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Accumulation, Loss, and Deferral: Charles Campbell and Steve Epley's Site-Specific Performance 'You Are Here'

This essay is a reflection on the site-specific performance *You are Here*, created by Charles Campbell and Steve Epley on the roof of the University of Minnesota Tate Lab of Physics in May 2002. Scott Magelssen treats the production within the context of the previous site-specific work of Campbell and Epley, and their Minneapolis-based theatre company Skewed Visions, exploring the project's themes of knowledge-production and memory, the company's unique use of space, and the actor-object mode of performance.
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SQUEEZING out of a cramped and rickety elevator, or winded from climbing several flights of stairs, we have emerged onto the roof of the Tate Lab of Physics, which houses the University of Minnesota's Astronomy Programme. We have gathered here for a performance of *You Are Here*, a site-specific public art project commissioned by the Frederick R. Weisman Museum and sponsored by the Jerome and R. C. Lilly Family Foundations.

Created by Charles Campbell and Steve Epley, *You Are Here* arranges selections of interviews from the occupants of the Astronomy building – graduate students, faculty, administrative and custodial staff – and mingles them with other texts. Campbell, a theatre scholar and practitioner, served as director for the production, whose design and construction – sporting strangely biological/cybernetic contraptions and costume apparatuses – were the responsibility of Epley, a local architectural artist and sculptor. The narrative, Campbell had told me, is framed by an exploration of one individual's pursuit of that which is unattainable or fleeting, and was inspired in part by Jorge Luis Borges' short story *The Aleph.*

Admission to tonight's performance was free, but the size of the audience is limited by the spaces we are to occupy tonight (eventually we will all participate in the climax of the performance in the school's signature observatory dome itself). Hence, the small number of us, about thirty in all, some of whom were individuals interviewed for the piece. The first striking element after we exit onto the roof on this clear, chilly May dusk in Minneapolis, is the jigsaw landscape of the campus below. Normally seen from ground level, or from within its academic halls, the surrounding area appears strange – a network of rooftops, vents, chimneys, and antennae, with the normal buzz of the campus community, muffled and detached, echoing up from below. A familiar environment thus defamiliarized appropriately establishes the mode of witnessing for this evening's performance.

As we shuffle amid the vents, the large satellite dish, and Epley's plywood and metal creations to find unoccupied patches of roof from which we may observe the action to follow, we become aware of the soundscape. The twilight rooftop is set to a regularized percussion of hisses, pulses, and clicks. As Campbell explained to the audience before we ascended to the roof, the sounds have been sampled by sound designers Brett McMullen and Simone Ghetti from noises

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The site of the performance from outside: the University of Minnesota's Tate Lab of Physics and observatory dome. Photos for this feature by courtesy of the author.

gathered by large telescopes, actually data in the form of sound, and mixed live during the performance. Not the evocative psychedelic warbling and beeping of a *Dr Who* soundtrack, this is 'space music' which is unfamiliar: mediated and formatted, but not with a familiar aesthetic by which we may recognize and categorize what we hear.

The performance begins as Young Borges (Cherri Macht) appears at the window of a glassed-in overlook. He frantically scribbles chalked equations on the inside of the glass panel (the figures appear backwards to us), intensely chattering over a head mike about the diligence and patience required in gathering information about 'extremely faint objects' with very sensitive instruments over 'unspeakable distances'. Our attention is then directed to Old Borges (Rebecca Myers) seated before us at one of Epley's apparatuses. For Borges' quasi-autobiographical character from *The Aleph* has been split in two: one, the blind old man recalling his days as a young, green academic; the other, that self-same *naif*. Old Borges is fitted with a personal apparatus as well: a shoulder-mounted rack which perpetually aims two sharp and blinding beams of light into the actor's eyes.

The machine at which Old Borges sits is a desk or work-table of sorts, which intermittently drops ball bearings from a high protrusion mounted on one side. The metal balls strike the inclined surface of the table with a rusty *pang*, then painstakingly roll down the metal trough to the bottom to clack into place with the others in what Beckett may have called an 'impossible heap'.

Young Borges, fitted with a backlit plexiglas writing table jutting from the actor's belly, joins his aged counterpart at the work-table. The two characters take bearings from the pile and sort them into trays. Young Borges pauses to continue scribbling equations with a white grease pencil on his plexiglas.

