OCTOPUSSIES

by Jay Yule

Penetration: go into or through (something), especially with force or effort.

How is the act of penetration used as a way of upholding power structures?

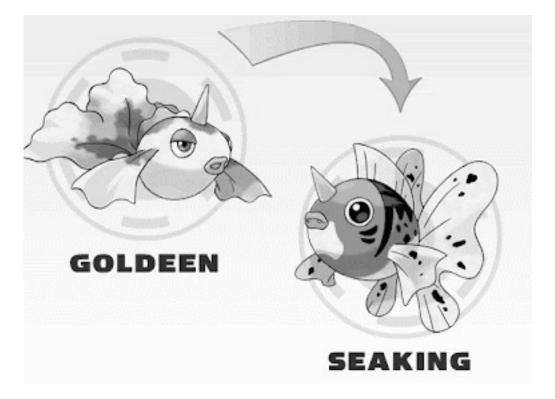
Does examining the act of penetration allow us to redistribute power?

This research began with Anne-Gaëlle Thiriot in 2018, contemplating Kristeva's, concept of the Abject this movement practice brings in the element of becoming one with something else. Drawing on texts from Germaine Greer, Anne McClintock and Paul B. Preciado, we attempt to empower the penetrated body and free them from the heteropatriarchal default of dominant and submissive roles arising from the act of penetration.

Gold by Yik-Sau Chung

I wondered if everyone has a goldfish, or two, in their life that they need to take care of. They're living in our bodies; our bodies are moving fishtanks.

There's a designated mission - to send the goldfish away.



Spiders; eating too much; darkness, taking the lifts; swimming; heights; delivering speeches; blood; talking to my father; crying too much; thunder; living alone; dying.

The attempts to kill these goldfishes by sending them to the sea.

After many attempts I have to say: hey, feel free to go to the sea if you want to take a look, or you're more than welcome to stay here. I've got space, in my fishtank.

Fear is a sticky substance

by Elina Akhmetova

Fear is a sticky substance

Partly inspired by the Russian protests of winter 2021, their subsequent violent repression, and the on-going nation-wide terror on anyone considered a political dissident.

Fear is a sticky substance.

How do I behave when I am in constant vigilance?

Keeping eyes on the horizon at all times.

I walk to the chair My eyes face the horizon

I sit down onto the chair My eyes face the horizon

I reach down to pick up the bottle My eyes face the horizon

I take the top off the bottle My eyes face the horizon

I start to drink My eyes face the horizon

The liquid falls down my front And all over me My eyes face the horizon

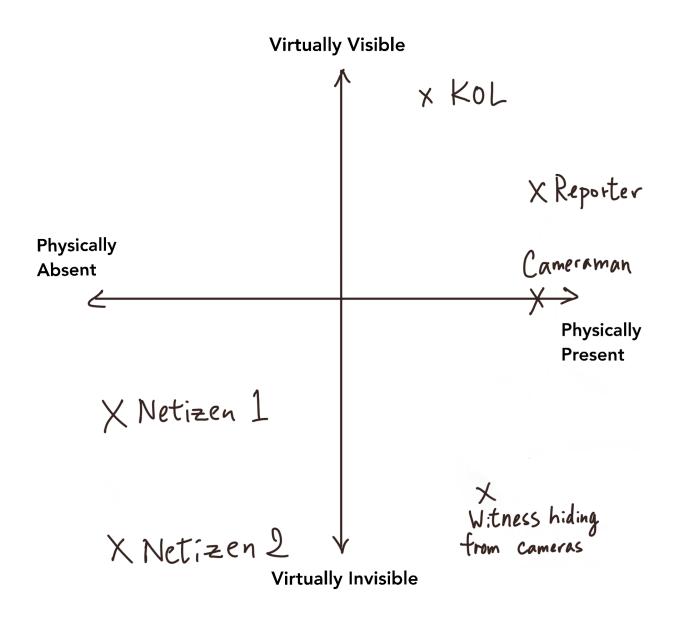
I put the bottle down My eyes face the horizon.

I see the city I was born in up in flames.

Twelve Live Performance Artists Twelve Artworks of Our Time 23rd July 2021 Elina Akhmetova Dance artist, Activist & Bashkir Facebook @Elina Akhmetova https://bit.ly/3inyP1P

The Normality of Hong Kong Street View

by Ghost @ Ghost and John



Twelve Live Performance Artists Twelve Artworks of Our Time 23rd July 2021 Ghost @ Ghost and John (he/him) Multidisciplinary Artist Instagram/Twitter @ghostandjohn www.ghostandjohn.art

PIK~LIK~PAK~LAK~

by John @ Ghost and John

It's exploding over there. We are all over here.

