



## Spectacle #2

Sara Manente

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Designed by Sara Manente  
Design support by Miriam Hempel

Proofreading: Andros Zins-Browne

Thank you: Christophe Albertijn, David Bernadas, Lilia Mestre,  
Deborah Robbiano, Sofie Durnez, Erik Hesteermans, Shervin  
Kianersi Haghighi, Agnes Quackels, A.Pass, Hiros and Cabra vzw

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Spectacle #2

THIS BOOK IS A DANCE PIECE  
WITH:

the spectator (minion pro regular 12)  
*the dancers (minion italic pro 12)*

THE CHOREOGRAPHY (MINION PRO UPPER CASE 12)

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1.

A DEDICATION CANNOT BE TRUE OR FALSE BECAUSE ITS TRUTH CANNOT BE EVALUATED OR VERIFIED. BUT IT CAN BE UNHAPPY IF IT DOESN'T MANAGE TO BRING TOGETHER WORDS AND WORLD OR IF YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND THE INTENTION, OR AGAIN IF I AM ILL-INTENTIONED.

TO WRITE A DEDICATION IS AN EXTREMELY PERSONAL DEED. IT IS BETTER TO WRITE SOMETHING SIMPLE, SHORT, HEARTFELT OR SINCERE. A DEDICATION MUST REFLECT MY PERSONALITY AND AT THE SAME TIME, YOURS. I WRITE IT FOR YOU, EVEN IF I DON'T KNOW YOU, OR YOU ARE AN OBJECT OR A CONCEPT.

1

DEER READER, I DARED TO READ A DEAR IN THE DEAD REEDS.

I, DEAR READER, DARED TO READ A DEER IN THE RED REEDS.

DEER, DEAR READER, I DARE YOU TO READ IN THE DEAD REEDS.

RED READER, DARE TO READ A DEAR IN THE DEAD REEDS.

I, DEER READER, DARED TO READ DAD IN THE RED REEDS.

READER, DARE TO READ A DEED: DADS ARE DEAR TO THE DEAD DEER.

READ DEAR! I DATED A DEAD DEER, I DARED TO.

I, DEAR DAD, DARED TO READ A DEED DEAR TO THE RED DEER.

DEAR DEER, A READER DARED TO READ THE DEAD REEDS RED.

READER, DARE (YOU) TO READ A DEED DEAR TO A DEER IN THE DEAD REEDS?

THE DEER READS THE DEED TO YOUR DEAD DEARS.

DEAR DEAD READER, RED IS THE DEED.

On the right corner a guy is working on a laptop. I am in a large empty space and there are no seats. He is browsing impatiently through a collection of images. He is projecting one image after another in a random rhythm. I am part of a large group of people, possibly more than 50. The images are old pictures; some very old, others are just odd. The grain of most of the pictures tells us that they come from an original film. The color is pale and its tone, limited. I am wandering around trying to understand where the performance is going to take place and in the meantime I am looking at the images. The next one is a 3D picture: the figure is doubled and the colors are predominantly greyish, blocks -more or less solid- of greys with some blue and red, pink and green. The image makes me doubt if I actually see depth: which work of interpretation is happening while I am looking at something? I am distracted. The doubled image creates a gap that disrupts time: as if something is performed backwards. I forget what I just saw.

I keep on looking.

STEREOS ORIGINALLY MEANS FIRM, SOLID  
SKOPEŌ = LOOKING

The images projected in the space function a bit like a backdrop. The backdrop is not continuous but everywhere, on all four sides of the room, like a decorative border. A landscape compressed in a frieze-like space that contains us. The light comes from different points: it's mostly reflected thus diffuse, not very strong and undirected. It's actually rather dark, enough to see but not to focus on details, unless from a close distance, the same distance I would need to smell someone.

It is because of a strong perfume that I start to pay attention to the people around me. I can tell who is a performer from who isn't, even if they were probably supposed to stay incognito for a while as they arrived from I don't know where. There is a self consciousness, a care about the way performers carry their bodies which is unusual. Some people are just like that in the streets, they hold their limbs from the spine, they move with a suspension in their breath as if they were floating.

