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Hold it-

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(a contradiction here)

and then
blast open at each edge//

A document from, and folding into, performance.

by Max Jefcut and Jess Heritage

It's just a matter
once our mind cl
trace and "refres
image. Note and
mountain, this is
simultaneously.
the mind becom
black-white view

\\It's really hard to shrink these things down | I agree- it's really difficult... | Sorry to interrupt - I guess it feels like an embodiment of this entanglement. | Not at all, I'm sorry this may be going backwards but it's distracting me from moving. The more I think about the journey to the train station the more I think about the blackberries and the sugar. I know that I've missed the bit that words can't quite get at. I'm not sure it can ever be got at. And now this image is sinking because it's so heavy. | I completely agree, it's almost like these two things, sugar and blackberries, and this long car journey align through having the same hole, it's like a gap that I just can't get my tongue around. It's so funny, I know exactly what you're talking about but I still cant put words to it. | No, no me neither, but that's why we become so knotted in these things. | Yes, maybe that's where it comes back around, where it meets the volcano//

// I was thinking about mess at first, all these 'missings', this excess.

I was thinking a lot about crust I think, about edges.

Do you mean where one thing ends and becomes the other?

// I was thinking about mess at first, all these 'missings', this excess.

I don't know, I mean, I don't think it does end, it just becomes part of the other, it's inside the other all of the time - already, but we miss it, so we have to rifle through all of these 'bits', all of this excess in order to unearth it again. ^{I was thinking a lot}

Do you mean where one thing ends and becomes the other?

When one thing becomes the other... when all of this mess we're caught up in begins to bump, begins to slide under or over... to me it feels a bit like drawing a line through, a line of thinking, like a seeing straight down through the middle.

I don't know, I mean, I don't think it does end, it just becomes part of the other, it's inside the other all of the time - already, but we miss it, so we have to rifle through all of these 'bits'.

But what do we see exactly?

When one thing becomes the other... when all of this mess we're caught up in begins to bump, begins to slide under or over... to me it feels a bit like drawing a line through, a line of thinking, like a seeing straight down through the middle.

Maybe we don't see it, maybe this is the edge we've been grappling with, it's like looking around corners. All these others, these 'missings' begin to define the ones we can't get at, it's deferred over and over until it's so expansive, so vast.

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Maybe we see it partially, yes, maybe we see it in parts, in flashes... or maybe we begin to. But it's hard to put words to, all of a sudden blackberries don't mean blackberries anymore, car journeys aren't just a way to pass through long distances - there's a hole in the centre, a difficult opening to navigate... and no, we never keep it, it never stops, it's like being blast open. We forget, we miss, we get lost within the mess again always.

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Maybe we can create a foothold, a kind of scaffolding to keep everything structurally sound... a way to hold tight against this feeling of rushing past.

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Do you think this document can become a kind of rupturing? Can it unfurl into itself in the same way as performance? //

We could call this image 'Clarity' or perhaps, 'Dead Easy'.



It's just a matter of trying, practicing, getting someone else to show you, etc. The key point is that once our mind chooses to adopt a particular perspective, it can be difficult to remove its cognitive trace and "refresh" the slate so we can try interpreting in a different way. It can help to rotate the image. Note another point is here is that even for people who can learn to see a crater and a mountain, this is never simultaneous. We have great difficulty perceiving multiple realities simultaneously. In this sense, the mind is quite unitary and it's only in rare and extreme cases that the mind becomes structured otherwise. It is probably one of the reasons we are so stricken with black-white views despite the world being a myriad of shades.

It was about finding an image that was definable, about wanting a simplicity that clearly shows us what to see. How do we begin to approach the 'bit in the centre' that which we are unable to wrap our words around. It's almost the essence or the feeling but maybe more like a hole - like a gap. And coming up to this hole, almost feeling like we are getting at it, but then it sort of falls away, and we get knotted in this mess all over again

What is volcano? (as three lines-

I remember thinking about crust, and talking about the edge, different edges to begin with, edges that we hadn't come to yet, but thinking about them through volcanoes and through this red and yellow hot bellowing tongue that floods everything in its path, furling and unfurling into itself.

