

LOVE ART LABORATORY, GROVE HOUSE
& THEATRE NOMAD PRESENT

Blue Wedding No. 5

Sky · Communication · Throat
June 14, 2009



FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT
THE LOVE ART LABORATORY, OUR PAST WEDDINGS,
AND FUTURE INVITATIONS VISIT US AT
[HTTP://WWW.LOVEARTLAB.ORG](http://www.loveartlab.org)
[WWW.LOVEARTLAB.ORG.](http://www.loveartlab.org)

*Thanks to all the wonderful people who
have helped us create Blue Wedding No. 5
We are very grateful to them,
and to you for being here.*

LOVE ART LAB • THEATRE NOMAD • GROVE HOUSE

We, Elizabeth Stephens & Annie Sprinkle,
have dedicated ourselves to doing art projects that
explore and generate love.

Inspired by Linda Montano's 14 Years of Living Art
each year is devoted to a different theme and color.

Each year we do an experimental wedding.
We ask for no material gifts, however we invite people
to collaborate on the creation of the wedding.

This is our fifth year, and we will marry our
lover the SKY, because the sky needs our love.

Gathering

SUSHILA DHALL In-Spire, Recorder Music
MORTICIA CATHERINE Mouth Research
CLARE, AMBER, URI Anti-Marriage Brigade distributing
Barbara Carrellas's "Why Marriage Should Be Abolished"

Procession

FLOWER GIRLS Lily Delphine & Isadora May
(with their mother Christina Rodenbeck)
ALL THE PRESENTERS & ARTISTS
OFFICIANT Luke Dixon
BETH'S BRIDAL PARTY Christina Rodenbeck, Adrienne
O'Hanlon, Mithu Sunyal, Ella Kent
RING BEARER Clare Cochrane
LOVE BUMBRELLAS Amber Hickey
ANNIE'S BRIDAL PARTY Veronica Hart (Maid of Honour),
Polly McLean, Rose McAfee
THE CONTESSANESSA

Ceremony

THE CONTESSANESSA Born of the Blue
VERONICA HART Ceremony Mistress
PHILIPPA JEFFREY Sheep Woman
SEAN BRUNO A Blue Memory
VIOLETTA STORM Exotic Dance
POLLY MCLEAN & ROSE MCAFEE Live Body Poem
ALEXANDRA LEWIS Confession
JAMIE RUSSEL Song
SAMANTHA GOODLET emailed poem, read by Veronica Hart
SCOTTISH WEIRDOS Performance
CLARE COCHRANE & SUSHILA DHALL Lovers of the Sky
ROLF BALTROMEJUS Blue Love Interest, poem read
by Veronica Hart
NIRJARA Two Love Poems
ALEX GALE Song

Vows

LUKE DIXON Officiant
ELIZABETH M. STEPHENS & ANNIE M. SPRINKLE The Brides
CLARE COCHRANE Rings on Wings, Ring Bearer
ARIEL MOSS Offer Ring to the Groom
CLARE COCHRANE SUSHILA Carbon Capture Kiss
LUKE DIXON Sky Kiss

Recession & Photo Session

DEL LA GRACE, SARAH AINSLEY Photo shoot of brides,
bridal parties & performers.

Reception

MUSIC DJ Rose

VIOLETTA STORM Communication Cakes

DOROTHY'S SHOES Dancing for everyone

TESSA WILLIS Sky Burial (Don't Forget Your Daily Bread)

TOAST & CAKE CUTTING With the brides, Luke.

BLUEBERRY-COCONUT SKY CAKE Mische Fabre-Lewin

BOUQUET TOSS The Brides.

ALICE THOMPSON Blue Poi

LEXI BRADBURN Instant Show Girl Workshop

CICI BLUMSTEIN Seamstress of Love

MITHU SANYAL The Oracle

(hot tub performance attended by the
brides, approximately 5:30-6:00)

Installations

URI BARUCHIN Meet the Groom (garden swing installation)

MORTICIA CATHERINE "Mouth" outside the rotunda
and "Shedding" in the loo(vre)

ALEXANDRA LEWIS, SCILLA ELWORTHY, WITH

MORTICIA CATHERINE "Self-Love Confessional" in the Sky Temple

SCILLA ELWORTHY Angel potential (installation)

TESSA WILLS "Excuse Me" video installation in Rotunda

POLLY MCLEAN Fantasies of Adventure & Immortality
(poem trail to hot tub)

HAZEL COPCUTT Sketching

Production

LIZ TURNER Executive Director of Theatre Nomad

SEAN BRUNO Production Manager & Sound

LEXI BRADBURN Stage Manager

Documentation

DE LAGRACE VOLCANO Photography

ELEANOR LINDSAY-FYNN Photography

SARAH AINSLIE Photography

PETRA JOY Video

VIOLETTA STORM Video

SEAN BRUNO Video

Bridal Couture

SARAH STOLAR Beth & Annie's Vegan wedding clothing, staff,
Doge hat, veil, shoes, & head to toe costuming.

