

9-5 Selections

from pages of perception as phrase-flow

E. Pujol

Flow

A spider's web

The back of heads

Morning make-up

Redhead with an apple

Blue, blue, blue

Warm coffee

Black, black, black

Pink pants

Pulling heavy luggage

Talking on the phone, oblivious

The laughing man

Service personnel

Running up the escalator

Late and worried

Mouth open

Short blond

Tall blond

Big brown eyes

Wrong elevator

Cleaning, sweeping

Bald spots

Mistaken identity

Quizzical looks

The actor, the adventurer

Homeless man?

Mumbling, talking to himself

Cursing

Visiting

Keeping count

Two old men [Gay couple?]

Elderly Asian couple

Italians

Persistent phone call

A new perspective

Balcony group

Videos and video screens

Boy from the hood, shopping

[Expensive]

The North Face

Solitary man descending

Empty escalators [Finally]

Brown leather horse riding boots!

Another wave of people
Corporate cluster
Chin up
Men about town
Powerful
Making a face
Crying baby
Red hat, red jacket, red bag
Blond with roots
Lingering perfume
Delivery boy
“All is well” [Overheard]
Returning visitor
Asking questions
Must go!
Nanny with stroller
Man-bun, samurai style
Tour guide, the 9/11 story [Very loud]
Over and over again
Man with earrings
Pairs, more pairs
Short woman with wild curly hair
The intelligent look
A Burberry umbrella
Watching a movie
Bag of baked goods
Skullcap, Jewish man
White shirt, dark tie
Soldiers patrolling
Soldiers with gloves and guns
Little American flag patches
Paris t-shirt, with sequins
Halloween lady with cart
Photo opportunity
Asking for directions
Glass cleaning brigade
Cameras clicking
Lost boy
Messenger bag
Bottega Venetta
Hugs & kisses
Tall and handsome
Colleagues
Cathy
Japanese delegation
Office crowd
Nonstop
Sea of gray

Susan [I see you]
Blue eyes, perfectly round [Like glass marbles]
Glass walls
On second thought [Gesture]
Litany
Commenting
Approaching carefully
Intimidated yet familiar
All in blue denim
Fuchsia
Man on a mission
Bathroom to the left
“I’ve heard that story before” [Overhead]
Trinity of creatives
[Activating space. You activate me.]
Confident, with very short hair
Matching red coffee cups
Parallel walkers
Drinks of water
Turning their backs
Tight red miniskirt with bow
“Energy and optimism” [Unknown source]
Hands in pockets
NYPD
The newspaper, illuminated
Dry lips
“No lack of...”
Somber and sober
[Nobody likes a bore]
Walking away
“I doubt it” [Overheard]
Refusing to talk
Standing up, sitting down
“Not the same” [Overheard]
The boys are back
Obstructing traffic
[I recognize that face]
Friendly waves [A waterfall of waves]
Explaining
Nothing to do [But watch]
Man with a noticeable limp
Compassionate looks
Walking sideways, as if falling [Perpetually]
Stretching
Smiling in agreement
The gang
Recognition
Workmen in the rain

[Nothing needs to happen, I keep saying]
Sore knees
Embarrassed smiles
Accompanying you
Window washer
Messenger with list
[No one here but us]
Goodbyes [So many goodbyes]
Cutting wood or metal sounds
“It’s how I survive” [Unknown source]
Kindervans with toddlers
Wrong place
Hooded lady
[It is what it is]
Family group
Mom, dad, the kids
Carrying heavy boxes
Somebody’s husband
Facing the street
Losing steam
Being consistent
[I cannot talk to you]
Signs and symbols
Radiation [From phones]
Unshaven, shadowed
Stormy sky, windblown trees
“Celebrating over 100 years”
Party rentals truck
“Master purveyors”
Scaffolding
Working in the rain
Environmental
Raindrops on raw pavement
Someone is amazed
Someone is amused
[There is much that is not right]
Wearing a helmet
Returning the compliment
Chewing gum
Insecure
[Writing in place of thought]
Closely cropped
Nearly perfect
Being followed
[I saw you before]
Smiling salesmen
[We stand before you]
Grumpy is back

