

Story for performance #981
webcast from Sydney at 07:36PM, 26 Feb 08



Source: Selcan Hacaoglu, 'Iran calls for Turkish withdrawal', AP, Reuters in *Sydney Morning Herald* online, 26/02/08.

Tags: [sound](#), [death](#), [water](#)

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Sorry, I'm a bit sick, but I'm gonna go ahead anyway. I'm not close enough to infect you like this. Not nearly close enough.

Sorry I meant to digest this a bit more before I gave it to you, but all I've been able to do is bite it apart. That's better than nothing. Nick keeps telling me about footage he saw of a snake vomiting up a whole hippopotamus it had managed to swallow. It sounds pretty awful. I'm gonna try to avoid that. But the snake must have really wanted to swallow it in the first place. He keeps telling me about this: I guess he forgot he told me already.

It's true you've been surrounded by death lately. It might seem like I haven't noticed, but I have. I didn't know what to do about it yet. I went to the lake one night and sang on the end of the jetty, and I think that was for you. I leaned against the mooring pole and looked out—it was like I was hovering just over the huge water, but I couldn't fall in. I didn't know I was doing it till it was almost over. No words in that song though, just sounds.

Soon after that I went underwater—on the bottom of the pool and looking up. I forgot how hard it is to stay down there, my body wouldn't stay down. Water in the eyes, up the nose and hurting. I tried a few times. Probably why I'm sick now. I think I was trying to remember not wanting to breathe. Okay to stop.

What else? Sorry, I'm using molars not canines on this.

I've been seeing a lot of blue around. I don't know about that—but I think that's to do with you too. The lake and the pool were blue. And you held me up to

the open sky that time to listen to birds, that was happy. This is not. Yes it's your blue. I know you don't believe in anything more, just blank final finish. You told me that once, kind of casually, but that was before it happened. I prefer to imagine blue than black, so if you don't mind I'll do that for you. You also told me casually that all time was one time—you said it's all happening at once, though you didn't say where. I wish that would help you now. But I doubt it.

Are you okay? I'm trying not to be clumsy. I don't know if I will ever show you this.

I read a story about learning to swim in a living room, in a desert town. By lying belly down on the carpet with your face pushed in a bowl of salt water. I read that. And I can believe it.

I know you've been crying a lot lately. I've heard you down the line. That's good. It's the only time I can hear you breathe. Breathing weirdly, but breathing, with water.

You told me you listened to the breathing stop. It stopped. You were there for that. I said that's good. You were listening.

I'm sorry, these are not words, just sounds.

Sorry, I'm all over the place. I'll make my way back to you soon.

I'd like to see you. Listening is not enough. It hasn't been enough for years. But I am listening.

Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Kate McIntosh.