

The Untimely Object

Beginning:

This piece of writing and I have been locked in a battle. Even now it has been almost a year since the actions took place. I have been struggling with how to not only just describe the actions that took place as a part of Ivan Lupi's final 'Untimely' series at Scott Lawrie Gallery in Tamaki Makaurau, but how to create a piece of writing that also implicitly understood the nature of performance action. How does one translate actions by the human body in space, into text? How do text and translation 'perform', as we the artists did? And how do I articulate the residuum of these actions, continue their 'meaning' after the fact? Time and memory plague the question of 'Performance Art'. In writing this, they have both plagued me and are proving difficult foes that I feel I have to grapple with. Both are fallible, unclear forces that are present yet unseen, and are leaving me in a quandary.

PERFORMANCE ART DOES LANGUAGE

UNTIMELY IS A SERIES OF TRANSLATIONS, WHERE TRANSLATION IS AN UNDERSTANDING AND
COMMUNICATION IN A PROCESS OF TRANSFORMATION

WE TAKE MANY DIFFERENT LANGUAGES: OBJECT, MUSICAL, BODILY, ART HISTORICAL, AND TRANSLATE
THEM INTO A NEW ACT THROUGH PERFORMANCE

After much wrestling, writing, re-writing; after hundreds of sentences were snipped into the digital rubbish bin of my laptop and many meandering thoughts were battered into my keyboard, the battle turned in my favour, and I nailed down an analysis and a structure. The key to bringing each action into conversation, translation, with each other is the art object that came out of these 'Untimely' performances; a canvas substrate that we all performed atop of, which seems to me a unique structure in the performance art object canon. It is my Behistun Inscription to hold, when I became lost in attempting to grasp a sea-spray of gestures. These series of gestures or acts and their documentation through the canvas substrate, serve to articulate the ways in which action, gesture and physical experience are enmeshed within one another. Gestures and the ideas they sprout do not simply follow a singular arrow, moving from one to another. The trajectory of gesture is not linear, it is an ongoing process.

THE CANVAS AS THE VISCID SURFACE WHERE GENERATION OF MEANING IS CAUGHT

FOUR PARTS DIVIDED INTO TWO FOR FOUR ARTWORKS ATOP A FOUR-SIDED OBJECT.

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Start:

The Canvas piece is 4 things.

It is a Blanket.

It is a Net.

It is a Substrate.

It is a Remnant.

The Performances were 4 parts.

"Ring the Praises" by Eve DeCastro-Robinson.

"Blue Rosary" by Sung-Hwan Bobby Park.

"MY SKIN IS OPEN // RED RAW" by Myself.

"Together at a Given Distance in Space and Time" by Ivan Lupi.

3 performances in sequence

One after the other

1 Performance

Continually happening around the others.

And a canvas substrate injected underneath, marking the
performance space.

Substrate and catcher of actions in time. The performance relic, something transformed by the act and imbued
with the time of each. It contains different types of marks:

That of writing and kneeling.

That of making, producing, and adorning.

That of the body, skin, hair, and blood.

It is not detritus, it is considered, yet bears no resemblance to
intention in mark making, intention in object. Its creation came
about through its injection underneath the actions, a net in the
flat plane, catching remnants and tracking time. The injection is
where the artistic intention of this object sits, it's conceptual
net ensnaring each of us, catching residuum.

Demarcating space where the borders of the performance are
patrolled by bleeding footsteps, but it is protective. The net of
the canvas means we will not bleed away, the audience cannot
take from us, we become nestled inside of it.

These performative acts occurred as a part of Ivan Lupi's 'Untimely' series.

Untimely is before it should have.

An untimely death

Untimely is occurring at an inopportune moment.

An untimely erection

Untimely is unexpected and unplanned.

An untimely collision

'Un' as a prefix renders something 'Not'
'Reversed'
'In opposition'

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Who?

Eve DeCastro Robinson is a Composer, Music Consultant and Writer based in Tamaki Makaurau Auckland. The afternoon before the performance began, she said to me that 'normally I compose the pieces, the ideas, and direct other people in doing them. This is the first time I'm performing a piece just myself'.

Ivan Lupi is a Performance artist currently based in Otautahi Christchurch, hailing from Italy. To quote him, quoted in another piece of writing about his work, he has said "the longer I am doing an action the more I feel my body is useful for a good cause". He is deeply kind in his words, his thoughts and in his time.

