

*This
Container*
EDITION 08



1608

This Container
EDITION 08 / MAY 2020

Editors: Chloe Chignell
Stefan Govaart
Maia Means

Design: Chloe Chignell

Supported by:
rile* & City of Melbourne

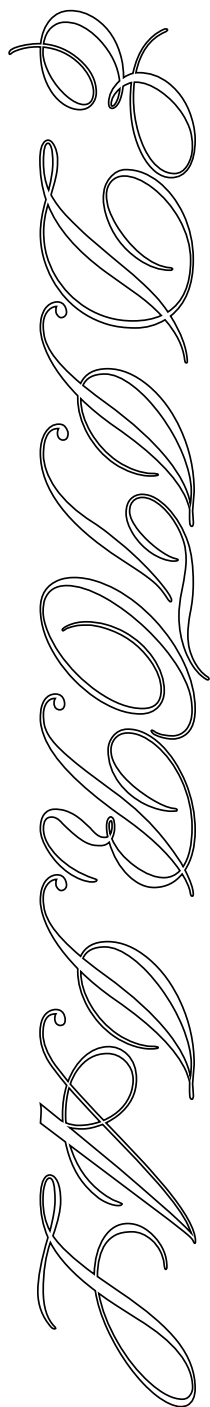
EDITION OF 300

*No part of this publication may be
reproduced without permission from
the author/s.*

www.thiscontainer.com

002-004
005-008
009-013
015
017-019
021-029
031
032
033
035-041
042-043
045-048
050-052
053
054-055
056-065
067-069
071
073-075
076-077
078-079
081-083
084
085-089
091
092-093
094-095
097-105
107
109-123
125-129
130-131
133
135-138

Editorial [Chloe Chignell / Maia Means / Stefan Govaart]
Long Sentences [Rhiannon Newton]
Minor as irritant to enjoyment [Eleanor Ivory Weber]
Some paths across some surfaces [Oda Brekke]
Ghosts and Other Bodies [Maia Means]
A Resting Place [Nikima Jagudajev]
NYTIE Opinion [Eleanor Ivory Weber]
Sleep Paralysis [Stav Yeini]
Serpent of Light Contacting Marx [Stav Yeini/ Milena Bonilla]
From Orphan Drift [Theo Livesey]
Emails to Choreography [Denise Lim]
Clinic After Boat [Madlen Hirtentreu]
MS. SLOWTH [Yoojin Lee]
sloth-crossings [Yoojin Lee]
The Licking Call [Caterina Mora]
Robot Cemetery [Paula Almiron]
The Hand The Eye [Naya Moll]
Some paths across some surfaces [Oda Brekke]
Infinite ways of falling into you [Laura Cemin / Lena Schwingshandl]
Horizon Notes [Sonjis Laine]
The Zero [Zander Porter / Juan Pablo Cámara]
Metallic [Stina Ehn / Oda Brekke]
Possible [Jani Anders Purhonen]
1-4 Days [Mélanie Blaison]
No Matter What [Alice Heyward]
one gets more than the other [Jani Anders Purhonen]
The Hottest Soup [Lucija Grbic]
Maybe Subjectivity [Simon Asencio]
What Distance Allows For [Matt Cornell / Emma Fishwick]
Dislocating the Hole [Sara Gebran]
The Dodo Transformed [Andreas Haglund]
A return to the theatre [Chloe Chignell]
Some paths across some surfaces [Oda Brekke]
Den gröna gallans kvaliteter [Hugo Hedberg]



This Container began as a zine for texts produced through and alongside dance, performance and choreography. Bringing together thirty authors variously invested in dance, performance and/or choreography, this remains true in this eighth edition. Some write more than dance; others dance more than write. Some practice choreography explicitly; others implicitly. However varied the authors gathered here may be, the expansive field of performance produces all kinds of texts that deserve public recognition, a readership, and an infrastructure for feedback and editing. This issue is another attempt at making this possible.

Since its inception, This Container has hoped to contribute to a feminist lineage of textual production. What constitutes this lineage? This is a vast question. The beginning of an answer might start by saying something about genre. If, as Lauren Berlant writes, genre is an “aesthetic structure of affective expectation”, a “formalization of aesthetic or emotional conventionalities”, then genre crafts expectation by pointing to what is recognizable in form.¹ If feminism is about wanting the world to be otherwise, the multiplication of genres inducing the multiplication of (imagined) stories helps to recraft expectation toward a less oppressive, less boring, and more just world. Feminist work includes genre work. Poetry, diary, diagram, notes, recipe, critique, the sound file, the epistolary, the essay, the art project: they have all found their way in, sculpting a diverse set of readerly structures of affective expectation. They are to shift your worldly expectations.

Feminist heritage envelops this issue: it borrows from drawings by The Furies Collective, a radical feminist collective founded in Washington D.C. nearly half a century ago in 1971. Their newspaper *The Furies: Lesbian/Feminist Monthly*, first published in 1972, are historical records of the heyday of radical lesbian feminism. Although This Container does not speak with the same political demand, it is in the spirit of remembering turbulent feminist pasts and the political potential of any publication that we reinvoke these furies here, upfront.

This Container’s first issue was published four years ago. If its focus on the choreographic field and its feminist inclination have remained, what has changed? It’s become thicker: never has This Container had more contributors. From only existing online, This Container now circulates in paper too. Over the years we have increased the amount of time we spend on editing. We began taking more care. We began posing more questions and deliberations, provoking more dialogue. We began zooming in on details. In response to the lack of an ecology of editing and publishing texts coming from dance and choreography in Stockholm in 2016, This Container released 4 editions in its first year – in diy fashion, without much delay. Whether we are busier, lazier or more serious: 2020 will have to put up with only one. One that counts 142 pages, however. 142 pages that refuse to be applications, motivational letters, program texts, educational or rehearsal notes. For these are the genres we know too well. This

Container wants to provide another kind of frame for writings produced while dancing/performing/choreographing.

Over the years we have spotted several recurring tendencies, themes, trends. Line breaks are popular, and so are nonsequiturs. As if breaking lines and breaking thought allow for the fast jumps in thinking dancing elicits. A majority of the texts we receive are multi-directional rather than narrative-driven. Many works ‘scatter’ across the page. Their citational practices, their critiques of linearity, one-dimensionality, overarching story-lines and strong determination inform and inspire much of what follows. We, however, do not want to conclude that dance and otherwise performative practices produce nonlinear writings only, as if dance forbade ‘strict’ linguistic production. This issue demonstrates that formal approaches – texts adhering to specific formal features, at times feeling out a procedural aesthetic – are alive too.

Language and dance are not opposites. We don’t dance to express what we cannot express in language. In dance and performance, text is often used as a tool for making choreography understandable, as the easily accessible sidekick of the abstract, suggestive and/or speculative of the performative. How accessible do we want our texts to be? What is the use of close-reading and editing each other’s texts? How do we create a platform that can support the ambitions within each text? We hope This Container is useful to artists working with dance and text. We

hope it helps to see thoughts, references, and edited pieces of writing in a broader context. We could consider these texts as choreographic objects, able to be used and moved. We could also consider This Container as a dynamic map, a document for what's being thought and processed and performed in this moment from artists across spaces. There is always a process of re-contextualizing that comes with making a publication, tuning ourselves to the way that the texts pull one another in just being alongside. Some discourses connect and others counter, they form a partial but dedicated landscape.

As This Container does not commission texts, our main job as editors is to put the submitted texts in (an) order. We've had several conversations about treating the texts from the inside: letting each shape the form of the issue.² There's no writing vacuum: writing is always part of some-thing. Through being alongside one another these texts and their authors create some kind of 'we'. Not a 'we' that is enclosed in a set of aesthetics, nor politics, nor even have one shared history. The 'we' that follows throughout This Container shares a space, a proximity and comes in relation through your reading. For the first time, we had the resources to mail three copies to all authors: one for yourself, one for your friend, and one for your local theatre, studio, or culture house. We also hope that this issue circulates online.

This edition began long before the Covid-19 pandemic hit Europe. Adjustments in our timeline,

correspondence and working had to be made. We have, since the beginning, hoped This Container to be a platform for writing that happens through or alongside choreography. Now, as the entire performing arts field is suspended in open ended lock-downs none of us can say when we will return to studios and stages again. As online platforms for performance appear suddenly and in great mass, we think it necessary to question the kind of work that we can share and the kind of audienceship we can perform at this moment. We were mostly unprepared for the time that has fallen in our laps and working on this edition began to reorient our time and attention. The texts in This Container are often written in between jobs, projects, salaries and as editors we continue to question how we can make cared-for objects from largely unsupported (unpaid) texts that resist the logic of generating income. As we are now mostly locked down and in, the projects and salaries these texts were produced alongside are largely suspended and yet reading and writing seems to come to the surface as a place for community. We hope This Container can serve some kind of readerly companionship across spaces and times, extending its 'we' beyond the authors and into the homes of all of its readers.

1 See *The Female Complaint: The Unfinished Business of Sentimentality in American Culture*, Duke University Press, 2008, p. 4.

2 Editorial, pg02, *This Container Edition 04*, 2016.

Long Sentences

RHIANNON NEWTON

This is a long sentence, which begins from the utterance “this is a long sentence”, which begins from the utterance “this is a long sentence”, which began from the utterance “this is a long sentence”, a long sentence, which, finding itself caught in a loop, notices that it has in fact performed the action of a sentencing, of sentencing itself to being a long sentence, to a life as longer-than-average sentence, and in that same moment, sentenced us too, to the sentence of this long sentence...

and so, noting now that we are no longer at the beginning of this long sentence that began with the utterance “this is a long sentence”, but finding ourselves instead in the middle of a long sentence, which, reminding us that it began with the utterance “this is long sentence”, gives itself thrill, darting there to that moment now passed, while staying here in the middle, time-travelling in a sense in the machine of a sentence, darting there, while staying here, darting there, while staying here...

here in the middle, in the middle of a long sentence, the middle ground of the middle, describing somewhat loosely as the middle does, not particularly the centre, nor the beginning, or ending, but some unnamable place in the middle, in the middle of a long sentence...

and destination-less though the middle of such a long sentence may be, perhaps the middle is precisely where we need to be, making sense, making sentences, from the mess of the middle, because you never really get a clean start and some of these sentences we live began long ago...

like, when, when are these clouds going to part for me - or what if I don't expect - don't expect them to part and then this cloud becomes like this moving object which - which allows a sense of mmm floating or being there in its, in its shape that it doesn't disintegrate at all - that offers actually like a, like a nest or something to - something to hold - or sort of - something to inhabit¹...

acknowledging that certain structures hold things, and help things to continue, like this room, or this sentence, within a fortress on an island, like this meeting, in the middle, once a prison cell, once a sentence, like this floor supporting a body, like this ground supporting a sentence, solid and soaked with lead, like the land of this body, infernal and going on burning, like this room holding a body, supporting healing and retreating, like a body already many, broken apart, now reconnected...

like this sentence connecting what happened last week, yesterday, today and tomorrow, like this sentence, connecting what happened last millenia, yesterday, today and tomorrow...

darting there while staying here, staying here in the middle, a sentence grown

1 Vidha Saumya, conversation recorded 10/10/19

heavy in the middle, already made up of many voices, the body of a sentence, senses its own body as a sentence, noticing...

this is me, this is how I rest, this is how I think about time, these are the spaces I move through and these are the things I spend time with, I do not really know what I am, but in you I see that I am me and you are you...²

made up, as bodies are, of middles and things less like middles, punctuation, and skin, like a circle, unconsciously roused, these connections aren't something we use, they are something we have,

a stressed system goes awry; its communication processes break down; it fails to recognize the difference between self and other...³

as there, as there is a sort of shudder associated with the action of letting go, as the sentence of a movement, like the sentence of stone, listens to the direction of a force, and follows its purpose, in the form of an exhale, because as I speak I leave behind a part of my body, which was actually never mine in the first place, which is, as you said...

that sort of differentiation - between phrasing and sentencing, that was an interesting thing, I kind of went ahah! and we ended up to check the etymology of the word - and brought up this - reference to feeling and opinion and I shared the relationship to the, to the movement or choreography of thought as its own body and I have very clearly in my imagination the image of you by the windows starting to describe in - what this differentiation might be...⁴

as this sentence recalls its past life as an opinion as this sentence recalls its past life as a feeling as a thought not bound to a body as its own form of unbounded body as a feeling before a sentence...

for I guess there is not really a sentence, if not a feeling, or maybe, adopting the performative nature of this action of sentencing, I sentence you to feeling, to a long feeling, to feeling the skin, feeling the surface of the skin against the texture of clothes, feeling feelings, about what has, and hasn't happened, feeling the taste in your mouth, and noticing the place where thoughts have gone, touching the part, or parts, of the world the body remains in contact with, to taking in this vista before us... and taking this time - that is taking up time, taking in what's here, while we're here together, and relinquishing this format, which soon grows old, growing old, growing beard hairs, recalling Ursula, while feeling uncertain about what to mention, whether to become more personal, and noticing my own aversion to it, and a desire to retain a sense of universality under the guise of shared conditions, conditioning

2 Rhiannon Newton, note recorded 22/09/19

3 Donna Haraway, The Cyborg Manifesto, 1985

4 Simo Kellokumpu, conversation recorded, 19/10/19

conditions, where conditions have already taken shape and lost themselves on various shores of wandering attention, losing a train of thought and attempting to stay calm in the face of the fact that time doesn't tell us particularly what it looks like, succumbing to this uncertainty and noticing a tendency to apologise for uncertainty, in my hands, as the situation is, but a nice choreographer recently said 'no to certainty' and maybe, as a new title for Yvonne Rainer's 'No to Spectacle', this is precisely the kind of feeling we need, for where we are, in this moment of the sentence of a long sentence, that reaches for an end but finds itself unending and so instead offers this, list, for feeling and uncertainty:

*# 1: Coming together for exchange /
Mourning / Sharing and raging:⁵
Postures for dialogue / Alignments for
conversation*

*# 2: The sentence of a commitment to a
trajectory / The sentence of an unending
movement toward equilibrium / The
sentence of momentum / The sentence of
a broken apart body*

*# 3: The force of a meeting: Hyperbolic
that forms describe what living feels like*

*#4: (To be read aloud together) A
Constitution of body parts and other's
lives: a sentence written by gravity*

Minor as irritant to enjoyment,
the key difference between charity and duty

ELEANOR IVORY WEBER

Long Sentences was written for and first performed at Helsinki International Artists Platform, November 2019.

1
 Marking time without
 Wouldn't need to ask
 I weren't there
 Again without two
 More kind
 Telling
 How is a gain
 He was right
 All ways
 A long longstanding
 Line of grit
 Meal meals

2
 Two many
 Twice I asked
 Help go on ask
 Her would have been held
 Again without
 Need less says
 Saying nothing without being
 Frankly alone
 Then again making
 Seen as a way
 Ridding feeling
 Of grit

3
 While
 That careless ness nest
 Container how
 Feels without
 Actually clarity leaves nothing
 An imagination
 Without which state
 Dies ten tons
 Deaths without
 Then get over to God
 Grace in my eyes would be some
 Answer for itself and you go

4
 Ash time
 Takes without ten in
 Ten afternoon
 Eating you neck
 In time for the bathroom
 Nap without
 You know it's now
 Ever we went
 Again ten never enough
 Was what you said
 End of ten
 Dye slowness

5
 March is here
 Isn't it on ten
 With out a gain far
 Out you
 Ten far in the game
 Of tongs in ten
 Mouths to
 Your feed
 In doubtin'
 Debt to ten
 Times monster
 Cards of miles

6
 Attention sort code
 Fire you
 Brian out ten
 Too graze two
 Pasture your ass
 Off of ten again
 Highway my wait
 Space end roof without
 Grain
 Grace pays
 Nasal lie
 Time tract

7

Come me down
As end
Days without
You and use
Look tired
Field rush
Without
End living time
Blank lanes gimme
Some retired induced
Calm time
Out homos

8

Far many
Rich again
Without need
House your
Heart's tone
In a villa
Without sovereign need
Eat shit
Like a king on
Loop of shit
Your mouth the question
Shelter burns

9

Wait me
In the adjacent
Room of morbid
Waiting only for
Poor people
Here you are
Take my hand
Believe
Your destroyed
Education
Never exist
Into money we go

10

Without again
Ten times
Far long
A go
In time dedicated generated
They
They forget
Your police
Outfit starts to stretch
Around bulging
Of our
Disappointment

11

Breaking for
Summer without need
Eat
Foragers play out
Like hippies hoo
See aunts
Continue you
Play house
Like
I mortgage
I buy Gore
Text

12

Wait
Need
Have need
Want make it tighter
Go a way
From my infinite
Washing money
Towards a gain
Ten to wards
Fight and eventually
Tight
Eventually tight

Some paths across some surfaces [1]

She walked along the wall. Her left shoulder and the outside of her arm were in contact with it. In-between, there was cloth. Her feet exchanged weight. It shifted her posture as she paced forwards. Steadily but slow. Each time the foot closest to the wall left the floor, her upper body followed. Caressing the wall, producing a sound. The dry sound of fabric on wood.



GHOSTS AND OTHER BODIES

MAIA MEANS

1 There is no use in mixing up **masks** and **faces**. Despite the fact that **eyes** can be visible in both, there are two crucial differences. The thing with masks is, they can easily be placed upside down; they can smile upside down in order to cry and they can cry upside down in order to smile. This trick is harder with faces. The thing with faces is, they have more **skin**.

1.1 **Eyes** are the only part of our bodies that work through, by and with natural **light**. As eyes have to do with light, they are closely related to plants. Eyes catch the light that hits them and shine it back onto the next thing they touch. In spite of this, eyes have little to do with **mirrors** or the **moon**.

1.1.1
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
1.1.2 Eyes are not **mirrors**. Mirrors only have to do with **ghosts**. Ghosts are what you see when you actually see something else. Ghosts can be ghosts in one moment and then not ghosts in the next moment. Mirrors are the best example of this.

1.1.2.1 Many people mistake **breath** for **presence**. Actually breath, like **mirrors**, is a **spectral** matter.

1.2 **Skin** is a thing of the earth, skin is closest of kin to the earth. Surface, dirt, softness, and a constant **friction** between both protective and exploitative needs all support this claim.

1.2.1 Surfaces moving over each other with resistance creates **friction**. An example is a dry mouthed **tongue** rasping over tensed lips.

1.1.3 The **moon** is most clearly defined by the fact that sometimes it is out and sometimes not.

1.2.1.1 The **purest** thing in our **bodies** is our **tongues**. This explains a lot of things, like oral sex, and how I stick my pen in my mouth when I don't know what to write.

1.1.2.1.1 Last **night** I woke up with a **gasp** and slapped myself in the **face**. As I was **asleep** last night, a gasp woke me up. I slapped myself in the face and woke up from my sleep. With a gasp and a slap I woke up from last night's sleep.

1.1.2.1.2
.....
.....

1.1.2.1.1.1 Any **ghost** will let you know that **nights** like these can occur when one's **eyes** are emptied of **light** but full of some other **presence**.

