives rise to uneasy tensions over issues of ownership and the blurring of the boundaries between work and leisure: To what extent do the individuals or groups who invest the time and effort in creating or modifying software claim ownership of the final product? And to what extent, in turn, do the producers of the networks or technological platforms which made their creation possible exploit the labour of others for their own purposes? (Ibid: 3-4).

Durational investment and labour in *Lad Broke* manifest as a dialogue with the body, bodies and objects and follows a precedent set out by the writer and performer Matthew Goulish. Goulish refers to a display entitled *Corrosion Cast of the Arterial System of a Still-Born Baby* discovered in a museum of medical artefacts in order to define what he terms as a circulatory system:

It featured a life-sized doll-like shape in red wax; the arteries, veins, capillaries suggesting the form of the small body, densest nearest the eyes and kidneys, where, at their endpoint, they grow thinnest and most multiple before beginning their return journey to the heart. An armature held the incredibly delicate latticework in a pose suggestive of standing. The body, of which nothing remained but form, lacked an outline and implied a diffused edge like arrested mist or a red network of roots from some unearthed vegetable that remains at the limits of its lost container (Goulish, M. 2004: 183).

This passage serves as an example of the body in durational performance, where the audience is required to join up the dots between the body and objects, bodies and bodies. In the durational performance, the audience are designated as authors and readers, caught within the same situation as the artist even though their attendance may only be fleeting. Goulish’s diagrammatic reference provides a useful way to think of the body within a dialogue with objects. His circulatory system describes a network of arteries and veins which inhabit the form of a human though the shell of the skin is missing. This system, though inanimate and frozen as a museum exhibit, serves as a signification of the body as both object and subject, or neither due to the erosion of the boundary

between self and other. This circulatory structure correlates to the critical theorist Teresa Brennan's ideas of affect, where communication can be felt from body to body over a duration (Brennan, T. 2004: 1). This idea also corresponds to the performance theorist Adrian Heathfield's ideas on immediacy in relation to performance art:

The drive to the live has long been the critical concern of performance and Live Art where the embodied event has been employed as a generative force: to shock, to destroy pretence, to break apart forces of representation, to foreground the experiential, to open different kinds of engagement with meaning, to activate audiences (Heathfield, A. 2004: 1).

As Tim Etchells states, those who encounter durational performance become more witnesses than spectators, 'engaged in an oscillation between experience and intellectual thought, struggling in a charged present to resolve the imperative to make meaning from what we see' (Etchells, T. 1999: 101). In this scenario, the witnesses' actions and gestures can also be understood as inscribing the space to a background of projected rhythms including their own attendance and attention span, contributing to a kind of feedback loop in the space, initially activated by the performer. Individuals are not self-contained according to Teresa Brennan, who provokes questions as to whether emotions and energies of individuals or groups can be absorbed by or enter directly into another. She makes the point that energies and affects, post-Oedipus complex, still circulate between individuals carrying a content that shifts in relation to the nature of the affects concerned:

The foundational fantasy, which can be analysed in psychoanalytic terms up to a point, explains how it is that we come to think of ourselves as separate from others. But it does not account, of itself, for the energetic level at which we are not separate from others – the level at which my enters you and yours, me. For this there needs to be a theory of the transmission of affect (Brennan, T. 2004:14).

This theory of affect, in opposition to effect, corresponds to the performance theorist Bojana Kunst's ideas in relation to subjectivity and temporal experience:

It seems that when the temporal experience of the subject cannot be embraced as a coherent unit, but as a flexible, heterogeneous and contradictory one, the subject cannot be subjugated by the social organizational structures of production and the subject's experience of time is not subdued into merely effectiveness (Kunst, B. 2010: 134).

Employment within the service industries has accompanied my development as an artist and cultural worker, as a transmitter of affects within a community of artists and writers. My eight-year employment within a number of *Ladbrokes* betting shops has served to provide temporary financial security, as well as serving as the basis of *Lad Broke*. Anoop Nayak examines the masculine subject struggling to adjust in contemporary labour markets: 'In the post-industrial period contemporary masculine transitions continue to be marked by opportunity, risk, uncertainty and labour market insecurity' (Nayak, A. 2006: 814). If the body is a 'ubiquitous signifier of class' (Skeggs, B. 1997: 82), the body in *Lad Broke* enacts not only the potential risks involved in academic accreditation, but also reflects the risks of gambling as a leisure activity. As male and working class, my body asserts the act of gambling as akin to the working class practices of 'drinking and going out'. According to Nayak, these practices operate as stylised re-enactments of older forms of working class culture through rituals of drinking, the consumption of sport, fighting and sexual conquest. Through these

body reflexive practices it is not only individual identities that are formed, but also larger, social identities. But what happens when the work is taken away?

Perhaps that is all there is left of white working-class culture when you take the work away: football and beer [...] It seemed to me a celebration of nothingness (Howe, D. 2000: [on-line]).

Howe's statement reflects my own position as a disenfranchised working class male. In order to counter this scenario I was coerced into academic study – to refine and reinterpret my artistic practice, no matter how hard it tried to resist or defer either the corporate or academic institution. Working within the service industry enabled me to sustain my activities in an economic sense while working within the academic institution enabled an accumulation of cultural capital – where academic qualifications were key in order to perpetuate my existence as an artist, as well as affording opportunities to critically address my practice in the context of performance art. My survival within cultural/social practice and academia has never been secure. This insecurity manifests in a number of ways and one of the tasks of *Lad Broke* is to attempt to embody the neurosis, anxiety and frustration that is symptomatic of the affective, immaterial worker described by Beradi:

The mind is put to work in conditions of economic and existential precariousness. Living time is subjected to work through a fractal dispersion of both consciousness and experience, reducing the coherence of lived time to fragments. The psychosphere has become the scene of a nightmare, and the relation between human beings is deprived of its humanistic surface (Beradi, F. 2009: 132).

Extending Hardt's ideas that attempt to bring together Marxism and psychoanalytic theory, Beradi develops Guattari's ideas around schizoanalysis, therapy and art. *Lad Broke* serves as an example of his ideas, where repetitive acts seek to create new forms of deviation – an escape that nonetheless becomes the scene of a re-occurring nightmare, enacted in a dilapidated site and behind closed doors; removed from the visibility of the academic institution:

[...] infinite desiring energy is discharged through compulsive repetition and exhausts itself in this repetitive investment. The therapeutic method adopted by schizoanalysis is that of a new focalization and shift of attention. The creativity of the therapeutic act consists in the capacity of finding a way to escape: a schizo virus capable of producing a deviation from the obsessive one (Ibid: 138).

In terms of efficacy it is difficult to pinpoint whether *Lad Broke* configures a resistance in material terms and it has been suggested that the work attempts to shift the political and social consciousness of the spectator/witness through a number of inscriptive acts that describe the alienation of the subject caught within a chaotic matrix of repetition and futility, obsession and addiction. If there is a political resistance in *Lad Broke*, it could be argued that it lies in the malevolence of the acts that seek to destabilise our relationships to capitalism. Beradi suggests:

There is no possibility of political resistance to the absolute domination of Semiocapitalism, since its foundations are not exterior, residing neither in the military violence of the state, nor in the economic corporate abuse: they are incorporated in the pathogenic refrains that pervasively entered the collective unconscious. Political action must happen therefore according to modalities analogous to therapeutic intervention. Political action and therapy both need to start from the obsessive loci of desire. Their task is to refocus our attention on deterritorializing points of attraction, so that new

investments of desire become possible, which will be autonomous from competition, acquisition, possession and accumulation (Ibid: 140).

Competition, acquisition, possession and accumulation are all manifest in *Lad Broke* due to its thematic and formal obsessions with gambling, inscription and duration. However, these drivers are also utilised in a treatment and manipulation of materials in and through the body. In *Lad Broke* the evocative, symbolic, literal and fragile qualities of the materials are emphasised in opposition to their normal everyday function. Betting slips become individual sites of writing that are then hung on a constructed net of tense elastic, red pens become tools of inscription that indent and cut paper, yet are also shoved in the mouth and left in abundant piles to signify an accumulation of time passing - a symbolic deconstruction of a body denied somatic integrity – a ‘death by a thousand cuts’<sup>5</sup>. It is here that the act of writing, the manipulation of objects and the degradation of the performing body within an extended duration begins to describe irrationality of a capitalist economy in relation to labour. According to Beradi:

Neoliberal ideology is based on the idea that an economy can be conceived as a balanced system of rational expectations and of rational investments. But in the social space not all expectations are rational and not all investments are “economic” in a mathematical, scientific sense. Desire is involved in the process, and the Unconscious is speaking behind the curtains of every investment scene, of any act of consumption and economic exchange (Ibid: 208).

*Lad Broke* makes use of ceremonial objects as tributes or warnings, reflecting how the artist Alastair MacLennan (a key influence on my work) employs objects in performance. In a number of MacLennan performance works including *Lid Off A Daffodil* (Santiago de Compostela, 2000), *Emit Time Item* (Toronto, 1999) and *Mael* (Glasgow, 1996), he uses objects such as pigs’ heads and black balloons in order to refer to ‘The Troubles’ of Northern Ireland’s turbulent socio-political history. This relationship is particularly significant given MacLennan’s emphasis on notions of healing, where wounding and warning are juxtapositioned alongside ideas of celebration. As the artist Roddy Hunter suggests, in response to MacLennan’s use of objects:

The deliberate and controlled ambiguity of such imagery in all instances draws and implicates the viewer in uncomfortable reverie, thwarting belief in one’s capacity to ‘possess’ an understanding of culture through consumption, control and knowledge (Hunter, R. 2003: 178).

There are a number of objects used in *Lad Broke* which work in a similar ways. These objects may be considered as tools, relics, symbols, substitutes or stand-ins:

A Hammer: a tool, a weapon, labour and power...

Nails: tools, inscribers, ‘hard as nails’, Jimmy Nail, attaching shoe to foot...

Dog food: material, horse meat, useless – she treats me like dog food, Shit, Knackers Yard...

Slips: surfaces, Freudian slips, slippages, slips of the tongue...a slip in time...

Horse-shoes: talisman, luck and fortune, protective footwear for Red Rum, for the work-horse....

Balloons: Celebration, breathing, haemorrhoids, blood and skin...

<sup>5</sup> ‘Death by a Thousand Cuts’ refers to the book of the same title by the historians Timothy Brook, Gregory Blue and Jérôme Bourgon (2008) which examines the use of slow slicing or ling chi, a form of torture and capital punishment practised in China from the tenth century until its abolition in 1905.

Small metal horses: Totopoly figures, for games, horses – crafted and shaped as commodities and collectables...

Razor blades: cuts, inscribers, a weapon used by hooligans. Suicide. Death.

These objects offer a host of literal and abstract readings. Their subsequent manipulations within *Lad Broke* result from an impatience and an anxiety – a need for my body to express itself meaningfully or to simply kill time:

Our culture is not very good at 'being' with time. There is a tendency to 'kill' time, or not be aware of time – a sense that it's oppressive. We are also fearful of time passing, of the ageing process. Of import is attending to what we're going through, rather than hiding from it, escaping it, or seeking diversion from it (MacLennan, A. 1999: FADO Website).

An emphasis placed on the physical materiality of duration in MacLennan's work draws attention away from the sense of a finished and commodifiable object and focuses on the creative process and the event of 'doing'. MacLennan's engagement with time and duration deals with the reality of being alive, a practice that is normally masked through habitual behaviour and everyday activity. I would argue that our cultures 'problem' with experiencing time is related to a preoccupation with material objects: the same fears that underlie the anxious tendency of society's desire to consume and commodify. The materiality of time and time passing, signified visually through an accumulation and dematerialisation of objects and matter are significant in MacLennan's work, where his body engages in routines that incorporate the formal placement of objects and additive and subtractive measures transform and inscribe the space he chooses to work in. The materiality of language and words are also important in MacLennan's work. Fragments of text appear on torn strips of paper that are placed in bowls, attached to bridges or strewn across objects and locations. Words and phrases are looped, reversed and played back in the performance space not merely as soundtracks, but as objects that undergo forms of appearance and de-gradation. The writer Gray Watson notes that:

Words as signifiers are never stripped entirely of the meanings they signify – these can indeed sometimes be crucial to the meaning of the piece as a whole – there is a stress on their material existence which at least makes the connection more open-ended, as well as pointing to the possibility of other non-signifying functions (Watson, G. 2003: 17).

Since 2010, I have embarked on a series of performance works which focus on familial figures including *Ronnie* (York, 2010) and *White Mum* (Manchester, 2011). *White Mum*, as a performance/text work, explored ideas around death, remembrance and celebration. Rituals of remembrance, mourning and celebration were re-enacted alongside a gathering of objects: cigars, flowers and pop songs. These objects or were subject to a shift in representation, becoming memorials to loss and mourning, but also becoming signs that celebrated loss and renewal. The title of the event, *11 11 11 In Remembrance* (2011) was later tattooed on my arm, a writing on the body as a memorial to the event of performance. Links between, writing, memory, the body and erasure are made by Diane Taylor in relation to archival knowledge:

Writing has served as a strategy for repudiating and foreclosing the very embodiedness it tries to describe. What is at risk in thinking about embodied knowledge and performance as that which

disappears? Whose memories “disappear” if only archival knowledge is valorised? These questions can be addressed by challenging the psychoanalytical claim, from Freud to Derrida – that writing alone preserves memory. Such a challenge is particularly decisive to understanding colonial domination and cultural erasure (Taylor, D. 2003: 36).

As previously stated, writing manifests in a variety of ways in *Lad Broke*. Betting slips are continuously inscribed throughout the piece, while objects are configured within the space in the same manner as words may be organised on a blank sheet of paper. Each object carries its own imprints, exerted physically and psychically. The objects have not disappeared and have been reconfigured in a variety of ways, including their inclusion in a zine, offering an alternative, fluid form of material exchange that evades commercial networks of dissemination, yet, they also exist in their original state, packed in a box in the corner of my studio.

Each apparently discrete documentary object acts as a mnemonic for the past and an inspiration for the future, around which a multiplicity of subjective recollections, imaginings and heterogeneous interpretations gather. It is important to ask whether performance residues act as memory-objects, carrying traces of the actual events that produced them. Do they make feelings present that reproduce those affected by past work, or is what they do differentiated and detached? Do they produce their own affects? Do documents disseminate the practical knowledge held by performances between times and generations? Or are these put away elsewhere? (Clarke, P. 2009: 2).

Clarke raises important questions around documentation and the affectiveness of performance documents. Debates around the documentation of performance are prevalent in the formulations of writers such as Peggy Phelan, Rebecca Schneider and RoseLee Goldberg who question the logic of the western archive and the reproductive economy of representation. In line with Phelan’s argument, I understand that the experience of handling documentation, and especially visual documentation is far removed from the immediacy of the performance event. However, in terms of communicating *something* of the event, it could be argued that visual, photographic and video documentation are able to give a sense of the performance. (My own development as a performance artist has relied on visual documentation to the extent that it has a pedagogic function).

Manuel Vason’s *Encounters* (2007) is a collection of performance photographs and a number of artists within the performance art network are included in his book, including Alastair MacLennan. In an introduction to Vason’s collection is an essay by Dominic Johnson that celebrates the efficacy of the photographic encounter:

In Manuel Vason’s partnerships with other artists, a performance work is either restaged anew or uniquely developed, but in any case, specifically for his camera. The projects introduced here differ in principle from conventional documentation of performance in that Vason, camera in tow, is always the sole witness to the singular live event, which also takes place in a non-theatrical space of the artists’ choosing. His process always resists the tendency to try and sum up a temporal performance in an iconic image that is deemed representative of a larger, unseen whole – that wishful strategy recreated in most photographic histories of performance (D, Johnson, 2007: 10).

Personally, having worked with Vason, I disagree with Johnson’s ‘Passing Intimacies’ (2007). The *Encounters* book is a glossy paged coffee table book, conveniently displayed in popular galleries and



available for £19.95. The images translate as stylised, theatrical images – posed and pristine and digitally touched up. These modelled images, and it is worth noting that Vason is a fashion photographer, carry no sense of the ontology of performance art as I understand it – where institutional commodification, ownership and objectification of the body is vehemently resisted and evaded. In all senses, the photographs lack a materiality, failing capture the smells, sounds and textures of the performance event. Within the same volume, the writer Lois Keidan also celebrates Vason's photographs:

[...]Vason's photographs have made a demonstrable contribution to raising the profile of Live Art practices and practitioners. The artists with whom he has collaborated have used these arresting and attesting images to explore the dissemination of their practice in the public domain, reaching audiences who might never encounter their live works. And for those of us concerned with the advancement of Live Art, Vason's photographs have become an invaluable resource: a treasure trove of iconoclastic images that serve as a body of evidence for an extraordinary yet often elusive area of practice (Keidan, L. 2007: 19).

In terms of experimental dissemination I fail to see what is innovative or original in Vason's work (along with many print and on-line publications that offer insight into performance art practice). While the images may reach a larger audience, the book is strictly confined to an overtly middle class art world – an audience already 'in the know' when it comes to engaging with live art practice. It appears to me that this form of dissemination can be critically challenged in a number of ways – the book form increases the financial capital of Vason, while the artists benefit from a kind of predicated favouritism, thereby enforcing a hierarchical system where Vason decides the value of the artists through a good/bad dichotomy. Depressingly, there is no 'mutual transformation' between the performer and the spectator, a crucial aspect of performance art's ontology. While some of the images may be 'arresting', their presentation aligns them with a mediatised exercise in subsumption and incorporation. To announce Vason's collection as an advancement in Live Art, says a lot about Live Art's intentions – that it's happy to submit to crass commercialism and exploitation.

Aside from the zine element of this submission, it is highly inappropriate to include any visual documentation of the work. I have recovered some raw video for the benefit of future researchers wishing to access to my research through performance, however this was explicitly requested by the institution. My proposal is that the performance can be documented more affectively through immediate network response, where the writer responding is able to participate in the event itself through an act of notation that is active rather than passive. *Lad Broke* explicitly explores the relationship between writing and performance – why should visual documentation be included? What is the photograph's status as an affective document? Why can't the performance remain elusive to those who weren't there, given the ontology of performance and its relationship to disappearance?

My research and performance refuses to play the game. It will not embrace an economy of reproduction through glossy images and slickly edited videos that re-mediate the performance as something alien and removed from an immediate context. The potency of *Lad Broke* is lost when it is disconnected from its temporal and geographic materiality – there is no 'money shot'. Instead, writers within the performance art network were asked to respond reflexively to the work. Mayhew,

Gray and Bartlett bring their own interventions to *Lad Broke*, exercised through their own presence and their own inscriptive acts which intersect and share the immediacy of the live event.

Within this thesis, I emphasise a punk ideology and influence in my own development as a performance practitioner, as well as identifying aspects of punk which are apparent in *Lad Broke* and mirror my involvement in the hard-core and post-punk music scene. I examine the aesthetics and ideology of the hard-core punk movement alongside the emergence of performance art networks, in order to contextualise a performance practice that employs a D.I.Y sensibility, aligned with political awareness and consciousness. This political consciousness attempts to negate institutional and corporate influence exercised in theatres and galleries, and instead favours individual and collective autonomy in terms of advertising, structuring, dissemination and presenting performance events. Paradoxically, this ideology encourages aggressive individualism and independence in terms of identity and expression, while encouraging community through exchange and the open sharing of work.

It is here that the reader is invited to consider notions of recuperation and subsumption in relation to what I term as a 'punk' performance practice – a practice which utilises rawness, dirtiness and a level of social resistance and dissent. In his book *Subculture, The Meaning of Style*, Dick Hebdige examines the punk movement as a subculture that uses a number of strategies in order to configure resistance towards corporate commodification and cultural 'normalisation':

No subculture has sought with more grim determination than the punks to detach itself from the taken-for-granted landscape of normalized forms, nor to bring down upon itself such vehement disapproval [...] it is perhaps appropriate that the punks, who have pushed profanity to such startling extremes, should be used to test some of the methods for 'reading' signs evolved in the centuries-old debate on the sanctity of culture (Hebdige, D. 1988: 19).

These signs, that signal dissent and resistance operate in a similar way to the manner in which signs are estranged or re-contextualised within *Lad Broke*; where red pens cease to become tools for the submission of betting instructions that are bound into a matrix of expenditure, profit and loss, but become objects that mark a more abstract kind of labour. The pens become objects invested with other qualities that signify cutting, accumulative piles of cuts and bleeding, disposable and discarded on the floor after use. Each pen becomes a symbol of displaced desire, of an activity once deemed illegal and immoral. Parallels can be made between object use in *Lad Broke* and Jean Genet's 'tube of Vaseline' – a historical example employed by Hebdige to describe the resistant properties of objects:

Finally, like Genet, we must seek to recreate the dialectic between action and reaction which renders these objects meaningful. For just as the conflict between Genet's 'unnatural' sexuality and the policemen's 'legitimate' outrage can be encapsulated in a single object, so the tensions between dominant and subordinate groups can be found and redirected in the surfaces of subculture – in the styles made up of mundane objects which have a double meaning. On the one hand, they warn the 'straight' world in advance of a sinister presence – the presence of difference – and draw down upon themselves vague suspicions, uneasy laughter, 'white and dumb rages'. On the other hand, for those who erect them into icons, who use them as words or as curses, these objects become signs of forbidden identity, sources of value. Recalling his humiliation at the hands of the police, Genet finds

consolation in the tube of vaseline. It becomes a symbol of his 'triumph' – 'I would indeed rather have shed blood than repudiate that silly object' (Genet, J. 1967, quoted in Hebdige, D. 1988: 2).

*Lad Broke* signals a refusal and dissent in its use of objects, uncomfortable duration and siting away from the academic institution. The gestures presented smile and sneer as traces that testify to inscriptive acts within the Blade Factory and begin to resemble graffiti in the toilets of betting shops. The traces draw attention to themselves, dog food on racing form, blood on horseshoes, piss in bottles and cuts on the body; 'they are an expression both of impotence and a kind of power – the power to disfigure' (Hebdige, D. 1988: 3).

In both performance art and punk cultures, signs and significations reject expected assemblages and configuration. They appear illogical and contradictory – as strange gestures that seek to offend and disturb, challenging ideas of social unity, cohesion and notions of consent. The witness/spectator is asked to make sense of raw bodies and the signs they display. According to Hebdige 'our task becomes, like Barthes, to discern the hidden messages inscribed in code on the glossy surfaces of style, to trace them out as 'maps of meaning which obscurely re-present the very contradictions they are designed to resolve or conceal' (Ibid: 18).

*Lad Broke* becomes a sordid punk party, aesthetically shifting from neatness and order to messiness and chaos. Ordered stacks of plain white betting slips are methodically inscribed and systemically hung on elastic, equally and carefully spaced. As the elastic net becomes populated, horse names revolve and mirror each other while the body deviates from repetitive labour in order to engage in punk displays; spitting, sweating, pissing and shouting. Newspapers become crumpled and soggy with piss, while red balloons explode leaving slithers across the space. Dog food accumulates in mounds amongst empty beer bottles. At times the body stands in silence, with a brown envelope strapped over the head. In terms of utterance and affect, the body and objects enunciate an emptiness that resembles Hebdige's experience of punk:

The punks seemed to be parodying the alienation and emptiness which have caused sociologists so much concern, realizing in a deliberate and wilful fashion the direst predictions of the most scathing social critics, and celebrating in mock-heroic terms the death of community and the collapse of traditional forms of meaning (Ibid: 79).

However, within punk, or any form of social dissent and resistance, there is always a fear of recuperation, subsumption and normalisation of abject displays. As Stuart Hall has argued, the media have 'progressively colonised the cultural and ideological sphere':

As social groups and classes live, if not in their productive then in their 'social' relations, increasingly fragmented and sectionally differentiated lives, the mass media are more and more responsible (a) for providing the basis on which groups and classes construct an image of the lives, meanings, practices and values for other groups and classes; (b) for providing the images, representations and ideas around which the social totality composed of all these separate and fragmented pieces can be coherently grasped (Hall, S. 1977: 85).

According to Hebdige, capitalism's incorporation of resistant, marginal practices and the threat of dissent and disruption to the illusion of social and cultural cohesion is important as a form of social

control. The process of recuperation takes two characteristic forms; the conversion of subcultural signs as found in fashion and music and the refining of deviant behaviour by ideological forms, such as the government, police and media:

Two basic strategies have been evolved for dealing with this threat. First, the Other can be trivialized, naturalized, domesticated. Here, the difference is simply denied ('Otherness is reduced to sameness'). Alternatively, the Other can be transformed into meaningless exotica, a 'pure object, a spectacle, a clown' (Barthes, 1972). In this case, the difference is consigned to a place beyond analysis. Spectacular subcultures are continually being defined in precisely these terms. Soccer hooligans, for example, are typically placed beyond 'the bounds of common decency' and are classified as 'animals'. On the other hand, the punks tended to be resituated by the press in the family, perhaps because members of the subculture deliberately obscured their origins, refused the family and willingly played the part of folk devil, presenting themselves as pure objects, as villainous clowns (Hebdige, D. 1988: 98).

Politically, the punks were ambiguous, with confusion between Marxist, anarchist and even far-right views. Comparisons can be drawn here to ambiguity of political protest on a grand scale as articulated by Baz Kershaw in his article 'Fighting in the Streets: Dramaturgies of Popular Protest, 1968—1989' (1997). Kershaw traces the performativity of popular protests in order to reveal how forms of resistance continuously attempt to evade recuperation. Kershaw suggests that:

[...]what has been forged by the counter-culture of the 'sixties and later social movements is a new kind of politics, and that this can be seen more clearly through a dramaturgical analysis of protest. This is because a dramaturgical approach, in positing that protest is not simply an effect of social instability but also the original creation of new kinds of action-based dialogue and exchange within the social, highlights how protest became variously detached from any specific political ideology (Kershaw, B. 1997: 273).

The exchanges between performance art and the state could be said to be aimed creating new grounds for radical discourse. Performances such as *Lad Broke* and its wider network of dialogical performance practices, which continue to shape and form the work through collaboration, aim for a liminality which draws corporate and academic institutions into 'a new relation with the potential for change initiated beyond its domain' (Ibid: 275). The liminality of the performance event poses a subversion beyond resistance through a transcendence that re-figures notions of freedom in artistic practice and institutional accreditation.

This thesis develops critical material that considers the ideas of Michel De Certeau and Michel Foucault, where their writings reveal systems of social and political control that aim to condition the body through institutional discourses that are implemented through authoritative modes of writing and surveillance. By citing the works of other performance artists, live artists and writers, I provoke questions around how performance art works resist authoritative, political and social discourse through a number of strategies that use duration, inscription and the body, aiming to understand the body as a source of social knowledge. This notion of the body as archive, instigated through the immediacy of live performance, responds to the performance artist Boris Nieslony's description of the 'the body as quarry' (Nieslony, B. 2011: 22), as something to be mined.

I subscribe to this idea, while at the same time undermining my desire for an unmediated performance body through acts of writing and documentation that name the body and condemn its practices to the institutional archive. As Mark Franko states, 'the methodological challenge we face is to articulate awareness of the traffic between bodies and ideologies' (Franko, M. 2007: 19). I would extend this argument and suggest that the real challenge performance artists face is how to articulate the affect that this traffic between bodies and ideologies has on our own bodies, while negating the language of political ideologies, academic and cultural institutions such as the corporate leisure industry. This thesis explores how the notion of performative intervention can replace and supersede conventional forms of writing and documentation, considering the immediate body as a proposition for alternative approaches to represent the limits and restrictions of the institutional archive.

## The Zine

The zine is used to demonstrate and develop ways of re-thinking the perceived space/time templates of performance and writing as modes of presencing, while suggesting alternative models for their interpretation and dissemination within the contexts of research. In this context, I propose that performance events operate immediately as methodologies that explore modes of communication and participation through the re-claimed, physical, tangible body in relations and encounters that provoke aesthetic and political questions around the institutional commodification of cultural practices. The zine also interrogates limitations in readability and the apprehension of audiences where performance art and writing, as experimental modes of practice, become framed in terms of efficacy rather than as practices that attempt to push beyond the limits of an authoritative/disruptive dichotomy of language and inscriptive acts. The zine demonstrates these limits, but also justifies my commitment to the inclusion of live and immediate performance works as part of an institutional academic archive. The zine attempts to represent ideas of duration, the body, a D.I.Y./punk aesthetic and approaches to making. The zine makes use of immediacy and spontaneity, where my body can quickly assemble materials, scraps and left-overs in order to present a product which evades commodification through its avoidance of a capitalist model of economy based on profit. The zine can be read and handled, disposed of and stored as another version of the *Lad Broke* performance, questioning ideas of primacy or priority, or authorising power over the other.

## Broke Bloke

'Broke Bloke' is a writing task which reflects on the 48-hour performance of *Lad Broke*. The task, which is split into shifts of labour, uses a diaristic approach which relies on my memories of the performance, which are used as examples for further critical discussion. The writing is used to re-cite and discuss ideas of duration, inscription, the performing body and networks. 'Broke Bloke' may be considered as a written version of *Lad Broke*, alongside or replaced by Victoria Gray and Michael Mayhew's written responses (included in this submission as appendices 'A' and 'B') to the event, which offer alternative approaches and points of entry. While Gray offers a physiological approach which concentrates on ideas of duration and political resistance, Mayhew's writing offers an approach which considers ideas of white, working class maleness in relation to labour and the production of art works. All of these threads or strands can be read and followed through each of

the sections which make up the structure of this submission. Appendix 'C', which is a Dictaphone recording made by the writer Vanessa Bartlett, is transcribed by the musician Jon Davies, therefore offering another network response to *Lad Broke*.

