


the history of the world

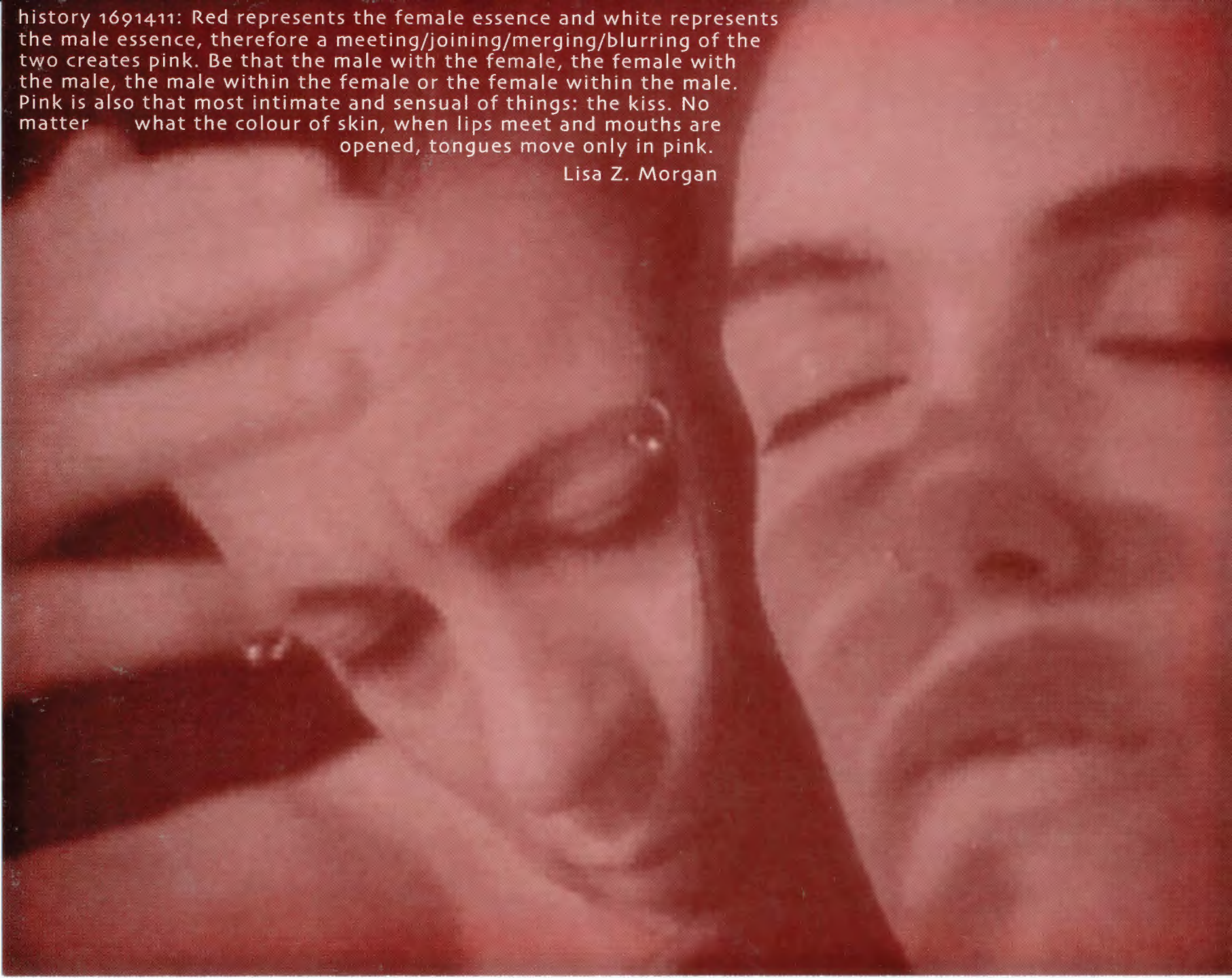
by  
michael petry




history 1: Aristophanes wrote that the first humans were round double beings each with two faces and sets of genitals, with four arms, and four legs. There were three kinds, men, women, and hermaphrodites that were half male and half female. They offended the gods, and were split in two and banished from each other as punishment, doomed to search out the world for their other half. From this genesis, the gods created us, men who seek men, women who desire women, and men and women who need each other for completion. We are not only ripped from our mother's womb but our lover's eternal embrace.

history 1691411: Red represents the female essence and white represents the male essence, therefore a meeting/joining/merging/blurring of the two creates pink. Be that the male with the female, the female with the male, the male within the female or the female within the male. Pink is also that most intimate and sensual of things: the kiss. No matter what the colour of skin, when lips meet and mouths are opened, tongues move only in pink.

