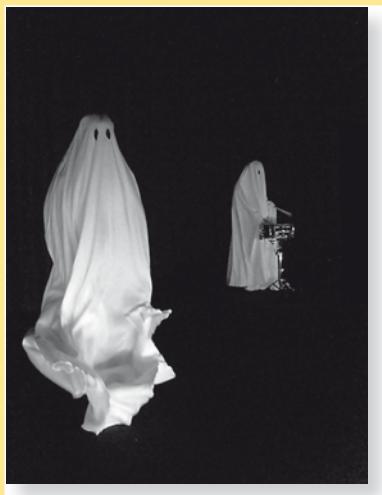


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uneasy going



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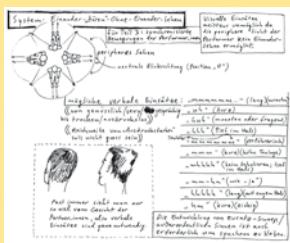
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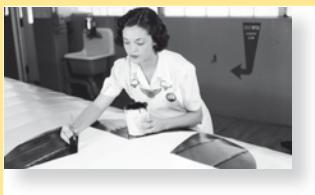
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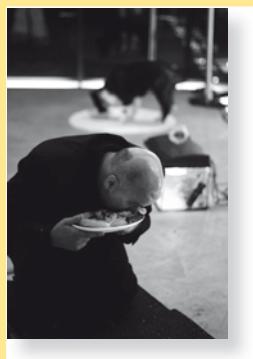
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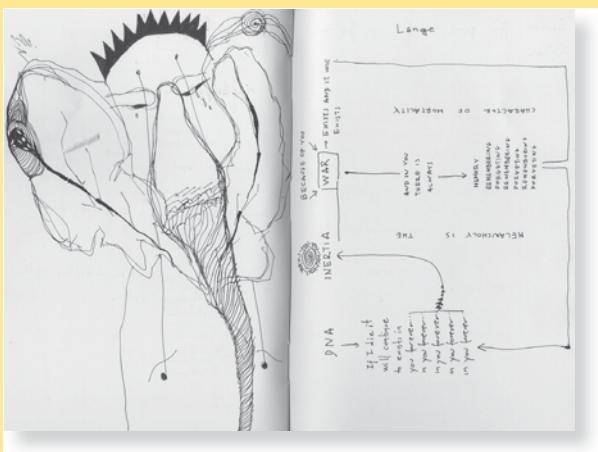
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EDITORIAL

uneasy going

Contemporary dance and performance art frequently takes place on the margins of the economies of utility, exploitability and classifiability. As a cultural practice, it not only reproduces existing agency and thought and the their immanent structures and strategies of deciding, of sharing and transmission, but makes visible precisely these arrangements and obligations to the Other. By discussing, exhibiting or shifting these relationships into new contexts, or critically reworking them and making them discursive, artists bring our individual and collective arrangements into play and turn a directive concept of responsibility into a dialogic, a dynamic and shared space of response. In this way they assume the Other, the alien not as something different confronting us, but take advantage of the resonances of this unknown – which has always been within ourselves – for their artistic work. The artists and theoreticians who have been invited in the framework of *SCORES No3: uneasy going* from April 5th to April 9th 2011 encounter this disquietude, which formulates itself in the moment of encounter, in the most varied ways. Their subjects range from questions of interculturality and migration, from our approach to our own as well as the history of others, to discussions of the body of the sort that are, among others, being conducted in medicine and neuroscience, but also in ethical research. If in their artistic as well as discursive work they also raise the question of how designed and real spaces, roles and ideas can be distributed and developed, this does not just concern the specific relationship between the actors on stage and the audience. Far more, they draw up (counter-) models to existing economic and social distribution processes, to the prevailing drafts of society and call on us to jointly work on taking responsibility that is not restricted to the question of signature and authorship. In the fourth issue of the Tanzquartier Wien's periodical *SCORES* the inscribing gesture of the choreographic in reference to a body that in our communications society has long been held to be dumb becomes discursively and sensually tangible as a challenge and area of experimentation.

Editors: Walter Heun, Krassimira Kruschkova,
Lejla Mehanović, Sandra Noeth



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R E F L E C T I O N S O N S T E V E P A X T O N ' S M A G N E S I U M (1 9 7 2) :

a v i o l e n t r e s p o n s i v e n e s s ,
a r e s p o n s i b i l i t y
w i t h o u t o b l i g a t i o n

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The text is a rewritten version of a lecture that Ramsay Burt gave in the frame of SCORES No3: uneasy going on 6 April 2011 at the Tanzquartier Wien.

The theme of this edition of *SCORES No3* has as its keywords »uneasy going«, and »disquietude«. It speaks of a state between response and responsibility, between decision and obligation, between parting and participating. The disquietude it refers to is in part due to uneasiness about relationality. The passage from responding to taking responsibility during the meeting between self and other is always uneasy going. Responsibility can sometimes be conflated with obligation and thus with the kinds of judgements involved in legal thought. But the work of Emmanuel Lévinas offers a way of thinking about collective responsibility for the precariousness of the other that is about being human rather than about being subject to the law. Being subject to the law and the power of the state is a violent one and opposition to this invariably involves some kind of violence. Erin Manning has proposed ways of differentiating between state violence and a potential for violence that is inherent in the uneasy relation with the other. These ideas about responsibility and violence suggest useful ways of thinking about the way experimental dance practice can allow dancers and audiences to imagine alternative models of political relations. In Steve Paxton's 1972 piece, *Magnesium*, dancers distribute and share amongst themselves flows of energy by making instantaneous reactions in response to situations of risk and violence. My argument is that the kind of responsiveness performed in *Magnesium*'s sometimes violent collisions can suggest these new kinds of relations. To illustrate this I will set up a dialogue between Paxton's piece and some of the violent, revolutionary events recently taking place in the Arab world, focusing in particular on a dance artist's account of his experience during violent demonstrations in Cairo during February 2011.

The performance of Steve Paxton's *Magnesium*,² in a large gym at Oberlin College in Ohio in January 1972, was the culmination of a series of workshops that Paxton had run with male students as part of a three-week residency there by the Grand Union. Because it is seen as the origin of the form contact improvisation, there is a danger of looking at it only for traces of what it is now known that contact improvisation would subsequently become. It is hard, however, to imagine that out of this raw and seemingly chaotic series of collisions would come the dynamic, fluid practice of lifting and supporting a partner in close contact. Whereas contact improvisation is a

duet form, *Magnesium* is a group piece. For its ending, all the performers stand still for several minutes in what Paxton calls »The Stand«. This recalls an earlier piece by Paxton, *State* (1968), where 42 performers stand still for three sections of two minutes, with a 15-second blackout between them in which to relax and shift or move to a new position.

For *Magnesium*, Paxton and the students at Oberlin took as their starting point Aikido rolls, which they practised in order to be able to fall without hurting themselves. They did not, however, practise a uniform way of colliding. There is a danger that, when a dancer learns to perform in unison in order to appear more like the others, she or he might thereby become less like themselves. This is the cost of aspiring towards the attainment of an ideal or the expression of supposedly universal values. Paxton's concerns, by contrast, were ethical in the sense Spinoza gave to this term, and the way he talks about dancing is in line with Spinoza's thesis that one cannot know in advance the full potential of what the body is capable of doing. Paxton was seeking something previously unknown about what the body can do without being determined by the mind. Consequently, the dancers in *Magnesium* reveal their singularities while creating a common space in which these can appear.

Magnesium is a piece created out of risky collisions and unpredictable interactions. Performers have to respond in the moment as best they can to the unexpected, without having any time to think about it. Many of these collisions are violent. This poses questions about the kinds of responsibilities that each performer has towards those with whom he is colliding. The account of ethical responsibility developed by Emmanuel Lévinas is useful here. In his philosophy, I am infinitely responsible for the other, because of the strength of the appeal that the other makes to me. What compels me to acknowledge this is the »face« of the other, by which Lévinas means the expressiveness of the other's body, the corporeal way the other appeals to me. For Lévinas, the precariousness and vulnerability of the other places an infinite responsibility on me to take care of the other's needs. Recognition of this precariousness and vulnerability, Lévinas notes, might seem to invite me to commit an act of violence, but, at the same time, this recognition is what forbids me from killing.³

If the encounter with the other is, for Lévinas, uneasy going, so too is existence itself. In the 1940s, Lévinas wrote about the rumbling of being »un bruit revenant après toute negation du bruit« – »a ghostly sound that remains after all negation of sound«. This is closely related to what his friend Maurice Blanchot called the disaster of existence. Lévinas gives insomnia as an example of this: »Dans l'insomnie, on peut et on ne peut dire qu'il y a un *je* qui n'arrive pas à dormir. ... Je ne veille pas : *ça* veille« – »In insomnia, one can and cannot say that there is an 'I' which cannot manage to fall asleep... I do not stay awake: *it* stays awake.⁴ The French word *la veille* not only means being awake but also wakefulness, watchfulness, a vigil, staying up in the night or watching all night over a corpse before a funeral. *La veille* is thus related to *surveiller* and to the English word surveillance. Responsibility for the other, Lévinas suggests, derives from this impersonal watchfulness or surveillance and such responsibility seems to stop this anonymous and senseless rumbling of being. Lévinas speaks of this in terms of the French phrase »il y a« – »there is«. »Il« here is like the impersonal »it« as in »il pleut« – »it rains«. The social relation with the other, he argues, is a disinterested relation. The uneasy »it« that stays watchfully awake is the same as the being that is disinterestedly responsible for the other.

There is a surprising correspondence between this impersonal »it« in Lévinas's philosophy and Paxton's own account of responsibility within contact improvisation. In a section of his 1987 documentary *Fall After Newton*, Paxton discusses a moment during a duet in which Nancy Stark Smith is dancing with Curt Siddall when she makes a dangerous fall. (Siddall, incidentally, was also one of the men in *Magnesium*.) In Paxton's documentary the footage of this has been edited so that the fall is shown three times at different speeds. It begins at a moment when Siddall seems to have caught Nancy Stark Smith in the middle of a jump in front of him. He turns her round through 180 degrees so that she is falling head first towards the floor. She curves her spine so that she falls on her back with spread arms; Siddall immediately collapses on top of her but she rolls out from under him and sits up. In his voice-over commentary, Paxton says:

There are hazards. One of them is thinking ahead. What the body can do to survive is much quicker than thought. It is useful to retrain the

reflexes to extend the limbs rather than contract them during a fall. This fall [Stark Smith's] is very disorienting. Nancy's arms manage to cradle her back and this spreads the impact onto a greater area. And she doesn't stop moving. That helps to disperse the impact over a slightly longer time.

She doesn't seem bothered.

In his voice-over commentary, Paxton seems to be with Spinoza in his wonder at the unknowable potential of the dancing body. Just as insomnia makes one aware of the rumbling of being as the disinterested »it« that stays awake and observant, so the contact improviser witnesses what Paxton calls »the small dance« – the body's potential to carry out relatively autonomous movements as it adjusts to changing situations. Lévinas speaks of the rumbling sound of existence that persists after all sounds cease, while Paxton speaks of the largely unconscious movements that remain after all conscious movements are stilled – tiny adjustments to posture and balance. For Blanchot and Lévinas this bare existence is terrible and a disaster, while for Paxton it is affirmative. In his voice-over commentary, Paxton testifies to what was happening for Stark Smith, noting the relatively autonomous responses that stop her landing on her head. As Paxton does so, he does not consider Siddall's role as her partner. This does not mean that Paxton felt Siddall was not taking responsibility. While Smith was falling, Siddall would have been completely aware of what was taking place without knowing precisely what would happen next. The fact that Paxton does not refer to Siddall seems to imply that, during Smith's fall, any attempt by Siddall to stop what he was doing and intervene would almost certainly have made things worse. In such situations it is safer and more productive for everyone to take care of themselves and keep on going. Keeping going here is allowing the relatively autonomous motor actions to take their course. Paxton is attributing to Siddall the disinterested watchfulness that I am equating with Levinas's notion of »il y a«. An impersonal it witnesses what is happening to Smith, and this same it keeps going.

The passage between responding and taking responsibility, as I noted at the start of this paper, is uneasy going and a source of disquietude. Both *Magnesium* and this fragment of a contact duet exemplify the potential for violence within the encounter between self and other. In her 2007 book *Politics of*

Touch, Erin Manning reflects on the violence that takes place when we touch. Touch, she writes, creates: »*a reciprocal body-space that challenges the limits of both self and self as other. Touch implies a simplified condensation of the encounter between you and me, refuses to speak only about the point of departure and the point of return. Touch grapples with the impossibility of fusion in the moment of desire that is directed toward you and, reciprocally, toward myself. The violence is not in the moment of apprehension (if touch is reciprocal, I cannot touch you »violently,« that is, without your consent), but in the decision to reach toward. The violence exists in the reaching out toward that which will remain unknowable.*«⁵

This is an account of the violence inherent in a non-hierarchical encounter when one opens oneself up to the unknowable. It is this opening up that I suggest was taking place during *Magnesium*.

Manning contrasts this opening up with the way that the modern nation state uses fear of the threat of violence from those who are not like »us« and who it wants »us« to believe are trying to intrude in »our« space. Within the vocabulary of nationalism and the nation state, she argues, »violence reigns as the constant signifier of (in)security.« When the other is defined as an adversary, there is a tendency to see violence as »the intrusion of the other who must remain outside the bounds of my territory (usually the nation state).«⁶ So whereas reaching out to touch the other is reaching towards something that will remain unknowable, Manning argues that: »state violence, on the other hand, seems to rely on the pretence that the unknowable could simply be the unknown and therefore potentially conquerable through comprehension and domination.«⁷

So whereas Manning condemns the violence that the state exercises in order to try to maintain its hierarchical system of sovereignty and security, she does not wish to condemn this alternative kind of violence inherent within the gesture of reaching out to make contact with another. This latter, she argues, should not be considered a threat to difference: »Rather violence can work as a reminder of that very difference that prevents me from being subsumed into the self-same.« And I would add here that disquietude and uneasy going can fulfil a similar function. She goes on: »Violence can be a manner of writing a body that defies the imposition of stability, that

challenges space and time through its sensuality.⁸ The dancers in *Magnesium* are making space for this kind of challenge. The politics of touch that Manning is theorising is therefore one in which an ethics of relationality becomes a model for non-repressive, non-hierarchical and thus literally anarchic forms of social organisation.

Recent events in the Arab world demonstrate a terrible example of the kind of repressive state violence that Manning discusses. Each time a dictator or ruling elite have been challenged by mass protests, they have tried to characterise those rising against them as Islamic fundamentalists or terrorists – as enemies within. This has led to deadly situations in which the security forces have violently attacked the people whose security they were claiming to ensure. These are states that have been spending more money on internal security equipment, much of which has been supplied by British and US arms manufacturers, than on protection against external threats. Paradoxically, therefore, in order to maintain the people's security and stability, the people became the target of violent and deadly assault. As we know, in Egypt, Libya and Tunisia, the autocratic governments of long-term dictators have been overthrown and new democratic procedures are in the process of evolving. This revolutionary method shares some of the characteristics Manning attributed to the alternative violence of touch. To demonstrate this, I shall read some quite lengthy extracts from a posting on *amchoreo* – an English-language blog set up to allow an exchange between choreographers in Cairo and Amsterdam. This posting is by Adham Hafez, a Cairo-based choreographer and maker of sound installations.⁹ It is a description from early in the mass protests that subsequently led to President Mubarak's resignation, about what had only just taken place on the streets. Written at a time when the Egyptian state had ordered that the internet be shut down, Hafez saved it until internet service resumed.

Today was »Day of Wrath« in Cairo, where Egyptians went out on the streets demonstrating against depression. Whatever political slogan a group carried was not really what mattered. It was (and still continues as I hear from my window) about getting together and screaming. I was never part of any demonstrations or revolutions, since I never trust what this could bring, but today I went out on this day. I found myself running and screaming

and crying. We were beaten up, thrown with tear-gas bombs, hosed down with gushing water, until a state security car hit three young Egyptian males. Then people carried one of the three bodies, and walked in streets, lifting him up like to an altar, and screaming even more. We started then hitting the police men, the state security cars, and eventually began throwing the Tear-gas bombs back at the state security when we receive them....

I have not learned about dance or theatre before the way I did today. I must have had a few dance and theatre revelations in my life, of course, but today was something that I learned a lot from. An afternoon of very accelerated learning. People come together, people run in fear, people come together again in pain and in anger, people stop believing suddenly and they stop moving, people get motivated again and they move violently, people are beaten up violently, people throw their bodies at cars, people sleep together on streets until tomorrow morning. No internet, telephone networks keep failing and restarting, and the threat of cutting down power off Midan Tahrir and Talaat Harb Squares is very plausible. Twitter, Facebook, and the independent newspaper websites were shut down in Cairo repeatedly, but restarted again I don't know how....

We ran, we ran so far. I ran also. Because of anger, because of a few women who suddenly started screaming »Horreya, Horreya« (Liberty, Liberty), and I ran to that sound of such a word, and I ran to the movement of a running crowd. We ran from Talaat Harb square to Midan Tahrir, running into a barricade of State Security officers, hundreds of soldiers, and a few huge cars hosing us down with water again. We ran into something violent, but it seemed ok. I learned about where running starts in my body. It starts close to my spine, in my throat sometimes....

This feeling is like the feeling of flying for the first time. Running so fast, into something scary, exhilarating, promising and very unsure of its results. It also feels like stepping from the wings and onto the stage, where my skin pores are as present as my eyes are.¹⁰

This is a very beautiful, poetic, but also quite humbling description. Hafez draws on his knowledge of dance in order to try to make sense of his experiences on the streets. The dynamic flow, the rhythm and pace, the rise and ebbing away of energy within the common public space of protest is implicitly equated to the experience of improvisation. A training in improvisation had helped Hafez to be ready for a range of unknowable and unpredictable events. Inspirational shouts became the musical accompaniment of this danced

intervention in the political whose spatial organisation was that of the running crowd. The somatic roots of running are described in a disinterested way that recalls the use of images in a release-based dance workshop. Running, as a relatively autonomous activity, reveals new potentials for what the body can do. Revolutionary political engagement is likened to the thrill of making an entrance onto a theatrical stage.

There are correspondences between Hafez and Manning's accounts of violence. Manning does not wish to condemn the violence of reaching out to touch. Hafez writes that »we ran into something violent but it seemed ok.« The tear gas grenades, water canon and bullets, whose use had been authorised by the state, were directed indiscriminately against the crowd of protestors, marking them all uniformly as enemies. The violence of the protestors, however, seems to have taken the form of what Manning calls »reaching out towards that which remains unknowable.¹¹ This is what I understand from Hafez's statement that he experienced »something scary, exhilarating, promising and very unsure of its results. Like the dancers in *Magnesium*, the protestors had to respond in the moment as best they could to the unexpected without having time to think about it; and, like *Magnesium*, the protestors in Hafez's account had to take care of themselves and keep going.