This structure allows for key ideas and research topics to be addressed from different angles or within different frames of writing. For example, ideas around inscription may be considered in the context of performance art, within the event of *Lad Broke* or as a material response in the zine. The appendices allow other voices to join the discussion in order to raise new questions relating to the themes raised in *Lad Broke*, while also indicating future developments of the work. In a sense, the parts can be read in any order so that the reader is freed from a hierarchy of types or modes of response, commentary on the works and the work that is absent. These multiple parts emphasise the live event of *Lad Broke* and its disappearance, where performed acts of inscription only exist in the memories of those present. The reader is now offered the material of this submission as material in the zine, but also in the chapters and appendices, where different modes perform or present alternative categories of response, reaction and reflection; the reader is invited to shuffle and re-shuffle the texts like a pack of cards. These modes have been performed by the performer, the writer and by other writers/performers. The reader is now offered some equivalent opportunity to perform the text and to engage with the different modes of response.

How do I close this?

When does this close and what is at stake?

This thesis brings together a series of writings in order to articulate the live event. In their reflection they bring together a series of threads and strands, where the reader may choose to make connections between duration and labour, inscription and punk, the performing body and networks, performance and writing. These connections are never fully resolved but reveal possibilities for a re-thinking of performativity, utterance and resistance and performance art's relationship to corporate and academic institutionalisation. Though resistance is difficult to prove I believe these writings are able to articulate modes of resistance, described in approaches that question the stability of narrative, duration, labour, identity, writing, authorship, readership, production and dissemination and most importantly the live, immediate event as a collective performative utterance:

The term "performative" is derived, of course, from "perform" [...]: it indicates that the issuing of the utterance is the performing of an action. [...] the uttering of the words is, indeed, usually a, or even the, leading incident in the performance of the act [...] (Austin, J.L. 1962: 6-8).

The live event is key to this writing, but the live event has disappeared. It has been reduced to writing, re-writing and a re-organisation of its materials which will be disseminated to the network, to the institution, the archive or the bin. In any event, the reader's response will also be performative, unresolved and open. Are these writings performative? According to Peggy Phelan:

Performative writing is different from personal criticism or autobiographical essay, although it owes a lot to both genres. Performative writing is an attempt to find a form for "what philosophy wishes all the same to say." Rather than describing the performance event in "direct signification," a task I believe to be impossible and not terrifically interesting, I want this writing to enact the affective force of the

performance event again, as it plays itself out in an ongoing temporality made vivid by the psychic process of distortion (repression, fantasy, and the general hubbub of the individual and collective unconscious), and made narrow by the muscular force of political repression in all its mutative violence. [...] Performative writing is solicitous of affect even while it is nervous and tentative about the consequences of that solicitation. Alternatively bold and coy, manipulative and unconscious, this writing points both to itself and to the "scenes" that motivate it (Phelan, P. 1997: 11-12).

*Lad Broke* was not an illusion. There is no deployment of character, no use of a traditional narrative, no replication of a score. It points to real events and is a real event. It is a sharing of real experience...the telling of a story which illustrates futility, desperation and the destructive nature of the gambling experience. It is an acknowledgement of the leisure industry that foregrounds rituals and habits practiced by the people who participate in economies of leisure - an economy where the bottom line is profit for the authorising institution. *Lad Broke* appeals to be understood as a micro-politics of loss and desire, with all its systems of collation and expenditure, as well as a macro-politic that describes the measured and intuitive decision-making processes that govern the behaviour of a capitalist society and its isolated subjects. While *Lad Broke* does not condemn the act of gambling as deviant or forbidden it describes the social and political discourses that inhabit processes of gambling; where fluctuations of data and riddled patterns of economic transfer depict a matrix of investment and expenditure; a materialist ecology based on perpetual motion and annihilation until the 'Lad', the embodiment of a 'displaced masculinity' is broken.

How can the 'Lad' resist?

I propose that the performance artist reclaims the body and literally inscribes it within an art form which avoids forms of recording and dissemination in a commodity driven, reproductive economy. This resistance mirrors the activities of groups referenced in this thesis – artist networks, punk networks, football hooligans and zine writers, where a punk ideology of D.I.Y, lo-fi and immediacy are key. Is resistance futile? Does anything really change?

*Lad Broke*, and its parallel documents submitted here, explore the possibility of shifting political and social consciousness through performance art practice. *Lad Broke* demonstrates a re-thinking and developing of performance and writing templates as modes of presencing, while suggesting alternative models for their interpretation and dissemination within the context of institutional research. In this context I submit *Lad Broke* as a research methodology that explores communication, the traffic between ideologies and performative response through the physical, tangible body in relations and encounters that provoke aesthetic and political questions. In 1978 Andre Stitt burned his paintings outside his art school in Belfast city centre. This action belonged to a series of covert actions where Stitt graffitied 'ART IS NOT A MIRROR, IT'S A FUCKING HAMMER' around the city. In an interview with Simon Herbert, Stitt states that:

I started to see the way I was being taught within the Institution seemed to be a way of controlling the way I felt and what sort of output I would make. I then started to perceive it as being part of something bigger, which is called the art world and that in fact we were being trained into the commodification of art and that to me was never what art was about. Painting pictures and stuff, I actually never thought of selling stuff. It was done in order to give it away, or you do it and discard it. But I never, ever had the intention of making money out of it (Stitt, A. interviewed by Herbert, S. 2005: 249).

Ironically, Stitt is now selling paintings – a recent painting exhibited at the Walker Gallery in Liverpool being sold for £5000. As well as entering the art world, through his participation in the John Moore's painting prize, prints of Stitt's painting, *The Little Summer of St. Michael* (2011) can be purchased as greeting cards (£2.50) and a tea coaster (£2.00).

Is it time to burn this thesis outside the entrance of Kingston University? What would be the consequences of this action. What productive tensions would this act provoke, if any? Would it signal a refusal to be subsumed into the academic institution? Would others follow?

For me art is an act of dissent, an act of resistance. It is a moral action, perhaps the last spiritual process (Trengrrove, K. cited by Jeffries, N. 2005: 207).

Rather than resisting an external force, resistance may be situated in the body – a constant battle that seeks to refuse and refute the mechanisms of power inscribed on it:

The body is at once ...the actualizer of power relations – and that which resists power...it resists power not in the name of trans-historical needs but because of the new desires and constraints that each new regime develops. The situation therefore is one of a permanent battle, with the body as a shifting field where mechanisms of power constantly meet new techniques of resistance and escape. So the body is not a site of resistance to a power which exists outside it; within the body there is a constant tension between mechanisms of power and techniques of resistance (Feher, M. 1984: 161).

This PhD offers a new understanding of performance and writing, where an emphasis is placed in the materiality of the body and its connections to duration, labour and a larger network of performance organisations. The PhD project has allowed me to engage in a particular field of performance studies that requires extensive personal investment, trust and interaction with the performance art network. In order to understand the specificities of duration, labour and their relationships to performance art, it has been crucial to position myself within the network, not only contributing to it through regular performance works, but also through the practice of writing, dissemination, dialogue and conversation. Baz Kershaw and Helen Nicholson, in their introduction to *Research Methods in Theatre and Performance* offer a crucial understanding of performance as practice-led research:

We contend, then, that research methods in theatre/ performance studies per se, at least as represented here, at best are not concerned with legitimating the cultural authority of the researcher or the research. Rather, they are about the engaged social-environmental production of systems and the cultural production of flexible research ecologies wherein tacit understandings, inferred practices and theoretical assumptions can be made explicit and can in turn, be queried and contested. (Kershaw, B and H. Nicholson, 2010: 2).

The methodology employed in the writing task 'Broke Bloke', i.e. the diaristic gesture, resembles a form of autobiography that derives from a continuously shifting set of relations, where 'individual autobiographies intersect with the wider environment to create collaborative autobiographies. By distilling the performance into reflective, diaristic writing I can reflect on my own interaction with



the performance, filtered through a personal lens, while also authorising an affective reading response from a wider network to intervene in a discussion of its main drivers.

The diaristic gesture comes from a space between *Lad Broke* and my own personal narratives, carrying experience and current reflections, creating writing that emerges from a dialogue between self and other(s). The diaristic approach describes a body of work that emerges as performance in the aftermath of performance, allowing a critical and self-reflexive understanding of *Lad Broke* and a new approach to reading durational performance artworks and their documentation, with a careful eye on immediacy and materiality, which are crucial to the live event.

However, the diaristic gesture constitutes only a singular approach to ideas of labour, inscription, recording and documentation. There are a number of alternative approaches to writing demonstrated through a range of inscriptive acts manifest in *Lad Broke*. *Lad Broke* could be described as both a writing about performance and a performance about writing, where the labour of the performing body is intertwined not only with the making of art works, but also in social and affective correspondence.

Performance practice directly challenges the practices of value-circulation and the production of subjectivity in contemporary capitalism. However, it can accept this challenge only when the proximity between performance and contemporary modes of labour is also taken into account and critically approached (Klein, G and B. Kunst, 2012: 2).

Performance Writing as an academic course and research practice hybridises writing between media, site and the body, disturbing the oppositions 'between the ephemerality of performance and the fixity of print' (cheek, c. 2012: [Internet]). Bergvall's manifesto for Performance Writing reveals a close attention to the treatment and materiality of writing within specific contexts:

Everything about a piece of work is active and carries meaning. Any treatment, any font, any blank, any punctuation, any intonation, any choice of materials, any blob, however seemingly peripheral to the work, is part of the work, carries it, opens it up, closes it in, determines it (Bergvall:1996: [Internet]).

The manifesto nominates writing and the assemblage of text as engaged 'in a panoply of contemporary possibility' (cheek, c. 2012: [Internet]) which includes resistances uncovered in the drivers chosen for the writing and siting of the performance work. The key drivers of *Lad Broke*, including labour, duration and network dissemination, are critically addressed through the mode of live performance, where the body, writing and site determine new relationships between the autonomy of marginal practices and systems of academic and corporate recuperation.

Cheek, referring to Caroline Bergvall's work, identifies a pedagogical context as an interpretative community - a community which exemplifies a practice/theory relationship. While the academic community easily merits this context, the performance art and punk networks described in this thesis also exemplify a critical practice - a practice that continuously refreshes and shifts while re-addressing new questions around labour, performance, production and dissemination. The autonomy of these networks is crucial and the performance of *Lad Broke*, and its submission as practice led research offer a flexible model of enquiry that emphasises immediacy and a tacit understanding of raw performance practice.

## The Performing Body in the Event of Writing: *Lad Broke*, Camp & Furnace, Liverpool, 20<sup>th</sup> April, 2012.

### Chapter 1: Context

This writing reveals the circumstances that form the setting for the event of *Lad Broke*. The 48-hour presentation of the work, at Camp and Furnace, Liverpool, in 2012, and the accompanying versions, submitted here as a zine and reflective documents, exist in a number of artistic and wider, cultural contexts. These contextual factors are considered under four thematic headings: duration, inscription, the performing body and networks, in order to discuss and situate *Lad Broke* within a wider register of visual arts practice, performance art practice and contemporary writing practice, along with related systems of dissemination and archiving. Each of these practices overlap, intersect and contribute to each other, as well as relating to a broader circle of cultural practices, including those pertaining to labour and leisure activities, the inscription of class and gender roles onto the body and the relationship of post-subcultural groups to modes of production. These post-subcultural groups are identified within music and punk D.I.Y networks, which include the 'straight-edge' movement, 'anarcho-punk' and 'post-punk', while I also discuss football hooliganism as a behaviour practised by white working and middle class males, and how these practices are organised and disseminated within contemporary culture.

Ideas around duration and time are discussed in relation to the practice of a number of artists, where narrative, endurance and labour are linked to experiences of the event, time passing, boredom, production and consumption. Duration and narrative are also considered within the genre of video gaming, in order to examine performativity within real and simulated environments. These themes are then read in parallel to *Lad Broke* and accompanying documents, in order to describe a durational aesthetic which is revealed in processes of accumulation and loss, materialisation and de-materialisation, making and de-construction, inscription and erasure. Ideas of inscription are considered as physical acts, transferences of material, manipulations of matter and objects in the fields of performance art and writing, and I speculate on how these inscriptive acts attempt to negate or resist modes of a converse inscription exerted on the individual body through corporate, authoritative and institutional systems of discourse. Ideas of the performing body, the labouring body and the body as a site of resistance are discussed in relation to the work of performance artists and a number of art works. My aim here is to position and emphasise the live and immediate performing body as integral to the evaluation of a practice-led research project. Finally, I examine ideas of the performing body, labouring body and the body as a site of resistance, through the activities of a number of social groups and networks which can be defined as underground or deviant due to their anti-authoritative and anti-corporate stance. Here, I examine the behaviours of relevant networks and their methods of production and dissemination which resist systems of commodification through D.I.Y and 'not for profit' strategies.

This writing is by no means a closed circuit in terms of how these ideas and practices interweave and intervene on each other. While there are a number of strands that I unpick in order to describe a contextual awareness of my chosen field of performance art and writing, there are also a number of

threads which provide and indicate further paths for exploration, particularly in the fields of ethnography and political/social resistance to ideas around social and cultural commodification.

## Duration

In *Lad Broke*, connections can be made between production and labour, boredom and frustration. *Lad Broke* evokes the gambler suspended and sustained in loops of profit and loss in correspondence to the labour of a male, working-class artist who has worked within the service industry as a betting shop employee for over eight years in order to sustain and produce an art work. Long durational, repetitive task-like activity is used in order to displace and complicate narrative forms well as challenging ideas around consumption and spectacle.

The artist Chris Burden devised and performed a number of durational art-works during the 1970's. These works tested the physical and psychological limits of Burden's body and mind. Pieces such as *Doomed* (1975) and *Honest Labour* (1979) emphasise the durational qualities of Burden's work, such as ideas around narrative time and the commodification of time in relation to manual labour and the performing of tasks. *Garçon!* (1976) and *Working Artist* (1975) focus on the service industry, raising questions around affective and immaterial labour while also intertwining blue-collar/white collar working activities with artistic labour.

It is useful to look at Burden's own description of *Doomed*, in order demonstrate inaction as endurance and the relationship of the performer who surrenders control of narrative time to duration and the intervention of the spectator:

It [*Doomed*] consisted of three elements: myself, an institutional wall clock, and a 5'x 8' sheet of plate glass. The sheet of glass was placed horizontally and leaned against the wall at a 45 degree angle; the clock was placed to the left of the glass at eye level. When the performance began, the clock was running at the correct time. I entered the room and reset the clock to twelve midnight. I crawled into the space between the glass and the wall, and lay on my back (Anderson, P. 2010: 81).

Burden remained in the gallery for over forty-five hours without eating, drinking or moving, with the audience and gallery staff unaware that he had set a condition for ending the performance: that is, that he would remain inactive and fasting 'until one of the three elements [clock, body, glass] was disturbed or altered' (Ibid: 82). This work discloses interesting links between narrative time, duration, the body's economy of consumption and institutional spectacle. This idea of narrative, in conjunction with the body and a deliberately unmanageable scale of durational performance, offers a site of resistance, an impeding effect exerted by acts of inscription that opposes linear narrative forms, as Tzvetan Todorov indicates.<sup>6</sup> Burden's work offers a different 'mood' or 'status' around ideas of narrative.

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<sup>6</sup> The structure of linear narratives in the novel and dramatic texts is analysed by Tzvetan Todorov:

An organized succession of clauses forms a new syntagmatic pattern, sequence. Sequence is perceived by the reader as a finished story; it is the minimal narrative in a completed form. This impression of completion is caused by a modified repetition of the initial clause; the first and the last clause will be identical but they will have a different mood or status, for instance, or they will be seen from a different point of view...In a series of temporal relations, repetition can be total (Todorov, T. 1969: 74).

Todorov's analysis of narrative shows that there are purely temporal relations (succession) and purely spatial ones (parallelism). He also points out that the narrative or plot typology can be contrasted with game typology in order to see them as two variants of common structures. Defining literary study as 'human science', Todorov

In *Doomed*, there is only a minimal development of a narrative structure. In its place is an emphasis on the body, endurance and time. There are no recurrent patterns or clauses within the work: instead, *Doomed* surrenders the conclusion of the work to the unknowing audience.

In *Lad Broke*, the repetitive act of writing produces a list of horse names (both real and computer generated), which may or may not be recognised by the reader as such. As the writer C.J Fagan notes in his review of *Lad Broke* for on-line arts magazine *The Double Negative* (2012), 'Strands crisscross the ceiling, suspended from which are betting slips with the names of, I presume, horses written on them. Though not being a racing aficionado it's hard to tell, it could all be gibberish' (Fagan, C. 2012: [Internet]) The public were allowed to arrive and depart as they pleased, witnessing the production and arranging of names in conjunction to other objects and a labouring/performing body. As a result, a kind of 'narrative kaleidoscope' raised the possibility of potential meanings and coincidences, relinquishing the control of narrative to spectators who may find their own point of entry into the *Lad Broke* event.

This surrender of control is a key aspect in the work of writer and theatre director Tim Etchells and his company 'Forced Entertainment'. In their 'Notes on Durational Performance' (Forced Entertainment, 2004: 101), the group comment on long performances such as *Speak Bitterness* (1994, 1996), *Quizoola!* (2000) and *12am: Awake and Looking Down* (1993), and the audience's role within the durational performance event:

In all of the work, no matter what the form, we spent a lot of time surrendering control. The form was, so often, one of the fragments that needed a watcher to link them, a thinking brain to join the dots. Or a form of too-much-too-see-or-take-in-at-one-go, so that each person present would have inevitably seen different things, or heard different words. And in the long pieces we went even further still. Here the content was not pre-determined and the public themselves made decisions about what and how to watch, about where to draw connecting lines, about what might be a start, middle or end. We spoke very often about the agency of those watching – of their importance not in completing, but more fundamentally, in *making* the work (Ibid).

In *Lad Broke*, what is initially produced from a simple listing of horse results becomes an ergodic literature, where meaning is gleaned according to the reader's position within the space and duration of the event. I use the term ergodic to refer to the narrative structure of video games, where the gamer is immersed in a simulated labyrinth, following a chaos of passages or choices that lead in many directions but never directly to a desired goal. The gaming experience is interlaced with narrative threads that unfold over a duration, where labour and time spent lead to progression in the game. However, this idea of non-linear textuality, with multiple points of entry, is not new, according to Rolf Gundlach:

Since writing has always been a spatial activity, it is reasonable to assume that ergodic textuality has been practiced as long as linear writing. For instance, the wall inscriptions of the temples of Egypt were often connected two-dimensionally (on one wall) or three -dimensionally (from wall to wall and from

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describes and categorize the systematic operation of literature, whose codes and patterns were instantiated in literary works (Ibid:74).

room to room), and this layout allowed a non-linear arrangement of religious text in accordance with the symbolic architectural layout of the temple (Gundlach, R. 1985: 9).

Computer/video games reveal a useful model of how temporal and spatial dynamics feature in the construction of narrative driven activities. The game player is a gambler for whom it is possible to explore, to get lost and discover secret paths in the game-world, not metaphorically, but through an array of topological structures generated by textual machinery.

By creating consistent graphic environments and populating those environments with objects that obey physical laws and restrictions, the video game allows the gamer to progress significantly along the lines of producing plausible narratives. Characters within the game are restricted by laws that have a realistic basis, allowing the gamer to be completely drawn into the game. Here there is another giving up of control, where the gamer is nudged and manipulated by a system of simulated signs and codes.

This losing or giving up of control also has an effect on the performer in both *Lad Broke* and the durational works by Forced Entertainment:

Of course as a performer and as a human being this 'losing control' is doubled [...]after three hours your tongue is loose, the connections in your brain are scrambled. Fatigue has set in and that's been followed by hysteria. You find yourself doing things that you did not expect, making unplanned moves, speaking or moving without thinking straight, without thinking ahead. In this state you are naked. You are spilling the beans (Forced Entertainment, 2004:101).

Forced Entertainment claim that through this process there is 'something priceless' (Ibid) gained, a moment in time where concentration and intimacy are produced between the performer and spectator. However, I would argue that boredom is a significant factor within the durational work, where repetitive routines and mundane task-like activity mirror the activities of bodies in the work-place. In his article, 'On boredom: A note on experience without qualities', the critical and political theorist Rasmus Johnsen examines the relationships between boredom and modern working environments, where processes and routines provoke boredom through a lack of stimulation or by limiting what is considered as acceptable behaviour from the perspective of the institution. Johnsen argues that boredom describes a situation where nothing is available for self-expression, where the bored subject wants to be active but does not know how to act – a situation which produces an 'experience without qualities' (Johnsen, R. 2011: 3).

Boredom, as a contextual factor in the making of *Lad Broke*, operates on two levels: as a bi-product of a durational process, where waiting, time passing and inactivity produce impatience and a desire to act; or, as an experience related to the monotony and repetition of modern labour practices within organisations and institutions. According to Johnsen, boredom presents a situation which directly relates to subjective and collective identity:

We find ourselves suddenly confronted with a new field of inquiry that is concerned with discerning and evaluating the interpretive situation, which makes the world appear as it does and which confronts the forms and limits of our powers of interpretation. It is a situation that reveals something about us, about who we are, where we come from, what we hope for and – not least – what interests us. Another way

to put this is to say that in the experience of boredom, identity is turned into a problem, a question, into something fundamentally precarious (Ibid).

An impatience or boredom with the passing of time may be perceived as part of a larger picture where the subject perceives the world as mundane, repetitive and futile. Johnsen refers to Seneca in order to articulate boredom as a universal phenomenon:

How long the same things? Surely I will yawn, I will sleep, I will eat, I will be thirsty, I will be cold, I will be hot. Is there no end? But do all things go in a circle? Night overcomes day, day night, summer gives way to autumn, winter presses on autumn, which is checked by spring. All things pass that they may return. I do nothing new, I see nothing new. Sometimes this makes me seasick [fit aliquando et huiusreinausia]. There are many who judge living not painful but empty (Seneca, 2004: 120).

Here, Seneca identifies boredom with nature – in the cycles of seasons, renewal and destruction. However, boredom also occurs within the ideologies of law and social order, where routines and restrictions are imposed on societies and individuals through a variety of authoritative discourses, including moral, social and economic conditioning. Tedium and apathy exist in schools, homes, universities, factories, streets, consumption, leisure, mass-media, democratic participation and entertainment. *Lad Broke*, as well as other projects and performances, have grown from a desire to act – to break the boredom by at times emphasising its qualities. As the artist Rachel Dobbs has commented in a review of my poetic work *White Mice, All Colours* (2009):

I can't help thinking that this work is born out of a 'need' rather than simply a desire 'to make'. In some way, it is easier for Greenwood to unleash this stuff, to battle with it and to make it into something than it would be to try and ignore those impulses. His performance and poetic work offers us a slightly misshapen but recognisable 'recording' of everyday experience, of a land that has never quite existed or a parallel place (or time) that is distant but at the same time very, very close. (Dobbs, R. 2011: [Internet]).

This need to follow impulse, immediacy and spontaneity grows out a frustration and dissatisfaction with corporate and state collusion in the management of not only political and economic, but cultural life where individual and collective autonomy are at stake. It is here that I draw on the theories of Michel Foucault in order to reveal 'the body as object and target of power' (Foucault, 1991: 136), where endless coercion and supervision is exercised in order to control and discipline the operations of the individual body. Rather than become a 'docile body', there is an urge to react and resist against hierarchical structures and a governing hegemony. This resistance is expressed through a number of approaches similar to that of alternative music networks, where a punk ideology is applied,<sup>7</sup> organising events in esoteric sites and employing 'not for profit' strategies. I emphasise this punk ideology and influence in my own development as a performance practitioner in the context of my involvement in the hard-core punk scene where 'angry youths vented their

<sup>7</sup> I use this term to refer to 'punk rock' – 'a loud, fast-moving and aggressive form of rock music, popular in the 1970's' (OED, 2004). However, I extend this term to an ideology or mode of thinking that corresponds to a DIY aesthetic, sensibility and lifestyle that negates forms of commodification and corporate control. Caroline Coon's excellent '1988: the New Wave Punk Rock Explosion' (Omnibus) is her insider, 'as-it-happened' story of punk, with musicians and fans speaking for themselves. Caroline Coon managed The Clash from 1978 to 1980, through the UK 'Sort It Out' tour and the USA 'Pearl Harbour' tour.

frustration at the banality of daily life with guitars, drums and defiant voices' (Glasper, I. 2009: 8) and my current role as vocalist and writer for the post-punk band 'Eyes'.

Following the discourse of punk in terms of text and song writing, there is a prolonged utterance – a through-line of rage and anger which runs through punk from its early incarnations up to its present day manifestations. This utterance emphasises boredom as the main factor of making the work as well as being its subject matter. Boredom is directly addressed in a number of punk songs, such as *I'm So Bored with the U.S.A* (The Clash), *Boredom* (The Buzzcocks), *Pretty Vacant* (The Sex Pistols), *Here We are Nowhere* (Stiff Little Fingers), *Hanging Around* (The Stranglers) and *A Boring Life* (The Slits). The songs, released as seven-inch singles, were always short in duration (rarely over 3 minutes), while the music was performed at a fast tempo. Vocals are often performed in violent, staccato bursts and also share a high-speed delivery which is angry and impatient. The production of punk is stripped down to its raw and bare essentials, with little regard for harmony or ornamentation. Punk is the musical equivalent of a short, sharp shock – a reaction to boredom and apathy.

Music, and its constituent tropes, holds significance within the composition and production of performance art-works. In 2009, I organized a series of performance events under the title of 'Red Ape'. The event included three artists – Leo Devlin, Liam Yeates and Nathan Walker - performing separately but in the same space (Plymouth Arts Centre) over a period of two weeks. In a written response to their performances, I applied my attention to overlapping rhythms, tempos and accents. These were found in array of activities such as nailing, tapping, the rhythms of toys activated by the performers and the slamming of doors, movement and everyday activities such as walking and breathing. Even Liam Yeates' everyday, task-like activities contained rhythms activated through the process of walking, tearing, wrapping, sweeping, folding and painting.

When these sonic and visual rhythms were overlapped by using and combining video and sonic documentation they began to configure syncopations (as in Jazz music) where accents and beats, rhythms and tempos accumulated. While immediately experienced as a cacophony by the viewer/listener, the video documentation enabled me to observe instances of synchronization – the totalities of which quickly fall apart as abruptly as they developed. Here it is useful to understand durational patterns as rhythm, tempo and meter. In *Lad Broke*, these patterns can be divided into smaller units and physical gestures with containing their own durational qualities, in a similar way that the music concert may contain a variety of elements such as the guitar solo, a number of short songs, the epic song, the crowd pleaser, talking to audience, the gestures of individual musicians. While each of these gestures may or may not be important within the context of a 48 hour durational performance, they exist as units that can be examined individually, as a series of small gestures that consolidate as a larger performative utterance.



## Inscription

The physical act of writing is central to the performing body in *Lad Broke*, while other modes of writing constitute what I refer to as a textual practice. This practice involves a strategic accumulation of data, the deciphering of code, editing, and marking, all of which accompany the act of placing bets in betting environments. The work evolves from an assemblage of contextual factors related to the context of horse racing: the systematic evaluations of ground conditions, and statistics that denote the horse as an object of commodity (including weight, form and genealogies). Visual quantifications relating to the past performances of jockeys and trainers are positioned between adverts and promotions which encourage people to bet. These factors constitute an economy of writing, visual and sonic text.

I consider the act of writing as an inscriptive act that leaves an impression on materials and space through repetitive gesture, mark-making, stillness and action: an affective labour,<sup>8</sup> where the body asserts individual and social identity onto the receptive and resistant surface of the world in phenomenological terms, with speculation around what might constitute resistance. I therefore use the term 'writing' to refer to a dialogue between the performing body and a range of objects and images gained through direct contact with betting environments and the subsequent representation of experience into action.

This relationship between writing and performance, inscription and the body was developed in conjunction to my performance art/ punk practice, when I enrolled as a post-graduate student in Performance Writing in 2005. Performance Writing emerged from Dartington College of Arts as a multi-modal approach to textual practice and its relationship to other art forms and practices including visual art, sound art, time-based media, installation, bookworks, live art and performance art. The definition and limits of Performance Writing as a field of practice are complex and subject to debate. The course (initially undergraduate and later post-graduate) was developed by Caroline Bergvall and John Hall. In Hall's 'Thirteen Ways of Talking about Performance Writing: A Lecture', delivered at Dartington in 1993, he explores the practical and critical role of writing as process and reflexivity – a performance of writing about writing.<sup>9</sup>

In her keynote, 'What Do We Mean By Performance Writing?' (Bergvall, C. 1993: [Internet]) also presented at Dartington College of Arts in 1993, Bergvall described Performance Writing as exploring 'relationships between textual and text-based work when developed in conjunction with other media and discourses' (Ibid). She also described it as investigating 'the formal and ideological strategies which writers and artists develop textually in response or in reaction to their own time and their own fields'.

In relation to the formative aspects of *Lad Broke*, it is useful to consider a list of questions posed by Bergvall :

<sup>8</sup> My use of this term corresponds to Michael Hardt's definition in his essay 'Affective Labour', accessed via [http://www.generation-online.org/p/fp\\_affectivelabour.htm](http://www.generation-online.org/p/fp_affectivelabour.htm)

<sup>9</sup> This lecture is also available in book form: Hall, J. *Thirteen Ways of Talking about Performance Writing: a Lecture*, Plymouth, UK: Plymouth College of Art Press, 2007

What of language occupies the writing, what enables it, what prevents it, what forces its relocations, what makes a piece readable, what occupies the making and the performing of writing and what occupies the reading, the reception of writerly activities? (Ibid).

Here, Performance Writing can be understood as not belonging to a unified academic discipline or as a 'delineated, hybridic art-form', but rather as a combined practical and critical enquiry around the use of writing and language, how they are implemented and how they function: ideas which critically underpin *Lad Broke*.

