PERFORMANCE SPACE

REFLECTIONS ON LIVWORKS 2017
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As Liveworks enters its fourth year, we wanted to take a moment to reflect on the growing legacy of the festival and to document some of the behind-the-scenes action that brings it to life each October. This new venture by Performance Space has grown significantly over its first three presentations and through this publication we hope to capture the thoughts, feelings and processes that the 2017 Liveworks Festival presented and provoked.

The purpose of this publication is the same as our goals for Liveworks itself: to support the development of new experimental work; to present this work to an informed and engaged audience; to provide insight into the artistic processes that shape experimental practices and to situate the work we do within the context of the Asia Pacific.

The contributions that comprise this publication take many forms and reflect the diverse ways in which each author participated in the festival. Caroline Wake writes about the history of Liveworks and reflects on the role of art as a refuge during a time of intense national debate. Caroline is an academic undertaking research into the Performance Space archive and brings this knowledge to her text, providing context for the festival in the broader history of the organisation.

Singaporean artist and participant in the Liveworks Lab, Cheryl Ong has created a sonic response that reflects her experience of being in-residence at the festival and, afterwards, at Bundanon homestead. Taiwanese academic and festival delegate, I-Wen Cheng writes from an international perspective, locating Liveworks in the global turn towards interdisciplinary practice and reflecting on the way this development has redefined audience relationships to art. This essay was originally written in Chinese and has been translated by Julia Chien.

In his conversational text the New Zealand-based artist Mark Harvey has captured the experience of presenting his series of durational performances Helping Hand across the span of the two-week festival. Through this narrative he gives an irreverent sense of what these participatory exchanges meant for both the artist and the audience, and what the lasting memory of these performances might be.

Interwoven through the publication is a photo essay by Australian-Filipino artist collective LabAnino that traces the development of their work This Here. Land. With members living in both Manila and Sydney, this work was created remotely with script development, set design and dramaturgy all occurring via endless online discussions. Through the essay LabAnino have documented this unconventional process, with the broken narrative reflecting the fragmentary manner in which the final performance came together.

We hope you enjoy these insights into Liveworks and enjoy looking at the festival through the eyes of these diverse respondents.

Jeff Khan, Tulleah Pearce and Katie Winten

Performance Space
SAMPAYAN PROCESS
PHOTO ESSAY BY
LabAnino

SAMPAYAN (n) clothesline
The LabAnino Process
THEN MIND MAP
LACE NOSTALGIA
CLEAR WHITE
BLACK VORTEX
PEOPLE
Unbeknownst to its directors, producers and curators, Liveworks 2017 would be framed by the Marriage Law Postal Survey. Confirmed by the High Court on September 7 and concluded by the Australian Bureau of Statistics on 15 November, the survey ended up bookending Liveworks, which took place from 19 to 29 October. Perhaps that’s why the old-fashioned saying ‘something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue’ came to mind when I was reflecting on what I had seen.

SOMETHING OLD. The first old thing is Liveworks itself, which is ten, five or three years old, depending on how you count. It’s ten if you consider that the first LiveWorks—it had a wayward capital at the time—was staged in September 2008, a mere 18 months after the organisation had moved from Cleveland St to Carriageworks—also possessed of an obtrusive ‘w’ then—and mere weeks before Artistic Director Fiona Winning would leave the building and Daniel Brine would take over. However, Liveworks is five if you consider the number of iterations there have been: after 2008 came the 2010 festival, followed by a five-year hiatus before it returned in 2015, reappearing annually ever since. For this reason, Liveworks in its current form is probably only three. While this version resembles its predecessors in that it combines dance, theatre, performance art, live art and visual art, it differs in its Asia-Pacific focus, which has sharpened with each iteration.

Of the 2017 performances, there were a few ‘old’ things or, as my mother taught me to say about my second-hand dresses, ‘new to me’. New to Sydney were Christian Thompson’s solo performance Tree of Knowledge, Geumhyung Jeong’s solo dance 7 Ways, Jen Jamieson’s one-to-one performance Let’s Make Love, Lz Dunn’s participatory open-air sound art piece Aeon, Eisa Jocson’s performance lecture Corponomy, Tetsuya Umeda’s site-specific installation Ringo, and Nat Randall’s The Second Woman. This last piece was perhaps the most anticipated because it felt – as Artistic Director Jeff Khan said at the launch – like a homecoming.