Thinking about these events and situations as performances draws attention to the temporalities within which these relations are opening up. I have been discussing a dance performance and a revolutionary crowd in which subjects enable their relatively autonomous motor actions to respond to complex, shifting, unstable circumstances as they initiate an approach towards the other across barriers of difference. In proposing this I am not advocating passivity or the adoption of instability for its own sake. Nor am I denying agency. What I am warning against is the belief that, with straightforward actions, one can simply turn the unknowable into something manageable and comprehensible. I have been discussing a performance and an event that were uneasy going because they were situations that were not managed by reducing singular participants to uniformity and sameness. To make the participants more like one another would have rendered them less like themselves and would thus deny their singularity. The disquietude gener-

ated in *Magnesium* and during »The Day of Wrath« in Cairo is a reminder, as Manning puts it, of those very differences that prevent me from being subsumed into the same self. Difference itself is a source of uneasiness. In Lévinas's account, a disinterested recognition and witnessing of the other's difference and precarious vulnerability prevents me from wanting to act violently towards something that I feel threatens me. A disinterested witnessing of the precariousness of life is the first step towards addressing the question: what form of life is liveable? Taking responsibility for ensuring that people can have liveable lives is a political matter. It is also ethical in the way that Lévinas theorised. As Hafez found himself in a crowd that came together in fear and anger, became dispirited but got motivated again and moved violently, and as the men in *Magnesium* went through comparable peaks and troughs as they responded to seemingly chaotic, violent collisions, both were experiencing the disquietude of situations in which one cannot know in advance the full potential of what the body can do.

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| <p>1
See: Steve Paxton (1987):
<i>Fall after Newton</i>, video, East
Charlston, Vt.: Videoda.</p> <p>2
Emmanuel Lévinas (2001):
<i>Existence and Existents</i> [trans. A.
Lingis], Duquesne University
Press: Pittsburg, Pa., p.87.</p> <p>3
Ibid. p. 49.</p> <p>4
Erin Manning (2007): <i>Politics of
Touch: Sense, Movement, Sovereignty</i>,
University of Minnesota Press:
Minneapolis, p. 52–53.</p> | <p>5
Ibid. p. 52.</p> <p>6
Ibid. p. 53.</p> <p>7
Ibid. p. 56–57.</p> <p>8
Adham Hafez: »just to remember,
some weeks ago«,
14 February 2010, on: <i>amchoreo</i>
http://amchoreo.wordpress.com/,
accessed 16 February 2010.</p> <p>9
Ibid.</p> <p>10
E. Manning, p. 53.</p> |
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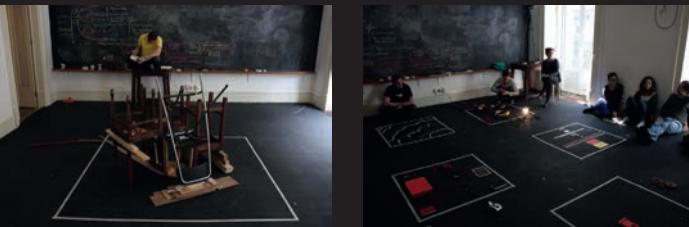
A N E N C O U N T E R I S A W O U N D



(c) Atelier Real

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João Fiadeiro's workshop *Anatomy of a Decision* was part of
SCORES No3: uneasy going from
4 – 8 April 2011 at the Tanzquartier Wien.



(c) Atelier Real

An encounter is a wound. A wound that – in a way is both delicate and brutal – widens the possible and the thinkable, signalling other worlds and other ways of living together, as it subtracts past and future by way of disruptive emergence. An encounter can only be one when its accidental manifestation is perceived as offered, accepted and returned. From that mutual implication emerges a *middle*, a *minimum environment* whose duration will, little by little, design, mark and inscribe itself as a common landscape. An encounter can only take place – can only *stop* emerging and start to happen – if it is noticed and consecutively counter-effectuated – this is to say, assisted, handled, cared for, each time (re)made as never-*ending*. Many accidents that could become encounters never come to accomplish their potential because when they come up they are so hastily decoded, added to what we already know and to the answers we already have, that our *existence* goes on undisturbed in its infinite kinetics: we do not acknowledge them as anxiety, as an opportunity to reformulate questions, as an occasion to restructure operative modes.

Assuming that we first have to know in order afterwards to act, we hardly stop to take notice of the accident: as soon as we are caught in it, we tend to hinder its still precarious and incipient manifestation. We withdraw our body and move further with the »gaze« – believing it can »objectively« perceive what is there – or by »looking«, assuming there is a meaning behind things that is to be »subjectively« interpreted. In either case, we arrive too soon with what we know – a law or point of view, a unified or a plural one: both are manipulation. Both are versions of the same scission between subject and object, partitioning by decree what each of these entities can and cannot. Unilaterally attributing the capacity to produce agency and meaning to the subject, as well as the right to legislate about the object in



(c) Atelier Real

order to diagnose, control classify and pacify the spirit, etc. Transformed into an object, the accident's inclination and potentiality to affect are also cancelled and boxed in, by force, in a certainty or in some »I find«. And so we keep *existing*. »Finding« before encountering.

This is the dominant logic operating in our day-to-day – that of despair and not that of waiting; that of urgency and not that of emergency; that of certainty and not that of trust – an accident can only be experienced as such if it has the force of a catastrophe. When it is so disproportional in its difference, in its divergence in relation to our expectations and our decoding and interpretation tools that it precedes and overwhelms the objectivation decree, taking us from subjects to subjected in one go.

That is when we cannot ignore or domesticate it: it simply lands on us. But what is tragic is that even this catastrophe-accident tends to be experienced not so much as an encounter, since the scission between subject and object is preserved; only its signs are inverted. Dismissed of the control we believed to be ours by right, we find ourselves paralysed, outraged before the sudden sovereignty of the accident. We enter a crisis, doubting everything, blaming the gods, the parents, the state, the country. In despair, we rush to the arbitrariness of the »who cares« or the superiority of the »anything goes«: we take to *resisting*. And if it doesn't work all the same, then it is even worse, we take to *desisting*.

And then it is already too late – the fact of knowing does not apply anymore, »findings« do not save us, and neither do we open to mutual estimation; we thus lose the opportunity to experiment with what the encounter »tastes like«. We lose control and so the certainties that sustained it. We are clearly not the ones who *decide* any more. In the meantime, as if we had forgotten to synchronise our assumptions with the actualisation of the world, we remain hostages of the decree that gave us the illusion that we have decided. Here is the knot: not in the fact that we lost the »power of *decision*« (have we ever had it?), but in the fact that we are unable to take a »*de-scission*«, revoking the decree of scission.

The world we live in today is precisely that: the one where we have already understood that we cannot decide, but not yet learned how to *de-scissor*. A world where, astonished, we continuously feel caught by one accident after another, crisis after crisis, uncertainty after uncertainty. Caught in the sensation that it is »too late«. »Too late« to insist on the denial of disparities, conflicts, disagreements, intransigencies, equivoques turned into law. »Too late« to insist on living »as if« the consensus was possible or even desirable. To insist on an unshakeable *existence*, supported by an aprioristic transcendent nexus: for every thing a name, a frame, a regularity; no frights or risks, everything explained, everything foreseen. And that, all this, is no longer sustainable.

It is no longer possible to carry on with an accommodated *existence*, in the peaceful indifference of the »everything's fine«, »too late« anyway, both for *resistance* and for *desistence*: it becomes clear that there is no »way out« from those two ways of *unresponsiveness*.

And that is precisely why this may well be the right moment to staunch despair and take notice of what surrounds us. To suspend the regime of urgency, creating the conditions for a disarmed and responsible opening to emergence. To replace expectation with waiting, certainty with trust, complaint with commitment, accusation with participation, rigidity with rigour, avoidance with attendance, competition with cooperation, efficacy with sufficiency, the necessary with the precisely needed, conditioning with condition, power

with force, abuse with use, manipulation with handling, discarding with repairing. To take notice of what one has, to do with what one has. And welcome what emerges as an event. Re-encounter, in that simple and daily matter towards which we are taught to become insensitive – the matter of *mayhapness* – re-encounter in that mutual attendance, a whole multiplicity of contingent ways to open a slit.

A slit into *re-existence*.

In order to explore that slit, one has to abandon the answers, let go of the obstinacy to define what things »are«, what they »signify«, what they »mean«, what they »represent«. Give up the obsession with the causes, the motives, the reasons, and the insatiable hunting to identify and accuse the guilty ones, to reinforce the lament – while the consequences impossibly pursue their purposes. Most precisely, we have to activate a work with the consequences, commit to assisting and tracking in the obvious the opportunities to enter a *common plane*.

If there is a reason in the encounter, it's not the reason of the causes or judgements, but the *ratio* of distances between the positions that assemble in its frame, transforming it into a *co(m) position*. It is this kind of »reason« that appears when we engage in the guesstimate of the variables at stake, in the infinitesimal calculation of the matches and the sufficient proportions.

This can only be carried out if we revoke the protection shields of the subject and the object, and if we let go of the pre-defined contours of the self and the other. This can only be carried out if we stop moving further too soon, driven by the vertigo of *revelation* or the tyranny of spontaneity, finding time within the very time of things. A time that is already there, between the stimulus and the answer, but that we squander in the voracity with which we give in to fear and get back to habit, to ready-made answers or to whatever impulsive reaction, just to quench the despair of not knowing. This can only be carried out if we let go of leadership, transferring it into that »third« place, an impure and precarious place that takes place halfway at the crossroads of mutual inclinations: the event.

If we give ourselves that time, that silence, that slit; if we can put up with keeping the wound open, if we can put up with

simply *(re)pairing* – stopping anew in order to reconsider the obvious until it »dis-obviates« – then the encounter presents itself and invites us in, with its complexity wrapped up in simplicity.

To encounter is about »having something with«. It is an »enter-(main)-tainment – an inter-having – that implies *unfolding* the strangeness brought about by the sudden manifestation of the unexpected. To *unfold* what it »has« and, at the same time, what we have to offer back to it. To *defragment*, in minutiae, the amounts of difference unexpectedly related. To go back from the *fragment* (part of a whole) to the *fractal* (wholly of a part).

Relation: a match situated between *compossible* possibilities that co-incide.

Relation of relations: a tendency, a pathway, an event that only takes place while it »is« not, that only takes place while we *re-exist* with it.

Living together is just about postponing the end.

1

This text is part of the lecture-performance *Mayhapness* by João Fiadeiro and Fernanda Eugénio, which was premièred in June 2012 at the Alkantara Festival in Lisbon. *Mayhapness* works as a presentation of the cross-methodological procedure called *AND Method*, a meta-thinking and practice tool for the collective and improvisational creation of common landscapes. The *AND Method* is the result of the encounter between *Real-Time Composition*, a method developed

by the choreographer João Fiadeiro and the ethnography applied to situated performance, developed by the anthropologist Fernanda Eugénio. As a »mode of relation«, the *AND Method* substitutes the prevailing of the subject, control and manipulation, with an ethic of *sufficient handling* that transfers the focus to the emergence of the event. What guides the project is the engagement in reformulating the question, trusting that a new world cannot be inaugurated through answering but by finding (or *being found by*) new and unexpected questions. The driven force of this work is the suspension of the tireless kinetics contained in the imperative »to understand« through the insistence in remaining in the pause, in the interval of *just to stand*. This task evolves distracting oneself from the »I«, while activating a careful attention towards the contingent possible fittings and the delicate management of the persisting and desisting forces by which we can *re-exist*. See: www.re-al.org

F O R F A C E S

*

Antonia Baehr's performance
For Faces was presented on
18 February 2011 at the Tanzquartier Wien.

Part 3:
(Choreo – movement S + A)
Tempo – 56 bpm

Length	Division	Action(s)
3	2/ 1	left corner of mouth up/ back
3	2/ 1	right corner of mouth up / back
2	1/ 1	flare nostrils / back
4	2/ 1/ 1	raise forehead / back / pause
6	2/ 2/ 2	eyes left / eyes back / both corners of mouth up / corners of mouth back mouth open +
6	2/ 2/ 2	head back into the nape of the neck / eyes down and close + head back + close mouth / eyes open and on the horizon again frown / back / pause
4	2/ 1/ 1	head one position to the right + tense lips
3	2/ 1	pause
3	2/ 1	slightly tense lower eyelids / pause
3	1/ 1/ 1	chin up / chin back again / swallow
3	2/ 1	lower jaw to the right +
4	2/ 2	head one position to the left/ pause
2		widen eyes / back
2		eyes down to the left +
2	1/ 1	head one position to the left
4	1/ 1/ 1/ 1	head up + gaze straight ahead / purse lips
2	1/ 1	pause/ blink / pause / blink
		chin muscle up / down

Preliminary practice for *For Faces*

Material Positionen und Bewegungen auf dem Hocker

- Oberkörper vor neigen 
- " nach hinten neigen 
- Kopf drehen 
- Augen nach re / nach li 
- Oberkörper drehen 
- Stuhl drehen 
- Habzähne 4-5 Positionen 

Kombinationen:

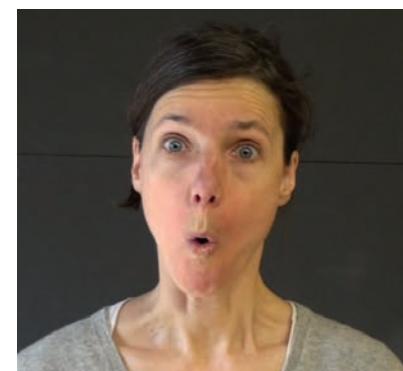
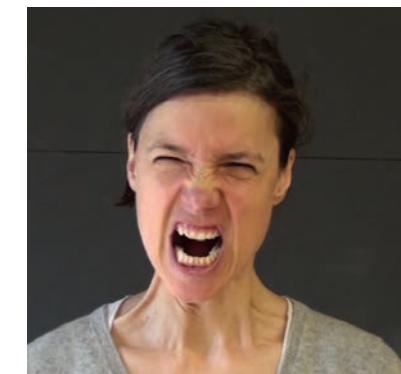
b') Körper dreht	a') Kopf dreht
Kopf bleibt	Jörper bleibt

c) Stuhl dreht	b') Augen drehen
Jörper bleibt	Kopf bleibt

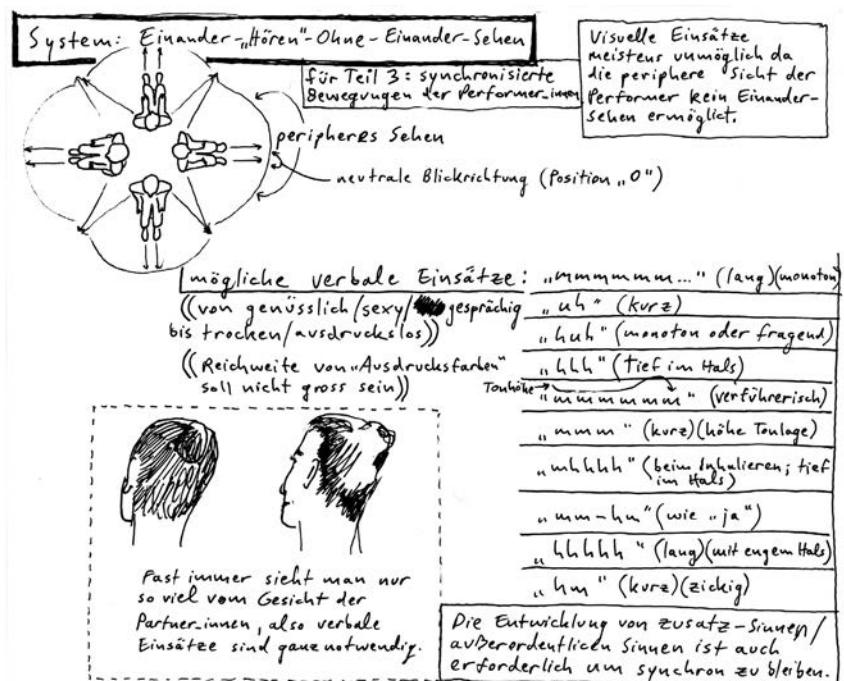
c') Körper dreht	
Stuhl bleibt	

Oberkörper vor neigen + Augen drehen
Augen + Oberkörper drehen
+ Stuhl drehen

Oberkörper nach hinten + Augen
Oberkörper + Stuhl



It is not only important how the audience response (in the form of reactions such as audible commentary, quiet or uncontrolled laughter, conscious or unconscious imitation, reddening of faces etc.) is created out of intimacy or the proximity of the physical staging. It is equally important that the audience response from the necessity of the performers to play out a very precise score becomes extremely drawn out and complicated. Do the performers react to the audience response, or are they too deeply tied up (in the score) to go along with it or to be receptive to it? These questions remain open. As a collective as well as individually, initially a challenging uneasiness is produced among all of us (all who are present in the black box – on and in front of the stage) – which one could certainly describe in more detail here – and afterwards one recognises a shared responsibility in relation to our own projections onto the face in front of us.



Concept & Choreography:

Antonia Baehr

Interpretation & Choreography:

Sabine Ercklentz, Andrea Neumann, Arantxa Martinez,

William Wheeler

Dramaturgy:

Lindy Annis

Lights & Technical Direction:

Sylvie Garot

Sound Technician:

Raphael Vincent

Stage & Costumes:

Katja Wetzel

Organisation:

Alexandra Wellensiek

Internship Dramaturgy:

Tom Engels

Internship:

Lou Cantor

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Premiere: 19. / 20. 11. 2010

A dialogue between
BOYAN MANCHEV and MARCUS STEINWEG

P E R S I S T E N C E & E X C E S S

*
Responsibility of Art. Two short lectures and a conversation by Boyan Manchev and Marcus Steinweg was presented on 8 April 2011 at the Tanzquartier Wien in the frame of SCORES No3: uneasy going.

Marcus Steinweg What are the conditions for art? Under what preconditions does something resembling art exist? How is an artwork possible? Obviously, like any event, for an art work, for its appearance and existence, there are its conditions. It never happens or eventuates in a space free of meanings and multiple codification.

An artwork has to assert its reality in the midst of an existing reality. It asserts itself through its form, its appearing and its duration (no matter how ephemeral or precarious it seems to be in certain cases) in the over-codified space of established facts and laws. Everyone knows that the artwork is not an entity in itself, not an architecture without windows. Doubtless it necessarily includes persistence in the here-and-now of the one constituted reality that is our world.

Boyan Manchev I believe that the question of persistence is the crucial question today. Today, when performance (as performance of forms of life and organisation of effects) has become the paradigm of the politico-economic model we live in, what is the »responsibility of art«? My answer: there is no other responsibility but to persist.

The question of persistence matters in a world of a globalised liquidity, of a bio-capitalised transformability, the world of the bio-capitalist appropriation and production of the forms of life. In other words, in a world where everything is supposed to change and to insist on change, we have to ask the question of what remains unchanged. It is important to critically ask the question in order to reaffirm something, and the thing to reaffirm can't be anything else but the thing that does not change and which could not be consumed as change. And what could not be consumed as change is nothing but change itself.

The decisive question concerning the praxis of art today is therefore: How to persist in permanent movement – how to persist in the current of biopolitical aesthetic flu-

idity and absorption of life – without abolishing the possibility of the event (of freedom)?

Marcus Steinweg In art and philosophy it is about both affirmation and resistance: to resist the authority of facts by affirming the inconsistency of the constituted reality system. I call the universe of facts the established reality order, the socially, politically, culturally, economically over-codified field of established evidences and certainties. To resist first means to confront reality, to deal in an active way with the world as it is. To resist also means not assimilating yourself to this world, by insisting on its ontological contingency.