Inscription occurs through a range of physical activities. 'Live' writing, the assemblage of objects, marking the body and ritual scarification feature predominately in *Lad Broke*, where the body literally becomes a surface of - and for - inscription. Ideas around economies of inscription and the body emerge in relation to Michel de Certeau's writings on the practice of everyday life:

There is no law that is not inscribed on bodies. Every law has a hold on the body. The very idea of an individual that can be isolated from the group was established along with necessity, in penal justice, of having a body that that could be marked by punishment, and in matrimonial law, of having a body that could be marked with a price in transactions among collectives. From birth to mourning after death, law "takes hold of" bodies in order to make them its text. Through all sorts of initiations (in rituals, at school etc.), it transforms them into tables of the law, into living tableaux of rules and customs, into actors in the drama organized by a social order. (De Certeau, M. 1984: 39)

Living beings are transformed into signifiers that embody rules and regulations. The skin is the parchment on which authority's hand writes. De Certeau illustrates this idea by quoting from Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, where Dromio the slave says to his master 'if the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink'<sup>10</sup>. Here the relationship between domination, repression and writing is expressed, where the law is inscribed on 'on the back of its subjects', where bodies are books and skin becomes paper. Ideas linking corporal punishment to inscription and writing on the body are also used in Franz Kafka's *In the Penal Colony* (1919), which describes the use of a machine which carves the sentence of condemned prisoners onto the body over a duration of twelve hours. Links between *In the Penal Colony*, inscription, the body and the law are made explicit in Scott McClintock's essay, 'The Penal Colony: Inscription of the Subject in Literature and Law, and Detainees as Legal Non-Persons at Camp X-Ray' (2004). Here, the Law is represented as a torture machine which aims to gradually destroy the subject's body. The body is subject to a specific regime which conceives the body as a surface or blank page available for inscription and awaiting the imprint of the Law. Inscription also demonstrates how the cultural construction of the body is effected through the 'figuration of "history", as a writing instrument that produces cultural significations – language – through the disfiguration and distortion of the body' (Butler, J. 1989: 604).

In *Punching the Time Clock on the Hour* (1980-81), Tehching Hsieh created an extensive durational work extending ideas of the laboring body and inscription. Hsieh punched a time clock on the hour,

<sup>10</sup> The full line reads as: "That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show: If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink, Your own handwriting would tell you what I think" (Shakespeare, W. 1993: Act 3, Scene 1).

every hour, twenty four hours a day, for an entire year. Hsieh's life and existence became governed by the labour of endurance and punching the clock. The task was verified by a witness signing each of the punch cards during the piece, and also by Hsieh shaving his head at the beginning of the task. The action of punching the card into a time clock was captured by taking a single frame on a 16mm camera. On my visit to Hsieh's installation, I was overwhelmed at the visual repetition of the images. However, on closer inspection, I begin to realize that each image is different, that there is no pure repetition at all. Collectively, the assembled stills produce an excess of information that is too vast to be grasped or to be taken in in a short space of time. By reading the work vertically and horizontally, the images start to resemble codes or streams of data, with missing photographs (due to a malfunction in the camera or Hsieh sleeping) punctuating sections and blocks of text. In terms of writing, I am reminded of the linguistic repetition of Gertrude Stein and precisely the way she repeats words and phrases within different clauses. These repetitions are never exact and the repetitions dominate entire sections of text. Stein's repetitions become devices for focusing the reader's attention and defining emphasis as well as serving as structural tools, where the repeated word becomes the 'primary cohering force within a passage' (Konstelnetz, R. 1980: 17). This repetition is demonstrated in Stein's essay 'A Birthday Book' (1924):

February first. First. At first.

February second this second.

February third Ulysses. Who Ulysses. Who Ulysses. Who Ulysses.

February third. February third. February third heard word purred shirred heard. Heard who. Who

February fourth. Get in, oh get in.

February fifth. Any and many, many and any. Any more (Stein, G. in R, Konstelnetz. 1980: 76).

I have chosen this passage as it links thematically to Hsieh's work as a diaristic gesture, where calendar dates chart the materiality of the body, an attempted retracing of steps over a given duration which links to ideas of industrial and artistic labour. Hsieh's work critiques a capitalistic notion of time and the commodification of the artist's body. Hsieh gives over his body and existence to the work of art, but paradoxically his art is sacrificed to the time of work. His personal temporality becomes an expenditure where his body is folded into a rhythm that conforms to a man-made, industrial time.

This diaristic gesture is also present in Kenneth Goldsmith's *Fidget* (2000), a transcription of the writer's body made over the duration of thirteen hours in a single day. The work exists in book form, as a vocal performance (performed by Theo Bleckman) and as a self-running Java applet designed by Clem Paulsen. *Fidget* attempts to chart the movements of the body through self-observation. The duration of this act creates a series of shifting reference points that demonstrate that explore subjective and approaches to the act of writing. Goldsmith and Paulsen's collaboration reconfigured the text of *Fidget* to substitute the human body with the computer. According to the *Fidget* website:

The Java applet contains the text reduced further into its constituent elements, a word or a phrase. The relationships between these elements are structured by a dynamic mapping system that is organized visually and spatially instead of grammatically. In addition, the Java applet invokes duration and presence. Each time the applet is downloaded it begins at the same time as set in the user's computer and every mouse click or drag that the user initiates is reflected in the visual mapping system. The different hours are represented in differing font sizes, background colors [sic] and degree of "fidgetness", however, these parameters may be altered by the user. The sense of time is reinforced by the diminishing contrast and eventual fading away of each phrase as each second passes (Goldsmith, K. 1999).

Goldsmith's text offers a new range of possibilities in relation to modes of inscription and their subsequent dissemination, from an immediate notation of a live body, to its presencing in performance, writing and digital media. This has crucial significance to *Lad Broke*, where inscription also occurs in many forms not only within the live event, but before and after it. This shift discloses the work in a number of contexts, where the textual elements and objects used in *Lad Broke* can be re-shaped and re-configured, thereby raising important questions around the relationships between text and site.

## The Performing Body

The performing body is often presented as a site of contestation between two opposing dynamics: as a passive recipient of inscription by social institutions, cultural discourses, ideologies and orders of power and as an active agent through which identity and social relation may be tested, re-articulated and re-made (Heathfield, A. 2004: 12).

In this section, I aim to position the body in a number of contexts which are brought together through the performance of *Lad Broke*, where the performing body may be perceived as shifting entity between power, resistance and escape. It may be argued that the body is a site of resistance, constantly pushing against social and political determination while at the same time determining *itself*. This paradoxical tension, a scenario where the body becomes a complex carrier of signs, is complicated, where my own body can be read as white, male working-class. Rather than resisting or escaping these labels, I aim to embrace them in order to contextualise my own body in terms of labour and a number of post-subcultural groups. In relation to artists, I look at the work of André Stitt and Richard Serra, extending ideas of the labouring body which then open up to wider cultural debates around affective and immaterial labour.

The artist André Stitt has produced work since 1976 generating a large number of works at major galleries, festivals, biennales and alternative venues throughout the world. Stitt's work is consistent and relentless in its production and dissemination:

Working as an artist you're always in process. The discipline is in the work that happens day in and day out: the research, reading, notations, taking notes, writing, drawing, making objects or creating elements in the studio; constantly playing around with configurations that will lead you into the public work (Stitt, A. 2008: 10).

With Stitt's early and current work, there is always an emphasis on labour. In *Second Skin* (1996), Stitt repeatedly hammers enamel from the surface of a bath which is amplified with contact microphones. The photographic documentation from this work shows a sweating, working body engaged in a repetitive striking of a hammer and chisel against the surface of the bath. The effect creates a blurring, a moving body engaged in task-like activity, frantically removing enamel in order to reveal the second skin of the domestic object. The work illustrates a succession of incidents, an accumulation of units produced as a bi-product of the labouring body suspended in a Sisyphean task. While the action appears to fulfill a function, the long-term effects of the work belong to a schema within each striking of the hammer fulfills a paradox.<sup>11</sup> The body appears machine-like in its efficiency, but gradually gives way to exhaustion and fatigue, becoming trapped in a cycle of production and destruction.

<sup>11</sup> Charles Lyons discusses 'Zeno's paradox' in relation to the actions present in Samuel Beckett's *Endgame* and Clov's reference to the irreducible heap: 'Finished, it's finished, nearly finished, it must be nearly finished. Grain upon grain, one by one, and one day, suddenly, there's a heap, a little heap, the impossible heap. (Pause.) I can't be punished any more'. According to Lyons, any object of magnitude is subject to division, whereby the act of perceiving it as separate components identifies the object, not as a discrete entity, but rather as a collection of individual segments (Lyons, C. 1983: 53).

Stitt's work has recently moved away from performance and towards painting. However, there is still an emphasis on the labouring body. In his collaboration with Fritz Welch, *SHIFTwork* (2009), Stitt and Welch worked on a series of 'live' paintings which were presented in full view of the public. The work emerged through a series of 24 hour working shifts, in order to explore notions of artistic activity and the performance of painting as both labour and cultural production. According to Stitt, the methods and materials used by the body require various degrees of skill in combination with manual labour.

In *Splash Piece* (1969 -70,) Richard Serra appears in a photograph, his body standing against the illuminated surface of a white wall. His vertical alignment is reduced to a dark silhouetted gesture: arms stretched and legs braced as he wields a ladle above his head. Serra is goggled and gas-masked as the photograph captures him throwing molten lead. Serra's throwing lead mimes Jackson Pollock's throwing of paint. However, with the impersonality of the mask worn by Serra, the depersonalising nature of industrial work and its associations with seriality, repetition and restriction are described, as well as labour itself, and the treatment of materials through applied task like activity.

This treatment of materials and ideas of industrial labour are relevant to the body as presented in *Lad Broke*. My body belongs to a lineage of labour practices grounded in the industrial history of Northern-England. Shipbuilding, coal-mining and manufacturing all required regimes of physical labour performed by the body. These practices can be read as offering viable opportunities for working-class males, providing skills and knowledge, regular pay, stability and financial security. Industrial employment accrued a type of 'body capital', established through ideas of the patriarchal 'bread-winner' and physical durability. According to the sociologist Anoop Nayak, industrial labour of this kind 'split the public "masculine" world of work from the private domestic realm of women's unpaid labour. For many young men, the financial independence ascribed to earning a wage enabled them to avoid household duties and instil a pride in "craft" or "graft"' (Nayak, A. 2010: 814).

However, as de-industrialisation set in, young working-class men were caught in a transition where industrial labour was replaced by ill-paid government schemes. My own choices of employment when leaving school in 1986 were limited to a number of youth training schemes in the retail industry. At a cultural level, the pathways to adulthood and working changed rapidly with a switch to service industries, offering a change in the structure of working practices. According to Chatterton and Hollands:

The post-Fordist labour market has not only worked to delay and interrupt traditional youth transitions, but it has also worked to complexify them. Young people today make a bewildering array of labour market transitions, including moving through various training and educational routes through to temporary, contract and part-time work ( P, Chatterton and R, Hollands. 2003: 81).

According to Nayak, there is a transition from learning to work to learning to serve. This has resulted in the construction of a new masculine subject who struggles to adjust to a changing gender order where working-class males reside in the service industry, alongside women, in call-centres, administration, and service sector employment in corporate and cultural leisure industries. This means that in a post-industrial context, masculine transitions are marked by opportunity, risk and

insecurity directly linked to precarious labour markets. Productive, material labour has changed to concepts of immaterial and affective labour.

In order to provide space for an engagement around ideas of immaterial and affective labour, I look to the theories of Maurizio Lazzarato and Michael Hardt. Their writings identify labouring practices and their positions within hierarchies of privilege and exploitation. According to Michael Hardt:

A focus on the production of affects in our labor and our social practices has often served as a useful ground for anti-capitalist projects, in the context of discourses for instance on desire or on use-value. Affective labor [sic] is itself and directly the constitution of communities and collective subjectivities. The productive circuit of affect and value has thus seemed in many respects as an autonomous circuit for the constitutions of subjectivity, alternative to the processes of capitalist valorization. Theoretical frameworks that have brought together Marx and Freud have conceived of affective labor using terms such as desiring production and more significantly numerous feminist investigations analyzing the potentials within what has been designated traditionally as women's work have grasped affective labor with terms such as kin work and caring labor. Each of these analyses reveal the processes whereby our laboring practices produce collective subjectivities, produce sociality, and ultimately produce society itself (Hardt, M. 1999: 1).

Maurizio Lazzarato and Michael Hardt's ideas, alongside Stitt's definition of the artist as cultural worker, are interesting in the context of *Lad Broke*, where the body is pressed into making work for the purpose of cultural consumption as well as responding to the requirements of an academic institution. The 'broken lad' of *Lad Broke* displays a displaced masculinity within an economy that utilises immaterial labour in the conception and making of an art work. Within this immaterial labour, the body has adapted to new technologies such as the computer. In the environment of the betting shop, a service industry in which I worked for eight years, there was a shift from the manual handling of data and the processing of bets to a computerised system which forged a greater shift from material to immaterial labour, where a greater emphasis is placed on affect and customer care, changing the ways in which the body performs in service environments.

The service sectors of the economy present a richer model of productive communication. Most services indeed are based on the continual exchange of information and knowledges. Since the production of services results in no material and durable good, we might define the labor [sic] involved in this production as immaterial labor, that is, labor that produces an immaterial good, such as a service, knowledge, or communication. One face of immaterial labor can be recognized in analogy to the functioning of a computer. The increasingly extensive use of computers has tended progressively to redefine laboring practices and relations (along with indeed all social practices and relations) ... Interactive and cybernetic machines become a new prosthesis integrated into our bodies and minds and a lens through which to redefine our bodies and minds themselves (Ibid).

With this concept of immaterial labour, the body becomes an interface between the public and the institution, between a process of physical inscription (the act of placing bets in the context of the betting shop) and the input of data. In *Lad Broke*, this process is inverted, where data is collated from computer systems and returned to a manual process of writing. Within this process the body is central, yet rather than exhibiting an affect of care and service towards consumers, the performing body returns to a regime of repetitive manual labour which occasionally embarks on rituals that

describe anxiety, loss and insecurity, as opposed to well-being and the encouraging of leisure and betting as a cultural activity.

This inversion and reversal corresponds to a punk ideology and sensibility that has remained in my work for many years. The attitude of punk and its delivery emphasised an immediate and angry 'No' to the apathy and boredom of mediocrity and totalitarianism, consumption and consumerism. There was no room for dreaming and escapism. As any sense of a future was declared illegitimate in terms of opportunity there was a need to act in the present, to resist and invert structures of discourse emanating from powerful institutional and corporate establishments. The punk sensibility in my work arises from a number of social, political and cultural factors including boredom, a frustration at a lack of opportunities and urges to express myself aggressively through making music. However, I can trace my fascination with punk back to an encounter with a specific image of the body.

As a nine year old child I would often spend nights with my cousin at his Tyneside home. He shared a bedroom with an older brother where we used to stay. There were many items that could be described as punk memorabilia strewn across the walls of the room, but my memories revolve around a particular poster displaying an image of the punk musician, Sid Vicious. The image, of a lean, blood spattered and half-naked torso seemed to sum up all that was punk about punk. Unlike many publicity shots at this time, I was puzzled as to how Vicious' lacerated body had evaded forms of censorship and resisted the normal representation of a rock musician in 'pinup' format. My fascination with the image raised a number of questions and concerns as to why an individual would subject their body to mutilation, effacement and objectification. Even at such an early age, I sensed an obvious resistance, a refusal and violent abjection of an inscribed body that appeared to communicate dissidence and anger. Somehow, this representation of a traumatised yet performing body invited me to imagine the circumstances surrounding such a violent performative utterance of rebellion, frustration and resistance.

Punk allowed a vehicle to engage in an alternative affective labour, where my efforts were targeted as resistance against what I perceived as widely accepted cultural and social forms. In punk, bodies were reclaimed as sites of agency and empowerment. Vast numbers of people remained alienated in their work and politically powerless to foster change. People found themselves entrapped in a disenchanted, rationalized world of rules and regulations. For many, the mass-mediated commodified culture was experienced as superficial and inauthentic. Given such conditions there appears to have been re-emergence of the carnivalesque, legitimating a variety of forms of transgression as critique and resistance. This could be seen in many ways: the popularity of tattoos and piercing, homemade t-shirts daubed in outrageous statements and the punks' incorporation of conflicting ideological signs. Each form of adornment, fashion and lifestyle can be understood as a way of claiming agency to resist domination, invert disciplinary codes and experience 'utopian moments'. Body adornments validated the 'primitive' as a protest against economic inequality and repression of the body. Punk empowered audiences and allowed expressions of rage and protest. These transgressions served as outlets for repression that shifted discontentment and apathy into potential dissidence. While this movement encouraged aggressive individualism it also, paradoxically encouraged shared networks of exchange and community.



## Networks

Stewart Home describes the punk movement as the 'genre of novelty music' (Home, 1996: 6), devoid of political aims and objectives. However, I disagree with Home on the grounds that his writing centres on the typical 1976-1979 timeline of punk, ignoring its later manifestation into anarcho-punk and hard-core in the 1980s. Home's analysis also appears to underestimate the attention that punk bands brought to political movements and organisations such as C.N.D, animal rights and environmentalist groups, through lyrics and the dissemination of pamphlets at punk events.

While this may be true of the punks referenced by the majority of writers who focus on the period of 1976 – 1979, this does not ring true for a number of hard-core anarcho-punk bands such as Conflict, Crass and the Sub-Humans. These bands negated all forms of recuperation by employing D.I.Y tactics in the manufacture of their records and a negation of the music industry. Not only did they refuse to be incorporated into a chain of commodification, they actively participated in direct action through refusal tactics while proclaiming anarchy as a solution to inequality and discrimination. In this instance, I would like to focus particularly on the anarcho-punk band, Crass. Crass were formed in 1977 at the peak of the punk rock explosion in the U.K. Formed out of an artist community, they promoted anarchism as a political ideology and as a way of living. Crass popularised the anarcho-punk movement and advocated a number of political causes including C.N.D, animal rights and environmental causes. The band utilised D.I.Y approaches, producing a number of art works including mail-art projects, graphics, albums and video works. A criticism of capitalism and mainstream culture remained central to Crass, as well as their peers such as the Poison Girls, Conflict and Sub-Humans. Direct action was practiced by Crass and this included a variety of approaches including the spraying of graffiti messages on advertising billboards and the London Underground system, co-ordinating events in squats and organising political action. The band were critical of the punk movement and advocated more open approaches to making work with the emphasis on shifting political and social consciousness including the use of cut up tapes, graphics, poetry and improvised performance.<sup>12</sup>

Systems of organisation and dissemination were important to punk networks and these are replicated in a range of post-subcultural groups. The groups collectively known as football hooligans could be seen to represent an element of a disenfranchised male, working class culture. The term football hooliganism appeared in the English media in the mid 1960's and refers to the aggressive acts performed by mainly working class males who use the football match as an event to direct

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<sup>12</sup> Crass became infamous for a series of politically motivated interventions, including the 'Thatchergate' tape where a cassette was leaked to the press featuring what seemed to be a telephone conversation between Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan picked by accident as a result of a crossed line. In the tape, Thatcher and Reagan discuss the Falklands war, with Thatcher openly admitting to instigating an attack on the HMS Sheffield while Reagan confessed to plans that included an attack on mainland Europe in order to protect America. The tape found its way to the U.S State department, who immediately issued a categorical denial of the tapes authenticity yet at the same time proclaiming the tape as an example of technological disinformation tactics employed by the KGB. This claim was publicised by both the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Sunday Times*. Somehow, *The Observer* newspaper linked the tape back to Crass and it eventually came to light that the tape had been compiled by Pete Wright, therefore embarrassing the U.S state department.

violent behaviour towards opposing gangs of hooligans and the police. Participants often select sites away from football stadiums to avoid arrest by the police, but conflict also occurs inside stadiums. Hooliganism ranges in its scale, from small brawls to huge riots, often arranged through the use of mobile phones and social media. This violence is practiced by a network of hooligan firms, formed specifically to antagonise and attack rival fans. Some firms also promote extreme political views belonging to both left and right wing ideologies. In the early 1980's, the 'casual' subculture transformed the U.K football hooligan scene, where 'Skinhead-style, working class apparel were exchanged for designer clothing and expensive sportswear' (Redhead, S. 2010: 1).

Steve Redhead's essay, 'Little Hooliganz: The Inside Story of Glamorous Lad, Football Hooligans and Post-Subculturalism' (2010), looks at the connections between football hooligan behaviour and the publishing history of football hooligan subcultures. His research project involved the collation of interviews with football hooligans as well as a comprehensive review of hooligan memoirs. Redhead suggests that hooligan literature can lead to 'informed ethnographies of subcultures and a more sustained post-subcultural perspective' (Ibid: 2).

There is fierce debate amongst academics about how useful these documents are as narrative text. By virtue of their age and their subcultural practices however the writers have become archivists of a period of post-industrial Britain (Ibid).

Extreme forms of hooligan subculture have manifested in printed and on-line forms of exchange, where front-line, diaristic accounts give embodied and informed ethnographies of football subcultures. These books have been termed as 'hit and tell' and reveal a true confession style of writings published by commercial presses such as Milo books. However, smaller publishers have emerged over the years in the forms of small press organisations such as Headhunter books, John Blake publishing and Pennant books. In all of these cases, these small independent publishers are set up by former hooligans/writers. These publishers have become part of cult publishing category known as the football hooligan memoirs (Ibid: 2).

This dissident self-publishing corresponds to the samizdat tradition. The term samizdat translates from Russian to 'self-publishing', and was originally coined by post-Stalinists to describe the distribution of dissident literature. This literature appeared in a number of forms: poetry and fiction, political statements or any document deemed by the state as non-conformist. This practice used 'simple production methods and networks of free distribution where participants were encouraged to reproduce and re-distribute works' (Yuen-Kit Lo, 2004: 4).

Evolving in samizdat tradition, zines emerged and found their most recognizable form, with the aid of photocopying, within the punk movement. The ethic and aesthetic expression of the samizdat was articulated by the zine, responding to the punk ideal of abolishing the distance between performers and audience. Zines such as *Sniffin' Glue* represented and encouraged the ideology of D.I.Y. The zine culture has expanded beyond the punk movement. According to the writer and graphic designer Kevin Yuen-Kit Lo:

Zines now cover all manner of subject matter, often moving into the realm of personal expression and an open diary format. What binds zines together is no longer their subject, but the independent

approach to their production and distribution, and the author's overriding desire for expression trumping the desire for profit (Ibid: 5).

Self-publishing acts as a resistance to mass media, where artists, political activists, or punks are able to maintain autonomy and create and reproduce their own culture. Zines and underground cultures offer an alternative model and a way of understanding the world which operates with a different set of codes and rules to those of consumer capitalism. According to Yuen-Kit Lo:

In advanced capitalist societies, the act of self-publishing (and self-distribution) is an implicitly political act, challenging the primary role of the passive consumer. The central samizdat ethic of free exchange and the participatory communities established by these exchanges are a small but significant alternative to the hegemony of the marketplace (Ibid: 5).

I have participated in a number of mail-art projects which have behaved according to this model of self-publication and have included collaborations with a number of artists and authors. These have included *Ferrum Wheel*, *Synapse* and *Transmission*. However, this model is not limited to the handling and distribution of literature. Performance art networks also appear to work in this way. Performance art organisations such as OUI performance, [performance space] and Red Ape attempt to evade and negate these forces of corporate and state control or influence in a similar manner to the punk community. It is useful to consider Hakim Bey's concept of the temporary autonomous zone here, a space 'which does not engage directly with the state, a guerrilla operation which liberates itself an area (of land, of time, of imagination) and then dissolves itself to reform elsewhere/else when, before the state can crush it' (Bey, H. 1985: 99). These organisations adopt guerrilla tactics through a constant re-location of their practices and events between (outside) public and abandoned spaces. A network of collaborations and support is represented by these groups – participants, performers and audiences - where inter-network communication is key and offers a structure of discourse and utterance. These organisations hold events which allow artists from a variety of backgrounds and networks to converge and engage in dialogue and conversation, therefore ensuring the sustainability of performance. As Wladyslaw Kazmierczak notes in his article 'Young British Independence' (2012):

Young performance artists do not have a chance to gather experience during occasional private meetings or accidental performers' contacts, and when they trace the art of performance artists from an older generation the result is always ambivalent emotionally and intellectually – to quote Weinberg - it meets distrust. The pulsating, changeable, most often chaotic structure of performance art festivals in the world instead of opening the scenes to present their work, rather ignores young performers and manipulates them, because of their lack of experience and history. We know exactly that performance art may not receive a support from the general art market, and it receives just a little sponsorship from foundations and art institutions. What may one do in such a situation? Create one's own environment that would be friendly for performance art; create an open, free space for experimental art - it may be a permanent place, or changeable and only open for a few hours. A British sensation of the last two years has become two independent initiatives of young performance artists: O U I Performance in York and [p e r f o r m a n c e space] in London ( Kazmierczack, W. 2012: 1).

'Like festivals, uprisings cannot happen every day...but such moments of intensity give shape and meaning to the entirety of a life...shifts and integrations have occurred – a difference is made' ( Bey, H. 1985: 98). Bey suggests that revolution rarely affects permanent change. Instead, what these

sub-cultural groups are aiming for, in line with a punk methodology, are mobile, intermittent experiences that sustain a new network of performance art in the U.K.

The fragility of these organisations is very evident. In her essay, 'Beyond Necessity: Can we save performance, or, can performance save itself?' (2011), Victoria Gray (who is also the organiser and co-curator of OUI Performance) raises important questions around the funding of performance art organisations:

Those of us who identify ourselves as performance artists or advocates of performance have become masters of self-defence: buffering polite but prejudicial and hierarchical attitudes towards this precarious form. The uncertain qualities bestowed upon performance are simultaneously its friend and foe. The romanticised disappearance that makes performance what it is can conveniently and covertly be used to turn performance against itself – trading in an economy of loss can make people scared to invest. In times like these, when money is tight and difficult decisions are having to be made the latter, more negative invocation seems to stick. The fear is twofold; firstly there is the concern that performance art doesn't make a monetary return on investment. Secondly, that its insubordinate, transgressive and anarchic tendencies make it difficult for the masses to swallow (Gray, V. 2011: 15).

My own curatorial project, Red Ape, has never received funding, making it extremely difficult to organise and arrange events. Artist accommodation, travel and payment has always been a problem, but it usually means that that a currency of artist exchange is implemented, a situation where the skills of artists are shared creatively in order to sustain networks. This system does have its advantages, described here by Gray:

There are organisations who have never received funding, nor have they ever applied; they don't miss the money because they never had it in the first place. As such, they have successfully circumnavigated the system so that they will never be reliant on it. Situating themselves just as far outside of the mainstream system as you can get, *Art Evict* are a perfect example of this. Using squats and empty, disused buildings the work happens without any money changing hands. Organisations who embrace this model are, as Gillie Kleiman states able to 'enjoy the freedoms that lack affords' (Kleiman, G. 2011). The not getting paid bit is in fact the point and is demonstrative of the fundamental principles of performance art; that exchange happens in the event of meetings between the artists as a form of *communitas*. The artist's rewards for their time, effort and skill reside in this, perhaps more valuable economy (Ibid: 17-18).

The notion of exchange between communities is essential, opening up new avenues and networks for the presenting of performance art works in a national and international context. The fusing together of relationships through collaboration, dialogue and conversation may work as an independent alternative to a commercial art market and academic institutions, putting ideas of autonomy and exchange over commodification and financial profit.

This chapter reveals a contextual framework which supports and informs the event of *Lad Broke* and its resituating into the different forms presented within this PhD submission. Within these forms, ideas of duration, inscription, the body and networks intersect in an artistic sense but also relate to wider cultural practices where individual and collective identities are expressed and revealed. Ideas of political and social resistance manifest within each of the contextual areas discussed, where

alternative strategies attempt to avoid subsumption into a capitalist economy and the commodification of cultural practices.

**The Performing Body in the Event of Writing: *Lad Broke*, Camp & Furnace,  
Liverpool, 20<sup>th</sup> April 2012.**

## **Chapter Two: The Zine**

**Ladbroke**

*please ask a member of our shop team if you require assistance*

Lad

Broke

**total stake**

£ 0 : 00

*all bets are subject to Ladbrokes rules*





# The body of the condemned

Punishment, then, will tend to become the most hidden part of the penal process. ~~This has several consequences: it leaves the domain of most of his everyday perception and enters that of abstract consciousness; its effectiveness is seen as resulting from its inevitability, not from its visible intensity; it is the certainty of being punished and not the horrifying spectacle of public punishment that must discourage crime; the exemplary mechanics of punishment changes its mechanisms. As a result, justice no longer takes public responsibility for the violence that is bound up with its practice. If it too strikes, it is too killing, it is not as a punishment.~~ Its strength, but as an element of itself that it is obliged to tolerate, that it finds difficult to account for. The apportioning of blame is redistributed: in punishment-as-spectacle a confused ~~intense~~ ~~spread~~ from the scaffold; it enveloped both executioner and condemned; and, although it was always ready to invert the shame inflicted on the victim into ~~play or glory~~, it often turned the legal violence of the executioner into shame.



redbreast

please do not touch if you need any help

EVERSO

nest

total stake

all bets are subject to redbreast rules

A. Does metaphysics suppose this phenomenology only as a method, as a technique, in the strict sense of these words? Although he rejects the majority of the final results of Husserl's researches, Levinas keeps to the general intention: "The presentation and development of the notions employed owes everything to the phenomenological method" (TI; DL). But are not the presentation and development of ideas but the vestments of thought? And can a method be borrowed, like a tool? Thirty years after the wake of Heidegger, did not Levinas maintain that method could not be isolated? For a method always shelters, especially in Husserl, an anticipated view of the 'sense' of the reality in which one encounters it. Levinas wrote at this time: "Consequently, in our exposition we cannot separate the theory of intuition, as a philosophical method, from what might be called Husserl's ontology" (TI).

