

PROFILING:

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Blank white horizontal bar for text or notes.

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My Director & Me

MY DIRECTOR & ME.

An instructional, narrative artwork to be performed at home.

In this artwork you will be encouraged to take physical directions from an imagined film director as if you are an actor in a film about yourself and your memories. This exercise can be done as an individual, reading the script out loud to yourself or between two people. One person reading the script and the other following the prompts. Larger groups may do the exercise together, however it is crucial that participants are given enough space in the rooms they inhabit to feel comfortable and focussed in their experience. The duration of the piece is decided by the participant. Take your time to enact the exercises.

Stand in the hallway of your home with all the doors to other rooms closed.

A tiny director (1.5 inches tall) stands upon a small curved balcony that wraps around the back of your head, from one ear to the other. They stroll around to your right ear and sit in their canvas 'Director's Chair'.

Close your eyes and take a deep breathe.

Open your eyes.

DIRECTOR

"Ok so welcome to the set of Dawn Meets [place your name here] At Night. It's been a long time coming but we've finally got the go ahead for the sequel, so let's make this a good one team!"

Cheers of small distant voices are heard in canon around your head.

DIRECTOR

"We have three scenes to get through today so let's get started. On your feet! Gather round."

The director calls to you and the walls that surround you.

DIRECTOR

"Let's start in the kitchen. Follow me."

Walk towards the kitchen and stand in the door frame, facing inwards to the kitchen.

DIRECTOR

"We'll go for a bright cadmium yellow gel please. Bright, very very bright please." The Director shouts up to the DOP that sits filing through different coloured gels in a small open hatch above his head.

A transparent yellow filter descends over your eyes like a slide clipping into a projector.

DIRECTOR

"Look into the room please. Lovely, beautifully done. Soft eyes. Gentle. Now - place your index finger at waist height on the edge of the door frame on your right."

Place your finger tip on the door frame.

DIRECTOR

"On my count I'd like you to start to trace the room with your finger, keeping it fixed on the surface it meets. As your finger tip scans the objects of the room, slowly swiping across them, I'd like you to pause and collect a memory from the object. Cup your hand in the shape of the letter C and pick up the memory, like so."

The Director demonstrates, arching his body forward and clasping his hand in a C shape, as if picking an apple from a tree.

DIRECTOR

"And then place it in your mouth and swallow whole."

He mimics swallowing air.

DIRECTOR

"The Art Department will be collecting and sorting through these for the closing scene of our film. Take your time, we'll be rolling continuously."

Take a deep breathe.

DIRECTOR

"Three, Two, One. Action"

Begin. Think about each object your finger tip swipes past. Try not to guard your thoughts. What is the first thing or memory that pops into your head? Grab it. Inhale it quickly. Once you are finished, wash your hands and exit the room. You will be very full.

Exit the kitchen. Stand in the corridor.

DIRECTOR

"Ok can we change to soft pink please guys." The Director shouts up to the DOP and instantly the eye gels turn from yellow to a soft geranium pink.

Enter the Living Room.

DIRECTOR

"That was great. We got loads. Now, please lie with your back on the floor and look up to the ceiling."

Lie flat on the floor. Make sure you're comfortable.

DIRECTOR

"We're trying a different angle."

The Director shouts down towards your stomach.

DIRECTOR

"Are you ready?" he shrieks.

A rumble stirs in your stomach.

DIRECTOR

"Ok come on then, open it, let's see what you've got." Shouts the Director.

Place your hand on your stomach and press lightly.

A large draw located in your gut, opens from your belly button in front of you. It's stacked full of shiny glass bricks, in each one a memory hovers and throbs from within. Each brick is perfectly sized to fit in your hands when you place the tips of your thumbs together with your fingers pointing upwards, as if making a bird shadow-puppet or two right angles with your thumbs.

DIRECTOR

"Ok let's choose some good ones. Some that make you look good."

Using your hands (thumb tips together) bring a glowing brick from your loaded gut and position it into your view point of the ceiling. Collate a grid of memories that hold the ceiling up.

Consider this demand. Which bricks will you select to support the structure of your home?

Are you in these memories? Or other people? How hard is it to choose one?

A grid of throbbing colours should appear above you, breathe deeply and watch it. Close your eyes and the colours should still appear.

DIRECTOR

"Ok. How's it looking? Strong? Looking strong, desirable? Great yes yes.
Ok wrap that, let's keep moving."

Stand up in the room and then exit.

Stand in the hallway outside your bedroom.

DIRECTOR

"Let's go for red up there please. I'm feeling risky." Shouts the Director to the DOP again. The DOP is exhausted and scrambles for the red gels. Red gels cover your eyes.

DIRECTOR

"Right, ok are you ready for us in there?" The Director shouts to the surface of the door.

DIRECTOR

"Is everyone looking?"

You hear a knock from the other side. The Director signals to you to enter the bedroom.

The room is full of flying blue lights, like mayflies for a minute in summer, they thrash around the room. But as soon as you step through the door they disappear under the bed.

In shock, the DOP swipes off the red gel.

The room becomes colourless and still. Just a quiet cool glow from under the bed appears.

DIRECTOR

"Let's go down there." The Director urges you to go under the bed.

You come down onto the floor and look under the bed. You see another clear box. Bright and shiny. It's been left there by the Art Department. The blue lights quiver in the far corner.

Lean under the bed and carefully open up the delicate glass box, welcoming the blue lights in.

Consider what might be precious about these small blue lights?

Why do you want to protect them?

Once they're safely in the box, clip it shut and carefully bring it out from under your bed and place it gently on your duvet. Tuck it in, make sure it's secure and safe.

Sit next to your glowing blue box and take a deep breathe.

DIRECTOR

"And...cut!" whispers the Director.