

## **SIMON JONES: BODIES IN FLIGHT: *EX\*HIBIT* (1990)**

I write I happen now to be at the old crossroads visiting a friend in Istanbul and once I was in Glasgow and writing now about the then and there the project now so-called thrown forth and out on my thirtieth birthday as it had done and now some twenty years on after so much writing and what they call reflecting on what I thought I was doing so-called practising still not making and still not being able to tell but in the endless writing somehow forgetting and only now having the gall and preposterousness of the middling aging and daring still to think the beginning of it all not then known but now the bodies in flight I want to remark only I never since got no further and so much further than this about the then I come again upon the coming upon the opening out and unfolding of fleshs mixing and their energies spilling forth fissuring their bodies budding and disclosing and finding the true and solitary way amongst the huddling friendlinesses to appear [The incessant throwing of scraps of dislocated information at the audience was, in a sense, most successfully accomplished by the invited company Bodies in Flight, whose performance Exhibit, undoubtedly a stylish piece of physical theatre, was one of the festival's most powerful uses of theatricality. But like so much of the work this year, it relied almost entirely on loud music, energetic performers and perfect timing.] and realize their very owned beyondnesses up-there-to-then never before in quite that way witnessed and founded but cascading forth now through a bundling of fleshs and their imaginings imaging deepdownnesses and veryfarawaynesses and manifold inbetweens in the beds nightly as well as on the daily platforms or the twilights of otherly placed onces and onlys forcing my flesh to burn resensitizing it to othernesses by way of the way that had been long lost in me and sure and certain anticipation of the many lives to come there-then in that muddle of a bed of my very own love of it all whence I call to you now in writing the NRLA 1990 and the appearing alongside his suddenly to me alone loveliness and all others crowding in thereabouts and knowing and not caring and not knowing and kind of having a care [A clever structural device, involving the pulling back and forth of a curtain across the stage, revealed various theatrical tableaux whose contents amounted to a shopping list of issues - 'Sex, Boys, Violence, Girls, Politics' - about which absolutely nothing was said. When asked why the group had tried to cram so much into one work, the director disarmingly replied that they were rather more concerned with effect than with meaning. John Jordan, Performance Magazine, no. 63, March 1991] and the disclosing of two hearts of me suddenly amongst a company of friends [performers: Lucy Baldwyn, Chris Ratcliff, Simon Pegg, Barney Power, Charlotte Watkins] amongst a host of strangers faces to faces out-standing standing-within alas alone amidst the gathering of the festival like I had always up until then only thought it should have been but just there-then as if for the first time felt up close and actual to me mine with him alongside close as if forever for all to see and alone the energy and matter and bodies so-called mixing forcing wrighting writing me righting themselves outing themselves amidst the gathering of passions meddling me and manifolding them and the many tales that made up then the minds and fleshs so and been and done and gone and still so much to do and be and on and out and forth and