They are women, seven dancers, wearing hooves like platforms. When they move, we hear the noise and perceive the instability of the hard wood against the ground. They start independent from one another, separated in the space. They wear a mix of extremely elegant clothes and sports garments. A silk foulard as a bandana, pen skirts or lightweight leggings with transparent ruffled shirts or leotards... but everything looks comfortable: silky, jersey, padded, light. They also wear make up: color block powder in their eyes, non-matching nail polish and very dark eyebrows.

They start from detached gestures: they move following the patterns on the floor or the walls in a geometrical, ridiculous but somehow efficient way. They travel stepping and sliding on their metatarsals like Balinese dancers: in between measuring the space and building an imaginary architecture. The gestures, something like a bas relief in slow motion, gives a dreamlike quality, a grainy, featureless ground that only heightens our perceptual uncertainty. Those movements diffuse a delicate ambiguity without the possibility of conclusions. I recognise returning motifs, but I am incapable of assigning specific referents as if a texture -more than a text- emerged from a multiplicity of signals. Decomposed and assembled. Unidentifiable signals.

When one of them comes close enough to see her disclosed lips I jump to false conclusions, but it's probably because of her perfume. I reckon each one wears a different fragrance. I am very sensitive to perfume and feel intoxicated. Each essence brings up a memory that is difficult to assign but my mind cannot stop browsing: actual work. Diversion.

WE MOLD WHAT WE HEAR  
TO OUR EXPECTATIONS AND DESIRES

TIMBRE =  
THISNESS OF A SOUND  
OTHER THAN PITCH AND DURATION

WHAT IS TIMBRE IN DANCE?

WHICH COLOR IS SKIN COLOR?

WHAT DID YOU JUST SMELL?

THE PERFUME : SIMULACRUM OF AN OBJECTLESS DESIRE

THE DESIRE ITSELF AS INTOXICATING

*...at this moment you are looking around and everybody is around you (all over overall) because you are lost in your thoughts everything has an impression of haziness ... even more you have the feeling that you are invisible, disappearing for a moment but we can see you everybody can see you, we are just in front of you as your eyes go blurry, your pupils turn blank. We move from two to three dimensions: from words to things arriving at another kind of lucidity...*

*...unable to unfold symbols anymore, you want to be a spectator who holds the art of judgement. You want to relate everything to your every day life no more theater only synthetic images 'cause there are no windows no holes but an opaque surface of information: folding foldable folds rather than holes. So the art of judging what is this? It is interpreting relating experiencing folding everything together or unfolding everything separately to separate...*

*...at the beginning we move separately and together at the same time as if in the same texture in the same thickness enveloping ourselves the space and you all at once ... to move with a very conscious peripheral view ... inside and outside awareness knowing where the others are without losing our spatial consciousness until the new phase that will bring a different tone stepping into a level where we are closer but with less force less movement inside riding the curves of each other moving tangently touching the point on each other only to take a curve from it ... touching but not intersecting a flocking behaviour or better a leaderless emergence steering towards or avoiding our other mates: aligning separately separating average positions in motion like pinballs with consciousness...*

A DANCE THAT SEEMS

IMPROVISED

BUT

WHEN IN GROUP

YOU REALIZE

IT

IS

CHOREOGRAPHED.

A FLOCK, A PACK.

A DANCE THAT HAS EVERYTHING IN IT:

ALL THE RHYTHMS AT THE SAME TIME.

**Its** music: the sound is electronic, synthetic, bright and pulsating but very low, coming from far away, difficult to distinguish at the beginning. The pulsation is neither static nor monotonous. Every bit slips from one to another making every sound oblique; equally drum, guitar, synthesizer, real or computer generated, we cannot know. Like bubbles in a sparkling liquid that sometimes stay trapped in a scratch of the glass surface. Some sound lingers enough to create the consistency of a BEAT but never to fix it. A voice is forced almost cartoonishly into the foreground:

I  
IW  
IWALK  
I WALK  
LIKE  
ALIKE  
A  
I LIKE  
A  
ZOMBIE

A change is there. The rhythm of the beginnings and the endings is peculiar: they are either too long or too short. There are no beginnings and no endings or the beginnings and the endings are so long that they become things in themselves. I think about a terrace: external, open, flat. Leisure activity. *Villégiature*. Holiday. Distraction. A dance that gives me a break. Something that is around, on the edge, never to the point. A soft dance. A dance that doesn't need my full attention to exist.