Lisa Z. Morgan






history 412294: Einstein  
tells us that every object is a  
world line. Life is a path drawn  
within space-time. Two lovers kiss;  
two world lines intersect and love  
finds itself in a neighborhood of world  
lines. But time itself has fled from Einstein's  
universe. It has left behind a world without  
movement, a map without a key. We are unable to  
locate our sense of being in the now. We can no  
longer distinguish our past from our future. A sting  
of a slap, the pain of a bite mark, the blink of an eye,  
the touch of a hand on the nape of a neck, the stroke of  
the hair all cry out for time. Love must assemble history  
out of the fabric of memories and fictions.

Then Heisenberg reminds us that there are only potentialities. The  
wave function must collapse if, out of countless probabilities, a  
single actuality is to be made manifest. A hand leaves its impression  
on the skin. Lips kiss and color fades. Time is born in the encounter. In  
this fashion we people the past. In this way we imagine the future and draw  
it into our present. In this way the universe is created.

F. David Peat

history 717: My world began  
on the twenty eighth of  
December nineteen sixty  
four. Gerard A. Goodrow





history 181514: History of the World? As in  
'the World's History.' The World doesn't write  
history. (As far as I can tell, it can't even  
read.) It's fat and happy and dumb. The  
World burps, spits, and shifts around  
trying to find a comfortable spot to  
rest. I think we can all identify  
with that. So: What's History to  
the World? We're the ones so  
proud to dig the last little bit  
of lint out of our navels. We  
collect samples of the Self,  
then stash them away  
so some poor sod will  
find them. We  
scribble away,  
chase after dust,  
inscribe the future  
in a lover's eyes, try  
to remember what we  
meant to say, and curse  
entropy till we drop. The  
History of the World is nothing  
but everything to us. Ron Caldwell

What is there to look forward to except death?

There is writing, come, open your mouth and  
write on my tongue with your tongue,  
write on my heart with your heart, come,  
take my hand and tell me the history of  
the world with small motions, write on my  
the story of our love, kneading  
love me, love is our skin, write  
is the only history, of love,  
in the fleeting moment, history, love  
time enough to love, the history,  
write the story of our that is time,  
the whole of the world, write,  
eyes, write as fast as love, write  
quicker, faster, time is with your  
thief of all manuscripts. you can,  
They fade and the

until  
only the  
the  
wrinkle  
and  
decompose,  
there is  
act,  
writing.

When can I look back?

Kiss me,  
kiss me now, there is no  
time but the now, there  
is no time, time runs out  
and then there is only the  
past, but we are here now,  
now in the present, make me  
a present, present yourself  
to me as a present, presently.

Where shall I look ?

When did you stop writing, when did the ink dry in your  
pen, when did the point break from between your fingers?  
Grasp, grasp that you might once again grab  
and press your flesh into mine, that once  
again of we might be the one, the manifestation  
of the mark, the being of the stroke, press  
harder. Leave..... your mark, once  
again, like you did before, step forward,  
watch it fade, a magic ink that leaves  
no trace, save in my heart, no trace, no  
trace, save in my eyes, no trace, as wind  
on sand.

Why can't I know?

When we were one, I was you  
and you too were me, we were  
an us and now time has torn us  
apart. I have searched the world  
over to find you, it is the history  
of the world that I must search, that  
you must seek, that there is searching,  
and so little finding. Are you the one, will  
you be the one for a reunion in a meeting?

# The History of The World is dedicated to Togetherness Beyond

An Installation by Michael Petry  
Music by Gavin Greenaway and  
John Powell

Cast

Blue:

Jimmy Gardner, Diana Payne-Myers

Red:

Stav Balla, Esther Tewkesbury

Green:

Jason Bowen, Steven Congreve

Texts: All texts are by Petry  
unless otherwise stated  
Photographs and Video  
stills are from the  
installation by  
Petry

Voice overs:

Jimmy Gardner,  
Diana Payne-Myers

Silver Ring:

Manuel Vilhena

Production Assistant:

Steven Barrett

Video Technician:

Phil Davis

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