

installation



dot dot dot the lethargic puddle

projection, Sink, tap, water, speakers, directional microphone

<https://vimeo.com/798158658>



dot dot dot pellucid (be clear waters)

Video projection



dot dot dot pellucid (be clear waters) & dot dot dot mercurial

Video projection



You Are Welcome

2016 – 2018

Site-specific installation



ion of lethargy
feeling tired
and lethargy
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2: the q
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Walter spitting at the edges of the pan

Breath unit: limescale building at the edges of the pan

Breath unit: steam rising from the pan

Water reducing in the pan

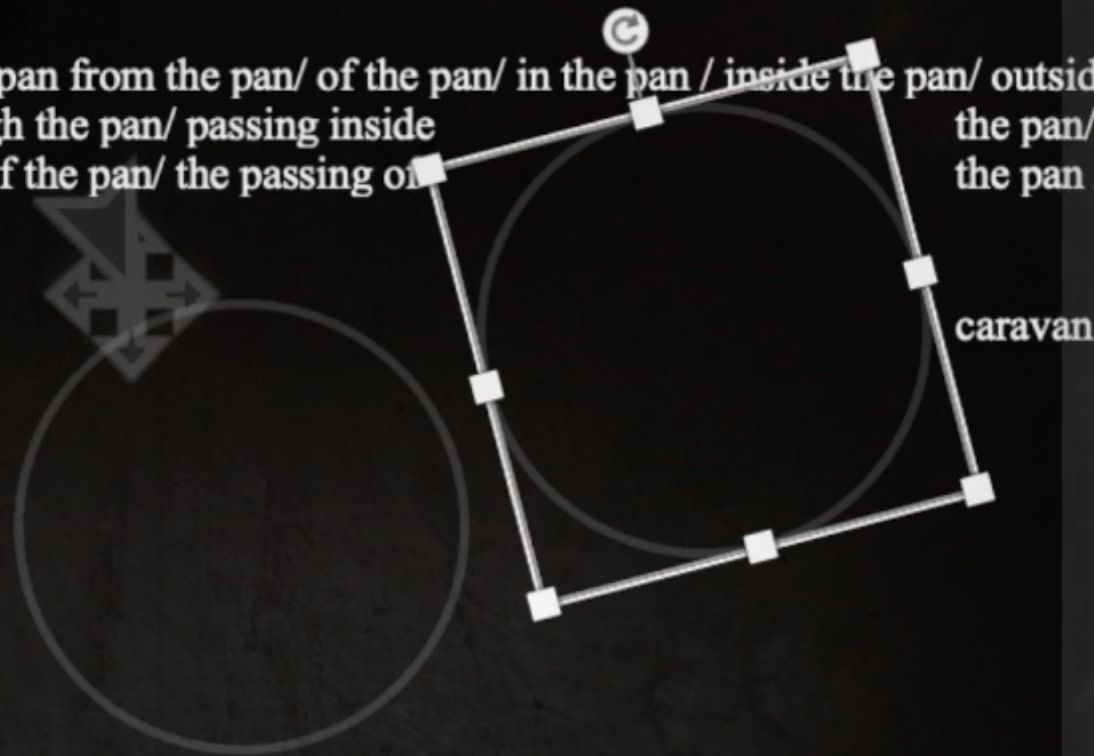
Breath unit:



Gas ring under the pan from the pan/ of the pan/ in the pan / inside the pan/ outside the pan/ around the
pan/ passing through the pan/ passing inside
passing the edges of the pan/ the passing of
pan

Refuge

Breath unit



steam passing by my face passing by my ears passing by my passing by my nose passing by my cheeks passing by my chin

Breath unit

Steam passing by my face passing by the years passing by my hand passing by my nose passing by my cheeks passing by my chin

Breath unit

Steam passing by my face passing by my ears passing by my hand passing by my nose passing by my cheeks passing by my chin

Breath unit Russian new

Breath unit steam passing by my face passing by
passing by my cheeks passing by my chin

Breath unit how does steam relate to aaryan's?
on me? If passed from liquid to vapour: it's
body and my ears its passing steam passing by
passing is passing by my cheeks passing by

Breath unit : breath unit:

Breath unit boiling water in a saucepan breath
ironising process is: cosmic Rays coming on
Lines

Just passing by my cheeks passing diamond chin



my ears passing by my hand passing by my nose

What is the physical and mental effect it's having
passed. Is passing by my face passing by my
my face passing by my ears passing by my
munch in

unit knew line positive and negative ions
steam passing by my

cosmic rays bring an energy particles



A chaplain once said to me to not make work about myself. HE said if I mixed up my 'work' and my 'life', it would leave me open to pain.

I wonder aloud to him if that was even possible.

HE struggled to respond.

and took
He reached the saucepan from a series of hooks that hung from black metal pole on the white wall. when the hook was free from the pan, it swung and hit the wall with a

Satisfying Clunk

HE reached and took the sauce pan from a series of hooks on a horizontal black pole suspended from his white kitchen wall. When the hook was free from the weight of the stainless steel pan, the hook swung back and hit the wall with a satisfying CLUNK.

- windows steaming up ///// filming it a night in the morning at dawn or dusk // boiling water in a pan reducing pass pass pass.
this is passing

this passes

just be
just me
be me just be

this is passing

_____ it's interesting in making a work about becoming more present, by filming water boiling, that I felt so impatient. I felt I wanted the work to exist straight away and was annoyed that be quiet. I was focused on pre-living the future. I was focused on the hurry. I was hurrying.

