



HYPNOTIC SHOW

An ever-growing collection of scripts, ideas and works by:

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as well as a one night session conducted by MARCOS LUTYENS in English

curated by Raimundas Malasauskas

HYPNOTIC SHOW FAQ:

Q: What is Hypnotic Show?

A: A temporary social structure of engaging into creative cognitive acts through shared practices of art and hypnosis.

Q: What is the relationship between art and hypnosis?

A: Hypnotic power of artwork has always been a favorite trope of people looking for transformative potential of art. However instead of seeing “hypnotic power” as a rhetorical figure Hypnotic Show aims at reducing art practice to the method of pure hypnosis. According to biometrics it connects to the brain faster.

Q: Why brain?

A: It is the ultimate destination of neuro-social engineering as well subjectivities of yet-to-be-invented. From the perspective of ceaseless production and total transparency* brain is seen as a final frontier to be colonised, from the perspective of individual subjectivity - as a last resort of things not-to-be-known. Hypnotic Show positions itself on both ends of the perspective.

Q: How does Hypnotic Show work?

A: When all spaces undergo gentrification and you think that your very inner subjectivity will remain a space of a strictly personal order your brain-waves are being measured against you.

Q: No, no, but how does it work technically?

A: A number of invited artists have submitted proposals for Marcos Lutyens to be performed on the audience through a session of hypnosis.

Q: Can my girlfriend attend the séance?

A: Of course, please tell her to RSVP to sign up for a seance that will take place (time TBC) at...

(So far the show took place at Silverman Gallery, San Francisco; Artists Space, New York; Amsterdam Kunstverein; Kadist Art Foundation, Paris; Labor, Mexico City)

Q: Is it true that hypnosis can convince in a value of certain artwork against my will?

A: Multiple techniques are used in promoting arts value, hypnosis is just one of them.

Q: What remains after this show?

A: Reconfiguration of principles about workings of art and mind implied by artists proposal.

Q: What is the relation of Hypnotic Show to The Man Who Taught Blake to Paint in His Dreams drawing by William Blake?

A: It is not clear in this painting whether the Man was teaching painting in his dreams and Blake had access to that knowledge telematically or whether Blake was taught how to make paintings in his dreams. Or both.

Q: Will there be any works of artists made under the influence of Hypnosis?

A: No, Hypnotic Show is aimed at induce trance rather than show its static records.

Q: Is it an empty show?

A: A show in your head will never be empty. There will be possibly a dream-machine of Burroughs and Gysin installed in the gallery.

Q: Did it take place anywhere before?

A: Yes, at Jessica Silverman gallery in San Francisco in 2008 and Artists Space in NYC in 2009.

Q: What are the inspirations of Hypnotic Show?

A: Works of many artists including Graham Gussin, Matt Mullican, Ann Lislegaard, Pedro Reyes, Warren Neidich, Cerith Wyn Evans; conversations with Fernando Delmar, Pascal Rousseau as well as work of all the artists participating in Hypnotic Show with proposals.

Q: Is Hypnotic Show about collaboration?

A: Not really, but the relationship between hypnotist and the audience should be described as collaboration.

Q: Can I buy I a hypnotic artwork?

A: Not at this moment. However soon you will be able not only to buy, but commission a hypnotic artwork created especially for you or to be able to induce your own hypnotic artwork on your friend out of pure love. Or both.

SCRIPTS AND IDEAS FOR HYPNOTIC SHOW (unedited and in progress):

