

Blessing Breathes 2020
(Body Maintenance vol.2)

Sakiko Yamaoka written in 30th November 2020

I worked this piece on 25 November 2020 in a local Art Triennale which called Saitama Art Triennale. Saitama-city is around 30min from Tokyo. Our member for a performance art archive (IPAMIA) was invited for two days performance event in the Triennale. We titled the project "Invisible Experiences and Unorganized Bodies". For the first plan, we would work it in May 2020. But it was postponed, you know why. Finally, we could work it in November. We are really lucky. Many art events in the world have been canceled.

It was lucky, but we had many limitations. For example, audiences had to reserve some days before with their detail information. The space is not so large that only 20 people allowed to come in each day. And artists could not shout and touch audiences and pass any material, so on.....

I thought it is..... rather say cynical than unhappy. I can find many metaphors. Distance is one of most interesting item for the performance art.

And blowing and breathes (dangerous) has various meanings, to think our lives. Simply to say, actually I like the sound "bang bang". from the ball with the floor, our voices and our pulses and metronomes, and also maybe sound of shooting? Alarms in railroad crossings? These sounds are metaphors of daily lives, which are not "linear" like the history. Lives are large "pile of repetitions". Think about "reincarnation". Bang! Bang!

This piece has relation with my past one "Blessing Breathes" worked in 2000.

<https://youtu.be/BZD5WKW3yWc> In the old piece I was closing very much and smell audience's necks. Of course it was no problem for the medical situation, but some audience felt strange, their necks' smells and the spaces must be very private. I would invade them. The question for line private/public. My basic concept. For the new piece, I got their pulses, which were rather say private and also erotic, for me.

The new piece has relation with another my past work "Listen! Directly" in 2003, too. In the old piece I "translated" (or "synchronized") audiences' heartbeats to metronomes. They could be very closed. Finally I piled them visually on the table, it was really safe, We miss the days.

<https://youtu.be/npLAixaTP8Q>