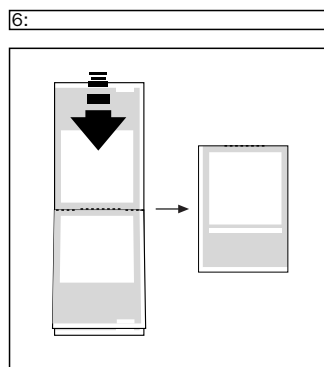
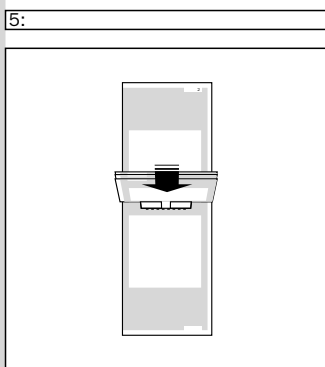
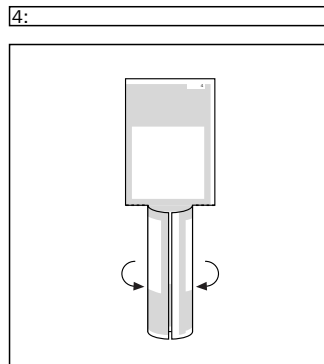
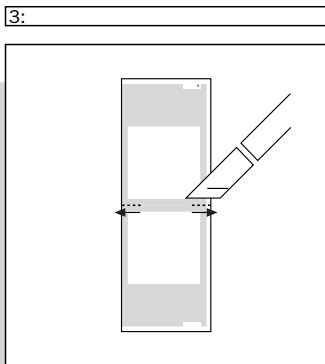
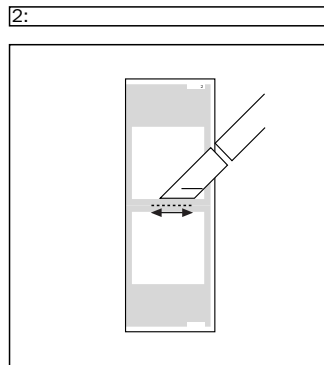
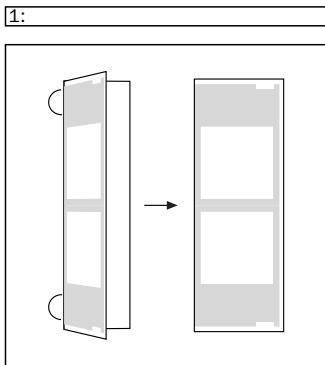


Construction



- 1: First, fold each A4 sheet in half along the vertical axis.
- 2: Using a craft knife or scalpel, cut a horizontal slot along the centre dotted line of the first A4 sheet. (pages 1/2/9/10)
- 3: Then cut along the dotted lines on all the other sheets. Make sure to cut to the very edges of the paper.
- 4: Stack the folded sheets in ascending order with the even numbers at the top. Curl the bottom half of the second A4 page (pages 3/4/15/16).
- 5: Thread the curled page through the centre slot of the first A4 page. Repeat this process with the third (pages 5/6/13/14) and fourth A4 sheet (pages 7/8/11/12) with the even pages in ascending order.
- 6: When all the pages have been threaded through, check the pagination. Finally, fold the booklets in half along the horizontal axis.



PHANTOM SHIFTS: PERFORMANCE NOTATIONS

AARON WILLIAMSON

DIFFUSION

that resemble star-animals and heroes, pure outlines. Slowing, the lines rest momentarily as the head changes course to salute emphatically in the affirmative, lifting and falling, sped up once again to a blur. This time the lines are unsuggestive, remaining closer to the ears. To compensate, the whole body now shakes out of its crouch, its arms fling and fingers curl, the lines emerging suggestively once more and the sky-maps return. Captured in moving images the line-shapes pause into febrile, eclectic drawings and these in turn dissolve with corresponding diagrams of constellations.

Humour makes the solid form of a lever, its trigger at an elbow. The body's weight is attached to shoulder and represents a load to be lifted. Notice the brachial muscle is attached a long way inside of the humour thus increasing its power very greatly, although the rate at which it helps in lifting the body is diminished since it shudders with uncontrollable, gruesome laughter.

X-rays cannot be seen until they turn into light rays. A toy bicycle impacted in the gullet. The X-ray shows it is stuck. Shiver down neck to swallow, the wheels slide in mucus, the seat jammed at the collar bone. With the neck stiffed, the feet start up pedalling. Back arched to force round the chain, it sticks also and comes off. Instead, walk with the bike, try to dislodge it but no gain, the oesophagus tightened around it. A useless vehicle, stubborn to direction or circulation of energy. What has been achieved however, is a transfer from a portrait of the torso to the landscape of a toy.

