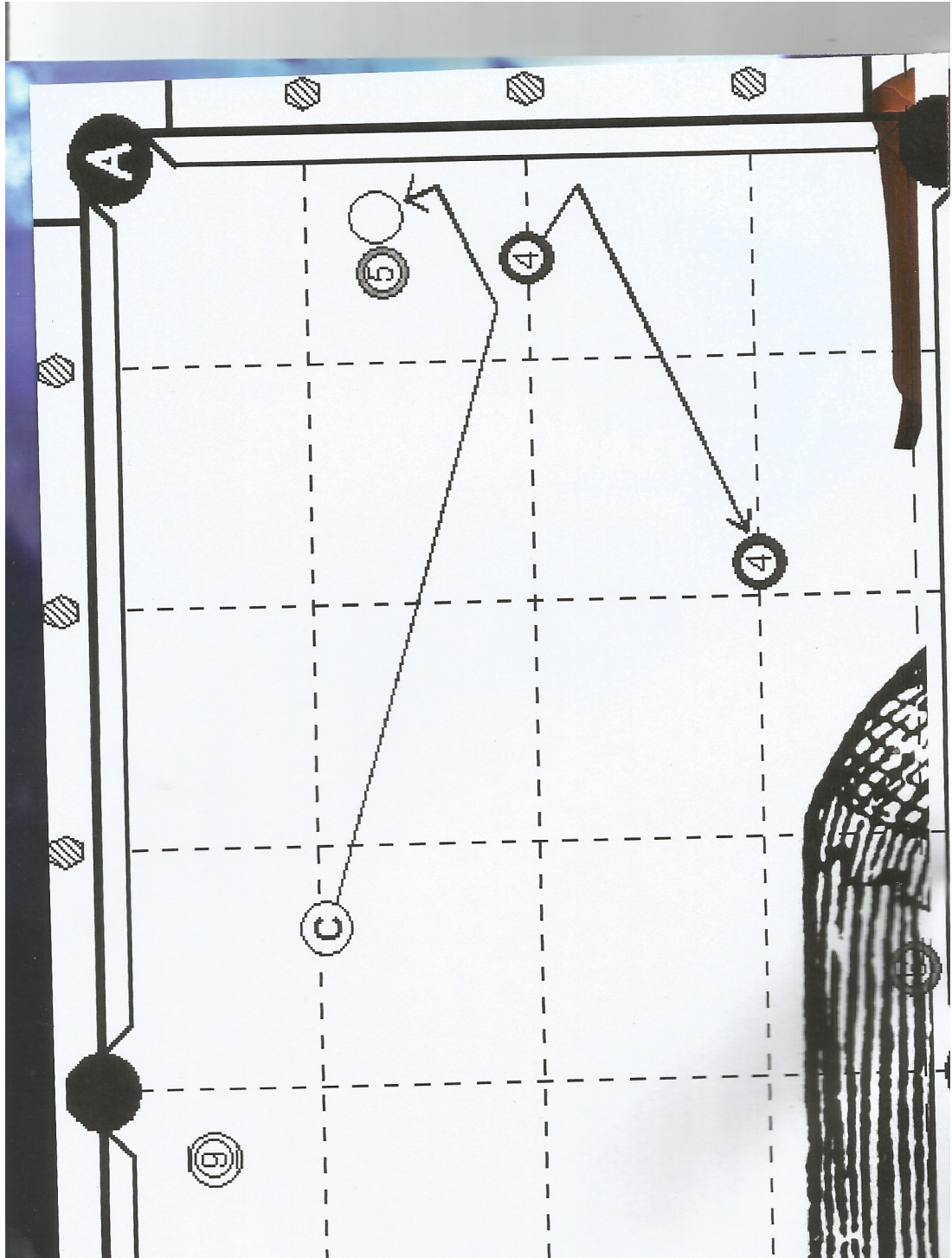






**CAN  
YOU  
DANCE  
ON ONE EYE?**













“And the sea can shed shimmering scales indefinitely. Her depths peel off into innumerable thin, shining layers. And each one is the equal of the other as it catches a reflection and lets it go. As it preserves and blurs. As it captures the glinting play of light. As it sustains mirages. Multiple and still far too numerous for the pleasure of the eye, which is lost in that host of sparkling surfaces. And with no end in sight.

The sea shines with a myriad eyes. And none is given any privilege. Even here and now she undoes all perspective. Countless and shifting and merging her depths.”