The ball-bearing image is a visible metaphor of the project's recurrent theme of knowledge-accumulation and production. Like the sounds collected by the telescopes, the data collected by astronomers interviewed by Campbell and Epley are not readily acces-

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sible to the naked eye. Rather, as Campbell had explained, the process for accumulating images from deep in space is almost counter-intuitive. It consists of aiming a telescope at a fixed point and gathering information too minute to detect all at once over a long period of time, after which it may be interpreted with the help of mathematics and astronomical theory.

Of course, Borges' short story features a different kind of knowledge-accumulation. Characters who come into contact with the Aleph behold a shining point in the universe within which all other points are contained and may be seen in an instant – simultaneously and without overlapping. The absorption of such an all-encompassing, immediate knowledge and truth is a far cry from the work of the University's astronomers, whose unromantic and tedious lot entails the slogging collection of raw data over hours or weeks. The image of the gathering of such minutiae and converting them into useable knowledge, however, circulates and reverberates throughout the performance, playing off the Borges story's themes of memory and the quest for truth.

The onus on the audience, then, is to be engaged in a similar strategy: we are to collect the bits of imagery, sound, dialogue, and experiential navigation through the space and align what we are given into a whole with our own spectatorial apparatus. If the company has a say in what we come away with, the whole may have something to do with the experience of encountering the ordinarily invisible. As the creators state in the programme, the impetus behind the work is to 'manifest in real space' the elements of a place 'that lie outside the visibility of the everyday because of their status as ephemeral, private, or intangible things.'

At the same time, it is impossible to maintain the focus and capacity to make a coherent 'whole' out of the multiplicity of images and texts, nor can we glean an overarching message, conclusion, or moral to this piece. We witness actions, confessions, and shards of a love story, but never long enough for them to coalesce into a grand narrative. Thus, the project carries with it definite feelings of loss and deferral. We learn that there is seldom an ephiphanous arrival at a truth at the end of a prolonged process of searching, owing to the

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consequences of actions, the inherently fractured quality of memory, or the inescapable limits of knowing.

In astronomy, for every bit of data that is gathered another gap in knowledge emerges, and the 'truths' that are discovered are rarely shocks out of the blue, but anticlimactically postulated only after gruelling calculation and guesswork. Running parallel to this pragmatic exploration, *You Are Here* contains similar themes of loss and anticlimax that emerge in the concurrent narratives. The life of the academic astronomer, for instance, is marked with sacrifices of love and family over career. In *The Aleph,* Borges can never recover his lost Beatriz. Even with the extraordinary and miraculous source of knowledge contained within the Aleph, Borges and other characters are confounded by their own human weaknesses of competition, jealousy, and contempt. The company handles these simultaneous themes with precision as the strands of narrative unfold. Even the climactic moments of the evening substitute teasing collections of imagery and text for a tidy conclusion and denouement.

A Context for 'You Are Here'

Campbell and Epley first collaborated on Skewed Visions Performance Company's *The Eye in the Door Part Three: The Bicycle*, another site-specific performance, in August 1999. In that production, the artists staged an intervention into the normal behaviour patterns of a downtown Minneapolis pedestrian street designed for efficient commerce. At several different 'high-traffic' times of day, two rag-tag tramps (Sarah Corzatt and Rebecca Myers) wended their way down Nicolett Mall with a thirty-foot-long bicycle comprising a sculptural conglomeration of found objects designed by Epley, stopping to enact ritualized scenes.

The Bicycle, Campbell told me, explored notions of urban behaviour control, and, as in *You Are Here*, sought to make visible what was normally hidden from view. In this case, the performance highlighted the tensions created when normal interactions of street-level commerce and transportation were interrupted by elements which have been eliminated from the space (bicycles are not

Opposite: Old Borges (Rebecca Myers), with self-blinding apparatus, seated at ball-bearing machine designed by Steve Epley. Below: Young Borges (Cherri Macht) and Old Borges (Myers) at the ball-bearing machine.

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allowed on the Mall, and dirt, riffraff, and litter are cleared twice a day).

The scenes – which included the performers' interaction with several found and manipulated objects (an inside-out clock, a camera), an overturned master-slave relationship, and a duet with an accordion accompaniment – exposed what Campbell called the 'blinders' of the people of Minneapolis. While part of the spectacle was the bicycle and the antics of its riders, an equally fascinating experience for the audience was to watch the ways the businesspeople and the workers either stared at or went out of their way *not* to look at the performance. It had the desired effect, says Campbell. 'These people didn't see it, but others saw them not seeing it.'

