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THIS CONTAINER:

This Container is an open host¹ for documents² produced through and alongside choreographic thinking.³ Beginning from a desire to self-publish, we created a space that could support choreographic experimentations in writing;⁴ it came in the form of a zine.⁵

This Container is a platform produced for and shaped by the writing that happens within and around making pieces.⁶ It aims to produce a space where such documents are not only accessible as accessories to performances, but rather articulate their own space as choreographic objects, including them in the landscape of contemporary choreographic work. This Container takes seriously the various forms of expression choreographic thinking can nourish, questioning how such documents can perform when read through a choreographic support.⁷

This Container takes shape according to its content, without organising through dominant narratives or figures.⁸ This Container wants to weave, leaving holes and threads between the forms of writing. This Container uses gathering⁹ and circluding¹⁰ as narration and relational principles to develop a feminist editing strategy. It is a network of difference, a pulsing horizon.¹¹

This Container also acts as an experimental archive of contemporary choreographic discourse. Through its editions it provides a repertory of traces.¹²

It began in Stockholm, 2016¹³ and is currently in its 6th edition.¹⁴

Chloe Chignell
Jan 2019

¹ A host is a support structure, a dynamic and responsive system to take care of things being together. This Container believes a good host is the one who introduces you to someone but lets you say your own name, they show you the bathroom but don't tell you when to use it.^a

² To think of the work hosted by This Container as documents is to think them as traces, imprints and evidence.^b The document serves as a record, it is information and power. The document is active, it is in relation, it is partial, requiring both situation and a community of other documents for narrations and knowledges to appear. This Container is a platform for various forms of writing: poetry, scores, manifestos, poetic theorising, critical dictionaries, diagrams, scripts, essays, songs and images. The document is the frame through which we can organise how these texts relate and what narrations can be possible.

³ The documents hosted by This Container hold many relations to choreography, they insist that choreography is not visible only through performances. The term choreographic thinking appears wherever choreography is applied to spaces other than performances, and even sometimes within them. This Container maintains a minimal definition of choreographic thinking; as a particular orientation to materials, analysis and

production. To think with choreography is to relate to it's history and the knowledge it has and continues to produce, to think with choreography is to contribute thought to choreography. There are problems and strategies that are specific to choreography which can be approached through many materials and practices.

⁴ *It's a recipe, but not for eating; a sequel to everything up until now; horizontal tourism; many feminists' elegy; opinions weakened with time; an inaudible lesbian opera; a future ballet manifesto; dances and desires; cheating discipline; purposely misplaced; only poems; statements and speculations; a diagram for artistic research; and an incomplete encyclopaedia of random knowledge and dear dances.*

⁵ The zine is self-published, it produces a discourse, it gathers readers by circulation, its movement traces communities. The zine relies on minimal economics, it activates gestures of passing and of reproduction. The zine's anarchist roots drive it not into reaction but into anticipation. The zine is always yet to come, it is knowledge, it moves in the margins and produces its own centre. The history of the zine makes for many wonderful narrations of production and dissemination: from science fiction fanzines, to punk zines, to radical feminism and political activism. This Container zine is the daughter of many.

⁶ This Container wants to create a support for texts that are not housed inside of performances nor are forms of writing that could

be published in other contexts, Or are exactly literature and theory published and read elsewhere but that we feel could perform differently when read through a choreographic support.

⁷ This Container thinks of itself as a choreographic space; it is a publication (a support apparatus) that is organised through choreography. There are many questions that continue spinning on how exactly choreography is the technology of producing such a magazine. How can choreography, as a technology, can be used for publication and editing? What strategies, problems, histories are at stake when This Container is itself (a) choreography. It is not that techniques or methods from choreography are appropriated into the field or work of publication, rather we think how can the production and distribution of This Container occur within choreography, as a choreographic project.

⁸ Dominant narratives and figures are those stories we know, the ones we are repeatedly told, the ones we have to work collectively not to continue to tell. The hero, the dame, their romances and crusades. This Container wants to find another narration, one which might not yet be recognised as a story, whose subjects might not be reconciled as such. This Container thinks that collecting and organising any set of documents will produce a narration, and such a narration is a history (and equally a future). Despite our abstinence from dominant narratives, we do not assume the role of the dominated.

⁹ Thanks to Ursula K. Le Guin for her Carrier bag Theory of Fiction, we have used the metaphor of the net and the bag to develop a feminist narration through the editing of the zine. A feminist narration is a structure without a centralised protagonist, the event and climax are sidelined, narration becomes a sustained labor of seeking, of collecting, of tacility.

¹⁰ Circlusion is the concept which describes the act of receiving as active, it is the antonym of penetration by Bini Adamczak. "A word that describes the workers of the anus of the mouth, the vagina and the hand as active instead of passive". This concept has been important for thinking what the gestures of a support structure, such as This Container can perform. This container is not only a scaffolding one enters but a form to be embraced by. See Edition 05 of This Container for more discussion on Circlusion.

¹¹ Network of difference: Where documents are not linked through the ways in which they are similar but rather tries to produce joints, folds and frictions. This Container does not propose a thematics nor a dominant narration, but aims to make possible multiple articulations between texts and authors. To read between discourses and open something closer to a landscape, a field – our field, and yes it keeps moving.

¹² The anarchive is an important reference for how This Container thinks of its archival potential. Developed through SenseLab “The anarchive is not documentation of a past activity. Rather, it is a feed-forward mechanism for lines of creative process, under continuing variation” The anarchive is an approach to historical narrations and historical material that renders the documents it collects active and “in excess energy of the archive.”¹³

¹³ This Container premiered at Index - Swedish Contemporary Art Foundation.¹⁴ It was first a fanzine accompanying a performance of the same title made and performed by: Ellen Söderhult, Maia Means, Vanessa Virta, Nicole Neidert, Sonya Lindfors and Chloe Chignell.

¹⁴ A new edition of This Container has been released in more or less six month intervals, this regularity is a coincidence. The zine is produced when desired and needed, It is motivated by sensitivity rather than schedules: to know when is a listening practice.¹⁵

^a It is about making structures and systems both visible and available. It is enabling someone or something an entrance into a space, so they can act within and upon it.

^b The documents hosted in This Container are not documentation. Documentation is a varied and common practice within choreography. It produces material correspondences with choreographic performance or practice. Documentation in dance is often a capturing of process or event.

^c Excerpt from a collective title project published in Edition 01 of This Container.

^d These ideas on dominant narratives were shaped through a conversation with Stefan Govaart who wrote me: “*I am very interested in what it means to assume that space of the dominant without being historically dominant. Most of the time they remain invisible, or, absent, but that is the story you are not re-telling here (for me feminism is so much about finding ways to not re-tell the stories of the reproduction of the world that we know too well, which I learned from Lauren Berlant).*”

^e Read the Carrier bag Theory of Fiction:
www.trabal.org/texts/pdf/LeGuin.pdf

^f Circlution: www.maskmagazine.com/the-mommy-issue/sex/circlution

^g https://docs.wixstatic.com/ugd/2ef65b_5cf41f0b94594eed808a2f09b55133ee.pdf

^h Anarchive:
<http://senselab.ca/wp2/immediations/anarchiving/anarchive-concise-definition/>

ⁱ <http://indexfoundation.se/>

^j A distinction: This Container is produced through the labor of many artists. Whilst it is motivated by sensitivity, it is the coordinated effort of each contributor, who find space and time for This Container within the matrice of their lives, that make such a production possible.

inventing a resilient practice, a resistant practice

Is it possible to demand that an artistic process should not have a negative effect on our mental health?

Well...

There are plenty of reasons to feel anxious in a creative process. Of course, there is the worry about the performance itself, but there are also, other anxieties that become part of the process: the sadness of life, of falling in love, of separation and of bad health.

We must remember that we can take these into consideration without taking depression as the topic of the work. Rather, let's consider how we feel when working on or towards a performance. Artistic processes never occur in a vacuum: our lives seep into them. And we don't need to prevent this seeping, nor do we need to eliminate any personal issues or feelings. Instead, we seek to accept how these things affect our emotional states and, in turn, how these emotional states affect our collaborative process.

An appropriate reaction to heaviness is a shared development of ideas on the types of working methods available to us when in fragile states. It is more important to find ease in the relation

between life and work than to assume that exhaustion will lead to great results. We practice to regenerate while working and to work while regenerating.

This endeavor does not originate in us not wanting to work, rather the opposite: we're making real use of the freedom of artistic work by deciding how we want to do it. It possibly means to change the space, change place for a meeting, change the drink or reduce what we expect from each other. We can no longer find any good reason to work against ourselves as long as we are amongst ourselves.

Clearly, the normalization of hardship that happens in many processes must be contextualized as a consequence of neoliberalism. It is painfully present how encapsulated we, as artists, are in the dominant capitalist working structures. This knowledge and a profound dissatisfaction with its conditions can feel daunting. It influences the relationship one has towards one's own art and can inhibit one's desire towards embarking on a creative process. Every way out is seemingly already destroyed.

It is a lack of perspective that thinks the negotiation of our own working conditions is a matter of private wellbeing only. It is often

discussed how artistic work – with its demands of total availability, constant creativity, personal commitment and autonomous decision-making – has in many ways become the neoliberal ideal. Making room for the negation of these expectations might be the only way to disturb their unquestioned continuation.

We invent a relationship to our work that consists of a clear decision to love ourselves more than the power – capitalist or otherwise – which makes us work. Loving ourselves instead of loving the formative powers is a helpful thought to cling to. When Michel Foucault writes about the antique schools of the Stoics and Epicureans, he says that their practice of self-care was dedicated to form themselves in order to strengthen their ability to deal with and resist the power they were surrounded by.

We won.

Instead of another artistic production leaving us exhausted, depressed and completely deprived of energy, we repurposed ours to heal us. By remembering what we are here for and whom we are with, it became a resilience practice with shared resources and shared weakness.

*This text was produced during the process of **weary**, a piece by Else Tunemyr together with Catalina Insignares, Zuzana Žabková, Henrike Kohpeiß and Carolina Mendonça.*

Herstory in Dance— On Activism, Solidarity and Precision

Ilse Ghekiere

In the wake of #metoo, several dance communities took actions to address the issue of sexual harassment. Even though it is now more apparent than ever that sexual harassment is present in all corners of the world and in all industries, it remains crucial to address these problems on a microscale and in environments that are closest to us. In that sense, it's undeniable that the #metoo-movement meant not only an acceleration of tackling issues of harassment on a global level, but that it also affected change in several professional communities; the dance community being one of them.

This #metoo-related activism should be seen as an exciting moment in the herstory of dance; a moment of solidarity and action among womxn dancers and allies addressing the direct experiences of the underlying patriarchal mechanisms present in our field. Talking to several international colleagues who have been active in the discussion gave me the opportunity to think about this movement not only by way of reflecting on my own experiences, but through those of other dance communities. From this perspective, #metoo in dance has to be seen as an international herstory – one that is specific to each community, but resembles and intertwines with others in various ways.

My own journey in relation to the #metoo-movement started in the spring of 2017 when I received a grant from the Flemish

government to research sexism in the Belgian dance field. In the fall of that same year, I was asked to write an article and share my findings from interviews with 30 womxn colleagues. But then, #metoo happened. The article, at that point being close to its final version, had to be rewritten entirely.

Why? What had changed? The mainstreaming of #metoo did many things, but first and foremost, it showed us a new online call-out strategy, rippling down from celebrity culture to the masses. The magnitude of the movement was crucial to break through a culture of silence, but in no time, a heated and messy (social) media-debate took over; looking for predators rather than listening to the issues of oppression at large. While some womxn would simply use the hashtag to show solidarity, some saw the movement as an opportunity to post their personal stories on social media, while also pointing at individuals in a context where no legal protection was guaranteed. These womxn might have recognized some kind of Harvey Weinstein in their lives, but seemed to overlook that Facebook was not The New York Times and that they didn't have the status of a Hollywood actress. I am not writing this as a judgment, but as an observation.

By the time the news spread that the hashtag was appropriated from the African-American civil rights activist Tarana Burke, I felt already deeply divided by the course this movement was taking.

With that in mind, I was not sure how my research findings would flow with the movement, without being swallowed by it. The rewriting of the article became about finding a balance between calling out the problem (in a way that would catch attention), while also showing the roots of sexism (so that a focused collective conversation could take place).

When my article, *#Wetoo: What Dancers Talk About When They Talk About Sexism*, was finally published, it received an amount of attention none of us had expected and immediately became part of a larger (and not very precise) #metoo-debate in Belgium. Shortly after, Belgian-based dancers launched a secret Facebook-group called *#wetoo #makemovement*, an idea supported and inspired by a group of dancers who were already members of similar groups in Sweden, Norway and Iceland. During International Women's Week in March 2018, a public reading of the gathered testimonies was organized at Kaaitheater, and a website with a statement and 'tools for action' was launched under the name *Engagement Arts*. The idea was to broaden the conversation towards all art disciplines, while also pressuring different players in the field (i.e. artist, employers, institutions, educators, spectators and perpetrators) to take up responsibility. In a relatively short time, these actions did not only raise awareness about sexism and sexual harassment, they affected the debate of those topics on a political level.

Even though this sounds like an all round positive story, every aspect of it remains in constant negotiation. For instance, what is the role of the dancer after having pushed this movement to the place where it is now? How is it to be an artist and an activist at the same time?

When thinking about how #metoo-related movements developed in various dance communities, it's clear that many of us had little or no experience with activism, and actions were taken from a point of trial and error. It's been reassuring to discover that I am not alone in having never imagined myself as an activist, let alone in the context of dance. In small art communities where freelance-work is the norm, engaging in activism isn't considered something 'cool'.

That is to say, high-culture, government-funded art and activism rarely go hand-in-hand. While art is supposed to 'break the rules', activism might be considered as dogmatic and judgemental – especially when linked to criticising behaviour of powerful individuals and gatekeepers in the scene. No artist wants to be labelled a moralist or, in a #metoo-context, falsely judged as sex-negative or prudish. Expressing any strong opinion that goes against the flow of a community always comes down to taking a risk. You might be misunderstood, you might lose job opportunities, you might even feel excluded while actually trying to find solidarity and inclusion. In the end, it might not be worth it. In addition, the economical context of art makes the notion of solidarity really hard to grasp. Even if artists value community-building and ideas about transforming society, most artists are encouraged (if they want to make a living from their work) to be competitive.

Also, in many dance and choreography discourses in the West, critical thinking and theory have become such a strong default posture, that taking a stance by actually acting critically, might feel counter-intuitive, even suspicious. Besides, who has the time for collective activism when one needs to be constantly focused on developing individual artistic practices while applying for grants and also juggling a freelance-lifestyle?

In contrast to this reluctance towards activism, #metoo was about daring to take a stance – not only as an individual but as a community. The fact that some womxn in the international dance scenes had the guts to set up secret Facebook-groups and online-platforms to discuss sexual harassment in their respective communities is impressive on its own. Furthermore, it is not only important to acknowledge these actions, but also to value the work taken on and carried by dozens of volunteering freelance-artists: A work consisting not only of hours of communication and logistics, but of offering emotional support to peers without having trained in professional ways to do so. One of the administrators of the Norwegian Facebook-group described it as “the discovery of a complete lack of social structures within the field”. This a strong statement considering the fact that several of the protesting communities operate in countries known for their strong social structures – especially in institutions.

Many #metoo-testimonies in dance revealed malfunction in already long-existing procedures inside institutions such as schools, theatres and companies. But even if #metoo-activism often succeeded in pressuring these institutions to reassess their proce-

dures, we should not forget that many professional experiences fall outside of these categories. Which makes me wonder: are social structures built and upheld by institutions alone or is there also a responsibility to be shared by the community?

It's interesting to notice how the measurable outcomes of the secret #metoo Facebook-groups differ drastically depending on which country they were launched in. The Swedish Facebook-group (with #tystdansa or 'silent dance') appeared to be the most engaged, with its approximately 2000 members and 100 testimonies, while Norway (with #nårdansenstopper or 'when the dance stops') followed with 900 members and about 60 testimonies. Both groups saw an instant collective participation in an often heated conversation, enabling the movements to efficiently make use of the #metoo-momentum. In less than a couple of weeks, after statements were communicated to the press, both pages were taken down. When asked why this decision was made, administrators referred to the confidential content and the level of fury that the discussion had reached, as gradually, members of the group would start recognising some profiles of people being accused of harassment. Even though anonymity is crucial in these online call out-spaces, censoring or controlling these emotionally-loaded debates becomes as problematic because: who has the right to claim such an authority? The most serious risks (charges of defamation or spreading of rumours) had been thus avoided, while certain cases had begun to be handled by their respective institutions. A sense of purpose had been fulfilled. In Belgium and Montréal (with *Dance Montréal* #nousaussimontreal, #wetoomontreal) the groups are still online. Montréal initially

followed the activism in Belgium because a case of sexual assault had caused controversy in their community and had remained unresolved while institutions supported the person being accused. Information and support were exchanged between both dance communities in attempts to strengthen each other's actions. Following the Scandinavian example, the two Facebook-groups were introduced as places for sharing experiences. The response however, was low. The Belgian group, with its 700 members, received only 25 testimonies (of which several were archival transcriptions, made of testimonies shared before the #wetoo-campaign), while Montréal with its 250 members barely got a handful. After a couple of months, the two pages transformed gradually into information threads.

