

TIMESHARE

Vera with help from Helen: The performance opens with a silent mapping the floor plan of my location (the living room/kitchen of my Mexican Mother-in-Law's condo) onto the parking lot in Dalston, using tape and circular stickers in various esoteric configurations. The mapping should begin as people are still arriving. The mapping should be completed by approx 12:10 when the performance should begin.

Things to map:

1. 3 walls (3 Blue taped lines)
2. The plasma screen (taped blue rectangle)
3. The knife holder (2 sharp angled purple chevrons one inside the other)
4. The scented candle (3 parallel short brown taped lines)
5. The varnished bamboo in wooden vase (2 intersecting brown crosses)
6. The oil painting of a watermelon (turquoise zig zag)
7. The glass topped coffee table (4 small white dots demarcating a rectangle)

Later in the performance the significance of each sign will be revealed as though it were the most obvious thing in the world – the intention being to push language's instrumentality in producing space to the limit.

Once the mapping stage is complete I/you/we will introduce ourselves:

"Good afternoon. I'm the artist Lucy Pawlak and I'm speaking to you live through Vera Chok. This body is not my body; it's Vera's body. Vera has taken my place, which means she'll be interpreting and re-embodying my words and gestures for the duration of this performance.

I don't want to move anymore. My body is stiff and inflexible, the muscles are wasted, it's rubbish, and I want to be free of it... so I outsource my performance commissions to actors trained in Physical Theatre...

I can't use my own body to make things anymore - the skin is thin and tears easily like a wet tissue, and I wouldn't be able to remember my lines anyway - sometimes I even forget where I am.

On top of that, living in London just isn't sustainable for me any longer – the money I'll get from doing this will go a lot further here in Mexico, which is where I am right now... except "Now" is in your past because it's 6 in the morning here.

*We are partially sighted - You won't be able to see my space and I can't see yours, but that's OK because I want you to **feel** the space more than see it - I'm pushing for a body centred mode of perception.*

(Sit down on 'the couch')

Right now I'm moisturising my legs with Celestial Black Diamond Cream, it's made by NASA from diamond dust, they tested it on astronauts in outer space. My lips drip with petroleum jelly. A faint aroma of Madagascan Vanilla can be detected upon my iPad's grease streaked screen.

Moisturising has become a somewhat Sisyphean task for me – once I've finished at one end it's time to start at the other – rather like painting

the Golden Gate Bridge.

The schedule of frequent flights required to establish my international art career has severely dehydrated my skin, accelerating its aging process. This project of perpetual re-hydration through deployment of petro-chemical lubricants aims to undo the damage. I'm not against much, but I'm totally anti-aging.

Right now I'm resting on a couch (gesture to the wooden structure) in my Mexican Mother-In-Law's timeshare condo on prime Cancun real estate in Mexico. I want you to keep thinking about her couch because at the end of the performance I'm going to ask you to tell me what it looks like.

Could you hand out the viewfinders please?

So, welcome to Apartment 303 in "Puerto Aventuras"!

(Move around the "room" gesturing to various items.)

like I said, this is her sofa, and what do you think this is? It's her scented candle... on... (Look up at the audience expectantly) a glass topped coffee table! And this? (Pause) Is her 52-inch plasma screen! And here's the... (Pause) knife holder, and on the north east wall is... (Pause) her mask



The Mask Collection

collection, (Now, more rapidly pointing to various items) Kitchen, sink, breakfast bar, balcony, wall, wall, wall, floor, ceiling, the varnished bamboo in the wooden vase, the oil painting of the watermelon.

(Breathless)

If we treat the space like we are shooting a film, we can control how we see it better, we can edit, zoom, pan, cut, draw attention to certain details and frame out others. A different nature opens itself to the camera then opens to the naked eye - if only because unconsciously penetrated space is substituted for space consciously explored. We're going to move around the space constructing it like we're cameras filming a major feature. That's what the viewfinders are for.

Please, join me on the couch so we can make a start on the shot list. There are 6 shots, for each one you should close one eye and hold up the viewfinder to make your framing, I'll be doing the same here in Cancun.



The Couch

(Once everyone is seated on 'the couch' announce the first shot)

SHOT 1: The reflection: for this you'll need to frame directly ahead from your position on the couch.

From where we are sitting we can see our image reflected in the lamp blackness of the 52-inch plasma screen. My mother in law has positioned the couch opposite the TV. What can we learn from this? Between the TV and us lies a scented candle upon a glass topped coffee table.

Now, let's free ourselves from the sofa's voluptuous arms and take a look at the view from the balcony.

(Lead the audience to the balcony, ask them to stay low and upon reaching the balcony to crouch down and look through the bars. Speak in hushed tones)

SHOT 2: The Focus Pull: for this you'll need to squat down and frame through the bars of the gate.