I am a Performance artist based in Te Whanganui-a-Tara and my skin always itches.

박성환 Sung Hwan Bobby Park is a Visual artist and Ceramicist based in Tamaki Makaurau Auckland also. This was his first performance of his making-practice. We agreed that the change in color for generic P.R.E.P. was not as compelling as the original shade of blue.

The three of us were invited to take part in Ivan's 'Untimely' series at Scott Lawrie gallery; a series where Lupi was given Carte Blanche to enter the gallery, and perform anything, with little notice. In this instance, Ivan pulled us all in together and asked us to perform something that we had not done before with a maximum length of an hour each - these were the only instructions.

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Descriptions:

The day of our 'Untimely' actions was in four parts with four titles. In succession, Eve, Sung, then myself entered into the right-hand half of the gallery where a canvas substrate, approximately 2.5x2.5m, was neatly affixed to the floor, dead center of the space. One after the other, we performed our actions in the middle of this substrate, while Ivan continually walked in a circle around us, tracing the boarder of the canvas, and every once in a while, sitting down to open up a wound on the soles of each foot with a tattoo gun.

Eve - "Ring the Praises".

DeCastro Robinson enters into the space carrying a tray, on which rests 8 wine glasses in green and red, a blue glass bottle filled with a dark liquid, a small blue vessel filled with powder, one wooden calligraphy brush and one small wooden mallet. She walks to the center of the canvas, kneels, then arranges the glasses in a circle around her. The glasses rest tightly inside the ring traced by Lupi, right next to his footfalls. In front of her she places the blue bottle, the blue vessel and the 2 wooden instruments.

Thus arranged, the second part of the action begins as a flow of repetitions; A glass is filled with the red substance now apparent as wine, a name and an age is spoken to the glass, the brush is dipped in the wine and these names appear in the marks made on the substrate. Sand from the small blue vessel is scattered over the marks, the glass is struck with the mallet (a number of times in line with the ages spoken seconds before) a deep bow is taken and the words 'Thank you' are uttered. These steps are repeated 8 times.

Then the bells are rung. Freely she builds up resonances, chiming each glass, tolling the liquid bodies that stand in for the ancestors. She makes their glass bodies sing and builds ringing sounds that pierce the gallery, until to the din she adds her voice. Wordless exaltations that soar. The sounds swoop upwards and call out to the family remembered, to be gradually drawn back in, back to quiet.

We linger in quiet for minutes more, when DeCastro Robinson then methodically gathers the objects around her, places them back onto the tray, and exits the substrate. Upon her exits she leaves only wine and ash marks caught in the canvas weft.

Footsteps are constant around this first hour; clear lines of bloodied footfall are beginning to be caught. They appear as directional marks, not yet overlapping and disappearing into each other. Ivan stops only to sit and open the wounds on his feet, and then continues his march.

Sung Hwan Bobby Park - 'Blue Rosary'.

Sung wander over to the substrate and takes time organizing his tools about him; A drill, silver trays, bottles, skewers, a vape. He is dressed in a pair of white briefs, a white singlet, and socks. His legs and arms bare, a silver necklace about his throat. His shoulders and chest move slowly with his breath, and the occasional hoon of the vape.

From the white pill bottle in his left hand, Bobby Park casts oblong blue pills onto a silver tray. These pills are PREP pills, which always come in a dazzling, vivid blue, are used for the prevention of HIV contraction. Standing for 'Pre-Exposure Prophylaxis' is antecedently taken in the prevention of an illness. This little blue pill has become something that is a regular part of many gay and queer men's lives. I take it every day, and I integrate the chemicals Emacitracibine/Tenofovir into my system, into the lining of my anus, of my mouth, and am decorated with its protective layer.

With a bottle worth of pills on a tray, Bobby Park takes a drill with a fine silvered point, and punctures each one through the middle. Some crumble and crack, spitting white powder, but most retain their shape held in by their blue membrane. Each is skewered and dipped in a clear epoxy then stood upright to dry.

Pills now preserved into glinting beads, they are strung methodically onto fishing line caught between one hand and Sung's teeth. It is not a grimace or a forceful bite, but a simple hold, a deft grip. Every once and a while, a small pearl is strung onto the thread and a rosary emerges. A PREP blue rosary. The rosary made, Bobby Park crafts the remaining blue beads and white pearls into a pair of earrings. Threaded onto fishing line and finished with silver hooks, they are then stitched into the substrate, in the top corners. Our substrate is pierced, it is punctured, and then adorned with the jewelry made atop its body.