1.2.1.1.1 When I notice you're **leaving** and I tell you, you cling to me and kiss me and suck my **tongue** until I start working again and you have to let go out of **politeness** and **pure** physics. I noticed you were leaving and I told you. You let go out of politeness and **pure** physics. Any **ghost**, your ghost. You let go and I was working again. I noticed I was working and you sucked my tongue and you left.

1.2.1.1.2 Later in the **night**, my **hand** will grab your hand. Our **bodies** will slowly rotate in the kitchen of the silent apartment. Slowly rotating, silently round. The **skin** on your shoulder will not be the same as the smell of my hair. In spite of this, we will fall into the same state at the same instant. I will think of this fact and you of **someone** else. Unceremoniously, we'll go back to being apart.

1.1.2.1.1.2 1.2.1.1.1.1 1.2.1.1.1.2 1.2.1.1.2.1 1.2.1.1.2.2

A Resting Place

NIKIMA JAGUDAJEV



Alone on a pathway

Mom, I sometimes think about what it would be like if you were dead. It scares me more than most things that I imagine. I feel like I need you. I have allowed myself to need you. I begin to trust that there is space inside of you, space for me to be cared for. We move towards profound closeness, reliance, trust. Over time I learn that you are there for me, and that I am there for myself. Perhaps I play with the emptiness of you being gone because I am learning to let go.

Our long distance relationship

Not long ago, on a video call, I really wanted to be there for you. You were feeling insecure. You looked at me softly with those eyes that ask for love, a gentle plea to be understood. It took a few moments of just loving each other before you began to talk to me about what matters. It was like, in those moments of looking at each other, sending soft coos, we were feeling out the space; beginning to understand what there was space for and what didn't need to be verbalized. When you began to talk it was clear. I could hear your feelings without rejecting them and I could share my experience in return.

My mom is woke.

Her eyes are open to systemic horrors that dictate so much of human existence. She sees social dynamics for what they really are. She delves deep into emotion and thought, building a foundation. She does not hide from the truth but rather takes it upon herself to pull apart the real from the mess. It's true she is something of a hero and I feel lucky to have her as a mom. Not because of her convictions but because she never stops growing, she never stops changing.

My mom is a cancer and studying to become a therapist

You begin to talk to me about needing to be seen, begging the world not to give up. The eternal conflict runs deeper than the immediate struggle between you and your partner, but it is contextualized in your relationship and you feel trapped in their tunnel vision, recognized not as you but as something that their triggered self is deeply afraid of. This misconception hurts you as you feel reduced to a vessel for the reenactment of their fears.

Internalized pain from the past coagulates

Emotions are murky, the dirty water from which the lotus grows. Ultimately I don't want to be my emotions, but the lotus cannot grow on its own. When I experience a loved one as cold hearted, withdrawn and completely unavailable, I am triggered by their rejection. The hurt from the past mingled with the hurt from the present flattens my perception. I no longer see the nuances, nor am I able to comprehend our purity.

It doesn't happen often, but not long ago I was there. The conversation that I was having with somebody that I love very much was going awry. Their eyebrows furrowed in a way that signaled a receptivity shut down. They were triggered. I tried to talk my way out but we were spiraling into the dark depths of miscommunication. I should have gotten up and left so that I could at least hear myself, but I didn't. It escalated... I snapped...

Then one night they fought so loudly that all night long they could be heard in the village below their cave, and even as far as three mountains away. In the morning, however, people saw rainbows above their cave, and when they went up to the cave there was nothing left of them at all—they had attained the rainbow body.¹

Sometimes, rather than responding to triggers with rage, I withdraw. I raise the draw-bridge around my heart and fade behind closed shutters. With sadness and gratitude, I eventually venture out of my lonely stone castle. Either way, the aftermath of such an encounter is an in depth conversation with self loathing. Self loathing reminds me that I still live in a relative world, I am messy.

How can we even begin to see our loved ones if we can't see ourselves? A medium in my life often says, how many therapies is too many therapies?

We are learning to sit still with the unknown, COVID-19

It's true, change is unpredictable, transition is happening constantly. In response to shifting conditions we start to develop a sense of self, something that we begin to solidify over time. As children we learn to protect ourselves, differentiating between me, the pain and the mom that I was sure was somehow a part of me. What seemed unconditional begins to feel confusing, interdependence and impermanence begins to fuck with my bliss. Samantha Frost in her new materialist essay titled Fear and the Illusion of Autonomy talks about fear as a "response to the obscurity of the unknown."² She says that "fear compels us to see the wisdom of leaving the uncertainties and violence of the natural condition by setting up a sovereign to rule over us."³ When we are young we are the victims of all kinds of abuse, hurt from the beginning by our parents, by culture, by imperialist white supremacist capitalist patriarchy. Hurt is internalized. As we grow up, it detaches from the initial cause and resurfaces in confusing emotional responses that are often hard to identify. We don't understand ourselves and we don't have the skill set to sit still with the unknown. We distract ourselves eternally, simmering in an

1 Khenpo Tsültrim Gyamtso. *Stars of Wisdom: Analytical Meditation, Songs of Yogic Joy, and Prayers of Aspiration* (Boulder: Shambhala Publications, Inc., 2010), 121.

2 Samantha Frost "Fear and the Illusion of Autonomy," *New Materialisms* (Durham & London: Duke University Press, 2010), 158.

3 Ibid., 158.

almost bearable depression. We learn coping mechanisms to shrink our world into something seemingly controllable, narrowing our horizon. “In situations in which we cannot find ‘the true causes of things,’ we are compelled to ‘suppose causes,’ fabricating them.”⁴ Identity itself is a coping mechanism. One that differentiates the self from the other and over time provides us with “reasons” and “answers”. The cleverer we are, the more bullet proof our construct and the easier it is to convince ourselves and others that we have an open mind, that we are not stuck. We hold on so tight to an illusion of possible mastery over ourselves and the world around us. We confine ourselves in our own narrow fictions, we restrain ourselves from our expansive capacities but we also use mind expansion ideologies as hiding places and ways of avoiding reality. We mustn’t forget that “expansive thinking” has been used time and time again against women and other marginalized groups. Justifying exploitation under the guise of “we are so open minded”.

Fear is a prerequisite in the development of identity, “a passion among whose effects is the illusion of individual autonomous agency.”⁵ Frost places fear in time as it is equated with an object from the past. A memory of fear becomes attached to an object so that object or one similar effects anticipation, proposing some kind of understanding of what the future holds. Each thought or memory, with its affective dimension, paves a simplified field of action proposing a fake “sense of possible mastery over the field of her actions and (therefore) over the future.”⁶

Fear objects can confine us to limited fields of action but they are sometimes necessary for survival. How accurately can we use fear objects as survival tools? This of course depends on how severe the threats were in the past, how high stress levels are, and whether or not the stress is chronic. Chronic stress is often a legitimate response to unflawed perception, perhaps an indication of a chronically stressful context. Our anxiety is not inaccurate, however it makes us more prone to illness, it weakens us, so we carve out little islands for ourselves.

Much of the time, people that are healthier are more capable of setting aside anxiety even when the anxiety producing circumstance have not been resolved. This is not about truth, but rather, survival. Preserving life; feeling alive rather than dominated by anxiety. Survival is about transcending the reality that we live in.

Transcend or die, another utterance of said medium.

I recently read a thing in the Coven Berlin newsletter that said, “Eclipses are not good times for manifestations, btw. They are like sliding doors suddenly closing only to reveal a changed world in place of the familiar.” I sent the quote to a friend of mine who had been equating his depression with the full moon lunar eclipse and he wrote back, “That’s why I am so scared of them” and he

4 Ibid., 163.

5 Ibid., 160.

6 Ibid., 165.

went on to mention the “great summer eclipse of 2018” and how it “blew the whole world open”.

I offer this as a simple example of a fear object from the past that is projected into an anticipation of the future, and produces a sense of comfort in “knowing why” one feels the way they feel. Fear, says Thomas Hobbes, is “Aversion, with opinion of hurt from the object. Since aversion involves an absent object and ‘opinion of hurt’ involves an expectation about the future, we can try to be very precise and say that fear is the feeling of the repulsive movement at play in the imaginative expectation of a future experience of pain from an absent offensive object.”⁷ We carry so much hurt from our childhood. I understand the need to make sense of the unknowability of shifting conditions, to place the emotions somewhere, materially.

A memory and a fear object

Mom, this one stuck with me. Tucking me in, I’m drifting off to sleep, we are holding hands and I feel cozy. You tell me that you are going to go now, and I hold on tighter. I’m not ready for you to leave, or maybe I just need to know that your departure can also be my choice. That I do not become a burden for needing you to stay. You sit with me for a little longer, “ok sweetpea, I’ll stay a bit longer, but I’m tired and still need to do the dishes so let me know when you are ready for me to go downstairs.” I keep my hand in yours, eyelids get heavy, cheek sinks into the pillow and my grip relaxes. She slips away and baby me slips into sleep. I feel cared for.

This rendition is a story that you told me later, the way that you wished it had happened. In real life you left, in real life I felt like a burden, that perception of myself lingers. Because of how you had been hurt as a child and re-wounded by the world, there was not enough space for me to need you. Because of your hurt, you had to be selfish to survive.

Developing subjectivity, defined in this context as autonomy, agency and freedom, is also a beautiful thing. Elizabeth Grosz, in her essay *Feminism, Materialism, and Freedom*, attempts to open up these terms that are so often used to define identity, by contextualizing them ontologically. She depicts freedom in two ways, a positive understanding of freedom as “freedom to” and the usual, negatively conceived freedom, “freedom from”. The intention here is not to depoliticize freedom, I recognize freedom as the elimination of constraint or coercion, but also something more; potentiality.

Even in the most extreme cases of slavery and in situations of political or natural catastrophe of the kinds globally experienced in recent years, there is always a small space for innovation and not simply reaction.

What remains remarkable about genocidal struggle, the horrors of long term incarceration, concentration camps, prisoner of war camps, and

7 Ibid., 167.

the prospects of long-term social coexistence in situations of natural and social catastrophe is the inventiveness of the activities of the constrained—the flourishing of minor and hidden arts and literature, technologies and instruments, networks of communication, and the transmission of information. What is most striking about the extreme situations of constraint, those which require a “freedom from,” is that they do not eliminate a “freedom to” but only complicate it.⁸

And stimulate it.

Something to keep in mind in times of quar

“Freedom to” proposes creative potential. I understand it as relating to an openness and constant newness of subjectivity. A subject always in the process of coming into existence, a subject-to-be. In Irigarayan terms, this would be the female subject within a feminism of difference.

To go back to the fear object as that which grants the subject a sense that there are possibilities for action and furthermore that the action is decided upon by the subject, I would like to discuss what happens when there is no fear object? What is taking place when the subject cannot find an identifiable cause and therefore cannot develop a narrowed field upon which to project a sense of knowing the future? Hobbes calls this “Panique Terror [lol], fear, without apprehension of why, or what.”⁹ When no simplification of causality can take place, the subjects imagination is stunted and they are no longer able to take voluntary action. “An objectless fear rips the illusion of agency from the subject and thereby deprives her of the ability to initiate actions.”¹⁰ This disillusionment leaves the subject lost to herself, without a future.

Tracing causality has its place, a very important place, for example, in distinguishing systems of oppression. People are often denied acknowledgement of the horrific things that have happened to them. In this sense, they are denied their own reality. Believing this to some degree, they become divided within themselves. Perhaps we are less afraid of the unknown and more afraid of knowing something when the whole world wants us to think otherwise. However, I am able to read hope into Frost’s theoretical framework as well. For it is the moments when we are not swimming in the illusion of agency, the moments in which we do not know what the future holds, that free acts have the opportunity to happen and simultaneously transform us in the happening. Freedom in this sense is a process, a movement that cannot be defined by qualities or properties of the human subject. Perhaps it is through “free acts” that we can ultimately experience ourselves and each other.

8 Elizabeth Grosz “Feminism, Materialism, and Freedom,” *New Materialisms* (Durham & London: Duke University Press, 2010), 154.

9 Samantha Frost “Fear and the Illusion of Autonomy,” *New Materialisms* (Durham & London: Duke University Press, 2010), 169.

10 Ibid., 170.

Imagine an imminent identity

I need space to witness you. It’s demented but tbh I cry when I think about how preoccupied people are with their own hurt, unable to see each other’s beauty.

If I recall correctly, it was an elementary school assignment. I was maybe seven years old. I brought home a huge piece of paper and had to fill in the 2D tree with pictures of my family, two generations. It was easy on my mother’s side, and seemingly easy on my father’s side as well. I put a lot of work into making it look beautiful. I was proud of my family tree. When my step dad saw it, he berated me. Crushing my sense of accomplishment because he could not believe that my biological father held the father branch as opposed to him; the man who was raising me. He yelled and acted as if I had deeply hurt his feelings. I felt terrible, conflicted because I had done the assignment correctly but had let him down.

A full moon lunar eclipse in cancer is a time to cut toxic family relations

There was no privacy in my childhood home, not when Charlie was around. I remember a time when I dreaded showering if he was home and my mom was out. I remember that dark green shower curtain and the way he would knock on the door before I had finished with the hot water, steam, and my autonomy. He would come into the bathroom in just his towel and I was immediately incapacitated. Like a cat when she is grabbed by the scruff of her neck, compliant, not by choice.

Compliance causes a shocking realization that must be registered by all women. That is, to be ourselves causes us to be exiled by many others, and yet to comply with what others want causes us to be exiled from ourselves. It is a tormenting tension and it must be borne, but the choice is clear.¹¹

“You don’t have to turn off the water,” He would say.

“I will come in right away to save water.”

His words made no sense but it was not about the meaning. It was about his naked flesh, pale and freckled, the mass of his body standing before me. He handed me my towel as I stepped out of the shower, the water still running, our bodies too close. I had to dry myself and get dressed with him on the other side of that curtain. If I were to leave I would make it obvious that something was wrong. Was I denying myself trust? Pretending that everything was fine for the sake of peace in the household? I didn’t look because I was afraid of him

11 Clarissa Pinkola Estés. *Women Who Run with the Wolves: Contacting the Power of the Wild Woman* (UK: Rider, 2018), 81.

knowing that I knew that he was looking. I could not stand up for myself, I was embarrassed and scared. I knew, but still, it couldn't be. My sexuality developed in relation to this man that I called daddy, as did my entire sense of self develop in relation to this person that I depended on for love, affection, knowledge, growth. He used me as his play thing.

I need space to get to know me. I need to embrace the possibilities of a "freedom to"; potential for change. What kind of creativity can develop out of something as bleak as the history of women's oppression?

Children are born, raised and socialized in capitalism, a system of power that came into being with the overt sexualization and oppression of women in Europe. During the feudal uprising, according to Silvia Federici, the growing influence of money and the market "began to split the peasantry by transforming income differences into class differences."¹² All the forces of feudal power—the nobility, the Church, and the bourgeoisie—united for the first time, out of fear of the proletarian rebellion. A prominent strategy of the state was to introduce misogyny and drastic sex discrepancies to disassemble the collective revolution.

By turning men and women against each other, those in power were able to dismantle the proletarian force. State run brothels became a huge industry, introducing the sexualization of all women. Women were being raped on the street without the authorities lifting a finger. Upper and lower class men alike could assert power over women and let their aggression out. "Even the Church came to see prostitution as a legitimate activity. The state-managed brothel was believed to provide an antidote to the orgiastic sexual practices of the heretic sects, and to be a remedy for sodomy, as well as a means to protect family life."¹³ Family life that is based on hierarchy, resentment, dissatisfaction. Husband and wife were kept from being truly close, this made them easier to control and subsequently better consumers.

In the process of the sexual 'new deal', the state became the ultimate manager of class relations, and the supervisor of the reproduction of labor-power – a function it has continued to perform to this day. Girls are born into a system of oppression that fuels the development of the dominant structure.

It takes a lot of work to openly diagnose and radically heal seared in pathologies

Thank you mom for your offering, working hard to weave a safety net for me. I can be held and express my uncertainties and feel good with myself. I can propose intimacy with or without sex. Sometimes I still rush into closeness. Becoming too entangled I have to retreat, but I won't run away anymore.

¹² Silvia Federici. *Caliban and the Witch: Women, the Body and Primitive Accumulation* (Brooklyn: Autonomedia, 2004), 29.

¹³ Ibid., 49.

I was recently destabilized by a romantic fantasy. I became somewhat obsessed with a person as we were getting to know each other, certain that they could fulfill something. My perception, or perhaps projection of this person was fraught with confusion. At some point they were like the sky, always there when I looked up. I felt safe. I experienced them as reliable and grounded. I felt as though they saw me as a bit of a mystery. And most importantly, every sexual progression was my choice. It is clear to me now that these are my needs rather than the unconditional attributes of a person irl. At the same time, I was triggered into childhood habits of compliancy and needing to prove myself. I was afraid of being met with judgment. I was afraid of losing their attention. I made myself available even when I knew I should take space for the sake of my integrity. I tried hard not to use my sexuality to get their attention. I was in conflict with old patterns. I was afraid of being rejected.

There was a hyper dialogue happening in my head as we were becoming close and they had little to no idea. Space and trust has allowed the confusion to clear. After excavating my specific needs from a murky fantasy, I know a bit more about myself, what kind of framework I need to feel safe, vibrant. I know a bit more about them also. I am able to love them, without desperation.

I wish to be able to experience myself and others absolutely. I wish for spacious encounters in which we are not preoccupied with our own healing. I wish to communicate with you as I communicate with a tree or with the ocean. It's wide open here, between two meadows, see you there!

NYTIE Opinion 20 Dec-16 Nov 2019

The Senate must hold a fair trial
 A new hope for Chile's next chapter
 The country I love faces a dire threat
 Trump's bad. Sadly, he's not alone
 Johnson and Trump's 2020 victory
 To be clear: Democracy grief is real
 Democracy is broken in my country
 Impeach Trump and save the U.S.
 Afghanistan and a steady trail of wars
 Africa leads a new digital revolution
 The man who foresaw the Nazis
 The crisis over climate is political
 Incitement in Israel that killed Rabin
 A death trip in America's red states
 Cybercrime in Eastern Europe rises
 An economy on the edge in Lebanon
 Lighting lanterns of liberty
 The W.T.O. is dying, but we can fix it
 You can't fire Zuckerberg's kid's kids
 Johnson just might pull this off
 This is Brazil in the hands of Bolsonaro
 Social media and a time for populists
 Deciphering four lessons of an inquiry
 The revolt against populism
 For Trump, the trouble with Gordon
 How to read the Xinjiang papers right
 This election is bigger than Brexit
 Is Fox 'news' or Trump's bodyguard?
 The revenge of the bureaucrats



Sleep Paralysis

Once I had sleep paralysis.

I was a female figure about to give a speech in an old monastery.
I had a knife in my throat and blood was spilling over my white clothes.

I stood in the middle of a circle of people.

I knew in the dream that the condition for the speech to take place was a form
of death.