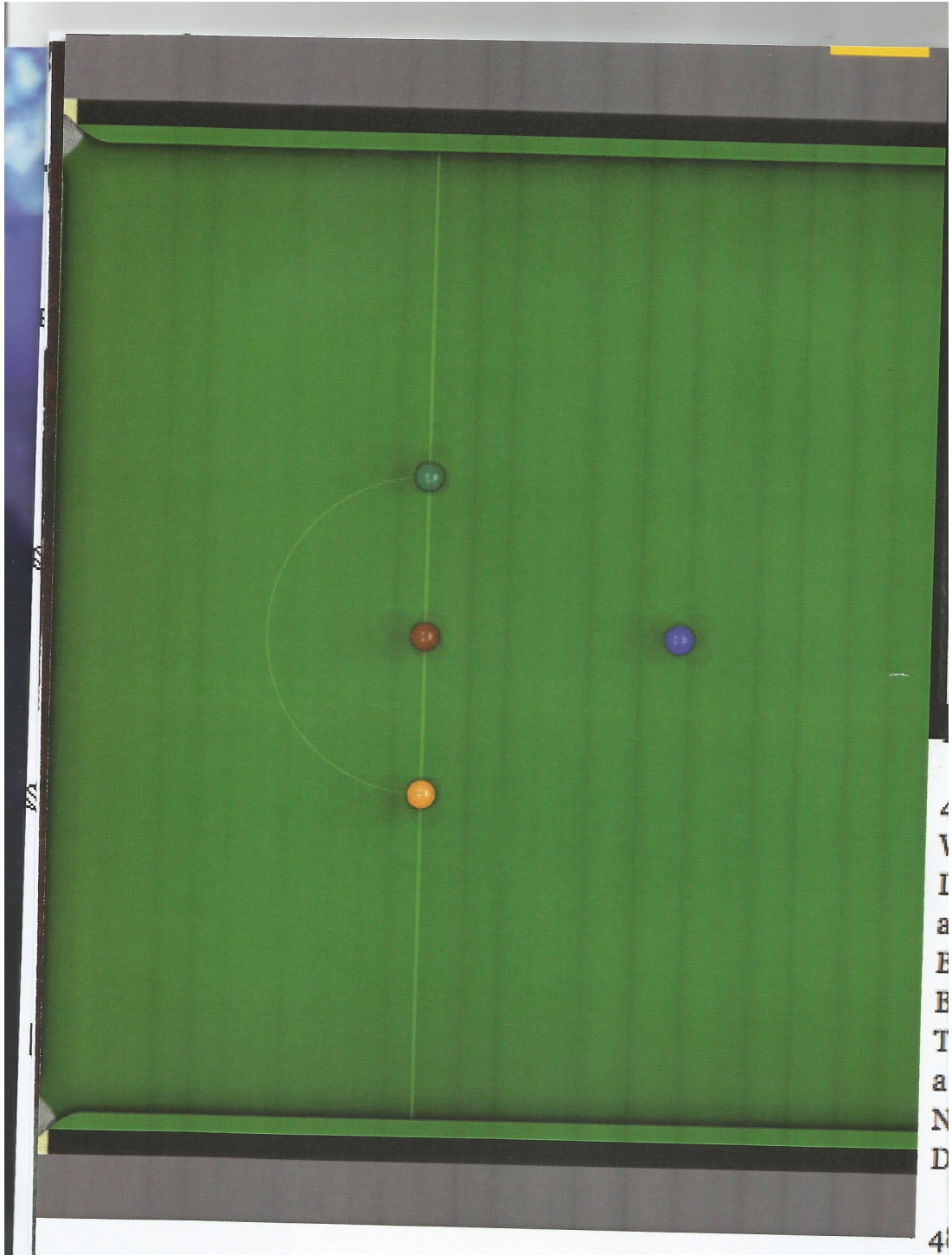
*Luce Irigaray - Amante Marine pp46-47*





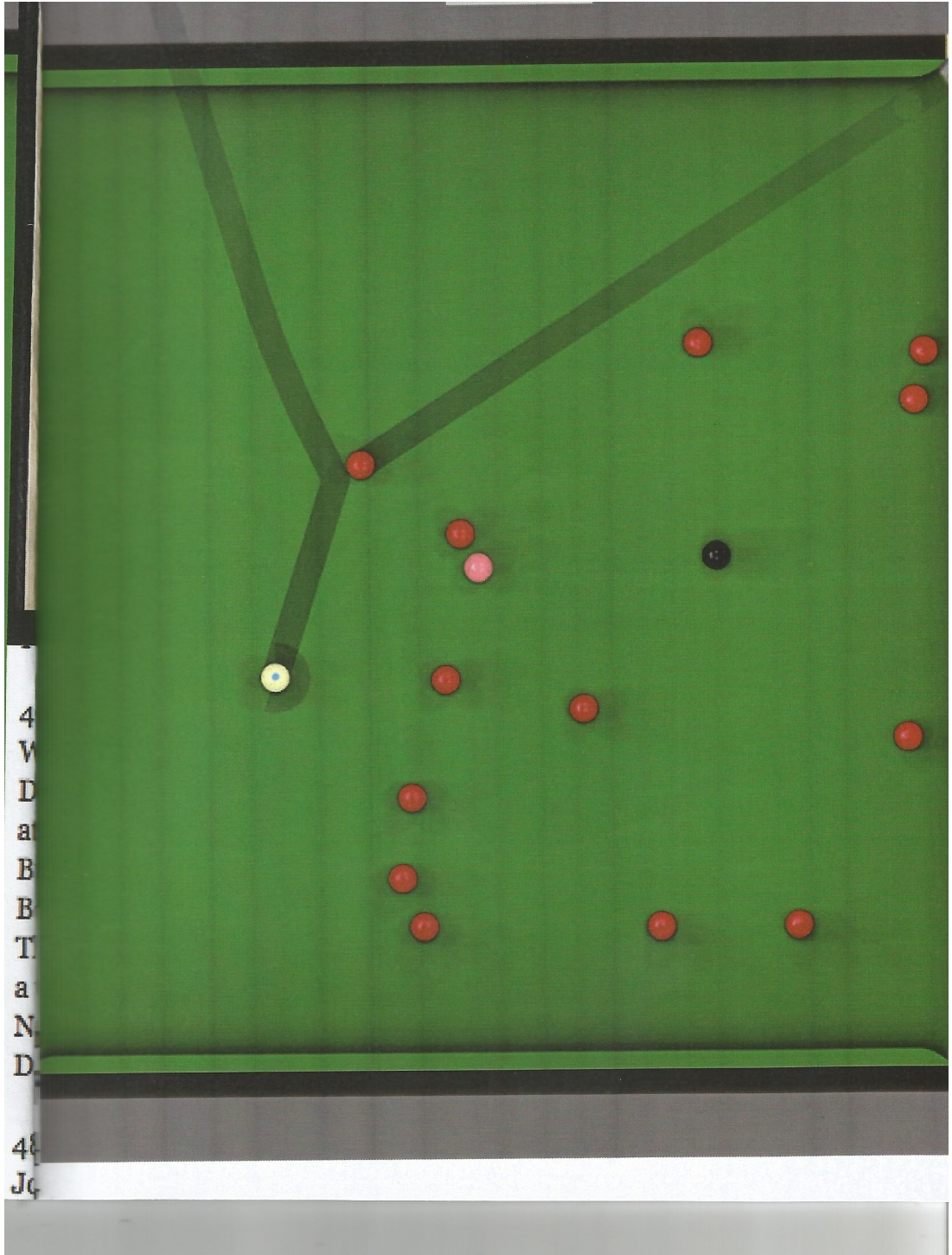






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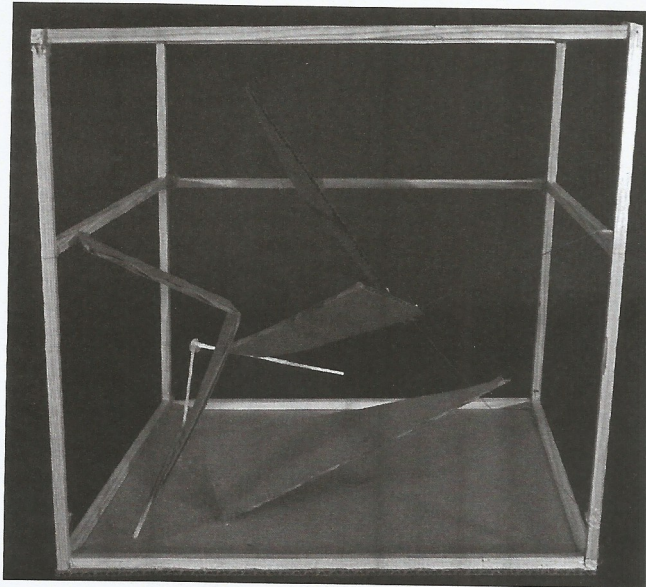
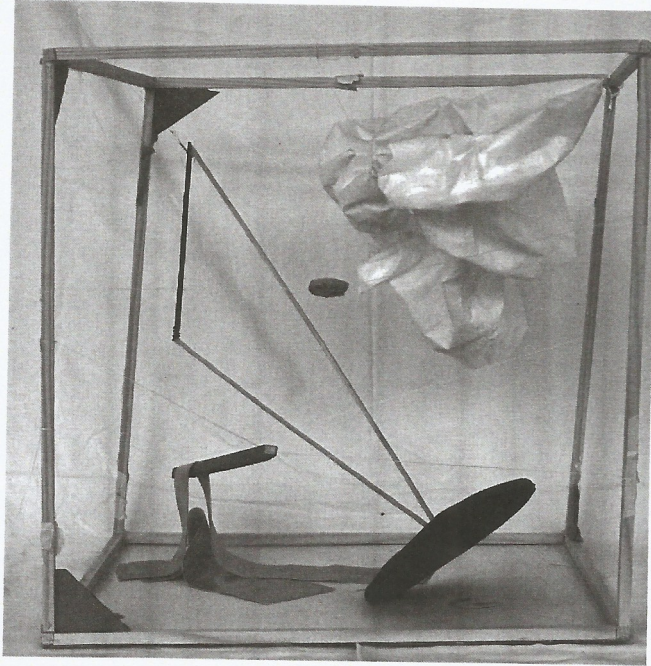




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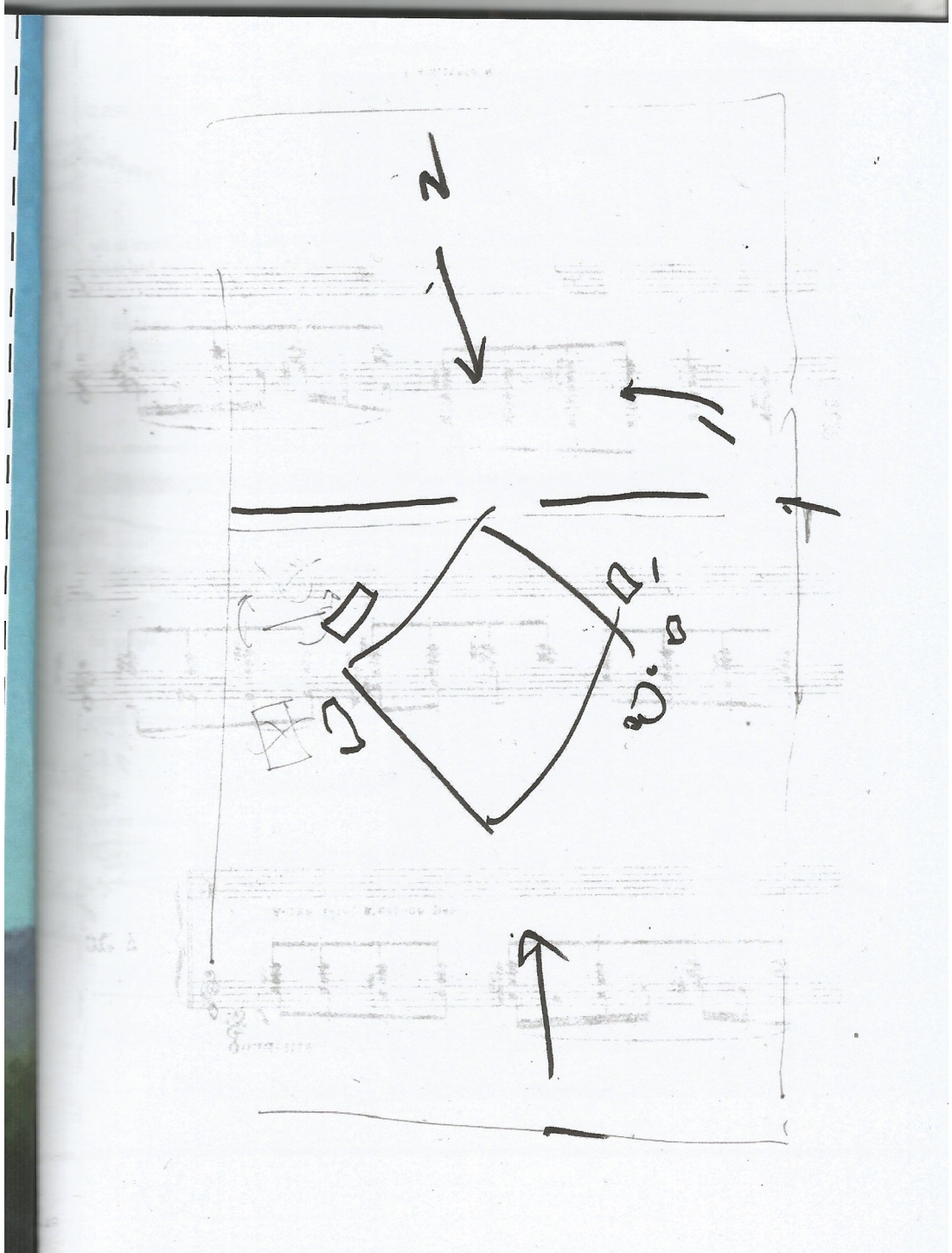
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*Morven Mulgrew - models*







Scene 1

*the piano?*

*→ a spectacle*

MEDUSA, then POLYCARPE.

