

# UC Irvine

## HAUNT Journal of Art

### Title

Cyclops and Slashes

### Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/90m0g1s1>

### Journal

HAUNT Journal of Art, 3(1)

### Author

Hubbard, Katherine

### Publication Date

2016

### Copyright Information

Copyright 2016 by the author(s). All rights reserved unless otherwise indicated. Contact the author(s) for any necessary permissions. Learn more at <https://escholarship.org/terms>

Peer reviewed

**h a**

**u n**

**t /**

Volume three

2016

## *Cyclops and Slashes*

By Katherine Hubbard

The text on the following page was read aloud during Hubbard's performance, *Cyclops and Slashes*, that was included at The Elizabeth Foundation for the Arts, as part of the exhibition *Writing Bodies*, curated by Litia Perta, in 2015. The performance began without any formal announcement, after enacting a series of language-based prompts, participants were invited to read the text to each other. Throughout the performance a 4x5 camera, mounted on a tripod, panned three hundred and sixty degrees and documented interactions in the space. The original text, written in relationship to the page and included in the performance as a physical object, is reproduced here.

The urge to write comes in waves sound waves vibrational in the mind as in i can hear the language in my head differently then the speaking voice that acts as guide irritant self proclaimed protector the language comes in discrete sentences and with increased frequency i can only think of it as akin to being a child and told in quaker meeting that when the thought keeps coming it means you have to stand up and share it speak it out to the group so the thoughts keep coming and once this was considered to be the word of god coming from within the potential to be minister to be pastor to be conduit and we keep forming ministry into language that works to communicate express make whole and i am stuck in the thoughts that aren't coming whole or the ones that i dont want to share in the first place and these thoughts stack like bricks forming half walls stumps for the voice to sit on i think about zizek and a documentary film about him that i once watched where he keeps his socks and underwear in the drawers of his kitchen and when asked why he replies something along the lines of living inside his ideas that they are not ideas separate from his ability to exist as a human as a being and i think about this as a way of doing something and i want bigger ways of doing some things about the collective fear that i have been told recently we live under and the collective attention to phones and phones being for the individual in relation and wondering how to rethink some of the collective problem from inside the collective psyche that we are sharing we are sharing we are sharing and i am reminded that recently i wrote to someone that we is a collective decision not a linguistic given and that we have the right to ask and we also have the right to say no yet saying it can be so deeply hard and then someone explained to me that the primary difference they experienced being on testosterone was that the voice went away the voice that reconsiders and asks questions and hesitates went away the hesitation went away and in reducing the testosterone dosage the voice of hesitation returned and yvonne rainer taught us to say no so long ago and to so many things but maybe its just one of those lessons that we need to keep learning and maybe all lessons need to be learned again and again and again and the repetition we encourage in children should be maintained and the repeating back we encourage from children should be maintained apart from questioning the very things we ask to have repeated back in the first place and then the question of teaching and then study is close to follow so i am reminded of fred moten insisting that study happens when we leave the classroom and loving the mispronunciation of words and saying that deviance is an original placement that comes before the norm and flesh comes before the body and considering the presence of flesh over the parameter of skin an astrologer told me to live in the ambiguity and life is messy and people are messy and this space doesn't always feel good and not feeling good is ok and theres also life in the discomfort and life in pain and life in irritation even as we settle into middle class middle mind middle child in the middle middle age midtown we have to live in the middle and the implication of triangulation that inevitably points to ends in either direction and this middle is sinking down to great depths in the sea like everything else we throw away lit only by the phosphorescent antennae of all the animals you and i will never meet and never see in person when i see images of these animals i am caught by the evolutionary path they have taken albino exoskeletons with engorged eyes much less sensitive then their nervous feelers extending in the dark with toothy mouths pushed from the face on a slow path growing closer to the source of food and i want to push you because maybe you need to be pushed and i don't mind if you push me back even if i fall because laurie anderson said falling is like walking and walking is a way that we can use our bipedal structure to move and when we move the brain works differently thinks differently remembers differently regards differently because there was a time when our movement towards a food source determined our survival and maybe the terms of survival have shifted and maybe we should talk about that and i think about love as an orientation as a way of knowing where someone is standing in a room and an energetic eye reconstructing the cyclopean image as something no one else can see and dont forget to breathe when you read and dont forget to breathe when you love just because the page didnt save space for your lungs and its so easy to forget the body or why is it so easy to forget the body and forget the flesh before the body and isnt all that comfort asking us to do that all the time to forget to go easy dont we neutralize anger down with words like easy and easy comes from the twelfth century old french aisie meaning comfortable rich well off so when we appease anger with the word easy we are saying the middle will make all this go away and someone told me they felt broken recently and ive never been this broke but i am so tired of the neural pathway threading broke with fear that i went in with tweezers and just took it right out of my brain and im storing it in a small glass jar of rubbing alcohol in the bathroom because the pathway is regenerating already i can feel it and im collecting pathways one by one each time until something shifts and sometimes i just want so much more space so i can spread and i want that space for you as well and i want you to want things and then want them for me and want them for the person standing next to me and is the record an ontological offense to the irregularity of performance because i have been thinking about the record as an event unto itself events giving up the referent and it is a question of presentness and a question of time and a question of the logic of values and the value of logic needs a shake down too but the blanket is so heavy and sometimes the weight feels so good so its just another minute under logic just another minute wait just a minute longer under value and conjunctives and next and on like that practicing additive conjunctives as we walk around the perimeter evaluating the parameters that are required to calculate the parameters themselves which we are sharing we are sharing we are sharing and you havent done anything wrong





*cyclops & slashes* at The Elizabeth Foundation For The Arts,  
performance documentation no. 2 of 8, 2015  
Silver gelatin print, 16" x 20", courtesy of the artist.

† Katherine Hubbard is an interdisciplinary artist living in New York who works at the intersection of photography, performance, and writing. Her recent solo exhibition, *Bring your own lights*, debuted at The Kitchen, NY, in 2016. Hubbard is currently an artist in residence at the Chinati Foundation in Marfa, TX.



*cyclops & slashes* at The Elizabeth Foundation For The Arts,  
performance documentation no. 8 of 8, 2015  
Silver gelatin print, 16" x 20", courtesy of the artist.

*Haunt Journal of Art*

Volume 3

2016

ISSN 2334-1165 (PRINT)

*Address:*

Haunt Journal of Art

Department of Art

Claire Trevor School of the Arts

University of California, Irvine

3229 Art Culture and Technology

Irvine, CA 92697-2775

*Email:*

hauntjournal@uci.edu

*Website:*

[www.hauntjournal.org](http://www.hauntjournal.org)

[http://escholarship.org/uc/uciart\\_hauntjournal](http://escholarship.org/uc/uciart_hauntjournal)

For more information on forthcoming calls and submissions guidelines please visit our website.

Haunt Journal of Art is a graduate student run, peer-reviewed, open access journal from the University of California, Irvine, published online through eScholarship and in print for this special edition. We believe speculative and innovative art writing practices are paramount to the development of radical thinking and imagination.

Funding provided by the Department of Art and the Claire Trevor School of the Arts at the University of California Irvine.

Copyright 2016 by *Haunt Journal of Art*