JULIETA ARANDA

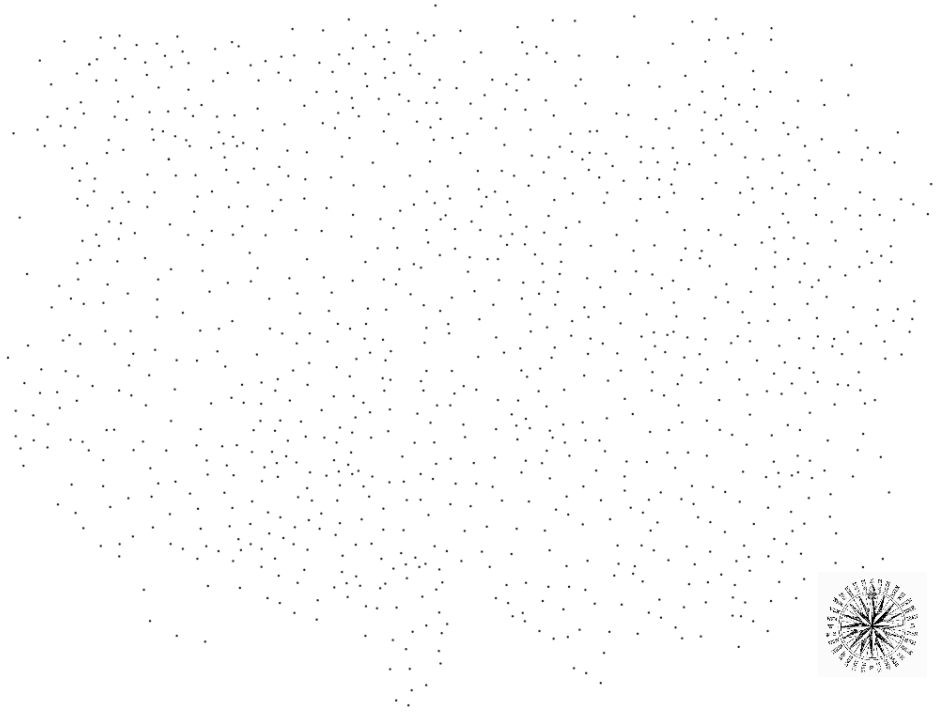
Time Measuring Walk

To know the shape of the future and the past, you are starting at the center of the world. This is simple, because there is a big red X there.
90 degrees to the East, 131 steps later. -the world is round, but this is definitively not the center of it.- 0 degrees to the north, and 25 and ½ steps of walking on cold water-
Time stands still as you tailor its suit.
Turn 180° South and walk 9 steps. -Make sure that you are tracing your steps with something that leaves a mark. This is important-
Now turn 153° and 30 minutes, South-by-SouthEast. Carefully measure 4 and ½ steps.
Point your compass 180° South. (it will almost always be South from now on) and take note of 1 and ½ steps.
220° with 40 minutes: 10 steps towards the SouthWest. Time crosses sunken boats and rubber ducks that are stranded in the sea.
Now 5 steps, 128° and 14 minutes 24 seconds SouthEast-by-East. Is that tomorrow?
180° South, 27 ½ steps -as you cross the equator.
And so here comes the delicate part, the careless hopscotch between future and past.
SouthEast-by-South, 153° 15 minutes and 53 seconds for 1 and ½ steps. -then 90 degrees to the East for 8 ½ steps.
180° to the South for 2 steps. --when did you fall asleep?
3 steps, 90° to the East.
3 steps, 0° to the North ----you fell asleep at some point, that is clear.
Walk 270° Westwards, for 1 and ½ step. (This could be tomorrow, or today again).
And 0° to the North for 1 ¼ steps.
So to get out of here: 4 steps ¾, 90 degrees to the East; then 8 ½ steps, 167° 54' 44" South-by-East.. and then 16 steps, 270° to the West..... now another 4 ¾ steps SouthEast, at an angle of 136° 53 minutes and 29 seconds.
Now that you maybe back before you actually begun.... so walk 180° South, for 17 and ¾ steps... then 5 steps, SouthWest-by-South, 217° 48 minutes and 14 seconds into the Tasmanian Sea.
When did you fall asleep?
23 and ½ steps, 180° to the South.....

(When you wake up, it will be yesterday)

So please, answer the following questions: When did you fall asleep? what is the shape of yesterday? When will it be today?

—
X
—



Time Measuring Walk

Starting at the Center of the World

Point	Position	Direction	Compass	Distance (nautical miles)	Distance (steps)
0	+52°28' 40", 0°	90°	E	13157,17	131
1	+52°28' 40", 180°	0°	N	2551,08	25 and ½
2	-90°, +180°	180°	S	898,63	9
3	+75°, +180°	153° 30'	SSE	468,6	4 and ½
4	+68°, -169°	180°	S	149,77	1 and ½
5	+65° 30', -169°	220° 40'	SW	987,19	10
6	+53°, +170°	128° 14' 24"	SEbE	485,12	5
7	+48°, +180°	180°	S	2755,78	27 and ½
8	+2°, +180°	153° 15' 53"	SEbS	133,15	1 and ½
9	0°, -179°	90°	E	838,72	8 and ½
10	0°, -165°	180°	S	179,73	2
11	-3°, -165°	90°	E	299,13	3
12	-3°, -160°	0°	N	299,54	3
13	+3°, -160°	270°	W	119,65	1 and ½
14	+3°, -162°	0°	N	119,82	1 and ½
15	+5°, -162°	90°	E	477,44	4 and ¾
16	+5°, -154°	167° 54'44"	SbE	857,74	8 and ½
17	-9°, -151°	270	W	1597,61	16
18	-9°, -178°	136° 53'29"	SE	471,83	4 and ¾
19	-14° 45', 172° 30'	180°	S	1782,27	17 and ¾
20	-44°30', -172° 30'	217° 48'14"	SWbS	492,85	5
21	-51°, 180°	180°	S	2336,43	23 and ½
22	-90°, 180°				

OLIVIER BABIN:

it might be called MENU FOR A GLOBAL REVOLUTION
the audience will be put on a plane (and then the plane on a train) and taken to PS1 so as to
admire Jonathan Horowitz' TOFU sculpture,
and then to the United Nations canteen so as to kick the wursts, punch the meat balls and slap the
meat loafs.
because this is the highly symbolic epicenter of a possible global revolution

when we were asked how we would like our future : "rare" or "medium rare" was our most
common answers
but this is to be changed, as Einstein used to say, "greens" or "beans" must be our new answers

and blah blah and blah blah

but as everyone knows, if revolution can wait, a starved belly trully can't, so I will snap my
fingers, you will open your eyes and we will all go for steak.

and if you don't like it, get yourself a Tofu sculpture.

will you know proceed to the bar, have a quick glass and leave please !

FRANCISCO CAMACHO

TWO VOLUNTEERS WILL BE NEEDED:

from now, participant number one will be named X
from now, participant number two will be named Y

1.0 Participant X will be asked to go under the Trance of Hypnosis

1.1 Participant X will be asked... to believe he/she is being John Lenon.

1.2 Participant X will be asked to act as John Lenon.

1.3 Participant Y will be asked to go under the Trance of Hypnosis

1.4 Participant Y will be asked ... to believe he/she being Salvador Dali.

1.5 Participant Y will be asked to act as Salvador Dali.

2.0 Participant X will be asked to sing 'hey Jude' non Stop.

2.1 Participant Y will be asked to make a Drawing with the mastership of Salvador Dali while listening participant X: 'John Lenon' singing 'hey jude'.

2.2 Participant X will be asked to pay attention of the making of the drawing by participant Y: 'Salvador Dali'.

2.3 As soon as participant Y: 'Salvador Dali' finishes with the drawing; Participant X: 'John Lenon' will be asked to stop singing 'hey Jude'.

3.0 Participant X will be asked to overtake the exercise of being 'John Lenon' and sing 'hey Jude' each time he/she sees a drawing of 'Salvador Dali'.

