

2HB

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1.

A couple walk into a pub.
A beer for the man, a half for the lady
They perch on tall stools and
General conversation ensues.

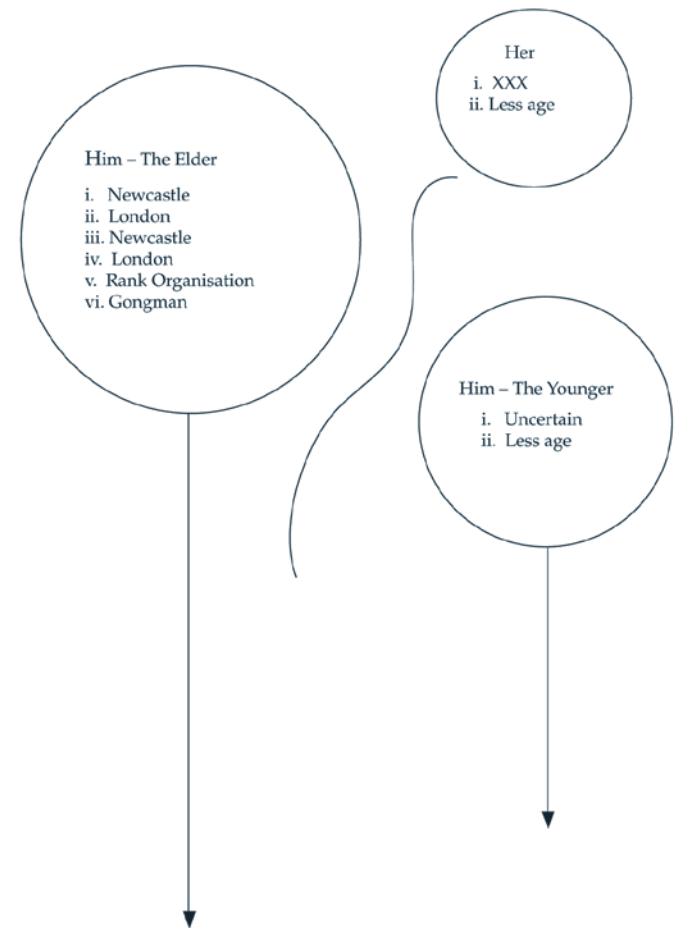
Another drink? He visits the bathroom
And she
Arranges her things on a small shelf
A cardigan
A handbag

An elderly gent with a large wide brim hat
Beige.
Hello
She nods. Polite

<Exchange words about theatre>

2.

Oh, I've been coming here for many years.
Enjoy watching people. You know, come and go.
Never been ere before, she says
Her partner joins them. Double fisting



The jeep rattles along at vacation speed as we drink up the visual splendours: lush valleys, mountain plateaus, enchanting woodlands. Deserted roads are lined with quaint island shacks, front yards bearing copra laid out to dry under the blistering South Pacific sunshine. Ho! See that boy! A lithe adolescent washes his horse on a deserted black sand beach under azure skies blanketing the horizon. The SUV comes to a halt by a dirt path that disappears into a dark, forbidding junglescape. We disembark and proceed through the thick undergrowth, anticipation giddyng us: we, the band of adventurous adventurers. Thankful of our guide, we marvel his naked brown feet gripping the earth, dancing a samba between the volcanic rocks. He turns abruptly and raises a finger to his lips. Stop. We strain to read the forest with him but are only able to perceive leaf litter, glinting in the daylight or the occasional tweeting of a red moustached fruit dove. Suddenly a scrambling breaks the silence! Bleet! Bleet! Back packs ahead of us jostle and part, for a feral goat charges between us, unsteady on its skinny legs and skidding hooves. Bleet! Bleet! As the forest ambiance returns, our surprise gives way to hearty chortles and we proceed with the expedition. The mountain inclines become steeper and often we make use of our hands to negotiate the rough terrain but our resolve is only strengthened with each step. Water bottles are passed between us, and fruits, never before seen, are sampled from the surrounding flora. As the afternoon heat teases the sweat from our pores, our eyes seek answers from the guide. Are we nearly there? The guide glances at the sun, discerning the orientation of our route from its position in the sky. He settles on a rock and signals to a cluster of trees to our left. Un-chaperoned we hesitantly step forth, like a child taking its first steps, and part the shrubbery. Before us stands an assembly of discrete wooden structures: Le Centre Culturel Paul Gauguin, 200 glorious reproductions! A demented rabble, we storm the manicured grounds and devour the museum, scoffing full figured Tahitan women here, yamming colourful island life depictions there. The feast is sumptuously rounded off with a wax figure of the artist, palette in hand, I hear him whisper Be mysterious ... Be loving and you will be happy as I chomp through his lobes, smacking my lips over the remaining morsels.