Heart's left ventricle holds 2oz of blood. At each beat almost half of this measure





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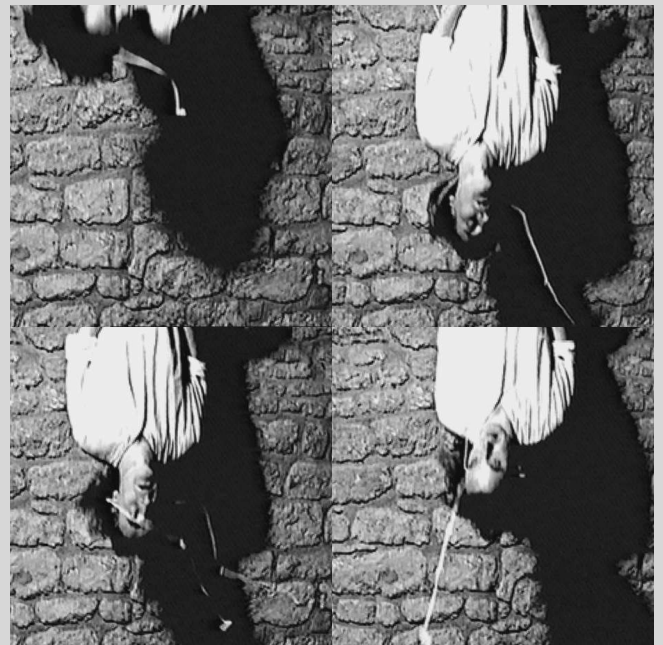
PHANTOM SHIFTS: PERFORMANCE NOTATIONS
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Phantom Shifts was presented in the Long Room, New College, Oxford University
in March 1999.
Images: *Audiographs from Phantom Shifts* (Aaron Williamson 1999)

A pair of busted white shoes, laced and tied outside the bare feet to the ankles. When the slow moving, over-tentative walking begins, (as if a drawing pin has punctured each heel), the shoes drag behind the feet, at the end of their laces, pointing opposite to the direction of advancement. Amplifying movement, these shoes steer a phantom procession away from the body and in the direction it does not take; trembling, occasionally turning over onto their sides, guided in retreat by the feet they do not clad.

A strip of epidermic cloth, 17 yards in length, a 50 feet stare, divides the long room. The skin it provides to the floor is utilised by various parts of the body in turn, particularly – and intimately – by the soles of the feet. Light cloth, leathery skin: retreading tactile infancy. A painstaking process above this membrane, covering the room. At the tip, the feet turn, back arches, fingers roughly gather a hold on the skin's hem. A violent twist of the spine, a flick through the torso and into the arms and out as the skin erupts in line and shape, a wave engulfing the room. The cloth falls, twisted in parts, an untidy zigzag of bunched folds. Only at this point does the skin-cloth suggest its possible rendering into a garment.

Knees lacking lubricance knock faltering about gravity. Quizzical, the leg's shivering and spasms are cold energy, cold principles, a one-fine-day undercarriage gone awry. All efforts to take balance are convincing yet futile. When the leg stands on straight, the cold rust in that segment of kneecap hurts with the relief of unusedness.





Behind hands hangs the white shadows – a pair of dangling, apparently fleshed-out work gloves. The hands lift but the gloves remain dead, hanging from the elbows on string. Although they flick about when animation strikes the body, slapping the chest, swinging near to ears, they contain no utilisable momentum of their own. The gloves' only recommendation are that, unlike the hands which live and move ahead of them, they are difficult to lose.

An oversized ear clung to a yard of skull. Lifting a chisel to the helix once more, the knocks and cuts notch the hours through which the likeness appears. Each time the carver breaks off he waits at some distance for a signal to tune in with. Likewise, the ear waits between shaping sessions, a threat of eavesdropping growing in its stump. As the outline emerges, rudimentary is enough to grasp the gist yet a decision is made to press on. Returned to the trestle, a sharp rasping sound provides definition and the cartilage finish of sandpapering pushes the curve of the pinna all the way down to the lobe. A listening thing at last, it suggests itself being humped onto the back like a sack of coal and toured through a hushed space.