Walking beautifully
The dancer
Love of language
The girlfriend
All in yellow
Asian blonds
“I’ll take that as a you can’t talk” [Comment]
The blunder
The return of the family
[I’m not here to entertain you, or to be unfriendly]
Somber solidarity
Mourners
Mother and child
Friends are welcomed
Waiting for the elevator
Through your glasses [Through mine]
Your back to me
The babies are back
It's a circus
It's a mall
Distinguished old lady
Bouncy pair
Policemen
[It's embarrassing to be seen]
Transparency
Staying at a distance
Insisting on getting close
You had breakfast
But you do not smell
“Do not worry”
Guided around
Came here for a view
[Patterns repeat themselves]
The rabbi
[We are not precious]
Out of Service signs
The old hippie
Breathing deep
In collaboration
Complicity
Thank you
[This is more difficult than it seems]
The well-matched couple
Gone in an instant
A yellow Lab
[Yes, I perform for dogs]
Comparing screens
Waving from the balcony

Trying to make us happy
[Yes, I'm writing about you, about us]
Very uplifting
Pizza delivery
The path of the performer
Make space
Space into place
Confident steps
Hold on to the rail
[You're in the path of the performance.]
No
You are the path of the performance.]
Yes, we barely move
"It was so nice to see you" [Overheard]
More explanations
When you approach
In disbelief
Pointing with your umbrella
Two travelers
Not knowing where to turn
Talking it through
Long and flowing, monument
"Let's see it"
"The arrangement," she says
Smooth
"I do not trust it" [Overheard]
Making money, with big shoes
Country patterned sweater
Shivering [Cold draft]
The best perspective
So loudly!
Different exposures
Wrong way [Again]
Traffic patterns become predictable
[By now] I can tell it before it happens
"Come over for lunch," he thought
Finally, she's gone
Clone of the same young man
When you arrived...
"What do we have here?"
"I'll explain this to you."
Two dogs!
Men in khaki pants
Coming to investigate
"What's the meaning of this?"
Weathered man
The laughing man [Again]
If pants could speak...

“Hello!”
[It’s easy to deliver brave messages as you exit the stage]
The fashionable gay couple in charge, with a friend in tow
Clean shaven
Up to his ears
Woman in a sari
Mop hairstyle [He can pull it off]
The farm boy from the Midwest
“Ah!”
Paleness from a distance
Chewing gum[ers]
Gone in the flash of an eye
He is massive
The Navajo sweater
How pretty
Holding his head with his hand
Fashion model
Very red lipstick
Boss an employee
Enormous balls [Not censoring myself]
Irish
Very funny
Back for more
Running out of steam
[I know what I’m performing. What are you performing?]
[Are you in charge of your performance?]
—too much thought
Similar jackets
In and out
Hicups [Involuntary actions]
A casual observer
“It’s not my fault”
Go around, please
They finally got it
Lesbian look
Art behind you
They have to eat
They approach like scholars
On her way
The roar is deafening
[It’s only noon]
“May I help you?”
Perplexed
Waiting for her imminent arrival
No belt, baggy pants
She did not come
The return of the native
T-shirt messages

Halfway through
The look of the architect and his apprentice, in gray leggings
Stop following him around, please!
It's a form of abuse
My efforts don't matter
Cool kids with phones
Senior group with folding stools
Led by men
Women led by men
A little purple suit
Bearded couple
Well-preserved old man
Pointy features with pointy beard
A costumy look
His chin, his weapon
The dead among us
...accompany you
Trying not to think [Again]
Saying goodbye
No ties, open collars
High school students
Teachers, lessons
Dispersion, reconnaissance
A territory
Young men as tall as their fathers, or taller
Turning a page
Friends chat [I think they're friends]
Like snow
All in blue [Again]
Interlopers are welcomed
Girl with pigtails
Boy playing drums on his notebook
A lot of make up
A lot of make up talk
Curiosity killed the cat
No private life
No private anything
Sea salt in your mouth, munching
The strong smell of strong cologne
A woman smiles, and she means it
Under duress
Making sense of it all
Lots of weight
Man in charge [Again]
Treasuring her silence
Dramatic gestures
Another hiccup [Isolated, like a burp]
The Goth girl

