Each performance is a control system—from Kerr’s *Ghost*. To interdigitate is to interlock, like the fingers of clasped hands; a gesture implying intimacy, of cyberspace. 

5-8

INTERDIGITATE ’98 AOTEA CENTRE AUCKLAND ELECTRONIC ARTS COME UP AGAINST THE HERALD THEATRE’S VIDEOWALL IN SOUND, IMAGE AND PROGRAMME.

The stage performance is drawn from the margins; the dancers’ deflections of movement to and from each other stretching diagrams through diaphragms. They bring a closed circuit of videocamera muzzling into play but this falls short of a benediction. It’s just a kiss lapped in awash of sound. Oblique N²

GHOST
A PERFORMANCE DIRECTED BY SEAN KERR
Audio: Sean Kerr
Dancers: Megan Adams & Sean Curham
Video Treatments: Kim Fogelberg

As if seen through a glass muffled, Fogelberg’s ghosted images focus attention on Kerr’s quadrophonic soundscape. A drone rises on wave-lengths of frequencies towards an archaeology of stones embroidered in thunderous lightning flashes on screen sound and stage.

Never one to be explicit Kerr directs disparate traces of enigmatic image and sound that fall inward and lope back in pitch shifts and sliding screens. Behind this curiously unmoving event there is a smouldering sense of outrage that is never realised upfront. Emotions withheld. Someone might live here behind this architectural façade. The tempo picks up—churning out oblique reversals before a wall of fire.

Flash lights pop and splutter on stage coming again on screen. Images degenerate there but not there. A fuzzy logic. Intuition before substance. Patterns of patterns no name is the Ghost in this machine. Kerr’s direction operates on three levels of sound, image, and performance inducing interstices between these elements.

"This is an operation of differentiation or of disappearance..." By doing so it could be said that he induces the ‘ghostly’. But compared to the soundtrack the choices of the dancers’ performance and some of the imagery do not carry equivalent weight to produce the potential of Ghost’s motifs operating; that is, "to make the indiscernible visible."

A fujihorn sounds and cellobell cruckles. Somewhere out there tonight a Guy’s on fire.

ORKA (LIFE FORCE):
A M.I.D.L. PERFORMANCE BY STEINA VASULKA

She plays in and draws her bow
On the videowall a white-suited performer leaps to her command. He is superseded man and she’s a hard-wired woman and he’s dancing on glass as a ragdoll on skates with the pathos of Chaplin and Annie Lennox he falls 9 times a dozen times and times again. Her fiddle makes him flip as the violin skitters between a flutter a pluck and the ground-down timbre of your dentist’s drill from rapid vibration to an extended fifth dimension.

What can I say of this stunning image/music performance when I can’t say what is poles apart and I have no purple socks.

Steina’s bow catches the dancer mid-air and flips him again banishing down a vertical hold that could only happen here at this M.I.D.L.® point of Interdigitate. It’s not the stuff of documentaries and can’t be packaged for The Morning Show.

Somewhere else crossing an intersubjective dateline Steina plays with herself all the younger for it. The mirror on stage. What sounds like a chooper from *Apocalypse Now* breaks off at images of Iceland’s geyserland and the Fantasia of some foolish muddy taniwha—

Steina playing Disney for all she’s worth.

Salutations from Tokyo and sliding screens of Japanese elevators She waits the elevator shafts into a volcanic landscape a ‘welcome to my world’ won’t you come in’ while 20 polite white gloves countertop and marshall me back to Laurie Anderson’s America the Brave and still she waits.

The Heavy Metal Doors hidden hydraulic weight-bearing lodes of grated sound screens become strings become musical states I’m dancing as fast as I can vibrating notations monographs which were here with her that half between past between cause and effect. Sheiks skin galvanise from the ZETA from a Bacoonesque excuse for a man caged by the grid of the video wall. It’s a sight to make your eyes smart and your nose run. The English Patient gone haywire gargling ganglion nerve endings in ‘JESUS LOVES YOU DOCTITTTOR’ a face mangled by a sound wave ‘Mececeeeeee e e’ forces ‘AM’ screeches ‘Doctor’ ‘Whadda-yamean nochatnopills? just tell me who I am!!!’

slight shifts of the bow string you out keep him dangling then cut him off and out.

Ms Steina’s feeling for life - a MeisterKraftwerk.

The English Patient

ORKA (LIFE FORCE): A M.I.D.L. PERFORMANCE BY STEINA VASULKA

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW????!

’s... the future begins in 3 minutes... right between the third eye!!!!

A androgynous baptismal Christ blows his own trumpet.

After he’d seen the light Paul of Tarsus set out from Damascus to convert the Mediterranean soul to his way of thinking. In his preaching he employed a form of mirrrespeak reflecting the tangents of the various regions. This was the form of his sales pitch; the secret of his success. It made the locals happy. He was their kind of guy.

In an upheaval of mass-media iconography Brent Hayward promotes his Everyman as a sort of neuro-mancer on this theme of the rhetorical spirit. A born-again apostle garnering unto himself a crossection of our local populace.

Funica’s scenario is an epic.

A scene of unbridled chaos: Bondage man Newman Paperweighted boy Veteran The tourist Birdman in a shopping rrolley— the whole goddam Hoi Polloi [right stage down is a seated figure in a hobo hat often seen in Felix the Cat. But this hat wears a camera and antenna. It’s jenecks’ Webmaster feeding Everyman live to the Internet.] Who is really the Lord of this dance?

On screen— rubbery tongues, preachers, and loudspeakers.

This is the swag of the Everyman his heart on his thigh as he wrestles with his mic astride those lost in spirit ’NO MORE MEIDA MOUNTAIN’

A postmodern cross between Swaggart and Warhol who leads us all in the dance said he. No longer wise men but Lady in Red and Woman in Blue [we’re dancing with you] come bearing gifts of frankincense
and firewater.

And lo! yonder come the children all dressed in white - must be the children of the Israelites - but will we lay down our life for this Lord?

Does Hayward succeed in turning us around; does he convert us from the chaos of capitalism - the wailing wall of cruciformed T.V. screens 8x10?

Or is this 'Hair' revisited? a retrospective on an old adage of innocence for everywoman everyman? More than the styro-foam dollar signs those crosses are the subtext, the burden of his task his struggle to gain a spiritual foothold - making a spectacle of his twenty minutes of fame.

The kids had a great time. They loved it - whether or not you slept with Jesus.

And everyone enjoys a good sparkler.

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1 she who thought herself a better weaver than Athena the goddess of wisdom born of her father's brain.
4 With pre-recorded performances by Saburo Teshigahara unknown 10 years ago when Vasuka taped his performance: now famed throughout Europe.

5 Illusions 27 was Tony Chua's last issue as designer of the journal. After 8 years involvement with Illusions pressure of work has forced Tony to retire from this position. We wish him well for the future.

With this issue we welcome Claire Robinson as the new designer of Illusions. Claire is a graphic designer and lecturer in visual communications design at the Wellington School of Design.

Also, beginning with the last issue (No. 27) Martin Rumsby assumed responsibility for distributing the journal in Auckland and Hamilton.