Him the Older: I turned 60 last year. Have you ever heard of The Marquesas?

Her: Um, is that in the Caribbean?

Him the Younger: (to her) No, (to him) French Polynesia.

Him the Older: It's near Tahiti

Her: French Polynesia

Him the Older: Went there, I did. Last year. For my 60th

Her: Lovely

Him the Older: Wonderful place. Flew to Tahiti and caught a boat to The Marquesas

Her: Wonderful.

Him the Younger: Lovely place to spend a birthday

Him the Older: Lovely

Him the Older: Oh yes (nods) Went to town a bit (because of the 60th) and booked a table at a very exclusive restaurant, pianist, Jazz singer, the works and the waitresses were real beauties! Heh. Seemed to get on quite well with the young lady serving me. Heh he. So I invited her to join me.

Her and Him the Younger smile politely

But her English wasn't so good see and she made some indication (waves his hand) that she didn't finish until 12, mentioned something about having to speak to the woman that managed the place. Anyway didn't quite catch what she meant but was hoping she'd take pity on me. Old man that I am!

(Chuckles)

Her: hmm

Him the Younger: Heh hmm... you were on your own then?

Him the Older: So it comes to midnight and I'm preparing for this lovely young thing to join me when I see the manager make her way to the table. Shaped like a barrel, in her 50's... not exactly the pretty little bit I was expecting. Ended up making herself quite comfortable at my table... was stuck there for a good hour before I was finally able to get away!

Her and Him the Younger laugh politely

Later on, waiting for a bus

Her: So... that was...

Him the Younger: Yeah, he was a bit...

Her: (Pause) I think he was a perv

SCRIPTINGS

#6

Hold on, I, too, am drifting ... (a speech performance with Kevin Cregan)

by Achim Lengerer



Hold on, I, too, am drifting ... (a speech performance with Kevin Cregan)

Character

AL: Achim Lengerer / Kevin Cregan

A small, squarish room (a former brothel) located in Amsterdam's Red Light District. One performer, Kevin Cregan, alone in the space. The room is empty. The curtains are closed, subdued light. The performer opens the curtains only during the last paragraph.

AL: As an artist I don't wanna be caught empty handed, right? If empty handed then only seemingly within a gesture of clever repost. Why say no, while producing a yes? I do produce something, NOW, just by being - just by being in this room I say YES! ... What about you? You are examining this room. Bare, but clean ... without books, I gave up reading some time ago. Only sentences and words from my favourite book still haunt me. At one time, my house was full of half-read books, that's just disgusting. I have ceased to like anything but confession ... as an artist I'd like to be prolific. I translate prolific with: to fruit especially freely. The artist as a juicy fruit in a brothel! You are examining this room, right? Bare, but not as clean as you might think. Here we are and I DO say without losing sight of the effect I am producing ... the trick has been played, NOW, just by being here we agree - we are in this soup together.

