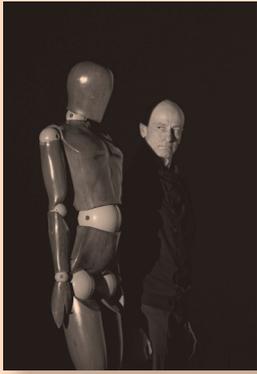


SCORES N°2

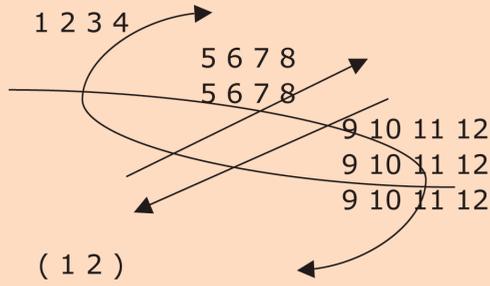
What Escapes



Juergen Berlakovich
p. 96



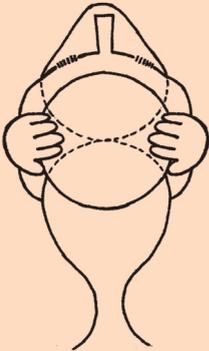
Gerhard Bohner / Cesc Gelabert
p. 90



Lucinda Childs
p. 6



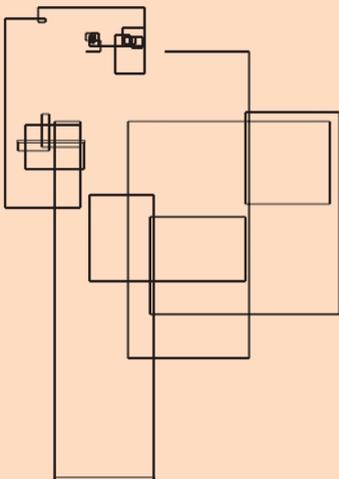
Liquid Loft / Chris Haring
p. 64



noid
p. 56



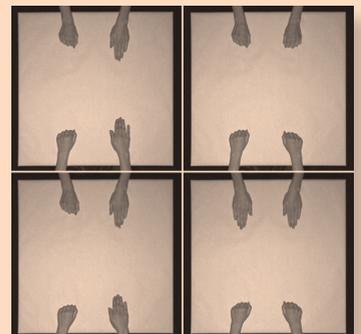
The Loose Collective
p. 46



Noé Soulier
p. 32



Sara Manente, Constanze Schellow
p. 102



Vlatka Horvat
p. 32

EDITORIAL

What escapes?

... is lodged at the corners of our eyes, in the wrinkles of the body and on the margins of movement and eludes the first glance. When coincidence, dilettantism and the desire to experiment come into play, improvisation challenges the structures of composition, when gestures or movements overpaint what has already existed and outline what has not yet been achieved, when formats and disciplines flow into one another, then in the opening up, roughened spaces the choreographic develops another potential: more a fictive outline of potentials than a codifying act, it throws our perception and certainties into turmoil and shows itself as a mode of encounter that develops its artistic but also social and communal possibilities beyond plans, projects, controls and archiving – and, precisely in that, it repeatedly creates new worlds.

From the radical idea of rupture and break with old habits, institutions and modes to a more cautious dream of slipping through barriers established to mediate our encounters with art, the idea of escape – breaching, drifting past or otherwise surpassing limits – offers a unique glance on questions of contemporary dance, performance and art. The artists struggle to locate work in a meaningful context (escaping or resisting institutional frames or limits), alongside their attempt to make work that escapes or critiques the strictures and habits of representation and consumption, all point towards the dynamic possibilities of breach. In different formats – performances, dialogues, research and work-in-progress presentations, lectures and a mini-marathon of

statements, questions & events – and in different medias, the third edition of the artistic theoretical parcours *SCORES* that Tanzquartier Wien organized in collaboration with Tim Etchells from November 30th to December 4th 2010 brought together different artists, writers and thinkers. From artists seeking to work outside the traditional institutional frames and structures to those who seek to slip the bounds of their chosen media, breaking, cracking or expanding their work in art, performance and dance until the forms yield to new possibilities and expressions. *What Escapes* also pointed to processes of involuntary expression: to the kinds of signs which escape involuntarily from artists and their work, or to the processes of slippage by which intentions and desires – of artists, institutions and audiences – are made manifest.

These different approaches towards *what escapes* provide the basic material and impulses for the periodical publication *SCORES*, enriched by other texts that arose from or inspired our main emphases. As a distinct medium, it takes the concept of the choreographic as practiced at Tanzquartier Wien further, artistically and theoretically, and facilitates sustainable discourse as well as inviting dialogue.

Walter Heun
Krassimira Kruschkova
Lejla Mehanović
Sandra Noeth

SCORES N°2
What Escapes

SCORES N°2
What Escapes

T I M E T C H E L L S
W H A T E S C A P E S

What escapes – what fights its way free,
what struggles to get out,
what breaks from confinement, stricture, prison, trap.
What one struggles to release.

What escapes – what slips out, dips under, seeps out, spill over.
What comes out un-noticed or unbidden.
Residue or unsought excess.
What gets released, without (or in spite) of one's struggles.

What escapes notice. What is overlooked.

What escapes the machinery of theatre?
What escapes representation?
What escapes from representation?
What escapes the commodifying logics of capitalism?
What escapes the rule? What escapes the system, the situation?
What escapes expectation?
What escapes the body?
What escapes the ego?
What escapes theatre?
What escapes dance?
What escapes language?
What escapes the space of art?

And once (or if) it has escaped – then where to?
And to what end?

p. 6—9
Lucinda Childs
SCORE FOR DANCE # 3
FROM DANCE 1979

p. 10—13
Wendy Houston
WHAT ESCAPES?

p. 14—19
Vlatka Horvat
ONCE OVER

p. 20—31
Tim Etchells / Adrian Heathfield
WHAT ESCAPES...

p. 32—37
Noé Soulier
IDÉOGRAPHIE

p. 38—45
Augusto Corrieri
IN PLACE OF A WORK

p. 46—55
The Loose Collective
A LOOK INSIDE
THE NOTEBOOKS

p. 56—63
noid
F Y E O — FOR
YOUR EARS
ONLY

p. 64—69
Fritz Ostermayer
TALKING MATROSHKAS OR
A SMALL TOWER OF BABEL

p. 70—75
Lucia Glass
THE SOUND OF IT

p. 76—79
HUNDEKREIS

p. 80—89
Jurij Konjar
LOST AND FOUND

p. 90—95
Arne Forke
OUT OF THE CRISIS

p. 96—101
Juergen Berlakovich
SOUNDSLEEPER

p. 102—115
Sara Manente / Constanze Schellow
NOT NOT A LECTURE

p. 117
All involved

p. 123—125
Imprint

SCORE FOR DANCE #3 FROM DANCE 1979

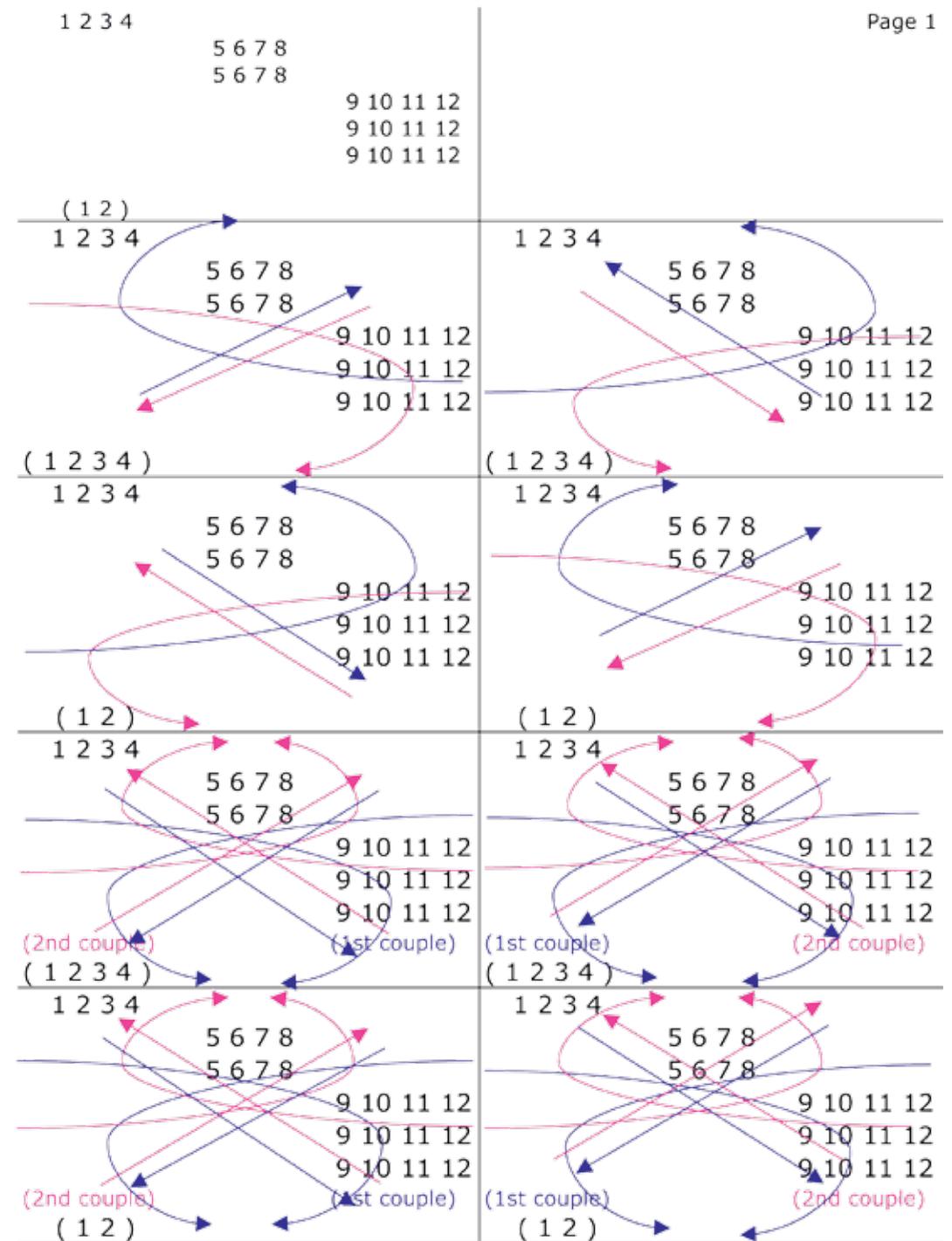
Choreography — Lucinda Childs
 Music — Philip Glass
 Film/décor — Sol LeWitt
 Digital version by Ty Boomershine (2009)

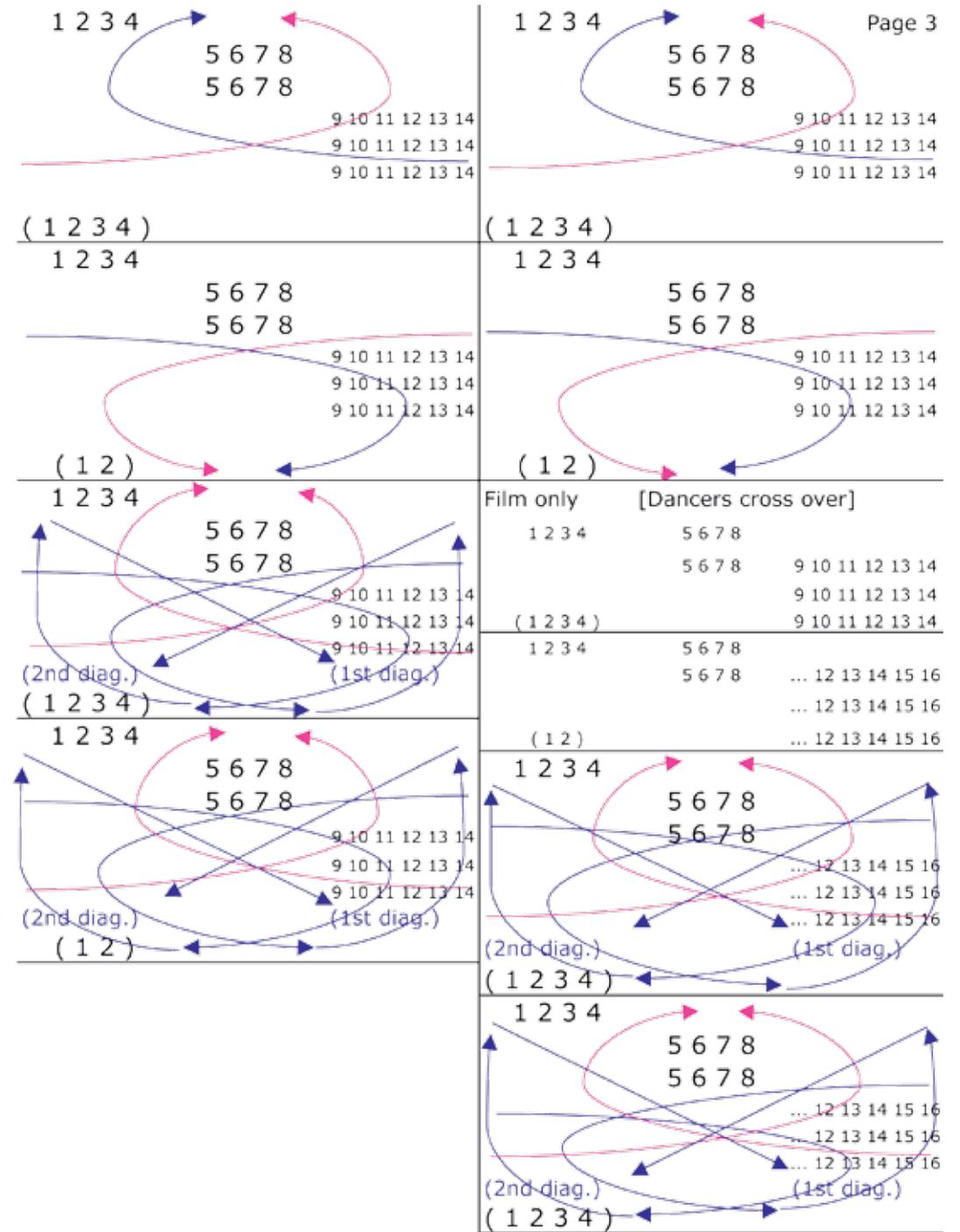
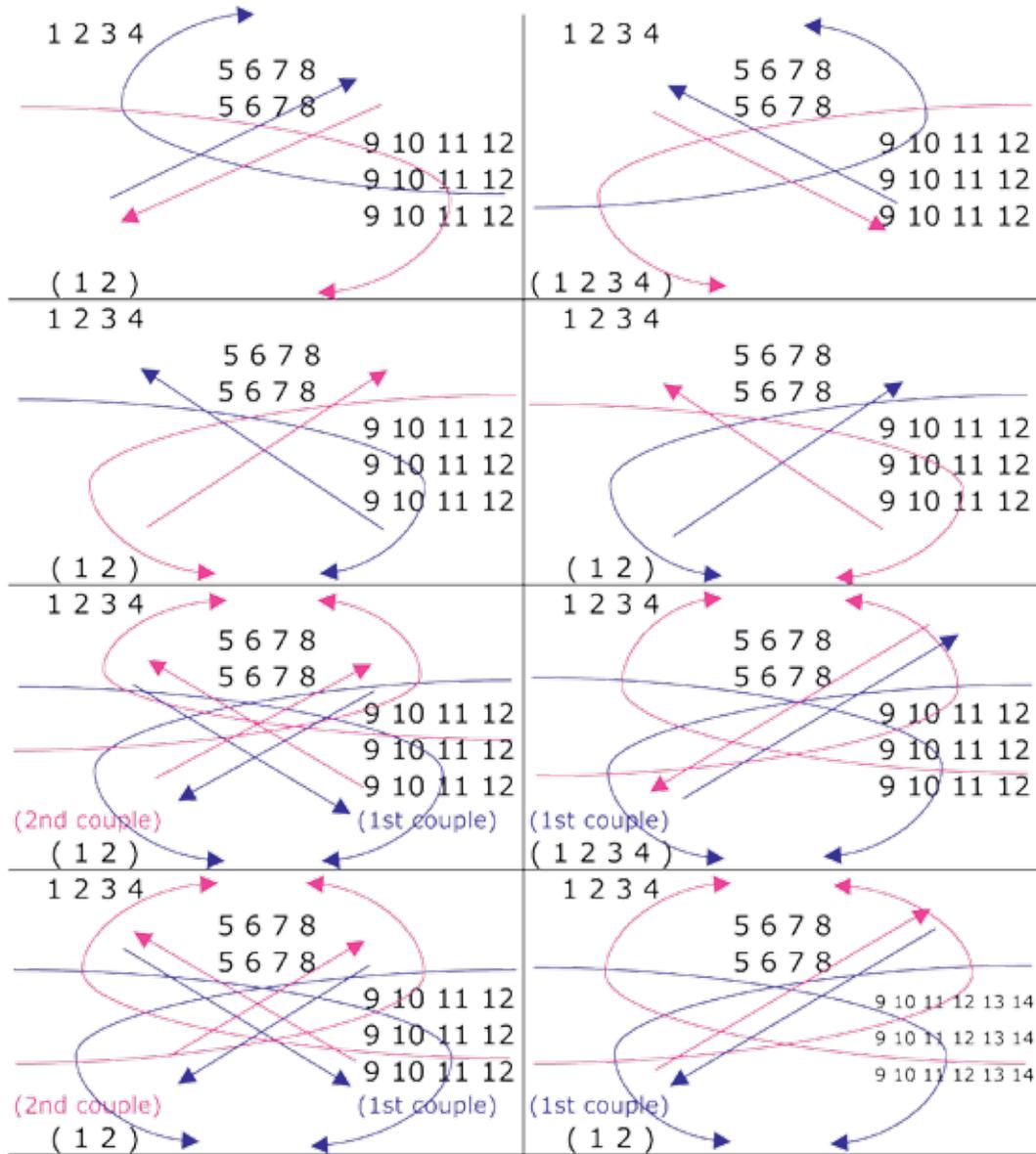
This score illustrates the spatial patterns of the dancers in relation to the numerical structure of Philip Glass's music. The orientation is from overhead point of view

Lucinda Childs

*

The performance *DANCE* by Lucinda Childs was presented on October 29th 2010 at Tanzquartier Wien.