When a volcano erupts, it is catastrophic.

Until it slows. Stops. Cooling in black crust. At the time we spoke about it as a dropping off, as a sort of end point, the feeling of somehow getting closer to this thing, but then, crumbling away. And we almost left it there, because we knew it wasn't right, because as much as this thing drops off it doesn't disappear, it isn't wiped out. Going back to look at it again the crust ruptures and cracks and from this ash, forms fertile ground.

One reproduces the other,
and the other.

Amongst this mess, this expanding archive of the missed and missed again, we should perhaps place ourselves looking at an image of a clear view, an image which doesn't move too quickly.

We could call this image 'Clarity' or perhaps, 'Dead Easy'.

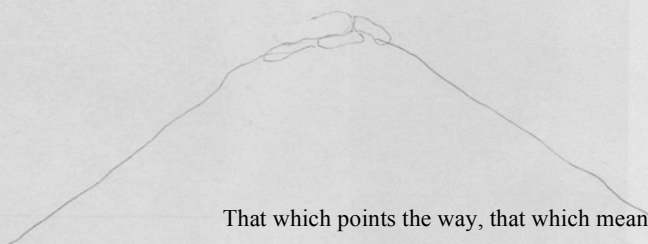
'Dead easy' is marked in three lines, (we could think of them as black, yellow and red if you like), it is one we can mark almost without thinking, in fact, you almost can't go wrong.

'Dead Easy' is the opposite of 'Hole'. Hole is more timid, is harder to catch and likes to hide deeply, very deeply in things Dead Easy likes to call 'Blackberries' or 'Long Car Journey'. In Fact, even now Dead Easy is slapping my wrist. Pull back; begin with an image of a clear view, before unfurling, out and in.

I was thinking hard about the Volcano after you mentioned it, but in the steady stream of images that rushed past us as we spoke I lost the line of thought, and it was bothering me.

So I was looking back for the image, more so the exact way in which she had articulated her paintings of a red and yellow mountain half blast open (you had been reading *Anne Carson*, and I remembered she could have something to do with it). I remembered she had said somewhere that she liked volcanoes because they were 'dead easy' to paint. An image in three colours she marked as defined, that when conjuring up the image 'you almost can't go wrong'.

Three lines that mark the far off in the flat and the close.
I run my finger along them and say 'here, here'.



That which points the way, that which means

'great, volatile thing'.

(a contradiction here)

ANNE CARSON, INTERVIEW
WITH KATE KELLAWAY, 20 OCT 2016.

(a contradiction here)

and yet this is no binary simplification. Three lines in black, yellow and red, and yet, left bereft, to be blast open at each end.

Caught up in-between a pointing finger, the close and flat, 'Dead Easy'- and the thought that leaves, the thought I can't take home.

It is here caught inside, both in one *and* the other. How can I traverse this edge that moves as I do?



~~The Outer Limit~~

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Begin stood, with your arms outstretched at each side.