Whatever the fuck. We are not gonna sleep.

Food+dance+bodies+music

無心睡眠 I'm not sleeping 腦交戰 I can't think straight 踏著腳在懷念昨天的你 Dancing and thinking about you in yesterday 夜是滲著前事全揮不去 The past leaks into tonight and lingers 若是你在明日能得一見 If I can meet you tomorrow 就讓我在懷內重得溫暖 Let me get some warmth in your arms

Really Ugly but Really Beautiful...

"Oh Really? Absolutely darling, absolutely"

by Isabella Leung

Exploration: Dark Humour of the Grotesque

Questions:

Who do we hate in the world? Resistance through laughter? Can we use humour as a weapon?

Bouffon

Bouffons are not afraid to speak the truth. They are clever in a sense that they are not directly offending the bastards - they use parody and humour to make fun of them. If a **bastard** were to see a bouffon mocking them, the bastard would be so offended they'd want to kill themselves!

"Laughter helps the bouffon to beautifully parody the bastards who put him on the blacklist. Laughter helps freedom." – Philippe Gaulier

When I was training with Philippe Gaulier in 2019, a series of devastating political events took place in Hong Kong, my home city. I felt angry and helpless, but I was alone. That's when I came across bouffon. I found solidarity with these grotesque creatures; through the exploration of bouffon I was able to channel my hate and anger through parody, and laugh about the absurdity of the situation in Hong Kong. It's like sticking up the middle finger to tyranny by singing them a sweet little song.

- We create 'characters' that play with the borderline between danger, ugly and beautiful
- Through disguising as the bastards we hate, we, as artists, can laugh and be free.

Museum of hateful beings:

[Improvisation] We walk around the room and interact with artwork we created based on someone we hate - as upper class arty-farts who pay a ton of money and pretend to be tasteful!

Twelve Live Performance Artists Twelve Artworks of Our Time 23rd July 2021 Isabella Leung (she/her) Actor, Writer, Theatre Maker, Clown Instagram/Twitter @bellawithlove www.isabellaleung.com

#12ArtWorks **Knotting** by Mark Bleakley

Ask 1 audience member to join on you one the floor.

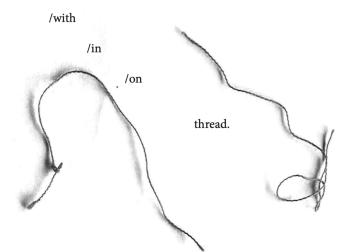
Performer to audience:

I would like to make some knots with you, all I need is you to name them.

Ask them to think about 3 words/phrases related to

- 1. A place.
- 2. A Date.
- 3. A smell or any other question that gets them to think about being in their body.

Begin to move /as



As you move, notice moments of tension, entanglements or binds. Begin to form a knot. Name the knot after their 1st word. Speak it.

Present the knot in all its facets. Memorise it, learn its knotting.

Begin to move as thread again. Stay with the knot or untie it. Create 2 more knots naming each after the audiences 2 words.

Continue to move as thread. Once you have created 3 knots begin to explore journeys short and long between each of the knots. Continue this until the music has finished.

Find a final journey to the 3rd knot. Stay with it until you feel your mass on the ground.

Unwind and exit with the audience member.

Twelve Live Performance Artists Twelve Artworks of Our Time 30th July 2021 Mark Bleakley (he/him) Dance artist Instagram @blark_meakley markbleakley.co.uk

#12ArtWorks The United States of Me

by Adam Moore

I am my own country, sovereignty. At the border you sit, looking out, across the shape of my lands as I play under familiar constellations, familiar in my skies, sunrise to sunset to moonlight.

A greeting fleeting.

My boundaries — those I face, and those I cross — separate us. Undoing just to be here: perhaps too much has been taken already?

Carried on waves.

This score is a text written along the lines of three poems by Nayyirah Waheed that got me thinking about migration; home; borders; the self; legitimacy; self advocacy; self actualisation; and generosity against mindsets of scarcity and cultures of extraction. The text is a poem is score; a naive metaphor; a reaction to the colonial narratives and histories we have; a small gesture, a decolonial experiment written for the performers.

This score has expanded from interests in socially engaged practice and transdisciplinary gestures examining relations between identity and environment.

Music: AHO, nosummer; Silence.

Twelve Live Performance Artists Twelve Artworks of Our Time 30th July 2021 Adam Moore (he/theirs) Transdisciplinary Aahtist & Qurator Instagram @adameastlondon adammoorecreate.com

#12ArtWorks Home-home

by Bonnie Chan

Let's take a journey home. "Which home? Home, or home-home?"

