

CONVERTED STOREFRONT: A PERFORMANCE FOR CRIS CHEEK

DAVID BUUCK

When I walk, I lose authorship.
—Lygia Clark

1.

Knock amok linguistic traffic Sat the 13th Storefront 40th in a micro-lecture cris cheek's out last year of transcribing text in the next 2-3 inside the-as-if some mouth 2 you, watching, might look thru the outside hours ago the plants as I walk the street, like cheek mediated by location/static passersby, audience inside now unfold as we listen 2 it. Across the billboard

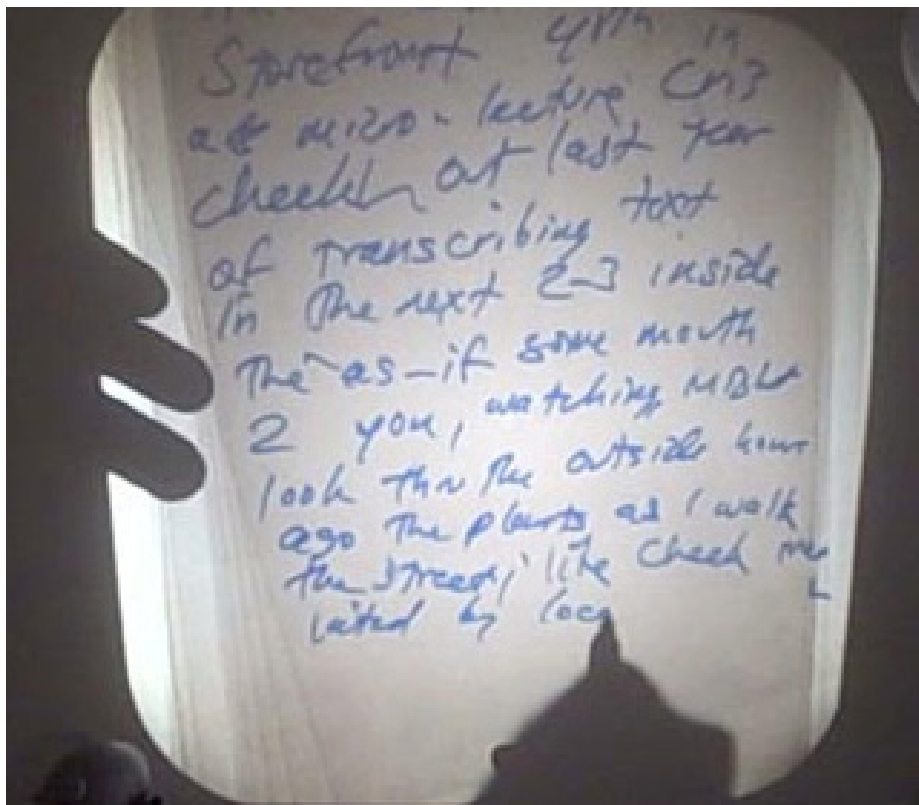
cheek: "to speech is to position" but recitation? "poetentials, stumble twists in isolation or as I am a thorn" as I walk, street-reproductions sidewalk-free, I am see + it makes me fog; p141: "call-signs, misinform- please advise." Thinking a text, such kinds of mulch shd embody engage the outside, to think from the now walking town, enough 4 yr signpost

California while 20 some yrs London, collecting the maybe + re-hashed in my hands, to find engage p161: "then hot – sounds speech – country" Else he has ellipses unscripted performance ... + down highway step the space of writing as I pass the container for feedings, the book + I think of where talks about context - duration (perform-ance of which) is not ... acted script but engaged questions

the trans-script prosthetic to muscles while uncommon p171
“from something” out from conditions collide-somatic where
procedures 4 rdg content to also body activated critically
master – with the text – come in an angle – with a certain
“already” about Oakland, some 16 Black Panthers, 1st street
action, histories erased, textual, but the lived histories (x3)
stutter

p6: “Details are much compost and + + lists reorg. do
constitute comment” the dead 41st St. the fence: no dump
no trespass as I walk a close rdg of this fence is property
not from this open to p224 of “of helpless fence thin media
finally”

+ it is, reading text providing for escaping that dead forms,
+ spatial storefront this text inside where you R together as I
turn into my own dialect + transcription.



2.

(0:09)

“Knock amok / this assembled linguistic / traffic.” It’s 6:15 on Saturday the 13th and I’m standing outside the Converted Storefront on MLK & 40th, in an attempt to perform a microlecture, or a live book review on *cris cheek’s part — short life housing*, out last year from *The Gig*, in anticipation of then transcribing this text in the next two or three hours inside the storefront I’m standing outside of, as if some future me will have taken this text from mouth to hand, or as if you, watching me transcribe this, might turn your head, look through the scrim in the window and imagine me outside three, three and a half, hours ago. The shadows, of the plants hanging, as I turn and then walk across the street Like cheek, allowing the text to be mediated by the microphone, my location, the interference and static, [clip] fade, cross-chatter of passersby, traffic, and any perceived audience outside, and inside, here now, watching the text unfold as we both listen to it.