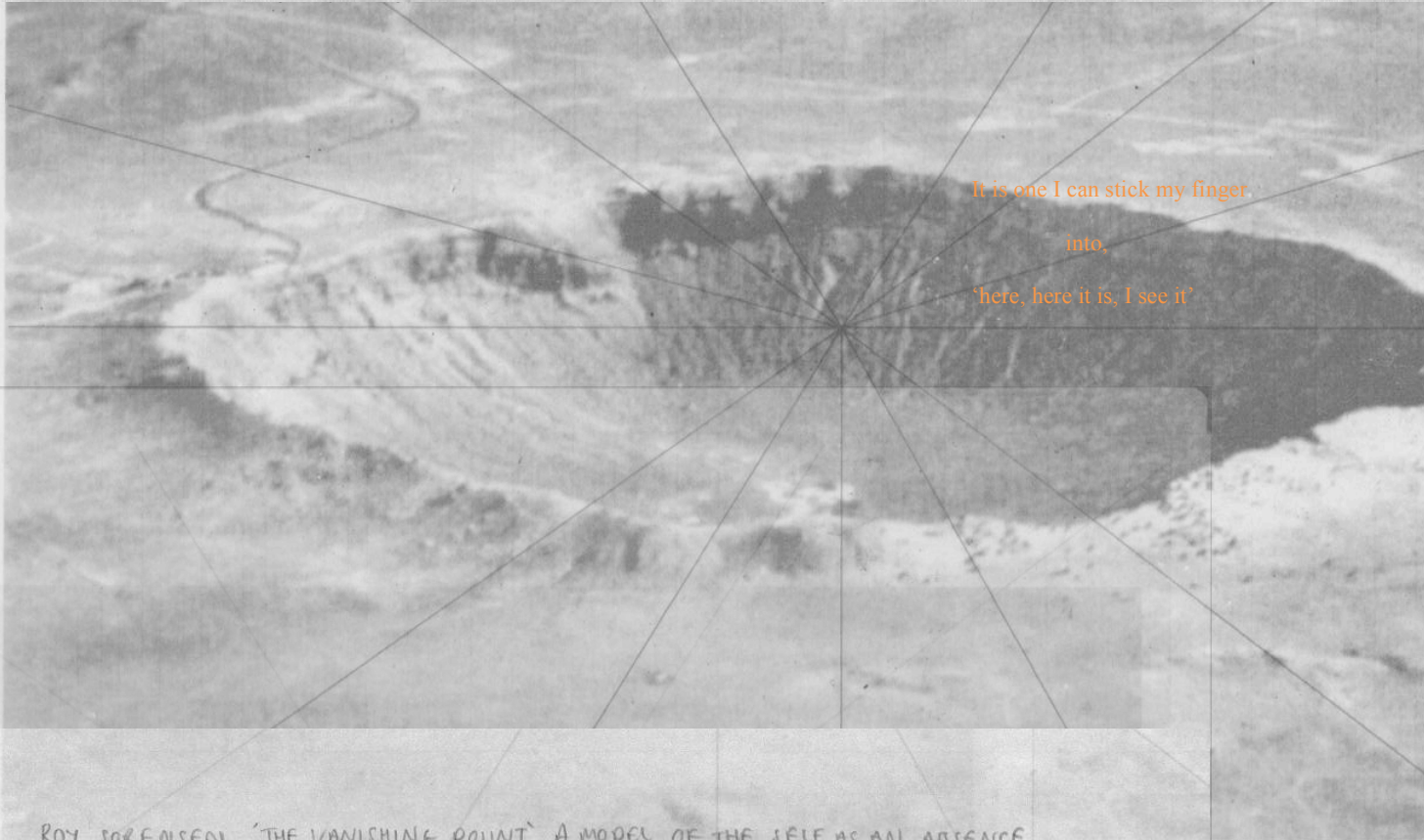
Fix your gaze to an unmoving point straight ahead.

Begin to wiggle your fingers, keeping your gaze fixed.

With your fingers moving, move your hands gently forwards and backwards.

Find the point in which you can no longer see your fingers themselves, but can still register their movement at the edge.

Draw a circle which traces the edge of your sight.



It is one I can stick my finger
into.
'here, here it is, I see it'

ROY JORENSEN 'THE VANISHING POINT' A MODEL OF THE SELF AS AN ABSENCE

Somewhere along the line, we find clarity, where everything seems to be suspended exactly in place. Each hanging from a part that shoots off and into the other straight through the centre with archurian accuracy. Each line converges marking a perfectly definable point, a crossing over that declares itself as each and every one equally measured, holding up the other with unflinching force.

Or so it seems to be.

I was thinking a lot about sight, about the act of looking as it falters, trying to look closely, to hold it still, to hold in my gaze an image of that which resists. How do we begin to navigate this difficult centre that moves at an indefinable distance, which wobbles on the periphery. Some things are directly perceived through their absences.

