

This is not a full piece, or even a trial of a full piece

It is

Trial 1 - fragment 1 at 30%

Title

A poetics of 21st century

Or

A lecture on the possibility of a 21st Century Poetics (wink at John)

Or

A proclamation of honesty

Or

My theories on everything I think and nothing I know

A video plays of a printer, a sound

There is a hanging on the wall

It's a painting by a robot

There are stacks of papers and printed out images

I am holding a stack of essays

I am sitting on the ground, I may or may not have shoes on,

I leaf through

I choose one to read and before I do, I play the audio of a self check out-line at a grocery store.

All the prices end in 99 cents.

After that, I play another video of a printer on the computer next to me,

While that is playing, I set up a print job on the printer next to me,

You watch, you see what images come out of the printer.

Then go to a box at the back of the space, and pull out items to show.

I look back through the images being printed out.

An idea I had once, was a lens (or like digital magnifying glass) that I can put over objects during a performance – and it would project zoomed in images on a wall or screen next to me.

I will talk about how robots make paintings

I will talk about the post-truth world

I will illustrate my experiment or proclamation of honesty

Here's all the people I have been sexually attracted to

Here's how my body feels sexually at different times of the month

Here's how I know I'm alive

It's like a good conversation over coffee where two people are trying to figure out the world and this life and what it all is

Does anyone else feel the world slipping from under them?

It will feel like we are on the inside *and* the outside of the computer

(At a specific moment, I step to the side as the lecturer)

Lecturer: I am showing you this person, because I feel like the most radical thing in the world right now, is to show honesty.

(I am in the performance again)

It's a piece of work that could ruin my life,
but at the same time,
I feel that if I don't do it, I will absolutely die.

(use of dramatics)

That I will probably fucking die.

I play the printer image again

And begin an audio track

I read an essay

Has anyone been to Homearoma? It's kind of like that.

Here I am a scientist providing you data to figure it out

And it's not about me

My attempt to share

is an invitation for you to share

End

But it actually goes on forever

Because there is too much content to share in the short presentation

Every performance it is a selection, or it is actually something that goes on forever, which I am also down for.

Transcript for Performance 1 - July 26, 2017
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