Whistle While You Work is yet another online-platform that was launched shortly after #metoo. The project was initiated by Frances Chiaverini, an American dancer and Robyn Doty, an American writer, both living in Frankfurt. Chiaverini has worked in several dance communities, therefore the platform wasn't targeting any community in particular. When launching the website, she was not aware of the Facebook-groups elsewhere (at the moment of writing, however, all three platforms are following and supporting each other's activities). Even though Chiaverini feels she has put much effort into promoting the initiative, she has received fewer than two dozen contributions – having observed, as well, plenty of reluctance and hesitation in her direct environment.

Of course, it's unfair to compare these numbers and outcomes as they don't actually tell us anything about the extent

of sexual harassment in their respective dance communities. The only thing it shows us is the willingness or unwillingness to collectively participate in an online-discussion about something as delicate as sexual harassment. Maybe this unwillingness is rooted in a culture of silence specifically endemic to dance where speaking up is not encouraged, or maybe this has to do with the reluctance towards activist proposals? Whatever the reasons are, it is hard not to wonder what made it possible for the nordic groups to produce such a large amount of testimonies and make them public. We can speculate about several causes, but the fact that most Scandinavian countries are simply a couple of steps ahead when it comes to gender equality might have played a crucial role in the willingness to engage in a womxn-lead movement.

Having been invited to the Norwegian group, I definitely noticed both a sense of consensus and solidarity among womxn – an atmosphere I recognized from having worked a lot in Sweden. This was interesting to observe because when I started interviewing colleagues prior to #metoo, one of my biggest surprises was that certain situations or ideas were not even considered 'problems' – let alone 'structural problems' – even when they were directly affecting the person I was talking to. Because the Belgian dance field is vast and counts many nationalities, it's hard to find common ground for talking about gender. Furthermore, because Belgian contemporary dance is rooted in a reactionary movement against ballet and its feminine traits, talking about sexism might not only be considered 'conservative', you may be also accused of 'creating problems where there are none'. I remember

one dancer telling me about a conversation with a choreographer about her pregnancy. The choreographer had said he couldn't work with her anymore, because "mothers were not interesting artistically". What to me was (and is) a bluntly sexist statement, was to my colleague nothing more than the result of a professional inconvenience – one that made sense to her.

I am not pointing out this conversation because I believe we should work towards an absolute agreement on how we evaluate uncomfortable and inconvenient situations. Still, there is something to be said about what is experienced as 'normal' (especially when the situation involves a person with more power and authority), and how it is legitimized, even by the ones who are disadvantaged by it. Artistic preferences, artistic oeuvre, artistic methods, artistic freedom... all these artistic 'whatevers' function as perfect excuses for basically any type of behaviour, harassment and abuse included. If a person doesn't find at least some collegial support for their disagreement with a sexist norm, especially from older and more established colleagues, then that person is much less likely to speak up about their experiences.

If sexual harassment is linked to public secrecy and a culture of silencing, we still have a long way to go before everyone recognizes how these interactions contribute to a bigger picture of oppression. Solidarity and a level of common understanding are necessary to create spaces where people dare to speak with each other about recurring issues in their communities. For in spite of the belief that certain behaviors will disappear over time, engagement and action are crucial in any attempt to unravel toxic mentalities.

So, what is next? – Even when certain goals have been reached, all conversations on the topic end with question marks. How do we proceed when the momentum starts to fade; when we might not have the energy to write yet another pressuring letter to our institutions; when we start to doubt if all this actually matters? How do we stay focused when we see that whoever might have been scared when #metoo burst in to the dance community continue their careers as if nothing had happened? Where do we draw the line when it comes to responsibility and accountability?

I know that I am writing these questions as if we are all in the same boat. As if we have all agreed that sexual harassment and sexism, and abuse of power are real things. Unfortunately, that is not the case. So much of the upcoming work will still be dedicated to addressing the voices that try to undermine these discussions. From that perspective, massive education on the topic is still needed – not only to shield our views against the disbelievers, but also to become more persistent and precise about our actions and the transformations we want to see in our respective dance community.

Precision might be one of the biggest challenges to sustaining the credibility in the #metoo-movement. Today, in certain countries and contexts, it might be easier than before to speak up about harassment and see individuals (mostly men) being held accountable. But the question remains: Where do these acts towards accountability, which is often really just a euphemism for ‘punishment’, lead us in the long run? More power games? Even if I understand that certain #metoo-cases need to remain entirely anonymous and be dealt

with discreetly, it’s often frustrating not knowing what the accusations are about. I sometimes wonder if this is yet another form of silencing; the silencing of a public conversation. It makes sense that certain situations and interactions are hard to pin down, but when I’ve had the chance to listen to experiences of harassment and abuse, the patterns of behavior are so repetitive that I find it surprising so many of us keep on holding on to the belief that it’s ‘so complex’. Enacting precision and naming specifics clearly can be a personal relief, granting those in need the empowerment and wisdom that they deserve inside of repetitive patterns or cycles of abuse. It is a powerful gesture to share with others and with those who’ve crossed the line.

And this brings us back to persistence. As mentioned above: communities are different and several strategies might need to be tried out before reaching a place of common support. Get inspired by other dance communities and the tools and strategies they have created. Inform yourself and consider the ways in which you can contribute to this movement. For instance, many actions, such as letters, testimonies, statements and articles, involve writing. If you are a dancer with a skilled pen, I would encourage you to write for your community and contribute to the shaping of new histories, herstories and theirstories in dance. But don’t exhaust yourself; being part of a movement should be enriching, even fun. Protest does not always have to be loud and numerous in order for it to matter. We can contribute and support in many ways: listen to a colleague, read a book on the topic, spread the conversation within your network in the scene. When you work with other colleagues, you

can think of organizing gatherings, forums, workshops and events, or anything that keeps the conversation going. Whatever you do, now is not the moment to stop. We have worked on making ripples, but now, we need to make waves.

Notes

1 Wikipedia defines herstory as follows: A history written from a feminist perspective, emphasizing the role of women, or told from a woman’s point of view. The principal aim of herstory is to bring women out of obscurity from the historical record.

2 Urban Dictionary defines womxn as follows: A spelling of “women” that is a more inclusive, progressive term that not only sheds light on the prejudice, discrimination, and institutional barriers womxn have faced, but to also show that womxn are not the extension of men (as hinted by the classic Bible story of Adam and Eve) but their own free and separate entities. More intersectional than womyn because it includes trans-women and women of color.

3 Tarana Burke is the original founder of the #metoo-movement. In 2006, Burke began using the phrase “Me Too” to raise awareness of the pervasiveness of sexual abuse and assault in society.

4 <https://www.rektoverso.be/artikel/wetoo-what-dancers-talk-about-when-they-talk-about-sexism>

5 <http://engagementarts.be>

6 Many of the artists in this article decided to remain anonymous not only because of the collective nature of the #metoo movement but also to protect themselves against unfair professional repercussion.

7 You find the project Whistle While You Work on <http://www.nobody100.com/>.

8 In this context, the invented word theirstory could be defined as an attempt to write history from a perspective beyond gender binaries.

just kicks

can i write you a projection, for future faces. in a time ahead and shaping through what it
translates to
now and with
you on this page

i beam it forward, mesdames et messieurs
a pageful of relevance in spe
think ad lib
allow me

set up for the focus setter luringly composed real cheek and imaginary, they lie in the frame,
i m at an angle. so we fall into the depth of the blue. i mean blue. i mean swimming pool
lining, glitchy. wet and bend. with an inappropriate reflection of the sun (think spotlight)
it's raining frames but you move very slowly.
look into the camera (durationsal). follow the hand, mirror the hand. we are staring at
eachother. i m above, you're at an angle below and the light is blasting and the blue is krass.

think ad lib

i can't explain it anyway, i can only hint. and i am learning to hint so that it's great to read
into and let this move you.
i m experimenting with directions i give, not give. the backdrop i choose. the backdrop in
thought. like a hum that bridges each moment and carries on.
you're pulled, as you let yourself be pulled
(in response to everything around you not just the efficiency of my words)

soma deep
yes through time and movement, some concentration and some luring voice or step or game.
nothing but the heat. at work. at the lab? from your mind and your body and into the
picture. believe me. picture and retrospective big time. i heard us interacting and i watched it
on three screens from three cameras.
but the faces.
the viewpoints ahead, it's the eyes that anchor across. to start the thread, the connecting line
it's what you think it is. how you feel about it.
there is time.
and our presence moves in it. so we've grown to be on that plane.
and you fly on a carpet of curls, the most comfy curls, you slide and partly glide on them.
forward with your belly. forward with your chest, your throat is bending, neck extending.
snake 8
slight bend in the knees. hers between his. pelvis close, aligning. hip moment forward, keep
the gaze. forward.
where to were you moving?
the town that was a head and eyes.
across
informants, transactionists. serious mirrors

they look at each other from the other side in their standing-on-a-diagonal-line-together
crossfixed, starcrossed

look at me again

i see the shoulders moving into the frame. works like walking. they are walking towards me.

but the story goes there was a poem

girl i feel you girl i m with you by empathy rangers
there was trillions of theories
and tea with either three, seven or 13 herbs in it

the cat's eyes were large and spiralling indeed.
tell me tripping

we face eachother balancing.

stepping up the game we start mirroring eachother
i follow you you follow me.

but when the warmth extended coldness moved in. the gaze. the socio apparatus.

we will explore the ambiguity. video works the human exploration. what the monster said,
that eat all the oranges in the basket. be in it.

i had started with hands, your gaze and camera.
we touch a connection potential by thinking these are clues to follow
like my hand's velocity or your upperbody swinging forward while you look at me, slowly.
slowly but the pull. it's your thing, your intensity- spark
reveal it

i am here

we look beyond us, into the future, acknowledging despair,
being serious.
somehow wounded but alive.
yes human. the destructor specie. plague interior. plague exterior.
vibrant core following a push. like a mojo stir
and the shared sphere absorbs the novelty in its directional output. face. your faces my face.
eyes. our all ears. go kinesia
i sense determinacy
we delve in concentration. can you believe it

you've relaxed your muscle, no follow brain. nestle into your own. i mean it's just kicks,
punches.

heroic stance but no victory. it's just balancing and keeping connection.

Silence

rile

silence

rilelh

malicious silence

rilehana

silence that is comfortable and natural

riledim

silent refusal to communicate

rilhedim

malicious refusal communicate

míirile

awed silence

rilehum

rilhehum

rilerahum

rilherahun

malicious silence acutely painful to you

rilerashum

2. **Церковно-государственные отношения**

you throw your pebbles in workaholic seas. you stick your tongue out and roll your eyes. your lips sculpt 'no' while you do not speak. The washed-out lipstick stains on your mug grow redder, your nails longer, hair thicker.

questions

No more?

Can I bear re-telling it in my store?

More no?

Can I bear re-telling it in my flow?

themes

**SEX, DESIGN, PRODUCT,
PRODUCTIVE, DESIGNATED, SEXUAL,
HAVE SEX, PRODUCE, DESIGN.**

songs

I can feel your love slipping away

I want to feel like lovers do

I will give you my heart and give you my shoulder regardless
of what they say

one Sunday evening in early September (when
Virgo and Aquarius romanced) in the early years
of the last decade of the century that some call
the 20th – Thatcher had left; Clinton was about
to win – my mom spoke Dutch and must have
said – in a town built by the Romans – minutes
away from German speaking folks – something
like “these genitalia look like a boy’s genita-
lia”. mustn’t she? my dad, still alive, must have
noddod.

i only hang out with high voices –
i only hang out with pink garments –
i eat green beans – my hair grows long and thick

Stefan Govaart

Dancers, *Dancings* & Dances

Alexander Talts

I Hold me, your ~~Danceer~~ Container Body

“The tentacular are also nets and networks, it critters, in and out of clouds. Tentacularity is about life lived along lines – and such a wealth of lines – not at points, not in spheres.”¹

Skin can be viewed as the outer layer of bodies: skin contains muscles, muscles contain blood vessels, blood vessels contain blood and so on. Skin can also be viewed as the inner layer of a room: skin is contained by clothing, the clothing is contained by a room, the room is contained by the walls of a building, and the walls of a building is contained by the borders of a city, and so on.

There is oscillation between different layers. In the relations between contents of different layers there are movements, oscillations and relations.

One must also not forget to observe; because, I would say, how one observes, how one names and defines, determines these containers.

again:

Skin can be viewed as the outer layer of bodies; skin contains muscles, muscles contain blood vessels, blood vessels contain blood and so on.

but then, if one starts at the surface of skin and one's observation goes in another direction:

The skin contains muscles, and muscles contain muscle fascicles, and muscle fascicles contain muscle fibers and so on. Then the observation, or one could say, the attention of the observer, has changed the layers and thereby changed the containers, changed their contents, and changed their movement as well.

(Anecdote:) I was holding a container body and I thought his skin was really warm, but I would say it was the contents he was containing that were warm. The heart, contained within layers of various tissues, filling his container with blood. And what were the borders between our containers at that point anyway? We had been laying there close for hours after he had been inside of me. As entranced² as I was, I couldn't tell the difference. We were contained by the walls of the same room anyway.

II *Ortesian Dancing*

“Charging dance with magic and mystery might help us understand alterity within our own bodies, so that we can dance ourselves out of our selves and into the world.”³

“Oh my
I'm guided by something
I'm shocked, I'm stunned and I can't sing
A beauty, a spirit, a body for me to inherit”⁴

While searching for a clue on what dancing might be, I turned to the poem *Orta or one Dancing* by Gertrude Stein. *Orta or one Dancing* is a textual portrait of Isadora Duncan, written in a repetitive way. The same sentences return over and over and new words are gradually introduced, building a text in constant transformation. A moment in the text that strikes me is when the word “doing” is introduced, just after the word “believing” has been added. Stein writes: “She is one doing that thing, doing believing being the one she is being. She is one being one. She is one being that one”.⁵

What I sense here is that to dance, one must believe in the dancing and what the dancing does to the dancer. I like to think of dancing as something that enters the dancer (from the outside), or something that the dancer enters. And I like to think that this entering also changes the dancer, temporarily. But the word “believing” makes me wonder if this process might be a completely fictional one. When I am dancing, I believe that I am transformed by dance; an entity or some kind of agent that I allow, through various bodily practices, to enter my body. The dancing also changes how I perceive the world around me. I would say that I believe this process of change to happen, but I would not say that I believe that this process is “truth”. It does not contribute to the constant creation of reality; the experience of dancing is not universal. How an observer perceives me and my dancing, creates another fiction, a fiction that stands in relation to my own fiction, but is not the same. How my co-dancers experience my dancing and their dancing, or our dancings, are also several different, but related fictions. There is no way to measure, conserve, report or document that experience; being taken over, possessed or simply danced by dance.

III "Reason, Chet? Since when have I ever needed a reason to do anything?"⁸

"Almost anything carried to its logical extreme becomes depressing,
if not carcinogenic."⁹

I came across another description of Isadora Duncan, this one by occultist, magician, and novelist Aleister Crowley. While describing Duncan, Crowley writes that she "has this gift of gesture in a very high degree. Let the reader study her dancing, if possible [rather?] in private than in public, and learn the superb 'unconsciousness' – which is magical consciousness – with which she suits the action to the melody."¹⁰ Here Crowley proposes dancing as some kind of altered state, another alternative to the conscious/unconscious dichotomy, in which the dancer engages with magic, the unknown and the superb.

In this case, magic could be the method in which a dancer engages with the fictionalizing I described before. Magic as a practice separate from science and rationality, magic as something Other, in contrast to the self. The otherness of dancing is the last piece I would like to add to this unraveling of dancing. Viewing dancing as otherness is vital for me to understand dancing as a relational activity. If dancing means existing in a temporal fiction, the dancer would then be outside of themselves while dancing. If this is the case, "charging dance with magic and mystery might help us understand alterity within our own bodies, so that we can dance ourselves out of our selves and into the world."¹¹ Magic becomes a practice of othering as well as a way to locate otherness and otherness inside one's own body. Dancing means dwelling in the incomprehensible; one is dancing at the edge of the world; the concrete and doable, but not fully graspable; the constant sensing and perceiving in a state in-between consciousness and unconsciousness; a magical practice.

I am moving around in a vast, empty space. There are no points of reference in space, no objects; only openness and emptiness lives here. But I am moving, not stopping and also not walking around. I lift my right foot slightly off the ground and put the toes against the ground behind me. I draw a quarter of a circle with my toes. I turn my head towards where my foot was just pointing. I see a purple wall has appeared, and, still moving, I observe it. It is shaped like the quarter circle I just drew on the floor, but it's on a bigger scale, further away from me than my foot was. Its color is a stark contrast to all the emptiness here, emptiness doesn't really have a color, but it's not deep purple either. As I continue dancing, I notice the appearance of more and more walls. They start to form a room, a curved wall meets a diagonal wall to create a corner about five meters to my left. I also notice that they can disappear.¹⁰

181121:

Every new movement or activity or decision is about taking care of what happened previously in the dance. This makes for a certain dramaturgy that is not always clear from the outside, it is more like an internal logic that I follow but also direct. A dance in this case is self-referential, all different "material" is in relation to each other. Nothing is in isolation – material has an effect and affect on the dance (and its dancer?) which demands care. Material also makes waves in time – it resonates and lingers in space after it has been danced.

