

NICE LAD BROKE ROSE
On Mark Greenwood's "Lad Broke"

VICTORIA GRAY



Mark Greenwood, Lad Broke, Camp and Furnace, Liverpool, UK, 2012
Image Credit: Nathan Walker

'Lad Broke' (2012), a forty-eight hour performance by Mark Greenwood, explored the corporeal experience of gambling.¹ 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'² becomes lodged within a temporal and corporeal cycle of futile repetition and subordination. Therefore, the work and this text do 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 Nationals (1973-1977) provides an ominous temporal pulse; underpinning and fuelling the work's dynamic tensions. As Greenwood occasionally switches the record player between its twin speeds we move into and out of paces; peaks and troughs affect the heart rate, actively shifting the stakes at play. On the floor methodically placed sheets of newspaper form a grid structure, 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. We are struck by 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 effects 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.

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¹ "Lad Broke" took place between 12.00am 20th April and ended 12.00am 22nd April. The performance was sited at Camp and Furnace, Liverpool and was produced by Mercy. For further information see, www.mercyonline.co.uk.

² Greenwood, M. (2012) *Lad Broke 20th - 22nd April 2012*, Performance Information. Liverpool: Mercy.

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 effects 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.

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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, 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 hypothesizes that the body in action becomes a site of resistance to the restrictions and control of verbal language within social and political contexts.³ 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'.⁴ How then, by utilizing 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 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'.⁵ To read his body using the tools of the socio-political discourse he tries to resist perhaps only serves to re-inscribe the body

³ Ibid.

⁴ "The Voice of the Dancing Body," Bojana Kunst, Accessed on 24 May 2012, <http://kunstbody.wordpress.com/>.

⁵ Boris Charmatz and Isabelle Launay, *Undertraining: On a Contemporary Dance*. (France: les presses du réel, 2011), 101.

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 paranoiac 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 work's '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*'.⁶ Since 'knowledge is largely based on sensory perception'⁷ 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 Shusterman 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*)'⁸ and as such is concerned 'not simply with the body's external form or representation but with its lived experience'.⁹

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.¹⁰

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Mark Greenwood, *Lad Broke*, Camp and Furnace, Liverpool, UK, 2012
Image Credit: Nathan Walker

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Richard Shusterman, *Performing Live: Aesthetic alternatives for the ends of art*. (USA: Cornell University Press, 2000), 138.

⁸ Ibid.

⁹ Ibid., 139.

¹⁰ Greenwood, M. (2012) *Lad Broke 20th - 22nd April 2012*, Performance Information. Liverpool: Mercy.

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 balk 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 effects 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 effects 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 labored.

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 elephant's 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.



Mark Greenwood, *Lad Broke*, Camp and Furnace, Liverpool, UK, 2012
Image Credit: Nathan Walker

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, presumably 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 center, 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 run 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'¹¹, 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.'¹² I would exceed this and say that the real challenge we face is how to articulate the *effect* 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 laboring the point, the work's site--a disused building in Liverpool--might oppose 'the institutional control exercised by galleries and theatres in an artistic context'¹³, 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'.¹⁴ 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 sit-

¹¹ Boris Nieslony, *Die Schwarze Lade / The Black Kit: The Archive for Performance, Performance Art, Performing Arts, Action and Intermedia Arts.* (Europäisches Performance Institut / ASA-European, 2011)

¹² Mark Franko, "Dance and the political: States of exception," in *Dance Discourses: Keywords in dance research*, eds. Susanne Franco and Marina Nordera. (Oxon: Routledge, 2007), 19.

¹³ Greenwood, M. (2012) *Lad Broke 20th - 22nd April 2012*, Performance Information. Liverpool: Mercy.

¹⁴ Ibid

uation 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? ¹⁵

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 center maneuvering itself to capitalize 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'.¹⁶ Kunst develops her argument by 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 [...] ¹⁷

So how does Greenwood's performance attempt to intervene in this social structure if the structure is auto-intelligent enough to recognize 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'.¹⁸ 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. ¹⁹

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 immeasurability does not necessarily return us to an emancipated, clearer sense of our identity or subjectivity. Rather, it has the critical

¹⁵ "On Strategic Interventions in Performance Art: Self-Representation of the Body," Bojana Kunst, Accessed on 24 May 2012, <http://www2.arnes.si/~ljintima2/kunst/t-osipa.html>.

¹⁶ Greenwood, M. (2012) *Lad Broke 20th - 22nd April 2012*, Performance Information. Liverpool: Mercy.

¹⁷ "The Organization of Happiness and the Exhausted Body," Bojana Kunst, Accessed on 24 May 2012, <http://www2.arnes.si/~ljintima2/kunst/t-oheb.html>.

¹⁸ Greenwood, M. (2012) *Lad Broke 20th - 22nd April 2012*, Performance Information. Liverpool: Mercy.

¹⁹ Maria Walsh, "Subjectivity," in *Conversing: Subjectivity & Feminisms Research Group Project*, (London: University of the Arts, 2005), 2.

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'²⁰; 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 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 being merely effectiveness.²¹

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 center. It is time to sharpen our senses.

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Happenstance delivers Red Rum's actual horseshoe, 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).²²

Victoria Gray (www.victoriagray.co.uk) is a practicing performance artist, researcher and teacher working nationally and internationally. She is Lecturer in Performance within the Faculty of Arts, School of Performance, York St John University, UK. She is a PhD candidate at Chelsea College of Art, London. Gray is co-founder of O U I Performance (York) with artist Nathan Walker. O U I Performance, founded in 2010, is a not-for-profit, artist-led organization curating live time-based performance art with a national and international profile.

²⁰ Patrick Anderson, *So Much Wasted: Hunger, Performance and the Morbidity of Resistance*. (Durham & London: Duke University Press, 2010), 4.

²¹ How Time Can Dispossess: On Duration and Movement in Contemporary Performance," Bojana Kunst, Accessed on 24 May 2012, <http://kunstbody.wordpress.com/>.

²² Gregory Bateson, in, *An Ecology of Mind: A Daughters Portrait of Gregory Bateson*, DVD, directed by Nora Bateson. (US: Bullfrog Films, 2011).

