



THIS

CONTAINER

THISCONTAINER  
THISCONTAINER  
THISCONTAINER  
THISCONTAINER  
THISCONTAINER

# CONTENTS

P02\_circlusion\_bini adamczak  
P03\_#wetoo\_\_ilse ghekiere  
P07\_diagram for artistic research\_\_chloe chignell  
P09\_private collection\_\_lauren bakst  
P11\_crisis\_ellen soderhult  
P12\_the carrier bag contribution\_\_sandra liaklev andersen, emilia gasiorek, DANSEatelier,  
andreas haglund, paolo gile and johanne ib.  
P23\_statements and speculations\_\_oda brekke, maia means, anna fischler and ida arenius  
P24\_“a quote”\_\_helen cixous  
P25\_circluding dance\_\_ellen soderhult  
P26\_rite of spring scores\_\_ellen soderhult  
P27\_“a longer quote”\_\_laura mulvey  
P28\_leonora\_\_anna bontha  
P30\_image\_alice heyward  
P31\_the stars we were given\_\_bronwyn bailey-charteris  
P33\_selected poems\_\_rebecca rosier  
P35\_lexicon of definitions\_\_benny olk  
P37\_a score for humans\_\_adriana georghe  
P39\_“a link: carrier bag theory of fiction”\_\_ursula k le guin  
P40\_she remembers the event.i remeber the video\_\_alice heyward  
P44\_the horizon as aplace to work\_\_chloe chignell  
P46\_i'm angry, i'm afraid\_\_nathalie rozanes  
P49\_image\_alice heyward

THIS CONTAINER  
ZZS\_5  
NOV/DEC 2017

EDITORS IN CHIEF  
CHLOE CHIGNELL  
MAIA MEANS  
ELLEN SÖDERHULT

IN COLLABORATION  
WITH THE CARRIER  
BAG FESTIVAL

DESIGN BY  
CHLOE CHIGNELL



# CIRCLUSION—

“It denotes the **antonym of penetration**. It refers to the same physical process, but from the **opposite perspective**. Penetration means pushing something – a shaft or a nipple – into something else – a ring or a tube. **Circlu-**sion means pushing something – a ring or a tube – onto something else – a nipple or a shaft. The ring and the tube are rendered active. That’s all there is to it.”

—Bini Adamczak



<http://www.maskmagazine.com/the-mommy-issue/sex/circlusion>

# #WETO: WHAT DANCERS TALK ABOUT WHEN THEY TALK ABOUT SEXISM

Ilse Ghekiere

Published in Rekto  
Verso on November  
10 2017

*'During an improvised moment on stage, one of the male actors suddenly kissed me. I understand that one should follow impulses, but this option was never discussed during rehearsals. I was still an intern, and I didn't want to bring it up, because I already had gotten into trouble for questioning the female roles as being too small. The more we performed, the more the borders got pushed.... then a breast was touched, then a bum,... the most annoying thing is that it makes you not busy with performing, but busy with how you can avoid, in front of an entire audience, this kind of harassment. Some dancers describe it as a meat market, while others stress that so-called transgression seems to be part of the job description. The only difference from sex workers is that we hide behind the name of art.'*

Last May I received a grant from the Flemish government to research sexism in the Belgian dance scene. I am a dancer myself, and as part of my ongoing research I began interviewing female colleagues who have worked in Belgium for a substantial amount of time. I started each interview by asking the open question: do you sometimes feel treated differently because you're a female dancer?

## **Why has this conversation been silenced for such a long time?**

Starting with this open question, I hoped to create a safe space where we could talk about our careers from a gendered perspective, without feeling judged for the things we might have experienced as unfair or discriminatory. These conversations reveal a wide range of issues, from subtle feelings of disrespect, to clear examples of deeply rooted patterns of manipulative and abusive practices. We have talked about space, education, opportunity, representation, expectations, privacy, power dynamics, motherhood and sexual intimidation. And we ask ourselves: why has this conversation been silenced for such a long time?

*'When I started thinking about this interview, and my work as a dancer and inequality...it felt like worms coming out, like opening a Pandora's box that won't close again. The prospect was extremely unnerving, because speaking up might make me feel extremely negative about this industry that I work in.'*

A lot of attention has been given to sexual harassment recently; both in Belgium and abroad, in various professional fields; including sports, politics and entertainment. When women all over the world on social media platforms used #metoo to recount personal experiences of sexism and sexual harassment, it gave an extra boost to this conversation. The massive, global response highlighted just how deeply sexist and misogynist attitudes are woven into the fabric of society. Politicians in Belgium took notice, and are now working to include the field of performing arts in legislation to protect against sexual intimidation in the workplace. Although new regulations are a step in the right direction, they are often symbolic gestures; plasters that cover up a situation instead of solving it at the heart.

## **Unequal gender opportunities start at the very beginning of dance education.**

*'A man has it easier in the dance market. It's real and you have to be loud about it. Just to give some examples: there is a myth that male dancers can*

*start dance education later because they are physically more capable and faster in making progress. Women on the other hand, are expected and encouraged to start as young as possible. Also, it's still thought that men are the choreographers and women are the dancers. A female choreographer might be mistaken to be "just the dancer," while the male technician is addressed as the choreographer. And the story of the female muse and the male genius: it is unfortunately still alive. Women are not seen as authors, but as sources of inspiration to be used or exploited. All this brings us to the main questions: who is given permission to participate? Who gets the opportunities? Who takes up the roles of leadership and power? And why the hell do so many artistic interactions rely on that power?'*

Unequal gender opportunities start at the very beginning of dance education. On the most basic levels, male dancers have an easier time because there are fewer of them. They face less competition, get more space, and more easily and quickly achieve positions of power. This may sound like a simple matter of supply and demand, but the reality is nowhere near as plain as that. In an industry traditionally seen as 'female', it is remarkable to notice that – as a couple of dancers I spoke to put it – if you want to hold a position of power, or simply make your own work, you either have to be a man – or be a woman with a 'strong masculine personality'.

Ilse Ghekiere

*'There is a culture that fetishizes our dancing bodies...it might start changing, but that is at least how my generation trained to become dancers: by looking in the mirror every day. It's a very specific way to grow up, especially as a young woman. And yes, it can result in very unhealthy habits such as obsessive training, eating disorders, a need to control and discipline the body, wanting to be a desired body, etc...'*

Being a dancer is not a 'normal' job. Our profession is directly linked to our body – a sphere that in most professions is usually considered private. This blurring of the private and the professional is a confusing, problematic and crucial point of tension in our field. Dancers and performers literally put their bodies in service of their art, very often in accordance to the wishes of external artistic authorship.

**The sick thing was that the choreographer wanted me to do the sound check without clothes on.**

It is expected that the professional dancer be willing to push, challenge and often transgress their physical, emotional and psychological boundaries. These expectations can easily put performing artists in an extraordinarily vulnerable position. If you're working with a director or choreographer who refuses to recognize

this hierarchy, or worse, if you work with someone who enjoys using/abusing their position of power, it is all too easy to end up in disrespectful, messy and sometimes abusive situations.

*'There is still another thing I want to tell you. Something that was very uncomfortable. In one show, I had to sing a song with only panties on. Before every show the microphone needed to be sound-checked. The sick thing was that the choreographer wanted me to do the sound check without clothes on. It was so uncomfortable to stand there with the working lights on while the technicians of the theatre were setting up. There was no real reason for doing it this way. I would try to start the sound check with clothes on, but he would say: no, take your clothes off. It felt so, what should I say...abusive.'*

The most consistent experience that performers mention is the uncomfortable feeling of being sexually objectified on stage. As a young woman, this often means performing the naked or semi-naked role of the 'naïve' or 'sexy' girl, or perhaps the hysterical young woman, or other stereotype.

A constant theme of these experiences is that the women involved would never allow themselves to voice any discomfort for fear of being seen as unprofessional, a 'prude', or

not being fit for the job. I was surprised to hear that I am far from being the only dancer to have been mansplained by older men how I should 'embrace the power of my female sexuality' and free myself of 'sexual fears'.

**Fantast images of sexualized young women are rarely questioned in our artistic context.**

Being labeled 'prude' can be interpreted by an inexperienced dancer as a challenge to prove herself. A young dancer might be more susceptible to this challenge than an older dancer. To outsiders, such power dynamics might seem obvious, but for the young and inexperienced, it is all too easy to become blinded by the willpower, ambition or charisma of men who sit above you in the artistic hierarchy – and often aren't afraid to let you know it.

Fantast images of sexualized young women are rarely questioned in our artistic context. This stereotype is a major subject of dance history and is still a popular theme in the Belgian Contemporary Dance wave. Despite the obvious problematic of sexual exploitation, at the time of writing, the websites for Needcompany, Troubleyn and Ultima Vez each contain images of young women in varying states of undress. To question this Lolita-tradition as a dancer is to consciously reduce your opportunities on the dance market.

Another often mentioned topic is nudity. It is

common knowledge that if you audition for certain choreographers, you will eventually have to take off your clothes or do something 'sexually provocative'. Some dancers describe it as a meat market, while others stress that so-called transgression seems to be part of the job description.

None of the dancers I spoke to outright object to nudity on stage. But when the use of nudity in rehearsal or performance seems gratuitous, these dancers question if their naked bodies are being used to boost ticket sales and attract larger audiences or to indulge their choreographer's sexual fantasies.

One dancer told of a naked bondage scene. People from the theatre, including the theatre director himself, would come down every night to see the dancers getting ready with the ropes. It reminded me of the portly gentlemen in Edgar Degas' paintings: the huddled group of obscure figures always and forever watching the young girls (who were often also prostitutes) in their dance classes, in the dressing rooms, in the wings, from the stalls. One dancer described it as a form of voyeurism that made her respect and sympathize with sex workers: *'There are moments where you think, the only difference between me and them is that I can hide behind the name of art.'*

**The recurring image of the older man taking advantage of a younger woman, never his equal, is impossible to ignore.**



But sexism on and around the stage goes much further than simple objectification. Sexism is also about having to deal with unwanted sexual approaches and/or declarations of love from men in positions of power. There are plenty of stories about choreographers being attracted to dancers where the attraction is not reciprocal. Some female dancers told me about how they felt punished for not showing mutual interest. They are either suddenly ignored or have to deal with manipulative and disrespectful behavior. Sometimes it even means that a woman is pushed out of the company. This courting and hunting mentality is also reflected in a story that a male artist spoke about, regarding a curator he had worked with. The artist had informed the curator that he would work with a particular female dancer. The response of the curator was: *'you can work with her, but only if you fuck her.'*

For me, the most disturbing stories are the ones about the dancer who, even years after the event, feels somehow ashamed or responsible for what happened to her. One dancer told me that shortly after she graduated, she received an invitation from a successful artist to go to Paris to study an exhibition. The proposal sounded professional, and all the costs would be covered. When she arrived at the hotel, there was only one bed. As she tells me how confusing and disappoint-

ing that was, I don't dare to ask the question. Then she cuts in: *'No, I didn't sleep with him, but he did touch my hair at night. I pretended to be asleep while he did his thing. I thought that lying there motionless was the best I could do. After that experience, for a long time, I felt so stupid and worthless.'*

## **A law in a textbook alone is not going to change these sexist structures.**

Other post-graduation stories involve being poorly (and often unofficially) paid for unusual artistic work offered by much older male artists. Sometimes the job is to pose naked in front of a camera, or it involves some kind of artistic experiment that crosses boundaries, or the artistic request points towards a vaguely defined pornographic interest. Often these jobs come with fancy dinners, presents, suggestive messages, alcohol, or drugs. Even if a particular setup sounds immediately alarming, the reasoning of the young performer is: *'it's money, it's work, maybe this is that opportunity I've been waiting for.'* The dancers trust that they will somehow maintain control over the situation, and that it won't get out of hand.

When I ask if dancers regret these experiences, I sense a reluctance to say that they did anything against their will. Understandably, there is a resis-

tance to be defined as a victim, but there is always a moment of silence, a meaningful hesitation, a sense of shame. One dancer said: *'I just cannot afford to think of myself as a victim, though in retrospect, I cannot deny that I was used.'*

Everyone is well aware that it is not against the law to seduce people, but what is remarkable with these stories is just how repetitive they are. The recurring image of the older man taking advantage of a younger woman, never his equal, is impossible to ignore.

Young women end up in these situations because they lack confidence. They have been raised to be obedient, both as women and as dancers and most importantly because their environments never encouraged them to say no. This is a 'mood', an 'atmosphere', a set of unwritten rules that is deliberately propagated, whether by active or tacit participation. A law in a textbook alone is not going to change these sexist structures.

## **It's an entire field that needs to wake up and change.**

While listening to these women's stories, I wonder if some people simply shouldn't become educators. Art schools should provide a safe space where students can experiment and figure out what kind of artist they want to become. Any complaint concerning

intimidation, harassment or manipulation should be taken seriously and have repercussions. Schools should not think of themselves simply as 'reflections' of the professional field, but as crucial places of change that could potentially shape the future of the field at large. Education should encourage and advocate equality and diversity at every level. From the evidence I have been seeing, it is currently failing to do so far too often.

When starting to write this piece – and throughout the research that I am still very much only beginning – I face a choice: to name, or not to name. Should I expose specific choreographers, directors, artists and institutes?

To be honest, I wouldn't know where to start. It is not just a couple of choreographers whose work and methods are deeply abusive and misogynistic. It's an entire field that needs to wake up and change. One alarming aspect of the Harvey Weinstein case is not just Weinstein himself, but the 'network of enablers' and 'culture of secrecy' that allowed him to get away with his actions for so long. A lot of people covered things up, excused awful actions or were willing to go along with it as long as Weinstein was making them money. I think the same thing could be said of certain well-funded 'rockstar' choreographers in the Belgian scene.

**So, where to start? Here are five proposals for things we can do right now:**

[1] In the famous words of the civil rights activist and feminist Flo Kennedy: **Don't agonize, organize.** Surely, we should all work towards making inequality visible by respecting quota, but we also need to learn how to value issues that do not easily translate into numbers. In order to understand inequality, we need to value personal experiences concerning discrimination. Or as Sara Ahmed writes: 'The personal is structural. (...) We need structure to give evidence of [sexist/racist] structure.' We do this by relating statistics to the personal and by structuring individual stories. We need to catalogue as many of these stories as we can. To anyone who wants to contribute to this research – please contact me at [whentheytalkaboutsexism@gmail.com](mailto:whentheytalkaboutsexism@gmail.com)

[2] We need to **instrumentalise our unions and we need to know our rights.** Too often we forget that

unions are there to give more than support to the unemployed. Unions can legitimize arguments that cannot otherwise be heard. Not to say that unions are innocent of discrimination per definition, but they are a good place to begin. By communicating our needs as individuals in a field, we can help unions to develop sector-specific tools, such as guidelines and gender checklists. Unions can become important mediators between institutes and employees. Investing in our unions, to ensure that they function well for their members, would pave the road for long-term, successful equality.