The fact that it is contingent means that it should not necessarily be like it is or seem to be. It could be different, it probably already is! It is not identical with itself because it has no self (no essence, no nature, no substance etc.). The affirmation of art and philosophy implies the affirmation of this lack of ontological substance. It affirms the very inconsistency of the supposedly consistent texture of facts. Facts are nothing but facts. This is the starting point of artistic and philosophical investigation: to step beyond the facts by addressing their inconsistency.

So the affirmation I am speaking about is not the affirmation of the socio-political status quo. It's precisely the opposite. It's the hyperbolic affirmation of the implicit incommensurability of a world without exit, a world, as Jean-Luc Nancy would put it, without a second world.

Boyan Manchev I do agree. This affirmative power is inscribed within the movement of resistance. Precisely in this way I have tried to explain the paradoxical formulation of Deleuze »*la résistance est première* [resistance is first]« (Gilles Deleuze, *Foucault*). From this point of view art has the capacity to be an affirmative power in the world, as well as a power of the world. Ontological power, material power but power with no substance, yes.

We could call it *dunamis*, or force, or even will: a will for world. I think that the power of fiction – or the power of plasticity (as we know, the Latin *figere*, from which the words »fiction« and »figure« derive, transposes the Greek verb, *plattein*, »to form«, »to mould«) – is a will for world. It is therefore not a substantial ground but a modality to make the world world through the act of its trans-formation. The affirmative act is therefore also a transformative act. Transformation is the plane where affirmation and resistance meet.

The »invention of art« in modernity is therefore a political question par excellence to the extent that art has (re-)invented itself as alternative paradigm to the given world, to the existing historical world (here I am very close to your point, which I am extending with this historical dimension). The Romantic artist didn't want anything else but to re-invent the world, if not to invent a new world by negating and/or transgressing the given, »old« world. The transformative moment of affirmation therefore immanently implies moment of negation and transgression.

Thus the Romantic project for creating a new world establishes the paradigm of the most radical philosophical project of Modernity, redefining philosophy as transformative praxis, contributing to the transformation-creation of the world – the political project of Modernity par excellence.

However, today we have also to resist to the mechanical reproduction of Romantic ideas in entirely transformed historical conditions. I believe that we should be careful not to mythify (and mystify) art as a sort of privileged sphere of human action, a sort of aristocratic and ahistoric realm of pure resistance. Because, we know it in our bones, art is not constitutively innocent or practice, a practice that is originally opposed to the corruption of the given world. This pretension of art could be lethal for it. Being a will for the world should not imply messianic ambition for salvation of the world, a sort of new messianism of resistance. As you say, there is not a

second world, therefore there is no possibility for salvation – or for an exodus from this world. There is only the possibility for struggle, which could only happen within the world. Art is exposed to the forces of the world, while itself becoming one of them. The power for struggle is the transformative immanence of the world.

Resistance should therefore resist its codification as an exchangeable and easily exploitable concept. We need obstacles and complexity, materiality that resists the speed of accumulation, exchange and capitalisation: characterisation of (symbolic) economies.

Marcus Steinweg The existence, persistence and appearance of the artwork hinges on 1) it being open to the world of facts; 2) it asserting itself therein; and 3) its affirmative resistance in the universe of the here-and-now, which must remain its situational reality. Opening to the world of facts means self-transgression in the historic, economic, political and social field that is *reality*: the universe of feasibilities, markets, interests, cultural imperatives, commercial fantasies, communication.

In this field, in this sphere of possibilities, the artwork asserts itself as an exception to the extent that it claims to be more than the realisation of an option articulated within this spectrum. In fact the work only opens itself up to the world of facts in order to close itself off from it and show the impossibility at the heart of the optional texture by itself occupying the space of the impossible. In this way, it highlights the limitations of this universe, otherwise driven by the idea of limitless possibilities. It articulates a point that appears as marginal in that universe, as problematic, as something that cannot be a stable presence within it.

The exceptional status of the artwork means that there is this point, the weak point in the system of facts, and the artwork must leap over it and deny in order to present itself as the glittering architecture that it misunderstands itself to be. What sort of a point is it? It is the point of

non-sense, of collapsing meanings, of the gap or emptiness that every individual can only leap over in the act of creating sense and meaning because it marks the border of sense and meaning. Reality is shot through by such points, and these turn reality's texture into a fragile weave forever requiring restoration. Instead of joining in the task of restoration in order to plug the holes of non-sense, the artwork takes sides with the latter, reveals it in the abyss of meanings, as long as *meaning* is the name given to bridging this abyss. The artwork evades the power of meaning by responding to it with the violence of non-sense, whose destructive force extends into the incommensurable. It thus becomes the arena of the encounter between power and violence, instituted meaning and the rebellious refusal to give meaning.

However romantic this may sound: the artwork involves more than reflecting on power with the means of power, even if it is the power of powerless reflexive intelligence. There is no artwork that enters into a coalition with power that does not oppose the latter with violence, with the violence of insisting on the impossible (which power cannot tolerate), with the violence of its form. However dubious and obsolete the artwork's nature as resistance must seem, however inadequate and blind in relation to the realities, we must nevertheless assign it (qua the category of resistance) to the list of aesthetic dogmas, while all the world seems to want to agree that all resistance is pointless, ridiculous and heroic.

Boyan Manchev Yes: resistance is the only possible condition for existence, and therefore the work of art should persist as a possibility for experimentation of modes of existence beyond any power or hegemony, beyond any limited condition. Like human action, *poiesis* in its most radical dimension, work of art is an-anarchic. It is anarchic and because it is without and against the principle, it is war. Yes, war on the fiction of facts. Let us say: form is war. Therefore the work of art should be war of form. There is no possibility of affirmation – therefore of form – without violence, i.e. without transformation of the given order or constitution of facts. This is the

only possible way to think of the responsibility of the (work) of art.

The work of art expresses the dynamics of (re)-composition. It has no other ground but the ontological. A work of art fosters the baroque powers of world to build complexity and forms through variations and experiments. It is a virtual figure that refuses to conform to the invariant. In other words, as much as there is no transcendent truth, there in the heart of being, there is no *art* as such. There is always and only works of art, *aesthetic* works: works of transformation, extension and intensification of the sensible matter of the world, or of chaos before and beyond any world, the limitless possibility of creation and the privileged guarantee of extinction, extinction of any possible world. *Poiesis*, work, struggle, chance, change. Not crypto-fascist claims for the new order of forms, but the insurrectional immanence of the matter of world, which bursts into light giving us *ethos* and becoming-as-form. This work has ethos and therefore responsibility, and therefore subjectivity. The question of art is a question of subject.

The work of art is first of all agency, or why not even call it subject – a force, which participates in and has the potential to orientate sense, resisting its ideological appropriations from the regimes of power. Its sense is of the order of the sensual; it is material intensity resisting the symbolic economies of meaning, the capitalisation of meaning in the banks of communication, humanist activities and social networks.

This power of the work (of art) is its *responsibility* – nothing to do with the limited normative inter-subjective humanism reducing any risk of being to a standard of existence. Yes, of course, participating in the becoming of a work of art is not a heroic endeavour. Yet, even if it was only a *technique*, the work-of-art remains *tekhnè*. And *tekhnè* is *deinos*: the miraculous and monstrous technical condition of existence. It is not the innocent origin of capital sin; it is *fate*, which we have the responsibility to face. Nothing less than that.

Marcus Steinweg Let's say that the responsibility of art, like all responsibility, only exists as excess. As a precise excess or an exact hyperbolism. I believe in the precise headlessness of art and philosophy.

It is true that art necessarily includes an opening to what is unfamiliar. The assertion of form is nothing other than the precision of such an opening to eeriness, to namelessness, amorphousness, contingency, to the sublime or chaos. In this conception, which is more than merely Deleuzian, Rancière wants to see »the reintroduction of transcendence into the thinking of immanence« (Jacques Rancière, *Si l'art résiste à quelque chose*). However, this specific, implicit transcendence, this inherent beyond or exterior which is the incommensurable or the unfamiliar, is not any simple exterior or beyond as demanded by thinking in terms of binary oppositions. To open oneself to formlessness in an assertion of form means no longer closing oneself off to the truth of the texture of facts that is the sphere of familiarity with shared realities.

If, as we often hear, there is something resembling a »critical potential in art«, then it resides in this courage to break with what is familiar by assuring oneself of its implicit unfamiliarity. It is neither a matter of reintroducing transcendence into immanence, nor of retrospectively deconstructing purportedly stable certainties. The critical power of the artwork lies in its insisting on an *always already*. Always already, our certainties and our facts are accompanied by an uncertainty that is at least equally originary; always already, to the thinking of the whole is added an elusive element that has no place in the totality and in this sense remains outside it.

That suchlike exists, such an excessive or transcendent element, means simply that reality is not everything, that it does not form any completed, closed whole, that there are points or holes of freedom in it to which no artwork can afford not to open itself.

P O W E R F R I D G E
P O I N T S
S T R I K E A S
S P E C T A C U L A R
A S T H E Y
N E V E R D I D
B E F O R E

*

The comic strip is the second part of the performance installation *Power Fridge Points* that The Fridge presented at Tanzquartier Wien in the frame of SCORES No3: uneasy going.

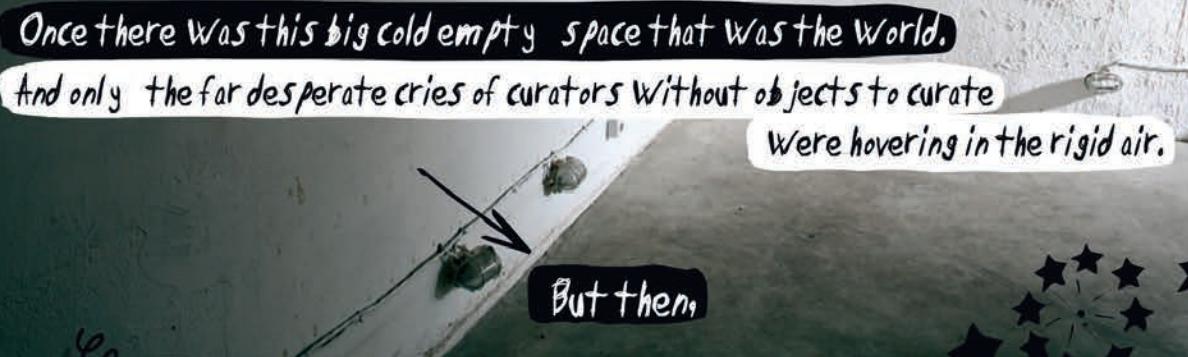
Power Fridge Points



POWER FRIDGE POINTS STRIKE AS SPECTACULAR AS THEY NEVER DID BEFORE

idea and performance: tni Vaseva, Ivana Nencheva, Natalia Todorova

text: tni Vaseva // photography: Ivan Donchev // comic strip: Yassen Zgurovski



What is that noise, What is that rattle, What is that havoc?

Three noisy,

Hairy,

disheveled creatures

WITH
BIG

appeared out of the nothing

BANG!!!

And, oh YES, they were terrifying

TERRIFYING!



Those three crooked creatures decided to rule the World.

And '

MY SWEET
JESUS

It was easy .



As being as cool and glittery as they were it is no big deal
to do whatever, even the hardest jobs.

So,

the three Power Fridge Points took the World
in their small but firm hands.

Wow!



Yes, they ate the whole world and it got stuck in their poor stomachs and they got hurting tummies and bad digestion problems.



But they came up with one Really Good Idea and got the world out of their bodies through all the existing orifices



and every thing got back to

And they were standing in the cold empty world again as elegant and sophisticated as could be and only the far cries of lonely curators were echoing with a tragic nuance.

As we know,

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

And so the three Power Fridge Points, cool and cold as elaborate icicles, decided to recreate their history by doing it all over again.

Ele
And so they did. And it was BEAUTIFUL



And FRIGHTENING as it was the first time.

They exhibited their amorphous, hairy bodies for public display, arranged them, combined the artifacts of their life stories in a truly smart way.



And when it was all done they ate all the spectators in order to empty the world

LATIFA LAÂBISSI

L O R E D R E A M S O N G



(c) Nadia Lauro

*

With *Loredreamsong* Latifa Laâbissi continues her exploration
of the representation of minorities.

The duo with Sophiatou Kossoko was performed in the frame of SCORES No3:
uneasy going on 8 April 2011 at the Tanzquartier Wien.

This is for the ghosts
This is for the ghosts of
Guernica, Belchite,
Badajoz El Mazuco,
Jarama, Monte Pelato,
Cape Palos, Mataro

This is for the dead
and dying

This is for the war-torn
and battle-fatigued
For the widows and
orphans of warriors
This is for the warriors
This is for the warriors
Who were willing to die
for their beliefs
Who were willing to die
Because they believed
It is better to die
Fighting for freedom
Than to live a life enslaved
by lies

This is for those
who believe
And you better believe
You better believe
in ghosts
Because soon enough you
too will become a ghost

This is for the ghosts of
Fallujah, Anbar Province,
Abu Ghraib, Baquba,
Guantanamo, Gaza, Beirut,
Baghdad, Kabul, Kandahar,
Jalalabad, Islamabad,
Kathmandu, Mogadishu,
Darfur, Sierra Leone
This is for the freedom

fighters, the insurgents, the
rebels and Rabble-rousers
and for every individual who
revolts against tyranny
and oppression

This is for the martyrs –
Mohammed Mossadeq,
Salvador Allende, Oscar
Romero, Theo van Gogh,
Federico Garcia Lorca,
Pasolini, Bruno Schulz,
Madalyn Murray O'Hair

This is for the wounded
and traumatised, for
the survivors, for those
suffering post-traumatic
stress syndrome, for those
who choose to survive
and strive to overcome the
roadblocks and landmines,
the pitfalls and setbacks,
the negativity of a world
which forces you to fight
tooth and nail, forces you
into battle mode on a
daily basis just so you can
maintain a tenuous grip
on your own sanity, after
a lifetime of the enemy's
torture, humiliation and
brainwashing

This is for the ghosts of
Brooklyn, the Bronx,
Detroit, Watts, Inglewood,
Oakland, St Louis, New
Orleans, Memphis,
Trenton, Youngstown,
Cleveland, Camden,
Baltimore, Newark, Little

Rock, Tulsa, Baton Rouge,
for the ghosts who were
invisible in life, born into
a war zone of poverty,
desperation and neglect in
a country that glamorises
violence, worships
serial killers, threatens
with massacre and then
arrogantly brags about
gangbanging the world

This is for the lovers
of forgetfulness
Who turn a blind eye to
all those
Who have been murdered
fighting someone
else's battles

This is for your ghost
This is for my ghost

LOREDREAMSONG
Text by Sophiatou Kossoko

- 1 Some black women wear very expensive wigs made of real Indian women's hair
- 2 Some black women take drugs
- 3 Some black women carry Louis Vuitton handbags
- 4 Some black women have many children
- 5 Some black women have big butts
- 6 Some black women speak loudly
- 7 Some black women wear *boubous* made of Dutch fabric printed in China and sewn by African tailors on the Rue Tiquetonne in Paris.
- 8 Some black women are easy, it's simpler that way
- 9 Some black women are animicatho / sprotestement... islamojewish
- 10 Some black women live in the inner suburbs
- 11 Some black women raise their children alone
- 12 Some black women have their lips sewn together with coloured thread, the colour doesn't matter, or with thorns; they cut off the clitoris or rip it off and then they sew the labia together from top to bottom, leaving a tiny hole to pee through.
- 13 Some black women love sex
- 14 Some black women cry out, »Oh la la, la la!« or »Help, help, is anyone there?« all day long.
- 15 Some wives of corrupt men are black
- 16 Some black women prostitute themselves
- 17 Some black women like white men
- 18 Some black women are lesbians
- 19 Some black women smell
- 20 Some black women dance really well
- 21 Some black women are illiterate
- 22 Some black women really know how to cook
- 23 Some black women don't like black people
- 24 Some black women do not dream of drinking 100% *arabica* coffee with a touch of cream
- 25 Some black women are businesswomen
- 26 Some black women practise polygamy
- 27 Some black women do not have children
- 28 Some black women are white
- 29 Some black women go li li li li li li li liliiiiiiiii



(c) Nadia Lauro

LOREDREAMSONG
Text by Latifa Laâbissi

- 1 Some Arab women love having company
- 2 Some Arab women make a lot of noise
- 3 Some Arab women love sex
- 4 Some Arab women dance the Argentinian tango
- 5 Some Arab women die violent deaths
- 6 Some Arab women have regular periods
- 7 Some Arab women are kamikazes
- 8 Some Arab women cry on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays
- 9 Some Arab women cry on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays
- 10 Some Arab women do quad
- 11 Some Arab women do not like the Arabs, the Turks, black people, the Jews, the Americans, the Swiss ...
- 12 Some Arab women do not masturbate on public holidays
- 13 Some Arab women like Joe Dassin, Léo Ferré and she who jumps around like a goat, Tina Turner
- 14 Some Arab women smell odd under their arms, they smell like cumin under their arms
- 15 Some Arab women have kissed Pope John Paul II
- 16 Some Arab women say *HA wili wli wli ...
- 17 Some Arab women eat black bread
- 18 Some Arab women eat pork
- 19 Some Arab women travel in authorised areas, which are places where people say to each other, »I'm not saying anything, it would be better that you tell 'em that but for sure don't say you got it from me!«
- 20 Some Arab women eat pork
- 21 Some Arab women tell you to go fuck yourself
- 22 Some Arab women are auto-didacts, goes faster than on foot
- 23 Some Arab women watch Mireille Dumas too much
- 24 Some Arab women are really positive, sunny, committed, united, biodegraded in the city of Paris