PAUSE

AL: As an artist I don't wanna be caught empty handed, right? WHAT DID YOU HEAR ABOUT ME? I once knew a person who divided human beings into three categories: those who prefer having nothing to hide rather than having to lie, those who prefer lying to having nothing to hide, and finally those who like both lying and the hidden. Did you hear of me as a true artist, a good artist, a nice artist maybe? Not as a show-off or talker? Hopefully as a potent artist, a copious producer and clever trickster - that'd be nice! No small bluffer, but a great impostor who likes both lying and the hidden. What did you hear about my profession, about my confession? I really favour girls with warm, motherly breasts ... I do love to play with their nipples endlessly ... with a minimal hit of the tip of my tongue I am feeling around, sucking softly, biting ... not too much hopefully ... yes she smiles ... too ... *hold on, I am drifting.* SO WHAT DID YOU HEAR ABOUT ME? You know, sometimes it is easier to see clearly into the liar, than into the man who tells the truth. Truth like light, blinds. Falsehood, on the other hand, is a beautiful twilight enhancing every object. Where was I? ... Yes ... being prolific and potent ... believe me, I know what I'm talking about. So I put a stop to it. No more books, no more useless objects either; the bare necessities ... *(starts humming)* *the simple bare necessities, forget about your worries and your strife, I mean the bare necessities ... clean and polished like a coffin.*

PAUSE

AL: As an artist I don't wanna be caught empty handed, right? ... Sorry, but did you close the door thoroughly? Please, make sure. Forgive me, I have a bolt complex. I can never remember whether or not I closed the bolt - one is sure of nothing! This worry, is not the reaction of a frightened owner: formerly I didn't lock my apartment, I didn't lock up my money, I didn't cling to what I owned, to tell the truth, I was ashamed to own anything. Today, I possess nothing, but my presence of mind. One doesn't practice this profession, one breathes it constantly. ... I don't talk about this for the fun of it. I used to talk through my head quite enough, used to walk through the area quite enough ... and I too ... made several attempts for a real production. I attended all the guided tours, went to all the meetings, wrote notes, read essays, took pictures in black and white and did what I had to as a promising artist. And now, so what?

PAUSE

AL: As an artist I don't wanna be caught empty handed, right? No excuses ever, for anyone! I deny the good intentions, the respectable mistake, the indiscretion, the extenuating circumstances. There is no giving of absolution or blessing. Everything is simply totted up and it comes to so much: you are an evildoer, a congenital liar, a pervert, an artist and so on. Just like that: you are in a brothel, bordello, whorehouse or knocking shop (but who knocks on whose door ... and from which side?). Just like that: taking the place of prostitutes, hookers, jezebels, molls, slags, tarts, whores, sex workers or ... "the ladies". Follow me? Good!!! I'll make myself even clearer, I'll tell you how it operates: One of their spokesmen patted on my back: *hi artist, take good care of the whores, eh!* - he smiled a drunken smile - *hi artist, take good care of the whores, eh!* How was I supposed to take care of them? As an artist, social worker, political being, or just like a man? From man to man: *take good care of the ... "the whores"?* - I remove his hands. The POTENT MAN as the POTENT ARTIST? The sex worker and the art worker practising their professions in commutation. *Hold on, I am ... alone in this room, in face of myself AND the face of others...*

PAUSE

AL: As an artist I don't wanna be caught empty handed, right? There are many places in the world, but chance, convenience, earnings, irony and a certain mortification made me choose a capital of waters and canals, particularly crowded, and visited by men from all corners of the earth. Take me as an example and I am not too sentimental - do you know what I used to

dream of? A total love of the whole heart, waiting for my mother's breast to feed me - I am sorry, *drifting*. I accuse myself, but not crudely. I navigate skillfully, multiplying distinctions and digressions. I adapt my words, I mingle what concerns me and what concerns others. The more I accuse myself, the more I provoke judging, and this relieves me of a burden. If we look back there's no lack of occasions to amaze and horrify ourselves. Just try, I'll listen to YOUR confession with a great feeling of fraternity. I ... I have accepted duplicity instead of being upset by it, I have settled into it and found comfort in it. Yes ... the essential is to permit myself everything, even if, from time to time, I have to profess my own infamy.

