

Something like a theatre set. A composed set of props forming the context for a performance. This, a small set, consists of a bookshelf, a table, a book, a floor. Almost a reflective set, if it were not for its symmetry being flawed by a lapsus in time. Symmetries seem quietly self contained whereas a flaw gives access to speech. This performance is of a passage of thought, like those that traverse black inked paths forming lines, loops, commas and full stops. This one however, is suspended. Like a thought diverging from the straight line connecting it from A to B. A detour that rummages through memories, half forgotten words, sentences and conversations - all obscurely connected. And then there is the end point, where meaning converges and one's determination is rewarded. Except that point, in this performance and within this set, may be difficult to locate.

BY GAIL HASTINGS

KATHLEEN MARY HASTINGS

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