Now, what the phenomenological method refers to, explicitly and in the last analysis (and this would be too easy to show), is Western philosophy's very decision, since Plato, to consider itself as a science: theory: that is, precisely as that which Levinas wishes to put into question by the way and means of phenomenology.



be there. Clare Balding is  
verwhelming for my taste



B. Beyond its method, the aspect of "Husserl's essential teaching" (TI) which Levinas intends to retain is not only its supple and necessary descriptions, the fidelity to the meaning of experience, but also the concept of intentionality. An intentionality enlarged beyond its representational and theoretical dimension, beyond the noetic-identical structure which Husserl incorrectly would have seen as the primordial structure. Expression of the infinite would have kept Husserl from accessing the true depths of intentionality as desire and as metaphysical transcendence toward the other, beyond phenomenality or Being. This repression would occur in two ways.

It's a  
Catter  
of who  
mis





Ladbroke's

please ask our staff if you need any help

Benny  
the  
Dips

total stake

£

all bets are subject to Ladbroke's rules



Further justification of the pacifist  
res from the often debated relat  
the sense of the...  
...of smashing the state...  
...the people they are fighting...  
...ids and means must be kept...  
...cheating, killing and similar things are...  
...concerned" (M...)

"The majority of people have such set beliefs that  
... pacifism is hysterically conce  
... rather than as an extension of the  
... is Death is wrong. Such basic fu  
... as true but unrealistic  
... paranoia where patriotism is  
... is taken for granted..." (Engl  
... Rats EP, Bluurg Records, 1983).





# LITERATURE, LANGUAGE, AND THE NON-HUMAN

Alan Bourassa



'In literature the human reveals itself through language.'

'Or rather, in literature, language creates the human.'

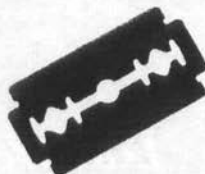
'Literature is the intersection of language and the human.'

'The human, which has its possibility in language, extracts from the possibilities of language to create literature.'

'Literature extracts the human from language to give the human its own voice.'

'The subtraction of literature from language, leaves us with all that is non-human.'

'Language, literature and the human fight pitched battles of mutual capture, shifting alliances and attrition, punctuated by periods of peace or uneasy truce.'



# *staying in control*



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The system maintains law  
and order throughout the  
land

On which our futures  
already planned

To serve the leaders quest  
for power

To remember our position,  
to respect that shower

Who divide the masses the  
rich v the poor

The left and the right, who  
create civil war

This is forced upon us from  
birth until death

We've heard of freedom,  
but it just don't exist

Conflict : increase the  
Pressure 1984



ALL BOOKS  
ARE BASTARDS







SID  
 + NANCY  
 + KYLIE  
 + MARK





SHE TREATS  
ME LIKE  
DOG-FOOD



rule out the possibility of force" (ibid). Pacifists do not  
find myself in a position where I would stand against it in whatever  
control people is a violation of human dignity. I were to  
organized militarism, believe that the use of power to  
cowardly response to force. I stand against  
point out that pacifism was not some kind of



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**THE INGREDIENTS WILL BE LISTED ON THE LABEL SOMEWHERE, OR ONLINE AT LEAST. THEY'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE INFORMATION YOU NEED. IF THE "BREEDER'S CHOICE" YOU MENTION IS THE SAME ONE I'M FAMILIAR WITH, IT'S A VERY GOOD PRODUCT.**

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Boredom iN BeNidOrm

Boredom iN BeNidOrm

Boredom iN BeNidOrm

Boredom iN BeNidOrm

Boredom iN BeNidOrm

Boredom iN BeNidOrm

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Boredom iN BeNidOrm

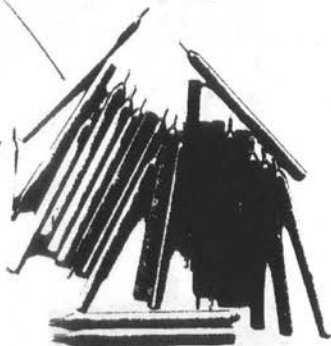
Boredom iN BeNidOrm

**bore** *v* & *n* make (a hole) in something with a drill or other tool. > hollow out (a gun barrel or other tube).  
**2** (of an athlete or racehorse) push another competitor out of the way, *e.g.* the hollow part inside a gun barrel or other tube. > the diameter of this: a small-bore rifle.  
ORIGIN OE *borian* (*v.*), of Gmc origin.  
**bore** *n* & *a* a dull and uninteresting person or activity.  
**3** *see* cause (someone) to feel weary and uninterested by being dull and tedious.  
ORIGIN C18: of unknown origin.  
**bore** *n* & *a* a steep-fronted wave caused by the meeting of two tides, or by a tide meeting by a bore, *e.g.* the bore of the Severn.  
ORIGIN C17: from *boron* (a bore), from *boron* (a bore).  
**bore** *n* past of *bore*.  
**bored** /bored/ *adj.* & *a* chiefly (of the North or northern regions) related to or located in the Arctic.  
**1** (of a person) weary and impatient because one is unoccupied or lacks interest in something.  
ORIGIN MC: from *boron* (a bore), from *boron* (a bore).  
DERIVATION the god of the north wind, from *boron*.  
**bored** *adj.* weary and impatient because one is unoccupied or lacks interest in something.  
USAGE  
The normal constructions for bored are bored by or bored with. More recently, bored of has emerged, but this construction, though common in informal use, is not yet considered acceptable in standard English.  
**bored** *adj.* (of a gun) having a specified bore.  
**bore** *n* & *a* (of a gun) having a specified bore.  
ORIGIN MC: from *boron* (a bore), from *boron* (a bore).  
**boredom** *n* the state of feeling bored.  
ORIGIN MC: from *boron* (a bore), from *boron* (a bore).  
**borehole** *n* a deep, narrow hole in the ground made to bore water or oil.



Part of the force of literature ... is to be transgressive of institutional boundaries and values ... [literary studies] cannot define itself (or its object) without consideration of the way its legitimacy as a field is bound up with that of the university as a whole and the very possibility of disciplinarity.

stranger who is already found within (das Heimliche-Unheimliche), more intimate with ~~the~~ *than-one* is oneself, the absolute proximity of a stranger, whose power is singular and anonymous (*es* *spuk*), an unnameable and neutral power, that is, undecidable. neither active nor passive, an an-identity that, without doing anything, invisibly occupies places belonging finally neither to us nor to it.



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Flash  
your  
tail

.....2  
.....5  
.....1  
.....3  
.....5

then, If it's not mine,  
it is not me  
and if it's not me  
it's mine  
If it's mine  
it's not me,  
if it's not me,  
it's not mine  
'it's not me  
it's mine

If it's mine  
it's me

.....7

43

total stake £

all h

and if,  
If it is not mine  
it is not me .....2  
.....3  
it is not mine .....3  
not me

But there is no story without the human, no human  
literary becomes the easy equivalence of literary/human.  
Language shatters the triad of language/literature/human.  
up a dimension of the non-literary in literature (that is, everything that lies  
outside the scope of the literary but on which the literary depends) and of the  
non-human in the human (that is, all that lies outside the scope of the human,  
but nonetheless makes it up).

If it is mine  
it is not me .....1  
If it is not mine  
it is not me .....2  
If it is not me  
it is not mine .....3  
it is me  
it is mine .....4

Moderato



al fine  
accetando  
poco  
poco a

9.....

9.....

3.....

1.....

5.....

2.....

3.....

1.....

1.....

5.....





# RICHARD HUGHES

---

## ON SATURDAY



If it's not me it's mine  
If it's mine it's not me

If it's mine it's not mine

~~If it's not me~~  
~~It's not mi~~

~~It's not mine~~  
~~It's not mine~~

~~It's not me~~  
~~if it's not me~~

~~It's mine~~

~~J. if it's not it is not~~

if it is not me  
it's not

12

*the* If it's mine, it's

If, if it's mine, it's  
if (1224/1210)

if 122



The question of the non-human is central here.





34). Pacifists hold the view that "producing literature and debating an issue will convince people long before a Molotov will" (ibid). The main reason for Punk anarchists to be pacifist lies in the idea of anarchy itself. "With the goals of no government or outside oppression, anarchist violence seems to be more out of tune with the stated objectives than any other political violence" (Todd Mason, editor of IN-CIT DE #5, 11).

Nowhere does the human seem more the cornerstone of literature than in the novel. If the novel is an escape, it is an escape into meaning, sense, the human. Madame Bovary, Isabel Archer, Gatsby, Arab, Hester Prynne. It is the great theme of the novel that we remember and the emotions that spring from the human encounter with all that is outside of it. Greed, obsession, sin, regret and pride assign a value to the humanity of fictional characters. That triumphs are the human triumphs of understanding, reconciliation, creation; that defeats are equally human: despair, loneliness, loss.

There are obvious reasons for the Punk anarchist to favor non-violent means. The most obvious is the vast difference in numbers and power the Punks and other counterculture freaks have to their respective governments. They certainly cannot topple a government themselves. The status quo citizens to support them. Also there is little good that can be done if imprisoned or dead.



# KEEP THIS CARD

If ~~one~~ your horses falls, your  
jockey ~~may~~ remount immediately

This card may be used only once on the racecourse

COPYRIGHT

A son should respect his father.  
He should not have to be taught to respect his father.  
It is something that is natural.  
That's how I've brought up my son and wife.  
Of course a father must be worthy of respect.  
He can forfeit a son's respect.  
But I hope at least that my son will respect me, if  
only for leaving him free to respect me or not.

there be something the matter with him  
since he would not be acting as he does  
there was  
he is acting as he is  
there is something the matter with him  
there is anything the matter with him  
He  
be  
things that is  
the matter with him  
he does not think that there is anything  
the matter with him  
therefore  
we have to help him realize that  
the fact that he does not think there is anything  
the matter with him  
is one of the things that is  
the matter with him



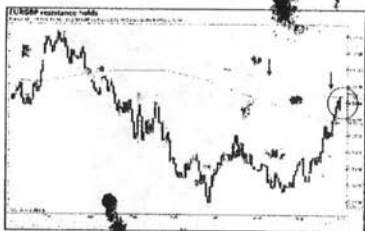
Ladbrokes

*please ask our staff if you need any help*

Irish  
Buccaneer

total stake £ : p

*all bets are subject to Ladbrokes rules*



ROLLING BASTARDS

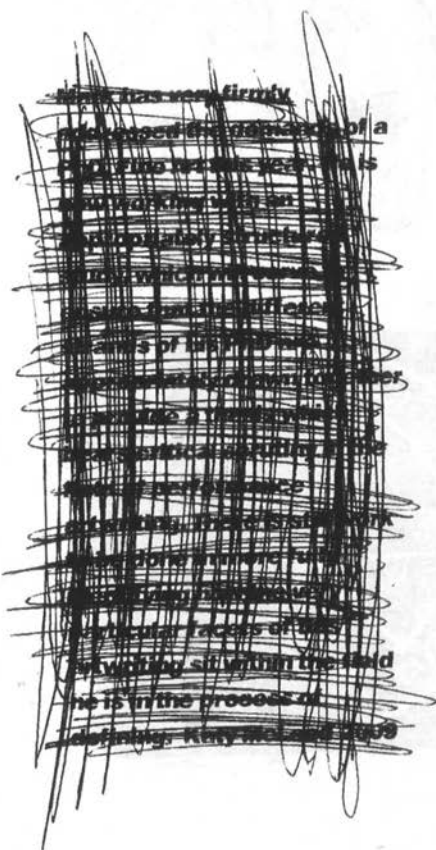
UP ON CRIPPLE  
CREEK SHE  
SENDS ME  
IF I SPRING A  
LEAK SHE  
MENDS ME  
I DONT HAVE  
TO SPEAK SHE  
DEFENDS ME  
A TRUCKER'S  
DREAM IF I EVER  
DID SEE ONE

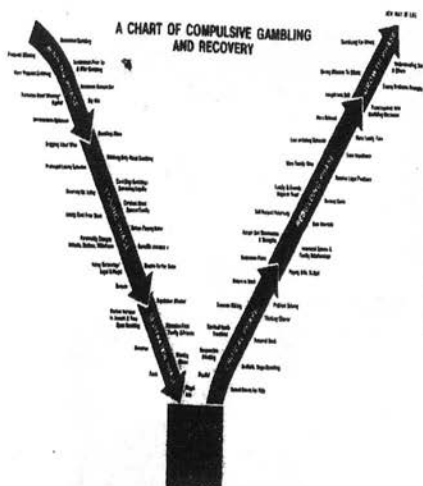
GOOD LUCK  
HAD JUST  
STUNG ME. TO  
THE RACE  
TRACK I DID GO  
SHE BET ON  
ONE HORSE TO  
WIN AND I BET  
ON ANOTHER  
TO SHOW  
THE ODDS WERE  
IN MY FAVOUR. I  
HAD 'EM FIVE  
TO ONE  
WHEN THAT  
NAG TO WIN  
CAME AROUND  
THE TRACK.  
SURE ENOUGH  
SHE HAD WON

# TRAINER'S REPORTS



WALROY STABLES





HEART



## THE WANKER BANKER

HIS ACTIONS AMOUNTED TO FRAUD, PURE AND SIMPLE. THE AMOUNT OF MONEY INVOLVED WAS STAGGERING, IMPACTING HEAVILY ON THE BANK BUT ALSO ON THEIR EMPLOYEES, SHAREHOLDERS AND INVESTORS. THIS WAS NOT A VICTIMLESS CRIME TO ALL THOSE AROUND HIM. KWERI AGOBOL APPEARED TO BE A MAN ON THE MAKE WHOSE CAREER PROSPECTS AND FUTURE EARNINGS WERE TARGET OFF.



HE WORKED HARD, LOOKED THE PART AND SEEMINGLY HAD AN ANSWER FOR EVERYTHING. BUT BEHIND THIS FACADE LAY A TRADER WHO WAS RUNNING COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL AND EXPOSING US TO HUGE FINANCIAL RISKS ON A DAILY BASIS. WHEN AGOBOL'S PYRAMID OF FICTITIOUS TRADES EXCEEDED TRADING LIMITS AND NON-EXISTENT HEDGING CAME CRASHING DOWN, THE REPERCUSSIONS WERE FELT IN FINANCIAL CENTRES AROUND THE WORLD.

✓	?	?	✓	?	Toby Lermer	
✓	?	?	✓	?	Tomato in Milan	107-May 13 Wed 20.0g 128
✓	?	?	✓	✓	Townhouse Last	54 50-Sep 23 Mon 18.0g 106

# DATA God Of The Kop RP RATING God Of The Kop

COND	AGE	SEX	COLOUR	ABILITY	RECENT FORM	TOPSPEED RATINGS
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✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
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✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
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✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓

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121 118 115 118 118 126	Plein Paveur	11-12 120	124 124 124
182 112 112 118 118 117	Marchal Zdobov	11-18 117	118 118 121
— — — 115 112 112	Back Bn Bn	11-18 117	123 123 123
— — — 111 112 112	With Grace	11-18 116	126 126 126
133 130 127 121 117 115	Henry San	11-18 111	120 120 120
109 108 105 102 101 108	Fairy Ball	11-18 111	113 113 118
	Darcey Dancer	11-18 110	96 145 121
	Humbel Ben	11-18 108	130 130 130

2AL RATINGS	4.15		HANDICAP	TIME/FUR	RP RATING
65-142 ON FIGHT					LATEST / BEST / ADJUSTED
	—		Chance Du Roy	11-12 145	
25 <sup>1</sup> 136 <sup>1</sup> 135 <sup>1</sup>	—		Bourne	11-12 135	141 148 148
36 <sup>1</sup> 126 <sup>1</sup> 126 <sup>1</sup>	—		Tony Star	11-12 135	148 148 160
14 <sup>1</sup> 136 <sup>1</sup>	—		Robinson Collings	11-12 134	117 150
	—		Balkeschner	10-12 132	142 144 151
	—		Mogani	10-12 132	142 144 151
14 <sup>1</sup>	134 <sup>1</sup> 130 <sup>1</sup>		Arthurian Legend	10-11 130	162 154 154
	107 <sup>1</sup> 122 <sup>1</sup>		Heda Men	10-10 129	148 148 150
	—		Salubrious	10-10 129	142 142 145
	—		Quinton	10-6 125	87 153 153
	—		Lamb Or God	10-5 124	137 148 148
	103 <sup>1</sup> 110 <sup>1</sup> 116 <sup>1</sup>		Kitegon	10-4 123	143 143 143
122 115 <sup>1</sup> 115 <sup>1</sup> 118 <sup>1</sup>	—		Red Hot Poker	10-8 119	140 139 149

2AL RATINGS	4.50	HANDICAP	TODAY/FUR	RP RATING
ASSAULTED ON RIGHT				LATES / REPS / ASSAULTED
1681	Tatamiano	11-12 163		168
1520	Olesea de Nut	10-12 150	158	171 169
1514 1547	West With The Wind	10-12 150		168
1440 1454	Kumbeswar	10-12 144	148	171 171
1367 1444 1444	Renard	10-12 142		171 171
1332	Tail Of The Bank	10-12 137	5	
1312 1292 1206	Oldink	10-12 137	5	100 161 181

2AL RATINGS		5.25		HANDICAP		TIME/FUR		RP RATING	
LAST-EST/ON RIGHT								LASTEST/1ST/2ND/3RD/4TH/5TH	
187	187	187	187	Factum	11-12	95			
184	181	181	181	Musical Wedge	11-12	94		101	102
184	181	181	181	Gunter Race	11-12	93	102	103	103
—	—	—	—	Rosomone	11-12	89		95	100
187	187	187	187	Royanne Bleu	10-11	88	54	112	112
—	—	—	—	Meet Me At Dawn	10-12	78			
152	151	151	151	Royal Mile	10-12	76	37	106	106
184	184	184	184	Terrefence	10-12	75	53	116	116
—	—	—	—	Dusky Valley	10-12	70	68	91	91
—	—	—	—	Therby Red	10-12	69	108	105	112

2.05	RP RATING	4.00	RP RATING
11-10 105 105 105	11-10 105	11-10 105	11-10 105
11-10 106 106 106	11-10 106	11-10 106	11-10 106
11-10 107 107 107	11-10 107	11-10 107	11-10 107
11-10 108 108 108	11-10 108	11-10 108	11-10 108
11-10 109 109 109	11-10 109	11-10 109	11-10 109
11-10 110 110 110	11-10 110	11-10 110	11-10 110
11-10 111 111 111	11-10 111	11-10 111	11-10 111
11-10 112 112 112	11-10 112	11-10 112	11-10 112
11-10 113 113 113	11-10 113	11-10 113	11-10 113
11-10 114 114 114	11-10 114	11-10 114	11-10 114
11-10 115 115 115	11-10 115	11-10 115	11-10 115
11-10 116 116 116	11-10 116	11-10 116	11-10 116
11-10 117 117 117	11-10 117	11-10 117	11-10 117
11-10 118 118 118	11-10 118	11-10 118	11-10 118
11-10 119 119 119	11-10 119	11-10 119	11-10 119
11-10 120 120 120	11-10 120	11-10 120	11-10 120
11-10 121 121 121	11-10 121	11-10 121	11-10 121
11-10 122 122 122	11-10 122	11-10 122	11-10 122
11-10 123 123 123	11-10 123	11-10 123	11-10 123
11-10 124 124 124	11-10 124	11-10 124	11-10 124
11-10 125 125 125	11-10 125	11-10 125	11-10 125
11-10 126 126 126	11-10 126	11-10 126	11-10 126
11-10 127 127 127	11-10 127	11-10 127	11-10 127
11-10 128 128 128	11-10 128	11-10 128	11-10 128
11-10 129 129 129	11-10 129	11-10 129	11-10 129
11-10 130 130 130	11-10 130	11-10 130	11-10 130
11-10 131 131 131	11-10 131	11-10 131	11-10 131
11-10 132 132 132	11-10 132	11-10 132	11-10 132
11-10 133 133 133	11-10 133	11-10 133	11-10 133
11-10 134 134 134	11-10 134	11-10 134	11-10 134
11-10 135 135 135	11-10 135	11-10 135	11-10 135
11-10 136 136 136	11-10 136	11-10 136	11-10 136
11-10 137 137 137	11-10 137	11-10 137	11-10 137
11-10 138 138 138	11-10 138	11-10 138	11-10 138
11-10 139 139 139	11-10 139	11-10 139	11-10 139
11-10 140 140 140	11-10 140	11-10 140	11-10 140
11-10 141 141 141	11-10 141	11-10 141	11-10 141
11-10 142 142 142	11-10 142	11-10 142	11-10 142
11-10 143 143 143	11-10 143	11-10 143	11-10 143
11-10 144 144 144	11-10 144	11-10 144	11-10 144
11-10 145 145 145	11-10 145	11-10 145	11-10 145
11-10 146 146 146	11-10 146	11-10 146	11-10 146
11-10 147 147 147	11-10 147	11-10 147	11-10 147
11-10 148 148 148	11-10 148	11-10 148	11-10 148
11-10 149 149 149	11-10 149	11-10 149	11-10 149
11-10 150 150 150	11-10 150	11-10 150	11-10 150
11-10 151 151 151	11-10 151	11-10 151	11-10 151
11-10 152 152 152	11-10 152	11-10 152	11-10 152
11-10 153 153 153	11-10 153	11-10 153	11-10 153
11-10 154 154 154	11-10 154	11-10 154	11-10 154
11-10 155 155 155	11-10 155	11-10 155	11-10 155
11-10 156 156 156	11-10 156	11-10 156	11-10 156
11-10 157 157 157	11-10 157	11-10 157	11-10 157
11-10 158 158 158	11-10 158	11-10 158	11-10 158
11-10 159 159 159	11-10 159	11-10 159	11-10 159
11-10 160 160 160	11-10 160	11-10 160	11-10 160
11-10 161 161 161	11-10 161	11-10 161	11-10 161
11-10 162 162 162	11-10 162	11-10 162	11-10 162
11-10 163 163 163	11-10 163	11-10 163	11-10 163
11-10 164 164 164	11-10 164	11-10 164	11-10 164
11-10 165 165 165	11-10 165	11-10 165	11-10 165
11-10 166 166 166	11-10 166	11-10 166	11-10 166
11-10 167 167 167	11-10 167	11-10 167	11-10 167
11-10 168 168 168	11-10 168	11-10 168	11-10 168
11-10 169 169 169	11-10 169	11-10 169	11-10 169
11-10 170 170 170	11-10 170	11-10 170	11-10 170
11-10 171 171 171	11-10 171	11-10 171	11-10 171
11-10 172 172 172	11-10 172	11-10 172	11-10 172
11-10 173 173 173	11-10 173	11-10 173	11-10 173
11-10 174 174 174	11-10 174	11-10 174	11-10 174
11-10 175 175 175	11-10 175	11-10 175	11-10 175
11-10 176 176 176	11-10 176	11-10 176	11-10 176
11-10 177 177 177	11-10 177	11-10 177	11-10 177
11-10 178 178 178	11-10 178	11-10 178	11-10 178
11-10 179 179 179	11-10 179	11-10 179	11-10 179
11-10 180 180 180	11-10 180	11-10 180	11-10 180
11-10 181 181 181	11-10 181	11-10 181	11-10 181
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11-10 183 183 183	11-10 183	11-10 183	11-10 183
11-10 184 184 184	11-10 184	11-10 184	11-10 184
11-10 185 185 185	11-10 185	11-10 185	11-10 185
11-10 186 186 186	11-10 186	11-10 186	11-10 186
11-10 187 187 187	11-10 187	11-10 187	11-10 187
11-10 188 188 188	11-10 188	11-10 188	11-10 188
11-10 189 189 189	11-10 189	11-10 189	11-10 189
11-10 190 190 190	11-10 190	11-10 190	11-10 190
11-10 191 191 191	11-10 191	11-10 191	11-10 191
11-10 192 192 192	11-10 192	11-10 192	11-10 192
11-10 193 193 193	11-10 193	11-10 193	11-10 193
11-10 194 194 194	11-10 194	11-10 194	11-10 194
11-10 195 195 195	11-10 195	11-10 195	11-10 195
11-10 196 196 196	11-10 196	11-10 196	11-10 196
11-10 197 197 197	11-10 197	11-10 197	11-10 197
11-10 198 198 198	11-10 198	11-10 198	11-10 198
11-10 199 199 199	11-10 199	11-10 199	11-10 199
11-10 200 200 200	11-10 200	11-10 200	11-10 200

2.35	RP RATING
11-10 105 105 105	11-10 105
11-10 106 106 106	11-10 106
11-10 107 107 107	11-10 107
11-10 108 108 108	11-10 108
11-10 109 109 109	11-10 109
11-10 110 110 110	11-10 110
11-10 111 111 111	11-10 111
11-10 112 112 112	11-10 112
11-10 113 113 113	11-10 113
11-10 114 114 114	11-10 114
11-10 115 115 115	11-10 115
11-10 116 116 116	11-10 116
11-10 117 117 117	11-10 117
11-10 118 118 118	11-10 118
11-10 119 119 119	11



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Lucky  
Hoof

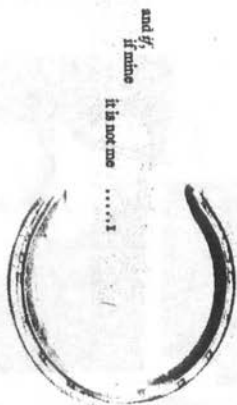
The Chance Representing Certainty = 1  
 There is absolutely no chance that not one of the six will win; i.e.  
 that not one of the runners wins - providing the race  
 runs and there are no abnormal occurrences; thus

The Chance Representing Impossibility = 0

Therefore, which are possible must lie between the two  
 extremes. So we may say that any probability  
 lies between zero and unity

total stake £ (clearing rubble) p

all bets are subject to Ladbrokes rules

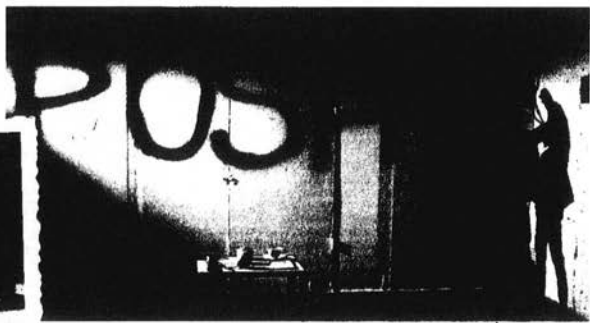
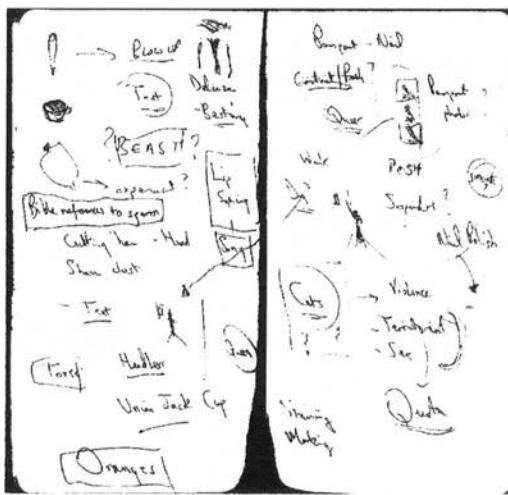


# The image

Thunder and lightning. Gnawing and biting through. Don't tolerate the bad or negative. Fight it, as did the ancient kings, with the greatest possible determination.

**The judgement:**  
Gnawing and biting through. Success.  
Make it clear to others that you are fully within your rights.

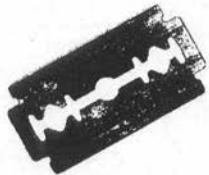
**Key words:**  
Throwing ballast overboard, biting the bullet, getting your teeth into something, chewing things over.



I am not port outward  
starboard home

The application of the term 'Deleuzian' (in Bergsonism) to the work of Deleuze and Guattari is a 'trans-spatial potential', the refusal to interpret evolution in purely actual terms' (Deleuze, 1991: 132).  
 Monopsychism. Castañeda, Ruy  
 Quantum brain dynamics!

To continue Bergson's project today, means for example to constitute a metaphysical image of thought corresponding to the new lines, of the brain: new dynamics, of molecular biology of thought.  
 (Deleuze, 1988: 117)



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Monkey  
 Madness

**total stake**

£	:	p
---	---	---

*all bets are subject to Ladbrokes rules*



## ***Gambling – a safe bet?***

Betting is an exciting way of taking a risk as long as the risk is kept under control.

The great majority of people who bet enjoy the experience without any problems, but a very small number lose control of what they are doing. For these players, gambling ceases to be fun and can come to dominate their life.

## ***Responsible Gambling***

- Your gambling provides you with fun and entertainment
- You set yourself money and time limits, as you can on our Cashquest machines, and stick to them
- Gambling is only one of your interests, you have time for other interests, family & friends
- You are aware of, and take breaks in, the time you use to gamble
- You don't gamble to solve your financial problems, or as an escape from your personal problems
- The key is to bet responsibly, not recklessly

If you have access to the internet further information can be obtained by visiting

**[www.gambleaware.co.uk](http://www.gambleaware.co.uk)**

This web site is managed by The GREaT Foundation (Gambling Research, Education and Treatment) an independent charity, formerly known as the Responsibility in Gambling Trust (RIGT), that funds treatment, research and education about problem gambling. It was developed by a Task Force made up of representatives from the Gambling Commission, the Department of Culture, Media and Sport (DCMS), academia and industry.