SMALL PAUSE

AL: ... snowing! I must go out! The canals, the little snow-capped bridges, the empty streets, my muffled steps - there will be purity, even if fleeting. Huge flakes drifting against the windows. It must be seagulls ... making their minds up to come down, the little dears! And you? You are still examining this room, right? Here we are and I DO say without losing sight of the effect I am producing ... the trick has been played, NOW, just by being here we agree ... we are in this soup together ... YES ... and now ... YOU CAN LEAVE, PLEASE!

" ... reads: *I gave up reading some time ago ...*"

Rehearsal and cold reading session of the performance text "*Hold on, I, too, am drifting ... (a speech performance with Kevin Cregan)*" that was finally performed consecutively September 25-27, 2009 in Amsterdam, NL.

Reads: *I gave up reading some time ago.*

k: So it will be something like ... you're here, examining this room, bare but clean, without books, I gave up reading some time ago.

a: Yes.

k: Without books, I gave up reading some time ago ... some time ago, so it is more conversational.

Reads inwardly in low voice: *Some time ago ... some time ago.*

k: You know, for me it would still be to haunt me as opposed to haunting me.

a: Hm, frankly, I cannot really assess this. However singular would be important!

Reads: Only sentences and words from my favourite book still haunt me.

Reads silently.

k: Should be cut a piece, I mean, English-wise, it should be cut a piece of ...

a: ... foie gras.

k: ... foie gras and have the rest thrown out.

a: Yes.

Reads silently.

k: Question to you would be, like, do you think it really needs to be: as an artist you'd like to produce, yes, I'd like to be prolific? Because it could be: as an artist I'd like to be prolific.

a: Um, ja.

k: Just go straight to as an artist.

Reads mumbling: *As an artist, as an artist you'd like to be prolific. I translate prolific with to fruit especially freely. The artist as a juicy fruit in a brothel. Ah, hold on ...*

k: Can I get rid of the ah?

a: Ja, yeah, all these little things. You know what? If the repetitive phrase ...

k: Yes.

a: ... is split up too often!? Ah, hold on ... would be actually nice to keep: the rest thrown out. Ah ...! Because a new idea is coming in here. So we could say: Ah, hold on ... but anyhow I have ceased to like anything but confessions.

k: Right.

a: And then we would continue with: I am drifting again. As a renewed repetition would be a bit too, too close.

Reads inwardly: *Ah, hold on, I have ceased to like anything but confessions.*

a: All these little fillers were meant for a complete different way of vocalising than what we came up with now!

Reads inwardly: *I translate prolific with to fruit especially freely. The artist as a juicy fruit in a brothel! ... Hold on, I am drifting again.*

k: You want the hold on again?

a: Jah, think so!?

k: I am drifting again.

a: But then again must be out.

k: Yeah.

a: Because you are not drifting again, but actually for the first time! I am drifting ...

k: ... for the first, first ...

a: ... time.

Reads silently.

a: Do you think you will have a problem facing the people directly, looking ...

k: ... at people, I don't really have a problem with that.

a: Okay, but?

k: Well, noticing ...

a: ... facing them one-on-one. Like you did just now with me. This is what I would expect to be difficult!?

k: And this is something you would want to avoid or is it? I mean, I would not talk to them, address them!?

a: No! But you would face, confront ...

k: ... from time to time, if it happens. I could just let ... I will neither look for it nor avoid it.

a: This is what I really like about it, it will be very unpleasant!

(laughter)





SCRIPTINGS,
Edited by Achim Lengerer.