The performers' interaction with the bicycle, the exploded clock, etc., furthermore, teased out a theoretical understanding of the relationship between actor and object linked to the work of Polish director Tadeusz Kantor, both Campbell and Epley having recently participated in an extended workshop with Ludmila Ryba, a member of Kantor's company, Cricot 2. Kantor maintained that, after the Second World War, objects on stage may be emptied of their content and endowed with a new identity, as if existing for the first time (Kantor, p. 46). In *The Bicycle*, showing objects which needed interaction with a performer in order to function was a way for the artists to take what was intangible about them – the private, metaphysical, or historical – and bring it out, 'sculpturally'.

Tonight's performance of *You Are Here* features an actor-object mode of performance familiar to Skewed Visions' audiences. Billing itself as 'Minnesota's only site-specific performance company', Skewed Visions was co-founded by Campbell, who now serves as Co-Artistic Managing Director. He holds a PhD in Theatre History and Theory, having written his dissertation on Deleuzian 'nomad art' with reference to practitioners such as Beckett and Kantor. Epley is a provisional company member of Skewed Visions, having recently joined the company along with Cherri Macht. Rebecca Myers is also a member of Skewed Visions, and Nathan Christopher is a veteran of past shows.

Only formed in 1996, Skewed Visions has already established a history of creating visually compelling works of art featuring a sophisticated use and manipulation of public and private space, and engaging with postmodern concepts of the object and the other. Its 1998 *The Eye in the Door Part Two: Breakfast of Champions* took place at the Minneapolis Summer Farmer's Market. Based on the autobiography of an eighteenth-century courtesan, the piece was a satirical commentary on material excess. This became the object of censorship when the performers staged an upper-class feast as a series of *tableaux vivants* which culminated in the orgiastic cannibalization of a woman by the aristocratic guests. The bacchic imagery disturbed shoppers and prompted the market's management to ask that *Breakfast of Champions* be toned down.

Two years later, in a venue with an even more limited audience capacity than for *You Are Here*, Skewed Visions' *The City Itself Part One: The Car* was one of the most talked about selections of the Minneapolis Fringe Theatre Festival in 2000. The spectators consisted of back-seat passengers in a Lincoln Town Car, a taxicab, and an old, beat-up Mazda Protégé. The action took place in the front seats of the cars as they drove through various streets and back alleys of Minneapolis. The backseat spectators were privy not only to the normally invisible interiors of others' vehicles, but also to representations of those situations off the beaten path of civic experience – gunplay and the solicitation of a prostitute, for instance.

The Choice of the Site

You Are Here, while not itself a Skewed Visions production, is no exception to its members' tradition of unpacking what is hidden in private and public arenas. It is the first of three site-specific public art projects commissioned by the Weisman in 2000 for the 2002 Temporary Public Art Program. Campbell and Epley approached the committee with the goal of exposing to a larger public the elements of a university that, though normally outside their experience, are none the less extremely fascinating.

Carlos (Nathan Christopher) and Old Borges (Myers), with apparatuses, deliver simultaneous monologues.

As Campbell told me, the initial university sites considered for the project had to be rejected. Many were too toxic; others (such as the school's controversial steam-heating plant) too politically hot. The ultimate choice was the Astronomy Department – its building physically very visible (Campbell described the observatory dome as the 'symbolic heart of the University'), but its extraordinary practices and knowledge-production experienced only by a handful of individuals.

Over the course of the development of the piece, Campbell and Epley, in the words of the programme, 'conducted interviews with the faculty, students, and staff in the Astronomy Department; did physical evaluation of the spaces; and did [their] own research into current and historical astronomical research, techniques, and instrumentation'. They then gathered the information together for a unique and experiential performance that allowed the audience to encounter these spaces and practices in an aesthetically mediated manifestation.

The resulting performances fell on evenings of special astronomical significance in their own right. Tonight's clear sky holds excellent conditions for stargazing, even in the light-polluted Twin Cities. Just above the horizon this week, the five planets visible from Earth may be clearly seen hovering in close alignment. The next time this happens, I overhear in a conversation next to me as we fasten our coat collars to the neck or stamp in place for warmth, will be sometime in the middle of the twenty-first century.

