



There is a chorus of twelve sirens/waterfolk/scale bodies. There is a chorus and they are shrieking across oceans and over phone lines:

REMEMBER THAT IN 1971 RICHARD SERRA'S SCULPTURE NO. 3 KILLED THE WORKER WHO WAS INSTALLING IT
THINK OF RICHARD SERRA'S SCULPTURE NO. 3 AS A MEMORIAL
LIKE A HEADSTONE

WE CAN THINK ALSO OF EVERY CARL ANDRE PIECE LIKE THIS
CARL ANDRE'S BRIKS ARE DISMANTLED AND PLACED ON GRAVES OF THE DEAD
THEY ARE BROKEN AND REMADE AS MUD
THEY ARE SLIPPERY UNDER HORSES HOOVES
THEY FILL THE SPACE OF HIS MURDER, THAT IS THE MURDER OF CARL ANDRE, IN THE FUTURE, AND HIS MURDER OF HIS WIFE, ANA MENDIETA IN 1985
AS IF YOU CAN EVER REALLY KILL A WITCH, KILL A WOMAN
YOU STRIKE A WOMAN YOU STRIKE A ROCK

There is a body and they are sitting on a rock. Let them narrate this story for you, this story of the future.