



**OVER
AND
OVER
PURE
FORM**

**Fay
Nicolson**

2016

Fay Nicolson

OVER AND OVER PURE FORM

2016



OVER AND OVER PURE FORM is a long form poem activated by gesture and structured by rhythm. The piece formalizes the curriculum of a phantasy Art School, pasting Modernist studio exercises and Post-Modern reflexivity onto a neurotic atmosphere of contemporary neo-liberal demands. Nicolson uses speech, melodrama, humour and gestural motifs to wrest communication from the grasp of the literal and rational towards the surreal, physical, associative and sensual.

A chorus of students take on the forms of the contradictory pedagogical approaches they are subjected to, craving for moments of realization, rupture and resistance.

Course Contents:

Semester I

Introduction:

- **We're students of Play Sense**

Basic Course:

- **Point**
- **Line**
- **Geometric**
- **Organic**
- **Form**
- **Look**
- **See**

Critical Studies:

- **From Love to the Libido**

Module Evaluation:

- **Self Reflection**
- **Assessment**
- **Assessment Feedback**
- **Evaluation (a dance)**



OVER AND OVER PURE FORM

Introduction:

We're students of Play Sense

(CHORUS SINGS)

We're students of Play Sense!
Embodied geometry
Physical forming
Exercise!
Exorcize!

We draw through leaning
Learn through dreaming
Build through moving
Make through meaning

Mould bodies / bold gestures

I am my own structure
I support images
I make them
They unmake me



Producing presence
Acting appearance
Alternate patterns
Interlaced absence

We're students of Play Sense!
Embodied geometry
Physical forming
Exercise!
Exorcize!

We lean through drawing
Dream through learning
Move through building
Mean through making



Basic Course:

Point

You are on the floor
Crouching down
Squatting

Like a ball of paper
Screwed up, flung
And missed the bin

You are one co-ordinate
Longitude and latitude
A point

No point

No.
A point!

A point from which a vector can be drawn
If you want
If you have the strength to lift your digits, to stretch and
grow.

Grow!

No

Now!

Line

Hand High
Hand above Head

Eyes closed
Grasp for your direction
An innate geometry
Another coordinate
But in 4 dimensions:
Z,Y,X,Who knows?
This point hovers high above and in another time

Locate it
And reach!

Hand High,
Hand above Head

Follow this diagonal
Take your lumpen form along.
Rib cage strained
And spine in line.
Bad posturing
Will be beaten out!

Get your ass into shape
Unfix your hips
Uncross your legs
Unlock your
POTENTIAL!
Reach!

Geometric

Your fingers pierce the plaster
Which yields like gum
You slide in
To the wrist
Lean

I love your
Euclidean stance
Galileo flow
Hubble bubble
Toil

The trouble is
You need to tense your trapezius!
Your body straight as a rule
A trajectory through the room, beyond it!

Yes
YES!
That's it
A striking line!
Dashing Diagonal!

YES!

Organic

But you look stricken. Don't worry, we'll pull your hand back
through at the end.
Don't cry.
There y'go, see?

And now, back, at ease. Your tense linear form falls
Retreats
Material memory colours in the lumps
Rubs in the well-earned sags
Traces creases
Relax

You drop to the floor
Cheek to dusty concrete
Painted grey with thick industrial glosssssss
Pallor sweat breathlessness
Swallow
Limbs void
Drained of gestures.



Form

Get up.
Wonder over to a person in the class.
Size them up.
Think you can get your arms around?
A satisfying fist of breast or buttock?
Overspill?
Absence?

Hold them and find out.
Hold them tight, oh so tight.

That's right.

Bare hug
Formal asphyxiation
They are held and stop breathing
No longer alive.

But as you grab
You are grabbed
And have also stopped breathing.

Dead arms tense around dead forms with dead arms.

Look

You think you can see
but look at me.
I'll show you look.

L is the back of your head. Your soft
skull abstracted into a right
angle. Protracted...

K is your nose, or perhaps your ear
Depending on your perspective on
Perspective.
Sandwiched between are your 2 squelchy
Eye balls.
OO

You think you can see
But look at me.
I'll show you look.

I spend over 5 minutes a day looking for socks.

Now,
Reflect for a moment
Cast a glance in the mirror.

*Look you show I'll
me at look but
See can you think you.*

You look shit.

See

Look and See are not the same even though they seem similar.

Open your eyes with your eyes closed:

*Imprint of strip lights
Lilac toxic
blurring to brown with peripheral haze
psychedelic fizz
Avant Garde show reel
snowflakes snapping
searching for some
form, space, idea, edge...*

Close your closed eyes:

*Dozing non-narrative stream
Flicks of fractured associations
Drift in drop out.
blood between eye-lid
skin pink sun light*

Open them again for REEEEEAAAL!
Feel the air con lap your eye balls:

*Blink. Dust circling. Blink. Errant eye lash. Blink. Thoughts gurgling.
Blink.
Gaze. Stare. Read. Peer. Squint. Strain.
Glazed. Red. Blurry. Blood shot. Dark rung. Be-glassed. Contacted.
Sleepy. Weepy. Wet.*

Now look out!
Around!
Open Open Open!
What can you see?