The Performance Continues

In the opening moments of the performance, the several concomitant narratives begin to emerge out of the collection of texts and visual imagery. Old Borges voices his quest to consecrate himself to his beloved Beatriz's memory, despite her spurning of his advances in life. Young Borges describes how the shape and movement of the galaxies we see from Earth can only make sense if they contain ten times the matter we know about. 'What and where is this DARK MATTER?' Young and Old Borges chant their lines – not a dialogue *per se*, but bits and fragments suggesting the dilemma of expressing that which we cannot see in the universe (black holes, dark matter), interwoven with selections from Borges.

Carlos (Nathan Christopher) now enters and begins to speak simultaneously with the Old and Young Borges. For those who are familiar with the Borges story (or who are able to discern the strain of exposition from

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the simultaneous dialogue), Carlos is the tiring, overly academic cousin of Beatriz, and, it later emerges, the jealous keeper of the Aleph. Carlos's metaphysical phenomenon, discovered during his childhood and hidden in his basement, supplies him with the information needed for his work in progress: an immense, encyclopedic poem about the earth.

The actors move through the crowd and we follow. Our multi-station journey takes us across the roof from the south deck and around the base of the observatory dome, there to descend into a top-floor classroom space and, finally, to climb up into the observatory. The images arranged by Campbell and Epley for us to encounter are all visually interesting – at times stunning. The characters do not function independently of their machines, which Campbell describes as 'unique amalgams of the practical and suggestive'. Beatriz, a ghost (Juliette Dannucci), enters with a 'wheelcart': a rolling contraption comprised of bobbing and swinging gears and pendula that looks like a Renaissance model of the cosmos (and which evokes the title object in Campbell and Epley's last collaboration, *The Bicycle*). A wing-like latex and plywood contraption burdens Carlos's back – bookshelves that fold up into a throne-like chair for the poet.

At one point, we turn the corner to find a box of latex stretched over a wooden frame, onto which a dazzling series of illuminations depicting galaxies, stellar dust, and nebulae is projected. While Old and Young Borges continue their reverie, recalling a visit to Beatriz's family's home to indulge voyeuristically in the framed photographs of the deceased, the silhouette of Beatriz's ghost is seen in the projection box. She presses her face and hands against the latex walls from within, creating a ghoulish relief against the pictures of the universe.

The lines, spoken staccato by the actors, are choppy, stilted fragments rather than smooth streams of input. An unsatisfactory bombardment of syllables and phrases falls on our ears like so many ball bearings ('um

Below: the Ghost of Beatriz (Juliette Dannucci), with wheelcart. Opposite page, top: silhouette of Beatriz (Dannucci) in the latex projection box. Opposite page, bottom right: Young Borges (Macht) with writing-table apparatus. Apparatus in all these photos designed by Epley.