WENDY HOUSTOUN

W H A T
E S C A P E S ?

Q:

DOES THE BODY THINK THROUGH MOVEMENT?

This was one of many questions recently posed to me by Terry O'Connor for her research project »MOVE« at Roehampton University this year.

A:

My body doesn't want to answer that. My body would prefer to answer that on its own terms. My body wants a question in its own language.

It was a cheeky kind of reply, but recently my body does seem to be making demands on its own terms and I am starting to have the feeling it is trying to escape.

On a recent trip to Berlin my body wouldn't stop walking. At first, I just went along with it. For many days it took me on some quite inexplicable routes devoid of interest, and I was getting bored as I accompanied it through the streets.

Now and then it would take a turn, usually to detect some dead end, and then double back, retrace its steps and set off on some new meaningless quest. I was hungry, but it just passed by all the cafes and I was beginning to lose patience.

After work, on a sunny day it took me on a long and slow route finally arriving at the *Topography of Terror* exhibition. All I wanted was a slow beer in a cool bar, but it insisted on taking me round the horrors.

Another sweaty day—it took me to the Jewish Museum and stood me in the Holocaust Tower before seducing me out into the Garden of Exile. Was it trying to tell me something? I just wanted to go and sit down somewhere pretty and have a small glass of wine.

I had to buy new shoes to cope with these developments. It was getting demanding.

This went on for almost a while then, without warning, on my day off it just decided to lie down despite my desire to go and browse bookshops.

Now my body was still, while I was itching to go round the city. I started to roam around the streets online. Seeing what performances I was missing, spotting the bookshops I could have gone to, virtually re-enacting the routes of the week. A digital traipse round the dead ends that my body had taken me to.

This motion and stillness game continues to play out with rare moments of agreement between me and my body.

In the last months my body has shown signs of wanting to spin a lot. I don't know why and it hurts my leg sometimes, but I seem to have to keep doing it. It wants to do simple repetitive moves, no expressive ones. It refuses to do any kind of move that will develop and seems happy to wait for the impulse in a way that I am finding irritating and time wasting.

It wants to keep going just when it's likely to break down.

It sleeps at inconvenient times. Refuses to go out to parties. The other day it started cleaning the flat when I wanted to write this, and it won't give up smoking however nicely I ask.

It's such an idiot—my body.

Recently it took me swimming in ice cold water and everything seized up. I lay down for days in some strange sleep. Strange dreams of fair ground rides, people with lisps, performances I should have been in but wasn't there.

That last one wasn't a dream.

I was lying down while I should have been performing.

The first time in 30 years.

It was like a break with a religion, an ending to loyalty.

A betrayal of the insistence that the show must go on.

Q:

Can the body escape?

A:

Can the body escape? Of course it can.

The body gets fed up with repetition and mindless activity. The body isn't interested in earning money and pleasing people. All the body wants to do is follow its impulses and get fed now and then. The body doesn't mind pleasure but also gets fed up with the imperative to enjoy itself. The body is sick of trying to look like other bodies. It looks at other bodies and doesn't think it would ever be like them, so it gets bored with all the attempts to do that. The body also starts to get tired of implied criticism. It does its best and that's that. What more can you want of the body.

The body is trying to escape the tyranny of career and is trying to slide into disrepair. The body says: Follow me if you can.

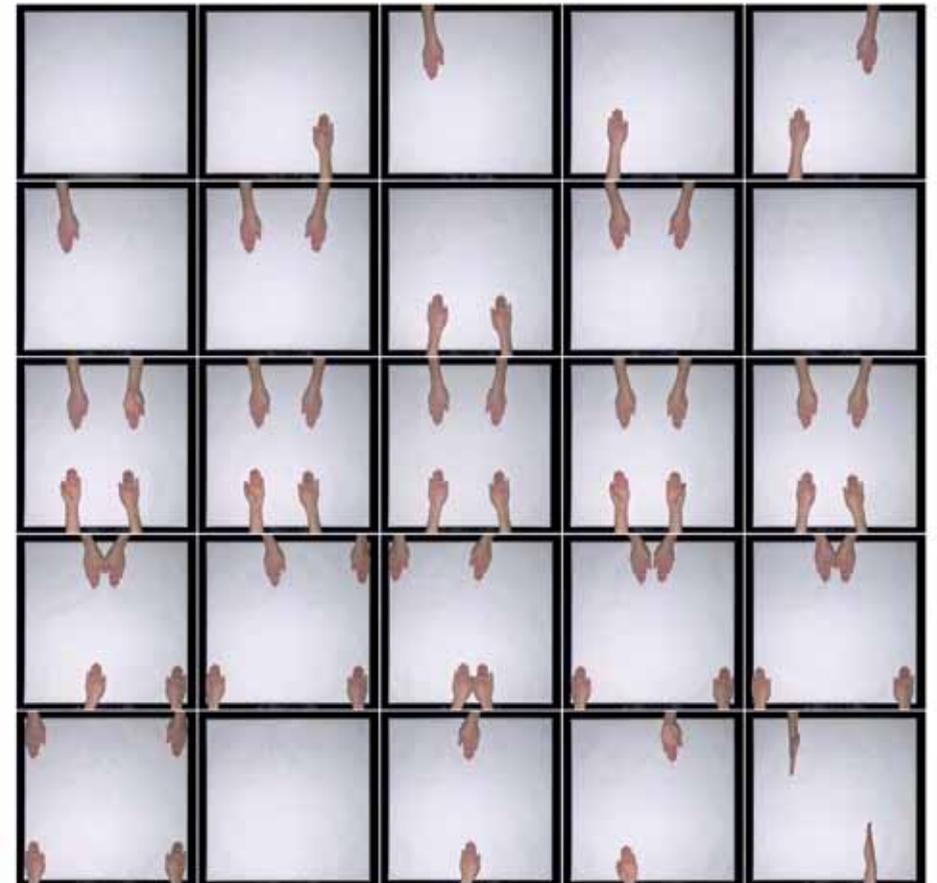
The body is making a bid for freedom—making a run for it.

*

Wendy Houston's performance *Keep Dancing* was presented as a part of *What Escapes – a performative minimarathon* on December 4th 2010 at Tanzquartier Wien in the frame of SCORES No2: What Escapes.

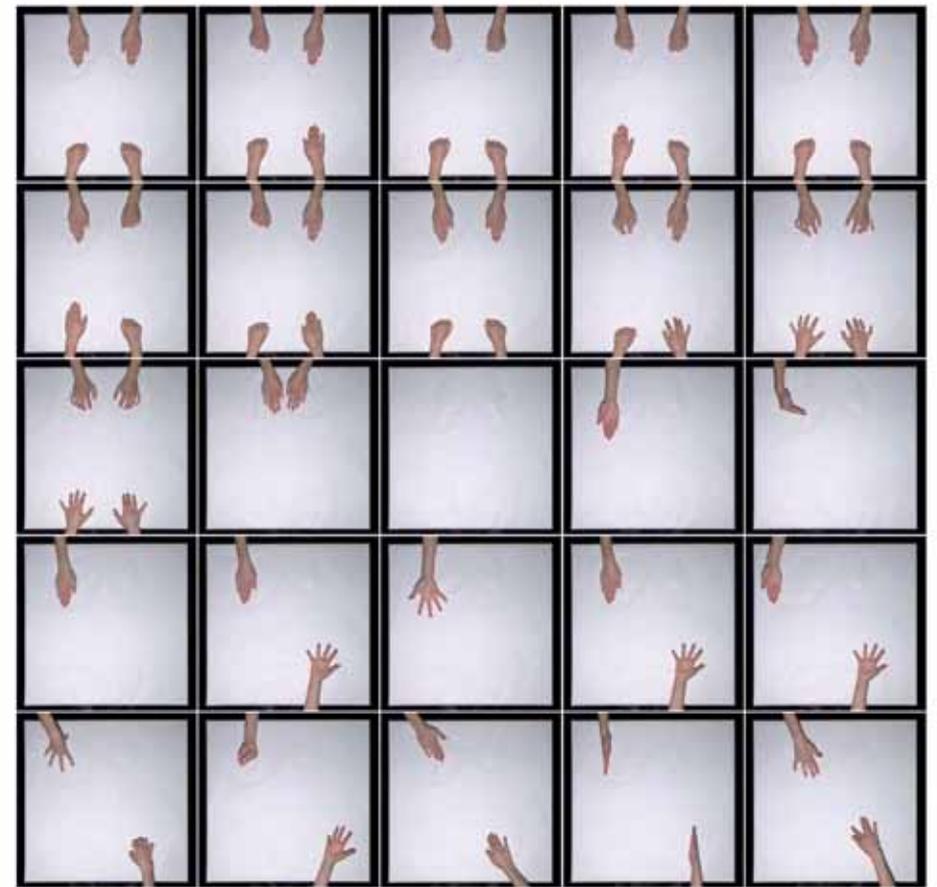
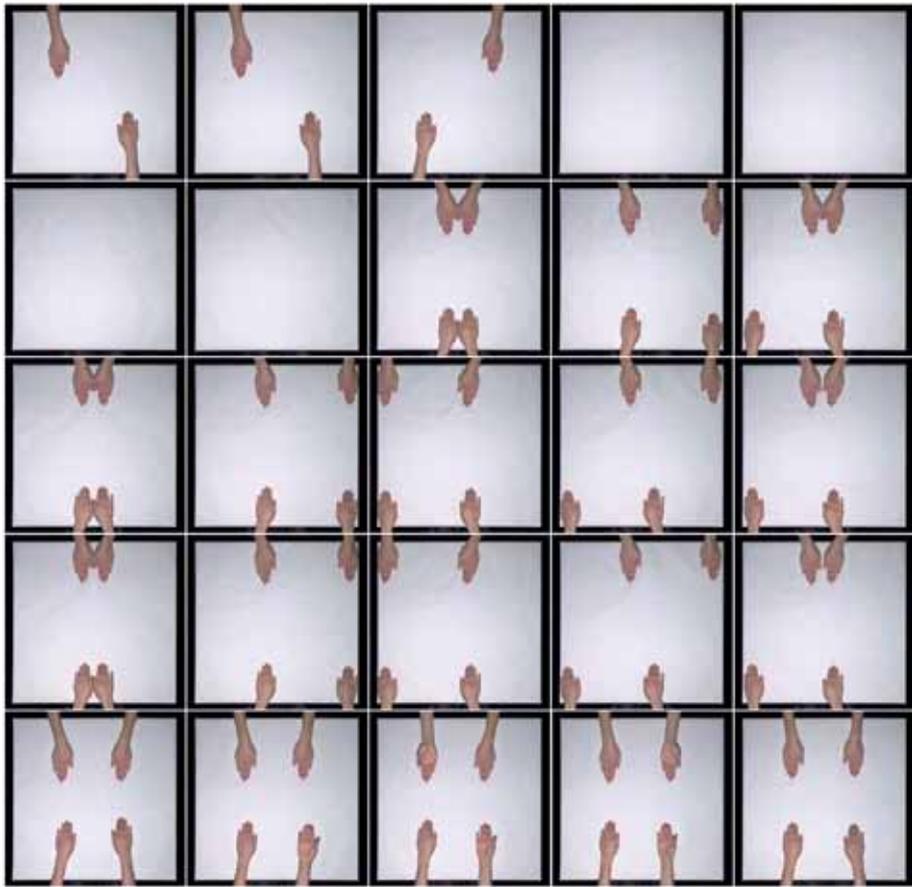
VLATKA HORVAT

O N C E O V E R



*

The performance *Once Over* by Vlatka Horvat was presented as a part of *What Escapes – a performative minimarathon* on December 4th 2010 at Tanzquartier Wien in the frame of SCORES No2: What Escapes.



W H A T

E S C A P E S . . .

The following dialogue originally took place as a part of the final event What Escapes - a performative minimarathon in the frame of SCORES No2: What Escapes on December 4th 2010 in Tanzquartier Wien/ Halle G. Tim Etchells and Adrian Heathfield have developed a long-standing strand of collaboration focused on the meeting and relation between artistic practice, dialogue and knowledge exchange. For this event they agreed a formal structure to ask each other questions for which the other had no advance preparation. The discourse evolved across three conversational intervals between performances by Noé Soulier, Vlatka Horvat, Wendy Houstoun, and a work-in-progress presentation by Elpida Orfanidou. The transcript of this dialogue has been edited and extended by the authors.

1.

Tim Etchells What escapes?

Adrian Heathfield I was just thinking backstage that this is a great question, because it's open but also impossible. I'm a real believer in the idea that there are only questions, no answers. In this case, as often happens, it's a question that already has its own answer buried inside itself. I think the answer to what escapes, is caught up with that great word »what«, that specifies something, directs us to something that remains unknown. You could read the question simply as a statement, and that would be a good answer. The definitive or determinate object is always that which escapes. Whenever I try and think of escape in relation to performance, to something live that I'm seeing, I think of things that might have an escape dynamic happening in them, most commonly language, sound or gesture. And in each case I think what's escaping is the finality of meaning in some way or another. But underlying all of that, it seems to me that what is escaping is time; time is the engine of escape, the force that keeps everything contingent, in motion. If you wanted to analyse or anatomize time you would probably see escape in every part of time. So if you broke it down into the past, the present and the future –which is the most obvious but perhaps weakest way to deal with time – I guess you would say in relation to the past: it has already escaped, it is already beyond our ability to recover it. This may not be such a negative thing, but a good thing. Forgetting is absolutely necessary for our survival. One often wants to think about the past in terms of the importance of remembering and recovering in order to continue living well: here there are certain cultural, political and ethical imperatives. But it's also the case that we couldn't possibly survive if we remembered everything. We would be overwhelmed. We also need to have the past escape. We know that the present – the only time through which the other two times can be accessed – is

always in movement, always in some kind of flux or flow. Hard to nail down, hard to be fully present in the present moment, which is always multiple, elusive, escaping. And I think the future also is something that by definition escapes our grasp, because it's the unknown, the yet-to-come, the un-experienced, the yet-to-be-experienced. Strangely at the moment the future seems to be getting closer and closer to the present, because we're living in a very accelerated culture, where human systems and consciousness are moving very much faster and consequently it's quite hard to imagine the future. It seems that, in late-capitalist cultures at least, we currently have a very limited imaginative capacity in relationship to the future: we cannot think of it outside of the force of catastrophe, or the end of time. I'd be interested in hearing more and thinking about futures that are sustainable, ongoing, not to mention utopias. I guess one of the things that I like most about performance – which has been the affinity we have shared in curating performances – is its capacity to open spectators and participants to experiences of duration. This can have a critical relationship to accelerated culture, accelerated time. I'm particularly interested in the experience and the aesthetics of duration as a kind of engagement with the sustained, continual escape that is the experience of lived time. I am thinking of the pieces that we've made, which subject discursive exchange to duration, or many of the long durational works of other artists whose concern is with slowing down action or elaborating protracted narratives, opening up relations of cause and effect between actions or events. Performances that take place over long periods of time hold a kind of impropriety in their location and presence within the culture: they exceed institutional conventions around the scheduling and nature of an event. One of the things that characterises those durations for me is altered sensing. So the definition of a durational performance for me is that it is a passage of time that draws sensory attention to time itself reforming. My most common sense of durational works is that they pull you into phenomena,

or felt relations with people, things or representations, that allow you to experience the time of those objects and their values differently. This is the escape dynamic of durational performance – its capacity to take us outside of habituated and sedimented experience and thought. One other shared affinity and aspect of duration is exhaustion: whether that's for the performer or the spectator. Long durations nearly always involve some kind of limit test for the body-mind of the spectator or performer, so that there is an encounter with ones physical and psychic limit, ones capacity to act and think. Also a limit test of ideas, where paradoxes may become apparent, where certainty may unravel. One might see duration as a meeting at limits, that's an encounter full of escape, for me. A condition where people and things fall and fail and consequently transform, leave behind the state they were in and enter other as yet unknown states.

2.

Adrian Heathfield I have a question for you – it might be a little long. So, it's about the particular historical moment or passage that we're in now, the condition after the ›financial crisis‹, or what was called a crisis. It feels like after the crash capitalism continues with business as usual. The vast accrual of wealth by a few through the exploitation of the labour of many; a heightened disregard for violent social inequalities in relation to standards of living; a relentless omnipresent drive to produce more, consume more, exploit more. One of the things that are really clear to me at the moment is that it's very difficult for people, for our society, the systems or the structures in which we live, to understand that the planet (and all that it bears) is a finite resource. Capitalism seems only capable of modelling itself on a constant expansion of its own project: infinite consumption, growth, the using up and destruction of resources in order to consume. As if all

would be fine if humans just kept on going with this idea. Fine for the future; for all the possible futures. This is manifestly not the case. But it seems that, to keep us happy with this idea, capitalism has inculcated an understanding of an ideal self, based on this model of infinite exploitation. We see ourselves as always needing more, we must consume, grow, expand, and we must constantly eat up new products, new knowledge and new experiences. Could you talk about where performance might sit in relation to this drive? I am particularly thinking about this question in the context where we have moved from industrial capitalism to service capitalism and to a system where material goods are attached to senses and feelings, and to an experience economy based on the trade and accumulation of experiences and knowledge: an economy of less material and more ethereal things. I'm wondering where that leaves performance art, since for a long time it seemed that performance, distinct from more representational forms, could at least be an experience, an exceptional, extraordinary, unrepeatable experience. Performance was once thought of as resistant to commoditisation, now we are in a situation where a visual artist such as Tino Seghal can sell a performance, which he calls a situation, to a major gallery for a significant sum. So a singular experience, allegedly without any form of document, any material object, is being traded as a commodity. What might this say about performance's capacity to escape economies of production and consumption?

