

Kira O'Reilly *Emergenc/y*

Succour, 2001

Grid left leg with micropore tape
Cut diagonal incision into each gridded square
Repeat on the right leg
Repeat on the abdomen and waist area
Repeat on the breasts
Unpeel grid lattice
Wipe with antiseptic wipes
End.

Someone faints during the work,
I hear the falls impact and feel the energy and movement of the audience shift, attentive.

My startled awareness clear and very much aware that the activity of the performance was perhaps somewhat safer than that of witnessing – the fainters body's unruly syncope belying my body's unruly bleeds.

Later someone else is cleaning the pool of left blood, as I move to take over and attend to it she sweetly shoos me away.

"You're damaged now."

Simon Casson writes to me referring to the work as "Victorian melodrama, punk rock."

Don't do it again.

Pretty much the best review I've ever had.

Linda Montano said something similar when explaining her declining to come into *Untitled Action for the Arches*, NRLA 2005.

There is no longer a need for unsafe work. It's been done, as if to say, it's been taken care of, you are safe now, we are safe now, maybe even the world is safe now so that those works are no longer needed. But I'm not really thinking of the work as safe or unsafe.

Untitled Action for the Arches, NRLA '05

A tall man stands, holding a scalpel tip against the skin of my shoulder.
He places it in perfect poise so that it's razor tip presses dents the meniscus of my skin, a perfect pressure balancing on skin tension.

Nothing breaks.

Someone else comes in and bounces me on their knee,
utterly toppling the script.

Singing to me.

I am captured, being all held and sung to.

Another comes in and tells me she is there on someone else's behalf, she explains what this person has not sent their own bodily self and on behalf of them requests that I stop making unsafe work.

Across the hallways dark rooms hold intimate distances and Transacts.

Three days of this action pushes me into a total unknown.

Another made a tough, deep unhesitating cut, untroubled, almost casual but deeply sexy. There is felt skylight of surprise, as skin gasps for a moment in tiny shock, then the ribbon of warm blood trickles, pulled by its own gravity. I am within myself, except the self I'm within is stilted, roughened like a sand paper becoming progressively more course.

When I emerge Ann Seagrave is repeating in dressage muscular precision.