The pearl necklace is important to remember here.

Bobby-Park told me over conversation that these freshwater pearls came from a necklace he bought himself at 18 years old, when still closeted.

These are the most beautiful pearls in the world.

Myself – “MY SKIN IS OPEN // RED RAW”.

The third action of the day was my own. I had developed it a week before Ivan invited me to perform (An instance of the 'timely'). The action is easy to follow.

I entered naked into the space with a silver tray filled with water, placed it at the center of the substrate, resting in amongst sand and wine, pill powder and 2 earrings, Ivan and his footfalls. I step into it.

I breathe deeply.

Then after a time, I begin scratching my skin starting with my shoulders. I scour them completely, ensuring my nails traverse every centimeter of skin. My hands begin to move down my body, across my chest, down my sternum through to my belly. My nails dig into my hip bones, groin, tracing down my thighs. The soles of my feet are not spared, as I lift them from the water-filled tray and scrape them.

This is repeated, until every surface of my skin is articulated and red raw.

A pause.

I then reach down into the tray and begin rinsing my skin with the water contained there. Washing off the irritated skin, the small splatters of blood, the skin cells and body-hair that had been dislodged by my scratching's. I cool my body from foot to scalp, and the water is collected in the tray (some splashes onto the canvas).

A pause.

Then after a time, I step out of the tray and drip onto the substrate, the effluvia filled water soaking in to the canvas, trace one circle around the edges, then I leave.

Two sounds combine in the otherwise silent gallery while I perform. The periodic buzz of Ivan's tattoo gun that sounds whenever he re-opens the wounds on his soles and the constant grrrrrruuuuuickk of my fingernails digging into my skin.

Ivan Lupi – “Together at a Given Distance in Space and Time”

“Together at a Given Distance in Space and Time” is constant, ongoing as each of us enter and then exit.

The action is direct; Lupi ruminatively walks a circle around the border of the substrate, periodically sitting down to the side where he takes a tattoo gun and carves a line into the soles of each foot. Each time he rests, he slowly draws the vibrating needle point down the center of his soles, then resumes walking.

As the 4 hours unfold, the lines of blood build up on the substrate, subtly leaving traces of his steps that unfold into time. Marks that age in front of us, as they are made, morphing from a cordovan to a puce. Marks that fold into each other, creating a humming reddened halo quietly around the edges of the substrate.

This is the thread that binds us.

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Analyses:

Eve:

Think of this as a musical composition. Think of this as a Sonata-Allegro, of sorts. In this way, I am able to think of this performance as both an act, but also as a process of expression and translation through act. A moment where multiple threads of language (Performance, Musical, Mourning and Arts) are pulled together through action, the action being the translation device to express this.

"Ring The Praises" sits as a sonata, with a clear Exposition, Development and Recapitulation.

A progressive Sonata is "characterised by experimentation, [its] style more subjective' (Woods, 8).

A sonata "Creates its design in time' (Webster, 1)

Sonata-Allegro

Introduction:

Atonal material is introduced, thematically and harmonically at a ruminative pace. We see the harmonics appear as glass and liquid - Eve builds a glass harp in front of us and we know the timbre will be light and glassy, the harmony will be atonal yet pleasant, devoid of a particular key, driven by the resonance of material, the quality of the composition to come will focus thematically on reminiscence through ethereal sound.

To start the Sonata, sound is translated through visual introductions, the harmony determined as a visual association to timbre, the theme teased out through associated meaning. A semiotic conversation of languages.

The Stage is set.

Exposition:

Our visually heard harmonic qualities are further determined as progressive harmonic movement and our two contrasting tonal areas are determined.

Main Theme: This is where our tonic is determined. Where our home key, our tonal center is outlined. It is the place from where the piece will build from, where we are grounded and located within. Our tonic here is the striking of the wine glasses with the mallet, slowly, in number configurations - crystalline soundwaves in atonal pitch.

Second Theme: Tension and contrast here begin, with the Dominant introduced. The fifth scale degree in a diatonic setting, here the dominant is the pouring of sand. Pouring downward against striking outward, and a quiet sprinkling dispersing granules of sound.

Development:

A ruminative beginning transitions into a swelling middle; here, 'Ring the Praises' begins a prolongation of the previous movement through many tonal relatives.