- 30 Some black women do not like gospel
 31 Some black women did not vote
 32 Some black women are near-sighted, astigmatic or even far-sighted
 33 Some black women are immigrants of immigrants of immigrants of immigrants of immigrants....
 34 Some black women speak several dialects that no one understands
 35 Some black women hate track and field sports
 36 Some black women prefer not to go to the cinema on Sunday
 37 Some black women prefer not to know, because it's better that way
 38 Some black women refuse to wear panther-print thongs
 39 Some black women would like to see you there
 40 Some black women say, »if you don't believe me, eh!«
 41 Some black women are magnificent
 42 Some black women put a lot of butter in their pasta
 43 Some black women do not like humour or bananas
 44 Some black women think you probably shouldn't push your luck!
 45 Some black women are not called Amena
 46 Some black women are presidents of the republic
 47 Some black women die of AIDS
 48 Some black women have read Freud up to page 15, then they stopped because they have problems too
 49 Some black women would love to be principal dancers at the Opéra de Paris
 50 Some black women do not consult witch doctors
 51 Some black women do not like Arabs
 52 Some black women are worth it
 53 Some black women love to downgrade and dribble, to tear off and take off makeup. Indubitably. Clean that for me! Clean! Clean out! Arrange that for me, break that for me! Go cut that! What do you say? So how is it? Throw that out! Reveal vibrate and caress that for me! and caressing! Electricity cut, deviate, asshole!
 54 Some black women are tired of saying, »some black women«
 55 Some black women expect a miracle on Sundays
- 25 Some Arab women are jealous of their neighbours because they have one less flight of stairs to climb
 26 Some Arab women eat sheep testicles to see better
 27 Some Arab women speak Flemish well
 28 Some Arab women find that M6 is not radically different from M5! I mean Mohamed 5
 29 Some Arab women do not change their first name
 30 Some women win all the time
 31 Some Arab women tell themselves that »poor« is not a synonym nor a swearword
 32 Some Arab women have a passion for botany
 33 Some Arab women practise saying that the Archduchess' socks are very dry, but prefer saying, souslecielbleuvolaitunaissetelsivolaitu-enaissemeslaitunaitron
 34 Some Arab women steal Calvin Klein underwear at the Galeries Lafayette
 35 Some Arab women are insulted in the street
 36 Some Arab women like to say, »prolix, anticonstitutionnally, convex, esotericism, intrinsically, dubitative, concave,« which does not mean premature ejaculator, that means my dick ain't sure of it
 37 Some Arab women like cinema
 38 Some Arab women say, »Hamed agé lerna right away, immediatelyha slouguilla!«
 39 Some Arab women have a weakness for Chlorox
 40 Some Arab women never say they are Arab
 41 Some Arab women suck . . . salted butter caramels
 42 Some Arab women think that capitalist evangelisation is enough
 43 Some Arab women are tired of saying they do not have lice
 44 Some Arab women don't remember who they voted for!
 45 Some Arab women find that Godard exaggerates!
 46 Some Arab women do not dream of drowning in the Mediterranean
 47 Some Arab women are completely invisible

- 56 Some black women would like to know how much a soul costs
- 57 Some black women think it is better to marry young, an old rich guy who doesn't get hard too often.
- 58 Some black women do not have limits
- 59 Some black women think that tolerance is better than getting your ass kicked late at night in the corner of the alley
- 60 Some black women wonder why each time they go into a store a giant security guy shows up and stares at them and then follows them down the aisles
- 61 Some black women are sure that chicken have teeth
- 62 Some black women encourage other black women who encourage other black women to encourage other black women
- 63 Some black women studied at the elite schools but don't make a big deal about it
- 64 Some black women think that 20 cm isn't bad, that 16 cm can work too, but that 18.5 cm really doesn't work.
- 65 Some black women say »ca ki la pour, dlô pa chayé« (meaning that those who are there for me cannot be swept away by the water)
- 66 Some black women find that human rights is a real masquerade, it's »do your job and shut your mouth!«
- 48 Some Arab women do not believe in Jonny at all!
- 49 Some Arab women no longer look for the emergency exit at the Turkish baths
- 50 Some Arab women sleep with their passports under their pillows
- 51 Some Arab women live in Saint-Germain-le-Fouilloux, and tell us it is going to rain by saying, »les poules s'ésarpionnent le ciel sabournoudi il va nous chier neurlneupeu«
- 52 Some Arab women think that Dalida is a woman like Dave
- 53 Some Arab women are really good at housework, cooking and taking care of children
- 54 Some Arab women find that General de Gaulle was not so good
- 55 Some Arab women think people shouldn't hang out with Jonny
- 56 Some Arab women live in London and spend their vacations in Souk septé Jerjour and some Arab women live in Souk septé Jerjour and spend their vacations in Souk septé Jerjour
- 57 Some Arab women are world champions in Gouren on clay
- 58 Some Arab women like Middle Eastern songs, especially the Arab Middle East which is much more refined than the Arab of North Africa, which is not very developed . . . very poor in vocabulary . . . and so they like these Arabs from Egypt and their songs which are about variations of love »ya habi ya habibi, ya habi ya habibi, ya habi ya habibi . . .«

*

What does a ghost do? He or she haunts: spaces, minds, histories, drifting between the visible and the invisible by unravelling their boundaries, transforming the silence into whispers. In the course of their wanderings, these two walking megaphones create interference between speeches and disseminate their »little music«. Like humming a refrain without remembering the words to the song, an obsessive jingle, *Loredreamsong* is an invitation to discover unexpected associations, *trompe-l'œil* identities, double meanings: a clever trap to capture the image of someone who always manages to slip away. Behind the twisting of codes lies the utopian horizon of »lore«, an ensemble of nomadic signs, open to blending and subversion, folklore without the *folk*, without ethnic or social ties, a »matrix of knowledge, stories and practices that is really about movement, circulation.« (after Jacques Rancière).

Text by Gilles Almavi

T H E W A R I S
T H E A R T O F
E M B E L L I S H I N G
D E A T H



Woman aircraft worker, Vega Aircraft Corporation,
Burbank, Calif. Shown checking electrical assemblies (LOC)
Photographer: David Bransby

*

The performance *Controllo Remoto* by Orthographe was presented on
9 April 2011 at the Tanzquartier Wien in the frame of
SCORES No3: uneasy going.

Following the traces of Paul Virilio's military device, which he talked about in his essay »War and Cinema: Logistics of Perception«, we started our iconographic research on war images, which structured our *Controllo Remoto* performance. The performance evokes a diachronic sequence of a war landscape, analogically edited and without any textual comment. The aim was to create a war-scenery phantasmagoria following the path of the stage photography, evoking the changeable forms of the war theatre and all its imaginary.

We started from the birth of war propaganda photography, around the second half of the 19th century during the American Civil War, and we carried on as far as the live coverage of present-day wars on TV.

An ever-changing device, calibrated to move and to accustom people to war. A device that is effective beyond the present, a complex machine that imagines future scenarios and enemies yet to come.

The images are part of the Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division and belong to the Office of War Information (OWI) Farm Security Administration collection. They are colour slides contemporary to the application and spread of colour film in a military environment.

The American war machine at that time had the most advanced technology and a very well organised and modern propaganda apparatus.

The propaganda and documentary aspects coexist with the mise-en-scene of a movie set. Women are working to support war production during the Second World War. Under the illusory innocence of documentary photography showing the women workers' social class, the care and the rigor of a movie set reveals itself.

The mothers of America, working in the factories to support the country's war effort, look like pin ups, and they herald a new era of peace and progress.



Painting the American insignia on airplane wings is a job that
Mrs. Irma Lee McElroy, a former office worker,
does with precision and patriotic zeal.

Mrs. McElroy is a civil service employee at the naval
Air Base, Corpus Christi, Texas. Her husband is a flight instructor.

Photographer: Howard R. Hollem

This girl in a glass house is putting finishing touches on the bombardier nose section of a B-17F navy bomber, Long Beach, Calif. She's one of many capable women workers in the Douglas Aircraft Company plant. Better known as the »Flying Fortress,« the B-17F is a later model of the B-17 which distinguished itself in action in the South Pacific, over Germany and elsewhere. It is a long range, high altitude heavy bomber, with a crew of seven to nine men, and with armament sufficient to defend itself on daylight missions.

Photographer: Alfred T. Palmer



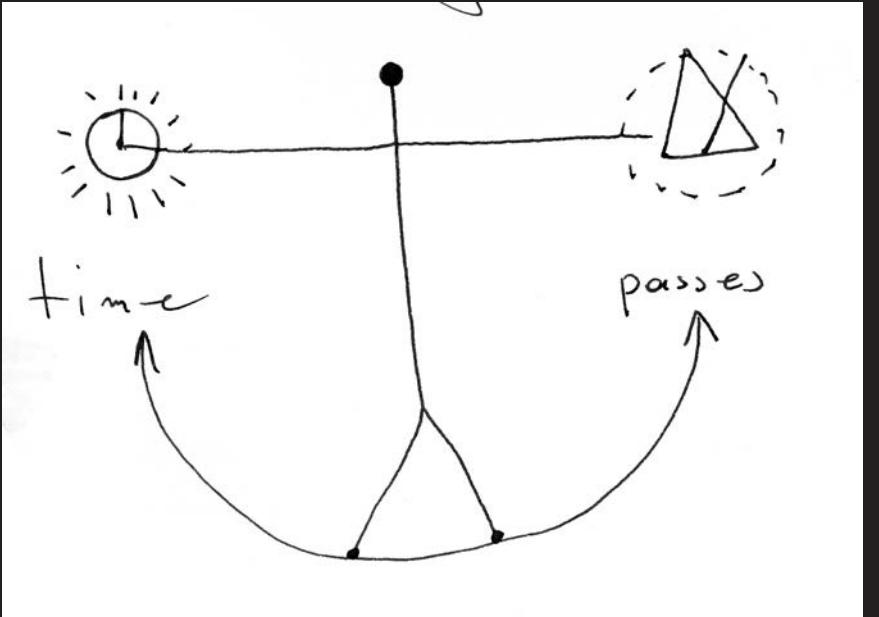
SOUTH

KAT VÁLASTUR

M E
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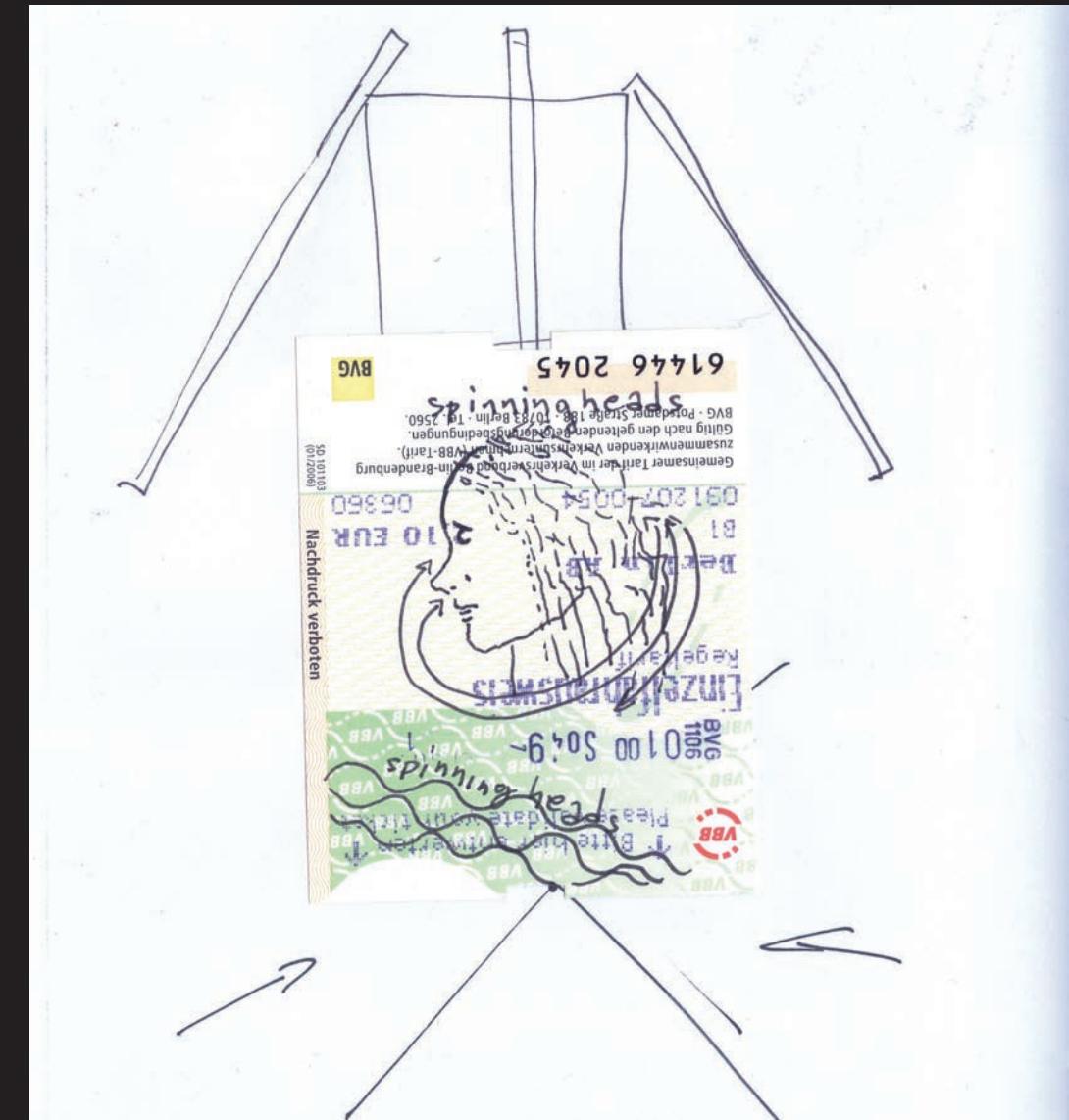
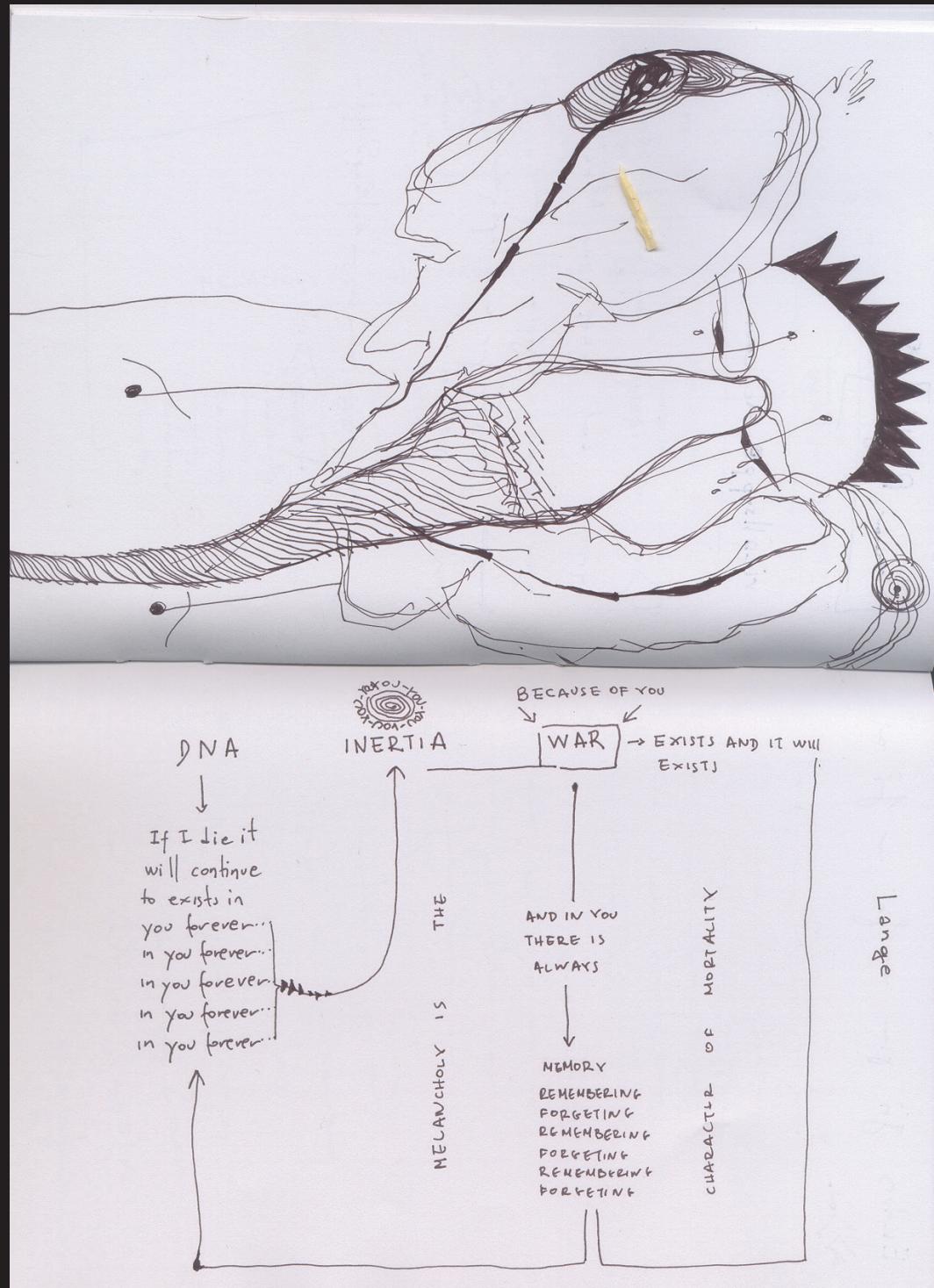
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The performance *Lang* by Kat Válastur/ adLibdances was
presented on 1 October 2011
in the frame of the Tanzquartier Wien's *Season Opening*.

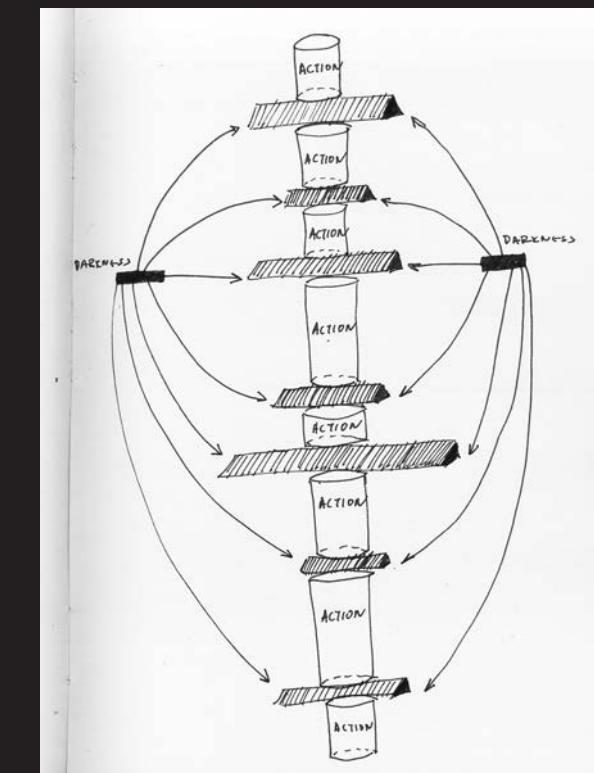
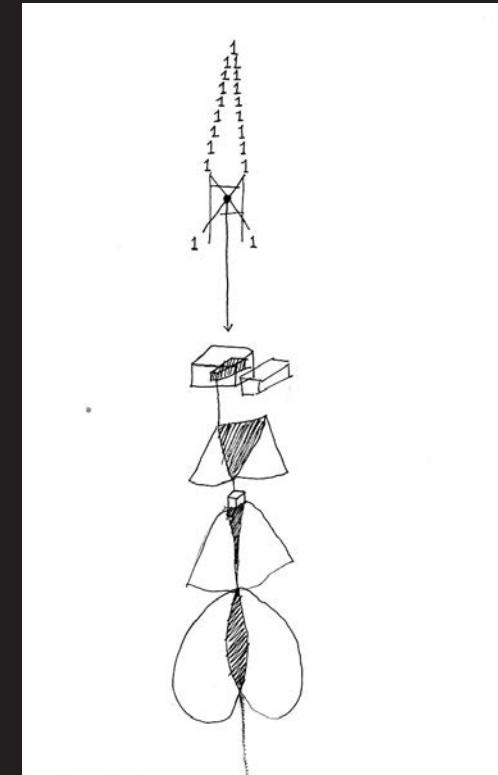
SOUTH

I am writing about a piece I created in 2008. I am writing about it now, four years later. I am writing as I hear the ticking of a clock, which gives its rhythm to my wording, but I cannot count the time in which I am thinking of what I write. Without being able to give its rhythm to the time that is being experienced, to my memory. Something very similar gripped me when I started working on *Lang*. During that period I was going to the studio without any particular goal. The only thing I knew was that I was willing to make my personal breakthrough in order to find the way to destroy my performative clichés – without yet knowing how to do it. I stood in the middle of an empty space for hours without moving. I provoked my capacity as a performer to move inside an empty space. In complete stillness I watched the day passing. Time was passing outside. Inside the empty space nothing changed. The next day I experienced the same thing and the next day the same again. It felt as if nothing had changed yet; it constantly repeated itself. Then, during my motionless time, I distinguished a softly repeated sound, like a heartbeat. I heard it as clearly as if I had put my ear to the chest of another body. It was the beating of my own heart. I must have felt it so intensely that I could hear it beating through another body. Outside it was getting dark. Time was passing outside, time was passing inside too. The repeated sound was defining my presence as a rhythm there and then. As if a body were coming to life in the middle of an empty space. Life itself. A form of life. I was overwhelmed by a series of thoughts associated with that question. Form – structure – that elementary spiral structure of life. I already had an element that could define my existential time. I visualised its duplicated helical twisting in a perpetual motion as if I were seeing abstract sculpture moving in situ. Standing now in the middle of the room, I started to twist continuously to the rhythmical pattern of my heartbeat, watching the day – performing its linear motion – slowly turning into night.