MEDUSA's study. Appropriate furniture. Upstage, a lovely big monkey stuffed by a master. Three doors: to the rear, to the courtyard, and to the garden. The monkey is a magnificent mechanical toy which the Baron had made for his personal distraction.

MEDUSA: Am I alone?... Am I really alone?... (He looks under all the furniture, then goes to sit down at his desk). I like being alone, in peace and quiet. The slightest thing upsets me. Pins and needles in my shins make me vehemently ill at ease; hiccups I find most bothersome; if my slippers are too tight it readily obstructs my brain and leaves me speechless — I mean morally, of course. Now what is this on my nose?... Oh silly me; it's my spectacles!... My golden spectacles.

*include all 2nd time*

*He turns the pages of an enormous book.*

Where was I now?... Let me see... Five plus three makes eleven... take four leaves six... two plus seven makes eighteen.

That's right... (Thinks) God dammit... I am sixty thousand francs down!  
I cannot understand it. (He counts under his breath)

Phew!... I am up!... I've made two billion!... (Thumps the desk) There must be a mistake... a teeny little mistake...

I'll start again... (He counts again under his breath) For two months now I have been trying to sort out this business... I'm not getting anywhere. Why?... I ask myself fairly and squarely... (Changing his mind)

My agent can finish this job, my eyes are giving me trouble... my sight is getting low.

*Enter POLYCARPE, wearing magnificent livery.*

POLYCARPE: Sir rang?

MEDUSA: No, I am sorry... I don't think so; ...I don't remember. My eyes are getting low.

*→ remove glasses with*

*PIANO ON WHEELS*

*He looks vacant.*

POLYCARPE: (Going up to the Baron mysteriously) Do you know? I have to go out this evening... I HAVE TO (Imperiously) DO YOU HEAR?

MEDUSA: (Timidly) This evening?

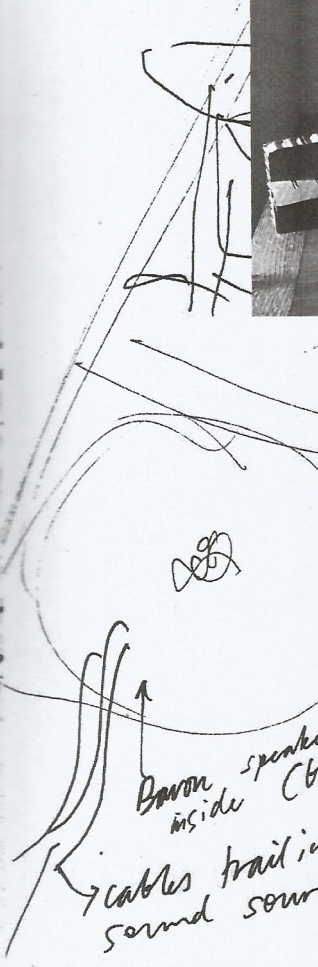
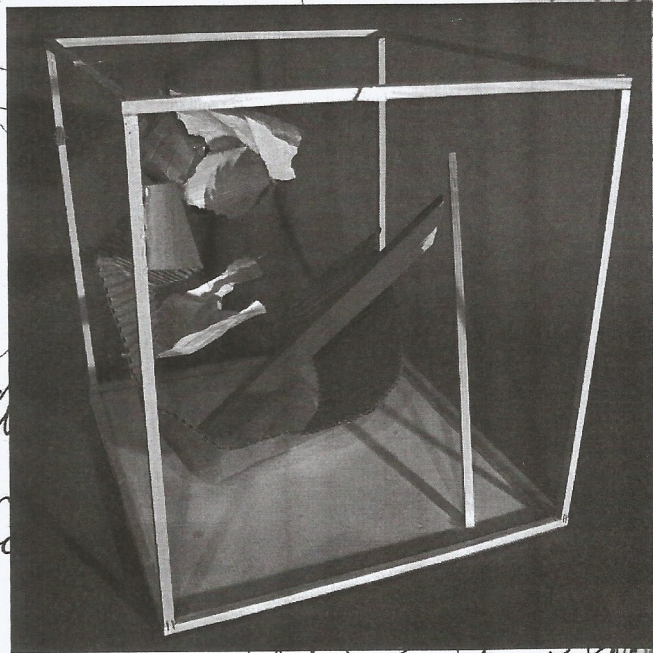
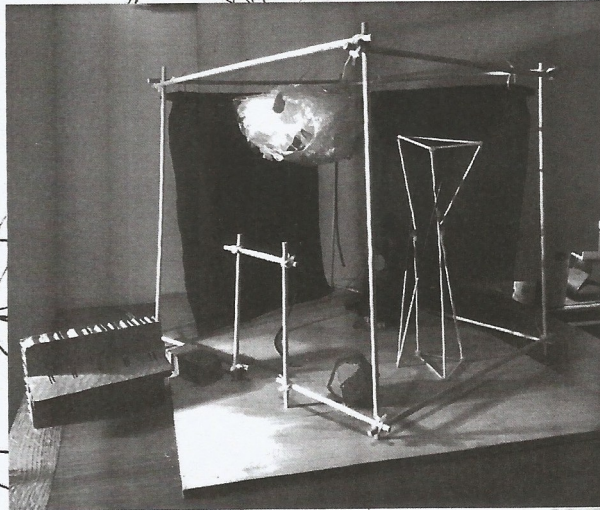
POLYCARPE: Yes... this evening... (Cavernously) IT IS IMPERATIVE.

MEDUSA: (Annoyed) This evening? It's impossible; the General is coming for dinner... Where are you going?

POLYCARPE: I am going to a billiards match. What a great match! Napoleon will be there. The billiards

*→ snooker table / billiard's table on wall?*





Baron speaker  
inside CB

cables trail in  
sound source

Morven Mulgrew - models

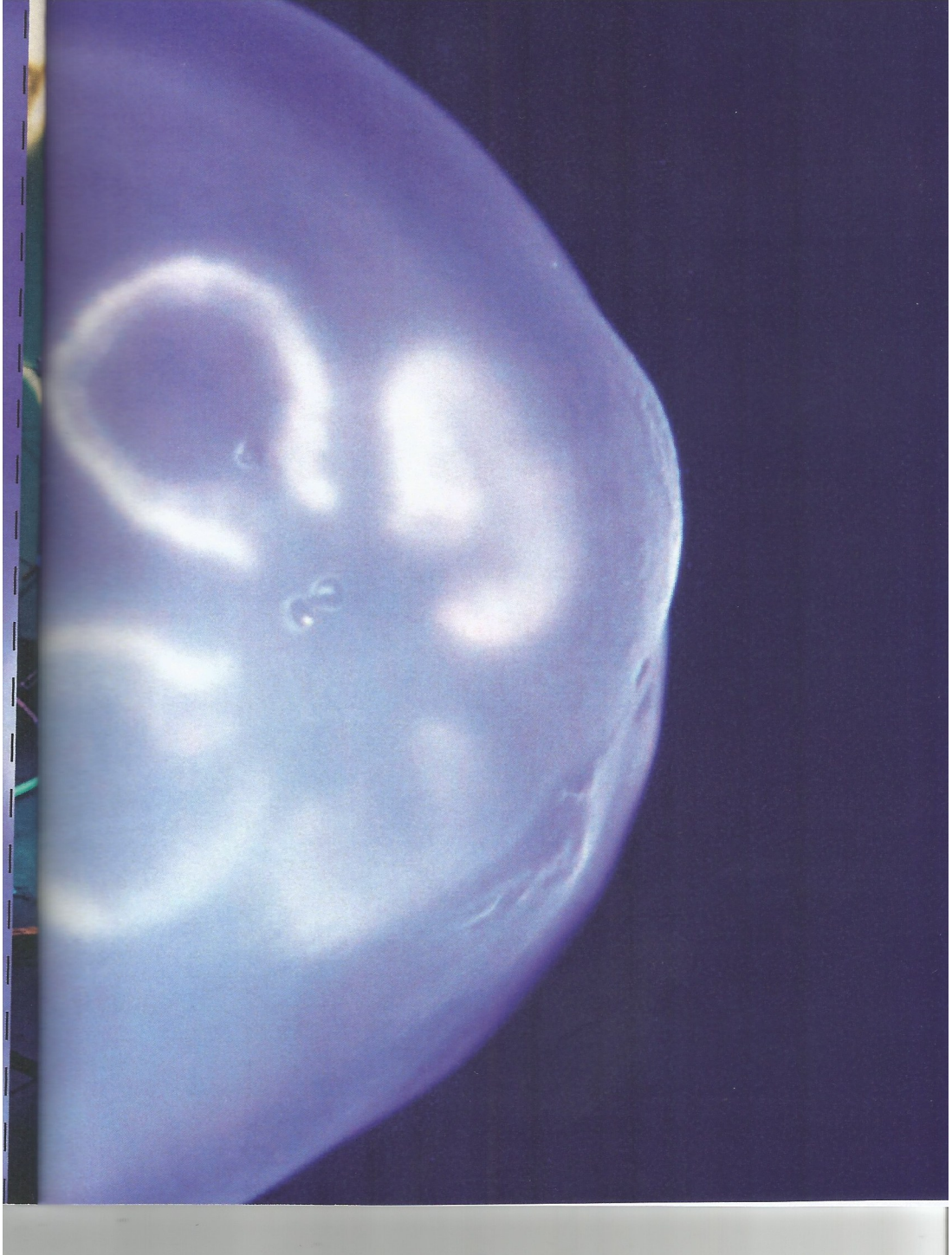
Speaker + Baron  
(Ampe player)