## ***Problem Gambling***

If you think you might have a gambling problem, then consider the following:

- Do you stay away from work to gamble?
- Do you ever gamble to get money with which to pay debts or to solve financial difficulties?
- After losing, do you feel you must try and win back your losses as soon as possible?
- Do you ever borrow to finance your gambling?
- Are you reluctant to spend "gambling money" on anything else?
- Have you lost interest in family and friends due to gambling?
- Do you ever gamble longer than you planned?
- Do you ever gamble to escape worry or trouble?

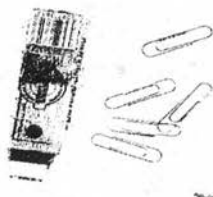
If you generally answer "yes" to these questions and want to talk to someone about problem gambling, GamCare can give you practical help and advice. You also have the option of excluding yourself from gambling.

## ***Who Is GamCare?***

GamCare, a registered charity, offer their services across the range of gambling choices and opportunities available in the UK.

They are committed to promoting a responsible attitude to gambling and providing proper care and support to those who are affected by gambling addiction.

GamCare provides information, advice and counselling services to individuals and their family and friends who have concerns about problem gambling.



on the world as aliens, inscrutable. Though punk rituals, accents and objects were deliberately used to signify working-classness, the exact origins of individual punks were disguised or symbolically disfigured by the make-up, masks and aliases which seem to have been used, like Breton's art, as ploys 'to escape the principle of identity'.<sup>7</sup>

This workingclassness therefore tended to retain, even in practice, even in its concretized forms, the dimensions of an idea. It was abstract, disembodied, decontextualized. Bereft of the necessary details – a name, a home, a history – it refused to make sense, to be grounded, 'read back' to its origins. It stood in violent contradiction to that other great punk signifier – sexual 'kinking's'. The two forms of deviance – social and sexual – were juxtaposed to give an impression of multiple warping which was guaranteed to disconcert the most liberal of observers, to challenge the glib conclusions of sociologists no matter how radical. In this way, although the punks referred continually to the realities of school, work, family and class, these references only made sense at one remove: they were passed through the fractured reality of punk style and re-presented as 'noise', disturbing entropy.



# Asian Handicap European Football Chart

Betting the FAVORITE(- Handicap)

Betting the UNDERDOG(+ Handicap)

Handicap	Your Team's Result	Bet Result	Handicap	Your Team's Result	Bet Result
0	win by 1 or more	win	0	win by 1 or more	win
	draw	stake refund		draw	stake refund
	lose	lose		lose	lose
-0.25	win by 1 or more	win	0.25	win by 1 or more	win
	draw	lose half		draw	win half
	lose	lose		lose	lose
-0.5	win	win		win	win
	draw	lose		draw	win
	lose	lose		lose	lose
-0.75	win by 2 or more	win		win or draw	win
	win by 1	win half	0.75	win by 1	lose half
	draw or lose	lose		win by 2 or more	lose
	win by 2 or more	win		win or draw	win
-1	win by 1	stake refund		lose by 1	stake refund
	draw or lose	lose		lose by 2 or more	lose
	win by 2 or more	win		win or draw	win
-1.25	win by 1	lose half	1.25	lose by 1	win half
	draw or lose	lose		lose by 2 or more	lose
	win by 2 or more	win		win or draw	win
-1.5	win by 1	lose		lose by 1	win
	draw or lose	lose		lose by 2 or more	lose
	win by 3 or more	win		by 1	win
-1.75	win by 2	win half	1.75	lose by 2	lose half
	lose	lose		lose by 3 or more	lose
	win by 3 or more	win		by 1	win
-2	win by 2	stake refund	2	lose by 2	stake refund
	lose	lose		lose by 3 or more	lose
	win by 3 or more	win		by 1	win
-2.25	win by 2	lose half	2.25	lose by 2	lose half
	lose	lose		lose by 3 or more	lose
	win by 3 or more	win		win or draw	win
-2.5	win by 1 or 2	lose	2.5	lose by 1 or 2	win
	draw or lose	lose		lose by 3 or more	lose





What was Freud's theory about laughter?  
What distinguishes poetry from ordinary speech?

What is night?  
What happened at night?

Who is to blame for the tragedy of Macbeth?

What does a poet's life look like?

How old are you going to get?

Do you like me?

Do you like yourself?

What is your most recent memory?

What is the most important thing you did in your life?

What is the most important thing you did for a woman or a man?

What is the most important thing you did of a lifetime?

What is the most important thing you did for your family?

What is the most important thing you did for your unconscious desires?

What is the most important thing you did for your unconscious desires?

What is the most important thing you did for your unconscious desires?

What is the most important thing you did for your unconscious desires?

What is the most important thing you did for your unconscious desires?

What is the most important thing you did for your unconscious desires?

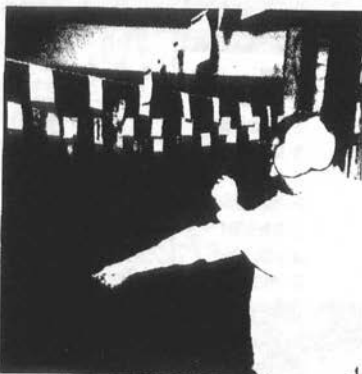
What is the most important thing you did for your unconscious desires?

What is the most important thing you did for your unconscious desires?

What is the most important thing you did for your unconscious desires?

What is the most important thing you did for your unconscious desires?

What is the most important thing you did for your unconscious desires?





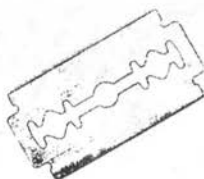


TASTE...THE BODY  
FORSAKE...THE BODY  
RAPE...THE BODY  
WASTE...THE BODY  
CUT...THE BODY  
FUCK...THE BODY  
SUCK...THE BODY  
DEFEAT...THE BODY

(EYES 2011)

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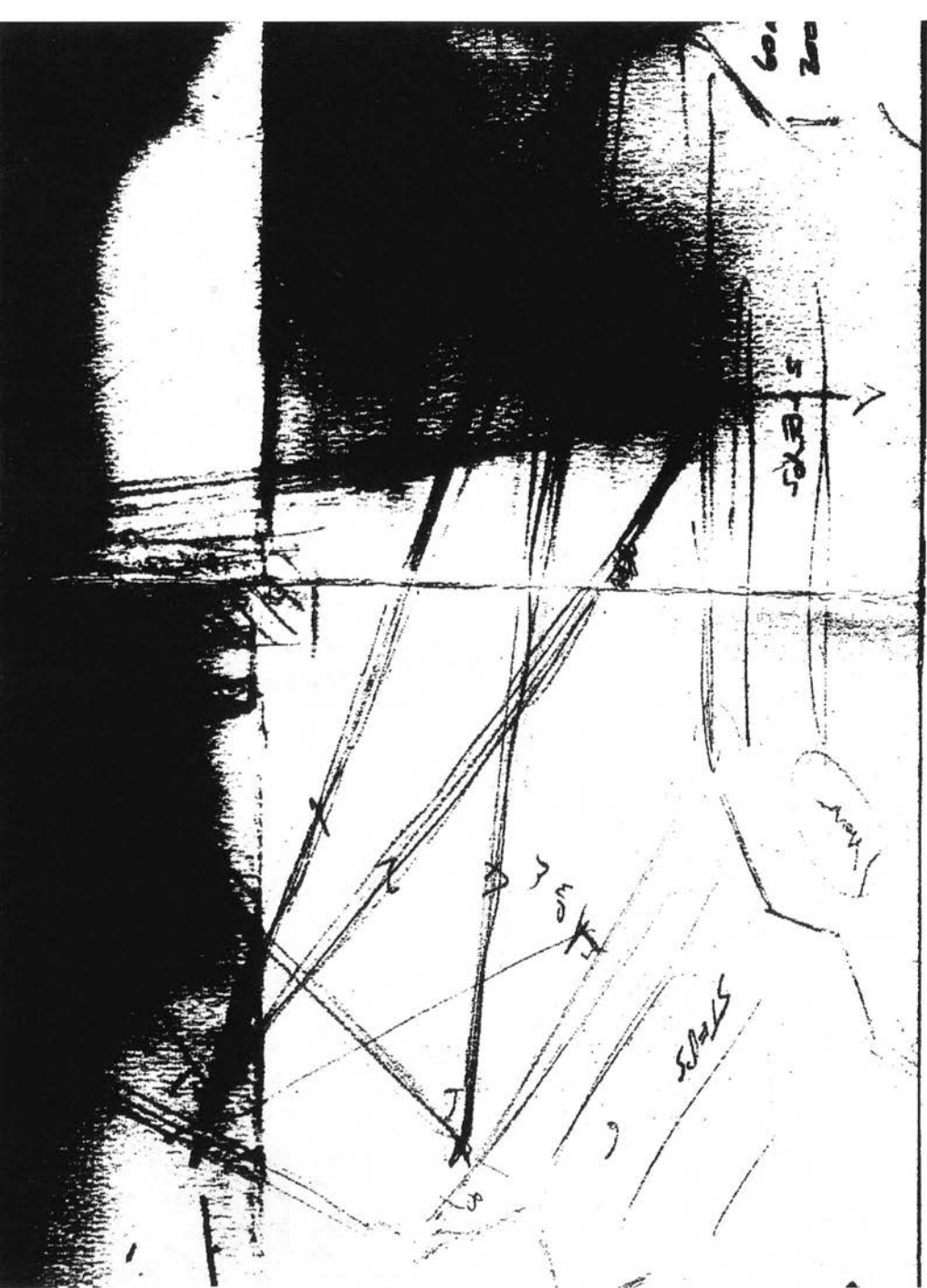


Tough  
Mark

total stake

~~£~~ **FUCK:** ~~£~~

*all bets are subject to Ladbrokes rules*





6. "Let us think of the obscure combat between language and presence, at ways lost by one and by the other." Blanchot, *The Step not Beyond*, 31.
7. Maurice Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*, trans. Ann Smock (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1986), 93.
8. Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*, 51.
9. Georges Bataille, *Erotism: Death and Sensuality*, trans. Mary Dalwood (San Francisco: City Lights Press, 1986), 275.
10. It is Foucault who most clearly attributes this from-the-outside character to Blanchot's writing. See Michel Foucault, "Maurice Blanchot: The Thought from Outside," in *Foucault/Blanchot* (New York: Zone Books, 1987), and Michel Foucault, "Language to Infinity" in *Language, Countermemory, Practice*.
11. Bataille, *Erotism: Death and Sensuality*, 186.
12. *Ibid.*, 46.
13. Foucault, *Language, Countermemory, Practice*, 43.
14. Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*, 31.
15. *Ibid.*, 29.
16. Bataille, *Erotism: Death and Sensuality*, 187.
17. *Ibid.*, 274.
18. Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*, 60.
19. *Ibid.*, 89.
20. Gilles Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*, trans. Paul Patton (New York: Columbia University Press, 1994), 1.
21. Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*, 36.
22. Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, trans. Walter Kaufmann (New York: Vintage Books, 1974), sec. 341.

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*Dancing  
Solo*



total stake £ : p

*all bets are subject to Ladbrokes rules*

JARRA SLAGS



POST HISTORICAL  
CLUSTER FUCK



Ladbroke

Did we  
get it right  
today?





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Chances = Prizes = 1000:1  
Tickets sold



Chances = Accidents = 156:1  
Population

S  
a  
f  
e

No. 1	No. 2 or 2:1	No. 3 or 3:1	No. 4 or 4:1	No. 5 or 5:1	No. 10 or 10:1	Odds on	11:8
							
Evens	11:10	6:4	7:4	9:4	5:2	7:2	9:2
							

1

32. Martha Graham, *Blood Memory* (New York: Doubleday, 1991), 276.

33. Baudrillard, *Seduction*, 69.

34. Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*, par. 84.

35. Cited in Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*, 5.

36. *Ibid.*, 112-143.

37. Augustine of Hippo, *Confessions*, trans. Henry Chadwick (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1991), book XI, sec. 2. Let a church father seem terribly out of place in this modern discussion; we should remind ourselves that Bataille, for all his secularism, was a Jesuit seminarian briefly and a medievalist for the remainder of his life, and that he saw in the works of such religious figures a model for his own. The angle de Foligno is parallel to the excesses of his own. James, *Confessions*, 112-143.

38. "Wherefore this eternal, unchanging, moving image of eternity, and . . . he made this image . . . beginning to number, while eternity itself rests in unity, made himself like unto the number one." Plato, "Timaeus," in *The Collected Dialogues of Plato*, trans. E. V. Rieu and E. Cairns, trans. Benjamin Jowett (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1955), 107.

39. Augustine of Hippo, *Confessions*, book XI, sec. 2.

40. Just to avoid this confusion, *eternity* is existence throughout all of time, from beginning to end; *eternity* is outside of time.

41. Deleuze, *Difference and Repetition*, 227.

42. Charles Scott, *The Language of Difference* (Atlantic Highlands, N.J.: Humanities Press, 1987), 104.

43. *Ibid.*, 169.

44. Blanchot, *The Writing of the Disaster*, 89.

45. Georges Bataille, *Theory of Religion*, trans. Robert Hurley (New York: Zone Books, 1989), 13.





58 Handicap  
7-1  
25-1  
6-4  
17-0  
E344.00

2nd 3 DAVES CLASSIC  
1st Fav  
3rd 4 GOLD DOLLY  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

19:06 SITTINGBOURNE  
480mtrs

Official Off at 19:06:12  
System Tili Off at 19:08:16

6 Ran Dogs  
1st 6 AMAZING HENRY  
2nd 4 STEER ME HOME  
3rd 1 MOT  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

18:22 SITTINGBOURNE  
480mtrs

Official Off at 18:22:00  
System Tili Off at 18:24:00

8 Ran Dogs  
1st 3 WAKING UP  
2nd 8 BAKING UP  
3rd 1 RAN LAMEN  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

18:37 SITTINGBOURNE  
640mtrs

Official Off at 18:37:34  
System Tili Off at 18:39:40

6 Ran Dogs  
1st 6 BAKING UP  
2nd 8 BAKING UP  
3rd 5 BAKING UP  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

19:52 SITTINGBOURNE  
480mtrs

Official Off at 19:52:00  
System Tili Off at 19:54:00

6 Ran Dogs  
1st 3 BREDAS LABY  
2nd 4 HIGH IMAGE  
3rd 1 HONEYGAR WICKY  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

Official Off at 19:06:12  
System Tili Off at 19:08:16

10 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 4 WHISPER  
2nd 10 PRINCE OF PESS  
3rd 7 WIGOT SWEET  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

8:17 HURLEWOOD VLY  
2m 6f

Official Off at 8:18:16  
System Tili Off at 8:20:16

10 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 10 TAKI MAN BE  
2nd 2 SWIFTY N  
3rd 8 LUTON ARD  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

8:21 HURLEWOOD VLY  
2m 6f

Official Off at 8:26:38  
System Tili Off at 8:28:38

10 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 6 HORSE OF NATURE  
2nd 9 WASHOTNE  
3rd 10 ELO DONKEY  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

9:35 HURLEWOOD VLY  
2m 6f

Official Off at 9:34:42  
System Tili Off at 9:36:34

10 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 4 SCOOBYDOODY  
2nd 10 BOXER BEAT  
3rd 3 LITTLE WILLIE  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

8:41 HURLEWOOD VLY  
2m 6f

Official Off at 8:41:51  
System Tili Off at 8:43:41

10 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 4 MOANING MUTHU  
2nd 1 RED JROOM  
3rd 3 MR SHARLY HAN  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

8:49 HURLEWOOD VLY  
2m 6f

Official Off at 8:49:00  
System Tili Off at 8:51:00

Official Off at 19:06:12  
System Tili Off at 19:08:16

10 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 4 WHISPER  
2nd 10 PRINCE OF PESS  
3rd 7 WIGOT SWEET  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

12:19 STEEPLEDOWNS  
Official Off at 12:20:21  
System Tili Off at 12:22:21

13 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 9 SPANISH CIGARA  
2nd 11 WELSH FLAG  
3rd 4 LORDACHARM  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

12:41 STEEPLEDOWNS  
Official Off at 12:43:00  
System Tili Off at 12:45:00

11 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 1 ZINCO  
2nd 9 GUNPOWDER PLOT  
3rd 3 WINNERS WALK  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

12:51 STEEPLEDOWNS  
Official Off at 12:53:54  
System Tili Off at 12:55:54

10 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 4 CHARLIE HUTTON  
2nd 1 ARNEM WARE  
3rd 5 SPANISH ANNEX  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

13:13 STEEPLEDOWNS  
Official Off at 13:15:26  
System Tili Off at 13:17:26

14 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 10 FINCK STREET  
2nd 1 PICTON FIVE  
3rd 5 KICK OUT CINCY  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

13:21 STEEPLEDOWNS  
Official Off at 13:23:50  
System Tili Off at 13:25:50

9 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 6 ELTHAMON  
2nd 4 CREMIN POST  
3rd 2 ACUEA RUBA  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

18:04 STEEPLEDOWNS  
Official Off at 18:06:27  
System Tili Off at 18:08:27

10 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 2 DORIANA  
2nd 4 KENNY  
3rd 5 MIN ASSUE  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

18:18 STEEPLEDOWNS  
Official Off at 18:20:00  
System Tili Off at 18:22:00

Official Off at 18:26:27  
System Tili Off at 18:28:27

11 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 4 UNTOUCHABLE JOIN  
2nd 2 ROLLYPOLLY  
3rd 8 MR LE JOUR  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

18:41 HURLEWOOD VLY  
2m 6f

Official Off at 18:42:57  
System Tili Off at 18:44:57

16 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 7 RED DODD  
2nd 15 HEART TROUBLE  
3rd 11 LEONVINO  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

18:59 HURLEWOOD VLY  
2m 6f

Official Off at 18:59:04  
System Tili Off at 18:59:10

16 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 16 GEORGIE GIRL  
2nd 5 SONGBIRD  
3rd 11 CERTIES DREAM  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

19:16 HURLEWOOD VLY  
2m 6f

Official Off at 19:17:56  
System Tili Off at 19:17:42

16 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 5 MR BEZZY BUDDAH  
2nd Fav  
3rd 3 GRIN-AMBERIT  
3rd 14 PENICUK OR BUS  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

19:59 HURLEWOOD VLY  
2m 6f

Official Off at 19:59:04  
System Tili Off at 19:59:10

16 Ran Virtual Racing Horses  
1st 1 MATTHEW MOON  
2nd 16 GUNNER WIN  
3rd 9 MIS CHIEF  
4th 4 VODIE N FIZ  
Straight Forecast  
Tricast

20:31 HURLEWOOD VLY  
2m 6f

Official Off at 20:31:05  
System Tili Off at 20:31:11

Performances like this generate a curious self-consciousness that permeates every gesture. You each watch each other watch each other. You watch the surroundings in detail. Your moves are compartmented in thought and thus slowed down in perception. You speed up your actual pace to compensate; you will your mind to integrate all the pieces that have separated out while you take part in very real human affairs. You wonder who is being introduced, two people, you to yourself, or both? You are not projecting an image of a routine to spectators "out there" but are doing it, shaking hands, nodding, saying the amenities, for yourself and for one another.

In other words, you experience directly what you already know in theory: that consciousness alters the world, that natural things seem unnatural once you attend to them, and vice versa. Hence if everyday routines conceived as ready-made performances change because of their double use as art/not art, it might seem perfectly natural to build the observed changes into subsequent performances before they happen, because they, or something like them, would happen anyway.



(later) A and B, close together

B, holding tissue to A's nose  
A, occasionally blowing into it

B, clearing throat in reply  
continuing

(later) B and A, close together

B, describing and pointing to itching  
in groin and armpit

*Handwritten notes:*  
A. watching  
B. watching  
A. watching  
B. watching  
A. watching  
B. watching  
A. watching  
B. watching

**Ladbroke's**

*please ask our staff if you need any help*

*Handwritten:* latest trend

total stake £  :  p

*all bets are subject to Ladbroke's rules*

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]performance space [



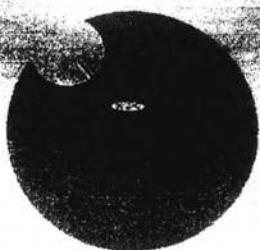
# CRIPPLE

## Mr Shithead

In the eye with the hot Sauce



SPART ACTION GROUP



SORCERY

# PSYCONAUTIC

HIDE AND SEEK



Justin

McKOWN

ZINES

SPART ACTION

"We must find," Barille explains to us, in choosing "Hence" as "an example of a sliding word," words and objects which "make a slide" . . . (80, p. 29). Toward what? Toward other words, other objects of course, which announce sovereignty.

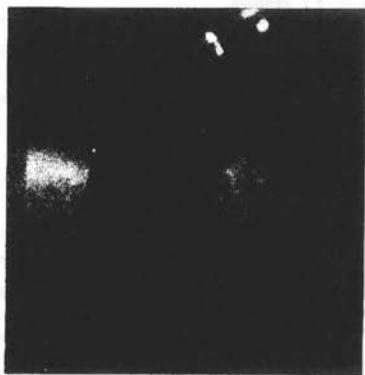


FROM RESTRICTED TO GENERAL ECONOMY 31

...to erase discontinuity, and thus to [illegible] singly invokes,  
and the necessity of the continuity of the [illegible] this privileged experience  
just as he does communication.<sup>22</sup> The continuum is the privileged experience  
of a sovereign operation—[illegible] subjective difference.  
But—and here we are touching upon, as concerned with the element of  
sovereignty, the point of [illegible] arbitrariness and instability—  
this continuum is not the plenitude of meaning or of presence as this  
plenitude is [illegible]. Pushing itself toward the nonbasis  
of negativity, the [illegible] is also  
the experience of absolute difference, of a difference which would no  
longer be the one that Hegel had conceived more profoundly than  
anyone else: the difference between essence or presence and its other (the  
history of meaning). The difference between Hegel and Barthes is the  
difference between these two differences. This difference is one to dispel the  
equivocality which might attach upon the concepts of communication,  
continuum, or instant. These concepts, which seem identical to each other  
like the [illegible], and those which follow:  
slowness of difference; "A continuous line can be drawn by oneself at  
'communication' cannot take place from one joined and intact being to  
another, it requires beings who have put the best of themselves at  
work, have placed it at the limit of death, of nothingness" (Sartre/Nietzsche).  
And the [illegible] of the sovereign operation—is not  
[illegible] differentiated presence and its other, and look up between  
two presences, it is difference as the affirmative elusion of the other. It  
does not give itself but is stolen, carries itself off in a movement which  
simultaneously cuts off violent extraction and establishing right. The  
element is the future: "Un-knowledge implies at once fundamentally  
anguish, but also the future of knowledge." Henceforth, it becomes  
possible furiously to undergo the future knowledge—[illegible] all the  
experience of the instant of God's [illegible] Non-soir). Introduce—at a point—







"GONE FOREVER TO THE  
RACES, PULL YOUR MONEY  
OUT, CALL YOUR MOTHER,  
TELL HER SOMETHING,  
NEVER GO WITHOUT, PAUSE  
A MOMENT, JUST A  
MOMENT, SMOOTHING DOWN  
YOUR HAIR, GONE FOREVER  
TO FOREVER, FEELING LIKE  
DESPAIR"  
THE RACES - THE BIRD AND  
THE BEE.



# STRATFORD

Continued

Hurdle - GOOD TO SOFT

Chase - SOFT (Good to Soft in places)

5.05  
RACE 7

Deal Or No Deal At totepool.com

Maiden Hurdle (Div II) (Class 5)

Winner £2,274.30

ATR

2m 1/2f

£3,500 guaranteed For 4yo+ Weights 11st Allowances fillies and mares 7lb Penalty value 1st £2,274.30 2nd £667.80 3rd £333.90 4th £166.95 Tariff £3,300

6F-3543 **BATHCOUNTY** (IRE) <sup>20</sup>  
ch g Tobacco-Seasons Estates  
Barry Brennan Kedgerne Racing Club  
A P McCoy (118) 5 11-0

558- **DUNGENESS** <sup>180</sup>  
b g Best All Mayday  
Veevia Williams The Bellamy Partnership  
Sam Thomas 4 11-0

7 **EDEIFF'S LAD** <sup>159</sup>  
ch g Leap Savage-Erie W  
Bil Turner Hawks And Doves Racing Syndicate  
Tom O'Connor(5) 5 11-0

505-4 **KILLMORE COTTAGE** <sup>170</sup>  
b g Tansu-Singing Cottage  
Peter Hinch The Blue Haregain Racing Club  
Liam Treadwell (70) 5 11-0

909-POP **RULESOFENGAGEMENT** (IRE) <sup>9</sup>  
b g Val Royal Damnamill  
Frank Sheridan Miss Helen Herrick  
Mr J Hooper(7) 10 7 11-0

00 **SILVER PANTHER** <sup>17</sup>  
gr g Proclamation Synch Star  
Ayatck Sadik A Sadik  
Mr Jamie Jenkinson(7) b 14 11-0

7-3 **SIRIUS CHESNUT** <sup>161</sup>  
ch g Domesdiver-Heart  
Kim Bailey Have Fun Racing Partnership  
Timmy Murphy (113) 4 11-0

323-1 **UT MAJEUR AULMES** (FR) <sup>159</sup>  
ch g Northern Park-Myl Wish Aulmes  
Tim Vaughan D W Fox  
Michael Byrne(5) 4 11-0

0/066- **LARA DORA** (IRE) <sup>34</sup>  
b m Posternak-Remember Don  
Laura Hurley Mrs R Hurley  
David Bass (51) 6 10-7

2011 (8 ran) Magnifique Eloile Charlie Longsdon 4 11-0 4/9F Felix de Giles RPR126

**BETTING FORECAST:** 4-6 Ut Majeur Aulmes, 7-2 Bathcount, 5 Sirius Chesnut, 16 Dungeness, 20 Killmore Cottage, 33 Edieff's Lad, Rulesofengagement, 66 Lara Dora, Silver Panther.

## RACING P ST SPOTLIGHT

**Bathcount** Placed in a couple of bumpers and his third over C&D in July is the best piece of hurdling form on offer; hasn't matched it since, including back at this trip last time, but still has to be a contender in a race lacking strength in depth.

**Dungeness** Didn't achieve a great deal in three bumpers; pedigree suggests that he won't come into his own until tackling further and looks a longer-term prospect.

**Edieff's Lad** Dam was a winning hurdler/chaser but he didn't offer much when well beaten in Newton Abbot bumper in May.

5.35  
RACE 8

Follow totepool On Facebook  
And Twitter Lady Riders' Handi

Hurdle (Class 5)

Winner £2,144.34

£3,300 guaranteed For 4yo+ Rated 0-95 Minimum Weight 10-0 Penalties after October won 7lb Murfreeshore's Handicap Mark 99 Entries 24 pay £16 Penalty value 1st £2,144 2nd £314.82 3rd £157.41 Tariff £3,300

2P-P311 **MURFREESHORE** <sup>102</sup>  
b g Bahamian Bounty-Merry Rous  
Raymond York Dukes Head Racing  
Miss Rache 1

8-42902 **CARHUE PRINCESS** (IRE) <sup>23</sup>  
b m Desert Prince-Carhuc Journey  
John Flett The Ever Hopeful Partnership  
Rachael I 2

464693 **ARKAIN** <sup>17</sup>  
b g Oasis Dream-Habariya  
Pam Sly G A Libson D L Bayliss G Taylor P M Sh  
Miss G An 3

539-614 **BAZART** <sup>103</sup>  
b g Highest Honor-Summer Emblem  
Bernard Llewellyn Alex James  
Alice H 4

3-54215 **SILVER COASTER** (IRE) <sup>63</sup>  
b m Presiding-Silver Coaster  
Adrian Wintle Adrian Wintle  
Miss H 5

PS555-5 **MONROE PARK** (IRE) <sup>11</sup>  
b g Spectrum-Paloma Bay  
Alan Blackmore A G Blackmore  
Miss E Cros 6

F3346-0 **TRUCKERS PRINCESS** (IRE) <sup>20</sup>  
b m Beneficial Lady Jurado  
Andy Hobbs Philip Jones  
Miss B An 7

58864P- **SAMIZDAT** (FR) <sup>202</sup>  
b g Soviet Star-Secret Account  
John Upson Honorwell Partnership  
Miss G 8

7/030-0 **FEELING** (IRE) <sup>17</sup>  
b g Sadler's Wells-La Pote  
Dai Burchell Dai Burchell  
Mrs Alex 9

686-4FP **MEZARAT** (ITY) <sup>34</sup>  
ch g Dream Wolf-Cayara  
Michael Gates Michael Gates  
Miss Carey Willie 10

43570-4 **DANE COTTAGE** <sup>23</sup>  
ch m Best Hollow-Lady Solmes  
Richard Ford The Carlisle Cavaliers  
Gemma Gracey-Di 11

748/5-9 **WEET IN NERJA** <sup>30</sup>  
b g Captain Rio-Perian Fortune  
Ken Wingrove F L Matthews  
Miss Natalie I 12

2011 (9 ran) Bazart Bernard Llewellyn 9-10 85/40 Miss Sally Ri

**BETTING FORECAST:** 3 Murfreeshore, 5 Carhuc Princess, 6 Ark Cottage, 8 Bazart, Silver Coaster, 10 Mezarat, 14 Monroe Park, Truckers Princess, 25 Feeling, 33 Weet In Nerja.