Tim Etchells Yes, I think that's an interesting moment. Performance has made a speciality of exploring precisely this territory of generated encounter and experience and meanwhile capitalism has moved ever closer to the same ground: commodifying experience and imagination. What used to be a space of resistance starts to become a new marketplace. What's interesting to me is that when capitalism wants to talk about experience it wants to do so in terms of promise, acquisition and accumulation. There's a fundamental

idea in it, that ideas and experiences can be had, collected, owned and accumulated. As if by visiting a place, or going through an encounter it becomes solidified as a possession. In contrast to this, what remains as a radical force, for me, in performance is that it's a space that insists on the complex relational and ephemeral nature of experience. The joy and pain of performance is absolutely bound up tightly with its insistence on the problematic nature of the event and of experience. It's for uncertainty. It insists on ambivalence and unknowability, the complexity of the moment and the encounter.

After a performance what remains, at best perhaps, is this feeling that the thing itself has escaped, that you are not able to resolve or accumulate or hang on to your experience, that the event will always remain outside of your grasp. Performance creates a situation or a triangulation with the public, which is irresolvable, an experience that always remains a problem. In that way it differs very much from how capitalism increasingly commodifies lifestyle and experience, which are solidified as things, which can in fact be owned. So at heart I'm drawn to performance as this space that endlessly doubts and opens and questions rather than framing certainties and knowledge. That's why it remains – for me – a space of some resistance.

Adrian Heathfield So I get the sense in which for you the key idea is that whatever performance does, it is something that the subject who is experiencing or witnessing the performance cannot hold on to, cannot have. It's not an object of ownership. And as a consequence, the performance will in some way or another stay open: it will continue to challenge its witnesses.

Tim Etchells It's true that for me watching performance is profoundly an experience of uncertainty – you're placed in a process whereby

meaning or experience or knowledge is emerging in a flux. It's important that an event or an action is always triangulated in the social context of witnessing. One of the conditions of live work is that we experience it in a space where there are complex three-dimensional transactions going on constantly both within the performance itself and with and between those who are witnessing it. Performance draws attention to those triangulations and the legacy of them – in actual space and with the frail presences of human beings, who are formed and reformed as a social group through what happens.

Adrian Heathfield You didn't use the word theatre? But it seems to me that it is the theatre that you are talking about – the communal gathering rather than the solitary gathering of a singular relation, which has become a predominant mode of performance practice in recent years. You use the phrase triangulation – so not one other, but many others, complex implicit and explicit social negotiations between many subjects, many bodies.

Tim Etchells Of course there is a difference between work that's constructed in contexts like this one – in theatre space – and other spaces because here events are framed by the architecture of stage and auditorium, which does a very precise job of creating that particular space of triangulation. In other physical or cultural contexts like galleries or in particular sites or locations this relation is constituted differently. Nonetheless, what's important for me about performance – no matter where it takes place, no matter what's the spatial or architectural frame – is that somehow it always throws an action into a social space, into a cultural space of conversation and negotiation. And that's always an act of triangulation. It can be a way of testing what the relation between this thing, event, action, proposition and the cultural space of an auditorium might be, but for me it can just as well be about testing the cultural space of a city or a street, or the space of a gallery. Triangulation in

this sense is about limit testing – it's a testing, touching and a measuring of distance. And what's used to measure distance is action by human beings. That seems key to me.

3.

Tim Etchells At the end of the conversation before, we were talking about this idea of triangulation – about the gathering of people and of bodies in space to witness and to make event. In relation to that I was wondering two things: one, what did you think the importance of the body might be in this matter of escaping? And secondly, if you think that the business of gathering, of triangulation that we were talking about in performance has changed in some way in the present context of late capitalism or if this is something fundamental?

Adrian Heathfield First, this question of what the body's relationship is to escape in performance: I guess I can more easily say what it is not. It is not an escape from the body in some way or another, from the materiality of the flesh. It is not a transcendence of the body, a moving outside of the conditions of embodiment, but rather an escape into embodiment. What is happening so often in performance is the spectators' and performers' movement into a shared field of sensory attention, prompted by the aesthetic conditions of witnessing in the event. This is a bringing to attention of subjects, things and phenomena. The way in which this relates to the social scene, to the situation of 'triangulation' that you mentioned – and for me certain experimental works of performance do this exceptionally – is that one becomes aware that one is not one body. This happens individually and collectively: so that \mathcal{I} is realised as \mathcal{we} , and at the same time a pre-established \mathcal{we} (a social body) is ripped through with felt differences. We become aware together that

whatever \mathcal{we} is, or whatever we are in together, it is not something contained, or something unitary or something that has a stable integrity. Rather it is something that is unstable, wrapped up with other bodies, interfacing, shifting, and unfolding uncontrollably between us. Through the sensing of this unravelling of \mathcal{I} and \mathcal{we} performance is able to open thought, language, memory to what it has closed off. One of the powers of the physicality of performance is its animated questioning of the relations between sensations, emotions, thoughts, memories; this takes place within and through the mutual embodiment of the given scene.

And the second part: how is this changing in the contemporary cultural condition? Well, this is very complex, but I can say a few things that I think are worth mentioning. The first is that alongside the vast expansion of our virtual connectedness we are also increasingly isolated, experiencing a highly privatised and segregated version of social space. If our connection with others is more protected and more selected, more routed along pre-determined affinities, then an elemental aspect of sociality – encountering others unlike us, relating to others we do not choose – is diminished. This has complications for how we sense and feel and think in communion with other bodies in the social spaces of the theatre. Another changing aspect of how we sense together is that culture has been organized through a particular regime of the senses: sight and consequently visuality have been dominant. One of the things happening in contemporary art and the culture broadly is a challenge to the status of sight as the sense most associated with knowledge making. We are beginning to value and to understand the powers of the other senses; the ways in which touch, hearing, and smell constitute our understandings of things. As a multi-sensory fully embodied act, performance has particular powers in this respect. So, for instance, we tend to think of memory in quite photographic terms. We think of it in a visual register: a memory is often stilled in a single mental image or set of images. A photograph of the

original event may even have usurped the memory: now a memory of a photograph stands in the place of a memory of the event. Of course memory is not wholly visual, nor is it static and unchanging, so other forms such as performance may help us to re-animate memory, to remember differently, to re-enact memory through other sensory registers, open up its tangible, auditory and olfactory dimensions.

Tim Etchells What interests me in both parts of your answer is, that in the first part you are not seeing the body as a stopping point, it's not a destination, it's actually a route to language and to thought and to memory and to other kinds of dynamic processes. It's a conception of the body as absolutely connected. And then, in the second part, what you are underlining is the idea that thought and memory are deeply connected to all kinds of sensory structures, rather than just to the visual. I suppose the first thing I was thinking about is the primacy of photography as a metaphor for memory and the primacy of film and photographic image as the modes of capture and representation. It's interesting to track the changes in this status though, which come partly because of the increasing number of photographic images available across the culture through digital imaging and the ubiquity of digital cameras in so many forms. Certainly if by the time you're 15 you have 1227 pictures of yourself already on your Facebook-Account, a single image no longer has the special aura that it might have once had. As the role of the single photographic image wanes and shifts our perception of what memory might be shifts into other registers. Perhaps there's a flow back to the earlier part of our talk, where we noted that one of the most important things performance can do is to draw out new understandings of what our experience, memory and thought processes might be.

Adrian Heathfield Yes, what is happening is that duration is being given back to images in some way or another. This is happening in contemporary art as well, in part because of the multiplication of images, which degrades the status of the single still, but also because of the interface between technologies such as photography, video and film. Of course all moving images have duration, but they sculpt duration in particular ways – say in mainstream Hollywood-cinema through particular narrative structures. But we are seeing in moving image culture an opening of images to lived duration, the representation of passages of experience that offer resistance to narration in some way.

Tim Etchells That's great. I want to pull back again to this idea of resistance to narration, because that, for me, connects back to the very first thing we were talking about this evening, this force that is in performance to construct events that cannot be incorporated, to the impossibility of closure in fact.

NOÉ SOULIER

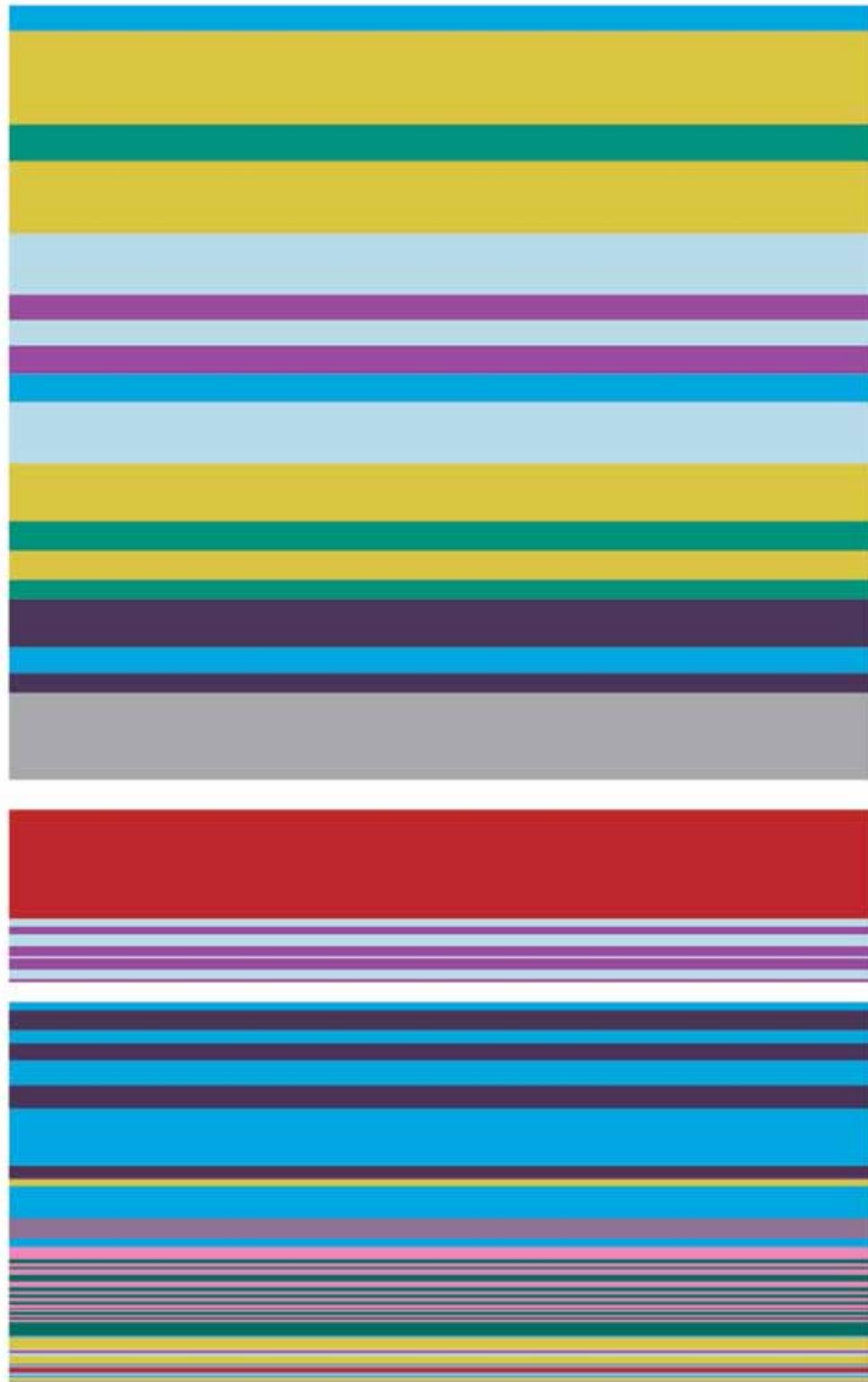
I D É O G R A P H I E

Idéographie has been developed in 2011 at Les Laboratoires d'Aubervilliers – Paris. This project is an attempt to create a choreography of ideas. By «a choreography of ideas», I don't mean the expression of ideas through dance, but rather an attempt to choreograph the ideas themselves: how to put ideas together in a way where they would function as a dance? I used materials belonging to heterogeneous fields: philosophy, ethology, music, dance, literature, linguistic, psychoanalysis, theology, phenomenology, cognitive sciences and physiology. The works are not quoted literally. The content of the texts is extracted and it is this content which is the material of the choreography. Through this heterogeneous discourse, I am not trying to defend a thesis, I am rather trying to propose a constellation of ideas through which the spectator can navigate. The arguments and examples can transform our awareness of the situation during the piece, and maybe that is where the choreography actually takes place: in our awareness.

We have tried to create a visual representation of the structure of *Idéographie*. The colors represent the different materials while the size of the graphic elements represent the length of the sections in the piece. This allows for a general apprehension of this highly fragmented piece. One can get a sense of the overarching tendencies of the composition.

Nicolas Couturier (g.u.i.) et Noé Soulier

Production: wpZimmer; coproduction: Kaaitheater/Brussels, Les Laboratoires d'Aubervilliers – Paris, HAU – Berlin; with the support of: De Vlaamse Overheid, Festival d'Automne – Paris



1cm = 70 sec

Jane Austen, *Emma*.

Pause

Averroes, *On the Harmony of Religion and Philosophy*.

Pirouette

Johann Sebastian Bach, *Sonata No. 2 in A minor, BWV 1003, Andante*.

Willard Van Orman Quine, *The Scope and Language of Science*.

Émile Benveniste, *Remarques sur la fonction du langage dans la découverte freudienne*.

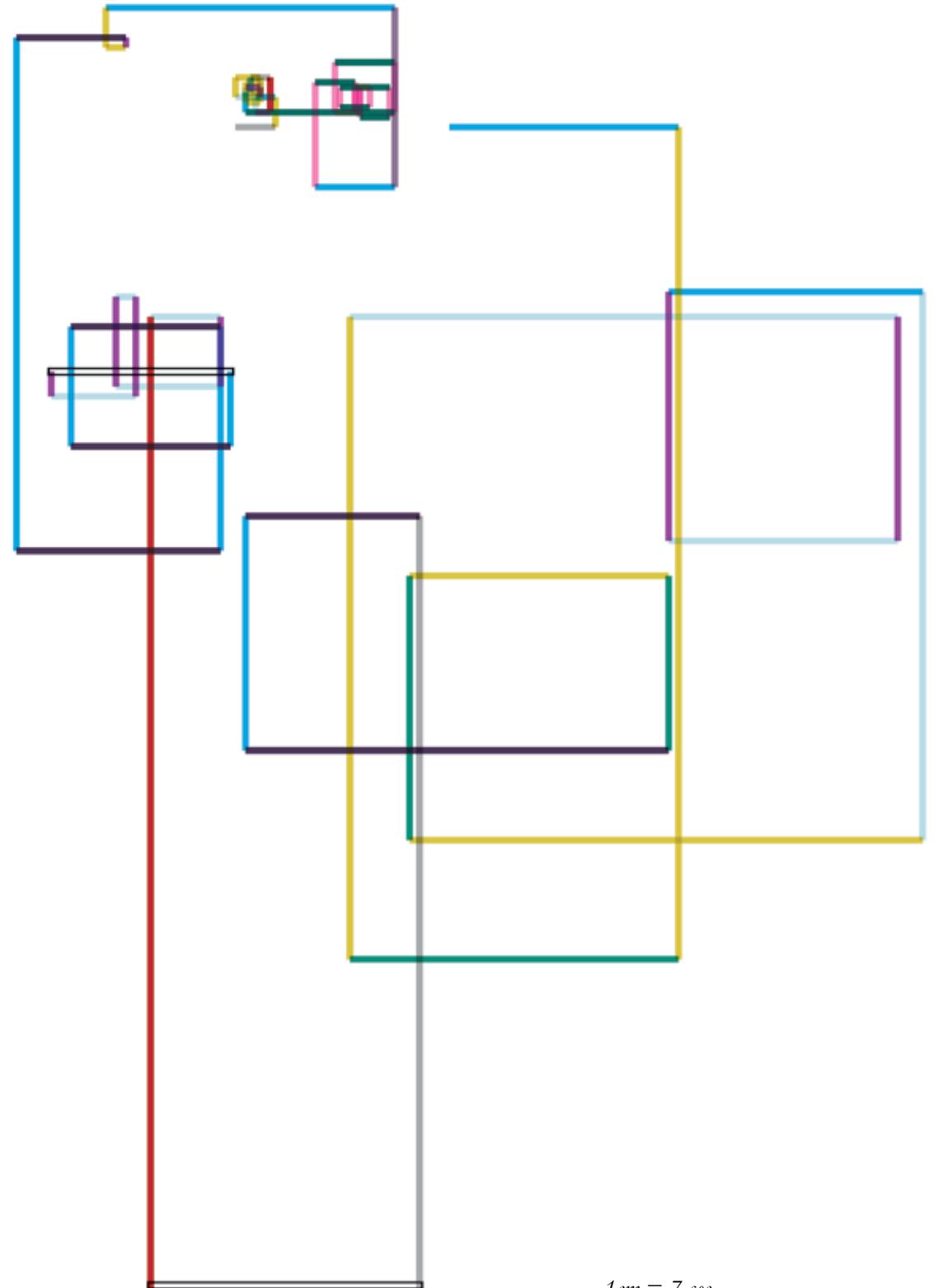
Giacomo Rizzolatti and Corrado Sinigaglia, *Les Neurons miroirs*.

Shaun Gallagher, *How the Body Shapes the Mind*.