Four girlfriends pose to take four photos, simultaneously
[I hum, unexpectedly]
A baby refuses to stop crying
The high school students leave
The listening library
Vulnerability stops you
Shoes match the tie
Bright pink backpack
Plastic ponchos
A velvet hat
The lion in winter
Someone and his mother
Somebody's grandmother
Completely dressed in green
Pulling a dolly
[I like to be upstaged by life]
Old ladies with canes
The repair crew pulls up a motor from under the floor
Fathers and daughters
"Very interesting. Writing down notes. If you're not speaking, you better be interesting; you better be interesting." [Overheard several times]
Carrying enormous amounts of food
Screaming
Race horses
Batik dress
Dandies
More students
Candy
Overweight
Pack behavior
Trial by fire
I hum [Again, a longer second]
Absences are hard
A biker arrives, a roller bladder
He catches my eye
[But I do not remember everyone I've met]
She has her motives
Enviably
Private school boys in uniforms
Some people like death and dying
"We are a party of..." [Overheard]
Diligent
Another tour
Gone too young
Bones
Finally here, whoever he is
The Wall Street Journal
Heavy

Consuming hard substances
Hard truths
A wondrous sight
Unrecognizable
A very wide neck
As she stood at the center
Someone
[I have proof of the real]
Yet, it is confusing
“They’re walking around like zombies” [Overheard in the bathroom]
A little boy sits on an escalator step
[Adults are the playthings of children]
Inhabiting
Stopped in motion
Like a pencil
The backdrop of messages
Broken contrasts
Smug pose
The rap is cheap
“Splendid!”
“Are they people?” [Overheard]
Green hair
Slowness
The bank’s president
Taking your shirt with you
Eating on the go
A shaman visits
Darkness
The darkest day
Lighter than ever
Witnessing
Still

9-5 Performers' Writings

Edited Selections, by E. Pujol

[Introduction: I asked the performers to send me a few sentences or a paragraph from their private writings. I edited these selections and wove them into a short collection of voices.]

The rumble and punctuated flat echoes of a building, moving scaffolding, men in hats, ...climbing. A man slapping a wide broom on the floor of the second floor balcony. The beeping of a large vehicle outside the glass panes. The soft ...treble of a walkie-talkie having been turned down so as not to disturb. Beeps inside the building. Someone laughs somewhere down the hall.

A man in his early 60's ascends the escalator well after the morning rush. He has an ease in the space and a stride that isn't ...hurried. It is a moderate pace ...open to spontaneous possibility, while remaining focused on where it is taking him. He is clearly in charge of himself... [as] well practiced habit. It is a way that does not feel timid, [that feels] open to humanity.

Kate Harding

[a] man stands steadfast, hands in pockets before center of escalator abyss
dark hair and eyes
hands on railing, arms out stretched- bird, ready for flight

see forever

elderly couple goes down
man steps in front of woman but remains close—he leans back into her gently, she wraps her arm around his shoulder, hand lightly tapping his chest.
gaze up

[an] officer ...takes a curious round
looking with corner of eye at all.

Joy Whalen

Don't be afraid to catch my eye. This is for the both of us.

What if you had to figure it out for yourself? What if you had to sit with it for a very long time?

You can look around for explanations, but what if this remained a question? What if we started there?

Bess Matassa

Our minds are joined.

A businessman waving his hands to performers, his mind and my mind are joined.

