

Breathing in. Lungs rise to the challenge, pushing upwards and outwards to meet with bone, muscle and skin. Skin stretches out, on two fronts; on the inside, to take its share of the air within; on the outside, to meet the taste of dead flesh, the open draft, and 30 years of history.

If it were only that simple... If we could be so certain of that boundary, of where this body ends, that body began, and the countless, endless bodies that were here in between. *These bodies have been colliding for almost as long as mine has been breathing.*

Holding on. On a February night in 2007, I lay across the floor of Tramway holding on to an animal carcass. As my temperature plunges, and it's slowly rises, I have this hysterical fantasy that we will sometime somehow meet in the middle. At some point on this line, I engage in the question, *what does it mean to hang on to the dead?*

The answer was seemingly not in the holding, but in the skinless architecture that surrounded us. An aluminium glasshouse, sans glass. A place for growth, with no capacity to nurture. A safe-house, with no means to offer protection. A house then. A house with an open door. *You are welcome. You can leave anytime you want to.*

Breathing out. As I lay close to the edge of my

Breathing in. Sucking & swallowing before I learn to let go, walk away, collaborator, unfaithful whore. Its been long years but only a few brief moments drawing in; the history of 3 decades of liveness, of being live, real air time, of possibilities surging in against pellicular and architectural walls.

It's never that simple... Where are the edges, in bodies, in theatre, in spectacle? Who is 'acting out' for whom in the performer/audience melee? Contingent bodies with measured breaths. Rarefied air gathers and circulates in a space expecting to hold it.

Holding on. On a February night in 2007, I walk across the floor in Tramway, leaving a close one in distress and seeking comfort in the flesh of the recently departed. Departure; to go away, to die, to cease to follow, the beginning of a new course of action. At the first pivot of the heel, I engage in the question, *what does it mean to walk away?*

The answer is in letting go. The skeletal structure is ripe with the possibilities of release. The open window, door, wall, ceiling. What is holding you here, why do you stay? Desire... waiting for the breath of a lover, a friend, a conspirator? A threshold then, a yearning for the unexpected. *I am welcome. I can leave anytime I want to.*

Breathing out. I think about many visions held

capacity to endure, I wonder about duration. About the time and skin that has passed between us. About a single image, held for hours, days, years. A single vision, held within a shifting frame of reference. It is never quite still, it is never quite over, it is never quite ready.

I feel warm breath on my face, across my cheek, and separating through my hair. It is never quite enough to make us stop. We are close to finish, but these two short breaths against my skin will see us through.

Release. These breaths, like anti-bodies, backdraft through the space. A re-investment in an ephemeral history, chartered by the scorch marks of burned-out oxygen. Our legacy is in the pock-marked lungs, twisted limbs, and open-ended wounds; it is in the heat that fails to dissipate, from the mouths that refuse to close.

within a set frame of reference, of the N.R.L.A., of how histories are made between bodies. Between these lips, and these lungs, between the mirrored and divided, between the self-recognition in community, between the parting that also allows for escape and dissemination.

How are bodies activated through performance and what are their limits? The lifeline of breath towards a barely detectable pulse beats, one strike in, one strike out. The striker and the stricken merge.

Release. Marking time becomes the road to paradise and a survival strategy, building the rhythm and finding refuge there. ///////////////
/// Walking away but refusing to leave, history is shaped by the space between breaths, caught between actions and spaces, but also in the connective tissue and the suture that gathers in.

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