Over the past decade, Sydney audiences have seen Randall perform solo in her own Cheer Up Kid (2011) and Rhubarb Rhubarb’s Some Film Museums I Have Known (2011) as well as in the cast of...
Zoë Coombs Marr’s play Is This Thing On? (2014). She is also a founding member of two ensembles: as part of Team MESS, she devised and performed Killing Don (2009), This Is It (2010), Bingo Unit (2013), and Trojans (2014); as part of Hissy Fit, she performed I Might Blow Up Some Day (2015) and devised Supreme Ultimate (2016). The Second Woman feels like the culmination of all of this work: combining her charisma as a solo performer and actor with Team MESS’s participatory, mediatised aesthetic as well as Hissy Fit’s queer, feminist principles. The result made for obsessive, compulsive, repetitive viewing. Women in particular watched with a glee, horror and recognition as an apparently endless series of men walked into the pink room, set eyes on the blonde wig and red dress and started trying to play alongside the female protagonist.

Of the men I saw, some seemed to yield to their fate and play the scene pretty straight, as if they realised that the performance was almost airtight and any attempt to puncture it would only backfire. Other men revelled in it, baring their teeth and slamming the door. Still others tried to hijack the performance, for example with an overzealous dance along the wall. Perhaps the only participant who succeeded in subverting the scene was a young man who cast himself as Randall’s son. Suddenly the menacing script had a lightness to it, the dance looked like a mother and son bopping around the living room, and the $50 was received with the genuine gratitude of a starving uni student – ‘I fucking love you!’ While one might have expected the final man to be a family member, celebrity or some other surprise, he turned out to be just another guy. Once he had exited, Randall picked up the detritus (yet again) and pushed the trolley out the door (yet again) and with that, the third iteration of The Second Woman was over. The standing ovation that followed was the sound of a hero coming home and the sight of a stage full of women was glorious.

SOMETHING NEW. There were several premieres at Liveworks, including the world premieres of LabAnino’s This Here. Land and Justin Shoulder’s Carrion and the Australian premieres of Agatha Gothe-Snape’s Rhetorical Chorus, Geumhyung Jeong’s 7 Ways and Oil Pressure Vibrator as well as Mark Harvey’s Helping Hand. Of the world premieres, I paid the closest attention to This Here. Land, partly in anticipation of the artist talk. This work started outside the theatre doors and then proceeded through a series of installations, often splitting the audience into separate groups. Sometimes we were gently guided to the next scene and other times harangued, and this physical dynamic reflected a deeper dynamic, which saw the show oscillating between catering to the non-Filipino audience and letting them fend for themselves. When faced with a famous photograph, execution or national anthem I could read a scene but when faced with other images, such as a non-descript seaside village or the enactment of a famous painting, I was lost. The connection to Australia came via stories of life in suburban South Australia and inner-city Sydney, where relations between migrants and the First Nations are characterised by suspicion, on the one hand, and solidarity on the other. The promenade performance came to an end outside, when we found ourselves staging the opening image for the incoming audience. Was this a revolve or a revolution? It’s not always easy to tell the difference.

SOMETHING BORROWED. The third striking feature of Liveworks was the number of artists ‘borrowing’ from other disciplines. I am thinking here of conceptual artist Gothe-Snape presenting a theatrical work and visual artist Christian Thompson performing a semi-autobiographical work. Rhetorical Chorus polarised people, often along disciplinary lines. To generalise, those from a visual arts background read the work as a ‘visual opera’, in the words of one viewing companion. Or, they read it as a deconstruction and reconstruction of the canon and as a comment on the myth of male genius, reclaimed by a female collective. Those from theatre and performance, however, expressed frustration with the work’s slack dramaturgy, poor sightlines, and apparent disregard for the audience. For my part, trained as I am in theatre and performance studies, I felt that for a piece about history, Rhetorical Chorus demonstrated little knowledge or interest in theatre history, despite being appearing on a stage, seating the audience, and performing end-on. Of course, this art versus theatre binary is overly simplistic and Fiona McGregor’s review for The Monthly manages to capture some of the subtleties as well as what she calls the ‘strange magic’ of the piece.