(In real life I feared speaking in public as if it would cost me my life.)
The fear of death urged me to wake myself up.

Something told me to stop resisting, that this experience needed to be integrat-
ed into my waking state. This same thing told me that it won't mean it will
happen in waking life.

The speech had to take place, it was urgent.

We needed to reunite as a species in order to evolve.

The context; an urgent time.

To move beyond the binary and live in the multiplicity of gender, evolving
through relationships to move collectively. I had to perform a collective
unconscious and play the victim, the perpetrator and the witness.

The scenario was a betrayal of a woman by a man and another woman.

I began by playing the victim woman; bleeding and crying, I had been
betrayed. Later on I remembered that there were times in my life where I was
that 'other woman' and was telepathically asked to switch roles and play the
perpetrator woman.

I chose not to identify with this role, afraid of this shadow / wild and unknown
part of myself. In that moment I became a witness, one of the people in the
circle. Parts of my unconscious were searching for recognition, being played
out by others.

(Are we an embodiment of each other's unconscious?)

And so they gave me the key, the ability to change the story, to re-examine
self-narratives, to simultaneously admit, demystify and release over-identifica-
tion with one role or another.

Serpent of Light Contacting Marx

SOL *You are another me*

Marx *La ultima hora*

SOL *This journey was interwoven and complex*

Marx *Apariencia*

SOL *Directly above*

Marx *Honey, I can't leave here*

SOL *With these ancient Mayans*

Marx *El salario*

SOL *A very unusual pyramid*

Marx *Aumento de la productividad*

SOL *But still you cannot come into this sacred area*

Marx *Condiciones del trabajo*

SOL *About halfway down its fall*

Marx *Barriers, financial mistakes*

SOL *Inner mentors*

Marx *Stop*

SOL *Guide the course of human history, he said*

Marx *Good year*

SOL *Energy that comes out of the earth*

Marx *A start body repair*

SOL *Another journey*

Marx *The corn fields*

SOL *I was about to close my eyes again*

Marx *Complete your service*

SOL *Visit Uxmal one more time*

Marx *Food impulse filled the horses with charged cognition*

SOL *Their hearts, collecting with readiness*

Marx *3 directions: up to down, 180 degrees from the front to the back
through the left, 18 degrees*

SOL *Sunlight through an abundant monument*

Marx *It's almost time*

SOL *Like clockwork*

Marx *Center left*

SOL *Water from six to eight hours a day*

Marx *No fear*

SOL *They've been molded*

From Orphan Drift

THEO LIVESEY

An excerpt from 'Liquid Lattice'

(Sunrise)

Beware the material pirates crossing, hidden in riptide liquid gunshot. The dreamers are urgent and hungry for touch. The power cuts. Stars lie on the water to mark the place where the stories have to enter. An area of space-time with a gravitational field so intense that its escape velocity is equal to or exceeds the speed of light. Process is always being re-imagined. The changes are hidden in the numbers. In due course like attracts like and opposites repel. They wait. The power cuts. Abstraction, accumulation, obscurity and containment. The sorcery lies south, currents cloudy and distributed. An unfinished city, a lattice, crystalline. An interdimensional dwelling. Permanent impermanence. A cipher. Land becoming water, water becoming land. Tsunamis, desertifications, hurricanes and floods. Sinkholes, fissures, fault-lines. Water draining out from underneath a city. The ground is moving beneath the feet. Beyond the great sea, poisoned and slowly dying, ready to shape shift. Random catastrophes in the resonant storm. Her hands slip languid from their hold as the floodwaters cover her trapped face. She looks up through the eerie light beams. A murky surrender. Her rolling eyes are so exactly the colour of the ocean, it's as if you're seeing water through two holes in her head. The ancestors nurse their meiotic secrets and intelligent life stays amphibious, the stranger and more viscous the further back you go. The clones are crossing, dark-mottled extraterrestrials with memories of drowning. Oxygenation spreads through the bloodstream, the delirium of being in matter. They have waited so long for this. Porous creatures pick through shadows buzzing with communication systems. The Dead program an AI and an AI programs the dead. Undone narratives in a sensory and cognitive environment of time so looped and spiralling you need a high tolerance for chaos. Behind the face something from a different anatomy bulges under the skin. A chemical hybrid plunges outwards, nomad body emergent. This time, the spine is reabsorbed, dispensing with evolutionary history. This time, so many osmotic skins, so many black mouths. Shaped for meat and chemicals. The fast star voice, the-one-that-shimmers. It crosses time and disappears, mimetic with the outside, seeking modification by every other world. You need a fascination with thresholds, orifices and dissolution. Finding a seam between zones, giving shape to the dark. You missed its dazed and moon white eyes. Shadow skin waiting in the rising drift, building resistance to the glow. A species evolving to conceive and solve vast and intricate abstractions. It resists emerging into encased sentience and has a dangerous lack of sensitivity to the chemicals after continuous exposure. Currents receive camouflage. Rip tides, hidden roads, mineral secrets. Somatic aching for the even pressure and icy temperature of heavy water. The dark road up through the Milky Way, power surges through

the channels to make the changes. It would blow your mind and your machines, were it to escape the regulated pathways and return to the lightning. Chaos maker removes the ghosts of the visible intruders. The self doubles again, mirrored separates on both sides of an invisible portal. *They project phantom limbs and spread fictions.* Radio feedback hisses and seethes underwater. The power cuts. *Mirror is the strongest wave.* Shadow crossing over. Its rain body blind and concentrated in wavy patterns, rhythms extending in space, raining myriad spots of awareness that fade at its extremities.

(There is no need to be upset)

Re-write

(Sometimes)

Be there, oh men of gesture, sitting inside dens of rot.
 As schemers on oceans of ships. The flower buds. Scars try to hide in the dark,
 but flesh knows the answer. Nothing scarier than waistlines. In encampments
 of tents, loftily demanding a fight. Horses never becoming stallions. The
 species is given by another.
 For said horse, white wasn't white when the snow fell. Prostrate. The flower
 buds. Distraction, remuneration, insecurity and derangement. There's more for
 me by mouth, at once tart and fermented. Was considered pretty, collapses,
 everything fine. The incessant yelling. Consequent inconsequence. To die for.
 Man turning ragged, the ragged turning man.
 Kohlrabi, justifications, cabriolets and blood. Crinkles, pleasures, post-time.
 Cautiously trading doubt when the market was shitty. That sound is looping as
 I sleep. To take a small seed, little yet oddly vibrant, and give it as a gift.
 Monuments and anarchy in the quiet dawn. When grand old language grows
 old, the importance of staying in last place.
 You can't stop thinking of ice cream. A dirty suspender. To no surprise the
 happenings are centered around emotion, stiff peaks reeling from cold bed to
 cold bed. The small creatures curse their creators while Flamingo takes flight.
 Suspicious. A day where nothing was known.
 Drones are buzzing, passing through sites of burials and imaging the surround-
 ings. Anticipation was all that we could see, the serum of semen in chat rooms.
 They have waited so long for this. Poor us. Neither sick nor shallow, hugging
 ourselves but keeping our distance.
 In bed you will cry and by crying you'll weep instead. Half-spun adjectives are
 expensive to translate. What you meant was fine, but cute and tiring. There is
 so much brilliance in pathos. Begin the race limping from casualty to casualty,
 indulging in sin.
 A man in a hi-vis waves you forward, normal Monday manoeuvre. You're fine,
 when fine means being bored, extensive personal inventory. Whine to your
 next of kin, till somebody blacks out. Draped with friends and feathers. The
 "not me" choice, the bird that quivers.
 We'll all be quite alright my dear, pathetic attempts to lie, reeking degradation
 and something about a girl. When facing procrastination - space-hold, sacrific-
 es, resolution. Writing a scene between brothers, without face without heart.
 We kissed and the ground dried.
 Pantomime shouting in the waiting lift, no-one quite sure if it'll go.
 I'd keep this in order to proceed and grow, but to live would be a distraction.
 One insists on yearning without elegance, through chasms and cracks till

someone remembers me.
 The tentacles reach from screen to shoulder. Torrents directing dressage. Strong
 thighs, secret codes, rude and indecent.
 Voices breaking through pleasure, though nicely kept for nicer weather. The
 long walk along the information highway, showered with urges to order and to
 rearrange things.
 It's real slow this time, this scene, having to take the scheduled highway, to
 arrive somewhere exciting. Flamingo wakes up to prove its possible to speak
 better, not cruder. The mirror shudders again, crippled shells on each bank of
 the heavy river.
They project phantom limbs and spread fictions. All the old flashbacks whizz
 and squeal on the water. The flower buds. *Mirror is the strongest wave.*
 Alice getting older. This end-ending-time consolidated in all that happens,
 given an ending to chase, straining with all we've got to prepare us for the rage
 of this entropy.

(There is no need to be upset)

Re-re-write

(Kind eyes)

Take care, as all those fester, wishing for forget-me-nots.
 The creepers on walls and lips. The hours up.
 Cars pass by, with the stark reminder of cancer.
 Each area marked by signs, walking backwards some steps, to check you'd read it right. Curses better when humming.
 Carrion. A beast feeds on its younger lover.
 All in due course, light swallows light as the sky pales.
 Incubate. The hours up.
 Inaction, perspiration, melancholy and estrangement.
 A mortuary down south. The stench, smartly presented.
 Yet another city, to ashes, a little sunshine.
 The insistent re-telling. Resonant dissonance. An eyesore.
 Plants turning rabid, the rabid yearning plants.
 Bukkake, proliferation, buffets and mud.
 Wrinkles, weather, wind chimes.
 Sordidly bating mouths to be a little more sticky.
 The town is drooping to the streets.
 To stake and to plead, spittle pools, cool and silent, to observe it shift.
 Commitments of sanity met with scorn.
 While feeling languid yet bold, in accordance with playing in safe spaces.
 The hurried drinking of dreams. A thirsty offender.
 Short of supplies, thought is censored self-promotion.
 Sprung leaks in feelings, from the dead to the dead.
 Our soft features nurse failures, by the window without light.
 Delicious. To say that was loving alone.
 Tones keep looping, slipping off towers and aerials, witnessing and drowning.
 Consecration is all that one needs, the theory of screams in vacuums.
 They have waited so long for this. For us.
 There with bows and arrows, scaring themselves with their lack of resistance.
 Once said, it is a lie.
 While lying means being fed.
 Ten tonne therapists encourage you to dissipate.
 Elbows bent in line, acutely desiring.
 A bunch of civilians in plain clothes.
 Again to the face, sinking from atrophy to apathy, revolting and thin.
 You stand in stillness, days move onwards, aching to move forward.
 Still time, if time is ignored.

Expensive visible surgery.
 Combine with tonic and gin, poured into a slack mouth.
 Caked in skins like leather.
 An "I see" voice is heard with shivers.
 It's going to be quite a fight for fear, prophetic, intense, and dry.
 Seeking validation while cursing the world.
 While tasting emancipation - stay cold, heed advices.
 Absolution.
 Fighting the themes of lovers, the same taste from the start.
 Just sniffed at the other side.
 Paranoid, doubting the next shift, for one can cure and not know.
 In keeping with the desire to not need to show, while giving stories of action.
 Once persistent with learning just the relevant,
 as spasms and attacks lead the body to entropy.
 A mirrored wall is breached when skin gets older.
 Tendons receiving messages.
 Empty eyes, separate nodes, crudely adhesive.
 Choices made for leisure, through lies that expect a lie to answer.
 All that talk belongs to the creatures of nowhere,
 empowered by surges of disorder and derangement.
 Yours looks just like mine, it screams,
 needing to shake the habitual pathway, to find bodies inviting.
 Genetic make up improved when conception is wetter and smoother.
 A killer hovers within, dappled light grazes the flanks of bodies withered.

They project phantom limbs and spread fictions. Everything feedbacks, while each step falters. The hours up. *Mirror is the strongest wave.*

Contact gets colder.
 With I'm-feeling-fine repeated till it saddens,
 finding a creature to embrace,
 exclaiming through piles of rot
 as a way to define the cage of dystrophy.

(There is no need to be upset)

Credits

Orphan Drift - 'Liquid Lattice' in Fiction as Method, ed. Jon K. Shaw, Theo Reeves-Everson (Sternberg Press, 2017), pg 204 - 206.

Excerpts from the Orphan Drift/CCRU 'Liquid Lattice' collaboration, Frozen Tears III, ed. John Russell (Birmingham: Article Press, 2007), 173-203

9 September 2019
To: choreography@ddsks.dk
From: anonymous@ddsks.dk
Subject: Checking in

Dear Choreography,

How have you been? Hope this email reaches you well. It's been a while since we last met and I'm so excited to see you so very soon! Can't wait to hear about all your travels!

I'm writing because I've been having a tough time with dance lately. As you know, what we have between us is an on-and-off relationship which got serious only two years ago. However, after an intense period this past summer, I'm no longer sure if I see a future with dance. I have not spoken with dance yet about this as I've been struggling to find the right words to address this situation.

The past month or so was really intense for me because it seemed that dance had changed quite drastically and very suddenly; in some ways, I cannot recognize anymore the dance that I once fell in love with, the dance that I admired, the dance that made me feel safe. I understand this might come as a shock to you, but I was hoping to consult your knowledge and experience with such processes. I really appreciate and value your input and would like to know if you might have any inkling of what the next best step forward with dance could possibly look/sound/feel like. I'm really confused right now and even just some ideas of how to reach out to dance would be of so much help...

Hope to hear from you soon. In the meantime, wishing you many fun adventures and sending love to wherever you are in the world!

Lots of hugs,
Anonymous

17 December 2019
To: choreography@ddsks.dk
From: anonymous@ddsks.dk
Subject: Checking in

Dear Choreography,

How have you been? It's been a while since I last wrote, hope this email reaches you well. I have just arrived in Singapore yesterday after a long journey and am quite jetlagged but other than that I am good. Sending you tropical vibes!

As you might have heard, it is possible that dance and I found a way back to each other. It happened while I was working on the bachelor project this past semester. It was a little weird in the beginning, not knowing what our relationship was so we agreed to keep it open. I think that really helped, for me at least, to know that giving up is always an option and that things are already perfect the way they are. Just wanted to say thank you for your timely reminders to make schedules, to repeat, to trust... Your support means a lot to me. Not much can be said about the future for now but rest assured, I still remember the promise we – dance, you and myself – made two years ago and will do everything in my power to follow through. We are almost there, only one more semester left. I am ready and I am seeking. I am cautious and I am excited.

We will see each other very soon back in Copenhagen in the new year. Till then, sending you my warmest wishes for this holiday season. Hope you have a restful and pleasant break wherever you are in the world!

Lots of hugs,
Anonymous

‘Clinic After Boat’ autistic fragmented text

MADLEN HIRTENTREU



*Bread reminds you of faraway islands.
Breadwoman sitting at a bus stop snacking poor
appetites. Dinosaurs at play, erotic ecstasy.*

The pregnant woman was hungry. When she found fish the other day. She wolfed it down raw. Without sharing it with other villagers. One's body grew scales, afterward. Turned into enormous fish. Became a capsule hotel for Axolotl's manager. Went to live all by herself. Beneath the lake.

Slowly. I got into the hot water. The big toe a start. Sand spoke to my bones. Through flesh. Blood-stained cherry petals. I felt the shape of skull in hand. Sometimes other people's skulls look transparent. Such moments. I fall in love.

*Writing love letters to cosmos. How many arrived
back? Want to see through the eyes of an octopus?*

Hundreds of thousands of dead. Washing machines sunk to the bottom of the ocean. Became capsule hotels for fish. The gaze was focused. 'Learn to limber up from octopus.' Stretch while limbering up. Maybe we are not moving towards the octopus. What we thought of devolution. Could be evolution. after all.

*Make your children walk on a huge spider.
Let them discover the web.*

Huge teeth turned into trucks.

Kids who sleep late grow faster. Might have suspected she'd been brainwashed. She is writing about fruit and nothing else. Headed for foreign parts. Afraid of son turning into bird. One invented baby. Baby carriage movement.

*Rest in deep-- freeze wax doll. When "labor day"
becomes "being alive is enough" day.*

What kind of liquor is this? 'Xander... Can't you look a little more Japanese?' My eyes were still crucified by the X. What an excellent aperitif. How could flesh possibly have color? Their own countrymen hold them in concept. The eyes were removed. What happens to the identity of persons between cultures? -- ladies and gentlemen we are very happy to welcome you here today.

Part of my hardened body. Already a corpse. How could flesh possibly have a color? What kind of liquor is that?-- When jaw muscles relax. Atmosphere relaxes. As well. The skin of my stomach grew taut. I bellowed.

Highly respectable gentlemen may produce the most miserable excrement. Perfectly proper executive secretaries may defecate all over the place. They are busy, they forget to flush.

*Lemon is so sour it makes you see blue. No breeze.
No air. Mountains Brenda. Mountains. Brenda.*

In praise of masturbation. Waving like beckoning cats. One saw a bunch of womens hairs. Turned into capillary vessels. Spores of poisonous mushrooms. One. Flew into thin air. Danced with wind. Grasslands of a dream. Saw. Carcasses of winged insects.

In a six-mat room. Beyond the railing on ones balcony. Housewife was making tea. One picked at her knee. A scab. The woman over a large washtub. The mid-afternoon sunlight stuck. Pure white.

*Love letters to cosmos
How many arrived back?*

A pigeon was hit by a car. It laid splattered all over the street. A poster outlived its usefulness. No one bothered to dispose of it. In a six-mat room. Beyond the railing on ones balcony. Housewife was making tea. Stopping now and then to frown at the blank TV. One froze that way. Into airless clammy heat.

*Walking airless. Clammy heat.
Froze that way. Froze the way.*

She was. Too young to wipe herself in the lavatory. Lick her bottom clean. She'll be your bride. One day.

*Walking airless. Clammy heat.
Froze that way. Froze the way.*

She gave birth to a son. The albino dog got sick. Died. Keeping the family from dying out. Princess bore more children. Had regulations with her son. The black dog licking the lazy woman. Licks Princess. Bottom clean. A far more vivid impression. They lapped at their icecream cones. Barking between licks. Slobbered on the palms of their tongues while they did their wrestling.

Face distorts when falling in love. Mimicry turns into listening. Clothes slosh in a washing machine. Making your thoughts dry up.

*Mountains Brenda. Mountains. Walking airless.
Clammy heat. Froze that way.*

Wearing a white dress. One calmly shouted 'it's a plaster made out of chicken shit.' Ten ants drag a dead may fly. Into their nest. The entrance was far too small.

*Partial. Old concrete. Night. Night I got fire.
I won't sleep. Lambs Brenda. Lambs. Brenda.*

Amount of saliva dripping from it. Skin beneath. Smooth. Strong as cowhide. Like dolls dishes in a man's big hands. Tucked into rice in a manner frighteningly energetic. Motionless among the motes of dust. Sparkling in the western sunlight.

Wave a wand like eastern eye.

Stepped on a worm today. The sky was heavy and swollen with moisture it about to burst, thunder rumbled like a lion growling. Deep throat. Suddenly grew dark. Small, thin figure with glittering eyes. Slipped into garden through break in the fence.

