

Liminal Performance Group
Interrupt: Interactive Hypermedia Performer Texts
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Woman in cage:

the one who goes,
the one who does,
the one who feels,
the one who knows,
the one who breathes,
the one who moves,
the one who stands,
the one who sleeps,
the one who looks,
the one who calls,
the one who remembers,
the one who fails,
the one who lives,
the one who expects,
the one who sees,
the one who forgives,
the one who hates,
the one who pleads,
the one who cries,
the one who falls,
the one who forgets,
the one who interrupts,
the one who betrays,
the one who screams,
the one who loves,
the one who lies,
the one who follows,
the one who deceives,
the one who doubts,
the one who fears,
the one who leads,
the one who dies,
the one who fights,
the one who abandons,
the one who surrenders,
the one who prays,
the one who gives,
the one who denies,
the one who takes,
the one who stops,
the one who sits,
the one who kills,
the one who rests,
the one who dreams,
the one who falls,
the one who doubts,
the one who cuts,
the one who blames,

the one who pushes,
the one who retreats,
the one who interrupts,
the one who lies,
the one who helps,
the one who hurts,
the one who eats,
the one who robs,
the one who shares,
the one who accuses,
the one who cheats,
the one who buys,
the one who fucks,
the one who threatens,
the one who spits,
the one who blinks,
the one who hears,
the one who touches,
the one who shrinks,
the one who whispers,
the one who conceals,
the one who finds,
the one who waits,
the one who scrapes,
the one who starves,
the one who cleans,
the one who falls,
the one who disappears,
the one who consumes,
the one who escapes,
the one who lunges,
the one who avoids,
the one who cares,
the one who endures,
the one who drops,
the one who cracks,
the one who interrupts,
the one who disturbs,
the one who embraces,
the one who strikes,
the one who reflects,
the one who explains,
the one who removes,
the one who ignores,
the one who hides,
the one who heals,
the one who falls,
the one who travels,

the one who speaks,
the one who judges,
the one who fakes,
the one who bleeds,
the one who misleads,
the one who releases,
the one who interrupts,
the one who obeys,
the one who hungers,
the one who bathes,
the one who presents,
the one who complies,
the one who comforts,
the one who climbs,
the one who crawls,
the one who asks,
the one who recalls,
the one who curses,
the one who profits,
the one who troubles,
the one who kisses,
the one who falls,
the one who accepts,
the one who hunts,
the one who bites,
the one who lessens,
the one who pays,
the one who searches,
the one who shortens,
the one who plays,
the one who infects,
the one who blinds,
the one who controls,
the one who enters,
the one who applauds,
the one who suspends,
the one who rescues,
the one who nourishes,
the one who wishes,
the one who rises,
the one who repents,
the one who rebuilds,
the one who beholds,
the one who is,
the one who isn't,
the one who interrupts,
the one who falls.

Man on staircase:

(8/17/00) Something said over the phone:

I can't be long. I need to get in my car... I need to drive around... Not to anywhere. Just around. Location location location location. A friend likes to borrow my car. He will stop by my house or call me at work and asks me if I need it... the car. He never seems pushy or desperate. More often than not, he just needs it to complete a small chore. He'll need cigarettes and his corner store will have sold out of his brand. His photos have been developed and are ready for pick-up. His television's on the fritz and needs to be taken in. So he borrows it to do these things. But once he leaves, he will sometimes be gone for days. And when he returns the car, there will be thousands of more miles on the odometer. And his forearms will be sunburned from hanging out the window. And the next day, when I drive it, all the select-o-buttons on the car radio are not tuned to the stations. I have one of those old car radios with the push buttons that force the tuner up and down the frequencies. But the new stations he has tuned the select-o-buttons to are not stations at all. It all just sounds like static. So I can't be long here. I need to get in my car... I need to drive around. Lately, I've been just driving around. Occasionally one of the stations that is not a station will get less fuzzy. I'm trying to find that stretch of land where all the select-o-buttons match up to the local stations.

