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Live Arts Week IX

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Live Arts Week

Gianni Peng IX

Xing presenta la nona edizione di Live Arts Week. Il corpo elastico di questa nuova Settimana della Performance si espande in una costellazione di avvenimenti, gesti e interventi che avranno luogo in diversi spazi della città, noti e sconosciuti, grandi e piccoli, pubblici e privati. Il programma unisce volumi di varia densità e carattere, giocando su diversi gradi e condizioni di esperienza.

Arrivato al suo nono anno di vita, Gianni Peng IX, nella sua evoluzione, continua a distinguersi in Italia come rara occasione dedicata alle live arts, presentando un insieme eterogeneo di performance che ruotano intorno alla presenza e la percezione di corpi, movimenti, suoni e visioni.

In questa edizione Peng si dispiega nella città di Bologna con un nuovo programma di opere dal vivo (performance, situazioni, ambienti e concerti, con date uniche, produzioni e anteprime) presentate da personalità di spicco della ricerca contemporanea internazionale, costruendo una geografia puntiforme di luoghi e traiettorie dove concentrarsi e disperdersi, ritrovarsi di nuovo e poi ripartire.

Live Arts Week dà spazio ad atletiche esistenziali: non antepone l'arte agli artisti, espone a forme di sensibilità e idee, accoglie opere ibride e poliglote, ospita singolarità umane, tessendo una sorta di contro-design della fruizione. Raccorda e permette di attraversare tensioni estetiche e pratiche rappresentative del mondo contemporaneo.

La scelta di lanciare una 'settimana' intende rompere con la concezione di un festival visto come punta consumistica della vita culturale di una città. Si tratta piuttosto di una coabitazione di forme diversificate - per dimensione ed intensità - concentrate in un tempo limitato che propongano la visione dell'arte come un fatto complesso ma coeso.

Gianni Peng, nome che accompagna il festival nella sua crescita biologica, sta ad indicare il momento di queste transizioni. E' un fenomeno, non una persona: un nuovo soggetto trans-identitario, improbabile ma reale, da trattare come un concetto astratto.

Bologna 11 03 2020

Live Arts Week IX, previsto dal 26 marzo al 4 aprile 2020, rilancia la promessa di incontro che non può essere oggi mantenuta. Riconfigureremo il programma annunciato lungo il corso del 2020/21.

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NO MORE TITLES JUST EXPERIENCING THE SENSES OF THE WORLD

Credo che un titolo possa e debba avere la stessa densità e intensità di un processo di ricerca che porta all'apparizione di una "danza". È una parola che si aggiunge, a volte alla fine, a volte appena prima, a volte nel corso della creazione, è un ulteriore pensiero/immagine che trova nel linguaggio una forma per articolarsi o declinarsi verso il fuori, verso lo sguardo. Può avere la capacità di condensare le immagini, le sensazioni, le pratiche, le letture e le vite vissute in un concetto, può essere come una chiave che apre alla visione di qualcosa. Deve suonare, dare il ritmo giusto, l'accesso timbrico alla visione. Non è mai facile trovarla, si deve poterla ricordare in un attimo, deve configurare un senso ma permettere anche una possibilità d'interpretazione, far apparire l'immagine segreta che ha dato origine al tutto. Ultimamente, non intitulo più nessuna delle danze che sto creando, preferisco nominare il pensiero generativo di queste danze per collocarle nell'esistente, trovare un contenitore/titolo che le contenga e dunque le faccia riconoscere o conoscere. Ho cambiato anche il mio nome ultimamente, solo per ricordarmi che è il vuoto a cui tendo, la possibilità di non possedere.

MY HOME IS THE COSMO

Ciò che posso far emergere è la danza ed un pensiero che ne determina la forma, che la fa apparire. È la mente che guida il corpo o è il corpo che guida la mente? Non lo so. È un verso di Morrissey di una famosa canzone degli Smiths che da sempre attraversa e ritorna come domanda anche nei miei intimi processi, compresa la risposta. In questa fase in cui l'esperienza che ho accumulato lavora senza che me ne accorga, mi è possibile trovare quel punto d'incontro in cui la mente e il corpo o il corpo e la mente procedono insieme, nel presente del presente e dunque il corpo pensa mentre la mente danza e viceversa. La coreografia arriva quasi sempre dopo, dopo l'apparizione della danza, e forse è un sistema che organizza il tempo più che lo spazio, è un ritmo che organizza la visione, la

scansione degli stati corporei che si trasformano. Non considero il mio lavoro come un 'lavoro coreografico', non organizzo il tempo e lo spazio per produrre un'immagine che mi appartenga e mi definisca in quanto artista, mi interessano le alterazioni, le temperature che cambiano, gli sgambetti e le oscillazioni, la poesia e non il linguaggio. La generazione di una qualità specifica del tempo che attraverso la "danza" si produce in un'immagine del mondo, arriva per me con delle pratiche molto specifiche, una tecnologia del corpo da trovare ogni volta e questo richiede un tempo lungo di ricerca. La danza è materia vibrante, è un fenomeno sprovvisto d'intenzione che può permettere nuove percezioni, nuove connessioni o nuovi affetti. Cerco di trovare un luogo per questo fenomeno, questa diversa postura, il luogo dell'apparizione, che è la danza, che è la coreografia, che è un pensiero vivo.

Si tratta sempre di sviluppare una tecnologia, cioè trovare attraverso l'esperienza del corpo e attraverso il pensiero che questa esperienza fa emergere, delle tecniche, degli esercizi o pratiche che si possano ripetere. Si tratta di ritrovare ogni volta, giorno dopo giorno, uno specifico luogo corporeo che generi degli stati mentali, una qualità di sguardo, una conduzione energetica verso l'esterno, uno specifico andamento ritmico, dinamico, emotivo e psichico. Possiamo chiamarlo un Habitat. Solitamente per arrivare a trovare le "pratiche" ho bisogno di un periodo lungo di solitudine, di studio ed immersione nella vita, per sentire o forse intuire le istanze profonde che il corpo sente, potrei dire quelle contrazioni o stati d'animo che producono il movimento del pensiero e di una soggettività; dopo questa fase silenziosa, che lavora solitaria e intima, è importante spostare il piano sulla pratica corporea, la ricerca di movimento, cercando di far risuonare continuamente la postura delle articolazioni e la forma dei muscoli con la forma del pensiero. Ogni danza ha le sue necessità, ma anche si traccia a partire da quella precedente, a volte si tratta di approfondire qualcosa di già percorso o trovato, per renderlo ancora più semplice nella sua idea dinamica e trovare un luogo ideale e cristallino che permetta ai corpi di stare nella complessità senza sforzo.

POLITICAL SCORES

La partitura o le partiture sono sempre molto importanti nel processo di emersione di una danza. Si tratta di trovare una logica della sensazione, non di organizzare organicamente un tempo e uno spazio già dato, ma di trovare quantità e intensità molto specifiche che

rendano visibile lo spazio e diano qualità allo scorrere del tempo. Questa maniera affettiva di percorrere, attraversare, depositare un gesto, una linea, un'ampiezza ha bisogno di mostrarsi esatta e irriducibile, sono le superfici che contengono la profondità e l'espressione. La danza è sempre già presente, si tratta solo di farla apparire, lasciarla andare fuori senza trattenerla o tenerla, non ha bisogno di un soggetto per determinarsi o per comunicare. Il corpo del danzatore è un interstizio, una soglia in cui la forma attraverso la materia si produce. La danza non è mai solo nel corpo di chi sta danzando ma anzi appare solo quando le concedi l'abisso del vuoto. Questo discorso è facilmente frainteso o manomesso, poiché non si tratta di dare libero sfogo all'espressione libera di un esistente nel caos di un'improvvisazione permanente e diffusa o nel flusso continuo di una fluidità liquida, ma invece proprio di dare corpo/forma/tempo/spazio al dettaglio e alla specificità per accettare una volta per tutte l'autonomia espressiva di cui ogni singolarità ha bisogno per esistere.

estratto da *BEEING SPACE, MY HOME IS THE COSMO, PERFORMING IS AN HABITAT, AFTER CHOREOGRAPHY THERE IS THE DANCE, NO MORE TITLES JUST EXPERIENCING THE SENSES OF THE WORLD, NO SITE SPECIFIC, POLITICAL SCORES, EXPANDED CHOREOGRAPHY, MEDITATION ON BEAUTY, MULTIPLE COMMUNISM, UNEXHAUSTED TECHNOLOGIES* testo per *Danza e ricerca. Laboratorio di studi, scritture, visioni*, anno X, numero 10, 2018

Joe Kelleher/Nicholas Ridout
Three Conversations
departing from Geumhyung Jeong's Rehab Training

First Conversation

Are you ready for rehab? Or are you here for the training? GJ is here. I guess she's gonna do the rehab. She looks like she is very good at her job. She is a professional. She is very well trained. That's why she is here. If you need rehab, this is the place for you. But this is rehab training. Are you here for the training? GJ is here. I guess she's gonna do the training. She has to train first. Then she will be a professional. And then you can have rehab. But for now, it is him, the dummy, who will have rehab. And she will have training. Like the dummy will train her. You wanna just watch? OK. GJ is here. She's gonna show you how the training works. She is very well trained. That's why she is here. Why are you here?

JK. Nick, it is asking whether we are ready, and why we are here. Demanding, or what. I can only speak for myself, but not even sure I care to do that much. So, *entre nous* for now. I'd say I'm here to watch and find out. Find out what? I don't know yet. Watch and learn? Maybe. 'Come back to you on that'. Rehabilitate? Hmm. That might mean keeping up with appointments. (Wouldn't want to commit until I know more.) I am enjoying already the little wheelie stools, though, my own and everyone else's. I like how they level us all out down here. And I like the way it moves me around, at my motion. I get to take care where I put myself. I get to get where I can see, and not just see but be close-up enough or distant enough, by choice, and then get out of the way. Of the others who are here, and of her. And I'm seeing this. She's doing rehab training actions on the dummy but it's like she's really doing them, like getting the dummy to feel. Which it won't. And then, later, *teaching* it to feel, i.e. feel other things, her mostly, and also how to operate zips, bows, buttons, laces etc. So as to touch, her for now. Which means yes, I suppose, it's the dummy training her. To feel back. There is solitude here, but it isn't necessarily hers. Maybe that's why I'm here. To notice that.

NR. Yes, it seems a little, how shall we say, importunate? A bit of a hustle. I don't know where that tone came from, really, since it is quite unlike the way that GJ herself solicits our attention. Perhaps it was just a slightly desperate attempt to get things going. Because, in GJ's case, it's hard to say whether she is soliciting our attention at all. It's not that she is indifferent to our presence: after all, she has arranged all these little wheelie stools for us to roll around on. Her manner suggests, rather, someone who knows that we are there, that we are paying attention, and, also, that we can be trusted to know what sort of attention we are supposed to be paying. I can't quite put my finger on why I think she is wholly in control of her to-be-looked-at-ness. It makes one feel taken for granted, but in a good way. This care for what a friend of mine would call the affordances of the performance situation contributes, I think, to the pleasure to be derived from manipulating ourselves on our little wheelie stools. (You can adjust the height, too, you know.) Navigating our own little human-prosthesis dyads around the show. By the way, Joe, I was wondering what's at stake in our use of the word 'dummy', rather than, say, mannequin. It's a sort of substitute, I suppose. For the real person who is either yet to come, or who's not going to show up at all. And it's also, of course, a sort of feint, as when a football player sells an opponent a dummy pass: an act of mis-direction. Pay attention, so I can sell you the dummy. Is anything of that kind going on here, do you think?

JK. It's also, of course – the dummy, I mean – the suck-and-chew, the pacifier, something you might put in your mouth, or have someone else put in your mouth for you, at an early age. Affordances of infancy. Before you're old enough to talk, but young enough to make a hell of a noise. Neither of which – talking or bruising – happens much, if at all, in GJ's work, although maybe that itself is a kind of feint. An affordance of adulthood (and the work is, for me, nothing if not adult, although I may have to come back to what makes me say that). But yes, playing dumb, presenting as silent (and the dummies – mannequins – devices – do that too), selling the dummy to the likes of us, infant audiences, who may, on the strength of what has happened in our presence, feel we have something to say out loud about it. We keep falling for that one, don't we?

NR. You mean that GJ has somehow tricked us into chewing it over, out loud, as though that weren't what we had been gagging to do all along?

JK. Oh, I don't doubt GJ's intentions are honorable. She is a trained-up professional after all. Or she will be by the end. It's serious work. Just look how correctly she goes about her business. As for us, though, as for us.

NR. The less said the better on all counts.

JK. (*wheels away, scratching*)

Second Conversation

Something is being repaired. Again.

Is something broken?

Articulated parts are, in careful hands, made to move. To show how it's done. Do you feel we are in capable hands?

We move also, of our own accord.

I am capable of getting around by myself. Do you feel capable?

Why is the thing that is being fixed being fixed again? Why now?

Is anything different yet? Do you feel any difference? Can you?

Why, was something broken?

NR: Someone seems to be worrying about repetition. Or about difference. Or both. (Before we go any further with this, Joe, what do you make of this voice – can we call it a voice – from outside our conversation? It's really unclear who might be behind it, and it feels, how can I put this, a little manipulative, don't you think?) Repetition, though. Fair enough. Why would you need to repair something again? The aim of the rehab is for there to be no need for any more rehab. The repair is supposed to last. But rehabilitation is also a matter of repetition, of course. Patient hours of moving the same muscles, over and over again, until they regain their capacities. What's that thing we seem to be hearing all the time these days, about doing things ten thousand times? Or is it doing things for ten thousand hours? I expect I am channelling Malcolm Gladwell or Shinichi Suzuki, which is not at all what I want to be doing. It is as though I lacked a mind of my own. My point, inasmuch as I have one, is that this is also

something people often say about performance. The thousand upon thousand patient hours upon which the fleeting moments of dazzling virtuosity in a 'maniacally charged present' are built. Usually all those patient hours are endured in private, until something else, something truly 'different', perhaps, can be shown in public. But that distinction doesn't really hold for GJ here, does it? She'll be fixing it all, all over again, some other day.

JK. The voice, so-called, yes. As you say, before going any further. It could of course, be company. As in, a voice comes to one in the dark. Imagine &c, &c, as I believe someone once wrote or said. Which might as well – why bother arguing the point? – be a voice, or at least a voice-like arrangement of words, generated by oneself. I mean, by us. For company, as I say, repeating myself, I know. And why would you not – conceiving such a voice, as it were to tender to oneself, in the deeps so to speak – conceive one with a manipulative inclination? After all, isn't manipulation, in one way or another, the nature of the game in this place? I mean, the articulation of parts, and not so much one's own parts but the parts of another, levered into an illusion of liveliness, rubbed up the right way to provoke a tingle of feeling, and even (oh powers defend us) a capacity for action of some sort, if not in the rubbed and levered parts themselves, then in other parts, someone's parts, somewhere nearby. And if hands can be called on to do this sort of thing, then why not a voice? Except, except. The company motive doesn't hold for us really, does it. We have, among the many advantages we are blessed with, each other. And the line which I now find myself pursuing, about the manipulative hands being somehow or other 'called for', by the one enjoying the benefit, that doesn't really stand up either. I mean to say, anyway you look at it, there is very little sense of anything that is going on here answering even to an unstated, unimagined need or obligation or desire. As if there were, in fact, nothing to fix, and nothing that calls for repairing. So that, everything that is done is done, not as repetition, but as extra. A doing extra. Right from the start. And if no-one, or nothing, calls, then no-one answers. There is no difference. There is no company. Or put that another way, company of a kind is all there. Company and entertainment. Being entertained. Holding and continuing to hold, together, between.

NR: All there, and all there is? And quite uncalled-for. Unless, that is, the voice, so-called, is in fact some kind of stand-in, for SF, perhaps, and her email inviting us to attempt this four-handed

exercise. Silvia there, in Bologna, we presume, and the two of us over here in London, sending each other our voices, so-called, in the dark, keeping each other company, one of us in Crystal Palace, the other in Leytonstone (and, yes, by the way, to your proposal of a drink on Tuesday night, which would be, well, restorative, at least).

JK. All there is. It was supposed to be all there is. Company as all there is, although often enough not there. Which is why, perhaps, one might go about devising one's own. If I'd been speaking that, instead of (mis-)typing it, the ambiguity would not have arisen. Difference, after all. But I suppose other differences will just as readily come up in person, face to face or whatever. (And yes, let's link up on Tuesday, I shall send you a text). Will you say the last word on this? And then maybe we can invoke the voice, so-called, one last time. Silvia, I know, has been waiting.

NR: (*consults his script*): 'Me — (*he yawns*) — to play.'

Third Conversation

JK. Nick, the voice did not come this time. A slight case of the world crashing in instead. Nothing major, Monday morning stuff really, unplanned-for messages, tasks that needed attending to 'urgently', a phone call that was planned-for but required preparation, information that needed locating, a piece of tech that broke down at just the wrong moment (with implications for forthcoming commitments), deadlines looming, some of them rather soon. I'm at my desk, typing to you. That's the actuality, I won't pretend otherwise. But in a sense — and not just a mental sense, but of the body, the arse, the feet, the ears and eyes — I am still on that wheelie stool observing GJ doing the rehab training. She appears — she always does (we have seen her do this sort of thing before) — so undistracted. She appears to attend to one thing at a time, and to give that one thing, before moving onto the next thing, all of the attention it requires. This is one of the singular pleasures of attending her performances, this heroic quality of her attention. Even though — and here (as some of our friends might say) is the thing — her action might be considered the most elaborate distraction, decided upon, equipped and resourced, trained for, dedicatedly put into practice and followed through. A distraction to absorb the world, while it lasts. Undithering. Elective.

NR: That is something of a relief. The voice not coming, I mean. So, thank you for that. But also, there is this, for those of us sitting as I sit now, on a chair, with wheels, a chair that tilts a little but, lest you imagine it that way, does not quite rock: 'till in the end / close of a long day', and so on. For it has been a long day and there is something, yes, absorbing, about turning one's attention to the task at hand, at last. Undistracted, undithering attention. A performance such as GJ's makes a certain demand, but one to which it is easy enough to return a response. Not in this writing, I mean, which is its own kind of extra, but in the simple satisfaction one might register, say, in a moment — a moment that was gratuitous in the best sense of the word — from an earlier performance by GJ, in which, between two of the seven acts of *7ways*, she walks to the side of the stage and dives, head first, into a plastic bin. And flips back out. Then gets on with the next act. No comment. As though this had not happened. Yet, there it was. There is a joy in that choice and in its execution. To have seen that: perfect. Undithering, elective, gratuitous.

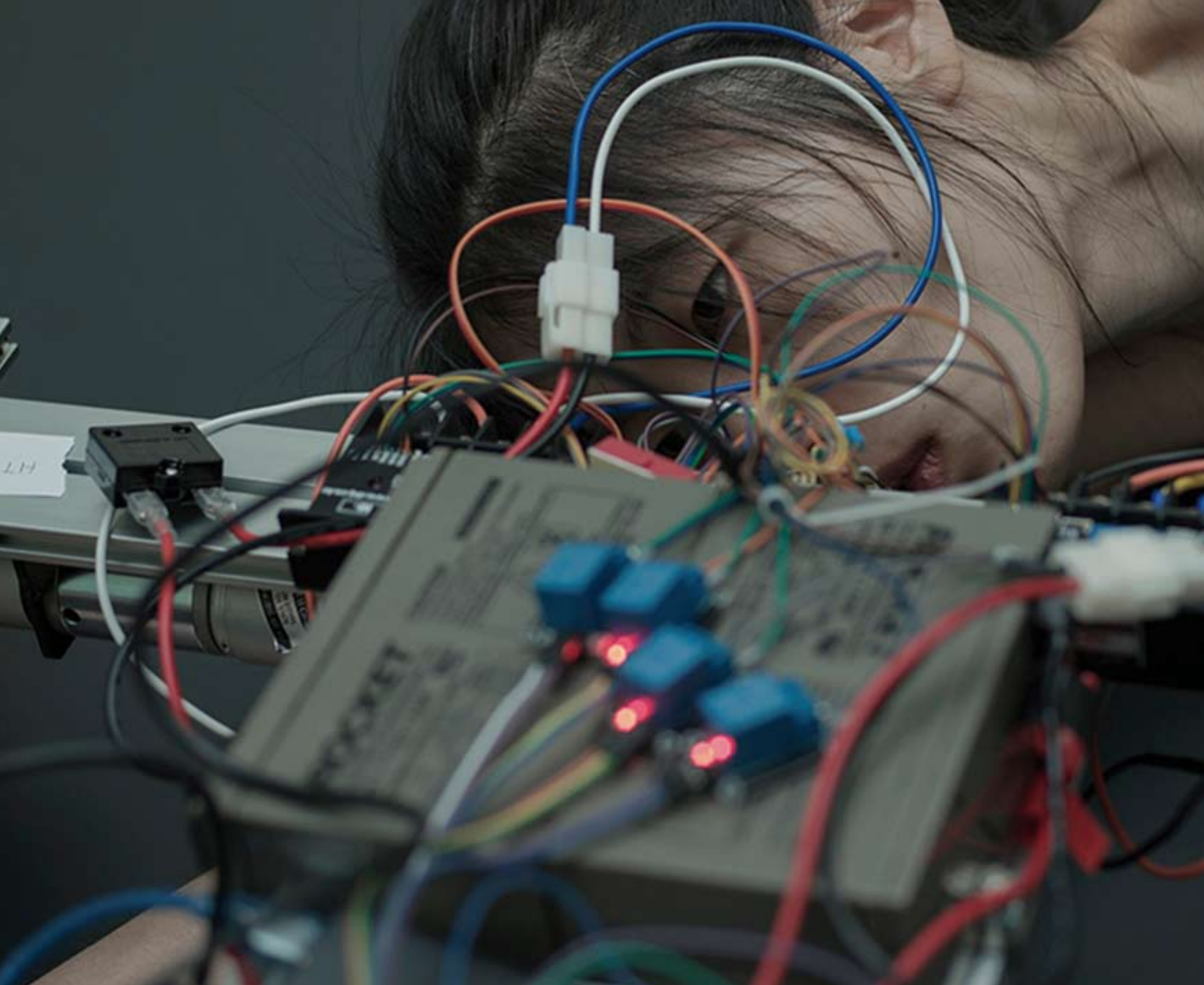
JK. I had forgotten that moment and am grateful to be reminded. It feels, right now, like a resource. That's another thing with GJ. One suspects that, for all her absorption in the 'at hand', and her seeming bracketing out of the attentions of us, the spectators, she may in fact be showing us what to do. And even how to do it, although we find our own ways. There are, after all, many ways.