Similarly, Christian Thompson’s Tree of Knowledge resembled autobiographical performances from the 1980s and 90s but did not acknowledge this resemblance. While watching him smoke a cigarette,
peel off hoodies, brush his hair, and eat a doll against the backdrop of videos playing on a screen upstage, I was reminded of a dramaturg who sometimes gives the feedback – ‘I can see two and I want to see three’. Setting two elements against each other will only take a scene so far. Without a third element, there is not enough work for the audience to do: to examine how the first element works with or against the second, which undermines or underscores the third, which in turn strengthens or subverts the first. Perhaps that also explains why, for a fleeting moment, I thought that Tree of Knowledge might be better realised as a series of GIFs. Yet all my dramaturgical opinions dissolved when I heard Thompson in conversation with curator Clothilde Bullen. Suddenly I had a sense of the performer, his history, his training and his sense of humour. In the course of this conversation, he revealed that his next project will be in VR, so perhaps my thought about the GIFs wasn’t so wide of the mark. Taken together, Rhetorical Chorus and Tree of Knowledge demonstrate the pleasures and the perils of moving across disciplines and media, even in these interdisciplinary and intermedial times.

**SOMETHING BLUE.** Liveworks was shot through with blue: the faded navy of Jen Jamieson’s jumpsuit as she walked her solo audience member around the building; the deep blue of Mark Harvey’s shirt as he lay upside down on the stairs or face down on the concrete floor, chatting to participants and passers-by about their climate footprint and the like. Other than colour, though, there was also a mood – an air of melancholy or at least resignation. *The Future Leaks Out* was the title of the exhibition at the heart of Liveworks and I couldn’t help but think that it also leaks away or, in more violent moments, bleeds out. The ‘sense of living on borrowed time’, as the program put it, permeated many works that hinted at a posthuman world. The posthuman takes many forms, depending on the animals, objects and machines one engages. In *7 Ways*, Geumhyung Jeong’s mask-man-machine hybrid seems to attack her but in *Oil Pressure Vibrator* she is brought to orgasm by an earthmoving machine. Justin Shoulder also plays with masks in *Carrion* and the Patricia Piccinini-like creatures which populate the stage could be the product of his imagination or of a chemical spill. The bones bend the wrong way and the birds are plastic. The water in Emily Parsons-Lloyd’s mist installation is real, as are the distressed plant pheromones apparently. How these might interact with the oxytocin in Jamieson’s performance we may never consciously know.

**SILVER SIXPENCE: OR, CONCLUSION.** Some versions of this English rhyme have a final phrase ‘and a silver sixpence in her shoe’. The silver coin is supposed to bring wealth and prosperity. Talk of money in the arts brings back painful memories of George Brandis’s cuts to the Australia Council, announced without care or consultation on budget night in May 2015. In 2016, Performance Space succeeded in securing four-year funding but the cap of $300,000 per year puts serious strain on the organisation’s resources and ambitions. So while we might wish that Performance Space programmed more work, more often, in reality it is a miracle we still have this fortnight.

Funding results are published, but the coin in the shoe remains out of sight. Similarly, it is perhaps the least visible elements of Liveworks that are the most important. Emerging artists, solo artists and small-to-medium companies – all of whom have been the lifeblood of Performance Space over its three decades – were hit the hardest by these budget cuts. That is why the co-commissions, return invitations, residencies, developments, masterclasses and workshops, which garner no reviews and go all but unremarked, are so vital. Not everything stays invisible, of course. Indeed, Liveworks concluded with *Day for Night*, billed in the program as a ‘collision of queer performance and party culture’. Staged 10 days before the postal survey closed and 17 days before the results were confirmed, *Day for Night* provided a moment of escape and restoration. Then on 15 November, it was announced that 61.6 per cent of people had voted ‘yes’ for marriage equality. Love wins; or rather, love won. Is it too much to say that, at its best, performance is like a life-partner sometimes? Probably. But it’s true that it’s a lover and a fighter, a best friend and constant companion, with us through thick and thin, supporting and challenging, laughing and crying, halving the pain and doubling the joy. In short, festivals like Liveworks get us through dark days and fill our dreams with rainbows.
A Decision has been made on your Application to the Australia Council

To: Kenneth Moraleda

Application Reference: 231810
Name: Hannah Tomsce
Email: hannah.tomsce@aoa.gov.au

02 May 2017

Dear Kenneth Moraleda

Re: Arts Projects For Individuals and Groups

Congratulations on your successful application to the Australia Council for the Arts. We have approved your application.

You were successful in a very competitive environment and we look forward to receiving updates on the project.

What do you need to do next?