## RACING P ST SPOTLIGHT

**Murfreeshore** Not always been the most consistent but won at Ulto the month for Alan Jones, quickening up well; sold for 4,500GBP & improved again when 16th winner at the same track nine days ago; n



## The Performing Body in the Event of Writing: *Lad Broke*, Camp & Furnace, Liverpool, 20<sup>th</sup> April 2012.

### Chapter Three: Broke Bloke - A Writing Task

This writing is an attempt to retrace my steps. This writing is trying to occupy a space in between documents which were written in response to a live event. This writing is an attempt not to push the delete button. This writing is a series of tasks split into units of time. This act of writing is a writing which produces an act. This writing is a durational utterance. This writing is something else. This writing is secondary to an event.

The event does begin not with my forehead pressed against a white wall in Camp and Furnace, Liverpool. The event might begin in a betting shop in Exeter where I was working as a bookie and thinking about making a durational performance. There are a number of narratives within the setting of a betting shop which prompted me in deciding to make *Lad Broke*:

A gun held to my head in a late night robbery.

The discovery of a heroin addict dead in a toilet, needle still stuck in his arm with a betting slip and red pen lying at his feet. Pants down and tongue out.

A punter losing £15,000 on the outcome of football match.

The murder of a customer only hours after collecting his winnings.

However, these instances dwarf in comparison to what I experienced on a daily basis while working in the leisure industry for eight years - from 'rookie bookie' to betting shop manager. My working obligations included a number of administrative tasks – daily routines which positioned me as an interface between the 'punter' and the betting industry, the taking of bets, the mediation of hand written slips into digital data, inputted manually into complex algorithms which then automatically determine and organise the act of betting into financial failure or success. Other duties included the mundane activities of filling up pens and slips and picking them up at the end of the night: scrunched up, inscribed and disposed of, accumulations of wasted writing.

Each day brought the same repetitions, the same characters, some rare instances of joy but an overwhelming feeling of loss and desperation. Some punters would shout and be aggressive, while others would sit quietly in the corner. Some would shit on money. Some would inscribe insults on betting slips and hand them over the counter. Some would accept their predicaments while others would fight desperately to claw back their winning streak, seemingly unaware of the bigger picture, their bodies and minds trapped in an endless, Sisyphean act: the highs, the lows and on-going labour. A constant processing of information, statistics, form (history of tracks, weights, draws, jockeys, trainers and horses). Hard cash is the currency: deception and cheating are not excluded in this gentleman's sport. This Sport of Kings.

The event is not confined to a disused space in Camp and Furnace in 2012. The event existed in the streets and bars of Benidorm, where I would sit and drink beer with my father in our last holiday abroad bored. The event existed in waking up in a cold sweat in a Spanish Hotel whilst watching videos of an appropriate space for *Lad Broke* from the curator of the event. I spent many sleepless hours turning over a list of materials in my head, going over actions. I pondered my gamble.

'Valentino's got a bookie shop and what he takes  
He gives for what he's got  
And what he's got he says he has not  
Stole from anyone

Valentino's in a cold sweat, placed all his money on that last bet  
Against the odds he smokes another cigarette  
Says that it helps him to forget  
He's a nervous wreck'<sup>13</sup>

The cold sweats are necessary to the event. The event can't exist without them. Yet they don't happen within the event ... they occur before and after, in the preparations and results, in making decisions, in mastering the odds.

Back to Liverpool. I meander across the city in search of betting slips, racing form and red pens. I steal most of them but also engage with the people sat behind the plastic barriers where I once sat as a cashier and a manager. They appear eager to help and promise to collate materials for me. They seem to get the gist of the performance with little explanation on my part. They understand how these materials could constitute an art work centred on winning and losing, hopelessness, futility, hope and joy. The fact that I should be central to the work as a writer, performer and ex-bookie seems obvious to them. My pockets bulge with stolen slips as I leave their premises, promising never to go back as either a punter or a bookie.

The event may begin in blowing a week's wages in a fruit machine back in 1999. I had taken the job of a barman in a pub in Newcastle. Here I was in 1999, on my lunch break, drinking a coke and losing all my money. The cold sweats and palpitations returning as the product of my labour disappeared into a machine. The flashing lights that initially seduced me into the act of gambling now acknowledged and mocked my predicament. Another waste of money...another waste of time. It's time to go to work.

It is one minute past midnight on April 20<sup>th</sup> – the beginning of a 48-hour performance. I enter the space and try to avoid the gaze of people who have assembled. I walk to a wall and rest my forehead against it. I remain here for a while, counting seconds in my head: the countdown to immersion. Each gesture may now be scrutinised and listened to or forgotten and ignored. I need to take care now at least for the opening four hours. I need to establish a pace and a rhythm. This is

<sup>13</sup> These lyrics are taken from *Waiting for an Alibi* by the heavy rock band, 'Thin Lizzy'. The group's writer and front-man, Phil Lynott, was a known gambler and heavy drugs user. His dependencies are chronicled in a number of auto-biographical lyrics, including *Got to Give it Up* which is also included on the group's 1979 album, *Black Rose and Cold Sweat*, and the album *Thunder and Lightning* (1983).

done with the help of a vinyl recording of the race horse 'Red Rum' winning five grand nationals. Even when the record is finished, there is a beat of scratches on dead plastic to write to or against. I nail a horse shoe to the wall, upwards in a 'U' shape to bring luck.

The task begins:

Sit down

Open brown envelope containing horse racing results.

Remove the results.

Unfold them.

Take a blank betting slip.

Write the name of a winning horse.

Discard the pen.

Take a paper-clip

Hang the slip on the net of elastic

Repeat x 1000.

The horse is sweating but we're off.

My hands are shaking. They always shake and I remember a quote from Barthes: 'Language is a skin: I rub my language against the other. It is as if I had words instead of fingers, or fingers at the tip of my words. My language trembles' (Barthes, R. 1977: 73).<sup>14</sup>

It is cold and I'm glad I'm wearing an overcoat over a smart shirt and trousers. The net trembles each time I attach a slip. The horse names begin to appear in succession, generated from lists of horse race results inscribed on till-rolls and contained in brown envelopes:

Rockafella

Agadir Summer

Foxtrot baby

Nobody's perfect

Kaptain Silver

Seldom

Just Timmy Marcu

Army Camel

Miblish

Saphir River

Sprinter Sacre

Baby shine

Lick led

Forty proof

<sup>14</sup> The artist and writer Nathan Walker uses this quote to open his essay, 'Mark Greenwood, Dog food, Sid and Nancy'. Walker utilizes writing and collage to respond to my performance of *SID* (performance space, London. 2011).

Potato Garty  
 Eversescent  
 Mods mayday  
 Night singer  
 Stinky pete  
 Floating scale  
 Quick of foot  
 Columbine Beauty  
 Fearless Freddie  
 Moyvore sam  
 Dr Flynn  
 Saint Are  
 Out of Nothing  
 Midnight Chase  
 Slews answer  
 Seabass  
 W.B Smudge  
 Highland King  
 Do I make ya Happy  
 Day Flight  
 Magic Lady  
 Get in front go  
 Save your money  
 Flying Mane  
 Go on and I  
 Take no price  
 Jolly windows  
 Nikky Tik  
 Sugar Jay  
 Boozy Beez  
 Pharout  
 Maybe Lean

My writing differs from slip to slip. On some slips the writing is neat and light, at other times it is heavy and scraped rather than written...the red pens puncture the fragile materiality of the paper slips, cutting shapes of letters, like tattoo guns going under skin. Traces are left on the table below – a building up of effort, faint lines and arcs. The accumulation of slips and the task of writing begins to map the progression of my body in the space. A line of ten slips on the web roughly correspond to an hour of writing and attaching – a slippage in time. The materiality of the body manifests on the slips and the table, assertive and passive marks which indent, scratch and float.

Repeat, repeat, repeat.

In order to break the repetition, I embark in a series of actions – some that are intuitive to the live event and others that have been tested and developed in a range of contexts and locations. The first

action involves taking a fistful of red pens and pushing them in my mouth. My lips are stretched around perhaps twenty pens. I stand in a corner with eyes closed and hands in pockets. Saliva begins to drip from my mouth. I taste the cheap plastic. My breath becomes heavy as I try not to swallow hard. I try not to imagine a pen stuck in my windpipe. Using the mouth as a hand I aim to inscribe the white walls, a collection of black lines emerge slowly which begin to resemble the writings of a cardiograph machine, a tracing of the body and its horizontal journey around the perimeters of the space, over walls and doors, occasionally pausing or getting stuck in a rut. Arriving back at my start point I spit out the pens. They fall in clumps on the grey floor, another pool of red cuts emerging in a series of parallel inscriptive acts.

The knotting of bands  
 The needle placed on a record  
 The forehead resting on a wall  
 The nailing of a horseshoe  
 The writing on slips  
 The hanging of slips

Spectators have drifted in and out of the space. Now I am alone. I can feel the cold in my bones and my joints creak within each repetition of the main writing task. I try not to think too much about time and focus on writing. I try not to think about hunger too much and focus on writing. I need to stay focussed. I try not to respond to the horse names despite their implausibility. They hang on the net, like clothes on a washing line. I switch on a fan to make it colder and to freshen up the dead air of the space - the cold may keep me awake and sharpen my senses. The fans enact another system of circulation parallel to my breath and the rhythm of a stylus bouncing on the record.

The curator enters the room and takes another Polaroid. These are taken every two hours to capture snapshots of the event. To show a progression and accumulation, the photos themselves are subject to the cold air, developing in the space of the event. They are stuck in the wall in a kind of grid shape, another mapping of time passing, an attempt to describe a durational aesthetic with all of its inevitable conditions of materialisation and de-materialisation. The produced images appear ghostly, with brown ectoplasmic shapes emerging where cold and damp air has corrupted the process of their development. I think of the ghosts of an industrial Liverpool, the ghost of the junky who died in the toilets of the bookies, the ghost of Red Rum and my attempted evocation of the horse through rituals and relics of his past.

It's sometime in the afternoon. There is a gathering of people who I recognise as examiners. I think of my labour as an academic exercise brought into being by the institution, as the work of obtaining an academic qualification. They are implicated in this work as surveyors or inspectors, looking for faults. Will there be a stewards enquiry at the end of all this? Will I fall at the final fence or will I reward the investment of the institution and the expectations of a network of backers. I stand on the edge of the web. Their gaze is upon me. I stare at the ground and sometimes raise my head to look at the slips hanging around the space. Occasionally I engage in eye contact with the onlookers. Is this necessary as communication? My stare returns to the grey floor. I try to transmit an affect - of sadness, of exhaustion, of loss. Can this be felt by the others who share this space? What am I transmitting? Is this effect or affect?

Red balloons - signs of celebration in the bunting that is arranged around every *Ladbroke's* betting shop on Grand National day. I carry a bunch of them in my coat pocket and blow them up at hourly intervals and let them drift around the space. I expend my breath in them and at times pause to stretch the neck of the balloon to let out a sustained high pitch squeal which eventually subsides into low guttural fart. Once I grow bored of this task, the knot is tied. The balloons dance around the space, marking it with their own autonomous choreographies that appear to respond to the vibrations of the fan. I consider the thin layers of skin between them and the air of the space. I take time to sit amongst them and attach a strip of *Ladbroke's* paper to my head. The paper flaps to the rhythm of my breath as well as corresponding to the rotating fan and the mechanical murmur of the rotating blades. This action feels meditative even though the elastic band around my head cuts into my skin. The balloons bob around my feet like puppies. Some meet and nudge each other onto new trajectories...some collect like clusters of raw haemorrhoids which emerge from long periods of standing and over-exertion. From signs of celebration to metaphors of decomposition...a fading body which corrodes in a passage of time. More blood expended as fingers attempt to repair and resume the task. Under the nails, a progressive accumulation of blood and shit. I think of the junky slumped on the toilet, slowly dying with a sharp in the arm and pants around the ankles while hysterical commentators announce winning horses that cross muddy lines on international horse tracks - jubilant punters celebrate the mourning of the bookie who's been shafted in the last race of the day.

Return to the task. Somebody brings me a beer. I accept it even though this is against the rules...no alcohol in the shop as this may exacerbate the situation, as emotions are already pronounced in the process of winning and losing...where the pulse grows strong with every race and adrenalin is released in the crossing of the winning post. We don't need any more aggression and arguments. There are more than enough. I think about arguments that emerge in response to this work?

Efficacy  
Documentation  
Function  
Context  
Ethics

These arguments are never resolved, they haunt the site continuously. Just as the punter and bookie argue over the rules of betting which are pinned to the wall.

No late bets  
No slow counting  
No refunds

The cold beer wakes me up and gives me a sense of spirit. It's drinking marks another accidental routine that becomes part of the work, another durational inscription as the beer slowly disappears and enters my body, somehow numbing it from the cold. Each s(l)ip feels like a reward. The same self-administered reward I would give myself after a twelve hour shift in the bookies. I'm a few hours in now. I've maybe completed a quarter of the task judging by accumulation of slips that hang in the space. I sit back and silently read the procession of horse names that occasionally bounce,

vibrate and tremble in the space. I visually quantify my progress into the work while gulping the remaining dregs of the beer bottle. Refuelled and resolved, I continue the task. I open the next brown envelope and continue writing. As I write these words now I also must refuel and restock. I'll return later to resume and reflect, remembering to resist the delete button.

I have a red smudge on my hand from where the pens have rested. I pause and stare at the floor. I read the slips again. Victoria Gray stands with her back to the wall and scribbles words on a notepad. I can feel her eyes upon me as I myself write. From the corner of my eye I see a rough physical presence in dark clothes. I attach a brown envelope around my head like a mask. I push my left hand into another brown envelope. I stand silently in with my hand pointing outward, my naked hand in my pocket. No face, no hand. Blank and anonymous I stand still, imitating an early Dada photograph or a strange kind of 1950's sci-fi robot.<sup>15</sup> I hold this position until the writing stops and the person leaves.

It's roughly midday. A small child runs into the space and is fascinated with the red balloons. She shrieks with delight and runs towards them. With two feet she jumps on one balloon and stands in shock for a moment. Realising she has not broken any rules she's continues with the others. The repeated bangs correspond to the sound of drills and hammers in other parts of the building. The sounds of uncontrollable glee are combined with those of mechanical industry. The child has engaged in her own action, her own inscription and utterance. The burst balloons lie around the space like discarded skin. The pens align with them in a constellation of cuts and cutters. This is the Blade Factory after all.<sup>16</sup> I smile at the child and she runs back to her father. No kids in the bookies.

I return to the task. Somebody brings me a biscuit. I do nothing but write and hang slips. I occasionally pause to take stock while resisting the urge to read the procession of the slips aloud. I want the slips to carry the utterance. It is not mine. I just write and hang. I am a conduit – a docile body. This blankness corresponds to my memory of events. There is nothing to remember. It's past midnight. Two men enter the room. They are clearly very drunk as the shuffle around the room reading slips. One asks if he can smoke. The curator says 'no' and the smoker holds the naked flame from his lighter up to one of the slips and grins. They comment on how long it must have taken to do this. They approach me at the table and ask me why I'm writing. I tell them I'm trying to decorate the space. They laugh. The other man identifies me as a 'Geordie'. He knows a lot of gangsters in Newcastle who he met in prison. I'm too tired to be alarmed but I've one eye on my hammer in case things kick off. The smoker tells me he has a mental illness and shouldn't be drinking. The curator shuffles nervously. They hang around for half an hour asking questions and making jokes. They tell me about their experiences of betting... illustrated in a series of near miss stories.<sup>17</sup> Eventually the urge for a cigarette leads to their absence before announcing they'll be back tomorrow with the dog. 'No dogs allowed unless guide dogs' I tell them.

<sup>15</sup> This image corresponds to Hugo Ball in Cubist costume from Marcel Janco, *Cabaret Voltaire*, Zurich (1916).

<sup>16</sup> The Blade Factory is the name of the room within Camp and Furnace, Liverpool where, formerly, blades were constructed from scrap metal.

<sup>17</sup> According to Dr Luke Clark, gambling produces an illusion of control: a belief that the gambler can exert skill over an outcome defined by chance: 'Both near-misses and personal choice cause gamblers to play for longer and to place larger bets. Over time, these distorted perceptions of one's chances of winning may precipitate 'loss chasing', where gamblers continue to play in an effort to recoup accumulating debts. Loss chasing is one of the hallmarks of problem gambling, which actually bears much resemblance to drug addiction. Problem

Its midday again and the web is almost full. Somebody walks in with a brown envelope and I open it. The envelope contains an aluminium horse shoe, much lighter and less rusty than my brown one, which is nailed to a wall. While collecting materials for *Lad Broke*, I bumped into a friend who knew somebody who knew Ginger McCabe and had various Red Rum relics stored in his attic. They promised to try and get me Red Rum's horseshoe and here it is – a gift. I decide that it's important for the audience...to hold a piece of racing history. The resultant action results in a kind of handshake or tug of war with each audience member. My hands tremble and I sense the weight of the other person, tugging and holding. The shoe becomes warm and I return it to my pocket, carrying the traces of the audience's hands. The silver wishbone remains intact.

A gang of teenagers come into the space on skate boards and circle round me. They flip their boards in the air to stop and read the slips. They come over to the table and watch me writing. One of them goes over to the turntable, touches the record and plays with it in the style of a D.J. His friend tells him to 'stop fucking about'. He stops and spits on the floor. One of them removes a slip and puts it in his pocket. They stay for around fifteen minutes whispering to each other. They seem surprisingly nervous and well-behaved as I continue to write and hang slips, moving carefully around the space to avoid getting in my way while avoiding my gaze. I notice one of them is wearing a 'Suicidal Tendencies' t-shirt.<sup>18</sup>

Back to the writing. My shoulders are tense and aching. Red Rum is falling behind. The commentators clipped upper class language is irritating me. The thud of hooves hitting fences feels like nails in my coffin. I begin to push and scrape the legs of the chair around the space leaving faint lines on the grey floor, circling counter to the rotation of the record on the turntable. After two revolutions I place the chair against the wall. I assemble objects into a small monument with unopened cans of dog food and place Red Rum's horseshoe on top of them. I pick up a sheet of racing form from the floor and wrap it around my head. I add water so that the paper sticks to my skin and hair like a papier mâché mask. When the mask feels complete, I repeatedly shout 'Red Rum'. The onlookers stare with a mixture of bemusement and concern. My arse is wet. I piss on the paper crumpled around my feet. I take Red Rum's horseshoe and nail it to the wall, this time upside down. The luck is running out. I want it to spill into the space.

It's getting dark again. Michael Mayhew arrives and sits in a corner writing on a stack of betting slips and takes photos using his mobile phone.<sup>19</sup> He hands me a beer. It's time to change the space. I position all the newspapers on the web. Their weight significantly alters its shape and lowers it below head height. I now have to stoop and the spectator's heads become hidden by sheets of form. I lower the lights in the space. It now feels more claustrophobic and cluttered. Somebody speaks into a Dictaphone.<sup>20</sup> I hear police sirens and a helicopter on the other side of broken

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gamblers also experience cravings and symptoms of withdrawal when denied the opportunity to gamble' (Clark, L. 2007).

<sup>18</sup> Suicidal Tendencies are an L.A based thrash metal punk band.

<sup>19</sup> Michael Mayhew was commissioned by myself to respond to the second half of *Lad Broke*. His essay, 'This ain't no fucking Abigail's Party', is included as appendix 'A' to this writing.

<sup>20</sup> I later found out that this 'somebody' was Vanessa Bartlett, an independent art critic. Her Dictaphone readings and their transcription are available here as an appendix where she describes at length the actions she witnessed in the last quarter of *Lad Broke*. Of particular interest are the 'audible gasps' captured in response to the tipping of dog food into the space.



windows held together by black gaffer tape. I'm nearly through and can't resist the thought of a warm bed back at my house. I continue writing but I'm distracted by the urge to make a new action in the darkness. I want to reveal the work. I want to assemble something. I want to communicate something but I don't know what. Perhaps my intuition can guide me.

I'm bored. I stand against a wall. I take an elastic band and fire it at balloons in the space. It takes many attempts to hit them, but when I do there is thud of rubber on rubber. I'm trying to get the balloon across to the other end of the space. This task eventually ends in failure as the bands no longer have the power over distance to push the balloon over the finishing line. It's time to move on to the final section. The last half-mile of a three mile circuit; the final strait. What am I now? The performer, the writer, the bookie, the punter, the horse or the addict? Or have I always been all of these? It doesn't seem to matter now. I'm just a body going through the motions. Boring. Bored. Words disappear from the web as onlookers steal slips and shove them in their pockets or bags. The space seems much smaller now. Some people have gathered in a small circle around my chair and desk. There is only one more brown envelope left to be opened. There are two small metal horses in my pocket complete with fake money and trainer's cards from a horse racing version of Monopoly - Totopoly. I have switched the record player to seventy eight rpm. The commentator's voice now resembles a high pitch whine. I arrange these objects onto crumpled racing form on the ground. I open the dog food and tip it out onto the newspaper.<sup>21</sup>

There are audible gasps as I empty out the meaty chunks and thick brown gravy. The smell is appalling. I stand and stare at the mound before repeating the action with another tin. I think of connections between the horse as a glamorous commodity, dressed up and manicured for the big races, and its inevitable end. Some are actually shot on the race-track with a bolt gun to the head, ending up as meat products only fit for dogs. Fake money describes a false economy of profit and loss where horses, punters, jockeys, trainers and bookies are all operating around absolute artifice. Even the bookies go bust sometimes. There are no winners - only losers in the end. I piss in the empty cans and construct fake roses from pens and burst balloons. A betting slip with 'Gerald's Rose' is inserted between the two tins. My father (Gerald) once told me that he'd buried a pet dog in the garden as a child and a rose grew in its place. This seems like a memorial...to the dead junky, the dead horses. To those who've lost everything to gambling. Their ghosts now inhabit the space, in between slips and paper tumbleweeds that float on a stench of dead meat. I sit in silence, blindfolded with a betting slip and allow the objects to breathe in an artificial breeze.

My body feels heavy as I move between slips. Somebody is sitting in my chair. Another person asks them to stand. I return to writing. I take time over these final slips. Left hand to pen. Pen to paper. Discard the pen. I nearly slip on the pool of pens as I stand up and move around the web to attach the last slip - 'Horsey horse'. The web is now complete...no gaps. I leave it to sway under the weight of slips and newspaper and go for a final cigarette on the roof. I look across the city and watch crowds returning from the latest Liverpool spectacle. I also see people queuing outside - eager to get into the space to witness the final hour. I recognise some and watch as they chain bikes, their

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<sup>21</sup> Dog food has been used in a number of my performances as raw material, such as *Brown and Other/ed Birds* (Cardiff 2009), *Yellow Liars* (Plymouth, 2010) and *SID* (London, 2011).

own trusty metal steeds to lampposts and leave them parked in this industrial wasteland. I throw the cigarette stub and watch it fall to the ground.

Returning to the space, I feel around in my pocket for a pack of razor blades. I accidentally cut my finger as I travel around the room cutting the elastic bands that hold the web together. Papers and elastic whip around the space. The audience cover their faces for protection. The room now resembles the aftermath of a punk party as the web sprawls across the floor in strange clumps like a dead, decapitated spider. The cameras and Dictaphones have come out. I take my shirt and face the wall beneath the two horseshoes. Applying my bleeding fingers to the wall I write 'BROKE'. I pause for a while and then take the razor blade...I dig it into my chest to scribe 'LAD'.<sup>22</sup> This isn't a clean incision...my hands are shaking and the blade is blunt. I can't really feel the cutting into my chest, but my red fingers are beginning to sting and I notice specks of blood have found themselves onto the silver horseshoe. The discarded blood connects me to the objects and space. We are no longer apart. We are no longer separate circuits. I remember making blood pacts with friends as a child. I remember a poster of Sid Vicious.<sup>23</sup>

I squat in the corner and bleed. A photographer approaches and is right in my face. Some people look disinterested, others look horrified. Others smile. I go around the room staring into their eyes. I just need to sit now and see this out. Its 11.59 and I'm close to the finish line. A hand touches my shoulder and it's time to give in.

I'm bundled into a car and taken to the pub. People have stayed behind to clean up my mess. All objects will be placed in a plastic container. My chest is sore as fuck, but the whisky numbs it. I'm bombarded with questions and bought more drinks. The Clash's *White Riot* plays on the juke box while Michael Mayhew shows me documentation. I'm not tired now and the party continues until five in the morning. I feel light and energetic. The saddle is off and I'm in the shower. The 'LAD' looks raw but uninfected in the mirror. I return to the space in daylight to collect the traces. I remove the blood stains on the wall that the helpers have refused to touch. I feel sad to see the space reduced back to white walls, an empty space with broken windows. I carry a plastic container containing the traces of the event and catch the next bus home.

<sup>22</sup> As well as referencing the 'LAD' of *Lad Broke*, 'LAD' is also used in Liverpool as a term of endearment, similar to the colloquial use of 'mate' or 'buddy'.

<sup>23</sup> Sid Vicious was the bass player of the Sex Pistols. Sid became a stimulus for my 2011 performance *SID* as well as becoming the subject of my paper, 'Punk Performance: Mark Greenwood, Dog Food, Sid and Nancy', given at 'How Performance Thinks' conference, PSI, London. April 2012.

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A Performance Text  
by  
Michael Mayhew



In reflection to  
LAD BROKE  
A performance  
by  
Marl Greenwood

# THIS AINT NO ABIGAIL'S FUCKING PARTY

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Michael Mayhew

# This aint No Abigail's Fucking Party.

A Performance Text by Michael Mayhew  
In Reflection to Mark Greenwood's Performance

## LAD BROKE

*'Shortly after Pithecanthropus erectus gained the ascendancy, he turned his attention to the higher-order abstractions. He invented a concept that has since been variously viewed as a vice, a crime, a business, a pleasure, a type of magic, a disease, a folly, a weakness, a form of sexual substitution, an expression of human instinct. He invented gambling.'*

(The Theory of Gambling and Statistical Logic:  
Richard A Epstein: 2009)

I'm off to the races . . .

I'm on a chase

And

"I hope for the best."

I'm off to meet a man I first met through word of mouth.  
I had him clad in white middle classness /  
Attended Dartington ~ Masters -  
Teaching at Hope / Liverpool.  
Doing a PhD @ Kingston  
A writer / performer.

"Oh you should meet the Greenwood, you'd get on like a house on fire."

I had him down as clean skin and clean cut, talking art and performance with academic clippings with forked tongue. I ducked out of those 'get togethers' I meet enough art talk that erodes my gut with ambiguous confusion for performance.

My encounter with 'The Greenwood' was at Performance Space / London where I had been invited to exhibit the performance 'away in a manger'.  
'The Greenwood' had been brought in as writer documenter for the weekend.

Walking into the industrial yard that is Performance Space, Hackney Wick I spy a rakish black suited fellow, who's face and body carried the tell tale evidence of brutal nights on the end of bars and probably ending up on too many floors.

This was 'The Greenwood'.

A fellow that seemed of a nervous disposition, readying to duck . . . *'As we talked in the shadows of a mid-day Hackney sun, the hours drain as quickly as empty brown ale bottlers and fag ends began to encircle us.'* (BLIND\_MAN'S\_BLOOD, Mark Greenwood)

We had met '*in our mutual enjoyment of beer, cigarettes and storytelling*'.

Our shared working class identity and sensibility acted as an initial bond. A shared language and tone nurtured in the housing estates, streets, bars and football terraces of our cities of identity, Newcastle for Greenwood and Manchester for myself.

Our arrival into performance had tones of similarity, a love for the need to communicate within fields of ignition, skies of meteor showers posing as questions, a need to present ideas to a living audience not because we could but seemingly because we had to.

Our lives had thus so far been a gamble and nothing was going to be done in halves.

There was a lurking ghost of Hunter S Thompson stalking in the midnight bile, Thompson pacing the floorboards of our imaginings when it comes to writing about performance – one didn't even need to be there as Thompson had done for the Ali and Foreman fight in 1974.

We could fuck the rules of hypocrisy and do as we really intend, hoped and desired.

It was always going to be a gamble.

The subversive sticks and there is an enjoyable attraction to questioning the rules. No better place to play than performance in what ever colour it deems to seep into the reality of the light of day, following long haul nocturnal trawling

'The Greenwood' had played a swift hand and switched the cards, turned the tables and invited me into his recent performance marathon 'Lad Broke' not as a performer but a writer or a performer performing writing.

I knew he was attempting to drag me out of the backwaters of silence that I sustain and make my reflective language on performance that erupts into significance whilst in the various bars and kitchens, back yards and the road trips we undertake, talking for hours about the sinews bloody muscle of life, living and art.

A rhapsody of brutal beauty sings in the primeval patter that often marries our late night cruising through the distant shores of our inner transportations, it's often not for the faint hearted and possibly would be often misunderstood as the language is framed and formed with words that have a physical tenaciousness in their selection and delivery.

Back in 2011 Greenwood had arrived into my studio, following the meeting at Performance Space; he wanted to do a reconnaissance, spend time in the location that I have sustained longer than most homes, this place is *art*.

Greenwood went onto write *Blind\_Man's\_Blood* a reflection, enquiry, a surgical glance into an artist, his work and life, that being me.

It's a rude gesture on his behalf but I will take up the challenge and step out with something of a monkey Manc' swagger delivering linguistic assaults that have been ignited by this bus mans holiday trip to 'The Pool'.

"And they're off!"



**Lad Broke** was to be Greenwood's final performance as part of his PhD.

*'A 48-hour durational performance, writing, work that explores the nature of gambling and specifically the act of betting on horses.'* (Extracted from programme notes)

I knew something of Mark's past relationship with working and running various bookies. **Lad Broke** has been a clambering process of potential extending back some years as Mark engages with this auto-biographical fixture, employing performance to unpack the past reflections of experiencing the repetitive rituals of the gamblers who arrive at the counter to place a bet on a named horse.