3.1 Participant Y will be asked to believe he/she is being 'Salvador Dali' and make a drawing with the mastership of 'Salvador Dali'; each time he/she listens the song 'hey Jude'.

4.0 Participants X and Y will be asked to go out of Hypnosis trance with out remembering the exercise described above.

4.1 Participants X and Y will be asked to remind in the room.

4.2 A printed copy of a drawing by Salvador Dali will be displayed in the room or/and the drawing made by participant Y.

ASLI CAVUSOGLU:

You wake up with the warm sunlight in your eyes, thinking that summer has come at last. You do not have to worry about what time it is because it is weekend. You get off the bed and go to have a shower with slow steps. You feel the touch of warm water all over you. You stay a little bit longer in the shower than usual watching the water drops reluctantly running down your body. You feel quite relaxed. You wrap a towel around and step out of the bathroom.

You walk to the kitchen and set to make coffee. As you wait for the water to boil you lean against the counter, flipping through the pages of a cheap magazine dropped in your mailbox the previous day. Between a page and the other, a violent noise that sounds like an explosion shakes you from top to toe. The mug waiting on the countertop to be filled with coffee falls off and shatters into pieces. Trying to avoid the glass splinters, you rush to the window. There are lots of heads stuck out of their windows, like yours. Everybody is looking in the direction of a tall, dark grey smoke rising up into the blue of the sky. You estimate it must be coming from somewhere behind the two-, three-storey houses, somewhere near the city centre. The street is now filled with people walking briskly towards where the smoke is rising, or standing hesitantly at a safe distance. A friend of yours from the opposite building notices and shouts to you but you cannot hear what she says because of the noise coming from the crowd in the street. A little child is crying in mother's arms, the mother standing motionlessly, with her eyes fixed on the place of incident.

You run back to the bedroom. You grab the first trousers and t-shirt you lay hands on and put them on hastily. You do not have the slightest idea about the origin of the smoke. You run down the stairs of the building. When you bend forward to unlock the front door you notice that you still have your bath slippers on. Once out in the street, you are drifted by the crowd of mostly young people running towards the smoke. You step onto the pavement in order to make way to the fire engines with their sirens blaring piercingly. A middle-aged man coming from the opposite direction warns everybody, shouting "Don't go there, more explosions are expected." You do not mind it, but there are people who change their ways. "What happened?" asks someone of your age to the man. "It's the fireworks warehouse on fire!" Some young boy with acnes smiles and says "Well, it's cool!", sipping from his beer can. You press on.

Now you are close enough to smell the smoke. The acrid scent of the burnt gunpowder scorches your throat.

You are stopped a little way ahead by a cordon of police officers. More people accumulate there. You try to move towards to the front in order to see get a better view. An elderly and curious man elbows you to get ahead of you. The smoke is coming through a building in one of the streets opening into the town square. You cannot tell exactly from which. It must be one of those buildings you walk by everyday without noticing. You take a glimpse of a woman next to you, recording the scene on her camera.

Suddenly, there comes the second explosion. Now you see what you have heard a couple of minutes earlier. Your heart starts to beat quickly. Tens of fireworks crack and explode in scarlet fireballs in about two-second intervals, letting grey smoke rising up into the sky. Your field of view gets narrower because of the dense smoke.

You cautiously step back with the receding crowd. Some even break into a run. The crowd moves rather in a feeling of curiosity and excitement than of fear and panic. Nobody can take their eyes off the breathtaking colour contrast created by the grey of the smoke. Some fireworks disappear

into the high blue of the sky where the smoke cannot reach. You catch yourself smile as you watch them.

The police try to move the crowd back to a safe distance. However, nobody, including you, can know what to do. The roar of voices is so dense that nothing is heard clearly. Then, loads of fireworks begin to explode all together. The smoke burns your throat, you feel really thirsty.

You are drifted back with the crowd. Nobody screams but you sense the growing panic. Even the police officers in the cordon take their eyes off the exploding fireworks only to throw quick glances on the crowd. The fireworks spread into the darkening sky like champagne popped immaturity. A cameraman walks beyond the security cordon. The roar continues.

The explosions stop sharply. Now only the grey smoke is left after all those colourful fireworks. Then, there comes another and more powerful explosion. You feel the ground shake under your feet. Splinters and shrapnel of the explosion rain on you. You try to cover your head and eyes with your hand. Now you do not want to watch; you want to run away. Everybody is running around in panic. You look for a shelter nearby. You notice a building entrance crammed by almost 20 people. You run for your life towards there. At that moment you hear another explosion. You cover your ears. You cough, desperate to drink some water. Someone grabs your arm and drags you somewhere. You cannot tell wherefore because of the thick smoke. You enter a room packed with a lot of people. A cameraman is shooting what is going on in front of the window. You hear a sharp woman voice shouting, "Stay away from the windows!" There comes yet another explosion. The window where the cameraman was standing a moment ago bursts in, the glass in countless splinters. "Down! Down!" shouts another man. You rub your watery eyes but they still burn. You cough. You run down to the basement with the crowd. You realise on your way down that you are barefoot. Your toe is bleeding. You hear some cries and screams but you cannot discern what is said, you cannot tell someone from another in the dark. You just know you are safe now.

DERIC CARNER:

You are walking down a path. You are watching where you place your feet. There are loose rocks. You are surrounded by vegetation, and It is dark and dusty.

Soon you come to a bright clearing. You cross a tall grassy field to a ledge of rock. You sit down on a granite outcropping and feel the hardness of the stone against your palms. From here you are able to see a great distance. You look out to the horizon over many hills whose shapes blur and lighten and blend in the distance. The horizon is wavy and indeterminate.

