

Anne Bean – Under my Breath

Subliminally, before I was aware of it, the performance I was working on for NRLA, *Under my Breath*, had become a requiem for Derek Jarman, who had died earlier in the year.

I had given him a blue angel, some time previously, that I had ‘drawn’ by placing hot wire on thermally responsive paper. He gave me a blue stone.

In this work, I placed faces of angels moulded in sugar on top of glass which were all lit from underneath. I then ‘breathed’ my own face into the angels’ faces, casting my detailed image in the sugar and whispering, under my breath:

Bliss in my ghostly eye
Kiss me
On the lips
On the eyes
Our name will be forgotten
In time
No one will remember our work
Our life will pass like the traces of a cloud
And be scattered like
Mist that is chased by the
Rays of the sun
For our time is the passing of a shadow
And our lives will run like
Sparks through the stubble.
I place a delphinium, Blue, upon your grave

(from Jarman’s *Blue*)

After transforming the last moulded angel into my cast face, I drew a ‘flock’ of the same style blue angels that I had once given to him.

I attached them all to helium balloons within each of which was a small light.

I took these outside to release as a constellation into the night sky.

Images:

Angel1 and Angel2

Faces of angels moulded in sugar on top of glass lit from underneath. I then ‘breath’ my own face into the angels’ faces, casting my detailed image in the sugar

Blue angel

A blue angel ‘drawn’ by placing hot wire on thermally responsive paper