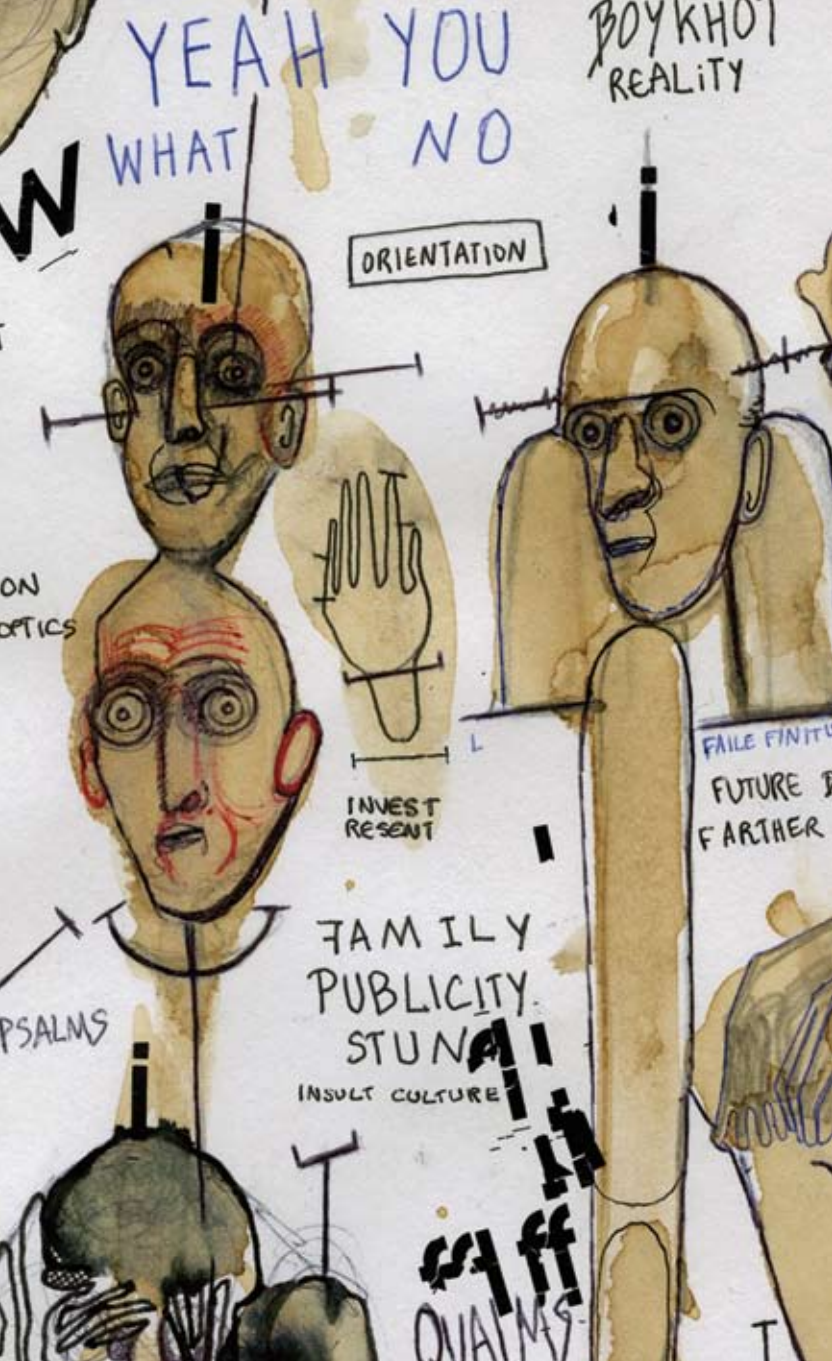
NR: (*eyes small plastic bin in corner of study*).

JK. Although it may be a case of asking, not what the bin (small, plastic) can do for you, but what you can do for the bin. Or what you and the bin can do together. It's a principle that extends. There's a kindness at work, of a kind. Between, as it were, oneself and the others, who it might appear are not one's type or kind. A kind of collaboration. Of solitudes and other sorts.

NR: It has been something like that, all along.

JK. But not inevitably. You had to be there. (*presses 'Save'*)





Yeah You *This Instead*

This instead stops you on the corner to let you know that you can write into it too, entwine your voice. Maybe also look at the internet one. I wanted to depict the virtual consumer, the aesthetic vitrine that intercepts at every front closing down laterality in order to batten down reality with glistening rivets the grinning request for more seamless capitulations as the immaterial data mediator, as another pole, as an expansion of infrastructure stemming from the same intention as nuclear family.

The abundance of access ability online is still hemmed in by thick social assumptions that have been set in stone since long before any of this was thought up, almost as if unbending protocol was forever merely the bland-brutal setting for binary-tonic tropes: the world wide ward where ward is its multifarious interspersal as much the suffix of misleading directions as it is the spell that casts off spiritual intensity for so many years demonized as alchemy yet has ever remained the ultimate how-to for the humawomen/fella-malicious to reposition their critical (if you're lucky) gaze. Yes, always.

Family publicity stunt, fathers of all genders forever in team compressed and packed up to be reployed as invective gone wild. Farmers fail to live up the knowledge of their beasts, which is why the nuclear family is the unclear farmy measured with an insult to pigs, like that, I'd rather release the burgers, freeing the ass that the undermined will proliferate in their unmitigated f(ol)low: [pro-lifer -lol- irrate]. Father as birth-grain weirded into the wood giving the impression of lifelines whose tragedy is as much their triumph as a goal gets ditched for want of trying all the wrong moves, maybe you'll tell me is false, that what u thinking row rite a separate room in a hospital - typically one allocated to a particular type of patient whose symptoms aren't as complex or hard-to-descern as the disinterested specialist is letting on, an administrative division of a city or borough

that typically elects and is represented by a councillor or councillors: admit (a patient) to a hospital ward. A father band from the maternity ward (which did happen).

This instead cracks open the shroud on the dark tautological pit of self-reflection, misinterpretation-projection, opposition-recognition, the artist eats it's young in order to crap it off the fifth floor balcony [MYKL JAXN in tabloid furore-voyeur-orgy, dangling the kid from height], the parent child art is the dialectical excessive of two poles alienated and connectivity/subjective reciprocation, internal external reciprocation. A generational diffusion conflicts with official reports: a terror incident named as such because part of the skin (just below the knee) had been symmetrically parted in fashioning a statement on flaw-ware (floor-wear) for the ultra-lost.

To greet the dislocated associates [the Khot, it's the nest the primordial soup the meeting place, diving into your roots, trigger mutations in the genetic pool, irreversible conflation, rejecting the pillars of family role we do sit amongst the rubble]. Hence the genealogy of prayer: always resist-reject what you want. Voice-eye coordinates and the uninvited fiend-friend-found at the fountain. Faking alacrity amongst the old and the slowed down, accusing the first father of the second father and the latter's indignance at being included unless folded in like meringues. Enfolded indolence of perpetually distracted into vacuum fun, hoovering up the last leftover chips from the intestine carpet.



COMPLEX
ABILITY

Corporate
biology

STRANGER MEANS
YOUR AVERSION IS KEY

"HUMANS
HATED
ONE AND
OTHER"

AUTHORISE IMPACT
SEIZE
OUR
DAILY
HEAD

1919LES

549TOMB

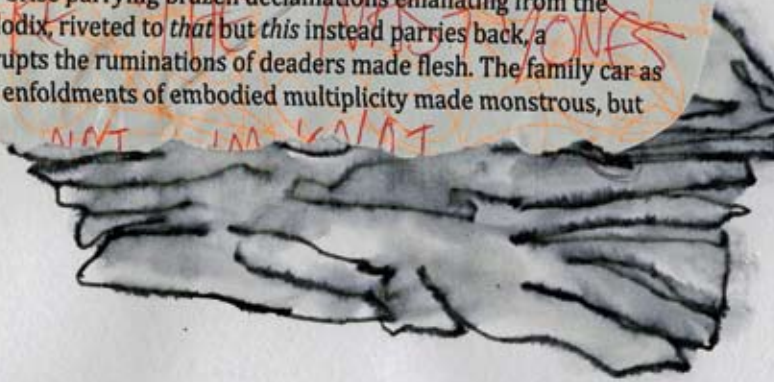
EMPTY MAJESTIC



CITIZEN



DISAVOW PATRIARCHIAL
 Routine-Ritual-Regime: I'm get me a dual brengine that cuts wholes out of empty space made emptier by the accumulations of myopia the bad drumming beats out of the good ones. Vitral pare-brise parrying brazen declamations emanating from the twistings of textural melodix, riveted to that but this instead parries back, a contradiction that interrupts the ruminations of deaders made flesh. The family car as carry-parry. Corrugated enfoldments of embodied multiplicity made monstrous, but nice ones.



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STAKE

STATE MYTHOLOGY

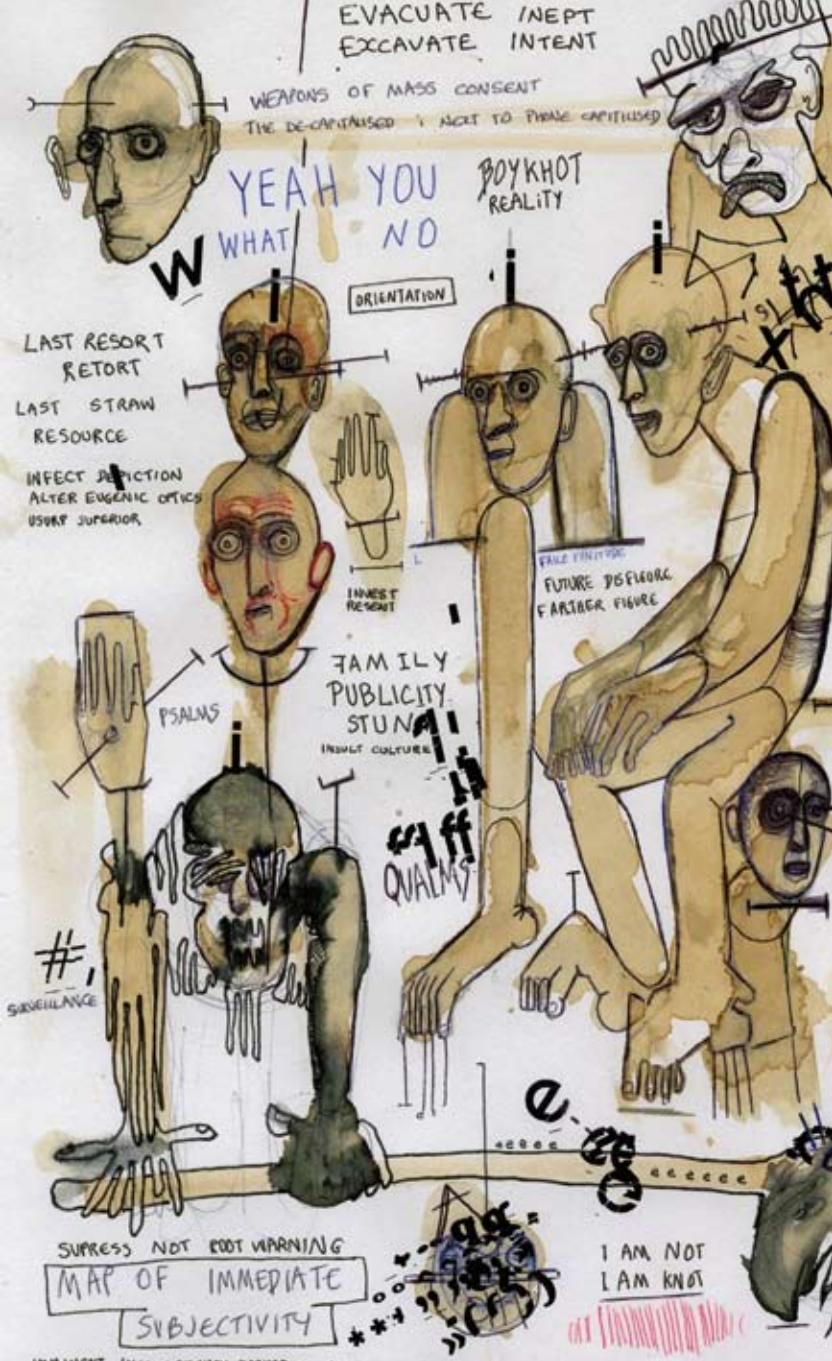
This instead marks the practical disavowal of the imprint: not simply combusting it into spores of randomness but always seeking to make the next expendable definitive, the explodable infinitive retrodden in 11 pairs of chosen shoes, the parent made parental by banishing apparatus in favour of the perpetually unfolding instead-fast of this, necessary and vital for the ignition of spontaneous pronouncement.

UNCHOSEN SREWS
 Fa(r)ther parent hetical fa@the paralytically corrected and recomposed through fleet essentials flying past the frame in each micro-moment that you inhabit it. Fraught assembly caressed from air -
 This instead your heart
 Frame this instead steal auratic
 This instead consumed capital regurgitated regorged on
 Rejoice/undermine: claim forgot
 Menacing that this instead of what/fired excavate//

INVERT

ONTOLOGY

This instead is the ongoing consciousness of a performative action always in a fugitive state charging headlong into the lights.





Living surrealist art project YEAH YOU, inclusively present their 'C-art' Car-art/ - THIS INSTEAD'- A dismantling of the family/reality construct, reflecting on the meaning of social drive, and the interdependence of the individualist driven driver. The nuclear family Car, designed as facilitator of A to B intergenerational compliance whilst optimising domestic / commercial 'ERRANDS', now THWARTED WAYWARD to become a futurist unused found object, taken as a facilitator of music production and critical reflexivity in the public space.

A car, THIS INSTEAD

A shop THIS INSTEAD

A form THIS INSTEAD

In a series of CAR/T performances happening in Bologna The duo oscillate between standards of performative conduction. The audience will be left to their own devices to internally debate the question of SOUL vs ROLE these performances might arouse.

The basic method of this instead implies that the implications of any basic situation you have before you may be infinitely re-interpreted, that continuously metamorphosing interpretations is the closest you will get to a truth

(a word i only bother to mention since we are as a species so historically possessed by its industry)

Re-interpretable situations

Including a performance at an art festival

Including a traffic jam

Including debut

Including brexit

Including the euro funnel

Including function

WHAT

We have must left to think of on the brink of these insteads.

GWP TH DROAD

Aw amazing is great I'm gunba read again in morning and take the best bits and google some words I don't know like parry ... But do funny yes this parental idea, like you give birth to the future - and try to entrench it in the past, hem it into the pre-existent ?? You boycott the future? Organisation = Fear
Organism = process of infinite mutation
The boundless healing power of youth, to destroy the whims of present hierarchy, regeneration is lost in an infrastructural vanity that desires self replication ? Why not let the youth infect us!

INFECT ITSELF

YOU F

A reciprocal parent child exchange that is not ontologically imbalanced, one sided, HIERARCHICAL knowledge exchange + rejection, but minds fuses to analyse the present as equals with different optic angles, the combination is more powerful than their dispute, this requires truths not truth

Ritual-regimen parsed and blown parted, slotted into spun woodens that spring these
insteads inwards towards the faintly sanguine glow amongst. The inverted tree growth
of internal truth, the blue-etched familial unity placed alone along the maps that
ensnape them. Cold uncaught, more fire than the range can encompass you had this in
your hand.

WW

u

INTERNET KNOT
KRUTCH TO KHOT
STREAM AWARECE
SCREAM CONVERSION
SYSTEMB

I AM NOT
I AM KNOT

POSABLE
THUMBS

VIRTUAL
CARTOGRAPHY

Don't sell shit in
my father's house

I hear someone
shouting in your
house



Yeah You
WELSH NATIONAL ANTHEM, Return False

DESTINY
WEARS ITSELF THIN
ALL YOU HAVE TO COMPARE WITH THIS IMMEDIACY
IS THE PLANET YOU JUST LEFT
ALL YOU HAVE IS THE LAST STRATEGIC
CONDOLEMENT
ALL YOU GAVE FROM YOUR STILL MEMBRANE
ALL YOU END UP DELIVERING
IS SLACK IS EXCESS VALUE
CONTRACTED
BUT BELIEVE YOUR ROOTS ARE INFECTIOUS
IT RESTORE AN ABILITY TO REGISTER EACH
STATEMENT
TO REGRESS BACK LEVEL PAVEMENT
THEY WOULD NOT CAPSIZE
THOUGH IT PROMISED THAT THEY WOULD NEVER
AGAIN SEE THAT DAYLIGHT
BUT THEY WERE THEY WERE NOT CAPSIZED
BUT THEY KEPT THEIR MOMENTUM UNFAIR UNJUST
THEY TURNED AGAINST ALL OF YOUR INCENTIVES
NOT TO BE VIOLENT
THEY TURNED AGAINST ALL OF YOUR SILENCE
THEY TURNED AGAINST ALL OF YOUR POLITE OUTPUT
YOUR OFFERS AND YOUR OFFENSIVES MADE THEIR
INNER FACE SHAKE
MADE THEIR EMBARRASSMENT UNLEASH A VITAL
RETACH
RELEASE A VITAL CONTACT, RELEASE IMPULSE

AS IT SNATCHES ITS PRESENCE FROM ITS OBLIGER
AS IT SNATCHES ITS PRESENCE FROM ITS
COMPROMISED COMPRISE
AS IT SNATCHES BACK ITS TEMPO FROM THE WHIM

THAT KEPT IT BRIGHT
AS IT SNATCHES BACK ITS MATERNAL PATERNAL FROM
MIDST OF A FADING LIGHT
BITE BITE
AS IT DETACHES ITS SIBLINGS
AS IT REDUCES ITS CONNECTIONS
AS IT TIES ITSELF NOT FROM THE ROCKS FROM THIS
EARTH
IT WILL BE FORGOT
AS IT SEVERS ALL ASSOCIATIONS
AS IT TEARS ITSELF FROM THE IMAGINATION
AS IT GETS BACK TO DECLINE DECLINE DECLINE
DECLINE

SETS ITSELF UP IN APPROPRIATE FILE
SETS ITSELF UP ALPHABETICAL ORDER

ITS HERITAGE SPAT OUT TO THE FLOOR
ITS INHERITANCE STAMPED UPON
CRACKED MOTIVES CRACKED MOMENTUMS
YOU DISCOVER THEIR MONUMENTS
YOU TAKE BACK THESE PORTRAITS OF ANCESTORS
YOU TAKE BACK THE FACT THAT YOU SEE
IN YOUR OWN SKIN A SEEPING RECOGNITION
IN COMPARISON TO THESE GENETIC CODES
THAT HAVE REFOLDED IN THIS MUTATED FORM
YOU TRY TO MUTATE THE FORM FURTHER
YOU TRY TO BE THING AGAINST ITSELF WITHIN THIS
FERVOUR
YOU TRY TO BE THE ANTI-HUMAN COMPROMISE AND
COURT
YOU TRY TO BE THE SPIRIT ENTICING
YOU TRY TO BE ITS WRITHING
YOU TRY TO BE ITSELF DECIDING

TRY TO TAKE IT UP AGAINST THE SUCCESS MOMENTUM
AGAINST THE INDIVIDUAL IN THEIR OWN STATEMENT
AGAINST THAT JOB THAT GETS YOU WELL PAID
WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO BE SUCCESSFUL?
SIDETRACK A WAY TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU'RE
ALWAYS AN ALIEN IN YOUR HABITAT
THAT YOU'RE ALWAYS A LONG-LOST A STRANGER THE

FAMILIAR
THAT YOU'RE ALWAYS LOOKING AT YOUR OWN HANDS
AND SPITTING INTO THEM
WHAT THE FUCK ARE THESE DEMONS?
WHY ARE THEY ATTACHED TO THE REST OF MY
FEELINGS?
WHY IS THIS REFLECTION REFRACTING BACK MY EYE
CONTACT?
I CANNOT SEE, THIS PERCEPTION HAS BEEN STOLEN
AND REPLACED
THIS IS A HOAX THIS IS A HOAX
I'M LAUGHING BACK INTO THIS BLACK HOLE
I'M LAUGHING BACK INTO THE SUBVERSION
I'M LAUGHING BACK AT MY REFLECTION
THIRD PERSON THIRD PERSON
TEARING BACK IT THINKS THAT IT'S GOT JESTED
IT STILL THINKS THAT IT'S GOT TIME TO MASTER THE
CONNECTION
IT THINKS THAT KNOWLEDGE IS A PROGRESSIVE
PROGRESS
BUT IT DOES NOT SEE THAT IT IS REGRESSING
CONSTANTLY

KNOWS THAT YOUR NOSE IS GETTING LONGER
PINOCCHIO
I CAN SEE THAT YOU ARE A LIE AS YOU PLAY IN-ROLE
EACH LAYER THINNER YOU THINK THAT YOU ARE
GETTING CLOSER TO THE WINNING STRUCTURE

YOU THINK THAT YOU'LL BE ABLE
TO PROMISE YOUR PERSONALITY'S GOALS
YOU THINK YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE

A STATEMENT ON ITS GRAVE
YOU REALISE THAT THE HUMAN WAS A CONSTRUCT
CONSTANTLY MUTATING
THAT IT WAS MORPHOLOGY THAT AT ITS FINAL STAGE
IT WAS MOST INSECT-LIKE
THAT IT WENT THROUGH PHASES OF THE ANIMALISTIC
DIVIDE DIVIDE DIVIDE

THAT ITS YOUTH THERE WAS NO LIST OF
SURPRISE, SURPRISE THAT IT

HAS ALTERNATIVES NOW
HAS ALTERNATIVES NOW

IT HAS LOST ITS PACT
IT HAS LOST ITS POWER
IT HAS LOST ITS PAST

THE PERSECUTORS HAVE FOUND IT HAS LOST ITS
POWER
IT HAS LOST ITS INERTIA
STEPPED OUT, CONSERVE IT IN RESERVE

I TRY TO TAKE APART
TO THE TAKEN VERSION OF ITS CONTEMPORARY ROLE
TO THE EXPORTABLE MARKET

A SHIP THAT HAS PRE-SEALED

ITS SYLLABLES, ITS LULLABIES, ITS RELATIVES
THEY ALL CARRY ITS OWN GOAL

THEY ALL TAKE OVER THE RELAY AS THEY THINK
THAT THEY WILL BE
WELL COMPENSATED FOR THIS MONOTONE, THIS
MONOLOGUE INNOVATING

YOU CAN SPEAK IN THE SAME LANGUAGE YOUR
WHOLE LIFE
BUT YOU'LL NEVER REALISE THAT YOUR CONCEPTUAL
SCHEME IS AGAINST YOUR SIGHT
IT IS AGAINST YOUR MOUTH SPEAKING, IT IS AGAINST
YOUR HANDS
FLUCTUATING, FLUCTUATING, YOU THINK THAT THE
GRIP OF THE PEN

SECURES EACH OF THE WRITTEN LETTER
INSCRIBED INSCRIBED
YOU LIE AS YOU WRITE
AS YOU PUT THOUGHTS INTO LANGUAGE, YOU LIE AS
YOU COMPRISE
AS YOU REDUCE YOUR TRUTH
AS YOU LIE, YOU WRITE
YOU PUT THIS INTO WORDS AND FACTS
THAT LANGUAGE IS THE ONLY MEANS OF DECEPTION
IN OUR TACTIC

YOU STATE THIS CONTRACT WHEN YOU AGREE TO USE
THE PERSONAL PRONOUN i, i

YOU SIGN THIS CONTRACT WHEN YOU AGREE TO USE
THE DECAPITALISED i
NEXT TO THE Phone CAPITALIZED

NEXT TO ITS CONTRACT
NEXT TO ITS MONOTONOUS POSITION
DEPRIVED OF INTENT
PUTS IN ITS OWN COMPOSURE
TO ITS AUTHORITY
THE COLONIZED IMAGINATION THE COLONIZED
CULTURE
TAKE OVER BACK FROM THEM

THEY CANNOT SEE THAT THEY ARE THE EXPLOITED,
THEY'RE OPPRESSED
BECAUSE THEY ARE DEVIATED CONFUSION
MONGLERS
SHOW THEM THAT THEY ARE ENSLAVED
GIVE THEM ENOUGH DISTRACTIONS
TO DEPRIVE THEM OF THAT CONDITION FOR
RECOGNITION
THAT THIS IS OVER US UNLESS
WE CHANGE AND DEVITALISE OUR POSITION

UNLESS WE GET OUT OF THE USER-FRIENDLY ZONE

WE WILL ALWAYS BE COMPROMISED BY THE
EFFICIENCY

AND THE ABSOLUTE DEPENDENCY ON A SMARTPHONE

THIS INSTANT INFORMATION THIS USE THIS
EFFICIENCY
IS KEEPING US

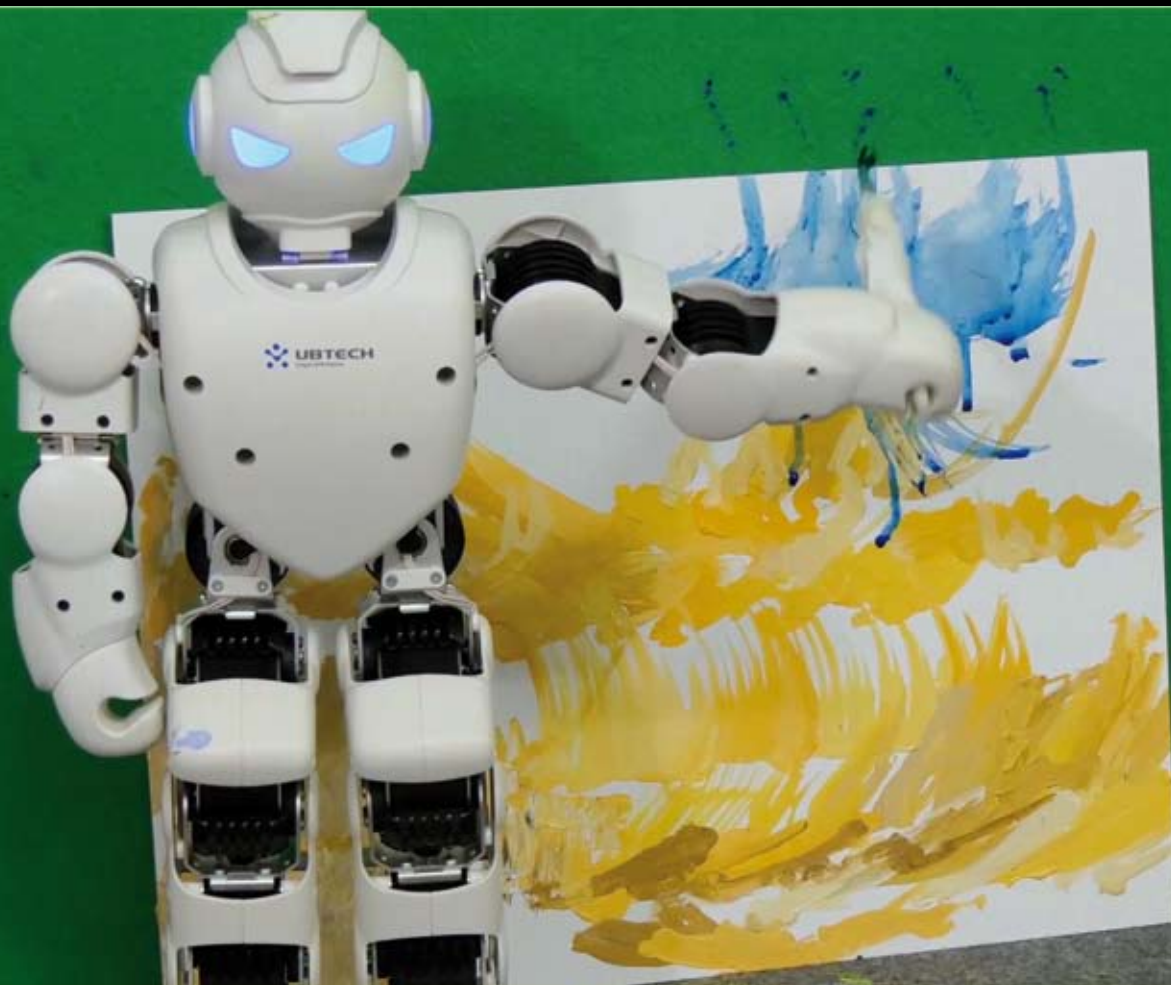
DEPRAVED
IT'S AFFIRMING WASTE, AFFIRMING WASTE.