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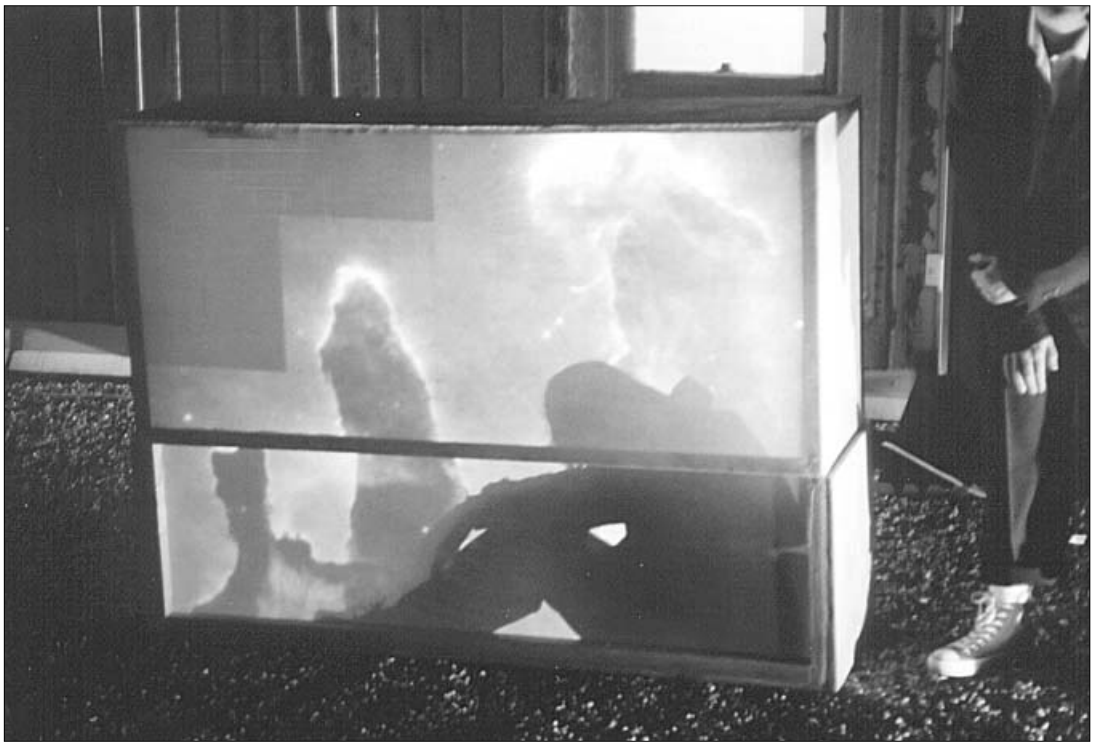
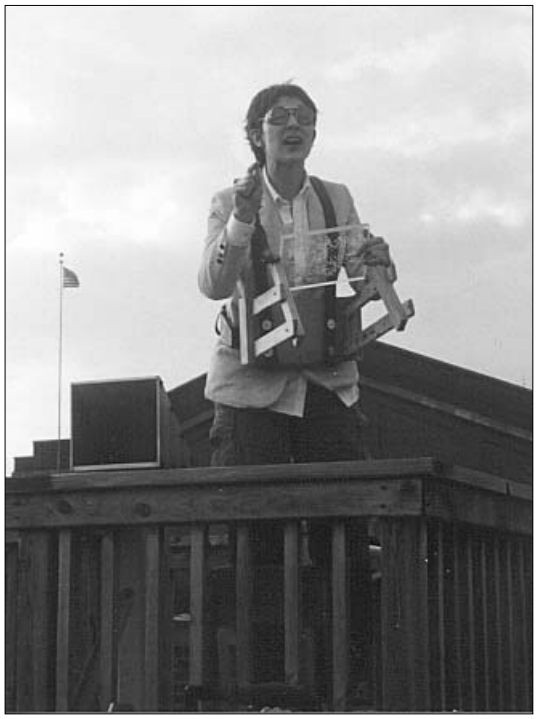


but uh just yeah its too random even if there because it just you start to . . . '). The lines, delivered in two or sometimes three overlapping speeches, are a mix of the interviews, the artists' astronomy research, and Borges' story. Young Borges, for example, telling an anecdote about a first telescope, a father's gift, describes it as not 'one of those cheap crappy things that you know 738 times magnification you know it's like yeah but you can barely see the moon through it um no he actually did a lot of research and he chose you know a good Newtonian telescope'.

Another emergent story suggests the guilty confession of a scholar who elicits joy from taking a notebook and deriving equations in his/her spare time. Someone in the audience laughs. Apparently, she is in on the joke, but the rest of us do not know whether she recognizes the words from her own lips or if she hears the familiar voice of a colleague in the actor's speech.

Not all the site-specific text is wistful and nostalgic, however. As we round the base of the dome where Old Borges is standing alone, he delivers a confession of a different sort. We hear the story of someone who entered academia excited about finding answers to the 'big questions', but gradually, after years of graduate work, found him/herself succumbing to bitterness, feeling jaded and



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betrayed: 'Because you've been studying physics for so long and you suddenly realize but you can't solve everything you you can't.' More sounds of recognition from the audience. Perhaps other interviewees, mixed with rueful chuckles of those who simply identify with the speaker's disenchantment.

It is these intimate moments, not just the physical use of non-traditional performance space, that really make for the site-specificity of the piece. We are allowed to give ear to the building's denizens, the echoes of whose voices sculpt our movement through space. Here we have another variation on the theme. The material 'accumulated' by the artist-practitioners has been arranged for visual consumption, like the data collected by their subjects. However, by virtue of the nature of performance, the story also belongs to the characters, and informs our perception of them. The anecdotal dovetails with the Borges adaptation to create characters unique to this space and this night.

At the base of the dome, the performance takes an immediate turn as a panicked Carlos, wings spread in a vulture's pose atop a desk/café table, breaks in on the meditative poetry. The owners of his house, Carlos tells Young Borges, are going to have it demolished in order to expand their next-door café. Young Borges panics himself, though in his case it is at the thought of losing the locus of his beloved's memory. Carlos reveals the more intense stakes. His Aleph, discovered as a child by an accident in his cellar, will become forever inaccessible if the demolition plans proceed.

