

Fiona Wright **at Third Eye Centre in 1990**

Twenty years is not so long. Only half a life or so.

Could mention nostalgia or just pass over that idea. Something more like body-memory lurches inside.

What was I thinking?

A huge seating bank in Gallery 1 on Saturday at 12.50pm, Neil Bartlett in drag as the MC, a crowd of students in the shared dressing room (are they all wearing flippers?), a Super 8mm projector, the white wedding dress, my footsteps on a concrete floor, the bones around my right shoulder rolling on the concrete floor, words into a microphone and kicking the wall hard.

People handing me business cards in the cafe. Everyone else talking like they've been here before. Being paid in cash. My first interview. Another interview. Wondering what it is with all these theatre-like pieces. Feeling right at home with all this installation and durational work. Notice not much dancing or even talking about dancing. Sitting in Gallery 2 while Alistair Maclennan moves around slowly - keep visiting regularly, sometimes staying for hours, to mark time and just to get some peace, or something. On my way to the station with my rucksack on my back on the Monday morning I notice the supermarket trolleys and branches thrown in a skip outside on Sauchiehall Street.

Now, if I put that VHS tape in this machine it will probably get chewed up and that will be that. I am, inevitably, literally digging into a dusty box to find the photos and writings and odd notations. The descriptions and diagrams and notes-to-self on how to perform the solo titled *Bride Kicks*. Very familiar but very strange, now that I look at it. There's a contact sheet of photos of the performance and various other events and moments from that day are there too. I start recognising them. A few tiny pictures becoming memories. Small glimpses of history.

What am I thinking?

This doesn't fit but it seems to somehow stick.

shadow poem re-write

*said with her voice
foolish - whose dreams are these?
catches them in her mouth
and the pieces slip past her teeth*

*tells me
the sea throws up words
splinters tangled
where the mouth won't stay*

*soft in the head
soft in the heart
so bite down hard*