

Story for performance #523
webcast from Sydney at 07:46PM, 25 Nov 06



Source: Paul McGeough, 'Democracy takes back seat as Bush's Arab Spring unravels', *The Age online*, 25/11/06.
Tags: [discomfort](#)
Writer/s: [Gregory Pryor](#)

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But I can't do it. You must do it, give me time. You haven't got any. Show me some, where are the screens, take them down, black music, what's the source. There just isn't time, there they are, take them away, call them back. Make a space for the little ones, turn around, your hair, measure your room, give me your clothes, stand up, I can't, where is your family, I'll make dinner for them, I don't want them here. The page is clean, why don't you stand, there's no room I can't see, open your eyes, I just can't see, are they yours, no they're mine, join me, I can't put it together, just close the book, can you hear, not a trace, the others swam, can't you see, the light is clear, this isn't my country, the laws are low, the heat rises, cool down, lie down, start again, don't listen, no music, it isn't my country, are the children coming, listen, it's so far away, you can do it, but what if I can't, the laws will change, your mother and father, they are the same, wait here, there you go, you still hear me, here are your clothes, there they are, wait for me now, hear the sound, lie down, cool below, try again, the night approaches, running away, for this is your chance, I'm not that lucky, but these are your clothes, undressed and driven and unseen, I thought you were visible, you are wrong, I thought you were right, you are wrong, so let's begin, we've already started, I can see, but why can't you see, there's no trace, there may have been shadows, but there is no light, is there someone here, no that's me, I thought you were here, there you go, all through the night, give me time, give me slack, I need to move, you're moving, is

this the start, we're not where we were, how can you tell, the light has changed, you're closer to me, you're so far away, did you see that, what, I don't know, it was fast, take it easy, I know what I'm doing, let's start, is there space, plenty of room, how many, nine, when will they come, when it's light, but it's so dark, who do you like, not him, he wears me out, she wears my clothes, he likes music, not here, is that a cone, why have you come, it's evidence, can you prove it, last year, last night should do, I heard the sound, it was empty, is that you, come closer, I'm here, there are shapes, circles and squares, untie me, are we united, it's wet, can you stretch, it's pressing, why did you come, I followed them, hold me, did it really happen, I saw him nod, she kicked out, swallowed, here they are, you knew they would come, one by one, fully dressed, white on white, step by step, breath follows breath, day from night, now I know...

One, Mahler (who holds fast his small white penis), two, Rachel (whose eyes are lowered), three, Fanny (the tip of her nose damaged by the cold), four, Gonzo (reader of the book), five, Tomas (breathing everyone's last breath), six, Dominic (who had cleared the path), seven, Mohammed (carrying the silver bell), eight, Falco (walking through the black room), and nine, Miss Israel (tying them together with a velvet rope).

Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Gregory Pryor.