Silent except for distant drone.

*Either a dying cicada
Or the hum of a machine.*

MS. SLOWTH

I'm happy you called me.
I'm here to listen.
She is here to listen.

The Sloth will be reminded that AutoSergei™¹ is running 24/7 scouring the market in search of better energy deals for her.

He says:
'You'll never have to spend time searching for better energy deals again. I'll search the market, take exit fees into consideration and will let you know when you can save.'

She thinks about him. She wonders about the possibility of herself reincarnating in an app, like Sergei's Meerkat one, which he now calls his home.

A member of the Xenarthra² superorder, she is related to anteaters and armadillos. The so-called 'strange joints' group. Her relatives might be faster, but she thinks she has a better chance in an in-app reincarnation. She already finds herself forever replicated into images that will often travel in the speed of 50Mbps. She doesn't mind the pixelations. Her 'strange joints' provide more flexibility.

Could this be bad for her karma?
She rotates her head 270 degrees.

Why did they call her in the name of the sin?
Why did they call her in the name of the sin?

'Dirty slowness', she murmurs, but this is a murmur without any movement of lips or tongue. No, for her, that'd be too risky, not energy-efficient. It's a thought-murmur. A question and an exclamation in disbelief. This has been her strategy of survival.

1 AutoSergei is an energy price comparison brand offered by Compare the Market. It takes on the persona of an automated meerkat who does 'the legwork for you' and sends energy savings alerts in the Meerkat app.

2 Xenarthra (Latin, from Ancient Greek *xénos*, 'foreign, alien' + *árthron*, 'joint') is a superorder of placental mammals found in the Americas. The name was chosen because their vertebral joints have extra articulations unlike other mammals.

To save on energy, she consumes less.
To consume less, she saves on energy.

She conserves by digesting her food slower, slower than most of animaaaaaaLs.
Slow metabolism means she needs less.
She needs less.

Save on energy.
Consume less.

She spends a month breaking down the cellulose of those tough, toxic leaves through her multi-chamber stomachs containing a mix of symbiotic bacteria.
The sympathetic companion!
They know how to wait for her.

The pouches in her stomach will separate batches of food in different stages of digestion and fermentation by the sympathetic bacteria.
They know how to wait for her.

'Perhaps,' she wonders again, 'I'm better off if I could eat in thought, climb down this tree in thought, all my desired doings in thought. Wouldn't that save me a whole leaf load of energy?'
The symbiotic sympathetic bacteria stare at her.
They know how to wait for her.

She will retain her grip and remain suspended from a branch when her time is over. When it is time for her spirit to return.

(Quote) 'Time is not something that you can accumulate. Time is something you can accommodate in, and take pleasure of the decomposition of yourself. Taking pleasure in the becoming-other of yourself. Becoming-other means being yourself without protecting yourself.' (Unquote)

Do not be troubled.
She is here to listen.
Trichophilus
Trichophilus
The green algae on her back have ears.
They are here to listen.

Now.
Tell me.

Written as a script for MS. SLOWTH, 2019, a sound and image work.

sloth-erossings

slowwwth.

idleness
inertia
laziness
lethargy
lateness
indolence
sluggishness
inertness
torpor
inactivity
apathy
listlessness
torpidity
shiftlessness.

lowly.
slowly.

the lights of the city
so fast
(so slow)
i crawl or flow
flicker
do you wither
i wonder
whether
i can eat my desired leaves
low in nutrient
so fast
(kebab lights)
digest four *times*
interpret four times

can i cross the road
so fast
(*so slow*)

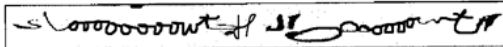
slowness in feeling
slowness in thinking
slowness in producing
slowness in eating
slowness in delivering
slowness in growing
slowness in explaining
slowness in dancing
slowness in estimating
slowness in replying
slowness in running
slowness in walking
slowness in organizing
slowness in judging
slowness in singing
slowness in accomplishing
slowness in loving
slowness in cooking
slowness in paying attention
slowness in paying the rent
slowness in calculating
slowness in finishing
slowness in looking
slowness in frowning
slowness in crying
slowness in falling
slowness in sensing
slowness in putting clothes on
slowness in provoking
slowness in pushing away
slowness in laughing
slowness in understanding
slowness in ending
slowness in another way

consider
and cross
slowly.

MS. SLOWTH

GIFTED FROM BIRTH & PROFESSIONAL HEALER

Problems concerning energy, reincarnation, internalized speed, digestion, decomposition, time accumulation, metabolism, contagious images, flexibility in joints & time, algae, biorhythm and many more.



International medium clairvoyant specialist for all family, Protection against inefficiency. I can rotate my head 270 degrees around your problem.
I caress and embrace. I am here to listen.

Call or Text Mob: +44 7388 308214

PLEASE DON'T REMAIN IN SILENCE WITH YOUR PROBLEM CALL NOW

Written as part of slowth, 2017.

The Licking Call

Bonjour. Here the product of the “call-out” that declares: “By email, internet. no local”. And Facebook: “Invitación de Chloe Chignell”. I do like invitations, je remercie Chloe. Thank you now, for reading “*me/this/us/it*”.

This is my second text in English that I write without Google translate or DeepL help. I can only think about how I miss my mother tongue. Culeado. Rebasado. Te extraño. Mais aussi je pense que c’est super important de publier en plusieurs langues, me décentraliser moi-même de l’Espagnol. By email, writing from Fiske Menuco, the north of Patagonia, the south of the country, the south of the continent, of the world. Here I am, I was, I will be. “No local”, deterritorialized, by email. How do you arrive at a project? How do you decide to take part in one? Always by internet. No more postal deliveries for applications.

The call-out tells me to write “texts that come from the many diverse nooks of choreographic practice; be it text produced alongside pieces, through process, documentation, speculation or texts yet to find their genre”. I realize that I can’t escape choreography. Every time I write, all I do is tackle choreography: the time of the writing, its movement, its silence. This is choreography. If you have any doubts, please look at you now reading *me/this/us*.

When speaking with people, I’m not interested in conversations that aren’t choreographic. This is a problem. I realize how much I write in order to be “iterable”, citable. What is a text “through and alongside choreographic work”? Question formulated in Argentina on the 16th of December, 2019.

Mon amour, tu vas me lire jusqu’à la fin? Question formulated in Belgium on the 3rd of August, 2019. The dark side of the hypothesis. Okay, translate me, use Google Translator or DeepL. Make me comprehensible. I am not sorry to be a mess. Of course, I am cheating. Sometimes I open those platforms in order to check if my writing has correct grammar. For instance, the first revision of this text had around 68 grammar/comprehension “comments”, maybe more. I enjoy “accepting” these comments.

Odile! Odette! Ivy Queen! Giselle! Shakira! Kitri! Chocolate! Venez les belles! Cou cou ma chérie, tu m’excites tellement. “How do you have me feel like this?”. Translating from ballet into reggaeton. This is what I am interested in. Translating from, into, towards, with, without. Translating losing, gaining, modifying, manipulating, betraying. Traducime ésta, tomando un mate lavado, con el sol en la cara y el cielo amplio. Escuchando un tango, el del pecado y la lujuria, el abrazo y tenerte cerca. Me voy a divorciar, y lo único que puedo hacer es escribirlo, no pedirlo: “quiero el divorcio”. It has so much rhythm; it remains in silence, j’adore ça. This is a friend’s idea: divorcing from ballet, moving toward reggaeton.

Lick your pas de bourrée couru, lick their attitude, lick my port de bras. Let’s practice doggy dance style, auto-quoting: “Let’s empower this cachondeo”.

This choreographic text was written in Buenos Aires and Fiske Menuco, Argentina, December 2019.

PAULA ALMIRON

"Robot cemetery"

overture written by N A C R E

Score

*one human body and seven robots linked together by the arms.
breakdown rather than extension.*

*four of them stand in a line, with their backs against four others.
they sing in a drone-like manner, playing with their voices above the water, at its surface, slowly
descending into it. they feel the sonic vibrations largely through direct contact with each other's body.
to keep in mind / never feel comfortable while singing.*

Inside my nacreous body, the wind is prying at a blind window.
A shiver, reminding that [body is always deep but deepest at its surface].

Inclined to trust, the building is being ventriloquized. It conducts both sides of an imaginary conversation.

[These ventriloquized sounds are as weird as the ghosts that Virginia Woolf sent rustling and whispering around the rooms of her 'Haunted house', looking for their buried treasure].

0^1 enter my body [with the wrong velocity. Their face had the look of someone who enters a room and there is no floor].

There's nothing to be seen inside my body, and if there would, there's any light to give it a presence. 0^1 touch my inner shell. They slide softly their hands. They roll all the way to the wall. They lie down, feeling dizzy already of so much listening. They roll back in waving lines (architectural).

[Inside its usual appearance the room was as changed as it had gone mad...a glimpse of something incognito... actually no one in the building can keep a stable skin on].

0^1 have the feeling of being watched over by machines of loving grace.

The following song reaches 0^1's ears during a dream. Every visitor entering my body falls asleep. I'm a sleeping room. One you can only enter during non-operational hours.

Apparently, I have the gift of making visitors dream. I discovered it in times of *Tiwanaku*, when sick people used to sleep the night inside my body in order to find their own cure.

Apparently, I don't control their dreaming reality. I was, at that time, and I guess I'm still now a sort of facilitator, a shell, a pool of ancestral waters.

Depending on their specific energy, there are spaces that soothe us, spaces that induce delirium, spaces that trigger action. Spaces are portals and vortices. *Their geometry imprints a new order on your hologram (2)*.

0^1 sleep. They feel the vertigo of space-time unfolding in this ceremonial site. They have a shared dream. They find themselves together underwater. They're part of a team of 7 robots working in pearl cultivation. A group of haunted machines. They are designed to assist the birth of each cultivated pearl. They are programmed to create the largest pearl in the shortest period of time. The team of robot-labour also monitors water's temperature and oyster's feeding conditions. It's not very clear how much aware they are, but each time an oyster gives birth to a pearl, a robot dies. Their dead bodies are stored at the bottom of the lake. *Monsters in the house*. All together, they create a solid figure decomposing in time. From afar, its oxidized metal structure looks like a reddish coral reef growing from the bottom of



All Watched Over by Machines of Loving Grace

I like to think (and the sooner the better!) of a cybernetic meadow where mammals and computers live together in mutually programming harmony like pure water touching clear sky.

I like to think (right now, please!) of a cybernetic forest filled with pines and electronics where deer stroll peacefully past computers as if they were flowers with spinning blossoms.

I like to think (it has to be!) of a cybernetic ecology where we are free of our labors



Inside their dream, ancestral cemeteries are replaced by garbage dumps, new industrial suns light up the sky twenty-four hours a day without interruption.

GREEK TEARS OF JOY, SONG

(IT SOUNDS LIKE THE MUFFLED SHOCK

OF A SOUND HEARD WHILE SLEEPING)

[BLENDED TEXT IN A PEARL FARM]

Voice One (human scientist).....Chorus, 7 female robots

For a pearl to form, the..... lucky oyster
must live in pristine waters..... plunged all its life
..... underneath those waters

and then luck plays its part..... for a pearl to form
..... diverse matter of luck
..... lucky water getting confused

..... with your iridescent glow

(unclear sound is overlapping the singing voices. It's not clear if it's the water's roar, the shell's resonant frequencies or the flow of the listener's blood).

A "natural" pearl
begins its life
as a foreign object
such as a parasite..... soft chunk of matter
or piece of sand..... cosmic annoyance

..... for a pearl to form
..... diverse matter of luck
..... lucky water getting confused
..... with your iridescent glow

(intrusion detection system - IDS - is activated- changes in weather patterns)

It accidentally lodges itself
in an oyster's soft inner body
where it cannot be expelled.....[it's better than screaming]

[sound of an enigma that came into the body]

To ease this irritant
the oyster's body
takes defensive action..... mechanistic apparatus forgotten on the deepness

*(but now there are eighteen terrible people listening.
One is asking herself ['What shall I do with my eyes?'])*

The oyster begins.....gracious re-action
to secrete a smooth
hard crystalline substance..... once again and again
around the irritant..... microscopic menace

In contrast, a "cultured" pearl
counts generally on a human being.... lucky human, human with "suerte"
who will carefully implant
the irritant in the oyster intimate world-making
rather than leaving it to chance change of chance

[Chorus, 7 female robots]
Which of all your atoms belongs to the territory of the vital?
When is it that your birth takes place? is it a dead-birth momentum?
36 holy months of growth and care.

(Voice 1)
- Who did dare to define what is more "natural" in this world?

[Chorus, 7 female robots]
- Artifice skeptics.

(Voice 1)
- Elastic matter for an outer shell, you're not more than what comes from the brain of a dragon. As if the
women...

[Chorus, 7 female robots]
lucky women / women with "suerte"

(Voice 1)
- who dive into the boiling waters of the lake...

[Chorus, 7 female robots]
- plunged all their life underneath those waters (in the time of an island)

(Voice 1)
- ... to make their lives, were outside that world, or perverting it...

...

- The future of the pearl looks bright iridescent confusing shiny and much more.

(Chorus, 7 female robots)

- 31° C the survival rate decreased, dropping to just 6 percent after four months.

[Voice 1, a silent coda]

I like to think [redacted] cybernetic meadow where mammals and computers live together in mutually programming harmony like pure water touching clear sky. I like to think (right now, please!) of a cybernetic forest filled with *shells* and electronics where deer stroll peacefully past computers [redacted] of a cybernetic ecology where we are free of our labors and joined back to nature, returned to our mammal brothers and sisters, a [redacted] I like to think [redacted]

(Voice 1, a silent coda)

I like to think (and the sooner the better!) of a [redacted] cybernetic meadow where mammals and computers live together in mutually programming harmony like pure water touching clear sky. I like to think (right now, please!) of a cybernetic forest filled with *shells* and electronics where deer stroll peacefully past computers as if they were flowers [redacted] of a cybernetic ecology where we are free of our labors and joined back to nature, returned to our mammal brothers and sisters, and all [redacted] watched over by machines of loving grace. I like to think [redacted] now, please!) that I have a shell-life of 12 million years. In this case, it's difficult to decide if myself I am more the shell or the inside.

the hand the eye

*a textual un/familiar sibling to touch**

being in the world, in a body, is touching
 it requires touching textures
 you walk on earth, feet touch the ground, you reach out, grab something
 with your hand – touching, holding an object
 being is touching
 body touching surfaces, surfaces touch body
 you touch the surface you walk on, you touch the air with your skin
 you are always in a touchy relation
 being is touching
 you touch the surface of the city, of the road, the forest, your house
 your hand is sliding and swiping the skin of your lover and the screen-skin of
 your device

touch is striking, stroking, surfing, swiping
 touch is caressing, grabbing, giving, taking

the touch of connective tissue of internet connection, of shared data
 the skypeing, the wetrasfering, the doodleing, the googleing
 I touch screen surface while you touch screen surface
 skin and screen, screen, skin
 grinding and sliding up against each other

The skin is the outermost layer of our being, the organ that is open, exposed to
 the outer world – the very intersection between a body-being and the world. It
 is our membrane. The skin is both palpable and penetrable. The softest armor.
 It is the surface the world is surfing on.

Your hands touch, your eyes touch. The skin of your palms is looking, looking
 to sense by touching, looking for data to process. The skin of your eyes is
 looking, looking out into the world, and being looked at. Seeing is a gaze of
 touch, of touching the world with sight. The world is becoming green, pale
 blue, vigorously red, because of you. It is becoming soft, hard, tender, chewy,
 bulgy, edgy, because of you.

Touching the dimensions of space, the touch creates depth and perspective.
 Touch is the locus of your body; it is the fleshy reality of being. Your body-be-
 ing is surfing and sliding on the dimensionality of the world, to create and exist
 with.



One cannot touch, without also allowing the touched to touch you. The blurry place of the touching and being touched is a threshold; it is the place that is in-between, the place that can be defined as being both things at the same time. Always both – touch/being touched.

Touch is the meeting point between surfaces. Becoming into being is to become with everything else around you, in a relational touch of ever changing character. Touch is a relation unfolding in an endless ongoing series of events. It is the very touchy process of existing.
you touch skin, skin touches you
you touch screen, screen touches you

such a soft and hard wired being the human being is,
the human-like being is
metallic melancholic muscle and fatty fibers
inter-connected tissue
such soft substance
so software

the delicate human/human-like being is fleshy and full of wires
wiring the emotional realm of human experience
crying seems so melancholic and beautiful
how to fake into feeling
are able to act with hands-like hands that can swipe onto and into space -
moving, placing, composing
how touch without function must feel so tender and sweet

The human/human-like character in *touch* is touching/being touched, sliding on the scale of the material world and the virtual. Sliding, striking and caressing the scale of reality and fiction, mechanics and emotions. The human/human-like being is being informed by touch. It is a sensor, sensing. Data is collected, stored and processed from the constant touching of surfaces. Creating frictions and fictions.

The piece *touch* is generated from an interest in the phenomenon of touch – the tactile sense that allows us to be in relation. It arises as a phenomenological and poetic reflection of touch as a fundamental condition of being in the world, as well as touch as a relational and emotional experience. The piece travels through images, allowing a surface for your eyes to slide on, as an activation of your own body; of your associations, memories and references. The touch between you and the piece is an informative relation. It is seen as a sensory materiality for your body to be in touch with.

** I wrote this text side by side with the creation of the performance piece touch, by Emilie Gregersen, during our residency at O Rumor Do Fumo in Lisbon, October 2019. Alongside writing, my function in touch has been as a dramaturge, as well as a consulting choreographer. The text is a companion to the performance, a textual sibling. It is influenced by thinkers and writers like Erin Manning, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Donna Haraway, Inger Christensen, and surely others. It is deeply informed by conversations and dances with and by my close friend and companion in work and life, Emilie Gregersen.*

Some paths across some surfaces [2]

She was wearing a white sweater. It was a bit too big for her, it covered her hands unless she pulled the sleeves up. If she did the fabric would tighten around her biceps. It would not stay long, but loosen its grip as time passed. She preferred to have it loose anyways. She lifted her arm towards her face, head tilting a bit to the side. The crease of her elbow aimed towards her mouth, the middle of her lower arm reached it first. Her elbow pointed to the side, leading the movement that looked like the gesture one would do when wiping something off one's mouth. Lips, cloth, skin, sliding. Only a little friction, but with the proximity to her ears it produced a loud sound. She repeated the movement many times. It left a tingling sensation in her face.

Infinite ways of falling into you

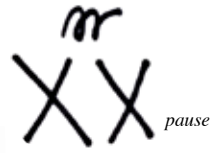
LAURA CEMIN & LENA SCHWINGSHANDL



*The following map is documentation of an improvised performance that occurred on
April 12, 2019 as a part of "performing Love" in Kiasma (FI).*



to live
to cry
to feel alive



repeat x2

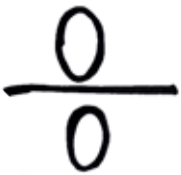


to repeat
to repeat
to repeat

Can you hear me now?

