

Artist: Kat Kats
Performance: awaiting your response

Post 1

Date: September 3, 2020

Here I Am.

And here I am.

A (newish) mum. And partner. And writer. And artist.

I sit on an old velvet chair that I picked up on the side of the road, that is my 'desk', sipping my morning coffee while my 7 month old baby naps, wondering what to put into this first blog post.

Because how do you describe/explain/introduce a work that you're currently in the thick off/immersed in/consumed by?

I don't think I can. So here's three things that I can offer:

- The impetus for this work is the love letters of my grandparents. There's somewhere in the realm of 135 of them. They span two continents. Over 18 months. From 1962 - '64.
- I've just finished transcribing, now I'm translating. It's not fun. It doesn't feel like art. It feels like process. And I've learnt to stick with process.
- This process is happening in a very locked down Melbourne, Australia. Other parts of the process will happen in Larnaca, Cyprus. And others still, in a largely intangible virtual space. Over Zoom and FaceTime and Facebook Messenger and email and Dropbox. This feels strange but our current times are strange.

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We'll be sharing every fortnight on a Friday. Sometimes it'll be me. Sometimes it'll be Bryce. Sometimes it'll be Kyriaki. Sometimes it'll be all of us.

Looking forward to exploring and journeying and making - with you.

More soon.

x K



My 'desk'

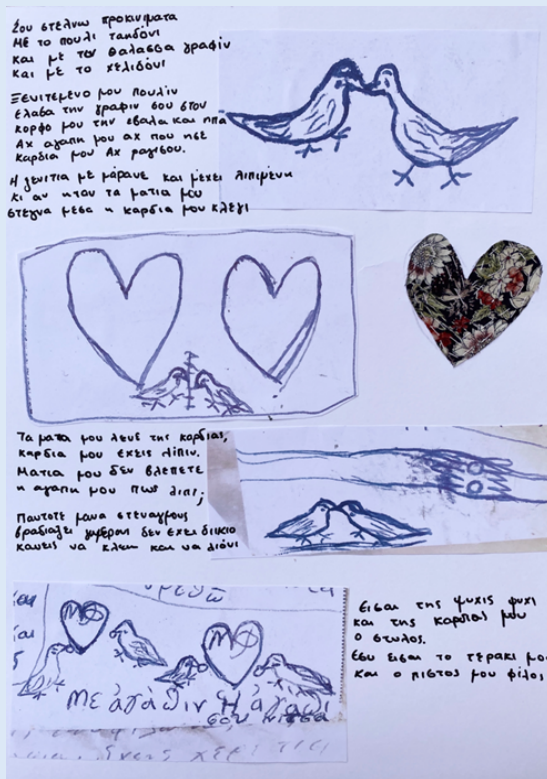
Post 2

Date: September 17, 2020

Kyriaki Theodorou

Loving Birds

This project aims to travel back in time together, to when love was pure, feelings were strong, thoughts were hard to express. It is a whole journey to find love, the right words to describe love, the right place to feel the love. And when there's not a certain place, then you feel it through poems, art, and love letters.





Κρινα και τριανταφυλλα
Ηνε η δεξευτια σου
και δεν υβηρω
πουθενά σου ενν
οροφια σου.

Ολου του κοσμο κιαν
θαρό εενα δεν εε
βλεπω και εκοσινο
μου φενεε το μερο
οπου οτεκω.



Sketchbook exploration

Post 3

Date: October 5, 2020

Bryce Ives

2020 Feels

October 2019. My partner and I travel halfway around the world, from Melbourne to Nicosia, intrigued to discover more about this mysterious festival that takes place in and around the Buffer Zone.

The best way to understand something is to experience it up close and personal. So our spontaneous trip to visit the Buffer Fringe Festival exceeded my expectations.

We experienced a genuine fusion of creative energy that was inspiring, and we also encountered Cyprus, and I fell in love.

Fast forward twelve months. October 2020.