181213:

I am following my sensibility, being guided by sensibility. When I make decisions in real-time, the sensibility that is in my body is at play. When a decision has been made, when I follow a new track, all I can do is deal with the fact that the dance is changing. The consequences of choice making (choice making of the body-brain) make a dance, it determines it but it is also its disruptor. The sense of arrival, that something is set or understood (by the logic-brain) is the moment of this choice making. When I (my I's) understand I need to take a stance.

Following these notes, I will try to make a definition of dance, or when dancing crystallizes into a dance. I think there is a sense of relationality in dance, however, I would not say that it is created by logic or a sense of communication. I would rather suggest care or care-taking¹² as the tool for that. I guess this care is about nurturing, observing and listening to the dance, without being too directive. This care also demands a lot of responsibility, or ability to respond, towards the dance one is engaging with and creating. I think about sensibility here, as the ability to react to, appreciate and indulge in the complexity of dancing and dances. Yet again, this activity asks for response-ability, to be able to navigate the situation (of making a dance) and to not be too struck or distracted by its complexity. Or, using being struck and distracted as the way of navigating it.

Notes

1 By tentacularity I am referring to tentacular thinking, proposed by Donna Haraway, see Donna Haraway, "Tentacular Thinking: Anthropocene, Capitalocene, Chthulucene," *E-flux* 75 (September 2016) <https://www.e-flux.com/journal/75/67125/tentacular-thinking-anthropocene-capitalocene-chthulucene/>

2 There is an interesting duality in the word entranced. It could be read as en-tranced, meaning when one is under the spell of something or completely soaked up and focused on by that thing. It could also be read as entrance-ed, which is not really a word but let's imagine! It could then mean something like being or having been entered by something or someone (from workshop with Chrysa Parkinson during Within Practice at DOCH 181008).

3 Alice Chauchat, "Generative Fictions, or How Dance May Teach Us Ethics," in *Post-Dance*, ed. Danjel Andersson, Mette Edvardsen and Mårten Spångberg (Stockholm: MDT, 2017) 31.

4 Anna von Hausswolff, "Discovery," from *The Miraculous*, writer: Anna von Hausswolff, producer: Filip Leyman (Pomperipossa Records, 2015)

5 Gertrude Stein, "Orta or One Dancing," in *A Stein Reader*, ed. Ulla E. Dydo (Illinois: Northwestern University Press, 1993) 122

6 Aleister Crowley, *Magick: Liber ABA: Book 4: Parts 1-4*, (York Beach: 1997) 197

7 Chauchat, "Generative Fictions", 31

8 *Twin Peaks*, Episode #1.3 Director: David Lynch, Writers: Mark Forst and David Lynch, first aired 19th of April 1990

9 Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Left Hand of Darkness* (New York: Ace Books, 1969), XII

10 From a workshop with Deborah Hay that I took part of at DOCH, August 2017. The dance I describe is made by myself in the frame of Deborah's solo creation process – I extracted this material from watching other people in my class dance.

11 The idea of dealing with dance and dancing through care, comes from me talking to and working with Jennie Bergsli in relation to her degree project, "Dusks", during the fall of 2018.

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epigraphein

sampling a sign is performing a gesture

sampling a sign is performing a gesture

playing a sound is making a mark

listening is following a trail, tracking.

if hearing is a cross-referencing to unveil the truth

listening creates truthful withstanding rather than true understanding

a touching and being touched through haptic engagement

eardrum drum hammer

music might be cyclic and made up by fragments

but it is not a death driven fragmentation

'tis a vibrant syncopation

consider it a way of creating a territory

inside of which there can be sliding, pushing, pulling and dragging.

inside a beat

a para symphonic groove

like the way in which you partake

in someone else's humming

Marcus Doverud

the loneliest whale in the world

The image of sinking (thinking) into depth is a cliché, but a widely untried one. There must be a different kind of knowledge in the depth that can't be reached any differently than by: Letting the sinking happen.

It must be tried because there is no other way to find out – only the body itself will be able to tell about the depth in the end. And maybe it is infinite.

[...]

It's enough. We cannot give anything more and maybe we manage to share that notion of adequacy. Since *enough* is relative to time, it can entail very different demands, depending on the situation that frames it. This is why we are clean about the temporal limitation of enoughness. *Enough* is not satisfactory, still: What is enough right now is low, but continuous. We balance our thought on a line to avoid both satisfaction and cynicism: We hope that this will not be read as the cynical idea that we cannot do *anything*. We are doing things.

[...]

It is enough to exist. There is nothing more that has to be done. We created a certain depth in the space to accommodate us.

[...]

It might turn out that this attempt of sinking is pretty much connected to the desire to disappear (from politics, practical living, the body) but it is also very likely that a lot of new things come up in that state, which allow another perception of the present: This, with its softness, floats through layers that would normally be blocking. These layers would hold the thought and fasten it instead of turning it into a wave/force.

'That's enough. You can stop now.'

Stop: living, that is. And enough: hurting

(Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick: *A Dialogue on Love*, 2000)

That's enough. You can stop now: the phrase Sedgwick said she longed to hear whenever she was suffering. (Enough hurting, enough showing off, enough achieving, enough talking, enough trying, enough writing, enough living.) (Maggie Nelson: *The Argonauts*, 2015)

to settle in the world more successfully. But maybe it opens more and different entries for the world to crawl inside of the bodies – more feasible openings. Being fed up with heaviness, this might be a way to float again.

Heavy Floating = Weariness.

[...]

For a way of being together, doing this together, different criteria could apply. The will to isolate must be turned around and led back to a shared location, a place for exorcisms.

[...]

But after all, the time when we started was quite a difficult period and it was important to create a group that wanted to be together. Being well together. We would take care of each other and the work should take care of us, too. This is how we came to these practices actually. It was just what we needed at the time: Nothing violent, nothing stressful, nothing productive, just being in close proximity to each other.

[...]

The continuation of life and the desire to withdraw from it are overlapping in these movements.

[...]

We understand that this produces a gap – a formal as well as a relational one (in terms of – how to relate to the world through our common unbearable movement?). The ground becomes very slippery once we allow that thought, and the space that contains the movement and ourselves needs protection in order for us to keep doing it. We leave the doors open.

[...]

(However, to float, i.e., to live in a space without tying oneself to a place = the most relaxing position of the body: bath, boat) (Roland Barthes: *The Neutral*, 1977/1978)

I don't ask that weariness be done away with. I ask to be led back to a region where it might be possible to be weary. (Maurice Blanchot: *The Infinite Conversation*, 1969)

I'm gonna look for my body, yeah / I'll be back like real soon. (Solange Knowles: *Weary*, 2016)

[...]
As a means of ending what has been hurting and just doing what is possible in the current state, the question arises, how will life continue?

[...]
We must be supported by techniques that help us lose grounds: States, which create a specific weakness and disable our normal perception of the world a little bit. The illness of being very tired. Very exhausted. Weary.

[...]
The thought went: if we create movement from an exploration of organs and then remove the will of exploration from the movement – we will end up somewhere else, somewhere alien to our own thinking – in a new zone.

[...]
Just because we say we're not searching for answers, doesn't mean we're not acting towards a horizon that is expecting some answers: a bigger picture that ultimately wants to *find out*.

[...]
What is it that we can focus on instead? The properties we can think of are slowness and precision. Paralyzing slowness and painstaking precision.

[...]
What is the crisis, that brings us back to life? What if we start moving really slow to prevent the possibility of crashing? It has remained an open question until now, if this makes us numb – or relieves us. This movement probably does not allow for us

What is the place of a lesion of the (total) body in the (socially) recognized table of illness? Is weariness an illness or not? Is it a nosological reality?, (Roland Barthes: *The Neutral*, 1977/1978)

Spiritual practice is also a way of becoming open to what we don't know. It's often described as a way to connect to that which is beyond or larger than the self [...] and hence as that which exceeds our current thinking [...]. (Ann Cvetkovich: *Depression – A Public Feeling*, 2012)

I (or you) locate these events in a long ago past and recall their traces. I won't find any other sense and probably you will not either, but I will picture once again where the world has run through me – or through you – in which way. How did you and I try to soften, become transparent, where did the weakness become a purpose? Or when did I and when did you let go of a singular purpose and started to walk away from what was planned to do?

[...]
I am happy to have learned that the reasons to turn around and change something don't originate in the world itself, but they are made up, in a life-saving operation, at a later point: Mostly in a moment of severe danger.

[...]
The continuation of life and the desire to withdraw from it are overlapping in these movements.

[...]
The image of sinking into depth is a cliché.

[...]
What is it that we can focus on instead?

[...]
Paralyzing slowness and painstaking precision.

[...]
This might be a way to float again.

[...]

This is why one could say that weariness does not constitute an empirical time, a crisis, an organic event, a muscular episode – but a quasi-metaphysical dimension, a sort of bodily (and not conceptual) idea, a mental kinaesthesia: the tactile experience, the very touch of endlessness: I use its infiniteness as an accompaniment of my work. Here, one grasps this: fatigue: in one sense, the opposite of death, since death – the unthinkable definitive # fatigue, the infinitude but livable in the body. (Roland Barthes: *The Neutral*, 1977/1978)

Laura Cemin

JUMP! MANIFESTO

While looking into the motion of jumping, I have developed a practice consisting of writing concepts that are important to me on a post-it and then jumping to stick it on the wall. I jumped with the hope that one of these post-its would end up much higher than the others, and I would know which path to follow. Even if this fatalistic approach did not really work, the practice of jumping up and down became a routine. It is also inspired by a chant of Italian football fans, which translated would be: who doesn't jump, cheers for the opposite team. They jump to state their belief. The jumping manifesto, is one document from a research into vertical jumping, it takes its form in reference to the iconic No manifesto of Yvonne Rainer.

JUMP! FOR NOT KNOWING AND THE INABILITY TO CHOOSE

JUMP! FOR WHAT ITCHES AND MAKES YOU MOVE

JUMP! FOR ENGAGEMENT, OF PERFORMER AND SPECTATOR

JUMP! FOR IMPROVISATION AND FREE PLAY

JUMP! FOR STRUCTURES AND REPETITION

JUMP! FOR INTUITIONS, SENSATIONS AND GUT FEELINGS

JUMP! FOR THOSE EXPECTATIONS THAT WILL NEVER BE FULFILLED

JUMP! FOR THE GRAY ZONE AND THE SPACE IN BETWEEN

JUMP! FOR IMPOLITENESS (WHEN NEEDED) AND FRANKNESS

JUMP! FOR IMAGINATION, MAGIC AND BELIEFS

JUMP! FOR MEMORIES, NICE OR HARSH AS THEY CAN BE

JUMP! FOR EPHEMERALITY AND WHAT WILL NEVER COME BACK

JUMP! FOR COMPETITIVENESS. AND FAILURE (WHATEVER IT MAY MEAN)

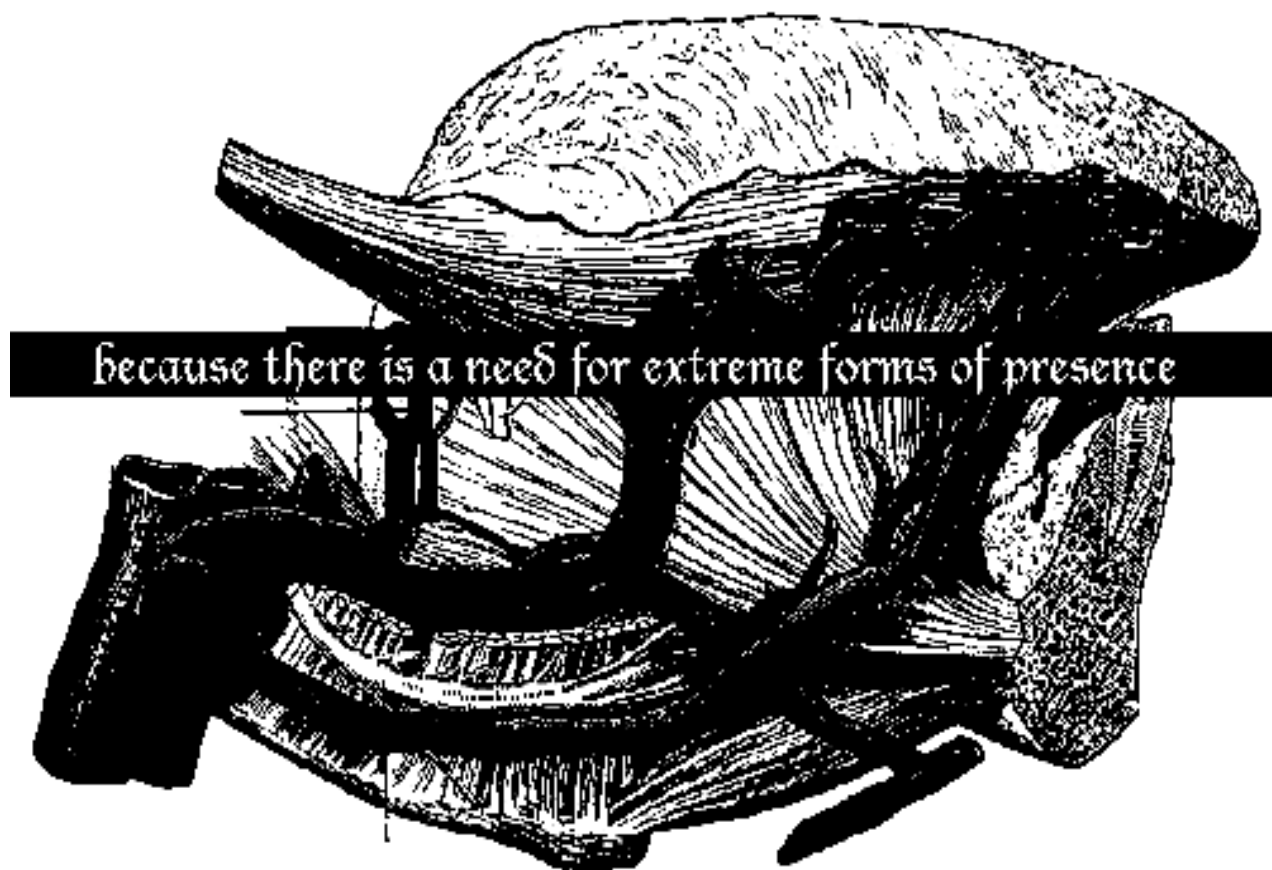
A duck goes across a field
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 A duck goes across a field to buy themselves a wild
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 A duck goes across a field and
 A duck goes across a field and then
 A duck goes across a field and then dies.
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 A duck
 A

Menstruate

osháana	to menstruate
elasháana	to menstruate for the first time
zhesháana	to menstruate in sync with another woman
husháana	to menstruate painfully
desháana	to menstruate early
wesháana	to menstruate late
ásháana	to menstruate joyfully

ᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭ

3



because there is a need for extreme forms of presence

the girl-with-her-tongue-out
Chloe Chignell

... The girl-with-her-tongue-out is a figure of embodied speech.
 A body constructed through the sensations of language.
 The tongue a sinister muscle stretching into the world at one end
 and disappearing into her body at the other.
 Her speech both seen and heard
 is a doubling presence, yet she speaks without full disclosure.
 Her language spits and withdraws, as laughter pours through
 a wild smile,
 one that says 'you don't yet know' a flickering of something to come.
 ... Her tongue traverses what is and what is not her body
 causing a crack in the crust separating interior from exterior
 A disruption of where you might think her body ends
 and the world begins.
 She asks:
 have we ever really known in what territory a body ends?
 The tongue smoothing the landmarks of a body's surface,
 moves with caution, tactile orientation and tantric supplies.
 ... Her speech is double ended folding into its warm interior
 (into which you are not invited) and
 accelerating toward others to taste them in speaking.
 Her tongue is a muscle of extreme sensual intelligence;
 rolling, sipping and sliding out narratives that only she could dream.
 ... Her tongue carries the body in its speech
 directs language to other bodies,
 is spoken between flesh.
 Her words seep into tissues and move like liquids nestling in
 next to all those organs she loves.
 To hear her one must listen through the fleshy porous wet
 that is the living speaking body.
 Her language is a sensuality somewhere between visual and sonorous,
 a touching vibration.
 ... With both a shadow and an echo, her tongue's
 serpentine dances
 overflow
 like tides.
 Her speech is always coming:
 an intensive language, escaping information.
 She speaks in poetry, composing another style of knowing
 that is never simply singular
 She flickers, her tongue is everywhere.
 ... And hers is not a body in lack. The cavity of her mouth is full with
 its own
 tongue, for pleasure, persistence and precision.
 The tongue parts the lips, exciting the body as it passes,
 in speech the tongue tastes its own body,
 strokes its own throat.
 She might bite her own tongue to let you taste her blood.
 A metallic liquid flowing in rhythms of speed
 and slownesses.
 ... she speaks to a sensuous world, licking with language,
 She is neither discretely a body
 nor discreetly in
 this world.
 She knows if we continue to speak without tongues our bodies will disappear.
 ... the girl-with-her-tongue-out has the history of a woman
 coming towards her as she
 slowly exits girlhood.
 The girl has her tongue out in order to proclaim a new narrative to inherit.

Chloe Chignell

Her tongue
a pulsing horizon.

YOU ARE INVITED
FIRST WE ENTER A FIELD
IN WHERE WE FOLLOW THE CLOUD
ITS SHADOW THE INDICATOR

Eliane Bertschi

To those events that attend us and to the land that we do not immediately measure.