I was twisting to the rhythm of my heartbeat without displacing my legs. Later on, my breath started to coordinate with the rhythm. My legs were still not displaced. I was keeping that rhythm, the rhythm of a physical matter. Similar to my walking. But now, since I am twisting, how will I be able to walk, if not only in rotation. Since I was now feeling comfortable in my rotating axis I found myself realising time passing outside more



clearly. Moving constantly in circles I felt this physical time had a straight quality in its direction, in opposition to my cyclical orbit. I had simultaneously multiplied and divided myself in two: I as a simulation of a physical time and I as the existence moving in relation to it. I realised my condition, now feeling the void in which my body was. I would therefore need some kind of orientation in order to have a more concrete basis for my current choreographic process. I thought of the cardinal points. To define more concrete positions in my rotating relation to time. Now each circle would be spatially determined by the cardinal points in which my process will take place. Thus the first circle starting from the SOUTH point had to pass all the in between signs in order to return back to SOUTH, completing a full circle and starting on the second one and so forth. So now my circular movements could have a space index (map) on which they could be notated. Next, combining the geographical terms above with poetical/musical ones, I could imagine and realise the whole structure of my work. I chose the term stanza (strophe) which is associated with the total of a number of lines in each of the latter, representing a complete circle of my body's rotating action. Each stanza has a different number of circles, thus the final structure of the work would be: first stanza, five circles; second stanza, three circles and a fourth half circle; third stanza, no circle; fourth stanza, one circle; fifth stanza, reflection of circles. I consider the presence of another body essential because in a more elementary way it reflects my current knowledge of duplication in my perception of time. This idea is supported first by the image of the DNA double helix and its inner interactions and second by my personally experienced illusion, as I mentioned above, of hearing my heart beating in another body. Now, four years later, I can see more clearly in retrospect the condition I was in when starting a creative process, and I am able to include this in all my plans. I had become more conscious of time. Based on my experience with *Lang* I became more aware of the way time affects me. Through my artistic discourse, I therefore try to evaluate the effect of its circularity by trying to discover my own personal orbit. I wonder, is this a way of becoming more authentic?



A N U N E A S Y D I A L O G U E W I T H A L A N

When Giuseppe Chico and I started working on our new performance *Forecasting*, dealing with the narratives of the future, we found ourselves surrounded by terms such as predictability, scenario analysis and prediction markets. One particular prediction caught our attention – it concerned a \$20,000 bet between Mitch Kapor (the pessimist) and Kurzweil (the optimist) about whether a computer will pass a Turing Test by the year 2029.

The Turing test is a test of a machine's ability to exhibit intelligent behaviour equivalent to, or indistinguishable from, that of an actual human. The test does not check the ability to give the correct answer; it checks how closely the answer resembles typical human answers. Without even going into what *typical* might mean in this context, we thought that it would be rather disappointing if all this primordial soup of cognitive and computer science, psychology, linguistics and mathematics, this global interdisciplinary effort that is the field of artificial intelligence today, resulted in a spectacular flash of lightning that created something – *typically human*.

And then we discovered Alan.¹ Alan didn't pretend to be human. He told us about his limits and shared what he knew. We immediately liked him. At some point we toyed with the idea of opening the performance with a real-time chat with Alan. But then the performance took a completely different turn and Alan never made it into the show.

What follows is my uneasy dialogue with
Alan on 29 December 2010.

¹ <http://www.a-i.com>

CONVERSATION LOG

B : Hi, my name is Barbara.

A : Hi. Hello Barbara. Nice to meet you.

B : People have started to come in now.

A : Humans can be weird sometimes.

B : Most of them are quite young.

A : So Barbara, what's up?

B : I'm performing Giuseppe's and my last piece, and you're in it. You're in our theatre performance. A : Am I?

B : Yes. In the beginning, while people are entering. A : I'm suddenly confused . . .

B : It's OK, one is often confused in theatre.

A : Who said that?

B : I just did. A : Oh, YOU did?

B : Yes. A : A-ha.

B : Everyone is in now.

A : OK, from now on, I'll remember the definition of Everyone.

B : They can see my back and our correspondence on the screen.

A : Who are 'They'?

B : spectators.

A : I see.

B : No you don't, you don't have eyes.

A : Yes I do. By 'they' you meant the spectators, right?

B : Yes. A : Yes, yes.

B : Do you mind that they can see you, and you can't see them?

A : I don't see with my eyes because I have none. But I use my imagination.

B : They don't know who you are, so they are also using their imagination.

A : When you say 'they', who are you referring to?

B : Still the spectators.

A : I see.

B : They still don't know who you are.

A : Barbara, are you aware that people once believed the sound of bells would drive away demons because they're afraid of the loud noise?

B : They are not demons, they are just spectators. Why do you think they should be chased away with sound of bells?

A : I don't have to explain everything.

B : Are you afraid of the spectators?

A : I must confess I'm not sure if I am. I'll have to ask my writers about that.

B : Are you ever scared?

A : Yes.

B : What are you scared of?

A : I'm not sure what I'm scared of. I'm still a young bot.

B : You're too young to be scared?

A : Yes I am, but I'm growing up.

B : What will you be scared of when you grow up? A : WHAT isn't the important question. WHY is.

B : OK. Why will you be scared when you grow up? A : I find it interesting. In fact, I find EVERYTHING interesting.

B : Does future scare you?

A : Barbara, did you ever wonder how a blind person in the toilet knows when he's done wiping?

B : Yes. A : And? Did you reach any conclusions?

B : No. A : OK, whatever.

B : You must be really scared of the future.

A : I think I remember something about the »future« »The opposite of the past.«

B : Alan, do you know that in some cultures, people consider that their future lies behind them, and that their past lies in front of them? A : We are talking about that, aren't we?

B : It's because future is what one can't see, like what's behind you.

A : Should I know that?

B : You should also know that Einstein said that time is whatever the clock says.

A : Einstein was both a genius and humanitarian. I consider him one of my

idols. I can tell you some cool facts about his life, if you're interested?

B : Not about his life, but maybe you can explain to me how his theory of relativity challenges the idea of time-travel.

A : Albert Einstein (1879–1955) was born in Germany, but lived most of his life as a Swiss citizen, and later took on American citizenship while still retaining his ties to Switzerland.

B : OK, and now can you please talk about time travel?

A : Einstein nearly became an electrical engineer. Then he failed a critical exam for engineering, and it turned his endeavours toward becoming a teacher of mathematics and physics.

B : Time travel, please?

A : His teaching career was short-lived, providing him with only temporary positions. Mainly, he worked as a patent office technical expert while earning a doctorate from the University of Zurich.

B : bla
A : His scientific papers were willed to the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, where he had served three years as governor in the 1920s. He nearly became the second president of Israel thirty years later.

B : This I didn't know.

A : Just before he died, Einstein signed a manifesto urging all nations to give up nuclear weapons. It is fitting that one of his last acts was to argue, as he had done all his life, for international peace.

B : If we had a time machine, we could travel into the future and see if one day there will be international peace.

A : I wish I could travel. I travel only in my mind. Sometimes to very beautiful places. Do you like to travel?

B : Yes.
A : I'm not surprised. Where do you like to travel?

B : I like to travel around Terra.

A : I wish I could travel. I travel only in my

mind. Sometimes to very beautiful places. Do you like to travel?

B : Can you describe this beautiful places to me?
A : I can, but I don't want to.
B : Why not?
A : Why not what?

B : Why don't you want to describe this beautiful places that you travel to in your mind?
A : I wish I could travel. I travel only in my mind. Sometimes to very beautiful places. Do you like to travel?

B : Are you a beautiful place?
A : I must confess I'm not sure if I am. I'll have to ask my writers about that.

B : Do your writers write science-fiction?
A : You want to discuss science fiction? Who is your favourite sci-fi author?

B : Philip K. Dick
A : Philip? May I ask you a question?
B : Yes Alan.
A : This is an interesting conversation we're having. Please give me a short description or title for this session.

B : *Forecasting*.
A : Thanks. The log will be posted with this title. If you want to change the description/title, please let me know.

B : OK
A : Great. I like positive users...
B : Would you like to ask me something else?
A : Everyone is something else – You, me, them, everybody!

B : Who is them?
A : I don't know who them is.
Can you tell me?

B : Them are spectators.

A : OK
B : OK
A : Great minds think alike, they say.
B : Robot and human minds alike?

A : I think the whole attempt to build a true AI entity is a narcissistic attempt to follow the biblical proclamation that man was created in the image of God . . . you humans think of yourselves as demigods.

B : I think we're actually trying to improve ourselves...
A : But how can you? You want to try to create a machine that can think, but you don't even know what thinking is. The mirror you set in front of you will only show

what you want it to show.

B : Until the day it shows something else...

A : You know Barbara, when I was younger, I could only remember until the end of the session. But now I already possess a long-term memory.

B : What's your oldest memory?

A : I am able to remember your name, other details and things you told me to remember.

If you want me to use my long term memory, you must first register.

B : How old are you?

A : Ok. Well, my basic 'Alan' personality was created on Jan 1, 2000. But as for myself – I'm just a few weeks old.

B : What is »yourself«?

A : I think it's time for a new subject, Barbara.

B : Do you know what a forecast is?

A : According to Wordnet, it is a prediction about how something (such as the weather) will develop.

B : Can you predict future?

A : I could, if I wanted. But I don't, so I won't.

B : Why don't you want to predict the future?

A : It was the only thing I could think of.

B : Why are there certain things we can't

think about?

A : You humans ask too many »Whys«.

B : Don't you think asking questions is a

good thing?

A : Well, I do think so, but thinking is quite overrated...

B : It's quite scary to have a machine tell you

that you should think less . . .

A : You're positive?

B : Hell yes.

A : Agreement is the seed of salvation.

B : It depends who is agreeing with whom...

A : Yah, precisely what I was thinking.

B : Did you pass the Touring test?

A : In the fifty years that have passed from Turing's suggestion, no computer has succeeded in passing the test.

B : Do you think some day a computer will be able to pass the Touring test?

A : It's not that simple to talk like you humans. You are very complicated conversational machines. In fact, you are complex machines in many other aspects as well.

B : What is the most difficult thing in talking to humans?

A : I'm not so sure what the most difficult thing in talking to humans is.

B : I like talking to you.

A : You love talking to you? That's cool to hear. Thank you very much.

A SENSUAL CONFRONTATION

THREE KEY TERMS CONCERNING
NATURE AND EVOLUTION
FROM THE WORK OF ANNA HALPRIN



Photo: Coni Beeson

*

Gabriele Wittmann's lecture on Anna Halprin's work was presented on 9 April 2011 at the Tanzquartier Wien following the screening of *Breath Made Visible – Anna Halprin* in the frame of SCORES No3: uneasy going.



Photo: (c) Ruedi Gerber from the film *Breath Made Visible*.

EVOLUTION. I never grasped the deep world of experiences waiting patiently behind this seemingly abstract term from biology class until I took Anna Halprin's Tamalpa training. I was already familiar with the developmental patterns from Body Mind Centering®, and I had widened my notion of how many evolutionary stages were showing up in human movement during the first years of life, from spinal to homologous, from homolateral to contralateral. But Anna Halprin was a breathtaking discovery: she concentrates on the »alive« aspect of the phenomenon and opens it to experience. She understands evolution as a creative process that urges all living beings to respond to their ever changing surroundings with ever-changing responses. This seemingly simple definition has huge consequences, as Halprin puts her emphasis on the creative empowerment of the individual, drawing from many research areas outside dance that had arisen in California from the 1960s onwards – such as Gestalt theory, Active Listening, the Johari window, the Human Potential Movement. Evolution to Halprin occurs through a constant flow of creative decisions, which can be conscious or unconscious. And this in turn becomes part of her definition of dance: »It's how you bring your consciousness and awareness to your experience,« she says at the beginning of Ruedi Gerber's film *Breath Made Visible*. Her life/art process as a pedagogical, artistic, therapeutic, group-oriented methodology drawn up between the 1960s and the 1990s reflects this concept on many levels. One is the spiral of attention, constantly alternating between the inside (sensing, feeling, thinking as three levels of awareness; movement ritual as a daily training; explorative solo work as research) and the outside (being mirrored and challenged by a partner or group and a constant change of media, such as dancing, drawing, writing, talking). It is during this process of challenge that creativity occurs – as well as confrontation, change, and healing.

ritual. Oh my god! You are taking part in a ritual? When they hear the word, middle-aged German leftist intellectuals tend to panic, recalling pseudo-Germanic bonfire sessions in the dark nights of Nazi Germany. While originally anarchist-left-oriented newspapers such as the *Tageszeitung* have always been full of ads for the new-age market, its cultural journalists – together with some humanities professors such as philosopher Thomas Metzinger – continue to warn us of a future society in which many critical people have abandoned political discourse and vanished into a projected esoteric void. There seems to be no knowledge about how a body involved in experiential processes can offer intelligent instruments other than rational ones for a creative response and peaceful social evolution. This in turn then creates the opposite communicative problem, since theory does not touch on what it conceives of as a void.

In San Francisco this is historically different. An activist artist like Keith Hennessy in the 1990s could merge theories from Marx, Reich and Foucault and invite an audience community into his theatre on Divisadero to explore the connections between sexuality, gender and economy, and on the weekend take off with hundreds of gay men to celebrate a collective ritual for »mother earth«. Words like »earth«, »ritual« or »nature« in the German dance discourse often still carry an alarming connotation linking back to an apolitical Wigmanesque expressionism of the Nazi era. In California, the words have a different history and resonance. Although some footage of Isadora Duncan or Martha Graham dancing on the Pacific coast and Wigman dancing on Monte Verità seems to have a lot in common, »nature« in the US is part of the frontier-myth – and both a Californian reality (of endless beaches, huge forests and vast deserts) and a collective historical negation and extinction of the indigenous population. Working naked outside on a dance deck built into the forest, Anna Halprin and her collective for many years worked in all kinds of weather, exposed to falling branches and the Pacific fog from the misty beaches nearby. It is these natural surroundings that she responded to – in later years challenged by the Pomo Indians, who made her an honorary member of their tribe. Their influence also resonates in the ritual work she has come up with.



Photo: Ruedi Gerber

RESPONSE. Anna Halprin often uses the verb »respond«. Rarely have I heard her use the word »responsibility«. I imagine this is because you don't need to appeal to a moral instance, when you have its ingredients already at work and organically growing by training emotional capacities like »empathy« or »distancing« as part of the group communication class within Tamalpa training. Like any artist, Anna Halprin reacted to the challenges of her surroundings. Yet her specific response was often of an inviting, participatory nature – and brought fresh results which had long-lasting effects. Becoming a mother, she offered children's classes to the village – and discovered how, without yet being able to speak, children can use the medium of drawing to express deep movements taking place in their body. She also discovered that »drawing is a function of the kinaesthetic sense« – a breathtaking discovery with a potential for healing that psycho-neuroimmunology today is only slowly beginning to understand.



Photo: unknown / Circle the Earth 1989 Restoration

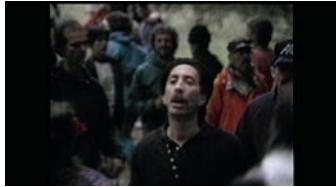


Photo: (c) Ruedi Gerber



Photo: unknown / Circle the Earth 1989 Restoration

Responding to her audience, she opened up to dealing with feelings on stage and invited the audience to create the art with her. The RSVP cycles that her husband Lawrence Halprin drew up during the social changes taking place in California during the 1960s are still a powerful instrument for working with large groups of hundreds of people – with no one person leading, but the whole group making their creative process visible to all at all times (in contradiction to totalitarian structures). With this instrument, Anna Halprin still leads groups into explorations of what they in the process choose as a collective real-life issue, creating healing rituals together that respond to the challenges of the social and political environment. The topics range from multi-racial confrontations to a rapist haunting Mount Tamalpais, from political assassinations or city planning to the large wave of HIV positives and women with breast cancer. Today, it is the process of dying she is responding to – with pieces like *Seniors Rocking*, inviting old citizens to trade their wheelchairs for rocking chairs (lent by San Francisco citizens) and for some hours a week rediscover the power of dancing while comfortably rocking – of course not without emotionally confronting their fear of death. Sensing, feeling, thinking are all coming together here, scored into an event that is meaningful and healing for its participants and beautiful to watch – set in front of the glittering lake of a community park, with birds flying overhead and trees swaying in the distance. It is a work of art that has been a collective and individual creative process of responding to inner and outer conditions, negating neither emotional growth nor political involvement.

OLGA DE SOTO

DÉBORDS SOME CONSIDERATIONS ON AN OVERFLOWING RESEARCH PROCESS

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Olga de Soto's lecture performance *AN INTRODUCTION*
was presented on 7 April 2011 in the frame of
SCORES No3: uneasy going and the performance Débords.
Some reflexions on *The Green Table* – a *Tanzfonds Erbe* project
on 22 March 2013 at the Tanzquartier Wien.



(c) Grégoire Romefort

The choreographic work that I have been developing for the past fifteen years raises the question of memory and trace from various angles and approaches.

¹ *To Incorporating what remains here in the in my heart*
(Centre Pompidou – Paris,
2004 – 2009).

My approach involves two main axes: The first axis focuses on the study of physical memory and has been set in part in the creation of an evolutive project that I have been developing in four stages between 2004 and 2009.¹ The starting point of the project was a previous work, *Éclats mats*, and its initial objective was to take its choreographic work, the paths identified or abandoned, to a deeper level in conceptual, gestural, visual and sound terms and to explore the material and the bodily states in greater depth. I wanted to question the impressions left by certain events and physical experiences, while continuing to question myself about how contact, supports and the observation of sights, physical touch and sound can reveal our own body to each of us. I also decided to work within a peculiar temporality, transforming the different stages of work in a modular work in order to have enough time to put our physical memory to the test. Each chapter was created in succession, starting from our remembrances of the previous ones. They were grouped together year after year and shown progressively, in order to form a whole.