Looking into the vanishing point I realise that even now I cannot see it – The vanishing point itself is a complication, one I can point into and say 'there, there it is', and yet, one I will never see. The vanishing point is like the edge of my visual field, I can attend this boundary by locating that which I can see, but I cannot see the edge of my sight by looking directly. If the periphery of my sight feels like an outer limit, the vanishing point feels much like the inner.

This elusive hole has no shape or colour, really the vanishing point does not look like anything at all, and yet, with my finger outstretched, I can still declare 'there, there it is. I see it.'

'Blind Spot' is more familiar to 'Hole', at a first glance they can even be mistaken for the other. But looking closer, Blind Spot is far more self-assured, less like Hole than initially thought. Blind spot settles itself right in the middle, between Dead Easy and Hole. Jutting partially out of this unfurling mess- the closest footfall to blackberries and car journeys so that you can begin to really feel Hole. It's much harder to mark and ever so slightly different from one to the next, less of a slap on the wrist and more of a brushing past.

Really Blind Spot is not even necessarily a rushing or a missing like Hole. It's more of a slow passing that comes and goes, disappearing and reappearing as it pleases. And yet even so it taps me on the shoulder and whispers, at this point of seeing and not seeing, to tell me continue before we are lost all over again.

Gesture

~~Placing Ourselves at the Blind Spot~~

X

O

Step back and look at the image.

Focus on the X to the right of the image, now with your hand cover your right eye.

You should still see the orange O.

Continue to look at the X.

Move the image slightly, with your right eye covered and continually looking at the X, until the O vanishes.





FIELD AT AN ARMS LENGTH

Here, at this point of partial blinding, we do not witness disappearance, and yet we are able to see a 'not seeing'. The O never really vanishes; our sight skims over, misses. We liked to think of it as a kind of flooding. It is both 'gone' and 'not gone'; it remains even though our sight cannot define it.

Here we found comfort in placing ourselves at the hole within our sight. I said that I would like to embody this blind spot. Traverse its edge momentarily; touch that which moves as we do.

Some things are directly perceived by their absences.

○ ○

When I was younger I used to collect blackberries from the brambles with my Grandmother on our walk home. She was eager to pick the first of the crop, so would gather them in plastic Tupperware boxes in late spring and early summer. This of course meant that amongst the rare ripened clusters were those that were small and sour, too soft or too firm - the first of the fruits.

Once home, sat on cracking leather sofas, in front of old western films, those discarded were placed in a bowl alongside another of sugar. I would roll each blackberry against the tongue before dipping them in sugar, before dipping them in sugar to make them sweeter. Each one swallowed in an absent ritual I can't quite remember. Leaving only a pitted mess stained with bitter juice.

I have tried to crack open these words, push past the sugar, to uncover the delicate and difficult that I had missed. But however much I try to hold it still, it crumples furling/unfurling into itself, slipping through my fingers in a slow moving stream.

