

Girona, Saturday, Dec 1, 2012. Marilyn Arsem's performance at the FEM 12 Festival.

Ten days have passed, Can one remember? Perhaps the sequence will be incorrect.

Description of tower: Up some stone stairs to a stone room, perhaps a twelve foot cube, with a window, open to the air and outside sounds, and crude niches high on the walls. Dark, with a curious cave-like smell, not detected the night before. In fact it is the smell of earth, which covers the strip of glass in the floor, along the lefthand wall. Nos habebit humus. It is cold, but not as bad as it was outside in the morning. The window has no glass & is open to the outside. She wears a black dress and is barefoot. One worries for her.

Her performance space is defined by the earthcovered glass, perhaps three feet by ten.

What will she do next? The eternal question while watching a performance.

Changing the activity after each quarter hour ring of the somewhat distant bells.

- 1) standing, holding a mandarin orange, casting its shadow with a wrist light. Its shadow like a planet,
- 2) sitting with a pile or lapfull of mandarins, rolling one to each audience member, who eats.
- 3) standing again, placing a mandarin in a niche, or perhaps a hole in the wall, almost out of reach.
- 4) removing soil to make an oval opening-- light seems to stream directly from the oval to her face. Filling it in again. Making another.
- 5) lying on the earth, tracing an outline of the body. Changing from prone to supine to prone.

Looking intently but calmfaced at each who enters. The face a mask. Everything slowly paced and silent, engagement only through glances and gaze. Or the sharing of mandarins.

The sounds coming through the open window: cars, motorbikes, seagulls, voices.

The glowing outlined body seems another body. There seems to be a world of light below the soil.

Last night's performance in the tower had a performance space to the right of the brightly glowing glass strip, as seen from the doorway. Nearly always a performance has an explicitly or implicitly defined performance space. Only fruit and light cross the boundary tonight.

A younger performer enters. "It's a quarter after 9." She stops.

7:00 pm to 9:15 pm. There should have been nine phases but one remembers only five.

Knowing beforehand that she was going to wear wrist lights, was going to use the church bells for timing, that there is a glass strip on the floor lit from below, that she is in mourning.

The other body: an astral or idealized body? Angelic? Departed?

The mandarin oranges (these have just come into season in Valencia a little to the south, and are delicious. Soon we will have the juice oranges which are even better.) Are they symbols, like apples (Adam & Eve, the judgement of Paris, the golden apples of the sun....)? Or are they simply what were in the market yesterday? Or both? Or something else, neither symbolic nor opportune?

Thinking perhaps she means something by this image or that image? Is one to guess? Is it better to just feel? (the thought that the outlined body was another's body came only the following day.) But perhaps the feeling was there at the time, without the verbalization. It is difficult to write the feelings, for one must not tell the reader what to feel, but instead attempt to evoke similar feelings through description. And one's feelings are not necessarily the same as another's.