The length of room is proportioned by the demand for numbers to flesh out a collapse between gown and cloth, the clerics being recently decimated by plague. Long afterwards, two large, roughly hewn plaster effigies of ears are sited, lying flat, in the room. One of them recalls and absorbs the sounds of congregation, of determined, huddled resistance to ungodly forces. These sounds are transmuted into physical liquid, running out of nowhere through Eustachio's tubes and collecting in the meatus cavity. As the ear is lifted and tipped, the liquid, a blackly bubonic pus, drips out onto the floorboards of the room. A line

A violent, implausible lateral bend. Each hemisphere of a globe swivels at the knuckle/hip's intersection, can fold forward and around but not backward. A dry grating sound emits from the knuckle in some passages of turning. As if long ago drops of acidity had dripped into the knuckle's ball bearing drying in stripes of angry rust. Sounds ache at these passages and throb through the throat, resonating the vox box to creek unrolled out of the mouth. Teeth tremour at such sounds remembering dry chalk bulletins snaking on cold slate. Thus warmed, exertion pulls the posture right over and snaps it out of the knuckle, lands it back into spirit-levelled hips.

An old long butcher's bone, meatless and hollow has been baked hard around its two inch flue. Held above and positioned, angled to a seated head's crown. A long wait. Mounting anxiety slowly tours the head's face and neck. In the same frame, a hand lifts a mallet. Bone is hit, forced down through the crown, instantly coring the head's intern. The long bone inside the skull, holds fast around its soft pith, a new marrow. Another long wait. Hands grope into the frame and use a gripping tool for the bone's slowed down extraction. Now done, they glue circular glass discs to each ends of bone. Seals the bone, discards it and moves on.

Ankle skims the balance just over into splaying, a spilled action. As lost as any chronic fortune. So ankle must take the slack first to tense before lifting the charged tangle back up and out onto show. The phantom shift is the one fell away from. The quest for its reinstatement is here dramatised, there acclimatised, here won, there lost. Lose sight of grounding to suffer distresses and signals. The length of a silence is its depth.





is drawn, a splash of convocation trodden through with bare feet, the numbers now down to one.

The navel-stone, an omphalos, gravitates to the centre of the space it is placed down in. Simply a foot-high rounded stump of concrete, it can be moved heavily, but the central axis of the space it is in must shift with it. Thus, its gravitational force is not limited to its weight but is also restrained by a perception of intersecting lines. The main use it has is for mounting and wobbling atop. In this employ, it structures balance, its own sense of centre translating into a vertiginous platform once the feet are on. Here, a body sways and shifts involuntarily. At crisis points, rather than fall off, the arms flap about uncontrollably. One means by which the stone navel regains its own centring fixity is by tossing and bucking the flesh navel that teeters above it.

Behind teeth the mouth is a hollow ball. As the ball is carefully conveyed, (as carefully as a tray of expensive, intoxicating drinks), the tongue, beached inside the cavity, gravitates by sliding to its base. Concentrating this sensation drains the face of any countenance, makes the posture more curled and more ponderous.

At the sides of the head, emerging from each ear are two 18 inch lengths of shoelaces or thongs. They are weighted at the ends by small stubs of pencils. The posture is crouched, the head bowed low as the strings dangle out front to the midriff. Suddenly, the head jerks and shakes out to a violently fast and sweeping negative gesture, blurring as it rotates at full stretch. The pencil lines leap and ribbon about the head arching through after-images of shape and form

A hand knuckle is enlarged and transplanted to one hip. Posture is pushed into

slit thigh with fingernail to plunge hands into flesh. Grope through muscle, locate hamstring, wet and elastic, relaxed, tuned to stillness. Hands jerk string out through the slit leg bent back to a tight angle, release it and the foot stumps back to standing. Balance is lost, teetering. Pull string tight again, this time to tie in a knot. A contemplative, wading posture on one leg. Unipod for as long as possible, trembling with exertion, fearful of the fall, teeth chattering, until tipping over into a bruised shoulder.

Two little profound end fingers, pointing, disrupt their balled fists. They gesture each side of the face about drilling, about chewing the face open and covering two weighty molars. Instead, each wrist waltzed round to head's side, oppositely. At a time, the small fingers enter the head through the ears, twisting the hand slowly at first, torso twisting around the fingered irritation. Speed up to convulsion to drill further. The head coughs, tries to shake off its aliens. Embattled, proceed until arms, thrown out, fling fingers into air and light once more. They are slightly more crooked than to begin with.

is discharged, shot through a statuesque form. The inert body contains in total ten pints of blood. Without any exterior movement whatsoever, the dance is a circulation, the slinging of the entire cargo of liquid, conducted over some 100 or so beats, through its mass. Laid end to end, the circuitry of veins and arteries could make an impossible yet enticing vanishing point unfolding ahead of the statuesque form. A custom that hesitates to forget its founders is lost.