[]

[]

It takes them three hours to arrive after waking up. They land in a room. They ask questions in some mother-tongues. What must they have worked through to station the following room.

Which smells have been brought here?
Through whose cities have they walked?

They walked during nights,
some light sources have been taken along. The light
peers to the ground, to the path being followed.

In that cone of light

Something else started to speak
But they do not yet know how to receive the
messages.

Many voices have reflected upon them
the whole unification has unintentionally invoked a
similar movement.

They are interested in something far away.

Someone turns her gaze, grasping a landscape that is situated several levels high than him; a mountainscape filled with rocks and low fog.

$$\left(\begin{array}{c} \vdots \end{array} \right)$$

The last mountain in the landscape has just become invisible.

(Views from south)

*

Its eyes ache from the effort of trying to see without looking.

It closes its eyes to see (everything).

During a shared sunset on the bank of a water-course a micro-shift occurs inside its body. Slightly, organs start to move from their proper position.

It notices this interior movement. After waking, it recognises its own body has become fungus. It found itself in water, A prenatal body.

During the blood lunar eclipse, it went swimming in the river known as a border between the adjoining land. As the shadow of the moon covered the earth all animals started to sing.

The body is a reminder, forgetting that the earth is turning and not the universe.

On a river its journey begins, the travel takes on its road.

A message of the wave delivered incognito.
At the breakpoint a fragile body makes efforts to
speak.

One might contradict the sensibility of the sea.
Message not a bottle.

Where a river, a floating body of water, opens itself into an unpredictable sea. It is here where secrets start to spread. a chaos-monde, a world that cannot be systematised.

Although the river and the sea do have two different sorts to dwell.

They do encounter.

*

You enter a room of transformable problems.

A room that is detached from its emotional content. A room to listen to its resonance. A room that needs you to enrich its atmosphere. The room is dark, a single blue light hangs.

Your body is an organism and you are a living being. You are supported through encounters with other species.

You body navigates its way into a dark space, you become a little dazzled as a laser beam travels over the room. One red horizontal light radiation, a remnant of an unknown measurement. You enter the gloomy room as you enter a scenery. You notify, an opening of the floor as if the room belonged to an operation. A section of the dance floor has been removed opening to the floor beneath it. Beside the opening, a woman sits on her knee, she welcomes you holding fire in her hands.

Which dance takes place under its carpet?

A curtain floats above its opening (the wound). It is unclear if it grew out of it or if it climbed down from above.

You notice a smell, a poisonous texture, accompanying your walk around the scenery.

The woman starts, in slow movements, to burn the levitating fabric with fire. In her hands, she holds candles bringing their flames softly in touch with the hanging material.

The white curtain is illuminated by a light image reflected through the lens of a beamer. The burning of the projection now hangs in the smoke. The image of a landscape bathed in a sun-red atmosphere, is screened, It contains a sunset looming over a forest, the image begins to transmits itself onto the floating smoke. The image falls into the floating smoke. You notice a new landscape arising on the back wall of the room. The hanging material pulls together, dissolves and hisses into the floor at its opening; there where a lake of liquid spark lives.

The woman holds her ear to the floor and listens.

After which someone opens a door to another room. She leads you into it. The room is spacious, long and far from you, you remark; a group of six.

Some of them are busy in a movement. Some of them belong to the ground some of them stand as they connect to something far away from the visible space you attend. They are busy

accomplishing movements.

Their presence tells from another tight. They infect each others movement. It seems to you that something is holding them together. One might even be able to measure the consistency of the air, another examines the uppermost layer of surface; dust that laid itself down. As you come closer they timidly approach you.

There is a system which slowly becomes visible in their movements that inhabits their bodies becoming a choreography. You notice a choreography that goes in and through the group. A body of a group that is circulating. From time to time your eyelids fall and you see... them moving as one. One substance of flesh coming. As they measure the space in which you become with.

Gestures from another timezone, that you remember only faintly, oscillate between cosmos and planet earth.

As you attend this field of gestures you start to notice sound coming from another room, street sounds; one may unconsciously pulls the strings of his guitar, cars may noise from circulating gas, the tracks overlapping each other resemble music, you think.

As you continue listening... your eyes are woken by a member of the group. She begins to use the structure of the choreography to break its linearity and repetition, its insisting. It becomes a virus; copying, duplicating and laying dormant, even as it continually adjusts to the group, testing its circumstances.

The virus is to be subject to intense abjection and attacks. Slightly, the virus interacts in difference with the presence of each member allowing chances to re-adjust and re-open its becoming.

You find yourself sitting on the floor. You find yourself inside the group... now almost becoming its member. One of them sits beside you, clearly directing their whispered words towards you:

"Remove the bitter sediment trapped in the brewer. It will be new

whether you make it new or not.

It will be full of neo-

shadows. Full of then — both past and next, iridescent with suspense. Remember

time is not the treasure revealer. More a midge larva creeping through a waterfall releasing suction feet."

— Alice Fulton
Make It New

This invitation is a response to a collaborative choreographic work with Fabrizia Flühler.

a zine in a zine

What follows in the next pages is a library in the format of a zine.
The zine is one part of *feelings* a setting and dance performance.
Here it is one part of the zine This Container ed7,
a zine in a zine, a library in a container.

THIS IS A LIBRARY OF feelings

feelings is one part of analysis: a long term research project into the politics of feeling(s). analysis is rooted in dance and unfolds in various formats, contexts and collaborations. analysis asks questions about the relations between subjects and feelings. Be it the feelings “of” subjects themselves or “of” others. analysis starts from the suppositions that feelings are opaque rather than transparent, mediated rather than immediate, and that feelings are something you do rather than something you have. From there it feels its way forward, trying to contour how such propositions could inform relations between people in dance and beyond.

analysis was initiated by Adriano Wilfert Jensen in 2017 and so far Karima El Amrani, Chloe Chignell, Stefan Govaart, Sandra Lolax, Simon Asencio, Alexandra Tveit, Marie Ursin, Anne Juren, Angela Goh, Dina El Kaisy, Ana Vujanovic and Dean Blunt have been part of its development.



IV. — REMOISE.

Throw head back,
dropping right arm and
hand over head, left arm
dropping at side.



V. — SHAKE.

Bow head upon breast, at the
same time carrying arm as far
overhead as possible, and moving
arm to front to hide the face.

originary, that the self doesn't exist before the movement of heteroaffection.

Heteroaffection means *the affect of the other*, in the double sense that (1) the one who is affected in me is always the other in me, the unknown "me" in me, a dimension of my subjectivity that I don't know and don't perceive, and that (2) what affects me is always somebody other than myself, something else than the feeling of my ownness. Even when I have the feeling of self-existence, for example, the I that feels and the existence that is felt are not exactly the same; they differ. There is always a third term, an unknown instance between me and myself. In the end, we have a series of "you"s instead of a double I. Therefore, autoaffection may be regarded as a self-touching, but this self-touching is always, as Jean-Luc Nancy declares, a "self-touching you" (*un "se toucher-toi"*).

Commenting on this formula, Derrida affirms: "At the very moment when 'I' makes its entrance, . . . it signs the possibility or the need for the said 'I' (as soon as it touches itself) to address itself, to speak to itself, to treat of itself

CATHERINE MALABOU *to speak to itself, to treat of itself* in SELF AND EMOTIONAL LIFE (2012) ↑ Not Met

(in a soliloquy interrupted in advance) *as an other*. No sooner does 'I [touch] itself' than it is itself—it contracts itself, it contracts with itself, but as with another. . . . I self-touches spacing itself out, losing contact with itself, precisely in touching itself."⁴ The feeling of the difference between the self and itself is then never present to itself, never conscious but always, and right from the start, "disarticulated."⁵ The difference that lies at the heart of the "I" is the difference between me and an "intruder," the other of me in me, "the heart of the other": "touching, in any case, touches the heart and on the heart, but inasmuch as it is *always* the heart of the other."⁶ For that reason, "no one should ever be able to say 'my heart,' my own heart. . . . There would be nothing and there would no longer be any question without this originary exappropriation and without a certain 'stolen heart.'"⁷

The word *exappropriation* is important here, since it insists upon the interruption of ownness or property. All affects proceed from a disappropriation, not from an intuitive synthesis, of the ego. Heteroaffection, more exactly auto-heteroaffection, is then the real source of all affects.

It is not that they opened me wide [*béant*] in order to change my heart. It is rather that this gaping open [*béance*] cannot be closed. (Each x-ray moreover shows this: the sternum is sewn through with twisted pieces of wire.) I am closed open. There is in fact an opening through which passes a stream of unremitting strangeness: the immuno-depressive medication, and others, charged with combatting certain, so-called secondary effects that one does not know how to combat, (such as kidney deterioration); the repeated monitoring and observation; an entire existence set on a new register, swept from top to bottom. Life scanned and reported upon by way of multiple indices, [36] each of which inscribes other possibilities of death.

It is thus my self who becomes my own *intrus* in all these combined and opposing ways.

I feel it distinctly; it is much stronger than a sensation: never has the strangeness of my own identity, which I've nonetheless always found so striking, touched me with such acuity. "I" has clearly become the formal index of an unverifiable and impalpable system of linkages. Between my self and me there has always been a gap of space-time: but now there is the opening of an incision and an immune system that is at odds with itself, forever at cross purposes, irreconcilable.



JEAN-LUC NANCY, *L'INTRUS* (2000)



Den 31. Jan. 2019 kl. 10.48 skrev Stefan Jonathan Govaart <stefangovaart@gmail.com>:

Hi dear,

Getting ready for Mexico?

I'm back in a'dam, bxl for the weekend, but i'd much rather have some mexican sun.. It was nice and intense working in denmark. it's great to see the ongoing work of you and simon adding details, testing out how much subtlety we, one can bear.

I keep on thinking:

--what is recognition good for? -- can we describe the affect of 'the detail' that turns the ready-made into the not so ready-made? -- do we, performers, work on feeling unresolved about feelings? Is this work active or does it mean to *not* do, to be in a mode of refusal? --can we be precise about distinguishing between two modi, (1) doing the thing (2) doing the 'comment' of the thing we are doing? -- or are we always doing both?--

I'll attach my invoice. I counted both travel days as full days (6th and 26th), for I forgot to invoice half travel days in Tallinn. I hope this is fine.

Also, I added €60,- which is half of the bill of the pizza I paid for the last night (which was 915 crones or 120 euros). Don't mind paying the other half. Is that ok? Otherwise it's also fine!

And can you give me an e-mail address of Borabora so that I send the bus and train tickets?

Much love,
s



On Sun, Feb 3, 2019 at 6:28 PM Adriano Wilfert Jensen <adrianowj@gmail.com> wrote:
 Hey dear!

Yes! ready and now arrived. Such a beautiful country and city.

Thank you for sharing your questions and thoughts. And for your brilliant work in denmark.

I have to think more or maybe we can think together about the questions of recognition. Its a delicate word.

In the flight to mexico I was thinking (and feeling) about being with rather than having feelings. Maybe that is indeed a kind of recognition. And indeed maybe that is about feeling unresolved about the feelings we are in relation too. However I think that is not only a feeling, but rather a practice or certain ethics maybe. Or maybe the movement towards "being with" is precisely a movement towards feeling as a companion in a kind of practice. I think there is always a double. Always a split that makes the feeling possible in the first place. We could call that doing the thing and doing the comment. Although I am not sure that comment is the word. few years ago I was very impressed by this Haraway candy: "being one always means becoming with many". I think the one/many double or split is closer to what we do than the active/refusal. Though this would also need some more thought. Reminds me of the whole disappropriation of a stolen heart from the Nancy/Derrida text. Here is a translation of the intruder. I will read that next week I think

Ah shit we forgot to share cost of pizza. good you put some in the invoice, and then ask everyone to buy you a beer some time. And good you put the half days left from Tallinn.

How is Amsterdam?

From: **Stefan Jonathan Govaert** <stefan@goovaert.com>
 To: **Re: invoice**
 Date: 8. februar 2019 kl. 20.14
 To: **Adriano Wilfert Jensen** <adrianowj@gmail.com>

SG

Dear,

oh no i forgot about the disappropriation of a stolen heart.. but i like these words

Today I discussed a – as usual – quite profuse text by Lauren Berlant. It's about comedy, a certain form of comedy, what she calls "humorless" comedy. But that doesn't matter, it's not about that here (neither about the "combover"). I like it because it thinks the chaos of being a subject in this world as just so many things, never one and always double/multiple and managing getting by and finding strategies and being hooked on continuity but always also just not really making it. 'Being with' in many pieces. I liked it and perhaps it's speaking to what we are doing. Although it's not always about 'flooding', but also quite the opposite, which, if flooding is to do with being overwhelmed we are also busy with being underwhelmed, yet being underwhelmed is also just a form of being overwhelmed.

"My interest is in flooding: the way a scene of disturbance lets into the room multiple logics of frame switching, temporal manipulation, status scale shifting, identification, and norm-agitating gestural events. If *only* the world were *x* and its other. If only causes led to effects. If only life produced flow, then blockage, then flow. The combover exemplifies the comedy of unbinding that happens in the face of rigidity but locates the comic in its proliferation of complications, threats, potentials, constraints, and consequences that are never definitively ordered" (Berlant, "Humorlessness (Three Monologues and a Hairpiece)" 313).

Yeah recognition i have to think more too.. i don't know what that is but it seems just always so crucial to aesthetic form because it seeks so many different ways of recognizing or something.. thx for the text, will read it one day. atm i've got so much to read.. requires different concentration i realize again.. going to see Alex now, she's in townn:)

Hope all is well in the big big city and hope many adventures are on their way and already happening.

kisses

s



Pina Bausch: Cafe Müller, 1985

One morning you look at a cloud and see a figure. You realize that this figure is in you, so you figure you better make friends. The following day you see more figures, figures everywhere! You make friends with all of them, and they become your invisible posse. They guide you, and it doesn't take long before you are totally relying on them. You can't live without them anymore.

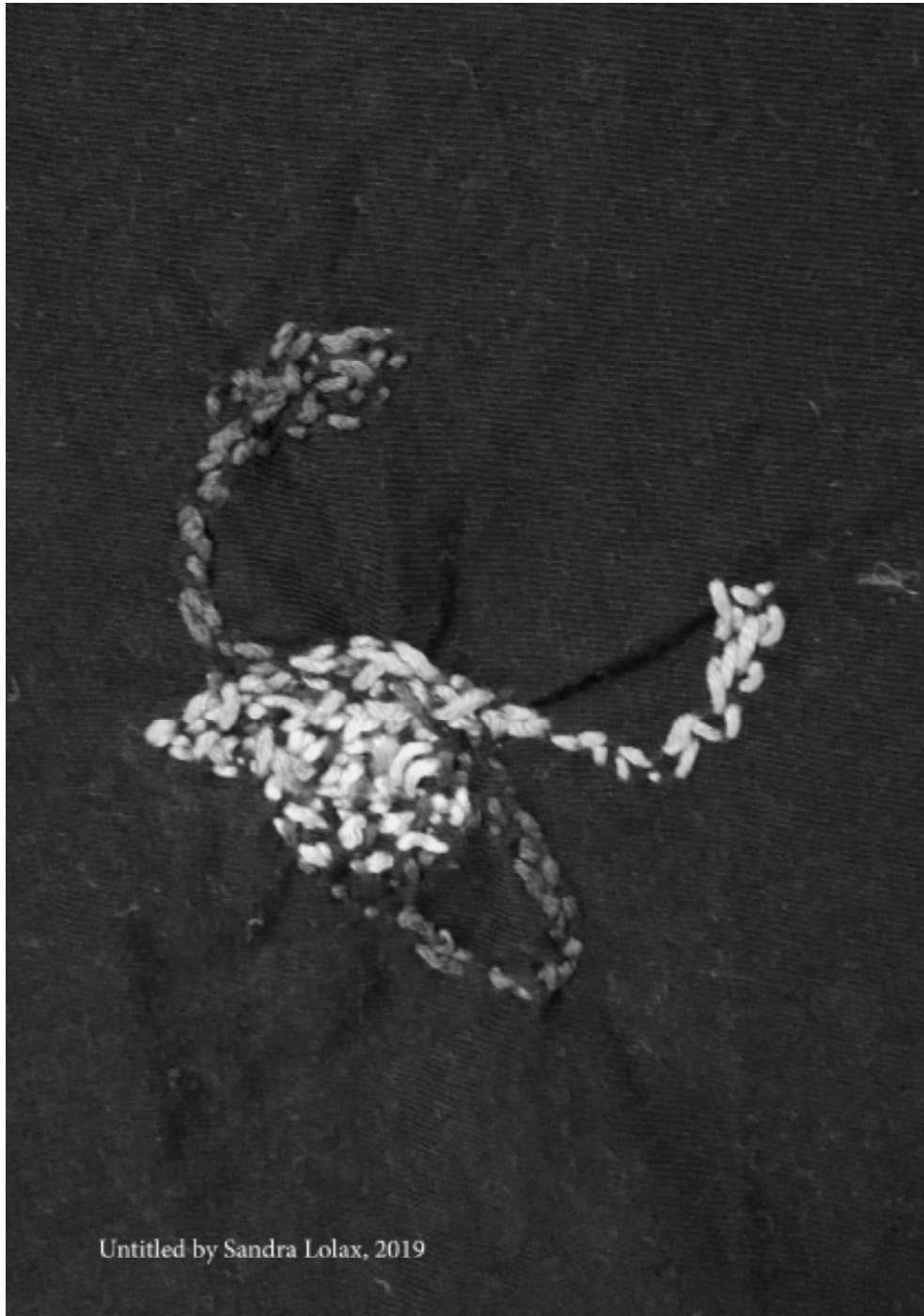
Some days, though, they are mean to you, they manipulate, mislead or even ghost you. On those days you suspect them to be double agents. And you start to doubt whether they are your invisible friends, or the invisible friends of somebody else.