The tonal relatives, familial timbres, are DeCastro Robinsons free striking of the glasses. The methodical strikes develop into textural clouds of strikes that rise and fall, our main theme is stretched and pulled.

The pouring of sound is extended by DeCastro Robinsons pouring of her voice. The wordless vocalizations as granules that flow freely overtop the complex sonic textures, soaring and falling as sand is poured and caught by wind.

Recapitulation:

The multilayered and textured music is returned to a final repetitive strike, re-initiating the tonal center, ending where we began.

Sung-Hwan:

The process of object creation here cannot be thought of without the process of labor. To labor over a crafted object. This labor then connects into the process in which meaning is generated and constructed, through labor. Where meaning is 'languaged'.

The breakdown of the object as always already, as a static object bereft of labor and of construction, is utilised here in order to understand the construction and loss of life that led to the creation of anti-retroviral drugs such as PREP, while maintaining the constant liveness of queer health.

There is a context that this drug arises from, and although it has reached a certain cultural and medical ubiquity in much of western queer culture, it did not arise as an always already object. Its

consumption is presupposed by INHERENT RISK. My existence is presupposed as at risk. The sex I have is thought of as endangering, even as I myself am considered a danger to the world around me.

I know I am deeply lucky to be able to have this blue blanket of protection. We must remind ourselves that the protective garland we now metaphorically wear, has a lineage that produced it through a magnanimous amount of effort and labor. Drug-Research into prevention and treatment of the HIV and AIDS was explicitly underfunded and avoided through the late 70's and 80's - the first anti-retroviral to treat HIV was not approved by the American FDA until 1987, PREP as an antecedently taken anti-retroviral preventative was proven as effective in a 2010 study. To gain access to medical treatments was a lengthy battle labored through protest,

It exists as chemical decorations around the body tense, in time, when the queer body is inextricable from risk (and perceived risk compensation).

The object Sung Hwan constructs is a woven articulation of our history rushing up to meet us. It is a meditation on those in the past who are not here, a recitation upon mysteries, profoundly aligning oneself with a historiographic and metaphysical cause.

Connected to a Marian meditation.

Mary, that symbol of life-giving protection. Mary, who gave birth to the one who died for us. Mary, who in amongst her 15 promises to those who pray with the rosary, she determines to offer "special protection and the greatest graces". The rosary is a meditation of protection, of graces given by one who is dead to those who are alive embodied through a tool of beads and string.

I do not have a god nor sacred mother. But I have blue pills that protect me from an illness that has decimated my community. Each pill is a prayer to the men we lost, to remember them and to promise that we will protect ourselves and our health, so that they are not forgotten. The rosary here acts not as a look into queer relationships to religiosity and presence within religious act. At no point is the rosary 'prayed with' by Bobby Park, nor is it used as that Marian tool. We instead see this type of object being constructed. We see the process with which it B E C O M E S, both illuminating the semiotic construction of protection and the protective as an object oriented language, but also as an emotive physicality. Bobby Park physically constructs his contemplation on his own health and the men before him, he softly ruminates his place within this through meditative creation.

Watching him do this creates pangs in my heart strings and recalls the many nights I have spent wondering if I am pre-determined to die because of how I fuck and who I love.

These are the tools of performance art as gesture. It both articulates and views construction through time, without disregarding and hiding an emotive agency. We view the process in which an object is produced. We witness the transformation from chemical objects to decorative jewels and divine protective - The static quality of these objects is reduced.

Through the hand of a gay man, the pills that practically offer him protection from disease by being brought INTO his body, are turned into symbols of protection to be worn OUTSIDE his body.

Myself:

I have always had problems with my skin. I've always had sore, oozing itchy, burning patches flare across my shoulders, armpits, calves, neck, thighs, ankles, eyelids, penis.

The shoulders are big ones - the marks have almost never gone away.

I shouldn't itch them. It makes it worse.

But my skin Burns

Yearns

Calls

Demands

For it.

Even though it spreads, draws blood, hurts, harms, it wants it.

It wants to be Scratched

Scraped

Clawed

So do I.

Water does soothe it for a time.

Here, I am attempting to focus in on the skin as a transitional site, that becomes inscribed with both the inward flow of desire and the outward extrusion of effluvia - how this process of inward/outward occurs simultaneously, being caught by the web of the skin.