Watching sardonically through the plastic screen that protects the money from the punters, protects the cashier from the losers and winners that arrive and leave like tidal marks of flotsam left on some storm battered coastal outcrop, Greenwood has had hours and hours to take stock of the raw human condition when confronted with winning and losing everything.

Hours and hours of the ritual banality that fills the bookies on a cycle of set time, a known calendar of equestrian manoeuvres day in day out of people, normally men, chasing the possible winning nag.

Gambling is a hit, it's a high, it's a low, it's a risk, it's a chance, and it's habitual, it is a shot in the arm, a snort up the nose, a slug of the wet stuff, it's rock and roll and it is of the moment and like all dangerous habits makes for high and low drama.

When it becomes an addictive habit it's self-destruction, it is as the title tells us a location where a 'Lad Broke'.

But I would suggest that the location is not simply to be viewed as an Autobiographical site but a site through which Greenwood is able to Expose areas of human behaviour within a discourse based on Class, gender and whiteness.

Within the durational work Greenwood places us in the location and position of the voyeur, the punter in the stands, jeering, leering, shouting, calling . . . if we dared /

"Cum on!"

Arriving into a white room, frosted glass windows that are dressed with heavy rods of iron, the clinical of the white box gallery butts up against that of the post-industrial, the atmospheric air and light is cold.

This is one of Liverpool's many warehouse locations that sustains the potential fresh takes on what could be art, whilst from the roof of this industrial relic one can observe the Disney world that is Liverpool Tate and the Albert Dock; there was a circus happening as Greenwood played out rituals of acoustic memory.

The surrounding air is amplified with French base vocals; police helicopters beat the air with blades of steel cutting the atmosphere into molecule spherical forms. Liverpool is hosting the large-scale spectacle of over-sized puppets moving through the streets of the city and whilst thousands flock Swiftly to be in Lilliput, Greenwood moves repetitively through time transforming the room into a web of elastic bands, and betting sheets drawing the dimensions forever into a claustrophobic den of horses names.

The discourse reflects back to / onto / into / us, the punter.

Before we even arrive Greenwood establishes his form from the off in the text to be found online and then in paper form > that leads us to perceive the act of gambling as a 'political micro-politics of loss and desire'.

Greenwood goes on in this lengthy pre-match introduction to Lad Broke;

*'with all of its inter-textual and convergent systems of collation and expenditure, as well as a macro-politic that describes the measured and intuitive decision making processes that govern the behaviour and economy of capitalist society and its isolated subjects. The work aims not to question or condemn betting and gambling as a forbidden act, but to describe the social and political discourses that inhabit these processes; where fluctuations of data and riddled patterns of economic transfer depict a matrix of investment and expenditure; a materialist ecology based on perpetual motion and annihilation.'*

This use of pre-match text used to inform us, tell us, get us in the mood, equip the visitor with information, handing us sign posts so we read the work as it should be read begins with a quote from Alan Wykes;

*'Gambling is a way of buying hope on credit. We are all the bonded slaves of the management that issues credit cards. To realize the completeness of our bondage we have only to remember that each of us owes our existence to the chancy collaboration of two small fertile organisms; while an apparently chancy distribution of chromosomes, genes, and hormones influences our sex, colouring and disposition. We press on through life toward a death whose manner and date depend entirely on chance. During our womb-to-tomb progress we never stop gambling, for we cannot know the outcome of each of the many decisions we have to make every day; we can only "hope for the best".'*

Wykes, Alan. 1964. Gambling.

Through this 1960s text Greenwood expands the act of placing money onto the adventure of a horse and expands this system into a wider pool of implications.

Basically we are all at it and have been for the whole of time.

We are all implicated and gambling seems a part of our very nature, part of our mistaken identity that was formed when two people had a fuck and in that moment in time of lust and passion, need and desire the basic product is the conception of human life, identities colliding to make, you.

This proliferation of offered text is a habit of Greenwood's and I put this down to the fact since meeting he has always been in education and this is a final performance of a PhD, it is the FA Cup Final, the Grand National, the last match in the premiership. The statistics that construct this performance horse, as object of performance 'commodity' of the higher education system and stabled horse are heavily contextualised.

Am I going to a performance or a lecture, a performance or exam?

Where do I place my money?

Is this a gamble for me or is Greenwood taking all the risks?

If you're going to offer academic sign posting, how much do you offer, who do you quote, is it the artist's job to offer reams of programme notes or just offer the work up to be viewed and experienced?

To be honest I hoped for a bit of Game Theory – fuck the fucking and '*chancy distribution of chromosomes, genes, and hormones*' – This isn't a 35 minute soap opera that may feed my lust for implication and cathartic release, this is 48 hours of banal rigour and graft.

Am I implicated?

Does it matter that I arrive into this Marathon and do I take a gun to shoot the horse that dances in front of me?

Will my primeval gambling instincts be triggered, will I be tempted to lose myself in the betting, the losing, the winning or am I just to watch Greenwood's self-punishment as he becomes broken in his own gamble with performance life and the examiners who will be present in the stands?

*'Gambling remains a near universal pastime, perhaps more people with less knowledge succumb to its lure than to any other sedentary avocation.*

*As Balzac averred, "The gambling passion lurks at the bottom of every heart".*

*It finds outlets in business, war, politics: in formal overtures gambling casinos and in the less ceremonies exchanges among individuals of differing opinions.'*

The Theory of Gambling and Statistical Logic: Richard A Epstein 2009

*'exchanges among individuals of differing opinions.'*

Isn't this one of the potential cruxes of performance?

Game Theory ~ "*the study of mathematical models of conflict and cooperation between intelligent rational decision-makers.*"

Roger B Myerson (1991) Game Theory: Analysis of Conflict

Or to put it another way ~ 'Interactive decision making'.

Game Theory is not a new theory having been filtered into politics, economics, political science, biology and psychology since the 1700s, in order for us to possibly understand the relationships within 'two-person sum games' and the 'strategies needed to treat decision making under uncertainty'.

Performance is riddled with 'uncertainties'.

**Lad Broke** is riddled with inner conflict brought to the surface.

**Lad Broke** is not based on 'two-person sum games', but intercourse and the production of a child possibly is.

What risk is there in the game between two copulating, fornicating human beings?

What 'interactive decision making' processes / psychological and biological / are in play within the rituals of courtship?

What strategies are 'needed to treat decision making under uncertainty?'

Do I have sex or not have sex?

Would this person make a protective father / mother / partner?

**Lad Broke** is a primeval relationship detached through the distant eyes of the spectator, a relationship between the human species and that of another living beast; that being the Horse.

My own relationship with the bookies goes something like this . . .

*'I'm standing outside frosted glass and hear the chant, this male storm as call, "Cum On!" A rallying call, a bellow of Hope and encouragement, "Cum On!" an urge that breaks into a desperate plea, "Cum On!"*

*I stand outside frosted pain alone listening in /*

*Detached from this male domain*

*/ amplified Com / men / tary rattles frosted pain*

*"Cum On!"*

*A firing line of names and titles,*

*"Cum On!"*

*Standing outside a frosted impenetrable vision.*

*I own lost comprehension to what lies beyond this frosted barrier of glass pain.*

*"Cum On!"*

This is a shard of memory, an account from the 60s and 70s of standing outside these emporiums of lost wealth and dreaming riches, no-go zones for children pretty much like porn shops and pubs of the time, with their frosted and painted windows.

The door would swing open to reveal a glimpse into a smoke filled den of men.

The thing I know about gambling is you don't know the outcome, well not as a punter – you live with the risk of handing over your money but **Lad Broke** is an examinational performance, for me as a punter the odds are even, the running rate known. I'm told everything before I arrive and as I travel to this back street building on the edge of 'Liverput' I figure I don't have to be there . . .

just yet.

I'll float like Hunter S in the green residue of dreams and enter Greenwood's body from afar and write from within a psychic link up.

I'll make my own outcome up, I'll bet on the obvious winner and ignore the apparent loser. Even the modern day bookies tell it all before you walk in, they're transparent, the now clear glass shop window display mostly men staring at screens above, like worshipping pilgrims staring at the crucifixion of a man nailed to a beam, you can see it all, transparent brokenness.

I'm late for the races.

Greenwood has been performing for some 30+ hours, I've been elsewhere, writing my own marathon narration, I'm not being invited to make the gamble, or is taking up the offer of the invitation to write making me party to Greenwood's gamble with the authorities of academia?

The reason for living performance reality is the gamble of dying or not dying and moving the audience to experience the unknown, the invisible, the unheard in a form of communion.

I stand stare too deep into those transparent bookies windows and see broken known broken men stagger out empty beyond despair.

Just another day at the races.

I'm late for these races.

Has our performing nag fallen at the Brook, have they shot the cunt and put him out of his misery?

How many fags, how many swigs of inebriating liquids, how much piss, how many slices into flesh, how much blood, do I care, it's not my gamble, there is no risk . . .

I'm just standing outside frosted glass listening in

"Cum On!"

Gamble / Amble / pre/amble

And they're off . . .





It's 4pm / Liverpool /

I stroll off the street into a local Ladbrokes and punch the  
clock / start my 8-hour working day /

16:00hrs till 00:00hrs /

Rather than going into the performance I'll start @ the origin of place /  
record this gambling den,

write on betting slips / black & white  
write with betting pen / red

Sit in situ before moving on.

Listen to rhythms and reasons

Get in the mood

Move beyond frosted glass

Do some circuits in this land of

Gam

BLing

Have a flutter

Read some racing post

Crava Choice  
Smarty Socks

Kwik Time

Fama Mal

No Quarter

Jack Dexter

Out of Breath

Reaching the Line

Voice Fast Charge



My horse is called **Performance Writing**.

“Cum On!”

*"Betting shops" are common sights in most towns, tending to be sited wherever a significant number of people with disposable cash can be expected. At one point in the 1970s it was said that the ideal location was "close to a pub, the Labour Exchange and the Post Office", the first being a source of customers in a good mood, the other two being sources of ready cash in the form of "The Dole" and state pension money, which was dispensed through Post Offices at the time.'*

(Wikipedia ~ Horse Racing in Great Britain)

Through lost streets and mocking crowds queuing in pedestrian ordered disorder for spectacle art / big art / to roam past / police flare as aluminous bright spots maintaining disproportionate order yet their visual disorder is as rampant as any riot.

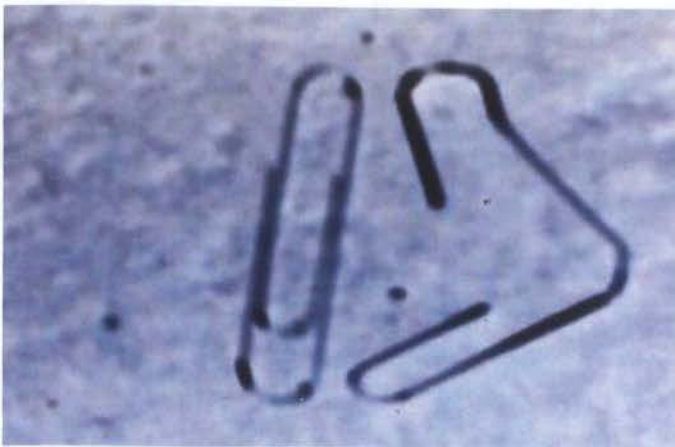
Streets and back streets  
Door  
Bell  
Door  
Stairs  
Door

I arrive @ Greenwood’s track and take my place in the Grand Stands.

Arrivals are great, leaving is sometimes better.

I scour the terrain for evidence of what has been occurring in the hours before my own arrival.

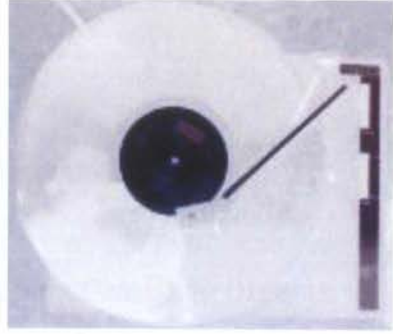
I walk into Murakami’s ‘End of the World’ and the use of paper clips scattered as clues and directions / semiotic symbolism runs amuck.



More flotsam scattered as wasted product in the seemingly never-ending task of recording / documenting the names of horses.

The desolate clip of an empty completed disk of vinyl

Treads the air like horses hooves / groove with an empty party feeling.



Red pens lost like emblems of spilt blood /  
Sheets of racing posts /



*Blood & Paper*

I travel like a detective at a lost crime scene in the back streets of The Pool.  
Evidence location locating self within the self-scatterings of another.  
I'm deliberately rude  
Within this performance context  
I'm not sitting to the floor or standing hanging edgily to the walls  
I refuse passive occupation of audience performer relationship

## I

Gate crash in to find the paths to follow.  
Discover the evidence I need to write.

Greenwood moves on his proverbial performance path /  
Weather I am in the room or not  
This shaded mortuary figure will continue his tasks of self- punishing trial

clip / fasten / slip  
clip / fasten / slip  
clip / fasten / slip  
clip / fasten / slip

My presence is neither here nor there /  
He moves on like Sisyphus, the '*proletarian of the gods*' with the never ending  
construction of elastic banded cobwebbed bunting slips hanging useless as a failed  
washed out Jubilee celebration.



Totems of Bliss

Islands of Poets on a Weekend Tumble

Emigrate

Floating

Rose

Names of hope inscribed on hanging tickets floating in white space /  
White Light

Words become a bookies scattered rap  
Rapping Gam<sup>B</sup>ling Dreams.

One wanders undisturbed in this air of bureaucratic steeled silence  
Generating Haikus of breath from out-of-breath racing commentators' breath /  
Hot lost air . . .

Inflated bloody bladders bob  
Stupidly across the floor



Attempting to emit something of a soulless celebration as  
Greenwood inflates to deflate / inflate / deflate – these happy hollows of bloody  
blobs of dreams translate into condoms in the lips of fate to be filled with hot air  
/ hollow dreams left bobbing innocently to be used as aiming practice by the  
master assassin betting clerk.

The word 'cunt' drifts through this filth  
Greenwood sits like an accountant of deaths dreams hope

@

a simple table  
Covered in the tools of the trade.

Pile of betting slips

Babel Tower

Box of pens

Bullet Rounds

Red Plastic nib black ink marking

Golden

Blues

of

Hidden Power

Box of paper clips

Score

clip / fasten / slip

clip / fasten / slip

clip / fasten / slip

clip / fasten / slip

An undertaker delivering fate of the future/ past

Names clipped / fastened / slip /

Horses /

Real / Virtu/real

Caught in a web of his disaffected memory

Suspended over his head.

Do they exist?

Who names a horse and what name is lucky?

What name will win?

What name will make a winner?

Greenwood is caught in futile repetitive drudgery

Back		&		Forth
------	--	---	--	-------

To	&	Fro
----	---	-----

Back		&		Forth
------	--	---	--	-------

To	&	Fro
----	---	-----

Slip/pen/write/clip/up/walk/fasten/attach/back/sit/

Slip/pen/write/clip/up/walk/fasten/attach/back/sit/

Slip/pen/write/clip/up/walk/fasten/attach/back/sit/

Slip/pen/write/clip/up/walk/fasten/attach/back/sit/

Slip/pen/write/clip/up/walk/fasten/attach/back/sit/

Slip/pen/write/clip/up/walk/fasten/attach/back/sit/

Slip/pen/write/clip/up/walk/fasten/attach/back/sit/

Slip/pen/write/clip/up/walk/fasten/attach/back/sit/

Slip/pen/write/clip/up/walk/fasten/attach/back/sit/

Slip/pen/write/clip/up/walk/fasten/attach/back/sit/

Slip/pen/write/clip/up/walk/fasten/attach/back/sit/

Slip/pen/write/clip/up/walk/fasten/attach/back/sit/

[illegible]

Units of industrialised systems accounted for in time ~

And a place called space / as all action has an accumulative reaction to the site where

**Lad Broke** has been located.

A post-industrial warehouse of our consumptions.

I put my time into a working day of time, the generic 8-hour day.

The Greenwood wants to do a 48-hour delivery.

There's something peculiar about durational performances, I should know I extend time with the best of them, having performed the generic 35minutes to 333hrs.

I wonder if time is a custom and a product of industrialisation?

Industrialisation of time undermines the natural system of seasons time, industrialised time is mechanical time and so A time when we became acutely aware of time and money / money and time, when time became a factor of our everyday existence /punching the clock / time became a slave of masters / and so artists started striving to beat and live within time crafting time lover time, to sit with and within time, or to be a slave to time / of time / in time /

To be punished with and by time.

It's a trial but self-imposed.

In white working class culture time is not your own /

It and so you are owned by time / your time is bought / we constructed free time / leisure time / so logically there is an opposition of 'free' time / time was run on the clock / life is marked by mechanical time and someone bought it /

Bought you.

*'Marx....sees the alienation from the body as a distinguishing trait of....transforming labour into a commodity....the worker "only feels himself outside his work, and in his work feels outside himself. He is at home when he is not working and when he is working is not at home." (Marx, 1961) This too leads to a sense of dissociation from the body...'*

The need to extend time / reclaim time within performance and so within a meeting with a living audience, seems to me to be a rejection of industrialised based time / by pushing time of performance beyond the performer's, and so the audience's, own duration is seemingly a revolutionary act because the artist begins to own time, inscribe time.

*Most men would be insulted, if it were proposed to employ them in throwing stones over a wall, and then in throwing them back, merely that they might earn their wages. But many are no more worthily employed now.'*

Henry David Thoreau, *Life Without Principle*:

Within Lad Broke actions are prescriptive, mechanical, repetitive and isolating. There is an apparent 'dissociation from the body', throughout – marching through time and action, from one action to the next.



'D!u!r!a!t!i!o!n!a!! !p!e!r!f!o!r!m!a!n!c!e! !i!s! !a! !p!e!r!f!o!r!m!a!n!c!e!  
 !f!o!r!m!a!t! !i!n! !w!h!i!c!h! !t!h!e! !v!e!r!y! !a!g!e!n!c!y! !o!f! !t!i!m!e! !i!s!  
 !b!r!o!u!g!h!t! !t!o! !t!h!e! !f!o!r!e!f!r!o!n!t! !T!h!e! !t!i!m!e!-!s!p!a!n! !o!f! !t!h!e!  
 !p!e!r!f!o!r!m!a!n!c!e! !e!x!c!e!d!s! !t!h!e! !a!v!e!r!a!g!e! !l!e!n!g!t!h! !o!f! !a!  
 s!t!a!n!d!a!r!d ! !p!e!r!f!o!r!m!a!n!c!e! !w!h!i!c!h! !i!n! !W!e!s!t!e!r!n!  
 !c!u!l!t!u!r!e! !i!s! !1!5! !h!o!u!r!s! !A! !d!u!r!a!t!i!o!n!a!!  
 !p!e!r!f!o!r!m!a!n!c!e! !i!s! !d!e!s!i!g!n!e!d! !t!o! !l!e!t! !t!i!m!e! !p!h!y!s!i!c!a!l!l!y!  
 !a!f!f!e!c!t! !o!r! !t!h!e!m!a!t!i!c!a!l!l!y! !i!n!f!o!r!m! !t!h!e! !p!e!r!f!o!r!m!e!r!s!  
 !p!r!a!c!t!i!c!e! !o!f! !h!i!s! !t!h!e!r! !a!r!t! !f!o!r!m! !a!s! !w!e!l!l! !a!s! !t!h!e!  
 !a!u!d!i!e!n!c!e's!  
 !r!e!c!e!p!t!i!o!n...B!y! !e!x!c!e!d!i!n!g! !t!h!e! !n!o!r!m!a!l! !t!i!m!e!-  
 !s!p!a!n!...!d!u!r!a!t!i!o!n!a!! !p!e!r!f!o!r!m!a!n!c!e! !c!h!a!l!l!e!n!g!e!s!  
 !h!a!b!i!t!u!a!l! !W!e!s!t!e!r!n! !p!a!t!t!e!r!n!s! !o!f! !c!o!n!s!u!m!p!t!i!o!n! !o!f!  
 !c!u!l!t!u!r!a!l!  
 !p!r!o!d!u!c!t!s!.... T!h!u!s! !d!u!r!a!t!i!o!n!a!! !p!e!r!f!o!r!m!a!n!c!e! !c!o!u!l!d!  
 !b!e! !c!o!n!s!i!d!e!r!e!d! !a!s! !a! !c!u!l!t!u!r!a!l!l!y! !h!e!a!l!t!h!y! !p!a!u!s!e!  
 !f!r!o!m! !t!h!e! !9! !t!o! !5! !r!o!u!t!i!n!e! !a! !b!r!e!a!k! !f!o!r! !b!o!d!i!l!y!  
 !r!e!f!l!e!c!t!i!o!n! !u!p!o!n! !e!x!i!s!t!e!n!c!e! !'

But this time is not healthy, it is a punishment for him and I could just not give a shit, why should I, it's not my gamble, I'm alienated from him, him alienated from me. Isn't that the point of capitalism, to alienate one from the other and isn't the mass market of high performance consumer gambling about alienating you from the impulsive need to take a risk? Gambling is a highly orchestrated, high profit industry that like religion is the 'opiate of the people'. Alienation has been mainlined through every vein and orifice of the human form / and through the force feeding of high performance / high commodification of this future everything culture ~ not giving a shit is really easy, this is what alienation and isolation feels like /

### Occupy Yourself with Destruction.

The breathless canter of historical races run by Red Rum chatters Rapping Running / from needle drawing sound from black historical vinyl.

Our bodies run inside the horse I know will win . . .

"Cum On!"

Greenwood never canters, his body strolls at a pedestrian mechanical factory functional pace

### Suspended Rain

### Moment in Time

With time.

The body is a seemingly alienated pod / this is Marx's theory gone ape/shit, the body snatched from itself and I hear a man screaming. "They're coming for you" (The Body Snatchers 1956).

Every action becomes a horse's name.  
You're left to your own devices as purgatory of endless repetition demands to make a name exist.

A police helicopter beats air outside.  
The assassin is in here taking pot shots with methodical schoolboy practice.

Thwak Thud  
Thwak Thud  
Thwak Thud

Cock-eyed and cock headed The Greenwood takes aim to fire.

Boredom Bunny Balloon Shooting.

### Futility of Dreams

This betting web of places/  
jockey/horses/trainer/bookies/  
pundits/connected/  
reconnecting playing possibilities

The language Greenwood offers us to contextualise the work to be sat with is a sociological and historical narrative: his, and I would offer, that of the white working class male (but maybe I just have a chip on my shoulder).  
This offers problems within the performance world and within academia, as I experience it.

What does the middle class – who dominate the (UK) performance scene that is inevitably recruited by those who have passed through the tedium of Higher Education, whose legions are again recruited from the middle classes – what do these people have in common with the drudgery of the white working class / **This aint no Abigail's Fucking Party**, which has a drudgery of its own.

There are no sausage pierced pineapple chunks stuck on cock/tail sticks, no white wine chilling, no peacock banter.

**Lad Broke** was wiped up off the grimy lino floors of betting shops, it is of the smeared condensation of breath left on the plastic screens of protective transparent barriers.

The work offers itself as a series of possibilities /

Suspensions  
Un-narrative  
Non-narrative

For the mind to consider.

This is just one of the beauties of durational performance /



The un-narrative enables the participation of democratic narrative constructions and we begin to own time together.

The contextualisation of gambling as a social disorder / ordered matters little once your in /

That's exam world /  
A form of punishment in its own way.

What we are being exposed to here, in the final 8-hours is the white working class male drudgery and the creative bedlam that occurs out of futility and repetition.

It's more an ode to punk and the potentiality for threat, the next bad move waiting to occur. We are the voyeurs sitting in the vicinity / guard and prisoner / inmate and nurse / invigilator and art / it's all the fucking same as we just sit and wait for him to finish his trial of exorcism of a past / presently / present / with acts of the everyday made real/un/real through exaggerated / heightened / extenuated / practicality /and functionality.

Simple acts broken down into their basic principles of being.

Bones

With walking flesh  
Detached

skeletorial form

Bare bones

Simple facts

Raw truth

For Some.

The story is in your head like some tantric mantra of your own past.  
It breeds in your body like likely cancer,  
It reeks of havoc.

Within the long haul everything begins to be connected in this bouncing web of  
elastic / paper / wire clips and ink

Mass produced  
Clips/slips/pens/elastic bands  
Mass produced bookies  
Mass produced newspapers  
Mass produced words  
Mass produced emblems  
Mass produced balloons  
Mass produced brown envelops  
Mass produced time & emotion

172,800 seconds tick by producing

Filing filling betting slips  
Reading posts  
Listening to the winners  
Watching the losers slump

Within a construct of a mass production of debt  
Employing mass-produced bank slips that we write  
Out our total stake  
Employing mass produced pens  
To pay off the debt  
Into the bank  
That makes a gamble  
With your wages and pensions and  
Future now  
Future then.

What plan?

Within time of time extended we are able to begin to make our own reflective  
connections / you just have to trust yourself with time and make it your own /

**This ain't no Abigail's fucking party.**

Enough of these lines of dirty memory washing limply soiled /

I cut out and leave  
for the roof that over looks LEO'S CASINO, set into Liverpool's past, present and  
future gamble, the docks, the river, the sea . . . everywhere you look is evidence of  
capitalism's gamble with itself / with you / if you left this port to voyage across  
unknown oceans to unknown lands / would you ever come back / would you sell what  
you brought back / if you came back / how many winners and how many losers has  
Liverpool witnessed in its past, in its present?

Who named this betting slip

SLIP

Loaded with ironic comedic action as the dog meat is poured out of the tin.

That old horse is served up for a party for two.





Me and me  
You and you  
'We' & 'We'

Cos this party is for losers who stand in the breeze of yesterday  
That shifts the bunting in this ghost town of losers / wasters /

Waste paper  
Waste pens  
Waste money  
Waste bottles  
Waste air  
Waste Balloons  
Waste envelopes  
Waste horse  
Waste man

All lost in a waste of breeze rattling from an old office fan.

Greenwood does dark well.

The loss and the dirt,  
The emptiness  
The futility

The suspension of an image for an age

Letting it sink deeply

Until it matters not to matter  
Until 'nothing' is blown away as still life  
A figment of your own imagination of your own life and that of the

Name of a horse **winner**.

For all the social implications and notes telling me what Lad Broke is and why and  
was for / The implications that this is all for a PhD can not be ignored / we are told  
that this is the reason for the existence of **Lad Broke** /

I really wanted Greenwood to simply scrawl on those A4 pieces of introduction and  
explanation that . . .

It's a fucking Illness /  
It's F'in Punishment for being born.

Gambling is a primeval act.  
I would suggest a heady need for survival.  
The run of a horse embodies our natural physical instincts /  
The need to communicate with our species is a natural instinct /  
Standing alone in a room is a gamble /

Raw

Human engagement

But as with horse racing there was always a  
danger that these 48-hours could be stripped of that primeval urge /

To live  
To die  
To live

To die . . .

That's its potential gamble.

The ceiling sags with burden /

The twist from performance to installation is complete  
in its completeness /

Bodies become dismembered to legs wander  
amplified in coldness . . .

My  
Tent  
Or  
Yours

Prime Exhibit

Greenwood begins to

Dismantle

Destroy

The created

Ruin

Waste

This has become a dereliction wreaking punk party ball –

Slashing the rubber bands with a double edged Wilkinson Sword blade / the bunting  
of lost joy becomes a criss-cross firing range and people scatter  
The sagging roof of filed nags names caves in under its own pressure /  
This is a salvo of life reclaiming itself or is it one of the many frequented bars  
Greenwood has passed through? / is this what white working class boys do / out of  
habit and acts of self-annihilation? / balloons are burst / nothing is to exist beyond the  
Cinderella hour of a row of empty 0000 /

The floor is covered in the dead dregs / I've been to one of these parties and they often live in your own head / the skag head released / castrated pens / piss pots and dead horses names lie with the dead horse meat . . .

A ritual begins in the glare of voyeuristic gluttony.

The superficial scarring of flesh

Etching into white man pig skin

The same handwriting that scored out horses' names now marks out LAD in the body's own red ink

A final V sign that is the only sign of hope in this battle-riddled trial.

GamBling is an illness /

Cos you just have to push it

In order to reclaim it /

You just have to ask /

"How far do you want to go"?

What breaks the Lad?

Is it the LAD himself or the social and cultural webs that punish The White Working Class /

Or those that originate from the spillage and destruction of post-industrial England of the 1970s?

LADs would have been sent down the vertical shafts of mines or forced to join the battalions of shop floor recruits / employed on an apprenticeship in some shitty factory or dropped into the blackness to harbour fear and self loathing in the dark tunnels that fed England's power stations / steel mills and boiler houses /

Thatcherism laid waste to generations from one humiliating existence for another.

A spiritual and pragmatic limbo of worthless hate, the only thing to do then was to come out fighting, yourself and often anyone who got in your way.

Lads were broken and the betting shop became a possible sanctuary, having learned the fruit machines in the pubs – the horses were the next step / the betting shops were recruiting centres for what became the 1980s' free-form gambling on the Stock Exchange / Lads had to go somewhere or we would have been broke and broken.

Greenwood's place in the arm-waving barracking furore of the bookies at the races or those of the Stock Exchange never seep into the piece, Greenwood was a foot solider, methodically cashing in other peoples dream wager / his was the faceless pale face one would meet at the dole office through plastic protection – sign here / hand over your slip and fall out to cash your cheque whilst peering at another faceless cashier through another barricade of plastic of the post office and into the bookies / an ever decreasing cycle of banal repetition of cash exchange.



Pressing forcing further his head and body into the wall, like a very naughty boy, flesh, head into the walled whiteness, I'm reminded of Santiago Sierra piece that engaged with war veterans to stand in silence, facing the wall, seen yet hidden, present yet shamed and unknown.