Our hometown Melbourne is in lockdown. The rules are strict, and the fines are massive. Melbourne has been in various forms of lockdown since March.

Travel is now unthinkable. Flights in and out of Australia are scarce and ridiculously expensive. (Often Australia feels secluded and isolated from the rest of the world, but the almost complete shutdown of aviation now makes us realise just how far away Australia truly is from the rest of the world.)

Trump is in hospital. Borders are closed. Things are getting weirder by the day.

Kat and I are now parents. Neo Stella is eight months old. When we were in Cyprus, she was just bouncing energy inside Kat's body. Today she is a force of nature and dominates so much of our energy. Most of Neo's life has been experienced alongside lockdown and global pandemic.

And, perhaps most surprising, we're making a work for the Buffer Fringe Festival, even though we know we won't be in Cyprus by December.

So although this creative investigation begins with source material from 1962, the 135+ letters written between Kat's grandmother and grandfather from Cyprus to Australia, our process cannot be in isolation from everything happening around us.

These letters are the teenage voices of Neo Stella's great grandparents, and I'm thinking a lot about legacy and lineage and place and culture and notions of home. So Neo and her connection to culture is regularly in my thoughts

We are also trying to make work virtually and from a distance. Most of our process is in shorthand, around Neo Stella's quiet moments where we have quick conversations about complex ideas. We also regularly Facebook chat with Kyriaki, our collaborator in Cyprus.

And COVID and the global pandemic remain in our thinking. Kat's grandmother ended up hospitalised in June, with an unrelated illness, but her age and the risk of COVID was at the forefront of our minds. There is a strange duality reading the words of a sixteen-year-old from 58 years ago and to be visiting that same person, in a highly managed COVID situation in the hospital in 2020.

There is also something wonderful and terrifying about trying to make a work with your partner, particularly during the most challenging year imaginable - with a new baby, little support because of a global pandemic, and all of the usual and unusual experiences of being new parents.

So all of this is influencing the process, and the process is also intrinsically our energy at any given moment.

So where are we?

Well, we have just made some big decisions about the work. Everything we had pitched to Buffer Fringe is going to change, we're not going to do a durational work reading all the letters, as we had planned initially, and we are not going to do a stream between Melbourne and Nicosia.

A new energy is emerging, and we are reconfiguring the work.

Tonight we zoom with the Buffer Fringe to explain this twist in the road. I'm excited, I'm nervous, and I'm interested to hear how the team will respond to this new idea emerging.

I'm sure we will tell you more in our next post...



Kat and I at Buffer Fringe 2019

Post 4

A Guilty, Boring Update

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZCCAAMuMuWI&feature=emb_title