The skin is a site of desire, it wants both pleasure and pain - when a skin wound is healing, it itches, calls for the fingers to dig into it and in doing so set-back the process of healing. It both re-constructs itself and desires its destruction. The skin is both open and closed - we think of it as a protective barrier that separates the internal from the external, a closed off surface marking or separating the sacred internal from the polluting influence of the external; However, for this heightened border to be constructed, there must be the 'base material' pre-supposing it. This base material is its pollutibility, its desire to be polluted even as we purports its active breaking from that

which pollutes. It catches both. When it is broken, the emotional state of abjection is created, that which 'Disturbs identity, system order; What does not respect borders, positions, rules; The in-between, the ambiguous, the composite' (Kristeva, 4).

So, this state or emotive experience is what I am focusing on eliciting with this performance - breaking and disturbing the construction of the skin as a cohesive whole, a respected border, and intentionally drawing out the effluvia that it contains. My body is not clean, cohesive, it is constantly in a state of inward and outward flows; skin and blood are two sites from which the gay man elicits anxiety in others, becomes a threat of disease and infection, always in movement. I want to articulate my body and skin in movement and transformation, point out its sites of lesions and unhealth, its sites of anxiety and pleasure.

The whole process makes my skin hot, it starts to secrete sweat as it is marked, as it starts to excrete blood and white blood cells. Indexical marks of a literal body in absence, in its impermanence. These traces are transformed and re-absorbed into water, which is then again marked as a site through the absorption.

The skin keeps moving.

Ivan:

To let blood is a very strong act, a very loaded one, a very personal one. It taps into something deep set within the human experience, and it is both a symbol of beginnings and endings. To witness this act, be invited to view the letting of blood in time, especially so.

To speak about this performance, I will talk through another of Lupi's works I feel deeply lucky to have witnessed. I translate back onto "Together at a Given Distance in Space and Time" through "Salut". I will stack analysis into poetic strata, see them as together in their given distances in time. On the 1st of December 2022, International Day of Aids remembrance, Ivan enacted his work "Salut". With one hand, he opened up and traced a + sign, the sign of positive, in the palm of the other. The audience was invited to assist him at points and also open this mark with the tattoo gun. Afterwards, I wrote the following:

Vibrations that tremble from the machine into my fingers and
rattle into my flesh and bones.
My palms sweat.

The twin thugs of death and silence being broken by long
drawn ringing's of the vibrating machine.

I breathe deeply and loudly
As I scar Ivan's palm, which I hold in my hand.

A small smattering of blood has sprayed onto my finger nails;
little droplets that mix with the sweat that my palms are
exuding. These liquids mixing together.

To extended ones hand out, to offer.

An emplacement of the desire to harm oneself, but to remove
the harm and use it as a vessel to care outwardly.

At a certain point I feel tears welling in my eyes. The body
responds to sights of liquids with liquids of pain.

Extending one palm out to those who live with HIV, and to the
memory of those who have passed from the infections.
Extending out to memory and remembrance.

The other hand extends out to those viewing, not with
antagonism, but with an ask for help. It is to ask us to help him
in remembering, to share in the weight. Though we may be
inflicting more pain, we share in it and become implicated.

Remembrance is often most exclusively offered to war,
catastrophe. A day of remembrance for our health in
catastrophe.

In our history, our blood and touch became touches and
liquids of death. The brushing of a hand was built up to signal
doom.

Not supposed to touch,
Bloody was hidden away.

To not be afraid of the queer body, to actively focus upon its
surface and what extrudes out of us. I use my body to
remember, as I am lucky enough to do so. I am lucky enough
to still bleed.

What does it feel like to scar the body of someone else?

What does it feel like.

I felt firstly in the sweat of my palms.

I second felt my heart rising and moving my blood, as Ivans heart also pushed the red red blood round his body and out of the wound.

I thirdly felt it in my lungs, which ballooned deeply.

It felt heavy and special.

I went up twice.

First, when Ivan gestured to me with his eyes and the machine held out in his other palm.

I traced or carved 2 lines.

After, the person sitting next to me asked "How was it?" To which I replied "A lot".

The second time, Ivan simply held out the machine gun, openly, and not gesturing to anyone. Waiting, letting someone in the audience come forth of their own volition, for whatever reason they may, and scar his palm.

There were longer silences at this point. And tension between those viewing - who will go up? Who will implicate themselves in this meaning?

This time I did 4 lines. And I breathed more deeply.