You can see an area on the far horizon that appears more crisp. There is an enormous shape rising slowly from the horizon. As its edges come into view, you see that it has a simple form, but one you do not recognize. The object rises into the sky and you can see it well. It is bright and saturated in a color you cannot name. What is it?

The object seems to have a smooth plane with no visible curves or angles and yet it describes a deep volume and unknown sides. As it rotates slowly and passes over your head, you can see that each side is equal and joined to every other side seamlessly. You are very pleased with this shape and try to fix its structure in your mind. As the object slips silently towards the opposite horizon, you feel a warm flush on your face.

A name for this object enters your mind. You know it is correct so you stand up and shout it out. Suddenly you realize you are not alone as you hear other voices in the trees and on the rocks below. You repeat the name louder in chorus with the others. Then quietly, almost a whisper, you repeat the name until you wake.

TORREYA CUMMINGS:

You are driving a vehicle that you do not own. The road is paved, with an occasional pothole. The road stretches out as straight as a line on a map. The horizon is uneven and very far away. You are listening to your favorite radio station... You love this song. Turn up the volume. There is a large cactus on your right. As you pass it, something happens to your radio. Your favorite song is interrupted by static. Something else comes on the radio. Music you've never heard before. You don't like it. It is strange, the beat is erratic, it is music from the future. You recognize the voice singing. It's yours! As suddenly as it invaded your radio, it dissolves into static, and back into your favorite station. Your favorite song is still playing, but it's not the same, somehow. You can never hear it the same way again.

GINTARAS DIDZIAPETRIS:

Is it possible to make the visitor of the hypnotic show think (after hypnosis is finished) that s/he has one idea for the show him/herself - that it would be interesting to make a piece that actually seem to belong to the visitor as his/her idea for the exhibition?

MARK GEFRIAUD:

You have returned.
Waking up so to speak...
though you were not sleeping.
No need for wind and trees really, but still
the wind is blowing and the trees wave gently back and forth.
Anyway you like that.
Incoherent thoughts bring you to consider walking
but you decide not to.
Now your mind is settled,
you get up and head south.
After a few steps, you bump
into a white rectangle
that you recognize for yours,
whatever that means.
Its width matches the length of your open arms.
It floats horizontal halfway between your head and your feet.
A few objects are gathered there.
You start looking at them
one by one,
trying to trace back the circumstances
that led them here.
Some of them you vaguely remember using
while others clearly speak for abandoned purposes.
You wonder if these crumbs of past activities
could figure a map of some sort...
explain your own presence here...
or guide you to what will come next.
Your eyes keep on wandering among the remains
of your own plans, trying to imagine
what your thoughts might have been
at that time.
What was the motivation behind all that?
What was it exactly you were getting ready for?
Were you packing?
Or unpacking?
If you were to take a step back, you would probably realize
that the objects in front of you have the obvious look of things
lying on the beach after the tide. Then
you'd probably want to avoid thinking of sandcastles
and immediately walk away...
And so you walk
and walk
and walk.
The sand is warm under your feet.
The sun is high.
Your shadow is nothing
but a tiny black puddle between your legs.
You can't say if the sea is going in or out

and feel happy not to care.
You walk along, looking
to what the waves have brought in.
A spot in the sand catches your attention.
You get drawn closer.
And closer.
And closer.
But as you go on, the spot in the sand is the only thing
that doesn't grow bigger
as if you were after the blind spot in your eyes.
You finally manage to get there anyhow.
You start picking it up with one hand and finish with both.
As soon as you get up again
you feel you need to sit down in a chair.
The shape you have in hand looks
very different from one angle to another,
from very complex
to completely schematic.
You find it a bit difficult to keep it still
as it always feel off balance, making it
more comfortable for you to keep on turning it slowly in your hands.
As you do so
you try to carve a picture of it in your mind.
Your eyes are now on track.
As deeply as you concentrate
you never can tell when the form has achieved
a complete revolution.
Things don't seem to match exactly
from one turn to another, as if
some details kept drifting apart
or swapping places.
Unless it was your own gaze
scraping its surface.
You keep on turning it in your hands,
never getting bored of what you see.
What you remember
and what you expect from the shape
is now one single material.
You don't know anymore if
you like what you see
or if you see what you like.
This question seems totally irrelevant
and doesn't even come to your mind.
Nor do you ask yourself
if it would be better
or not
to
stop.

FABIEN GIRAUD

here is a quick proposal of something i would really like to experiment tonight in your hypnotic show. it is extremely simple, or at least i do hope it is.

it would go as follow :

at one point during a scenario of our choice from another artist while people are under hypnosis, the hypnotyser stops talking, turns his back on the people and leaves the room. thus abandoning the people in their state: like a treason in the narrative, a rupture in the mediation. if possible, this silence and uncanny state of the show stays on for few minutes. would they wake up on their own? would the hypno guy need to wake them up by coming back into the room and speaking to them? what happens really when the narrative stops? what do they experiment? what does the audience interpret of this anonymous gesture?

WILL HOLDER:

A POSTER, 65cm wide and 200cm high, off-set printed in four colours, bears an image of a 29 year-old Elvis Presley, scaled to life-size, or the maximum recorded height in his lifetime (6'2"=1m88).

The image is taken from a low perspective, with the camera at a height equivalent to Presley's waist. Presley's feet are positioned at the foot of the poster and he looks into the camera.