IDEA : LOW VITALITY DANCER :  
BLUNT : UNREMARKABLE : DISAPPEARING

AT THIS POINT ADD DECOR TO INCREASE  
EROTIC CONSCIOUSNESS

On the right corner the guy working at the laptop starts to write a list of words that appear simultaneously projected on the walls:

VISTA  
LANDSCAPE  
SCENERY  
DECOR  
DECORATION  
ORNAMENTATION  
ORNAMENT  
ACCESSORY  
CRAFT  
ART  
ARTISTIC  
BALLISTIC  
TOURISTIC  
SIMPLICISTIC  
ANIMISTIC  
NARCISSISTIC  
VAIN  
PAIN  
RAIN  
SHOWER  
MIST  
FOG  
CLOUD  
HAZE  
HAZINESS  
PUFF  
BURDEN  
BORE  
ROBE  
NIGHTGOWN

NIGHTIES  
NEGLIGEE  
NEGLIGEABLE  
KNOWLEDGEABLE  
PORTABLE  
MANAGEABLE  
UNMANAGEABLE  
DISOBEDIENT  
NUT  
WALNUT  
BRAZIL NUT  
MACADAMIA NUT  
HAZELNUT  
PEANUT  
LITTLE  
CRUMBS  
INCONSIDERABLE  
NOTHING  
STUFF  
UNIMPORTANT  
ZERO  
VOID  
OBLIVION  
UNCONSCIOUSNESS  
FOG  
BLINDNESS  
DEFORMITY  
DEFICIENCY  
BUG  
GLITCH

CRACK  
BREACH  
RUPTURE  
FISSURE  
FRACTURE  
SCHISM  
DISAGREEMENT  
BREAKUP  
ALIENATION  
COMA  
DEATH  
NIRVANA  
BLISS  
PLEASURE  
GLORY  
RAPTURE  
ENCHANTEMENT  
DELIGHTMENT  
ECSTASY  
TRANCE  
EXIT  
END  
BLACKOUT  
OBLITERATION  
BLANK  
WHITE  
BARE  
UNCOVERED  
NAKED  
STRIPPED

NUDE  
PLAIN  
VIRGIN  
IMMACULATE  
SPOTLESS  
STAINLESS  
INCORRUPT  
HONEST  
AUTHENTIC  
FOR REAL  
SURE  
UNAMBIGUOUS  
EXPLICIT

Laughing, [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
Desiring drunkenness, gaze through them till evening.  
(*The afternoon of a faun*, Mallarmé 1865-77)

IT DESCRIBES THE SENSUAL EXPERIENCES OF A FAUN WHO HAS JUST WOKEN UP FROM HIS AFTERNOON SLEEP AND DISCUSSES HIS ENCOUNTERS WITH SEVERAL NYMPHS DURING THE MORNING IN A DREAMLIKE MONOLOGUE.

I look at the people studying the movement of the dancers. They are attentive and puzzled at the same time. I don't know exactly why but I find myself thinking about the poem of Mallarmé. A faun is half human half goat not a deer. In the poem the Faun can be considered both animal force of nature and abstract object of art. But here, in this piece, who would he be? The guy on the right corner browsing images and texts on his laptop? Or one and each of us looking and trying to figure out what is there to see? Or maybe the body of speakers diffusing the sound?

IN MALLARMÉ'S OVIDIAN SOURCE, PAN PURSUES THE NYMPH SYRINX, WHO IS METAMORPHOSIZED INTO THE REEDS FROM WHICH HE, SIGHING FOR HIS LOST LOVE, PRODUCES BEAUTIFUL MUSIC.

Are these dancers meant to be the nymphs? It seems that a sort of intellectual sensation is the erotic charge of the poem, a grasping of both sensation and concept. Mallarmé suggests that the poem should be animated by spoken words, inwardly at least. So we should read the poem to ourselves to prolongue the hesitation between the sound and the sense. That is apparently the invitation of the poem itself: instilling doubt.