1. Log on to our online site with your email address and password. If you have forgotten your password, you can request a new one.
2. Go to Grants & Grant Reporting and Grant applications - Apply for a grant
Yung mga nasa Maynila mukhang bagong gising. 😊
LATERAL EXPLORATION
PESTA BONEKA
COLLECTIVE MEMORY

PLAY TIMELAPSE
PAPER
ANCHOR
STRUCTURE
LAMPSHADE

STAGINGS

- UPSIDE DOWN
- TILT.
- GRAVITY DOESN'T DIFFERENT FROM NORMAL

SOUND
- MOTION SENSOR
- BACK PROJECTIONS
- NOT NORMAL

RECORD
TAPLOBAN

ITEMS
- MAP
- ROSARY
- AETATES
- PERSONAL THINGS
- COMIKS

PERFORMANCE
LabAnino | This Here. Land. (ALL)

Dimensions?

For music/sound, just put Datu+Toni. We'll be collaborating on that.

I'm keen on doing the music/sound for the Sampayan installation. Do we have any briefgetDescription/provocation for that?

Small and Ambient was the idea being discussed with Sampayan—maybe a small tape recorder or that vinyl we can put in a player—the player could even be hanging on the line as well.

SAMPAYAN—This is filled with faded memories, acetates and other items (dried flowers, a floral handkerchief etc). Photos from all the collective—Real Places and People. It is a beautiful past.

The images here will appear in various forms elsewhere during the show. It is suspended, not rooted in earth—we are dealing with a not so concrete reality. It is nostalgic but only very slightly skewed.

But if you have any ideas of where we could go and what we could say with this section of course bring it on!

Datu

Ok. Pagsunod-munin ko.

Toni

Ok na po, may rosaryo na. Hiramin ko galing sa altar sa bahay namin.

Andrew

Wow! Salamat @Toni ...

@Crist patanong din sa concern re kahoy na Rosaryo. Salamat.

@Hazel re kulambo pag wala ang makitang puti baka magsatang na lang pero since sabado na alas di ko alam kung sabot! Sana may white kulambo pang nabili. Balitaan ko kayo mamaya...

Hazel

Okay po, balitaan ko rin sila

Ako pala yung sumagot sa account ni Tata, haha sorry naman

Hazel

@Toni standby daw munang yung kahoy na Rosario kasi baka nga mahirapan kayo maalisot

Noted Kuya @Andrew yung kulambo

Disney Gif

Type a message, @name...
HEJIRA BY CHERYL ONG
A SONIC RESPONSE
TO LIVEWORKS
(CLICK TO LISTEN)

I SPEED UP AGAIN
I-WEN CHANG

在澳洲雪梨Liveworks Festival 2017演出中，菲律賓與菲裔澳洲藝術家的跨國合作作品 This Here. Land，直接將觀眾置入「參觀美術館」的情境中，或許是這種融合觀念藝術與技術層面的美好演繹：演員一開始即以導覽員的身份出現，讓觀眾在似笑非笑的詭譎中，進入想像的展場空間內。對著不存在的「藝術」品頭論足，表演者在空蕩的房間裡，透過拉幕的空間調配，藝術家「編舞」觀眾的手法巧妙，參與者自身也成為了作品的要角。群眾被安排走向一個面向，在迷濛昏暗的燈光中，看著一幅又一幅菲律賓警察掃毒的暴力照片。演員用燭燭般的燈光裝飾在地上排出了‘STOP’的光線，最後，觀眾被邀請拿起燭光小燈，一個接著一個，走在被安排好的排隊路線上。將燭火放入棺材意象的方框中，嚴肅靜穆。而整個表演令人印象深
刻的一幕，是在演出中等待一扇门被打開的時刻。觀眾被邀請者鼓譟喧鬧。拿起手機打卡拍照，門終於被打開，而門後是上一場次的觀眾。重演了菲律賓掃毒時，街道上被殘殺男女如劇場般效果的新聞照片現場，而這要等到整場演出接近尾聲之時，才會由本場次的觀眾。再一次重現這個充滿情緒性張力的新聞畫面，觀眾扮演著不自在的掃毒警察，或泫然欲泣抱着屍體的無辜民衆。而在一場觀眾打開門拍照的瞬間，諷刺性達到了最高潮。

這件作品將政治融合表演在劇場空間之中，以美術館參觀的方式來進行，對此兩種空間概念的處理，讓觀眾彷彿身歷其境一個似真似假的電影場景，以表演藝術空間來幻想美術館的空間使用，將美術館展覽參觀，把物品疏離的特質，配合著暗示觀看者有如觀光客的異化心態，結合時事照片中

《 Rimini Protokoll 》的秒殺作品《遙感城市》(Remote Taipei) 氛圍，沒有任何語言文本，更多是在自然環境中，透過參與者與表演者來回的互動聲響，營造演出進行的節奏