[3] **Inform and evaluate.** I advise that everyone inform themselves on issues of gender, power and consent. As obvious as it sounds: start with yourself. If you are involved with an institution, you can use this moment of heightened exposure to engage in structural re-evaluation. You could also make sure that people who work for your institution know what to do when faced with

discrimination, and that if they choose to speak up, their voices will be heard.

[4] **Zero-tolerance.** Sexism and any other form of violence or discrimination should not be tolerated under any circumstance. Discrimination should be called out and named. For example, as dancers, we should no longer audition or work for abusive artists. If you run a theatre, you could stop programming sexist work. As an audience, we should no longer applaud sexism. Lastly, awareness of gender and diversity should be a condition for receiving subsidies and making art with public money. If our governments would dare to no longer support sexist work, this would not only mean a necessary commitment to society, it would also change the flow of money.

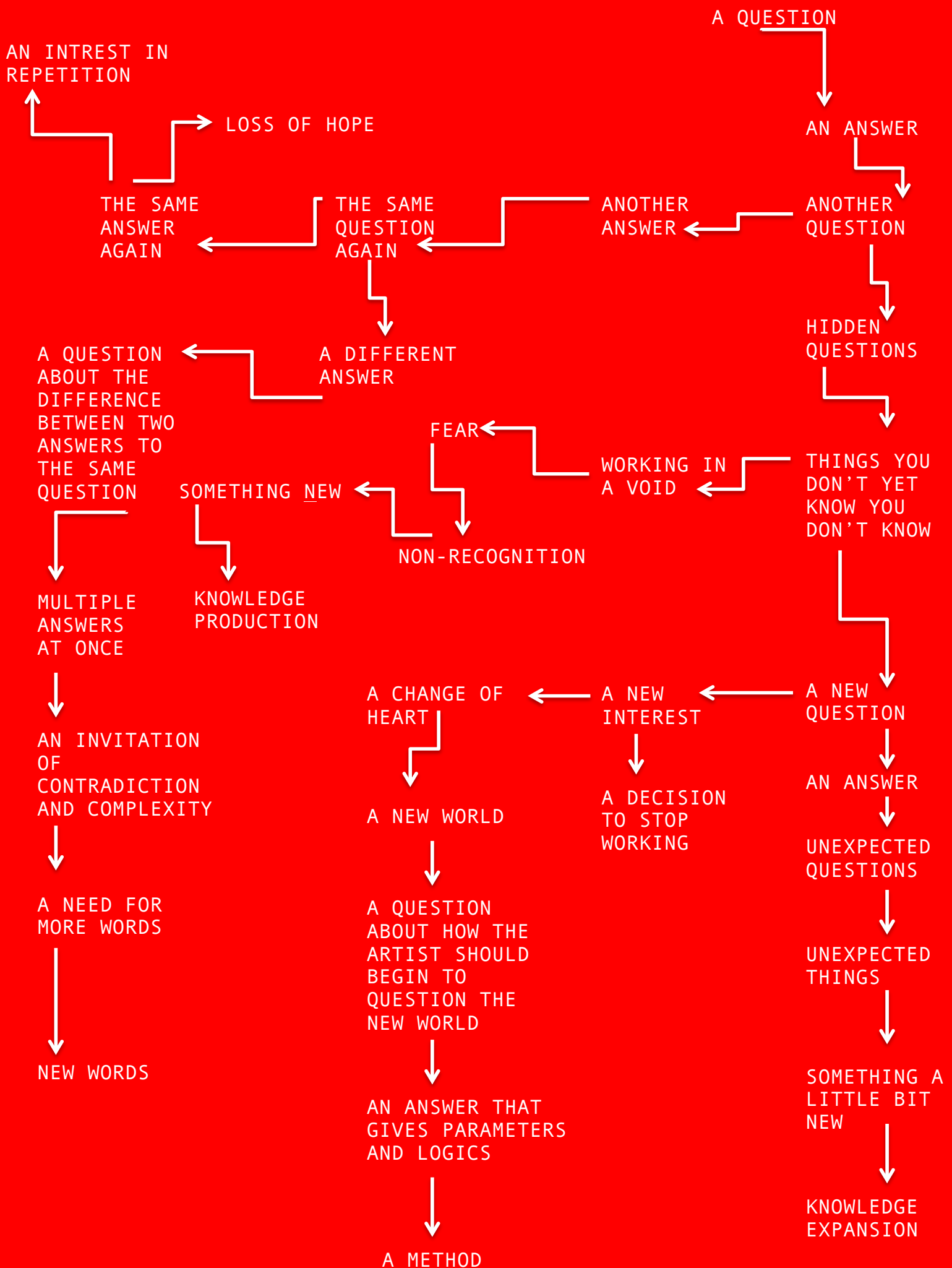
[5] **Support the younger generation.** Do this by breaking the perpetual cycle of violence. As a community, we should stand up against a culture that bullies, in particular,

the young. In the case of sexism, this might mean protecting and supporting young women at the beginning of their careers. I send this message out especially to the older generation of female performers, as a way of reminding ourselves that experiencing sexism or abuse is not a necessary step towards growing stronger as an artist. We need to kill that myth collectively, once and for all.

**Finally, to the perpetrators and misogynists of our dance scene, the shame is on you. It's time to make amends by giving space to a new generation of artists who don't view abuse as an engine for creation. Also, seek professional help. Your brand of masculinity is toxic and no longer acceptable in an art discipline we care for and love.**

# DIAGRAM FOR ARTISTIC RESEARCH

CHLOE CHIGNELL









## PRIVATE COLLECTION

Lauren Bakst

**“Private Collection” is a growing archive of the performances I give by, for, with, or because of other people, songs, books, situations, etc... The collection is rapidly growing and contains works choreographed by “Chelsea Hotel #2,” men I’ve slept with, Testo Junkie, my friend Chanterelle, my analyst, and more. Viewing appointments can be scheduled directly with the performer.**

Currently on view: My Friend Chanterelle, 2017  
Choreographer: Chanterelle Menashe Ribes  
Performer: Lauren Bakst

### Textual ephemera from the archive:

#### #056A.

Notes from the performer

my friend chanterelle is scheduled to give a performance

but at the last minute, she finds out she has to work  
so in lieu of cancelling, i offer to give the performance in  
her place

chanterelle doesn’t give me much instruction for the  
performance  
a couple quotes and a suggestion for the music

since i don’t have much to go off of  
i spend the day thinking about my friend as a form of  
preparation

i want to do a good job and,  
it is such a relief to think about someone other than  
myself

when i arrive to the space, the facilitators ask if chanterelle  
is coming and i have to tell them:  
no...

people are really confused

the performance lasts 11 minutes and 23 seconds

afterwards,  
people give me feedback to tell chanterelle

and someone says,  
“i still think you might be chanterelle”

even people who know me say  
they can’t tell if i’m really me, or someone else....

and it feels really good to hear that  
i’ve found some way out of being stuck with myself by  
being with someone else

Lauren Bakst

#093G.

A letter to the audience

Dear audience members,

I'm very sorry I couldn't be there tonight but I'm also very pleased that Lauren will show my work for me. I think it's important for you to all know that this is an experiment in power and limits, and that everything Lauren does and says tonight, she is doing precisely because I told her to. Lauren and I have been in deep conversations about our love and affection for one another. I love Lauren, a lot and sometimes I wonder if I'm in love with Lauren but I also know that our connection is stronger than anything that could be defined. So I guess it's fair to say that this performance is a kind of love letter, although I'm not sure if it's from me to Lauren or Lauren to me.

This is also the part where it gets confusing. Because I don't know if when I say me I'm referring to me, Chanterelle or me, Papa. Sometimes I'm Papa. Sometimes I'm Chanterelle, and I don't always know who I'll feel like and when I'll feel like them. This is important for you to know because sometimes Lauren might be performing for Chanterelle and sometimes Lauren might be performing Papa, and it changes.

Either way, it's true that Lauren is an active bottom and I'm a passive top, at least when it comes to her. And since I'm not there, Lauren has to be a passive top for herself. I know this is hard for her but I think she's capable.

There was this one day in April, maybe you remember it, when it got really, really hot. A freaky hot day. Lauren and I took the bus to Riis Beach and she spent the whole day telling me about this guy we both know who she had been kind of having an affair with. We drank wine from her water bottle—I'm sober, now—and walked from Riis Beach to the Far Rockaway taco place but

they weren't selling tacos yet because it was only April. So we didn't get tacos but we got more beer. We ended up hanging with these Rockaway bros and going back to their house and sitting on the roof. At the end of the night I kissed this one guy, I think just because I felt like I had to. I probably really wanted to kiss Lauren in retrospect. If I had felt like Papa I probably would have.

But it's cool because Lauren and I talk about sex instead of actually having it and if you think about it, that is way cooler. More intimate.

Thanks for being here.

#072C.

A letter to the performer from the choreographer

Dear Lauren, I just watched part of your performance on my phone, walking from Muna's to Narcotics Anonymous. I'm standing over this grate that has a little bit of light, which I'll take a photo of later to show you. Can't help but think about how I used to really want to run away, to like, some Otis Redding dock on the bay or something. But I also can't help but think how much shit I'm standing on, how much piss I'm standing on, how much bird shit, how many people slept over here cause it's warm, how many people slept over here cause they didn't have anywhere else to go, how many junkies passed out here, how much blood there was. Sometimes I wish we could have a different life, somewhere further away, you know, somewhere different, somewhere not here. I'm also standing across from this place called the Marlton Hotel where I didn't leave a tip once because the maitre d' was an asshole.

I really don't like dogs, and I think they're stupid, and they only want food. Now that I think about it, I probably think that they're stupid because they only want food and because I never want it. There are so many things I wanted to tell you; I thought I wasn't communicating correctly but actually I was—communicating to you, anyway. It was like you had this access into everything I was thinking and I guess that makes me feel like a much better storyteller than I think I am. I think I'm really bad at telling stories—too many tangents, too many sidebars, ad-libbing too many things. It will move you, says the bus that's crossing and making a loud noise over this recording right now. It will move you. Battery compartment door MTA New York City bus. Fuck the MTA. I'm going to be late. I don't care.

## Crisis, Critical, Climacteric—

Crisis is a word with interesting etymological neighbors. On the one hand, there is climacteric, related to climax, and there is also “critical”. Climacteric is a word that seems close to climax, which is a word that in 1835 seemed to mean “to reach the highest point” and at another point in time was frequently used for orgasm. Climacteric comes from latin, climactericus, which comes from a Greek word meaning “of a critical period”. In the online etymological dictionary it translates as “A critical stage in human life, a period supposed to be especially liable to change. By some, held to be the years that are multiples of 7 (7, 14, 21, etc), by others the odd multiples (7, 21, 35, etc.), and by still others the multiples of 9. The Great Climacteric was the 63rd year (7x9), supposed to be especially critical”. During periods of time critical have been translated as decisive or crucial. In Chinese the sign for crisis is a combination of the sign for opportunity and danger... In psychology, developmental crises are a part of a humans transitioning from child to grown up. The middle irish word crich, which etymologically is some kind of root for crisis, translates as “border, boundary”.

—Ellen Soderhult

# A BAG INSIDE A CONTAINER

DOCUMENTATION OF  
THE CARRIER BAG FESTIVAL  
COPENHAGEN, JUNE 2017

Johanne Ib.





thecarrierbag festival

a bag to carry knowledge across bodies, texts,  
temporalities, telepathies and more

to re-activate, re-use and re-develop new knowledges

weaving, borrowing, relocating theories from Ursula Le  
Guin and Bini Adamczak

c i r c l u d i n g   d a n c e

to circlude to encircle to gather to wrap to curl

feminist ways of being in relation to

dance

unfurling a plethora of

p  
o  
s  
s  
i  
b  
i  
l  
i  
t  
i  
e  
s

0 I am a container. I am a bottle that holds  
information, experience, memories. ~~I~~ I am full.  
It is all there. ~~My point of departure~~ My point of departure. My point/  
~~access~~ place of access. Place of build up, but of build up.  
without crescendo. Where the building is about sharing  
and distributing. This is a logic that should not  
discriminate men in, but rather through  
supporting equality it strengthens more  
people than just the one hunting with the spear.  
The carrier bags role in evolution shows that the womb is  
the most essential organ on Earth. It is life, and it brings the Continuation

This organ would be photosynthesis and the sun.

How many times would a story ~~be~~ have to be told  
differently in order for you to change your patterns  
of perception? Having the sun always represented  
as a man - How could ~~we~~

we write + tell another story?

# FOLDING STORIES

folded by Emilia Gasiorek, Sandra Liaklev  
Andersen, Karis Zidore, Stine Frandsen,  
Marlene Bonnesen and Nanna  
Stigsdatter Mathiassen



I see a container, a bag, a universe with creators and stories and  
oats. I see a man, a hero, that fills the space of this  
container, this bag, and that takes all the space....  
and if you place man in it - he would look like a rabbit.  
What was it made up of. What materials can we use for  
this bag - which thought would create and carry?

~~Now that's my thought~~ My thoughts are held in a  
bag. Carried by what or by whom? Am I carrying  
my own thoughts? Who cares???

I care.