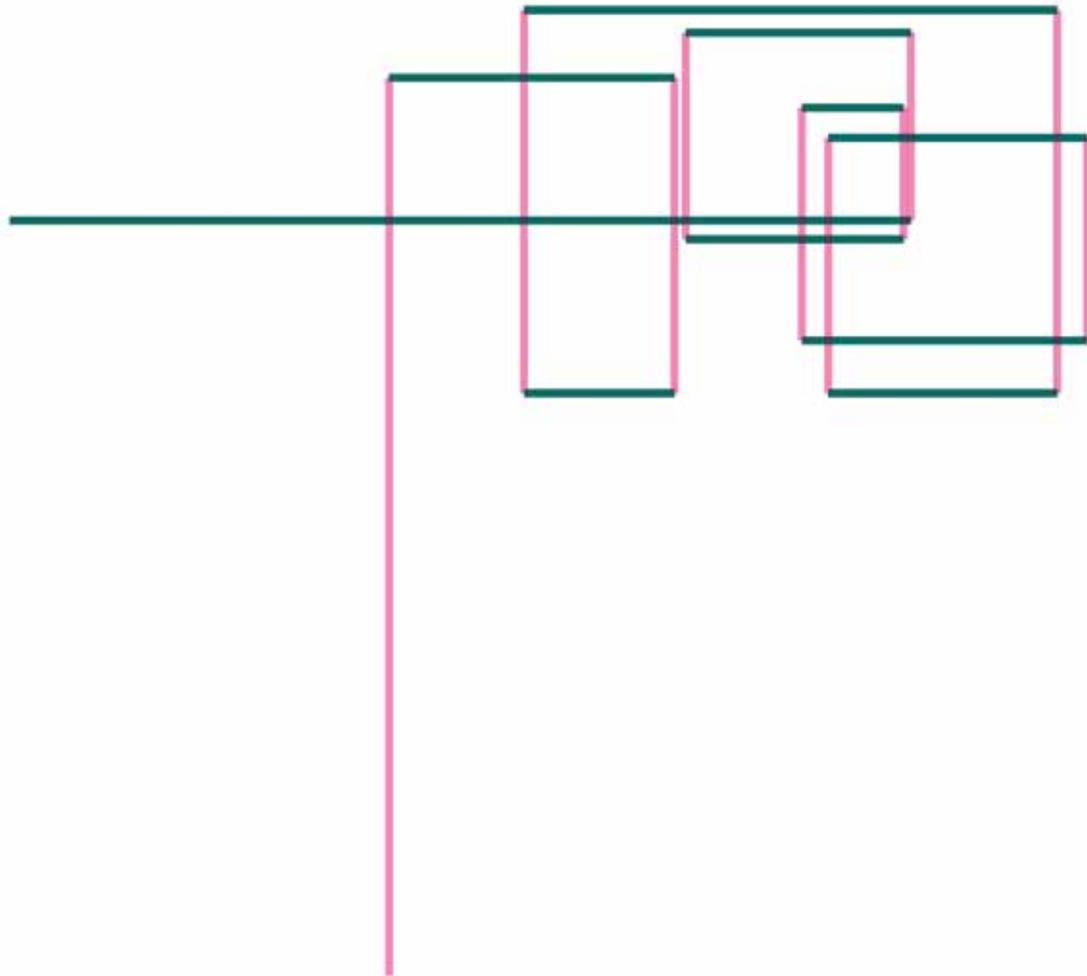
Jacob von Uexküll and Georg Kriszat, *Streifzüge durch die Umwelten von Tieren und Menschen: Ein Bilderbuch unsichtbarer Welten*.

Martin Heidegger, *Sein und Zeit*.

Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *La Phénoménologie de la perception*.



1 cm = 7 sec



Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich, with a comfortable home and happy disposition, seemed to unite some of the best blessings of existence; and had lived nearly twenty-one years in the world with very little to distress or vex her. As you're reading this text, you're not at first conscious of your posture. She was the youngest of the two daughters of a most affectionate, indulgent father, or of your eyes as they scan the pages, and had, in consequence of her sister's marriage, been mistress of his house from a very early period. Totally absorbed in your project, you begin to experience eyestrain as a series of changes in the things and the state of affairs around you. Her mother had died too long ago for her to have more than an indistinct remembrance of her caresses. Gradually the perceived environment begins to revise itself; and her place had been supplied by an excellent woman as governess. The text seems more difficult, the lighting seems to dim, your body, who had fallen little short of a mother in affection, shifts itself closer to the desk. In the end you discover the true problem: sixteen years had Miss Taylor been in Mr. Woodhouse's family, the fatigue, the headache, less as a governess than a friend. The eyes that have been reading have been anonymous eyes, very fond of both daughters, but particularly of Emma, doing their work without your reflective awareness of them. Between them it was more the intimacy of sisters. Now, however, your attention is directed to your eyes. They suddenly emerge out of preconscious anonymity and become explicitly owned. Your pain now becomes your present concern, and your body gets in the way of your reading comprehension.

*

Noé Soulier's performance *Little Perceptions* was presented as a part of *What Escapes – a performative minimarathon* on December 4th 2010 at Tanzquartier Wien in the frame of SCORES No2: What Escapes.

extrait de 39:47' à 42:45'
1cm = 10 caractères

AUGUSTO CORRIERI

I N P L A C E
O F A W O R K

N O T E S O N
P H O T O G R A P H S
O F A D A N C E R E H E A R S A L

»Dance is hard to see. It must either be made less fancy, or the fact of that intrinsic difficulty must be emphasised to the point that it becomes almost impossible to see.«

Yvonne Rainer

*

The performance installation *Photographs of a dance rehearsal*
by Augusto Corrieri was presented
on December 3rd 2010 at Tanzquartier Wien in the frame of
SCORES No2: What Escapes.

Prologue:
by way of the accidental

There is a particular accident that occasionally takes place at the end of a theatre show, and which most of us have experienced, either as spectators or as performers.

The lights have faded to black, the last action has been performed, and it is clear to everyone that the show is over; but, for some reason, the applause doesn't start. Sitting in silence, people are slightly unsure as to what to do. Some turn their heads to look at the others, for the first time; some bring their hands together, very slowly, the tips of their fingers barely touching. Everyone anxiously waits for that lone member of the audience who will take it upon him or herself to start clapping, thus bringing the silence to an end.

This brief moment of uncertainty can be easily dismissed as irrelevant, on the basis that it bears no relation to the actual work: it is an accident, an awkward interval in which »nothing is happening«.

But it is clear to everyone that, in fact, something is happening. Simply put, there is nothing to see, but a lot is taking place. Authored by no one, a muted crisis unfolds invisibly in the space, implicating both performers and spectators: everybody pays close attention, in the attempt to understand both the situation and their place within it. It becomes painfully (or playfully) obvious that everyone present is caught inside a kind of mechanism: namely, the mechanism of theatre itself.

Accidents, mistakes, and failures stalk the theatre, which, through rehearsal and preparation, works hard at creating the impression of an event in which everything is pre-determined, and nothing is left to chance. An accident such as a dancer losing his or her balance, producing unintentional laughter in the audience, is feared because it opens up onto a field outside of the makers' *intention*. The accident literally upstages the work; and, by falling prey to circumstance, the work is seen to fail. The accidental – this indeterminate »other« of the theatre – reminds us of that irreducible margin of unknown that we cannot account for, no matter how much we hone in on our intentions, ideas, creativity, skills, and bodies. And yet the accidental has very little to do with mistakes and errors. As

in John Cage's sentence: »There can be no consideration of error... things are always going wrong«.

By attending to accidents, we engage with a different quality of attention altogether, less interested in intentional effects (what is *meant* to happen), absorbed instead by what happens to be happening. We move towards an anonymous choreography of actions and states, which can never be properly traced back to a subject; we engage with a kind of weather event, as in the expression »it is raining«, where the »it« of the sentence refers to no one and nothing in particular.¹

For the last 6 years, I have tried to approach performance by way of the accidental. Looking for ways of working that fall prey to the indeterminate. So as to have less and less to show, to do, to say. To discretely shove oneself out of the way. To resist the heaviness of ideas, creativity and skills, and to make space for the rain. To get soaked, completely soaked, in an event of a million droplets. To make it impossible to dissociate the weather from the landscape.

I'd like to think that I've been moving towards a kind of impossible object, in place of a work: a performance that isn't »made« (by performers, directors, or spectators), but that is wholly the product of circumstance: a rarefied entanglement, a continuous series of accidents that performers and spectators must constantly navigate and make sense of.

Photographs of a dance rehearsal

Photographs of a dance rehearsal was originally commissioned by Camden Arts Centre in London, and presented there in May 2008. It was re-staged at Tanzquartier Wien in December 2010. The piece rests on a simple rule, or logic. Five dancers are inside a large room (a closed gallery, or a dance studio) for 3 hours. They are »privately« improvising together, playing with movement and voice possibilities. Whenever a visitor opens the door of the room and steps inside to see the work, the dancers stop: they are »paused« by the arrival of the spectator, who can then wander around the space, for as little or as long as they like, watching the frozen bodies of the dancers. When the spectator leaves the room, the dancers resume.

Simply put, the spectator never gets to see the dancers at work: the »show« (the dancing) literally stops each time someone enters the space. You can't really watch or catch it happening: it's over, or it hasn't started yet. Either way, there isn't anything to see.

In place of a performance, we are left with a kind of photograph: a still arrangement of bodies in space, arrived at by chance. The work, then, is the interruption of the dance; it is the way in which spectators negotiate their time in and out of the room, structuring their own experience of a dance that cannot be seen.

Theatre phantoms

Before making this piece, I had always chosen to work inside theatre spaces, and within the formal constraints of »a show«. I have privileged this context because it offers clear and tangible *limits*: there are clear demarcations separating, for example, stage and auditorium, performers and spectators, but also light and darkness, what can and what cannot be shown, pre-show and show time, etc. On the one hand, these limits constrain performance; on the other, they are what allow for performance to exist in the first place. I have constantly relied on these limits, treating them as sites of investigation, working on them, reversing them, extending them; never with a desire to »break them«, always wanting instead to see how, *within* these rules, one can produce a new situation for the audience: one

1

The »it is raining« is described by Paul Auster in *White Spaces*, an essay written after watching a friend's dance rehearsal.

which implicates spectators in the work, and therefore invites them to look more closely at what is taking place.

Although originally sited in the closed gallery space at Camden Arts Centre, *Photographs of a dance rehearsal* was nevertheless conceived to operate within the limits of the theatrical.

On that occasion, nowhere was the theatre invoked as a space: there was no stage, no theatre curtains, lights, chairs, wings, and so on; at best, the large gallery room at Camden Arts Centre vaguely recalled a dance studio, with its wooden floors and tall windows. Therefore one might say: we are not in a theatre, we are *outside* of that system of rules.

And yet, much in the same way that we do not leave language by remaining silent, we could say that we do not leave the mechanism of theatre by simply being outside of an actual theatre space.

A case in point: the first day we presented this work, a group of about 15 people turned up at the exact start time, despite the piece being advertised as durational and 3 hours long: people were clearly expecting a beginning of some kind, a classical start to the dance performance. I think these spectators were very disappointed when they walked in the space, all at once, to find five still dancers.

No matter how much we have moved away from theatrical conventions (and of course we have), the old fashioned mechanism of theatre is invoked and reproduced each time there is a performance, of whatever kind; like phantoms, the limits of the theatrical endlessly haunt the event, structuring and delimiting our experience.²

I would next like to name three of these phantoms, and briefly describe how they operate within *Photographs of a dance rehearsal*.

2

See Chapter 4 of *Exhausting Dance*, in which André Lepecki describes an instance of a gallery performance by La Ribot, which is »sabotaged« by the awkward appearance of a theatrical proscenium arch.

Phantom no. 1: beginning and ending

There is a basic rule for staging performance, which has to be respected in order for theatre to work: when the audience arrive, the show begins; and, conversely, when the show ends, the audience leave.

In *Photographs of a dance rehearsal*, the rule is fictionally (and functionally) reversed: when the audience arrive, the show ends; when they leave, it begins again.

The reversal effectively creates a new rule, which once again structures and defines the event, and has to be respected in order for the piece to work; in a sense, it is exactly the same as the traditional theatre convention, except that its terms are swapped round.

There is however a difference: here the rule is clearly exposed, as opposed to being treated as a given and remaining hidden. Spectators are made aware of the mechanism at stake: and this awareness multiplies the ways in which the work is approached. For example, when presenting this piece some spectators would play a game similar to »grandmother's footsteps«: they would try and catch the performers moving by repeatedly closing and then immediately opening the door, leaving the dancers an interval of 2 or 3 seconds in which to move before having to pause again. Other spectators revisited the piece several times over the three hour period, returning again and again to be in that still space. And others just peeked inside the room, hesitantly observed the scene for 30 seconds or less, then closed the door, never to return to the work.

Phantom no. 2: spectacle

By flatly denying the audience the pleasure of watching moving bodies, this piece may seem to take an »anti-spectacular« stance. And yet, despite its indirect or minimal approach, it nevertheless engages a notion of spectacle: once inside the room, without a dance to clearly entertain us, we are forced to look for something else to look at; that is, we have to engage with the act of looking itself. And because the meaning of the word spectacle is rooted in »looking« and »seeing«, it seems appropriate to say that this piece is »spectacular«.

Inside the paused room, the stillness and silence merely act as echo chambers for small movements and sounds, amplifying

them, multiplying them, creating a kind of extravaganza of accidental details. Far from being still, the dancers' bodies are in constant movement; there is always a trembling, a breathing, an eye focusing, an eye growing impossibly watery: a »small dance« of the body subtly shifting weight and adjusting its position so as to avoid discomfort.³

The paused room is a »place of seeing«, which is the exact definition of the word *theatron*. In this theatre, however, our gaze isn't directed or straightforwardly given things to see; our attention can drift, moving from one thing to another, leaving then returning. There is the possibility of being equal to whatever is taking place; the possibility of observing something un-intentionally: that is, without the need to satisfy the demands that we normally ask of performance: to be moved, to be inspired, to be entertained, to be angered, to be challenged, to be surprised, etc.

There is the possibility of engaging what André Lepecki calls »the most urgent choreography«: »to sit, to listen, to be, to observe, to breathe, to think, to remember«.⁴

3

On one occasion, a visitor spent half an hour inside the room, to the great discomfort of the dancers. When she eventually walked out, she approached a gallery attendant and described what she'd seen, focusing on one detail in particular: one of the dancers had her arms stretched upwards, towards the ceiling; but over the course of 30 minutes, the dancer proceeded to lower them, almost imperceptibly, down to her sides.

4

Quoted in *The Little by Little Suddenly* by David Williams:
www.sky-writings.blogspot.com

Phantom no. 3: the spectator

In a conventional theatre show, aside from isolated moments of laughter and applause, audience members only have their say once the show is over, in an outpour of opinions and ideas gathered whilst sitting in the dark, watching the performance. In *Photographs of a dance rehearsal*, the audience's response is an integral part of the piece: each spectator is continuously (and tenuously) responding to the work, visibly signalling their likes and dislikes, their curiosity and their boredom.

The stillness of the dancers amplifies the movements of the spectator, bringing attention to the way people inhabit the room (sitting, standing), the way they walk around the performers, their facial expressions, their body language, and, generally, the way they cope with being spectators. What people »make of the work« is not reserved for a post-show discussion or late drinks at the bar: it is instantly inscribed in the space, as visibly and clearly as a ballerina's solo on an otherwise empty stage. Spectatorship becomes an observable phenomenon, impacting on the work and determining its (own) duration. And conversely, as in a feedback loop, the work measures the different lengths and qualities of spectatorship.

As a viewer, you become aware of the performative nature of your role. By walking into the room to see the work, you instantly partake in a contract: you are now responsible for the duration of the dancers' stillness, and you decide how long they will have to endure your presence. By being there you literally put and keep the dancers *in position*. Your presence changes the event, dramatically and unavoidably; you can of course leave the room at any time, but you can't go back to being an invisible observer, you can't just stay and watch. Because your presence changes everything.

*

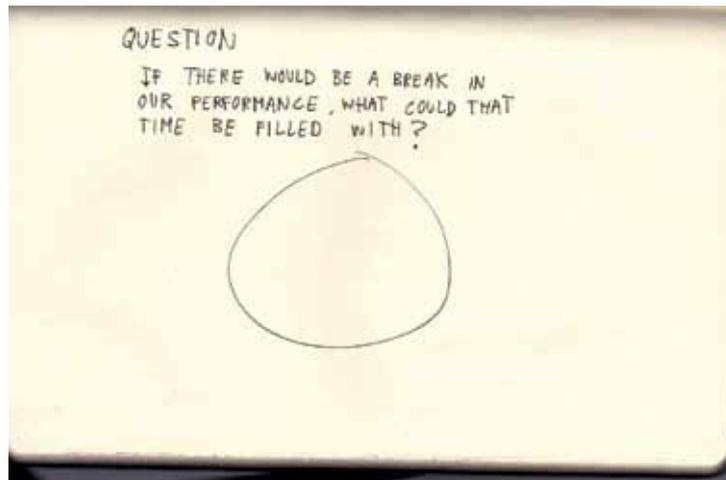
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www.sky-writings.blogspot.com

THE LOOSE COLLECTIVE

A
LOOK INSIDE
THE
NOTEBOOKS

SELECTION OF NOTEBOOK ENTRIES,
DRAFTS AND SKETCHES



*

The performance *Here Comes The Crook* by The Loose Collective was presented on February 10th 2011 at Tanzquartier Wien.

we are dance bastards
going to the no-go
the ugly ducklings of
contemporary dance
going to the no-go

we do unison,
exclusive frontal focus,
simultaneous singing
acting and dancing,
mostly on purpose

we indulge in the
adolescent in the
sense of unfinished
personality retrospectively
heterosexual formerly
unoriental but future
project diva extravaganza

we fill our own gap

we combine excessive
simplicity with simple
excess

we are the antichrist of
conceptualism, and we
have a strong concept
about it

we fulfill our desires
»because because«

we can be kitsch enough
for your stage

an appetizer for the soul

any change is better than
no change at all



9:17 - 9:42
8:47 - 9:12

MARTA

- ~~1 NYLON STRIPS~~
- 2 MIEDER
- 3 RÖCKCHEN
- 4 STRICK SHORTS
- ~~5 NEONLETTIN~~
- ~~6 EISBAEHMUESE~~
- ~~7 KOLLEGE SCHUHE~~

ANNA

- ~~1 NETZ STRICK TIEFER~~
- 2 SCHLUNCK NETZ
- ~~3 OVERALL LEGGINS~~
- 4 HANDSCHUHE
- 5 KNIESCHUTZER
- ~~6 SCHUHE GELB~~
- ~~7 ULTRALIGHT SCHWAMM~~
- 8 UNTERWÄSCHER SCHUHE

Handwritten notes and fashion sketches on the right page of a notebook. At the top, two time intervals are written: '9:17 - 9:42' and '8:47 - 9:12'. Below this, the name 'MARTA' is written in a bubble. To the left of the list is a fashion sketch of a person from the waist down, with numbered callouts 1 through 7. To the right is a list of items, some of which are crossed out. Below the list is a small sketch of a hooded garment with callout 6. Further down, the name 'ANNA' is written in a bubble. To the left is a fashion sketch of a person from the waist down, with numbered callouts 1 through 8. To the right is another list of items, some of which are crossed out. Below the list is a small sketch of a skirt-like garment with callout 7.