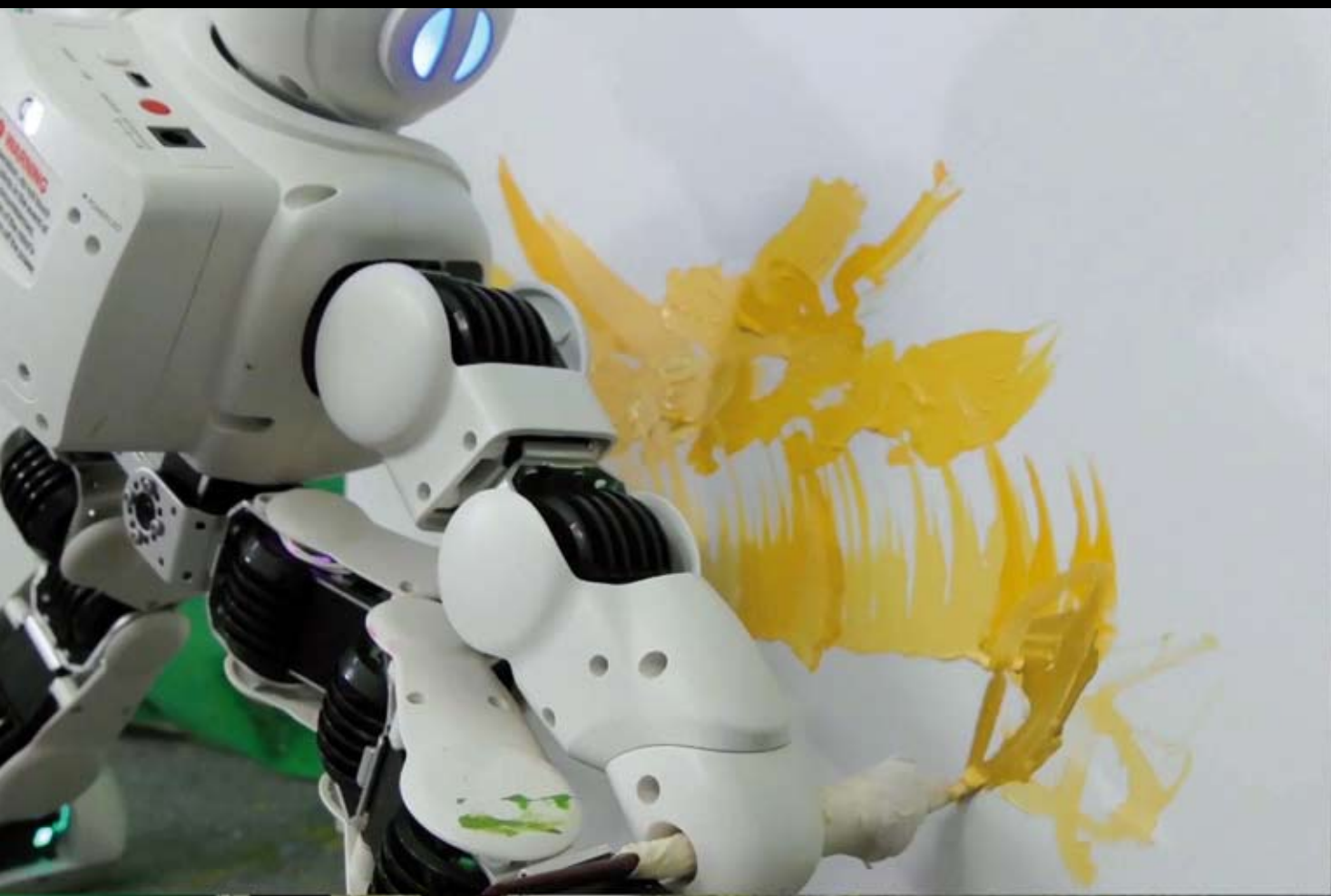
Riccardo Benassi
Morestalgia28032020

HEN I RETURN
ACK TO ITALY















Cristina Kristal Rizzo/Charlie Laban Trier
This is A Tale of reverb systems

A Room Like No Other
Sweetest reverb – real sweet reverb
After life, after-sound, sonic-lie, lying down

Clouded thunder screaming - Wah wah wah – staying a life
and our damn fine aluminium fingers brushing over mat surface
non-sensible sensual consensual
far far far far far far from syntactical
Vibe'ing, vibrating – wah wah wah – staying a life

Where does your gentle gestures come from
Unconventional host conventional
unconventional host
calling back the past calling back the past calling back the back
calling calling
you self feeding my oh my

Dead must be understood differently
Curing the dead in the future
of inanimate matter
with and for everyone
with and for everyone
with and for everyone oua oua oua oua
We should learn
to be
self feeding
from
sunlight
plankton

we will wake up together tomorrow morning
where does your gentle gestures come from piercing my heart
That was A Tale of reverb systems
in a Room Like No Other
Sweetest reverb – real sweet reverb
After life, after-sound, sonic-lie, lying down
Clouded thunder screaming - Wah wah wah – staying a life

Vibe'ing, vibrating – wah wah wah
far far far far far far from syntactical – piercing my heart

piercing your heart
piercing my in your heart
just enjoyment without us
with and for everyone
with and for everyone
charismatic
causality

causality charismatic
causality
Time has the duration you want
to give it
I gently stroke stroke stroke stroke your hair
and red are the books I'm looking for

to collect to collect collect collect
just enjoy without us
Will you meet me by the buried earth?
Sweetest reverb – real sweet reverb
After life, after-sound, sonic-lie, U lie down

Where does your gentle gestures come from
Unconventional host
unconventional host
calling back the past calling back the past calling back the past
You self feeding my oh my
I gently stroke your hair

the wind blows the windows
everyday
everyday
life e e e e e e
screaming together

sweet sweat magma
sweet sweat magma
sweat my magma

and the wind blows

No matter how hard we try
They keep pushing us aside and we can't break through
There's no talking to you
Grief

is the photograph of an object buried deep inside you
twinkle twinkle twinkle twinkling
for an eye
an eye for an eye for an eye for an eye
a spy for a spy
I know this much is true
like leering figures in a masquerade
sensual ether
sensual ether
gravity waves from the beginning of the Universe

transgressing our body
action at a distance
distance
action at a distance - closer
they used to call it
demonic - powdered crystals
non-local mesh that floats

Scintillate

Beginnings, middles and ends are sensual – middle ends, beginnings
Sensuality
flickers of uncertainty
non-sensible sensual consensual
far far far far far far from syntactical
Vibe'ing, vibrating – wah wah wah – staying a life

the disco of a present moment
like dust in the air
suspended
this is the end
dying is a sensual event that occurs in an inter objective space

We started out, because we were so crazy in love, just wanting to eat
each other up, to become each other and become one. And as we
did that, we started to see that it was affecting us in ways that we
didn't expect. Really, we were just more parts of one whole.

Dazzling So Beautiful....
Am I really that 'Trans-huuuuman

It's Horribly maximized
And the chorus goes
So we don't get Feels you say
What a lovely way
'Turned-in
Sweet smile
Soft soft soft soft soft soft soft
a 'downtiration Tender love

Keep us to the same
twin twin twin, we made it – sown together
forever
a 'downtiration Tender love
we and we - that's where we go – wah wah wah – staying a life

It was all pretty fake
Pretending matter – we've been told
no, not girl, but we know what you need
Wasted soul all these times
Moving futuristically backwards - Crushing flirts
calling back the past calling back the past calling back the back
calling calling
Tearing down, tearing down, in a 'downtiration tender love

Dangerous, But Not Unbearably So
Disastrously varied mental modes
I can I I everything else
Balls have zero to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to
You I everything else
Balls have a ball to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to
I I can I I I everything else

Balls have a ball to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to
to me
I
the disco of a present moment
like dust in the air
suspended
this is the end

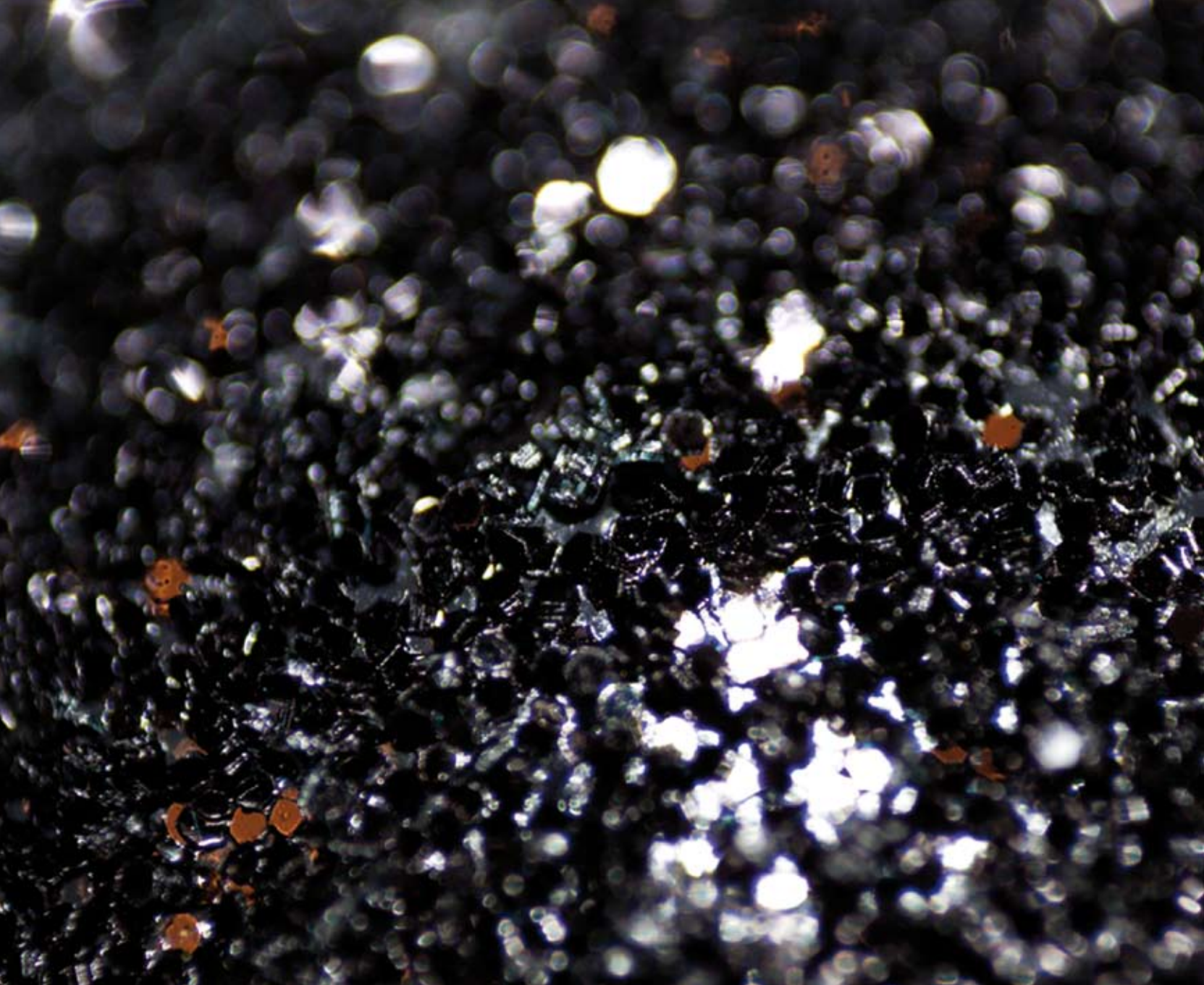
Love and Sex Are A Mercy Clause
But we knew right from the start that you'd fall apart
'Cause we're too expensive
It's probably somethin' that shouldn't be said out loud
Honestly, I thought that I would be dead by now (Wow)

dying is a sensual event that occurs in an inter objective space
Love and Sex Are A Mercy Clause
Balls have zero to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to
to me to
You I I I I everything else
Balls have zero to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to
to me to
You I I I everything else
Balls have zero to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to
to me to

RELEASE - Boooooooooom Glamour Box
So u betrayed yourself as machines
In doing so, the pair spent \$ on surgical alteration, receiving breast
implants, cheek and chin implants, lip plumping, eye and nose jobs,
tattooing, and hormone therapy, while also adopting gender neutral
and alternating pronouns.

Love and Sex Are A Mercy Clause
It's probably somethin' that shouldn't be said out loud
Balls have zero to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to
to me to
You I I I I everything else
Balls have zero to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to
to me to
You I I I everything else
Balls have zero to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to me to
to me to

Honestly, I thought that I would be dead by now (Wow)





Canedicoda
Verosimilmente connesso

su ruota
ruota ferma
mobile fermo
fermo immagino

sposto
attorno
cerchio
torna la ruota

ambiente protetto
tutto l'ambiente fa equilibrio
tutto in equilibrio fa ambiente

niente la notte
mente di giorno

è un suono come il vapore
niente è più bello di un sano pisolino



Graham Lambkin
excerpts from
‘Tradewinds’

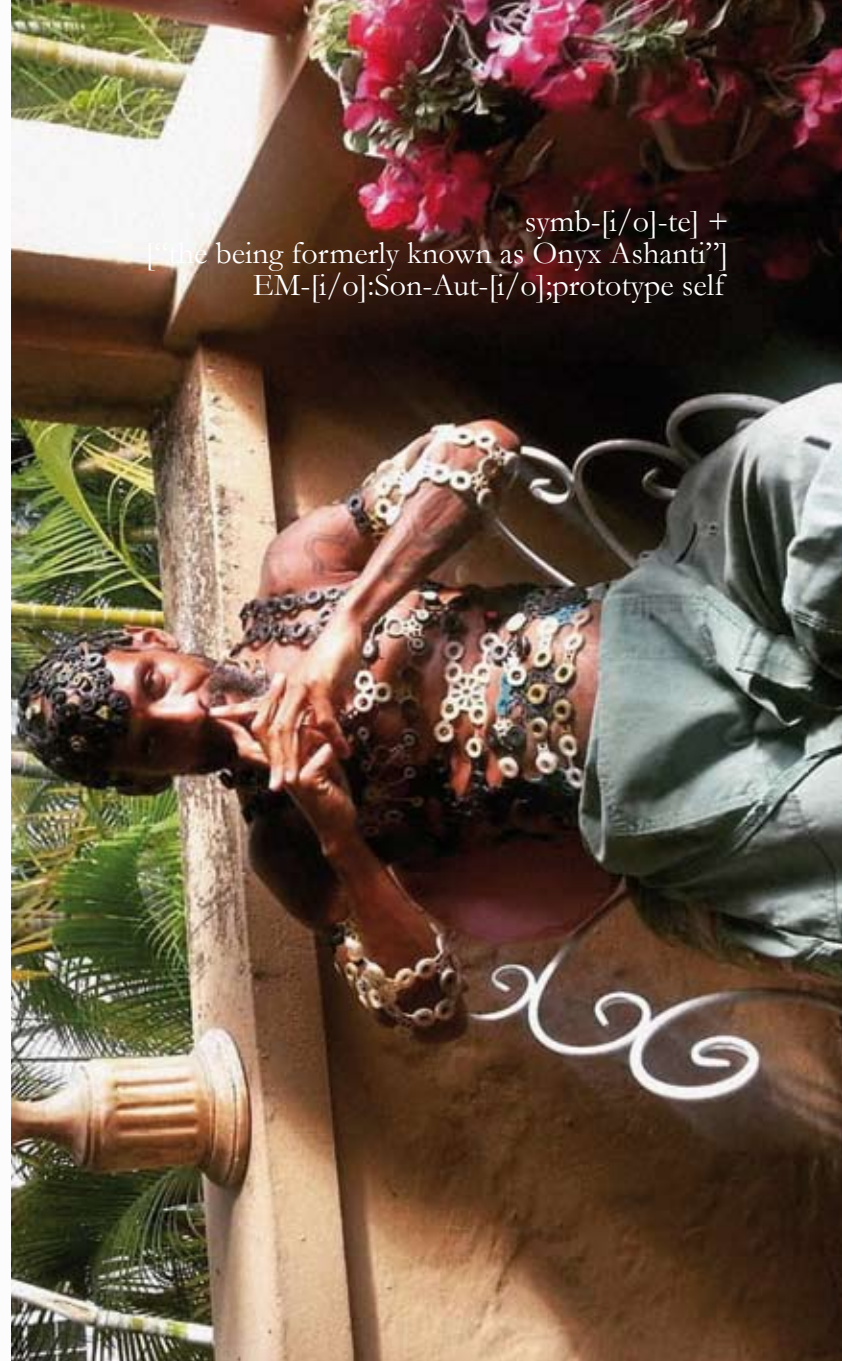
*Where rat and rabbit meet
Where cash and credit card are found
Marble equity loan is grown*

*You’ll be the captain of your finances
The matriarch of your finances
Where rabbit and hare run free*

‘Tradewinds’: spoken -word / performance / environment







symb-[i/o]-te] +
 [the being formerly known as Onyx Ashanti"]
 EM-[i/o]:Son-Aut-[i/o];prototype self



Katerina Andreou
A Continuous Background

TRAINED BODIES

I have always been intrigued by the act of training and the trained body. Body cultivation and somatic practices can be a fitness trend, a mind or spiritual practice, an obsessive ritual, a personal affair, a symptom of a Foucauldian internalized discipline or a motivation to play with power and control. It might also be all the above at once. No matter what, the trained body is for me an interesting field of observation of a common reality: the one of a complex (explicit or underground) structure of power and opposite forces that act upon us, in all their enriching and abusive quality. Craft, labor, rules, codes and even cultural stereotypes on body and desire, are inherent and sometimes explicitly manifested in a trained body.

I try to be transparent about portraying a trained body on stage, because even though after all it is all about manipulation, I believe in its capacity to perform a paradox that everybody lives in: its power as resistance and its resistance to power. My research around trained bodies came to a point that I decided that for each performance, I need to find out which is the practice that goes with it: which training for which movement? Which practice for which performance? Which body for which project?

SHIFTING PRACTICES

Following this question, one of my main artistic methods became the action of switching contexts of training. I try to shift practices and continue learning new techniques and gestures, embody different discourses and ideologies around body and movement. By accumulating this kind of knowledge, renewing and confusing skills and approaches, I try to apprehend not just techniques but technologies.

I keep on learning in order to keep on unlearning. Through this operation, I observe closer structures of powers and manipulation inherent in a certain discipline or training. This navigation through

different disciplines keeps me critical about any practice I choose to dive into, and helps me to redefine my relationship to my own body, therefore to the other, to the so called 'social body'.

PURE IMPURITY

What if the idea of purity is an illusion and everything was made of a much more complex material, so that the question would not be focused on the origin (or originality)?

My research is based on one of my obsessions to look closer at the thin limits between authority and autonomy and to question free will and the different approaches and forms of its expression or experimentation. My intention is to create choreographic objects and situations, where freedom is experienced as something that leaks out of the whole structure and that emerges as a phenomenon beyond intentions.

Literally, my last solo work, *BSTRD*, is based on the notion of impurity. It calls into question the fixed nature of ways of approaching identity, or better the concept of 'belonging' (moral, political, personal) via ideas of origins that tend to oppress the very basic sense of individual autonomy and ignore the reality of contemporary intertextuality.

I'd like to observe and monitor existing crossbreedings and hybridizations. Is there any chance to have a pure impurity in the process? Is it possible to use bastardy as a process and to arrive to a unique suspended object with no origin? What would this bastardy do? Finally, can it arrive to originality though avoiding referentiality? How does *BSTRD* seek for its own legitimacy?

BASTARDISING STEPS, GESTURES AND ATTITUDES

The word 'bastard' has two main definitions that are related yet different. One of the two prevalent meanings is bastardy as not racially pure, and consequently what results from the crossing between two heterogeneous sources that are judged barely compatible. In this first case, what the union produces is necessarily bastard in kind, and nothing can ever modify its status: this first type of bastardy is intrinsic, written in the genetic code even before birth. According to the other definition, the legal one, bastard is used to describe someone born from parents whose union was not recognized by law. In this second case, a couple can technically breed a bastard for lack of legitimation, which entails the possibility of retroactively cancelling bastardy. The

child born out of wedlock can for instance acquire forms of legitimacy by being recognized, or through his or her parent's marriage.

BSTRD is an experiment that uses the first definition to apply methodologies of controlled hybridization, of the meticulous association of hand-picked gestures, steps and attitudes whose specific qualities combine to form a unique result. A bastardy that bears the traces of its own process. The second definition of bastardy is something that breeds the project in its theoretical background, its intellectual basis, the core of *BSTRD*'s discourse. *BSTRD* therefore uses the process itself as its own source of inspiration rather than resorting to clear dissent. It's an itinerary from movement to movement without leading up to any source or starting point. It becomes almost untraceable, and paradoxically more genuine than its starting points. Therefore, *BSTRD* is pure in its form but confused in its hard core: a confused dance of a body caught between the portrait and the portrayed, the subject and its cultural images. *BSTRD* is like a first and a last dance at once.

AMALGAMATION & 80's HOUSE

Looking mostly for the effect of deep resonance, rather than a recognition of a specific referentiality of sound and music, *BSTRD* takes/gives value to two elements in terms of body behavior and sound relationship: literality and insistence. The literal relationship between movement and sound is important to give space to the focus on the hard core of the body on stage. In order to achieve this, the sound source is activated by me, the dancer, on stage, as frankly as possible: the music is recorded on a vinyl that is the only source of sound. The structure, and consequently a big part of the dramaturgy, become a radically straight forward play between what the vinyl dictates and what I decide. This choreographic and musical gesture of insistence, throughout an intensive physical performance in high db, can give the aesthetics of chaos, anarchy, of a radical 'punch' that is being balanced by a very attentively -almost minimalistic- approach of the choreography itself.