(9/7/00) A plan made over the phone:

That will be entirely up to you... Any kind... just so long as I can see it... And don't leave a note. Don't leave a thing. In this way, I'll know you've made it away safely. Our little code. If one of us leaves something behind... if we find something that seems like a message. Let that be a cause for worry. We won't have time to speak about it again... Our schedule... we will miss one another by hours, sometimes minutes. The house will bear the evidence of our visits. And one day I will come home and your evidence, your trail, will be gone... and then it will be over... you won't have to... trust me, you won't need to... alright... alright.. A man does some driving for me. Every tuesday between 10.30 and 11.30... he drives around the federal court building. If you need to speak to me again, signal this man... that will be entirely up to you... any kind... just so long as he can see it... he is a resourceful man... but don't leave a note... he will find it... when he does, he will contact me and I will contact you... stay moving, though... there is no need to worry, I will find you.... You won't be able to reach me here... The number won't work... As soon as I hang up...

(9/19/00) Another slight ache

No no, it's me ... I've got another one ... it's in the same place ... no, just a slight ache ... on the left ... no, it's always on the left ... well, I can't imagine how ... I sleep fine ... no, she'll be back soon though ... she doesn't tell me ... I'm usually asleep ... oh, well, then I'll just stare at the walls ... yes, but I don't watch it ... the batteries in the remote are dead, it's stuck on that channel that is the guide for all the other channels ... well each show just scrolls up the screen in it's own grey box and each box says a little something about the show but the box is usually too small so it gets cut off. Like "Matlock, 8pm, Matlock finds himself defending". That's my point, it cuts it off ... I'd rather just look at the walls. Tiny little fissures start to reveal themselves. In the morning, the light hits the corners of the room and you can see little webs. And sometimes insects trapped inside the webs. I mean, that's hardly sterile is it? And the windows are sealed, I've checked, so you gotta think they come in through the cracks in the wall. Yeah, I mention it every day ... they asked if I was an entomologist ... no no, entomologist ... no, no that's like the word scissor comes from the latin word for divide or the word jewel comes from an old French word for game ... they didn't! they said entomologist, like insects ...

(9/20/00) a phone call from Chicago:

Hello, yes... are you there? Hello. Yes... yes. A train... It doesn't matter which one... The trains here run up and down the shoreline... you can't see to the other side... no... Houses mostly. Some stores, a couple of parks, not many highways... cemeteries. The red line goes past five cemeteries... you can only see them in the mornings... there's no reason to light them at night... usually, they come in groups of two or three... always... Usually they bring them in a vase... the undertaker removes them... I prefer grave yard to cemetery... Only one of them allows you to bring flowers in the winter... the one closest to the lake... in the winter, it is usually individuals... often times, it has snowed and you will see them bundled up and carrying flowers, trying to find the right plot... but the train goes by too quickly... and they never find it... as far as I know... others will talk... or a recording of something... I'm slowly learning Japanese with some language tapes... sometimes I imagine the people around me are being dubbed... Okyaku sama ga kite imasu... Sono densha wa basu yori hayai desu... Koko ni oitara nakunaru deshoo (he laughs)... we box each other up... why do we keep track of each other?... It seems archaic... to protect ourselves... like some document... in a small box... up on the shelf or just behind... something else... deteriorating... losing definition...

(9/23/00) Something said to someone in a car:

Yes... I am... where are you? Because I can barely... I can barely... where are you? where... you're... I can't... okay... yes... I can hear you... where are you? Which direction? No. Turn around. To Burnside. Then turn left... You're on Burnside. Okay. No, don't turn... What is that? Which bus?... Well, get ahead . Because it will. Uh huh. Christ... No, nothing... really... Yes... I'm just standing here... I dunno (he describe who and what he sees)... No. You've gone too far. That's too far. Yeah... all the streets are like that. Yes... Burnside, Davis... Flanders, Glisan, Hoyt... Yeah, I suppose... hey... did you hear that? Yeah. No. Where you are? Just from my end... yes... it's coming from the west... yeah... you can hear it coming down the street... well look up, is it getting overcast?... yeah... I can't believe you can't hear it.