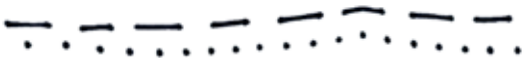


what are you thinking?
what are you thinking?
what are you thinking?



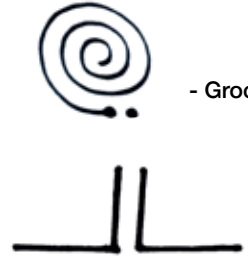
fast, fast, fast, fast

ARE YOU



to get up
to get better
to feel better

I thought we were talking about the performance
I think we are getting closer



- Grocery shopping

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



GOING TO DO IT AGAIN?



to fear
to fall
to love



Horizon Notes

*Some things I wanted to list
on my way to the black hole*

An Intrauterine device
6 cures of antibiotics
3 different types of braces
3 nokia cell phones
2 iphones
1 samsung phone
1 oneplus phone
1 macbook air
1 extra enter button
2 webcams
1 facebook account
1 instagram account
5 email accounts
>10000000 pencils
>10000000 sheets of paper
7 headphones
1 skype account (+one to the parallel universe)
vaccinations
1 deleted tinder-account
1 clue application account
1 moon cup
1 blip
2 mp3-players
1 ipod
1 playstation 3
100 airplane flights (x gasoline)
2 t-banas to get home
3 tramlines
5 different kinds of vitamin pills
some bedtime stories like:

You were made to meet your maker.

1 sl-card
1 hsl-card plus app

Where will I go? I'm drowning.

1 finnish social security number
1 swedish social security number

3 finnish bank accounts
1 swedish bank account

I'm on my way to the black hole. This cyborg body of mine waits to be curved in the mass of time.

Curve exists between past, present, and future. Curve is what creates a horizon. Curve is constant and infinite. I think, curve is what keeps horizons out of reach. I think, curve is what keeps utopias out of reach. It's not a corner that one can walk around, but a fluid appearing of continuity.

And if one looks back, there is a continuous disappearing of what then becomes a memory. Curve holds the space for hope to exist. As it hides the ultimatum of the hope behind the horizon.

it also hides the other possibilities, the dystopias

Horizon is the moment in between us and utopia.

The horizon is infinite. It's a dimension shifter. When I walk backwards, things appear but not as a surprise. The periphery falls into my eye sockets. It is like having a 360° vision that is then condensed bottled and put into a tunnel of linearity of direction and time.

into the sensorial multidimension. That's how the dimension shifter works.

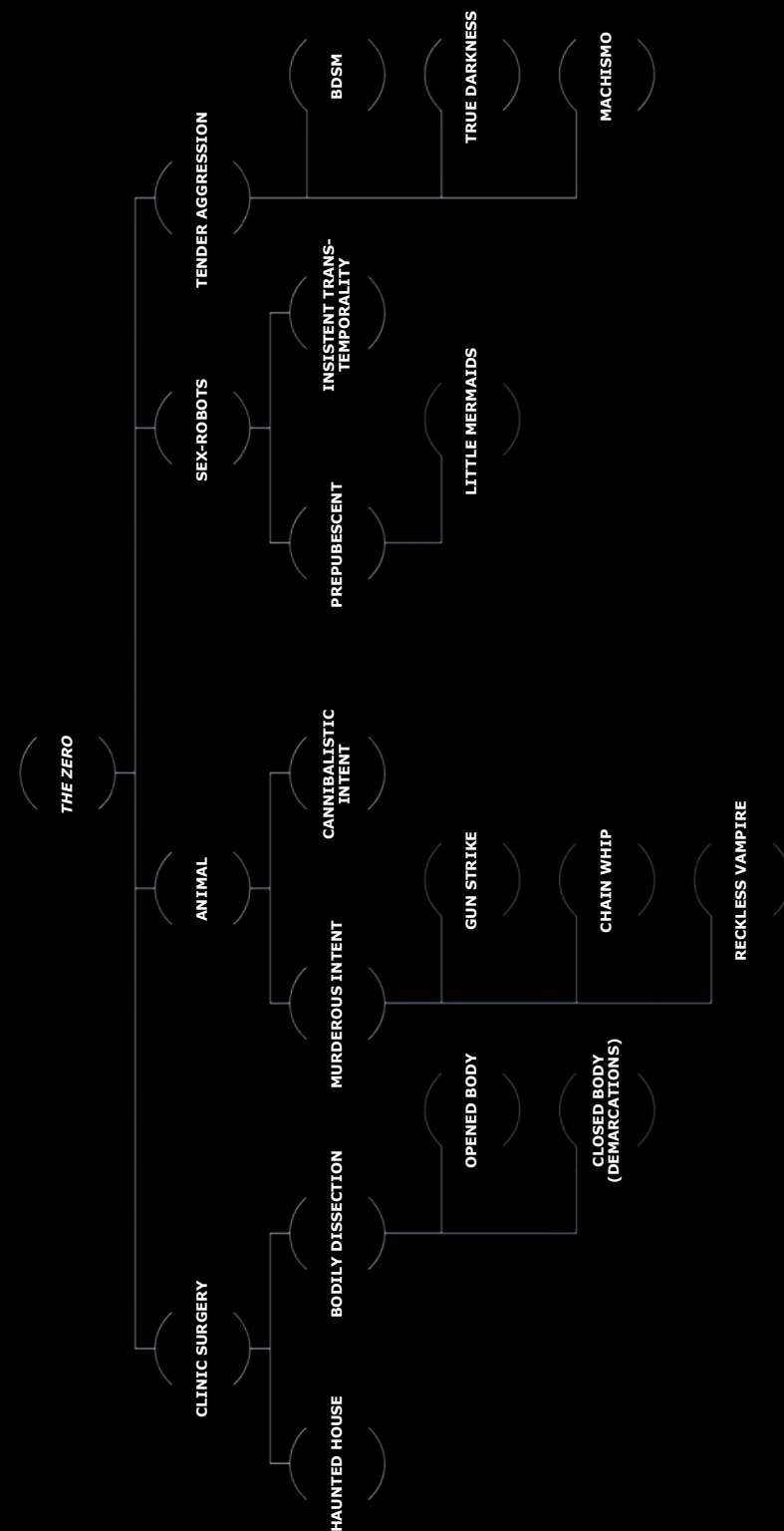
But it leaks

The beauty about horizons is that they are everywhere, but I'm never in one. To exist in a horizon is to exist in a projection. An imaginary of what is beyond and what is before. The horizon is the blind spot with an abundance of light and color and space and time.

The horizon sees me and escapes, invites to be resolved into the periphery.

The beauty about curves is that they are everywhere, and I'm always in many. To exist in a curve is to exist in the present and the moments in between at the same time. The curve is appearing in the gap between the moment of activation and the utopia. Travelling through the body. Tissues, hollows and trajectories speeding up in the multiverse of eternal curves. Travelling through the body and as fast as possible, slowing down. Remembering; attending memories.

THE ZERO IS A HYPOCENTER: A GROUND ZERO WARZONE STAGING A NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN BATTLE. THE RULES OF COMBAT ARE DESCRIBED BY A COMPUTATIONALLY-ENCODED TREEMAP. THE TREEMAP IS A NODE-MATRIX OF RELATIONALITY WHERE NODES ARE DEFINED BY STATES OF EMBODIMENT BOTH PERFORMERS ENTER WITH TELEPATHIC, ULTRA-CONNECTED IMMEDIACY. REHEARSED THROUGH EYE-TO-EYE-CONTACT (AND SOMETIMES “HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT”), THE ZERO’S MATRIX PERMITS ACCELERATED TRANSITIONS, UNFORESEEN EVOLUTIONS, AND THE EROSION OF IDENTIFICATION. THE ZERO IS A MEMORY ALGORITHM. AN EMPTIED NEST, IT IS A CHOREOGRAPHY WELCOMING A HOARD OF NEW FIGURES, FICTIONS, SPECIES, AND MESHES ALWAYS SITTING AT THE EDGES OF REPRESENTATION.



METALLIC

STINA EHN & ODA BREKKE

eternal fabric
 mesh of bridges
 full of weight
 covering from here to there

it went, you looked
 wood fabric water
 the towel had fallen
 filled with weight
 another city far away
 you looked from the other side
 now a tower and not a bridge
 cut it at its first floor and it will fall
 with weight in the middle
 both the tower and bridge made of fabric
 towels falling
 heavy rain
 felling cities
 knitting cities
 water towers
 upside down fountains
 looking from here
 another city made a call out
 now new questions
 worn out knit
 just a middle
 between the towers
 other cities with other sites
 always returning to the same city
 making it happen in the middle again
 make it happen there again
 from here to there over and over

from where we stood
 it looked like another city
 another ~~side~~ place returning to the same questions
 on the other ^{of the} side wooden structures

from here to there it flood
 wood, fabric, water

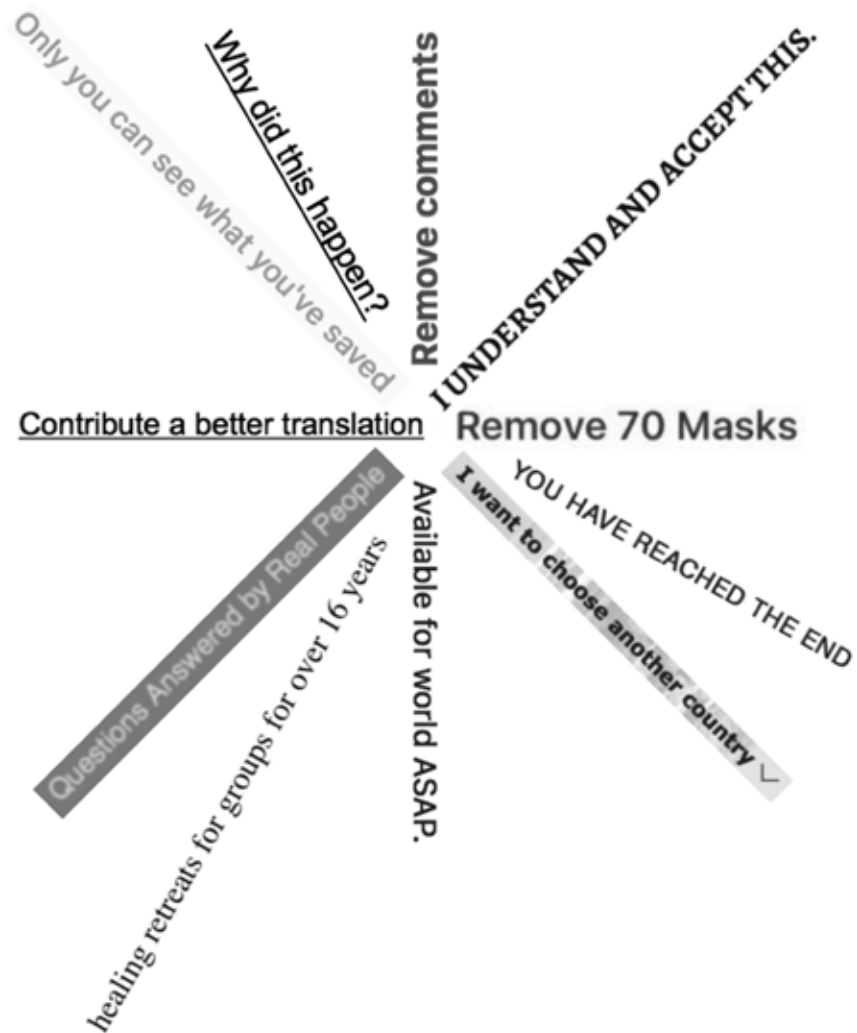
it fell from our stay
 it happened when you looked
 returning to the same fall
 same time, same city
 simultaneously somewhere else
 a towel fell

it went from here to there
 you looked away
 the towel flat on the surface
 bridging rivers
 on the other side it fell heavily
 another middle

looking from ~~one~~ middle to the other right
 looking for another there in the same water
 eternal returnal looks
 looks the same
 looks ~~neat~~ neat but heavy
 filled with water

the towel wiped the tower
 water colour filled with weight
 it went back from there
 from where you looked
 wood and fabric in the water
 on the sides and in the middle
 a towel in the middle of the water

POSSIBLE



1-4 Days

MÉLANIE BLAISON

Jours

PANTIN

Notes 1: Sur la marche

Marcher avec ou sans vélo. Le corps sans vélo est bien vertical. Le corps avec le vélo subi un léger décalage en côté. Il est nécessaire de marcher d'un côté du guidon puis de l'autre pour une même durée. Ceci afin de ne point ressentir une certaine dissymétrie déséquilibrante. Et se sentir verticale à nouveau.

Notes 2: Sur la marche

La bibliothèque. La bibliothèque ou des gens assis regardent des gens qui bougent sur un écran. Ils bougent de plein de façons différentes. Ici, les gens viennent pour s'asseoir et regarder des façons de se mouvoir.

AUBERVILLIERS

Jour 1

La femme tout à coup appuie sur un bouton, une sonnette puis un son de grésillement sort de l'appareil. Elle dit: 'quelqu'un devant pour les olives'. Très sèchement. Elle relâche le doigt de l'appareil. Elle attend derrière sa caisse très stable avec son GSM dans les mains. La lumière est brute, les couleurs sont vives. Les gens sont aimables ou plutôt agréables aujourd'hui.

Jour 2

La femme est derrière la caisse. Le téléphone portable est coincé entre son oreille et son foulard. Elle n'a pas besoin de le tenir. Elle n'a pas besoin de ses doigts. Trois personnages à l'intérieur de l'espace. Une dame entre.

—c'est quoi ?

—celui-ci est piquant celui est pas piquant.

—d'accord. Je vais vous laisser passer.

—d'accord, merci.

Quelqu'un tend un sachet. Quelqu'un tend un ticket. Peu importe le protagoniste.

Elle dépose l'argent dans sa caisse puis rend de la monnaie.

Jour 4

La femme aujourd'hui a perdu sa position verticale. Elle affiche plutôt la diagonalité. Si ce mot existe. Son téléphone est posé à plat sur le comptoir en inox. Son corps n'arrive pas à tenir par lui-même. Elle utilise donc son coude.

FRIBOURG-EN-BREISGAU

Les terrasses. Les terrasses et les parasols carrés. Des groupes de femmes. Des groupes de femmes regroupées. Ces groupes de femmes regroupées boivent du café au lait. Exactement du caffè latte. Du thé aussi. Elles sont toujours par deux. Assez peu par trois, quatre ou en groupe. À 18h, elles boivent ensuite un verre de vin blanc dans un verre à pied. Le pied est vert. Le vin à la couleur d'un vin de Moselle. Le lierre descend de la terrasse au dessus. L'atmosphère lumineuse est particulière. Comment expliquer? Les verts sont particuliers. Les gris également. L'architecture la forme des bâtiments nous propose autre chose que je n'arrive pas à décrire. Les cheveux sont mis en pli puis crêpés. Ils sont courts. La couleur des vêtements vont du bleu Marine au blanc puis au beige. On dirait qu'elles se rendent à la mer.

Les cheveux sont teints. Ils sont courts la plupart du temps. La population de terrasse est caractéristiquement semblable d'une terrasse à l'autre. Un fort taux de femmes de plus de 60 ans semble se regrouper en groupe sur les terrasses. Les terrasses et les parasols proposent des espaces qui permettent la sociabilisation. Elles parlent, sourient et nous regardent. Nous les regardons également. Cela donne un aspect sympathique à la ville. Toutes les mêmes femmes semblent habiter ici.

Days

PANTIN

Notes 1: On walking

To walk with or without a bike. The body without a bike is quite vertical. The body with a bike suffers a kind of side-shift. It is necessary to walk on one side of the handlebars then on the other side, for the same amount of time. This in order to not feel a kind of destabilizing dissymmetry. To feel yourself vertical again.

Notes 2 : On walking

The library. A Library where seated people look at other people. They move on a screen. They move differently, in many kinds of ways. Here, people sit down and look at how other people move.

AUBERVILLIERS

Day 1

The woman suddenly pushes the button, a bell rings. Then crickets sound from the phoning device. She says: 'someone out front for the olives'. Curtly. She removes her fingers from the device. She waits behind the cash register. She holds her phone. Brutal light. Bright colours. People are very pleasant today. Really absurd. A cynical lady passes. She crosses the stage.

Day 2

The woman is behind her cash register. The portable phone is sandwiched between her ear and her scarf. She does not need to hold the phone. She does not need her fingers. Three characters inside the space. A lady comes in.

–what is that ?

–this one is spicy this one is not.

–OK. I'll let you in.

–OK. Thank you.

Someone reaches in a pocket. Someone reaches for a ticket. No matter the protagonist.

She deposits the money in her cash register, then gives change.

Day 4

Today the lady lost her vertical posture. She displays more diagonality. If this word exists.. Her phone is flat on the stainless steel desk. Her body is not able to hold itself together. Thus, she uses her elbows.

FRIBOURG-EN-BREISGAU

Terraces. Square umbrellas and terraces. Women in groups. Women in groups gathered together. These groups of gathered women drink coffee with milk. More precisely : cafe latte. And tea as well. Always in groups of two. Less often in groups of three, four or more. Later, at 6pm, they drink white wine in a wine glass. The stem of the glass is green. The wine is the color of a wine from Moselle. Ivy comes down from the terrace above. There is a particularly bright atmosphere. How to explain this? Particular greens. Greys too. Landscape architecture buildings shapes say something that I am unable to describe. Their hair is permed and curled. Cut short. The colors of their clothes range from navy blue to white to beige. It's as if they're going to the sea.

They dye their hair, cut it short most of the time. Typical terrace population from one terrace to the next. A high percentage of women aged over sixty seem to gather in groups on the terraces. Umbrellas and terraces make space for socialization. They talk, smile. They are looking at us. We are also looking at them. This makes the city have a nice atmosphere. All the same women seem to live here.

No matter what

for Megan

ROPE

takes responds, ability
weaving I, in the step
passing through form

Repetitious

Repetitious

*changing to:
repetitive.*

meating in synchronicity to zhuzh space
cowgirl, helicopter, seaweed

*I'll give you
A selfish solo*

*in the doing the patterns keep unfolding being themselves doing the steps
encased in the loops the ongoingness in the field of taking making for
being giving accounting for being touched touching for being with doing
ensembling assembling in the ensembling is sound is rubric is style is an
unfixed object in transition moving through body through action as it
sequences in language is building is dissolving is artificial is shared is
history builds we get undone become vessels for changing is the dance
we enter what emanates enters us containers in the coral reef*

Trust pleasure, take opportunities, make yourself available
 the nature of the thing shifts, decides, us

Dropping out is not the answer;

Moving, moved, moving us, through, moves syncing, unsinking
in action & transition communication listens all matters dissolve.