Apple care

Iphone

Icloud

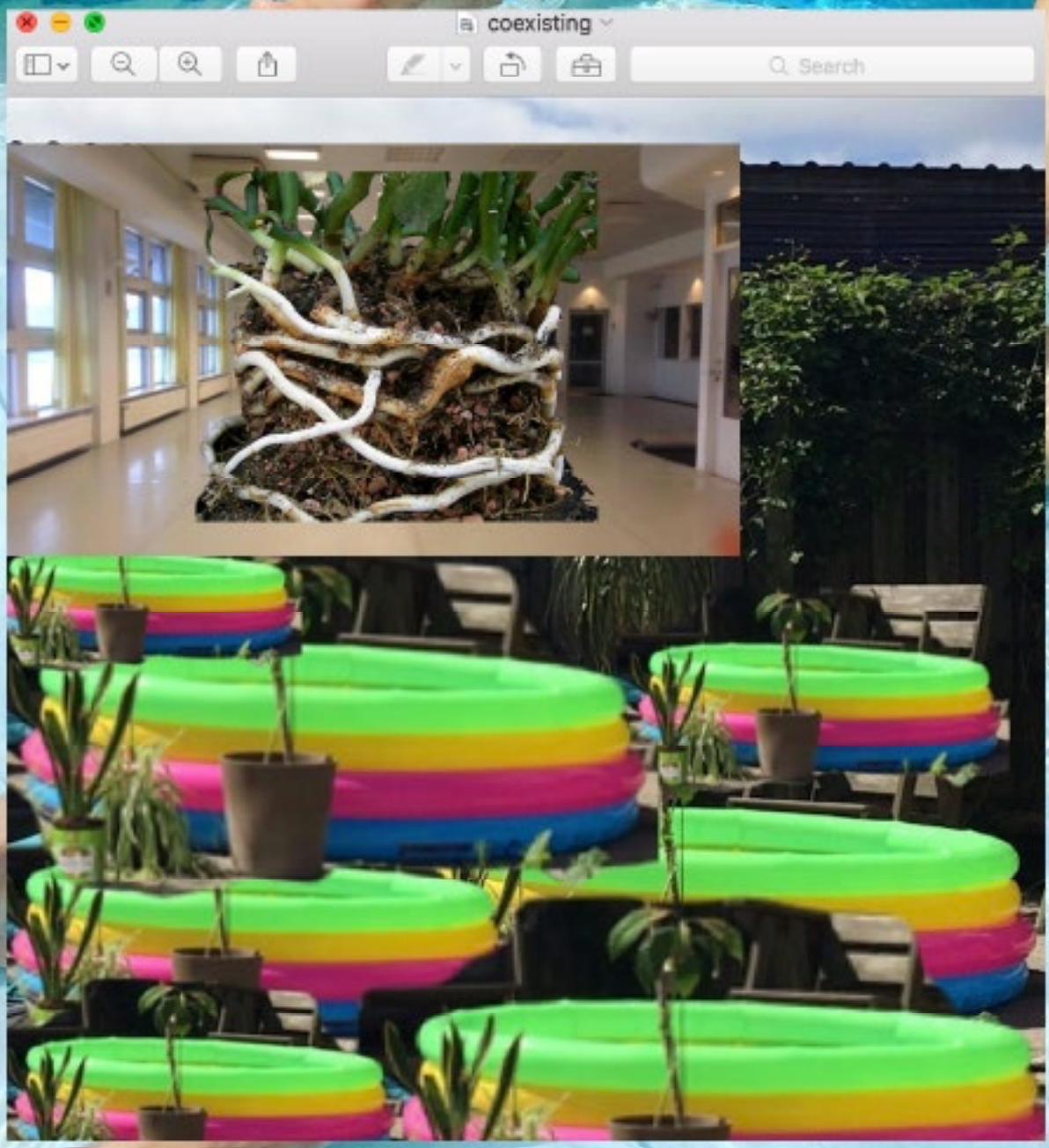
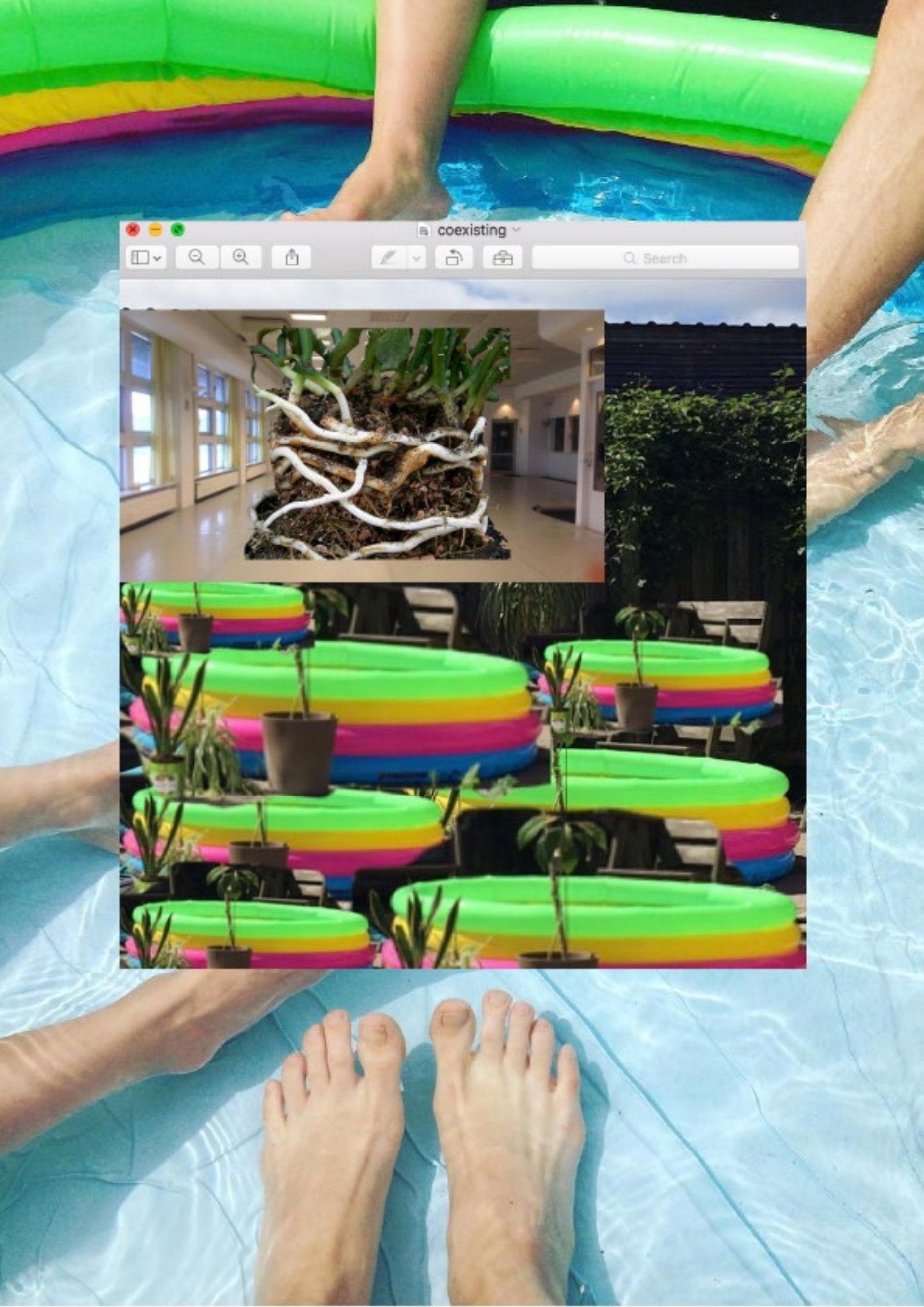
Icloud as the modern carrier bag  
Up in the clouds floats a network of knowledge, a gathering  
of, maybe not all, but most of, the answers  
to the questions we have, or can we rather  
use this story as a way of understanding how to relate  
to each other and the situations (the container) that  
allow these relations to happen and be noticed?

Carried in a new, warm container that opens up, and cares about,  
future perspectives and ways to share stories with coming generations











|  
Dear Derrida,


The paper is might  
ier than the pen than the  
sword. The paper is

carrierbag. Yo,  
In three sentences. Haiku  
not haiku, image.






**collect  
collect  
collect  
collect  
collect  
collect  
collect**



CO-EXISTING

RELATING TO  
OUR SURROUND-  
INGS & EACH  
OTHER



CO-EXISTING

RELATING TO  
OUR SURROUND-  
INGS & EACH  
OTHER

CO-EXPERIMENT

CO-EXISTING

SOFTNESS AS  
SUSTAINABLE  
+ STRONG FORCE

+ 2300000000  
7000000000  
2000000000

## Soft singing Mouth as software

## Soft singing Mouth as software

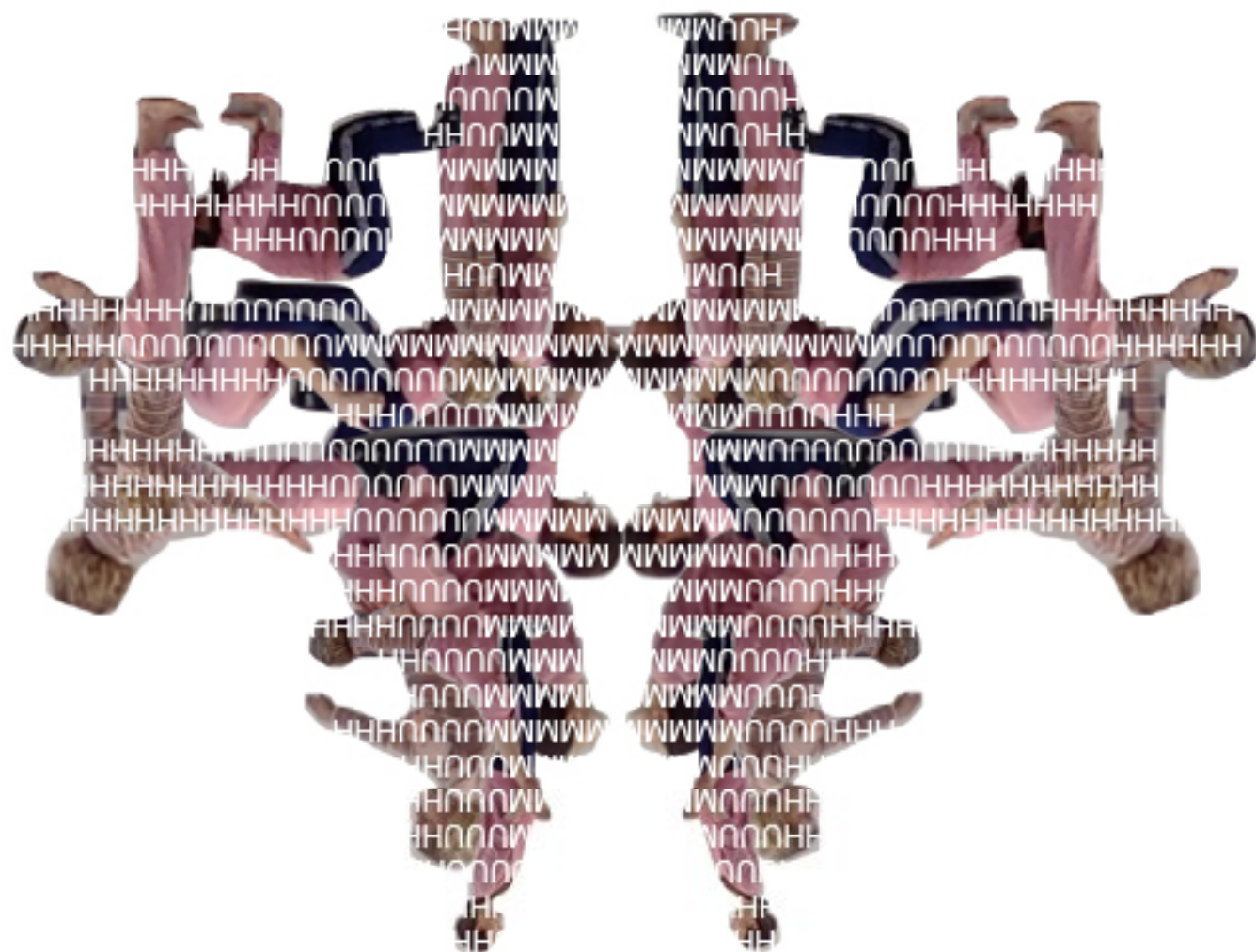
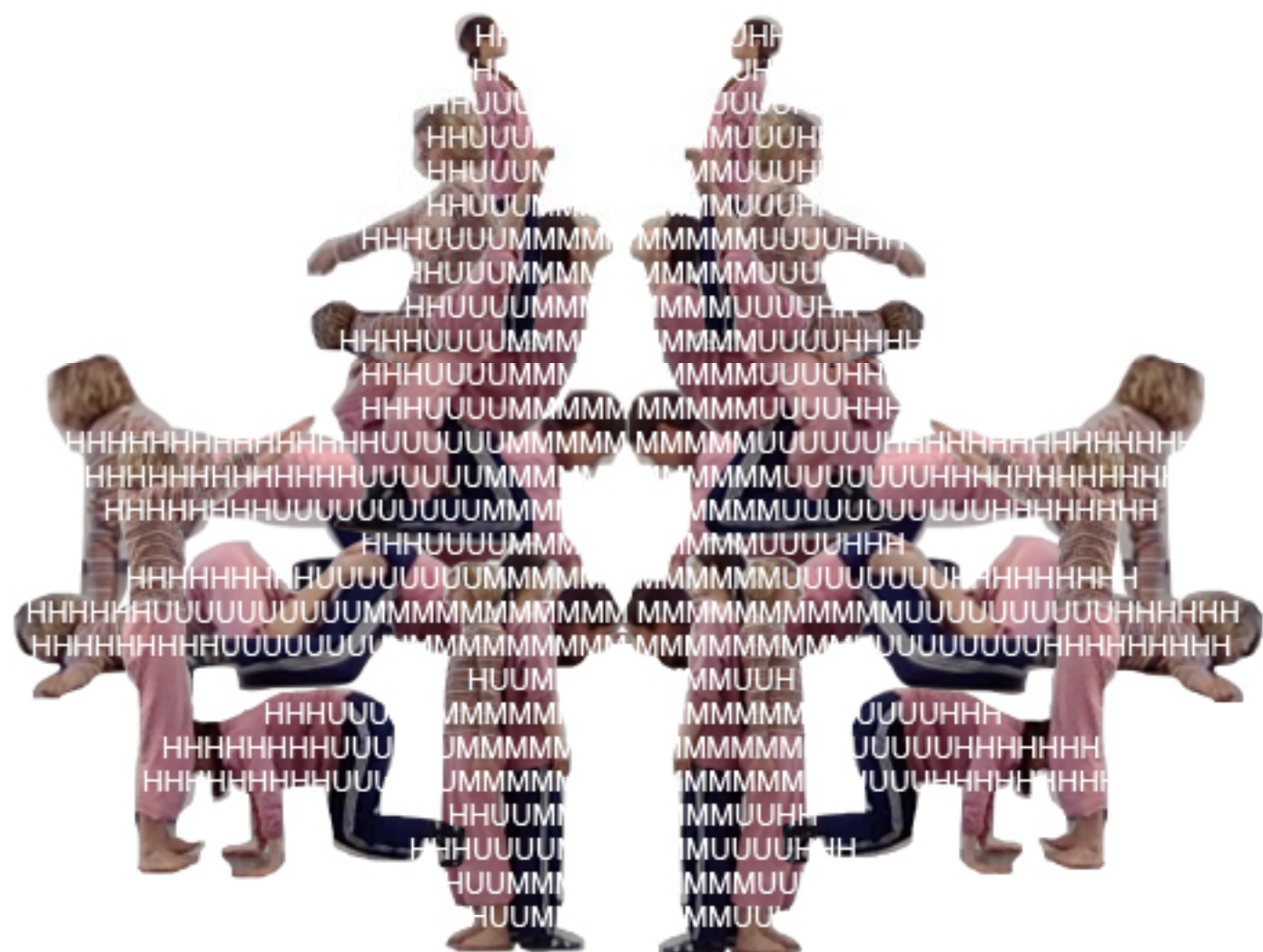
Soft singing  
Mouth as software  
Singing to yourself but never  
alone

Soft singing  
Mouth as software  
Singing to yourself but never  
alone  
Internal vibrations, vibrating  
outside

Soft singing  
Mouth as softwa  
Singing to yours  
alone  
Internal vibration  
outside  
Waves of sound

Soft singing  
Mouth as software  
Singing to yourself  
alone  
Internal vibrations  
outside  
Waves of sound  
Wrapping around









OFFERING  
INTERUPTING  
INTERUPTING

SUPPORTING & SURRENDERING  
WITHOUT WISDOM  
WITH DESIRES

TAKING ENERGY FROM DEFORMING  
BUT ALSO THE OTHER WAY AROUND  
MAYBE ANOTHER WORD  
CIRCUDERS  
ASSISTING CARKING-SUPPORTING  
3RD ROLE COURT DE BALLET  
CLOSEOGRAPHER AS ASSISTANT  
DIRECTOR AS CIRCUDOR  
CIRCUDOR AS FORTUNE TELLER  
HYPERSTITION  
SCIENCE FICTION  
FICTIONS SHAPING REALITY  
LIVE MEETING  
CHISEN TRUTHS SEEKING AFFIRMATION

(O-DREAMER  
(CO-FORTUNE TELLER?)