|| It's really odd like, trying to get to grips with the evenness or the unevenness of it. Like on my- on the top row, they almost feel entirely like ch ch ch next to each other- | mm, yeah me too actually- | and the bottom ones, I know that they're wonky but it's like they're completely jutting over each other. Like, it feels massive. | mm | I know I can feel there's a couple of mine that are slightly out too, and I have this wisdom tooth at the back of my mouth, and it's come though, it's broken through the gum but it's kind of growing at this kind of angle, and it's kind of pushing all of my bottom teeth round, and it starts to become like this- like you were just saying. | Like where one starts to push everything, everything, everything over. I mean I don't know if anyone's ever had a tooth out and you get, when they first take it out, you have this huge like smooth hole at the top and it feels completely foreign but also so overwhelming because you're not used to it, it feels like you could almost fit your entire tongue inside of it, and I know it must be so small because you see the size of the tooth when they bring it out and it's literally, what like this? | Same yeah- | but when you push you tongue up into it it's like- | Vast. | I feel like I'm pushing my tongue up above my mouth somewhere, it's so overwhelming and because it's that smooth texture - you're just so used to what the inside of your mouth feels like. When you have a different texture... it's like what you were saying about your filling. | Yeah, it's kind of like when you were talking about it, as like, a foreign texture in your mouth like running your tongue over your molars you can feel all the different grooves and the tiny pit in the centre. But I've had a filling, and it's really smooth, and I know my tongue can just skim over it, but I know that it's foreign in there, it feels like quite a big, flat kind of thing... like this. | Well it's like when you run your tongue all the way from the back to the front of your mouth, and it goes smooth, smooth, smooth and then it judders- | judders yeah | right towards the front you have this... sort of like... it's really hard to describe... I can't quite wrap my words around what it is, but we can understand it through this... pushing it round and you feel it. | It's kind of, a difficult shape to describe almost, I don't know, it's like... it is, it's a ridged... | it's like the drawings we tried to make, in the studio Josh tried to draw out what the inside... what your teeth feel like, and it's so out of perspective. | Although, it kind of falls on top of other things as well. Like when we were looking at, erm, this thing. This vanishing point, where the whole perspective of it is really off, it feels at once so close and familiar and at the same time really out of kilter, really massive and far off but also really shrunken at the same time. | Then it's if you, to say you then put your finger in your mouth to then try and navigate the kind of space, and I guess it's kind of like a different understanding. It's this new perspective, and it's almost like this image really, that at first you see this crater, this hole in the earth, and if you flip it, it then becomes a mountain. | Yeah it's this double image, but you can't see both at the same time. | Exactly. | It's like a unitary sight- | yeah- | it's where you are able flip your glance between one and the other, but never both at the same time- | mmm | I guess this is the kind of difficulty that we've been having with all of this. When you all of a sudden have all of these images that kind of become to mean the other, but holding all of these things in your mind at the same time they begin to rupture. You can't hold them all at once, you flip between one and the next and you think 'I've almost got it', and then it's all too much again. | It's funny how these things just seem to sit side by side, and you think you're getting there, you think you're getting at this hole. You think you're getting closer and closer but then it seems to fall away again. They are propping each other up but it becomes so complicated, you've moved so far past the point you wanted to be at. | Yeah. | You've missed it again. | And you could almost carry on, keep on unfurling and unfurling and unfurling, and it's almost like at a certain point you need to say stop... |

//can you

feel the surface rupturing?
even just a little bit?

Things seem to get a bit slippery here, they get a little bit unstable and it's important to find a foothold. It's just, sometimes things are hidden somewhere in car journeys, when you're stuck at the third red light- or caught up inside under-ripe fruit dipped in sugar. And it's surprising really, but you begin to find them in Volcanoes, or hanging at the Vanishing Point, maybe even locate them through simply covering your right eye. It's where the vast bumps into the delicate and the difficult, skims over it, do you see what I'm saying? I'm sorry, I'm moving very quickly and I need to slow down, we're accelerating, gaining momentum, furling and unfurling -but don't worry, it's ok not to keep the thought, to hold it and take it home. We are in the thought and then it just...leaves again.

It's ok to be blast open.

Can you feel the surface rupturing? Even just a little bit?

//at each edge, rushing past.

He's talking in waves, speeding up and slowing down. Another red light. Usually I'd be worried about being late and missing the train, but he insisted on leaving early so we don't mind. We're speaking how we usually speak on the journey from home to the train station, differently to how we do outside. Him speaking more, me less. He's talking about walking the dog when he was 14, and then walking the dog now, at 59. He's wondering where the time has gone, he's talking about him then and him now sitting side by side, how funny it is how time can just -clap- shut.

I'm just looking as he watches the light turn. Red, yellow and then - watching the street outside move past slow, then more quickly. Rushing towards the dot in the centre, it moves as we do. If you take a right and turn into the city, that point holds tight. Still like this. I hadn't thought about turning my head\\

//at each edge, rushing past.

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