JEFF MEDINAS & JAMIE FARRELL Sarah Stolar's
Costume Design Assistants

ANGELA ELLSWORTH Telephone Bridal Bouquet & Boutonniere

Decoration

BILL, SU, AMBER & RUBY FRIZELL Decoration

ADRIENNE O'HANLON Flowers and Button Holes

Beth & Annie's Special Thanks To

Luke & Polly for producing and hosting Blue Wedding #5. To all
the collaborators listed in this program. Linda Montano for in-
spiring the 7 Year 7 Chakra structure of the Love Art Laboratory
project. Thanks to Polly McLean, Rose McAfee, and
Stephen Hancock for opening their home to us. Stephen, you're
the balls! Veronica Hart & Club 90 for the support. Thanks to Stig
for Abseil Training the Ring Bearer.

POLLY Wishes to thank Mia and Zaid for being so laid back

PROGRAM DESIGN Natalie Gagnon

Additional Blue Wedding Vows

I vow to wear blue once a week in honour of the sky
I vow to stand on a hill and consider the
vastness of the sky and breath....

To do what comes from the heart and not what i think others want.

To consider the sky in relation to me and realise
i may be small but i am a living, breathing part of the
whole thing and i can make change

To tell you i love you more than all the grains of sand,
on all the beaches, on all the worlds, in all the universes.. to infinity

To consider the sky has been silent witness to human
unkindness and we should listen to the thunder
and prepare for inclement weather.

To stand naked in the rain, better still a thunderstorm
and feel blessed that i do this out of choice.

To teach at least one class outdoors next term.

To find the place where the sky meets the water
and remember that life is a cycle.

ELLA KENT

Artist Statements

I vow to remember that every breath we take is borrowed from the sky and returns to the sky, the sky that is not flat, that begins here and is limitless, and that we will surrender our last breaths to the sky before returning our bodies to the earth.

I vow to appreciate the beauty and uniqueness of clouds and sky-scapes which are ever changing and never aging and uniquely different every moment. In the absence of wings on our shoulders I vow to fly in every other way possible on words, music, laughter, love and in dreams.

SHUSHILA

I promise, like the sky, that though my moods might change, I will be ever honest.

CLARE

Vows to the Sky

I vow to remember you

To remember that I owe my life to you.

That without you, through whom the water and light and warmth of life stream, there would be no life.

I vow to see you and take time to be present with you.

Allowing you to penetrate me

Letting you remind me that

I am your bridge to earth

You are my breath!

Your air, water and sunfire caresses of life-giving inspiration

I vow to receive you as love, breathe you as love

Praying to know myself ever more as love

and give freely of that unto others, to the earth and back to you once again.

VANESSA HEDLEY



I want to play music that is played once and never again, like a cloud, that shifts, that has no beginning or end, that is formed by air and subject to the whims of the moment, that is unpredictable, that might vanish into rain, or merge with another or grow heavy, or break into light, that comes with thunder and storms, wind, stillness, or hot sunlight, that bewitches and inspires, and yet can be taken for granted, a piece of the background, nearing invisible, yet there.

SUSHILA (RECORDER MUSIC)

To make a statement means that you have to consider yourself an artist. So I considered and decided that in the absence of anyone standing up and protesting otherwise.. this is my work. The journey to any work is often two fold. Sometimes its blindingly clear and almost charmed, whilst other times it is like trying to give birth to a hedgehog, wearing water wings and possibly wellingtons.. four of them. The two video pieces I birthed were blindingly clear.. however, the process of placing them here has contained hedgehogs, water wings and wellies. Shedding was conceived from the need to shed the ghosts of an infidelity. It takes from Punch and Judy and mulls over the idea of the Interloper in a relationship and in the bed. The use of imagery takes from Commedia, considering what we ever really show and just what does it mean to be Immorata? In this world Barbie or maybe she's Sindy, is headless, Mr. Punch is in the middle and where did the battered

burlesque girl go after she left her clothes behind? Ultimately it poses more questions than perhaps it answers but that's the way it should be, a life where all the questions are answered does not leave any room for serendipity. Mouth was inspired by a piece of paper given to me as a research task by Helen Paris of Curious. What was and still is interesting to me is what people do with their mouths. Not just the obvious, but what people like to do with their mouths. I sent out emails, texts and asked people to write and respond to the question "What do you like to do with your mouth". People were fantastically honest and beautiful in their responses. It seemed fitting to put some of the pieces together filmically rather than offering up their responses as just academic research. The music recorded by David Sylvian, Pratah Smarami means Praise and this piece is very in praise of the mouth, communication and the infinite possibilities of human connection.