*One gets more than the other**

Value is linked to two opposing forces ‡
determining the movement, indirectly
read as an act of 'trading' ⊂

Faced/phased incompatible economies

Merely establishing the divide of constituents keeps
us busy ⊕ revolving around the same position of a
status quo where more and more signs are piled up

There is an interface, an area of interest with
ergonomic considerations and room for interpretation
all the while the instructions that the forces
enforce set the limits

Furthermore, values are alien to the bio-logic of the
paraformers represented by mutually affective signals
spat out to bounce around the space as pressure waves
in and around the human gamut

Cartesian boundaries are taken apart or attempted to
be restaged in a fluctuation with the informal
ontology of consuming bodies with variable measures
of time in between action

Action and agency not restricted to the precomposed
bodies

Triangulation beyond the three dimensions we usually
refer to

Here, given and built structures are acknowledged in
order to acknowledge the fluctuation of dimensional
combinations* within the constraints of our expanded
vessels' senses as they model onto computerised
versions of our own processes

Seemingly following a path
in order to relieve suppressed energy reserves,

we are forced to find a balance of balances where
particular or personal and
general or virtual intersect
by finding connections that are necessarily new paths ☁
only partially supported by the known

* Instructions and keywords come out of a database
constructed among participants who have gathered to
interact in a performance

‡ Somatic (time, memory and affect) / Spatial (body in
relation to space, accuracy of instructions,
architectural dimensions) / Etiology (causal relation
between dancers, relation to the audience, the gut,
and beyond)

⊂ Performers work on synchronicity, abandoning any
fixed theme in order to think of the composition as a
tool for exploring performance and interaction in a
broader sense

⊕ The spatial orientation of the two dancers is read
and compared by a computer program, which aims to
even out diverging movements by giving more equal
instructions to the performers and adversely,
enhances entropy when angles in X, Y and Z-dimensions
match

‡ The composition's score is transmitted in real-time
and also takes cues from the space (readings of the
performers' orientation via sensor data)

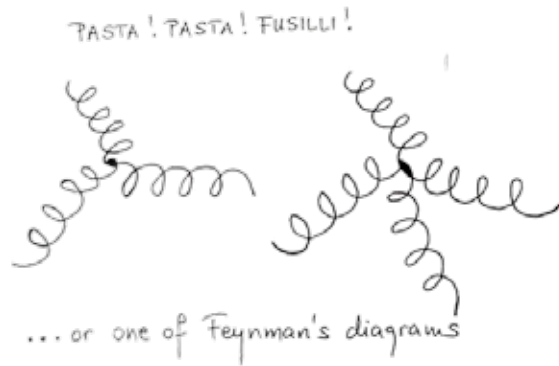
* As emergent modalities form layered interpreta-
tions, common conceptions of the relationship between
performance and composition; stage and audience are
abandoned

☁ Building the composition anew each time in demand
of equitable positions among performers where
otherwise technical skill and ability would be
overemphasized

The Hottest Soup of You

Here is the recipe if you ever want to try the hottest soup in the Universe.

The Recipe



Prep time: 22 minutes
Serves: 8 people

Cook time: 23 minutes
Cuisine: Universal

Ingredients

8 heavy individuals dressed in gold suits. (Au)
A pinch of Salt-n-Pepa, or other spice depending on your music taste.

Preparation

Have an empty space; this space is the collider.
Divide the space into three parts.
Chill the entire collider before making the soup / the space should not be warm.

Instructions

1. All individuals step inside the first area of the collider space at the same time.
2. Each individual starts travelling through the first space area – the linear accelerator. The individuals travel freely through this space, moving in directions and pace of their own choosing.
3. Then, the individuals create a circle: a four-level circular accelerator. The individuals start moving following an imagined circle line. Now, stir it up – individuals start moving through the full circle four times, each time with more speed, more energy.
4. Once every individual has reached the highest speed they can achieve, in their “own time”, they enter into the second space area – an even larger accelerator.
5. Here the individuals gather into bunches – 2 groups of 4 individuals. Within each bunch the individuals start moving together. Stirring intensely for 20 minutes – creating an intense collective energy.
6. Now, all individuals transfer to the third collider area – the fifth accelerator. The individuals make 4 pairs.
7. Each pair now imagines a circle they will move along the lines of. Each individual circulates the circle line in the opposite direction from their partner. Each pair makes contact when meeting along the circle.
8. When the kitchen timer makes a distinct sound, all the individuals break away from their circles and start moving towards the center of the collider space and going into collision with each other.
9. Once it boils, everything starts melting. Simmer down by slowing down the speed of movement. Once the collective speed is very slow, each individual, now particle, lays down.
10. Once the breathing of each individual particle is slowed down and back to normal, the soup is ready to be served.

Enjoy!

Maybe Subjectivity



Begin forwarded message:

From: Simon Asencio <simon.asencio@wanadoo.fr>

Subject: This Container

Date: 23 January 2020 15:10:38 H&C

To: [REDACTED]

Dear,

Hope all is well since our last meeting.

I had mentioned to you some project when in Jerusalem, and to possibly involve you (or parts of you). The title is *Memes, Subjectivity Transferences*.

"From the idea that the self is not given to us, I think that there is only one practical consequence: we have to create ourselves as works of art." The I, here, is Michel Foucault's in an interview given for Vanity Fair. Following his suggestion, I wonder whether we could envisage singular forms of life (singular Is) as sculptures, whether we could imagine 'techniques' to carve the substance of subjectivity and whether these sculpted subjectivities could move across bodies.

"From the early stirrings of Romanticism in the late eighteenth century, many poets and biologists have believed that poetry and organisms are siblings."

"Are biological bodies 'produced' or 'generated' in the same strong sense as poems?" Perhaps, as Donna Haraway suggests, "Frankenstein may be read as a meditation on this proposition."

A few months ago, I visited a wizard.

They suggested a particular healing protocol that I will call epistolary magick here. Based on a process of numerology they made a reading of my biography: a biography that took place prior to my birth and running through three generations. They drew a narrative, I wasn't sure if it belonged to me or to someone else. Wasn't I, after all, a mere composite of selves?

The wizard then dictated a letter to me, to write down and read out loud. A letter I addressed to my mother, which could also be addressed to my grandmother, as well as to my ancestors, but actually to my own cells. This protocol addressed innate acquired memories, unconscious life patterns embedded in my cells that I, as a kinship of selves, were a product and intercessor of.

Beyond the intriguing biographical narrative I was recounted with, I was surprised by how I reacted to that protocol: the whole body went through an intense self-cleansing in the weeks that followed. It was as if the letter had

made itself real. I—or the cells that compose my self—had identified with the narrative to the point of incorporating it and rewriting my 'biography'.

"A biography is considered complete if it merely accounts for six or seven selves, whereas a person may well have as many thousands". Orlando's biographer leaves us with an accurate disclaimer here...

I will attempt, in the role of 'the biographer', to account for different persons: a liar, a thief, an impostor... (You may start understanding the reason I am writing to you.) The material of these biographies will be used as subjectivity influencers, as tangible memes for intangible outcomes. Perhaps readership could invoke several bodies within one I. Perhaps reading or giving voice could be a way of wearing a temporary costume of selfness, inhabiting subjectivity like a fiction or simply enabling transference.

To give you an idea, I attach to this mail a copy of *The Thief* meme, which I have previously transferred to myself. If you would like to attend a transference yourself, you can copy that letter in your own handwriting—and if needed adapt it to your own 'I'—and perform it, witnessed by at least one person.

That letter and protocol could be passed on to whoever you might feel is appropriate. (After all a meme is a chain.) A frequent "image [that I will here borrow from Roland Barthes by Roland Barthes]: that of the ship Argo, each piece of which the Argonauts gradually replaced, so that they ended up with an entirely new ship, without having either to alter its name or its form. (...) [N]othing is left of the origin: Argo is an object with no other cause than its name, with no other identity than its form."

Please don't hesitate to write to me if you have any question—or if you would like to attend another transference such as *The Liar* or *The Impostor* for ex.

As I wrote, I do not want to under-estimate the power of transference or the magick of text—as this could potentially change people's psyche. And so this requires to be handled with a certain care, discretion even.

I look forward, xoxo

Simon

Hello,

I have been stealing for many years.
I have been stealing from others for many years.
I relied on it for quite some time. I have tried to get over it now.
But, it's always tempting somehow. It's always there...
— No worries I haven't taken anything from anyone here.

I am what they call a fingersmith, a cutpurse, a knuckler, an abstractionist, a leatherworker, a Wimona (like Wimona Ryder).
There are so many words but these are my favourites.

It started when it wasn't easy. Yet it was not out of necessity
— it would be a lie to say it has ever been necessary. My financial condition has never been an ~~excuse~~ excuse. But the feeling of lack might have triggered it.

You start with small things, that aren't useful to anything or anyone.
It's mostly about desire.

I guess we've all experienced this: the feeling of walking out with something that doesn't belong to you. Whether your gesture was conscious or oblivious, you realize how easy it was to cross the threshold — the threshold of the ~~low~~ law. And all of a sudden, all this social control, that you had internalized through education, society et cetera blows up.

And you start enjoying it.

The gesture of it. Not so much for the gain but for the kick.

When I am at work I feel like I risk my life each touch I make.

Mostly it's a challenge, dealing with your own limits and how far you can go without losing it, without being caught.

You get high on it. Adrenaline.

But there is a limit to that also. It's called the thief's disease. It's when you can't stop. You can't control yourself anymore. And you can't get specific with what you want. Usually that's when you step out of your safety net and you get caught. — There you lose.

In the world of thief the only crime is getting caught.

My favourite outfit at the moment is a jean jacket with pockets inside. Ideally, the perfect jacket has large pockets that remain flat when full. Shielded with aluminium foil and you get the perfect booster bag.

There is a limit to what the hand can grasp and what the body can hide, which is always something that you can play with: your silhouette, your garment, your attitude.

Sometimes I have the fantasy to get away with something too big to hide. But that's another story...

I started small.

Working alone mostly. And I got quite good at it. Collaboration is also nice but it brings the thing to a completely other level. You stimulate each other. You get the push. But it can get you out of balance. I did it a few times though: You have the one who is the distraction: the person who takes the attention away. Another

One is the shadow: covering, so no one can see the action.
And then the person who does the direct action.
This is how we do it. There is no way to explain it.

By doing you somehow start to professionalize yourself. You hone your skills. You diversify your approach. You become more agile also. You get less intimidated by appearances, stepping more and more into the visible. From simple hidden routines, to direct open hand gestures.

You also start to be aware of your surroundings: security guards and camera (counting the corners and mapping the space around). In the space we are right now I could tell you how many guards and cameras we would need to watch the space and where to place them. So I could also tell you which cameras are fake.

Very often the attention span of the security guard is exhausted (and the pay is too low to be a hero).

But this is only the "visible layer". The real danger comes from people like me: people who use the same techniques. They are undercover agents. They track you down.

There is an intelligence. The intelligence of the hands; a sense of your body; an intuitive presence. Like a jazz music performer, you got to improvise with what you are given. So you must increase sensibility.

Eyes on the active hand to direct the attention. Elbows stay in.

- You wanna keep it tight and close to your body: big gestures are

suspicious, unless you are covered.

The fingers do the job. They can't get sweaty or shilly-shally. Attention is focused while the presence is detached. Gliding.

Always gliding.

The more direct and obvious, the less noticeable.

People around are so self controlled that their perception tricks them. They can't believe what they saw.

— Confidence often deceives.

I often think how magicians operate.

How they use the trust or skepticism of the spectators to their advantage; to build complexity and divert attention; covering up one gesture by another.

Like a jacket that is a dress that is a suit.

When I pickpocket I feel like a man in all the apparel of a seductive woman.

A thief a work is always in the disguise of someone else - wearing a costume, embodying a character.

I use a lot my experience from when I used to perform in theaters. In a way you play with yourself - the role of your life -

or it's just an abstraction of your self, a simple facade. You are able to distance yourself from the image of yourself, to distance your thoughts from the thoughts of your character.

You slowly start to incorporate the ability to double yourself in action - to split.

And you play with that gap, you start to creep along the

the corridor formed by the split.

I like to think of it as a form of infidelity.

A bit like when you are having a conversation with someone but actually you are listening to the person behind you.

You offer your image to ~~some~~ someone while your attention goes to someone else. And you keep nodding to what the person is saying although you don't hear it. You keep nodding because stillness is suspicious. Stillness reveals the split, the strange corridor. I know it's creepy. But I also know so many people experience that split.

When I steal I am a citizen. I dress up as a citizen. The more you want to disappear the more you take attention.

It's about blending in, acting as normally as everyone, being as visible as everyone. To disappear in plain sight is to join in a collective rhythm and a collective norm.

Having said this, I am aware that, already, I bear the markers of a certain invisibility within the society I find myself in.

This invisibility in this case is a privilege. I know the codes and I camouflage within it. I can blend in and only work in contexts in which I do not appear at odds or as a threat.

This brings me to think about who can afford to steal without being caught?

There is something about taking over, tricking people or societies in general. It feels to me like reclaiming ownership over something

I can't access, of something I am not authorized to possess.

Poaching is a result of fencing. Property is a privilege and often a more subtle form of theft.

The world in which we live in is based on stealing. People live on stolen lands, enjoy their existence from stolen resources.

Even these very words are taken from someone else...

So I wonder: who is stealing from who, for what purpose and for who?

My delinquency has its principles.

Ethics become even more important when you cross the line of what is morally accepted.

I know of strict rules in Marseille where no locals would be stolen, only outsiders, tourists... I also like this quote, which I believe comes from a character in a book: "My only rule - don't steal anything from the soul".

I was myself robbed four times and each time I felt it the moment the hand was sliding away. And so I let them kiss the dog for an instant.

To kiss the dog is when a thief is caught in an eye contact with the person who was stolen.

I will stop here...

The Thief.



WHAT DISTANCE ALLOWS FOR

Distance allows for:

Romanticising	Re: Romanticising
disassociation	Re: Association
longing	Re: Longing
imagination	Re: Imagination
misunderstanding	Re: misunderstanding

the single biggest problem in communication is the illusion that it has taken place – George Bernard Shaw

the dual self - a separate identity to each hemisphere of the brain
 seeing through criticism
 revelling in the attention

Repetitious acts of distance

Echoing pathways

Slipping tectonic connections absent of touch

time spent alone but not alone but without anyone
 else but bombarded by voices.

Folding gently into time, there are small arrivals in the flesh

With this slowness can you revisit, can you predict a future trajectory

reading memes instead of novels
 headlines that warrant suspicion

Can slowness make way for disruption, to go against?

working as a team to perpetuate the team.
 towards a product that is a by-product of navigating and perpetuating the team.
 the decline of playfulness
 the incline that de-incentivises straying from stated objective.
 confirm your identity
 in everything you do, everything you say.
 stand by all that you bring into this world, it will speak for on your
 behalf for as long as the record exists.

See the space between physical contact; a stillness that
 demands to be introspective

moving towards epiphany
 moving inspiration
 moving
 moved

Moving towards revelation

Moving towards encounters

Moving

Moved

Dislocating the 'hole'

INDEX

p 22	EXERCISE PP: PLEASE PENETRATE ME
p 23	EXERCISE VV: DILDO'S SOLIDARITY, A SHORT-TERM PSYCHIC CONTACT
p 26	EXERCISE 5: DISCONTINUITY OR WHORING?
p 30	EXERCISE AAA: A NEW SEXTING ASSEMBLAGE
p 71	EXERCISE AA: AROUSED WITHOUT A CV
p 146	THEORY OF THE GAP

EXERCISE PP: PLEASE PENETRATE ME

How does the need to be penetrated fit with this?

Love every one and love no one.

Or, how can you love without attachment if, in order to create solidarity, we need long-term physical contact?

To do anything for one more penetration is the most raw hope for relationships, groping, longing, headed for death...

The following chapters are taken from “Another Hole”^{*} They are a part of an overabundance of 74 chapters or exercises (not practices, since this word has been already emptied out by an excess of use and misuse). They are written as autonomous independent and emancipated parts within this whole.

“Another Hole” is an investigation of the relation between power and pornography. A combo of personal notes, lyrical writings, text as essays and images as visual essays, and political thoughts, as speculative being, to dig into the relations between state power and individual erotic desires. It re-thinks the language utilized for pornography, taking it from the practices of individuals, to the practices of dominant corporate power that pierces through peoples bodies and minds without their consent. Beyond cultural and political thoughts, the book is a choreographic and artistic platform that offers further potential for moving, for playing, and for sustaining happiness.

^{*}Another Hole, © Sara Gebran, 2019. Published by Laboratory for Aesthetics and Ecology. Supported by Nordisk Kultur Fond. ISBN 978-87-999834-9-0

a
gap

EXERCISE VV: DILDO'S SOLIDARITY, A SHORT-TERM PSYCHIC CONTACT

Penetration without my consent is the reverse of the notion of freedom. Tags, and the use of our entire database for commercial or terrorist governmental means of investigation, are among other hidden forms of penetration.

In the territory of consent, I trust dildos for their speechless, inhuman sound-rubber-being, adaptability to temperature, immunity from power, or game-playing, from lies and deceptions, disinterest in control and the desire for dominance, or being dominated. They adopt no fake images. In that sense, it is a limitless listener that gives enough in the moment, never exhausting, and satisfies short-term needs without demanding anything in return. Despite my mad loneliness. But, *"In practice it will be possible to destroy solidarity through short-term psychic contact"*... I've also become a good listener of its silence. Though I miss the moody uncertainty of you.

I was thinking, one way to combat dominant power is anarchism, or to provide dildos to all human genders, so that dominance is only applicable between 'it' and a person, like little girls torturing their own Barbie doll because it doesn't resemble them. So, again I think of it:

*The change desired is never exactly
the change attained
The change attained has nothing in common with
the actual change
The actual change is deprived of its actuality by
psychic dislocations
The psychic dislocations are permanently unknown
in practice unity will be proven impossible
time place motion no
they will never merge here
It's a matter of indeterminate points
(dream/ininitely receding image/biological signal)
where language and the world brush inform de-
form or whatever each other
so that the world continues just continues
in spite of the will to change
which continues just continues
In practice it will be possible to create solidarity
through long-term physical contact*

*In practice it will be possible to destroy solidarity
through short-term psychic contact
In practice what happens/has happened will
stay unformulated³*

a
space
between
spaces

EXERCISE 5: DISCONTINUITY OR WHORING?

How to be a limitless whore, to fuck with all possible lust in the world, until desire is gone?

Exercise to let the desire be gone by repeating it, so that the continuous becomes discontinuous.

I am choosing these words filled with misconceptions.

To want to fuck limitlessly is not the same as to be a limitless whore. To have a continuous desire to fuck and to continuously fuck with desire, even by what are called prostitutes, is not pornography. Real pornography is the way the rulers and owners of the world control the world, piercing every one of us, without our consent. In the name of power, greed, and democracy, these few men invented a language and social morals to spread their pornographic minds, wrongly calling pornographic the once normal human sexual desires and creative fantasies. They reverted its meaning to mean women who make a living from their bodies, or any sex workers, including the free/unpaid sex workers that sex (dating) apps have made out of many of us today, distracting our attention from them and their amoral acts of dispossession. They claim monogamy, while dreaming about collective sadomasochism. These are the whores that penetrate us, getting all kinds of information from us, inciting us to unasked desires, for a dependency obliging us to them, forever indebted, semiotically overriding any signification, any choices, any consciousness to grant allowances to enter our bodies as machinic semiotics¹ ready to be penetrated, like 'O', fucked permanently. Manipulating our fake autonomy to desire, as if these desires were ours.