Rowkey  
- Ram







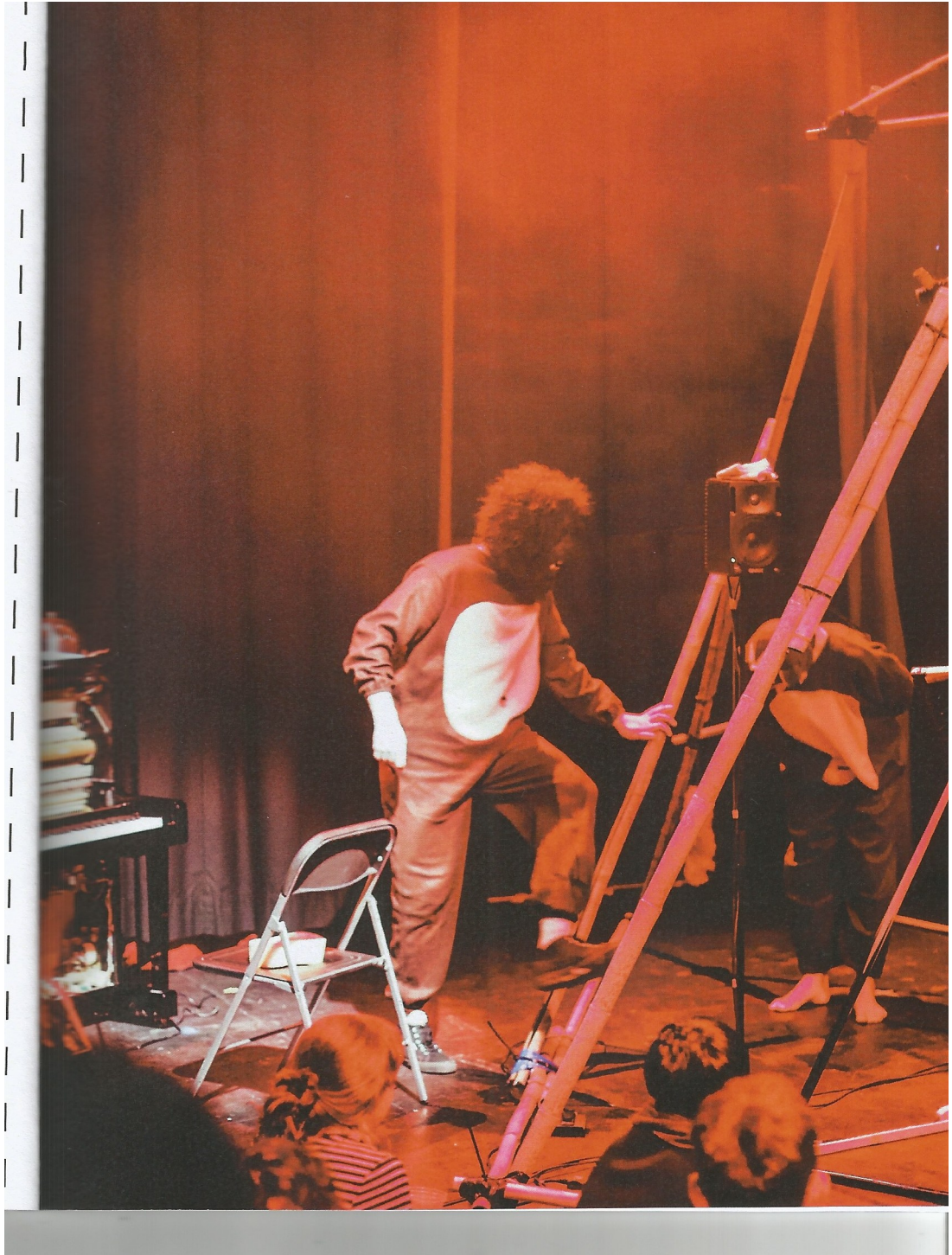




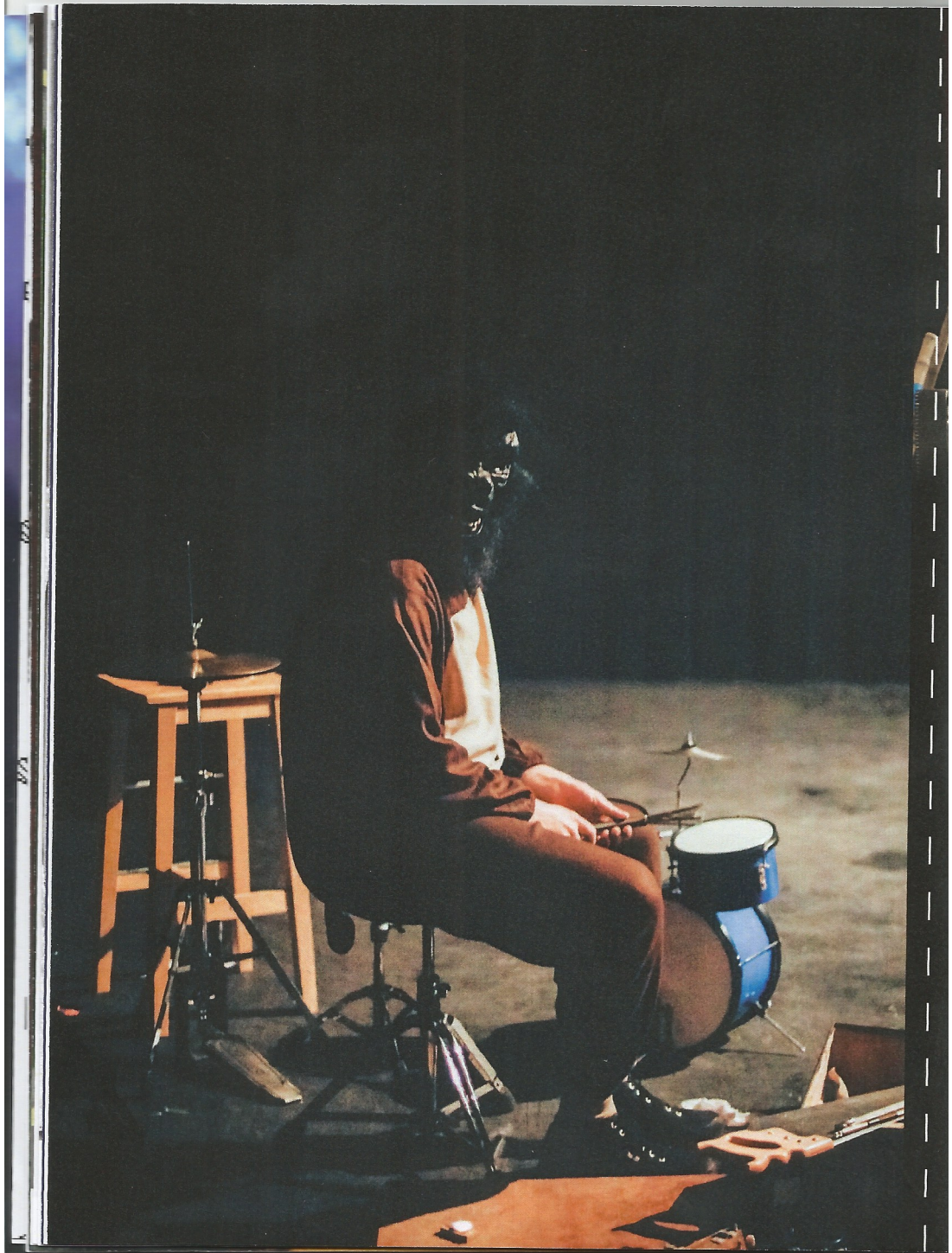


*Photo on this page and next 8 by Sean Patrick Campbell*

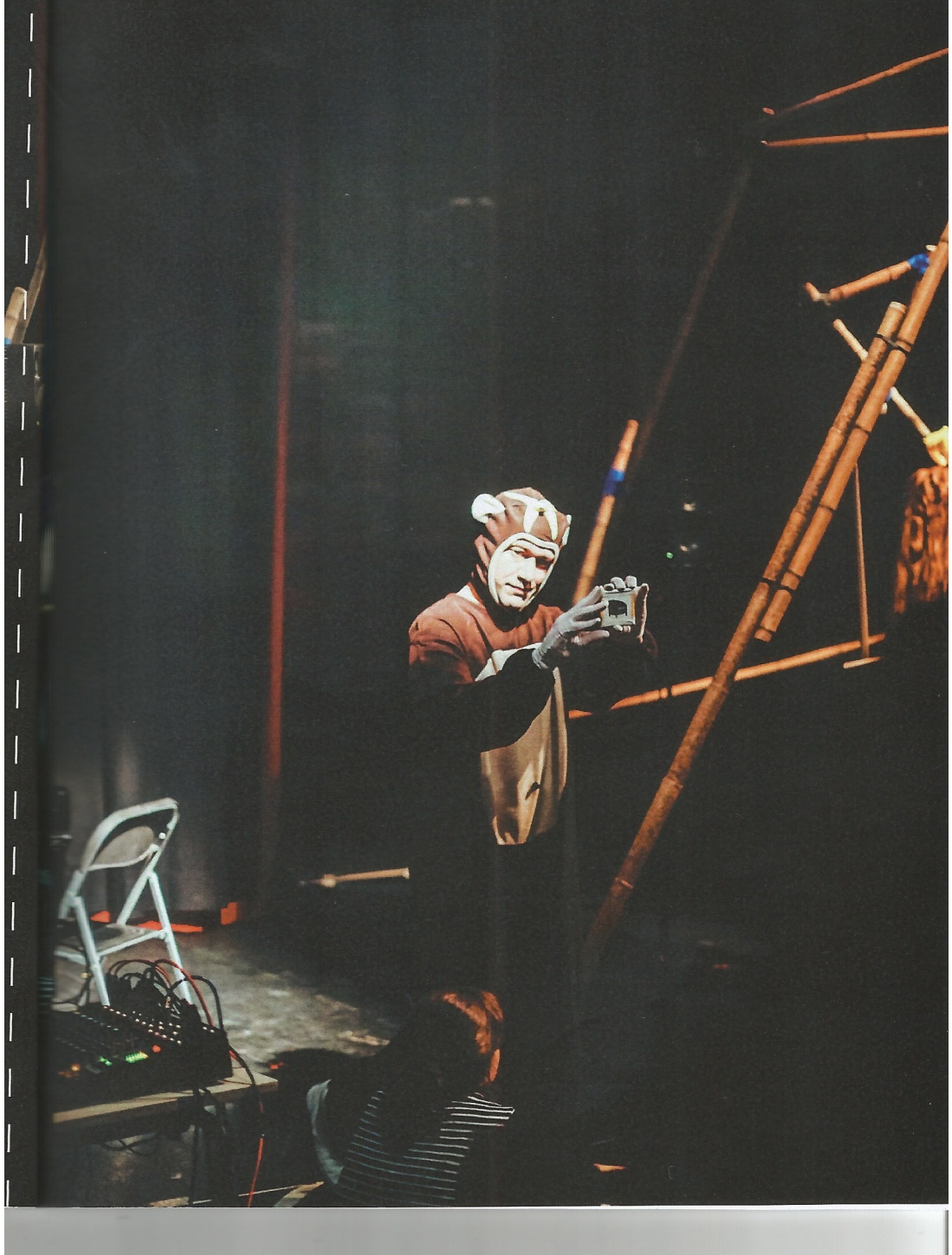


