**VIRUS**

**PERFORMANCE at W-MANPOWER FESTIVAL and SIDE ROOM 2016**

Approximation of script:

**(Yoga instructor Ashley dressed in yoga wear ready for journey, mic in hand)**

Ashley: Hello my name is Ashley and I'm a your yoga instructor tonight. Thank you for coming on this exquisite journey with me. Let's remember yoga is not a competition, it is a personal spiritual journey, which we must travel on. What happens on the yoga mat stays on the mat.

I'd like to share with you some movements I learnt from the Sufis whilst backpacking near by on a yoga retreat a few summers ago. The Sufis taught me so much about the inner self- how to peel away that ragged shell and finding the real you. Lets start by rotating the hips round and round, just look at my actions for now and you too can achieve transcendence through the rotating hip motions. Next I'd to combine that with some breathing exercises that I learnt whilst travelling around the slums of the Persian peninsula. The incredible people  Breath in 1, 2, 3, 4 out 2, 3, 4 in 2,3,4 out 2,3,4

Cough cough cough

I'm dying I'm dying, I’m dying

(Falls on the floor, slowly dies)

I'm dead

Ashley is dead

Your yoga instructor is dead

She died from a pronounced ambivalence towards the plight and needs of other people

Whilst continuing to fetishize their customs and beliefs

Fetishizing the other is over

Fearing the other is over

Taking and taking is over

Your yoga instructor died from a virus infecting whole her body

Everything she produced was infected

Her hair

Her nails

Her discharge

Her blood

Her shit

Her spit

Her tears

The self she knew was no longer her.

I am that virus

I am all your fears

I am the one crossing your borders

I am the one stealing your man

I am the one raping your daughters

I am the one taking your jobs

I am the one breathing your air

I am the one infecting your minds

I am the one eating your soul

(End with Amulet ceremony)