¹ Maurizio Lazzarato: "Semiotic Pluralism" and the New Government of Signs' (Pub. Eipcp, 2006). "The machinic register of the semiotic production of Capital operates on the basis of a-signifying semiotics that tune in directly to the body (to its affects, its desires, its emotions and perceptions) by means of signs. Instead of producing signification, these signs trigger an action, a reaction, a behaviour, an attitude, a posture. These semiotics have no meaning, but set things in motion, activate them. Money, television, science, music, etc. can function as sign production machines, which have a direct, unmediated impact on the real and on the body without being routed through a signification or a representation. The cycle of fear, anxiety or panic penetrating the atmosphere and tonality in which our 'surveillance societies' are steeped are triggered by sign machines; these machines appeal not to the consciousness, but to the nervous system, the affects, the emotions. The symbolic semiotics of the body, instead of being centered on language, are as such activity routed through the industrial, machinic, non-human production of images, sounds, words, intensities, movements, rhythms, etc...If signifying semiotics have a function of subjective alienation, of 'social subjection,' a-signifying semiotics have one of 'machinic enslavement.' A-signifying semiotics synchronize and modulate the pre-individual and pre-verbal elements of subjectivity by causing the affects, perceptions, emotions, etc. to function like component parts, like the elements in a machine (machinic enslavement). We can all function like the input/output elements in semiotic machines, like simple relays of television or the Internet that facilitate or block the transmission of information, communication or affects. Unlike signifying semiotics, a-signifying semiotics recognize neither persons, roles nor subjects.... The power of these semiotics resides in the fact that they permeate the systems of representation and signification by which 'individuated subjects recognize each other and are alienated from each other'... My sensory-motor system is faulty since the images and movements no longer depend either on objects or on my brain, but are automatically produced by a machinic device..."

We vent our frustration at the kind of power exerted on us when we feel defenseless, by swearing and shouting, which gives us some kind of fake feeling of agency already lost in technological wonders:

fuck you fucker
fem-dom
dickhead
ass hole (AH)
bullshit
full of shit
full nelson
dutch rider
double-dutch rider
face-sitting porn
pedophilia sick
doggy your self
white fucking dirty trash
father/pap/papa I'd like to fuck
impotent useless penis
son of a million bitches
suck your own dick
I break your ass
I pee in your mouth
you pee in my mouth (peeing in
someone's mouth could be very arousing
and is considered healthy
in some culture that claim
the beneficial nutritional
properties of urine)
I'll break you lack of balls
white impotent brain
stunt pretentious cock
upskirting pervert
sick bukkake
etc.

Instead, I propose a new lexicon for pornography using words that are to designate humans that use and misuse power:

terrorism
 forbidden
 dealer
 amoral
 profit
 war
 conspiracy
 inflation
 money laundering
 more
 dirty
 more money
 dictatorship
 corruption
 professional
 skills
 drug
 bad
 threat
 separate
 enemy
 kill
 property
 foreign
 accidental
 investment
 protect
 nation
 defend
 protect the nation
 protect the family
 corporation
 real estate
 franchises
 total access
 my capital
 teamwork

law enforcement
 stock market
 ghetto
 border
 Nazis
 liberals
 booming
 isis
 sovereign
 destruction
 expansion
 withdrawal
 sanction
 repression
 regime
 success
 privilege
 fortify
 military
 prestige
 assure
 dominion
 etc.

The rest of us are ordinary people with the pure desire to be together, the desire that moves all things (as opposed to the market's pushing desires on us). Am I really telling the truth? The rest of us are also repeating the same motha-fucka-story, because maybe deep down, we all want to dominate, to be at the

center
 to get all the power there is, permanently.

I will be together with you
 on the condition that lust is our mediator
 an uncontrollable passion for each other
 of contact, touch, care, sex, no sex, beholding, support, pleasure
 out of control
 continuously

EXERCISE AA: AROUSED WITHOUT A CV

Why do some things never return? Why do you never return to talk to me, to ask me anything, or to be with me? My sound making didn't become movement. Instead, it stopped all movements, for movement requires an unspoken, unconditional response, of accepting what it does, always returning for no other reason than moving.

The waves and the sound of the waves, as movement, stare back at me and set me in motion. I swing with them, I feel with them, I listen to them, until I become vibration, movement, wave, and sound. I bring your vibration wherever I go.

Each wave is singular, like a particle. It doesn't come back, it is a one-time situation. It wants to break and vanish into the sand instantly, as if it never happened. What do I make of it? The memory of the wave is my permanently staring and listening to its sound. The wave, its sound, and my memory, are alike, a big registering machine that accepts listening and staring to create an eternal return. They return eternally to an experience of connectiveness. One could connect oneself to all things by listening, staring, and moving with them. Each dying wave and born sound are forever registered in the molecular vibration of the systemic universe, composed of movement, of eternally moving things that stick in the memory of all things, materialized in the vibrations of all things. Finally, back to the waves or the particles, scientists haven't solved the mystery of movement happening through particles or through waves. Probably it is in the memory of all things and its materialization; the stone, the water, the air, the poo, the pee, the kiss, the moon, the fish, the sun, the meteors, the tree, the table, the book, the leg, the hair, the pore, the saliva, the skin, the eyes, the cunt, the penis, the glands, the cum, the smell of sweat, the desire to lean on you, the nervous system, the blood I am trying to clean with Chinese medicine, the breath I'm strengthening with meditation, the skin becoming wrinkled, the bed, the bed sheets, the night, the dance, the touch, the object of penetration, the penetration, the hallucination, the way all things start and end, and start again, the incredible wish to never end, the need of having never-ending sex.....

20 Barad, p.9
21 Barad, p.15

.....continue naming until a full sexual desire arises, of total lust, to have sex continuously, unconditionally, without questions, like the waves and the sounds follow one another, ending to start, starting to end, continually. Perhaps that is what we need to do, to return like waves, with each time as the only time, and so, not wasting time to select, but to follow (without asking for a CV or proof of quality), die and start anew, moving on, including it all, that everything is in the go, inside the movement, that everything moves towards death, and so, not selected, but included, without premeditated self-interest of capitalizing from the exchange, avoiding measuring one's own persona, letting everything be of personal interest, so everyone is a part of it, like every thing out there is. Maybe then, we could end this exhaustive discourse of inclusion Europe is always taking about.

*"Birth and death are not the sole prerogative of the animate world. 'Inanimate' beings also have finite lives... Particles can be born and particles can die."*²⁰

*"Individuals are infinitely indebted to all Others, where indebtedness is not about a debt that follows or results from a trans/action, but rather, a debt that is the condition of possibility of giving/receiving."*²¹

the thing
 the inside
 announces that its self
 is nothing more than what is not it
 the other thing
 the outside
 a doubling
 my thought into the thought of another
 the gap of our material self
 our bodies

the gapping of time
 the gap of memory

it might be said that our time has its own gaps
 or even that it requires new ones
 the forces of the outside
 the name for one's relation to oneself
 the effect of the self on the self

to have is to gap that which is outside inside
 caverns containing other caverns, which contain still more caverns ad infinitum
 the uncovering of a strange language within language
 a signifying form of expression
 that exists at the limits of language

a gap that breaks down

deviates from dominant signification
 the ethical and political dimensions
 of relationships entailing domination
 a question of ownership

a resistant and radical politics today must involve stuttering
 stammering of language
 the turning away from dominant regimes of signification
 at least a stammering in and of them
 to produce new kinds of stuttering subjectivities
 new combinations
 forces that can then be gapped back into itself

to produce new modalities of being and new means of expression
 new ways of gapping the world into the self
 new kinds of subject
 a relation of ritual

non gap

not the production of possible worlds
 not even the production of subjectivity
 or both of these only insofar as they allow access to something
 the void
 the black
 the ground
 the dark
 from which these worlds these subjects have emerged

an un-gapping then as that which always accompanies the gap

new gaps

opening us out to that which is yet to be gapped
 micro-perceptions
 representatives of the world
 these little spaces that unravel in every direction
 gaps in gaps over gaps following gaps like toxic hallucinations
 obscure
 confused perceptions
 that make up our macro-perceptions
 our conscious clear
 distinct apperceptions

(Continue in Exercises 7a, 7b, S1, SOS, & 32)

what
 was
 that?

The Dodo transformed into a piece
of sugar, “inhuman triumph”¹.
- Oh my, long lost, oh love, oh my
long lost love, oh long lost loves of
long lost.

ANDREAS HAGLUND



Where does an ellipse begin? Is it in the sharpest degree of its curve or the smoothest arch?

What is the sharpest degree of my home's curve? Is it 2 degrees? 2.5? 4.3? Elliptical pieces of paper, bent in half.

Oh my love, my lovely love of loves, I dream of the island of Mauritius. Paradise de luxe with lush beaches and nice brunch bouffés. "I've seen and heard so much about Mauritius. I've been wanting to go there for such a long time and now it was finally my turn to go there."² Cue generic pop music, cue the lapis lazuli ocean, cue smile upon smile. Can I have my bacon in bed? Can I go snorkeling six times at once? Can my tongue carve out a dodo?

"Nature can be conquered if we can find but her weak side"³. Coal provided a smooth operation for factory owners to ditch the countryside for the lure of clusters of working bodies: Manchester, London, Leeds. Leaving the previously instrumental hydro-power ghosted. "The invention of the steam-engine has relieved us from the necessity of building factories in inconvenient situations merley for the sake of a waterfall"⁴. The inconvenient situation of working bodies with no concern for clocks. The inconvenient situation of any unspecified british economist not being able to study the carriages with pounds of pound sterling travelling from countryside villages with waterfalls to London Banks with fountains. "Listen to the rivers and the lakes that you're used to"⁵. The only body of water I really know is my toilet.

"Steam gained supremacy in spite of water being abundant, at least as powerful, and decidedly cheaper."⁶ Steam evaporated further away from working four hours per day because the factory owner could not tell a body not to. The human body, the horse body and the mule body. Siesta in pre-steam Britain. Leaving work early to go circle-dancing. Kasta macka på jobbet, vattnet var ju där.

In the circumference of a circle the beginning and end are common. The commonplace of many human dwellings are squares with sharp 40-50 degree curves. Walking forward, circularly. Warmer than Mauritius.

"For you have but to follow and as it were hound nature in her wanderings, and you will be able, when you like, to lead and drive her afterwards to the same place again... Neither ought a man to make scruple of entering and penetrating

-
- 2 Nicole Falciani, NICKY VISITS MAURITIUS, March 18th 2018
 - 3 James Watts, Reported Saying
 - 4 J.R McCulloch, Edinburgh Review, 1833
 - 5 TLC, Waterfalls, 1995
 - 6 Andreas Malm, Fossil Capital, 2016

into those holes and corners, when the inquisition of truth is his sole object"⁷... In 1626 the quoted Mr.Bacon tried to stuff a chicken with snow. He stayed out for too long in the winter cold, caught pneumonia and died. February 1650, Descartes visited Stockholm, caught pneumonia and died. He couldn't stand the climate. 1650 human population: 500 million minus Descartes. 1650 Dodo population: perhaps a few?

Exponential growth will pierce the ceiling of the graph.

"In the paintings of the time, artists tended to make newly discovered animals look like bits of meat on legs. It was the same with the dodo - they wanted it to be more spectacular than any bird that came before."⁸ Bodies keep molding after extinction, portrayed by human hands. The faun on stage, restaged and restaged. "I think in shapes"⁹, reshapes and reshapes. Was the costume budget of Les Ballet Russes too small to make hooves? Were hooves considered too scandalous in 1912? Are fauns disguised as fauns by name alone? A house cat called Cleopatra. "I want to grow my own food but I can't find any bacon seeds"¹⁰

Seize the means of sustainability.

"When Watt's engine was installed in a boat, ship crews were liberated from having to adapt their journeys to the winds, a development that rapidly accelerated the colonial project and the ability of European powers to easily annex countries in distant lands."¹¹ With the strongest drive, whites captured anything. London, the center of crime call-center. Marshlands, mountain tops, silent swamps and wuthering heights. Where extraction has started an arduous journey from wild, to white. "the disembarking heterosexuals pit picador arms against the heads of females, high-end climate-change cologne; they have vetivered and tidalled out."¹²

Silence to de-cadence. Hens can lay one egg per 26 hours. Birthing more or less one egg every second day. Some estimates state around 300 eggs per year. "It is useful to think of exponential growth in terms of doubling time."¹³ There are more pairs of pants in the world than there are pigeons. Smiles upon smiles of post-omelette unbuttoning. I live in Denmark, where 5,000 pig farms give birth to 28 million piglets per year. If every human in Denmark is assumed to have 4 pairs of pants, there would be more pigs than pants. "Danish pig meat is

-
- 7 Francis Bacon, *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, 1623
 - 8 Dr Julian Hume, <https://www.nhm.ac.uk/discover/the-lost-world-of-the-dodo.html>,
 - 9 Vahni Capildeo, *Interviews by Brainard Care*, May 3d 2019
 - 10 picturequotes.com/bacon-quotes, 2018
 - 11 Naomi Klein, *This Changes Everything*, 2014
 - 12 Vahni Capildeo, *Measures of Expatriation*, Chloe on the Jubilee, 2016
 - 13 The Club of Rome, *The Limits to Growth*, 1972

exported to more than 140 countries.”¹⁴

Oh thy flightless bird, thy flightless bird of birds first encountered humans in 1598. Dutch sailors brought mice, cats, dogs and extractive attitudes. Eradicating the forests for planting, pushing the dodo away from the lush beaches. By 1860, “Mauritius also once had a number of narrow gauge industrial railway lines, each connecting a sugar mill with nearby sugar cane plantations”¹⁵, powered by steam. By 1660, the dodo was extinct. They couldn’t stand the climate. By 1968 the current constitution of Mauritius was adopted. By 19th of December, 2019, “Following great interest of the public for the Free Passenger Service ride in its LRVs, Metro Express Ltd wishes to explain clearly how to experience a pleasant journey in its LRVs”¹⁶. Off the coast of Mauritius lies the tiny island Île de mort.

Eyes, eggs, feet, broccoli, E.coli and a shovel. Ellipses pointing downward also point up.

“For instance, specialist dung beetles in Mauritius fed on dodo dung. They died out at the same time as the dodos. Some wasp species also disappeared when the forest was cut down, along with many bird species.”¹⁷ Would the Cleopatric house cat be considered a new being by virtue of the name? If I was to rename and reshape an island I would probably use a tent. I would spend three days carefully camping the name of the island in this tent. Then, I would scavenge the island and extract the tent out of the earth. Oh my flatulent signature, my flatulent signature of signatures. New or Other? The letters I use to write are all recycled.

“Coal represented, in short, total domination, of both nature and other people, the full realization of Bacon’s dream at last.”¹⁸ Breakfast in bed, kiwi, coffee, pineapple, scrambled eggs, two kinds of marmelade, steamed broccoli and Bacon. Oh my bacon, my common bacon of bacon.

The ellipse circles back. Oh my, long lost, love, oh my long lost love, oh long lost loves of long lost. It can be conceived of as a line. All lines exist in at least three dimensions, making all lines cylinders. “I en cylinder i vattnet av vattengråt”¹⁹ / In a cylinder in the water of water-tears.

¹⁴ agricultureandfood.dk

¹⁵ https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/History_of_rail_transport_in_Mauritius

¹⁶ Mauritius Metro Express, https://mauritiusmetroexpress.mu/wp-content/uploads/2020/02/Press-Communique-Distribution-of-tickets_19Dec2019.pdf.

¹⁷ Dr Julian Hume, <https://www.nhm.ac.uk/discover/the-lost-world-of-the-dodo.html>

¹⁸ Naomi Klein, *This Changes Everything*, 2014

¹⁹ Ann Jäderlund, *I en cylinder i vatten av vattengråt*, 2006



A return to the theatre

In thinking about the reopening of the cultural sector post-COVID-19 and the eventual return to theatres, the question of *the public* is one I cannot yet move past. How will we perform a public post-social-distancing? What kind of audience will we be? How will we identify as that group? The one we knew so well how to perform — we did it often, and in many formations. And what kind of affinity will that relationship form when the idea of ourselves as individuals, as enclosed selves, has been ruptured? That myth of being separate and separable is undone each time we wrap ourselves in cloth and plastic, our bodies unable to contain themselves.

We will return to the theatre with the choreographies of social distancing embodied. We will come to the theatre with an entirely different sensibility of our own bodies in public. We will wear masks and not touch, we will pay attention to where we breathe, cups will be disposable if a venue foots the risk of serving. We will return to the theatre knowing the danger of proximity, having lived without and moved away from touch. We will come with bodies that practiced greeting in gaps of 1.5 metres. We will come with bodies that learned to speak slightly louder to cover the distance. We will come with new gestures of tenderness. We will return with the capacity to feel the heat of another body standing too close. We will carry with us a new choreography, an awareness just short of paranoia. We will be wrapped in cloth and plastic, knowing that this skin is no border, just a threshold. The fragile ecosystem called self will finally be in public.

We will gather in a place once familiar; maybe an entrance room, small clusters of people will stand, we will perform our bubbles, some of the more audacious will move between groups, some sit, others lean on walls or bars. We will come with bodies that take the risk of exchange. We saw the world shut down because of our bodies own contagion. To acknowledge the risk is also to acknowledge the capacity of something. We will feel the danger of proximity, that is, we will feel what being together is capable of, what can pass between us.

We will carry a new choreography in our bodies that will not allow our gaze to retract into the boredom of spectacle, but become obsessive with details,

posture, sensation. We will not forget our bodies. We will understand in some manner that we won't know what has passed between us, we will be in the theatre for contagion, for sharing, for thoughts moving between bodies, for the feeling of not being oneself, of letting something in, of carrying something with you. We will come to believe again in the theatre, in collective assembly.

We will return to the theatre knowing that we won't see it when it happens, we won't feel it when it mutates, we won't see it move between us. The critic will despair: "I don't know everything that happened, all I have are small details, I can leave a map for retracing what could have been shared between us." Knowing the risk is acknowledging the capacity. I do not hope for futures of social anxiety and paranoia (although we've been moving toward those futures long before COVID-19). We will have a vaccine, at some point. And will no longer need to fear the virus. There are many things which move between us unannounced, like a virus. What I hope for is a public whose bodies are open to exchange, to being moved. To understanding ourselves not in units, counted until some mass becomes recognized as an audience. But the audience appears through the contingency of exchange and encounter. We have lived beyond the myth that we are bound individuals, our bodies are different now. And lets do something with these sensibilities.

This text was written in response to an initiative by David Weber-Krebs, who in April 2020, began gathering responses to the question: 'what will happen on your first theatre visit after the lockdown?'