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A visitor asking [the] staff about our performance and taking one catalog, his mind and my mind are joined.

A woman who saw our performance and bluntly said 'That's scary', her mind and my mind are joined.

A businessman watching his cell phone while he's talking on the escalator didn't notice our performance, his mind and my mind are joined.

A man having a coffee break during lunchtime and watching our performance from upstairs, his mind and my mind are joined.

Jayoung Yoon

[Introduction: My words came like a series of love letters or short poems to the public.]

Somewhere between coming and going, we are here... in this moment... one among many, together. Yet it is so difficult to see into each other's eyes and feel ...each other's hearts without softening into a pause between striving to reach upwards or the great endurance of gravity's down...

Expectations are like weighted shoes that make it so much harder to move... without them we are barefoot, sensing the quality of each step on the path... if life is a long journey, let's travel light!

Valarie Samulski

Here. In time, in memory, in being, in spirit.

We have occupied space, together.

We have shared time, together.

We have bared our souls.

Caitlin Watson

When walking here today, I was struck by the rush of people. Currents of bodies flowing in and out of little entrances and exits. Like the currents and waves of an ocean... Everyone knowing how to fall in line, which direction to go. Falling into place. What struck me was that everyone's eyes were face forward, towards their destination, informing the other bodies around them where they were moving.

...day to day life – career, relationships, emergencies, expectations – felt like a costume and performance that I had decided to remove [myself from] for a few days... they are a skin I wear, a part of my life.... but without them, I still exist.

8 little kids came to the elevator and stared at me. Not wanting or needing, just watching, being. An older woman told them to wave at me. I don't even know if they knew what that meant – but they did it. I looked at them and smiled – I took them in, and my heart broke before the presence of purity and innocence.

Sara Jimenez

A sense that we long to be reunited
A nostalgia for a better past
An interest in finding home

Michael Watson

If only I could make a better attempt to bring the same warmth and love that I feel towards people that I already love and allow that to exude out to people I don't know.

I looked out of the window behind me and saw a bird, maybe an eagle flying up above one of the buildings. It was flying higher, higher and higher. I watched as it got caught in a crosswind and stuttered in its flight briefly. It flew up above the crosswind and straightened out its flight and continued upward.

James Rich

To have one's back against the wall like a magician.

Can what you see damage you? I see you.

Technicians. They have different luxuries of time. ... they can each dominate a technique. Speak from a place— risk boring the other. A bag each, with at least one magic implement.

Dillon de Give

Day 1:

He cleans. His work conceals what others desire to be forgotten. He resets the physical space into its pristine original form each day, like setting a clock to the appropriate hour. He has a life outside work - family, friends, other values that one can only speculate. His role is normally meant to be invisible, but he sees more than most.

The workday's end approaches. Many visitors flow upward into the pavilion, a noticeable increase in traffic. Their eyes are curious, friendly and open. How do they feel, having their eyes met, their gaze acknowledged and returned? Looking and [being] looked upon without agenda or expectation, simply holding time together, signaling that your presence and face exist—a verification that you are here.

Holding someone's gaze is like catching a slippery fish. We are disconnected from looking into eyes; they have been replaced by screens.

Day 3:

...four uniformed cleaning men, each holding a mop or broomstick as they ride down the escalator in single file, one man directly behind the other. The sameness of their dress and how they hold their tools mimic our own structure of organization and labor. Rather, we have mimicked them.

A man speaks in quick, emphatic phrases on his phone. He sounds stressed and irritated about a particular situation involving a large sum of money. He has a woman companion patiently waiting for the phone call to end. When it does, they speak a few words to each other and then lock in a heartfelt goodbye kiss. This is the first romantic kiss I have witnessed in the pavilion. They separate to go about the rest of their day, independently.

Young Sun Han

Edited Writings from the Audience

Transparency holding bodies
Bodies holding space
Space holding time
Time held in hands, written

Carla Duarte [artist]