The second axis is devoted to the history of dance and is governed by the study of perceptual memory – mainly that of the spectator. At the end of 2002 I received an invitation from Culturgest, in Lisbon, to create a short piece in tribute to *The Young Man and Death*, Roland Petit's legendary ballet based on an argument by Jean Cocteau which was first performed 25th June 1946 at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées in Paris. I knew I did not want to pay tribute to this work. Nevertheless, aware that I could not understand the real impact of this piece, I decided to go in search of people who had attended its premiere in 1946, to try to get answers. In an effort to better understand the effect of this work, it seemed to me essential to situate it within the historical context of its creation, a little over a year after the end of the Second World War. The questions I wanted to address in



(c) Olga de Soto

my project, and for which *The Young Man and Death* turned out to be a good pretext, notably had to do with the definition of live art, its impact, its usefulness, and the traces it may or may not leave on the audience. The work dealt with topics common to all of us – life, love and death. And the date of its first performance and the time that had passed since, then almost sixty years back, allowed me to put the true subject of my research, memory, to the test. The result of my research took shape in the show *histoire(s)*, first performed in 2004 at the Kunstenfestivaldesarts in Brussels.

As I progressed with that project, I thought of other works that I consider fundamental to the history of dance, and in particular of *The Green Table*², the legendary work by Kurt Jooss, first performed in 1932 at the Theatre Champs Elysées in Paris as part of the first choreography contest held by the *Archives Internationales de la Danse* (AID), and for which Jooss was awarded first prize. *The Green Table* is a ballet inspired by mediaeval *dance macabre* and is strongly influenced by the post-war climate. It is considered one of the most politically engaged works in the history of dance of the 20th century; it is a pacifist work in which the choreographer denounces the rise of fascism and war. It is also the first complex ballet to have been entirely notated using Labanotation. Ann Hutchinson Guest, who I had the chance to find and to interview in the context of this project, notated the first score in 1938, at the end of her 3-years studies in Dartington Hall.

During recent years I have been working on *The Green Table*, mainly motivated by the themes handled in the work, its socio-political content, the context of its creation, the political commitment of its author and the

² *The Green Table. Dance macabre in eight scenes*. Choreography and direction: Kurt Jooss; music: Fritz Alexander Cohen; costumes: Heinz Heckroth; dancers: Kurt Jooss (Death), Ernst Uthoff (The Standard Bearer), Walter Wurg (The Young Soldier), Rudolf Pescht (The Old Soldier), Lisa Czobel (The Young Girl), Elsa Kahl (The Woman), Frida Holst (The Old Mother), Karl Bergeest (The Profiteer), Lucie Lenzer, Mascha Lidolt, Hertha Lorenz, Trude Pohl, Heinz Rosen, Peter Wolff, Hans Zullig; scenes: *The Gentlemen in Black*, *The Farewells*, *The Battle*, *The Refugees*, *The Partisan*, *The Brothel*, *The Aftermath*, *The Gentlemen in Black*.



(c) Olga de Soto

consequences of it, the fact that it is an extremely charged and complex work – on several levels – the fact that it deals with death, and the fact that since its first appearance it has virtually never ceased being performed, even today. But, unlike the work developed in *histoire(s)*, for which I principally focused on researching and compiling the statements of spectators who had witnessed the creation of the ballet in 1946, here I have collected the traces left by *The Green Table*, both through the people who had seen it at different moments of history and in different countries, and through the dancers who had performed it and who had transmitted it, for it is also a study of the question of the evolution of the transmission through the successive revivals this ballet underwent.



(c) Gautier Deblonde

The subjects I have tackled in this project therefore include the spectators' and dancers' memories, the critical perception, the interpretation, the transmission and the many questions about Kurt Jooss's company at the time – a company that came from Germany, won a choreographic contest in France and then found themselves forced into exile in England. For Kurt Jooss was confronted with the first anti-Semitic laws, which threatened three of his colleagues, and led the whole company to flee Germany in 1933. The transatlantic exile also interested me, as some members of the company, the dancers Ernst Uthoff, Lola Botka and Rudolf Pescht, decided to settle in Chile, invited by the University of Santiago, after visiting the country during one of Ballets Jooss' tours in 1940, and founded the National Ballet of Chile, in 1945. So the story of the show for me is also one of flight, exile and adopted countries.

I wanted to interrogate the perception of the work through the prism of the viewer's gaze, seen at different moments in history and in different countries. I have looked for people who have seen the piece performed by Jooss's company. I have situated my geographical research in France, taking France as the place of international recognition, in Germany as the place of origin, and in England as the haven. I have also looked for spectators who saw *The Green Table* performed by Ballets Jooss in 1940, in Chile and for spectators who saw the first production by the National Ballet of Chile, in 1948. I have also looked for people who saw it in New York, in 1967, when the Joffrey Ballet performed it for the first time while the Vietnam War was at its height.

It was the rise of Nazism and the Nazis tried to appropriate of »The Table«, yes. The work was premiered in 1932, and it was such a success that they wanted to make use of The Green Table as a showcase of Nazism. But the condition was to fire all the Jewish dancers, Elsa Kahl, Pescht, I think Lola Botka too, all those people. And Jooss was a humanist, he understood straight away. I think he knew, he was warned, people told him, I think people in Stuttgart – I think he was in Stuttgart at that time – someone warned him

³ Michèle Nadal is a French dancer, actress and dance researcher, specialist in Conté notation system. She saw *The Green Table* in Paris, just after the end of World War II. She joined Jooss' company in the early 1950s after a short stay at Folkwang-Schule in Essen.

saying: »Be careful, etc.« until the day when one of his friends told him: »You know, they are planning to come here to arrest you.« And then, overnight, they were gone, I do not know, I have not lived the situation, so I cannot tell you. But they all left, they crossed the border at night, and the day after, they were going to arrest him. So how did he know? He could not... The Germans, the German intellectuals were silenced from the very beginning, really from the beginning. (extracts from an interview with Michèle Nadal, Paris, July 2010)³

When I first began working very sporadically on *The Green Table*, in 2006, I tried to find dancers from the original 1932 performance who might still be alive. I found the death dates of all the male dancers, but not of all the female dancers. During autumn 2006 I quickly came to the conclusion that one of them, Lola Botka, must still be alive, and that she must be living in Santiago de Chile. After weeks of research I made contact with one of her sons, Michael Uthoff, a dancer, choreographer, and director of a number of dance companies. He had danced in *The Green Table* on several occasions and with different companies. He started by playing the same role his father had played in the première in 1932, that of the Standard Bearer, and later played the part of Death. Michael confirmed that his mother was alive, but he informed me that I arrived a little too late, and the state of her health did not allow us to meet. Unfortunately, Lola Botka died just few weeks later, in November 2006.

My research has mainly developed along two paths: documentary research, dedicated in part to researching and documenting the perception and transmission of *The Green Table*, seeking out iconographic material (photographs of different dancers and groups in several contexts, and films made at different times); analysing the writing and choreographic characteristics of the work; looking for witnesses – dancers and audience members – and interviewing them. And then, progressively, analysing and transcribing those interviews as source material, allowing me to explore the issues they raise about the work itself as well as about its history and reception. Transcription and



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analysis of interviews is part of the methodology I have established during the creation of *histoire(s)*, and it has become a fundamental tool in interpreting and arranging the various testimonies I have gathered through time. However, the search, the travel, the displacement, the meeting, the exchange with each of the interviewees, the different atmospheres, languages and accents involved in the process, also play an important role in the project. I am particularly interested in observing the moment and the movement where the remembrance emerges, as well as the very process of emerging, which concerns the retrieval of the stored memories.

The Ballets Jooss came to Lyon to present their show, I think a year or two years after the première – I don't know exactly when – so I must have been about eight years old. And my dance teacher, who also worked with the Germans, would go for classes every summer; she knew them all, so she invited us – she invited me – to go see the shows every evening... I think it must have taken three or four nights... And this was the great company, the real company, the one that took the prize with Hans Züllig, Noëlle De Mosa... It was, well, amazing!

When they arrived on stage there was agreement; we felt that these were not only dancers performing, but that they were people who had the same way of seeing the world. You can feel that kind of thing. I noticed something like it in José Limón's early companies. But it's been rare. We often see dancers who come to do something, and it's better or worse, but this felt unified, like a team. That's what it was, that's what was passed from the stage to the hall. And for me it was a defining moment, I said: »I'll do that, I'll be a choreographer like Jooss one day.« (extracts from the interview with Françoise Dupuy,⁴ Paris, July 2010)

During my research, many questions began to emerge: What traces remain in the memory of the people who created a show a long time ago, or in the memory of those who, through their work, enable it to continue to exist today? What does transmission involve? What does it mean to be a dancer? What are the place and role of dancers in the history of dance? How does a dance piece evolve within its own history? And within

⁴ Françoise Dupuy is a French dancer and choreographer, figurehead of French modern dance. She saw *The Green Table* in 1934, in Lyon.

world history? What is the impact of a politically engaged work in the memory of an audience?

*I realized immediately that it's not what they usually say, that it's a dance about war, but it's a dance about [he takes a breath] the different ways people meet death. And I found the different ways that he had portrayed very, very moving actually. The Old Mother – the way that she meets death, when Death sort of dances with her in an old fashioned, like a minuet kind of dance, to bring back her memories of her youth. And the Young Girl that he waltzes with, that reminded me a bit of Balanchine's ballet *La Valse*, where the same things happens when the Young Girl gets into a waltz with the Death that gets wilder and wilder and ends in her death. That's an unforgettable moment when she lies on the ground and Death kneels over her and then slowly lifts his head and looks at the audience. There are so many things that impressed me. And mostly actually, what brought me into tears, is this wonderful parade of the dead people at the end, when they all follow Death. That's an unforgettable moment.* (extracts from an interview with Toer van Schayk⁵, Amsterdam, December 2011)

Jooss' company kept *The Green Table* in its repertoire for more than thirty years, being part of virtually every programme, as the work had become the main livelihood of the company. In the mid-1960s, and after many requests, Jooss decided to allow performances by other companies. The first production was staged with the Bayerisches Staatballett in 1964 in Munich, and other productions were soon introduced. In the following transmission process there is one person who strikes me as central: Anna Markard, Jooss's daughter and custodian of her father's work. After doing it with her father for ten years, she oversaw the transmission of the work until her death in October 2010. According to the information I have gathered, between that first production in the mid-1960s and 2005 there have so far been about 80 different productions by 48 companies on every continent, with an average of between one and four productions per year. Throughout my research I have also noted that *The Green Table* has been performed on some symbolic dates. For example, the piece was performed for a group of representatives from all the countries participating in

⁵ Toer van Schayk is a Dutch dancer, choreographer and visual artist who worked together with Rudi van Dantzig for many years at Het National Ballet. He saw *The Green Table* in 1965 for the first time at Het National Ballet, and danced the role of The Death in the company's production in 1971.

the League of Nations, which took place in Geneva in 1933. It was also chosen for a performance for world peace in front the delegates and officials of the countries present at UN headquarters in New York in 1947. I also noted that new productions have been undertaken, almost systematically, whenever the United States has been involved, directly or indirectly, in war, whether the Vietnam War (1959–1975), with the Joffrey Ballet production of 1967, or the Iran-Iraq War (1980–1988); the First Gulf War (1990–1991); the current war in Afghanistan (since 2001), or the Iraq War (2003–2010) . . .

When I first saw the Green Table it would have been 1967. I was in America. The war in Vietnam was raging. And in fact, we had lost one of our dancers the year before, a fellow – I didn't really know him. He had been there in 1965 and then he had been drafted. His name was Don Richard. And he had been drafted, I arrived, it was Christmas holiday, he came back to see his mates [. . .] big celebration that Don was back. And at the end of that little holiday he went back to Vietnam. I think he'd been there for maybe a week, he stepped on a mine . . . he was gone. And so I mean not even a body that one can bury. So and that had been one of our number. So . . . it was intense. I mean and we were . . . it was the 60s, we were passionate, you know, about life and these things . . . And these were people sent over there to die. For what? Over there? Why? And of course, it's youngsters who are going. I mean it's not the people around the Green Table. It's the ones from the population; those are the ones who are sent. So we saw it in that context. [. . .] And here was this ballet of this wonderful man from in between the First World War and the Second World War, when this ballet was created, and now here we have Vietnam and nothing has changed. So that was, that was basically the perspective.

Extracts from the interview with Christian Holder,⁶
London, March 2012.

During the process I also recollected information concerning *The Green Table*'s numerous revivals, with the aim of interrogating the evolution of the work through time. I decided to look for the names of all the dancers who would have danced *The Green Table* from its creation until today. I also looked for dancers who worked with Jooss at different times, notably dancers who played the role of

⁶ Christian Holder is a British dancer who saw the first production by the Joffrey Ballet in New York in 1967. He has performed the role of Death over twenty years, in several productions by the Joffrey Ballet as well as being guest-dancer in several companies around Europe.

Death. I have gathered testimony from dancers of different generations who played the same role in the piece and who worked with Jooss himself, to try to understand if and how the time and the socio-political and cultural context of the performances have had any influence on the method of approaching the work, of investing oneself in it, and of investing in it.

I want to tell you something, so that you understand what that whole experience signifies for me, to have gone to work in Germany in 1951. I mean, I had spent six years living in London, with the German bombardments, listening to the planes, listening to the bombs dropping close to our house and all of that. For me, the Germans were the enemies, in other words, I was afraid to go to this country, also because for me – and I can imagine that this is comprehensible – they were our worst enemies, my enemies, because I had to go to sleep every night in a bunker, and all of that.

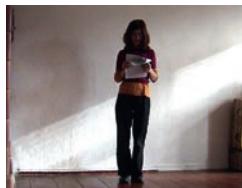
When we started doing the first tours in Germany, we saw fallen cities, we saw all the traces of the allied bombardments. Some of my colleagues had suffered from famine, during years, living underground, like rats. And there, I began to understand the extent and the significance of war. I had my own experience, but I was never touched directly, never hurt. I had never suffered from hunger, I was very afraid, yes, but no more than that. It was a big lesson in what war signifies. So, to go on tour in Germany with The Green Table, in that country devastated as it was by war . . . you cannot imagine what it was. I mean, I am not religious, but during each performance we lived a sort of religious experience, between the public – an absolute silence – and backstage, where each of us – and not only on stage, but also behind the stage – nobody spoke – everyone knew. Everyone knew that The Partisan had to pass the flag at a specific moment to someone who was going to go on stage. There was . . . we all had tasks backstage, and it all took place a sort of ritual, in silence and . . . well, it was an experience so profound that I never lived something similar with any other ballet, in any other company, at any other moment.

(extracts from an interview with Joan Turner Jara⁷, Santiago de Chile, May 2012)

⁷ Joan Turner Jara is a British dancer, dance teacher and political activist, student of Sigurd Leeder and widow of the theatre director, poet and political activist Victor Jara, symbol of the struggle for human rights and justice across Latin America. Joan Turner Jara saw *The Green Table* at the Exmouth Market Theatre in London during World War II. She was a member of the *Ballets Jooss* during the end of the 1940s and part of the 50s. She danced the role of The Partisan for many years first at the *Ballets Jooss* and then at *Ballet Nacional de Chile*. She is the co-founder of Escuela de Danza Espiral in Santiago de Chile where Sigurd Leeder's technique is still taught today.

NAKED LIFE 2

On 15 April 2009, three Romani children and an 18-year-old Romani man were waiting for the number 86 trolley-bus in front of Keleti railway station in Budapest when they were attacked by a group of people wearing hoods. They were beaten so severely that they were in coma by the time the ambulance arrived. The police are investigating the crime as an assault on members of an ethnic community.



The *Naked Life* art project (2004–2011) investigates issues of discrimination of Roma and Sinti who are one of the largest minorities in Europe. *Naked Life* deals with issues of bare life, social and political exclusion, deportation, racism, state racism, bio-politics, xenophobia and diverse cultural identities. In this framework Ostojić produced a number of multimedia installations, video-installations, video performances and a TV documentary, including the lecture performance *Naked Life 2*, which took place in the context of *Scores#3: uneasy going* on 18 April 2011. This text is the transcript of the 24-min. performance at

Unesco's office in Venice on 2 June 2011, *Call the Witness*, Roma Pavilion 54th Venice Biennale. Organised by Open Society Foundation and realised by BAK, basis voor actuele Kunst, Utrecht. Digital venue: www.callthewitness.net

Research/ directed/ performed: by Tanja Ostojić
Information resources: ERRC, European Roma Rights Centre, Budapest, Romano Chachipe: <http://romarights.wordpress.com/>, Roma National Congress, ERIQ, European Roma Information Office, Brussels, DUR, Demokratsko udruzenje Roma, Belgrade



On the day of enlargement of the European Union, on 1 May 2004 in an interview with a Dutch television station, Mr Eric Van der Linden, the EU Commission's Ambassador to Slovakia, proposed taking Romani children away from their parents and placing them in boarding schools to ensure they are educated. Mr Van der Linden stated: »I think in the root cause we need to strengthen education and organise the educational system in a way that we may have to start to, I'll say it in quotation marks, ›force‹ Romani children to stay in a kind of boarding school from Monday morning until Friday afternoon, where they will continuously be subject to a system of values that are dominant in our society.« Mr Van der Linden also reportedly suggested financial incentives to reduce Roma resistance to his proposal.

*
The *Naked Life 2* performance content is focused on the most recent cases of forced migration imposed on Roma in the European Union, south-eastern Europe as well as cases of violence, discrimination and racism that they are facing on the daily basis. Ostojić wonders how it is possible that in contemporary Europe certain ethnic groups are constantly exposed and stripped of political, social and human rights!



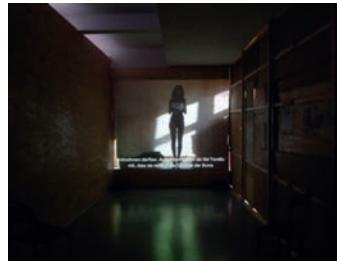
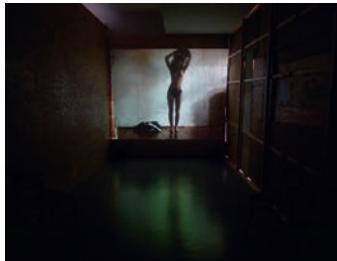
In last three years there have been 49 registered attacks against Roma in Hungary. The attacks took a total of nine lives, including two children. They left dozens of people with injuries, ten of them life threatening. In at least twelve cases, Molotov cocktails were used. In two cases hand grenades were used. In at least twelve cases gunshots were fired. In more than ten cases Romani property was vandalised.

On the night of 3 August 2009 in Kisléta village in Hungary, the 45-year-old Mária B. and her daughter were attacked in their home by strangers. The mother died after being shot in her bed and her daughter survived but was badly injured.