Elvis Presley is tanned, and his long forelock is brushed back over his head, as high as his forehead. His sideburns reach down a third of the height of his ears. Elvis wears a three-button, single-breasted black silk suit tailored for him by Sy Devore. The jacket—which fits with the same comfort as the drainpipe trousers which have no cuff and cover his shoes—has narrow lapels, and black buttons, three on each cuff. It is buttoned up to the height of Presley's breast bone, covering a darker black cotton shirt with button down collar, which is significantly larger in circumference than Elvis's neck. All of the shirt buttons are white, the ones of the collar are smaller than those of the bib, naturally.

Elvis Presley's feet, in shiny pointed black boots, are positioned wider than his shoulders, making him less tall. He nevertheless looks down at the camera. Elvis Presley's right leg is 10cm in front of his left leg, turning his whole body (not turned further from the hip) slightly away from us. His right hand stretches over his body, pulling out of the suit's cuff slightly to reveal his wrist, but not pulling his upper arms out of gravity's vertical position, to hold the left hand between his fingers in front of the lowest button of his jacket. Elvis's thumb is bent upwards, resting along the line of Elvis Presley's left wrist. Only the fingers of Elvis Presley's left hand are visible. The little finger sports a silver ring embedded with a row of 18 carat diamonds, as does the little finger of his right hand.

The poster is hung in your bedroom. Just before you awake, Elvis Presley will, on occasion, decide to speak to you, and when you open your eyes, you will see that Elvis's lips are the only part of the poster that move, when he talks. Despite your initial reaction, you will find that Elvis Presley's words are not threatening.

PIERRE HUYGHE:

To be said by the hypnotizer Marcos Lutyens to the audience:

"I'm going to add a journey to your memory. You should remember a situation you experienced, its location, the time of day, the people and all the elements involved, things or details. You should remember a situation you experienced as an image.

People who practice the art of memory use some tricks. Some associate what they should remember with a building they visualized, they memorize a structure and place images within it to record knowledge. It's called architectural mnemonic.

Others use a journey they have made many times, remembering landmarks on a well-known itinerary, and associate them with the things they need to memorize. It's "the Journey Method".

I will describe chronologically my journey from home, feature by feature. For example: I will say "George Washington Bridge" and you will associate the words I say with an element of your specific memory.

If you wish to visit me, you will have to think about the memory you have given to my journey."

The hypnotizer gives the features to go to his home from Artist Space, feature by feature as the audience gives an element of their memory.

JOACHIM KOESTER:

DEPARTMENT OF ABANDONED FUTURES

Count from 1 to 10 as you go deeper. Fleeting images emerges on the back of your eyelids. They look like discarded takes from old movies. Observe them and let them pass. Keep on doing this until you see something that resembles a street scene. You notice a small park to the left: trees, benches and maybe a fountain. The street and the park are empty. Nobody is around. To your right towers a huge grey concrete building. Walk to the main entrance of this place; open the heavy wooden doors and step into the vestibule. Pause a moment. Though your surroundings are lusterless the scale is impressive – engulf yourself in the quietness and feeling of the past. Then see if you can spot a sign over one of the several doorways: DEPARTMENTS. This is where you are heading. Walk along a long hallway lined with offices and archives. Don't stop...just keep on walking. Walk until you notice a stairway leading down into the basement. Then descend...down... down... down and down...you reach a door. Read the sign on the door. It says: DEPARTMENT OF ABANDONED FUTURES in dusty white letters. No need to knock...though terribly important this place rarely sees visitors. Walk right in. What you find is a vast collection: innumerable shelves with boxes containing manuscripts, drawings, photographs, films, inventions and visions. Everything is filed according to subject matter. Look closer. Open one of the boxes on the shelf right next to you. You'll find blueprints for social interactions that never happened because they could not be imagined at the time, as well as plans for cities that were never built due to the prevailing economic interests...Go on, venture further...there is also a whole section for the arts...dig out things of interest...for the remaining time here you'll be like an archeologist of abandoned futures.

JENNIFER DI MARCO

Dose something have to be tangible to be real do we need to see it to acknowledge its existence imagine if you will a world were the intangible is a reality imagine you are a person who to every one around you you seem normal as you walk thought this world you will find it structured in an odd way objects near and far will seem closer of father away than they are you will continually bump into things as well as miss them your reactions to stimulus will be significantly altered a simple game of catch will seem terrifying as if your balance and motor skills are incorrectly linked with your system as if part of you cerebella cortex was not working correctly and as you walk through this world you will always look as if you belonged you will laugh at the jokes you will learn fear of the pencil and the white sheets of paper that encircle your everyday life typing on a keyboard will have the sensation of each stroke like tacks breaking the skin words will run from you on the written page the will dance and move nothing will be still you will doubt ever letter on the page and every syllable that comes from your mouth will be in question and shame will ring from your voice from every movement you will learn to become what they make of you

What they make of you is weak unintelligent lazy but what will you make of yourself words will dance and spaces will move and what is left is new thought a new way to see the world whats left is difference when the words dance and you learn to read them in there disorder lines of text will ring to you with different meanings new thoughts new translations as the spaces move you will see new patterns emerge a spatial recognition of objects will appear before you in ways never yet dreamed of you will see what is overlooked by others as mundane for beautiful and innovative the things that you were taught to fear you will remake you will see the world through different eyes so you have the ability to create the world in different ways and yes they will laugh but you will never know shame again because you will forever know that there distain for you is borne from fear of the unknown

PIERO PASSACANTANDO

1. This hypnotic artwork will affect you in no way. Once you wake up from this hypnotic stage, nothing will have changed; maybe I shall say that everything will still be continuously changing, if you are a fan, like me, of seeing reality as a flux, in the usual way. What will be different is that for the first time, I can assure you, this hypnotic artwork will have lasting and measurable results in terms of its efficacy. In fact, if the world stays different but similar, and you will still perceive it as before the hypnosis, than this process really worked to a totality of experience.