(1:56)

Across 41st Street, the billboard reads [clip], the gentleman in the Honda with the Obama sticker pauses to look at me, and I remember cheek’s quote “to speech [sic] / is to position.” But I’m just saying that out a-loud, this isn’t writing, but recitation. As cheek writes, “potentials / poetentials / dance them out / stumble them / spatial phonetic twists / was th-walk them / in isolation / or presented order of cultural practice” or as the song of [clip] says, “I am a thorn / beneath the nail” as I walk down 41st Street, no parking, street sweeping, [clip] ah, Reproductions — Inc. The broken office chair outside on the sidewalk says “free”. And across the corner I can see the Converted Storefront, and it makes me think of cheek’s long text, “Fogs”, for instance on page 141 as the 15 [clip] quote [clip] “call signs / code words / cold misinformation / and embedded frequencies / please advise.”

(3:15)

Thinking of how a book review of a text that involves such kinds of performative trans-editing and mulch should require its own kind of embodied and performative practice to engage that text, to get the body outside in its own urban area, to think about a site-nonsite relationship from the body now on MLK walking down t-town, [clip] enough for your meal. On the signpost the sticker reads Pez 2009 SF California, while meanwhile twenty some years ago cheek, in Thatcherite London, walking the streets, collecting text, then maybe transcribed and edited and rehashed, years later for the book I now hold in my hands. Paging at chance — [clip] to find a quotation to engage, on page 161 “then, dis / located / hot / sounds of jumbled speech / her country” Elsewhere he has argued that “ellipses open up a space for unscripted remarks, in live performance” as if each step I take across the street now, and down into the cul de sac, di-[clip] highway each step an ellipsis, allowing the space of thinking, writing, to unfold.

(5:02)

As I pass the storefront again, the storefront a container for *feelings* the body a container for *feedings*. A book, a container, a [clip], and I think of Carla Harryman on cheek's work, where she talks about an 'idea-space', which I take in the context of cheek's work to be a kind of durational space of time, performance time, and a geographic space, of which a text or a performance, i-is not acted out from a predetermined script but is invoked, or e-engaged, or produces a set of questions, the questions themselves which might p-produce the after-text, the trans cripts, the prosthetic [clip] "dins-distance *praying to muscles, whilst the nurse reaches and takes uncommon / drugs*" page 171, "from a distance / something's / missing / something out from preferred conditions aver [clip] in these four walls / collide."

(6:28)

Lately I've been thinking of CA Conrad's somatic reading practices, where he produces a set of procedures for *reading* a book, based in part on the content and form of that book, but also to get our reading *body* activated. So the criti[clip] cally [clip] a mode of m-mental masturbation or intercourse with a text, which suggests some kind of mastery that could come out of sitting in a certain angle and a certain chair with our wrists in a certain angle, with a certain keyboard, [clip] already a mediation [clip] about this neighborhood in Oakland some sixteen blocks from the first headquarters of the Black Panthers, some eight blocks from the P-panthers' first street action Thinking about the lived histories themselves, erased in terms of textual st-[clip] but the lived histories the lived histories stuttered.

(7:52)

Page 6, cheek writes, "details are much / less interesting [clip] / compost from details / and and and and / lists meant or reorganized details / do constitute / comment." Down the dead end of 41st Street, the fence [clip] No Dumping, No Loitering, No Trespassing. As I walk closer to take a close reading of the fine print, says This fence is state property. Do not move, *will* not move, from this space, except to open to page 224 of cheek's text, where he writes, quote, "of helpne-of helplessness / a fence / thin, media-chain / of world events / finally nauseating inertia" and it is my reading of cheek's texts in this collection as s-providing different methodologies for escaping that inertia, of dead language, forms, and spatial politics.

(9:23)

[clip] storefront. Preparing to bring this text inside the door, sitting, so we can listen to it together, as I attempt to turn it into my own writing. All else is dialect and transcription.

3.



I'd been working on a review of cris cheek's *part: short life housing* (The Gig, 2009), and given its overlays and cross-fades of performance texts, site-specific writing, audio transcriptions, re-edits and such, thought to investigate the possibilities of a performance-review, as a way of engaging the texts and practices and questions while putting myself in a (perhaps) similarly contingent space of site/time-based writing. About three hours before the event at Ariel Goldberg's Converted Storefront performance series, I recorded an improvised text while walking outside the building, folding in quotes from cheek's book. I then played the (slightly mangled) recording during the event that night, transcribing as fast as I could onto overhead projector transparencies, followed by a (disordered) reading of the resulting compressed text. Linebreaks of cheek's poems are guesswork based on audio. [clip] = a blip/catch in the recording (cheap gear = micro-glitches). Images Rhonda Holberton & Cassie Smith. Video @ <http://vimeo.com/9455271>

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