個場演出劃下震撼點：而紐西蘭藝術家 Mark Harvey 的作品 Helping Hand，則以在日常空間中探討政治議題的方式呈現。他在場館外的走廊、門邊、和建築物內部移動，隨機與路過行人對話，交談卻有著英語公開

的美國。藝術史學者 Claire Bishop 在討論參與式藝術時，提到參與式藝術有著雙重的概念，它既是現實中的事件，也

有著脫離現實不確定的本質，必須在不同的時空脈絡裡，持續執行和驗證。現場藝術傳達了日常生活裡被壓抑的矛盾，並誘發出讓人既不安的、又愉悅的經驗。讓觀眾可以親身想像自身與所處環境的關係。

上述作品既有著視覺藝術和表演藝術美學與概念的融合，形式多變而內容批判，也讓人思索：用劇場空間表演當代藝術概念，似乎以美術館空間的演出，更能清晰指涉政治，又不失劇場形式美學的創新特質。澳洲雪梨 Liveworks Festival 2017 為此揭示了一個超越美術館形式的跨界表演藝術新可能。

澳洲藝術家 Jen Jamieson 的 Let’s Make Love 透過雙人親密的互動，以一對一的單人表演帶來清新而充滿現代性的
In contemporary performance, visual and performance art are known to emphasize interdisciplinary practices, to the extent that it has redefined the relationship between contemporary visual arts theory, and dance and performance theory. This article draws upon the performances that took place at Liveworks Festival 2017 in Sydney, Australia, so as to provide a theoretical analysis and review on experimental performance art, live art and dance in contemporary art spaces.

In her article ‘The Way We Perform Now’, performance studies scholar Shannon Jackson claims that training methods used in the field of visual arts and performing arts have influenced how we appreciate interdisciplinary art. After a decades long conflict between technical/physical skill-based approaches and conceptual/cognitive skill-based approaches to making art, conceptual art successfully emerged as mainstream in the twentieth century. Such an approach focuses more on the manifestation of a concept in an artwork; for example, how a work reinterprets concepts of movement, concepts of duty, concepts behind the exchange of ideas, concepts of subjectivity – even concepts of the museum or theatre.

In This Here. Land, a transnational collaboration between Filipino and Filipino-Australian artists, the audience was placed under the situational guise of a ‘visit to the art museum’. An actor, parodying a museum guide, led the audience into an imaginary exhibition space and provided criticism of non-existent ‘art’. In an empty room segmented with curtains, the artists deftly choreographed the audience turning the participants into a cornerstone of the artwork. Under dimly lit lights, the crowd was arranged to walk in a certain direction, until they encountered a series of violent news photographs shot during the Philippines’ war on drugs. Using tiny lights that looked like candles, the actors spelled out the word ‘STOP’ on the floor. Afterwards, the audience was invited to take these lights and walk down a pre-arranged route, one after another, to place them on square boxes that symbolized coffins. The atmosphere was solemn and quiet. A most impressive scene happened when the audience, waiting for a door to be opened, was asked to cheer while using their phones to take pictures and tag themselves. When the door finally opened, what appeared was a second audience comprised of attendees of the previous performance, now reenacting a brutal scene from the war on drugs.
before the current, spectating audience. Near the end of the piece, it became the current audience’s turn to act out this bloody scene; some of them played the anti-drug police who slaughtered without a flinch, while others played the innocent people who tearfully cradled dead bodies. The tragic absurdity peaked the moment the audience flung open the door and started to take photos.

This piece integrated politics and performance in a theatrical space, and proceeded under the semblance of a visit to the art museum. The collapse of these two forms of space creates a surreal experience, akin to that which we feel when visiting a movie set. Under the lens of performance art, through which the use of space in an art museum is reimagined, there lies a parallel between the sense of alienation that the museum endows on the displayed object and the suggestion that the viewer is nothing more than an alienated tourist. Superimposed upon this parallel is the dynamic between the violence and cruelty depicted in news photos and the passive and indifferent, yet novelty-seeking gaze of the viewer in an era of social media, brought forth through the tragic absurdity of the moment the audience flung open the door and started to take photos.