THE LOOSE COLLECTIVE



HERE
COMES THE
CROOK

A CONTEMPORARY
DANCE MUSICAL

*

Our starting point for this performance was the libretto of the historical musical *The Black Crook* of 1866 – the first Broadway hit to be staged as a major production. We took this piece of work as an open source of inspiration for staging a contemporary dance musical. All along the process, we played with the idea of moving the show forward and backward in time in order to gain some freedom in our artistic choices and enable a reflection about current stage norms and aesthetics.

*

participants

Guenther Berger, Alex Deutinger, Michael Dolan,
Alexander Gottfarb, Hanna Hollmann, Marta
Navaridas, Anna Maria Nowak, Stephan Sperlich

NOID

F Y E O — F O R
Y O U R E A R S
O N L Y



FIVE PROPOSALS FOR
A VERY PRIVATE
MUSIC EXPERIENCE

elevator music

// find an elevator that
can take you at least
30 floors up and doesn't
have music

// listen to the small
clicking sounds in your
ears that will happen
towards the end of the
travel, continuing for
a little while after you
arrived

[a good elevator you find
for instance at tokyo
metropolitan government
building [tokyo tower]
taking you to
the observation deck on
the 45th floor –
it's for free
works best if you have a
little bit of a cold]

whistleblower



1_you need 4 bending
straws and scissors



2_a small cut on the short
side of the first straw



3_squeeze the end



4_connect it to the long
side of straw #2



5_same with straw #3&4



6_cut a little bit of the
longer end



7_instrument ready



8_apply as illustrated –
short end in your mouth,
longer ends in your ears

9_start with breathing
gently into the straws

10_explore the effects
of your tongue on the
mouthpiece of the straws

11_work with panorama
effects

12_have fun

shower song

/ to be performed under the shower

/ read the image as a flattened 3D model of your head, the central circle showing the head from top, the upper part showing forehead and nose, the lower part showing the back of the head and the neck

/ the hand positions indicate to block the ears either with just one finger or the flat hand



/ the blue area indicates where the shower beam should hit your body



1_slowly explore blue areas



5_slowly explore



9_explore – switch quickly



2_spiral to the center



6_exact points, switch



10_fast movement – repeat several times



3_fast movements in both directions



7_explore blue area



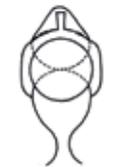
11_long



4_pause – change hand position



8_pause – change hand position



12_end

**as close as we can get to
silence**

// find a silent
environment

// arrange your body in a
relaxed and comfortable
position

[i.e. lying on a bed sofa,
on a soft carpet, etc...]

// take earplugs

// set up an alarm for 20
minutes [minimum]

// close your eyes

// don't move

// concentrate on the
sounds that are coming
from inside your body and
your nervous system



ear fountain

// lie down on your side

// ask a trusty person
to take a mouthful of
sparkling water, keep it in
the mouth for a moment
to warm it up
and then gently release it
into your eardrum

// listen and relax

*

The contribution by noid was featured in the context of his
intervention in the frame of
What Escapes: A Workshop in Chapters at Tanzquartier Wien .

FRITZ OSTERMAYER

TALKING
MATROSHKAS
OR A
SMALL TOWER
OF BABEL



© Michael Loizenbauer

© Chris Haring

What comes out with somnambulant, drug-befuddled or other psychomotoric acts of speaking is something we have known since the glossolists of Christian antiquity: hermetic babbling, which first had to be ideologically transcribed by the evangelists in order to be able to be deciphered as part of the salvation history. In the biblical »speaking in tongues« – regardless of whether encumbered with the remains of semantics or as pure onomatopoeia – the »meaningless« signifier also always aims at the totality of the »divine« *signifié*. All the stammering, babbling and warbling revolves around the highest, and even the most meaningless acquires meaning through it. Apart from which, this is also one of the qualities of extreme forms of rock: from Norwegian black metal to the essentialistic grunts of Japanese noise terrorists. More emptiness of meaning was put forward by the surrealists with their automatic writing, even if no less free of causes: what was God/Satan for the pious psychopaths, was Freud's theory of the unconscious for the atheist automatic writers around Breton – here and there it was a method of searching and finding. Although the glossolist regards himself more as found (selected), whereas the surrealist hopes to find his superego through the reduction of reason. Common to both beliefs, however, remains a connection of surrendering of the will and gaining of understanding – or as it might be put in the vernacular: getting smarter by playing dumb.

More modern talking heads have found their place in the Web. Droning out of the social networks comes the polyphonous babble of simulated communication, which couldn't care less about the old distinctions of original and copy, model and reproduction, reality and imagination, and prefers to nest in an uncertain »in between«. What is being twittered is a status quo of an identity that will be completely different again the next day. In the biblical sense of the »talkers in tongues«, we could believe we are being made to speak by Web 2.0 – talking heads are speaking through us according to the respective online laws.

The term talking heads not only recalls one of the most important new-wave bands of the turn of the 1970s/80s but also the close-up camera shots of speakers. Drawing on *cinéma-vérité*, the self-promoter stages himself in empty prattle,



© Chris Haring

the serious reporter in the news room or the artist alongside his work. The body loses its consistency and lives from the masquerade, from the torrent of words and from a constantly shifting identity that accompanies the individual fate at every step.

But what would a clear head (no religion, no drugs) say if it were their experimental task to improvise in various jargons of speech? For example in the sociology language of precariousness researchers, in the tech-talk of IT gurus, in the business-management slang of neoliberal-economy worshippers or also – we're getting closer to our subject here – in the feverish post-structuralist discourse of dance theoreticians. When one of these experts opens their mouth, does the knowledge and its specific vocabulary speak through him alone or isn't he to a certain extent being made to speak by his specialist jargon? We think: yes, he is. We want to assume so, not least out of self-defence, otherwise we would be the idiots.

Even leaving aside all forms of crude parody, any form of expert language invites democratic contradiction just because of its exclusivity; whether it is in the form of ironic undermining

of its *gestus* of power or through its transformation into other fields of representation, where it can no longer so easily »bluster«, or where the »hot air« that always goes with it is more quickly recognisable. For example, in the discursive experiment of two dancing talking heads on stage. Bring me the head of Giorgio Agamben or dance me the stuttering of Slavoj Žižek again baby!

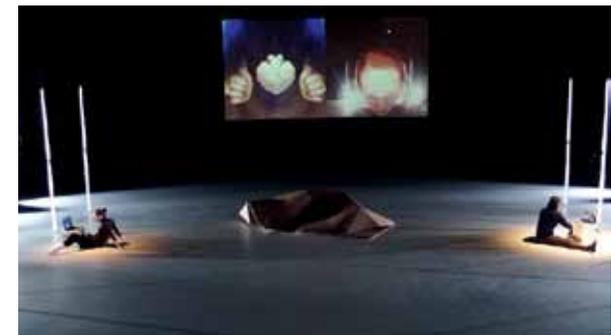
So there are two figures in a white field, a man and a woman. And there are their distorted images on the wall, morphed live as projections of grotesque non-essentiality. Do they represent scientists? Architects? Installation artists? From their way of speaking they could be taken for representatives of any of these professions, at least for a while. At least until movement/dance come into it and the bodies suddenly start talking about something different from the mouths. And slowly you see: what is at work here are representatives of representatives of representatives. Or avatars as Russian matroshkas – often also wrongly called babushkas – the wooden dolls inside wooden dolls, whose seriality is confirmed by their similarity to one another at the same time as it is contradicted by the constant reduction in size.

This dichotomy of seriality also marks discourses of specific disciplines, whose vocabulary – from symposium to symposium – gradually assumes an ever more self-similar character, which, ultimately as jargon, like a not understood but nevertheless somehow familiar foreign language, also seems to be vaguely understandable to an interested lay audience (we semi- or quarter-educated ones). At least, we think we know what the cryptic talk might be about (my very personal Lacan dilemma!). But if we could or were able to understand blocks of text as sculptures, as kinetic *plastiques* made of vibrating air, then we would circumvent the problem of the obligation to understand and end up back in an installation made of syntax errors, over-morphing, sound poetry, non-sense, onomatopoeia – in short, »meaninglessness« become sound as the *lingua franca* of the tower builders of Babel. Bring me the head of Beavis or dance me the Butt Head again baby!

A pixel is what we call the »discrete sample value« of digital-signal processing. If it is »one pixel width« then it means the distance between two of these smallest units of a screen image,

that is, the nothing in between, which is always just the same size or bigger than the pixel itself. Only millions of pixels speak to us as image/grammar. But the enormous non-information of the »pixel width« speaks just the same, but as the dummy text of information and communication. Perhaps the woman and the man in the white field are performative pixels, complete with the necessary dummy text, as microsamples of a picture that would only be decipherable when the »discrete sample value« is multiplied to infinity and would thereby reproduce »reality«. Because, even in the best pixel universe, in the portrayal of the sampling rate of an image/audio resolution we are also only dealing with an »approach to reality«. That's as far as it goes, the reproduction technicians assure us.

But it's nice that the centuries-old non-verbal art of dance had to start stuttering just at the moment when, conversely, speaking in discourses has finally also managed to turn into dance.



© Chris Haring

*

The performance *Talking Head* by Liquid Loft / Chris Haring with Stephanie Cumming and Luke Baio premiered at Tanzquartier Wien on December 9th 2010.

The author of the previous text was theory and artistic consultant to *Talking Head*.

LUCIA GLASS

THE SOUND OF IT

Eyes and ears are two tools for human sensual perception. While the eyes perceive a limited section of the immediate environment, the ears can not only cover the entire space, but can locate audible events that are not yet in sight. In this way, hearing has a signaling function while the eyes keep visual contact to the surrounding space. In an auditory world, the theater becomes the setting for a complex acoustic scenery that playfully deals with reality and illusion. It becomes a place where voyeurism is practically nonexistent. In an auditory world it is never possible to catch the sound source. It cannot be spotted visually; it will always escape the eye. As well, the picture escapes the mind once the sound that produced it is gone and is replaced by another. Similar to the event of reading a book that inspires our imagination, the event of listening provokes pictures and ideas of what it is that we are listening to. Auditive events can trigger physical instincts, kinetic reactions and visual associations. A listener is involved in a whole range of bodily and emotional sensations: from fear to pleasure, from curiosity to surprise.

What happens when one is forced to focus all one's attention to the ears, so as if the visual world alongside the auditory doesn't exist?

It is uncanny and amusing at the same time to locate sounds in a place that is visually empty. There is an imminent irritation in hearing things that are not actually there. The space around the spectator begins to act and perform. Virtual performers and objects enter and exit, appear and disappear, acoustically. What is left in the end is a memory of the space and the things that have happened: the conviction of having had a real experience, a sensation of almost palpable space.

When a physical body moves through space it inevitably makes noise, unless it's a ninja. By following the spatial trajectories of

bodies, objects and materials, the auditor can sense their size and weight, texture and material condition. He can visualize the way they are moving. Acoustic features will tell the auditor a lot about the architecture of the space he is in. All materials, surfaces, walls and ceilings will return a certain reverberation and make the space sound. Some functional sounds can be directly identified. One will, for example, easily recognize the sound of a moving chair or a ladder. Other sounds are less recognizable, but rather produce associations that do not necessarily match the characteristics of the original sound source. Voices appear to have an age; clothes have colours. Things appear to have a distinct shape, volume and look.

The Sound Of It takes place in the barely lit setting of a visually naked theatre space. The audience wears headphones. Two performers are present, yet rarely visible for the spectator throughout the show. The work looks at the performative potential of noise and sound. It explores what happens with our perception when it is reduced to hearing. The piece is about how sounds can perform for us and how the mode of listening can become the actual choreography. It proposes the absence of the visual picture in favor of the sonorous one. It employs sound as a texture that can challenge our understanding of choreography, and makes it the main performer of the piece.

The choreographic sound score is recorded in the place of the performance. That way all recordings correspond exactly with the acoustics of the space the audience is finally sitting in. All sound recordings are done with binaural microphones. This recording technique allows a spatial reproduction of sounds. The recorded events sound so palpable and realistic that the spectator wonders whether they are happening in real time. The pre-recorded sounds coming from the headphones are eventually mixed with the sounds that are produced by the performers, who are manipulating the theatre space subtly with their presence.

Limited to 40 audience members. Two performers.

*

Lucia Glass' performance *The Sound Of It* was presented on November 30th 2010 at Tanzquartier Wien in the frame of SCORES No2: What Escapes.

listening modes

wearing headphones
 recordings with binaural microphones
 live amplification of sounds produced in real time
 sounds produced in real time
 noises produced by fellow audience members
 sounds of the spectator him-/herself
 recorded at ear level
 stereo

the visible space

theater space as it is
 low light
 single chairs
 headphones
 floor / walls / windows /
 doors / ceiling / curtain /
 chairs
 no extra props

the audible space

real
 virtual
 acoustic
 reverberation
 open
 intimate
 shared
 empty / packed
 single audience / crowd
 inside / outside
 periphery
 environment

the spectator

auditory attention
 sensation, that things are almost palpable
 kinetic involvement
 physical reactions
 association
 imagination
 imminent irritation
 reduced vision
 stays visually involved
 produces noises him-/herself
 individual listener / member of a crowd

two performers (live)

crossing the space
 arranging the space
 setting up sound equipment

performers (recorded)

talking
 drunk talking & walking
 animating props and materials
 running
 breathing
 crossing the space
 approaching the audience
 talking to the audience
 moving with chairs
 moving through space

guests (recorded)

dog
 (child)
 two martial artists fighting
 fat person

specials (recorded)

airplane
 chopping wood
 cartoon sounds
 box dropping
 song
 war scene with helicopter
 earth quake
 breathing

materials (recorded)

newspaper
 cans
 water on various materials
 wood
 cardboard

text

I'm looking for my shirt...
Sorry, I couldn't see from
the back...
Headphones off...
I got something to say...

sounds of

the theater space
surfaces
materials / textures
other sound sources like speakers
remote controlled helicopter
bodies
next door activities
periphery

props (recorded)

chairs
balloon
coins
ladder
tape
cables
shoes
curtain rail
clothes and belt
leather jacket

audience activities

(recorded)
eating chips
coughing
laughing

principles for the piece

sound is the performer
to stage hearing
visual involvement
recorded sound sources
live sound sources
audible versus visual body
the space acts
spatial trajectories of sounds
single actions
individual performer
two persons with objects
space / object / material moving by itself
person manipulating the theatre space
person moving a prop
enter / exit
appear / disappear
creating an auditory memory of the space
guest appearances
audience activities
artificial sounds
sounds that produce a certain atmosphere / picture /
environment / setting
setting up the performance space
activities
actions
transformation of space
narration through sounds
fiction / documentation
change of perception
acoustic images
moving through space
moving on the spot
approaching the spectator
play with distance between spectator and sound source
objects that move in space
attributes
distance
proximity
intimacy between spectator and performer (sound
source)
sonorous bodies – volume / weight / breath

FRANZISKA AIGNER / KATHARINA AIGNER /
ROBERT MÜLLER / ASTRID K. WAGNER /
MATHIAS WINDELBERG

H U N D E K R E I S





*

The video *HUNDEKREIS* by Franziska Aigner, Katharina Aigner, Robert Müller, Astrid K. Wagner und Mathias Windelberg was screened on December 3rd 2010 at Tanzquartier Wien in the frame of SCORES No2: What Escapes.

JURIJ KONJAR

LOST AND FOUND

WRITING

To recapitulate, my life turned around two years ago when I started to work seriously on *The Goldberg Variations*. I've started learning about what Steve Paxton is doing from a video, then continued feeding experience in the imaginary world I was discovering. Parallel to the studio practice a writing practice has been developed. It's hard for me to say why and what came first; but it is as if the act of writing and re-reading removes me from myself, helps me to see myself clearer. At some point Lisa Nelson suggested, that, as I've started the process with observation (of Steve), it was natural for me to continue observing, even as the inspiration of Steve moved (from the visual, to energetic, to spiritual) towards me, being inspired by the material that I was doing; in practice, this shift happened when the video of Steve was replaced by recordings of myself.

In the writing I dialogue with myself, write notes of what has happened, learn to articulate, and also study my own actions. It took me a while to put down the momentary relationship between the movement and the writing practice; finally I've decided they were two separate practices, feeding on each other. For the last two months, travelling, dancing, moving, performing, I've invented so many ways and excuses not to do what I am doing right now, writing. The only thing I can write about is where I am now; like I write in my working diary daily. I can only write to you by writing to myself about what is happening to me, letting you find the connection with the overall subject. I only know what I will write after I wrote it. I only know what I will dance after I've danced it. It's about surprising myself, doing what I don't know.

