

Story for performance #875  
webcast from Sydney at 07:33PM, 12 Nov 07



Source: AP Digital, 'Baghdad bombings, attacks drop: Iraq PM', *The Age online*, 12/11/07.  
Tags: [disenchantment](#), [language](#)  
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One: reflection  
Two: defection  
Three: infection  
Four: direction

Avoidance of the straight path. Gravity defying mobility.  
Always adrift.

One: section  
Two: detection  
Three: injection  
Four: dissection

Cut-up every moment, every space, every breath, every step.

One: perfection  
Two: erection  
Three: inspection  
Four: selection

A pair had arrived. There were four of them now. Two plus two. The space was looking like it could constitute a destination. No longer a conduit, but a culmination. The point, however, lacked the assurance that peace affords. The point, for now, resembled a target.

Four: Do the four of us constitute a quartet?  
Three: Yes, we either play strings or are part of a prototypical rock band.  
Two: More a double duet. After all, we were here first.  
One: I began, I took the first breath. The rest of you are all mere repetitions.

Four: Ah yes, the predictable argument that the first is entitled to stake a claim.  
Three: It's the discovery model.  
Two: Conquistador! There's blood on your hands!  
One: No need to get flustered, the territory is finite and our needs are infinite. Somehow that equation causes us to continually race; exhausting ourselves and the territory in the process.

Two: You bastard! First you claim sole possession of the original moment, the original breath. And then you justify it with some kind of fatalistic scenario.  
One: I am determined to beat you.  
Four: In fact, what you are saying is that it is pre-determined that you will beat all of us.  
Three: What do I care? I'm third in line, a bronze failure. A reluctant third, I'd rather not partake at all, but this relentless rhythm swept me up.

One takes Two aside and a conspiratorial tone ensues with all the subtlety of a stage move.

Two: What's the matter now?  
One: Let's lose them, we might be lost ourselves, but I think we'll fare better without them.  
Two: They do seem to be the Pozzo and Lucky to our

Vladimir and Estragon.

One: Exactly.  
Two: I might be right, but I disagree. Three pointed to his futile resistance to a constant rhythm and I, being the perennial second, can sympathize.  
One: Alone. Am all alone. An abandoned downbeat. I start and no one is there to continue, let alone, stop. Stuck still.

Four takes the opportunity of the exclusionary murmurings of One and Two to engage Three in parallel deliberations.

Four: I don't have a good feeling about this. We should cut our losses and find ourselves another pair. We rhymed beautifully from the onset, and then you had to inject a sombre tone by moping about your positioning.  
Three: Am I wrong to want to circumvent the inevitable?  
Four: Not if you want a lifetime subscription to failure.  
Three: I give in and I give up. Defeated by lethargy.  
Four: The failure to fail is the ultimate goal. The ultimate catastrophe.  
Three:

The encroaching night injects a levelling effect to the brewing tensions. With unease the four gravitate towards the centre of the space. They huddle. The cluster's defining edges grow faint. The volleys of antagonism having subsided, they await further instructions. Eventually. Finally. From the night sky, a deep nocturne resounds, fading in ever so slowly,

One: destruction  
Two: destruction  
Three: destruction  
Four: destruction

One: estruction  
Two: estruction  
Three: estruction  
Four: estruction

One: struction  
Two: struction  
Three: struction  
Four: struction

One: truction  
Two: ruction  
Three: uction  
Four: ction

One: tion  
Two: ion  
Three: on  
Four: off

*Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Christof Migone.*