HANDLING OUT MATERIALS  
MULTIPLE HIERARCHIES  
PARASITE as CODE, DEVALUED  
CORPS





# STATEMENTS AND SPECULATIONS FROM A CARRIER BAG

Oda Brekke, Maia Means, Anna Fischler  
and Ida Arenius

Leading-following.

Bag-content. **Content-bag.**

Both complexity and simplicity make me angry.

**Is there a problem** with the fact that the starting point of the bag is the separation between inside and outside? Is simplicity always wrong? **What is the function of separating and what is the function of touching?**

When the couple had separated, they kept in touch.  
**Maybe** it was in order to be a part of each other's lives.  
**Maybe** it was in order for them to be reminded of why they weren't.

**I need a bag that can carry the important moment of doing a magic movement.**

Can a dance be a novel instead of a story?

Everything is uncomfortable, sometimes. **Move the container to a more uncomfortable place.**

I wonder how people see it. Do you see it as a thing? **Does it resemble something?** What is the bag made of?

Somehow this became a **'who am I' question.**

Putting the body together as one. Putting the container together as one.

A good leader, or a good bag, makes it possible for others.  
**Maybe transparency is not enough.** Maybe dancers are really trained in following.

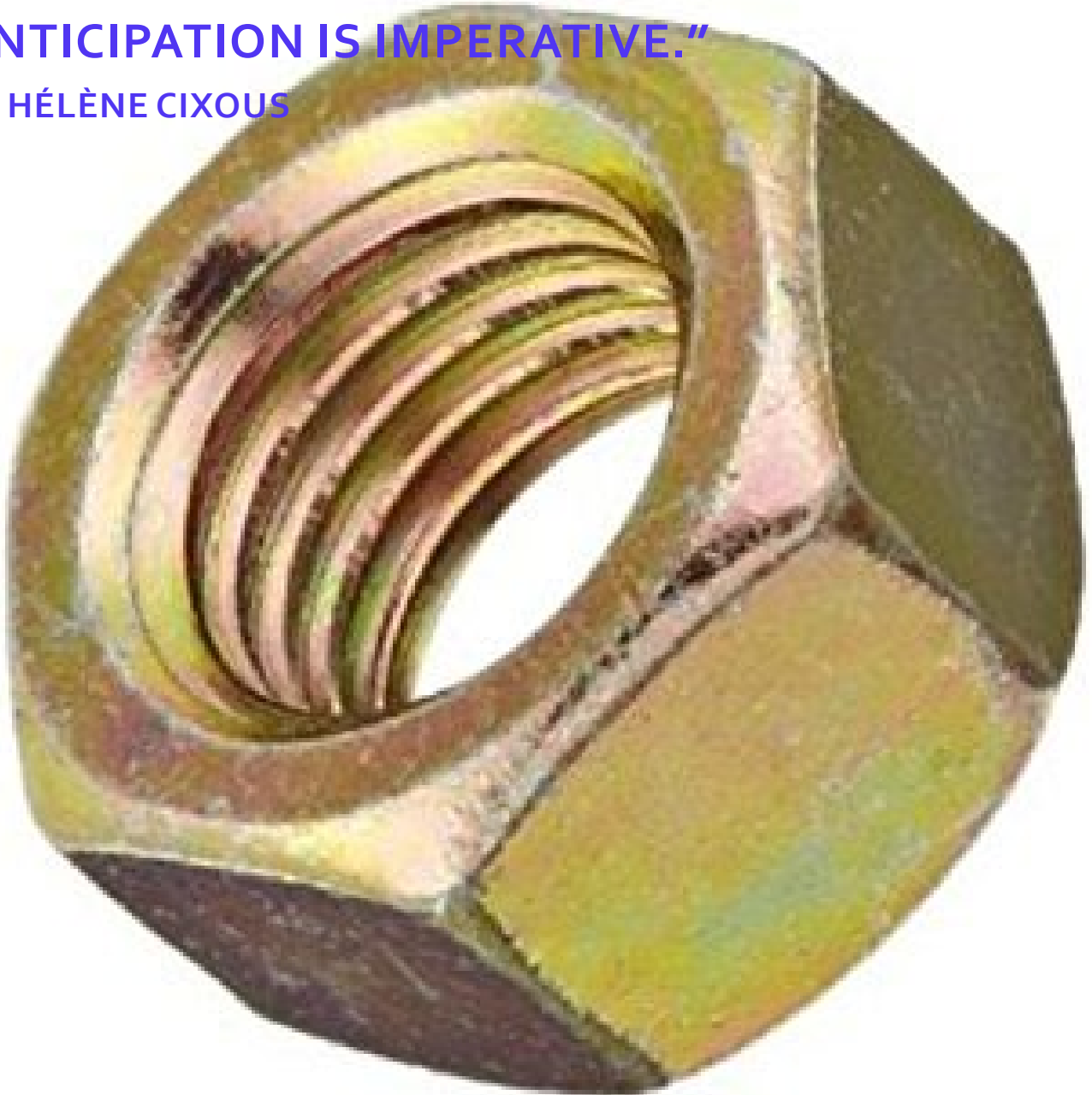
**When and how does leading become carrying?**

Could the proposal be the container for the work, could it be a very tight bottle that **forces the content into a particular shape**, or could it be a net so wide and so loose that the tiny content inside **spreads out and disappears** into the fabric, like the crumbs in the bottom of my backpack.

Is training being with 'the other/others' a part of solving the problem? **(what problem?)**

“THE FUTURE MUST NO LONGER BE DETERMINED BY THE PAST. I DO NOT DENY THAT THE EFFECTS OF THE PAST ARE STILL WITH US. BUT I REFUSE TO STRENGTHEN THEM BY REPEATING THEM, TO CONFER UPON THEM AN IRREMOVABILITY THE EQUIVALENT OF DESTINY, TO CONFUSE THE BIOLOGICAL AND THE CULTURAL. ANTICIPATION IS IMPERATIVE.”

— HÉLÈNE CIXOUS



Hélène Cixous, *The Laugh of the Medusa*, The University of Chicago Press, *Signs*, Vol. 1, No. 4 (Summer, 1976), pp. 875-893



## CIRCLUDING DANCE: A NOTE ON THE DANCER, DANCING AND THE DANCE

Ellen Soderhult

While I was in ballet class, a teacher said: “Re-assessing everything you do is what makes ballet infinitely interesting”. It made me contemplate my relationship to dance. As someone who likes dancing but also as someone who likes to watch dance.

Sometimes, dance feels like a full body listening with all senses. Alice Chauchat has written about the relationship between the dancer and the dance as follows: “I would like to posit dancing as the relationship between dance and dancer.”<sup>1</sup>

These are some of my favorite dance quotes: “There is nothing to find, there is only work. Unless of course you are Platonist”<sup>2</sup> and “Let your body be a river and not a pond”. They are both by Anna Grip, and I might have misunderstood them but I still love them. Here are some words that those quotes invite for me, while watching or dancing:

Re-assessing  
Re-presenting  
Re-considering

Re-bounding (knowing yourself through knowing things, edges and containers, implicated and porous bodies, spread out bodies)<sup>3</sup>

The quotes proposes dancing as something like a speculation on ways of being a body, like a now-fiction but embodied and realized. A propositional practice that is actualized through the practicing of it. This dance doesn’t go from the recognizable but is more like a listening. A listening rather than trying to understand (although that can also be nice). I feel like dance sometimes asks me to listen attentively with my full body and all of its senses, memories and capacities. I think dance has the potential to create conditions for new sensations, thoughts, experiences and emotions. I love to dance.

### NOTES:

1 [https://www.academia.edu/34819483/Generative\\_Fictions\\_or\\_How\\_Dance\\_May\\_Teach\\_Us\\_Ethics](https://www.academia.edu/34819483/Generative_Fictions_or_How_Dance_May_Teach_Us_Ethics) accessed 2017-11-23

2 I interpret this quote like this: instead of Plato’s idea that all ideas already exist in the shadow world and that art can only imitate the shadow world, or find “true expressions” there is really nothing to find more than something else. I imagine that there are always more to find and the things we find come to being through us looking for them.

3 See Chloe Chignell’s text REBOUNDING in This Container ZKS\_4 pg. 27.

# RITE OF SPRING SCORES

Ellen Soderhult

## Some scores to be practiced to the Rite of Spring by Igor Stravinsky<sup>1</sup>

### [1] Use Rite of Spring as soundtrack to the following dance score:

Score for a dance called “The Circle of Life” or “The Body of the Ballet”

There are two roles:

The audience (no upper limit of people),  
The corps de ballet (no upper limit of people) In ballet, the corps de ballet (from French, body of the ballet) is the group of dancers who are not soloists. They are a permanent part of the ballet company and often work as a backdrop for the principal dancers. A corps de ballet works as one, with synchronized movements and corresponding positioning on the stage. and the soloist (not so many or one).  
from [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Corps\\_de\\_ballet](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Corps_de_ballet)

**Note 1:** Notice the task of the corps de ballet to camouflage into a backdrop as a collective group body.

**Note 2:** Notice how by just adding an “e” we get the corpse de ballet. One can then imagine that the corpse the Ballet revives the ballet, gives re-birth to ballet as a group body expression.

### The attention “recycles” as follows:

The audience pay attention to the corps de ballet strictly and only.

The corps de ballet pays attention to the soloist strictly and only the soloist pays attention to the audience strictly and only. However, the corps de ballet tries to be the body of the ballet together, so they may pay attention to each other. As well as both the soloist and the corps de ballet must pay attention to the dance they are dancing.

The corps de ballet may consider themselves a dance choir or a body of any dance, not only the body of the ballet.

The corps de ballet may use terms we were mentioning at the carrierbag festival: supporting and circluding the dance of the soloist. Metaphors to circlude: encircle, gather, wrap and curl around (a dance). Or: dance, dance history, choreography, scores curling up around your dance.

### [2] Soundtrack practices

a) Use Rite of Spring as a soundtrack as you read *Listening by Jean-Luc Nancy* out loud to your friends.

b) Use Rite of Spring as a soundtrack as you cook dinner with your friends (you don't talk to each other during cooking).

### [3] Score for A cloud around the Authentic dance.

This may appear as an ironic dance but it is absolutely not meant like that. It is called Clouding Authentic Rite of Spring. There are two roles: one watcher and one dancer.

The dancer: Do Authentic movement but use Rite of Spring as the movement generator (it should be played while dancing). In this case, doing Authentic movement is to move with eyes closed being attentive to impulses. Normally the dancer prioritizes impulses from the inside while practicing Authentic movement, but in this case: imagine Rite of Spring as your true outer environment determining your movements. Cloud the practice of Authentic movement through making variations on it like do it with focus on the agency in following, or with a focus on mending, supporting or plan your Authentic movement longer ahead, using your library of dance memories. The watcher watches or supports and may take notes but also takes care of the dancer.

<sup>1</sup> Documentation of two scores proposed and practiced during the carrierbag festival, one score practiced while documenting the practice and one practice imagined. All scores made up by Ellen Söderhult while dreaming about the carrierbag festival, before, during and after the festival itself.



within its sphere of influence) arose, not exclusively, but in one important aspect, from its skilled and satisfying manipulation of visual pleasure. Unchallenged, mainstream film coded the erotic into the language of the dominant patriarchal order. In the highly developed Hollywood cinema it was only through these codes that the alienated subject, torn in his imaginary memory by a sense of loss, by the terror of potential lack in phantasy, came near to finding a glimpse of satisfaction: through its formal beauty and its play on his own formative obsessions. This article will discuss the interweaving of that erotic pleasure in film, its meaning, and in particular the central place of the image of woman. It is said that analysing pleasure, or beauty, destroys it. That is the intention of this article. The satisfaction and reinforcement of the ego that represent the high point of film history hitherto must be attacked. Not in favour of a reconstructed new pleasure, which cannot exist in the abstract, nor of intellectualised unpleasure, but to make way for a total negation of the ease and plenitude of the narrative fiction film. The alternative is the thrill that comes from leaving the past behind without rejecting it, transcending outworn or oppressive forms, or daring to break with normal pleasurable expectations in order to conceive a new language of desire.

### *B. Destruction of Pleasure is a Radical Weapon*

As an advanced representation system, the cinema poses questions of the ways the unconscious (formed by the dominant order) structure ways of seeing and pleasure in looking. Cinema has changed over the last few decades. It is no longer the monolithic system based on large capital investment exemplified at its best by Hollywood in the 1930's, 1940's and 1950's. Technological advances (16mm, etc.) have changed the economic conditions of cinematic production, which can now be artisanal as well as capitalist. Thus it has been possible for an alternative cinema to develop. However self-conscious and ironic Hollywood managed to be, it always restricted itself to a formal *mise-en-scène* reflecting the dominant ideological concept of the cinema. The alternative cinema provides a space for a cinema to be born which is radical in both a political and an aesthetic sense and challenges the basic assumptions of the mainstream film. This is not to reject the latter moralistically, but to highlight the ways in which its formal preoccupations reflect the psychical obsessions of the society which produced it, and, further, to stress that the alternative cinema must start specifically by reacting against these obsessions and assumptions. A politically and aesthetically avant-garde cinema is now possible, but it can still only exist as a counterpoint.

The magic of the Hollywood style at its best (and of all the cinema which fell

— Laura Mulvey

"Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema." *Film Theory and Criticism : Introductory Readings*. Eds. Leo Braudy and Marshall Cohen. New York: Oxford UP, 1999: 833-44.