ELLA KENT

(MORTICIA CATHERINE VIDEO INSTALLATIONS: SHEDDING, AND MOUTH)

The Oracle

The oracle is about how the way we communicate transforms our reality.

The difference between an oracle and a prophecy is that people make the conscious decision to come to an oracle and ask their questions whereas the prophecy comes onto you whether you

want it or not.

My role as the oracle is to be the medium or voice for the secret thoughts and wishes of the people who visit me. I work with the energies that people bring to me and channel them. I am not anything special in myself - not like a seer for example. It is all about the people who decide to come and interpret the messages that I will murmur into their ears. The oracle is a performance about the magical qualities of speech acts.

MITHU

(HOT TUB PERFORMANCE)

Meet the Groom

Look! Up there in the sky!
Is it a bird? (Possibly)
Is it a plane? (I hope not)
Is it Superman?
(Oh no, not again.)

We're indoors.
And we don't see the sky.
We're outdoors and we might look, and yet not see the sky.
We're in the world, looking at it, wanting to be seen, yet we don't see the sky.
Looking at the sky is a way of experiencing the shift from nothing to something.
You cannot see nothing; nothing does not reflect light.
The sky is not a void.
The blue comes from the gradual condensation of the particles making the atmosphere.
The sky is there because these particles are attracted to the earth by gravity and your gaze is free-falling into something-ness through all that attraction.
Looking at the sky is looking at the birth of meaning.

A vow: To look at the sky, to see the sky, to remember their benevolence and your luck.

And so, the sky is not empty.
It is not emptiness.
It is the super-space.
We breathe it, altering its composition as it alters us.
It is conducive to sight, sound, smell and touch. The earth holds us; the sky allows mobility, allows our autonomy.
The sky hints at our potential and then leaves the rest to us.
God wants you to fly.
This is why he's given you more than wings.
He's given you a medium.

A second vow: 'To make the most of freedom, and if necessary fight for it. Whether ours or others.'
This is an image of benevolence. Benevolence often associated with the earth mother, rarely with the sky father. And so, we are reminded that the sky father is not just an irritable lighting wielding old man, nor a petty, book-keeping, peeping-tom. He's given us a space for growth and creative forces encouraging it. And so, just like our earth mother, our father is creative as well as receptive. He embraces the earth as her body is penetrating him.
Held together in passion.

Judging by the weather in this country, our father moonlights as a piss-artist. So he's obviously much more laid back than previously thought. Try this: shoot a water pistol at the sky, while lying on the ground. See? Both parents accept your oedipal rebellion with laughter.

A third vow: to explore and encourage alternative and benevolent models of masculinity and fatherhood.

Parts of this statement can be shared while people are being pushed gently on a cloud-shaped swing, hanging from a tree, moving back and forth through the sky, as they look at the border between earth and sky moving in perfect synch in the opposite direction.

URI BARUCHIN

A RAINY OXFORD JUNE, 2009

Find Your Lover Here!

Inside the sky temple is the lover you've been searching for...

Did you ever secretly feel that you're a bit special?
Have you confessed to your certain wonderful uniqueness?

If you met your self, your essence, what would you fall in love with?

Slow down, step inside and CONFESS YOUR GEORGIOUSNESS

Sit down, relax, smell the roses, Pull aside the golden veil, Look deep into the looking glass See the lover before you Make a vow.