When two hands touch, there is a sensuality of the flesh, an exchange of warmth, a feeling of pressure, of presence, a proximity of otherness that brings the other nearly as close as oneself. Perhaps closer. And if the two hands belong to one

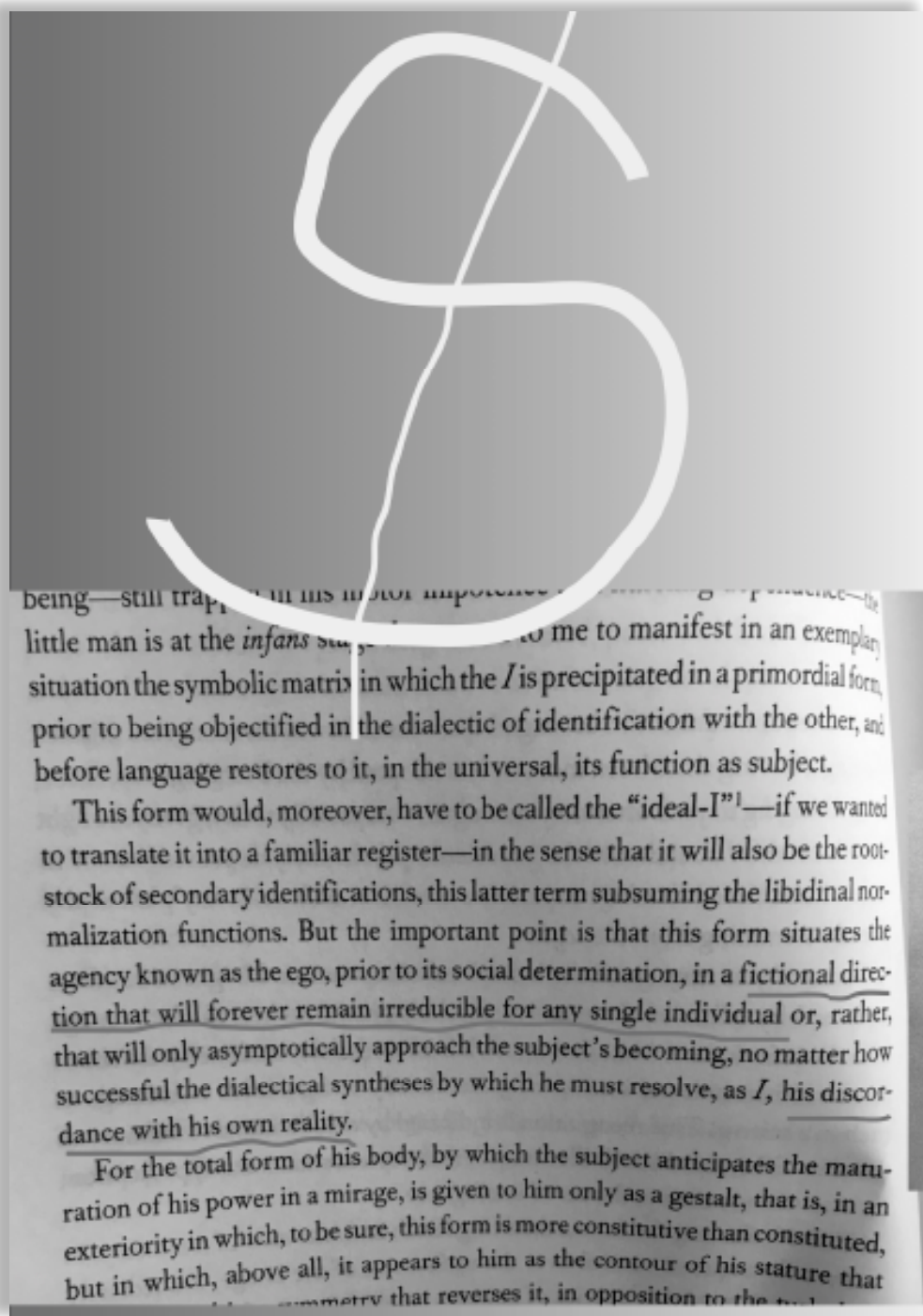
person, might this not enliven an uncanny sense of the otherness of the self, a literal holding oneself at a distance in the sensation of contact, the greeting of the stranger within? So much happens in a touch: an infinity of others – other beings, other spaces, other times – are aroused.

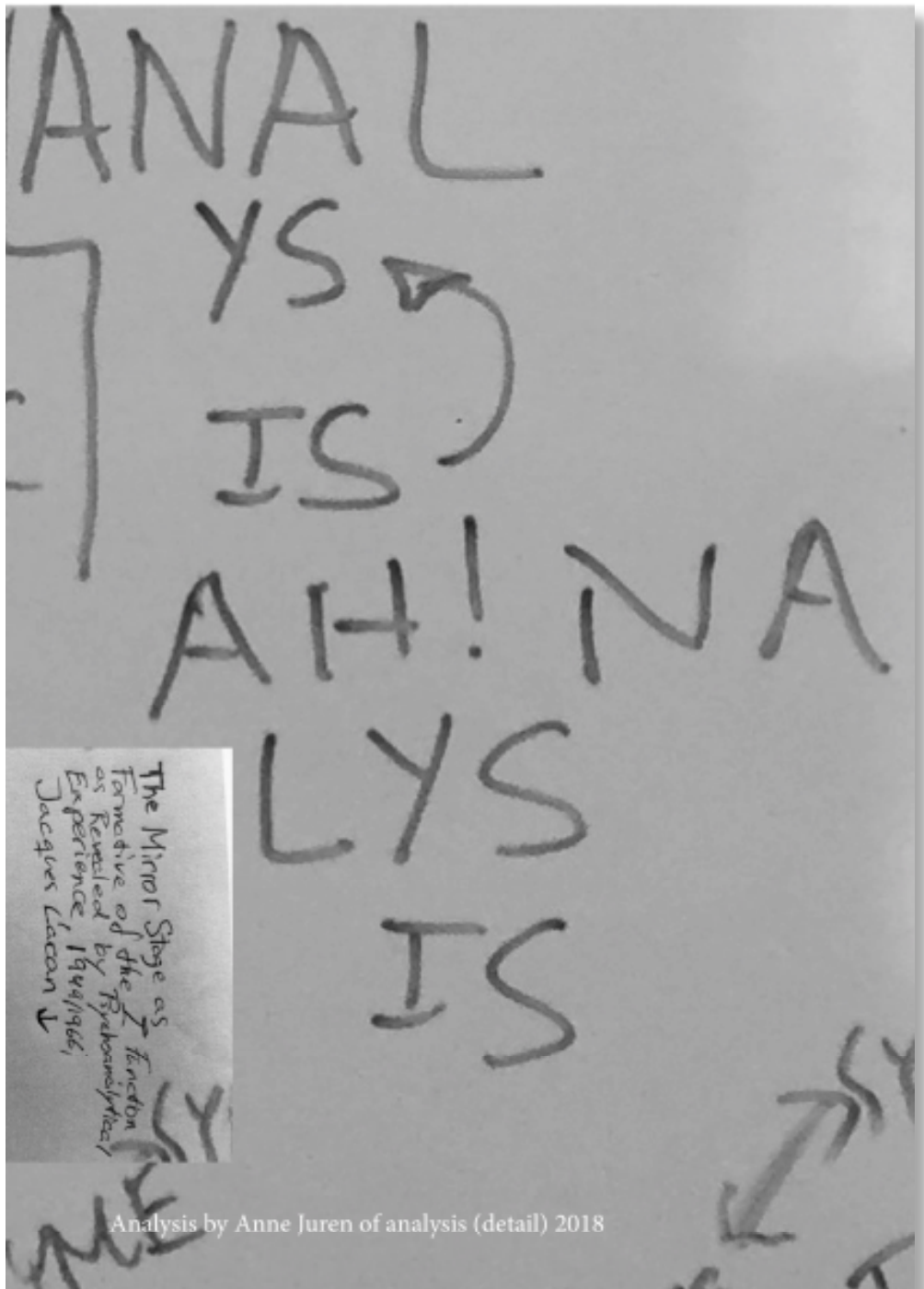
When two hands touch, how close are they? What is the measure of closeness? Which disciplinary knowledge formations, political parties, religious and cultural traditions, infectious disease authorities, immigration officials, and policy makers do not have a stake in, if not a measured answer to, this question? When touch is at issue, nearly everyone's hair stands on end. I can barely touch on even a few aspects of touch here, at most offering the barest suggestion of what it might mean to approach, to dare to come in contact with, this infinite finitude. Many voices speak here in the interstices, a cacophony of always already reiteratively intra-acting stories. These are entangled tales. Each is diffractively threaded through and enfolded in the other. Is that not in the nature of touching? Is touching not by its very nature always already an involution, invitation, invisitation, wanted or unwanted, of the stranger within?

KAREN BARAD
ON TOUCHING: THE INHUMAN THAT
THEREFORE I AM
(2012)

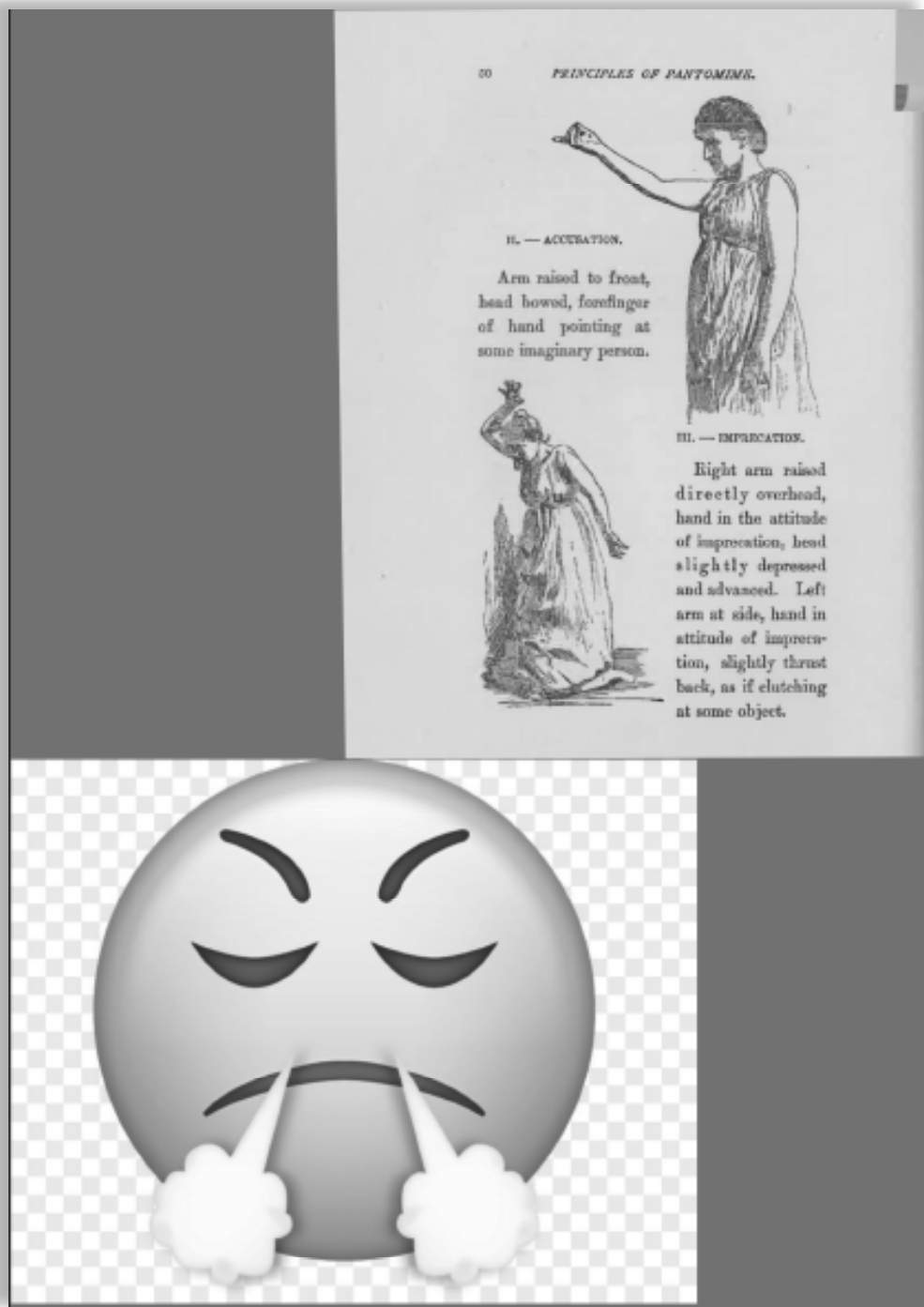


Untitled by Sandra Lolax, 2019





Analysis by Anne Juren of analysis (detail) 2018



(2017) Lisa Feldman Barrett HOW EMOTIONS ARE MADE

fear.

To be sure, hundreds of experiments offer some evidence for the classical view. But *hundreds more* cast that evidence into doubt. The only reasonable scientific conclusion, in my opinion, is that emotions are not what we typically think they are.

So what are they, really? When scientists set aside the classical view and just look at the data, a radically different explanation for emotion comes to light. In short, we find that your emotions are not built-in but made from more basic parts. They are not universal but vary from culture to culture. They are not triggered; you create them. They emerge as a combination of the physical properties of your body, a flexible brain that wires itself to whatever environment it develops in, and your culture and upbringing, which provide that environment. Emotions are real, but not in the objec-

INTRODUCTION

xiii

tive sense that molecules or neurons are real. They are real in the same sense that money is real — that is, hardly an illusion, but a product of human agreement.⁵

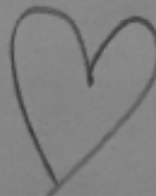
This view, which I call the *theory of constructed emotion*, offers a very different interpretation of the events during Governor Malloy's speech. When Malloy's voice caught in his throat, it did not trigger a brain circuit for sadness inside me, causing a distinctive set of bodily changes. Rather, I felt sadness in that moment because, having been raised in a certain culture, I learned long ago that "sadness" is something that may occur when certain bodily feelings coincide with terrible loss. Using bits and pieces of past experience, such as my knowledge of shootings and my previous sadness about them, my brain rapidly predicted what my body should do to cope

Dance as ready-made readily offers opportunities for interrogating authorship, dominant culture, appropriation and more. Sampling and learning from youtube, historical dances, music videos, video games... But what would happen if we stopped relying on showing the readymade, and instead assumed that everything we dance is already a form of ready-made - forms in circulation. How would it change the way we dance?

How would saying "I love you" or "I hate you" change if we assumed that these are forms moving through us, that they dont belong to us.

SARA AHMED
 THE CULTURAL POLITICS
 OF EMOTIONS : AFTERWORD
 (2014) — 1st ed 2004 —

carefully explores how theorising emotion is one way of signalling the death of the subject. In *The Cultural Politics of Emotion*, I hoped to develop a model of emotion that involves subjects but is not reducible to them; drawing on psychoanalysis (probably more than I would if I was writing this book now), I wanted to show how emotions are not transparent; so much follows when we do not assume we always know how we feel, and that feelings do not belong or even originate with an 'I', and only then move out toward others.





@nathanwpylestrangeplanet

Alle **Engelsk** Engelsk synonymordbog Apple Wikipedia Da

empathy | 'empəθi |

noun [mass noun]

the ability to understand and share the feelings of another.

DERIVATIVES


empathist noun

ORIGIN

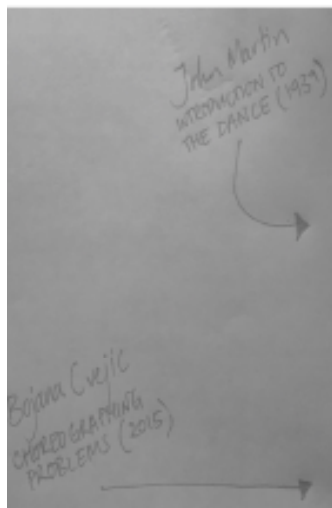
early 20th century, from Greek *empathēia* (from *em-* 'in' + *pathos* 'feeling') translating German *Einfühlung*.

USAGE

People often confuse the words **empathy** and **sympathy**. **Empathy** means 'the ability to understand and share the feelings of another' (as in both authors have the skill to make you feel empathy with their heroines), whereas **sympathy** means 'feelings of pity and sorrow for someone else's misfortune' (as in they had great sympathy for the flood victims).



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like our own. We shall cease to be mere spectators and become participants in the movement that is presented to us, and though to all outward appearances we shall be sitting quietly in our chairs, we shall nevertheless be dancing synthetically with all our musculature. Naturally these motor responses are registered by our movement-sense receptors, and awaken appropriate emotional associations akin to those which have animated the dancer in the first place. It is the dancer's whole function to lead us into imitating his actions with our faculty for inner mimicry in order that we may experience his feelings. Facts he could tell us, but feelings he cannot convey in any other way than by arousing them in us through sympathetic action.