Having a tendency to write in the heat of the moment I can only admire that ability to oversee the whole picture, not losing the taste for detail, even humor. Through words we get a taste of the finesse of movement, where in apparent chaos of bodies and limbs the switching between consciousness and reflex is observed. My first reflex was to write my impressions down as I've gotten used to doing in the last years. Writing enables me to read myself, it lets me articulate what I understand. It lets me connect to previous experience, allowing the new to web into the whole, in establishing connections becoming more anchored, more mine.

What of what I've read is mine, and what belongs to the author? Are my thoughts new thoughts, or does the merging of two older ones produce a new? Do these thoughts need to be remembered? Are they encoded in the text that stimulated them, or do they lie dormant in me and are awakened by the right stimulus at the right time? In other words: Do I need to write them down in order to remember them, or are they always already inscribed in the text I've read?

PERFORMANCE

A fascination and a drug became a movement practice which then became a performance. The performance is now in itself a practice involving things that I only get to practice when I get to perform *Goldberg Variations*. I look forward to those opportunities. However, the original practice of observation in movement processes and in writing has been developing beyond the *Goldberg Variations*. I'm now looking for what comes next.

I can't decide if I'm utterly lost, or utterly found. It became habitual for me to look for analogies for my life within a one hour run of *Goldberg Variations*, and I don't see why this time should be an exception. So, in one of the phases of the process, I'll call it the Argentine phase, I was looking for the place of being lost. I've remembered the words of David Zambrano, saying once you realize you are lost, you are already found. In Argentina, I was looking for that place of losing myself. It was the not knowing very much that gave me this opportunity; and paradoxically I ›found‹ myself there. I remember first being scared of those moments when I ran out of tools and felt that I have already done everything, feeling naked; and then changing the perspective by calling these moments ›the place where I want to be‹ and looking forward to them. I also remember working – in Rennes – with the notion of Courage (now I call it ›daring to‹); to do the thing that was most daring at a certain moment, which usually included taking an action which would take me to a place where I haven't been before.

LOST?

PROCESS OF LEARNING? NOW AND NEXT?

What is happening now? Observing the world around, and considering how and to what extent I want to interfere. (I am) looking for what I want to do, beyond *Goldberg Variations*.
Looking for identity.

People ask me if we have worked with Steve Paxton. I answer I've never worked with Steve; we dialogued. But what is work? What is home? What is a process, a project, a performance? What is dance, and the absence of it? What is, after all, choreography? Should these questions not be answered by each of us, and then continuously revisited – instead of being taken for granted? Can definitions be changed? Can a status of a definition always be »for now«, or »subject to change«? Is that the name of the game, to play as if the foundations (definitions) are firm, so we can build on them until we have to re-consider and build again from the bottom up?

I have danced alone for a long time. I've invented entities to dialogue with, so many I've lost count, so firm I see no more difference between a person and a music, or a space, or a mood, or a wish. Now I feel like dancing and working with others again, and I am searching. For what? A relation that will be a copy of my own with myself? Something satisfactory, that will perhaps surprise only within the ahead-envisioned area of research and complication? What if I've danced with Steve before, in my mind? What if it has always been a group piece, between Glenn Gould, Steve Paxton, Walter Verdin, Johannes Bach and myself? Not to mention the public? I find myself, dancing with others, using them as a tool to surprise myself, take me out of myself. Am I dancing with the other, or am I dancing by myself, with the other present? How is dialogue possible?

RECENTLY

I've left what was my formal home and moved to living out of my backpack, travelling to where my interest guides me. I've been emptying the two cellars where I keep my things, throwing more than half of what I've carefully stored through the years away as useless. I went for a holiday that, for the abundance of empty space in it, became packed with impressions, learnings and writings. I've been looking for a way beyond the *Goldberg Variations* process, finding two things: first, that it still has much to teach me; and second, that whatever substance comes will take long to manifest; the more I impatiently dig for it, the longer it will take. I've been looking for the meaning of home for someone like me, who has no house, no partner, no local artistic community he feels an affinity to, no structure but a practice, and interest and a will to follow it. In absence of a better word, that can also be called a home. Home, as practice, as looking, as being lost, as a way of wording a feeling that espaces all the time, yet is also approaching all the time. Could lost and found mean the same? – What is home for me? It's my exercises, my rituals, things I think, the subject I meet and discuss; it's me. I live in myself. I reinforce this by repetition.

For more than a year I've done the same *Goldberg Variations* every day. The trigger was a wish for an own practice (although I did not call it that), a fascination (with Steve's movement and what it did to me) and then a tickling sensation of discovery. I was in it for the ride, the scenery; there was no final goal but to keep feeding the senses.

Only later some elements I did not think of as essential were brought to my attention; and only now, as the practice has, for different reasons, changed, I can see what consequences certain actions had. I assume connections by what I've stopped doing and what I am consequently lacking. I'm talking about the duration of an hour. The willingness to loose. The ability to concentrate and focus on the moment. In the physicality I was opening up, and thoughts were pouring out of creases. If I was discovering something that was already there, or inventing something that wasn't (while thinking it was), is a question I can not answer.

In 2007 I've lost my sense of smell because of a mechanic injury to my head. First I've had other injury-related issues to deal with, so this particular inability did not come to my attention. The fascinating thing was that until I was not confronted with the fact that I could not smell, I perceived smells as I did before. This trick of the mind was enabled by the fact that during recovery time I was mostly at home, surrounded by what would be familiar smells. Because I knew I could, having had the experience of smelling it before, I would smell same as I did before the nerve connection to my brain was cut. I assume the brain provided the missing information; knowing I could smell was stronger than perceiving I couldn't.

I've practiced the *Goldberg Variations* for a year, understanding Steve's processes, observing Steve's movement, watching him improvise; until it was brought to my attention that I have no idea what he does. It was true. I had no idea, it was all me.

Once again I could not smell.

In looking for where to go next I observe the phases the process has gone through during two years, and I try to see beyond them. What has not been touched upon? Is the next thing doing the same process, the Goldberg research, again? Is 'been there, done that' not an advantage that would expose other elements that are, perhaps as a pattern, habitually overlooked? Is looking for change just another trick of the ego?

LOST AND FOUND

Is being lost the space where we are most open? Some of the most useful tools of dealing with some of the most unlikely aspects of this process were not knowing what I'm actually doing but keeping on doing it, not caring about what the form of the result is, not needing to be the author of the work. I think there is much space in the not-knowing, or knowing only for a moment. There is an interesting difference between saying »I don't know« and »I don't know what he's doing«. The second one already shows a focus, an observation, it indicates there was an effort to understand that might not have been totally successful; but a seed has been planted, and is growing. That's a lot of space to invent, speculate, try out.

The opportunities are in the gaps, between knowing and not knowing. What is inspiration? It's something tickling me, yet not providing me with answers immediately. A challenge which feeds my curiosity, instead of overfeeding it with answers. A question is much more interesting than a straight answer. A question is open to all possibilities, all directions; an answer is something to remember and to move on from. Each also includes the other.

QUESTIONS?

Where am I now? What distinguishes the lost and found? Am I certain that I'm looking for something new and the feeling of having lost something is just a natural consequence of entering a new field, where the boundaries are still not established? Can a transition happen, when there is not this place inbetween where one is being lost? How do I get lost, and what else is there when I do so? What is there in that place where I get lost? Do I need to know more at the end of the text than at the beginning? Is there such a thing as a place of arrival? As an answer? Could a text be composed of one word, repeating endlessly, until it is enough? What is enough? And who says that it is enough? Does every question need an answer, or will the next question do?

A LEARNING TOOL, WHERE REPRODUCTION MEETS A CREATIVE PROCESS (A SEED OF A THOUGHT)

As dancers are to the work of the masters, I see whole dance communities being reverent to European contemporary dance, or the Judson Church. Works are being reproduced, re-staged, whatever you want to call it. I think in doing we should on the one hand be respectful to the maker, in the sense that we invest ourselves in the process of research fully and try to understand as much as we can, on all levels. At the same time, we should respect ourselves and our wishes to the same degree, filling up the place of the part of the maker we don't know, and so we have to guess. We have to stride far into the field of what touches us in the work we are re-envisioning, being aware that it is not them (the artists), but us coming into being. Or, to say it differently again, both the knowing and the not-knowing should be seen as a blessing. I propose the process is where we can sign our own name to the work in the end. And, as Steve himself says, this is what dancers, or artists, or people have always done: copied, assimilated, learnt and took it further.

I found there is a lot to be discovered from knowing bits and pieces, and having the will to fill in the missing pieces. Perhaps there is more to learn this way than by things being served on a silver platter, like in a school. I was very grateful for the excellent education I got at PARTS, and some things only made sense many years later. But that was just a phase, as the learning continues.

*

The performance *Goldberg Variations* by Jurij Konjar was coproduced by Tanzquartier Wien and premiered on November 18th 2010 in Leopold Museum.



© Gert Weigelt

ARNE FORKE

OUT OF THE CRISIS

CESC GELABERT
DANCES THE SOLO
SCHWARZ WEISS ZEIGEN
IN LUANDA / ANGOLA

Gerhard Bohner – *Schwarz Weiss Zeigen*
(Showing Black and White)

An abstract solo. The complete title: *Schwarz Weiss Zeigen: Übungen für einen Choreografen* (Showing Black and White: Exercises for a Choreographer) – the more puzzling the longer one watches it. The dancer and the choreographer Gerhard Bohner – »a pioneer of German dance theatre« writes the dance history – reduces his solo to only what is necessary. In his view. An *exercise*, an experiment, to show something, a radical late work, in any regard. Gerhard Bohner searches for the essence of his work, collects his knowledge of the aesthetic of the Bauhaus, his studies of Oskar Schlemmer's triadic ballet, his understanding of what is essential about human beings. At first glance all the elements seem to be visible: the Bauhaus stairs, the ball, the triangular space, the clear, expressionist light/shade direction, the marionette. But *Schwarz Weiss Zeigen* is also a work in crisis. A late work. Gerhard Bohner misses the unknown space, is looking for orientation, wants to locate something that cannot be grasped, loses himself in the *black*. His work is also: uncanny, ghostly, exposed, helpless, threatening, lost, confused.

Cesc Gelabert – *Schwarz Weiss Zeigen*

In an aside, the Catalan dancer and choreographer Cesc Gelabert tells me of his artistic crisis as the starting point of his encounter with Gerhard Bohner. If solo work can be read as a falling back on oneself, as concentration, as an attempt at re-orientation, then this perhaps becomes clear in Cesc's biography. At large chronological intervals he has reconstructed Gerhard Bohner's solos. First *Im goldenen Schnitt I* [In the Golden Section I] (1996). Then *Im goldenen Schnitt II* (1999). Most recently *Schwarz Weiss Zeigen* (2010). I do not know anything about the first meetings of the two artists. How does one ask for the right to reconstruct a work? The German choreographer Bohner took a similar path in his historical research travels, but in a familiar geographic field, with a shared cultural background. How does his work change under such different conditions? Does a person's personality overlay his origin so much that creative work, the »showing« of artistic work is independent of the country he belongs to? *Showing black and white*. Is the art of dance really international, global? How related are Bohner and Gelabert? I met Gerhard Bohner in 1989 and remember this impression of an aristocratic presence. Cesc has that too – only different.

Goethe Institut – *Angola*

Goethe's first Italian journey is the expression of a creative crisis, the search for inspiration in a foreign land. The idea of an institute is another one: of representing German culture abroad. For me, a contradiction – at first, then no more. Terms such as »institution«, »German culture« or »representation« crumble in contact with Rita Soares, Christiane Schulte, Miguel Hurst, Fernando Alvim, Ana Clara Guerra Marques and many others. Luanda, the capital of Angola, the third most expensive city in the world. At the moment everything seems to be networked with everything else, present, determined by renewal, starting out, and at the same time so fragile, groundless, endangered. Non-stop overload. The theatre repeatedly turns black, the lights go out. And then light again. White. *Showing black and white*. Christiane Schulte, director of the Goethe Institut in Angola, is the initiator of the invitation. The institute has only been there for two years. Before that she was working in Windhoek, before that near Johannesburg. Miguel Hurst, an Angolan, black, with theatre training in Lisbon, internationally active



as a film actor, director, author, producer, former director of the *Instituto Angolano de Cinema Audiovisual e Multimédia* and artistic director of the Angolan state television. Miguel connects us. He speaks German, Portuguese, Spanish and English. Everything is possible at the same time – like in his city. Miguel the African was born in Freiburg, his father worked there as a doctor; his parents moved to the former GDR because of better working conditions. The formerly communist Angola links his view of Germany with Erich Honnecker's visit in 1979. The German east: Bauhaus, Dessau, Weimar, Goethe again. In his main work, Faust II, Goethe left us a warning, a dark vision: Faust II ends in night, capitalism has won the last fight. Black.

South West Africa – *Il Trienal di Luanda*

Schwarz Weiss Zeigen takes place in the framework of the three-month Trienal di Luanda, perhaps at the moment Africa's most important festival for contemporary African art, although the art does not necessarily have to be of African origin. For the African curators who talked with us in Luanda, Africa cannot be bound within its continental boundaries. The director of the triennial, Fernando Alvim, white, born in 1963 in Luanda, lives in Brussels, Johannesburg and Luanda. At the moment, Fernando is an artist. In 2007 together with Simon Njami he curated the first African pavilion for the *Biennale di Venezia* and played provokingly with the concept of identity and nationality. Fernando Alvim and Simon Njami integrated American and European artists, extended the concept of belonging and the understanding of cultural identity and disregarded geographical boundaries in order to formulate their view of what is African in art. A provocation – controversial not only in Europe but also in Africa. If I am with Fernando Alvim, if I look with his eyes, my initial questions of cultural background, of different preconditions between the German Gerhard Bohner and the Catalan Cesc Gelabert appear to be overcome. Fernando Alvim allows me to see into a world of identities that extends much farther than my conception of geographical order. The title of the second, 2010 triennial, is *Emotional Geography: Art and Effects*. It is perhaps a coincidence that my questions about African identity overlap with the title of *emotional geography*, but it extends the view to the reconstruction of the work of Gerhard Bohner.

Unfamiliar space – presumptuous.

Luanda – *Schwarz Weiss Zeigen:
Übungen für einen Choreografen*

The room is dark. The venue: Chà de Caxinde, the National Theatre of Luanda. Gelabert's/Bohner's walking, striding, touching, repeatedly orienting themselves. Back. Looking. In my memory I follow the political artist Fernando Alvim; to me there remains an image from his stories: In Cuito Cuanavale, the historic site of perhaps the bloodiest battle on the long path to a free Angola, Fernando creates a video installation with two puppets, each dragging two heads through a trench. In the black auditorium the dark marionette and the white dancer Cesc Gelabert face each other. At this moment everything is open, every possibility, every direction. Which way leads out of the crisis? Only one, which itself is marked in and as the crisis? *Schwarz Weiss Zeigen* changes its essence, its identity in front of my eyes. No longer a solo – a duet. The two of them, the puppet and Cesc, circle one another. Who is who? As in Sartre's *Black Orpheus*, the puppet looks back. Threatening, silent, tense – and then, when both look at one another, examine, encounter one another, it is as if the colour changes.

White.

*

The reconstruction of Gerhard Bohner's solo *Schwarz Weiß Zeigen. Übungen für einen Choreografen* by Cesc Gelabert was produced by and premiered at Tanzquartier Wien on March 19th 2010.

JUERGEN BERLAKOVICH

S O U N D S L E E P E R

It is never still inside the body. An inner storm rages, which we do not see from the outside.

Henri Chopin

What sings to me, I who hear the song in my body?

Roland Barthes

*Life's but . . . a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.*

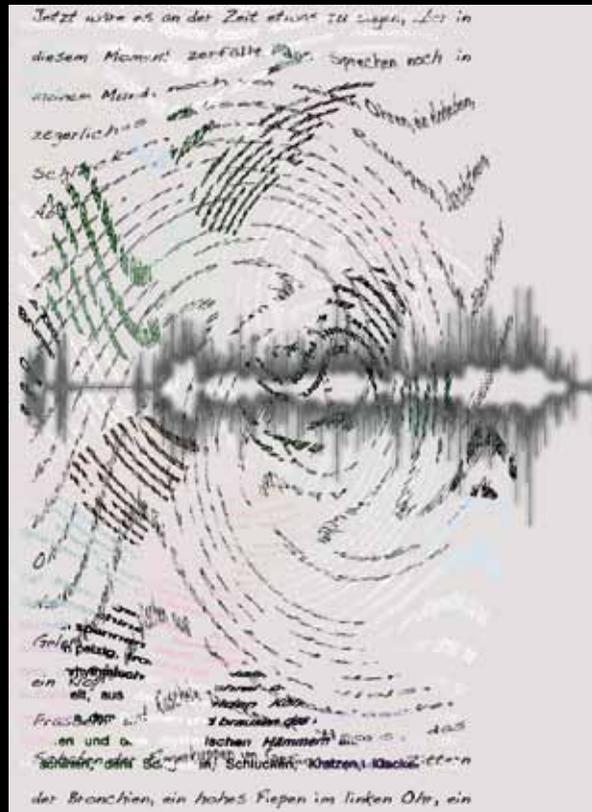
William Shakespeare, Macbeth

*The search for the voice in language
is what is called thinking*
Giorgio Agamben

*

The sound performance *Soundsleeper* was commissioned and presented on December 1st 2010 at Tanzquartier Wien in the frame of SCORES No2: What Escapes.

ACOUSTIC POETICS



For years I have been working on the formulation of an autonomous acoustic poetry, both theoretically as well as in my artistic practice. In my works I move between the fields of sound, performance, music and literature, concern myself with acoustic perception and interpretation patterns and attempt to find suitable possibilities to portray them artistically. Above all I am interested in transformation processes. Where does language become sound? Is there a semantics of sound? How does the acoustic world around us find its way into literary and musical narratives?