The Balcony

The Focus Pull is a very natural way for the camera to see – when we look at objects at different distances in our field of vision we are pulling focus. Initially I'd like you all to focus on the balcony itself, now we're going to make a slow focus pull to reveal a maid down below fishing half dead flowers out of the pool. I'd be embarrassed if she saw me watching her working, but she can't from here, so this shot can be **contemplative**. Contemplative cinema is great for creating the illusion of

naturalism – she’s a non-actor of course – it really is her job to clean the pool, so she’s very... authentic. She’s carrying on cleaning, cleaning... still cleaning, still doing it, just one more flower... all the flowers are out of the pool, she’s leaving the frame and now it’s safe to stand up.

(Stand, make sure everyone else is standing too)

SHOT 3: The Pan and the Tilt: for this we’ll be looking out at the vista from the balcony.

Panning is used to scan across a wide panorama; it’s an establishing shot. To make the pan we’ll need to stare straight ahead through the viewfinder while pivoting our heads from left to right. Try to keep in time with me. Action! (Point at the things mentioned while panning over them) On the far left is the golf cart I use to get around, next, the yachts, the locals washing the catch of the day, the first bus load of Americans preparing to swim with the dolphins... now tilt up to the violently ultra-blue sky, and then down, passing through where the skyline touches the ultra-marine sea, which laps at the edge of blindingly white sands, fringed by resorts with names like “Dolphinius”, “Hemmingway” “Shambala Petit Hotel” – word combinations designed to unlock a certain formulation of desire... AND finally, coming to rest on a CCTV camera silhouetted against the blazing sunrise.

SHOT 4: The Dolly: Now we’re going to dolly through the flat from the balcony to the breakfast bar.

(Point to the breakfast bar in case people need reminding of its location)

Dolly shots are usually made on wheels; they have a kind of disembodied glidey feel. So, turn your head towards the breakfast bar, and when I say “action” walk towards it watching the world go by, we’ll finish on an extreme close-up of the knife collection.

Ready? Action!



The Tap and Breakfast Bar

(Move as rapidly and as smoothly as possible across the car park, while ensuring that the audience are coming with you. As you move keep the frame extended at arms length and with one eye closed. Suddenly come to a halt with a bewildered expression midway between the breakfast bar and balcony. Put your hand to the blue tooth headset as though trying to understand. Appear embarrassed as you repeat my words)

Oh, ow, ow, owwww... SHIT... hold on, just a... oooh... I slipped. *Are you OK? Do you need to stop?* No, no, I'm fine, no need to stop, wait, don't say that! uh... ok... ok... We can use this – the initial shock, how my stomach turned... my deep... anger with the force of gravity, a force outside of my control, a reminder that I'm not just making up the world in my head as I go along... ugh... and the frustration at my stupid, fleshy physicality – the fact that I can't use cmd undo, the repulsive manner in which my oily body impacted upon the marble floor.

SHOT 5: extreme close up with shifting angles: for this simply frame on the patch of ground nearest to you and sway your viewfinder about.

The "shifting angles" denote sickness, dizziness or a drugged state. Meanwhile, the "extreme close-up" draws attention to something at the exclusion of all other things, we aren't used to seeing a small detail – the record of a greasy foot slipping on a marble floor, filling the whole frame...

SHOT 6: The Search Up

This final shot will be a search up, often used for exploring a character, usually a female. I'd like you to frame me from a low angle; low camera angles can make characters seem tall, strong and powerful, this is a redeeming shot. We'll start with my feet and slowly move up to finally frame my head with the ceiling fan rotating just behind it. And... action!

(As the viewers make the movement continue to speak)

The artist, Lucy Pawlak, champions freedom of perception and a right to blindness in an era when the industrialisation and mechanisation of vision increasingly guides how we experience space.

The observable is never entirely observable.

Before all this I was a child clown born into a family of circus performers, it was great to travel and everyone said I had a fantastic stage presence but I don't do that any more, I just can't. When we weren't on the road we lived here.

I can see it now... Perhaps we're always partly dreaming... I mean, if I can lose my reference points without noticing as I sit here with my ipad on my sofa island, then how can I be sure of having had them?

So, could we hand out the sheets of paper please? *(tell me when they are handed out)* Earlier in the tour of the condo I mentioned my Mexican Mother-In-Law's couch and you probably imagined something, even if it was without noticing it. Now I'd be grateful if you could materialise the couch in Dalston just a little bit more by describing it's material, it's colour, shape, and style on the sheets provided... Feel free to draw or write and when you've finished the materialisations please return them to Vera with the viewfinders. I should probably mention they will be scanned and emailed to me for research purposes. Thank you. Oh, and I think my Mother might be in the crowd, hello... *(if my mum is there then wave at her)* goodbye...

(Remove earpiece)