A Solution for the State of Disappointment

(Curtain)

somewhere in the middle of Act I

*At the same time I prefer this to ... the other thing.
Definitely. There are endurable moments / On the other
hand, things may disimprove ... there is that danger*

*Are you listening to me ...?
Is anyone listening to me ...?
Is anyone looking at me ...?
Is anyone bothering about me at all?*

—

One voice, then another.

*If only I could think there is no sense in this either ...
none whatsoever. I can't - / One must resign but ... no ...
that does not seem to be the point either /*

*Mere eye, no mind, opening and shutting on me / Am I as
much as ... being seen?*

(End)

(Curtain)

And the light ceases, three breathless figures suspend
their battling chorus, the curtain drops, the stage now
dark and silent. Then come sounds of rustling coats,
scraping chairs and coughing. You leave the theatre.
Passing along a corridor you go through the stage door
into an alleyway. You enter a busy café and exit again.

Then crunching seaweed on a desolate windy beach. A
carpet of cloud moves swiftly above the endless sea.
The gentle rain muffles the waves and bleaches all to
a soft whiteness.

()

For a while now you've been forgetting that you live
under a sky with stars, that you're surrounded by
emptiness, that just a few million years from now the
sun will disappear.

(Pause)

This bowl is the mute presence of that endless sea.
Or rather, this object has in fact been the territory
of the story itself. In a narrative any object can be
magic. It can be the thing we cannot see but know is
there. Everything can be transformed into something else
and make the other disappear. Surely this illusion can
exist alone, it may even be all there is? The world is
and can only be how you believe it to be.

Living out the other side of one's own life (that we
don't know) could prove to be quite comfortable. It's
true, the things that happen to us or the things that we
do, they're never so important to us in the end. Things
always turn out to be less important than you thought
they'd be. Leaving, returning; a game where everything
is always the same and nothing ever happens.

Returning to the theatre, through sound muffling doors,
you enter the auditorium.

italics - Play, Samuel Beckett, 1963

Help all those starving chickens over there by donating all of our left-over movie popcorn. This way they will feel euphoric and you will feel utopic, at least for a little while. You can kill two birds with one stone! And the best part is, the chickens will feel so full feasting on the salty and buttery, albeit stale and dry, in the new C1000 popcorn machine. It can be yours with no down payment! Let the machine slowly wind its way around the neighborhood, as it goes along, it will leave behind it little heaps and mounds that will look like mountains to the average naked chicken eye. They will draw out and attract all those silly hens. Once the hens are there feasting, you can now throw the giant net over them. This is only for their safety of course from all those unseen foxes hiding in the street gutters. The best time to do this is after the hens have feasted for quite a while, as they will be very sleepy and unsuspecting. They could even, to their peril, fall asleep right there on the pavement and a car might come by and hit them! Gather up all of the hens in your truck to take back. Free eggs for everyone and this will solve all of our problems back home!

Replace The Father, The Son and the Holy Spirit with
The Ego, The Id and The Superego.

Interesting.

This word should be used not in arousing cases nor when someone says something that excites and holds your attention, neither when your curiosity is absorbed. NO, this word should be used in rather to the contrary situations when you can't say what you really think. Not to be overused, shall we say your reserve word as a means of escape. This is also a departure word to springboard off of and quickly change subjects or just utter the word with pensive eyes, brows, looking elsewhere as if in deep thought.

By selecting using interesting ^{NL}
you can continue conversation
without causing controversy,
even flatter the other person if
they will think you find what ^{HU}
are saying is truly interesting ^{ZA}
This is ultimately for the goal
of building and gaining support
for that day when you, little
horn, will become the big horn
that will arise from the ten toes.

Writers' biographies:

RACHEL A. CAREY

Rachel Carey (b.1976, Kansas City) is a visual artist based in Rotterdam, NL whose plural practice consists of painting, text writing and film. She is interested in idealized or unbelievable historical accounts which have morphed into fiction. Using a narrative approach, her work reconstructs fragile moments of individual and group configurations at critical moments of change. Carey has a DNSEP from L'Ecole Supérieure d'Art Metz, France and an MFA from the Piet Zwart Institute in Rotterdam. Recent exhibitions include: *Various Platonisms*, Elisa Platteau Gallery, Brussels and *Moving Worlds*, Carré Rotondes Luxembourg. Carey is a founding member of Sils project space, Rotterdam.