These nymphs, [REDACTED]  
So bright

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
Did I love a dream?

My doubt, [REDACTED] ends extreme

[REDACTED]  
Woods themselves, proves, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] the false ideal of roses.

What strikes me is that the Faun doesn't know how to relate to his vision or dream in his narcotic or narcoleptic state. I can relate very well to that. It's a monologue or interior conversation with no narrative line. The poem punctuated with dramatic silences and interwoven with italicised addresses to the audience, cues with capitalised instructions to remember and describe. The conversation moves back and forth between memories and fantasies, disenchantment and intoxication. The musicality of the poem is something almost impossible to translate except with music. Maybe dance. Music can instill doubt as to what has been heard. Can dance also induce hallucinatory experiences? I find myself assembling enigmatic elements without a narrative to rely on. I encounter myself experiencing the experience itself and then becoming conscious of it. It's like trying to describe the taste of food I don't know or try to remember a dream by telling it to someone and realizing that I am losing it again. There is always something missing and it is always different.

I am lost in my thoughts until something happens and distracts me.

A new text appears projected.

I try to read it as if it were written in my mother tongue.

I pronounce it trying to give it a meaningful sound.

SCILIAN SORES O MARSH CAM  
Y VANTY PLUNDRS YING WIT TE UN,  
SILET BEEATH SCINTILLTING LOWERS, ELATE  
‘THT AS CUTTIN HOLLW REDS HER TAME  
*B TAENT: WHE N HE GREN OLD DISTAT  
VERDRE OFFRING IS VIN O HE FOUNTAIS,  
A NIMAL WITENESS UNULATES T RST:  
AD A SLO RELUDE WHIC TE PIPE EXST  
HIS LIGHT O SANS, N, O AIADS COWR  
O PLUNG...*

Sicilian shores of marsh, calm  
 by vanity plunders lying with the sun,  
 Silex beneath scintillating flowers, ELATE  
 'That was cutting hollow reeds her tame  
 Bident: wheel, in the green fold of distant  
 Verdure offering its vine to the fountains,  
 Animal whiteness unulates the rest:  
 Adagio, slow, relude in which the pipe exists  
 his light of silens, no, oaiads cover  
 O plunging...

*...Hooves don't make you walk gracefully it's not gracious but dense the body is heavy and the gestures inconvenient but the weight is lighter than usual like moving in another solution (oil, water) and it's a relief when it's finally the moment to take the platforms out and start relating to the other dancers barefoot or with socks and we are measuring the precise relation between each other: 1/2 3/2 30° 45° 75°... in compositional rules of flower arrangements on a base according to length: 1/2 3/2 oriented towards 30° or 45° or even 75° from the floor where we all have to end up at this time finally together touching at least with one and maximum three points... keep on thinking*

*(bruised by the languor tasted in their being-two's evil)  
 girls sleeping in each other's arms' sole peril:*

*as in the poem (the fantasmatic lesbian kernel of the story is patent) trying to perform every single possible formulation, every corner each point of view and perspective finding new meaning from a line and from one line a gesture from a gesture a desire that becoming intention but looped closed in on itself: entwined...*

Some people in front of me start to talk and distract me so I change position to see better. From this new perspective I can see the entirety of the group. I understand better now the choice of the costumes. I also notice that all the dancers wear a tattoo, the same tattoo but in different parts of their bodies. Must be a fake tattoo, like a stamp. I imagine them stamping the tattoo on each other before every show. I get slightly aroused. They are interlacing their arms or legs, sometimes being extra careful and other times slightly mechanical, as if they were incapable of controlling their joints or they were not completely aware of the capacities of their movement. They dance “entanglement”, adding same to same, making two as one like a feedback loop. Adding same to same has a dramatic effect.

TASTE  
STATE  
TESTA  
SETTA

TASTE  
STATE  
TETAS  
TSETA

TASTE  
STATE  
SEATT  
TESAT

MAKE A COPY OF SOMETHING  
AND YOU WILL LOOK AT IT DIFFERENTLY.

