

The group **PAVES** – Poshya Kakl, Anne Bean, Vlasta Delimar, Efi Ben-David and Sinead O'Donnell – was commissioned by New Moves International to be in residence at Tramway in Glasgow for ten days to reflect on the intensive year they had just spent together and to present a final piece as part of the National Review of Live Art.

Poshya Kakl and Efi Ben David were both unable to be in Glasgow for different, complex but fundamentally political, reasons. They participated from Iraq and Israel via skype, email and instant messaging.

The residency culminated in a day of actions at The Arches as part of the National Review of Live Art. All the actions arose from the mix and combination of individual and collaborative work that had been done in each of their countries over the year before. They kept Poshya's presence very much alive through various devices including prints of her emails, reading out her writing, projecting videos of her performances and her collaborative actions in Iraq with Anne Bean and showing images of work she had done with them over the year.

Over the day PAVES introduced disconcerting shifts of identity by wearing masks of each other's faces (which could also be worn by the audience) so that their roles in the space became more fluid. Poshya and Efi also wore masks on Skype so it became difficult to tell who was in the real-time space and who was a virtual presence.

In Glasgow, as they had done in Croatia, they cracked several kilos of walnuts as a way of having reflective, quiet conversations interrupted by the percussive sound effects of hammers. This opened a relaxed but focused space to talk with visitors in the room. At the same time as they cracked walnuts with the audience in Glasgow, Efi cracked walnuts with her friends and family in Israel, Skyping in to be all together within the same action. They had used this notion of shared actions in time on many occasions to unite them in a fundamentally human way of conscious connectivity, even though they were physically absent from each other.

The space became more and more animated as audience members stretched ribbons across the room from PAVES eyes in the poster-sized photographs of their actions, so the trajectories from the eyes moved around and inhabited the space. The audience also helped with the preparation of Sinead's plates for her action that evening.

The evening event began with Vlasta lying across the doorway with the words HUMILIATION and DIGNITY written on paper on her chest so that the audience were forced to walk over her. She became the border as well as the desperate people at the border crossing, unsure what this border represented. She then worked with notions of flags, saying, as each flag was projected 'I am not this flag.' She spoke about barriers and national identities and ways that PAVES had utilised for transcending these obstacles.

Anne Bean showed a film edited from the whole year whilst twenty reels of ribbon spooled onto the floor from above, reflecting, in their curling shadows across the screen, the long unfurling journeys they had made. Altogether there were two kilometres of ribbon which was the length between the border in Jordan and Iraq where she had imagined walking with a two kilometre spool of ribbon unfurling from the hands of Vlasta, Efi and Sinead in Jordan to join with Poshya's hands in Iraq, so that PAVES were united in a symbolic, as well as a literal physical way. Despite many efforts to be all together in one country, there had always been officialdom which had made gathering as a group impossible. The closest they had got was in the airport in Amman, where they shouted to Poshya through the walls to reach her ears in the room where she was being held.

Sinead worked with a pile of plates as tall as herself and tried to keep a desperate balance and equanimity in this precarious situation. She finally cracked and discarded them all into a pile that, unexpectedly, echoed the heap of ribbons.

Poshya did a Skype piece from her bedroom in Iraq with just a small torch in her mouth, so that the whole space was dark apart from her projected, lit-up mouth. She uttered the words:

"I am a tiny light in the much of blackout. My eyes can see every frequent in this darkness abysmal. My eyes are see top secret of all the colour in the blackout. Every one in here are sleeping. Iraq is sleeping now only I am wake up and talking with you, I want to tell you: I am hungry... I am thirsty... I am thirsty for my freedom. I am hungry for my civil rights. MY AIM IS ABOUT OF WOMAN IN IRAQ".

Efi's Skype work used the notion of the mask so that strong emotions broke through the blandness of the mask, her hands animatedly sharing powerful feelings as she cut around the mouth of the mask so her own lips appeared. Finally, the mask came off to reveal a riveting image of her distorted face, her mouth overly stuffed with walnuts, which came out like harsh austere words, the faeces of the voice.