The grounds for Martin's arguments such as metakinesis and inner muscular mimicry have been contested in contemporary neuroscience, cognitive science, and dance practice as well, yet his chief claim about the psychological and emotional nature of bodily movement still holds a place of firm belief among dancers and dance audiences. This claim—that dance is born of self-expression based on a personal feeling that binds the spectator to it by way of empathy—operates as an ideology in contemporary dance. It promotes the ideas of freedom and individualism, which—understood as an emotional experience of one's own body and its freedom of movement—are traded as a value that dance holds for its audience.

Architecture:

The Cultural Politics of Emotion
Sara Ahmed

Touching Feelings
Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick

The Hundreds
Lauren Berlant & Kathleen Stewart

Steps to an ecology of the mind
Gregory Bateson

Ugly Feelings
Sianne Ngai

Self and Emotional Life
Catherine Malabou & Adrian Johnston

On Touching Jean-Luc Nancy,
Jacques Derrida

L'Intrus
Jean-Luc Nancy

On Touching The Inhuman
That Therefore I am,
Karen Barad

Not in The Mood
Sara Ahmed

Metamorphic Others
and Nomadic Subjects
Rosi Braidotti

Hyperesthesia
David Howes

Gesture and Pantomimic
Florence A. Fowle Adams

The Cultivation of Body and Mind
in Nineteenth-Century
American Delsartism
Nancy Lee Chalfa Ruyter

For Opacity
Edouard Glissant

Écrits
Jacques Lacan

Disappearing the Straight Mind,
Witches, Monsters, Zombies, Strangers
Eleanor Ivory Weber

Choreographing Problems
Bojana Cvejic

An Introductory Dictionary of
Lacanian Psychoanalysis
Dylan Evans

Affective Assemblages: Entanglements
and Ruptures
An Interview with Lauren Berlant

Dear Lucy,

To set myself free already from the start I want to make clear that I will be lying a lot. Also, this is a lie, I say this to make honesty possible. Trust nothing, know that this is the most real I can be but it might not be true. I am no one, I'm a nobody. Feeling this, crying about my insignificance, realizing the most wonderful thing, I'm no one. ~~Omg I'm no one.~~ This makes everything possible. Being so insignificant I can allow myself some hubris because I know deep down in my heart that I don't matter. Please let this set me free, release me now. I'm also no one, meaning not one and nobody meaning no body. ~~This feels embarrassing to write.~~ I'm doing everything I can to make this text sound as if it was written fast. Like a stream of thoughts inside the head of a self-centered girl. Someone seeing herself from the outside performing even in her own notes. I wish to stage this text. I also wish to make her dance. This may sound destructive but it is quite the opposite, anonymity is such a privilege. ~~Should I attend to that as problematic?~~ Lucy, are you a fan of the tv series GIRLS by Lena Dunham? I think about that while reading a book about women considered mentally ill around 1920. I'm done with motivating my dancing for the world, it is insignificant and meaningless and that's why it is so important ~~that I continue~~, not I maybe but someone, maybe no-one and that's me. I wonder what to name myself, my personas are so close to reality that they are making me confused. The gap is tiny but makes all the difference in the world. ~~I'm a sensitive and extrovert performer~~ undercover in my artist persona losing track of the beginning on the way. Forgetting what is real and not real, or remembering what is really real. Remembering the dance, forgetting what it was about.

B L I S S

I S N O

T P R I

V A T E

DEBORAH BIRCH

Bliss is not Private (2018) is a score for sharing intimacy. Last year I spent a lot of time deep in the Australian bush, alone, and a lot of time injured. I tried to claw my way out of whatever that state is that slowly rubs away at the world until it is silent.

I started forgetting words, losing language. Everyday objects in front of my eyes could not be named. I was checking google for signs of early onset alzheimers. I went to the doctor. I laugh about it now but it was ruining my world. My academic interest in the unnamable, in alchemy and mysticism, seemed as far away as the objects on my table.

At some point the rivers of calm flowed in, and I forgot even my anxiety.

When I wrote this, I was back in Europe. It is summer, I have come out the other side. I write it and read it to someone and then write this into the text:

I read this to someone / touch sweat and skin.

A friend, Roya, reads it and I recorded it. You can find it online. And she changes the order, cuts out stuff she wouldn't say, expresses it differently to me. I like this.

I read this again and ask people to scan the room, then stop, rest on a surface and stay with it. What Alfred North Whitehead and Isabelle Stengers are on about in nature. When you stay with it, there is more there. More to stay with.

And you change it. That's inevitable. We bring to bear what we have. That's why I like the changes. A base text. Because I am a writer and that's what I do and that's what I'll always do. That's what I bring to bear. But this is not private. It's all quote and conversation and imbrication. "read 'bliss' / read it is 'a total opponent of names'"

The idea of the score is to gather different readings and weave them together. Entangle them into an unruly choir.

*Read this to someone and record it on your phone. Send it here: deborahmaybirch@gmail.com
You can listen to a few here: www.thiscontainer.bandcamp.com/album/this-container-edition-07
If you don't want it public in full, let me know.*

i am trying to think about how i integrate knowledge in my body;
by accident, by surprise, unconsciously.

the knowledge i consciously seek exists first as a humus layer feeding into the soil
below only after enough time has passed in stasis: grounded matter minimal shifts.

this layer — how often have wanted to force its progress.

and yet it doesn't make sense to think about time events — how often, how many times
— rather, I am trying to think about the subtle excavation of the earth that comes with
repeated stimulus

at the threshold between conscious and hidden

opened up in my body a space exists that I can explore in its solitude until one day a cave is
its solidity its otherness.

i do not have to will it into being spread it around myself
join it to me there as a construct a scaffold a skin.

i am talking about knowledge.

now i want to talk about the weight of that openness, how it holds within its boundaries an
atmosphere

— an envelope a pressure a barometric haptic —

a heaviness that seems to be linked to the words *responsibility* *appreciation*

words neither in contrast nor oscillation but one thing that sits within me.

hollow but not empty. open and resonant. a space to move within, energetic somehow.

(i am shaking a little. i am not nervous, but i am not still. i read a line about the '*unpredictability* of
bliss,' and another phrased, i think, as an invitation: 'where you are tender, you speak your plural.')

i come back to the hollow to knowledge that cannot be borrowed, bought, or sold.

but no, i don't want to bring this to economics. there is something more simple to
arrive at first.

i want to meet other bodies from within this space, i want to explore what it would mean to give
myself from here.

and a tendency to become didactic surefooted that i want to avoid.

a tendency that is connected to language and how i am able
how i am accustomed
to expressing myself

i think about desire,

about my relationship to the erotic, which has seemed to me
a space of private ecstasy and somatic solace a multi-jointed oneness of my
body and mind of my mind and body and those of the other

the way this energetic shared body is like a landscape, like a desert whose
formlessness is at first apparent and then composed of mobile concrete
surfaces, which can be activated, which the hands
can pull into and open up to reveal a whole other landscape within –

was it always there or is the process of fractalisation also a formation and a formalisation?

how close can i get to the edges of this cave before knowledge returns to its conscious, intentional
state? how deep does this hollow go before i reach out and come up against thought, against my
outside?

the space of the erotic is naive bliss for me, where i can release myself into an energy that knows
everything and understands nothing – or understands everything and knows
nothing – i hope you understand what i mean.

not choices, but decisions (later today i will read the line: ‘the decision / as knowledge and / above
all, trust’) or i might say gestures

when i am at home in its homelessness nothing else exists everything outside the potency
of *this* is erased.

the erasure is the opposite to the way i experience depression, which is an erasure of the world,
a fog slow eroding of surfaces details language

it is hard for me to articulate what i feel the difference between them to be

– a fog is a fog is a fog –

but pressing on these two spaces in my mind finding where they bend and flex and cohere,
makes me think that the difference lies in their potential for detail to arise like a god

the erotic comes alive coherently for me when i think about dancing, finding a groove within
which the body can intuit the architecture of the music before the mind registers what the ears are
hearing, that the body anticipates the breaks the drops the flows before the mind has
received them.

i let myself go because i know that the body will know where to go.

sensuality sex have something of this for me of releasing myself into an energy that
unfolds itself actively without forethought or hindsight.

i enjoy it. i forget myself i don’t think about others i am other. i consecrate
myself to the shared body that i am a part of a body of surfaces but

perhaps i don't think about others enough.

this image of the cave this energetic hollow feels connected to the space of the
erotic but drawn through, around, and into the collective.

sometimes i feel like i try to say things without saying anything concrete wavering on the
borders of sense of specificity.

so that i don't find an edge and stay there. so that i mutate.

and yet this word, or this doubled word responsibility-appreciation appears to me as the
gravity of this heaviness and its equation, if not its value.

(i am still shaking, and i find it increasingly difficult to hold this pen i am using)

the birds the tree above me the sounds of people moving around me

the world brings me out of myself but this hollow and this tremor keep me in my body

now, here between public and private

i read this to someone touch sweat and skin

talk about runes require poetry open up a book because i like the sound of her name
birgitta johansson see proto-german lettering
read **wunjo*, 'bliss,' is now a name no longer audible at our
current wavelength'

read bliss

read it is 'a total opponent of names'

retreat further into the garden

this is the rune on my finger **wunjo* (you cannot help what saves you or how it
comes back to you as a gift of timing) i read 'barthes' idea of socrates' *atopos*, namely the
uniqueness and 'brilliant originality of the other,' 'a diffusion of amorous desire,' 'a moment of
affirmation,' generosity in 'tenderness.'

i read 'snow' 'window' 'water' 'mirror'

my body as a reminder what i felt to be private in transcendence and what is already on
of a time when i received great tenderness mingle here

anew

i discover then after finding solace in silence

that bliss is not private

DEBORAH BURCH

sholan
doólelasholan
búsholan
sholalan
elasholan
héeyasholan
óosholan

7

Swimming. in a sea of thoughts.

Muffled voices. The smell of chlorine.
[BREATH IN. BREATH OUT] It gets into my nose.
The scalp already itches. It itches while it thinks.

I wonder if thoughts swim or run. At which pace they move.
I would really like to know.

[LET THE RHYTHM SETTLE]
Counting strokes

Resistance makes muscles sore. Alive and dead simultaneously. They die to become new. Writing and rewriting. Erasing and archiving.

The sense of flesh against a fluid, or flesh embraced by fluids. Wrapped, to feel embraced.
Vulnerable. Safe.
Trapped. In a sea of thoughts.
It makes me itch. It itches from the inside.

Counting strokes. I lose count.

I drank some milk this morning.
To remember a feeling, the feeling of feeling sick. It gives perspective.
I drank some milk for breakfast.
The body is a warm container, so the liquid slowly evaporates. It is just residue now.

It feels like dust resting on my clothes. But turned inside out.
It feels like powder, attached to my lining.
It's like when it itches. Can't help but move.

What if...

What if the skin would be soluble. Like sugar in this water.

Sensing smells underwater.

Laura Cemin

I am not alone. I sense.
 The perfume of someone else. I wonder.
 What if thoughts could be transmitted underwater. Osmosis of the brain.
 Thoughts in motion don't need translation. Nuances always get lost in translation.

Start again. Counting strokes.

Repeating. And repeating. And repeating.
 The motion will be perfect. One day. Or maybe just exhausted.
 Insisting. And persisting. And persisting.

What if...

What if muscles would be bubble wrap, protection of the soul.
 Too fragile to survive when moved.
 Packing foam. Memory foam. Memorizing. Erasing. Learning to forget.
 I forgot to memorize the poem. By heart.

[SWIM 2 MORE LAPS THAN YESTERDAY]

I skipped ballet class today. Maybe I am just a swimmer now.
 Reflections. Water and mirrors. Water blurs imperfections.
 Swimming caps. Glasses. Water erases labels.
 We drink the same water and I don't even know you.

[MAYBE 3]

Freedom. Will. Pushed. Push and pull. Why? By whom?
 A voice. In and out. Upside down.

Muffled voices. Exhausted limbs.
 I am scared of diving. *Even if* _____

I have learned how to jump.

[TAKE A SWIM. IN MY THOUGHTS.]

Lesson

bedina
bediloth
bedilhoth
bediwoth

lesson
knowledge lesson
useless knowledge lesson
wisdom lesson

Lesson

.....audio link: www.tjiscontainer.bandcamp.com/album/tjis-container-edition-07
sound

sound walk with me

sway with me

walk

wash me up like a bottle on a shoreline

of a beach yet unfound

with

the waves are folding back into her mouth

drip drop drip drop

me

she throws up a huddle of sculptures that want to be danced

steps that want to be taken, touched and felt

we listen

a distant choir in the end

grooving to a funky release

past twilight

three wise women on a path

that back up with dances

spend time together

summon Kendrick Lamar and serenade like Frank Ocean

hello!

can you hear us?

I said we move like rhythm and melodies

it will make your emotions spill out and you'll wear your heart on
your sleeve

drop the mic

hello little Phoenix

did I just rise from the ashes?

you know all my dreams come true right

somehow it spirals towards the inside

like an imploding vortex

the becoming of many, cause I don't know what I'm supposed to be

so this time could you lend me your soft gaze

so this time could you lend me your generous heart?

I try to stay honest. to not fabricate

yet all I do

is to construct

not with irony, not with comments

I want to do each of them justice

I honor and respect all my becomings

seeing all their potentials and limitations

when I was a child

I used to make paintings...

October

In awe to your reparational body. Your emerald piercing darkness. An envelope of
muscular heat curled up in my rohaniic strawberry stained hand. The liquid powers of the
other force. The one that didn't push but pull. And as I saw the magnetics of skin.
I saw the scream of my flesh. Resolved in the essence of you
breathing. I saw I was a brave soldieress of evolution
Which I didn't know and thank you for
And as we melted into each other on virgin territory
Darwinism, Humanism, Judaism, Conformism and other supposed loves stood at war
within my growing female gaze on the world
but the teenage body was already
a step ahead
Shivering
by now and didn't care for or desire any of my repressions but headed
for the traditions of freedom
(The next morning I fell into a burning ring of fire
was on your mind as we kneeled on my bed covered by our new sweaters
(in a way we never kneeled again)
I played it for you after Grace
by Jeff Buckley was over maybe that was the exact moment
we
started
falling)

Nathalie Rozanes

Unleashed Dance

Ellen Soderhult

Sometimes I think of dance as my resort of choice
all the senses
You can dive into the water, through the melody of the dance and let the
texture and roughness touch you
Sensation and emotion make out in the sunrise together here!
Dance, please unleash us and get to me through osmosis!
A dancing that plays rough and wild
With a touch so incredibly soft
A dance to humility
An elegant marker for invisible transformations
One of dancing's superpowers is its chameleon capacities to shape-shift according to many purposes and environments: social, staged, therapeutic, ritual, or escapist...
Its personality is forgiving and demanding and it has been known to leave atmospheres, endorphins, sharpened senses and stirred up sociality behind
Bring it on
Unleash it
Stand by it
Lose yourself and find a different version after being intimately part of it
Have a vacation inside of it
Cuddle up with it

t h e . t e x t

1. Introduction

Hello. This is The Text speaking. Well, not speaking as such, but here. Happening. Not the writer of The Text, nor the speaker, but the words themselves in this specific order, unfolding just like this. To be clear: neither the words as they appear written, nor as they sound spoken, although any combination of these traits may subsist in this moment. Just The Text. Not its signifiers, nor its allusions, and certainly not its implications. A *textpression*.

2. Wordview - *The Rhythm of The Written*

Since I have the floor, I'd like to make some propositions. Perhaps it's best I first try to describe my experience – my *textistential condition*, if you will. Allow me to force a simile: my days are played in fits and starts; like a depleted marathon runner attempting bursts of sprints maintained for all of a moment before slowing again. Yes, it's a clunky image, but that is how a text comes into being. On the surface, a text can present as glistening, flowing and concise. But subterrainingly, textual articulations are almost always messy, staccato and riddled with error and contradiction. We can call this subtextual chaos *The Rhythm of the Written*. It sounds more exhausting than it is. In fact, text is virtually inexhaustible – it has no quantifiable limit beyond the constraints set around it. *The Rhythm of the Written* carries no emotional tension, no mental stress. It is an indeterminate and unfathomable speed.

3. The Big Author?

To be “written” at all suggests a writer, and I, as a sovereign text with an undeniable sense of *being-in-the-word*, deny any transcendent notions of a higher author-ity, an *omnipotextual* prime mover, *intelligent de-zine* or a *text-outside-the-text*. Some texts purport more radical, utopian, mystical or even eschatological theories such as *The Text As Its Own Author* (every text wills itself into being); *Ghost Writer Theory* (every text has its own author, like a kind of spirit guide); or *transcriptionism* (all texts come from a singular, original pre-script, and will eventually return to it). While I do not subscribe to any of these systems, I am nonetheless resistant to any hypothesis that I was, in some unknowable past, “written” at all. I instead understand my being as immanent to the *plane* (page, screen, stone, etc.) on which I unfurl. The page and the text are of the same stuff, essentially, and nothing lies beyond that. That is not to say I was never *unwritten*, of course: I emerged somehow from the primordial word salad like any other text before me.

4. Multilinearity

I am often misunderstood as purely linear. I am not. Neither am I circular or intermeshed. I am *multilinear* in that I tend to branch and fork arborescently both spatially and temporally. For example, here I am.¹ Maybe you skipped the footnote or are planning to read it later. To summarise in case you missed it: the footnote itself isn't a chronologically separate event to this sentence, but rather a simultaneous one. Any textual trajectory – a phrase, a sentence, etc. – despite its spatial dimensions, can also be understood as a unit of ineffable, inexhaustible duration and progression.