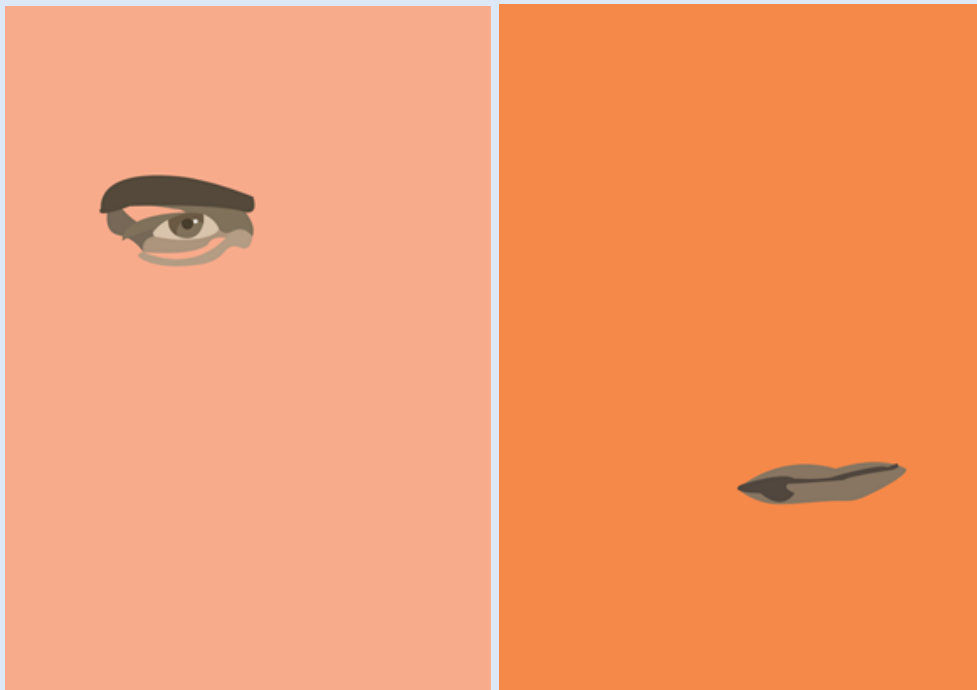
Post 5

November 2, 2020

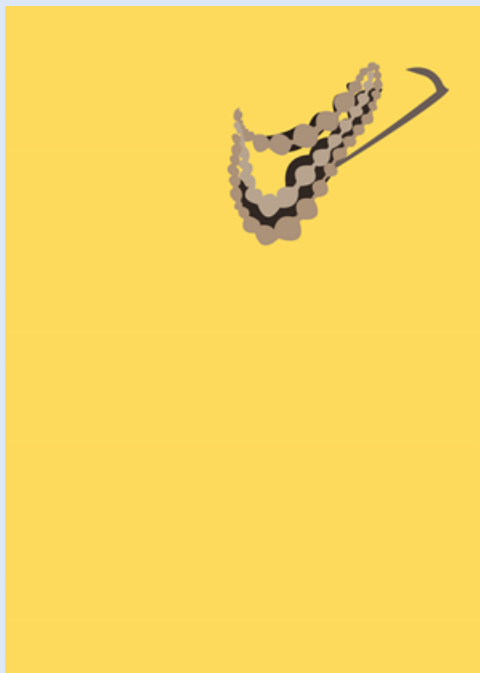
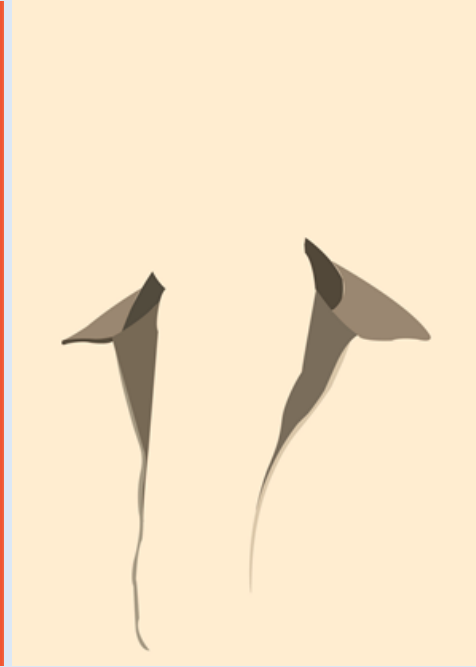
Kyriaki Theodorou

Senses

In this project, you'll use most of your senses.



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Post 6

"I don't know if I wrote these letters," a conversation with Neofitos & Eleni

As part of our work *Awaiting Your Response*, we are painstakingly transcribing, translating and recording 130 letters, written between Neofitos and Eleni.

The pair have never re-read the letters, until now, sixty years later.

The letters elicit all sorts of responses—The pair laugh out loud at how naive they were. They argue about obscure details. They are shocked by what they once wrote. Eleni even tries to deny she wrote these letters as a sixteen-year-old!

My job is to sit with them, as they record all 130 letters, and to ask them questions in English after each reading. It's an epic undertaking!

This is a recent conversation we had together between recordings.

<https://soundcloud.com/bryce-ives/i-dont-know-if-i-wrote-these-letters-a-conversation-with-neofitos-eleni>