Where I once lived. Home return permit. "Go home!" They said. Those are not my home.

What brings you home? What does home feel on your skin? How does it smell? What does home sound like?

Let me show you what it is to me. Make yourself at home.

This is an exploration of onomatopoeias in our own languages that bring us home.



Twelve Live Performance Artists Twelve Artworks of Our Time 30th July 2021 Bonnie Chan (she/her) Theatremaker Twitter @bonnieyychan bonniechan.art

#12ArtWorks and the others

by Alina Sakko

A group of people trying to escape from their country but there was a deal made to stop them.

Lockdown 2020. There was a rule made.

1,5 hours of freedom is enough.

George Orwell wrote 1984 in the 40s.

Power

Ability

Capability

Strength

Competence

Energy

Potential

1. Pick a number. Who got lucky? Do your thing. But not now.

2. We made up a story about ants / we wanted to talk / did you see the bird who fell off the nest? / yes I saw that too

#12ArtWorks SEEKING

Performance drawing Humans, marker pens, paper and space by Bettina Fung

Dear audience,

Lately I have been thinking about resources – time, space and money, interdependence, access and most of all the unknown. I ponder about how I am going to continue to navigate this life, continuing my art practice. I don't know whether you have similar questions from time to time.

As part of the score I have devised a game for my fellow artists to play. This is the first time I get to ask artists to perform for me, and it is also the first time I am a bystander of the performance I am making and am absent from the physical space that holds it. I am restricted by the positions of the cameras as I watch it unfold at home from my laptop. It feels strange. The unknown is immense.

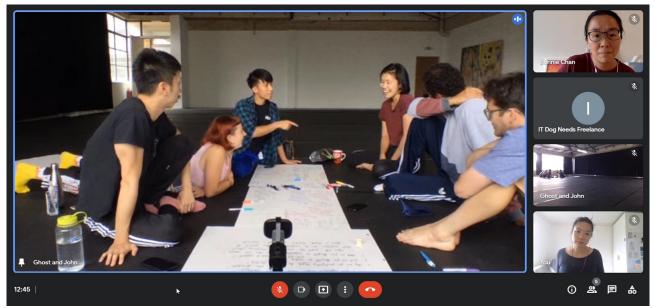
Sometimes in life we find ourselves in situations where it is not possible to know. There are also times we are thrown into systems where we are not privy to how they operate. Despite this, we try to find our footing and continue to carve our way.

Thank you for your attention.

Warmly, Bettina

PS

The audio is created using edited excerpts from a discussion we had this week on resources and the conditions that could allow artists to thrive in.



Screenshot I took of the discussion.

Twelve Live Performance Artists Twelve Artworks of Our Time 30th July 2021 Bettina Fung (she/her) Visual artist Instagram @bettinafws bettinafung.com

#12ArtWorks The Protest We Carry

by Iris Chan

This score emerged from a one-to-one performance that I made in the spring of 2021 when I was visiting Lyon, France. Being in a place where protest marches were a common occurrence on most weekends, I wanted to create a secret protest for people in other parts of the world who can no longer protest publicly because of various political oppressions.

Through sharing and handing over my score to this group of artists, I invited us to think about:

- How do we carry on protesting when the right to protest has been taken away?
- How can I protest for those who cannot protest anymore?
- How can we protest in secret?
- What can we still protest about?
- What still needs protesting about?
- How do we embody a protest, carry it inside of us, and reclaim our bodies as a site for protest?

Thank you for your courage, generosity, and for coming on this journey with us.

#12ArtWorks No instruction is my instruction for you: *Do it*

by Peggy Yau

This is a collective installation by the group of artists at #12ArtWorks, following the score by Peggy Yau. The original drawings are Yau's response after observing the actions in the studio in the past two weeks. This is an anti-artist-statement work, inspired by "Do It", an exhibition that happened for 20 continuous years at Manchester Art Gallery.

People visit galleries or museums which have a lot of rules and limitations, and in this they are seeking instructions of what they should or should not do. I wonder if there is no instruction, what would people decide to do.

Just stand there? Draw something on it? Tear it off and stick to another bit of the wall? Write something? Get confused and ask people around them? Observe what other people do? Take pictures? Destroy it? Anything else?

Well, I am sorry for suggesting too many options that we all know. What are you thinking at the moment?

Just do it.

Twelve Live Performance Artists Twelve Artworks of Our Time 30th July 2021 Peggy Yau (she/her) Installation artist Email peggyyyau@gmail.com www.peggyyyau.com