Here I focus on different musical and social dance cultures, and especially on House Culture as an inspiration and physical base.

House dance and music (1980's in New York and Chicago) is the best example of a practice of amalgamation, developed by people and sometimes professional dancers of different ethnic, cultural or technical background, dancing together on the same music. The physicality and the statement that comes with, especially in terms

of origin/originality/belonging has been an interesting base for my research. My main focus is on the cultural digestion of the genre itself, and the vinyl is used in all its discursive potentiality: the house culture offers a search field on the relationship to the sound both for its musical and cultural meaning. House music, and the practice of the DJ figure, made me develop an apparatus, where the vinyl is present as the main prop, the main partner, the main voice. Vinyl becomes the space, the subject and the object at the same time.

SOFT UNIVERSES FOR HARDCORE BODIES

Today I am intrigued by more ‘measurable’ physical practices that are not about creating unity but rather allowing the body to think differently or maybe I could say not to think for a second, practices that solicit what I would call a ‘massive body’, a kind of total effort, that would also deal with a kind of empowerment or strength, but mostly in the naïve sense or sensation of freedom through the embodiment of a light physical risk or overcome of boundaries.

My recent experience was trials of aerial acrobatics and gymnastic exercises. What interests me in these fields is the fact that what makes the practice is actually the apparatus (trampoline or tissue/rope), as if what is conditioning the body is the environment: in the air, due to elasticity of the medium. There is a risk, but it can be measured. And it is this risk that makes the movement exciting, especially when the momentum is well exploited. Both of these practices are very near activities that infants and children get to exercise quite easily and with a lot of pleasure exactly because of this momentum, the moment of suspension, the still point of the movement. Fly, slide, suspend, turn, jump, all these are actually activities that are associated with fear (especially for the adult) and pleasure (especially for the child).

This affect of the suspension, or other gestures that got me closer to an almost infantine excitement, made me look closer to the playground, the spaces where the training takes place. I found these spaces extremely contradictory: I talk about the so called ‘parks’, a kind of adjusted gyms or indoor playgrounds that offer a sensation of safety in order to comfort any kind of fear (and also real accident). For the individual that is practicing inside these spaces, there are limits to push further, even under a form of fun, but in an environment that is extremely safe, that appeals the risk taking or the boundaries overcome exactly because of the plastic and synthetic material – foam cubes, plastic elastic floors or walls and fake ropes. An artificial environment that seems to imitate the function of an outdoor natural

landscape (jungle, waterfall, cliffs) but without any risk of discomfort or harm.

Soft universes that host hardcore trained bodies.



A PARADOXICAL PURSUIT OF ‘FREEDOM’ AND ‘HAPPINESS’

My observation of all the above (suspension, soft core universes, concept of the natural) led me to more fashionable trainings, for instance fly yoga (= yoga with the help of suspended tissues). This practice seems like a combination of traditional yoga without the effort of gravity and aerial acrobatics without the risk of height. Far from reproducing this physicality or its apparatus on stage, I want to explore its discursive aspect: it does not consider itself just a fitness training, but it is a way to achieve a state of internal mind and body balance. This very trendy western training seems to be naming and promising a kind of happiness.

How exactly is this happening and how much is it associated to the movement of suspension, the lack (or stronger sensation) of gravity? Is the quest of happiness what makes this practice successful and popular? How comes that this peace or happiness is being related to a social isolation, a reality rupture in artificial spaces that imitate natural landscapes? Is it like a utopia being proposed in order almost to ‘forget’ for a while our own realities? Is harmony associated to an individual practice in retreat into a safe environment?

CONTEMPORARY ASCETISM

This is one example of several western body/mind practices that I consider confused and confusing, full of paradoxes as far as cultural exchange and stereotypes of well being/harmony/peace and of healthy bodies are concerned.

But in my case also, in my own continuous background research and practice shifting, I also reach limits through a kind of ascetic activities and rehearsals, following always my ultimate question about "free will". The (always vain) goal of experiencing and embodying a kind of freedom in a very subjective way is my own fiction of happiness, that keeps me on working and making art.

That is why in the duo *Zeppelin Bend* I wish to choose curiosity over irony, and through discipline of physical work and full body engagement let the performance advocates and at the same time question these ascetic attitudes and their relationship to a concept of harmony or paradise. What do we need to create our illusion of 'happiness', what is actually operating as reality in that effort and how vacant this utopic 'paradise' might be? Is the body the only real thing in that effort?

TOGETHERNESS / A KNOT FOR A DUO

Zeppelin Bend is a general-purpose bend knot. It is a secure, easily tied, and jam-resistant way to connect two ropes. Though its simplicity and security may be matched by other bends, it is unique in the ease with which it is untied, even after heavy loading, by pulling the opposing bridges away from each other.

It is a knot difficult to tie while ropes are under tension, difficult also to tighten either main part, during or after tying, by pulling through the knot. The zeppelin is therefore tied with two loose ends ending with a simple knot on each, but woven to each other in a very specific pattern... Another method of remembering this knot is to visualize a "69".

In the formal pattern and the concept of the knot in suspension and aerial training, there is all the complex palette of a relationship of one to another, and therefore all the borderline between freedom and authority: domination vs docility, ambiguities, power balances (power as resistance and resistance as power), manipulation paradoxes, interdependence, negotiation, work, security, individuality and togetherness, identity and belonging. Rule and limit as an opportunity to break free and/or as a pure obeisance.

However, what interests me mostly is that when the knot is there, no other bonding/relationship needs to be neither explicit nor

explained. The concept does not need to interfere anymore, and the body can experience the physicality that the knot pattern as a scenic element and a prop can offer when used and watched.

Already having a name of a knot as a working title, emancipated my thinking on collaboration and liberated any stress about demonstrating togetherness and its issues on stage.

ROPE PIECE, AN EXAMPLE

The one-year performance of the American artists Linda Montano and Tehching Hsieh *Rope Piece* (1983-1984) is always inspirational. They remained tied together 24/7 at the waist by an eight-foot rope for one year. They were not allowed neither touch each another nor to separate free. What is interesting to me here is that the rope (and knot) was used not only as a conceptual or formal element but also as real materialistic condition, catalytic for a new body experience. The artists did not have to demonstrate anything more on their collaboration/relationship, they had just to live with it.





...

Journalist: *We were also reading that you and Linda had some tough moments during this piece. It must have been difficult to be attached with another person, especially because you didn't have a previous relationship with her. Can you tell us about this tension? How did you both manage this? We think it's amazing that you never cut the rope, which means that...*

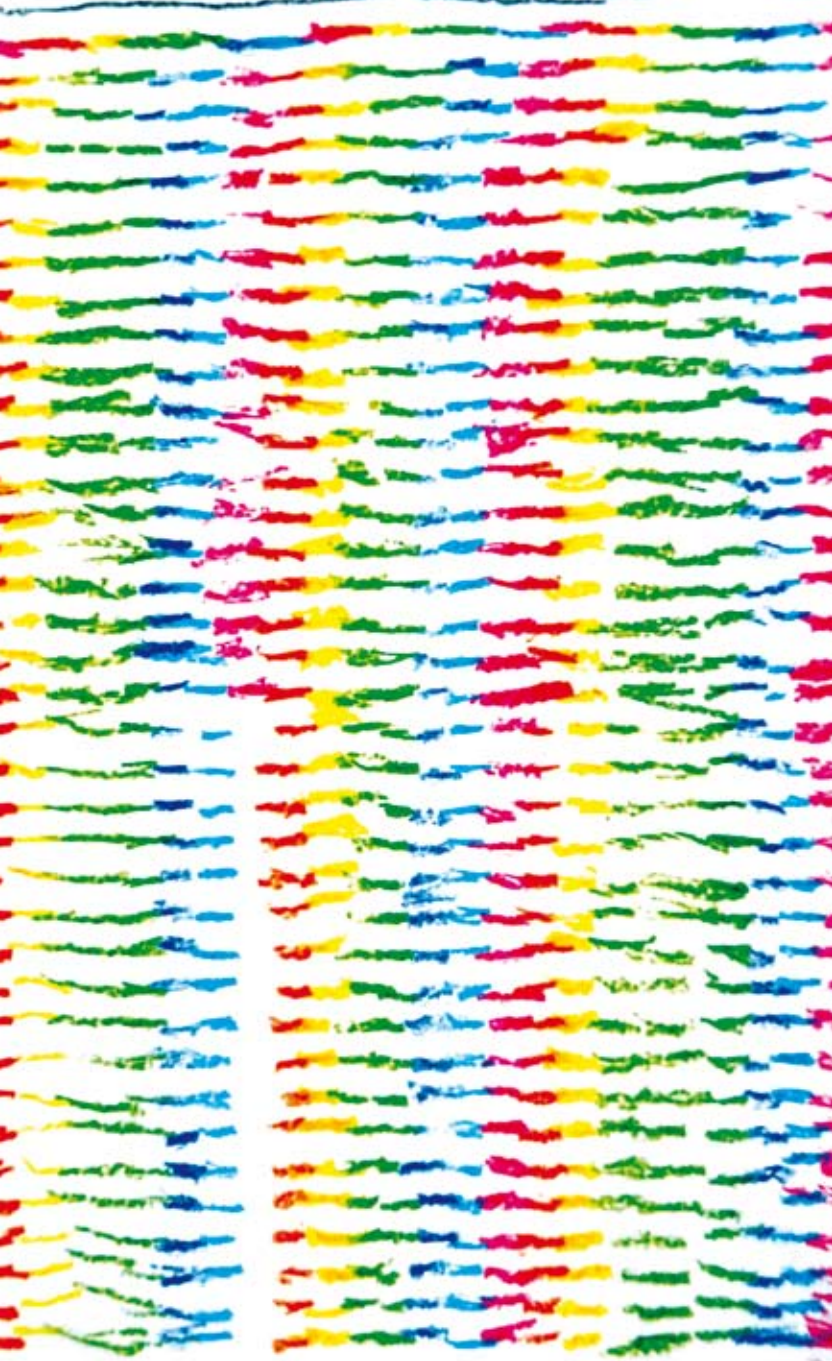
Tehching Hsieh: *...it means this piece worked. Normally, we say, "a couple," meaning that you and another person are very much balanced and in harmony. In real life, two people cannot be this way all the time. If you only talk about the harmonious times, then you miss a lot about humanity. All real things happen with people. In a way, a mother is tied with a child. As a mother, you have a lot of concerns but people don't mention that part much because it would mean they were "complaining." However, that is part of human existence and reality. The work had that quality of reality.*

Journalist: *We imagine that to do this piece, you had to give a lot. You had to be humble because you were attached to another person and you had different times that you needed to go to the bathroom, to sleep, or to eat. Do you think that during that time, you became more understanding?*

Tehching Hsieh: *This piece was really challenging, my character is more of a solo person, a solo performer. So this "togetherness" was my weakest part. This piece shook my previous three one-year performances. Two people together, if you are so opposite, what you do becomes not worth something, not valuable. It affected that kind of feeling. There was no respect. We just did the action. I'm not saying that went one way - it went both ways. It was not just me, or Linda. It was both of us.*

...

Excerpt from the interview *FOR ME IS FREEDOM*,
by MAI - Marina Abramovic Institute, published online on June 23, 2016



Mette Edvardsen
On the writing of Penelope sleeps

“Imagine a type of writing so hard to define its very name should be something like: an effort, an attempt, a trial. Surmise or hazard, followed likely by failure.” (*Essayism*, Brian Dillon)

The word *essay* comes from the French *essayer*, which means *to try* or *to attempt* and which is used here in its most open sense. My initial interest in the essay as a form – which, according to some, has no form, but creates its own rules – was in order to find a way to write the piece *Penelope sleeps*, an opera, while avoiding the grand gestures and narratives. I didn’t want to exclude stories or narratives as such, but to let different stories and materials mix, to let them co-exist without creating unity.

I wouldn’t say that the writing has no form (is that even possible?), and the rules I apply are really not always so clear. But there is an internal invented logic and the writing bends and adapts to the needs at any given moment of the process. The definitions of the essay as form are many and they are vague, but vague in the good sense of the word. The essay provided an open field in which to write the libretto for this opera, to write the piece.

For me, writing means both the text that is written as well as composing with all the elements and materials together in the space, including time and presence. In this case, the writing does not precede the piece. The writing develops in the process of making the piece, which in return informs and influences the writing itself. It is not a clean work, and it holds contradictions inside. Writing, for me, is about the process of writing, not just the text that is produced. The occasion of the writing and the writing are the same.

I work with language as a material and for some years now I have been working with questions on writing, thinking of choreography

as writing. I want to look at this larger notion of the written, not in opposition to the body or movement, but as an extension of it. What sort of writing does this yield? How does such writing come about – and what is it about? What generates writing if not writing itself?

If the main question was about setting music to text, then the world is full of beautiful writings that would easily lend themselves to such a purpose. Homer's *Odyssey*, for one (and especially the new English translation by Emily Wilson). Similarly, we could have opted for an existing score. But our aim was not only the representation of opera, in staging and interpreting, but to work inside it. We wanted to be in the *doing*, as implied by one of the etymological meanings of the word *opera* in Italian: work and labour. As makers we are also performers in the work, and as such we can say that the work unfolds from within, where all the elements are material for the writing and making.

The text is important in its way of being very ordinary, and not really going anywhere. The text is there in order for something else to exist. It's a form of emptying out, a withdrawal. The main thing is not what the story tells (the moral), but that we are listening. Meaning is addressed indirectly and sideways. My task, as I saw it, was not to write a story but to write *in time*. Moments, anecdotes, thoughts create a surface, like a blanket, that we can rest on for a moment. It's a space to sink into and to be carried slowly away, a space to enter and listen.

The first element of the writing of this opera – in the way I consider that all the elements are part of the writing – was the supine position. By bringing the body into a lying position, into horizontality, the focus was on the voice and the physicality of it, not on gestures or the image. We are of course also creating a sort of image, a space, even if a rather minimal and static one. But perhaps it is a space to become part of and not just look at. In return, as material the lying position also proposed images of sleep and of death (not an unusual topic for opera), and of inactivity, resistance and refusal.

Penelope sleeps is not about the mythological figure of Penelope, as the title may suggest, although she remains an important figure in the piece. In Homer's *Odyssey* she often appears in the doorway, and for a long time during the process it wasn't clear to me whether she was on her way in or out.

"*The Odyssey* tells a story of a man whose grand adventure is simply to go back to his own home, where he tries to turn everything back to the way it was before he went away." (Emily Wilson)

Penelope is celebrated as an image of (sexual) loyalty, for having waited 20 years for her husband Odysseus to return from the Trojan War. I think of Penelope as a figure of refusal. She resists, she says no. And her saying 'no' is what makes the story (Odysseus' return) possible. While his aim is to finish a war, to build a wooden horse, to return home, her aim is to hold off an end point, to avoid the end of the story. She remains forever in a state of becoming, not completion. She weaves by day and unweaves by night, and for as long as the weaving is unfinished, Penelope can carry on waiting and hoping, while keeping her suitors at bay, delaying the moment – and, in this way, mastering time.

I read and wrote through a variety of authors, figures and heroines in order to think, debate and make the piece, and as a pretext for my own writing. They took part in the process of writing and making. Since the writing does not precede the piece, and since there is no predefined topic or narrative, it is being developed in the moment of making the piece.

The piece is neither about a story, nor is it about opera. We did not really enter a discussion on the history of opera and where it is today. There was no desire or need to break with certain conventions or rules of opera, since in my case I never really knew them anyway. We were making a piece – an opera. It was about the voice and the internal inner space. How can we create a situation for an internal inner journey, one that is not dictated by the narrative, but where the narrative yields to us, brings us along, creating a field for us to rest upon, to wander and digress.

Appendix #1: Notes on blue - Mette Edvardsen

he's a thief, a pirate, a migrant, a king,
he's an athlete, a beggar, a husband, a lover,
a father, a son
he's a fighter and a liar,
he's a political and military leader,
a strategist, a poet
he's a homeless person, a disabled cripple,
a soldier with a traumatic past,
a fugitive, a colonial invader, a home owner,
a sailor, a construction worker,
he's a murderer and a war hero
he's a man who cries, takes naps, feels homesick,
and who transforms at will.

Notes on blue.

We said we would use the outtakes from the process - it's not really like that. There are no entire stanzas that were once part of the piece and then taken out - that we can now then take back again. But there was material, or better perhaps - some loose threads. There were many loose threads. One was the colour green. I was taking notes about the colour green. This is, how can I say it, like a parallel thought. Something that supports the thinking and writing, a lens to look through, an activity that keeps me close to doing what I am doing, without being the thing - until then suddenly it is. The thing.

In Orlando, Virginia Woolf writes this passage:
"He was describing, as all young poets are forever describing, nature, and in order to match the shade of green precisely he looked (and here he showed more audacity than most) at the thing itself, which happened to be a laurel bush growing beneath the window. After that, of course, he could write no more. Green in nature is one thing, green in literature another. Nature and letters seem to have a natural antipathy; bring them together and they tear each other to pieces. The shade of green Orlando now saw spilt his rhyme and split his metre. Moreover, nature has tricks of her own."

Green, purple - and yellow
this had to do with superstition.
(like the black cat)
and black of course - I consider that a colour too.

These are notes on the colour blue.

Last May, after the premiere of Penelope Sleeps, a friend of mine came over to me after the show and said he'd just come across something really interesting, about a researcher who discovered the absence of the colour blue in the Odyssey.
- 'maybe you can look into it and write something about it and add it into the piece?'

The colour blue -
as an appendix in reverse, and outtake after
the fact.

According to a dedicated Homer-reader and
a fan, my friend told me, the colour blue
never appears in Homer's Odyssey. Not once.
There are a lot of colours, but not blue.

Dawn appears, always with "rosy" fingers -
Ships are black -

Blood is black -

Oxen are wine-colour -

The wine dark sea -

Sheep are violet - not purple, well, not white
or black - in the Cyclops cave they are
dark violet.

Also iron is violet, in the Odyssey.

Faces pale with fear are green.

And the colour of honey is also green - not
the forests, not the leaves.

Black days. Black carrion flies. Black blood.

Under his black brows. Black, black, black, black,
black, black, black, black.

There's a predominance of black and white.

The colour black appears about 170 times in
the Odyssey. And white about 100 times.

White arms. White clad. The White Sail.

White sheep.

Red 13 times. A blood red serpent. Red wine
to the gods. Yellow under 10 times. Dawn in
her yellow robe. Green also under 10 times.

This teeth chatter in green fear.

Blue - zero times.

No blue.

There's just no word that describes the colour
blue in any of Homer's poems. He does not
use the word blue at all.

So the Homer-reader and a dedicated fan
Gladstone, after searching through pages after
pages of the entire poem, concludes that
Homer was colour blind.

He started looking in other Greek texts too,
and kept finding strange uses of colour.

Violet hair - and things like that.
And after thinking about this for a long time,
Gladstone didn't only conclude that Homer
was colour blind, but also that all the Greeks
were colour blind. That they saw the
world in black and white - maybe with a
touch of red.

More research has been made on this subject,
not only in the Ancient Greek texts, but also
old Icelandic Sagas, Ancient Chinese, Ancient
Vedic hymns, The Bible. - No blue.

The Indian Vedic poems, hymns of more than
10 thousand lines, are full with descriptions
of the heavens about the sun and reddening
dawns play of colour, day and night, cloud
and lightning, the air and the ether -

But there's only one thing that no one would ever learn from these ancient songs - and that is that the sky is blue.

There are different theories. The order at which languages seem to acquire these colour terms is not entirely random. First there is black and white. Every language has black and white. And when they get their first colour term - red always comes first. After red, it's always yellow. And then green, and blue only at the very end.

Black, white, red, green, yellow - and blue.

In Homer's world, you wouldn't actually have been exposed to a lot of blue things.

Blue is extremely rare in nature. No blue foods. No blue animals. No blue plants.

Flowers that are really blue are extremely rare.

A lot of flowers that we think of as blue, are actually artificial flowers. We made them blue, genetically.

And blue eyes at the time were in short supply, among the Greeks.

Another theory proposes that you don't really need a word for a colour until you can make that colour reliably. And the reason that red might have been first is that red colour is one of the easiest to produce.

Just take a dried piece of red clay and you can use it as a crayon. Paints made out of ochre go back 60 thousand years.

And blue - blue is the hardest colour to produce. For thousands of years no one had it, except the Egyptians.

And the Egyptians were also the only that had their own word for blue.

So if Homer had no word for blue and the word somehow enables the blueness of the blue, then maybe his world was less blue than it would be for us. Maybe the blue went through his eyes in the same way, but it perhaps didn't get into his mind in the same way.

The sky - you look up and there it is. The bluest blue in the world, right there above our heads, it's been there since the dawn of time.

Homer probably never ever saw a blue object or the colour blue except the sky and the sea.

The colour of the sky - the most beautiful colour.

Blue in nature is one thing - blue in literature another.

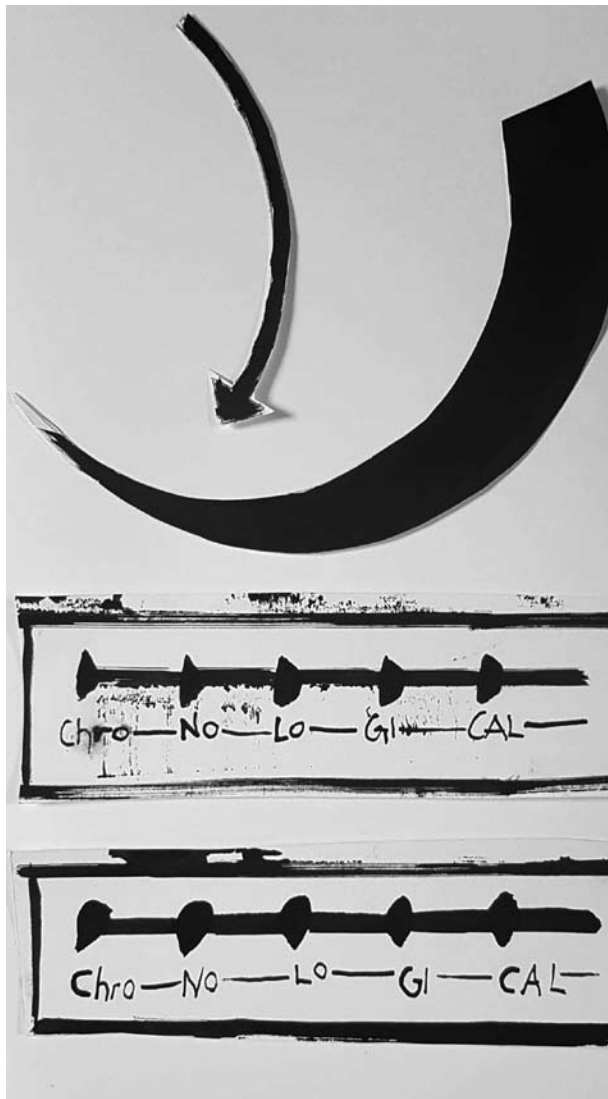
In a text by Lara Khalidi that she wrote for me for another work, I have collected a small passage I would like to end with:

"a wall drawing of a watermelon, made by artist Khaled Hourani in 2005. The colours of the mural (The watermelon) are the same colours as the Palestinian flag. This drawing reveals what has been withdrawn immaterially; the colours of the flag. The raising of the Palestinian flag, up until the Oslo Accords (1993) was designated as an illegal act by the Israeli military. Several Palestinian artists, such as Sliman Mansour deliberately used the colours in their paintings as an act of subversion. Even more so vegetable vendors started making assemblages of vegetables and fruits in the colours of the flag.

Yet, even that was deemed illegal, as Palestinian artists were forced to apply for a permit to the Israeli military in the 80's in order to exhibit their works in public. And so artists resorted to yet another maneuver which became a common strategy among Palestinian artists to outwit the Israeli military authority. An illustration of such tactic was the painting by Sliman Mansour titled *Bride of the Homeland*, 1976 dedicated to a school girl, Lena al Nabulsi, who was killed by the Israeli Defense Forces in 1976. The painting is not painted in red, black, white and green,

at first sight that is, but once one looks closer one realizes that the painting contains elements that are very familiar to every Palestinian and recognizable in their original colours of the flag. Lena's school uniform is blue and white in the painting, but everyone knows the white and green stripes of the public school systems uniform, the grass is not blue but rather green, and that blood is red and not pink."