ALEXANDRA LEWIS & SCILLA ELWORTHY

(SELF LOVE CONFESSIONAL)

Born of the Blue

Breathing you in, Ranginui
You give me voice
And song emerges as I am born from the blue

Beginning at the blue beginning
I gaze up in to you, dear Sky
Swaddled tightly
Only head and feet in the open

Breathing, watching, preparing for opening
To unfurl in words, melody, movement
Traveling as I let go of the familiarity of my confinement

I long to be held so very tight
Never let go
Held, loved, accepted completely
My own love and song received,
Understood

But when I'm ready; when the times are right
Please also let me go
Let me fly
and I will love you even more
Released by the one
Free to love the many

Body emerging from a blue cocoon
This voice from this throat
And I ask you to join your voices to mine
that we might be heard together in our declaration of love

Friend, anoint my palms and soles with blue
Sky Father, in honour of you
And I will make marks of my existence
around these words of love

One foot in front of the other
Hand over hand

From birth towards death
Caressing you sky and earth,
Father, Mother
I am your bridal train
Your daughter, sister, lover, friend
An experiment of trust and
opening through
Loss and gain
Joy and pain
Sun and rain

THE CONTESSANESSA

Excuse Me

Referencing Jimmy Hendrix infamous song, and the kissing shape we make when we are really desperate, passionate for air, this little film shows me (Tessa) underwater accidentally doing underwater farts from my mouth while trying to hold my breath. I was interested in investigating the boundary between blue water and blue air. In Maori tradition, mother water and father air were lovers of the most passionate kind. The space between them, the liminal space inhabited by mermaids and other women is the location of transformation, the boundary of expression, the doorway through which we step, as in this marriage ritual to a new way of being. This film is projected onto the ceiling, with water in an unusual place; above our heads! This inversion references the cyclical nature of the ecological relationship of interdependency and nourishment between the sky and the water: the world turns around us as we cartwheel through space and time freed from gravity, embracing aspects of the air and the sky. For me, breath

is such an incredibly important link between subconscious and conscious, and between mind and body. I've found it the best way to continue...at points when even walking on fails, the most important thing is to keep breathing. Breathe with this little film. Breathe deep. Love the sky.

CONCEPT AND PERFORMANCE
BY TESSA WILLS.
FILMING BY SAM CLEGG.

Bread Body & Performance

This piece wants to make space for the difficult and diverse sides of us in this moment of transformation. Hello opposing beliefs, problems and dirty secrets! In this marriage ritual, we expand and develop with the amazing expansive qualities of the sky, and we will do that without sweeping difficulties under the carpet. My vow to the sky is, as i develop to meet you, i will take my roots with me. This piece is inspired by sky burial practices in Mongolia. In a culture where the body is merely a disposable container for the spirit, in a very sacred and private religious ritual, the blue stiff dead bodies are chopped up, ground down, and then left for the birds to carry away. Its so easy when dealing with the sky to use it as a way to whistle, and look away from difficulties, but what i want to acknowledge is that true development and expansion can only happen if you take your roots and heritage too, even if it might seem incongruous. Offer it up to the

sky. As we marry the sky, and meet him profoundly as brides and grooms, a new doorway opens, and we must acknowledge the transformation of our old selves, a transformation that often incorporates a death, or an ending. In this piece i invite you to flock like birds to the giant bread body, take a moment to invest that body with your problems, difficulties, gross parts, bring your difficulties out from under the carpet, or simply profoundly acknowledge your beautiful roots, and their visceral reality and profound importance. Smash and tear

our collective body up, transform her into something ready for the sky to meet, and then place your parts on the burial platform for the birds to take over the coming weeks, as your relationship with the sky will unfold, and find a new quality. The sky has a great ability to broaden and inspire new spiritual realms of exploration. How fertile the meeting will be when we bring all of our real visceral selves into the conjugation!

CONCEPT & PERFORMANCE
TESSA WILLS & BAKING
WITH EMILY
SOUTER-JOHNSON-VIERRA

Poems Sent By Email

To Marry the Sky

To marry the sky I would woo her.
I would send song and verse and
praise to her
Infinite embrace,
I would caress her with gentle
flags and banners,
I would pray for her gentle rains,
And pray for mercy from her
storming fury,
I would send her offerings of
kites and balloons,
I would honor her earth circling
currents
And be humbled by her endless
horizon.
I would most earnestly ask
forgiveness
For my part in her shabby treat-
ment.

RICK LOHMEYER

All on earth except wind and sky
is measurable,
mortal, stable and graspable.
The sun shines in the heavens,

the substance of the graspable.

Shining through the sun,
Everything in body except life
and heart is measurable,
It comes from the eye, the sub-
stance on the breathe.
As all waters belong to the sea,
all touches to the skin,
all smells to the nose,
All taste to the tongue,
all beauties to the eye,
all words to the ear, all thoughts
to the mind, all knowledge to the
intellect, all works to the land, all
journeys to the feet.

The air you breathe together,
the love of each other holds no
boundaries.

Love with all thy heart
Stretches across the ocean for
all to see as a window to the
world.

SAMANTHA GOODLET