Based on these questions I have developed forms that to some extent escape classification made in a particular genre: audio-

caricatures, sound essays, sound interpretations, radio plays, text and sound figures, sound and literature performances, audio poems and palindrome and prose songs.

The linguist and literary scholar Roman Jakobson discovered the source and functionality of a poetic text in the morphological and syntactic structure of the language; according to Jakobson, the poetic potential of a text arises from the phonological-onomatopoeic composition of the smallest distinguishable unit of language, the phoneme.

These considerations have always had a major influence on me. When I started to concern myself with audio and music software I discovered that, by applying granular synthesis to the smallest linguistic unit – the phoneme isolated from a recording of a spoken voice – I could get much further and break down phonemes again into innumerable smallest language granulates, into linguistic microparticles, and thereby as it were look at language as if under a microscope. As a result, Roland Barthes' concept of the "granularity of the voice" became more tangible for me and acquired a new, very exciting meaning.

Since then I have been using granulated voices as the basis of what I call my speech soundscapes, and I combine these with texts read out loud, merge them with conventional instruments or field recordings of towns and landscapes, and use them in radio plays, songs, soundscapes and performances.

Seen from this perspective, the audio software has opened up a new form of writing for me, made a new technology of writing available. Alongside writing with pencil, paper, a typewriter or text editor, there is now writing and subsequently playing with acoustic language/voice material using an audio sequencer, various patches and audio plug-ins.

The voice, to quote Robert Walser, is "variable and unalterable". The voice, variable as the atomised basic material, infinitely combinable and transformable as a stream of linguistic microparticles, and the unalterable, specific and unique to each "granularity" of every individual voice contains a host of subcutaneous information, which lend an emotional-poetic component to the composition of a sound story, a song or a soundscape, and thereby give these the necessary autonomy.

SOUNDSLEEPER



Soundsleeper is a performative text-sound composition that deals with the conditions of speaking and of language. What escapes language, speaking? What creeps in even before a sentence is spoken, a thing described, a situation portrayed? What happens between the ear and the mouth, between listening and speaking, perception and being perceived?

Where is the voice? What is the voice? The inner voice, the outer voice. A side-effect of speech? The body of poetry? The sound of writing?

Language, speech and body sounds – breathing, swallowing, slurping, clearing one’s throat, coughing, stomach rumbling – which are essentially used in the formulation of sentences, but which otherwise vanish from the language and are not or only seldom perceived, form the acoustic starting and central point of *Soundsleeper*. My voice and the background noises accompanying it are recorded by a microphone and audio sequencer, the language-acoustic notes are atomised by a granular synthesis and broken down into their individual microtonal components, rewritten using a series of MAX-MSP patches and overpainted with distortion plug-ins and filters. Turned into sound and arranged by editing, overlaying, speed changes, echoes and panorama effects. The individual tonal part of the voice and the electronic and electro-acoustic parts merge into one another and tell of machine and automated speech processes and the manipulative idiosyncrasies of the language.

Additional field recordings, among others from Red Square in Moscow and the Ars Electronica Centre in Linz, lend the composition an abstract spatial localisation.

The performative aspect in *Soundsleeper* combines and makes a subject of elements of a literary reading with those of an electronic live concert. A reading, talking head and the body as an organic noise machine meet and combine with digital sound manipulations, soundtracks of the outer and inner world run in parallel, noisy tumult, a jumble of noises outside, the noise factory and the inner voices in the head, the most varied layers overlies one another, relate to one another, the singing of the body slowly begins, comes in, breaks off again, sonorous somato sounds, noise arabesques of the surroundings, merge into a polyphonous, palimpsest-like speech-sound landscape.

SARA MANENTE
CONSTANZE SCHELLOW

NOT NOT LECTURE

TWO COMMENTARIES



This

research initially started from an interest in the practice of theory. The project was to question how in contributing to a general discourse on performance we perpetually constitute a language, which then creates its own realities. It not only enters books and texts but also stages, pieces, bodies. The terminology we explore here seems to be the epiphenomenon of a specific turn in the ways certain contemporary performance and dance works are described and analysed—a vocabulary referring to a specific shift *within* these practices. A whole palette of concepts is used which all have one thing in common.

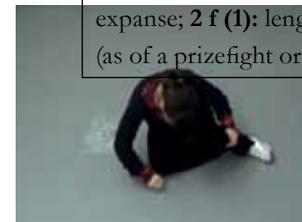


Being is also non-being, but non-being is not the being of the negative, rather it is the being of the problematic,

They are based on a fundamental minus-gesture, a productive subtraction, active strategies of avoidance. They do not so much express or represent a NO, a NON, an UN, an AB or a DIS, but perform it, initiate it. **dis·tance** 14th century **1**: discord; **2 a**: separation in time;

the being of problem and question. *Gilles Deleuze: Difference and Repetition*

2 b: the degree or amount of separation between two points, lines, surfaces, or objects; **2 c (1)**: an extent of area or an advance along a route measured linearly; **2 c (2)**: an extent of space measured other than linearly; **2 d**: an extent of advance from a beginning; **2 e**: expanse; **2 f (1)**: length of a race or contest; **2 f (2)**: the full length (as of a prizefight or a ball game); **2 f (3)**: a long race;



Observing the way we speak about choreography, you come to realize how words perform quasi-choreographic actions in (re)designing the space of performance as a space of other discourses. These words constantly rename and restructure **3**: the quality or state of being distant as **a**: spatial remoteness, **b**: personal and especially emotional separation, *also* reserve, coldness; **c**: difference, disparity; **4**: a distant point or region; **5 a**: aesthetic distance; the bodies of work they are talking about. In fact, any analytical speaking *about*, understood as a speaking *from* at the same



with its object, it produces dispassionately.



duces



In order to perceive fullness, sense of the emptiness, which marks it off; conversely, in order to perceive emptiness, one must apprehend other zones of the world as full. (...)

emp·ty, Middle English, from Old English *æ mettig* unoccupied, from *æ metta* leisure, | before 12th century **1 a**: containing nothing; **1 b**: not occupied or inhabited; **1 c**: unfrequented; **1 d**: not pregnant; **1 e**: null; the empty set; **2 a**: lacking reality, substance, meaning, or value: hollow; **2 b**: destitute of effect or force; **2 c**: devoid of sense: foolish; Dealing with choreography I develop analytical, mostly verbal, tools and categories. Yet while sharpening, testing and redefining a terminology on art I can't help operating by means of the very same inherent terminology. **3**: hungry; **4 a**: idle;

A genuine emptiness, a pure silence, are not feasible — either conceptually or in fact. *Susan Sontag: Aesthetics of Silence*

4 b: having no purpose or result: useless; **5**: absence of human life, activity, or comfort *synonym*. To cross out. To centralize. To deconstruct. To deprive. To detach. To disembody. To dismantle. To fade out. To fold. To hiccup. To intermit. To interrupt. To irritate. To leave off. To leave out. To make impossible. To minimize. To miss. To perforate. To rattle.

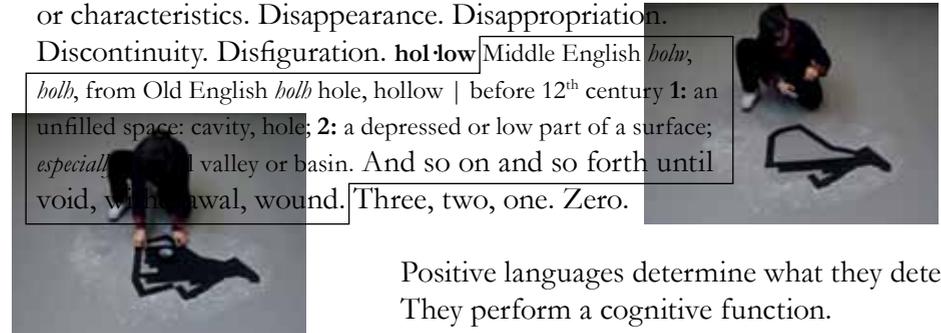
Words and rocks contain a language that follows a syntax of splits and ruptures. Look at any

blank: stresses the absence of any significant, relieving, or intelligible features on a surface; void: suggests absolute emptiness as far as the mind or senses can determine; vacuous: suggests the emptiness of a vacuum and especially the lack of significance. To refuse. To take back. To stutter. To suspend. To undermine.

word long enough and you will see it open up into a series of faults, into a terrain of particles each containing its own void. *Robert Smithson, Essays with Illustrations*

All these words have a strong dynamic impact. Acts acting by not-doing or as they say it: by fading out, interrupting or making impossible. Acts acting critically via strategies which are said to have a potential to transgress the dialectics of criticism. Question mark. Then there come the nouns. Abnegation. Absence. Absenteeism. Abyss. Blind spot. Break. Death. Decomposition. Deconstruction. Deficiency. Destabilization. Processes, actually hidden verbs, structurally differ from events and states. From things or characteristics. Disappearance. Disappropriation. Discontinuity. Disfiguration. **hol·low**

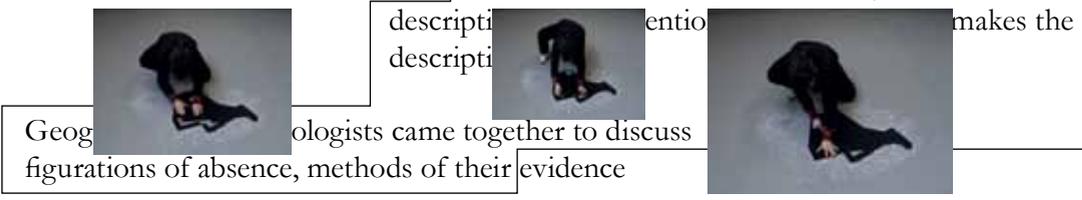
Middle English *holw*, *holh*, from Old English *holh* hole, hollow | before 12th century **1**: an unfilled space: cavity, hole; **2**: a depressed or low part of a surface; especially a valley or basin. And so on and so forth until void, wound, wound. Three, two, one. Zero.



Positive languages determine what they determine. They perform a cognitive function.

At the beginning of September I participated in the annual congress of the Royal Geographical Society in London. Sociologist Lars Frers had organized a session titled *Absence. Materiality — embodiment — resistance*.

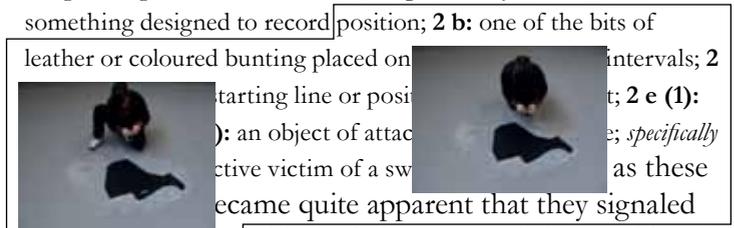
Negative languages, however, reflect the description of their elements at the risk both of the object and its description. This makes the description of the description.



Geographers came together to discuss configurations of absence, methods of their evidence

They obtain the freedom that enables the observation of the risk, not in search of the realization of certainty, but out of a kind of confession, a decision for a volitional act [...]. Dirk Baecker, *Counting, Exchanging, Ordering*

and their tenable negotiability in the respective disciplines: from *ghost hunting* as a geographic practice **mark** Middle English, from Old English *mearc* boundary, march, sign; akin to Old High German *marha* boundary, Latin *margo* | before 12th century **1**: a boundary land; **2 a (1)**: a conspicuous object serving as a guide for travellers; due to its very mobilization of spatial and temporal relationships, to the aesthetic of absence in postindustrial landscapes, and strategies of self-negation and self-portrayal among illegal migrants in the Swedish public eye. **2 a (2)**: something designed to record position; **2 b**: one of the bits of leather or coloured bunting placed on intervals; **2 c**: starting line or position; **2 e (1)**: an object of attack; **2 e (2)**: specifically a victim of a swindle; as these became quite apparent that they signaled

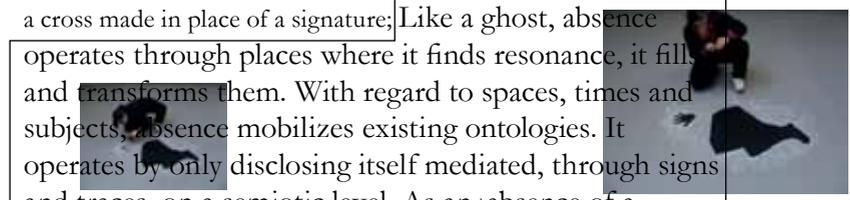


the possibility for a kind of *absence research* that could well be applied to other contexts: Absence exists only as what is perceived, as the result of an *affective response*. To identify it necessarily entails tracing the connections with which we summarize places and bodies into positive structures of

The unreadable is not the opposite of the readable but rather the ridge that also gives it momentum,

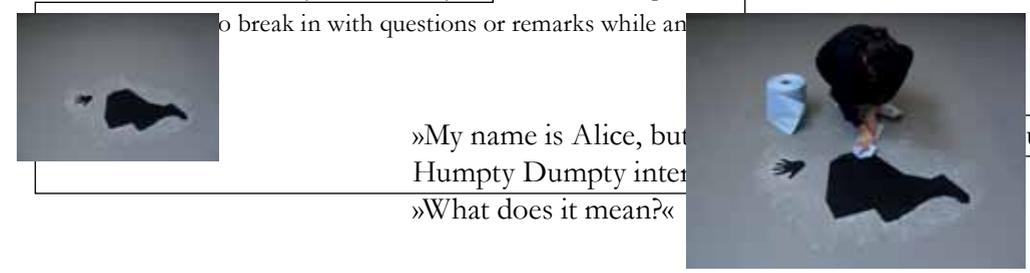
meaning. **2 e (3)**: the point under discussion; **2 e (4)**: condition of being correct or accurate; **2 f**: a standard of performance, quality, or condition: norm; **3 a (1)**: sign, indication; movement, sets it in motion. Jacques Derrida, *Living On/BorderLines*

3 a (2): an impression (as a scratch, scar, or stain) made on something; **3 a (3)**: a distinguishing trait or quality: characteristic; **3 b**: a symbol used for identification or indication of ownership; **3 c**: a cross made in place of a signature; Like a ghost, absence operates through places where it finds resonance, it fills and transforms them. With regard to spaces, times and subjects, absence mobilizes existing ontologies. It operates by only disclosing itself mediated, through signs and traces, on a semiotic level. As an absence of a presence, it thus remains dependent on a binary logic of opposites, bound to presence in a mode of negation, which—according to Dirk Baecker—*always* denotes (...) *that which does not denote it, in the form of an inclusive exclusion.* **3 d (1)**: trademark; **3 d (2)** *capitalized* used with a numeral to designate a particular model of a weapon or machine; **3 e**: a written or printed symbol (as a comma or colon); **3 f**: postmark;



To do the opposite of something is also a form of imitation [...]. Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, *Notebook D*

3 g: a symbol used to represent a teacher's estimate of a student's work or conduct: grade; **3 h**: a figure registering a point or level reached or achieved: record; **4 a**: attention, notice; **4 b**: importance, distinction; **4 c**: a lasting or strong impression; **4 d**: an assessment of merits: rating / *synonyms* see sign. In the modern sciences, negativity—such a widely held view in theories of science—is in some ways a condition *sine qua non*. Since the loss of the substance ontologies, its activity no longer focuses on an external essence of things, but rather on the **in-ter-rupt-ion** [in-tə-rəp-shən] in-ter-rupt [in-tə-rəpt] Middle English, from Latin *interruptus*, past participle of *interrumpere*, from *inter-* + *rumpere* to break | 15th century **1**: to stop or hinder by recognition of the individual thing or process in its nexus of relationships to any other thing or process. Thus the cognitive or natural scientist herself breaking in; **2**: to break the uniformity or continuity of; **3**: to break in upon an



»My name is Alice, but Humpty Dumpty interrupted me with questions and remarks while an...«
»What does it mean?«

always stands at the center of the relational

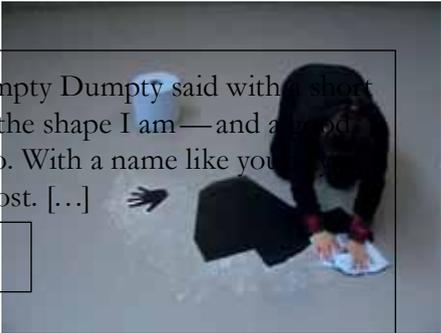
»Must a name mean something?« Alice asked

field in which her recognition occurs; foremost to realize, using Wittgenstein's shortest

doubtfully.

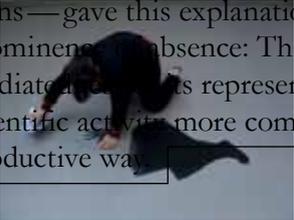
formulation of every philosophical problem: *I don't know my way about.*

»Of course it must,« Humpty Dumpty said with a short laugh: »my name means the shape I am — and a good handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost. [...]



At the Royal Geographic Society congress in London,

Tim Edensor — author of a study on industrial ruins — gave this explanation for the current prominence of absence: Through the particular mediated representation, absence makes scientific activity more complicated and problematic, in a productive way.