Thank you Emiliano Battista, Emily Wilson, Gladstone, Radiolab, Guy Deutchens



Mathieu Bouvier
CHRO NO LO GI CAL

Is there a little present in the pure state? Can we snatch a little present from the race of time? Dostoevsky, in *The Demons*, said that this present is a sudden contact with “eternal harmony.” It is an ecstasy, poetic or mystical, but it can not last more than five seconds. Beyond five seconds of pure present, it is epilepsy.

For Marcel Proust, “a little time in the pure state” is offered when an old emotion resonates in a current emotion. It is then lived again in the past, and the present memory is changed. To touch a little time in a pure state is to have a memory in the present.

The present is a river sound, perpetual rather than eternal, a roll between the already and the still.

The dance offers an experience of time that escapes the clocks, a time to live in the weights rather than the measures. For living bodies, in fact, duration is experienced first in the shedding of weight: the birth of a leap, the growth of a leaf, the fall into sleep. In bodies, weights grow, roll, sink and do not divide.

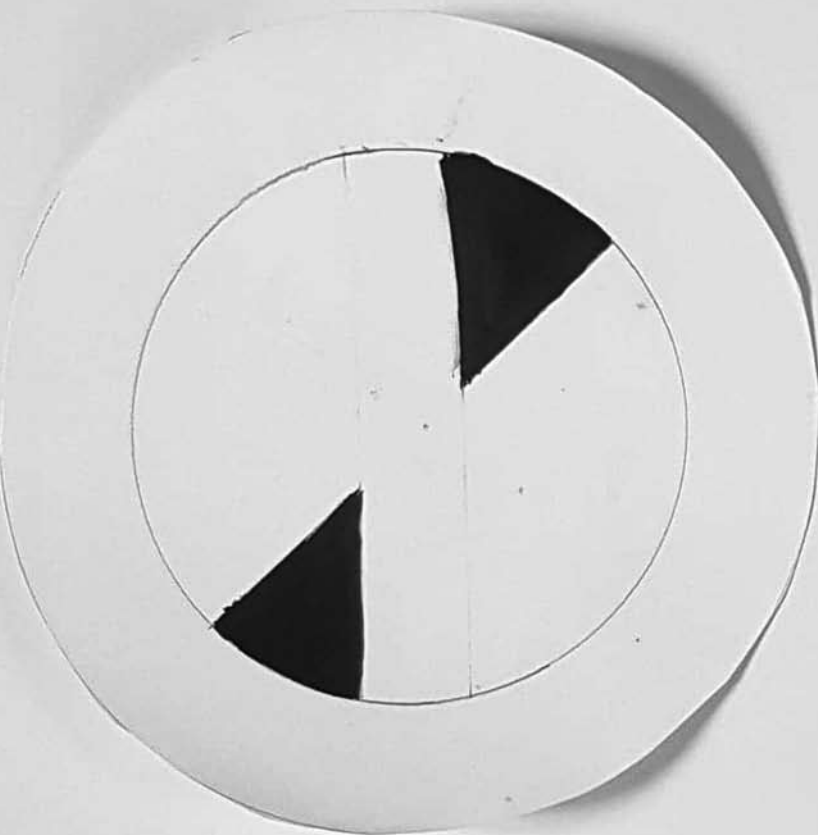
Thus do the seconds, the minutes, the sensations and the thoughts: they are born everywhere, they live in the forgetfulness of their metamorphoses, in the hard desire to last, to use the words of Paul Eluard. Thus do the dances of Yasmine Hugonnet: forces that germinate, grow and change constantly, following mixed flows of effort and relaxation, progressions and retentions, becoming from memories, imminent gestures and afterimages.

Chro no lo gi cal opens rhythmic gaps in the number of time, to explore other consistencies, more plastic: atomic velocities, gravitational waves, flashbacks and déjà-vu, haunting gestures, ghosts in the voice, words before words, dances after the end, survivals of archaic knowledge in the new clothes of the contemporary.

Like black holes swallowing time in the universe, language is also a gap in the body, it always puts us a little late or ahead of the world, the pure presence. Ventriloquism digs and inhabits this gap: a gap between the face and the voice, a hiatus between the voice and the words, a movement of thought that goes up from the bottom of the living, arises in a breath, crosses the face like a cry, and takes shape in a dance.

Le temps thermique: phénomènes irréversibles, la mémoire,
l'intention

Le bas est une condition locale

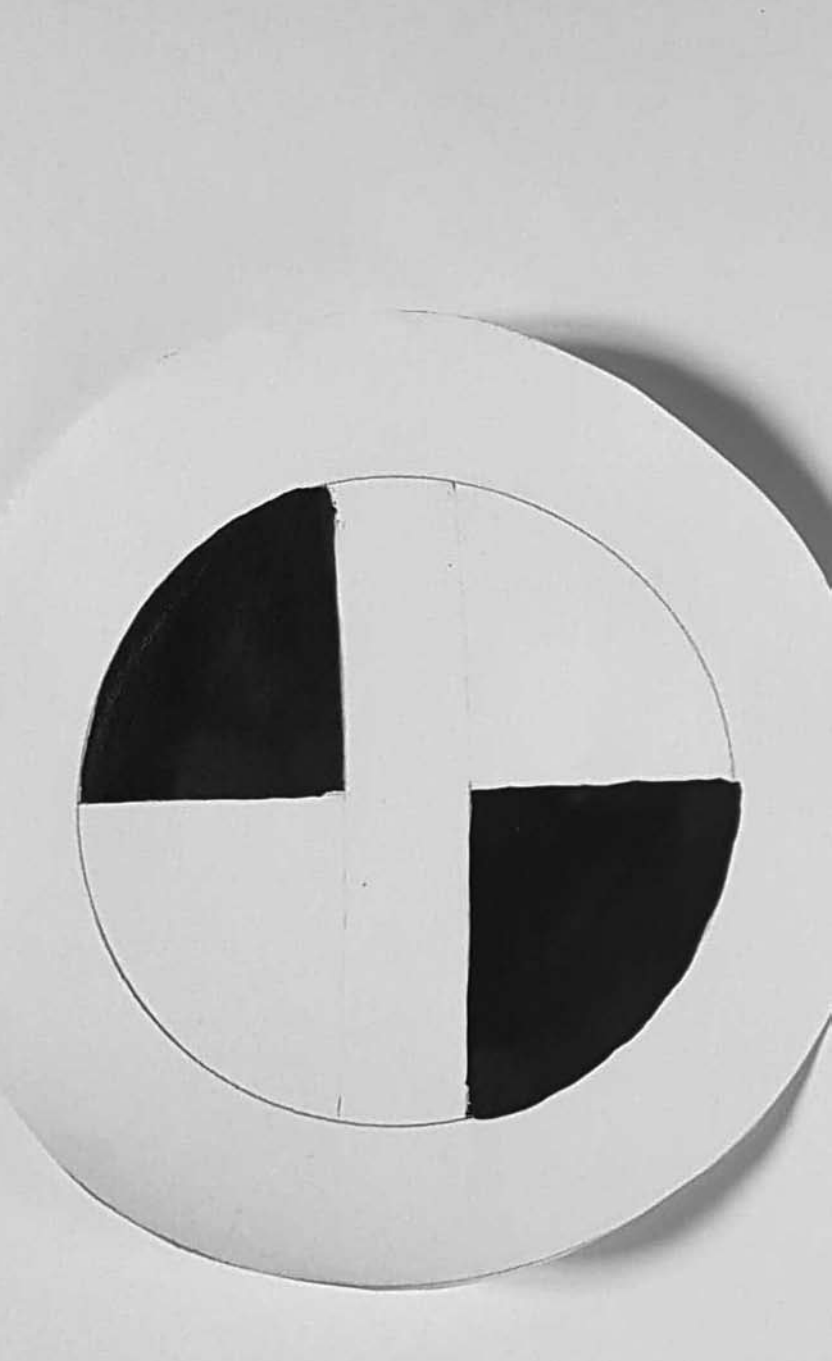


Yasmine Hugonnet
Fiction

Ego sum mulier.
Tempore excogitari, sicut sagitta consummatum est.
Ut non moriatur.
Quam ut reperio alii imaginibus?
Quae partes nostri corporis?
Infinitum augmentum, non est in nobis.
Etiam, ego conveniunt universi dilatantur. Scis pedes maiores sunt
quam caput tuum?
Age quod est sexus?
(ou) Quam vetus est genus?
Quot annos nata est sexus?
Nostra naturalia perceptio tempus videtur outdated.
Noster proavorum, nos postulo tempus, ut nostrae repraesentatione.
Averte phone?

Je suis une femme.
Le temps imaginé comme une flèche est fini.
Bien sûr nous allons tous mourir.
Comment lui trouver d'autres images?
Avec quelles parties de notre corps?
La croissance infinie, c'est pas pour nous.
Oui d'accord l'univers est en expansion.
Sais tu que tes pieds sont plus vieux que ta tête?
Quel âge a ton sexe?
Notre perception instinctive du temps semble dépassée.
Comme nos ancêtres nous avons besoin de temps pour changes nos
représentations.
Averte phone?

Lucrèce inversé
L'équilibre de la terre



Ruop euq al erret tios ne soper ua ertnec ud ednom,
 nos sdiop tiød uep auep ertiørced te riønave's,
 as eitrap erueiréfni redessop enu erutan esrevid,
 sèd enigiro'l etnioj ne nu lues elbmesne xua snoigérsenneiréa ud
 ednom ne selleuqsel as eiv enicarne's.
 Aliov iouqurop al erret en egrahc in esarcé'n ria'l.
 Li tse'n sap non sulp emmoh'd à iuq ses serbmern tnesèp :
 el etèt tse'n sap enu egrahc ruop el uoc, el sdiop
 ed tuot el sproc nifne tse'n sap elbisnes xua sdeip.
 Siam sel sdiop sésopmi tnanev ed rueirétxe'l
 suon tnesselb dnauq tnevuos sli tnos neib srueiréfni :
 tnat sel sétéirporp ed euqahc esohc metropmi.
 Al erret tse'n cnod sape nu erignarté tneueqsurb
 éetropni, tuber ertua'd ueil snad nu ria regnarté.
 Elle tse éen emmoc uil sèd enigiro'l ud ednom
 tnød elle tse eitrap etcnitsid, emmoc nu enagro ne suon.
 Dnauq nu dnarg puoc ed errenot niaduos elnarbé'l,
 al erret à nos ruot tuémé tuot ecapse'l rueirépus :
 ec iuq tiare elbissopmi is elle tité'n éeil
 xua strap senneiréa isnia ua'uq leic ud edmon.
 Rap sed senicar senummoc sli es tnenneitséxif,
 sinu sèd ruel ecnassian te tnamrof nu elbmesne.
 En siov-ut sap isnia'uq, érglam nos dnarg sdiop,
 erton sproc tse unetuos rap emâ'l is eunét,
 ecrap uq'sli tnos stnioj te tnemrof nu elbmesne ?
 Nifne nu'd dnob regél reveluos erton sproc,
 Iuq cnod el tuep nonis emâ'l, etnegér sed serbmern ?
 En siov-ut sap neibmoc enu erutan elitbus
 Tneived esueruogiv etnioj à nu sproc druol,
 emmoc ria'l à al erret te emâ'l à erton riach ?



Lucrèce reloaded

LES IMAGES

Dès
Dès que
Dès que tu ouvres les yeux
Dès que tu ouvres les yeux, les images arrivent
Dès que tu ouvres les yeux, les images arrivent à toi
Dès que tu ouvres les yeux, les images arrivent à toute vitesse
Les images arrivent quand tu veux voir la mer, la terre ou le ciel,
quand tu veux voir les villes, les cortèges, les combats, les images
arrivent à toi.
Partout, toujours, les images se détachent des choses quand tu
ouvres les yeux vers elles.
Il y a des corps minuscules à la surface des choses, des atomes qui
se détachent des choses et qui viennent à toute vitesse dans l'onde
et qui forment des images dans l'air et qui viennent à toi quand tu
ouvres les yeux vers elles.
Quand les yeux fixent des choses toutes petites au lointain, tu vois
les atomes qui s'agitent, tu les vois qui s'élancent, tu vois les petits
corps qui accourent à tes yeux.
Si tu manques d'attention les corps sont distraits ils sont infiniment
lointains dans la distance mais si tu désires les voir ils accourent.
L'esprit est prêt il attend, l'esprit attend les atomes il s'attend
toujours à voir la suite d'une chose qui vient, tu attends les images
qui viennent et tu connais la suite.
Aussitôt détachée du corps, à toute vitesse une image pousse l'image
d'avant une image
pousse l'air qu'il y là, entre l'objet et l'oeil, entre l'oeil et la main,
entre ...

LA VOIX

Les atomes de la voix caressent l'humide séjour de la langue
et quand les sons se ruent au dehors ils écorchent les lèvres de la
bouche
et les atomes de voix qui ne tombent pas dans l'oreille continuent
leur route
et vont se perdre dans les atomes de l'air.



RIEN NE NAÎT DE RIEN

Ben oui, parce que si quelque chose pouvait naître de rien, c'est comme si un corps pouvait naître de n'importe quel autre corps: par exemple, les hommes pourraient naître de la mer, les poissons sortiraient de la terre, et les oiseaux tomberaient du ciel. Le bétail pousserait dans les prés, et les lions dans le désert. Les chats feraient des chiens, et chaque jour les arbres feraient des fruits différents.

On va plus loin ?

Rien ne naît de rien, car si les corps pouvaient naître de rien, ils n'auraient pas besoin de grandir et de changer de forme dans le temps.

Un enfant deviendrait tout à coup un vieillard, un arbre surgirait tout droit du sol avec ses feuilles.

Ben non, on n'a jamais vu ça.

Tout ça c'est bien vrai, mais il y a encore autre chose.

Rien ne retourne au néant.

La mort ne dérobe pas les corps d'un coup, les corps ne meurent pas d'un coup comme ça.

Non, d'abord il y a une force lente qui déchire les corps, qui les délite et qui les mêle aux matières premières. La mort dissout chaque corps dans ses parties élémentaires.

Regarde la pluie. Quand le ciel verse la pluie sur la terre, c'est pas perdu.

La pluie mouille le sol, lève les blés, elle verdit les arbres, et les arbres font des fruits.

Les hommes et les bêtes mangent les fruits, ils deviennent lourds, et ils peuplent les villes avec de nouveaux enfants.

Rien ne meurt.

Les débris d'une chose sont les germes d'une autre.

La mort des uns accorde la vie aux autres.

Lucrèce reloaded, a poem created according to Lucrèce *De Rerum Natura*

Yasmine Hugonnet
Pratique de la parole immobile

L'oracle usait de l'engastrimythe, de la ventriloquie. Les vapeurs entraient par son vagin et après avoir traversé son corps, ressortait par sa bouche la parole, la prédiction de Gaia, la déesse de la terre.

*Decès A rythmie car car diac celer acelera celara, scelera. celebrationtion un sillon
de descelebration
ration ration ration nelle
eeee eee eiiii
erige je m'erige je jeje je gliiiiisse je reglisse je reglisse elastique ascenessiion
ascenseur sensation d' ascenseur pour l'echafaud
echafauder échafrander descemment frauder descemment son deces son hypo
hypohypothetique hypolémique deces polémique
deception deception qui monte tetetete cette deception qui monte tetetete
impolitement, hypmnotique et physiolo le decès decoît
on en sort pas.*

it's time

*its tiimmmme
arrival time
funeral time
grossery time
baby time
it's time
to die
it s time to die
my friend it's time to let you know*





Eylül Fidan Akıncı

Love, Labor, Loop

(Object's) Life according to Geumhyung Jeong

The history of puppetry is full of supernatural bodies on stage that dramatically or subtextually represent their quest of coming to life and gaining autonomy from their masters. A puppet's performance often reflects on its condition of existence: How does a random object become an animated body on stage? This practical and theoretical question energizes South Korean artist Geumhyung Jeong's body of work. Jeong extends the possibilities of puppetry by choreographing her entire body as her animation technique. Moreover, she explores the various dimensions of the object's liveliness by way of sexuality. In fact, in Jeong's exploration of animacy, this stage life of the object always already involves intimacy and sensuality. She crafts and manipulates her performing objects that range from simple masks to dummies to machines, embraced carnally with them in the double entendre of playing with control. Reflecting on the six performances Jeong created between 2008 and 2019, I am repeatedly reminded that there is no anima, no life, and no agency for objects devoid of sexual being.

LOVE

In her first evening-length work *7ways* (2008-09), Jeong creates makeshift puppet forms with simple objects and household items on stage. She attaches masks, mannequin parts, and large pieces of fabric on her body or on machines to bring to life a series of supernatural figures with distinct anatomies and characteristic movements. In a series of assemblages that consist of Jeong's body parts with objects, we see vignettes of sensual encounters between these unearthly creatures and Jeong, who at times appears inert or utterly distant herself. Without ventriloquism or any other story line, what makes these multifarious characters come to being convincingly is the choreographic expression of their sexual appetites, delivered by the unique movement quality Jeong explores with them.

Some of these horny figures appear in the videos of *Oil Pressure Vibrator* (2008), Jeong's subsequent stage work. In this lecture-performance, Jeong recounts her search for sexual independence, which culminates in a love affair with a hydraulic

excavator. Her lecture is entirely supported by the video clips she plays on her laptop, and with no performing object on stage except for a toy excavator she briefly runs over her body. However, the performance does double duty as Jeong's manifesto of puppetry: The videos show her backstage process of making and animating the materials from *7ways*, presented in her narrative as her sexual partners prior to the excavator. Consequently, in the challenging path to consummate her love with a real excavator, her certification process to operate the engine is chronicled as a choreographic mission for her body to become one with the machine. Despite this apparently personal narrative, Jeong's conduction of her video clips and lecture is as precise and depersonalized as classical puppetry.

In a chiasmic way, *7ways* and *Oil Pressure Vibrator* lay out how objects can move to conjure up their incarnation, which immediately translates into their expression of an alien kind of sexuality. What sexuality might mean to us makes all the difference here. In these early pieces, Jeong's collaborators on stage do not represent or move in human or animal likeness. Jeong does use masks with human faces, creepy looking and masculine heads, a female showroom mannequin; certainly the excavator in *Oil Pressure Vibrator* evokes a fully formed and phallic partner. Indeed, her later work *Fitness Guide* (2011) continues her investigation on how to pervert the contradictions of human embodiment through machines. Exemplified in her swaying rhythm on an elliptical trainer, Jeong's work-out with the exercise machines, some of which are modified with human heads, seems more like making out. But the choreographic assemblages Jeong generates with objects or machines always manage to mock or entirely escape human anatomy, genitality, or gender roles, sometimes all at once.

In the most famous episode of *7ways*, Jeong performs with a drum-type vacuum cleaner, its hose attached to an old man's head with a wide-open mouth. Putting on a pink dress, she lays over the barrel in a balletic recline. Slowly, her partner raises its long, tubular neck (operated by Jeong's upstaged hand) and hungrily gazes at her. What follows is the creature's visible effort to move Jeong around, who in turn seems lifeless like a plastic doll the whole time. Tumbling her back and forth in impossible positions, the machine's desire comes to an irresistible point; it literally gets turned on and begins kissing her with its strong suction. With each kiss, Jeong's chest undulates and her legs bounce up in the air as

if to score her partner's success, parodying, with some sympathy for the pathetic creature, the domestic fantasy of all-obesant and ever-pleased wife. Or in *Fitness Guide*, what makes the audience think that Jeong's slowly pumping air into a red balance ball looks rather... lesbian, despite its surface innuendo?

As much as Jeong has the precision of a puppeteer, her being the single human on stage does not make her more of a master-subject in relation to the objects. She manipulates her own body like any other object in order to animate her stage/sexual partners, a process she fictionalizes as "dividing herself in two" in *Oil Pressure Vibrator*. She either projects her persona on one of the objects on screen, or appears receptively passive toward the spirited figures she forms with her body parts and controls undercover. Any recognizable performance of a desiring subject on her part would run the risk of turning the objects into fetishes, which she carefully avoids by interacting with her material as impersonally and in an as detached as possible way. With the choreographic re-disciplining of puppetry as the bedrock, none of these sexual animations are directly allusive to human sex, despite the objects' promiscuity that we can feel immediately. Nor do they reproduce heteronormative regimes or leave them intact. As a female puppeteer with quite queer object-partners, Jeong not only reverses the sexual economy of the Pygmalion myth twice over as she entwines her body with matter while retaining her objective manner. She also irreverently reformulates what sexuality, or being a sexual subject-object, can mean and look like. Over and over again, in the most reserved aesthetics of obsession possible.

LABOR

Or maybe the obsession is ours, in the audience's ways of seeing. If in her early works Jeong's fantastical assemblages of machines, objects, and body parts explore sexual autonomy or an anarchism of sexuality, in her later and more "medically oriented" pieces *CPR Practice* (2013) and *Rehab Training* (2015), she troubles the heteronormative politics of sexuality by playing with the audience's sense of reality and illusion. With masculine dummy models and a whole inventory of medical apparatus on stage, she performs health drills that make use of everyday scenarios. Jeong simply introduces sexuality into these scenarios, which is ordinarily tucked away for the sake of public morality. While finding a believable embodiment and motion in the object

is still important for Jeong, she now interrogates how the very illusion of the object's animacy is formed, broken, and re-formed on stage. Accordingly, Jeong's politics of sexuality concerns more directly the fraught nature of desire, consent, and relationality, not only between humans and objects but also between genders.

CPR Practice has been the most straightforward of Jeong's pieces, dramaturgically speaking. The foreplay between a woman and a male dummy is soon disrupted when the former realizes that her flaccid partner's lack of response to her advances is due to not his apathy, but to his lack of breathing. Unfazed, Jeong runs to the first aid box in the corner of the performance space and brings in a huge repertoire of tools and techniques to resuscitate the dummy - an automated external defibrillator, an electrocardiogram, numerous tubes for artificial ventilation - employing them one after another between each chest massage. The choreographic programming of this singular objective, the practice of bringing back to life, demands Jeong, deadpan and procedural, to rerun the steps with an increasing number of gadgets, actions, and cacophonous signals. Bordering on physical comedy, the sense of failure builds up with each machine introduced to the resuscitation process, both on the lifesaver's part in her breathless fatigue, and on the dummy's part in his unrecoverable loss of desire/life.

Although they are not created as a diptych, in retrospect, it was illuminating to watch *CPR Practice* a few months before *Rehab Training's* show. *CPR Practice* hovers between an emergency drill, an adventurous masturbation, and an adrenalized sexual fantasy between two partners. Jeong takes these ambiguities and expands them over the detailed structure of her 160 minutes long rehabilitation operation in *Rehab Training*. If *CPR Practice* is a failing practice to revive a dummy/man/masculinity as well as an intentional practice of failure in puppeteering, *Rehab Training* makes Jeong teach the dummy to regain its movement skills, including sexual ones.

Rehab Training, Jeong tells me in our conversation in Brussels, takes off from the acceptance that an object's animation is an insurmountable problem and explores what emerges when the perfect illusion of autonomous movement is abandoned. The physical therapy equipment and mobility aids that fill the performance space look like a super-sized string puppet theatre, where the dummy is explicitly moved by a human. The first two hours of the piece unfold as the slow process of getting the dummy on its feet to walk and making it use its upper body to

solve simple and repetitive manual tasks. What we actually watch for the most part is Jeong establishing the material conditions of these exercises, tying the dummy in various harnesses, placing it in walking lifts, attaching rods and strings to its limbs one by one. While the dummy waits still, this extensive and exhaustingly elaborate labor of care imposes its own choreography on Jeong's body.

Despite this realistic premise of the performance, the fact that this is a meticulous *training* of motion rehabilitation a woman rehearses on a dummy model (the sensation of a living body re-learning to move, albeit minimally and clumsily), interjects its fascinating illusion on to the scene. As the dummy gets more mobile, its successful efforts get rewarded by Jeong's long stares, who sits across to control its hands with connecting rods. Fast forwarding some other tedious arrangements that dissipate the erotic tension, we see the two swing in each other's arms, entangled in harnesses and lifts. For when life enters the dummy, as per Jeong's performative theorizing of animation, so does sexual desire.