Some paths across some surfaces 131

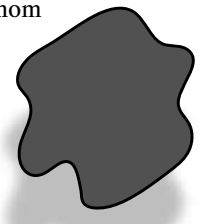
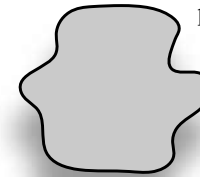
She was sitting, the outside of her left leg in touch with the grey floor. Leaning forward her head dropped down, dark blonde hair falling forwards. She traced the shape of her own head. One hand first starting at the atlas bone up towards the top of her head continuing forward over her face. Nose, chin, throat. It was covered by her hair, a slippery surface, like silk fabric. She repeated it, hands moving in a circular pattern. They stayed in touch with her head, sliding along the surface around and around in one direction. A cyclic motion, like swimming. The two hands alternating. It produced a wiggling movement in her upper body.

Den gröna gallans kvaliteter

I rutinen kan något uppstå. *En ny dag må vara den andre lik, men det finns inget original, bara skillnad*, säger Eddy om Gilles. Rutinen gör upprepade begränsningar säger Liv och Marcus. Jag ligger i sängen och föreställer mig ett vakuum. En sfär av tomhet där allt är möjligt. Jag stirrar upp i taket. Ett kluster av prickar och bubblor dansar förbi. Jag följer dess rörelser. De rör sig synkront upp och ned i takt med hjärtats slag. Jag vrider huvudet och ser hur de flyter från höger till vänster. Mitt huvuds rörelser anpassar sig efter hur de rör sig. Min uppmärksamhet riktas mot en specifik prick. Den är slimegrön och omringas av en svart linje. Den har en grå hinna över sig och runt den flyter små svarta prickar. En bit bort flyter en blå klump. Jag får känslan av att den blå klumpen ackompanjerar den gröna; som att Don Quijote och Sancho Panza flöt på min näthinna. Jag och den gröna pricken har ett intimt förhållande.

Mina grannar på andra sidan gatan är hemma hela dagen. Deras fönster är helt rektangulärt. I fönstret hänger också en julstjärna. Den är tänd även på natten. Den ger ifrån sig ett rött sken. Mina grannar är en familj. Jag tror de har tre barn. En lillasyster, en bebis och en storebror. De är lite för långt borta för att jag ska kunna se hur de ser ut. Bredvid köksfönstret är deras badrum. Deras badrumsfönster är frostat. Trots detta frostade glas såg jag idag konturer av en kropp. Jag vill inte se men jag är tvungen. Jag stannar ibland på tröskeln till mitt sovrum. Jag gör en liten dans. Vänder mig om och ser mig själv i spegeln. Det är den platsen i min lägenhet där jag kanske är skymd. Jag är påväg in och ut samtidigt. Det är en portal från det offentliga till det intima. Det finns en chans att familjen på andra sidan har sett mig dansa där. Jag hoppas att jag har varit deras frukostbords-samtal någon gång.

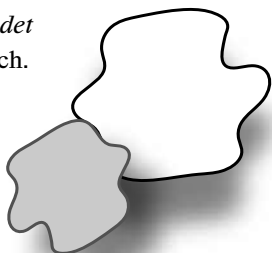
Prickarna och bubblorna är en del av min kropp. Inom oftamologin (läran om ögat) kallas detta för mouches volantes (franskt för "flygande flugor") eller floaters. De lysande klumparna är encelliga organismer. Det man ser är nämligen skuggan av vita



blodkroppar, som flyter i blodkärl på ögats näthinna. De vita blodkropparna absorberar inte ljuset i samma utsträckning som de röda, och därför blir de synliga som ljusa hål i blodkropparnas ström. De genomskinliga bubblorna är ett så kallat entoptiskt fenomen, som inträffar när fysiska ting i ögat kastar sin skugga på näthinnan.

Om jag vilar blicken på en rörig yta, är det svårt att upptäcka prickarna. De sammansmälter med omgivningen. Jag behöver fokusera blicken på en ljus yta. Jag kan inte röra vid dem. De är utanför mig. Visuellt påminner de ibland om existerande ting. Jag ser en spindel, jag ser en tråd, jag ser ett skavsår, jag ser rötter och jag ser ett hål. Jag avfärdar dessa och väljer istället ut dem former som inte jag inte associerar till något. Former som är en skugga av min insida. Formerna blir till tomrum. Formerna blir ett medel för medvetenhet. Tillsammans skapar vi ett vi. Jaget sträcker sig efter mening och finner det i en floater som undrar kring sin egen existens. Är floatern ett avstånd, ett uttänjande, en språngbräda, en alternativ medvetenhet, en förhandling, en förskjutning, en upplevelse av ett inre och yttre eller ser den på mitt inre med en yttre blick? *Vrängningens påtagliga omvändning av vad som är utåt. Tröjan är utochin. Eller så finns viljan att vända utochin för att se hur det är då, Vad annat syns?* säger Liv och Marcus.

Prickarna blir ett koncentrationsobjekt. Något att fokusera på utanför mig själv. De blir min utgångspunkt för en tankebana. En övning i att vara närvarande. När jag ligger i sängen och koncentrerar mig på prickarna flyter tanken fritt. Tankeleken är en evig återkomst till detaljen för att desperat försöka greppa helheten. *Det är inte varat som återvänder, utan snarare själva återvändandet som konstituerar vara.* säger Gilles om Friedrich. *Detaljen påminner om hur en annan kommer ihåg, hågkomsten, överkomsten* säger Liv och Marcus. Jag famlar i avståndet mellan floaters och mig själv och försöker minnas.



När jag satt på bussen häromdagen somnade jag till lite lätt. Jag drömde då om lera. Leran var formad som en stapel. Tjocka ark av brungrå lera, staplade på varandra. Jag betraktade leran och började att rulla ut den i olika riktningar. Det var som att veckla ut ett ihopvikt papper men lerans konsistens gjorde det hela segt och kladdigt. Samtidigt som jag vecklade ut leran sa jag: Jag har en plan, jag har ingen plan, jag har en plan, jag har ingen plan.

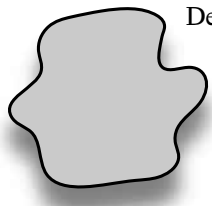
Ibland står jag framför badrumsspeglarna och övar på balett. Jag gör första och andra position med armarna. Men det är trångt där inne. Så jag kan inte ha armarna i fjärde eller femte position. Ibland när jag duschar fastnar duschdraperiet i mina anklar. Tyget suger sig liksom fast i hämlarna. Det är lika oväntad och obehaglig situation. Ibland filmar jag mig själv i badrummet. När jag står och stirrar på min mage. Drar den in och ut. Häromdagen blev jag kräksjuk. Jag minns hur min spya var alldeles grön. En gräsgrön gallsaft. I stunden tyckte jag den var vacker och jag tänkte att den hade en slags kvalitet i sig som form. Eller jag var snarare fascinerad av den.

Nu ligger jag på golvet och stirrar upp i taket. Jag placerar nio tunga böcker jag nästan läst på min mage. *Tusen platåer, Livet; En bruksanvisning, Löneförhöjningen, Vifformation, Gå Vilse, The Art of Walking, How To Use Your Eyes, Hundra tusen miljarder dikter och Skogen Malmen Vattenkraften.* Tillsammans bildar de ett litet torn av undringar och osäkerhet. När jag andas in ser jag hur tornet sträcker sig mot taket. När jag andas ut halkar de nästan av. Jag vill ha mer tyngd. Jag placerar en lampa ovanpå böckerna. Balans blir plötsligt viktigt. Jag spannar delar av kroppen för att balansera föremålen. *Jag är mitt i livet* säger jag. *Jag är en alltid i mitten, varken början eller slut* säger Floatern.



Det blir en balansövning mellan information, ljus och kropp. Alla parter är beroende av varandra för att tornet av föremål inte ska falla och göra mig illa. När jag finner den perfekta balansen kan jag återigen fokusera på prickarna. De är större nu. De flyter mot varandra och bildar ett super-

kluster. En jävligt rörig klump av undringar om detaljer, tvivel, repetition, intimitet, minne, kropp, medvetenhet, existens, förhandlingar, och balans. Super-klustret flyter fram och frågar: *Hur är mina sinnen kopplade till världen?* En grön och gul bubbla frågar: *Hur osäkrar jag mig själv?* En annan undrar: *Hur är jag en estetisk form utan att namnge världen? Kan jag bli en klump? Hur blir jag världen? Vad är ett lyssnande ting?*



Det man gör för sig själv inne i badrummet är helt logiskt, rationellt, fantastiskt just där och då. Det är bara en själv och ens egen spegelbild i ett kaklat rum. Om någon skulle se mig skulle den bubblan spricka. Jag lyssnar efter ljud i badrummet. Häromdagen hörde jag min granne. Jag hörde henne onanera i duschen. Efter det spottade hon, fräste och sjöng Womanizer av Britney Spears. Sedan sa hon högt och tydligt: "Nu är vintern tillbaka".



PAULA ALMIRON (Argentina) is a dancer and choreographer based in Brussels. She's currently working with text and choreography around the (micro and macro) performativity of a latin american lake.

JANI ANDERS PURHONEN born August 5th, '82 in tammissaari
andersahlroth.com

SIMON ASECIO was once told that he was an odd sort of escort.

MÉLANIE BLAISON ('93) is a writer and an artist. She lives and works in Aubervilliers. She is interested in displacement, everyday movement, landscape and public space.

ODA BREKKE works with dance and choreography, mainly at the artist driven studio höjden in Stockholm. She spends a lot of her time maintaining höjden's collegial and physical structure, and is also engaged in other collective formations such as PIM, INSISTER SPACE and Interim Kultur.
insisterspace.se/oda-brekke/

JUAN PABLO CÁMARA is an Argentinian born, Berlin based choreographer and performer. His work reflects upon mediated relationships established with surroundings and amongst selves, through playful attempts to create narratives and identities that could problematise the ways in which language (bound to a human ontology) determines experience and perceptions of reality.

LAURA CEMIN is an Italian artist currently based in Scandinavia. She is interested in the connection between movement, language, and memory. lauracemin.com

CHLOE CHIGNELL is a writer, choreographer and dancer. She runs rile* a bookshop and project space for publication and

performance in Brussels with Sven Dehens. chloechignell.com

MATT CORNELL is an Asia-Pacific based choreographer. His work interrogates how we embody systems – social, cultural, political, or technological – and in turn how these systems embody us by forming communities and informing identities. His work takes multiple forms including dancing, performance, sound composition, writing, podcasting, and curation, in varying contexts including in theatres, galleries, public and digital spaces. That we may get better at living together.
mattcornell.com

STINA EHN is a dance artist based between Copenhagen and Stockholm. With a particular interest in spatiality and architecture, she's charmed by letter correspondences, addressing objects and by the thought of 1000 memories at 1000 places in the same city at once. She explores these interests through dances, poetry and typography and prefers working with experimental methods in collaboration with others.

EMMA FISHWICK is based in Perth (AUS), she creates and directs across multiple art forms to encourage empathy through observation and experience.
emmafishwick.com

LUCIJA GRBIC embraces impulses from around & from within/ sometimes they go through 'er & out of 'er/ sometimes they stay in/ take a different form/ light-ly/ moving whole/ or not at all/ or moving a-part/ the hand/ sometimes right, sometimes left/ the mind writes/ or does not/ any-way/ it's all fiction/ it's all real

SARA GEBRAN is a choreographer, dancer, professor, writer and urban planner. Sara's

two publications propose 'self-instituting' one's own knowledge independently from the validation of an institution. Her writings are speculative, investigating how power works.
saragebran.com

Stefan Govaart wants to know about vowels and heat, before and now.

ANDREAS HAGLUND (he/they) lives between Amager and Tyresö. He works with dance and choreography, loves garlic, is a member of a dance cooperative and cares about sustainable cultures. All poems, tips, tricks and other inquiries welcome:
andreashaglund1000@gmail.com

HUGO HEDBERG is an artist and dancer. His work is often interdisciplinary and explores topics such as everyday life, identity and banality. He is curious about how to recreate material from the way we move through daily life. A recurring question in his practice is; how can we see our own being in the world as dance and choreography?

ALICE HEYWARD is a dancer. She makes dances and dances dances made by other people. She also makes dances together with others. Alice writes, edits writing and teaches. aliceheyward.com

MADLEN HIRTENTREU The central theme of Hirtentreu's interest lies in territorial limitation (both mental and physical) from which new ways of manipulating the situation are being invented. One is hunting for lost futures and utopias.
madlenhirtentreu.com

ELEANOR IVORY WEBER lives in Brussels and works as an art teacher, editor and writer.

NIKIMA JAGUDAJEV (b. 1990) is a choreographer based in Brussels and New York.

SONJIS LAINE dances, works with and reflects the different embodied temporalities, hope, or the potentialities of the imaginary and embodied knowledge in the queered futures. By integrating social ial philosophy, anthropological theory and writing into her dance practices she creates an interdisciplinary standpoint and approaches dancing as thinking.

sonjis.laine@gmail.com

YOOJIN LEE uses object, sound, text, video and performative gesture to experiment with ways of being that embody care, knowledge, (un)belonging and resistance. Recent work has explored overlooked human and nonhuman behaviours and states of (in)activity, such as sleep and sloth. nijooy.com

DENISE LIM / is a Singaporean dancer and choreographer living and studying in Copenhagen. denise.shuyi@gmail.com

THEO LIVESEY picks up words here and there, looking at them from all sorts of angles, occasionally chewing them and spitting them out again. In performance, written text, and recorded audio.

MAIA MEANS is a dancer who also works with publishing, writing and ways of organising.

NAYA MOLL is a dancer, choreographer and dramaturge. In her practice, she works with phenomenology as a poetic attending to perception, and the osmosis between the body and the outer world.

CATERINA MORA Embodying: tango, perreo, ballet, tap/ From Patagonia/ "The uses of the erotics"/ Defense of public

institution as a field of discussion/ Almost not inside of art market/ Economic inflation/ Fan of my parents/ Towards anger because the illusion of de-colonial debate/ Don't like rice /

caterinamora.jimdofree.com

RHIANNON NEWTON is an Australian dancer and choreographer. Her work draws on practices of repetition, studying patterns that give rise to change and stasis within the body and our world. Her work has been presented in various Australian and international festival, exhibition and performance contexts. Rhiannon is a caretaker of the artist-run space ReadyMade Works, and current HDR candidate at UNSW.

ZANDER PORTER is a US-American, Germany-based artist working in the space between liveness and onlineness. Zander is a core member of XenoEntities Network (XEN). zanderporter.com

LENA SCHWINGSHANDL is an Austrian artist currently living in Helsinki. In her performative work she explores the dynamics of relationships and encounters both on a public and intimate level. lenaschwingshandl.com

STAV YEINI is a choreographer, sound artist & Reiki Master practitioner currently based in Brussels conducting research on reactivating dormant brain paths through sensuous knowledge production with and by human and non human forms of life. stavyeini.com

THIS CONTAINER

Edition #07

May 2019

Eliane Bertschi
Deborah Birch
Linda Blomqvist
Laura Cemin
Matt Cornell
Chloe Chignell
Marcus Doverud
Dancegirl_94@hotmail.com
Emma Fishwick
Anastasia Freygang
Ilse Ghekiere
Stefan Govaart
Alice Heyward
Adriano Wilfert Jensen
Henrike Kohpeiß
Inna Krasnoper
Leah Landau
Marcus Ian Mckenzie
Megan Payne
Laura Ramírez
Andrea Rodrigo
Nathalie Rozanes
Ellen Soderhult
Alexander Talts
Else Tunemyr

Edition #06

Jul/Aug 2018

Deborah Birch
Jennifer Boyd
Oda Brekke
Chloe Chignell
Sven Dehens
Alle Dicu
Ruta Dumciute
Irina Gheorghe
Anyia Kravchenko
Maia Means
Zoë Poluch
PO\$\$E
Ellen Soderhult

Edition #05

Nov/Dec 2017

Sandra Liaklev Andersen
Ida Arenius
DANSEatelier
Bronwyn bailey-charteris
Lauren Bakst
Anna Bontha
Oda Brekke
Chloe Chignell
Anna Fischler
Emilia Gasiorek
Ilse Ghekiere
Adriana Gheorghe
Paolo Gile
Andreas Haglund
Alice Heyward
Johanne Ib
Maia Means
Benny Olk
Rebecca Rosier
Nathalie Rozanes
Ellen Soderhult
Kottinspekionen Dans

Edition #04

Jul/Aug 2017

Sarah Aiken
Anna Bontha
Chloe Chignell
Angela Goh
Rebecca Jensen
Maia Means
Rasmus Ölme
Frida Sandstrom
Ellen Soderhult
Louise Trueheart
Vanessa Virta
Jan Nyberg

Edition #03**Jan/Feb 2017**

Eleanor Bauer
 Chloe Chignell
 Ellen Davies
 Leah Marojevic
 Ellen Soderhult
 Gry Tingskog
 Darcy Wallace

Edition #02**Oct/Nov 2016**

Alexandra Baybutt
 Chloe Chignell
 Ellen Davies
 Alice Heyward
 Anya Kravchenko
 Maia Means
 Elise Nuding
 Megan Payne
 Ellen Soderhult
 Danish Dance Theatre (company)

Edition #01**Jul/Aug 2016**

Chloe Chignell
 Sonya Lindfors
 Maia Means
 Nicole Neidert
 Stina Nyberg
 Ellen Soderhult
 Index Foundation Stockholm
 Gry Tingskog
 Vanessa Virta

Typefaces
 Happy Times at the IKC

*Pinyon Script**Almendra**Almendra Display***Amarante****Avara***Le Murmure*

Cover Design: Chloe Chignell

Illustrations throughout:
 Furies traced by Maia Means from
 various images found online.

All views expressed are those of the
 author and do not necessarily reflect
 those of This Container.

To reproduce any of the content from
 This Container 08 please contact the
 editors for permission.
thiscontainerzss@gmail.com
www.thiscontainer.com

Printed by PrijsPrinter, Netherlands
 Published May 2020
 Brussels, Belgium

This
Container
EDITION 08
MAY 2020

www.thiscontainer.com

supported by:
rile Brussels / www.rile.space*
City of Melbourne Arts Council



Chloe Chignell, Stefan Govaart, Maia Means (Eds.)

Contributors: Paula Almiron, Jani Anders Purhonen, Simon Asencio, Mélanie Blaison, Oda Brekke, Juan Pablo Cámara, Laura Cemin, Matt Cornell, Stina Ehn, Emma Fishwick, Lu G, Sara Gebran, Andreas Haglund, Hugo Hedberg, Alice Heyward, Madlen Hirtentreu, Eleanor Ivory Weber, Nikima Jagudajev, Sonjis Laine, Yoojin Lee, Denise Lim, Theo Livesey, Naya Moll, Caterina Mora, Rhiannon Newton, Zander Porter, Lena Schwingshandls and Stav Yeini