

GALLERIES

Liveblogging “Maximum Perception” at English Kills

by Hrag Vartanian on December 12, 2009 3

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11:11 pm

The next performance is about the start and it is being cued by organ music. I appreciate that they handed out some descriptions and I know that this performance is called “Walk better than sidong” by Jodie Lyn-Kee-Chow & Zachary Fabri.

A man is trying to slide across the concrete & wood floor using a snow sled. He looks like he's partly hurting himself but he is able to slide. It's actually a very powerful metaphor and he is obviously in deep concentration. The audience is really getting into this ... or at least I am.



Now a woman has emerged in a gray business suit and she has put on the scarf the man had on earlier. She looks confident and like a professional.

She leaves and a basketball is thrown into the room. Soon the man emerges dressed as a basketball player. He is bouncing the ball with a lot of intensity, just like he did when he was sledding.



He is hurling the ball at the wall above our heads and I feel like it may hit us but it doesn't. He's now psyching us out like he's going to kick the basketball into the audience. People are getting uncomfortable and giggling again.

The woman reemerged. She looked busy and a little frustrated. She walked back and forth and now she's left. We are hearing a whistle from offstage and then the man reenters dressed as a janitor with a bucket and mop. Then he goes in and comes out wearing yellow rubber gloves.

People are watching intently and they are silent. My typing feels very loud, it's the first time I'm having this thought tonight.

The woman enters again with a more relaxed and sophisticated air. She is dressed in a winter parka.

She comes out again drunk with a beer bottle and she pukes, crushes the beer bottle (I was afraid she severely hurt her hand) and then leaves after stumbling she leaves the stage.

The man enters and cleans the mess. He sweeps it up, dips his finger in the mix of vomit and beer and then touches his tongue with his finger. He continues cleaning. It feels like comic relief at this point. Gone is the anger and intensity of his earlier characters and there is a new emotional performance here ... maybe concern combined with a sense of the absurd? He keeps smelling the floor. He sees her "glass slipper" and starts playing with it until eventually he slips it on and walks away. He spots the woman's purse and acts like he's being casual and not obvious when he's picking it up.

Woman enters dressed as a runner and keeps running and forth in the room diagonally.



There is a pause. We hear music far off and there is a great deal of anticipation in the room. He walks in with a boom box and moves as if in slow motion. His pants are low and his underwear is visible. He looks like a Rastafarian Sisyphus enduring some impossible task. He stopped in the center of the room and he looked like Atlas carrying the world on his back. She comes out (this time while he's still on stage) and is dressed as a roller skater. She is somewhat clumsy.



After she leaves things are thrown on stage (clothes, shoes). He inadvertently hits a cameraman with something.

They come out in their underwear but it seems obvious she has really cut her hand and its bleeding badly. I'm kind of concerned to be honest.



He now started to semi-vomit on the stage. This performance is the most intense thing of the night. She now tastes his vomit and then eats a whole bunch without using her hands. As people are applauding she picks up the rest of the vomit and puts it in his mouth.

I feel exhausted. That was so friggin' intense.