When I use a word,« Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, »it means just what I choose it to mean —

null Anglo-French *nul*, literally, not any, from Latin *nullus*, from *ne-* not + *ullus* any; akin to Latin *unus* one | 1567 **1:** having no legal or binding force: invalid; **2:** amounting to

neither more nor less.«

Radical negation according to Peter Buerger is the trademark of the bourgeois avant-garde. It's »NO« functions dialectically in an exemplary manner; its horizon remains hermeneutically sealed. According to Buerger:

»The question is,« said Alice, »whether you can make words mean so many different things.«

Even where the negation of synthesis becomes a structural principle it must remain possible to conceive however precious a nothing: nil; 3: having no value: insignificant; 4 a: having no unity. This is exactly the point where Derrida criticized Hegel:

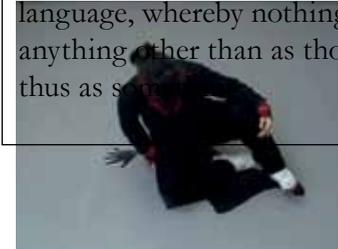
»The question is,« said Humpty Dumpty, »which is to be master—

although the latter had been able to take *the negative seriously*, he failed to conceive of difference as a contradiction, and thus not to keep it open as such in order to stand the tension that it produces

that's all.«

The question is, with which aesthetic and scientific methods the destruction of this unity of the onto-theological synthesis of dialectic allows itself to be encountered, without reestablishing it every time anew. *What is the place of nothingness*, Derrida quotes Heidegger in his lecture *How to Avoid Speaking: Denials* and then answers him: at least it is not the elements; **4 b:** having zero as a limit; **4 c:** of a matrix: having all elements equal to zero; **5 a:** indicating usually by a zero reading on a site of speaking and language, whereby nothingness can never be available as anything other than as thought, spoken, written, and thus as sign.

A question is a question, anybody can know that a question is



Not the *work of the negative*, whose goal and origin has always been the absolute and thus the metaphysical, but rather the *work on the negative* is what François Jullien identifies in his book *The Shadow on the Picture* as the scale

quantity (voltage) is zero or whether it is equal; **5** relating to a method of measurement in which a quantity (as of electric current) is compared with a known quantity of the same kind and found equal by a contemporary call of the intellectual: Since

globalization has steadily dissolved the conditions underlying the possibilities of the negative as an apparently opposing other, it should be comprehended, *along which path the negative (...) sets things in motion (...), what other thought patterns lie behind, when that which seems »bad« instead reveals unused, unforeseen possibilities, turns out to be potentially fruitful and becomes capable of*

a question and so why add to it

participation. Jullien's notion of the null detector; **6**: of, being, or relating to zero; **7**: zero. negative is operative, linguistic and (logically assuming the polarity within a system) definite. What the negative enables is the gaze at something contingent, which withdraws itself from the dualism of positive and negative. *To represent ... or not to represent ... that is*

the question mark when it is already there when the question is already there in the writing. Therefore I never could bring myself to use

the question in contemporary dance. Paraphrased in

a question mark, I always found it positively revolting...
Gertrude Stein: Poetry and Grammar

this way, Hamlet's *To be or not to be* finds itself in a discussion on a dance blog at thewinger.com. *Hamlet*, writes Deleuze, *is not a man of skepticism or doubt, but the man of Critique*. With his existential opposition of being and in **vis·i·bil·i·ty** not-being, life and death in terms of [(_i) in-vi-zə-əbi-lə-tə] in vis·i·ble [(_i)in-vi-zə-bəl] Middle English, from Anglo-French, from either-or, he fails in a world whose

complexity refuses such access. The hope for the initiation of an opening of closed systems that clearly connects to the DE-, DIS-, AB-, NO- and NON-, also aims at a new concept of the critical that would be capable of Latin *invisibilis*, from *in-* + *visibilis* visible | 14th century

1 a: [i]ncapable by nature of being seen; b: inaccessible to view: hidden; **2**: relating to Hamlet's *to be or not to be* of judgement. Again, on the ground it is that surprising that in issues, an utterly undramatic literary employee has overtaken imperceptible, inconspicuous; **3 a**: not appearing in published financial statements; **b**: not reflected in statistics. the Danish prince: Melville's *Bartleby the Scrivener*, (the law-copyist who suddenly refuses to reproduce the law) with his statement *I prefer not to*, stands for a being radically conceived from its potential.

[...] even if we consider it on its own merits the so-called vacuum will be found to be really vacuous.

Or better: Bartleby metaphorically does not stand for something.



For as, if one puts a cube in water, an amount of water equal to the cube will be displaced; so too in air;

Giorgio Agamben makes use here of the word embodiment, with its nearly choreographic properties. What Bartleby embodies, is the impossible possibility of non-dialectical negation

but the effect is

vac·u·um ['va-(ə)kyüm, -kyəm also -kyü-əm] Latin, from neuter of *vacuus* empty, from *vacare* to be empty | 1550 **1**: emptiness of space; **2 a**: a space absolutely

imperceptible to sense. And indeed always in the case of any body that can be displaced, must, if it is not compressed, be displaced in the direction in which it is its nature to be displaced:

I would prefer not to. — You will not? — I prefer not. Or in the words of Slavoj Žižek: *This is how we pass from the politics of*

»resistance« or »protestation,« which parasitizes upon what it negates, to a politics which opens up a new space outside the hegemonic position and its negation.

In communications theory the act of ›operation‹ is defined by the fact that it takes place in two simultaneous time frames that can never be synchronized. On the one hand there is the time devoid of matter; b: a space partially exhausted (as to the highest degree possible) by artificial means (as an air pump); c: a degree of rarefaction below atmospheric pressure; taken up by the operation itself. On the other hand there is the time of the observation of its object, its occasion. To be able to realise an operation on something this something already has to be categorised into the before-known grid of knowledge to become observable.

[...]. Now in the void this is impossible; for it is not body; the void must have penetrated the cube to a distance equal to that which this portion of void formerly occupied in the void [...]. *Aristoteles, Physics*

Therefore what triggers the operation can be a non-event or a void while at the same time it can only be considered as an event after its occurrence. In his lecture *What is Critique?* Michel Foucault conceives a **3 a**: a state or condition resembling a vacuum: void; b: a state of isolation from outside influences; **4**: a device creating or utilizing a partial practice of critique that does not as much judge through dialectical process as much as it makes available the vacuum, especially vacuum cleaner.



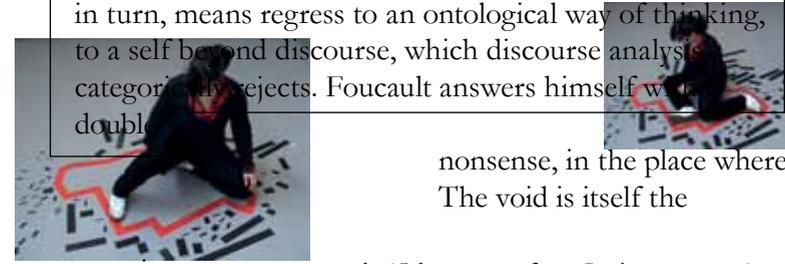
The event is the identity of form and void. [...] Across the abolished significations and the lost denotations, the void is the

system of valuation on which judgements are based. This characteristic of critique is lost as soon as one abstracts the critique from its operation. In this late text from 1978, Foucault anticipates a critical point raised in response to his initial lecture: The subject's potential to enact her/his own



site of sense or of the event, which harmonizes with its own

desubjugation, which for Foucault is grounded in a will to be governed ›not like that, ›not for that, ›not by them,‹ would only be conceivable under the assumption of an ›originary freedom.‹ This original, absolute freedom, in turn, means regress to an ontological way of thinking, to a self beyond discourse, which discourse analysis categorically rejects. Foucault answers himself with a double



nonsense, in the place where the place only takes place. The void is itself the

negative **commentary** early 15th century, from Latin *commentarius* **1 a** notebook annotation. He says that he did not say this, but also that he did not not say it. Judith Butler calls this statement a **1 b** diary, memoir; **2** originally an adjective from ›verbal gesture‹. An ›oddly brave‹ verbal gesture, because it opens up an indefinite space and keeps it interminably open—exactly there between the

paradoxical element, the surface of nonsense, or the always displaced aleatory point whence the event bursts forth as nonsense. *Gilles Deleuze, The Logic of Sense*

first and the second ›not.‹
What does Foucault say exactly?

Consider the performance of your own mind when confronted with any object, hypothetically beautiful.

I was not referring to something that would be a fundamental anarchism, that would be like an originary freedom, absolutely and wholeheartedly resistant to any governmentalization. I did not say it, but this does not mean that I absolutely exclude it.

Your mind to apprehend that object divides the entire universe into two parts,



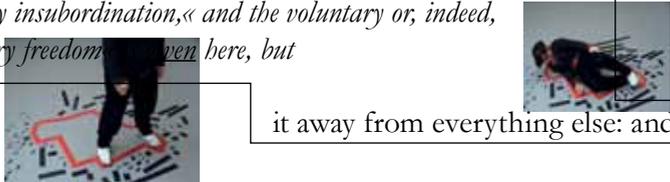
By not not-speaking about ›originary freedom,‹ Foucault rejects

the object, and the

commentum: relating to comments; see also

void which is not the object. To apprehend it you must lift

a philosophically unjustifiable claim and simultaneously insists on the existential necessity of the possible. Or as Butler puts it: *The inaugural scene of critique involves ›the art of voluntary insubordination,‹ and the voluntary or, indeed, ›originary freedom‹ open here, but*



it away from everything else: and then you

comment late 14th century, from Old French *coment*: commentary; or directly

perceive that it is one integral recognise its integrity.



in the form of a conjecture, in a form of art that suspends ontology and brings us into the suspension of disbelief. (...) For when one speaks in that way, one is gripped and freed by the words from

Late Latin *commentum*: comment, interpretation; in classical Latin: invention, fabrication, fiction; *one nevertheless says*. This text was based on a score of terms and quotes given to me by Sara

Manente. She selected them from my theoretical research materials from *comminisci*: to contrive + *meminisse*: to remember, related to *mens*: mind. I asked her to base her

choice exclusively on her own interests and methods in her choreographic practice. In return, I was allowed to make a selection from Sara's performative responses to a

list of 56 *negativities* extracted from current writings on dance and performance. We do not say that such a process of commenting on one another's practice in a shared space could reflect what we do—performing,

thinking, speaking. We do not say it. But this doesn't mean that we absolutely exclude it.



Isn't that



so? James Joyce, Stephen Hero

*

not not a lecture. two commentaries
was commissioned and presented on
December 2nd 2010 at Tanzquartier Wien in the
frame of SCORES No2: What Escapes.

A L L I N V O L V E D

FRANZISKA AIGNER ^(A/BE)

graduated from P.A.R.T.S. in 2008. Currently she works within the frame of the collective/the platform Busy Rocks. Apart from her own choreographic work, Franziska is also performing in the works of a. o. Alexandra Bachzetsis, Benjamin Vandewalle, Ula Sickle und Thomas Hauert/Thierry de Mey.

KATHARINA AIGNER ^(A)

studied at the Stage School of Music, Dance and Drama in Hamburg, Theatre, Film and Media Sciences at the University of Vienna and is currently at the Saint Martins College of Art and Design in London. Selected works: *alle anderen, and places we love the best Vienna Rocks – Wien Sutter Røv.*

JÜRGEN BERLAKOVICH ^(A)

is an artist using spoken language in combination with guitars and electronics to create speech-sound textures in electronic compositions and improvisations. He is the founder of *Takamovsky*, co-founder of the music and literature performance duo *Sergej Mobntau* and a member of the *Vegetable Orchestra*.

LUCINDA CHILDS ^(USA)

is one of the most important American modern dance choreographers. She studied at the Sarah Lawrence College and at the Merce Cunningham Studio. Lucinda Childs has been a member of the Judson Dance Theatre and founded her own company in 1973. Together with Robert Wilson and Philipp Glass she realized the opera *Einstein on the Beach* and also worked with numerous other international artists and ballet companies. Lucinda Childs holds the NEA/NEFA American Masterpiece Award.

AUGUSTO CORRIERI ^(UK/IT)

first trained as a close-up magician, attended a degree in theatre at Dartington College of Arts in England. After graduating he co-founded and worked with the *Deer Park* performance company. Selected works: *Quartet (for Anna Akhmatova)*, *Quartet #2 (for Anna Akhmatova)*, *Photographs of a dance rehearsal*, *The Glass Room* and *The Lasting Image*.

TIM ETHELLES ^(UK)

is an artist and a writer based in the UK. He has worked in a wide variety of contexts, notably as the leader of the performance group Forced Entertainment. His work spans performance, video, photography, text projects, installation and fiction. Books: *Certain Fragments* (1999), *Endland Stories* (1999), *The Dream Dictionary* (2001), *The Broken World* (2008).

ARNE FORKE ^(D/A)

studied German philology, dramatics and musicology. Since 1992 several theatre and opera productions on German-speaking stages. In 1999 he founded the group *co>labs*, which received numerous awards for the fusion of dance and acting. Since 2009 Head of production at Tanzquartier Wien.

LUCIA GLASS ^(D)

develops choreographies and installations. She studied dance and performing arts at the EDDC/HKA and has been artist in residence at K3 – Centre for Choreography / Tanzplan Hamburg in 2008. Besides her own artistic work she develops art projects with kids and teens, choreographs music videos and lately a fashion show.

ADRIAN HEATHFIELD ^(UK)

curates, creates and writes on performance. He is the editor of *Live. Art and Performance* (2004) and *Small Acts: Performance, The Millennium and the Marking of Time* (2000). He has worked with many artists, a. o. Elyce Semenec and Caroline Rye, Sophie Calle, La Ribot, Daria Martin and Jérôme Bel, Tim Etchells and Alan Read.

VLATKA HORVAT ^(UK/HR)

is an artist working in photography, video, performance, collage, and installation. Her performances have been presented internationally and her work has recently been exhibited at a. o. MoMA PS1, Aichi Triennale, Istanbul Biennale 11, the Kitchen, the Contemporary Art Museum St. Louis and Museum of Contemporary Art Zagreb.

WALTER HEUN ^(D/A)

presenter and producer of contemporary dance (a. o. Tanzwerkstatt Europa), founded Joint Adventures (1990), fostered programs (BRDance, Nationales Performancenetz, Tanzplattform Deutschland, Access to Dance, Choreographic Captures) for structural support and artistic programming of contemporary dance productions. From 1999 to 2003 artistic director of luzertanz am luzernertheater. Since the 2009–2010 season, he has been Artistic Director at Tanzquartier Wien.

WENDY HOUSTOUN ^(UK)

has been working extensively as a solo performer and in collaboration with several companies and artists since 1980, a. o. DV8 Physical Theatre, Forced Entertainment, David Hinton and Jonathan Burrows. Pieces: a. o. *Haunted, Daunted and Flaunted, Happy Hour* and *The 48 Almost Love Lyrics*, the films *Touched* and *Diary of a Dancer* with David Hinton.

ASTRID KÄTHER WAGNER ^(D/A)

has been part of the Performative Art and Sculpture class led by Prof. Monica Bonvincini at the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna since 2007. Her work has been exhibited in Demonstrationsraum, Academy of Fine Arts Vienna, Blue Banana Bar Vienna, Funen Art Academy in Denmark a. o.

KRASSIMIRA KRUSCHKOVA ^(BG/A)

Professor of performance and theatre studies at the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna, 2002 habilitation. Since 2003 she has been Head of the Theory Centre at Tanzquartier Wien. Books a. o.: *Ob?scene. Zur Präsenz der Absenz* (2004); *Uncalled. Dance and performance of the future* with S. Gareis (2009).

THE LOOSE COLLECTIVE ^(A)

is an Austrian-based group of international contemporary dancers, musicians and choreographers. Alex Deutinger, Alexander Gottfarb, Marta Navaridas and Anna Maria Nowak founded the collective in 2009 out of the desire to create dance and concert performances in a non-hierarchical structure parallel to their individual artistic projects.

SARA MANENTE ^(IT/BE)

is a performer and choreographer based in Antwerp. She graduated in Communication Sciences / Semiotics in Bologna and Performing Arts in Antwerp. Recent works: *lavaai means hawaai, some performances* (in collaboration with Ondine Cloez and Michiel Reynaert), *to park, democratic forest* (in collaboration with Alessandra Bergamaschi).

LEJLA MEHANOVIĆ ^(BIH/A)

studied German philology, theatre, film and media science and architecture in Vienna. Alongside she worked for various theatre and film productions. Since 2009 she has been Assistant of Artistic Direction and Dramaturgy at Tanzquartier Wien.

ROBERT MÜLLER ^(D/A)

studied architecture in Weimar and Vienna from 2000 to 2007. Since 2008 he has been part of the Performative Art and Sculpture class led by Prof. Monica Bonvincini at the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna. Robert lives and works in Vienna, Berlin and Basel.

SANDRA NOETH ^(D/A)

has been working internationally as dramaturge and organizer. From 2006 to 2009 she was associated researcher at the Department of Human Movement Studies / Centre for Performance Studies at the University of Hamburg. Since the 2009-2010 season she has been Head of Dramaturgy at Tanzquartier Wien. Recent publication: *Emerging Bodies* with G. Klein 2011.

FRITZ OSTERMAYER ^(A)

is a radio anchorman on FM4 (*Im Sumpf*), author, curator, musician and DJ based in Vienna. Member of the new wave combo *Viele bunte Autos* and of the trash fluxus trio *Oder HAHA*.

CONSTANZE SCHELLOW ^(CH/DE)

is a dance scholar, writer and dramaturge. She has produced several international publications on dance and performance and has been a visiting lecturer in a.o. Berlin, Bern, Hildesheim and Cologne. Dramaturgic collaboration a. o. with Sara Manente and Doris Uhlich. Her publication *56 ways (not)* was published by a.pass{a.pt} in 2009.

NOÉ SOULIER ^(F)

studied at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique et de Danse de Paris, at the National Ballet School of Canada and at P.A.R.T.S. in Brussels, where he graduated from the research cycle in 2010. Performances: *The Kingdom of Shades* and *Little Perceptions* (first prize in the Danse Élargie competition in June 2010).

MATHIAS WINDELBERG ^(D/A)

studied painting from 2003 to 2005 at the Caspar David Friedrich Institute. Since 2006 Mathias has been part of the video and video installation class at the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna. Apart from his own artistic projects, he also works as a light designer for artistic and commercial film and video productions.

SCORES N° 2
What Escapes

A Tanzquartier Wien Publication

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The purpose of the business is the promotion, performance and further development of contemporary dance and contemporary performance art, in particular through the establishment and operation of a dance centre in the Museumsquartier complex in Vienna with events and studio operations together with an information and communications area including all businesses and activities associated with its organisation and operation.

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