*This text was written for the dance performance RUDY. It is read to the audience at the beginning of the show.*

## They utilize what others throw away.

When hearing the word hyena, what do you think of? A patchy furry thing with odd proportions? A long thick neck and a small pointy face on top of it.

Then there is the gender ambiguity, the genitals of the female hyena has an enlarged clitoris capable of an erection.

Maybe you think of the hyena as it is depicted in the movie the Lion king; dumb, cowardice and lazy.

A thief and a scavenger. An animal linked to death.

Hyenas will gorge themselves whenever they can. A head of a gazelle isn't a prime cut, but the spotted hyena is adapted to making do with rougher fare.

They'll crunch up bone, digesting the organic content and excreting calcium. They utilize what others throw away.

PAUSE

## These are all facts and arranged in a chronological order.

The surrealist painter and writer Leonora Carrington was born in England 1917 and died in Mexico 2011.

Most written records about her begin with the debutante that ran away with the surrealist. It makes a good story. It adds something, one like to think

not only about the art, but also about the artist.

Her life story has all the ingredients; a wealthy upbringing, an illicit romance, bohemian escapades, psychological anguish, and a distant, exotic setting.

The story's we create from life, I mean it's not not true, these are all facts and arranged in a chronological order.

PAUSE

Forward to 2010, here we have one more piece to the puzzle, one more ingredient in the artist soup.

93-year-old Leonora is sitting in the kitchen of her home in Mexico City. It is being documented by film.

She asks the interviewer, who sits in front of her, what he wants to know. The interviewer wants her to begin, "to speak up", as he says.

Leonora describes herself as an old woman who has worked her whole life, who has been a daughter, a sister, a lover, a mother and a wife, and an artist. It could be the lyrics of a catchy song perhaps; a daughter, a sister, a lover and a mother...

"What are you writing these days?" the interviewer asks.

"Now I mainly write to remember. I tend to forget things." Leonora says.

In a clip of a film you can see small notes being pinned to the wall or on technical devices in the kitchen. They are instructions. For example:

First power on.  
Then push button.  
The left button!  
Press in number of seconds 30 or 40.  
Push the right button.  
Wait for it to stop.  
That is for remembering how to use the microwave.

"You were presented to the royal court? the interviewer continues."

"Yes" Leonora simply replies.

"And in your story the hyena takes your place."

"Yes", Leonora says. "Because it was very boring, and I was taking revenge."

PAUSE

## Cover

The story they are referring to is titled The Debutant, in it a young girl makes friends with a hyena at the zoo. The hyena agrees to take the girls place at a ball. It dresses up in the girls ball gown. Then the hyena kills one of the maids and takes her face off to cover it's own. The deception is discovered when one of the guests at the ball tells the hyena that she smells. The hyena rises from her chair, tears the face off, eats it before jumping out of the window.

PAUSE

Carringtons work is full of these hybrids, part human, part beast. And the closer to the animal world, the wiser and more powerful they become.

The animal replaces the femme-infant, that is the female child, in the surrealist symbolic order, where the women are made a link between the man and the Marvelous.

This replacement disrupts the male power position over woman, and allows the femme-infant to name the source of her creative power nature- and enables the woman to take place as an active subject, rather than a passive object.

PAUSE

## Category

Carrington almost fits into several different categories, but cannot identify completely with any single one.

Her body of work is refusing definition within existing frames. The question "What does she intend to do with her art?" and "Was the madness a requirement for liberation?"

Hubert discusses separateness as well, but in a more focused plane, namely separateness from Surrealism.

Through negation, that is, by explaining what she is not. In other words, Carrington is not exactly a Surrealist in the same way she is not exactly a feminist.

Chadwick, like Helland, chooses to label Carrington as indefinable but even indefinable is a category with boundaries.

PAUSE

## A critic at the Telegraph wrote:

Repetitive  
Copying  
Fairy painting  
Moreover... Meaningless

Mystery masks meaningless was the headline.

Moreover, too often she borrows tropes from other Surrealists without making them her own: De Chirico's sense of melancholy emptiness, the ant-like, distant figures we find in Dali, Miro's biomorphic forms, or a pelt-like, furry quality reminiscent of pictures by her lover Ernst.

Besides, her predominant finish is so at odds with the diabolical forces she claims to be channeling. If you want to see modern art doing demons with gusto, Google the Dutch artist Karel

## Appel.

How does it stack up, these paintings of the woman surrealist? How do they stand on their own legs?

The answer is Modestly.  
Synonyms: humbly, plainly, quitly, simply

Besides, it could be a scene from a movie by the Mexican filmmaker Guillermo del Toro.

At her best she was a brilliant fabricator of memorable, poetic, dream-like images.

Synonyms to fabricator:  
Coiner, counterfeiter, fabulist, faker, falsifier, fibber, liar.

PAUSE

## Mini logic

In Carringtons work the white horse is a reoccurring figure. It becomes a site of transcendence. In a time when the horse, a Freudian horse, meant surging masculinity, she drew from ancient depictions of the horse as a powerful goddess. Carrington uses the horse as her feminine avatar.

Leonora says "you're trying to intellectualize something desperately, and you're wasting your time. That's not the way of understanding, to make it into sort of a mini logic. The visual world is totally different. The visual world is to do with what we see in space, which changes all the time. How do I know how to walk, that's one concept of knowledge, in this room, within these four walls, navigating among other bodies and objects, without running into them."

PAUSE

## Three heavy breasts

The Inn of the Dawn Horse, Selfportrait, 1937. In the painting Carrington sits with her legs wide a part, with wild mane-like hair and wearing a horse back riding suit. As a viewer your eye first goes to this figure and she is looking right back at you. Carrington is pointing with her hand at the hyena in front of her. The hyena is posing, mirroring the gesture of Carrington with its paw raised. The hyenas eyes strangely human-like and a smirk in her face, she has three heavy breasts. Above the woman, there is a floating rocking horse, it has no tail, it is moving towards an open window in the background, outside the window a white horse galloping away, on its way into a deep forest.

## Sources:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nBa5Uy9Yl0I>  
<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/culture/art/art-reviews/11452384/Leonora-Carrington-Tate-Liverpool-review-mystery-masks-meaningless.html>  
<http://www.vorpalcloud.org/~jessie/thesis/iic.html>  
<http://ngm.nationalgeographic.com/ngm/0506/feature3/index.html>  
Carrington, Leonora (2006). Den ovala damen och andra noveller. Lund: Ellerström



Browyn Charteris-Bailey

**“The stars we are given. The constellations we make. That is to say, stars exist in the cosmos, but constellations are the imaginary lines we draw between them, the readings we give the sky, the stories we tell.”**

— Rebecca Solnit,  
Storming the Gates of  
Paradise: Landscapes for  
Politics

‘We’re used to war as metaphor: the war on poverty, the war on drugs, the war on cancer. Usually this is just a rhetorical device, a way of saying, “We need to focus our attention and marshal our forces to fix something we don’t like.” But this is no metaphor. By most of the ways we measure wars, climate change is the real deal’

**Climate change will hit poor countries hardest, study shows**

**Human impact has pushed Earth into the Anthropocene, scientists say**  
the Anthropocene has begun

**In New Zealand, Lands and Rivers Can Be People (Legally Speaking)**

By BRYANT ROUSSEAU  
JULY 13, 2016

This is an emergency, a present emergency, not a future one, but we aren’t acting like it.’



# THE STARS WE WERE GIVEN

Browyn Charteris-Bailey

There is no Planet B.  
There is no Planet B.  
There is no Planet B.

Open Letter to the Australian Prime Minister on the climate crisis, from 154 scientists  
August 25, 2016 6.26am AEST

Dear Members of the Committee,

Today, as I write this, 154 climate scientists have also written an Open Letter, to the Prime Minister of Australia, stating  
There is no Planet B. **Headlines include** ‘Global warming will force up to 150 million “climate refugees”  
to move to other countries in the next 40 years’, **Human impact has pushed Earth into the  
Anthropocene, scientists say**

~~I have dedicated my adult life and artistic practice to the slippery and sublime. My work manifests as ways of bringing humans together and in the urgency of the immediacy these rooms build.~~

~~I believe~~ artists and designers have a responsibility to galvanise and contribute to solving the most urgent and dangerous threat to our civilisation, ourselves and our current collective commitment to the politics of greed, isolationism and egoism.

~~It began simply enough as being an organiser, a facilitator, it has manifested into building art publications, exhibitions. At the core of what I do I believe in the power of the room and the people. After having defined myself as an artist and curator, I see now that my work is...~~

~~Over time, as I have been fortunate enough to work within different learning institutions and through discipline, collaboration and experimentation my artistic research questions have slowly become clear to me. With the help of many smart people around me to challenge me, my methodology for the laboratory and the potential of the laboratory has become very clear.~~

~~Doctoral studies is something I have wanted for a long time and have been working towards. It wasn't until I read about the interdisciplinary nature of this programme that I began to~~

~~Writing this application has been a process of alchemy...~~

~~Everything I do I approach with a sensibility inspired by...~~

~~I have proved myself~~

~~My artistic research and laboratory of learning is~~

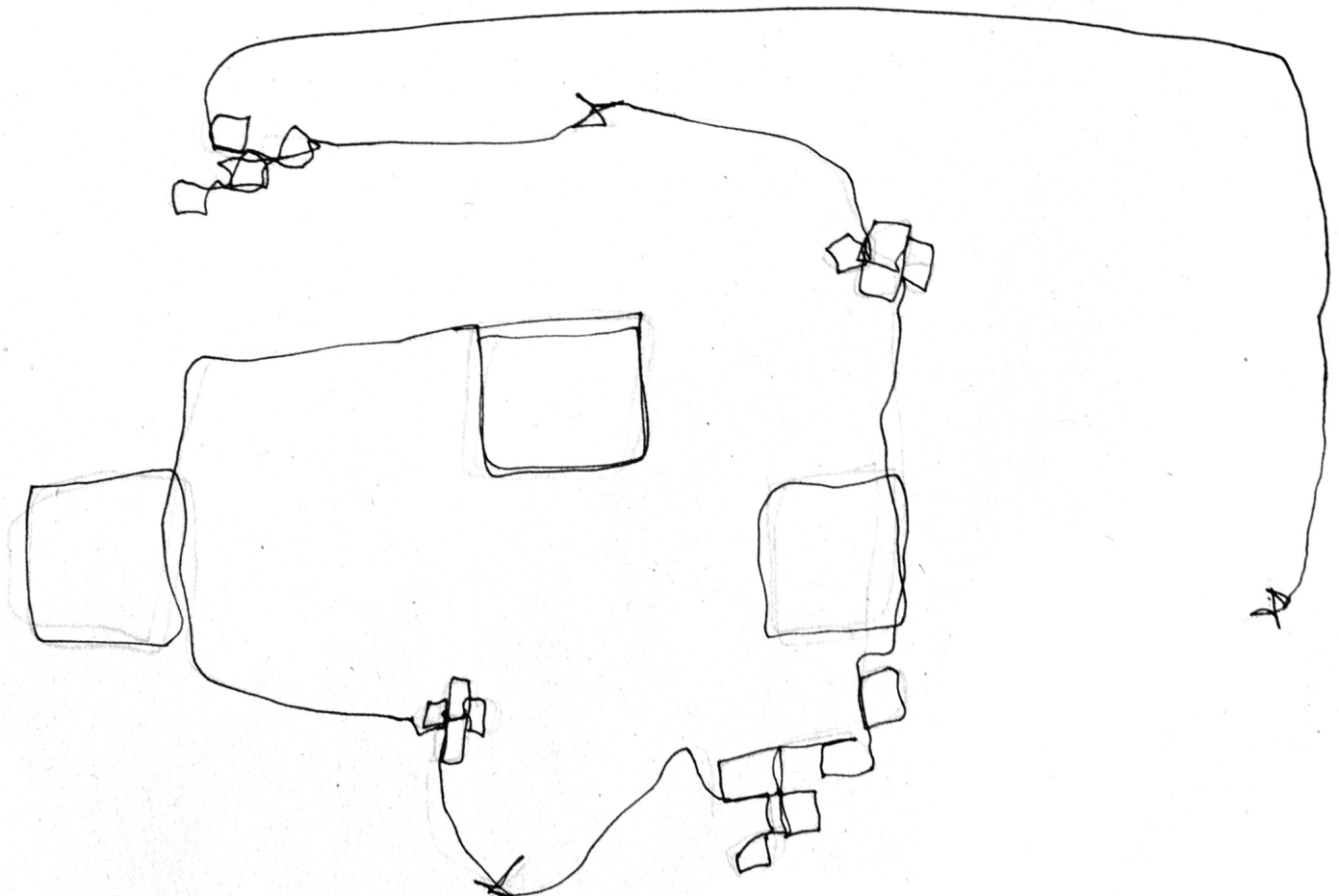
~~I would be honoured to work alongside the great thinkers and makers of Konstfack and KTH. I believe through collaborative, intersectional thinking and behaving, we can radically change the narratives of what our collective futures hold. This is an emergency. We must begin today.~~

Yours in solidarity,  
Bronwyn Bailey-Charteris

cleaner

i felt that soft sweet comfort of  
locked palms & shoulder to shoulder  
the twins in slow motion  
shivering & sweat remembering  
how & when to blush  
two eyes & two eyes just  
chemicals & stocking feet  
us in 30 shades of black  
five days on an island, seven  
gently peeled almonds, two  
per room, one half moon

i tasted avocado & it was like  
nothing i've ever / so much & so  
forgiving  
stopping them dancing,  
keeping them standing,  
slowly turning & returning  
making it live  
i felt that





salt

if i took everything off  
skin & anger gestures  
journeys unmade  
slit my tail in two.  
to make an impression  
the soft glow dimmer  
won't take away the  
pit stirring twist  
staring  
jumping over clouds & knowing  
you can't get out  
smiling like  
small talk & hot water blood  
light headed



# LEXICON OF WORKING DEFINITIONS

Benny Olk

**Inspired by Susan Sontag's 'Lexicon for Available Light', this lexicon functions as a score to define ideas, terms and people that contextualise and situate how I understand my current artistic practice. This Lexicon is still in process- growing, changing, unfinished.**

**Aesthetic:** The study of the nature of sensation (*Online Etymological Dictionary*); one's set of principles or worldview as expressed through outward appearance, behavior or action; the branch of philosophy dealing with ... establishing the meaning and validity of critical judgments concerning works of art, and the principles underlying or justifying such judgments. (*Wikipedia*)

**Aisthesis:** An autonomous regime of experience not reducible to logic, morality, or reason. (*Claire Bishop*)

**Affect:** L'affect (*Spinoza's Affectus*) is an ability to affect and be affected. It is a prepersonal intensity corresponding to the passage from one experiential state of the body to another and implying an augmentation or diminution in that body's capacity to act. (*Brian Massumi's translation of Deleuze and Guattari*)

**Affection:** L'affection (*Spinoza's Affectio*) is each such state considered as an encounter between the affected body and a second, affecting, body—with body taken in its broadest possible sense to include "mental" or ideal bodies. (*Brian Massumi's translation of Deleuze and Guattari*)

**Agency:** Active operation; a mode of exerting power or producing effect; establishment where business is done for another. [Medieval Latin to set in motion, drive forward; to do, perform.] (*Online Etymological Dictionary*)

**Ballet:** "The ballet will speak for itself and about itself." (*George Balanchine*)

**Break:** Smash, split, divide violently; infringe, ignore, or act contrary to; fracture lacerate; destroy or interrupt the regularity, uniformity, continuity, arrangements; also a word that changes with or without objects (break a leg, break bulk, break even, break one's heart, break service) can be confused with brake. (*dictionary.com*)

**Childs, Lucinda:** American choreographer at the forefront of the postmodern, minimalist movement; frequent collaborator with composers Philip Glass and John Adams; founded the Lucinda Childs Dance Company in 1973; known for extreme coordination of music and dance, as well as minimal movements

with rigorous patterning in space and time. (*Wikipedia*)

**Choreography:** "The steps and the actions are choreographed; they're not free-floating. They're deeply detailed. Their source is very detailed, like the source in the body, the source in me, the source in the history of any of the movements. It's extremely detailed. So in that way, each action has a simple and complex and irrevocable place in any discussion about choreography." (*Sarah Michelson, <https://www.timeout.com/newyork/dance/q-a-sarah-michelson-talks-about-her-latest-premiere?pageNumber=3>*)

**Class:** A number of persons or things regarded as forming a group by reason of common attributes, characteristics, qualities, or traits; a group of students meeting regularly to study a subject under the guidance of a teacher; the period during which students meet for instruction; social stratum sharing basic economic, political, or cultural characteristics, and having the same social position; excellence, exceptional merit.