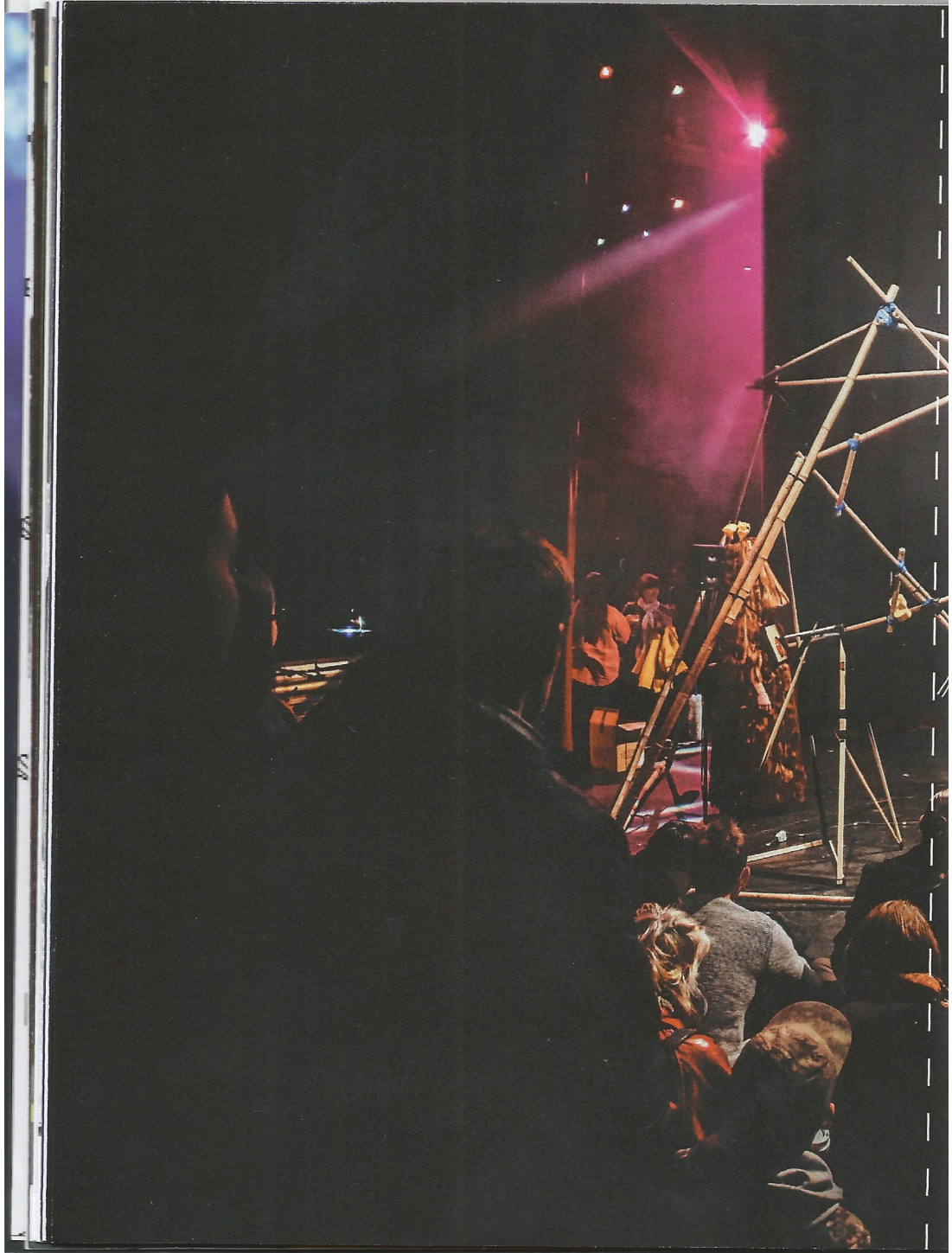




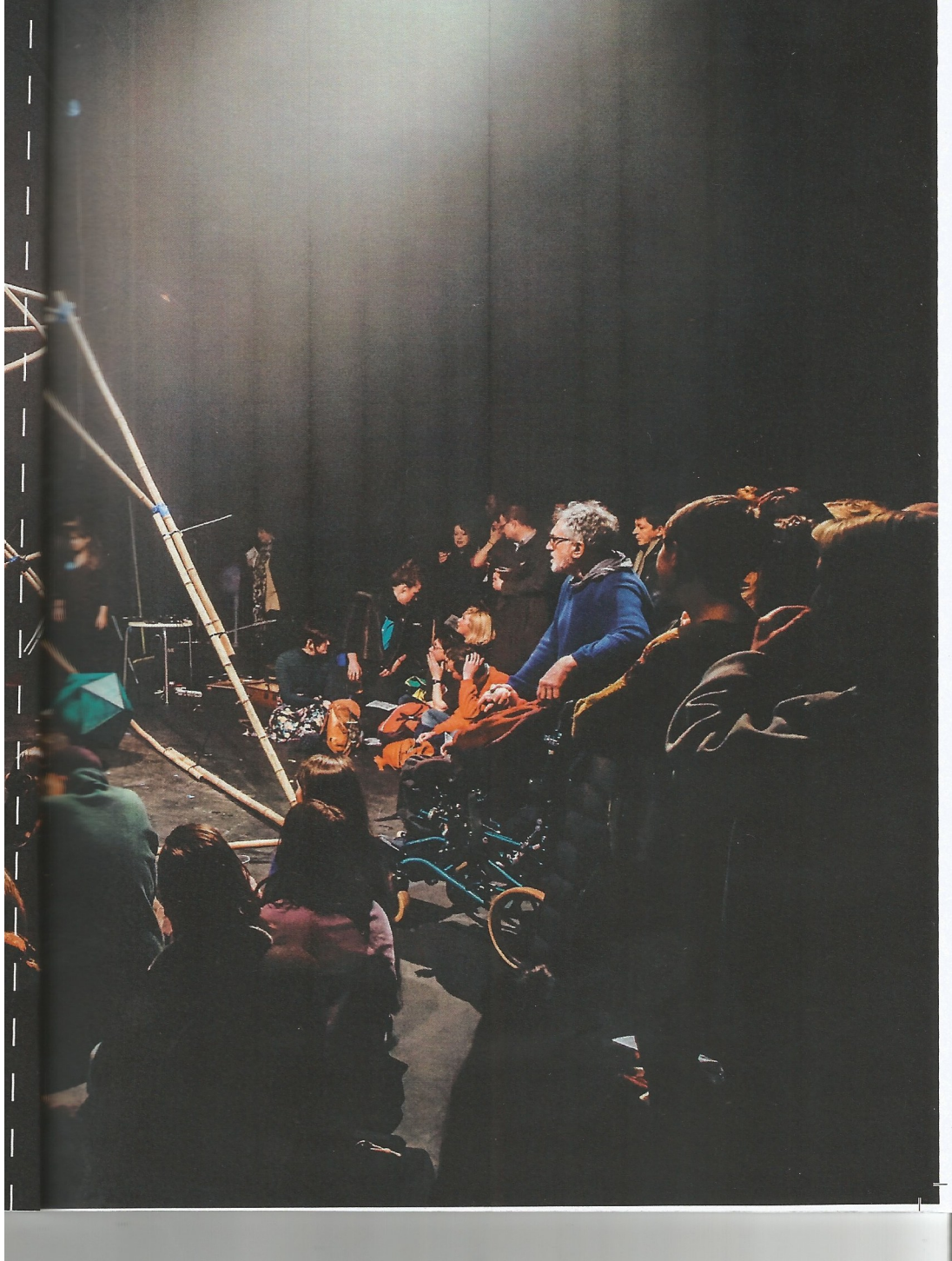












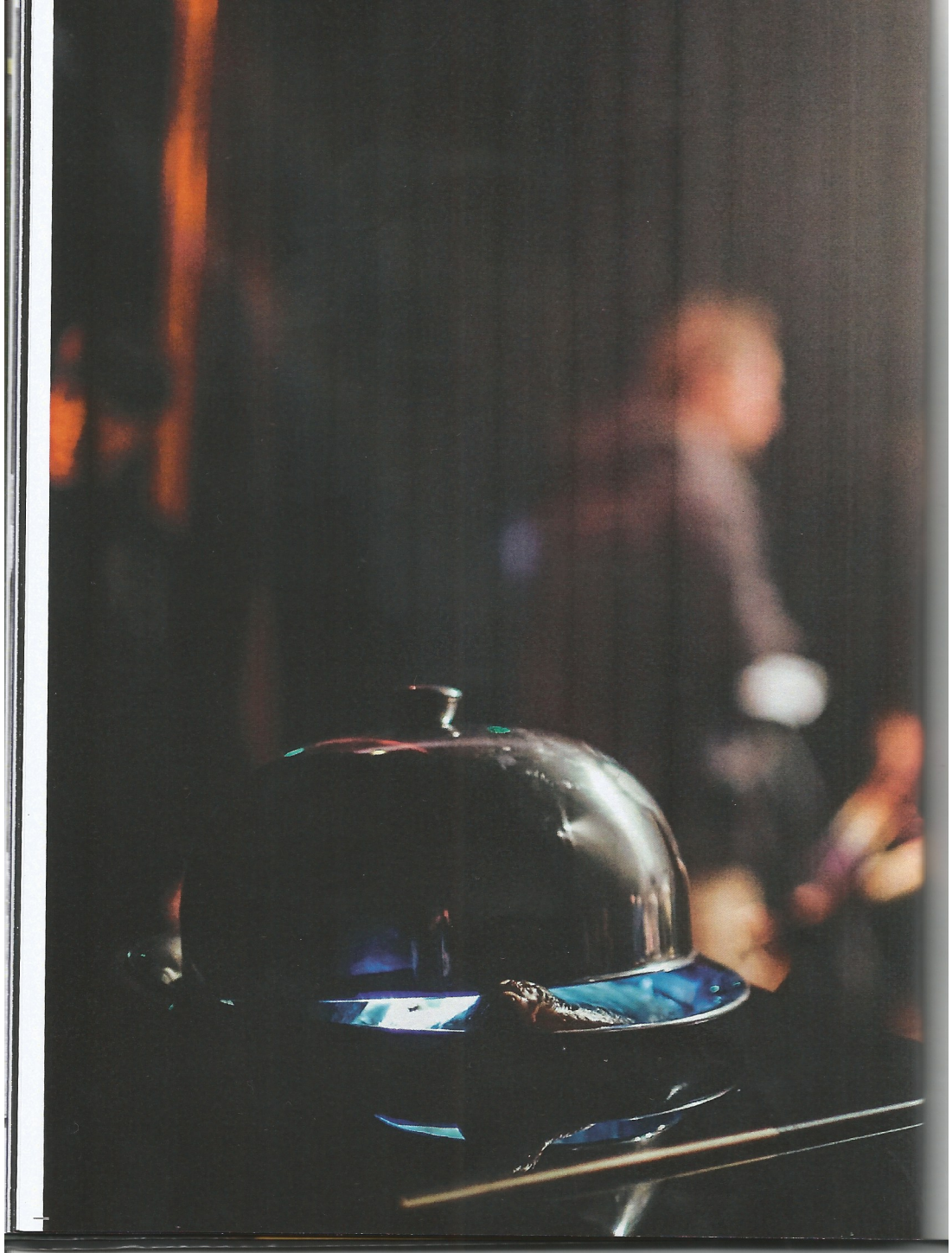














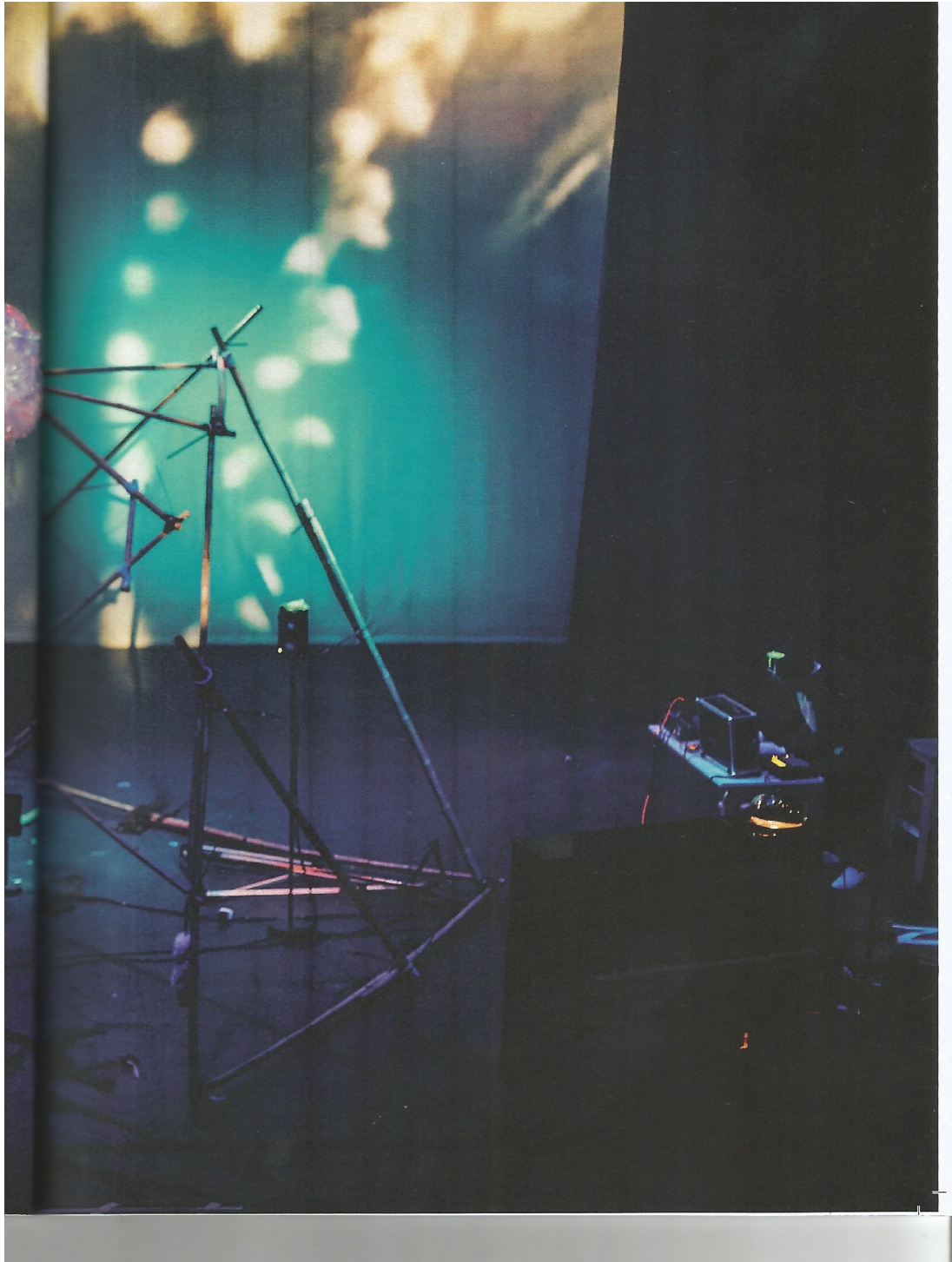
“I, too, overflow; my desires have invented new desires, my body knows unheard-of songs. Time and again I, too, have felt so full of luminous torrents that I could burst - burst with forms much more beautiful than those which are put up in frames.”

