

- > fade in:
- > tracking shot of back of man/ walking/ raincoat and bag/ he is walking in a crowd.
- > roll credits over image

- -> credits: **"THERE IS NOTHING SO PROFANE TO A MAN AS AN UGLY WOMAN. EROTICISM IS TO DO WITH DESTROYING AND DEFILING BEAUTY AND IF THE WOMAN IS UGLY THE MAN CANNOT CONTRAST THE BEAUTY OF HER FACE WITH THE UGLINESS OF HER GENITALS."**

->camera follows man past a table – we see a women - camera leaves man and focuses on woman who is sitting at the table. She is chicly clothed, her hair is dressed in a fashionable continental style/ she has a quiet but pervasive sexuality but she is not trying to project herself / she is not waiting for someone/ she seems alone/ she is smoking and looks down disinterestedly at the end of her cigarette / she lifts a small coffee glass beside her and drinks.

->camera goes back with a curve to the right + slow zoom out=> medium shot of the café at the railway station/ a few people at other tables.

Someone shouts (near the point of view of the camera/ not a voice off):

- > voice 1: **"MAYBE IT IS YOU WHO ARE THE VERMIN! MAYBE IT IS YOU WHO WILL BE WASHED INTO THE SEA WITH THE SHIT AND THE SCUM!"**

-> nobody reacts . The camera stays on the face of the woman – she looks at the camera

- -> cut to
- close up of young man's face - with strangley enigmatic eyes. He has dark hair and a neat apperance. His eyes goes from hard to soft to hard. He looks over in the direction of the woman

CUT TO:

- -> close up of the woman medium shot with man from behind sitting in front of her. She looks at him and looks away and says:
 - woman 1: **"...a composer who records silence between couples – the plot is on top like a grid, you have people and what happens to them happens to them, the landscape of their gestures... it hurts me to cut in the heart of a lettuce ... I see myself hung with THE DUCKS IN A CHINESE RESTAURANT."**

- -> cut to face of man/he speaks and we recognise him as the person who shouted earlier/ he speaks:

- -> man 1 **Do you like that?**

(He points to a book in the woman's bag – it is a book called 'The Psychic Life of Power by Judith Butler'

woman 1: **" I loose my self on purpose to teach me to find my way back**

CUT TO:

Shot of crowds walking past to a train. The train is leaving for another major European city. The last few people climb aboard. A guard is walking along the platform. He stops, points at the train and suddenly shouts:

"THEY ARE TAKING THE PLAGUE. THEY ARE SHIT. THEY HAVE IT IN THEM. THE LANGUAGE CRACKS AND THEN THROUGH THE CRACKS YOU CAN SEE THE FLAMES OF HELL. AND THE TERROR"

While the man is shouting everyone on the platform stops still but when he has finished shouting everyone resumes as if nothing had happened. The guard does not know why he shouted out.

_cut to

couple in railway café. /Medium shot from side. She takes out a small tape recorder and presses play. A male voice says

male voice: **The woman is kneeling down. She is blindfolded. Her hand is reaching forward towards a wooden block. A man in a cloak is gently helping her to bend forward – his arms around her shoulders. Caring. Two ladies-in-waiting are crying in the background; one of them is slumped against the wall. A man with an axe waits on the right.**

HE SAYS: What is performed? He says it and he looks at her. Not to get too deep in the mud, they had to walk on bodies, only the ones who were showing their backs not to get their feet stuck in the guts. She enters stage right. The lights are strong. What does this represent? I have the aggressivity of a little dog whose arse hair is being pulled

Fabienne Audeoud & John Russell. ----- 1/9 -> 1/10 – Fri- Sun, 2-6pm-----

PV: 2/9/00 [SAT] 6-9pm -----Beaconsfield: 22 Newport St london SE11 T: O2O7 582 6465

Roger Turner, Christian Munthe and Fabienne Audeoud in concert: 23rd september 8.00pm £4/£3 concessions

performative positions (in art)

act 1

30 mars 1968. There was a wide and white open space. The man entered. He walked slowly, his pace slightly withdrawn from a casual walk, like a ritual he was doing for the first time. He had no clothes on, bare rather than naked, he was wearing his genitals more like a nose than sexual organs. 50 people were standing there in a lit up semi-circle. Objects were lined up on the floor ready for an operation. Some women had their handbags on the floor. The first row of the audience were sitting. There was a tension and there was an ease. A photo reporter was ready to shoot, alert, prepared for the accident, the sensational event. The man stood in the centre of the circle and performed his piece.

Fabienne Audéoud & John Russell

9 performance-ative paintings

blood shit vomit lighting nudity

Orbit House

performative positions (in art)

act 2

She prepared the staging of her death. It was to be her last performance. They would enter like a camera in her room. Shadows on her face, a cream dress. She finished the letter, they would remember her for her death. She swallowed the pills and drunk the whole bottle of vodka. Then she felt dizzy. The alcohol and the tranquilizers. She dashed to the bathroom, vomited, and shitted on her herself, she tripped on her dress and ripped it apart, bumped her head against the toilet seat and died. It is in this position that she was later discovered.

He couldn't not satisfy her in bed, that's what he wrote in the letter he left for her and that the press got to read first. She was a sex symbol, full breasted, blond. Photographers were not allowed in. What we know of it is what could be seen from the front door of their luxurious apartment.

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4 performance-ative paintings

blood shit vomit lighting nudity

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performative positions (in art)

act 3

he said: do not be alarmed, in hell nobody listens to your career problems, but when they rise up, they are not screaming, they are laughing. You will fuck your parents, you will be forced to do this and you will be washed into the sea, your shit will float down the river and you will die in you own vomit. Do not forget you are the enemy.

and she replied: insipid future, weakness of the revolt. The malediction of the will, prostitution of the desire, the war is led in language, please let me pray for you in glossolalies! The existence of ideas is rendered vile, frenzied energies in the misuse of lies. The arrogance and the cruelty of the prevalent murdering discourse. The tragedies are played for the masters by the acting servants in the theatres you sit in. The arrogance with which the text is delivered takes root in a constant humiliation. This is your art, this is your work. a contract to plan your own torture. Many virtuous spirit in child labour... and in the chivering of a voice it was asked: "are you dead?". Resistance is vain. False insubordination is the reason of your grief. Servants and courtesans perform their gesture in vain. Failing to be, they stammer the lesson, in the rituals of vexation there is no possible silence.

Fabienne Audéoud & John Russell

5 performance-ative paintings

blood shit vomit lighting nudity

Orbit House

private view Friday 26 May 2000, 7 to 9pm

Orbit House: 197 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 [junction between Blackfriars Road and Union Street] opposite Southwark Tube station

open on Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6pm, 27th May to 18th June, and by appointments: 0207 582 9197