If This Here, Land provides the audience a chance for critical reflection in its subtle combination of form and content, then Filipino artist Eisa Jocson in Corponomy, succeeds in interrogating ideas on gender, race and post-colonialism through the female body. This piece is expressed through a performance lecture that examines the way gender is codified and commodified in entertainment culture: powerful pole-dancing female bodies, ‘macho’ dance movements, Japanese maid fetishes and the princess characters played by Filipino artists. Within the structure of the theatre, this politically-charged work carries a ‘live exhibition’ effect by treating live bodies in an archival manner. The slightly uncomfortable darting glances from some white audience members may serve as a reminder of the marginal voices that have been obstructed under the structures of globalization – those who are stripped of their right, or ability, to speak. Post-colonial theorist Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak asks ‘can the subaltern speak?’ – Perhaps art provides a chance.

In her one-on-one solo performance that created an intimate bond between artist and participant, Jen Jamieson’s Let’s Make Love brought forth a sense of melancholy that was mild yet strictly modern. In addition, the Australian artist Lz Dunn’s Aeon had a similar ambiance to the German theatre troupe Rimini Protokoll’s instant hit Remote Taipei, which took place at the Taipei Arts Festival in 2017. Void of language and immersed in nature, participant and performer interacted through noise, gradually building up a constant rhythm and climaxing with a sublime sonic experience received indoors at the end. On the other hand, New Zealand artist Mark Harvey’s Helping Hand asked political questions in vernacular spaces. The artist appeared in the hallways and at the doorstep outside the venue, as well as inside the building. He would strike up conversations with pedestrians at random, then build upon them in a manner that reminds you of England’s traditional public debates. Through verbal exchange, the artist stimulated reflection upon one’s everyday personal politics.

Art historian Claire Bishop argues that the concept of participatory art is twofold: it is at once an event that took place in actual reality, yet also bears an uncertain essence that is removed from actual reality. It is thus necessary for participatory art to be performed and tested continuously in different temporal contexts. Live art conveys the pent-up contradictions in everyday life and triggers both an uneasy and delightful experience, allowing the audience to visualize their own relationship with their environment.

All of these works demonstrated a conceptual and aesthetic blend between visual art and performance art. The forms are diverse while highly critical. One wonders whether the theatre is a better space for contemporary live art performances than the gallery – by blending the political with the innovative quality of theatre’s formal aesthetics. We could perhaps say that Liveworks Festival 2017 unveiled a possibility for an interdisciplinary performance art that transcends the art performance in museums.
SAMPAYAN PROCESS
PHOTO ESSAY
BY LabANINO,
CONTINUED...
Initial testing of sensor is a success. Just annoying random bleeps for now. And a pig.

Sinong agent Ng pig? And does he have a valid passport to travel to Australia for an Experimental Arts Festival?

And hooray for the sensor!!

La Paz ang agent.

Hinintay pa rin niya yung visa niya.

I will call LaPaz to enquire and to order Batchoy to go.
He breathes in. It’s a big gulp. The hairs on his arms are standing up as he waits for the people to turn up. This lying upside down with his back against the main concrete staircase wasn’t the easiest decision. But then again, that’s why he’s chosen it. ‘You don’t get much out of life if you don’t make a commitment to things’ his grandfather used to say. He feels his flesh, ribs, spine and pelvis moulding into the stairs thanks to gravity. He knows he’s going to have to wriggle a bit soon to readjust himself. His head is filling with blood.

‘Hi, how’s it going? I’m Mark.’

They chuckle, caught off guard. They introduce themselves. They have no choice. Well, they do actually. But no one wants to be impolite. It’s a safe place. Mind you, he is upside down. Does he need rescuing? Nothing can go wrong, especially if you play to the codes.

‘Would you like to exchange life tips?’

‘Life tips? Oh, you’re a New Zealander! Ok then.’

‘If you put bay leaves on your walls they’ll stop mould.’

‘That’s amazing.’

‘Ok then. Here’s one. If you close your eyes and breathe in and out deeply, then feel your vertebrae floating one on the other, all the way down to your tail bone,'
you’ll be ready to argue with whoever and whatever you come across . . . How about this one?’

Upside-down, he nods.

‘My mother used to tell me, if you need to make a tough decision — eat an apple and to go to the loo first before deciding, then it will help.’

He smiles, nods again and pauses to take it in. He’s still upside-down.

‘If you make sure you eat before having a discussion about politics, it will help you feel more cool, calm and collected.’

The pair thank him, shake hands and walk on, leaving him upside down to face the next encounter. Each one is different. Yet every one generates much laughter. If laughter were a way to generate electricity, this would be it.