Greenwood eventually sinks crouched possibly broken in the corner of this cacophony of waste / LAD etched into white skin / above his head, the charm of gypsies is nailed into the wall / a horseshoe facing upwards becoming a \ U / shaped vessel of luck in a superstitious hope that all the luck doesn't spill out.

Lad Broke is more to do with identity of the bookies and the bureaucratic rituals of betting, and the relationship with the horse is a vehicle to carry the load. Mark can relate to a growing-up time where communities and industry and so identity were laid to waste by the impassioned slaughter of the working classes, in order to make us classless. He takes us on a ride into the bedlam that arises when human beings are degraded and something of life is ransacked; people have little else left but to take the gamble that could reclaim something back through acts of gamBling what we don't have in order to have what others may have.



**Nice Lad Broke Rose**  
Victoria Gray

'Lad Broke' (2012), a forty-eight hour performance by Mark Greenwood, explored the corporeal experience of gambling.<sup>1</sup> The work employed objects, sounds, texts and actions borne out of the environment of betting shops and exposed ways in which the physicality and materiality of gambling is deeply and dangerously governed by often covert political and economical systems. More than a work 'about' gambling, 'Lad Broke' reveals that the body, once part of an economy of 'loss and desire' (Greenwood, 2012) becomes lodged within a temporal and corporeal cycle of futile repetition and subordination. Therefore, the work and this text does not provoke a discussion about 'gambling' per se. Rather, it acknowledges the culture of gambling as a socio-political micro-system, using it as a lens to draw attention to the courting and commodification of the body by political and economical powers on a macro scale.

'Lad Broke' was not sited in a betting shop, nor did it attempt to re-create a literal representation of the betting shop environment in a gallery space. Instead, Greenwood selected from this environment a range of objects, sounds and actions. This distillation, rather than dilute the specifics of the culture of betting, was an apparatus that produced a very particular kind of attention. Greenwood's abstraction and amputation of these physical and tangible properties successfully focused on the sensorial and somatic affects that the ritual act of gambling has on bodies. Betting slips, envelopes, paper clips, pens, a chair and a table from which to 'work' from, were re-activated by the repetitive and futile act of writing the names of winning horses onto perilously thin slips of betting paper. This litany was carefully pinned above our heads to a ceiling of elastic, as stretched, taut and wrought as the stress provoked by the trauma of winning or losing. Over the duration of the work a canopy of slips formed.

In the corner of the room a recording of fierce commentary from thoroughbred racehorse Red Rum's five Grand National's (1973-1977) provides an ominous temporal pulse; underpinning and fuelling the works dynamic tensions. As Greenwood occasionally switches the record player between it's twin speeds we move into and out of pace's; peaks and troughs affect the heart rate, actively shifting the stakes at play. On the floor a grid structure is formed out of methodically placed sheets of newspaper, all detailing statistical betting information. The grid, not just an aesthetic component, proposes a choreographic structure of corridors with which Greenwood negotiates a variety of careful ritual pathways. This choreographic and poetic taxonomy of numbers and names sits below the canopy of words bearing the names of winning horses. The light-hearted titles flirt with each other; above and below us they provide comical and ironic juxtapositions, diverting our attentions from what is really at stake, the body.

This flimsy structure, like the delicate slips and fatigued body risks being blown away by a fan (brand: Greenwood air vac) that solemnly blows more cold air into an already, very cold space. What strikes is the lightness of materials and language for such a heavy subject. This paradox provides the most interesting tension, conceptually, syntactically but more so physically. The apparent 'weightlessness' of the paper with which Greenwood works for forty-eight hours exposes its heft on and through his body as we see the affects that these flimsy slips and invisible sounds have on his psyche and his soma. He lags, the elastic canopy sags, time drags and all evoke a powerful atmosphere of depression.

'Lad Broke', through performance of the physical and temporal modes of gambling, exposes its affective force and evokes the contemporary subject bound in the destructive cycles of illimitable capitalist society.

.....

*With sober and deliberate obstinacy Mark turns his back on us. Both of his hands are rooted in the pockets of a heavy three quarter length coat, both feet, shod in smart leather shoes are planted slightly apart. His forehead makes contact with the brick wall and at first this slight transference of weight seems to be a neutral resting. The longer his forehead impresses on the wall the more his weight is pushed and poured into the cold white brick. The initial act of resting, a compliance between forehead and wall becomes a penetration, an imposition. Like two bulls, Mark and the wall apply force and resistance in equal measure, tenaciously, pressure is displaced back and forth between the two. Paradoxically, this nudging gesture of the forehead is both stubborn and yet affects a softening, the position causes a gentle incline of the chin which in turn causes a slight elongation of the neck. The grace of this is undermined as the white cold temperature in the room is slowly embodied. This can be seen, felt and heard as a starkness; making bodies become tight. As Mark's chin arcs downwards we can hear the sharp drag of his nose as it recovers its abject dripping, in this scene we see and hear a possible grieving. There is no lightness in his gesture or his choice of attire and for forty-eight hours, Mark's body and the bodies of his witnesses will bear this weight.*

.....

Within the first few minutes of a forty-eight hour utterance, in this deceptively simple gesture, Greenwood's body has already offered us so much, too much perhaps. A forensic, anatomic 'reading' of this movement would glean so much physiological information that this whole writing could be centred around one gesture alone. For instance, his choice to use his forehead as the site with which to apply and receive the force of this first act of impression holds innumerable points of significance. In phrenological terms, the particular shape of a forehead is said to indicate intelligence, whilst esoteric

concepts of the third eye site the forehead as the gate to higher consciousness. Further, the movement of facial muscles in expression and communication produce wrinkled indents that tell us something of a body's lived experience.

In forty-eight hours time the smallness of this gesture will be forgotten and so it is the object of this text to preserve a minutiae of detail that may go undetected or ignored. The greater challenge being to write at the intersection of bodily and discursive practice. Particularly in the context of this work whose enquiry hypothesises that the body in action becomes a site of resistance to the restrictions and control of verbal language within social and political contexts (Greenwood, 2012). The danger of this control being, as Bojana Kunst observes, 'The body goes silent because it is hit by the sound of language from the outside' (Kunst, 2009). How then, by utilising the language that Greenwood's body seeks to disrupt can I perform this writing as a site of resistance? Particularly to the banal rhetoric of performance discourse. At my own limits, I'm not sure that I can and this is the critical point. The notion of the body as text, something inscribed upon, to be read and deciphered according to socio-cultural discourse negates a much more productive and antagonistic potential for the body. Whilst the body is, in Foucault's terms, conditioned through institutional discourse implemented through social and political control (Greenwood, 2012) this body also has the potential to inscribe back, to push against, in the manner of Greenwood's forehead against the wall, the limits of this discourse. The issue is, as Boris Charmatz and Isabelle Launay describe, 'the idea of the world as text', that is, 'the global understanding of the field of practices as a collection of signs enabling you to read a culture' (Charmatz & Launay, 2011, p.101). To read his body using the tools of the socio-political discourse he is trying to resist is perhaps only serving to re-inscribe the body with it. Using his body as facile evidence of the successes of these institutional powers. I have failed already, validating his performance and his hypothesis through Foucault, Kunst, Charmatz and Launay. I have allowed this prevailing discourse to penetrate and will no doubt continue to do so. Yet, how else can and do we write if not, in a paranoid fashion, from within this certifying rhetoric that potentially silences the body? Both the body of the performer and the writer.

The forty-eight hour duration of the work, according to 'conventional' temporal modes of performance was deliberately unmanageable, both for Greenwood's body and the body of his audience. The consequence of this unruly time was that the 'effectiveness' of the work and its potential to produce a commodifiable 'image' became ineffective. Its ability to be 'represented' exceeded the limits of representation. This 'effectiveness' is replaced by a concern for the works 'affectiveness'. That is to say, an experience of the work, in or as time, occupies itself with what the work feels like rather than what it looks like. The performance, or more specifically the body, is no longer considered as 'text' but 'texture' (Charmatz & Launay, 2011, p.101). Since 'knowledge is largely based on sensory perception' (Shusterman, 2000, p.138) then my knowledge of the experience of 'Lad Broke' is also, I believe, based on my sensory perceptions of the objects, actions and sounds within the work. Rather than concerning an aesthetics of gambling, or an aesthetics of Greenwood's work I will position this as a writing of the somaesthetics of 'Lad Broke'. As Richard Shustermann defines, 'Somaesthetics is devoted to the critical, ameliorative study of one's experience and use of one's body as a locus of sensory-aesthetic appreciation (aisthesis)' (Shustermann, 2000, p.138) and as such is concerned 'not simply with the body's external form or representation but with its lived experience' (Shustermann, 2000, p.139).

The challenge of 'writing' those kinesthetic sense perceptions that escape the economy of representation has critical potential; politically, socially and culturally. This demands an attention to the texture of Greenwood's 'corporeal' writing as a mode of presencing, to the ontological, physical and tangible body as it relates and encounters other bodies and objects in space (Greenwood, 2012).

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#### *HAND to MOUTH (Late PM: Early AM)*

*A lucky horse shoe climbs the wall and makes a backwards C. Using a hammer, like a digging heel, Mark pounds it so that it appears to smile, resembling a jaw or an open empty palm. Pacing, his feet skim the floor making a rasping sound. Both hands reside in empty dry pockets.*

*Carefully removing his heavy wool coat, Mark takes a careful seat on a blue plastic chair. Its legs graze the floor and bark at his weight. His legs are slightly apart, the same distance between his feet as when he stood with his head to the wall, toes are slightly turned out. With a slightly depressed chin, a beige promise in the form of an envelope is opened and discarded to the floor. Envelopes made for licking, hope sticks on the tip of our tongues, yet all we taste is glue. This toxic promise is not so much thrown but allowed to fall. Red Rum pulses in our ears and the dynamics of the 'race' pull against the drag of Mark's action. What is the potential for this commentary to escalate the heart rate, what are its maddening affects after so many years?*

*The dexterity of his hand and the choreographic in his gesture are still delicate. Such small slips for such big stakes. Such a small pen for weighty words. His white shirt, slightly crumpled like his posture is tucked, self consciously into black, formal trousers.*

*A micro-choreography of temperamental materials and permanent habits. The first betting slip is selected with his right hand, clamped between his index finger and thumb. With the same hand he secures the paper as he writes with his left. The middle finger of his right hand buckles at the joints as it presses down and the weight of the silver ring on this finger*

becomes like an anchor. His body weight leans into his right side as he writes the first winning name with his left hand – 'Nice Rose'. His head falls in synch to the right and there appears always to be a slight depression of the shoulders on this right side. The left hand takes a small red pen, no longer than a finger and the left hand writes. The left hand discards the pen to the left side, a collection of red plastic shards congregate on the concrete ground. I notice that the blue chair and the red pen signify the branding of LadBrokes betting shops and echo the cover of the Red Rum record. The left hand reaches for a paper clip causing an easing extension in his vertebrae. How intricate are the structure's of a paper clip and a spine, they have their own graceful engineering.

Greenwood stands and holding the slip in his right hand walks, heel-toe, slowly, arms slightly swaying. His left arm swings slightly more than his right. With his left hand, he pins the first slip to the elastic ceiling. A careful task, his little finger extends slightly. As he walks back to the table he flicks his wrist to adjust his cuffs, marginally too long.

A dance between the 'left' and the 'right'. Left-handedness, according to the French 'gauche' (left) has a parallel connotation of inelegance whilst 'droit' (right) signifies dexterity. 'Sinistra', Latin for left, in the Classical Latin era carried with it negative cultural meaning, to the point at which it is said to connote evil. What primary significance can these apparently secondary meanings have for a body that is read within the discourse of its culture. What cultural baggage do our bodies carry? What are the affects of these transgenerational hauntings on our physiology and our psychology?

A dance for the fingertips. The action takes place predominantly on and with these small ridged sensory pads. This observation should not be underestimated. The fingertips are where we receive sensory information through touch and are the most sensitive after the genitalia. Dactyloscopy, being the ability to identify using fingerprints and Dermatoglyphics, literally meaning 'skin carving' from the Greek derma (skin) and glyph (carving) forensically and scientifically testify to the information held and received through these delicate points. Mark's repetitive action demonstrates the physicality of gambling as its acts on and through the fingertips. It highlights that the 'sensory' act of gambling, the habitual attachment to the feel of it, its texture, is its potential for addiction. As we rub our fingertips together, a gestural sign for 'cash' we are teasing and activating our most sensory surface area of skin.

Air to Lungs. As we hold our breath (in anticipation of a 'win') we are de-activating our source of survival. He is more careful and more pensive than I have ever seen him before as he drags the blue chair like a body. Such a heavy, dragging, depressed sound-action, ominous like battle drums. He sits in a chair, clearly resting and breathes nervous air into a red balloon. This air feels and sounds dry, the action is arid, emptying a drought into a rubber balloon. The inevitable depression caused as the air is 'let out' makes a high sound, like the sound of ringing in ears after bad news, a shock or a blast. Again, he holds the tip of the balloon in his fingertips, controlling the sound as it exhales painfully like a scream. Red Rum is caught in the run off groove and there is a counter sound, low, calm yet laboured.

He releases the balloons to his side and the fan blows them carelessly, each one nudging at his ankles like a cat. His eyes are closed and the betting slip is secured over them like a visor, held by an elastic band. The fan blows the paper and it moves like an elephants trunk. The elastic is cutting his circulation and so the skin at the top of his forehead bulges uncomfortably becoming slightly red, below the elastic line we see whiter, bloodless skin. An impression has been made and we see this as he removes it from his head. The whole room seems to breathe again.

#### TEETH and JAW (Late AM: Early PM)

There was a moment when the whole ceiling bounced. Mark is standing with his back to the wall, wedged into a corner, he has pens in his mouth, approximately 37. They stick out like 37 sharp plastic tongues or darts. The thin skin around his eyes is dull like smoke and dry like crepe paper, he could be asleep standing up. In a distant warehouse we can hear the sound of drills which echo the sound of the chair that dragged the floor late last night. Red Rum is on speed.

Mark wears his coat, both hands in pockets, the left side of his coat collar is up, incidentally protecting the left side of his neck from the chill. The cold is less white and more yellow today since there appears to be a meek watery sun. The back of his skull rests against the wall in what appears to be a very particular place. Due to the angle of the tilt his neck strains and we can see his throat swell each time he swallows. His pelvis tilts forwards allowing only his shoulder blades to touch the wall. His right foot nudges the wall for support, his right elbow doing the same.

His bones must be cold. I am very close to him and so I can see the bottom of his coat shake from the shivering temperature, the effort to breathe and the effort to stand up straight. His coat vibrates at almost the same speed as Red Rum.

I can see that his breathing is straining against his coat, his stomach presses between the upper two buttons. Breathing can only happen through his nose because his mouth is jammed with an abscess like wedge of pens. When Red Rum stops his lips open and the red darts fall. His eyes are now open but they are very closed. His lips are slightly downturned. Exhaustion writ in dense grey around the thin skin surrounding his glazed eyes. Even his hands look grey to me and his face has a sallowness that paradoxically make us more able to see 'Mark' than we were last night. In the beginning it was possible to detect a slight sun tan from a recent trip abroad but cold and lack of sleep has depleted it.

*He peels away from the wall and a white impression has been left on his coat from the leaning, a shading on his scapula and his buttocks shows areas of weakness. I notice a similar transference on the clothes of the audience as they too have adopted similar postures and are marked with a similar branding of the space. He makes his audience wait and we begin to stoop as a result of our long stand. We lean and kneel in those same postures of loss. There is white at the edges of his pockets, dust from his busy, sensitive fingertips. He returns to the table and continues the betting slip task.*

*He has adopted a straight back at the chair, asserting himself, a mode of self preservation. That necessary lift in the centre, in those deep core muscles that support the spine make space in the vertebrae and his energy seems to be projecting up. It appears he is able to perform his micro-choreographic betting task simultaneously now. As he gets quicker and more practiced he becomes part of a system. Actions that were once mindful, become dangerously auto. As the writing goes on the impression gets deeper, he marks the letters over and over, perhaps to pace himself? Red Rum has ran its course again and is caught in the run off groove, sounding like a yawn.*

*His knuckles rap on the wall in dialogue with the run off groove. His forehead presses the wall again, occasionally his head tilts to the side. He moves almost imperceptibly, dragging his head along the wall as his feet take small shifts. Impressing more force he uses his shoulders, batting right and left repeatedly against the wall in a desperate corner of the space. The energy depletes, the knocking stops, hands become limp and sore and return to safe pockets.*

*Hunger. Consumption. He chews the betting slips and spits them out again. Poor sustenance for forty-eight hours. Later he is found almost gritting his teeth, his jaw locked tight like gripping a horses bit. Time is clearly digging in, time is becoming a sore material. He rests against another wall and faces the barred up windows. He has his hands in his pockets and he is looking hard as if into an expansive outer space. Time is a desert, uncultivated but not infertile. I am close and the window, in all its detail is reflected in his eyes. There appears to be so much at stake, a decision perhaps to stop? A ship blows its horn three times from the Mersey and we are suddenly reminded of our geography, slightly more 'located'. His eyes shift from side to side and as he regards us something in the atmosphere is lifted. We witness an ontological shift in the performance, it is softened, like balm or warm water. A second wind(fall).*

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Greenwood's hypothesis extends to the powerful idea of the body as an archive, activated through the immediacy of performance. The notion of the body as knowledge is as performance artist Boris Nieslony describes, 'The body as a quarry' (Nieslony, 2011), something to be mined. I subscribe to this and so have to ask, what value does this writing have? How does my language mediate and undermine Greenwood's desire for an unmediated body? What currency does this writing have in the archive of Greenwood's work? How does it name his body and as such seep into his body archive? Mark Franko states, albeit in relation to the study of dance, 'The methodological challenge we face is to articulate awareness of the traffic between bodies and ideologies.' (Franko, 2007, p.19). I would exceed this and say that the real challenge we face is how to articulate the affect that this traffic between bodies and ideologies has on our body's, without, and this is the difficulty, doing so in the language of these powerful ideologies and institutions. Without labouring the point, the work, sited in a disused building in Liverpool might oppose, 'the institutional control exercised by galleries and theatres in an artistic context' (Greenwood, 2012), however we see a paradox in that the work is framed within the context of a PhD submission with external examiners present. Perhaps this provides an interesting yet unresolved constructive tension. Greenwood is a performance artist and I believe, for him this is political. Yet, his site of resistance, however far it is 'physically' situated outside of the 'institution' is still conditioned through, 'institutional discourses that are implemented through authoritative modes of writing and surveillance' (Greenwood, 2012). This being the case I have to include myself here in this act of writing, along with the academic committees that will decide the 'value' of his work based on an economy of knowledge and understanding, that I am certain, we all feel uncertain about.

If this is true, where do we direct our energy as we press our foreheads, ineffectually against the institutional wall? Critical theorist Bojana Kunst offers an important proposition that I will quote at length,

The question remains, however, what kind of power these kinds of interventions have today. As we know, the history of performance art is already institutionalised and categorised - far from its original, nearly romantic idea of the guerrilla and oppositional interventions from the margin. With the institutionalization of the medium of performance art (following, archiving, framing and systematic studying), and especially with the inclusion of performance art into modernist museum and contemporary curatorial projects, we can no longer talk about performance art as a sort of guerrilla. For quite some time today, it has been impossible for us to imagine that performance art would work this way - i.e. encroach upon the centre from the margin and then recede again. The contemporary situation of art production is structured and transparent: today, the centre is well aware of the whereabouts of the guerrilla at all times - which is one of the essential traits of detecting and identification of novel and different things in today's contemporary art. The situation is not nearly as utopian as it used to be at the beginning of performance art; it actually seems deeply dystopian. It is impossible to neither persist on the margin, nor survive in the centre; where, then, is the place for the contemporary cultural and social potency of performance art to move and operate? (Kunst, 2003)



So, the wider question that Greenwood's work raises is, how does 'performance art', as guerrilla, retain its political potency when its guerrillaness is increasingly subjugated by central powers, be it the academic or art world institutions? We see the centre manoeuvring itself to capitalise on performance art in projects such as 'BMW Tate Live: Performance Room' (2012) and Tate's unveiling of two underground performance spaces as part of the Cultural Olympiad, both of which are former oil tanks. Interestingly, these tanks push performance still further underground, however, any critical and political potential to be gleaned from this 'undergroundness' is stripped given their former use. It is unclear how endorsement by BMW will reinforce the political and critical potential of performance. Rather it fuels, 'a frustration with corporate and state collusion in the management of not only political and economic, but cultural life where individual and collective autonomy are at stake' (Greenwood, 2012). Kunst develops her argument in saying,

The centre still isn't precisely aware of where the guerrilla is, but the central system is spread in such a way that every guerrilla, as minor as it may be, can be organized and represented. A consequence of such organization is thus a society depoliticized in character, resulting from the fact that every particularity has already been placed within the social structure [...] (Kunst, 2004)

So how does Greenwood's performance attempt to intervene in this social structure if the structure is auto-intelligent enough to recognise and subsume even rogue attempts? How does it attempt to re-claim the political potential of performance? How does it rescue the body from becoming, 'a site of colonization, where the self is created through commodity' (Greenwood, 2012). I believe the performance does this most successfully in and through its use (and perhaps misuse) of time. The forty-eight hour duration becomes critical for the work's criticality. Art Historian and theorist Maria Walsh states,

Artistic practice is suffused with the sense of time as a force that unsettles our allegiances to the structures that determine identity. Time as an unmanageable force ruptures identity formations and opens them up to the chaotic components from which they evolved and cohered. In being open to these unbound elements, the subject has a chance to reformulate connections or to be unwittingly reformulated. (Walsh, 2005, p.2)

Walsh asserts that time as unmanageable force leaves us open to unbound elements. Here, there is hope. This unclassifiable and unrepresentable experience of boundlessness and immensurability does not necessarily return us to an emancipated, clearer sense of our identity or subjectivity. Rather, it has the critical potential to thoroughly unsettle and dispossess us. That the temporality of the performance institutes the conditions for a loss of 'self' recognition, through the failure of representation and easy identification, is its most 'effective' strategy for intervention. If we subscribe to the Foucauldian notion that, '...we experience ourselves as subjects insofar as we have been summoned into such a belonging and insofar as we recognize ourselves as such within the context of a given set of institutional power relations' (Anderson, 2010, p.4); once we lose that false sense of 'belonging', facilitated and fabricated by the temporal and institutional structures that secure our identity, perhaps then we can critically intervene. A surprise attack. Bojana Kunst describes this better saying,

It seems that when the temporal experience of the subject cannot be embraced as a coherent unit, but as a flexible, heterogeneous and contradictory one, the subject cannot be subjugated by the social organizational structures of production and the subject's experience of time is not subdued into being merely effectiveness. (Kunst, 2010)

Once our subjective experience becomes representable it becomes commodifiable. Therefore, it is not the effectiveness but the affectiveness of the body, in all its unrepresentable glory, that has the critical potential to disrupt the centre. It is time to sharpen our senses.

.....  
*Happenstance delivers Red Rum's actual horse shoe, or so legend has it. I wonder what this piece of metal would be worth on the racing market. Mark invites us to hold the shoe with him, our hands supporting it at opposite ends. There is a charge, perhaps an alchemic transference between two people, performer and audience. Whatever it is I cannot explain. As Mark and I hold the shoe together it vibrates. Perhaps he is squeezing and willing its strength through osmosis, perhaps he is still shaking from the cold? His eyes look down and for all the lightness and hope of this short 'lucky' embrace we can see that brevity will give way to depression, as a loss must always follow a gain. The pathology however is not in the individual, it is in the system (Gregory Bateson).*

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## Appendix C

### Jon Davies transcription of Vanessa Bartlett's Dictaphone Recordings of Lad Broke (2012)

Mark Greenwood 3

00:00 Ambient noise, shuffling

00:38 Cage rattling

Mark Greenwood 4 20:47

VB: The space is also filled with some rather strange objects; there's a hammer and a number of balloons, lots of betting pens that have been discarded, suggests that things have happened here have been a little bit scary (00:21 balloon pop), particularly the hammer against the wall. There also seems to be an endless supply of paperclips and pens scattered

Mark Greenwood 5 20:48

00:00 ambient noise

00:10 small distant click

00:17 VB: mm? it's alright. I just occasionally say things (laughs). (in a whisper) I've decided I want to walk around with a Dictaphone for the rest of my life, it's so much fun.

00:38 whispered conversation

00:43 VB: It's quite hard whispering

00:47 quiet talking between two

00:58 That's why it's better to leave it on, just if you kind of think of something or you just say it you can stitch it all together, like you don't have to get it first time. but with tweeting you've got to nail it.

1:20 NJ: yeah when you wake up in the morning and you're thinking, 'how do I summarise that...'

1:27 VB: ...in a tweet? (laughs) I know, yeah it's sad isn't it? (laughs)

1:41 (distant sound of dropping light object, mumbled conversation)

1:52 VB: It's sort of like a little island

1:55 – 2:17: mumbled conversation

2:28 VB: What's the story with the elastic bands because I thought they were string when I first came in? He didn't tie them all together did he?

2:34 NJ: yeah

2:35 VB did he? Is it part of the performance?

2:36 NJ: He did it before the performance... with string it would've taken ages, but because they stretch

2:48 VB right, okay... still seems quite a lot

2:52 NJ: He was quite specific with the formation as well of two stars... Two five pointed stars, and I asked 'how did you figure that out?' and he said he was just fucking around.

3:47 VB: (sniggering)

3:52 Loud balloon burst

3:54 VB: I was talking about... I was talking to Lucy (close microphone ruffling) about how it changed the performance about angst  
4:17 NJ: A bit dark  
4:18 VB: Yeah  
4:19 NJ: (whispering)  
4:26 Close microphone ruffling  
4:42 Close microphone ruffling  
4:54 distant recording of a voice (Red Rum LP)  
5:01 pen dropping from a distance  
5:05 low sharp noise with a distant gasp of pain  
5:08 distant occasional whispering and chatter  
5:46 door creaking open, then shut; car driving past in the distance  
6:06 sharp dragging sound, moving of object on the floor  
6:18 pen dropping  
6:25 slow dragging of object on the floor  
6:44 light scratching sound, possibly of pen scribbling  
7:02 close microphone scratching  
7:14 distant ring tone; slow object dragging  
7:39 pen dropping; slow object dragging  
7:54 close microphone scratching  
8:02 distant heavy sole footsteps  
8:20 closer footsteps moving into a more reverberated area  
8:30 door creaking open  
8:35 door creaking shut  
8:40 door closing, shutting with a loud knock  
8:50 close microphone ruffling, muffled speaking  
9:05 distant speaking  
9:11 close click  
9:19 quiet chatting in the background  
10:27 distant loud hammer, 3 taps  
10:45 door creaking open, creaking shut  
10:59 low almost brassy sound, possibly chair moving  
11:05 distant sharp wooden thud  
11:20 soft microphone ruffle  
12:00 distant chatter  
12:13 doorbell ring, one person moves across the room, opens and closes door  
12:45 VB talking in the distance  
12:54 door creaking open  
13:00 door creaking shut  
13:13 close microphone scratching,  
13:40 sound of faucet  
13:46 VB: (sniggering)  
13:55 metal object falling

Mark Greenwood 6 21:11

VB: So there's just been a little bit of a peek in the action, Mark has just opened 2 absolutely enormous tins of dog food, and several bags of what appear to me to be

monopoly money. He's laid those out on two centerfolds from a newspaper, which contain gambling listings for a horse racing, presumably. So there seems to be... some kind of suggestion that he's now going to do something with these.

He's gone back to hanging the names of horses around the space. Desperately want to know what's going to happen with those two huge cans of dog food

Mark Greenwood 7 21:13

VB: There's obviously a really strong emphasis on the idea of gambling, not just in terms of horse racing and literal ideas like that but also I think I'm getting a sense of a wider critique around consumerism and the way that we place such importance on money and commodities in contemporary society. Certainly the laying out of the Monopoly money kind of suggests ideas about wealth and game playing I suppose the idea that wealth and economic affluence is just a game. (Distant bang 00:43) He has opened two packs of Monopoly money and has laid out the notes in chronological order so the highest value at the top and the lowest value at the bottom, so I think there's a 250, a 100, a 50 and a 25.

Mark Greenwood 8 21:16

VB: In part of room is a series of Polaroid photographs that looks as if they've been taken throughout the duration of the performance, so there's images of Mark standing against the wall with his face down as if he's in the naughty corner and then there's (door bell rings 00:27) another photograph of him with a cardboard over his face and his hands, also a rather fetching one of Mark stood with a balloon over his head and another one of a lucky horse shoe that was also laid in the centre of the performance piece, in the photograph Mark seems to be holding it with another person and they're sort of pulling it towards each other as if it's a wishbone they're trying to break maybe or something they're fighting over, they both want the luck of the horse shoe. There's quite a lot of images of Mark writing and hanging up these betting cards which seem to be the main act of the performance. The changing light is really beautiful because it shows the passage of time.

Mark Greenwood 9 21:24

Ambient sound, quiet and steady creaking

00:51 Single loud click, machinic like a stop button on a tape machine

Mark Greenwood 10 21:57

VB: So Mark is now emptying a can of dog food all over the floor, it's a really big can of dog food. I'm sure it must be over a kilogram.

Mark Greenwood 11 21:58

VB: So he's about to empty the second can of dog food. (Slow patters of food emptying on the floor in short sharp sequences) (Gasp and intake of breath)

Mark Greenwood 12 22:02

00:07 sound of a hollow vessel dropped on the floor

00:11 person murmuring, coughing

00:19 sound of liquid being decanted into a hollow vessel

00:30 person coughing lightly

00:40 sound of a hollow vessel dropped on the floor

00:57 sound of a heavy object dropping, and rolling along the floor