2. This artwork is really a special one. It took me long years of hard studying. Late nights of failed attempts to create it, of being close but not quite there; an error process that could potentially drive you to a degree of sweaty insanity. Finally, just a few moments ago, I was able to succeed in fixing the last glitches, reefing the last curves, improving the aerodynamic properties, improve on the bandwidth and hydraulic elasticity. A beauty. What it does is simple. It's a disappearing machine. At first it was hard to find, as it would itself disappear and being that it really disappears (distinguishing it from my previous invisibility machine, which was quite futile really), it really took me forever. Sometime I would have to start from scratch. Than I resolved this problem by locating it into the center of the anus. I tried with the brain first, but the results where not that satisfactory. Now as you are being hypnotized, right now, as we speak, this machine is being built by your own body (and this was my greatest achievement). Actually, if you pay attention, you can really start to notice and feel this construction. The interesting aspect of my improvements is that appearing and disappearing can be practiced at will. I thought of it mainly as a machine to disappear things, but I found that its best application was that you could at times disappear to yourself. Quite a hard thing. The only problem I noticed was that every time I came back, I was almost the same but not quite. I'm curious to know your impressions on the workings of my machine. Let me know.

MICHAEL FLIRI:

1. To be seen as a work in progress. the artist, hypnotist, curator and the audience (or a person) work together every day for several days and try to enter this phenomena and to push it further.

b) this could even be enlarged to "create" a person in a seance to an "brain-space-artist". so to be said created in this environment circumstances. (sounds trashy like someone looking for a superstar, but maybe a great approach, to envelope something)

2. A combination with my project in bratislava. like i will transmit, with help works to the audience. this i would again keeping on the mystery level. everyone gets something without, the rational approach to communicate in advanced or after with our way of communication. playing on the same level.

3.
some time ago i was working on a project, hypnotizing people and turning them into "animals". letting them react so. (for a while animals, were very important in my work, like you might have seen the video where the sheep turns into a pig, by using a hole - the anus) in this case we would use the brain. And with the "impersonated animals" creating something more...

(of course with hypnosis the danger is, how much you want to influence a person)

general:

(addition to number 1)

maybe best is if the "space" is more open, to overcome the rational determination of things. so it must be bigger, than a real proposal.

it has to be a triangle: the artist, the hypnotist and the public.

the public should not be seen too much as a receiver.

more a space that, in terms of sculpture

should be modeled-formed somehow together.

the artist role is his presence, more then anything else.

all the rules have to become unclear, only in this moment i guess we can overcome the one dimensional.

NICHOLAS MATRANGA & FRANCESCA BENNETT:

1. We want to do something that involves space.

Our understanding of space is tenuous at best. Spaces have physical, measurable sizes, but they lack visual indications of measured distance. The vastness of the desert or the ocean is a promise that we can only partly see.

We are frequently asked to inhabit two-dimensional pictorial spaces, despite their limits.

2. We wonder: when did we come by our three-dimensional perspective?

We have decided to remove a construction of space: to take away one's ability to perceive three dimensions.

Henri Lefebvre wrote that the theory of perspective could be developed because a space in perspective already existed in the world. He indicates that the developed theory provided for new central points of perspective in the individual and disconnected from the central power of the divine.

Previously power structures had been ordained by a higher power, through a single point of perspective; a two-dimensional world order. But people are people, and things are things, and we have always had to walk around them.

3. We want to do something that recognizes time.

We don't know if this idea is truthful or historical. Time tells stories, many and varied, but their truth is still questionable. The vastness of history is a story that we can only narrate in parts.

We are frequently asked to explain what we haven't experienced, despite our limits.

4. Perhaps both space and time are connected.

If one's perception of both space and time are mutable, then can we allow ourselves to consider that space and time are connected.

That space is gauged by time, as when one says, "It's a five minute drive"; or that time is implicit in space, as when one says, "I'm five blocks away." Each phrase intended to give an impression of one's imminent arrival, but are just bursting with the possibilities of twenty block detours and hour long delays.

MATTHEW SHANON

TWO STEPS BEYOND THE VANISHING POINT

Hypnotist: Now then ... a couple of weeks ago- maybe two- you saw a work of art. You think it was the Thursday before last. It was around midday.

Hypnotist: cannot remember too much about this work- but you know you saw it. You are sure it was at this same institution.

Hypnotist: You definitely saw it. You remember it.

Hypnotist: It was a sculpture- m-a-y-b-e.....

Hypnotist: You saw this work a couple of weeks ago- you know you saw it but you cannot remember precisely what it was like.

Hypnotist: There was a form, a volume, you have a sense of the space taken by this work, but you cannot remember what it looked like.

Hypnotist: you have a sense of your body in relation to this work, you remember processing the spatial co ordinates of this work in relation to your body. You can still feel it.

Hypnotist: you can't remember what it looked like but you know you saw it. Definitely.

SNOWDEN SNOWDEN & CARSON SALTER:

You're nuts if you think you're making any of this up.

You're bothering around in your own sub-cortex and you begin to adjust to the dark. You're standing at the first of two exhibits in the Cold War hallway of the Wax Museum of Non-Denominational Sports and Recreation. A cough of smoke from Hemingway's animatronic Cuban hides the first paragraph of your script.

