

An Evening with Triangular Horses

An image

(A queer guy exhales smoke. His head rest on the pillow deeply. A woman, painter?, looking at the corner of wall. She's playing with an empty glass.)

“How? How could she survive, then?”

Viens! nos doux chevaux mensonges
Bons chevaux de bois
Triangulaire chevaux de bois

Come! Our gentle horses lies
Nice wooden horses
Triangular horses

A vehicle on which the spectators are repositioned
Unwillingly
These are triangular horses

What? A triangular horse?
(The crowds are formed inside the dark storage.)

Yabusame says “Because of her!”

“The spectators watch paintings while riding on the horses.
Paintings ride on the wall. Then the wall ride on what?”

Our positions are not necessarily united. Yet, sometimes we offer a help or two to each other. We go parallel. Sometimes we cross each other.
Then we realize we are not knowing enough. Maybe we are scared.

Now you are in a riding position. The wooden horse will start to rotate.

Please don't prepare.

Training

From a Wall to a Painting
A Wooden Horse to Artists and the Audience

(The public engaging with art while riding on the horses. Horses point at the direction.
We all look at there.)

ABOVE, SIDE, HERE

Someone other than Kenneth says "Wooden horses are not alive nor dead. It functions both positively and negatively."

"if Kenneth were writing this he would point out how art has changed women and women have changed art and men, but men haven't changed women much"

"but ideas are obscure and nothing should be obscure tonight""

Tournez, tournez sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds,

Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin
Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme :
Déjà voici que la nuit qui tombe
Une soirée avec chevaux de bois

Turn, turn without the need to never use spurs
To order your gallops round

Turn, turn, without hope of hay
And hurry, wooden horses of their souls
Here the night falls
An evening with wooden horses

Someone other than Kenneth says "Why don't you handle this already! Make the audience in order!"

"Only we are not boring tonight"

it is most modern to affirm some one
(we don't really love ideas, do we?)

A portrait

(A woman with the fainted blonde hair. She leans 60 degree. Too calm.)

~~Joan~~ Abstra was surprising you with a party for which I was the decoy

but you were surprising us by getting married and going away

Someone other than Kenneth says "so here I am reading poetry anyway
and no one will be bored tonight by me because you're here"

sans parole
vraiment extatique
Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur coeur

sans parole
vraiment extatique
Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur coeur

Speechless
So ecstatic
Turn, turn, wooden horses of their hearts

Speechless
So ecstatic
Turn, turn, wooden horses of their hearts