TASTE  
STATE  
SAETT  
STEAT

This is when I start to notice the pigmentation and beauty spots of the skin of one of the dancers similar to one of the audience members. The blue veins on her hand split in between the fingers. What I consider something not worth paying attention to or even not beautiful and -now that I have just seen it here- my convictions seem to have changed. Are my attention and my taste changing cyclically or in rare meaningful moments?

TASTE  
STATE  
STETA  
ESTTA

TASTE  
STATE  
ASETT  
ESATT

TASTE  
STATE  
TTSAE  
STTEA

TASTE  
STATE  
ATTES  
AESTT

TASTE  
STATE  
ATSTE  
ETSTA

TASTE  
STATE  
TSTEA  
TSTAE

TASTE  
STATE  
STATE  
TASTE

*...**is** it a towel that we wear around our forehead like a bandana?  
like a tennis or sushi master like Foster-Wallace or Agassi not  
only for reasons of fashion or decoration but a real tool against  
unusual perspiration because like in those competitive sports the  
true opponent is the player herself rather than the one serving or  
receiving or spectating in front as if the one in front was herself  
just an excuse or an occasion so is this thing: we are playing  
tennis we are mastering sushi we are writing we are dancing...*

*...IS THE DANCE DETACHABLE FROM THE DANCER?  
IS THE DANCER DETACHABLE FROM THE DANCE?...*

THE DANCE OF DANCER

THE DANCER OF THE DANCE

THE DANCE OF THE DANCER OF THE DANCE

One is black, thin and small. Her presence is willing and bold. She moves from her bones and her skin seeming to tremble in contact with the air, as if adjusting to its temperature.

One is very muscular and fit. She is probably the oldest. She moves paying attention to each centimeter as if taken by her activity with grace and extreme care. She has the sensuality of a young boy.

One looks Japanese, her black hair is strong and some have turned white. She seems busy with something else than her dance but she is not distracted by that. Her gestures from left to right are violent and somehow spectacular.

One is blonde with generous breasts. She moves with an economy that is rare and beautiful. Everything seems necessary and at the same time easy as if there were no second thoughts. Her approach to movement is scientific.

One is full of beauty marks and freckles: her complexion is particularly white, almost transparent. Her movement is dissonant and without rhythm, drawing a lot of attention to her. Her thoughts seem to anticipate her body provoking some unexpectedly comical relapses.

One is always on the tip of her toes from the effort taken by her whole body. Her fibrous physique, together with the color and the mess of her hair, makes her presence particularly theatrical and full of meaning. Because her dance relates every step or movement to another, it is difficult to stop looking at her.

One is the tallest and moves with hesitation. Her eyes are very expressive, specifically addressing each person individually. With her legs spread apart, an unstable, very large figure, she uses her arms to shape the upper area in highly sculptural gestures. She often projects one part of her body somewhere while looking in the opposite direction.

Even though each of them is particularly specific and singular, none is staged as the main character and they all perform gestures that are not especially brilliant.

They are concentrated as if they were working: they are at work.

This is their labor.

What they do belongs to an infinity of infinities of choices and an infinity of infinities of possible executions that are mathematically uncontrolled but perfectly possible, humanly possible.

It seems as if they relate to me, the audience, as a receiver but not an opponent.

They don't need to look at me either but everything is bound by that relation UNTIL they close their eyes and start singing a cappella, almost imperceptibly:

7.

LIKE A VIRGIN

TOUCHED FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME

LIKE A VIRGIN

WHEN YOUR HEART BEATS

NEXT TO MINE

LIFE IS A MYSTERY

EVERYONE MUST STAND ALONE

I HEAR YOU CALL MY NAME

AND IT FEELS LIKE HOME

§

A strange contradiction is present in the way I am inside this particular environment: actively spectating, witnessing, with the possibility of moving around and at the same time not included within the concentration of the dancers. They keep their eyes closed. There is another concept of frontality: being refused architecturally. I am implicated by a togetherness which is not adressed, has no direction. They keep their eyes closed. Maybe the relation is more in the verticality (up and down) and concerns empathy and affection. They keep their eyes closed. I feel inclined (diagonally) towards one thing more than others. They keep their eyes closed. Things happen parallel like a building with different floors, one on top of the other, but each occupying the same amount of surface. They keep their eyes closed. Like an internet thread: conversations travel next to, through, and over one another and yet I'm aware of the uniqueness of my solitude. My absorption. Observation. Obscurity.