Shuffle down the hallway. The next exhibit is a delusion in still life. Step over the velvet rope and onto a black and white checkered floor; It matches your checkered pants and makes your shoes, white and flat as boat sails, look remote controlled. Gawk in the pre-natal kitchen of Bobby Fischer's mother. Fischer and Boris Spassky are white knuckled to a chess set. Spassky is on the left. His neck gets red in a little oval like a hickey. His wig, flattened like grass underneath a chopper, and his mustard smoking jacket make him look like a weatherman. For the fourth time in as many visits, you are confronted with the problem of the uncompromising bulge in his crotch. You hold your fist up to your eye like a telescope and isolate the cobra-mongoose courtship. Bring your hand down and you see Fischer on the right. He's wearing a corona made of a spaghetti colander, bent forks, and a tangle of aluminum antennae. You think he's broadcasting himself. His mouth is clenched like he's locking something in his jaw--a code carved into a bone, the pin of a hand grenade, a little piece of someone's flesh. Maybe it's cotton balls, you think, or gauze. You know that he had the fillings removed from his teeth so that the KGB couldn't control him through transmissions into the amalgam units packed tight in his molars. This makes perfect sense to you.

Squat next to the table. You spot a glitch on the chess board, a new piece. Mr. Vertigo, womb slime still on it, its psychological black mail. Its shaped like a paranoid mirrored cube and bounces light everywhere- a rope of it hits Spassky in the leg; he begins to puddle a little around his boots. Your finger follows the beam into his thigh. He feels like a lava lamp. Your hand reaches over the rooks and their neat rows and goes for the piece. You know chess, you know all the usual layers of Slavic stealth, those ensnarement and ploys, but this knocks you out of the game, you are like someone whose weapon has been knocked out of their hand. You get down on your hands and knees. Want to be violated by insight. Stare into its reflection. Try and get your mind around the sight of yourself? You are the projector at the planetarium.

MARYELIZABETH YARBROUGH

Your clock radio is playing this crappy song you seem to know most of the words to. It's 10:10am and you wonder if for the rest of the day you'll hear 'Some guys have all the luck' a thousand times over with a picture of Rod Stewart in your head during his 'Do you think I'm sexy?' phase. The sun is coming through the crack in the curtain and you can already tell it's beautiful outside.

You're getting out of bed and as your feet are hitting the ground you're overcome with this feeling that maybe today is a lucky one.

As your getting dressed you have a premonition that you should act on it...this feeling of luck. As your looking for your shoes you're wondering what to do about it and after tying the laces on your right shoe it occurs to you: liquor store.

Walk to the liquor store.

You're leaving the house now and you notice how completely decent and pleasant the temperature is. You totally didn't need to wear this sweatshirt. Walking away from your house you realize you left without grabbing your sunglasses. You pat your front right pocket to confirm your wallet's there and decide to keep going and shade your eyes with your hand...On your right, you see there's an old sign on the wall you've never noticed before; "PLEASE DON'T FEED THE PIGEONS' Section 486 M.P.C."...486 you think... $4+8+6=...18$. Eighteen. "I'm Eighteen and I liiike it" you hear in your head. Fucking Alice Cooper. You begin to wonder why you know that he was twenty-three not eighteen when he wrote that but you panic from the mind-atrophying boredom that that thought induces and just feel glad to be turning the corner of York onto 24th street. 24. 24!

Twenty-four...twenty-four...

Coming to the red light on Bryant you decide not to go to Samy's liquors, which seems the obvious choice since it's just across the street to your left and closer than anywhere else... You choose to stay on the shady side of the street but do notice, before the "WALK" signal comes on, that there's a sign in Samy's window with large, hand-written letters that says "CINCO DE MAYO" and you take that number into careful consideration.

Five.

Then you remember 23. Alice Cooper was 23, you think... $2+3=5$...

Five...

The light turns green and you cross the street, as you get to the corner you hear a loud noise, a siren coming...you wonder which direction it's coming from and when you turn around you see an ambulance turn the corner 2 blocks away...Two...

Looking back across Bryant you see the green and yellow neon sign of "Pungal Chinese-American Food To Take Out", and above that, "Today's Special". You read it and think, Yes. Today Is Special.

Heading down 24th away from Bryant, someone's just found parking and as they're putting a quarter in the meter you hear the passenger say to the driver who seems to already be looking for change "hey it says here: 5 cents for each 2 minutes. I've only got 3 quarters."

3 quarters... You picture 3 quarters next to each other like capital O's in succession: OOO.

Three?

You keep walking, across the street you see an oval red and white "99cent Store" sign, add 9 to 9, hear "I'm 18 and I liiike it" again, become annoyed with yourself, so happy to see a pigeon at

your feet. It's walking around the fruit stand where avocados are on sale, 8 for 3 dollars...three... Eight and three...eight or three...the pigeon's probably waiting for some food to fall on the ground but, you notice, instead spontaneously takes flight to a nearby tree.
8+3. 11. Eleven! Two ones next to each other...The tree's directly across from the Sweetheart Bakery...sweethearts, 2 people in love, you think...two...eleven...one plus one...Two. Ok, 2, you think... and Eleven...

You pass The Wizard Smoke Shop and begin to think that maybe it's not a coincidence you saw that, maybe you're a wizard. A magic warlock on some mystical numerology sorcerer's chakamoonbeam visionquest; maybe you should be wearing some large, purple velour wizard cap with yellow stars on it, maybe you should get a woven hackey sack and go to golden gate park, maybe you should walk directly to burning man. Thank god these thoughts are permanently erased from your mind as you walk past "Lucky Street" on you left...

Lucky Street. You wonder who lives on it. It's a one way street, with a 'One Way' arrow sign. It has zero zero zero, OOO above the black and white arrow...you pause... OOO. Like the 3 quarters...3 zeroes.
Three, you think.