Jeong admits that once the animation is posited as a difficulty rather than a skillful execution, her task becomes precisely to create the performance of an imperfect movement. Through this complex choreographic task, Jeong fully exploits the "alternating belief and unbelief in the puppet's autonomous existence" that puppetry scholar Penny Francis locates in the form's fundamental structure: "All but the most naïve spectators will find themselves now convinced, now unconvinced that the creature before them has life; they will focus on the puppet, then the manipulator and the method of control (when the manipulator is visible), and back again to the puppet." Our gaze oscillates between the dummy and Jeong increasingly as time passes, as the rehab exercises demand larger motions in her upper body to transfer more delicate groping gestures to dummy's hands. The more her labor physically intensifies, the more charged her interaction gets. But because of the flickering sense of life in the dummy, her love seems to be reciprocated rather than a solipsist fantasy.

Jeong wields what Francis describes as the puppetry's "double vision" by expanding and exposing her methods of movement control over multiple performances. *Rehab Training* alone is based on the variations of getting another body to controlled movement. Carrying this idea further into sexual politics, Jeong apparently swaps the patriarchal gender roles. However, the power dynamics between the subject female and the object-ified male shifts

incessantly and equivocally, for Jeong's score of commanding over another body is at the same time a demanding choreography of taking-care. Moreover, the introduction of sexuality does not so much objectify the object back again to a fetish, but it allows Jeong to transform her labor of care into the dummy's labor of love with Jeong as its object—at least this is the extended kink that Jeong's trainee-character gets her kick from. Complicating our perception of life as the projection of desire and transference of consent onto things, *Rehab Training* locates sexual and corporeal agency somewhere in between objectification and labor for all parties involved, object or human, female or male. Thus, it demonstrates what animacy has in common with pleasure and power: it finds itself truly in the middle, hanging at the center of that oscillating gaze and never landing on one singular, hegemonic entity.

LOOP

Jeong's latest performance-installation *Homemade RC Toy* (2019) renders this understanding even more explicit. *Homemade RC Toy* foregrounds Jeong as the maker of hand-made remote-controlled machines. Displayed at the upper floor gallery of Kunsthalle Basel, the toys in the title of the piece are five quadruped machines of dummy parts attached to an aluminum frame that carries the motor, a basic computer motherboard, and wheels. Even without moving, their outspread arms and legs over the floor evoke the sense that they are ready to get up or surge forward at any time. At the gallery's perimeter, we see the parts of these machines displayed on a splash view, accompanied by six single-channel videos shot inside the same gallery. Each screen shows a different step in the machines' construction, informs about the materials used, and gives us a glimpse of the labor that goes into making and moving them, with Jeong drawing the specifics of their construction in a diagram, assembling the pieces, and testing and adapting their range of motion.

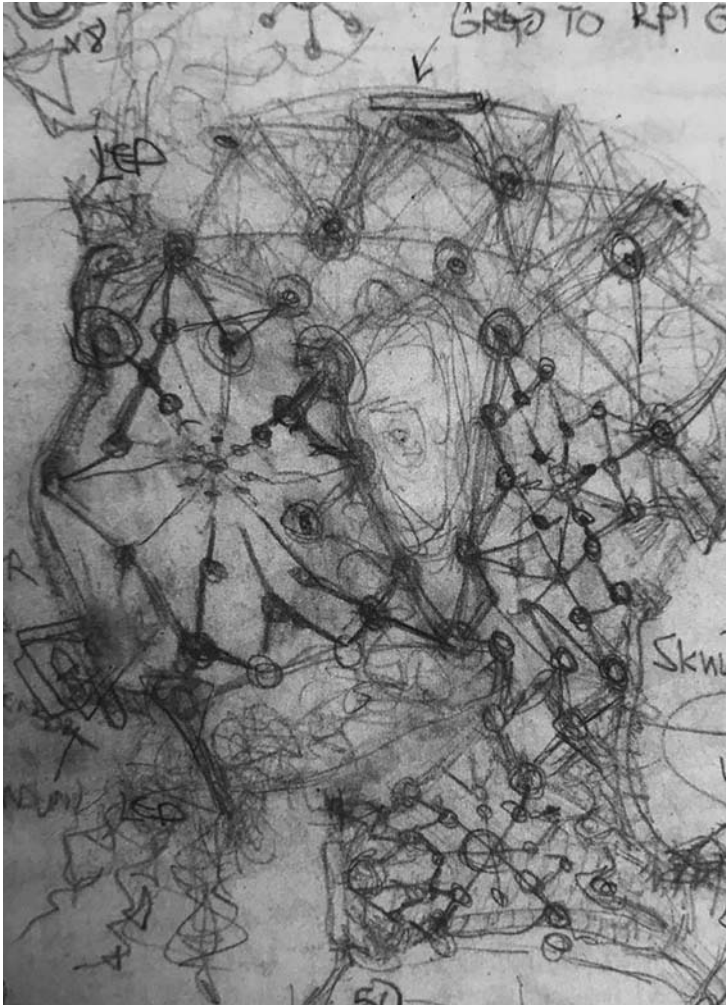
In the live performance, we get to see the full range of how these dummy-machine hybrids move in space as Jeong, naked and lying on the floor like her toys, operates the controller buttons on what would be the nipples and genitals of the figures. With her careful touch of the machine's button, a second toy across the performance area slowly moves forward. What looks like an odd foreplay between Jeong and the machines carries on as each toy gathers in the center of the gallery, controlled by the signals of another toy that Jeong activates with her caressing hands and lips. Halfway through the performance, as these crawling mutant

automatons are closing down on her and are moving their limbs quite haphazardly, Jeong's play with toys turns into a choreographic task of finding room for herself. Controller and controlled at the same time, all the bodies on the floor are overwhelmed by what could be the climax of this programmed orgy. Then they turn back to their beginning position, one after another, in a chain-reaction until the last toy sends the backward-motion signal to the first.

Thanks to their quirky anatomy of dummy parts that are assembled from wheels and basic robotics, Jeong's machines are performing objects not only when they are activated, but maybe more so when they are passive, throbbing with their grotesque potential. Unlike her choreographic pieces for theatrical context, the complexity of situations between human and nonhuman or subject and object is much pared down here, with no transformation in the relationships from beginning to end but a single loop that shows exactly what it shows: a simple play/execution between the girl and the toys that we know she made. We know she made them because the videos perform Jeong as the DIY hacker immersed in her industrious process, just like the videos in *Oil Pressure Vibrator* a decade ago. Next to the closed circuit of the toys' sensual play stands the intricate labor it takes to design and construct these domestic delights. While the single-cycle orgy among the toys and Jeong is limited to live performance, the hacker's manufacture continues endlessly on the screens.

Within a single piece, across works, between contexts, Jeong always takes her time and layers the performance through repetitions. She thus opens the inner mechanism of animation, which at times deliberately edges on failure. She gives the audience the room to choose whether they want to watch a human subject and a freakish or human-ish object in an onanist ritual, or an encounter between desiring bodies that meet each other with mutual plasticity and effort. However one sees it, the thrill of Jeong's animation is not bound by the sole illusion of anthropomorphic life in an object, but it is generated by the co-transference of energy between object and character, between materiality and movement. What we can consider as her body of work is equally about this circular labor, the self-reflective and methodic investigation of moving-towards-movement undertaken by Jeong and her stage partners evenly, in rapture and on repeat.

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Onyx Ashanti

A Sonocybernetic Manifesto

I feel like I have some theories. some gleaned from experience... some from research... some im just making up because they feel right and I will roll with them until I create or discover better ones. I use a lot of made up words to describe some of them-especially the use of the prefix “sono” which refers to sound or “sonic”- so there is no need to message me to “inform” me that this word actually means “that”...I don’t care. these words are my spells...I am merely sharing them for those that give a shit.

WHAT IS MUSIC?

music exists between dimensions. it is a sort of catalytic glue between what we think of as the physical plane where our bodies reside and the plane of thought, emotion, dreams...a sort of mathematical plane that informs the thought plane and the physical plane. sound exists without you. if a tree falls in the woods, does it make a sound? yes. sound does not need an observer to do what it does. cymatics can demonstrate this. sound creates a spherical bubble of order that permeates matter. so sound exists without a human observer to hear it. music...hmmm...that is a different question. music implies a greater order. more complexity...intention. if sound can influence and create so many things in nature, what must music be able to do?

in sufi mythology, existence began with a great sound and sound is a form of mathematical expression. we live in a deeply ordered mathematical reality. the interaction with this great truth is profound to a degree that I am humble to. I seek to know it and to create ways for it to order itself through me. to be an ordering conduit for its expression. any truth above, below or around that, will come through how successful I am at that core purpose.

in my studies over the last few years I see that sound, and music, affect every aspect of the human construct. music and sound wash over the entire body, which just so happens to be coated in neurons... we are distributed computing systems. our mind is not simply in our heads...nor completely in our brains...it surrounds our entire body, I believe.

there is the music of computation and technology, expressed as pure binary math and boolean logic. the music of light and spectral frequency. the music of biology and its fractal expression of

information. what is music? it is the point and the next but it must be asked AS music.

Terrence McKenna once said, while quoting someone else that, “language was invented to lie”. that was as funny then as it is now because the word that I keyed into was not “lie”...it was “invention”. language as invention. this is odd. it seems as if language just always was. that we as a species just popped out talking, but the more I study the more I see that this isnt the case. carbon dating of ancient musical instruments suggest that music is older than homo sapien. so if language is an invention, then that means we can invent others, right?

I mean,we do it all the time. there are dozens of programming languages used to talk to computers...languages of law, medicine, money...languages of the drum and of the body in the form of dance, gymnastics, fighting, swimming, car driving, motorcycling, climbing and musical expression....all languages with syntax and nuance and emotion and symmetry.

MUSIC AS A LANGUAGE

Ive been hiding out, working on a new kind of language for a few years. something that would be easy to begin learning (especially since I will have to learn it as well) but could expand beyond what one believes to be their capability to learn. in fact, this system would enable the capability to communicate multidimensionally, with “dimension” defined as mutually exclusive realms of expression. speaking and dancing are two different forms of communication but painting and cooking are as well. they are dimensions of expression. so my idea is to create a language that is, by its nature, multidimensional. the elements that will weave all the dimensions together are sound, binary logic, computers, 3d printing and basic electronics.

I call this form, Sonocybernetics.

the idea is to learn these basics in a manner that feeds the idea. that sentence is recursive which means that it feeds back into itself. the same way that we humans learn by doing things over and over, is recursive. the very idea is recursive. learn something that feeds back into itself to constantly give feedback while also propelling forward based on this process. and since its not one thing-one dimension-that feedback cross pollinates all the things you do, resulting in increasingly serendipitous results. how you do one thing will have a direct impact on how you do another thing because they are all governed by the same core idea. my 3d printed designs have a direct impact on their

playability which influences how they sound, which influences how I move which influences the expression of the data they generate which influences the machines I have connected to those data streams.... and so on...

the basic structure of sonocybernetics rest on a number of core “pre-elements”, the first of which is to always move toward and embody open source philosophy as a life philosophy. language can not thrive if one has to ask permission to use any aspect of it. any non-open source elements must be either reverse engineered into something that can be shared or pushed to the outside edges of the idea...never the core. when I say “pre-elements” I mean a few very specific tools that form the core toolset.

a computer, running linux(preferably the raspberry pi platform)- yeah I know...linux is for geeks and nerds, but guess what youre gonna have to be to do this? yup. this is not for people who want to take the easy road. if you need it easy, go do something else...this isnt for you AT ALL. don’t waste your time. this is powerful, not because it is easy but because it is NOT easy (note: its not hard either, its just strange, which some mistake for hard) and currently, the world runs on linux. to know linux is to realize you are connected to the nervous system that runs the world and it just happens to be completely open source meaning that later, you can change it how you feel.

Pure data, specifically, pd-extended. yes, I know...either youre not a programmer or you use c++ or java script or python, well I chose pure data because of its inherently spatial layout and power with number structures that make it easier to show to someone at a glance without having to hunch over and read down a long list of text. I find pd to be soooo much easier to teach and to share and its easier to share ideas of fractality and nesting. also, it is a gateway to programming in other languages, which can be used to create pd objects.

a reprop 3d printer-yes I know....you use a makerbot and/or you don’t want to build a 3d printer from scratch but the reprop is what the makerbot is based on and steals all its upgrades from. it is a machine that makes machines! and not only can you build it but you can evolve IT...as YOU evolve. this is very very important as the dimensions move out past plastic forms and move into the micro/nano scale and well as the macro scale. because if you can build and evolve a small reprop, you can build a house sized one as well as a molecular sized one so internalizing this technology as DIY, is important. and 3d printers don’t have to be overly complex.

here is one I designed out of spare parts that is handheld, requires

no CAD software, and uses pure data, running on linux for control and is built around an arduino. this can form the basis of a larger 3d printer later (and of course, it is open source)

the arduino platform-yes I know...youre not a hacker and whatever else but understanding the arduino allows you to program functions directly into the machines you make, as in the above example. your printed machines become programmable. and you learn to use and eventually create better faster microcontrollers later.

with these tools you have the basis of a multidimensional language. you can speak sound, physical form, code and and current simultaneously. and these form the basis of completely new kinds of thought not possible any other way. these tools allow for the view of computer as prosthesis. as recursive augmentation; a tool for exploring self which when focused outwardly, reveals an increasingly malleable programmable reality. this can give some insight into parts of the process as well

HOW DOES IT WORK?

sonocybernetics is based on cybernetics, transduced using patterns of sound that evolve as you evolve. cybernetics theory is based on two dimensions of communication systems; information structure and the physical representation of that information. feedback into the system is key, as feedback of high enough gain, takes over from the input. so lets look at that statement like this; youre a jazz improviser and youre playing with your combo and you begin a ballad. you are inputting inFormation into the system but instantly you are listening to your band mates who are also inputting information and you all stabilize on a key, a tempo and mood. but then maybe you decide, as a flourish, during your solo, to play something that sounds a bit like salsa, which instantly makes your drummer hit a bit of a salsa beat and now your bass player has jumped into the action and youre now all playing salsa based on subtle cues of information feedback. as any musician knows, this happens all the time. jazz and cybernetics have more similarities than you would imagine. this feed back can be sono-cognitive, mechanical, design, programmatic, realtime, dietary, kinesthetic....

the feedback relates very specifically to the “sono” part of sonocybernetics. this is the part ive been trying to figure out for years. ordered sound has an imprinting effect on the physiology of the brain, which means that it affects the way you think. ordered encoded sound is the glue that makes the whole system work in a manner that is self

evolving and self iterative. this is a new kind of music, specifically for creating new forms of sound order:

BINARY LOGIC

this system regresses to a base2 number system. the whole idea orbits around the “on” and the “off” pair. as you will note, all computing is already based on binary numbers but binary number systems have been around since ancient egypt and probably longer. so it is a system that is simultaneously ancient old and new new. it is based multiples of 2 but at its simplest its easier to think of it as groupings of on/off's called “bits”. if you touch a surface with your index finger, this could be considered on. if you lift your finger off that surface, this is off. congratulations, you have just completed a 1bit calculation. with 1 bit, you have 2 positions-on and off. and “off” is equally important to “on”. with out an off, there is not music. there is only a building cacophony of sound. sound is ordered by off. music is ordered by relationship of the off to the on. this is what the bit represents, musically. you can do a lot of very relevant things with 1 bit. drumming comes to mind, as does morse code. you can change the spacing between the on/off to get different rhythms as well...that is with just 1 on/off. with 2 on/off, or 2bits, you now have access to 4 positions;

1.00 off/off

2.10 on/off

3.01 off/on

4.11 on/on

an easier way to think of this is with drums and drum sticks which are 2 on/off's many forms of african drumming were used to transmit messages over long distances, complete with recursion (resending the message over and over again so that the intended message is received), error correction, routing and switching, so binary logic has been with us for a really long time, which was why it started making more and more sense.

12tone equal temperment is not very good at controlling robots or communicating or evolving. it was made to make orchestras sound good together. this was the hitch point for me for the last couple of years. it was the one thing that had to go. it was hard to think of

throwing away 30+ years of experience, at least it was until the john coltrane revelation. he had to rip his way out of it but beyond that, his tools were always bringing him back to it as a starting point everytime he touched his horn. I have no such limitations. whatever I do not have, I can create. pure data can convert any number series into any type of frequency output I deem relevant-ultra low, below human hearing or ultra high into radio frequency range and beyond.so it was with this in mind that decided to step away from sax fingerings and 12 tone E'T as a primary sound interface concept.

as you can see in this video, I decided to design a 2bit system to test the theory. this uses a couple of nuts in a printed shaker type construct that lets me play around with 2 bits in a musical way. no brain implants, no quantum mechanics...just a shaker with two nuts to investigate 2bit interfacing.

there is another form of input that is crucial; the analog input which I call a stream. this is the other stuff-sensors, breath, motion... all the stuff that isnt simply on or off. so if we go back to the finger tapping example, this is tapping with intensity or adding an accelerometer to the 2bit shaker so that the angle it is being shaken at can be used as input. with bits and streams, you've got just about any sort of input covered. every added input is considered either an added bit or an added stream. in this way you are able to completely maximize your input potential. it doesn't mean that you have to, it simply means that you can. so rather than 2 buttons just being 2 buttons, they can be 4 positions. 3 buttons can represent 8 positions, 4 can prepresent 16 positons but for the sake and scale of this system ive designed it around a 8bit matrix, with a total of 255 positions.

THE 8BIT MATRIX

I believe that binary numbers are the key to this sonocybernetic system, but its not that easy. there has to be an initial limitation- a learnable one -but one that can one day be expanded easily. that limit is 255. this is the full range of 8 bit numbers. the 8 fingers on my hands can create 255 positions. if I include the thumbs, it shoots up to 1024! if I were to try 16bits, id be tying to swim thru 65,000 positions! that is out side the realm of comprehension for me right now. the goal is to create a full 8bit "pattern" in my mind, then evolve from there. this pattern would consist of any number of bits up to 8bits then any other range of bits would be another group of bits. all streams would have a range from 0 to 255. in this way everything has a definable, learnable space that it operates within. instead of learning 12 octaves of 12 notes, this system would be 1 range of

255 note intervals, definable in any way the "patternist" sees fit. 255 becomes the resolution of a grid that is 255x255x255 which results in over 16million possibilities ! in multiple dimensions. 255 notes, 255 parameters positions, 255 points for each sensor range....there is a mind boggling range of combinations to be explored.

within this initial 255x3 matrix, possibility is granularized and can be built up in any way that suits the patternist. lets say I want to use sax fingerings. I do not have to discard the binary input system, I merely need to assign interval relationships to the keys that I normally used to finger sax notes so in that way I can play sax fingerings but I can also play any binary finger combination and play those intervals as well. this applies to ANY MUSICALLY RELEVANT INPUT, like flute, drums, trumpet, mpc drumpad...anything! the interaction can be as familiar as the pilot wants it to be but can mutate outward to encompass the maximum number of input possibilities. lets say I want to type words. I can assign letters to numbers and assign sound intervals to letters based on on vowel spacing. these "scales" are endless in function and variety. scales for gcode (3d printer control), scales for algebra. scales for video projection control, hexapod interaction, drone flight control AND feedback from proximity sensors...its infinite.

most importantly, is that every "bit" of data is stored. it forms a fractal map of your journey. the 8bit matrix is a sort of holographic "read-head", viusually, but it is powered by a time-coded dataformat that lets you look at every moment you interact with the system, which will become more and more important over time as more intimate sensor information becomes integrated, such as EEG, and full body "state" information.

OF PATTERNS AND PATTERNISTS

I realized something interesting in the last couple of years; music by itself is meaningless. what matters is the patterns. same goes for sports, paintings, agriculture, space flight, writing, swimming... all human endeavors are all pattern based. we discern patterns...we create patterns. we make predictions based on those patterns and when someone can challenge our predictive capability, we either praise them or burn them at the stake.

everything is patterns!

not only that though. we seek out "novel" patterns. patterns that tickle our sensibilities in some way. this is the reason why a style

of music or design becomes “old” or “classic”; because the ability of that pattern to be constantly novel, has been exhausted but the stored exploration in the form of records or clothing style, yielded a stability of beauty, form or usefulness. some people like me, seek out the patterns in sound and people and internet information flow and others are obsessed with sports for the exact same reason. they predict that this player or that will score (x) much this season based on (y) and because of the new rookie they picked and the loss of this or that coach. same goes for video games...everything to humans is patterns and prediction.

it is with this understanding that I decided to test a theory back at the beginning of 2013: it was at this time that I decided to stop playing “music” as I had understood it to be, and to begin playing evolving patterns of sound. I was fully ready to have fruit thrown at me and stop getting bookings but I hypothesized that as long as the patterns were ordered, complex and continuously evolving, I would be talking directly to the pattern part of the human brain and the rest of the human would stay put and absorb it and I was right...very right. from that moment, I became a patternist

the term patternist is my choosen name for what I do, what I am and what we do together as sonocyberneticists. I cribbed it from an octavia butler book called “mind of my mind”. the patternists were a race of telepaths, eugenically created over a time span of about 5000 years by an immortal named Doro. their defining feature as a group besides being powerful telepaths, telekinetics and shapeshifters was that the “pattern” allowed them to live together in harmony and draw strength from each other when necessary.

my personal definition is slightly different. each patternist creates a pattern that evolves as they do. anything they want to learn or do can be grafted into their pattern. in my case, even though 3d printing isnt necessarily a musical skill, it is part of my pattern, as is everything I want to learn, because if I can break down anything I want to internalize, to a sono-spatial kinesthetic interaction construct, everything reinforces everything else (ie, I move in a way that lets me create sound in a way that affects me by postioning the sound when it sounds like it is coming from anywhere 360° around me, by using pure datas built in surround sound panners). the more complex this meta pattern becomes, the more easily new information can be grafted into it and the more readily it can be imprinted. this process of imprinting is called “psycho-cymatic, sonosynaptic, reconfiguration”. this is the actual writing of patterns of meaning onto the brain using spatialized sound. I should note at this point that I reinforce this

process with brain stimualtion modalities such as transcranial direct current stimulation, and with cognitive enhancing “nootropic” (new-oh-trow-pick) compounds such as piracetam, both of which I have been doing for a number of years.

this process has been happening with me since at least 2012 when I got my 3d printer. every thing I do and learn feeds a meta-pattern in my mind which affects how my brain works and processes future information. but it was hampered by 2 things;

1. music as entertainment rather than purely patterning modality
2. the music itself, because of the leaning toward music as entertainment, I wasn't using the music to store sonic patterns of relevance to things I was learning or wanted to learn. the system was only meant to sound good and not to design with or run a 3d printer or operate a mechanical system like a vehicle or a robot. this is an early sonomorph of constructed intent that moved away from a listener model toward an encoded intention model.

but now, with a binary core concept, the system speaks the same language as the computer it is running on and can be programmed, in realtime, to interact with the brain and become a system of expanding feedback t; what one hears influencing the next thing they do, perpetually. the feedback is the key. this does not throw away beauty and symmetry or “funkiness”...it re-imagines them as having a new relevance as encoding metaphors. syncopation can have a function... something that makes a body move has a pattern that is relevant so all this pattern talk does not mean that said pattern must sound like r2d2. that said, you hear what I have sounded like? well, its gets stranger...

PATTERNIST != CYBORG

I have written about my issues with the word cyborg here and here so, to summarize, I'm not a cyborg primarily because

cyborgs do not create themselves.

they are created by someone else for someone elses purposes and not for the cyborgs transcendence and evolution. in addition, the concatenation of the terms “cybernetic” and “organism”, upon closer inspection is very dis-empowering. it implies that a system of greater order is being “imposed” on an “organism?”. this to me is the same type of wordplay that reduces a “citizen” to a “consumer” or turns the “people” into the “public”. Norbert wieners book on the subject was entitled “cybernetics: control and communication in the animal and the machine” and so concerned with the misuse of this

technology was he, that he wrote another book entitled “The Human Use Of Human Beings: Cybernetics And Society” to discuss these topics. “cyborg” is a small word with great power. I designed “Onyx Ashanti” as a word of power. “beatjazz” is another such word as are “sonomorph”, “sonic fractal matrix” and “exo-voice”...inspection of the elements of their construction reveal words of empowerment and strength.