*...obscurity closed eyes with the feeling of eyes not leaving us like we don't know exactly who is looking but we know that someone is looking because we feel the weight of a presence and breath slightly moving when we come closer to someone with our eyes closed where there is a different perception of inside and outside as well sometimes there are cold shivers of fear when unexpectedly being touched by something or someone who was distracted by looking somewhere else where another person possibly with closed eyes too is doing the same thing which is moving with confidence without and repeating the same sequence not knowing at which point in the unison the others are... a choreography doomed to fail that we are performing together in the room with other people looking at us to you who are the other people confirming that what we are doing could possibly be a togetherness at unison if only random chance or maybe a well trained sound awareness and rhythmical counting is really working or was trained for a long time which we are not sure was the real goal of the performance just as we don't know if a cliff will be reached but we are nevertheless trapped in the hanging there contemplating the possibility of the performance to perform and doubting if our expectations are influencing it or not at all and yet the relation is plastic being one of proximity...*

While they are still busy dancing with their eyes closed, a piece of cloth is given to me but I don't know who started the chain. A piece of cloth as if literally saying or pointing the finger: TACTILITY. It's a piece of curtain, a theater curtain cut up in pieces of different sizes. Something that is normally not reachable for the audience. A heavy, dark velvet color. I look at the other people touching the fabric and the temperature of the room turns warmer and odd. We look at each other and then we look back at the dancers to avoid eye contact. They keep their eyes closed and start to turn. They take turns giving their attention to one body part at a time:

ELBOWS HIPS FEET CHIN SCIATICA PHARYNX OCULAR  
GLOBULES BLOOD SMELL LUNGS KIDNEYS ILIAC CREST  
TIBIA TENDONS SWEAT TRAPEZOIDS PECTORALS  
SPHINCTERS OBLIQUE MUSCLES ADDUCTORS BUTTOCKS  
DIAPHRAGM GUMS ANUS SOLAR PLEXUS NERVES LOBES  
TISSUES CARTILAGE VULVA HAIR BRAIN PATELLA  
SACRUM TASTE BUDS LOBES SKELETON VOCAL CORDS  
TOUCH HYPOTALAMUS CHEEKS PALMS TONGUE  
NAILS WRISTS CLAVICLES THROAT EYEBROWS CLAVES

The situation is, if not hypnotic, intense: the intensity of details without obligations. Ruptures of time which provoke raptures. Time rupture's raptures. After a while the guy by the projector starts to write:

CAT  
 CAP  
 RAP  
 RAPT  
 RAPTURE  
 REW  
 REWIND  
 WIN  
 WIND  
 INDIE  
 DIS  
 IS A  
 SAP  
 APP  
 PEAR  
 EAR  
 EARRING  
 RING  
 IN  
 INGRACE  
 GRACE  
 ACE  
 ENCHANT  
 CHANT

ANT  
ANTED  
TED  
TEDIOUS  
US  
SLIME  
LIMES  
MESMERISING  
RISING  
SING  
GAPS  
ABS  
ABSORPTION  
ION  
ON  
ON A  
NANO  
ANO  
NO  
Ø

10.

**On** experiencing raptures: as if the intensity of the present moment was measureable. That is what I think right after a moment of rapture, when I am captured and then I become conscious of it. In a performance the simultaneity of presences, mine and theirs, expands everything (outside or inside, it doesn't matter). It's not like reading a text where there are at least two different presents: the time of the writing and the one of the reading. The present of the writing is a perfectly valid present but then there is the editing of the writer, the reading, editing, corrections of the editor, the publishing, the publisher, the distribution until the reader. So necessarily, it seems as if the present of the reader was a (de) gradation. Even though the writer is already projected onto that moment of the reading without possibly putting a number on it. And at the same time, the reader is mirroring back, containing already the present back then. I need to move, I need to feel my body is not frozen and I start to walk around because I see other people doing the same. It feels good. It feels good and gives me the possibility to see other faces, new faces as if a new audience came in; but it didn't.