*Hélène Cixous - The Laugh of Medusa*















“The Madonna of the Rocks is not a picture. It is a window. We look through the window into the world of pure over-mind.

That over-mind seems like a cap, like water, transparent, fluid yet with definite body, contained in definite space. It is like a closed sea-plant, jelly-fish or anemone.

Are these jelly-fish states of consciousness interchangeable? Should we be able to think with the womb and feel with the brain?

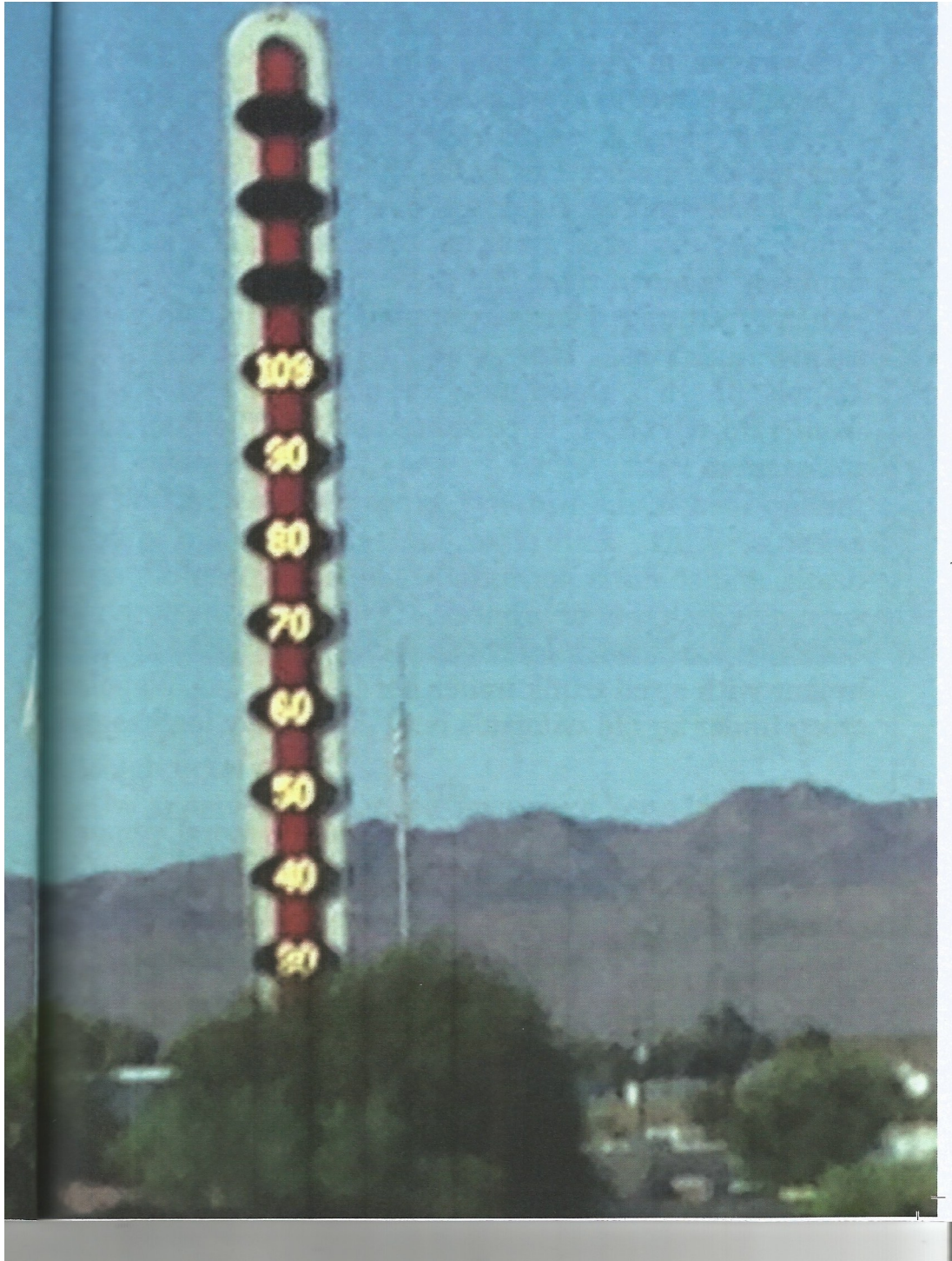
Vision is of two kinds -  
vision of the womb and  
vision of the brain.”

*H.D. - Notes on Thought and Vision pp18-19*











of being a failure, perhaps even a despicable nonentity who had no right to take such a step.

'I wanted to find out then and quickly whether I was a louse like everybody else or a man. Whether I can step over the barriers or not, whether I am a trembling creature or whether I have the right.' . . . This is how he complained to the innocent prostitute Sonia after the crime. At the same time he knew full well that a man doubting his own right and power is not entitled to have either. A strong man goes straight to his goal, without asking questions. How could a Hamlet ever become Napoleon? 'No, those men are not made so. The real *Master* to whom all is permitted storms Toulon, makes a massacre in Paris, *forgets* an army in Egypt, wastes half a million men in the Moscow expedition and gets off with a jest at Vilna. And altars are set up to him after his death, and so *all* is permitted. No, such people it seems are not of flesh, but of bronze! . . . Napoleon, the pyramids at Waterloo, and a wretched skinny old woman, a pawnbroker with a red trunk under her bed. . . . A Napoleon creep under an old woman's bed! Ugh, how loathsome!

### III

Raskolnikov's torment was not one of moral remorse. His loathing of himself and of his deed was above all

40 DINNER TABLE AND ITS ACCESSORIES.

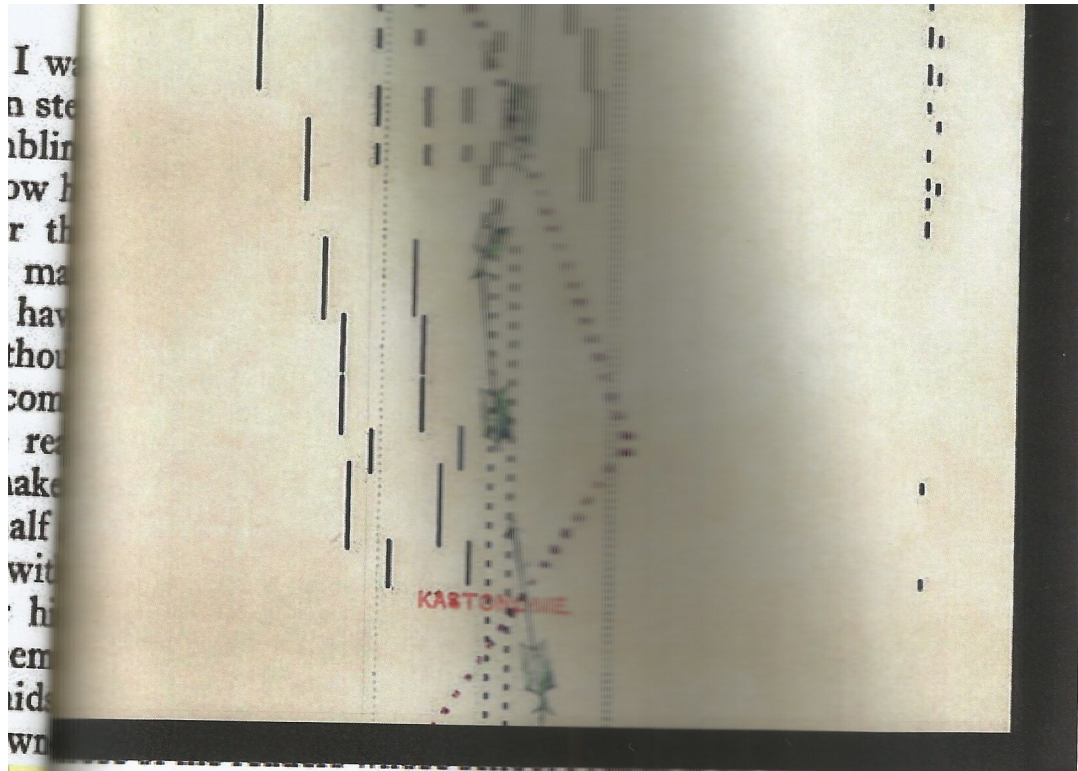
John Thurston (1777 - 1850)

London, around 1799 to 1815.