Came in from the city walked into the door
I turned around when I heard the sound of footsteps on the floor
Love just like addiction now I’m hooked on you
I need some time to get it right
Your love gonna see me through

Can’t stop now
Don’t you know I ain’t never gonna let you go
Don’t go
(Don’t Go, Yazoo, 1982)

At another time . . .

The bells for the performances in the theatres are sounding. It reminds him of when he was a kid, the way the sheep would all be funnelled through the gates between paddocks on his uncle’s farm. There’s a group of people walking around and around the giant paddock-sized foyer at quite a fast pace, threading through the lines of punters. There’s always a few renegade sheep that make a run for it. These walkers weave between the walls and the queues of the other patrons with an urgency. He is walking backwards and leads them. Sometimes he invites others in with a smile and a handshake. The white man’s code of manakitanga (Maori for ‘hospitality’.) They’re transfixed on each other, deep in conversation, almost as though nothing else matters. Around and around they go in their attempt to escape.

‘So what do you think about gender roles in the domestic sphere?’ he asks the group. That was a bit random. What made him come up with that? It’s like this guy at a party trying to strike up awkward conversations. A few smirks face him.

‘What do I think?’, says one of them. ‘This is fascinating’.

‘I’ve been thinking a lot about why we always end up conforming with the same roles that our parents and their parents before them and so forth have always done . . . It seems we haven’t really moved past beyond that, no matter how much we try.’

Someone else pipes up. ‘Yeah, all the research on this stuff generally shows that when they have children hetero couples generally revert to their gender stereotypes.’

He doesn’t have to say much. They carry him along. This discussion carries on with its own momentum. It refuses to stop, like waves coming in and out on Karekare beach (where he grew up, he thinks). It is as Judith Butler has often stated, they ‘call him and one another up’. They police and interrupt each other, and normalise then subvert the codes, even while being so respectful and constructive in their conversing. It is a scratching-post for social and political reflection. If only we could solve all the world’s problems this way. We might get much more done. All the while with urgency and some briskness of breath. It is said that walking can help you think. And perhaps something else happens with this opportunity to be listened to and problem-solve with others.

But they have to leave as the final call for the next show rings out.

Guess mine is not the first heart broken
My eyes are not the first to cry
I’m not the first to know there’s
Just no getting over you
You know I’m just a fool who’s willing
To sit around and wait for you
But baby can’t you see there’s nothing else for me to do
I’m hopelessly devoted to you
(Hopelessly Devoted to you, Olivia Newton-John, 1978)
In another place... He smiles and offers out his hand up to the people standing over him lying on the round red carpet.

‘Hi, I’m Mark, would you like to join me down here and exchange guilt stories?’

Disarmed, they look surprised. They smile, pause in thought, and finally seal the contract with ‘ok’, a handshake, and a plonk down onto the red carpet. It’s not often a bloke greets you with a handshake and an invite to lie down and confess with him. At least not where he’s from, that’s for sure.

The space on the rug becomes intimate, like no one else is around. They all look into each other’s eyes. There’s space to breathe together. They take it. There’s a kind of sharing and sinking of rhythms in this way.

There are unwritten rules here. Trust is being built up. It’s fragile, like a thin paper frame hoping the wind won’t take it.

He breaks the ice, tells them a guilt story. He was often cheeky to his grandparents, especially his grandmother. He used to call her by her first name and would regularly question and stand up to the both of them. Meanwhile the rest of the family could never get away with it – many of them were a wee bit chicken of grandma and her austere Portuguese ways.

The floor opens. The guests take turns. One of them tells the group she loves her flatmate but feels he mustn’t know, or it would destroy so many things. They all take a deep breath. It sinks in. Another says she feels guilty because she hasn’t visited her grandmother in her old folks’ home for over six months and she can’t stomach seeing her sitting in her chair surrounded by other old people.

Another tells the group that they’ve slept with their best friend’s partner and won’t tell them.

So many nights, I’d sit by my window, Waiting for someone to sing me his song. So many dreams, I kept deep inside me, Alone in the dark, now you’ve come along. And you light up my life, You give me hope, to carry on. You light up my days And fill my nights with song. (You Light Up My Life, Debby Boone, 1977)

The conversation goes around and around the carpet. They take the best part of 45 minutes, until they feel they have let it all out.

They say goodbye on lighter terms. Something has lifted from their shoulders. And the confessions slide away like a fog lifting to reveal a sun-filled Waitakere rainforest valley.
SAMPAYAN PROCESS PHOTO ESSAY BY LabANINO, CONTINUED...
Date: Artellano
From: Marcos Gonzales
To: Yancy Mora, Pearl, Andrew Caluz
Cc: Yolanda, Yolanda
Subject: Lasa

The installation is being held at 35.00.00.00.00.00.