The Aleph and the Binocular Telescope

At this point, the narratives are intertwined and conflated once again, and the political field of the Astronomy Department is made visible in the most intriguing section thus far. Carlos's description of the Aleph is impregnated with references to the 'LBT', the Large Binocular Telescope project currently under way on a mountain in Arizona. As Campbell explained, an international group of institutions, academic and otherwise, 'have come together in a consortium to build a telescope on Mt Graham'. The telescope is aptly named for its two eight-and-a-half-foot diameter mirrors which collect information from deep space using 'adaptive optics' that compen-

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Opposite page and above: Young Borges (Macht) and Carlos (Christopher), with apparatuses.

sate for the distortions in the atmosphere ('it can see farther and clearer, with more resolution and more detail . . . than the Hubble Telescope').

In other words, astronomers who are privileged to use the LBT do not actually look through the telescope as Galileo once did, but can access its collected information through a computer from anywhere in the world – a great boon for the University of Minnesota. 'But the mountain itself', continued Campbell, 'is a piece of sacred land to the Apaches in Arizona, and there have been protests in Arizona, there have been protests here.' Not only that, but environmental advocates have also found fault with the LBT project. Its site is the habitat of the Mount Graham Red Squirrel, which is federally listed as an endangered species. When asked by Campbell and Epley about the concerns of the Native Apaches and the environmentalists, the chair of the department answered that the University had understood when coming into the project (after most of the clearing and construction had taken place) that these issues had already been resolved.

If there had been any doubt that the audience would link the description of the Aleph and the references to telescopes and mountains with the LBT project, it was put to rest by the pamphlets handed out by activists in the lobby before the performance. 'Here's some more information', they said, gently but purposefully handing us folded pieces of paper as we made our way to the stairs or elevator. Only after opening the pamphlet did I find it to be a summary of the advocates' arguments for the University to withdraw its participation and funding, and the date and time of a protest rally.

By situating a narrative of the LBT project within the larger narrative of the Aleph story, the production hints at a hubris inherent in the scientific quest for knowledge. The suggestion remains only that, and stops short of weighing in with a political stance (Campbell told me that the group was not interested in political didacticism, as it tends to limit the creative possibilities of theatre).

In the classroom space, though, the subject takes on a cautionary spin. Carlos's lecture on the LBT/Aleph is laced with a simultaneous

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recital of charged poetry musing on Oedipus (gleaned, I later found from Campbell, from Milan Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*). While the King of Thebes did not have knowledge of his own guilt, nevertheless it led to the suffering of the citizens. The situation could only be corrected by Oedipus coming to terms with his own responsibility.

'But enough', Carlos says to us and Young Borges, and beckons us to descend into his cellar to observe the Aleph ('Down with you', he instructs, as he points up into the observatory). We climb the last narrow set of steps into the dome. Once we are packed shoulder-to-shoulder into the tight circumference around the hundred-year-old telescope, we are ready to witness that which has been hinted at in fragments throughout the evening, and the most difficult part of the performance to pull off. Here is where we as an ad hoc community will experience the finish of our shared quest.

Epiphany – or Accumulation?

Campbell and Epley's goal in the beginning was eventually to create an 'epiphany' in the manner of an astronomic discovery taking shape. What the artists arrived at instead became a culmination of the themes of the pursuit of knowledge and the consequent loss and deferral. The climax turns out to be a 'fugue' in three themes, during which Young Borges, Old Borges, and Beatriz hammer an impossible collection of images and descriptions into our consciousness.

The speakers stand against the curved wall in our midst, and each audience member hears a different collage of whispers and chants. A description of a hidden moment in space somewhere on the earth. A reference to the Heisenberg uncertainty principle from somewhere across the room. A bit of familiar text from somewhere else – is it Beckett? Meanwhile, our bearings are hurled into temporary flux as the telescope begins reeling against the walls behind it. The dome is rotating, but in the darkness and alien space we are momentarily uncertain whether we aren't the ones spinning.

Slides are projected from machines situated all around us – flashing images of the familiar and unfamiliar – more quickly than we can take them in. It becomes apparent that we are unable to absorb the bombardment of words, images, and movement: it is only possible at most to focus on a word here, a slide there. Heisenberg's uncertainty principle indeed. As spectators, we are fallible, restricted. Unlike the characters in Borges' story, we are not allowed to witness time and space simultaneously without overlapping.