**Craft:** An art, trade, or occupation requiring special skill, especially manual skill; skill, dexterity. [Old English- power, physical strength, might.]

**Cunningham, Merce:** American dancer and choreographer situated

between the avant-garde and modern dance, known for frequent collaborations with artists of other disciplines, and founder of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company (MCDC); dance technique developed by Merce Cunningham that is now trademarked; worked for 50 years, with a studio at Westbeth in New York City; used stochastic procedures to generate material (chance operations); non-representational choreography; "There is no center"; created a plan for his company to close 2 years after his death, while preserving the documentation or dances for possible reconstructions in the future. (*Wikipedia*)

**Dance:** Done for the purpose of expressing an idea or emotion, releasing energy, or simply taking delight in the movement itself. (*Encyclopedia Britannica*)

**Dancer:** "The dancer, writing with her body, ... suggests things which the written work could express only in several paragraphs of dialogue or descriptive prose." (*Mallarmé*)

**Devotion:** "The most essential thing in dance discipline is devotion, the steadfast and willing devotion to the labor that makes the classwork not a gymnastic hour and a half, or at the lowest level, a daily drudgery, but a devotion that allows the classroom discipline to be moments of dancing

# LEXICON OF WORKING DEFINITIONS

Benny Olk

too. And not in any sense the feeling that each class gives an eager opportunity for willful and rhapsodic self-expression, but that each class allows in itself, and further the dancer towards, the synthesis of the physical and spiritual energies.” (*Merce Cunningham*)

**DOCH (Dans och cirk-ushögskola):** Higher education institution in Stockholm, Sweden housing BA programs in Circus, Dance and Dance Pedagogy, and MA programs in Dance Pedagogy, Circus, Choreography, and New Performative Practices; part of the research institution Stockholms konstnärliga högskolan (SKH) or University of the Arts. (*Uniarts.se*)

**Evans, Moriah:** American artist working in and on the form of dance—as artifact, object and culture with its histories, protocols, default production mechanisms, modes of staging and viewing—and the capacity of the public to read dance. Her choreographies navigate utopic and dystopic potentials and tendencies within dance, approached as a fleshy and matriarchal form sliding between minimalism and excess. (*Foundation for Contemporary Arts*)

**Freelance:** Medieval mercenary warrior (*Online Etymological Dictionary*); a person who contends in a cause or in a succession of various causes, as he or she chooses, without personal attachment or allegiance; working or selling work or services by the hour, day, job. (*dictionary.com*)

**Information:** Measure of the possible alternatives for something. (*Carlo Rovelli*)

**Metaphysics:** Denoted philosophical enquiry of a non-empirical character into the nature of existence. (*Peter Gay via Wikipedia*)

**Michelson, Sarah:** UK-born, American-based choreographer, currently working in New York City. Known for her rigorous working methods, aversion to documentation of work, challenging working conditions, extreme protection of her work over concerns of authorship; archetypes of choreographer and dancer; her work is characterized by demanding physicality and repetition, rigorous formal structures, and inventive lighting and sound design. (*Wikipedia*)

**Orientation:** How to position the focus from one body/subject/object towards another body/subject/object (*Sara Ahmed*); sexual preference or identity; (*dictionary.com*) “To be oriented is also to be oriented toward certain objects, those that help us find our way. These are the objects we recognize, such that when we face them, we know which way we are facing. They gather on the ground and also create a ground on which we can gather. Yet objects gather quite differently, creating different grounds. What difference does it make what we are oriented toward?” (*Sara Ahmed*)

**Place:** Instantaneous configuration of position. (*De Certeau*)

**Prologue:** Beginning before the beginning; Gives a context for temporality; unstated beginning; a set-up; a preliminary discourse; preface; an introductory speech; calling attention to the theme; calling attention to the moment/movement that is to come. (*dictionary.com*)

**Rehearsal/Rehearse:** A session of exercise, drill, or practice, usually private, in preparation for a public performance, ceremony, etc. (*dictionary.com*) A repeating or relating; to give an account of; to rake over, turn over. (*Online Etymological Dictionary*)

**Singularity:** How you address your relationality to the local, global, historical and theoretical. (*Rebecca Hilton*)

**Space:** Intersections of mobile elements. (*De Certeau*)

**Technique:** “How you do what you do.” (*Chrysa Parkinson*) Technique is the disciplining of one’s energies through physical action in order to free that energy at any desired instant in its highest possible physical and spiritual form. (*Merce Cunningham*) Method of projecting personal charm, appeal, etc. (informal); Method of performance, way of accomplishing; the body of specialized procedures and methods used in any specific field. (*dictionary.com*)

**Time:** A particular period considered as distinct from other period. (*dictionary.com*)



# A SCORE FOR HUMANS

Adriana Georghe

## First, the space (*speak it while it grounds you, all*)

Talk about the abstract (higher, inherent) space. [don't say much, find a bad place, speak from that place, stay silent from that place, for a very long time]

How can I look at them as if they are dying, how can I connect to them only in the light of their mortality? How can I not look at them as if we are dying. [don't even look or address them with this; read it from a scrap of paper, while sinking within the bad interior space hosting you]

That is right though, the sea, a big wave, any enormity will easily make me get into our own perspective.

Let us keep it artificial. [and understand anxiety as a meeting in the real, can you]

Although we are all almost in a row [I like best to have my audience on my right and on my left],

like entering the water, we make it clear that it is a technicality – in the meeting and the different possible combinations between the voice and the perspective, there is where the abstract space appears. Examples: 'Genele Sale cercetează pe fiii oamenilor'; 'Ai așezat masă înaintea mea împotriva celor care mă necăjesc' [try and postpone clarity still]

Keep it a lecture, so there is an expectation for the deliverance of knowledge; for you to share something softly with them. Remind us that theatre and theology might not be so different in the use of addressing, counter-intuitive language or of masquerade. [it might have been anxiety defined as a sign of the real, do not neglect the seeing, go for a philosophy of the faces if only one can only contemplate]

Why? [...]

So that we can all live with it together. Don't give up language, but trust the things haunted

and any wistful movement inside understanding [and, procedurally speaking, any play on perspective].

I don't believe, I know. [see also Cixous' approach to the Scripture as the unconscious, maybe]

Back to you and I (voices) with the perspective of us all. When I woke up the air was stuck [we all felt it at ODD].

You were not there when I presented the anxiety/singularity lecture but you were human, you woke up remembering that you were human, and you liked it. You, my human, you wrote to me during the lecture, about its splendor and beneficence. My human doesn't ask out loud but wonders why I take so many pictures of her – her surface is eye candy, it is, and I know that I [just accept that Coetzee is the answer and that you still have a long way but that this is the future, yes, simply turning the second person into the third, somehow]

# A SCORE FOR HUMANS

Adriana Georghe

## Then, love

Era o liniște în holul acela din fața camerei lui, de început de lume și de început de zi și mă obliga să-mi amintesc lucruri de copil. Nu existau hol și camere, doar o cameră mare și înțelegeam încontinuu viața fără să-mi dau seama [example of an inherent really bad space; go for a Jodorowsky panic character]

În loc să mă mângâie, mă ciupește (m-a programat la fel) și pentru că sunt slabă vrea să-mi dea din cărnața ei [example of a nice space of interiority from where to say cruel literal counterintuitive true stuff like Children are a disease, not like etc.]

Explanation kills art but this is only space. Interiority pulled outside energetically and exteriority invested performatively dubiously totally waiting for a more quiet talk between the new spaces that appear.

The truth is that love is not different from space. Whenever you can tell to my soul (how can you) 'to fly away into the mountains', whenever the comforts of You and I are demanding, we could go back to the third person and do like them (ideology behind the religious, ideology behind humans) – 'behaving like resident aliens, whose citizenship is really elsewhere, they obey the prescribed laws, but in their private lives, they show love to all'.

And then try to go back once again to the problematic addressing, but instead of proposing a third person voice with a mobile perspective, mine, yours, a strangely shared new entity bread by the elegant indirect style libre etc., you, my human, try to speak your first-person voice while also considering all their perspectives with it, or ours. [and simply say: 'I have panic attacks']

[all this time doze your own performative invest-

ment following the rules of your soul; change gazes from surfacing to abandonment towards what you receive, from participating in them one by one to withdrawal in the neutral or resting and recharging in representational recognizable modes; wait for love to come; it generally does not; it might, immediately after your lecture is finished]

The true act of love is, clearly, company in the hard anxious space, you say. And the human's sensing of the so simply having (her) own space from where to.

[literally, go to each participant and show love, take time, follow them outside if necessary]

*This scripting is connected to my performative practice, a way of living. It made its initial appearance in the 'Privately' publication, edited by ODD Bucharest, and it might be spreading.*





## CARRIER BAG THEORY OF FICTION —Ursula K. Le Guin

<http://www.trabal.org/texts/pdf/LeGuin.pdf>

# SHE REMEMBERS THE EVENT. I REMEMBER THE VIDEO.

Alice Heyward

*An incision is made horizontally, just above the pubic bone.*

*The outermost layer of skin is called the epidermis. It's the layer that regulates the amount of water released from the body into the atmosphere.*

**She said she has a condition called pelvic cephalic disproportion. The inside walls of her pelvis were too narrow to contain the circumferences of her babies' large heads—the fetus could not enter the birth canal to allow a vaginal birth.**

*The second layer of skin, the dermis, is cut. It's the layer that contains hair follicles and sweat glands.*

I like people looking at or touching my body while I'm passive. Physically surrendered. When I have bodywork or massage, I love it when there's more than one person treating me because I enjoy it when I can't tell who is doing what or what I'm going to feel next.

I like their attention and company and our intimacy, but I still get some privacy.

The focus is on me but not all of me.

*Then the deepest layer of skin is the hypodermis. It's made of fat and connective tissue.*

**She said that she could hear the squelching sound of the operation and the clinking of the instruments being put back on the trays. She said she felt the tugging movement of the surgery resonate all through her body, while not actually feeling it, and not seeing it from her side of the curtain.**

**She said she asked the doctors if she could watch it, but they thought that was a bad idea.**

**She said that while they operated on her, they talked together about their holidays.**

**She said she felt like our bodies were a part of the bed, like together we were like a wide, deep, bottomless surface that was opening outward.**

**She said that she was told that a woman should only have three caesarian sections in her life.**

**She said that after her third caesarian—this one—this doctor went into treating infertile women and she had**

**her fourth baby by caesarian three years later with another doctor.**

With the next doctor, she kind of bent the caesarian rules.

*Incisions are made through the abdominal wall. The muscles are pulled apart to create access to the uterus.*

I've spent a lot of time thinking about integrating my abdominal muscles, dancing and training many years.

It seems a bit pointless now when they are just torn apart in a few seconds like bread or rope.

**She said that, apart from the icy cold of the epidural anaesthetic going into the epidural space of her spinal cord before the incision, she couldn't sense the different temperatures of the metal instruments or human fingers inside her.**

Scraping, stripping, sucking, poking, pulling, cutting.

*After the abdomen is opened, an incision is made to the uterus called a hysterotomy.*

The word derives from the Greek word for womb: hysteria.

*It ruptures the amniotic sac. The waters break and the obstetrician sucks out the amniotic fluid.*

*They deliver the baby's head first so that her mouth and nose can be cleaned out to allow her to breathe as she makes contact with the air.*

*The placenta is delivered and the cord is cut.*

**She said that when her first baby left her body, her blood pressure dropped so much that she had the feeling of fading away, of dying. She said she didn't really mind.**

Maybe it would be a bit like dying on stage, in the operating theatre.

I've always dreamed about dying on stage.

I wonder if it's important: that we're all born with others, through others, but we (mostly) die alone.

I don't think I really remember being inside her or coming out of her.



# SHE REMEMBERS THE EVENT. I REMEMBER THE VIDEO.

Alice Heyward

But sometimes I have the desire to be back inside.

Not to be inside her now, as we are, but to be back in that long period time I spent with her inside her.

Just to be in a process of becoming without any strategy of my own.

Someone once said that doing nothing is the beginning of something.

*They stitch all the layers back together, this time from the innermost layer of the uterus to the outer-most layer of skin, the epidermis.*

My name was Alice even before I was born.

I guess I began to be her even earlier than that, and I am still becoming her and no one really knows who she is.