Approaching Folsom, you see the bright yellow building that is P&S Liquors and you imagine the yellow is as bright as a brick of gold and wonder if you should go in there...but the light is red and as you're waiting for it to turn green again, out of the corner of your eye you see a "California Lottery Tickets Sold Here" sign and walk into the W-K Market, where Budweiser is just \$8.59 for a 12 pack according to the sign on the open door.
you're inside. To your left is a table with blank lottery tickets and a few small yellow pencils strewn about it. You grab pencil and with marked assuredness you fill in the boxes for the numbers you know will win you this week's jackpot:
18, 24, 5, 11, 2, 3.
You go to the counter and buy 12 lottery tickets with these numbers and say thank you and smile to the man behind the counter when he hands them to you.

You feel good...really good. Ready for your morning coffee now...You walk to a cafe you've never been to on 24th. You get a large coffee, and sit down with it at an empty table. You put the lottery tickets down on the table to your right...You close your eyes for a minute...you're relaxed, happy...excited for what else the day has in store for you...

When you open your eyes you see that there's a number of people around you that you've never seen before...You're glad you came here, you think to yourself. You put one ticket in your pocket and decide to give eleven of the lottery tickets with the winning numbers to eleven strangers around you. You're feeling so lucky, you want these people to share in it. You're feeling generous.

Your right palm is open, the tickets are now in that hand... You stand up and walk to eleven different people in the room, handing each a winning ticket after you make eye contact... As you do, you know each of these strangers knows exactly what you mean when you say "I'm lucky... Congratulations!"

CAREY YOUNG

Hypnotic Spiral

Note – spirals are often used in hypnosis as a device to aid the transition from everyday waking consciousness to a hypnotic state. Thus this section has been designed to be used first within your event. The following spiral was devised by the artist as an imaginary spatial combination and ambulatory exploration of drawn and painted works by (in order of appearance) Kasimir Malevich, Bridget Riley, the Renaissance astronomer and hieroglyphics expert Athanasius Kirchner, Jasper Johns and Carey Young: a show within a show.

The works included are:

Black Circle, Kasimir Malevich 1913

Blaze 4, Bridget Riley, 1963

Target with Four Faces, Jasper Johns, 1955

Selenic Shadowdial, Athanasius Kirchner, 1646 (or earlier)

Untitled, Carey Young, 2009

---hypnotic text begins:

You close your eyes. That's right. Just closing your eyes, you can begin to notice how easy it is to pay close attention to your own thoughts and images that move through your mind as I keep talking... You concentrate on getting deeper, going deeper inside your mind... relaxing... enjoying those images that occasionally float to the surface... Now a very vivid picture floats in front of your mind's eye. You are standing on an area of white ground, and next to you is a huge black circle..you walk to the edge of the black circle and start to follow it clockwise, so the blackness is on your right..it is a huge expanse of black, it is beautiful because it has some texture, you can see it has marks as if it was painted by hand.. it feels like it has a human touch even though it is so extremely large..and you enjoy fitting your feet along the edge of the black circle, your feet on the line between black and white, like a tightrope... you keep walking, you can almost feel this edge of the circle under your feet, you feel good that your sense of balance is so good, you feel free and strong walking along the edge of the black circle..you walk along this line, deeper into the spiral until you start to see stripes moving inwards, pulling you into a spiral. Now you are at the outer edge of the spiral but you can feel how nice it would be to explore deeper into the spiral..it looks so amazing..it has a thick black stripe..black stripes next to white stripes, lying at an angle...it looks like the kind of industrial markings you get in a car park or on the edge of a step or at a curve in the road..black and white chevrons..the chevrons draw you in, your eye enjoys these contrasts, black to white to black to white..you relax, the pattern is drawing you in, towards its centre, you can feel it pulling you, your whole body enjoys this movement forward, it is like being pulled along by a gentle force, taking you deeper into the spiral..that's right...you travel along this black and white curving road, until you come to a new section of the path...here the spiral changes ...instead of chevrons ahead of you, the spiral changes and you start to see deep, rich colours...you see red, and blue and yellow..you are following a thick blue line, it is a gorgeous deep blue, it has texture, like it was created from thick cake icing, laid on with a knife...on your right is an expanse of red...as you walk along the blue line, you look to your left and you see a line of faces...the faces are male faces, they have a reddish colour..each face has a kind of reddish wooden box shape around it so you can't see the eyes, just the nose and mouth and cheeks..these faces look very big..you walk past them, it is almost like walking past Mount Rushmore...that's right..as you pass these faces, you decide you want to stop walking on the blue line...you take a step to your right, going deeper inside the spiral, and on to a thick yellow line, it

is a bright yellow colour, like butter...you keep walking...deeper and deeper into the spiral, along the yellow line...that's right...and eventually the yellow line changes, and you feel like now you are walking on flat, white paper with some thin, elegant black lines stretching ahead of you, they look like they were drawn with an old ink pen, or perhaps they were engraved in ink...the lines gently pull you forward, on into the spiral..as you walk along the lines, every so often you can see a circle..it looks like the diagram of a full moon, you pass another one, the moon has a little black bite taken out of it, then you pass another moon, the dark shadow is bigger so the light part of the moon looks more like a crescent.. as you move forward along the spiral you feel like you are travelling through time, through the cycles of the moon in the sky...as you travel deeper into the spiral, you feel it change again...now you are on a thin, grey, shiny line, like a pencil line, it has a kind of rich, grey metallic quality..you see it has soft edges, you begin to walk along this soft dark pencil line, it is in the shape of a spiral...as you walk along the line, you start to see that some parts are near patterns, you can see shapes ahead of you..you are in the spiral but it has other dark shapes in it...that's right..it reminds you of the kind of absent minded drawing you make when you are on the telephone...that's right, you are in a giant size doodle...you are in telephone space..you keep walking along the line ahead of you, into the spiral..the lines are getting darker now, they are getting closer together...things feel darker now, you feel that you are close to the centre, you keep walking..that's right...you slow down.. and everything turns to darkness. That's right, you are completely relaxed...