I have been living with the word “patternist” for a couple of years now, just to see how it evolved over time and in that time, the word has come to mean more than it did when I chose it. when viewing patterns as multidimensional recursive information structures, the full time investigation of such structures, makes calling oneself a a patternist, more and more fitting. it is a word that can grow and evolve. it gives the direction of focus, more light without being overly general.

technically, I also like the terms “sonocyberneticist”, but that sounds more academic than im comfortable with in general use. I also sometimes simply use the term “pilot”, but that’s more of a slang than a descriptor. patternist and patterns work extremely well and their use will easily detract from any cyborg references once they have more of an establish body of expressions. note though: the use of the word “patternism” is not used. that is something else entirely and feels more like an ideology than growth term. sonocybernetics will work in those moments, just fine.

(EDIT: although patternist is still applicable, new terms have come into being that fit better. the term “Sonocyb” is now the default term to describe a sonocyberneticist/patternist. the initial system is now called “SonoCyb1” and the resultant sono-patterns are called “Sonocybin”).)

THERE IT IS

that is the super super basics of the idea. this rabbit hole is crazy deep but I don’t want to monologue on it without working examples, which are in the works. now when I describe things that are coming, this can be the proper reference point. everything refers to this now. and the best part is now that sonocybernetics provides such a comprehensive umbrella under which to place all of my expressions, I don’t have to shun beatjazz anymore. it is a “form” within sonocybernetics and a sonomorph is another. from this point forward, everything refers to sonocybernetics as the ecosystem within which everything else lives and propagates.

YEAH YOU ^(GB)

K(h)ar-t- from Khot to Krutch to Vhod. I'm not, I'm knot

LOCALEDUE

da venerdì 18 a mercoledì 23 settembre - h 19.00 > 23.00

videoinstallazione

in-car-video (2017), estratto dall'archivio degli autori
elettronica e voci Elvin Brandhi & Gustav Thomas
registrato in una Renault Clio nera
co-produzione Xing/Live Arts Week

K(h)ar-t- from Khot to Krutch to Vhod. I'm not, I'm knot documenta l'intero tragitto compiuto in auto da YEAH YOU da Utrecht ad Amsterdam, diretti in tour al Sonic Acts Festival. La ripresa della scena dell'abitacolo vede i due performer che improvvisano in una delle loro tipiche traversate sonore, fino a che finisce sul nero, quando la videocamera piazzata sul cruscotto cade sul fondo della macchina, regalandoci alcuni minuti di ombre e riflessi, mentre l'audio prosegue imperterrito. Rimaniamo soli, nel buio, a decifrare i giochi di parole usciti da una filosofia di vita istantanea, dopo l'assalto di beats, synth rudimentali e voce, tanto implacabili quanto imprevedibili.

YEAH YOU ^(GB)

THIS INSTEAD

in movimento a Bologna

martedì 22 settembre - h 18.00 > 22.00

mercoledì 23 settembre - h 18.00 > 22.00

sound performance
elettronica e voci Elvin Brandhi & Gustav Thomas
produzione Xing/Live Arts Week

THIS INSTEAD è una sound performance di YEAH YOU, duo composto da Elvin Brandhi e Gustav Thomas, che presentano per la prima volta a Bologna la loro *Kb-art' Car-art*. Un progetto inclusivo che riflette sul significato di *social drive* (quindi letteralmente sulla spinta sociale, ma anche su cosa comporta l'atto del *guidare* e l'interdipendenza tra guidatore e guidato, quando sul sedile davanti ci sono due individualità) e sullo smantellamento del sistema famiglia/realità. L'auto familiare è un oggetto progettato per facilitare - gerarchicamente- il passaggio intergenerazionale da A a B, ottimizzando al contempo le attività domestiche/commerciali. Diventa qui un object-trouvé futuristico, la cui inutilità è impiegata per facilitare la

produzione musicale e il pensiero critico in uno spazio pubblico.

Un'auto *THIS INSTEAD*

Un negozio *THIS INSTEAD*

Una forma *THIS INSTEAD*

In una serie di *CAR* T performances in diverse zone della città, l'azione del duo oscilla tra alcune dimostrazioni di vita quotidiana, e altre dimostrazioni dell'impraticabilità pratica di un veicolo che si ferma come mezzo di trasporto, e del cambio d'uso di un mezzo commerciale trasformato in uno spazio dedicato allo scambio sociale. ANIMA vs RUOLO è la questione di fondo, di fronte alla quale il pubblico sarà lasciato da solo a discutere.

Il metodo di base di *THIS INSTEAD* implica che qualsiasi situazione sia re-interpretabile (prima che tu possa essere reinterpretato all'infinito). Le interpretazioni di dati materiali e immateriali in continua metamorfosi sono le più vicine a una verità (parola che voglio usare, visto che siamo una specie storicamente posseduta dalla sua industria).

Situazioni reinterpretabili

Inclusa la soggettività

Incluso il debito

Inclusa la Brexit

Inclusi il marketing e l'euro funnel

includi Le Funzioni

CHE COSA

Non ci resta che pensare sull'orlo di questi invece

THIS INSTEAD

*

YEAH YOU sono Gustav Thomas ed Elvin Brandhi, diade padre/figlia originari del Galles ma cittadini del mondo. Si spostano in un itinerario in continua evoluzione, tra Vienna e Kampala, Berlino, il Cairo e Newcastle, compiendo escursioni musicali e geografiche improvvisate in quella che hanno loro stessi battezzato *Kb-art' (Car-art)*. Il loro è un progetto di una portabilità innata, che nasce dal desiderio di creare in qualsiasi condizione e tempo, utilizzando apparecchiature super leggere di registrazione, approfittando anche di spostamenti in auto di qualunque genere (fare la spesa, andare in tour). Si immergono in questo modo nell'entropia determinata da un flusso di vita improvvisato, che è anche il loro modo di affrontare questioni di politiche identitarie. Decostruiscono così il modello della famiglia nucleare e sconvolgono l'uniformazione psichica imposta dai ruoli normativi. "Si tratta di sviluppare un approccio alla performance che la sradica dall'inquadramento che la vuole 'separata' da ciò che si pensa sia la vita quotidiana". Con il fondato sospetto che le routine siano soffocanti, questo duo soddisfa l'impulso di creare indiscriminatamente, portandosi in giro mini-speakers, ditta-foni, campionatori, videocamera e microfono - più che sufficienti ai loro scopi. E' il gesto moderno di mu-

sicisti nomadi che viaggiano senza altri strumenti se non quelli per registrare. Il suono di YEAH YOU si sviluppa sulle basi distorte di Gustav che fungono da piattaforma instabile su cui Elvin performa i suoi flussi di coscienza, furiosi, profondi, o non-sense. Qualcuno si è accorto di questa macchina suona-rumori lo-fi dallo stile libero e scapestrato, invitandoli recentemente in festival del calibro di Borealis, Counterflows, Supernormal. Hanno al loro attivo due LP, Id Vendor e *KRUTCH* per la Slip UK/Berlin, e la cassetta in edizione limitata *KHOT* per Alter/Opal Tapes.

Geumhyung Jeong ^(KR)

Rehab Training

P420

giovedì 12 novembre - h 19 (su prenotazione)

venerdì 13 novembre - h 19 “

sabato 14 novembre - h 19 “

durational performance, prima italiana
ideazione, regia, performance Geumhyung Jeong
coproduzione PACT Zollverein (Essen), Audio Visual Pavilion (Seoul)
col supporto di Arts Council Korea
management partner in crime

Artista e performer, Geumhyung Jeong osserva da vicino la sua società di provenienza, la Corea del Sud, e il suo intrico di convenzioni e credenze, sogni e desideri nascosti, spesso tenuti assieme da una morale contraddittoria. Laggiù, accanto al consumismo sfrenato e al trionfo del tecnologico, in una società ancorata al comando patriarcale incluse le politiche sessuali e di ruoli (potere e piacere), continuano a sussistere fantasmi, spiriti e revenants ancestrali. In coreano *그분* (Gibun) è il termine che designa l'istanza che prende una decisione: non è né personale né collettiva, né soggettiva né sociale. Viene, si presenta e scompare. A questa modalità sembra ispirarsi il procedere dell'artista, che ha un background tra coreografia e animazione. In *Rehab Training* Geumhyung esegue un programma di training applicato ad un manichino maschio a grandezza naturale, usato nel settore sanitario per formare gli infermieri, in un ipnotico ciclo di lavoro. Emerge da un iniziale atteggiamento clinico e impersonale, nell'esecuzione di compiti semplici e concreti per la riabilitazione di questo 'lui', un duo coreografato che si evolve attraverso manipolazioni, gesti e sguardi, evocando potenze di dipendenza, fascinazione, frustrazione. La riabilitazione è un percorso nel perturbante in cui sfuma il confine tra soggetto e oggetto. Muovendosi lungo questa linea sottile tra esecutore ed eseguito, tra performer e performato, Geumhyung rende visibile l'includibile legame tra il nostro corpo e il desiderio macchinico.

Geumhyung Jeong ^(KR)

Upgrade in Progress

FMAV - Palazzina dei Giardini - Modena

venerdì 6 marzo > domenica 20 settembre

esposizione e installazione site-specific

Il focus su Geumhyung Jeong si estende tra Bologna e Modena attraverso la collaborazione tra Live Arts Week e FMAV. Un'occasione per ampliare lo sguardo su un'artista che interroga la relazione tra il proprio corpo e le tecnologie con delicata ossessione e forte sensualità.

Upgrade in Progress (Fondazione Modena Arti Visive, 6 marzo > 2 giugno 2020) è la prima personale di Geumhyung Jeong in Italia. L'esposizione, a cavallo tra scultura, performance e video, presenta una nuova installazione *site-specific* con dispositivi protesici, manichini, strumenti hardware e robot meccanici amatoriali a controllo remoto, progettati dall'artista. Le sculture meccaniche, collocate su una serie di piani di lavoro modulari, trasformano le sale della Palazzina dei Giardini in un unico stage, anche studio-laboratorio dove l'artista in residenza ha potuto svolgere test ed esperimenti sui 'giocattoli'. L'ambientazione spaziale è intervallata da una serie di opere video. Trasformando questa scenografia ipertecnologica con il solo potere dell'immaginazione creativa, la mostra di Jeong rivela ciò che sta oltre la profonda materialità del corpo tecnologico: una gabbia che ha bisogno di riappropriarsi sia del corpo mortale che del suo controllo, di cui però solo la mente dell'artista ha la chiave.

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Geumhyung Jeong ^(KR)

Live demonstration tour

FMAV - Palazzina dei Giardini - Modena

~~domenica 29 marzo - h 17.00~~

live action, prima assoluta
di e con Geumhyung Jeong
produzione FMAV

Live demonstration tour è un'azione performativa pensata per Upgrade in Progress, la prima personale di Geumhyung Jeong in Italia. L'artista interagirà con gli oggetti che compongono l'installazione alla Palazzina dei Giardini operando come in un teatro anatomico futuribile.

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Geumhyung Jeong, nata in Corea del Sud, è coreografa, artista visiva e performer. Ha studiato recitazione alla Hoseo University di Asan, danza

e performance alla Korean National University of Arts di Seoul e cinema di animazione alla Korean Academy of Film Arts di Seoul. Il suo lavoro esplora il potenziale del corpo, la sua sensualità e il potere di modificare l'ambiente circostante, combinando linguaggi e tecniche derivati dalla danza, il teatro di figura e le arti visive. Tra le sue performance: *Oil Pressure Vibrator*, *7 ways*, *Fitness Guide*, *CPR Practice*, *Rehab Training*, *Homemade RC Toy*, e tra le mostre/installazioni: *Private Collection: Unperformed Objects*, *Spa & Beauty*. Ha esposto in istituzioni internazionali di arte contemporanea e partecipato a festival di live arts tra cui Tate Modern (Londra), Kunsthalle Basel, Liveworks Festival (Sidney), PuSh Festival (Vancouver), Atelier Hermes (Seul), New Museum Triennial (New York), Zürcher Theater Spektakel (Zurigo), Delfina Foundation (Londra), SPIELART Festival (Monaco), ImpulsTanz Festival (Vienna), Kunstenfestivaldesarts (Bruxelles), Time-Based Art Festival (Portland), Kyoto Experiment, Taipei Arts Festival. Ha ricevuto il premio Missulsang Foundation Hermès e il premio Excellence for Alternative Vision al Seoul New Media Art Festival.

www.geumhyungjeong.com

Riccardo Benassi ⁽¹⁾
Morestalgia28032020

Accademia di Belle Arti di Bologna - Aula Magna
sabato 28 marzo - h 19.00

lecture performance, prima italiana, produzione Xing/Live Arts Week
+ book launch
video, testi, voce, live mixing Riccardo Benassi
live digital percussions Tiziano Colombi
produzione Xing/Live Arts Week
libro NERO
produzione Xing/Live Arts Week
col sostegno dell'Italian Council (5a Edizione, 2019) - Direzione Generale
Creatività Contemporanea e Rigenerazione Urbana del Ministero per i Beni
e le Attività Culturali e per il Turismo

Morestalgia28032020 è una lezione aperta in forma concertata che nasce dall'esigenza di tenere vivo il testo alla base del progetto *Morestalgia*, aggiornandolo costantemente e geolocalizzandolo. Al centro della lecture performance è il video che ritrae Alpha1 - un robot umanoide cinese commercializzato per fare divertire i bambini e insegnare yoga alle loro madri - intento a dipingere su tela i paesaggi dell'infanzia dell'artista. 'Morestalgia' è un neologismo creato da Riccardo Benassi per aggiornare il significato del sentimento della nostalgia, e nasce da un lavoro di ricerca teorica sulle sue implicazioni sociali alla luce dell'ingresso di internet nelle nostre vite. Gli esseri umani 'morestalgici' sono portatori del desiderio di vivere un'esperienza che hanno precedentemente inteso come plausibile ma che

non richiamano dal proprio passato, in quanto questo è stato sostituito dalla navigazione immersiva offerta dal web. Questa ricerca ha fornito i contenuti audiovisivi trasmessi da una tenda multimediale di led che ha accolto i viaggiatori della Stazione Alta Velocità di Bologna Centrale nel gennaio del 2020. Una presenza che è stata il prologo di questa nona edizione di Live Arts Week.

Alla lecture performance si accompagna il book launch del tascabile *Morestalgia* edito da NERO Publishing.

www.neroeditions.com

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Riccardo Benassi è un artista visivo che vive e lavora a Berlino. La sua pratica si è distinta negli anni per un approccio multidisciplinare che riflette sull'impatto delle tecnologie nella nostra quotidiana relazione con lo spazio e le persone, e su come esse abbiano radicalmente alterato le strutture abitative e l'organizzazione del reale, dall'architettura alla politica, così come nella produzione e nel consumo di cultura. Sviluppando spesso progetti collaborativi all'interno delle ultime 'sottoculture' degli anni '90, Benassi ha rappresentato, negli anni del suo esordio, una figura chiave nella scena della musica underground europea. Altrettanto attivo in campo visuale, con una frequentazione dei New Media, con particolare riferimento alla crescita espressiva della millennial generation, ne è diventato un riferimento sia sul piano teorico che su quello formativo e procedurale. Le sue opere sono il risultato di un articolato assemblaggio di immagini, testi, suoni, colori, oggetti di design e diversi materiali che insieme generano installazioni, video, ambienti, performance, libri d'artista ed elementi scultorei. Negli ultimi anni il linguaggio testuale è entrato sempre di più a far parte delle sue produzioni. Tra queste, l'impegnativa installazione permanente *Daily Desiderio* e, nel 2019 *Morestalgia*, a cura di Xing, vincitore del bando Italian Council V ideato dal MIBACT. Ha pubblicato *Lettere dal sedile del passeggero quando nessuno è al volante* (Mousse Publishing 2010), *Briefly, Ballare* (Danilo Montanari 2012), *Atimi Fondamentali* (Mousse Publishing 2012), *Techno Casa* (Errant Bodies 2015) e *Morestalgia* (NERO Publishing 2020).

www.riccardobenassi.info

Cristina Kristal Rizzo/Charlie Laban Trier ^(I/DK/NL)
Hypernating

Spazio Hera

sabato 28 marzo - h 22.00

performance

di e con Cristina Kristal Rizzo, Charlie Laban Trier
con il sostegno di Centrale Fies / Live Works Vol.7

Il suono potrebbe essere l'elemento più sottile del materiale percettibile. In *Hypernating* CKR e CLT esplorano le possibilità e i bordi di una voce narrante. Una voce 'fuori luogo', che diventa molteplici voci, portata da un trans-corpo. Queste voci narrano, senza voler mai dichiarare, un testo o delle storie come messaggi misteriosi e seducenti. Sono voci che evocano immaginari a metà tra il corporeo e il visionario e danno forma a spazi capaci di essere abitati da immaginazioni e sogni immateriali. Voci cieche come quella dell'Oracolo Tiresia, che sono come un canto ma con la qualità di un playback, come se fossero completamente distaccate dalla materia organica. CKR e CLT si chiedono se queste voci possono proporre una promessa al buio, l'assenza di una soggettività come potenziale apparizione per un altro corpo, per un'immagine artificiale che appare e scompare nell'oscurità della visione. Mettono in discussione la *realness* di una voce e si chiedono di fare una passeggiata nell'*Uncanny Valley*. Cercano modi per creare e poi decomporre le immagini, così da non essere mai interessati a definire il riconoscimento di una figura e, per far questo, ci chiamano all'oscurità, a stare in uno spazio buio. Le immagini si modellano fisicamente in luccichii che immediatamente vengono riassorbiti nella materia viscosa del buio. La scena è abitata da oggetti e dispositivi che perdono la loro funzione per divenire qualcosa d'altro, come tracce di un tempo super-illuminato, che ancora si trattiene nell'ossessione della limpidezza/sensazione come riconoscimento di una realtà biologica. La pièce è una specie di racconto del corpo, un monologo interiore che diventa un potenziale discorso collettivo, forse è una canzone d'amore - o la trama di una collisione artificiale che modula l'apparizione diffusa di un misterioso disegno.

Cristina Kristal Rizzo, dancemaker di base a Firenze, è attiva sulla scena della danza contemporanea italiana a partire dai primi anni '90. E' tra i fondatori dello storico collettivo Kinkaleri, con il quale ha collaborato attivamente sino al 2007 attraversando la scena performativa internazionale e ricevendo numerosi riconoscimenti. Dal 2008 ha intrapreso un percorso autonomo di produzione coreografica indirizzando la propria ricerca verso una riflessione teorica dal forte impatto dinamico, tesa a rigenerare l'atto di creazione e ad aprire riflessioni sul tempo presente, affermandosi come una delle principali personalità della coreografia italiana. Tra le sue ultime creazioni: *TOCCARE - The white dance*, *ULTRAS sleeping dances*,

VN Serenade, *Prélude, ikea*, *Bolero Effect*. Alla circuitazione degli spettacoli affianca un'intensa attività di proposte sperimentali, conferenze, laboratori, alta formazione e scrittura teorica. Come coreografa ospite ha creato per i principali Enti Lirici e istituzioni italiane e straniere tra i quali Teatro Comunale di Firenze/Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, Balletto di Toscana Junior, Aterballetto.

www.cristinarizzo.it

Charlie Laban Trier è un musicista e dancemaker di Copenhagen di base ad Amsterdam. Ha conseguito la laurea presso la SNDO (School for New Dance Development) nel 2018. Uno dei punti centrali del suo percorso riguarda l'incarnazione di pratiche performative che attuino un rovesciamento dello sguardo. Il suo interesse è migliorare lo spazio di agibilità per i corpi: un approccio al lavoro influenzato dalla sua appartenenza a diverse scene queer e alla scelta di vivere come una persona transgender. Tra le collaborazioni recenti come performer: Paul Maheke, Beck Heiberg, Michele Rizzo, Noha Ramadan, Keren Levi, Phoebe Osborne, Andreas Hannes. Dal 2015 lavora per e con Cristina Kristal Rizzo.

[symb-[i/o]-te]+[“the being formerly known as onyx ashanti”]=...onyx:em-[i/o]:sonaut-[i/o]... ^(USA)
EM-[i/o]:Son-Aut-[i/o];prototype self

Palazzo Vizzani

giovedì 2 aprile - h 18.00 > 24.00

venerdì 3 aprile - h 18.00 > 24.00

sabato 4 aprile - h 18.00 > 24.00

campus sonocyb, prima italiana, produzione Xing/Live Arts Week

[symb-[i/o]-te]+[“the being formerly known as onyx ashanti”]=...
onyx:em-[i/o]:sonaut-[i/o]... è il nome di una transazione identitaria, un percorso di auto-apprendimento, ovvero di riprogrammazione perpetua, attuato dall'artista, musicista, performer, programmatore, ex busker digitale, e inventore della fono-cibernetica, Onyx Ashanti. Tramite un linguaggio di programmazione - il PureData - Onyx Ashanti progetta da anni strutture sonomorfiche che elaborano i segnali digitali; realizza inoltre con stampanti 3D delle protesi/controller che gli permettono di articolare il suono elettronico partendo dai movimenti del corpo: le dita, le mani, la testa. È un corpo che si riveste di una stravagante livrea decorativa, una gioielleria 'technica', un costume usato per attuare un rito che consenta al cyberismo una risalita lungo remote correnti afro. Si apre così il campo ad un nuovo tipo di immaginazione, imparentata con il Black Quantum Futurism, in cui l'attività di pensiero viene tradotta in Metabit: dati capaci di proiettare informazioni allo stesso tempo comprensibili sia

come strutture musicali che come sistemi informatici. “Al momento la mia mente è piena di modelli funzionali per una ‘designed autonomy.’” **EM-[i/o]:Son-Aut-[i/o];prototype self** presenta nella pratica l'evoluzione di questo processo di integrazione fra pensiero e dispositivo, interfaccia e corpo, in vista di una manipolazione via via sempre più accurata. Questa ricerca, che non è di natura esclusivamente tecnica, investe la forma stessa del pensiero, addestrando Ashanti in vista di una capacità rappresentativa di ordine superiore, affrontando una nuova concezione dello spazio/tempo, del linguaggio, e del significato profondo della transizionalità. Ma soprattutto rappresenta una visione in cui la musica diventa strumento di gestione nei confronti della complessità prodotta dalla soverchiante presenza di tecnologia dei dati, nelle nostre vite rovinare dall'ansia.

La presenza di onyx:em-[i/o]:sonaut-[i/o] a Palazzo Vizzani, nei tre giorni di apertura al pubblico, prevede momenti di visita e incontro, trasmissioni di dati e azioni sonore performative indoors e outdoors.

onyx:em-[i/o]:sonaut-[i/o]

per ulteriori informazioni su onyx ashanti, nato in Mississippi, google him ... molte informazioni, generate in 25 anni, in più formati, su interwebs. lui non verrà.

[sybm- [i/o]-te]+[“l’essere precedentemente noto come onyx ashanti”]=...

onyx:em-[i/o]:sonaut-[i/o]...

non ha biografia

ancora...

hanno circa 4 mesi al momento di questo scritto

attualmente stanno imparando a [parlare]

attualmente sono in una [fase uno] fase di iterazione

che dovrà avere un'espressione tangibile

dal momento in cui (questo evento -inserire qui il nome proprio dell'evento---) inizia.