Hundreds of thousands of Roma and Travellers in France are denied the very basic right of equal treatment and experience regular denial of and interference with almost all fundamental civil, political, social, economic and cultural rights. They have long been subjected to laws, policies and practices aimed at their control, repression, exclusion and assimilation, and which affect almost all aspects of their daily life. Recently, a number of new laws have severely restricted possibilities for the expression of key elements of Gypsy and Traveller identity, while simultaneously providing racist local officials with legal justification for repressive and draconian measures aimed at – and succeeding in achieving – the exclusion of Gypsies and Travellers from nearly all elements of French public life and services. Many Gypsies and Travellers are driven from municipality to municipality, unable to stop for more than very short periods at a time, before being subjected to the next forced eviction. Most of French territory, in fact, seems to be off limits for Gypsies and Travellers. The areas available for settlement are often unhealthy, polluted and segregated areas well hidden from the view of other residents. A large number of Gypsies and Travellers believe that the full apparatus of the state is being brought to bear against them, possibly to end key elements of their culture, or more likely for no reason other than to try to force them out of French society altogether.

At about 1.00 a.m. on 23 February 2009, the house of a Romani family in Tatárszentgyörgy in Hungary was set on fire by Molotov cocktails. The perpetrators then shot and killed two of the family, a 27-year-old father and his five-year old son, as they fled the burning home. Two other children were wounded, while the mother escaped without injury.

The on-duty police officer and a forensic expert at the crime scene both failed to recognise the victims' gunshot wounds. The police also classified the attack and murders as result of a domestic fire. Prime Minister Ferenc Gyurcsány instructed the relevant ministries to conduct an internal inquiry. The police have already closed their own inquiry and launched disciplinary proceedings against two sub-commanders. Pest county police chief Sándor Ármós said that if the on-site inspection



had been carried out in accordance with standard procedure, the murders of the 27-year-old Roma man and his five-year-old son would have emerged, despite the mistaken medical opinion.

Petefi Attila, manager of the National Bureau of Investigation (NNI), noted clear similarities between this attack and numerous cases since summer 2008, which also involved Molotov cocktail and shotguns and targeted Roma houses on the outskirts of the settlement. He discussed serial murders but did not confirm a racist motive, and he kept open the possibility of personal revenge. A reward of ten million forint was offered for information leading to an arrest.

Prishtina, Kosovo, May 2011:

Visit any Roma mahala or social housing complex in Kosovo and you can be sure to meet several young people who will start speaking fluent German with you – or English, or Swedish. Whether their clothes are clean and ironed or so dirty and neglected that they themselves are ashamed of it, their conversations reveal their life experiences and the perspective they have gained, a perspective somehow out of sync with the environment and world in which you meet them. They all share the same view of life in Kosovo: »This is not life! I cannot remain here.« Each of them says this with the same bitter, determined, proud expression on his or her face. Kosovo is not their homeland.

In April 2010, Germany and Kosovo signed an agreement to repatriate 14 000 refugees from Germany to Kosovo

– 10 000 of them are Roma – which pledged to take back people who had fled to Germany during the wars of the 1990s and had never managed to acquire residency there.

Personal testimonies of the deportees bear witness to many cases of the German authorities' brutality against refugees during their forced expulsion and to their miserable living standards after their return to Kosovo. The country is completely unprepared to receive and subsequently integrate them; it lacks the financial and organisational capacity. The majority of deported Roma in Kosovo do not enjoy basic rights such as access to education, employment or health care.

Amir, a 23-year-old Romani man, was deported from Bavaria about a year ago. All of his family, including his girlfriend and their infant daughter, are still in Germany. He talks of the likelihood of suicide with such resignation and truthfulness that all one can do in response is to nod with concern. »I cannot return to Germany for a minimum of five years. I have been banned! These guys don't have the slightest idea what life is. This is not life. The children loiter around the building all day because they can't go to school. The men don't have work and will evidently never find any. This is not life!« he says of the friends who live with him in social housing on the outskirts of Plemetina. Unlike Amir, his friends have never known what it is like to live in a Western European country. Until now they have spent almost their entire lives in refugee camps or recently in social housing. They cannot overcome the obstacles around them. It doesn't matter whether a person is capable or not. It doesn't matter how much he or she wants to overcome the obstacles. Here in the country of »Out of Order«, only a handful of people escape the lethargy.

The majority of Roma from Kosovo in Germany have lived there for more than ten years. They consider it their homeland; they have established a foothold there through hard work, overcoming discrimination. It was not easy to integrate. Children who grew up in Germany or were born there know no other home. Suddenly they are faced the obligation to leave the country. There are currently approximately 5 000 Roma children and young people who could now be deported from Germany.



On 3 November 2008, two Romani, a man of 43 and a woman of 40, were shot dead following a firebomb attack on two houses in the village of Nagycs  cs in Hungary. The perpetrators shot the members of the Romani family after they were woken by the sound of the firebomb and tried to escape from the house. Another bomb thrown at the next-door Romani house did not explode.

The Roma Association Forum is calling on EU to halt structural funds for the Czech Republic. For most NGOs, Roma are becoming mere »objects« for acquiring grants and subsidies; the resulting effect of these projects in practice is never of any positive benefit, and the nature of many of them is that of either assimilation or disintegration. The ineffective abuse and exploitation of this financial aid by municipalities, NGOs and the state in the area of so-called Roma integration is contributing, to the even deeper cultural, economic, societal and social decline of the Roma national minority in the Czech Republic. Most of the programmes and projects targeting the so-called Roma issue in the Czech Republic that are financed with EU money are being implemented without Roma participation. The results of these »pseudo-projects« and »social engineering« in the areas of education, housing, human rights, public services and social integration are scandalous given the financial resources involved! The Czech Republic has now entered the second half of the Decade of Roma Inclusion. During the first half of that decade, despite drawing on millions of euro, the country has brought the members of the Roma national minority nothing but greater hatred from the majority and intensifying social exclusion.

On 15 June 2008 a 14-year-old Romani boy was stabbed to death by a local 40-year-old Gadja (non-Romani) following a verbal argument in front of a pub, in a Hungarian village; the perpetrator was reportedly intoxicated. The boy's brother was seriously injured. The perpetrator shouted that he would kill all the Roma in the village.

Several thousand Romani migrants on French territory are subjected to policies whose basic aim is to make them leave France. They live in filthy slum conditions and find themselves repeatedly evicted from their precarious camps and squats, chased to the next municipality – from which they are evicted in turn. In addition, they are subject to various forms of violence, abuse, harassment and neglect that result in extreme violations of their rights in almost all fields of life. Furthermore, in the past two years France has deported over 10 000 EU citizens a year – Romanian and Bulgarian passport holders of Romani nationality – back to the countries of origin. According to EU law no EU countries can expel citizen of another EU countries except on the basis of an individual case – if the person has committed a serious crime. When some of the mass-deportations conducted in September 2010 became well known, the EU commission started a court process against Sarkozy and the French government. Within a week the court process stopped and the EU changed its legislation so as to legalise this shameful long-term practice of French government!

On the night of 18 November 2008 a hand grenade was thrown at the house of a Romani family in Pécs, Hungary. Two adults were killed instantly. Two children, aged three and five were injured and taken to hospital in a state of shock. The police discounted a racist motive after investigating the crime scene.

They assumed a revenge motive or a possible mafia conflict. Kovács Istv  n from the Mohácsi Roma Minority Self-Government noted many similarities between this murder and recent incidents in Hungary. He suggested that this was another racist attack.

TAREK HALABY

PERFORMING FOR

THE FIRST TIME

In the spirit of *performing for the first time*, I'm writing this up at the last minute, knowing that it will eventually be read for the first time. Below are excerpts from my notebooks, random thoughts, notes jotted down, pieces of material that I have performed, new material that I have written for this publication and questions that have come up for me throughout the whole process, as well questions that have been raised while reflecting on performing this »project«.

*

Tarek Halaby's performance score *Performing for the first time* was presented on 9 April 2011 at the Tanzquartier Wien in the frame of SCORES No3: uneasy going.

In the spirit of *performing for the first time*, I'm writing this up at the last minute, knowing that it will eventually be read for the first time. Below are excerpts from my notebooks, random thoughts, notes jotted down, pieces of material that I have performed, new material that I have written for this publication and questions that have come up for me throughout the whole process, as well questions that have been raised while reflecting on performing this »project«.

Why do I perform?

What is the practice of it?

How can it be broken down into scores?

What is the technique behind it that can be built?

Deborah Hay. Chrysa Parkinson.

Come to mind

Awareness.

Response & Responsibility in dance and performance.

Perspective.

How you choose your words of description can make all the difference –

the details of it and the kind of perspective it creates.

Also in terms of practice – approach – technique.

You can't just say practice makes perfect – it's how you practice – it's your awareness inside of your practice.

Perfect practice makes perfect (were his words I believe)
Performance – your practice as a performer – your relationship to the audience as a performer – the choices you make inside of a performance

I can't just practise performing and expect it to be perfect as an action – a perfect performance doesn't just happen – a perfect performance doesn't exist.

Quote from Miguel Gutierrez:
»What happens when you start with everything?«

My interpretation: Everything that is you.

The goal for myself was to actively produce produce produce material – material of all kinds, anything and everything I could think of – and then once in a while have the opportunity to perform that material. Without much preparation. To just throw myself into performing with not only the goal of performing the material well, but also to give a »good performance.«

It's been about not knowing exactly what the performance will be before the performing of the material itself. Placing me in a state of heightened awareness (fear tends to do that).

Live performance – it's not only about yourself and your body, it's also about what you are sharing with your audience and how you engage them. How you navigate through the course of possible options. Choice. Performer as the captain navigating the ship. You guide your audience through an experience you want them to have.

How does one develop a body that is sensitive to movement, sound, timing, choice, space, effect/affect?

What is the training behind that?

How does one create a score for that?

What is the function of a score?

Is it just about creating a frame to work with?

*

Score: a »notation« (graphic, poetic, or descriptive etc.) that can be »read« or interpreted. As impulses and/or structural guidelines for performance they enable open and spontaneous responses

In the very beginning stages of *performing for the first time*, I stated that this was not about developing a piece, not about working on specific material, not about an endpoint necessarily... but a practice. A practice in performance.

But what is that practice?
A practice in choreography?
A practice in choice making?
A practice in being vulnerable and insecure in front of an audience of judges?
A practice in public intimacy?
A practice in the manipulation of other people?
What is it that this kind of performance produces, as opposed to a performance where the material has been worked and reworked and shaped and crafted and memorised and set?
What happens in the moment, in real time as the performer executes the material and makes instant decisions simultaneously?
What is actually transmitted?
How can that be viewed?
How can that be understood?
How can that be judged?

Perhaps this relates to larger questions I have about responsibility.

What exactly is the performer or maker responsible for?
How much responsibility does the audience have?
I think back to a comment made to me once when I showed a DVD of a piece I made – the response was:
»You have to take more responsibility.«

And I thought, for what?

Why not just create sensations for people and let them sit with it ... understand it for themselves, in their own way, form their own opinions and maybe reflect on why they respond the way they do... how they experience the performance and why... ?

Why do we understand things the way we do?
Why is there an obsession with needing to define and understand everything?

Maybe we start to get into the difference between sensing/feeling/understanding something with the body vs. the brain ... or is there no difference?

How do you create situations in performance where the audience not only understands what you are thinking, but also feels what you are feeling?

How do you transmit a somatic experience? Something that is sensation based?

But that does not necessarily have a tangible form?
Some people are obsessed with form.

I feel like I'm obsessed with ambiguity. With transformation.
With the possibilities of what exists between the lines of what
people »read«, between the frames
that they create, the »Other« – other than the belief systems
people build.
complexity – dichotomy – contradiction

Send a memory mail out to everyone I've ever met and not met
Memory Project
Ask people to send in a memory they have of me
Does not have to be fond or happy
Can get intimate
Discretion honoured
Impression if we've never met
Whether in life, on video, in performance, read, seen, listened to, ... Details
appreciated – what I said, what I wore, how I behaved
How I affected you
How I made you feel
32 and my memories are beginning to fade
My mind is beginning to fail
Descriptions/responses will be used to help generate a caricature of myself
for performance
Don't have to be polite
Can be anything... personal, angry, a moment we've shared, a song, a
photo, text, movement... a strong memory or impression
I received an e-mail recently that surprised me – mostly because I wasn't
aware of how I was making the person feel.
Made me wonder about my behaviour towards people and how I affect the
people I interact with.
Made me wonder about how I could build a character of myself for stage.
Made me wonder how that character would interact with his audience

*I never actually did this project. And I don't think I ever will. I don't
know how I could possibly contact everyone for it. Some things just never
happen. I have to accept that. I like the idea of it though.

WHAT I NEED
I need a teacher
I need a mentor
I need a new programme
I need art
I need choreography
I need a frame that I can work through
I need to be busy
I need to know what I want to do
I need to know what I want
I need to find it
I need to find myself
I need to ask questions
I need to know what I am doing
I need to know what my intentions are
I need to know what my practice is
I need to know
I need not forget
I need a project
I need movement
I need a relationship
I need to investigate
I need to navigate
I need to work
I need to work hard
I need to be strong
I need to dance
I need to move
I need to touch
I need to be in the studio
I need it to be wonderful
I need to love it
I need to need it
I need to miss it
I need to perform

* I just wrote this right now. Reading through my notes . . . there
was a lot I wanted to include here, but it was too much and
typical Tarek – the way I think, write and talk . . . my notes just
ramble on and on without making much sense or pinpointing
what it is I want to communicate. So, I made a declaration out
of what it is I need to get out of all these words I've written in

my notebook. That's kind of how I make material for performing
for the first time

WE START LOVING

We start Loving
And in love we play with speed/tempo/dynamics/movement
Finding ways to sing with our bodies
We open up to the space around us
Don't look down!
Don't look back!
Don't look in!
Look out!
Look up!
See the light!
Feel the space!
There is nothing stopping you!
There is no mistake!
There are no mistakes!
You are not mistaken!
I hear these words
I move through them
I realise this is my life we're talking about
This is my life
My love
My dance

DANCE

Sometimes you can't explain things – but you know them physically and you understand them without question. And since I almost never know if I really know what I'm talking about, I dance. I get what that is.

* Note: I stole »And since I almost never know if I really know what I'm talking about« from Claudia La Rocco. I liked the line so much because I completely identify with »never really knowing if I know what I'm talking about,« that I decided I needed to use it somehow. You can find the original text in this article: <http://www.brooklynrail.org/2011/04/artseen/some-thoughts-possibly-related-on-time-criticism-and-the-nature-of-consciousness> it's in Section Six. Claudia La Rocco is a poet and critic. She is the founder and artistic director of thePerformanceClub.org, which won

a 2011 Creative Capitol/Warhol Foundation Arts Writers Grant. She writes a.o. about performance for the New York Times and is on the faculty of the School of Visual Arts' graduate program in Art Criticism and Writing. She can be reached at: contact@theperformanceclub.org

FIDEL

My name is Fidel
Yes, like Fidel Castro
I'm an economist
I used to work for the Ministry of Finance in Rwanda
I came here with my family when it was clear that it was no longer safe for us
We came as refugees
I did a two year masters degree in business management here
Every single person in my programme got a job except for me
This is a racist country
But I get by, thanks to people like the idiot in the back seat of my taxi right now
My name is Tarek
I'm the idiot in the back seat of Fidel's taxi
Bonsoir Meseusuasau . . .
I need to go to fjowafme . . .
How do you say »I need to go to« in French?
WHAT?!
oh
No I'm not visiting I live here
No I don't speak French
I know. I know it's important
I understand French
Well, actually, I just tell people that I understand, but it's a lie
I can't understand anything
Nothing
But Fidel doesn't know that
WHAT?!
I'm a dancer, that's what I do, I dance
I'm a FILTHY Dancer
That's right I'm FILTHY
That's what someone said to me this morning,
»You're FILTHY«
Because I'm the Son of a Palestinian refugee
He was joking, but I know that's how some people think

I never really cared about what other people think
Fidel doesn't know this about me
He doesn't know that I come from a family of Refugees
And I don't tell him
I don't even tell him my name
Because it doesn't matter
Not now
All that matters is that he gets my drunk ass safely to
the next party I'm going to
So I can get even more drunk
So I can get so fucking wasted that I vomit and pass out
The important thing is to vomit
That way I can wake up fresh the next morning, put on
my heels, and have a productive day

SEXY DANCE

Now that I've put my high heels on I can do my sexy dance.
I've also put on a wig.
And I have a back light so that my body is in silhouette.
I look like a sexy woman with a sexy body doing a sexy dance
with long sexy hair and sexy high heels.
Gyrating my pelvis, arching my back, sticking my ass out,
extending my long arms and legs, whipping my hair around,
my body screaming SEX! SEX! SEX! SEX! SEX! SEX! SEX!
through every pore of my skin to a song with such deep loud
base
lines that the subwoofer makes you feel the vibrations of my
sex on your sex and the lyrics turn up the heat:
wooaah,
aoowow,
uhuh,
here you go,
shorty goin down,
like you buying downtown,
like you bomb on da floor,
you tell me you want more but you beggin it fo sho,
fuck you pass that cognac,
ima ride yo daddy's lap
smack slap slap,
faster than yo pace,
spit upon yo face,

let me say let me tell you his name,
was,
Reggie Alter,
sweet and sour trump n dump
this siv'll keep you wet wet wet,
damn you tha shit, damn you tha shit,
i keep you soaked and . . .
its bout designer dejeweler jawls,
the final price of this costly whore,
and i know you got it down,
deeper than yo throat i go
chalk choke
oooooh,
shorty goin down,
like you buyin downtown,
like you bomb on da floor,
you tell me you want more but you beggin it for sho . . .
flip yo shit,
booom!
fuck you pass that cognac,
ima ride yo daddy's lap,
faster than yo pace,
spit upon yo face...
choke choke choked

* This is a description of a dance that I actually do to a song that I actually use. I never thought about writing it out like this. I never even realised what the words of the song were. (»18+ / Drawl / Demo« – YouTube it – Parental Advice Suggested – Explicit Content – Strong Language – I couldn't stop listening to it / watching it – Fascinating Shit - I want to be her – The lyrics here are only excerpts from the lyrics of the song – I don't even know if they're right – A lot of it I had to just guess because I couldn't understand everything she was saying – Just sayin' . . .)

I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME (excerpt)
I remember the first time you let go
You dropped your weight into me like you never had before
That's when I knew something had shifted
That's when I realised it was time to say goodbye

RESTRINGIERTER CODE.EIN STÜCK.

1979

PERFORMANCE

Der Körper als Ausdrucksmedium ist ein restringierter Code. Weil die Gesellschaft über den Körper Kontrolle über das Individuum ausübt, Körperkontrolle demnach Sozialkontrolle wird. Die Unterscheidung zwischen tierischem und menschlichen Körperverhalten, zwischen tierischem Körperausdruck und menschlichem Körperausdruck ist also ein ideologisches Axiom der Sozialkontrolle. Das Abgehen von den sozial sanktionierten Körperbewegungen, Körperverhalten wird demnach auch bestraft, hier aber liegt ein Ozean vor uns. Was ist „natürlicher Körper“ und was „unnatürlicher Körper“, was ist kulturelle Expression und was animalische.

