

Story for performance #16
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Source: Neil MacFarquhar, '[Freedom on the Greens](#)',
New York Times in *International Herald Tribune online*,
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Tags:

Writer/s: [Seth Keen](#)

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Not for me that billowing or even cloth for that matter:
reminds me too much of flags, patriotism, military
celebrations, flagpoles. But wrapped cloth, that is another
story, where the intrigue is the object underneath.

Something like those bridges, headlands all wrapped up
by that French artist whose name escapes me (of course
it is only a google search away). Or Rene Magritte's
drowned figures; their faces wrapped in cloth—the
impression of the nose protruding like a beak. But then
some may see that as being far to arty.

Maybe if I thought of a cloth full and round it would be
sails, full with wind heading downwind: that moment in a
sail where things fall silent and calm—the wind tickling

the back of your neck, if it is a mellow hot slight breezy
day.

But all in all, what about mud between your toes? That
appeals to me. Somehow I saw the truth of Jack the
Beanstalk—a crappy TV drama the other day (in an idle
moment in between)—them gleaming beans and a huge
human skeleton. Now there is special effects for you and
a busy art department. In the end a cloth with billow is
not real if it is fabricated—orchestrated by wind
machines. What happens when it runs out of billow?

*Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a
story by Seth Keen.*