While the characters are thus privileged, however, we will find they are also prone to human weakness. Following this climax, Carlos interrogates Young Borges. In a petty act of spite, Young Borges will not admit to having witnessed the Aleph. Instead, he recommends that Carlos go to the country to seek rest for his 'condition'. Old Borges shifts to the preterite tense, bringing us back to a mode of remembrance (perhaps, it occurs to me now, we were unable to experience the full scope of the Aleph because we knew it only from the old man's fragmented memory).

Old Borges recalls that the days that followed were terrifying at first. He feared, after having seen everything there was, that nothing would be left to cause surprise. 'Happily', he tells us, 'after a few sleepless nights, forgetfulness began to work in me again.' As Campbell put it to me, the lines signify an irony of Borges' commentary. What began as a search for truth, a consecration to memory, ends in forgetting.

> The whole idea of the story is that he's been trying to remember – to retain Beatriz. . . . It's an obsession with him. And then, at the end, he loses Beatriz. But it's in order [for Borges] to go on.

The climax in the dome, if it doesn't convey the sense of epiphany once intended by the creators, is nevertheless a terrifically visceral happening, not to be found in a traditional proscenium theatre. Moments such as this are where site-specificity and community-based performance are immensely provocative and continue to generate new theatrical experience and discussion. Works like *You Are Here* and those of Skewed Visions are especially vital in a place like the Twin Cities.

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Despite a strong proliferation of smaller companies here, 'theatre' and 'performance' are synonymous with the Guthrie Theatre on the street. The site-specific work going on in the found spaces of Minneapolis, though, is far more exciting than in its high-profile regional theatre.

New Kinds of Visibility

In its treatment of interview subjects, Borges' short story, and the group's own exploration of the cosmos, *You Are Here* propagates for the spectators a corporally felt knowledge of the specific relationship between actor, spectator, and object. The ball-bearing machine and Young Borges' writing-desk equipage brilliantly convey modes of knowledge-collection in the Astronomy Department, while the apparatus blinding old Borges introduces us to the irony of the selective truth and its dissemination in the quest for clarity and answers. As may be argued, in the postmodern condition the scientific model is predicated on searching for the results only within the realm of that which is already thinkable.

At times, the performance loses its theoretical and aesthetic momentum in the slow pace of some of the delivery. While giving an aural symmetry to the metaphor of data collection, it can nearly bog down the performance, especially outdoors on the roof on a chilly Minnesota spring night. As for the stories of individuals from the Astronomy department, they are nostalgic and quotidian, less profound than Borges' tale but grounding the performance for those to whom it is most important: the community on which the piece is built. All the same, the piece never becomes an uncritical celebration of its subjects. With the looming controversy of the LBT, the characters and interviewees are all complicit in the ramifications of the institutional quest for knowledge. The activists in the lobby drive the indictment home.

Finally, *You Are Here* allows us to share the feelings of loss, deferral, and disappointment endured by the production's characters and interview subjects. These emotions are not transferred by means of a catharsis, but by consistently keeping the epiphany out of reach. The structure of the performance lets us spend time with the characters, but never for long enough to figure them out. Likewise, we are constantly forced to pick the narratives out of the simultaneous strains of spoken texts. We are given too much, by the end, to sort through, and the scrap of a story with which we may or may not emerge comes only after a prolonged strain to gather and filter through the flood of input.

Jean-François Lyotard wrote that, while the function of realism is to soothe the spectator's consciousness from doubt, the postmodern would be that which 'invokes the unpresentable in presentation itself' (Lyotard, p. 15). In attempting to take found spaces outside the quotidian realm and make them visible in new ways, and by experimenting with a multisensory and overwhelming mode of performance, *You Are Here* seeks to fulfil Lyotard's postmodern dictum.

As explained by Campbell, the piece is not meant to translate complex astronomical theory for a lay audience, nor is it meant to give the spectators mechanisms by which to access to or decode universal truths. Rather, a type of knowledge emerges throughout the performance that exists autonomously: truth is a product of subjective selection and organization of enunciations, fragments, information; and loss and forgetting are both the by-products and the requisites of knowledge-production. As Old Borges chants, reflecting the vast unknowable universe, 'What you have is much more than what you see.'

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