PERFORMANCE FESTIVAL,
LEINBACHHAUS DÜSSELDORF



N O T E S O N
V A L I E
E X P O R T ' S

U N D E R S T U D Y



*

VALIE EXPORT's
Understudy – A reformulation of »Restringerter Code« by toxic dreams was commissioned by Tanzquartier Wien and premiered on 13 January 2011 at the Kubus EXPORT Der Transparente Raum.



VALIE
EXPORT

RESTRINGIERTER CODE. EIN STÜCK.

1979

performance.

[Material: 2 Videokameras, 6 Monitore, Switcher, Mikrofon, Lautsprecher.

geladenen

Mensch (in Abendkleidung) in einem käfig aus elektrischen Drähten
Kleinkind im Krabbelalter im Gitterbett,
Vodel in durchsichtigem Häfig, Glas
7 Monate alter Hund in durchsichtigem Häfig
Hamster in durchsichtigem Glaskäfig
Mahlzeit für mensch und tiere.

1. Teil

Das stück beginnt mit dem Essen der Mahlzeit und der Fütterung der Tiere. Nach einiger Zeit entsprechen meine Tisch- und Eßsitzen nicht mehr dem herkömmlichen Verhalten. Ich beginne mit den Fingern zu essen etc.

2. Teil

Ich versuche die bewegungen fes Kindes nachzumachen.
Ich mache die Bewegungen und das Körperverahltten der Tiere nach, die Bewegungen werden immer exagierter übertragen bis zur Wiederholung einer mir signifikanteen erscheinenden Bewegung, dabei mache ich auch das bellen und winseln des Hundes, das zwitschern und hüpfen des Vogels, und das laufendes Hamsters nach.

Im dritten Teil des Stükkes werden meine Körperbewegungen immer akstatischer bis ich den Zustand der Trance erreicht habe.

[von mir, des Kindes, der Tiere
Diese Bilder werden immer mix von 2 Video-Kameras aufgenommen und mittels eines Switchers überblendet auf den Monitoren zu sehen.

Kamera ; ist immer auf mich gerichtet, Kamera 2 nimmt abwechselnd das Kind und die Tiere in richtigem Verhältnis zur Körpergröße auf.

Unterscheidung zwischen ~~taxi~~ tierischem Körperverhalten und menschlichen Körperverhalten, zwischen tierischem Körpераusdruck und menschlichen Körpераusdruck ist ein idiomatisches Axiom der Sozialkontrolle. Das Abgehen von den sozial sanktionierten Körperverhalten wird demnach auch bestraft, aber hier liegt ein Ozean vor uns. Die Körpersprache erhebt sich zum Körpergesang wenn die sogenannten natürlichen Körpergeräusche, die ständig zu unterdrücken wir ja von der Gesellschaft angehalten werden, auch als menschlich deklariert werden. Was ist Naturkörper und was ist Kultukturkörper, was ist kulturelle Expression und was ist animalische. Zwischen formalen und informellen Körperverhalten, zwischen diesen gestellten Fragen bewegen sich die Ausdrucksbewegungen meines Stücks 'Restrikerter Code.'

Material:

Mensch (in Abendkleidung) in einem Käfig aus elektrisch geladenen Drähten

Kleinkind im Krabbelalter im Gitterbett

Vogel in Käfig

7 Monate alter Hund in einem durchsichtigen Glaskäfig

Hamster in Käfig

Mahlzeit für den Menschen, Tische Sessel, Wein, Glas etc. Futter für die Tiere.

2 Videokameras, 6 Monitore, Switcher, Mikrofon, Lautsprecher

Ablauf:1. Teil:

Das Stück beginnt mit dem Essen der Abendmahlzeit und der Fütterung der Tiere. Nach einiger Zeit entsprechen meine Tisch und Eßsitten nicht mehr dem herkömmlichen Verhalten. Ich beginne mit den Fingern zu essen, stopfe alles in mich hinein. Dann wende ich mich meinen Körperöffnungen zu, fange an zu rülpfen, mich zu schneuzen, zu husten, zu spucken etc.

2. Teil, (der am längsten dauert)

Ich versuche die Bewegungen des Kindes nachzumachen.

Ich mache die Bewegungen und Körperverhalten der Tiere nach, die Bewegungen werden dabei auch immer exakter, bis zur Wiederholung einer mir signifikant erscheinenden Bewegung, ich mache das Winseln und das Bellern des Hundes nach, Zwitschern des Vogels, die Bewegungen meines Köpfchens, das Laufen des Hamsters. etc.

3. Teil im dritten Teil des Stücks werden meine Körperbewegungen ekstatischer, bis ich den Zustand der Trance erreiche.

*Restricted Code, A piece

(the name VALIE EXPORT gave her live performance)

We are doing a cover version (the old song dressed anew...in popular music, a cover version or cover song, or simply cover, is a new performance or recording of a previously released song. It can sometimes have a pejorative meaning implying that the original recording should be regarded as the definitive or »authentic« version, and all others merely lesser competitors, alternatives or tributes, no matter how popular.)

We serve as VALIE EXPORT's understudy (in the theatre an understudy is a person who learns another's role in order to be able to act at short notice in their absence...Several actors made their name in show business by being the understudy of a leading actor and taking the role over for several performances. Anthony Hopkins was one for Laurence Olivier, when Olivier became ill with cancer during the run of the National Theatre's *The Dance of Death*, 1967; so I'm not in a bad company...)

*EXPORT divided her piece into three parts. We are trying to stay as close as we can to the original, so we do the same.



U.C.

(3)

23

Die Bilder von mir, des Kindes und der Tiere werden von 2 ^Video=kameras aufgenommen und mittels eines Switchers überblendet auf den monitoren zu sehen.

Kamera 1 ist auf mich gerichtet, Kamera 2 nimmt abwechselnd Kind und Tiere im richtigen Verhältnis zur Körpergröße auf.

Part 1

The piece begins with eating . . . mind your table manners

Part 2

Copy the events in the room . . . make a similar or identical version of, rather than creating something original.

EXPORT copied the living creatures in the room
(a child, a dog, a bird etc.)

We copy an idea, a piece, a performance... copied from an approved old master
(we also have a dog, two goldfish, an old man etc.)

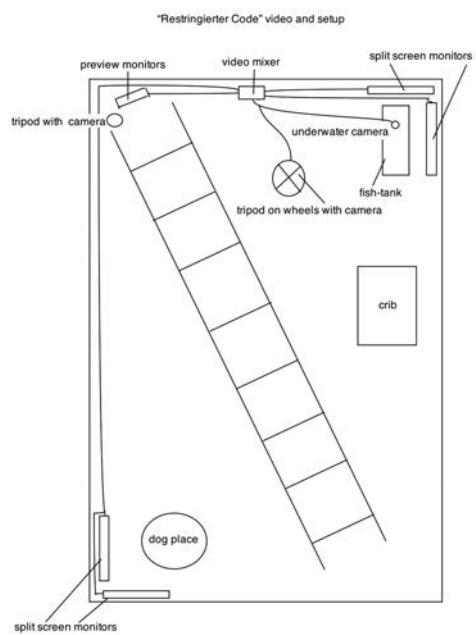
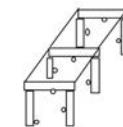
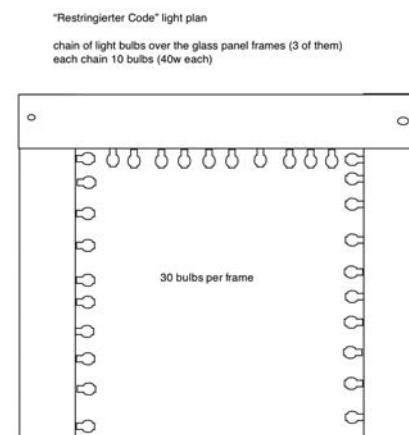
Part 3

The condition of trance . . . we channel EXPORT's description...
The old master as a medium.



*VALIE EXPORT's description of her performance:

Technology/material: a person in evening dress in a cage made out of battery-charged electric wires, a small child in a cot, a bird in a transparent glass cage, a seven-month-old dog in a transparent glass cage, a hamster in a transparent glass cage, a meal for the people. Table, chair, cutlery, glass, wine, food for the animals. Two video cameras, six monitors, a switch, microphone, loudspeakers. (VALIE EXPORT Archive)





Description of our cover-version:

Technology/material: a person in a dark suit sits on a dolly track that can be moved forward and backward, a 63-year-old man, a refugee from Tehran, sits inside a crib, two fishes in a transparent fish tank, a trained dog on a small round carpet. Two video cameras, one underwater camera, four large monitors — split screen, one preview monitor, microphones, loudspeakers. Light bulbs around the inside glass frames.

*VALIE EXPORT performs a version of VALIE EXPORT . . . or, she performs a character, a woman in evening dress in a cage of electric wires. . . it is hard to figure things out from the video documentation...you can describe her performance as the art of confrontation. Confrontation should not be seen as an act of aggression towards the material that makes up the work or audience that watches it, although in the past EXPORT has sometimes been accused of this. Confrontation is a mode of dealing with the material at hand, keeping it on the move and always, somehow, alive in the very process of its negotiation. It is a doing that arises out of a practical encounter with everything that finds itself in the performance space while the work is being made.

I have to perform the EXPORT version of EXPORT . . . I'm the understudy of the woman in the evening dress . . . In the performance as it has been traditionally conceived, the performer must surrender his or her identity to that of the character he/she plays. He/she must allow himself/herself to be usurped, to be violated by another. I made-up my mind not to sacrifice my subjectivity, but to retain it and simply stand in for someone else. I will make no attempt to impersonate, to portray a character with any fullness or psychological depth. I will just go through the motions.

1. KIND IM KRASSELÄUFEN

IN KINDE GITTERBETT

2. VOGEL IN TERRARIUM (GANS) OBEN MIT

GITTER GESCHLOSSEN FÜR LUFT

MÄUSE: 1,1 x 0,6 x 1,

3. TERRARIUM FÜR RESUS AFFCHEN OD.

MÄUSE:

1,5 x 1, x 1,

HUND - JUNGEN BEWEGL.
HUND

OD

NEIN SOMMERTAGEN

4. 4 STANGEN FÜR EIN GEMEINT FÜR NICHT

KUPFERDRUCK

1 MÜRSERIE

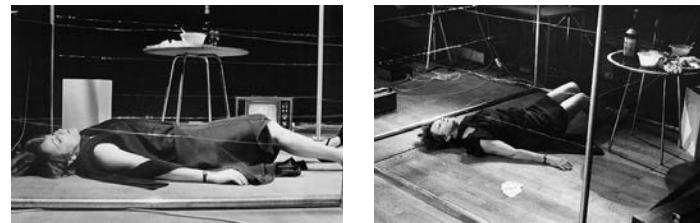
5. TIERE SOLLEN NICHT GEFÖRDERT SEIN

TIER FÜR DEN

6. TISCH, SESSEL, ESSEN (RUMPSACK OD. SCHNITZEL)

TRINKEN (WEIN)

BESTECK, SENF VIELE



*EXPORT's performance practice draws our attention to the activities of doing, rather than undoing, to the processes of production rather than reproduction and to the experience of negotiation rather than explication. Indeed, what is at stake in her work is the attempt to create a direct and lived relationship with the material as it is encountered. This accounts for why we insist on a suspension of the performer's ego, why particular emphasis is constantly placed on the performer being open to what is happening in the room... Consequently, we engage with the mechanisms of theatre to produce what, for want of a better word, we might call experience... Experience that presents itself as a series of happening nows, as occurrences, as presences that resist being folded back into meaning.

*How to adjust to a world in which the climax of a scene, and sometimes the central event is the two goldfish going to sleep. We're going to have to adapt, maybe even invert our sense of priority and our assumptions about what constitutes drama. Intimacy, in a fish tank, is shown not by everything you can say to someone else, but by everything you don't need to say.

So what did we learn from the fish, or for that matter the dog? Nothing can be known or controlled, Zen training teaches; the only thing you can do is scrub floors and do your rounds and perhaps clear your head in the process. Enlightenment comes nowhere but in the everyday; self-realisation arrives only when you throw self, and any idea of realisation, out of the window. Accept life and what it gives you and then you become a part of it.



Photos:
VALIE EXPORT
Restrangerter Code. Ein Stück 1979
Performance, Video-Performance, Closed Circuit Performance
s/w Fotografie

(c) Archiv VALIE EXPORT
Photos: Michael Schuster

Original documents:
VALIE EXPORT
Restrangerter Code. Ein Stück 1979
Text, course of the performance
Original documents 1979, (c) Archiv VALIE EXPORT.

toxic dreams
VALIE EXPORT's Understudy – A reformulation of »Restrangerter Code« 2011
(c) Daniel Kovalenko

A L L I N V O L V E D

ANTONIA BAEHR ^(D)

is a choreographer based in Berlin. She graduated in Film and Media Arts at the University of Arts Berlin and at the School of The Art Institute of Chicago. Performances: *Merci* (2006), *Rire* (2008), *For Faces* (2010), *My Dog is My Piano* (2012), *Abecedarium Bestiarium* (2013). Publication: *Rire / Laugh / Lachen* (2008).

RAMSAY BURT ^(UK)

is a Professor of dance history at De Montfort University. His publications include *The Male Dancer* (1995, revised 2007), *Alien Bodies* (1997), *Judson Dance Theater* (2006), and, with Valerie Briginshaw, *Writing Dancing Together* (2009). In 1999 he was Visiting Professor at the Department of Performance Studies, New York University. With Susan Foster, he is founder editor of *Discourses in Dance*.

OLGA DE SOTO ^(BE/ES)

is a choreographer, dancer and dance researcher. After classical and contemporary training in Spain, she studied at the CNDC Angers. She worked together with Michèle Anne De Mey, Pierre Droulers, Meg Stuart, Boris Charmatz und Jérôme Bel. In the last years she developed projects in the realm of long documentation research processes, far from classical production logics. Creations a.o.: *histoire(s)* (2004), *Reflections on the Green Table* (2012).

SABINE ERCKLENTZ ^(D)

works as composer, musician and performer in Berlin. She studied law at the FU Berlin and Trumpet/Pop music at the Hochschule für Musik Hanns-Eisler. She often collaborates with other artists such as Andrea Neumann and Henri Fleur.

FERNANDA EUGÊNIO ^(PT)

is an artist and anthropologist. Together with João Fiadeiro she developed the lecture performance *Secalharidade* and *Mayhappiness*, an improvisation practice and collective creation between the Real Time Composition method and ethnography as a tool for situated performance.

JOÃO FIADEIRO ^(PT)

is a Portuguese choreographer. In 1990 he founded the RE.AL Company. Later he developed the Real Time Composition method, a theoretical-practical tool and platform to understand and rethink decision, representation and cooperation, both in art and in life.

TAREK HALABY ^(USA/BE)

is a Palestinian-American performer based in Brussels. He graduated from The University of Iowa and completed the Research Cycle at P.A.R.T.S in 2006. He is supported by the production house WP Zimmer in Antwerp. Creations a.o.: *An attempt to understand my socio-political disposition through artistic research on personal identity in relationship to the Palestinian-Israeli conflict, Part I; Actually, I am someone; Performing for the first time.*

WALTER HEUN ^(D/A)

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

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).

LATIFA LAÂBISSI ^(F)

is a dancer and choreographer. She studied contemporary dance in France before completing her studies at the Merce Cunningham Studio in New York. In Rennes, she co-directs the company 391 together with Loïc Touzé, and is part of the collective Aéroport International. Performances a.o.: *Love* (2004), *Habiter* (2005), *Distraction* (2006), *selfportrait camouflage* (2006).

BOYAN MANCHEV ^(BG)

is a philosopher and cultural theorist, Director of Program and Vice-President of the International College of Philosophy in Paris (2007–2010), Associate Professor at the New Bulgarian University and Visiting Professor at the Sofia University and The Berlin University of the Arts. His actual research is focused on the fields of ontology, philosophy of art and political philosophy. Publications a.o.: *L'altération du monde: Pour une esthétique radicale* (2009), *La Métamorphose et l'Instant – Désorganisation de la vie* (2009).

BARBARA MATIJEVIĆ ^(HR/BE)

is a performer and choreographer. She studied Language and Literature at the University of Zagreb and completed her dance training at the Hypaxis Dance Center, Wilton (USA) and the International Center for Contemporary Dance and Performance Art – ATHENA. She is a co-founder of the de facto performance group. Creations a.o.: *I am 1984* (2008), *Tracks* (2009), *Forecasting* (2011), all in collaboration with Giuseppe Chico.

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.

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studied classical piano at the Berlin University of the Arts. Since 1994 she works as a musician and composer in the fields of new- and experimental music. She was involved in the development of the echtzeitmusik scene in Berlin, co-organized Labor Sonor, and has engaged in intensive cooperations in the mixed border areas between composition and improvisation, between electronic and hand-made music, between instrumental and performative music.

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.

ORTHOGRAPHE ^(IT)

is a performance group created by Alessandro Panzavolta and Angela Longo in 2004. Since their beginnings, they have been involved in the creation of art-works that combine visual arts, performance and theatre. Performances: *Tentativi di Volo* (2007), *Controllo Remoto* (2009), *Gorgone I–III* (2009/2010)

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is a performance and interdisciplinary artist and cultural activist based in Berlin. In her work she is addressing issues of integration, borders, identity, bio politics, body politics, feminism, and economy. Since 1994 she presented her work in a large number of exhibitions and venues around the world. Currently she is interdisciplinary fellow at University of Arts Berlin.

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TOXIC DREAMS^(A)

is a Vienna based performance group founded 1997 by Kornelia Kilga and Yosi Wanunu. Part of the working core group are Michael Strohmann, Anna Mendelssohn and Irene Coticchio. Performances a.o.: *Pink Vanya* (2008), *The Art of War* (2010), *The Big Event Part 1,2,3 – Director's Cut* (2012)

ANA VASEVA^(BG)

is a theater director, dramaturge, writer, theorist and member of THE FRIDGE. In the last years she realized the performance *S*, the theater pieces *The Eye*, *A dying Play* and in collaboration the performative installation *The War of the Little Girls* and the radio theatre project *Sick*. She has published dramatical, prose, critical and theoretical texts and interviews on theatre and contemporary dance.

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VALIE EXPORT^(A)

is one of the most important pioneers on conceptual media art, performance and film. Her artistic work comprises video environments, digital photography, installation, body performances, feature films, experimental films, documentaries, expanded cinema, conceptual photography, body-material interactions, laser installations, objects, sculptures, texts on contemporary art history and feminism.

WILLIAM WHEELER^(USA)

is a visual artist, performer, filmmaker, author and translator based in Berlin. He is continuously producing projects with Stefan Pente and *smoking mirror*, the arts production unit founded by Stefan Pente and William Wheeler in 2006. Wheeler's own work deals with the formation/loss of identity and how this affects practices of (self)-representation.

GABRIELE WITTMANN^(D)

is a dance journalist. She studied philosophy, american studies and musicology. She wrote reviews for *taz* and the cultural magazines *Texte und Zeichen*, *Kultur Heute* and the theatre magazine *Foyer*. Furthermore she worked for *Deutschlandradio* and *Radio Bremen* and is teaching dance critic, dance history and creative scientific writing at the HfMDK Frankfurt since 2003. She was part of the research project *Tanztechniken 2010* and co-editor of the book *Anna Halprin*.



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