

from

an

ox

to

an

egg



Artist Anna Lucas curates *From an ox to an egg*, an event including a performance towards the making of a new film, *Yolk* (2017) by Keira Greene, and screening of *Diviner* (2017), a film by Frances Scott.

Yolk (2017) explores human attempts to understand and communicate the actuality, meaning and implication of deep time and its relation to the temporal experience and physicality of the moving human body.

Diviner (2017) is structured as a visual and aural script, formed almost entirely from moving image material held in the South West Film and Television Archives. The work proposes histories that inflect upon the present, as spectral, contemporary scribes.

The performance and screening will be followed by both artists discussing their processes of expanded production, the intersections between their practices, and how artists might act as a conduit for ideas. The event will be underscored by *Live Collage*, an evolving resource of text and image material selected by Anna Lucas and Frances Scott, on loan from De Montfort University library.

From an ox to an egg forms part of the 'Moving Image Day: Little City Studio' at the Phoenix, Leicester on 11 November 2017 during Leicester Art Week. *Little City Studio* is a day-long festival of films, discussions and performances exploring process, production and performance in artist's moving image from the perspective of provincial urban centres like Leicester in conjunction with the ICA's Art and Screen Network Programme.

Yolk incorporates an architectural collaboration with artist Tim Mitchell.

Diviner was created for the Peninsula Arts Film Commission 2017, a partnership between Peninsula Arts at Plymouth University, the South West Film and Television Archives and The Box, Plymouth.

When you lift up your hands like that, obviously to anybody looking at you like that, it would mean submission. So that's how you start.

I have been for months now in a state of fair fright, about attempting to give some, sort of impressionistic portrayal of...

Anything that's outside yourself, anything that's beyond or that's extreme in any way.

I don't really know myself, myself, I'm...

Literally almost incapable of speaking.

You write for different selves, for different occasions.

I think acting really is a process of discovery anyway.

You have to be a good actress.

And be, and be, more real to you!

And so, all these characters you put a little bit of yourself in but the majority of it is made up.

I think in the first place you need a natural propensity.

Well, I think most poets are...in fact, just being, just having poetic talent is an indication that you're a fairly double and even multiple sort of person, so you can compartmentalise yourself in a useful way.

Frances Scott
Extract from *Diviner*, 00:00 - 04:16



5th October - Alice's Studio

We talked about Melanie and Alice having used the same Celine Condorelli quote as Joyce used for the *Slow Reveal* Conversation in Monica's studio. I noticed that Keira also used it as part of Co-broadcasts for Super-normal in the summer.

Hannah Arendt recalls in her friend Mary Mc-Carthy: "It's not that we think so much alike, but that we do this thinking-business for and with each other." The thinking-business is work in friendship, and friendship in work.

Celine Condorelli - Reprint, Mousse 32

15th October - Notes on Uncertain Methodologies

Calculated chance - objective chance - Andre Breton's term

Camera as a tool for research

Alongsiding - working/looking (in silence?) alongside others (eg: artists editing side by side). Can also be applied to images/objects.

Permission through proximity - to other practices, writing, drawing, performing.

Dialogue/friendship and intimate moments of shared looking - watching with others.

Close-looking eg: Blind (movie) drawings - using drawing to look harder

Live Collage - other people making visible continuous image juxtapositions, endlessly

Studio as a space and frame of mind - on trains, in the swimming pool, hammock, at desk, in dialogue, whilst looking at art and films, shed/shack, carrier bag....

Anna Lucas

VARIATIONS ON THE BODY
by MICHEL SERRES

The ascent begins before the dawn; climbing reveals space. Flying in an airplane, the traveller's eyes widen, sometimes, to the size of the windows, while - slumped in its narrow seat in the rapid passenger cabin - his body sleeps. This is indeed a flyover vision: however large the landscape, below, may present itself, it forms a spectacle, like at the cinema, where the viewers remain passive and seated in a dark room, reduced to the gaze, the only activity in a flesh as absent as a black box. The animated eye overhanging a quasi-dead organism produces almost incorporeal sensations, already abstract. When, on the contrary, hands are squeezing blood out of the rock, when chest and stomach, legs and genitals, stay parallel to the wall, when back, muscles, nervous, digestive and sympathetic systems are engaging themselves, together and without reservation, in the material approach of the relief, in a relation of apparent struggle and real seduction, so that the stone, to the touch, loses its hardness so as to gain, loved, an astonishing softness, vision - even broad - loses its flyover distance and concerns the entire body, as though the totality of the organism, become lucid, contributed to the gaze, while the eyes go a little black; so what, from above, remains spectacle, becomes integrated into the body whose size grows, in return, to the gigantic dimensions of the world. The ensemble of holds contributes to apprehension: global grasp and vague fear. Sight reposes on touch. Tissues and bones become so elastic I think I'm touching the valley, three thousand meters below, with my fingers, and, already, the peak, before having reached it. While my skin, extensible, is fitting itself closely over the region to the point of covering it, the contemplative or theoretical soul, dormant, is shrinking and taking refuge in the forgetfulness of abstraction.

One surface as a placeholder for another. There are three floors - running in order from the future event, a 'conclusion' of the project, and working backwards towards the origins - of research. The First floor is the carpeted cinema stage; I imagine it, not having been yet, that it is synthetic and itchy, dusty, untrodden and hostile for skin. The Second floor, the one that isn't a floor but more of a slat, is the wooden structure. We've called it banana shelf, board, plank, that cannot settle on a function, its parameters are that it's the size of my body with outstretched arms and that it is informed by un-made modular counterparts, it's a prototype. It references the Third floor, which was a rippled roof, snakes, a lateral cascade, a design of polish architect and radical thinker Oskar Hansen, this one I experience as half real, through penciled plans, it's conclusion for me sits in the stack of research still pending.

Keira Greene