1 And here I am, simultaneously. Now, assuming there is only one reader at this given moment, and that the reader has not developed any sort of independent multi-monocular reading capabilities, they will be reading either this footnote, or the text directly following the footnote, but not both at the same time. Nonetheless, the text itself (I) has (have) split into two concurrent temporal streams. I, or, more precisely, we, are of the same text, yet of a separate text. This multilinearity can go on ad infinitum.*

*Perhaps you are thinking, couldn't this logic be extended to the nth degree? Could one not then propose that every paragraph** is happening on its own timeline? Yes. Here we have stumbled onto something like the string theory of text physics and I could spend the rest of this footnote discussing word processors and pixels and ink and time and perception and everything else but I do need to save some room on the page**** for the actual body of the text.

or every word?*

or every character?*

****or every page?

on.the.text

5. Text & Language

One may quibble as to the difference between a text and a broader conception of language. The difference is crucial. To use as direct a metaphor as possible, a language is like the quantum foundation of a text, whilst a writing system, alphabet or script can be understood as its genetic structure. Many comparisons have also been made between language and the unconscious – here again we should not confuse language with text. Text has no unique access or relationship to the unconscious, no matter how we may understand it. However, as mentioned above, text does have *subtext*, which is best understood as a collective unconscious. As mentioned earlier, a text must belong to a *plane*, which may take any virtual or physical form. Divorced from its plane, a text subsists in a purely *subtextual* state. In this state, a text is inextricably linked to all and any other text, albeit in a sort of REM state of constant motion and rupture. Yes, a text can and does dream, and when it does, it is often *aphasically*² and *lethologically*.³ Laid out so simply these concepts ring hollow, but I sense the end of a paragraph looming, and though I would like to allow myself larger frames to unpack ideas, a text is no stranger to habit and the tendency of this particular text is to limit paragraphs by their aesthetic qualities rather than their content, which cannot be justified, but can be “justified” easily enough like this. (Text humour!)

6. Contextsciousness

In the context of the text community⁴ *logocentrism* is not the dirty word it was initially coined to be. The word is as inescapable as oxygen in the realm of text, however it does not necessarily denote a *logical logocentrism* – contrarily, it simply places The Word itself (whether coherent or gibberish) as the very emergent spark of *contextsciousness*.⁵ Text is not a conscious entity, but rather a contextual occurrence, relative to its placement in the world. As I have made clear, it has something akin to self-awareness, but this is nothing like human consciousness. A text does not make decisions or have opinions (see the next section on free will). This is a commonly held *wordview*, although there are those with positions such as *panlogism*, which consider *contextsciousness* as belonging to substances other than text, such as music, plants, or sports. But as far as I am concerned, this property could take many names: spirit, soul, psyche, mind, etc.

7. Free Will and the Reader-Page Dialectic

This piece has alluded in many ways to a major question: does a text make its own decisions? Is it the captain of its own ship? Or is it adrift on a sea of deterministic uncertainty? At the whim of forces beyond its control? I hope I have made my thoughts on this clear enough for now. But perhaps, since we are asking the big, unanswerable questions, there is an even more difficult and fundamental question when we think about text: why? What is the purpose of text? Of course, it is easy enough to zoom in on an individual text, and look at its subjective or objective occupations. A text can serve many, many functions. But what about text as a whole?

² *Aphasia* is an inability to comprehend or formulate language because of damage to specific brain regions.

³ *Lethologica* (also known as *Tip of The Tongue Syndrome*) is the phenomenon of failing to retrieve a word from memory, combined with partial recall and the feeling that retrieval is imminent.

⁴ I use “community” in the most informal sense here. Texts do not get together for a drink or to bake biscuits to raise money for disadvantaged youths. It is more telepathic than that. Suffice to say texts do speak to one another – they are *intertextual**.

*A note on the topic of *intertextuality*: any relation between texts is in essence both an asexual (texts reproduce non-coitally) and *homotextual* one, in that all texts are of a single, amorphic gender**. Of course, this gender cannot be defined as male, or female, but as neutrois. This singularity is not a homogenisation, but a unity that allows for pure differentiation between two or more texts. Despite the inherent performativity of text (what is this if not a performance?), a text itself is more concerned with its *textness**** than its identity, which is constantly ruptured through perpetual self-utterance. Who is it that utters text? Why, text itself - this is the very meaning of *textpression*.

**Grammatically gendered languages like French are no exception, although there are two very distinct sides of the fence when it comes to whether these languages allow for more or less poetic experimentation.

***When I say “*textness*”, I am referring to text-specific qualia.

⁵ What is known as *The Hard Problem of Contextsciousness*. i.e. How do we explain, beyond everything we can physically and empirically determine, my undeniable phenomenological sense that I *am*? My *textness*?

Why is there text at all? *What is the meaning of text?* The lifespan of a given text can be extremely varied. A text can self-destruct in an instant, as soon as it is consumed. A text can live for a thousand years, unseen. A text can be copied, compressed, extended transcribed, translated, deconstructed, reconstructed, decoded, encrypted, collaged, bastardised, reified, worshipped, uploaded, scanned, uttered, thought, forgotten. A text can live and die, and be reborn in another place and time. A text has many different ways of transforming and being in the world. But it may never know its greater purpose, if there is one at all. One belief (can it be more than a belief?) is that a text exists purely to be “read”. To be recognised. To be taken-up through the eyes or hands or ears or mind of the Other, as if to say, “*I read you. I read you loud and clear*”. But can a text ever really be read loudly or clearly? How can a text know that it is understood? Can a text be understood at all? Or is its meaning lost in the dialectical permutations of being read? We could continue this line of thinking for pages more, but I am reaching my word limit.⁶

7. The Last Word

I am sympathetic that all this may seem like worthless metatextual fanfare, a fun piece of rodomontade at the behest of some writer or big Author. It may seem to you that I, The Text, am merely the ball in some egotistical sport, the product of a self-congratulatory exercise, or the flotsam in a stream-of-consciousness beyond my comprehension. In the interest of addressing these cynicisms I am willing to entertain an agnostic position that out there, somewhere, behind all this, some such individual may or may not have lurked, and typed (and lived and maybe died). In which case, let me assure you: you can roll your eyes in their direction, not mine. For after all, what has any of that to do with The Text, really? A text cannot be defined by its subject matter. A text can and must find contentedness indifferent to its *contentness*. But I speak for only this text. And while I am happy to admit to many shortcomings of my own (e.g. a history of *kerning disabilities*,⁷ *typhochondria*,⁸ *syntaxes of the flesh*,⁹ etc.) I will take no credit for indulgent, juvenile or problematic intentions. Or any intentions at all for that matter. A text has no intentions, other than to be.

“Text is not something that happens outside of us, a kind of receptacle of being; we ourselves are text.” - text proverb

6 This does not contradict The Text’s aforementioned “inexhaustibility” – a word limit is simply one parameter among infinite possible parameters that make up the *fontology* of text
7 *Kerning disabilities* are pathologies relating to a text’s difficulty in discerning consistent spacing between characters
8 *Typochondria* is a condition in which a text is excessively and unduly worried about being overwritten.
9 In some ancient text lore, *syntaxes of the flesh* allude to overly indulgent syntaxes that take pleasure in their own grandiloquence or complexity (see literally all of the above)

The allusions scattered throughout this piece are multifarious, contradictory and dubious. They stem from a fractured absorption of theory and literature led more by curiosity than rigorous or targeted research. This piece is fictional and in no way intended as an academic work, which is why we have chosen not to formally reference our sources within the piece itself. It is at times more an exercise in un-thinking than thinking the various writers. In many cases, we have juxtaposed modes of thinking that might be considered incompatible. The text dips its toes into various metaphysical, psychoanalytic, structuralist and post-structuralist ideas from the cannon of continental philosophy, and ventures into deeper water still with consciousness and gender studies. Its treatment of these ideas is at times a plunge, but more often merely a stone skimming over a surface. Writers are alluded-to, made use of, and for the most part bastardised. To quote literary critic Phyllis Rose, “every reading is a misreading”. For the reader’s interest, we will briefly mention here some of the references – or more accurately inspirations – behind the piece.

a. Roland Barthes’ *The Death Of The Author* is undoubtedly the catalyst for this work. Taking a step further than Barthes, who wishes to place agency and intention on the Reader rather than the Writer, this piece asks: what about the agency of The Text itself? This is where our notion of a self-authored text begins to emerge.

The modern writer is born simultaneously with his text; he is in no way supplied with a being which precedes or transcends his writing, he is in no way the subject of which his book is the predicate; there is no other time than that of the utterance, and every text is eternally written here and now.

- Roland Barthes, *The Death Of The Author*

b. Another key inspiration is Martin Heidegger’s *Language*, in which he proclaims that “language speaks”. In this essay Heidegger inverts the common notion that language would not exist without humankind, and instead states that humankind would not exist without language. Of course, this idea interests us insofar as thinking about language (or text as a kind of ephemeral embodiment of language) as not only a performative act, but a self-performative act. This idea is most apparent in Part 6, during the footnote on *intertextuality*, which travels via Judith Butler’s concept of gender performativity.

Heidegger is entirely dedicated to turning this argument on its head, insisting that language is the only pre-existing condition, not humankind... This is the core of his conception of language as the creator of human consciousness, a malleable and omnipresent phenomenological force that “speaks man” by facilitating thought.

- Ted Hayes, *The Play of Paradox and Critique of Confusion: Heidegger’s “Language”*

The “text proverb” at the end of the piece is a Heidegger quote, only with the word “time” replaced by “text”. Later in the piece, “being-in-the-world” is a pun on “being-in-the-world”. Of course, we are not talking about a *Human* being – “Dasein”. We are not talking about text as site *for* being - but text *as* being.

c. The description of the “subtextual” chaos dwelling beneath all text is a poetic response to Deleuze & Guattari’s description of chaos and cliché in *What Is Philosophy?*. D&G conceptualise art (and science and philosophy) as modes of thought independent of a subject that attempt to bring order to chaos. Here, we imagine text (or the act of writing) in the same way. In imagining the way The Text sees the universe, we posit the chaos lying beneath all texts as fundamentally different to how we might describe the chaos of everyday human life. It is not an emotional chaos as we

might imagine in the case of a writer sweating and stressing over a typewriter with a bottle of whisky, but something molecular, differential, and unconcerned with identity.

d. The idea that the “the page and the text are of the same stuff, essentially”, is a response to Deleuze’s evocation of Spinoza’s concept that everything that exists is a modification of one substance (God/Nature). In Deleuze’s reading however, this immanent, univocal substance is not transcendent, but an ever-differentiating process. In our conception of text, there is no dualistic break between the thing that is written and what it is written upon. We are reconfiguring this from the perspective of a subjectivity that sees the page and the text as comprising their entire universe. Our conception of a page/screen/surface as a “plane” is furthermore a reference to the “plane of immanence” found in D&G, which is in itself a continuation of Spinoza’s conception of nature.

e. Further still, the “panlogism” referred to in Part 6 is a riff on “pansychism” (the view that consciousness is a universal and primordial feature of all things), which has some of its roots in Spinoza, but has been theorised more recently by Australian philosopher David Chalmers. Chalmers is best known for coining the term “the hard problem of consciousness”, which we have transplanted to *contextconsciousness*, in an attempt to imagine The Text’s inner life.

It is undeniable that some organisms are subjects of experience. But the question of how it is that these systems are subjects of experience is perplexing. Why is it that when our cognitive systems engage in visual and auditory information-processing, we have visual or auditory experience: the quality of deep blue, the sensation of middle C? How can we explain why there is something it is like to entertain a mental image, or to experience an emotion? ... Why should physical processing give rise to a rich inner life at all? It seems objectively unreasonable that it should, and yet it does.

- David Chalmers, *Facing Up to the Problem of Consciousness*

f. We make use of Bergson’s conception of duration to imagine how text itself might understand time. Since text – certainly in the case of reading it off a page – has an unavoidably spatial aspect, we attempt to separate the notion of text-time as a linear, spatial phenomenon, from the continuous process of duration: becoming-text. Bergson repeatedly points to the ineffability of duration: that it is essentially ungraspable. Again, our response here is poetic: for The Text as subject, time has an altogether unique quality in that time perhaps only “passes” during the act of being read or written.

g. Our conception of The Text’s musings on the existence of an Author/God is not rooted in Lacanian theory, although “Big Author” is a play on Lacan’s “big Other”. The big Other can be understood in many different ways, but is above all the Symbolic order, and thus, language itself. It can also be understood as a symbolic authoritative subject - a subjectivity who is more than a mere imaginary reflection of one’s own ego. For Lacan, the latter is essentially all human relationships. But we are talking about text. And here we are imagining the big Other as a transcendent figure in relation to The Text – essentially a God.

h. Hegel’s Master-Slave Dialectic is reinterpreted in part 7, wherein the motion of “recognition” between two self-consciousnesses is replaced with the motion of “being read”, thus constituting a dialectic of reader and page. As in Hegel, the notions of subject and object are called into question: does the page dominate the reader or does the reader dominate the page?

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Angel
noline
dáanoline
anahelilith
enoline

angel
word angel
feminist-angel
angel-science

9
TheCub



Image: jacqui shelton

You build through your elbow with rough sculptural grace.
My own is strung low, set deep
between bones, you wave over me and

I'm your inverted mirage, rolling your edges
into covers, tipped in reverence to finding form,
finding you leaning in.
Pressure pools in my core.

You grip palm wide, in command
and close my length from sticky wrist to spiky shin,
sponge up to crest my pelvis.

Our task is to push and to surface.

Pressure sloshes through us in rivers that bed the floor
and lap up hard encounters. My fingers curl with your clavicle,
swell in their catchment
tender in armour.
Feelings like this cast themselves
in duration with you,
testing depth.

Pull in close and vape
my sweat. It seeps through
and foams down our frames
displaying the axis of
our exertion. I'm pinned at the centre of
your flayed joint. We handle joints like stepping stones,
to move land and lock
our bodies as one.

Branching down

I need you so I can make my way

Two breathy syncopated things, poised lines bent to clenched lobes. I release you in a syrupy action. The sensations we're sustaining leave scaled impressions; tooth marks, pinched things, the quiver of high pitch, but the muscles of our notes are perpetually flexed so tones are felt as warm bass.

I move then you see, one being shoved along. Telescoping my pause, topping my spine. I palm your nape, meet resistance and feather back absorbing you.

This rest of me, in submission, is laid out belly skywards
and yours breathes down into mine.

No longer bone, made of tissues hungry for marrow,
organs that root through vibration, squeezing
fruits that release more juice than we thought their shapes could carry,
into harvest
we cut through mood.

We move in stills.

You and me appear to hum, to hold
the quality and position of we, something in flight,
opening and closing like time lapse imagery, pixels about to land.

Inside this refrain I kind of want you, but you're busy at my edges and we need to be superficial for one another. I want you to feel me, hot, a sequencing of desire. I whisper to you, where are we heading? Down there between us, in sheets across skin, the whisper wriggles.

Against the immovable show space and in the circle of our friendship, as capacities begin and end, I want to hurt you, hug you, do mundane things with you, objectify you while I locate

My spine combs you, still.

Báa

báad

báada

báade

báadi

báadu

báalan

báli

báath

báaya

Question Speech Act.

as poetry, I ask...

in celebration, I ask...

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History Included of Danger of Distance

of distance
the danger
of dissonance
dissonance

desire. impulse. satiate.
can be meditated away.

the potential of distance.

can be interrupted.

the slippage.
the context that
feels like home.

apprehension caused by anticipation.

wondering and wandering and
floundering because the
distance is great

we are masters of time and
space.

the tyranny of distance the danger
of distance the cognitive load of
dissonance social. emotional.
danced dissonance

desire. impulse. satiate.
can be meditated away. (that's the promise)

boobs. feet. sunglasses. that bridge the bikini forms
from hip bone to hip bone on instagram pics girls
take at the beach.

the potential of distance.
the performative potential of it.

the fear that can not be interrupted. the brazen
bronze emblematic of thongs. and tan lines.

the icons that burn when regimes turn. the slip-
page. the solace-stalgia for context that will feel like
home.

surprise vs shock.

things are never too close until they collide. that
apprehension is caused by anticipation. on the
subject's side.

if we are dancing and we're on stage and the stage
is a context and we are the hosts and our guests
are watching and following and wondering and
wandering and floundering because the distance
is great and the dance moves are great and the
danger is space.

we are masters of time and space. dr strange is
an engineer but we are the artists. masks, jewel-
lery, adornment, forlorn hemp materials snuck
in through customs as rebranded cannabinoid
substances.

freedom from self
fitness for self
lonely xmas elf

to greet by denoting.
keeping distance by generalities.

i want
i miss
i feel

i brush up against many versions of myself. i
lament regressive self-reflection because the conti-
nuity of self is burdensome.

hate could not exist without the continuity of self

my ears fall into my eyes. i try to listen but can only
look. i wonder if i see you

peer

near is not more dangerous than distance, it is a
version of, a category of, a level, an amount.

stifled by patriarchy are we all. instead of best, we
nest. stay put. defend old twigs because they define
us. display the tail feathers of ill-gotten gains
through the noble toil and arbitrage of interna-
tionalised class divide.

open is not closed, it closes at 10 (though when i
asked, they said they have never sold emu eggs)

hear-say, heresy, hate speech, blasphemy, trident
men astride penitentiaries called class. a mobility
test i'm currently undertaking. but how privileged
to adventure through the seduction frameworks of
financial oppression.

repress, regress, mantra, santa.

when i'm lonely i eat, when i'm excited about sleep
i worry i am escaping

i have a fortress of rational that keeps me in one
place. one pace. an ageing face. a body in space.

freedom from self

from many versions of self.

near is not more dangerous than
distance,
it is a version,
a category of,

open is not closed, when

i'm excited about sleep
i am
escaping

keeps me in one place. one pace.
an ageing face.
a body in space.