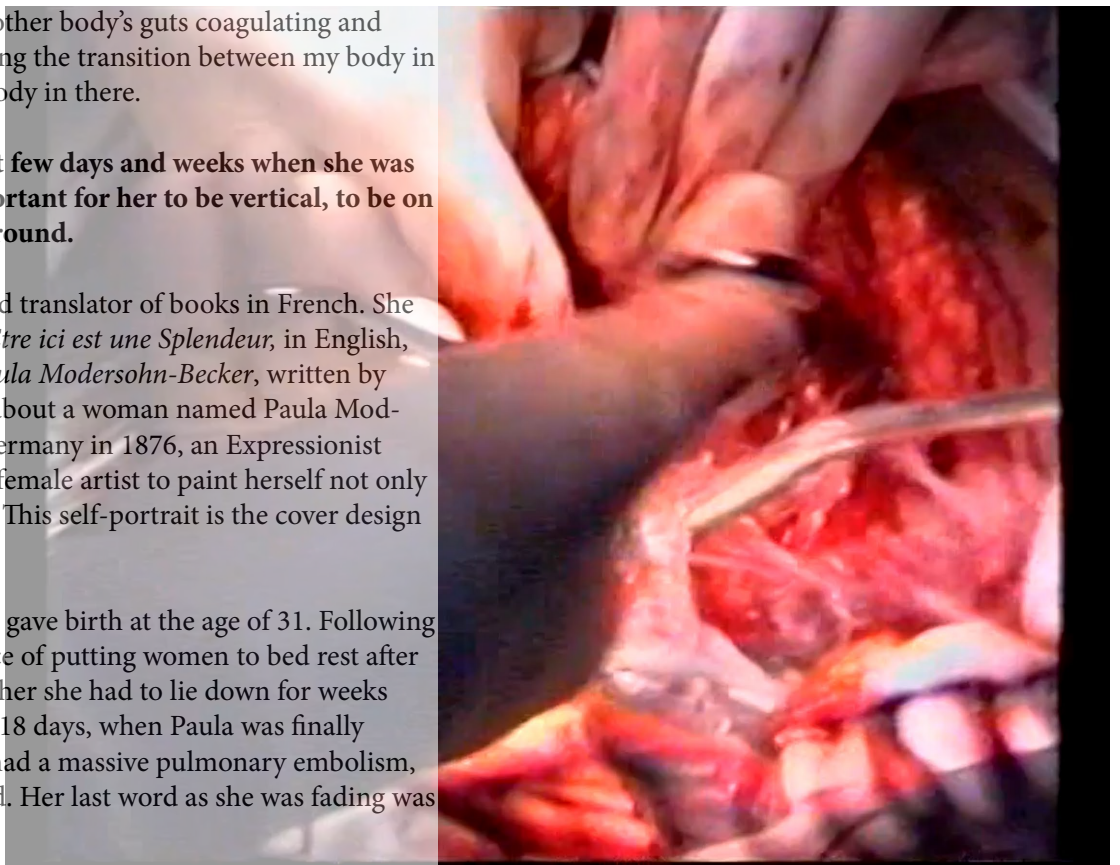
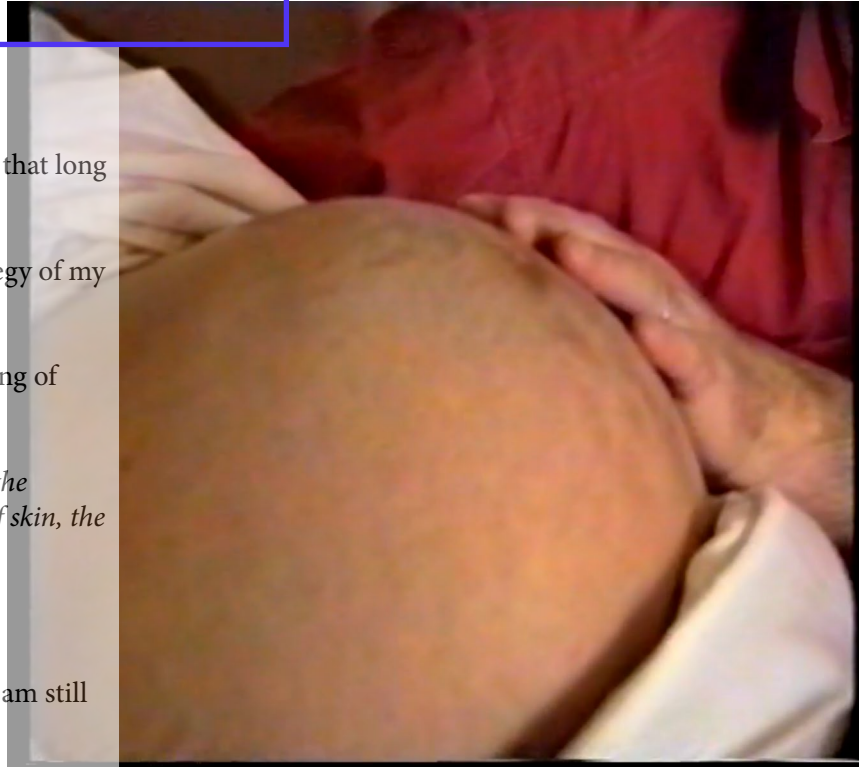
*The doctors use thread made out of sheep's guts to stitch the uterus back together. It has a certain tensile, maybe muscular strength to help all the layers knit back together. It usually takes about 90 days to dissolve inside her body.*

I quite like the idea of another body's guts coagulating and dissolving inside her, easing the transition between my body in there, then suddenly nobody in there.

**She said that for the next few days and weeks when she was healing, it was very important for her to be vertical, to be on her feet, to be walking around.**

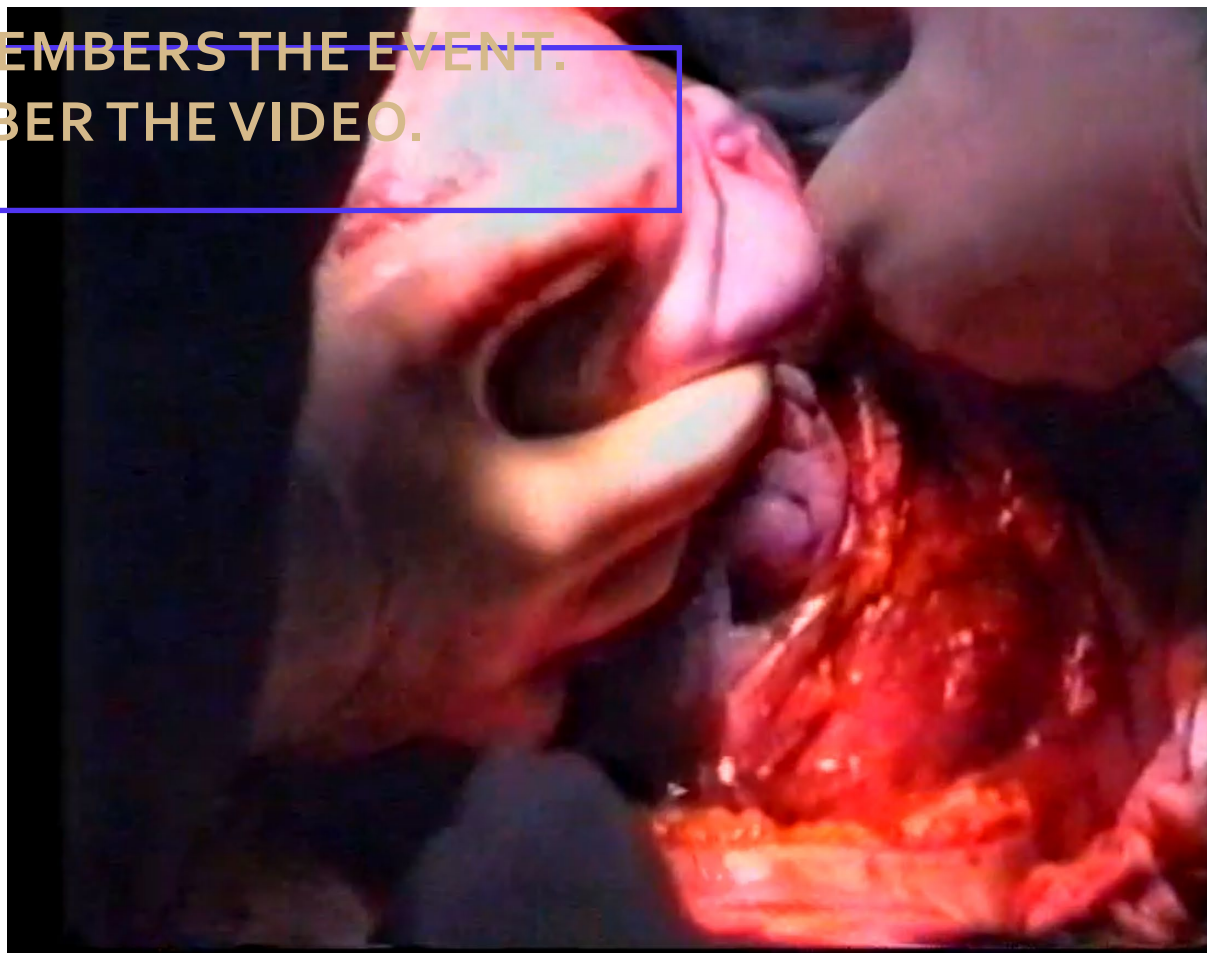
She works as an editor and translator of books in French. She translated a book called *Être ici est une Splendeur*, in English, *Being Here: The Life of Paula Modersohn-Becker*, written by Marie Darrieussecq. It's about a woman named Paula Modersohn-Becker born in Germany in 1876, an Expressionist painter who was the first female artist to paint herself not only naked, but also pregnant. This self-portrait is the cover design of the book.

Paula Modersohn-Becker gave birth at the age of 31. Following the then-common practice of putting women to bed rest after delivery, the doctors told her she had to lie down for weeks after the operation. After 18 days, when Paula was finally allowed to stand up, she had a massive pulmonary embolism, fainted and tragically died. Her last word as she was fading was *Schade*. (What a pity).



# SHE REMEMBERS THE EVENT. I REMEMBER THE VIDEO.

Alice Heyward



Someone said that babies do not remember much about being held – what they remember is the traumatic experience of not being held well enough.

Maybe they remember that trauma to store and recognise again in the future. So we know what being held badly by someone is.

Babies incorporate the unconscious sense of being gathered together, made to feel real.

The happiest, most well held baby must have no memory at all.

Incorporating it in order to not know it, or to know it differently. Maybe that's like that deep sense of knowing a woman has when she falls pregnant. Knowledge that is beyond, or before, something is a fact.

She remembers the event but I only remember the video.

**She said that there were lots of 'happy hormones' — endorphins, dopamine, serotonin—in her for a long time after she gave birth.**

The first time she had a caesarian birth was exactly five years before she had this one, both on September 17th, 1987 then 1992.

**She said a lot of people, mainly women, were very judgmental of her having caesarians instead of vaginal births. But she had no choice, and she said she liked**

**having her caesarians. She said without them, her babies would all have died.**

**Before anaesthesia in the 19th century, she said she assumes women died from being cut open to rescue their babies, when C-Sections were only emergency procedures.**

**She said that after she had her first baby she had a miscarriage, which was a bit traumatic. Then she had another baby, then she had this baby, then she had another miscarriage, which wasn't as sad as the first one, then she had another baby.**

*This baby is measured*

*Weighed*

*Gendered*

*Clothed*

*Assigned a position in an existing family structure.*

*This baby became Australian.*

Last week my friend told me that babies, or foetuses, can hear their mothers speaking, and music being played, while they are still in the womb.

And that language is already transmitted during pregnancy.

From within a womb, babies experience the physicality of a language, whether Hebrew or French or English and the accent embodied in that language.



# SHE REMEMBERS THE EVENT. I REMEMBER THE VIDEO.

Alice Heyward

They hear this through the specificity of sound vibrations in their mother's voice, resonating in both their bodies together.

Maybe that's the beginning of cultural upbringing. Sound vibrations.

**She said she wasn't very interested in getting pregnant or having a baby until the first time it happened.**

**She said she felt like a super human being pregnant.**

**She told a story about a group of Russian athletes who became pregnant so that they could perform in the Olympics or another competition with the physical benefits that the early stages of pregnancy produce in the body.**

I've felt sure I've been pregnant a few times but I never really was yet.

Someone said it's like a sense of a very deep knowing in your body.

Some things I've known very deeply in my body before. I am curious to know what kind of knowing a pregnancy could be.

And whose knowing or knowledge is it.

Some women say they can sense the egg descending in their body during their menstrual cycle. All I've ever felt descend in this time is my mood.

**She said she loved feeling her body produce new conditions without her trying to make them happen.**

**She said it was fun to transform.**

**She said that each baby felt very different growing with her, inside her.**

**She said that during this pregnancy, she was very fit and ate a lot of sashimi and swam a lot and worked a lot and spent a lot of time with me in North Melbourne.**

In a vaginal birth, they say you don't do labor, but labor does you.

Like a physical experience that involves surrender, making blurry the sensations between pain and pleasure.

Apparently vaginal birth can be very blissful. There's an adrenaline release that brings on the urge to push and produces ecstatic hormones through her body. Many women have orgasms in vaginal birth. It can bring her to her feet as the baby emerges. Unfolding and opening together.

So maybe there are parallels between processes of making babies and having babies.

There's a film called 'Orgasmic Birth' that is about these experiences. They mostly happen in home settings, not hospitals.

It's strange to see people gathering to meet me. They don't really mind who I am, they aren't expecting anything from me, but she had been 'expecting' me for nine months, or more, she said, even before conception.

They just expect me to show up. That's it. Like anti-anti-climax.

I'm not sure I still have that sense of being flooded in light and sound and objects and language and texture and vision and scent and taste and touch and being seen by so many others all at once for the first time. I might have incorporated and forgotten it.

But it kind of sounds like the most spectacular theatrical solo ever performed.

I don't think that either of us really knew what we were getting into.

I originated in her and inhabited her. We evolved in and as our shared habitat, and then I swiftly moved out.

This process then sort of repeated out in the world.

Our bodies, separated, sharing space, first in proximity and then across distance.

We keep readjusting this distance.

We're not totally joined, but can never be fully apart, even if it feels like we are.

I think both of us continue co-emerging.

Negotiating this joining and separation.


Where we begin and end.

## THE HORIZON AS A PLACE TO WORK

Chloe Chignell

A felt horizon  
An embodied horizon  
A bodily horizon  
A body, the horizon  
A body laying down, the horizon  
A sleeping body, the horizon  
Two bodies, the horizon  
An arm outstretched, the horizon  
Something else, the horizon.

A horizon can never disappear.  
A horizon remains possible, always.



A horizon is a certain distribution of what is visible and invisible.  
A horizon is a certain distribution of what is discernible and undiscernible.  
A horizon is a certain distribution of what is sensible and un-sensible.  
A horizon is a certain distribution of what is known and unknown.  
A horizon is a certain distribution of what is inside and outside.  
A horizon is a certain distribution of up and down.

No one walks along the horizon.  
No one crosses the horizon.  
No one jumps over the horizon.  
No one bends the horizon.  
No one folds the horizon.  
No one cuts the horizon.

The horizon is a place where sense no longer makes sense.  
The horizon is a place where distance is always included (from within).  
The horizon is a place in between.  
The horizon is a place of perspective, not yours.  
The horizon is a place that looks like nothing.  
The horizon is a place outside signification.  
The horizon is a place for ambiguous relation.  
The horizon is a place where things become useless and productive.  
The horizon is a place where things disappear.  
The horizon is a place where recognition starts to leak.