That's the link to the playlist which contains 29 individual tracks. And yes, we used all of them.

Cheers!

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SHADOWS PERFORMANCE
CAROLINE WAKE
Caroline Wake is an Australian Research Council DECRA Fellow and Lecturer in Theatre and Performance at UNSW Sydney. She writes about performance, politics, migration and memory. Outside the university, she serves on the board for PACT Centre for Emerging Artists and is a long-time reviewer for RealTime arts magazine.

CHERYL ONG
Cheryl Ong is a Singaporean percussionist working across music, performance and education. Cheryl regularly performs with avant-rock group THE OBSERVATORY and SA, a trio that uses Chinese instruments with modern sensibilities. Though Classically trained, Cheryl struggles with classical and traditional music being divided and limited to its roles. Tired of being a mere technician, Cheryl's work explores improvisational and experimental practices, new ideas and sounds.

I-WEN CHENG
I-Wen Chang is an Assistant Professor at Taipei National University of the Arts. She received her PhD in Culture and Performance with a concentration in Dance at the University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA). She earned a master's degree in Art History from the Taipei National University of the Arts. I-Wen is the co-author of the book *Pina Bausch: Dancing for the World* (2007), the co-curator the exhibition entitled *Hot Body, Cool Tech: the Performative and Choreographed Bodies in New Media* (2017) at the National Taiwan Museum of Fine Arts, and an art and performance critic for the Artistic Magazine (Taipei), *Performance Arts Review* magazine (Taipei) since 2007.

JULIA CHIEN
Julia Chien is a freelance writer and translator based in Taipei. She also DJs and makes electronic music under the pseudonym 味王 Wei Wang.

LAB ANINO
LabAnino develop works through a democratic collective model, where an artist presents ideas to the group which is then interpreted, researched and developed, then shaped for presentation through a marriage of their individual practice.

LabAnino is made up of Australian artists Kenneth Moraleda, Valerie Berry, Deborah Pollard, Paschal Daantos Berry and the core members of the Manila-based Anino Shadowplay Collective - Datu Arellano, Teta Tulay, Hazel Gutierrez, Andrew Cruz, and Toni Muñoz. Within this creative laboratory are theatre practitioners, visual and sound artists, filmmakers, producers, critical and cultural thinkers, writers, animators and designers who sit between the artistic, academic and commercial realms.

The group first worked together through a 2005 Asialink residency in Manila, engaging Filipino-Australian writer Paschal Daantos Berry and actor Valerie Berry in an exchange with the collective. A critically acclaimed performance work, *The Folding Wife* came out of this exchange - presented by Urban Theatre Projects and Blacktown Arts Centre that later toured nationally with Performing Lines. A second work, the performance installation *Within and Without* was presented by Performance Space and Blacktown Arts Centre in 2011. In October 2016, LabAnino developed *This Here, Land* through Performance Space's Liveworks Lab artist residency at Bundanon in 2016, building on this decade-long sharing of interdisciplinary practice.

MARK HARVEY
Mark Harvey is a performance artist and live artist working with choreography. His practices are conceptually driven and often dialogue and test out notions of minimal endurance with constructions of idiocy, seriousness and deadpan humour, drawing from his visual arts and contemporary dance influences. He is based in New Zealand, holds a PhD in performance practice and teaches at The University of Auckland.
Thank you to all of the incredible supporters dedicated to diversity, risk-taking and cutting edge contemporary practice! Your support is critical to Performance Space and enables us to continue presenting ambitious and provocative new works through Liveworks.
Liveworks Festival of Experimental Art was presented by Performance Space from 19 – 29 October 2017 at Carriageworks in Sydney, Australia.

Contributors:
Mark Harvey,
Ken Moraleda with LabAnino,
Caroline Wake,
I-Wen Cheng,
Cheryl Ong.

Commissioning Editor:
Jeff Khan

Editors:
Tulleah Pearce and Katie Winten

Design:
Marita Leuver, Leuver Design

Translation:
Julia Chien

Copy Editing:
Michelle Swainson

Documentation:
Anja Beutler,
Alex Davies,

Document Photography:
Bryony Jackson,
Wooshik Lee,
Heidrun Lohr,
Lucy Parakhina

Performance Space
245 Wilson St,
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Australia