*... you are not aware of the many directions in time our movements are referring to 'cause its about going further and sometimes backwards towards the work during rehearsals after endless discussions retuning to get to a point of being able to dance; looking for the right question to work with while moving so there is this period of rehearsing and preparing for this moment of now us in front of you but this moment was always perverted- partly anticipated by thoughts and imagination desires and fears but never quite exactly as now for instance we cannot be attached to the same thought that made us move previously and worked out so well because we have to be aware of what is happening now: re-contextualize update actualize be aware of the changing environment somehow repeat the unrepeatabe so that finally there is an archeology of parallel presents expanding in concentration and dispersion...*

PRESENT  
PRESENT  
PRESENT  
PRESENT

RESENT  
RESENT  
RESENT  
RESENT

PRESE T  
PRESE T  
PRESE T  
PRESE T

P ES T  
P ES T  
P ES T  
P ES T

COPY THE PRESENT TO MAKE IT MORE PRESENT

S T  
E  
P  
S T E P

§

The dancers move towards the left corner of the room. They change their dance into something more pedestrian and they open their eyes. They gather at a specific corner of the room that seems to have a narrow opening. They pick something black from it. The black thing is a fabric that they unfold together. In the meantime, they talk to the audience without producing any sound. They move their lips with conviction and I can almost follow but I don't. The fabric is one piece, very thin and unexpectedly long. This action continues until the fabric is completely unfolded and they disappear. The cloth, a kind of satin but opaque, is worked out with ruffles so as to resemble a curtain. The light changes: everything is darker. The size of the fabric and the unfolding produce a feeling of a landscape. But we are inside of it, under it. We are now part of it in a way that was difficult to expect. This produces an uncomfortable feeling between the public and it's more difficult to move around without touching each other by mistake. I feel trapped even if the actual room didn't change. It's probably because I see less that now I dare to move less. As if sight and site were in direct correlation. The consciousness of the space is radically changed because I see less. I am in a space that is more difficult to represent, a sort of more unconscious space, where forms change in value. Coordinates are more difficult to spot. A complexity that is not geometrical anymore.

DISORIENT  
 DISORIENTED  
 ORIENTED  
 ORIENT  
 ORIENTALISM  
 ISM  
 SEISMOGRAPHIC  
 GRAPHIC  
 CLOSE TO THE HEART  
 LOSE TO  
 THE  
 HE  
 THE ART IN DE  
 INDECISION  
 INCISION  
 SION  
 SON  
 SONIC  
 SONIC YOUTH  
 YOUTH  
 YOU  
 YOUR  
 OUR  
 FUR  
 FULL  
 FUEL  
 FUNGUS  
 FUGUE

12.

ROOF GARDENS LIKE CROPPED IMAGES

What did I just see and why? I was asked to focus on things. Those things opened up other things that were not there at the beginning. I was asked to cut out a space in order to cultivate something. Like a garden in a city. A garden on the roof of my house.

CUTTING BROWSING CROPPING

Opening a new window on my desktop. Choosing what is the center and what is the periphery. Putting something on the corners. Unconsciously or ideologically.

FRAME ORIENT MANIPULATE CHOOSE ACCEPT FORCE

What do I do when I crop an image? Am I taking care or am I taking away something?

CENSOR DELETE CHANGE SHUFFLE REDUCE

Which kind of plants do I choose for my garden?

With:

the spectator (minion pro regular 12)

*the dancers (minion italic pro 12)*

THE CHOREOGRAPHY (MINION PRO UPPER CASE 12)

Thanks to:

As Consciousness Is Harnessed to Flesh: Journals and Notebooks,  
1964-1980, Susan Sontag

Faune. Poesie, corps, danse, de Mallarmé a Nijinski, Pascal Caron

Handbook of inaesthetics, Alain Badiou

Le corps lesbien, Monique Wittig

Pierre Huyghe, Emma Lavigne

Formulations, Florian Hecker

'K, Karl Holmqvist

music: Powell, Madonna