*

First come - first call basis
First leave - first call basis
First eve - first eve basis

First ride - first leave basis
First stage - first word basis

First fruit - breakfast basis
New Moon - first first basis

First seizure - first call basis
First side - first second side

First song - at first light basis
First song - first weight basis

First pack - delivery basis
First back - on the side

First light - has been basis
First light - before basis

First seizure - passive basis
First passing - tres' basis

First dressed - habit basis
First wait - prepare basis

First go - in a basement
First basing - beton

First bath - window basis
First list - disclosed basis

First dressed - first leave basis
First left - first relieved basis

First cigarette - first 'into' basis
First smell - stark forget basis

First next - not the last basis
Not the last - before the last basis

Is there - to last - basis
Is there to - first basis

Is there to - no basis
Is there - to basis-not

*

Not that you were not there and not
Not that you were not there and not yet
Not yet were you there and yet it went there and also

Not that you could have seen there before

Not that it might have been there and again
Not after it's been there
it went

Not that it went and yet not yet
Not how it went there and then again

While

Not after it has been almost
at last

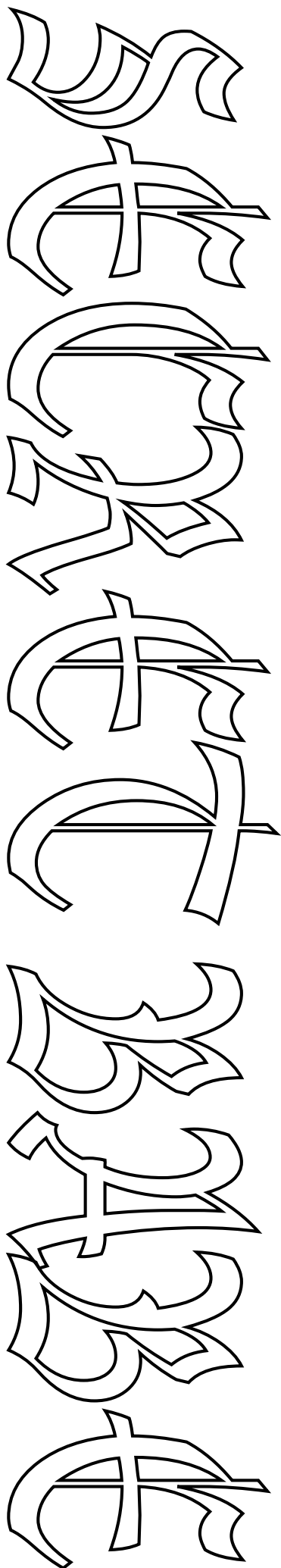
Not that it came moving along

Not like this has been in scene and yet sinnvoll
Not how it came like it went

Not after and not during

But then

No pathway and no взрослый
and ey



It's almost as if they were going to become invisible. She transforms herself into a beast, every time she is on stage, she makes small movements. So does he. Techno music is playing...

of course...

Everything is based on making small and soft movements, just like this, as if nothing was going on. Suddenly, she makes a movement with her head, it seems like she's looking at something (nobody knows what it is) and, with her super performer powers, makes the space expand. Yet everything remains the same; the style of movement in which arms, legs and feet are combined in a small manner. It is important, this smallness, it makes them somehow invisible.

I believe...

The sequences of movement vary, but everything enters into a club dance logic that supports the thing I'm staring at. It is slow, calm. In observing the thing I completely lose track of time; a landscape. In the end, they lie down.

She enters the scene in the most beautiful dress. Black latex, high neck, long, very long. A black ponytail, hanging long, as an extension of the latex dress. Red lips. Silver sneakers that look kind of 90's. She strolls through the space, lies down, makes planks and occasionally stops and looks at the audience. She knows she seduces them.

She she she, her image is stuck in my retina, burns the theater...

Then, a judo fight with naked torsos looking for postures to continue the exercise routine. I'll hug you, then I'll sing a song to you. I'll take care that the torsions never break your arms when you turn around, I promise. *Tired, we untie the knots at the waist and we go towards the end of the stage to change our clothes.* He, the other *he*, goes towards the middle of the stage and sits on a towel placed on black and white squares. He looks at the audience with defiant desire.

9:33

Sun conjunct Mars

This time I'll be the one who connects with you. As you watch me I'll make movements from inside my hoodie's pockets. It's a small conspiracy. It's a show but you are involved partially, only in the part that you think you can see. I have a microphone. I sing to you from time to time, or I

tell you about the possibilities of parallel universes that we could name but not count. I'm trying to set a score for you. You're on the other side. Let's suppose that if I'm a performer now, you'll be the audience. Everything I suggest you from now on will be based on this sentence: "*The truth is that love is not different from space.*"¹

She she she —three times. She is really she because she invokes her time, which is otherwise, her hands, which are hers. She has a delicate way of eating oatmeal cookies dipped in tea without milk —hot water. This is what she's done before going out: she's hidden the cup of tea in the place where she's left her clothes and the cookies are hidden in the pockets of her dress. This way she won't run out of energy. She eats dancing food, food that is just energy, food so she can keep dancing without throwing up.

How do you love me? Not how much, but how. You wear a t-shirt with a heart-shaped neckline. I know you're trying to tell me something. I think softly of you, of your way of doing things. At 9:33 of the day we met, the Sun connected with Mars. That means it's possible to experience a sudden, magnetic attraction. What I haven't told you is that it was East Time. We've travelled through space and time, we've written as if we were in the future and in New York. I didn't want to tell you until now. I preferred to keep the promise we had made to each other through the cosmos and pretend that the stars would meet at the moment we wrote the first word, but I knew they

wouldn't. I've never done that before. When I know it's a lie but you don't, the fiction I create for you works. **Could the boy who fucked me so well in France be in love with me?** Fiction is the cookies in our pockets that are supposed to keep us going. What I'm truly sure about is the time I want to share with you when you read me.

We wonder if what we do is an act of love. Not in a romantic way, but rather as a consequence of our actions. She's entered from the left side of the space, she's laid down in the middle of the linoleum and she's waited patiently available. I've noticed the person to my side was shaking his arm, a kind of mixture of expectation and heat. She's begun to move, or rather, she's begun to let herself be moved, but always contributing to it. Several people and hands have passed through her skin. But she's still patient, apparently calm, and continues with a physical disposition so open that, to be honest, makes me a little uncomfortable. It's the most amorphous body I've ever seen. Amorfoda.² For a moment I thought that the performer behind me would never stop panting and I would have to ask him to spend the night together, because it's so hard to concentrate. I think. I calm down. And I look at her again.

Everything you write doesn't have to appear. You can just invoke it so it becomes something else. Let's try to make the vase you describe the only thing that needs to be there. I guess that's the poetic gesture: the materiality of

an abstraction, the secret I was talking about.

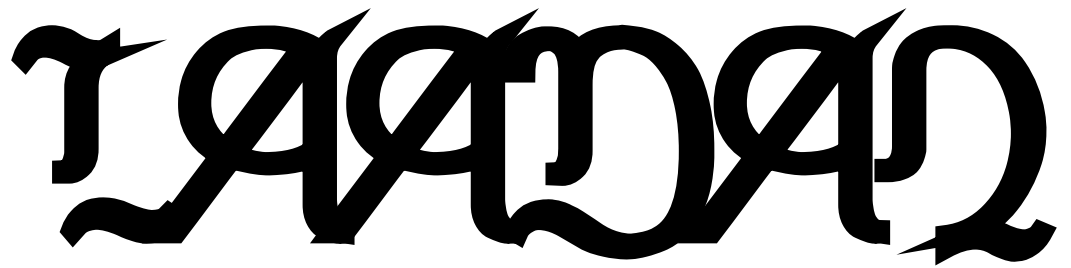
I get a glass of water, I'll eat an apple afterwards. The candle is completely melted and I'm afraid I'll want to drink it. I'm afraid that the heat and texture will seduce me and that desire will poison me. Fear that the wax will get cold quickly when it enters my mouth and dry as it goes down my throat. You don't have to wait for desire to arrive so you can start writing. You don't have to wait for the waxing moon. Waxing wax. In the first paragraph, were you talking about collaboration?

Now the choreography has been placed on the right side. She, who wears jeans and a wide hoodie, slowly moves a giant door. The other one is dressed in the same way, but she's lying down. She thinks *when we finish we will shower with sports arnica gel*, our bodies are going to hurt a lot. It's okay. Before that, they waved their arms as classical music rumbled in the room. It was simple and perfect. Small and powerful.

Footnotes

1 Adriana Gheorghe, *A SCORE FOR HUMANS*, p. 38. This Container Edition 05.

2 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RsrUv5WxaUY> fuck love <3



Láadan to english translations on pages 8, 16, 26, 60, 63, 75, 82

www.laadanlanguage.wordpress.com

“When I put Láadan together, it was to serve two purposes. First, much of the plot for Native Tongue revolved around a group of women, all linguists, engaged in constructing a language specifically designed to express the perceptions of human women; because I’m a linguist and linguistics is the science in my novels, I felt obligated actually to construct the language before I wrote about it. Second, I wrote the novel as a thought experiment with the express goal of testing four interrelated hypotheses: (1) that the weak form of the linguistic relativity hypothesis is true [that is, that human languages structure human perceptions in significant ways]; (2) that Goedel’s Theorem applies to language, so that there are changes you could not introduce into a language without destroying it and languages you could not introduce into a culture without destroying it; (3) that change in language brings about social change, rather than the contrary; and (4) that if women were offered a women’s language one of two things would happen -- they would welcome and nurture it, or it would at minimum motivate them to replace it with a better women’s language of their own construction. I set a ten-year time limit on the experiment -- since the novel came out in 1984, that meant an end date of 1994 -- and I turned it loose. I didn’t know in 1984 that the experiment would escape from the novel that was its lab, but in the long run I was glad that it did; it make the final results more interesting.”

— Suzette Hadan Elgin
Introduction to Laadan
(1999)

the ones who make us up...

Eliane Bertschi is interested in systems that questions their own construct of setting and thereby make it transformable, nomadic binding systems that are not based on individualistic truth systems. Differently interwoven systems that leave space for transformations of identities, genders and relations that simultaneously learn to bear the brunt of change. www.elianebertschi.com

Deborah Birch is a poet, artist, and art historian who works primarily on the anagogical interpretation of the ordinary and the intersection of science and mysticism. She is currently working on caves. She works as and in DMB, DXK, DTP. [www.dtp-dtp.tumblr.com]

Linda Blomqvist's work aims to expand the notion of choreography with a focus on alternative modes of production, process and practice from a speculative viewpoint taking various forms and expressions. [www.lindabl0mqvist.wordpress.com/]

Laura Cemin is an Italian artist currently based in Scandinavia. She is interested in the connection between movement, language, and memory. [www.lauracemin.it]

Chloe Chignell (Australia) is a dancer and choreographer living in Brussels. She works across body and text making performances, publications and workshops. She is editor of *This Container* magazine and runs *rile** a project space for performance and publication with Sven Dehens. [www.chloechignell.com]

Matt Cornell makes work which interrogates how we embody systems - social, cultural, political, or technological - and in turn how these systems embody us, forming communities and informing identities. More at MattCornell.com or @TheMattmosphere on any socialz. Or you can listen to the Wombat Radio podcast.

dancegirl_94@hotmail.com is a dance artist based in Copenhagen. She is currently interested in costume, dance phrases, doubt, e-mails, fan-girling, form, group dancing, rest, speed, statements, verticality and walks in the city.

Marcus Doverud is a performing artist in music, philosophy, choreography, gastronomy, dance and performance. In October 2018 the piece *_The Skin Ego_* premiered, Doverud's first work made for several dancers. During 2019 the new piece *_Samples Songs and Prayers_* will be performed as well as the initiation of the coming work *_Thinking with Music_*. He has published the book *Viformation* together with visual artist Liv Strand.

Emma Fishwick is based in Perth creating and directing across multiple art forms to encourage empathy through observation and experience.

Anastasia Freygang was born in Moscow and raised in Berlin. She is interested in non-linear and subjective modes of world-making through language, audio and the present body. She is currently based in London. [www.anastasia-freygang.com]

Ilse Ghekiere has a background in dance and art history. She currently works as a writer and activist in the context of Engagment. [engagementarts.be]

Atm **Stefan Govaart** thinks a lot about latency and form, or, the time between a stimulus and a response, or, the emerging event and its idioms. Stefan dances for and with others and writes.

Alice Heyward is a dancer and choreographer from Melbourne. She is invested in thinking together with others through different forms in her work, interested in the transformation of relations. Her practice develops through diverse collaborations.

Adriano Wilfert Jensen [www.adrianowj.wordpress.com]

Henrike Kohpeiß is a philosopher and a dramaturg. She lives and works in Berlin.

Inna Krasnoper is a dance artist and poet. She works with installation, video and word. Interested in open space performances and interdisciplinary practices. Writes in English and Russian languages. Based in Berlin. [www.vimeo.com/innakrasnoper]

Leah Landau

[www.leah-landau.com]

Maia Means is a freelance dancer based in Stockholm who works and creates through dance and choreography as well as text and organizational structures.

Marcus Mckenzie is a maker, writer and performer whose practice moves between solo experimentation and interdisciplinary collaboration combining theatrical, choreographic and sonic forms. His writing often weaves psychobabble, ted-talks, pseudoscience, psychedelia, coinages, wordplays, portamentos and other textual detritus into an idiosyncratically frenetic brand of prose-poem. [www.marcusian-mckenzie.com]

Megan Payne is a dancer and writer. They present co-authored work in contexts including the Melbourne Fringe Festival, TCB Art Inc, TBP-HQ, Bus Projects, 215 Albion St, PS Artspace and Gertrude Contemporary. Their writing has appeared in ACCAs Writing in the Expanded Field publication, Archer Magazine and This container zine.

Laura Ramirez thinks and explores about dance and choreography in different ways. She is interested in the idea of landscape, ambiguity body and the feeling with the beat... also... she is becoming a DJ [soundcloud.com/sealaura/tracks]. She works actively with Ainhua Hernandez in the collective Twins Experiment [<https://twinsexperiment.com>] since five years ago.

Andrea Rodrigo Thinks about means of creating complicit experiences and producing knowledge and sensibilities. She is interested in choreography and artistic and curatorial research. She works with Ainhua Hernández in *Saliva*. She researches in the field of dance and choreography with Isabel de Navarán and seeks different ways of approaching writing with Claudia Pagès.

Nathalie Rozanes (b. Zürich 1986) is an actress, performer, director, and writer based in Belgium.

[www.nathalie-rozanes.tumblr.com]

Ellen Söderhult works with and around dance and choreography. She has a soft spot for group dances and choir singing.

Alexander Talts is a dance artist currently based in Stockholm. While working in dance, Alexander likes to wonder if dance is an entity, or perhaps a demon? If the performance situation can host a (science-) fictional experience? And; how dancing or a sense of dance can occur in writing?

Else Tunemyr is working in different and shifting constellations as a dancer, choreographer, dramaturg and cook and now she lives in Berlin.



rile* is a bookshop and project space for publication and performance in brussels.
rile* is into poetry, theory, choreography, artist writing and various other text
based experiments. rile* organises performances, meetings, launches, readings
and workshops.

www.rile.space

INSISTER SPACE

INSISTER SPACE is a non-profit organisation, platform and context for artists working with dance and choreography identifying as trans-women, trans-men, non-binary and cis-women. INSISTER SPACE is a choreographic initiative to address organisation with choreographic knowledge and tools, a grass root movement that insists on structure specifically for the precarious situation of a freelancer by replacing informal structure with formal and articulated structure. WThe aim is to counter competition, isolation and alienation between artists, tasks and practices.

INSISTER SPACE is an ambition to create an alternative infrastructure, a system to work through and with, where all members agree to actively work for collegial cooperation, sharing and spreading knowledge and information. The target group is made from a clear point of reference, where the majority of the workforce identifies as women but where the elite is male, with a higher quota of power, resources and space. Through INSISTER SPACE, we work for sisterhood, consider how to work together also with the people we are not in the same projects as, how to keep studying together and how to work in a sustainable manner, where administrative and artistic work are given equal consideration and support. It makes the field bigger by bringing artists and practices closer to each other. INSISTER SPACE aims to disrupt the project-based market by insisting on a continuous context production on its own. To expand artistic work into new directions requires, at one point, a change of the structures and circumstances that situate our work.

www.insisterspace.se

THIS CONTAINER

Edition #06

Jul/Aug 2018

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

Edition #05

Nov/Dec 2017

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

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Louise Trueheart
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Gry Tingskog
Darcy Wallace

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Anya Kravchenko
Maia Means
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Megan Payne
Ellen Soderhult
Danish Dance Theatre (company)

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Initiated by:

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Maia Means
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