I want the work to make me calm and feel present, but it did the opposite. I was overly conscious my my creaking foot and foot steps.

I had to practiced being mindful. So in a sense, it was self-fulfilling - - - - it made me practice my breathing. Accepting the present state.

fell present, feel present fell into the passing, this passing pass pass pass pass pass pass

has passed and will
pass again

this passes
remember that

remember this
passes passes passes

selected sound works:

dot dot dot harp , 2022 - <https://soundcloud.com/jamespcox/dot-dot-dot-harp>

boiling, 2021 - <https://soundcloud.com/jamespcox/boiling>

<p>rising from the pan ing in the pan er the pan / of the pan/ in the pan/ s of water boiling dry half a litre of water boiling dry inside the pan outside the pan around the pan gh the pan/ passing the edges of the pan knew line passing inside the pan/ the passing of the pan de the pan/ passing from the pan</p>		
<p>is open so I'm conscious of the sound that will be picked up / the mental structure that boiling the water creates Waiting for the pan to boil dry has to be opened or too much condensation will build up lamp</p>		
<p>ssing around et as I can</p>		sorry / anxiety
<p>waiting for the g dry or the y waiting e boiling aiting for g dry waiting for the boiling dry waiting for the boiling dry waiting for the boiling dry waiting for the bo</p>		pan to boil waiting for boiling dry for the boil dry waiting the boiling

for the boiling dry waiting for the boiling dry waiting for the boiling dry waiting for the boiling dry waiting for the bo

the boiling dry waiting

His focus then returned to the choral voices as they were much clearer without the fog. They were coming from the city. Travelling over the water by the breeze, to his ear, to his mind, the sound offered itself to him, and for reasons not yet clear to himself, he knew the sound sung a solution. With that, he moved forward, placing one ballet shoe in front of the other and making his way toward the city. It was with this motion that he felt that something for him had started, and he felt exposed.

Again, the chorus sang to him.

*Rise and Be
Just Unknown for Now
Just Unclear for Once
Just Now for Now*

... that follows, leads, becomes ... that follows, leads, becomes ... that follows, leads, becomes ...

The words rested softly on his mind and he wanted more, but as quickly as the words started, they ebbed away and returned to wordless, purring notes. There was joyfulness in their voices like they relished the very act of producing sounds from the vibrations in their mouths and throats, and the interplay between them was a gift. Yet, it was not a disorderly mess. There were basses, sopranos, altos, tenors and falsettos represented, and they each respected their roles without hindering their peers.

Again, the chorus called to him.

*Rise and Be
Out of your head
With These Present Voices
Forever Just Sounding
Its End there at the Beginning*

... that follows, leads, becomes ... that follows, leads, becomes ... that follows, leads, becomes ...

The chorus was drawing him, helping him with his balance on the tightrope and introducing him to the city. What he saw was a city broken up into smaller sections, each treading water and intersected by canals and bridges. On these sections, buildings were antiqued, styles had not aged well, paint had become worn and discoloured, and door-frames low. There were many churches from many denominations overlapping, and closed market stalls that when open sold nostalgia. The city was in the latter of its life: new things did not appeal and comfort had taken hold.

It was still early morning when he reached the end of the tightrope, and before going any further, he stood and considered what it meant to finally reach land. Solid ground presented itself in front of him, yet the motion of the rope had become familiar, safe even. Everything that would come next would be new, he would be forced to consider his place, and he felt conflicted.

However, the sound pulled him, and he climbed onto the bridge and stood there for a moment, as a phantom bob and bounce remained. He crouched down low, placing his hands to feel the cold of the stone and waited for it to subside. After a few elongated breaths, his legs accepted the new ground and he was ready to move. He followed the sound of the chorus, which lead him onto a wide promenade, which stretched ahead, interrupted by more stone bridges. The vivid sun shone on the stone and exposed the dew of morning, which his thin ballet shoes drew in, making his feet damp.

You forget a sensation like this, he thought. Images of early mornings waking up camping flickered for a moment in his head and his heart panged.

*



it
starts with
one inside one
to one outside one

yet still attached by touch
then through tactile moments and transitional objects

the mother's breast to the blanket to the toy

one learns to experience
as one alone

one transitions from the internal to the external

the process begins
a balance established to constantly shift
always repeating and reversing

sometimes others make the choice
it's baby pink and baby blue

it's the former for the boy and the latter for the girl
or vice versa

it's they, as identifiers, forming
your masculinity and femininity
regardless of gender or sex

it's you seeing yourself in the clothes of others

the fabric and the clothes and the fabric of the clothes
that draws your attention and stays with you

that you will forever
either think about consciously
or have in the back of your mind

it's influenced by others and then by you for others then you

the you as in the one outside one
now alone

this is
the beginning of a sense of something
a fashion sense maybe

but it's more something deeper
something inner and outer
something uncanny

it's there

on the tip of the bed

in the carpet and in the carpet burn

in every pillow you've ever slept on

in all the blankets and sheets you've comforted and warmed yourself under

it's

behind your morning choices

behind the clothes that give you comfort
the clothes you hide

behind or within

and return to

it's
in the moment of changing
in the drag and the relief

vulnerable or not

the
continuation of the
one inside one
to the one outside one

the learning to experience

an extension
a daily reminder of the
internal and external balance shifting

the one outside learning to experience as one alone