# I'M ANGRY

Nathalie Rozanes

I'm angry at Netanyahu for destroying our dreams and values.

I'm angry at the Western world, at Belgium, for making me feel unsafe and not seeing or understanding what I carry.

I'm angry at death for coming after our loved ones and leaving us here more and more alone.

I'm angry at money for corrupting every single one of our steps. Besides perhaps sex, but even that. I'm angry at money for being confusing, for making me feel either guilty for having too much or ashamed and frustrated for having too little.

I'm angry at anger for always making me feel like a whiny girl, feel sad, feel grief, feel hurt and hardly ever manifesting itself as anger, or when it does manifest itself, I'm angry at it not being anger, but feeling sad, feeling grief, feeling lost, feeling frustrated.

I'm angry at men for making me feel like a woman, for not making me feel like a woman. For exercising their power over me, at this point in history, at the same time.

I'm angry at women for always wanting it all, for being women, frustrated, complex, jealous, confusing, hysterical bitches.

I'm angry at the "beyond

genders", for being ahead of their time, the time is not ripe outside of LA.

I'm angry at the social system here for making me feel privileged, but still frustrated and bored. I'm angry at my situation feeling difficult and not being in a comfortable position to complain.

I'm angry at nature for being too fragile to resist our greed, and for angry greed being in our nature.

I'm angry at most animals for dying younger than us, for being too cute, too pure, to make my heart bleed and then reveal the violence within us in some National Geographic documentary.

I'm angry at the infinity of the world wide web for frying my brain, for the "vibes" I can't make myself believe are harmless, for taking me to this space, one outside my body, turning me into an obsessive, floaty, zombie. I'm angry at the democratic opportunities it gives, for not allowing me to quit it once and for all.

I'm angry at sex for being the ultimate drive, for not being love.

I'm angry at Sylvia Plath, Amy Winehouse, Chantal Akerman, Francesca Woodman, Marilyn Monroe, Sarah Kane and Janis Joplin, for making me identify with them completely and then leaving me here alone with my survival

instinct.

I'm angry at my father and at my mother, of course, for the unconditional love, for being so close to perfect, for the bags they carry, which I also never chose.

I'm angry at the drugs, who make us dream, travel to faraway magical places, and then fuck us over, I'm angry at what they have done to my friends, my cousin, my grandmother.

I'm angry at the phone-calls, who interrupt my thread of thought, I'm angry at those messages who never come.

I'm angry at the love stories which don't work out and wring your guts, your heart, your soul, your body, like a wet cloth. I'm angry at the love stories which do work out, for they leave no space in your heart or brain.

I'm angry at the body that always knows it all, but sometimes refuses to speak (to me). I'm angry at the body, for when it speaks to me, it makes me feel sick.

I'm angry at the books who are the best meditation of all.

I'm angry at music saying it all, much more than I ever could here.

I'm angry at poetry for saying it much better, than I ever could here.

I'm angry at my work for

sometimes making me feel narcissistic and delusional, but it being necessary for me.

I'm angry at pollution.

I'm angry at mass-slaughter.

I'm angry at social injustice.

I'm angry at what we call "the system", for making me feel crushed, but not knowing what it is.

I'm angry at cultural appropriation.

I'm angry at what I don't know.

I'm angry at education, it's power, it's cost, the time it takes, the scars it leaves.

I'm angry at what I know.

I'm angry at the holocaust.

I'm angry at globalization.

I'm angry at how dirty the streets are here and I'm angry at how clean they are elsewhere and for what it means.

I'm angry at politics.

I'm angry at philosophy, for it explodes my brain.

I'm angry at my dreams, because sometimes they disappear before the morning and I'm angry at my dreams when they are so intense, that they make the day feel like a nightmare.

# I'M ANGRY

Nathalie Rozanes

I'm angry at anger, for it is a self-destructive, immature, son of a bitch called grief.

I'm angry at adolescence for the insecurities it loads you with for life.

I'm angry at childhood and it's load of sweet painful nostalgia, you have to live with for the rest of your life, for all the first times.

I'm angry at now, because this is not 1968.

I'm angry at the doctors for not finding a final remedy for cancer, for Alzheimer and all these other illnesses (that I am lucky to not have been touched by).

I'm angry at work, for it always being too much or too little.

I'm angry at my body, for it always being either tired and bored or overloaded and excited. For not finding the intermediate states.

I'm angry at memorials for making me feel sad on time.

I'm angry at the absence of memorials for most tragedies.

I'm angry at food for making 1/9 of us sick and fat and 8/9 starve and die. I'm angry at pesticides. I'm angry at OGMs.

I'm angry at vegans for being ahead of our time.

I'm angry at tattoos for being too definite. I'm angry at those who, like me, are pussies and don't dare

I'm angry at piercings for being too easy.

I'm angry at power for being a seductive bastard.

I'm angry at hierarchy, authority pisses me off, because it's authority.

I'm so angry at hate. I don't even want to talk about it.

I'm angry at the crushes for colonizing my mind.

I'm angry at the conspiratory theories, because they are ignorant, manipulative, stupid motherfuckers.

I'm angry at my cycle for being unpredictable.

I'm angry at inflation.

I'm angry at the rain here for being too much and too cold and too depressing.

I'm angry at depression for being a useless cunt.

I'm angry at the stars for me being leo with a scorpio rising and born in the year of the tiger. At being too strong for this world and too weak for love, and too mad and too contradictory and too traditional for a woman and too rebellious for a man

I'm angry at the living for taking me away from the dead.

I'm angry at space for everything feeling always too far or too close.

I'm angry at weight, for things being always too light or too heavy.

I'm angry at everything in or around me being too solid or too fluid all of the time. I'm angry at not finding the intermediate states.

I'm angry at everything always breaking.

I'm angry at nothing lasting forever.

I'm angry at my sanity, for there is no escape.

I'm angry at my madness for there is no limit.

I'm angry at my sanity, for there is no escape.

I'm angry at my madness for there is no limit.

I'm angry at my sanity, for there is no escape.

I'm angry at my madness for there is no limit.

I'm angry at politicians for fucking us over because all these megalomaniacs want is power.

I'm angry at the majority of the voters for being manipulated idiots.

I'm angry at the golden age, the beatniks, the hippies, the punks, the clubkids, the... for leaving us here

I'm angry at the planet for being so beautiful, that it constantly reminds us of what it could have been like here.

I'm angry at the empires

who had it all and crumbled under their megalomania and their crave of wars.

I'm angry at make-up and plastic surgery for being competitive, "malsain", dickheads and distorting reality.

I'm angry at most businesses for being egotistical, unethical, corrupt bastards.

I'm angry at the pharmaceutical industry.

I'm angry at finance.

I'm angry at start-ups.

I'm angry at real estate.

I'm angry at art.

I'm angry at porn.

I'm angry at prostitution.

I'm angry at slavery.

I'm angry at industrial farming.

I'm angry at the health industry.

I'm angry at the oil industry.

I'm angry at the food industry.

I'm angry at the diamond industry.

I'm angry at time for being an unstoppable machine and scaring the shit out of me most of the time.

I'm angry at history always repeating itself.

I'm angry at history always repeating itself.

# I'M ANGRY

Nathalie Rozanes

I'm angry at history always repeating itself.

I'm angry at my perception when it's wrong.

I'm angry at Kim Kardashian, I'm angry at her burglars in Paris because

this story is wrong and contemporary in it's wrongness in every possible way.

And I'm angry at you being German.

And me Jewish.

And us being together last night and you not calling today. I'm angry at what it makes me feel. I'm angry at not being cool with it. I'm angry at history always repeating itself. At it being stronger than the present.

I'm angry at clichés.

I'm angry at power.

I'm angry that hope is always flirting with deception.

I'm angry at you.

# I'M AFRAID

Nathalie Rozanes

I'm afraid

I'm afraid of the future

I'm afraid of the past

I'm afraid of the unknown

I'm afraid of the norm

I'm afraid of being different

I'm afraid of my choices

I'm so afraid that I don't take choices

I'm afraid to expose

I'm afraid I always contain

I'm afraid I think too much

I'm afraid I don't think enough

I'm afraid this is seen as therapeutic

I'm afraid not to heal

I'm afraid of commitment

I'm afraid of love

I'm afraid not to get married

I'm afraid to cut with my tradition

I'm afraid to get lost

I'm afraid to get stuck

I'm afraid I'm always afraid

I'm afraid to get sick

I'm afraid I'm not strong enough

I'm afraid of being too strong

I'm afraid of falling in love

I'm afraid of not being honest

I'm afraid to speak

I'm afraid to be attached

I'm afraid of letting go

I'm afraid of my power

I'm afraid of my body

I'm afraid to say no

I'm afraid of terrorists

I'm afraid of being boring

I'm afraid to fail

I'm afraid to hurt someone

I'm afraid of not having enough energy

I'm afraid of being too tired all the time

I'm afraid not to create

I'm afraid I don't matter

I'm afraid of transformation

I'm afraid I'm not good enough

I'm afraid I don't have my own language

I'm afraid my identity isn't shareable

I'm afraid of being an adult

I'm afraid I'm not political enough

I'm afraid of being too introverted

I'm afraid of being too extroverted

I'm afraid of being an artist

I'm afraid of being a woman

I'm afraid of being a Jew

I'm afraid of being queer

I'm afraid of being thirty

I'm afraid of being a thirty-

year-old queer Jewish female artist

Especially in Europe

I'm afraid of Europe

I'm afraid of flying

I'm afraid I'm stuck

I'm afraid of letting go

I'm afraid of making choices

I'm afraid I'll disappoint you

I'm afraid you don't see me

I'm afraid I'm not honest

I'm afraid my fantasies are not real

I'm afraid to move to the Promised Land

I'm afraid to ask for help

I'm afraid you think I'm a bad artist

I'm afraid my parents don't like what I do

I'm afraid no one understands what I do

I'm afraid again I'm not political

I'm afraid I can't sleep

I'm afraid I don't listen

I'm afraid I don't work hard enough

I'm afraid of being used

I'm afraid of telling the truth

I'm afraid of being free

I'm afraid of speed

I'm afraid of height

I'm afraid of not finding a husband

I'm afraid my fears are not mine

I'm afraid of no one wanting to work with me

I'm afraid of loss

I'm afraid of showing myself weak

I'm afraid of losing my loved ones

I'm afraid of losing my identity

I'm afraid of losing my cultural memory

I'm afraid of losing time

I'm afraid of losing my mind

I'm afraid of making a big mistake

I'm afraid of the fascists

I'm afraid of the extremists

I'm afraid of being brain-washed

I'm afraid of being manipulated

I'm afraid of influences

I'm afraid of being influenced

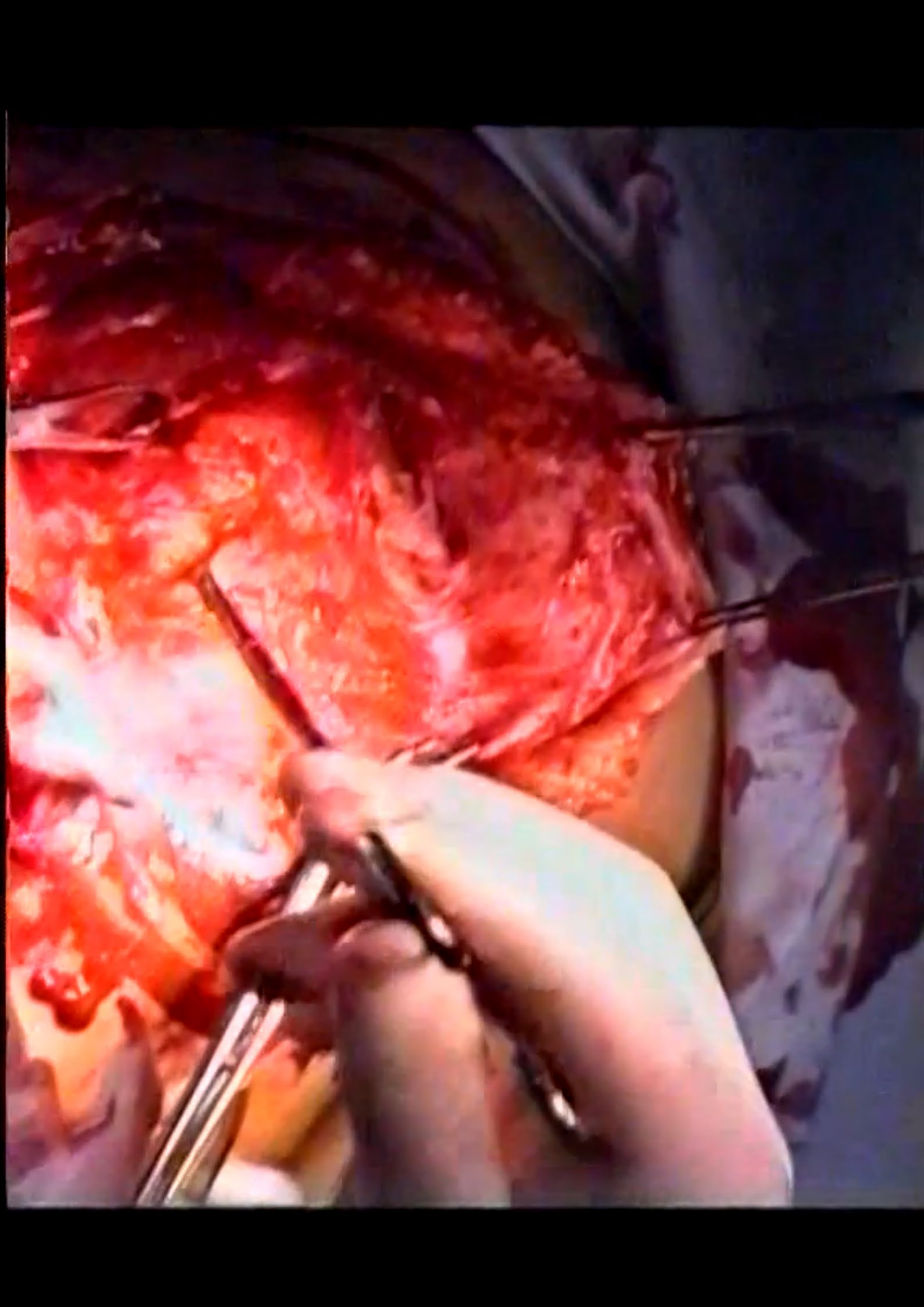
I'm afraid of being transformed

I'm afraid of change

I'm afraid of change

I'm afraid of change





**THIS CONTAINER\_ZZS** is a zine that gathers texts and images by artists within dance and choreography. 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 knowledge and dear dances.

