

Michael Mayhew – XXX (3)

Written by [Mark Caffrey](#)

Saturday, 20 March 2010

between 12.30 and 1am:

Yellow balloons float in the corner. Michael is on a chair, Guinness in a plastic pint cup. Birds tweet on a soundtrack. “God Save the Queen” and the pips. Porn soundtrack. Cars. People scattered and slumped tuning in and out. Legs of a skinned lamb poke out from under. Glitter and shot glasses on the floor, an empty bottle. A black bucket at his side. Stage lights rest on the floor. A British flag.

You’ll learn.

You’ll learn to walk away and not remember.

You’ll learn to take it up the arse.

You’ll learn.

You’ll learn.

You’ll learn health and safety.

You’ll learn to go to sleep at a reasonable time.

You’ll learn.

You’ll learn.

You’ll learn because I’ll teach you.

You’ll learn.

You’ll learn to do what I tell you.

You’ll learn.

You’ll learn.

between 12.30-12.45pm:

Passed on, passed through. No more “You’ll learn.” The little patch of yellow helium balloons in the corner of the room twelve hours previous has taken over; a field of colour: red, yellow, green, blue. Tape on the floor holds down and marks out tracks that balloons and people disregard. Note and disrupt. Note and disrupt. Cabbage patch doll on the floor, no head.

Mayhem is this room.

All guests welcome.

Guests talking to and embracing Michael. Guests smiling broadly; passing on, passing through, feet crunching on glitter, walk on air.

between 2.30 – 2.45pm:

I forgot the rainforest soundtrack earlier, much more present in this humidity.

I look for the tracks on the floor and find the outline of a rubbery man, a tree – the doll is in a tree. In the field of balloons, the glitter has evaporated and is embodied stuck to Michael’s exposed flesh. EMBODY, FAMILY, DEEPEN.

He steps away from a split and rubbery globe – lifts his heavy black platform boots – magnifies and inspects me with his eyes bugging under half globes.