

SAMPLER

Urn and Drum

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Lila Matsumoto

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For Matthew

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SAMPLER happy work

born in flames

This upbeat, glitzy sleight of hand
is what I call stump work
or a battle cry

What I want to do – my desire of desires –
is to make a show about a stubborn individual
with an acute awareness of price and passion
dissatisfied with the pabulum of her lot

I would like it to be seen by the widest possible cross-section
of people:
those who sing, those who don't, etc.

I will tell my critics, don't indulge yourselves in ex-cathedra
judgments
and give them my best wishes
for several more centuries of women's work

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ivory diagnostic figure, reclining

I often have the feeling I am in bed
rather than being an object
Monday to Friday, I escape the narrowness and permanence
of definition

The world which surrounds me
is constantly catalyzed by personalities
whose lives are driven forward
by the spirit of automation

You can see that there is something alive
or operating
in me

Through my body I attempt to treat myself
as an equivalent and independent element

This may be in vain I know
but I believe dreams clothe the mind
and I am thankful we have use for costumes

practical style

A long time coming, this pre-natal story.

When we first started out we had a more timid approach
but we began to realise that there was this thing

Well, it didn't even have a name then
but what you can call an out-of-body state
where you become interested in the small changes
your own hands can make

I was twenty-one when I first came to this city
I thought to myself, this is where I want to be

We were fascinated by the activities we saw
It gave us many ideas about how we could take our materials
and splice, cut, and paste them

Over eight years and an abundance of work
we have experimented with all aspects of soft, moist matter
People say we are a kind of ropy orchestra
that would make any singing saloon jealous

body advocate

When you were clapping your hands, I fell into a trance
a rock star or go-go dancer or were you shelving objects

I fell into your repetition

First a gesture then a demonstration
then a response, then an alien
smarting to the air

Your gaze was definitely neutral
You seemed to be interested in reflecting something back

To me it seemed like happy work
like the gradual lengthening of torso
and legs

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