

# UNKEPT

>> KITCHEN

*unkept*, 2003

...somewhere between thinking about voice and language; speaking from our distinctly different locations and the various ways in which we use our bodies as a mode of articulation. We are interested in looking at the residue of racialized trauma, and how it may reappear and manifest in the body as performance anxiety and nervousness.

*unkept* was a performance that integrated text, movement, music stands and blank sheets of music specifically made for the space of the blinding light cinema.

## new notes and excerpts from *unkept*, kitchen

*(excerpt of script) The lights are in black. T is standing behind the chairs on a platform, A is standing on the stage, C is standing against the middle of the wall audience right. The radio play begins. Old time music ensues very upbeat and harmonious, a woman's voice carries the tune. Music fades into the sound of A's feet scuffing the floor, which continues mildly under the following text.*

**T:**She is drawn to the dusty floor of the cinema. She draws lines with her toes, circles, and circles. Then writes her name in large block letters. She leaves the room through the door with the loud EXIT sign.

*A walks down center towards door, then slams it.*

**C:**She makes sure that no one follows her home that night. She turns around at least 4 times. Halfway home she stops. She has forgotten something...the piece of paper

Row 7 Seat 4.

*A runs back to the cinema, knocks on the door*

**T: We understood and witnessed** each other's words, choreography, images, and voices. There weren't many other artistic spheres that provided such nourishment to us as emerging artists. We provided this for each other.



*(excerpt of script)* The small perfection of her smooth skin and locks of silk. Chinese, Indian, black, Portuguese child, who couldn't be classified in Canada as anything but beautiful.  
And I feel it, taking an ocean and a sky full of moments, slowly I...  
The subject, She, was lying in the dust but couldn't move.  
...couldn't move a thing...

**A:** I remember Tricia leading us through a lesson in the theatrical method of Viewpoints-- the three of us standing on the edge of the SFU dance studio atop Burnaby mountain, waiting for an impulse to move. I remember Trish and Cindy standing across from me, small particles of dust floating in the sunlight between us. **I wondered if we would ever move.**

*(excerpt of script)*

**B:** Mouth drawn to silence.

**A:** Gradually...

**B:** But on clear days, there is nothing, nothing to be rekindled at all.

**A:** Slowly, turned to stone...How can you return 'home' when you've stopped remembering?



**C:** What was unique about kitchen was that I felt that as collaborators **we had an understanding of each other's history and experiences**, process and practice so that there was an instant feeling of letting your guard down and to just be in the mode of critical play and experimentation.