I took slow, full breaths using the complete arborescence of my lungs. 2 breaths per line. From the top down, then from left to right. And I repeated.

I held his hand a little tighter, firmer

Tracing and time Inscribed in the flesh.

If each line takes 5 seconds in contact to the skin to trace,
and if 150 lines are done, then the skin bares record of an
hour and 25 minutes of time inscribed into it.

It is a living, breathing document of time.

This action, for me, is clear and comforting. Ivan is letting myself and the other artists know that he, and the gestures of his art, will always be with us; remaining steadfast and caring, not matter the given distance.

Time is framed
and recalled as a series of marks
that build eternally over each other.

A repetitive gesture
of opening a wound
folding
back into the marks of blood
it leaves.

To pace, to walk.
Time is not a straight arrow.

The body indexes the world around it as objects also indexes the body. The indexical traces caught in webs,
states producing each other in process.

Not unlike
Sanguis
To
Cruor.

Blood that moves.
The internal,

Echoes of ritual sacredness,
The Sanguine,

To

Blood that is external,
Spiled,
Hemorrhaged.

Together
At a given distance
In space
And time

"[B]lood remains and remembers," (Blocker, 107)

Its visible presence, deliberate offering, outside of the body is referential to the body's absence by pointing to its impermanence, its shifting identification.

We remain.
We still bleed.
Ivan offers this to us, lovingly.
He salutes those who are positive in the world.

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The Canvas:

At an approximate approximately 2.5x2.5m, a square of canvas sits in the center of the right-hand gallery. Its colour is a yellow-toned white, not clean, or clinical or harsh, the colour of pale twine. It is taped to the floor along each edge with brown tape. With its edges held down, its surface spreads out underneath the performer's feet delineating or zoning the area in which the audience will see something occur, a sanctum of space of which they can observe but not cross.

In this way it was a blanket, to be piled with objects, brought in at the corners, tied, and foisted over a shoulder. A containment surface of fabric, typically used as the substrate upright, stretched over a skeletal frame, in order for marks to be made upon. For oils to be layered on its surface leeching their compounds into its weft, for acrylics to be glossily blended upon. A canvas in history has a connection to the making of marks and is typically the surface on which 'artworks' are created, and then it disappears. When I view a painting, I consider the way light is captured, how figures are represented, how colour is used, what the image makes me feel, and I disappear the canvas that supports these.

It has been moved from the walls, as if the back of a painting slid out from behind that which hides it, out of exhaustion. Although I now look down to see it, it is no longer vanished and here it will support 'artworks' without having to disappear. It is an untimely active player.

The canvas catches the brushstrokes in wine, holds the sand spread, and supports her body as she kneels on the floor. It holds the ritual in its folds.

The canvas absorbs garlands of bloody lines that fold back over themselves, in repeating circles. It illuminates the marks of a beating heart in absence, and it remembers.

The canvas is imbued with the chemical dust derived from the process of making PREP into jewels. It is then adorned by way of piercing, puncture, and stitch, with the jewels produced upon its surface. It is a decorated and chemicalized body, beautiful and protected.

The canvas soaks up water used to rinse and cool an inflamed, scratched, oozing and red raw skin-surface. The skin cells, hair follicles and blood swelling the fabric strands and holding within its blanketing folds, the traces of my naked and pained body.

Documents or documentations of performance actions, occur in 2 ways:

A document that occurs INCIDENTALLY as an outcome of the performance.

A document that occurs DIRECTLY as an outcome of the performance.

The incidental document

From these 2 modes, 3 more divisions arise:

Some performances focus solely on generating traces,

Some documents exist as non-representational portraits of actions through capturing these traces.

Some performances are transformed or translated into other artworks via photography, video, sound recordings.

A document that dissipates

A document that remains

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It has now been 2 years since the performances, since I began this piece of writing. I wonder where the Canvas is now. I would like to wrap it around my body and to close the distances between myself, this writing, the point in time its attempting to translate, the memory of traces left in the action, and the distance between myself, Ivan, Sung-Hwan and Eve. At least for a moment. Wrap myself and revisit togetherness. However, I don't need to. The 'Untimely' performances will continue to exist together, even at distance. They are untimely, and I carry them with me, indexed and warm, as the day we did them, at our given distances. My ears are ringing the vibrations of Eve's glasses, my tongue tastes the blue powder or crushed PREP from Sung-Hwan, my chest trembles the vibrations of Ivans gun, and my skin still itches.