Base, crossties and surrounding strips of the table surface: solid into three, frame held together in grooves; strips; nets: framework assembly screws : steel.

Ivory inlays with the name Napoleon. Engraved mark of manufacturer.





Billiard Cue

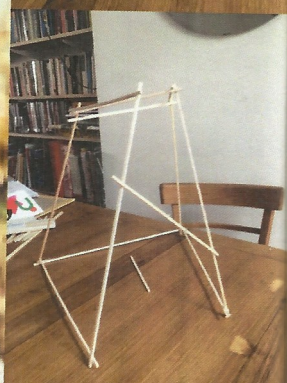
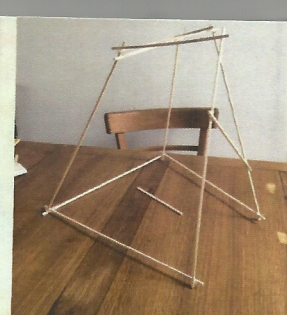
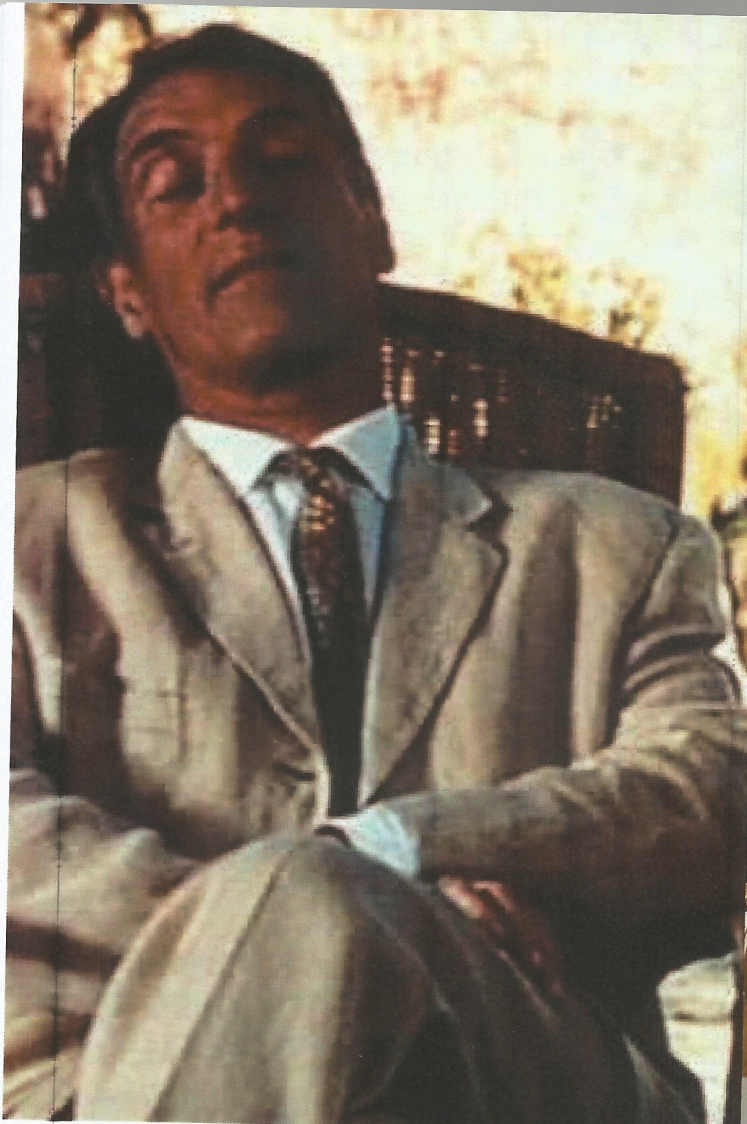
Length 137 cms.

Donated by Andrew Darling to the museum of Kelso (Scotland), his home at the time of the museum's closure. Donation from Mme Dominique C... (bulletin'). Friends of Malmaison, 2003 p.63-64 Rueil- Malmaison... Preau, depository of the National Museum of the Dominions on S... is one of the ten cues delivered together with the billiard table. As a walking stick and as a measuring rod whilst inspecting the progress of... in November and December 1819. This example carries a label indicating... ing, upholsterer, who worked at Longwood during the stay of the F...

Billiard Table and it's accessories.

Thurston (1777 - 1850)





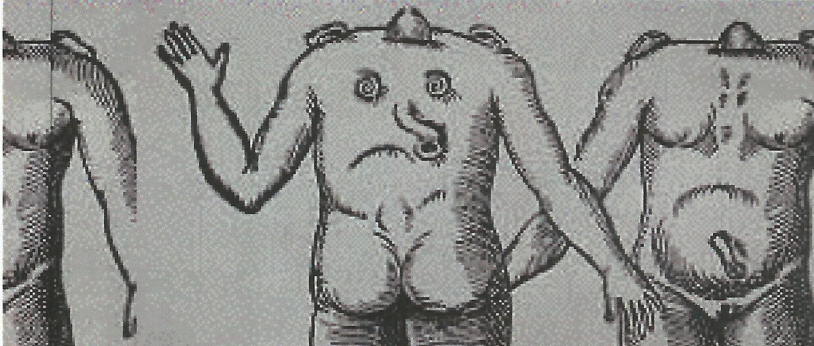
HOME NATIONS  
SERIES





id No	Session Time*	Match No	Per session	All day	Per session	All day
	10.00am	8 x Round 1 matches	N/A	£20	N/A	£15
	1.00pm	8 x Round 1 matches				
	2.00pm	4 x Round 1 matches				
	3.00pm	4 x Round 1 matches				
	7.00pm	4 x Round 1 matches	£10		£8	
	NB 8.00pm	4 x Round 1 matches				
	10.00am	8 x Round 1 matches				













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assumption. According to this hypothesis, **Descartes** was a pure naturalist caught in a social situation where nonconformity meant persecution and even death. He had no taste for martyrdom, and consequently disguised those of his views which might get him into trouble, and embellished the remainder with a show of piety that must be understood, quite literally, as life insurance. (Lafleur, 1956, p. xviii)

### Descartes's Fate

Despite efforts to appease the church, Descartes's books were placed on the Catholic index of forbidden books in the belief that they led to atheism. As a result, **Descartes** slowed his writing and instead communicated personally with small groups or individuals who sought his knowledge. One such individual was Queen Christina of Sweden, who in 1649 invited **Descartes** to be her philosopher-in-residence, and he accepted. Unfortunately, the queen insisted on being tutored at five o'clock each morning, meaning that **Descartes** had to travel to the palace before sunrise during the Swedish winter. After only six months in Sweden, **Descartes** caught pneumonia and died on February 11, 1650. **Descartes** was first buried in Sweden in a cemetery

for distinguished foreigners, but there is more to this unfortunate story:

Sixteen years later, his body was exhumed, as it had been decided by various friends and disciples that it would be more fitting for his bodily remains to rest in France; perhaps they did not respect as seriously as he might have wished, Descartes's belief in the possibility of a disembodied spirit and the existence of mental processes in the absence of any brain. The French ambassador to Sweden took charge and first cut off Descartes's right forefinger as a personal souvenir. It was then found that the special copper coffin provided for transporting the body was too short. So the neck was severed and skull removed to be shipped separately. The coffin returned safely to Paris and Descartes's headless body was reburied with great pomp. The skull had a more sordid fate: it was stolen by an army captain, passed from one Swedish collector to another, and took 150 years to reach Paris, where it was awkwardly shelved in the Academic des Sciences and has apparently remained there ever since. (Boakes, 1984, p. 88)

Yes, the man most associated with the mind-body problem, ironically has a bit of one himself.



♩ 7

Quadrille  
*f*

A tue-tête, n'est-ce pas ?

ind-  
self.



**Can you dance on one eye?**

*A re-presentation of Erik  
Satie's play Le Piège de  
Méduse by Tut Vu Vu and  
Morven Mulgrew*

Performed at Plat-form  
on 3.3.17 as part of  
Take Me Somewhere

Collaborators:

Matthew Black  
Jamie Bolland  
Raydale Dower  
Richard Holmes  
Cleo-Mulgrew-Reeves  
Gerry Mulgrew  
Morven Mulgrew  
Anna Orton  
Alison Peebles  
Calum Rennie

Thanks:

Take Me Somewhere  
Plat-form  
Sean Patrick Campbell  
Alice Dansey-Wright  
Neil Foulis  
Torsten Lauschmann  
Chris Neary  
Seana Moore  
Joe Reeves  
Adam Scott

PUBLICATION  
STUDIO  
GLASGOW





*Video still from Calum Rennie*





CAN YOU DANCE ON ONE EYE?

TUI VU VU + MARYEN MEUGREW

PLATFORM 3.17

Cover photo Sean Patrick Campbell