I acknowledge the Gadigal People as the traditional custodians of these saltwater plains, more commonly known as the colonial fiction of 'Sydney, Australia' upon which this work emerges.

I pay my respects to elders past present and emerging and acknowledge their continuing global contribution to arts, politics, science and culture forever signifying that this land was never ceded,

this land always was and always will be, Aboriginal Land.

I acknowledge the contiguity of other First Nations and Indigenous peoples including my Samoan Pasifika lineages—my father's village of Falefa in Savaii and mother's villages of Si'umu and Lufilufi in Upolou.

I acknowledge the constellation of other kinds of formations materialising free falling as a fixed position, the dusk between form and content, wrestling/resting in emptiness and fullness.

... here we are, myself and I and ours

body sliding between one of many temporal brackets: the bracket of constructive ruin of global collapse and the closing roller door of November,

a matter of days now before its end:

seven, six, five, four, three, two, one

Brian Fuata

Mountains dissolved (ext. 1-3)

Nov. 25, 2020 Sunrise PST

—Mountains dissolved (ext. 1) a still from a mail art project
 —Mountains dissolved (ext. 2) a still from a post-improvisation film
 —Mountains dissolved (ext. 3) a still command

A text soldered in improvisation. The base image was a printout of my email performance Lest we forget (2016), specifically an audience's response with an image of the ocean (I think they took it themselves). Performance documentation of a Jim Vivieaere work and a graphic from a box of Bio Tears were collaged then scanned to pdf.

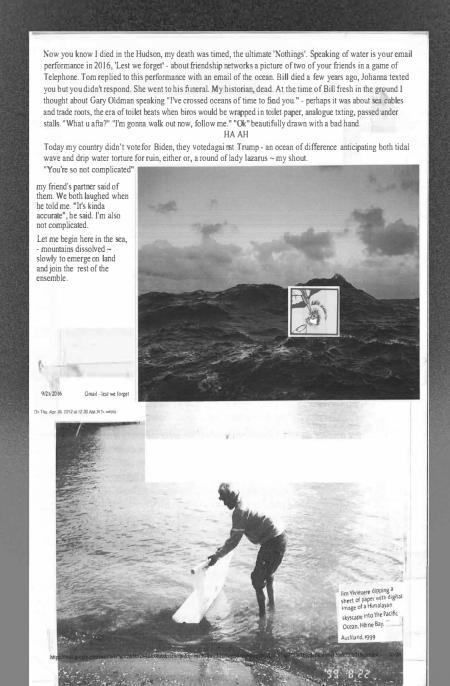
This pdfbecame my movable image-stage-studio floor.

Improvised on the image-stage-studio floor was a quasi dramatic monologue by Ray Johnson post-suicide in theHudson river.

From this stage of departure are the following narrations/narrators/narratives:

although not made an obvious point, water imaginaries connecting the Lenape People's Hudson River to Vivieaere's Pacific Ocean various allusions to transmission - specifically the retired phenomena of writing in male toilet beat culture the duet of an epistolary 'I' between Ray and I i.e. auto biographical details of RJ scholar Bill Wilson and art historian Johanna Gosse both I met on residency at Ray's estate in 2015

Trump's election loss and Biden's "win" ~ the US ruin of Democracy ~ underscored by Plath's Lady Lazarus a conversation with Mitch Cairns during the install of my current show w/ Dan Taulapapa McMullin at Ankles the fluid start of improvisation slowly finding temporary land form - relating to this was what Dan told me of the Ariori of Tahiti. A secret society of artists and artisans that I thought of as Oceanic troubadours - there's an amphibious air I like in my mental image of them...not sure where I'm going with this...it's more a feeling...







## FG/CE Brian Fuata Mountains dissolved (ext. 1-3)

Nov 25, 2020 Sunrise PST