*White wall. White wall with scars and poly filler cheek bones.
Crooked nails. Adhesive remains. Screw fix pock Marx.
Pasty faced emulsion.*





Critical Studies:

Lecture Notes - From Love to the Libido

Lacan psychoanalyst

no doubt that there is a real. Subject + real in relation to confines of pleasure principle > Love object

I am in the audience, watching the play, or lecture, can't tell anymore which is which; the disappointed artist plays dry academic; the sly alcoholic plays jocular master. Rustle of papers, cough. Cough cough. Clear throat. First slide. Sip of water. Curtains twitch. Thick black velvet, twitch, the water is laced. The water is spiked. Sip. Cough. I glance down, finger the fingered hand out. Underline a few words; key phrases. Sublimation. Drive. Desire. Thing. Gap.

Gap. Gap. Fill the gap. I take a sip of coffee and crave a fag. Cigarette sounds so much nicer, doesn't it? The sugary Cig sliding off tongue. The ette like a cute French babe, blowing a smoky kiss across the room.

The lecturer blows a smoky kiss across the room. It smacks me in the face with gluttonous rouge joy.

Focus.

Love object > object of desire

Why is this important? How does it relate to my work?

Don't like sychoanalysis.

Bored but I sense something could be done – is to be done – that my bloody body laying dormant is expectant, expecting rhythm, expecting the beat to kick in, expecting the fight or flight, sprinter before a race.

I unfold the folded handout. It's become leathery from all the handling, soft like suede. *The hand out would make a good pair of shoes*, I think. I take off my shoes (one cherry red doc martin with a silver buckle, one patent white stiletto) and throw them towards the stage. *I really should take more care getting dressed in the morning*, I think. *No wonder it was so difficult to walk here.*

I fashion the hand out into a pair of Arial-point-10 shoes. They're a little tight but I imagine I'll break them in. The lecturer has made his introduction and is now on the 3rd or 4th slide, I try to catch up. After failing to process his sentences I realise that the lecturer is just making sounds; monosyllabic tics and guttural vowels. Soft plosives. Leaning deep into the lectern mic his delivery becomes ever more rhythmic. Lak LakCzh Duh. DuhDuh. Czh. Tsz tsz tsz. Lak lak lak lak.

I knew it, felt it, something is going to happen, is happening.

I'm moving through the crowd, sleekly towards the stage,
past red velvet seats, squeezing past knees, weaving
through rows. The slides are a succession of words upon
screen grab backgrounds. Ibiza slogans, flashing faster and
faster. Hot and cold, black and white, flash and grasp. I
see DANCE. I see DREAM. Stream, strobe, gleam.

Others nod and scribble, can they hear? Are they here?

I'm a ghost vogueing down the gangway in Arial-point-10
shoes peeling off my jumper. With every *Duh* I punch the
air. Bang bang bang and swing my hips. Flick the hair off
my cheek catching eyes. Biro's paused above notebooks.
Some stares some nods; do you hear it? Shoulders gently
heave and sway, spine twists in delicate spirals, toes tap,
calves tense. They rise clicking fingers. They're my backing
singers. We step in time to the duh duh duh. bouncing
bounding down the aisle towards to stage.

We take it!



Module evaluation:

Self reflection

You must attempt a self reflection but are struggling to gain perspective, to comprehend your new stance, the angles, curves, shades and tones you now adopt. You decide to step outside, leave the building, trawl the high street, precinct, mall. Looking for critical distance you search the pound land, pound saver, pound stretcher. Craving an objective glance, you glide through Wilkos, slither through Westfield. Longing for reflexivity you lick and flick your index finger through the bible thin pages of Argos. Unsatisfied you decide to navigate digital rain forests, haggle in virtual black markets. Where is it? Where can you find one? If you are to do this you must find/purchase/own/inhabit/be a #perfect #mirror and there are none in this place. They're all cheap and warped, scratched, sullied, the fluorescent strip lights strip you of your sense of self.

Assessment

Your work demonstrates an absence of knowledge of approaches to creative problem-solving and inadequate implementation of possible approaches to critical thinking in relation to practice.

Your work demonstrates insufficient critical reflection and little evidence of the ability to articulate the extent of your work.

Your dancing demonstrates the insufficient development of skills relevant to your practice.

Your choice of lovers demonstrates little or no application of the relevant contextual references for your work.

The fundamental concepts and principles surrounding your practice are unclear.

Assessment Feedback

You totally fucked up this time babe.

(silence)



Evaluation Dance

(CHORUS IN ITALICS)

All gather round and sing...

I will not value what you do
It's not too late to evaluate
The state of educations through
Do not leave your grade to fate

Labour spent on empty tasks
Be on top, be the best
Common sense is all I ask
Always strive and never rest

The quantitative is never true
Matrix, grid, tick and box
The qualitative is what I knew
T's with crosses, I's with dots

Tacit knowledge slowly gained
Show us all the evidence
Skill and care cannot be feigned
These statistics don't make sense

I have no knowledge I can sell
They will get a strong return
I will not serve your clients well
On what they have to pay to learn

I will not value what you do
It's not too late to evaluate
The state of educations throughs
Do not leave your grade to fate!





OVER AND OVER PURE FORM

Performed at Kunstraum, London UK, 2016.

Narrator: Fay Nicolson

*Chorus: Jasmin Aldridge, Helen Davison,
Lillian Wilkie and Madalina Zaharia*

Percussion: Cédric Fauq

Production assistant: Tilly Slevin

Still photography: Samuel Fouracre

Sound and Lighting: Thomas Cuckle

Costume, make up and back drops: Fay Nicolson

Camera and co-editor: Johnston Sheard

Additional camera: Paul Maheke

OVER AND OVER PURE FORM was written and performed by Fay Nicolson with production assistance by Thomas Cuckle of Kunstraum.

In 2017 Kunstraum commissioned a film of this performance. This film was co-edited by Fay Nicolson and Johnston Sheard.

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