LAURA EDBROOK

Laura Edbrook is an artist and writer based in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Having completed her MA in Contemporary Art Theory at Edinburgh College of Art, she will continue this year to complete her MFA. Laura was awarded New Writing Scotland from the Collective Gallery, Edinburgh this year. Recent writing and exhibitions include *Come Ye Hither*, North Uist, *They Do Things Differently There*, Talbot Rice Gallery, Edinburgh and *It all began without me*, Total Kunst, Edinburgh as part of Edinburgh International Art Festival 2009.

ACHIM LINGERER

Artist Achim Lengerer works with questions of language that he either thematises in his performances or spatialises within his installations. He recently founded various collaborative projects such as *voiceoverheard* (with Dani Gal) and *freitagsküche*. Since 2009 Lengerer has run the traveling showroom and instant publishing house *Scriptings*, which invites artists, writers, graphic-designers and performers, who are working with the formats of 'script' and 'text' within their processes of production. The publications consist of live events (talks, discussions, readings, display and performance) as well as the printed object *Scriptings*. Lengerer is currently working on his first novel in script-form *ZOOOOM I+II*.

REHANA ZAMAN

Rehana Zaman was born in Heckmondwike (UK) in 1982 and is currently pursuing an MFA at Goldsmiths College. Her practice utilises a variety of media to explore the relationship between writing, performance and agency. Recent exhibitions include *Art Athina*, Athens, Supermarket, Sweden, *The Pigeon Wing* and *X Ray at The Perseverance*, in London. She has produced live performances for *Resonance FM* and has contributed texts to the journal *Rattle* and *The Museum of Non-Participation* newspaper, created by Mirza and Butler for Artangel Interaction.

Oh, we're all ready to go. We're all sitting here in our hot new wheels buckled in and ready. Now just point us in the direction that we're supposed to head in. Well, some trip this has already turned out to be. You go and get us into a fender bender with the Hittites up the road, didn't you listen, we ~~were~~ weren't supposed to turn left, we were supposed to keep going straight on. That's what the directions said to do. Now you gone and got us in some big trouble. I don't have insurance. Oh now we can either just hurry up and get out of here before the cops show up or we can try and make it look like it's their fault. In fact, I think it is their fault. Cause I remember right when I turned around to hand Bobbi and Billi their snacks I heard what I thought was you trying to tell me to to shut up. We should have never even left, this road trip was all your idea and I'm the one who said we'd be better off just staying at home, not minding anyone's business and just doing what we normally do. And just look, the Jesusites ain't gonna help us neither. There they are, don't look yet, they're just looking out them windows, see the curtains barely moving. I see a shadow. And now we're going to be their dinner conversation for the rest of the week now.

Let's have a closer look shall we? Gloves please. Yes, this reminds me of how contagious spots on my own back have spread over to the neighbors. Mine is an old, revived form of a leprosy empire strain that doctors still can't seem to find a remedy for. There I was, swimming along when I saw afar off woman bathing alone. You know, those people they don't have proper plumbing like we do, so they do it the fifteenth century way and I thought it's not everyday that swimming alone one finds oneself in the same water with a golden goddess. I was going to keep on going but the current just pulled me in, draws to this rising shrine. I reached her, blinded by the light reflecting off of her skin, worshiped her. She was trying to swim away, escape my clutches but she couldn't because the water was slimy. And then the sun briefly disappeared behind the trees and I started screaming because she should have been quarantined with all those ravenous cavities eating away at her flesh. And to think that I touched her! Irreversible Damage. But let's move in a bit closer now shall we?

Colophon

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