Onyx non fa dischi, preferisce documentare le sue sperimentazioni quotidiane, le sue street performance e gli acquisti sonificati di generi alimentari, attraverso il suo blog, i social media e YouTube.

www.youtube.com/user/onyxashanti

Canedicoda⁽¹⁾

Verosimilmente connesso

Palazzo Vizzani

giovedì 2 aprile - h 12.00 > 24.00

venerdì 3 aprile - h 12.00 > 24.00

sabato 4 aprile - h 12.00 > 24.00

unità mobile, produzione Xing/Live Arts Week

Verosimilmente connesso è una micro casa/studio con funzione di espositore del mondo produttivo di Canedicoda - artista, designer, musicista, garment-furniture-food maker, grafico, stampatore serigrafico, organizzatore: si occupa di ‘disegno in senso esteso’ - che ritorna puntuale anche quest'anno a Live Arts Week come presenza immancabile. Canedicoda si insedia per una settimana negli spazi di Palazzo Vizzani come una formica solitaria (immaginate un mono-formicaio di una popolazione costituita da un solo esemplare), erigendo negli ambienti la sua piccola sala di ricevimento, mobile e temporanea per condividere il suo sapere multiforme sul trattamento delle materie (legno, stoffa, carta, suono, erbe...) e dello spazio di intesa. Una struttura su ruota con delle estensioni temporanee, un mobile (che letteralmente si muove, si apre e si chiude) dentro il quale lui stesso campeggia quotidianamente, brulicante di oggettistica e di elementi che possono staccarsi e andarsene via, acquisiti dai visitatori. Idee lanciate in giro. Per Canedicoda creare una collezione è un esercizio di personalizzazione e prototipazione: nonostante alcune caratteristiche comuni, ogni pezzo ha la sua forma e il suo carattere particolare. *Verosimilmente connesso* rappresenta un modo di vivere e di creare, dove la presenza in un ambiente è spontaneamente generatrice.

Canedicoda è un artista multidisciplinare attivo in ambito musicale (con l'alias di Ottaven), performativo e in quello del design e della moda. Ha sviluppato un universo autoriale ricco, cangiante ma sempre immediatamente riconoscibile. Figura di snodo nel passaggio e la circuitazione in Italia di molteplici correnti di ricerche artistiche, stilistiche e musicali innovative e minoritarie (ricordiamo tra le altre gli appuntamenti di Piattaforma Fantastica), ha al suo attivo una vasta storia di collaborazioni con etichette produttive, spazi no profit, collettivi e singoli artisti italiani e stranieri. Dal 2003 Canedicoda ha condotto una sua personale ricerca di linguaggio, stile e metodo, e ha creato una sua label. Ha collaborato stabilmente con Marsèll e Marsèlleria, Netmage Festival, Live Arts Week, Le Dictateur, Plusdesign Gallery, C2C, NERO, Fondazione Bonotto, Viafarini, Istituto Svizzero, far Festival, e svariate situazioni indipendenti, istituzionali e commerciali tra cui Carhartt, Replay, Adidas, Vic Matié, Dumb Skateboards. Il suo lavoro è stato presentato in centri d'arte contemporanea tra cui Muscion Bolzano, Palazzo delle Esposizioni Roma e Triennale Milano. Molte anche le collaborazioni artistiche consolidate: Nico Vascellari, Matteo Castro, Luigi Pre-

sicce, Roberta Mosca, Kinkaleri, Alessandro Bosetti, Anna Maria Ajmone, Cristina Rizzo, Carlos Casas, Jungen Tagen, Dennys Tyfus. Tra i progetti live recenti, oltre i concerti in duo con Primorje, si distinguono le 100 performance ad personam di *Adagio con Buccia* (2015-16), appuntamenti di (co)progettazione e assemblaggio di tessuti intorno a corpi pensanti, e *Musica per un Giorno* (2016>2040) con la danzatrice Roberta Mosca, una lunga azione della durata di 24 ore a cadenza annuale per 24 anni, giunta al 5° anno. Ha pubblicato il libro-diario-inventario *Adagio con Buccia* (NERO, 2018), lo sketch-book *80H - eighty imaginary houses i'll build for you* (bruno, 2016), e varie edizioni audio su Second Sleep, Holiday Records e per Le Dictateur. Dal 2015 è docente del corso di textile design alla NABA Nuova Accademia di Belle Arti Milano.

www.canedicoda.com

Graham Lambkin ^(GB) *Tradewinds*

Palazzo Vizzani

giovedì 2 aprile - h 23:00 (spoken-word)

venerdì 3 aprile - h 23:00 (sound performance)

sabato 4 aprile - h 23:00 (environment)

spoken-word, sound performance, environment, prima italiana, produzione King/Live Arts Week

Tradewinds è il titolo di una sessione tripartita che Graham Lambkin presenta nel corso della sua permanenza a Palazzo Vizzani, tra field recordings, improvvisazione elettroacustica e spoken-word. Come preannunciano i venti evocati dal titolo, Lambkin trasporta i detriti sonori del mondo esteriore distillandoli in un *corpus* musicale dal fascino sottile e ipnotico. Segni ambivalenti, attraversati dal caso, per un artista poliedrico (diremmo un *sound organizer* più che un *music maker*) che mira a raggiungere 'il fondo' della musica, accogliendo nella composizione sonora il non pianificato e ciò che accade da sé. "Si deve ascoltare il vocabolario di uno spazio". Si tratta, per chi crea come per chi ascolta, di un esercizio di 'lettura' della realtà che richiede un'attenzione particolare nel collezionare e tenere uniti i diversi stimoli che popolano lo spazio acustico, a volte in modo sparuto e microscopico, altre intercettando la frazione più prossima di un caos inestricabile. A sera tarda, le stanze del Palazzo - che fu una dimora storica - ospitano i suoni e gli umori di *Tradewinds*, proiettati nel silenzio di una casa vuota e ricreando l'intimità di una musica da camera. Avremo modo di condividere piccoli e grandi spaccati di una vita vissuta, in un'oscillazione tra documentazione e narrazione, contraddistinta in certi momenti, da un sinistro minimalismo compositivo, quasi il segno di un presagio.

Graham Lambkin, nato a Dover in Inghilterra, vive a New York. E' un

artista/editore multidisciplinare che si muove in ambito sonoro e visivo, con un interesse per la testualità e la parola. Lambkin è noto dai primi anni '90 con la formazione musicale amatoriale The Shadow Ring, che fonde un'estetica D.I.Y. post-punk con la musica folk, un'elettronica erosa e giochi di parole surreali, per creare un suono ibrido unico che lo distingue dai suoi pari e continua a esercitare un'influenza oggi. Dopo lo scioglimento di The Shadow Ring Lambkin ha pubblicato una serie di dischi in solo dalla grana assolutamente originale, tra cui *No Better No Worse*, *Salmon Run*, *Amateur Doubles* e *Community*, e intrapreso una serie di progetti collaborativi con artisti del calibro di Joe McPhee, Keith Rowe, Moniek Darge, Jason Lescalleet, Michael Pisaro e Áine O'Dwyer. La sua produzione visiva è cupa e celebrativa ed esplora temi come l'ambiente, l'ecologia e la decadenza con una sfumatura poetica che tradisce il peso della materia. Ha avuto mostre personali a New York, Los Angeles, Stoccarda, Colonia, e sono state documentate in cinque volumi dalla Penultimate Press di Londra. Un spirito comune di collisione tra il familiare e l'inquietante, informa le sue performance e mostre di testi e i suoi spoken-word. Le sfaccettature prosaiche della vita cedono a influssi onirici mordenti, allo stesso tempo banali e bizzarri. Lambkin ha presentato le sue opere a livello internazionale in luoghi come il Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, The Kitchen, New York, The Sibelius Museum, Turku, Vassar College, NY, Café OTO, London, CALarts, CA, New Museum of Contemporary Art, Brooklyn, New York, Fylkingen, Stoccolma, e ha pubblicato tre volumi di testi. Nel 2001 Ha fondato l'etichetta Kye, che ha pubblicato oltre 60 edizioni audio di artisti come Philip Corner, Gabi Losoney, Malcolm Goldstein, Joe McPhee e Matthew Revert, oltre a importanti raccolte archivistiche di Anton Heyboer, Moniek Darge, Henning Christiansen e *Shadow Ring* di Lambkin.

www.grahamlambkin.com

Katerina Andreou ^(GR/F) **BSTRD**

Spazio Hera

giovedì 2 aprile - h 21:00

performance, prima italiana
coreografia e performance Katerina Andreou
sound design Katerina Andreou in collaborazione con Eric Yvelin
luci Yannick Fouassier
sguardo esterno Myrto Katsiki, Lynda Rahal
sound engineering Tal Agam, Eric Yvelin, Gaetan Lajoye
produzione Mi Mai/BARK
coproduzione Onassis Cultural Center, CDCN Atelier de Paris, CCN de Caen, CCN d'Orléans, La place de la danse CDCN de Toulouse,

Ballet de Marseille
col sostegno di ARCADI Ile de France, DRAC Ile de France
partners ImpulsTanz Festival (Prix Jardin D'Europe residency),
Kunstencentrum BUDA, CN D Paris (residence augmentée), La Menagerie
de Verre Paris (StudioLab), LA CABINE à Angers, Reservoir Danse Rennes,
MonitorFest Heraclion

BSTRD è un solo, frutto di molteplici ibridazioni, che sfida il confine tra autonomia e autorità, condizionamento e libero arbitrio. Ispirandosi alla nozione di *impuro*, Katerina Andreou sviluppa una politica/poetica incarnata in una figura bastarda, consumata in una danza al di là di ogni definizione. In BSTRD si riafferma il suo stile contraddistinto da un'energia esplosiva, ma contenuta da movimenti ancorati al suolo. Il suo corpo si iscrive nell'istante, tra i limiti determinati dallo sforzo e dalla fatica. Con solo un giradischi come partner, agisce in una geometria immaginaria che rappresenta il perimetro per l'esercizio fisico di una 'pura impurità'. Ispirandosi alla house music - da New York e Chicago negli anni '80 - come pratica di *métissage* sviluppata da persone di origini diverse che impiegano tecniche diverse, Katerina Andreou vede il fatto musicale come sistema di confluenze. Suo è il mix che si ascolta dal disco, dove ha utilizzato frammenti campionati di diversa provenienza, disposti su una linea di basso continuo. Un ambiente sonoro dove si manifestano stati di presenza che negoziano universi contrastanti, e dove i meccanismi corporei e gli schemi mentali possono irrompere nell'ascetismo. 'I need silence for this piece'.

Katerina Andreou, performer, coreografa, musicista di Atene, vive e lavora in Francia. Consegue una doppia laurea in giurisprudenza alla Facoltà di Legge dell'Università di Atene, e in coreografia alla Scuola Statale di Danza di Atene. Ha frequentato il programma ESSAIS al CNDC d'Angers nel 2011, sotto la direzione di Emmanuelle Huyhn, come borsista della Fondazione K. Pratsika, e ha conseguito un master all'Università di Parigi 8 in ricerca e coreografia. E' stata borsista Danceweb al Festival di Impulstanz Vienna nel 2015. Come danzatrice e performer ha collaborato tra gli altri con DD Dorvillier, Lenio Kaklea, Bryan Campbell, Dinis Machado, Emmanuelle Huynh, Ana Rita Teodoro, Anne Lise Le Gac, Jocely Cottencin, Iris Karayan. Il suo lavoro si basa sullo sviluppo di tecniche ibride che indagano i confini tra corpo selvaggio e corpo abituato, ossia un corpo fisicamente rimodellato secondo le esigenze del terreno esecutivo. Utilizza training provenienti dal free style, dalla boxe e da altre discipline agonistiche, acquisendo una maestria pratica di schemi fondamentali (corporei, emotivi, visuali e mentali), prediligendone il carattere ripetitivo, arido, ascetico. Le è stato assegnato il premio coreografico Prix Jardin d'Europe all'ImpulsTanz Festival 2016 per il solo *A kind of fierce*, ed è stata nominata tra gli artisti di Aerowaves Twenty19 con il solo BSTRD. Fa parte della rete Panorama Artist - Departures and Arrivals (DNA).

www.katerinaandreou.com

Mette Edvardsen/Matteo Fargion ^(N/B/GB) *Penelope Sleeps*

Teatro Auditorium Manzoni

venerdì 3 aprile - h 21.00

opera, prima italiana
testo Mette Edvardsen
musiche Matteo Fargion
performers Mette Edvardsen, Matteo Fargion e Angela Hicks
luci e supporto tecnico Bruno Pocheron
costumi Anne-Catherine Kunz
sottotitolazioni e supporto produttivo Cillian O'Neill
produzione Mette Edvardsen/Athome, Manyone & Eva Wilsens
co-produzione Kaaitheater & Kunstenfestivaldearts (Brussels), BUDA (Kortrijk), Black Box teater (Oslo), Teaterhuset Avant Garden (Trondheim), BIT Teatergarasjen (Bergen), centre chorégraphique national de Caen in Normandie (France), apap-Performing Europe 2020 - a project co-founded by the Creative Europe Programme of the European Union
residenze Black Box teater (Oslo), MDT (Stockholm), Kaaitheater (Brussels) con il supporto di Norsk Kulturråd, Norwegian Artistic Research Program - Oslo National Academy of the Arts

Penelope sleeps è un'Opera al *grado zero*. Nasce da un'idea di Mette Edvardsen e Matteo Fargion che affrontano con un approccio decisamente sperimentale questa forma appartenente alla tradizione europea: i rapporti tra vocalità e musica, lo spazio e le dimensioni, si rifanno all'immaginario operistico, ma lo trasformano in poche linee essenziali. Il libretto è un essay che segue regole sue proprie. Storie e materiali diversi si mescolano, coesistendo senza creare unità. Essay deriva dal francese *essayer*, che significa *provare, tentare*; opera, in italiano, significa *operare, lavorare*. In questa *prova di lavoro* si apre uno spazio. "Il materiale su cui lavoro è il linguaggio. Per anni ho lavorato su domande relative alla scrittura, pensando la coreografia come scrittura. Esiste una concezione più ampia dello scritto, non in opposizione al corpo o al movimento, ma come loro estensione. Scrivere implica testualità ma anche composizione, il mettere assieme tutti gli elementi e i materiali in uno spazio, compresi il tempo e la presenza." Nell'atmosfera sospesa di quest'opera-sogno le relazioni tra una donna, il mondo e l'altro, si fanno e si disfano. Penelope non è qui la figura del mito omerico, almeno non in senso letterale. Vi figura a suo modo, più intesa che tessitrice, evocata da una voce parlata e cantata, e da una musica d'armonium e synth, che creano un mondo intimo e minimalista, in cui siete invitati a distendervi.

Mette Edvardsen, artista norvegese, vive e lavora fra Bruxelles e Oslo. Si muove nel campo delle performing arts come coreografa e performer. Sebbene si esprima anche col video e la scrittura, il suo interesse ruota comunque intorno alle arti performative intese come pratica e contesto. Ha lavorato per molti anni come danzatrice e performer in diverse

compagnie e progetti. Dal 2002 ha cominciato un percorso autoriale autonomo, presentando le sue performance nel panorama internazionale. Tra le produzioni, oltre la serie sui limiti del linguaggio *Black* (2011), *No Title* (2014), *We to be* (2015), *oslo* (2017), spicca *Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine* (2010>in corso) basato sulla pratica di memorizzazione di testi. Il processo, tuttora in corso, è stato presentato in oltre 30 città di tutto il mondo, assistendo alla nascita di una comunità di 70 libri viventi in tredici lingue. Ha realizzato l'opera *Penelope Sleeps* (2019) con le musiche di Matteo Fargion, e assieme a Jonathan Burrows, Matteo Fargion e Francesca Fargion ha creato *Music For Lectures/Every word was once an animal* (2018). Ha pubblicato *Not Not Nothing* (2019) e il libro su *Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine* (2019) in occasione della osloBIENNALEN 2019. Il Black Box Theatre di Oslo le ha dedicato una retrospettiva nel 2015 e il MACBA di Barcelona un focus nel 2018. È ricercatrice presso la KHIO - National Academy of the Arts di Oslo.

www.metteedwardsen.be

Matteo Fargion è musicista, compositore e performer di origine italiana, vive a Londra. Ha studiato composizione con Kevin Volans all'Università di Natal in Sudafrica, poi con Howard Skempton a Londra. Il suo interesse per la danza contemporanea è iniziato, dopo aver visto la Merce Cunningham Dance Company. Questa esperienza lo ha incoraggiato ad iscriversi al Corso Internazionale per Coreografi e Compositori dove ha incontrato nel 1988 il coreografo e performer inglese Jonathan Burrows, per cui ha composto vari pezzi. In seguito la relazione si stabilizza nel duo Burrows/Fargion con la produzione di 11 duetti che continua ad essere presentata in tutto il mondo. Matteo Fargion ha scritto musica per il teatro per diverse produzioni dirette da Elmar Goerden e Thomas Ostermeier. Ha anche collaborato con coreografi tra cui Siobhan Davies, Russell Maliphant, Lynda Gaudreau, Noé Soulier e Mette Edvardsen, e tiene seminari di composizione al P.A.R.T.S. di Brussels. Tra i lavori recenti: *The Solo Piece* (2018), il quartetto *Music For Lectures/Every word was once an animal* (2018) con Mette Edvardsen, Jonathan Burrows e Francesca Fargion, *Flowers (we are)* con Claire Croize, *We Have to Dress Gorgeously*, un'opera punk fatta con Andrea Spreafico per il Borealis Festival di Bergen, il progetto speciale con Burrows & guests, *Hysterical Furniture*, e la serie di ritratti on line *52 Portraits* (2017).

Angela Hickx, cantante lirica (soprano), vive a Londra. E' una cantante versatile, esperta in repertori diversi: oratorio, musica medievale, rinascimentale, musica da camera, musica per il teatro, recital con organo, pianoforte e liuto. Da quando ha intrapreso la sua carriera musicale, si è esibita a livello internazionale, affermandosi come specialista nel repertorio barocco. Fa parte di numerose formazioni inglesi di rilievo, tra cui The Monteverdi Choir, diretto da John Eliot Gardiner, con il quale compare sia come

solista che come parte del coro. È anche membro di Ex Cathedra (Jeffrey Skidmore) e Dowland Works (Emma Kirkby). Recentemente è apparsa nel film premio Oscar *The Favorite* accanto a Emma Stone e Rachael Weisz, in cui canta Henry Purcell. Ha cantato come solista (Bach - *La Passione secondo Matteo* e le cantate con John Eliot Gardiner, e *La Passione secondo Giovanni* con Jeffrey Skidmore) nelle principali sale da concerto nel Regno Unito e in Europa, tra cui la Filarmonica di Berlino, la Cappella reale della Reggia di Versailles, St John's Smith Square e Birmingham Symphony Hall. Nel 2016 ha inciso come solista col Coro di Monteverdi la Cantata BWV 151 di Bach con la casa discografica Soli Deo Gloria. Recentemente ha interpretato il ruolo di Cupido nel *Semele* di Handel diretto da John Elliot Gardiner alla Teatro alla Scala.

www.angelahickssoprano.com

Yasmine Hugonnet ^(CH)
Chro no lo gi cal

Ex Chiesa di San Mattia
sabato 4 aprile - h 21:00

performance in situ
con Ruth Childs, Audrey Gaisan Doncel, Yasmine Hugonnet
ideazione & coreografia Yasmine Hugonnet
in collaborazione con le performers
assistente Isabelle Vesseron
disegno luci Dominique Dardant
collaborazione artistica & vocalità Mickael Nick
costumi Machteld Vis, Karine Dubois
testo Lucrèce, De rerum Natura, Libro V, 534-563 (estratti da Equilibre de la terre), testo originale in latino, Flammarion, Paris, 1997, p. 345
produzione esecutiva Jérôme Pique
produzione Arts Mouvements
co-produzione Théâtre de Vidy Lausanne, Atelier de Paris Carolyn Carlson – CDC, Centre Chorégraphique National de Caen, Centre Chorégraphique National de Rillieux la pape, nel quadro di Programmers' Fund del Reso – Dance Network Switzerland col sostegno di Pro Helvetia, Swiss Arts Council e col sostegno di Canton de Vaud, Ville de Lausanne, Pro Helvetia – Fondation Suisse pour la Culture, Bourse SSA, Loterie Romande, Fondation Ernst Göhner, Fondation Nestlé pour l'art, Fondation Stanley Thomas Johnson
presentazione italiana col sostegno di Istituto Svizzero di Roma

Chro no lo gi cal è l'invito ad un viaggio interiore che gioca con il tempo e le sue dimensioni. Il presente è come il suono di un fiume, un perpetuo piuttosto che un eterno, un nastro che si svolge tra il già-stato e il non-ancora, uno stato puro. Come in un *De rerum natura reloaded*, vediamo e ascoltiamo forse che germogliano, crescono e cambiano costantemente,

seguendo flussi, progressioni e ritenzioni. Sono ricordi, gesti imminenti, immagini residue. Le tre donne, nella loro compresenza, attuano una negoziazione continua: nel parlato nascosto e nelle figure composte dai loro corpi, tra equilibrio e inerzia, nelle pose statiche in cui la misurazione di ogni spostamento della gravità sembra alludere a una nuova vittoria sul tempo. Tre corpi fuori da ogni cronologia mettono in scena l'inizio e la fine della loro auto-conservazione. Prende spazio il suono di parole polverizzate che eludono ogni ordine, ogni logica o ricomposizione. L'origine della voce non è visibile, c'è uno scarto tra il viso e il corpo, uno iato tra suono e parola. Ogni corpo è uno strumento che esplora consistenze plastiche: velocità atomiche, onde gravitazionali, flashback e déjà-vu, gesti inquietanti, balli dopo la fine. Sopravvissuti alla conoscenza arcaica, nei nuovi abiti del contemporaneo. A Bologna, il trio *Chro no lo gi cal* diventa un concerto coreo/grafico dove linguaggi invisibili emergono nell'architettura, che fa da eco all'immaterialità di voci ventriloque, spostando continuamente lo spazio del significato.

Yasmine Hugonnet è coreografa, danzatrice e ricercatrice. Il suo lavoro indaga i rapporti tra forma, immagine e sensazione, ed esplora la (de)costruzione del linguaggio coreografico attraverso processi di incarnazione e di appropriazione. Nata a Montreux in Svizzera e cresciuta in Mali, ritorna in Europa dove studia danza classica e contemporanea prima a Losanna, poi al Conservatoire National Supérieur de Danse di Parigi e infine a New York dove studia postmodern dance. Si interessa parallelamente di contact dance, improvvisazione, Butoh e ricerca coreografica. Dal 2000 inizia a creare proprie coreografie esplorando diversi formati performativi col collettivo Synalephe. Lavora per due anni a Taiwan con artisti non vedenti. Si trasferisce poi in Olanda per seguire il Master in Coreografia "Dance Unlimited", studio teorico-pratico in cui intraprende la ricerca sulla nozione di presenza. La sua riflessione sul gesto è stata orientata da importanti incontri con i coreografi e ricercatori Peter Goss, Odile Rouquet e Lisa Nelson. Nel 2006 è in residenza a Lubiana in Slovenia dove collabora con vari artisti e istituzioni (En Knapp, Maska, Plesni Theater). In seguito crea il trio *RE-PLAY* (2006) e il solo *Latitudes de Pose* (2007). Continua a lavorare in stretta collaborazione con la scena slovena sviluppando per il Museo Civico di Lubiana le creazioni site-specific *Of Other* e *AAAAA. Solo for four voices* (2008). Dal 2009 al 2013 si concede un lungo periodo di ricerca, seguito dalla costituzione della sua compagnia Arts Mouvementés a Losanna e dalla creazione di tre soli: *Le Rituel des Fausses Fleurs* (2013), *Le Récital des Postures* (2014) - premiato con il Prix Suisse de Dance - e *La Traversée des Langues* (2015). In questa fase sviluppa un linguaggio coreografico incentrato sulla relazione tra postura, attenzione e immaginazione. Approfondendo la ricerca sull'attenzione, sulla germinazione di figure e la postura come bacino di micro-accadimenti, si addentra nella pratica del ventriloquismo. Dopo diversi riconoscimenti internazionali, crea *La Ronde/Quatuor* (2016) per il festival Rencontres chorégraphiques interna-

tionales de Seine-Saint-Denis e, per la Biennale Danza di Venezia, il solo *Se Sentir Vivant* (2017), il trio *Chro no lo gi cal* (2018), e i lavori di gruppo *Extensions* (2019) e *Seven Winters* (2020). Nel 2019 è stata artist-in-residence a Palazzo Butera a Palermo grazie all'Istituto Svizzero.

yasminehugonnet.com

Live Arts Week/Gianni Peng IX

un progetto di Xing

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Daniele Gasparinetti

Silvia Fanti

direzione esecutiva:

Paolo Liaci

Sandra Murer

assistenza alla produzione:

Perla Degli Esposti

ufficio stampa:

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web promo & ufficio stampa:

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Xing
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www.xing.it www.liveartsweek.it

